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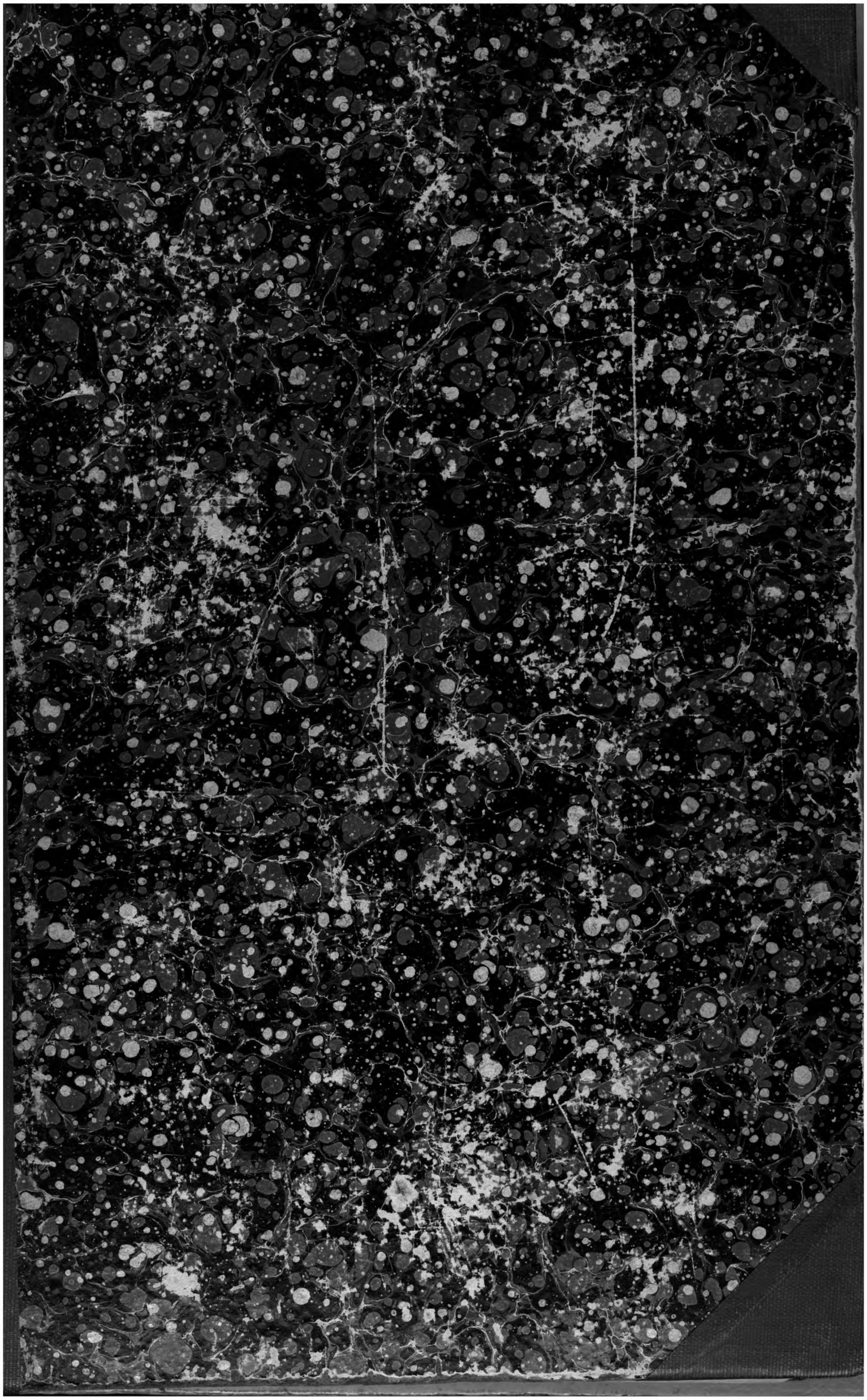

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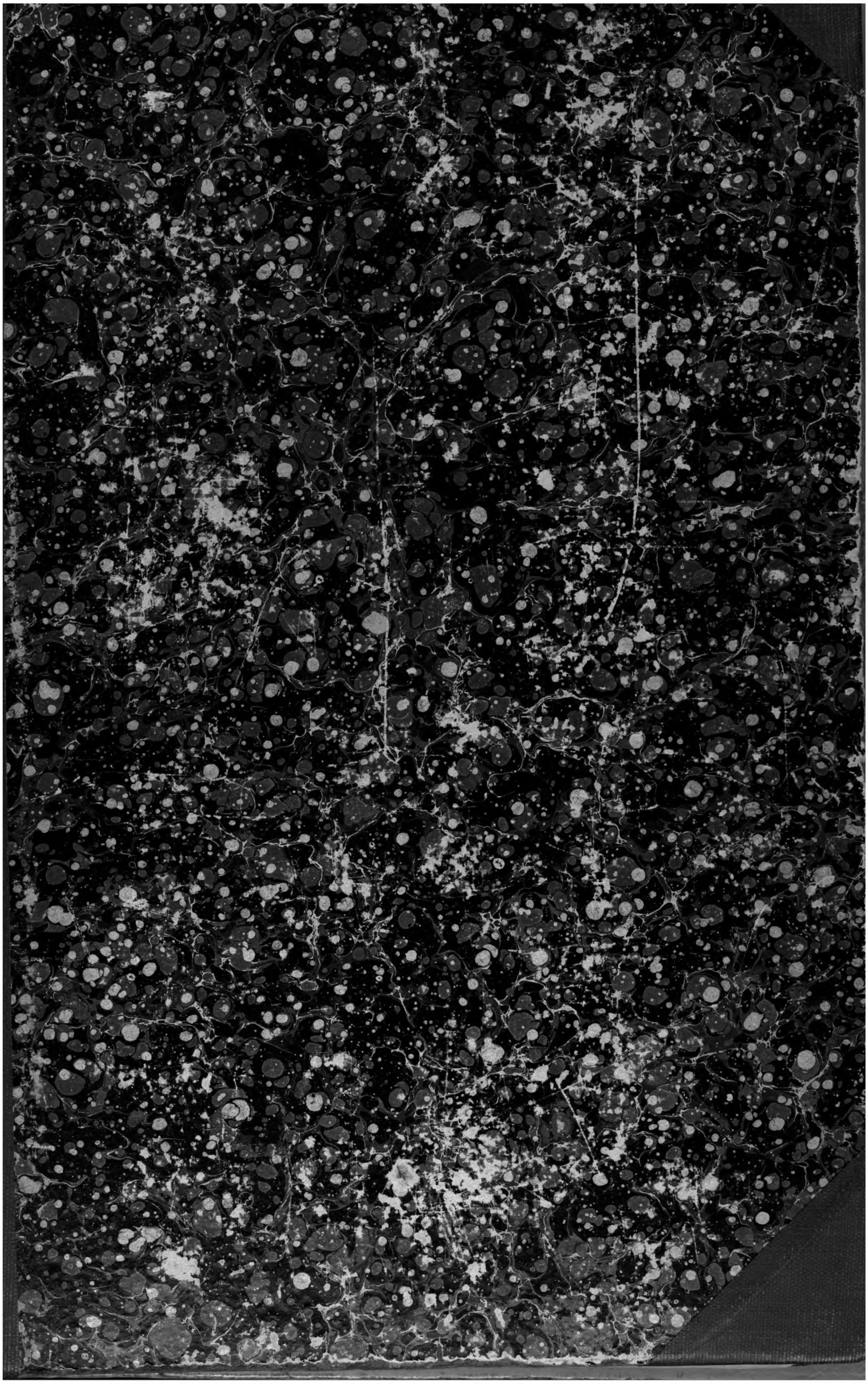

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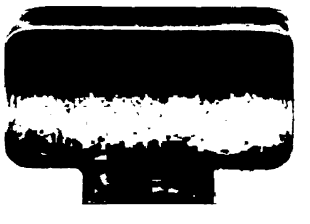

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VOL. IV.—No. 1.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the C

Silk and Merino Walking Dresses.

Fig. 1.—This costume consists of a high-necked plain waist, skirt, and over-skirt—all of gray silk. The skirt is trimmed with embroidery and side-pleated ruches, as shown by the illustration. The over-skirt and waist are trimmed with black lace and side-pleated ruches. Black velvet belt and sash. Bonnet of black figured lace trimmed with field flowers; black velvet strings.

Fig. 2.—This costume is made of violet merino, and consists of paletot, over-skirt, skirt, and sash. The skirt is trimmed with ruffles and folds of the material, which are piped with silk of a darker shade. The over-skirt and paletot are trimmed with folds and silk fringe. Belt and sash of the material. Gray English straw bonnet, trimmed with violet crêpe de Chine and violet flowers.

Fig. 1.—GRAY SILK WALKING DRESS. Fig. 2.—VIOLET MERINO WALKING DRESS.

MINCE PIES.

"SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness," says Keats, meaning just such a late, luxurious autumn as the last has been. Looking at it solely from the stand-point of the oven, I rejoice in it with hopes for the future, which extend to the thawy, sugar-making days of next April. Are not these mild days the very ones for chopping of suet and apples, grinding spice, and seeding raisins, to say nothing of roasting turkeys and compounding chicken salads (of white pork and wine; of these more anon)? Chopping-trays resound from one end of town to the other. A gentleman, essaying a morning call, was met with the excuse from the matron of the house that she was in the midst of a barrel of mince-meat and couldn't leave it; an inference which sounded superfluous as the message was delivered. However, the housekeepers of our town don't get so literally *in medias res* as this naive confession would suggest. While nipping at citron and stealing raisins at various kitchen-tables the following items of wisdom about mince pies have been poured into my ears, which I'm by no means loth to share with amateurs like myself.

To gain the proper subdued blending of flavor, mince should be made in quantities to last the season through, for the first taste is by no means best. Mighty stone jars, ranged beneath the pantry shelf, or fifty-pound firkins, are the best receptacles; but don't be dismayed at thought of the labor required to fill them. The chopper is a barbarous invention when any thing more than breakfast hash is contemplated. The sausage-grinder is fed with apples and meat, and turns out in half an hour all that is wanted for the fifty-pound firkin. Authorities differ as to the proportion of fruit and beef to be used, some suggesting twice as much meat as apple, others equal parts of each. The best rule is one-third beef, one-third apple, one-third mixed fruit. I am happy to say that for economical pies it is not necessary to use beef tongues at a dollar or two a piece, but excellent ones can be made of any tender pieces, provided they are ground fine enough. The heart is good material if the fat is taken off, and I have heard of ox-tails put to the same use. A mélange of hearts, tails, and tongues is my favorite substance—well boiled and skimmed, with the liquor boiled down till it jellies. Sound tart apples are best, say golden russets or greenings. Reduce these as nearly to meal as possible, and parboil the mince with the sugar, cider, and preserve emptyings used, skimming well.

It used to be a wonder to me why people insisted that mince pies were unhealthy. No dreams or heart-burn followed the savory triangles served at home, in which neither spice nor fruit were lacking in tasteful quantity. But the mystery was solved the other day in reading a standard recipe, which exacted a pint of Cape wine, a pint of brandy, the same of cider, a quarter of a pound of nutmegs, ounces of cloves and mace, and pounds of citron and candied orange-peel as additions to six pounds of mince-meat, besides suet enough to turn one's stomach if the previous indigestibles did not do it. The recipe came from a clerical-feminine source, and it has been a source of wonder since that the reverend husband of this housekeeper ever entertained liberal views on the destiny of the human race after being regaled with these dyspeptic dainties. My dear madam, a French cook, even a *cordon bleu*, would never deal out spices so rankly. These heavy, indigestible black cakes and mince pies are the vulgarities, the *grossièretés* of
one can't call it
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brandy or cider in
digestion. Spice
particles, and must
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ipe reads as follows

15 pounds of beef, 15 of apples, scalded and mixed hot with the meat, to which add 2 pounds of seedless raisins, 1½ pounds of seeded and chopped layer raisins, 1½ pounds of whole raisins, 3 pounds of nice brown sugar (this being sweeter than refined), 2 pounds of preserved fruits of any kind, 1 pound each of citron and candied fruit, 1 pint of brandy, a quart each of cider, maple sirup, and California port (which is one of the purest, strongest wines to be found

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one spoonful of orange powder, or clove, or one nutmeg; powder five large crackers, and boil up with the mince for twenty minutes. Pour into a square cake-pan three inches deep, and bake quickly till brown on the top. This is cut in slices and eaten without paste, either for dessert or tea. A very delicious preparation is made with the liquor drained from several quarts of old mince well boiled, strained through flannel, and added to a box of gelatine, with half the usual quantity of water used for jelly. The blended flavors make a jelly of unsurpassed richness. Or mince free from fat may be stirred into calves-foot jelly or gelatine just as it boils up, and set to cool into a marbled mass, which is not hard to dispose of. Invalids who can not eat pastry enjoy mince in this way. No suet is necessary or allowable in these forms of preparing mince. Rose-water may be used for wine by those who scruple at the latter, and crackers or gelatine will supply the place of suet, though such mince does not keep so long. A healthy mince is made without any enriching of fat, and half a pint of thick cream added to a pie before baking. When pies are eaten cold, fat salt pork is better than suet, and is no bad substitute at any time. But this talk of substitutes is enough, as I am not trying to prove the identity of matter in all its forms.

A FLOWER.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE blossom of a blissful year,
A thing of tender hopes and sighs;
The June sun sparkled on her head,
And the content of June's blue skies
Laughed in the lustre of her eyes.

And through the frosty season still
Round her the summer lingered nigh,
Summer and sweetness and delight—
Till some great angel, passing by,
Saw her and bore her to the sky.

O happy spirit, on thy breast
Cherish the little blossom well,
For nowhere blows a lovelier
In all heaven's deepest, dearest dell
Of amaranth and asphodel!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1871.

☞ *Our next Number will contain an extra-sized Supplement, with a choice variety of patterns of Ladies' Cashmere and Beaver Sacques; Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Knitted, Netted, and Crocheted Capes, Shawls, Mantelets, Collars, Jackets, Hoods, Petticoats, Frocks, Leggings, Under-Vests, Gloves, Boots, Slippers, etc.; Gentlemen's Water-proof Hunting Coats; Knitted, Netted, and Crocheted Trimmings, etc.*

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Worth Basque Walking Suit, on page 4, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For the complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published, see Advertisement on page 15 of this Number.*

OUR FOURTH VOLUME.

WITH the present Number *Harper's Bazar* enters upon the fourth year of its existence. It seems only the other day since it made its first appearance in the newspaper arena, modestly soliciting that patronage from the public and good-will from its contemporaries which have been so generously accorded, and behold! the frosts of winters have already settled on its head, and it is beginning to be reckoned as a veteran in journalism. And now, at the beginning of this new year, it can only reiterate its thanks to friends and patrons for their kind support, and its pledges to continue to deserve it by unflagging enterprise and energy.

We are happy to announce that our new volume promises even to surpass its predecessors in its varied features of interest. Our relations abroad are such that the European war, which some predicted would cripple our resources, far from affecting us in the least, has only stimulated us to greater effort; and an examination of our files will prove that never has the *Bazar* been more brilliant, useful, and prosperous than during the last few months.

In addition to the favorite Supplements, for the convenience of our readers, we have published, from time to time, at the low price of twenty-five cents, cut paper suit patterns, which have been eagerly welcomed by the public. Our pages have been rich with illustrations from the best home and foreign artists; our stories, poems, and essays have been from the pens of the best living authors; and neither money nor pains have been spared to make the *Bazar* what it aspires to be—the most attractive illustrated family newspaper in the world. While it has never hesitated strongly to express opinions and give counsel on all social topics, it has avoided sectarian and political discussion, believing that it would thereby attain more wide-spread usefulness, and be more instrumental in promoting the harmony which should reign unbroken at the fireside.

Our new volume will preserve all the attractions of the former ones, with as many more as we can procure for the amusement and instruction of our readers. A new novel by the favorite author, Mrs. MULOCK-CRAIK, is commenced in the present Number, and other serial stories of merit will be given in the course of the year. The charming series of social essays, "Manners upon the Road," will be continued, as well as the piquant articles by "Gail Hamilton" and other popular writers. The fashion and pattern departments will receive special care, and the newest styles will be published simultaneously with their appearance in Europe. Nothing will be neglected, in short, that will tend to make the paper both readable and practically useful.

With these assurances we take leave of our friends and readers, wishing them, with all our hearts, a Happy New Year.

ANOTHER YEAR.

THE year 1870, which ushered in a new decade, has finished its allotted hours and silently passed away. But it has left much behind it that can never pass away, either from the memory or the experience of the world. Within its narrow compass events of the first magnitude have been crowded, nor is it an indulgence of fancy to say that the ultimate results of these events can hardly be exaggerated.

Such changes as have occurred in Europe can not be confined to Europe alone. No part of the civilized world can be exempt from their influence, for the time has gone by when these great changes could take place in the international relations of the nations immediately concerned without producing a most sensible effect on the condition of other nations. The fact is that the present revolution in Europe, while involving much of the local and conventional in European affairs, is a revolution on a broad scale of thoughts, traditions, and usages that must vitally affect the industrial and social interests of both hemispheres. Whether France is to retain its old territory intact may be simply a foreign question. But the colossal development of Germanic strength, the sturdy prowess that represents, and even embodies, far more than military greatness, while it transforms kingdoms into a massive empire, the sudden though long-expected unification of Italy, the positions of Russia and England, the new problems in international law, the endless chafing against treaties that set up diplomatic inventions against the outgrowth of natural energies—these facts make the revolution in Europe a revolution of the world. Not since the Reformation have events occurred of such transcendent significance; nor is it likely that the nineteenth century, so fruitful in startling surprises, will again witness any series of wonders comparable with them in moral and political grandeur.

The strength of civilization—so it seems at the first glance—is passing into arms and armies. One might argue that military skill is subordinating all art and science to itself, and that man as a figher is far outgrowing man as a thinker and worker. Yet this is a very false view of the matter. Men are now mighty in war because they are so much mightier in peace. These marvelous inventions that make war so terribly certain as the climax of horrors; these quick outpourings of nations against nations; this fierce and fiery carnage; this last Apocalypse of the pale horse and his rider—shall we put all this to the account of war? Shall we say that this spectacle, rising to a height unreached before of painful sublimity, is merely due to savage passions, to a raging lust for blood, and to that execrable ambition which would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven? Years of peace, industries of peace, arts of peace, the culture and achievements of peace, have enabled men to be so formidable to their brother men in the array of battle. Viewed in this light, the conflict now waging in Europe may teach the world some useful lessons. Such celerity of movement, such immense concentration of physical force, such wholesale destruction of property, and, above all, such horrible slaughter of human life, are well calculated to make us feel that men are fast becoming too powerful to be the antagonists of one another. Or if the world, perchance, is not yet ready for this wholesome truth, it is certainly getting its eyes open to the fact that war, as a hasty resort of offended pride and transient whims, is not only the grossest of blunders, but the worst of crimes.

It is vain to hope that wars will cease at any near day. But, nevertheless, much is gained when the stern facts of the age compel kings and statesmen to be profoundly thoughtful before they assume its vast risks. The civilized man of our time is a fearful creature. No doubt physical force is not a very elevated sentiment, and yet it is a sentiment as now organized in national life. No doubt there are better motives than fear and its appeals to the self-preserving instincts, but, as the world is governed, it is well to allow them all possible scope of action. Beyond this we have not in the present century much to expect. But it is a great gain to the prospective welfare of the human race to have this solid basis of progress in the direction of a peaceful policy. And if the memorable year 1870 should teach the world this important lesson, that the growth in art and science, in the resources of wealth, and in the material agencies of power, has immeasurably increased the evils of war, who can believe that any fact of this wonderful century will surpass it in that practical wisdom which comes directly home to the sensibilities of mankind?

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Rolling Stones and Moss.

MY DEAR SOLOMON,—When I was a very little boy—and how long ago that was, my son!—I remember that my uncle Obed came home from sea one day, and, as usual, delighted all the children with the most wonderful and romantic tales of travel. I have observed that there is always one uncle in the family who is the favorite of the young people, to whom they carry their confidences, consulting him upon important points of tops and kites, telling him all their jokes, and listening eagerly to all of his—an uncle who is only a larger boy than the rest, and with whom they are on the most perfect terms, because his heart never grows old. But dear and welcome as he is to the children, this good uncle is always treated with a kind of pity by the parents, as if to them, also, he were only a larger boy, and ought to be a little ashamed of himself because he had not become a man. It is pleasant even now to remember how gladly Uncle Obed used to slip away from the company of the elders as soon as it was proper, and join us children, shouting and rollicking all the more from the previous constraint. How much he knew! How much he had seen! How much he could do! It seems to me that Uncle Obed was one of the most valuable members of society I ever knew.

But that is painfully different from the view of him which I remember to have heard very soberly expressed at home:

"My dear," my aunt Dorothy would say to my uncle Jahiel, "your brother Obed is coming to dinner to-day."

"Ah! is he?" my uncle used to answer, with a little shrug. "Poor Obed!" and after a few minutes he would say, as if it disposed of the whole subject, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

I heard this remark so often that I could not help wondering what it meant. Nobody ever took the trouble to explain it; but every body, after smiling and shrugging and speaking with a half contemptuous pity, ended by saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Good Uncle Obed is a rolling stone no longer, and for many a year the moss has grown over him. Do you remember, my boy, those tender and beautiful lines of Holmes:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that we have pressed
In their bloom,
And the names we loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

And if my uncle Obed had lived long enough to read that lovely poem of the young Holmes, I know how significantly he would have repeated another stanza:

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them laugh as I do now
At the old forsaken bough,
Where I cling."

There are a great many people who accept my uncle Jahiel's philosophy, and shake their heads with gravity as they say that a rolling stone gathers no moss. But are you sure that it is a true remark, my dear Solomon? Look at my dear uncle Obed himself. If ever there were a rolling stone, I think that it was he. He kept going around the world, and coming home again, and starting again, and arriving again, until he seemed to my eager imagination to smell of all the various countries which he had seen. He was a cosmopolite, a citizen of the world, although in those days I did not understand what those words meant; and when the publications of the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society in England began, and my aunt Dorothy bought them all, and placed them preciously upon her shelves, and commended them warmly to her neighbors, I was puzzled to know why she was so full of admiration for a foreign society of useful knowledge while she could not express pity profound enough for her brother-in-law Obed, who was a domestic society of the same kind.

If Uncle Obed was a rolling stone, he was mossed all over. Chinese moss and South American moss and East Indian moss and New Holland moss and European and African moss clung to him every where. One talk with him was better than a quarter's schooling in geography. He made the "Arabian Nights" real, and the Scripture stories have always been a hundredfold more intelligible to me since he told me about the camels and the palm-trees and the turbans and the desert, as we lay on summer mornings stretched upon the hay-mow in the old barn at Beechey, with the great doors open, and the air drawing through. Then at table, if we wanted to know where any thing came from, Uncle Obed could always tell; and often, from a half feeling that Aunt Dorothy was unjust to him, although too young to understand why, I put the most perplexing questions to her: "Aunt Dorothy, does pepper grow on a tree or a shrub?" "Aunt Dorothy, what is allspice?" "Aunt Dorothy, does mustard come from Sumatra?" "Aunt Dorothy, is this Turk's Island salt, and where is Turk's Island?" Aunt Dorothy, of course, could not answer. She became still more dignified as she said, "Well, my dear—really—Sumatra, pepper, Turk's Island—well—yes—however— You ought to know such things from your geography. I am astonished; I fear that you don't study as carefully as boys should;" and my aunt Dorothy looked at me reprovingly. But I was not troubled, and said, simply: "Do *you* know, Uncle Obed?" and then came such a delightful stream of knowledge that I should have thought Aunt Dorothy would have been drowned in it. But she merely looked with profound patronage at her brother-in-law Obed, and when he was gone she said, with that same wretched expression of contempt, "Poor Uncle Obed! what a pity that he is such a rolling stone!"

My uncle Jahiel, her husband, was not a rolling stone. He was a meek, formal, dry person, who would as soon sit upon a hot stove as lie upon a hay-mow. His hat was always smoothly brushed; his gloves were always proper; his boots always shone. He probably had never dared to reflect upon the consequences of coming down in the morning unshaved; and an inclination to wear a colored shirt, if I could imagine it to have occurred to him, would have seemed to him nothing less than a device of Satan. Twice on Sundays he went to church, and his behavior there was what Uncle Obed solemnly described as "spick and span." In fact, my uncle Jahiel lived as ever under his great task-mistress's eye, "which her name," my dear Solomon, was Dorothy. He went to his office and he returned. He went upon a respectable little summer journey to some respectable watering-place, where he did the most proper things with the most proper people. But I don't believe he knew whether the Calmuck Tartars lived in Borneo or Caraccas; and if I had asked him whether quiddities came from the shores of the Popocatepetl, I suppose he would have answered, with my aunt Dorothy's wisdom, "My dear, if you studied your geography more carefully you would know."

What kind of moss had Uncle Jahiel acquired? He had certainly not rolled around the world. He rolled up stairs and down in his own house, and to his office and home again. Figuratively speaking, of the two stones the rolling one, my uncle Obed, was softly variegated and tinted with beautiful moss. He was picturesque and delightful. But the steady one, my uncle Jahiel, was a bald, blank, hard monotony. I discovered afterward that what was really meant by the proverb which condemned the good Obed was that he was what is called shiftless; that he took no root; he was never an alderman, nor in the way of being one; and he made no money. But how was he shiftless? Besides all the knowledge which had clung to him, and which made him so interesting, he had great practical skill. He was forever mending little things. If my aunt Dorothy's Japan vase was knocked off the mantel, and it usually encountered that fate about once a year, Uncle Obed fitted it so perfectly, and repaired it so thoroughly, that it was new again. If any thing was wrong in the laundry or in the water-pipes, if the casters came off the chairs, if a bit of veneering was to be put delicately upon a conspicuous part of a sofa or a chair, who but Uncle Obed was equal to the emergency? But he did it all so quietly, so lazily indeed, so as if he were doing nothing whatever, that Aunt Dorothy was only the more vexed; and I have heard her say, "Brother Obed, you know the old proverb about the rolling stone. What a useful man you might have been!"

Here was a man full of useful and interesting knowledge and practical skill in a thousand ways—beloved by children, and a manly, honorable companion for them—enriched with experience and wide observation; in fact, a stone covered with moss, but theoretically barren because he was a rolling stone. Aunt Dorothy, when she quoted the proverb, I can see now, meant by moss, money. Experience, usefulness, the best influence, the most delightful and generous qualities, were nothing if they did not produce money. And, my dear boy, you will find that many of the old sayings which people quote with such a fine and final air, if you test them resolutely, leave only the same mean residuum. As if money were the only valuable thing in the world! When old Jack Midas died it was said of him that he had given up his life to making money. It was exactly true. He had exchanged his life—that is, all that makes life inspiring and delightful—for money. Uncle Obed once went to John Midas, and said: "Mr. Midas, I wish you would subscribe to the fund for the hospital for seamen's orphans." "My dear Obed," said Jack, "nothing would give me greater pleasure; but while I have seven hundred thousand dollars lying in bank uninvested it would be wrong for me to do it." Jack Midas, you see, was not a rolling stone like my poor uncle.

It is just as untrue a proverb in other spheres; and, indeed, it seems to me that the rolling stones gather all the moss. Materially we see what it does in the case of Uncle Obed, and

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spiritually or intellectually you may see it in Elmer, the scholar. His mind is forever rolling. It has rolled through the literature of his own language, and through that of every other. It is a bee of the widest flight, and it hives what store of honey! The clover, and every kind of blossom, yield their very soul of sweet to this endless rover; and what is his various and beautiful learning, in all poetry and history and science, but the moss that the rolling stone has gathered! And Pastor, whose mind courses through every religion in human experience, and is so enriched with charity and humility—there, too, is a rolling stone, but how softly and tenderly mossed. Look at it, Solomon: here is some village girl who never went beyond the hill, and whose time is too busy for reading. How simple, how sweet, how lovely her life may be! It is she of whom the poet sings whom Dr. Johnson quotes in his "Journey to the Hebrides," I think it is:

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound:
All at her wheel the village maiden sings,
Nor, as she turns the busy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things."

Is she a wiser and richer human being than she who does revolve it—the stone that, rolling, gathers the moss?

My uncle Obed surely did not live in vain if he had done nothing but impress me, and forever, with a sense of the relative value of things. I learned from him that it is not the thing but the appearance of the thing that disturbs the Aunt Dorothys in this world. "Oh, brother Obed," she used to say, "how can you lie on that hay-mow all the morning so intolerably lazy?" Yet Uncle Obed had not only mended the ox-stalls and put the grain-bins in order, but as we sat upon the hay he had given me such lessons as no schoolmaster ever gave. Uncle Jahiel during the same time sat snugly in a chair by his office desk drowsing over a newspaper, and watching his clerks. Then at three o'clock, as Aunt Dorothy said, he came home from business. There was no laziness about Jahiel, she remarked; he was a man of regularity and of useful habits; he had no shiftless ways. Poor Obed was incurable, and he was a melancholy example of the truth that rolling stones gather no moss.

You were mistaken, Aunt Dorothy; he gathered not only the rich moss of experience and character while he lived—the edges of any possible conceit and selfishness quite smoothed away by knocking about—but now that he is gone, his very memory is delicately mossed with affection and soft regret. I do not commend him as an example, dear Solomon; for I think we had all better try to be nobly ourselves, and not somebody else. But I do commend him as an illustration that every kind of character and temperament may be most honorable and useful, and that a man is not to be pitied because he has not the gift of making money.

Yours, in that comfortable faith,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESSES.

SOLID colored gros grain, poult de soie, and faille, heavily repped and of the palest hues, are the favorite materials for evening dresses this season. Shell pink, ciel blue, pearl, chrysoprase green, guano gray, and the delicate Frou Frou tints of buff are the colors shown. These choice colors in fine qualities of repped silk cost from $6 to $7 50 a yard. Very handsome corded silks are also sold for $4 a yard, but the rare shades now in vogue are not found among them. Still lower priced than this is a line of silks, costing from $2 50 a yard to $3 50, of thin, uneven quality, detected readily by holding the fabric before the light. The cord, however, is heavier than is usual in ordinary silks, and the pearl, pink, lilac, and buff shades are very good. As evening dresses are not subjected to hard wear, many ladies have these inferior silks lined and made into very pretty dresses. In buying cheap silks for evening wear select always neutral tints, or quiet, subdued colors, and avoid bright blue, green, and cherry, as gas-light will gradually bring out the full beauty of delicate colors, while it darkens bright ones, or else makes them too glaring.

Of the fancy silks shown the reversible striped gros grains are the only novelty. These have satin stripes two inches wide of rose-color alternating with white on one side of the fabric, while the reverse side has black stripes on white, or else two shades of violet or of purple are used with white. These are $7 50 a yard. Other striped silks are shown at various prices, beginning as low as $1 75 a yard. All figured silks, except the novelty just mentioned and the rich satin brocades, are reduced in price. $2 a yard buys very pretty white silk with blue, mauve, rose, or green stripes half an inch wide. Solid colored silks are still expensive, and will become more so.

Satins are much used this year in conjunction with transparent materials, such as Chambery gauze and white muslin. Velvets, both cut and uncut, are shown in the light fashionable colors, but are not so popular as gros grains.

MANNER OF MAKING.

Contrary to prediction, low corsages are again in favor. They are straight around the neck, falling low off the shoulders, instead of the three-quarter square neck with shoulder-straps worn last year. Round waists are entirely superseded by points back and front. Sometimes only one dart and a sort of side form are seen in the front of pointed waists, but for fleshy figures there are two and even three darts. The points are very sharp, slender, and three or four inches long. A double cord is the prettiest finish for them. Lace or fringe is often attached to the points, to imitate basques, or match the flounces of the skirt, but this has a poor effect. A silk lacing fastens the dress behind. By way of variety the back of low corsages has sometimes a postillion basque instead of a point, but the pointed front is *de rigueur*. The sleeve for such waists is the merest puff or band. The ornament is a bertha of folds of tulle, or of the material of the trimming. These are called Grecian folds, and give beautiful round fullness to the bust.

High corsages have the neck cut down in deep points in the back as well as front. Unless the shoulders are very plump and broad, and the back very straight, this fashion is unbecoming, as it gives the appearance of a hollow between the shoulder-blades. Belts are dispensed with, and the front of the waist is pointed, while the back has a full-pleated postillion basque, or is finished in a long, flat, square-cornered coat-tail. The sleeve is the duchess, trimmed to the elbow, and just wide enough to show the white silk lining and ribbon quilling inside.

The novelty of the season is a basque with two side forms, designed by Worth, the Parisian dress-maker. It is as much in favor for full dress as for plainer house costumes. The seams in the back break up the round fullness of figures that are too stout, and give a tapering appearance. An illustration of this graceful corsage is given on the fourth page of the present Number.

The only sash worn with points and postillions is sewed in with the seams under the arms, and knotted loosely below the centre of the postillion, or just defines the edge of the sharp point.

Trains of the immoderate length worn two years ago have disappeared. Ladies who refused to give them up last winter are now having demi-trains about sixty inches long. The newest fancy is to cut the three straight back widths of the skirt half a yard longer than the side widths next them, giving a square train, and trimming the long widths with a pleated flounce, which, extending up the sides to the waist, has the effect of a court train. A skirt of this kind, with a corsage pointed in front, the back in a long, slender basque, is very becoming to a stout person. More slender ladies, who delight in ample draperies, prefer the court train over a short skirt. Of the short petticoat but three breadths are of silk, the front and side gores; while the back widths covered by the train are of cambric. The train is trimmed all around and up to the belt, and is fastened securely to the under-skirt at the sides. The short skirt is trimmed with ruffles straight across almost to the belt, and a row of bows extends up the sides.

The style rivaling court trains in popularity is a demi-trained skirt, with overlapping flounces to the knee, and a graceful over-skirt. A beautiful model of this skirt is seen on the fourth page of this Number.

TRIMMINGS.

Velvet ruffles an eighth of a yard wide, put on in scanty gathers, trim the handsomest silks of the season. The velvet is exactly the shade of the dress. Pink, blue, pearl-color, and clear green velvet flounces are exceedingly admired; but the shadowy gray silks, and the undefined pale tea-rose, apricot, and écru tints are not effective in velvet. For the latter there is nothing so pretty as ruffles of the material of the dress, alternating with lace or pleated muslin flounces.

The duchess point lace and the stronger Bruges are greatly used for trimming colored silks and white muslin dresses. They have thick Honiton figures wrought on the lightest meshes.

China crape is so frail that it is no longer in first favor for tunics, but is retained as garniture in the way of festooned drapery and flounces with fringed edges.

TARLATAN, TULLE, AND GAUZE.

In thin fabrics for ball dresses white remains in favor and tarlatan is the popular material. The prettiest white tarlatans, copied from an imported model, have demi-trained skirts of coarse white net, trimmed with ten tarlatan flounces. The flounces made double of the tarlatan are nearly two fingers deep when doubled, and have a white silk cord, or feathered braid, or satin ribbon near the edge, to suggest a hem. They have one-third extra fullness, are gathered in a plain seam, and each flounce laps half-way over the one below it. A gathered ruche of tarlatan heads the upper flounce, and a similar one edges the skirt. The long, simply shaped over-skirt is draped behind, and reaches to the upper flounce. The low pointed corsage is of white silk plainly covered with tarlatan. Flowers around the neck, sleeves, and as a chatelaine looping the left side, are the only garniture. White tulle dresses are similarly made, but trimmed with pleated flounces and narrow white velvet ribbon. Tarlatan dresses, partly made, with the trimming basted on, are brought out in boxes. Some short dancing dresses, suitable for very young ladies, are among these. The dress proper is white tarlatan, plain or dotted, with three pleated tarlatan ruffles pinked on the edges, and separated by a row of silk embroidery. With trimming for over-skirt, waist, and sash, the price varies from $20 to $25. Others, also white, have folds of rose, blue, or arsenic green tarlatan heading white pleated flounces: price $15 to $20.

White Chambery gauze, trimmed with black lace and decorated with crimson roses, describes a handsome design for ball dress. Some white gauzes eighteen inches wide are sold for $1 a yard; wider goods cost from $1 75 to $2 50. The striped Chamberys sold last year for $85 are now offered for $45.

DOUBLE TUNICS OF MUSLIN.

The double tunics described last week are made of white muslin, and trimmed with insertion of duchess point, separated by clusters of tucks, and edged with duchess lace. They are worn over blue or rose-colored satin dresses, bordered with wide flounces of pleated muslin and lace, with lengthwise strips or bows of satin between the pleats. A flower parure worn with such dresses is of blue and pink convolvuli, forming bretelles, chatelaine, and sash. On a garnet satin the edge of the train is cut in square blocks to disclose a pleated muslin flounce below.

Entire dresses of white Swiss or organdy have demi-trains with many narrow gathered flounces, or else three wide flounces box-pleated, and edged with the Italian lace that so closely imitates Valenciennes. The upper skirt is open in front and draped behind. High heart-shaped waist gathered to a belt, trimmed with a pleating around the neck, and coming down into the belt. Duchess sleeves. Price $60. For low waists a tight-fitting basque is made to button in front.

Fanciful sleeveless basques of black velvet, or of colored silk, are worn over white muslin dresses, and a similar garment of white Swiss is worn over colored silks.

CHATELAINES AND COIFFURES.

Long, elaborately braided chatelaines, separated by a strand of short, airy curls, is the fashionable arrangement of the back hair for full dress. If the forehead is low the hair is drawn back over a Pompadour roll, and the hair that has become short from much frizzing is curled over a slate-pencil, then combed out to look fluffy, and laid back on the roll. For high foreheads short drooping curls are retained.

Flower coiffures have a single cluster for the left side, or for the centre of the head, and a broad, trailing vine that hangs amidst the curls between the braids. A chatelaine, a sash spray, and a corsage bouquet, worn high on the left, should be of the same flowers as the head-dress.

WRAPS.

The novelty in opera cloaks is a large paletot of quilted white silk, lined with white cony fur. Violet, blue, and cherry satin linings are shown for these elegant wraps. One worn by a bride to church when the ceremony was performed had a band of white ostrich feathers for trimming. More available than these are large half circles of scarlet opera cloth, elaborately garnished with black chenille thread in a braiding pattern. Chenille fringe edges the garment. White opera cloth is suitable for such cloaks, and is imported almost covered with braiding of white and gilt. Hoods shaped somewhat after the baschlik fashion are of white cashmere, lined with silk of a becoming color, and edged with crimped fringe. Others are of a color to match the cloak, and are richly braided. A pretty knitted hood, called the Nilsson, has a large, three-cornered head piece coming well over the chatelaine, and fastened with long tabs tied under the chin. The centre is of white split zephyr; the border, forming a ruche, is overcast with silk. Price $1 75.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; and VIRFOLET; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL TROCHU is said to be a man whose tastes and habits are averse to all display. He has several times refused places of high honor under the government, preferring the sports and enjoyments of the country, where he has fine estates.

—A pleasant style of "personal" notice is the following very Western style of announcing an execution *à la* Judge Lynch: "Mr. LYON, of Iowa, who owned several horses belonging to other parties, recently dislocated his cervical vertebræ while performing trying feats at a rope's end for the amusement of a large crowd."

—The widow and two daughters of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE are now living in Kensington, the "old court suburb" of London.

—The late Marquis of HERTFORD, so much given to the purchase of pictures which he seldom cared to see, and to estates in England and Ireland which he could not be called to look upon except with aversion, has for his heir and successor a man who seems to be a very different sort of person. This gentleman, Mr. RICHARD WALLACE, has given away $100,000 in Paris alone within two months to necessitous Englishmen and the inhabitants generally, and continues to subscribe munificently to various objects raised to mitigate the sufferings of the poor.

—A tall, round-shouldered, iron-gray-haired man is HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN; but he is so handsome when he smiles, and so very genial and pleasant! Although a bachelor of sixty-five, he is perfectly simple and childlike. How unlike the bachelor of America!

—If the Boston *Advertiser* is to be taken as authority, Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON seems to be losing his grip as a lecturer. That paper, in speaking of his last lecture on "Immortality," says: "It was less vivacious than many others of Mr. EMERSON'S essays, with fewer brilliant points, and perhaps a deeper current of thought. There was only one interruption by applause, called out by the admirable recitation of some grand lines of WORDSWORTH; and though the reading was barely an hour long, there was during the latter half of it a very frequent rustling of the departure of those who had unfortunately brought only intellectual gill or pint cups, and had no room for the quart of wisdom obtained."

—In the aristocratic circles of England the principal topic of talk is the approaching marriage of the Marquis of Lorne. No man's position in English society is altered by any matrimonial alliance, and Prince CHRISTIAN is entitled merely to the precedence of a Knight of the Garter, which is next below that of the eldest sons of barons. It is said to be the Queen's intention to issue a royal ordinance giving Prince CHRISTIAN and the Marquis of Lorne, after his elevation to a dukedom, precedence next after royal dukes. The Queen, by a royal ordinance of a similar character, gave the Prince Consort precedence over the Prince of Wales, who had been at all times previously regarded as the first subject in the realm, and the nearest to the throne. This position was not forfeited by statute or common law, but, as in the case of precedence given to her Majesty's sons-in-law, there was no prospect that the Prince Consort's right to the place assigned him would be questioned by any of the peers concerned. According to English practice, the precedence of the Princess LOUISE, in default of any royal warrant, would be regulated by that of her husband; and if the Marquis of Lorne were created a duke of the United Kingdom, she would be at the bottom of the list of duchesses of the United Kingdom.

—Madame LEFEBVRE, the famous *vivandière* of the francs-tireurs of Paris, was recently mortally wounded by a musket-ball, which struck her in the chest as she was administering some brandy to a wounded comrade behind a barricade. She was a golden-haired beauty, and never failed to excite the admiration of those who saw her marching with her corps.

—The reason, probably, why the Queen of Holland tendered the use of a cottage to Mr. MOTLEY is that they have been on very friendly terms for twenty years. She is the foremost among the royal belles-lettres women of the period. When in London, last year, she dined at Mr. MOTLEY'S in company with DISRAELI and Lord LYTTON. LOUIS NAPOLEON and EUGENIE, however, did not affect her, because of her literary talk and her desire to be considered a second Madame DE STAEL. She thinks BISMARCK a dangerous kind of being, with an especial fondness for Hollands.

—The Earl of Cardigan, recently deceased, was a man quite out of the usual way in almost every respect. He bequeathed to the Countess his leasehold house, 43 Portman Square, London, with the household furniture, linen, china, books, pictures, prints, watches, jewelry, trinkets, wines, liquors, and other consumable things, horses and carriages, and all other articles in, upon, and about the same, and the stables, outbuildings, and appurtenances thereof, except money and securities for money. The Earl usually kept eight horses in his stables in London, but these horses were at the time of his death in the country, and the question was whether, under these circumstances, the Countess was entitled to the horses under the above gift. The coachman deposed that the horses belonged to the Earl's London establishment, and that when they were sent to the country it was only for the purpose of turning them out to grass, and getting them ready for the London season. The Master of the Rolls considered the Countess was entitled to the horses. So much from a notice in the London *Court Journal*. But all the way through life he was a curious chap. He was a lieutenant-colonel in the army at 33. In 1840 he was tried before the House of Lords for wounding Captain TUCKETT in a duel, and was acquitted. In the battle of Balaklava, October 20, 1855, he led the celebrated "death-charge," which has become so fertile a theme for military criticism. He was a brave, manly fellow, with an extraordinary aptitude for getting into all sorts of difficulties.

—"Gail Hamilton" has been gazed upon by a newspaper man in Washington, who places upon record, for the benefit of future historians, the ensuing statement: "She is rather small, has a round, fresh, and happy-looking face, blue eyes, and brown hair, worn short, and sort o' curled or frizzed. She is animated in conversation, talks as she writes, is witty, fond of jokes, and must be jolly to have around. She doesn't look a bit pedantic or blue-stockin'-ified, and, judging from her face, she could pass nicely for twenty-five years old."

—We regret to learn that the Hon. JOHN P. HALE, lately so robust and healthy, is in impaired health. He may be seen on the streets of Dover, New Hampshire, any fair day, walking slowly and painfully with the aid of a cane. His right side is slightly paralyzed. Intellectually he is still vigorous, but thinks his memory somewhat impaired. The old, indomitable will is, nevertheless, as strong as ever.

—The Lady PIGOTT (well known in the English agricultural world as a breeder of short-horns) has for some time been at Metz, attending the wounded. Her ladyship, in a letter which she has sent home, states that there are no other English ladies at Metz, and that she has to "rough it," but is nevertheless well and happy. The Prussians she describes as "loud and consequential," the French as "pale and haggard." The Prussians, however, seem to her to be weary of the war.

—Among the able and truly good and useful men elected to the next House of Representatives is Mr. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, editor of the Utica *Gazette*. He has once only served the people in a legislative capacity, having a few years since represented the Utica district in the Assembly of this State. Mr. ROBERTS is equally able with pen and tongue—a strong writer and strong speaker. A man, moreover, of sterling probity, who will with grace, dignity, industry, and force, worthily represent the people of Oneida in Congress.

—Mr. DISRAELI, in the new edition of his novels, now in course of publication in London, writes a long preface, in which he says that some American gentleman, with more than courtesy, has forwarded to him several thousand notices of "Lothair," published in this country. Their tone was always complimentary. He then goes on to make the following characteristic sarcasm on some of the criticisms he has received at home: "One could hardly expect at home the judicial impartiality of a foreign land. Personal influences inevitably mingle in some degree with such productions. There are critics who, abstractedly, do not approve of successful books, particularly if they have failed in the same style; social acquaintances also, of lettered taste, and especially contemporaries whose public life has not exactly realized the vain dreams of their fussy existence, would seize the accustomed opportunity of welcoming, with affected discrimination about nothing, and elaborate controversy about trifles, the production of a friend; and there is always, both in politics and literature, the race of the Dennises, the Oldmixons, and Curls, who flatter themselves that, by systematically libeling some eminent personage of their times, they have a chance of descending to posterity; but, so far as I am concerned, the have always been disappointed."

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Worth Basque House Dress.

THIS stylish basque is made with two side forms, in the manner repeatedly described in the *Bazar*. The over-skirt is very elegant, with a short apron front, and falling gracefully, almost shawl-shaped, in the back. The demi-trained skirt is of mauve silk, trimmed with five flounces, surmounted with a puffing of the material. The over-skirt and basque are of a lighter shade of mauve, trimmed with black lace and puffing. The over-skirt is draped with fringed ribbon bows of the same shape. The basque is heart-shaped in front, with a Marie Antoinette collar edged with puffing and lace.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises three articles, viz.: the new Worth basque, over-skirt, and demi-trained skirt.

WORTH BASQUE.—This pattern is in eight pieces—front, side piece for front, skirt, back, two side pieces, sleeve, and collar. The basque is heart-shaped in the neck, and is fitted with two darts and a side piece in front, and closed with five buttons. The back is made without a seam in the middle, and has two side forms. The Marie Antoinette collar is straight across the back and square in front, and is edged with puffing an inch wide, and guipure lace an inch and a half wide. The sleeve is half flowing, and left open at the outside seam to a depth of six inches, with trimming like that of the collar at the wrist, and another similar row three inches above the first. The skirt of the basque is trimmed with puffing an inch and a half wide, and guipure lace three inches wide. The pleats in the basque skirt are laid toward the back. Only half the pattern is given.

Quantity of material, 30 inches wide, 3½ yards.

Extra for puffing, 1 yard.

Lace for trimming, 7½ yards.

OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces—apron front, straight side breadth, and straight back breadth. The front side breadth is laid in eight small pleats turned upward at the bottom of the skirt in the space of three inches, and is joined to the apron front. The front breadth has two small pleats at the top on each side, turned toward the back. The back and side breadths are gathered to fit the waist. The pleats are concealed by a bow and ends. Only half the pattern is given.

Quantity of material, 30 inches wide, 4¼ yards.

Extra for puffing, 1¾ yards.

Lace for trimming, 7½ yards.

DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—gored breadth for front, front side gore, and three straight breadths for the back. The skirt trails twelve inches, and is trimmed with five ruffles four inches wide, headed with a puffing two inches and half wide.

Quantity of material, 30 inches wide, 9 yards.

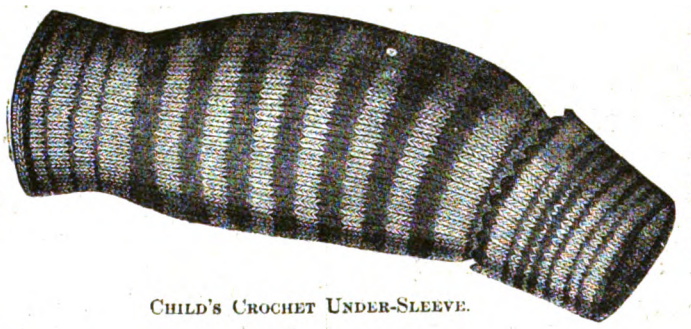
Extra for ruffles and puffing, 4½ yards.

WORTH BASQUE HOUSE DRESS.

[Cut Paper Pattern of this entire Suit, to fit any Figure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.]

Child's Crochet Under-Sleeve.

MATERIALS for the pair, ¼ oz. white, ¼ oz. blue split wool. This under-sleeve is knitted in white and blue split wool, partly in patent and partly in ordinary knitting stitch. Begin the sleeve on the upper border with the blue wool, cast on sixty-four stitches, join into a round, and knit next, alternately, one stitch knitted, one stitch purled; then with the white wool, in the same manner, four times six rounds; after each six of which one round in the blue wool. After the last six rounds continue the sleeve in patent, knitting, however, not backward and forward, but in the round, alternately one round of the patent entirely as ordinary stitches, and with the thread thrown over to the right; in the next round the stitches purled, and the thread thrown over to the left. Alternate always a blue stripe with a white one (each stripe consists of 12 rounds), until there are in all 11 stripes. Then follow five white stripes, separated each by a blue round; these five white stripes consist each of eight rounds, and are knitted as the beginning of the sleeve, alternating one stitch knitted and one purled. The sleeve is now finished, and there remains only the cuff, which is knitted in connection with it. For this knit four rounds in blue, three in white, two in blue, one in white, two in blue, four in white, one in blue, one in white, two in blue, one in white, two in blue, one in white, one in blue, four in white wool. The points on the upper edge are worked in blue as follows: * Cast off together the next two stitches, draw the thread through the stitch which hereby stands alone on the needle, so that it shall by this means be fastened, and take the next following stitch on the thread. Repeat from *. Lay the cuffs over on the right side.



CHILD'S CROCHET UNDER-SLEEVE.

Pasteboard and Worsted Braid Lamp Mat, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS mat, which is simple and easily made, serves for lamps, basins, hot dishes, etc., is made of green worsted braid and pasteboard. It is alike on both sides. Take two pieces of pasteboard each eight inches square, and cover them on both sides with dark green paper. Then paste the two pieces of pasteboard together as shown by Fig. 2, so as to form a star-like figure with eight points. In the points of the pasteboard stick pins with round black heads in the manner shown by Fig. 1; these pins serve for fastening the last winding of braid on the points. Next paste on both sides of the central part of each piece of pasteboard a piece of black oil-cloth four inches square, which has been stitched with green silk twist. Wind eight spools of the braid, mark the figures on the pasteboard star as shown by Fig. 2, fasten the end of the braid of one spool at 1, and wind in the direction from under up, and in the order of figures given on Fig. 2; that is, wind the braid once around the pasteboard, first, from 1 to 2. Fasten this winding with a pin. Begin with the end of the braid on another spool at 3, and wind the braid in the same manner from 3 to 4; with the third spool wind from 5 to 6; with another spool begin at 7, and wind from 7 to 8, and with the next from 9 to 10; at 11 begin with a new spool, and wind the braid from 11 to 12. With the seventh spool begin at 13, and wind from 13 to 14, and with the last spool from 15 to 16. Of course the second round must again be begun at 1, and worked in the same order till the outer edge of the pasteboard is entirely covered with the braid. Lastly, fasten the ends of the braid with green silk, and then finish the edge of the mat with large black beads. Soutache may be used instead of braid, in which case three rows may be wound together instead of one.

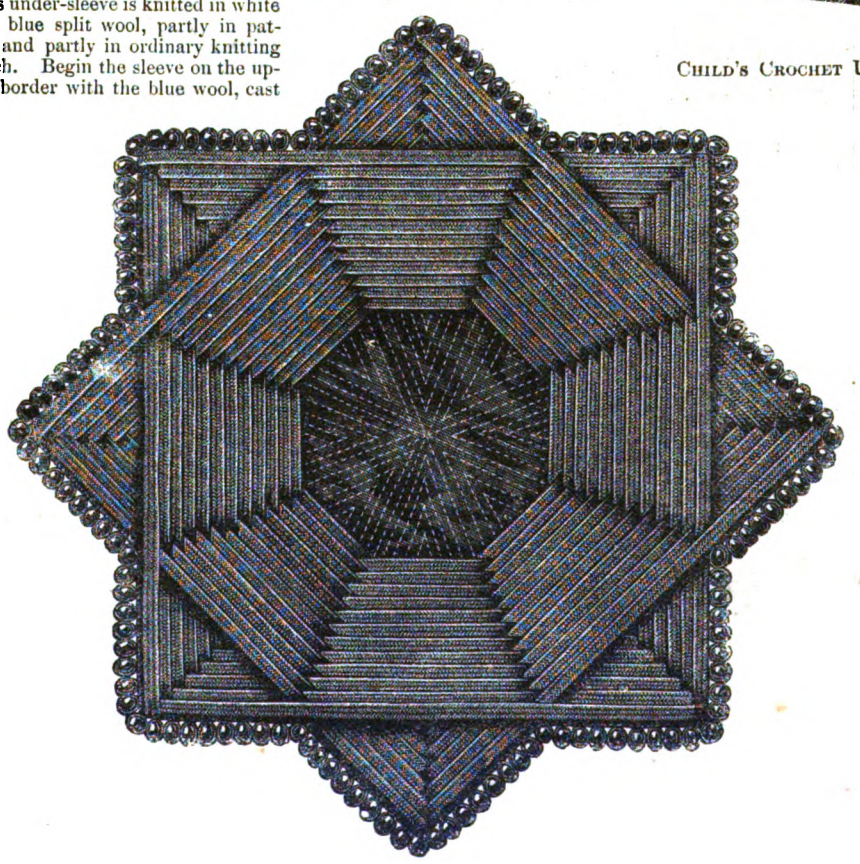


Fig. 1.—PASTEBOARD AND WORSTED BRAID LAMP MAT.

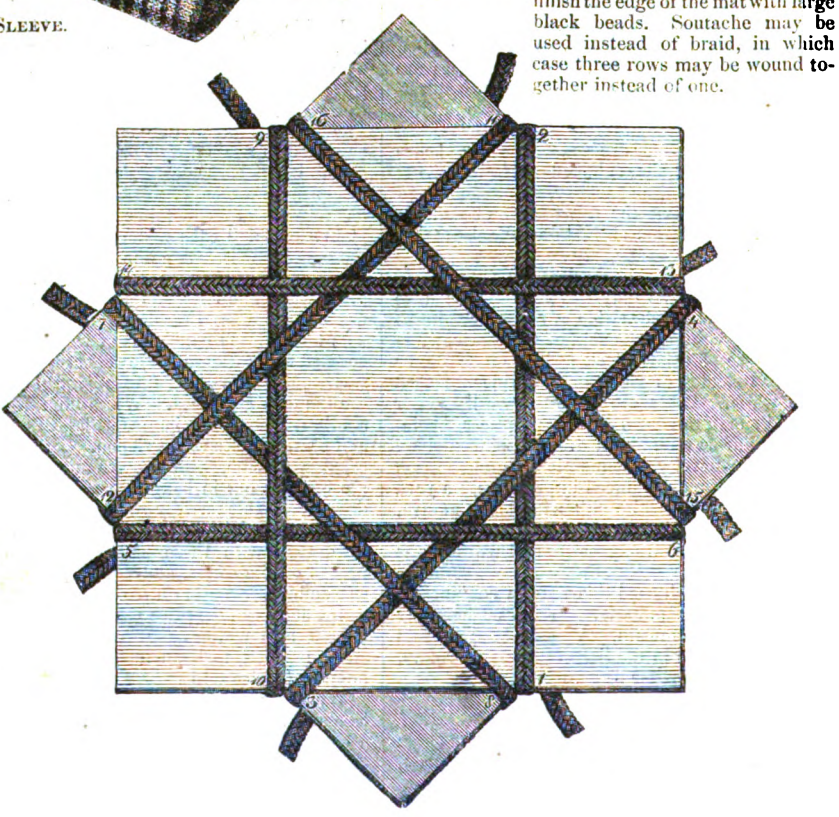


Fig. 2.—PASTEBOARD AND WORSTED BRAID LAMP MAT.

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HOLIDAY MARKETING.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

MY NEW NEIGHBOR.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

"But if thou wilt be constant, then,
And faithful to thy word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword:
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Were never heard before;
I'll deck and crown thee o'er with bays,
And love thee more and more."

I WAS reading these lines to the girl I was going to make my wife; reading them to her on the brink of a purling stream, that danced to its own music through her mother's garden. There was a certain romance about the situation. The brink of that stream was as softly sloping and softly green as it could enter into the heart of either poet or sybarite to desire it to be. The sun was shining brilliantly on that July day; but though it was the middle of the lily-scented languor-fraught afternoon, the rays of that sun were powerless to affect us unpleasantly, by reason of the thick impervious shade that the brave old beech-trees made over our heads. A certain romance about the situation, did I say? The situation swarmed with romance. Would that there had been a particle of it in the engagement!

I was a young man at this epoch—a young man full of youth's happy-hearted aspirations and expectations. Circumstances had conspired from my birth to make me expect much and aspire to much. My father was a country gentleman—a squire—sufficiently well off and enlightened to second his second son's ambitious educational ideas. I was that second son, and my ideas were of a course at Heidelberg between Eton and Oxford. And I had been indulged in this course, and had come home now from Oxford, after my first term, a compound of rationalism and irrationality, of German mysticism and English conservatism, of free thought and fettered understanding, of natural chivalrousness and acquired cynicism, such as the mixed manner of my educational career might have been expected to produce.

I had come home, and, though I was no prodigal, the fatted calf had been killed for me, and I had been altogether fêted and made of much account. I was only the second son; but then the second son of the Rowley family was not an altogether obscure and contemptible person. There was a good deal of red, red gold floating about in various directions, that in the natural order of things would eventually fall into my possession. Moreover, I was well-looking, and reputed to be the owner of a brighter intellect than had fallen to the share of any of my compeers in that part of the county. *Au reste*, I had unlimited "assurance," my father called it—"faith in myself," I designated the enviable quality.

Behold me, then, aged twenty-three, under the July sun, on the river-bounded lawn of Mrs. Methold's place, The Beeches, pouring out my own sentiments in the grand old Border verses that I have written at the head of this episode in my life—pouring them out enthusiastically, because, like a young fool, I thought the pretty pink ear of my lady-love would tingle sympathetically to the emotions with which I gave voice to the swelling, throbbing strain in which I thought to make her comprehend my estimation of fidelity.

She could not do it. It was her misfortune, not her fault, that she could not do it; but I was not aware of the fact at the time, and I was angry and disappointed with and about her. It was unreasonably absurd of me to expect that fair rosebud-faced, forget-me-not-eyed girl to understand aught that was not immediately about and around her.

"I hope you're not going to turn out jealous, Willie," she said, gravely, when I came to a pause after giving out the lines,

"But if thou use me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more."

with a degree of unction which surprises me considerably now, that I look back upon it from my present stand-point.

"There are such various kinds of jealousy," I commenced, in an explanatory strain; "some jealousy is as noble as the kind that disorders little captious minds is ignoble."

"Ah, well," she said, simply, "I hope you'll not trouble me with either the noble or the ignoble kind, dear. Mamma always says there is nothing so destructive of all domestic happiness as jealousy."

Now I didn't particularly desire to hear what her mamma said or what her mamma thought—I was not engaged to marry her mamma. Heaven and earth! shall I ever forget the ecstasy of feeling that possessed me for a moment as this last reflection crossed my mind! Mrs. Methold was an "admirable woman," "exemplary as a mother, and the mistress of a family," people said; but when I suffered a vision of her as a possible substitute for my Milly to cross my mind, I candidly confess that I shrank from her.

The path of wooing and winning of Emily Methold had been characterized by that extreme ease and comfort, not to say luxury, which strongly predisposes young men to matrimony. Milly herself was of an acquiescent, amiable order of mind, that rendered her very amenable to the advances of the god of love; and The Beeches was the theatre of such perpetual scenes of hospitality and festivity that it was almost unavoidable—that softening of the heart and brain which had terminated in my casting myself and my fortunes as an offering at Miss Methold's feet. The fair daughter of the house, of which the mistress was a richly dowered widow, had "deigned to smile" without the smallest hesitation, or affectation of it, even. So, at the end of our sixth waltz one evening, when I said something that was a little warmer than was my wont, I found myself pledged to her, and committed to stand to my word within a period of ten minutes.

On the face of it, it was no bad fate. Even my own sisters, who were disposed to be ultra-critical about their brothers' requirements, had to acknowledge this. My future wife was "fair as the first that fell of womankind," in a sweet, soft, pink-and-white way, that was essentially English, and gratifying from the point of view that chiefly regarded complexion. She was a

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good girl, too, as well as a pretty one—a girl who would sacrifice her own amusements unhesitatingly at the faintest call of duty. This, at least, was the character I received with her, so to say. As far as I was concerned, I regarded the idea of any sacrifice being demanded of her, my choice, as an abominable evil, and shunned it accordingly.

As soon as it was known that she was my choice, I became very proud openly, in the face of day, of having chosen her. I wrote to old university friends of mine, in the sort of confiding half-fraternal way in which very young men are apt to write to the friends who belong to what they call the "old times of their student days," as if Time could be old to us at our age! I rhapsodized about her grace and her extreme and tender prettiness—wrote myself into mild little love-fevers, in fact, and looked forward to my future with egotistical satisfaction.

Our future—hers and mine—was arranged so placably and pleasantly. Milly's mother, the well-dowered mistress and owner of The Beeches, was generous in her intentions toward her daughter. "Her father left her no independent fortune," Mrs. Methold would say; "but it shall be my care, Mr. Rowley, that my daughter shall be no encumbrance to your son when he takes her. He will do *his* part nobly, I am sure."

This was put as a feeler or leading question, my father was wont to affirm, to my very great disgust at that time; for I had faith to a certain extent in Milly's mother, principally because she stood in that honorable relation to Milly. Therefore I felt bound to answer her expectations to the best of my ability. And so, about this sultry July time when my story opens, I was setting myself seriously to consider what my abilities were, and in what special direction they would be likely to make the strongest shoots.

Church, Army, Physic, Law—these various paths had been proposed to me; and I had unanswerable objections to following any one of them. I had no vocation for being a good young priest of gentle mien, the idol of a band of damsels of either High or Low proclivities. A dead level of peace reigned at the period; therefore the army opened up no prospect of a career. Medicine had no charms for me, either as a recipient or practitioner of it. And as for the law—well, it might be years and years before I could get called to the Bar, and gain an opportunity of distinguishing myself. Meanwhile "Time would go on, on the wings of the dove—but, alas! they'd be marked by the feet of the crow;" and ere I had made my mark I might perchance have developed baldness, and Milly gray hairs.

We can only be young once. That sentence contains suggestively a number of terrible truths. We can only be young once. Only live in the joy of the present and the future; only find delight in getting over the hours pleasantly; only believe that the world was made for us to be happy in at one epoch of our existence; and that is during the early days of Love's young dream. You were right and wise, old Herrick, in bidding us

> "Gather the roses while we may;
> Old Time is still a-flying."

When those roses perish, the thorns spring out with greater luxuriance than the flowers.

I had a faint foreshadowing of this fact in my mind when I felt the first stab of anxiety to do something to distinguish myself and to secure Milly. I had no time to waste, I said to my father; and he replied that he was glad I had arrived at the same conclusion to which he had come himself for some time, from his observation of the way in which I spent my mornings. Still he would wish for a clearer exposition of my views respecting my choice of a profession.

"I have an idea of devoting myself to literature," I said, modestly.

"Indeed," he replied, with a little good-natured air of affected sarcasm that was not designed to, and that did not, discourage me. "Literature will be infinitely obliged to you, I have no doubt; but in what way is your devotion to manifest itself, Willie?"

"I shall begin by trying my hand at press-work," I said, as confidently as I could; "leader-writers, especially if they devote themselves to a party, make their mark very soon if there is any power about them; that would be getting my hand in; and then, by-and-by—" I hesitated, and he filled up the pause.

"By-and-by you'd write novels in three volumes that no one would read: is that your plan?"

"I certainly don't contemplate the last clause," I said, laughing. "However, that is my plan: has it your approval?"

"Well, no, my boy, it has not," he said, frankly, dropping all the assumed sarcasm at once. "I am an old country fogy in your eyes, probably" (I protested against this assumption; and he just put his hand on my shoulder, but didn't otherwise heed my protest), "and I would rather you had decided on something more definite. But if you have the talent, Heaven forbid that I should be the cause of your hiding it."

And on this permission I acted.

Milly approved of my determination. Looking back through the vista of years upon the manner in which she received the tidings that I had come to it, I am hardly justified in saying that she was *sympathetic*, but she was amiable, and she abounded in faith.

"What charming books you will write, Willie!" she said, opening her sweet surprised-looking blue eyes very wide, on receipt of my information. "Why don't you begin about them at once, and never mind writing stupid newspaper things?"

I attempted to make her understand, with as small a display of impatience as I could compass, that it was not my intention to write "stupid" newspaper things.

"But I never look at them," she said, irrelevantly; "and I do love a good novel. Do write one like 'Guy Livingstone.' I should be so proud of it."

"Should you?" I said, savagely. "Haven't you the least ambition to see me write something original?"

"I don't care much about that, if it's amusing," she said; and then she added, deprecatingly, "And what you write will be sure to be amusing, you know, Willie."

I was not an implacable Cerberus, and I accepted this sop graciously; the more so, as I felt convinced that I should have to run the gauntlet of her mother's adverse opinion to my scheme. Mrs. Methold held all professors of art and literature in the lowest possible esteem. "The world is full of folly and sin," is an axiom that she, as an exceedingly religious woman, would never have thought of disputing. But I know that she felt sure that these qualities were to be found more abundantly in the studios of authors and artists than elsewhere.

She bore the intelligence better than I anticipated, when I broke it to her.

"Going to be a writer are you, Willie? Well, it's a fortunate thing for you that Milly is not a 'tocherless lass wi' a lang pedigree;' that is all I can say."

"From the lowest point of view, the rewards of authorship are not contemptible," I said, grandiloquently.

"My dear boy, you must live," she replied, good-humoredly; "and to live you must have money; therefore, I repeat that it's a good thing for you that Milly will have what she will have."

I said nothing in opposition to this sentiment to the exponent of it. But to Milly I spouted freely during the ensuing days those lines in which the Scottish cavalier descanted on the glories of honor and fidelity, and of how he would make his love "famous by his pen." Even as I was thus eloquent in my young enthusiasm, it seemed to me that, pretty as Milly's delicately shod feet were, they were hardly the feet (if I had been a free agent still) I should have chosen out of all the world "to lay my wreath of laurel down" at. Perhaps, though, it would come to pass that as I climbed, so would she. It never occurred to me, when I started on my journey up Parnassus, that it was on the cards that I might never "deserve the bays, and only dread the duns."

I half frightened my betrothed, I believe, when at last I parted with her, and started on that career that was to lead to fortune and to fame, I was so vehement in my adjurations to her not to forget her allegiance to me for a single moment. "It would be derogatory to us both if you ever wavered for a moment, Milly," I told her; "such love as I have given to you deserves all the honor that a woman's entire faith and devotion can accord to it; you will blight my whole life if you use me as a blind in any way. I shall know by intuition if I am always first with you."

"Dear Willie, pray don't be jealous," she implored, pathetically. "I am not given to flirting, am I? and besides, I am not in the least changeable in disposition. Though I don't say as much as you do about it, I assure you our engagement is a very solemn thing to me."

"And you will watch my course anxiously, won't you? Give me that assurance: let me feel that, when my brain is overtasked, one little heart is throbbing for fear that it may be so," I asked.

"Now don't be silly enough to overwork yourself, when there is no occasion for it, Willie," she said, sensibly; "and please don't distress yourself about me; you need not."

It was a tame assurance, but I was compelled to accept it, and to feign satisfaction with it, in default of a better. And then we parted; I to follow out my self-ordained career in London; she to spend a few weeks at Brighton with an old school-fellow and young married friend of hers.

A matron friend of my mother's found lodgings for me in the house of a widow of limited means, out in one of the numerous shady groves that intersect the Westbourne Park region; and I began to work very hard at following out my plans. Getting on to a respectable daily paper was a work of much greater difficulty in reality than it had been in anticipation. And even when I gained a reading for some of my most brilliant paragraphs, scrubby men, with inky fingers very often and ill-brushed hair and clothes, sat in the seats of the scornful about me, and pronounced my efforts crude. They would tell me, with the graceful ease that came from utter callousness to my sensitiveness, that my manner was "bald," or wanted "back-bone and sinew," and that my "writing was not up to the mark required by their readers." It was no use my saying that I was one of their most fastidious readers, and that I was satisfied that my articles *had* the requisite back-bone and sinew, and other attributes that were essential. For a while they warred upon me as a Philistine who was striving to enter their tents for some nefarious purpose. And when at length I saw myself in type, it was at a rate of remuneration that did not enable me to say, with a certain gifted and accomplished wielder of the pen, that "I was treated like a gentleman, and paid like an embassador."

Nevertheless, the realization of my dream seemed to have commenced; and when once I was launched on the ocean of literature, my little bark floated on it gallantly enough. I had been in town about four months, and was spending the well-earned fruits of some of my labors in some dry sherry and an exceptionally well-flavored cigar on the balcony outside my sitting-room window, one crisp November evening, when my sight and hearing were arrested by a sound and a spectacle.

I shall have failed—and moreover have on me the sense of having failed, which is even worse—if I have not made the readers of this brief memoir understand that I was at that time essentially an impressionable person. That foregone conclusion having been arrived at, the sequence follows—sounds that were sweet, and sights that were pleasant, overpowered me immediately. The sounds that I heard on this occasion, and the sight that I saw, caused me to quote poetry, in order that I might not be guilty of original declamation that would be a breach of fidelity to my betrothed. I put myself into a most uncomfortable position, in order to be able to gaze round the obstructing ornamental bars that divided my balcony from that of my neighbor, and repeated to myself Poe's lines:

> "On desperate seas long wont to roam,
> Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
> Thy naiad airs have brought me home
> To the glory that was Greece,
> And the grandeur that was Rome."

I forgot all my earnest plodding designs toward a career; I forgot that sweet-faced blue-eyed girl to whom I was engaged; I forgot every thing, in short, that I ought to have remembered, as I let those lines of Edgar Allan Poe's rush through my mind, and looked at the girl who brought them to my memory.

She was only a girl—a girl grown out of young girlhood into that far more interesting womanhood which is to age what July is to the year. She was resting against one side of the window-sash, with a piece of music held up to the light of a lamp above her head in both her slim white hands. And she was singing; going through the ordeal of a lesson, evidently, and some privileged professional ogre was accompanying her; for I heard a piano resounding to an assured touch, and a running commentary of criticism delivered from the interior of the room.

What a picture she made in the lamp-light, that new neighbor of mine! The house had been empty ever since my tenancy of the adjoining lodgings, and now she had suddenly budded into being. What a picture she made! She stood in the full blaze of that trying lamp that blazed down upon her glorious head, and its radiance only made her more radiant, and its rays only formed a fitting glory for that head of wondrous beauty and real power.

A girl—a lady of middle height, at once stately and supple. The proportions of every other woman whom I had ever known seemed to be too sparse or too coarse, when regarded in the light of her more perfect ones. As she leaned carelessly against the side of the window-panes, unconscious of my gaze, I had an opportunity of photographing her upon my memory.

She wore maroon velvet that evening, a dress of sweeping full maroon velvet, and about her neck some creamy-looking lace nestled softly. I had been accustomed to associate maroon velvet and creamy-looking lace with middle age and fat; but my new neighbor, though far from being a sylph, was gracefully formed, and young, and dazzlingly beautiful, with a beauty that was novel to me—beautiful with the beauty of dreamy gray eyes and silken lashes, of a complexion so clearly painted with richer colors than I was in the habit of seeing that my heart and imagination fell down before her at once, and owned themselves her slaves.

I watched the expression of her face. How intense it was! how full of fervor, and fire, and expression, and sympathy! She was in awe of somebody apparently; for now and again the red blood mounted to her brow, as she repeated passage after passage of that song that she was learning. At length she turned away from the window with a little gesture of impatient despair; and I was left alone with my cigar and dry sherry, and the recollection that I was engaged to Milly Methold.

The great majority have at some period or other of their existence howled, either in prose or verse, over the woe and agony of the forsaken; but really the one who forsakes is in need of quite as much pity. That quiet little commonplace street that ran up from Westbourne Grove was the theatre of quite a dramatic struggle, and finally of a colossal sacrifice. I went through agonies in my endeavors to be faithful to the girl I had left behind me; but, with that girl in maroon velvet before me, the battle was a hard one.

The story tells itself. She was a concert-singer; a rising, hard-working, struggling concert-singer, "with very few friends, and none on the press," she told me plaintively, when we became known to one another. And I—I was proud to declare myself a rising, struggling, hard-working author, in order that we might seem to have something in common, if it was only ill luck.

There was nothing dark or hazy or even dubious about my new neighbor's antecedents. She lived alone simply because she had no friend in the world who could afford to live with her; and she was "on the boards" ready to display her beauty and her grace to any one who would give a paltry coin to see her, because her voice was the only merchandise she had, and "the boards" was the only marketable place for it. Poor girl! there was no harm about that maroon velvet either. She was obliged to dress well in public, and she could not afford a second set of inferior costumes in private. That was the reason of the seeming extravagance which caused many a Westbourne Grove matron, whose husband was contumacious on the question of velvet on the wife of his bosom, to shake the head of reprobation, not to say condemnation, at poor Kate Desmond.

She was an Irish girl, and she had all an Irish girl's frank fearlessness in her manner of living. There was that "wild sweet-briery fence" round her that "warns the touch while winning the sense, nor charms us least when it most repels." In short, she was a pure brave girl, although she wore maroon velvet, and suffered from a seasonable dread of ghosts about Christmas-time.

It was to this last charming weakness of hers—that was more than a folly and less than a sin—that I owe our better acquaintance. Christmastide was fast approaching—grand old misrepresented Christmas, who does, despite modern cynicism, bring other things besides family feuds and debts and difficulties to the fore. Letters from home were warning me that I was due down where Milly Methold dwelt; and all the time I was, as it were, but living from hour to hour on the hope of hearing Kate Desmond's melting contralto voice, or seeing her marvelous Irish blue eyes! And I had made the good true Scottish ballad speak to Milly for me, and cautioned her with a luxuriance of caution against any flaw in her faith. I made a great effort. I told Miss Desmond that I was going away "for good," I called it, and determined to be "falsely true" to the woman—the well-endowed woman—whose promise I had won to be my wife.

I was alone one wretched December night, some few hours after having made this resolve. I had said good-by to her, and so set the seal to my good intent. But the recollection of the little lingering clasp her hand had given mine was upon me vividly now, as I sat there moodily; and it stirred my blood to a quicker flow, and made me think hard things of Milly. Next Christmas, and at all the Christmases to come that I might live to see, Kate and I should be strangers. But she would read whatever I wrote (in her sweet warm way she had told me one day that she would do this), and follow all the fluctuations of my literary fortunes with an interest that "only a woman who loved me could feel," I told myself, with a spasm that was half pride and half sorrow; and I should be married to Milly, who never looked at the "stupid newspaper things" I wrote, and whose ambition on my behalf was bounded by the desire that I should produce a second "Guy Livingstone!"

> "Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long,"

is a comforting distich when one is considering the ungratified hopes and longings and desires of one's neighbors and friends; but its soothing and calming influence is much weakened as soon as it is brought to bear on one's own case. I wanted more of Kate Desmond in my life most intensely, and my heart was bowed down with pain by the knowledge that I could not honorably ask her to give even one thought to me.

How hard I strove on that night to be loyal to Milly! She had been so good and kind and unexacting during the whole term of our separation. Her nicely written, neatly expressed, carefully worded letters were reassuring to the last degree. I had some of them spread out before me now, and I remember the increased aggravation of spirit I endured when I contemplated the unvarying curl of the tail of the *y* in "Rowley." I remember the qualm of conscience which immediately followed upon this too; for while, under its influence, I was trying to resuscitate my love for Milly by looking at her photograph, there came a rush of wind and drapery into the room, and Kate Desmond hurled herself tumultuously through the unshuttered window.

"Oh, Mr. Rowley!" she began, pantingly and apologetically, "I'd be very sorry, but I'm frightened out of all sorrow; I have borne it alone till I can bear it no longer, and I just opened my window, and climbed the balcony-bar, and ran in here. I have been a great goose," she added, abruptly; and then she drew a quick breath and said, "I'll go back like a reasonable creature now."

I saw that her eyes were full of tears and that her face was pale, and I *was* justified in asking with tenderness if I could be of any use to her.

"No, no," she said, huddling her fur jacket closer round her; "only I have been sitting alone, thinking of the time when I was *not* all alone, you know—when I had a brother and sister about me—and the room got peopled with ghosts, and I grew frightened; my dear dead ones! they frightened me, and it seemed so dreadful that I should be frightened by them, that I broke the spell that was over me and ran in here."

"Only to cast it over me more potently than before," I muttered. And then I remembered myself and Milly, and tried to be a polite host, and nothing more, to the trembling beauty who had broken up my solitude and peace.

She was looking like a queen that night in her sweeping velvet dress, with the ermine jacket hanging from her shoulders. It bewildered me to see her in my bachelor apartment, which was void of the faintest trace of any thing feminine in its furniture and adornments. How well she would look in it always! How speedily she would have refined and purified it, if only she were free to stay! What an interest that chair, on the back of which she was lightly leaning her hand, would assume from this moment in my eyes! I let these thoughts flash through my mind, looking at her stupidly enough, I fear, the while, until the silence grew embarrassing. She broke it.

"So, this is where you work? And your writing-table is against our partition-wall; how my singing must disturb you! My piano shall travel to the farther side of the room."

"Indeed no," I said, eagerly; "hearing your voice is the only happiness I have—"

"Two ladies to see you, Mr. Rowley," the voice of the landlady interrupted at this instant; and looking through the doorway, I saw the figures of Mrs. Methold and Milly advancing quickly.

They came sweeping in, with gentle words and smiles of greeting, a couple of admirably bred, and dressed, and mannered Englishwomen, bent on a mission of hospitality to a poor lonely fellow who was alone, they thought, at this genial season of the year. And before the sound of their quiet affectionate salutation to me had ceased to echo, they caught sight of my beautiful companion. And the sight froze them.

The tableau was a charming one from an artistic point. The lamp-light fell impartially on every corner of the room, and Kate Desmond's golden hair glittered in it as she stood there gracefully, easily, looking from me to my visitors with a self-possession that came from her perfect uncon-

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sciousness of there being any thing reprehensible in the situation. Opposite to her the dignified matron, and the shy stately blonde to whom I was pledged, stood waiting for an explanation; and I, in my guilty consciousness as regarded Kate, had none to give.

"Won't you introduce me to your friends, Mr. Rowley?" she said presently, in that piquant accent of hers that caressed every vowel it touched; "tell them how I came to be here."

"We will spare you the trouble, Mr. Rowley," Mrs. Methold said, haughtily. Then she gathered her daughter under her wing, as it were, and turned to leave the room. Then, and then only, did it occur to Kate that her presence was being misconstrued.

"And *I* will spare Mr. Rowley the trouble by taking it upon myself," she said, stepping forward and confronting them; "*I* will introduce myself. I am Kate Desmond, a concert-singer, to whom Mr. Rowley has been kind, as only men on the press can be kind to women like myself. I live in the next house; and being alone, and a little afraid of my solitude, I broke in upon his, little thinking that he was expecting friends in whose way I should be. You will forgive me?"

"Really, I hardly know—it is so extraordinary," Mrs. Methold began; but Milly interrupted her:

"We have nothing to forgive, Miss Desmond, but I will say something you will like better: *I believe* you;" and as she said it, Milly gave her hand to Kate, and I was nearer to loving the girl I was going to marry than I had ever been before. Her sweet, confiding trustfulness and consideration moved me to make a confession that I ought to have made to Kate before.

"I will introduce you now," I said, going up to Milly. It had—all this scene that I have narrated—taken place so quickly, that I had not had time to approach her before; and taking the white warm hand that she held out to me, I linked it with Kate's, and said, "Miss Methold has done me the honor to promise to be my wife, and Miss Desmond has promised to be my friend; so there is a good basis for a mutual good understanding between you." Then, my foolish speech being finished, I fell to wondering how women did it.

How could they do it, with the knife in their hearts?—for, in spite of that interchange of amicable sentences, the truth came home to me that those girls were each smiling to hide a pang. Poor Kate had the harder battle to fight; for she knew nothing of my engagement, and she had grown to feel rather more than friendly toward me, as I knew to my bitter sorrow. For Milly there was at any rate the comforting reflection that she was not in a false position. She was my affianced wife; she could afford to be generous to a rival as noble as she intuitively discovered Kate to be. Additionally, she was a young lady of position, immediately countenanced and protected by her mother; whereas Kate was, through her own acts, at the mercy of any shaft that might be let fly at her reputation. What wonder that my heart throbbed with pity, that was far too much akin to love to be safe, for my sweet neighbor!

The Metholds had come up almost unpremeditatedly, in order that they might give me a "pleasant surprise" by inviting me to a dinner at the family hotel patronized by them, and to have a round of theatre-going. They meant to return to The Beeches on Christmas-eve; and it was part of their programme that I should go back with them, "as amends for the shock we had when we came upon you so unexpectedly," Mrs. Methold said with assumed archness; and I accepted the invitation that was a command, and groaned in spirit for the shock I had received.

What a mockery the words, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," were to me just then! It seemed heartless of any one to wish me those good things during the three terrible days the Metholds spent in town. I never caught one glimpse of Kate; I never heard her rich melodious voice, or the sound of her piano. Was she gone away, or was she ill, or was she sad? This last possibility filled and thrilled me with emotions I had never known before.

As the hour of our departure drew near, I grew desperate. I recalled all that I had said to Milly about the nobleness of an undefiled faith, and my heart smote me. What right had I to keep the word of promise to the ear in this way? Milly Methold was giving me the pure gold of an untarnished, if not very passionate affection, and I was coming forward with a false promissory note! I could not bear to look the girl in the face, unsuspicious as she was; still less could I endure to hear her praise and admire Miss Desmond.

"When we are married, we'll ask her to stay with us, Willie; she is so lovely, I should like to make a friend of her."

This and similar speeches Milly would utter, goading me almost to madness. I had to smirk in answer to them, and affect to feel delighted and rather grateful than otherwise.

I don't know how it would have ended if this conflict between love and duty had not broken me down. I became very ill and unable to travel, and so the Metholds had to leave me, and go down to The Beeches alone on the night of Christmas-eve. They were sorry but resigned; and when the medical man I had called in hinted at fever, Mrs. Methold was very glad to get away.

The next day I was much worse; and just about the time when my people at home, and my future wife's family, were dining and enjoying themselves, my room had to be darkened and my head bound up. In fact, I was delirious and in danger.

In spite of my danger, in spite of my delirium, I soon became semi-conscious that a woman's voice, softer and sweeter than a woman's voice had ever sounded in my ear before, was issuing directions in my sick-room. Further, a woman's hand—a warm, strong, firm, loving little hand—smoothed my pillow and touched my brow with a touch that was the soul of tenderness. The first words I made sense of were uttered in that voice whose sound had been so dear to me during my hours of darkness.

"No, poor fellow," it said; "I'm neither his sister nor his cousin, doctor, nor am I the nearer and dearer one you more than half suspected me to be when you found me here first. I'm only his neighbor."

"You're risking your life—do you know that?" he asked.

"Ah, well," she said, with that Irish shrug of the shoulders that only an Irishwoman can give; "ah, well—it's only my life!"

"That's a good deal to risk for *only a neighbor*," he said, dryly; and she gave a little brief sigh, and just repeated those words, "Ah, well!"

Ah, well! Need I write another line in order to tell the story? By the following Christmas I had written a novel that did not resemble "Guy Livingstone," but that still obtained a very fair meed of attention from the critics. My wife gloats over each favorable review, and does not quite understand why I "will kill the poor girl who so much resembles that good kind Miss Desmond, who nursed you through your fever, and then died of it. I am so glad I was never jealous of her, Willie. Mamma tried hard to make me so," Milly says, with tender tears in her eyes. And I am glad too that no touch of petty jealousy comes between us, on account of the glorious vision of my young manhood who gave "only her life" for me.

I do not think that I make Milly the worse husband for that past experience. She knows nothing of the struggle that went on in my mind; she never dreams that I was nearly surrendering her—that I should have surrendered her if Kate had lived. She is as ignorant as the majority of women happily are of the other forms that are enshrined in their husbands' hearts. And I love her and reverence her, as my good, faithful, wholehearted wife deserves to be loved and reverenced; and I am happy and grateful for her, and glad of her. But just at this time of year I have memories of that plain little bachelor's room of mine in the Westbourne Grove district, and of how it was irradiated one night by the presence of my new neighbor. And I look at the gracious, fair, sweet woman who is the mother of my children, and find myself asking, "How would it have been if *she* had lived?" But as "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," perhaps it is just as well that there is none to answer me.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—One pint of milk, 4 eggs, and flour enough to make a thick batter; then add 1 pint of cranberries; pour into a pudding-bag, and boil two hours. Eat with a very rich sauce.

CHICKEN AND HAM À LA MODE.—Excellent for supper or luncheon. Take a small knuckle of veal, and with it make some good strong white stock; strain it, and when cold carefully skim it. When ready melt it, and to a quart of the nicest part add the well-frothed whites of 3 eggs, a dessert-spoonful of Chili vinegar, and a little salt and pepper. Let the mixture boil, beating it often with a fork, either a silver or wooden one; let it simmer gently until there is a little more than a pint of it. Have ready some pieces of roast chicken cut small and thin, also a few thin slices of cold boiled ham; pour into a mould a little of the jelly, then arrange a small portion of the meat, then more jelly, until it is all used; let it get cold, and when wanted dip the mould a moment in boiling water. A little parsley arranged at the base of the mould on the dish, when sent to table, is a great improvement.

MULLED ALE.—Put into a sauce-pan that has been carefully cleansed a pint of strong ale, 3 or 4 cloves, a little nutmeg, and sugar to suit the taste; place over the fire, and when it boils take it off to cool. Beat until very light the yolks of 4 eggs; mix a little cold ale with them, and pour over the hot ale; pour out of the pan and back again several times, until it has become well mixed; then set over the fire, beat it a little, take off, set back again, and beat. Serve hot with dry toast.

YEAST.—Into a sauce-pan put 3 quarts of water, a very large handful of hops tied into a bag; and when it boils add 4 pared potatoes. When the potatoes are done, take out and mash in a basin; add a cupful of sugar, 1 of salt, and 3 spoonfuls of flour; pour the hop-water over; mash all well and smoothly together. If it seems lumpy, strain through a colander; put back into the sauce-pan to boil, and as soon as it boils up once, remove from the fire. When cold, add about half a pint of lively yeast, and let it rise. If the yeast is not *very* lively, it will take more. When risen, put a little ginger and a small piece of alum dissolved in water to it. Put into bottles and cork up.

BRAN MUFFINS.—Two tea-cupfuls of unbolted flour and 1 of white wheat flour, 1 pint of rich milk, 2 eggs, and a little salt. Beat all well together. Have the pans well greased, and pour in, baking fifteen or twenty minutes. Use the Wisconsin cake-pans.

TONGUE TOAST.—Take cold boiled tongue, mince it fine, mix it with cream, and to every ½ pint of the mixture allow the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Place over the fire, and let it simmer a minute or two. Have ready some nicely toasted bread; butter it, place on a hot dish, and pour the mixture over. Send to table hot.

RICE CAKE.—Very light and delicate. Beat to a foam the yolks of 8 and whites of 4 eggs; to this stir in 6 ounces of powdered sugar, the grated peel of 1 lemon, and ½ a pound of ground rice. Beat all well together for twenty minutes or half an hour. Bake twenty minutes in a buttered tin, the oven being rather quick.

POTATO PASTE FOR DUMPLINGS.—Boil 3 large white potatoes until soft; peel and mash them. When quite smooth, mix with 1 quart of sifted flour and a scant pint of lard; salt to taste. Roll out and use for dumplings; or it makes a good paste for meat pies.

To remove starch or rust from flat-irons, have a piece of yellow beeswax tied in a coarse cloth. When the iron is almost hot enough to use, but not quite, rub it quickly with the beeswax, and then with a clean, coarse cloth. This will remove it entirely.

Mildew is easily removed by rubbing or scraping a little common yellow soap on the article, and then a little salt and starch on that. Rub all well on to the article, and put in the sunshine.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

DURING this holiday season, when confectioners' shops present a wonderful variety of sweets of most tempting colors and delicious flavors, it may be a matter of interest for mothers to know something of the coloring ingredients used in candies. Children have a natural longing for sweet things; and although they obtain special indulgence in the use of them about the time of Christmas and New-Year's, mothers are full of fear and trembling for the results. The truth is, the little folks keep a pocketful of candies, and are nibbling at them all day long. Of course they have no appetite for their regular meals, and of course half of them have the colic, and alarm the household. Too much sugar is not good for children; but a moderate quantity of pure confectionery taken at regular times, *after* meals, is not ordinarily injurious.

Red-colored confectionery is very popular, and the usual pigments employed are harmless. If, however, the candy is of a bright scarlet, beware of it. Dissolve a bit in water, and if a scarlet-tinted powder remains in the bottom of the glass, it indicates that some mineral coloring has been used. French confectioners are allowed cochineal, madder, and Brazil wood for coloring red, while vermilion, red-lead, and all mineral reds are strictly forbidden. Yellow-colored confectionery is far more dangerous than red; indeed, a large proportion of what is sold is really impregnated with poisonous mineral matter. A pure yellow colored sweetmeat should be tinted only with some vegetable substance. The same test may be applied to yellow as to red confectionery. Indigo is the only allowable pigment for blue candies, and as many deleterious things are employed, it is fortunate that it is not so popular as some other kinds. Coffee, chocolate, and similar substances are the proper coloring for brown sweets, though umber is also used. The mineral greens are highly dangerous, and these poisonous ingredients are generally employed. It is true that there are some harmless vegetable greens which might be used; but since analysis frequently detects poisonous ingredients mixed with these, green confectionery had better be avoided. White candies and comfits frequently contain gum, starch, sulphate of lime, flour, whiting, and similar substances—nothing actually poisonous, perhaps, but certainly not desirable additions. The essences used are usually artificial, as these can be obtained at a much lower price than the real fruit or vegetable essences. The facts mentioned, which we have gathered chiefly from scientific writers who have analyzed confectionery purchased at random, plainly indicate that children need some watchful care after they have come into possession of their Christmas bonbons.

December, 1870, has been a rare month, seeming as shy of appearing in its real character as if it were the youngest instead of the oldest month of the year. Strange contrasts has December seen in our country. For example, one day, while a severe snow-storm was prevailing in Utah, strawberries, cheap and plenty, were for sale in the markets of San Francisco.

The "Star of South Africa" is the largest diamond which has been found in those far-famed distant fields. It is valued at £30,000, and is in the possession of a London jeweler.

It is said of the Princess Beatrice, daughter of Queen Victoria, now nearly sixteen years old, that she has never yet worn any but short dresses, not even upon the grand occasions of drawing-room receptions, when court trains are universal.

New York milk-dealers have the reputation of receiving a million quarts of milk every day, and of selling a million and a half. Of course this must be in the summer time only, when heat expands. A very remarkable expansion, to be sure; and now that cold weather has come, they will probably sell only half a million quarts.

The Russians have been making experiments for the purpose of testing the utility of electric light in warfare. With a piece of ordinary field artillery, on a dark night, every shot fired hit the target at a distance of 1660 yards, or very nearly an English mile, both the mark itself and the surrounding objects to a considerable distance being rendered perfectly distinct by the light thrown upon them.

Canada rats must be decidedly ferocious. A gentleman living at Hamilton, having set a trap for a troublesome rat, gave his wife directions what to do in case the creature was caught during his absence. Obedient to instructions the lady took the trap into the sitting-room, called in a terrier, opened the trap, jumped upon a chair, and the fun commenced. The rat first whipped the dog, and then made away with a tame raccoon which the lady called to her assistance, then fought a second dog and the broom for an hour and fifteen minutes, and finally escaped through the window.

It is authoritatively rumored that balls will take the place of dinners in Washington this winter. Last year dinners were the style—and very elegant dinners they were. But in general these were given by wealthy citizens to Congressmen, and ladies were excluded therefrom. The ladies did not altogether approve of this fashion, so they inaugurate a change—and balls will flourish.

English journals state that it is observed in hospitals where wounded French and German soldiers are lying side by side that the former do not bear pain so well as the latter. They scream and groan where the Germans will not utter a sound. But the fortitude of the German gives way when death approaches, and he shows unmistakable signs of terror. The Frenchman, on the contrary, then exhibits the greatest coolness.

Old rubbish, which accumulates in every household, is generally of little value; and seldom is any one so fortunate as was an old woman in Philadelphia, who, while hunting over a box of trash, chanced to find an old and dirt-begrimed breast-pin which almost a score of years ago her father had given to her. It had some stones in it which she thought of no particular value. She carried it to a jeweler for repairs. After scrutinizing it he asked her if she knew its value. "Well," she replied, "there may be about five dollars' worth of gold in it;" whereupon he offered her $800 cash down for it. This staggered her. She then learned that the stones, of which there were ten, were each two-carat diamonds of the very finest description, five of them having a peculiar bluish tint that gives them a great value. Upon taking the pin into a large Chestnut Street establishment she was offered $2000 cash for it, and another offer was $350 for each of the tinted stones.

Fairs continue to be exceedingly popular. One has been recently opened at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, in aid of the Union Home and School at One Hundred and Fifty-first Street. This Home was established for the orphans of soldiers and sailors of this State who died in defense of their country during the recent civil war. The institution is under the immediate protection of the Grand Army of the Republic, and it is from this organization that the appeal comes for material aid to carry out their projects for the care and education of these children of the nation. The Home now contains about two hundred and fifty inmates, and since it was founded three thousand children have received such aid as has enabled them to have security for commencement in some employment when they are old enough. A heavy indebtedness was incurred for the present buildings occupied, and to remove this an appeal has been made to the charitable.

"Ahavas Chesed," or "Lovers of Charity," is the name of a new Jewish temple, the cornerstone of which was recently laid at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. The building will be ninety-five feet wide, and, with the exception of the two wings, will run back the whole breadth of the lot. The style of architecture will be the Byzantine moresque, somewhat similar to the synagogue in Fifth Avenue. The towers on either side of the main front entrance will be one hundred and seven feet high, and the spires above the towers will reach an altitude of one hundred and fifty feet, each being surmounted by the shield of David. The ark, the repository of the sacred scrolls, will be thirty-five feet high, resembling in form a temple of the moresque style. The estimated cost of the synagogue is about $180,000.

Some persons prefer to have oysters cooked in their own liquor. We do not pretend to understand the details of such matters, but the *Journal of Microscopy* has been investigating this bivalve and its accompaniments, and reports that if an oyster is opened, and the liquor is retained in the lower shell, when viewed through a microscope "it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells, and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalculæ, and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light represents a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room." It is to be hoped that all these minor "extras" are wholesome and nutritious.

The sword which the Emperor Napoleon surrendered to King William at Sedan has been given to the Prussian Military College at Berlin, to be preserved side by side with that of the first Napoleon. At least such is the report from Prussia.

Early in January a fair will be opened in Washington for the relief of the French sufferers. Many prominent ladies are devoting their energies to the undertaking.

Housekeepers need to be on their guard against that class of adventurers popularly known as "sneak thieves." One of their latest tricks was perpetrated in a fine residence in the upper part of the city. The occupants of the house one evening were interested by the sound of a fine tenor voice in front of the house, executing with much effect a difficult operatic selection. As the serenader appeared to be unusually gifted, all the occupants of the house flocked to the front windows and door to listen to the song. They stood for some moments listening to the music, when suddenly a table was upset in the lower part of the house; but no attention was paid to the circumstance until a man stepped up to the musician and whispered in his ear, when both started off at the top of their speed. An investigation followed, when it was found that thieves, the confederates of the singer, had entered from the rear of the house, and had gathered a large quantity of valuables, but having upset a table in the progress of their work, they became alarmed, and fled without removing any of the property.

Americans sleep too little as a general rule. In a girl's school which Dr. Dio Lewis established at Lexington, Massachusetts, the regulations required the students to go to bed at half past eight every evening, to rise early in the morning and take a walk, to walk a second time during the day, to eat only twice a day plain nourishing food, to wear no corsets, to exercise twice a day half an hour in gymnastics, and to dance an hour for about three times a week. The exercise has proved invaluable, and the nine hours in bed still more so.

In Canada all women who pay taxes in their own right are entitled by law to vote for school inspectors, and they are treated with the greatest respect on election day.

The latest evening entertainment we have heard of has sprung up in Montana, and is called by the name of the "Neck-tie Sociable!" Every lady, on presenting herself at the door of the house where the sociable is held, is required to give the porter an envelope containing a neck-tie made of the same material as the dress she wears that evening, to be made in any conceivable shape, and trimmed as she chooses. Every gentleman pays fifteen cents at the door, and receives a check for a neck-tie, and afterward the neck-ties are distributed to check-holders. After receiving his new article of dress, each gentleman commences a search for the lady who made it, and, after finding her, shows his gratitude by treating her to oysters, cake, peaches, etc.

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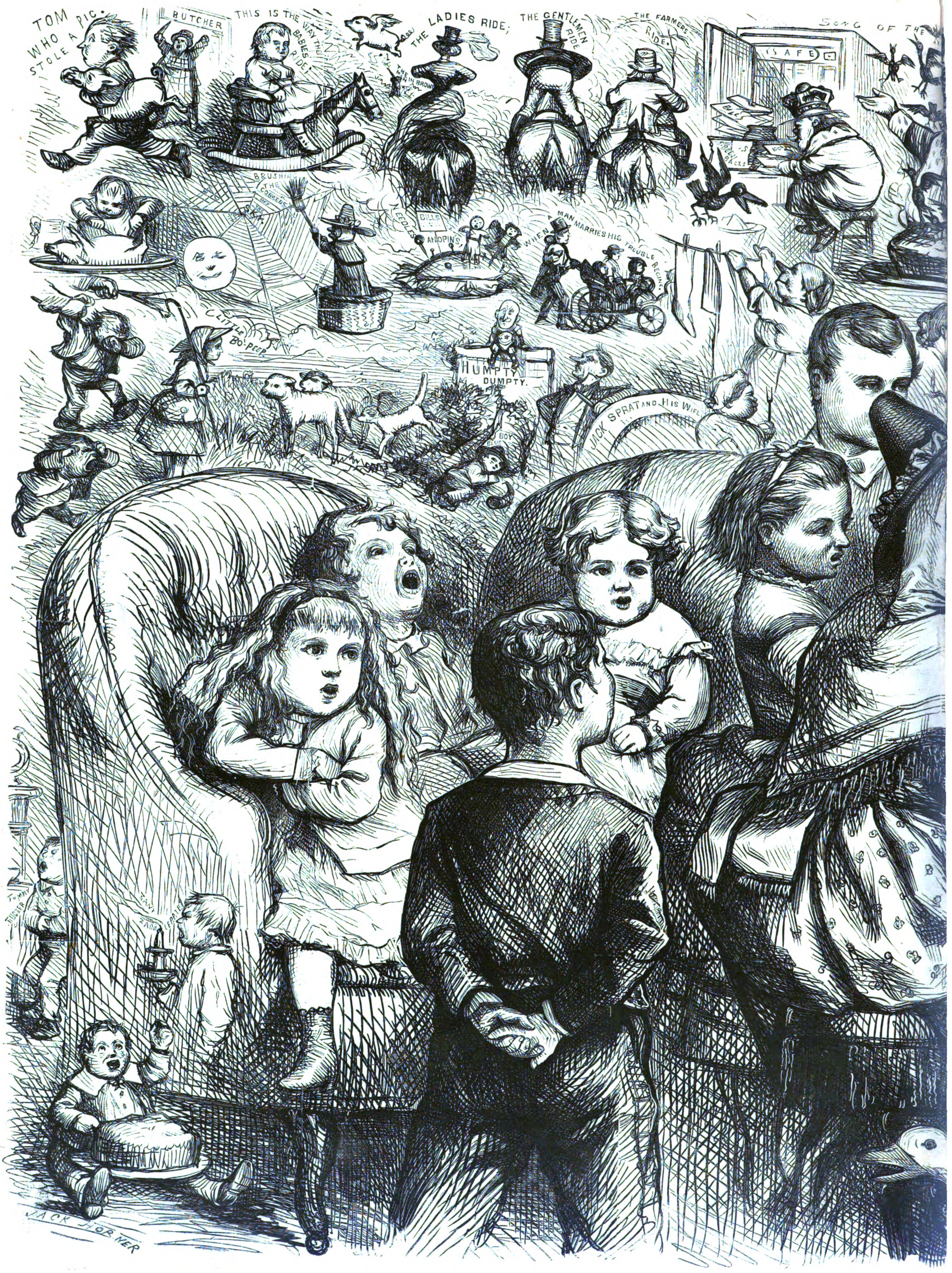

OLD MOTHER GO

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MELODIES.

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AT THE GATE.

WHEN the waning red of the sunset
Has faded out of the day,
And the stars are lighting their tapers
Among the shadows gray,

I wait and watch and listen,
Leaning upon the gate,
And I turn away with a weary heart,
For oh! my love is late.

There are steps that hasten homeward
Adown the echoing street,
But I can not hear among them
The sound of my darling's feet.

There are voices cheerily ringing
In tones of manly pride,
But I wait in vain for the music
Of his greeting at my side!

Ah me! if I have not patience
With an hour's brief delay,
How could I live in the darkness
That wraps some souls alway!

If I had not one to watch for
As I linger at the gate,
To pay with a kiss my chiding
As I murmur, "Love, so late!"

How then would the light have faded,
And my starless life grown dim!
There is something pleasant after all
In watching here for him.

MILLY DARRELL.

A Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE WATCH.

THE travelers came back to Thornleigh Manor in August, when the days were breathless and sultry, and the freshness of the foliage had already begun to fade, after an unusually dry summer. Milly and I had been very happy together, and I think we both looked forward with a vague dread to the coming break in our lives. She loved her father as dearly as she had ever done, and longed ardently to see him again; but she knew as well as I did that our independence must end with his return.

"If he were coming back alone, Mary," she said—"if that marriage were all a dream, and he were coming back alone—how happy I should be! I know that of his own free-will he would never come between me and any wish of mine. But I don't know how he would act under his wife's influence. You can not imagine the power she has over him. And we shall have to begin the old false life over again, she and I—disliking and distrusting each other in our hearts—the daily round of civilities and ceremonies and pretenses. Oh, Mary, you can not think how I hate it!"

We had seen nothing of Julian Stormont during all the time of our happy solitude, but on the day appointed for Mr. and Mrs. Darrell's return he came to Thornleigh, looking more careworn than ever. I pitied him a little, knowing the state of his feelings about Milly, believing, indeed, that he loved her with a rare intensity, and being inclined to attribute the change in him to his disappointment upon this subject.

Milly told him how ill he was looking, and he said something about hard work and late hours, with a little bitter laugh.

"It doesn't matter to any one whether I am well or ill, you see, Milly," he said. "What would any one care if I were to drop over the side of the quay some dark night, and never be seen alive again?"

"How wicked it is of you to talk like that, Julian! There are plenty of people who would care—papa, to begin with."

"Well, I suppose my uncle William would be rather sorry. He would lose a good man of business, and he would scarcely like going back to the counting-house, and giving himself up to all the dry details of commerce once more."

The travelers arrived soon after this. Mr. Darrell greeted his daughter with much tenderness; but I noticed a kind of languor in Mrs. Darrell's embrace, very different from her reception of Milly at that first meeting which I had witnessed more than a year before. It seemed to me that her power over her husband was now supreme, and that she did not trouble herself to keep up any pretense of affection for his only child.

She was dressed to perfection, and looked extremely elegant; and that sort of subdued charm which was scarcely beauty, and yet stood in place of it, attracted me to-day as it had done when we first met. She was a woman who, I could imagine, might be more admired than many handsomer women. There was a distinction, an originality, about the pale delicate face, dark arched brows, and gray eyes—eyes which were at times very brilliant.

She looked around her without the faintest show of interest or admiration as she loitered with her husband on the terrace, while innumerable traveling-bags, shawls, books, newspapers, and packages were being carried from the barouche to the house.

"How dry and burned up every thing looks!" she said.

"Have you no better greeting than that for Thornleigh, my dear Augusta?" Mr. Darrell asked, in rather a wounded tone. "I thought you would be pleased to see the old place again."

"Thornleigh Manor is not a passion of mine," she answered. "I hope you will take a house in town at the beginning of next year."

She passed on into the hall, after having honored me with the coldest possible shake-hands. We saw no more of her until nearly dinner-time, when she came down to the drawing-room, dressed in white, and looking deliciously pale and cool in the sultry weather. Milly had spent the afternoon in going round the gardens and home-farm with her father, and had thoroughly enjoyed the delight of a couple of hours alone with him. She gave him up now to Mrs. Darrell, who devoted all her attention to him for the rest of the evening, while Julian Stormont, Milly, and I loitered about the garden, and played a desultory game of croquet.

It was not until the next morning that Mr. Egerton's name was mentioned, although it had been in my thoughts, and, I can not doubt, in Milly's, ever since Mr. Darrell's arrival. We were in the drawing-room after breakfast, not quite decided what to do with the day, when Mr. Darrell came into the room dressed for a ride with his wife. He went over to the window by which Milly was standing.

"You have quite given up riding, Ellis tells me, my dear," he said.

"I have not cared to ride while you were away, papa, as Mary does not ride."

"Miss Crofton might have learned to ride; there would always be a horse at her disposal."

"We like walking better," Milly said, blushing a little, and fidgeting nervously with one of the buttons on her father's coat. "I used to feel in the way, you know, when I rode with you and Mrs. Darrell."

"That was your own fault, Milly," he answered, with a displeased look.

"I suppose it was. But I think Augusta felt it too. Oh, by-the-by, papa, I did not tell you quite all the news when we were out together yesterday."

"Indeed!"

"No; I forgot to mention that Mr. Egerton has come back."

"Angus Egerton?"

"Yes; he came back last winter."

"You never said so in your letters."

"Didn't I? I suppose that was because I knew you were rather prejudiced against him; and one can't explain away that kind of thing in a letter."

"You would find it very difficult to explain away my dislike of Angus Egerton. Have you seen much of him?"

"A good deal. He has been at the Rectory very often when Mary and I have been invited there. The Collingwoods are very fond of him. I am sure—I think you will like him, papa, when you come to see a little of him. He is going to call upon you."

"He can come if he pleases," Mr. Darrell answered, with an indifferent air; "I shall not be uncivil to him. But I am rather sorry that he has made such a favorable impression upon you, Milly."

She was still playing with the buttons of his coat, looking downward, her dark eyes quite veiled by their long lashes.

"I did not say that, papa," she murmured, shyly.

"But I am sure of it from your manner. Has he done any thing toward the improvement of Cumber?"

"Oh yes; he has put new roofs to some part of the stables; and the land is in better order, they say; and the gardens are kept nicely now."

"Does he live alone at the Priory?"

"Quite alone, papa."

"He must find it rather a dull business, I should think."

"Mr. Collingwood says he is very fond of study, and that he has a wonderful collection of old books. He is a great smoker, too, I believe, he walks a good deal, and he hunted all last winter. They say he is a tremendous rider."

Augusta Darrell came in at this moment, ready for her ride. Her slim, willowy figure looked to great advantage in the plain, tight-fitting cloth habit; and the little felt hat, with its bright scarlet feather, gave a coquettish expression to her face. She tapped her husband lightly on the arm with her riding-whip.

"Now, William, if you are quite ready."

"My dearest, I have been waiting for the last half hour."

They went off to their horses. Milly followed them to the terrace, and watched them as they rode away.

We spent the morning out-of-doors sketching, with Julian Stormont in attendance upon us. At two o'clock we all met at luncheon.

After luncheon Milly and I went to the drawing-room, while Mrs. Darrell and Mr. Stormont strolled out upon the terrace. My dear girl had a sort of restless manner to-day, and went from one occupation to another, now sitting down for a few minutes at the piano, now taking up a book, only to throw it down again with a little weary sigh. She seated herself at a table presently, and began to arrange the sketches in her port-folio. While she was doing this a servant announced Mr. Egerton. She rose hurriedly, blushing as I had rarely seen her blush before, and looking toward the open window near her, almost as if she would have liked to make her escape from the room. It was the first time Angus Egerton had been at Thornleigh Manor since she was a little child.

"Tell papa that Mr. Egerton is here, Filby," she said to the servant. "I think you will find him in the library."

She had recovered her self-possession in some measure by the time she came forward to shake hands with the visitor; and in a few moments we were talking in the usual easy, friendly way.

"You see, I have lost no time in calling upon your papa, Miss Darrell," he said, presently. "I am not too proud to show him how anxious I am to regain his friendship, if, indeed, I ever possessed it."

Mr. Darrell came into the room as he was speaking; and however coldly he might have intended to receive the master of Cumber Priory, his manner soon softened and grew more cordial. There was a certain kind of charm about Angus Egerton, not very easily to be described, which I think had a potent influence upon all who knew him.

I fancied that Mr. Darrell felt this, and struggled against it, and ended by giving way to it. I saw that he watched his daughter closely, even anxiously, when she was talking to Angus Egerton, as if he had already some suspicion about the state of her feelings with regard to him. Mr. Egerton had caught sight of the open port-folio, and had insisted on looking over the sketches—not the first of Milly's that he had seen by a great many. I noticed the grave, almost tender smile with which he looked at the little artistic "bits" out of Cumber Wood. He went on talking to Mr. Darrell all the time he was looking at these sketches—talking of the neighborhood and the changes that had come about of late years, and a little of the Priory, and his intentions with regard to improvements.

"I can only creep along at a snail's pace," he said; "for I am determined not to get into debt, and I won't sell."

"I wonder you never tried to let the Priory in all those years that you were abroad," suggested Mr. Darrell.

Mr. Egerton shook his head with a smile.

"I couldn't bring myself to that," he said, "though I wanted money badly enough. There has never been a strange master at Cumber since it belonged to the Egertons. I dare say it's a foolish piece of sentimentality on my part; but I had rather fancy the old place rotting slowly to decay than in the occupation of strangers."

He was standing by the table where the open port-folio lay, with Milly by his side, and one of the sketches in his hands, when Mrs. Darrell came in at the window nearest to this little group, and stood on the threshold looking at him. I think I was the only person who saw her face at that moment. It was so sudden a look that came upon it—a look half terror, half pain—and it passed away so quickly, that I had scarcely time to distinguish the expression before it was gone; but it was a look that brought back to my memory the almost forgotten scene in the little study at Cumber Priory, and set me wondering what it could be that made the sight of Angus Egerton, either on canvas or in the flesh, a cause of agitation to Milly's step-mother.

In the next moment Mr. Darrell was presenting his visitor to his wife; and as the two acknowledged the introduction I stole a glance at Mr. Egerton's face. It was paler than usual; and the expression of Mrs. Darrell's countenance seemed in a manner reflected in it. It was not possible that such looks could be without some significance. I felt convinced that these two people had met before.

There was a change in Mr. Egerton's manner from the moment of that introduction. He laid down Milly's sketch without another word, and stood with his eyes fixed on Augusta Darrell's face with a strange, half-bewildered look, like a man who doubts the evidence of his own senses. Mrs. Darrell, on the contrary, seemed, after that one look which I had seen, quite at her ease, and rattled on gayly about the delight of traveling in the Tyrol, as compared to the dullness of life at Thornleigh.

"I hope you will enliven us a little, Mr. Egerton," she said. "It is quite a delightful surprise to find a new neighbor."

"I ought to be very much flattered by that remark; but I doubt my power to add to the liveliness of this part of the world; and I do not think I shall stay much longer at Cumber."

Milly glanced up at him with a surprised look.

"Mrs. Collingwood told us you were quite settled at the Priory," she said, "and that you intended to spend the rest of your days as a country squire."

"I may have dreamed such a dream sometimes, Miss Darrell; but there are dreams that never fulfill themselves."

He had recovered himself by this time, and spoke in his accustomed tone. Mr. Darrell asked him to dinner on an early day, when I knew the Rectory people were coming to us, and the invitation was accepted.

Julian Stormont had followed Mrs. Darrell in from the terrace, and had remained in the background, a very attentive listener and observer, during the conversation that followed.

"So that is Angus Egerton," he said when our visitor had left us.

"Yes, Julian. Oh, by-the-by, I forgot to introduce you; you came in so quietly," answered Mr. Darrell.

"I can't say I particularly care about the honor of knowing that gentleman," said Mr. Stormont, in a half-contemptuous tone.

"Why not?" Milly asked, quickly.

"Because I never heard any good of him."

"But he has reformed, it seems," said Mr. Darrell, "and is leading quite a steady life at Cumber, the Collingwoods tell me. Augusta and I called at the Rectory this morning, and the rector and his wife talked a good deal of him. I was rather pleased with him, I confess, just now."

Milly looked up at her father gratefully. Poor child! how innocently and unconsciously she betrayed her secret! and how little she thought of the jealous eyes that were watching her! I saw Julian Stormont's face darken with an angry look, and I knew that he had already discovered the state of Milly's feelings in relation to Angus Egerton.

He was still with us when Mr. Egerton came to dinner two days later. I shall never forget that evening. The day had been oppressively warm, with that dry, sultry heat of which we had so much during the latter part of the summer; and as the afternoon advanced the air grew still, with that palpable stillness which so often comes before a thunder-storm. Milly had been full of life and vivacity all day, flitting from room to room with a kind of joyous restlessness. She took unusual pains with her toilette for so simple a party, and came into my room looking like Titania, in her gauzy white dress, with half-blown blush-roses in her hair, and more roses in a bouquet at her waist.

Mr. Egerton came a little later than the party from the Rectory, and after shaking hands with Mr. Darrell made his way at once to the place where Milly and I were sitting.

"Any more sketching since I was here last, Miss Darrell?" he asked.

"No. I have been doing nothing for the last day or two."

"Do you know I have been thinking of your work in that way a good deal since I called here. I am stronger in criticism than in execution, you know. I think I was giving you a little lecture on your shortcomings, wasn't I?"

"Yes; but you left off so abruptly in the middle of it that I don't fancy it was very profitable to me," Milly answered, in rather a piqued tone.

"Did I really? Oh yes, I remember. I was quite startled by Mrs. Darrell's appearance. She is so surprisingly like a lady I knew a long time ago."

"That is rather a curious coincidence," I said.

"How a coincidence?" asked Mr. Egerton.

"Mrs. Darrell said almost the same thing about your portrait when we were at Cumber one day. It reminded her of some one she had known long ago."

"What an excellent memory you have for small events, Miss Crofton!" said a voice close behind me.

It was Mrs. Darrell's. She had come across the room toward us, unobserved by me, at any rate. Whether Angus Egerton had seen her or not I do not know. He rose to shake hands with her, and then went on talking about Milly's sketching.

Mr. Collingwood took Mrs. Darrell in to dinner, and Mr. Egerton gave his arm to Milly, and was seated next her at the prettily decorated table, upon which there was always a wealth of roses at this time of year. I saw Augusta Darrell's eyes wander restlessly in that direction many times during dinner, and I felt that the dear girl I loved so fondly was in an atmosphere of falsehood. What was the nature of the past acquaintance between those two people? and why was it tacitly denied by both of them? If it had been an ordinary friendship, there could have been no reason for this concealment and suppression. I had never quite made up my mind to trust Angus Egerton, though I liked and admired him; and this mysterious relation between him and Augusta Darrell was a sufficient cause for serious distrust.

"I wish she cared for him less," I said to myself, as I glanced at Milly's bright, happy face.

When we went back to the drawing-room after dinner the Miss Collingwoods had a great deal to say to Milly about a grand croquet-match which was to take place in a week or two at Pensildon, Sir John and Lady Pensildon's place, fourteen miles from Thornleigh. The rector's daughters, both of whom were several years older than Milly, were passionately fond of croquet and every thing in the way of gayety, and were full of excitement about this coming event, discussing what they were going to wear and what Milly was going to wear on the occasion. While they were engaged in this way Mrs. Collingwood told me a long story about one of her poor parishioners, always an inexhaustible subject with her. This arrangement left Mrs. Darrell unoccupied; and after standing at one of the open windows looking listlessly out, she sauntered out upon the terrace, her favorite lounge always in this summer weather. I saw her repass the windows a few minutes afterward in earnest conversation with Angus Egerton. This was some time before the other gentlemen left the dining-room, and they were still walking slowly up and down when Mr. Darrell and the rector came to the drawing-room. The storm had not yet come, and it was bright moonlight. Mr. Darrell went out and brought his wife in, with some gentle reproof on her imprudence in remaining out-of-doors so late in her thin muslin dress.

After this there came some music. Augusta Darrell sang some old English ballads which I had never heard her sing before—simple, pathetic melodies, which, I think, brought tears to the eyes of all of us. Mr. Egerton sat near one of the open windows, with his face in shadow, while she was singing; and as she began the last of these old songs he rose with a half-impatient gesture, and went out upon the terrace. If I watched him closely, and others in relation to him, at this time, it was from no frivolous or impertinent curiosity, but because I felt very certain my darling's happiness was at stake. I saw her little disappointed look as he kept his place far away from her for the rest of that evening, instead of contriving by some means to be near her, as he always had done during our pleasant evenings at the Rectory.

HINTS ON LETTER-WRITING.

KIND-HEARTED and conscientious people are often at a loss to know the precise limits of duty in their letter-writing; what letters need not be written, and what need not be answered; what should be read and destroyed, and what carefully put away. To begin at the beginning of life, letters are always strong links, and it is surely imprudent for young persons, especially when they are first cousins, to commence a correspondence as brother and sister. Conventional proprieties generally have some reason in them; and for a young man and woman to enter into intimate but undefined relations with each other, through the medium of letters, is to start on a journey where it is hazardous to go forward, impossible to stand still, and difficult to turn back. As a rule, it is better not to write to

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newspapers at all, sharply as they may have attacked you. It is quite possible that they are right in finding fault with you. If they are wrong, by to-morrow it will be forgotten, and you will not have committed the blunder of crossing swords with an invisible enemy, who always has it in his power to strike the last blow. Where, however, it is a misstatement of fact on a point of consequence, a letter, written good-humoredly, and in the fewest words you can find, will answer your purpose far better than an angry and thin-skinned complaint. Then it is quite possible that some one may wish to correspond with you with whom you do not wish to correspond. Is it wrong or selfish to exercise your choice in the matter, and to take the liberty of selecting your own friends? Or it may be that your time is immensely occupied, and some one with whom you have but a slight acquaintance writes to you for information which it would be very troublesome to procure; or invites your criticism on a long and badly written manuscript. Every case must be judged on its own merits, but some duties have the precedence of others; old friends have a greater claim than new ones; and not absolutely to keep in our own hands the disposal of our time is an unpardonable folly. Or a stranger, who has read your books, heard you speak, or watched your public conduct, frankly writes to you his impressions about you, and expects an answer. Now it may happen that a real service has been conferred, that the criticism is sensible, the reproof needed, the counsel sound, the writer modest and kind. Internal evidence will generally decide if it is the act of a friend or of a busy-body; a gentleman usually apologizes for intrusion, and a Christian will express himself with charity. In such a case the letter should be acknowledged promptly and civilly; for many a one has been warned of a pitfall at his feet by the remonstrance of a stranger; and in a free country the man who fretfully resents being criticised by public opinion should instantly retire into private life. It sometimes, however, happens that letters of the kind are prompted only by a small vanity, a love of self, not a love of truth. In such cases an acknowledgment of the letter is all that is necessary. On the whole, it is much to be wished that men whose time is of value to others as well as themselves should keep it for those who have the first claim on it, and see that not to answer letters which ought never to have been written may sometimes be a question of moral courage.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But those whom the truth wad indite."—BURNS.

CHAPTER I.

"A STRANGE, sad kind of letter," said Miss Thelluson to herself, as she refolded and replaced it in its envelope. She had a habit of always putting things back into their right places. "I suppose I ought to answer it at once. And yet—"

She stopped; leaned her elbow on the table, her head upon her hand, and pressed down her eyelids. They were wet eyelids—though she was not exactly weeping—and tired eyes; for it was late at night, and she had had a hard day's work, of teaching first, and private study, in order to teach, afterward; since, not being a brilliantly clever woman, it cost her some pains to keep up to the level of accomplishments required of a first-class governess in a "high" family.

"High" though it was, an earl's, indeed—and though the little Ladies Mary, Georgina, and Blanche, now safely asleep in their beds, were good, pleasant children, and very fond of their governess—still, as she sat in that homely furnished, dimly-lighted sitting-room, Hannah Thelluson looked a lonely kind of woman—not one of those likely to make many friends, or keep up a large correspondence. This letter, which seemed to affect her a good deal, was the only one which she had received for days past, and the servants had forgotten to bring it up until they brought her supper. It did not matter, being only for the governess. Miss Thelluson was scarcely sorry. It was best read when she was alone. For it was from her brother-in-law, the husband of her lately dead sister.

"Poor Rosa!" she sighed, as her eyes fell on the big, upright, rather peculiar handwriting which she had scarcely seen since the time when she used to bring in Rosa's daily love-letters—"and poor Mr. Rivers too!"

She had never learned to call him any thing but Mr. Rivers; for the marriage, which had all come about when Rosa was on a visit, had been a sudden, frantic love-match between a rich young man and a lovely penniless girl; and during their brief, bright year of wedded happiness the elder sister had seen almost nothing of them beyond a formal three-days' visit. But even that had been enough to make Hannah not regret that her duties had stood in the way of her pleasures, and caused her to feel by instinct that a grave governess-sister was not likely to advance young Mrs. Rivers's dignity in the eyes of Lady Rivers and the people at the Moat House, who had looked very coldly on the marriage. And when fate suddenly broke the tie, leaving Mr. Rivers a sorrowing widower, with a little month-old daughter instead of the longed-for son and heir, Hannah bitterly felt that whosoever might grieve after poor Rosa, it would not be her husband's family.

They merely communicated to her the fact of the death, which, like the birth, had taken place abroad; and except a brief answer from the grandmother to a letter she wrote, inquiring after the baby, she had heard no more. She could not leave her duties; she had to sit still and suffer—silently, as working-women must, and patiently, as women learn to suffer who have been, to use that most pathetic of phrases, "acquainted with grief." She had put forward no claim either for sympathy or consideration to her brother-in-law or his relatives, and believed that henceforth the slight intercourse she ever had with them was probably ended. Therefore she was a good deal surprised to receive this letter, which entreated of her the very last thing she would have expected—that she would assume a sister's place toward Mr. Rivers, and come and take charge of his household, and especially of her little motherless niece.

"How strange!" she kept thinking. "How can he want me when he has sisters of his own?" But then she remembered that the Misses Rivers were young and lively women, very much out in society, and probably not inclined to burden themselves with the care of a widower's dreary house and a widower's forlorn infant, even for the sake of their own flesh-and-blood brother. So he came for help to his wife's sister—who, though almost a stranger to himself, could not but feel, he said, the strong tie of blood which bound her to his child. He pleaded, for this child's sake, that she would come.

Hannah could not help feeling pleased and touched. It was a sort of compliment which, coming to her, a lonely woman, and from a person of whom she knew so little, was rather pleasant than not. She tried to recall all she had ever noticed of her brother-in-law — not very much, except that, though he was young, handsome, and rather excitable, there seemed a simplicity and affectionateness about him which she had rather liked. Still, in their slight intercourse, the only thing the sister had ever cared to find out was that he loved Rosa and Rosa loved him. Satisfied of these two facts, she had left the young people to their happiness, and gone back to her own quiet life, which would have been a dreary life, had she herself been a less self-dependent and unexacting woman.

And now the happiness, which she might have envied had she seen more of it, was over and done. Bright, beautiful Rosa had lain six months in her grave; and here was Rosa's husband asking the solitary sister to fulfill toward him and his child all the duties of a near and dear relative. For he addressed her as "my dear sister;" and in his letter, which was impulsive, fragmentary, and evidently in earnest, he seemed to fling himself upon her pity and help, as if he had no one else to appeal to.

"I have been reading over again the letters you used to send weekly to my poor Rosa," he wrote. "It is these which have induced me to make this request; for they convince me that you must be a good woman—a woman fitted to give help and consolation to such a forlorn creature as I am. How forlorn, you little know! A man who has had a wife and lost her is the wretchedest creature on earth—infinitely more wretched than those who have never known that blessing. Every day, every hour, I miss my darling. Continually I hear, in a sort of ghostly way, her step about the house, her voice outside in the garden; till sometimes, in the excessive loneliness, I am actually frightened—not of her, but of myself—lest I should be going mad. Men do go mad with grief sometimes, especially husbands who have lost their wives. I have read several such cases in the newspapers lately: my eye seems to light upon them, and my mind to retain them, with a horrible pertinacity. But why trouble you with these personalities? No more."

And then he began to describe his baby; saying she was a dear little thing, but that he did not understand her. She seemed to be always crying, and nobody could manage her, though he saw a different woman almost every time he came into the nursery.

When she first read this passage Hannah had started up, her always pale face hot and warm. The weak point in her nature—rather a pathetic weakness in one whom some people called, and she herself firmly believed to be, a born old maid—was her love of children. Her heart had yearned oftentimes over Rosa's motherless babe, but she felt that she could not interfere with the grandmother and father. Now the picture of it—transferred from nurse to nurse, neglected or ignored—smote her with a sort of self-reproach, as if her pride or her shyness, or both, had led her weakly to desert her own flesh and blood—her sister's child.

"I ought to have gone and seen it—seen what they were doing with it. I have as much right to it as any one of them all. Poor little baby! Rosa's very own baby!"

The tears, which came so rarely and painfully to her eyes, came now; and they did her good. It seemed to open and warm her heart even to think of that little baby.

Gradually her thoughts took shape and purpose. Though she seldom meditated much upon herself, still Miss Thelluson had not lived thirty years in this troublesome world without knowing her own character pretty well. She was quite aware of one great want in her nature—the need to be a mother to somebody or something. It came out even toward the large white cat that lived in the school-room, and loved the governess better than any creature in the house. It had helped her to manage many a difficult pupil, and stood her in good stead with her little Ladies Dacre, who, before she came, had been rather disagreeable and unmanageable children. Now they were very good, and loved her with all their aristocratic little hearts—as warm as other hearts, though perhaps more suppressed. She loved them also; but it was rather a sad kind of affection, as she knew it could be only temporary. They would drift away from her, and marry earls and dukes; and she would be no more to them than "our old governess." It was nearly the same with other little folks of her own rank—the children of her friends or school-fellows—who generally called her Aunt Hannah, and were very fond of her while she was with them; but, of course, soon forgot her when she was away. All natural—quite natural; yet it sometimes seemed rather sad.

Now here was a child to whom she had an actual right of blood. Whether or not the Rivers family had liked Rosa, or herself, they could not abolish the fact that she was the child's aunt; and, if the father desired it, its natural guardian. The first impulse of strangeness and shrinking passed away, and as she read over again Mr. Rivers's letter, and began clearly to comprehend what he wished, there grew up a longing indescribable after that duty which was set before her in such a sudden and unexpected way; yet which, the more she thought about it, seemed the more distinct and plain.

She dried her eyes, and, late as it was, prepared to answer the letter, knowing she would not have leisure to do it next morning before post-time. Besides, she wished to "sleep upon it," as people say; and then read it over again in the calm light of day: Hannah Thelluson being one of those people who dislike doing things in a hurry, but who, having once put their hands to the plow, never look back.

She was fully aware that if she acceded to her brother-in-law's request she must not look back; however difficult the position might be, it would be still more difficult to quit it and return to her old calling as a governess. And that provision for her old age, which she was year by year slowly accumulating—with the pathetic prudence of a woman who knows well that only her own labor stands between her and the work-house—that too must be given up. For Mr. Rivers would, of course, offer her no salary; and, if he did, how could she possibly accept it? Was she not coming to his house as a sister, with all the honors and some few of the bondages of that relationship? Her common-sense told her that, pleasant as in some measure her duties might be, they entailed considerable sacrifices as well. But women like her, though they dislike taking a leap in the dark, will often take a most difficult and dangerous one with their eyes open, fully counting the cost.

"Yes, I will venture it," she said, after a long pause of thought. "The risk can not be much, and it is only my own, after all."

So she sat down to write her letter.

While she does so, let us look at her, the solitary governess whom few ever looked at now.

Miss Thelluson could not have been handsome, even in her first youth, which was past now. Her face was long and thin; her eyes deep-set, though they were sweet eyes in themselves, grave and tender, and of a soft gray. Her hair was of no particular color—in fact, she had no special attraction of any kind, except a well-proportioned figure, which in motion had a willowy grace, that some tall women—not all—possess. And her smile was very winning, though slightly sad, as if fate had meant her to be a bright-natured woman, but had changed its mind, and left her so long without happiness that she had at last learned to do without it. In this, as in most other things—external as well as internal—she was utterly unlike her sister Rosa. A certain family tone in their voices was the only resemblance that was likely in any way to give the widower pain.

It was strange to write to him—"My dear brother," she who never had a brother—but she thought she ought to do it, and so she did it; trying hard to feel as an affectionate sister should toward a sorely-afflicted brother, unto whom she was bound to show every possible tenderness. Yet it was difficult, for she was a reserved woman, who took a long time to know any body.

"And I really know almost nothing of him," she thought. "No blood relationship—no tie of old association; and yet one is expected to treat a strange man as one's brother, just because one's sister has gone through the marriage ceremony with him. If I had seen more of Mr. Rivers—if I had lived actually in the house with him— But, no; that would not have done it; nothing would have produced what did not really exist. I can only hope the right sisterly feeling will come in time, and I must get on as well as I can till it does come."

So she pondered, and wrote a letter; short, indeed, but as affectionate as she could conscientiously make it; suggesting plainly that one of his own sisters would be a much better housekeeper for him than herself; but that, if he really wished for her, she would come. And she signed herself, after a considerable struggle—for the word, which she had thought she should never say or write more, cost her a gush of tears, "Your faithful sister, Hannah Thelluson."

It was fully one in the morning before the letter was done, and she had to be up at six, as usual. But she slept between whiles soundly, not perplexing herself about the future. Hers was an essentially peaceful nature; when she had done a thing, and done it for the best, she usually let it alone, and did not "worry" about it any more. That weak, restless disposition, which, the moment a thing is done, begins to wish it undone, was happily not hers. It had been Rosa's, even in the midst of her bright, pleasant, loved, and loving life; which, perhaps, accounted for the elder sister's habits being markedly the contrary.

Yet, when her mind was made up, and she put her letter into the post-bag, it was not without a certain doubt, almost a fear, whether she had done rightly—no, rightly she had little doubt of—but wisely, as regarded herself. Then came her usual consolatory thought—"It can only harm myself." Still she felt it was a serious change, and many times during the day her thoughts wandered painfully from her duties in the school-room to her brother-in-law and his child.

Nobody noticed her preoccupation, for it was one of the essential and familiar facts of the governess's life that she might be sick or sorry, troubled or glad, without any body's observing it. Not that she ever met with the least unkindness, indeed her position in this family was a very happy one; she had every thing her own way, and was treated by the countess with that stately consideration which so perfectly well-bred a woman could not fail to show to the meanest member of her household. But, necessarily, Miss Thelluson's life was one of complete isolation; so that but for her pupils, their naughtinesses and goodnesses, she would have ceased to recognize herself as one of the great human brotherhood, and felt like a solitary nomad, of no use and no pleasure to any body. A sensation which, morbid and foolish as it may be, is not rare to women who are neither old nor young—who, on the verge of middle age, find themselves without kith or kin, husband or child, and are forced continually to remember that the kindest of friends love them only with a tender benevolence, as adjuncts, but not essentials, of happiness. They are useful to many—necessary to none; and the sooner they recognize this, the better.

As Miss Thelluson kissed the little Ladies Dacre in their beds—where, somewhat in defiance of the grand nurse, she insisted upon going to them every night—the thought of that helpless baby, her own baby—for was not Rosa's child her very flesh and blood?—came across her in a flash of sunshiny delight, that warmed her heart through and through. She began to plan and to dream, until at the end of that solitary evening walk through the park, which she seldom missed—it was sad and soothing after the cares of the day—she began to fancy she had not half appreciated Mr. Rivers's proposal, or responded to it half warmly enough; and to fear, with an almost ridiculous apprehension, that he might change his mind, or that something might happen to prevent the scheme from being carried out. And she waited with a nervous anxiety, for which she laughed at herself, the return post by which she had requested him to write his final decision.

It came in six lines:

"I shall expect you as soon as you can make it practicable. You will be like her lost mother to my poor little girl; and, as for me, my wife's sister shall be to me exactly as my own."

Hannah wondered a little how much his own sisters were to him; whether it was the close, affectionate bond—so free yet so strong—which had always been her unknown ideal of fraternal love, or the careless tie, less of sympathy than of habit and familiarity, such as she often saw it in the world—for she had seen a good deal of the world, more or less, since she had been a governess. Also, just a little, she wondered whether, with the best intentions, it was possible to create an artificial bond where the real one did not exist, and how soon she should learn to feel at ease with Mr. Rivers, as much as if he had been her born brother.

But these speculations were idle; time would decide all things. Her only present thought need be that the die was cast; there was no drawing back now. She had, as speedily as possible, to arrange her own affairs, and first to give "warning"—as servants say—to Lady Dunsmore.

This was not exactly a pleasant task, for the countess and her governess had always got on together remarkably well; the one lady recognizing calmly, and without either false pride or false shame, that though a lady, she was also a governess—a paid servant, discharging her duties like the rest; the other lady receiving and appreciating those services as a lady should. Therefore nothing was lost, and much gained on both sides. Miss Thelluson had been two years in the family, and it seemed tacitly understood that she was to remain until the young ladies' education was finished. Thus suddenly to desert her post looked almost like ingratitude—a vice abhorrent in all shapes to Hannah Thelluson.

It was with a hesitating step, and a heart beating much faster than its wont—this poor heart, strangely stilled down now from its youthful impulsiveness—that she knocked at the door of the morning-room where her pupils' mother, young and beautiful, happy and beloved, spent the forenoon in the elegant employments that she called duties, and which befitted her lot in life—a lot as different from that of her governess as it is possible to conceive. The two women were wide apart as the poles—in character, circumstances, destiny: yet both being good women, they had a respect, and even liking, for one another. Hannah admired the countess excessively, and Lady Dunsmore always had for her governess a smile as pleasant as that she bestowed on the best "society."

"Good-morning, Miss Thelluson! Pray sit down. I hope nothing is amiss in the school-room? Mary seems working more diligently of late. Georgy and Blanche are not more troublesome to you than usual?"

"Indeed, I have no fault to find with either Lady Blanche or Lady Georgina, and Lady Mary is as good a girl as she can be," returned Hannah, warmly, half amused at herself for noticing what a week ago she would have accepted as too natural a fact to be observed at all—that it never occurred to her pupils' mamma to suppose she could have any other interest beyond Lady Mary, Lady Georgina, and Lady Blanche. That their governess should have a separate existence of her own, or any personal affairs to communicate, seemed quite impossible. "Have you ten minutes to throw away, Lady Dunsmore?" continued she. "May I have a word with you about myself and my own concerns?"

"Certainly; nothing could give me greater

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pleasure;" and then with that sweet, courteous grace she had—it might be only outside good-breeding, and yet, as it never failed her, and all outside things do fail sometimes, I think it must rather have been from her kindly heart—the countess settled herself to listen. But first she cast a slight sidelong glance of observation and inquiry. Was it possible that Miss Thelluson was going to be married?

But no love-story was indicated by the grave, quiet, dignified manner of the governess.

"You are aware, I think," she said, "that my only sister died six months ago."

"Ah, I was so sorry to hear it! Was she married?"

"Yes."

"Of course! I remember now. She died at her confinement, and the dear little baby also?"

"No," returned Hannah, shortly, and then was vexed at herself for being so foolishly sensitive. What possible impression could Rosa's sad story have made, beyond the passing moment, on this beautiful and brilliant woman, whose interests were so wide, who had such myriads of acquaintances and friends? To expect from her more than mere kindliness, the polite kindliness which her manner showed, as, evidently annoyed at her own mistake, she cudgeled her memory to recall the circumstances, was exacting from Lady Dunsmore too much, more than human nature was capable of. Hannah recognized this, and saved herself and the countess by plunging at once *in medias res*. "No; the baby happily did not die. It is alive still, and my brother-in-law wishes me to come and take charge of it, and of his household."

"Permanently?"

"I hope so."

"Then you come to tell me that you wish to relinquish your position here. Oh, Miss Thelluson, I am so sorry! At the commencement of the season, too. How shall I ever find time to get a new governess?"

The countess's regret was unmistakable, though it took the personal tone which perhaps was not unnatural in one for whom the wheels of life had always turned so smoothly, that when there was the least jar she looked quite surprised.

"I am very sorry, too, on many accounts," said Miss Thelluson. "I love my pupils dearly. I should like to have remained until they grew up, to have dressed Lady Mary for her first drawing-room, as she always said I must, and watched how people admired Lady Blanche's beauty and Lady Georgina's magnificent voice. They are three dear little girls," continued the governess, not unmoved, for she loved and was proud of her pupils. "My heart is sore to leave them. But this baby, my poor little niece, is my own flesh and blood."

"Of course! Pray do not imagine I blame you, or think you have used me ill," said the countess, gently. "You are only doing what is natural under the circumstances, and I shall easily replace you—I mean I shall easily find another governess; it will be more difficult to get a second Miss Thelluson."

Miss Thelluson acknowledged, but did not attempt to deny, the delicate compliment. She knew she had done her duty, and that under many difficulties—far more than the countess suspected. For hapless countesses, who are the centre of brilliant societies, have only too few hours to spend in their nurseries and school-rooms; and these three little ladies owed much, more than their mother guessed, to their governess. It had sometimes been a comfort to Miss Thelluson in her dull life to hope that the seed she sowed might spring up again years hence in the hearts of these young aristocrats, who would have so much in their power for good or for evil. She had tried her best to make them really "noble" women, and it was pleasant to have her labor appreciated.

"And how soon do you wish to go?" asked Lady Dunsmore, rather lugubriously, for she had had endless changes of governesses before Miss Thelluson's time, and she foresaw the same thing over again—or worse.

"Do not say I 'wish' to go. But my brother-in-law requires me much, he says, and would like to have me as soon as you could spare me. Not a day sooner, though, than you find convenient. I could not bear that. You have been so kind; I have been so happy here."

"As I trust you will be every where," replied Lady Dunsmore, cordially. "Your brother's home—I forget exactly where it is."

"Easterham. He is the Reverend Bernard Rivers, the vicar there."

"Son to Sir Austin Rivers, of Easterham Moat House, who married one of the Protheroes?"

"I really don't know Lady Rivers's antecedents—I never can remember pedigrees," replied Hannah, smiling. "But his father is certainly Sir Austin, and they live at the Moat House."

"Then I know all about them. Why did you not tell me before? I must have met your brother-in-law. He is the eldest—no, I am forgetting again—the second son, but takes the place of the eldest, who is of weak intellect, is he not?"

"I believe so, unfortunately. He has epileptic fits."

"And is not likely to marry. All the better for the clergyman. I am sure I have seen him—a tall, bearded, handsome young man."

"Rosa used to think him handsome. As to his youth, I fancy he was about five years her senior. That would make him just my age; but men are quite young still at thirty."

"Women, too, I hope," said the countess, smiling with a pleasant consciousness that if Debrett had not betrayed it, no one would ever have imagined that she was herself fully that age. Then, as if struck with a sudden thought, she eyed Miss Thelluson keenly—one of those acute, penetrating looks of hers, a mixture of the shrewd woman of the world with the single-minded, warm-hearted woman that she undoubtedly was, also.

"I am going to take a great liberty with you, Miss Thelluson," she continued, after a pause; "but I am a candid person—may I say a few candid words?"

"Certainly. And I should thank you for saying them."

"Well, then, you are still a young woman."

"Oh no; not young."

The countess put out her pretty hand with imperative gesture, and repeated—

"Yes; a young unmarried woman, and I am a matron and a mother. May I ask, have you well considered in every point of view the step you are about to take?"

"I think I have. That there are many difficulties, I know; and I am prepared for them."

"What sort of difficulties?"

Hannah hesitated; but the frank, kind eyes seemed to compel an answer. She was so unused to sympathy that when it did come she could not resist it—

"First—I know I may speak confidentially, Lady Dunsmore—first, there is the Moat House. The Rivers family did not quite like my poor Rosa; at least, they wished their son to have married higher. They may not like me either, and they may naturally feel offended at his choosing his wife's sister to live with him, instead of one of his own."

"He had better have chosen one of his own."

"I think so too, and I told him this; but he makes no answer, and therefore I conclude he has good reasons for not wishing it, and for wishing me instead. Then I shall hold a most responsible position in his household, have much parish work to do, as much as if I were the clergyman's wife."

"He should take a wife as soon as he can."

Hannah winced a moment. "It is only six months since her death; and yet—and yet—Yes! I feel, with you, that the sooner he takes a wife the better; his need of help, he tells me, is very great; but in the mean time I must help him all I can."

"I am sure you will; you are made to help people," said the countess, cordially. "But none of these are the difficulties I was foreseeing."

"About my poor little niece, perhaps? You think an old maid can not bring up a baby, or manage a house, with a man at the head of it—men being so peculiar? But Rosa always said her husband was the sweetest temper in the world."

"He looked so. Not gifted with overmuch strength, either mentally or bodily; but of a wonderfully amiable and affectionate nature. At least, so he struck me in the few times I saw him. I only wish I had seen more of him, that I now might judge better."

"On my account?" said Hannah, half amused, half pleased at the unexpected kindliness.

The countess took her hand. "Will you forgive me? Will you believe that I speak purely out of my interest in you, and my conviction that, though you may be a much better woman than I, I am a wiser woman that you—at least, in worldly wisdom. Are you aware, my dear Miss Thelluson, that this is the only country in the world in which a lady of your age and position could take the step you are contemplating?"

"Why not?—what possible reason—"

"I am sorry I have put the idea into your head, since it evidently has never come there. No! I am not sorry. Whatever you do ought to be done with your eyes open. Has it never occurred to you that your brother-in-law is really no brother, no blood relation at all to you; and that in every country, except England, a man may marry his wife's sister?"

Hannah drew back; a faint color rose in her cheek; but it soon died out. The idea of her marrying any body seemed so supremely, ridiculously impossible—of her marrying Rosa's husband painfully so.

"It certainly did not occur to me," she answered, gently, "and if it had, it would have made no difference in my decision. Such marriages being unlawful here, of course he is simply my brother, and nothing more."

"He is not your brother," persisted Lady Dunsmore. "No force of law can make him so, or make you feel as if he were. And, I assure you, I who have gone about the world much more than you have, that I have seen many sad instances in which—"

But the expression of distress, and even repulsion, on the governess's face made the other lady pause.

"Well, well," she said; "you must have thought the matter well over, and it is, after all, purely your own affair."

"It is my own affair," replied Hannah, still gently, but in a way that would have closed the subject, had not the countess, with her infinite tact and good-breeding, dismissed it at once herself, and begun consulting with Miss Thelluson on the best way of replacing her, and the quickest, that she might the sooner be free "to go to that poor little baby."

"And remember," she added, "that on this point you need have no qualms. My old nurse used to say that any sensible woman, with a heart in her bosom, could manage a baby."

Hannah smiled, and her happy feeling returned, so that she was able to listen with interest, and even amusement, to a vivid description which the clever countess gave of baby's grandmother and aunts, whom she had met in London that season.

"All Easterham is *terra incognita* to me, Lady Dunsmore; but I shall try not to be afraid of any thing or any body, and to do my best, whatever happens—a very commonplace sentiment; but, you see, I was always a commonplace person," added Hannah, smiling.

"In which case you would never have found it out," replied the countess, who had hitherto had few opportunities of any long talk with her governess on other topics than the children. Now, having both an aptitude and a love for the study of character, she found herself interested unawares in that grave, still, refined-looking woman, who, though perhaps, as she said, a little commonplace when in repose, was, when she talked, capable of so much and such varied expression, both of feature and gesture—for there is a language of motion quite as plain as the language of form, and of the two perhaps it is the most attractive.

"SHE STOPPED, LEANED HER ELBOW ON THE TABLE, AND HER HEAD UPON HER HAND."

She said to herself, this brilliant little lady, who had seen so much of life—of aristocratic life especially, and of the terrible human passions that seethe and boil under the smooth surface of elegant idleness—she said to herself, "That face has a story in it."

Yes, Miss Thelluson had had her story, early told and quickly ended; but it had colored her whole life, for all that.

She had no brothers; but she had an orphan cousin, of whom she was very fond. As childish playfellows, the two always said they would marry one another, which every body laughed at as an excellent joke, until it grew into earnest. Then Hannah's father, an eminent physician, interfered. There was consumption in the family, and the young man had already shown ominous symptoms of it. His marrying any body was unwise; his marrying a first cousin absolute insanity. Dr. Thelluson, much as he blamed himself for allowing the young people every chance of falling in love, when it was most imprudent for them to marry, was yet too good a man frantically to shut the stable door after the steed was stolen, and to overstrain parental authority to cruelty. He did not forbid the marriage, but he remonstrated against it, both as a father and a physician, in the strongest manner, and worked so much upon Hannah's feelings, that she consented to be separated entirely from her cousin for three years, until she came of age. Her reason told her that was no unfair test of so youthful an attachment. Her father's secret hope was that the test might fail, the affection wear away, and the union which, though sanctioned by law and custom, he believed nature totally disapproved of, might never come about.

It never did. Long before the three years were ended, young Thelluson died at Madeira of the family disease. Hannah restored her betrothal ring to her finger, saying calmly, "I am married now," and seemed to bear her sorrow quietly enough at first. But the quietness grew into a stupor of despair, ending in that state of mind almost akin to madness, in which one dwells hopelessly and agonizingly upon what might have been; for some people were cruel enough to hint that a wife's care might have lengthened her lover's life, and that his grief for Hannah's loss accelerated his fatal disease. Many a time when her father looked at her he almost wished he had let the hapless cousins marry—running all risks for themselves or their possible children. But all his life the physician had held the doctrine that hereditary taint, physical or moral, constitutes a stronger hindrance to marriage than any social bar. He had acted according to his faith, and he was not shaken from it because he had so keenly suffered for it.

After a time Hannah's sorrow wore itself out, or was blotted out by others following—her father's death, and the dispersion of the family. There was no mother living; but there were three sisters at first, then two, then only one; her quiet, solitary self. For her great grief had left upon her an ineffaceable impression—not exactly of melancholy, but of exceeding quietness and settled loneliness of heart. She said to herself, "I never can suffer more than I have suffered;" and thenceforward all vicissitudes of fate became level to her—at least she thought so then.

Such was her story. It had never been very public, and nobody ever talked of it or knew it now. Lady Dunsmore had not the least idea of it, or she would not have ended their conversation as she did.

"Good-by now, and remember you have my best wishes—ay, even if you marry your brother-in-law. It is not nearly so bad as marrying your cousin. But I beg your pardon; my tongue runs away with me. All I mean to say, seriously, is that, my husband being one of those who uphold the bill for legalizing such marriages, I am well up on the subject, and we both earnestly hope they will be legalized in time."

"Whether or not, it can not concern me," said Miss Thelluson, gently.

"The remedying of a wrong concerns every body a little—at least I think so. How society can forbid a man's marrying his wife's sister, who is no blood relation at all, and yet allow him to marry his cousin—a proceeding generally unwise, and sometimes absolutely wicked—I can not imagine. But forgive me again; I speak earnestly, for I feel earnestly."

"I am sure of it," said Miss Thelluson.

She was a little paler than usual; but that was all; and when she had parted, quite affectionately, from her pupils' mother, she went and sat in her own little room as quiet as ever, except that she once or twice turned round on her third finger its familiar ring, the great red carbuncle, like a drop of blood, which had belonged to her cousin Arthur.

"What a fancy of the countess's, to call me 'young,' and suggest my marrying!" thought she, with a faint, sad smile. "No, I shall never marry any body; and therefore it is kind of Heaven thus to make a home for me, and, above all, to send me a child. A child of my very own almost; for she will never remember any mother but me. How I wish she might call me mother! However, that would not do, perhaps. I must be content with 'auntie.' But I shall have her all to myself, nevertheless, and perhaps Mr. Rivers may marry again, and then I would ask him to give her up wholly to me. Only to think, me with a child!—a little thing trotting after me and laughing in my face—a big girl growing up beside me, a grown-up daughter to comfort my old age—oh, what a happy woman I should be!"

So pondered she—this lonely governess, this "old maid," whose love-dreams were long ago vanished; and began unawares to let the fact slip behind her and look forward to the future; to build and freight with new hopes that tiny ship—she that had never thought to put to sea again—to set her empty heart, with all its capacity of loving, upon what? A baby six months old!

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TAD'S MINCE-PIE.

IT isn't often that one eats his pie and has it too; but Tad declares to this day that his mince-pie has never fairly digested, so to speak. He was living with the Rev. Simon Beech, as

"ROOM WANTED FOR THOSE."

good and thrifty a soul as ever breathed, who, out of his small farm—so small that you might almost have carried it off in your wheel-barrow—and his salary of one hundred dollars a year, devised means of preaching a cheerful gospel, sending his son to college, adopting Tad from the alms-house, knowing the unhealthy luxury of mince-pies now and then, and who finally left a snug little sum to his heirs.

Well, one day when he went to visit the alms-house, he saw a little, wobegone figure sunning itself on the door-step.

"What are you doing there, my boy?" he asked.

"I's thinking, Sir," said Tad.

"And what about, may I ask?"

"About—about—a lots of things, Sir."

"Couldn't you tell me what things? Were you thinking of any thing you'd like to have, now?"

"Yes, Sir, about a heap of 'em."

"Couldn't you just mention one or two?"

"Y-e-s. I was a-thinking of that little chap as went by just now—when I was a-peeking out at the gate—a-holding on to his dad's hand. And I stole out after 'em, and see 'em go up to a big house yonder, and a lady as pooty as any thing come to the door and kissed the little chap on both his cheeks, and pulled off his mittens, and rubbed his hands. Nobody rubs my hands," he broke off.

"Are they cold, my lad?"

"I dunno. Feel of 'em. They're used to it, I reckon."

So, when Mr. Beech went home, he led Tad along by the hand, just as the fortunate little boy's father had done.

"You're going to be my boy now," said Mr. Beech.

"Be I?" questioned Tad. "That's jolly!"

"But do you know what my boy is expected to do?"

"Live on gingerbread and dough-nuts?" guessed Tad.

"Well, not exactly. He's to weed the garden, and pick over potatoes, and bring the water, and run to the store; he's to eat what's set before him; he's to wear warm, clean clothes, and to

"AH! THREAD AND NEEDLES."

and making the bread look as if it were already buttered, and frolicking among the tea-spoons, and shining upon the flowers on the old-fashioned china till they looked as if they had just bloomed out under its influence. After that he kissed little Becky—who seemed just a little bundle of smiles and dimples—and went off to the district school, and felt as big as a castle when he got to the head of his class. Sundays he put on his best suit, with buttons so bright that you could see your face in them, and looked in the glass, and said to himself, "Who would guess now that you'd ever seen the inside of an alms-house?" And indeed he might have forgotten that he had, if the boys at school had not sometimes entertained themselves with unseemly allusions to it when he spelled above them.

"I wonder if they'll ever forget it!" he was thinking one day—so hard that he thought out loud.

"Forget what?" asked Mr. Beech.

"That I came from the—the—from down there, you know," answered Tad.

"It isn't any matter whether they forget it or not, if you do right."

"But I hope I shall never go back!"

"HA HA! BRAN WANTED TO FILL THOSE UP."

"I hope you never will. It will be your own fault if you do."

"What makes folks ever go there?" asked Tad.

"Idleness and wickedness drive them there," answered Mr. Beech, half intent on his next Sunday's sermon.

After this Tad didn't let the grass grow under his feet, I can assure you. He made himself busier than the busy bee; and if he didn't gather honey all the day, it wasn't his fault. He was determined that idleness shouldn't send him back to the alms-house; and the farther he was removed from it the more dreary and repulsive it seemed to him, till the possibility of returning became the bugbear of his life. What if Mr. Beech should get put out with him, would any one else take him in, after Mr. Beech had weighed him, and found him wanting? And so, when it looked particularly pleasant at home, when Mrs. Beech was baking, and the hens were cawing about the yard, and the strawberries filled the air with delicious odors, and the sun was laughing at itself in the kitchen tins, and Becky was singing over her sewing, with the thread tied into the needle, then, by way of contrast, or perhaps to emphasize his good luck, he would take a walk past the old alms-house, and peep in at the gate, as he had once peeped out, and ask himself if he were really the same boy, and if all his luck wasn't make-believe, if he

"ALREADY FILLED."

hadn't fallen asleep behind some door, to be awakened presently by the cuff of the overseer.

But every one has his backslidings, I suppose. One day Mr. Beech had set Tad to picking over some potatoes in the cellar, just as his own son Simon had done before him. And while Tad whistled at his work temptation assailed him, in the shape of a strong odor of mince-pies issuing from the closet in the archway. There was to be a convention on the next week, and the pies had been baked for that especial occasion. Tad had chopped the suet, and had gone to the store for the raisins and currants, and his mouth had watered sadly for the plump plums while they were being weighed out. Later he had helped Mrs. Beech carry them down cellar—so many that he had left off counting. If he could only have a bite of one now, he thought. But in order to have a bite it would be necessary to take a whole pie, or be found out. The longer Tad staid in the cellar the weaker grew his virtue, which threatened to give way before the pies. Nobody would ever miss *one* pie among so many! If they'd only call him up to do some errand, or to come to supper! If the closet were only locked! But nobody came, and Tad struggled on alone with the pies and the potatoes, till he crept into the archway, took down a pie, gingerly, climbed upon a barrel, and put it through the cellar window, intending, presently, to go round and pick it up, and eat it in peace where he would be safe from intrusion, and where the neglected crusts would not turn State's evidence against him. It was a balmy September afternoon, and, as it happened, Mr. Beech had brought his book out to read on the door-step, in order to enjoy the fine air at the same time, and perhaps gather some valuable hints from lavish nature for his next sermon. He was just turning over a new leaf when, behold! one of Mrs. Beech's convention mince-pies was walking up through the cellar window, as if it were the renowned pie in which four-and-twenty blackbirds were once baked, and therefore about to take wings and fly away. Mr. Beech quietly picked it up, put it on the table which was already spread for tea, and resumed his book. By-and-by Tad sneaked up from the cellar on the same errand. Mr. Beech looked up. Tad quailed, and wished the pie was in the oven.

"There's your pie, Tad," said he. "Go and eat it." He returned to his book.

Nothing more. No reproaches, no scolding. Tad sat down before it and took a bite. It wasn't half so nice as he had imagined. It stuck in his throat when he began to wonder what Mr. Beech thought of him. The others drew up to the tea-table. Nobody had any pie but himself. He pushed it aside, and took his bread-and-milk. But the next morning, at breakfast, the pie reappeared before his place, and at the next meal and the next, for a week or more. But Tad couldn't eat more than a mouthful at a time. He had

WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

CHRISTMAS-EVE—SHUT.

CHRISTMAS MORNING—OPEN.

have a best suit for Sunday; he's to go to meeting all day, and learn the Catechism, and say his prayers every night; and he is to keep his tongue from telling fibs and his hands from taking what doesn't belong to him. He is to go to school week-days, and to hang up his stocking on Christmas-eve! That's a good deal for a small boy. Do you think you can do it all?"

"I can try," said he: and so the bargain was made.

And Tad kept his word. In the summer he was out of bed with the sun, and sometimes before. He weeded the strawberries in the fresh morning, and heard the birds setting their everyday affairs to music. Then he went in to breakfast, where the sunlight was capering over the white cloth,

GETTING THEM READY.—"THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

CHRISTMAS CAROLS (EMPTY STOCKINGS).

ALL ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

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lost all relish for pies; a bushel of them wouldn't have tempted him.

"We never had a pie last so long," said Mrs. Beech, one morning, as she placed it on the table again.

"No," said her husband; "that pie is going to last Tad his lifetime."

"Tad wicked; steal mamma's dood pie! Naughty Tad; go to the bad place. Tad will!" lisped little Becky, with her baby frown.

Tad's heart gave a great plunge in his bosom, and sunk like lead. "The bad place," no doubt, meant the alms-house! What he dreaded had come to pass. They were going to send him back! Mr. Beech was put out with him, and no wonder. He had not kept his part of the agreement, which had been to keep himself from picking and stealing, as well as to busy himself about the chores. They would send him back to that dungeon of a house, where the shadows were lying in wait all day, where the porridge was burned and the fire was scant, where he should be out at the elbows and out at the knees. He should sit in the poor pews henceforth, and bid good-by to his Reader and his Geography, and to all his little ambitions. Yes; the bargain was broken, and he might as well go, without waiting to be sent off. So, after he had done up the chores, he went to his room and donned his bravery once more, and dropped a tear on the beautiful bright buttons. Then he put on his old clothes again, and went down stairs.

"Good-by," said he, standing in the doorway, and averting his head. "I'm sorry; but it's all up now, I s'pose."

"Where are you going, Tad?" asked Mr. Beech.

"I'm going back, Sir."

"Back where?"

"To the bad place, there—to—"

"Oh, I wouldn't go just yet, Tad!" Mr. Beech was really laughing.

"Oh! oh!" cried little Becky, putting out her arms, and clinging about him. "Tad going to the bad place! No, no! Don't let poor Tad go! Take me too, Tad, take me too?"

"You see, you will have to take Becky too, if you insist upon going."

"But I can't; they won't have her there; she's got a home."

"And so have you, Tad. This is your home, Tad. Do you think I should send Becky away because she was naughty? I took you both for better or worse, and now I guess it will be all better. Come, there's the school-bell, and here's your sachel."

"And the pie?" demurred Tad. "I can't bear it—"

"It shall be thrown away. You sha'n't see it nor hear of it again."

But Tad never forgot it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T. B.—We do not furnish other magazines than our own.

GEORGIA.—We don't know who wrote the absurd lines you quote, and don't think it worth the trouble to inquire, as it is evidently to the author's interest to remain in obscurity.

J. JONES.—We have no doubt that there are numerous drugs in the pharmacopœia which would not only keep you from growing lusty, but would attenuate you to almost any degree. The Medicis and Borgias were reputed to have an extensive acquaintance with this kind of nostrums; and they have been used pretty effectively in all ages, if report says true. But we are not versed in the science of toxicology, and if we were should hesitate to recommend any specific to you or your friends. We certainly never heard of one that could be used with impunity.

N. AND S.—We have already declined to answer any more questions on these articles.

A CONSTANT READER.—The Hand Sewing Machines are very useful in a family. You will find addresses in our advertising columns.

H. L. B.—We do not know of any work of fiction in which such a character as Clemency figures. It sounds like one of the Scudéry romances.

AN INQUIRER.—Cavé's works on Drawing, published by Putnam & Son, of New York, may be what you require. We can not tell you the price.

MELLIE AND MOLLIE.—For a winter suit for a blonde of fourteen get bottle green satine, and trim with black velveteen. For a brunette of sixteen choose maroon satine.—We think that school-girls had better confine themselves to their studies, instead of indulging in incipient flirtations with boys. When you are asked to play, do it at once without waiting to be urged. It is not improper, questionable taste though it may be, for a young lady to sport badges and pictures of base-ball clubs, if such be her pleasure. We think she could do better. As for exchanging rings and pictures with your boy friends, it is decidedly indecorous.

SUSIE V.—Make your beaver cloth from the elegant Half-Fitting Cloak pattern in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. III., which is one of the most stylish cut patterns we have published this season.

ADAH.—Little girls of ten with short hair wear it slightly frizzed and strapped with ribbon. See illustrations in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. III. Young ladies wear the Nilsson bow, of velvet or ribbon, placed far back on the top of the head, with the ends falling on the chatelaine braids.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Make your black silk suit by the cut paper pattern of the illustration on first page of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III. Get a gipsy bonnet of velvet or royale to wear with it. Wood-color and yellow-brown shades are prettiest for kid gloves with black and green suits. Make the black silk over dress by pattern of the Polonaise-Casaque illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., and the cloth basquine by pattern on the first page of *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. III. Trim with black marten fur. Close-fitting coat-sleeves with deep cuff, or else cut open to the elbow on the outer seam, are stylish.

E. A. B.—One corner of a square shawl is turned over to form a sort of collar, the point below this is caught up in pleats to the belt, the sides fall over the arms, and the front is folded over a vest of velveteen.

MISS G. M.—Black velvet will trim your plum-colored empress cloth very prettily. Make your green merino by pattern of the Double-Breasted Sacque Suit illustrated on first page of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III.

MRS. M. A. S.—Arrange the fullness of your skirts in French gathers—not pleats. New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 43 and 44 of Vol. III. will tell you all such details. Two side gores are worn by stout figures, only one by the slender. Plain knee-breeches are most worn by boys of five years, though knickerbockers are not entirely out of fashion. Vests are worn with most jackets.

"DICKENS DORA."—Your ideas about the Irish poplin are excellent, and you can not do better than use the pleatings on your brown empress. Box-pleats are still fashionable. Navy blue and dark brown are greatly worn.

MRS. J. B. S.—The Vest-Casaque Suit will be a handsome model for your black gros grain. We do not think the vests will ever become very common.

HATTIE B.—Rubber gloves cost $1 a pair.—We do not give addresses in this column, and we answer all correspondents as soon as space permits.

L. H. S.—Make your green cloth suit like that on first page of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III. Trim it with fur or velvet. Black lace over white lace trims garnet silk handsomely. Then wear white or black lace ties with the dress. Very dark blue and salmon are also pretty with garnet. A pearl gray silk is suitable for a bride.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We know of nothing better than tissue paper and white wax for preventing Valenciennes lace from getting very yellow. Most ladies prefer having it slightly yellow.

FUR.—The black sable you mention is probably the new black marten, or Alaska sable, now so fashionable. It is really the skin of the polecat. Get that or black Astrakhan for an elderly lady in mourning.

L. A. S.—Read answer above to "An Old Subscriber."

KLEINE EULE.—Get white Irish poplin for your wedding dress. A veil is usually worn, but may be dispensed with at a quiet wedding. We have given the water-proof cloak pattern.—Pure gold associated with rubber will not turn dark. Use soap-suds and whiting for cleaning your jewelry.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The etiquette of New-Year's calls is set forth in the "Bazar Book of Décorum," and in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. III.

THE SISTERS.—Evening wraps are described in the New York Fashions of the present Number of the *Bazar*.

TAMBERLIK.—We have never given the pattern you want.

DIAGONALS.—For descriptions of gentlemen's attire read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 45, Vol. III.

B. M. E.—We can not give you the address.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The house you mention furnishes many customers out of the city, selecting all the goods they need.—You must be the judge of what hospitality your circumstances permit you to offer your friends. It is best to seat your friends at a table when oysters are served.

AILEEN.—The skirt of your poplin need not be altered. Make a basque-belt or over-skirt of your extra material. Trim with velvet of the same shade. You will have to use heat to curl your false curls. A court train will be very pretty with your new silk.

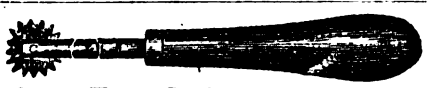
JENNIE GILCHRIST.—A plain long over-skirt of silk or cashmere will look pretty over your skirt of figured silk.

A. C. T.—Velveteen is no longer in first favor; but you can make a stylish suit of it by using the cut paper pattern of the Double-breasted Sacque Walking Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III. Bands or folds of bias corded silk form the trimming.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Very narrow velvet ribbon is worn if the neck is short, wide velvet with long necks.

MESSRS. PRANG & Co. have just issued some beautiful specimens of chromo-lithography of flowers, bouquets, and crosses in illuminated colors, admirably adapted as presents to ladies and young misses. These and the other works from this enterprising house are to be found at all the picture stores.—[*Boston Transcript.*]

To cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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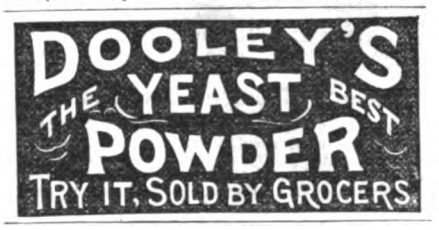

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VERY LIKELY.—A certain clergyman, who last week had an over-coat and an umbrella stolen from his hall, thinks that the thief is likely to turn up in the world where neither over-coat nor umbrella will be essential to comfort.

"I'll give you the slip," as the gardener said when he promised a friend a cutting.

WE DON'T BELIEVE IT.—It is said that if a woman would paint the skin of the face blue at the corners of the eyes for a small space, shading off in the direction of the ear, it would give a languishing softness to the countenance, and make the greatest of shrews look lovely, mild, and meek.

An unfortunate listener begs for some one to invent a "noiseless hand-organ."

AN INDIGESTIBLE EFFORT—Eating one's words.

INTERFERING FRUIT—Medlars.

THE OLD YOUNG LADY WHO LIKES IT FOR ITS OLD CUSTOMS, ASSOCIATIONS, AND ALL THAT.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO LIKES IT BECAUSE IT GIVES HIM AN OPPORTUNITY TO SING.

THE SCHOOL-BOY, BECAUSE HE ALWAYS GETS A JOLLY GOOD TUCK OUT.

THE POOR RELATION, BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY TIME HE GETS A GOOD DINNER.

LONG NAME.—There is a Servian prince in the Prussian army whose name is so long that a company of engineers have been ordered to level down the consonants and use it as a pontoon bridge.

TIRED NATURE—A yawning gulf.

INVENTIVE AND APPROPRIATIVE.—It is said that the man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one has invented a machine with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

UPHILL WORK—Mounting a picture.

OUT OF TIME.—"Every day you beat me out of time," said an employer to a tardy workman. "What's that you're sayin', you ignorant ould man? Bate you out of time, is it? Don't I go home to me dinner at twelve be the town clock, an' that's half an hour too fast, an' don't I come back at one be the clock at the Emerald Ring, an' that's half an hour slow? And how do I bate you out av any time? The time isn't up az yet, so I'll take my aize an' have a shmoke."

A WILLING PRISONER—A man locked in slumber.

CHEERFUL FOR SMITH.—*Smith* (who had forgetfully left his pocket-book on the piano last night). "Have you found any thing this morning, Angelina?" *Angelina.* "Oh yes, dear! Thanks! I have ordered a new piano-stool, some lace curtains, and such a love of a bonnet."

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?" "Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

THE MOST USEFUL PRINCE IN EUROPE.—Old King Cole (coal).

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have a whole day before him?

A candidate for medical honors, having thrown himself into a fever from his incapacity to answer the questions, was asked, "How would you sweat a person for the rheumatism?" "I would send him here to be examined."

It might have been the Ettrick Shepherd who said, after sleeping out all night on the Grampians, that they ought to be called the Crampy'un Hills.

THE STONY-HEARTED CYNIC, BECAUSE HE LIKES TO SEE WHAT *FOOLS* PEOPLE *CAN* MAKE OF THEMSELVES.

PATERFAMILIAS, BECAUSE HE HAS ALL THE BILLS TO PAY.

This represents the sort of Proposal brought about by a Mamma who thinks Young People can't be married too early.—"You two great, big, little Sillies, don't sit such a long way off one another, but do as Mamma tells you. He really won't bite you, Angelina, though you may think so; and she is not so very ferocious a Person, Bertie, as she looks."

THE WAR CHART.

CITY GENTLEMAN. "What Place are you looking for?"
MERCHANT PRINCE. "Well, I've been Reading a good deal lately, and I've heard a good deal about Anarchy in France, but I can't find it any where on the Map."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 2.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Suit for Young Lady.

GRAY poplin dress with tunic, trimmed with folds of darker poplin. The casaque is made of green cashmere, and is trimmed with strips of black velvet. Black velvet hat, with a long white ostrich feather and bows of black gros grain ribbon.

General Remarks on Knitting and Crochet Work.

IN order to facilitate the execution of the crochet and knitting work contained in the present Number, we have given in the Supplement the patterns of all the fichus, capes, jackets, hoods, etc. Before beginning to work any article cut a pattern of crinoline, and put it together according to the corresponding figures. If the article is begun at the under edge, *widen* at the darts as may be necessary; if it is begun at the upper edge or neck, *narrow* at the darts as may be necessary. Concerning the widening and narrowing see the subsequent remarks.

The crochet articles given in this Number are worked in Tunisian stitch or varieties of the same. All varieties of the Tunisian stitch are worked in pattern rows, each of which counts two rounds—one *forward* round, in which the stitches are taken up, and one *backward* round, in which they are worked off. With the Tunisian stitch the widening and narrowing is done in the *middle* or at the *outer edges* of the rounds. If the widening is done at the middle, take up in the first round of a pattern row the additional stitch out of the horizontal vein between two vertical veins. If the narrowing is done in the middle, work off in the second round of a pattern row two or more stitches as one stitch, and in the following round take up one stitch out of the two or three veins thus formed. Widen and narrow at the outer edges in the same manner if it is only a few stitches; but when a large number of stitches have to be taken on at the outer edge in order to obtain the shape indicated by the pattern, make a foundation on the left side of the work, the length of which must correspond to the left half of the outer edge. Out of these foundation stitches always take up the requisite widening stitches in the first round of the pattern rows. In the first pattern row take no notice of the foundation stitches made for the widening. For widening on the right side, after completing a pattern row, work the requisite number of chain stitches, and in the next round take up one stitch out of each of these. When a large number of stitches have to be narrowed, leave them unnoticed on each side of the work.

The widening and narrowing in knitting-work are also done in different ways. For widening, either take up two stitches out of one, or cast on the requisite number of stitches at the end of the rounds. For narrowing, either work off two stitches as one, or of two stitches slip the first, knit off the second, and draw the first over the second. If at the sides it is necessary to narrow a large number of stitches, cast them off at the beginning of the round. For knitted articles which require a very long foundation, a

Fig. 1.—BLACK CASHMERE JACKET. BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-12.

KNITTED AND CROCHET WHITE ANGORA FANCHON.—BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 14.

Fig. 2.—BLACK CASHMERE JACKET. FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-12.

KNITTED WHITE ANGORA FANCHON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 15.

Fig. 3.—GRAY BEAVER SACQUE WITH REVERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

KNITTED AND CROCHET WHITE ANGORA FANCHON.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 14.

Fig. 4.—KNITTED FICHU WITH HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 13.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR YOUNG LADY.

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chain stitch foundation may be crocheted; in this case afterward take up the upper vein of each foundation stitch on the knitting-needle. After completing the separate parts of an article stretch them on a board in the exact shape of the pattern, moisten them on the wrong side, by which means the parts will become smooth, and then knit, crochet, or sew them together according to the corresponding figures.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a choice variety of Ladies' Winter Burnouses, Cloaks, Talmas, Bonnets, Dresses, etc.; Boys', Girls', and Infants' Dresses and Cloaks; Fur Cloaks, Collars, and Muffs; Hoods, Blouse Waists, Fichus, etc.; and a large assortment of elegant Fancy Articles.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page 31 of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Third Volume of* HARPER'S BAZAR *may obtain gratuitously from the principal News-Dealers a* TITLE-PAGE *and* TABLE OF CONTENTS.

☞ *Dealers may obtain* CLOTH COVERS *for Binding the Volume at Seventy-five Cents each, net.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of the Toddler-Jenkins Wedding.

MY DEAR ORIOLE,—Have you heard that Inigo is married? It was a very great occasion. It was publicly announced in one of the newspapers that the wedding of the beautiful Miss Becky Toddler and Mr. Inigo Jenkins would come off on the 14th, and that it was expected to surpass all the weddings of the season in splendor and cost. It was really delightful to read the enthusiastic story, and to reflect upon the envy and admiration which it must have excited in a thousand tender bosoms. And as the day approached there were the most refined and agreeable announcements. One day we read, "Only one week to the great Toddler wedding." Then, "Day after to-morrow the Toddler-Jenkins nuptials!" Then, "To-morrow the event occurs of which society has been long in breathless anticipation." And at last:

"TO-DAY *the* event of the season and, indeed, of the year comes off at Saint Rainbow's. The doors will be opened at eleven o'clock. The ceremony will take place precisely at noon, and will be conducted by Bishops Ruffle, Lawn, and Bands. The blushing bride and her father will approach the altar by the north aisle. The gallant and handsome groom will proceed by the south aisle, and the clergymen in full vestments will be in waiting at the chancel rails. During the procession Mr. Blast will perform some of the most exquisite *morceaux* upon the superb organ of Saint Rainbow's. The middle of the house will be reserved for invited guests, and immediately after the ceremony which makes one the happy pair the wedding *cortége* will drive to the hospitable and magnificent mansion of the bride's parents, where an elegant and *recherché* collation will be served, and at three o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Inigo Jenkins will leave by the train for Ispahan. The presents, which are very splendid, and which we shall describe at length in our issue for to-morrow, will be exhibited in some of the spacious rooms of the palatial Toddler residence. As our edition will begin to leave the press at ten o'clock we shall be able to satisfy the demand, which in anticipation is already enormous. It is not often that a wedding of such phenomenal importance, by the great wealth, the fashion, and the personal beauty of the parties concerned, takes place in our midst; and, as faithful and enterprising historians of the day, our duty is evident. It is to give our patrons the fullest and most authentic report of the affair."

What, I say, my dear Oriole, could be more refined and agreeable to a modest young woman who is about to marry the good fellow whom she loves than this? And what could be more gratifying to her and to her friends than to read, on the morning after the ceremony, the list of presents; and when those were wanting, the cards which represented them; and, finally, a full catalogue of the wardrobe of the happy pair? Is it not decent and civilized and honorable? The paper from which I have quoted was equal to the occasion. True to its promise, it gave a graphic description of the bridal gifts. There were silver and gold inlaid tea services; there were soup tureens and a solid silver dinner service; there were necklaces and bracelets and pins and chains and rings; there were camel's-hair shawls and lace of every costly kind; all the jewelers had evidently received *carte blanche*, as the paper declared; and there were police officers, dressed as waiters with white cravats, to superintend the exhibition, and to guard the sacred treasures. "And now," said the paper, "it is our pleasing privilege to announce that, under the deepest sense of duty to our patrons and to the public, we shall to-morrow publish an authentic list in detail of the entire *trousseau* of Mrs. Toddler-Jenkins."

And so it did. I have the honor of knowing just how many dresses, and of what material, style, and cost, that lady owns. I have also the honor of knowing the exact inventory of all the rest of her clothing. Her maid, who has charge of her presses and bureaus, does not know more than I. I know how many stockings and night-caps she has, and how they are trimmed. I know also exactly the number and sizes of her slippers, and of her walking boots and gloves. Indeed, my dear Oriole, I and every other old gentleman and gossip in town know very much more than it seems to me we ought to know about the clothing of a young woman whom we never saw, and in whom we have no interest whatever. It is an edifying business, isn't it? And where is this kind of publicity to cease? The most private and sacred facts will not be withheld. I saw old Grizzler reading through his glasses, as all the other old Grizzlers in the club were, the account of the Toddler-Jenkins wardrobe, and I said to him:

"Grizzler, I should think you would shudder when you think what may befall your daughter."

"Good God!" exclaimed he, and quite pale, "what do you mean?"

"Why, she may be married some day, and then you can't be sure that the whole town won't do over her just what you are doing over Toddler's daughter—gloat over the description of her under-sleeves and other garments."

"My dear Bachelor," said Grizzler, "you relieve me very much. I thought, from what you said, that something horrible was threatening my daughter. But the publicity of which you speak is a mere matter of fashion. My girl must do as the others do."

"Thank God!" said I—and I am aware with great energy—"that I haven't any daughter, then, if it is necessary to humor fashion in such a way."

He looked at me with an air of amused surprise for a moment, and then resumed his reading of the list of the Toddler-Jenkins pocket-handkerchiefs. What an old fool the man is! for he doesn't really like it any more than other honest and decent men. And who makes what he calls fashion but just such people as he and Toddler? If Toddler had said, "My dear Becky, if you don't know what is modest and proper, I do; and I won't have you the jest of the prurient gossip of the town because you are to be married, and I'll shoot any newspaper reporter that I find prowling about," we should soon have an end of this absurd fashion of weddings.

And if the girls themselves do not stop it it will go further. The same spirit which announces engagements in newspapers, which records private weddings as if they were of interest to any body but the families concerned, and which describes in detail the gifts and the wardrobe of the bride, will presently describe the furniture in her drawing-room and chambers. We shall read that "the Toddler-Jenkens breakfast yesterday morning was served in the Sèvres service, which, as our readers will remember, we described at the time of the wedding as the gift of the bride's uncle, Mr. Jawkins Toddler, the celebrated China merchant. Mr. Jenkins was dressed in his usual gray tweed shooting jacket and trowsers, with heavy walking shoes, and gaiters to match the clothes. The beautiful Mrs. Jenkins, *née* Toddler, prefers a morning *négligé* sky blue in color, very simply made, but with great style. Yesterday morning it was the dress which we described at the time of the wedding as the gift of Mrs. Jenkins Jenkins, her husband's aunt. Mrs. Toddler-Jenkins is as lovely as on the day when she approached the altar—an occasion which we faithfully described at the time, as our readers will remember; and it is now our precious privilege to announce that there is not the slightest reason for supposing that the house of Jenkins is about to become extinct." And at last we shall read: "The great Toddler-Jenkins event is confidently expected to come off not later than next week."

The ascent is very easy from publishing the list of the *trousseau* to such an announcement. And what, my dear Oriole, can be more essentially vulgar than the Toddler-Jenkins wedding? It is simply demoralizing, and you can see its necessary result. The wedding under this system becomes a mere spectacle, a public pageant. The bride and groom, with their attendants, actually rehearse the ceremony. It becomes a trick of fashion and a contest of expense. I am waiting to see the aisle up which the bride passes matted with rose-buds for her to walk upon. The sweet and solemn significance of the ceremony is utterly lost, is it not? The girls who look on wish to have the same splendor when they are married, and the wretched youths who are earning an honest but not profuse living, which they would gladly share with a beloved partner, gaze aghast upon a spectacle which is so wholly discordant with the necessarily quiet tone of their lives. As for poor Jenkins, he is cruelly sacrificed, unless papa Toddler means to pay the bills of the new household. And those bills will be enormous, because the splendor of the wedding is proclaimed, and the happy pair must pay as the English milor paid upon the Continent when he used to travel post in his private carriage with an ample retinue.

And is marriage not difficult enough already, that the foolish parental Toddlers should make it more so? I remember, soon after the flood, when I was making the tour, I met the famous American artist, Luke Joy, with whom I became quite intimate as long as I staid in Bagdad, where he was then living. One evening he was speaking of a lovely young countrywoman of ours who had recently arrived at Bagdad on her way to the steppes of Tartary, and he said to me that I was a lucky fellow, for I had a little income; and if I asked the fair traveler to take me and share it, she would give me four times my own revenues in accepting me. "But when I was married," said he, "I had nothing but my work, and my wife had nothing but hers. We clubbed our industries and our wages, and we have never repented. Marriage was our best economy."

That is not the Toddler-Jenkins theory. Under that dispensation marriage is the sheerest luxury. Only the richest people can indulge in it. It is merely a form of ostentation and expense. The very wedding itself teaches the wildest extravagance, and with extravagance comes selfishness and coldness. It is the splendid gate to a life of display and joylessness. And when I read in the paper that the Toddler-Jenkins nuptials will "come off" next Wednesday; and that there will be an exact list of the bride's clothes the next day; and that it is confidently supposed that the devoted attention of Captain C. Robin to the beautiful and accomplished and fashionable Miss J. Wren can have but one result, which is eagerly awaited in fashionable circles, and of which we shall hasten to inform our readers; and that full particulars of the caudle-party at the superb mansion of Giles Overreach, Esquire, and a detailed account of the entire collection of baby-linen, may be expected from us at an early day—I thank Heaven, my dear Oriole, that, if the fools are not all dead, they are limited in number, until I ruefully reflect that this folly is a miasm which taints the air that every body breathes, and the poorest sewing-girl or kitchen-maid reads with eagerness, and fondly hopes that one day she may be clad in lace and starred with diamonds, and lean, blushing, upon the arm of somebody, as she moves from the altar to the carriage, which is to convey her to a superb collation and an endless existence of porcelain and velvet.

Why don't you protest, my dear Oriole? Goldfinch, you tell me, has asked you to be his best man at his marriage next May with the beautiful Medora Lark. Why don't you say to him that no man who truly honors his bride will wish to see her made a show upon her wedding-day? Why don't you suggest that while there should be flowers and smiles, there is a profusion which is folly, and an extravagance which is sin? When Aurelia was married, Oriole, she asked her father about the wedding, and listened while he told her that he meant it should be the most glittering pageant ever seen in Saint Rainbow's. She asked how much it would cost, and he told her the probable sum. "But," he added, "I would gladly give twice as much, that nothing might go wrong; and all for love of you, my darling." Then she told him that she and not he should spend the money; "And if it be for love of me," she said, "you will do what I wish."

And what do you think she did? As great kings, when they come to the throne, proclaim an amnesty, and make a thousand homes happier than their own palaces, so this noble young woman made a hundred poor homes comfortable the whole winter long with the money that would have been wasted at her wedding. The newspapers had nothing to tell about the wedding to old Grizzler at the club, but a hundred hearts blessed Aurelia, and the prayers of the poor were her epithalamium. May they be yours, also, my dear Oriole!

Your faithful friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

A WOMAN IN STATE STREET.

IT is a great deal of trouble not to have money; but then it is also a great deal of trouble to have money. I am sure I do not know from which I have suffered most—the want of it or the bother of it. Few things can be more awkward than to find yourself in a hackney coach, driving from the railroad station to your hotel, and suddenly discovering that you have not a penny in your purse; but then, the moment you get a dozen dollars ahead in the world, you are tormented with the fear of losing it, and have to pin up your pocket, and clutch your purse, and bestow your money in unsuspected nooks of your dress, and keep your thoughts about you, till life becomes a burden, and you sigh for a return to impecuniosity, when you may walk among your fellows fearing no evil.

Once I had a thousand dollars. I don't expect to be believed, and I acknowledge it *is* an enormous sum for one person to have; nor do I in the least know how I ever became possessed of it; but I certainly did have a thousand dollars, and because the country was in trouble, and I wanted to uphold the government, I put it into government bonds, and I suppose I have received the interest of it a thousand times. But I always went after it with a man, and to go with a man means to walk down street having a good talk, and, when you get to the right place, be put in a chair and wait a few minutes, and then have the money laid in your purse, and go back. That is all.

But when you have money in government bonds you must take the interest every January and July, or you will have no end of trouble. I did not know this, and I forgot all about the interest—January coupons they call it—and when July came, there I had them both on my hands, and my man-servant, the Judge, gone sky-larking out West. So I telegraphed to the Judge, "What shall I do?" And the Judge telegraphed back, "Go yourself." But he did not tell me where to go. I remembered that it was State Street, and I thought I could tell the look of the door; but I walked and wandered and wondered, and the farther I walked the stranger it grew; and then it came to me that it must be the Custom-house, for I knew it was a government building. So I inquired for the Custom-house, only to learn that the Custom-house is not a bondholder; and then I put my pride into my pocket, and walked into the first nice-looking place to ask where bonds were held. It was balustered and carpeted and upholstered in that expensive and luxurious way which men have of feathering their own nests, and in the dim light I discerned a gentleman sitting at the farther end of the room. I approached him dubiously, staring steadfast, and he stared with equal steadfastness at me; and then we broke into mutual astonishment, for it was my next neighbor at home, and I should as soon have thought of encountering the Man in the Moon, while he was expecting the Old Woman that lived in the Shoe more than me. I am proud to say that I had presence of mind enough to invent an errand "betwixt the mast-head and the sea," and then turned and went into a neighboring office; and as soon as I could discern through the dim religious light that the man to be accosted was not my blood kin I asked him if he could tell me where to go to get government bonds.

"To buy bonds?" he inquired, briskly.

"No; to sell them—that is, to get money for them—I mean, to get the interest on them," blundering blockhead that I am!

"Oh! you want your coupons?"

"Yes, that is it."

"Sub-treasury. Right up a few doors. You know where the Post-office is?" And there I had been roving to and fro, moon-struck, before the very doors, and yet missed them.

But to go to the Sub-treasury is only to be passed from pigeon-hole to pigeon-hole—to be told at the first that you are at the wrong place; at the second, that you are the wrong person, or not known to be the right one, which amounts to the same thing; at the third, that you can't get your money even if you are all right, because you have delayed beyond three months, and must now send to Washington and get a power of attorney, and Heaven knows what red tape, which red tape is undoubtedly a very important, but equally undoubtedly a very inconvenient thing. To your blank imbecility the clerk kindly says that he keeps a power of attorney there, and hands you a printed paper, whereupon you arise and depart with a paper elephant in your hands. Then you telegraph to the Judge, "What shall I do?" and he telegraphs back, "Send your power of attorney to me, and I will take it to JAY COOKE and get the money." And you send your power of attorney to Minnesota, and breathe freely till a withering letter comes back—"Goosey-goose, your power of attorney was not filled out, and was worth no more than so much blank paper. Suck your thumbs till I come back!"

Goosey-goose, indeed! Is there no man in the world but the unjust Judge? I will yet humble him to the dust. I go to my friend the lawyer. He fills me out a power of attorney, sends it on to Washington, gets me back an order on the Sub-treasury, and again I am passed from pigeon-hole to pigeon-hole, and have to stand in a row and wait my turn, which is dreadfully degrading; and I am afraid some one will come in and see me; and mentally vow, if I am carried safely through, never to be caught in it again. But, for once, I am determined to fight it out on this line, and the clerks have forgotten all about me, and again I have to go through the process of disproving myself an escaped convict, and finally the gold is in my hands: gold eagles and a quarter eagle—an eagle's wing, you might say, and the tip of his beak—a gold dollar.

What shall I do with it? All gold is good for is to sell, that I know. Into the first hospitable-looking door I poke my silly, scared face (I am not a silly woman—I am a sensible one—but on this occasion I know I look silly, and I know I feel scared, and I only wonder I am tolerated), and ask, idiotically, "Can you tell me any place where they buy gold?" and am directed to a cellar! It is horrible; but a woman who has penetrated the Sub-treasury is equal to any thing, and down I go. Now, in aiming to use the technology of knowledge, I am fearfully liable to bungle, and if I have a check to pass am sure to ask if I "can have this money cashed," *cashed* sounding so profes-

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sional. Determined not to fall into error this time, I take my place before the counter among a row of men, and speedily become absorbed in watching them. What interest—what jargon—what persistency about a half per cent.! What sums they deal in! How intent they are on their business—how oblivious of every thing else! I never saw any thing like it. They mind me no more than if I were a fly on the window pane, and I forget to be scared, and only stare, till the man behind the counter startles me out of it, and then I avoid the old pit only to go down quick into a new one, and stammer, hurriedly, "I should like to get this check cashed."

"Check?" repeats the clerk.

"Oh! I mean I want the money for this," in a still greater hurry, for time seems so valuable to him. I am afraid he will be cross.

"Want to sell the gold, you mean?"

"Yes;" and I am ashamed to ask how much he pays for gold, so there is no good counting the bills he gave me, and I crush them into my hand and come up out of the cellar, give one swift glance around to see if I am detected, and scurry up into Washington Street, where I may feel once more like a woman and a sister.

But I give the government fair warning never again to undertake a great war counting upon my support, for I can not contract to put my money into any place where I must go through tens of dens of lions to get it out again.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BERLIN WOOL.

THE fancy for garments of fine Berlin wool increases in this country. Almost every furnishing store has a department stocked with these useful articles, and each season there are novelties introduced from abroad, where knitting and crocheting are brought to perfection. The zephyr wool prepared in Berlin is softer and finer than any other, and the colors are better. Retail dealers ask 20 cents an ounce for quiet, dark colors of either split, single, or double zephyr; and 25 cents for high, brilliant colors.

KNITTED GARMENTS.

The perfection of under-wear for infants is shown in soft warm shirts of purest white zephyr wool knitted in a ribbed pattern, the neck and sleeves scalloped and overcast with white silk floss: these cost from 75 cents to $1. Infants' socks of white zephyr have the tops turned over in Zouave fashion; others, knit double, are thick and warm: 75 cents. Little carriage bootees, to be worn without a shoe, or else over the shoe, are long enough to reach to the knee, and are held up by a drawing-string that forms a tasseled garter. These are in all colors, or in white, and may be had in three sizes, costing 75 or 85 cents. A little sock embroidered with silk is called the daisy shoe; and the loveliest slippers for baby are crocheted in Marie Antoinette shape, of blue, scarlet, or white wool, with silken bows and tassels: price $2. The bonnet for baby girls is the fairy hood, with a warm head piece of double knitted Berlin wool, veiled with a fanciful cover of split zephyr overwrought with silk of palest blue or rose: $2. For larger babes are little cape bonnets made of Angora wool, with long, soft fleece, like fur. They are in blue and rose, bordered with snowy swan's-down. Price $5. For tiniest boys is a cunning little turban dignified as the Prussian cap. It has a border of loops above the forehead, warm ear-tabs, and a sort of cape to protect the back of the neck. Imported mittens of white zephyr shaped to the wrist, tiny bows of ribbon on the back, and a gauntlet flecked with white floss, are warm and soft enough for the baby fists they will inclose: price 45 cents. Very pretty cloaks for infants consist of two large capes formed of white zephyr in shell stitch, overcast with floss and edged with fringe: these are $8. Handsome Afghans for baby's carriage have four Roman red stripes, or blue or buff, with five narrower stripes of white tufted with black. At the upper end that passes over baby's lap each stripe forms a point that is finished with a tassel. Price $7. Afghans marked $10 have three broad stripes, the outer ones colored, the centre white, and richly embroidered with a vine of roses. A smaller size of similar design is $9. Those in blocks of a color alternating with white, and each block embroidered with daisies, cost from $11 to $14.

Drawers of white or scarlet zephyr with leggings strapped beneath the shoe, or with socks to wear over the shoe, are heavily knit, and are comfortable for children who are carried out in the nurses' arms or drawn about in their open carriages. These are in three sizes for children from one to three years old, and cost from $1 25 to $1 75. For larger children there are plain knitted drawers without gaiters, to be worn over muslin drawers on cold days: $1 75 to $2. The prettiest gaiters for very young children are the polka gaiters of single zephyr, either white or chinchilla, with a colored border up the outside representing buttons and button-holes: 75 cents to $1. Fine leggings of scarlet, blue, or gray wool are shaped to fit over the knee, and thus prevent wrinkles: $1 to $1 25. Heavier brown or gray gaiters for children and for ladies are knit of American tapestry worsted. Ladies and misses wear these when traveling in extremely cold weather, or driving, or sleighing; but they are too clumsy for walking. Ladies' sizes are $1 50; misses', from 75 cents to $1 25.

Ladies' breakfast shawls are crocheted in Afghan stitch, with a seam down the back joining the two pieces to form a comfortable three-cornered wrap. The centre of the shawl is of solid color, scarlet, blue, chinchilla, purple, or black, with a broad border embroidered around it in darker shades of the same color, or in a gay contrast, as gray with scarlet or blue borders, blue with white, and purple with black for mourning. A fringe of the wool finishes the edge. Price $6. Shawls with the colored borders merely crocheted, instead of embroidered, are $5.

In lieu of the sontags formerly worn under cloaks and in the house, there are sleeveless jackets crocheted in beautiful shapes falling in with the figure. Blue or red jackets with chinchilla borders are most popular. These are $2 50 each. Heavier jackets with sleeves are $5. Revers, pocket flaps, and broad cuffs of a bright color are crocheted on chinchilla jackets. The fine knitted Cardigan jackets imported from England are shaped like short polka basques or with postillions. Those in fine ribs and in dark rich colors cost from $6 to $12. Novelties for children are sacques and muffs of fleecy Angora wool knitted in long loop stitches that imitate admirably the Astrakhan and Iceland lamb furs. They are shown in white and scarlet. The set costs $8 or $10. A dressy little jacket for children is called the epaulet jacket. The body of the garment is of white or chinchilla wool in Afghan stitch, while the collar, epaulets, and border are of shaded blue or crimson. The back is slashed to the waist, and a cord and tassels draw it to the figure at the waist. They cost from $2 to $3. The prettiest sacques for babies are knitted basques of white zephyr shaped to cling to wee, plump figures—too cunning for any thing, the mammas say: $2 75 is the price asked for sizes for children under three years of age.

The prettiest evening hood for ladies to wear to parties is the Nilsson, described last week. It is quite warm, yet too soft and light to disarrange elaborately dressed hair. From $1 75 to $2. The heavy Alaska hood for old ladies and for traveling has a chinchilla centre, with wide turned-over fold in front of scarlet or blue or purple: price $2.

Fanciful little tippets and boas of zephyr are crocheted for children. Pretty scarfs in shell stitch, white with pink or blue centres, are for little girls; also zephyr neck-ties knitted double and round like a boa. Victorine capes, with muffs to match, are made with blue or scarlet grounds, almost hidden beneath tiny white balls of fleecy wool that are thrown on the surface. These cost from $3 to $5 a set, and are as warm as the light qualities of fur. Heavy warm scarfs for boys are $1 75. Gentlemen wear chinchilla scarfs with embroidered borders in dark purple and crimson shades. The handsomest are a yard and a half long, and cost $5.

EMBROIDERY.

The wool embroidery on canvas, in which our grandmothers excelled, is the fashionable employment for dainty fingers at the present day. As it is no longer the fashion to have stereotyped sets of furniture, each piece in a room the counterpart of that next it, but, instead, variety is preferred, with scarcely any two articles alike, ladies of taste and ingenuity employ their leisure in embroidering covers for different articles. An odd chair, a lounge, sofa cushions, rugs, foot-stools, a table or piano cover, embroidered by the lady of the house, is to be found in almost every home. To complete the stripes for the back of a folding chair, and an elaborate piece for the seat, seems to be the ambition of almost every young lady. During the holidays these chairs and camp-stools were the favorite gift to bachelor brothers, friends, and lovers. Some were ornamented with heads of animals, hunting scenes, or battle pieces, while for smokers, cigars, pipes, and tobacco jars were wrought on the canvas. The back of the chair is usually three stripes, a different vine of flowers in each, or else the monogram of the owner is in the centre, with a wreath of foliage around it.

Most of this work, that looks so difficult, is very easy, as the complicated shading, and, indeed, all the intricate design, is done by experts before it is offered for sale. The lady who purchases it merely fills out the back-ground by simple cross stitches of wool of a single color. Fancifully shaped catch-alls, or wall pockets, for letters and other small articles, are made of black-walnut, and have an embroidered piece in front; brackets for vases and stationery are draped with needle-worked cloth; chamber racks for hats or an over-coat are embroidered in the centre, back of the pegs; willow baskets are ornamented in the same way; the backs of hair-brushes, straps for a traveling shawl or water-proof, small picture-frames, tiny easels, traveling satchels, and a multitude of such small articles are decorated with this gay work.

Perforated morocco and perforated board, either tinsel or silver, are used for making many pretty toilette articles, and embroidere in bright colors. There are cornucopias for shaving papers, tapers, or loose hair; match safes, photograph frames, and boxes for mouchoirs and gloves. The holes in this board are very large, hence the designs are easily wrought, and the labor is not injurious to the eyes, as it was when very fine perforations were used.

BRAIDING.

Talking of embroidery reminds us that braiding has proved to be exceedingly popular for trimming dresses this winter. The designs are made to imitate passementerie, and are thick and heavy, being filled in almost as closely as embroidery. Plain soutache and the feather-edged braids are both used. The braid must match the color of the garment. Two colors mingled in the braid, or one color in contrast with the material, should not be used, except for fanciful jackets for the house, or for children's clothes, and these have either black or white, or any solid color. The handsomest velvet cloaks of the winter have elaborate designs of fern or palm leaves braided above lace. Dark cloth and cashmere suits have the slashed paletot and upper skirt braided to match. These are worn over silk skirts, or else over a cloth skirt, made plain, or perhaps the whole garment is edged with fur. Black cashmere suits richly braided are in especial favor. The vest and cuffs, or the Maria Theresa collar of such suits, are almost covered with braid. Some house jackets of white, scarlet, or blue cloth or flannel are braided all over, or are chain stitched with the sewing-machine in a braiding pattern.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. JOHNSON, BURNS, & Co.; S. M. PEYSER; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

OF the fine jewels worn by ladies in New York Mrs. L. W. JEROME is understood to possess the most beautiful and costly diamond necklace; Mrs. BELMONT the most beautiful emeralds; Mrs. R. L. STEWART the most beautiful opal; Mrs. STEVENS the handsomest arrangement of diamonds and amethysts. The largest diamond worn in a ring is owned by Judge BARNARD. A diamond, said to be the most beautiful and expensive now in the country, has recently come into the possession of Mr. KIRKPATRICK, jeweler, at the corner of Broadway and Duane Street. It is valued at about $15,000. One of the finest diamond shirt-studs in New York, imported by BALL & BLACK at a cost of $12,000, is worn by ANDREW GARVEY.

—The Rev. H. WARD BEECHER'S church has 2000 members, lacking 18. Of this number 1210 are women. The Sabbath-school has an enrolled membership of 1107, and the Bethel school 960. For music the church pays $6000, divided as follows: Director, $2000; tenor, $1000; soprano, $900; alto, $600; organist, $1500. The pew rents amount to $56,000, and collections have been taken up the past year for all purposes to the amount of $11,099 14.

—The way in which ROBERT BONNER commenced to lay the foundation of that ridiculously large fortune of his is said to be this: He worked at case as a printer at $8 per week, and wrote letters to country papers. When he had saved up $500 he bought the *Merchants' Ledger;* and now he owns Dexter, and J. Elliott, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Rumises the 1st, and ever so many other nags. He has, besides, much city lot, two or three millions in stocks and things, and an income of $4000 a week, on which he manages to rough it. But then he's an economical man.

—President WHITE, of Cornell University, is having portraits painted of GOLDWIN SMITH, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, LOWELL, and AGASSIZ, which he proposes to give to the University. F. B. CARPENTER is the man who furnishes canvas, coloring material, and does the work. Contract price not stated, but understood to be up to the full trade figure.

—Our friend Mr. GAMBETTA, of the French government, is a middle-sized, "stocky" young man of thirty-three, with long, black, flowing hair, large, bright eyes—an energetic, vehement, pushing fellow, whom his colleagues find it both difficult to get on with and difficult to get on without.

—The late H. J. RAYMOND'S first newspaper-work in New York was on the *New Yorker*, a weekly paper started by Mr. GREELEY, which was good, but didn't become longevitous. It was a sketch of COLERIDGE'S life, and was signed "Fantome." Soon afterward another sketch on the same subject appeared, to which Mr. RAYMOND affixed his initials, "H. J. R." Afterward he went on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*—rather small staff then—at the opulent figure of $8 per week. Afterward he edited the *Courier and Enquirer*, and then got into bad habits, such as becoming Speaker of the Assembly, Lieutenant-Governor, Congressman, and the like, but finally reascended to journalism, and left a name above which no man's name has yet been written in the journalism of America.

—Neat compliment to VON MOLTKE: when that sanguinary German came to Berlin he always used to dine at the St. Petersburg Hotel. Since he went to the war his chair, which has been crowned with a laurel wreath, has been left unoccupied at the accustomed place at the dinner-table, as though the old gent were expected to drop in at any moment.

—JOHN BROWN, whose soul is supposed to be still proceeding, is to be "statued" for the Union League Club, of this city, by Miss EDMONIA LEWIS.

—The costumes worn by "Miss MADELINE HENRIQUES" in the "Coquettes," and other high comedy parts, are among the most superb specimens of millinery handiwork ever witnessed by the American people. Mr. L. J. JENNINGS, the husband of Miss M. H., is now the managing editor of the *Times*, with the best salary of any man on the daily press of New York, with perhaps the single exception of "H. G.," of the *Tribune*.

—Among the curious things elicited by the revenue returns is the fact that Mr. A. T. STEWART, of this city, paid, in the year 1870, more income tax than was paid by either one of twenty-seven States, including Territories; more than Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Florida, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, and Montana, combined; more than either of the districts of Massachusetts; and $53,000 more than the Ninth and Tenth districts. Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR paid more than the whole State of Vermont.

—The largest income of any man in Missouri is that of Lieutenant-Governor STANNARD, a religious man, powerful in prayer and exhortation, strong on the stump, and immense as an operator in grain. Good fellow, besides.

—The King of Prussia (practical old monarch), when asked what appeared most remarkable to him about the palace of Versailles, replied, "The fact that I am here." Same reply as was once given by the Doge of Venice to LOUIS the Fourteenth.

—Mr. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED has taken a house in Washington for the winter, where he proposes to make himself generally happy and agreeable, which he has the intellectual and pecuniary ability to do. Mr. B. is a grandson of JOHN JACOB ASTOR, and was quite a favorite of that very pecunious gentleman. Mr. BRISTED'S father was an Episcopal clergyman, and married Mr. ASTOR'S daughter in 1820. He was the author of "Resources of the United States," and "Thoughts on the English and American Churches." HALLECK, in his poem, "Fanny," has one or two little hits at him:

"Have we not BRISTED'S ponderous tomes—a treasure
For any man of patience and of leisure?"

His son, Mr. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, is now fifty years of age. He graduated at Yale in 1839; afterward went to Oxford, where he spent five years; and took his degree at Trinity College in 1845. At both colleges he gained frequent prizes for classical attainments. That he was somewhat a favorite with Mr. ASTOR may be inferred from the fact that he bequeathed to him "all the lot of land on Lafayette Place" (fully described); "also the lot and house now occupied by me on Broadway; also nine lots of land on Eighth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, forty-three lots on Seventh Avenue, eight lots on Avenue A; also the country seat at Hell Gate (13 acres), and twenty-two other lots, and the income and interest of $115,000 in bonds and mortgages."

—Mlle. GRISI, a daughter of the great vocalist, is said to possess a voice almost as wonderful as her mother's, and to have dramatic capacity of a high order.

—The name of the young lady of Troy has not transpired who has been practicing "Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother," and who says that the more she practices the better she likes it.

—Mr. SEWARD, after having arranged so many "affairs" in his long Senatorial and diplomatic career, is understood to contemplate a certain *entente cordiale*, which will be the crowning negotiation of his life. Among the party who accompany him in his voyage around the world is a young lady with whom he proposes to continue the trip, and with her make the voyage of life. It is probable that before the party returns the lady will become the wife of the distinguished ex-Secretary.

—Among the curious incidents of very Western society it may be mentioned that Mr. LEMPRIERE is about to open a dry-goods establishment at Omaha. Mr. L. is a son of the celebrated author of the Classical Dictionary, and a fine scholar. He has spent his life, thus far, in the diplomatic and colonial service of Great Britain, and his last sphere of duty was as Secretary of the Bahamas. Omaha ought to erect a university for him, instead of allowing him to deal in dry-goods. He will bring to the town more learning than could now be found in the heads of all its inhabitants.

—As a sample of the elastic material of which the American young man of the period is composed, it may be mentioned that Mr. A. W. DISTOCK, a Wall Street broker, aged about twenty-six, is the owner of about three-fourths of the capital stock (nominally estimated at $4,000,000) of the Atlantic Mail Steamship Company. He is also owner of over $1,000,000 worth of real estate in Elizabeth, New Jersey. During the last two years he has built, on his Elizabeth property, over thirty palatial residences, which, as soon as completed, he has sold to rich young fellows like himself, and has realized large profits on them, besides establishing a delightful colony. He has innumerable other enterprises on hand, which he manages with consummate skill. Five years ago he went to New York, a penniless young clerk, the son of a Baptist clergyman in Nova Scotia. Three years ago he failed for $1,000,000, owing to certain stock losses; but, in the mean time, he has not only retrieved his fortunes and prosecuted his enterprises, but has honorably discharged the debts from whose payment he was legally released. He is very charitable, and has lately built and given to the Baptists of Elizabeth a large and handsome church. He is a man of ideas and literature, and his splendid house at Elizabeth is a resort for poets, authors, wits, and people of genius. At the same time he is as gay and boyish in spirit as in appearance.

—Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, off the stage, is one of the most quiet and diffident of men. Recently he went into a bank to draw a check payable to his order. No one of the clerks recognized the actor in the citizen, and to the demand that he must be identified he could make no satisfactory reply. He looked about the bank, glanced over the "queues" of customers, but saw no familiar face. He turned to the paying-teller, and, in the tones familiar to all New York, said, "If my little dog, Schneider, was here, he would know me." The sentence identified the actor, and every clerk knew him at once—in fact, had known him all the time. JEFFERSON got his money, and the bank was relieved from the dreadful suspicion of having a corps of clerks who do not attend the theatre.

—Good old King WILLIAM, who probably thinks that he is carrying on this war, lives very temperately, rises early, works steadily, dines moderately, and, for a king, deports himself like a sensible man. At dinner only one sort of wine is brought upon the table; Champagne is never seen there except on the occasion of the birthday of a member of the royal family or a princely personage. Only once during the whole campaign was Champagne brought upon the royal table, and that was upon the evening of the 1st of September, after the battle of Sedan. After about half an hour's conversation after dinner the King withdraws to his own room, opens and reads the letters and dispatches that have arrived, and receives persons demanding favors or grace. It is a note-worthy fact that the King never sleeps in the afternoon. From dinner till tea-time the old monarch employs his time in finishing up the odd work of the day, the reading of the *Spener Zeitung*, or important newspaper articles, as well as correspondence with his family, and the dispatch of telegrams. Tea-time comes at nine, when, in the society of invited persons, a pleasant conversation flows freely. After this meal is finished illustrated books are looked through, important newspaper information read aloud, and events and personages of the day are freely discussed. The King does not smoke, as a rule, but in large companies of gentlemen does so. About eleven he withdraws to his room, and works up to about one. All the guests invited to dinner and tea are chosen by the King himself. On days of battle the King rides out early, and occupies a place previously agreed upon, a number of horses being held in readiness for him.

—The new Secretary of the British Legation at Washington, Mr. F. PACKENHAM, is brother of the Earl of Longford, Under-Secretary of War in Mr. DISRAELI'S cabinet, and great-nephew of the first Duchess of Wellington.

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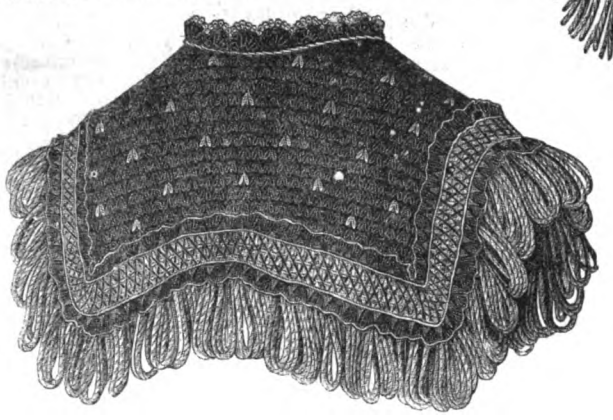
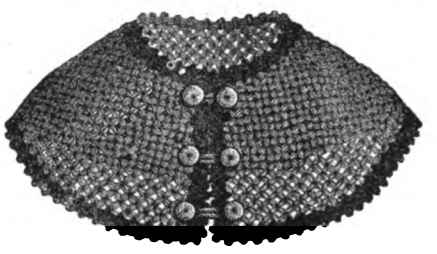
Child's Frame-work Cravat.

THIS cravat consists of a straight piece, which is worked with white worsted, similarly to the border which will be given in the next Number of the *Bazar;* but the rows of swifts must be two inches and two-fifths apart, instead of an inch and a fifth, and the stretched threads must be worked together twice along the middle, instead of once, that the two working threads come two-fifths of an inch apart. Finally, sew on a border worked with gray chinchilla. Buttons and loops with tassels serve to close the cravat. The manner of executing frame-work, and the designs for the borders used in this cravat, will be illustrated and described in the next Number of the *Bazar*.

CROCHET CAPE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 25.



CROCHET AND NETTED COLLAR.—BACK.—[See Fig. 5, Page 29.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 24.



FRAME-WORK CAPE FOR YOUNG GIRL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Fig. 64.

CROCHET AND NETTED COLLAR.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5, Page 29.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 24.

space with the picot. Work the sole with white worsted in single crochet in the shape given by Fig. 61, Supplement, and sew it to the boot. Through the boot, under the revers, pass a worsted cord worked in chain stitch and finished with tassels.

ON CHAIRS.

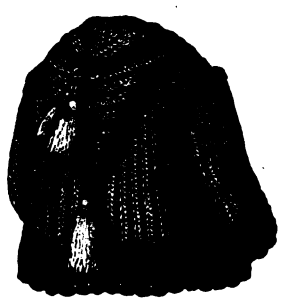
A CHAIR must have been one of the most ancient of inventions. After the use of fire, after the rudest forms of grinding and weaving, something to sit down upon must have presented itself as the next desideratum. But it must not be supposed that a chair was the direct result. As Lord Lytton says, "Man has only given to him, not the immediate knowledge of the perfect, but the means to strive toward the perfect." And he elsewhere observes, "A man must build a hut before he can build a Parthenon."

Sitting on the bare ground is attended by a sensation of damp and other discomforts; a coarsely woven mat, or some approximation to a carpet, would be the first approach to the luxury of a seat. But, in spite of the attitude assumed by the solemn Turk and grave sachem, squatting on the ground must have been felt as wanting in dignity, and a position, therefore, quickly abjured by a people tending toward civilization.

At work in the primeval forest, felling trees and clearing the ground, man may first have experienced the comfort of a raised seat by placing himself on the stump of a tree. But, however eligible this support might be in other respects, it labored under the disadvantage of being immovable. But blocks could be sawed off so as to become movable. A brilliant thought! no sooner conceived than acted upon; and perhaps several generations passed before some great genius hit upon the idea of obviating the cumbersomeness of these heavy, solid blocks, by fastening a piece of plank on three supporters, and producing a three-legged stool. Here was progress; but still something was wanting. The aged hunter or shepherd re-

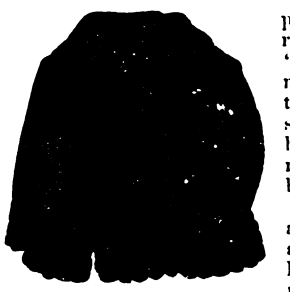
Child's Knitted and Crochet Cravat.

THIS cravat is worked with blue and white zephyr worsted in the manner shown by Fig. 4, page 29. Loops are afterward worked off with blue worsted. Buttons and loops with tassels serve to close the cravat.



KNITTED AND CROCHET SACQUE WITH HOOD FOR CHILD UNDER 2 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.

LADY'S KNITTED AND CROCHET GLOVE WITH CUFF.
For description see Supplement.



KNITTED AND CROCHET SACQUE WITH HOOD FOR CHILD UNDER 2 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

Child's Knitted Boot.

See illustration on page 21.

THIS boot is knit of blue and white worsted. Begin it at the upper edge with a foundation of 44 st. (stitches), and on this knit 30 rounds of alternately 1 k. (knit plain), 1 p. (purl). Now begin the piqué-like design of the foot. First knit one round entirely plain, and then alternately 1 p., t. t. o. (throw the thread over), sl. (slip) the next st. as if to purl it. Knit the next round plain, but do not work off the t. t. o., but let them slip from the needle before working off the st., so that they form loops before the st. Work ten rounds in this manner, but let the figures of the design alternate; that is, in each following round slip the st. (having previously t. t. o.) which was purled in the preceding round. Take the last 4 st. of the 10th round and the first 10 st. of the 11th round on separate needles for the heel, and on these st. work 22 rounds in the piqué design for the heel, always going backward and forward; now cast off these st.; take up the 11 st. on each side edge of the heel, and with these st., and the st. left unnoticed while working the foot, work the upper part of the front of the foot, always going backward and forward; in every second following round knit 1 st. of the gore which is formed by taking up the side stitches of the heel together with 1 st. of the foot. Besides this, work the middle 4 st. of each round so that they appear plain on the right side of the work. After every five rounds work, first, the last two of these 4 st., and then the first 2 st., so that the st. last knit off come on the other 2 st., crossing them, and the 4 st. form a twisted strip. Having used up all the st. of the gore, work 44 rounds more in the same manner, but after the 32d round knit 2 st. together on each side of the work and on each side of the middle strip consisting of 4 st. in every second following round; this narrowing is thus done four times, and leaves in the last round only the 4 st. of the middle strip, which are finally cast off. Now take up the st. of the upper edge of the boot for the revers, and with white worsted work one round entirely plain, and then the 2d round.—Alternately k. 2 st. together, t. t. Repeat these two rounds six times, letting the holes of the design alternate. In working the revers care must be taken that the right side of the revers comes on the outside. Cast off loosely, and with blue worsted work alternately one single crochet, and one picot consisting of 3 chain stitches and one double crochet in the first of these, pass over the requisite

CHILD'S FRAME-WORK CRAVAT.

CHILD'S KNITTED AND CROCHET CRAVAT.
[See Fig. 4, Page 29.]

CHILD'S CROCHET AND KNITTED HOOD.—[See Fig. 4, Page 29.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 49 and 50.

FRAME-WORK MANTELET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 18 and 19.

FRAME-WORK MANTELET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 18 and 19.

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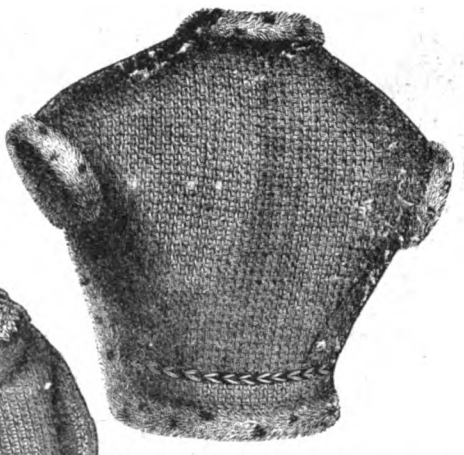
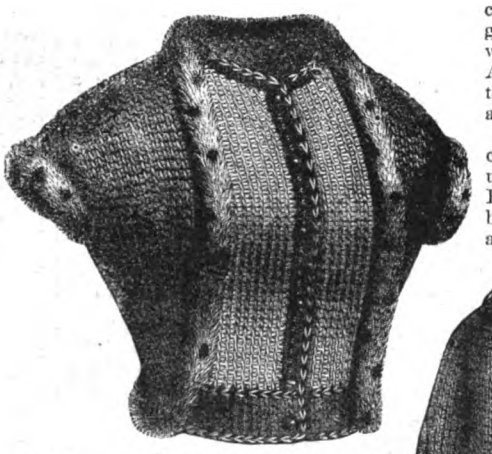


SLEEVELESS JACKET FOR YOUNG GIRL.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 46–48.



SLEEVELESS JACKET FOR YOUNG GIRL.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 46–48.

CROCHET SACQUE WITH HOOD FOR CHILD FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 36–40.

CROCHET SACQUE WITH HOOD FOR CHILD FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 36–40.

CROCHET FROCK FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 31 and 32.

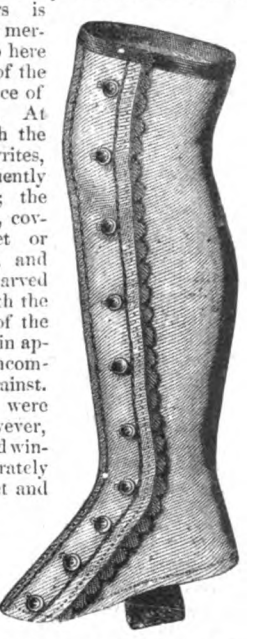
CASHMERE SOCK FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 59–61.

KNITTED BOOT FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.

KNITTED LEGGING FOR CHILD FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.



LEGGING FOR CHILD FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 62 and 63.

KNITTED UNDER-SKIRT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

CROCHET CAPE FOR ELDERLY LADY.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 26.

CROCHET CAPE FOR ELDERLY LADY.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 26.

turned weary from the chase or pasture-ground; he would fain have cast himself down beside his dogs, if he could so far have forfeited the dignity of manhood. He placed his stool so that, seated upon it, he could lean against the wall of the hut; he fell into deep contemplation; suddenly his fatigue left him under the excitement of a new conception. He had found it—the Eureka!—the *ne plus ultra!* He did not send for a carpenter, for political economy was not yet understood, and the advantages of the division of labor were as yet unknown; but he seized his mallet and pegs, affixed an upright back to his stool, and behold, a chair!

The chair now became the patriarchal seat, the *Grosswaterstuhl*, the household throne; and when men for mutual protection, and the facility of exchanging their respective produce, gathered themselves into communities and chose a ruler, he was placed in a chair by the consenting voice of the multitude, as the outward sign and symbol of royalty—a chair upon which all the decorative art which the community could command was lavished, in order to render the throne —θρόνος—a fitting seat for the ruler and lawgiver.—Athenæus tells us that "the word 'thronos,' when taken by itself, is a seat such as is used by freemen, with a foot-stool; the name of which being 'threnos,' they came to call the seat itself 'thronos,'" a word soon applied solely to the chair of sovereigns and prelates: those "whom their great stars throned and set high."

In early days in England, movable chairs were so rare that the only one extant dating earlier than the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century is the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey: "*chaises dormantes*," as they were called, being universally used in hall and bower.

In those days cabinet-makers and upholsterers were unknown. Each lord or baron maintained his own handicraftsmen, and the necessary articles of furniture were made on the spot by the carpenter. Rude fixed benches were ranged along the sides of the hall, and before these were placed the tables, only one side of which was occupied, as we see in Da Vinci's picture of the "Last Supper," and others. The open space in the centre of the hall was left free for the performances of minstrels, jongleurs, etc. At the end was the raised dais, where stood the chair of state whereon sat the lord of the mansion. These chairs were usually surmounted by a canopy, often richly decorated with carving. There is an inventory of furniture taken in 1466, in which is mentioned "a chair of tymbre of astate, covered with blue cloth of gold, and four pomells of copper." A "case of lether thereto" is very properly added. In the ladies' bower movable chairs were as little known—the place occupied by the high-born dame and her maidens, when engaged in their interminable tapestry-work, being the broad window seat.

Here we have an idea of an active age, one little given to sitting still. There came a time, however, when power of brain came to be respected as well as power of muscle. Italy and France led the way; England followed in the wake; and we are not surprised to find, as a consequence, that some improvement was made in the rude seats of earlier days. In the latter part of the fourteenth century cushions began to find favor in the houses of the great, and the want of workmanship in the chairs was concealed by pieces of tapestry called dorsars. Among the crown jewels of Edward III. are mentioned a dorsar and a bankar, embroidered with the arms of the Black Prince and John of Gaunt.

Folding chairs were also now introduced; a great convenience, enabling those accustomed to such luxuries to carry them about whithersoever they went. But still the more luxurious seats could only have been in partial use; for Sir J. Harrington, writing about the year 1597, asks why it would not as well become the state of the chamber to have "easye quilted and lyned forms and stools for the lords and ladyes to sit on, as great plank forms that two yeomen can scant remove out of the places, and waynscot stools so hard that, since great breeches were laid aside, men can scant endeur to sitt on." It appears from this that the *chaises dormantes* were superseded by movable benches. He goes on to say that the fashion of cushioned chairs is taken up in every merchant's house; so here we find a trace of the rise into importance of the middle class. At the time in which the worthy knight writes, chairs were frequently much decorated; the seats were broad, covered with velvet or stamped leather, and the backs richly carved in wood, often with the heraldic device of the owner; dignified in appearance but uncomfortable to lean against. Loose cushions were now in use, however, both for chairs and window seats, elaborately wrought in velvet and pearl, or satin embroidered in colors, and edged with gold and silver lace, or fringe.

After the fifteenth century a great change took place in the manners of the people. The great hall of the castle was no longer the place of assembly for the baron and his retainers; the latter were now becoming independent, and sat at home. As the middle and lower classes rose in importance, artificers established themselves to supply their wants, and the manufacture of furniture became a separate business.

By the following century the number of manufactories and shops must have increased incalculably. Even the great ones of the earth began to find it more convenient to purchase arti-

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cles than to have them made at home. The Duchess of Orleans, as we find by an entry of expenses of this date, bought of John of Troyes "a chair for her chamber, the four legs of which were painted vermilion, with a cover on which were depicted dogs and birds, and other devices, and garnished with a fringe of soy."

A chair was then a personal possession, and was frequently bequeathed by will. Hence came the saying, "As common as a barber's chair;" that is, a chair on which every one sits. One of Shakspeare's clowns speaks of a "barber's chair" that "fits all."

Chairs of luxurious form, stuffed and cushioned, came in with the lax morals and effeminate manners of the later Stuarts, and were displaced again by the more precise and punctilious, if not more virtuous, age succeeding—the age of narrow seats and high, carved, upright, wooden backs; chairs inseparably connected in idea with powdered wigs and stiff hoops, with low bows and courtesies, with ceremonious observances and elaborate compliments. Even the irreverent youth of the present day could scarcely describe a lady seated with outspread skirts and folded arms, bolt upright in one of those triumphs of the cabinet-maker's art, as a "jolly old soul" or a "stunning girl."

"There is nothing new under the sun," saith the preacher. At the period known in art language as the Renaissance, the modern European was struck with the idea of going about in chairs. About the year 1581 covered chairs, slung on poles, were invented at Sedan, whence the name of these conveyances.

The word "chair" is said to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *cyran*, to turn, to turn about, and is properly a chair seat, or *chaer* seat; that is, a seat that can be turned at pleasure. But whence comes the superstition that turning the chair two or three times round is a sign that a quarrel will ensue with the persons present? Is it inferred that a man must be in an evil temper already before he performs so very unnecessary a revolution—the turpitude of quarreling with one's seat being next in enormity to quarreling with one's bread and butter? or, as the witches went about the caldron in their incantations, is twirling a chair round provocative of the demon of discord?

Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of our ancestors, the results of modern improvement in the construction of chairs are too palpable to be ignored. How far the universal indulgence in lounging-chairs is connected with the prevalence of slang and of freedom of manners, is a question for philosophers; but it is to be feared that even the wisest among them would not be an impartial judge in the cause; as who is he so self-denying as not to yield to the open-armed attractions of an easy-chair?

THE PRICE OF HITTY'S WEDDING GOWN.

IT was nothing very costly, you would say, if I were to go up into the attic at the old Hull place, and push aside a dozen boxes or more, and open a chest of drawers, smelling of herbs and must, and pull out the precious stuff, letting it shimmer across your lap, and ripple along the dusty garret floor. How it would light up the dinginess of the spot as if a stray sunbeam had fallen there! But, for all that, it was only a dollar silk in those days when silks were cheap, and there has never a needle been put to it! There it lies, folded away from the pleasant daylight, with poor Hitty's heart crushed in the folds perhaps.

Hitty's father had been a doctor in those parts, you see. He had spent his life at the beck and call of all sorts of diseases, and when he died left precious little but a parcel of outlawed accounts against his neighbors. Well, after he was gone, they managed to get along by dint of pinching industriously. Hitty took a school, and the mother took in needle-work; and sometimes the wood was out, and sometimes the flour, and nothing was at any time very much in. But the most aggravating part of all was, when the very people whom Dr. Hull had brought into the world, or snatched back from the other world, and who hadn't so much as thanked him for it, gave her the cut direct, turned the cold shoulder upon her, or sent in a basket of sour grapes or garden-stuff, as if to some poor pensioner. It was enough to make the blood boil with indignation, and her father's unreceipted bills crying out against them. If they paid their honest debts, she should need nothing more from their hoards; it was enough to provoke a saint, this receiving gifts in the place of justice! Well, when you hold a bad hand it's no use to complain; it only shows your adversary your weak points; and so, when the towns-people drove by in their fine turn-outs, covering poor Hitty with the dust of their chariot wheels, or filled their houses with guests, all their windows blazing with light, letting out a flood of music from every open casement, though Hitty's heart ached with the wide contrast, empty of all youthful joys itself, still she made no murmur. Life was before her where to choose; in the eternal round of the years who knew what might happen to her, even to her, Hitty Hull, whose best gown was coarse black bombazine just now, but who might yet dress in cloth of gold, and move in court circles?

But, among all her wants, Hitty had one possession that brightened the common day, and made life richer and destiny more complete. Hitty had her hero. He had won her heart years ago, when she went to the district school, and when he was one of the big boys on the back seat. He had stroked her soft hair, and called her a "pretty baby," on their first acquaintance, and when she had been on the point of receiving a feruling for some mischief, of which she was innocent, he had stepped out from among the other giggling boys, and had held out his brown hand and taken the punishment in her place. Nobody remembered the circumstance but Hitty; nobody had made much account of it; but, from that day, Martin Harkness had stepped upon his throne—but we know that sometimes thrones crumble, and crowns dissolve like a dream.

Later in life, when he sang off her book at the choir-meeting, her heart beat so as to choke her voice. Then, when the meeting broke up, and the lights were put out, and he had drawn her shivering little arm into his own, and half carried her over the mud-puddles to leave her at her father's door, her triumphant heart kept up its jubilate enough to keep her wide awake all night: she couldn't get a wink of sleep for living over the blessed experience, and wondering if it would ever happen again. But it never did happen again for years. Martin Harkness had other flames; he played at love with half the girls in the place before Hitty had put up her hair and lengthened her skirts. But for all that he remained her hero, on the dais where fortune had raised him. By-and-by, however, "he simmered down," as the neighbors said; he threw aside his gay ways, and settled into a thrifty, hard-working farmer, on the homestead old James Harkness had left—a well-kept place, "worth its weight in gold and doubloons," the country people swore.

"He's a mighty rich young fellow," said Squire Blunt one day to Hitty, having overtaken her walking home from school, and given her a lift in his team. They had passed Martin driving a load of hay to market, which gave rise to the remark. "He's a mighty rich young fellow, Miss Hitty; but lor' bless you, don't ever set your heart on him! *his* heart's as hard as a nether millstone for any thing but money." Hitty colored to the roots of her golden-brown hair; all her pulses beat angrily; how she detested Squire Blunt just then! She had half a mind to ask him to set her down where they were, and to trudge home alone. It hurt her to be indebted to his kindness when he flung hard words at her hero. "Yes," he pursued, "Martin's worth a matter of fifty thousand, I reckon. But nobody would suspect it to see him carting about in homespun and overalls. He sticks to the farm like a burr so long as there's a cent to be made off it. Bless you, won't his wife have a hard row of it when he gets one? He'd think it a crying sin to spend for a silk gown, and a piano would lie on his conscience as heavily as mince-pie on his stomach. He's got the old Harkness ways—as close as the bark of a tree. Now I'll wager something that they don't use white sugar up there, and that they *do* boil molasses into the coffee at that. They send all the poultry to market. Gracious! I don't believe Martin's pulled a wish-bone these ten years. All their best cuts of beef and pork travel after the poultry; and now that onions are so high, I guess you'd as soon catch them smothering themselves as their onions!"

"Mr. Blunt, I guess I'll get out here."

"Get out! Bless me, you aren't half-way home, and I never do things by halves."

"Not even slander your neighbors," thought Hitty; then, "I might call at Mrs. Rine's, and inquire for her sick child."

"Nonsense. I saw the child making mud pies this morning, as well as you are. You'd better keep straight on;" and the Squire whipped up his nag, and *kept straight on.*

"Yes, Martin's real Harkness. I came near being one myself. I thank my stars for the escape. You see, his grandfather courted my mother, but went back on her when he found she hadn't a dower. They're old Scotch stock. Old Jim used to be called 'Little Harkness,' though he was a great strapping fellow that could throw a man in a trice. They'd rather bury a sixpence than give it away. No, Martin 'll never marry; it costs too much; a wife's too great a luxury for him! Why, you have to pay the parson a matter of five dollars to begin with! Martin 'll never marry, not he."

"I suppose not," said Hitty, feeling obliged to say something, and not wishing the Squire to suppose that she wanted Martin to marry; "he doesn't seem to fancy any one," and she sighed, involuntarily.

"I suppose, now, he might fancy a woman made of gold. I don't know, though. I saw him looking pretty hard at *you*, Hitty, in meeting yesterday."

"At me!" and she almost lost her balance through surprise. "It must have been a mistake."

"Well, I had my glasses on; and Mr. Metre, he was at tenthly, or thereabouts, and Martin hadn't taken his eyes off you once."

It didn't occur to Hitty that the Squire had followed Martin's example.

"Seems to me," she said, "you didn't pay much attention—"

"I can tell you the text, though: It's as hard for a rich man to enter heaven as it is for the camel to go through the eye of a needle. And I thought Martin rather winced under it.

"I don't know why he should," returned Hitty, vindicating her hero at last; "he's as likely to go to heaven as any of us."

"Hum! I shouldn't wonder now if you and Martin had a hankering for each other! But mark my word, Miss Hitty, school-teaching is idleness compared to living at the Harkness farm, where it's one continual scrimping-day. Now, remember, I warned you."

"Thank you for nothing but the drive home," said Hitty; "you've thrown your warning to the winds, for I have no need of it."

"Just like you girls, headstrong as the deuce. But I've done *my* duty."

And then Hitty up and told him how Martin had suffered her punishment for her when they were children. "And I think you must be mistaken," she pursued, "for such generous impulses could not have their source in a narrow nature. And then, the boy is father to the man."

"Oh, but you see, meanness is bred in the bone; I don't know if he can help it; but it's like the measles—they don't show till the third day, you know. There's a sort of goodness goes along with youth; but by-and-by nature gets the upper hand, the old Adam takes hold on him, and he's just as much of a skinflint as his fathers before him. Bless you, a boy doesn't mind a feruling any more than the hiccoughs; and very likely, in your case, it belonged to him."

But they were all words thrown away; there was no such thing as prejudicing Hitty against Martin; Squire Blunt was not the only one who tried his hand at it unwittingly. It was notorious with the gossips that he passed by subscription-papers, and looked askance at the contribution-box, and was always ready with his taxes in season to save the per cent.

"Which is certainly a virtue," thought Hitty.

And then did he not sell his produce at an extortionate advance? Did he entertain any company, or give to the poor? And did he not wear plain clothes and live on plain fare? But nothing could move Hitty's stubborn little heart to join issue against him; it he so much as dropped her a smile and a nod from the church porch, it was largesse enough to cover a multitude of sins. Was it not really lending to the poor, this giving to Hitty, who gathered so few smiles by the way?

One winter somebody sent Hitty a cord of wood and a barrel of red apples, "unbeknownst," as the widow Drew said. But Hitty put them down to Martin's account without a question. Christmas morning the postman brought her an envelope containing a fifty-dollar bill—nothing else. St. Valentine's Day brought the duplicate.

"The tide is turning," said Hitty, scanning the handwriting of the direction, and deciding in favor of Martin again, for no particular reason but that she wanted to believe in him. Let the gossips have their say; *she* was convinced. No doubt he seemed mean to them, because he did not choose to give in their way, nor through the public channels, to be known of men. It took very little to make Hitty your friend, but a great deal to make her your enemy, and these benefits from a generous donor were no trifles to her in those days. And then, when one has a hero, it is so pleasant to keep him, so natural to fight for him, to pour out the heart's best blood in defense of his name and kingdom. Moreover, Martin was on the school committee, and had been instrumental in securing her present position; and when he came in his homespun, and took a chair in the dingy little school-room, its narrow walls seemed opening out upon fair prospects, full of sunshine and singing birds. It was the very room where they had studied together in childhood; he had taken her feruling from the very platform where she sat; his name glorified a dozen or less of the wooden desks below. When school was dismissed, and he yet lingered in the empty, echoing place, while she arranged her books and put on hat and shawl, she reminded him of that dead and gone summer afternoon, and the vicarious punishment.

"Did *I* do that?" he questioned, almost as much surprised at himself as she had been, and greatly pleased withal. "Are you sure it was I? I wish it was to do over again!" he said, coming quite near, and resting a hand on her arm.

"Why? Would you do it again?"

"A thousand times!" he replied, bending still nearer, till their shadows on the old foot-worn floor met and mingled into one; then he drew back hastily, shook his head irresolutely, took up his hat, and was off with a cool good-night.

"And they call him mean and ungenerous," thought Hitty, slowly folding her shawl about her, and thinking only of the "thousand times" he would suffer for her, of the beaming face that but a moment since had been so near; and thinking not at all of his sudden change of manner, dazed as she was with gratitude and hero-worship.

It would seem as if Martin were possessed of a secret anxiety respecting Hitty; he had a trick of regarding her wistfully, and then turning away with a shake of his head, pretty much as one might turn away from a piece of finery too costly to be thought of, but tempting and dazzling to an insupportable degree.

Hitty passed by one morning as he was repairing a fence on his place. He dropped every thing and waylaid her. Taking her hand, he asked, "You are getting along pretty well, Hitty, are you? School-teaching isn't much like drudgery, is it?"

"Only try it, Sir," said she.

"You'd like farm-work better, maybe? or to be a fine lady?"

"I should try to be a fine lady any where."

"I've been wondering how it would seem to a poor girl to be brought suddenly into the midst of plenty; if she'd forget all her thrifty and economical ways, and spend like water, and bear witness to the old proverb of a begger on horseback? What do you think, Hitty?"

"It would depend a great deal upon her natural disposition, I think," said Hitty, innocently, without a thought of applying it. "And, you know, the very poor are the worst economists in the world; they have nothing to practice upon. But there are others who have to learn how to make both ends meet with a vengeance. Economy is a trade with them—a necessity of life. It is economize or die."

"Till it has become second nature, eh?"

"Yes. I doubt if ever I should be able to spend money as freely as I might have done if I had never been in want—that is, if I ever get it to spend. A dollar seems to me a great deal larger than when father was alive, and dollars came easier."

"May I call for you when school is out?" Martin asked then, leaning against the broken paling, and beaming upon her.

"If you will," said Hitty, beaming back upon him; and then she went on to her work, and forgot that she had called it drudgery. And when five o'clock drew down, and the children put away their books and sang their evening song, and the shadows began to creep in and nestle in the corners of the room, it seemed to Hitty, sitting there and expecting any moment to see Martin's handsome face parting the gloom, as if the discords of her life were resolving themselves into sudden melody. Only Hitty and the pale afternoon-moon knew what happened that evening on the way home, but the next day all the world knew that Hitty had won her hero. The next thing was to keep him a hero.

"She'll eat bitter bread all her days," said Squire Blunt; "but I warned her."

However, this St. Martin's summer of Hitty's life was to be as brief as beautiful. They were to be married immediately, and some unknown friend—was it Martain again?—sent her a hundred dollars for her outfit. Smile, little bride, with your five thousand dollar trousseau, but the brides of that day were as happy as you, Hitty among them; and nothing would do but she must go down to New York and spend her money.

"Better put it by for a rainy day," suggested Martin; "I can afford to dress you."

"I'm not going to have any more rainy days," said Hitty; "they're all going to be sunshiny."

And so she had her way. It wasn't every day that one had a hundred dollars to spend according to fancy. Of course Martin went with her, to keep her from getting cheated or robbed; to keep her from under the horses' heels, he said. "To keep the purse-strings taut," said Squire Blunt. Well, Hitty, who had never done any shopping worth speaking about, and who thought that a hundred dollars would reach round the world, was fairly befogged, and quite lost her bearings before the tempting display and the fine address of the shopmen. Indeed, she often found that she had bought an article she had no need of. First it was a bonnet like a dream of frost-work; then it was a shawl, where palm leaves and ferns kept a perpetual summer; a sun-shade, bought for the sake of its richly carved stem; bronze slippers, with rosettes like flowers; two silver butterflies for ear-rings; gloves from Paris—and here Hitty paused, for whenever the bill was presented Martin drew out his purse and paid the amount. This was not what she had come for; the money in her porte-monnaie would never get spent at this rate.

"You are too generous, Martin," she said. "You must remember that I have a hundred dollars of my own for this particular purpose."

"And you must remember that a hundred dollars will not last forever."

"I think it will, if you keep on," she replied.

They went to their hotel then to dine. She wanted nothing now but her wedding dress. Indeed, Martin thought that even that had been purchased when he had paid for a white muslin, as befitted Mirtlethorpe and a farmer's bride. But perhaps success had turned poor Hitty's head just a little, or perhaps she simply meant to do honor to her hero, for she had set her silly heart upon a lovely silk in a shop window, which seemed the very embodiment of sunshine; and so, while Martin looked at his papers, paid his bill, and calculated his expenses perhaps, she stole out alone and bought the silk overshot with gold—for had not the hundred dollars been designed for this purpose, and should she return home with it unbroken in her purse?

"Where have you been?" her lover asked, when she came back to him, flushed and happy.

"I've been out to spend my money, Sir. I'm not to be diverted, you see. What's money good for but to spend? It burned a hole in my pocket, and behold the flame!" unrolling the dazzling silk before him. "My wedding gown!"

"Put it away," he said; "the stage is ready to start. A minute more and you would have lost it."

"But isn't it lovely? And it only cost—"

"It cost more than it came to, I'll wager," said Martin, gathering their parcels.

"Now, really, Martin, it is worth the price."

"I'm glad you think so," he answered, helping her into the stage. "There, you'll reach home all right. I've given you in charge of the driver. Take care of your bundles."

"Why! are you not going too?"

"No; I've decided to stop down here overnight. The fact is, I've met a man who wants to trade in wool. I've got a quantity on hand I'd like to sell, and I want to make a good bargain. So I shall stay and have a talk with him. You will hear from me to-morrow. You are not afraid to go alone, are you?"

"Oh no," leaning out, with her large, hungry eyes fixed upon him; "only—you will kiss me good-night?"

"Before all these people, Hitty?"

"What do we care for these people?"

So he kissed her good-night, and the stage rolled away toward Mirtlethorpe. It was the last time he ever kissed her.

He had said she should hear from him to-morrow, and he kept his word. And this was how she heard, pausing in the act of showing her mother the wedding gown—pausing with its shining folds falling across her arm to read:

"DEAR HITTY,—I want you to keep all the fal-lals you bought yesterday as a gift from a friend who wishes you well. But I begin to see that you and I don't understand each other; that, in short, you wouldn't make the wife I want. I confess that I expected to find you more economical, and proof against finery and nonsense, considering your bringing up. I shall never marry now; and though I fancied I loved you—"

"You love your money better—a thousand times better," sobbed Hitty, throwing the letter into the fire, in order that nobody should ever

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see it; for though her hero had fallen, nobody should know from what height nor to what depth. And so she folded the precious silk, and hid it away in a chest of drawers in the attic.

And so, you see, the price of Hitty's wedding gown was a broken heart and a broken idol.

How the Mirtlethorpe people gossiped about the affair! They called Martin more hard names than he deserved, seeing that it was his nature to love filthy lucre; and they didn't spare Hitty either.

"So she got nipped in the bud, did she?" they cried; "she thought she had the Bank of England to draw upon? It's a burning shame, and it serves her right."

As for Martin, no doubt but he was well satisfied with the conclusion, for he received the cool nods of his neighbors with perfect indifference, and he told Squire Blunt that he had made up his mind no woman should waste *his* substance; not one was to be trusted with money; and that marriage resembled a hen-coop, where all those inside were scratching to get out, and all those outside were scratching to get in.

"You've had a narrow escape," said the provoking Squire, "and I suppose *you* haven't come off without a scratch or two?"

"No. I was disappointed in Hitty. I confess it gave me a pang to find how mistaken I'd been in her."

"And I'll be bound you never thought of Hitty's pangs!" cried the Squire.

"Oh, I dare say she's sorry enough to lose such a chance to indulge her love of finery, and spend without stint."

"And *you*, Sir, lost the best woman you ever dreamed of, as well as the best bargain. Hitty will be the richest woman in Mirtlethorpe!"

"The richest, Squire? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Hitty looks the image of her aunt Hitty. You may have heard how I was once sweet on Hitty Ferguson. It's a sweetness that's lasted me all my lifetime, and will follow me into the next world, I trust. Well, you see, I'm an old man, without so much as a child to love or leave; but I've got a pretty sum of money, and when I made my will three years ago I willed it *all* to Hitty Hull!"

I wish I could say that, years after, when Hitty's wound was but a scar, the real hero, splendid as the Fairy Prince, came that way, and that Hitty found her heart was only "sleeping, and not dead," which might have been the case but that he never came. When Squire Blunt was gathered to his fathers Hitty fell heir, greatly to her surprise. She gave up her school then, remodeled the old Hull place, drove in her carriage, and remembered the poor.

But she never got the hungry look out of her face, which demanded more than wealth could give—the price of her wedding gown!

CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, *January*, 1871.

DEAR BAZAR,—Nowhere in Christendom is the holiday season better observed than here at the national metropolis of Uncle Sam. The Catholic Cavaliers who founded Maryland, and the Episcopal "first families" who settled Virginia, brought with them those traditionary festivities which were excluded from Puritan immigrant vessels, and carefully have they been handed down to their descendants hereabouts. Yule logs are burned in old mansions which retain their capacious fire-places; bands of maskers go the grand rounds of their acquaintances; rare old china bowls are filled with egg-nog or apple-toddy; the little people are made glad by presents; and late in the night the freed-people perambulate the streets, chanting hymns, the rude, wild notes of which float far on the frosty air. Christmas was the great holiday of these citizens before the Fifteenth Amendment, and they appear to enjoy it the more now that they are constitutionally entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." And so we all welcomed Christmas here, as a hoary old bacchanal with a face radiant with smiles, who came wearing his snow-white cloak embroidered quaintly with frost-work. *Pax vobiscum.*

New-Year's Day was celebrated in French and in Knickerbocker style combined, forming a delightful sequel to our Anglo-Saxon Christmas week. Few streets in Paris could boast a more fascinating display of *étrennes* than our Pennsylvania Avenue; and at the White House—as was the custom at the Tuileries in peaceful days gone by—the public functionaries came in state to pay their respects. First came the Diplomatist Corps, headed by its senior member, old Baron Gerolt, of Prussia, and all wonderfully attired in court dresses (except the representative of republican France) with stars and ribbons and swords—the ministers from the most insignificant powers displaying the most gold-lace and embroidery. Then came the Justices of the Supreme Court, in their black robes—a venerable looking set of men, among whom all missed the imposing form of Chief Justice Chase, detained at a distance by illness. Then went in what some one naughtily called the "armory and knavery" men, in uniform, and with these bureau officers of both services, who "never set a squadron in the field" or heard a shotted gun fired, were the heroes of our recent war, afloat and ashore. The civil service followed, and then the doors were thrown open to the people, who for two hours swept past their Chief Magistrate in a living tide. All these did President Grant graciously receive, grimly and passively, with an occasional gleam of recognition from his grayish-blue eyes, as some old comrade or trusted political friend wished him a "Happy New-Year."

From the White House the visitors, of high and low degree, went in different directions to pay visits of ceremony and then of friendship. Messieurs les Diplomats, of course, called first on Mrs. Secretary Fish, who, with her staff of younger ladies, and her sumptuous refreshment-table, sustained the honor of her native city; and then they paid their respects to Senator Sumner, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, whose exquisitely furnished house, with its rare works of art, is surpassed by few private residences in Europe—alas! that its occupant should just now be so sad at heart. The illness of Mrs. Secretary Belknap prevented the army men from calling there, but they went out to pay their respects to the affable Mrs. General Sherman and her charming daughter, and then they said good-by to Mrs. General Williams (once Mrs. Douglas), who must soon start for Fort Leavenworth, where her husband is to be stationed. The wearers of anchor-buttons, including the staff officers of the marine corps, with their spurs, enjoyed a glass of Secretary Robeson's unequaled sherry, after which some called on Admiral Porter at his splendid new house, and wished him well in his time of trouble, while others "passed by on the other side." And when these, with other visits of ceremony, had been paid, there was a general calling all round, leaving of cards in the hall, wishing the receiving ladies the happiest of happy new-years, partaking of refreshment, bowing out, and then repeating—like a New York voter. Indeed, as night approached, it was doubtful whether many of the younger callers could tell the difference—as they said—between egg-toddy and apple-nog, and some vocally declared that they wouldn't go home till morning, yet were asleep before midnight.

Passing thus through the portal of the temple of Janus, with a glance backward into 1870, we enter 1871; and after the holidays, *on dit*, the legislators at the capitol are to go to work in good earnest. What a pity it is that, with all their Congressional committees, there can not be a *Committee of Conciliation*, which would hear and heal all political jealousies! With such a tribune we might have been spared the encounter between Schurz, with his Saladin cimeter of sarcastic invective, and Drake, who pounded away, like Richard the Lion-hearted, with his battle-axe arguments, as they fought their Missouri battles over again in the Senate.

But a truce to politics. On Tuesday, the 10th, Mrs. Grant is to inaugurate "the season" by an afternoon reception, and there will be one thenceforth on each Tuesday afternoon until and including February 21, after which the solemn chimes of Lent will put a stop to fashionable gayety. At these afternoon receptions no one is excluded, but there is not that miscellaneous crowd which one sees, and feels also, at an evening reception. Mrs. Grant, her daughter, Miss Nellie, and the ladies of the Cabinet, do the honors, in full dress, and nearly all of the lady visitors are in what may be termed opera costume. Heretofore, when the ladies of the legations have been able to receive charming dresses from Paris in the dispatch-bags, they have eclipsed every one else at these *matinées*, but this year we have rumors of some wardrobes gotten up in New York that are to create a sensation.

The President's receptions, open to "all the world and the rest of mankind" (as good General Taylor said in his message), will be held once a fortnight during the season, when there will be the usual maelstrom of humanity circling through the saloons of the White House to the music of the marine band. Four state dinners are to be given, at which the Cabinet, the Judiciary, the Diplomatic Corps, and the leading Congressmen are to be entertained, with their ladies, thirty at a time. But the old plan of dining and wining the Senators, Representatives, and Delegates, with their wives, daughters, sisters, and cousins, taking their names alphabetically from the Congressional Directory, is to be discontinued.

Secretaries Fish and Delano, and Postmaster-General Creswell will also give large dinner-parties, and the leading diplomats will expend the amount of "table-money" allowed them. Lady Thornton's dinners are admirably served; Madame Catacazy treats her guests to genuine Russian cookery; and Madame Garcia substitutes at the Argentine Legation evening entertainments, with amateur singing. Then we are expecting dancing-parties at the houses of some of the domiciliated Congressmen; and the more wealthy citizens, somewhat troubled by the threats of removing the seat of government, talk about opening their houses for fashionable gatherings.

Although very, very few hereabouts would trouble Arlington, that city of the dead, where so many thousands of those who died that the republic might live sleep their last sleep, there is much sympathy for Mrs. Robert E. Lee. She was the daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, who was the grandson of Mrs. General Washington, and the ward—but no blood relation—of the Father of his Country. Mrs. Lee inherited the Arlington estate from her father, and with it his opposition to nullification; and it was with regret that she followed her husband into Dixie in 1861. Thirty years ago, when she moved in society here as the belle of Arlington, she was elegant and attractive, with great personal charms and affability of manners. Those who have seen her recently say that she is much changed in personal appearance, having been so afflicted with rheumatism of late years that she has to be wheeled about in a chair. Notwithstanding this affliction, she is a most agreeable old lady, conversing on the current topics of the day with great intelligence, and never repining. She is devotedly cared for by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. W. H. F. Lee, who was a Miss Bolling, of the old Pocahontas stock, always famed for beauty and commanding figure.

We have had some very clever performances of "Martha" by an amateur troupe and orchestra, for charitable purposes, and they are now rehearsing another opera. Mrs. General Sherman and some of her Catholic friends were very successful with a charity fair, and the friends of the French are endeavoring to follow her example, under the leadership of Madame De Chambrun, a grand-daughter of Lafayette. The New Englanders had a very successful "Pilgrim-supper" at the Congregational church's hall, but there was one at a second-class hotel, followed by a dance, that was a prosy affair. But the most enjoyable of these public reunions was one given by the Israelites, and graced by the luxurious beauties of the sect, wearing rare gems, who attracted much admiration.

And so we enter upon the New Year, which will, I hope, prove as pleasant to every reader as is the new, smooth wooden pavement on Pennsylvania Avenue to every one who has the good fortune to ride over it. RACONTEUR.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HOLIDAY shopping never went on more briskly than it did during December of 1870. The fine weather, which lasted beyond the hopes of the most sanguine, contributed greatly to this result. Snow-clouds gathered often in the sky, only to be dissipated by the sun; the cold winds commenced many a gale, but Æolus relented, and recalled his messengers into his cave; and so an unwonted number of bright, beautiful days were given, which ladies and children, and, we venture to say, gentlemen also, fully improved. Broadway seemed crowded as never before. If any one, not on pleasure intent, chanced to desire a quick passage through this great thoroughfare at mid-day—alas for him! It was a work of time and patience to thread one's way through throngs of ladies and children—all eagerly gazing into the attractive shop windows. Fortunately, almost every body is good-humored about the time of Christmas and New-Year's. If this were not so, what a miserable time we should have, not only in the streets, but especially in shops, where patience is a virtue indeed, both in clerks and customers! But now the rush and hurry of shopping have reached their climax, and will gradually subside to their ordinary level.

During the war France has invented four new death-dealing instruments; the Marekderberg *mitrailleuse*, which fires 250 balls a minute; the Montigny, throwing 480; the Durant steam *mitrailleuse*, which discharges no fewer than 4500 in the same time; and the "Foucheuse," or "Mower," which is alleged to work without noise, smoke, or fire, to have a range of 500 yards, and to cost only thirty-five francs, with all needful ammunition for firing three hundred projectiles. Moreover, there are several kinds of shells which scatter death wherever they fall with horrible effect; and a new rocket, whose results are so shocking as well to merit the appellation given it—"Satan rocket."

Near Sulphur Springs, in Texas, there recently occurred one of those mysterious phenomena known as a "shower of blood." The shower was of brief duration, but the appearance of blood remained upon grass and leaves for more than an hour. Showers of snakes, frogs, and lizards have been several times reported from different localities in the country.

It is worth while for those who do not live close by markets to know that oysters may be kept fresh, and even fatted, by placing the convex side of the shell downward in a vessel of salt-water. Some add Indian or oat meal to fatten them. Every day the water must be turned off and the operation repeated. If the shells are not clean, they should previously be washed. They should be kept in a cool place, but not allowed to freeze. Five or six ounces of salt to a gallon of water is considered sufficient. A tablespoonful is about one ounce. To ascertain if the oyster is alive, as soon as the shell is opened, touch it gently with your knife, and it will contract.

The next total eclipse of the sun will occur in the year 1887, and, according to the calculations of astronomers, the circumstances for witnessing it will not be nearly so favorable as they were on the occasion of the eclipse of December 22, 1870.

The beautiful trees of the Bois de Boulogne are being converted into charcoal for cooking purposes, while the parks and forests all about Paris furnish fire-wood for the Germans.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes from Versailles some curious items concerning the French. He says that between the Versaillaise and the Prussians, who are quartered in almost every dwelling-house, many strong friendships have sprung up. Pet names are given to the soldiers, and they assist in the household drudgery like members of the family. "Auguste and Heinrich go to Orleans to-morrow morning," said the landlady of one hotel. "It's a burning shame to send such handsome boys as that to be slaughtered. I feel as if they were my sons;" and the old lady really looked disconsolate. "Dear me!" said she again, "when the Prussians are gone, it will be so lonesome at Versailles."

The Prussians bow not only to the charms, but to the authority, of the French serving-maids. Scenes of the following fashion are reported: Some evening half a dozen stalwart fellows enter a hotel parlor, or even a room in a private house. In hearty German style they begin to clamor, "Madame, here! attention! a bed! a light! some supper!" Enter the beautiful house-maid, and withers them with a glance. "Silence, you noisy dragoons! You, the large one with the white cap, take your sword off and sit down. Silence, all of you!" Cowed and overwhelmed, although not understanding a word, the hungry fellows sit motionless, not daring to stir. When she finds time she serves them, and they stammer rough excuses. But she does not allow them for a moment to presume on their quality of invaders.

The various galleries of paintings and artists' studios present unusual attractions at this holiday season. The *standard* galleries, long well known to the public, are daily thronged, and many beautiful paintings are now on exhibition. Among the studios of our city that of Mr. Farrer, 845 Broadway, is worthy of special attention just now. Mr. Farrer has recently returned from Europe, where he was most industriously occupied during two years in painting in oil and water-colors. He has made fine copies of several of Turner's pictures—a matter of interest to many, since Turner's paintings are rare in this country, either originals or copies. Mr. Farrer has also a large number of beautiful water-colored sketches made in Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe. All these, as well as several fine original paintings in oil, will bear close inspection; and the artist has a genial way of imparting information about places and things represented, that adds much to the pleasure of a visit to his studio.

We see it stated in English papers that Miss Garrett intends to exercise her right to preside over the first meeting of the London School Board.

The Princess Louise does not usually accept presents, it is said; but an exception has been made (owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case) in reference to a shawl, the work of a blind girl in the Edinburgh Blind Asylum.

Anuradjapura, a city in the interior of Ceylon, has the honor of containing the oldest tree in the world. It is called the Bo-Tree. The Rev. J. I. Jones, who has made a missionary tour in Ceylon, says that it was planted in its present position before the coming of Christ, and still flourishes, bearing few marks of great age. It has been time after time banked up, and now occupies a place considerably above the level ground, being approached by several terraces. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and is guarded with great care, no one being permitted to break a branch or even pluck a leaf.

The new street through the City Hall Park, north of the site of the new post-office, is exceedingly popular, and greatly relieves the pressure of travel in that vicinity. There is a good prospect, also, that when another spring arrives the Park itself will have been wonderfully improved. At this season it is almost impossible for the real attractiveness of the plans of the commissioners to be perceived or understood.

The French refugees in Brussels number about thirty-seven thousand. Most of these families have relatives among the killed, captured, or missing, but they never utter a complaint or sigh for them, carrying the absence of sentimentality to apparent stoicism. They have unshakable confidence in the future of France. A balloon letter is a godsend to them. The French officers are very reserved; but if they refer to the war, they curse the empire without expressing confidence in the republic. The younger officers, however, hope for a new career under the republic.

The United States steamship *Nipsic* recently sailed from Washington, with orders from the Secretary of the Navy to take on board at Norfolk the engineer corps of the Tehuantepec Railway Company, and land them at Minatitlan, Mexico, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and then proceed to Aspinwall to join the Darien expedition under command of Commander Selfridge. They expect to be ready to commence the construction of the railway and other works on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec on January 1, 1871. It is evident the government appreciates the importance of this new interoceanic railway to the commerce of the United States.

The wounded in the German hospital at Versailles are placed in the picture-galleries, the large windows of which are opened for pure air. The *North German Gazette* gives an interesting account of the care bestowed upon the patients. Every one has a bed, with mattresses and plenty of clean bedding. During five weeks nearly eight thousand articles were washed, exclusive of bandages and mattresses. The food is prepared in two kitchens in different wings of the palace, in order to expedite its passage to the hospital rooms. Besides the usual diet of meat, white bread, and wine, fruit, Champagne, and other delicacies are provided for the severely wounded. The fruit is supplied by the palace gardens, and the Champagne is the gift of the King of Prussia. The King and the Crown Prince often visit the convalescent. Those not confined to their beds can walk out on the beautiful terrace, and even the bedridden are placed there when the weather permits. Smoking, newspaper-reading, and letter-writing go on, nor are friendly visits and religious conversation wanting, while divine service is frequently held in the large apartments.

A balloon which was sent up from Paris on the 24th of November met with some romantic adventures, giving its occupants as much practical knowledge of aerial traveling as they will care for at present. A strong wind carried them over the North Sea, they not knowing where they were. They sent off a carrier pigeon with a message that they thought they were lost. Ultimately the balloon reached Norway; and when over the small town of Mandal a sack of letters and newspapers was thrown out, which fell among the astonished inhabitants, who were watching the balloon pass over their heads. After having been many hours in the balloon the aeronauts descended, several miles farther north, on a snow-covered mountain, without even knowing in what country they were, there being no habitations near. For nineteen hours they wandered about in the snow in light boots, which, later, had to be cut off, so saturated had they become. In the mean time the balloon was discovered by some of the natives, the remains of meat, bread, and wine in the car showing plainly enough that it had recently contained passengers. Six carrier pigeons were also found in it, seemingly none the worse for the journey. Eventually the voyagers reached a small cabin, where an aged and poor woman gave them some food. They then discovered, by seeing upon a match-box the word "Christiana," that they were in Norway, and made the woman understand as well as they could that they desired to proceed to the town. They were shown to a farmer's house, where they received dry shoes and clothing; and on the 28th of November entered Christiana, where they met with a cordial reception.

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HISTORICAL RINGS.

VARIOUS nations and ages have had different manners of wearing rings. The Hebrews placed them on the right hand, the Greeks on the fourth finger of the left hand, the Gauls and Britons on the third finger of the same hand. All the Eastern nations also wore them on their toes. The writer remembers a singular instance of this. About the year 1830 a certain Miss Honeywell had an exhibition in all the principal cities of the Union. This lady, who had only stumps, and neither arms nor hands, showed considerable ingenuity in embroidery, writing, and cutting out fancy papers with her feet and mouth. She usually sat on a table, with her lower limbs curled under her *à la Turque*. Her feet were always covered with lace, and on the big toe of her right foot she wore a gold and pearl ring.

The sigillarius, or seal ring, though not the richest, was, among the ancients, the most important. Dioscorides, Apollonides, Cromus, and Pyrgoteles were the most famous ring-engravers of the olden times. The Greeks were prohibited by some of the sumptuary laws from wearing gold or silver, and iron rings were consequently in vogue. But as luxury advanced these injunctions were disregarded, and the fair Athenians and Spartans, and their admirers of the sterner sex, were as conspicuous as the Eastern nations for these glittering and costly appendages of the toilette.

The Romans were not far behind their Grecian allies; and though they openly derided that refined and polished nation, they still secretly adopted many of their customs. Tarquin the elder first decreed that rings should be the insignia of knighthood, but also ordered that they should be made of iron; and unless the ring was given by the state, it was always of that material. In the early days of the republic the ring presented to the betrothed was always iron set with a loadstone. This indicated the mutual sacrifice made by the husband and wife of their liberty; the magnet the attraction which had induced the maiden to forsake her family, and set up her lares and penates elsewhere. The annulus sponsalius, which is perhaps of Hebrew origin, dates from this period. Gradually a finer metal was substituted. We find Tertullian and the Bishop of Seville speaking of sponsal rings. This has descended to us to the present day, and is a treasure most jealously guarded. In a revolt of Poland against Russia the women bartered their wedding rings in exchange for powder.

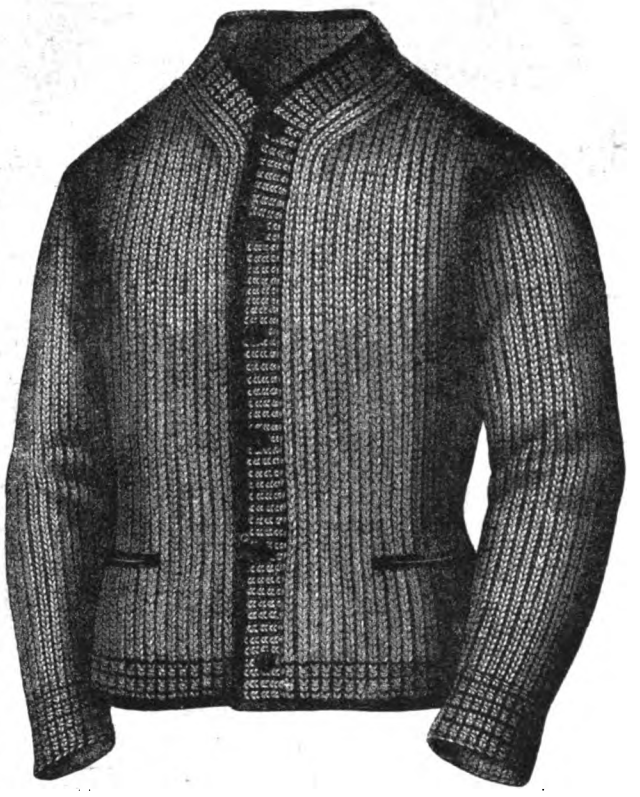
As luxury increased among the Romans gold was used. All the high officers of state claimed the privilege of wearing a gold ring; and during the consulates of C. Asinius Pollion and C. Antistius Vetus a decree was issued fixing the right of wearing a ring; but many assumed it who were not entitled to the distinction, and in the reign of Claudius more than four hundred persons were charged with wearing it illegally. Legislative enactments could not prevent the rage for ornaments; and Hannibal, after the second Punic war, sent three thousand bushels of rings to Carthage, which had been taken from the fingers of the knights who fell in battle. The knightly ring was always worn on the fourth finger. These distinctions soon ceased; and all classes of the Roman people wore rings, till it was finally carried to a ridiculous excess, and involved the greatest expense. Pliny complained that the wealth of a whole family is sometimes worn on the finger; and Lucian speaks of a rich Roman who wore sixteen rings. Like the Greeks, the Romans had their weekly rings, which were always cameos and intaglios, and were so eagerly sought that sometimes fifty belonged to one individual. In some of the pictures exhumed at Pompeii female figures are represented with cameos and intaglios set in rings on the fourth finger of the right hand. The Romans had also rings for the different seasons. Thus Juvenal sneeringly remarks of a dandy of his acquaintance, "Non queat Suffene pondus majoris gemmæ." There were winter and summer rings, "Aurum semestre, aurum æstivum, annuli semestres." The sardonyx, carnelian, and rock-crystal, as lighter gems, were highly esteemed for summer wear. Diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, and rubies were reckoned more suitable for winter use. Heliogabalus never wore the same ring twice. Manumitted slaves, when they received their freedom, were presented with a ring; and as a token of bargain the same ornament was drawn from the finger. Pugilists (then, as now, among the roughs) used large rings, sometimes weighing over two ounces, with which they could inflict a terrible blow.

Rings were also used for magical purposes, both among the Greeks and Romans. A ring was suspended by a fine thread over the rim of a round table. Solemn invocations were then offered to the gods. Counters with the letters of the alphabet were placed near, and the thread was shaken till the ring had touched as many letters as answered a question previously put. The person holding the ring was dressed in linen only, his head was shaved, and a branch of vervain was in the room. The finest specimens of ancient Roman rings can be seen at the British Museum, at London, and the Bibliothèque Impériale, at Paris.

Passing to more modern times, we find that rings have played a most important part in diplomacy. Few can resist the desire of displaying a diamond presented by a crowned head. Richard II., when he transferred his power to Henry of Lancaster, also gave him his ring. The coronation ring of the King of England is of plain gold, set with a large ruby of the deepest hue and the purest water, on which the cross of St. George is curiously enchased. That of the Queen has the same stone, surrounded with sixteen brilliants. Innocent III. sent King John of England four rings, with a long epistle setting forth the mystical virtues of the accompanying gems. "The green color of the emerald denoted faith; the clearness of the sapphire, hope; the redness of the ruby, faith; and the splendor of the diamond, good works." Rings also played an important part in the blood-stained and momentous reigns of the Tudors. Elizabeth knew that her sister wore a black enameled ring, on which she placed a high value, and with which she never parted. She therefore instructed a tire-woman, who was secretly in her interest, when the Queen had breathed her last, to take off the ring and send it to her, as she would thereby know that she was the future mistress of the English realms. The fatal ring given to Essex, and which was never presented, is too well known to every school-boy to be reproduced here. In time the crowned lioness of England was to part with the sceptre she had so long and so ably wielded, and her successor was no less anxious to learn the first intelligence of her death than she had been to hear of her sister's. Though a woman of strong sense, and far in advance of her age, Elizabeth could not wholly escape from the prejudices of her time, and imagined that, so long as she wore a turquoise ring, her sov-

FRAME-WORK HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 16.

BLUE CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 41 and 42.



GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED VEST WITH LONG SLEEVES.
For description see Supplement.

BLACK CASHMERE EMBROIDERED HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 43-45.

RED AND WHITE WORSTED HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No X., Fig. 22.

CROCHET HOOD WITH SCARF ENDS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 17.

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CROCHET BASQUE-FICHU.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1, Page 29.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 27-30.

CROCHET BASQUE-FICHU.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1, Page 29.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 27-30.

ereignty would be undisturbed. When the Queen died, the ring was drawn from her hand and thrown out of a window to Sir John Harrington, who was anxiously in waiting, and by whom the token was carried with all speed to Scotland. A diamond ring, presented by her kinswoman, also induced the luckless Queen of Scots to trust to the hospitality of her cousin, and to meet with imprisonment and death in lieu of the friendship and consideration that she was led to expect. The Duke of Norfolk also received a ring from Mary Stuart, as a token of her esteem, and as a sign that, should better days smile on her, she would not forget those who had been constant to her in her misfortunes.

France has not been without her romance about these pretty circlets; and, as we shall see, the opportune gift of a diamond once saved a great prince from the most imminent peril. When the Duchess of Savoy was held in custody by the Duke of Burgundy, every action was watched, and she contrived to send a ring he had once given her to the crafty Louis XI., who then wore the French crown, as a sign that she required his aid; and the silent messenger was not ineffectual. Charles V., the greatest monarch of Europe, was also indebted, as is very generally known, to a ring. It chanced that, having occasion to visit his Flemish dominions, he asked the King of France for leave to go through his realm. The permission was readily granted, and his rival and late prisoner received him with the most cordial and apparently sincere friendship. There were, however, others at the court who had long considered the Emperor as one of the greatest foes of the French monarchy, and who remembered the hard terms to which he had compelled Francis to submit, and who now counseled him to detain Charles. None were more zealous than the King's special favorite, the Duchess d'Estampes. These rumors reached the imperial guest, who was too crafty, and too well versed in human nature to show his feelings, and he resolved to turn his opponent into a friend. Charles was one day washing his hands before dinner, and dropped a diamond. The lady, who was in the room, picked it up, and handed it to the Emperor. The opportunity was not lost on so adroit a politician. "Nay, Madame," replied the Spaniard, with a courtly bow; "it is in too fair hands for me to take it back." The bribe had done its office, and the Emperor was permitted to depart.

Venice has long been celebrated in the annals of the world. Next to the papacy, the government of the Doges was the most ancient in Europe; and when she submitted to the victorious arms of the French republic, she had existed for thirteen centuries and three-quarters. To the scholar Venice is hallowed ground. The genius of Shakspeare, Byron, and Otway has peopled her streets, halls, and palaces with personages as real as those we daily meet. She, too, is not without a romance of the ring. The Emperor Barbarossa was the terror of all Italy; and the troops of the republic, about the middle of the twelfth century, conquered this formidable prince. The Pope was so enraptured that he gave a gold ring to Sebastian Ziani, with these words: "Take this ring: and with it take, on my authority, the sea, as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to your posterity that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband." The boon, so graciously conferred, was accepted; and for more than six centuries the Doge, at the head of the proudest nobles of his island sovereignty, and followed by the fairest dames of the ancient city, went into a richly ornamented galley, and, dropping a ring into the water, uttered these words: "Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii." (We wed thee, O sea, with this ring, in token of true and perpetual sovereignty.) But, like all terrestrial things, changes occurred at Venice as well as elsewhere, and the ancient city was compelled to "own a foreign sceptre," and submit to the Austrian rule. The festival, with all its pomp, has ceased forever; the gay processions have disappeared; and "the spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord."

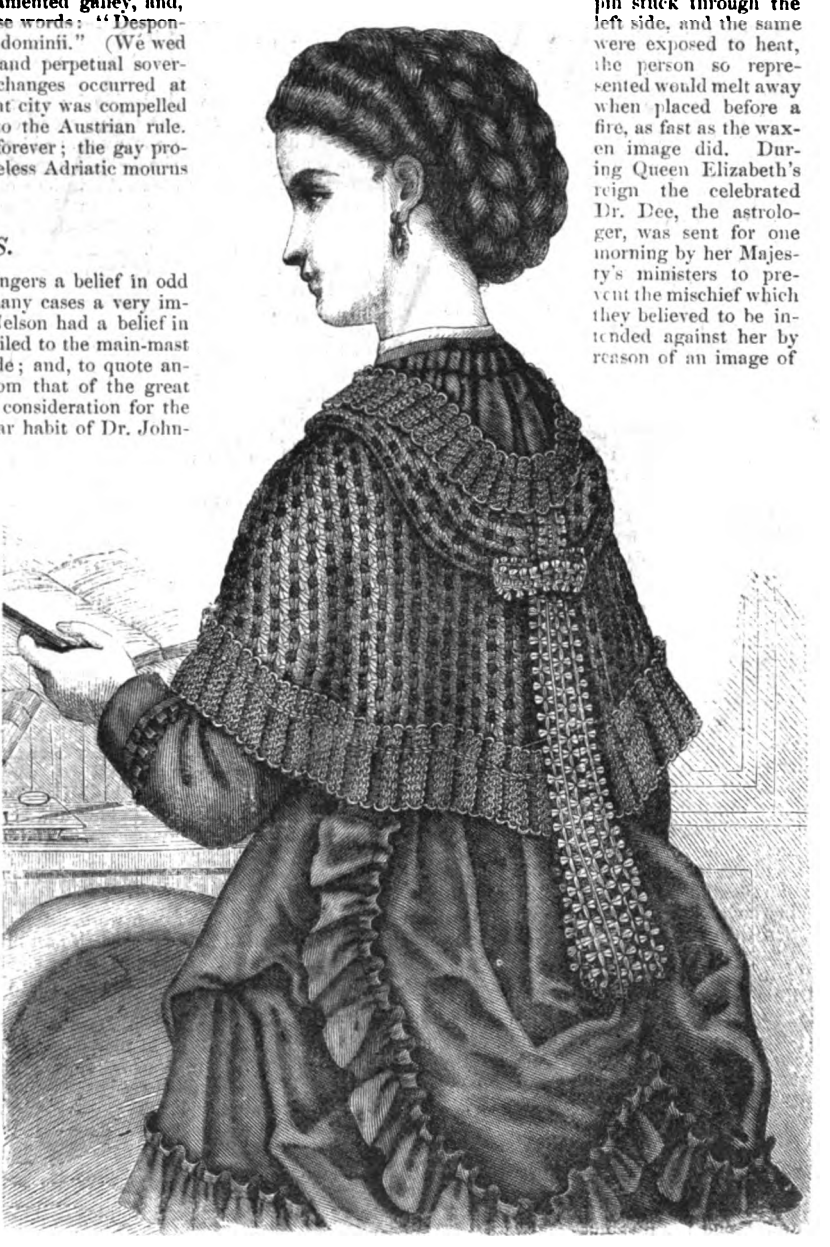
KNITTED CAPE WITH HOOD.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 20 and 21.

MYSTERY MIMES.

IN the breasts of nearly all men there lingers a belief in odd portents or omens, which exercises in many cases a very important influence over their lives. Lord Nelson had a belief in them, we know, by the horseshoe he had nailed to the main-mast of the *Victory*, of which his coffin was made; and, to quote another and very different class of mind from that of the great man mentioned as influenced by the same consideration for the ruling of trifles, we may refer to the singular habit of Dr. Johnson, described by Boswell, of never entering a doorway without counting a certain number of steps, and so judging the distance that the last step should fall upon the threshold of the door with a certain foot. So particular was Johnson in this respect that on more than one occasion, when he had failed to time himself, he returned to correct his steps.

Nearly every superstition can be traced back to the earliest periods. The merest trifles that children amuse themselves with amused and had an influence on the minds of the earliest races. The children who twirl the cup to tell their fortunes by the disposition of the tea-leaves little imagine that it is the divining-cup of Joseph and his brethren; neither do young girls, when they suspend a wedding-ring by a hair in a glass, know that Roman girls did the same thing thousands of years ago.

Sailors think it unlucky to sail from port on a voyage on a Friday. There is a story afloat in Bristol that a ship-owner, determined to disprove this superstition, had a ship built and launched on a Friday, named *Friday*, with the captain and first mate born on a Friday; and the triumphant report of the sailors was that she sailed on a Friday, and was never heard of again! There was a very curious and common superstition in the days of the Tudors, that if an image were made of a person in wax, with a pin stuck through the left side, and the same were exposed to heat, the person so represented would melt away when placed before a fire, as fast as the waxen image did. During Queen Elizabeth's reign the celebrated Dr. Dee, the astrologer, was sent for one morning by her Majesty's ministers to prevent the mischief which they believed to be intended against her by reason of an image of



KNITTED CAPE WITH HOOD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 20 and 21.

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wax in her form found in Lincoln's Inn Fields. We mention this old superstition in order to state that, even in the present day, such images are still made for the purpose of obtaining money out of poor credulous women, who believe the "cunning women" and "wise men" who make them have absolute power over their bodies by means of this device. It may be a laughing matter now, but in the days of King James the First, in all probability, these cunning women would have been burned for witches.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER II.

A HOUSE on a hill. It has its advantages, and its disadvantages. It is hard to climb to, and harder to descend from. Every where round about you may see from it; but then every body round about can see you. It is like the city set on a hill, it can not be hid. Its light shines far: but then the blacker is its darkness. However, one need not carry out the metaphor, which speaks for itself.

Hannah Thelluson's ideal of a house had always been a house on a hill. She had a curious dislike to living, either physically or morally, upon low ground. She wanted plenty of breathing-room: space around her and over her: freedom to look abroad on the earth and up to the sky. And, though her nature was neither ambitious nor overbearing, she experienced even yet a childish delight in getting to the top of things, in surmounting and looking down upon difficulties, and in feeling that there was nothing beyond her—nothing unconquered between herself and the sky. At least, that is the nearest description of a sentiment that was quite indescribable, and yet as real as intangible fancies often are.

Therefore it had given her a certain sensation of pleasure to hear that Mr. Rivers had removed from his house in the village, the associations of which he found it impossible to bear, to another, on the top of Easterham Hill, or Down, as it was generally called, being a high open space, breezy and bright. On it he was building a few cottages—a cottage convalescent hospital he meant it to be—in memory of his late wife.

"I had planned a marble monument," he wrote to Hannah, "a recumbent figure of herself, life-size, with two angels watching at head and foot. But I found this would cost nearly as much as the cottage, and it struck me that Rosa would have liked something that was not only a memorial of the dead, but a blessing to the living."

Hannah agreed with him, and that little circumstance gave her a favorable impression of her brother-in-law. She was also touched by the minute arrangements he made for her journey, a rather long one, and her reception at its end. Some of his plans failed—he was not able to meet her himself, being sent for suddenly to the Moat House—but the thoughtful kindness remained, and Miss Thelluson was grateful.

She wound slowly up the hill in her brother-in-law's comfortable carriage, and descended at his door, the door of a much grander house than she expected — till she remembered that since Rosa's death Mr. Rivers's income had been doubled by succeeding to the fortune of a maternal uncle. With him wealth accumulated upon wealth, as it seems to do with some people; perhaps, alas! as a balance-weight against happiness.

Miss Thelluson asked herself this question, in a sad kind of way, when she entered the handsome modern house—very modern it seemed to her, who had been living in old castles these three years, and very luxurious too. She wondered much whether she should feel at home here; able to be happy herself, or make the widower happy—the forlorn man, who had every blessing in life except the crowning one of all, a good wife: the "gift that cometh from the Lord." Was this worse or better for him? He had had it, and it had been taken away. Hannah thought, with a compassion for the living that almost lessened her grief for the dead, how desolate he must often feel, sitting down to his solitary meals, wandering through his empty garden—Rosa had so loved a garden—and back again to his silent room. How he must miss his wife at every step, in every thing about him. A loss sharper even than that one—the sharpness of which she knew so well. But then, she and Arthur had never been married.

"I must try and help him as much as I can—my poor brother-in-law!" thought she to herself as she came into the dreary house; all the more dreary because it was such a handsome house; and then she thought no more either of it or its master. For did it not contain what was infinitely more interesting to her—the baby?

Some people will smile at what I am going to say: and yet it is truth—a truth always solemn, sometimes rather sad likewise. There are women in whom mother-love is less an instinct or an affection than an actual passion—as strong as, sometimes even stronger than, the passion of love itself; to whom the mere thought of little hands and little feet—especially "*my* little hands, *my* little feet," in that fond appropriation with which one poet-mother puts it—gives a thrill of ecstasy as keen as any love-dreams. This, whether or not they have children of their own; often, poor women! when they are lonely old maids. And such a one was Hannah Thelluson.

As she entered the house (I feel the confession is more pathetic than ridiculous) she actually trembled with the delight of thinking that in a minute more she would have her little niece in her arms; and her first question was, "Where is the baby?"

Apparently a question quite unexpected from any visitor in this house; for the footman, much surprised, passed it to the butler, and the butler circulated it somewhere in the inferior regions; whence presently there appeared a slatternly female servant.

"I am Miss Thelluson, baby's aunt. I want to see my little niece."

Upon this the slatternly girl led the way up a steep stair to the nursery. It was a long, low, gloomy room, which struck chilly on entering, even in full summer, for its only window looked northeast, and was shaded by an overhanging tree. It had in perfection the close nursery atmosphere of the old school, whose chiefest horror seemed to be fresh air. Sunless, smothery, dull, and cold, it was the last place in the world for any young life to grow up in. It cast a weight even upon the grown woman, who loved light and air, and would never, either physically or mentally, willingly walk in gloom.

Miss Thelluson contemplated sadly that small pale effigy of a child, which lay in the little crib, with the last evening light slanting across it through a carelessly-drawn curtain. It lay, not in the lovely attitudes that sleeping children often assume, but flat upon its back, its arms stretched out cruciform, and its tiny feet extended straight out, almost like a dead child. There was neither roundness nor coloring in the face, and very little beauty. Only a certain pathetic peace, not unlike the peace of death.

"Don't touch her," whispered Miss Thelluson, as the nurse was proceeding roughly to take up her charge. "Never disturb a sleeping child. I will wait till to-morrow."

And she stood and looked at it—this sole relic of poor Rosa; this tiny creature, which was all that was left of the Thelluson race, notable and honorable in its day, though long dwindled down into poverty and obscurity.

As she looked there came into Hannah's heart that something—mothers say they feel it at the instant when God makes them living mothers of a living babe; and perhaps He puts it into the hearts of other women, not mothers at all, in solemn, exceptional cases, and for holy ends—that passionate instinct of protection, tenderness, patience, self-denial—of giving every thing and expecting nothing back, which constitutes the true ideal of maternity. She did not lift the child; she would not allow herself even to kiss its little curled-up fingers, for fear of waking it; but she consecrated herself to it from that moment—as only women and mothers can, and do.

Nurse, who disliked her authority being set aside, approached again. "Never mind touching it, miss; we often do. It only cries a bit, and goes off to sleep again."

But Hannah held her arm. "No, no!" she said, rather sharply; "I will not have the child disturbed. I can wait. It is *my* child."

And she sat down on the rocking-chair by the crib side with the air of one who knew her own rights, and was determined to have them. All her nervous doubt of herself, her hesitation and timidity, vanished together; the sight before her seemed to make her strong—strong as the weakest creatures are when the maternal instinct comes into them. At the moment, and forever henceforth, Hannah felt that she could have fought like any wild beast for the sake of that little helpless babe.

She sat a long while beside it; long enough to take in pretty clearly the aspect of things around her. Though she was an old maid, or considered herself so, she had had a good deal of experience of family life in the various nurseries of friends and employers; upon which her strong common-sense and quick observation had made many internal comments. She detected at once here that mournful lack of the mother's eye and hand; the mother's care and delight in making all things orderly and beautiful for the opening intelligence of her darling. It was quite enough to look around the room to feel sure that the little sleeper before her was nobody's darling. Cared for, of course, up to a certain extent, in a stupid, mechanical way; but there was nobody to take up, with full heart, the burden of motherhood, and do the utmost for the little human being who, physiologists say, bears, in body and soul, the impress of its first two years of life with it to the grave.

"And this duty falls to me; God has given it to me," said Hannah Thelluson to herself. And without a moment's questioning, or considering how far the labor might outweigh the reward, or indeed whether the reward would ever come at all, she added solemnly, "Thank God!"

"I shall be here again before bedtime," said she aloud to the nurse as she rose.

"You can't, miss," returned the woman, evidently bent on resistance; "I always goes to bed early, and I locks my nursery door after I've gone to bed."

"That will not do," said Miss Thelluson. "I am baby's aunt, as you know, and her father has given her into my charge. The nursery must never be locked against me, day or night. Where is the key?" She took it out of the door and put it into her pocket, the nurse looking too utterly astonished to say a word. "I shall be back here again punctually at half past nine."

"My first battle!" she thought, sighing, as she went away to her own room. She was not fond of battles; still, she could fight — when there was something worth fighting for; and even her first half hour in the widower's household was sufficient to show her that the mistress of it would require to have eyes like Argus, and a heart as firm as a rock. This was natural; like every thing else, quite natural: but it was not the less hard, and it did not make her home-coming to the house on the hill more cheerful.

It was a new house comparatively, and every thing about it was new. Nothing could be more different from the old-fashioned stateliness in which she had lived at Lord Dunsmore's. But then there she was a stranger; this was home. She glanced through the house in passing, and tried to admire it, for it was her brother-in-law's own property, only lately bought. Not that he liked it—he had told her mournfully that he neither liked nor disliked any thing much now—but it was the most suitable house he could find.

She went out into the garden, and wept out a heartful of tears in the last gleam of the twilight, then she came back and dressed for the seven o'clock dinner, for which the maid, who appeared at the door, saying she had been specially ordered to attend on Miss Thelluson, told her Mr. Rivers was sure to return.

"The first time master ever has returned, miss, to a regular late dinner, since the poor mistress died."

This, too, was a trial. As Hannah descended, attired with her usual neatness, but in the thorough middle-aged costume that she had already assumed, there flashed across her a vision of poor Rosa, the last time, though they little knew it was the last, that she ran into her sister's room just before dinner; all in white, her round rosy arms and neck gleaming under the thin muslin, so happy herself, and brightening all around her with her loving, lovesome ways. And now, a mile distant, Rosa slept under the daisies. How did her husband endure the thought?

With one great sob Hannah smothered down these remembrances. They would make the approaching meeting more than painful—intolerable. She felt as if the first minute she looked into her brother-in-law's face and grasped his hand, both would assuredly break down, although over both had grown the outside composure of a six-months'-old sorrow.

He himself seemed in dread of a "scene," and watchful to avoid it, for instead of meeting her in the drawing-room, she found him waiting for her at the stair-foot, under the safe shelter of all the servants' eyes.

"I am late," he said. "I must apologize."

Then they shook hands. Mr. Rivers's hand was trembling, and very cold, but that was all. He said nothing more, and led her at once into the dining-room.

In such circumstances how dreadful sometimes are little things—the little things that unconsciously crop up, stinging like poisoned arrows. There was one—Hannah recalled it long afterward, and so did others—dwelling malignly upon the innocent, publicly uttered, kindly words.

The table had been laid for two persons, master and mistress, and the butler held for Miss Thelluson the mistress's chair. Struck with a sudden pang, she hesitated—glanced toward Mr. Rivers.

"Take it," he said, in a smothered kind of voice; "it is your place now. I hope you will keep it always."

So she sat down in Rosa's seat; with Rosa's husband opposite. How terrible for him to see another face in the room of that dear, lovely one, over which the coffin-lid had closed! It was her duty, and she went through it; but she felt all dinner-time as if sitting upon thorns.

During the safe formalities of the meal she had leisure to take some observation of her brother-in-law. He was greatly altered. There had passed over him that great blow—the first grief of a lifetime; and it had struck him down as a man of naturally buoyant temperament usually is struck by any severe shock—sinking under it utterly. Even as sometimes those whom in full health disease has smitten die quicker than those who have been long inured to sickness and suffering.

His sister-in-law observed him compassionately but sharply; more sharply than she had ever done before. The marriage having been all settled without her, she had not to criticise but to accept him as Rosa's choice, and had actually only seen him twice—on the wedding-day, and the one brief visit afterward. She had noticed him little, until now. But now, when they were to live together as brother and sister; when he expected her to be his friend and companion, daily and hourly; to soothe him and sympathize with him, put up with all his moods and humors, consult him on all domestic matters, and, in short, stand to him in the closest relation that any woman can stand to any man, unless she is his mother or his wife, the case was altered. It behooved her to find out, as speedily as possible, what sort of man Mr. Rivers was.

He had a handsome face, and yet—this "yet" is not so unfair as it seems—it was likewise a good face; full of feeling and expression. A little feminine, perhaps—he was like his mother, the first Lady Rivers, who had been a very beautiful woman; and once Hannah had thought it boyishly bright—too bright to interest her much, but it was not so now. The sunshine had all gone out of it, yet it had not attained the composed dignity of grief. Irritable, restless, gloomy, morbid, he seemed in that condition into which a naturally good-tempered man is prone to fall, when some great shock has overset his balance, and made him the exact opposite of what he once was—hating every thing and every body about him, and himself most of all.

Hannah sighed as she listened, though trying not to listen, to his fault-finding with the servants, sometimes *sotto voce*, sometimes barely restrained by his lingering sense of right from breaking out into actual anger—he who was, Rosa used to assert, the sweetest-tempered man, the most perfect gentleman, in all the world. Yet even his crossness was pathetic—like the naughtiness of a sick child, who does not know what is the matter with him. Hannah felt so sorry for him! She longed to make excuse for those domestic delinquencies, and tell him she would soon put all right; as she knew she could, having been her father's housekeeper ever since she was a girl of sixteen.

She was bold enough faintly to hint this, when they got into the drawing-room, where some trivial neglect had annoyed him excessively, much more than it deserved; and she offered to rectify it.

"Will you really? Will you take all these common household cares upon yourself?"

"It is a woman's business; and I like it."

"So *she* used to say. She used constantly to be longing for you, and telling me how comfortable every thing was when her sister was housekeeper at home. She—she—"

It was the first time the desolate man had ventured off the safe track of commonplace conversation, and though he only spoke of Rosa as "she"—it seemed impossible to him to call her by her name—the mere reference to his dead wife was more than he could bear. All the flood-gates of his grief burst open.

"Isn't this a change! — a terrible, terrible change!" he cried, looking up to Hannah with anguish in his eyes. A child's anguish could not have been more appealing, more utterly undisguised. And, sitting down, he covered his face with his hands, and wept—also like a child.

Hannah wept too, not with such a passionate abandonment; it was against her nature, woman though she was. Her own long-past sorrow, which, she fancied, most resembled his, and had first drawn her to him with a strange sympathy, had been a grief totally silent. From the day of Arthur's death she never mentioned her cousin's name. Consolation she had never asked or received from any human being—this sort of affliction could not be comforted. Therefore she scarcely understood, at first, how Bernard Rivers, when the seal was once broken, poured out the whole story of his loss in a continuous stream. For an hour or more he sat beside her, talking of Rosa's illness and death, and all he had suffered; then going over and over again, with a morbid intensity, his brief, happy married life; apparently finding in this overflow of heart the utmost relief, and even alleviation.

Hannah listened, somewhat surprised, but still she listened. The man and the woman were as unlike as they well could be; yet, thus thrown together—bound together, as it were, by the link of a common grief, their very dissimilarity, and the necessity it involved of each making allowances for, and striving heartily not to misjudge the other, produced a certain mutual interest, which made even their first sad evening not quite so sad as it might have been.

After a while Hannah tried to lure Mr. Rivers out of his absorbing and pitiably self-absorbed grief into a few practical matters; for she was anxious to get as clear an idea as she could of her own duties in the household and the parish. Her duties only; her position, and her rights—if she had any—would, she knew, fall into their fitting places by-and-by.

"Yes, I have a large income," said Mr. Rivers, sighing. "Far too large for me and that poor little baby. She would have enjoyed it, and spent it wisely and well. You shall spend it instead. You shall have as much money as you want, weekly or monthly; just as she had. Oh, how clever she was! how she used to bring me her books to reckon over, and make such fun out of them, and fall into such pretty despair if they were the least bit wrong! My own Rosa! My merry, happy wife! — yes, I know I made her happy! She told me so—almost her last words."

"Thank God for that!"

"I do."

Hannah tried to put into the heart-stricken man the belief—essentially a woman's—that a perfect love, even when lost, is still an eternal possession—a pain so sacred that its deep peace often grows into absolute content. But he did not seem to understand this at all. His present loss — the continually aching want—the daily craving for love and help and sympathy—these were all he felt, and felt with a keenness indescribable. How could the one ever be filled up and the other supplied?

Hannah could not tell. She grew frightened at the responsibility she had undertaken. A kind of hopelessness came over her; she almost wished herself safe back again in the quiet schoolroom with her little Ladies Dacre. There, at least, she knew all her duties, and could fulfill them; here they already seemed so complicated that how she should first get them clear, and then perform them, was more than she knew. However, it was not her way to meet evils beforehand, or to try and put more than the day's work into the day. She was old enough to have ceased to struggle after the impossible.

So she sat watching, with a pity almost motherly, the desolate man, with whom, it seemed, for a time at least, her lot was cast; inwardly praying that she might have strength to do her duty by him, and secretly hoping that it might not be for long; that his grief, by its very wildness, might wear itself out, and the second marriage, which Lady Dunsmore had prognosticated as the best thing which could happen to him, might gradually come about.

"Rosa would have wished it—even Rosa," the sister thought, choking down a not unnatural pang, "could she see him as I see him now."

It was a relief to catch an excuse for a few minutes' absence;—she took out her watch, and told her brother-in-law it was time to go up to the nursery.

"Nurse does not like it; I see that; but still I must go. Every night before I sleep I must take my latest peep at baby."

"Ah, that reminds me—I have never asked you what you think of baby. I don't know how it is—I fear you will think me very wicked," added the widower, sighing, "but I can not take the interest I ought to take in that poor child. I suppose men don't care for babies—not at first—and then her birth cost me so much."

"It was God's will things should be thus," answered Hannah, gravely. "It should not make you dislike your child—Rosa's child."

"God forbid!—only that I can not feel as I ought to feel toward the poor little thing."

"You will in time." And Hannah tried to draw a picture such as might touch any father's

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heart—of his wee girl toddling after him, his big girl taking his hand, and beginning to ask him questions, his sweet, grown-up girl becoming his housekeeper, companion, and friend.

Mr. Rivers only shook his head. "Ah, but that is a long time to wait. I want a friend and companion now. How am I ever to get through these long, lonely years?"

"God will help you," said Hannah, solemnly, and then felt half ashamed, remembering she was preaching to a clergyman. But he was a man, too, with all a man's weaknesses, every one of which she was sure to find out ere long. Even already she had found out a good many. Evidently he was of a warm, impulsive, affectionate nature, sure to lay upon her all his burdens. She would have the usual lot of sisters, to share most of the cares and responsibilities of a wife, without a wife's blessings or a wife's love.

"I must go now. Good-night," she said.

"Good-night? Nay, surely you are coming back to me again? You don't know what a relief it has been to talk to you. You can not tell how terrible to me are these long, lonely evenings."

A moan, to Hannah incomprehensible. For her solitude had no terror—had never had. In early youth she would sit and dream for hours of the future—a future which never came. Now she had done with dreaming; the present sufficed her—and the past. She liked thinking of her dear ones living, her still dearer ones dead, and found in their peaceful, unseen companionship all she required. Never was there a person less dependent on outward society. And yet when she had it she rather enjoyed it—only she never craved after it, nor was it any necessity of her existence. On such women, who themselves can stand alone, others always come and lean—men especially.

As Miss Thelluson quitted him, Mr. Rivers looked after her with those restless, miserable eyes of his, from which the light of happiness seemed fled forever.

"Pray come back soon," he said, imploringly. "I do so hate my own company."

"Poor man! How sad it would be if we women felt the same!" thought Hannah. And she, who understood, and could endure, not only solitude but sorrow, took some comfort to herself—a little more, also, in the hope of imparting comfort.

A child asleep! Painters draw it. Poets sing about it. Yet the root of its mystery remains a mystery still. About it seem to float the secrets of earth and heaven—life and death: whence we come, and whither we go: what God does with and in us, and what He expects us to do for ourselves. It is as if, while we gaze, we could catch drifting past us a few threads of that wonderful web—which, in its entirety, He holds solely in His own hands.

Hannah Thelluson looked on this sleeper of six months old with a feeling of not merely tenderness, but awe. She listened to the soft breathing—which might have to draw its last sigh—who knows?—perhaps eighty years hence, when she and all her generation were dead, buried, and forgotten. The solemnity of the charge she had undertaken came upon her tenfold. She stood in the empty nursery, apparently left deserted for hours, for the fire was out, and the candle flickered in its socket. Strange shadows came and went; among them one might almost imagine human shapes—perhaps the dead mother gliding in to look at her lonely child. Even as in some old ballad about a cruel step-mother—

"The nicht was lang and the bairnies grat,
Their mither she under the mools heard that.

"She washed the tane and buskit her fair,
She kamed and plaited the tither's hair;"

and then reproached the new wife, saying—the words came vividly back upon Hannah's mind—

"I left ye candles and groff wax-light—
My bairnies sleep i' the mirk o' night.

"I left ye mony braw bolsters blae—
My bairnies ligg i' the bare strae."

A notion pathetic in its very extravagance. To Hannah Thelluson it scarcely seemed wonderful that any mother should rise up from "under the mools," and come thus to the rescue of her children.

"Oh, if this baby's father ever brings home a strange woman to be unkind to her, what shall I do? Any thing, I think, however desperate. Rosa, my poor Rosa, you may rest in peace. God do so to me, and more also, as the Bible says, if ever I forsake your child."

While she spoke, half aloud, there was a tap at the door.

"Come in, nurse." But it was not the nurse; it was the father.

"I could not rest. I thought I would come too. They never let me look at baby."

"Look, then. Isn't she sweet? See how her little fingers curl round her papa's hand already."

Mr Rivers bent over the crib—not unmoved. "My poor little girl! Do you think, Aunt Hannah, that she will ever be fond of me?"

"I am sure she will."

"Then I shall be so fond of her."

Hannah smiled at the deduction. It was not her notion of loving—especially of loving a child. She had had enough to do with children to feel keenly the truth that, mostly, one has to give all and expect nothing—at least, for many years. But it was useless to say this, or to put any higher ideal of paternal affection into the young father's head. He was so completely a young man still, she said to herself; and felt almost old enough, and experienced enough, to be his mother.

Nevertheless, Mr. Rivers seemed much affected by the sight of his child, evidently rather a rare occurrence.

"I think she is growing prettier," he said. "Any how, she looks very peaceful and sweet. I should like to take her and cuddle her, only she would wake and scream."

"I am afraid she would," said Hannah, smiling. "You had better go away. See, there comes nurse."

—Who entered in somewhat indignant astonishment, at finding not only Miss Thelluson, but Mr. Rivers, intruding on her domains. Whereupon the latter, with true masculine cowardice, disappeared at once.

But when Aunt Hannah—who accepted gladly the welcome name—rejoined him in the drawing-room, she found him pacing to and fro with agitated steps.

"Come in, sister, my good sister. Tell me you don't think me such a brute as I have been saying to myself I am. Else why should that woman have thought it so extraordinary—my coming to look at my own child? But I do not mean to be a brute. I am only a miserable man, indifferent to every thing in this mortal world. Tell me, shall I ever get out of this wretched state of mind? Shall I ever be able to endure my life again?"

What could Hannah say? or would there be any good in saying it? Can the experience of one heart teach another? or must each find out the lesson for itself? I fear so. Should she—as, with the strange want of reticence which men sometimes exhibit much more than we women, he poured forth the anguish of his life—open to him that long-hidden and now healed, though never-forgotten, woe of hers? But no! she could not. It was too sacred. All she found possible was gently to lead him back to their old subject of talk—commonplace, practical things—the daily interests and duties by which, as a clergyman, he was necessarily surrounded, and out of which he might take some comfort. She was sure he might if he chose; she told him so.

"Oh no," he said, bitterly. "Comfort is vain. I am a broken-down man. I shall never be of any good to any body! But you will take care of my house and my child. Do just as you fancy. Have every thing your own way."

"In one thing I should like to have at once my own way," said she, rushing desperately upon a subject which she had been resolving on all the evening. "I want to change rooms with baby."

"Why? Is not yours comfortable? Those horrid servants of mine! I desired them to give you the pleasantest room in the house."

"So it is; and for that very reason baby ought to have it. A delicate child like her should live in sunshine, physically and morally, all day long. The nursery only catches the sun for an hour in the day."

"How can you tell, when you have not been twelve hours in the house?"

She touched the tiny compass which hung at her watch-chain.

"What a capital idea! What a very sensible woman you must be!" And Mr. Rivers smiled for the first time that evening. Miss Thelluson smiled too.

"What would become of a governess if she were not sensible? Then I may have my way?"

"Of course! Only—what shall I say to grandmamma? She chose the nursery, and was quite content with it."

"Grandmamma is probably one of the old school, to whom light and air were quite unnecessary luxuries—nay, rather annoyances."

"Yet the old school brought up their children to be as healthy as ours."

"Because they were probably stronger than ours: we have to pay for the errors of a prior generation; or else the strong ones only lived, the weakly were killed off pretty fast. But I beg your pardon. You set me on my hobby—a governess's hobby—the bringing up of the new generation. Besides, you know the proverb about the perfectness of old bachelors' wives and old maids' children."

"You are not like an old maid, and still less like a governess." He meant this for a compliment, but it was not accepted as such.

"Nevertheless, I am both," answered Miss Thelluson, gravely. "Nor am I ashamed of it either."

"Certainly not; there is nothing to be ashamed of," said Mr. Rivers, coloring. He could not bear in the smallest degree to hurt people's feelings, and had painfully sensitive feelings of his own. Then came an awkward pause, after which conversation flagged to a considerable degree.

Hannah began to think, what in the wide world should she do if she and her brother-in-law had thus to sit opposite to one another, evening after evening, through the long winter's nights, thrown exclusively upon each other's society, bound to be mutually agreeable, or, at any rate, not disagreeable, yet lacking the freedom that exists between husband and wife, or brother and sister who have grown up together, and been used to one another all their lives. It was a position equally difficult and anomalous. She wished she had known Mr. Rivers more intimately during Rosa's lifetime; yet this would have availed her little, for even that intimacy would necessarily have been limited. A reticent woman never, under any circumstances, cares to be very familiar with another woman's husband, even though he be the husband of her own sister. She may like him sincerely, he may be to her a most true and affectionate friend, but to have his constant exclusive society, day after day and evening after evening, she would either find extremely irksome—or, if she did not—God help her! Even under the most innocent circumstances such an attraction would be a sad—nay, a fatal thing to both parties. People talk about open jealousies; but the secret heart-burnings that arise from misunderstood, half-misunderstood, or wholly false positions between men and women, are much worse. It is the unuttered sorrows, the unadmitted and impossible-to-be-avenged wrongs, which cause the sharpest pangs of existence.

Not that Miss Thelluson thought about these things; indeed, she was too much perplexed and bewildered by her new position to think much about any thing beyond the moment, but she felt sufficiently awkward and uncomfortable to make her seize eagerly upon any convenient topic of conversation.

"Are they all well at the Moat House? I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing some of your family to-morrow?"

"If—if you will take the trouble of calling there. I must apologize"—and he looked more apologetic than seemed even necessary—"I believe Lady Rivers ought to call upon you; but she is growing old now. You must make allowances."

His was a tell-tale face. Hannah guessed at once that she would have a difficult part to play between her brother-in-law and his family. But she cared not. She seemed not to care much for any thing or any body now—except that little baby up stairs.

"One always makes allowances for old people," answered she, gently.

"And for young people, too," continued Mr. Rivers, with some anxiety. "My sisters are so gay—so careless-hearted—thoughtless, if you will."

Hannah smiled. "I think I shall have too busy a life to be likely to see much of your sisters. And, I promise you, I will, as you say, 'make allowances'—except in one thing." And there came a sudden flash into the deep-set gray eyes which made Mr. Rivers start, and doubt if his sister-in-law was such a very quiet woman after all. "They must not interfere with me in my bringing up of my sister's child. There, I fear, they might find me a little—difficult."

"No. You will have no difficulty there," said he, hastily. "In truth, my people live too much a life of society to trouble themselves about domestic concerns, especially babies. They scarcely ever see Rosie; and when they do they always moan over her—say what a pity it is she wasn't a boy, and that she is so delicate she will never be reared. But, please God, they may be mistaken."

"They shall," said Hannah, between her teeth, feeling that, if she could so bargain with Providence, she would gladly exchange ten or twenty years of her own pale life for that little life just beginning, the destiny of which none could foresee.

Mr. Rivers went on talking. It seemed such a relief to him to talk.

"Of course, my father and they all would have liked a boy best. My eldest brother, you are aware—well, poor fellow, he grows worse instead of better. None of us ever see him now. I shall be the last of my name. A name which has descended in an unbroken line, they say, for centuries. We are supposed to have been De la Riviere, and to have come over with William the Conqueror. Not that I care much for this sort of thing." And yet he looked as if he did, a little; and, standing by his fireside, tall and handsome, with his regular Norman features, and well-knit Norman frame, he was not an unworthy representative of a race which must have had sufficient elements of greatness, physical and moral, to be able to keep itself out of obscurity all these centuries. "I am rather Whiggish myself; but Sir Austin is a Tory of the old school, and has certain crotchets about keeping up the family. Things are just a little hard for my father."

"What is hard? I beg your pardon—I am afraid I was not paying much attention to what you said just then. I thought," Hannah laughed and blushed a little—"I thought I heard the baby."

Mr. Rivers laughed too. "The baby will be Aunt Hannah's idol, I see. Don't spoil her, that is all. Grandmamma is always warning me that she must not be spoiled." Then seeing the same ominous flash in Miss Thelluson's eye, he added, "Nay, nay; you shall have Rosie all to yourself, never fear. I am only too thankful to get you here. I hope you will make yourself happy. Preserve for me my fragile little flower, my only child, and I shall bless you all my days."

Hannah silently extended her hand: her brother-in-law grasped it warmly. Tears stood in both their eyes, but still, the worst of this meeting was over. They had reached the point when they could talk calmly of ordinary things, and consult together over the motherless child, who was now first object to both. And though, whether the widower felt it or not, Hannah still felt poor Rosa's continual presence, as it were; heard her merry voice in pauses of conversation; saw the shadow of her dainty little form standing by her husband's side—these remembrances she knew were morbid, and not to be encouraged. They would fade, and they ought to fade, gradually and painlessly, in the busy anxieties of real life. Which of us, in dying, would wish it to be otherwise? Would we choose to be to our beloved a perpetually aching grief, or a tender, holy memory? I think, the latter. Hannah, who knew something about sorrow, thought so too.

"Good-night," she said, rising, not regrettully, the instant the clock struck ten. "I am an early bird, night and morning. Shall you object to that? No house goes well unless the mistress is early in the morning."

The moment she had said the word she would have given any thing to unsay it. That sweet, dead mistress, who used to come fluttering down stairs like a white bird, with a face fresh as a rose—would the time ever come when her husband had forgotten her?

Not now, at any rate. "Yes," he answered, with evident pain. "Yes; you are the mistress here now. I put you exactly in her place—to manage every thing as she did. She would wish it so. Oh, if we only had her back again!—just for one week, one day! But she never will come back any more!"

He turned away, the forlorn man whom God had smitten with the heaviest sorrow, the sharpest loss, that a man can know. What consolation could Hannah offer him? None, except the feeble one that, in some measure, she could understand his grief; because over her love too the grave had closed. For a moment she thought she would say that; but her lips, when she opened them, seemed paralyzed. Not yet, at any rate—not yet. Not till she knew him better, and, perhaps, he her.

So she only took his hand, and again said, "Good-night," adding, softly, "God bless you and yours!"

"He has blessed us, in sending Aunt Hannah to take care of us."

And so that first evening, which she had looked forward to with no small dread, was over and done.

But long after Hannah had retired she heard her brother-in-law walking about the house with restless persistency, opening and shutting door after door, then ascending to his own room with weary steps, and locking himself in—not to sleep, for he had told her that he often lay awake till dawn. She did not sleep either; her thoughts were too busy, and the change in her monotonous life too sudden and complete for any thing like repose.

She sat at her window and looked out. It was a goodly night, and the moon made every thing bright as day. All along the hill-top was a clear view, but the valley below was filled with mist, under which its features, whether beautiful or not, were utterly indistinguishable. That great white sea of vapor looked as mysterious as the to-morrow into which she could not penetrate; the new life, full of new duties and ties, now opening before her just when she thought all were ended. It interested her a little. She wondered vaguely how things would turn out, just as she wondered how the valley, hid under that misty sea, would look at six o'clock next morning. But soon her mind went back, as it always did in the moonlight, to her own silent past—her own people, her father, mother, sisters, all dead and buried—to her lost Arthur, with whom life too was quite done. He seemed to be saying to her, not near, for he had been dead so long that even his memory had grown phantom-like and far away, but whispering from some distant sphere, words she had read somewhere the other day—

"Oh, maid most dear, I am not here,
I have no place, no part:
No dwelling more on sea or shore—
But only in thy heart."

"In my heart! in my heart!" she repeated to herself, and thought how impossible it was that any living love could ever have supplanted—ever could supplant—the dead.

HOME AGAIN.

"I ACCEPT the war with a light heart!" exclaimed Minister Ollivier when hostilities were proclaimed against Prussia; but had he, or those who applauded him, any conception of what war means? It may not trouble the rich as a class. When they live in places secure from the actual presence of hostile armies, and have money well invested, war usually affects them chiefly in the form of heavy taxation; a little economy floats them over the time of trouble, and if the advance of the enemy obliges them, in spite of their lightness of heart, to leave their big houses, the funds still remain. They have simply to undergo a period of rustication, to draw their dividends, and wait until one party or the other is weary of fighting. But there is a form of suffering far greater than this, which falls upon humbler people, whose wealth is contained within the four walls of their dwellings, or in the little patches of ground which surround them. Vague rumors come that armies are gathering in the neighborhood of the pleasant corn fields and pasture grounds. Then soon the battle rages, the sound of the distant cannon comes thudding against the window panes, as they sit anxiously listening, and with night comes the silence, and red glare in the sky which tells of ruin for hundreds. The next day when they venture back to their homes they find them scarred and shattered by the battle. Through this great rent a shell had come and made wreck of the room. Yonder, some men in wanton fury had broken what the fortune of war had spared; the pleasant homestead is a ruin; and the orchard and vineyard and the corn field will yield no harvest this season, for war has been beforehand and gathered it.

In the scene depicted in the sketch on page 28 we may imagine that troops have been quartered in the district, and have been living on the fat of the land. Farm-houses and cottages have been turned into barracks, and the peaceful population have had to seek shelter where they might. The dismal cavalcade, somewhat like that of which we read in "Herman and Dorothea," of homeless wanderers, of the old and the sick, women and children, with their hurriedly collected goods piled on the few carts which the enemy have left them, have struggled through the country roads to some distant shelter, there to wait until the enemy shall take his departure, fondly imagining, perhaps, that they will then find their homes, if not in the best order, yet habitable. But soldiers are not the most careful housekeepers, when the houses are not their own. Destruction is their trade, and they are apt to apply it in small things as in great; so the furniture is destroyed for fire-wood, or broken up for the sake of breaking; and when the time comes for returning home, it is a miserable, desolate home, such as that which awaits the unhappy people in the drawing.

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HOME AGAIN.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

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RED FLANNEL UNDER-SKIRT.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 33-35.

Trimmings for Worsted Hoods, Capes, etc., Figs. 1-7.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING. This edging, which is used in the Crochet Basque-Fichu, page 25, is worked lengthwise with black and white worsted. First work with white worsted a foundation of the requisite length, and, going backward and forward, work with the same four rounds of sc. (single crochet) in ribbed crochet, i. e., always insert the needle under the back upper vein of each sc. At the end of each round work 1 ch. In the groove between the 2d and 3d rounds work a sl. (slip stitch) round with black worsted. On the other side of the foundation st. work the following round with black worsted: Alternately 5 sc. on the next five foundation st., one leaflet consisting of 3 p. (picots). Each picot consists of 4 ch. (chain stitch) and 1 sl. on the first of the 4 ch.; after completing the 3d p. work 1 sc. on the sl. last worked, and do not pass over any st. with the leaflet. On the sc. of the 4th white round work with black worsted three rounds as follows: 1st round.—* 7 sc. on the next 7 st., 9 ch.; passing over the last three of these work 1 sc. on the following ch., 1 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) on the second following ch., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following ch., 1 ch.; with the point thus formed pass over 1 st. of the preceding round, and repeat from *. 2d round.—1 sc. on the next st. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the second following st., * 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third following st., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. (between the 2 dc.), 3 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch., 3 ch., 2 sc. separated by 3 ch. on the ch. scallop at the end of the point, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. on the other side of the point, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch., 3 sc., 1 sc. on the third following of the following 7 sc., and repeat from *. 3d round.—1 sc. on each ch. scallop of the preceding round; after each sc. 1 p. consisting of 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these 3 ch.; on the ch. scallop at the point of each point 2 sc. separated by 1 p.

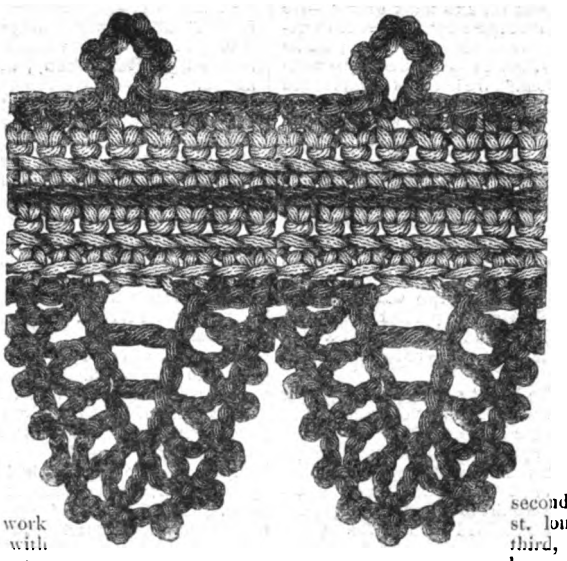

Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING FOR BASQUE-FICHU ON PAGE 25.

Fig. 3.—CROCHET EDGING. For this edging work, first, a long row of ch. for the points in the middle of the border, then work 1 sc. on the first ch., * 4 ch., 1 sl. on the ninth following ch., then a three-leaved figure as follows: 2 ch., out of the first of these take up one loop, and, throwing the thread over once, work off both the loops on the needle together, + one loop out of the loop before taken up, work off both the loops on the needle, throwing the thread over once, and repeat 14 times from +; now fasten to the sl. before the first leaf; then work the second leaf, which is 22 st. long, and then the third, which is 16 st. long; both leaves are worked like the first. After completing each leaf fasten to the sl. before mentioned; now work 4 ch., 1 sl. on the ninth following st. of the ch. round first worked. Repeat from *. On the other side of the edging work two rounds as shown by the illustration. 1st round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the nearest scallop consisting of 9 ch., 4 ch. 2d round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round, after every second following sc. 1 ch., 1 p. consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these, 1 ch.

LADY'S CROCHET GORED UNDER-SKIRT.
For description see Supplement.

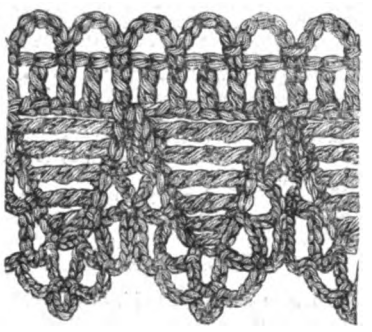

Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING.

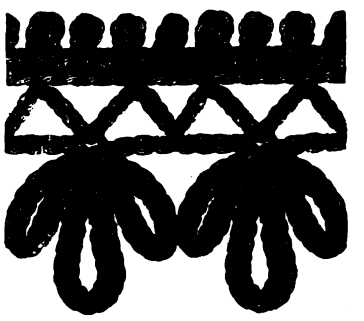

Fig. 3.—CROCHET EDGING.

Fig. 4.—KNITTED AND CROCHET EDGING. This edging, which is used for the Child's Sacque, page 20, is worked entirely plain with white worsted on a foundation of 7 st., always going backward and forward; in every second following round form loops. To do this put the right-hand needle in the next stitch, as if to knit it off. Wind the needle and the forefinger of the right hand twice with the thread, and then the needle once more, draw all the windings through the st. on the left-hand needle, and let this st. slip from the needle. Without letting the windings slip from the finger take them on the left needle and knit off the loops once more, at the same time letting them slip from the forefinger. The loops thus formed must come on the under side of the work, and at last be pulled tight. When the edging is of the length desired, take up, first, the first row of loops on a needle, and work off the two threads of each separately with blue worsted, as in the second round of a Tunisian stitch pattern row. When the loops on the needle are worked off slip the blue loop from the needle, take up the following row of loops in such a manner that the point of the needle is turned toward the blue loop (see illustration); take up the latter again and work off as before. Continue in this manner until all the loops are worked off in

BASQUE-FICHU FOR CHILD UNDER 2 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 23.

GENTLEMAN'S WATER-PROOF HUNTING JACKET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 51-58.

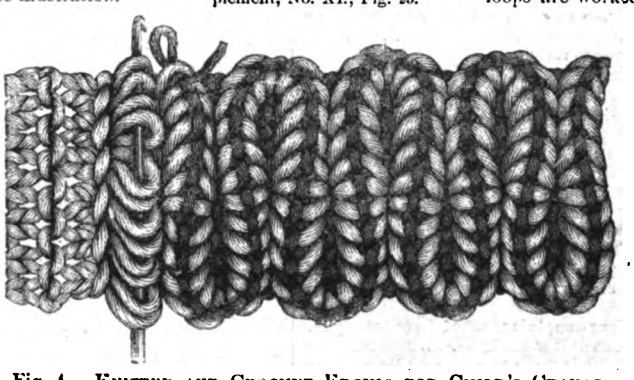

Fig. 4.—KNITTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR CHILD'S CRAVAT AND HOOD.—[See Page 20.]

GENTLEMAN'S WATER-PROOF HUNTING JACKET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 51-58.

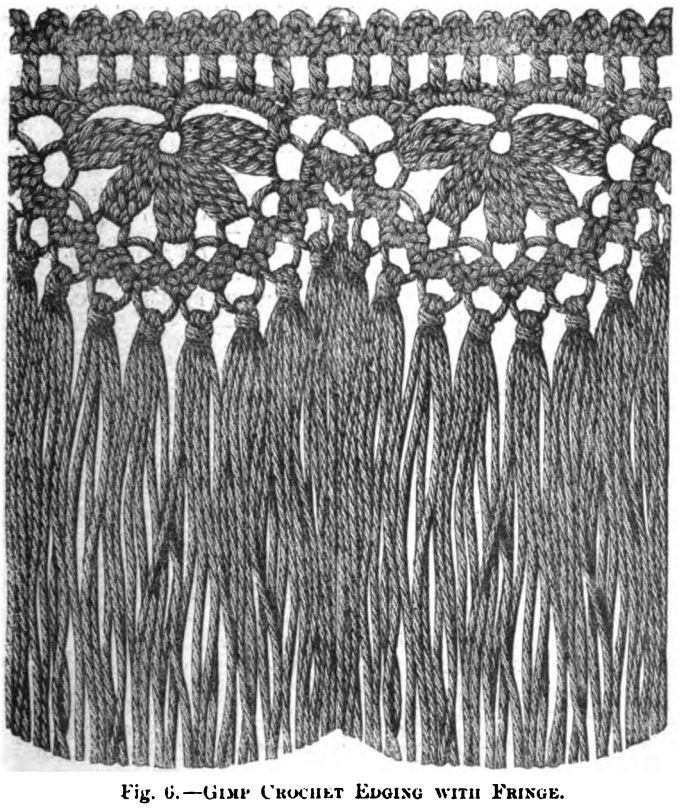

Fig. 6.—GIMP CROCHET EDGING WITH FRINGE.

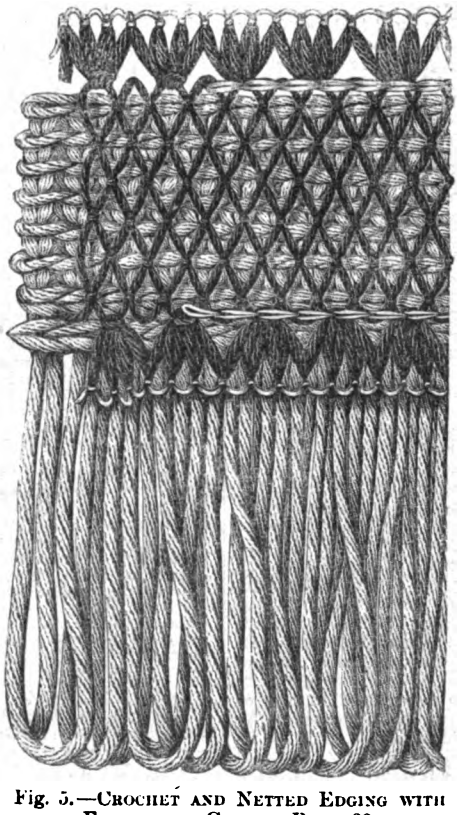

Fig. 5.—CROCHET AND NETTED EDGING WITH FRINGE FOR COLLAR, PAGE 20.

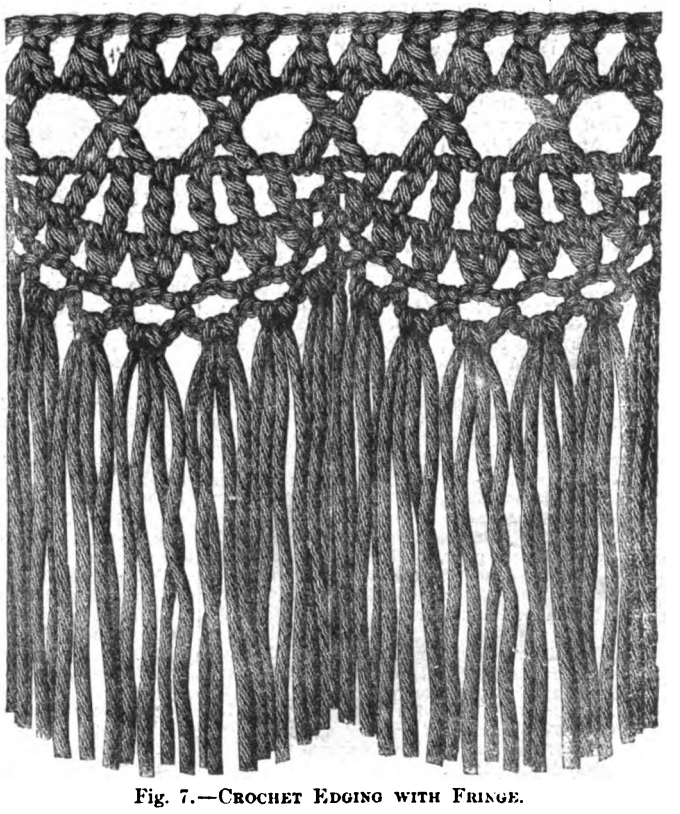

Fig. 7.—CROCHET EDGING WITH FRINGE.

KNITTED, CROCHET, AND NETTED TRIMMINGS FOR HOODS, CAPES, ETC.

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connection, and windings formed as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 5.—CROCHET AND NETTED EDGING WITH FRINGE. For this edging, which is used for the collar on page 20, work, first, with white worsted on a foundation of 7 st. Tunisian stitch pattern rounds, until the strip is of the length desired. On one lengthwise edge of this piece work with a double thread of white worsted one round of sc.; before working each st. wind the thread once around a mesh nearly three inches wide. Then cover the border with a piece of netting worked with black worsted. For this strip work on a foundation of the requisite length, over a mesh two-fifths of an inch in circumference, seven rounds in diagonal netting, and then on each lengthwise edge one round over a mesh an inch in circumference, alternately working 3 st. on 1 st. of the preceding round, and pass over the following st. Work a round with white silk over a mesh two-fifths of an inch in diameter, working 1 st. on every st. of the preceding round. Sew the netted strip on the crochet border with white silk in chain stitch.

Fig. 6.—CROCHET GIMP EDGING WITH FRINGE. This border is worked with fine red Saxony wool in the following manner: First, make gimp like that shown by Fig. 3, page 500, No. 32, Vol. III. On the loops on one lengthwise edge of this border work as follows: 1st round.—* On the 1st, 3d, 5th, 7th, and 9th of the first 9 loops work each one leaf of 3 dc. These leaves are not worked off separately, but together, after completing the 5th leaflet; then work 6 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop on which the last leaf was worked, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the following loop, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the following loop, 6 ch., and repeat from *. The first of each following 5 leaflets must always be worked on the loop on which the last sc. was worked. In the second round work as shown by the illustration sc. on the ch. scallops of the preceding round. In the 3d round work alternately 1 ch. on the next st., 1 ch., pass over 1 st. with the latter. 4th round.—On each ch. of the preceding round 2 sc. separated by 1 picot; the p. counts 3 ch. and 1 st. on the first of these. To the loops on the other side knot strands of red worsted for fringe.

Fig. 7.—CROCHET EDGING WITH FRINGE. For this border work with black worsted, on a foundation of the requisite length, one round of cdc. (cross double crochet), leaving an interval of 1 ch. between the upper and the under veins of each cdc., and the same between each 2 cdc. 2d round.—1 sc. on the ch. between the two upper veins of the 1st cdc., * 1 ch., 1 dc. on the following ch., 1 ch., 2 stc. (short treble crochet) separated by 1 ch. on the following ch., 1 ch., 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the following ch., 1 ch., 2 stc. separated by 1 ch. on the following ch., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the following ch., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch., and repeat from *. 3d round.—1 sc. on the first sc. of the preceding round, 1 ch., t. t. o. (throw the thread over), take up one loop before the first dc. (the stc. and tc. are all called dc. here), and one loop after the same dc., and work off together all the loops on the needle except the last one, throwing the thread over once, 1 ch., and repeat 6 times from *. Before and after the middle two dots of the scallop work 2 ch. instead of 1 ch. This completes one scallop; work the remaining scallops in the same manner. 4th round.—On each ch. of the preceding round 1 sc., after each sc. 5 ch. To each ch. scallop of this round fasten a strand of fringe as shown by the illustration. On the upper edge of the edging (foundation st.) work a round similar to the 4th round, as shown by the illustration.

SEEDS.

We are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill,
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill:
Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teeming mould;
Seeds that live and grow and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold:
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife;
In our words and looks and actions
Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone!
Bid Thine angels guard the furrows
Where the precious grain is sown,
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with mellow ripened ears—
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seed we sowed in tears.

Check the froward thoughts and passions,
Stay the hasty, heedless hands,
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant lands.
Father, help each weak endeavor,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till Thine harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELMA G.—The prettiest dress of the season for bridemaids is white tarlatan, flounced and adorned with flower sash and corsage bouquet. Each bridemaid should wear different-colored flowers. The groomsmen usually present bouquets to the bridemaids, and attend them during the evening. The bridal party usually meet at the bride's house and rehearse for the ceremony.

L. R. R. AND C.—The costume illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32 (of which a cut paper pattern can be furnished) is handsome for skating.—A book, a statuette, slippers, a reading-chair, handkerchiefs with monogram embroidered by the giver, are all suitable presents to a gentleman who does not smoke or care for jewelry.

CARRIE.—White cloaks are not fashionably worn to church or in the daytime. Astrakhan cloth will do as well as any.

AN OLD LADY.—In making fancy frames the pine cones and acorns are sewed on if card-board is used, or glued on if the frames are wood.

E. W.—For full description of gentlemen's attire read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 45, Vol. III.

NORA.—We have several times declined to recommend any depilatories.

S. R. T.—The Supplement containing directions for making point lace is in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. III., and was mailed to you with that paper.

MRS. E. M. S., MADGE H., AND MANY OTHERS.—We have had so little space of late for "Answers to Correspondents" that we have embodied as far as possible replies to all inquiries about dress in the columns headed "New York Fashions." We have not always found room to point out these replies, but hope our correspondents have seen them and gained the desired information.

L. E. B. AND OTHERS.—We can not give you the address of "Perplexity."

GABRIEL.—A fringing-needle, for raveling silk into fringe, has lately been invented. It costs but a trifle, may be attached to any sewing-machine, and makes more fringe in an hour than one person could make in a day with the fingers.

CONSTANT READER.—To have two waists to your pearl-colored silk select a low pointed waist with Grecian folds of tulle around the neck, and a high heart-shaped postillion basque with round, pointed, or basque front.

GUADALAXARA.—The bright scarlet of your velour sample is little worn now. Dark rich garnet or ruby is more stylish even for house dresses. We do not advise court trains for plain woolen goods. A basque and demi-train are better. Guipure lace four inches wide costs from $3 to $6. It is greatly used this season. Make a long over-skirt to your black silk by cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III. Head lace with velvet, passementerie, or silk ruches. The sacque of the suit on first page of *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. III., would be pretty for an alpaca suit.

A PERPLEXED SUBSCRIBER.—Use folds of silk above pleatings of organdy like the sample you send. Black, white, and other shades of purple are the only colors that look well with purple.

EMMA.—Make a plain waist fastened behind and two skirts scalloped at the edges for your little girl's plaid dress. For a wrap get her a black velveteen paletot. The patterns in *Bazar* No. 47, Vol. III., will show you how to alter your sacque. The suit you mention will do well for a stout person, but you should not alter the shape of the over-skirt.

INQUIRER.—For wedding invitations read *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. III. It is perfectly proper for your friend to go to the dépôt from the church. A reception is usually given on the return of the bridal party. Pale brown gloves, or else gray, should be worn by the bridal pair.

M. B. C.—The groom supplies carriages for the wedding party.

A. M. B.—The vest-casaque is made for a house garment as well as for the street.

ADAH MILLER.—Make your black silk by the Vest-Casaque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III. A white Swiss muslin over-skirt is prettier than merino. Pleat your alpaca ruffles, and head with silk bands. For hints about furs read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III.

STATION K.—We have received a letter mailed at this station, ordering a half-fitting cloak pattern, and giving neither name nor address—a thing which happens continually. If our readers, in ordering patterns, would be more particular in writing their names and full post-office addresses, they would save us perplexity, and themselves the annoyance of delay in receiving their patterns. We do not replace patterns that are lost in the mails.

CLARA M. B.—Yes, you can send a miscellaneous club. Make your wool satine by the cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, and trim with bands of black marten fur. Wear a black velvet gipsy or a French turban with black ostrich tips, and gros grain scarf.

MRS. J. F. MC.—Use black velvet or velveteen, or else black marten fur, on your brown suit, and trim your cloth sacque to match.

S. F. H.—Make your black alpaca suit by cut paper pattern of the Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. Trim with pleatings of the same and a bias band of alpaca.

MARIAN.—The dry heat of a stove is injurious. A vessel of water should always be kept on the stove.—The elastic sponge mattresses are filled with prepared, compressed sponge, and are made in this city.—Scarabee is the fashionable green shade, with a tinge of red in it.

W. H. C.—A gray Irish poplin would be the prettiest material for a bride's traveling dress to be worn in March.

"OUIDA."—Your sample is a sort of Japanese poplin. It is of little value, as it wears badly. We do not know the price of it. It is more usually sold by peddlers through the country than by city merchants. Use the Polonaise Suit pattern in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., and trim with black silk or velvet bands.

M. E. H.—You will get ideas about bridal outfits by reading New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. III.

PHILADELPHIA.—Your sample is not empress cloth, but English merino. Make by the Polonaise-Casaque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., and trim with black velvet and fringe.—We can not give you the address you want.—Frederick Douglass's paper, *The New Nation*, is printed in Washington.

F. T. C.—Tapes fastened to the belt, tied to other tapes half-way down the inside of the seams of the skirt, will loop your dress prettily.

C.—Your green sample is not Irish poplin, but the worthless stuff mentioned above to "Ouida." The silk should cost about $3 a yard. The velvet is a good blue-black, and will wear well. The pile is thick, but should have been longer for the price you paid.

M. B.—Your sample has too large figures for the present style. Make it a plain basque, with gored demi-trained skirt, and trim with brown velvet ribbon.

MR. E.—"Outrival" is an accepted word in the English language, and is used by Addison, who is certainly good authority.

GARCIA.—We can not recommend any special treatise on phonography. We do not think that there is any house in New York which is specially devoted to the publication of French books; but Messrs. F. W. Christern, Leypoldt & Holt, Westermann, and others import the principal works published in France and Germany.

YOUNG AMERICA.—Most of the countries in Europe have changed their names again and again from various causes. For instance, Gaul became France on the advent of the Franks, Spain was once Iberia, England Britain, and so on.

A. B. C.—In Europe men are employed in many of the domestic duties which are here monopolized by women, such as washing, chamber-work, etc. The expediency of this is a question of usage, and not of propriety. If your German boy is suited for house-work and nothing else, don't blast his vocation, but let him do your sweeping and washing.

HENRY T.—Read the chapter on the skin in the "Bazar Book of Decorum."

M. P. AND C.—Address your letter to "Mr. David Brown." The habit of affixing "Esq." indiscriminately to gentlemen's names is an absurd one, and wholly unmeaning in this country, where no such title is known.

PHENIX.—Diamonds exposed to the intense heat produced by a condensed mixture of carbonic oxide and oxygen gas are fused and converted into a mass resembling coke. Heated in the open air, they burn at the temperature used for melting silver, and are dissipated in the form of carbonic acid gas. When exposed to the concentrated rays of the sun in a powerful lens they burn with a blue, lambent flame.

FANNIE D.—An extra copy of either the *Magazine*, *Weekly*, or *Bazar* will be supplied gratis to every club of five subscribers who send $4 each in one remittance, and six copies for $20. They can be sent to different post-offices.

LOW.—We will send you covers for the *Bazar* for seventy-five cents, which a binder will put on for you for about the same price.—We have no book summing up descriptions of crochet and knitting work. To obtain these you must take the *Bazar* regularly, and preserve the Numbers.

NENA M.—We certainly shall not instruct you in the art of flirtation with pocket-handkerchiefs or any thing else.

NEVADA says, respecting the barber-pole question, that in Italy barbers still practice surgery to some extent, as bleeding, cupping, extracting teeth, etc. A cane, or pole, basin, and bandages may be seen in the shop window. When a person is to be bled a cane is given him to grasp, a bandage is wrapped around the arm above the elbow, so as to cause the veins to fill with blood, and the basin is held to catch the blood. The barber's pole, therefore, represents the cane with the blood-stained bandage wrapped around it, and, together with the basin, tells the passer-by that he can be bled within.

L. B. AND OTHERS.—It is useless to ask for the names of our contributors, as it is contrary to our rules to give them.

M. L. S. B.—The books you mention can not be obtained from Harper & Brothers, who only sell their own publications. We can not tell you their price.

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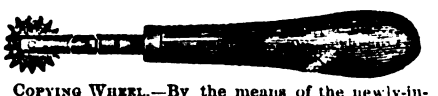

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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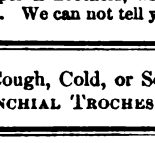
FURS,  FURS,

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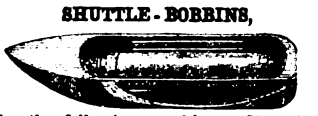

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"AGE COMMANDS RESPECT."—*Vide Copy-book.*

MOTHER. "Now, Willie, Run and Fetch the Butter."
WILLIE. "Ugh! It's a-Rainin' so 'ard 'tain't Fit to Turn a Dog out in. Can't ye send Gran'father?"

FACETIÆ.

WHAT is the difference between a fulsome flatterer and a person weary of pledging at a pawnbroker's?—One is sycophant and the other sick of uncle.

What trade affords support to the greatest number of the population?—The balus-trade.

NATURAL BUT REPREHENSIBLE WISH.—A little girl was heard to wish the other day that she was a boy, so she could swear when she dropped her books in the mud.

Stars are clearly the best astronomers, because they have *studded* the heavens since the creation.

Candle-makers should never employ men fond of bathing—they are sure to take no end of dips.

Mrs. Partington says she likes going to a play on the first night of its performance, because she sees so many imminent men present, and a lot of crickets from the newspapers.

We were told of a certain evening party that the conversation became *flagged;* the conclusion thereupon forced itself upon us that the talkers must have had hearts of stone.

A RAILWAY SERVANT—Steam.

SOBER TRUTH—"Intemperance is a vice."

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

When to my arms a parent gives
A babe she deems the best that lives—
A little fright, it may be;
Compelled to say a word of praise,
I murmur as I fondly gaze,
"Well, I've seen many in my days,
But this one *is*—a baby!"

The conundrum of the organ-grinders who are always playing the popular tune, "How can I leave thee?" is best answered by saying that several trains and a boat leave daily.

A CEREOUS MATTER—Beeswax.

Selle de Cheval à la Daumont.—Saddle of Horse, curried.

Salmi de Rat à la Chat-eaubriant.—Hashed Rat, with Cats-up.

Biftek de Boule-dogue à l'Anglaise.—Bull-dog Steak in the English Fashion.

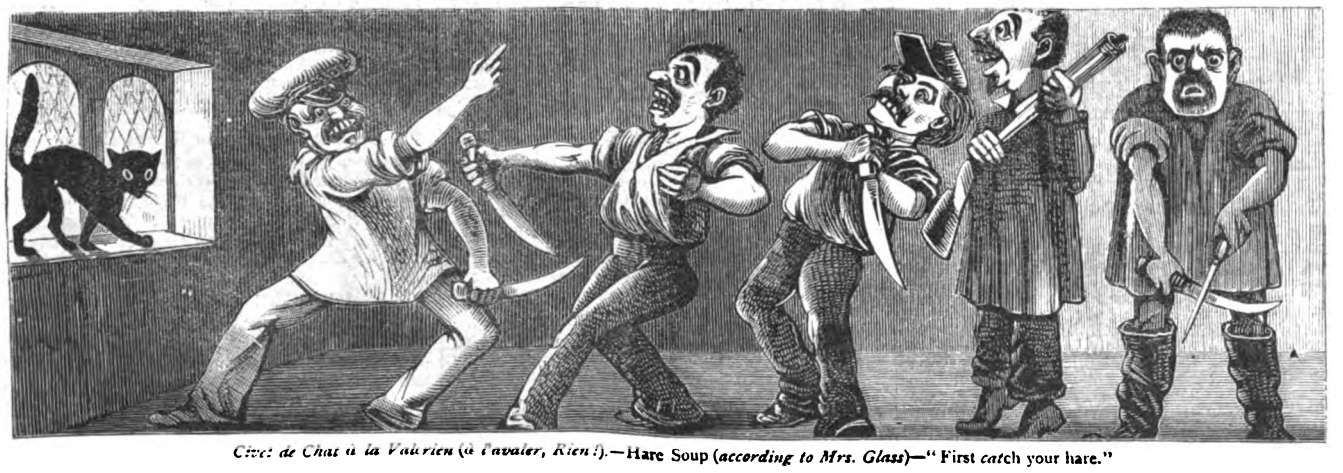
Tête d'Ane à la Montmorency.—Donkey's Head, bray-sed.

Consommé de Pélican aux croutons.—Pelican Broth garnished with Sippets.

Fricassée de Singe à l'Orang(e).—Fried Monkey, with Ape-le Sauce.

Filet mignon d'Eléphant, aux petits pois.—Spare-rib of Elephant.

Tripes de Lion à la Lyonnaise.—Breast of Lion, Lyons-wise.



Civet de Chat à la Vauvien (à l'avaler, Rien!).—Hare Soup (*according to Mrs. Glass*)—"First *catch* your hare."

CHRISTMAS DINNER IN PARIS.

Philosophers say that Man partakes of the Nature of the Food he Eats Here are the Results of the Latest French Cookery.

A JUST REPROOF.

SMALL BOY (*to proud Friend who has recently met with a Family Misfortune*). "Well, you needn't be so Precious Uppish about it neither, as if nobody else's Father couldn't Die except yourn!"

A fashionable but ignorant lady wanted a costly hair shawl, but her husband bought her a cheap imitation article. On examining it she found the name of the manufacturer on one corner, and wanted to know what that was. "That?" said the husband; "oh, that's the name of the camel of whose hair the shawl was made!" The wife takes great pride in her shawl, and has no doubt of its genuineness.

Fortune's hand, so a broken-down writing-master assures us, is remarkable for its heavy down-strokes.

An *émeute* of an odd character has taken place in one of our large schools. A boy—*puer imberbis*—heated a poker red-hot, held it to the dominie's nose while his back was turned, and pinned him in a corner. All the other boys, under the ecstasy of a new sensation, threw down their books and executed a war dance round the imprisoned master, until, we conclude, the poker cooled. It is supposed by a miserable punster that the song chanted on the occasion was, "Una voce poco-fa!"

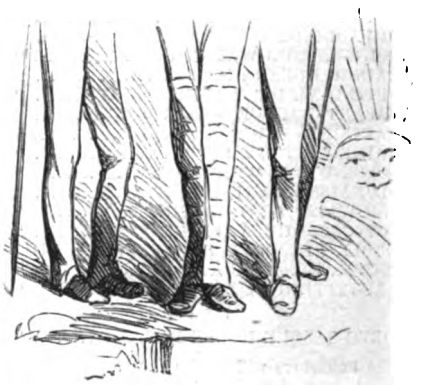
Of what poet do lobsters and crabs remind you?—Shelley, decidedly.

When is a man in want of a fire-engine?—When his anger is smouldering.

Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth a man met a farmer, and said to him:
"You have had a great loss."
"What loss?"
"Why, you have lost the great poet."
"Oh, ay," said the farmer, "he is dead; but ah bev no doubt 't wife will carry on t' business, and mak it as profitable as ivver it was."

THE PROPER MATERIAL FOR WAR BALLOONS—Shot silk, of course.

What vegetable is most like a teetotaler?—The pot-hater.



NEW-YEAR'S MORNING.

NEW-YEAR'S NOON.

NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 3.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' House Dresses.

Fig. 1.—GRAY POULT DE SOIE DRESS. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with black lace. Above each row of lace are three rows of black velvet ribbon. The basque-waist is trimmed in the same manner. Blonde fichu-collar trimmed with pleated ruffles and a bow of colored ribbon.

Fig. 2.—VIOLET SILK DRESS WITH VIOLET CASHMERE OVER DRESS AND TRAIN. The dress is trimmed with a wide gathered flounce, which is edged with a side-pleated ruffle. Above the flounce are narrow folds of the material. The over dress is draped at the sides, and the bottom is lined with violet silk, and trimmed with black lace and violet velvet, as shown by the illustration. The waist is trimmed with velvet, lace, and folds. Fine linen collar and under-sleeves trimmed with side-pleated Swiss muslin ruffles. Violet silk ribbon bow for the hair.

LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES.

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Fig. 3.—LIGHT BROWN SILK POPLIN DRESS WITH TUNIC AND BASQUE-WAIST. The skirt is trimmed with three bias strips of the material, which are ornamented with brown velvet ribbon, as shown by the illustration. The tunic is trimmed with a bias strip of the material cut in points and trimmed with velvet. Brown satin vest trimmed with bands of the same. The basque-waist is trimmed with buttons, bands, and folds of brown satin and brown velvet ribbon. The sleeves are trimmed with black lace.

Fig. 4.—BLACK GROS GRAIN PALETOT. This paletot is trimmed at the under edge with a wide side-pleated ruffle. Above and below the ruffle black lace is set on, as shown by the illustration. The sleeves are trimmed in the same manner. Black velvet hat with black lace veil.

Fig. 5.—GARNET SATINE DRESS. The trimming consists of folds of the material, and fringe and velvet ribbon of the color of the dress. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a wide flounce. Satin bows of the color of the dress trim the waist.

AMY AT THE WINDOW.

GET you gone, O Day, so dreary!
  Creep into the arms of Night!
And these scenes of wasted beauty
  Let the darkness seal from sight.
Falls the rain in dirge-like cadence;
  Chants the wind a woeful rhyme;
And such bitter, bitter memories
  Haunt the sombre winter time!

Vain! I can not any longer
  Put away the thoughts that rise;
I have battled long and bravely—
  I have worn a proud disguise.
But to-night my heart is weary,
  And my courage ebbs away
With the tears that gush so hotly—
  Ah! I kept them back to-day.

And it makes me weak to listen
  To the far-off river's moan;
And my pain is always sharpest
  When I find myself alone.
Awful is this gulf of silence
  Stretching 'twixt your life and mine—
Let me fall and die beside it,
  Rather than live on and pine!

And I lift my soul in pleading,
  Oh, so passionate and deep!
God! if I could only cross it,
  On your neck to fall and weep!
And I kneel and send my moaning
  Feebly to the further shore,
Feeling that it will not reach you—
  Feeling you are mine no more!

Yet, oh, lost one! I forgive you
  Those last, cruel, crushing words—
I could kiss the hand that rudely
  Struck my spirit's quivering chords.
I forgive you all my anguish,
  All these weary nights of woe,
And the bleakness of my Future,
  All because—I love you so.

But I never, never wronged you—
  Never was in thought untrue;
All my holiest, highest heart-throbs,
  And the inmost, were for you.
When they leave me cold and silent,
  When this passionate pain is past,
You will know how much I loved you—
  Know me loyal to the last!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a choice variety of Ladies' Winter Burnouses, Cloaks, Talmas, Bonnets, Dresses, etc.; Boys', Girls', and Infants' Dresses and Cloaks; Fur Cloaks, Collars, and Muffs; Hoods, Blouse Waists, Fichus, etc.; and a large assortment of elegant Fancy Articles.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page 46 of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Acts of Conformity.

MY DEAR ALFRED,—The holiday season has brought my cousin Prudence to town, and I have been showing her all the sights that I can think of which may amuse her, and which are suitable for a lady of her age. Upon the whole, we have found nothing more entertaining than the shops, which are full of holiday wares displayed to the utmost advantage; and I have found, to my great pleasure, that my cousin Prudence would rather stroll with me up Broadway and through the busy avenues, looking in at the gay windows, than go to see "The Black Crook." In the pursuit of this harmless amusement we have an admirable opportunity of talking about our greater journey, and the manners which become those who are engaged upon it; and my cousin Prudence has more than once shown me that the old spirit still survived which made her long ago the most delightful of companions. Indeed, Alfred, she is one of the women who make our fine talk—I mean the condescending periods of men—about the sphere and the duties and the *et cætera* of women extremely absurd. It is in the family, I suppose, for the wife of little Tommy Tiddler is her grandniece; and when I sit at that lady's table, and observe her acute good sense, and the patronizing tone in which her husband, the redoubtable Thomas, speaks of women, I blush for my sex, as the saying is, and I understand why Gibbon called us usurpers.

As Cousin Prudence and I stood before one of the most brilliant of the shops, which reminded me of those upon the Italian Boulevard, in Paris, that seem made all of glass, there is such a vast expanse of window, she said to me, quietly,

"Is that your house?"

"Oh no! Did you think I had turned shopkeeper?"

"No; but I knew that you lived in a glass house."

There was a delightful twinkle in Cousin Prudence's eyes as she said this, and I asked, but with some trepidation,

"How so?"

"Oh, I read your letters sometimes, and as I watch the pebbles that you scatter I remember the proverb about those who live in glass houses."

"Cousin Prudence, do I share the little foibles that I pointed out?"

Prudence smiled, and was very much engaged in looking at a pair of worked slippers in a tempting window.

"Well," said I, "does the preacher ever pretend that he is not human? If I were of the sacred profession I should always preach to my own condition, and then I should be sure of hitting somebody."

"Very well," replied my cousin Prudence; "but what do you think of a tipsy temperance lecturer?"

She smiled and looked at me.

"Who would ever suppose," continued she, "who have read some of your letters in the country, and then came to town and walked down Broadway, that the first rather well-dressed old gentleman upon the street would be probably Mr. Bachelor?"

Then I laughed and asked her if she supposed that my readers believed Mr. Bachelor to be a kind of outlandish John crying in the wilderness—a wearer of goat-skins and of long hair. "Why, my dear Prudence, the very essence of my philosophy is, that a wise traveler drinks the wine of the country. He does not insist upon his native tea-pot, or blackberry cordial, or Tokay, or sherry, but he gladly drinks his two pints and a half of train-oil when he travels with Captain Hall among the Esquimaux; and he does not scorn the juices of the latitude when he is received by his Majesty Paul the First in his Apingi Kingdom."

Indeed, I know nothing more absurd than a loud protest in unimportant matters. When you hear that or see it your faith is instantly shaken in the graver judgments of such a protestant. I was invited upon Christmas-eve to the private theatre at Mrs. Thalia's, and there was a very merry performance. One of the most amusing points was the entry of certain wedding guests in the bonnets and the costumes of thirty years ago. The whole audience shouted. But if my cousin Prudence should enter an actual drawing-room, or show herself in the street, in one of those enormous and overwhelming structures which were so fashionable as bonnets a generation ago, she would be considered insane or a fool. And the more solemnly she professed to wear it as a protest against the frivolity of fashion the more evident would be her madness or her folly. It would show, as I have had a chance to remark before this occasion, that she laid an undue stress upon unimportant things. It would cost her more time and thought and care, and a hundred times more heroism, to make herself look ridiculous than to make herself unnoticed by conforming to the general fashion. The old Scotch Covenanters, indeed, betook themselves to the mountains, and there were heroic Puritans who were put to death rather than conform; but the form meant something vital. I do not see, however, that the size or shape of my cousin Prudence's bonnet, or the fact of her wearing an over-skirt or a sash, involves any serious consideration. The daughter of Cromwell would not have worn a cross as an ornament, because it would have had a profound significance. But when Mrs. Midas wears a cross of diamonds it signifies only that she is rich.

Conformity is not an abstract principle. Practical wisdom—by which I mean real wisdom—is the faculty of knowing when, where, and how to conform. Five years ago I remarked that all my young friends of my own sex wore what were called "peg-top" trowsers. Would it have been wise for Tommy Tiddler to declare that he wouldn't bother his soul about his trowsers, and so resolve to wear nothing but peg-tops forever? Such a resolution and practice would have bothered his soul a great deal more than his very proper habit of wearing clothes that conform to the fashion. But it by no means follows that he must do every thing that fashion authorizes. He carries, for instance, a white pocket-handkerchief instead of a red bandana when he accepts the polite invitation of Mrs. Midas to dinner; but he does not have it edged with the costliest lace as Ferdinand Bulbul does, who has just returned from the tour. And he wears a neat white shirt-front instead of a colored flannel gathered across his breast; but he disdains the elaborately embroidered bosom of muslin, lined with pink silk, which may be studied in certain shop-windows. Tommy Tiddler is not the wisest of men, but he conforms wisely in dress. He understands when, where, and how.

It is so with the other sex, my dear Alfred, and my cousin Prudence illustrated the truth of what I am saying. She was dressed simply, and not out of the general fashion—not in such an odd way that every body would laugh and gibe. I observed, for instance, that she wore her own white hair neatly coifed. But it was not in the style of another day, but of this day. And whenever a woman's hair naturally changes color, Alfred—I mean not by disease or suffering—how becoming it is! Nature is not surprised by it. It does not look like premature age. It is a new and lovely ornament. But it is her own hair that Prudence wears, not a wig, not the hair of somebody else, nor of a horse. And in this she conforms wisely, as Tiddler does in wearing a white shirt-bosom. It does not follow, I say, because it is wise to dress her hair behind, for instance, in a knot or curls when that is the fashion, instead of piling it up over her forehead when such is not the fashion, that it is therefore equally wise to pin false hair to the knot, which may hang to her heels, or to add to her head one of those extraordinary buttresses of complex braids at which I gaze in wonder and awe as I sit in the theatre or the lecture-room, and observe the young women before me. Because a sensible man drinks the wine of the country, it does not follow that he is to fuddle himself with it, or to get drunk. My cousin Prudence knows when, where, and how to conform; and whatever that excellent woman may say to me, Alfred, I shall never assert that she lives in a glass house, because, while she wisely conforms, she laughs at those who conform unwisely. It is not eating, it is gluttony, which is deplorable.

I am aware that this very principle is made to cover every kind of excess; but it is an unjust compulsion, to which no woman of good sense will submit. There are certain fashions which no such woman will ever countenance. Thus for convenience she will wear what are called short dresses in the street, or what are called long dresses. But she will not shorten her skirts to the degree of the stage dress of the ladies of the ballet who play young men; nor, on the other hand, will she lengthen them to trail upon the pavement, to draggle over all the dust and filth that collect there. When any of our friends of the other sex, my dear Alfred, say that they must sweep up all the street garbage with their silken trains because long skirts are the fashion, they confess that they do not know when, where, or how to conform. They are—and I grieve to say it—no more than the lay figures which we see in the shops, hung with dresses. Such women ought to marry the beautifully wigged busts of young gentlemen in the barbers' windows. They have abdicated their character, and the dignity and honor of human beings. The poor, limping, Chinese women may plead that their feet were deformed before they could help themselves. But the woman among our friends who allows herself to wear a train in the street is a woman who deliberately distorts her own feet, that she may limp instead of walk. I would gladly write them an epistle general if I thought I could convey to them in any degree the curious disgust and pain with which an honorable man sees their degradation. Do they wish us to understand that they would do any thing which fashion might require—that there is no limit whatever to their subservience?

My cousin Prudence, who is the most reasonable of women, was pleased to say, after I had talked with her for some time in this strain, that she thought there was considerable truth in what I suggested; and she owned that I was not debarred from the privilege of smiling at Beau Brummel because I am not Orson. As water is best when it has no color and no taste, so it seems to me the manners and dress of our fellow-travelers are most to be commended when they are unobservable because of their wise conformity to the habit of the hour. I have remarked, in reading books, that if the style is of primary importance, it is because the substance of the work is of a very indifferent quality. And when I am chiefly attracted in my fellow-travelers by the splendor of their cravats and chains and waistcoats, I feel that I am relieved from the task of going further, because I know that I shall fare worse. Such ornamental gentlemen are like the shops which display all their riches at the door, and spare us the trouble of stepping in.

There is, indeed, the vulgar taste, which will not believe in royalty unless it sees the crown and sceptre. This appears among us in the kitchen feeling, which thinks that "ladies" necessarily wear silks and diamonds. The truth is that the essential lady always produces the impression of silks and diamonds, whatever she wears. But there are eyes not fine enough to perceive it. And I suppose, Alfred, that the taste which makes the commonest material graceful and pleasing—so that the simplest and cheapest dress may have the same kind of effect that the most superb robe of Worth's which Nilsson wears produces—is part of the instinct of the lady. It is a word which has been quite as much abused as gentleman. But the fact of both remains. And since so much of the pleasure of life lies in little things, my dear Alfred—little words, little looks, little deeds—let us not consider the wise conformity of which I have been talking with my cousin Prudence as altogether despicable. If you would promise to understand just what I mean, I should say to you, "My dear boy, don't try to walk Spanish when every body else is holding an even and tranquil pace; and when the fashion requires short jackets, don't insist upon wearing a swallow-tailed coat."

Yours, as you understand,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE ABUSE OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

ONE of our contemporaries lately reproached another with attempting to forward a benevolent object by turning the children into beggars. "We do nothing of the sort," was the reply, in substance; "we simply urge the children to give us their own earnings and such small contributions as they may solicit from their parents and casual visitors."

If there were no begging but street begging the charge is disproved; but begging in the house is far worse than begging out of it. The little, shivering, hungry, forlorn wretch who timidly holds out his hat at the street crossings, or the still more common little wretch who has added to his poverty hypocrisy, who follows you into the railroad station, and in an exaggerated whine asks you for money to buy a loaf of bread for his sick mother—these have the dire and awful excuse of hunger. Famine is a foe to delicacy, and rags chill self-respect to death. But why should we turn to, and with malice aforethought, for a far-off and perhaps shadowy good, destroy the modesty and blunt the sense of propriety of our own little, plump, rosy, healthy lads and lasses? The money can by no means do good enough to atone for the harm done to the child by enjoining or permitting a child to ask money of his father's visitors, or of any outside person, for any purpose whatever. There is bluntness enough in our social relations, Heaven knows. We lift our standard of duty over other people's heads, dictate to them their benevolence, their religion, and the size of their families; but the next generation will surpass us in our impertinence if we thus train them up to it from their tender years. What is improper in grown people is grotesquely improper in children. And it is always improper and impertinent for one person to urge another to bestow in charity. If a case of destitution be brought to the knowledge of one man he may lay it before others, and present any plan for assistance that he may have formed; but that is all. He is not to solicit alms. When persons know the suffering, the matter lies in their hands alone. For what they do or do not they alone are responsible. Still less for large organized charities should men solicit contributions. Let them give what publicity they choose to their objects and methods; let ministers preach sermons explanatory and exhortatory if they will; but let all the rest be left to the action of individuals. For convenience an agent may be appointed to receive what people have to bestow; but the man who comes to my house and urges me to give five dollars, or fifty dollars, or fifty cents, to any body or any thing, is impertinent, and if I had not better manners than he I should tell him so. Happily newspapers have been invented for the purpose of giving us a chance to say behind people's backs what we will not say to their faces. To put the facts on the lowest ground, he does not know what is my income nor what are my expenses, and he has, therefore, no possible means of knowing what I am able to give, or whether I can give any thing. Moreover, I may not have faith in his aims, his society, or himself; but, of course, I don't wish to tell him so, though, if he annoys me overmuch, there is danger that I shall, and with some heat. But worse than this, by the very act of urging me to charity he becomes offensive. He puts himself on a plane above me; he assumes that I will not do what I ought unless he, with his superior goodness, urges me to it—which may all be true, but a truth which it is not his province to preach.

But what will our charities come to, cry the benevolent, if we are to be so squeamish? What shall we come to if we are not so squeamish is quite as important a question. If the heathen Chinee can not become Christian without Christians becoming busy-bodies in other men's matters, why, Christianity has two sides. If Christians do not care enough about their Gospel and their fellows to send the one to the other, the true way is to make them better Christians, not work upon their pride or their vanity, and make them send the Gospel any how. Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth, says Christ, as clear as crystal; and we obey his injunction by sending around a subscription-paper with all the names and gifts in black and white—"John Doe, twenty dollars; Richard Roe, fifteen dollars"—and the excuse is that you would not get half as much any other way; that is, Christians will not give for love half as much as they will give for shame or show. If this were so, would it not be well to leave the heathen Chinee, and turn our guns upon ourselves?

We greatly need more delicacy, more knowl-

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edge of limitations, more sense of propriety, more respect for the rights and the individuality of others. If we wish to build a memorial hall, and send an agent around with a subscription-paper, his object ought not to be to make as many people give as much as possible, but, primarily, to save people the trouble of carrying their contributions to head-quarters; and, secondarily, to spare them any possible pain or embarrassment in not making a contribution. The best agent is not the one who collects the most money, but the one who leaves in the hearts of those he has visited the strongest conviction that benevolence is gentle, considerate, courteous. When benevolence attempts to pry into your affairs, or to override your decisions, or to take advantage of your position, or in any way to dictate your course, you feel inclined to close your purse-strings and open your door.

To have little children not only permitted but instructed to levy contributions on their parents' visitors—who can not do so ungracious a thing as to refuse, no matter what their sentiments or opinions may be—shows a marvelous misunderstanding or perversion of the laws of politeness and hospitality, and a marvelous ignorance of or indifference to the delicacy of a child's nature.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHANGE OF STYLES.

ALTHOUGH we have had no radical change of fashions within a year, the most casual observer must perceive a difference between the costumes of last winter and of the present. The dashing "girl of the period" styles have passed away, and we have in their stead more quiet, refined dressing, suitable for dignified women, yet not too demure for the most youthful. In lieu of costumes made up of colors in violent contrast, we now have shades of one color pervading the suit; the Grecian-bend panier, with its unsightly puff, has given place to a modest tournure and graceful drapery; towering chignons of false hair are supplanted by natural braids that disclose the contour of the head; plump, healthy-looking waists are preferred to waspish ones; instead of skirts ankle short for promenading, we have more graceful ones just clearing the ground, while voluminous trains are discarded for the more sensible half-train; high, curved, French heels are positively outré, and the jaunty jockey hat, with its defiant aigrette, is gradually receding before the demure-looking gipsy bonnet. The last-mentioned change we regret somewhat, but we congratulate our readers on the tasteful, sensible, and lady-like *ensemble* that a fashionably dressed woman now presents. There is scarcely a target left at which critics can aim their arrows of malice.

CHEAP SILKS.

Since the beginning of the European war prices of silk have been very fluctuating. At the present moment many low-priced silks are in market, which were purchased in Europe just at the breaking out of the war. The most popular cheap silks are black, with hair-line stripes of a single color. Blue, gold, green, red, purple, brown, and white stripes are shown. These silks, especially those striped with white, will make stylish and inexpensive dresses. The fabric is thin but not flimsy, is all pure silk, equally well finished on both sides, measures half a yard in width, and costs from 75 cents to $1 a yard. Grisaille silks—the black and white combination forming gray—are sold in small checks and in *mille raies* for $1. A better black silk, with wider colored stripe of satin, is $1 25 a yard; but satin stripes are objectionable, as they are not reversible. Among the fancy silks are very pretty pale tints of solid color for evening dresses, sold for $1 75 or $2 a yard. These are quite good enough for the foundation of the dresses which young ladies now wear, almost covered with flounces and over dress of some white transparent goods. Some very stylish dresses are made of pale pink, blue, or green silk, flounced up the front width and around the train with white muslin or grenadine, a white over-skirt nearly covering the train, and the corsage half concealed with Grecian folds.

Most useful of all, however, are the plain black silks; for, above all other dresses, those of black silk are most appropriate for all times and occasions. Black silks marked $1 50 a yard are shown. They are evidently all silk; the color is a good blue-black, with some gloss, and the threads are even and well defined. They measure twenty-two inches in width. These are imported silks, said to be from France, but are probably of Swiss origin, and are only fit for house dresses, as they have not body enough to endure outdoor wear. French taffetas of firm body and great gloss is $2 a yard. When selecting black silk, it should be remembered that demi-lustrous silks are the choice at present. American black silk, heavy enough to be called gros grain, looks very much like poplin, though not so glossy. It is said to wear well and wash. The price is $2 a yard. A heavier grade of American silk, with better lustre, is $2 75. Lyons gros grains for $2 50, $2 75, or $3 a yard are of beautiful quality, and good enough to make elaborate suits, with velvet and lace for trimming.

A RECEPTION DRESS.

One of the most elegant dresses noted this season was worn at a New-Year's reception. It was of white poult de soie, soft yet rich, and heavily corded. The bodice was a basque, slashed behind and on the sides, and trimmed with exquisite point duchesse lace headed by a band of ostrich feathers. Rows of the snowy lace were laid on in vest shape, almost covering the front of the dress. A jabot of lace fell from the throat. The sleeves were coat-shaped, with a box-pleated frill at the wrist. The skirt was a short petticoat and court train. A box-pleated flounce, widely bound with satin, and surmounted by a quilling of Chambery gauze, was across the bottom of the short skirt, and a tablier of folds of satin, edged with duchesse lace, formed a half circle above. The court train was finished with a narrower flounce than that on the petticoat, and looped on each side by a large satin bow. Loops and ends of white satin were arranged to form a sash.

A pretty and simple dress was of pale blue silk, made with a low corsage and demi-train trimmed with pleated flounces of the silk, each flounce half covered by a pleating of white tulle. The corsage was ornamented with Grecian folds of tulle. These misty trimmings of tulle on colored silks are in great favor with very young ladies. Many narrow frills of the material are also worn on silk dresses. If the silk is heavy enough to form a rich fringe, these ruffles are made straight, fringed on the lower edge, and sewed on in small box-pleats, like finger-fluting. If the silk is of light quality they are cut bias, hemmed on the lower edge, and gathered very full on a cord.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

The striped silks just noted are being made up into house dresses for afternoon wear. From sixteen to twenty yards are required for a plain demi-train and a postillion basque; from twenty-five to thirty-five yards for a short skirt, trained over-skirt, and postillion. A single skirt is all that is necessary for the house. For a lady of medium height the train should be about fifty-five inches long, gored in front and sides, full behind, about four and a half yards wide, and lined throughout with cambric. It is a good plan to dispense with stiff facing, in order that the dress may be made suitable for the street by draping over an under-skirt of black silk, or of silk the color of the stripe. The edge of the skirt may be scalloped and bound with black silk, but it is not necessary to trim it, as many over-skirts are simply hemmed. It is not stylish to trim these dresses with colors; black only is used on black. Ruffles of the material, fringed on the edges or hemmed, black fringe, guipure lace, or velvet, are the prettiest trimmings. A succession of narrow gathered bias flounces, overlapping each other, is used if it is desired to make the dress elaborate. The Nilsson bow worn high in the chatelaine, and a neck-tie of some bright color to match the bow, with Roman gold jewelry, light up the dress sufficiently. The gay Mephistopheles scarlet ties and bows are worn with dresses of almost every color, and by all complexions.

For those who prefer woolen dresses, empress cloths of the dark fashionable shades are sold for 50 cents a yard, and even less. Twelve or fourteen yards of this goods make a pretty dress, trimmed with bias velveteen bands of the same shade.

VARIETIES.

With gipsy bonnets, and the Pompadour hats that are turned down over the face and up in the back, the veil fashionably worn is a yard of black dotted net, or of plain large-meshed Brussels, hemmed all around, with a string in one end, or else one of the new steel springs, to fasten it around the front of the hat. The veil should not be very wide, as it must pass smoothly over the face and hang without gathers. A yard of real net costs $3. A thread lace veil with narrow wrought border costs from $8 upward. A thread edge an inch wide surrounds many veils.

A novelty, imported from London, is an expensive water-proof cloak. It is made of thin fine rubber, very light and of glossy blackness, covered all over with black taffetas silk. The shape is a long, loose sacque, with sleeves and a hood, and is large enough to envelop the entire figure like a domino. Price $50.

Little girls, from three to seven years old, wear warm, close-cared bonnets of velvet or of quilted silk trimmed with quilled ribbon and ostrich tips. A face trimming of white tulle ruches or lace, a little curtain behind, and strings to tie under the chin, complete a head covering that is far more comfortable than a hat for winter.

We hear double tunics giving the effect of three skirts predicted for walking dresses. Two or three such suits have been worn during the winter, but have not proved popular, as contrasting colors are not in favor, and the costume suggests the idea of two suits combined to form one.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; and VIRFOLET; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

M. GUIZOT, now eighty-three, wrote as follows to a military friend, who was dead before the letter arrived: "I have four boys on the ramparts of Paris, and the scraps which now and again reach me from them are such as give me confidence."

—Miss EMILY FAITHFULL, who, in England, is a sort of Mrs. STANTON and LUCY STONE done up in one, has become as popular as a lecturer as she is as an editor. She wears her hair cut short in her neck, and dresses in rather a peculiar style. Her dress is invariably the same when she appears in public—a black moiré antique silk with long skirt, and a white muslin corsage, over which last she wears a loose moiré antique jacket like a boy's roundabout. It is a little odd, but by no means an unbecoming costume. Her voice is strong, sweet, and clear, and her enunciation admirable for its distinctness and purity. Her manner is dignified and modest; and wherever she goes she does away with the prejudice against woman's speaking in public. Miss FAITHFULL contemplates a visit to this country so soon as her avocations as editor of the *Victoria Magazine* will permit. She was recently forced to decline a nomination in the London School Board, from lack of time to attend to its duties.

—ANDREW JOHNSON, sometime President of the United States, is now living the life of a quiet gentleman in Greenville, Tennessee. Like most of the "has-beens" in politics, he is rapidly slipping out of the public memory, and has ceased to furnish much topic for talk. His time is mostly given to reading and study; yet he is on the most friendly terms possible with his neighbors, and watches all the little improvements going on in the village with as much interest as if they were on property of his own. Although not rich, he has saved money enough to maintain himself as comfortably as a man of his economical and temperate habits could desire. He is neat in his apparel, and thinks that a duty which every gentleman owes to society. He takes a good many papers and keeps well posted as to current events. In the village is a plain "store," over the entrance to which is painted "W. R. BROWN." Mr. BROWN is the gentleman who married Mrs. STOVER, Mr. JOHNSON'S eldest daughter. This estimable lady is the one who presided with such ease and grace during Mr. JOHNSON'S term at the White House, and is now the wife of a plain country merchant; and Mr. JOHNSON'S only son, FRANK, a youth of seventeen, is a clerk in his store. Such are the mutations of life in this part of the planet.

—The final step in reference to the pension of $5000 for Mrs. LINCOLN, widow of the late President, was made at the Pension-office on the 22d ult. The certificate, instead of being the ordinary printed form, is written on parchment in the most elegant chirography which the Pension-office can furnish.

—Mr. Surrogate HUTCHINGS, who seems to be winning golden opinions from people who have business to do in his office, has made an order in the TAYLOR will case, to govern also in other cases, which will commend itself to the approval of right-thinking persons every where. He has intimated to counsel that private correspondence growing out of the most tender and sacred personal relations shall not hereafter be used in open court, nor be given to the press, unless it have some special bearing upon points involved in the litigation. In other words, that mere prurient curiosity to know what has been written that could possibly afford a topic of talk for gossipers and scandal-mongers shall not be permitted in his court. An admirable and most timely decision.

—Nice "personal" this of THACKERAY. It was his delight to get away from public men, and the discussion of grave subjects, and run to his wife, who was not political. He once said, after she had become hopelessly insane, "Poor thing! I was as happy as the day was long with her." It was curious to see him with her, for he was six feet three, and she was below the middle height; so that she could barely reach his arm. Talking of his stature, he said, "After six feet it all runs to seed."

—Mrs. DISRAELI, who is seventy-nine years old, is sixteen years older than her husband, yet she would be taken for a smart seventy. In early life she was a successful milliner, and married a Mr. LEWIS, who, dying, left her twenty thousand dollars a year, which, joined to DISRAELI'S fortune, makes a nice estate, and enables them to keep up comfortable establishments in both town and country. Their married life has been an especially happy one. The old lady is very fond of him, and the young man repays it with the most touching gallantry.

—GLADSTONE has his own way of amusing himself when the bores are talking in the Commons. When asked once how he employed his mind when duty compelled him to sit on the bench of the ministers while a Tory was delivering himself of a three hours' harangue, he said: "Last evening, when Mr. —— was speaking, I turned 'Rock of Ages' into the Greek, and had half an hour to spare." Mr. GLADSTONE, by-the-way, has an odd passion for old porcelain, that is so entirely disproportioned to his means that his good wife frequently persuades the dealers to take back articles for which there is not money to pay. He is full of eccentricities.

—The annual reappearance of Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE in his most delightful rôle of President of the New England Society has come to be looked forward to with as much interest in New York as the reappearance of BOOTH or JEFFERSON in the best of their personations—with this exception in favor of Mr. CHOATE, that in each of his successive enactments of the presidential character he presents entirely original and most felicitous renderings of the part. The large assemblage of cultivated gentlemen, many of them of highest eminence in literature, law, theology, and politics, at the late dinner of the society, and the heartiness of their enjoyment of the admirable tact, the humor here, the pathos there, and the general unctuousness that pervaded the whole performance, was a compliment to Mr. CHOATE, and a tribute to his remarkable ability, of which any gentleman might be proud. No matter how clever all the other speakers at the New England merrification, Mr. CHOATE has been, since his accession to the chair, the particular speaker to whom all have looked forward for their pleasantest and richest entertainment.

—Mr. MAX STRAKOSCH, who seems to have a special knack of ferreting out the fresh musical talent of the country, has just discovered in Miss KATE GLOVER, of Chicago, a contralto voice of unusual power and sweetness. She is the daughter of a mechanic of that city, and she has enlisted in Mr. STRAKOSCH'S troupe.

—The estate left by STEPHEN GIRARD for the maintenance of Girard College consists of stocks worth $520,000, and 187 stores and dwellings in Philadelphia. Besides these, there are 18,000 acres of land in Schuylkill and Columbia counties, valuable for coal, farming, and timber purposes. It absorbs nearly the entire income to pay salaries of professors, to board, clothe, and educate the orphans, and keep the estate in repair.

—There is an odd couple named THORNTON living in New Jersey, near Newark. They visit Newark about once a week. Mrs. T. is blind, and walks leaning on his arm. Their place is worth $13,000, and they have other means, yet they live in filth, and apparently in the utmost destitution. Dogs, hogs, and poultry occupy the same apartment with them, and the odor is so offensive that one is obliged to close his nostrils in visiting them. THORNTON is a man highly educated, understands several languages, and during the past summer visited Europe, and went as far as Rome. His wife is the author of several works, and has in her day occupied a high position in New York. We have been solicited in times gone by to purchase some of her publications. Among other things, this couple is very fond of music. They frequently carry a small melodeon with them through the streets. Formerly he used frequently to attend the Presbyterian church in Lyon's Farms, and take part in the music. He seldom attends now. Those who know him best say he is tobacco-crazy. This may account for his apparent skepticism. Taking the couple all in all, they are a curious pair.

—Mr. PETER COOPER, of the Institute of that name, deserves female gratitude for having opened in the C. I. a school for teaching young women the art of telegraphing. Thus far every girl has found employment as soon as she has graduated, and they are rapidly taking the place of men on all the lines. Young men had much rather be "telegraphed" by young women than by male or elderly parties—much.

—In the way of "heft," commend us to LABAN BRADLEY, of Sheffield, Vermont, whose better or more pinguid half weighs 275 pounds; daughter, aged nineteen, 250 pounds; another daughter, aged twelve, 150 pounds. The future of the family *weighs* rather heavily on L. BRADLEY'S mind.

—ANTHONY PECOUR, who died recently in Troy at the age of one hundred and nine years, was not only the oldest man in Troy, but probably in the State. He never had to call the service of a physician until two years ago. He outlived three wives, and was the father of thirteen children. Curiously enough, after he got out of the clutches of the doctor he enjoyed good health, and finally "kind o' gave out," simply because the machine was too old to run any longer.

—A Miss BEASELY, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, is studying vocal music at Leipsic. Her voice is said to have incredible range, the compass extending to high B, an octave above the leger space, and about three notes beyond the highest reached by CARLOTTA PATTI.

—Among the very few persons who were allowed to go free from the Prussian camp to Paris were General BURNSIDE and Mr. PAUL S. FORBES. Another was Mrs. MOULTON, an American lady well known in New York, who was intrusted by the ex-Empress with a message to the Emperor, which she delivered in person. Her safe-conduct through the German states, and the respect that she received from every one, show that the high favor with which she was regarded by the imperial personages was not unmerited, and she is one of the very few who have been faithful to the fallen monarchs. Every one else—those even to whom they have shown the greatest distinction—had been but too happy to turn against them. Mrs. MOULTON, being very intimate with the Grand Duchess of Baden, offered to send letters through her to all the poor individuals who had been deprived of news from their families for so long a time. Mrs. MOULTON'S brother-in-law, the Count VON HATZFELDT, now with the King of Prussia at Versailles, has rendered many services to Americans wishing to escape from Paris; and the efficient help given by Dr. MARION SIMS to the Ambulance Corps of the French army is acknowledged on all hands.

—The Rev. I. T. HECKER, superior of the Paulist fathers, and editor of the *Catholic World*, is a little less than fifty years of age, of German descent, but born in New York. His father was a Presbyterian, his mother a Methodist. His brother, JOHN HECKER, the extensive miller and baker, is an Episcopalian, and still maintains at his own expense the Madison Street chapel, where the service is choral. Another brother, the active man of the mills, GEORGE HECKER, is a Catholic. The Rev. ISAAC T. HECKER was one of the Brook Farm experimentalists, but soon gave it up as unsatisfactory. Finally he decided upon becoming a Catholic priest, and went to Germany to complete his studies. After his ordination he established "The Community of Paulists," whose object is to bring the printing-press to bear upon the spread of the Catholic religion in the United States. The matter for the *Catholic World*, and the smaller publications of the denomination, for Sunday-schools and general circulation, are chiefly written or edited by the Paulist fathers, and through these means he and his colleagues are working out their "vocation." The community exacts no special vows from its members, and the inmates are free from the usual restrictions of Catholic orders. They propose to convert men by convincing the reason, their leader announcing as cardinal points in his creed, that "man has no right to surrender his judgment;" that "religion is a question between God and the soul; no human authority, therefore, has any right to enter its sacred sphere; every man was made by his Creator to do his own thinking;" and that "there is no degradation so abject as the submission of the eternal interests of the soul to the private authority or dictation of any man or body of men, whatever may be their titles."

—The courtship and marriage of M. GUIZOT, as just disclosed by a writer who professes to know all about it, are among the true romances of the time. Thus: "At the house of the editor of a periodical for which M. GUIZOT wrote he often met a young lady named PAULINE DE MEULAN, who, like him, supported herself by her pen. Mademoiselle DE MEULAN fell ill; she was the mainstay of her mother and sisters, and during her forced abstinence from literary labor the whole family were in danger of falling into distress. One morning she received a long paper, in a disguised hand, but in precise imitation of her own literary style, with a note stating that while her illness continued articles equally suited to the magazine on which she was engaged would be forwarded to her. When Mlle. DE MEULAN recovered her health she made every effort to discover her unknown benefactor, but in vain. At length he presented himself; it was the shy, austere man of letters whom she had so often met at the editor's house; and shortly afterward Mlle. PAULINE DE MEULAN became Madame GUIZOT."

—That excessive Indian, RED CLOUD, has an only brother-in-law, whose name is "HE-NEVER-WEEPS." Which reminds the writer, who has been much among the Indians, that he scarcely ever saw a man Indian laugh. The lady Indian sometimes lights up into a faint smile, but never indulges in a guffaw.

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Manner of making Frame-work with different Foundations and Borders, Figs. 1-14.

THIS kind of work is well suited to worsted capes, hoods, mantelets, children's sacques, chest protectors, etc., and may also be used for mats, antimacassars, and the like, worked either with worsted or cotton. It requires less material than other worsted-work, and is more rapidly and easily made, while the implements can be found in every household.

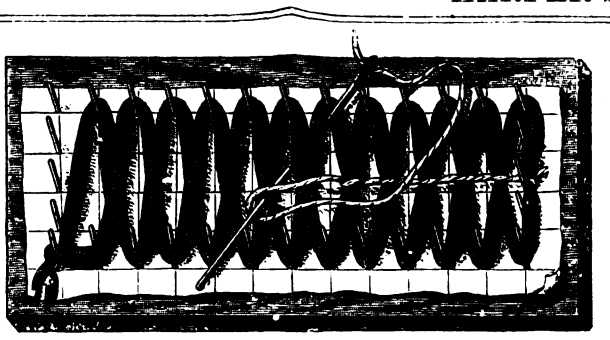

Fig. 14.—MANNER OF MAKING FRAME-WORK BORDER, FIG. 13.

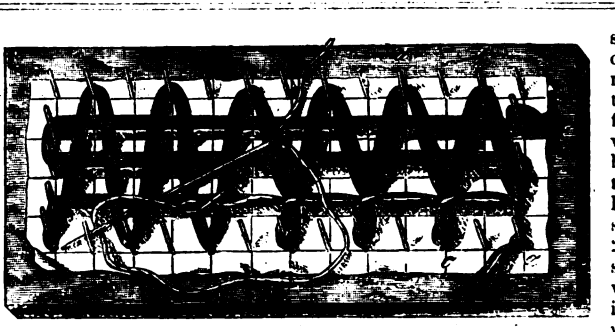

Fig. 12.—MANNER OF MAKING FRAME-WORK BORDER, FIG. 11.

These implements consist of a common *board* (not a frame, as the name would indicate), which must be of the same length and width as the article to be worked. A drawing-board, ironing-board, or plain table may be used. A hammer and a pair of pincers, wire swifts without heads, and a tape-needle (one with the end slightly pointed is preferable) are furthermore required.

The process of frame-work is divided into the stretching of the threads, and the working of them together at the intersecting points. In stretching the thread, which must be very evenly done, the shape of the article and the design must be carefully observed. Before stretching the threads, draw the shape of the article in full size on white paper. Cut out this paper along the outlines, and fasten it on the board along its outer edge by means of the swifts. The swifts must be driven a quarter of an inch into the board, and must be at equal distances from each other, and come exactly opposite each other at opposite parts of the pattern. To facilitate the driving in of the swifts, and the subsequent stretching of the threads, draw vertical and horizontal lines on the paper pattern before fastening it on the board; the lines must be at equal distances from each other (the vertical lines must generally run parallel with the middle line of the pattern). For many designs it is well also to draw the diagonal lines; that is, lines drawn from the upper left-hand to the under right-hand corner, and *vice versa*; the lines must cross each other at the intersecting points of the straight squares. For many designs the diagonal lines alone are sufficient. Fig. 1 shows a pattern with straight lines fastened on the board by means of swifts. For some designs the threads must be closely stretched; in this case the swifts must be closer together. When the swifts are all driven in, begin to stretch the threads. This is done with single, double, or any number of threads, at various distances, according to the design that is to be worked. Fig. 2 shows the manner of stretching the threads for the cape which was given in the last Number, and which is worked in the design shown by Fig. 8. For this design the lines for the course of the thread must be stretched three-tenths of an inch apart. For this, as for every other de-

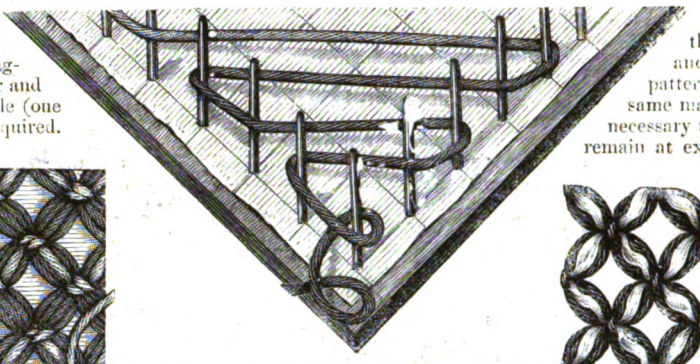

Fig. 4.—FASTENING THREADS AT THE END OF THE WORK.

Fig. 7.—TYING THE THREADS.

Fig. 8.—FRAME-WORK FOUNDATION.

sign, the threads which come on the outside of the work must be stretched first, so that the threads last stretched shall form the wrong side of the work. For this design take a ball of floss silk (single thread), tie the end in a small loop, and lay the loop around the corner swift designated with *a* on Fig. 2, draw the loop tight on the swift; the laying on of the working thread is always done in this manner (see Fig. 3, which shows the loop not yet tightened); then lay the thread around the swift *b* designated on Fig. 2, pass it down the line to the swift *c*, lay it around this and the swift *d*, then pass it down the line and around *e* and *f*, and continue in this manner. When the outlines of the pattern are straight the stretching can be continued in exactly the same manner; but in patterns with curved outlines it is sometimes necessary to pass over one or more swifts, in order that the lines may remain at exactly equal distances from each other. Moreover, when a line is broken by a convex outline of the pattern, stretch the thread to the outline only, and leave the remainder of the line unnoticed for the present. Having stretched all the threads running in one direction, fasten the thread on the next swift, as shown by the illustration, Fig. 4, by laying the thread in a loop around the left fore-finger; passing it over the swift, draw it tight with the right hand, and repeat once or twice. Fig. 4 shows the first loop loose on the swift and the second one formed. Now stretch the threads still missing on one corner of the pattern, pass the thread between the next swift to the swift at the right-hand corner of Fig. 2, and then, following the lines, stretch silk threads as before, which must cross the threads before stretched. These threads must have the same direction as the upper layer of worsted threads of the same corner. Having stretched the silk cross-wise, fasten it, lay on a quadruple worsted thread in the same manner, and stretch it like the silk thread. This completes the stretching. Having fastened the thread, wind it several times around the outer edges of the work, as shown by Fig. 5, by passing the thread alternately before and behind the swifts. To

Fig. 9.—FRAME-WORK FOUNDATION FOR HOODS, CAPES, ETC.

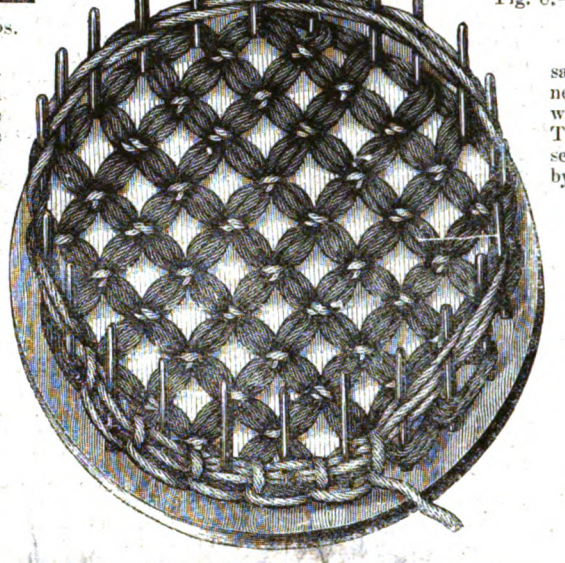

Fig. 5.—WINDING THE SWIFTS FOR THE EDGE OF THE WORK AND FINISHING WITH BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.

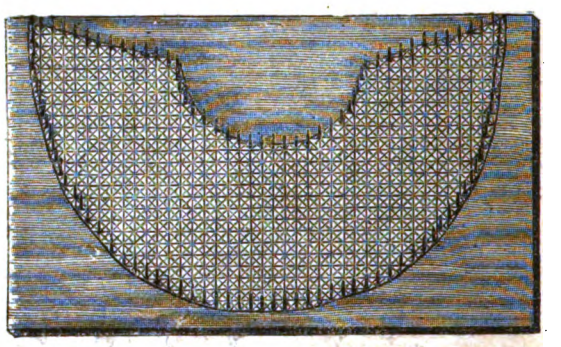

Fig. 1.—SECTION OF PATTERN IN SQUARES FASTENED TO THE BOARD WITH SWIFTS.

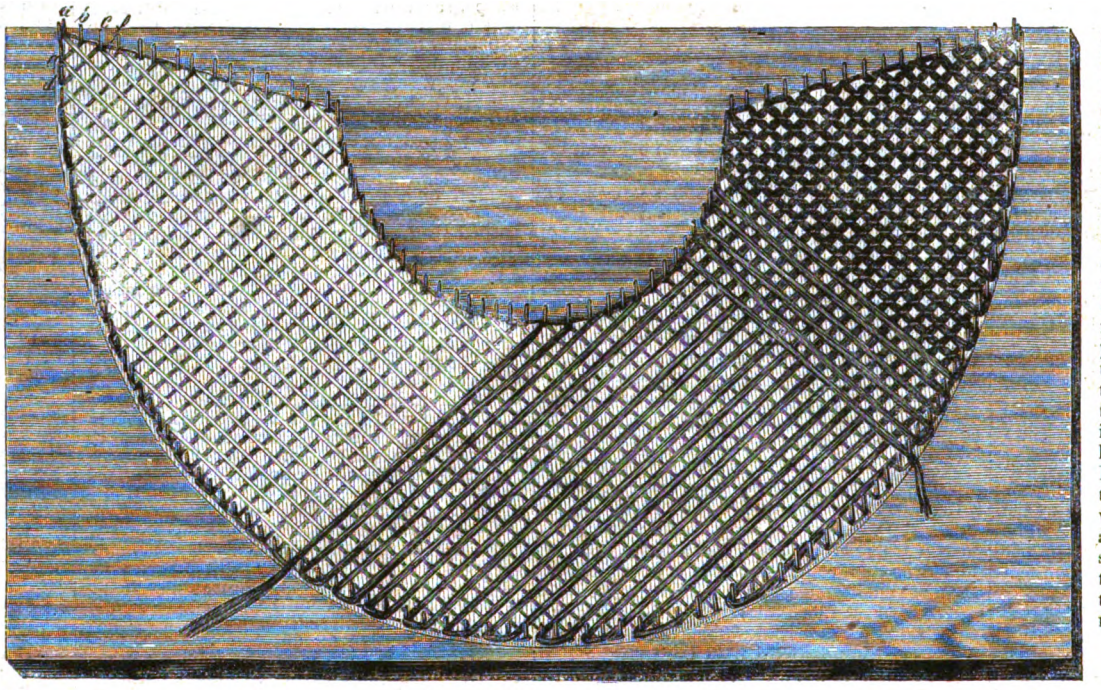

Fig. 2.—STRETCHING THE THREADS FOR FRAME-WORK.

make it plainer, this thread is shown in a lighter color on the illustration. Now begin working the threads together at the intersecting points. For this take a single thread of worsted about 24 inches long, thread the tape-needle with it, and form a knot at one end. With the latter end lay on the thread as shown by Fig. 6, draw the thread tight, and for the first stitch pass the needle under the entire number of threads at the next intersecting point, as shown by Fig. 7, lay the thread around the needle as shown by the illustration, pull the needle through the loop thus formed, and draw the thread tight. But in doing this the part of the working thread before the loop must be held fast. Having completed the knot, pass the working thread along the stretched threads to the next

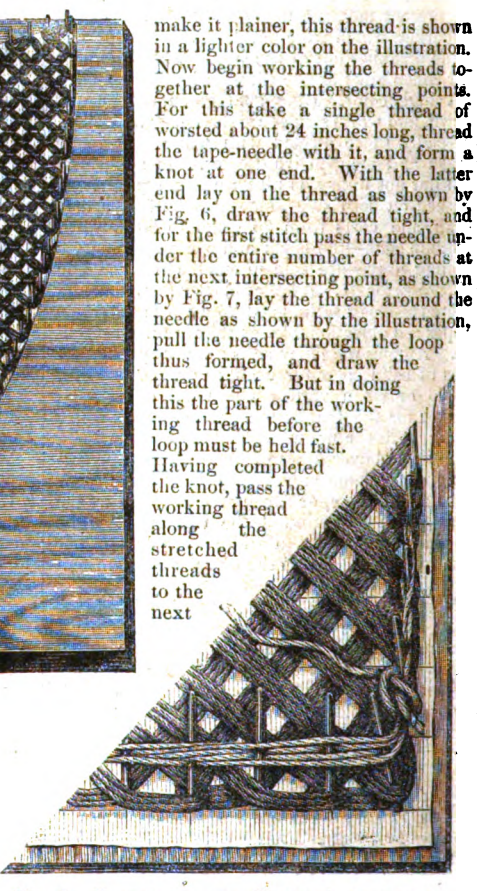

Fig. 6.—LAYING ON THE THREADS TO BEGIN THE TYING.

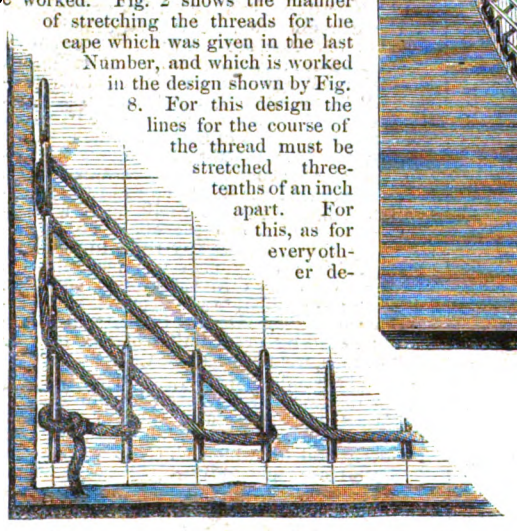

Fig. 3.—LAYING ON THE THREADS TO BEGIN THE WORK.

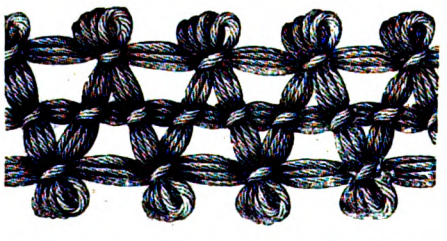

Fig. 11.—FRAME-WORK BORDER FOR HOODS, COLLARS, ETC.

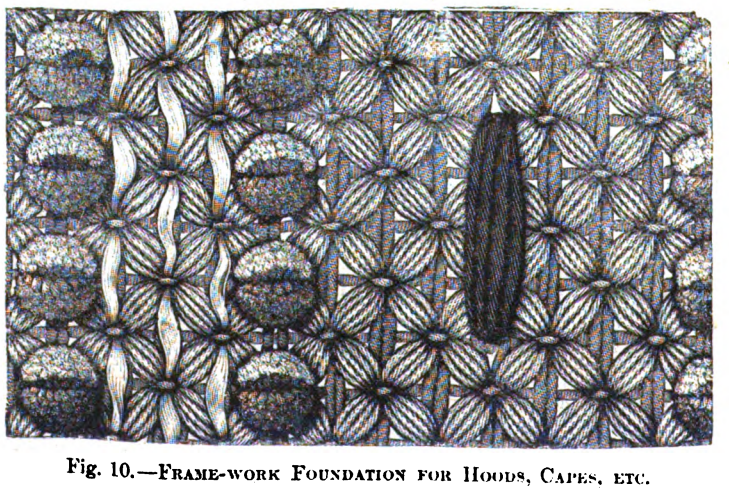

Fig. 10.—FRAME-WORK FOUNDATION FOR HOODS, CAPES, ETC.

Fig. 13.—FRAME-WORK BORDER FOR HOODS, COLLARS, ETC.

MANNER OF MAKING FRAME-WORK WITH DIFFERENT FOUNDATIONS AND BORDERS, FIGS. 1-14.

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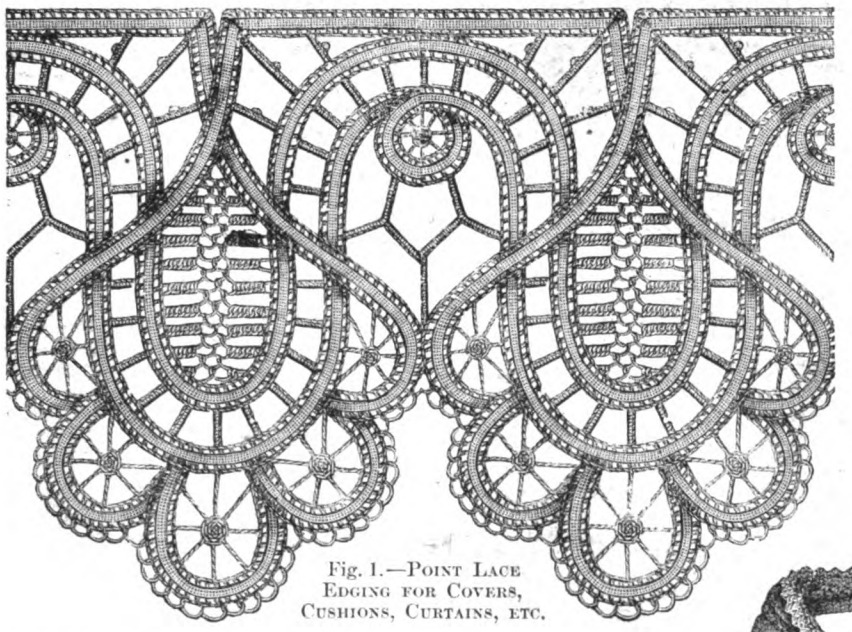


Fig. 1.—POINT LACE EDGING FOR COVERS, CUSHIONS, CURTAINS, ETC.

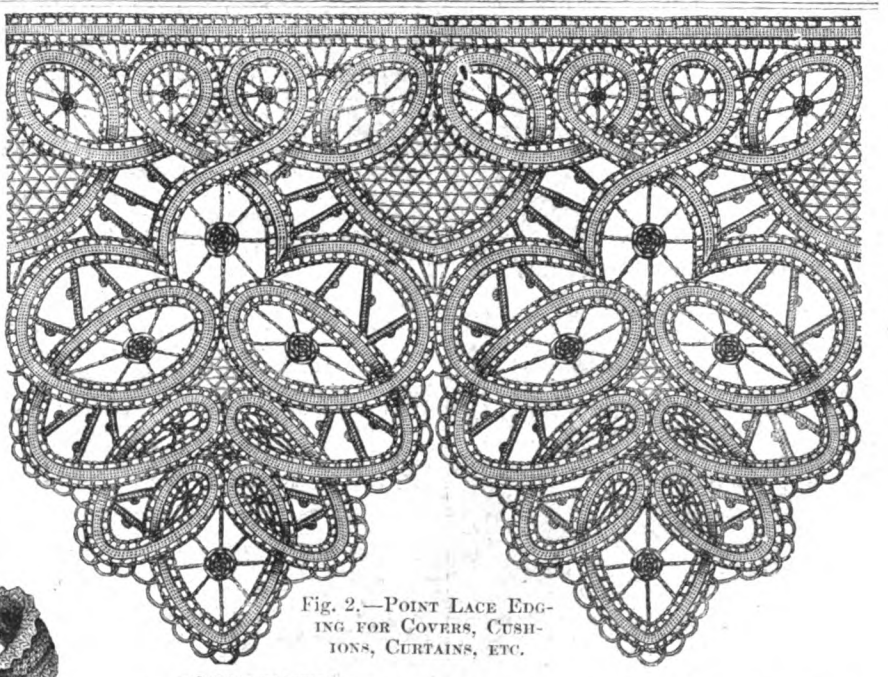
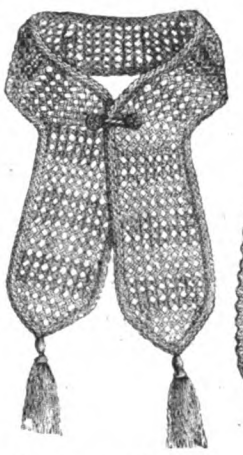


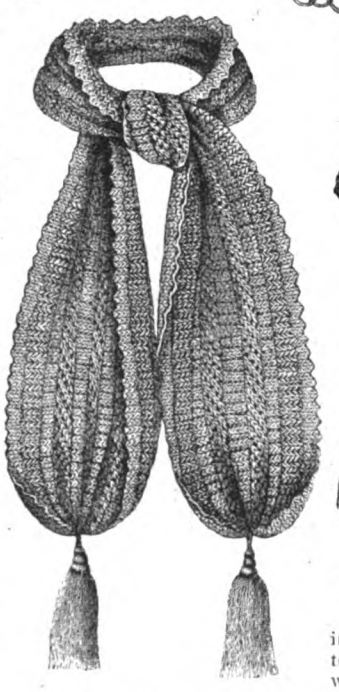
Fig. 2.—POINT LACE EDGING FOR COVERS, CUSHIONS, CURTAINS, ETC.

intersecting point, work another knot there, and so continue (see illustration, Fig. 7, on which the working thread is shown lighter than the others). When the working thread is almost used up tie another thread to it; the knot made in doing this forms no hinderance to working, as it can easily be passed between the layers of thread. Having worked the intersecting points all together in this way, work button-hole stitches on the outer edge, as shown by Fig. 5; in this way a firm edge is formed. Finally, draw the completed work from the swifts.

Fig. 1.—WORSTED SLIPPER FOR CHILD FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.



FRAME-WORK SCARF. [See Fig. 13, Page 36.]



KNITTED SCARF.

CROCHET SCARF WITH WORSTED BALLS.

Work all foundations in the way described for Fig. 8, using thread strands of various thicknesses, and stretching them at intervals, according to the design to be worked. Work them together at the intersecting points in the manner described for Fig. 8; after working a stitch either pass the thread along the stretched threads, as in Fig. 8, so as not to show on the right side of the work, or pass it across the open space between each two points of intersection, so that it forms the design in connection with the stretched threads (see Figs. 9 and 10). Many designs are ornamented with small tufts of worsted (see Fig. 10). For these tufts stretch strands of 10 or 12 threads before stretching the remaining threads, and work them together with the latter at the intersecting points. After taking the work from the swifts cut through half or the entire thickness of the thick strands on the right side of the work between each two points of intersection. Afterward trim off the tufts thus formed evenly.

When an article consists of several parts, each part is worked separately, and then they are joined together.

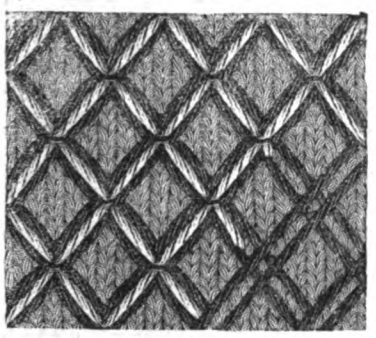
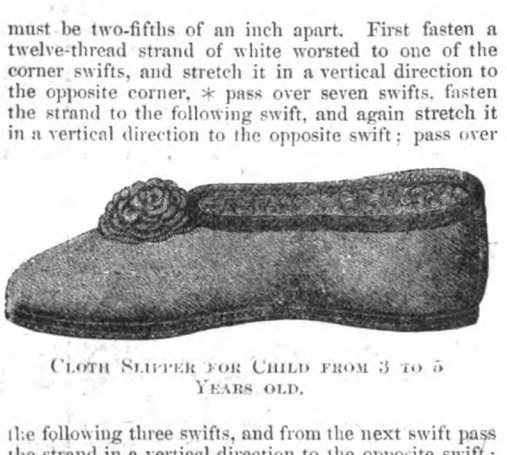


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF OUTSIDE OF SLIPPER.—FULL SIZE.

The foundation, Fig. 9, is worked with white zephyr and coarse white floss silk. To make it the swifts must be two-fifths of an inch apart, and the straight and diagonal lines of the paper also. First stretch a single white silk thread along the diagonal lines, and then across these a fourfold thread of white zephyr worsted also diagonally. Then stretch a double white worsted thread along the vertical lines; these must be four-fifths of an inch apart, and always come on the intersecting points of the diagonal threads; finally, stretch a single thread along the horizontal lines, also at intervals of four-fifths of an inch, and let them cross the double threads, as shown by the illustration. Now work the threads together at their intersecting points, as in working the foundation shown by the illustration, Fig. 8 (see instructions for frame-work), in such a manner that the part of the working thread coming between the knots does not show on the right side.

The foundation, Fig. 10, is worked with coarse white floss silk and white worsted, and is ornamented with long embroidered dots of red worsted. The swifts must be two-fifths of an inch apart. First fasten a twelve-thread strand of white worsted to one of the corner swifts, and stretch it in a vertical direction to the opposite corner, * pass over seven swifts, fasten the strand to the following swift, and again stretch it in a vertical direction to the opposite swift; pass over the following three swifts, and from the next swift pass the strand in a vertical direction to the opposite swift; repeat from *. Now fasten a single white silk thread to the first of the three swifts before passed over, and carry it in a vertical direction to the opposite swift, pass it in a vertical direction to the opposite swift, carry it back in a vertical direction to the opposite swift, so that now three silk threads are stretched between the two worsted strands separated by three swifts. Having stretched silk threads on each three swifts separating the worsted strands in the manner above described, stretch four-thread worsted strands diagonally from the upper left-hand corner to the under right-hand corner, letting the strands come a fifth of an inch apart. Then stretch a double-thread strand in a horizontal direction, so that the strands come four-fifths of an inch apart, and then work the strands together at the intersecting points, in doing which work, first, each second following row of intersecting strands together in a vertical direction, and then the intersecting points still left free in a horizontal direction, as shown by the illustration. Draw the work from the swifts, and cut through half the thickness of the twelve-thread strands between each two intersecting points; in this way small tufts are formed. Finally, embroider the foundation with long dots of red worsted.



CLOTH SLIPPER FOR CHILD FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

KNITTED SCARF WORN AS A HOOD.

The border, of which Fig. 11 shows a completed section, and Fig. 12 the manner of making, is worked with a triple thread of worsted. Drive, first, a row of swifts into a long board at intervals of three-tenths of an inch. An inch and a fifth from this drive in a similar row of swifts, letting this row run parallel with the first, and the swifts come three-tenths of an inch apart. Now drive in three swifts at the ends of the rows at intervals of three-fifths of an inch (see illustration). Fasten a three-thread strand on the corner swift designated with *a*, pass the thread around the swift *b*, then back to the swift *c* of the first row. Having completed this row of points, fasten the thread to the next corner swift, pass around to the second swift of the nearest cross-wise edge, pass it back to the opposite swift of the other cross-wise edge, then to the next swift, and then stretch two more threads, which must run parallel to the threads last stretched. Now work the threads together at the points of intersection (see Fig. 12), and then slip the completed border from the swifts.

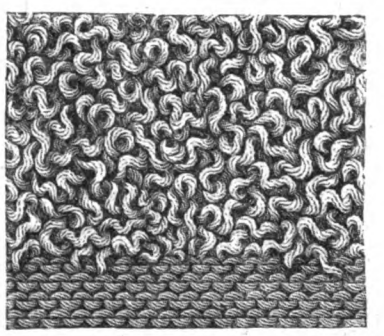


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF LINING OF SLIPPER.

For the border, Figs. 13 and 14, stretch a row of

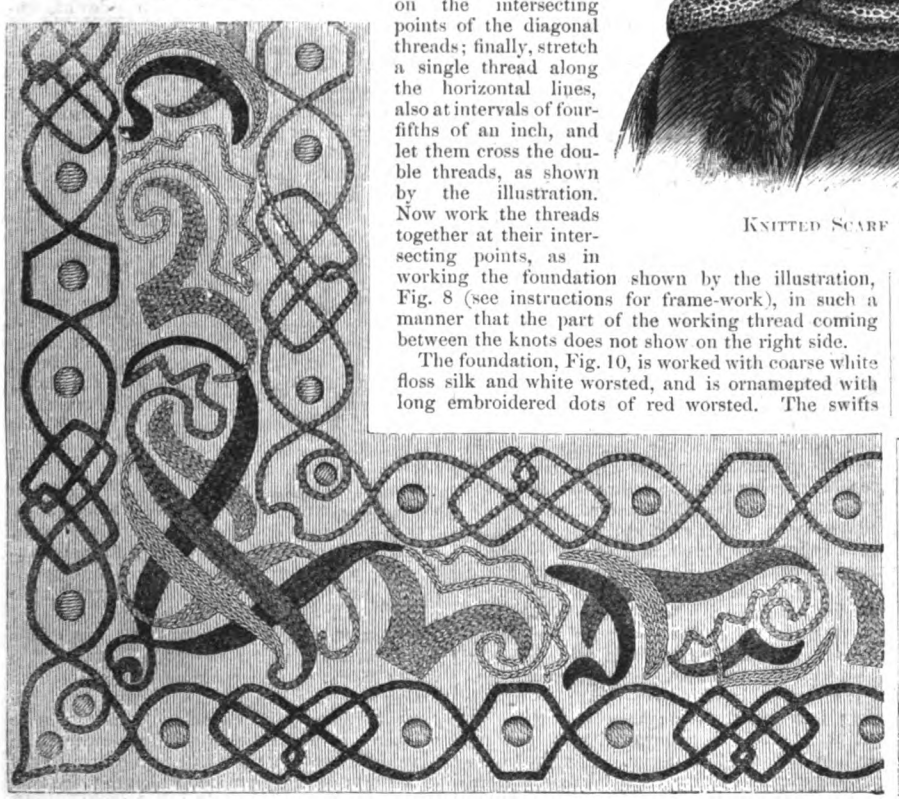


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR HOODS, BLOUSES, TALMAS, ETC.

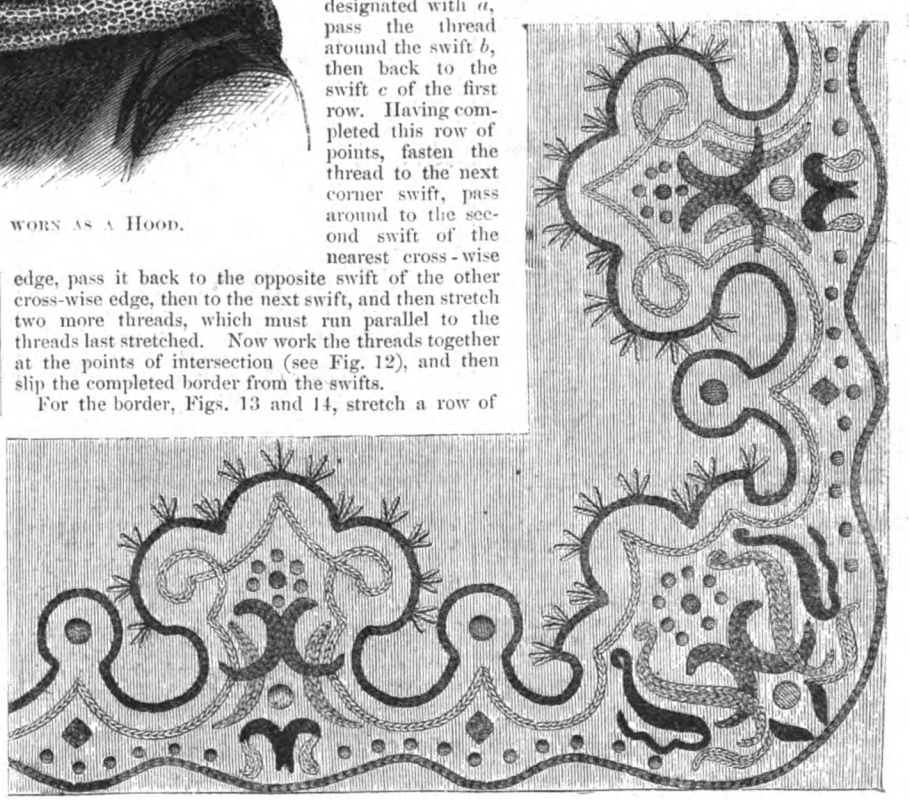


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR HOODS, BLOUSES, TALMAS, ETC.

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points with a quadruple thread, as for the border, Fig. 11, and going back, pass the thread around the swifts still left free, so that a second row of points may be formed, which cross those previously formed. Repeat these two rounds twice, and work the threads together at the intersecting points in the middle (see illustration, Fig. 14); finally draw the work from the swifts.

The material most commonly used in making garments is zephyr and split worsted, of any desired color; and if it is wished to finish the work more elegantly floss silk is used.

Point Lace Edgings, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 37.

THESE edgings are used for ornamenting covers, curtains, cushions, shades, under-sleeves, etc., and are worked with point lace braid and linen thread, as shown in Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 11, Vol. III.

Frame-work Scarf.

See illustration on page 37.

THIS scarf is thirty-two inches long and six inches wide, and is worked with white zephyr worsted and white floss silk, in the design shown by Fig. 9, page 36. The outer edge is trimmed with the frame-work border shown by Fig. 13, page 36. Buttons and loops, and worsted and silk tassels complete the scarf, as shown by the illustration.

Crochet Scarf with Worsted Balls.

See illustration on page 37.

THIS scarf is thirty-two inches long and six inches wide, and is worked in a kind of Tunisian stitch, and trimmed all around the outer edge with violet worsted balls, and at the under edge with white worsted fringe. Begin the scarf at one of the under edges with a foundation of 5 st. (stitches), and on this work 1 pr. (pattern row) in the common Tunisian stitch; work the following rounds like hood with scarf ends in last *Bazar*, but widen at the end of each pr. until the pr. measures six inches. Work without widening until the scarf is of the length desired, narrowing the last pattern rows in the same proportion that the first were widened. All around the outer edge sew violet worsted balls on the shawl, and trim the under edges with fringe. Buttons and loops serve to close it.

Knitted Scarf.

See illustration on page 37.

THIS scarf is seventy-five inches long, and is worked lengthwise with white split worsted and fine wooden knitting-needles. Work a foundation of 420 st., and on this work 8 rounds, which must all appear plain on the right side of the work, then one round alternately 2 k. (knit plain) together, t. t. o.; the t. t. o. are knit off as st. in the next round; now follow 8 rounds plain; then gather up the st. of the edge, and work each st. of the edge together with the corresponding st. of the last round. Now work an open-work strip in the following manner: 1st. round.—All p. 2d round.—Alternately 2 k. together, t. t. o. 3d and 4th rounds.—All k. 5th round.—Alternately p. 2 together, t. t. o. 6th round.—All p. Repeat these 6 rounds twice; this gives the strip the width required. Work four times alternately a strip consisting of fourteen rounds, which must appear all plain on the right side, and an open-work strip as before; then work a point edge as at the beginning of the scarf. Gather the ends of the completed scarf closely, and finish them with white worsted tassels, as shown by the illustration.

Worsted Slipper for Child from 3 to 5 Years old.

See illustration on page 37.

THE slipper shown by the illustration, Fig. 10, may be made of any desired size. To make it, cut the sole of cloth, or any remnants (for this take any shoe as a guide), in an eight or ten fold layer. Sew through these layers with strong linen thread. Then take a pair of old woolen stockings (for a slipper for a child from three to five take the stockings of a six-year-old child). The more the stockings are shrunken by long wear and frequent washings, the better. Cut the upper from the front of the leg, stretch it over a shoe of the proper size, tack it to the cloth sole, and draw the shoe out of the slipper; turn the latter inside out, overhand the sole and upper firmly together. Put in the lining, which consists of the raveled threads of the knitting-work. To line it, take a double raveled thread, and with it sew close cross seams about three-fifths of an inch wide to the under side of the upper, taking care not to draw the thread too tightly, and not to let the stitches show through on the outside. After completing the cross seam cut the threads on one side of it. Make the next cross seam about a quarter of an inch from the standing ends, and again cut the threads (see illustration); between the standing threads of the two cross seams there must not be more than a quarter of an inch space. Continue working in this manner until the upper is covered. Now turn the slipper right side out, trim off the upper edge evenly, overhand it with long stitches, in doing which hold it in slightly, and bind it with red worsted braid, or a plain knitted strip worked in rounds going backward and forward. Ornament the outside of the slipper with red and black worsted in the manner shown by the illustration, Fig. 2. For this stretch double black threads cross-wise over the slipper, and then a single red thread so that the latter comes between the two black threads, and fasten the threads at the intersecting points with a cross-stitch of black linen thread.

Cloth Slipper for Child from 3 to 5 Years old.

See illustration on page 37.

THIS slipper is made of brown cloth. The fur-like lining is made of raveled threads of knitting-work. To make this slipper a pair of old woolen stockings, from which the feet are cut off, is required. The feet are lined on the inside in the manner described for the Worsted Slipper, but no care need be taken to prevent the stitches from showing on the outside, as they are afterward covered with the cloth. Cut the soles of remnants of cloth in eight or ten fold layers, and sew through the layers. Cut the uppers for the outside of the slipper of cloth, allowing them to be fully large enough, letting the seam come at the back of the heel, and the thread run straight for the front of the upper. For the shape take a shoe of the right size as a guide. Use the slipper, which must previously be stuffed, as a last, and stretch the cloth over it, tacking the latter to the slipper; then tack the under edge of the cloth to the sole, in doing which hold in the side edge of the front of the upper slightly. Rip the cloth from the slipper, turn it inside out, and overhand the cloth to the sole with linen thread taken double. Trim off the edge of the sole neatly, put the lining, previously prepared, into the slipper, and bind both parts at the upper edge with colored worsted braid. Finish the front of the slipper with a rosette of the same.

Knitted Scarf, to be worked as a Hood.

See illustration on page 37.

THIS soft and elastic scarf may be worn wound about the neck, or arranged on the head and neck as shown by the illustration; it is worked with very coarse wooden knitting-needles and white split zephyr, entirely plain, and going backward and forward, and is worked cross-wise on a foundation of 200 st., and is three yards long, and laid together to half of its width. At the ends the lengthwise edges of the scarf are sewed together for a length of eight inches. The ends are gathered and finished with tassels.

Borders in Colored Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 37.

THESE borders are suitable for ornamenting blouse waists, sacques, hoods, Talmas, etc. They are worked on cashmere, with silk of various colors, in chain stitch, satin stitch, and point Russe.

BURIED TO-DAY.

COLD is the wind that blows up from the river;
Cold is the blast that sweeps over the plain;
In the bleak breath of the morning I shiver—
Shiver and weep in my desolate pain.
She was so fair, like the rose or the lily—
Fair, oh, too fair to be hidden away!
And the grave is so dark and so damp and so chilly;
And she—oh, my love!—will be buried to-day.

White is the snow that is heaped on the meadow;
Whiter the face in this desolate room;
Low in the valley lurk darkness and shadow—
Low lies my heart in its sorrow and gloom.
How the spades scrape on the sods they are breaking—
Breaking and cutting the snow-drifts away!
How the men bend to the grave they are making;
And she—oh, my love!—will be buried to-day.

Thick are the walls, but the harsh wind will enter,
And chill her through all her long slumber I know;
Rich are her robes, but the merciless winter
Will beat on her breast with its tempests of snow.
Ah! she was guarded and shielded from sorrow,
Kept from the darkness and shadows alway;
But she will lie as the beggar to-morrow,
My love—oh, my love!—that is buried to-day.

A BEAUTIFUL IDIOT.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A HAPPIER being than Mattie Severance it would not have been easy to find on the night when her lover slipped the engagement-ring on her finger without a word.

They had grown up together, Lawrence Read and she; since their earliest recollection they had been playmates; attending different schools, they had yet read from the same books, enjoyed the same excitements, pursued the same pleasures. When Lawrence went to college Mattie had still kept herself beside him in one or two of his favorite studies. It was she to whom he seemed to return in vacations more than to any one else. It was she to whom he went for praise of his Commencement-part, for advice as to his profession, for sympathy in every gladness or sadness of his life. It was she to whom he sent letters during all his European tour, and it was she with whom he spent now almost every evening of his life, and such parts of every day as were not occupied by the small demands of his only half-fledged profession. In fact, so much had they been together, such unanimity of sentiment was theirs, that they sometimes seemed to each other to be but one soul.

How much of this relation was due to Lawrence's efforts one could hardly determine. He was a person of indolent temperament, and consequently a man of habit. He had always, from his childhood, found the Severance house a pleasant one, and one in contrast to his own home—the abode of two chilly aunts, who lived on an annuity that would die when they did; and for the rest, it was not he that tried to please Mattie, but Mattie who had shaped herself with reference only to him, who had stimulated him by her emulous exertions, who had never had another thought or wish than that of pleasing Lawrence—Lawrence who was, however, very kindly willing to be pleased. Perhaps nobody saw his faults more plainly than Mattie did; but certainly nobody save herself could have been so lenient toward them that the very faults were dear. She knew he was indolent, a creature of habit, of self-indulgence, of some moral timidity, of great selfishness; but, for all that, she would have had every man in the world exactly like him. She had, far off in a seldom-visited chamber of her brain, a vague idea that he might have done a nobler thing than spend two-thirds of his little fortune in visiting Europe when he did, alone, and leave himself but barely enough for existence on his return; but that very idea implied a universe into which she never entered—too modest, too maidenly, to go unless another conducted her; and if now and again a word, a glance, a remembrance, caused her to look upon it, she closed the daring eyes with a thrill; for in that new, delicious universe Lawrence loved her as his wife, and their lives were one, as their souls already were.

But at length—and perhaps it was because a lover came, came only to be rejected, but also to teach Lawrence what life might be without her—it was Lawrence's own hand that led her over the threshold of that sweet, new world; and when he dropped the hand there glittered the ring upon it, like a flower full of dew.

Lawrence had been in melancholy mood for some weeks. Since the first appearance of the rejected lover, in truth, it might have been noticed, had there been any one to collate facts, and then declare whether the mood were fear, or wounds, or the pique of jealousy. To-night they had been at the opera together, and Mattie herself had suggested walking down, thinking the fresh air would be good for Lawrence after moping in his office all day; and as they walked their words had turned on personal matters, and Lawrence had told her of the old foreign scrivener who had been advising him to "range himself." Somehow Mattie felt a sudden indignation blaze up within her against the old busy-body; but quite as inexplicably it changed into a feeling of regard for him as she heard Lawrence's reply, that while he had not the means to maintain a wife in all fit indulgences he should not submit one to privations.

"And what did he say to that?" asked Mattie, as if ceremony obliged her to say something.

"Oh, he said that a true wife thought nothing a deprivation while sharing it with a true husband. Was he right, Mattie?"

"I suppose so," she answered, absently, and pausing to arrange her veil, that had blown itself into a snarl around her face.

"I thought so myself," said Lawrence. "What's the matter with that veil? Yes, I quite agreed with him, and it occurred to me, in spite of my opinions, that if one's choice had been made it would be a wise thing to seal it with a sign and superscription, to keep marauders—"

"Dear me!" cried Mattie. "There goes my veil!" And by the time the gauze was captured and readjusted they were in the lobby of the opera-house.

So they had taken their seats, and abandoned themselves to the scenes before them; for Lawrence, who loved all luxury of the eye or ear, never wearied of this drama exalted into the ideal; and for Mattie an opera lost nothing when she heard it by Lawrence's side, and trembled the while in a new glory of shining hopes and tender fears.

It was snowing when they came out, and the carriage having been sent after them, they had sped homeward too swiftly for many words, and he had come in under the gas-light with her to try over a melody that kept singing in his ear, to light a cigar, to say good-night. They stood there a minute in the deserted drawing-room; the storm and sleet blew white without; within, a splendor of purple flames fluttered and flickered over the glowing bed of anthracite; the flowers, blooming in the great window's embrasure, sent their perfume through the rooms; they were still throbbing to the music they had heard. She looked up, where she stood on the rug, to find his eyes fastened on her with a look in them which she could not mistake—a lover's look; and suddenly he had bent, and his lips were on hers, clinging to them, growing to them, in one long kiss; and then, without a word, he was gone, and only that ring upon her finger remained to tell her it was no dream—that after all these years she had been transformed in Lawrence's eyes, and he loved her. She stood there looking at the ring—an old family ring of his that she had heard him say an ancestor had given to his bride—a lozenge of lapis lazuli, on which, in diamond sparks, were set his own initials; and she remembered what he had said that evening about his seal and superscription, and without an atom of rebellion, or of any thing but joyful humility, she was glad and proud to wear the fetter that marked her as his own—glad and proud in a strange, bewildered way; for she could not understand how the friendship had developed into this; could not, after all, believe it had; but then she remembered that long, warm kiss upon her mouth, with all its fervent meaning, and her heart was beating wildly, and she was hiding her face in her hands from the sight of the night itself.

For the lover whom Mattie had rejected had not occasioned her a single complacent thought, or so much as a tremor of vanity. Hardly aware of his existence before the avowal of his feelings, she became less so afterward. She had never had any other; and conscious of her plain face, and of her distant manner to strangers, that she found it impossible to overcome, and sure that Lawrence's affection was only a matter of long habit, she had never expected to have one, least of all this splendid Lawrence, dark, handsome, heroic, successful in every thing, admired of all! Her face was, indeed, a plain one; for though the features were good, and the eyes and lashes and brows were dark, the skin was a hopeless confusion of clayey tints, and the hair was a dusty red—not that sumptuous fleece of burnished gold which poets love and painters paint, but the poor carroty shade which has not a saving grace. She knew this, and knew it so well that she knew nothing whatever of her fine and stately figure, of her lovely ways with those she loved, of the perfect sweetness and purity of expression that redeemed the plain face with every word and thought. Now, as she stood in the firelight for a long moment ere fleeing from herself and her delight into dreams, she chanced to glance in the great mirror, and she saw her face rosy with blushes and irradiated with happiness till it was fairly beautiful. She paused a moment, in a comical sort of consternation, to look at it. "Oh, it is a good omen!" she cried to herself, as she fled up the stairs. "Perhaps I shall always be beautiful in his eyes!"

But Lawrence was not, for any length of time, so speechless as on that night of the silent betrothal, nor soon again so gloomy as he had been shortly before. He came in the next day in sparkling spirits, singing,

"Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee
To ferry me o'er to Charlie!"

But when he reached the drawing-room, still singing, full of gladness and gayety,

"We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie!"

and found Mattie all alone by the piano there, putting the tossed music into order, half busy, half dreamy, and every now and then pausing to look at the ring on her finger and make sure that it was there, he hushed himself, and standing with his back against the door, held his arms wide open for her, and then folding her closely as she fluttered into the embrace, the torrent of words and of endearments broke forth—of confession concerning the long, slow growth of his love, of regret for the years and days lost to the lover, of rejoicing that the future was inseparably theirs, and all bashful, ashamed, tender, and glad together. And Mattie, at first scarcely daring to believe her senses, and at last blissfully warm and happy to the core of her heart, heard him quietly, without a dozen sentences the morning long, but in an intense dream of bliss, with raptures no less deep than his, and with a thankfulness that might have disarmed the fates above her—perhaps that did. A long, delightful morning it was; nothing disturbed them; no trifling callers interrupted them; they had the first draught of their happiness without another breath to blow the foam away. They had been content enough as matters stood between them before, they thought; why their new relation was so infinitely richer in experience and in hope would have been an enigma even to themselves; and when, at last, recollection of the fact that there was an outside world where dwelt other people, and in which each of them had other duties, crept back upon them, Mattie could no more have told why she hid her head among the sofa cushions in a flood of joyous tears than Lawrence could have told why he leaped down stairs, singing again, and with all his heart, and all his voice as well—a glad and clear tenor voice—

"I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,
And the sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives
I'd gie them a' for Charlie!"

It was to be a long engagement, of course. Neither of them had any objection to that. How could they wish to abridge such a period as those days made? There would be enough to fill it, with plans to make, castles to build, so much to do, and every thing to hope. Matty must learn to be a very exact housekeeper, for a poor man's wife needed the help of the most thorough system; and Lawrence must give up all his frivolities and extravagances, fast horses, Champagnes, and partagas, and bend all his energies upon cases and clients. He went to work with fresh vigor, nerved in every effort by thoughts of the little home one day to be his; by pictures so real as to be living things; thoughts of sunshiny mornings when he should go to his duties, leaving Mattie among her flowers; of happy evenings when he should return to a room where the fire was glowing just as on that night when he put his ring on Mattie's finger, where the silver and china of his tea-table reflected every dancing flame, and Mattie sat by the hearth, perhaps with rosy faces clustering round her, and all upturned to welcome him, like flowers to the sun. It is true that Lawrence loved beauty, and that Mattie did not possess it; but he loved her so truly, so tenderly, that in those days he never noticed the absence of it; and with these thoughts, these expectations, animating him, it was no wonder that he wrought with a will, idled no hours of that first year, and began to make a name for himself, and to receive returns that in another year, or at most a couple, would allow him to realize every dream, and, with the help that Mr. Severance would yield, take Mattie from her father's house to his.

So the days went by, losing something of their novelty, but nothing of their pleasure, rather deepening into a still content; not the old tame content that the days used to have before the two were acknowledged lovers, but a content with the present and with each other in which there bubbled all the wild sparkle of hope; a content broken in upon, if such a thing could be at all, by only one untoward event. Mr. Severance had allowed the use of his name upon a friend's paper; that friend had failed to meet his obligations; the burden had fallen upon Mr. Severance, and had so cruelly crippled him that he was obliged to dispose of his pleasant house and its elegant appurtenances, and remove his family to a cheaper and smaller one, where they could live only by practicing a thousand economies; and there was already some mention of Mattie's giving singing-lessons, for she had a sweet voice, cultivated to the last degree. Mr. Severance had hopes of reinstating himself some day, but it could only be after a long time; and, of course, he could do nothing to assist the lovers in commencing life by themselves, and they must wait even longer than they had intended.

But except for that, and for the pain of seeing others stripped of the comforts to which they had been accustomed, the misfortune at first made little odds to the lovers. They knew nothing of the fret of a long engagement on the emotions; they were young; they could afford to wait; a home of their own would be all the sweeter when it should be theirs at last. While Lawrence saw Mattie moving about so gently, taking so much care upon herself, doing so much to lighten the trials of others, he declared he would not have had it otherwise, if he could, and thus have been kept in ignorance of this side of her character; and while Mattie saw Lawrence every day hastening to meet her—with that long-limbed stride of his, with a color in his cheek from the wind that blew back the dark hair from his starry eyes, and with a smile upon his lips, always tender, always kind—she had not another wish in the world.

But there was a serpent, we are told, even in Paradise, and in course of time the venomous fangs of the creature protruded into this one. It came in the shape of Lawrence's indolent tendencies, perpetually rasped by sight of the industry going on around him whenever he entered the Severance house, and of his love of beauty, that found so little satisfaction where the fact of poverty, disguise it as they might, obtruded itself upon him. He could not but perceive that his calls sometimes kept Mattie away from duties that demanded her; half the time when he went a squalling damsel sat thrumming on the piano, and on every one of Mattie's musical nerves as well; and he often must needs feel his presence at the table an embarrassment. Thus it was, naturally enough, that little by little he absented himself more and more from the latter, and even made his evening visits much less a matter of course than they had been. Naturally enough, too, these circumstances became exceedingly vexatious to him. He had a theory about the degrading influence of poverty; he longed to get Mattie out of that house; he was totally unable to do so. He knew if he had not spent two-thirds of his little patrimony in his European journey there would have been no trouble about it at all; and hating to blame himself, and wanting to blame somebody, he fell into a sour and morose state of mind, in which he would keep away from Mattie for days at a time, and then return to her in a storm of self-reproach, which the sight of her pale, grieved face would turn into angry self-

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extenuation, and all the sweet content was gone, and unquiet ruled in its place.

They were hard days just then for poor Mattie—days in which she needed her lover's tenderness more than ever before, and when it failed her. It amazed and confused her that this should be; she was not able to understand it; she believed firmly that he loved her the same as ever; she could not see why he failed to express the love, to take pleasure in it, to find solace in that for all the pressure and mishaps of the practical things in life. But she took heart of grace to herself, knowing that her father was struggling bravely, hoping that the times would brighten, that good-fortune would return to them, that the things necessary to Lawrence's pleasure would be theirs again; not looking scrutinizingly enough into the depths of Lawrence's character to see that he wearied of exertion, and of that prospect of its necessity through life which made it trebly irksome now; not sufficiently well acquainted with human nature in general to know that the time had come, accelerated by all these disheartening affairs, when change was as necessary to him as his breath, change of some sort, be it their marriage or their separation; and she strove, but strove in vain, in all self-forgetfulness and patience, to atone to Lawrence for the discomforts that love of her was bringing him.

It was in this unfortunate state of mind and feeling that Lawrence, who had not seen Mattie for several days, and who felt as if he were tired of virtue and her and poverty together, was urged by one of his friends into acceptance of an invitation to Mrs. Van Vliet's ball—the kind of thing from which, foreseeing that his circumstances would for years be more or less straitened, he had gradually withdrawn himself. "It will bring me out of my moods," said he; and he went.

Going did not increase his content, however. He said to himself, bitterly, that he was an alien here, that all these delights were such as he must forego—the atmosphere of luxury, with old paintings, rich draperies, statues blushing into life in the rosy light about them, the fragrance of exotics, the presence of beautiful women, the murmur of perfect music, the banquet-tables glittering with gold and crystal and the ransacking of all the harvests of the earth. He turned to go, in a rage with himself for having entered the place at all, when he saw Isabel Le Jaune.

She stood in the conservatory, surrounded by the dense greenery, vines and grasses hanging about her head, and a stream of light falling full upon her—upon her perfect willowy shape, swathed in snowy gauzes looped about her with chains and stars of diamonds; upon her head, with its band of the same resplendent jewels, from which tresses of brightest gold fell in a hundred lustrous rings and waves far down her back; upon her face, with its skin soft and exquisite as a blush-rose petal, with its features like those of a Psyche, with its great eyes blue as the azure depth of mountain lakes beneath the shining noon, with its melting mouth red-ripe for lover's kisses.

She was the young widow of a French general of the empire, who—marrying her, at the age of fifteen, out of the convent where her parents, then traveling in Europe, had placed her—died and left her, two years subsequently, unencumbered, mistress of herself, of the Le Jaune jewels, and of a great fortune. She had returned to America with her parents a few years later, perhaps a little wiser in the ways of the world than when she left her convent, but save for her familiarity with good pictures, good statues, and good music, quite as uncultivated, if indeed there were any soil there to cultivate; and having thrown aside her mourning, she was devoting her whole energies to society, and dancing like a Mænad far into every morning of her life.

"By Heaven! did you ever see any thing so perfect? Who is she?" demanded Lawrence of his friend, as he staid and surveyed her.

"A beautiful idiot," responded the other. "Shall I introduce you? But then her income is only a thousand dollars a week or thereabout."

It was Lawrence who waited on young Madame Le Jaune to her carriage that night, who danced with her at Mrs. Ten Eyck's on the next night, and at Mrs. M'Niel's, who was beside her in her box at the theatre, who before long was planning the day's events with her, who made out the programme of her morning concerts and the list of her evening guests, who rode with her on such horses as he had used to ride before his weak days of parsimony—those weak, dull days, he called them now, with which in the poorest and idlest of dreams he had wasted some of the best years of his youth. And the father and mother of the beautiful being—who had pronounced him the handsomest man and the divinest dancer in the world—made Lawrence warmly welcome at their home, better pleased with the brilliant young solicitor, whose birth and whose talents far outweighed the lightness of his purse, than with any of the suitors hovering round their daughter.

"It is not her fortune," said they; "it is herself; her angelic goodness, her beauty, have taken him captive, and her money can be of small moment to this young man, with the practice before him. Since marry somebody she will, better him than another."

And they spoke truly. Her money was the last thing that Lawrence thought of—not unwelcome when he did think of it—but it was herself, her beauty, that had aroused all this fervor and fire. How different was this sumptuous home, these spacious apartments, these conservatories and flower-grown balconies, from the mean and narrow tenement where Mattie lived! Ah, here was his proper atmosphere; here his genius—for Lawrence was one of those who believe firmly in themselves, in whatever else they disbelieve—had room to grow, to expand; out of such a region he might rise to the altitudes, might do the work for which Nature had designed him. But these were only casual thoughts; he had little space or time for more than one emotion—an overwhelming passion for Isabel, that sucked down all his previous feelings like straws in a stream—a wild, unquenchable longing to make her his.

That Isabel was a silent person, seldom saying much, did not surprise him. He had been wont to silent women; his grim old aunts had wasted few words before him, and Mattie was very quiet, but with what a difference, it now seemed to him! A difference, indeed, Lawrence Read, if earthly passion had not blinded your eyes with a clod! Behind this silence of Isabel's what thoughts reposed he fancied beautiful to match the beautiful mask they wore! What platitudes she did utter were the simple expression of wisdom to him; her somewhat spiteful and pointless criticisms of her companions were the sweetest satire robbed of all venom; her trite remarks upon the weather took Tennysonian meanings; he gave her credit for all imagination, all poesy and profound intelligence; when he spoke to her in eloquent periods he did not even observe the mere monosyllable of her reply; it was enough for her to rest her head against the high back of the antique chair, and to gaze at him out of those limpid eyes through which heaven itself seemed to look. When he danced with her he never thought of the lack of all the bright *bon-mots* and gay witticisms which at such exciting times he had heard from Mattie's lips; it was enough for him, more than enough, that his arm clasped her waist and felt the beating of her heart; that that perfect face breathed just against his own; that he could have clasped the woman to his breast and dared not.

In this time Lawrence called at the Severance house but twice; and when they wondered at it there, Mattie, full of kind excuses for him now as ever, laid it at the score of his old goodness that could not bear to cause them shame and annoyance in their poverty, and to his impatience at never being able to see her alone for these vexatious scholars. Perhaps in her heart of heart she marveled more than they did—marveled at the absence of the old caresses, of the notes that once went and came like doves between them, of the flowers he used to bring her, the books, the music—marveled at the complete alteration in her life that out of rosy joy had grown so bald and gray and sad.

She was worn with work, weak with the nervous worry of the music-lessons that had no relapse into pleasure; for she had wearily ceased to sit at the window expecting to see Lawrence dash up to take her a little drive in the country; she no longer listened for his step and his quick ring; in a blind way she tried to make herself forget the old touch of his arms and his lips. She was already tired and sick, when one evening they brought her in a letter—a cruel letter, kind though the terms in which it was couched might be. She whirled it into the fire; she could not believe he wrote it, that his hand thus shut down the flood-gates of her very life, that all the years were dust and ashes. She cried out and moaned for her love. The morning found her still sitting over the grate; and from the morning paper, with loving severity, they read to her the announcement of the marriage of Lawrence Read with Isabel Le Jaune. That next night she lay in a raging fever, her head shorn and folded in ice, and her hot delirium haunted by a horrible shadow that she called Isabel, and from which there was no escape.

There were six long weeks of wasting fever, and then of absolute prostration and nihility, when oblivion came to heal a tortured spirit, and the sick girl had strength neither to think nor to remember. But youth and health conquered in the end; and one of the first signs of good recovery was her demand for a looking-glass.

"It was bad enough before!" she cried after one glance. "But can this hideous creature be Mattie Severance? Oh, no wonder he forsook me! Take it away! Take it away!" For the skin had peeled from her face, leaving a ruddy, parboiled surface beneath; eyebrows and lashes had fallen entirely away, and the shorn hair stood up around her head like the rays around a foggy sun. It was only a moment's weakness, a moment's scalding tears, and then the brave girl looked up with a smile glittering through them, and said, "Well, well, I must make the best of it. I must be so good, mother mine, that you'll forget I am so ugly."

"Tush, tush!" said the old doctor. "Don't talk of such a thing! That 'll mend itself every day and leave you better than it found you; for, unless I'm mistaken, the fever has brought about a new circulation, and the skin in consequence will be clearer than it ever was before; and as for all the hair, the eyebrows and that, they 'll come back fast enough, a good many shades darker, and curly to boot—"

"Curly eyebrows, Doctor!"

"Well, black ones, at any rate."

"Do you hear that, mother? Oh, Doctor," she cried, "it's too late now!"

But nothing is ever too late; and if with returning strength beauty came too late to hurl her into life-long slavery with an indolent and selfish husband, it came quite soon enough.

Of all the magicians that ever worked miracles the space of ten years is one of the greatest. Ten years from the date of his marriage transformed Lawrence Read from a rapt and passionate lover, a man of high ambitions, indolent and luxurious withal, and one splendid in face and port—as an ideal among men should be—into a gray and bent man; a tired drudge stripped of all illusions, seeking work to lose himself in it, and delving there from dark to dawn, sick at heart, sick of splendor, sick of life, and hating the home where reigned an idiot, no longer beautiful, with no more waxen and delicious curves, no more rose-leaf tints, but all the rent and ragged beauty, the mothy cheek, the lack-lustre eye, the thin pale hair, pieced out with rouge and antimony and false tresses—a thin and shivering childless thing, fretful with illness and empty with nothingness, filling the air with inanities and reproaches—a thorn in his side, a horror in his eyes.

He went one night to bring this wife of his bosom home from a reception, he having, by accident, been obliged to use her carriage. He felt little in keeping with the merry night, for it was a bleak night to him, an anniversary of his wedding-night. He stood a few moments silently where a curtain fell between him and some gay speakers just beyond. There was something strangely familiar, strangely delightful in the tones of one of those voices—a woman's voice; something that fascinated him to stay and listen, listen to such conversation as he had not heard for years. For how many years? For ten. Conversation full of bright pleasantry, spirited theory, cool sense; a cheery, happy voice, whose merest murmur was music. Presently adieus were made, the curtain swung aside, a lady leaning on her husband's arm came through. She wore a white wedding silk, a mantle of creamy lace, some old and yellow pearls. He raised his eyes and looked upon her face—a lovely face that ten years had wrought full of expression and loveliness; there were the soft and supple curves of a healthy woman in her thirtieth year, the delicate blush upon a downy cheek that age should never wither, dark dewy eyes shining softly behind the black shadow of lash and brow, and all crowned with pearl-braided masses of hair of that chestnut tint too golden to be called red, too red to be called brown. Mattie saw him, and saw him not, but went on talking sweetly and lightly with her husband. And Lawrence Read, looking down on his hand, where glittered the old lozenge ring that Mattie had once sent back to him, felt himself the slave of a dead passion, with its fetter on his hand, and cursed his lonely fate, and went home with his beautiful idiot.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ABOUT four years ago, the State of Pennsylvania, being desirous to preserve on canvas some scene of the great battle of Gettysburg, which had been fought on her soil, commissioned the artist Rothermel to undertake the difficult task. Anxious that the painting should be accurate in all its details, the artist often visited the battle-field, conversed with soldiers who had participated in the conflict, and sought information from every source. Thus nearly a year passed before he even sketched a plan. But the picture was completed not long ago, and was recently unveiled to the public at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. The canvas is thirty-two feet long and sixteen wide—an immense painting. The scene chosen by the artist occurred on the third day of the battle, and was the culminating point of the great conflict, which had engaged about two hundred thousand men on an area of twenty square miles. Any adequate description of the painting would occupy too much of our space; but the work is a powerful and impressive one. The prominent commanders, and all the principal figures, even those of private soldiers, have been drawn from life, and are very accurate. The painting will eventually be placed in the State Capitol.

In a recent lecture upon "The Rights and Wrongs of Children," Mrs. George Vandenhoff claimed the right of a child to a good physical training, a good happy home, and kind, courteous, truthful treatment in that home. While she did not believe children could always be governed without punishment, she denounced whipping; and looked for the time when some of the *savans* engaged in new translations of the Scriptures would find out that Solomon, so often quoted in favor of the "rod," would prove to have meant "Spare the rod, and save the child."

Just now, when colds and influenzas are prevailing, it is well to remember that after any exercise that quickens the circulation a draught of air upon the person is almost sure to cause a chill and produce a cold. Outside garments should never be hastily removed when one is heated or in a perspiration.

Seventy thousand letters, filling one hundred and fifty sacks, and weighing nearly eleven hundred pounds, were recently mailed from this city to various foreign lands within the space of two days. This statement will give some idea of the immensity of the postal business in New York city. It is also estimated that between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifty tons of mail matter are, on the average, handled every day by the eight hundred post-office employés; and that not less than three hundred thousand letters, and often a much larger number of newspapers, are sorted out by them during each twenty-four hours. From two to four hundred unstamped, misdirected, unaddressed, or unsealed letters and packages daily accumulate in the New York Post-office.

Christmas-eve was a time of merry-making in Richmond, Virginia, as in thousands of cities all over our country; but before the dawning of Christmas-day joy was turned into horror, and agonizing cries were heard instead of merry laughter through the streets of that city of disasters. About two o'clock in the morning the Spottswood House was discovered to be on fire on the lower floor. A fearful scene followed. In twenty minutes escape by the staircase was impossible. The guests leaped from the windows, and, half-dressed and barefooted, rushed through the snow-covered streets to places of refuge. The night was the coldest known there for thirteen years. The fury of the flames prevented many from reaching the lower stories in season, and all attempts to rescue them were unavailing. Three ladies appeared at a window of the fifth story screaming for help; but while the firemen were endeavoring to lengthen the ladders they were swallowed up in the thick flame and smoke. One of these victims, the housekeeper of the hotel, had been urged to escape, but had ventured to delay to save her trunk. One young man courageously brought two friends from the fourth story, and went back for another, when he fell a martyr to his own generous spirit. Eight persons are known to have perished in the burning building, and others are missing, for whom great anxiety is felt.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of petty larceny in shops, especially during holiday seasons, and some system of watchfulness on the part of proprietors must be needful. But when it comes to this—that a respectable lady can not hold an article in her hand until she can find a clerk to wait upon her, or retain in her possession an article purchased days before, which she brings back hoping to exchange, or stoop to pick up a package accidentally brushed from the counter to the floor, without being arrested, taken to the station-house, and brought before the Police Court—shopping becomes something dangerous. Ladies do not fancy such public life as this involves, even though discharged at once when the legal formalities are over; and shop-keepers will lose some classes of customers unless a little more discrimination is exercised by them.

Seldom has a winter set in preceded by so little rain as the present one. Generally we are blessed with a long fall rain, which fills wells and springs with an abundance of water for winter consumption. This last year has been an exception. Throughout the summer a very general drought prevailed, and now from many country places comes the complaint of the want of water. Many farmers are absolutely destitute of it, and are obliged to take their cattle two or three miles for daily watering. Manufacturers, also, have found their supplies insufficient; and many who have hitherto relied upon water-power, are now putting up steam-engines. It is moreover stated that there is an unusual exhaustion of springs throughout the district that feeds the Croton Lake.

The painter Turner must have been a capital hand to collect debts if the following story told of him is true. Turner, Prout, and Varley were on a sketching tour in Devonshire; they had to cross a ferry, the passage charge for which was sixpence. Varley did not happen to have any change, and borrowed the money from Turner—advanced reluctantly. Next morning Varley and Prout took the Exeter coach for London, leaving Turner behind. But to their surprised gratification, although the hour was daybreak, and the morning bleak and dark, they saw Turner at the coach office, waiting to see them off. Varley acknowledged the compliment, and thanked him. "No," said Turner, "it isn't that; but you forgot to give me back the sixpence I lent you yesterday."

Admirers of "Adam Bede" may be interested to know that a new edition of a "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church" includes a sketch of "Dinah Evans," who will be well remembered by all readers of that novel. When Wesley's travels had raised up through the land societies in the social worship of which women were allowed to share, her rare natural talents found exercise. She preached in cottages, and sometimes in the open air, and her appearance, her womanly delicacy, and her affecting eloquence subdued the rudest multitudes. She was a constant visitor to the abodes of wretchedness and the dens of crime—the charm of her benign presence and speech securing her not only protection but welcome among the most brutal men. She married, however, not Adam Bede, but his brother Seth, who was a class-leader when he first heard her preach. Together the devoted couple frequently walked fifteen miles to preach in neglected hamlets. Dinah died of a lingering disease, and, broken by her loss, Seth never preached again, but spent the remaining years of his life in visiting the sick.

New Sweden, in Aroostook, Maine, seems likely to become a popular residence. About the time the colony who have settled there left their home in Sweden, another colony of one hundred migrated to Mississippi, and settled at Water Valley. This colony was brought over at the expense of Mississippi planters, for whom the members were to work; but the climate proved unfavorable, and they have suffered severely. Being desirous to join the colony in New Sweden, they have written to the Commissioners of Emigration of Maine, and received a cordial invitation to go there.

A well-known lady of Salt Lake City—the wife of the leader of the reform party among the Mormons—writes thus of Brigham Young and his family: "As a father he is affectionate and indulgent; he is unsparing of means in educating his children. His daughters, as young ladies, will compare favorably with young ladies in society any where. Some of them are very pretty, even handsome; talented, too, especially in music. I have seldom heard sweeter music discoursed upon the piano, accompanied by the voice, than that produced by these young ladies. I have heard it said that they could sing before they could talk. Music with them is a gift of nature, through their father."

In discoursing on the general British usage and misuse of the words *sick* and *ill*, Richard Grant White says he was once present when a British merchant, receiving in his own house a Yankee youth at a little party, said, in a tone that attracted the attention of the whole room, "Good-evening! We haven't seen you for a long while. Have you been *seeck*" (the sneer prolonged the word), "as they say in your country?" "No, thank you," said the other, frankly and promptly; "I've been *hill*, as they say in yours." John Bull, although he blushed to the forehead, had the good sense, if not the good-nature, to join in the laugh that followed. Mr. White's opinion is that for the use of *ill*—an adverb—as an adjective, thus, an ill man, there is no defense and no excuse, except the contamination of bad example.

Scarlet-fever is exceedingly prevalent both in this country and in England. We see the statement made that "more lives are lost weekly by scarlatina in London than the French are losing by their weekly sorties from Paris."

In a garden near Birmingham, England, fresh green pease, grown in the open air, were gathered on the 1st of December.

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Blouse-Waists with Black Lace Bretelles, Figs. 1–3.

Fig. 1.—LOW-NECKED BLOUSE-WAIST WITH BRETELLES. This blouse-waist is made of tucked Swiss muslin. The neck is trimmed with two rows of lace insertion, through which black velvet ribbon is run, as shown by the illustration, and narrow lace edging. Trim the sleeves in the same manner. The black lace bretelles are five inches wide. On the front of the waist they are laid in a lengthwise pleat, so as to be only three inches and a quarter wide there and an inch and a quarter at the end of the waist. On the back they are spread out the entire width, and laid in a pleat at the end of the waist; the ends standing over are arranged as a sash in two loops and two short ends. On the shoulders fasten a jet agrafe, as shown by the illustration.

Figs. 2 and 3.—HIGH-NECKED BLOUSE-WAIST WITH BRETELLES. This blouse-waist is made of pleated Swiss muslin. The bretelles, which are of black lace, are six inches wide. On the shoulder and at the end of the front and back of the waist they are arranged in a few pleats, and at the shoulders in a loop which falls over the back. At the back of the waist the ends of the bretelles are arranged in a sash with loops and short ends. Rosettes of black gros grain ribbon trim the bretelles, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—HIGH-NECKED BLOUSE WITH BLACK LACE BRETELLES.—BACK.

Fig. 1.—LOW-NECKED BLOUSE WITH BLACK LACE BRETELLES.

Fig. 3.—HIGH-NECKED BLOUSE WITH BLACK LACE BRETELLES.—FRONT.

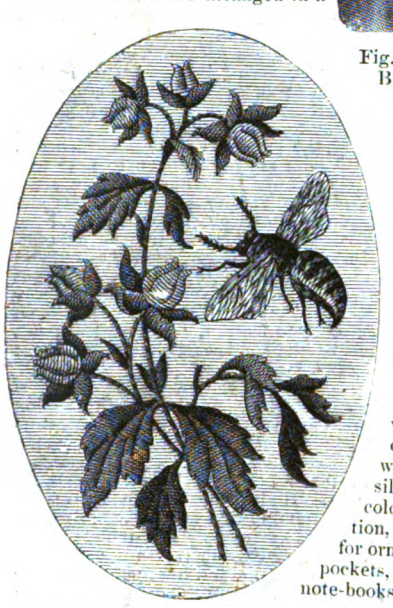

Fig. 1.—SATIN STITCH MEDALLION FOR WALL POCKETS, NOTE-BOOKS, ETC.

Satin Stitch Medallions for Wall Pockets, Note-Books, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE pretty designs are worked on colored satin or silk in satin stitch, with several shades of silk twist of the same color as the foundation, and may be used for ornamenting wall pockets, letter racks, note-books, etc.

Embroidered Cloth Slipper, Figs. 1–3.

THIS slipper is of fawn-colored cloth, and is embroidered with several shades of brown silk twist. The original is lined with brown silk and cotton batting, quilted together and bound with brown silk ribbon. Figs. 2 and 3 give the design; but the contours of the design can not be used as a pattern, as the slipper must be cut to *fit the foot*. The design is worked in diagonal half-polka stitch, knotted stitch, satin stitch, back stitch, and point Russe.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED CLOTH SLIPPER

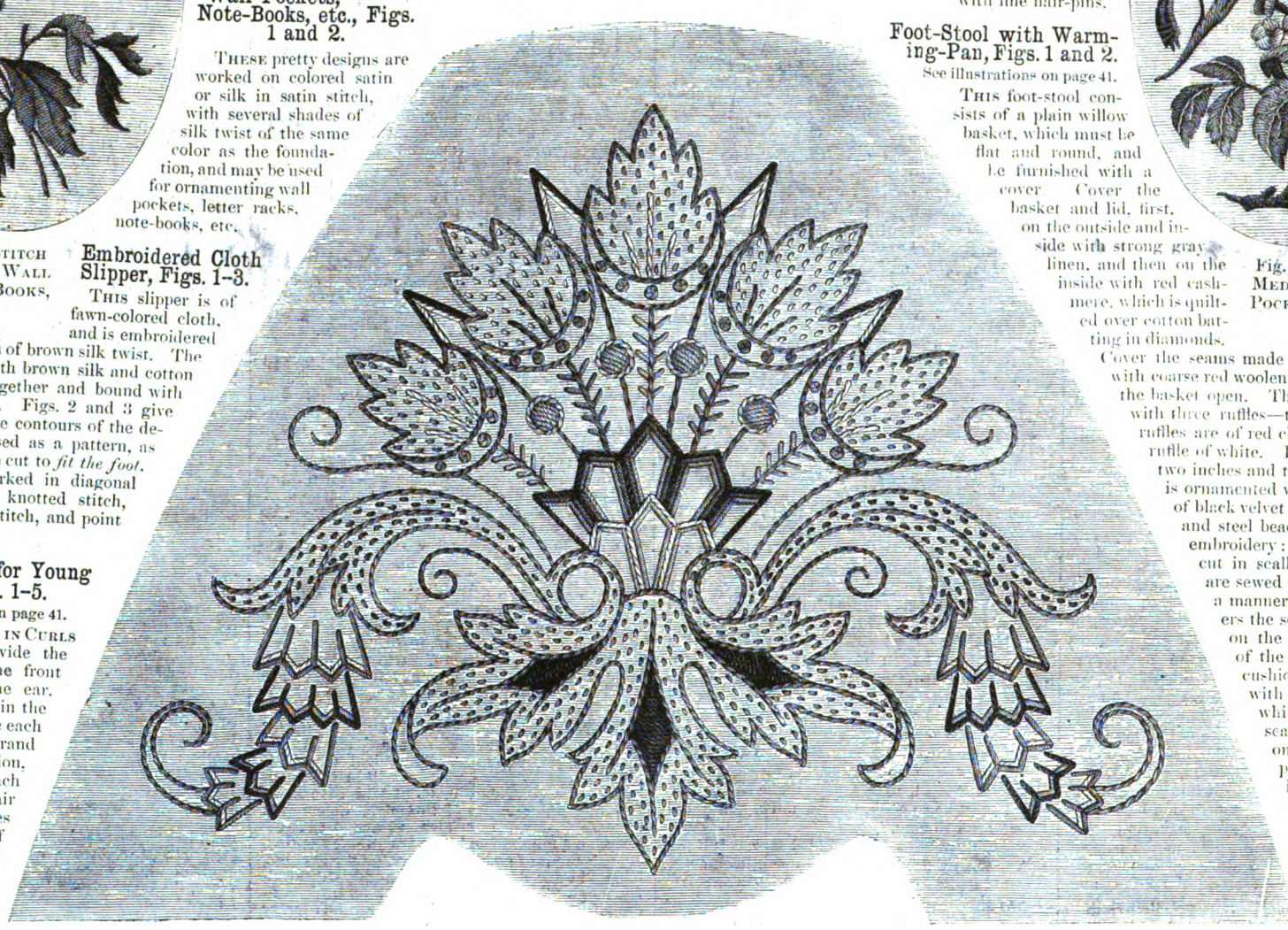

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR FRONT OF SLIPPER.

Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR SIDE AND HEEL OF SLIPPER.

Hair-Dressing for Young Girls, Figs. 1–5.

See illustrations on page 41.

Figs. 1–3.—HAIR IN CURLS AND BRAIDS. Divide the back hair from the front on a line with the ear. Part the back hair in the middle, and arrange each half in a three-strand braid (see illustration, Fig. 3). Part each side of the front hair about two inches from the middle of the head. Leave the middle part of the hair alone for the present. Comb the remaining hair of each side upward over a thick roll, as shown by Fig. 2, twist the strand several times, fasten it to the roll, and arrange the ends in curls, as shown by the illustration. Now take the middle part of the hair, which was previously left, crimp it slightly, and then, without parting it, comb it back, and fasten it to the rolls with a small comb. Arrange this hair in loops on the middle of the head, as shown by Figs. 1 and 2, fasten these to the rolls, and arrange the ends in curls. If the natural hair is not long and heavy enough, false braids and curls must be used.

Figs. 4 and 5.—HAIR CRIMPED AND CURLED. For this style the back hair must be crimped. To do this, after dividing it in a line with the ear, arrange it in several small braids (see Fig. 5), and put up the ends of the hair in papers, as they are afterward arranged in curls. Part the front hair on the left side and put it up in papers. In arranging the hair under the braids comb the hair with a coarse comb, so as to make it very wavy, and arrange the ends in curls. In the neck comb the back hair upward, and tie a velvet ribbon around the head, arranging it in a bow on the front of the head. This ribbon holds up the back hair, so that it can not lie on the neck. Comb the front hair back, and arrange in a diadem over small rolls, as shown by the illustration. Roll up the ends of the front hair so as to form puffs, and cover the parting of the front and back hair with these; fasten them with fine hair-pins.

Foot-Stool with Warming-Pan, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 41.

THIS foot-stool consists of a plain willow basket, which must be flat and round, and be furnished with a cover. Cover the basket and lid, first, on the outside and inside with strong gray linen, and then on the inside with red cashmere, which is quilted over cotton batting in diamonds. Cover the seams made by joining the parts with coarse red woolen cord. Fig. 2 shows the basket open. The basket is trimmed with three ruffles—the upper and under ruffles are of red cloth, and the middle ruffle of white. Each of the ruffles is two inches and three-fifths wide, and is ornamented with appliqué figures of black velvet and white, with gold and steel beads, and point Russe embroidery: the under edges are cut in scallops, and the ruffles are sewed on the linen in such a manner that one ruffle covers the seam made by sewing on the other. On the top of the cover arrange a flat cushion, which is edged with a pleated ruffle of white cloth; cover the seam made by sewing on this ruffle with a piece of red cloth cut in scallops, which must lie smoothly on the cushion. On the middle of the cushion sew a star made of white cloth, which is ornamented with embroidery in

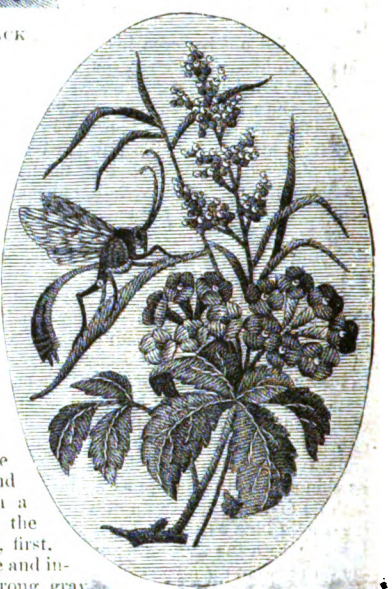

Fig. 2.—SATIN STITCH MEDALLION FOR WALL POCKETS, NOTE-BOOKS, ETC.

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the manner above described, as shown by Fig. 2. Fasten a ring on the cover. A button and cord loop serve to close the basket. The basket may also be covered with cloth set on plain or with tapestry-work.

Calendar Frame in Satin Stitch Embroidery.

THIS calendar frame, which is shown in full size in the illustration, is worked in bead satin stitch on black velvet. To make the frame draw the design on thick card-board, and then cut out the card-board, following the outlines of the design. Paste a piece of black velvet of the shape of the frame on a corresponding piece of card-board with mucilage,

Fig. 3.—MANNER OF ARRANGING CURLS AND BRAIDS.—[See Figs. 1 and 2.]

Fig. 1.—HAIR IN CURLS AND BRAIDS. BACK.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

Fig. 5.—MANNER OF CRIMPING AND CURLING HAIR.—[See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 2.—HAIR IN CURLS AND BRAIDS. FRONT AND SIDE.—[See Fig. 1.]

paste the design cut out of card-board on the black velvet, and cover the figures of the design with small beads in bead satin stitch. To do this insert the needle with the working thread in the velvet on the under side close in front of the outline of the figure worked, draw it up through the velvet, take up a sufficient number of beads, insert the needle in the velvet on the upper side of the work close behind the outline of the design, draw the thread down through the velvet, and continue in this manner. The stitches must be worked evenly, and come close beside each other. Work, first, the inner straight edge of the frame, and then the arabesque figures. After completing the embroidery cut away the velvet along the inner straight outline of the frame and the outer scalloped outline, letting the velvet project about two-fifths of an inch beyond the edges. In the velvet edges thus formed cut short diagonal slits a little way apart, turn down the edges on the under side, and paste them down there. Paste a calendar printed on card-board on the under side of the frame, and cover both the frame and the calendar with white muslin or paper on the under side. A brass ring fastened to the under side of the calendar by means of a band serves to hang it up.

Fig. 1.—FOOT-STOOL WITH WARMING-PAN. OPEN.

Fig. 4.—HAIR CRIMPED AND CURLED. [See Fig. 5.]

Bead Lamp-Chimney Cover.

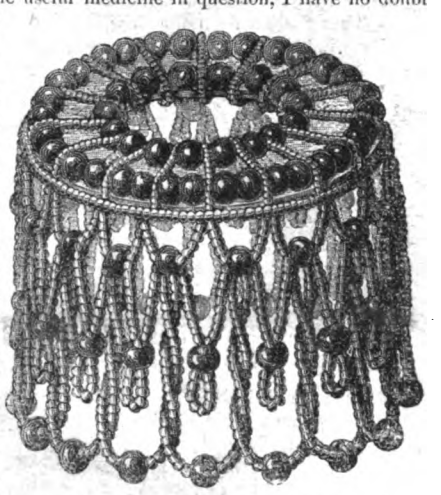
FOR this lamp-chimney cover a round plate of glass an inch and four-fifths in diameter, out of the middle of which a round piece an inch and a fifth in diameter has been cut, is required, together with a brass wire ring on which sixteen red beads (colored bone) are strung, and one on which thirty-two red beads are strung. The small ring must correspond in circumference to the inner edge of the glass plate, and the large ring to the outer edge. The beads must not be too closely strung. Besides this string rather large crystal beads on a brass wire ring, corresponding in length to the outer edge of the glass plate. Lay the rings with red beads on the plate, one on the inner, and one on the outer edge; hold the crystal bead ring to the under side of the outer edge of the plate, and in this position join the rings with the plate as follows: Fasten the working thread (coarse linen) on the wire of the crystal bead ring, pass it through a bead of the latter, * take up a sufficient number of small crystal beads to cover two inches and three-quarters of the working thread, pass the latter through the opening in the plate and back to the same point of the crystal bead ring. The bead loop thus formed must come between two red beads of the large and two red beads of the small ring. Now pass the working thread once around the wire of the crystal bead ring, pass it through the next bead of the same, take up five of the larger crystal beads, one red bead, five of the larger crystal beads, pass the thread through the sixth following bead of the crystal ring, and repeat from *. The bead loops must always be divided by one red bead of the small ring and two red beads of the large ring. In connection with the small scallops of the outer edge work, as shown by the illustration, first, a round of short scallops with the larger crystal beads and red beads, and then a round of long twisted scallops with the same sizes of beads.

Fig. 2.—FOOT-STOOL WITH WARMING-PAN.—CLOSED.

CALENDAR FRAME IN SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

BOOKS AS REMEDIAL AGENTS.

ONCE upon a sea voyage, slowly recovering from a severe illness, I derived infinite consolation from reading Dickens's "American Notes." I remember that one evening I was reading this book by the light of the "swing lamp" over my couch, when my long, pale, worn face suddenly puckered up with laughter. I had not laughed for a long time. And yet it was not much that made me lay down the book to give full vent to my enjoyment of the ludicrous. I can not quote the exact words of the passage; but the substance of it was to the effect that Mr. Dickens, while traveling in America, had been abruptly broken in upon by a fellow-passenger with a discourse upon castor-oil; whereon the writer observed that it was the first time to his knowledge that this useful medicine had been used as a "conversational aperient." As I was very familiar just at that time of my life with the useful medicine in question, I have no doubt that the incident made a stronger impression on my mind than it would have done in any other circumstances. Certainly it was a cachinnatory aperient to me. But the delights of the book were by no means confined to this and other choice passages. The substantial pleasure was in traveling through a strange country with such a pleasant companion. I have never thought that in what is called the "management of the sick-room" sufficient value has been attached to books as important curative agencies. There is some change observable, in this respect, in the present day; for the reign of good sense has commenced, and with the admission of fresh air, and the repudiation of blood-letting, the sanitary influences of amusement have come to be better understood. The first thing of all for the invalid is to cease from dwelling on his ailments, to shake off the environments of the sick-room, to imbibe freely the great tonic of hope, and to live in a world of future enjoyment. Pleasantly written books of travel are, in these respects, the best stimulants in the world. They carry a man to strange places, surround him with new circumstances, and help him to build castles in the air, of which he is to be the delighted occupant. Even a map is a great help to a sick man to lift him out of himself. I have often beguiled the time by projecting journeys, at home and abroad, in search of health, which, when the opportunity has come, have, of course, never been realized. But it has done me a deal of good to think of them.



BEAD LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER.

LETTERS TO CHILDREN.

AS for letters to our children, whether young or grown up, in the country or city, both for them and for us, the more frequently we write the better. A lad at school or a youth at college, a sailor on board ship or a young clerk in a counting-house, a daughter who is a wife as well as a child, a son whose own children in his own home explain a father's love and point a father's duties, are always the better for being happily and periodically reminded that there are old ties as well as new, blood relations as well as social, that a parent's love is worth more than a stranger's good-nature, and that there is one home in the world where the door is ever flung wide to receive them, and sure never to be shut except to profligacy or dishonor.

It is likely enough that a school-boy may not much care for a very long letter, but it is an immense mortification when no one writes to him; and the worst kind of hardening that can happen to a boy's nature is that which comes from his affections

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being despised. But if we mean our letters to be read, we must make them readable by writing of what will interest them—the rabbits and the ponies, or the trout in the brook. Many a letter from home, just because it looks dull to begin with, is hastily stuffed into the pocket to be read at a convenient moment, only to be ruthlessly used, before the day is half over, to light a fire with, or to weight a kite's tail. Whatever we say about religion should be brief, natural, pointed, and tender. Perhaps, for most boys up to a certain age, the pith of religious advice may ordinarily be comprised in these four sentences: "Always speak the truth. Be sure to read your Bible on Sundays. Do and read and say nothing you would be ashamed to tell your mother of. And never forget your prayers."

ONLY THE BABY.

THEY have only lost the baby,
The little, little one,
Who came when the April blossoms
Were smiling to the sun!
As frail and sweet as a flower
The wind might blow away,
It grew in the golden sunshine
While April wore to May.

Then Summer brought her roses,
Her butterflies and bees,
And her birds to sing for the baby,
Up in the rocking trees.
"No bud in all the garden,
No birdling in the nest,
Is half so sweet," cried the mother,
"As the baby on my breast."

Such hopes as hovered o'er it,
Such happy dreams as wove
Their silver-threaded fancies
Through the mother's brooding love!
Though all were dear and dearest,
Yet were their fond hearts set
On the tiny, helpless darling,
The precious household pet.

Now by the snowy ribbon
That flutters from the door,
By windows closed and curtained,
Lest the merry sun in pour,
I know that 'mid the shadows
Of a dim and darkened room
They are weeping o'er the broken bud
That never more may bloom.

Wee hands like crumpled rose-leaves,
Restless and round and fair,
Are folded fast on the little breast,
As still as a saint's at prayer!
And through her grief the mother
Shivers with sudden pain,
That the angels first shall see them
Restless and round again.

Ah me! a little baby
Leaves an aching blank of space,
When God stoops down and takes it
From an earthly dwelling-place!
Speak by-and-by of heaven:
For the shadowed home to-day,
A flower, a kiss, a silent tear,
And softly come away!

FERNERIES.

TO those whose circumstances forbid the pleasures of a green-house or conservatory a cheap and beautiful resource can be had in a fernery or Wardian case. In this many plants, but especially ferns, can be grown in any common sitting-room, as the principle upon which they are constructed obviates the difficulties to successful plant-growing arising from the aridity of the atmosphere of our dwellings, deposits of dust, and the frequently escaping gases from stoves and heaters, particularly when anthracite coal is used as fuel.

In constructing such a case, first provide a table of suitable size to put into the window recesses of the room; then have a box or frame without any bottom, about seven or eight inches deep, of any desired size, well dove-tailed together at the corners. The thickness of the boards of which it is made should be 1¼ or 1½ inches; into this good stout astragal bars for holding the panes of glass should be framed, and surmounted by a flat or, better, double-pitched roof of glass. A door should be provided on one side for affording access to the plants inside without lifting the case off the tray containing the plants.

This tray should be made of wood, of the same depth as the box or case, well dove-tailed at the corners, and with a good stout bottom; it should be just large enough to let the glass case fit over it easily. In the centre of the bottom a hole about three-quarters of an inch in diameter should be bored, and a tin or leaden tube inserted of sufficient length to pass through and project about an inch below the top of the table, into which a corresponding hole should be bored, the object being to afford proper drainage to the plants. Put into this tray about an inch of drainage material, such as small pebbles, small bits of charcoal, broken brickbats, or similar materials; upon this put sufficient compost to fill it up to the top, pressing and shaking it down firmly. This compost should be composed of one-half fresh loam from a pasture field, and one-half leaf mould such as is found in dry woods, to which may be added a little coarse sand. In this plant your ferns; then give them a good watering, so that the water will run out at the tube in the bottom; then place it on the table, put the glass case over it, wheel it into the window recess, and let the plants have as much light as possible.

The after management consists in keeping the case closely shut, only opening the door for an hour or two once or twice a week to change the air inside, and being careful to see that the plants do not become dry. They will seldom need watering more than once in two weeks or a month, according to the season of the year; of course, in summer time they will need it oftener than they do in winter.

It will add very much to the beauty of the fernery to construct it as a little rockery. For this purpose select sharp-pointed, jagged, or angular pieces of stone; such pieces as are found on the borders of brooks, or in moist, shady places, are very suitable, as they are generally covered with lichens or similar vegetation. These pieces of stone may be arranged to suit the taste of the cultivator; they should be built up from the bottom of the tray, the soil being well intermixed with them, and packed firmly into the interstices of the stones, the whole being built up above the level of the top of the tray, either rounding, angularly, or irregularly, so as to give it a grotesque appearance. The ferns should be planted in the soil filled into the interstices of the stones; they are very fond of having stones, especially if porous, upon which to fasten their roots, as the coolness and regularity of moisture are very favorable to their growth.

As a general rule our native ferns are deciduous; that is, they shed their leaves in the autumn and do not start into growth again until spring; consequently they are not suited for winter use; we must therefore use exotic ferns for our purpose. These can be readily obtained of any leading florist, as they grow them by the hundreds or thousands for filling hanging-baskets. In selecting them choose those with fine, delicate

PARLOR FERNERY.

foliage. Such ferns as the Stag's-horn Fern, and other similar strong-growing sorts, attain too large a size for a fern case, unless it is very large, in which case it is apt to be unwieldy. Intermixed with the ferns many species of Lycopodiums and many of our beautiful mosses may be grown; and by judicious selection and arrangement a most charming adornment for our homes may be made.

Some species of ferns have most beautifully variegated foliage, others again, as the Golden Fern and the Silver Fern, are dusted over with silvery white or golden yellow dust, and are among the most exquisitely beautiful things in nature; the variegated varieties should not be exposed to severe sunlight, as it injures their foliage, and the powdered ones should not be watered over the foliage, as it destroys the powdery substance that gives them their beauty, and is very apt to kill them outright.

Seeds of many species may be purchased of our principal seedsmen, and all that is required to raise them is to strew the seeds over the soil or stones in the fernery, keeping it close and moderately moist. The soil should be packed quite hard before the seeds are sown; they must not be covered with soil; sometimes a slight sprinkling of moss is of service. A selection of plants of two dozen varieties, suitable for our purposes, can be had of almost any nursery-man for four or five dollars, and would be quite sufficient to fill an ordinary-sized case.

SOME AMERICAN YOUNG WOMEN.

PERHAPS there is no race, since the old Hellenic race fell into dust, that can boast so brilliant an array of what is called feminine talent as our own. In most others the efforts of women receive such small encouragement as to make distinguished names among them exceptional things; so that we hear of none but vocalists in Italy, none at all in Russia, none in Denmark, few in Sweden, Señora Carolina Perry in Spain, Madame Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Madame Girardin, and but one or two others in France, while in England and in America we have a swarm.

Not to enumerate the dead, nor those whose talent is of doubtful desirability, we have, in England, Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot), Mrs. Craik, Miss Ingelow, Miss Cobbe—a woman whose magnificent mind searches among vast infinitudes with telescopic power, and among the beginnings of thoughts and things with microscopic minuteness—and added to these a myriad of lesser lights, such as the Edwardses, Annie Thomas, Miss Thackeray, and actresses, musicians, editresses, painters, and sculptresses by the score; while in America our array is scarcely inferior—comprising such names in literature as those of Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Child, Grace Greenwood, Anne Crane, Helen Hunt, Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. Howe, the Carys, the Warners; in the drama, as those of Mrs. Bowers, Matilda Heron, Charlotte Cushman; as Anne Brewster, in musical criticism; as Emily Andrews, said to be unsurpassed in flower-painting by any water-colorist in the world; as Flora Freeman, Miss Lander, Miss Stebbins, Edmonia Lewis, Margaret Foley, in sculpture; and others, to name whom would make merely a bewildering category.

There is something very suggestive in this, with the fact that in the preceding generations there were no such numbers, and that this sudden enrollment of names is due to the loosening of those shackles with which women have been fettered since time began, the opening of new avenues, the withering of slavish instincts. And if so many have already arisen with their lamps trimmed and burning, one is led to ask what may be expected in the future, and to look at the new generation with redoubled interest; and foremost among its members we find some half score of young women, of whom we propose to give the reader a slight sketch.

ANNA DICKINSON.

Miss Dickinson has been heard too generally in the country to make an analysis of her powers necessary, for nearly every one has already felt and acknowledged them. She began her career as a speaker in her sixteenth year, at one of the outdoor Friends' meetings in the neighborhood that Bayard Taylor has described as Kenneth Square, and the effect of her words was so marked and vivid that she has never again been suffered to be silent. Her father was a literary man, a teacher and public speaker, earnestly enlisted in the anti-slavery contest and between him and the poet Whittier a warm friendship existed until interrupted by his early death. Probably his daughter inherits many of his qualities, enriched by a poetic warmth of nature from her mother, a native of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. An orator who followed Miss Dickinson on her course through the States of New Hampshire and Connecticut at the opening of the war, and when her genius first began to find expression, describes the scenes he met as something too wonderful for belief; every place he entered was aflame with enthusiasm over her and the cause she advocated to them; men, women, and children were in an ecstasy of excitement; they called her a new Jeanne d'Arc, a messenger from heaven, a pythoness; they crowded round her as men never crowded round woman before, not even when they crowned Corinna at the Capitol. She had a conquering march from one end of the States to the other; she had the last two nights of the campaign given her in their capital cities; and she undoubtedly saved the States to the Republican party at a time when their loss would have been vital, and when the opposition in the struggle was made by the most able orators and statesmen of the Democrats. It is a great experience to hear one of Anna Dickinson's lectures in some metropolis, where thousands of people crowd platform, floor, and balconies to the ceiling, and hang breathless on her words, fired to rapture and melted to tears; but her lyceum lectures are by no means to be compared to her extempore speaking—there the live coal has touched her lips, fire has fallen on them from the skies, and no priestess was ever more inspired. No living woman ever figured in such a triumphal scene as that of the Southern Convention in Philadelphia, when the weeping delegates thronged round her, pinning their badges on her dress; or when in the House of Representatives, surrounded by the dignitaries of the nation, she upbraided the President to his face, and urged him to the work of emancipation; or that on the battle-field of Gettysburg, when wandering about the spot, with its graves, its rude records, its bones bleaching in crannies of the rock, had wrought her to a white heat, and thousands of the rebel prisoners there, permitted to listen to her speech, surged forward with oaths and protestations, kissing the old flag, and swearing they would never more lift their hands against it.

Miss Dickinson is the possessor of extraordinary personal beauty, made up as it is of fine features, a skin with the clear, creamy, and ruddy tints of the perfect tea-rose, black curling hair, dazzling teeth, and eyes like nothing so much as the aqua-marine jewel, at once soft and brilliant to the last degree. She arrays this beauty after a style of quaint picturesqueness, never affronting fashion, but never subservient to it. In her habits she is nice and methodical, as the darlings of fortune seldom are, and she is further characterized by a generosity more than prodigal. It is plainly neither the strong-minded woman nor the agitator one hears in listening to her, but genius anointed to speak.

KATE FIELD.

Quite the contrast to any other public speaker of her sex, in appearance, is Kate Field—rather plump, blonde, with light brown hair falling in natural waves and rings from her comb, with great wide-open gray eyes, with lovely lips, and teeth like pearl-seed; a mouth always full of sarcastic witticisms, but hands always ready for kind deeds. Miss Field is the only child of a journalist and actor, whose untimely loss was much regretted. Since his death her mother—a noble and brilliant woman—has devoted herself to the daughter, and she has been thoroughly educated, having studied with the best instructors both in America and Europe. While in Florence she was the pet of the Brownings, the Trollopes, and of Walter Savage Landor; and since her return, and her recovery from the ill health of some years, she has won an enviable reputation in literature, and is now just entering the lecture field, where her successes of last winter invite her to still further achievements. A more interesting scene is seldom enjoyed than that of her recent lecture at the Globe Theatre, in Boston, where the charming auditorium was filled with the *élite* of culture and art; and Miss Field, dressed with elegant simplicity in blue and white, and holding a crimson-covered book, read her lecture on Dickens, surrounded by the flowers with which friends had decorated the little drawing-room scene behind her; and the whole thing seeming like something out of French salons and the Hôtel Rambouillet. Miss Field is the possessor of a fine voice for speaking, having an almost unprecedented gamut of tones and inflections. She is also a very finished musician, a fine amateur performer on the stage of private theatricals, and her summers at Newport have rendered her nearly as famous a boat-woman as Ida Lewis herself; with all which she maintains her feminine charm unbroken.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

It has always been used as a reproach to the United States that the last and best of the arts had no abode in them, few worshipers, priests, or prophets; and it was reserved for Adelina Patti and Louise Kellogg to take the reproach from us—the first of foreign extraction and affiliation, indeed, but the latter a child of our own soil and traditions, born during the temporary sojourn in the South of her parents, whose nativity and residence were in New England, as were those of their ancestors before them for generations. Miss Kellogg's musical development has been remarkable, and has dated from her infancy. When but nine months old, and yet in arms, she essayed to sing a tune that had pleased her baby fancy, and accomplishing the first part, but failing to turn it correctly, she stopped, and was not heard to attempt it again till just before the completion of the year, when she broke out in a triumph, and sang the whole air through. At two years old certain songs would occasion her showers of happy tears, and some other music was not to be played or sung in the house on account of the nervous paroxysms into which it threw her. Her musical ear, also, has always been of the finest. She was not three years old when, some one touching the keys of the piano and asking their names, unseen, the little Louise cried out from an adjoining room, where, of course, the key-board was invisible to her also, "I know what that is, mamma; it's the little white one between the two black ones," which it was; and something always to be noticed in her singing is an absolute precision of tone; no feeling after the note, as so often is the case, but the pure and perfect thing struck on the instant. Long before she knew her letters she could read music easily, and in fact she has no knowledge of how or when she acquired the art, never being able to remember a time when she was not mistress of all the symbols of the divine art. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of great range and sweetness, perhaps not so effective on the middle notes as on the upper and lower ones, yet of wondrous strength

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and purity; and nothing can surpass the clear rich trills, like those shaken down from some bird singing in the mid-heavens. Miss Kellogg's execution is said to be unexcelled, and her musical conscience is something unrivaled; after every triumph in song she says to herself or her mother, "But better next time." She has also much dramatic ability, and the Germans have complimented her Marguerite as being the only real Gretchen among all the pretenders. Possessed of a prodigious memory, and always up, not only in her own part, but in the whole opera, she is rumored to have a remarkable power over the other players on the operatic stage with her, conducting a large measure of the performance, as one might say, herself—prompting, bringing wanderers back to the key, silently suggesting action, and holding every body as near the mark as his or her own defective talent allows. This is something unexampled, not only for its enthusiasm, but for its unselfish devotion to art in the desire of perfection for the whole performance, rather than success for herself that shall eclipse the rest; and in remarkable contrast, we have heard it said of a rivaling diva that it was with great difficulty that that little lady learned her own rôle, requiring it to be repeated to her a hundred times before her ear or her memory received impression.

Miss Kellogg comes of quite a peculiar family; her father is an inventor of no small merit, though sharing the ill fortune of most inventors, and seeing other people acquire wealth by the labors of his own brain; one of her grand-parents was famous for his mathematical attainments, and a grandmother, still living, is an excellent violinist, and used formerly in the beginning of the cotton manufacture to superintend the erection in large mills of a very valuable invention of her own; and thus may be seen another argument in favor of that idea that music is the sublimation and idealism of mathematics. Miss Kellogg's mother is certainly one of the most notable women in the country—still young, good, kind, and wise, she sings a little, plays a little, paints a little, models a little, and does all well. She attended personally to the education of Louise, was her instructor in much, has been her constant confidante, companion, and manager, designs all her costumes, superintends her dressing, stands always behind the scenes with a wrap ready to fold round her as she leaves the stage—having never yet seen her from the front—and shielding her always as carefully as a daughter could be shielded in a mother's drawing-room—a daughter, in this case, well repaying the care by affection, uprightness, and rare intelligence. Miss Kellogg's stage wardrobe and jewels are very rich and elegant; among the latter is an antique crown of amethysts set in a fragile workmanship of gold filigrane, which she wears in "L'Étoile du Nord," and to which a romantic history is attached. She returned from her brief European tour and musical success laden with exquisite and costly gifts from princes, dukes, and duchesses, unspoiled by all the flattery she received, though doubtless well enough pleased by the enthusiastic praise with which the savage and incorruptible Davidson of the *Times* greeted her. Her voice was enriched by rest and change of climate, and we have reason to expect distinguished conquests from her in the future, shedding a part of their glory on all her countrymen and women. In her face Miss Kellogg bears a striking resemblance to the actress Rachel, owing to the shape of her features and her dark and deep-set eyes; but her happy open smile and her changing color give her a luxuriance of womanly beauty to which the slim Hebrew, classic and white and lustrous as a statue, was a stranger. In manner she is exceedingly nervous, self-forgetful, and never in repose, but constantly vibrating to the influences about her.

ANNE WHITNEY.

It will not be considered a rash statement by those who have studied her slender volume, issued ten years since, to say that Anne Whitney has written some poems unexcelled by any woman of modern times. Mrs. Browning's genius was of an entirely different type, and although Miss Whitney's is as essentially womanly as hers, it is the womanhood of the future by which it is to be measured. Such poems as "Camille," the "Last Dream," the "Hymn to the Sea," and the sonnets to "Night" and to "Beauty," for power, for music, for imagination, and all delight, are certainly among those classic things that since the days of Sappho only men have written, and very few of them. Miss Whitney has, within the few past years, turned her attention to sculpture, and after exhibition of a striking statue, called "Africa," representing the gross mother of a race throwing off the skin of the brute that has wrapped her, and rising from her sleep with a face in which the soul is just awaking, she went to Rome to pursue her studies, and has but just arrived home. In the volumes of Fredrika Bremer, recording her visit and experiences here, Miss Whitney is frequently mentioned. She is a very handsome and graceful woman, with dark curling hair, eagle-black eyes, fine features, and a noble carriage of the head, full of conscious strength.

VINNIE REAM.

In the basement of the splendid Capitol building, in some low rooms reached through arches of heavy masonry—rooms full of sunshine, vines, flowers, and birds—Vinnie Ream used to busy herself with her potter's clay. Any thing more picturesque than her appearance could hardly be imagined—a tiny creature in a tunic that half hid her shape, her black eyes dancing, her teeth sparkling, her long black hair streaming far down her back, and twisted about turbanwise with an azure gauze scarf, she flitted about among the countless busts and faultless likenesses of Senators and Representatives, and the colossal plaster cast of the statue of Lincoln, like a bird herself. Sprightly in all her conversation, with sentiment for this one and jests for that one, now a whistle to the canaries, now an absent-minded bit of song, now holding a turtle-dove on her shoulder with its bill between her scarlet lips, she was a fascinating sight to those that thronged to see her all day long, beside her bass-reliefs, medallions, designs for fountains and monuments, her hanging baskets, her harp, and guitar. Her room has been vacant this year and more; but we hear that she has just returned from Italy with her accomplished work, and do not doubt that it is every way worthy of its subject.

GAIL HAMILTON.

Altogether the wittiest and brightest essayist to be found among the magazines is Gail Hamilton, but her writings are too popular and well known to need either praise or criticism. Full of high principle, delicate appreciation, and a keen sense of the ludicrous, her beliefs, prejudices, and characteristics being of the strongest, she is the most original, interesting, and amusing of people, as well as one of the pleasantest companions in existence. Perhaps, as she so sedulously maintains herself with pleasing self-delusion under a pseudonym, the public have no right to be told that her name is Mary A. Dodge; but the fact became, of course, generally known last winter during her residence in Washington, at the house of her cousin Mrs. Speaker Blaine, where she constantly met the chief *dramatis personæ* of the political world, and was one of the great attractions of a brilliant house. She had lived in Washington before, when connected with the *National Era*, under Dr. Bailey's charge, during the dark and troublous days of the Abolitionists, and it must have been peculiarly interesting to her to return and see her views and her friends in the ascendant, and the king having his own again. Without possessing personal beauty, Gail Hamilton's appearance is very pleasing, she being of medium height, and having bright waving hair, gray eyes, a complexion clear and rosy as a child's, and a kindly smile displaying dimples and faultless teeth. All those who know her learn that her writings are a transcript of herself—as bright, as incisive, as warm, and as tender—always maintaining her own rights, and yielding her opponents theirs; but, justice being done, generous and charitable to an excess: a tropical temperament plowed up and harrowed by New England theology.

STORY AND SONG WRITERS.

Story-writers have received new encouragement within the last dozen years of flourishing periodicals, and queen among them all is Rose Terry, of Hartford, Connecticut. Her stories first appeared in the old *Putnam*, nearly twenty years ago; and although she seems to write but little now, yet in that little her pen is as potent a wand of witchcraft as of old. Her writings have never been collected, but if they were they would be found full of intimate knowledge of human nature, of rich and racy flavor, and abundant humor, never degenerating into any shadow of coarseness. On her pages are sentences that are pictures, and passages of fanciful and poetical beauty that lift the reader's soul to their own level. Miss Terry is the prototype of much of the story-writing of the country, having called forth a host of imitators; and we believe she is also entitled to the credit of having originated the Bret Harte style of thing, in some two or three ballads of border life. She is said to be tall, dark, and thin, and to be the owner of very attractive conversational powers.

Of quite a different school is Nora Perry, the author of some delightful tales in *Harper's* and elsewhere. None of these, though, are so fine as her lyrics are. Some of her songs sing themselves, and they are scattered by her careless hand all over the land, and are copied every where, with so little hint of their authorship that if you see a fine bit printed any where anonymously you may be safe in attributing it to her. She is a little yellow-haired body, whose French and Irish blood gives color to every word and deed. She lives in Providence, and at present is said to be connected with journalizing in that city. She dashes off her stories with one draft, but retouches her verses like an artist.

Mary Prescott is another story-writer of unusual excellence, her stories manifesting great love of beauty, and power of describing it, having more than common strength of construction, and a dialogue overflowing with wit. As in the preceding case, though, her greatest power lies in her verses, and she has sung us a score of songs as sweet as any thing to be found in fugitive poetry. Miss Prescott is tall, graceful, and slender, very fair, and not otherwise remarkable personally than as the possession of a fine profile, clear as a coin's, may make her.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, of Boston, ought certainly to be remembered in this enumeration, for her stories possess a uniform charm of truth and reality. A keen observer, and a conscientious recorder, if she could spare time from her social duties we might expect from her novels of fine photographic detail, like Anthony Trollope's, novels holding up a faithful mirror to daily American life. She is a tall, handsomely developed woman, speaking with an extraordinarily sweet voice; her delightful house is famous for its hospitality, and for the lunches attended by literary and artistic ladies of her acquaintance. Of late Mrs. Moulton has given us very gratifying reports of the meetings of the Radical Club, the Woman's Club, and other kindred associations in the city of her residence. Her manuscript is extremely neat, written like copper-plate, once for all without blot or erasure.

Another story-writer, to whom America has the right to make some claim, is Mrs. Fanny Ternan Trollope, the author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," and of "Anne Furness," now in progress in *Harper's Monthly*—stories which have constantly been attributed to the daughter of Mr. Dickens, probably owing to the intimacy of their writer with that young lady, and to Mr. Dickens's kind encouragement of them in his own publication. Their writer, though passing her youth in England and in Continental travel, was born in Philadelphia, in this country, during the stay there of her mother, once an actress very distinguished in the annals of the stage for her brilliant rendition of such parts as Beatrice and Rosalind. Mrs. Trollope is a brown-haired, hazel-eyed young lady, much more than ordinarily prepossessing; she has great musical attainments, and is the wife of T. Adolphus Trollope, of Florence, Italy, himself the author of some very exquisite stories of Italian life.

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR NAME YET?

ANY volume of two hundred years old will offer examples of everyday words spelled in different ways. We must expect, therefore, that the same phenomenon should appear in the matter of names. The uneducated of the present day are not to be trusted to give a correct orthography of the name they inherit; and we know an instance of a woman owning a monosyllabic, or at most a dissyllabic name, who, when seventeen different ways of spelling it were interrogatively suggested to her, was certain that each in succession was the, if not the only, correct one. Is it wonderful, then, that the inexact orthography of the Middle Ages, ere yet the schoolmaster was abroad, should have occasioned the gradual, insensible, and unintentional changes and modifications of names? Shirecliffe, Mr. Lower tells us, is found spelled in fifty-five different ways; and the name of Mainwaring, if we may trust Sir William Dugdale, in a hundred and thirty-one. People like something they can understand; and our tars are apt to transmogrify "Bellerophon" into "Billy Ruffian," as our common folk degrade "asparagus" into "sparrowgrass." The tendency of corruption is toward a meaning, or to something which seems to be one. The common sort desire to make all to be significative. Who would imagine Bacon, Cressing, Alshop, Hartshorne, and many such like to be local names? Yet most certainly they are. We would trace Inkepen to Ingepen, Wormewood to Ormund, Drinkwater to Derwentwater, Troublefield to Tuberville. Shirecliffe figures as Shirtly, Ollerenshaw as Wrench, Molineux as Mull, Debenham as Deadman, Macleod as Ellicott, Delamount as Dollymount, Pasley as Parsley, Thurgod as Thoroughgood, Talbois as Tallboys, and so on *ad libitum*. The fertile name of Garden has given rise to such variations as the following—the peculiarity being that some of them have been found interchanged about the same persons in parish registers within the space of two or three years, scarcely more than half a century ago: Gardyne, Jardyne, Garden, Garn, Gardin, Gardine, Garne, Dalgarn, Dalgarner, Dalgardyne, Dalgarno.

In 1844, one Joseph Galliano died in Boston, and in the probate records he had the alias of Joseph Gallon—that being his popular name. Plamboeck, in some conveyances, became Plumback. These are names in a transition state. So likewise a Spanish boy, having the Christian name of Benito, pronounced Beneeto, who shipped with Dr. Bowditch in one of his voyages, became Ben Eaton; and a foundling named Personne (*i. e.*, nobody), became Mr. Pearson. Our Bendix is probably Benjamin Dix consolidated. Perhaps our Barnfield is but a corruption of the glorious old Dutch name of Barneveldt. Our Rawley is obviously Raleigh. Bakeoven may be Backhoffner, mentioned in *Galignani*, October, 1859. Jacques Beguin, of Texas, as we learn from Olmstead, became John Bacon. The firm of Wehle and Weniger, in Roxbury, might easily be thus transmuted to Veal and Vinegar. Bompas has been corrupted into Bumpus; and another French name, Gachet, is the origin of two families of Gasset and Gushee. Bellows is supposed to be a corruption of De Belle Eau. A French family of Blanchpied, settled in Essex County, has had its name both translated and corrupted—ending in families of Whitefoot and Blumpey; and a German named Rübsum, who emigrated to Charleston, South Carolina, became by translation Mr. Turnipseed.

To have a name that offers itself as a common to every goose is galling enough to a sensitive and delicate mind; and many persons, to avoid puns, or generally for the sake of euphony, have been glad to change their names. Guez (a beggar) became Balzac; Schwartzerds became Melanchthon; and Gerard Gerard Desiderius Erasmus.

A gentleman, resident in Canterbury, and a representative of that city in Parliament, a most worthy man, who died in 1781, had the unmanageable name of Brodnax for his patronymic. This name, early in life, he changed for that of May; and afterward, by a statute of 9th George II., he took the name of Knight, which occasioned a facetious member of the House to get up and propose "a general bill, to enable that gentleman to take what name he pleased." Had this "facetious member" been alive to represent a constituency in the present Parliament, he might find between forty and fifty honorable occupants of the seats about him who were qualified by change of name to be subjects of his pertinent or impertinent proposals. Forty-two, a learned statistician has informed us, is the exact number of members of the House who have adopted a name other than that they began the world with; and of these several have experienced more than one substitution.

A mere abstract of the names changed by the Massachusetts Legislature would be very amusing. Thus we find Broadbrooks, 1805; Snupe, 1806; Bumside, 1807; Linkhornew, 1808; Frickey, 1824; Tink, 1826; Slates, 1827; Crouch, 1832; Turn, 1837; Peachem, 1845; Pedder, 1847, etc. Mr. Pepper Mixer, in 1810, retained his surname, while he parted with his Christian name. Mr. Thode Coates, in 1814, followed his example. Samuel Quince Whitefoot, on the contrary, in 1833, liked his Christian name, and merely dropped the *foot*. An entire family of Corporal, in 1847, laid aside that dignity; and a very numerous family of Vest *divested* themselves in 1848. Mr. Thomas Jest, in 1850, decided that it was no joke to retain such a name any longer. Mr. Gest, of Cincinnati, however, as lately as 1857, subscribed for Agassiz's work. Mr. Mock, in this mode, escaped from the mockeries of his friends.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CODFISH CAKES.—The meat should be cooked the day before, and should have *simmered* (not boiled) very slowly. Remove the bones, and mince it quite fine. The potatoes should be *warm*, nicely mashed with butter and milk, as you do for table use, and should be in the proportion of one-third fish and two-thirds potato. When well mixed, add a small quantity of beaten egg, and mix again thoroughly. If it seems too dry, add more egg, and make into flat cakes about two or three inches in diameter, and about three-quarters of an inch thick. Fry in a pan with some slices of salt pork, which can be sent to table with the cakes, if desired.

HASTY PUDDING.—Place some milk in a sauce-pan over the fire. When it boils put in a little salt, and stir in, slowly and smoothly, enough flour to make it a proper consistence. When it has cooked a few minutes, beat in eggs in the proportion of two to a quart of milk. It is very good without eggs, but they make it much more palatable. Send to table hot, and eat with sugar and butter.

Cranberries should be kept in water during the winter. Keep them entirely covered, and set in a cellar. A stone jar or pot is the nicest.

BREAKFAST RELISH.—Cut round, and not too thick, some mutton cutlets; dip into egg and bread-crumbs, then into chopped mushrooms, into the egg and crumbs again, and fry in butter a light brown. When sent to table pour over them a little good gravy of either beef or veal.

SOUSE.—Soak the pig's feet, ears, etc., in water moderately warm; take off the hoofs with a sharp knife; cut out the hard, rough places, and singe them; put on with water to cover them, pouring in more as that evaporates. They will take about four hours to cook; and as soon as you can run a fork easily through them take out and put into *cold* water; cut in rather small pieces as soon as they begin to cool; pack closely down; boil the liquor in which the meat was cooked with a little vinegar; salt and pepper to taste; a small quantity of cloves, allspice, and mace. When scalding hot pour it on the meat.

THE CHRISTMAS ELVES.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a cottage, near a forest, an old man and his son. The son, whose name was William, was a tall, active fellow of twenty-one, who, not contented with his quiet life, one day determined to seek his fortune. Upon consulting his father, it was decided that he should go out into the world, but that Christmas-day should find him again at home.

Bidding his father farewell, William passed through the forest, and walked on for several days, leaving towns and villages behind him. Not succeeding in making his fortune, and very much discouraged, at the close of a hot summer's day he lay down to sleep in a meadow. The singing of the birds awoke him early in the morning. He rubbed his eyes, and was preparing to resume his journey, when he heard a shrill voice exclaim, "Don't tread on me." He looked all around, and could discover nothing but a small beetle, which looked at him in a very knowing manner. This little insect begged him to go with him to see his mamma, who lived near at hand. William, although anxious to continue his journey, thought the adventure so singular, and as he never refused to gratify any old lady, however small, accepted the beetle's invitation.

They walked on together for a few steps, till they came to a large dew-drop sparkling in the sunlight. Here the beetle stopped, and, touching the crystal drop, it moved aside, disclosing to view a tiny marble staircase. "Walk in," said the beetle.

"How do you expect a great fellow like me to go down those stairs? Why, I should crush you all like an earthquake," answered William.

"That's easily arranged," returned the beetle; and he gave William a little India rubber ring, telling him to rub it three times. William obeyed; when, to his astonishment, he shrunk to such a mite that he could go down the stairs without the least difficulty.

They came at last to a large hall, on which opened several doors. The beetle knocked at one of these, and motioning William to enter, they found themselves in a small, a very small room, where a bright fire was burning—for beetles like warmth, and the atmosphere of their underground home was damp and chilly even at this season of the year.

Seated by the fire was a curious figure. It was an old beetle, bent with age and grief (for she was a widow), wearing spectacles, and reading the *Bazar*. The dear old lady was dressed in a snuff-colored dressing-gown and white cap. She looked up as they entered, and seeing her son, exclaimed,

"Why, Topknot, where has thee been so long? I thought thee had forgotten thy poor old mother!"

Topknot kissed her, like a dutiful son, and then introduced William. The old dame being rather deaf, was obliged, in order to catch his name, to use her ear-trumpet, which was a piece

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of straw, colored to match her dress. She was, as you see, a lady of good taste.

Expressing herself delighted to see her son's new friend, she united with Topknot in begging him to remain with them a few days. This William declined to do, but was prevailed upon to stay to breakfast. Mrs. Beetle rang the bell, which was answered by a centipede, who was their maid-of-all-work. William was very hungry, and prepared to do full justice to the breakfast when it should be brought in. Alas for him! It consisted of a small stewed fly at one end, and two baked worms at the other. In vain William declared he was not hungry, but the kind old lady insisted upon his tasting both. They then asked him his history, and on hearing why he left home Topknot said he thought he could help him. He would take him to see the Christmas Elves, who had unlimited power during the season from which they derive their name.

Topknot went out to inform his friends of the contemplated visit, leaving his mother and William alone. Mrs. Beetle soon dozed off, and William took this chance of examining the room. It was, as I have said, a very small room. In one corner was a tiny bedstead composed of acorns, on which was spread a bed of moss. The covering consisted of a bright red leaf, gathered in the autumn, and smoothly ironed for Topknot by a lady friend. He had just time to remark that Mrs. Beetle's chair was made of the pith of elder, and had a cushion of thistle-down, when Topknot returned from his expedition. The Elves, he said, could do nothing for him until Christmas, but would be ready to receive him then. William was obliged, therefore, to bid adieu to his kind friends, and set out again on his journey. As he was leaving Topknot gave him a piece of paper sent to him by the Elves, on which was written these two sentences: "God helps those who help themselves;" and "A good action is never without its reward."

Wisely determining to give up making his fortune, and, until the appointed time, to have no other object in view save the good of his fellow-creatures, and doing his own duty well and faithfully, William continued his travels. Arriving at a village, he sought employment. He was soon engaged by a bricklayer, and remained with him for some weeks. We will not weary the reader with a detailed account of all his kind actions. Suffice it to say that he was soon known as a model of all that is good and honest. He was made master mason, and in this capacity he remained until the falling snow reminded him of his promise to the Elves. Leaving half of his hard-earned money to the poor of the village, he returned to Beetle Mansion.

On reaching the place he rubbed his ring, whereupon stairs appeared, and he descended them without trouble. He found every thing as he had left it.

The morning after his arrival Topknot took his hat and cane, and telling William to follow him, they soon reached an old oak-tree. On the trunk of this Topknot knocked once or twice. It opened slowly, disclosing a narrow pair of stairs. Down these they stumbled, it being quite dark, until they arrived at a tiny door. On entering they found themselves in a room furnished with all sorts of toys. A little clock made like a doll-house, chairs and sofas and little sleds; toys, toys every where; and last, but not least, little boy and girl dolls were rolling their own little carriages round and round the room. The presiding genius of this "Curiosity Shop" was a stout little fellow, with the cunningest little black eyes, and the sweetest little pug-nose. On seeing William and Topknot he sprang up so quickly to meet them that his queer little hat fell off his round head. He picked it up, wiped it carefully with his handkerchief, turned a funny somersault, and landed on William's devoted head. Dismayed, William tried to shake him off, but there he stuck, his short legs dangling in the poor fellow's eyes. Another somersault brought him down in his chair again, looking as sober as a judge. Topknot here presented his friend. Dumpling told William that he and his two brothers (who represented respectively Cake and Candy) were called "Christmas Elves," and always visited *good* children at Christmas time.

"We have," said he, "a cousin called Books, who goes with us sometimes, but he is rather grave company for *us*." He laughed heartily at this, and threw his wiry legs right over his little bald head. *He* was plainly a jolly fellow! At this moment in walked a stick of candy, with a caramel head, arm in arm with a gingerbread rooster. These droll personages Dumpling introduced as his brothers. They all three expressed themselves highly delighted with William's conduct during the past few months. They had followed him, they said, in all his travels, in order to see whether he was worthy of their friendship, and were now prepared to reward him. William here said that, having followed their good advice, he had now enough money for his father and himself, and, thanking them, told them he needed nothing more.

Dumpling then invited his guests to accompany his brothers and himself on their Christmas visits that evening. This they promised to do, and they then returned to Mrs. Beetle's. Evening came, and Topknot and William started for the Elfin Palace, where they found the brothers waiting for them. Dumpling rang the bell, which was answered by a white dog, with large brown eyes, pointed ears, and a bushy tail. On going out William saw a new and beautiful sight. The sleigh was one large pearl, the seats of rubies, the robes of eider-down, the wheels were crystals, and the reins of the finest spider web. The coachman and footman were little canaries in cunning red livery. The horses, twelve in number, were humming-birds. All around the sleigh were swarms of fire-flies, dazzling the eye with their twinkling light, which accompanied the travelers on their aerial journey. Behind the sleigh were innumerable sleds filled with cakes, candies, and toys. On, on they went, bearing with them, to city, town, and hamlet their love-tokens. None, none were forgotten. The cottage of the poor and the mansion of the rich alike received the Christmas visit of the little folk. Was it they, or the sweet Angel of Charity, who whispered to the children of the wealthy that night to remember the poor and needy, the fatherless and the widow, and to aid in securing for them a merry Christmas and happy New-Year?"

BABY'S FIRST NEW-YEAR.

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"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

SAID your uncle, with a smile,
Cousin Kate,
Introducing us the while,
"Own cousins you must be,
If I know the pedigree;"
And you blushed and courtesied low,
When I dared to call you so,
Cousin Kate.

There are country girls by dozens,
Cousin Kate,
Whom I must consider cousins;
Honest-hearted girls and true,
But so different from you!
When that night I rose to go,
Ah! I could not call you so,
Cousin Kate.

Friend, mayhap, is somewhat better,
Dear Miss Kate;
But in writing you this letter,
When my nonsense finds an end,
Shall I sign myself "Your Friend,"
As I close with Tom or Joe,
Chance acquaintances, you know,
Dear Miss Kate?

From my eyes you must have guessed it,
Katy dear,
If my lips have not confessed it;
You are more than friend to me,
For I love you, dear, you see.
Oh, how rich will be my life,
If I may but call you wife,
Katy dear!

There is something in a name,
Katy dear,
Shakspeare's wisdom all the same.
Will you be unto the end
More than cousin, more than friend?
Will you let me call you mine?
May I sign myself as thine,
Katy dear?

MR. JEFFERY'S LOVE-AFFAIR.

I.

"NONSENSE, Clara! how can you be so absurd?"

"It is all very well, Edith, to say 'nonsense,' but I have eyes, and I can use them; and if ever there was a case of—"

Here the fair speaker was interrupted once more by her sister, Miss Winthrop—for sisters they were. When one young lady informs another young lady that she is talking nonsense, and enters a protest against her absurdity, it may be taken for granted that the subject of conversation is matrimony, proximate or remote, in the back-ground: and that the impeachment rebutted with so pretty a show of indignation is what some people are fond of describing as the "gentle passion."

"On my word, Edith, the match would be a highly eligible one," remarked Miss Clara, with indefatigable pertinacity. "The table of prohibited affinities will not, it is true, allow a young lady to elope with her grandfather; but it says nothing about the impropriety of being led to the altar by a gentleman old enough to be one's grandfather. Goodness gracious!" spasmodically ejaculated the voluble and versatile young lady, starting up to the window; "there's Strephon himself, in the person of our most respectable and elderly benefactor, coming up to the door. I shall be off, Edith."

"Clara, I wonder how you can—" But before the remonstrance was spoken further, Miss Clara Winthrop had flashed from the room.

It was a pretty little house, Lily Lodge, Hampstead; and the Misses Winthrop were two very pretty girls—one fair, thoughtful, with deep-blue eyes that were all gentleness, who never spoke a word of reckless merriment, never uttered a syllable which could wound the feelings of others; Clara, the younger, a dark merry brunette, with laughing eyes and laughing teeth, all joy and thoughtlessness. Never were sisters more unlike, and yet

"Though both unlike, they still are like in this—
They both are roses."

"The two roses" was indeed a name which the pair had obtained among their friends. Two years ago the Misses Winthrop occupied one of the largest houses in Hyde Park Gardens, and Clara Winthrop was anticipating with eager joy the delights and dissipations of her first season out. But the financial basis upon which the Hyde Park mansion of the Winthrop family rested was in the City, and in an unlucky moment Mr. Winthrop's city speculations failed; and the Hyde Park mansion, so far as concerns the family in whom we are now interested, fell to the ground. Mr. Winthrop himself did not long survive his misfortune. Long-protracted anxiety had told severely upon his system, and when he was broken financially, he discovered that he was shattered physically.

On Mr. Winthrop's death there was scarcely any provision left for his widow and his two daughters, Edith and Clara. They were casting about in sore perplexity what to do, when Mr. Jeffery—a gentleman somewhat more than middle-aged, who owed much of his present good fortune to Mr. Winthrop's seasonable help and influence in days gone by—came to Mrs. Winthrop, and claiming the privilege of an old friend of her husband, and one who owed more to her husband than he could ever repay, begged to be allowed to be of what service he could. Mr. Jeffery had, he said, just the house for Mrs. Winthrop and her daughters—his own; but it was now without a tenant; and till Mrs. Winthrop saw any thing which suited her better, he must request her to occupy it. The house in question was Lily Lodge, Hampstead. And there Mrs. Winthrop and her two daughters, with a nephew, a sailor who had just returned from a five years' cruise, a great favorite with the family, were staying.

Miss Clara Winthrop was quite correct in giving her sister to understand that Mr. Jeffery was approaching. In a few minutes he was announced; and as Edith rose to receive him, a blush came across that fair face, and there was a slight tremor in her voice as she said:

"I am so sorry, Mr. Jeffery, mamma is not feeling very well to-day; but I will go and tell her you are here."

And Edith Winthrop was on the point of leaving the room.

"My dear," was the reply, "do not trouble yourself. Glad as I always am to see your mamma, I came here to-day to have a few words with you alone. May I have them, Edith?"

Miss Winthrop knew well what was coming. It was not the first time, if the truth is to be told, that Mr. Jeffery had come to see Edith alone. Clara, as it happened, was quite right: there was a great deal more in her impeachment than her sister had chosen or had seemed to allow. She had known it for a long time; and Mr. Jeffery had for a long time, too, taken no pains to conceal what his feelings were toward the daughter of his old friend. In all his life, till now, he had never known what it was to love. Perhaps he had had no time for love. His years had been spent in work, work, work. He had made for himself no home; he had no family. And now that he could allow himself some pause, he had suddenly discovered a well-spring of new feelings in his breast—feelings of whose existence he had never even dreamt. It is not true that sentiments which are long repressed must cease eventually to exist. On the contrary, it is this mere fact of repression which often causes them to assert themselves, though late, as strongly as they do. Mr. Jeffery was what some persons might call an old man; yet no youth—not that lad of five-and-twenty who had just come from sea—could have been more heart and soul wrapped up in Edith Winthrop. Gradually she had become part and parcel of his very existence—the sunshine and gladness of his life. When he left her he felt a blank in his existence, and that blank was not filled up till he saw her again. And Edith knew all this—knew of the old man's love; knew, too, of other love for her, and of her love for some one else. Not that she did not indeed love Mr. Jeffery. "For the matter of that," Edith had said often enough to herself, "so I love mamma."

On this afternoon—a bright December day—Mr. Jeffery took a chair close to Edith Winthrop's side. Yes, she was very beautiful—more beautiful, to the old man's eye, than any form which he had ever beheld.

"Edith, my dear, you know what I am going to say to you?"

And Edith Winthrop bowed her head, for she knew full well.

"If you wish me not to speak, I promise you I will never speak of it again."

But Edith wished him, she said, to speak.

"You know," he went on, "how dear, how inexpressibly dear you have become to me. God knows, my darling, if you become my wife, I will do all that mortal can for your happiness. When I spoke to you last, you asked me to wait a fortnight. That fortnight has passed—it is two weeks ago to-day. Am I too punctual, Edith? Nay, I will wait till you tell me."

"Mr. Jeffery," was the reply, in a low voice, "nothing I can do can ever sufficiently thank you for—can ever show how grateful I am—for all your more than kindness. We owe it to you that we still have a mother living. The shock which came upon her at poor papa's misfortune first, and then his death, would have utterly overcome her, had it not been for what you have done. You ask me, Do I love you? You know we all love you very, very much indeed. But—"

And here Edith was silent. What was she to say? How was she to proceed? She had said she loved Mr. Jeffery, and she had spoken the strict truth; but was it the love which a wife should bear toward her husband? And yet could husband ever be found more noble, more self-denying? And as she thought of this, the burden of the old song, "An old man's darling," came into her mind.

"OH, NED! OH, MY LOVE, MY LOVE!"

"Then, Edith, will you be my wife? This is the question which I came to ask you to-day; will you answer it now?"

Then came the answer, in a low tone:

"It is not much of a return; but such as I can give you, I do give you."

"Thank you, my darling!" was the answer. And the old man kissed the forehead of his fair young love. "Do not talk about a return; you have given me more than I can ever deserve. You have made me, Edith, happier than I ever was before in my life."

II.

It was all settled between Mr. Jeffery and Edith—had, indeed, been understood from the very first—there was to be no break-up in the family circle at Lily Lodge. The Lodge they were, indeed, to leave; but they were all going to be together at Mr. Jeffery's new house in the country, about twenty miles from London.

The young sailor-cousin, Edward Gervayse—Ned, as he was always called—had been called suddenly away from Hampstead the very day after the events just mentioned had occurred—before Edith had had time, or perhaps inclination, to proclaim the new relations which she and Mr. Jeffery mutually occupied. Ned Gervayse was once more at Lily Lodge to spend his Christmas. Since he had been away he had come in for a slice of luck, to use his own expression. The commandership of a coast-guard station had fallen vacant, and the post had been offered to him.

Mr. Edward Gervayse arrived at Lily Lodge in the very highest spirits. He was a young gentleman of impulsive temperament, and he determined that, on the strength of his promotion, he would make a certain declaration, in terms as explicit as the English language permitted, to a certain young lady. Practically he considered that declaration had been already made. Edward Gervayse had never told his cousin Edith Winthrop that he loved her: he had deemed such an expression of sentiment to be superfluous; but Edith, he felt convinced, was perfectly well aware of the real state of the case.

It was the day before Christmas-eve, and they were busy decking the small rooms at Lily Lodge with holly and mistletoe. Edward Gervayse had only just arrived; Clara was out, but Edith was awaiting his arrival up stairs. There was a little struggle carried on underneath a piece of the shrub which the ancient Druids used to—as the modern house-maid does—worship. But Edward at once saw, from the serious look about his cousin's face, that she was in a serious humor.

"Edward dear," she said, "I am so glad I have been the first to see you: for I should not like you to have heard what I have to tell you from any other lips than mine."

"Stay," said Ned Gervayse; "let me tell you first what I have to say."

And Ned attempted to repeat the cousinly salute; but his lips paused in mid-air. He was sorely puzzled at Edith's strange, absent, tearful look; but he went on, told her every thing; told her of the luck which had befallen him, and why he esteemed it luck—told her how often he had longed plainly to ask her, as he did now, to be his wife, but how till now he had delayed, because he felt it would be wrong—told her—

But Edith Winthrop burst into tears.

"Ned dearest," she said, "it can not be."

And then Edith Winthrop told Edward Gervayse every thing.

Ned said few words in reply. At first, it is true, he laughed the notion to scorn. Edith was simply in sport—she could not mean it. But then he found she not only could, but did. Edward Gervayse was on the point of giving utterance to some words of bitter anger; but he checked himself when he looked down and saw Edith's tearful, sad, heavenly face.

"Well," he said, breaking a long silence, "I shall go to the Cape."

He bent down, kissed her forehead, and left the room.

And Edith—what of Edith? She sat as one stunned. Till now she had never realized in its full force the promise she had given—the deed she had done. She sat on the low little chair close to the fire, and she laid her face on her hands upon the table, and wept and moaned to herself. "Oh, Ned! oh, my love, my love!" That was all; but in that was every thing.

She heard a voice call "Edith." She looked up—it was Mr. Jeffery.

"That you, Mr. Jeffery? They never told me you were here."

She noticed that Mr. Jeffery did not on this occasion do what he had so often done before when she failed to address her affianced husband by his Christian name—ask her why she would not call him James. Mr. Jeffery simply said:

"Yes, my dear. I came in some few minutes since; but I did not interrupt you; and indeed I did not see you were there in the twilight till I thought I heard you speak. I met your cousin Edward Gervayse on the stairs. It is well, I think, that he has returned. I came to tell you that I have taken the box at the theatre for to-morrow night, and I hope you and Clara and Edward Gervayse will come. And now, my dear, as I have an engagement at six, I shall leave you. God bless you, Edith!" And Mr. Jeffery was gone.

Yes, he had only been in the room a few minutes; but those few minutes, how much had they taught him! He saw it all now. Fool, blind that he was, only now to know what he should have known so long before—only now to have perceived that when Edith Winthrop had promised to become his wife, it was gratitude, not love, which had shaped her answer. "Oh, Ned! oh, my love, my love!" Yes, he had heard those words uttered, and he knew all their meaning.

Mr. Jeffery had uttered a very venial kind of falsehood when he had mentioned an engagement at six. He walked slowly and sadly home to his lonely chambers; and he spent a sad evening in meditating with himself. He knew now the happiness which love might bring with it—happiness greater and better than happiness of any other kind; but it was too late. Yet there was other happiness of another kind. It was not too late for that.

III.

Mr. Jeffery had sent his carriage for the party from Lily Lodge, with a message that he would meet them in the box. They were all to come; indeed they all had come—the two Misses Winthrop and Edward Gervayse. But when they reached the box, No. 17, first tier, at the Theseum Theatre, Mr. Jeffery was not waiting to receive them. A note, however, in Mr. Jeffery's handwriting was placed in Miss Winthrop's hand as she entered the box. She opened it; it was short, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR EDITH,—I know now that I was mistaken from the first. God forgive me, and you forgive me too. I had hoped, my darling—I must still call you that—and thought that you might have been my wife, and that your blessed bright face might have cheered my fast darkening and closing days. But it was not to be. I was wrong in thinking that it ever could be. I love you too well, my darling, to stand between you and your happiness. I was blind. I only knew yesterday that you loved your cousin Edward Gervayse. To your cousin I give you: you will

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have from me every thing that you would have had of worldly wealth had you been my wife. May God bless you, and have for you and your husband many happy days in store! JAMES JEFFERY.

"P.S.—I shall join you later at the theatre to-night."

That was all. The words were not many, but the characters were traced in the blood of that true man's heart. And Edith well knew the struggle, nay, the agony, which it must have cost him; and knowing this, knew also how to estimate the nobility of the sacrifice. She handed the note to Edward Gervayse, and its purport was communicated to Clara.

"I always thought he would cry off," remarked that light-hearted young lady. "All men are jilts."

Not long afterward, Mr. Jeffery came into the box. He shook Edward Gervayse warmly by the hand, and seemed to be in excellent spirits. But he soon excused himself, as before, on the ground of an engagement.

As may be conjectured, Miss Winthrop is now Mrs. Gervayse; Mr. Jeffery still lives on in his chambers; and this is a true account of the only love-affair which he ever had.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W.—We hardly think that furs would be required in Central Georgia.

MRS. G. A. C.—Trim with velvet bands as near the color of your dress as possible. Many ladies are using velveteen.

SALLIE S.—Corn-colored satin is not stylish for trimming black alpaca. Any color on black is old-fashioned, and satin is not used now for trimming. Use folds or box-pleats of alpaca, headed by bands of black corded silk.

ELLA.—Trim your suit with bias velvet bands near the same shade, or black.

G. V. L.—Use the Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., and trim with velvet of the same shade.

PHILADELPHIA.—Cut down the casaque of your poplin dress to a close-fitting basque. Make the puffed side width of your over-skirt flat, and trim the entire dress with velvet of the same shade. Trim the skirt of your black silk suit with gathered overlapping ruffles of the same like that in the Worth Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. For the over-skirt and wrap use the cut paper pattern of the Half-fitting Cloak Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. III. The over-skirt of the Double-breasted Sacque Suit in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III., is an excellent style, as it does not cut up the cloth much, but is made effective by draping.

MRS. C. R.—Make your long brown merino into a demi-train, and of the two new yards make the Worth Basque illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. Trim with brown velvet. Gore your black merino skirt, and for trimming use black corded silk and fringe.

EMMA.—We have repeatedly refused to commend any plan for turning dark hair light.

S. S. S.—Your sample did not reach us; but there is always "an up and down" in velvet of good pile. Make a short, nearly fitting basque, and trim with passementerie and lace.

MAUD.—We have repeatedly given directions for making court trains, and a pattern also. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 58, Vol. III.

ONTARIO.—If your lavender silk is trimmed with point lace you can not wear a Valenciennes chemisette with it. Two kinds of lace on one dress would be in bad taste. Why not retrim the dress with Valenciennes, as that lace is much used for trimming silks now? Your bridal veil will make a pretty over-skirt; but orange flowers should not be worn after the wedding-day.

G. W. H.—Read answer to "E. A. B." in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV.

NEW SUB.—Children from four to six years wear plaid dresses, made Gabrielles, with an over-skirt and sacque trimmed with black velvet ribbon. For your garnet empress cloth use the Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III.

MRS. G. W. S.—Your dress will dye as well as any silk, but will look thin and flimsy, as all dyed silks do. It will, however, make a very good skirt, trimmed with flounces and worn with an over-skirt.

E. A. L.—The polonaise suit is worn as represented in the engraving in the house as well as on the street. —Married ladies wear their betrothal rings on their third fingers as a guard above the wedding ring. A bride may or may not wear other rings when being married.

MRS. W. W. L.—The cardinal capes are found at all the furnishing stores.—We never quote addresses in this column.

PLAID.—Of your plaid goods make a basque and a long draped over-skirt like that of cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III., trim with black velvet, and wear it over a black silk or alpaca skirt.

D. K. E.—Write an informal letter of congratulation to your friend, and tell her whether or not you will come to her wedding. When you return to visit your native city, send a card containing your address to the friends you wish to call upon you. Do *not* take the friends visiting you to a party to which they are not invited, but write to the giver of the party, or call on her, and ask for invitations for them. This is the constant practice in good society, and you need feel no hesitancy about it. It is contrary to our rules to answer your other questions.

MAR.—Trim your white Marseilles suit with a braiding pattern of white star braid, or with embroidered muslin ruffles. The waist of the polonaise will answer for the dress waist.

B.—We have said repeatedly that it is as much the duty of the bride's family to furnish the cards for the wedding as the supper; but stationers say that the bridegroom oftenest pays their bill.

K. A. E.—The cut paper pattern of the Worth Basque, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., will give you two side forms in the back. The pattern of the entire suit costs 25 cents. We have no "models" for sale.

MARIE.—We are obliged to you for your warning that putting gum camphor with mink furs will change their color in a single summer. We give our readers the benefit of your advice.

SUBSCRIBER.—Gore your gray silk skirt by pattern of skirt of the Worth Basque Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., trim with white muslin flounces, and make a long muslin over-skirt to wear with it. Wear pink roses with trailing buds in hair and corsage.

LIDA A.—Trim the skirt of your green silk suit like that described to "Mrs. E. C. P." Make an over-skirt like that illustrated in *Bazar* Nos. 48 or 49, Vol. III., and wear with a velvet or cloth paletot. For your "black lustre" use the Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III.

MRS. E. C. P.—As there are black satin stripes, use black satin for the under-skirt and vest. The pinked ruffles will trim the court train. Scallop or flounce the under-skirt across the bottom. Use the Maria Theresa Casaque pattern in *Bazar* No. 47, Vol. III., for your velvet cloak. If your long over-skirts are properly draped they should not look dowdy. Read "Afternoon Dresses" in another column. Bias velvet ruffles are the richest trimming of the season for your black or brown silk. Put four ruffles alternately silk and velvet on your skirt. Let each be a finger deep, lapping over the one below it, and as a heading for the group a bias velvet band with two upright pleated frills of velvet above it. With your velvet casaque you can then dispense with the over-skirt you dislike so much. Your commendation is very gratifying.

VELVET.—Your sample is, we think, the American silk mentioned in the New York Fashions of the present Number. It will make a very pretty over-skirt and basque trimmed with black velvet. Gore your velvet skirt, and face with wigging. Make a velvet upper skirt and paletot, and trim with fur.

ADA.—Your empress cloth will look best trimmed with black velvet. Colors are not stylish on black. Get enough to make an over-skirt. The charge of a visiting governess varies according to circumstances, and we can not undertake to fix any standard.

NELLIE.—Mink bands will trim your cloak prettily. The cut paper patterns, of which illustrations are given at different times in the *Bazar*, will furnish you plans for remodeling your dresses, of which you merely tell us the material. The Vest-Casaque Suit is pretty for stout figures.

JAMES W.—The Bosphorus is a strait, and not a sea, which separates Europe from Asia, and connects the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora.

MARTHA F.—A lady presiding over a meeting is usually addressed as Mrs. or Miss Chairman or President, as the case may be.

VESUVIUS.—The name of the author you quote has not been made public.

SIDNEY.—We are not disposed to add any thing to the information already given in the paper. To know more of her private history, you had better address the lady herself.

MARGARET AND OTHERS.—We can not undertake to furnish a list of the authors whose *noms de plume* you quote, and should consider it very indiscreet to do so. When they desire to give their real names to the public they will indicate the fact by affixing them to their writings.

M. E. K.—Your questions are chiefly irrelevant, and those which are not have already been answered in our columns. It is quite impossible to instruct our readers in all the minutiæ of life from the rising to the going down of the sun.

EVA.—Make your white alpaca with a demi-train, an over-skirt, and postillion basque. It will be most stylish trimmed with narrow bias ruffles of white silk; but if you prefer a color, use blue silk.

MARY.—Your samples of blue and garnet poplin will look best with a postillion and demi-train. Trim with bias velvet, outlining a vest on the basque and cuffs on the coat-sleeves.

CLARA.—Use the extra breadth in your lower skirt to make the upper skirt more ample, and trim with wide velvet bands of a darker shade of steel-color.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Glit buttons are not much worn this season. Use instead black velvet or gros grain buttons, or else cover moulds with the material of your dress. With a navy blue serge traveling dress you should wear a black velvet hat or gipsy, and black or yellow-brown kid gloves.

EMMA R.—Velveteen suits are not stylishly worn this winter. Of the few seen the prettiest are very plainly made, with slashed paletot, long over-skirt, and plain under-skirt, the whole suit edged with a thick cord or an inch-wide fold of heavy corded silk.

E. A. R.—Cut your sacque down to a close-fitting basque, and line with flannel. The merino skirt is evidently in good shape, and only requires some velvet bands of darker drab shade.

BROWNIE.—A green veil is best for the hair and eyes. —At large receptions in the city guests leave their cards in the receiver in the hall, and after this it is not necessary to make a "party call."—Jean Ingelow is a native of England.

A LADY may express her enjoyment of the entertainment provided her to the gentleman who escorts her to a party.

MAUD.—Make your wine-colored poplin walking length, with over-skirt and flannel-lined paletot, by cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III. Trim with velvet ribbon of the same color.

JUDITH.—Read directions just given to Maud. It is a very pretty plan to trim the skirts of colored suits with bias velvet four inches wide, scalloped on each edge, and finished with Tom Thumb fringe. Make merely a basque and long scalloped over-skirt of your poplin, and drape over a black silk skirt. Velveteen basques are still worn.—When a gentleman brings you home from a concert, you may at least say, "You have given me a great pleasure," or "I have enjoyed the evening greatly."

T. E. N. N.—You should make a basque-belt of the pieces left when shortening the skirt of your blue poplin. Trim the whole dress with blue velvet, and wear as a plain skirt, or else draped over a black silk short skirt.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The diamond is the only stone that will cut glass.—Bounets are considered more dressy than hats this season. Your silk should have a pointed front, postillion back, and duchesse sleeves. Trim with black and white lace. Have your velvet hat put plainly on a Pompadour frame, with the brim turned down in front and up behind. Wear a long net veil.

IDA.—Bands of black velvet or of velveteen will be the prettiest trimming for your skirt. Then wear a black over-skirt, or else drape this skirt over a black one.

DEXTER.—Get garnet, green, blue satine for a dress for a girl of fifteen. Ribbon sashes are still worn with round waists, but not with basques. Beaver cloth is the prettiest material for a winter cloak. A white Swiss skirt over a black silk would be far prettier than one of piqué.

LISTERIA.—Guipure lace is fashionable this winter, and a cape of it on a black velvet cloak would be very suitable for a lady of twenty years. Gray or yellowish-brown kid gloves are most worn. An untrimmed rich velvet is far preferable to a poorer material much trimmed.

ANNA R.—You must consult the Answers to Correspondents in our back Numbers, the articles to "Ugly Girls," and the "Bazar Book of Decorum." We can not devote any more space to hints for taking care of the complexion.

MRS. GEORGE.—Wash white corduroy in soap-suds, and hang it up to dry smoothly, without ironing. Serge has no satin face, but satine is lustrous. Your sample is satine.

E. MAY.—Trim your black velveteen skirt and basque with a thick cord covered with repped black silk, and wear over a black silk skirt.

ESTELLA.—Long-wristed gloves, with three buttons to fasten at the wrist, are worn by young ladies in the street, and still longer gloves for evening parties. They make the hand look more slender than if fastened with but one button. Black alpaca is always worn, and is a most serviceable dress; yet there is not "the rage" for it here that you say exists in your village.

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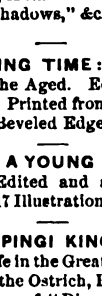

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LANDLORD. "Well, for good Music recommend me to old Handel."
BILL-STICKER. "Handel! Oh, he ain't Music: he's a Festival!"

A BATCH OF CONUNDRUMS.

We are indebted to a charming young friend for the following clever puzzles:

Why is the letter G like death?—It makes ghosts of hosts, and is always in the midst of slaughter.

Why should one never sleep in the cars?—The train runs over the sleepers.

What sort of a day would be good for running for a cup?—A muggy day.

Are there any birds that can sing the "Lays of Ancient Rome?"—Yes; Macau-lays.

What have you to expect at a hotel?—Inn-attention.

Why are there no eggs in San Domingo?—They banished the whites and cast off their yoke.

When does a chair dislike you?—When it can't bear you.

What is the key-note to good-breeding?—B natural.

Which is the better off, tea or coffee?—Coffee. It settles itself, but tea has to draw.

Light is a most successful burglar; it is always breaking in upon some one.

The Prussian post-office revenues must have largely benefited lately, judging from the number of heavy batteries posted.

SOMETHING THAT ALWAYS CARRIES OFF THE PALM—The hand.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS FOR MONUMENTS, ETC.—For Chandlers—The *Composite* style. For Dentists—*Tuscan*. For Oculists—*Eye*-onic (Ionic). For Goldsmiths—*Doric*. For Prussians—*Gothic*.

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THE WIND'S FAVORITE TUNE—Whistling "Through the Trees."

A young land-owner had to pay a heavy jointure to his widowed mother, who was still young and good-looking. Her mother-in-law also had a similar charge on the estate.

"Fred," said a friend to him at a meet of the hounds, "what would you give me to take your mother off your hands?"

"Faith," cried the other, delighted, "*I'd give you my grandmother.*"

YOUNG LADY. "Is it Hungry, then? Come along, little Darling, it shall Dinner."
STREET SWEEPER (*overhearing and misapplying*). "Here y' are, Miss! R are! I jest am!" [*Ah! but it was Fido she was speaki*

FACETIÆ.

A MEMBER of the Masonic order telegraphed to a companion at a distance in a small town, "Make room for ten Royal Arch Masons—coming to-day." When the companions arrived they found that a pen had been built for their accommodation, the telegram at its destination reading, "Make room for ten R.A.M.'s—coming to-day."

When is a man like a wheel?—When he turns round.

A MAN OF COLOR—John Brown.

THE SUN'S FIRST DUTY ON RISING—To strike a light.

Mrs. Partington is collecting autocrats, and will be grateful for any specimens of the handwriting of extinguished characters.

"The light of other days has fled." And a good job too; for who would like oil-lamps in preference to gas?

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

"What's the difference between the north pole and south pole?" "Why, all the difference in the world," replied a lady, unwittingly; and that's the answer.

PLEASANT CHECKS IN LIFE—Bank checks.

A FULL STOP.

ELDER SISTER. "Now, when you See a little Round Dot like that at the end of a Sentence, it means you're to Stop."
HARRY. "I *will*—and go and Play."

A writer remar
there seems to be
derful chance for
upon the names o
ancient and mode
we submit the fo
list of conundrums

Who was the talle
—Longfellow.

Who realized the
words?—Wordswo

Who was the m
like poet?—Shaksp

Who worked in
metals?—Goldsmit

Who was perm
unlock the muse
toir?—Key.

Who was rich i
als?—Coleridge.

What poet supp
was infallible?—P

What poet was
sufferer?—Paine.

Who was a musi
—Campbell.

What poet wa
goose?—Drake.

What poet ne
blue?—Greene.

What poet wa
troubled with
bills?—Hood.

What poet is
quainted with the
lons for men's wea
lor.

What poet was
ored man?—Whit

When a man is
it right to descril
tart?

"Loss of a Chi
ship!" exclaimed
minded old lady
as she laid dow
paper. "I should
when even iron or
always safe!"

What part of
kissing?—A conj

LETTY (*in the agonies of neuralgia*). "Oh dear, my Face! What shall I do? What shall I do?"
JOHNNY HUNTER (*who has just witnessed the destruction by water of Pussy's "additions to the family"*). "Oh, Mamma! hadn't we better serve her like the little Kittens, to put her out of misery?"

WHAT A BAD, WICKED, STORY-TELLING CHILD!
"Come and sit on my Knee, Aunty, as Mary does down stairs, on the great big Policeman's

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A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 4.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' and Children's Winter Dresses, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—Black and White Striped Flannel Suit. This pretty suit is described in the Supplement, where the pattern for it will be found.

Fig. 2.—Suit for Young Girl. Black cashmere dress with peasant waist and tunic. Blue opera flannel blouse-waist. The skirt is trimmed with three ruffles of the material, and the tunic is trimmed with one ruffle, and draped at the sides. Trim the blouse-waist with silk cord as shown by the illustration, and a box-pleated ruffle. The sleeves are edged with narrow lace. Black cashmere belt and sash.

Fig. 3.—House Dress for Lady. Dress of dark green merino. Trim the bottom of the skirt with two ruffles and a pleating. The plain high waist and the sleeves are trimmed with pleating, along the middle of which a piping is placed. Sew on buttons down the front of the dress. The hair is slightly crimped, and brushed back from the forehead, and ornamented with a pink ribbon bow set well up on the head.

Fig. 4.—Dress for Child from 1 to 3 Years old. This dress is of white piqué, and is trimmed with soutache embroidery as shown by the illustration. A tucked cambric blouse-waist completes the costume. Belt and sash of red gros grain ribbon. Necklace of red coral beads. The neck and sleeves of the dress are edged with narrow lace.

Fig. 5.—Violet Merino Walking Suit. The Supplement contains the pattern and description of this elegant and serviceable costume, which is made of violet merino, trimmed with pleated flounces of the same material and velvet.

Fig. 1.—Black and White Striped Flannel Suit. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 35–37.

Fig. 2.—Dress for Young Girl.

Fig. 3.—Lady's House Dress.

Fig. 4.—Frock for Child from 1 to 3 Years old.

Fig. 5.—Violet Merino Walking Dress. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XVII., Figs. 38 and 39.

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THE FROST FAIRY.

ALL day the trees were moaning
For the leaves that they had lost;
All day they creaked and trembled,
And the naked branches tossed;
And shivered in the north wind
As he hurried up and down
Over hill-tops bleak and cheerless,
Over meadows bare and brown.

"Oh, my green and tender leaflets—
Oh, my fair buds, lost and gone!"
So they moaned through all the daytime,
So they groaned till night came on:
And the hoar-frost lurked and listened
To the wailing, sad refrain;
And he whispered, "Wait, be patient;
I will cover you again.

"I will robe you in new garments;
I will deck you, ere the light,
In a sheen of spotless glory,
In a robe of purest white:
You shall wear the matchless mantle
That the good Frost Fairy weaves;"
And the bare trees listened, wondered,
And forgot the fallen leaves.

And the quaint and silent fairy,
Backward, forward, through the gloom,
Wove the matchless, glittering mantle,
Spun the frost-thread on her loom;
And the bare trees talked together,
Talked in whispers soft and low,
As the good and silent fairy
Moved her shuttle to and fro.

And lo! when the sudden glory
Of the morning crept abroad,
All the trees were clothed in grandeur,
All the twiglets robed and shod
With the matchless, spotless garments
That the sunshine decked with gems;
nd the trees forgot their sorrow
'Neath their robes and diadems.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a great variety of patterns and illustrations of Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Infants' Winter Cloaks, Hats, Dresses, Wrappers, Basques, Jackets, Trowsers, Vests, Lingerie, Muffs, Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page 62 of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Certain Birds.

MY DEAR JEROME,—As I was coming, thoughtfully, on New-Year's Day, out of a certain house which is very familiar to you, I met my friend Mr. Pry, who smiled, as usual, and said, "Well?" What mere lay-figures words are! That little monosyllable was draped by the tone and look and gesture of Mr. Pry into a most significant question, and I stopped and looked at him before I began to answer it.

"Are you disappointed?" he asked, before I spoke.

"In Claude's wife?"

"In Claude's wife."

Still I made no answer, and slipping his arm into mine, Mr. Pry walked on with me, and then said:

"A man can't wait forever, I suppose, and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

For you see, my dear Jerome, a new fellow-traveler had joined us—not that Claude's wife was born on New-Year's Day, but she had just married him, and so became one of our immediate circle, sitting upon the same seat, as it were, and Claude's journey at least was to be most seriously affected by the new-comer. He is certainly not an elderly man. Indeed, he is in what my cousin Prudence calls "his early prime," which, I find, is a kind of shifting season—a kind of movable feast in a man's life. Some of my friends, for instance, who were boys when John Quincy Adams was President, place the early prime at about fifty. The young fellows of Polk's time think it is somewhere about thirty. Some of us who remember Madison reserve our opinion, but we are very sure it is neither of the ages mentioned. Youth is the most elusive of qualities, and the most capricious. Washington Irving was never old; and if Counselor Grim, whom Mr. Choate said he should be always glad to meet—in a procession, was ever young, I don't believe any body living remembers it. Yet the counselor has what Mr. Pry calls considerable spare time before sixty. There are certain so-called boys at school whom we all remember, who wrote essays upon the Constitution at twelve, and were never known to kick foot-ball. I recall some of them. Their hair fell off at twenty-five, and they were bald grandfathers at forty. You must know something about people before you can understand the force of their phrases. When little Laura Fly exclaims, with enthusiasm, that something is "divine," I know that it may be a sunset or a scalloped oyster. That is to say, that the word has no especial significance. And when my cousin Prudence says that somebody is in his or her early prime, I know that he or she is no longer thirty. I once asked her at what age she would call a man old, or a woman, and she replied, after some reflection, that it was very difficult to determine. She had known some women who seemed old at sixty-five, but she thought they must have been in ill health.

I say that Claude is not an elderly man, and he has long been known to us all as a lover of Aurelia. It seemed to be so natural and delightful that so noble a youth should marry so fair a maid that we all wondered why we did not hear of their betrothal. They were constantly together. There seemed to be the best understanding. But nothing happened. I don't pretend to comprehend it, but I can not be mistaken in supposing that they were very much interested in each other—as we gently say when two human beings are exalted by mutual love. There was no apparent alienation, and the gossips were in despair. But the Claudes and Aurelias always know how to deal with Mrs. Grundy, and their inscrutable good-nature baffled her as effectually as a smooth cliff would baffle a fish who might wish to ascend. It was ludicrously impossible for Mrs. Grundy to ascertain any thing whatever.

At last that worthy woman was confounded by hearing that Claude was engaged to Strabisma. And it was certainly a little shocking to every body who, with me and the other loitering spectators of the pleasant game, had been dreaming dreams. You probably saw the account of the wedding, at which I did not see you; and the happy pair are now comfortably established, and the neatest coupé which you meet in the Park is Mrs. Strabisma's. To a man of my years and acquaintance there would be, of course, no end of New-Year's calls if I should undertake to make all. The line must be drawn somewhere, Jerome, as you will find; and I draw it at brides. I celebrate the New-Year by calling upon all the brides of the previous twelvemonth. Sometimes I find that the orange flowers are whiter and more odorous than ever. Sometimes they are yellow and shriveled and drooping. Sometimes they have entirely disappeared. What a curious flower the orange blossom is! It may be made to bloom more freshly every year, and to fill the largest home with its exquisite fragrance, as if the house were a hanging garden of Persepolis; or it may wither in a month, and give the home the semblance of a tomb. My cousin Prudence says it all depends upon their springing from the heart, and that if they are only fastened to the head they are sure to wither.

Peter Paul Pry remarked, as I have told you, when I left Claude's bride, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. I suppose he meant that it is better to marry Strabisma than merely to love Aurelia, with a doubtful matrimonial issue. But when he left me, and I walked home to my rooms, I thought that at last I possibly comprehended why Aurelia had not married him. May it not have been that, notwithstanding her regard for him, she saw that he really believed what Mr. Pry said—that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—and she felt that she could not safely marry a man who could marry Strabisma? I do not insist upon my speculation, Jerome. You know that we older people accumulate more or less experience, and we may very easily refine upon it too curiously. But if your ear for music is as delicate as it used to be, you know that there is a great deal of very pleasing and even fascinating music, which, in the midst of your enjoyment of it, you are conscious is not the best—is not, in a sense, true music. Are there not characters, also, which attract and to a certain degree charm us, but which, despite our wishes, and even to our serious sorrow, we feel are not of the finest manly or womanly temper after all?

Some such event as marriage confirms the suspicion, by revealing the fact. Or the books we prefer may do it; or the pleasures in which we indulge betray us; or our conduct to a poor man, or to a rich one, may show not only a hardness and coarseness which some fine eye had seen, but which we had not ourselves even suspected. I do not know that this was Aurelia's reason or her feeling about Claude. But I am quite sure that it might have been, and that the same subtilty of nature which made the perception of this truth the most impassable barrier between them would also lead her not to whisper it to her dearest friend. There are secrets which can not be told, not because we will not, but because they will not. To attempt to tell some things is like trying to lift water with a fork. You may be very thirsty, but you can not drink that way.

Indeed, I did not reply to my friend Pry's jesting remark, because I felt that it was probably true. I suppose that Claude married Strabisma because he felt that Aurelia would not marry him, not because he had ceased to love her. His action belonged to the sphere of the proverb that Mr. Pry quoted. It is not a lofty sphere, my dear Jerome. It is that of the Poor Richard wisdom, and very poor wisdom it is. It is the wisdom of the senses—of eating and drinking, of getting and giving, of the huckster and the peddler—not of men and women. There is a whole class of proverbs which embody this mean wisdom. It is what the metaphysicians would call the wisdom of the understanding, and not that of the reason. It is earthly, not heavenly wisdom; and therefore it can not properly be called wisdom, because man does not live by bread alone, but also by the Divine Word. Try the proverb literally, and see what you can make of it. Here is a bird in your hand; it is a woodcock. There are two in the bush; they are nightingales. You may eat your woodcock, and it is gone. You swallow it, and that is the end of it. It will not feed you to-morrow. But the nightingales sing all night long, and to-morrow night, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. It is an exquisite delight forever renewed. Do you prefer the taste of the woodcock for the moment, or the song of the nightingale all summer long? The food tickles your palate; the melody cheers your soul. Is the bird in the hand worth two in the bush? Yes, for eating, but for nothing else.

Or, you catch one wood-thrush, and two escape you. You hang your captive in your parlor, and tempt him with sugar and canary-seed. But he does not sing. He pines and pines, and his silence is infinitely pathetic. Out in the thicket his mates are singing and singing, and the woods ring with melody. Is the bird in your hand worth two in the bush? Not unless you can eat him. If it were Aurelia for whom you meant the thrush, she would not take it: she does not believe the proverb. And it was for you that Shenstone sang:

"I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed."

Or try the proverb in Claude's own case. He despairs of winning Aurelia, and, wishing to be "settled," he marries Strabisma. It is an injustice to her in the beginning, and it will become constantly worse before the end. He will be ungenerous and unkind, for his self-respect is injured, and his character and life will suffer. He will have a fine house, and a mannerly wife will charm his guests, and there will be dinners and balls, and there will be also parties of gentlemen to drink and smoke. But he will become steadily used to a lower standard; the bloom and richness of his life will fade, and the ideal gradually disappear. He will have the bird in the hand, but will it be worth those in the bush, the constant inspiration, the noble idea of Aurelia, which would have purified his life and refined his character, and made him a man whom we could not half pity, half despise, as I fear we do now?

For that is the difference, dear Jerome; the bird in the hand is the gross, actual use, the material value; the birds in the bush are the lures and lights of the imagination, of hope and faith. My friend in Berkshire, who was familiar with the Lebanon Shakers, but would not see those at Tyringham because he wished to leave something for fancy, always insisted that the Lebanon Shakers were rather sordid, after all, but that those at Tyringham were a superior people. There is Tito, who has sold his birds in the bush of trust in political progress and faithful effort at public honesty and a better kind of public men, for a bird in the hand of a profitable post under a corrupt system. There is the poet Inventus, who has renounced his pursuit of fame, which was but a name for lofty and spotless endeavor, for a large salary won by pandering to mean tastes. Or the young clergyman, Blind, who once admired George Herbert, but who now follows the Vicar of Bray. They have all decided that the bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. But it is a dull and songless bird, which they can only eat, but whose blithe flight beyond their reach will never lift their eyes heavenward.

My dear Jerome, if the new year breaks upon you, as it will upon a great many of your friends, secretly pining with what seems to you a hopeless love, think well before you listen to the counsels of a low prudence, which bids you ask,

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

How many of the noblest lives have been tributes to the superiority of the unattainable bird in the bush! How many of the finest deeds have been inspired by a devotion which was never rewarded except by the better daring to which it was impelled! What was Amelia but a bird in the bush to Major Dobbin, who traversed the world to serve her, so making himself one of the most honorable and admirable men? And when the poor major had his bird in hand, how he secretly sighed for the better days when she was far beyond him in the bush! Ask old Midas, even, if the fortune he has in hand is worth that fortune in hope for which his youth and his skill worked gayly together. And when next summer comes, if any June day is as perfect as the June days of which now in January you dream, I will own that the bird in the hand may be worth two in the bush. Yours, dear Jerome,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NATURE AND PARENTS.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

IT is a great mistake to keep children too long or too entirely in a state of pupilage. Few things so dwarf a child's mind and irritate its temper as the constant and necessarily petty exercise of authority. A child should be thrown on its own responsibility just as fast and just as far as possible. The needless intervention of adults, even though made in and with the tenderest kindness, is injurious to both intellectual and moral character. Better a child should have many tumbles, and walk alone, than be upheld always by his mother's hand. Children would learn to reason far more than they do if their elders were not so eager to reason for them. And if children were more accustomed to use their reason, there would not be so much false assumption and insufficient induction among grown people. Let things follow each other naturally, and the little folks will very soon be logical without knowing it.

Kitty's heart is set on wearing her new silk dress to the picnic. Her mother thinks it is not a fit dress, and refuses—and does it all for Kitty's good, the martyr—and Kitty cries and pouts and sulks, and is very unhappy, and shall be glad when she grows up and can wear her best clothes at her liking.

How would it do, now, for Kitty's mamma to let her wear the silk dress? She tells Kitty that it is not in good taste; that she must be so careful not to soil and spoil it that she can not enjoy the picnic; that, whether this is spoiled or not, she can not have another silk dress to take its place, but she shall decide for herself. I believe, ten to one, Kitty would agree with her mother, and be charming in her white piqué. But suppose the little lady yields to the sheen of the silk. She goes to the party, takes great thought for her raiment the first half hour, and then—if she is a nice little girl—forgets all about it, sails in the boat, and splashes her dress; eats ice-cream, which trickles on the flounces; drops her sandwich in her lap buttered side down, and comes home altogether a sore, spotted, and dilapidated little maiden. Then the unnatural mother need not stand up with an I-am-holier-than-thou air, and add to the midget's distress by saying, "I told you so." She may comfort and calm her, and assure her that life is tolerable even after one has spotted one's only silk gown. But there is the spotted dress teaching Kitty the inexorableness of law, the necessity of prudence, the wisdom of parents. It has no tenderness, no affection for Kitty, and all her sighing will not minish aught of stain or splash. Every time Kitty puts it on the ugly defacements say to her, "Kitty, your mamma was right. It is better to wear wash-goods to picnics, in order that you may not have to wear shabby silks a year afterward." So Kitty learns to respect her mother's authority, and to judge of fitness in garments, and has thus started on the way of prudent, careful womanhood.

No; she does no such thing, because her fond and tidy mother steps in and spoils every thing. What! let her child wear that shabby dress to dancing-school and church? Let those stains and spots stay on? She would be considered a tidy housekeeper, indeed—a thrifty woman, a careful mother! Not she! So she upsets all the arrangements of Providence, takes out the grease with French chalk and warm iron, puts in a new breadth for the splashed one, and sends Kitty forth, smiling and happy and fresh as new, and therefore not in the least benefited by her experience. Because her mother has interposed between error and its result, Kitty will forget both. Mamma acts for Kitty's good, does she? Oh no! it is for the good of Kitty's gown; it is for the good of her own name. She forbids Kitty to wear the silk, in the first place, to save the silk. She is more concerned that the fine frock shall be unspoiled than that Kitty's mind shall brace itself up to self-action. She rejuvenates it, in the second place, because she is more concerned to have the reputation of thrift with her neighbors than to have Kitty receive a thorough and wholesome lesson. Ah, the selfishness of these mothers!

Some children have what appears to be an ineradicable tendency to lateness. Whether the errand be duty or pleasure, they are always behindhand. Their parents are continually urging and reminding—drumming them up, as the phrase goes. Whether they are going to church, or to school, or to a pleasure-drive, the few last moments are tempestuous with hurry. Father is angry; mother is angry too, but keeps it down *because* father is, and it won't do to have both in a rage together; and for half an hour every one is nervous, flushed, and uncomfortable—and I declare, Ella, if you can't be ready in season I will go without you. I won't have such a fuss every time you are going any where.

Yes, you will, papa, have just such a fuss; and you won't go off without her, and Ella knows it. That is just what you ought to do, and just what you will not do. Ella is fourteen years old now, and if you had been going to do any thing you would have done it seven years ago. And how easy a thing it is to do! You announce at dinner that you will drive at seven, and all the children who are ready then may drive with you. Ella is of an age to take

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care of herself, and you say nothing to her about being in season. If she does not begin to dress soon enough, keep still. Don't suggest to her that in fifteen minutes the carriage will be here. Leave her to the logic of events. And don't be severe and stern and virtuous, my Pharisee, for you are probably ten times worse than Ella, only there is nobody to stand over you and tell you so. Be sunshiny and natural and affectionate; and when seven o'clock strikes, and Ella is rushing round frantic after her boot-buttoner, bid her good-by cheerily, and hope you will have her company some evening before she is twenty-one, and drive off; and don't say any thing about it afterward. Don't irritate her with long, prosy harangues about the evil consequences of tardiness. And don't run mad on the supposition that *you* are to do every thing for the children. Let them alone, and give nature a chance. Events will train them if parents will not insist on putting their hands in and making a tangle. When Ella, left to her own devices, has lost half a dozen drives, and received half a dozen tardy marks at school, and walked six times to church, blowzy-frowzy and alone, she will yield to the inevitableness of law, and bestir herself in season. At least I would try it.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SKATING COSTUMES.

THE ball is up, and merry skaters skim swiftly over the ice. Skating costumes are not very original this season, as the ordinary dress of the promenade is made available for this purpose by shortening the skirt to the ankle with a tuck basted beneath the upper skirt or casaque. The handsomest and most novel suits for skaters are imported from abroad. These are called the Hungarian dress, and consist of a short dress worn beneath a long casaque fastened at the waist by a band and buckle. A chatelaine bag for small articles hangs from the belt. The casaque and dress are edged with fur, and the turban of the dress material has a fur border. Leggings reaching to the knee are buttoned on like those worn by children. To complete this costume is the Hungarian jacket—an ample paletot with loose sleeves—to be put on immediately after skating, in order to prevent the skater from taking cold.

The richest costume fashioned in this way was a dress of invisible green gros grain trimmed with two narrow flounces of velvet of a lighter shade. The casaque of the same velvet was bordered by a band of sable, and had hanging sleeves slashed to the elbow, showing coat-sleeves of silk beneath. A gros grain belt, fastened with a dead-gold buckle, and the chatelaine bag of green silk, had a gold clasp. Velvet turban and leggings bordered with sable. Suits of white or gray cloth, similarly made, are less expensive. For instance, a dark gray cloth skirt is trimmed with bands of black velvet, or of velveteen, cut in vandykes; the casaque is bordered with chinchilla. The close sleeves of the waist worn beneath the casaque are of black velvet, as are the waistband and bag. Black velvet turban edged with chinchilla, and trimmed with blue ostrich tips. Hungarian jacket of black velvet and chinchilla.

The costumes seen on our rinks are usually plainer than these, though occasionally there are attempts at the fanciful in the way of black velveteen with grebe trimming, or the striped satins and velvets worn last year for under-skirts. Warm wool fabrics are, however, in the best taste, such as twilled cloth, Biarritz, empress, water-proof, satine, or merino. Many such suits are of the fashionable grave shades—plum, dark green, or nut brown—but gay, bright colors are admissible also, and Scotch plaids, navy blue, and garnet suits are in favor, especially with very young skaters. The design for these costumes is frequently the Polonaise-Casaque pattern, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. The paletot to be added after skating may be cut from the pattern of the Double-breasted Sacque illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III. The skirt of a skater's dress should not reach below the ankle, and should not be too full, as very ample garments look clumsy when in swift motion. The costume illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. III., is a graceful model for a skating suit.

Bands of fur, velvet, or silk, or else black braid, a fourth of an inch wide, put on in a geometrical design, are used for trimming. Narrow box-pleated or bias gathered ruffles, overlapping each other in a cluster that reaches to the knee, are also pretty on the lower skirt. Black marten and Astrakhan bands are the most stylish fur trimmings; seal-skin and grebe are also used.

Instead of the chatelaine bag for holding the handkerchief, porte-monnaie, etc., used by English skaters, American ladies use a pocket muff suspended by a cord passed around the neck. These muffs are made square this season instead of being curved at the top, and have a mirror concealed beneath a flap at the back. Another fancy is a fur seal caba, or sachel, with pockets placed for the hands. The entire bag, even the handle, is covered with fur. The seal-skin is the favorite fur with skaters. A boa and square muff constitute a set, though many add a hat and jaunty jacket of fur. The English turban, with brim turned up all around, is the popular shape for ladies' fur hats. Ostrich tips and jet buckles are the trimming. Astrakhan hats have black and white ostrich tips. Gentlemen wear the plain round turban with flat top, or else the "pork-pie" turban, with soft crown sunken in the middle.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The fashionable cloak for little girls from three to five years old is a long, ample sacque of French cony—the skin of the white rabbit. A muff is made to match, and sometimes a pretty little turban of the cony is worn. Plush in gay colors is not so much used for cloaks this winter as hitherto. Perhaps the prettiest cloak of all is of black velvet made in a walking coat with large cape, or else the simple loose sacque reaching to the knee, and disclosing merely a ruffle of the dainty white muslin dress that children wear here all winter. Large white pearl buttons fasten the sacque up the entire front. A little old-fashioned bonnet, with cape and face trimming, and fitted snugly over the ears, is worn with this sacque. Leggings of black velvet are shaped to fit over the knee, and are buttoned up the outer side of the limb with Roman pearl buttons. English twilled-back velveteen with silk finish is also used for cloaks and leggings.

The furnishing houses are using the strong Bruges lace on many garments in lieu of Valenciennes. Skirts of infants' robes and petticoats have row after row of Bruges insertion, separated by a cluster of tucks. Bruges lace of a corresponding design edges the skirt. Berceaunettes are covered with Swiss muslin lined with blue or rose-colored silk, and trimmed with Bruges insertion and edging. These cost $45. Plainer berceaunettes are fitted up with dotted or sprigged muslin over colored cambric, and finished with a fluted ruffle, half muslin, half Bruges edging.

The kilt suits worn by little boys still in petticoats are prettily ornamented this season with diamond-shaped gilt buttons. They are made of dark plum, blue, or gray cloth, or of Scotch plaids of gay color. Black braid binding is the only trimming. Two rosettes are placed on the skirt on the right side just where the pleats are left off, and the front becomes plain. Made of ladies' cloth of light quality, in gray with blue binding, a kilt suit for a boy of four years costs $13. Heavier cloth of rich, dark shades is made into similar suits for $15 or $20.

Braiding is the fashionable trimming for children's clothing. Rich, thick patterns like heavy embroidery are braided on merino dresses in soutache or star braid of the color of the dress. Little dresses of black velveteen braided with white soutache are also exceedingly stylish. The skirt is but little gored, and is box-pleated to a plain waist that fastens behind. A belt with square tabs makes this look dressy. Both high and low necked waists are worn, the latter being made comfortable by under-waists of tucked and puffed muslin, worn over high-necked merino vests.

Gay little pelerine capes of pink or blue satin are made to fasten behind, and deeply pointed in front. The satin is fancifully quilted, and a border of swan's-down is the trimming. These are thrown over children's shoulders at dancing-school, between the dances, to prevent them from taking cold after the heating exercise. Price $5.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pink with black, and pale blue with prune-color, are fashionable contrasts for evening dresses this winter. A beautiful dress for a young lady is of pink silk with demi-train, trimmed to the knee with a kilt pleating of white tulle. Through the centre of this is a chain of puffs of pink silk, notched on the edges, and strapped between the puffs with black velvet ribbon edged with lace. Tulle over-skirt caught up with black velvet bows. Low pointed corsage, with tulle bertha, dotted with tiniest rose-buds. Another effective dress in these colors has the pink silk trained skirt, covered to the waist with narrow ruffles of black velvet, alternating with pink silk ruffles fringed out at the edges. These frills are on all the breadths except the front, which has flat velvet bands crossing it, and Pompadour bows of pink silk down the centre. The bodice is of black velvet, with large postillion behind and long sharp point in front.

These narrow flounces on the back of the skirt make a dress gracefully bouffant behind, and the untrimmed front is as flat as fashion requires. The dark velvet is very effective when associated with silk of pale color prettily fringed out. Violet-colored velvet and pale mauve silk are pretty together. Prune-color and pale blue are more stylish than the pearl gray and blue so long worn. Black velvet and blue faille flounces are exceedingly handsome.

Skirts of suits for day wear are also ruffled on the back breadths. A black gros grain skirt has an apron trimming of velvet bands. The rest of the skirt widths are entirely covered with alternate flounces of black gros grain and velvet. Black velvet basque, with gros grain vest and sleeves. There is, of course, no over-skirt. This is the latest novelty from European designers.

For information received thanks are due Madame SIBLEY; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

WHEN the Rev. ALBERT BARNES was pastor of a church in Morristown, New Jersey, in 1827, he once addressed his flock on the subject of temperance, saying, "I find that I am pastor of nineteen distilleries, and twenty grog-shops, and I find in the Bible where the future habitation of such people shall be." It was one of the persistencies of Mr. BARNES, that although seven times offered the degree of D. D., he uniformly declined it, believing such decorations to be injurious to the ministry. In this particular his peculiarity is shared by the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. Speaking of BEECHERS, the venerable Dr. LYMAN BEECHER used to relate the following anecdote: "Old Father —— preached six sermons to show who Melchisedek was, and closed his last sermon with this summary: 'And so we see, brethren, that we don't know who Melchisedek was, and that it ain't no matter.'"

—The personal peculiarities of eminent authors are as varied as their writings. POPE'S proofs were full of alterations; GOLDSMITH thought four lines a good day's work, and was seven years at the "Deserted Village;" HUME wrote his "History of England" on a sofa; ROBERTSON first wrote his sentences on small slips of paper, and after rounding them and polishing them entered them in a book; BURKE had all his works printed two or three times at a private press before he sent them to his publisher. AKENSIDE and GRAY were indefatigable correctors, laboring at every line; so was THOMSON; GIBBON sent the first and only copy of his great work to the printer; ST. PIERRE copied his "Paul and Virginia" nine times before publishing; DRYDEN wrote hurriedly to provide for the day; BYRON composed rapidly, but made abundant use of the pruning-knife; SCOTT was very laborious in correcting; SOUTHEY was an unwearied plodder.

—It may be a matter of great concern to know that when Miss GLYN, the Englishwoman, reads Shakespeare's plays, she requires for the operation a table twenty-seven inches high, five feet long, two feet broad, and a candelabrum at each end of the table. The chair must be nineteen inches high. Miss GLYN is particular about her tables and chairs.

—Philadelphia has suddenly sprung into the front rank as a lecture town. The "Star" course, inaugurated there last year, was a wonderful success—the audience sometimes numbering 5000 people, as at OLIVE LOGAN'S lecture on "Girls." This year the course embraces twenty-eight lectures, by twenty-four of the most celebrated men and women in America. Four of these men and women—shrewdly chosen because of their exceptional "drawing" power—are to speak twice during the season; they are ANNA DICKINSON, OLIVE LOGAN, SUMNER, and PHILLIPS. Among the distinguished names hitherto unknown to the lecture-field, but whose owners have been tempted by the munificent fees and the dazzling prestige of the "Star" course, are Hon. CARL SCHURZ, Hon. JOHN A. LOGAN, and JOHN BROUGHAM. The course embraces but two women-lecturers, already named above, but there is to be a double dose of these. This fact probably does not imply any lack of esteem for the abilities of the fifty or sixty other ladies in the field, but is rather a matter governed by managerial shrewdness, with an eye to full houses.

—Miss NILSSON'S singing of FOSTER'S little ballad of "The Old Folks at Home," constitutes one of the pleasantest features of her concerts. The way she chanced to take to it was this: She was visiting Mrs. PARKE GODWIN, daughter of the poet BRYANT, at her country place. A little daughter of Mrs. GODWIN was the possessor of a banjo. Miss NILSSON invited her to sing. She did so, singing "The Old Folks at Home," which so touched the prima donna that she at once learned, and has since invariably sung it with great applause. She is now learning "Willie, We Have Missed You," and will doubtless make a like hit with that.

—The venerable Dr. SLICER, formerly chaplain of Congress, keeps up his pastoral work with unflagging industry. Writing to a friend he says: "I find myself quite as vigorous to labor as I was twenty years ago, and get through a large amount of work with ease and comfort. Yesterday was a fair specimen: 10.15 A.M., addressed a Bible-class; 10.30, one hundred small children in an infant class; 10.45, the main school of one hundred and fifty larger children; 11, preached for fifty minutes; at 3 P.M., held a family love-feast of five hundred people; at 7 P.M., preached again, and got home at 9.30, pretty well tired. I do not think I recover from the effects of hard labor as quickly as when I was younger." This record will do for a veteran who approaches his seventieth year, who has done as much hard work as any man in Methodism.

—The loss of Lord CLARENDON and Mr. BRIGHT to the British cabinet makes it perceptibly weaker. The Foreign Office is probably as efficiently administered by Lord GRANVILLE as it would have been by his lamented predecessor. No one could have dealt in a more skillful and statesmanlike manner with the succession of difficult and trying questions which have occupied Europe than the present Foreign Minister. But Lord CLARENDON'S varied knowledge of men and affairs, his prudence and tact, enriched and informed by a large experience, his insight and tolerance, and pliancy to circumstances, made him an invaluable adviser on every question that could come before the government. Mr. BRIGHT'S clear sagacity and massive good sense are as remarkable as his eloquence; and the force which his personal character and his popularity out-of-doors gave to the government will probably be first fully recognized when the support they gave is withdrawn. Lord HALIFAX and Mr. FORSTER, able and excellent men though they are, do not fully make up for the loss of Lord CLARENDON and Mr. BRIGHT.

—Many of DICKENS'S best characters were drawn from life. Mrs. Bardell was a Mrs. ANN ELLIS, who kept an eating-house near Doctors' Commons; Sergeant BOMPASS was the original of Sergeant Buzfuz; Mr. Fang, the truculent Bow Street magistrate in "Oliver Twist," was a faithful portrait of Mr. LAIGN, a London police magistrate. "Oliver Twist" caused his removal. Traddles is said to have been Sir THOMAS NOON TALFOURD; Esther Summerson was Miss SOPHIA ISELIN, sister-in-law of EDWARD MOXON, the publisher; Detective Bucket was Inspector FIELD, with whom DICKENS was on pleasant terms. In "Dombey and Son" several characters are said to have been drawn from life. Mr. Dombey is supposed to represent Mr. THOMAS CHAPMAN, ship-owner, whose offices were opposite the Wooden Midshipman. As if to make Mr. CHAPMAN undoubtedly identical with Dombey, we have, as messenger of the commercial house of "Dombey and Son," one Perch, actually taken from a funny little old chap named STEPHEN HALE, who was part clerk, part messenger, in Mr. CHAPMAN'S office. Old Sol Gills was intended for a little fellow named NORIE, who kept a very small shop in Leadenhall Street, exactly opposite the office of JOHN CHAPMAN & Co. Captain Cuttle was one DAVID MAINLAND, master of a merchantman.

—Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON has purchased Orange Island, one of the little paradises of Southern Louisiana. The estate produces sugar-cane, rice, orange, cherry, fig, peach, quince, lemon, plumb, corn, rice, etc. The surrounding waters produce trout of uncommon size, the soft-shell turtle, and water game of all sorts. Mr. JEFFERSON has now 5000 orange-trees, which last year bore 500,000 oranges, equivalent in cash to $5000 on the ground. Although the trees are more than thirty years old, they are in the best possible condition, and with the additional care which the owner intends to devote to them, they will show an increased yield in the coming season. Besides these, there are 2000 pecan-trees, young and thrifty, together with peach, plum, lemon, and quince trees, almost without number. The corn fields yield fifty bushels to the acre, and that portion of the island planted in cane has heretofore made four hogsheads of sugar to every acre. About 500 of the 3500 acres of the farm are planted in rice. The field is easily flooded from the lake, or drained into the rear bayou. A herd of 4000 cattle roam over the rich pasture lands, and a drove of 1200 hogs feed upon the abundant mast in the woods, and the exhaustless supply of clams taken from the lake. Mr. JEFFERSON'S swine are the champion clam-eaters of the world, and in any contest with two-legged gluttons would be entitled to an extra premium, seeing that they require no attendant to open the bivalves for them, but devour shells and all.

—The latest pedestrian feat of WESTON—his attempt to walk five hundred miles within five consecutive days—is likely to result in some valuable results to physiological science. For five days prior to the commencement of the feat a thorough ascertainment of the various kinds and quantity of food of which he had eaten, and his exact condition, physically, at the moment of start, was made by Professor AUSTIN FLINT, Jun., and Professor R. OGDEN DOREMUS. During the walk his food was carefully weighed under the direction of those gentlemen, the quantity and kinds of drink measured, and a record kept of his pulse, weight, and condition at stated intervals. Every other experiment which the scientific knowledge of those gentlemen could suggest, to ascertain the effect of different kinds of food and drink upon a man undergoing the highest possible strain of long-continued exercise, was made with scrupulous accuracy, and in the interest of physiological science. A history of the promenade, with comments on its results, will soon be given to the public by Professors FLINT and DOREMUS. It should be added that Mr. WESTON regulated his diet with entire freedom, and solely according to his own ideas, and that the physiologists only observed what he took, without in any way interfering with him.

—Dr. "Bull Run" RUSSELL repeats this candid remark, made to him by a very enthusiastic Prussian: "Wait till *we* get a reverse, and then see if we can not lie just as well as our neighbors. No! Depend upon it, we are great in all things."

—PIUS the Ninth, should he survive until June of the present year, will have completed the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate, and have outnumbered the years of any of his predecessors in the see of St. Peter, unless it be true that St. Peter himself held that dignity for a quarter of a century. Should the greatly desired event be attained, the faithful of his flock throughout the world will make it the occasion of high ceremonial.

—Mr. BRASSEY, the eminent railway contractor, recently deceased, is said to have left a fortune of forty-five millions of dollars. He was the embodiment of English enterprise in its best form—"prudence combined with boldness."

—The Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican* has a New York correspondent who has "done" the doctors. He estimates that few of the best paid medicos receive over $20,000 a year. Dr. WILLARD PARKER, having been called out of town to a patient, returned a bill of $300, which being disputed, he showed by his books that his daily receipts were over that sum. Surgeons' single charges are larger than those of physicians. For setting an arm or leg $250 is about the figure. In one case, where Dr. J. R. WOOD made about a dozen visits to a wealthy gentleman who had been badly jammed by a railroad car, the bill was $2500, and paid. This is exceeded by Dr. CARNOCHAN, who has received $2000 for an operation alone. Although Dr. C. is in the enjoyment of the very lucrative position of Health Officer, he continues to operate in important cases, and his hand has lost none of its cunning. Dr. HAMMOND is held to be an authority on insanity and all nervous disorders; Dr. AUSTIN FLINT, Jun., is making reputation at home and abroad as a physiologist; Dr. HARRIS and Dr. STEPHEN SMITH are eminent as sanitarians. Among the rising young medical men is Dr. T. M. COAN (son of the celebrated missionary to the Sandwich Islands), who has written several brilliant articles for *Harper's*, *Putnam's*, and the *Galaxy* magazines, on social and scientific topics. The lady M. D.'s are coming on apace. The Drs. ELIZABETH and EMILY BLACKWELL, Dr. CHARLOTTE LOZIER, and Mrs. Dr. HAYDON are the most prominent of them, and have a large practice. Mrs. ANNA E. DENSMORE also ranks high. Several have incomes ranging from $2000 to $20,000. There are about fifty female students now in the medical colleges, etc., etc., etc.

—BRET HARTE, the new humorist of the day, is not only wonderfully clever in the fresh vein of poetry he has struck, but he is known in private life as a man of great purity of character, and many domestic virtues. Those who have enjoyed his refined hospitality and that of his accomplished wife, and seen him surrounded by his little group of "olive plants," can attest that, like all true men, he shows to best advantage in his home. An early Number of *Harper's Weekly*, to which he has become a regular contributor, will contain one of his quaint poems.

—Lord BROUGHAM'S autobiography is nearly ready for publication. When Lord B. was informed that Lord CAMPBELL was writing the "Lives of the Chancellors," he remarked (he didn't like CAMPBELL) that if he proposed to write his (BROUGHAM'S) life, the very thought of such a thing "added an additional horror to the pangs of death."

—Mrs. CHILDS, wife of the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is understood to be one of the best amateur vocalists in the country.

—Mrs. TILE, of Philadelphia, a woman of undaunted courage and perfect self-possession, saved the life and property of her husband a few nights since by putting a burglar to flight after he had made the husband insensible with chloroform.

—The Crown Prince of Prussia is said to be quite earnest in his desire for peace. He thinks that the war should have terminated with the capture of Sedan and Metz, and that the Prussian army should never have raided into the heart of France.

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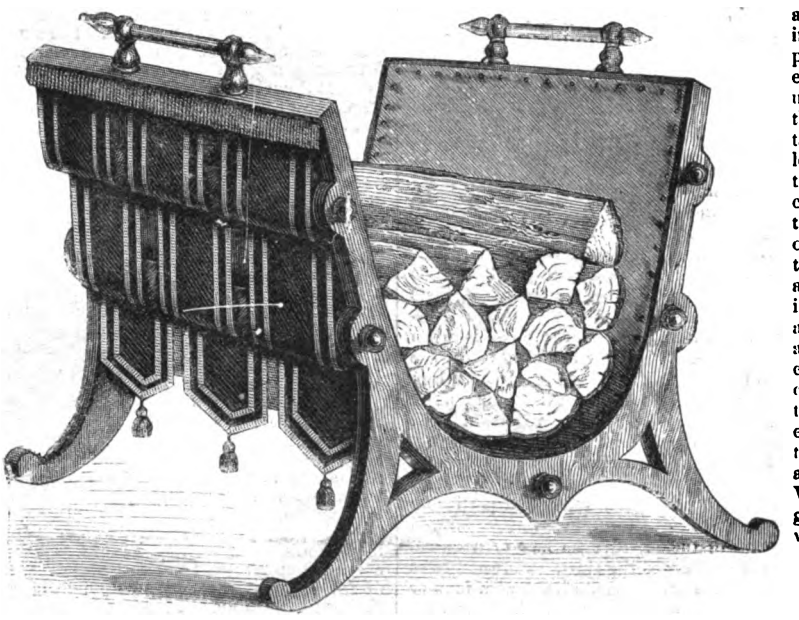
Wood Box with Lambrequin.

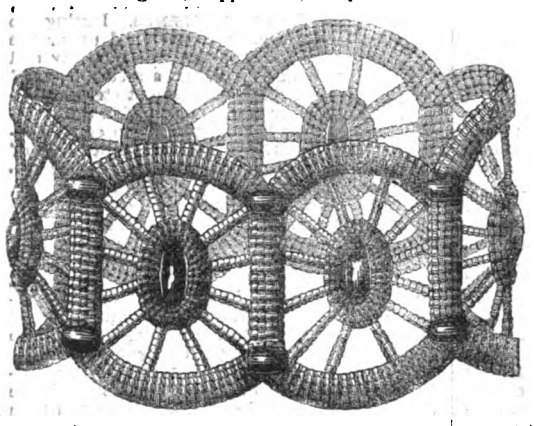
THIS wood box consists of a frame of stained oak, and is twenty-eight inches high, twenty-three inches long, and twenty-four inches wide at the top. The upright posts, which are extended to form feet, are joined at the sides by a flat bar at the top and two round bars below this. The two round bars are finished at the ends by a large round knob of wood (see illustration), and serve to fasten on the lambrequins. A similar bar joins the frame at the middle of the bottom. The strips of the trimming are about six inches wide, and are made of dark brown enameled cloth, and bound and trimmed with light brown worsted braid, and finished with a tassel at the pointed ends. First fasten three such strips of trimming to the under side of the upper bar with small tacks, letting them come nearly an inch apart. Then nail each of these strips on the inside of the box, first to the first round bar, and then to the second, in such a manner that they form loops, and the pointed ends hang below the second row of loops as shown by the illustration. Having trimmed both sides of the box in this manner, cover the inside of the box with strong brown enameled cloth, fastening it to the frame by means of tacks. Furnish the upper edges of the box with brass handles (see illustration).



WOOD BOX WITH LAMBREQUIN.

Bead and Card-board Napkin Ring.

To make this napkin ring cut of card-board taken double from Fig. 31, Supplement, six pieces in connection (Fig. 31 gives only two pieces of the napkin ring), so that the card-board strip counts six scallops on each side. Close the card-board strip in a ring, pasting the ends together with mucilage. Wind the outer edges and the inner straight pieces of the frame thus prepared with coarse knitting cotton, and then with garnet-colored beads strung on red thread. For the medallion centre of each section prepare, first, a ring of coarse knitting cotton of the shape shown by the illustration, and on this work button-hole stitches, and then wind it with garnet beads. Place an oval garnet bead in the middle of each ring, and fasten one of the medallions thus prepared in each of the compartments with short bead bars. For this fasten the working thread to the medallion, take up seven or eight beads, fasten the thread to the outer edge of the napkin ring, pass it under the bead windings to the point intended for the next bar, take up the requisite number of beads, fasten to the medallion, pass the thread to the point intended for the next bar, and continue in this manner until the medallion is fastened to the napkin ring by means of bars (see illustration). Having fastened a medallion in each of the six sections, sew large garnet beads on the outer edge of the ring between each two scallops.



BEAD AND CARD-BOARD NAPKIN RING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 31.

Fig. 1.—SOFA PILLOW WITH TIDY.—[See Page 61.]
For design see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 30.

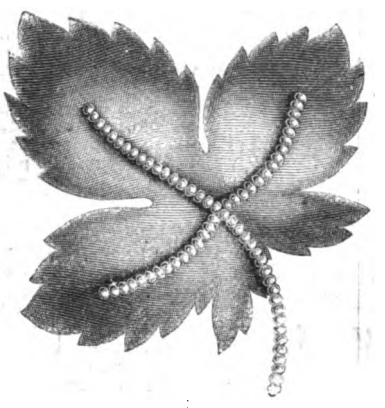


Fig. 2.—ENAMELED CLOTH LEAF FOR FLOWER-POT COVER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 32.

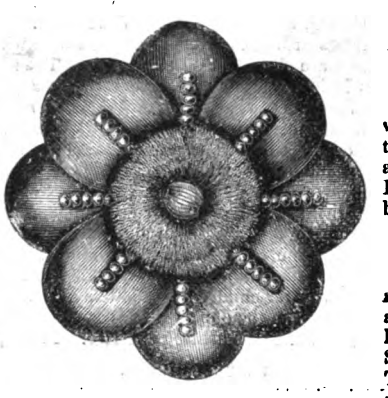


Fig. 3.—ENAMELED CLOTH AND BEAD FLOWER FOR FLOWER-POT COVER.

BEAD LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER.

as follows: Thread each end of a piece of brown sewing silk with a fine sewing-needle, take up four beads, pass the needles through the first of these so that both ends of the thread cross each other in this bead; * take up one bead on each end of the thread, pass the two threads cross-wise through a bead which must now be taken up, and repeat from * until the border is of the length desired. Sew on a similar border between each two sections of the cover, then paste brown enameled cloth on the inside of the cover, sew a coarse white cotton cord on the upper and under edge of the cover, and over this work close bias bead stitches. For each stitch take on a sufficient number of beads to cover the cord, and in every second following st. take up two gold beads instead of bronze beads; these gold beads must alternate in the course of the work. Small tassels of bronze and gold beads trim the upper edge of the cover. For each of the leaves of the wreath cut of brown enameled cloth, which must previously have been pasted on white tissue paper, one piece from Fig. 32, Supplement. Lay each of these pieces in a fold on the under side, along the double line indicating the middle vein of the leaf, and overhand the double material along the fold. Work the cross-wise veins in the same manner. This gives the leaf a raised appearance. Define the veins with gold beads strung on a thread, and work the stem with gold beads and wire (see Fig. 2). Finally, sew the leaves on the flower-pot cover as shown by Fig. 1, and also tendrils worked with wire and gold beads. Instead of the leaves, flowers of enameled cloth and beads, like that shown by Fig. 3, may be used.

Sofa Pillow with Tidy, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS sofa pillow is made of linen and horse-hair, and is covered with brown cloth and ornamented with appliqué figures; it is twenty-two inches and a half long and sixteen inches in circumference. Fig. 30, Supplement, gives a section of the embroidery design. The bouquets on the dark appliqué figures are worked with five different colors of brown silk twist, and the bouquets on the light figures are worked with violet silk twist in satin stitch. The tidy, which is secured on the pillow with ribbon bows, is made of fine nansook, and ornamented with appliqué figures of white muslin and satin stitch embroidery, and is scalloped around the edges. The illustration, page 61, shows the tidy spread out. Fig. 70, Supplement, gives a section of the design for the embroidery. Finish the pillow with silk cord and tassels as shown by the illustration.

Enameled Cloth Flower-Pot Cover, Figs. 1-3.

THIS flower-pot cover is six inches deep, fourteen inches and two-fifths broad at the bottom, and twenty-two inches and two-fifths broad at the top. It is made of card-board, and covered with two shades of gray enameled cloth on the outside and with brown enameled cloth on the inside. Narrow borders of bronze beads and a garland of gray enameled cloth leaves trim it as shown by the illustration. To make the cover, prepare a card-board frame of the size above indicated, divide the outside of the frame into eight triangular sections, each of which is two inches and three-fifths wide at the top and an inch and four-fifths wide at the bottom. In the upper edge of each section cut a notch, as shown by the illustration, which must be an inch and a fifth deep at the middle. Now cover alternately one section with dark gray and one with light gray enameled cloth; on the bottom of each of these pieces paste a triangular piece of brown enameled cloth two inches long, the under edge being as wide as the under edge of the section, and the top pointed. Trim these triangles all around, except at the under edge, with a border of bronze beads worked

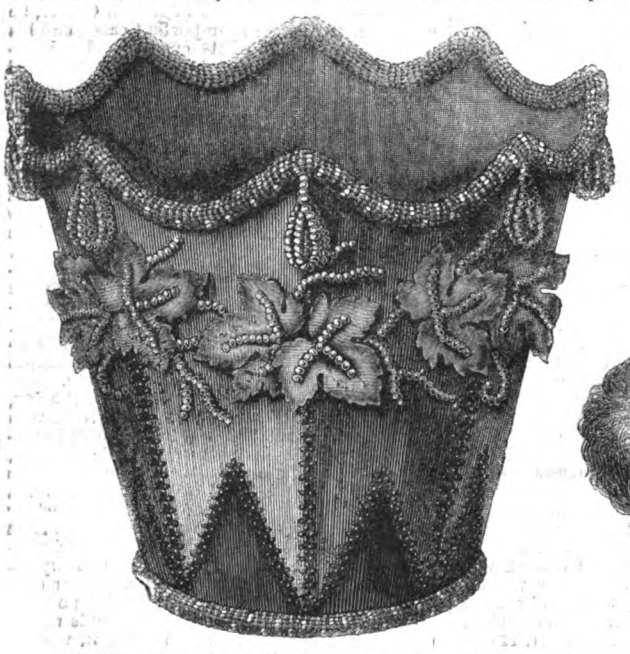


Fig. 1.—ENAMELED CLOTH FLOWER-POT COVER.

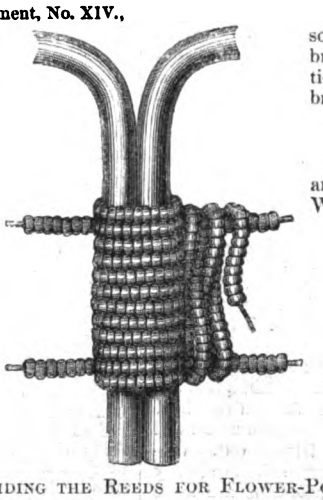
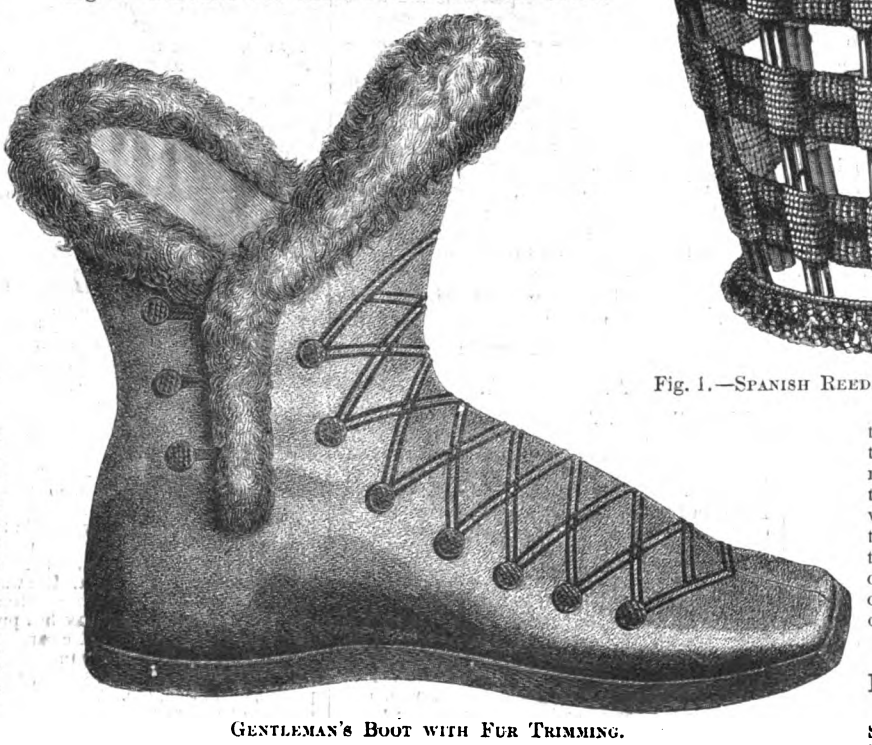


Fig. 2.—BRAIDING THE REEDS FOR FLOWER-POT COVER.



GENTLEMAN'S BOOT WITH FUR TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 43 and 44.

Bead Lamp-Chimney Cover.

To make this lamp-chimney cover, a brass ring four inches in circumference and seven brass rings each three inches and a fifth in circumference are required. Wind the rings first with white cotton, and then with crystal beads strung on thread. Then connect the small ring to the large ring and with each other by means of fine brass wire. Wind each two rings twice with a thread strung with chalk beads, and fasten to each of the small rings a loop of chalk beads two inches and two-fifths long, the ends of which are finished with tassels of crystal and chalk beads. Twist the ends of the loops together.

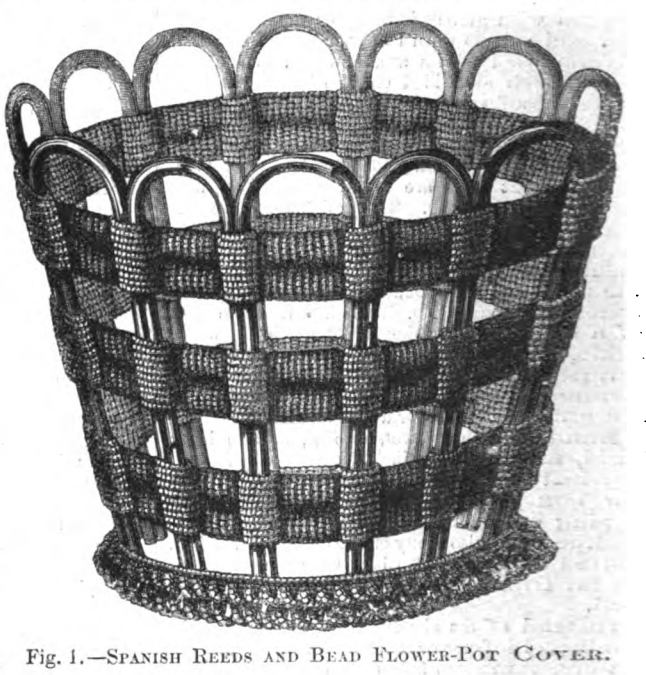


Fig. 1.—SPANISH REEDS AND BEAD FLOWER-POT COVER.

Flower-Pot Cover of Spanish Reeds and Beads, Figs. 1 and

THIS flower-pot cover is made of th Spanish reeds, silver wire, and bro beads. To make it, twelve reeds ea

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thirteen inches and one-fifth long are required. Soak these in boiling water, and bend them double in the shape of a loop. These loops must be an inch wide at the bottom and an inch and three-fifths wide at the top. One-fifth of an inch from the under edges join the loops by means of a piece of wire, on which, after having passed it through each two bars coming together, take up the requisite number of beads (see Figs. 1 and 2). In the same manner pass six more pieces of wire through the reeds; each two pieces must be three-fifths of an inch apart, and each two must be fastened on at intervals of an inch. Now wind each two reeds with beads strung on thread, and through each two wires weave beads in the manner shown by the illustration. To the under wire of beads fasten a row of beads in such a manner that they shall come on the reed bars as shown by Fig. 1, and finish both rows with short bead loops.

HOOD FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 24 and 25.

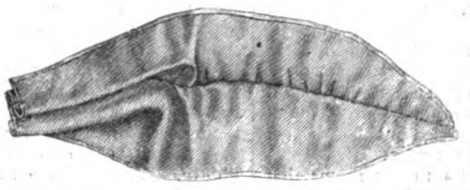

Fig. 3.—LEAF FOR BOW OF CAP.—FULL SIZE.

BLUE CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 47-49.

SCARLET CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 45a, 45b, and 46.

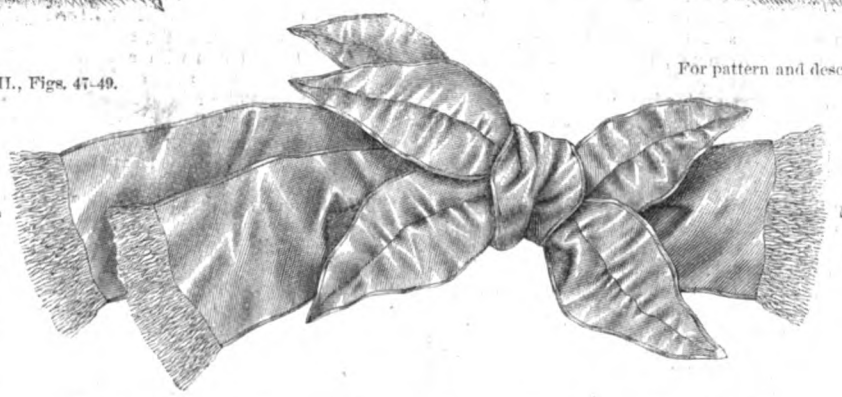

Fig. 4.—BOW FOR CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.—HALF SIZE.—[See Fig. 3.]

Fig. 1.—BLONDE AND LACE CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 26-28.

BLACK GROS GRAIN BURNOUS FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 2.—BLONDE AND LACE CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 26-28.

PARIS OF TO-DAY.

PARIS, on the 3d of September, 1870, was not only the grandest city in Europe, but the cleanest, the best ventilated, and, in all the modern quarters, the best drained. It is true that the policeman used to vex and torment the resident, native or foreign, but more by his insistence on absurd details than any thing else; but to the visitor to Paris he was invaluable; beggars, drunkards, dogs, and other nuisances fled before the cocked-hat and rapier of those who are now known as "Haussmann's ruffians." You should see the streets now! They are deserted, but that is the effect of the siege; dirty, which is from the want of Haussmannization; crowded with beggars of all countries, vagrant musicians, cripples by the score, and dogs by the hundred. Then every body sells every thing in the streets, from portraits of patriots at three sous each, to onions, carrots, and celery at a franc the bundle. Imagine, ye old dwellers in Paris, a vegetable stall spread out on the pavement before Tortoni's! If poor Baron Haussmann could see his own Boulevard as I can this Sunday afternoon, what would he think! At one vegetable stall an old woman is cheapening a cabbage which I have known by sight and smell for several days; two Mobiles are tossing up for a drink; and the whole street is lined with cheap and extremely nasty caricatures. The new police go about by threes at a snail's pace, and are warned, I imagine, not on any account to interfere with the will, act, or deed of any citizen—at any rate they never do so. And then, oh, my visitor, can you figure to yourself Paris without concerts or theatres—with no Bois, no Tuileries Gardens (a very dirty artillery camp occupies them), and not even a chair in the Champs Elysées? Surely there was

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no vice, save perhaps idleness, in those penny-ware seats; and the Parisians are idle, and capable of sitting down to an extent that neither presidents nor laws can cure. The Tuileries Gardens and the Palais Royal were beautifully kept: there was music for the *bonnes* to hear, and soldiers to look at—in fact, they were the nursery-gardens of Young France; they are now as nasty as the "square of Leicester."

A SONG OF A SONG.

BEST of all music thou for me,
Poor, simple Song! My mindful ear
Throbs with a deeper thrill to hear
Thine than all prouder minstrelsy.

The sweetest notes that float along
The wind, when voices weave in one
Soft harmonies of various tone,
Touch not my heart as thine, Old Song!

Long years ago, when we were young,
Men's fickle favor stayed its flight
A day, maybe, and chanced to light
On strains that now are seldom sung.

Forgotten, though, by others, yet
Thou hast such memories for me,
That, though thou speakest mournfully,
I would not for the world forget.

Yet tottering on too tiny feet,
I heard my mother hush to rest
My baby brother on her breast
With voice all full of love—so sweet

That, as I dream of it, I long
To rise from earth and hear again,
If God so will, that gentle strain:
The notes she sang were thine, Old Song!

Now silver streaks my head; when, strong
With youth, I whispered all my love
To one who rests at home above,
She, answering, spake thy words, Old Song!

Whene'er thy music sounds among
Sublimer melody, I weep;
And in my heart of hearts I keep
Thy memory always green, Old Song!

(Continued from No. 1, page 11.)

MILLY DARRELL.

A Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

ANGUS EGERTON IS REJECTED.

THE expected storm came next day, and Milly and I were caught in it. We had gone for a ramble across the moor, and were luckily within a short distance of Rebecca Thatcher's cottage when the first vivid flash broke through the leaden clouds, and the first long peal of thunder came crashing over the open landscape. We set off for Mrs. Thatcher's habitation at a run, and arrived there breathless.

The herbalist was not alone. A tall dark figure stood between us and the little window as we went in, blotting out all the light.

Milly gave a faint cry of surprise; and as the figure turned toward us I recognized Mr. Egerton.

In all our visits among the poor we had never met him before.

"Caught again, young ladies!" he cried, laughing; "you've neither of you grown weather-wise yet, I see. Luckily you're under cover before the rain has begun. I think we shall have it pretty heavy presently. How surprised you look to see me here, Miss Darrell! Becky is a very old friend of mine. I remember her ever since I can remember any thing. She was in my grandfather's service once upon a time."

"That I was, Mr. Egerton, and there's nothing I wouldn't do for you and yours—for you, at least, for there's none but you left now. But I suppose you'll be getting married one of these days; you're not going to let the old name of Egerton die out?"

Angus Egerton shook his head with a slow sad gesture.

"I am too poor to marry, Mrs. Thatcher," he said. "What could I offer a wife but a gloomy old house, and a perpetual struggle to make hundreds do the work of thousands? I am too proud to ask the woman I love to sacrifice her future to me."

"Cumber Priory is good enough for any woman that ever lived," answered Rebecca Thatcher. "You don't mean what you say, Mr. Egerton. You know that the name you bear is counted better than money in these parts."

He laughed, and changed the conversation.

"I heard you young ladies talking a great deal of the Pensildon fête last night," he said.

"Did you really?" asked Milly; "you did not appear to be much interested in our conversation."

"Did I seem *distrait*? It is a way I have sometimes, Miss Darrell; but I can assure you I can hear two or three conversations at once. I think I heard all that you and the Miss Collingwoods were saying."

"You are going to Lady Pensildon's on the 31st, I suppose?" Milly said.

"I think not. I think of going abroad for the autumn. I have been rather a long time at Cumber, you know, and I'm afraid the restless fit is coming upon me again. I shall be sorry to go, too, for I had intended to torment you continually about your art studies. You have really a genius for landscape, you know, Miss Darrell; you only want to be goaded into industry now and then by some severe critic like myself. Does your cousin, Mr. Stormont, draw, by-the-way?"

"Not at all."

"That's a pity. He seems a very clever young man. I suppose he will be a good deal with you, now that Mr. and Mrs. Darrell have returned?"

"He can not stay very long at a time. He has the chief position in papa's counting-house."

"Indeed! He looked a little as if the cares of business weighed upon his spirit."

He glanced rather curiously at Milly while he was speaking of Mr. Stormont. Was he really going away, I wondered, or was that threat of departure only a lover-like ruse?

The rain came presently with all the violence usual to a thunder-shower. We were prisoners in Mrs. Thatcher's cottage for more than an hour—a happy hour, I think, to Milly, in spite of the closeness of the atmosphere and the medical odor of the herbs. Angus Egerton stood beside her chair all the time, looking down at her bright face and talking to her, while Mrs. Thatcher mumbled a long catalogue of her ailings and troubles into my somewhat inattentive ear.

Once, while those two were talking about his intended departure, I heard Mr. Egerton say,

"If I thought any one cared about my staying—if I could believe that any one would miss me ever so little—I should be in no hurry to leave Yorkshire."

Of course Milly told him that there were many people who would miss him—Mr. Collingwood, for instance, and all the family at the Rectory. He bent over her, and said something in a very low voice that brought vivid blushes to her face; and a few minutes afterward they went to the door to look at the weather, and stood there talking till I had heard the last of Mrs. Thatcher's woes, and was free to join them. I had never seen Milly look so lovely as she did just then, with her downcast eyes, and a little tremulous smile upon her perfect mouth.

Mr. Egerton walked all the way home with us. The storm was quite over, the sun shining, and the air full of that cool freshness that comes after rain. We talked of all kinds of things. Mr. Egerton had almost made up his mind to spend the autumn at Cumber, he told us; and he would go to the Pensildon fête, and take Milly's side in the croquet match. He seemed in almost boyish spirits during that homeward walk.

When we went up stairs to our rooms that night Milly followed me into mine. There was nothing new in this; we often wasted half an hour in happy, idle talk before going to bed; but I was sure, from my darling's manner, she had something to tell me. She went over to an open window, and stood there with her face turned away from me, looking out across the distant moonlit sea.

"Mary," she said, after a very long pause, "do you think people are intended to be quite happy in this world?"

"My dear love, how can I answer such a question as that? I think that many people have their lives in their own hands, and that it rests with themselves to find happiness. And there are many natures that are elevated and purified by sorrow. I can not tell what is best for us, dear. I can not pretend to guess what this life was meant to be."

"There is something in perfect happiness that frightens one, Mary. It seems as if it could not last. If it could, if I dared believe in it, I should think that my life was going to be quite happy."

"Why should it be otherwise, my dear Milly? I don't think you have ever known much sorrow."

"Not since my mother died—and I was only a child then—but that old pain has never quite gone out of my heart; and papa's marriage has been a greater grief to me than you would believe, Mary. This house has never seemed to be really my home since then. No, dear; it is a new life that is dawning for me—and oh, such a bright one!"

She put her arms round my neck, and hid her face upon my shoulder.

"Can you guess what Angus Egerton said to me to-day?" she asked, in a low, tremulous voice.

"Was it something very wonderful, dear, or something as old as the world we live in?"

"Not old to me, Mary—new and wonderful beyond all measure. I did not think he cared for me—I had never dared to hope; for I have liked him a little for a long time, dear, though I don't suppose you ever thought so."

"My dear girl, I have known it from the very beginning. There is nothing in this world more transparent than your thoughts about Angus Egerton have been to me."

"Oh, Mary, how could you! And I have been so careful to say nothing!" she cried, reproachfully. "But he loves me, dear. He has loved me for a long time, he says; and he has asked me to be his wife."

"What, after all those protestations about never asking a woman to share his poverty?"

"Yes, Mary; and he meant what he said. He told me that if I had been a penniless girl he should have proposed to me ever so long ago. And he is to see papa to-morrow."

"Do you think Mr. Darrell will ever consent to such a marriage, Milly?" I asked, gravely.

"Why should he not? He can not go on thinking badly of Angus when every one else thinks so well of him. You must have seen how he has softened toward him since they met. Mr. Egerton's old family and position are quite an equivalent for my money, whatever that may be. Oh, Mary, I don't think papa can refuse his consent."

"I am rather doubtful about that, Milly. It's one thing to like Mr. Egerton very well as a visitor—quite another to accept him as a son-in-law. Frankly, my dearest, I fear your father will be against the match."

"Mary," cried Milly, reproachfully, "I can see what it is—you are prejudiced against Mr. Egerton!"

"I am only anxious for your welfare, darling. I like Mr. Egerton very much. It is difficult for any one to avoid liking him. But I confess that I can not bring myself to put entire trust in him."

"Why not?"

I did not like to tell her the chief reason for my distrust—that mysterious relation between Angus Egerton and Mrs. Darrell. The subject was a serious, almost a dangerous one; and I had no positive evidence to bring forward in proof of my fancy. It was a question of looks and words that had been full of significance to me, but which might seem to Milly to mean very little.

"We can not help our instinctive doubts, dear. But if you can trust Mr. Egerton, and if your father can trust him, my fancies can matter very little. I can not stand between you and your love, dear—I know that."

"But you can make me very unhappy by your doubts, Mary," she answered.

I kissed her, and did my best to console her; but she was not easily to be comforted, and left me in a half-sorrowful, half-angry mood. I had disappointed her, she told me—she had felt so sure of my sympathy; and, instead of sharing her happiness, I had made her miserable by my fanciful doubts and gloomy forebodings. After she had gone, I sat by the window for a long time, thinking of her disconsolately, and feeling myself very guilty. But I felt sure that Mr. Darrell would refuse to receive Angus Egerton as his daughter's suitor, and that the course of this love-affair was not destined to be a smooth one.

The result proved that I had been right. Mr. Egerton had a long interview with Mr. Darrell in the library next morning, during which his proposal was most firmly rejected. Milly and I knew that he was in the house, and my poor girl walked up and down our sitting-room with nervously clasped hands and an ashy pale face all the time those two were together down stairs.

She turned to me with a little piteous look when she heard Angus Egerton ride away from the front of the house.

"Oh, Mary, what is my fate to be?" she asked. "I think he has been rejected. I do not think he would have gone away without seeing me if the interview had ended happily."

A servant came to summon us both to the library. We went down together, Milly's cold hand clasped in mine.

Mr. Darrell was not alone. His wife was sitting with her back to the window, very pale, and with an angry brightness in her eyes.

"Sit down, Miss Crofton," Mr. Darrell said, very coldly; "and you, Milly, come here."

She went toward him with a slow, faltering step, and sank down into the chair to which he pointed, looking at him all the time in an eager, beseeching way, that I think must have gone to his heart. He was standing with his back to the empty fire-place, and remained standing throughout the interview.

"I think you know that I love you, Milly," he began, "and that your happiness is the chief desire of my mind."

"I am sure of that, papa."

"And yet you have deceived me."

"Deceived you? Oh, papa, in what way?"

"By encouraging the hopes of a man whom you must have known I would never receive as your husband; by suffering your feelings to become engaged, without one word of warning to me, and in a manner that you must have known would not fail to be most obnoxious to me."

"Oh, papa, I did not know; it was only yesterday that Mr. Egerton spoke for the first time. There has been nothing hidden from you."

"Nothing? Do you call your intimate acquaintance with this man nothing? He may have delayed any actual declaration until my return, with an artful appearance of consideration for me; but a kind of love-affair must have been going on all the time."

"No, indeed, papa; until yesterday there was never any thing but the most ordinary acquaintance. Mary knows—"

"Pray don't appeal to Miss Crofton," her father interrupted, sternly. "Miss Crofton has done very wrong in encouraging this affair. Miss Crofton heard my opinion of Angus Egerton a long time ago."

"Mary has done nothing to encourage our acquaintance. It has been altogether a matter of accident from first to last. What have you said to Mr. Egerton, papa? Tell me at once, please."

She said this with a quiet firmness, looking bravely up at him all the while.

"I have told him that nothing would ever induce me to consent to such a marriage. I have forbidden him ever to see you again."

"That seems very hard, papa."

"I thought you knew my opinion of Mr. Egerton."

"It would change if you knew more of him."

"Never. I might like him very well as a member of society; I could never approve of him as a son-in-law. Besides, I have other views for you—long-cherished views—which I hope you will not disappoint."

"I don't know what you mean by that, papa; but I know that I can never marry any one except Mr. Egerton. I may never marry at all, if you refuse to change your decision upon this subject; but I am quite sure I shall never be the wife of any one else."

Her father looked at her angrily. That hard expression about the lower part of the face, which I had noticed in his portrait and in himself from the very first, was intensified to-day. He looked a stern, resolute man, whose will was not to be moved by a daughter's pleading.

"We shall see about that by-and-by," he said. "I am not going to have my plans defeated by a girl's folly. I have been a very indulgent father, but I am not a weak or yielding one. You will have to obey me, Milly, or you will find yourself a substantial sufferer by-and-by."

"If you mean that you will disinherit me, papa, I am quite willing that you should do that," Milly answered, resolutely. "Perhaps you think Mr. Egerton cares for my fortune. Put him to the test, papa. Tell him that you will give me nothing, and that he may take me on that condition."

Augusta Darrell turned upon her step-daughter with a sudden look in her face that was almost like a flame.

"Do you think him so disinterested?" she asked. "Have you such supreme confidence in his affection?"

"Perfect confidence."

"And you do not believe that mercenary considerations have any weight with him? You do not think that he is eager to repair his shattered fortunes? You think him all truth and devotion? He, a *blasé* man of the world, of six-and-thirty; a man who has outlived the possibility of any thing like a real attachment; a man who lavished his whole stock of feeling upon the one attachment of his youth."

She said all this very quietly, but with a suppressed bitterness. I think it needed all her powers of restraint to keep her from some passionate outburst that would have betrayed the secret of her life. I was now more than ever convinced that she had known Angus Egerton in the past, and that she had loved him.

"You see I am not afraid of his being put to the test," Milly said, proudly. "I know that he loved some one very dearly a long time ago. He spoke of that yesterday. He told me that his old love had died out of his heart years ago."

"He told you a lie," cried Mrs. Darrell. "Such things never die. They sleep, perhaps—like the creatures that hide themselves in the ground and lie torpid all the winter—but with one breath of the past they flame into life again."

"I am not going to make any such foolish trial of your lover's faith, Milly," said Mr. Darrell. "Whether your fortune is or is not a paramount consideration with him can make no possible difference in my decision. Nothing will ever induce me to consent to your marrying him. Of course, if you choose to defy me, you are of age and your own mistress; but on the day that makes you Angus Egerton's wife you will cease to be my daughter."

"Papa," cried Milly, "you will break my heart."

"Nonsense, child; hearts are not so easily broken. Let me hear no more of this unfortunate business. I have spoken to you very plainly, in order that there might be no chance of misunderstanding between us; and I rely upon your honor that there shall be no clandestine meeting between you and Angus Egerton in the future. I look to you, Miss Crofton, also, and shall hold you answerable for any accidental encounters out walking."

"You need not be afraid, papa," Milly answered, disconsolately. "I dare say Mr. Egerton will leave Yorkshire, as he spoke of doing yesterday."

"I hope he may," said Mr. Darrell.

Milly rose to leave the room. Half-way toward the door she stopped, and turned her white, despairing face toward her father with a hopeless look.

"I shall obey you, papa," she said. "I could not bear to forfeit your love, even for his sake. But I think you will break my heart."

Mr. Darrell went over to her and kissed her.

"I am acting best for your ultimate happiness, Milly, be sure of that," he said, in a kinder tone than he had used before. "There, my love, go and be happy with Miss Crofton, and let us all agree to forget this business as quickly as possible."

This was our dismissal. We went back to Milly's pretty sitting-room, where the sun was shining and the warm summer air blowing on birds and flowers, and books and drawing materials, and all the airy trifles that had made our lives pleasant to us until that hour. Milly sat down on a low stool at my feet, and buried her face in my lap, refusing all comfort. She sat like this for about an hour, weeping silently, and then rose suddenly and wiped the tears from her pale face.

"I am not going to lead you a miserable life about this, Mary," she said. "We will never speak of it after to-day. And I will try to do my duty to papa, and bear my life without that new happiness, which made it seem so bright. Do you think Mr. Egerton will feel the disappointment very much, Mary?"

"He can not help feeling it, dear, if he loves you—as I believe he does."

"And we might have been so happy together! I was dreaming of Cumber Priory all last night. I thought it had been restored with some of my money, and that the old house was full of life and brightness. Will he go away, do you think, Mary?"

"I should think it very likely."

"And I shall never see him any more. I could not forfeit papa's love, Mary."

"It would be a hard thing if you were to do that for the sake of a stranger, dear."

"No, no, Mary; he is not a stranger to me; Angus Egerton is not a stranger. I know that he is noble and good. But my father was all the world to me a year ago. I could not do without his love. I must obey him."

"Believe me, dear, it will be wisest and best to do so. You can not tell what changes may come to pass in the future. Obedience will make you very dear to your father; and the time may come in which he will think better of Mr. Egerton."

"Oh, Mary, if I could hope that!"

"Hope for every thing, dear, if you do your duty."

She grew a little more cheerful after this, and met her father at dinner with quite a placid face,

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though it was still very pale. Mrs. Darrell looked at her wonderingly, and with a half-contemptuous expression, I thought, as if this passion of her step-daughter's seemed to her a very poor thing, after all.

Before the week was out we heard that Mr. Egerton had left Yorkshire. We did not go to the Pensildon fête. Milly had a cold, and kept her room, much to the regret of the Misses Collingwood, who called every day to inquire about her. She made this cold—which was really a very slight affair—an excuse for a week's solitude, and at the end of that time reappeared among us with no trace of her secret sorrow. It was only I, who was always with her, and knew her to the core of her heart, who could have told how hard a blow that disappointment had been, and how much it cost her to bear it so quietly.

CHAPTER X.

CHANGES AT THORNLEIGH.

THE autumn and the early winter passed monotonously enough. There was a good deal of company at Thornleigh Manor at first, for Mrs. Darrell hated solitude; but after a little time she grew tired of the people her husband knew, and the dinners and garden-parties became less frequent. I had found out, very soon after her return, that she was not happy—that this easy, prosperous life was in some manner a burden to her. It was only in her husband's presence that she made any pretense of being pleased or interested in things. With him she was always the same—always deferential, affectionate, and attentive; while he, on his side, was the devoted slave of her every whim and wish.

She was not unkind to Milly, but those two seemed instinctively to avoid each other.

The winter brought trouble to Thornleigh Manor. It was well for Milly that she had tried to do her duty to her father, and had submitted herself patiently to his will. About a fortnight before Christmas Mr. Darrell went to North Shields to make his annual investigation of the wharves and warehouses, and to take a kind of review of the year's business. He never returned alive. He was seized with an apoplectic fit in the office, and carried to his hotel speechless. His wife and Milly were summoned by a telegraphic message, and started for Shields by the first train that could convey them there; but they were too late. He expired an hour before their arrival.

I need not dwell upon the details of that sad time. Milly felt the blow severely; and it was long before I saw her smile after that dark December day on which the fatal summons came. She had lost much of her joyousness and brightness after the disappointment about Angus Egerton, and this new sorrow quite crushed her.

They brought Mr. Darrell's remains to Thornleigh, and he was buried in the family vault under the noble old church, where his father and mother had been buried before him. He had been very popular in the neighborhood, and was sincerely regretted by all who had known him.

Julian Stormont was chief mourner at the unpretentious funeral. He seemed much affected by his uncle's death; and his manner toward his cousin had an unusual gentleness.

I was present at the reading of the will, which took place in the dining-room immediately after the funeral. Mrs. Darrell, Milly, Mr. Stormont, myself, and the family lawyer were the only persons assembled in the spacious room, which had a dreary look without the chief of the household.

The will had been made a few months after Mr. Darrell's second marriage. It was very simple in its wording. To Julian Stormont he left a sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid out of his funded property; all the rest of this property, with the sum to be realized by the sale of the business at North Shields and its belongings—an amount likely to be very large—was to be divided equally between Mrs. Darrell and her step-daughter. Thornleigh Manor was left to Mrs. Darrell for her life, but was to revert to Milly, or Milly's heirs, at her death; and Milly was to be entitled to occupy her old home until her marriage.

In the event of Milly's dying unmarried, her share of the funded property was to be divided equally between Mrs. Darrell and Julian Stormont, and in this case the Thornleigh estate was to revert to Julian Stormont after the death of Mrs. Darrell. The executors to the will were Mr. Foreman the lawyer and Mrs. Darrell.

Milly's position was now one of complete independence. Mr. Foreman told her that after the sale of the iron-works she would have an income of something like four thousand a year. She had been of age for more than six months, and there was no one to come between her and perfect independence.

Knowing this, I felt that it was more than probable Mr. Egerton would speedily return to renew his suit; and I had little doubt that it would be successful. I knew how well Milly loved him; and now that her father was gone she could have no motive for refusing him.

"You will stay with me, won't you, Mary?" she said to me as we sat by the fire in mournful silence that afternoon. "You are my only comfort now, dear. I suppose I shall remain here—for some time, at any rate. Augusta spoke to me very graciously, and begged that I would make this my home, according to my father's wish. We should not interfere with each other in any way, she said, and it was indeed more than probable she would go on the Continent with her maid early in the spring, and leave me sole mistress of Thornleigh. She doubted if she could ever endure the place now, she said. She is not like me, Mary. I shall always have a melancholy love for the house in which I have lived so happily with my father."

So I remained with my dear girl, and life at Thornleigh Manor glided by in a quiet, melancholy fashion. If Mrs. Darrell grieved for her dead husband, her sorrow was of a cold, tearless kind; but she kept her own rooms a good deal, and we did not see much of her. The Collingwoods were full of sympathy for their "darling Milly," and their affection had some cheering influence upon her mind. From them she heard occasionally of Mr. Egerton, who was traveling in the wildest regions of Northern Europe. She very rarely spoke of him herself at this time; and once when I mentioned his name she checked me reproachfully.

"Don't speak about him, Mary," she said; "I don't want to think of him. It seems like a kind of treason against papa. It seems like taking advantage of my dear father's death."

"Would you refuse to marry him, Milly, if he were to come back to you, now that you are your own mistress?"

"I don't know that, dear. I think I love him too much to do that. And yet it would seem like a sin against my father."

The spring months passed, and Milly brightened a little as the days went by. She spent a great deal of time among her poor; and I think her devotion to that duty helped her to put aside her sorrow more than any thing else could have done. I was always with her, sharing in all her work; and I do not believe she had a thought hidden from me at this time.

Mrs. Darrell had not gone abroad yet. She lived a useless, listless life, doing nothing, and caring for nothing, as it seemed. More than once she made preparations for her departure, and then changed her mind at the last moment.

Late in June we heard of Mr. Egerton's return to Cumber, and a few days after that he came to Thornleigh. Mrs. Darrell was in her own room, Milly and I alone in the drawing-room, when he called. My poor girl turned very pale, and the tears came into her eyes, as she and Angus Egerton met. He spoke of her loss with extreme delicacy, and was full of tender sympathy. He had news to tell her of himself. A distant relation of his mother's had died lately, leaving him six thousand a year. He had come back to restore Cumber to its old splendor, and to take his proper place in the county.

While they were talking together in low, confidential tones, not at all embarrassed by my presence, Mrs. Darrell came into the room. She was paler than usual; but there was an animation in her face that had not been there for a long time. She received Mr. Egerton very graciously, and insisted upon his staying to dinner.

The evening passed very pleasantly. I had never seen Augusta Darrell so agreeable, so fascinating, as she was that night. She touched the piano for the first time since her husband's death, and sang and played with all her old fire, keeping Angus Egerton a prisoner by the side of the piano. Hers was not music to be heard with indifference by the coldest ear.

He came again very soon, and came often. The restorations at Cumber had begun, and he insisted on our driving over to see what he was going to do. We went in compliance with this wish, and were entertained with an elegant luncheon in the noble old tapestried dining-room.

It was not very long before Mr. Egerton had renewed his suit, and had been accepted. Had Mr. Darrell lived, the altered circumstances of the suitor would, in all probability, have made some alteration in his ideas upon this subject. He could no longer have supposed Angus Egerton influenced by mercenary feelings.

My darling seemed perfectly happy in her engagement, and I shared her happiness. I was always to live with her, she said, at Cumber as well as at Thornleigh. She had told Angus this, and he was pleased that it should be so. I thought that she would have no need of me in her wedded days, and that this loving fancy of hers was not likely to be realized; but I allowed her to cherish it—time enough for our parting when it needs must come. My youth had been brightened by her love; and I should be brave enough to face the world alone when she began her new life, assured that in my day of trouble I should always find a haven in her affection.

They were to be married in the following spring. Mr. Egerton had pleaded hard for an earlier date; but Milly would not diminish her year of mourning for her father, and he was fain to submit. The appointed time was advanced from April to February. He was to take his young wife abroad, and to show her all those scenes in which his wandering life had been spent; and then they were to return to Cumber, and Milly was to begin her career as the wife of a country squire.

Julian Stormont came to Thornleigh, and heard of the engagement from Mrs. Darrell. He still occupied his old position in the business at North Shields, which had been bought by a great capitalist in the iron way. He received the news of Milly's betrothal very quietly; but he offered her no congratulations upon the subject. I happened to be on the terrace alone with him one morning during his stay, waiting for Milly to join me, when he spoke to me about this business.

"So my cousin is going to throw herself away upon that man?" he said.

"You must not call it throwing herself away, Mr. Stormont," I answered; "Mr. Egerton is devoted to your cousin, and the change in his circumstances makes him a very good match for her."

"The change in his circumstances has not changed the man," he returned, in an angry tone. "No good can come of such a marriage."

"You have no right to say that, Mr. Stormont."

"I have the right given me by conviction. A happy marriage!—no, it will not be a happy marriage, be sure of that!"

He said this with a vindictive look that startled me, well as I knew that he could not feel very kindly toward Milly's lover. The words might mean little, but to me they sounded like a threat.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE closing days of 1870 record the success of a bold undertaking, which was commenced thirteen years ago. The great natural barrier between France and Italy has been overcome at last, and the workmen in the Mont Cenis tunnel have met and greeted each other midway within the solid rock, more than one mile beneath the summit of the Alps, and nearly four miles from both the French and Italian entrances. Napoleon I. constructed a road for thirty miles through the pass of Mont Cenis, and for many years that was the only highway between France and Italy. A few years ago a railway was built over the mountain ridge; but the passage over was always slow, impeded by heavy snow, and liable to accidents from avalanches. In 1857 the great tunnel was begun on the Italian side, at Bardonneche. A little later operations were commenced on the French side, at Fourneaux. Mont Cenis, from which it takes its name, is seventeen or eighteen miles from the French entrance, and more than twenty from the Italian entrance, but being better known than any of the summits in the vicinity, it has the honor of giving a name to the tunnel. The whole distance—nearly eight miles—has been worked from each end, as the mountain is far too high to admit the sinking of "shafts," as is the ordinary practice in long tunnels. This made it necessary, also, to devise some new mode of ventilation. By an ingenious system of machinery, outside the tunnel, when a blast was fired a full flow of the compressed air was admitted, which instantly blew the clouds of suffocating smoke and gas away toward the mouth of the tunnel, and left the working end amply supplied with cool, dry, fresh air. This grand device also furnished power to drive the machinery, and heat for the forges outside. It is certainly a wonderful triumph of engineering science that the workmen could be so guided as to meet exactly, at a distance of nearly four miles from each entrance. The tunnel runs through schist, quartz, and limestone, and the rock has proved of extraordinary hardness; but that having been conquered, Mont Cenis tunnel will be an important link in the great chain of commercial communication around the world.

If any one desires to visit the polar regions he must be trained to live as the Esquimaux do, and eat plenty of raw meat, and imbibe oil. Captain Hall recently stated that he had eaten in one day fifteen pounds of raw meat, washed down with two and a half pints of train-oil. Then he could defy the cold. This is really devoting one's self to the cause of science!

The private carriage of General Prim, in which he was riding when attacked by the assassins, was in the line of cortége at the funeral of the statesman, the horses being covered with mourning trappings. The vehicle attracted much attention. The panels and sides were riddled with bullets, the glass broken, and the lining burned and bloody. The aid, who rode beside the General, states that he threw up his hand to ward off the intruding weapons from his chief. His hand was shot to fragments, and amputation below the elbow was thought to be necessary.

About one hundred and fifty pictures, by eminent foreign artists, were added to the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design. These were purchased in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, and other foreign cities, just before the commencement of the war, and, of course, have not been exhibited before in this country.

An exchange inveighs against the use of pet names for grown-up women: "How it would point a verse of Scripture to have it put in modern style, thus: 'Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mollie and her sister Mattie!'" We should say that it would be altogether too much of what might be a very good thing in some circumstances.

In a letter written by a lady in Paris a few weeks ago, and sent out of the city by balloon, she says: "Wine was never so cheap. Flour has not risen, it being twelve sous a pound. People are certainly eating rats and cats; but rats, the gentlemen tell me, are better than rabbit—in fact, between rabbit and squirrel. Cats have always been eaten in Paris, and are better than rabbit. The confectioners' shops are full of cakes and pies. There are apples and pears in plenty. So that when you hear the starvation cry, there is no need; only fresh meat can not be had every day. In lieu they give us codfish, herring, pork." Nevertheless, from other accounts we learn of much scarcity of food among the common people, and also great lack of fuel.

In Belgium rats are being eaten, not from necessity, but in order to follow the Parisian fashion—such a ruling passion has imitation of the Parisians become. A rat supper recently occurred in Tournay, and the guests were so much delighted that another is soon to come off. Rat with mushrooms is said to be delicious.

New journals continue to appear in Paris, notwithstanding the scarcity of paper; but they have only a precarious existence.

From Washington there has come accounts of a sort of house-cleaning in the vaults of the United States Treasury. Whispers were rife among snowy-headed clerks that in the depths of a certain vault were untold treasures—pearls and diamonds and jewels of priceless value. Nine wonderful locks, whose secret was known only to three men in the country, barred the outer world from these mysterious and unknown valuables. Unknown, we say, for even the Treasurer declared his ignorance of the contents of this depository. So one day, the awful keys having been turned by the authorized dignitaries, an investigation began. Our space will admit only of mentioning a few of the many hidden things that came to light. First a sealed box containing a heavy bottle of attar of roses, which tradition says some East Indian prince sent to Martin Van Buren. Then a bottle of remarkably fine pearls; next a vial of diamonds, small but beautiful; some gold ornaments; another box containing pearls and diamonds, with a small piece of paper, upon which was written: "These jewels had originally been presented to Martin Van Buren, but had been stolen from a case in the Patent-office on the night of November 8, 1848." After these there were brought out bonds and titles and records—documents of various kinds, which would not be of so much interest to our readers as the jewels we have mentioned.

The following story is told of Alexandre Dumas at a time when he was writing a serial novel for a Paris daily journal:

One day the Marquis De P—— called on him.

"Dumas," said he, "have you composed the end of the story now being published in the ——?"

"Of course."

"Does the heroine die at the end?"

"Of course; dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You must make her live. You must change the catastrophe."

"I can not."

"Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter's?"

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption which you have described, and watches mournfully for every number of your novel, reading her own fate in that of your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too."

"Come! a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered, and was happy.

About five years afterward Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Joan d'Arc?"

"Yes. She is married, and has four children."

"And my novel four editions," said Dumas; "so we are quits."

The Prussians at Arnonville indulged, in some of their leisure hours, in a *fête champetre*, and an open-air theatre was improvised in one of the parks. In the midst of a comic scene, wherein Napoleon was represented as paying his respects to Madame Germania, a couple of shells from Fort St. Denis fell not far from the spectators, and brought the performances to a hasty conclusion.

It is worth while to bear in mind that if a person has swallowed poison, and no recognized antidote is at hand, the best thing to do is to give warm or cold water as fast as possible. Tepid water is the best, as that opens the pores of the skin, and causes vomiting; but if that is not at hand, do not wait, but give cold, until a physician arrives. While this will not cure all cases of poisoning, it will cure some, and benefit in all instances.

Glass pearls, a common and inexpensive though beautiful ornament, are produced by a very singular process. In 1656 a Venetian discovered by accident that the scales of a tiny fish, called bleakfish, possessed the property of communicating a pearly hue to water. By experimenting he found that beads dipped into this water assumed, when dried, the appearance of pearls. It proved, however, that the pearly coat, when placed outside, was easily rubbed off; and the next improvement was to make the beads hollow. The making of these beads is carried on to this day in Venice. The beads are all blown separately. By means of a small tube the insides are delicately coated with the pearly liquid, and a waxed coating is placed over that. It requires the scales of four thousand fish to produce half a pint of the liquid, to which a small quantity of sal ammonia and isinglass is afterward added.

Cases of sudden death are very often referred to disease of the heart. The real truth is that a large number of sudden deaths are caused by congestion of the lungs. Sixty-nine cases of sudden death were made the subjects of thorough examination by a scientific congress in Europe, not long since. It was ascertained that forty-six of these died from congestion of the lungs, and only two from heart disease. When it is remembered that congestion of the lungs is generally caused by cold feet, tight clothing, going suddenly from a hot room into the cold air (especially after speaking or singing), sitting still until chilled after being heated by exercise, and from like causes, it will be perceived that it is often in one's own power to avoid probable sudden death.

It is reported—though we don't believe it—that in a fashionable boarding-house in Twenty-first Street, the following "Notice to Boarders" is furnished to every inmate: "The gentleman must not put his feet on the mantel in winter, nor out of the window in summer, and the lady must not write her name on the glass with a quartz pin. The single gentleman must not play the trombone, nor make love to the servants, nor comb his whiskers at the table. If he does, he won't answer. The lady must not turn up her nose at every thing on the table, unless she has a natural pug, and none of the party must drink or talk with a mouthful of victuals, nor must they fight for the top buckwheat cake. Terms liberal; board paid weekly in advance."

It is stated that General Von Moltke has been preparing for the invasion of France for the last ten years. As a tourist he has explored all parts of the country. On his excursions into France he was accompanied by his daughter, who always carried an album, which she filled with pencil sketches; and she also aided her father in taking notes and revising maps.

A Pennsylvania wife claims a divorce on the ground that her husband represented himself to be a very wealthy man, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars; that she had married him on that representation, but that she found he was only a gardener, whose only property consisted in a well-stocked cabbage garden, an orchard, and a cottage.

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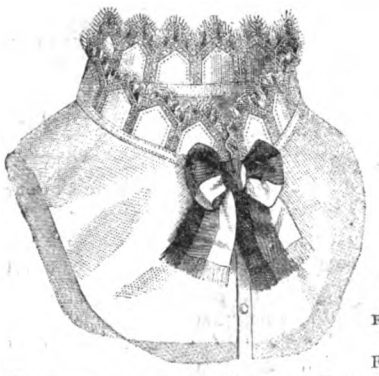

Fig. 1.—COLLAR WITH POINTED TABS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Fig. 57.

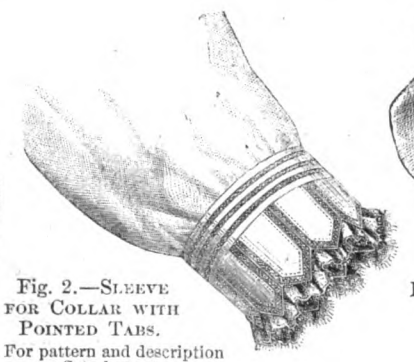

Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR WITH POINTED TABS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Figs. 58 and 59.

Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE COLLAR.

Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR WITH ROUNDED TABS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIX., Figs. 68 and 69.

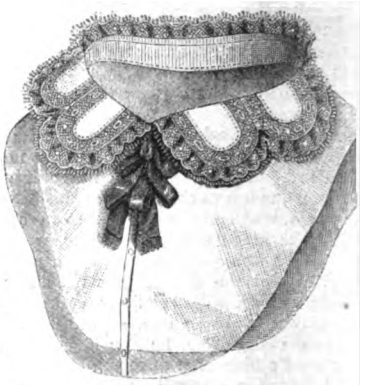

Fig. 1.—COLLAR WITH ROUNDED TAB
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIX., Figs. 65-67.

Netted Guipure Collar and Under-Sleeves, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS collar consists of a double strip of linen cambric four-fifths of an inch wide, which is sloped toward the ends until two-fifths of an inch wide there; at the front netted guipure corners are set on, and the upper edge is trimmed with narrow netted guipure edging; join the collar with a short chemisette. For each of the corners prepare a three-cornered piece of straight netting, and embroider it in point de reprise.

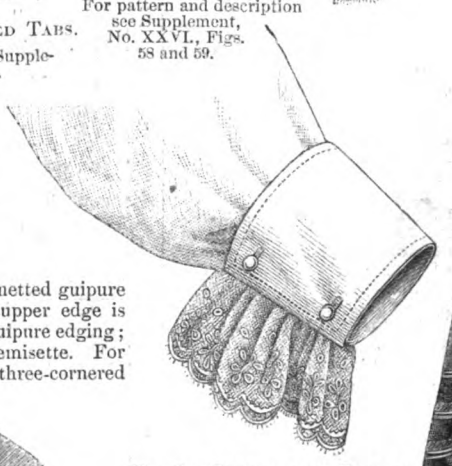

Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR AND CHEMISETTE.
[See Page 57.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 53.

BLACK CASHMERE TALMA.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 33a, 33b, and 34.

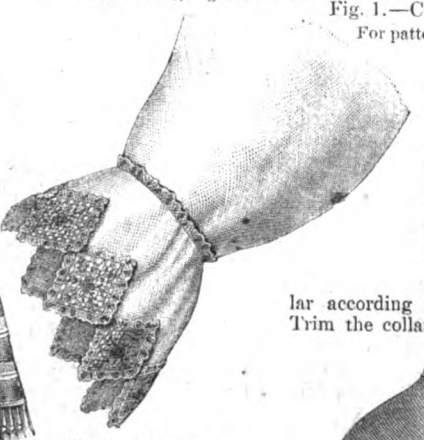

Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR NETTED GUIPURE COLLAR.

(excepting the upper cross-w edge); the insertion must two-fifths of an inch wide, a must be held in slightly in jo ing it with the under round edge of the tabs. Join a la and a small tab on one side means of an open-work ins tion, and sew the tabs betwe the double material of the c lar according to the corresponding figur Trim the collar and tabs with gathered l

BLACK CASHMERE TALMA.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 33a, 33b, and 34.

Cut the under-sleeves from Fig. 58 of No. XXVI. of the Supplement. For the cuff take a straight bias strip of linen cambric eighteen inches and a half long; it must be six inches and a half wide at the middle, and sloped toward the ends until four inches wide there. Join diamonds of netted guipure with it, and edge these with netted guipure lace.

Collar and Under-Sleeves with Rounded Tabs, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS collar and the cuffs are of fine linen, and are trimmed with lace insertion and pleated Valenciennes edging. To make the collar cut of linen taken double one piece from Fig. 65, Supplement, and from Figs. 66 and 67 each two pieces. First sew lace insertion between the double material of the tabs all around the edges edging two-fifths of an inch wide. Set the completed collar on a chemisette, and finish the collar with a bow of colored ribbon in front. Arrange the cuffs to correspond with the collar, as shown by the illustration and Figs. 68 and 69 of the Supplement. Cut the under-sleeves from Fig. 58 of No. XXVI., Supplement.

Swiss Muslin and Bruges Lace Fichu-Collar and Under-Sleeves.

See illustration on page 57.

THIS collar and the under-sleeves are of Swiss muslin, trimmed with Bruges lace, application embroidered figures, and bows of violet velvet ribbon. To make the collar cut one piece from Fig. 60, Supplement. At the middle of the back and at the front corners turn over the collar on the outside in a revers along the dotted line given. Trim the outer edge of the collar with lace, and fasten the point of

SCARLET CASHMERE TALMA.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5a, 5b, and 6.

Fig. 1.—SUIT WITH OVER DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 21-23.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 7 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For description see Suppl.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For description see Suppl.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 17-20.

Fig. 5.—FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For description see Suppl.

Fig. 6.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 13-16.

Fig. 7.—SUIT F
BOY FROM 10 TO
YEARS OLD.
For description see Su

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every revers on the collar according to the corresponding figures. Then pleat the collar according to the dotted and straight lines given on Fig. 60, so that the dotted lines shall form the inner folds of the pleats, and the straight lines the outer folds; sew on the embroidered figures as shown by the illustration, and finish the collar with a bow of violet velvet ribbon. Trim the sleeves with lace and embroidered figures as shown by the illustration. Arrange the part of the cuff of the upper half of the sleeves in pleats, bringing × on ●. Cut the cuffs from Figs. 61 and 62 of the Supplement. Violet velvet ribbon bows. The ribbon, of course, may be of any other color to suit the dress. In the original the dress is of violet silk, trimmed with the same material and a deeper shade of violet velvet.

SWISS MUSLIN AND BRUGES LACE FICHU-COLLAR AND UNDER-SLEEVES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 60-6

SWISS MUSLIN AND BRUGES LACE COLLAR AND UNDER-SLEEVES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 42.

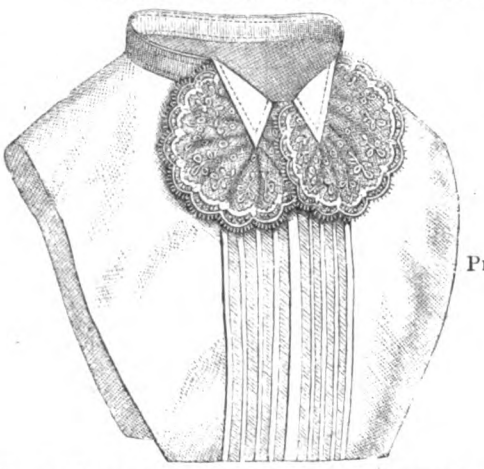

Fig. 1.—LINEN AND LACE COLLAR AND CHEMISETTE.
[See Page 56.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 50-52.

PLEATED MUSLIN AND BRUGES LACE FICHU-COLLAR AND UNDER-SLEEVES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 40 and 41.

NEEDLE-WORK AND LACE FICHU AND UNDER-SLEEVES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 56.

ASTRAKHAN SACQUE AND MUFF AND VELVET HAT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, Nos. III.-V., Figs. 7-12.

SWISS MUSLIN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE FICHU AND UNDER-SLEEVES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 54 and 55.

LOVE-LETTERS.

AMONG the many lost arts one would wish to have found again is the art of writing love-letters. It is a sad thing, but we don't write love-letters nowadays. We "correspond," or "exchange friendly communications," but we don't write love-letters; we can't; we are too business-like for it. There is a flavor of "All complaints to be addressed to the secretary," and "Please quote this number in your reply," in our best amatory missives, and they mainly acquire their distinctive character by being without a margin. We are too cynical for it; we have grown ashamed to look a sentiment in the face, much less to make any deliberate record of its existence in black and white. And we are also a little too cautious. It would be horrible to become a source of amusement to "the jury." Our letters accordingly are written with an eye to the confusing of Sergeant Buzfuz, and precious things of course they are. The average packet of them returned nowadays after a quarrel, or locked up after a marriage, is at best but a kind of withered apple hardly worth the trouble of preserving. A poor tale of appointment for seven o' Sundays, and of inquiries for missing umbrellas—age can give them no mellowness, and fading ink no poetry. And the worst are often those that make a pretension to tenderness. The force of weakness can no farther go than in the "documentary evidence" sometimes cited in the breach of promise cases as proofs of the warmth of the defendant's attachment. Welcome, thrice welcome, the formal "Madam, your obedient servant," before the detestable "Ever your lovey dovey."

Cheap postage has much to answer for in the matter. It has diminished our awe of pen, ink, and paper. Letter-writing is now the affair of a moment, a mere stitch in the embroidery of a day's work, a stop-gap for the intervals of time. It is so easy to write again that it is scarcely worth while to say much *this time*. And, of course, the time for saying all we ought to say or want to say never comes.

What a grand affair was the writing of a letter when postage cost an appreciable sum! It was lingered over in a deliberate, leisurely manner, like any other luxury and rarity. The manuscript letters that have come down to us from the past must have been the happy result of many favorable circumstances, the finest of fine pens for the flourishes of the handwriting, and abundant leisure for the flourishes of the thought. They could not have been done to catch any particular post. I prefer rather to think that the writers themselves fixed a time at which they would prob-

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ably be ready, and that the post waited their royal pleasure. This must have been so, for there were days on which they could *not* have been written—rainy days, for instance, and cold days, and uncomfortable days generally. I am inclined to believe that most of the writers must have done them in full dress, there is such an air of court wig and lace ruffles in every line.

TRUE.

SET me a task, mother, easier than this;
Give me a lesson that's lighter to learn;
I dare not destroy, with a treacherous kiss,
The knightliest faith woman ever did earn.
Thrice green April has sorrowed and smiled
Since I sobbed him "Farewell" by the garden gate;
Oh, frozen despair! till, wistful and wild,
Hope blessed me with tears: the lark caroled late.

Plead no longer, sweet mother, I pray you!
Closed is my heart to the stranger's call;
Loving you truly, I *must* disobey you:
Robert—and you—are my all in all.

He praises the light of my violet eyes,
The coral and pearls of my tremulous mouth;
My quick-flushing cheek, with its twin-rose dyes;
And my voice unto him is a song of the South.
Oh, purblind bidder! Sweet mother mine,
Such words are naught! It shall never be told
That I lightlied the lover of "auld lang syne,"
And bartered my truth in his absence for gold!

The winters are dreary, the summers full long—
Drearier and longer than if he were here;
But his letters are starlight and sunshine and song—
Heart-writing, soul-speaking, those syllables dear!
'Tis my darling alone can himself release
From our spirit-betrothal, our God-blessed tie;
I pray to be kept with calm Heaven at peace:
I never could live to be living a lie!

Plead no longer, sweet mother, I pray you!
Closed is my heart to the stranger's call;
Loving you truly, I *must* disobey you:
Robert—and you—are my all in all.

A CHRISTMAS PEAL.

I.—AT THE OAK-APPLE INN.

IN the bar of a snug little country inn, in the county of Westmoreland, sat the coziest and most comfortable-looking of landladies.

It was about three days before Christmas, and Mrs. Flitters was engaged in the twofold occupation of making out her Christmas bills and taking her tea. At the end of every column of figures she summed up, she refreshed herself with a sip or two of tea and a few mouthfuls of game-pie. The worthy hostess of the Oak-apple was not alone. Opposite to her at the table, and facing the glass window of the bar, so as to be in readiness to attend to any customers who might present themselves on this snowy night, sat her niece, a rather pretty-looking young woman of about four-and-twenty. In the snuggest corner of the fireside sat also a portly red-faced old gentleman in top-boots and a variety of outlandish-looking capes, who might have been the original of the famous Mr. Weller. This individual, who was smoking a long pipe and taking sips at intervals of his hot rum-and-water with a sort of purr of satisfaction, was an important personage in the district. He was the driver of the Kendal coach—for one of the London and Kendal stage-coaches still continued on the road at the time of which we are writing.

Mr. Crotch—such was the good man's name—did not by any means appear to have that horror of "widders" which characterized the immortal Mr. Weller. From time to time he took his long pipe from his lips, and cast glances of infinite complacency at the blooming hostess.

"Such a woman for figures as never was!" he muttered to himself.

"Five and four is nine, and two is eleven," said the widow half aloud. "That dratted old sexton owes me thirteen and eleven-pence!" And the red ribbons in Mrs. Flitters's cap nodded ominously.

"Such a woman for figures!" murmured Mr. Crotch.

"Times is bad," said the widow.—"Maria, don't you let that old Overbury run up no more chalks till his score's paid; and don't you let him have no peace neither till he stumps up."

"Very well, aunt; but *he* says it's hard times too."

"He didn't ought to drink so much beer, then—that is, unless he pays ready money," added Mrs. Flitters, hastily, as she remembered that if nobody drank any beer, her business would be ruined.

"He says it's too healthy, aunt."

"What's too healthy, the beer?"

"No, no—the season."

"An old fool! A beautiful bracing old-fashioned Christmas!"

"Ah, that's just it; he wants more people to die!"

"To die—the wretch!"

"He says he don't like a healthy Christmas, because he can't get any pudding then; he likes business *brisk*. He says, 'A green yule makes a fat church-yard.'"

"A murdering old villain! And if all my customers was to die, what would become of *me?*"

Mrs. Flitters was just as selfish, you see, as the sexton. That important personage Number One was the alpha and omega of the calculations of each.

The landlady took up a paper from the table, with a frown not pleasant to behold on so comely a countenance.

"Well, as I was a-saying, when you interrupted me, Maria"—Maria hadn't done any thing of the sort—"times is hard. Besides that old grave-digging ghoul there's two and three is five, and three is eight, and one five, is nine five—nine pounds five shillings on my blessed books this blessed Christmas!"

"*Such* a woman for figures!" murmured Mr. Crotch with reverential awe, and taking a steady pull at the rum-and-water. "A—h!"

Maria, a very good-humored girl, sought to turn the subject, remarking that she "wondered if any thing had been heard up at the Hall about the young Squire.

"He's been gone two years," she said.

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Flitters, shaking her head, "it's a serious thing when parent and child fall out!"

"Ah, very serious, ma'am!" chimed in Crotch. "It was about a young lady, weren't it?"

"Yes, it were, Mr. Crotch, Sir."

"It's a strange thing in natur, ain't it, ma'am, that a pair of girl's eyes should make such mischief? Father falls out with son, and friend with friend, and all for what? Why, a pair of girl's eyes, ma'am—a young pusson, as may be quite a stranger! It's a rum thing is natur, ma'am!"

"But it is *natur!*" said Mrs. Flitters, positively, and, like all women, determined to assert the extreme power of her sex.

"Well, I suppose it is, ma'am. Yet bright eyes get dull, and fifteen ain't fifty, ma'am."

Mrs. Flitters thought this a hint at her own age, and bridled up.

Mr. Crotch saw the signs of the coming storm, and hastened to add, "Not but what *some* ladies looks as if they warn't never much older nor girls—as might be said with truth, Mrs. Flitters, ma'am, of people not a hundred miles off."

"Lawk-a-mercy, Mr. Crotch! you are *such* a one to joke!" giggled the widow, highly pleased, and seizing the coachman's empty glass with a view to its replenishment, while the old gentleman improved his advantage by a perceptible squeeze of her hand.

At this moment the swing-door of the bar was heard to go, and a customer entered. Maria departed to see what was required. In a moment she entered.

"It's Mr. Overbury, aunt; wants to see you partic'lar."

"I'm engaged important, and can't see no one," cried Mrs. Flitters, raising her voice for the special behoof of the old sexton, and speaking waspishly; "I'm a-making out my Christmas accounts, and wants my money."

"Well, ma'am," bawled the sexton, who of course heard all this from the adjoining bar, "and I'm come to pay thirteen and eleven-pence!"

"Deary me! why, it ain't never *you*, Mr. Overbury, Sir!" exclaimed the artful widow, affecting to have misunderstood her niece. "To think I should keep you waiting! Walk in, and take a seat by the fire, do. Your money's always as good as the bank, any day. Come in, Sir."

The old sexton knew the ways of the world, and was not at all discomposed at this sudden change from foul to fair weather. So he quietly accepted the invitation, and walked into the bar-parlor.

"We shall have a little bit of supper by-and-by," said the widow; "a wild-duck as my nephew in Lincolnshire has sent me, and as nice a veal sweet-bread as ever left a butcher's block. And you'll stay and have a taste, and a glass of mulled port, Mr. Overbury, Sir; and *you* too, Mr. Crotch, I hope. And we'll have a cozy talk together."

Both the men accepted the invitation with alacrity.

"Maria, go and see to the duck," said Mrs. Flitters, as she took the sexton's money, "and take away these tea-things."

The young lady did as she was desired; and the hostess of the Oak-apple, erasing the sexton's name from her list of debtors, closed her black book and gave over business for the evening.

The sexton, sitting opposite to Mr. Crotch, and regarded by that gentleman somewhat in the light of an intruder, took two or three sips of the steaming mixture which Mrs. Flitters had compounded for him, and then said,

"Old Squire's very bad to-night, ma'am."

"Is he indeed?" returned Mrs. Flitters.

"Oh, very indeed! I was up to see him two hours agone. You know I was once in his service, Mrs. Flitters; and he's a bit partial to me, as a body may say."

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Well, ma'am, since he's been bedridden he likes to have one up for a hour of a night to tell him the news of the village. Old Squire always were one for a yarn."

"And so be *you*, I think," muttered the jealous Crotch.

"So Squire Ringold he says to me to-night, 'Joseph,' he says, 'I sha'n't never see my boy no more.'"

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Flitters, drawing her chair closer to the sexton's, and assuming a look of great interest. "Well?"

"Well, ma'am, it give me such a turn; for ever since young Squire ran away with his sisters' governess two years agone, old Squire's forbid mention of his name. I was so struck of a heap I couldn't find no answer ready.

"'Why don't you speak?' says he, fretfully.

"'Speak?' says I.

"'Yes,' he says, a-whimpering like a child. 'I want to find my boy.'

"Well, in course I was downright glad to hear that; for Master Walter was always a favorite of mine, ever since I used to show him the jackdaws' nests up in the belfry, when he were a boy. Besides, I says to myself, it's Christmas-time, and we didn't ought to feel no malice to no one, specially our own flesh and blood. So I says out loud and bold like, 'Squire, why don't ye 'tise?'

"'I'll do it,' says he, emphatic like; '*I'll do it!* Send for Ricketts, and I'll make my will this night. Send the groom over to Kendal at once.'"

"La!" cried Mrs. Flitters.

"Well, ma'am, I said, 'Won't morning do, Squire?'

"'Not a bit of it,' says he; 'send to-night.'

"So in course there was nothing for it but to send; and young Bob Trower's taken the brown filly, and gone off express to Kendal to fetch the lawyer."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Flitters; "the old Squire's a-going to die, and he can't die easy without a-doing of justice to his own flesh and blood."

"Well, I don't know about dying, ma'am. He looked mortal bad at first. But when he come to say he'd 'tise for Master Walter, he hit the counterpane most emphatic—didn't look like dying *then*."

"That Miss Rush, the governess, was a nice girl," said the landlady, reflectively.

"Yes, she were, ma'am, and a clergyman's daughter, as I've heard tell; so it weren't no low match, after all."

"No, Mr. Overbury, not in that sense; but the Squire's like a many more—thinks money every thing; and he's right, in my opinion; for, Lord! what *can* one do without it?"

"Such a woman for figures!" murmured Mr. Crotch.

"It's well to say it's 'the root of all evil,' but it's the root of all good too," said Mr. Crotch aloud; "but it's only them as has got none says that, a-trying to persuade themselves like as they don't want it."

"Ah, that's true!" said Mrs. Flitters. "There ain't no power to be charitable, nor kind, nor do good, without money; and when the purse is narrer, there's pinchings and bickerings and revilings; and this can't be done, and that can't be done, because it can't be afforded; till the master gets soured, and the missis gets worried and worn, and every thing's at sixes and sevens."

"Very true indeed, ma'am!" said the sexton.

"Therefore I say," said Mrs. Flitters, "that too much poverty's a bad job, and too much riches is a bad job; but for comfort and domestic peace, and family love and friends' respect, give me a decent independence."

"Hear! hear!" cried both her listeners.

The trio pursued the subject, after the fashion of country gossips, until it was worn threadbare; when the opportune arrival of Maria with the wild-duck and the sweet-bread, and a steaming jorum of mulled port-wine, furnished them with pleasanter matter for discussion.

II.—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

On the very same evening, and at about the same hour as the snug party above described were assembled in the bar of the Oak-apple, a young couple were sitting together, in their humble London lodging, in a state of despondency bordering upon despair.

The locality was one of those deplorable-looking, poverty-stricken streets, of which there are so many on the Surrey side of the water, and was in close proximity to the Victoria Theatre.

The room was almost entirely bare of furniture—that is, according to the notions of the generality of persons. It evidently served for both sitting and sleeping apartment. Three or four rush-bottomed chairs, a round table rickety on its legs, and a truckle bedstead much the worse for wear, constituted the chief belongings of this palatial residence. The walls were innocent both of paint and paper; and, cold as was the weather, the scanty handful of fuel which glimmered—for it could scarcely be said to burn—in the little rusty grate rather added to than diminished the gloom and discomfort which pervaded the apartment.

A young man, of from six to eight and twenty, leaned with his elbow on the mantel-piece, gazing moodily into the feeble embers. He was a fine handsome stalwart fellow, upward of six feet in height, with a noble head, well set off by a forest of chestnut hair. A mustache of a lighter shade half concealed his large white even teeth; and his eyes, of a clear liquid gray, served to complete the beauty of an exceedingly open and attractive face. The poor fellow's dress, it is true, was what is very suggestively termed "out at elbows;" but his every accent and gesture revealed the gentleman.

In a chair, close by his side, sat a sad-looking young woman—lady is the more correct term—perhaps two years his junior. There was nothing peculiarly striking about her, except the extraordinary beauty of her large dark eyes, and the great profusion of her glossy black hair. In face she was pale; in figure so *petite* as to be almost diminutive; and there was a mingled sadness and archness (archness which not even dire poverty could subdue) ... her aspect which was suggestive of Sir Walter Scott's Fenella. She was preparing some gruel, in a small tin saucepan, for a sick infant of about a year old, who wailed and fretted piteously on her lap, in spite of all his young mother's coaxing and soothing.

The young couple thus introduced were Walter Ringold and his wife, formerly the governess, Lucy Rush.

Old Squire Ringold, when he had engaged Miss Rush as governess for his younger daughters, had not listened to the warnings of Miss Ringold, a thorough woman of the world, who had hinted at the danger of throwing the attractive girl into the company of her brother Walter.

"Attractive, indeed!" said he—"that plain little dark thing! Pooh!"

"She may not be regularly pretty, papa, but she is just the sort of girl that takes the fancy of men of Walter's stamp."

"Rubbish!" thundered the Squire.

"Very well, papa, you'll see."

And the Squire *had* seen; and, like an obstinate man who will not be warned, he had, when he found out his mistake, stormed and raved and sworn, and finally forbidden his daughters ever again to mention their brother's name.

Turned out of his home, Walter Ringold had married Lucy Rush before he was able to provide a fitting living for her. Like most young men in similar circumstances, and brought up to no business or profession, he had tried his hand at a dozen different things, and failed in all. It is all very well for people ignorant of the difficulty of getting a livelihood in this hard work-a-day world to declare that "a young man can turn his hand to any thing." It may be an excellent theory, but it is not a *fact*. Young men may be willing to try "any thing;" but employers are not willing to give unskilled hands a chance.

Therefore poor Walter had run the usual gauntlet of "Why don't you try this?" and "Why don't you apply for that?" from well-to-do acquaintances of former days, until he began to lose all faith in his fellow-men. He had now met with an engagement to act as "super" in the Victoria pantomime, for which he was to receive the splendid sum of nine shillings per week.

Mrs. Ringold, having given the poor ailing infant its supper, and at last succeeded in coaxing it to slumber, proceeded to prepare her own and her husband's last (and if truth must be told, also *first*) meal of the day. The young man had received a week's pay in advance, which enabled the luckless pair to break their fast for the first time for four-and-twenty hours. The banquet consisted of a brown loaf, a couple of red herrings, and a small pot of tea—a truly regal repast to one who had been used to make a dinner off five courses, and to be served on silver plate by a whole clan of powdered-haired footmen!

The young pair commenced their meal in that sort of sad silence which often prevails between persons warmly attached to each other, when neither can find any thing consolatory to say. At last the young husband made an effort.

"I almost wish—" he commenced.

His wife looked at him with a sweet sad smile and moistened eyes.

"Not that you had never met with *me*, Walter? Don't say that, dearest!"

"No, my darling, no!" he returned, with real feeling. "I should be ungrateful indeed if I wished that; but—"

Lucy Ringold sighed, for she knew that the young man was thinking that it would have been wiser had they deferred their marriage. As indeed it *would;* for no one has the right to take upon himself the care of a wife and possible family without a fair prospect of maintaining them comfortably. The young wife said, sadly,

"Yet I sometimes wish I had never seen *you*, Walter."

"Lucy!"

"Only for your sake, dear—only for your sake! It *is* hard you should have to give up such brilliant prospects for me."

"But see what I have gained," said he, drawing her close to him and kissing her. Yet such a strange composition is human nature, that, as the young man reflected on his former luxurious home and his father's broad lands, he did for the moment feel as if he had sacrificed himself.

"Then our poor little Walter!" said Lucy, wistfully regarding the tiny occupant of the cradle.

"A—h!" exclaimed her husband between his set teeth. "Lucy, do you know I have a mind to—to— It's Christmas-time, you know."

She looked at him anxiously.

"*Yes*," he added with an air of desperate determination, "I've almost made up my mind to go and see my father."

"Oh, Walter!"

"Yes; why not? He is kind at heart, and I am his only son. Besides, the birth of this little fellow—a direct heir, mind you—may soften him. And Margaret's a good sort; she always liked you, Lucy."

"Yes, she did, until her brother loved me," said Lucy, placing her hand in her husband's.

"Well, I know Margaret did not like *that;* yet she foresaw it, and warned my father of it."

"I could not *help* loving you, Walter!" murmured Lucy, plaintively.

"I am sure I wonder who could help loving *you*, dear!" he returned. "But, however, Margaret is a good sort, and—I'll see her, I *will*."

"Why not write, dearest?" asked Lucy, timidly.

"No! Letters miscarry, and poorly express one's feelings. Nothing like a personal interview to make up a quarrel. Maggie will take to our boy, I'm sure. Yes, I'll see dear old Meg."

"But how to go?"

"A—h! Well, I'll walk!"

"*Walk* into Westmoreland, and in such weather! My dearest!"

"I can do it by Christmas-day; and if I can only see Maggie on that day of peace and good-will, something tells me all will go well."

A little of his sanguine spirit began to influence Lucy.

"But you must eat and drink, dear."

"How much money have we, Lu?"

"Just half a crown, dear."

"Wheugh! And then you and the boy must live while I am away. Well, I'll tell you what: I'll try and borrow a sovereign of old Mrs. Betts; she's a real brick, and not so poor neither. And we don't owe her any rent."

"No, thank God!"

"Well, then, I can leave you ten shillings, and ten will be enough for me. Bless you, I can often get a lift in a cart or wagon by giving the driver the price of a pint of beer."

Lucy Ringold reflected. The project seemed feasible enough. But suppose it should fail, how was Walter to return to London, and how return Mrs. Betts's sovereign if that good woman should be content to lend it? Then the engagement at the Victoria Theatre must be relinquished; and little as it was, still it was a *certainty*. However, she knew that they could not possibly live on nine shillings a week (four of which would have to be paid to Mrs. Betts); and as she, be-

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sides, really felt something of her husband's hopeful spirit rising in her own breast, she at last agreed with him that they had better risk all on one final throw; and it was resolved to apply to Mrs. Betts forthwith, and state the whole truth to her, candidly owning the risk she ran of her sovereign remaining unrepaid.

But that good woman (who owned three of the houses in the street, and had a snug little bank account besides) no sooner heard the story of the young couple than she was eager to lend them five or even ten times the sum they asked.

To this, however, Walter Ringold would not consent; but he borrowed a sufficient amount to keep his wife and child during his absence, and reserved for himself enough to travel half the way to Kendal, resolving to walk the remainder of the journey.

* * * * * *

It was Christmas-eve—the hour between seven and eight—when, amidst a shower of thick-falling snow, Walter Ringold entered his native village, which, as we have said, was in the vicinity of Kendal.

The young man, worn out with the fatigue of the journey (the latter half of which had been accomplished on foot), faint with insufficient food, and wet to the skin by the incessant snow and sleet, had not fully made up his mind how to act. His one vague idea was, to obtain an interview with his sister Margaret; and yet he hesitated to go up to the Hall. His next reflection was, that he would first call upon Mrs. Flitters, the cheery landlady of the Oak-apple, with a view to procure her co-operation. But when he approached the little inn, the lights which gleamed through the lozenged windows, as well as the sounds of laughter and more practical revelry, convinced him that the time would be ill-chosen for a private interview with the landlady; and, moreover, he shrank from presenting himself, in his present plight, to the curious gaze of those who had known him as "the young Squire."

Suddenly, as his gaze fell upon the little church tower (for the church was but a few paces distant from the Oak-apple), an idea occurred to him. The old sexton would, he knew, at eight o'clock be opening the belfry door for the admittance of the Christmas peal-ringers. He had always had a regard for the old man, who had helped him out of many a boyish scrape. He would wait in the church-yard, and, making himself known to Overbury, get him to convey a note to his sister Margaret.

The little church-yard wicket was open, and he walked in. The grave-stones, thickly covered with snow, gleamed silently peaceful in the dim moonlight; for the snow had now ceased to fall, and the moon occasionally shone out from the fleecy clouds which surrounded her. The church tower, heavily mantled with ivy, from the festoons of which depended a glittering array of icicles, almost appeared like some venerable storm-battered warrior keeping guard over the last resting-places of the departed. The chimes from the neighboring town of Kendal were borne at intervals on the still frosty air, proclaiming their heart-stirring message, "*Peace, peace, peace* on earth; good-will toward men!"

Walter Ringold leaned his throbbing forehead upon the gray buttress of the old church, and burst into tears.

A flood of old memories crowded on the young man's soul. The recollection of his childhood—of his dead mother—of a hundred former happinesses, mingled with the thoughts of his pale, patient wife, his unprovided-for child, and of all that hung upon the success or failure of his Christmas visit to his kindred. It was one of those moments of sublimity into which are crowded the hopes and fears of a lifetime.

The church clock, striking the quarter to the hour, brought his thoughts back to the everyday world. He knew that the ringers would commence at eight, and he wondered that the old sexton had not made his appearance to open the church doors in readiness for them.

But the truth was, that that worthy gentleman *had* opened the door, and, leaving it ajar (which was not perceptible from the spot where young Ringold stood), had slipped over to the Oak-apple for a social glass, preferring the company of sprightly Mrs. Flitters and her guests in the bar parlor to that of the jackdaws and starlings in the belfry.

Prompted by some curious impulse, such as seizes on all of us at times, Walter Ringold walked up to the church door, and of course discovered how matters stood; upon which he walked into the belfry, to see if by chance old Overbury might have fallen asleep while awaiting the arrival of the ringers.

There hung the eight bell-ropes, gently oscillating in the draught from the opened door, and almost seeming impatient to commence their Christmas jubilee. The young man afterward said that he could never tell how or why it happened (perhaps he was a little light-headed from fatigue and anxiety?), but seizing upon one of the bell-ropes, he pulled it with all his might.

Up jumped all the guests in the bar parlor of the Oak-apple, while the sexton, upsetting his glass in his excitement, wrathfully exclaimed:

"It's that dratted Tom Pringle, the tenor, got drunk, and begun afore the others!" And seizing his hat, he rushed across the road to the church, followed by half a score of gaping rustics.

Entering the belfry, what was the old man's astonishment to behold a stranger—shabby, travel-stained, storm-beaten, and almost wild with excitement—tugging and pulling at the luckless bell, while the perspiration induced by the labor poured down his pallid face.

"Clang, clang!" discordantly groaned the bell.

"Stop that row—*stop!*" cried the enraged sexton. "You shall be put in the stocks; you—"

But the stranger had already ceased, and, advancing toward the old man, took him by the hand, saying in a low voice which trembled with emotion, "Don't you know me, Overbury?"

At this moment the eight bell-ringers arrived.

"It's the Squire's son—it's Master Walter—it's the young Squire!" shrieked the delighted old man. "Hurrah! ring away, boys—pull the belfry down! Hurrah!"

"Oh, but my father—" began Walter.

"It's all right, I tell you!" screamed the sexton, who knew the Squire's longing for his son; nay, that the first advertisement had that very morning been inserted in the papers. "Ring away! *Now*, Tom Pringle! Look sharp, George Bush! I promise two gallons of ale among ye, and a guinea each man, in old Squire's name. *Ring away*, I tell you!"

Forth burst a loud cheer from the by-standers, and away pealed the bells, ringing out over hill and dale their hearty welcome to the young Squire—"*Peace, peace, peace* on earth; good-will toward men!"

"Come along, Master Walter!" cried the sexton, seizing the young man by the arm without ceremony. "Squire wants ye—Squire's waitin' for ye. He's 'tised for ye, I tell ye. Oh my blessed heart, but I *be* glad! Won't this make joy up yonder!"

And the good old fellow fairly blubbered as he dragged Walter toward the Hall, explaining as they went how matters stood, and how anxiously the Squire desired to be reconciled to his only son.

Never was a happier mile tramp than that in the snow on that Christmas-eve; and as the old and young man, arm in arm, went up the ascent leading to the Hall, the grand refrain still echoed in their ears: "*Peace, peace, peace;* good-will toward men!"

Need we pursue the story farther? There was joy at the old Hall that night, and such a Christmas spent in the village as even the Oak-apple had never before thought possible. Next morning an express was dispatched for Lucy and her baby; and as the young Squire bowed his head in the old church, and joined reverently in the exulting hymn, "Hark, the herald angels sing," he owned with a full heart that there is indeed a "Providence who shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

As Walter Ringold and his sisters left the church amidst the hearty yet respectful congratulations of their father's tenants, again the glorious Christmas message pealed forth from the belfry, while every heart echoed its triumphant refrain: "*Peace, peace, peace!* Peace on earth, and good-will toward men!"

A DOLL HOUSE OF OLDEN TIMES.

IF you children of the present day could only see the toys your mothers and fathers were obliged to be contented with in *their* play-hours, you would, indeed, turn up your small noses at the dolls and dolls' houses, bricks, villages, Noah's arks, and, above all, at the toy horses and carts of thirty years ago. Every time I go into a toy-shop now—and that is as often as I can possibly find an excuse for doing so—I look with wonder and admiration at the beautiful toys of all sorts, and wish I was a child again. The doll's furniture is an especial delight to me, when I remember the tin sofas and chairs with which I was obliged to be contented.

Perhaps you may like to hear a little about my doll's house, as it was my favorite toy for many years. I had often been given wretched little things called dolls' houses, but never saw one in a shop large enough to satisfy me, so I begged that a huge empty packing-case might be set up in an unused attic. I condescended to copy the smaller houses sufficiently to allow a carpenter to paint it outside in imitation of their glaring red brick walls; but whenever I wanted to show my house off I concealed its staring sides with long sprays of ground-ivy, which were neatly trained outside, just as it grows on real houses. The packing-case had also a sloping roof, which I covered with imitation slates of thick purple paper (such as sugar is sometimes sent home in), neatly nailed on with dwarf pins; my slates curled up a little sometimes, but on the whole they were tolerably satisfactory. The carpenter also divided the case into two rooms up stairs, a drawing-room and bedroom, while down stairs I had a dining-room, kitchen, and entrance hall. Alas! the stairs were forgotten until the house was so completely furnished that I had not the heart to pull it to pieces, and I date the first coldness which I felt toward this beloved toy and source of occupation from the discovery of the missing staircase. Nothing could be more methodical than the way my sister Jessie and I set about furnishing our large, ugly house. We commenced with the entrance hall, for which I made the floor-cloth of brown paper, with diamond-shaped pieces of black court-plaster arranged so as to look like the pattern you see in a real hall; we had a tin hat-stand, which I believe was hideously ugly; for although we rejoiced immensely over its arrival, we both agreed that it looked much prettier almost concealed by the coats and hats which in due time were made by patient little fingers. Oh, how I toiled at an umbrella for that hat-stand! The walking-sticks were easy enough to make, though they were sadly over-varnished; but the umbrella was terrible. At last I gave up the idea of its opening and shutting, and contented myself with a half-closed one to place in the stand. The next thing to do was to work carpets for the three rooms; for the drawing-room, shaded green with a tiny white star; the bedroom, wavy nondescript lines; and the dining-room, a wonderfully good imitation of a Turkey carpet. We only treated the kitchen to a gay hearth-rug made of layers of colored flannel. The hall mats were knitted brown wool loops, which we afterward cut and combed out; they looked capital, but were too soft. The curtains made a great improvement in the otherwise rude apertures which did duty for windows, and the paper set off the walls. The fire-place was very much "make-believe," being merely a tin one, independent of any fixture; it was such an eyesore that at last we took it away, and decreed that it should be perpetual summer. The furniture was chiefly tin, as the elegant sofas and tables of dolls' houses nowadays were quite unknown, and we had to make our own ornaments out of card-board and paint; my great grief was the want of proportion in our goods and chattels. For instance, we were given a beautiful clock for the drawing-room, but it was so big that no table would hold it, and at last it had to be placed on the floor, which distressed us dreadfully.

It took many months of play-time to furnish and arrange the house. We had great difficulty with the kitchen. Such exquisite "interiors" as exist now had never been heard of, and we were fain to content ourselves with the rudest kitchen range and hideous, impossible wooden sauce-pans and kettles. Jessie and I cried over this, and agreed that the doll cook would never be able to send up nice dinners from sauce-pans which were liable to take fire. This difficulty was got over by a suggestion of perpetual cold dinners, which made us quite happy again. As soon as we had arranged and rearranged the furniture a hundred times we began to dress the family who were to live in the house. We could get nothing better than jointed wooden dolls, with dots for features; but as there was no alternative between these and gigantic bran creatures with waxen heads, we contented ourselves with the ugly wooden ones. They were beautifully dressed by our friends and acquaintances, who took the liveliest interest in this part of the play. Some were given to a tailor, who turned them into general officers, blazing in scarlet and gold, clergymen in gowns and bands, and lastly, footmen in every conceivable livery. We had about fifty dolls altogether, and we began a sort of life drama which lasted for several months. Jessie and I acted as chorus, and made all the explanations; but we often had serious differences about the conduct of events. For instance, I would wake in a very energetic mood, and the moment Jessie opened her eyes would call out from my little bed, "Jessie, those are very bad servants; I am going to give them all warning, and there shall be a terrible row;" or else, "Jessie, we must have a tremendous accident to-day, and we must see about dressing the doctor directly after breakfast." Jessie's tastes were for balls and parties, especially christenings. The hosts of babies which we accumulated in that house! They swarmed every where; and the real cook often rebelled against the constant demand for a christening-cake, which had to be baked in a thimble, and properly iced and decorated with wee sugar-plums. The downfall and ruin of the dolls' house was owing at last to a baby. We grew tired of christening-parties, and got up a new excitement about the fiftieth baby's teeth, all founded on a discourse we overheard between our nurse and her Gossip (as she called an old woman who came to see her). The tiny wooden infant had fits in the middle of the supposed night, and we lighted a fire in the kitchen grate, composed of matches for sticks and crumpled-up paper for coal, and on this we set the wooden kettle to boil. In about five minutes the cook was on fire, and so was the nurse-maid; the flames spread to the dresser, and rapidly consumed the wooden sauce-pans. We were too frightened to stir a finger; but when the fire reached the upstairs floor, and causing it to give way, precipitated the whole family into the blazing kitchen, we rushed out for help, and amidst a tremendous scolding from nurses and governesses, the water-jugs were emptied over our poor house. Its carpets and curtains were thoroughly spoiled, the walls blackened, and the floors burned; besides which, most of the furniture melted away in the most unaccountable manner.

CONDIMENTS.

IN addition to the elements carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, which in one or another form are ingested as food, to reinstate, that is to say, the ever-wasting tissues, and to support animal heat, the stomachs of animals, more especially of mankind, need condiments. The professed cook would fare ill without his mustard, his pepper, and other tasty things whereby he makes his nutritive dishes palatable. It is hard to assign any definite value to some of these things, whereas one at least—common salt—is of real dietetic importance. In European climates, and with European food, it is hard to do without it; and although certain uncivilized races have not common access to this valuable compound, yet whenever procurable they consider it a luxury. As for pungent vegetable condiments, such as mustard, ginger, and generally the spices, probably mankind in a thoroughly simple state of nature would be all the better without them; but, once accustomed to these things, a human stomach can not do without them. Despite what physiologists may to the contrary aver, we do not eat and drink to support the mere necessities of life, but to confer a meed of enjoyment; and this being so, condiments will ever take high rank in the culinary art and science of every civilized country. In respect to some condiments the taste for them is universal. The appreciation of mankind has never changed in respect to common salt, or, if we choose to be chemical in our language, the chloride of sodium. As to others opinions widely differ, not only as to various races, but for the same race at different times. Thus, looking back into English cookery-books of ancient date, I find ginger once used as a spice condiment on occasions no cook ever dreams of now. At this time we chiefly use ginger to flavor a few drinks. It certainly does enter into some kinds of curry powder and paste, but, with this exception, I am not aware that it is ever used for meat-flavoring. Far otherwise in the time of the Plantagenets and Tudors; then ginger was made to impart its pungency to joints, poultry, and entrées. We should now deem this use of ginger repulsive; but our ancestors seem to have liked it well, otherwise they would not so continuously have used it. Saffron, again, is another condiment almost wholly gone out of use, though much employed in the English cuisine formerly. The people of Devonshire and Cornwall use saffron in certain sorts of buns, but more as an agreeable coloring matter than a condiment. Yet from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century saffron entered into the composition of meat viands with a frequency at least equal to what pepper does now. All the spice condiments proper come from the islands of the East Indian Archipelago, and hence must have been very dear in Europe before Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and thus threw open to navigators the magnificent resources of the Indian Sea. Before that time Venice monopolized the spice trade in its then limited proportions. Pepper, cinnamon, and nutmeg, mace and cloves, were then condiments for the rich alone, being nigh unobtainable by the middle and lower classes.

Its generality and importance regarded, common salt undoubtedly takes first rank among condiments. Almost every animal tissue contains it in small quantities, and nearly every vegetable. The earliest notice of common salt occurs in the Bible (Genesis, xix. 26; Leviticus, ii. 13); Homer refers to it in the ninth book of the Iliad: wherefore the testimony of its use as a condiment is very ancient.

After common salt comes mustard among condiments. To most palates mustard is agreeable, and physicians are agreed as to the matter of its dietetic use. Mustard was employed in medicine by Hippocrates, and is thus sometimes employed by European doctors now. The medicinal value of mustard, however, is inconsiderable by comparison with its value as a condiment. Two sorts of mustard plants are known, the white and the black.

Whether pepper as a condiment be next in importance after mustard, or whether it should not even take precedence of mustard, is a point admitting debate. The condimentary value of pepper, at any rate, stands very high. This spice may be procured under the two designations of white pepper and black, as is well known; the distinction, however, not being in the botany, but the mode of preparation. Pepper, white and black, comes from the same plant. All pepper is black originally as it comes to us, but the blackness resides in a superficial skin. If the berry be ground entire, then of course the powder, or rather grains, will be dark-colored; but if the cuticle be removed previous to grinding, then the ground result will have a tint more or less approaching white, though never quite white; in this consists the only difference between white and black pepper. So-called Cayenne-pepper, it is well to know, is not pepper in any true sense, not being the product of one of the piperaceæ, but of capsicum, a member of the solanaceous, or night-shade tribe.

The black pepper plant is indigenous to both the East and West Indies; it also grows in Sumatra, Java, and other islands of the Indian Archipelago. The plant is sometimes called "a vine," on account of its climbing habit, though having no botanical alliance with the grape-vine. It grows from eight to twelve feet high; the color of the pepper-corns is first green, then red, being attached to terminal flower-stalks, or spadices. The berries, so soon as they have turned red, are dried in the sun, and when dry their stalks are separated by the hand. The pepper plant begins to produce about the third year, but only comes to perfection in the seventh. It continues to be productive during three or four years, then declines for about as many more, until it ceases to be of any value. Two crops of berries are produced in the year, but the seasons of ripening are very irregular. If wholly unadulterated pepper be required, it should be purchased whole, and ground in a domestic mill. Bought in the state of powder, it is almost invariably adulterated, special ingredients being sold for this purpose. The two chief are known in commerce under the abbreviations of P. D. and D. P. D., the first signifying pepper-dust, the second dirt of pepper-dust. Both may be described as the sweepings, more or less contaminated, of the warehouses in which pepper is stored. Besides these, pepper is also frequently contaminated with dried mustard cake—a material that, on account of its pungent nature, can not be used, as linseed cake is used, for the feeding of cattle. In addition to the ordinary peppers—black and white—of domestic use, there is another kind, called long pepper. The fruit of this sort is not shaped as berries, but as elongated cylinders with rounded ends. Long pepper tastes much like ordinary white and black round pepper, but is of more use as an ingredient of cattle medicines than as a condiment for human stomachs. As regards capsicum or Cayenne-pepper, I have already stated that, not being the produce of a piperaceous vegetable, it is not a pepper in any botanical sense. Nevertheless, in deference to its usual name, we may as well get it out of hand at once. Of capsicums there are various species, all belonging to the natural family of solanaceæ, or night-shade plants—the same family to which the potato appertains, also the tomato. All the night-shade tribe are either poisonous or they have a tendency to be poisonous; to this even the potato is no exception. The two chief capsicums used for the manufacture of Cayenne-pepper are the *C. annuum* and *C. baccatum*, the latter species yielding the best sort. *Capsicum annuum*

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is a native of America, but is also cultivated in the East Indies, and to some extent in English green-houses. In tropical climates it may be regarded as a weed, growing almost every where, on all varieties of soil. The *Capsicum baccatum* is ordinarily known as bird-pepper. The pods of this sort are small, scarcely an inch in length, very narrow, and of an orange-red color. The pods are somewhat more hot than those of the kind just indicated, and, moreover, are somewhat aromatic, which the others are not. The pods of either of these, together with other species of capsicum, constitute, when ground, Cayenne-pepper. The ruddy tint of fresh-grown capsicum soon dulls and becomes unattractive when ground and exposed to light; hence genuine Cayenne-pepper ought to be very dingy in appearance. Whoever chooses Cayenne-pepper for its ruddy, fresh tint makes a great mistake. It is then almost sure to be contaminated, perhaps with red-lead, or perhaps, still worse, with red sulphuret of mercury. Red brick-dust has also been found in many of the samples of Cayenne-pepper purchased in low neighborhoods. Salt, saw-dust, mustard cake, rice, red ochre—all these things have been found in spurious Cayenne-pepper. Some years ago a man advertised what he called an economical kind of pepper. Economical indeed—the material being a compound of rice and red ochre, no pepper or Cayenne at all!

Pass we now to ginger, which among the pungent condimentary bodies takes high rank. Ginger belongs to the natural family of zinziberaceæ, and is not the root, as ordinarily stated, but an underground stalk, called by botanists a rhizoma. Ginger is produced in the West Indies—more particularly Jamaica—the East Indies, China, and Sierra Leone. In commerce ginger is distinguished into black, or coated, and white, or uncoated, these not being the produce of different plants, but of the same. If the skin or epidermis be allowed to remain, then we have black ginger; if removed, white ginger; moreover, to increase the whiteness, bleaching is sometimes had recourse to. The taste for ginger as a condiment is very prevalent, though, as already remarked, the way of using it differs greatly from that adopted by our ancestors. They used it in meat sauces, as we have seen; we restricting it—curries and mulligatawnies excepted—to the use of flavoring beverages and certain sorts of pastry. Preserved ginger needs no eulogy to recommend it, being a most agreeable sweetmeat. The best sort comes from Jamaica, an inferior sort from China and the East Indies. Ginger rhizomas used for preserving in sugar ought to be green and succulent; however, a very good preserve can be made with ordinary dry ginger by following a peculiar treatment. If the rhizomas be steeped for some weeks in a solution of weak carbonate of potash, and when soft transferred to strong sirup, the result will be a preserved ginger leaving no great room for complaint, though inferior to the renowned sweetmeat of Jamaica. Pungent as ginger is, one would hardly have expected insects to attack it. They do, nevertheless, the rhizoma being frequently worm-eaten, acari and certain larvæ being the depredators.

Few condiments are in more general repute than clove spice—produce of a tree growing in the East Indian Archipelago. Many parts of the clove-tree are odorous, but the cloves of commerce are the dried flower-buds, these being found to contain the odorous principles characterizing the spice more highly developed than any other part. The flower-stems, however, are nearly as strong; and these, broken up into small lengths, frequently mingle with the real cloves of commerce. The dried clove flower-bud with stem attached bears a striking similarity to a nail; hence the French name *clou*, from which the word clove is derived. The fully expanded flower is much less pungent and spicy than the yet undeveloped bud; hence care has to be taken lest the development proceed too far before gathering. When sufficiently ripe, the buds are collected either by hand, or else by beating or hooking down—very much as wild hazel-nuts are plucked. They are either dried by fire heat, or, what is preferable, by exposure to the sun. The chief virtue of cloves resides in a pungent volatile oil, present to such an extent that it may be forced out and made evident to the eye by pressure. By distillation most of this volatile oil may be drawn off, leaving the cloves unaltered as to shape, but of course deteriorated. The Dutch used to perform this ingenious operation, and sell the exhausted cloves afterward. They went to work ingeniously, as the following statement will manifest. It has been already remarked that so rich in volatile oil is the clove that exudation takes place on pressure. The Dutch operators, having extracted the odorous oil, made good the appearance of the same by a glaze of olive-oil—a practice altogether more ingenious than commendable. Commercial cloves being the undeveloped flower-buds, it follows that these, if not plucked, would grow into flowers, and the latter into fruit. The name of mother-clove has been given to this fruit, which but rarely finds its way to Europe. Mother-clove resembles the olive, but is smaller. Its odor and flavor are comparable to the clove, but not so strong. The Dutch occasionally make a sweet preserve of this mother fruit, and from time to time small consignments are sold in the English market.

Having a general similarity of appearance to that of cloves, pimento or allspice differs from it in being the fruit of a tree; whereas cloves, as we have seen, are the unexpanded flower-buds. Pimento is a native of the West Indies. It is chiefly cultivated in Jamaica, where the trees yielding it bound long avenues, called "pimento-walks." Being a native of America, it could hardly have been known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, Professor Clusius notwithstanding, who took allspice to be the *garyophyllon* of Pliny. The term allspice is given to pimento because the flavor of it is said to resemble that of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmegs mingled.

Cinnamon is the bark of a member of the laurel tribe, the *Laurus cinnamomum* of Linnæus. Like most of the spices, cinnamon comes from islands of the Indian Ocean, Ceylon and Java being especially celebrated for its culture. Cinnamon, in Hebrew *kinmon*, is mentioned in the Old Testament, the Hebrews having most probably obtained it from the Arabians, who at an early period had commercial dealings with India. Herodotus, among the Greeks, is the first writer who mentions cinnamon, under the name of *kinnámomon*, which is said to be traceable to the Cingalese *cacynnama* (sweet wood), or the Malayan *kaimanis*. Hippocrates used cinnamon as an external application, and Dioscorides describes several kinds of it. The Cingalese cinnamon gardens are mostly situate in the neighborhood of Columbo. The bark-peelers, or *cholíahs*, only strip young branches of the cinnamon-tree. Shoots or branches much less than half an inch or more than two or three inches in diameter are not peeled. The operation is conducted by making two opposite longitudinal incisions along the bark, or, if the branch be large, even more; then a knife-blade being thrust underneath the bark, the latter peels away. The bark is next set aside for twenty-four hours, when it is scraped on both sides. After a few hours the smaller quills are inserted within the larger ones, and the whole collection sun-dried.

Cassia bark is a spice very similar in general appearance, as also in taste, to cinnamon. The flavor is much stronger than that of cinnamon, but not so delicate; and, moreover, it leaves upon the palate a certain taste of bitterness. In Germany, Russia, and North Europe generally, as also in Turkey, it is preferred to cinnamon, on account of its greater pungency. Cassia bark occurs in much larger quills than the bark of cinnamon, and, besides, when bent will break with a clean fracture; whereas cinnamon is tough, more readily bending than breaking. How agreeable both cinnamon and cassia are as condiments one need hardly state. We use it for flavoring certain drinks, tarts, and puddings; but the chief consumption of cinnamon is in the manufacture of chocolate.

Next we come to nutmegs and mace, both spices obtained from the same tree—the *Myristica officinalis* of Linnæus. Authors are not agreed as to whether nutmegs and mace were known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, some being of opinion that the fragrant fruit called *koomakon* by Theophrastus, used for making unguents, and said to have been obtained from the Arabians, was really the nutmeg. Pliny, again, speaks of a juice expressed from this fruit—a description which is considered by some to refer to the oil of nutmeg. It would seem that the first unequivocal reference to mace and nutmegs occurs in the works of Avicenna. The nutmeg-tree is a native of the Banda Isles; it attains a height of twenty or twenty-five feet, having a general similarity of appearance to a pear-tree. Not only are the nutmeg and mace highly aromatic, but also the leaves of the nutmeg-tree. Each nutmeg is closely enveloped in its covering of mace, and the whole contained in a large fleshy mass, or pericarp. Nutmegs are especially liable to attack from an insect, which, however, only begins its ravages while the spice is yet undried. It is a great object, therefore, to complete the desiccation as soon as possible, which is effected by smoke-drying over a wood-fire for a period of about two months. When thoroughly dried the nuts rattle in their shells, which are then cracked with wooden mallets, and the worm-eaten and shriveled nuts thrown aside. Afterward they are cleaned either by dipping in lime and water—the Dutch practice—or else by having quick-lime sifted over them. Mace undergoes the preparation of drying for some days in the sun; in rainy weather, however, artificial heat is employed. Mace at first is crimson or blood-red, only acquiring the golden tint so familiar to us when three or four months old. Both nutmegs and mace are peculiar among spices for a certain narcotic quality, not dissimilar to that of opium, but much weaker.

Our sketch of condiments would be incomplete without some reference to bitter almonds—a flavoring material of great interest from many points of view. The strong odor possessed by the volatile oil of bitter almonds is familiar to most of us; yet the fact is remarkable that none of this oil can be detected in the bitter almond itself. In this case, as in mustard, the act of crushing and mingling with water develops a new product. The volatile oil of bitter almonds is violently poisonous, owing to the presence of hydrocyanic or prussic acid; it is possible, however, to separate the prussic acid from the oil without materially lessening the power of the latter as a flavoring agent. One dram of bitter almonds has killed a pigeon, and a small robust dog has been killed by twenty seeds.

PLEASURE WITH THE PAIN.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

PLEASURE WITH THE PAIN.

THE hero in this pretty picture is evidently by no means to be pitied. It is true that he has come back from the wars with a wound; but the fair fingers that are binding it up know how to assuage the smart with a balm more potent than any magic balsam ever known to the old knights of chivalry. This wound is not so dangerous, in sooth, as that which he is about to receive from the well-aimed shaft of the little god close by. Let us hope that the new hurt will as speedily be healed, and that by the homeopathic method, *similia similibus curantur*.

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Étagére for Shoes.

THIS étagére consists of four upright posts of carved oak, each of which is five feet long; they are joined at the top by a polished oak board two feet and a third long and one foot and a third wide. At the back and sides of the étagére, at intervals of ten inches, the posts are joined by carved oak bars, the ends of which are finished by a round knob (see illustration). For each of the five compartments of the inside of the étagére prepare a double strip of brown enameled cloth thirty-two inches long and twelve inches wide; bind this piece with light brown worsted braid an inch wide, and ornament the ends with embroidery of light brown soutache and brown worsted fringe. Stretch these pieces over each two opposite side bars of the étagére, letting the ends hang down evenly, and fasten them to the bars with small tacks, stretching them tightly, and letting them take the place of shelves. Cover the back of the étagére smoothly with brown merino, and furnish the front with a curtain of the same. Finish the top of the étagére with fringe.

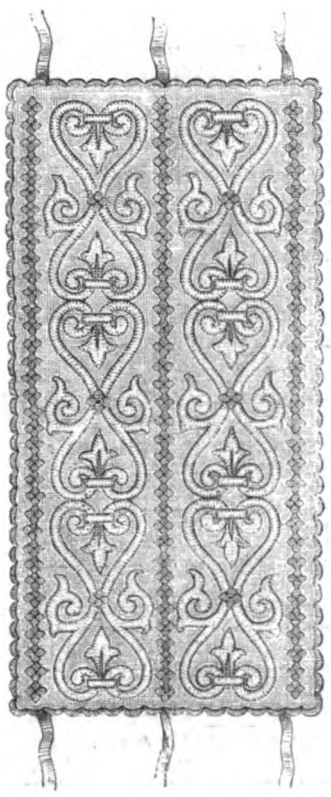


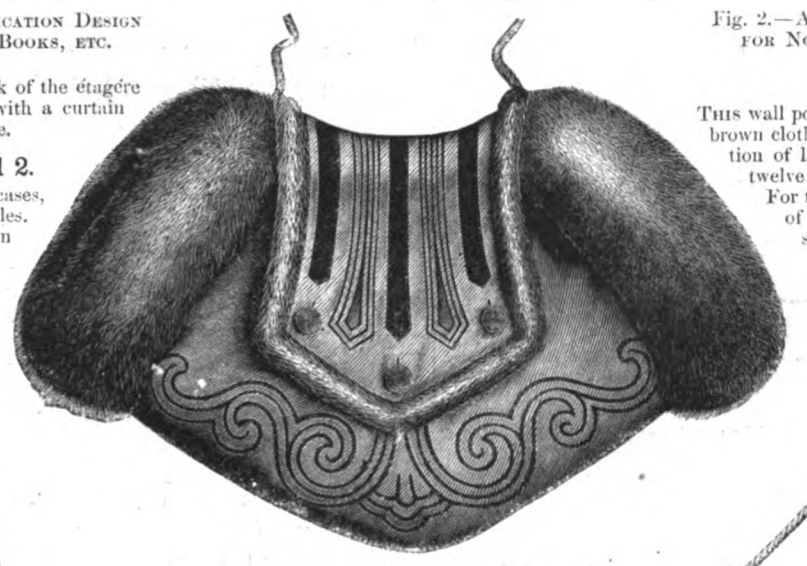
Fig. 2.—TIDY FOR SOFA PILLOW.
[See Page 52.]
For design see Supplement, No. XXX., Fig. 70.

Fig. 1.—APPLICATION DESIGN FOR NOTE-BOOKS, ETC.

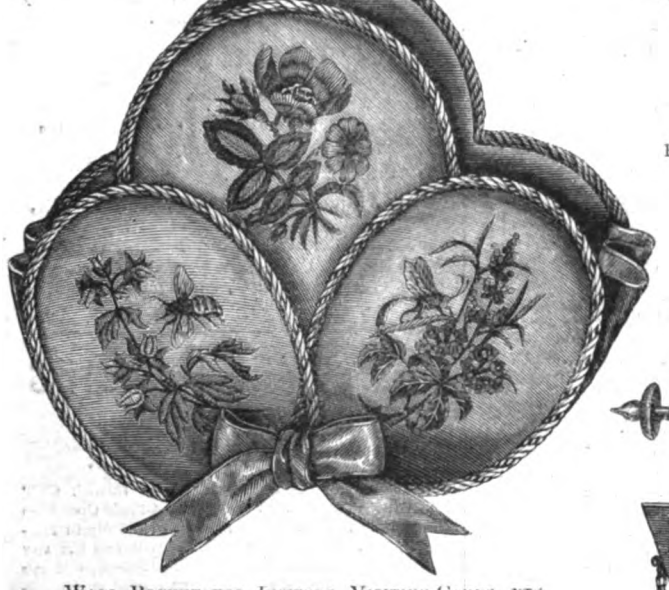
ÉTAGÉRE FOR SHOES.

Designs for Note-Books, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE designs are suitable for ornamenting cigar-cases, album-covers, note-books, and various other articles. Work them on a silk, satin, velvet, or other foundation in application satin stitch and point Russe embroidery. To execute the embroidery, silk and satin bits and silk twist of various colors are required, the colors being chosen, of course, to harmonize with the ground.



EMBROIDERED TRAVELING MUFF.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Figs. 63 and 64.



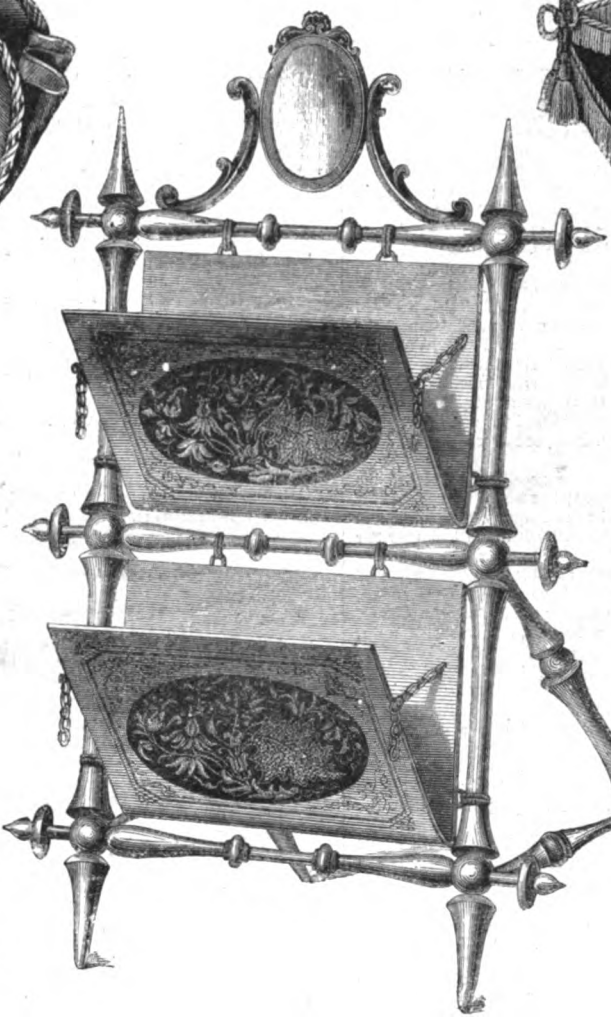
WALL POCKET FOR LETTERS, VISITING-CARDS, ETC.

Embroidered Traveling Muff.

THIS muff is made of green cloth, and is furnished with a fur lining and cotton batting interlining. It is trimmed with strips of dark green velvet, green silk cord, and fur. To make the muff, cut from Fig. 63, Supplement, two pieces, and from Fig. 64 one piece, taking the material double. Trim the outer half of the muff with the embroidery, and in this part cut the slit designated on Fig. 63. With the edges of this slit join a pocket that must come on the inside of the muff. Trim the flap as shown by the illustration, and bind the side and under edges with fur. Join the halves of the muff at the upper and under edges, in doing which sew in the flap according to the corresponding figures. Line the muff with cotton batting and fur. Bind the side edges with fur, and furnish the muff with buttons and button-holes.

Wall Pocket for Letters, Visiting-Cards, etc.

THIS wall pocket is made of card-board, covered with red satin, and embroidered in satin stitch with several shades of red silk twist. The side pieces are made of red satin taken double. Coarse red silk cord and a bow of red satin ribbon complete the trimming. Cut for the front three oval pieces—the middle piece must be five inches and three-fifths long and four inches wide, and the two outside pieces each four inches long and three inches and one-fifth wide. Cover each of these parts with satin on both sides, having previously embroidered the satin coming on the outside. For the designs the medallions given in our last Number may be used. Edge the middle part with silk cord, sew the two outside parts on the middle part, and edge them also with silk cord. Cut for the back of the pocket a piece of card-board, the contour of which must correspond to the contour of the front. Cover this piece with red satin on both sides, edge it with silk cord (arranging the latter in three loops at the top of the pocket, as shown by the illustration), and join it with the front by means of the side pieces; each of the side pieces consists of a strip of red satin eleven inches and a half long and two inches and two-fifths wide, which must be laid together at half of its length, and the open ends arranged in two pleats each three-fifths of an inch wide; these pleated edges must come together in the middle of the bottom of the pocket. Cover the seam made by joining them with a bow of red satin ribbon, as shown by the illustration.

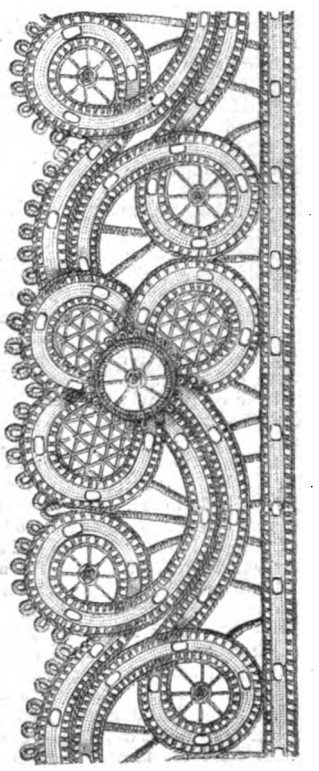


ÉTAGÉRE FOR NOTE-PAPER.

Point Lace Border.

THIS border is worked with point lace braid, in which openings are woven at regular intervals, and fine linen thread in point lace embroidery. For the manner of executing this see Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 11, Vol. III.

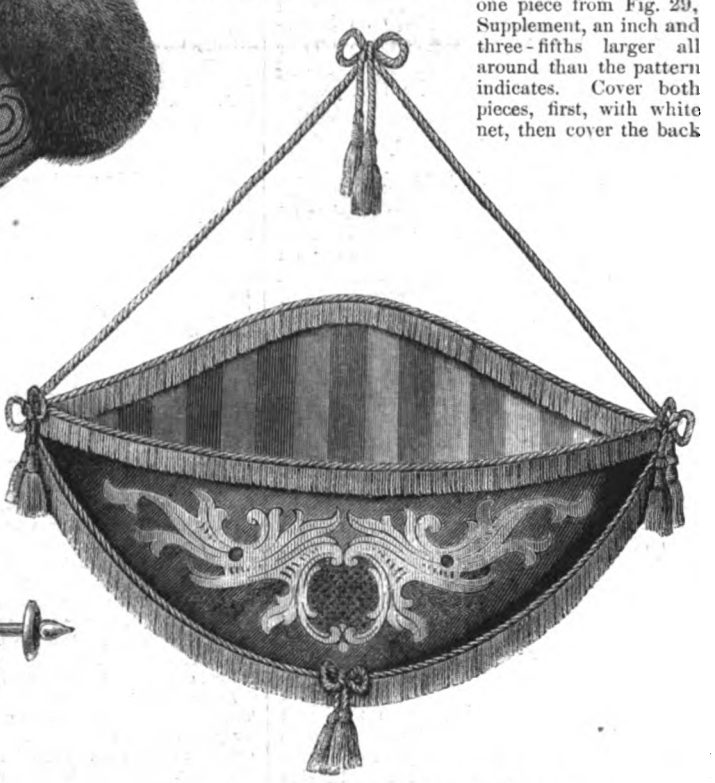
Fig. 2.—APPLICATION DESIGN FOR NOTE-BOOKS, ETC.



POINT LACE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Wall Pocket for Needle-Work.

THIS wall pocket, which is used to hold needle-work, is made of dark brown cloth. The front of the pocket is ornamented with application of light brown cloth and brown silk twist. The pocket is twelve inches deep and eighteen inches and two-fifths wide. For the back of the pocket cut of thick pasteboard one piece of the depth and width above mentioned, and of the shape shown by the illustration. For the front cut of pasteboard one piece from Fig. 29, Supplement, an inch and three-fifths larger all around than the pattern indicates. Cover both pieces, first, with white net, then cover the back of the pocket with brown cambric on the under side, and the outside with dark and light striped brown merino. Cover the front of the pocket with brown cloth on both sides, having previously embroidered that coming on the outside as shown by the illustration, and partially indicated on the pattern. Overhand the front and the back of the pocket together, and trim it with cord, fringe, and tassels of brown worsted, as shown by the illustration. Worsted cords serve to hang up the pocket.



WALL POCKET FOR NEEDLE-WORK.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 29.

EMBROIDERED MUSIC STAND.

Embroidered Music Stand.

THIS music stand consists of a carved frame of oak, to which are suspended, by means of brown silk cord, two port-folios, as shown by the illustration. These port-folios are covered with brown leather; in the front of the port-folio insert a piece of brown velvet, which must be embroidered in satin stitch with several shades of brown silk. Two chains of bronze links are fastened to the back of each port-folio, and two brass buttons to the side edges of the front. By means of these chains and buttons the port-folios may be closed, more or less tightly, by slipping any link over the button. In the top of the frame is a small looking-glass, as shown by the illustration. A picture may be substituted for the looking-glass, or a medallion may be inserted of brown velvet, embroidered with different shades of brown silk in satin stitch, to correspond to those on the sides of the port-folios.

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A YOUNG CRUSOE.

WHO can not remember the delight of their first introduction to "Robinson Crusoe?" I devoured the book; over and over again I read it, and at last I announced to mamma that I absolutely refused to live in a house, but intended building a hut on a certain island in the river. Mamma would not entertain the idea, but compromised matters by telling me I might "emigrate," if I would promise to return at night. The midsummer holidays had brought a flock of cousins to stay with us, and they joined heartily in the emigration scheme. We collected every thing which we could possibly want, made ourselves canvas pouches, which were filled with bread, biscuits, fruit—in fact, provisions for the day—and off we started after breakfast to do as we liked all through its bright hours. We took an immense time penetrating a wood, because we pretended that the children, represented by an array of dolls, required to rest very often, and constantly cried for milk. I remember my sister Jessie's sweet little anxious face, and her great dark eyes filling with tears at the discovery of Cousin Reggy having drunk up all the babies' milk, and she was deeply wounded at his rudely dispelling the illusion by saying, "Nonsense! they're only dolls; come along!" We waded through the shallow summer stream, and spent an hour or two very happily among the tangle of blackberries and woodbine which constituted the wilderness of our island. Still it was rather unsatisfactory—the midges bit us a good deal, and we all grew a little cross; so we returned very willingly to tea. I made up my mind that we were trying to emigrate on too large a scale, so I proposed to the "women and children" that they should remain behind for a day or two while we went first and prepared a home. This plan was eagerly adopted by most of the little girls, only one or two adventurous spirits preferring to accompany me as pioneers. We found a place much farther off, and chose to consider it necessary to make an embankment the first thing; we worked desperately hard all day, and returned in so dreadful a mess at night that the nurses were set to work instantly to prepare "emigrating clothes," and upon our next expedition we were arrayed in blouses covering us up entirely. I decided at last upon emigrating by myself, accompanied only by a little dog, who seemed contented and pleased with every thing, for all the other children were so dreadfully particular. They got hungry and thirsty and tired; they whimpered if the brambles scratched them, and there were constant cries of, "I want to go home!" whereas I never minded any discomfort—in fact, I rather liked it, as it was more like my ideal of the real thing; so the others staid at home, and I emigrated alone day after day until it was put a stop to, partly because I set my blouse on fire by trying to get up a blaze to clear away some brush-wood, and also there were complaints that I made too great a mess of every country I tried to colonize.

HONITON LACE.

THE usual type of Honiton lace consists of sprigs made separately, like Brussels lace, on a pillow, and then *appliquéd* or sewn on to a net ground. In the last century this was a plain pillow-ground made of the finest Antwerp thread. Five dollars a yard, scarce two inches in width, was paid for this ground. The ordinary way of paying for veils of this fabric was (as jewelers now weigh sovereigns against gold chains) by spreading shillings over them, and giving as many as covered the lace. The last specimen of this "real" ground made in Devon was the marriage veil of the late Mrs. Marwood Tucker, about forty-five years ago. It was with the greatest difficulty that workers were procured to make it, and the ground of it alone, which resembled a series of small circular loops alternating with straight threads, cost a hundred and fifty dollars. At present the sprigs are generally sewn, as they are completed by the work-women, on blue paper, and then united by another hand either on the pillow by "cut-works" or "purling," or else joined with the needle by various stitches. The patterns of these sprigs are in the first place pricked with needles on a kind of shining brown millboard known as "parchment paper," by women, who often devote themselves exclusively to this branch of the business. Among the commonest sights of a fine summer evening in East Devon are the lace-makers, each seated at her door, with their lace-pillows (which resemble thick circular pads) on their laps, and the small children around them on their little stools, all busily occupied in making these sprigs, whether "turkey-tails," "blackberries," or "stars." Similarly, in winter, the steady "click, click, click" of their pins proceeds from every cottage, just as in a Nottinghamshire village is heard the incessant jar and rattle of the stockingers' frames.

As with silk-weaving and blanket-making, so Honiton lace-making was introduced into England by the Flemish refugees from Alva's tyranny in the sixteenth century. The delicate fabric whose secret they brought with them was called in England at first *passamayne*, or *bone lace*, because, says Fuller, sheep's trotters were used in making it, instead of wooden bobbins, which had not at that time been invented. The Devon lace-makers, on the contrary, say, from tradition, that when these refugees taught lace-making in their county, pins, which were so indispensable to their craft, were too dear for general use, so their place was supplied by the bones of fish cut into proper lengths. Even in those days the lace-makers were mostly the wives of fishermen living along the coast, and they naturally betook themselves to what lay closest at hand, in preference to using pins, which, by a statute of 35 Henry VIII., were not to be sold at more than six shillings and eight-pence per thousand, and so might be thought to have been within the reach of their purses. At the present day pins made from chicken bones are employed in Spain, and in Portugal, also, bone pins are used.

Honiton lace, like Trolly lace—which differs from it, however, in being composed of coarse thread—is made on a pillow by the aid of box-wood pins. These are often curiously marked with names or initials branded upon them. These bone or wood bobbins, some ornamented with glass beads, the more ancient with silver let in, are the calendar of a lace-maker's life. A romance frequently lives in each pin—this one being stamped with a lover's name, who presented it perhaps long years ago, this one bearing a grandmother's maiden name, another showing by its stamps that it has descended from two or three generations, and so on. In the sedentary, uneventful life of a lace-maker, it is touching to note these cherished evidences of romance and sentiment.

The picturesque village of Beer, near the chalk headland of the same name, so famous of old for smugglers, is now celebrated for its exquisite Honiton lace. Here the Queen's wedding dress was made, at a cost of $5000; it is composed of Honiton sprigs connected on the pillow by a variety of open-work stitches. The Princess Royal, Princess Alice, and Princess of Wales also wore wedding dresses of Honiton point made at Beer and the neighborhood. Capital workmanship in this lace was shown at the International Exhibition of 1862, but the patterns were conventional and clumsy—arabesques, medallions, and poor imitations of nature. Hence may be traced in great measure its decline in public estimation, though its costliness must always militate against its general use.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IOWA.—Rubber gloves cost $1 a pair, and should be chosen two or three sizes larger than a kid glove. We can not give you the address here. Old kid gloves, large and roomy, or else buckskin gloves, are equally good for doing house-work in.

MARIE N.—Plum-color is decidedly the most fashionable color for street suits this winter. Next to plum the choice is nut brown or invisible green. Navy blue is still worn, but was too popular last season to be in favor now with lovers of novelty. After all, the best dressed ladies seen on the promenade are in black costumes, either cashmere, silk, or velvet. But velveteen has somewhat lost favor.

M. M.—Black cloth can not be dyed blue. Why do you object to wearing a black cloth suit? If trimmed with Astrakhan cloth or fur, or with black marten, it will be very stylish. Try chloroform for taking grease out of cloth.—Tell your borrowing neighbors positively that you intend to preserve your *Bazars* and have them bound, and that you have determined to quit lending them.

MRS. C. J.—All your inquiries about velvet and cloaks were answered in *Bazar* Nos. 46 and 47 of Vol. III.

A. B. A.—Trim your gray empress cloth with three bias folds, and a narrow side pleating of the material straight around the skirt. Put two folds on the sacque and sleeves.

MRS. M'G.—The curtains of your room should be of reps to match the furniture, or if you have hair-covered furniture, use rich maroon, blue, or brown reps, according to the predominating colors in your carpet. For the bay-window of your library have Holland shades next the street, and a lambrequin of reps in the arch. Have large pillows, almost square, and use square overlays above your pillow-slips, with a cluster of small tucks, and Coventry or other ruffling around the edge two or three inches wide. Your initials or monogram should be embroidered in large letters in the centre.—Smilax, ivy, and tradescantia are good climbing plants for brackets. Numerous varieties of monthly roses may be found at florists, from which you can choose to suit your taste in color.

DÉBUTANTE.—Your brown silk dress with or without an over-skirt, and prettily trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, will be pretty for the occasion mentioned. Postillion basques have almost done away with sashes, though ribbon sashes, wide, short, and bunchy, are worn with round waists. Linen cuffs edged with Valenciennes will do for you; but lace frills at the wrist are preferred for full dress.

A GREENHORN.—Lama points are much worn draped as over-skirts over silk dresses. Let the point hang straight from the waist in the back and front, and loop it high on the sides with ribbon bows.

FUSSY.—Your sample is a kind of Astrakhan cloth. To remodel the shape, use the cut paper pattern of the wrap in the suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III., or in No. 50, Vol. III. Use velvet without the braid for trimming. When a bride is married in white, whether at home or at church, it is customary for her to wear a veil, though it is often dispensed with. Do not press open the seams of a silk skirt, but overseam them and press them together.

AN OLD FRIEND.—There *are* excellent American silks of pure fibre and fine lustre; but we think the best outlay of your money will be in a Lyons gros grain. There are rich thick-corded black silks to be had now for $2 75 a yard. It has become almost an impossibility to decide about the merits of black silk, as some of the most reliable brands have failed to wear well, cracking and splitting during the first season of use. Get a soft silk with even threads, rather coarse grain, blue-black, demi-lustrous, and with a colored or white selvedge. Linen collars, straight behind and turned-over points in front, with Valenciennes edging, are most worn, with sailor ties of soft twilled silk cut on the bias. The easiest way to make the sailor tie is to knot one end of the scarf and pass the other through the knot. The Nilsson bow of a color to match is a small bow of ribbon an inch and a half wide worn on top of the head, with ends hanging down over the chatelaine braids.

MOURNING.—Wear your square Thibet cloth shawl folded straight like a scarf over any black suit. If you object to this, cut it up for an over-skirt, simply hemmed and amply draped. Put deep kilt pleating around the skirt of your Biarritz cloth, and let the long over-skirt fall below the top of the pleats, thus giving the effect of a skirt made entirely of pleats. If your over-skirt is open in front, let the pleats extend all the way to the belt on the front width. This arrangement, or else bias folds three or four inches wide, is the style for mourning suits.

ANNIE L.—Of course only brides wear orange blossoms. If you insist upon using a white coiffure, get carnations, rose-buds, camellias, any thing, in fact, but orange blossoms.

FANNY.—The bishop's lawn suits will be worn again next summer. A close-fitting basque, short in front, square, and longer behind, with duchesse sleeves, will be handsome for the corsage. A band of narrow tucks and a box-pleated frill for trimming. A plain skirt, with a fanciful double tunic, trimmed with a cluster of tucks and a frill. If softer material, such as mull and nansook, are used, the trimming will be insertion of duchesse lace, and a ruffle of the goods, half of muslin, half of duchesse lace.

MARY.—Make your black silk to touch or just escape the ground, a long over-skirt, and a postillion basque. Trim with narrow ruffles of the material. Ladies making up black silks now object to putting velvet trimming on, as the season is advanced, though it is probable that velvet will be worn far into the spring.

JANE R. H.—Thin crape, or French crape, as it is called, to distinguish it from thicker China crape, is now much used for over-skirts and for pleated flounces on silk dresses for evening wear. Your lavender crape with Valenciennes lace will be pretty on your old pearl-colored silk.

HENRY R.—We do not give addresses in this column, and we can not reveal the names of our contributors.

M. R. S.—Sailor hats are not much worn at present. They are too cold for midwinter. A plain little Pompadour hat of felt, with velvet trimming, is pretty for a young girl.

M. G. H.—We give no cut patterns of the patterns in the Supplement. With the description given in the *Bazar* of the cut patterns, you can not fail to see how they should be put together.

MRS. M., OF TROY.—Plush jackets are not much worn by ladies this season. Velvet, fur, and beaver cloth are preferred for paletots. The plush will be the prettiest thing you can get for your little daughter's cloak. Make a long sacque, with large pearl buttons, and make leggings to match.

INQUISITIVE SUBSCRIBER.—Read answer above to "Henry R." The vest-casaque and the Worth basque are worn both in the house and street. A cloth paletot, a fur jacket, or else a square shawl folded scarf fashion, is worn with such suits. Many ladies wear gray twilled cotton under-waists and sleeves, and line their casaques or basques with flannel, thus making a suit warm enough for the street. The sleeves of the under-waists are coat-shaped, and are covered above the elbow with the material of the dress; the basque sleeves are half-flowing and open to the elbow.

MRS. ANNA N.—Guipure lace is more worn this season than it has been for years. It will trim your black satin dress very well.

SUBSCRIBER.—We can not imagine what difficulty you can find in making the simple baschlik hood in *Bazar* No. 51, Vol. III. You probably do not put on the pleating and strings properly. The directions given for making are very ample.

INQUIRER.—White holland shades *are* used in windows all winter. Satin or moreen curtains give the warm look necessary. It is a matter of taste whether or not you have drapery in the arch of your bay-window. Many handsome parlors have merely white shades or lace drop curtains next the street, leaving the entrance to the bay-window untrimmed, or perhaps with a lambrequin.

M. A. T.—Hold your plumes near the fire, and curl them over a knife.

J. M.—It is the style this winter to wear a black silk under-skirt with colored over-skirts and basque, instead of the black over-skirt worn last year. Of your gray goods make two skirts and a basque by cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III., or in No. 50. Use black velvet or velveteen for trimming, and the suit will not look like mourning.

WIDOW.—Use fine stiff tarlatan, and sew on the crimped border very closely, and we think it will remain puffed.

HANNAH.—It will be safe for you to use the cut paper pattern of the upper skirt belonging to the suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III., as that does not cut up the material much, and is very little trimmed, and therefore will be more easily altered than many others when there is a change in the fashion.

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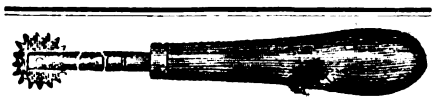

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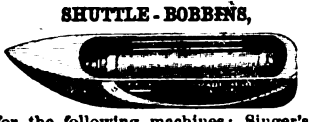

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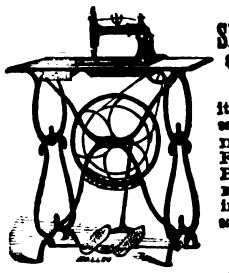

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FACETIÆ.

THE beauty of metallurgical mines is that they are so obliging, the metals being invariably found in loads (lodes).

IRISH BOY (*chaffing*). "I praysume, Sor, a man may du as he loikes?"
SERGEANT. "Certainly, my fine fellow."
PAT. "Then, Sor, I shall inlist in the Fourth, becase I've a brother in the Fifth, and I want to be next him."

A CHATTER-BOX—The talking-machine.

A GRATE-COAT—Blacklead.

"THE FIVE GREAT POWERS"—Love, Money, Ambition, Revenge, and a Good Dinner.

FOOT-PADS—Bunion plasters.

STRANGE EMPLOYMENT.—Mrs. Partington is very proud of her youngest son, who has a poetical turn. One evening lately she excused his absence from the family circle by saying that he was busy apostatizing the moon.

HIGHWAYMEN — Mountaineers.

A gourmand friend of ours, writing from Paris, complains that they have plenty of *sorties* but no *entrées*.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—In the eyes of a thoughtful confectioner, the ground covered with snow resembles nothing so much as a huge bride-cake.

ANOTHER NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—More disappointment arising out of the title of a book! An enterprising young farmer, always on the watch for information, indeed an enthusiast in his profession, ordered "Rain upon the Mown Grass," and found it was—Sermons!

When the little nigger boy wanted to attend his father's funeral he asked the schoolmaster for a holiday to go a-blackberrying.

What's been up lately?—Umbrellas.

What ought to have been?—Another "ought" on the governor's check.

What ordinarily accompanies a goose dinner?—Stuffing.

"Well, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Jones, "if I'm any thing I'm a Unitarian. What religion are you?" "I ain't quite sartin what they calls it, but my old man says he's a Vegetarian."

VERY CERTAIN—That men who "reckon without their host" possess some knowledge of arithmetic.

HOUSE-BREAKERS—Shells during a bombardment.

THE REASON WHY.—"Goodness gracious, Constance, what do you mean by all those knots in your scarf?" "Well, you see, dear, my memory being so bad, I usually knot my pocket-handkerchief; but this cold weather I find *this* sort of thing more convenient."

They are fond of titles in the East. Among his other high-sounding titles the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as though he had prepared for a long *reign*.

THE RESULTS OF DISSIPATION.—A rumor is afloat that the man who dived into futurity came up drowned in tears, and has since been in the depths of despair. He is now better, having dipped into a book.

A PARDONABLE REMARK.—The wife of an opera-dancer presented him with twins. Every body, of course, said that he was a pa *de deux*.

"WISE IN HIS GENERATION."

"Your Advice as a Man of the World, Gus. Which of the Two Misses Wilson shall I take in to Supper? There they are by the Mantel-piece." "Well, if you take the Handsome one, you'll have to Flatter her; if you take the other, she'll Flatter *you*. To a Man who doesn't want to Marry, like yourself, I should recommend the first, as by far the less Dangerous of the Two."

ASTONISHING FACT.

LADY (*who is rather plain*). "My dear Cecil, when you have your Photograph taken, you should always go to a good Place, where the Man is an Artist. I had mine Done the other day, and it is *quite Beautiful!*"

ALPHABETICAL RIDDLES.

What letters do we like green?—P's.
What letter do dustmen recognize?—D.
What letter is most useful to cattle?—A.
What letter speaks for yourself?—I.
What letter smacks of honey?—B.
What letter suits sailors?—C.
What letter do the uneducated ignore?—H.
What letter should drivers use?—G.
What letter suits London excursionists?—Q.
What letter is most refreshing?—T.
Who are the above letters for?—U.

Mrs. Partington says that since the invention of the needle-gun there is no reason why women shouldn't fight as well as men.

SHOP-LIFTERS—Plenty of good customers.

THE FIRST THEATER—The theatre of war.

A merchant, not overconversant with geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed: "Jeopardy, Jeopardy; where's that? At any rate, I'm glad the ship's got into port."

HINTS ON CLOTHING, OUTFITTING, AND FASHION.—A good and useful *Suit*—For Solicitors. A Garibaldi—For the French. Continuations—For prosy Authors. Hose—For the Fire Department or a Highland Regiment. Falls—For Lady Skaters (we hope not). *Fast* Colors—Girls of the Period. A large Assortment of Prints—For Picture Fanciers. *Glossy* Silks—To those who indulge, and the vain in general. *Poplins*—For Pawnbrokers. Pantaloons—All kinds for Theatrical Managers at this Season. *Counter-pins*—*Not* sometimes for Cribbage Players. Serge—For Sailors. Mantel-pieces—For all *grate* men. *Tabby*-nets—For Old Maids. Stocks—High ones for Speculators. Royal *Rib*bed—Some exceptional articles and specimens of this material will be shortly on view.

WANT OF TACT.

Remarking to a fat man, "May your shadow never be less!"

Saying to a friend, whose nasal organ is not conspicuous for beauty, that something is as plain as the nose on his face.

Asking a deaf man whether he hears good accounts from his son.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

Clandestine marriages are the rule among the cryptogamous plants.

The most remarkable instance of a hybrid animal is the cricket-bat.

The guinea-pig is not worth a guinea at the present day.

Is your dog too noisy? Try and cure him homœopathically, by administering a dose of bark.

Of all the birds the chaffinch possesses the greatest powers of banter.

You may safely take a bull by the horns, if they are tipped.

An appropriate present for a zoologist would be a bunch of seals.

The goat-sucker, when hard pressed, has been known to make shift with a kid glove.

In his "Anecdotes of Dogs" Jesse has omitted to mention the instance of the polite dog, which bit a piece out and replaced it.

The camel is said to have several stomachs. Let us hope the camel is not troubled with indigestion. It would be too horrible.

Live oysters "bred upon tiles." What hard fare for the poor natives! It is a wonder they survived it.

PROVERB FOR A SHOWER—Half a parasol is better than no umbrella.

PRECOCIOUS MEMORY.

INFANT DANCER. "La! Mamma, you surely are not going to Dance with the Gentleman. Yesterday you said he was a mere Baboon."

GROWING WEATHER FOR CONVICTION.

Stubbles has been Thrown Out ("Off" as well, we rather Fancy), it's Sleeting Cats and Dogs, he has Lost his Way on the Marshes, his Horse is Dead Lame, and he has not even a Cigar—and begins to think, with Mr. Bergh, that Hunting is Cruel!

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 5.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.

THIS elegant and useful wrapper, of which the accompanying illustrations show front and side views, may be made of any material, and is equally adapted for winter or summer use. The original is of white cashmere, faced with purple silk thinly wadded and quilted. The blue silk pelerine collar is also wadded and quilted.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern is in eight pieces — front, back, side piece, coat-sleeve, flowing sleeve, pelerine collar, facing for front, and facing for bottom of skirt. The wrapper has one dart in front. The back is gored to the arm-hole, and has no seam in the middle. A pleat in each side gore gives sufficient fullness at the back for the panier. The wrapper is about three inches looser than the natural waist, and is confined with a cord and tassels, or with a belt of the same material. Line throughout with some soft material, and face the bottom and front with silk cut from the pattern. Quilt the facing and collar with one row of straight stitching three-eighths of an inch from the edge, and the remainder in small diamonds. The flowing sleeve is sewed plainly into the arm-hole with the coat-sleeve, and is faced with silk eight inches wide, wadded and quilted. The pelerine collar is made of silk, and quilted like the wrapper and sleeve facings. Close the front with hooks and eyes, and trim with frog buttons four inches apart.

The pieces are all notched to prevent mistake. Every piece of the pattern has the name printed thereon. Baste up and try on, wrong side out, before sewing.

Quantity of material (for medium-sized person), 27 inches wide, 9 yards.

Silk for facing, 3 yards.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.

[Cut Paper Pattern of this entire Suit, to fit any Figure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.]

A TALK ABOUT CULTURE.

THE means of culture, and especially of formal culture, have been greatly increased. Within a few years we have witnessed not only a multiplication of these agencies, but a decided advance as to their intrinsic worth. We are not speaking of the ordinary machinery of education, but of culture. And by culture we mean that more general and indefinite progress of taste and intelligence which marks the history of high civilization. Taken in this broad aspect, the aids to culture have recently been much augmented.

Any one of these auxiliaries might be chosen as an example of the entire class. The daily and weekly newspapers—those, at least, which have acknowledged merit—may be specified as illustrating the point. Aside from the current news, these papers address thoughtful and refined intellect on the leading questions of the day, and that too in a way peculiar to themselves, and in exact accordance with the better sort of popular demand. Not only is this literature thoroughly sensible as to the idea on which it is produced, but as an offset to the stiff and cumbersome pedantry that once marked such discussions, it has had a most healthy effect on all modes of writing. Good thoughts and great thoughts, thanks to newspapers, are now easily accessible. They are within the reach of average common-sense, and likewise within the reach of the average purse. This is just as true of magazines, of books, of lectures, and all the instruments of popularized intellect. Scholars, so called, often reproach these agencies as having come down to the level of the multitude. But not so. Had they descended to this level, they would have lost their power as teachers. They have only adapted the means to the end, and given both means and end a broader compass.

But this immense multiplication of the means and opportunities of culture has its unfavorable side. Its value granted, it is still mere machinery. The real worth is in the use we make of its helps. Few get any proportion of the benefit they might derive from them. And this proceeds from the superficial way in which they are regarded. Superficial things may be treated in a superficial manner; light reading may be read in a light mood; but certainly this is not culture. The better class of articles should be read for educative effect, and, indeed, the best of them may be thoughtfully studied. Some art is necessary to select, and still greater art to know how to read. To winnow the wheat from the chaff is something, but you have yet to make the flour, the bread, the blood. This is your work, not the author's. You must do it by virtue of good reading habits, and these consist in clear and exact impressions of your author's thoughts, in wakeful and sensitive powers of association, in ready and facile suggestiveness, and in the constant and overruling presence of that creative skill which combines ideas in new forms. A man should rarely read for mere information. What he most needs is instruction, training, disciplinary method, and he can only get these by making his mind an active party to the thoughts of other minds. Culture demands this at his hands, and it will not yield its claims to knowl-

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edge, which is always its envious rival and too often its counterfeit.

Culture is not a substitute for education. But, nevertheless, it has its own sphere, its appliances, its specific sort of growth, and its exclusive advantages. It brings out individuality more genuinely, freshly, and fragrantly than education. It has an aroma that is refreshing. Its vitality has an Apollo air, buoyant and ethereal. It is full of the freedom of spontaneousness, and it redeems impulse from the vulgar associations of fanaticism and enthusiasm. But culture has its enemies—other and greater than the Philistines. Superficialness is its worst foe. Culture requires neater and more refined methods than education. Dealing with subtler elements, working by finer laws, aspiring to more spiritual results, it must needs be more precise and exacting. It aims to make men of a superior type to that which the counting-room, the exchange, the halls of public justice, and the business of statesmanship require. What its office truly is, we see in such men as have expanded themselves beyond the limits of technical education. Just now we need cultivated minds much more than educated minds; and it were well for us if, while our old systems of education are universally breaking up, we could carry into our new schemes something of the joyousness and the grandeur of genuine culture.

AN INVOCATION.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Be bold, heart, be bold!
In the warm days of old
Hearts were not bought and sold—
Love was not pawned for gold!

Be wise, heart, be wise!
Time borrows wings, and flies;
Seek that which satisfies;
Waste not to-day in sighs!

Be true, heart, be true!
As you'd be done by, do;
Where the seed fell it grew—
Heart's-ease ne'er brought forth rue!

Be great, heart, be great!
There lives no potentate
Ruling such vast estate
As you rule, in trust for Fate!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

☞ *Our next Number will contain a great variety of patterns and illustrations of Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Infants' Winter Cloaks, Hats, Dresses, Wrappers, Basques, Jackets, Trousers, Vests, Lingerie, Muffs, Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Lady's Gored Wrapper, on our first page, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For the complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published, see Advertisement on page 79 of this Number.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Monuments and Ruins.

MY DEAR JAMES,—The other day Rudolph said to me that America to the imaginative mind is painfully new and bare; that it has no poetic traditions, no monumental remains, castles, cathedrals, towers, or palaces; that it has no fine old ruins, no Melrose, Heidelberg, Coliseum, or Pompeii; that there are no spots hallowed by old poetry and song; and thereupon he told me his favorite story of the Scotchman whom he met at Niagara, and with whom he wandered about Goat Island all day, while the foreigner quoted Scotch song and legend suggested by the scene, until Niagara, under the glamour of Scotch poetry, became a hundred times more beautiful than it ever was before. Rudolph spoke with such a lofty and forbearing pity of the poor American continent that I was really very sorry for it, and I told him that I had no doubt that it would have done a great deal better if it had only had more time, and that I did not despair of seeing it a very respectable country yet. I confessed that the absence of castles and palaces, of Heidelbergs and Coliseums, was very reprehensible, but that I did not believe that any part of the world could show more interesting monuments or finer or more melancholy ruins than I could mention in America.

Rudolph, who is the most courteous of men, refrained from openly sneering at what I am very sure he believed to be my mere senility, and asked me politely whether I considered Castle Garden and the City Hall to be interesting monuments, or the old Dutch church, now doing duty as a post-office; and whether I was of opinion that the old tavern in Broad Street, at the corner of Pearl, in which Washington took leave of his officers, was a fine ruin; and whether the old Walton House, in Franklin Square, in which Citizen Genet married the daughter of George Clinton, and which is now a kind of sailors' boarding-house, was one of the melancholy ruins to which I referred. There was no smile upon his face as he spoke, but I am convinced that he was laughing within, and I therefore replied quite as seriously. I told him that I had not, indeed, those buildings in mind when I spoke, but that they were not without a certain very positive interest; that Washington was quite as great a man as any that ever walked upon the famous terrace at Heidelberg, or sat as emperor in the Coliseum. But Rudolph begged me to spare my patriotic breath, for he said that he did not deny any greatness to Washington, nor assert any real splendor of Nero or Domitian; he was merely speaking of the romance of time and association; and, despite the fervor of his American feeling, he insisted that the old tavern at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets was not as poetically interesting to him as the site of Button's or Wills's Coffee-House in London.

I could not dispute a matter of individual taste, but I told him that, since he had challenged me by his denial to produce monuments of historic interest similar to those which may be found elsewhere, I mentioned Paul Revere's church. He seemed confused for a moment, and then he said that he supposed I meant the church in Boston, in whose spire Paul Revere's friend hung out the light when the British troops marched to Lexington and Concord. "Yes," said I, "I certainly do; and there are hundreds of people in Boston and near it who would gladly make a pilgrimage to Marathon or Thermopylæ, who have never seen Paul Revere's church."

"Have you?" asked Rudolph, sententiously and slyly.

I told him that I had, and that I seldom went to that old revolutionary town of Boston without taking a revolutionary walk. "And if you think that there are no historic emotions and associations on this poor continent, I advise you to take the same walk." I begin where, in a sense, the revolution began—at the cradle of liberty, old Faneuil Hall. Then I push on through the ganglion of narrow streets until I cross Hanover, and find a street leading out of it, and called Salem. It is a narrow, unsavory street, but no worse than a great many I have threaded to much less purpose in Rudolph's poetic lands. By-and-by you begin to ascend gently, and that gentle ascent is Copp's Hill—a name which is already poetic, I think, in American if not in Greek history and tradition. Before you is a plain, slim steeple. When I was first exploring in the street I stopped a highly respectable policeman, and pointing to the steeple, I asked, "Is that Paul Revere's church?" He gazed at me for a moment in silence. He saw that I was a stranger, and I suppose that he wondered whether I were also a lunatic. Then he looked puzzled; then vexed, as if feeling that he ought to understand. "What?" said he at length, rather shortly, as if, upon the whole, that were the safest answer. "Is that Paul Revere's church?" was all that I replied. Probably the good man knew that Paul was a Scriptural name, and that revere was a word of proper association with a church, but the combination was confusing. So he said, evasively, "That's Christ Church." At least I think that was the name he mentioned; and when he agreed that it was Copp's Hill I was satisfied.

Yet, when I told Rudolph this part of my story, he merely remarked that it illustrated what he said. "There's no feeling of romance, no tradition here," he remarked. "Do you suppose that in any city of Europe the most famous historic monuments are not familiar to every man, woman, and child near them?"

But I told him that I had promised to furnish a monument, not imagination, and there it is. That plain old steeple is as poetic in its legend as any that I have found beyond the sea; and Longfellow has put it into memorable music. I said to Rudolph that I supposed he had read in Macaulay's history the picturesque passage of the country gentleman spurring all night toward town in the beginning of the Great Rebellion, and had secretly wished that we had such passages in our history. And then I asked him if he knew the story of Paul Revere? Do you know it, my dear James? Ask your neighbor if he does. All the better if you do. The British were in Boston, and it was supposed that they meant to march out and do harm somewhere. Paul had a friend in the town:

"He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal-light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.'"

I can not quote the whole, but I wish I could. Turn to it and read it, my dear James, and then tell me if you pity the poor continent for its want of monuments and traditions as sorely as Rudolph does.

Ruined castles, indeed, I do not claim, and I wish that there were no other ruins. When I hear the sentimental regrets of Lorenzo and Jessica that in America the moonlight does not shine upon shattered architrave and crumbling buttress, and that they have no fair Melrose to view aright, I say to them, Dear young people, I wish that it did not shine on other ruins more ghastly and terrible, but not romantic! I was lately coming home at midnight, and at a corner in Broadway I saw something lying upon the curb-stone. As I came nearer I saw that it was a man, and when I reached him I saw that it was Quintus. You did not know his youth, my dear James, nor what lovely promise shone in it. He was of a delicate and sensitive nature, generous and gay; and we all said that Quintus would bear the palm, and wondered only what career he would choose. With the fond faith of youth—a faith that is never dimmed, and which, thank Heaven! is in every generation renewed—we fancied him sitting down with Shakespeare, supreme among men. Two or three of the earlier prizes he won. Then came a pause; then no more prizes, no more advance. The god new-lighted upon a heaven-kissing hill, the peer of Shakespeare, was "a good fellow," a *bon vivant*, a capital *raconteur*, as the golden youth expressed it. Then it was no longer wine, but whisky. Grace, wit, sparkle, vanished. Bloom, youth, hope, disappeared, and a sot remains. I remember on the plain of Pæstum, under that soft Italian sky, on that silent, romantic shore, a broken column, lying half-sunken in the ooze, chipped, stained, defaced, overgrown with a tangle of weeds, slimy lizards crawling and snakes writhing about it. When I saw Quintus lying at midnight, helplessly besotted, in the street, I recalled that Pæstum column, but I beheld a more melancholy ruin.

Or it may appear in a very different form. Shyler was, like Quintus, a youth of the best promise and of the finest tastes. Those who knew him in college spoke of him with that generous enthusiasm which happily is not always deceived. He learned easily. He was, indeed, an admirable scholar, and read the best books often and well. He studied his profession with zeal, and to-day, when he is a man—when, if you came to the city in which he lives, having known him in youth, you would say at once, Take me to Shyler, for in him I shall find the man of generous heart, and liberal sympathy with all things pleasant and tasteful around him—you would hear only that you would not be welcome, that Shyler was a money-maker and a miser. Only the other day, when I met him, this man, who had been a youth so liberal, so free from every sordid taint, asked me what I was carrying under my arm; and when I answered, "A book," he said, "Do you really buy books?" I told him that I could not buy many, and only a few of those that I wanted, but that every one was a prize, and was brought home with celebrations and rejoicings, as Cimabue's picture was carried to the church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. "Really?" asked Shyler. "Really," answered I, and with all my heart.

"But do you know, Bachelor," he said to me, ruefully, rubbing his nose, "I can't make up my mind to buy books."

"Perhaps you can't afford it."

"Oh yes, I can; but I can't help thinking that it is such a poor investment. If I should have a library worth three thousand dollars, say, I should be always reflecting that I was losing some two hundred dollars a year in interest; and a clear loss, Bachelor, a clear loss!" What a melancholy ruin was this, my dear James—all that was noble and beautiful in his youth fallen into this sordid fear!

But there is one other aspect which is merely ridiculous. Long ago when I was in Italy, I saw in the Villa Torlonia a series of the most elaborate artificial ruins. As if it were not enough that the whole land was the most romantic of ruins, and that you could hardly dig in the earth without finding something of interest, the noble gentleman had paid great sums of money for the most painfully elaborate and absurd of imitations. His grounds were full of false ruins—old temples that were not old temples, fallen arches that had never arched any thing, broken columns that were carefully made broken, vines that were skillfully transplanted and arranged over the fresh work, and moss that was glued on. It was the most ridiculous spectacle that I recall in Italy. But I have been often reminded of it in America. If you know Eson, you have seen the Torlonia ruins. For it is the glory of Eson to affect age. He is a stalwart fellow in his prime—his early prime, as Cousin Prudence insists—but he will wear eye-glasses, and pretend that he can not see, and he utterly declines the activities and even the feelings of his age. He affects the most senile conservatism, and sneers at what he calls the fanaticism of reform. He has the air of two hundred and fifty years of age—if men could live so long—and he is about thirty. He has really a half-tottering step, and he talks with a pathetic gravity which is amusing beyond account. All this is the artificial ruin that I saw in the Torlonia villa. It is made to order. It is kept old only by constant care; and, upon the whole, I see nothing more ridiculous among our fellow-travelers.

So when Rudolph begins his lamentations and regrets that we have no poetic monuments or ruins full of melancholy in America, you can understand why I doubt it when I think of Paul Revere's church, and of poor Quintus, Shyler, and Eson. Indeed, there are poetic monuments also as significant as the melancholy ruins I have mentioned, and of these I shall probably say a word some day. Meanwhile, dear James, I am your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE PRACTICAL MEN.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IT is not a little curious to observe the articles that go the rounds of the newspapers from time to time regarding the relations of husband and wife. They are written by men, though women may sometimes hold the pen. They make praiseworthy if futile endeavors to smooth the surfaces and diminish the friction of domestic life—praiseworthy because meant for peace, and futile because feeble. They concern themselves only with phenomena, and never search for causes. They chide girls for believing what their lovers tell them; but I never knew one to chide the lovers for telling so much. When a man is making love to a girl, they say it is his business to be extravagant, to talk poetry and romance, and swear eternal fever-heat of feeling; but, of course, he can not keep it up. Perhaps not; but, Messieurs Marksmen, would it not be well now and then, just for variety's sake, to turn your guns against the young men who make these impossible vows, instead of keeping up a constant "peppering" upon the young women who believe them? It is in the very nature of things, you say, that courtship ardor must cool down. It is also in the very nature of things that women should believe it must not, if they are constantly told by their lovers that it will not. Why is it weaker in a woman to believe what her lover says than it is in him to say it? Why must a woman be cool and discriminating in listening while a man may be fervid to any degree of folly in asserting? It is in the nature of most women to require continual assurances, you say, and then you go on to lecture them for so requiring. But if it is in their nature, how can they help it? Shall they institute a reform against nature? There is a season, you admit, when it is just as natural for a man to give assurances as it is for a woman to receive them; therefore assurance-giving can not be against man's nature. Would it not, then, be well to try for a while the experiment of letting women alone, and lecture men for giving the assurances? Women, you say, remain young and keep hold much longer than men do. Is it, then, a fault to remain young? Is it a sign of weakness to keep hold of tenderness and sensibility and romance, to carry into the noon and the twilight and the darkness something of the glow and freshness of the morning? Which is the higher sort—she whose youth bears it over time and trouble, lighting shady places with the gleam of its own immortality, or he who lays it all down upon the altar of the god of this world? For what is it that supplants this tenderness which you affirm a man can not keep? What grand passion holds possession of the man, to the extinguishment of the passion of his youth? Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great as not to be able to say from time to time, "I love you?" You admit that when he was young he was just as romantic as his wife; but now, you say, he is sobering down. Life is fast becoming a very prosaic thing to him; work is taking the place of pleasure, ambition of romance. The wearing realities of business, the crowding pressure of anxieties, make the little touches of sentiment puerile, and even annoying to him. He does not care for moonlight or sunset. He is not touched by a nosegay of the earliest hepaticus, presented with a half-timid, half-tender reminiscence. He pooh-poohs the fond remembrance as a folly and the memory of a folly, and prefers to sit in his library and smoke and read the New York *World*, or just for this once, let us hope, *Harper's Bazar*.

Now I do not object to this picture. It is as true to life as a photograph. But I do object to the name given it, and the lesson derived from it. You paint it in bold and faithful outline, and then you hold it up before women, and say, "This is a man; conform yourself to him." Whereas you ought to hold it up before men, and say, "This is a beast; see that ye become not like unto him."

There are thousands of men, I doubt not, who think that such dull indifference to romance and unconsciousness of delicacy are "hard sense," "common-sense," the "stern reality of life." It is well enough for women and poets, but your practical man gives in to no such nonsense. He has something to do, and has no time to fool away. If there were no men in the world but his kind, if sentiment and warmth were monopolized by women, we might believe in it just as much as we do now; but we should have hard work to make out our case. Happily, we are not left without witnesses; and I am sure every careful observer will agree with me that the best sort of men, even as men go, are they who carry their youth, undimmed and unassoiled, farthest into their manhood. Men do lose their sensibility, forget to love or look at flowers, become absorbed in shoemaking, grow indifferent to caresses, think trade is a greater reality than love, and the desire to be known by men a nobler ambition than the desire to make women happy. They smoke and snub, and call themselves practical and cool and clear-headed on the strength of it. But they are commonplace men. They are of no account except in the mass. They are turned

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on and off by the gross, and there are always plenty more just like them. They are the padding of the magazine. The Creator apparently made them merely to fill up.

Let them understand this, and then let us have peace. Smoke in your library, Sir, if you will, and pooh-pooh the romance of your youth; but know that that romance held the only spark of divine fire that ever was in you. You are a dead cinder, a bit of slate, a clinker now; but in that despised moment you might have been mistaken for real anthracite. That foolish wife of yours is foolish chiefly in this, that she persists in thinking your gray, dead dullness can be kindled to ardor by her lambent flame. She may play about you all your life, and you will be a dull thing at the end of it. Perhaps you are not to blame for being a clinker; but I want you to know that you *are* a clinker, and not set up to be a live coal.

The men who do great deeds, the men who give impulse to the world, the men who influence affairs, who achieve results, who are magnetic among men, are inwardly alive. Men who give and take the hardest blows, who are strongest in the rough-and-tumble, who accomplish the most practical ends, are as delicate within as the petals of the rose. Their tenderness is safely sheltered, but it throbs with immortal life. Their youth never dies out of them; their romance never cleaves off from them—it is themselves. It gathers strength from their good, it resists and overpowers their bad. It transforms life, it annihilates age, it defies death.

Clink away, then, my clinkers. Your love and your hate are equally pointless and worthless. But your wife does not know that; and where ignorance is misery, what would not wisdom be?

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MORNING WRAPPERS.

CASHMERE is the traditional stuff for a wrapper, just as satin is for a wedding dress. Its soft pliability gives an air of ease and graceful negligence foreign to stiff, heavy fabrics. Figured cashmeres and the pattern robes imported with gaudy borders of huge palm leaves are now seldom worn. They do not gore advantageously, and are too "gorgeous" altogether. The fancy at present is for cashmere of a single color, rich, warm, yet quiet, with trimming of a different tint, either lighter or darker. A contrast between the gown and trimming is seldom seen except on white or black wrappers. Violet, blue, or crimson border white wrappers prettily, while black cashmeres are enlivened by two or three bands, each an inch wide, of the gay embroidery made for camel's-hair shawls.

In selecting cashmere for a wrapper, that called drap de France, the lightest quality of French cashmere, is preferable to heavier goods, or the cloth-like drap d'été. This goods has only been in the market since the revival of cashmere for costumes. It has a fine closely woven twill, very different from the sleazy coarse-twilled cashmere formerly used. It is three-fourths of a yard wide, and worth $1 25 or $1 50 a yard.

A border of quilted silk is the popular trimming for cashmere robes de chambre. Soft silk of the quality sold for $1 75 a yard is used. It should be very lightly wadded, and must be quilted in very small diamonds. It may be perfectly straight, with a passementerie cord on the edge, or else cut in a design like that shown in the illustration on our first page. For brunettes a salmon-colored wrapper with brown silk border is usually becoming; blondes wear blue with darker blue border; rose-color with a crimson border is worn by both light and dark ladies. Passementerie garnishes the newest imported wrappers. For instance, one of black cashmere is edged with a bias fold of gros grain two inches wide, above which is a row of fern-leaf passementerie intermingled with jet. The pockets, broad silk cuffs, and collar have passementerie ornaments. This garment is not intended for an old lady or for mourning, as might be supposed, but is worn by a brilliant young brunette, who wears black because it is becoming and stylish. A tasteful yet simple trimming, seen also on imported garments, is folds of cashmere of a contrasting color. A model of this kind is a white cashmere robe lined throughout with Florence silk of a dark mauve shade. A ten-inch flounce around the dress is edged and headed by three narrow, overlapping folds of mauve cashmere. The folds continue up the fronts outside of the mauve buttons. There is a hood of mauve cashmere, and a broad mauve cuff on the half-open sleeve. Braiding is revived for trimming wrappers. The most stylish are not trimmed all around with a straggling vine in the old-fashioned way, but merely on the collar, cuffs, belt, pockets, and at intervals on the front widths. Vines are abolished, and clusters are preferred, representing involved squares, triangles of Grecian designs, arabesques, or palm leaves, thickly braided and often inwrought with embroidery. But a single color appears in this garniture, and that is always a darker tint than the dress. Plum-colored, invisible green, and navy blue wrappers, trimmed in this way, are in refined taste. Another wrapper worthy of mention is of ladies' cloth, mazarine blue, trimmed with bands of chinchilla fur. This was made for a trousseau, and is more odd and peculiar than pretty, as furs always seem unfit for house dresses.

The shape of all these garments is the pattern of the gored wrapper illustrated on our first page. It sits smoothly and flat in front, and is made sufficiently bouffant behind by means of fullness added in hollow pleats beneath the belt. By hollow pleats we mean those that show the inner part of the pleat on the outside of the dress, and form a box-pleat on the wrong side of the garment. Very long wrappers are not in good taste. From an eighth to a quarter of a yard added to the back widths of a skirt of walking-dress length makes sufficient train. If the fabric is not very heavy, line the garment throughout with some soft cambric that will not rustle. Modistes do not cut the pleats in the lining of wrappers, but arrange them on the outer stuff, and then sew down the lining to cover the pleats. Heavy materials need only be lined to the belt, but this much is necessary for comfort, and to prevent the wrapper from being soiled in wearing. Large button moulds, covered with the material of the trimming, fasten the front of the garment, or else an understrap is used for small buttonholes, and bows are placed up the entire front. The last plan is most dressy, and in plain wrappers is considered sufficient trimming. To form these bows, use straight stripes of the silk or velvet of the trimming cut six inches wide, doubled lengthwise, and sewed together on the sides. The pockets, set on outside, are straight at the top, and pointed or rounded below, with a button, bow, or passementerie ornament in the centre. These wrappers are quite as often worn loose and flowing as belted in. A cord and tassel is most used for confining them at the waist, though some prefer a belt of the material. This belt should be an inch and a half wide, made of stiff haircloth, covered with four small pleats or folds of the trimming silk. Coat-sleeves are preferable for wrappers. The flowing double sleeve is only adapted to dressy garments. Collars of quilted silk, large enough to look like pelerines, are much worn with wrappers. Others have round talma capes that reach to the belt, while French robes are furnished with hoods, to be thrown over the head while passing through cold halls.

Inexpensive wrappers may be made to look almost as handsome as the cashmeres described above. For these there are French merinos that may be bought as low as fifty cents a yard, and empress cloths at forty-five cents, all pure wool, but not of heavy quality. A large line of the serviceable gray tints, tan, ashes of roses, leaf brown, and plum-color, are shown at these prices, as well as garnet, rich dark maroon, and several blue and green shades. From ten to twelve yards are required, as these goods, though of double fold, usually are not more than three-quarters wide. For midwinter wear, and for invalids, plaid opera flannel makes comfortable morning dresses. Black and white, in large blocks, makes the most stylish dress, and is not restricted to mourning. Simple flat trimmings are advisable for wrappers, as a lady seldom has a variety of robes de chambre, and fanciful garniture soon tires the eye, and does not wear well. Fussy-looking ruches and fringes make frail trimmings, that should be avoided. Use instead a substantial band of bias silk, six inches wide, around the skirt, sloping to two inches at the upper part of the front. Line the silk with black paper muslin, and stitch on both sides. Place the band four or five inches above the edge of the dress. Many wrappers are not trimmed all around, the band of silk being sloped off at the first side seam.

The cheap silks now in market make dressy wrappers at comparatively small expense. Fifteen yards are required, at a cost of 75 or 87½ cents a yard. The grounds are black, or very darkly colored, with hair stripes of contrasting color. A stylish garment of this silk is black, striped with white, and trimmed with black and white passementerie.

With a little ingenuity our readers can use the cut paper pattern of the gored wrapper for making calico and other work dresses. The only alteration necessary is to make the centre of the back broader at the belt, and dispense with the pleats in the skirt. Calico skirts should be made walking-dress length. The standard prints now sold for a shilling a yard are in small, neat figures of dots or cross-bars, on a bright color or a dark ground, or else in stripes. Housewives and young girls who interest themselves in domestic affairs look far better in tidy, fresh calicoes than in the soiled dresses laid aside because not good enough to wear before strangers. It is quite possible to make a pretty and, indeed, stylish dress of nine or ten yards of shilling calico. To prove this, let the household fairy—who wants to look as well before her father, husband, or brothers as before indifferent strangers—buy ten yards of a shilling print, in alternate stripes of black and white, each half an inch broad. Use the gored wrapper pattern without the back pleats, cutting off the skirt at the knee, and adding a Spanish flounce, bias, about five-eighths or three-quarters of a yard wide, and containing four bias widths. Put the narrowest of hems at the top, and a two-inch hem below. Gather an inch from the top, or lay in scant side pleats, and stitch on with the machine. As upper skirts are almost invariably worn now, add a jaunty little affair, made open in front, with a narrow gore and two back widths slightly draped behind, just long enough to reach to the Spanish flounce, and edged with a double ruffle two inches wide. Coat-sleeves and a black silk belt, or a Russian leather belt with chatelaine attached, complete the dress. A linen collar, standing behind, with bent-over points in front, is worn, with a sailor tie of blue silk by blondes, or of dark scarlet by brunettes. Try this, and see how well you can look in a dress that costs but $1 25!

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING GOWNS.

Gentlemen also disapprove of gorgeous gowns, and beg for subdued colors. All-wool delaines, at 40 cents a yard, and ladies' cloth, with the other wool fabrics mentioned above, are the materials used. An excellent pattern is given in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. III. The gown should be lined throughout with wool delaine, and faced in front with silk. A quilted silk roll is arranged to show down the entire front when the wrapper is left open, as gentlemen now wear their overcoats on sunny days. A two-inch band of silk edges the rest of the garment. This silk is slightly wadded, and is stitched on the edges and in the centre. Thick cord of silk in blue, green, or scarlet, edges gray gowns prettily, or is arranged in pretty arabesque designs. $15 to $30 is the price of such wrappers at the furnishing stores. Short smoking jackets, or for library or office wear, or for playing billiards, are made of velveteen, with broad collar and cuffs of quilted silk. Dark green, brown, and black velveteen are most used.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIKDEN; and SIBLEY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and UNION ADAMS.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL SHERIDAN is in the highest possible social clover abroad. Mr. T. BUCHANAN REID, who wrote "the Ride," has been commissioned by the Italian government to proceed to Naples for the purpose of escorting the General to Rome, in a state railway carriage, with a suitable escort. He is to be entertained in right royal style.

—General SCHENCK, with that strong practical sense characteristic of him, has caused it to be understood that while abroad as minister of the United States he will make no ostentatious displays of hospitality, but live entirely within the salary provided for the mission. Few men understand more thoroughly than General SCHENCK the art of entertaining, and of so entertaining as to commend one's self to the good opinion of his guests. The General will not "splurge."

—Mr. FRANCIS BRET HARTE, who is just now the bright particular star that looms up in the firmament of humorous poetry, has made such engagements with Eastern publishers as to induce him to sever his social and business relations in California, and henceforth to make his home in the East—probably in New York or its vicinity.

—The many friends of ex-Secretary SEWARD will learn with regret that he is suffering from a complete paralysis of both arms, so that he is deprived of the use of them in performing any of the services required of an arm. Otherwise his health is good. He eats and sleeps well, and his mind is as clear, strong, and active as ever. He keeps a diary of his journey, dictated to Miss RISLEY, who takes the place of a daughter. There is no truth whatever in the report of his intended marriage with that lady. He proposes to extend his trip to India, and on his way home will visit St. Petersburg, upon the invitation of the Czar of Russia.

—Mr. JOSHUA F. BAILEY, who achieved an unpleasant reputation among gentlemen for his somewhat informal way of appropriating the public moneys of the government, is said to be living in Germany, where he is said to have purchased a splendid house, surrounded by a baronial estate. Notwithstanding his misunderstanding with the authorities, and his withdrawal from the country, he is understood to maintain an unfaltering devotion to the flag.

—Mr. and Mrs. SAMSON, of Chicago, filed cross bills for divorce. They were a cross couple. Mr. Cross made solemn affidavit that Mrs. Cross poured a panful of boiling water over his head, and then scraped the hair off with the pan. He regarded it as disagreeable, but submitted, "to see how far she would go." He now thinks she went too far.

—The Vice-President of these United States has received from Mr. B. BEARDSLEY, United States Consul at Jerusalem, a box containing a Speaker's mallet of olive wood, with heads of oak from Abraham's oak at Hebron, a chalice of olive wood from the Mount of Olives, and an inkstand and sand-box of asphalt from the Dead Sea, all beautifully carved and polished.

—Judge HOGEBOOM, who presided with so much ability, at Binghamton, on the trial of RULOFF for murder, laid down a rule which goes to the root of the matter, in reference to the objections to a juror because he had read accounts in the newspapers of the offense he is called to try. In answer to a question whether what he had read had prejudiced his mind against the prisoner, he said, "I don't know that it has." To which Judge HOGEBOOM promptly added, "*I* don't know that it has, but *has it?*" The Judge hit the nail squarely on the head with "*has it?*" He also declared that it is impossible to find men of any intelligence who have not read the newspapers, and learned something of any important case. Juries worth any thing must be got from such classes, or not at all, and the rule, therefore, must be that when any one summoned as a juror is found to have no settled opinion of the merits of the case, and believes himself to be without bias or prejudice, he is competent, notwithstanding any opinion he may have previously formed or expressed.

—Mr. JOHN HECKER, who maintains at his own expense the Madison Street (Episcopal) Chapel, and who is known throughout the ward where his life has been mainly spent for his many benefactions to the poor, is organizing a new mission school in Rutgers Street, in which he proposes that all the poor children from the highways, garrets, and cellars shall be gathered, educated, fed, and clothed, and directed in the right way. Mr. HECKER is the elder brother of Father HECKER, of the Roman Catholic Church, the head of the order of the Paulist Fathers.

—Mr. STEWART'S fine mansion at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be thrown open for a welcome to the friends of that gentleman. Some idea of the magnificence of the appointments may be gathered from the fact that the carpet for the drawing-room was made expressly for that apartment in Berlin, at a cost of $27,000. It is in a single piece, and was woven upon a loom constructed expressly for the manufacture of this one thing.

—The participation of the Rev. Dr. MUHLENBERG, of the Episcopal Church, at the church of the Rev. Dr. ADAMS (Presbyterian), on the evening of December 31, where the closing hours of the departing year were honored by a service in which clergymen of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, Lutheran, and Reformed Dutch participated, was especially noticeable in the fact that the communion service of the Episcopal Church was read by Dr. MUHLENBERG, who also delivered a short address. The incident serves to suggest the circumstances attending the original publication of the now world-wide and world-loved hymn, composed by Dr. MUHLENBERG, entitled, "I would not live alway." It was originally published in 1824, in the Philadelphia *Episcopal Recorder*, and was written with no idea that it would ever be used in the devotions of the Church. Whatever service it has done in that way is owing to the late Bishop ONDERDONK, of Pennsylvania, then the rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, who made the selection of verses out of the whole which constitutes the present hymn, and offered it to the Committee on Hymns of the General Convention of the P. E. Church. It was at first rejected by the Committee, of which *the unknown author was a member*, who, upon a satirical criticism being made upon it, earnestly voted against its adoption. It was admitted upon the importunate application of Dr. ONDERDONK to the bishops on the committee. Less than half the original hymn is used in the Episcopal collection. The whole, as first printed in 1824, may be found in the second volume of DUYCKINCK'S "Cyclopedia of American Literature," page 259, and will richly repay perusal.

—An interesting ceremony was performed in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Seventeenth Street, on the 4th ult., when Miss ELLEN GRIFFIN WHITE, daughter of the late Judge JAMES W. WHITE, of the Superior Court, and grandniece of the celebrated author, GERALD GRIFFIN, took the final vows, after seven years' probation. The little chapel looked like a fairy scene, with its myriad wax-lights and Christmas decorations, filled with the *élite* of the city in rich morning dresses, a large part of the assembly being Protestants. Among those present were Judges BOSWORTH and FULLERTON, with their families; Mrs. CHARLES O'CONOR, Mr. NELSON J. WATERBURY and lady, Mrs. T. F. MEAGHER, Mrs. TOWNSEND, Mrs. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM H. FOGG, Mrs. JAMES BROOKS, Mrs. S. J. COURTNEY, Dr. and Mrs. CHALMERS, Mrs. DAVID GROESBECK, Dr. ANDERSON, Mr. A. B. WOODRUFF, Messrs. JOHN MACK and GEORGE E. WALKER, brothers-in-law of Miss WHITE, and her mother, Mrs. RHODA E. WHITE. The heroine of the occasion looked radiant, and professed herself supremely happy in the possession of the silver cross and ring which betokened her full admission into the order.

—General SCHENCK was complimented last week by the passage of a resolution in the House of Representatives, allowing him an extra compensation of $2500 per year while minister to Great Britain, for the purpose of employing an amanuensis. The General can't write—too much shot in the hand during the war. The London *Times*, by-the-way, thinks that General S. is one of the most useful representatives the United States could send to them.

—In the will of the late Rev. ALBERT BARNES the only item of a public character is the following:

"If the avails of my copyright shall altogether amount to the sum of $1000 a year or more, then, so long as that shall occur and whenever it shall occur, I direct that $100 of the same shall be annually appropriated to the use of some student preparing for the ministry: said student to be one who shall have graduated at some college, and shall be pursuing his theological studies; and I direct that for the first five years after my decease the selection of such shall be made by the Professor of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, in consideration of the aid, amounting to the sum of four hundred and seventy-six dollars, which I received from this seminary to my preparation for the ministry; and that ever afterward the selection shall be made by the Professor of the Union Theological Seminary in New York."

His library is offered to the First Presbyterian Church at the nominal sum of $2000.

—Colonel JOHN HAY, formerly private secretary of the late President LINCOLN, and recently Secretary of Legation at Madrid, has made New York his home, and is now one of the regular editorial writers of the *Tribune*, and a contributor to other journals and periodicals. His prose is pungent, piquant, and original, and his poetry very ditto.

—Mr. ARTHUR GILMAN, one of the cleverest of our architects, as well as a vigorous and scholarly writer, has been induced by the solicitation of friends to enter the lecture field, and already has some twenty engagements for the next few weeks. He will deliver one of the course of free lectures at Cooper Institute, on the "Characteristics of New England Humor."

—A little inaccuracy occurred in the *Bazar* of January 21, in reference to Mrs. DISRAELI. She was never a milliner. She was the only daughter of JOHN EVANS, Esq., of Brancsford Park, Devonshire, whose estate she inherited on his death. She is a highly educated woman. SOUTHEY, as well as COLERIDGE, did marry a milliner, of whom it was written,

"When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two sisters, milliners at Bath."

The first husband (LEWIS) had to leave *his* estates, chiefly in Wales, to their only son, now a middle-aged man, who, being not very wise, though harmless, is a ward in Chancery. What she has from Mr. LEWIS is her ointure (about $30,000), settled on her when she married him. DISRAELI inherited very little from his father; but in June, 1850, his wife gave him Hughenden Manor, in the county of Bucks, worth $6000 or $7000 a year. A lady bequeathed him $125,000 several years ago, in gratitude for his advocacy of Jewish emancipation. He has one of the four pensions of $10,000 a year granted to ex-cabinet ministers who are not rich, and he gets a good round sum per annum from his books—$6000 a year it was—from ROUTLEDGE & SONS, when they farmed out those publications. Altogether Mr. DISRAELI and his wife can not have less than $50,000 a year. She is a wonderful manager—liberal, when needed, but careful of the dimes.

—The resources of the Empress EUGENIE, according to a statement in the London *Globe*, consist of her private jewels, valued at 5,000,000 francs, which were sent to England in August last, in charge of Prince ACHILLE MURAT.

—The Marquis of Headfort, step-father of Lady LISGAR, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, died recently in Ireland. His eldest son, the Earl of Bective, married the only child of Alderman THOMPSON, of London. This lady had a fortune of $4,500,000 in money, besides large real estate. At her death all went to her son, who, reversing the usual order of things, made his father an allowance.

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Lamp Shade in Venetian Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS lamp shade, which Fig. 1 shows arranged on the lamp, consists of a round piece of green silk, cut in six tabs, and is worked with green silk twist in Venetian embroidery. Fig. 2 gives a sixth part of the shade in full size, and distinctly shows the design and manner of working. The art of executing Venetian embroidery is shown in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 9, Vol. III., page 132.

Knitted Sleeveless Jacket, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS tight-fitting jacket, designed to be worn either in the house or under a cloak, is knit with fine red zephyr worsted in patent stitch. It is closed in front by means of buttons and button-holes. Begin the jacket at the under edge of the right front, making a foundation of 74 st. (stitches) with worsted and a steel knitting-needle of the proper size. On these work six rounds of common patent, always going backward and forward. In the 7th round alter the position of the ribs formed by the patent knitting. To do this do not t. t. o. (throw the thread over) before the first st. of the patent design (the first st. of knitting-work is always slipped, and the last st. knit plain; therefore no notice is taken of these 2 st. in working the patent design), but work off this first st. together with the t. t. o. of the next st., and slip the latter after having t. t. o.

Fig. 1.—KNITTED SLEEVELESS JACKET.—FRONT.

Braided Napkin Ring, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS napkin ring is made of two shades of brown enameled cloth, which is cut in strips one-fifth of an inch wide of various lengths; these are folded double, the ends notched and braided together, as shown by Fig. 2, on page 69, which gives a full-sized section of the napkin ring. Having prepared a strip an inch long, braid together the ends standing over at the beginning and end of the strip, so that it is closed in a ring; this must be so neatly done as not to show where the ends are joined. Finally, sew a black bead on each of the dark squares.

Embroidery Border for Wrappings, Covers, etc.

THIS kind of border is suitable for trimming jackets, talmas, hoods, etc., and also for cushions, covers, etc. Embroider the material in the manner shown by the design with black or colored silk cord, letting the stitches show as little as possible. Instead of cord, soutache or braid may be used.

Lamp Mat in Venetian Embroidery.

THIS lamp mat is worked in Venetian embroidery and sewed on a foundation of green velvet. The illustration shows one-third of the mat in full size. To make the lamp mat transfer the design given by the illustration to green silk, and baste the latter on green cambric, then work the embroidery with a suitable shade of green silk twist. The art of executing Venetian embroidery is described in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 9, Vol. III., page 132. Pink the edges of the velvet, which must project a little beyond the silk, as shown by the illustration. Instead of velvet, green cloth may be used.

Steel Bead Trimmings for Purse, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 69.

THESE trimmings may be used for the ends of long and short purses. They are worked with small cut steel beads and steel bugles, working, first, the border as shown by the illustration, and then the fringe of twisted bead loops.

Tassels for Curtains, Curtain Bands, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 69.

THESE tassels are of white knitting cotton, coarse and fine woven cord, and small balls of yarn; they are about eight inches and a half long.

Fig. 1.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET TASSEL. For this tassel a ball of medium-size twisted crochet cotton and one of fine crochet cotton are required. Wind the ball of fine cotton with coarse dress cord at intervals of one-fifth of an inch, each time passing the cord through the hole in the middle of the ball. On the horizontal layers of thread at the middle of the ball work a button-hole stitch with dress cord between each two windings of the cord (see illustration). On the upper half of the larger ball work button-hole stitches with fine dress cord; these must come far apart. To do this lay the end of the working thread in a small loop, and on this work ten button-hole stitches, passing the thread once more around the loop of each stitch after working the same. For the second round work a button-hole stitch as before on the connecting thread between each two stitches of the first round; fasten the covering thus completed on the ball (the first round must come on the inside of the ball), and for the next round work two button-hole stitches on the connecting thread between each two stitches of the preceding round, then wind the under half of the ball vertically with the cord, and on the horizontal layers of the middle of the ball work cross stitch (see illustration). The under part of the tassel consists of about thirty strands, each five inches and three-quarters long, crocheted in chain stitch with a triple thread of knitting cotton. Before the first chain stitch the working thread must stand over two-fifths of an inch, and after the last chain stitch it must stand over two inches. Tie the longer ends tightly together with a double piece of coarse dress cord (the end must project four inches beyond the tie, and afterward form the head of the tassel), and on the head thus formed bring a crochet cover worked with a fourfold thread of knitting cotton. For this cover make a foundation of 4 st. (stitches), close them in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and on them work 6 dc., after each dc. 2 ch. To each of the 2 ch. fasten a fourfold strand of cotton, doubling it, cross them as shown by the illustration, and knot them together. Draw the covering over the tassel, passing the above-mentioned ends through the hole in the middle of the cover. Tie the ends tightly together close above the cover, pass them first through the larger and then through the smaller ball, and, finally, through a rosette of ch. scallops. This rosette consists of four graded circles. For the largest circle work a foundation of 5 ch., close them in a ring, work 9 sc. (single crochet) on them, after each single crochet 9 ch.; work each successive circle in the same manner, but in each circle work the ch. scallops smaller by 2 st. than those of the preceding circle, so that the scallops of the fourth (smallest) circle count 5 ch. Sew the circles in each other. Finally, sew the ends of the dress cord together so as to form a loop, and on this work sc., as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—KNOTTED TASSEL. For this tassel make a loop, three inches and three-quarters long, of coarse woven cord, and to the open end of the loop fasten a tassel made of coarse cotton threads ten inches and a half long, laid double; cover the top of the tassel with button-hole stitches worked with fine woven cotton cord (see illustration). For the ring above this part wind a coarse cotton thread twenty to thirty times around a round bar an inch and a quarter in circumference, and on the ring thus formed work, first with cotton, button-hole stitches, which must come far apart, and then with fine woven cord, close button-hole stitches, worked like those used for button-holes. Fasten small cotton tassels to the outer edge of the ring at regular intervals (see illustration), and slip the ring over the loop. Above the ring bring on a ball of rather fine twisted crochet cotton, which must be wound with coarse woven cord and worked with fine woven cord. Besides this bring on a ball of very fine crochet cotton wound with cord, and on whose horizontal layers cross stitches are worked with cotton. Above this ball arrange the loop in a knot, and above this set on a cotton ring worked like the one above described, but somewhat smaller. Sew this ring fast to the loop, which completes the tassel.

Fig. 1.—LAMP SHADE IN VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

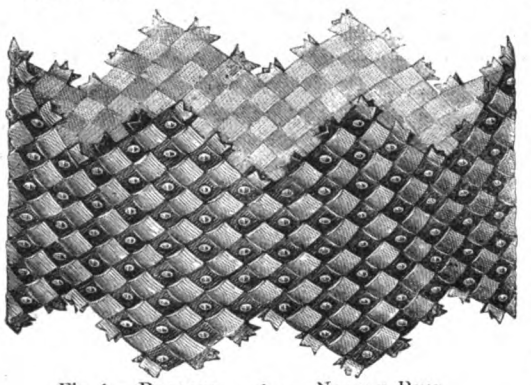
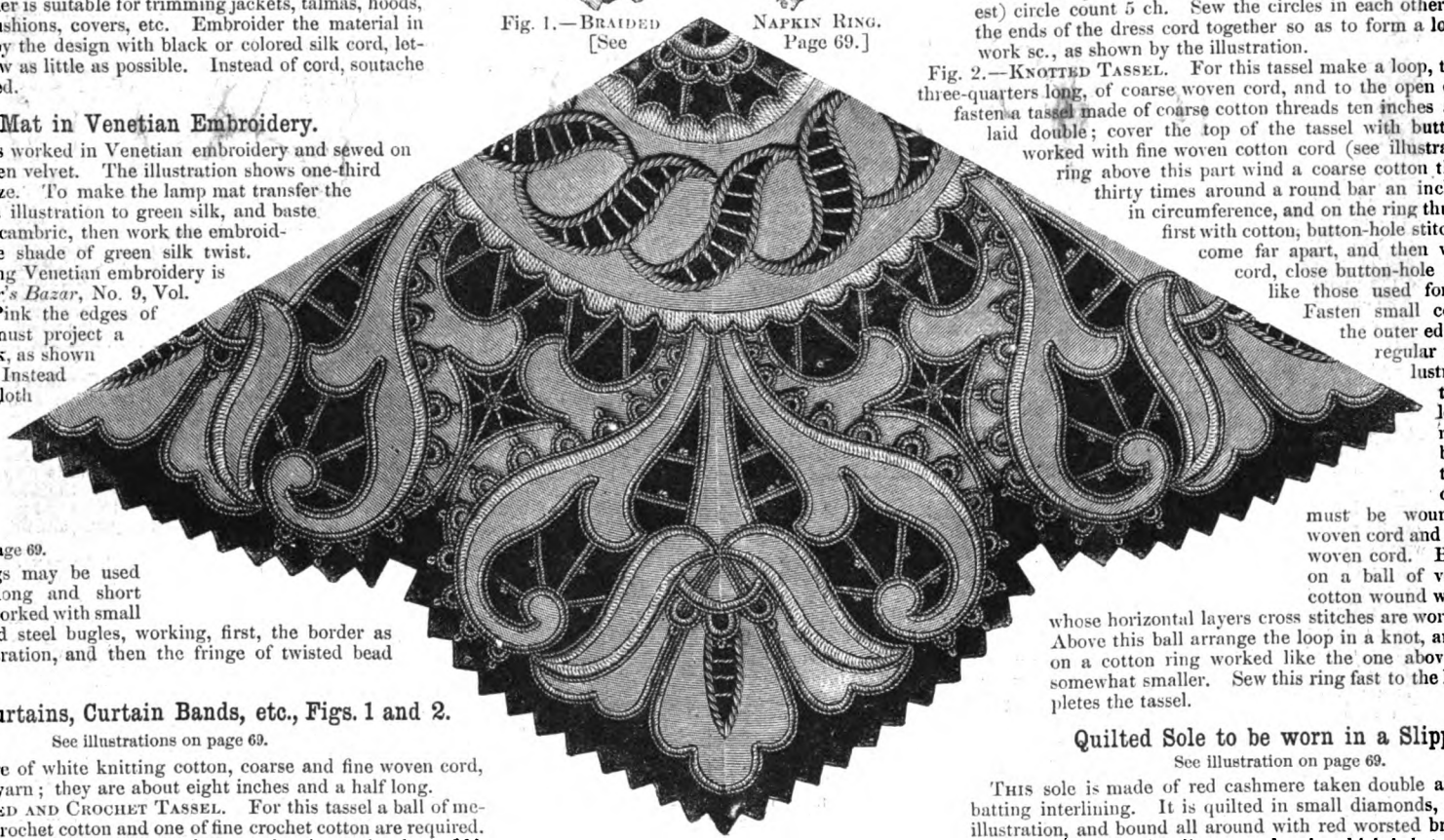


Fig. 1.—BRAIDED NAPKIN RING. [See Page 69.]



SECTION OF LAMP MAT IN VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—KNITTED SLEEVELESS JACKET.—BACK.

Quilted Sole to be worn in a Slipper.

See illustration on page 69.

THIS sole is made of red cashmere taken double and a thin cotton batting interlining. It is quilted in small diamonds, as shown by the illustration, and bound all around with red worsted braid. The shape must fit the sole of the slipper or shoe in which it is to be worn, being, of course, somewhat smaller.

EMBROIDERY BORDER FOR WRAPPINGS, COVERS, ETC.

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Lambrequin for Curtain or Portière.

THIS lambrequin is of dark green woolen reps. It is lined with green cambric and trimmed with coarse green worsted cord and worsted fringe, and is pleated as shown by the illustration. Coarse green cord is arranged in scallops on the lambrequin; between each two scallops sew on a rosette of the material. The top of the lambrequin is finished by a tapestry border worked on canvas, which is edged with cord. The foundation of the embroidery is worked with green worsted; the figures are worked with several shades of fawn-colored worsted.

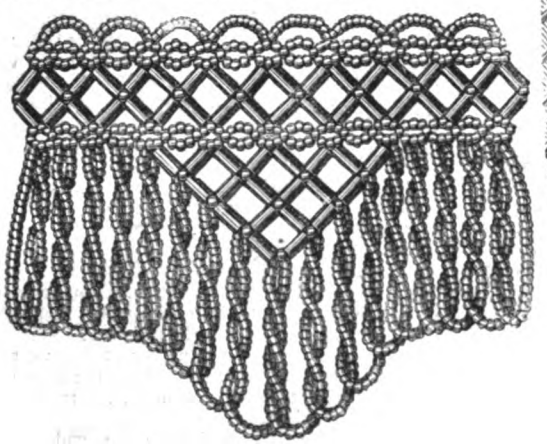


Fig. 1.—STEEL BEAD TRIMMING FOR PURSE.

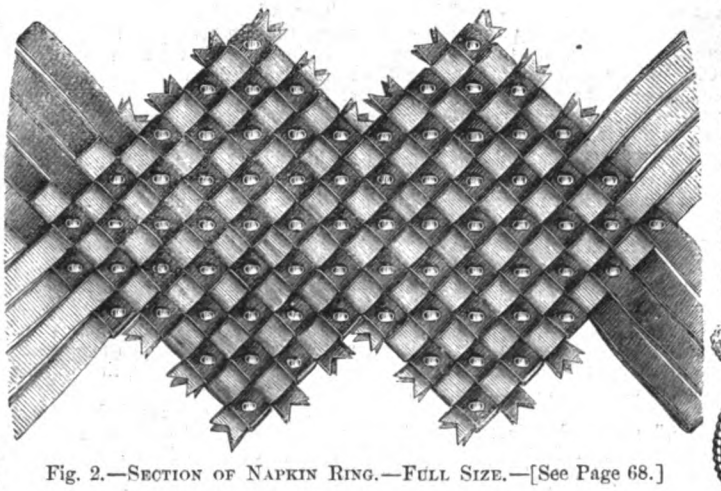
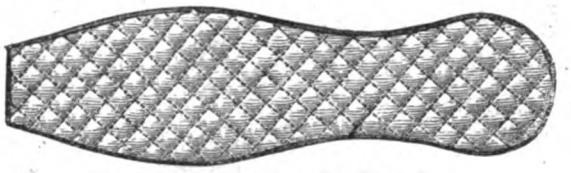


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF NAPKIN RING.—FULL SIZE.—[See Page 68.]



QUILTED SOLE TO BE WORN IN SLIPPER.

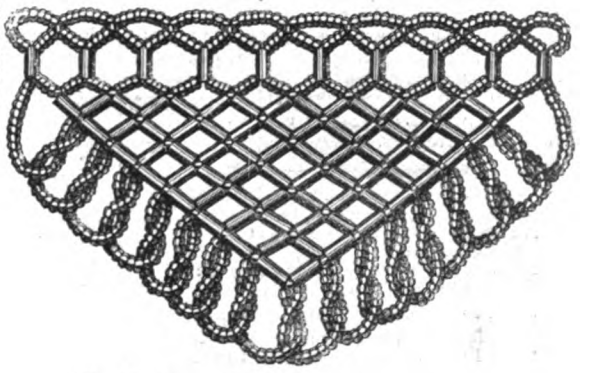
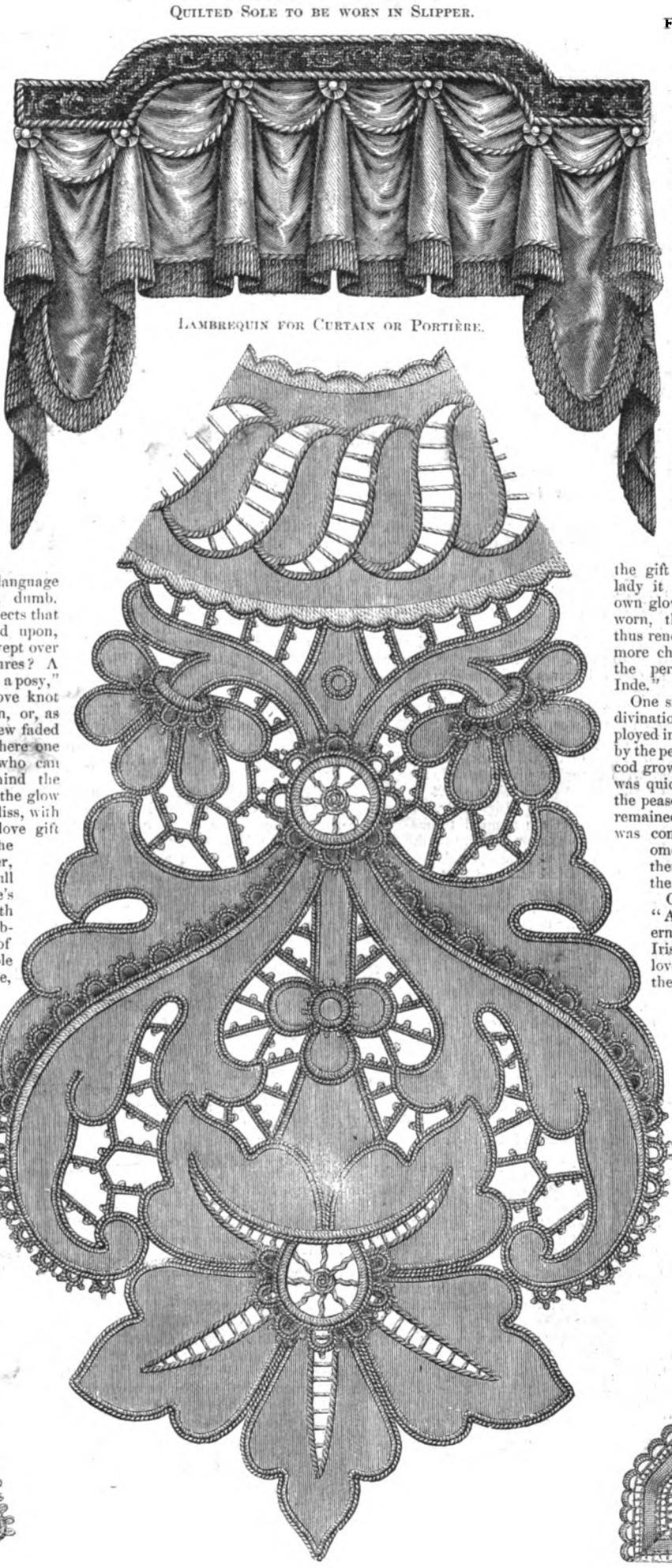


Fig. 2.—STEEL BEAD TRIMMING FOR PURSE.

Point Lace Standing Collar, Figs. 1 and 2.

FOR these collars, of which Figs. 1 and 2 give full-sized sections, point lace braid with woven picots is required. Baste this braid on fine linen, and work the lace stitches with fine linen thread as shown by the illustration. For the scallops at the outer edge of the braid stretch coarse linen thread, and on this work button-hole stitch; in working the scallops on the outer edge of Fig. 1 make three small picots on each scallop.

Fig. 1.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET TASSEL FOR CURTAINS, ETC.



LAMBREQUIN FOR CURTAIN OR PORTIÈRE.

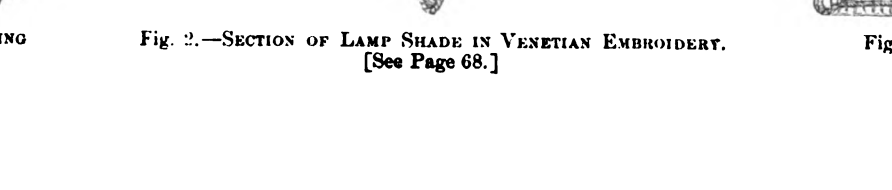


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF LAMP SHADE IN VENETIAN EMBROIDERY. [See Page 68.]

Fig. 2.—KNOTTED TASSEL FOR CURTAINS, ETC.

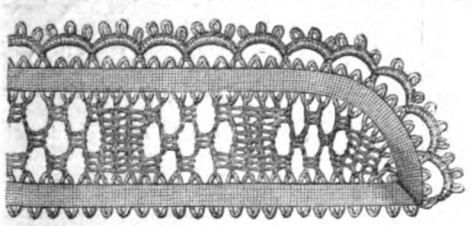


Fig. 1.—SECTION OF POINT LACE STANDING COLLAR.

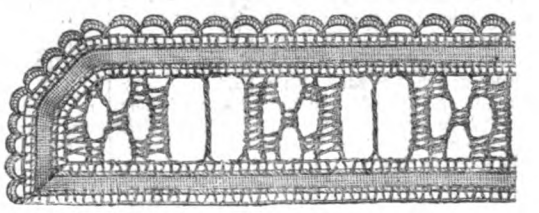


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF POINT LACE STANDING COLLAR.

LOVE GIFTS.

LOVE gifts should be of little intrinsic value; they should owe their preciousness to the hand that gives. The token of love should not, by its beauty or costliness, distract the attention for one moment from the meaning of the gift—heart speaking to heart, in language eloquent though dumb. What are the objects that have been gazed upon, and kissed, and wept over as priceless treasures? A "paltry ring with a posy," a glove, a true-love knot in hair or ribbon, or, as likely as not, a few faded flowers; but is there one who has loved who can not recall to mind the throb of ecstasy, the glow of paradisiacal bliss, with which the first love gift was received—the silent messenger, bringing the full assurance of love's return? The youth who has just obtained a lock of hair, or a simple rose-bud maybe, from his mistress's hand, given after much pleading, would he part with it for a rose of rubies and gold? Would yonder girl, as she sits in her chamber alone, turning on her finger the slight ring that binds her to him who has won her maiden troth, change it for a circlet of the costliest diamonds? Not for worlds!

From time immemorial the most usual love gifts have been rings, bracelets of hair, flowers, birds, scented gloves, embroidered handkerchiefs, and such like articles. In ancient Greece pretty birds were generally love gifts; caged birds were sold in the market at Athens for that purpose. Among the Romans rings were exchanged; and this custom seems to have prevailed in all ages and every country. Chaucer describes Cresseide as giving Troilus a ring with a "posy," and receiving one from him in exchange; and Shakspeare frequently alludes to such tokens. The stones with which the ring was set were susceptible of conveying a loving idea or message. The gems usually selected were not the sparkling diamond, nor the gaudy ruby or emerald, but pearls for purity; or turquoises, preservative of truth. It is an old superstition that the turquoise sympathizes with its possessor, and becomes pale and faded in times of sickness and sorrow. The brighter gems may be used, however, arranged so as to form a name or motto by their initial letters. It is said that the Prince of Wales presented his bride with a ring set with beryl, emerald, ruby, topaz, jasper, and emerald, forming the word "Bertie."

The custom of breaking a gold or silver coin between lovers is also very ancient, and may probably have been derived from the old Athenian symbol. A piece of metal or wood was cut into two parts, one half being retained by the native of Attica, the other given to the stranger whose acquaintance he had made. The bearer of the symbol, whether one of the original parties or only a friend, was entitled to all the rites of hospitality from the owner of the other half. Not to acknowledge this duty was considered scandalous and a crime. Coins were no doubt subsequently used because of the facility of recognizing the token by the device. A "bowed" or crooked piece of money was preferred as a love-token, being considered more lucky. These broken coins, pledges of love, are frequently referred to in poem and story.

As the giving the hand is a pledge of amity and steadfastness, the gift of gloves may have been considered to have a similar meaning. Perfumed gloves were formerly much used both as New-Year's gifts and love gifts. Autolycus sold "gloves as sweet as damask-roses;" and Mopsa reminds her lover that he promised her a "tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves." When the gift came from the lady it was one of her own gloves, one she had worn, that was given, thus rendering the token more charming than all the perfumes of "far Inde."

One singular form of divination formerly employed in love-affairs was by the peas-cod. A peas-cod growing on the stem was quickly plucked; if the pease growing within remained unscattered it was considered a good omen, and it was then presented to the chosen fair one.

Camden, in his "Ancient and Modern Manners of the Irish," speaks of lovers presenting their mistresses with bracelets of woven hair; and among Northern nations a knot was a symbol of love and fidelity. The origin of the expression true-love knot is not from *true love*, as might be supposed, but from the Danish *Trulofa fidem do*—"I plight my troth."

Of all gifts that lovers have devised none are so graceful as flowers; so universally has this been acknowledged that the lover of to-day sends the lady of his choice a bouquet, just as the ancient Greek or Roman sent a chaplet to bind his mistress's brow. It is to be feared, however, that much of the poetry of the gift is lost sight of. A ten-dollar bouquet from a florist is not the same as the flower group gathered and carefully arranged by loving hands according to the significance of the flowers. The language of flowers has become obsolete, and requires an interpreter. We may laugh at the old doggerel valentine:

"The lily is white, the violet blue,
The rose is sweet, and so are you;"

but after all there is a sentiment in it. What sentiment can be attached to "gardenias" and "hojas" and "stephanotis," and all the rest of the gorgeous or perfumed beauties of the hot-house, foreign to

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our native soil and tongue? In the East it is said the language of flowers is so well understood that a nosegay dropped from the lattice by the henna-stained fingers of some dark-eyed houri is equivalent to a love-letter. The poets of all ages have delighted to associate the image of their mistresses with these sweet children of nature.

Customs alter and fashions change; ornaments once valued are thrown aside as antiquated; the toys that pleased the child are neglected by the boy; and youth's delights are scorned by sober manhood. But love gifts never grow old-fashioned or out of date; they are always fresh from the golden age. Old people die, and desks and drawers are ransacked by their heirs. Take up tenderly the withered petals, the lock of hair, the quaint ring hidden away in some secret recess; for hearts have once thrilled and eyes moistened at their touch. Precious gems and rare objects there may be in casket and cabinet, but none preserved with such jealous care as these, for these were love gifts.

HEREAFTER.

A LITTLE fair year, oh, sweet my child,
God giveth to you and me,
Fresh from His hand, a young new year:
What will its story be?

"It is white, like lilies, with soft fallen snow,
The little fair thing," he said;
"And I shall love it, but you will be sad
That the dear old year is dead.

"I hope the little year will be glad
All its life till it dies;
I will be so good that every day
It shall have a happy surprise.

"If I love the dear Lord out of my heart,
Every and all day long,
It shall be such a blest merry year
On to its even-song.

"I will have the sweet new year for my own,
And you the year that is dead;
I think you will love it, though it has gone,
More than this one," he said.

"And perhaps when God gathers the years,
In heaven they both shall shine,
And your dead year be as fair and sweet,
As happy and glad, as mine."

AUNT LIGHTBODY'S MATCH-MAKING.

SOPHRONIA DALE lay dead. Flowers in her hand—her tireless hand, that was taking its first rest now—and a peaceful smile upon her pale face. The rooms were full of tender, willing-hearted women, who went softly and spoke low; coming to do, in neighborly kindness, those things for her that she had done for so many others.

The faulty woman was sainted at last, and no one spoke of any thing but her ready helpfulness, her many virtues, and her busy, weary life. Yet, though hushed with the solemnity of death that rested over the house, nobody showed the broken-heartedness of bitter bereavement. Not even the widowed husband, who helped in the last arrangements with sad calmness, and bore what might be either a benumbed or an indifferent heart.

But behind every one, out of sight and for the time forgotten, sat a child—poor little motherless Tommy—with his old, small face dignified and made pathetic by its look of patient sorrow.

"Tommy takes it the hardest of any of them," said neighbor Gooding, standing in the frosty October twilight by the road-side, with a shawl over her head.

"*Does* he? Poor little fellow!" returned Miss Morey, bending her pretty chestnut head from the open wagon, where she sat tucked in under a buffalo-robe. "His mother has always made such a companion of him, he must miss her terribly."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Gooding, folding her shawl closer about her throat; "I expect so. He is still—Tommy was always still; but he feels it. I happened upon him in the wash-room this morning, and he was there, sitting on a coal-hod, crying as hard as he could cry. But when he came back in the sitting-room he was so quiet you wouldn't hardly know as he sensed his loss."

"Poor little fellow!" repeated Miss Morey, gathering up the reins. "You don't know, do you, what Mr. Dale means to do?"

"Break up housekeeping, I expect. I understand Tommy's aunt Lightbody has offered to take him, and Mr. Dale will board with his sister Peaslee, likely."

"Tommy's aunt Lightbody? Let's see; she lives over in Harefield, I believe."

"Yes, she that was Clementina Dale. She is a real kind, clever woman, I've been told, and her husband is quite forehanded. He was a widower, when she married him, with one child. So they won't need to feel the expense of Tommy's bringing up. Dear me! this is a world of changes. Ride out and see us, Jane, as often as you can. I expect I shall feel dreadful lonesome, Mrs. Dale was such a good neighbor."

"Yes," said Jane Morey, "and she was the making of her husband. But there, Mrs. Gooding, I won't keep you standing in the cold."

So she drove away in the falling twilight, and Mrs. Gooding went home to make biscuits for tea. Each grave and overshadowed by the brooding presence of death; but yet not as though the sun had become black as sackcloth of hair, and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. The hand had not been put out to touch *their* bone and *their* flesh.

The next day after his mother's funeral little Tommy went to his aunt Clementina's, dragging his grief like a chain. Every thing was new to him at Harefield—the ferry-boat crossing the quiet river, the green bluff keeping guard over it, and the one long street running straight to a guide-board, then curving slowly around a corner. But stranger than all was the new home, with Aunt Clementina buzzing about like a good-natured bumble-bee, looking after every thing, from the shingles on the house-top to the horse in its stall, and full of well-meant sweetness as a honey-comb.

"Come right here, Ednetta, and get acquainted with this new cousin in a minute," said she, leading forward her step-daughter—a fair, dark-eyed girl. "He is going to live with us, and be your brother."

Ednetta hung back, partly from shyness, partly from pride.

"Come, let's see! Don't you want to give him one of your picture-books and part of your wa'nuts?" persisted Aunt Lightbody, who could never wait for her chickens to break their own shells.

"No, ma'am," answered Ednetta, drawing away; "I don't know as I do."

"Why! I am surprised! Don't you know poor little Cousin Tommy has just lost his mother, and hasn't got any home; so we are going to give him part of ours?"

"I don't care," replied Ednetta, slipping out of the room.

"She'll come around all right by-and-by. That is only her way, and you will be the best friends ever was yet. We are *all* sorry for you," continued Aunt Lightbody, in a tone soothing as a slippery-elm poultice. "Here, don't you want a gingerbread cookie?"

"Thank you, ma'am," answered Tommy, his lips trembling a little as he stooped to stroke the great mottled cat that was stretched on the rug before the fire.

The cat had a brass collar around his neck, and beside him was a little dog, decorated with blue ribbons.

"Do you like cats?" asked Aunt Lightbody. "That cat's name is Captain, and the dog is Pink. Ednetta rather claims Captain, and I guess your uncle Paul will have to give Pinkie to you."

A quick little smile flashed over Tommy's face, bringing a look like his mother into his eyes; and just then Ednetta came back, and stood on the opposite side of the fire-place.

"Do you like dogs?" said she, curling her small lips. "I hate them."

"Oh, I'm sure Ednetta doesn't mean what she says," interposed Aunt Lightbody, quickly. "She is very fond of Pinkie; aren't you, dear?"

Aunt Lightbody was as transparent as a goblet of distilled water, and understood Ednetta, with her pretty waywardness and haughty languor, as little as she did the habits of the albatross.

It was so now, as the children stood at opposite sides of the wide fire-place, with Captain and Pink between them; and it was the same when they had grown far through girlhood and boyhood into the estate of man and woman. In all these fleeting, fleeing years her heart grew no narrower and her worldly wisdom no wider, and she kept continually getting in the way of her own elbows, and doing the best to frustrate her own plans.

Meantime Ednetta grew softer-eyed and fairer-cheeked year by year. Her chin was perfect in its dimpled curves, and her hair was full of kinks and tangles, enough to entrap hearts much more obtuse than the simple one that looked out through the tender, womanish eyes of Tommy. And still they held for each other an attraction half made up of repulsions and contradictions. They were never long at peace when together, and never long at peace when apart.

"Ednetta," said Mrs. Lightbody, on a spring morning, "aren't you a mind to make some mince-pies? You know Tommy thinks there is nothing equal to your mince-pies."

Tommy was coming home that day from a term's teaching in Weatherston Academy. It had been his first long absence, and Mrs. Lightbody was up to her eyes and her elbows in flour, and full to overflowing of joyous expectation.

"We want to show the dear boy we are ever so glad to see him, you know," she continued, reaching down a blue earthen coffee-pot full of raisins.

Ednetta had a stirring-spoon in her hand, and was, indeed, in the very act of peeping into the jar of potted-down mince-meat, when Mrs. Lightbody spoke. But now she immediately put on the lid.

"I think I will fry some dough-nuts, sweetened, with raisins and cinnamon in," said she, with a flashing remembrance of Tommy's especial dislike to them.

"Do you think so?" returned Mrs. Lightbody, a dash of disappointment in her tone. But her loving heart comforted itself directly. "Oh, well," thought she, "*I'll* make the pies, and not let on that Ednetta didn't do it.—I wonder why it is," she continued, aloud, "that you and Tommy don't seem to agree any better? It is plain to be seen he sets every thing by you, too. I can't understand it, I am sure. We would all be glad to have you two friends."

Ednetta shook her curls and tossed the dimple in her chin, whereat Mrs. Lightbody sighed. But Mrs. Lightbody's sighs were never more melancholy than the blowing of the west wind over a bed of clove-carnations.

"I am sorry you can't be. We are *all* sorry. And like enough you'll change your mind yet. We'll hope so," said she, cheerfully.

The dimple went higher yet, and in about a minute Ednetta said, "Angenora Winterton wants me to go home with her to-night."

"Oh, now, Netta, seems as if I wouldn't go off the first night of poor Tommy's coming home. It will look as though you didn't care about seeing him," protested Mrs. Lightbody.

"So I suppose," returned Ednetta, fastening a button-rose among her curls.

Thus when Tommy came through the gate under the elm-tree, just at the robins' lullaby hour, he saw only his aunt Lightbody standing in the double doorway, clapping her hands and smiling a loving welcome. His eyes ran over and beyond her, and to each of the windows.

"She isn't here, Ednetta isn't," said Aunt Lightbody, at once. "Angenora Winterton coaxed her home with her; and you must take Dobbin and go for her to-morrow."

"Did Ednetta say so?" asked Tommy, eagerly.

"She will be expecting you," turned Aunt Lightbody, evasively. "Now come right straight in and have some of the supper she was busy all the morning baking up for you."

Tommy's spirits rose like an India rubber ball, and he laid his hand, with a motion like a caress, on Ednetta's pot of musk, that was his own particular aversion.

"What have you concluded about trying to get more learning?" questioned Mrs. Lightbody, when, with a deal of rattling and clinking, she had given him twice too much sugar in his tea, and twice too much honey for his bread.

"I have concluded to give up college, and get along with what education I can pick up here and there," Tommy replied. "You know, Aunt Lightbody, father hasn't got his money back on his fountain-pen, and so he can't pay me what he borrowed—"

"Well, now, I do think that is a shame!" broke in Aunt Lightbody, with her mouth full of plum preserves. "Austin has no right to use up your money, as well as his own, on his folderols. Hasn't got it back! He has *never* got it back in one identical case; and you oughtn't to give him any more. No sort of use—don't do him any good, and nobody else."

"Father has got an invention nearly perfected now that he is sure there is money in," said Tommy. "It is a new kind of mowing-machine. And he says the best judges, both machinists and farmers, tell him he has hit it this time, and no mistake."

"And all he wants to make you and him independently rich," put in Uncle Lightbody, who sat eating brown bread and pickles, "is the loan, for a few months, of your last quarter's pay. He thinks, too, he may need the interest due you from that property of your mother's."

"Yes, Sir; so he said," answered Tommy, looking up in surprise.

"That is what I supposed. The fools are not all dead yet. Wife, hand me the mustard."

When Uncle Lightbody called for the mustard the family always understood there was no more to be said. Accordingly, they finished their cream biscuits and custard-pie without another word.

"And now," said Aunt Lightbody, the next morning, "'pears to me you'd better go right after Ednetta first thing after breakfast. Hadn't he, father?"

"H'm! Will she be ready, do you think?" asked Uncle Lightbody, looking at the mustard-pot.

"I don't know why not," returned his wife. "I shouldn't be surprised if she is sitting at the window, looking out for you, Tommy, and been there some time."

But when Tommy and Dobbin drew up before the old Winterton mansion there was only Angenora Winterton, out planting touch-me-nots and bachelor's-buttons under the kitchen window.

"Dear me, Tommy, is that you?" she cried. "Come for Ednetta, haven't you? Too bad! She and brother Silas are taking a horseback ride."

At the name of Silas Winterton Tommy felt a heavy pain just under his watch-pocket. Silas Winterton was a young lawyer. He had been through college, and taken the first honors in his class. He wore a diamond pin and lilac kids, and his hands never smelled of the stable.

"How soon will they be back?" asked Tommy.

"Who knows? I'm sure *I* don't," returned Angenora, gayly. "Silas is to drive Ednetta home this evening; so I suppose they will be here some time in the course of the day. Come in, won't you, any how? Grandmother will be glad to see you."

But Tommy had no appetite for grandmothers just then; nor even for the sunny, blue-eyed beauty of Miss Angenora. He drew up his rein with a feeling as though there was a dead robin under his vest.

"Is that so? Silas Winterton! Well, *to* be sure! We are all sorry for you," said Aunt Lightbody, when Tommy had explained why he came home alone. "But it may all come out right yet. I wouldn't be discouraged. It is always darkest before day, they tell us," she continued, bringing out a plate of the pie Ednetta did not make, by way of comfort.

But Tommy had no more appetite for pie than he had for grandmothers.

"That is a very unsatisfactory saying," he returned; "for who ever knows when it *is* darkest?"

Darkest or not, Tommy's morning began to dawn at the first glimpse of Ednetta's scarlet shawl. It always did. And when she touched his hair with her hand with a sort of mute tenderness, the dead robin under his vest awoke and broke into singing, even though she was at that very moment looking at Silas Winterton with a smile, stately and sweet and full of sunshine—or so it seemed; but in reality the sunny smile was stricken through and through with shadow, and sadder than a passing bell.

The fact was, Ednetta had expected something that had not happened—something that had come again and again as far as the young lawyer's eyes, but no farther. So now, with proud disdain of her own heart and its vain fancies, she was smiling a good-by not only to him, but to much that had been herself up to that instant.

As she turned around with her hand still on Tommy's hair, and the smile still on her lips, Mrs. Lightbody called to her from within.

"Is it an understood thing between you and the Squire?" she said.

"I don't know what you mean!" replied Ednetta, frigidly.

"You must be the only one that don't. We have all seen what Silas's mind is. And I am sure he is a very likely young man, and one you can't find any fault with," returned Mrs. Lightbody, whose sympathetic heart was ready to overflow in any direction. "Though, to be sure," she continued, "it would have pleased *us* better if you and Tommy here could have made up a match together."

"Don't, mother!" said Ednetta, with a little shiver that went through Tommy like a needle of ice. Then she walked off as stately and stiff as a marble statue.

"The dear child! I don't know why it is, but I can never seem to get her confidence," said Mrs. Lightbody, regretfully. "Suppose you ask her about it, Tommy; she may be more free with you."

"I think not, Aunt Clementina. You know it annoys Ednetta to be questioned," replied Tommy, taking up his Greek Grammar.

Mrs. Lightbody sighed another of her west wind sighs, and went off to the pantry to arrange for a breakfast that should on the morrow set every thing straight.

But morning and breakfast came, and still things did not seem quite right. Ednetta was still intangible, and Tommy studied Greek all the time he was not plowing the garden. There was evidently a twist somewhere that batter-cakes, buttered and sugared, and cut like a pie, couldn't straighten. Nor even a dinner of salted lamb, stewed in cream, with dandelion greens for a relish, and apple-slump by way of dessert. Dear Aunt Lightbody was at her wit's end, and Uncle Lightbody ate mustard till he was nearly ready to turn into a sandwich.

"What can we think of for supper that will be good?" she asked, contemplatively, as soon as the dinner dishes were washed. "There! I wonder if I couldn't make an apple short-cake to taste as my mother's used to! And we'll have some shirred eggs; they will be new. What do you say to that, Ednetta?"

"Nice," replied Ednetta, who was cutting the blighted leaves from her orange-tree, and hadn't heard a word.

Pretty soon Tommy, who was planting potatoes, saw her coming down the garden walk with a box of plants in her hand.

"Come and help me set out my verbenas," said she.

Tommy dropped his potatoes and went, and just then Silas Winterton drove by with a lady, lifting his hat courteously as he passed.

The sight of him seemed to melt the impalpable ice about Ednetta, like an April sun. She grew gay and sweet and almost tender. And as for Tommy, who was as ready to respond to her moods as thistle-down to the wind, he was on the tenth wave at once.

"My short-cake went to the right spot," said Mrs. Lightbody, with a nod of self-gratulation. "I'll remember that."

But nothing half as innocent as apple short-cake had cleared up the atmosphere. It was simply a fit of pique and discouragement on the part of Ednetta, who was the family barometer. And pique had taken the form of so much that was lovely and gracious that, before Tommy was aware, his whole heart was drawn out through his lips as well as his eyes. And quite to his surprise as well as joy, Ednetta took the offered heart, and in its place gave him a simple gold ring. Not a fair exchange, but Tommy was too dazzled to know that. He walked around for days, looking at it, and saying in his great happiness, "Is it *I*?" He made himself dyspeptic eating dough-nuts; he made himself faint wearing musk in his button-hole; and would hardly have thought it too much to give her his head in a charger if the damsel had asked for it.

"It does seem good to see you two so happily allied," said Aunt Lightbody, who was preparing to celebrate the engagement by a supper of hot gingerbread. "I thought I'd put a flea in Ednetta's ear about that young Winterton fellow, and I've made out full as well as I expected."

Alas! such blessedness was too pure for this mixed-up world. Before many days Ednetta began to mope and let the pies burn. And this time apple short-cake was all in vain. Even cinnamon rolls and vinegar candy did not arouse her, and Mrs. Lightbody was in despair.

"Netta had a letter one day. *That* seemed to be the first beginning of it, near as I can make out. Do you know any thing about a letter, Tommy?"

No, Tommy knew nothing about a letter; but his heart sunk "full forty fathoms deep" at thought of one, and he hurried off to find Ednetta. He found her training the Madeira-vine she had kept in the house all winter, out about the side portico. And as he came upon her unaware, he was startled to see the look of silent misery in her face.

"What is the matter, Netta dear? What is it about a letter?" he began at once.

Ednetta started at the sound of his voice, and an expression almost of loathing came into her face. But she did not speak, and after an instant drew a daintily perfumed and embossed note from her pocket, and gave it to him without looking up.

Tommy opened the note, and read it twice, with a quiet face. It was from Silas Winterton, and told, in delicate violet ink, the tardy story of his love.

"Do you wish it had come sooner, Netta?" asked Tommy, gently. "Don't you know me well enough to be sure I don't want what belongs to somebody else? You must write to Silas just

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as you would if you had not promised me. I prefer you should."

A gloom suddenly lifted from Ednetta's face, and bending forward with a quick impulse, she kissed Tommy's forehead, and said, "You are twice as good as I am, Tommy. Now I don't hate you."

With this sorry bit of comfort Tommy went away, and with him went away Ednetta's good angel.

"Tommy is splendid after all," said she, in her thoughts, twisting the delicate vine the wrong way. "He is a hundred times better tempered than Silas. That is why I always liked to plague him, because I could get him over it so easy. I've a great mind," she continued, feeling the easy coquetry of a cat with her paw upon a mouse, "to try Silas a little. He deserves some fright for being so slow."

Accordingly, when Silas called that evening, she met him with pensive sweetness. And when he asked why she had not answered his letter, she looked more pensive and more sweet, and said: "Oh, Silas, why did you not write that letter one day sooner? I had just promised Tommy."

The color flickered and flamed in her cheek, and there was a little tremble in her voice that ought to have made a man ready to fight a duel for her if necessary. But Silas only said, with discouraged emphasis, "Is that so?" And just then Aunt Lightbody came in with some glasses of spruce-beer on a little japanned waiter.

"How is your grandmother these days? I really wish you would bring her over to see us," she began. "She and I used to set a good deal by one another when we were girls together. I wonder if she remembers that time when Eben Long asked for her company home from spelling-school, and she picked up an old broomstick that happened to be lying there in the path, and, said she, 'There is something for you to walk with, if you can't go alone.' Such a laugh as that raised! For Eben was a contrairy, or'nary fellow, and his money was all he had to commend him in this world or the next. So it didn't come hard to us to see him put down a little."

When the tide of old memories once began to flow from Mrs. Lightbody's affluent brain, it never turned till brought up by some rock. So to-night, one story suggested another, until at last there was a knock at the door; a messenger came to say Grandmother Winterton was taken ill, and Silas was needed.

"Let us know if we can do any thing," said Ednetta, with as much clinging in the clasp of her hand as the first twirl in a grape tendril, and looking her good-by with longing regret in her beautiful eyes.

Then Silas Winterton disappeared in the blossom-scented, moonlit evening, and came back no more.

Morning after morning Ednetta polished the old-fashioned brass knocker till it shone like a glow-worm, and evening after evening she tied up her hair with Silas's favorite blue ribbons, and sat, careless and sweet, waiting and listening. But day was piled upon day, like stones upon a cairn, and nobody came but one-eyed Miller and his little old peddler's cart full of well-meaning rubbish. Oh yes! There was Mrs. Tinklepaugh's grandchild, who came, as she did every year, with a plate and a silver ninepenny-piece to buy half a pound of honey for her grandmother. The same plate and the same piece of silver, for Tommy made a dent in it once on purpose to know.

"Oh la, child! I don't want your money. Your grandmother is very welcome, I am sure. Tell her she must try to get up and see us some of these pleasant days," said Aunt Lightbody, in her accustomed formula.

Grandmother Winterton rallied from her attack; that Ednetta heard; but beyond this the Winterton family might have been swallowed up with Korah, for Angenora was away visiting an aunt at the far West. Until at last it was one-eyed Miller's time to come on his monthly beat again.

"Any thing you are out on to-day in my line?" he asked, without getting off his cart.

"Good-day, Mr. Miller," replied Mrs. Lightbody, briskly, coming to the door, and looking as though she had four eyes. "You haven't got a skimmer, I suppose?"

"Skimmer! Yes I have got a skimmer, too," replied the peddler, in an aggrieved tone. "Miss Nash, her husband just bid off one to a vandoo; a'most a new one, and she hadn't meant he should, 'cause she's got two a'ready. So I took it, and gin her a squash that I got up here in the meadows to pay for a mop. There!"

"That is just the thing I wanted, Mr. Miller. Could I make a trade with you for it, and pay in dried apple?" said Aunt Lightbody.

"Le's see your apple," rejoined Mr. Miller. "You've heerd the news, I suppose?" he continued, as she came after a minute with the apple in a linen pillow-case. "The great wedding they are making such a fuss about up to Gravesley?"

"No! Who are the folks? Any body I know?"

"Why, yes, you oughter. Dr. Collins's daughter and that young Silas Winterton. I thought one spell Ednetta here would get him."

Ednetta, who sat by the open window, with a blue bow over her left ear, flushed like a snow-drift touched by sunset; but she did not deign even to lift her eyelids when Mrs. Lightbody fluttered in, fanning herself with the skimmer, and repeating the news.

"I wasn't expecting it, but I guess it is a good match. We'll hope so," said she, comfortably.

Ednetta made no remark; but going to her room presently, she burned all her blue ribbons, and put on scarlet—which was much more becoming.

That evening at the tea-table Tommy Dale announced that he had accepted a situation as book-keeper and confidential clerk in a wholesale hardware store in the city. So he went away, and for months did not once come home. He wrote often, speaking of Ednetta with careless regard, just as he did of Dobbin, and the peacock, and old Mrs. Tinklepaugh's rheumatism.

And then, presently, the man having risen in him, the woman rose in her. As soon as she found she couldn't have him, she wanted him. So she began to mope and let the pies burn again; and when Tommy came home upon a Thanksgiving she looked more like a pink snow-drift than ever—as cold and white and rose-tinted.

"I'm worried about Ednetta," said Aunt Lightbody, who was broiling chicken, with Tommy to hand the salt and butter. "She don't eat her victuals as she used to; and either she isn't well or something is on her mind. I wish you would have a talk with her, and find out which it is, for I don't know but she ought to be taking medicine."

For a moment Ednetta, who was sitting by the stove-pipe in her room above the kitchen, heard no sound from below but the crackling of the coals and the rattle of Mrs. Lightbody's knife and fork, as she turned the chicken and dabbed it with butter. Then Tommy spoke.

"This is a plump bird," said he. "Is it one of old Topknot's brood?"

Not to be worth so much as a passing remark! Ednetta did not wait to hear any thing more, but going in a dark closet, where there was nothing but two trunks and a pile of bedding, she put her head down on a goose-feather pillow, that fluffed about her face as though with a sort of inanimate sympathy, and cried as if June had touched the snow-drift at last. When she appeared down stairs her face was like a "rose newly washed in a shower," for Ednetta always seemed to grow handsomer for it, whatever she did.

"A daughter of she that was Jane Morey," Aunt Lightbody was saying. "I don't suppose you remember her; but she and your mother were great knit-ups. She is visiting now at her aunt Duane's, and she seems like a right pretty girl, with her mother's curls and red cheeks. I will invite her over to tea. Or we will make a little evening party—just ask a few in. I am satisfied she would please you, and I shall feel better about you, Tommy, to see you well married."

There are rare moments when the dull windows of the body seem to open, and the "anointed eye" may look through and catch a glimpse of the luminous, transfigured soul within—just a token of what it will be when clothed upon with immortality. This moment came unconsciously to Ednetta as she paused with her hand on the rude latch of the stairway door; and Tommy, looking up, saw through the folds of pride and coquetry and self-disdain that wrapped in her heart like the petals of a rose. There was no need of words to say what neither of them would ever have said in words; but instantly they knew life was for them both another thing.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Lightbody, as she scraped up the plates after breakfast, "I haven't thought of broiled chicken before. There is nothing like it for a delicate appetite, and I haven't seen Ednetta look so much like herself for weeks as she does now. I am so glad she relished it."

Instead of arching her mouth and looking like Pygmalion's statue before it awoke, Ednetta only laughed and blushed in a human way, as she said, "Yes, mother, that chicken was delicious. I am all right now."

When the time of the swarming of bees had come again Tommy Dale and Ednetta were married.

"The dear children!" said Aunt Lightbody, with a triumphant sigh, as she whisked the eggs for the twelfth kind of wedding-cake; "they hardly knew their own minds; but I brought it about at last!"

SUNDAY EVENING IN A SUABIAN VILLAGE.

See illustration on page 72.

THE agreeable picture which our engraving represents will commend itself to the feelings and tastes of those who love a romantic idyl of pastoral life. They may have dreamed of seeking it and seeing it, one day or other, in some peaceful abode of an innocent yet intelligent people, not too much oppressed with toil and cares for the occasional enjoyment of a gay and social hour!

But where to find that happiest spot below?

It is doubtful if the peasantry of any country in Europe answer this description. Dancing, indeed, is nowhere absolutely unknown; but in some places, and with some classes, it is an affair of too much ceremony, luxurious pomp, and etiquette, with others, probably, of too much rude and coarse dissipation, to resemble Goldsmith's delightful reminiscence (perhaps an imaginary one) of the French rustic party for whom his flute made such acceptable music when "the traveler" stopped on his pedestrian journey through their fertile land:

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all time, and marred the dancers' skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the passing hour.

Those people were the French peasantry of a hundred years ago, just before their terrible social and political Revolution. The scenes and actions which are being performed, in these very days, "beside the murmuring Loire," are dreadfully unlike such as our amiable poet describes; as different as "Sweet Auburn," before the eviction of its cotters, from the actual state of any Irish village known to have existed since "Malachi wore the collar of gold" in that long-suffering island of Erin. The country folk have sometimes danced on Sundays and holidays, or in harvest-time gatherings of an evening; but have they often been sincerely happy and purely, innocently merry? If so, may they soon again be enabled to throng the village green, with hearts as light and feet as nimble as in "the good old times!" We think of the present bloody conflicts of Frenchmen and Germans "beside the murmuring Loire," and our minds travel away quite out of France, into that other country of the Continent, whence some of the invading soldiery have marched to perform the hideous work of slaughter and havoc, at the bidding of kings and statesmen. It is in that region of South Germany, including the vine-covered hills of the Neckar, and the pleasantest parts of Würtemberg and Baden, which keeps the old Suabian name and nature, that the artist has located his group of gladsome maidens seated together in waiting for their partners at the Sunday-evening dance. German girls and young fellows, if not in Prussia, yet in Suabia, in Bavaria, and in Austria, can still enjoy a dance as freely as the French used to do. We only hope it will not be long before the King of Prussia allows the jolly boys of his Suabian contingent forces to go back to their fair companions on the village green, when the labors and pastimes of peace shall be resumed both in Germany and France.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE recent resolution passed in Congress authorizing the appointment of commissioners to visit the island of San Domingo, and report on the condition and resources of that country, has awakened much interest in the public mind. If Dominica is to be annexed to the United States, a brief review of geographical and historical facts may not be amiss. The island of Santo Domingo—or, as it is often called, the island of Hayti—is one of the largest and most beautiful of the West Indies, being nearly four hundred miles long in its longest part, and not far from one hundred and sixty miles wide. It is divided into two republics, Dominica and Hayti, the exact boundaries of each never having been definitely settled; but the former controls about seventeen thousand square miles, embracing the eastern portion of the island. The population is about one hundred and forty thousand. The political struggles of San Domingo have been numerous. It was recognized as an independent republic by France and Great Britain about 1845. The climate is salubrious, and the soil exceedingly fertile. Cabinet woods abound in the island, and the most luscious fruits, and the richest flowering plants. The mineral resources of the country include gold, silver, platina, copper, iron, and tin; also marble, antimony, rock-salt, and numerous other valuable substances. When the three commissioners return from their visit we may expect interesting details.

It is stated that since the completion of Rothermel's great picture of the "Battle of Gettysburg," a curious discovery has been made; namely, that there is no room in the Capitol at Harrisburg large enough to contain it.

Four Egyptian students have recently entered the Syrian Protestant College at Beyroot, having come from five hundred miles up the Nile.

A sad practical joke was played upon a young wife who was carrying food to her husband on the Paris ramparts. She was suddenly told in sport that her husband had been killed by the Prussians. She fell, and went into a lethargic state, from which even her husband, who soon went to her, could not rouse her; and she died in a few hours.

Iron wire is now made as fine as hair, and we understand that it is largely used in the manufacture of hair jewelry. This is doubtless satisfactory to purchasers if they understand it; but if fine wire were substituted for genuine hair supplied to the jeweler, one might most justly complain.

Hempstead Plains has been converted into the "Garden City." By the direction of Mr. A. T. Stewart the land has been prepared for building, the city is all laid out, and about twenty houses will be erected this season. The design of Mr. Stewart's scheme is to offer to those unable to live well in the city a pleasant home within easy reach of city work, at such a cost that persons of moderate incomes can avail themselves of it.

Sometimes from the lips of little ones there come such words of wisdom that it is worth while to listen to them and treasure them up. We know a little fellow, not far from five years old, whose father is a clergyman, and the child sometimes amuses himself by playing "church." One Sunday he got his little chair and table and books, and commenced his service, content to have only the partial attention of the other children who were in the room. After singing a hymn, the boy began his sermon, his words apparently being suggested in part by the pictures in his book, and by what he saw about him in the room. A lady in the family chanced to overhear him, and took "verbatim" notes, as follows:

"You must be good. You mustn't be naughty or wicked. You must be good. You must go to heaven. You mustn't be afraid in the dark. You mustn't cry. You mustn't kill any udder man. You must be a good boy. You mustn't do any thing to any boy when he does something bad to you. You must come right away from him. You must just kiss him, and not look at him any more. You mustn't go by any naughty boy. You mustn't whip any horse what isn't running away. You must be kind to horses. You must do what your mudder tells you. You mustn't steal raisins. Supposing you are a baby, you mustn't cry. You must laugh. You mustn't hit any body. If you are a boy, you must be elegant. You mustn't steal flowers in any udder body's garden. Supposing you know a lady—Miss Lizzie—you mustn't take any of her flowers without asking. Babies must never cry. Men must never be drunken; and boys must never be wicked; and dogs must never bite a man; and a fish must—don't kick—a fish don't walk—what does it do?" And here a little break occurred in the discourse, in reflecting upon the duties of a fish; so we will end our notes, which we have given believing that the little sermon contains more good lessons than many which are listened to every Sunday, and that it will be of some interest to mothers of other small preachers.

Near Calistoga, California, there is a petrified forest, embracing about ten acres. All the trees are in a state of complete petrifaction. Most of them have fallen to the ground, but a few are still standing. They comprise red-wood, madrone, manzanita, and oak, and contain specimens eleven feet in circumference. The petrifaction of the fir species is the most pleasing in appearance. The pitch layers have formed into beautiful quartz crystals, and are really handsome ornaments. Savans say that the forest standing was ages ago immersed in water, and that the petrifaction took place while so immersed. A few weeks ago one of these petrified trees having been split open, a live creature, about two inches long, and resembling a lizard, jumped out. By counting the layers in which it was embedded, it appeared that the tree was five hundred years old when it began to petrify.

The aeronaut, Mr. Glaisher, has made a curious discovery. In his aerial voyages he has noticed that the voice of a woman is audible at the height of about two miles, while a man's voice has never been heard higher than a mile!

An inch of poetry, from a foreign paper, tells about the truth concerning the war:

"Inch by inch, and day by day,
Beleaguered Paris wastes away,
And hunger rings the silent knell
Of hearts that Moltke can not quell;
While Saxon and Bavarian meet
To crawl and cringe at Prussia's feet,
And lay their puny honors down
To garland an imperial crown."

There is already a great scarcity of coal in Germany, which, of course, must increase. It arises from the want of labor in the mines, caused by the war levies.

It is estimated that about $30,000 is the cost of the amusements in this city every night during the season. Of course this is not the average sum the year round; yet it is probable that the amount annually expended is not less than $7,000,000.

A flickering light is very trying to the eyes. The reason of this is that the eye has the power of adapting itself to the amount of light received by it; and when rapidly recurring demands for the exercise of this power are made, the faculty is fatigued by the excessive exertion. A common gas flame is generally unsteady; an Argand burner is a great improvement upon it, and a German student-lamp, so called, is even better.

The variety of articles now made from India rubber is truly wonderful, as well as the amount of material consumed annually. There are in America and Europe more than 150 manufactories of India rubber articles, employing some 500 operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of the gum per year. The business is constantly increasing, yet there seems little danger that the supply of gum will be exhausted. The belt of land around the globe, 500 miles north and 500 miles south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum of India rubber. They can be tapped, it is stated, for twenty successive seasons without injury; and the trees stand so close that one can gather the sap of eighty in a day, each tree yielding, on an average, three table-spoonfuls daily. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long by eight wide.

The recent cold weather, and like severe snaps which doubtless are before us, will be borne more patiently if we consider how grateful will be the ice made when next midsummer comes. Every where the ice-storers are busy, and there is a prospect that there will be no special scarcity next season.

Charity is often bestowed in a careless or ungracious manner, which injures the feelings of the recipient more than it benefits him otherwise. For, although there are scores of coarse and hardened beggars, who make no attempt to work honestly for a living, there are thousands of needy ones, whose feelings are as delicate as if they abounded in wealth. A beautiful story is told of Lamartine. One day a destitute author called upon him, and, after telling him his condition, begged the loan of some money. Lamartine, much moved by his story, gave him the amount asked. He then conducted his visitor to the vestibule. As he opened the street door the unfortunate author shivered in his thin coat. A sudden idea struck Lamartine, and calling out, "Monsieur, you are forgetting your over-coat," he quickly took down an over-coat that was hanging in the passage, and assisted his needy visitor to put it on with so much dexterity and grace that the poor man, quite overcome, did not know how to refuse a gift which was so delicately offered to him.

Texas women manage their husbands in a somewhat summary manner, if one may be taken as a sample of the whole. A handsome woman recently rode into a village near Denton, went rapidly to a drinking-saloon, and singled out a fine-looking man among the crowd of drinkers. She ordered him to put down the glass which he was about to drain. He dashed down the glass and ran away; the lady followed, and finally cornered him in the billiard-room. She told him, in a firm, determined voice, that the place he was in and the course he was pursuing would not answer for her husband; that he was wasting her property, and that she would no longer consent to be disgraced and impoverished by him. She took his pistol from him, cocked it, and presented it at him, and told him he must leave or die. He concluded to leave. She marched him out as a prisoner of war to where his horse was hitched, ordered him to mount, and in a few minutes the two were leaving town, the wife riding in the rear of her captured lord, with his six-shooter in her hand.

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SUNDAY EVENING IN A SUABIAN VILLAGE.—[See Page 71.]

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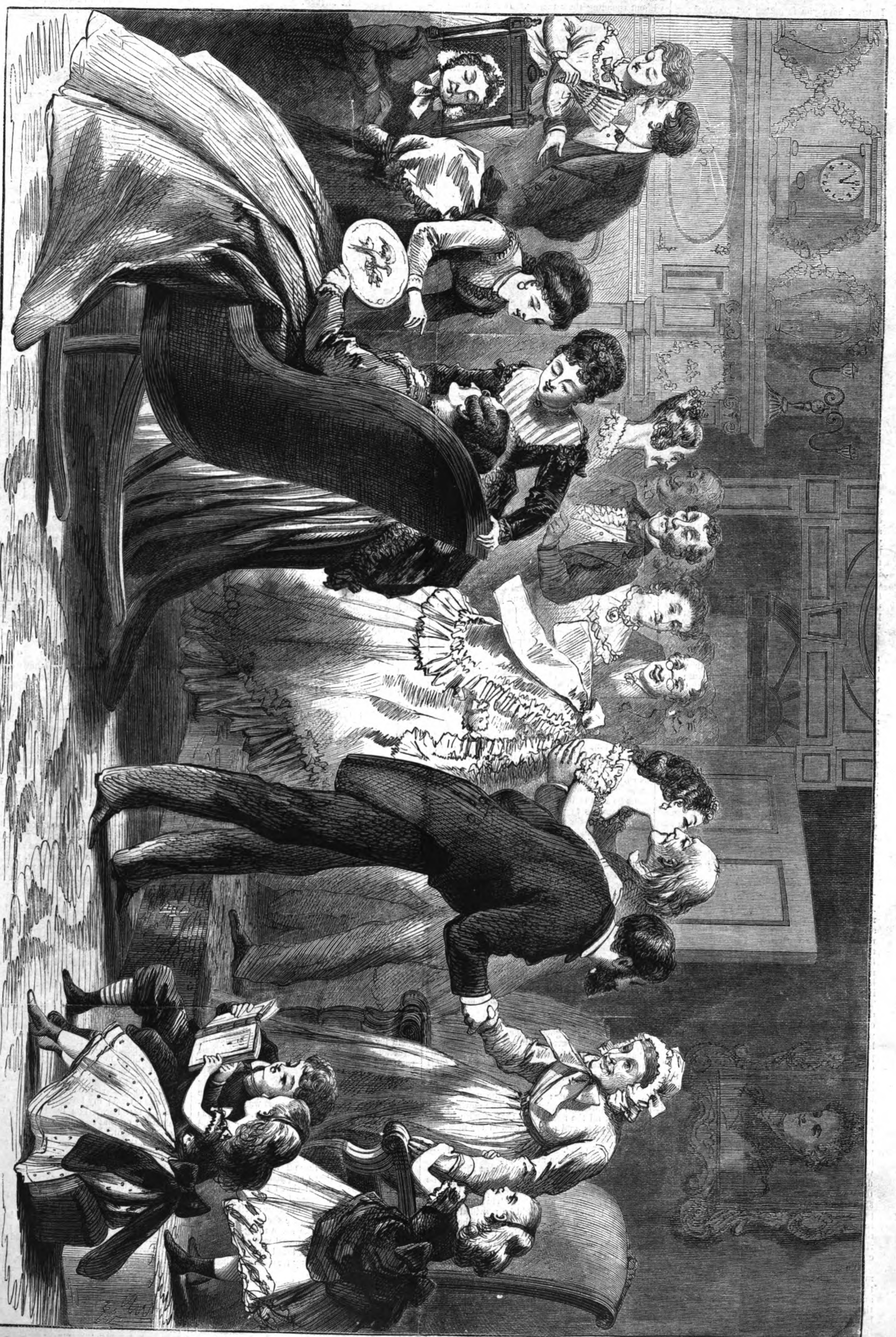

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.—DRAWN BY GEORGE WHITE, FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS WORTH.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

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OLD LOVES.

LOUISE, have you forgotten yet
The corner of the flowery land—
The ancient garden where we met,
My hand that trembled in your hand?
Our lips found words scarce sweet enough,
As low beneath the willow-trees
We sat—have you forgotten, love,
Do you remember, Love Louise?

Marie, have you forgotten ye
The loving barter that we made—
The rings we changed, the suns that set,
The wood fulfilled of song and shade?
The fountains that were musical
By many an ancient trysting-tree;
Marie, have you forgotten all,
Do you remember, Love Marie?

Christine, have you forgotten yet
Your room, with scent and roses gay,
My garret, near the sky 'twas set,
The April hours, the nights of May,
The clear, calm nights; the stars above,
That whispered—they were fairest seen
With no cloud veil—remember, love,
Do you remember, Love Christine?

Louise is married; and—well-a-day!—
Marie a sadder road has ta'en;
And pale Christine has passed away,
In Southern suns to flower again.
Ah me, for one and all of us!
Marie, Christine, Louise forget;
Our bower of love is ruinous,
And I alone remember yet.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

See illustration on page 73.

THROUGH the open doors come flocking a troop of children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces, cousins, and distant friends, eager to congratulate the aged couple, the hero and heroine of the evening, who have passed half a century side by side. Fifty years ago, in the flush of youth, they stood thus side by side, bride and bridegroom in very truth, ready to set out on their long journey. How much have they seen in that time! Revolutions enough in their own circle, doubtless—some have come and others gone; domestic joys and sorrows; friends lost and made; and through the whole, pleasure and pain so closely blended that it would be hard to tell which weighs heavier in the balance. And, abroad, what changes has this half century made! Empires overthrown; sovereigns made and unmade; great men born and passed away—so many, indeed, that one grows almost dazed at the retrospect. But in this pretty picture the venerable bride and bridegroom see only the present; the grandchildren that cluster round them; the matrons and mature men who will never be any thing but children to them; the familiar faces of the friends whom time has spared to congratulate them; and the lover-like youth and maiden yonder in the corner, who are evidently planning a possible golden wedding for themselves. By-and-by, when the guests have departed, shadowy forms will rise from the ashes of the past, and the aged couple will catalogue those who are gone, and wish that they too might have lived to see the day, and wonder if, somewhere unseen, they may not have mingled in the throng.

THE STILL-ROOM PAST AND PRESENT.

IN olden times no house—at least, no large house—in the country was without its still-room; that is, a room in which a still was kept at work, and all the processes of distillation carried on. Here the different perfumes used by the various members of the family—essences and flavorings for cookery, and also nostrums and medicines for the numerous ailments of the household and of the dependents in the surrounding villages—were concocted and kept in store. To this still-room the rosery and the herb-garden, which in those days was of large extent, contributed a great amount of the raw material, while the wild flowers of the fields and woodlands were not overlooked when they were supposed to possess any healing or medicinal virtues, or to give any promise of yielding an agreeable perfume. The still-room itself was looked upon as being under the especial charge of the housekeeper, whether the lady herself undertook that office, or whether she delegated the duties of it to some upper female servant in whom she could place confidence; and it furnished an agreeable occupation for the younger ladies of the house whenever it was a dull time for hunting and hawking, or whenever the state of the weather was such as to induce them to seek for some indoor amusement. Attached to the still-room there was generally one or more servants, called still-room maids, who collected, sorted, and prepared the various substances for distillation, attended to the cleaning of the department, kept the still in proper order, and performed the various menial offices which such operations would entail.

We can readily imagine that these still-rooms must have been very important places, and that they were well calculated to afford an agreeable and healthful occupation to the ladies of the times, especially to the younger ladies, who could learn to extract scents and compound essences for themselves. They must also have served their purpose in another way, for, having laboratory and store-house within their reach, they could indulge their taste in whatever they pleased without spending their money. It is not without regret that we look upon the still-room as a thing of the past; in it might be spent by young ladies of the present day many an hour agreeably and with profit. Those who live in the country have the requisite materials for the most exquisite perfumes close within reach. The cultivation of many of these forms an agreeable gardening amusement, while the work of distillation itself fosters the study both of botany and chemistry. The distilling of perfumes is a very inexpensive pursuit, and it has often been a matter of surprise to us that more attention is not paid in the present day to the home manufacture of them.

For the benefit of our young readers, and in the hope that it may prove an amusement for their leisure hours, and at the same time enable them to save their money, we purpose, before we conclude this paper, to give them several easy recipes for scents or perfumes, both for their rooms and their persons, which they will have no difficulty in carrying out. Wherever aromatic plants abound, even among people in the lowest stage of civilization, we generally find that some means have been devised for extracting their essence, and that the natives are more or less fond of perfumes.

A still is a very simple apparatus, and so inexpensive that one to answer all the purposes of private use and amusement may be purchased for a few shillings; but even without the aid of a still it is an easy matter to extract the essence of flowers. Take any sweet-scented flowers you may choose, place them in layers in a clean earthen pot, and over each layer sprinkle fine salt. Repeat the process until the pot is filled, cover closely, and place the pot in a cellar. Forty days after this, strain the essence from the whole through a crape by pressure; put it into a clean glass bottle, and expose it six weeks to the rays of the sun and the evening dew to purify. One drop of this essence will be sufficient to scent a pint of water. Another mode: Gather sweet-scented flowers without stalks, put them into a jar three parts filled with olive or almond oil. After twenty-four hours turn them out upon a coarse cloth and squeeze all the oil from them. Throw away the old flowers, and repeat the process with the same oil, but with fresh-gathered flowers, three or four times, according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil thus impregnated with the volatile essence of the flowers must be mixed with an equal quantity of rectified spirit, and shaken every day for a fortnight. It may then be poured off, when it will be found beautifully scented and fit for use.

With the use of a still, essence of roses and lavender-water may be made as follows:

Essence of Roses.—Take of clean, fresh-gathered damask-rose leaves four parts, and put them into a still with twelve parts of water. Distill off one-half, repeat the process, and when a sufficient quantity of liquid has been obtained, use it as water to fresh rose leaves, and continue this process until the quantity desired has been obtained. If carefully done, this essence is very powerful.

Lavender-Water.—Pick the lavender from its stalks, and to every pound put a quart of water in a cold still over a slow fire. Distill very slowly, and when finished clear out the still, put the lavender-water back again, and distill over again as slowly as before. This is double-distilled lavender-water, which will be found excellent. It must be kept in bottles well corked.

Apartments may be scented in several ways by *pot pourri*, for which there are many recipes. We give the following, as it is one of the best:

Pot Pourri.—Ingredients: 2 pecks of damask-roses, buds and blossoms; 1 handful each of violets, orange flowers, and jasmine; 2 ounces of orris-root slices; 2 ounces of gum-benjamin, and 2 ounces of storax; ½ ounce of musk; ½ pound of anglica, sliced; 1 quart of red-colored gilliflowers; 2 handfuls of lavender flowers; ½ handful of rosemary flowers; ½ handful of bay leaves; ½ handful of laurel leaves; 3 Seville oranges, stuck full of cloves, then dried in a cool oven and pounded; ½ handful of knotted marjoram; and 2 handfuls of balm of Gilead, dried. Mode: Put all these ingredients into a deep china jar in layers, and strew each layer with a little bay-salt; keep the jar covered quite close for some time. When opened, the perfume will be beautiful, and it will last a long while.

Pastilles also are useful for the same purpose. The following is a good recipe. Ingredients: 1 part of neroli, 2 parts of nitre, 13 parts of galbanum, 12 parts of tears of olibanum, 11 parts of tears of storax, 16 parts of orange powder, 70 parts of charcoal, gum-tragacanth dissolved in 15 parts of orange-flower water, and 17 parts of rose-water. Mode: Dissolve the gum-tragacanth as directed, reduced to a fine powder, and well mix all the ingredients that require it, stir in the liquids, and use as much of the dissolved gum-tragacanth as will make the whole mass into a stiff paste. Form this paste into pyramids, and light them at the top.

The best method of diffusing scent through an apartment is by means of a spirit-lamp. The scent, however, for this purpose must be pure essence containing no water. This must be put into the lamp, which should be provided with a thick lamp-cotton, above which must be placed a small ball of spongy platinum. Set light to the wick; as soon as the platinum ball is red-hot, blow out the flame. The platinum will continue in a state of ignition as long as any essence remains in the lamp, and will throw off the perfume and vapor by means of the wick.

We have not exhausted our subject, but we have exhausted the space allotted to us. We must, therefore, briefly, in conclusion, caution our readers that the scenting of an apartment is a very different thing from disinfecting it.

MILLY DARRELL.

A Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

DANGER.

THE summer that year was a divine one, and we spent the greater part of our lives out-of-doors, driving, walking, sitting about the garden sometimes until long after dark. It was weather in which it was a kind of treason against Nature to waste an hour in the house.

We went very often for long rambles in Cumber Wood, winding up with an afternoon tea-drinking in the little study at the Priory—a home-like, unceremonious entertainment, which Milly delighted in. She used to seem to me on those occasions like some happy child playing at being mistress of the house.

Augusta Darrell was almost always with us. I was sorely puzzled and perplexed by her conduct at this time. It seemed to be all that a kind step-mother's could be. Her old indifferent air had quite vanished; she was more cordial, more affectionately interested in Milly's happiness, than I had supposed it possible she could be. The girl was completely melted by the change in her manner, and responded to this new warmth with artless confidence in its reality.

I remembered all I had seen and all I had suspected, and I could not bring myself to believe implicitly in Milly's step-mother. There was a shadowy fear, a vague distrust, in my mind, not to be put away.

As I have said, she was always with us, entering into all our simple amusements with an appearance of girlish pleasure. Our picnics, our sketching expeditions, our afternoon tea-parties at the Priory, our croquet matches with the rector's daughters, seemed all alike agreeable to her. I noticed that her dress was always perfect on these occasions, and that she neglected no art which could add to her attractiveness; but she never in any way attempted to absorb Mr. Egerton's attention—she never ignored his position as Milly's accepted suitor.

For a long time I was deceived by her manner—almost convinced that if she had ever cared for Angus Egerton in the past, it was a passion that had died out of her heart. But there came a day when one look of hers betrayed the real state of the case, and showed me that all this newly awakened regard for Milly, and pleasant participation in her happiness, had been only a careful piece of acting. It was nothing but a look—one earnest, despairing, passionate look—that told me this; but it was a look that betrayed the secret of a life. From that moment I never again trusted Augusta Darrell.

With the beginning of autumn the weather changed, and there came a dull, rainy season. Trouble came to us with the change of the weather. There was a good deal of low fever about Thornleigh, and Milly caught it. She had never neglected her visits among the poor, even in favor of those pleasant engagements with Angus Egerton; and there is no doubt she had taken the fever from some of the cottagers.

She was not alarmingly ill, nor was the fever supposed to be contagious, except under certain conditions. Mr. Hale, the Thornleigh doctor, made very light of the business, and assured us that his patient would be as well as ever in a week's time. But in the mean while my dear girl kept her room, and I nursed her, with the assistance of her devoted little maid.

Mr. Egerton came every day, generally twice a day, to inquire about the invalid's progress, and would stay for half an hour, or longer, talking to Mrs. Darrell or to me. He was very much depressed by this illness, and impatient for his betrothed's recovery. He had been strictly forbidden to see her, as perfect repose was an essential condition to her well-being.

The week was nearly over, and Milly had improved considerably. She was now able to sit up for an hour or two every day, and the doctor promised Mr. Egerton that she should be in the drawing-room early in the following week. The weather had been incessantly wet during this time—dull, hopeless, perpetual rain day after day, without a break in the leaden sky. But at last there came a fine evening, and I went down to the terrace to take a solitary walk after my long imprisonment. It was between six and seven o'clock; Milly was asleep, and there was no probability of my being wanted in the sick-room for half an hour or so. I left ample instructions with my handy little assistant, and went down for my constitutional, muffled in a warm shawl.

It was dusk when I went out, and every thing was unusually quiet, not a leaf stirring in the stagnant atmosphere. Late as it was, the evening was almost oppressively warm, and I was glad to throw off my shawl. I walked up and down the terrace in front of the Hall for about ten minutes, and then went round toward the drawing-room windows. Before I had quite reached the first of these I was arrested by a sound so strange that I stopped involuntarily to listen. Throughout all that followed I had no time to consider whether I was doing right or wrong in hearing what I did hear; but I believe if I had had ample leisure for deliberation, it would have come to the same thing—I should have listened. What I heard was of such vital consequence to the girl I loved that I think loyalty to her outweighed any treachery against the speaker.

The strange sound that brought me to a stand-still close to the wide-open window was the sound of a woman's passionate sobbing—such a storm of weeping as one does not hear many times in a life. I had never heard any thing like it until that night.

Angus Egerton's sonorous voice broke in upon those tempestuous sobs almost angrily:

"Augusta, this is most supreme folly."

The sobs went on for some minutes longer unchecked. I heard his step sounding heavily as he walked up and down the room.

"I am waiting to hear the meaning of all this," he said by-and-by. "I suppose there *is* some meaning."

"Oh, Angus, is it so easy for you to forget the past?"

"It was forgotten long ago," he answered, "by both of us, I should think. When my mother bribed you to leave Ilfracombe, you made a barter of my love and of my happiness. I was a weak fool in those days, and I took the business to heart bitterly enough, God knows; but the lesson was a useful one, and it served its turn. I have never trusted myself to love any woman since that day till I met the pure young creature who is to be my wife. Her truth is above all doubt; she will not sell her birth-right for a mess of pottage."

"The mess of pottage was not for me, Angus. It was my father's bargain, not mine. I was told that you had done with me—that you had never meant to marry me. Yes, Angus, your mother told me that with her own lips; and I was hurried off to a cheap French convent, to learn to provide for myself. A couple of years' schooling was the price I received for my broken heart. That was what your mother called making me a lady. I think I should have gone mad in those two dreary years, if it had not been for my passionate love of music. I gave myself up to that with my whole soul; my heart was dead; and they told me I made more progress in two years than other girls made in six. I had nothing else to live for."

"Except the hope of a rich husband," said Mr. Egerton, with a sneer.

"Oh, God! how cruel a man can be to a woman he has once loved!" cried Mrs. Darrell, passionately. "Yes, I did marry a rich man, Angus; but I never schemed or tried to win him. The chance came to me without a hope or a thought of mine. It was the chance of rescue from the dreariest life of drudgery that a poor, dependent creature ever lived, and I took it. But I have never forgotten you, Angus Egerton, not for one hour of my life."

"I am sorry you should have taken the trouble to remember me," he answered, very coldly. "For some years of my life I made it my chief business to forget you, and all the pain connected with our acquaintance; and having succeeded in doing that, it seems a pity that we should disturb the stagnant waters of that dead lake which men call the past."

"Would to God that we had never met again!" she said.

"I can quite echo that aspiration, if we are likely to have many such scenes as this," returned Angus.

"Cruel—cruel!" she muttered. "Oh, Angus, I have been so patient! I have clung to hope in the face of despair. When my husband died I fancied your old love would reawaken. How can such things die? I thought it was to me you would come back—to me, whom you once loved so passionately—not to that girl. You came back to her, and still I was patient. I set myself against her to win back your love. Yes, Angus, I hoped to do that till very lately. And then I began to see that it was all useless. She is younger and handsomer than I."

"She is better than you, Augusta. It was not her beauty that won me, but something nobler and rarer than beauty: it was her perfect nature. The more faulty we are ourselves, the more fondly we cling to a good woman. But I don't want to say hard things, Augusta. Pray let us put all this folly aside at once and forever. You took your course in the past, and it has landed you in a very prosperous position. Let me take mine in the present, and let us be friends, if possible."

"You know that is not possible. We must be all the world to each other or the bitterest enemies."

"I shall never be your enemy, Mrs. Darrell."

"But I am yours; yes, I am yours from this night, and hers. You think I can look on tamely, and see you devoted to that girl? I have only been playing a part. I thought it was in my power to win you back."

All this was said with a kind of passionate recklessness, as if the speaker, having suddenly thrown off her mask, scarcely cared how utterly she degraded herself.

"Good-night, Mrs. Darrell. You will think of these things more wisely to-morrow. Let us be civil to each other, at least, while circumstances bring us together; and, for God's sake, be kind to your step-daughter! Do not think of her as a rival; my love for you had died long before I saw her. You need bear no malice against her on that account. Good-night."

"Good-night."

I heard the drawing-room door open and shut, and knew that he was gone. I walked on past the open windows, not caring if Mrs. Darrell saw me. It might be better for Milly, perhaps, that she should know I had heard her secret, and had been put upon my guard. But I do not think she saw me.

It was about a quarter of an hour later when I went in, and it was quite dark by that time. In the hall I met Mrs. Darrell, dressed for walking.

"I am going round the shrubberies, Miss Crofton," she said. "Insupportably close to-night, is it not? I think we shall all have the fever if this weather lasts."

She did not wait for my answer, but passed out quickly. I went back to Milly's room, and found her still sleeping peacefully. Ten minutes afterward I heard the rain beating against the

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windows, and knew that it had set in for a wet night.

"Mrs. Darrell will not be able to go far," I thought.

I sat by the bedside for some time thinking of what I had heard. It was something to have had so strong a proof of Angus Egerton's loyalty to my dear girl; and assured of that, I did not fear Mrs. Darrell's malice. Yet I could not help wishing that the marriage had been appointed for an earlier date, and that the time which step-mother and daughter were to spend together had been shorter.

Milly woke, and sat up for about half an hour, supported by pillows, to take a cup of tea, while I talked to her a little about the pleasantest subjects I could think of. She asked if Mr. Egerton had been at Thornleigh that evening.

"Yes, dear, he has been."

"Did you see him, Mary?"

"No; I did not see him."

She gave a little disappointed sigh. It was her delight to hear me repeat his messages to her, word for word, ever so many times over.

"Then you have nothing to tell me about him, dear?"

"Nothing, except that I know he loves you."

"Ah, Mary, there was a time when you doubted him!"

"That time is quite past and gone, dear."

She kissed me as she gave me back her cup and saucer, and promised to go to sleep again, while I went to my room to write a long letter home.

I was occupied in this way for more than an hour; and then, having sealed my letter, went down with it to the hall to put it on a table where all letters intended to be taken to the post in the morning were placed overnight.

It was nearly ten o'clock by this time, and I was startled by the sound of the hall door opening softly from without while I was putting down my letter. I looked round quickly, and saw Mrs. Darrell coming in, wet through and through.

"Good gracious me!" I cried, involuntarily; "have you been out all this time in the rain, Mrs. Darrell?"

"Yes, I have been out in the rain, Miss Crofton," she answered, in a vexed, impatient tone. "Is that so very shocking to your sober ideas of propriety? I could not endure the house to-night. One has feverish fancies sometimes—at least I have; and I preferred being out in the rain to not being out at all. Good-night."

She gave me a haughty nod, and ran up stairs with a quick, light step. The old butler came to lock and bolt the hall door as the clock struck ten, according to unalterable custom; and I went back to my room, wondering what could have kept Mrs. Darrell out so long—whether she had been upon some special errand, or had only been wandering about the grounds in a purposeless way.

For some days Milly went on very well; then there came a little change for the worse. The symptoms were not quite so favorable. Mr. Hale assured us that there was no reason for alarm; the recovery was only a little retarded. He had not the least doubt that all would go well. Mr. Egerton was very quick to take fright, however, and insisted on a great man being summoned immediately from Manchester.

The great man came, and his opinion coincided entirely with that of Mr. Hale. There was not the slightest cause for fear. Careful nursing and quiet were the two essential points. The patient's mind was to be made as happy as possible. The physician made minute inquiries as to the arrangements for attendance in the sick-room, and suggested a professional nurse. But I pleaded so hard against this, assuring him of my capacity for doing much more than I had to do, that he gave way, and consented to Milly being waited on only by myself and her maid.

Mrs. Darrell was present during this conversation, and I was rather surprised by her taking my side of the question with regard to the nursing, as it was her usual habit to oppose me upon all subjects. To-day she was singularly gracious.

Another week went by, and there was no change for the better, nor any very perceptible change for the worse. The patient was a little weaker, and suffered from a depression of mind, against which all my efforts were vain.

Angus Egerton came twice daily during this week, but he rarely saw Mrs. Darrell. I think he studiously avoided meeting her after that painful scene in the drawing-room. It was for me he inquired, and he used to come up stairs to the corridor outside Milly's room, and stand there talking to me in a low voice, and feeling a kind of satisfaction, I believe, in being so near his darling.

Once I ventured to tell her that he was there, and to let him speak a few words for her to hear. But the sound of the voice she loved so well had such an agitating effect upon her, that I sorely repented my imprudence, and took good care not to repeat it.

So the days went by, in that slow, dreary way in which time passes when those we love are ill; and it seemed, in the dead calm of the sick-room, as if all the business of life had come to a standstill.

I did not see much of Mrs. Darrell during this period. She came to Milly's door two or three times a day to ask about her progress, with all appearance of affection and anxiety; but throughout the rest of the day she remained secluded in her own rooms. I noticed that she had a wan, haggard look at this time, like that of a person who has gone for a long while without sleep; but this in no manner surprised me, after that scene in the drawing-room.

As the time went by I felt that my strength was beginning to fail, and I sadly feared that we might have at last to employ the professional aid which the Manchester physician had suggested. I had slept very little from the beginning of Milly's illness, being too anxious to sleep when I had the opportunity of doing so; and I now began to suffer from the effects of this prolonged sleeplessness. But I struggled resolutely against fatigue, determined to see my dear girl through the fever if possible; and I succeeded wonderfully, by the aid of unlimited cups of strong tea, and always ably seconded by Susan Dodd, Milly's devoted maid.

Between us we two performed all the duties of the sick-room. The medicines, wine, soups, jellies, and all things required for the invalid were kept in the dressing-room, which communicated with the bedroom by one door, and had another door opening on to the corridor.

The sick-room, which was very large and airy, was by this means kept free from all litter; and Susan and I took pleasure in making it look bright and fresh. I used to fetch a bouquet from the garden every morning for the little table by the bed. At the very commencement of Milly's illness I had missed Peter, Mrs. Thatcher's grandson. I asked one of the men what had become of him, and was told that he had taken the fever, and was lying ill at his grandmother's cottage. I mentioned this to Mrs. Darrell, and asked her permission to send him some wine and other little comforts, to which she assented.

The Manchester physician came a second time after a week's interval, and on this occasion he was not so positive in his opinion as to the case. He did not consider that there was peril as yet, he said; but the patient was weaker, and he was by no means satisfied. He prescribed a change of medicine, repeated his injunctions about care and quiet; and so departed, after requesting Mr. Hale to telegraph for him in the event of any change for the worse.

I was a good deal depressed by his manner this time, and went back to my dear girl's room with a heavier heart than I had known since her illness began.

It was my habit to take whatever sleep I could in the course of the afternoon, leaving Susan Dodd on guard, so as to be able to sit up all night. Susan had begged very hard to share this night-watching, but I insisted upon her taking her usual rest, so as to be bright and fresh in the day. I felt the night-work was the more important duty, and could trust that to no one but myself.

Unfortunately, it happened very often that I was quite unable to sleep when I went to my room in the afternoon to lie down. Half my time I used to lie there wide awake thinking of my darling girl, and praying for her speedy recovery. On the afternoon that followed the Manchester doctor's second visit I went to my room as usual, but I was more than ever disinclined to sleep. For the first time since the fever began I felt the sharp, bitter pang of terror that the end might be fatal; and I lay tossing restlessly from side to side, meditating on every word and look of the physician's, and trying to convince myself that there was no real ground for my alarm.

I had been lying awake like this for more than an hour, when I heard the door of Milly's dressing-room—which was close to my door—closed softly; and, with a nervous quickness to take alarm, I sprang up, and went out into the corridor, thinking that Susan was coming to summon me. I found myself face to face, not with Susan Dodd, but with Mrs. Darrell.

She gave a little start at seeing me, and stood, with her hand still upon the handle of the dressing-room door, looking at me with the strangest expression I ever saw on any human countenance. Alarm, defiance, hatred—what was it?

"I thought you were asleep," she said.

"I have not been able to sleep this afternoon."

"You are a bad person for a nurse, Miss Crofton, if you can not sleep at will. I am afraid you are nervous, too, by the way you darted out of the room just now."

"I heard that door shut, and thought Susan was coming to call me."

"I had just been in to see how the invalid was going on—that is all."

She passed me, and went back to her own apartments, which were on the other side of the house. I felt that it was quite useless trying to sleep; so I returned to my room only to change my dressing-gown for my dress, and then went back to Milly. She had been sleeping very quietly, Susan told me.

"I suppose you told Mrs. Darrell that all was going on well when she came to inquire just now?" I said.

"Mrs. Darrell hasn't been here since you went to lie down, miss," the girl answered, looking surprised at my question.

"Why, Susan, you must surely forget. Mrs. Darrell was in the dressing-room scarcely ten minutes ago. I heard her coming out, and went to see who was there. Didn't she come in here to inquire about Miss Darrell?"

"No indeed, miss."

"Then I suppose she must have peeped in at the door and seen that Miss Darrell was asleep," I said.

"I don't see how she could have opened that door without my hearing her, miss. It was shut fast, I know."

It had been shut when I went in through the dressing-room. I was puzzled by this incident, small as it was. I knew that Augusta Darrell hated her step-daughter, and I could not bear to think of that secret enemy hovering about the sick-room. I was puzzled, too, by the look which I had seen in her face—no common look, and not easy to be understood. That she hated me I had no doubt; but there had been fear as well as aversion in that look, and I could not imagine any possible reason for her fearing such an insignificant person as myself.

The rest of that evening and night passed without any event worth recording. I kept the door of communication between the bedroom and dressing-room wide open all night, determined that Augusta Darrell should not be in that room without my knowledge; but the night passed, and she never came near us.

When I went into the garden early the next morning to gather the flowers for Milly's room, I found Peter at work again. He looked very white and feeble, scarcely fit to be about just yet; but there he was, sweeping the fallen leaves into little heaps, ready for his barrow. He came to me while I was cutting the late roses for my bouquet, and asked after Milly. When I had answered him he loitered by me for a little in a curious way, as if he wanted to say something else; but I was too full of my own thoughts and cares to pay much attention to him.

The next day, and the next, brought no change in my darling, and I was growing every hour more anxious. I could see that Mr. Hale was puzzled and uneasy, though he said he saw no reason for telegraphing to Manchester yet a while. He was very attentive, and was reputed to be very clever; and I knew that he was really attached to Milly, whom he had attended from infancy.

Angus Egerton saw me twice every day; and these brief interviews had now become very painful to me. I found it so difficult to cheer him with hopeful words, when my own heart was hourly growing heavier, and the fears that had been vague and shadowy were gathering strength and shape. I was very tired, but I held out resolutely; and I had never once slept for so much as a quarter of an hour upon my watch, until the second night after that meeting with Mrs. Darrell at the door of the dressing-room.

That night I was seized with an unconquerable sleepiness, about an hour after I had dismissed Susan Dodd. The room was very quiet, not a sound except the ticking of the pretty little clock upon the mantel-piece. Milly was fast asleep, and I was sitting on a low chair by the fire trying to read, when my drowsiness overcame me, my heavy eyelids fell, and I went off into a feverish kind of slumber, in which I was troubled with an uneasy consciousness that I ought to be awake.

I had slept in this way for a little more than an hour, when I suddenly started up, broad awake. In the intense quiet of the room I had heard a sound like the chinking of glass, and I fancied that Milly had stirred.

There was a table near her bed, with a glass of cooling drink and a bottle of water upon it. I thought she must have stretched out her hand for this glass, and that in so doing she had pushed the glass against the bottle; but to my surprise I found her lying quite still, and fast asleep. The sound must have come from some other direction—from the dressing-room, perhaps.

I went into the dressing-room. There was no one there. No trace of the smallest disturbance among the things. The medicine bottles and the medicine glass stood on the little table exactly as I had left them. I was very careful and precise in my arrangement of these things, and it would have been difficult for the slightest interference with them to have escaped me. What could that sound have been—some accidental shiver of the glass, stirred by a breath of wind, one of those mysterious movements of inanimate objects which are so apt to occur in the dead hours of the night, and which seem always more or less ghostly to a nervous watcher? could it have been only accidental? or had Mrs. Darrell been prowling stealthily in and out of that room again?

Why should she have been there? What could her secret coming and going mean? What purpose could she have in hovering about the sick girl? What could her hatred profit itself by such uneasy watchfulness, unless— Unless what? An icy coldness came over me, and I shook like a leaf, as a dreadful thought took shape in my mind. What if that desperate woman's hatred took the most awful form? what if her secret presence in that room meant murder?

I took up the medicine bottle and examined it minutely. In color, in odor, in taste, the medicine seemed to be exactly what it had been from the time it had been changed. Mr. Hale's label was on the bottle, and the quantity of the contents was exactly what it had been after I gave Milly her last dose—one dose gone out of the full bottle.

"Oh no, no, no," I thought to myself; "I must be mad to imagine any thing so awful. A woman may be weak and wicked and jealous, when she has loved as intensely as this woman seems to have loved Angus Egerton; but that is no reason she should become a murderess."

I stood with the medicine bottle in my hand, sorely perplexed. What could I do? Should I suspend the medicine for to-night, at the risk of retarding the cure? or should I give it in spite of that half suspicion that it had been tampered with?

What ground had I for such a suspicion? At that moment nothing but the sound that had awakened me, the chinking sound of one glass knocked against another.

Had I really heard any such sound, or had it only been a delusion of my sleep? While I stood weighing this question a sudden recollection flashed across my mind, and I had no longer ground for doubt.

The cork of the medicine bottle, when I gave Milly her last dose, had been too large for the bottle; so much so that I had found it difficult to put it in again after giving the medicine. The cork of the bottle which I now held in my hand went in loosely enough. It was a smaller and an older-looking cork. This decided me. I placed the bottle under lock and key in Milly's wardrobe, and I gave her no more medicine that night.

There was no fear of my sleeping at my post after this. My thoughts for the rest of that night were full of horror and bewilderment. My course seemed clear enough, in one respect. The proper person to confide in would be Mr. Hale. He would be able to discover whether the medicine had been tampered with, and it would be his business to protect his patient.

CHAPTER XII.

DEFEATED.

I WENT down the garden for the flowers as usual next morning, as I did not wish to make any palpable change in my arrangements; but before leaving the room I impressed upon Susan Dodd the necessity of remaining with her mistress during every moment of my absence, though I knew I had little need to counsel carefulness. Nothing was more unlikely than that Susan would neglect her duty for a moment.

Peter came again, as he had come to me on the previous morning. Again he lingered about me, as if he had something more to say, and could not take courage to say it. This time the strangeness of his manner aroused my curiosity, and I asked him if he had any thing particular to say to me.

"You must be quick, Peter, whatever it is," I said; "for I am in a great hurry to get back to Miss Darrell."

"There is something I want to say, miss," he answered, twisting his ragged straw hat round and round in his bony hands in a nervous way—"something I should like to say; but I'm naught but a poor fondy, and don't know how to begin. Only you've been very good to Peter, you see, miss, sending wine and such things when I was ill, and I ain't afeard o' you, as I am o' some folks."

"The wine was not mine, Peter. Be quick, please; tell me what you want to say."

"I can't come to it very easy, miss. It's something awful like to tell on."

"Something awful?"

The boy had looked round him with a cautious glance, and was now standing close to me, with his light blue eyes fixed upon my face in a very earnest way.

"Speak out, Peter," I said; "you needn't be afraid of me."

"It happened when I was ill, you see, miss, and I've sometimes thought as it might be no more than a dream. I had a many dreams while I were lying on that little bed in grandmother's room—wicked dreams—and this might be one of them; and yet it's real like, and there isn't the muddle in it that there is in the other dreams."

"What is it, Peter? Oh pray, pray be quick!"

"I'm a-coming to it, miss. Is it wicked for folks to kill theirselves?"

"Is it wicked? Of course it is—desperately wicked; a sin that can never be repented of."

"Then I know one that's going to do it."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Darrell."

He gave a solemn nod, and stood staring at me with wide-open, awe-stricken eyes.

"How do you know that?"

"It was one dark night, when it was raining hard—I could hear it drip, drip, drip upon the roof just over where I was lying. It was when I was very bad, and lay still all day and couldn't speak. But I knew what grandmother said to me, and I knew every thing that was going on, though I didn't seem to—that was the curious part of it. I had been asleep for a bit, and I woke up all of a sudden, and heard some one talking to grandmother in the next room; the door wasn't wide open, only ajar. I shouldn't have known who it was, for I'm not quick at telling voices, like other folks; but I heard grandmother call her Mrs. Darrell; and I heard the lady say that when one was sick and tired of life, and had no one left to live for, it was best to die; and grandmother laughed, and said yes, there wasn't much to live for, leastways not for such as her. And then they talked a little more; and then by-and-by Mrs. Darrell asked her for some stuff—I didn't hear the name of it, for Mrs. Darrell only whispered it. Grandmother said no, and stuck to it for a good time; but Mrs. Darrell offered her money, and more and more money. She said it couldn't matter whether she got the stuff from grandmother or from any one else. She could get it easily enough, she said, in any large town. And she didn't know as she should use it. It was more likely than not she never would; but she wanted to have it by her, so as to feel she was able to put an end to her life if ever it grew burdensome to her. 'You'll never use it against any one else?' grandmother said; and Mrs. Darrell said, who was there she could use it against, and what harm need she wish to any body? she was rich enough, and had nothing to gain from any body's death. So at last, after a deal of talk, grandmother gave her the stuff; and I heard her counting out money—I think it was a hundred pounds—and then she went away in the rain."

I remembered that night upon which Mrs. Darrell had staid out so long in the rain—the night of her stormy interview with Angus Egerton.

I told Peter that he had done quite right in telling me this, and begged him not to mention it to any one else until I gave him permission to do so. I went back to Milly's room after this, and waited there for Mr. Hale's coming.

While I was taking my breakfast Mrs. Darrell came to make her usual inquiries. I ran into the dressing-room to meet her. While she was questioning me about the invalid I saw her look at the table where the medicine had always been until that morning, and I knew that she missed the bottle.

After she had made her inquiries she stood for a few moments hesitating, and said, abruptly,

"I should like to see Mr. Hale when he comes this morning. I want to hear what he says about his patient. He will be here almost immediately, I suppose; so I will stay in Milly's room till he comes."

She went into the bedroom, bent over the invalid for a few minutes, talking in a gentle, sympathetic voice, and then took her place by the

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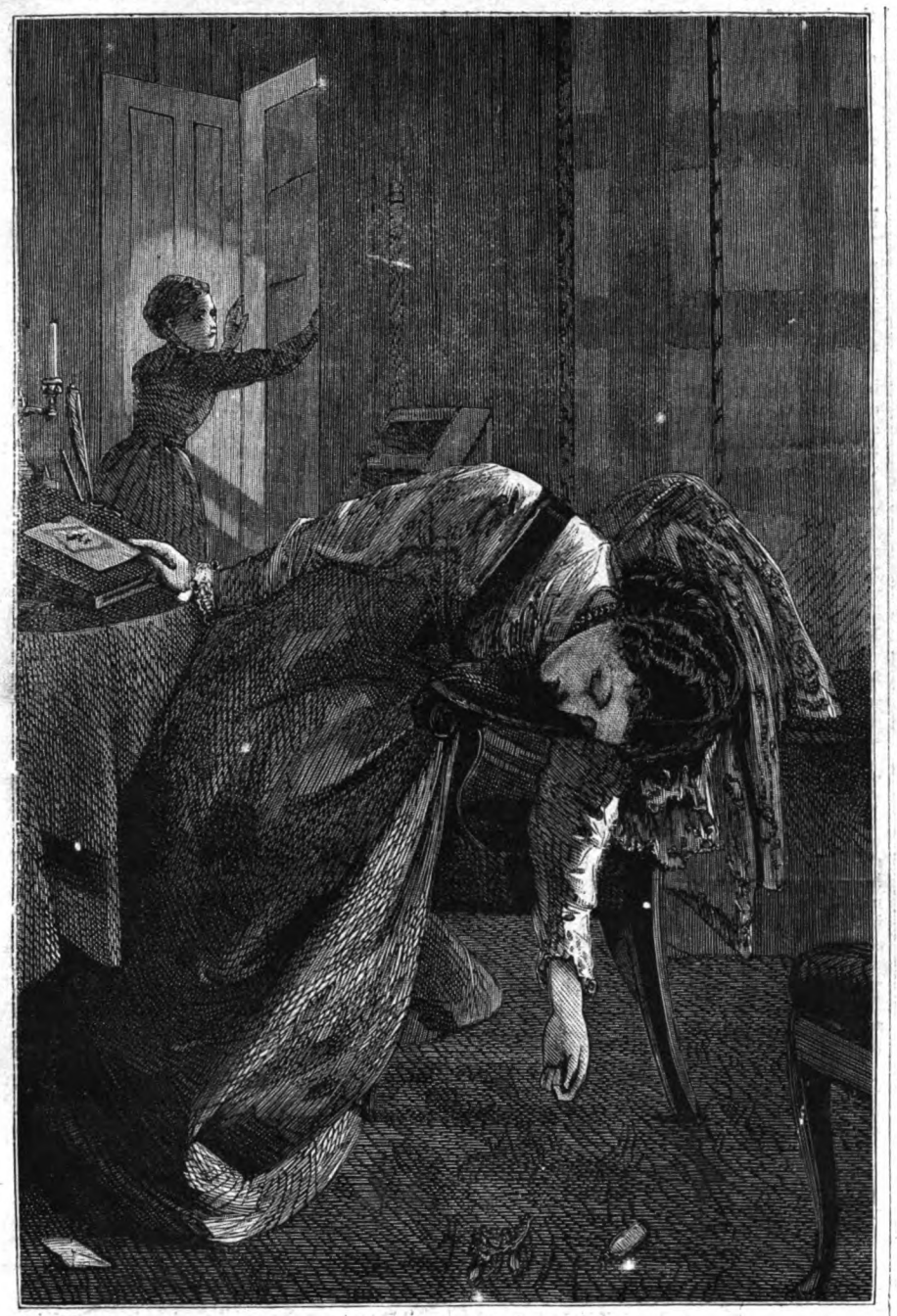

"SHE HAD BEEN DEAD SOME HOURS."

bedside. It was evident to me that she had suspected something from the removal of the medicine, and that she intended to prevent my seeing Mr. Hale alone.

"You took your medicine regularly last night, I suppose, Milly?" she inquired, presently, when I had seated myself at a little table by the window and was sipping my tea.

"I don't think you gave me so many doses last night, did you, Mary?" said the invalid. "I fancy you were very merciful."

"It was very wrong of Miss Crofton to neglect your medicine. Mr. Hale will be extremely angry when he hears of it."

"I do not think Milly will be much worse for the omission," I answered, quietly.

After this we sat silently waiting for the doctor's appearance. He came in about a quarter of an hour, and pronounced himself better pleased with his patient than he had been the night before. There had been a modification of the more troublesome symptoms of the fever toward morning.

I told him of my omission to give the medicine.

"That was very wrong," he said.

"Yet you see she had a better night, Mr. Hale. I suppose that medicine was intended to modify those attacks of sickness from which she has suffered so much?"

"To prevent them altogether, if possible."

"That is very strange. It really appears to me that the medicine always increases the tendency to sickness."

Mr. Hale shook his head impatiently.

"You don't know what you are talking about, Miss Crofton," he said.

"May I say a few words to you alone, if you please?"

Mrs. Darrell rose, with a hurried, anxious look.

"What can you have to say to Mr. Hale alone, Miss Crofton?" she asked.

"It is about herself, perhaps," said the doctor, kindly. "I have told her all along that she would be knocked up by this nursing; and now I dare say she begins to find I am right."

"Yes," I said, "it is about myself I want to speak."

Mrs. Darrell went to one of the windows, and stood with her face turned away from us, looking out. I followed Mr. Hale into the dressing-room.

I unlocked the wardrobe, took out the medicine bottle, and told the doctor my suspicions of the previous night. He listened to me with grave attention, but with an utterly incredulous look.

"A nervous fancy of yours, no doubt, Miss Crofton," he said; "however, I'll take the medicine back to my surgery and analyze it."

"I have something more to tell you, Mr. Hale."

"Indeed!"

I repeated, word for word, what Peter had told me about Mrs. Darrell's visit to his grandmother.

"It is a very extraordinary business," he said; "but I can not imagine that Mrs. Darrell would be capable of such a hideous crime. What motive could she have for such an act?"

"I do not feel justified in speaking quite plainly upon that subject, Mr. Hale; but I have reason to know that Mrs. Darrell has a very bitter feeling about her step-daughter."

"I can not think the thing you suspect possible. However, the medicine shall be analyzed; and we will take all precautions for the future. I will send you another bottle immediately in a sealed packet. You will take notice that the seal is unbroken before you use the medicine."

He showed me his crest on a seal at the end of his pencil-case, and then departed. The medicine came a quarter of an hour later in a sealed packet. This time I brought the bottle into the sick-room, and placed it on the mantel-piece, where it was impossible for any one to touch it.

When Mr. Hale came for his second visit, there was a very grave and anxious look in his face. He was very well satisfied with the appearance of the patient, however, and pronounced that there was a change for the better—very slight, of course, but quite as much as could be expected in so short a time. He beckoned me out of the room, and I went down stairs with him, leaving Susan Dodd with Milly.

"I am going to speak to Mrs. Darrell," he said.

She was in the library. Mr. Hale went in, and I followed him. She was sitting at the table, with writing materials scattered before her, but she was not writing. She had a strange, preoccupied air; but at the sight of Mr. Hale she rose suddenly, and looked at him with a deadly white face.

"Is she worse?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Darrell; she is better," he answered, sternly. "I find that we have been the dupes of some secret enemy of this dear child's. There has been an attempt at murder going on under our very eyes. Poison has been mixed with the medicine sent by me—a slow poison. Happily for us, the poisoner has been a little too cautious for the success of the crime. The doses administered have been small enough to leave the chance of recovery. An accident awakened Miss Crofton's suspicions last night, and she very wisely discontinued the medicine. I have analyzed it since she gave it me, and find that a certain portion of irritant poison has been mixed with it."

For some moments after he had finished speaking Mrs. Darrell remained silent, looking at him fixedly with that awful deathlike face.

"Who can have done such a thing?" she asked at last, in a half-mechanical way.

"You must be a better judge of that question than I," answered Mr. Hale. "Is there any one in this house inimical to your step-daughter?"

"No one that I know of."

"We have two duties before us, Mrs. Darrell: the first, to protect our patient from the possibility of any farther attempt of this kind; the second, to trace the hand that has done this work. I shall telegraph to Leeds immediately for a professional nurse, to relieve Miss Crofton in the care of the sick-room; and I shall communicate at once with the police, in order that this house may be placed under surveillance."

Mrs. Darrell said not a word, either in objection or assent, to this. She seated herself by the table again, and began trifling idly with the writing materials before her.

"You will do what is best, of course, Mr. Hale," she said, after a long pause; "you are quite at liberty to act in this matter according to your own discretion."

"Thanks; it is a matter in which my responsibility entitles me to a certain amount of power. I shall telegraph to Dr. Lomond, asking him to come down to-morrow. Whatever doubt you may entertain of my judgment will be dispelled when I am supported by his opinion."

"Of course; but I have not expressed any doubt of your judgment."

We left her immediately after this—left her sitting before the table, with her restless hands turning over the papers.

The servant who went in search of her at seven o'clock that evening, when dinner was served, found her sitting there still, with a sealed letter lying on the table before her; but her head had fallen across the cushioned arm of the chair—she had been dead some hours.

There was a post-mortem examination and an inquest. Mrs. Darrell had taken poison. The jury brought in a verdict of suicide while in a state of unsound mind. The act seemed too causeless for sanity. Her strange absent ways had attracted the attention of the servants for some time past, and the evidence of her own maid respecting her restlessness and irritability for the last few months influenced the minds of coroner and jury.

The letter found lying on the table before her was addressed to Angus Egerton. He declined to communicate its contents when questioned about it at the inquest. Milly progressed toward recovery slowly but surely from the hour in which I stopped the suspected medicine. The time came when we were obliged to tell her of her step-mother's awful death; but she never knew the attempt that had been made on her own life, or the atmosphere of hatred in which she had lived.

We left Thornleigh for Scarborough as soon as she was well enough to be moved, and only returned in the early spring, in time for my darling's wedding.

She has now been married nearly ten years, during which time her life has been very bright and happy—a life of almost uncheckered sunshine. She has carried out her idea of our friendship to the very letter; and we have never been separated, except during her honey-moon and my own visits home. Happily for my sense of independence, there are now plenty of duties for me to perform at Cumber Priory, where I am governess to a brood of pretty children who call me auntie, and hold me scarcely second to their mother in their warm young hearts. Angus Egerton is a model country squire and master of the hounds; and he and his wife enjoy an unbroken popularity among rich and poor. Peter is under-gardener at the Priory, and no longer lives with his grandmother, who left her cottage soon after Mrs. Darrell's suicide, and is supposed to have gone to London.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

THE illustration which we give herewith is taken from a photograph of the sovereigns who have recently taken their seats upon the throne of Spain. The king, elected to this place by the vote of the Spanish Cortes, is Prince Amadeus Ferdinand Maria, third child of King Victor Emanuel of Italy and Queen Maria Adelaide. He was born in Turin May 30, 1845. His title of Duke of Aosta is derived from a little Piedmontese town at the foot of the pass of St. Bernard.

He is a lieutenant-general in the Italian army, and commands a brigade of cavalry, and, so far, has seen but little of public life. In 1867 he married a young lady two years younger than himself—Victoria Carlotta Henrietta Gianna del Pozzo della Cistema. She is the daughter of Prince Charles del Pozzo della Cistema, and of a Countess of Merode. Both of her parents have died during the last few years.

By his elevation to the throne of Spain, the governing houses of Italy and the Iberian Peninsula will hold unusually close relations, for the Princess Maria Pia, a younger daughter of Victor Emanuel, is Queen of Portugal, having in 1862 married King Louis. The eldest child of the Italian king, it will be remembered, is the Princess Clotilde, wife of Prince Napoleon.

We may add that the genealogists have discovered that the Duke of Aosta is descended from the great Jaime I., the Conquistador, King of Aragon, and therefore entitled to be considered a scion of the true blood royal of Spain. The descent is thus traced: Jaime I., King of Aragon; Isabel of Aragon, 1262, married to Philip III. of France, whose son Charles, Count of Valois, died in 1325, leaving his son, Philip IV. of France, deceased 1350. His son, John II., died in 1364. John, Duke of Berri, his son, died in 1416, his daughter having married Amadeus VII., Count of Savoy. The remainder of the genealogy is simply through the counts, dukes, and kings of Savoy and Piedmont to the present time.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

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Netted Guipure and Green Satin Tidy, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS tidy is tastefully ornamented with a broad bright green satin stripe, which is sewed on the foundation in the manner shown by the illustration, and edged with narrow guipure lace. Work the foundation with thread of the coarseness shown by Fig. 2, or finer if it be desired. Begin at one corner with a foundation of two stitches, and net backward and forward, widening one stitch at the end of each round till it counts one more stitch than the tidy requires holes in the square, then work one round without widening, and afterward the same number of rounds already worked, narrowing one stitch at the end of each round. Stretch the finished foundation in a frame, and work in the manner shown by Figs. 1 and 2. The part on which the satin stripe is sewed—seven holes in width—of course is left unworked. Work the outer edges in button-hole stitch in the manner shown by the illustration, and cut away the surplus netting.

Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE AND GREEN SATIN TIDY.

Lace and Tatted Trimming for Lingerie, etc.

THIS trimming consists of a straight strip of lace, the edges of which are worked with linen floss in point de reprise, and upon which a tatted edging is button-hole stitched. Work the tatted edging with fine cotton, with one shuttle, as follows: Make a ring of 4 ds. (double stitches—one right, one left), 1 p., picot), 8 ds., 1 p., 8 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; after an interval of one-sixth of an inch work a similar ring, but instead of making the first p., join to the last p. of the foregoing round. Continue in this manner. On the middle of the strip button-hole stitch small six-leaved figures. For these figures work, first, a leaf of 10 ds., 1 p. a tenth of an inch long, 10 ds.; after an interval of a fifth of an inch work a similar leaf, in doing which do not form the p., but join to the p. of the first leaf. Work four more leaves in this way, and, after an interval of a fifth of an inch, join to the first leaf, then, where it is closed, fasten the thread and cut it off. In sewing on the figures, work the button-hole stitches over the connecting threads.

LACE AND TATTED TRIMMING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

GREEN GROS GRAIN BOW.

NETTED GUIPURE EDGING.

Netted Guipure Edging.

THE foundation of this edging is a strip, nine squares wide, of plain netting of the fineness shown on the illustration. The edge is cut out and worked in button-hole stitch. Work the grids in point de toile, point d'esprit, point de reprise, and with bars and wheels, in the manner shown by the illustration.

Green Gros Grain Bow.

THE upper loop on each side of this bow is laid in a wide pleat. The ends are cut in the shape shown by the illustration.

Tapestry Borders, Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH these borders are worked on canvas in cross stitch with wool or silk, or even with beads. They are useful for ornamenting baskets, and for the borders of small cushions, etc. They may also be repeated, thus forming a striped foundation. The colors are given under the illustrations.

Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY BORDER.
Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ▪ Maize.

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF NETTED GUIPURE AND GREEN SATIN TIDY.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY BORDER.
Description of Symbols: ■ Violet; ▪ Maize (silk).

NEW-YEAR'S IN EDINBURGH.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY in Edinburgh is one of boisterous eating and drinking. Crowds perambulate the streets from early morning to night. A universal holiday is observed. People who are not drinking are assuredly eating oranges. All the fish-barrows are carefully cleaned out, and the proprietors dressed very sprucely, for the sale of oranges. One of these hawkers, whom I had the curiosity to question on the subject, assured me that he will often sell on a New-Year's Day from five to six large crates of oranges. The Scotish people do not visit each other much on New-Year's Day, in this respect differing widely from the Americans, among whom that is the great day for exchanging visits. These visits in Scotland are confined to members of the family, as is also the New-Year's dinner. It is, however, a jovial time, and many old family feuds are healed up that day over the roast goose (the invariable dish) and the whisky-toddy, which must of necessity follow. A dancing-party generally winds up the day, and the members retire to bed at a much earlier hour than they did the night before. New-Year's has now tolerably well ended, but still it would be looked upon, in old-fashioned families, as a great breach of courtesy if a piece of cake or wine was not offered to visitors for some weeks after the New-Year's Day, and intimate friends or neighbors will invite each other in to partake of their cakes. The first Monday of the new year is called Handsel Monday, and on this day the "boxes," so well known to English householders, are called for. It is rarely, if ever, that any one would think of asking for them before that date. It is also often observed as a holiday, and the rural marksmen have frequently a shooting-match, or "wapenshaw," on that day. In some parts of the country New-Year's, old style (12th of January), is still observed; and to this year the common holiday among the rural population is Auld Handsel Monday, that is, the first Monday after the 12th of January. On that day Scottish farmers used to treat their servants to a good breakfast, with copious libations of whisky and ale, the rest of the day being a holiday, usually spent in visiting friends. At Burghead, on the southern shore of the Moray Firth, about nine miles from Elgin, a strange Druidical custom called Burning the Clavie, a sort of image composed of combustible materials, is observed among the fishing population on New-Year's Eve (old style), a description of which ceremony may be found in that curious repertory of Old World stories—Chambers's "Book of Days." Nearly every trade has its traditional number of days which they observe as New-Year's holidays, these holidays being nearly always spent in a right royal debauch, the tailors being popularly supposed to carry off the palm both in the intensity and duration of their New-Year's spree. Such a saturnalia is this, that in Scotland they are commonly called the daft, or foolish days; but even the daft days come to an end, and the people resume their quiet, sober characteristics: unless, indeed, it be prolonged as far as that of a gentleman whom the writer observed, one warm July day, making his most unsteady way down one of the steep streets of the New Town of Edinburgh. He had ob-

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viously dined, and the salmon had had the usual effect upon his memory, for, as the old gentleman wiped his perspiring brow, I overheard him continually ejaculating to himself, in a reproachful tone of voice, "It's been an awfu New-Year! It's been an awfu' New-Year!'

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRAIDING.—Braided slippers *are* worn by ladies in the house. Very pretty ones are made of black velvet braided with gilt. A simple Grecian pattern, or a vine, is a suitable design. The most stylish house slipper, however, is of quilted silk or satin the color of the morning dress. Ladies quilt these at home in small diamonds, using very little wadding, and basting in a lining of white, buff, or pink silk. The shoemaker should make them up without heels. Velvet binding is the only trimming.

MRS. M. A. N.—Glossy wool satine is probably the fabric you mean, instead of satin jean, which is a glossy twilled cotton, or farmer's satin, used for lining gentlemen's coats. Satine is very much worn here. It is made in suits like cashmere. The cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III., will be pretty for you, trimmed with velvet or velveteen, either black or like the material.

SARATOGA.—A Swiss muslin over-skirt, bretelles, and muslin flounces on the skirt of your green silk, will freshen it for this winter. Put a box-pleated muslin flounce eight inches wide around the skirt, and above this four narrower ruffles alternately green silk and white muslin; or else cut the edge of the dress skirt in deep squares, bind it, and put beneath a muslin flounce, pleated and edged with Valenciennes. If you prefer tulle pleatings, put Grecian folds of tulle on the low corsage.

JANE.—We do not purchase materials for our correspondents; but you will find a pattern of a gentleman's dressing gown in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. III., and full directions for making. We would advise French merino of solid color, say drab or gray, with quilted silk facing of scarlet; or if this is too expensive, use merely a thick cord of silk around the edge. Black and brown velveteen sacques, trimmed with blue or scarlet quilted silk, or else brown or gray ladies' cloth, or even opera flannel, are used for library, office, and smoking jackets. For pattern see *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. III.

M. W.—Trim your blue serge with box-pleated ruffles of the material bound and headed with bias black corded silk. Put two or three ruffles an eighth of a yard deep on the lower skirt, and but one on the over-skirt and paletot.

"ONE WHO THINKS," ETC.—Your ideas about the brown suit are very good. Gore and shorten your green dress skirt by cut paper pattern given with any of our short suits. Trim with velvet ribbon, and wear with a black velveteen sacque over a black silk skirt.

YOUNG MOTHER.—The plaid sample you send will look well trimmed with two bands of bias gros grain, each an inch and a half wide, stitched on an inch apart. Directions were given for knitting an infant's boot, or sock, in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. III.

ALICE M.—You will have to communicate directly with the parties whose names are mentioned at the end of the article on holiday gifts. We can not make purchases for our readers.

CAREFUL SISTER.—For pattern of French pantaloons buttoned at the knee, for little boys, consult *Bazar* Nos. 2 and 16 of Vol. III.

MRS. KATE G.—The wind-screen will not answer your purpose, as it is too small. Get colored canvas, and embroider a bouquet or monogram in the centre, and arabesques at the corners.

M. J. C.—We have no patterns for embroidering on canvas except those contained in the paper.

A. B.—We do not think the mistake you mention—using the nominative case after a preposition—could ever have crept into the columns of the *Bazar*, nor do we think it is so prevalent as you fancy. A far more common error is to place the objective case after the verb to be when preceded by a nominative, as "It is her" for "It is she."

ANNIE AND SOPHIE.—The proverb as usually quoted is, "All that glitters is not gold."

A CONTINUAL SUBSCRIBER.—Scattered through the pages of the *Bazar* you will find ample directions for knitting and crochet, which it is impossible to collect in a single Number. The abbreviations are usually written out at the beginning where there is likely to be any obscurity. You must read the *Bazar* regularly in order to profit by these instructions.

MARY.—Thanks for your appreciative letter. We are sorry that we can give you no further information about the composer of "Five o'clock in the Morning," that charming little song which Parepa was wont to sing so sweetly.

DREYDEL.—Miss Nilsson's matrimonial engagement is a matter which concerns herself alone, and whereof we know nothing. If your inquiry is prompted by any thing more serious than idle curiosity, we advise you to apply to the lady herself, who is much the best judge as to how much of her private life she is ready to divulge.

MRS. M. F. L. B.—Trimming velvet like the sample you send will cost about $3 a yard, or perhaps more, as the navy blue and other dark shades begin to grow scarce.

LOUEY.—The Nilsson bow is simply a double loop bow of narrow ribbon with long ends. Place it high at the top of the chatelaine, and let the ends hang behind.

L. G.—Very fanciful dressing is not stylish. A graceful costume of dark blue poplin, or of invisible green satine, a cashmere costume, and a black silk suit trimmed with many narrow ruffles, will answer for street dresses. A pearl-colored silk for your bridal dress, a blue trained silk for evening, and a Swiss or tulle over dress that will serve with other dresses, are all suitable for a bride's outfit. For wrappers, read New York Fashions in another column. Our cut paper patterns will give you great assistance. Use the Worth Basque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., for house dresses, the Vest-Casaque Suit in No. 48, Vol. III., and the Polonaise Suit in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., for street suits. There is nothing to add to what we have already said of under-clothes.

ZEPHYR.—Scarfs of zephyr-wool are not as popular this winter as last. The weather has been so mild that few fur collars are seen. A black (or brown) and white striped scarf of a woolen stuff like flannel is most used.

ANNIE T.—If napkin rings are placed beside your plate, you should fold your napkin and put it in the ring, otherwise you lay the napkin beside the plate. Tell your friends informally that you expect a guest, or that you have a guest with you whom you would like them to know, and ask them to call upon her.

ELLA RODNEY.—For skating costumes read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. IV. You can not have a prettier design for a costume than our cut paper pattern of the suit in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. III.

RUTH L.—Our cut paper patterns are average sizes, giving ten inches difference between bust and waist. It is an easy matter to lengthen the seams, or to take them in deeper, as irregular figures may require.

J. R. S.—A brown cashmere paletot and upper skirt, trimmed with passementerie and fringe, will be exceedingly stylish for a traveling suit worn over your brown cloth dress of last winter. Do not change the trimming on the dress.

MRS. J. R. B.—Your black velveteen suit will look best with a long over-skirt and slashed paletot, simply edged with a heavy cord of gros grain.

SUBSCRIBER.—The black French cashmeres are getting scarce, but may still be found at a few houses. "The best in New York" costs $12 a yard, is two yards wide, and is called camel's-hair. Drap de France is a very good substitute for the cashmeres sold for $2 50 or $3 a yard. It is really the same goods, of somewhat lighter quality, and narrower. The cost is $1 25 or $1 50 a yard.

AN OLD FRIEND.—The upper skirt you describe is given in the cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. III. The Worth House Basque, of which a cut paper pattern is given, is the postillion you want. It is illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV.

MRS. J. R.—We do not make purchases for our readers. Shopping is entirely out of our province, as we have repeatedly said.—The pattern you ordered was sent to you on January 3.

MRS. J. D. J.—If your plaid is of dark blue and green, it will make you a very pretty suit. You will follow out the cut patterns exactly, no matter how wide your goods.

VIC.—Make your Swiss muslin with demi-train, gored, and with narrow gathered or side-pleated ruffles overlapping each other. The upper skirt is very long, draped sides and back, and trimmed with a cluster of tucks and two ruffles. Low postillion basque cut without lining, but with darts, as any other basque would be, and worn over a trimmed under-waist. Wear flowers for garniture, arranged as a chatelaine, bretelles, and sash.

F. R.—Sapolio is said to take stains from polished marble surfaces.—We have no knowledge of the letter you mention.

JUNIUS.—*Bazar* No. 13, Vol. III., will give you an excellent pattern of a wrapper for a gentleman.

KATRINE.—Your sample is Irish poplin, but by no means "Pym's best." For draping a llama point, read reply to "Greenhorn" in last Number of the *Bazar*.

C. D. R.—To trim a black silk suit for spring, use many narrow bias ruffles, hemmed on the lower edge, and the gathering alone concealed by an overlapping ruffle.

MILWAUKEE.—Handsomo morning wrappers, like those illustrated in our present Number, are suitable for breakfast at a hotel. Married ladies, no matter how young, can wear caps, and they are usually becoming. Plain black silk or woolen dresses, made with basque and demi-train, also plain walking suits, are worn as well to hotel breakfasts.

S. U. C.—Astrakhan cloth is more suitable than plush for mourning trimming to follow crape.

MISS M. M.—Dress skirts are worn as they were in the summer—plain in front and full behind. Use a gored front width, two side gores, and one full back breadth, or else but one side gore and two full back breadths.

MAGGIE T.—A sleeveless, low, square-necked postillion basque of darker blue silk, or of black velvet, will modernize the round waist of your blue silk dinner dress. If you use silk, trim with black passementerie and guipure edging; if velvet, use merely a thick cord covered with gros grain. Should these plans prove too expensive—though we think you might carry either of them out with $10, provided you make the garment yourself—you can make a postillion basque of your short upper skirt, and wear it belted on. Then get silk of a darker shade, and make narrow pinked ruffles for trimming—three will be enough. Let them outline a court train and pass around the skirt. Put bows down the centre of the front width.

AFGHAN.—The pointed and fringed top of the afghan lies across the lap, making the stripes run up and down.

M. W. C.—Pleated tulle or gathered lace ruffles, falling over the hand from coat-shaped sleeves of net, are worn for under-sleeves with evening dresses.

MOURNING.—We can not give you the address you want.—We do not think black crape can be "made to look like new" when it is once moistened and rusty.

KATE S. M.—A pretty pattern for the hood you want is in the last *Bazar*, No. 4, Vol. IV.

K. AND E.—For masquerade costumes, read *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. III. You can order it from this office. A Marie Antoinette costume, with short petticoat, flowing train, square-necked, pointed waist, and powdered hair, would be handsome for one of you; or the Moorish costume for the brunette, and Undine for the brown-haired with blue eyes. We will give an article on fancy dresses before the masquerades begin.

MADAME.—Round hats are still greatly worn; but bonnets are considered full dress, and are especially adopted by married ladies. Ruffs are out of fashion.

EMMA S.—We have given an article on knitted work in this volume. Read it over for fashions in scarfs and leggings for children.

R. H., OF ALTA.—Over dresses continue to be much worn for evening—indeed, are almost universal. The single skirts flounced to the waist described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. IV., are very elegant, and offer the change you wish from upper skirts.

A CONSTANT READER.—Petroleum gas stoves may be used where there are no gas-pipes; but we can not guarantee their safety.

H. C. H.—In the "Ugly Girl" articles you will find all the information that we have to give on the subject.

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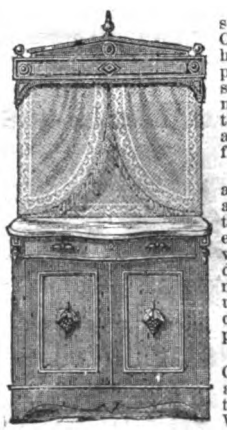

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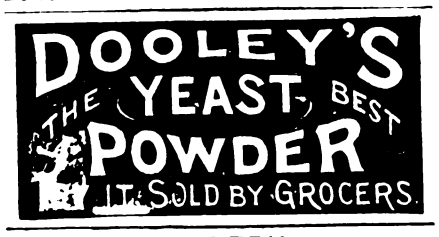

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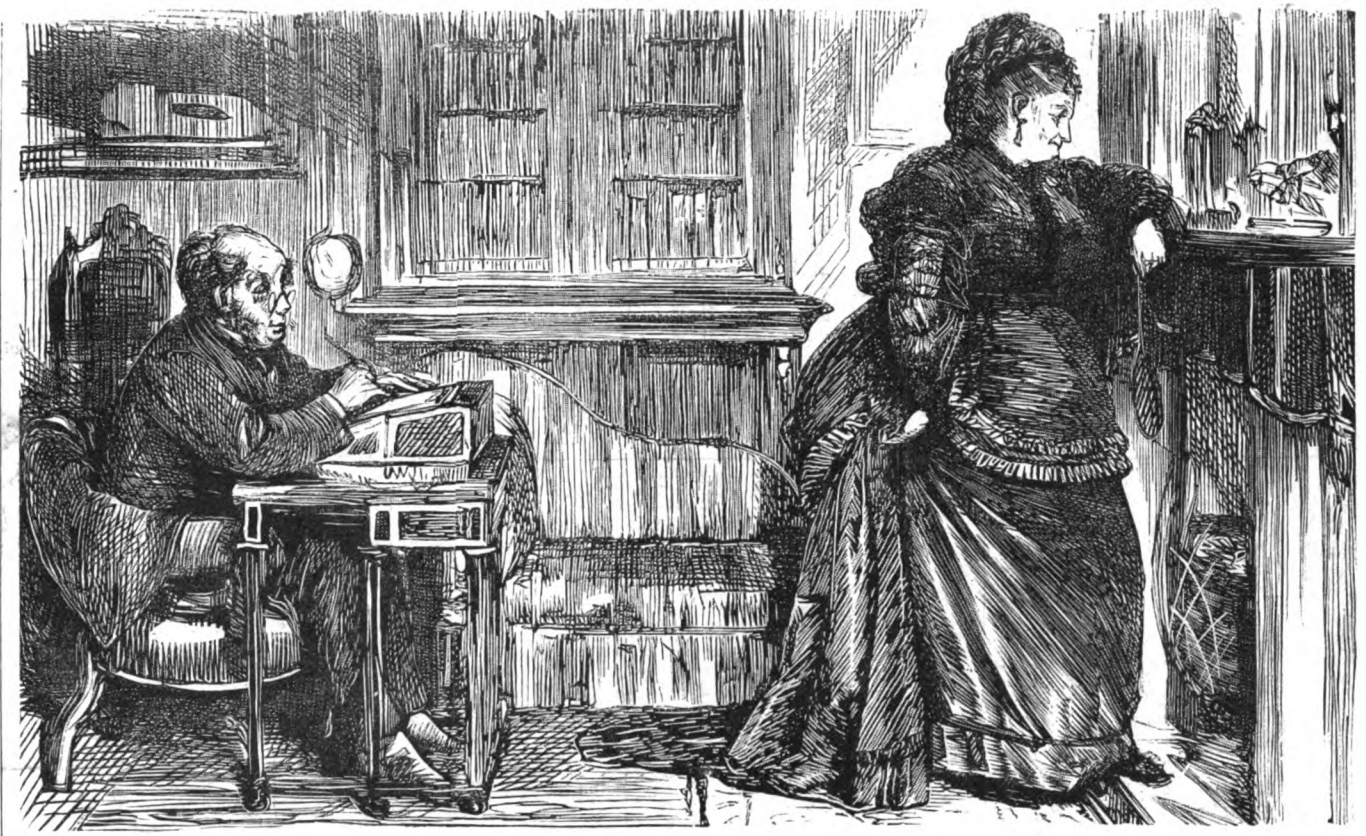
THE RESTRAINTS OF SOCIETY.

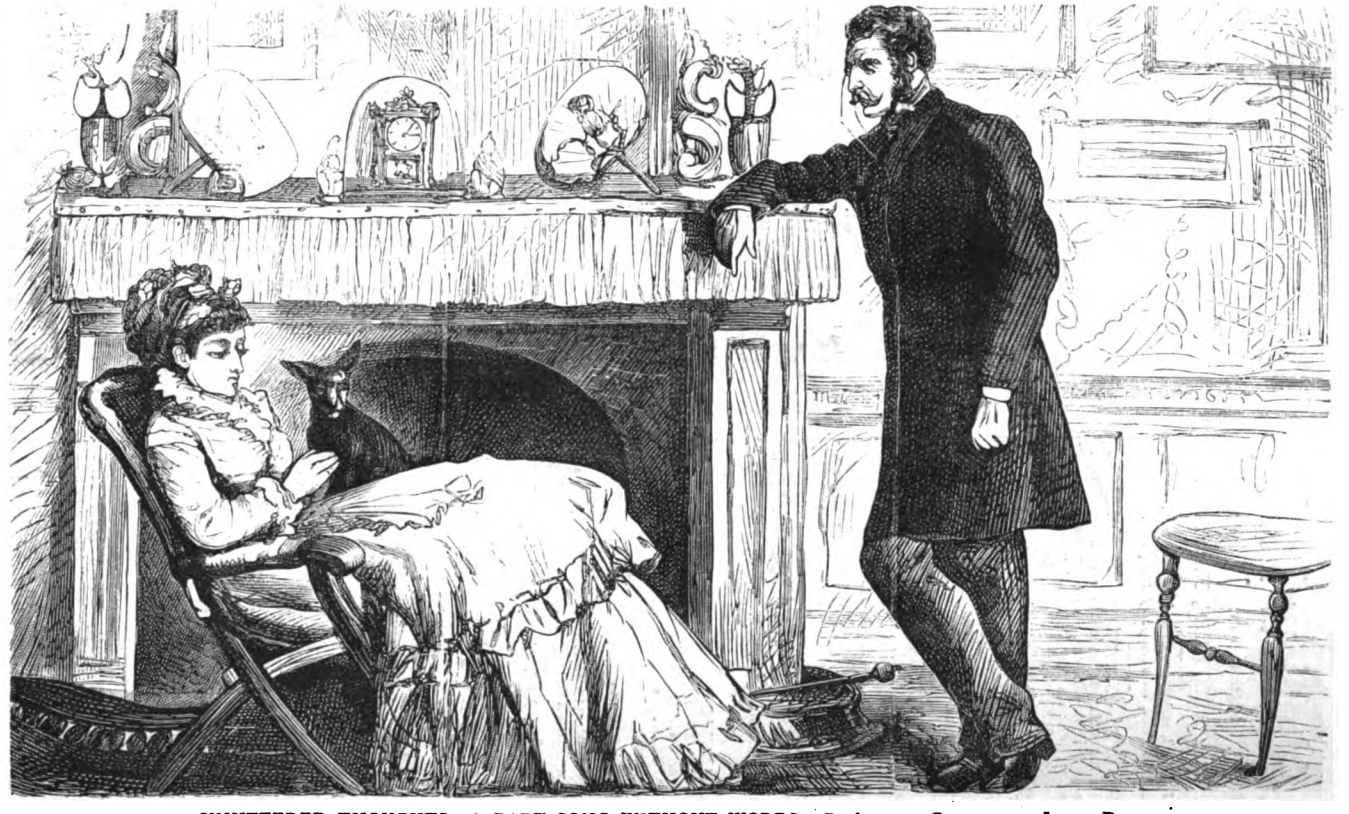
JUVENILE BOHEMIAN. "Hate goin' out to Tea! Have to be Good such a Precious Long Time!"



THE CENSUS (ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION).

"What do you intend to be this Time, Maria? Last Time you were Thirty-'one,' and Thirty the Time before!"
"Tell the Truth, Dear—Thirty-two. Heigho! How Time Flies!"

(*When Brown and his Wife go to a Dinner-party he naturally likes his Entertainer's Flunkeys to think that the Equipage he has Hired is his Own.*)
BROWN (*in a loud voice*). "Oh—ah—Come for us at Eleven, John."
THE COACHMAN (*in a louder*). "All Right, Sir! *What Name shall I ash for?*"



UNUTTERED THOUGHTS. A PART SONG WITHOUT WORDS.—*Performers*: GENTLEMAN—LADY—DOG.
HE. "I wish she'd put that wretched Dog down, and attend to me." | SHE. "I wish he'd take himself off, and let me Write to Charley."
IT. "I wish they'd let me go and look after my Meat." [*All three yawn furtively.*

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 6.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR LADY.—BLACK SILK DRESS; BLACK VELVET PALETOT WITH FUR TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 12-15.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR LADY. GRAY POPLIN DRESS; BLACK VELVET PALETOT.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 16-19.

Fig. 5.—HOUSE DRESS FOR LADY. VIOLET CASHMERE DRESS; WHITE CLOTH SACQUE.
For description see Supplement.

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FORSAKEN.

Oh, weird are the shadows the white-thorn is flinging
Across the clear brook that goes rippling by!
The blithe little birds in the bushes are singing,
There is joy all around me; then why do I sigh?
Ah, tell me, ye warblers, where, where is my true love,
For his light bounding footstep I listen in vain;
As I pluck the bright blossoms still dreaming of you, love,
How lonesome, how dark, seems this silent old lane!

They say that my love will return on the morrow;
Alas! they have whispered that tale oft before;
But each morning hath dawned, like the spirit of sorrow
That glides through the bowers when the summer is o'er.
Oh, my lost love! my lost love! each fond vow I slighted,
I scorned your wild pleadings and laughed at your pain;
And I turned from your gaze, though my soul was delighted,
For your smile made a heaven of this silent old lane.

Your foot in the dance was the swiftest and lightest,
Your love was as deep as the fathomless sea;
Your heart was the kindest, your eyes were the brightest,
By their dear witching light earth grew fairer to me.
But why do you linger? I'm wretched and lonely,
By day and by night I am calling in vain;
Come back! oh, come back, love! your bright presence only
Can banish the gloom from this silent old lane!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with a great variety of patterns and illustrations of Ladies' Ball and Evening Toilettes, House and Street Dresses, Opera Cloaks and Hoods, Lace Blouse Waists and Jackets, Fichus, Collars, and Under-sleeves; Boys', Girls', and Infants' Suits; Fancy Articles, etc.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page 95 of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

A GLASS OF WINE.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT, who confessed that, while at home in England, he was a "three-bottle man," said a single bottle of wine in this country was too much for him. He was disposed to think that there was something so exhilarating in our atmosphere that each man who breathed it became charged with such a degree of natural stimulus that he was incapable of sustaining much addition of artificial excitement.

Whether the air has much to do with it or not, there can be no question that the power of enduring the effect of intoxicating drinks is less in this country than in many others. Lord Eldon is reported to have drunk daily, after his dinner, a whole bottle of full-bodied port-wine, and, after draining his last glass, to have turned to his mountain of briefs, and prepared a legal argument or a judicial decision whose lucidity and soundness few lawyers or judges have ever equaled. Where on the bench or in the court of this country could be found men, after such deep potations, capable of adjusting and holding with a steady hand the scales of justice?

It is the American temperament rather than the American air which renders us all in this country so sensible to the effects of artificial stimulants. We are in a constant state of excitability from the animation of our busy and progressive life, and the intense and varying emotions engendered by its constant fluctuations. It is a well-known fact that nervous excitement predisposes to intoxication. It is not the deepest drinker, but the noisiest and liveliest of the company, who is first under the table. The Scotch proverb says: "Gin ye're gaun to drink, Sir, dinna ye talk muckle." Emotional Ireland drinks less, according to the statisticians, than stolid England, but gets a great deal more drunk.

The mode and time of drinking have also much to do with the effect produced. Even the simplest food, when taken into a stomach which has been long empty, will intoxicate. Captain BLIGH records that his men, after their long abstinence, having been kept for twenty-five days on the twenty-fifth of a pound of bread each daily, having eaten a few oysters, showed all the effects of drunkenness. Dr. BEDDOES, a reliable medical authority, states that men shut up for several days in a coal-pit, without any thing to eat, will be as much intoxicated by a basin of broth as ordinary persons by three or four quarts of strong beer. The prevalent practice in this country, therefore, of drinking on an empty stomach, is more likely to produce intoxication and habits of intemperance than that of taking strong drink only at meals. "Eat a bit before you drink" is an old English proverb, and a good one.

It is easy to establish this absolute law in regard to intoxicating beverages: *No healthy man needs them;* but its application is more difficult, for it is rare to find any human being in a perfectly wholesome condition. The doctor, perhaps, is the best judge of their necessity or usefulness. He, too, should be cautious, for much of the habitual drunkenness of the country can be directly traced to his imprudent prescriptions. His most common error is to order spirits and strong wines where the weaker and less dangerous beverages would be equally effective.

If people will insist upon drinking wine, they had better confine themselves to the milder products of France, or those of our own country which faithfully imitate them. Unfortunately there is an idea prevalent among the wine merchants in Europe that Americans must have their wines strong, and they are accordingly brandied to suit this supposed taste. This, too, is the fault of most of the native productions. While alcohol forms about one-fifth of the clarets, Burgundies, Champagnes, and Rhenish wines drank in this country, it is found in those of the same name consumed in the countries which produce them only in the proportion of one-twentieth or less. This alcohol, moreover, is what naturally belongs to them, and is not added, as is that which exists in most wines exported to the United States.

The idea used to be prevalent among mothers, in which they were encouraged by their advisers, whether doctors or old women, that a certain quantity of alcoholic drink was essential to the proper performance of nursing. "There is no evidence," says a scientific man, "that alcohol can supply any of the constituents of the milk or body." If mothers, then, will drink their bowls of milk-punch, bottles of porter, and glasses of port-wine, they should bear in mind that, however agreeable these potations may be to themselves, they are not conducive to the health and vigor of their offspring. The experiment has been faithfully tried on cows, and it has been found that, however drenched with "pot ale," as it is called, their milk was none the richer for it. It contained more water, but no additional quantity of curd.

If we followed the only indication nature has given us of the proper fluid to be taken with our food, we should all remain temperate and sober. This natural drink is the saliva, which contains ninety-nine and one-third per cent. of pure water; and if we always kept to this proportion it would matter little what went to make up the rest of the one hundred.

CURE FOR HUSBANDS' VICES.

TWO young Frenchwomen were chatting together about their husbands.

"What! You allow your husband to smoke at home in the parlor?"

"Certainly. In this way I have him to spend the evenings with me."

"It is true; but at what a cost!"

"My dear, a woman of sense makes use of her husband's defects to reform his vices."

This seems to us good, practical philosophy; but, in commending the clever Frenchwoman's plan of compromise with her husband's infirmities, we would not wish it to be understood that we approve of any of the ordinary marital offenses, great or small. We are by no means advocates of smoking in the parlor, or elsewhere. The use of tobacco, if less fatal to health and life than some pretend, is certainly not requisite to the preservation of either, while it can not be indulged in without offense to the delicate and fastidious. We appreciate to the utmost the forbearance of a refined woman with the boorish selfishness of the grosser man, who can more easily forego the elevating influence of her society than the sensual intoxication of a cigar or a pipe of tobacco. It were much to be desired, doubtless, for his own as well as for woman's sake, that man might be an infinitely less gross animal than he is. There can be no doubt that he requires a great deal of refining, and the question is, how can this be best accomplished? We hold that the only effectual means is by a discreet exercise of woman's natural influence upon him.

Though marrying and giving in marriage continue as ever, and there seems no likelihood of any serious diminution to the world's population, there is, however, a continually widening separation between the sexes. Man seems more resolved than ever to go his own way, and let woman go hers. A husband is beginning to be regarded exclusively as the provider of the household, to drop the good things of this world into the voracious mouths of the mother and young of the domestic nest. His vocation is supposed to be business; hers and theirs enjoyment. When he is not wanted to fetch and carry he is left free to wander wherever he may, while they unbend their wings in eccentric flight. Thus has been engendered a mutual indifference, and a distinction of taste and habit, which render the husband and wife less suitable than ever for each other's companionship. The man becomes daily more absorbed in business, with the cares, anxieties, and labors of which he is so exhausted that the gentle pleasures of home fail to excite his jaded appetite. He therefore seeks in the clubs, and the various other resorts of unrestrained bachelors and erratic husbands, for grosser, because more sensibly stimulating, indulgences. He thus becomes a wine-bibber, a smoker of tobacco, and a card-player in excess, with the certain results of incurring the vices of intoxication and gambling, with all their fatal consequences.

To prevent these terrific effects of man's vagrancy, we should think it would be well worth an effort to keep him at home at almost any cost. When, therefore, this dwindles down to the small consideration of a speck of dust on the carpet, or a passing taint to the air, it does not seem wise to refuse to incur so trifling an expense for the sake of such a gain. It is undoubtedly worth woman's while, if she cares for man's companionship, to consider the advantage of yielding somewhat to his weaknesses. It certainly seems to be a belittling of a rational creature to suppose that a puff of a cigar or a quid of tobacco should be for him the only barrier between vice and virtue, but it unquestionably often is, and it behooves wives and mothers to bear the fact in mind.

Of course, man has other small faults besides smoking which it may be prudent to interpose between him and vice; but the cigar may well pass for a symbol of the whole, since it, like them, is a selfish gratification, ordinarily indulged in to the greater or less discomfort of others. Whether, according to the highest doctrine of morals, it can be justified or not, we are persuaded of the practical efficacy of the clever Frenchwoman's plan of making "use of her husband's defects to reform his vices."

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Women with Baskets.

MY DEAR THADDEUS,—Did you ever remark how many women with baskets there are among our fellow-travelers—fat women with large baskets? And has their influence upon our journey occurred to you? This very morning I was going to take the boat to cross the bay, to see a friend who was expecting me, and I was so delayed in Broadway that I turned down toward the river, and hastened along until I came to Washington Market. What a pleasant place that is! What a fine civilization it indicates! The effete old despotisms of Europe can not show such neat and attractive markets as the Washington and the Fulton; and who needs any more persuasive argument of the superiority of our municipal institutions? If you have been in the Washington Market, you know that it includes the sidewalk in West Street; and you know, on a snowy, sloppy morning, when the mud is made a noble paste, that it is not easy to hurry, or certainly it is not safe.

But I was belated, and I was carrying a little hand-bag and a shawl and an umbrella, so that my freedom of action was somewhat restrained; and bumping and slipping, and heated with the horrible consciousness of being too late for my boat, I was more discomposed than a man of my years likes to be. As I entered the market I found the walk very much thronged, for, unluckily, it was Saturday morning. The good housekeepers were out in great force, and they were all evidently determined to have their money's worth, and not to be cajoled into buying until they had made the most careful inspection of all the commodities exposed for sale. I am glad that I am not a market-man, for if one of these vigorous housekeepers should stop at my stall, and incredulously survey my mutton and beef, and scornfully ask me what I charged for such meat as that, I feel sure that I should humbly beg her pardon for presuming to offer it at all, and respectfully request to be allowed to send it home for her, with my compliments, gratis.

There were multitudes of these excellent and large women, all with large baskets, leisurely moving along the narrow sidewalk. I was in great and alarmed haste. So I steered my shawl and traveling-bag among them as well as I could, but not without awful collisions, and consequent belligerent looks from these worthy women, which would have been followed by similar words, and even acts, if I had not probably seemed to them too old and meek an antagonist for their prowess. They contented themselves, therefore, with obstructing the passage, and chaffering and even jesting lightly with the rosy market-men in long white frocks. There were orange-girls also, who called out seven Havana oranges for two shillings; but they were no more like Nell Gwynne than I was like Charles the Second. I should have liked to stop and saunter and cheapen oranges with the girls; but I hastily pulled out my watch and saw that I had but a very few minutes, and the bumping and slipping and crowding did not promise rapid progress or even timely arrival.

Suddenly I heard the bell of the steamer, at some distance, sounding with that quick toll which announces immediate departure. I thought that I had better run, but I reflected, first, that I could not run in that crowd, and second, that I should probably slip down if I tried to run, and that persistent swift walking was my only hope. The bell stopped, and so did I. The largest of women, with the most enormous of baskets, was planted directly before me. "Madam," I began; but she did not hear. "If you please," said I; but she turned and glanced at me indifferently, as if I had been an unpardonably poor quarter of beef. "I'm in a great hurry," I exclaimed across her basket. But she held it firmly, as if it had been a skillfully planted barricade, and I were the government troops moving ruthlessly against the rights of a free people. "Good Heavens! madam, I shall be left!" expostulated I. But madam, unheeding, finished her little joke with the butcher, and then sailed slowly away in the direction that I was going; but so sedately and so expansively, blocking the whole walk with her enormous basket, that I could do nothing but follow, chafing, and on the very verge of committing profanity; and when I reached the street beyond the market, and dashed by her, she said, "Law!" And when I looked toward the fatal pier I saw that the boat had tolled its own dirge, and was gone.

It was useless to try again that day to reach my friend, because the boats were infrequent, and I was not bidden to pass the night. So I turned and walked slowly homeward, passing once more through the market, and wondering at the great number of women with baskets, and at all those whom I met beyond the market, and musing upon their cumbrous and dilatory movements, and upon the influence of women with baskets upon the great journey of life. Think what extraordinary forms they take! Sometimes how agreeable, how enticing, until you see that, after all, the charm is a mere cloak, and underneath is the familiar fat woman with the large basket blocking the way, and preventing your timely arrival. Donald is one of the victims, but I am not sure that he knows it. He is a lawyer, and full of ambition, and his opportunities are promising for a most prosperous career. But Donald is very fond of boating, and he is an excellent sailor; and he has nearly laid his jugular vein open more than once when he has been shaving in the morning because of his vigorous but inopportune shouting of "The open sea." He asserts that the lather seemed to him sea-foam, and that his inexpressible instincts betrayed him.

The good fellow lingers and dallies with his boat. He plans for it. He consults about it. He runs away from the office, and he steals days to devote himself to it. Meanwhile the clients come, and they are grieved to find him gone, or they think him careless and indifferent; and as every client believes his cause to be the great cause, they do not like it, and they go elsewhere. Donald sees them slip through his fingers, and he says that he will just take Blackstone and Chitty a short turn upon the river; that it will do the big-wigs and himself a world of good; and so, putting up a piece of paper on which is written "Gone to Court," away he goes with his law lords, as he calls them, "And I am going to court 'em as hard as a lover," says the gay Donald, laughing, and taking up his oars. It is observed that the clever young Donald, somehow, doesn't get on. Younger men carry off the prizes. Duller men succeed. My own opinion is that Donald will not reach the ferry in time. He is obstructed by a siren, by the goddess of aquatic joy. Pshaw! let him look more closely, and he will see that it is only that old woman with her big basket.

She multiplies herself every where and wonderfully. I saw young Alfred yesterday, who is studying law, and would most gladly throw Blackstone and Chitty to the fishes if only he could persuade the editors to smile. He writes poems, as it were, between the lines of his dry old books. He dreams stories of love and heroism, and he puts them into form, and the editors are as cruel to those delicate verses and graceful tales as the old ogres in the story-books were to the youths and maids who were hung up in their larders for early eating. But how precious to the persistent Alfred are his rhymes and his fancies! How he sees visions of fame and fortune, and hears, as Whittington heard, the bells of the city ringing out his glory. "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," rang the faint bells in the distance. Who has not heard them, Thaddeus? Even you sometimes catch the sweet clangor. I pity the ears that have been always deaf to them, the heart that does not cherish that remembered music! But Alfred, I say, gazes at his pretty rhymes and his ingenious stories. He sees that they are better than a hundred which are printed. He does not spare comparing them with the immortal numbers of Blinks and Jinks, and he secretly perceives in them a celestial breath as of asphodels, and hears a melody beyond Homer. Why does Heaven make editors so deaf and publishers so dull? Why does not mankind rise in one great conspiracy and demand to hear the verses of Alfred, that they may twine his brows with triumphal garlands? What deprives him of his fame, and by what right? Who would believe the truth? Who would suppose, what he will never suspect, that it is the verses themselves which bar him from fame forever? Under that airy guise, it is the old woman with a basket who blocks his way to the ferry!

Yes, my dear Thaddeus, she is every where. I have seen her in the rooms of governors, in the halls of Congress, in the offices of departments, firmly obstructing the way, and hopelessly delaying gentlemen who were hurrying to the ferry. In all such places she is apt to take the same form; and I have seriously offended the Secretary of the Kitchen Department, who is the most exemplary of men, and the most domestic, and the most regular, by saying to him, with a smile, and in the presence of Mrs. Secretary, "Well, I saw that fat woman with a basket in your office at the department

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to-day." I was very sorry to have said it. It was certainly an incautious remark. For Mrs. Secretary looked up from her work, and gazed at her husband with inexpressible amazement, and then slowly and significantly she repeated, "A fat woman with a basket in your office, Mr. Secretary! and pray what was she doing there?"

I hastened to explain as well as I could; but the Secretary does not forgive me, and I fear my explanation did not mend the matter. For I know what he wants—the ferry, so to speak, toward which he is hastening. He wishes to be nominated for the Vice-Royalty, and to that end he is constantly devoting his efforts—now removing this man, now appointing that, now flattering the other, and listening to the fourth. But he is so wholly devoid of tact that he offends most where most he aims to please. He sends every body away contemptuous or raging. He is so patronizing, so loftily condescending, so dogmatic and inflexible, despite all his futile efforts at a courteous bearing, that his visitors resolve to thwart him in every possible way. It is comical and sad to see him and to think of his effort. The bell is tolling. The boat is surely going. And his total want of tact is the invisible old woman with the basket who blocks his eager way, and will send the boat off without him. In the Washington Market, my dear Thaddeus, you may see the fat woman with the great basket in the flesh; but every where else you may see her in a thousand forms of fancy. But wherever you see her, her office is the same—she is obstructing some eager hastener to the ferry. Dear fellow-traveler, when we see that we are delayed, let us look about us and ascertain where the old woman with the basket is. And be sure of this, that if she is not about us, she is somewhere within us!

Your baffled friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BALL DRESSES.

FROM the holidays to Lent is the gayest season of city life, and it is being danced away this winter in a fashion that makes sad havoc of ball dresses. Consequently ladies are asking for new dresses in which to appear well without an outlay of much money. The best supply for this demand is dresses of white tarlatan, imported partly made, and costing, when fitted to the wearer, about $50. The ample skirt, with demi-train, has several flounces, with inch-wide satin laid on each flounce, or else diagonal puffs trim the skirt half-way to the waist, and are headed with notched ruches of tarlatan. There is a long over-skirt, looped very short on the sides by satin bows. The design shown for the waist is a high-necked postillion basque, with pointed front, made of the tarlatan laid smoothly over white silk; yet a low-necked corsage seems most appropriate for these thin light dresses. Many of these dresses are trimmed with colored satin, but those all white are in best taste and most useful, as they may be worn with various parures of flowers, or with colored over dresses. The prettiest one with a color introduced had bands of scabieuse satin—a dark purplish-maroon—and the upper skirt was festooned with vines of autumn leaves; another, more youthful, in the Pompadour colors, had blue satin bands, and was to be worn with blue and pink convolvuli. White tarlatan looks very well over muslin skirts, but party-goers usually keep a white silk trained petticoat to wear next any thin white dress, and find it an improvement. These dresses are fresh-looking and exceedingly pretty, especially for very young ladies. They are the most inexpensive evening dresses, yet, when well made, have not that tawdry common look that has brought tarlatan into disfavor. Of eight such dresses furnished at one establishment for a single entertainment there were not two alike.

For richer and more elaborate dresses tarlatan and velvet are a stylish combination. Indeed, black velvet is introduced amidst all materials this winter, even the most diaphanous tulles. A model dress, pronounced very Frenchy, is of blue tarlatan made over blue silk. The silk skirt is merely a lining or foundation. On the front breadth the tarlatan is gathered in four perpendicular puffs extending from the belt to the edge of the skirt, gradually narrowing toward the belt, and separated by black velvet ribbon two inches wide. Back of the puffs the skirt is covered with narrow overlapping ruffles from the end of the train to the belt. White daisies with yellow centres dot the black velvet ribbon. Over all this is an upper skirt, very long behind, but with a tiny apron front scarcely three-eighths deep after being drawn up at the sides by bunches of daisies. The corsage is low and round, and completed by a black velvet sash, with rows of daisies down the centre. Turquoises and pearls are the appropriate jewelry. A second lovely dress, worn by a lady in very slight mourning, was of white tarlatan, with black velvet and daisies interspersed amidst diagonal puffs. These dresses cost from $150 to $200 when made to order. Black velvet sash ribbons for such dresses are imported with satin back: price $4 50 a yard.

NET OVER DRESSES.

Over dresses, made of wash net, are stylishly worn over silk dresses. They serve to display fine laces, and also to modernize the round corsages of last season. They consist of the regulation over-skirt, with short apron front, and trained back much bunched up, and a bib-shaped piece for the back and front of the corsage. This piece is put on over the shoulders, and is made in lengthwise puffs, sloping narrower at the waist. Handsome lace flounces of Valenciennes or duchesse trim the skirt, narrower lace is used on the waist, and the sash matches the dress. Similar garments, made in black Brussels net, trimmed with thread lace and black velvet, are admired over apricot, rose, and pearl colored dresses. A pale, pea green silk, worn with such an over dress, had alternate flounces of black and green silk covering the train from the edge to the belt. In some cases the edge of the over dress is merely hemmed, and the lace flounce surrounds the skirt of the silk dress. These simple over dresses are preferred by young ladies, while married ladies drape lace shawls as upper skirts, adding bretelles of lace of a corresponding pattern. If the dress is trimmed up the front width, the shawl falls open to disclose the trimming, but a newer fancy is to fasten it together with bows down the front. The latter plan requires quite a large shawl to be very bouffant behind, and yet fasten in front without "hooping."

Half-long casaques belted in, made of guipure net or of guipure insertion sewed together lengthwise and edged with lace, are worn over silk dresses at dinner-parties, or when receiving company at home, or for evenings at hotels. Ladies of ungraceful figure wear shorter paletots, of either white or black guipure, hanging loosely, slashed to the waist, and with flowing sleeves. Sometimes such jackets are lined with silk.

SILK DRESSES.

We have spoken before of silks for full dress combining two colors. An elegant model of this style, just completed at a French house, is composed of China pink and brown—a peculiar contrast that may not impress the reader favorably, but which made one of the loveliest dresses of the season. The faint, soft, mellow pink has a salmon shading, like that in tea-roses, which blends beautifully with golden brown. The body of the dress was pink, the trimmings narrow ruffles of brown silk, bias, bound, and held in clusters of three tiny pleats, the upper pleat being turned over at the lower edge, forming a shell-like curve. The low corsage buttoned in front, sloped to a soft point (without whalebones), while the basque back was shaped in two soft points, opening wide in the centre to show a box-pleated square postillion of the silk placed beneath. These soft points are always trimmed around the edge with the trimming. Indeed, lace, fringe, ruches, or ruffles often edge stiff whaleboned points in the front of the corsage. Another tasteful dress was of white silk with pink silk ruffles.

Lace headed by passementerie interspersed with jet is the fashionable trimming for black silk dresses. How to make a trained black silk is the dilemma of many correspondents. The most elegant shown us lately dispense with over-skirts and flounces, having merely a plain skirt, gored front and sides, with three full back breadths, without ornament unless an elaborate tablier is formed. One of these, made for a young lady, has a train over two yards long shortened to the stylish demi-length by tapes under the belt tied to others in the seams of the back breadths three-quarters of a yard below, making two irregular bouffant puffs like wings. Straight across the broad front width were nine rows of thread lace slightly full, and each row headed by a cord passementerie, in which jet is slightly interwoven. The corsage had a soft point in front and a long flat coat-tail basque behind. Duchesse sleeves, with two rows of lace edging the opening to the elbow, and fastened inside by tiny bows. The neck was pointed very low, though not opened wide, and was surrounded by a row of lace standing and slightly full. This lace, with the passementerie, passed down the front, around the point, and edged the entire corsage. A rich black gros grain for an old lady had the skirt trimmed in the way just described, and a plain round basque, with two rows of broad Chantilly lace, and a passementerie heading edging the basque, and extending in heart-shape up the closed front. The sleeves were sabots, with a double row of lace falling over the hand. In both of these dresses thread lace was used, but guipure and the duchesse are very stylish, the latter producing a beautiful effect. Young ladies wear black duchesse lace over white blonde lace, or else white pleated tarlatan on black silk dresses.

Very fanciful aprons are in style abroad. The design is to form an elegant tablier for plainly trimmed but rich silk dresses. Many are made of black velvet with lace garniture; others are of silk laden with braiding, embroidery, and jet.

For information received thanks are due Madame VIRFOLET; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL HOOKER and Chief Justice CHASE are at present in town, and are patients of Dr. HAMMOND, formerly Surgeon-General of the United States Army, who has for some years given his time mainly to affections or diseases of the brain. General HOOKER is in fair general health, but his frame is bowed and his step uncertain, though his fine features and striking face are as noticeable as ever.

—Miss EMILY T. WHITE has been made assistant cashier of the National Bank at South Weymouth, Massachusetts. So we go!

—Mr. J. GRENVILLE KANE, one of the most highly esteemed middle-age bachelors of the Union Club, has within a few days past quite unexpectedly come into the possession of a fortune of half a million of dollars. An old friend of the father of Mr. KANE—Mr. LAURIE—for many years a shipping merchant in this city, retired from business with a large estate in 1850, and took up his residence in London. He had once or twice intimated to Mr. KANE the intention to make him a bequest, but giving no idea of the amount. Mr. KANE'S surprise may be imagined, on reading the will, to find himself his residuary legatee; and that, after the payment of sundry legacies enumerated by Mr. LAURIE, there will be left to Mr. KANE, in first-class securities, over five hundred thousand dollars. It has been very worthily bestowed.

—Miss AUGUSTA A. MINER, a type-setter in the South Bend (Indiana) *Union*, is one of the most rapid and accurate compositors in that State. A proof of hers was taken, a few days since, of 9000 ems, having but two typographical errors.

—A lady recently returned from England, and who visited JENNY LIND, says that a happier and better matched pair can hardly be found. They reside near London, in elegant style, surrounded by all the comforts of life. The stories about their domestic unhappiness are conspicuously inexact.

—Rev. BROWN EMERSON, D.D., of Salem, Massachusetts, now in his ninety-fourth year, is a fine specimen of the steady-going old New England clergyman, being now in the sixty-sixth year of his settlement as pastor of the South Church in that city.

—Mrs. Secretary FISH speaks French with so much fluency and such perfection of accent that members of the diplomatic corps are always at ease at her receptions. For the first time since the administration of President POLK foreigners are able to converse with the wife of the premier in the court language of Europe.

—The Princess LAMBERTI, of Italy, who to a certain extent is now pervading the higher circles of New York society, is a fine-looking woman, tall and stately, a brunette, about twenty-two, a fluent talker in five languages, an accomplished musician, and cultivated generally.

—The clergy of the country, with that *esprit du corps* so characteristic of them, will sympathize with the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, whose congregation have, in the most compulsory and discreditable manner, compelled him to accept as a salary for the present year the paltry sum of $20,000. What can his people mean by "such conducts as those?"

—Mr. Surrogate HUTCHINGS may make a note of the following as a precedent, should a similar testamentary document come before him. A poor citizen in Berlin was recently left some $25,000. Being very old and feeble he was puzzled as to whom he should leave his money. Thinking none of his friends worthy of it, he at last determined to leave it to a bitter enemy, who had a large family and no money except his daily earnings. He made his will to that effect; he made it a condition, however, that the heir should always wear thin white linen clothes, and no extra under-clothing. Should that condition be violated even once, the money goes to his executors. The heir will probably accept on the principle of the old saying, "A light heart and a thin pair of—pantaloons."

—Mrs. LINCOLN was recently in London, for the purpose of placing her son "TAD" at school, after which she proposed to join her friend, Mrs. Bishop SIMPSON, at Rome, and with her make the tour of Italy. The right-minded ladies and gentlemen of the country seem to be more and more disposed to speak out their opinion that Mrs. L. has been rather badly treated by the Republican leaders, and especially by those whose fame and fortunes were made by her husband.

—GUSTAVE DORE is steadily employed in London, in conjunction with BLANCHARD JERROLD, on a work descriptive of some of the marvels of London life. Friends who have had an inkling of the matter predict that it will be a great success.

—Mr. EDWARD C. DELAVAN, who died recently in Schenectady, was one of the men who were really the practical organizers of the temperance movement in the State of New York—the men who gave it character and force. He was a man of wealth, and built the Delavan House, Albany, which, for some years, was conducted on the cold-water plan. It was found, however, that it didn't pay, and was soon rented to other parties, who put it on the old hotel track, on which it has since been kept. Mr. DELAVAN was a pleasant, well-informed man, a good raconteur, and had a wide experience of people in every walk of life. Latterly he had retired from participation in public matters.

—Some gentleman who has been making sketches of the managing editors of the leading daily journals of this city—Messrs. CROLY, JENNINGS, REID, CUMMINGS, BENNETT, Jun., and NORDHOFF—finishes by taking the life of Major BUNDY, of the *Evening Mail*, stating that "He is one of the rising young men of the day. He is a thoroughly accomplished journalist, commenced in Wisconsin, and continued in that region until he came to New York as dramatic critic of the *Evening Post*. He studied law at one time, and served on General BANKS'S staff in the Red River campaign. He has a fine critical taste, and is well read on many subjects. An article which he wrote upon the Cuban question for *Putnam's Magazine* was credited at the time, by all the press, to PARKE GODWIN, then editor; while an examination of the States Rights question, which Major BUNDY prepared early in the war, and which has lately been reprinted in pamphlet form, was quoted in the United States Supreme Court as an authority, which was certainly a high compliment to its author. Major BUNDY has had charge of the *Mail* for the past two years, during which time he has won golden opinions from all sorts of people for his discreet management, while the paper itself has greatly increased both its circulation and prosperity."

—Colonel FORNEY, of the Philadelphia *Press*, having retired from the management of his Washington paper, to devote himself entirely to his able and successful journal in Philadelphia, is made the subject of many pleasant paragraphs, one of which is as follows: "Few editors were better formed by nature to be popular socially, and powerful professionally. A fine face, courteous bearing, ready susceptibilities, natural diction, and wide acquaintance adapted him to ornament and illustrate his work and his time. He has had a long enthusiasm for public writing—scarcely diminished now that he is passing his prime—and at heart he has always been the friend of his whole country and of the community where he happened to be. Lancaster, Philadelphia, Washington—these have always been under obligation to him. Had he not confounded the editorial and the office-holding relation, and been more faithful to serve than to direct his party, he would have left a name without a diminutive qualification. His neighborly graces and kindness to young men will be long remembered, while the ingratitude of those who have used his paper and his power will make men mild to criticise his influence upon American journalism."

—Senator WILSON is, in conversation, a rapid and glowing talker. He seems to have made a careful study and precise analysis of every one of the innumerable mob of American politicians, great and little, who have been in Washington within the last twenty years. His mind is full of topics. Or if he takes the subject with which you start the conversation, he at once makes it his own. His words come very fast; his countenance glows with the ardor of his discourse; and it is in vain to try to check or turn the current of it by inserting a question, or even a word, edgewise. His mind, once set upon a particular track, rushes on until it has gone to the end of it. He has not a scholar's culture, like his renowned colleague; his mind is not stored with classic allusions, nor is his diction enriched by phrases drawn from all literatures. But for downright good sense, uttered in downright Saxon, he is always interesting and instructive. Then, too, with the political history of his own country his familiarity is very great.

—"How doth the busy TUPPER improve each shining hour!" Mrs. TUPPER is the great authority in this country on bees. She pervades Iowa, where she has gone into the bee business at a very shining rate. She has written more essays about bees, and received more diplomas about bees, than any woman on the planet. One of these essays was adopted by the Department of Agriculture, which paid her for it $300. "To be or not to be" is, with her, "*the* question," as may be inferred from the fact that she has one hundred bee-hives of her own. She imports her bees from the country about Lake Como, Italy. May she live long and be happy!

—Many of the cleverest people of the day appear to have obtained their first and firmest footing in California. BRET HARTE found his intellectual status and money value there; MARK TWAIN was first talked about by Californians; RALPH KEELER, ditto; little LOTTA, the most piquant actress of the day, who is rapidly accumulating a fortune, was brought into notoriety in the same region; while ROSS BROWNE, one of the regular and most popular of the writers for the HARPERS, has made California his home, deeming it the only place perfectly habitable for a gentleman and author.

—General ROBERT ANDERSON, the hero of Fort Sumter, is living in Venice with his family. His daughter, ISABELLA, is a great belle, and is said to have captured the heart of an Italian duke.

—Miss GARRETT, M.D., now in successful medical practice in London, is just now quite prominent among the women of England, from having been elected a member of the London School Board—a canvass in which she headed the poll. Miss G. is a young woman of not more than twenty-five; has abundant fair hair, worn in neatly arranged heavy braids, a clear, fresh, lovely complexion, good features, and a pleasant expression when she speaks. She has that "excellent thing in woman," a soft, low voice, and a little lisp, not unpleasing. She is about the middle height, of a slender, graceful figure, and dresses simply but neatly. Altogether she is a neat, trim, prepossessing young doctor, whose entrance into a sick-room must be as refreshing as a breath of pure air, or a ray of sunshine in a foggy day.

—The Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, now in his seventieth year, is one of the most remarkable men who have appeared in the theological world during the present century. After having attained the highest distinction in Oxford, both as a preacher and author, he seceded from the Church of England to that of Rome, and became head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham, since which time he has published a great number of works in favor of Catholicism. As a master of pure English he has no superior at the present day. The following beautiful paragraph is by him: "All that goes to constitute a gentleman—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice, the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the success in not offending, the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candor and consideration, the openness of hand—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity. But the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books? Are they not necessarily acquired, where they are to be found, in high society? The very nature of the case leads you to say so. You can not fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you can not learn to converse till you have the world to converse with. You can not unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting infirmity, till you serve your time in some school of manners."

—Another gentleman has been to see Mr. BRET HARTE, one of our new contributors, and thus gives his notions of that freshest specimen of the American humorist: "He is a little below the medium stature, well-proportioned, has a forehead more high than broad, thin brown hair, a fair complexion originally, but his face is now badly pitted with the small-pox; eyes remarkably soft and brilliant, and an indescribable expression of countenance that indicates a spirit in complete sympathy with all that is beautiful and all that is good. His voice is peculiarly sweet and musical, his powers of endurance not overlarge; he is firm in his opinions, but in the expression of them modest; shuns rather than seeks society; never courts, but avoids notoriety; is a delightful companion; does far more work than he ought; understands what he can do, and never attempts what he can not; and, in general appearance, more nearly resembles that poet and scholar and gentleman, DONALD G. MITCHELL, than any person with whom I am acquainted on this side of the continent."

—In the *Bazar* of February 4 it was mentioned (the simple fact was copied from another paper) that ex-Collector J. F. BAILEY was living in lordly style in Germany. We learn on good authority that such is not the fact, but that he is in Brazil, without capital, and endeavoring to get upon his feet. Should he become a millionaire, and return to New York, we hope that he will pay up to the government every dollar of his defalcation.

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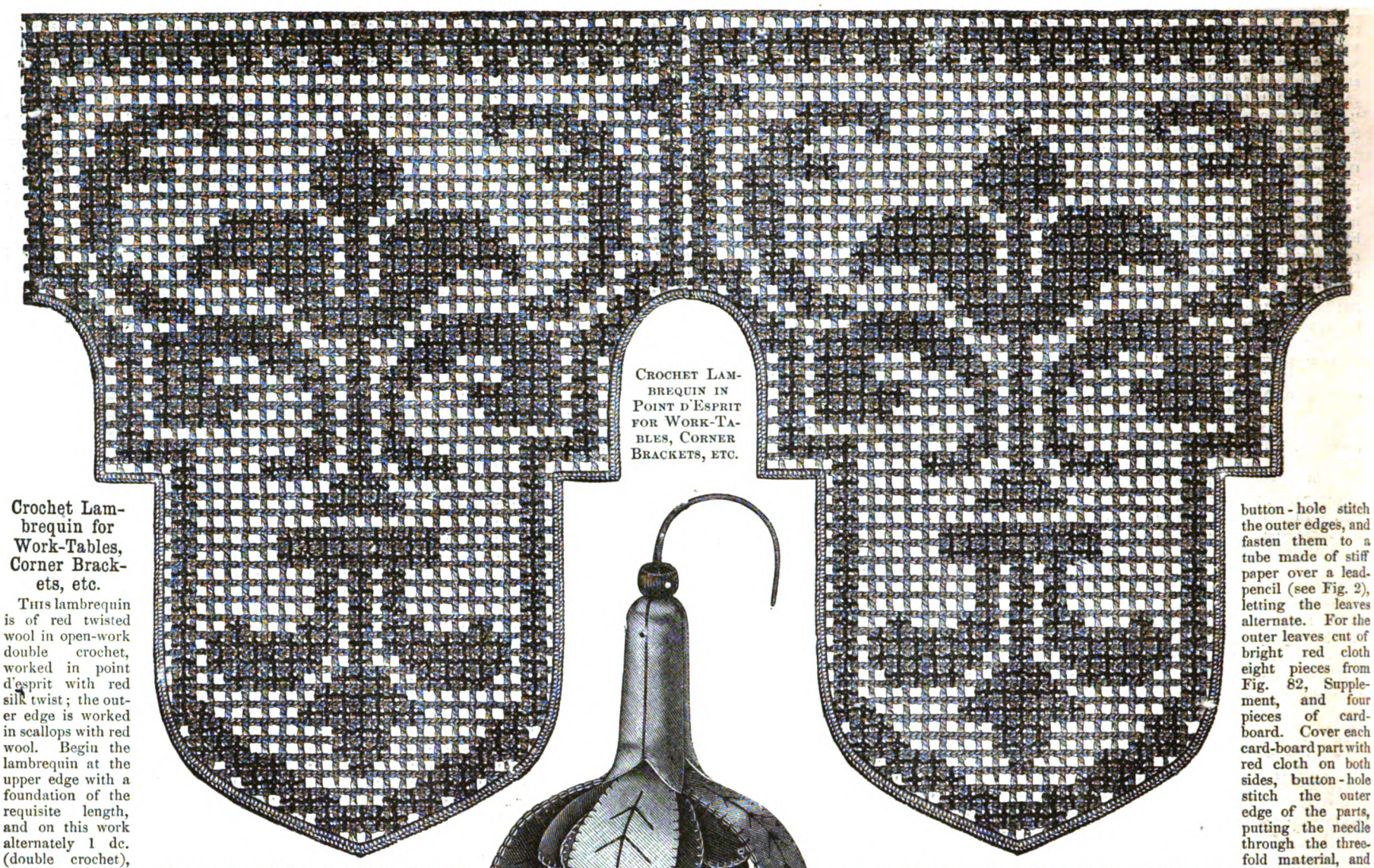


CROCHET LAMBREQUIN IN POINT D'ESPRIT FOR WORK-TABLES, CORNER BRACKETS, ETC.

Crochet Lambrequin for Work-Tables, Corner Brackets, etc.

THIS lambrequin is of red twisted wool in open-work double crochet, worked in point d'esprit with red silk twist; the outer edge is worked in scallops with red wool. Begin the lambrequin at the upper edge with a foundation of the requisite length, and on this work alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 2 ch. (chain stitch), passing over two stitches of the foundation with the latter. In the same manner work the remaining rounds, but always bring the dc. on the dc. of the preceding round. After the 17th round the foundation for each section of the lambrequin must be completed separately.—Work the completed lambrequin with red silk as shown by the illustration, and button-hole stitch the outer edge. At the point of each section, and between each two sections, set on a small red tassel.

Fig. 1.—POINT LACE AND CROCHET EDGING.

FRAME FOR HAT, FIG. 2, PAGE 85.

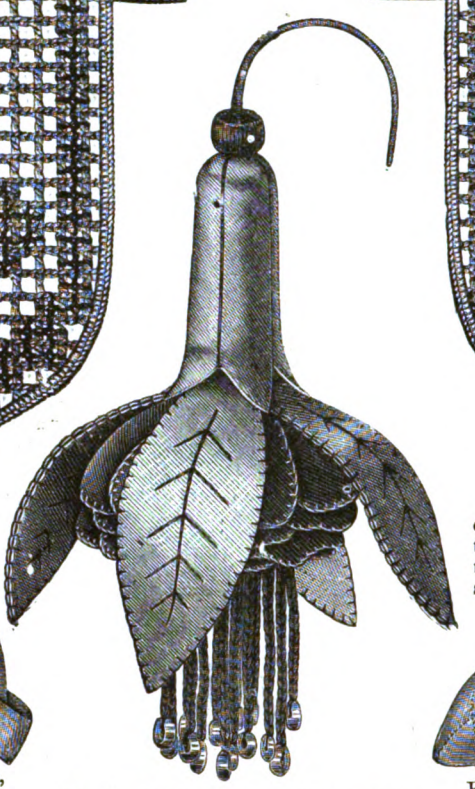


Fig. 1.—LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER SIMULATING A FUCHSIA.
For pattern see Suppl., No. XXIII., Figs. 81–83.

FRAME FOR HAT, FIG. 3, PAGE 85.

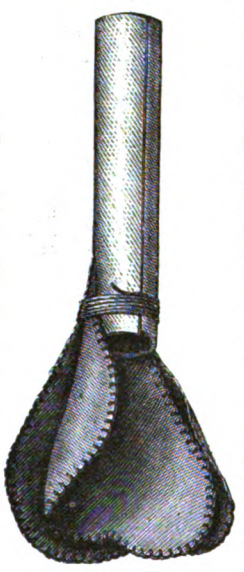


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING PETALS FOR LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER.

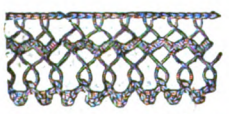
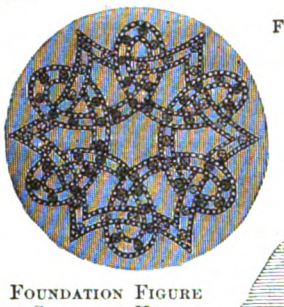
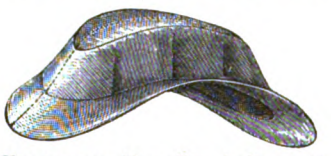


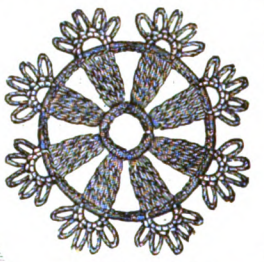
Fig. 3.—GIMP CROCHET EDGING.



FOUNDATION FIGURE IN SATIN AND KNOTTED STITCH FOR CAPS, LINGERIE, ETC.



FRAME FOR HAT, FIG. 1, PAGE 85.



TATTED AND CROCHET ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Lamp-Chimney Cover simulating a Fuchsia, Figs. 1–3.

THIS lamp-chimney cover is made of red and violet cloth. First make the petals and stamens. The latter are worked in ch. with a double thread of red silk twist, in doing which fasten a crystal bead, of the size shown by Fig. 3, at the end of the stamens. This illustration also shows the size and number of the stamens. At the upper end of the stamens let the threads stand over an inch and a quarter; by means of these the stamens are afterward fastened. Now take four thin pieces of wire each seven inches and a fifth long, and wind each of them with red filling silk two inches and two-fifths long; then join them together by winding all four together tightly with silk, leaving two-fifths of an inch of the wire free at the under end. These four ends are spread out as shown by Fig. 3. The stamens are fastened to the fourfold wire as shown by the illustration, at the same time fastening small pieces of red cloth, which must be cut as shown by the illustration, Fig. 3. Now cut of violet cloth eight pieces from Fig. 81, Supplement, button-hole stitch the outer edges, and fasten them to a tube made of stiff paper over a lead-pencil (see Fig. 2), letting the leaves alternate. For the outer leaves cut of bright red cloth eight pieces from Fig. 82, Supplement, and four pieces of card-board. Cover each card-board part with red cloth on both sides, button-hole stitch the outer edge of the parts, putting the needle through the three-fold material, and embroider the upper side with red silk in point Russe as shown by the illustration. Paste these four leaves to the card-board tube as shown by the illustration, Fig. 1, and fasten them besides with silk thread; then pass the wire and stamens through the tube. Now cover the tube with a piece of red cloth cut from Fig. 83, the ends of which must overlap each other slightly, fasten it with long stitches of red silk, and gather the upper edge, in doing which fasten the wire ends, which must be closely wound with green silk, and bent as shown by the illustration. Finish with a large bead covered with green floss silk, as shown by the illustration.

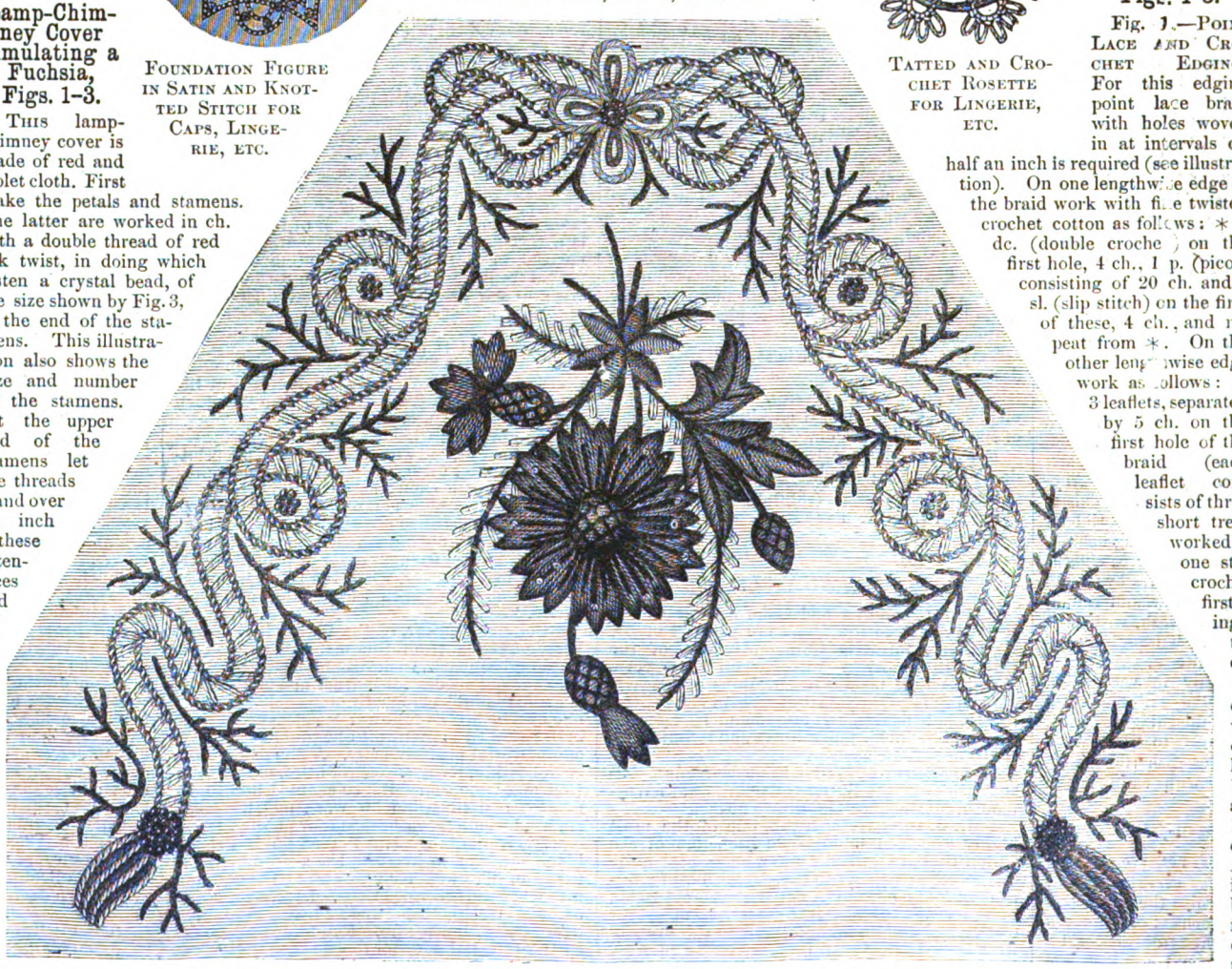
Fig. 2.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING.

Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING STEM FOR LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER.

Edgings for trimming Under-Clothing, Figs. 1–3.

Fig. 1.—POINT LACE AND CROCHET EDGING. For this edging point lace braid with holes woven in at intervals of half an inch is required (see illustration). On one lengthwise edge of the braid work with fine twisted crochet cotton as follows: * 5 dc. (double crochet) on the first hole, 4 ch., 1 p. (picot) consisting of 20 ch. and 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first of these, 4 ch., and repeat from *. On the other lengthwise edge work as follows: * 3 leaflets, separated by 5 ch. on the first hole of the braid (each leaflet consists of three short treble crochet, which are not worked off singly, but together as one stitch), 3 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the braid between the first and second hole (in working this sc. catch at the same time the p. of the opposite edge), 3 ch.; repeat from *.

Fig. 2.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING. First work with medium-sized tatting cotton a row of rings as follows: 5 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 4 ds., four times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., and close the stitches to a ring. After two-fifths of an inch interval work a similar ring, but instead of forming the first p., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring. Continue in this manner. On the free p. of the rings work



DESIGN FOR FRONT OF SLIPPER.—[For design for Heel and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 35.]

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Fig. 6.—NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR. [See Fig. 7.]
For pattern see Suppl., No. XXI., Fig. 79.

Fig. 3.—SWISS MUSLIN AND BRUGES LACE FICHU-COLLAR. [See Fig. 4.]
For pattern see Suppl., No. XIX., Figs. 73 and 74.

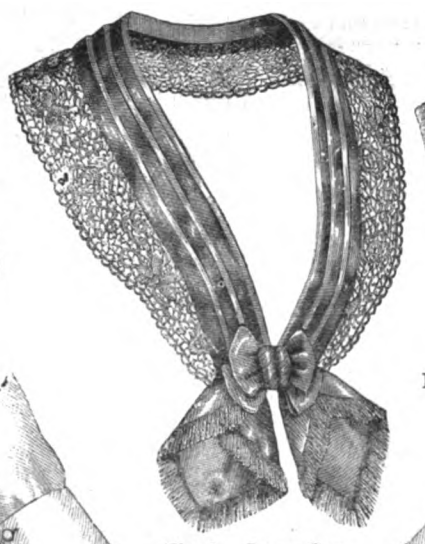

Fig. 1.—IRISH GUIPURE FICHU-COLLAR. [See Fig. 2.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 80.

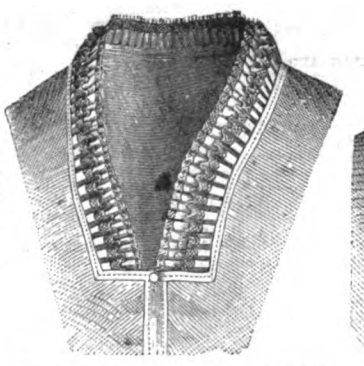

Fig. 5.—CHEMISETTE WITH SWISS MUSLIN FRILL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 71 and 72.

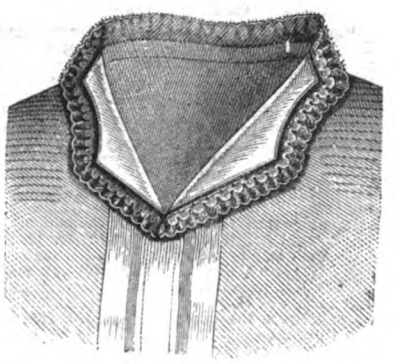

Fig. 8.—COLLAR WITH REVERS. [See Fig. 9.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 76.

Fig. 4.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 3.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 84.

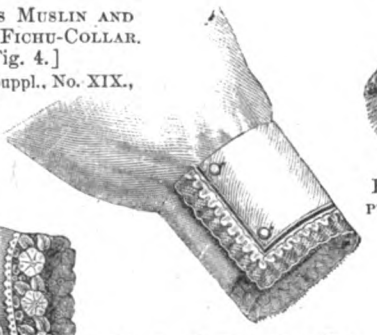

Fig. 9.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 8.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 77 and 78.

Fig. 7.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 6.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 77 and 78.

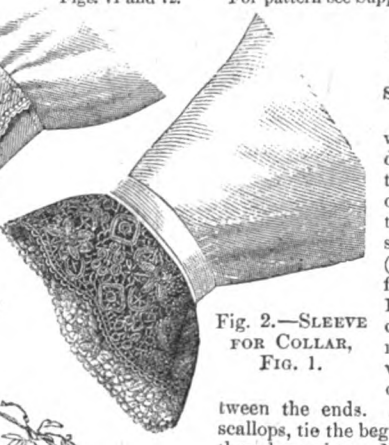

Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 1.

one round as shown by the illustration. Alternately 1 sc. on every picot, 1 ch.; between each two rings 1 sc. on the last p. of the first, and at the same time on the first p. of the second ring. After this round one round of dc. (see illustration).

Fig. 3. — CROCHET GIMP EDGING. For this edging work with fine twisted cotton crochet gimp, like that shown in No. 32, Vol. III., page 500, Fig. 8. Twisting the loops as shown by the illustration, work 1 sc. on each loop, 2 ch. after each sc. On the loops of the other side (twisting the loops as before) work 1 sc., after each sc. 5 ch., 1 sc. on the second of the 5 ch., 1 ch.

Foundation Figure in Satin and Knotted Stitch for Caps, Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on page 84.

THIS embroidery figure may be used for trimming caps, lingerie, etc., and is worked with embroidery cotton on Swiss muslin or cambric; or it may be used for ornamenting white or colored cravats. On a silk foundation, it must be worked with coarse sewing silk.

Rosette for Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on p. 84.

FOR this rosette work, first, with medium-sized tatting cotton, the tatted scallops on the outer edge of the rosette. Each scallop counts 1 ds. (double stitch), and five times alternately 1 p. (picot), 1 ds.; close the stitches in a ring, leaving an interval of thread a fifth of an inch long between the ends. After working eight scallops, tie the beginning and end of the thread together. Now crochet with very fine twisted crochet cotton 5 sc. (single crochet) on the interval of thread of each scallop, and 7 sc. on the thread between each two scallops. * On the first 5 sc. of this round (between the ends of the first scallop) work 5 tc. (treble crochet), working them off as one stitch, after the leaflet thus formed 2 ch., with the latter passing over seven stitches of the preceding round. Repeat from *. Finally, work one round of sc. on the stitches of the preceding round (see illustration). This rosette may be used with the crochet and tatted edging previously described, for trimming children's clothing, etc.

Fig. 2.—BLACK ASTRAKHAN HAT.—[For Frame see Page 84.]
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 29-31.

Fig. 1.—ASTRAKHAN ROUND HAT WITH WHITE FUR.—[For Frame see Page 84.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 32 and 33.

Fig. 3.—BLACK ASTRAKHAN HAT WITH FEATHERS.—[For Frame see Page 84.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 34.

Fig. 3.—BLACK GAUZE CRAVAT BOW.

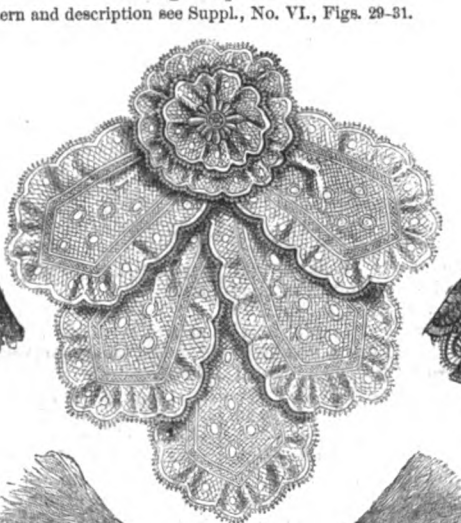

Fig. 5.—CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 4.—BLACK GAUZE CRAVAT BOW.

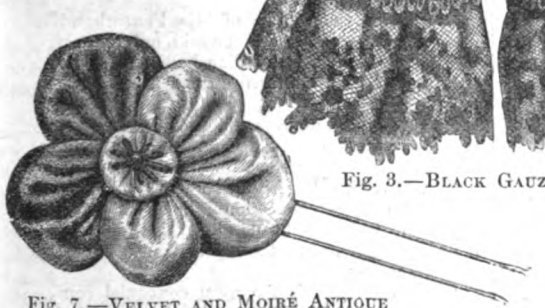

Fig. 7.—VELVET AND MOIRÉ ANTIQUE BOW FOR THE HAIR.

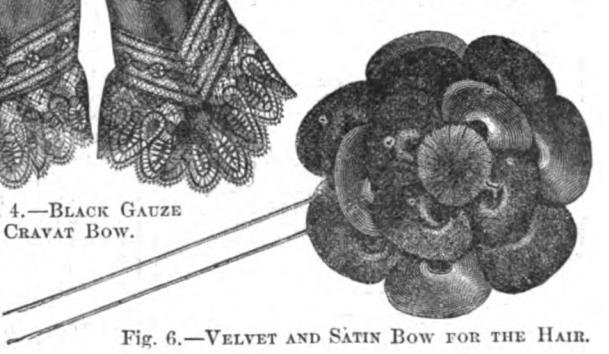

Fig. 6.—VELVET AND SATIN BOW FOR THE HAIR.

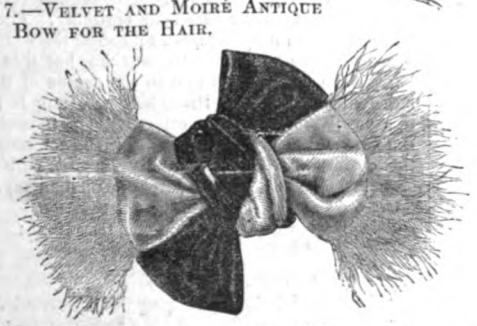

Fig. 8.—VIOLET SATIN AND BLACK VELVET CRAVAT BOW.

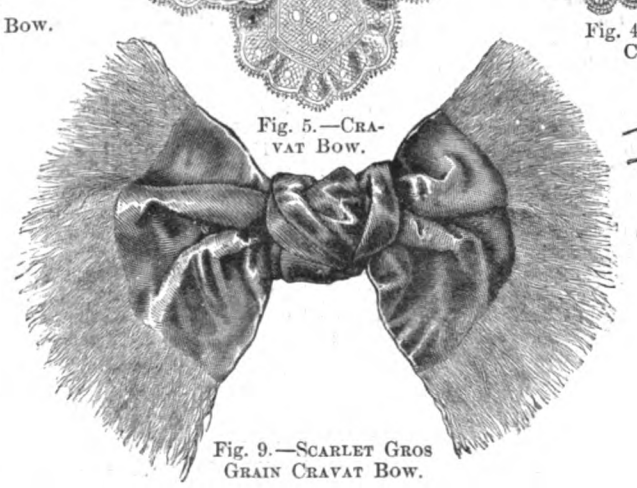

Fig. 9.—SCARLET GROS GRAIN CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 10.—BLUE GROS GRAIN CRAVAT BOW

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Collars and Under-Sleeves, Figs. 1–9.

See illustrations on page 85.

Figs. 1 and 2.—IRISH GUIPURE FICHU-COLLAR AND UNDER-SLEEVES. The pleated part of this collar is made of colored crêpe de Chine, and is richly trimmed with Irish guipure, and a bow of crêpe de Chine, as shown by the illustration. Cut the foundation of the collar of stiff lace taken double from Fig. 80; then cut three bias strips of crêpe, each two inches and a half wide, double them lengthwise, and arrange them on the foundation in such a manner that each strip shall cover the seam made by sewing on the preceding one (see illustration). Fell the lengthwise edge of the under (last) strip to the under side of the collar. The trimming consists of a strip of crocheted Irish guipure thirty-eight inches and a half long (see illustration). This Irish lace is worked in the same manner as the Irish Guipure Collar shown in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 37, Vol. III., page 581. Cut the under-sleeves of cambric from Fig. 77, gather the bottom slightly, and sew them between the double material of a straight binding three-quarters of an inch wide. The ruffle of the under-sleeves consists of a piece of Irish guipure seventeen inches and a half long and three inches and three-quarters wide. Instead of the crochet guipure woven guipure or Valenciennes lace may be used.

Figs. 3 and 4.—SWISS MUSLIN AND BRUGES LACE FICHU-COLLAR AND UNDER-SLEEVES. This collar is made of Swiss muslin and Bruges lace an inch wide; the seam made by sewing on the latter is covered with a strip of embroidery two-fifths of an inch wide. Cut the collar from Fig. 73, Supplement. Finish the front of the collar with two ends made of Swiss muslin and Bruges lace in the shape indicated by Fig. 74; these ends are trimmed with a bow made of blue silk ribbon four-fifths of an inch wide. For each of the cuffs cut from Fig. 75 one piece; cut a slit along the double line, lay the material in a revers along the dotted line, hem the under edge of the cuffs, and trim the outer edge. Gather the upper edge of the cuffs, sew it between a binding four-fifths of an inch wide, and join the cuffs with the sleeves, which must be cut from Fig. 77.

Fig. 5.—CHEMISETTE WITH SWISS MUSLIN FRILL. This chemisette is cut of Swiss muslin from Figs. 71 and 72, and trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with two box-pleated Swiss muslin frills edged with lace. The seam made by sewing on the frills is covered with a bias strip of the muslin stitched on.

Figs. 6 and 7.—EMBROIDERED COLLAR AND UNDER-SLEEVES. This pointed collar and cuffs are made of fine linen, and are ornamented with French embroidery and lace stitch. For the collar cut of the material taken double one piece from Fig. 79. Cut the sleeves of cambric from Fig. 77, and the cuffs of linen from Fig. 78. Lay the front of the collar over to right side as revers, and embroider it as shown by the illustration, and partially indicated on the pattern. Sew the sleeves between the double material of the embroidered cuffs.

Figs. 8 and 9.—COLLAR WITH REVERS AND UNDER-SLEEVES. This collar and cuffs are made of fine linen, trimmed with embroidery two-fifths of an inch wide, which is cut out along the contours, and Valenciennes lace three-fifths of an inch wide, which is gathered and sewed on in such a manner that it comes on the border. Along the straight line partially indicated on the pattern set on lace insertion a tenth of an inch wide, which is fastened to the material along its lengthwise edges with close half-polka stitches. Cut the collar from Fig. 76. For each of the cuffs cut of linen and fine shirting lining one piece from Fig. 78, trim the bottom and one end, and join them with the sleeves according to the corresponding figures. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 77.

Cravats, Cravat Bows, and Bows for the Hair, Figs. 1–10.

See illustrations on page 85.

Fig. 1.—GREEN GROS GRAIN CRAVAT BOW. The sloped ends of this bow are made of a three-cornered piece of gros grain, the straight lengthwise edge of which is raveled an inch wide. The loops are an inch and three-fifths long and an inch and four-fifths wide, and have a net interlining. The seam made by sewing the loops and ends on the foundation is covered with a band.

Fig. 2.—GRANITE CRÊPE DE CHINE CRAVAT BOW. To make this bow, cut for the longer end a bias strip of the material seven inches and three-fifths long and seven inches and one-fifth wide. Slope this piece from the middle of the lower end to the side edges so that the latter are only four inches and two-fifths long. Join the two straight lengthwise edges of this piece, and ravel the bias edges three-fifths of an inch wide. The shorter end is six inches and two-fifths long and five inches and three-fifths wide, and is arranged in the same manner as the longer end. Pleat the upper edge of both ends, and sew them on a stiff lace foundation. Cover the seam made by doing this with loops made of bias strips of the material. The under loop is four inches wide and three inches and one-fifth long. The upper loop is three inches and three-fifths wide and two inches long. The upper ends of the loops are finished by a band of the material surrounded with a black velvet buckle.

Fig. 3.—BLACK GAUZE GRENADINE CRAVAT BOW. This cravat bow is of black gauze grenadine, and is trimmed with appliqué lace figures, and black lace three inches and a half wide. The ends are five inches and one-fifth long and eight inches wide, and are trimmed as shown by the illustration. Cut away the material under the lace figures. Sew the lengthwise edges of the ends together, and let the seam come in the middle. The loops are three inches and a fifth long and four inches wide; they and the ends are arranged on a stiff lace foundation. A band of the material covers the seam made by doing this. Furnish the back with a safety pin.

Fig. 4.—BLACK GAUZE GRENADINE CRAVAT. This cravat is trimmed with black guipure insertion an inch and two-fifths wide, and black guipure lace two inches and two-fifths wide. Cut a bias strip of the material forty-three inches and a half long and seven inches wide, slope it toward the middle till not quite five inches wide there, and point the ends. Then trim the piece, as shown by the illustration, with the insertion and gathered lace. Underneath the insertion cut away the material. Sew the lengthwise edges of the cravat together, and fold the double material so that the seam comes on the middle of the under side of the cravat. When adjusting the cravat tie it in a bow as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 5.—CRAVAT BOW OF INSERTION AND LACE. The tabs of this bow are made of lace insertion four-fifths of an inch wide, the cross-wise edge of which is cut in a point; overhand the outer edges of the tabs together with an open-work woven insertion one-twelfth of an inch wide, and to this insertion sew slightly gathered Valenciennes lace three-fifths of an inch wide. The longest tab is three inches and three-fifths long, and the shortest two inches and four-fifths long. Sew all the tabs on a narrow oval Swiss muslin foundation, and cover the seams made by sewing them on with a rosette made of lace and an embroidered figure (see illustration).

Fig. 6.—VELVET AND SATIN BOW FOR THE HAIR. This bow for the hair is in the form of a rosette of leaflets an inch and four-fifths long and an inch and three-fifths wide. The upper cross-wise edge of each of these parts is rounded, and the under edge arranged in two pleats, the folds of which face each other and overlap each other. This gives each part the shape shown by the illustration. Cut eight pieces of velvet and five pieces of satin. Arrange them on a round stiff lace foundation an inch and two-fifths in diameter as shown by the illustration. Finish the middle of the rosette with a tuft of blue silk threads, and furnish the back with a hair-pin.

Fig. 7.—VELVET AND MOIRÉ ANTIQUE BOW FOR THE HAIR. This bow simulates a pansy. The two upper and middle leaflets are each an inch and four-fifths long; the remaining leaflets are each an inch and two-fifths long. For all the leaflets the material is taken double and on the bias, and they are pleated as shown by the illustration. The two upper leaflets are made of violet velvet, and the under leaflets of lilac moiré antique. Arrange them on a stiff lace foundation as shown by the illustration, and finish with a lilac rosette trimmed with black beads. A hair-pin serves to fasten the bow.

Fig. 8.—VIOLET SATIN AND BLACK VELVET CRAVAT BOW. The four loops of this bow are each an inch and four-fifths long and two inches and one-fifth wide; they are furnished with net interlining, and arranged as shown by the illustration. The ends are of satin ribbon, and are three inches long, and the under edges are raveled an inch and a fifth wide. Arrange the loops and ends on a stiff lace foundation, and cover the seams made by doing this with two bands of velvet and satin knotted together as shown by the illustration. Furnish the back of the bow with a safety pin.

Fig. 9.—SCARLET GROS GRAIN CRAVAT BOW. This consists of a strip of scarlet gros grain thirteen inches long and eleven inches and a quarter wide. Double the piece lengthwise, join the lengthwise edges, and knot it at the middle as shown by the illustration. The ends are raveled two inches wide. Sew the bow on a stiff lace foundation, and furnish the back with a safety pin.

Fig. 10.—BLUE GROS GRAIN RIBBON BOW. The ribbon for this bow must be an inch and three-fifths wide. The loops are each two inches long, and the ends three inches and a quarter. The under edges of the latter are raveled an inch wide. Fasten the loops and ends on a stiff lace foundation, and cover the seams with three bands knotted together as shown by the illustration. A safety pin serves to fasten the bow.

NOW AND EVER.

Ask what you will, my own and only Love;
For, to love's service true,
Your least wish sways me as from worlds above,
And I yield all to you,
Who are the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

Yet some things e'en to thee I can not yield!
As that one gift by which,
On the still morning in the wood-side field,
Thou mad'st existence rich,
Who wast the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

We had talked long; and then a silence came;
And in the topmost firs
To his nest the white dove floated like a flame:
And my lips closed on hers,
Who was the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

Since when my heart lies by her heart—nor now
Could I 'twixt hers and mine,
Nor the most love-skilled Angel, choose: so thou
In vain wouldst ask for thine!
Who art the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

MY HUGO.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

I HAD been away from the old country for a term of years that had changed me from a girl to a woman. And on the chilly December on which the chain of events that I am about to narrate commenced I found myself in London, a governess out of employ, homeless and friendless.

My seven years of so-called servitude in the family of one of the most enlightened and generous of the enlightened and generous Russian aristocracy had rather spoiled me for roughing it in lodgings and in solitude. As I sat down to my plain unappetizing tea and toast this special morning I wished with all my heart that I had not obeyed the strong instinct which had impelled me to come back to the land of my birth, where I was so infinitely worse off than I had been in the land of my adoption.

I was a young woman still—only seven-and-twenty—but I felt old and care-worn, and dull and ugly, as I looked at myself in the tarnished mirror by the light of a London fog. Aggravating memories kept surging up. How brilliant the Christmas festivities in which I had participated last year had been! How brilliant those were in which my friends in St. Petersburg were even now indulging! I had been weak indeed to leave known good for the unknown evils of solitude and possible poverty.

Presently, before I had time to drop more than a tear or two over my present forlorn condition, my landlady came into the room with a newspaper. "You may like to see it, Miss," she said as she handed it to me. "There's one of the awfulest murders I ever read in it."

I took the paper, and didn't read the reported murder, but just let my glance wander along the portion of the sheet that was folded toward me. These were the first words that caught my eye:

WANTED—a gentlewoman as companion to a young girl of large fortune. Liberal salary given to a suitable person. Apply, personally, to Mr. Armstrong, Great Western Hotel, between the hours of ten and five to-morrow.

There was something straightforward and concise about the wording of the advertisement that appealed to me, and I determined at once that I would be one of the eager throng who would doubtless rush to respond to Mr. Armstrong's request. "At least I am a gentlewoman," I said, dreamily, to myself. And then I fell to attempting to picture to myself what manner of girl this was who had a large fortune, and was in need of a hired companion.

The mere thought of the mission I was going upon the following day helped to pass away the hours; and when night came I had woven half a dozen romances concerning the subject of the advertisement. They were very wild and strange, some of them. But, ah me! none of those that my fancy bred was half so strange as the reality.

I debated for a long time as to what I should wear. This to some people will seem like a simple confession of utter and contemptible frivolity—a sort of throwing up of my hand, and declaration that I am vain enough to love dress and study the becoming. Yes; I am all of these things. Every true woman is, I think. At any rate, on this occasion I gave myself very seriously to the consideration of what I should wear, in order to give a possible employer a favorable bias toward employing me. And finally I decided upon a pretty costume of black velvet and satin, and a bonnet with a great deal of black lace and one tiny red rose upon it.

As soon as I was ushered into Mr. Armstrong's presence I was profoundly disappointed. I had made up my mind to see one of two types. Either he would be a courtly, high-born gentleman, in a state of perplexity as to what it behooved him to do with regard to a fair and contumacious ward, or he would be a mere lawyer, rather dry and stiff and starched.

He was neither. A crowd of applicants, bent on the same mission as myself, were in the anteroom and corridor, and he was just haranguing them from his vantage-ground of an open door that opened on the top of a flight of steps as I appeared upon the scene. "It will save considerable time and trouble, and avert much disappointment and a little unkind feeling, if I state at once that as I can only engage *one* lady out of the numbers here present, and as that one lady must be young, and yet past girlhood, the majority of you may as well go."

He was such a young and *insouciant* gentleman himself who said this that I saw the majority were disposed rather to laugh with him than either to go or to be offended. But as he turned, after a moment's pause, and retired abruptly into his own sanctuary, no immediate appeal could be made.

"Mr. Armstrong will see you ladies singly," a servant came out and said, presently; and then one by one I saw the applicants advance, disappear, and shortly afterward emerge and retire, defeated.

At length I mustered up courage to send in my card and follow it myself with a decent show of indifference. Mr. Armstrong was sitting before a table, his elbows resting on it, and his head supported in his hands. He looked up quickly as I entered, and started to his feet at once, exclaiming:

"Found, I believe! I was getting hopeless. Every one else was so utterly unlike the companion I desire to secure for Miss Penruthers. Can you live in the country, and can you bear patiently and lovingly with the whims and willfulness of a girl?"

He asked me this so earnestly and impressively that I was startled into betraying a little of the doubt and hesitation I was feeling.

"I can't answer such a serious question without knowing a little more of the case," I said. "As to living in the country, it is almost a matter of indifference to me where I live; but I can't promise that I can bear patiently and lovingly with the whims and willfulness of a girl before I know what sort of girl she is."

He gave me a curious look—half angry, half amused—as I said this, and paused for a few moments before answering me. During this pause I was enabled to see what manner of man outwardly this man with whom I had to deal was.

A fine young Englishman, truly. Blonde, closely cropped, well set up. Polished and reserved and cultivated to a degree that struck me, accustomed as I had been for seven years to the society of Russian gentlemen. Indeed, there was much of the best social air of the imperial northern land about this man; and yet, at the very moment this similarity occurred to me, I was struck with a certain air of insufficiency about him—of insufficiency and uncertainty and dissatisfaction with himself.

"You shall know what sort of girl she is in an hour, if you'll agree to make the trial. She is here, and I will introduce you to her without delay."

"When I understand the relationship between you," I said, slowly. And then he gave vent to an angry ejaculation, and regarded me searchingly.

"I did not expect from *your* face that you would start with suspicion and distrust."

"Nor do I. But I am not very old yet, and I have only myself to look to for protection and counsel and care."

"Are you such a friendless woman?" he said, very pitifully. "In that case, your heart will soon warm to my poor, friendless girl. Miss Darrock, I will only tell you this much about her before you see her—she has no one in the world to care for her but me. I am not free to bestow all the care she ought to have upon her yet. Now come and see her, will you?"

He led me from the room with graceful courtesy; and as I peeped up furtively into his face, he confused me by a quick glance, and the words:

"I have deceived you a little; my name is not Armstrong. But I want to have this matter settled as quietly as possible. Here she is;" and as he spoke he opened the door of a sitting-room, and a young girl came springing forward to meet him.

"Where have you been?" she cried out, impulsively. Then she caught sight of me, and checked herself—checked herself with such sudden, wonderful grace that I found myself stupidly staring at her in open-eyed admiration.

"Down below, in a saloon full of ladies," he said, laughing, "seeking for some one to share your solitude. I have found this one. Let me introduce you to Miss Darrock, Lolly."

She looked at him so sorrowfully as he led her forward, and I heard her say,

"Hugo, you are very cruel!"

He laughed a little awkwardly, and then he said, "Miss Darrock knows nothing of you besides your name as yet; whether, when she is a little more fully informed, she will accept the charge of such a wild bird as you are, I don't know."

"I hope I shall," I said; for I was strangely taken already with the lissom, graceful creature, who had golden hair and soft brown eyes, and altogether a most rare and delicate beauty.

"I'll tell her something about myself without delay," the beauty laughed. "I'm Miss Penruthers, at your service. I'm sick of schools, of watch-dogs, and jailers, and I care for no one in the world but Hugo Burgoyne."

"Hush! Lolly," he said, with a faint smile. "Miss Darrock only knows me yet under the name I assumed for advertising purposes."

"The sooner I know your real name the better for us all, if I am to be mixed up with you," I said, with some asperity; and at my change of tone Miss Penruthers lifted her brows in astonishment, and the gentleman I had known as Mr. Armstrong bestowed another of his curiously searching glances upon me.

"My name is Hugo Burgoyne," he said, quietly.

"Why don't you give it properly, Hugo?" the girl said, impatiently. "Miss Darrock, allow me to introduce you to Sir Hugo Burgoyne."

"Why has there been this mystery, may I ask?" I said, as I bowed in acknowledgment of this introduction; and then Miss Penruthers, laughingly declaring that she would not stay and listen to a list of her own peccadilloes, ran out of the room.

"I am the sole guardian of Miss Penruthers. It is a pleasant position for a man who dislikes responsibility to be in. Shouldn't you think so?" he asked.

"You are a young guardian, Sir Hugo."

"I was seven years younger when I assumed the charge," he said. "Lolly was only twelve years old when she was sent to me, with a letter from her late father. The letter told me briefly that the writer had only me to trust to in the world; that his orphan child would be friendless if I did not befriend her; and that he specially trusted to me to bring her up in as unsophisticated a manner as was consistent with society in the nineteenth century.

"I did the best I could. I sent her down to an old-maid aunt of mine, who took it into her head that Lolly was my daughter, the offspring of some marriage that I was ashamed to make known. As Lolly is only eight years my junior, this surmise was creditable to my aunt's imagination, if to nothing else. Then I put her into a French convent to be educated, and the monkey escaped from it in the guise of one of the sisters, causing no small scandal by the means. After that I took a house in town, and engaged an elderly lady chaperon and governess for her, and my precious charge contrived to frighten that estimable woman off the premises in some way or other that has never been quite cleared. Now I'm at my wit's end about her, and I want your help. You'll give it to me, won't you, Miss Darrock?"

"I will do my best," I said.

"*Bon!*" He rose up and took my hand. "Your assurance comforts me considerably. I am very fond of Lolly; but she has been a thorn in my flesh for seven years. The house her father left her at Richmond is ready to receive you. Will you go down with her to-day?"

"What is my position to be—that of companion without authority?"

"That of companion with unlimited authority. Don't pull the reins too hard, though, and don't take a dislike to the girl on *any* account." He added this last clause with another of those curiously earnest looks of his, and this time I was conscious that there was a sort of surprised admiration in his gaze.

I have described the *personnel* of the young lady I was engaged to lead and guide and protect. I have spoken of Lolly's glittering golden hair, and soft, deep brown eyes. But I have said nothing of myself as yet. I will paint our portraits now fully—sketch them on that first night of our taking up our abode at the dear old Richmond house, of which Laura was the real and I the nominal mistress.

We had arrived there too late to dress for dinner, so we sat after that meal in the low drawing-room, that was all radiant with the leaping firelight, in our traveling dresses. Mine was black velvet and satin, as I have said, and the lustre of the material served as an excellent relief to my pale face, and my eyes, that were of so dark a blue as almost to look black beside Lolly's bright brown ones. I suppose it served well to define my figure, too. At any rate, I know that I always regarded that special effort of French taste very kindly when I caught the effect of it upon my own person in the glass.

"It might have been a fancy,
Or it might have been a dream,"

Lolly began singing, in a plaintive voice; and I, looking up at her in sudden delight that she should be the possessor of such a glorious voice and gift of singing, found that her eyes were bent upon me in a sort of bewilderment, in which I read distrust and surprise.

"What are you thinking of, Miss Penruthers?" I asked, with a laugh; and she said, quite simply,

"That I wish my guardian had not selected such a young and pretty woman to be my companion."

"Do you think me these things? Well, I have ceased to think myself young. I am twenty-seven, and it is long since any one thought me pretty," I said, with a sigh that was born of the keenness of the recollection I had that at one time many had thought me so. "Your guardian hoped I might not be too old to be a congenial companion to you."

"Hugo himself is the most congenial companion I can have," Laura said, cordially. Then she turned to an open piano, and sang the words of a song that were new to me then, but that I have since learned are due to the genius of the late lamented Robert Brough. She sang it in snatches, wandering off to other melodies between the verses, but always going back to that song, the refrain of which was "My Hugo," with a singularly long drawn out emphasis on the "my."

"'Who has here, far or near, seen Hugo?
Since the morn he's been gone, false Hugo;
With a silver-buttoned hood,
For a baron's son too good,
Vain Hugo.'

"Isn't it a delicious little song, Miss Darrock?"

"Very delicious."

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"Doesn't it make you wish you had a Hugo of your own?" she said, saucily turning her head round.

"Honestly, it only makes me wish to learn the song," I said, laughing.

"Ah! but I can't have you singing 'My Hugo;' that's my little privilege."

Then she rippled on:

"'If he's gone to hunt, I fear
I can guess what kind of deer—
Still, has any body here
Seen Hugo?'"

Then she suddenly dashed on to the last verse:

"'When I thought him on the wing,
He was gone to buy the ring;
He's a darling and a king—
My Hugo!'"

"Sir Hugo Burgoyne must feel very much flattered if you sing him that ditty very often," I said.

"I have never sung it to him once yet," the girl said. "I had a great mind, when I began, to make you believe I had sung it to him, and a lot of other things besides, but I'll have mercy upon your credulity; you must be very credulous, Miss Darrock."

"I think that you will find that I am not that, Miss Penruthers."

"Call me Lolly; I wish people I like to call me Lolly, until I am Lady—"

"Lady what?"

"Ah! you thought to catch me saying Lady Burgoyne, didn't you? But I didn't say it."

Then she caroled out again:

"'Oh! Hugo, my Hugo,
When I thought you on the wing,
You were gone to buy the ring;
You're a darling and a king—
My Hugo.'"

"Are you engaged to Sir Hugo Burgoyne?" I asked, presently, in as collected a tone as I could adopt.

"No—yes—that is, I've engaged myself to marry no other man but him; but he doesn't know the honor I've done him yet, and so doesn't reciprocate. For all that, he is *my* Hugo." She came over and half kneeled on the fender-stool at my feet, and said, caressingly:

"I am going to like you very much, and to be very good and discreet under your auspices. What is your name?"

"Grace Darrock."

"How funny! I read a long poem once called 'Grace Darrock;' it was written in the 'Lucille' metre, and was the story of a matchless coquette, who lures a man on to his death by getting him to do all sorts of difficult and dangerous things for her favor. I hope *you're* not a coquette."

"I am not," I said, shaking my head; "if I know myself I shall be as true in love, if I am ever tried, as you will find me in friendship."

She looked at me thoughtfully for a few moments, and then she said:

"For all that, certainly I shouldn't like to have you for a rival."

"You never will have me for a rival."

"How can you answer for that?"

"Because I would never rival you. Moreover, if a man loved you first, he never could descend to admire me afterward."

"But supposing he didn't love me first; supposing I only wanted him to love me?"

"Ah! then there would be no rivalry in the case," I said, laughing. "But this is profitless talk, Laura—"

"Call me Lolly; my Hugo calls me Lolly, and I like the name best."

"It's very absurd of you to speak in that way of Sir Hugo Burgoyne," I said, in as "superior" a tone as I could assume with the winning, light-hearted girl. "If he were to marry, for instance, his wife might not like to hear you speak to him so, and it would have become a habit then."

"I haven't the least fear that he will marry any one else," she said, calmly; "if I had—" She stopped and clenched her hands, and a bright, vindictive light flashed out of her eyes, and I foresaw that if he did so marry, I should have trouble with Miss Penruthers.

For weeks we lived a life of uninterrupted quiet in the old Richmond house, and during these weeks we became very intimate. That is to say, I learned to read many hitherto unturned pages of that girl's nature; but I have since had reason to think that she did not trouble herself to look below the surface of mine.

At last—and it was not a very long "at last," either—Sir Hugo Burgoyne came down to see how his charge was getting on. He brought a widowed sister with him—a shrewd, pretty woman of fifty, who evidently regarded herself as his keeper, in a measure. She was a very attractive woman of the world, and I was charmed with her admirable manner. To Lolly she was maternal, and to me she was suave and frank—just what she ought to have been, I thought, at first. After a few hours' intercourse I thought the suavity and frankness rather exaggerated, when she drew me on one side and said:

"Miss Darrock, I can have no hesitation in saying what I am about to say to a person who so admirably fills the position my brother has placed you in. You must see that it is quite time that our friend ceases to call him Hugo, and to be so free with him altogether."

"It is certainly not my place to try to amend her manners in that respect," I said, firmly.

"You surprise me! I think it is your place," the widow said, with an abrupt lapse into *hauteur*. "I must beg that you make Miss Penruthers understand that, as she is no longer a child, childish manners toward men are unbecoming."

I revolted from my task; but I feared the poor girl would hear the truth less pleasantly from some one else if I did not hint it to her. Accordingly, when our visitors had departed, and we were alone, I made her understand Mrs. Vernon's wishes as gently as I could.

"Hugo is not in leading-strings. She has no right to take upon herself to dictate the way I shall address him," Laura said, hotly. A minute after she added, in a chilled, guarded tone,

"*You* have no ulterior views in saying this, have you?"

"Ulterior views? No! How can you ask such a question?"

"Because I feel so uncertain of every thing and every body, even of myself," she said, dreamily; and I knew, though I was not looking at her, that for a long time after speaking those words she watched my face earnestly.

How did it come about? I do not know even now, and while it was coming about I did not attempt to analyze the subject. Sir Hugo came to see us often—as often as twice or thrice a week—generally bringing with him a book, or a magazine, or something in which we could take a mutual interest. My long residence in Russia had made me an accomplished linguist, and gradually I introduced him to the best modern German and Swedish and Russian literature. Lolly held aloof from these pursuits of ours—viewed them with disfavor, in fact, and resented all my efforts to make her join in them. "I'm not an imitative or adaptive animal, I suppose," she would say when we pressed her. "I can say all I want to say in my mother tongue and French, and I won't try to read those dreadful books for the sake of improving my mind." And so, as she held to this resolution, Sir Hugo and I were thrown very much together.

I felt a traitor, an unmitigated traitor, one day when, after our lesson was over, he spoke words of love to me, and asked me to be his wife. It seemed too bright a thing to be real, and in my confusion and surprise I muttered something about Lolly.

"What a friend Lolly will secure, dear child, if I gain you for my wife!" he said, warmly; and I couldn't help looking at him sharply, in the endeavor to detect whether he was so utterly ignorant of the poor girl's feelings toward him as he seemed to be. Yes; there was no doubt. Poor, self-deluded Lolly's secret was safe.

I had done nothing mean or unworthy, or in any way deserving of censure or self-reprobation. Nevertheless, I may confess now that I felt as though I had done one and all of these things when the time came for me to face Lolly, and tell her my tidings.

I suppose it is but natural for a woman to preen herself, to "dress her beauty as best beseems it," when she has but just listened to the tale a man has told her of that beauty seeming fair in his eyes. *Almost* but not quite unconsciously I put on my prettiest dress for dinner that day (he was to dine with us); and Lolly stared at me with an undisguised stare of amazement, dashed with a very little admiration.

"You're as bright as a bird of paradise," she said to me, when we found ourselves alone. "What is it, Grace? I can't get hold of any particular bit of brilliancy, but you're brilliant all over, like a Persian rug."

"It's as much within as without, I think," I began. "Lolly, I have something to tell you;" and I took her two hands and pressed them, and then put my lips lovingly upon the fair whiteness of her forehead.

"Something to tell me!" I shall never forget the scorching flame that came into her eyes and cheeks at once. "It's not any thing against my Hugo, is it?"

"It will be against him if he has ever been to you more than the loving friend and brother he seems to be to you when I am by," I said, guardedly.

"He never has been more." She spoke shortly and in a low voice. The shadow of what was to come seemed to be upon her.

"He has never, by word or look, tried to make himself more to you than your guardian—"

"How do you dare to ask me that?" she interrupted.

"Because I am sufficiently your friend to dare to ask any thing that may bring the truth out," I answered. "It is time you should trust me fully, Lolly."

"Is he going to marry any one else, Grace?" she said, imploringly. "Oh, my Hugo! he is only mine because I love him so much, Grace. No! never by word or look has he tried to make himself dear to me; but he is so dear, so dear! Tell me all you know."

"I know that he is a dear, good fellow, quite worthy of your love," I said with a gulp, for I could not spoil that young life, and roughly wake that trusting, loving young heart from its dream. At any cost to myself I must act between these two—between the man who loved me, and the woman who loved him. *My* Hugo should be hers, if I could compass a change that would be as full of woe for me as of bliss for her.

I was sorely tried and tempted by my own selfish nature. It would be such a brilliant match for me, selfishness and ambition kept on saying; and, moreover, I loved him. Ay! but so did she, that younger, brighter woman, who had known him from a child. Selfishness, ambition, and love fought a hard fight with me that night, and when at last I was compelled to face Sir Hugo I felt as if they would worst me.

But one look at the unsuspicious girl who had trusted me so fully put arms into my hands. And so, when he summoned me to a farewell interview, I was able to be true to my better nature. I don't know now what words I used or what arguments I used; but I was given power and language for the purpose. I nearly broke down, I nearly gave up my resolve many times, but I did not quite. I can say now, with a sigh of gratitude, that I did not quite surrender my own discretion to his ardor. "She is young and lovely and loving," I said to him, "and I promised once that I would never rival her. When you come to love her well, never let her know how nearly I rivaled her," was the only request I made on my own account.

It was a hard struggle, for he was genuine and honest, and my heart had gone out to him. But I had been put in a position of trust, and somehow, although I am *only a woman*, I didn't like to betray it. So I stood out stoutly against his protestations and entreaties, and did all I could to turn his thoughts toward Lolly.

Like likes like. I am going back to my old life in Russia; and this morning's *Court Journal* tells me that the "young and beautiful Miss Penruthers will shortly be led to the hymeneal altar by her guardian," *my Hugo*.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A PLEASANT little feature of Mrs. Grant's receptions is the glimpse you may obtain of the family dining-room, prepared for the evening meal. After you have paid your respects to the President and Mrs. Grant—for when the cabinet session is over the President joins his wife in the reception—after you have surveyed at your leisure all the portraits in the East Room, you may retrace your steps through the broad hall, and follow the crowd on the way to the Conservatory. Your attention is attracted by an open door leading to a pleasant room, and an usher invites you to enter. This proves to be the *family* dining-room, where the table is laid for about eight persons. A magnificent basket of flowers graces the centre, which is the chief object of attraction; for there is no show or ostentation about this home-like table. The spotless cloth, the bright silver, the clear glass, and the decorated china are so simply and nicely arranged that you at once feel that you could make a *very comfortable dinner* there. The large "state dining-room" is directly opposite; but it looks desolate compared with its more attractive neighbor, and you are content to pass on, after bestowing on it one comprehensive glance.

In general, Parisians are more tranquil than could be expected over the enormous prices demanded for various kinds of food, particularly any thing of the meat kind. But not long ago the sight of a goose marked at one hundred and twenty francs proved a little too exciting, and the shopman prudently took it in, expressing to a customer his resolve to roast the bird and sell it in pieces, so that the price in detail might not excite the popular indignation. This goose, together with a bunch or two of carrots, was exposed for sale in a goldsmith's window, while in the other ear-rings and watches hung as usual; and one gentleman was buying a gold medal in the shop at the same time that another one was having some carrots weighed out to him. "Il faut bien faire quelque chose," said the goldsmith, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, when he was asked why he had interspersed his gold and silver with such odd wares; and doubtless it was the same philosophic conclusion that caused the *modiste* a few doors farther on to sell anchovies, now her bonnets are attractions no longer.

During the month of February, 1870, no less than 5167 houses were in process of erection in London. The rapidity of the growth of this city is marvelous. Within the last twenty years 225,322 new houses have been added to it, forming 69 new squares and 5831 new streets, whose total length is 1030 miles.

A singular accident occurred on a freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad the other day, by which the engineer, the fireman, and the brakeman were all injured. Yet the train ran on, the conductor and other brakemen on a rear car knowing nothing of the disaster. The engineer, Mr. Enos J. Hoopes, had his leg broken in four places, his hip crushed, and half of one foot torn away. He, as well as the brakeman and fireman, was knocked back into the tank. Mr. Hoopes knew that if the train were not stopped it would run into one which would stop at a station three miles distant for water. Crushed and bleeding, he dragged himself slowly and painfully over the prostrate bodies of his comrades to the throttle-valve of his engine, shut off the steam, whistled down brakes, sounded the summons for the conductor, and fell back exhausted. When the train stopped, and the conductor came forward, Mr. Hoopes was trying to stop the flow of blood from his wounds by tying up his shattered leg, and said, "It is all up with me; do the best you can for me." He lingered until next day in great agony, which he bore with his usual bravery, and then died, lamented by all who knew him. Such a heroic discharge of duty is worthy of lasting record.

Women of active, intelligent minds, who desire some independent business, may often find short-hand reporting adapted to their capabilities, and also remunerative. Within the last few years the methods of instruction in phonography have been so much improved and simplified that one can now become a proficient in the art far more easily than of old. Reading-lessons in stenophonography have been published for the use of beginners, with directions for self-instruction. Under the auspices of the Mercantile Library a course of elementary instruction in short-hand reporting has also been recently commenced. This work seems a pleasant and fitting kind for women; and it also is much more remunerative than ordinary writing.

Hydrate of chloral is the latest suggested remedy for sea-sickness. Its effect is to put the patient to sleep, and—provided the voyage is short enough, as, for instance, across the Channel—he is not expected to wake until the end of the trip. If he does wake the dose must be repeated. It should not be taken, however, except under medical advice.

The destruction of the palace of St. Cloud is one of the melancholy losses resulting from this wretched war. This was a favorite spot, where the inhabitants of Paris could go and enjoy their holidays with little trouble and expense. The railway thither runs along the side of a series of high hills overlooking the Bois de Boulogne and Paris itself, and through a most charming landscape. The palace and gardens were open on Sundays, free to all the world; and on every alternate Sunday the people were treated to the spectacle of the "*Grandes Eaux*"—that is, the waters were let loose upon the ancient and beautiful cascade. The stately apartments of the palace, rich in works of art and relics of royalty—the parks and lawns and sloping hills—the arrangements for pleasant booths, where refreshments were sold, and the little side-shews exhibited, and where the children could play with balls, tops, hoops, etc., unmolested—these were some of the attractions of the lovely palace and the gardens of St. Cloud, which are now blackened and charred and hopelessly ruined.

It is doubtful if a neater home industry exists than the one practiced by the women and young girls of the numerous small sea-ports and fishing colonies that extend along the shore of Oresund, from Copenhagen northward to Elsinore, on the island of Zealand, Denmark. Of the scales of a large fish called brasen, which is there caught in plenty, and dried and prepared in a particular way known only among themselves, they, with the assistance of some thin silver wire, make elegant and tasteful flower jewelry, in the shape of brooches, ear-rings, and wreaths, and pins for the hair, rivaling in taste and workmanship the famous filigree silver-work of Venice, that was of yore extensively used and commanded fabulous prices. Nowhere else in the world have these fish-scale ornaments been manufactured; but so elegantly and tastefully are they made, that in 1867, on being introduced to the Parisian *beau monde*, they found an extensive sale. Ever since, until the breaking out of the war, the demand has far exceeded the supply, notwithstanding the fact that this industry became more extended, and at the close of last year probably two or three hundred persons were engaged in it. All that these can make is quickly absorbed by Copenhagen, and there either sold, to be used by the *élite* of the city, or else exported by dealers to Berlin, London, and St. Petersburg, at which latter place these fish-scale ornaments are at present very extensively worn. For the first time these exquisite and tasteful ornaments have now made their appearance in New York, the fact of Paris being out of the market having turned the attention of the manufacturers to our metropolis. We have heard of one enterprising Danish lady who has come from Copenhagen, with assistants, for the purpose of preparing these delicate and elegant ornaments for the New York market.

Some years ago, Dr. Carrett, Surgeon-In-Chief of the Hospital of Chambery, in Savoy, reported to the French Academy of Sciences his belief that serious lung diseases and disorders of the eye were often caused by carbonic oxide escaping into the air from cast-iron stoves. The attention of the Academy being thus called to the subject, several experienced chemists were instructed to make investigations. It was proved that without doubt hydrogen, carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide do pass through the walls of cast-iron stoves, at a dull as well as at a bright red heat, which is probably the cause of most of the discomfort felt in rooms heated by these stoves.

A much-to-be-pitied little girl named Lillie Smith, is reported to have committed to memory nine hundred and sixty-nine verses of Scripture during her last school quarter. Whether she learned any thing else is not mentioned. If, however, she studies other things in like proportion, and manages to grow up to adult age, in spite of all the efforts of parents and teachers to the contrary, she must be blessed with a wonderful constitution.

Not often is a skillful pickpocket so utterly foiled in his ends as to exchange a diamond ring for a purse containing only five dollars. But we are pleased to record one instance, which has been detailed in full by the *Evening Mail*. We give it in brief: A Brooklyn lady went to Stewart's to do a bit of shopping, and wisely put only a V. into her purse. While riding in the stage her attention was attracted to a large solitaire diamond ring, worn by an elegant-looking gentleman. The stage soon became crowded, and the gentleman rose to give his seat to a lady. By-and-by a seat became vacant beside the first-mentioned lady, which the gentlemanly stranger with the nice clothes *and* the solitaire took. In due time the lady reached her destination; but when she put her hand into her pocket to pay for the goods chosen, the purse was missing. Much annoyed, she borrowed money to ride home, wondering all the way who had robbed her. She told the story to her husband, and to friends she met. In the evening a caller came in, and she had to tell the story again. He was inquisitive about the exquisite with the solitaire.

"Was he in the stage when you paid your fare?" he asked of the lady.

"He was."

"Could he have seen your purse, and where you put it?"

"Why, of course he could."

"Where's your pocket?"

"Why, here," said the lady, plunging her nervous fingers (for she was excited by the cross-questioning) deep into the pocket of the dress, which she still wore—"right here. And," said she, as she withdrew her hand again, "as I'm a living woman, here's the ring!"

A Broadway jeweler values it at $1500.

It will bring home to our readers the murderous extent and horrors of the war when it is announced that the Prussian government has ordered a supply of 200,000 wooden legs.

Children *will* imitate their elders. A little girl, with a head covered with beautiful curls, went away by herself one day, and cut them all off. When she met her mother the latter exclaimed, with surprise: "Mary, what have you been doing with your hair?" To which she responded that she had cut it off and laid it away in her box; but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as Aunt Nancy did!

An English paper contains the following item about scarlet-fever, which is worth consideration now, when that disease is prevailing: "There can be no doubt that books which have been handled during recovery from fever—at the very stage, that is, when the skin is peeling—frequently become charged with disease-germs. It is of importance that the heads of schools should be aware of the danger of suffering fever convalescents to borrow books, etc., from the school-room. A stock of suitable books should be provided against the evil day, to be burned when they have served their purpose."

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NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

WHILE the bells in "merrie England" ring the Old Year out and the New Year in, other lands in divers ways signalize the season. Poor France! Let us say nothing now of her usually joyous Jour de l'An! For many years past the morning of this day has found the nations of Europe looking to Paris, and listening for words which made kings and statesmen rejoice or tremble. L'empire c'est la paix? or, L'empire c'est l'épée? And now all the world is looking again upon France, with feelings how different!

Yet the booming of cannon is elsewhere heard as a sound of joy. The Danes have a custom of saluting the new year with artillery. Copenhagen is shaken at midnight by this peaceful cannonading. In some of the Danish islands, where old Scandinavian usages linger, the peasants go in groups to the farmhouses, and fire off their fire-arms under the windows of the sleeping inmates.

The Norwegians have many hospitable and touching observances, and now they spread their table for all who may step in to wish the "compliments of the season." The Swedes do likewise, and the Stockholmers, in particular, emphasize the occasion by giving a grand banquet in the Exchange to their king and his consort and family; while the royal guests take this opportunity of laying by their dignity in order to meet their citizen subjects in the guise of fraternity and equality.

BROWN POPLIN DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 38-40.

PEASANT WAIST WITH BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 41-44.

BROWN POPLIN DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 38-40.

of these customs may be sought for in the East. The Russians are great at fortune-telling, and especially at solving the all-important matrimonial problem. On New-Year's Eve unmarried ladies and gentlemen send out their servants, or go out themselves, to ask the names of the persons they meet. These, they say, will be the names of the persons they will severally marry. On the same eve, when the midnight hour is come, each member of the family salutes the other with a kiss, beginning with the head of the household. In the evening of New-Year's Day the famous dish-game is played over again; and the young people hear their fates pronounced once more in the prophetic stanza which accompanies the drawing of their trinkets from the dish. The paying of visits in masks is also popular on New-Year's night in some of the Russian provinces, but it is now discontinued in fashionable society. The Cossacks and the South Sclavonic peoples adopt very much the Russian customs, the former introducing their favorite national dance.

"If you scrub a Russian," said Napoleon, "you will find a Tartar." But this does not altogether hold good of the festivals of the two peoples. The Tartar's New-Year's Day falls a fortnight later than the Muscovite's, and it smacks of the splendor of the time when Tartary was the grandest and most formidable power in Central Asia. Marco Polo gave an entertaining account of the feast of the New-Year at which he assisted in the latter part of the thirteenth century. He told how all appeared in white garments at the court of the great khan, the white garments symbolizing Fortune smiling benignantly upon them in the coming year; how the governors of

PEASANT WAIST WITH ROUNDED NECK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 45-48.

BLUE EMPRESS CLOTH DRESS WITH BASQUE FOR YOUNG GIRL.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 25-28.

The New-Year in Russia, twelve days later than ours, is a great gala day, although the thermometer may point to thirty degrees below zero! Having attended early a grand celebration of mass, the Russians give themselves up for the rest of the day to making and receiving congratulatory visits; the gentlemen visiting, the ladies being visited. In the cities sledges richly lined with furs are seen gliding along in all directions; and the good wishes that can not be carried by this means are inserted by way of advertisement in the newspapers. Ceremonious visits are also being paid in military and official circles; and equipages containing stately looking men in handsome uniforms are intermixed in the broad and interminable streets with the droskies of well-to-do civilians. To see the inhabitants of a large city thus whirling about from place to place, each with a countenance speaking the choice compliments of the season, is certainly indicative of a healthy state of social feeling. The provincials devote themselves to resuscitating the "good old customs" of their country. As the Russians are little else than northernized Orientals, the origin of many

BLUE EMPRESS CLOTH DRESS WITH BASQUE FOR YOUNG GIRL.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 25-28.

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the cities and provinces offered the emperor presents of gold and silver, pearls, and precious stones, many white clothes, white horses, and other things "of the same color," nine times nine of a sort, the Tartars exchanging "white presents" among themselves; how the emperor's five thousand elephants, covered with figured tapestry, brought to court chests filled with vessels of gold and silver, and camels, likewise in cloth of silk, bore other things for the service of the palace; how, on the morning of New-Year's Day, all the king's barons, generals, soldiers, physicians, astrologers, falconers, governors, and other officers of the empire, assembled in the great hall, and stood in the order of their rank; how a herald then rose and cried aloud, "Bow down and adore!" and all did reverence, bending their foreheads to the earth, and crying, "God grant," in response to the solemn invocation, four times repeated, "God preserve our lord with long life and joy!" then how the chief priest went to a richly adorned altar, and incensed in honor of his Majesty the name of the khan, which was inscribed on a red tablet; and lastly, how presents were then offered, and a grand banquet given, a tame lion being brought in to lie at the khan's feet, that the guests might see that even the fierce lord of the forest was subject to him.

Other sections of the great Mongol race have different ways of celebrating the opening of the new year. Among the Thibetians, for instance, every body sits up on the mysterious night which is to bring forth the new year. At midnight they go out into the streets, where they make as much noise as their lungs and their music—drums, tambourines, bells, and cymbals—will enable them; and in order to renew their energies they consume unlimited quantities of balls of flour and honey, boiled, which are picked out of the water with a silver skewer. The next day visits are made to the houses of friends, the penates are supplicated and fumigated, and then the inevitable "tsamba" and "buttered tea" are freely indulged in. After this they sing and dance; and children are sent about from house to house to perform specially. Tumblers and actors "play" in the streets; and altogether the Thibetians have a merry season. This festival is the pretext for a grand turn-out of the lamas, or Buddhist priests, and students, from the monasteries and colleges. They rush madly through the streets of the capital in bodies numbering thousands, chanting prayers, and making the most hideous noises—the outpouring, it is said, of religious enthusiasm.

The Thibetians have a proverb to the effect that the Chinese celebrate their festival of the new year with red paper and crackers; and the Thibetians are right in the main. The Chinese rejoicings absorb nearly a whole month, during the first part of which it is said there is not an empty mouth in the empire; but the eatables are of a light description, such as pea-nuts, watermelon seed, sweetmeats, oranges, tea, etc.; presents of cakes are sent to the poor, and "brilliant" cakes—which are believed to get the young on with their studies, just as attendance at the Jul-otta in Sweden—are distributed from the temples. The Chinese begin early on the 2d of February, their New-Year's Day, by propitiating heaven and earth with offerings of rice, vegetables, tea, wine, oranges, and imitation paper-money, which they burn with incense, joss-sticks, and candles. Afterward they worship their household gods, and also their deceased ancestors

JACKET FOR SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 55–58.

SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 20–24.

SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 59–61.

DRESS FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 3 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 65–70.

DRESS FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 3 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 65–70.

TROWSERS FOR SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 49–52.

WHITE PIQUÉ DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 62–64.

WHITE PIQUÉ DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 62–64.

VEST FOR SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 53 and 54.

BROWN MERINO GORED DRESS (WITH PALETOT).—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–11.

BROWN MERINO GORED DRESS (WITHOUT PALETOT).—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–6.

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and living relatives; all this is done in the most solemn manner, and offerings are made to all except those whom we might suppose would be most likely to profit by them—the living. Images of gods are carried in procession, to the beating of the deafening gong. The mandarins now rest from the cares of office, and come by hundreds with congratulatory addresses to the emperor. They are, of course, gorgeously appareled; they wear satin robes embroidered with gold dragons, snakes, and other animals, and with little bits of Chinese scenery, probably the "show-places" of their particular provinces. The military men and *savans*, who also come, are embroidered according to their professions. The celestial dignitaries spend the month in feasting, in patronizing the histrionic art, and in visiting. The people generally participate to their hearts' content in the various gayeties of the season.

The Japanese first day falls on the 29th of January, by which date all accounts have been adjusted and disputes settled. The first thing in the morning the people, from the highest to the lowest, put on a sort of regulation dress of light blue cotton, and throughout the day, and the two that follow, they visit their friends and relations in their vicinity, and send letters of congratulation in set phrases to those in distant places. On this holiday, as on others, they make excursions like the Chinese to their favorite "tea-gardens"—a little brighter and livelier than the arbors so called which are to be seen round about London. They have grand processions on their *fête* day, in which trades are represented, and drums and stringed instruments are played by numerous bands. Wax figures are sold by thousands, just as they are in Rome for the Natale; and the Japanese amuse themselves by top-spinning, kite-flying, and by witnessing the performances of jugglers, actors, and obese wrestlers. They have also grand displays of fire-works, and the ladies of quality delight themselves with the "butterfly dance." Presents are offered of cooked rice, roasted pease, oranges (here an emblem of good fortune), figs, etc. The pease are scattered about the corners of houses to frighten away evil spirits; and on the fourth day the New-Year's decorations, representing lobsters (reproduction), oranges (good luck), cabbages (riches), are taken down, and boughs of fruit trees and flowers, of which the Japanese are passionately fond, are set before the doors to signify the advent of spring.

In the Indian empire, where festivals are abundant, that one which we may take as corresponding to our New-Year's Day is the Hooly, celebrated annually in many localities in honor of Krishna—a season of general rejoicing, when "caste" temporarily loses caste, as in the saturnalia of ancient Rome. "Red" is the order and the fun of the day, people who can afford it dressing in red clothes, and going about throwing red (or crimson) powder at one another, or squirting it, mixed with water, from a syringe on the passers-by. For the three or four days this red-letter feast lasts every body appears to have been dipped in a tub of *akbeer*, the pet monkeys not escaping. All this is taken in as good part as snow-balling is with us. The mutual visiting, complimenting, and feasting among the Rajpoots, and Indians of the south, take place at the end of the year. In some parts of India the native servants recognize the English New-Year's Day by bringing to the Englishmen presents of flowers and nosegays, and garlands to hang round their necks; they also strew the floors and decorate the rooms with flowers.

We had noted other curious observances among nations not familiarly known, such as Cingalese and Malagasy New-Year's customs, but our space warns us to be brief, and we conclude with a custom still common and once universal among the Esquimaux. As the last night of the old year is drawing to a close, a pair of Esquimaux, one dressed in woman's clothes, issue from their snow-huts, or ice-cave, as previously arranged. If visible through the thick darkness, they would appear to be hastening on some important and mysterious mission. They gain admittance to every igloo, or hovel, in the "village," and by-and-by the object becomes apparent. There is not a single light left burning in the whole place. The two men, having now extinguished every spark of fire they can find, a fresh fire is kindled, and some obscure ceremonies are gone through the while. From this one source all the lamps and fires in the district are lighted anew. The custom is thus explained: the Esquimaux, believing that the sun is renewed for the year at this time, and that thus their world is lighted up for another twelvemonth, think it right to follow the example. From this, as from many other of the New-Year's customs, useful hints may be gathered by a thoughtful mind, with lessons appropriate to the season.

MR. LUMPKIN'S MODERN FAIRY STORY.

THE Princess Fichu had been brought up, as you may say, with John Daw, the little prince over the way. They had made mud pies and shared their cakes together. Old Fichu was in the grocery line, and old Daw kept a fancy store; for kings in these days are at a discount, and are obliged to work for their living. The Fichus bought at the Daws', and the Daws traded with the Fichus. John begged our princess's flowers, and she wore his ring; and the fairy godmother looked on well pleased, for John was a worthy young man; when in stepped Aunt Nimshu, and stared young Daw out of countenance through her eye-glass, saying,

"That a fairy prince! A common young man, with no style, and no money! Pho! nonsense! you should look higher, child!"

And she bought Fichu a blue silk and a new tarlatan, and told young Daw that Fichu was not at home, and whisked her away to Montacute Springs, with the help of a charm that she carried in her pocket-book, leaving the rightful fairy prince at home to grow thin, and stick to his business. And—

"Why, I declare!" This was Mrs. Lumpkin, looking over my shoulder. "If you are not writing a fairy tale about little Fichu!"

"Yes! why not?" answered I, not altogether pleased that Mrs. Lumpkin should have found me out.

"But Fichu a princess!" insisted Mrs. Lumpkin, tittering.

"She is a republican princess—daughter of a republican king."

"In the grocery business," insinuated Mrs. Lumpkin, slyly.

"What of that? The Sultan of Turkey is taught a trade. Why should a republican king have a soul above pepper? And, for the rest, leave out the 'once upon a time,' and in what is the oldest fairy story inapplicable to the nineteenth century? What are your princes and princesses, your giants and ogres, your magic rings and enchanted swords, except men and women and the usual tricks of fortune? Yes, Mrs. Lumpkin! Fichu's Aunt Nimshu shall be the dragon, and Jack Debrett the ogre—where would you find a better?—and, for fairy godmother, what do you say to—me, Mrs. Lumpkin?"

"Why, that you are some such stuff for a fairy godmother as Fichu is for a princess," answered Mrs. Lumpkin, and went away laughing, quite overcome by the conceit.

I looked after her, somewhat disconcerted; but great minds are not easily shaken from a purpose, and I come back to Fichu.

Unlike most princesses, she was passably happy in the society of the dragon. She missed John a little, a very little at first, and forgot him more and more every day. Nineteenth-century dragons are wiser than those in the fairy books. This dragon did not lock up Fichu in a glass box, or sling her by the hair of her head into the den of an ogre one hundred and fifty feet high, and smelling frightfully of raw meat. On the contrary, she took her from breakfast to drive, and from driving to bathe, and from bathing to dress, and from dressing to dinner, and from dinner to drive again, and from that to more dressing and dancing. Fichu wore the tarlatan, and the blue silk, and the white gowns that Aunt Nimshu had given—and—an ogre's den indeed! why, she was a princess, just brought out at court, with not one, but a dozen fairy princes; any one of them better dressed than that poor everyday prince at home, and all bowing before her; and Aunt Nimshu brought her John Daw's letter regularly; and it was Fichu herself who forgot to answer them, and came home with a new ring on her finger, and tossed her head, when her fairy godmother mentioned John Daw.

"But what is wrong with John Daw?" asks her fairy godmother, who wears the shape of a very pleasant old gentleman, and whom you would no more have suspected of being a fairy godmother than his coat of being new. The princess herself knew it though, as she talked, and he listened, quietly puffing at his cigar.

"Wrong? Oh, nothing. That is the trouble," cried Fichu, pertly. "There is nothing about him you can complain of. He is just a flat—mediocre—a dead level. There is really no reason for liking or disliking him, fairy godmother."

As she said this the Princess Fichu left her seat with a petulant fling, and walked about the room, partly because she was a little uneasy, and partly because she was a pretty girl, and liked to display herself. She was a very pretty girl. She had black eyes and nice hair, and such an elegant gait. She walked with her stomach drawn in, and bending at the hips, and shaking her shoulders, and tottering about in her high heels, which was, in those days, a sure sign of an accomplished young lady. And she shook her skirts very much, and when she talked cut her words in pieces with a lisp, and opened her black eyes wide, and rolled them up at the ceiling, and arched her eyebrows, and half shut her eyes again, so that it was wonderful to see her; all of which it was desirable to do in the days of the Princess Fichu. So that you see she was quite as enchanting a person as the Khan's wife, who was the loveliest woman in Tartary, because she had only two holes in her face in place of a nose. But, notwithstanding all her charms, her fairy godmother looked at her with a certain disapprobation, which made her fidget.

"Mediocre? Oh, that is the fault of fairy princes now," answered the godmother. "They are all so uninteresting."

"Not all," answered Fichu, twisting the ring on her finger. "Not the true fairy prince."

"Not the true fairy prince?" repeated the fairy godmother. "Then you have found the true fairy prince, Princess Fichu?"

"Ye—yes," answered Fichu.

"Oh!" The fairy godmother's glance now became very penetrating. "And pray what may he be like, Princess Fichu?"

"Well, I like him," said Fichu, "because he is fast. I mean, they say he is; and I am sick of your namby-pamby, everyday, milk-and-water men, who do every thing by rule, and always go to business at just such an hour. I like something splendid and dashing, like the old fairy princes; somebody who would break through somewhere and carry me off, if I was in danger, and that every body could tell for a prince when they looked at him, and that always knows just what to say, and makes my heart beat when he looks at me. Now I care no more when John Daw looks at me than if it was—you, fairy godmother."

"Thank you, child! And you are sure your fairy prince is not an ogre?"

"Ogres are coarse, greedy creatures, over a hundred feet high," returned Fichu, doubtfully; "and Aunt Nimshu said this was a true fairy prince."

"Ogres in these days," said the fairy godmother, "are often handsome young men with silken mustaches, and you may wish that you had never seen Aunt Nimshu's fairy prince."

"You are behind the times, fairy godmother," cried Fichu, "and your fairy prince would be a poky old fellow. I like Aunt Nimshu's prince much better, and I only wish that I could see him morning, noon, and night."

She was in a fine pet, but her fairy godmother smoked on as placidly as before, puffing out loose rings of smoke.

"So you shall, dear," quoth this curious fairy godmother.

The rings of smoke closed around Fichu, and she floated away on them to—she did not know where, nor could she tell how; and you may not believe me, but it is true, for all that. On a dining-room mantel-piece stood a little china shepherdess, in a yellow gown and a gilt cap. And that shepherdess was Fichu.

In front of the shepherdess stood a table, with the cloth laid for breakfast. At this table sat two ladies, and Fichu, who was evidently endowed with more than her usual acuteness, saw that these were mother and daughter, and that they were waiting for somebody of whom they were afraid.

Just as she saw this, somebody came in, shuffling discontentedly along in slippers down at the heel. He was frowning till his face was full of wrinkles. His coat and hair were unbrushed, his eyes bloodshot and angry. He threw himself into his chair at the table, tasted his coffee, and pushed it away; cut a slice of ham, turned it over, and set it one side; all the time without a word to the mother and sister, anxiously watching him, till one of them timidly asked him what was the matter.

"Deuce of a headache," he muttered, surlily; "and the coffee is bad again. Nothing fit to eat. There never is, confound it!"

Then he cut bread-and-butter, and pulled the ham toward him, and ate it, and cut more. He ate enormously, and as if somehow he was eating up his mother and sister, who sat pretending to swallow some crumbs, and afraid to stir; and though he was not one hundred feet high, and did not take his breakfast raw, and had beautiful black eyes that could look unfathomable when he bent over a lady's chair, Fichu began to imagine that he was an ogre, greedy and brutal, and that every thing in the room cowered under his shadow.

"Why don't you say something?" he said, looking up angrily. "Talk about a pleasant home! You make it pleasant. Always in the dumps, crying and whimpering."

"I am sure we try to please you," answered the elder lady, her tears beginning to fall fast.

"I should think you did! However, that reminds me. I must have some money. There was a fellow to pay me some money yesterday, and he never came, of course. Sorry to trouble you, but I must have some to-day."

"Oh, it is impossible!" answered the elder lady, turning still paler. "Your sister and I, though we are suffering for clothes, will be unable to buy any, as it is, till you can repay the money that you have already borrowed. We have nothing but the sum laid aside for our rent."

"That story is played out," answered the ogre, sipping his coffee.

"But I assure you it is impossible."

"Very good;" and pitching his cup aside, the ogre got on his feet. "Do as you like. You know, as I have told you, that I expect to marry an heiress. To do it I must make a good figure. Help me or not as you like; only, if you don't, you won't see me again; that is all."

"One would suppose that was the kindest thing an ogre like that could say," thought Fichu; but our ogre evidently knew his audience, for, after more tears and expostulations, the money was counted from the lady's thin, trembling hands into the ogre's greedy fingers; and then Fichu was no longer the china shepherdess, but the words in a note that the ogre was writing.

"DEAR MARY" (wrote the ogre), "you may as well know that we are not actually married. Indeed, you could hardly have supposed that I would marry a milliner's apprentice. I tell you this, as I can no longer do any thing for you or your child, expecting soon to marry myself. Be a sensible girl, and put a good face on the matter. Inclosed please find ten dollars. You need not answer. O. R. E."

Fichu was in the note, and she was one of the words that seemed to burn into Mary's brain. She was looking for him that night, and had dressed the baby to please him; and when the postman came she ran to the door with the baby on her arm, thinking it was he. If she was not married, what was she, then? And where could she go? She knew nobody in the great city. What could ten dollars do for her? And, most monstrous of all, how could it be that he did not love her?

Fichu was in the note that she sent back, telling him how desolate and frightened she was, and how she loved him.

The ogre laughed as he read the note, and then he tore it in bits, and Fichu was in his pocket.

The ogre was spending his mother's carefully hoarded money. He bought gloves and cigars, and a splendid bouquet to be sent to the Princess Fichu. It was wet all over with the tears of his mother and sister, but Fichu would think they were dew. He lost some of it at a billiard-table, and spent much in drinking. He was a coarse, swearing, cheating, tippling ogre. Voices joked him about the heiress, and he jested about her ankles. How Fichu did ache to slap his mouth! He saw a man coming toward him, and slunk around the corner, so as not to meet him. It was a tradesman to whom he owed a hundred dollars. This tradesman's family were that day turned into the street for want of their rent. Fichu began to fear that she should stifle with disgust.

He went home, and discovered a crease in his shirt.

"Do you call this ironed?" he roared, shaking the unlucky garment before his scared mother's eyes. Then he dressed himself to go out. He bathed and slept. He took the ogre and laid him at home. He twisted his mustache and tied his cravat and took up his dainty gloves (his sister had none). He put on the fairy prince just as he did his coat, and stepped into the carriage, and stepped out of it again, a handsome, high-bred gentleman.

"You are late," said Fichu, pouting; for though Fichu was in his pocket, she was also at home, in her own house. "Now I shall make you wait in your turn."

"Do what you like," returned the ogre, sweetly, "only not banish me from your society."

He was all softness and submission, this terrible, roaring, fuming, scowling ogre. Fichu rated him for smoking, and he promised to leave off, with a secret ogrish chuckle, however. She found fault with the color of his gloves, and he threw them away; and then the carriage was locked fast in a jam, and Fichu, being frightened, clung to him for protection; and he, having made sure there was no danger, looked brave, and protected her; and, his arm being around her, proposed; and all in a whirl and flutter Fichu said Yes, though just then she saw John Daw looking after her and the carriage, pale and sad; and Fichu told the dragon, and the dragon said, "Bless you, my darling, you have behaved like a sensible girl." But the fairy godmother would do nothing but shake his head, and would not come to the wedding, but staid with John Daw; and so Fichu was going to the ogre's castle, not dragged there by her hair, but of her own accord. After that Fichu was her own proper self, and yet not herself. She was thin, and she neither tottered nor shook herself, but walked quietly and feebly about. There seemed to be a great weight on her heart. Every thing looked dull and cheerless to her. She was afraid of somebody, like the ladies she had seen when a china shepherdess. Her children drew close to her too as he came again, the fairy prince all gone. An ogre, every inch of him.

There was nothing to eat in the house but a few potatoes.

"I have no money," growled the ogre, who had been drinking heavily. "You must do what you have done before—get food where you can."

Fichu boiled the potatoes, and the ogre ate the largest share of them (his hungry children looking on), seasoning them with mustard. When he had left the room Fichu took the mustard. The ogre heard the clink of the spoon and came back.

"Confound you," said he, "let my things alone!" and threw the mustard-pot out of window. Fichu and her children ate their potatoes. The next day there was nothing, and they cowered together, silent and patient. The ogre came out looking for his breakfast.

"Why don't you get it somewhere? You were a cheat from the beginning," he yelled. "Your aunt, the old dragon, never meant to give you her money. Get something to eat, I say, or it will be the worse for you."

The children screamed wildly as Fichu ran to the door, bruised and bleeding. A man who was riding past reined up his horse, saw Fichu, and sprang at the ogre, who was following her with blows and curses.

"You miserable scoundrel!" shouted John Daw, and the ogre at once began to whimper for mercy. Fichu knew very little about it. Her wounds were bound up. Food was brought. She was no longer afraid. Rest and peace followed John Daw like a shadow. He looked as noble in her eyes as a king. He was a great man now, and he had found his fairy princess. He was happy. Fichu could see that out of pity to her he did not tell her half how happy.

The smoke cleared away. Fichu sat in the great reading-chair, and the fairy godmother was watching her.

"I think my mother must want me," said Fichu, rising to go, for she felt odd and uncomfortable.

"Well, if you must go, good-by, my dear," returned her godmother, benignly; "but it is a pity that the real fairy prince is so often under an everyday spell, and that ogres have found out how to behave like fairy princes, is it not, my dear?"

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN PARIS BEFORE THE WAR.

THE PARISIENNE EN DÉSHABILLÉ.

IT was not twelve o'clock. No one conversant with civilized life in Paris would commit the absurdity of calling to see a *Parisienne* at that hour; but being among the intimates to whom my friend's door was never closed, I made no scrupie of breaking in on her *déshabillé*. François, the *valet de chambre*, was not yet in livery when he answered my summons. "Madame the Countess is not at home, but madame can come in," he said, and went on tickling the panoply and the picture-frames in the ante-chamber with the tips of his feather duster.

I passed in to the large drawing-room, which was empty, to the little drawing-room, where madame usually sat when she left her room in the morning to devote an hour or so to improving her mind, and storing it with such intellectual food as suited her appetite and her circle. The wholesome meal—composed of the *Vie Parisienne*, Feydeau's last novel, and the inevitable *pièce de résistance*, *Figaro*—was made ready on the *chiffonnier* beside the sofa where madame reclined

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during the process of study; but she was not there. The door of the bedroom was ajar; I raised the *portière* and passed in. Let me describe this room. It may be taken as a type of its class. The walls were hung with light blue satin damask, relieved by a silver border. Curtains and *portières* of blue satin, caught up by massive silver ropes, fell in rich drapery from two windows and four doors, and filled the room with an azure twilight. The dressing-table, placed between the windows, was a miracle of artistic bubble evolved out of satin and lace; its silver-framed mirror reflected from beneath a regiment of vermilion vials and boxes and brushes, and a variety of cunning little implements, instinct with some occult power of "beautifying forever;" in fact, every conceivable apparatus for the adorning or disfiguring the human face and head.

Opposite to the mirror stood the bed. The wood-work, like the rest of the furniture, was in azure-blue lacquer; a double set of curtains, lace falling under the blue, lined with quilted white satin, fell from a canopy fastened to the ceiling, and fringed with blue and silver. Shaded by these appropriate surroundings was a winged cherub supporting a *bénitier*. The panels of the blue lacquer wardrobe were mirrors; a full-length cheval glass stood opposite to it, so placed that no aspect of the occupant's dress or figure could escape her admiring and critical eye. There were blue couches and *causeuses*, with the most elastic of spring seats, placed here and there about the luxurious little temple, and in the centre of the flowery Aubusson carpet stood a Louis Quinze *pouff* embroidered with her own fair fingers.

I did not wait to scan the details of the room on this particular morning. I knew every object in it by heart; but had it been otherwise, I was too much startled by a presence that met my view on entering to take note of any thing else.

Close by the Louis XV. *pouff* stood a man, a man got up in all the outward trappings of a gentleman. An extensive display of snowy linen, unimpeachable tailoring, gloved and shod in perfection; nothing overdone.

Whatever my feelings were on beholding him, it was quite clear his underwent no shock whatever on beholding me. He bowed very low, rather too low, it struck me. I sat down under the shadow of the nearest curtain, and took up the *Gaulois*. It had evidently been just tossed open on the *guéridon* in the act of being read; and I began to discuss within myself who this man could be, and what kind of business had brought him where he was. My friend was a widow, and had neither father, brother, nor uncle living. The stranger was not her medical man, I knew. Who could he be? He was tall, young, and decidedly good-looking. I puzzled over it to no purpose. I looked up and down the edifying columns of the *Gaulois* in hopes of their suggesting a clew to his identity. But the *Gaulois* suggested nothing. After about ten minutes of this fruitless cogitation our juxtaposition—he standing, twirling his mustache, or making a show of examining the weather through the lace maze of the window, I sitting in confidential discourse with the *Gaulois*—struck me as so unendurably grotesque that I resolved, by way of diversion, to make a sortie. The weather, the kind weather, always at hand for distressed conversationalists, came to my rescue.

"What stifling weather," I remarked.

"Really, madame, it is stifling.'"

"I never remember such a summer in Paris," was my next observation.

"Nor I either, madame."

Here the conversation broke down. It left me where I was when it began; but suddenly the thought occurred to me that he was the dentist. There was nothing for it, however, but to wait patiently till my friend came in to clear up the mystery. Her voice, in animated discourse with Antoinette, the *femme de chambre*, was audible from the dressing-room next door. In a few minutes the door opened, and the Countess, gliding like a dark nymph from under the blue cloud of *portière*, made her appearance. She nodded in passing to the profuse bow of the gentleman, who immediately drew off his lavender gloves with the air of a man preparing for work; and then, taking no more heed of him than if he had been a bottle on the toilette-table, she embraced me, and broke out into inquiries about my health, and gossip about our mutual neighbors.

Antoinette meantime rolled out a low arm-chair to the middle of the room, placed a diminutive table beside it, covered with a napkin, on which were set out several crystals, etc., and a small cushion. The gentleman took a chair on the other side of the table, opened a dainty morocco case, from which he drew two or three tiny brushes, and what appeared to me some surgical instruments.

"*It is* the dentist!" I mentally concluded, and forthwith felt a sympathetic thrill of horror. But a glance at the face of my friend checked the thrill. There was no expectation in those sparkling eyes of any thing approaching to the horrors of dentistry, or to horrors of any kind; and two pearly rows of teeth that glistened through the laughing red lips seemed to rebuke me mockingly for the injurious suspicion.

"It is ready, madame," said Antoinette.

The lady took her seat in the *causeuse*, adjusted her arm comfortably on the cushion, and extended her hand to the gentleman opposite.

The mystery was solved. He was the manucure! Though I had lived all my life in Paris, and knew that such a trade was carried on by needy women, and patronized by fashionable women, it was the first time I became aware that it counted male practitioners; that men devoted their time and energies to the trimming and polishing of ladies' nails. The fact that such is the case, or was a few months ago, and that women of high rank and immaculate reputation made a practice of employing male manucures, is so significantly characteristic of the tone of society in Paris that it would be superfluous to moralize upon it.

My friend was one of the loveliest women in Paris, a widow, young, rich, and, in spite of these dangerous attributes, universally admired and respected. She was, in the reputable sense of the word, a fashionable woman. Her salon was frequented by the leading men in every department—art, science, literature, and fashion; politicians of all colors met there on neutral ground.

A salon is no longer in France the great institution it was in the days of the Hôtel Rambouillet or the Boudoir Pompadour, where the strings of home and foreign affairs were pulled by the fair fingers of noble or ignoble beauties—when a war could not be declared, or a new word adopted, or a new law promulgated, till each had been canvassed and carried in the councils of the fair despots and pedagogues who ruled alike over the palace and the Academy. Those days of woman's tyranny have passed away, and with them much of the cultivated grace and native genius that made her sway at once so dangerous and so fascinating. Yet there is no denying that the drawing-room of a *jolie femme* is even in this degenerate age an agent of considerable social power in Paris. To be *jolie femme* in the city of art and pleasure includes something more than the mere possession of a pretty face—a possession in itself no despicable element of happiness and power to women all over the world, but in Paris comprehending a wider and more heterogeneous empire than in any other city under the sun. Beauty is there a recognized supremacy, before which all men, the wise and the foolish, the old and the young, bow down, not merely in idle flattery, but in genuine reverence, in the belief that it is one of those things set up by nature for their especial worship—a sort of demi-god endowed with goodly humanizing attributes, very kindly and beneficial to the rougher animal, man. Gray-headed statesmen, who would hardly condescend to discuss the questions of their separate portfolios with intelligent men outside the radius of their particular spheres, will enter quite confidentially into discourse on such grave topics with the *jolie femme;* and when she responds to the veteran homage, as the genuine *jolie femme* invariably does, with a tact all her own, by eyes that sparkle brighter with listening interest, and a countenance alive with intelligent sympathy, it is quite a study to see how seriously and how gratefully the response is acknowledged. She is sure to want some point elucidated.

"It is so delightful for me to be able to learn from such a man as you, my dear minister. From others I hear nothing but small-talk; but you, for your part, are so kind that you do not disdain to talk sense to a poor little ignorant woman like me. Explain to me, then—" and of course the minister explains.

So, in turn, every male superiority goes up to the shrine and worships, each contributing some store of logic or learning to the fair divinity. The naturalist talks to her of his travels; the man of science of his experiments; the diplomatist gives her the gossip of foreign courts, sometimes more serious items of information when she chooses to extract them. They all conspire to educate her. The poet and the dramatist take their manuscripts to her for private inspection, not so much with a view to provoke criticism or eulogy as for the delicious flattery of her admiring attention. The kindling glance of her eyes, smiling or tearful at will—the graceful clapping of pretty hands that accompany her gushing exclamations of delight—make up a more sympathetic audience for the French man of letters than the choicest Areopagus of his own intellectual equals. The result of this desultory but sustained education is that the *jolie femme* who starts at a considerable disadvantage of learning, and even of natural ability, with her plainer sisterhood, very soon outstrips them. She culls as she goes along. The gleaning demands no effort; she has but to stretch out a deft but careless hand to take from the feast of knowledge spread all around her in its most attractive form. Under such circumstances the *jolie femme*, unless she be born a fool, generally develops into the *femme d'esprit*. She soon tires of the simpering dandy who can only tell her she is beautiful; even on this grateful theme the changes must be rung cleverly and delicately to find favor in her ears; the spoiled child of *savans* of talent in its most varied and influential representatives, she has no room for fools in her temple thronged by such votaries.

The Countess P—— is an accomplished type of the *jolis femme*. She is accomplished in no other sense. She is not a clever woman; intelligent is the utmost that could be said for her native endowments; yet I have often sat dumb with surprise while she held forth on some knotty political question, running through the rings of a diplomatic puzzle as lightly and as easily as a musician modulates a series of intricate chords, and gradually resolves them to the tonic.

"How, in the name of the fairies, did you get at that precedent of Charles Quint and Ximenes, my dear Berthe?" I asked one day, when the crowd had dispersed, after listening to her holding her own against an octogenarian Senator, who had a thousand to one her sense.

"*Chérie*, M. Del——" (the Spanish embassador) "has been in here all the morning boring me with the story of that row between the Queen and the Cortes. It was enough to put one to sleep; but he told some amusing incidents of Spanish history to make me take in the point at issue; that one of Charles Quint and the cardinal came in apropos just now, and I applied it. That is all."

So it was on every subject. She was a plagiarist unconsciously. She caught the tone, and, to a certain extent, the wit of the clever men who surrounded her, quoting their sayings and opinions till, by force of habit, she grew to fancy them her own.

But to return to the manucure. He was busily working away at the fair hand that resigned itself passively to his beautifying skill.

First he soaked the fingers in some fragrant essence, whose virtue it was to render the nails pliable; then he filed them; then he alternately anointed them with *pommade à la reine*, and brushed them with *poudre à l'impératrice*, and polished them off with *crème à l'invisible*, and finally perfumed them with *baume à l'impossible*. While this operation was going on the patient and I conversed as unreservedly as if the operator had been a machine set going by an electric battery, or a dumb animal devoid of ears to hear and a brain to understand. No part of the proceeding amused me more than this. While the man rubbed away at her hand, she ran on discussing her own and her friends' most private and intimate concerns, just as if he had been a bear at the north pole. Suddenly she turned her head toward him, and began watching abstractedly his manipulation.

"You take care of the hands of my neighbor, the Marquise De B——, I think?" she said, addressing him.

"I have that honor, madame. She is one of my most agreeable patrons. A woman of distinction, and no one could be more sympathetic."

He was at the third finger now. As he finished each he laid the hand on his coat-sleeve, and held it toward the light to judge of the effect. The nails glistened with every tender shade of pink and white, like enameled rose leaves, as they came from his powder and paste.

"Her sister is handsomer," remarked my friend, not the least ruffled by the cool impertinence of his comment on her neighbor, the Marquise.

"A handsomer woman; yes, I am of the opinion of madame the Countess; but she lacks the supreme distinction that captivates in madame the Marquise."

"She has a pretty hand," I observed, by way of leading the creature back to his proper walk. "She does your skill credit. It must be discouraging to take so much trouble, and waste so much ability, on an ugly hand."

"That is quite a secondary consideration to me," he replied, with a smile of serene benevolence that rebuked my low estimate of his character and profession. "The first thing I look for in my patients is that they should be women of distinction, and that they should be sympathetic to me. My large connection enables me, happily, to choose my subjects, and I never accept one that does not realize to my eyes those two conditions. I have but the *embarras du choix*. See!" He pulled a blue and gold memorandum book out of his waistcoat pocket, opened it, and ran his fingers down several pages covered with addresses. "Behold the multitude of my engagements! There are ten marquises, fifteen countesses, and wives of bankers and such like without end, counting on me at this moment. Does madame think I shall attend them all? No; my life, if its days numbered twenty-four hours instead of twelve, would not suffice. I multiply myself in vain; I can not arrive at contenting all. I am compelled to select a few out of the multitude. This morning I was stepping into my cab, on my way to the Princesse M——'s, when the *valet de chambre* of madame the Countess came up with her note. I immediately turned the horse's head toward the door of madame the Countess. Her orders for me are supreme. Let all the world wait rather than madame the Countess should be deranged!"

He suspended the chamois brush that was doing duty with the *poudre à l'impératrice*, and bowed elaborately to my beautiful friend. She smiled, and half nodded, as she might have done to an intelligent poodle which had licked her hand.

"You must find it rather an uninteresting profession as a continuance," I ventured to remark.

"Madame, it depends. Like all professions, it has its ennuis, its deceptions; but it has many compensations. One must take a higher view of one's art than to make it a mere question of money. What is money? Bah! It is the mud! One must have a soul of mud to think of money." He shrugged his shoulders—that contemptuous shrug—the Frenchman's final answer to every argument. "Besides, I am a bachelor. I have no need of it. I pursue my avocation, first because a man owes it to society to do something, and next through veneration for æsthetics. The world is full of idlers. The world goes badly; what must save it is æsthetics. It will not let itself be converted by philosophy or philanthropy. You must get at its soul through its senses. Æsthetics, ladies; that is the thing! Now who will deny the influence that the human hand, full of charm and character and expression, may exercise on the beholder? What may not this agent of power accomplish, when wielded by a beautiful and distinguished woman? Ergo, ladies, if I by my art place such an omnipotent instrument for good in the keeping of a number of distinguished women, am I not furthering the progress of humanity practically more than nine-tenths of the men who make noisy speeches and write noisy books on progress and the human race? Am I not a benefactor of my kind? I ask it of these ladies."

He dropped his pomatum-pot, and looked from one to the other of us, challenging a denial.

"Perfectly true!" exclaimed the Countess. She had listened at first with languid surprise to the manucure's creed; but gradually her face lighted up with an awakened look of interest, or at least of curiosity. I did not trust myself to make any comment beyond a mumbled "doubtless," lest my risible faculties should give way. That he believed in himself, that this æsthetic apostle was thoroughly in earnest, no one could look at him and listen to him and doubt. But every Frenchman is endowed at his birth with the faculty of working himself up to believe in any thing that he makes his theme; the more paradoxical the better; it only calls on his *feu sacré* for a greater momentum to supplement the want of all sense and reason in his thesis.

When the hands were finished, M. Dalmonferac, having carefully adjusted his professional implements, and bathed the tips of his own fingers in the basin of perfumed water, rose to depart.

"I put myself at the feet of madame the Countess. I am ever at her disposition. She has but to signify her pleasure, and no matter at what hour, or under what circumstances, I fly before her orders." And he bowed himself out of the room.

"It falls well. I dine at Madame De K——'s. I will pose with the hand this evening," said my friend; and, holding up her hand, she surveyed its effect in the nearest mirror.

It looked so bewitchingly lovely, fresh from M. Dalmonferac's experimentalizing, that I could not but admit it to be a very convincing argument in favor of his æsthetic doctrine.

SOME TOILETTES AT THE CAPITAL.

PERHAPS our readers would like to picture to themselves some of the costumes worn this season in the gayest circles; and we gather, accordingly, a few of the choicest specimens where all are choice.

Mrs. Fremont's dress at a recent party consisted of thick lilac-colored faille, completely covered with a frost-work of Valenciennes lace, the waist and sleeves of the over dress being made of rows of inserting, relieved by falls of lace, and two scanty ruffles of the widest and richest Valenciennes on the train meeting that upon the over dress. Mrs. Fremont's gray hair, her size, and the accompanying ornaments of diamonds, made this quite an imposing toilette. Her daughter's dress was of lace over lustrous green silk, her only ornament being a large Spanish topaz, suspended at the throat, very finely wrought, and inlaid with a spray of forget-me-nots—the flowers sapphires, the leaves and dew-drops diamonds.

Mrs. Senator Ames, at another party, wore what was understood to be her bridal dress—an extremely heavy corded white silk, low corsage, pointed in front; the skirt was trimmed with one very deep flounce of duchesse lace; and a shawl of the same lace, caught at the two extremities upon the shoulders by broad clasps of pearls, and gathered in beneath the sash behind, fell in the softest and airiest folds over the whole dress; pearls, white flowers, and green leaves were worn with this attire, which the dazzling fairness of the wearer's skin, her rich color, dark eyes, and golden hair, rendered wonderfully becoming. A reception dress worn by Mrs. Ames was a violet silk, the train edged with many narrow frills of the same, an over dress of the cream-colored Canton crape, like that of the rich old shawls—this over dress very much looped, and finished with a thick white fringe, which also finished the satin-lined and very wide falling sleeves, the body trimmed with a petal-like plaiting of the crape bound with white satin, open at the throat, and finished there and around the close-fitting under-sleeves with quite deep Valenciennes of a rare pattern, headed by a narrow violet velvet; superb bracelets of amethysts, in a raised crown-like setting, and corresponding jewels, completed the toilette.

Señora Roberts, formerly Miss Terry, of Cuba, and now the wife of the minister from Spain, wore, the other evening, the Spanish colors. She is a brunette of the large and luxurious type that can afford such a gorgeous combination—flame-colored silk, with two wide flounces of black Spanish lace, over dress and bertha of the same lace—the dress cut with train, and very *décolleté;* a string of diamonds lay on a black velvet ribbon around the throat, and from them several large solitaire pendants blazed; the bracelets and earrings were of fine stones, while clusters of diamonds adorned the dark hair, of which the lady possesses an uncommon abundance.

A pretty dress, worn by Mrs. Cole, of New York, at Mrs. Grant's gas-lit reception, was of pink satin, short sleeves, low neck, and train, over which a tunic of Valenciennes was arranged, with vines and blossoms; the hair also was dressed with natural flowers and myrtle, the only jewelry being of plain gold.

At the same reception Mrs. General Butler wore a very elegant costume of black silk, the under-skirt trimmed with long narrow leaves of satin, the over-skirt and jacket with deep black thread lace over white Valenciennes; a black velvet hat and ostrich plumes crowned her dark brown curls, which are very luxuriant, and all her own, and her jewelry was balls and crescents of red gold. The beauty of Mrs. Butler's fresh and soft complexion was enhanced by this toilette, which perfectly suited her queenly presence and magnificent manners.

Mrs. Fish on the same occasion wore a gray moiré antique, high at the throat, but trained, and with a garniture of Brussels lace; in her gray curls a head-dress of diamonds and pearls was arranged, and a mantle of velvet and lace dropped from her shoulders.

An extremely attractive dress at an evening reception was Miss Austine Snead's (Miss Grundy of the *World*), consisting of a short skirt of the old-fashioned brocade, pink and white, that it is no exaggeration to say would stand alone; a single finger-deep ruffle of Swiss muslin round the bottom of the skirt, and a tunic of the same edged with lace, heart-shaped at the throat, and the skirt caught up with rose-buds in black velvet rosettes, a broad rose-colored ribbon passing

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over one shoulder and knotted in great loops beneath the other, diamond powder in the hair, and the entire array reminding one more of a lovely bouquet of flowers than any thing else. Another dress worn by the same young lady was of light straw-colored silk, low neck, short sleeves, and train, with two narrow flounces of white tulle around the train; a tulle over dress, open in front, and partially covering the neck, and with very long, loose sleeves, was trimmed with a ruching of the same, confined by two narrow folds of white satin, which had a brilliant illuminating effect; there was a bright-colored sash; deep edge of point lace, on which the design of flower and leaf was in almost as much relief as that of Dresden china, and was singularly fine; a cross of Roman gold lay on the white throat, and pin and ear-rings were of Roman gold and Oriental pearls; the fair brown hair was in large, thick, grape-like curls and massive braids; and the toilette combined modern fashion and classic effect in an exquisite manner.

Perhaps as lovely a dress as any seen this season has been worn, at a dancing-party of Mrs. Carlisle's, by Miss Margaret Preston, of Kentucky, daughter of a Confederate general, who grasses, while a broken wreath of them trailed over the knots of the sash and in among the folds of the material; a little bunch of the marguerites was tied with a blue ribbon among the blonde curls of the young lady in a careless way, and the complete dress was airy and Frenchy and perfect.

Mrs. Blaine wore at her first reception a lavender silk under an over dress of white muslin and lace, with pale pink coral ornaments; at her second reception her over dress was of plain purple silk, high corsage, lace collar, and pearl pin; the under-skirt of a rich material, consisting of one ing was a trained skirt of white organdy, very much puffed, with an over dress of light blue silk, square neck, and elaborately trimmed with duchesse lace; her fair hair dressed very high with flowers and pearls.

A FOUNDLING.

THIS little waif has evidently fallen into loving hands. We can imagine that these children in their rambles have suddenly stumbled upon the living doll, abandoned by its mother, and

A FOUNDLING.

no jewelry; but scarlet roses looped the over dress and starred the dark hair, and black velvet bound the wrists.

A charming reception dress was worn recently by the very beautiful and blonde Miss Hildreth, of Massachusetts. It was of that pale, turquoise blue silk that has a silver shimmer, like the northeasterly sky of an April day; it was cut ith a train, but without paniers, and a narrow ling of self-colored velvet trimmed the wide and the revers at the pointed throat; he throat and around the sleeves stood a was formerly our minister at the court of Spain. This dress was of white tarlatan, with a number of very narrow ruffles round the lower skirt, each ruffle chain stitched at the hem and at the join with blue floss; similar graduated ruffles extended up the front breadth, making an apron, and at the head of each ruffle there was a narrow blue ribbon sown thick with marguerites; the long over-skirt was ornamented in the same manner, and at the head of the bertha was a blue ribbon strung with marguerites, with a breast-knot of the same flowers mixed with leaves and broad strip of purple velvet and an alternate one of white silk, brocaded in gay-colored flowers. The same lady has a walking suit of Bismarck silk, set off with deeper shades of the ostrich-plume trimming.

Mrs. Colfax wore at Mrs. Blaine's second reception a black velvet dress, cut with train and high corsage; over this a gold-colored brocade, square neck, and open from the sides, heavily trimmed with black thread lace; her hair was rolled, and dressed with a few flowers.

Lady Thornton's dress on the preceding even- so have improvised a foundling hospital among the trees and flowers, and are petting and caressing the new plaything, who seems quite at home with its young nurses. Such, we presume, was the fancy of the artist, Mrs. Anderson, who painted the pretty picture from which our engraving was taken, and which is on exhibition at the French Gallery in London. What the future of the little stray may be it is useless to conjecture; we can only hope that the good Samaritans may interest their elders in its behalf, and continue the tender care thus begun.

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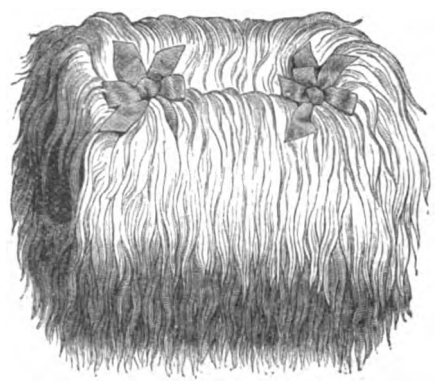
White Angora Muff.

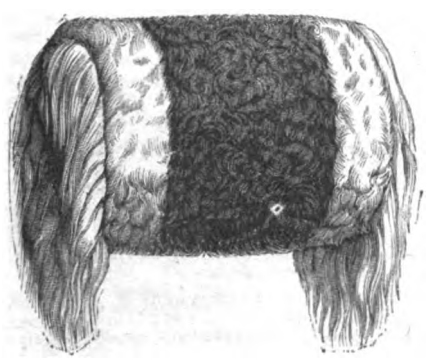
THIS muff is made of white Angora fur, and is lined with white silk, and trimmed with bows of white satin ribbon. It is ten inches long and twenty-two inches in circumference, and has a cotton batting interlining. Sew on the bows as shown by the illustration.



WHITE ANGORA MUFF.

Black Astrakhan and White Fur Muff.

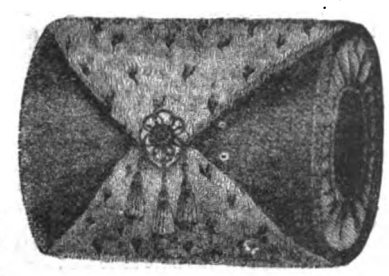
THIS muff is made of black Astrakhan, and trimmed with strips of white fur and Angora fringe. It is ten inches long and twenty-one inches in circumference. The white fur strips are each an inch and four-fifths wide, and the fringe is two inches and a half wide. Silk lining and cotton batting interlining complete the muff.



BLACK ASTRAKHAN AND WHITE FUR MUFF.

Muff for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

THIS muff is nine inches long and twenty inches in circumference. It is made of black velvet, black satin lining, and cotton batting, and trimmed on the outside with two triangular pieces, simulating fur, worked with gray chinchilla and black worsted in the manner described for the border of the Sleeveless Jacket, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 2, Vol. IV., page 21. A cord, tassel, and rosette complete the muff.



MUFF FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

Knitted Polishing Glove.

THIS glove is made with unbleached linen tape an eighth of an inch wide. Make a foundation of 30 st. (stitches), and on this work with four knitting-needles, each two-fifths of an inch in circumference, eleven rounds for the border, always alternately purling 3 st. and knitting 3 st. plain. Then with somewhat coarser needles alternately purl one round and knit plain one round until the glove counts 47 rounds; then cast off by drawing the last stitch through all the other stitches; cut the tape off and sew it fast.

KNITTED POLISHING GLOVE.

Silk Postillion Basques, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This basque is made of violet silk, net interlining, and lining of darker violet silk. The back of the basque is forty-four inches and four-fifths wide and eleven inches and four-fifths long, and the under edge is sloped from the middle to the front edges until four inches and two-fifths long there. Cut the fronts of the basque from Fig. 36 of No. VII., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 51, Vol. III., but three inches shorter. Line the basque, and join the parts as shown by the illustration. Trim the outer edge with a fold of the dark silk four-fifths of an inch wide, and pleat the upper edge. Then join the basque with a belt, and finish the latter with a bow.

Fig. 2.—This basque is made of black silk taken double and net interlining, and is trimmed with black lace an inch and a quarter wide. It consists of a straight piece twenty-four inches long and twenty inches wide. After lining this piece with the silk and the net interlining, trim it all around, exclusive of one cross-wise edge (upper edge), with black lace, and arrange the middle in pleats, which are turned downward (see illustration), so that the basque is only an inch and three-quarters long there. Then pleat the untrimmed edge so that it is only five inches and three-quarters long, and set it on a belt an inch and three-quarters wide. Finish the back with a pleated half-rosette and bow.

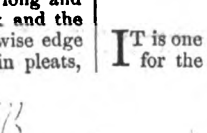


Fig. 1.—VIOLET SILK POSTILLION BASQUE.

Fig. 2.—BLACK SILK POSTILLION BASQUE.

Evening Dress for Elderly Lady.

THIS dress is of gray gros grain. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce of wide black lace. The seam made by sewing this on is covered with a lace ruffle and a ruche made of two pieces of narrow lace gathered. The tight-fitting basque-waist is made of figured black illusion, with a lace flounce and a ruche made of two pieces of narrow lace. Finish the basque with a bow of colored gros grain ribbon. Black lace fanchon trimmed with flowers.

EVENING COSTUME WITH OVER DRESS FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 36 and 37.

FROM A DISTANCE.

IT is one of those common remarks which every one makes for the hundredth time as glibly as if fresh out to-day, "How different things look at a distance from what they are when close at hand!" And most people add, "How much more beautiful they are in general, losing their charm in proportion as we come nearer to them and see them clearer." To be sure, certain details are lovelier the more narrowly we examine them; but, for the most part, things get a rich and mellowed grace by distance, and imagination may expatiate at its pleasure; and imagination and distance are the twin enchanters of the world. Take the magic which this same distance works on scenery—say a soot-grimed, red brick hovel in the sunshine, set against a field of ripening corn for the golden back-ground—in front a meadow full of ruddled, shaggy, warm-felled sheep and whiter lambs; distance, color, and the sun make the place glorified. It might be the palace of a fairy queen, come out for a summer's shepherding, and the broken, cobwebbed panes on which the long rays glint might be burning precious gems, so gloriously do they shine. Approach your enchanted palace, and what do you find? A sordid, tumble-down old barn, where the cattle sometimes stray for shelter, startling the owl that nests in the ivy—where the shyest beasts run riot, free of fear because free of danger, so deserted, so desolate, so inhuman is it all. At a distance it is the salient point of the landscape, and artists come from far and wide to transfer its gorgeous coloring to their canvas, to copy its marvelous flow of line and picturesque arrangement of natural accessories; but not even the pre-Raphaelites would care to jot it all down close at hand, because close at hand its beauty has vanished, distance having been that, emphatically, which had lent enchantment to the view.

And what is true with respect to scenery is true with respect to human character and history. Distance modifies our judgment, blurs distinctive qualities, conceals deficiencies, softens down excrescences, and so transforms to us the meaning and the manner of the fact that we scarcely know whether what we see is hero or demon, the brilliant palace of a fairy shepherdess or the ruined hovel tenanted by unclean beasts, that which we ought to admire or that which all teaching calls on us to condemn. There is that *crux* of the historian, that battle-ground of the partisan, poor Mary Queen of Scots—what, I pray you, is the final reading, after all the controversies that have raged about her name? Final reading? no—we have not come to that by many a hundred volumes, seemingly, if we may judge of the future by the past; but what is the true reading? Accursed witch, murderess, and perjurer, slayer of men's souls as well as bodies, beautiful with the false seeming beauty of a fiend, a ravening wolf clothed in the whitest and silkiest of lamb-skins? Or was she a sweet and persecuted lady whose loveliness was her crime, whose power of attracting men's hearts was her ruin, who was found guilty because she was proved dangerous, and her dangerousness simply her beauty, her innocence, her love? It is not so very long since she lived—well into the historic times, and within the full view of evidence-makers—yet from the distance at which we stand, not so infinite though it be, who can tell? Some take the one side and some the other, and we have found no historic stereoscope as yet which can blend the two halves into one harmonious whole, and show us the woman as she must have been in the reality of her life—sinning and sinned against; guilty, yet not so bad as her sentence; false, yet not falser than her time; no better than her contemporaries, yet was she so very much worse? Who can decide these knotty points now? We are too far off both in point of time and in point of moral sympathy, at too great a distance from evidence and manners, to give a comprehensive and yet detailed—therefore thoroughly true—judgment. Our barn may be a dilapidated hut close at hand, but it is nevertheless a glorious feature in the landscape, in the sunshine and at a distance; and the window-panes which sparkle like burning gems may be cobwebbed and foul and fractured, still the flash is there all the same, and none but the blind can fail to see it.

So we may say of every thing, and almost every person. From a distance and near at hand the lines of perspective vary, and no one's character looks, or is, the same thing when placed at different angles, seen from different stand-points, and under the transforming influences of color. This, too, is another reason—if, indeed, we wanted another, having already so many—why our judgments on each other should be charitable, gentle, and ever believing in the best. We can see no man near enough to judge of his actions entirely according to his feeling, and on the ground-plan of his motives; for we can never get so really within the heart of even our nearest friend as to read through and through the complex interlining which goes on through the letters of the simplest duty. In fact, there is no such thing as a simple duty out of childhood and beyond obedience. When once the free-will of choice between conflicting duties comes in, there is an end to simplicity taken in the sense of unity; and therefore we can never judge with a full knowledge of causes and motives, how clear soever we may be as to the resulting facts. But facts being only the embodiment of one or at most two feelings among many, facts themselves are only our red brick barn with the sunlight on it or in the shadow, at a distance or close at hand, and so change in their real significance according to their relative distances from ourselves. And when we are old, what was our youth, looked back on from the distance? A great, golden haze, full of sweetest dreams and murmured songs, and happy days and blessed anticipations. That is from a distance. When we were going through the Golden

EVENING COSTUME FOR ELDERLY LADY.

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Time we discovered that a great deal of it was pinchbeck of the most flagrant kind, and even now we would shrink from going through it all again.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARTHA.—The best hat for wearing with all dresses is a black velvet trimmed with a gros grain scarf and an ostrich tip. Do not use flowers, as you dislike them; and, besides, they are less seen than usual this winter. We prefer a black hat instead of the gray one you suggest, because black is less conspicuous.

R. L. M.—Short black velvet paletots trimmed with a band of ostrich feathers are very stylish this season. Three yards of velvet three-quarters wide is an ample pattern. This short garment is prettiest for dresses with two skirts. Long velvet casaques require but one skirt.

MRS. JOHN.—Black lace over white lace, or over organdy pleatings, is still used for trimming black silk dresses. It is very stylish for demi-trained house dresses.

HARRY R.—Sacque and surtout over-coats are both worn. Gentlemen who have more than one over-coat prefer a sacque for business and a close-fitting coat for dress. The Lord Stanley scarf and "Our Fritz," both of which almost conceal the shirt bosom, are stylishly worn. Vests for general wear are cut close and rather high, so that when worn with the scarfs they hide all the white bosom of the shirt. The English collars standing behind and turned over in front are not generally popular, as they require the English costume entire to be in good taste. A broad turned-over collar, a cross between the Shakspeare and the Byron, is the favorite.

HENRIETTA.—It is impossible to advise you how long you should wear mourning. A year is considered short enough for a widow to wear heavy crape trimmings. A very slight crimped puff of white tarlatan is inside the bonnet.

EXPECTANT BRIDE.—Strung pearls are usually preferred by brides. $75 to $100 buys a very pretty pearl brooch and pin. For general use your best choice in jewelry is a gold set in the Moorish designs now fashionable: $50 will buy quite a stylish set. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 53, Vol. III., for further hints.

FALLS CITY says, in answer to a published paragraph, that there is a large and prosperous settlement of Shakers at Shakertown, about a hundred miles from Louisville, Kentucky.—We can give no information as to the cost and means of purchasing an Irish retriever.

ELOISE.—Black velvet basques worn in the house are now little more than the peasant waists of a few seasons ago. They are sleeveless, cut low and square in the neck, pointed in front, with darts and buttons, and the back is a jaunty postillion. These are very elegant over black silk dresses, or with any dress that is trimmed with black velvet.

MODESTY.—An unmarried lady should not address a gentleman as "My dear Sir," unless both parties are very old. It should be "Dear Sir," or "Dear Mr. ——," if the intimacy is sufficient to warrant it. The title "Esq." in this country is meaningless. Address gentlemen as "Mr." where they have no professional or other title.

J. R.—A letter addressed to the Cooper Institute, New York city, will reach its destination.

IGNORAMUS.—It is quite proper for you to invite gentlemen whose acquaintance you have made at your friend's house to call on you, though you are not obliged to do so. Take leave of them in the parlor, and do not accompany them to the door.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We would say once for all that we can not obtain employment in teaching or otherwise for any one, nor can we suggest means to individuals whereby to earn their livelihood. We should be very glad to give useful and profitable work to every struggling woman in the land, but it is utterly out of our power to do more than give general suggestions on the subject. You are poor, but are afraid of losing your social position by earning money in any except certain channels. This fear is the bane of American women. As soon as they recognize that all honest work is honorable, they will see the avenues to employment grow wider, and money-getting a thousand times easier and pleasanter than it is now.—The seven wise men of Greece were Solon, Thales, Bias, Pittacus, Periander, Cleobulus, and Chelon.

CARRIE D. AND OTHERS.—The temporary suspension of "Hannah" is owing to our failure to receive the advance sheets from England. We hope soon to have them, and to proceed regularly with the story.

AN INQUIRER.—A French pronouncing dictionary will give you the information you need.

BEATRICE DE B.—The novel you mention is published anonymously, and the author's name has never, so far as we are aware, been given to the public.

LUCY C.—Quit wearing French heels, not merely because the *Bazar* says they are *outré*, or because shoemakers say ladies of taste and fashion will not have them any more, but because you say they hurt your feet and are spoiling your walk.

LOUISE C.—Grenadine or Chambery gauze at $1 75 or $2 a yard costs less than silk for a wedding dress, as it can be made over very cheap silk. The illusion for a veil should be three and a half or four yards wide. A square of this width is bought, costing from $12 to $20. Get short dresses for street suits, and demi-trains for the house. The suits can also be worn in the house.

E. L. H.—A drab Irish poplin would be handsome for a walking suit in March. It is an inconvenient time to tell you what to trim with, as it is too early for spring fashions, but we suggest narrow ruffles of silk of the same shade, gathered and overlapping. Bonnet and gloves to match. A white straw gipsy bonnet with black velvet trimming and a flower of some becoming color would look stylish with both of your suits. The paletot of your black silk suit, if lightly wadded and trimmed with guipure lace and passementerie, will do for a spring wrap, or else a black cashmere paletot similarly made.

IGNORAMUS.—The "Bazar Book of Decorum" will be of assistance to you, we think. You can procure it by sending $1 and your address to this office.—Put the flounces of your brown silk together, and let them lap over each other, forming a single cluster headed by a row of the gimp. Then get a brown drap de France or cashmere polonaise, made by the cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., and you will have an elegant suit. The green waist will answer. Gore the skirt at the front and sides, leaving the back full, and cut it a demi-train. Trim the waist and sleeves with pleated silk, passementerie, or lace. If you have a black lace shawl, drape it over it for an upper skirt for full dress, or drape the green skirt over a black silk short skirt when worn on plainer occasions. Do not trim or face the green skirt, but merely line throughout with cambric.

L. P. C.—Try benzine or chloroform for taking the coffee stain out of your dress.

COMMET.—Use the cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., if you wish a polonaise dress, or of the Double-breasted Sacque Suit in No. 49, Vol. III., if you want two skirts and a jacket. A straight band of velveteen that is cut bias edges the skirts and jacket, or polonaise.

T. B. P.—Don't know.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—We can not supply you with corset materials. We make no purchases for our readers.

MRS. L. T.—Dove-color looks well trimmed with leaf brown. Use the cut paper pattern of Double-breasted Walking Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III., and trim with strips of brown velveteen.

EDITH D.—Pale blue and plum-color are stylish combinations of color for blondes, rose and black, or salmon with plum color, for brunettes. Tea-roses on a plum-colored velvet gipsy will be a pretty change from black velvet hats for you.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—A modiste would demand from twenty to twenty-five yards of silk for making a petticoat, court train, and postillion basque, but you can have it plainly made out of sixteen or eighteen yards. Use a ruffle of the same, not fringe, for trimming. Sixty inches is the length of the train for ordinary height. You can get black and white silks very low now, those at 87½ cents a yard being very pretty. But blue silk on such a dress would "take all the style out of it." Use narrow bias overlapping ruffles of the same, headed by narrow passementerie, or else black lace over white lace, or black and white mixed fringe. Make it a postillion basque and a demi-trained skirt, and when you wear it in the street, drape it over a short black silk skirt. For a spring hat get a white or black straw—either gipsy or turban—and trim with ostrich tips and a flower. You can get a very fair quality for $3, either white or of light color. Over-skirts will be worn through the spring. Use the cut paper pattern of upper skirt with suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III., as that does not cut the material much. This pattern will do for your black silk suit. Narrow ruffles on the lower skirt, with passementerie and lace on the upper and paletot. This paletot will serve for a bride's spring wrap.—A good form for a wedding invitation at home is to have on a square note sheet the following: "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith desire the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter Eleanor to Harry B. Jones on Monday, December 2, at 4 o'clock."

E. W.—Trim your dress with folds or bias ruffles of the same. A Swiss muslin dress with two skirts and a plain full waist will be pretty for your girl of twelve. Trim with a cluster of tucks and pleated ruffles.

L. A. J.—We have known chloroform to clean silks that seemed hopelessly soiled.

HARRIET R.—The gored wrapper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. III., may be used for calicoes and muslins. If you like, you can slope it gradually from the belt down, dispensing with the fullness added behind at the belt.

JENNIE.—Get very thick gros grain, either black, plum, or some becoming color, for your gipsy bonnet to be worn late in the winter; or, if you prefer it, get a white English straw trimmed with black velvet, ostrich tips, and a flower cluster. For a white jacket for breakfast, get cashmere, and braid it all over with black in a close intricate pattern. Have it half loose, with seam up the back, slashed, half-flowing sleeves, and rolling collar.

MRS. E. M. B.—We do not think your lace too yellow. It is real Valenciennes, though not the finest quality. Some ladies use benzine for whitening laces.

A GREEN GIRL.—We know of no school devoted specially to instruction in good manners, but the usages of society are taught in most young ladies' schools.—Wear chatelaines and curls behind, with a Pompadour roll in front. Bias silk an eighth of a yard wide and a yard long is passed around the neck and fastened in front with a sailor knot to form the fashionable necktie. Very dark French blue and the Mephistopheles red are the colors most worn. Very heavy linked chains of Etruscan gold, called cable chains, are the most stylish necklaces.

MRS. H. J. M.—Do not rub soap on your white corduroy, but wash in thick lather. Do not wring, but hang it up well stretched out, that it may drip and dry smoothly, as it can not be ironed.

MRS. E. C. B.—Any thing that would bleach the colored embroidery in your handkerchiefs would probably destroy the fabric. It is possible that a French scourer may be able to do this for you.—We prefer a tray for cups and saucers on the breakfast-table, though fanciful suppers are often set without a tray.

PRACTICAL.—Your white alpaca may be either demi-trained or with a short skirt just touching the floor. The over-skirt is obligatory with a short suit, but not with a demi-train. See directions for trimming silk dresses in New York Fashions of the present Number of the *Bazar*. Use ruffles of silk notched at the edges instead of lace. White silk is more stylish than colored for alpaca.

N. K.—We can not tell you how to dress the character you inquire about. *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. III., will give some descriptions of masquerade costumes.

J. R. S.—Frizzed hair is not so much worn as formerly. A Pompadour roll is pretty with gipsy bonnets. Hats and bonnets are not worn so far forward. When the front hair is parted the gipsy permits an inch or two of the part to show.

CLAUDINE.—Your sample is very nice guipure. Nice silk velvet of Ponson's brand will cost you from $10 to $12 a yard of the quality suitable for a dress. Fifteen to eighteen yards are required by the modistes for an untrimmed trained dress. From $20 to $30 is asked by modistes for making a handsome dress.

M. A. S.—Your gray sample is a worthless poplin seldom sold in New York shops; the changeable sample is silk and wool poplin.—We know nothing of the poems you mention. Any New York publisher will order London books for you.

MISS A. M. B.—Your plaid sample should be made into an over-skirt and slashed jacket to be looped over a black silk skirt. If you prefer to make a whole dress, make two skirts, and wear a black velveteen basque. Scallop the edges of the dress and of the velveteen jacket, and bind with silk.

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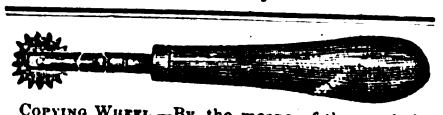

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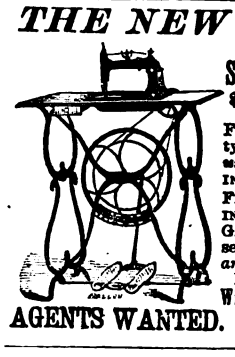

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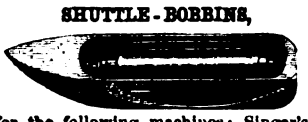

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FACETIÆ.

WHY is the war like the fashion of wearing short dresses?—Because it stops the trains.

Why is winter the best time to write poetry?—Because the rime (rhyme) is on the ground.

AN AWFUL PLUNGE.

It is a very courageous thing to go down stairs at one in the morning when there are thieves in the house.

It is a very courageous thing to walk on a dark road alone, at night, in a garroting neighborhood.

It is a very courageous thing to try to separate husband and wife when they are fighting in the street.

It is a very courageous thing to encounter your tailor when you owe him a heavy bill.

It is a very courageous thing to meet a lady for the first time after she has jilted you.

It is a very courageous thing to tell a mother that her baby is ugly.

It is a very courageous thing to oppose the wishes of your wife and your wife's mother.

It is a very courageous thing to face a mad bull.

But perhaps the most courageous thing of all is to break the ice for bathing at five o'clock in the morning this weather.

LITERARY FOOD.—Poetry is the flour of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aqua-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the plums.

SCENE—A BRIBERY INVESTIGATION.

FIRST COMMISSIONER. "Well, Sir, you say the candidate called on you. What happened then?"

WITNESS. "He insulted me grossly, Sir!"

SECOND COMMISSIONER. "How do you mean, insulted you?"

WITNESS. "He took out a fifty-dollar bill, and said I should have it if I'd vote for him!"

THIRD COMMISSIONER. "And pray what did you do?"

WITNESS. "Well, Sir, I felt I ought to 'pocket the affront,' and I did!"

SEASONABLE READING.—Don't burn the newspapers containing accounts of "The Weather and the Parks." Keep them to refer to in the dog-days, when they will be cool and pleasant reading. The records of last summer's drought might just now help—for all that Shakspeare says—an imaginative person to get warm.

SOMETHING NEW.—All poets, it seems, are not poor. It is a welcome change to read of "The Riches of Chaucer."

THE FIVE TESTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

1. Lend your friend a good umbrella, and live to see it back again.
2. Invite him to your club, and treat him to cold mutton, and find that he forgives you.
3. Ask him to post a letter, and learn within a week that he has actually done so.
4. Cut a gash in his new billiard-cloth without ruffling his temper.
5. Tread upon his gouty toe, and see him smiling at your clumsiness.

Harmless slides for this weather are those belonging to magic-lanterns.

NEW ARRIVAL AT THE MENAGERIE—A real snap-dragon. Now on view.

What ancient author is supposed to have written a treatise on plum-pudding?—Suet-onius.

What trade did Master Jack Horner, of corner celebrity, subsequently adopt?—Probably that of a plumber.

AN ACCIDENT.—During the frost the thermometer fell three times last week. Assistance was fortunately at hand on each occasion.

THE BEST WINE FOR VOCALISTS—Canary.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

During peace a regiment is quartered; during wartime it is occasionally cut to pieces.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

The most careful inquiry has failed to detect any thing in the habits or conduct of the harmless little creature so many of us have admired floating on the water when at sea which can justify naturalists in calling it the Naughtylus. The name is evidently a misnomer.

The "Secretary" bird is taking lessons in short-hand.

The "Mud-lark" is not a singing-bird.

An editor has had his pistol stolen. He advertises to give the thief the contents, and no questions asked, if he will return it.

SOMETHING FOR BOYS TO SPIN—A mountain-top.

SCHOOL'S OUT.

FROM POLE TO POLE.

A merchant going home elevated, staggered against a telegraph pole. "Beg your pardon," said he; "I hope no offense. It's rather dark, and the street is narrow, you see."

In a few moments he came in contact with another pole. "Couldn't help it, Sir," said he, lifting his hat; "I never saw such crooked lanes as we have here in this city!"

Again he ran foul of a pole, this time with a force which sent him backward to the ground. "Look here, neighbor, you needn't push a fellow down because he happens to touch you; the road is as much mine as yours, and I have as much right to be here as you have, you old stick-in-the-mud!"

He picked himself up, and made another effort to reach his home, but he soon came plump against another pole. "I shan't make any more apologies," said he; "if you get into the middle of the street and stand in my way, that's your look-out, and not mine."

Proceeding on his journey again, and becoming angry and dizzy, he seemed to be entangled in an inextricable labyrinth of telegraph poles, which led him to make a general speech. "Gentlemen, you are not doing the fair thing. You do not give a man a chance. You run from one side of the street to the other, right in my way."

Just then he met a friend, and taking him by the hand, he said: "There is a procession going along the street, and every man is drunk; they have been running against me all the way from the club. I knocked one of the fellows down, and one of the fellows knocked me down, and then a lot of them got around me, and I believe they would have licked me within an inch of my life if you had not come to the rescue. Let us get out of this street before the procession comes back, for they are all drunk."

OLD FRIENDS IN FINE COATS.

The old homely proverbs have gone so much out of fashion lately that we have been puzzled to account for the phenomenon. The other day a light flashed upon us. Their language is not sufficiently refined for the delicate organizations of the present day. We have, therefore, with the utmost care, altered the wording of a few proverbs in such a manner as to keep the beautiful sentiments which they express intact:

Ornithological bipeds of identical plumage are commonly gregarious.

Conduct harvesting operations while the beams of Sol continue to be present.

An individual of bashful tendencies has at no period succeeded in captivating a lady of great personal attractions.

It is equally satisfactory to suffer execution for the sake of an animal of complete growth as to undergo the same punishment for a younger example of the same genus.

When is a lot of corn like a corner lot?—When it's *ground*.

This story won't do any how:

"Mrs. Agassiz says that in certain Amazonian tribes, on the day of his marriage, while the wedding festivities are going on, the bridegroom's hands are tied up in a paper bag filled with fire-ants. If he bears this torture smilingly and unmoved, he is considered fit for the trials of matrimony."

If instead of applying a few ants, they tried the effect of one mother-in-law, we doubt if any aspirant would get through the ordeal.

ROMAN NOSES AND SNUB NOSES.

The proud Roman nose,
If to battle it goes,
By the fist of the foe may be shattered;
But the nose that is snub
Never cares for a rub,
And will flourish in beauty, though battered.
Dear Fanny!
The nose that is snub
Never cares for a rub,
And will flourish in beauty, though battered.

This snub nose of mine,
Though Lavater assign
To its owner some qualities bestial,
To poetical eyes
"Excelsior!" cries,
And proves all its longings celestial.
Dear Fanny!
My nose to my eyes
"Excelsior" cries,
And indicates longings celestial.

And as noses, you know,
Are for use, not for show,
How the snobs who at snub noses carp err;
My nose, you observe,
Can not boast beauty's curve,
But at smelling what nose could be sharper?
Dear Fanny!
My nose, you observe,
Can not boast beauty's curve,
But at smelling what nose could be sharper?

When is a chimney like a chicken?—When it's a little foul.

There is a man in Decorah, Iowa, so penurious that, when shelling corn, and a kernel flying into a wood-pile, he removed several cords of wood to find it. A neighbor standing near dropped a kernel near where the searcher was looking, but when he found it he said: "You can't fool me with that small kernel; the one I lost was a larger one!"

The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-leaver at once.

A tradesman who had failed, in the city of Bangor, wrote on his front-door, "Payment suspended for thirty days."

A neighbor, reading this, said: "You have not dated the notice."

"No," said he, "I do not intend to do so. It would run out if I did!"

The Cleveland ladies have taken to the trick of asking their husbands for money in the presence of strangers. They have been eminently successful thus far.

DOG LOGIC.—It is proverbially said that every dog has his day. If this were true, the dog-days would be more numerous.

The nation which produces the most marriages must be *fascination*.

GOOD ADVICE.—A reporter of great experience tells us that to digest a tough sermon you must first take it down.

Why should a common soldier who had been in the ranks a long time be afraid to meet an excise officer?—Because he's a private *still*.

Why does the minister have more wives than any one else?—Because he often marries a couple at a time.

What is the sun by trade?—A tanner.

AN IMPOSSIBLE QUANTITY—Too much money.

AN IMAGINARY QUANTITY—A lady's age.

Why do draughtsmen like the cold weather?—Because they can *draw* round the fire.

A RISING MAN—The balloonist.

When does the sun wrestle?—When it throws a shadow.

A COMMON DIFFERENCE—A matrimonial squabble.

WANT OF TACT.

Arguing with an opponent who is lame, and assuring him that he has not a leg to stand on.

Telling a man with only one eye (in an insinuating way) that you would like to get on his blind side.

Urging a friend who stammers not to hesitate to express his opinion.

Declaring to the possessor of a false set that you mean to do it in spite of his teeth.

Informing an acquaintance, who never has his glass out of his eye, that you consider he takes a very short-sighted view of things.

Telling a man who squints that you are sorry you can not see the matter as he sees it.

A HINT TO SHOP-KEEPERS.

HUMORS OF RAILROAD TRAVEL.

OLD GENT (*to Lady in reference to name of town*). "Is this Elizabeth?"

LADY (*applying the question to herself*). "What do you Mean by Addressing me in that Familiar Manner? It's none of your Business what my Name is!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 7.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' Evening Dresses.

Fig. 1.—DRESS WITH LOW-NECKED BLOUSE-WAIST OF WHITE STRIPED SILK GRENADINE. The blouse-waist is arranged in narrow pleats, and trimmed round the neck with narrow puffings of the material. At short intervals these puffings are held together with bias bands of the material. This trimming is repeated at the bottom of the short puffed sleeves. The pattern of the waist will be given in the Supplement to the next Number of *Harper's Bazar*, No. XXII., Figs. 70 and 71. Belt and sash of pink gros grain ribbon. Coiffure of curls of different lengths and flowers.

Fig. 2.—PINK SILK DRESS WITH HIGH WAIST. The over-skirt is draped at the sides and trimmed with a side-pleated ruffle of the material. A satin piping covers the seam made by sewing on the ruffle. The high-necked waist is trimmed with a piece of satin simulating a square neck, on which is set lace insertion edged with a bias strip of satin, which is edged in turn with lace two inches wide. The front edge is trimmed with lace gathered and sewed on in serpentine windings. Rosettes of lace are sewed on the satin part. The coat-sleeve is trimmed with a cuff of pink satin, lace insertion, and lace edging. The pattern of the waist will be given in the Supplement to the next Number of *Harper's Bazar*, No. VI., Figs. 14–16, but without a basque. The pattern of the sleeves will be given in the same Supplement, No. XXVI., Fig. 65.

Fig. 1.—SILK GRENADINE DRESS WITH LOW BLOUSE-WAIST. Fig. 2.—PINK SILK DRESS WITH HIGH WAIST.

LADIES' EVENING DRESSES.

THE LUNCH-TABLE.

WHAT a bright, light meal luncheon should always be! and what a dingy collection of warmed-up dishes and half-way sweets it is usually made! The tea is weak, the coffee cold, while gingerbread and cookies invite the appetite, flanked with Irish stew or fried liver. Even at formal lunches the cook seems to recognize no difference between the light, tasteful entrées which should characterize this from an ordinary dinner or supper. It is to the other meals what spring or autumn toilettes are to summer and winter. People are not called to it by force of hunger so much as by the fear of being hungry by-and-by if they neglect it; and special pains should be taken to have each article presented in its most tempting form. What would it cost, I have often wondered, to have tea fresh and smoking hot, and the few eatables served as carefully as at dinner? Where the family is not large it secures some variety and freshness to have a different cloth for each meal—a delicate unbleached damask for breakfast, of that soft pongee shade that looks so rich in fine goods; a glancing white one of light quality, with netted fringe, and fancy napkins, for lunch; and one of those heavy pieces, pure Irish napery, that look like frosted foil, for dinner, with three-quarter napkins, and an amber or rose colored German cloth for dessert. This keeps the table neat as well as to put on three cloths successively in the week, and looks—oh, so much better! When American women take up housekeeping as an art and a sentiment, instead of a duty to be ignored as much as possible, they will not count the trouble of such things in comparison with the effect.

Now for the beverages. Coffee needs a chapter by itself; but how few women care precisely for the best tea that can be made from the ordinary qualities! Every thing with them depends on whether their tea cost one dollar and twenty-five cents or two dollars a pound, and they will not try to make the best of inferior grades. Oolong at seventy-five cents a pound may be made more grateful than Flowery Pekoe neglected, smoked, or soaked, instead of infused. Use an earthen tea-pot rather than tin or silver, if you want the finest flavor of your tea. It may be set in a metal holder filled with water, and a lamp beneath to keep it hot. Put the tea, one spoonful for each person, in a saucer, moisten with cold water, not enough to cover it by any means, and set it in a hot oven two or three minutes, till the leaves uncurl and steam. Rinse the tea-pot with scalding water to heat it through, put in the tea, and pour on boiling water, just half as much as you expect to want, and cover quickly, placing a piece of thick flannel or felt under the lid and over the spout to retain all the perfume. A delicate secret which I have to tell is, that the charming flavor of fine tea may be given to poorer sorts by adding the petals of apple, orange, or lemon blossoms to the canister, letting them dry among the tea, but covering close for a week. The flavor of Flowery Pekoe, that rarest of teas, which can only be had in this country by favor, is due to the blossoms of the tea-plant mixed among the leaves. You may have seen the genuine tea-plant in hot-houses. There is one in the Experimental Garden at Washington, a most beautiful window-plant—dwarf, tiny thing that it is—with glossy dark leaves, callow at the top of the six-inch shrub, where the young shoots put forth, and a waxen-white blossom to which belongs the soul of odor, rich, vague, and delicate, like apple-buds, with the faintest suspicion of tea, more refined than any thing but the white rose. To drink tea with such fragrance inspires one; and no wonder, for the rare tea which Russians love, and buy at four dollars a pound, is made of these callow shoots and odorous flowers. We will be content to perfume our canisters with such of the rosacea as come to our hand, strewing the tenderest chips of cherry bark in the bottom, to yield in time their wine-like breath to the contents. This must be stripped from young twigs of the second year in spring or fall, when the sap runs freest; but beware how you put any thing more of them than their perfume into the tea-pot.

When the water is added, let the pot stand for five minutes where it will be hot as can be without boiling, in a kettle of water kept just at the boiling point by pouring in a cup of cold water when the ebullition grows fierce. Then fill with boiling water, and take to the table in porcelain. After this keep it hot, so that sugar and milk will have just time to combine with the beverage while it cools enough to drink. The veriest kitchen-maid will not want to steep those tea leaves afterward; the soul is out of them, and not lost in sighs, but caught in your egg-shell dragon-cups. Again, I say, keep the tea hot. A cup that comes from the tea-pot in a fit state to drink at once should be rejected.

The special drink dedicated to lunch, both by fashion and the fitness of things, is chocolate. The influence of coffee is grateful in the morning; tea enlivens us at five o'clock, especially if it be "high;" and *café noir* is the sole dessert I ask after dinner of three proper courses, soup, fish, and roast. But the unction and perfume of chocolate befit the slight fatigue of one o'clock, after morning shopping, or vigorous practice for four hours with voice and piano. It is most nourishing, and satisfies hunger next to rich soup. In fact, it is, or should be, the most substantial part of the lunch, all that accompanies being mere kickshaws and flavor. Don't imagine for a moment that I refer to such thin, mealy liquid as I have seen from massive urns at fashionable receptions, or accepted at hospitable breakfast-tables. Americans don't know how to make chocolate any better than Germans know how to make tea. A single slip of chocolate in a quart of milk is our idea, as theirs is a table-spoonful of tea for a dozen persons. We must go to chocolate-loving nations to learn how to make it. Taste it in a Cuban restaurant, if you want to know what it should be. You get a cup of brown, smooth, not speckled liquid, thick as condensed milk, spiced with cinnamon. The choice of flavors and way of making are national distinctions. The Spanish prefer chocolate so thick that the spoon will stand upright in it, and flavored with cinnamon. In taking it they dispense with spoons, eating it with strips of hard bread or cracker, and use little sugar with it. The French prefer the delicate vanilla chocolate already sweetened in the cake, ground fine, and boiled till thick as cream. I dispense with the labor of grinding; and the rule which practice has shown most available is this: To three pints half milk and half water, hot but not boiling, add one-quarter of a pound of Baker's common chocolate in the cake, setting in a warm place ten minutes to dissolve. It will look speckled then, and must be set to boil in a shallow sauce-pan, first stirring in half a pound of coffee-sugar and a spoonful of cinnamon. When the specks disappear, and it looks smooth and creamy all over, which will be in five minutes after it boils, the chocolate is done. It must be stirred well, to prevent burning, while on the fire. Serve as wanted in a quart pitcher, keeping the rest hot in the sauce-pan. I have never seen a *chocolatière* which was the right thing: it should be thick block-tin or heavy silver, with a broad lip, and lid to cover both top and lip. A sauce-pan will always boil it best. Strips of buttered toast are the proper accompaniments of chocolate, or a light cake, made thus: Half a cupful of butter; one egg; two spoonfuls of cream of tartar, stirred with the butter and egg to a cream; one small cupful of *sour* milk added to this; three cupfuls, the same size, of flour, sifted and well beaten into the liquid; and one small spoonful of soda, dissolved in hot water, and mixed in the cake just before putting in the oven, which must be hot enough to bake this thin dough in ten minutes. Bake in narrow cake-pans, filling them three inches deep.

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FORGETFULNESS.

I had forgotten that Winter
Was such a harsh old king,
I had listened so long to the Summer's song,
And wandered so far with the Spring;
And the beautiful Seasons tarried
And lingered so long at my door,
And the Autumn was mild, and seemed like the child
Of the Summer that went before.

And I had forgotten that Winter
Was so cruel and cross and cold,
Though I knew that his blast would sweep down at last,
When the Autumn was withered and old;
And now over hill-top and meadow
He draperh his pitiless shroud,
And backward and forth speed the winds o' the north,
And low hangs the beetling cloud.

I had forgotten that Sorrow
Was such a withering thing,
Joy seemed so sweet, and life so complete
'Neath the shimmering shade of Joy's wing;
And Happiness lingered and loitered,
And blossomed each day in new bloom,
And my rests were so deep, rocked in beautiful sleep,
And my dreams were of warmth and perfume.

And I had forgotten that Sorrow
Held so much of terrible pain,
Though I knew by-and-by that my sweet Joy might die,
And that Sorrow might seek me again;
And now I lie under its shadow,
And walk with my harrowing grief:
Will the Summer come back o'er the desolate track
And bring to me balm and relief?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

☞ *Our next Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with a great variety of patterns and illustrations of Ladies' Ball and Evening Toilettes, House and Street Dresses, Opera Cloaks and Hoods, Lace Blouse-Waists and Jackets, Fichus, Collars, and Under-sleeves; Boys', Girls', and Infants' Suits; Fancy Articles, etc.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page* 111 *of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

A SERIOUS SOCIAL EVIL.

WE are not among those who believe that it is essential to society, as now constituted, that one part of mankind should prey upon the other. If we were, we should not hesitate a moment in lending our aid to the disorganizers in their efforts to demolish the present social structure. That the interests of one class, however, are being constantly sacrificed for the temporary advantage and convenience of another, no one can doubt; but this is not a defect inherent in the constitution, but a wrong committed by the members, of society. The chief ill-doers, in this respect, are the wealthy idlers, who, disinclined to and incapacitated for labor, impose their own natural obligations upon others.

Of the many guilty, there is not one whose act is more mischievous than that of the fashionable mother who transfers the nurture of her child from her own to a stranger's breast. This is ordinarily done with a cool indifference, which, as far as it indicates an unconsciousness of the fatal consequences, may be allowed to extenuate the social offense.

The mother of opulence and luxury thinks, doubtless, that her responsibility ends with the payment of the full month's wages and an abundant supply of vicarious infantile nourishment in the shape of beef and pudding to the nurse. She never gives a thought to the little one who has been wrenched from its natural source of life, to make way for the nursling of wealth, that it may fatten upon the other's rightful substance. She may perchance get a sight—but such sights are rare—of the nurse's child, when she will not fail to notice the contrast between its shrinking meagreness and the roundness of her own fortunate infant, expanding with its stolen nutriment. Neglect and want of proper food soon produce their natural effect, and the nurse's child, daily wasting away, finally dies, while the infant who has despoiled it of its rights strengthens constantly and lives. Here is evidently a case of murder. Who is the criminal? We do not hesitate to mark the woman of fashion as the guilty person. She deliberately, by her habits of life, has either unfitted herself for her maternal duties, or become averse to them. Conscious that she can bribe by her riches the mother of the poor to neglect her own offspring for the care of hers, she does not hesitate to assume maternal obligations, for the performance of the most wearying of which a substitute can be so readily hired. The consequence is, almost inevitably, the death of the child which is deprived of its natural support. To call an act of this kind, which is constantly and deliberately repeated, a social evil, is being too mealy-mouthed. It is murder.

The wealthy and luxurious mothers in England—and they are not without imitators, we fear, in this country—are willing, it would seem, not only indirectly to commit infanticide, which is the inevitable result of the practice, but directly to encourage the ruin of the virtue of the poor of their own sex for the sake of obtaining for their children what their vicious habits prevent themselves from supplying. There is not a daily London *Times* published which does not contain this and similar advertisements: "A wet-nurse wanted—a single woman preferred."

The meaning of this is obvious. "A single woman preferred," because she is less likely to be diverted by family obligations and the care of her illegitimate offspring, that she designedly neglects, from the nursling to which her employer, with a natural selfishness, would desire exclusively to confine her attention. Thus to the crime of murder is to be added that of encouraging the sacrifice of female virtue, as the consequence of the refusal of women of society to perform their natural duties.

We are not willfully closing our eyes to those exceptional cases where, without any fault of the mother, it may be necessary to transfer the nursing of her infant to another. When such occur, as they are comparatively few, there would be no difficulty, probably, in finding women to serve as wet-nurses who have lost their own children. If they can not be found, then a vigorous person should be selected, capable of sustaining not only her own child—who should never be separated from her—but that of the disabled mother.

With a more prudent consideration of the obligations of motherhood before assuming them, a better preparation, a judicious physical education for their performance, and a resolute resistance to the enervating habits of fashion, there would be less disposition to shirk a duty the neglect of which, if not a premeditated crime, is certainly *a serious social evil.*

WHAT WOMEN LIKE.

WHEN women accept for husbands men of such various kinds, it would seem that they are guided by no uniform canon of taste or law of selection in their preference of any particular individuals of the male sex. This appears to be so if we judge only from marriage; but the satirists tell us that it is impossible to form any conception of a modern woman's liking from the character of him to whom she gives herself for life. The mocking Frenchmen declare that their devious damsels prefer not to marry those whom they like, and in a caricature by the famous CHAM, in which two marriageable girls are represented as conferring together as to their matrimonial prospects, one says, "A and B have proposed." "Which one do you like?" asks the other. "B." is the answer. "Then you'll marry A, of course," rejoins her companion.

We do not believe that our damsels have yet arrived at this perfection of the matrimonial art, and we hope they never may; but it is quite certain that it is often impossible to detect their tastes in the choice they make. It can not be possible that old and shriveled Tenpercent, with hardly any body left, and whose soul has long since departed, could have excited the least liking in that blooming girl of eighteen who consented to become Mrs. Tenpercent. We doubt, moreover, if the spindle-shanked and brainless Jackanapes is the beau-ideal of beauty and intellect in the estimation of his shrewd and handsome wife. There are so many ill-matched couples that we can not conceive it possible that taste has had any thing to do with joining them; and we must infer that convenience and prudential considerations are the main impulses of human pairing, which ordinarily gives proof of a great deal more of the wisdom of the serpent than of the gentleness of the dove.

Women, however, though they may not always indicate them in the choice of their husbands, have very decided preferences among men. It might be supposed that mere masculine beauty of form and feature would be sure of commanding a woman's attention and securing her affection; but all experience disproves this. Some of the most successful suitors of the female sex have been noted for their ugliness. The coarse, distorted face of the fierce MIRABEAU, the leering eye and slavering mouth of the lustful WILKES, and the dwarfed, skulking figure of the intriguing BURR, were no obstacles to their wooing and winning the most beautiful women. WILKES boasted, while he confessed himself the ugliest man in England, that he only required half an hour's talk with a woman to get the better of the handsomest fellow in the company. It was certainly not the beauty of face or figure which was the attraction that drew women to the embrace of these ugly but noted men. It has been said that "women dearly love a rake;" and if rakishness is an essential ingredient of the objects of their love, they found it certainly in perfection in those famous Lotharios.

Woman's reputed affection for rakes we reject as a slander; and whatever success they have obtained we attribute not to the bad but the good qualities of these freebooters. What pleases woman in man above all things is his devotion to her. The failure of the handsome fellow to gain her affection is thus easily accounted for. He is sure to be a coxcomb, and so absorbed in the contemplation of his own personal attractions as to give little heed to those of the other sex. The ugly gallant is not diverted by any self-admiration from his devoirs to female beauty, and thus gives up his whole soul to its worship; and, whatever may be his shortcomings in other respects, he is forgiven, and receives the full reward of the faithful.

Women, too, are apt to take fondly to those men who are notable. They are ambitious; and by associating themselves with those who are distinguished, they seem to share in their brilliancy of reputation. Leaders of the people, such as MIRABEAU and WILKES, are surrounded by just that kind of *éclat* which dazzles the eye of woman and lures her on.

The physiologists tell us that the natural predilection of man and woman for each other is based upon a law of contrasts. According to this *dictum* the fat and thin, tall and short, the light and dark, should be always paired together. There is no doubt that if human matches were made with the same regard to the improvement of the breed as are alliances among the brutes, there would be a different rule of selection of husbands and wives than is generally followed, and to the probable advantage of the race as regards health, if not happiness. Then many of those who are now considered the most desirable on the marriageable list would be probably erased altogether—some as too old, others as too young, and many for some defect of nature or weakness of disease. There is no doubt, too, that there would be less matrimonial incompatibility than there is if the fair sex would follow their natural instincts with more courage, and really choose in man *what women like.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Wearing the Motley.

MY DEAR JOEL,—On the day of the great snow-storm this winter—and it is long since we have had so genuine a winter day—I was going up town, beating against the wind, slipping and stumbling, but not unhappy, when my umbrella struck some impediment rather violently; and, turning it aside, I saw that I had encountered a man in an extraordinary suit of parti-colored garments, wearing a cap of the most grotesque form, like an exaggerated clown's cap. There were ribbons and feathers and streamers of all kinds; and the long robe about his body was painted with the advertisement of a superior snuff, while clusters of handbills setting forth the virtues of the snuff hung at his waist and at his elbows. It was the most absurd of figures; but its effect was curiously heightened by the expression of the man's face, which was not at all that of a clown, but was so weary and sad that I instantly thought of Dickens's "Dr. Marigold," the cheap Jack, and his touching story. In Broadway, as in the longer journey of life, my dear Joel, when the laugh begins you can not be sure that it will not end in a tear.

The good man, of course, was a walking advertisement. His grotesque garb was intended to catch the eyes of the passengers, and to sell the snuff which was celebrated all over him. It is an honest profession that of this motley-wearer, and I hope it is profitable. If he were covered with snuff, it was not to the injury of his health; and I do not doubt he would gladly cry "God bless you!" to every body who took a pinch. He sauntered slowly along, that he who walked might read, and learn by what particular brand to titillate his nostrils most cheaply and most satisfactorily. But I could not help thinking that it is a hard fate which requires a man to become outwardly ridiculous—to make himself "a motley to the view"—in order to feed his wife and children; and I wondered whether he preserved his self-respect, and cared no more for the cap and the ribbons and the advertisement of the snuff than a duck for the water dropped upon its back. I fancied him going home and laying off that ridiculous robe, as a broker returns to his family, and leaves the cares and troubles of stocks and gold, and the goring of "bulls" and the hugging of "bears" behind him down town, or as the clown throws off his cap and bells, and kisses the children, and humbly says grace for the frugal fare which the wearing of that cap provides.

But as I strode along, reflecting a little upon the fate that condemned a man to wear the motley for a living, and rather pitying the honest man who, in the way of business, sauntered in the snow as if he had been a poet loitering through June clover fields, I asked myself whether, if we pitied him, what feeling we ought to cherish for those who deliberately choose the motley as a wear? For I heard just then a most musical jangling of sleigh-bells, and looking up, I saw a small sleigh, overhung with superb furs. There was a horse very gorgeously caparisoned; and so ostentatiously extravagant was the appearance of the whole that, meeting young Gadder at the same moment, I asked, "Whose is that?" and young Gadder answered, with a laugh, "Don't you know that? why, that is Flute's team—Francis Flute, the bellows-mender." "Oh yes," said I, "I see. That's his way of wearing the motley!"

His object, you understand, my dear Joel, was precisely that of Mr. Piper, the great dealer in snuff. I suppose that Mr. Flute would not like to be called the colleague of that queer, ridiculous figure. But why is he not? Mr. Piper dresses up this man in this absurd costume to call attention to his snuff. Mr. Flute drives out with this extravagant and comical display to call attention to his bellows-mending. They are both advertisements. Mr. Flute wears the motley as certainly as my friend in the grotesque garb, whose name, upon inquiry, I learn to be Mugger. He looks with great interest at his brother motley in the superb sleigh, and I hope when brother Flute reaches home and steps out of that superb little sleigh, as brother Mugger steps out of *his* advertisement, that he will kiss Mrs. Flute and the children, and say grace over his family banquet as humbly as Mugger over his thin gruel. It is an honest business, this wearing the motley, I can not deny. Grimaldi and Mugger and Francis Flute all do it in the way of trade. They make themselves conspicuous to earn their bread and butter. But there is this difference—that Mugger can scarcely earn his bread alone, and without any butter, while Francis Flute earns cake and turtle soup and the very choicest Champagne; at least he pays the price of that liquor, but I suspect it can be traced to the Newark vineyards. There is also this further difference—that Mugger is hired to wear motley, and does not choose it as a profession, while Francis Flute adopts it gladly; and while poor Mugger is not proud of being seen with his fantastic cap and streamers at his elbows, the rich Flute solicits attention to his ribbons, and evidently rejoices greatly that he is stared at.

Indeed, there is a great deal of wonder and laughter wasted upon my friend Mugger, as if he monopolized the wearing of motley. But I am more and more persuaded that he is only like the rest of us. I saw Lucilla smiling with amusement as she passed him, and I have no doubt from her expression that she was telling Henrico, who joined her, what a droll figure she had seen. But, my dear Lucilla, if you could only see yourself as Henrico and I see you, you would not need to spend your mirth upon Mugger. Your body is thrown forward from the waist, and you have a huge kind of balloon behind, and clumsy braids of somebody else's hair hanging from the back of your head. And your body is so bent and your feet so squeezed that you hobble—or wobble, as the rude boys say—instead of walk; and you have ribbons and streamers and fringes and cords and chains and trinkets hung all about you. If you think Mugger ridiculous from his motley apparel, what can you think of yourself, I wonder, dear Lucilla?

And you do it with the same purpose as his. It is to excite attention in both cases. Ah, my dear young lady, do you remember that the air is foul when we perceive it, that water is impure when we detect a flavor, and do you not know that the gentleman and the lady are they who are least remarked for their costume? When your sister Julia, my dear Joel, was young, she wore a plain white muslin dress when she went to balls, and every body said, "What a fresh and lovely girl Miss Julia is!" Now I observe she wears prodigious clothes, and every body says, "What a superb dress Mrs. Julia wore!" I wish they would say, "What a delightful woman Mrs. Julia is!" For when they speak of her clothes chiefly, I know that it is her clothes which make the chief impression, and I know also that she wears them for that very purpose. She wishes to attract observation. That is, she wears the motley.

But, my dear Joel, when Mugger's costume, which is an advertisement of snuff, or Flute's sleigh, which is an advertisement of bellows-mending, has persuaded you to buy a pound or so, or to send your best bellows to be repaired, do you find that the snuff is necessarily superior, or that your bellows is as good as new? And I should like to ask Henrico, but I hardly dare, whether he finds that when Lucilla's motley has called attention to her, that attention is more richly rewarded than by other ladies who do not advertise in the same way? But why should she advertise at all who has nothing to sell? Does she not know that advertisements are for dealers who wish to attract attention to their wares? Flute drives that equipage that he may mend bellows, and Piper dresses out poor Mugger that he may sell snuff. But Lucilla is not a merchant, and she should beware. If she wears the motley she displays an advertisement, and she invites the question, "What have *you* to sell?"

Besides, there is a feeling, Joel, which is quite universal, that while all merchants may properly advertise, there is yet a kind of advertisement which betrays the charlatan, and that kind is wearing the motley. Whether you do it by another, as in Piper's case, or in your own person, as in Francis Flute's, you forfeit a certain respect. The inconsolable widow may honestly continue the business at the old stand, but she had better not advertise the fact upon her husband's tombstone. The man who wore the motley in the courts of kings was a jester, you remember; he was the fool. The fact has never been forgotten; and although the fashion of motley changes continually, yet the substance is always recognized, and the wearer is ranked accordingly. When you meet a quack doctor in his wonderful costume, at which every body stares, if you could see the thought in the mind of the shrewdest observer who watches him, it

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would be, "All that queer clothing is motley, and the wearer is a fool." Is that the same feeling, I wonder, with which we survey Lucilla's fine feathers? Do we really think, as we see her, that all her silks and laces and jewels are mere motley, and that she is a f—l! It is a kind of logic which it is not for me to press. But I do sometimes think that it seems to be almost unavoidable.

And would you expect to find poor Mugger's costume in the pulpit? Yet you often may. Yes, and how often in the newspapers! Mugger is the way in which we say in New York, "In the name of the Prophet—figs!" His garb is intended to arrest universal attention, and then to say—snuff! Even so have I seen a young gentleman writing for the pulpit or for the press the most extravagant periods. Epithets and "spasmodic" superlatives and gyrations into the clouds, like those of some modern poets which Mr. Bryant says that he can not possibly follow, are all accumulated, as it were, into vast piles of sound; but the thing said is only pitiful. He runs until he is out of breath, as if he were going to leap over the sun, and then steps quietly across a bar. Dear Joel, it is a hard necessity to wear motley as Mugger does, because it is the only alternative. But to choose it and cultivate it and elaborate it and glorify it as Flute does—that is to be proud of folly, and glad to be considered a charlatan. There are many fellow-travelers whom we pity. Let us hope that we shall have none whom we must despise. Yours,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MILLINERY.

MILLINERS have no fear of a dearth of fashions for the next season. Some of the leading French milliners and modistes—among them Virot, Worth, and Pingat—have made Brussels their head-quarters for the present, and are now busily engaged preparing the spring styles. This French prestige will make Brussels fashions popular, and thus dispose of the idea, so disconcerting to American ladies, of depending on London for models and novelties. The wholesale buyers of millinery who are now in Europe report that their importations will be much as usual. There may not be so great a variety of styles, or such abundance of material, but there will be many rich, beautiful, and withal novel things, designed with the same taste that always distinguishes French millinery.

Bonnets have become visible, tangible things, large enough to form a covering for the head, and are likely to increase in size. The close half-gipsy, half-cottage shapes will remain in vogue, and are gradually superseding round hats. They are universally becoming, and, ladies say, have "character," are distinguished-looking, and are quite as convenient as round hats, since they fit the head closely, and may be removed without disarranging the hair. Gipsies are not worn as far forward as formerly. They show a little of the parted hair above the forehead, and fit snugly over the top of the drooping chatelaine of massive plaits.

A glimpse inside a milliner's rose-wood cabinets shows the bonnets for receptions and visiting called for at this season. They are of light colors, palest rose, sky blue, and mauve, without a single white one in their midst. Royale and cut velvet are the fabrics; white tulle, lace, ostrich feathers, and flowers, the trimmings. One of rose pink royale has a barbe of point d'Alençon for trimming, while the plain crown is almost covered with eglantine, a single wild rose blossom, and a vine of bronzed leaves and buds. A second gipsy, of sky blue velvet, has long velvet strings two inches wide, to tie under the chin. A puff of white tulle over a velvet band forms the face trimming. A standing frill of lace around the crown is surmounted by a blue ostrich tip that falls forward from behind. Streamers of white tulle droop on the chatelaine.

Ladies who buy three or four bonnets at once supply themselves with one of black lace for intermediate seasons. Nothing can be handsomer for late winter and early spring. These are extremely stylish when trimmed with ostrich tips of Nile green, blue, or rose-color, instead of the tea-roses and pink flowers so long worn. Ladies who object to any color permit richly carved jets and a black ostrich tip for garniture.

Chip and English straw gipsies, trimmed with black velvet and ostrich tips, are heralded by importers for regular spring wear. Some of these have a straw curtain or cape, others will have a velvet curtain, and again others leave the chatelaine exposed. Black straws will also be used, and not smooth straws only, but the serviceable rough-and-ready. Later in the season velvet and feathers will be too heavy, and thick repped ribbons, with the fine French flowers now so little used, will be restored. Very large flowers, especially great crushed roses with browned leaves, will be stylish; also wreaths and clustered vines of violets and ivy. Donna Maria gauze, black, white, and colored, will also be used on spring straws in the way of ruches and scarfs.

COIFFURES.

Ostrich feathers are fashionable for head-dresses. They are mixed with fine laces for elderly ladies, while single tips are placed amidst the braids and curls of younger ladies. At the Charity Ball a stately lady in black velvet and point lace had her silvery gray hair—more beautiful in its natural color than antique powder could have made it—arranged with a Pompadour roll above the forehead and a thick chatelaine. Her exquisite coiffure was of Nile green ostrich tips, covering the crown of the head, and a barbe of round point forming streamers behind.

The hair is worn less frizzed and fluffy than it has been. Above a low, broad forehead the hair should be smoothly rolled back in the Pompadour fashion. Higher foreheads have the front hair waved rather than frizzed, and an inch of the part showing in front of the bonnet. The chatelaine, if false, is fastened by a comb very far forward on the head, and is no longer surrounded by the coronet braid once so fashionable, as that gives a stiff, full, rounded appearance to the coiffure, when, in order to be stylish, it should have a flat, careless look, showing the contour of the head, and seeming to be natural hair. The chatelaine must be very slender, that it may not protrude at the sides behind the ears. The side lock above each ear is worn very long, pointing backward quite to the end of the ear. A bow is worn in the centre above the forehead to conceal the fastening of the chatelaine. For sleighing-parties, skating, and for the semi-dress of matinées, very young ladies who have an abundance of hair continue to braid it, school-girl fashion, in two long hanging plaits tied with ribbon a few inches above the ends, which are crimped and left flowing. Ladies of fashion in Europe find fault with the chatelaine that is worn so low behind as to soil the dress, and are returning to classic styles, modeling their coiffures after those of antique statues. The most successful imitation is of the beautiful head of Psyche—with the slightly waved hair low on the forehead, drawn back from the temples, and confined by a fillet of ribbons, while clustered ringlets fall back from the top of the head. It is predicted that we will return to the purely Greek style—a severely plain Grecian twist at the back and smooth bands in front.

VARIETIES.

Crinoline, or rather the hoop-skirt, is superseded by the tournure. This tournure, or bridle, is made very large, rising high about the hips, and extending the dress skirts to such a size that they hang away from the person, and look as round as if hoops were worn. Dress skirts, to fall gracefully over the tournure, must be made very full behind and at the sides.

Among the rich garnitures in vogue abroad are elaborate passementeries that cover the entire front breadth of black silk dresses. Fern leaves and lilies of the valley, made of cord gimp interspersed with jet, form the tablier on the short under-skirt. A border of corresponding design surrounds the train and extends up each seam, graduating narrower toward the waist. The postillion, vest, and broad cuffs are trimmed to match.

English ladies wear plain skirts of quilted satin as lower skirts of walking costumes. A few have been worn here bordered with fur. They look rich and warm, yet have not proved popular. For plain suits and wet weather, skirts of water-proof tweed are used either as Balmorals or for outside skirts.

White poplin or wool repped costumes are the latest novelty. They are imported as upper dresses to be worn over black velvet skirts, with vest, collars, cuffs, and bows of velvet for trimming.

Black velvet and, indeed, many rich silk dresses are made with untrimmed demi-trained skirts. With corsages very richly trimmed and dressily made, these plain skirts have a graceful effect. If a more elaborate toilette is desired, a lace shawl is draped to form an over-skirt. Low, square-necked basques, like an illustration of which the pattern is given in No. XII. of the Supplement of the last *Bazar*, are made of black velvet, and worn with any dress trimmed with velvet. These add a very rich appearance to plain dresses.

One of the few novel materials introduced this season is the sultana gauze for evening dresses. It is all silk Chambery gauze, with a strip of China crape woven in it. The "Moraboul" gauze has a thick silk stripe. "Creole" gauze, in favor with very young ladies, has very fine lines of a darker shade than the ground. These gauzes are fashionable for evening dresses. They are made over silk slips, and trimmed with black velvet bows. Those of straw-color and of pink are very handsome.

Ostrich feather bands and swan's-down trim rich evening dresses of creamy white silk, or of pale, faint color.

The favorite fur jackets are those made of seal-skin. The handsomest have a sable or otter border. Black marten continues to be the fashionable trimming fur.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames PAGE; and FERRERO; and Messrs. BALLARD, HALLEY, & Co.; and JOHNSON, BURNS, & Co.

PERSONAL.

H. W. CUSHMAN, late Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, entertained a desire that his name should descend "to the latest period of recorded time," and therefore put it in his will that, after the death of his widow, the sum of $10,000 should be given to the first town in the State, of not less than one thousand inhabitants, that should take his family name. In case Massachusetts should disdain the seductive bribe, then any town in the broad expanse of our common and quite glorious country may have the desiderated amount by becoming "Cushman." The money will probably be claimed within a week or two.

—The death of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *père*, has so deeply affected the son that he has become quite melancholy, and retired altogether from literary pursuits. That other eminent literary man, VICTOR HUGO, remains in Paris, full of pluck and confidence (his two sons with him, who are cannoneers), and writes hopeful "balloon" letters to his "dear little sister."

—Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR, who died a few days since in Boston, at the ripe age of fourscore, was one of the most thoroughly accomplished literary scholars America has produced. He lived much abroad in early and middle life, and was the personal friend of ROGERS, SOUTHEY, BYRON, SCOTT, MACKINTOSH, GOETHE, SCHLEGEL, Madame DE STAEL, and others notable in the world of letters. He spoke fluently the French, Spanish, German, and Italian languages. His "History of Spanish Literature" is one of the finest works in the language.

—Another of the female benefactors of the time is the late SOPHIA SMITH, of Hatfield, who has left the sum of about $400,000 to found a female college. This sort of thing is becoming one of the characteristics of the day. If it goes on, we shall soon have a half-million schoolhouse in every county.

—Enthusiastic gentleman in St. Louis. Bought large basket of flowers. Went to NILSSON concert. Walked up to foot-lights. Gave basket to NILSSON. Inner circle of basket had camellias. In centre was monogram, with the words "You Angel" worked with violets on double white primroses. He was a good man, was that man.

—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has supported at least one poor student in his Alma Mater, the University of Georgia, ever since early manhood.

—Mr. HORACE B. CLAFLIN, who is the head of the most extensive dry-goodsery in America, is a gentleman of fifty-eight years of age, of a refined and delicate mould, alert of body and mind, and, although a strict disciplinarian, enjoys in a very high degree the confidence and esteem of his subordinates. He is a mellow, accessible man, of large and judicious charity, but quiet and unassuming. His liberality in adjusting claims against insolvent debtors is proverbial. He commenced business in New York in 1843, passed safely through the crisis of 1857, and now occupies probably the finest building devoted to mercantile purposes in the world—80 feet wide by 375 feet long, seven stories in height, including basements. The number of men employed in the different departments of the establishment is over seven hundred. He is a member of the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S church, in Brooklyn.

—The most notable of New York's millionaires have overstepped the Scriptural threescore years and ten—Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR being about seventy-eight, Commodore VANDERBILT seventy-six, PETER COOPER seventy-nine, GEORGE LAW seventy-three, DANIEL DREW seventy-one. All these gentlemen live plain, regular, healthful lives, and make no effort to dazzle in what is humorously designated "society." With the exception of Mr. ASTOR, all commenced life with a conspicuous want of pence.

—FANNY ELLSLER, who poised, pirouetted, and jigged through the U. S. some years ago, is now enjoying what a druggist describes as her "opium cum digitalis" on her large fortune, and leading a life of lazy luxury in one of the effete monarchies of Europe.

—Ex-Governor ASHLEY has been giving some pleasant reminiscences of ex-Senator and Secretary THOMAS CORWIN—one of the most charming men that ever shone in Washington. His peculiar humor made him a general favorite among all parties. He was never without a kind word or witty expression to relieve the embarrassments and asperities often engendered by party strife. When he spoke, every part of his person spoke, and his powers of ridicule left small chance for reply. His mobility of feature was very remarkable, giving point and effectiveness to his sentiments. He was a man of simple nature, and remarkably abstemious in his habits. Mr. ASHLEY never saw him indulge even in a glass of wine at dinner. He had ambition, but it was not arrogant or selfish. His first aim was to excel as a debater. That he wished to be President, and at one time labored for it, is doubtless true; but the failure did not trouble or sour him, as it has so many. He will ever have a place among our distinguished men. Mr. ASHLEY saw him, in the midst of a story with which he was entertaining a party at Washington, stricken with apoplexy and death.

—General BLAIR, the newly elected United States Senator from Missouri, and General LOGAN, just elected to the same body from Illinois, each commanded a corps of GRANT'S army at Vicksburg. Both had been members of Congress. LOGAN went into the war a Democrat, and is now elected as a Republican Senator. BLAIR went in a Republican, and is now elected as a Democrat. Such is the vivacity of the American character!

—Bishop M'ILVAINE of Ohio, who stands second on the list of bishops of the Episcopal Church in the United States, Bishop SMITH of Kentucky being first, says that of all the bishops consecrated before himself not one is living, and of those consecrated with him, thirty-nine years ago, only one is living.

—Chief Justice CHASE, though in rather feeble health, is nevertheless able to walk about the house, and occasionally to take a short walk from his lodgings, just off Fifth Avenue. His old political friends drop in for a friendly chat, and he is quite cheerful. He seems to have abandoned all Presidential aspirations; and should the bill now pending in Congress pass, continuing the salaries of judges resigning because of ill-health, he will probably retire from the bench. Judge CHASE is not an opulent man. He has about $100,000, the interest of which is scarcely sufficient to enable him to live as nicely as he would like.

—Of the Rev. Dr. HOUGHTON, whose name is just now topmost on the wave of general talk, a gentleman, writing to Boston, says: "Except the laborers at the Five Points, he is better acquainted with the sorrowing ones of New York than any other clergyman. A distinguished organist took to drink to such a degree that he was unfit for his position. When every body cast him off Dr. HOUGHTON took him up and tried to save him. For several months he took care of him on Saturday nights, that he might be fit to play on Sunday, and not become a beggar. A clergyman of very brilliant talents, of fine family connections, became intemperate, and was shunned and discarded by all. In his distress and disgrace he called on the benevolent clergyman, who took him in, furnished him with a comfortable room in the tower of his church, gave him a chance to reform, and held on him to the last. Such a man would allow no human being to want for the consolation of religion while living, nor would he wound the feelings of relatives, however a man might die."

—Few people have any idea of the extent to which life-insurance is effected on the lives of men of wealth. In the city of New York alone there are twenty-two persons who are insured for various sums from $100,000 to $300,000. CYRUS W. FIELD has an anchor of this sort to windward for nearly a quarter of a million; DANIEL DREW, for several hundred thousand; HORACE GREELEY, $75,000; the late WILLIAM W. CORNELL had $125,000; JAMES BROWN, the banker, $100,000. The writer is acquainted with a gentleman who, many years ago, when young, effected a large insurance on his life, and as his income increased added to the insurance, until it now reaches $100,000. The life-insurance companies are great advertisers, and, having found profit in it, can exclaim with that superior female, Mrs. Partington, "Sweet are the uses of advertisements!"

—Never, probably, has there occurred a more touching and beautiful decease than that of Mrs. THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, widow of the prominent ex-Canadian minister. Last week she was found dead, kneeling, with her prayer-book in her hand, evidently having died amidst her devotions.

—Professor MOSES COIT TYLER, who listened to the San Domingo debate in the U. S. Senate, thinks that in point of ability it was better sustained than the higher debates, as a whole, in the House of Commons, to many of which he had listened during several sessions. He had heard greater single speeches in Parliament, but not so grand an encounter of great minds. The Professor says: "Of Mr. SUMNER'S part in it I will only say this, that, badgered and struck at from all sides, he bore himself as grandly, with as much nobility of tone, and as much pluck and persistence, as would have been shown under the same circumstances by Mr. GLADSTONE, whose counterpart, indeed, he is, not only in parliamentary position, but in many of the forces and even limitations of personal endowment. Among the assailants of Mr. SUMNER by far the most effective and brilliant was ROSCOE CONKLING, with a mastery of eloquent and sarcastic expression which constantly reminded me of the Marquis of Salisbury, the greatest debater at present in the House of Lords. On the whole, I was greatly captivated by Senator Thurman, of Ohio, who, as an orator in debate, with some points of difference from JOHN BRIGHT, has also several very striking points of resemblance to that stalwart English statesman. His manner is not so polished as is JOHN BRIGHT'S, and it is far more vigorous than JOHN BRIGHT'S manner has been of late years; but Senator THURMAN, like JOHN BRIGHT, is really a master of terse Saxon sentences—pungent, direct, and unerring. He has the same raciness of humor, the same quickness in witty reply, the same vigor in attack, the same never-failing courtesy in interlocution with his opponents, and he stands upon the floor with the same square and hearty manner of speech."

—A daughter of Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE has just been married to Mr. ANAGNOS, a Greek.

—Hon. DAVID SEARS, of Boston, who in point of wealth is to that city what Mr. ASTOR is to New York, has just deceased at the age of eighty-four. He was a graduate of Harvard, and started in life by inheriting a few fortunes, one of which was $800,000. He was a peculiar man, especially in his views of piety; and having a notion to establish a religion of his own, built a church at Longwood—a fashionable settlement in Brookline—and prepared a book of worship to carry out the SEARS idea. He had a large number of children, one of whom, ELLEN, was married in Montreux, Switzerland, in 1837, to M. GONZALVE D'HAUTEVILLE, of Hauteville, a military officer, son of Baron D'HAUTEVILLE. The parties first met each other at a reception in Paris; both were attracted to each other, both loved each other, and they were finally married, to the disgust, as it afterward proved, of the parents of the girl. In 1838, Mrs. D'HAUTEVILLE, with her husband's consent, came to Boston on a temporary visit; and, without any just cause, she refused to return to him, or had been prevented from doing so; and in a few months following she gave birth to a child, whose custody he claimed. In 1839 the husband came to Boston, and engaged in a fruitless attempt to recover his wife. He instituted a suit to recover the child, and the trial at the time caused great scandal. The child was a boy—a Swiss boy; and the suit finally resulted in the husband, who had been cruelly separated from his wife, being denied the custody of the child. All the other daughters and the sons married into respectable families.

—Cardinal ANTONELLI writes to the Austrian government that the only basis of adjustment between the government of Italy and the Pope is the complete restoration of the Papal States. ANTONELLI is now sixty-five years of age. He was made a cardinal-deacon in 1847 by PIUS IX., under the title of St. Agatha. He is not only Secretary of State to the Pope, but President of the Council of Ministers, Prefect of the Sacred Apostolic Palaces, and of the Sacred Congregation of Loretto and of the Consulta. He controls all formal and official transactions, and influences all matters relating to the diplomatic intercourse of the Papal court with the rest of the world. In 1865 he resigned the Premiership, but the Pope refused to accept the resignation.

—The short of it is that General TOM THUMB and Mrs. THUMB arrived at Madras on the 3d of January, on their little tour throughout those parts.

—Major JOHN P. SHELDON, a veteran printer, editor, and a man of influence in political matters, died on the 19th ult. at his home in Wisconsin. He was a fellow journeyman-printer with THURLOW WEED in Utica in 1814, and afterward worked with A. G. DANBY, who still lives, hale and hearty, in Utica, and is the best-preserved man of his years in the country. Mr. SHELDON removed at an early day to Detroit, and became a warm personal and political friend of General CASS. Nearly forty years ago he was appointed superintendent of the lead mines west of the Mississippi, which he held up to the time of his decease.

—Mr. J. T. ALEXANDER has sold his little 27,000-acre farm in Champaign County, Illinois, to some Eastern gentlemen for the sum of $650,000. He retains his little patch of 8000 acres in Morgan County, which, with the stock on it, is worth over $1,000,000.

—The Hon. Mrs. YELVERTON (Lady AVONMORE) has purchased a farm in Missouri, and written to her friends in England that the remainder of her life will be spent in the quiet retirement of her Western home. Being a widow, it is not improbable that some gallant Missourian will, in the peculiar dialect of that people, "go" for her, and induce her to change her name, if not her local habitation.

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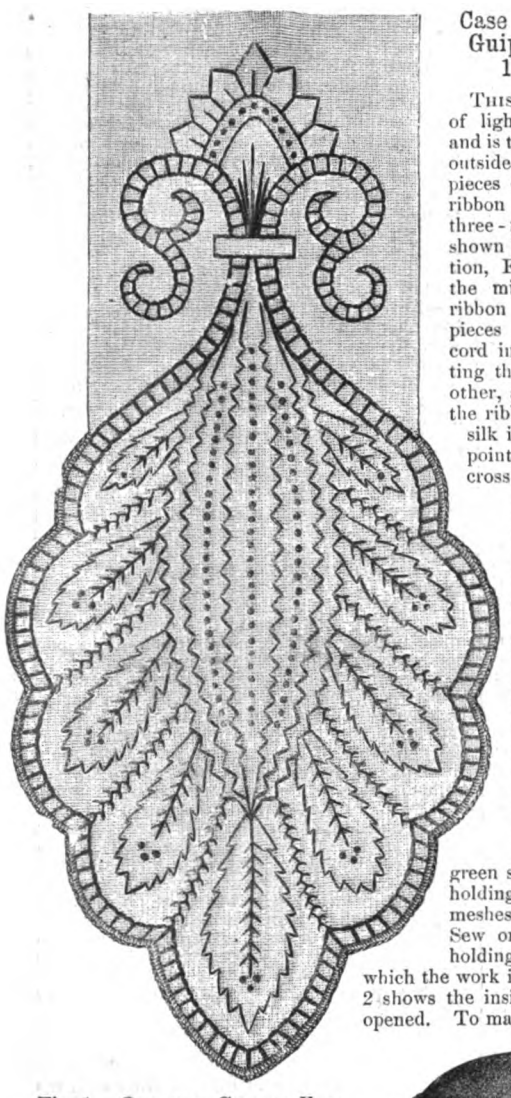


Fig. 1.—ORGANDY CRAVAT END EMBROIDERED WITH BLACK SILK IN POINT RUSSE.

Case for Netted Guipure, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS case is made of light gray cloth, and is trimmed on the outside with three pieces of green satin ribbon an inch and three-fifths wide as shown by the illustration, Fig. 1. Along the middle of each ribbon sew on two pieces of fine gold cord in scallops, letting them cross each other, and embroider the ribbon with black silk in satin stitch, point Russe, and a cross seam. Cross seams of black silk, finished with stitches of white silk, ornament the foundation on each side of the ribbon. Bind the edges of the case two-fifths of an inch wide with green satin ribbon. Green silk cord and tassels form the handle. Line the inside of the pocket with white cashmere, ornament it with a cross seam of green silk, and furnish it with bands of green satin ribbon for holding the needle, meshes, and thread. Sew on a pocket for holding the frame on which the work is spread. Fig. 2 shows the inside of the case opened. To make the case cut a piece of the material and lining sixteen inches long and twelve inches wide, and cut it out in the shape shown by Fig. 2. Embroider the material as above described, and on the straight end of the lining sew the pocket, which must be made of a double piece of cashmere and embroidered in herring-bone stitch. On the middle of the lining sew a piece of cashmere lined with crinoline, embroidered in herring-bone stitch, and furnished with bands (see Fig. 2). Bind the pocket. Turn the tabs at the length-wise edge over to the inside, and close them with a button and loop; then turn, first, the straight end with the pocket over on the inside, and afterward the flap; the case is closed by means of a button and loop. Lastly, sew on the handle as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—CASE FOR NETTED GUIPURE.—CLOSED.

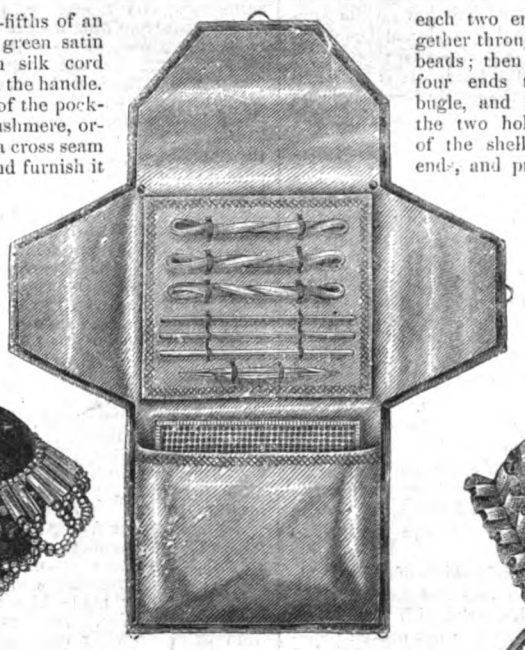


Fig. 2.—CASE FOR NETTED GUIPURE.—OPEN.

Fig. 1.—EMERY CUSHION IN WALNUT SHELL.

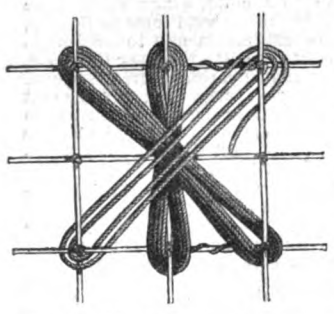


Fig. 4.—MANNER OF WORKING STAR FLOWER FOR WINDOW SCREEN.—[See Fig. 3.]

Cravat Ends, Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH of these cravats are made of organdy.

Fig. 1.—The ends of this cravat are worked with black silk in point Russe in the design shown by the illustration. Work the outer edge in button-hole stitch, and make a narrow hem on the remainder of the cravat.

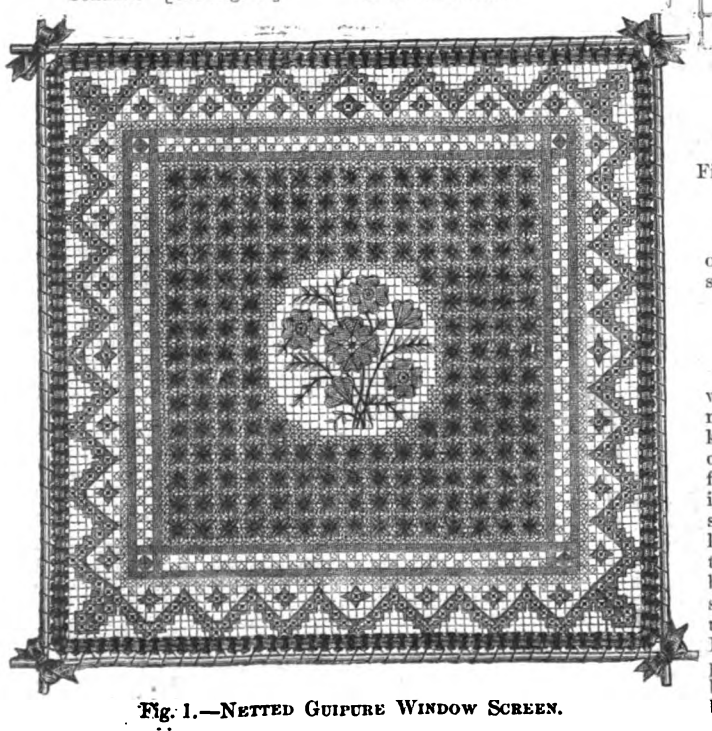


Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE WINDOW SCREEN.

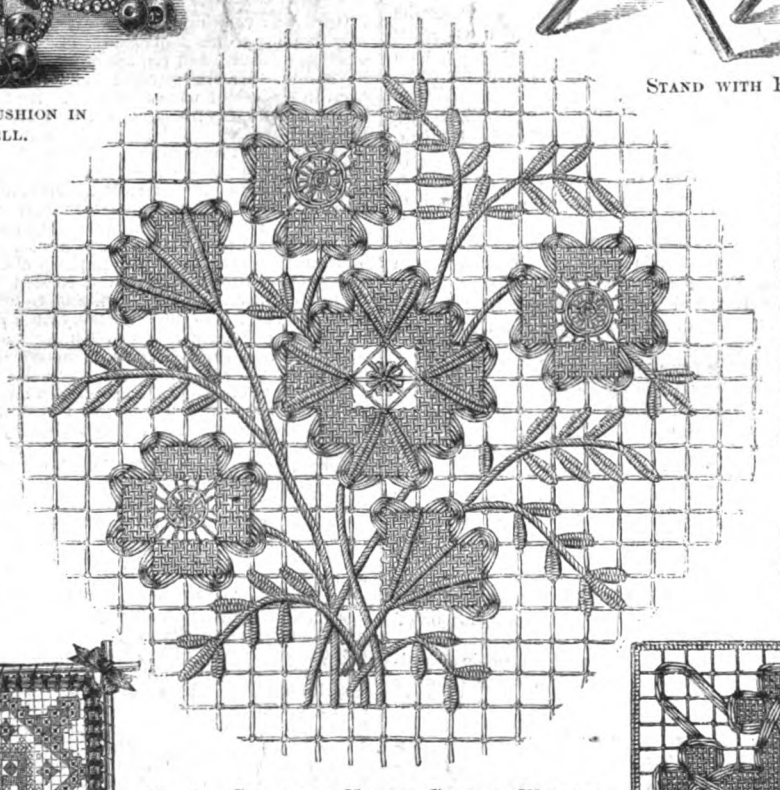
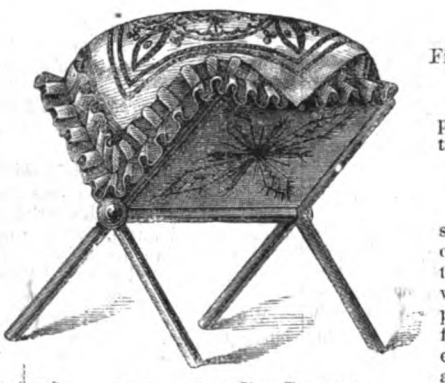


Fig. 2.—CENTRE OF NETTED GUIPURE WINDOW SCREEN.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—This cravat is of organdy, with the ends ornamented with white embroidery in the design shown by the illustration.

Emery Cushion in a Walnut Shell, Figs. 1–4.

To make this cushion half of the shell of a large walnut is required. In the middle of this shell make two small holes, scrape the inside with a knife, and coat the outside with copal varnish in order to give the shell more polish. For the four feet of the frame take four pieces of wire each nine inches and three-fifths long, double each wire, and string on five large steel beads as shown by the illustration, Fig. 4, on page 101; on each side of these five large beads string on twenty small steel beads. Twist each of the loops thus prepared as shown by Fig. 4, and pass the still free ends of the completed foot through a steel bugle (see Fig. 4, which shows the ends of one of the feet passed through the bugle). Now string small steel beads on each of the eight wire ends above the bugle, and wind the ends around the shell at equal intervals (see illustration). Of course only the part of the wire coming on the outside of the shell must be strung with steel beads, the remainder of the ends is bent over the edge and pressed to the inside of the shell (see illustration). By this means the shell is joined with the feet. To complete the foot take four more pieces of wire each two inches and four-fifths long, take up six small steel beads on each of these, slip them to the middle of the wire, and fasten each wire to a foot before and after the six beads, by winding the wire once around the foot between the 1st and 2d and 4th and 5th large steel beads. Then take up seven small beads on each end of the wires, and pass each two ends that come together through two large round beads; then pass each four and four ends through the steel bugle, and afterward through the two holes in the middle of the shell; spread out the ends, and press them to the inside of the shell. Then glue to the inside of the shell a small cushion filled with emery. The outside of the cushion must be covered with blue velvet, and trimmed all around with fringe made of small round steel beads and steel bugles, in the manner plainly indicated by the illustration, Fig. 1.



STAND WITH PIN-CUSHION.

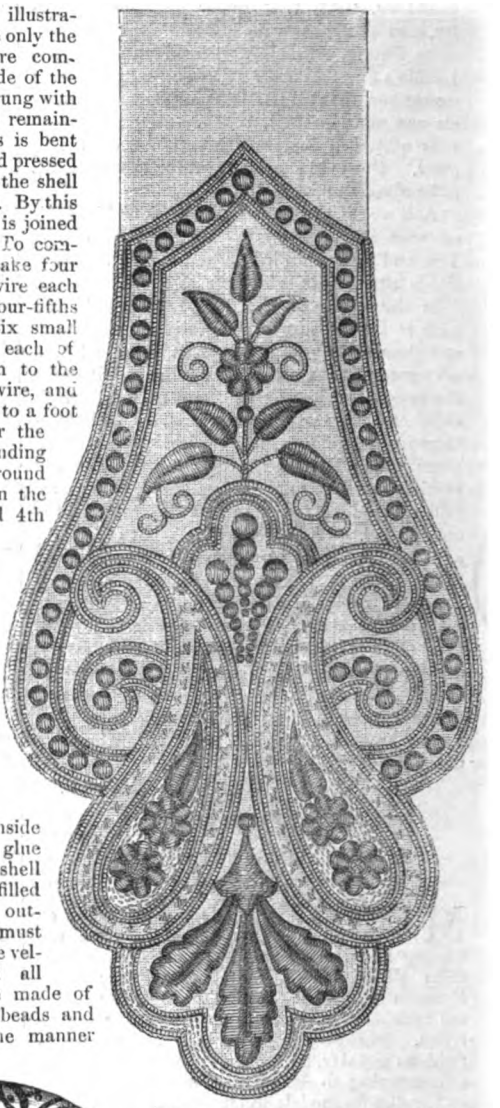


Fig. 2.—ORGANDY CRAVAT END WITH WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Stand with Pin-Cushion.

THIS cushion is fastened in a small stand made of reeds. It is covered with violet silk, and on the top is a small cover made of white cloth and embroidered in point Russe. For the stand cut four pieces of reed each four inches long, and one piece two inches and three-quarters long. Cross two and two of the longer pieces at the middle, and join them with a small brass tack. In the same manner join the short bar with the long ones (see illustration). Inside of the four upper ends place four card-board sides, each covered with violet silk, as shown by the illustration. The larger pieces are embroidered in point Russe. Inside of the frame thus prepared set a cushion stuffed with emery, the top of which is covered with violet silk, and which is ornamented with a ruche of the same and the white cover.

Netted Guipure Window Screen, Figs. 1–4.

THE frame to which the netted guipure is fastened consists of four pieces of reed each nineteen inches and

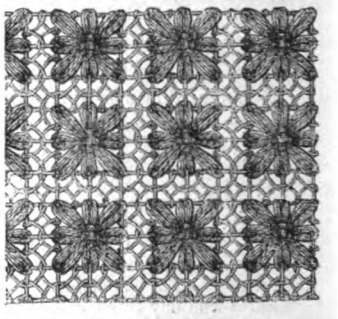
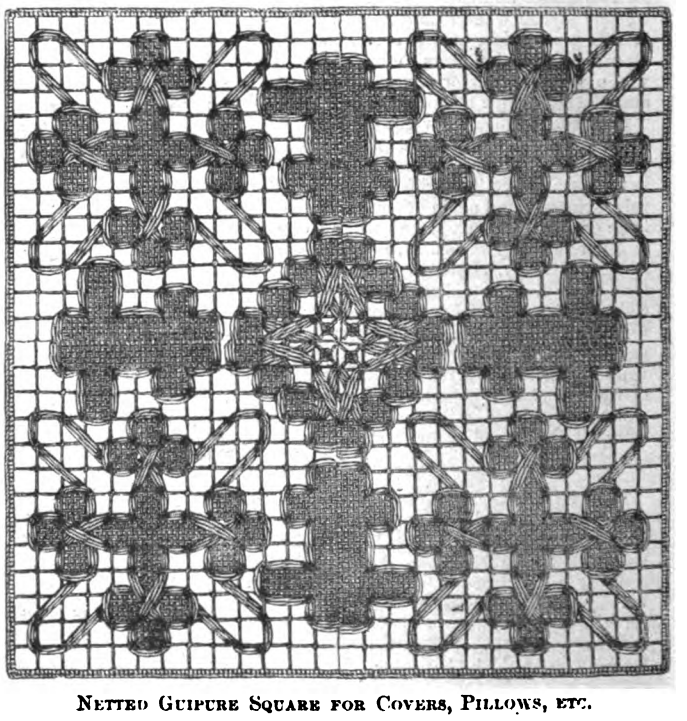


Fig. 3.—NETTED FOUNDATION FOR WINDOW SCREEN.—[See Fig. 2.]



NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR COVERS, PILLOWS, ETC.

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one-fifth long, in each of which is cut a notch an inch and a fifth from each end. Fit the reeds into each other by means of these notches, and tie them there with colored silk cord (see Fig. 1). The netted part is sixteen inches square, and is worked with white linen thread in straight netting. Fig. 2 gives the bouquet in the middle in the original size; it must be worked in point de toile, point de reprise, and diagonal half-polka stitch, and be ornamented with small wheels. The star figures of the foundation (see Fig. 3) are edged with point d'esprit, and worked as shown by Figs. 3 and 4.

For the pointed border of the outer edge of the screen work the foundation, as shown by Fig. 1, in point de toile, point de reprise, and point d'esprit; besides this work triangular figures in button-hole stitch and small wheels. Work the outer edge of the pointed border in button-hole stitch.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED MEDALLION FOR PORTE-MONNAIES, CARD CASES, ETC.

Fasten the completed netted guipure to the frame by means of fine colored silk cord, and trim with a ruche of colored satin ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, as shown by the illustration.

Netted Guipure Square for Covers, Pillows, etc.

See illustration on page 100.

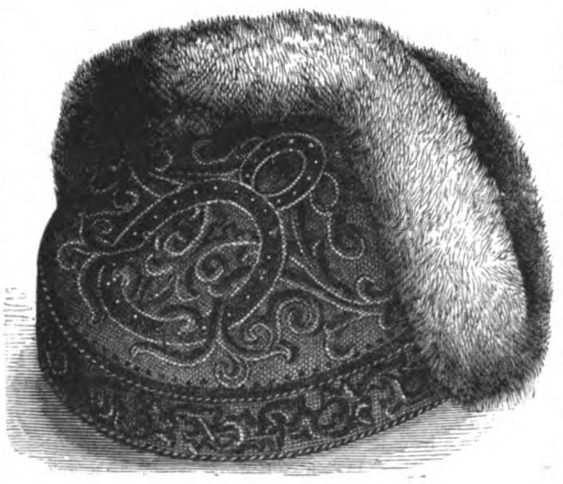
THE foundation of the square is worked in straight netting, and afterward embroidered in point de toile in the design shown by the illustration. The design figures are edged with linen floss.

Embroidered Foot Muff.

THE top and sides of this foot muff are covered with canvas embroidered in cross stitch. The under side is covered with seal-skin. The seams joining the parts are covered on the outside with worsted cord in the colors of the embroidery.

Embroidered Spectacle Case.

THE original is made of card-board covered with brown silk, and embroidered with brown silk cord in the manner shown by the illustration. Between the two rows of cord is a cross seam worked with brown silk twist. A clasp of card-board covered with silk serves to close the case. Cut two pieces of card-board each five inches and a fifth long and an inch and three-fifths wide, and round the corners as shown by the illustration. Cut one of these pieces straight across the middle. Cover each of them with brown silk on both sides, having interlined them with thin cotton batting. The silk covering of the outside of the two upper pieces must previously have been embroidered. Join the edges of the covering of each part with button-hole stitches. Set on the large part, which forms the bottom of the case, a rim two-fifths of an inch wide, covered with brown silk on both sides, by means of button-hole stitches. Join the small embroidered part with the rim, as shown by the illustration. Overseam the rounded end of the other small piece to the rounded end of the rim. At the same point fasten a short elastic band to the upper piece, and fasten the under end of the band to the under edge of the case. For the clasp cut a piece of card-board four inches and three-fifths long and an inch and a fifth wide. Slope it on both sides from the middle to the ends until three-fifths of an inch wide there. Cover this piece on both sides with brown silk, having previously embroidered the initials on the part coming on the outside and sewed on the cord. Sew the ends of the clasp together, letting them overlap each other two-fifths of an inch. To the inside of the clasp fasten an elastic band an inch and three-fifths long, the other end of which must be fastened to the under side of the bottom. In closing the case slip the clasp over the cover.



EMBROIDERED FOOT MUFF.

EMBROIDERED SPECTACLE CASE.

Mouchoir Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE upper side of this case is covered with canvas embroidered in diamonds with blue silk and white worsted. On the white diamonds, which are worked in half-cross stitch over two lengthwise and two cross-wise threads, work small bouquets in point Russe with different shades of sewing silk. Work the blue diamonds in Smyrna stitch over four lengthwise and four cross-wise threads. Trim the case with ruches and bows of blue satin ribbon as shown by the illustration. To make the case, two pieces, each ten inches square, are required; one piece must be of blue satin, and the other of canvas. Embroider the canvas in the manner above described (Fig. 2 gives a part of the medallion in the original size), and then furnish both the canvas and satin part with white silk lining and muslin interlining, between which perfumed cotton batting is quilted. Trim each part with blue satin ribbon ruches, and join them with blue satin ribbon tied in bows.

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED MEDALLION FOR PORTE-MONNAIES, CARD CASES, ETC.

Embroidered Medallions for Porte-Monnaies, Card Cases, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE medallions are suitable for ornamenting note-books, porte-monnaies, card cases, etc. The designs are embroidered in light-colored silk on cloth or velvet, with shaded silk twist in satin and half-polka stitch and application.

Corners of Borders in Guipure Embroidery for Handkerchiefs, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders may be used for ornamenting handkerchiefs, pillow-covers, tidies, etc. For the manner of executing guipure embroidery, see the description of the borders shown on page 693 of *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. III., No. 44.

Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

SOULS IN MUFTI.

ALMOST every one who sees for the first time a great man (or woman, by your leave), a person of whom he has heard much and imagined more—a poet, statesman, actor, what not—sees something for the most part exactly opposite from what he had expected. What! that small, nervous, fair-haired man, who came skipping into the room with no more show of dignity than of savagery, *he* the great editor, the famous leader-writer, whose thunder causes monarchs to tremble on their thrones, and whose fiery eloquence shakes empires to their centre—or is said to do so, which comes to the same thing? You can scarcely believe it. When

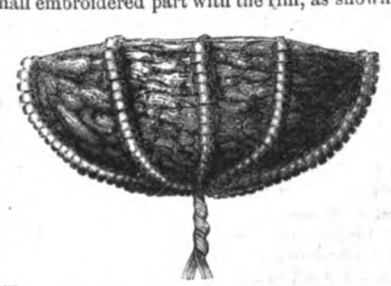


Fig. 2.—OUTSIDE OF BEADED WALNUT SHELL FOR EMERY CUSHION.—[See Page 100.]

Fig. 4.—MANNER OF MAKING STAND OF EMERY CUSHION.—[See Page 100.]

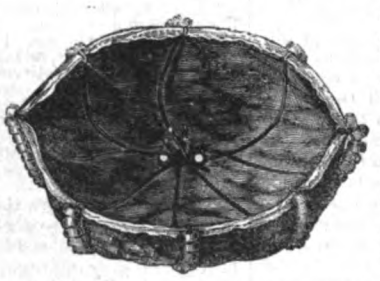


Fig. 3.—INSIDE OF BEADED WALNUT SHELL FOR EMERY CUSHION.—[See Page 100.]

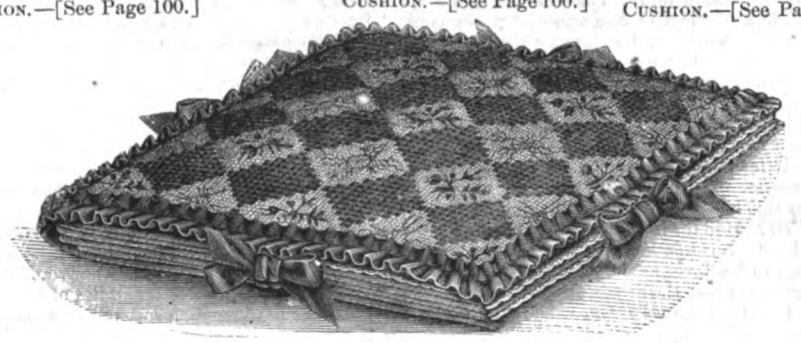


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED MOUCHOIR CASE.

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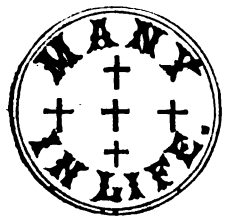
you heard his honored name you expected to see enter, with a kind of restrained majesty, an air of conscious spiritual pomp, a Jovian sort of man—a man in whose flashing eyes you could discern the lightning he knows so well how to wield, and whose soul was as the soul of a prophet—a man whose smallest sayings you were prepared to gather up with reverent care, like sacramental crumbs or the dust of diamonds, and from whose lips you hoped to learn the fate of nations; and here you have a limber, bounding, India rubber make of creature, who laughs in a falsetto, speaks in a squeak, talks ostentatious nonsense to the prettiest of the silly women present, and says nothing among men more noteworthy than the most unoriginal of sub-editors might have uttered. The political eagle whose daring glance scans the diplomatic heavens, the majestic literary lion whose roar reverberates through Europe, is, in the body, nothing more formidable than a playful puppy or a chirping stone-chat, and his manly soul is in a mufti so complete you find it difficult to believe it is a disguise at all.



JACQUELINE looked at the little old-fashioned seal which bore this inscription engraved upon white carnelian—"Many crosses in life." It was a true saying, engraved on many a heart withal—in Jacqueline's heart too. She turned it in her toil-worn fingers with a sigh, thinking that perhaps some superstition attached to its use; that, had she lost or put it away, life might have gone otherwise with her; for poor Jacqueline had known many crosses—a thwarted youth, poverty, enforced idleness, and blasted hopes. It seemed to her that this little seal typified them all. She remembered one who had brought it for her birthday gift, who had kissed her when he placed the chain about her neck, and had said, "If you wear your crosses as an ornament, love, they can hardly bear heavily upon you."

But they had borne heavily upon her. They had stolen the color from her cheeks, the glow from her eyes, the roundness from her limbs; they had mingled silver with the brown satin of her hair, and had written themselves in wrinkles upon the white brow; they had bowed the stubborn will, and bent the stiff neck, and broken the aching heart.

He had said, too, that the crosses on the seal made the effect of a crown in outline, while she had answered that they looked rather like a crown of stars. But, for all that youthful fancy, few stars had shone across her path, and her crown was yet to come. And the giver of the sacred gift had left her these many years. She sometimes thought that she had done wrongly, as the wife of another, to keep this little memento of that dear past—that all her trials had arisen to upbraid her for the sin, to assure her that somewhere, under all the pain and weariness and long-suffering, she still preserved one smouldering spark for the lover she had forsaken in her youth.

But then, had she been a happy wife, as other wives had been happy, giving all and receiving much—that would have made all the difference in the world. It seemed now to her as if the girl who waited at the boat to see her lover off, to take his last look, to give him the blessing of her beaming glance to lighten the labor of his work-a-day—who waited there, ages ago was it?—with blushing cheek and trustful eyes, was some other person than herself, Jacqueline; some one of whom she had read, some picture she had seen, something dreamed, or imagined, or heard in the strains of distant music; but surely nothing like it had ever been experienced in her own bleak existence. Love had entered her heart, like sunlight through a prison grating, only to move forward and leave the darkness more terrible; but, for all that, it were better to have known the sunshine than to have been born blind.

Mark had been as poor as herself when he brought her that simple gift—only a clerk in the house of Call & Dunn, on a miserable stipend; but, as the poet sings, his hoard was little but his heart was great, and Jacqueline had believed it; for after all, after every thing, she had never been quite able to change her creed. To be sure, she had seemed to change, to doubt him; but what of that? She could control her own actions, force her own inclinations, but her emotions were subject to a higher and more potent influence still. As if it were only yesterday, she could remember when Mr. Dunn had suddenly appeared before her one afternoon in the doorway of her humble home. She had not heard him enter; he had been regarding her, unobserved, who could say how long?—weighing her character in the balance with his false weights, making rough calculations of her pride and principle. When she looked up and saw him there her needle snapped beneath her finger, and brought the blood.

"This is a bad beginning," said he, gravely.

"Of what?" she cried, in alarm. "Is any thing the matter with Mark?"

"Nothing that you can help, child," he answered, almost tenderly; "and yet perhaps you may—if you will."

"*If I will!*" she repeated. "Is there any thing I would not do?" asking it of herself rather than appealing to him.

"Nothing?" he questioned. "Are you certain? Think."

"Nothing. Tell me what you mean, Mr. Dunn; you torture me. Is Mark sick; is he in trouble?"

"Mark is in prison, Jacqueline."

"In prison! Mark! There, you are trying to frighten me."

"I am speaking the truth—the dreadful truth."

She sat now with her hands folded upon her work, all the color vanishing from her tinted cheek, never to reappear again save in a momentary flush.

"Can nothing be done?" she gasped, presently. "Of what is he—accused?"

"Of forging the signature of Call & Dunn to a check."

"And he did it?" she asked. "You believe it?"

"There is blasting proof, Jacqueline," sadly. "The money found in his possession, the blanks at his hand, the signature fac-similed over sheets of paper in his private desk. But these proofs are all in my power; they can be used or not at my pleasure;" and she felt his breath upon her cheek, and met a pair of eyes full of significance.

"Then there can be nothing done;" and the bitter tears sprang to her relief, and fell upon the hand he extended to her.

"Something *can* be done," he said. "You can do it."

"I can love him still; I can believe in him in spite of proof. There is something greater than proof, that neutralizes it and makes it superfluous—it is faith. I do not believe a word of all this. Let me go to Mark: he needs me."

"Sit down, Jacqueline; you can not go to him now. Remember that others will believe, though you should doubt his guilt. It is only when we have a personal interest in a thing that faith outweighs proof. It is right for you to trust him; but will that save him?"

"It will comfort him."

"But you can save him."

"I! You are wasting words. And the proof?"

"I will destroy it."

"Oh! thank you, thank you. You are our kind friend, after all. You believe in his innocence. How I love you! how Mark will love you! You said that it was I who could save him, when we shall owe every thing to you."

"It is you who can save him—with me."

"Yes, oh yes. How kind, how generous! Tell me my part, what I shall do."

"Your part is soon told. You refused it once. Consent to become my wife—hear me out!—and I will destroy every shred of this damning proof. Mark will be proclaimed innocent, and be reinstated. In the eye of the world it will all seem a mistake. He will appear an honorable man, free from suspicion, the world before him where to choose. Which is the greater love—to save his happiness or his honor?"

Jacqueline answered him not a word, but rose in her wrath and left him alone. She went up to her room then and put on her bonnet—the poor little braid which Mark had said became her so well, which he was never to see her wear again. She would go down to the ferry, and take the boat for the city, and see Mark, and tell him that however the tide might set, she was with him, believed in him. But when she reached the ferry the boat had left. Then she returned, and wrote to him a long, loving letter, reiterating her faith, her firm assurance of his innocence. And the next day but one she received these lines:

"You have believed in me long enough, dear Jacqueline. Your protestations come to me as so many sharp but well-deserved rebukes. I am guilty. Look in the books of common-law, and see what the sentence of the forger is. Will you let me wear away a miserable youth in prison, when I might be up and amending my ways—when you might deliver me? Mr. Dunn has told me of his suggestions to you. For your own sake, as well as mine, pray, pray accept his terms; for though we part in pain, life without love is better than with disgrace. MARK STRETTON."

Jacqueline put down the letter with a twinge of agony. So cold, so selfish! Ready to accept her sacrifice! Had it been herself, she would have grown gray in prison, starved on bread and water, suffered on the rack, rather than abandon her love. Even Mr. Dunn stood out large and generous beside him. That he had done the deed in a moment of dire temptation, she could have forgiven him; but that he should lay the burden upon her shoulders—though she were ready to bear any thing for him—but that he should require it of her, that was the sting. Why not leave him to his fate? Did his welfare any longer concern her? The man who could frame this letter must be radically bad from the heart's core—not the bright ideal she had worshiped. Was this her punishment for making an idol for herself? Had the brazen image fallen and crushed her? But just here there came to mind the image of her lover as she had last seen him: the large calm eyes; the firm, well-cut lips, that knew not how to shape a lie, you would have said; a man with sincerity in every look—whose presence made one forget narrowness and deceit as naturally as the sunshine banishes darkness. And here the flood-tide of Jacqueline's love set in, covering the ugly wreck, and leaving her alone with heavenly pity in her throbbing human heart.

How the days dragged after that! No more looking forward to a happy home, to a charmed future. As mistress of Mr. Dunn's house she would have all that heart could wish—nay, nothing that her heart could wish, but all that pride might demand: she should roll in her carriage, and wear fine laces and splendid jewels, and sweep the tufted carpets with shimmering silks; her bedridden father should have the newly patented reclining-chair, and be wheeled over velvet lawns and through perfumed gardens; there would be flowers in her vases every day the year round—in great vases of costly Japanese workmanship. She hated herself for these thoughts, that gave her no comfort, no delight. She was well enough, happy enough, in her cottage, with its woodbine porch, and her window wreathed with prairie roses, in her hard work and pleasant thoughts; she needed nothing from the store of another—she needed nobody but Mark.

What she answered when Mr. Dunn came again to press his suit she could never tell; she only knew that when he went away Mark was free, and she was in bonds; that nothing was left to her but the quaint engraved seal, which had been the first to admonish her of "many crosses in life."

When Jacqueline stood at the side of Mr. Dunn, and the bishop married them for better or worse, she was but a child in the ways of the world. She had known poverty and care and sickness as familiars; but she had simply heard of treachery and fraud as one hears of ghouls and vampires. They were things belonging to the Dark Ages, when a barbarous baron could serve up his rival's heart at a feast to his lady-love. Wolves in sheep's clothing did not belong to civilized life. So she became Mrs. Dunn; but she soon found that her crosses were not to end here. She was no longer mistress of her own movements or tastes. If she wished for quiet, Mr. Dunn insisted upon society; if she would ride, he preferred to go afoot; if she would work, he demanded idleness; if she made a friendship, he forbade it; when she found pleasure in a guest, the invitation was never repeated. These were little things, but they make up the sum of life. When their first child was born, she would have given it some silvery, sweet name, that should seem to reflect a little of her love; but he chose to call it by some harsh family name, and to put it out to nurse. Jacqueline almost lived at the nurse's house for the first few days; then he said to her, "You may go there twice a week, and no more; I will not have you faded and preoccupied for any child." And then the sad mother, with her poor, forlorn heart, condescended to her first underhand work, and stole out to her child at odd moments, when she fancied it safe; but he detected her, as she might have been assured he would, and had the baby sent out of town, leaving Jacqueline ignorant of its whereabouts. One day it was brought home dead, from some infant disorder. She fancied that it might have recovered had she been near to cherish and care for it. She would have given worlds to have heard about its last baby hours—how it had begun to smile, to coo over its playthings. It harrowed her to think that perhaps no tender, longing eyes took its last dying look, no gentle hand ministered to it; she wept to think that all had happened precisely as if the child had been motherless.

After this, affairs moved less smoothly than before: there seemed a blight upon the household. Mr. Dunn often came home now out of temper; indeed he seemed to have used that attribute so generously as to be always in the vocative; but now he sat late at table, drinking deeply, finding fault with the viands, with the weather, the market—with Jacqueline, her voice, her words, her manners—relenting at nothing.

"Why did you marry me?" she once asked him, timidly enough. "I am sure you did not love me."

"I married you, madam," he replied, "in order to make two miserable."

"I congratulate you on your success," she retorted. Crosses were her daily portion now; and if she did not always bear them heroically, who can cast the first stone? She would have parted from her tormentor long ago, but what assurance had she that the proof of Mark's wrong-doing had been destroyed? Perhaps it was in his power to ruin Mark yet. Should she faint by the way, and make her sacrifice of none effect? As her husband's character developed, she began to fear that circumstances had been against Mark Stretton, to see how easy it had been to hoodwink and mislead her unsuspecting mind. Why had she not insisted upon seeing Mark, and hearing the case from his own lips? Why, but because she was then innocent and guileless, and this man had only been able to teach her suspicion. But nothing of this helped her now: however much she was growing to despise this man, she was his wife, she bore his name, she had promised to love and obey him. If she had not kept that promise altogether, was it her fault? She had begun well; she had meant to ignore the past; to be scrupulous in her duties; but one never begins well without love. The grandest housekeeping results in chaos without that vital element, and this case surely offered no exception. Besides, in a material view, things were becoming less opulent in this household than before. The table was not so bountifully spread, the linen was looking thin, the carpets were less tufted, and even the shimmering silks of the mistress were wearing rusty. The servant whose chief task it had been to attend the bedridden father, had long since been dismissed. Jacqueline looked after him herself now, and found a pleasure in returning to the duties of her old free life; but it was only a sort of make-believe, for if Mr. Dunn returned home and observed her at any time in such attendance, he would threaten to send the useless old fellow, as he called him, to the hospital or the alms-house. She had not so much pocket-money now at her command as would buy a plaster for the rheumatic back, or a little fruit for the dainty palate. The house of Call & Dunn had failed some time ago, and the junior partner was making a precarious living by gambling, and otherwise swindling the public. But Jacqueline knew nothing of this. She only knew that they had left their fine house, and gone into lodgings; that sometimes there was nothing in the larder for a whole day; that her husband often let himself in at midnight, sometimes stumbling up stairs to his room, and sometimes overtaken by heavy sleep in the hall below. And he was no saint next morning, boxing the frightened children on the slightest pretext; taunting his wife with having squandered his patrimony; taunting her with wearing fine clothes unpaid for; with the support of her beggarly father; with marrying him, George Dunn, for his money.

"You know better than that, George Dunn," she once said, in reply.

"Why *did* you marry me, then? Come, give a reason. You married me to get rid of me, perhaps? Capital! What a success! Do you want to know why I married you?"

"It doesn't signify, now," she returned.

"Zounds! but it does signify, let me tell you. I married you *because I hated Mark Stretton!*"

And so Jacqueline sat in her black gown, and looked at the panorama of her past, counting the crosses on the quaint carnelian seal. "Many crosses in life." Did they end here? Ah, no! The bitterest, perhaps, but not all. A widow, with four mouths to feed, and as many backs to clothe, and as many greedy minds to satisfy, was not likely to have an easy time of it—a widow without friends, without money, without a vocation. She tried sewing, but it hardly paid her rent; she entered a mill, but the noise and heat took away her strength, and threw her upon a sick-bed. Was she now to see her children starve before her eyes? The tenement she had rented looked out upon the rear of a beautiful garden, the entrance to which was a whole square distant, where the finer mansions of the city were clustered upon an upper street.

Jacqueline had been used to let her gaze wander through this delightful place as she sat at work. She had watched the grapes cluster and bow the trellises, the speckled pears redden to the sun, the peaches hang like velvet tassels on the overburdened trees, the plums gather bloom and sweetness with every hour. When the gale had played roughly among the boughs, she had looked at the windfalls of golden pippins and duchess pears, and thought what a repast they would furnish for her hungry brood. All their intoxicating odors, mingled together like a bouquet of flowers, came floating in at her open windows, till it seemed as if the very spirit of the fruitage had exhaled into the atmosphere merely to make Jacqueline covetous and the children's mouths water with longing. But now, as she lay upon her sick-bed, the beauty of this fair neighborhood returned to her like a picture; sometimes she dropped asleep to find herself walking under those fragrant boughs, with the dazzling blue breaking through the netted limbs, and the sunshine like a presence beside her. On one such occasion little Bert waked her up to ask:

"Wus you seeing angels, mamma, like the baby used to did? You smiled all over your face just now." And since her eyes are open to the fact that Bert has her guard about his neck, and her dear old engraved seal in his apron pocket, he finds grace to ask further, "Mamma, Bert will wear this putty seal till you wakes up." But mamma is too sleepy to do more than shake her head, and Bert walks off in triumph, walks down stairs, and out into the street, and stops to look between the pickets into the fruit garden, where every blushing peach of them, every clustering grape, every nodding plum, seems to cry, "Come, and let us drop into your mouth," so temptingly that it is too much for the little rogue, with mamma's seal in his calico pocket, and a good deal of hunger in his capacious stomach. So, in an adventurous frame of mind, he trots round the square and opens the garden gate, which moves to the silver chime of a bell, and causes a gentleman, who is giving some orders to the gardener, to turn about and give Master Bert the benefit of a pair of deep, unsmiling eyes shining out of a handsome face, which has the effect of disconcerting the little intruder for the instant, till the deep eyes melt somewhat as they fall upon the rosy, perplexed face, the rings of snarly gold hair.

"Good-morning, little one," says the gentleman, with his clear, tuneful voice, that reminds Bert of the wind blowing through the trees. "What have you got for me there in your pocket?" for Bert is holding the seal with great care in that nook, both plump hands engaged in the service.

"It's mine," says he, equivocating.

"Ah! And what will you take for it?" laughing. "Can't we strike a bargain?"

"Take peaches!" returns Bert, sharp at a bargain, as his father had been before him; "ripe peaches; sound, too. See!" and he holds up the seal and lets the sunlight, winnowing down through the leaves overhead, flash upon it and light up the old engraving. The words the gentleman is about to speak, the laugh that is on his lips, all dissolve into a profound sigh. Bert is beginning to fancy that he has done wrongly, that the gentleman is going to tell mamma how he was selling her pretty seal for peaches, as he tries to read the grave face before him, growing graver every moment, and wrinkled with strange expression; he fancies, too, that there is a tear in the unsmiling eyes regarding the precious seal; and then the gentleman sits down in a garden chair, and holds the seal in his white palm, and seems to have forgotten Bert and the peaches and the waiting gardener, and to have gone a long, long way off, quite out of the sight and hearing of to-day. But by-and-by he comes back again, and calls Bert to his side, and asks, gently, with the sound of tears in his voice,

"Where did you find this, my child?"

Bert is sure now that he understands all about it, and is ready to drop with shame.

"Mamma," he begins, "she went to sleep with the headache, and let Bert put it on, and didn't say nothing."

"Where did mamma get it?"

Bert knows nothing about that. "Mamma has worn it forever," he declares.

"Will you take me to see your mamma?"

Feeling as though he has been overreached, Bert consents, and together they pass out of the gate, and walk round the square, and pass in at the open tenement-house door, and up the worn

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staircase to Jacqueline's room, where grandpa lies all day and counts the flies on the ceiling, and scolds the children for amusement, and watches the clouds flit across the sky, within sight of his window. But it is grandpa who is asleep now, and mamma has staggered up to make the porridge for supper, and to look after the children; she opens the room door at the sound of steps, and naughty Bert rushes into her arms, crying, "Dear mamma, Bert's real sorry;" and then she grows faint and white, for perhaps Bert has broken a window, and the funds are so very low!

The stranger, with his handsome, serious face and fine attire, pauses on the threshold and looks about him. So poor a home just at the foot of his own garden, within a stone's-throw of his princely estate; why had he not thought about it? Had his own sorrows blunted him to those of his neighbors? Had he so pitied himself that there was no pity left for others? Had prosperity blinded him to adversity? Then his eyes rested upon Jacqueline, in her shabby gown, with her worn, tired face, her faded eyes; what were those eyes saying to him—what had they said, over and over again, years ago?

"Jacqueline, is it you to whom the seal belongs?" he cries.

"Yes, Mark," she answers, sadly.

"And why did you keep it, Jacqueline, when you had the heart to part with so much that was precious?"

"Because—because I could not part with it, Mark."

"And yet you could forsake the giver in his trouble!"

"I did it for the best. They—*he* lied to me, Mark; he said if I would, I could purchase your release by marrying *him*. I was his dupe, and I have suffered for it. But I deserved it for believing that you could write the letter I received, beseeching me to accept the terms of Mr. Dunn, and save you. I was a fool to believe it, but I was young, Mark. After hearing that you were accused I could believe almost any thing. I was crazed with trouble. But it was all a forgery on his part to ruin you. He confessed it all on his dying bed—the forged check laid to your charge, the letter to me. But the mischief was done, Mark; still, I forgave him. I promised to try and think as kindly as I could of him. I have tried; but it is hard. 'When you see Mark Stretton,' he said, with his last breath, 'tell him I forgive him the debt.' What debt was it, Mark?"

"The debt of your love, Jacqueline. He hated me because I won you—because you loved me. He can afford to forgive me now."

"Yes," said Jacqueline; "but you—will give me back my seal?"

"What! do you prize it still?"

"I can not do without it. I have worn it all these years. It is like a dear friend."

"Is it so precious to you? And I—who love you—so worthless?"

"You? You love me?"

"Yes, Jacqueline, I love you."

"Then give me back my seal," she said, with a charming smile irradiating her worn features—a smile beside which that of youth is prosaic and cold. "If I did not love you, I should not care for it!"

On his wedding morning Mark Stretton took the guard from Jacqueline's neck, and unfastening the old engraved seal, attached in its place a little sphere of wrought gold.

"You have worn 'many crosses in life' long enough, dear love; wear this for the rest of the way, for my sake;" and the pretty charm, opening with a spring, revealed a Cupid of gold-work, his wings like gold vapor spread for flight, bearing a heart-shaped shield of pink topaz, on which was engraved, "*Je t'aime.*"

But with the seal, do you think that Jacqueline has cast away all her crosses? Ah, no; there are crosses in every sphere; and though Love may not always be able to turn them aside with his precious shield, yet "*Je t'aime*" shall lighten many a burden.

CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, *January*, 1871.

DEAR BAZAR,—The sorrow-clouds that so unexpectedly lowered over fashionable movements here at the commencement of the year soon disappeared, and the season has since been gay and festive beyond precedent. The President has had his evening reception; Mrs. Grant has received every Tuesday afternoon; Mrs. Colfax, Mrs. Blaine, and the wives of the members of the Cabinet, have received every Wednesday afternoon; the wives of Congressmen have been at home every Thursday afternoon; and there have been numerous other receptions by the wives of diplomats, army and navy officers, distinguished strangers, and wealthy citizens. And it can be said of these assemblages, as it was of the initial gatherings of "the Republican Court" held in the modest drawing-rooms of Mrs. President Washington, at the corner of Cherry Street and Franklin Square, in New York, in May, 1789, "They were accessible to all men and women whose social position entitled them to a recognition in polite and cultivated society, while they furnished opportunities for visits of civility and courtesy by the more intimate friends of the President and his household."

But the code of executive etiquette which was established in your neighborhood, my dear *Bazar*, by Alexander Hamilton, and carried out by Colonel Humphreys (who was Washington's private secretary and master of ceremonies), has not been observed by General Grant. Jefferson entirely disregarded it when he was President, but when Mr. Madison entered the White House his charming wife, although a Quakeress by birth, put it in force again. From that time it was regarded as a high unwritten law that the President should neither return visits nor accept invitations, that he might maintain what was called the dignity of the Executive, and it was with great difficulty that Mr. Buchanan was prevailed upon to break this law by appearing at Mrs. Gwin's famous fancy ball. But General Grant has emancipated himself from this official seclusion, and mingles in metropolitan society as any other gentleman does. Nor does the republic experience any harm because its Chief Magistrate dines at Senator Chandler's, or attends an evening reception at Postmaster-General Creswell's, or goes to enjoy a cigar with Secretary Robeson, or accompanies his charming daughter Nellie to a young people's masquerade at the house of Henry D. Cooke, the banker, on Georgetown Heights.

The domestic life at the White House, thus partly relieved from the fetters of etiquette, has never been more delightful than now. Our great captain, with a brain untroubled by nerves and unruffled by emotion, has a large heart, and is what our Gallic friends would call a devoted *père de famille*, while his "Julia" is a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a loving daughter. Grandpa Grant and Grandpa Dent are welcome visitors at the White House, and the family gatherings there are frequent. Some fault-finders growl because the President has appointed half a dozen of his relatives to office, forgetting doubtless what is said in the eighth verse of the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to Timothy. Surely the Chief Magistrate should be permitted to provide for those of his own house, in whom he can repose more confidence than he could in strangers, even though those strangers might be potent in local conventions and adroit in manipulating caucuses. Ambitious artists may portray General Grant in full uniform on the battle-field, but I would prefer, for my own room, a picture of him at his happy fireside, or driving his bay chargers on Pennsylvania Avenue, with his wife at his side, and his daughter following in a pony wagon freighted with juvenile friends.

Mrs. Secretary Fish is pleasantly called the Queen Dowager of Washington society, so stately are her manners, and so imposing her appearance. She served an apprenticeship in entertaining while her husband was here as Senator, and at Albany as Governor, and she is often aided by one of her charming daughters. The Secretary of State occupies the house which Senator Morgan so admirably refitted and refurnished, and his hospitality is proverbial. It is no easy matter to harmonize *Messieurs et Mesdames les Diplomats*, with their fine ideas about precedence, position, and home differences, but Mrs. Fish has succeeded admirably in preserving *l'entente cordiale*. Good old Baron Gerolt, the representative of his now imperial Majesty of Germany, fraternizes with that accomplished servant of the French empire, republic, or kingdom, the Vicomte Treilhard; while Balthazzi Effendi, the Turkish Secretary of Legation, is on the best terms with Boris Danzas, who occupies the same position at the Russian Legation. Secretary Fish, thus fortunate at home, is equally well seconded at the State Department by his Assistant Secretary there, J. C. Bancroft Davis (whose father was known in the Senate during the last generation as "Honest John"), to whom we are all indebted for the able editing and indexing of the state papers published nowadays.

Mrs. Postmaster-General Creswell is also noted for her exercise of Maryland hospitality, and she is one of the best-dressed ladies in the metropolis. At the President's reception she wore a full ball dress of heavy black silk, with over-skirt and train, all trimmed with heavy folds of green velvet. Maryland also boasts of the belle of the season, Miss Anna Williams, of Baltimore, who made her first appearance here in a cherry-colored satin dress, with an over-skirt of white duchesse lace looped up with natural flowers, and the waist and sleeves trimmed with white point lace. Add to this an elaborate headdress *à la Pompadour*, with a cherry-colored plume, and a glittering diamond necklace, bracelets, and cross, and you can imagine, dear *Bazar*, how a bright-eyed and showy young lady appeared when she won the honors.

But while some ladies are elegantly and becomingly attired, many are perfect frights in appearance, especially some of whom their mammas might well say or cry:

"Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell.
Their education has been first-rate:
What wealthy Congressman wants a mate?
They sing like nightingales—play as well:
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!"

In addition to the attendants on our Vanity Fair, we have many here who are decidedly clever—in the British acceptation of the word. C. Astor Bristed does not look a whit older than he did when he had to fight a duel with a French officer at Baden on account of one of his spirited "Carl Benson" letters. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont is accompanied by a lovely daughter, who has inherited some of the Pathfinder's expression. Richard S. Spofford and his wife, *née* Harriet Prescott, are as gifted as they are good and genial. Walt Whitman moves up and down the Avenue of an afternoon in a wild, dreamy way. And then we have Stone the sculptor, and Lanman the author-artist, and Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, and Professor Peirce of the Coast Survey, and Commodore Sands of the Observatory, and Captain Wyman of the Hydrographic Office, and a score more of just such quiet, unobtrusive men of science, whose names rarely figure in print, but who are contributing to the glory of our country by their labors, and who lend a charm to the social circle, out of which they are rarely to be found.

Then there are the eminent lawyers who grace the bench of the Supreme Court, or plead at its bar, in that hall which once echoed with the eloquence of Clay and Webster and Calhoun. The Chief Justice having found it necessary to remain in New York for medical advice, we have missed that pleasant countenance which is so well portrayed on the "greenbacks;" and the absence of his daughters, Mrs. Kate Sprague and Miss Nettie, has also been deplored by their numerous friends. The senior resident member of the bar of the Supreme Court is Caleb Cushing, who has passed the age of threescore-and-ten, yet retains all his wonderful mental faculties, as Brougham did, while his bodily health is excellent. He is keeping house here, and is very hospitable, while the presence of two of his nieces—lovely young girls from Newburyport—has added to the attractions of his domicile. Judge-Advocate-General Holt, also a widower, leads an almost misanthropical life on Capitol Hill, rarely going into society.

Vinnie Ream has succeeded in attracting public attention to her statue of Lincoln, which is very creditable to her, let the critics say what they will. The next statue to be unveiled is one of Roger Williams, donated by the State of Rhode Island to our national Pantheon—the old hall of the House of Representatives—where the same State is already represented by a lifelike statue of General Greene. Other States are slow in contributing their quotas to this collection of the great men of the republic.

Colonel John W. Forney received a parting ovation from the working journalists here, with whom he has so long and so honorably been associated, and the speeches at the banquet compared very favorably with those made any day at the Capitol. Can it be true that some Congressmen, who possess more cash than brains, order and pay for speeches written by impecunious correspondents? As the witnesses responded at the trial of Queen Caroline, when they were not anxious to tell "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," so I will say, "*Non mi ricordo!*"

RACONTEUR.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MANY of our readers, we are quite sure, must take a sympathetic as well as a scientific interest in the little party who are spending the winter upon Mount Washington. We shiver and wrap ourselves in furs while the thermometer is not down to zero—we beg pardon of our friends in New England, and elsewhere, where the mercury has been coaxed to twenty below; we refer to those in milder latitudes—but the Tip-Top House thermometer has run down to forty below zero, with a pleasant accompaniment of biting winds. Yet Professor Huntington and his companions seem not to have been frightened or frozen, but keep up good spirits, and a good look-out for all changes of wind and weather. The Professor sends to us dwellers in these lower regions an entertaining account of the "frost-work" on Mount Washington. From his observations it appears that this wonderfully beautiful work of nature's icy finger is formed only when the wind is northward. It begins with mere points, on every thing the wind reaches; on the rocks, on the snow, on the railway, and on every part of the building, even on the glass. On the south side it is very slight, as the wind reaches there only in eddying gusts. When the surface is rough the points, as they begin, are an inch or more apart; when smooth it almost entirely covers the surface at the very beginning, but soon only a few points elongate. So, on whatever surface it begins to form, it has very soon the same general appearance, presenting every where the same beautiful feathery-like forms. A round stick an inch in diameter having been placed in a vertical position, horizontal icicles two feet in length were formed upon it within two days. On some of the piles of stones south of the house these horizontal masses are now more than five feet in length. On the southern exposures, instead of the "frost-work," there are only masses of pure ice, which have always a peculiar hue of greenish-blue. The house itself has long been wrapped in a coat of frost, which was reported some time ago to be three feet thick! We suppose it has gone on increasing in thickness, and fancy the living in such an ice-house must have its romantic features. Notwithstanding all the attractions reported by Professor Huntington, we do not believe there will be any great rush to the White Mountains just now; the majority of tourists will prefer to wait until July.

"The History and Literature of the Israelites, according to the Old Testament and the Apocrypha," is the title of a book which has just been published in England by two ladies of the Rothschild family. According to the London *Times*, they have executed a task by no means easy most successfully. They desired to make the history and literature of their nation more attractive and intelligible to young and unlearned readers, and have devoted themselves to the work with great enthusiasm.

Boston is building apartment hotels on a splendid scale. One of these will have thirty suites of apartments. It is erected by a corporation, and though without much exterior ornament, is a handsome building, and will contain every modern convenience. The suites vary in size, the smallest containing four, and the largest twelve apartments.

Live in your sunny rooms, if you are fortunate enough to have any. People need sunshine quite as much as plants; and every woman is wise enough and careful enough to secure for her house-plants every bit of sunshine she can during the cold winter months. Invalids, aged people, and infants, who are shut up in the house, should, if possible, be in rooms which have a southern exposure; otherwise they will suffer from the absence of sunshine, just as plants would if in the same rooms.

A heroic woman was a certain Miss Smedley, living near Carlisle, Kentucky, when she braved ice and water to reach her home not long ago. She was away from home teaching school, and when Friday night came she started to visit her parents as usual. On reaching Park's Ferry she found the river full of heavy floating ice. The ferry-man deeming it unsafe to take his boat across, she found she must either swim across on her horse or remain away from home and relatives. She determined to cross the river. Putting the whip to the horse, she started across. The large, heavy cakes of ice came thick and fast down the rapid current of the swollen stream, yet the faithful horse and gallant rider held their own, and finally succeeded in gaining the other side. It was a most dangerous undertaking, and one that very few men would have attempted.

A very ingenious advertisement is the following, though latterly ice has been at a discount in many sections of the country, where the thermometer has fallen to ten and twenty below zero:

Ice, ice, ice.
If you want what is pure and n
At a reasonable pr
Follow no new dev
But send to me in a tr } ice,
For I have the largest and best stock ever put up in this city.

From the united testimony of many reliable scientific men, it appears that hydrate of chloral is one of the most important remedies recently discovered. Pure hydrate of chloral is a snow-white substance, having a pungent smell, and completely soluble in water. It is used as a substitute for opium, possessing—so far as appears at present—all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of opium. The sleep produced by it is gentle and refreshing, and appears much more like natural slumber than that produced by opium. Nevertheless, medicines of this kind should always be used with caution, and under the advice of a physician.

Some genius who has devoted his time and energies to the examination of statistics reports that more money is expended in the United States for cigars than for common schools. Whereat a still more investigating genius asserts that the cost of washing linen which might just as well be worn days longer amounts to enough in this country to more than defray the expenses of the American Board of Foreign Missions; the expense of buttons on the backs of coats, where they are of no earthly use, is equal to the support of all our orphans; that the value of old boots thrown aside, which might have been worn at least a day longer, is more than enough to buy flannel night-gowns for every baby in the land; and that the cost of every inch on the full shirt-collars of our young men is equal to the sum necessary to put a Bible in the hands of every Patagonian giant.

It is a rather surprising fact that Italy publishes so many newspapers—not less than 723. Over a hundred periodical publications find a ready sale in Florence alone. The Florence *Opinione* circulates a daily edition of 10,000. The Italians certainly are not without a good supply of current news journals.

The daughter of Dr. Chalmers is said to live in one of the poorest quarters of Edinburgh, and to spend her whole time in endeavoring to improve the condition of her miserable neighbors. Quiet and unobtrusive, she lives a self-denying Christian life—a missionary in the highest sense of the word.

It is stated that during the five years since nitro-glycerine came into use one thousand and seven hundred persons have been either killed or maimed for life by it.

"Lothair" is now being published as a serial in the *Gazetta d'Italia*, a daily paper issued at Rome. Under the rule of the Pope "Lothair" was one of the interdicted books.

The enthusiastic admirers of "Little Women" will be pleased to learn that Miss Louisa M. Alcott was in Rome at the last accounts, and busily employed upon her new work, "Jo's Boys."

English small-talk says that the Duke of Edinburgh, on his return home next year, will wed a young lady not of blood royal, but who is surpassingly beautiful and very wealthy.

In keeping with the wealth and enterprise of this metropolitan city, the operations of beneficence are conducted on a generous scale. It is well known that applications from all parts of the world find a ready response here. Within a few years past millions of dollars have been given by our citizens for the endowment of colleges and other literary institutions, and for the building of churches, chapels, missions, hospitals, etc. And the names of Cooper, Lenox, Stuart, Dodge, Stewart, Andrews, Wetmore, Hatch, Colgate, Johnston, Marquand, Brown, Jaffray, Jesup, and others form a galaxy of merchant princes that any city might be proud of.

It will be a cause of gratification to all our readers, as it is a sincere pleasure to us, to know that in the annual reports of the City Mission, prepared with much labor and care by the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Lewis E. Jackson, there is found not only an account of the operations of that society, but a general review of all the charitable work of the city—tables of benevolent receipts, lists of the churches and charities, and a great variety of useful information.

From a mass of interesting statistics we give the following statements:

Forty years ago there was a single missionary; now, in the City Mission, there are forty constantly employed, and in other societies two hundred and twenty-six more—making in all, two hundred and sixty-six. It is only within a few years that mission chapels have taken a place among the recognized institutions; and now there are one hundred and twenty-five missions, of which forty-one are permanently established in suitable, commodious buildings, with the Christian ministry and the Christian ordinances, and each year Christian enterprise and liberality are adding to the number. There are three hundred and fifteen religious, moral, and charitable societies and institutions located in the city. The national societies report an aggregate income of $6,000,000, a large percentage of which comes from our own citizens; while the local organizations, depending entirely upon New Yorkers, receive and disburse annually more than $2,000,000.

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Ball and Evening Head-Dresses, Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 1.—HEAD-DRESS OF WHITE LACE AND RED GROS GRAIN RIBBON. This head-dress consists of white lace two inches and a half wide, gathered and arranged on a small stiff lace foundation in the manner shown by the illustration, and a bow of red gros grain ribbon made of loops and ends. The front hair is slightly crimped, and combed back over crêpes, and the back hair is arranged in three-strand braids, and fastened as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—HEAD-DRESS OF WHITE LACE AND RED GROS GRAIN RIBBON.

Fig. 3.—HEAD-DRESS OF FLOWERS.

Fig. 2.—HEAD-DRESS OF LACE, RIBBON, AND FEATHERS.

Fig. 4.—HEAD-DRESS OF LACE AND FLOWERS.

Fig. 2.—HEAD-DRESS OF LACE, RIBBON, AND FEATHERS. This head-dress is made of gathered white lace, blue gros grain ribbon an inch wide, and white ostrich feathers. The front hair is crimped, and combed back over crêpes, and the back hair is plaited in three-strand braids, and arranged as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—HEAD-DRESS OF FLOWERS. This head-dress consists of sprays of red flowers and green leaves. The front hair is in short curls, falling over the forehead; the back hair is in torsades and curls of different lengths.

Fig. 4.—HEAD-DRESS OF LACE AND FLOWERS. This head-dress is made of gathered black lace arranged on a stiff lace foundation and red flowers with long sprays. The front hair is crimped, and combed back over crêpes; the chignon consists of torsades.

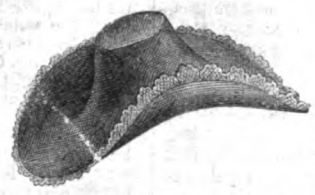
FRAME FOR BLACK VELVET BONNET.—[See Page 105.]

FRAME FOR BROWN VELVET BONNET. [See Page 105.]

GRAY FELT HAT WITHOUT TRIMMING.—[See Page 105.]

FRAME FOR BLUE VELVET BONNET. [See Page 105.]

FRAME FOR VIOLET VELVET BONNET. [See Page 105.]



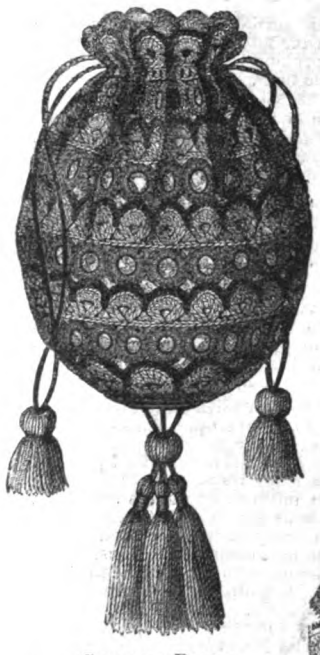
BLACK FELT HAT WITHOUT TRIMMING.—[See Page 105.]

FRAME FOR GRAY VELVET BONNET. [See Page 105.]

Crochet Purse.

THIS purse is worked with brass rings, and red, black, and gold-colored crochet silk. Begin the purse at the middle of the under part by first covering a brass ring an inch and two-fifths in circumference closely with sc. (single crochet) of yellow silk (in the original 32 stitches). On these st. (stitches) work a round of sc. with black silk without widening; then work one round sc. with red silk. In working the last round insert a brass ring two inches and two-fifths in circumference, and, in order that the ring may be closely covered, work 2 sc. on each st. of the preceding round. At the end of the round fasten the thread and cut it off. Now work the 4th round with gold silk as follows: ∗ 4 dc. (double crochet) on the first st. of the ring, between the 2d and 3d of these 4 dc. work 3 ch. (chain stitch), 1 ch., with the latter pass over 7 st. of the ring, and repeat from ∗. At the end of the round fasten to the 1st dc. with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work the 5th round: 1 ch., ∗ 14 dc. on the next scallop of 3 ch., 1 ch., and repeat from ∗. At the end of the round fasten to the 1st dc. and cut off the thread. 6th round (with black silk). —∗ 1 sc. on the 1st single ch. of the 5th and 4th rounds, so that both the ch. are surrounded with the sc.; pass over 1 dc. of the 5th round, 1 sc. on each of the following 12 dc., pass over 1 dc., and repeat from ∗. In connection with this round cover 16 rings, each an inch in circumference, with red silk. This is done as follows: Work, first, 8 sc. on one ring, fasten to the 4th of the 12 sc. which are worked on the 12 dc. of the next scallop; working on the under side, 8 sc. on the ring (only half of the latter must be covered), 8 sc. on a new ring, fasten to the under side of the 7th following sc. of the same scallop, 8 sc. on the ring, 8 sc. on a new ring, and repeat from ∗ until half of each of the 16 rings has been covered in this manner, and fasten to the row of scallops. Then cover the upper half of the rings in connection, working 17 sc. on each with red silk. Now work 3 sc. on the middle 3 of each of the 17 st. with yellow silk, after each 3 sc. 5 ch. After completing this round work another round of scallops like those in the 4th-6th rounds, but each 4 dc. indicated by the 4th round must come on the middle st. of the 3 sc. of the preceding round. In connection with these scallops,

Fig. 2.—BEAD BRAID FOR GLOVE CASE. FULL SIZE.



CROCHET PURSE.

Embroidered Glove Case, Figs. 1-3.

THIS glove case consists of two pieces of pasteboard, the under one of which is twelve inches long and four inches and four-fifths wide, and the upper one two-fifths of an inch smaller all around than the under one. Each of these pieces is covered on one side with an interlining of perfumed wadding and a lining of white satin. The outside of the upper part is covered with red satin, wadded and quilted in diamonds. On the middle of this sew an oval piece of white satin, as shown by Fig. 1, which is embroidered in satin stitch with various shades of red silk, and sewed on a piece of thin card-board.—Cover the seam made by sewing on this white satin piece with a fine silk cord of two shades of red. Cover the bottom of the under part with red satin. Fasten two pieces of red satin ribbon to each lengthwise edge of the under part, as shown by Fig. 1, and edge this part with a box-pleated ruche made of red satin ribbon an inch and a fifth wide, along the middle of which is sewed on trimming made of large and small crystal beads. Fig. 2 shows a section of this trimming in the original size. Work it, in the manner shown by the illustration, with cut flat crystal beads, or large round crystal beads and steel beads. On the top of the case sew two bands of red satin, each of which is [illegible] with a rosette made of a cut flat crystal bead, large round crystal beads, and small steel beads, which are strung on wire. Fig. 3 shows one of these rosettes in the original size and the manner of working it. Under the bands thus prepared pass the strings of one side of the case, by which means the under and upper parts are joined. In closing the case tie these two strings together with the two strings of the other side.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED GLOVE CASE.

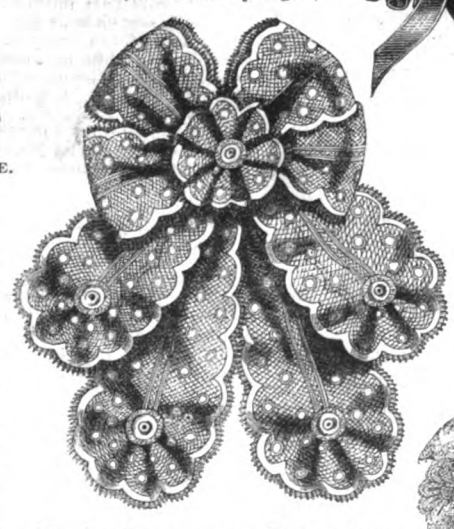


Fig. 2.—VALENCIENNES CRAVAT BOW.

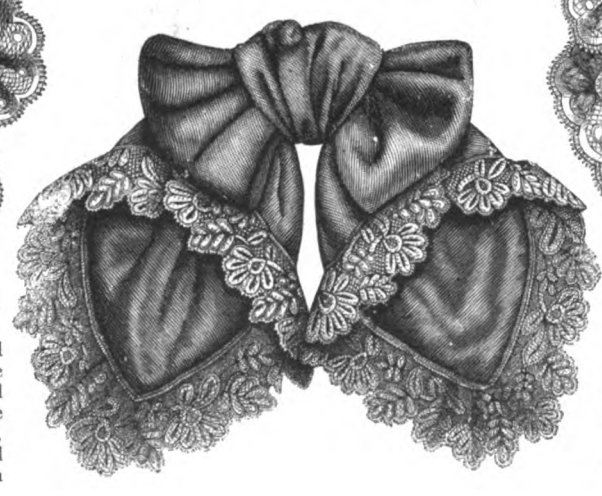


Fig. 1.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 3.—INSERTION AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.

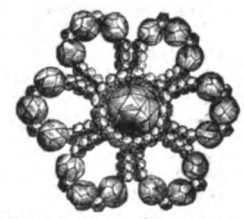


Fig. 3.—BEAD ROSETTE FOR GLOVE CASE.—FULL SIZE.

NETTED SKATE BAG.

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cover 16 rings as before, but now fasten to each scallop only one ring, fastening to the two middle black st. of each scallop. In connection with this row of rings work a round of sc. with yellow silk, as on the previous round of rings. In connection with this round work, yet, twice alternately one row of scallops, one row of rings. On the round worked with gold silk, on the last row of rings, work an open-work dc. round with gold silk; *i. e.*, always alternately 1 dc., 1 ch., with the latter passing over 1 st. of the preceding round; on this round work another row of scallops, which must be separated by intervals of 6 st. Finally, fasten a tassel of colored silk, and through the open-work round pass two black silk cords, the ends of which must be tied together and finished with a tassel.

GRAY VELVET BONNET.—[For Frame see Page 104.]

Netted Skate Bag.

See illustration on page 104.

THIS skate bag is worked with red castor wool or carpet yarn, taken twelvefold, over a mesh four-fifths of an inch in diameter. Begin at one end of the bag with a foundation of six stitches, close these in a ring, and on them work 20 rounds, widening one stitch at the beginning and middle of each round; then work 20 rounds without changing the number of stitches, and then 40 rounds, going backward and forward, in order to form the slit; now work yet 40 rounds, always going forward, and narrow in the last 20 rounds in the same manner that the widening was done in the first 20. Cover two brass rings with single crochet with red worsted, and slip them over the bag. Work single crochet on the edges of the slit. Draw the foundation stitches and those of the last round close together, and finish the ends of the bag with a button covered with red worsted. The bag may be lined if desired.

BROWN VELVET BONNET.—[For Frame see Page 104.]

Cravat Bows, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 104.

Fig. 1.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND WHITE LACE CRAVAT BOW. This bow of blue crêpe de Chine consists of two loops arranged as shown by the illustration, and ends trimmed with lace. The loops and ends are arranged on a stiff lace foundation. A pleated band covers the seam made by sewing this on.

Fig. 2.—VALENCIENNES CRAVAT BOW. This cravat bow has four loops and four ends, which are made of Valenciennes lace and insertion. Each loop consists of a piece of insertion four inches and a half long and a quarter of an inch wide, which is trimmed on both sides with Valenciennes lace an inch wide. The seam made by sewing on the loops and ends is covered with a rosette made of lace, the middle of which is finished with an embroidered figure. Similar figures ornament the ends, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—INSERTION AND LACE CRAVAT BOW. Four ends made of lace edging and insertion and a rosette form this bow. For each of the two upper ends take a piece of insertion two inches and three-fifths long and four-fifths of an inch wide; slope the bottom, and edge it with insertion two-fifths of an inch wide (excepting at the upper part). Edge the piece thus prepared with lace four-fifths of an inch

VIOLET VELVET BONNET.—[For Frame see Page 104.]

wide, slightly gathered. The lower ends are made in the same manner, but somewhat longer. Fasten the ends on a stiff lace foundation, and finish with a rosette made of lace and white embroidery.

Winter Hats and Bonnets with Frames.

VIOLET VELVET BONNET.—This bonnet is trimmed with velvet

GRAY FELT ROUND HAT.—[See Page 104.]

loops of the same color and a spray of convolvulus. Violet velvet strings. An illustration on page 104 shows the frame.

GRAY VELVET BONNET.—This bonnet is of gray velvet, and is trimmed with black velvet, gray lace, and a spray of pink roses. The strings are tied in a bow at the left side. An illustration on page 104 shows the frame of the bonnet.

BLACK VELVET HAT.—This hat is of black velvet, and is trimmed

BLUE VELVET BONNET.—[For Frame see Page 104.]

WINTER HATS AND BONNETS WITH FRAMES.

with loops and ends of black velvet ribbon, white lace, and a black and a white feather. An illustration on page 104 shows the frame of the hat.

GRAY FELT HAT.—The outer edge of this hat is bound with gray felt. The trimming consists of loops and ends of gray gros grain ribbon and light gray feathers. An illustration on page 104 shows the hat without trimming.

BROWN VELVET BONNET.—This bonnet is trimmed with loops and ends of the material and of brown gros grain ribbon, dark brown and light brown feathers, and black lace. Velvet strings. An illustration on page 104 shows the frame of the bonnet.

BLACK FELT HAT.—This hat is trimmed with loops and ends of

BLACK VELVET BONNET.—[For Frame see Page 104.]

black gros grain ribbon, a spray of flowers, and black lace. An illustration on page 104 shows the hat without trimming.

BLUE VELVET BONNET.—This bonnet is trimmed with loops of the same, a blue and a white feather, white illusion strings, and white lace. An illustration on page 104 shows the frame of the bonnet.

THE GREEK GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

THE Greek girl of the period—who was she? She existed, there is no doubt of that, in many shapes, from the Lacedemonian "blue" down to the Athenian or the Corinthian butterfly. *The* girl of the period, in whom the young men of Athens took delight, was an animated and accomplished personage, enlivening the supper-table with her wit, and adding a fresh sparkle to the wine. No

BLACK FELT ROUND HAT.—[See Page 104.]

Atalantas, or Telesillas, or Archidamias these, by no means heroines; but clever, pretty girls, who understood men, and who made it their business to amuse them. Light and frivolous, many of them; but many of them also capable of genuine acts of single-hearted devotion. Their praises are sung by the poets of the Greek anthology; and, indeed, that very anthology is indebted for some of its most exquisite gems to the writings of these fair contributors. Greek literature abounds in illustrations of the energetic manner in which these ladies set their caps at the handsome young Alcibiades. Well versed were they in all the arts of coquetry, and in all the mysteries of the toilette. A large volume might be filled with an account of the details of the toilette of Greek ladies. The luxury of our most fashionable ladies would appear a mere rustic simplicity if one was to set it side by side with the apparatus involved in the bath of a Greek lady of condition. Paints, perfumes, and dyes were used immoderately, and enormous sums were expended on them. The variety of these exceeded every thing that has been known in modern times. Aristophanes on more than one occasion introduces us to the boudoir—initiating us into its ceremonies—of a Greek girl of the period.

Hair-dyes, we find, are no modern invention; nor by the ladies of the ancient times were they solely used to disguise the advance of old age. Blonde or yellow was a favorite color with the Greek girls of the period for their flowing locks, and auricomous fluids

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were largely used for the artificial production of this hue. It is striking, on looking at the head-dresses of the ladies of the classical period, to note their close identity with those of the ladies of modern times. If the chignon was not brought to the elevated perfection which it has achieved among us, its development is nevertheless considerable. There are the same pendent tresses, and plaits that run in precisely the same lines as those with which we are familiar.

BLEAK WEATHER.

DEAR love, where the red lilies blossomed and grew
The white snows are falling;
And all through the wood, where I wandered with you,
The loud winds are calling.
And the robin that piped to us, tune upon tune,
'Neath the elm—you remember—
Over tree-top and mountain has followed the June,
And left us—December.

Has left like a friend that is true in the sun,
And false in the shadows;
He has found new delights in the land where he's gone:
Greener woodlands and meadows.
What care we? Let him go! Let the snow shroud the lea—
Let it drift on the heather!
We can sing through it all: I have you—you have me,
And we'll laugh at the weather.

The old year may die, and a new one be born
That is bleaker and colder;
But it can not dismay us—we dare it—we scorn,
For love makes us bolder.
Ah! Robin, sing loud on your far distant lea,
Thou friend in fair weather;
But here is a song sung that's fuller of glee
By two warm hearts together.

OAK'S LONG RIDE.

THE old Ashley country place lay fair and stately, but very still, under the warm sunlight of one of June's beautiful days. To and fro in the wide hall, up and down the broad stairs, in and out of the vine-shaded veranda, fluttered a little white-robed figure, restless as bee or bird, but with no such industrious object in view. The only child in the house, and with literally nothing to do that bright afternoon, was Oak Ashley. Mamma was in her room writing letters, papa away, and grandpa taking his afternoon nap; so the little girl was left to her own resources. She had stolen down into the kitchen once, and tried to interest herself in old Philly's starching and ironing; but the place was uncomfortably warm, and there had been a constant stream of warnings and exclamations at every movement she made.

"Oh, look dar now, Miss Oak; mind yer white dress! nebber see such a chile to get dresses black. Take care dem frames; yer'll get yer ma's lace sleebes all rumfled. Spect yer better go up stairs, honey."

Oak "spected" so too, and ascended slowly, counting the steps by way of amusement, and sliding her little hand up the broad balustrade it could by no means clasp. Then she wandered into the partially darkened drawing-room, and ensconcing herself in the depths of a great rocking-chair, surveyed in the dim light the pictures on the walls. The one which held her gaze the longest was of a hot, dry desert, its white sands stretching away under a burning sun, until at the far-off horizon lurid heavens and dreary waste of earth seemed to blend. No spot to gladden the eye, save where a great rock lifted its head and threw its cool shadow. A stream of water, fresh and pure, flowed from it, and in its protecting shadow verdure had sprung up. Toward this oasis three travelers were struggling. One, far out on the desert, was pressing forward with straining eyes; another had fallen a little distance from the longed-for goal, and with feeble strength was creeping toward it; while the third, more fortunate, had reached the blessed water, and was lifting a full cup to his lips.

Oak vaguely comprehended, in a childish way, the picture's significance, and remembered the words her grandfather repeated when looking at it the day it was brought home—"A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"I don't know what made grandpa say 'life was full of cold winds and tempests,' though," she said, "and I don't think the world is a bit of a 'weary land;' only" (sighing a little) "in the long afternoons when every body's busy, and there's nobody to play with. Oh dear! I wonder what I had better do next."

She slipped down from the perch, sauntered into the hall, and from thence to the veranda. Standing there, one dimpled hand shading her eyes to give clearer vision, she suddenly espied her grandfather's faithful hired man, and her own particular favorite—Jem, the gardener and overseer, the "gineral agint of outdoor consarns," to give his own expressive and not ill-deserved title. In a moment the child was running down the steps and across the lawn, sash and curls flying.

"Oh, Jem! I'm so glad I've found you!" she exclaimed, in a tone of gratulation.

"Well, thin, I'm glad too, Miss Oak, though it was unbeknownst to mesilf intirely that I was lost."

"What are you doing to the rose-bushes?" continued the little one, anxious to have some one to talk to.

"Thryin' to persuade them to grow up fit for a gintleman's garden, an' not be runnin' all round, with no more civility than a wild bramble. There's many a one in gintlemen's places, little Acorn, as shows by their manners they don't belong there," said Jem, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm not 'Acorn'—I'm 'Oak,'" interposed the child, half laughing, half pouting.

"An' that's the next thing to it, axin' yer pardin. 'Great oaks from little acorns grow.'"

"I didn't, any how," answered Oak, only half satisfied. "What are you going to do when the roses are fixed?"

"Well," said Jem, meditating, "I'm goin' to hitch up the hoss an' wagon, an' take some corn over to the new mill forninst the village, to see what the grindin's like they be talkin' so much about. Yer grandfather wants to try 'em."

The little girl's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, Jem, I'll go too!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands gleefully; "I'll go with you, sha'n't I, Jem?"

"It's not me as will be sayin' no, if yer mother's willin', Miss Oak," said Jem, good-naturedly; "an' I'll take fine care of ye."

The child sped away, never doubting success, and before Jem drove around to the avenue she was on the steps waiting for him, a little embroidered sacque covering her round arms, and a gipsy hat tied over her curls.

"Take good care of her, Jem," called a lady's sweet voice from an upper window, as the wagon came up and the little girl was lifted into it.

"That I will, ma'am," responded Jem, seating himself beside his young charge; and away they rolled down the long lane, and out into the road.

They suited each other well, these traveling companions: Jem so fond of his little friend, so kindly and so talkative, with a kind of childlike simplicity about him that made him understand and enter into her enjoyment; and the little girl, so full of dreams, fancies, and questions—so ready to listen to his longest tale, gleefully or sympathizingly as the case might be. On they passed along the country road, through the little cluster of houses around the mill—dignified by the name of "village"—and to the mill beyond.

Jem's errand accomplished, the horse's head was turned homeward.

"It isn't such a nice day now; the sun has stopped shining," said Oak.

"That's thrue for ye. It's cloudin' up for a rain, I'm thinkin'," answered her companion, scanning the sky, and touching his horse with his whip as a low peal of thunder fell upon his ear. The horse started forward at a quick pace, and bore them swiftly away from the mill to the village station, and on through it. But the summer shower came up rapidly, and they had left the village a short distance behind them when the drops began to fall.

"Oh dear! what will we do now?" exclaimed Oak, in dismay.

"We must turn back," answered Jem; "an' it's a soakin' we'll be, thin, before we reaches a house." Then, as a turn in the road brought them near the railroad, he suddenly changed his plan.

"Ah! see there, thin, Miss Oak dear—an empty freight car switched off till that side track! We'll just climb in till the storm is over;" and springing out, he lifted the child from the wagon into the car. Then leading his horse a little way down the road, that it might not be frightened by passing trains, he fastened it, and hastened back to the car; none too soon, for the rain was falling heavily.

"Oh, this is fun!" said Oak, quite satisfied as long as there was no danger of getting wet. "Hear how it rattles on the roof, Jem?"

"It sounds finer to be rattlin' on the car than rattlin' on us, thin," answered Jem, shaking the drops from his hat. "It's good we're under cover."

"A covert from the tempest." The words came back to Oak's mind with a quick remembrance of the picture at home; and she began to ponder them over in her dreamy, childish way, and fancy herself away on that desert plain, until at last the vision grew dim and confused, the long lashes drooped lower and lower, and she had passed from waking to sleeping dreams.

Jem smiled as he saw it.

"Poor little chicky! it's tired she is," he said; and rolling his coat into a pillow, he laid the bright head gently down upon it.

The shower proved not a very short one, and, despite Jem's anxiety to be on his homeward way, there was nothing to do but wait. He missed the prattling of his companion, and the sound of the steadily falling rain grew monotonous. He began to realize, too, that he was tired after his forenoon work and afternoon drive, and finally concluding to try and rest, as he could do nothing else, he stretched himself upon the floor, drew his hat over his eyes, and in less than five minutes he had followed the child's example.

How long he had been lying there Jem never knew. His sleep must have been profound; and he was aroused at last by his head receiving a violent bump. Startled and half awake, he sat up, and, rubbing the bruised member, tried to recall his scattered senses, and discover where he was. Certainly that long, low, rough room was not familiar, and it was jumping and dancing about in a curious style, too. He got upon his feet, with much pitching and staggering, and looked about him. It was nearly dark, and by the dim light he discerned little Oak, still sleeping peacefully. The sight of her quickened the treacherous memory, and brought back the events of the afternoon—the drive, the storm, and the place in which they had sought shelter.

The car was going—carrying them away he knew not where.

As that truth forced itself upon him he hurried to the door, and found it closed and locked. That accounted, in a measure, for the darkness of the place, though he fancied it must be growing dark without. Pulling and shaking were in vain, and he raised his voice in a long, loud shout, that was, nevertheless, lost in the jar and noise of the clattering train. Only Oak heard it, and started up, frightened, as he made his way back to her side.

"Jem! oh, Jem! where are we?"

"It's mesilf can't be tellin' ye that, dear. We're off on a thrip all unbeknownst to ourselves—travelin' wheriver the stame takes us," he answered, ruefully.

"What is it? Where are we going? and what makes it dark?" she asked, bewildered. Then, suddenly recollecting, exclaimed: "Oh, Jem, did the car start?"

"Sure it did, widout iver sayin' 'by yer lave,' the oncivil crather!" replied Jem, with a desperate effort at cheerfulness for the sake of the child.

In truth, however, the more he reviewed the situation the more troubled he grew. To the uncertainty of their own whereabouts when the train would stop, and when they would be released, were added thoughts of the anxiety of those at home. He thought of the watching, of the painful apprehension that would be felt when search should be made, and the horse and wagon found, and all the fears to which it would give rise. Jem grew almost wild as he thought.

Oak began to cry, and his attention was drawn to her. Little comfort as he found for himself in the prospect before them, he tried to comfort her. Night was falling, and it grew darker and darker in the old car, until they could see each other's faces no longer. Little Oak, wearied out with weeping, grew silent at last, and nestled closer to Jem's side. He put his arm protectingly around her, and so they rode on in the gloom.

After a time—it had seemed to Jem almost interminable—there came an extra jolting and jarring, and the train stopped. He rushed to the door, and knocked and beat upon it, shouting to be released; but no one came. Outside was such a puffing of steam, ringing of bells, running to and fro, and so many different calls, that amidst all the confusion poor Jem's voice was unheard or unheeded. Soon the train was in motion again; and he groped his way back to the little girl, disappointed and disheartened. At various stopping-places Jem renewed his attempt, but with like result, and it seemed to him that they did not stop often.

"Must be jist skippin' by stations widout any regard to 'em," he muttered.

So the long night dragged on in roar and rattle and darkness. Despite her uncomfortable seat, and the fear and homesickness that were pressing sore at her heart, Oak, wearied out, grew sleepy again, and her head rested more and more heavily upon Jem's shoulder. He once more folded his coat into a pillow for her use.

Jem kept watch beside her through the long hours—the longest he had ever known—and he murmured to himself, drearily, that they "must have got to some counthry where the nights have a dale more lin'th to 'em than they does at home." But the gray dawn came at last without, and very slowly the increasing light began to find its way into the old car. It was still dark and gloomy there, however, when once more the train stopped. Jem sprang to his feet again to make another effort to attract attention and obtain release; but scarcely had he reached the door when he heard a key turning in the lock, and in a moment the door was thrown wide open, admitting the first bright rays of the morning sun, and also the astonished face of the official, whose eyes opened wide with wonder as they fell upon Jem.

"What on earth are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Waitin' for the door to open; an' it's been a long job intirely, seein' I've been all night at it," responded Jem.

"And how came you locked in?"

"Sure you ought to know," Jem retorted, growing a little belligerent as he remembered his long imprisonment. "More'n likely 'twas yersilf as did the lockin'!"

"I locked the door, any how, and you could not have got in afterward," answered the man, musingly—more as if speaking to himself than to Jem. "But—hallo! a little girl, too?" as Oak, aroused by the sound of voices, sat up and looked toward him. "Well, you are pretty freight! When did you get into the car? and what did you do it for?" he asked, sharply.

"An' wasn't it standin' open on the side track at Kane Station?" said Jem, half apologetically, half defensively. "We just got in to kape clare of the rain."

"Been drinking, probably," was the questioner's first inward comment; but a second keen glance at Jem's honest face dispelled the suspicion. He looked at Oak, and the child came forward.

"We were going home from mill in my grandpa's wagon," she said, "and it rained so we had to stop. Jem fastened the horse and wagon under a tree, and we got into the car, and I went to sleep. I guess Jem did too."

"I guess he did, indeed! A pretty fellow he is to take care of little girls! Well, come here, little one, and I'll help you out."

"Are we *very* far from home?" asked Oak, timidly, as she stood upon the ground once more.

"Considerable distance, if you live any where near the place where you got on the car. It's too bad, I declare! I'm sorry for you!" But as he looked from one to the other he laughed.

"See here, Jem—that's your name, is it?—have you any money?"

"Niver a cint!" said Jem, independently. "We've thraveled this far widout it, an' I'm thinkin' we must manage to go back as chape."

"I wouldn't advise you to try going back the same way you came; you might not get off at the right station," said the stranger, laughing again. "The first thing you want is something to eat. If that poor little kitten has had nothing since dinner yesterday, she must be hungry. Here" (slipping some money into Jem's hand, and pointing to a building across the street), "take this, and go to that restaurant over there, and get some breakfast."

Jem obeyed with alacrity; and soon Oak and himself were seated at a comfortably spread table, rejoicing in their freedom, and finding out how hungry they had been by the keen appetite now, but too anxious to be journeying homeward to tarry long even over warm rolls and hot coffee. Breakfast was therefore soon dispatched, and they recrossed the street to the dépôt.

Up and down the long platform they walked, looking in every direction, but they saw nothing of their stranger friend. Business had called him away, and amidst his crowd of duties he had forgotten them, perhaps. Presently a train came thundering up in an opposite direction from that in which they had come, and Jem, who was watching every chance impatiently, rushed away to inquire of some one whither it was bound. He came back triumphantly.

"That's the thrain for us, Miss Oak dear! We'll get aboord an' be goin' home."

They hurried into the car and seated themselves, glad that their troubles were so nearly at an end. Oak drew a long breath of relief as she leaned back in the comfortable seat, and Jem remarked, with a satisfied chuckle,

"They brought us all the way widout our lave, an' they'll have to take us back widout any pay."

But alas for the arrangement he had so complacently made! They had been but a short time under way, just long enough to realize that they were indeed going homeward, when the conductor, making his round, stopped beside them and demanded tickets.

"Tickets, is it?" said Jem, scratching his head; "sure we've none of yer tickets."

"Money, then," said the conductor, impatiently.

"An' we've no money aither," answered Jem; "though it's not Squire Ashley's darter would be thravelin' widout any, if we hadn't been brought off unbeknownst to us."

"I don't know what you are talking about, my man, and I've no time to waste. Hand over your fare."

"Didn't I jist be tellin' ye I had none?" responded Jem, emphatically.

"What are you doing aboard the train, then?"

"Doin' aboord? It's goin' home I am. We got locked in a car, and brought off on yer ould raleroad widout wantin' to come at all; an' it's goin' home we is now."

"I've got nothing to do with all that. If you can't pay you must get off," said the conductor, angrily.

Then little Oak looked up with a sudden burst of tears—

"Oh no, no! don't put us off! Jem hasn't got any money—indeed he hasn't—and I *must* go home to mamma!"

"What is it? What is the matter?" called two or three voices from seats near them; and some of the passengers drew near to listen.

"I hardly know," answered the conductor, his tone softening at the child's distress. "Where is your mother, sissy?"

And looking up with tearful, innocent eyes, the child told her simple story—the dainty slippers she wore, the white dress (woefully soiled now), and her mass of tangled curls, adding their unconscious confirmation to her words.

"You poor little toad!" said a generous boyish voice; "never fear; you and Jem shall go home all right. Lend me your hat, little one, and I'll soon raise the funds."

The little hat, with its owner's story, was speedily circulated by the warm-hearted young student, and presently returned, as he had promised, with money enough to carry them home; and Oak, drying her tears, grew cheerful and hopeful again. It seemed a long day's ride, that homeward journey; and the two faces—the man's and the child's—were turned constantly toward the window, watching for familiar landmarks. A long day's ride! though their fellow-travelers vied with each other in kindly effort to render them comfortable.

It was almost sunset when they reached again the little station near which they had first embarked; and, with a hasty farewell to their new friends, Jem hurried away with his charge, as if afraid that they might be carried off again, and, not pausing a moment at the village, started homeward. As they passed along the old road he turned aside for a moment where he had left the horse. It was not there—he had not expected it would be; and, catching the child in his arms, he hastened forward with long, rapid strides, and in the gray twilight passed under the drooping trees of the old avenue, and up to the house.

Who can describe that home-coming? The glad shout of the little contraband who first discovered their approach was followed by the sudden rush of many feet to door, hall, and piazza. Exclamations and questions, tears, laughter, and thanksgiving mingled in strange confusion, while Oak was overwhelmed with kisses. The horse, it seemed, frightened by the lightning, had broken loose from his fastening, and made his way home with the empty wagon. That had first created dread and alarm, which was intensified by a long and unsuccessful search for the missing ones, of whom no trace had been found from the time they left the mill until they reappeared at home. Jem was questioned and cross-questioned, and told his story again and again, first above stairs, then below, to the group who gathered about him there.

"And now little Oak must come and sit on grandpa's knee, and rest after her long ride," said old Colonel Ashley, as the family gathered in the brightly lighted drawing-room.

The child sprang to her favorite seat, and leaned her head against the old man's shoulder. As she did so her eyes fell once more upon the picture on the wall; and drawing down the silver head until it almost touched her golden one, she whispered,

"Grandpa, I guess I know a little what it

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means now about *His* being a refuge from the storm, because in the car I prayed to Him to bring us home, and He did: didn't He?"

"Ay, He did," answered the old gentleman, drawing his arms still closer about his recovered darling. Then, as he recalled the chilling dread and pain, the long anguish, of the preceding night, when there was for them no thought of strength or comfort save the sure knowledge that the everlasting arms were around their loved one still, he added—so earnestly that through all the years of her after-life Oak never forgot it—

"Ah, my darling, my darling! this holy faith of ours is indeed the sheltering 'shadow of a great rock' in a world that without it would be a weary, weary land!"

"TAMING OF THE SHREW."

See illustration on page 109.

IN connection with this fine engraving, from a picture by W. Q. Orchardson on exhibition in London, we will recall, by way of illustration, a passage or two from Shakspeare's comedy which the artist may probably have had more directly in view. The situation, we may suppose, is that of Petruchio's first interview with Katharine in the second act. By a nice dramatic touch the painter seems to indicate that Katharine having taken her seat on entering, Petruchio had also taken a seat at her side, in the most provokingly free-and-easy, nonchalant attitude he could assume; whereupon the shrew springs up in a fury, upsetting her chair, and turns toward him like the "wild-cat" she is described to be. The opening scene of the interview gives a clew to the whole process of "taming"—Petruchio welcoming the shrew with a familiar

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauties sounded
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.
Pet. Why, what's a movable?
Kath. A joint-stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Continuing in the same strain, we probably arrive at the exact incident of the picture, where Kate is about to strike her suitor. After she has done so, he swears that he will cuff her if she strikes again. And then the dialogue proceeds with not less of acrimony on the one side, or of irony on the other.

Pet. I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

The shrew-tamer concludes:

Pet. Setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well),
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate:
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

VEGETABLES.

TO a great extent the care and oversight of the vegetable as well as the flower garden in the country devolves upon the lady of the house, especially among the farming community. As it costs no more time and labor to grow choice, delicious vegetables than more common and coarser sorts, we propose to give a selection of the most improved varieties, for the guidance of those who, as the season for gardening approaches, make up their list of seeds to be obtained for the coming year.

The long list of varieties presented in the seedsmen's catalogues is quite bewildering to most people, but after the list has been well sifted it will be found that few, comparatively, are of general use. Some varieties are almost exclusively grown by market gardeners and truck farmers, who require very prolific, large, and showy vegetables to catch the public eye, and to yield quick and large profits; for these they sacrifice flavor and all other qualities. The private grower, who should be desirous of affording the greatest amount of gustatory pleasure to the household, ought, on the contrary, to grow only those of the best quality; and, to obtain this, can afford to sacrifice somewhat of size and quantity.

In purchasing seeds, get them from the most reliable seedsmen, avoiding those generally sold at country stores; these are generally put up for sale only, without any reference to the quality of the seed or the choiceness of the varieties. By quality we do not mean freshness or vitality: few seedsmen in this country, be it said to their honor, sell old seeds as new; but no seedsman, for instance, can afford to sell cabbage-seed grown from pure selected heads at the same price as he can that grown from cabbage-stalks from which the heads have been cut and marketed. Hence market gardeners will pay the seedsman from four to eight dollars per pound for cabbage-seed of the best and purest quality, while the common quality can be had for one dollar a pound. It makes a material difference whether we get ninety-nine good solid heads from a hundred plants, or only get twenty from the same number of plants, as we have often seen to be the yield in country gardens. A quarter of a dollar additional per ounce can be no object if we thereby secure a full crop; the labor and cost of cultivation is the same in either case.

Asparagus.—The best sort now grown is Conover's Colossal; when properly grown one plant will send up from twenty to thirty stalks, ranging from two to four inches in circumference. Being such a strong grower, it requires more space to grow in than the common sort. Some persons plant the roots in hills two or three feet apart each way, and find that by so doing they obtain far larger and finer stalks.

Beans.—Of those used as "snaps," the Newington Wonder and the Refugees we consider as the two best sorts for private gardens. The first is remarkably prolific; the pods are crisp, succulent, and tender, and the seeds, when ripe, are equal to the Tampico or Turtle Soup bean for soups. The Refugee is an old-established sort, is very productive, with tender, fine-flavored pods, which do not toughen in dry weather as readily as some other varieties.

Of pole shell beans, the true Lima is not equaled by any other variety; but where the climate is not warm enough to grow it to perfection, the Dutch Case-Knife may be substituted, as it is hardy, productive, and of good flavor. We do not think it advisable to grow pole beans for the sake of the pods, or as "snaps," as they are not as delicate flavored or as tender as the dwarf or bush beans.

What are known as English beans do not generally succeed as well with us as the above varieties. They require stiff, moist soil and a humid atmosphere. In sections of country where these conditions exist it will be found desirable to grow them, as under proper cultivation they can be had much earlier than the sorts we generally grow. They grow two or three feet high, with stiff, branching stems, and bear freely, the pods containing beans nearly the size of Lima beans, which are used as shell beans in their green state. They may be had by the middle of June by sowing the seed in boxes during the month of February, and starting them in a warm, light cellar, and afterward transplanting them in the open ground in March or April.

Beets.—The Early Blood Turnip is the best and standard variety for an early crop, and the long, smooth Dark Blood for the late crop; this latter variety grows partly above the ground, and has few or no side roots, with small, deep red tops, and keeps well. The Swiss Chard Silver beet or Sea-Kale beet, as it is called, is a very useful vegetable, being cultivated as a substitute for asparagus or spinach. In the former case the thick white midribs of the leaves are used; in the latter, the leaves are cut, and used as spinach, for which they are an excellent substitute. By frequent cuttings a long succession of tender leaves may be had.

Borecole, or *Kale.*—Of this vegetable the Green Curled Scotch is the best variety for winter use. What is generally grown about New York, as German Greens or "Sprouts," is sown in September in rows twelve or fifteen inches apart, and treated as spinach, as a substitute for which it is used in the spring.

Brocoli.—The White Cape, the Purple Cape, and the Walcheren are the best varieties in our climate. The latter variety can scarcely be distinguished from the cauliflower, and is probably the best variety to cultivate under ordinary circumstances, as it resists the drought of summer better than the others, although the heads do not attain as large a size as the other two varieties.

Brussels Sprouts.—This is a species of cabbage which forms small buttons or heads in the axils of the leaves on the stems; they are very delicate. The seeds should be sown in April or May, and planted out in June or July, when the plants will produce a succession of heads from September to December.

Cabbage.—The Early Jersey Wakefield is the best early variety cultivated in this country; it is a very certain header, and is much esteemed by our market gardeners, who sometimes have paid twenty dollars per pound for the seed. Care must be had to get it from none but the most reliable seedsmen. Early Winning Stadt is the best intermediate or summer variety, and is also excellent for winter use. The True Bergen Drumhead is, all things considered, the best of its class for family use, being hardy, with large, tender, well-flavored heads. The Green Globe Savoy is the best of its class for family use; although the heads are small, the inner loose leaves are excellent, being nearly as tender and well flavored as the head itself; if a larger-headed variety is desired, the Drumhead Savoy should be selected; but, as a general rule, the large-headed varieties of cabbage are not as fine-flavored or as tender as the smaller ones.

Cauliflower.—The best early variety is the Early Erfurt; a dwarf, compact-growing sort. The seed should be sown in the fall, and the plants wintered over in a cold frame, and planted out early in the spring. For autumn, use the Walcheren (Brocoli), which is the surest sort.

Carrot.—None of the newer varieties of the carrot are superior to the well-known Early Horn and Long Orange, when the seeds have been saved from true, well-selected roots.

Celery.—We do not recommend the large-growing varieties of this vegetable for cultivation in ordinary gardens, as too much labor is required in trenching, earthing up, etc.; but such varieties as the Incomparable Dwarf White, Incomparable Crimson, and the Boston Market may be grown without much labor of this sort.

Corn (Indian).—Of the sweet or sugar varieties, Darling's Extra Early Sweet and Stowell's Evergreen are probably the best; to those who dislike the sugary flavor of sweet corn we recommend the Tuscarora as a very excellent sort.

Cucumbers.—The earliest variety is the Early Russian, but the fruit is not more than three inches in length; it makes an excellent pickle. Where the having them very early is a matter of indifference, we recommend the Early White Spined; and for a later variety the Long Green Prickly.

Egg-Plant.—The Black Pekin is a new variety, the fruit of which weighs from four to eight pounds each; it is early and very prolific; the flesh is fine-grained and of delicate flavor.

Endive.—The Green Curled is the hardiest and best sort.

Kohl Rabi, or *Turnip-rooted Cabbage.*—The Early White Vienna is the earliest and best-flavored variety.

Lettuce.—The Early Curled Simpson is the best for early summer use; the Large Curled India is the best for later use, as it withstands the heat better, and does not run to seed as readily as other sorts. For wintering in frames the Tennis-Ball or Hardy Green Hammersmith and the Green Winter are the best. Of the Cos lettuces the Green Paris Cos succeeds best in our warm climate.

Melons.—The best early musk-melon is Skillman's Fine Netted; for later use the Green Citron is the best. Of water-melons the best are the Black Spanish and the Mountain Sprout, the first being the earliest.

Okra.—The improved Dwarf Green is better for family use than the Tall variety, as it is earlier, occupies far less space, and is equally as productive.

Onion.—The Danvers Yellow is the best for family use, as it is very productive, very sweet and delicate in flavor. Of the white onions the White Silver-skinned is the best.

Parsnep.—A new variety recently introduced under the name of the "Student" is sweeter, milder, and more pleasant in flavor than the older sorts.

Peas.—Of the smooth-seeded varieties the Dan O'Rourke is the best, being early, prolific, and of good flavor; the next best for a succession is Fairbeard's Champion of England; and for the latest the Blue Imperial, an old variety, is yet unsurpassed. Of the dwarf varieties M'Lean's Little Gem is the best; it is very early, of rich flavor, and grows about one foot high; for a later sort Drew's Dwarf is recommended; it is of similar quality, and about the same height as Little Gem.

New varieties of peas are constantly being introduced to public notice, but few hold their position for any length of time; at present those which appear to be the most promising with us are Carter's First Crop (very early and prolific), Laxton's Prolific Early Long Pod, and Laxton's Supreme; they are well worthy of trial.

Potatoes.—The best early potato, without exception, is the Early Rose; Breese's Pearless we consider as one of the most promising late varieties of recent introduction.

Radishes.—Of the early turnip-rooted varieties the Scarlet Olive-shaped and the White Turnip-rooted are the best; the Long Scarlet Short Top, and the Long White Naples are the best long-rooted sorts. The Rose-colored Chinese is the best variety for autumn and winter use.

Spinach.—The best variety is the Flanders; the leaves are thicker and more succulent than those of the other sorts, and are produced in greater abundance. For summer use, the leaves of what is known as New Zealand spinach (*Tetragona expansa*), a running vine, are a good and useful substitute for the ordinary spinach, as it thrives best in hot weather.

Squashes.—The best early summer squashes are the Early Yellow Bush Scolloped, and the Early Bush Summer Crookneck; for later summer and autumn use, the Boston Marrow and Yokohama are excellent varieties; they are also good as winter varieties. The best late winter variety is the Hubbard, which, with care, can be kept until June.

Sweet-Potatoes.—The best variety for cultivation at the North appears to be the Nansemond; but one lately introduced under the name of the Queen of the South promises to be a very early and excellent sort.

Tomatoes.—Of the numerous varieties of this vegetable which have been introduced to the public notice within the past few years we consider the General Grant and the Trophy as the best two, as each combines productiveness, color, flavor, and solidity in a remarkable degree.

Turnips.—The White Strap-leaved and the Red-Top Strap-leaved are the best white-fleshed turnips either for early summer or winter use; of the yellow-fleshed varieties the Early Yellow Finland, and Robertson's Golden Ball, we think, are the best for family use, as they are fine-grained, tender, and of delicate flavor.

ODD PEOPLE.

IT is a sad thing, but nevertheless only too true, that odd people are dying out. Odd persons are going the way of the mammoth and the dodo. In the old times Hogarth and Smollett, Bunbury and Gillray, had no need to distort or caricature faces and persons; for people then grew up as crabbed and knotty as those twisted heads you see on the big Brobdignag sticks at the doors of umbrella shops, which, by-the-by, we have heard were really carried in the last century by running footmen, or some such plush-wearing cattle. But now (save and deliver us!) we grow up tall, smooth, and all alike, like so many spindling fir-trees in an overcrowded plantation. We mutually contract ourselves from want of room; we grow fast and narrow and tall, and we all push upward for more heat and more light. The odd people who gave life and color to the last century's society were like pollard oaks, gnarled and stubby, rough of rind and crooked of limb. Now we grow as much alike as sheep. The same in dress. No odd grizzled wigs, no cinnamon and plum colored coats, no shoe-buckles; but all alike, sombre as waiters or mutes in magpie coloring of black and white. All our chignons from the same shop; all twisted mats of hair plucked from the same blonde peasantry of some unknown country. We all play on the piano the same tunes; we all dance and walk in the same way; we all take simultaneously to double eye-glasses. A murrain of monotony has seized us. The curse of imitating some invisible leader devastates us. Individuality seems to have left us forever.

The fashion-book sets millions of us cutting out the same pattern sleeves. If a princess limps, ten thousand fair parasites limp after her, proud of this assumed misfortune. We learn more about the sun; but we are just as great fools as our fathers were when they invented shoes six inches across the toes, because some ponderous King Swellfoot had the gout, and wore padded bags upon his feet instead of the usual adornments. We are sons of the people who took to upright collars to hide scarred necks, and hoop fardingales to conceal sudden and untimely corpulence. Our only fault is that we imitate and follow more than our ancestors did; and the wiser we get the less original we become. The reason is, the odd people who kept up the protest for individualism have died out, and there seems no one to replace them. The time is fast coming when we shall have to be labeled, or our own mothers won't know us. Twenty years hence it will be transportation for six months to ride in the Park five minutes before the fashionable hour, a spell on the endless stairs to drive out on Sunday, and instant death to stop in town through August. Individuality has long since grown ridiculous; presently it will be prosecuted as criminal.

Where, then, are the few eccentric people gone to? Have they sailed to some golden island in the Indian seas? Are they there rejoicing in pea-green coats of crimson—you know what I mean—and gamboge-colored umbrellas, and sitting cross-legged on garden-walls, or standing on one leg, as steeple signs, after their willful way? No; the vessel was seized as contraband. They never got there. Well, if the secret must out, we will tell you where they are—altogether noisy, but remonstrating, in a certain large, or, as they would say in advertisement, palatial establishment over in Bedlam. The world, irritated at their peculiarities, and, like all majorities, persecuting when in power, caught them and cooped them there. There they plan their balloonships, and discover their elixirs of life, and their steam and hydraulic bootjacks, and indulge in all their eccentric little peculiarities, murder and arson being against the rules. The fact is, these clever, eccentric people—"great wits to madness sure are near allied"—were always rather warped in the brain; but a crazy world bore with it for a long time. This generation has taken to more violent methods of repression. Goldsmith would not be allowed to run into debt for peach-blossom coats now; and if Dr. Johnson was to save up orange-peel, and count the paving-stones as he walked down Bolt Court now, there would very soon be a bolt shot at him. It is almost dangerous to be original in a book now; and that accounts for several books lately written. The time will come when some intellectual despot will reign, and will every morning telegraph what every one is to say and think at every dinner-party that day celebrated; and a guillotine will be erected for any person who dares utter any opinion not yet in print.

WORKING TO ADVANTAGE.

A GREAT part of the art of life consists in the skill with which a man will do, in the right time and in the right way, what he has to do. A man should school and train himself to seize the passing moment, and to secure every advantage of position. The knack of doing these things, or the art of it, comes from practice alone. This is an art very hard to acquire, even in that rudimentary form which consists in going in an orderly and thoughtful way through the business of the day. It is perhaps for this reason that the great majority of people are not brought to the necessity of learning this lesson for themselves. Most people have their hours of work rigidly marked out for them. Their hours are from ten to four. They go forth to their work and to their labor until the evening. They are not intrusted with any power of option. The clerk must be at his office, the schoolmaster with his pupils, the doctor on his rounds, the barrister in the courts while the judges are sitting. They are constrained by a net-work of circumstance for which some of them can not be sufficiently grateful. The whole business of life would fall out of gear if the steadiness of its transactions depended on their volitions. Then there are many people, the fine ladies and gentlemen of the world, who do not obey such laws, but are a law unto themselves. There are the students and artists and scholars and thinkers, who are left unfettered by precise lines of days and hours and seasons: they are left to their own need of exertion and sense of responsibility. I often think such men are raised from a lower to a higher stratum of life. They have mounted to a higher class in the great school of life. Things are left to their honor. Theirs is the possession of law in freedom and of freedom in law. Sometimes this liberty is used in a servile spirit. Men force themselves into the mechanical round from which they have been liberated. They surrender themselves to inflexible rules. They pursue their work pertinaciously, losing that sense of elasticity and freedom which it was intended that they should possess. Such a man, dominated by that Lust of Finishing which John Wesley denounced so strongly, will not leave off to note some curious phenomenon—to watch a

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sunset, to hear rare music, to listen to brilliant converse. He is hardly making the best use of things. It is a great art, while carrying on the work of life, to seize every means of rising beyond it.

DRY-CLEANING AND SCOURING.

DID you, reader, if you live in civilized quarters of America, ever hear of a woman who washed a carpet? I can not conceive a more arduous task in the whole range of housekeeping. The State should appoint a bounty to the woman whose muscles and spine are equal to this labor. I have found two housekeepers who were audacious enough to try it: one who washed a rag-carpet in a wash-tub; another who wanted to, and prudently resolved to buy a new one instead. But in her doubt as to the operation she came to the writer for advice how to clean the carpet, and I sought information which is too hard won to be lost. I frankly confess it puts a weight on my breath to think of any woman ever trying the work; but in a clever little manual I find that this piece of thrift is frequently practiced in Europe, and that a carpet well scoured will look nearly as well as new.

Carpets may be washed on tables or on the floor. In either case they must be taken up and well beaten and swept. Grease is taken out by rubbing hard soap on the spot, and scrubbing it out with a brush dipped in clean cold water. Each spot must be rubbed dry with a cloth as it is washed. Dissolve a bar of soap in two gallons of water by cutting it into the water and heating to a boil. Lay the carpet on the floor and tack it down, or have a heavy board, three feet wide by twelve feet long, laid on stout stands, or horses, and throw the carpet over that, keeping a clean board or sheet underneath to receive the carpet as it is cleansed. Provide brushes and any quantity of coarse cotton cloths, flannels, and a large sponge. Take two pails of blood-warm water, put two quarts of the melted soap into one of them to scour the carpet with, and use the other for rinsing. Dip the brush in the soap-suds, and scour a square yard of the carpet at a time, using as little water as possible, not to soak it through. When the soap has done its work, rub it well out of the carpet with a flannel or coarse sponge, sucking up with these all the wet and dirt left by the brush, rinsing the article used in fair water repeatedly. Have ready a pail of clean cold water, with enough sulphuric acid or sharp vinegar in it to taste sour; dip a clean sponge in this, squeeze and rub it well into the spot just cleansed. Afterward wipe dry with coarse cloths, rinsing and hanging them where they will be dry when the next yard is washed. Finish yard after yard in this way, rubbing each clean and dry as you go. Keep a good fire in the room to dry the carpet thoroughly. If scoured on a frame, nail the carpet against the side of a house in the sun to dry. This is a tedious but thorough process. Hearth-rugs may be cleaned in the same way, beating and brushing them well, and tacking on a large board before washing. Scrub one-sixth of it at a time, unless you are expeditious, and dry well with an old sheet. The secret of having carpets look well is to wash and rinse them thoroughly, without soaking them through. Ingrain, tapestry, Brussels, and Turkish carpets are all cleaned in this way. Good authorities recommend a tea-cupful of ox-gall to a pail of suds for scrubbing carpets, rinsing with fair water.

Old tapestry is cleaned on the wall, beginning at the top. Melt a bar of good common soap in a gallon of water, and put one quart of it in a gallon of cold water. A clothes-brush of fine broom straw or long bristles is best to dust with; a soft brush, piece of wash-leather, some flannels, and dry sheets are also needed. Brush all dust from the tapestry first, cleaning the corners well. Dip a flannel in the suds, squeeze it slightly, rub the tapestry to a lather, and brush well with a soft brush. Wring the flannel out of the soap, and rub the tapestry dry with it and wash-leather; lastly wiping the whole as dry as possible with a sheet, as it must not be rinsed. Melt four ounces of tartaric acid in a pint of boiling water, and add it to two gallons of clean water. Squeeze a clean sponge in this acid, and rub it well into the place just cleaned and dried; then finish with the dry sheet at once before going to the next yard of surface. Renew the suds and rinsing-water frequently, as well as the towels, flannels, etc., for every thing must be used clean. A good fire should be kept in the room when tapestry is cleaned. When dry, rub a lump of pipe-clay well into it, and brush it out with a good clothes-brush. This takes the soap out and brightens the colors. Worsted-work may be cleaned in this way. Worsted rep sofas, and worsted furniture of any kind, is freshened by dusting damp Indian-meal over them, and rubbing off with a stiff brush. Dry bran is said to answer the same purpose, or very light, dry snow, not suffered to melt on the surface. A large sheet should be spread under each piece of furniture as it is cleaned to catch the falling litter.

Silk and cotton or silk and worsted damask, terry, or brocatelle curtains, are cleaned over a board by scrubbing with half a gallon of camphene and brush, first dipping the curtain into the camphene, then cleaning on the wrong side, and lastly on the right. Dip it again in the camphene just used, and rinse in the same amount of fresh camphene. Let it drain a minute, then wipe it off with a linen or cotton sheet till all the moisture possible is absorbed, and brush it with a dry brush of soft hair. Hang them in the air a few hours to take away the smell of camphene. One gallon is enough for each curtain width. Next roll the curtains in half-dry sheets to damp them; take them out; brush and rub them; then iron, with a damp cloth laid over them, and they will look like new.

To clean table-covers of cotton and worsted, silk and worsted, or printed cloth, proceed in this way: Dissolve one bar of the best mottled soap in four gallons of scalding water, with one pound of pearlash in it. Have three tubs ready, and put in the first one pail of cold water and three gallons of soap liquor; in the second, one pail of cold water and two gallons of soap liquor; and in the third, two pails of cold water and one gallon of soap liquor. In another tub have six pails of cold water, with a table-spoonful of the oil of vitriol in it. If the cover is cotton and worsted, wash and wring it through the three soap-waters; rinse it five minutes in the vitriol tub, and wring out of cold, clear water; fold it up smoothly to drain, and hang it to dry without wringing.

For the silk and worsted cover use three soap-waters, rub it well, and, instead of the vitriol, put a pound of common salt in two pails of water, and work the cloth well in this. Rinse it in two cold waters after the salted one, and hang it to dry in a warm room.

A printed cloth wash through three soap liquors; if one has a variety of table-cloths of different mixtures, they may be put through the same suds in the order given in these directions, using different rinses for each. Give the printed cloth, after the last soap liquor, two cold waters, with a table-spoonful of vitriol in each; after these, a cold, clear water. Fold and drain it, and dry quickly in a warm room, or the colors will run into one another. To press table-cloths, lay them under a damp sheet, and iron with a heavy iron.

Flannel goods, knit zephyr worsted, or summer blankets—indeed, any kind of woolen goods, may be washed without shrinking. But to do this only the soap-powders of different manufacturers should be used. The alkali of common soap will shrink them, and render them harsh in texture. One pound of good soap-powder will go as far as two pounds of soap. Make as hot a suds as the hands can bear, or hotter still, and beat the goods gently on a clean, smooth board, with one end in the tub or pail of suds, using a round club or perforated paddle for the purpose. Rinse in hot water, wringing well, pull them out straight, and hang to dry in a warm room near the fire. It is well to lay clean white mosquito-netting over them to keep flies and dust off. The sooner such work dries the better, and it will feel soft and lively to the touch as when new. Zephyr should be pressed or squeezed, not rubbed or wrung, and soap must not be applied directly to any wool fabrics.

Scarlet flannel should be soaked in cold hard water before making, and hung up to drain and dry without any squeezing or handling in the water. After this it will not shrink in washing. Fill a tub from the pump, place the flannel in it, and take out as soon as it sinks to the bottom. It does not lose the appearance of new flannel when dry. To wash it when soiled, mix a handful of flour in a quart of cold water, and boil ten minutes. Add this to the warm suds, and wash the flannel gently; rinse it in three or four warm waters, and the brightest scarlet will never lose its color. Soft soap or olive soap should be used for woolen goods in preference to bar soap.

To take oil out of a carpet, as soon as it is spilled put on plenty of white flour or whiting, to absorb the oil and keep it from spreading. If the oil is near a seam, rip it, so that the spot will not spread, and put whiting on the floor under the carpet. Next day sweep up all the flour above and under the carpet with a stiff brush, and put on plenty of fresh flour. To take out grease spots, rub them with white flannel dipped in raw spirits of turpentine. If they show after a while, rub again on both sides. If there are grease spots on the floor, cover them with potter's clay before the carpet is laid down.

It is said that Kidderminster and other carpets can be as well washed at a fulling-mill as at a dye-house or professed cleaner's. The price for washing a large carpet at a mill is from two dollars upward, and the colors are very little changed. Carpets in pale Pompadour colors are much better for washing, and the tints can be delicately retouched by a clever hand with various prepared dyes and paints.

THE SEWING-GIRL.—[DRAWN BY MISS C. W. CONANT.]

THE SEWING-GIRL.

THE sad picture given on this page with the above title is not a creation of the fancy, but a too truthful sketch from real life—from a life which thousands of poor girls are now leading in this very city. How few of the more fortunate ever stop to think of them, or consider how their condition may be ameliorated. This poor girl has perhaps come to the great city from a country home, hoping to earn here a livelihood for herself, and perhaps be able to send something to her widowed mother and younger sister; but though work may be plentiful, wages are so low that with the most untiring industry she can scarcely earn enough to keep soul and body together. Employers are harsh and exacting; the landlord from whom she hires her garret will turn her into the street if she does not pay the rent the very day it falls due, no matter if the money he pockets is all she has to keep her from starving. Better starvation than the street; and so the landlord is paid, and the poor girl sits hungry and cold over her work, till her head drops upon the table, and sleep, from which it were better she should never awaken, leads her into the heaven of unconsciousness.

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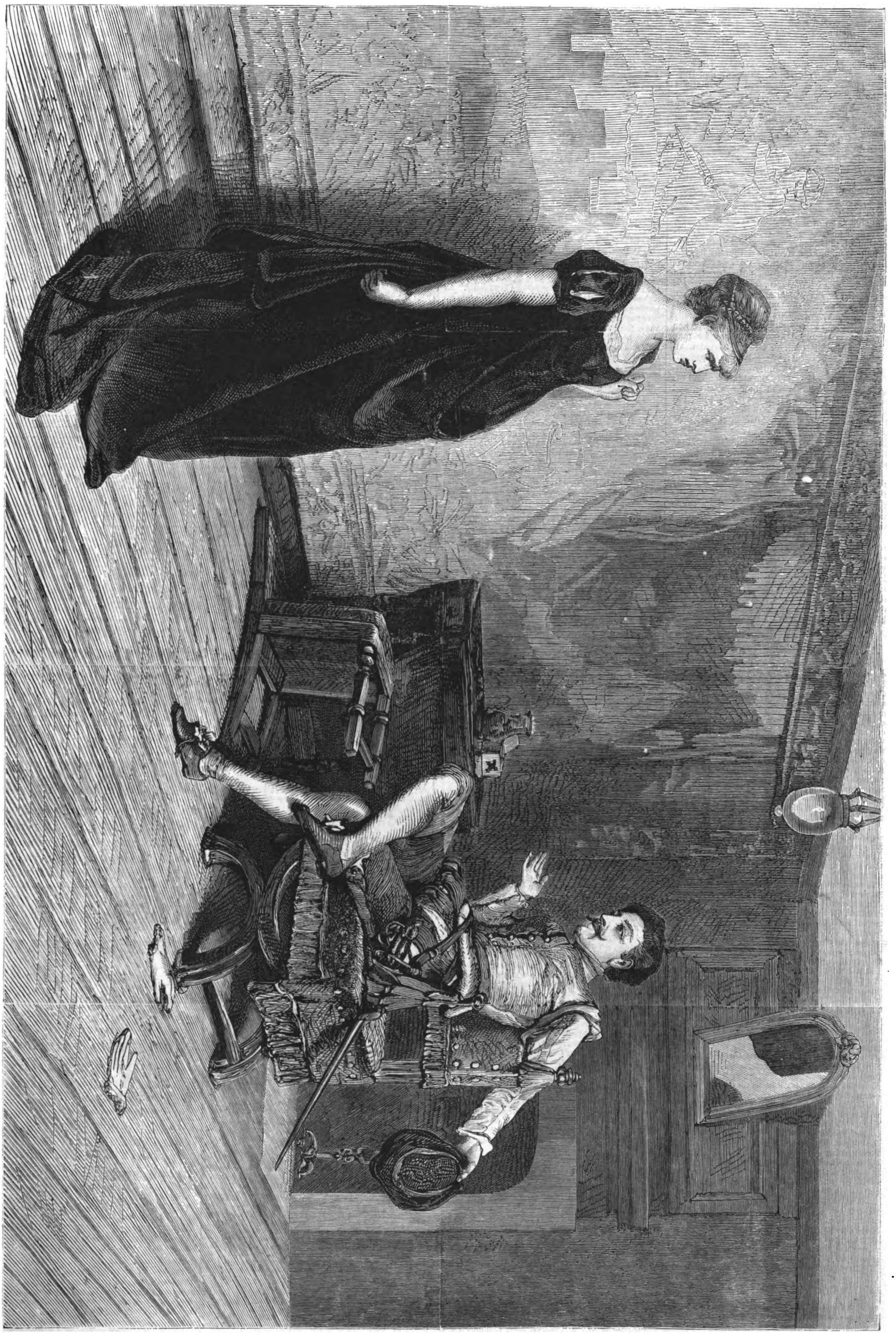

"TAMING OF THE SHREW."—[SEE PAGE 107.]

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CHINESE RANK.

IT is a common error to suppose that there is no hereditary rank in China, and that letters are the only ladder to rank. From very ancient times there have been five titles of nobility, called *Kung*, *Hou*, *Po*, *Tze*, and *Nan*, corresponding to Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Baron. These titles were conferred upon relations of the Emperor, or upon subjects as a reward for distinguished merit, and were accompanied by grants of land. As a general rule, the estate assigned to a *Kung* or a *Hou* did not exceed one hundred *li* (about 33 miles) in circumference; that given to a *Po* did not exceed seventy *li* (or 23 miles); and the lands of a *Tze* or a *Nan* were confined to fifty *li* (or 17 miles). Since the accession of the present Tartar dynasty four new ranks have been added, called *Chin wang*, *Chun wang*, *Pei lo*, and *Pei tze*, all of which are held exclusively by members of the imperial family. The eldest son of the Emperor is called Tai tze, "the heir-apparent;" his brothers, with the exception of the youngest, are called *Chin wang;* and the Benjamin of the imperial family has the title of *Chun wang*. In some cases rank is transmitted unchanged from father to son; in other cases the son of a *Chin wang* becomes a *Pei lo*, the son of the *Pei lo* a *Pei tze*, and the son of a *Pei tze* a *Kung*, or Duke. This is called descending rank. Members of the imperial family do not descend below the rank of Duke. When a subject is ennobled for his services, he may either receive his rank to be transmitted unaltered to his heir, or he may receive the "descending rank." Rank is not inherited by all the children of a nobleman; only the eldest son and his issue, who must be born of the lawful wife, and not of a concubine, can bear the family title; but in default of legitimate issue of the eldest branch, the hereditary rank devolves upon the issue of the second son, and so on; or the representative of the elder branch, being himself childless, may adopt the child of either of the younger branches, and the child so adopted inherits the title.

Conspicuous among the nobility of China are the *Pa Ta Chia*, or eight hereditary princely families, which accompanied the reigning family from Manchooria, and waived their claim to the usurped throne in its favor. Their rank remains unchanged to all generations.

It is said that it is impossible to buy a patent of nobility in China. If this be the case, it is the only thing which money will not buy there. It would be, indeed, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, were simple rank not to be obtained by purchase in a country where offices, conveying the highest power for weal or for woe over millions, are notoriously sold to the highest bidder.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TENDER AND TRUE.—We do not think that the Americans are disappointed in Nilsson, who justifies all that had been said in her praise. It would be invidious to attempt a comparison between Parepa Rosa, Nilsson, and Adelina Patti, all of whom excel in different ways, and are among the first living sopranos.—As the *Bazar* does not discuss politics, it can not undertake to decide who was responsible for the war in Europe, or the policy under which it has been carried on.—Ear-rings are *not* indispensable to the finished appearance of a young lady. If her ears are bored let her wear them if she likes; but the ear is far more beautiful unmarred by an ugly scar than pierced with a sharp instrument for the purpose of ornament. Ear-boring is one of the barbarisms of the nineteenth century, which, we trust, fashion will not perpetuate in the twentieth.

J. P. L.—Send your card to your friend on your arrival in his city.—You will have no difficulty in fastening your ringlets with hair-pins so as to form a chignon.

SOUTH.—We can give you no further information than that furnished in the "Bazar Book of Decorum" and the "Ugly Girl" articles.

IGNORANCE.—Owen Meredith is the *nom de plume* of Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, the son of the celebrated novelist and the author of "Lucille." Bayard and B. F. Taylor are not the same. Miss Braddon is the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" and of "Milly Darrell."

CONSTANT READER.—A city in England is a town corporate which has a bishop and a cathedral church. Liverpool is a town.

MRS. J. H. B.—The "Woman in White" is for sale at this office, price $2. The story of "Milly Darrell" was concluded in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. III.

M. B. G.—It is too early to say what will be the leading color next season. Solid colors and very small stripes will probably remain in vogue.—A German pronouncing dictionary will give you the names you desire more fully and accurately than we have space to do.

INDIGENT.—There are several homes for old ladies in New York where they have a comfortable support upon payment of a small sum. You can easily ascertain the particulars from the institutions themselves. We can give no opinion as to their respective merits.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL GIRL.—Have your visiting cards written or printed with your full Christian and surname. We are surprised that a young lady who has enjoyed the advantages of observation afforded in a boarding-school should ask us, in this nineteenth century, whether she should drink from a cup with a spoon in it. Study the habits of those about you, and don't vex us with questions which only serve to display your lack of good-breeding as well as of the commonest observation.

ETRUSCAN.—The Roman or Etruscan gold is of a pale yellow color. Red gold is alloyed with copper. Both are fashionably worn. The favorite ear-rings have hoops over hoops and many pendants.

MRS. PUTNEY.—We are informed by an obliging correspondent, "Experience," that the best mode of renewing crape is to steam it, pulling it out smoothly when it cockles. This makes it black and stiff again, though we fear the regular crinkle can not be restored, nor can very rusty, dingy crape be improved.

BRAND.—We do not believe bran will hurt you, and all such farinaceous food is said to improve the complexion. As lemon stains extract the color, you will find it impossible to remove the stain, or rather restore the color. Why not blacken the spots on your velvet? All powder is injurious to the skin.

IMPATIENCE.—You can get the goods mentioned at A. T. Stewart's. One of the grisaille silks at $1 or $1 25 would make a pretty traveling dress for spring. Make with a polonaise and single skirt trimmed with bands of black corded silk. Wear a black or white straw gipsy bonnet, with heavy black gros grain trimming and scarlet or blue poppies. The veil should be a yard of black net hanging straight over the face and fastened to the front of the bonnet.—The name Margaret signifies a pearl.

CORA MAY.—The best way to alter your silk is to make a demi-trained skirt and a postillion basque. If you have silk enough put narrow overlapping ruffles across the front. Wear without an over-skirt in the house, and loop this skirt to form an over-skirt above a black silk skirt for a stylish street suit. Piqué and Marseilles suits were not so popular last summer as they had been, and will only be worn to a limited extent. At any rate, it is too early to make them with a view to the styles of next season. The prettiest of last year had two skirts and a basque trimmed with needle-worked ruffles.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—From fourteen to sixteen yards of alpaca are required for a suit stylishly made. Seven yards of merino will make a trimmed suit for a girl of ten years.

A. D. F.—The cut paper pattern of the Vest-Casaque Suit, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III., will be the best model for your empress cloth suit. Make the vest of brown silk, if you prefer it, and simply hem the ruffles. The price of the pattern is 25 cents. As we have repeatedly said, the bust measure is taken by passing a tape around the body just under the arms, over the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and just above the fullest part of the chest.

MOTHER.—Black velvet leggings are worn both by girls and boys. They are not to match the dress, but the cloak worn with them.

GRADUATE.—Get white Swiss or organdy for your graduating dress. Make with two skirts trimmed with tucks and duchesse insertion and lace. The waist is a regular postillion basque with heart-shaped neck and sleeves ruffled at the elbow.

GABRIELLE H.—Use the Vest-Casaque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III., for your brown empress. Trim with silk bands of darker brown. The suit for spring should be black silk, with lace and ruffles of the same for trimming. There is nothing else so suitable for intermediate seasons when styles are unsettled. The dress and upper skirt of the suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, or else 50, of Vol. III., will be your best guide. Basques with postillion back are universally worn by old and young ladies; round waists look old-fashioned, and pointed waists are more used for evening than day dresses. The coat-sleeve opened around to the elbow, and trimmed at the opening, is the stylish duchesse shape. Two pairs of sleeves, one coat-shaped the other flowing, are on many dresses, being sewed in together at the arm-holes, or else the coat-sleeves are joined to an under-waist of gray linen. Button-holes accompany the buttons on dress waists. The hem on the front of dress waists must not be stitched down; the buttons and holes will keep it in place. Sashes and belts are little worn, now that basques are in vogue. For the black gros grain suit for a lady of thirty-eight use the polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. Trim with ruffles and lace, or else passementerie. Velveteen bands are used for trimming empress cloth and other plain wool goods when velvet can not be afforded. Elaborately headed fringes are in fashion. The sailor tie of bias silk is worn with standing collars.—The paper you mention is a most excellent one. You can obtain it by addressing a letter to the title of the paper, New York city.

F. W. S.—Any small, smooth-polished reed will do in lieu of the Spanish reeds, that are somewhat difficult to find.

SUSIE.—Your ideas about designs for the embroidery on a chair are very tasteful. You can have them carried out and monograms designed at the fancy wool stores on Broadway.

JANE EYRE.—We know nothing of the work you mention. We have introduced all the styles of embroidery now fashionable in Europe.—We do not make public the names of our contributors, nor can we promise to accept MS. without reading it.

CYNTHIA L.—It is rather early to decide, but we think you will be safe in making your dresses with demi-train, or else to clear the ground, and trim with narrow ruffles. Embroidery will be much used on white dresses, also bunches of horizontal tucks and duchesse lace. Full French waists with pointed open throat, and fanciful postillion basques, will be made up in thin goods.

HANNAH.—You will find answers to many of your questions in the "Bazar Book of Decorum." It is hard to give infallible rules for deciding these small questions. The usages of society are more easily learned from observation than precept.

A RUSTIC GIRL.—A gray poplin or cashmere, or a cloth suit, is appropriate for a bride to be married in and wear during her wedding tour. The hat or bonnet should be of velvet, like the dress trimming, and should be worn during the ceremony.

MARION DE L.—We know of no book giving the information you want. Our next New York Fashions will describe masquerade costumes.

FIVE CENTS.—The metal heels worn in the street are colored black. Cluny lace edging and white or colored embroidery are the trimmings most used on corsets. For information about bustles, or tournures, read the New York Fashions of the present Number. If you send the money with your order to the house you mention, of course a single pair of gloves will be sent you.

COWLES.—No, it is not proper for a girl in her teens to engage herself to a man to whom her parents object.—Make your empress cloth with a demi-train and postillion basque, and trim vest and cuffs with bias black velvet bands.

ELISA P.—Make your pretty striped silk with a slightly trained skirt and a postillion basque with duchesse sleeves. Trim with blue velvet, like the stripe, edged with guipure lace; or else use bias ruffles of the material, very narrow and overlapping. Wear with a single skirt for the house, and drape over a black silk for the street.

HARRY V.—The plain turban of fur seal and gloves to match are the most stylish furs worn by gentlemen. Vests are worn very high, with or without collars for day wear, and very low for evening full dress.

B. F. C.—Put brown paper over the tallow spots on your empress cloth dress, and rub an iron over it. Then moisten with benzine. Short suits and gored skirts will, we hope and believe, continue in fashion next summer. A gray poplin suit is pretty for a bride's traveling dress to be worn in May, or else one of the grisaille silks sold for $1 25 a yard.

MRS. T. G. M.—By a double ruffle is meant a ruffle hemmed on each edge and gathered in the centre.

JANE R. T.—A single band of ostrich feathers will trim your velvet basque stylishly. If you can afford it, lace with a passementerie heading is more elaborate.

OLDEST SISTER.—It is economy to use the best brands of muslin for under-clothing. We have given patterns of all the important articles worn by your younger sisters. *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. III., will give you great assistance in such matters.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—*Bazar* No. 19, Vol. II., will give you designs and directions for making lambrequins.—We have published the idea you send us about an under table-cloth.

INQUIRER.—It is proper to put "Miss" on your visiting cards. If you are the eldest daughter of the family you can use this prefix and omit your given name. To use the initial of your middle name is not objectionable, but do not use initials only.

J. R. M.—Black alpaca is an excellent material, though not especially stylish. You should trim it with pleatings of the same, or bias bands of the material or of corded silk of the same shade of black. Velvet does not look well on alpaca or cashmere, and satin trimmings are entirely out of fashion.

TULLE.—Tulle is the thinnest fabric you can get for your bridal veil. It is always used for this purpose, unless a fine lace shawl is draped for this one occasion as a veil. Do not wear your veil after the wedding-day, even at a party given in honor of your marriage. Tulle trimming on your lavender silk will be less expensive than lace, and also very stylish. Make pleated ruches of the tulle doubled, or else flat pleats all running one way. White crape is not so pretty for trimming, but colored crapes trim colored silks prettily.

MRS. R. T. L.—Flounces are still the fashion—that is, more dresses are trimmed with them than with any thing else—yet bias velvet bands and bands of the material are preferred by many who have grown weary of ruffles. To be stylish, ruffles should be narrow and overlapping.

THE INEBRIATE'S HOPE.—The most confirmed drunkard cured by Dr. C. C. BEERS' remedy. Can be given without the knowledge of the patient. Send for circular and convince yourself. C. C. BEERS, M.D., Box 5110, New York. Consultation free. Office, No. 12 East 12th Street.—[*Com.*]

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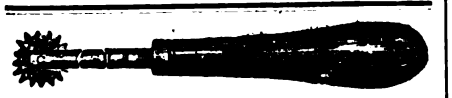

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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FACETIÆ.

WHY is a cab horse the most miserable of all created beings?—Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is Wo-e!

A CLERICAL ERROR—Too long a sermon.

There's a great love of home about rabbits, although they run down their own burrows.

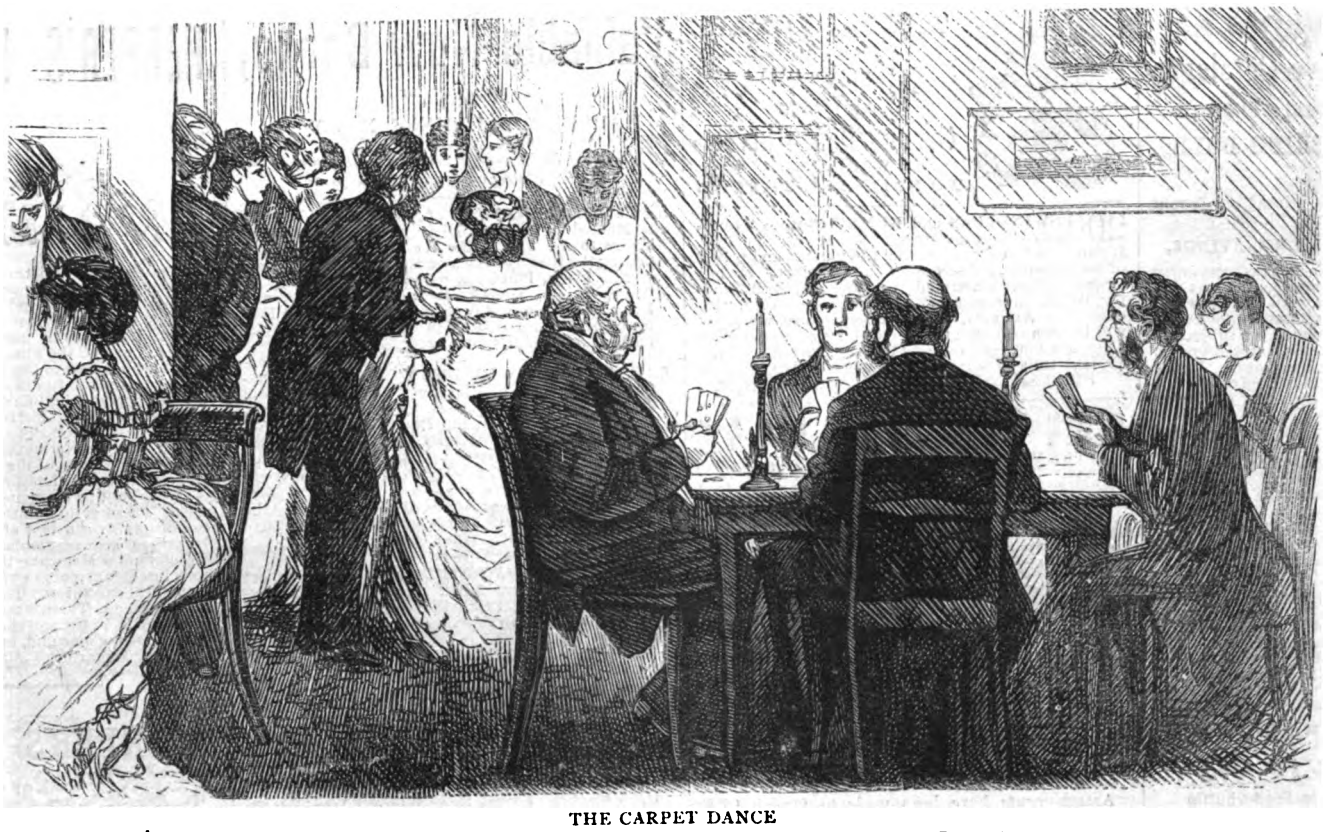
LOST—The buttons from a coat of paint.

WHERE FOUND.—A clergyman, having on a certain occasion delivered himself of what is called a fine address, was met by one of his hearers the next day, when, in the course of conversation, allusion was made to it. The parishioner remarked that he had a book containing every word of it, and had heard it before. To this the clergyman boldly asserted that the address was written by himself the week previous to its delivery, and therefore the assertion could not be correct. The next day he received a splendid copy of Webster's Dictionary.

As we often hear of flying bricks, we ought not to be astonished at hearing a chimney fine.

"Are the pictures which you brought home from Europe all landscapes?" said an artist to Mrs. Shoddy one day.

"Lord bless you, no," replied the indignant lady; "they're ile paintin's!"



THE CARPET DANCE

FIRST WHIST-PLAYER. "Why, Fusby, there's your Wife Dancing! Who's her **Partner?**
FUSBY. "Oh, Goodness knows! Some Member of the *Humane Society*, I should Imagine!"
[*She was a lovely girl twenty years ago—the good-for-nothing old wretch!—and the wife she'd been to him!*

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever see a chimney-sweep having his shoes blacked?

Did you ever get an omnibus to stop exactly where you wished it?

Did you ever know a lady with a wasp-like waist whose disposition also was not rather waspish?

Did you ever meet an alderman who was a vegetarian?

Did you ever know a baby that was not considered "the sweetest ever born," and "*so* like" somebody or other to whom you can't discover an atom of resemblance?

Did you ever meet an Englishman abroad who did not seem to think that he lost caste by speaking civilly?

Did you ever challenge a stranger to play billiards without mutually asserting that you hadn't touched a cue for upward of a twelvemonth?

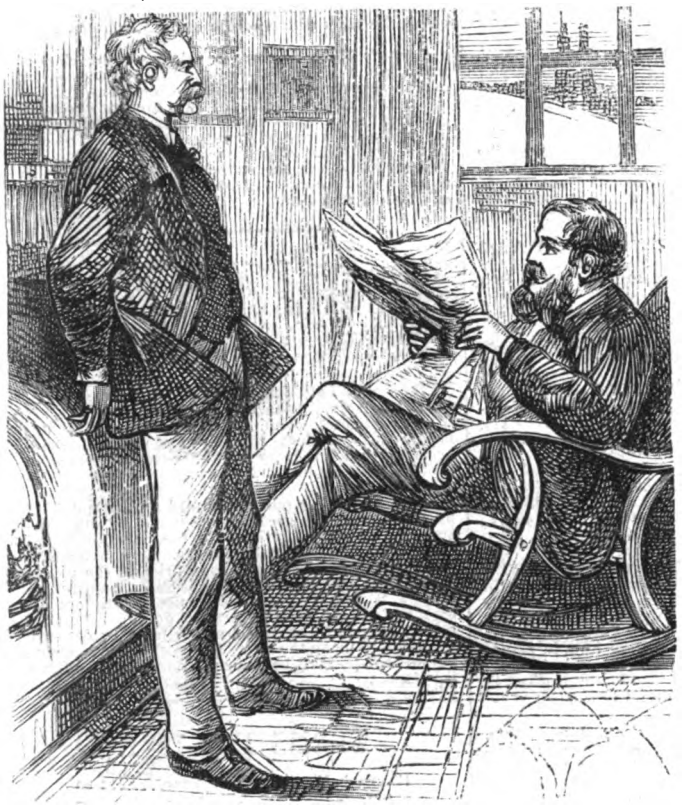
Did you ever hear a modest man propose a toast without regretting that it had not been placed in better hands?

Did you ever come home late, and try to get to bed without any body hearing you, when the front-door did not bang, and every stair explode as though it were a fog-signal?

THE ONLY LIMIT TO LOVE—A "ring" fence.

A BILL WITH A NEW TITLE—William, Emperor of Germany.

Young ladies had better be fast asleep than "fast" awake.



AS LONG AS IT'S BROAD.

CHARLIE (*reading*). "The Thermometer registered Twelve Degrees below Zero Centigrade."
TOM (*dryly*). "That is not Fahrenheit."
CHARLIE (*more dryly*). "No, but it is very Far-in-cold."

EDUCATIONAL QUESTIONS.

PRIZE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Who was Zero?
A. A Roman philosopher, who played on the fiddle while inventing the Thermometer.
Q. State what you know of Plutarch.
A. He was King of the Infernal Regions, married Porcupine, and subsequently rewrote the Heathen Mythology.
Q. Who was Theodolite?
A. A native of Alexandria, and a Christian historian.
Q. Give a short account of Abelard.
A. He was a solicitor who refused to go to the Crusades. His partner was Heloise. They were both buried together.
Q. How many Graces were there?
A. Nine.
Q. Mention them in order.
A. A Grace before dinner, a Grace after, and Grace Darling. That's three. Three Graces of Canterbury, York, and Dublin. That's six. A Grace of the Cambridge Senate, a bad Grace, and a good Grace. That's nine.
Q. How did Shakspeare make use of Niobe as a simile?
A. He said she was like a large theatre, "all tiers."
Q. When does a Russian serf have a real holiday?
A. When he gets *a knouting*.
Q. Who were the Nestorians?
A. They were followers of Nestor, one of the oldest and wisest Greeks of his age.
Q. State what you know of the Marionettes.
A. They were heretics living in Syria.
Q. Do you remember any Vegetarians in the fourth century?
A. Yes, certainly. They were a party among the Arians, just as the Vegetable-Maro-nites formed a distinct sect among the Maronites.
Q. Who was the founder of the last-named sect?
A. P. Virgilius Maro, after whom they were called.
Q. Who was Hero?
A. A Heroine, beloved by Neander, who wrote his Church History, and was then drowned out bathing.
(*Prizes given. Examination closed.*)

HOW TO FRITTER AWAY TIME—In making omelets.

MEN OF THE WORLD—Geologists and geographers.

FIGURES CUT IN ICE.—In the graceful displays which youth of both sexes have lately been occupied with making on frozen ponds, it has been remarked that the "Grecian Bend" has not been generally so remarkable as the "Roman Fall."

ACCOMMODATING.

NEWS-BOY. "Evening Paper! Evening Paper!—tenth Edition. Another great German Victory!"
MONS. CHOSE. "Go away vid your paper; I am Frenchman."
NEWS-BOY. "All Right, yer Honor, here's another, where the Germans ha' got an Awful Lickin'!"

AN ACCOMPLISHED GOVERNESS.

The following elegant specimen of epistolary writing was received a few days since by a lady friend, who was desirous of employing a competent nurse:

Misses t——.

A Lady did bee telen mee as your ladey Ship was wunten too highar a nurs too taik kair off smal childer, livin a shorte distins en ther kuntree. Also maik miself Genruley usful. Nough mam i can giv thic bes if citie Refurince is to be hed. And ef yer wants a guverniss mi sistur hoo wrights this is a fin skolard is you See and wood take the plais. Addriss to Catey G—— H——, 92 G St., N.Y., Statin turms.

It is not strange that every body is down on slippery sidewalks.

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER—A man who takes life cheerfully.

The careful mothers of Keokuk, Iowa, cushion the backs of their young hopefuls' heads before letting them go out to skate.

My first is equality, my second is inferiority, and my whole is superiority. Peerless.

EMBARRASSING.—Asking a young lady what her accomplishments are is, generally speaking, harmless enough; still, in these days, it might in some cases cause embarrassment to put the question, "Do you paint?"

INFANTILE LOVE-MAKING.

Here's a sweet, pretty picture, dedicated to all fond Mammas. Let us Hope that the dear Little Things' Affection will last half as long as the Sweetmeats they are dividing.

A QUOTATION FROM LONGFELLOW.—Topham Bankes was at a ball on the 6th, where the ladies' dresses were excessively and inconveniently long. His remark at supper was that he understood now what the poet meant by "the trailing garments of the night."

LANDLORD (*pointing to the rain-drops*). "Is this carrying out the repairing clauses of your lease, Dennis? If you don't mend the roof you will be inundated before night. Go up and see to it directly."
TENANT. "Is it mesilf that's to do such work in such weather? Divil a bit do I go upon the top till summer-time."
LANDLORD. "Well, you can put up with the inconvenience if you like; but I shall compel you to do it in May or June."
TENANT.—"Barring your presence, that's just about the time when I won't do any thing of the sort. What! shut out the blessed air of heaven from my cabin, the pig, and the children in summer-time? It's not for me to do it, there now!"

MOTTO FOR A FANCY-GOODS DEALER—"Now all men buy these presents."

"CREATURE COMFORTS"—Good wives.

SOUND ADVICE.—While you are living be very kind, generous, and do as much good as you can to your relations; but leave them nothing when you die, and you will be sure to be missed by them.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 8.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Fig. 1.—MAROON MERINO DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 14-16.

Fig. 2.—VIOLET EMPRESS CLOTH DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 13.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 4.—DRESS FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.

Fig. 5.—GRAY SILK DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 10-12.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WINTER DRESSES.

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Suit for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.

See illustration on first page.

DRESS and over-skirt of brown cashmere. Trim the skirt with graduated bands of brown velvet ribbon, pointed at the edge, and set on lengthwise, about three inches apart, as shown by the illustration. Cut the under edge of the over-skirt in points and bind them with brown velvet, and finish with a brown velvet belt. Drape the over-skirt at the sides, bind it with brown velvet, and trim it with bows of brown velvet ribbon. Trim the waist to correspond with the skirt. Wide collar of fine linen, with a button-hole stitched scalloped edge, and a row of stitching half an inch from the scallops. Hair crimped and plaited in two three-strand braids, and tied just above the flowing ends with bows and ends of brown velvet ribbon.

Dress for Child under 1 Year old.

See illustration on first page.

THIS dress is of white piqué, and is trimmed with ruffles, which are scalloped and button-hole stitched, as shown by the illustration.

A VALENTINE.

THE old trad: ons, quaint and sweet,
That tell o Elf and woodland Fay,
Tell also how the gladsome birds
Choose sweet-hearts for the year to-day:

Not the tried partners of the joys
That sang so blithe o'er last year's nests;
Their little loves with summer died—
New fancies fill their feeble breasts.

Oh, love! no wanton bird am I,
That only builds in leafy boughs,
And makes a flower's brief, perfumed life
The measure of his fleeting vows.

The bird his sweet, ephemeral song
May idly sing through sunny days;
I know, 'mid flowers or leafless bowers,
One Valentine always.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain patterns and illustrations of a great variety of Ladies' and Girls' Skating Costumes; Ball and Evening Toilettes; Walking Dresses, Sacques, Tight-fitting Basques, and Quilted Jackets, Kitchen Aprons, Children's Dresses, Berthas, Bretelles, Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page* 126 *of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

DRESS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IN ancient times it was the human form that gave shape to the dress; in modern days it is the dress which gives shape to the human form. The Greeks and Romans, from earliest youth exercised in the leaping, running, wrestling, boxing, quoit-throwing, and riding of the gymnasium, became a race of muscular athletes. Sons and daughters of the "first families" competed for prizes in the public games, preparing themselves for the struggle with a care that is only approached in our day by the training of a prize-fighter for the ring or a blood-horse for the race. Bathing, currying—for human beings really scraped themselves with an instrument not unlike a curry-comb of our stables—and the anointing of their bodies alternated with the vigorous exercise of the gymnasium and the intense contest of the public games.

Under such a regimen the human form expanded, with every muscle swelling beneath the sleek and elastic skin into prominence, each ligament tightening its grasp, and giving fineness to wrist, ankle, and every joint; and all the limbs yielding with suppleness, and acquiring their utmost flexibility. The human form, thus developed, had a fullness varying with compactness, and a grace of contour to which no ingenuity of art could add. No artifice of dress was needed; and clothing was reduced to its elementary purpose of a shield for modesty, or a protection against the weather. A piece of cloth thrown over the shoulders, or wound loosely about the waist, with its folds left to fall freely, and yield to the natural configuration of the body, was the most graceful of all drapery; for it did not conceal, but gave full expression to what was then a model of beauty—the external human structure.

It would not be reasonable to expect that our men and women should strip and wrestle or race in public; nor would it be a delectable sight to behold their withered anatomies undergoing any such operations; but it might be desirable for them to find some substitutes for the gymnasium and public games, whereby they might increase their muscular development.

Certainly, without much strain upon natural modesty, the home dress at least of the young, both male and female, might be freed from much of its usual restraints, and children allowed to run, tumble, and twist, unchecked by waistbands of whalebone, a precocious wearing of breeches, pantaloons or pantalets, crinolines, and starched skirts. This would be an obvious and effective means of developing youthful muscle, and giving vigor of body as well as grace of form.

Whatever may be the cause, whether it is want of exercise, improper feeding, fast living, or what not, our modern men and women both have become so meagre of muscle that they are obliged to resort to all kinds of artifices of dress to supply the deficiency. Thus the tailor gives the appearance of breadth to the narrow chests of our young beaux by a prolongation of the upper line of the shoulders by means of cotton. This, by-the-by, is an American invention unknown as yet to foreign *artistes*, and gives the puny dandy of Broadway the look of carrying the brawny trunk of a porter upon a pair of pipe-stems of his own.

Women are still more indebted to the dressmaker for their outward contour. It needs not a peep into the female boudoir to discover the secret of that fullness of female development which has come in with the fashions of the scanty gored dress. The shop windows of the street display to every curious passer the artifice in all its varieties of form.

Monsieur TAINE, that profound critic of art and acute observer of life, has described with his usual incisiveness ancient and modern dress. Though the sharpness of his words may be somewhat dulled by our translation, we venture to give them in English. He says: "Woman, by modern education and dress, has become a sort of beetle, tightened about the midriff, mounted on a pair of dry and shiny feet, and covered with a glistening envelope. Her ribbons, her hat, and crinoline have the movement and rustling sound of the antennæ and double pair of wings. Like an insect, too, nothing is seen of her face but the eyes and the expression. Her whole body has the restless activity of a buzzing fly. The best part of her beauty consists of a certain nervous vivacity, and depends especially upon the coquettish disposition of her glistening envelope, with its complication of brilliant details.

"The female tunic of ancient times was, on the contrary, little more than a veil. The belt was a simple cord tied in a simple knot below the breasts, and leaving them fully exposed. Where the tunic was fastened to the shoulder its breadth was no more than that of two fingers. This allowed the continuance of the shoulder into the arm to be freely seen. The arms, moreover, were full, strong, and in no respect like those thread-like extremities which hang from the sides of the modern corset. So soon as there is a corset there can be no longer a natural body. The ancient female dress could be put off and on in an instant, and appeared to be little else than a sheet that the woman had picked up any where and wrapped herself in."

MEDICAL SEVERITY.

BRILLAT SAVARIN, in his famous "Physiologie du Gout," protests against the severity of the doctors, who, as soon as a poor fellow falls into their hands, compel him to give up at once all his pleasant habits. Physicians are, indeed, apt to be too rigorous in their discipline of the diet and regimen of their patients. More confidence might be advantageously placed in the instincts of the sick. It is seldom that they fancy any thing hurtful, while often their longings are indications of what is beneficial. A judicious physician should always have an ear for such promptings of nature, and he should not forget, as SAVARIN reminds him, that while painful sensations are unfavorable, agreeable ones dispose to the restoration of health. A little wine, a spoonful of coffee, or a few drops of a *liqueur* indulged in contrary to the doctor's injunction, have often brought back a smile to the most deathlike face.

It is fortunate, no doubt, that the prescription of the physician is often counteracted by the disobedience of the patient, and that thus nature has an opportunity of making good its claims as against art.

Medical severity in the treatment of the sick shows itself not only in depriving the body, but also the mind, of its instinctive requirements. How commonly the physician forbids his patient to read, write, or engage in any intellectual occupation! A mental regimen, however, in illness is as essential to the restoration of health as the due regulation of the physical functions. The mind of the sick must be diverted by some agreeable pursuit, or, for mere want of something to do, it will turn in upon itself, and engage in a self-torture fatal both to intellectual and physical health.

"Wilt thou," cries a sufferer, "shut up one who is suffering already from sickness, and haply with no society save that of a stupid nurse, without any means of amusing his mind? Shall he have no employment but the counting the beats of his fevered pulse, or the stripes or the flowers in the paper or bed furniture, it may be, or figuring horrid faces from shadows, or the fancying landscapes in the veins of the marble chimney-piece, or the gazing on some portrait, haply, till he fancieth the eyes move, and he almost shrieketh at the frightful creation of his own fantasy?"

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of St. Valentine.

DEAR EDGAR,—I was surprised the other morning early by a visit from several young persons of both sexes whom I very much esteem, and I suppose they would hardly have called upon me at that hour, and for the purpose which I shall describe, if they also had not felt kindly toward me. In fact, they called so early that I was awakened by them; for I opened my eyes, and heard soft and exquisite music, such as I remember long and long ago in Germany, before the daybreak of the New-Year; such, also, as I have heard in certain moods in Italy, when the Pifferari came in from the Campagna during the Christmas holidays, and played their melancholy pipes before the shrines; such, too, as I imagine on happy Christmas-eves in England, all snow and moonlight splendor, and singing of waits under the eaves, as Wordsworth describes.

I lay and listened, and presently I distinguished the words of Ophelia's song, sung in a fine, manly chorus in the hall below. I don't know whose music it was; but it was very beautiful, and filled my heart with lovely visions and with gratitude, and then with that vague, indefinable, pensive longing which music in a serenade always inspires. Nothing so criticises life as fine music. It is amazing how base all meanness seems when you hear it. Therefore, perhaps, it is that love is such happiness. It is perfect accord—perpetual music. But while I still lay and remembered that it was the morning of St. Valentine's Day, and wondered what choir of pious youth were thus intoning matins to the joyous Saint, I heard a light tap at my door and a low whisper:

"Are you awake, Mr. Bachelor?"

It was the voice of Claude, who is always first in these happy fancies, and I answered:

"Always to you, my dear boy."

Then he opened the door and stepped in.

"Is this music for me?" asked I.

"For you," replied Claude, smiling. And, as he smiled, a German glee of good-morning came rising upon those same trained and melodious voices. I looked at Claude for an explanation.

"My dear Mr. Bachelor," said he, "it is St. Valentine's morning; and as some of your friends know no one who honors the feast more, for you have chosen the whole other sex for your valentine, we have come to ask you to breakfast with us, and then to do something more, which you shall presently know."

"With all my heart, my dear Claude, if you will wait for me."

He went out; and while I dressed those voices made music in the hall. I don't deny, Edgar, that I was happy. I don't deny that I said to myself, "You desertless old Bachelor, living upon your little income, is there a prince in the city who could buy the pleasure you have already had this morning, and that which you are yet to have?' And then came a strain which brought a memory that smoothed every wrinkle out of my cheek, and restored every gray hair to the brown of twenty-five, and made me a young, cheery fellow, singing down the Simplon to the Isola Bella on a perfect summer day. Such a cosmetic is morning music on St. Valentine's Day! There came another softer, sadder strain; and I recalled the friend of many years, who died on the last St. Valentine's—so generous, so humorous and gentle, so wise and true, that over his year-old grave all the beatitudes should be tenderly written, and chiefly that blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God! And why not, since they make others see Him?

When I went down I found a merry party, and if I had been Queen of the May I could not have been more warmly welcomed.

"If there were only a Church of St. Valentine you should be Pope," said Violet, as she took my hand.

"But what does it all mean?" asked I.

"Breakfast," answered Claude.

And to breakfast we went. Of course it was out of the house; and such a table is not often seen. There was a huge silver platter of splendid fruit in the centre—such as painters try to imagine in their fruit and flower pieces. There was a narrow stream or border of odorous flowers running all around the table, just in front of the plates. There was exquisite glass and lovely china, and such things to eat and to drink as are becoming; and around the table sat such a pleasant and brilliant company that if you had seen them you would have been sure that they could sing exactly as I had heard them singing; and, under the enchantment of the music, how easily you could have fancied that it was a feast of all the fairest birds that ever paired on Valentine's—birds that some repentant Circe had restored to their natural and original forms!

When we had breakfasted, Claude rapped, and said:

"Dear Mr. Bachelor, these before you and around you are your loyal subjects. In other years we have chosen our own valentines, but for this year we propose to submit to your decision, and you shall choose for us all our valentines!"

And thereupon the melodious voices sang, "O Richard! O mon roi!"

What was I to do, dear Edgar? I looked at them more speechlessly than any modest orator awed into silence by the sudden cry for a speech. I knew them all, Claude and Isabel, Violet and Guy, Romeo and Juliet, and all the rest, and I knew the kindly power which had already and forever paired these young friends of mine. We elders see what they can not. We remember when the cheeks that are sunken now and pale were exquisitely rosy round; when the eyes that are dimmed now and spectacled brimmed with joyous light, like a flower-cup with morning dew; when the figure that bends and is feeble now was lithe and erect as a sapling, and when its movement was as graceful as the sapling swaying in the summer wind. But if at the feast of youth and beauty our older eyes see the inevitable doom, let us hope that they also see beneath it, and beyond the bare boughs of winter behold the spring blossoms. I looked into those bright faces, and, perhaps, into those young hearts. The birds already were paired. I saw and heard only the sheltered and singing nests. If I was to choose valentines, they must be of another kind.

"Begin with Claude!" they cried together.

"Well," said I, "Master Claude, you have one valentine which I do not believe even the good Bishop's excommunication could take from your heart and arms; now, then, I give you another, and in fidelity to her you will only be the more faithful to your own. I have watched you closely, Claude: you are generous, but impatient; you are very loving, but very petulant. Yes, I have heard even you speak to—even her, in a tone that I know you instantly regretted; but every tone leaves its impression. Nothing is ever really recalled, as no tears can be unwept, no vows once breathed can be unspoken. I give you, therefore, for your valentine—to have and to hold, to love, honor, and cherish, for richer for poorer, for better for worse, until naught can you part—Self-command! Devote yourself to the service of that valentine. As the knight would hear no word against honor or his lady, and held that an instant's forgetfulness was an endless infidelity, so give yourself to this mistress, who will make you really master of yourself. And he who conquers his own spirit is greater than he that rules a city."

"Self-command shall be my valentine," said Claude, smiling; and with her help and my lady's, I will be unswervingly faithful. And now for Isabel."

"Miss Isabel, you could choose for me in this same way much more surely than I for you. But I observe what is, indeed, but natural in one whom every body likes, and whose good heart would gladly please every body—I observe little insincerities of tone and manner, which foolishly but not unnaturally seem to many whom you would most please to argue a certain falsity of character. It is a manner which seems to solicit admiration, and yet nothing is further from you. Even your smile seems a little artificial. So I give you Simplicity for your valentine, whose other name is Honesty, and clinging to whom, you will not seem to look or to say more than you mean. I do not wonder, dear Isabel, that you ladies, who wear other people's hair for your own, and whose whole external appearance is a complex system of ingenious pretenses, lose a little of your sincerity underneath. You make your persons seem to be something else than they really are, and the falsity strikes deeper. But, Miss Isabel, with you it is manner only; and the valentine I give you will cure it. Try her for a year."

"I take her for my whole life," said the beautiful young woman; and she tossed me a rose-bud, which I have carried, as it were, in my heart ever since.

"And you, Master Guy—as clear and honest and unstable as water—is it your turn next? If I were Bunyan, I should say that I give you for a valentine good Mistress Stick-to-the-text; and bid you, as you value your life, never to lose sight of her, and to be as loyal to her as you are to Violet. What irresolution makes your hands so slippery that you can not cling to any thing you grasp long enough to turn it to some purpose? Your name should be Weathercock. You think that you are not made for this or for that, that your talents are suited to the thing that you are not doing. But you are certainly made to fail unless you persevere. Only knaves succeed without working; and there is no efficient work without constancy. I give you Perseverance for your valentine, and she will help you to your dearer mate. Talent you have, and even genius; but they are only wind in the sail. If you haven't the rudder and keel and ballast, my boy, you will drift and drift. The artist, said a great painter, is one-tenth poet and nine-tenths mechanic. Draw your own moral, Guy, and go in peace, with Perseverance your valentine."

So it went on, my dear Edgar, until I had been betrayed into telling all my merry friends what I thought was the especial weakness of each, and allotting to each a virtue as a valentine. I only wish that I could practice my own preaching. But I fear that the clergy of the good Bishop Valentine are like all the rest. We all see and declare the beauty of holiness;

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but somehow we are not ourselves as beautiful as we might be. And when I had ended my lively duty, and had given a valentine to each one of my gracious hosts, I could not help saying to them: "Dear children, I have given you the benediction of the bishop, and now we are to separate. But as Claude said that I had all my life taken all the fairer sex for my valentine, so, as the chief of sinners present, I bestow upon myself, as my valentine for the year, to be most zealously and constantly served, all the virtues together which I have singly allotted to each one of you!"

There was a merry laugh. The sweet voices struck up a noble and quaint Gregorian chant as a *nunc dimittis*. We shook hands all round, and this year's feast of St. Valentine was ended.

Yours, my dear Edgar,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FANCY COSTUMES.

PUBLIC masquerade balls were never popular in New York, and this season have proved absolute failures. Costumers say their occupation would be gone were it not that private theatricals, pantomime parties, tableaux, charades, and fancy dress parties are extremely fashionable. A director with some knowledge of theatrical matters is necessary at parties where scenes from Dickens are rehearsed, or Rip Van Winkle or Humpty Dumpty appear; but dominoes and fancy costumes are frequently prepared at home by the wearers; and it is for these that we provide some hints.

The handsomest dominoes are of pale blue, pink, lavender, or white satin with a border of swan's-down or blonde lace for trimming. A new fancy is to wear over the domino a loose-sleeved mantle, cut like an ample paletot, deeply pointed on each side, with long flowing sleeves and a hood. This domino may be cut from the pattern of the gored wrapper illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., dispensing with the fullness added below the waist in the back. It has no sleeves, as those in the mantle are sufficient. It may be belted, but is more graceful and less liable to crush the ball dress beneath it when worn loose and flowing. Buttons and button-holes fasten the entire front, and the skirt should be long enough to conceal the dress under it. Costumers charge $25 an evening for the use of such a domino made of lavender, rose, or black satin, the mantle and skirt edged with lace or swan's-down. Dominoes made in this way are not so clumsy and ungraceful as the full, old-fashioned garment, gathered to a yoke. The last plan is a good one, however, when the skirt of a dress is used for a domino, and it is desirable to cut it as little as possible. A long-trained gored skirt of white, black, or any quiet color, will answer. A deep yoke is fitted half-way down the body, and a gored skirt, with openings in the side seams for the arms, is pleated to the yoke, leaving the front plain and the back quite full. Dominoes for gentlemen are made in the way just described. Black silk or alpaca, without trimming, is the material.

Silk or satin masks cost 75 cents when plain; with a silk frill added, to conceal the mouth and chin, they are $1; with a fall of black or white lace inwrought with gilt they cost $1 50. Ladies usually select a plain mask of the color of the domino, and add a fall of lace.

Peasant characters are exceedingly popular this season. These require coarse fabrics, and are inexpensively gotten up. Gay, large-figured chintzes bought of the upholsterer, coarse serges, and cheap wool stuffs make up bright and attractive costumes, that retain their freshness long enough, as they must of necessity be worn but a few times. The nursery favorites, Old Mother Hubbard and Goody Two Shoes, appear at every masquerade, brigands and Zouaves are arrayed in petticoats, and the characters that figure in the European war meet in the merry dance. Sad-eyed sisters of the Red Cross promenade with dashing soldiers who wear the Prussian cap, and are announced as Uhlans; Fritz and Gretchen, counterparts of the German emigrants that one sees occasionally in the streets, are favorite characters; and some courageous girl dons the dress of the once popular vivandière, and flourishes the French tricolor.

One of the prettiest peasant costumes represents a spinning-girl. The short full skirt and low, square-necked sleeveless bodice are of broad-striped chintz or cambric, in buff stripes, alternating with white. An apron, with bib and pockets, is of black and white stripes, with a border sewed on of a chintz stripe representing field and flax flowers. White lace tucker in the square neck, and short puffed sleeves of white muslin. Broad-brimmed straw hat, with flowers in front, and long loops of blue ribbon hanging beneath the brim on each side. A distaff in her hand is decorated with blue ribbons and a bunch of field flowers. Clocked stockings and square-toed high-heeled slippers, with large buckles.

The German peasant girl, Gretchen, is best represented by a fair-haired girl, whose long tresses should be braided and wound flatly about her head, or else tied with ribbon and left hanging. Her dress is a full round skirt of brown or crimson serge reaching nearly to the ankle, an under-waist of white muslin, very full, gathered to a belt, the neck cut half high and round, and held by a drawing-string, full straight sleeves gathered to a band at the elbow; over this is a peasant waist like the skirt. A bright blue cambric apron of two straight widths, almost as long as the dress, is gathered to a belt at the waist. Scarlet and blue striped stockings. Low black shoes, with broad, flat heels. A close-fitting cap or bonnet with cape is worn on the head, and a kerchief of bright color is folded around the neck.

Maud Muller, the hay-maker, wears a short skirt of pink cambric, with blouse-waist and apron of white muslin. Knots of black velvet ribbon with white daisies in the centre are on her shoulders, and on the pockets of her apron. Broad straw flat, with velvet and daisies clustered in the centre of the crown. A tiny rake, wrapped with pink ribbon, is strapped over her shoulder.

The Brigand—a dashing costume copied from the opera—is a skirt of scarlet satin, quite short, and arranged in a panier puff behind. Many rows of gilt galloon, with pendent acorns, surround the skirt. A jaunty little military jacket of black velvet, nearly covered with gilt passementerie, is merely a short tight basque with the skirt cut in squares, and the front open and filled with white lace ruffles. This is an expensive dress, as some of the gilt passementerie is $3 a yard. Brigand hat of black velvet, with narrow rolling brim, high sloping crown, and long black and scarlet plumes. Flesh-colored silk stockings and high scarlet boots, fringed with gilt at the ankles, and fastened by gilt buttons.

A pretty costume, prepared for a young girl of fifteen, is called the Union Flag. It is made of plush. The low pointed bodice and the upper part of the short skirt are light blue plush, dotted with silver stars. The skirt is filled out to the proper length by lengthwise stripes of red and white plush about three inches wide. Narrow silver galloon is sewed between the stripes to conceal the seams. A scarf passing over the left shoulder, crossed on the left side, and hanging low on the skirt, is of three stripes of plush—red, white and blue—joined by silver braid, and finished at the ends with silver fringe. A liberty cap has a pointed band of blue plush, dotted with silver stars, and a hanging point of red and white stripes, and a silver tassel. Flesh-colored silk stockings, strapped with red and blue ribbon. The costumer's charge was $10 for the privilege of wearing this dress first.

The loveliest fancy dress quoted from abroad is a flower costume. This is simply an ordinary evening dress with demi-trained skirt, made up entirely of ruches of shaded silk, alternately mauve and violet, sewed on a tarlatan foundation. The ruches are very full, notched on the edges, and caught up between the pleats to look like flower petals. To soften all this is an over-skirt of violet tulle, with long slender vines of the dark green leaves of the violet looping the skirt on the hips, and trailing behind for a sash. The dress looked like a huge bouquet of Parmesan violets.

Aqua—water—is represented by white gauze skirts over green grenadine. Tiny gold-fish, cut out of gold-leaf, are seen beneath the white gauze. Sea-weed, grasses, and water-lilies trim the corsage, and form a coiffure for the long, flowing blonde hair. Jewelry of red and white branches of imitation coral accompany this dress.

A gay dress represents the Princess Carnival. The skirt of white satin has a pointed border of different colors, trimmed with gilt galloon. The over-skirt, in imitation of gold cloth, is dotted with tiny points of every color of the rainbow. The corsage is like the upper skirt. Powdered wig and three-cornered hat. Haidee is a rich Oriental costume for a brunette. Scarlet velvet skirt and basque, covered with tinkling golden pieces, like coin, describes the suit. Long, hanging black hair, with a gilt netted coiffure. Pierrette is a jaunty little dress of white cashmere, covered with knots and bows of red ribbon.

The Marie Antoinette, Marie Stuart, and other historical costumes, so much copied last winter, seem to have lost favor. Fanciful national costumes, the Roman, Moorish, and other gorgeous Oriental dresses, are still popular.

Kitty Puss—representing a white cat—is a pretty dress for a little girl with light hair. A white merino or delaine frock, with short skirt and low-necked basque, is trimmed with rows of swan's-down. White slippers, with swan's-down around the top. Flowing crimped hair, and a little swan's-down or cony turban with an imitation of a cat's head on the front. The child carries a wand over her shoulder, with three mice hanging from it.

A peasant dress for a girl of ten years is of blue and white striped calico, with solid blue over-skirt looped at the sides, and a low blue bodice, with white chemisette appearing above it, and full white sleeves. Bib-apron of yellow linen, bordered with blue. Lace head-dress. Scarlet stockings. Patent-leather shoes with gilt buckles. A willow basket filled with eggs and fruit is carried on the arm.

Spring is a showy costume for a girl. Sky blue silk skirt, ornamented with swallows cut of black velvet. Blue gauze skirt, studded with gilt butterflies and looped with pink roses. Low blue bodice, with white daisies for trimming.

The Folly dress, made up of stripes of all colors and little tinkling bells, fairy and cherub dresses, and the shepherdess costumes, described in former papers, are still seen.

PERSONAL.

IN the recent death of Dr. GEORGE T. ELLIOTT, of this city, science not less than society has lost one of its most brilliant members. Ere he had rounded the fullness of manhood he had achieved a reputation not surpassed by that of any member of the medical profession in this country. He was a man of notably fine and gracious presence, of refined, manly, winning address; and whithersoever he went, or with whomsoever associated, ever won favor and regard. A skillful physician, a learned professor, a quiet, amiable, cultured gentleman—his memory will be kept in very precious remembrance by those who knew and esteemed him for the excellence of his professional and the purity of his personal character.

—Late advices from Europe state that LOUIS KOSSUTH is lying at the point of death in Turin, Italy. What a history has been his! He is now seventy-nine years of age. Before he was thirty he had made himself famous in the public affairs of Hungary. He was a fine linguist, having, before he left college, acquired fluency in the Magyar, Slovak, German, French, and Latin tongues. From 1831 to 1851 he was constantly occupied in public life, and was an active and turbulent leader. In 1851 his extradition was demanded by Austria and Russia, but through the friendly intervention of the United States and England he was allowed to come to this country. His progress through the Northern States was an ovation. In Washington a banquet was given him by the members of both Houses of Congress, at which he was addressed, among others, by DANIEL WEBSTER and LEWIS CASS. His efforts to obtain pecuniary aid for Hungary, however, received a fatal blow by the *coup d'état* of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the news of which arrived about a fortnight after his landing, destroying all hopes for a speedy regeneration of Europe. And now the poor old man, disappointed in all the hopes and aspirations of his youth, goes to his long home with few, indeed, to do him reverence!

—Parties being especially the rage during the present month—*i.e.*, up to the time when our annual heavy grief commences (Ash-Wednesday, February 22, anniversary of the birth of G. W.)—it would be well for young people of mirthful proclivities to remember these lines, written by that fine Vermont moralist, JOHN G. SAXE:

"In going to parties just mind what you're at—
Beware of your head and take care of your hat,
Lest you find that a favorite son of your mother
Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other."

—King AMADEUS has by a royal decree made the widow of General PRIM a Duchess, and her son, Don JUAN PRIM, Duke of Castillejos.

—The lady correspondents of the press in Washington are becoming an established and important institution, and a very well paid one too. Mrs. MARY CLEMMER AMES, for example, who writes so cleverly for the *Independent* and Brooklyn *Union*, is paid a salary of $5000 per annum, which is more, we suspect, than is paid to any man correspondent or writer in Washington. Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is paid for correspondence $3000 a year, and writes articles for papers and magazines besides. Miss SNEAD ("Miss Grundy") sends very pleasant and racy letters to the *World* for $1200 a year, and writes to the Springfield *Republican*, Louisville *Journal*, and Baltimore *Saturday Night*, for which she is paid large sums of gold. Mrs. "Grace Greenwood" LIPPINCOTT has written considerably this winter for the *Tribune*, for which, of course, she obtains her own price. Mrs. MARIA A. STETSON, of Boston, sends lively letters to the Boston *Watchman and Reflector*, and to some paper printed in many millions out West—Kansas or some such country as that. Another clever and very industrious correspondent is "Olivia" (Mrs. BRIGGS), of the Philadelphia *Press*. Her letters are among the best sent from the capital. Probably one reason why these lady correspondents are so well compensated is, that aside from their ability, they attend very closely to their duties, do not pervade places where much Bourbon, late night, and bad cigar are consumed, and do not indulge in "sinful games."

—It is gazetted from abroad that WORTH, the noted man-milliner of Paris, proposes to abide in New York, which, he estimates, affords a more promising field for his compositions than any other city in the universe:

"Worth makes the (wo)man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather, or some other equally
desirable and durable material for foot gear."

Or words to that effect.

—Père ("Perry," as a man of levity near us pronounces it) HYACINTHE is understood to be making arrangements to revisit this country some time during the present year, for what special purpose is not mentioned—probably to lecture.

—The Rev. Dr. PUSEY, canon of Christchurch, Oxford, where he resides, has been very ill, and at his age (seventy-one) his friends feel great anxiety about him. His only son is nearly stone-deaf, and sadly crippled. The career of Dr. PUSEY has been quite remarkable. After graduating with high honors at Christchurch, he was, at the age of twenty-eight, appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University, a post to which is attached a canonry at Christchurch. He was one of the earliest and most constant contributors to the "Tracts for the Times." In 1843 he was suspended from preaching before the University on account of a sermon on the Holy Eucharist. For forty years he has been one of the most zealous and influential men of the highest of the High-Church party of England.

—Once in a long while the name of AARON BURR comes to the surface. It was his dying wish that he might, when dead, lie at the feet of his father, AARON BURR, and of his grandfather, JONATHAN EDWARDS. His wish was granted, and a place was made for him in the college division of the burying-ground at Princeton. For a number of years his grave was visited by hundreds of travelers, yet there was nothing to mark it. No one of all the friends of BURR was left who cared to mark the grave, until one night in 1856, unknown to any one, a plain marble slab with the name of AARON BURR upon it was placed at the head of his grave. This is the foundation for the finale of HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S novel of "The Minister's Wooing." So great was the interest in this one grave that in 1860 nearly one-half of the grave-stone had been chipped off by visitors and carried away. The students took up a subscription, and caused the erection of a wire cage about the stone, which has thus been preserved in its broken condition. It is now known that it was by a woman's thoughtfulness and regard for the deceased that the stone was erected.

—JAY COOKE has endeared himself to the Episcopalians of Ohio by endowing a thirty thousand dollar professorship in Gambier College, and named the Rev. Dr. BRONSON, of Mansfield, Ohio, as the man to fill the chair.

—BRIGHAM YOUNG is fast losing his grip over the Mormons. There are now held in Salt Lake City regular services by the Episcopalians and Methodists. Bishop TUTTLE is held in great esteem by the people, and by many of the Mormons. The Episcopal services are well attended, and many of the English Mormons, originally Episcopalians, have been brought back to their original faith. The Rev. Mr. PEARCE, of the Methodist Church, is having great success, especially with the Mormons from England, a large proportion of whom were originally of the Methodist Church. The railroad, and rapid intercommunication with decent people of the East, are powerful auxiliaries in the work.

—The scene at the marriage of Miss MOTLEY to Mr. SHERIDAN was a very delightful one. She was attired in white satin, with unusually rich Brussels lace veil and double flounces. Five bridemaids in pink silk dresses, with over-skirts of white silk grenadine trimmed with white silk fringe, and tiny bonnets of white tulle with pink roses and tulle veils, attended the bride: Miss HELEN SHERIDAN, sister of the bridegroom; Miss SUSAN MOTLEY, sister of the bride; Miss RUSSELL STURGIS; together with a very juvenile bridemaid, the Hon. MARCIA BAMPFYLDE, grandchild of Mrs. SHERIDAN, and the daughter of Lord and Lady POLTIMORE; and Miss CARLOTTA NORTON, grand-daughter of the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. The service was performed in the village church at Frampton, which is rich in historic interest, having been erected during the reign of EDWARD III., and contains memorial windows, etc., etc., in remembrance of various members of the SHERIDAN family and their ancestors.

—Michigan has several prominent men in public life who have been the artificers of their own fortunes. One of its Judges in the United States Court was a few years ago an infirm schoolmaster in the then young city of Grand Rapids. About the same time two men were next-door neighbors in Detroit, one keeping a dry-goods store, and the other a boot and shoe store. The latter is now Governor BALDWIN, the former United States Senator CHANDLER. A later instance is that of a young man born of poor but honest parents in Mackinaw, with absolutely no school to go to, who emigrated to Grand Haven, went into business, and is now United States Senator elect, THOMAS W. FERRY.

—Mrs. CELIA BURLEIGH is having quite a success this winter with her lecture on "Houses and Homes." It was her happiness to fill Plymouth Church with listeners to it, and to have had in Boston, Syracuse, and other "head" centres of equal prominence, audiences composed of the beauty, brain, and bullion of their several propinquities.

—Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT has been selected as editor of the new illustrated weekly paper to be published by the American Tract Society. ABBOTT is a pretty good name to place at the head of any literary project in this country. To a high degree the A.'s have the knack of the pen.

—The beautiful residence of M. GOUPIL, the picture-dealer, at Bougival, inside the German lines, has been destroyed by the fire from the forts. It contained many remarkable works of art. M. GOUPIL wrote to the Crown Prince, begging him to save the pictures (mostly GEROME'S), and they were removed to Versailles.

—It is understood to be a source of general grief to the modern Greek to know that the young King of Greece is addicted to croquet; but his medical advisers have ordered him to abandon it on account of the danger of cerebral excitement.

—"Fighting JOE HOOKER," as he is known to this people, has been interviewed by that bright newspaper gentleman, DONN PIATT, who says he is having a calm, sunny afternoon to his turbulent life, and is well, fat, hearty, and cheerful. He is a fine-looking old soldier still, with the bearing of Mars, with an eye at once kindly and severe—if you understand that. "I do," says D. PIATT; "at least, I know what I am driving at. JOE HOOKER was as sweet and gentle as a woman, and as brave—well, as brave as BOB SCHENCK, or Old MILROY. We generally say a lion; but I like the two I have seen tried better than the king of the beasts that I suspect is a humbug, as all recognized notorieties are. The reputation that tells is a caricature, precisely as all successful popular portraits are. General HOOKER was as capable as he was handsome, and that is saying much. May his life be as happy from this out as heretofore it has been illustrious."

—Of the prominent French artists of the time MEISSONNIER is in the Commissary Department, with the rank of Colonel. GUSTAVE DORE is in the Paris Garde Mobile, and in his leisure moments occupies himself with sketches for his new allegorical picture of the siege of Paris. ROSA BONHEUR is residing quietly at her home at Fontainebleau. DUVAL, the historical painter, is adjoint to the mayor of one of the Paris arrondissements. GONDEZ, the young sculptor, has been taken prisoner by the Prussians. CABANEL is in the Zouaves. Many other painters of eminence are serving in the National Guard, Paris. GEROME, PERRAULT, SCHLESINGER, GUDIN, and YVON, are in London. The latter has realized a considerable sum for an allegorical picture for A. T. STEWART. GEROME is in delicate health.

—The "happy day" for the Marquis of LORNE has been fixed for the 21st of March, when the Princess LOUISE will become "Mrs. LORNE." The 21st of March, by the same token, is the anniversary of the day on which CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury, was burned for heresy, at Oxford. It is also the day on which was born St. Benedict, founder (A.D. 529) of the order of Benedictines.

—Naughty persons in Rio Janeiro cheated CARLOTTA PATTI out of $700 in one evening by means of spurious tickets.

—M. JEROME PATTERSON BONAPARTE (our BONAPARTE), grandson of the ex-King of Westphalia, was recently serving on the outposts of Courbevoie, among the defenders of Paris. Curiously enough he is the only BONAPARTE left in France to fight against the invader up to the last moment of surrender.

—A gentleman from Cleveland was talking recently with the president of one of our city banks—a man proverbial for kindnesses to the poor and the sorrowing—when a letter was handed to him. He read it, and said, "There is a very valuable letter, with donations for a noble purpose." It was a note from JOHN JACOB ASTOR, inclosing two checks for $1000 each, one from his father, the other from himself, for the purchase of a "lodging-house for girls" in the city. Mrs. WM. B. ASTOR supports an orphan asylum out of her own purse at Red Hook, on the Hudson, and Mrs. JOHN JACOB ASTOR is well known for her active participation in many of our city charities, especially those under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, of which she is a member.

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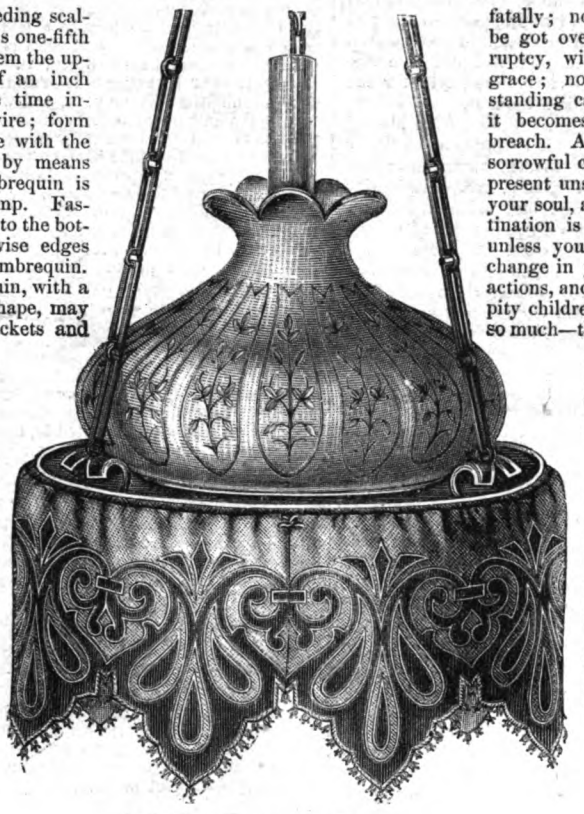
Lambrequin for Lamp.

LAMBREQUINS of this kind are arranged, in the manner shown by the illustration, on hanging or other lamps, to soften the light and render it agreeable to the eye. The original is made of several thicknesses of green crape, embroidered with appliqué figures of green silk. To make the lambrequin a four-fold piece of crape seven inches wide, of the requisite length, is needed. Cover the outside of the piece to within three-fifths of an inch from the top with green silk, to which the design given by Fig. 82, Supplement, must previously have been transferred. Work the embroidery, as shown by the illustration, with green silk twist in diagonal half-polka stitch; work the under edge in button-hole stitch, and cut away the material along the outlines of the design figures (see illustration). Trim the points of the lambrequin with tatted scallops worked with green silk twist, as shown by the illustration. Each scallop counts 1 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 2 ds., 1 p., twice alternately 1 ds., 1 p., then 2 ds., 1 p., 1 ds. Close these stitches in a ring, leaving three-tenths of an inch interval between the ends. The following scallops are worked in the same manner, but instead of forming the first p. of a scallop, fasten to the last p. of the preceding scallop. Hem the ends one-fifth of an inch wide; hem the upper side a fifth of an inch wide, at the same time inserting a piece of wire; form a hook and an eye with the ends of the wire, by means of which the lambrequin is fastened to the lamp. Fasten a hook and eye to the bottom of the cross-wise edges for closing the lambrequin. The same lambrequin, with a little variation of shape, may be adjusted to brackets and other articles.

FROCK FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 51-53.

FROCK FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 48-50.



LAMBREQUIN FOR LAMP.
For design see Supplement, No. XXXI., Fig. 82.

Walking Suits for Girls from 8 to 14 Years old, Figs. 1-3.

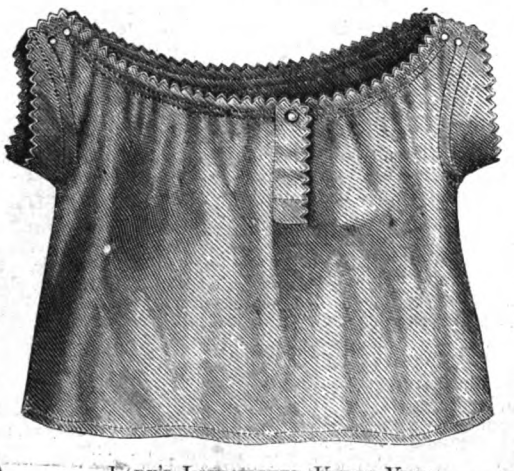
See illustrations on page 117.

Fig. 1.—DARK GREEN MERINO WALKING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD. The skirt and half-fitting basque, which is draped at the sides, are trimmed with ruffles of the material. Gray felt hat, trimmed with a gauze veil of the same color and flowers.

Fig. 2.—WALKING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. Dress of maroon merino. The skirt and over-skirt are cut in scallops, and bound with maroon gros grain. The sacque is of gray beaver cloth, and is trimmed with velvet. Black hat, trimmed with gros grain ribbon and cock's feathers.

Fig. 3.—WALKING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD. Dress of steel blue merino, trimmed with side-pleated ruffles of the material. Paletot of black cloth, trimmed with bias strips of black gros grain and black fringe. Black velvet hat, trimmed with black gros grain ribbon and an ostrich feather. Cut the paletot from Figs. 1-4 of the Supplement.

BLACK LACE BLOUSE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XL., Figs. 36 and



LADY'S LOW-NECKED UNDER-VEST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 56 and 57.

QUILTED JACKET FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Figs. 72-74.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

SOME people—and those unfortunately not a few—live in the perpetual employment of borrowing trouble. They lay a life-long mortgage on their happiness, and occupy their time in paying a fancy interest, and a heavy one, for their uncomfortable loan. Any thing serves them as an occasion for making themselves miserable; and their indulgence in gloomy anticipations of the worst that can befall becomes at last a trick of the mind, which they can not overcome if they would. For the mind gets its "tricks," like the body, and they are just as difficult to overcome. No illness, according to them, can end otherwise than fatally; no money pinch can be got over save by a bankruptcy, with exceptional disgrace; no trivial misunderstanding can be healed before it becomes an irreconcilable breach. And they have always sorrowful convictions as to the present unsatisfactory state of your soul, and its ultimate destination is uncomfortably sure unless you make a complete change in your opinions, your actions, and your beliefs. They pity children and young people so much—they say, mournfully, Poor little things; life is so hard on them! And the shrill cadence of childish laughter, coming in with the sunshine, and the song of birds, and the scent of summer flowers, does not lighten their gloomy picture, nor destroy their melancholy theory.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 19-28.

Nothing can do that, for even the absolute present reality of joy is to them only a hallucination, a delusion, which must before long fade away into thin air; and blackened ashes, where had once been the glow and warmth of fire—or a fire that only seemed, and was not true—are the utmost they can allow as possible to mankind. If a girl is married to the man of her choice, they sigh over the disillusionment that must come, prophesying evil things for the close of the day that has dawned so brightly. Others have married with just as high hopes and fond hearts, they say, and look where they are now! And they instance A and B and C, who have made notorious shipwrecks of their matrimonial happiness, and speculate on the probabilities of the like unskillful pilotage in the present case. They are generally sure of diseased blood on one side or the other; for the

BLACK LACE BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Figs. 67-69.

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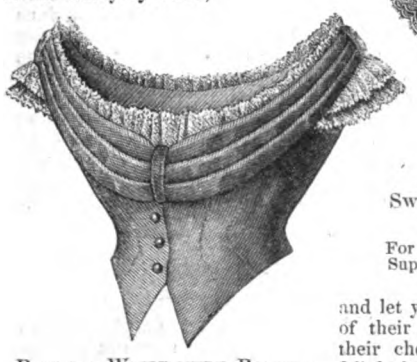
SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 38.

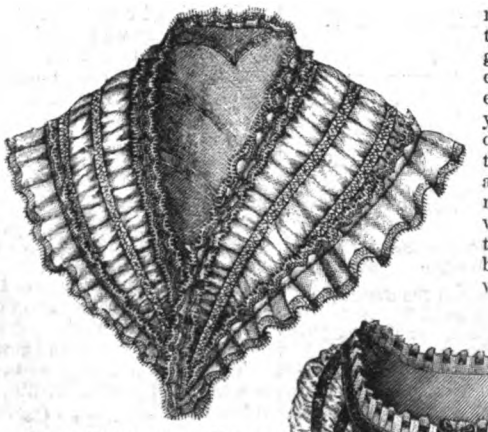


POINTED WAIST WITH BERTHA.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIX., Figs. 75-77.

WHITE CASHMERE MANTELET.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 41-43.



LACE FICHU WITH PUFFED TRIMMING.

For description see Supplement.

LOW-NECKED SILK BASQUE-WAIST.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXX., Figs. 78-81.

number of people of their acquaintance who have hereditary madness, or a decided consumptive tendency, gout by inheritance, and paralysis stealing round the corner, is marvelous in proportion to the few whom they allow to be thoroughly "clean." If they can not designate unwholesome members of the family by name, and let you into the secret of their doctor's fees and their chemist's bills, they fall foul of the bride's notorious silliness, of the bridegroom's well-known temper; of her absurd ignorance of life and housekeeping, of his monstrous extravagance or revolting meanness; and they are sure that, somehow—by the failure of health, happiness, or prosperity—there is no good in store for them.

But nothing of this is said maliciously. Quite the contrary. They are honestly grieved at the dark days to come in the future, and would if they could avert the evil omen. But what can they do? Cassandras who cry aloud and prophesy, they have only the gift of prevision, not of prevention; they can but sympathize, they can not hinder. They are the skeletons at every feast where they are invited; and write up with their awful fingers the Memento Mori, which is their version of Salve, on the threshold of every chamber they inhabit; yet they are not content with their perpetual reminder of death, which is bad enough in itself, but they add to it the still more desolate rider, "Forget not to suffer beforehand."

There is no hope growing in the path where these people take their melancholy walks; and if there are possible dangers in the far future, however remote, however only possible, only contingent, we may be sure they will expect to meet them now on the very instant, face to face. If an epidemic comes into their neighborhood, they and theirs die of it daily. A finger-ache heralds the advent of rheumatic fever, a slight huskiness is the first symptom of diphtheria; if a child is flushed with play, it has the scarlet fever without the smallest doubt, and the idea of escaping the prevailing scourge, or of pulling through if caught, never enters their heads. If any thing merely mental could kill, it would be their wretched forebodings of death and disaster; and if "germs" fructified by attraction, the houses of the borrowers of trouble would never be swept clean of disease. They are good customers, however, to the chemists and the vendors of quack medicines and preventives; for, cowards in all else, they are brave in their adoption of new remedies—their special character of mind for the most part inclining them to a belief in specifics with mysterious properties undemonstrable by science. In older ages they would have been "held" by witchcraft, and "released" by magic. Now they are fain to content themselves with nostrums which work wonders by properties unappreciable by analyst or physicist; and when you say to them, "They can not; there is no such property contained in a bushelful of your medicines," they only answer, "They do;" and instance to you cases wherein, to their knowledge, miracles have been wrought.

The world is full to them of snares and pitfalls; and, as parents, they borrow trouble in their daughters' good looks, their sons' gallant bearing, and the evident admiration both excite in the minds of their young companions. Their daughters especially are the subjects of their dread; and there is not a young man within a mile of them who is not a lender of the trouble they so eagerly borrow, from their conviction that he is a wolf, whose sole design it is to devour at a sitting the poor lamb bleating its innocent response to his crafty address. All balls and evening parties, all picnics and croquet meetings, are the lending-offices whence they carry off large sums of borrowed trouble, which they dole out in separate portions to their belongings. Their sons will be sure to flirt with the wrong girls; their daughters will be as sure to bleat to the wolves and not to the sheep-dogs; they will have a fever from over-dancing, and a chill from eating ices; they will spoil their new dresses, and make them unfit for Mrs. A's "small and early" next week; they will be ill from to-night's excitement, and to-morrow are coming to dinner two eligible if slightly grizzled sheep-dogs, whom they wish devoutly their lambs would affect. Whatever trouble is afloat they borrow largely, as they sit on the side benches, like so many descendants of the Giant Despair, holding out both hands, not for gold, but for misery.

When their sons are men enough to leave home, the same habit of mind which has done its best to cripple their boyhood follows them—happily for all concerned no longer able to influence the life of those for whom their fear has done its loving worst. As boys, the poor borrowers of trouble found an inexhaustible fund of pain in the vigor, the energy, the daring, the very education of youth. Not a gun was ever handled which was not sure to shoot the owner instead of the birds at which it was leveled; not a horse was mounted which did not carry in the saddle a fractured limb or a broken neck; every boat was a witch's bowl with a hole in her; and all athletic sports were but disguised devices for smashed shins, broken blood-vessels, and future heart disease. Study was the direct road to madness; the navy meant shipwreck and death by drowning at the first stiff breeze; the army was a certain consignment of so much precious flesh and blood to the path of a bullet; the medical profession was the surest way to get typhus fever at the first opportunity; the law was, perhaps, physically safe, but the law leaves no hands clean, and no code of morals straight.

The worst use that man can make of his time is to borrow trouble in any shape. It is quite bad enough to spend it in tears and despair when it comes of its own irrepressible accord: until then let us keep our hands clear of it, and if we must borrow any thing, borrow joy and hope, even if we have to pay back the loan with disappointment and with grieving. When the worst has come, there is the repose which follows on certainty; and the sleep which comes after torture is none the less sleep and refreshment because preceded by agony. So when the borrowers of trouble are called on to pay their loan, and their vague fear is translated into a living fact, they are spared any further pain of uncertainty. And, as one's imaginary evil is seldom topped by the reality, for a time at least they have respite from their dread, and find their real trouble less terrible than their fancied one—their payment of sorrow of less amount than that trouble they so needlessly borrowed. At least it is something tangible, and no longer a dreary vision.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

GIRLS' WALKING SUITS.

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A RHYME OF THE SEASON.

Lo! the nor'easter, by Kingsley belauded,
Sweeps o'er the ocean, intent on his worst:
Wind of the clerical poet applauded,
Why by mankind should thy advent be cursed?
Ruddy the cheeks and the ears that thou bitest,
Purple the noses opposed to thy breath;
Yet with thy wand the still waters thou smitest,
Chilling them into the likeness of death.
Don, then, thy daintiest bottines, *divina*,
Shawl that is scarlet, and furs that are white;
And we'll away to the Park, my Georgina,
Beauty to add to a beautiful sight.

Sharp on the ice rings the steel of the skaters;
Sliders ecstatic at clumsiness scoff.
Though I could linger, entranced, o'er these gaiters,
There's the last buckle, so let us be off.
Steadily, swiftly, we glide o'er the surface,
Skimming through numberless couples and bands:
Keen blows the blast, but my sweet-heart, for her face,
Roses and lilies receives at his hands.
Here's a quadrille. Sure there seldom is seen a
Chance so superb for susceptible youth.
A slip!—Ah, I have you!—You see, my Georgina,
The pathways of true love, sweet, never are smooth.

Skating, I swear, is a pastime delicious,
Thorough good practice for what is to be.
Ice matrimonial's risky, my precious?
Not if it's firm, as I hope you will see.
Over the rough and the smooth we shall go, dear;
Tumbles may hap—we shall rise without grieving;
Each by the other supported—just so, dear!—
Till Time clear the lake, and insist on our leaving.
Signals of Danger will cause, as they mean, a
Cautious approach where the crust may be thin:
Only a thaw need we dread, my Georgina;
That would the ice break, and let us both in.

(Continued from No. 2, page 27.)

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER III.

THIS is no sensational or exceptional history, but one that might happen—does happen—continually. The persons therein described are just ordinary people, neither ideally good nor extraordinarily bad. Not so weak as to be the mere sport of circumstances, yet human enough to be influenced thereby, as we all are. In short, neither heroes nor heroines, but men and women—the men and women of whom society is mainly composed, and for which it has to legislate.

Hannah Thelluson was no heroine, Bernard Rivers no hero; and they had not lived many days under the same roof before they made that mutual discovery—more especially as they had plenty of spare time in which to make it; for, the fine autumn melting in continuous rain, no visitors came near the House on the Hill. Not even from the Moat House. Miss Thelluson had called there, as she promised; but the family were out driving. Next day a footman brought her the cards of Lady and the Misses Rivers, with an apology for not calling, on account of the rain.

"They will ask you to dinner next; my people are very particular on points of etiquette," observed Mr. Rivers, evidently annoyed.

But Hannah was not annoyed at all. Not even when the invitation never came, and the rain cleared up; yet somehow or other she had been nearly three weeks at Easterham without having once met her brother-in-law's family.

Of Mr. Rivers himself she had enough and to spare. It is a severe trial for any two people to be thrown on one another's exclusive society—at meal-times, and all other times that politeness requires—striving in a hopeless manner to make conversation, eager to find out and seize upon the smallest point of mutual interest which will break the dull monotony of the time. What they were to her brother-in-law Hannah could not tell, but to her the first four days seemed like fourteen.

It was not from the dullness, which she would have put up with, being a very patient woman; but Mr. Rivers sometimes vexed her exceedingly. His desultory, lazy way of hanging about the house, his variableness, his irritability, and, above all, his indifference and carelessness about every body and every thing, were—to a woman who all her life had found plenty to do, and if she could not find work, made it—utterly incomprehensible.

"But I suppose it is because I am a woman, and have never been used to live with any man—except my father, and he was not a man; he was an angel!"

So she argued with herself, and "did her duty," as she considered it, to the full; placing herself at Mr. Rivers's beck and call every hour in the day, following him about obediently, as he evidently liked to be followed; for his craving after sympathy and his horror of solitude were almost painful to witness: in short, trying to devote herself to him as a nurse does to a sickly, naughty child—naughty because sickly. But she did not enjoy this task. His unhappy, restless face made her heart ache; his aimless, useless life afflicted her conscience. A man, a father, a clergyman—surely he was made for better things. If Heaven had taken away his delights, his duties still were left him. He ought to rouse himself.

And one day, driven almost to desperation by the way in which he had done nothing, hour after hour, but moon about and "bother" her, as an idle, melancholy man does bother a busy woman—and Hannah had not been twenty-four hours in that chaotic, headless house before her head and hands were quite full of business—she ventured to hint this.

"Work!" he answered. "I have no work; nothing that I care to do. She always did every thing with me; we went about the parish together; she used to call herself my curate in petticoats; and the curate was much more useful than the vicar, I believe. Oh, Hannah! you knew what she was, but you never knew what she was to me!"

A tender idealization, perhaps; but the sister felt it deeply. Every memory of poor Rosa was most sacred to her heart too.

"But," she reasoned, "is there nothing you could do, if only for Rosa's sake? She could not bear to see the parish neglected, as you say it is. She would like you to look after the poor and the sick, and carry them comfort."

"I carry comfort!"

"Those can who have known sorrow."

The widower looked at her, uncomprehendingly, with his wild, wistful, miserable eyes—this woman so quiet, so gentle, yet somewhat sad too.

"You have known sorrow?"

"I have."

"Can you teach me how to bear mine?"

What she answered was very little; but it was to the purpose; something like what the Lord said to the man sick of palsy—what He says to every man who is sinking under the paralysis of grief—"Rise up and walk!" She told him in plain words that, instead of sitting at home to mourn, he ought to go out and work.

"I would, only I have no heart to go alone. There is an endless number of parish visits due—where she always went with me. If—"

He hesitated. Hannah hesitated too. It seemed usurping so pointedly the place of the dead; and yet—that dreary, helpless, appealing look of the lonely man!

"If you like—that is, if you do not dislike my coming, and I can be of any use to you—"

"Would you go with me? That would be so very kind. Only this muddy, damp day—"

"Oh, I never mind mud or rain!"

"Nor trouble, nor fatigue, nor any thing else unpleasant, so long as you can do a kindness. She always said so, and now I have found it out for myself."

Hannah smiled. Until now she had no idea whether her brother-in-law liked her or not, and she was not above the pleasantness of being liked. "Suppose, then, I go and put on my bonnet at once?" And as she did so she caught a sight of her own face in the glass, smiling. "If he likes me I may get some influence over him, so as to make my duty easier. And I will try to see his faults less plainly, and his good points plainer, as people should who are obliged to live together. How shall I be able to teach my little girlie to love her father if I do not love him myself a little? I may in time!"

And she went down stairs with a more cheerful heart.

After that nearly every day she and "the parson" went out together, and he made her acquainted with all the poor people in the village. Only the poor. The few big houses there were, taking their cue from the biggest of all—the Moat House—or from some other mysterious reason, into which Miss Thelluson did not care to penetrate, but which apparently annoyed Mr. Rivers a good deal—of these she saw nothing. They did not call.

Little she cared. Every minute of her day was occupied. Household affairs, parish work, the endless help that her brother-in-law soon came to expect from her. Often Hannah smiled to herself at finding that before her new life had lasted twenty days, she was growing a busier woman than ever—too busy to heed outside things. Besides, in addition to all this, there had come over her a change which made her feel as if outside things never could affect her any more. She had fallen in love.

Smile not, readers—masculine readers especially—who think that we women can fall in love with nothing but your noble selves. The object of Hannah's passion was only—a baby!

People say that babies are all alike; but it is to those who do not discriminate them or love them, who take no interest in that wonderful and most pathetic sight—the growth of a human soul. Ay, and a child's soul begins to grow almost as soon as it is born. Within three months—mothers know—you can almost see it growing. At least in most children.

Now, at nine months old, little Rosie Rivers was an actual, individual character, with an individual soul. It had shone out of her eyes that very first morning when she opened and fixed them on her aunt, who sat beside her, watching for her waking. And when Hannah took the little white bundle in her arms, Rosie first drew herself back, and with grave, sad, appealing eyes, intently contemplated the stranger. "Who are you? What do you want with me? Are you going to be kind to me?" said the mute little face, as plain as any words. Then, as if satisfied with her investigation, she slowly dropped her head on her aunt's shoulder, and Hannah pressed her passionately to her breast.

Thus they fell in love—the woman and the child—and the love grew day by day in a miraculous—no! in not any miraculous way. Children have a heavenly instinct in finding good people, and people that love them, in whom they may safely trust. Ere two days were over Rosie would leave any body to go to her aunt's arms. As for Hannah, she could not get enough of her felicity. Had she not longed for this, ay, ever since she had dressed up her big doll in her own half-worn baby-clothes, and caressed it with all a mother's devotedness, at eleven years old? To have a baby—a baby of her very own, as it were (for nurse had given warning at once) it was perfect content. Every minute that she could steal from Rosie's father she gave to the child: she would have liked to be in the nursery all day long. When wearied out with Mr. Rivers's restlessness, saddened by his gloomy face, she would fly for refuge to that sunshiny room—her own room—which she had made as cozy and pretty as she could, and find it a heaven of peace; for the bright little face, the happy little voice, were something nearer heaven than any thing her life had as yet ever known.

It might not have been the same with all children; but the poor, motherless Rosie was a very original child. Small, quiet, gentle, pale, there was yet in the baby mouth a firm little will of its own; and in the serious eyes a strange outlooking, as if seeing something grown-up people could not see—seeking, perhaps, the mother she was never to know. Very soon Hannah learned to think that tiny face unlike all the faces she had ever beheld. Not that it was pretty—poor Rosie was wholly unworthy, physically, of her handsome father and beautiful mother—but it had such a world of changeful meanings in it; it was such a wonderful thing to study and marvel over. In its peaceful, heavenly dumbness it seemed to come to the lonely, shut-up woman like a face out of the unknown world.

Such a companion Rosie was, too! Miss Thelluson was accustomed to big pupils; and, fond as she was of children, they sometimes worried her; but this soft, silent creature, with its pretty ways, its speechless yet intelligible wants, only soothed her, and that inexpressibly. She would sit or lie for hours on the nursery floor with Rosie crowing over her, investigating her watch, her keys, her hair, her dress, with that endless pursuit of knowledge under difficulties peculiar to infants who are just catching hold of the key of mystery which unlocks to them the marvelous visible world.

And the world invisible—even that seemed to be very near about this little child. The words, "in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven," were always coming into Hannah's mind; and the awful punishment of those who sin against "one of these little ones," seemed to be only natural and just.

"You seem very fond of that baby," said Mr. Rivers, one day when she had tried to make it an attractive drawing-room guest for about a quarter of an hour.

"Fond of"—what an idle, unmeaning word! Why, Rosie was a treasure that one of God's angel's had dropped into her arms straight from the Father's house, and bade her cherish it and make it into an immortal soul, fit for His kingdom on earth, which is one with His kingdom in heaven. This was how Hannah felt when she watched the child. But she said nothing. How could Mr. Rivers, or any man, understand? Who could put into any father's face the mother-look of the Virgin Mary?

As she stood there, with Rosie leaning across her shoulder, and patting auntie's cheek with that little dimpled hand, Mr. Rivers, who had traveled half over Europe, and knew every Madonna by heart, called her to look at herself, for she and the child were just the picture of a certain Holy Family he named.

The color came painfully into Hannah's cheek. She, too, like Mary, could have sung her Magnificat; all to herself—her quiet, lonely self. What had she done that Heaven should send her this blessing—she, a solitary woman of thirty years old? As she carried away little Rosie—who was quite too much for papa, except in the character of a Raffaelesque *bambino*, and for about the space of ten minutes—she clasped the child passionately to her heart. It had never beat so warmly, so hopefully, since her Arthur died.

This was on a Sunday morning, the first sunshiny Sunday since her arrival; and as Miss Thelluson and her brother-in-law walked together through the bright-looking village all the neighbors turned out in their best clothes to go to church and criticise the stranger. Easterham was a sufficiently small place for every body to know every body; and Hannah was fully aware she was running the gauntlet of innumerable eyes—"upper-class" eyes: among the poor she was already well known. But this was the first time she had taken her public place in the parish—the first time, for many a long year, that she had walked to church arm in arm (country fashion, he offered his, and she accepted it) with a man, and a man that belonged to her. It felt—not exactly uncomfortable, but—strange.

Her brother-in-law, however, seemed quite at ease, and every person who came up to speak to him he carefully introduced to "My sister—Miss Thelluson." Sometimes it was "sister-in-law," but always pointedly "sister."

"He is not in the least ashamed of me—no more than he was of his wife," thought she, with a certain comfort. For if she had been much given to mind outside things it might have struck her that this handsome young man, with his Norman ancestry, his easy fortune, and his position as heir-presumptive to one of the first families in the county, was a strong contrast to a quiet, rather old-fashioned governess—even though she was his wife's sister. But if she had also been a duchess he could not have shown her more tender politeness; and Hannah was grateful.

It was only when he looked toward the wicket-gate which divided the church from the Moat House, of which it seemed originally to have been a mere appurtenance, that his countenance fell.

"I see my people coming. We must stop and speak to them. It will be best, as you sit in the same pew, and as—as we may have to go to lunch. They generally expect me on Sundays."

"But not me—oh, I hope not. I want to be at home to give Rosie her dinner." And Hannah, with a nervousness for which she despised herself, shrank back from the fashionable elderly lady and her four fashionable daughters, who seemed to fill up the whole of the yew avenue, quite shutting out little old Sir Austin, who came tottering after on his gold-headed stick.

"Never mind Rosie, for once. If they ask you, do not refuse, pray," whispered Mr. Rivers. He seemed either excessively fond of, or painfully subservient to, his family—a family which appeared to Hannah very much like most other county families—well-looking, well-bred, well-educated, and exceedingly well-dressed. Among the odd fancies that flitted across her mind—she had had a keen sense of humor, and even a slight turn for satire, in her youth—was the comical suggestion, What would they be without their clothes?—that is, how would they look or feel if dressed like work-house women, or laborers' wives, or, still worse, in the red chemise of Charlotte Corday, or the white sheet of Jane Shore? They looked so very proper—those five ladies, sweeping one after the other down the church aisle, and kneeling, not a fold awry in their draperies, round their respectable square pew—that to imagine them placed in tragical or anywise exceptional circumstances, where the trappings of worldly formality had dropped off them, and they had to feel and act like common creatures of flesh and blood, seemed a thing impossible.

THE BURST PIPE.

See Illustration on page 124.

IT would be hard to say, perhaps, whether frost and snow, or the thaw that must needs follow them, bring the greatest measure of trouble and annoyance to a resident in the city. While the frost holds and the snow lies locomotion through the streets is both dangerous and toilsome. Pedestrianism is difficult, and comfortable or speedy vehicular circulation nearly impossible. The roadway is impeded by piles of half-frozen snow, the dragging of carriage, cab, or omnibus through which is downright cruelty to the poor horses condemned to such work. The foot-paths become slippery as glass by reason of the surface of glazed ice by which they are incrusted—police regulations as to "cleansing the pavement" to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed, the cleansing process only makes matters worse, for the residuum of snow left after the pavement has been scraped is first partially melted, and then becomes congealed into an almost impracticable sheet of ice. Horses are continually "coming to grief" on the roadway, and pedestrians on the foot-path; limbs are broken and lives endangered; while the city officials are supine, and contractors—if one of that fraternity can be caught and questioned—fancy they have settled the whole matter by telling you that "Snow is a difficult think to dispose of, Sir." Nor is it out-of-doors alone that the troubles of frost are encountered; the peace and comfort of home are disturbed too. The water gets frozen in the pipes; then a thaw comes; and fresh, perhaps even worse, troubles are upon you. The pipes burst with more or less violence; your kitchen, cellars, and other underground premises are flooded; and as persons skilled in dealing with such emergencies, like policemen, can never be had when wanted, you are thrown upon your own resources for means to stop the unwelcome deluge. Generally speaking, too, domestic improvised expedients are of small avail—dusters, tape, and string being held in thorough contempt by the hydraulic foe you have to contend with. Then ten to one but your womankind intensify your troubles and increase your difficulties by their cries, their terrors, their lamentations, their impossible suggestions, and the utterly futile appliances with which they propose to stem the flood. In such a dilemma is the paterfamilias shown in our engraving, and his case has been that of hundreds since the thaw came.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

ON HEALTHFUL FAMILY BREAD.

BY CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

THE more vigorous health that marks the immigrants from Europe, in contrast to that of our own native-born population, is a subject of frequent remark. This is especially the case in reference to immigrants from those northern nations which have a climate similar to our own, and whose ordinary food has been the coarse bread made of unbolted flour.

Our medical men who visit those countries state that poor teeth are rare, so that but few dentists earn a living, while with us that profession is very large and lucrative. Moreover, the diseases and infirmities consequent on a feeble constitution, so common with us, especially among American women, are met with but rarely in those countries.

Though there are other causes leading to this result, there is little doubt that the use of fine flour as the staple of food for all classes in this country has a decided influence in producing such a contrast. For in the northern countries of Europe coarse bread, containing all the elements that nourish the body, is the common and almost exclusive food of the laboring classes, and extensively so of the more wealthy. On the contrary, with us, all classes use the flour which is deprived of its most important elements of nourishment.

One consequence of this practice affects not only health, but economy. For it is found that, when certain elements are lacking in our food, the appetite will continue to demand more, until the deficient element is supplied. The consequence is, that the system is burdened with an excess of useless aliment of one sort in order to gain the requisite quantity of another sort. And so the vital powers are needlessly taxed to throw off the excess, and the strength of the constitution is thus impaired.

It therefore is very important that *accurate*

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scientific knowledge on this subject should be put in a popular form, and widely circulated among all classes. This is more requisite from the fact that some of our most popular works on hygiene and dietetics exhibit an unreasonable ultraism on this subject, and also a remarkable want of accuracy as to the scientific facts on which their statements and advice are based.

For example, in a work by a physician and professor of chemistry, entitled, "The Philosophy of Eating," we find (page 44) that the carbonic acid by which yeast bread is made light is "poisonous;" and that Professor Hosford's method of raising bread introduces phosphorus in a form that is "one of the strongest and most poisonous combinations," and "has a poisonous effect analogous to arsenic." Of these assertions any well-informed chemist will say that the first is false, and the last can not be proved to be true.

Again, in another work, entitled, "What to Eat, and How to Cook it," we find it stated, and on the authority of Professor Silliman and a learned French chemist, that yeast is "living rottenness," being *living animalculæ*, which "carry on, and are themselves the process of, fermentation," and that "they eat, propagate, and die in the dough." This is as absurdly false as to the fact stated as it is in regard to the opinions of the gentlemen mentioned.

In a former article it was shown that a kernel of wheat contains not only all the elements that nourish the body, but also that the *proportions* of these elements are nearly the same as in the human body, while the process of bolting takes out most of the elements that nourish the bones, the muscles, the brain, nerves, teeth, and the hair.

It is the aim of this article to present other modes in which common family bread is injured, as it respects economy of money as well as of health. The most prominent are those employed in raising bread.

The object in raising bread is to divide it in such a way that the gastric juice, by which food is digested, can gain ready access to every part. This is done by diffusing through the flour some article which warmth expands into small bubbles, or cells, around which the gluten of the flour hardens by baking, forming a porous instead of a solid compound. This is accomplished by the following different methods:

The simplest, and a perfectly healthy mode, is to use only water for wetting, introducing air at the same time by quick stirring. A strong heat causes a sudden outer crust, confining the air and water within. The air expands with the heat, and the water expands into steam, making small cells, which the gluten of the flour holds till the cooking is complete; and thus the bread is made porous, or light.

Another mode is by mechanical pressure—forcing carbonic acid into the flour as it is being mixed with water; and this is called aerated bread.

In these two methods nothing is added that is foreign or injurious, nor is any portion of the nutriment lost or altered in its qualities.

The most common method is to use yeast, by the aid of which a portion of the starch of the flour is changed by heat to alcohol and to carbonic acid, forming cells, around which the gluten hardens. The alcohol passes off in baking, and the carbonic acid soon after. The only objection to this method is the loss of that portion of the nutrition employed to raise the bread, which is stated to be eight per cent. Thus it is a matter of economy to raise bread by these other methods instead of by yeast.

Another very common method is to mix cream of tartar with the flour, and then add soda in the wetting. The cream of tartar is supertartrate of potash, which is potash united with two proportions of tartaric acid, or the acid of grapes. The soda used is a supercarbonate, which is soda united with two parts of carbonic acid. When these two articles meet, as diffused in the dough, the tartaric acid, having the stronger attraction, withdraws one portion of the soda from its carbonic acid, which remains as a gas, forming cells, around which the flour hardens in baking. The objection to this method is, that the articles used are foreign, medicinal, not useful to nourish, and often injurious taken in daily food. Bread thus raised contains tartrate of potash, tartrate of soda, and carbonate of soda, some one of which tends to act chemically and injuriously on the digestive fluids.

Professor Hosford's method is to substitute liquid phosphoric acid instead of cream of tartar. This he recommends as supplying the phosphorus taken from fine flour, though he leaves unsupplied the other important elements lost by bolting.

Another method is to use muriatic acid instead of cream of tartar or phosphoric acid. The muriatic acid, in this case, unites with the soda, forming muriate of soda (which is common salt), and the carbonic acid left by the soda raises the bread as in the other cases. The advantage of this method is, that no useless or foreign matter is taken with the bread, while the salt needed is supplied by the two articles that raise the bread.

There is another method, common in Paris, by which a ferment is made that at once raises the bread, restores the elements lost by bolting, makes the bread white, and introduces no injurious article. But the flavor of pure wheat is lost, and another substituted not so agreeable.

Most persons prefer hop-yeast bread, because the flavor is more agreeable than that of any other kind.

The following is the best recipe for unfermented bread of unbolted flour, as most economical and most healthful. Success in making it depends much on the right proportion of water, and still more on the right mode of baking:

UNFERMENTED BREAD OF UNBOLTED WHEAT.

One quart of unbolted wheat, one pint and a half of water, one spoonful of molasses, and a pinch of salt. Stir the molasses and salt into warm water till dissolved and mixed. Stir in the flour very quickly. Put this into small patties or cups, heated very hot. Set in the oven as quick as possible, which must be as hot as it can be without burning. As soon as crust is formed cover the bread with paper, to prevent burning, or reduce the heat by opening the oven door or diminishing the fire.

The quantity of water required varies with the character of the flour, and must be made a matter of trial. There are brown earthen cups, and also iron patties, made for baking this kind of bread. Ovens differ so much that the length of time for baking must also be a matter of experiment, though from twenty to thirty minutes is the usual time required.

SOCIETY IN ANCIENT GREECE.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, there was no society in Greece; that is, there was no society in *classical* Greece. We will take a stroll, if you please, in ancient Athens. It is an animated scene, indebted for no small portion of its animation, as also are the inhabitants, to the divine climate, the clear, penetrating air, yet still so soft that the Athenians—to whom we are transporting ourselves by putting back the clock of time some two thousand years—go with their heads uncovered. The streets are murmurous with talkers; a crowd gathers round an insignificant figure, and follows him into an olive grove. The figure is that of Socrates; he is arguing with the great sophist from Ionia, whom he has just brought to a contradiction in terms. Into that grove we will not follow him, but will wend our way into the market-place. You still have plenty of loungers, much buzz of talk, much eager gesticulation, whether the talkers in question may be discussing the price of trinkets or the last news from Thrace. But you are astounded by one thing—the utter paucity of the female element. Men you have in plenty, but no women. True, there are girls selling flowers—which the young Athenian bucks affix to their *himatia*—and market-women occupied at their stalls; but where are the good housewives busied about their purchases? where the daughters of the citizens of renown, who should serve as the frame and fringe to this lively scene? These mothers and daughters alike are shut up in the *gynæceum;* they don't stir abroad. The marketing for the household is done by a slave; and when the "woman's mart" is mentioned, you must understand by it, if you please, nothing more than the place in which the different stalls are entirely kept by women—not attended by lady purchasers. The young men of Athens have time to chat and laugh with themselves—now to discuss politics, now philosophy, and now the merits of the last *hetæra;* but they don't escort their mothers or sisters or wives about. It is club life—you may feel disposed to exclaim—upon a large scale. It is, however, simply ancient Athens; and in ancient Athens ladies of rank, propriety, and position kept within doors. The seclusion was, doubtless, more or less melancholy, but it was correct; and any thing else would have been grossly incorrect.

Were there no ladies' five-o'clock teas in ancient Athens—nothing which corresponded to that half hour after dinner sacred to feminine gossip and scandal in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen are left below to finish their claret, or, as Mr. Disraeli prefers to say, to precipitate their symposium? We believe we may say there most certainly was. Though festivities shared in equal proportions by husbands and wives did not exist, the wives contrived to institute reunions for their own special delectation, and contrived to enjoy them too. How these reunions were conducted without the presence of the inspiring element of tea, it is perhaps difficult fully to realize; but there is the fact. Such meetings and such parties are shadowed forth to us vividly enough in the dialogues of Lucian, and hinted at unmistakably in the pages of Plutarch. And what did the ladies talk about? The answer to that is, what do they talk about under similar circumstances now? Their husbands, their children, their households—the latest scandal accomplished, or that which seems to be fast growing to a head. You may be quite sure that there was as much of morbid interest taken in those days as now in these themes. Greek wives lived, indeed, a life of seclusion and retirement to which American wives would scarcely submit; but you may rest assured that they claimed and obtained the same liberty for their tongues.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

OF all the "seasons" in New York city the most uncomfortable, disagreeable, and unwholesome is the "*mud season.*" Nothing can be worse than when after a heavy fall of snow a few warm days follow, with a drizzling rain which is not sufficient to carry off the snow, but leaves abundant "slush," or "slosh," as it is appropriately called. Is any thing more perplexing to a lady than to come to a street-crossing—quite a misnomer is "street-crossing" sometimes—which shows at first glance that an attempt to gain the opposite side would be simply to plunge half-way up to the knee in a foul conglomeration of mud, water, snow, and the refuse of the streets? She stands debating the possibilities of the effort a while, and then goes on to seek another way of escape, which often can not be found. Ah! poets may sing of the "beautiful snow," but in our great city its beauty is a thing of a day, and the results most disagreeable. Since it is not the fashion in many parts of the city to remove the snow sufficiently to render ordinary foot-travel safe or comfortable, ladies who are obliged to go out of Broadway during the "mud season" should prepare themselves for emergencies. Rubber boots might be a protection; but, wanting those, dress the feet as securely as possible, or colds and coughs and sickness of all kinds will be the finale of our "mud season."

If we can imagine what it would be to have Broadway, our great thoroughfare, covered with water six feet deep, to have the rich and costly goods in our finest shops suddenly deluged with a torrent of muddy water, we may have an idea of the ruin and desolation which have befallen the Corso—the richest street in Rome. An American gentleman, on the first day of the flood, went to St. Paul's Church to celebrate mass. When he began the service there was no water in the church; when he finished he stood knee-deep, so sudden was the rise. This late inundation of the Tiber is the greatest Rome has ever suffered, though in all times they have been the scourge of the Eternal City. It certainly seems singular that the Romans have done nothing to guard against this great evil. The only precaution the ancient Romans took was to avoid living on this ground, which was subject to the repeated overflow of the river.

A floorless cellar, four feet underground, perhaps eight feet by ten, with an opening shoveled down to its bottom at one side. This opening is guiltless of cover, door, or steps. Stoop when you stand within, or you will hurt your head. Into it there has run, for a long time, a good deal of the filth of a dirty locality. Here it has settled, and partly dried. It is not a pleasant odor which is breathed here; all is dampness, mould, and swarms with vermin. There is no stove, no chair, no bench, no bed—only some horrible rags thrown together in a corner, and in these two little girls have all their rest at night, covered by an old quilt. Their drunken mother burrows in another corner on some filthy straw. Such is the "*home*" of two little girls who attend the Sunday and day school of the Howard Mission.

We see it stated that a gentleman of Ithaca, in aid of Cornell University, is erecting a building, at a cost of $150,000, which will contain lecture-rooms and a library capable of containing 80,000 volumes.

It has been estimated that not less than $60,000 have been expended upon the observations of the recent solar eclipse; and a large number of eminent scientific men have devoted to it months of patient labor. About half the cost of the observations has been borne by the United States. From all accounts, however, it seems that the observations were less satisfactory than those of the eclipse of the year before. The weather was unfavorable. There was a drizzling rain in the morning, and though the clouds broke away somewhat about the time of the eclipse, they very much interfered with the observations.

An old Arabic proverb says: "Silence is often an answer." Often it is the most suitable and eloquent one which can be given.

A private letter just received from an officer stationed at Fort Wayne, Detroit, the head-quarters of the Department of the Lakes, contains an incident of general interest. The date is January 30, and from it we make an extract:

"We were thrown into the greatest consternation this morning by a diabolical attempt to burn us out of our quarters. About 4 o'clock A.M. I was awakened by the guard firing off their muskets and crying fire; and upon looking out of the window I discovered that the tank-house, machine-shop, and wind-mill, which were situated on the bank of the river directly opposite to my quarters, with only a narrow street intervening, were all in a blaze. It seems that about the middle of the night the guard discovered two citizens prowling about the adjutant's office, which is also on the other side of the street, and chased them away. After that they must have returned and got into the machine-shop, where are two fire-engines, one a steam, and the other a hand engine. They built the fire under the steam-engine among the hose, so that when it was discovered all the hose was destroyed, and the steam-engine partially burned. The men succeeded in getting ropes around the engines, and drawing them out of the fire; but the hose being all burned, they were rendered useless. At the commencement of the fire the wind was blowing directly toward the officers' quarters, only a few feet away, and was completely deluging them with burning cinders. Fortunately, before the fire got to its height the wind changed a little, carrying the sparks down the street, or our houses, which are frame buildings, and all adjoining each other, must have been destroyed. We had the roofs covered with tarpaulins, and men stationed on them with brooms and pails of water, which precaution, no doubt, saved the buildings. The river is frozen over seven or eight inches thick, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that we could get any water; and had the fire once got among us we would now be as poor as church mice. I hastily put my best clothes in my trunk, and got my two guitars and my music ready to migrate if necessary. We are of the opinion that it was done by deserters or others who have been discharged or drummed out seeking to revenge themselves upon the officers in this way; and we are afraid that they may yet succeed in starting a fire among our wood-sheds or kitchens, in which case we shall be burned out for certain. The buildings in which the fire was started were entirely destroyed, involving a loss of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars to the government. The sentinels are now instructed to shoot without mercy any one caught prowling around the buildings at night, so that there is a possibility that they may get more than they bargain for in case they should return."

More than eight thousand children were left at home by the Second Regiment of Prussian Landwehr, which is composed almost entirely of married men.

There is a man in Boston, once poor, but suddenly grown rich, who has struggled into good society by means of an aristocratic alliance of his daughter. Recently he gave a dinner-party to his newly acquired circle of acquaintances. But he did not invite his own brother; and, in answer to some inquiry, gave as a reason that "society is getting so mixed one must draw a line somewhere!"

The terrible casualties on the Mississippi, and the great number which have occurred within the last thirty or forty years, indicate that it is the most dangerous of all the navigable rivers in the world.

At the present time a brief description of the town of Havre le Grace, or Le Havre, will interest many of our readers. It is situated at the mouth of the Seine, where it falls into the English Channel, and is about 110 miles from Paris. The streets are long, narrow, and in many parts winding. The houses are lofty and old-fashioned. There are some fine churches and theatres, a museum, and a library. The fortifications, which are very substantial, were strengthened and enlarged by the first Napoleon, who also extended the docks, and erected two light-houses. The population at present is nearly 26,000. The English took it in 1562, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and it was bombarded by them in 1759, 1794, and 1795.

Courteous manners on all occasions and in all places mark the well-bred lady or gentleman. Americans do not always honor themselves or their country in this regard. A story—well authenticated, we are sorry to say—is told of a New Yorker, occupying an official position, who arrived in London not long since, and stopped at one of the West End hotels. On his expressing a desire to see the English Law Courts, a venerable gentleman and statesman, at the request of a mutual acquaintance, called at the hotel one morning for the purpose of introducing him to the Queen's Bench at Westminster. On sending up his card, and making known the friendly object of his visit, the following curt message came back by the waiter: "Tell him to call again in the evening." This message came from a young man of twenty-nine to a veteran of seventy-one. It is needless to add, the elderly gentleman did *not* "call again in the evening."

The present winter seems a curious one in many respects. Deep snows are almost unknown in Southern Kansas, but this year so much has fallen as to occasion much suffering among the people, who are quite unprepared for such a dispensation. But in certain sections of Wisconsin, where snow is the lumberman's best friend, there is great want of it this season.

The official statement of railway accidents in France last year should lead railroad directors in this country to think upon their ways—and mend them. Of 90,000,000 railway travelers in France, last year, only two passengers and four railway employés were killed, and one hundred and twelve passengers and sixty-one employés wounded.

Broadway, in some of its most fashionable and frequented portions, presents a pleasing contrast to most other streets in the city. The statement that ten thousand loads of snow were removed from that street in a single day, soon after our late heavy storm, indicates that these great storms are expensive things for the city. That day's work cost $11,000.

Before the surrender of Paris many persons were arrested every day on suspicion that they were in communication with the enemy. Foreigners were regarded with black looks, and every one who did not hate the Germans was suspected of being in the pay of Bismarck. An English gentleman was suddenly requested, on one occasion, to accompany two National Guards to the nearest commissary. On inquiring the reason he was told that a woman had heard him speak German. He replied that he was English. "Zat ve sall soon zee," said one of his captors. "I spek Anglish like an Anglishman: address to me the vord in Anglish." The prisoner politely replied that the gentleman spoke English with so perfect an accent that he thought he must be a fellow-countryman. This compliment so disarmed the Guards that they released him.

"*Bismarck*" is the title of a new comic weekly published in Vienna. It is exceedingly popular.

The work of replenishing the Strasburg library has already begun. Forty thousand books, many of them very valuable ones, have been sent from the Royal Library at Königsberg to Strasburg. The Königsberg library contains duplicates of most of these volumes.

Some of the French papers give accounts of a modern Joan of Arc, who has commanded a corps of free-shooters in the Vosges. She is the daughter of an old Guardsman, lost her mother early, lived from youth as a boy, worked in the field with horses, and shunned all feminine tasks. She was taught by some nuns at the Rappoltsweiler, and was to have become a novice, but became governess in a Polish count's family; and on the breaking out of the last Polish revolution, being then nineteen, acted, in man's dress, as lieutenant at the head of some hussars. Being wounded, she was admitted into a convent at Warsaw, and protected by Bishop Felinski. On returning to France she became cashier in a shop, and managed the foreign correspondence; but again assumed male attire, and was appointed post-office clerk at Lamotte. There she collected a band of volunteers, and is carrying on guerrilla warfare.

Brides and bridegrooms of 1871 may be amused by a description of the toilette of a couple on their wedding-day one hundred years ago. To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud lay on its top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front with a bosom-pin rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin on the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain. His hair was slicked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like a handle to a skillet. His coat was sky blue silk lined with yellow, his long vest of satin embroidered with gold-lace, his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knees with pink ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around the wrist, and a portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

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Fig. 1.—WHITE TARLATAN DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 70 and 71.

Fig. 2.—PINK SILK DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT AND BASQUE-WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—WHITE CRAPE DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIX., Figs. 76-77.

Fig. 4.—PINK TULLE DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 70 and 71.

Fig. 5.—LIGHT BLUE TARLATAN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—SEA GREEN SILK GAUZE DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXX., Figs. 78-81.

BALL AND EVENING TOILETTES.

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PUNCTUALITY.

THERE are houses which are just like so many chronological rag-bags, where nothing is ever done in time, and no two days are ordered alike; where the whole principle of construction seems to be a system of misfit—gaps here, and overlaps there; where really it would seem that some amount of ingenuity had been required to make every thing go so marvelously awry. It needed only so little arrangement to get all smooth and in order! There was time enough for every thing, and no hurry needed, if only just the beginning had been put right. But by the unpunctuality of the first hour's work all the rest were thrown out; and in an unpunctual house the sin is not only in the first, but in all subsequent hours; so that it comes to be a cumulative kind of thing, self-multiplying, and with additions into the bargain, till the end of the day is simply chaos. Such houses as these are so many pitfalls for friends. You build on the engagement made at such a time with them, and think your foundations secure enough to bear your superstructure. Perhaps you are a busy person, whose hours are fully occupied, and it was only by some difficulty you managed to squeeze in that engagement just where your business was somewhat compressible, and you could, with a certain amount of cost and sacrifice to yourself, add this superfluous weight to your burden. Having done so, the whole remainder had to be readjusted, dependent on your friend's engagement. When you come to test the roofing of your pitfall you find its worthlessness. Your unpunctual friend fails his appointed time, and you are let through into a den of confusion and disorder, whence you emerge again only at positive and serious loss. Every one who is busy in his life, and punctual for his own part, knows what a terrible infliction it is to have to do with the unpunctual, and how absolutely disastrous they are. For what can you do? You have to arrange as if the engagement would be kept, and kept to time; you have not so many superfluous moments at your command as to be able to give an elastic margin; you have to build upon your shaky foundation as if it was a floor of eternal granite; and when the confusion comes, you, and you alone, have to suffer; for your unpunctual people, like other chartered libertines—like idiots and drunkards, etc.—appear to have a special providence told off for them, and if they do not always fall on their feet, at least escape the broken shins of their more rigid neighbors.

Well, then, we are not going beyond the mark when we say that the grace of punctuality is a thing to be encouraged as a first-class virtue of the minor sort—a thing that makes life both easier and more valuable, and that gives weight and dignity, not to speak of stability, to human affairs. And not only punctuality in keeping appointments, which is but one of the series, but punctuality in all things—punctuality in answering letters, in paying debts, in returning loans, in doing work; punctuality in all matters of business, from the smallest to the largest, as, indeed, one of the religious observances of business; and punctuality in all matters of pleasure, as the very core and back-bone of pleasure, without which it becomes only the mockery of pleasure and the reality of displeasure; punctuality in the details of domestic life, unless you prefer to pass your days in a chronological rag-bag; punctuality in all matters of social life, unless you are callous to angry looks, sarcastic speeches, and unfriendly thoughts; punctuality in all things—"order" being "Heaven's first law," and its translation into human affairs one of the very corner-stones on which society is founded, and the temple of civilization built. We may be sure of one thing: a character for unpunctuality nullifies half our usefulness, and obscures more than half our good qualities; while the converse, a character for steady reliability, a character known to be penetrated with the grace of punctuality, gives the force of almost genius to very mediocre abilities.

VEIL WITH SASH ENDS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 47.

HOOD WITH FUR TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 17 and 18.

BLACK LACE VEIL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 46.

HOOD WITH VELVET REVERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 44 and 45.

Fig. 1.—COAT-SLEEVE WITH SIDE-PLEATED RUFFLES.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.
COAT-SLEEVE TRIMMED WITH RUFFLES AND FOLDS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 65.

Fig. 4.—FLOWING SLEEVE TRIMMED WITH TABS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 54.

Fig. 3.—FLOWING SLEEVE WITH REVERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 54.

Fig. 5.—HALF-FLOWING SLASHED SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 55.

Fig. 6.—HALF-FLOWING SLEEVE WITH RECHES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 55.

Fig. 8.—HALF-FLOWING SLEEVE WITH CUFF.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 58.

Fig. 7.—COAT-SLEEVE WITH REVERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 60.

Fig. 9.—COAT-SLEEVE TRIMMED WITH PLEATS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 63.

SLEEVES AND SLEEVE TRIMMINGS.

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MY HEART'S WITH THEE.

WITHIN the temple of my heart
A shrine I've made for thee,
Where, love of mine, thy face divine
Still shineth out on me.
My song's sweet theme! my soul's bright dream!
Oh, more than worlds to me!
Where'er I go, in weal or woe,
My heart is still with thee,
My love!
My heart is still with thee!

Ah, captive heart! the chain of flowers
That binds thee to thy fate
Thou mayst not break, for thou wouldst make
The effort all too late.
And, darling, e'en if thou couldst bid
This foolish heart go free,
'Twere all in vain—'twould kiss the chain
That binds it still to thee,
My love!
That binds it still to thee!

My dreams of honor, fortune, fame—
Alas! now where are they?
Thine eyes of light, with glances bright,
Have chased them all away!
For what is honor, fortune, fame—
Nay, what is life to me?
I only live that I may give
My life at last to thee,
My love!
My life at last to thee!

SCISSORS!

A VALENTINE TALE.

THE snows of January had melted and vanished under the influence of the February thaw. Far and near tidings came of streams overfull and bridges swept away. The sear, yellow meadows assumed a tint of just perceptible freshness as the sun lifted the shining veils of moisture from their surface; all things seemed preparing for the spring. St. Valentine's Day dawned with a pink, cloudless sky, an air filled with summer warmth and balm; flocks of chickadees fluttered and chirped; the trees were alive with song.

"We shall pay for this," severe people said, as they shook their experienced heads. But no shadow dimmed the radiant morning to little Molly Gale, as she woke from her slumbers smiling like a child. And why should she not smile? Long pink rays streamed through the blinds, and tinged the wall opposite. A new day had begun—a day which was sure to be beautiful; and Molly, fortunately for herself, was neither old enough nor wise enough to comprehend that dreary alchemy which distills the atom of bitter from the ounce of sweet, and, groaning over the unpalatable drop, leaves the rest untasted and forgotten.

"Valentine's Day," she said, half aloud, as she smoothed the last long curl, and laid down her brush. "No chance for valentines here in the country, but I'll try my fate out of the window, any how."

So, wrapping her dressing-grown closer, she went across the room, and opened the window. The curtains hung in long, heavy folds. She parted them, and, shutting her eyes tight, said the old rhyme:

"Good St. Valentine, list to me;
Dear St. Valentine, let me see
Who shall my future husband be.

Three times she repeated the spell; then, popping her pretty head out, she opened her eyes wide.

At first, half blinded by the dazzling day, she saw nothing. Then a figure became visible a long way off up the road.

"There really *is* somebody," thought Molly, with a certain surprise. A passer-by was not by any means a thing of course in that quiet region. Her curiosity was aroused. "How funny he looks!" she meditated. "What's that he's got with him?—a bicycle? No; I don't think it's a bicycle. What *is* it? He's coming directly here, too." She watched the advancing form with a little heart-beat. It drew nearer. "Good gracious!" cried Molly, with a scream of laughter; "it's a scissors-grinder!" And she drew in her head with a pout and flush of comical vexation. St. Valentine was evidently out of his reckoning for once.

"Scissors!" cried a voice, a loud, gay voice, with decided Hibernian accent. The wheel had stopped beneath the window. "Any scissors to grind, ma'am, or knives, or razors?" went on the man, craning his neck to catch a glimpse of the face above him. "Put on an excellent edge to 'em, ma'am, and charge most raisonable. Pray give employment to the poor man, my lady." Molly could just see the top of his head; the voice amused her.

"After all," she said to herself, with a pettish shrug, "it isn't the poor man's fault."

"Wait a moment, and I will see if there is any thing," she called out; and down stairs she ran.

"Aunty," tapping at a door, "didn't you say you wanted your shears sharpened, and the carving-knife? Well, there's a scissors-grinder below who will do them."

"You're very thoughtful, Molly. Yes; there are several things. Here they are," half opening the door. "Will you take them down to the man, for I am not dressed? Why, dear me, you're in your dressing-gown yourself, Molly—"

"So I am—I forgot—but never mind, aunty, it's good enough for a scissors-grinder. I don't believe he'll be shocked in the least." And indeed there was very little to shock a scissors-grinder, or "any other man," in the dainty *peignoir* of blue flannel, with its pinked ruffings, and open front, revealing a glimpse of snow-white petticoat. A more becoming costume could scarcely have been devised. Perhaps our little maiden was aware of the fact.

The grinder had taken up his position on the front steps.

"Here," said Molly, opening the door; "my aunt would like these put in order. And please be careful of the carver."

Two naughty dimples came into her cheeks as she thus confronted her unlikely "valentine," and the voice trembled slightly with secret laughter. He was a young man, and very good-looking, now that she saw him closer.

"Arrah, miss, the howly saints reward ye!" The Irish tone was so very broad that it sounded like a farcical imitation. Molly could not refrain from smiling; and a glint of mischief appeared in the grinder's eye as he watched the effect of his speech.

"Bedad," he went on, "this naids attinshun savarely."

The wheel was now revolving rapidly; but the man seemed to have eyes for his employer as well as his work. He was neatly dressed, and his hands seemed to Molly strangely white and well kept for the hands of a working-man.

In a wonderfully short time the job was done.

"Have you far to go to-day?" asked Molly, as the grinder handed her the last article.

"A good way, ma'am."

"Then," she said, kindly, "perhaps you would like a glass of milk and something to eat. My aunt's servant will bring it out to you, if you would."

"You are very kind," began the grinder, in good English, and a courteous tone. Then he seemed to struggle with a desire to laugh. "The saints have you in kaiping, miss," he went on, relapsing rapidly into Irish; "but nivir mind the bit nor sup. It's nothing I'm naiding the morn, but just to thank ye for your favors, and be aff. He shouldered his wheel, and set off at a rapid rate, while Molly was fumbling with her purse.

"Stop!" she cried after him; "stop a minute, please. I haven't paid you." But the man only lifted his hat, and passed through the gate. It was gracefully done—"like a gentleman," Molly thought, and she wondered more and more.

"Such a droll man!" she said afterward, at breakfast; "he wouldn't wait for his money, and took his hat off to me like a young prince. I wish you had seen him, aunty."

"H'm," replied Miss Gale, meditatively: "it would have been more to the purpose had he put a good edge on my carver. I don't like the looks of it at all, Molly."

In effect it proved hopelessly dull, as did also every thing else submitted to the gentlemanly grinder. Of course Molly had to endure some teasing upon the subject.

She bore it with a good grace; and as weeks passed by the subject was forgotten, or, if remembered at all, only by herself.

The spring was advancing. It proved an early one. Violets starred garden beds by the first of April; hawthorn hedges blossomed into smiles to greet incoming May; the early roses crowded on their buttoned-up buds, and flushed with bloom. It was impossible to resist the sudden summer-tide of all things. Nobody prated of rheumatism, or preached prudence. Old and young alike flung caution to the winds, and as if intoxicated by the fragrant air, ignored dews, sat on fresh grass, and committed all other imprudences. By the middle of June a picnic had been proposed and organized. Such parties were not unusual even in quiet Woodbury, but the oldest inhabitant could not recollect one so early in the season.

Of course Molly was to go. What could a picnic in Woodbury be without her? Her sweet temper, pretty merry face, and deft fingers made her a universal favorite. No one knew the wild, beautiful forest nooks so well, no one comprehended so perfectly the due admixture of salad and lemonade, or had such a trick of decking an impromptu table tastefully with ferns and flowers. Of course Molly must go. And it was while in the very midst of some dainty outdoor housewifery that a stranger was brought up for introduction, and "Miss Gale" had to look up from her oak wreaths and frosted cakes to courtesy to "Mr. Conrad." A pair of dark eyes met hers with a sudden, amused, glad recognition, which perplexed and mystified her.

"Where have I seen him before?" she thought again and again, as the day wore on with its lively alternations of luncheon, laughter, and flirtation. But no answer occurred, and the new arrival followed her movements with a devotion which caused e teasing from the other girls, and not a few jealous pangs among the young men. "It is a case of see and conquer," whispered her friends among themselves, but neither with surprise nor envy; for Molly was a belle in her little set, and none disputed her pretty supremacy.

Mr. Conrad had come to Woodbury "on business," it seemed. He did not specify its nature, and no one could guess it; it evidently absorbed little of his time; but week after week he lingered in the village, and, as "business" was by no means the specialty of the place, his errand was a subject of great speculation among the gossips. Young, good-looking, and much of a gentleman, he was universally accepted and liked. Molly met him here, there, and every where, and their intimacy grew with great strides. Before a month was over she felt that she had known him always—a fact which puzzled her not a little whenever she took time to think about it.

Still the resemblance which had struck her at first pursued and haunted her. It was not his face only—voice and form were also familiar; all suggested somebody, for her life she could not tell who. Twenty times she was on the point of speaking of it, and twenty times refrained. "It is so *ridiculous*," she said to herself. At last explanation came.

It chanced on a picnic. Woodbury was famous for its picnics. This was held in the same beautiful grove where she and Mr. Conrad had first met in early June. The day was hot and brilliant. Golden-rod and purple aster fringed the paths; the August sky blazed through the tree-tops; summer, gathering her last blossoms in her lap, seemed hastening to be gone. Dinner was over; people were lying under trees, or wandering about in groups; Molly and Mr. Conrad found themselves alone in a secluded nook.

"Do you know," she said, breaking a long pause, "I've been so puzzled all this time to find out who it is you remind me of? I saw it the moment you were introduced to me; and, if it hadn't been *impossible*, I should certainly have declared that we had met before. Isn't it funny?"

"Well," replied Mr. Conrad, slowly, "not—so—funny—perhaps—as you think. I should like—may I? Molly, will you listen while I tell you a long story? I have longed to utter it for days past, but till now I never dared."

"Certainly," said Molly, coloring. He never called her "Molly" before.

"It is about a young man," continued Mr. Conrad—"a wild young fellow, full of fun and frolic, who never stopped at any thing that promised a good joke.

"There was a young lady too, as it happened—a sort of cousin of his—as wild as himself. She was sent, for her sins, to boarding-school—a very strict school. It was at P——, not far from here."

"The convent?" asked Molly, wondering.

"Exactly. Well, my young lady wrote home all sorts of droll accounts of her prison-house. She told all her trials and adventures, and made pen-and-ink caricatures of the Lady Superior, whom she dubbed 'The Dragon;' in short, so comical that her brothers and cousins and two or three young men who were intimates of the house, and so privileged, used to roar over the letters, and look for their coming as the best of jokes. At last a ridiculous plan was started between them. Adèle (that was the young lady) had defied them to insert even so much as one of their noses into the strictly guarded domain. It was decided that one of them should go in disguise and attempt the experiment. They laid a wager about it, and drew lots. The lot fell to the cousin.

"The disguise he pitched upon was that of a *scissors-grinder*. No, please don't speak" (Molly had given a little jump); "let me finish my own way.

"So, carrying his wheel, this young fellow started off up country. Part of the bet was that he should go on foot, and return the same way. He had all sorts of odd experiences, and about noon the second day reached the convent.

"His wheel and his Irish brogue gained him admission at the gate. Adèle had been in a measure prepared for his coming. She recognized him at once, and considered it the greatest fun in the world. So the little witch ran round and collected all the knives and scissors in the house, and gave her intimate friends the cue, and pretty soon the grinder was surrounded by a bevy of girls, some in the secret, some not, but all catching the excitement with a sort of freemasonry peculiar to schools. Leave had been asked of the principal, of course, and obtained without difficulty. Nobody minds a scissors-grinder, you know!"

Molly's eyes laughed, but she did not speak.

"I *hope*," went on Mr. Conrad, "that those scissors were well sharpened, but I can't feel as sure as I should like to. But I know there never was a droller hour than that which this 'needy knife-grinder' had with those girls. The secret got out, and the whole school collected. The flirts peeped out of the windows, and made eyes; the demure pretended not to understand; the little ones danced and giggled. When all the steel in the house had been sharpened (or dulled) the witches ran to the Lady Superior, and asked permission to give 'the poor man' something to eat. 'He looked so tired—had worked so hard.' Oh, if you could have seen him solemnly consuming sandwiches, with those forty girls looking on; and the head witch, Adèle, assuming the airs of a hostess at a dinner-party!

"Well, he got safely off, and made his way to Woodbury, where he staid overnight. And next morning, as he was passing down the street, he caught sight of a face at the window of a pretty country house. It may have been the face—it may have been the mischief in him; any way, he stopped and begged for work, and pretty soon out of the front-door stepped a figure—a little figure in blue— Ah, Molly, I needn't go on! You have guessed my riddle. You know that the little figure proved a magnet to draw him again to Woodbury, and keep him lingering there in hopes that the day might come when, the story told, and the disguise forgiven, the ex-scissors-grinder might speak in his own name, and ask if there was any hope for him; any hope that the little maid in blue could consent to overlook spoiled shears and dull carver, and make him happy for life. Is there? Won't you speak, dear?"

It was some time after that before Molly raised her head from a shoulder where already it seemed surprisingly at home, and volunteered a little confession on her own part.

"Do you know that was St. Valentine's morning on which you came?" she said. "I had just repeated the old rhyme, and put my head out of the window to look for my future husband, when I saw you and your wheel far up the road!"

"Oh, clever St. Valentine," laughed Mr. Conrad. "So, for once, scissors didn't cut love, Molly."

"No," said Molly, blushing sweetly. "There is a prettier saying than that about scissors, you know. Their meaning is, We part to meet again."

I leave the reader to imagine Mr. Conrad's reply.

FOLDING GOTHIC SCREENS.

THE lamp screens we are about to describe are very useful to have upon a parlor mantel to soften the light on a summer evening, or in an invalid's chamber at night. They are quite ornamental, and are easily carried from place to place when folded.

FIG. 1.

Get the glazier to cut seven pieces of clear white window-glass, each five inches wide and seventeen inches long; then have them cut in this shape (see Fig. 1), all being precisely alike in shape and size.

Have ready some fine English or French furniture chintz (the domestic article is not generally of fast colors or suitable styles), if possible, of Gothic patterns, such as are used generally for window shades or curtains. We have seen and used for this purpose some beautiful designs, which represent the interior of a cathedral, with a fine perspective view of the window, aisles, and fretted ceiling; other patterns show quite a variety of subjects—landscapes, bridges, waterfalls, etc.; but the effect is finer if grave colors and smoky shades are used.

If the interior of a church is chosen, or any other design too large to be put upon one of the panes, the three central ones may be used to form one continuous picture; but to put such a one upon two instead of three would not have such a good effect, unless the number of panes used be *six* and not *seven*; the even number will answer very well for a shade, but an odd one is better. If the centre be thus selected for three panes, first cut out the outlines, and then lay down a piece of glass upon the centre of the design, marking the width accurately. Then cut the chintz, and mark out the side pieces of the same pattern for the two side panes.

Now spread over the glass an even coat of thin gum-arabic, and lay on the chintz prepared design, with face next the glass, pressing it so as to expel any air bubbles; then lay on the side pieces in like manner. It is desirable that the chintz should entirely cover the glass at the bottom, and extend to the sides; but at the upper part of the panes, and especially in the pointed part, the glass should be left clear, so as to show the plain outline of the design.

Many other patterns may be formed for the other panes by cutting out the other figures, and excellent representations of scenery can be produced by arranging and grouping together the light and dark parts of the chintz. A way-side cross, with a rocky base; a rustic bridge; a light-house, with windows cut out for the light to shine through; distant castles, and many other subjects, will suggest themselves to the ingenious, and the effect can be determined by holding the panes up to the light.

When all are designed and gummed on, a lining or back-ground may be formed of thin book or Swiss muslin; the whole surface of the pane should be coated with gum, and the muslin put on over the figures, covering every part of the whole. This will, of course, conceal all the patchwork of the wrong side, and on the front will give the appearance of ground glass to the space above the designs.

The edges may now be covered with black ribbon three quarters of an inch wide, being gummed neatly over them all the way around the panes. When all are finished they are to be hinged, which is done by laying the edges together (taking two at a time and placing them face to face), then sewing them over stitch loosely, back and forth, for the space of an inch, using black sewing silk. If the ribbon is not put on too tightly over the side edges there will be sufficient hold for the stitches; and two of these hinges, one at the bottom and the other at the top, or just below where the point begins, will be enough for the purpose. First join the three that are intended for the centre, and then place two more on each side. When all are joined they will stand upright, and may be arranged in any shape desired. With a light set behind it, the semi-transparent designs will have a beautiful appearance. (See Fig. 2.)

FIG. 2.

Square panes to form six or eight sided gas shades, in the same style as the imported porcelain ones, may be made in the same way. (Fig. 3.) For these, five and a half inches wide and six high will be the best size for the panes, and they should be lined and hinged in the manner before described. A wire frame of the simplest kind will answer to hold it in place (see Fig. 4), and can be made by any tinman or blacksmith; the tin or iron ring in the centre will fit around the gas-burner, and the wires will support the glasses, each pane resting in one of the hooked ends.

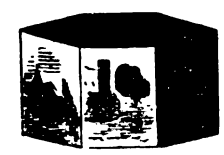

FIG. 3.

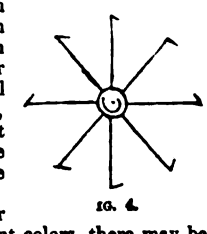

FIG. 4.

For those who prefer the effect of more brilliant colors, there may be had a kind of oiled chintz, which lights up well, and for the gas shades will give a clearer light.

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THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

NOTHING could have been more unfortunate for Badroul Basoun than Mrs. Boabdil's visit. Some people are so much thistle-down; individually insignificant, formidable with a favoring wind! Now there had been a breeze that morning in Aladdin's palace—about the wonderful lamp, of course! Badroul Basoun insisted that a wonderful lamp in a family is a pest; the very notion of the generations of pretty little Mrs. Aladdins, who had scoured and burnished the lamp, and lived and loved in its light, and now were dead and gone, crumbled away into ashes and dust, gave her a chill; and Aladdin pestered her about the lamp. In virtue of its magic sympathies, if there was gloom and unkindness in the house it burned low, and if it burned low there was damp discomfort every where, spite of fires and sunshine. It was worse than a lively conscience, this lamp. Conscience can be stifled. The lamp burned clear for nothing short of peace and love, and so backed up all Aladdin's arguments; and Aladdin argued a great deal lately. He was growing cross and neglectful. Sometimes he forgot to hold the door open for her. He would talk with that stupid Simmons about geology by the hour; and when she cried because he forgot to kiss her, he said, Bother! That was the word—Bother! And then he went out, and shut the door so hard after him that it jarred the whole palace, leaving poor little Badroul Basoun in a passion of indignation to debate whether she should or should not sell the lamp, burning with a flickering, reproachful flame.

It was then, of all times, that Mrs. Boabdil, of all other people, must drop in for a chat, and ferret out the whole truth in five minutes.

"Headache, my dear? Yes, yes; I know what such headaches mean;" and Mrs. Boabdil peered intelligently into the little woman's quivering face. "It is the old story. There was a time when I had such headaches myself."

"But you had no lamp, you know"—Badroul Basoun only half relished the Boabdil partnership—"and it is the lamp that causes our trouble. Oh dear!" breaking down into sobs, "only to think how Aladdin left me this morning! If I ever marry again, though I am sure I don't want to, my husband shall not have a wonderful lamp in his family. Aladdin actually slammed the door, Mrs. Boabdil!"

"They all have wonderful lamps," quoth Mrs. Boabdil, grimly, "every soul of them."

Badroul Basoun looked up in quick astonishment.

"But our lamp, Mrs. Boabdil—it has been in the family for centuries. It has a history of its own. They say"—instinctively lowering her voice—"that the very existence of our house depends upon it."

Mrs. Boabdil darted a glance of extreme scorn, first at the dim-burning lamp, and then at the speaker, and answered, oracularly, "Oh! the general sheepiness of women!" Then, patting Badroul Basoun's shining hair: "My dear, excuse me, but women are *so* like sheep, coming on one after the other to be gulled by the same stories, to attempt the same impossibilities, to shed the same tears—in short, to play the fool in exactly the same way, century after century! I declare I lose patience! Aladdin spends his evenings out, and you are blue, and the lamp burns low, and it is your fault for being sulky; Aladdin snaps, and you snap back; the flame flickers—your fault again; you are twitted and lectured all day long by that bit of brass, and you are not to rebel, for it is a *wonderful lamp*, part and parcel of the Aladdin fortunes; a magic talisman, for which you are to be thankful; and meddle with it at your peril, for touch that and the very roof vanishes from over your head! No wonder that the law herds women and idiots together! As if the whole thing were not a masculine invention for insuring good behavior, a one-sided juggle—"

"You are much mistaken," broke in Badroul Basoun, hotly.

"Oh! am I?" and there was about Mrs. Boabdil that air of thorough conviction so disheartening even to the bravest. "The lamp is a juggle and a failure in every other case."

"I have yet to see one in any other house," cut in Badroul Basoun. "There is the house on the hill, and Dr. Antrim's, and Cousin Frank's, and Mr. Maccabees's, and Inwood. If such lamps were in the market you would see them there."

"But I *have* seen them there," retorted Mrs. Boabdil. "I saw each couple light such a lamp, and set it reverently over their hearth. In each house there has been the same shock, the same terror, the same sharp awakening, intolerable disappointment, and gradual, enforced resignation. Do you doubt it? You will make calls to-day. Go and ask them in what forgotten corner they have thrown the lamp lighted with such fond reverence and tender vows. Ah! Badroul Basoun, yours is the old story, poor child! as inevitable as the winter's snow. More so. It would be easier to get out an almanac of a married life than one for the year; and the sooner you dismiss your dreams and illusions, and accept the fact, however unpleasant, the better."

Badroul Basoun got up from among the cushions, and looked at Mrs. Boabdil with a terrified face.

"Do you mean to say," she asked, drawing her breath fast, "that there are no married people who enjoy a lasting happiness and an enduring love?"

"I mean to say," answered Mrs. Boabdil, with a satirical smile, "that doubtless God might have made such a couple, but doubtless God never did."

Mrs. Boabdil delivered herself of this abominable sentiment with the air of quiet conviction that marked all her talking. There was this formidable element in the woman—she believed in herself. Then you are to understand that for weeks Badroul Basoun's heart had been sore, and she had fretted. This was her first year of married life. She knew life as she had seen it in her father's drawing-room. She believed that her love and Aladdin's had attained its full growth; also that it was incapable of any change; also that it was immortal. She held that her own character was formed, quite! She knew nothing about Aladdin's outside world, considered it of small importance, and naturally wondered when it jarred against hers. Aladdin was, if you had known him, a very good fellow, but he was puzzled with the whims and wonderful reasoning of his princess, and inclined to make too little of what to her were serious matters. They were in the transition state that comes sometimes before that closer union that I think might be called the true marriage. Their inexperience needed some angel: a word fitly spoken: some gracious and loving woman; and an evil wind blew them—Mrs. Boabdil!

"I don't believe that," said Badroul Basoun, quickly. "It is not right to say such a thing, Mrs. Boabdil."

"Oh! of course not. Call indifference love, call dissensions happiness, and see how much good it will do you. Shut your eyes to the facts. The Maccabees are your next-door neighbors. Mr. Maccabees vows he would rather attend a funeral than a wedding. Mrs. Maccabees is ill in bed, her eyes quite in the back of her head, her breath coming in labored gasps, when Mr. Maccabees can't find the mustard. Up comes Mrs. Maccabees as if on a spring, her arm straight out, her finger pointing, and, 'Was there ever such a stick as John Maccabees?' cries the all but dying woman. Their quarrels and her lectures are the amusement of the village; and yet I remember when John Maccabees nearly killed Jim Larkin only for an impertinent look at his Bessie; and for the lamp, bless you! you would have supposed it would have burned on their tomb, to hear them talk when they lighted it. I tell you it is always the case. There are all manner of shades and variations in the method of doing it; but the two souls, that in the poet's dream are to grow into one, in the reality fall apart; and the lamp, having been discovered to be simply a *carte blanche* for the husbands, is silently set aside. You talked of the house on the hill. Its eldest son has just married, and I saw him, with his young wife, wreathing their lamp with roses. The old people looked on with a sort of uneasy sadness. Old Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe are a very respectable couple, but should you ever suppose they had been lovers? Well, my dear, Mrs. Ratcliffe was the beautiful Anna Rich, and her cruel guardian was determined that she should never marry Harry Ratcliffe; and only to get a look at her the young gentleman bribed her coachman, and drove the ladies himself to a ball; and now the two look on, as I tell you, uneasily at their handsome son and his pretty wife; and Mrs. Ratcliffe says, with a sigh, 'Ah! they will soon get over that.'"

"I don't believe it!" That was poor little Badroul Basoun's only argument against her tormentor. "Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe may do as they like, but I never will believe that Aladdin will not care for me, and that I shall be indifferent whether he comes or goes. I love him better than all the world, and I would rather die than be turned out of his heart. There!" And Badroul Basoun looked at Mrs. Boabdil like—well, say, like a ferocious dove. All unheeding, Mrs. Boabdil goes on with her argument.

"Neither would I believe it, my dear, only I am afflicted with eyes and ears. There is your cousin Frank. She washes and brushes Nellie and Sallie; she gives directions about little Peter and Jim and Cad. She orders the dinner, and gets up the wash, and snubs the grocer, and buys the curtains, and plans an alteration in the drawing-room. She is wanted constantly by somebody all day long, and wears a fagged, unrested look. She consults her husband's whims, but she has no illusions about him. I heard her tell Mollie the other day, 'Girls are great fools; why can't they see that men are only grown-up boys?' And her husband is a good one, as husbands go. He provides liberally for her and the children, and spends about four hours awake in her house, and interchanges ideas with her about sugar and butter, and differs from her on every point, and secretly wonders that certain other ladies outside have so much more sympathy with him. They never quarrel; but could two souls live further apart? You spoke of Inwood. I should like to know if Mrs. Inwood is any thing more than an upper house-maid? What does she know of her husband's plans and projects? He goes whirling all over the Union, to carry out schemes of which she hardly knows the name. He has a whole world, an entire life, into which she never gets a peep; and he would no more dream of troubling himself about *her* inner life than of inquiring into the sentiments of a mouse or a canary-bird. Is that a union of two souls, or a partnership? And these are the respectable, everyday examples—the average! I don't mention Dr. Antrim, who has not spoken to his wife in fifteen years; or Mrs. Carr, who treats her husband to a set of hysterics a day; or Mr. Martin, who throws cups of tea at his wife, and kicks the baby; or Mrs. Talmadge, who is stitching away her life to support her deserted children; or Mr. Johnson, who regularly staggers home intoxicated; or Mrs. Simson, who gives her husband cold meat for dinner, leaves the baby to scream, and trips away to a concert; and yet you know all these people. They are not examples laboriously culled from newspapers, but your neighbors, living just around the corner or across the street; men and women who started as fairly as you. Why dodge the inevitable inference, and cry out as if you were specially hurt, and insist that you will prove the exception to the law? Be a brave woman. Call a spade a spade. Give up your one-soul theory; put out that rubbishy lamp; take a business-like view of the situation; prepare to assert your equal rights in your partnership. Give up being an angel, and you will fare all the better as a woman who has her eye-teeth cut."

"I don't want my eye-teeth cut, and you must not speak to me like that. I will not listen to it!" cries poor little Badroul Basoun, quivering with wrath and grief; for though she had all along stoutly declared that she did not believe, she did believe; and the poisoned shaft remained, although the enemy fled. What right had she to expect exemption from the common disaster? It was coming already. It was plain enough that Aladdin was no longer interested in his home. He would stay away for weeks together, like that disagreeable Mr. Inwood; and she would grow stout and dull, like Mrs. Ratcliffe. She was losing her looks already; and the rest of her life would be given over to baking and sewing and housewifery. Oh! what a dreadful stretch it looked; for she could not reasonably expect to die under thirty or forty years yet! "Call a spade a spade!"—miserable formula, with which has been buried, how many times, all the grace and tenderness of a life. Aladdin's income was limited, and certain little economies and prudent inventions had been Badroul Basoun's great delight, because they were for love's sake. How miserable they looked now! "Call a spade a spade, and do away with the one-soul theory." Her marriage, then, was simply a business partnership, on a very small capital; a poor speculation. If there was to be no love, no romance, no self-sacrificing tenderness, no steady growth of affection, to make petty cares sacred, and give a motive for daily exertion, why then was Badroul Basoun, and many other women, most miserable. Mattie, for instance. Her speculation must have proved even worse than Badroul Basoun's. She had married an enterprising young engineer, and was living somewhere in rooms, and almost all the girls had cut her.

In Badroul Basoun's frame of mind she was very much at the mercy of each new impulse. Now that she had remembered Mattie, she was possessed with a feverish desire to go and find her; to get at Mattie's experience; to know whether she was frantically despairing or stupidly resigned. Consequently, just as Mattie was triumphantly setting in the last piece in the sleeve of a gown, which I mean to make immortal, there came a tap at the door—and Badroul Basoun.

"You darling!" cried Mattie, enthusiastically. "Think of an angel, and— You know the proverb. I was just thinking of you."

"For the first time, I am afraid; you remember, I made the last call six months ago."

Meantime the two young women performed the customary feminine embrace; and Badroul Basoun thought to herself, "How happy she looks; and what a cozy drawing-room!" while Mattie commented to herself, "She has been crying, poor thing!" saying briskly:

"But, dear Badroul, I have so little time. You forget how horridly poor we are. I am my own maid. There *is* an old woman who comes here, and does what Jim calls the drudgery, because he insists that I am not to do it; and, my dear," pursued Mattie, with mirthful eyes, "she scrubs the doors in the dish-water, and washes the marbles last; and then I just do the whole thing over quietly, and say nothing about it, for Jim can't afford to pay a more efficient woman. So you see!"

"You poor child!" murmured Badroul Basoun, compassionately, and feeling that she ought to thank her stars that Aladdin was not in such straits as that.

"Poor!" Mattie pulled up a hassock in front of her guest, and, sitting down, took Badroul's hands in hers, and looked up in her face with eyes full of brightness. "I am so glad you said that, for I want to talk to you about it. I *can* talk to you, dear Badroul; I know we are poor, from the India-shawl and point-lace points of view; and though I don't care much about India shawls, I should like at least a Tilly Slowboy to wait on me, you know, and a grand piano, and a microscope for Jim, one of the expensive sort, you know; and a table-cover to match the carpet—I like things to match; and walnut bookshelves in those spaces there; and a set of fine china; and oh! Badroul, to feel that I could wear as many white wrappers and ruffled skirts as I like! I was always extravagant about such things; and yet don't you think we are very cheerful here?"

"I was thinking," admitted Badroul Basoun, in surprise, "that I had never seen so cozy a place. One would suppose you had a lamp like—that is—I mean—when—" She stopped short, blushing scarlet, and looking distressed; but Mattie was preoccupied with her argument.

"Why, so we have; that is just it. We have just such a lamp, and you know how different every thing looks in its light. To piece out a sleeve is a dull, miserable, poverty-stricken business, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," assented Badroul, warmly. "I hate it. I had rather lose a garment than spend my time eking it out, I really believe."

"Well, now, see here!" and Mattie held up triumphantly the gown on which she was sewing when Badroul came. "Do you want to know how many pieces there are in this sleeve?—*twenty-seven*, my dear. Think of that! And I enjoyed putting them together. Actually, in this light, it looks prettier to me than your suit—though that is lovely, by-the-way. Jim brought home the dress for a surprise, and denied himself, poor fellow! to buy it; and then bought a short pattern, you see. One sleeve was lacking; nothing but shreds to make it. But I was so determined I really believe that I stretched the cloth; and then, as I worked, I had such happy thoughts about this good, brave heart, all devoted to me, that the lamp shone brighter than I ever saw it. The room was full of a light that you could feel as well as see; and there I was saying to myself what a clever fellow Jim was, and how brave and determined in fighting our way up hill; and, with it all, how tender and thoughtful for me. And I would not change places with the finest lady that orders her dressmaker to send home five dinner dresses and three carriage dresses, all by next Wednesday; not I."

Mattie stopped short, and there were certainly tears in the eyes of both women. Badroul spoke first:

"Dear Mattie, I am glad you are so happy; but—"

"Well—but what?"

"I hate to say it, Mattie, but there are so many unhappy marriages, and so many respectable people who are just as indifferent to each other as sticks of wood or blocks of ice. They get on perfectly well, but they don't care for each other. Don't you believe—I am afraid—that in every house, sooner or later, even where there is a lamp like ours, it goes out?"

"No, I don't!" Mattie says this very stoutly, and evidently preparing for defense.

"But Mrs. Boabdil says statistics would prove—"

"My dear Badroul, what have we got to do with statistics; aren't we statistics ourselves—a part of them, I mean? When a woman like Mrs. Boabdil comes at me with her statistics, I just say, 'Madam, by your leave'"—and down dipped Mattie in a Lancers' courtesy that made Badroul laugh—"'I am a very small fish, but I see perfectly what the other minnows are doing in the pool in which I live, and I am not going to be drowned in your ocean of statistics.'"

"But, Mattie, if they prove—"

"Dear Badroul, hear me out. Do you deliberately believe that God has created a beautiful sham on purpose to wreck us all and break our hearts? That is what it would amount to, you know, if there was no real, enduring love—outside of the romances. And for the statistics, what are they but the records of people like ourselves? If Mrs. Boabdil brings them to me, how do I know but she has invented them, or is mistaken? But I do know that I am happy, and I could mention a dozen others in a breath who are just as happy; and that is much more satisfactory authority than Mrs. Boabdil."

Badroul Basoun sighed deeply. Mattie eyed her keenly; and then she said, very softly, and blushing, "Badroul, I should like to tell you something—something I never told any one before. There was a time, after our marriage, when I really fancied myself unhappy. Jim is a clever fellow, always planning something, and he does a great deal of thinking, and don't like to be disturbed; and often he comes home completely tired out; and of course it is not reasonable to expect that he could always be on the alert, as of an evening in our courting days, when he came to see me only for an hour or two. But I got in my silly head that he was growing indifferent. I pouted and sulked, and I am really afraid to think of what might have happened, only for Aunt Maria. Do you remember her, my dear? She is as sweet as she looks, and always has led the happiest life. When I told her, in a perfect passion of tears and misery, all my misgivings, she only smiled and said, 'The two grand mistakes again!' Whereupon I was all curiosity to know what she could mean; and this is the answer she gave me:

"'I am an old woman, Mattie, nearly at the end of a long married life, in which I have also seen many other married lives, happy and unhappy; and so many wives, sensible women otherwise, think that a husband's love is to be measured by the number of bows and compliments he makes her; and so many men and women think their love a finished thing—no longer subject to laws of growth! If that was so, it would then be subject to decay, and in time would crumble away, like the stones and bricks of a building. But, on the contrary, it is a tree to grow, and if it has good root, it will grow; and sometimes it will be visited by sunshine, Mattie, and sometimes by cold, nipping weather and storms; but it will bring you together so closely that in the end you will be indeed one, and each day your love will bring you a little nearer heaven.'

"Now, Badroul, of course I knew that, but I had never thought of it before in just that way; and ever since, when there comes to us any little vexation, I only say, 'But we are growing together into heaven, for all that!' and so we are. Why, Badroul, what are you crying about?"

That night Aladdin came home somewhat doubtful, and inclined to be sulky, and found Badroul Basoun radiant, and the house full of the brightness of the wonderful lamp. That blessed little Mattie!

CANDLES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the various improvements made in lamps, candles—the more primitive light-givers—still hold their place; and this for various reasons. The very brilliancy of gas and lamp light is not a quality advantageous in all places and at all times. Certain toilettes, even certain complexions, show best under a soft, subdued illumination, not displaying too much. Then certain sorts of lamps, brilliant as to the light they give, are objectionable, either because of disagreeable odor or of danger. As for gas illumination, it would never be tolerated in any well-furnished room, or any library, but for the convenience of lighting, and but for a certain popular ignorance of the constituents which burning gas evolves. Taken all in all, there is nothing like candles for domestic and private illumination. They involve no machinery to get out of order, and improve by keeping—certain sorts of candles, at least.

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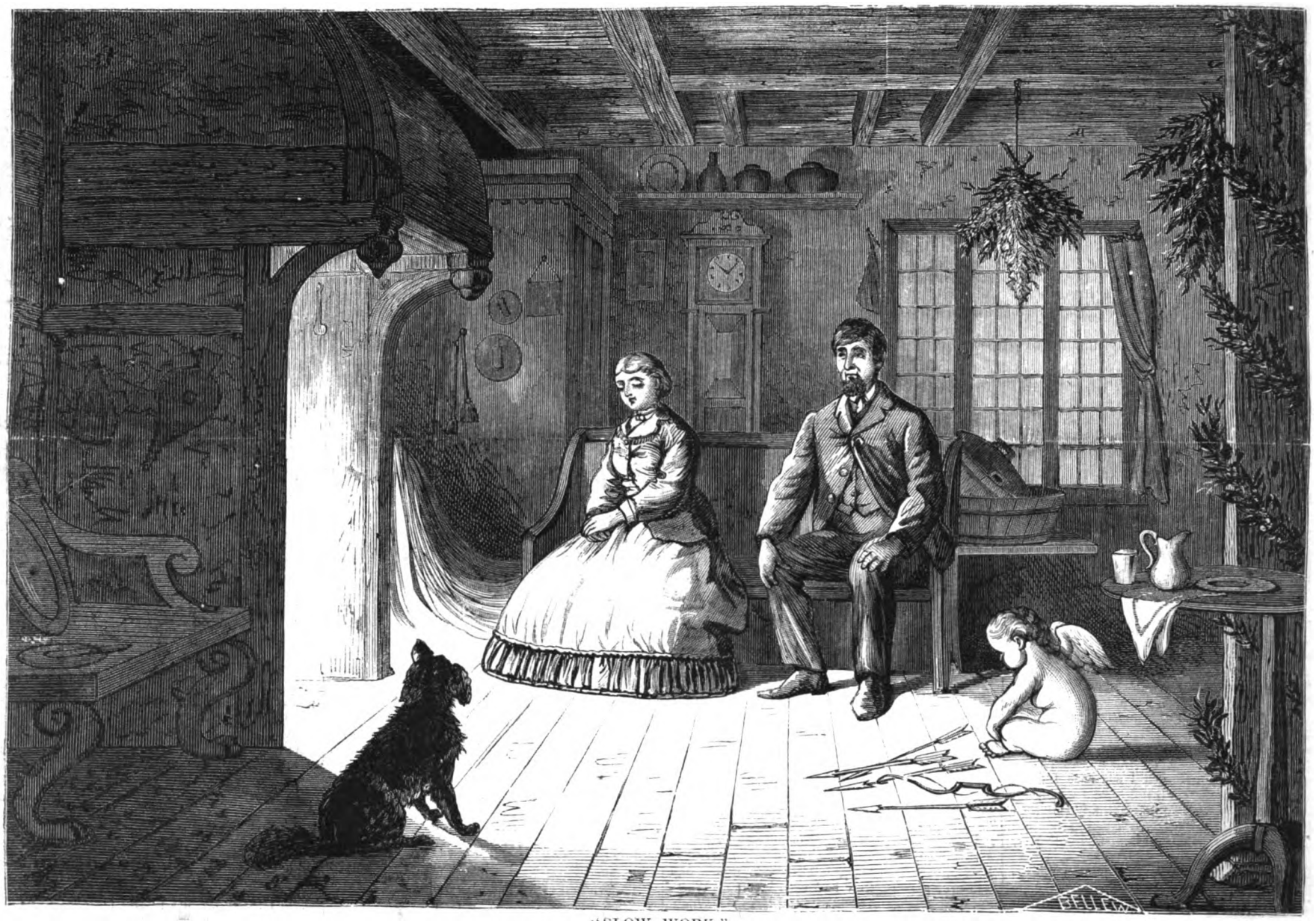

"SLOW WORK."

THE BURST PIPE.—[SEE PAGE 118.]

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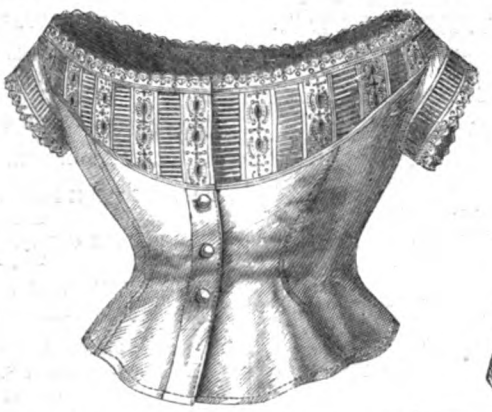
Under-Waist with Chemise Russe.

THIS under-waist is of shirting, trimmed with a puffing of Swiss muslin, lace insertion three-fifths of an inch wide, and lace edging of the same width. Cut the waist from Figs. 31–35 of No. X., Supplement, and trim the neck with the puffing. lace insertion, and lace edging as shown by the illustration. Make the puffing for the sleeve of a piece of Swiss muslin twenty inches long and four inches wide, which is sloped till only two inches and a half wide at the ends. Gather the top and bottom, baste it on the lining, and trim with lace insertion and lace edging as shown by the illustration. This under-waist may be worn with peasant or low-necked waists.



EMBROIDERED UNDER-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 31-35.

Apron with Frills.

THIS gored apron is made of black poult de soie, and trimmed with three pinked ruffles, black silk fringe three inches and three-quarters wide, and black velvet ribbon an inch and a half and two inches wide. Set a double binding an inch and three-quarters wide on the apron, and furnish it with a hook and eye for closing.

Apron with Soutache Embroidery.

THIS apron is made of black poult de soie, and is trimmed with a ruffle of the material with the pleats turned in one direction, black velvet ribbon, and embroidery of black silk soutache. Sew on the trimming as shown by the illustration, and set a double binding an inch and three-quarters wide on the apron.

HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 39 and 40.

UNDER-WAIST WITH CHEMISE RUSSE.

WHITE BEAVER CLOTH TALMA.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-7.

WHITE CASHMERE TALMA.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 8 and 9.

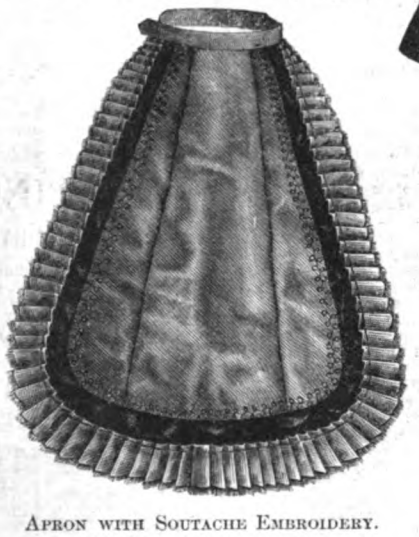
FIRST AND SECOND FIDDLES.

AS a people we are very much given to combination and co-operation in the carrying out of our plans, whatever the end we may have in view. Be it a matter of benevolence or philanthropy, of practical usefulness, of social progress, of recreation or amusement—in short, be it what it may—we usually combine in some way or other to effect our object. Now what is always observable in regard to these combinations is the fact, ever more or less prominent, that while there is no difficulty in enlisting coadjutors willing to take a responsible part—to act as chiefs, managers, directors, and to put themselves prominently in the forefront of the business—there is apt to be very great difficulty indeed in engaging the co-operation of the actors most wanted—those, namely, who will be willing to work quietly in the back-ground, occupying secondary and subordinate positions. In other words, there are plenty of people to be found who like to play first fiddle, while the proportion of those who are content to play second fiddle is, in relation to the need for them, lamentably small. So largely is this the case that it is rather the rule than the exception that, among our improvised associations for doing benevolent work and carrying out other desirable local objects, the volunteers are nearly all first fiddles, while of second fiddles there would be none were they not obtainable for hire. It may be said in apology that it is only a laudable ambition which urges a man to distinguish himself, that every one has a right to make the most of his own capacity, and that, as other people judge you by your own estimate, it is but common prudence not to put that estimate too low. Whatever may be due to such a plea as this—a point we do not pretend to determine—the mischief of admitting it, and acting on the admission, is but too apparent; for what is continually happening is that the men and women so fond of playing first fiddle, and of pushing themselves into prominence, turn out sooner or later (the majority of them) to be not qualified for the posts they occupy, whence it follows that many a good intent is crushed in the germ, many a noble scheme is smothered in its birth, simply because "vaulting ambition has o'erleaped itself," etc.

BLOUSE WAIST-WITH SOUTACHE EMBROIDERY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 63–66.

FLANNEL CHEST PROTECTOR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 58.

APRON WITH FRINGE TRIMMING FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 59–62.



APRON WITH SOUTACHE EMBROIDERY.

APRON WITH BRETELLES FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 59–62.

In the present day all our tendencies seem to be of the ambitious kind, and there is a general notion current that such are the right tendencies. "Excelsior!" is the cry raised on all sides, and re-echoed from all ranks. The result is that every body is scrambling to get up higher, as if *that* were the sole aim of existence, few caring to reflect that such hasty scrambling up is the most likely prelude to toppling down again, and fewer still caring to remember that it is he that humbleth himself who shall be exalted, not he who is always striving for and hankering after exaltation. Excelsior may be a grand motto, but the real significance of the monition it conveys is miserably misunderstood by multitudes, in whose mouths it is a mere cuckoo cry. Few spectacles are at once so pitiful and so ridiculous as that of a fussy young aspirant goaded by vanity and conceit to attempt achievements which nature has denied him the power to accomplish; and yet that is the spectacle one is so often compelled to witness. Excelsior! if you like. Get as high as you can upon safe ground, and by the legitimate route; and do not forget that the way upward may lie for a good part down hill, even through dark, dreary gorges and valleys of humiliation, and that the lofty heights of excellence, moral and spiritual, are often better won by acts of restraint and self-abnegation and abasement than by rudely elbowing others out of the way in order to clear one's own path to the summit.

You who are ambitious for the part of first fiddle, have you duly considered whether you really have the positive qualities which will enable you to play it well? If emergencies should arise, would you be equal to them? You have thought of the honor and reward, the public consideration, the high salary; have you thought of possible contingencies, of the likelihood of failure on your part, followed by a correction of your blunders by one over whose head you have scrambled unfairly, and whom your greed has thrust aside into a secondary post? What if some second fiddle should play your first fiddle's part? You know it was a poor wise man (a second fiddle decidedly) whose wisdom saved the city, and of course saved the great men (the first fiddles) along with it. This, Solomon tells us, he saw, and it is likely that we have all seen something of the sort, and shall see it again.

It may be a grand thing to get to the top of the tree, to be first fiddles in our chosen pursuit: but it may not be a very agreeable or comfortable thing, notwithstanding. Just think what it is to play a prominent part in the public view, to live in the scathing, scorching light of public opinion, to have all your actions subjected to the criticism of parties, to be fêted here and caricatured there, to be bullied at one ear and cajoled at the other, railed at to-day and wheedled to-morrow, to be never your own master, but always the servant of a multitude. Look at the life of an eminent public man, at the sacrifices he has to make. He has to surrender his privacy, and the very possibility of peaceful seclusion. The better man he is, the worse he is off in this respect. In these days of rapid communication and locomotion he has small chance indeed of escaping from his admirers and persecutors. The post and the telegraph will poke him up and rout him out wherever he is, and, will he, nill he, will put him through his paces, compelling him to "stump it" in season and out of season. Then the penny-a-liners are after him, dogging him by stealth, noting down his accidental expressions, his most familiar acts, even the costume he affects, the diet he prefers, and his very pastimes and recreations, if he is bold enough to indulge in any. Less considerate than they, the press reporter besieges him without mercy, interviews him, as the phrase goes, with the design of turning him inside out, if he can, for the benefit, say, of the *Poppleton Thunderer*.

EMBROIDERED-BLOUSE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 29 and 30.

Then he is delegated right and left by no end of institutions, from National Reform Unions down to the "Poor Housekeepers' Twopenny Dustpan Association," all of whom conceive they have a property in him, and whose deputations, in any strength you like, will wait upon him at any hour and in any place, and fire off whole columns of dull speeches at him, in order to impress him with their enlightened views, and engage him as an advocate. Of course the artists are after him in the interest of the illustrated publications, and they fix him in every attitude, twisting his features into every imaginable expression, from the height of jocularity and excitement to the lowest depths of despairing gloom and mortification. Moreover, the photographers catch him with their lenses, whether he will or no, and you see him in all sizes and guises, looking at you from ten thousand shop windows, and appealing to the public to buy him for sixpence or a shilling. It is likely, too, if he attain to *super*-eminence, that the shopkeepers will get hold of him, and immortalize him by making him perennial godfather to a boot, a neck-tie, a coal-scuttle, a blacking-paste, or a pair of tweezers. Such, and a thousand more of the like kind, are the glorious results of becoming first fiddle; and it may well become you, my ambitious friend, before you expend too much resin upon your bow, to consider whether this sort of accompaniment will tend to a harmonious life—whether sauce of this kind will suit your palate or your nerves, or conduce greatly to your ultimate satisfaction and peace of mind.

APRON WITH FRILLS.

On the other hand, let me assure you there are solid satisfactions derivable from playing the humbler part of second fiddle. It is quite a vulgar error to

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suppose that the first fiddles have all the fun—the fact being rather the reverse, the second fiddles really enjoying themselves much more. Playing a secondary part, you are not obliged to be always wagging your elbow. You can relax when you like, and nobody will feel offended. You will not be lugged into prominence in spite of your inclination. The national institutions won't care about you, the delegates and deputations will not fire off their rhetorical batteries at your head, while the artists and photographers will be content to let it alone. Your privacy and seclusion will be your own. You may wear what you like, and eat and drink what you like; and even should you play cock-horse with your children, or descend to a game at romps, for their and your own special delectation, depend upon it there is no one who will make it a public matter. Meanwhile it may sometimes happen to you to be really doing the very work which some *soi-disant* first fiddle is only pretending to do, it not being at all an uncommon thing that while Brag and Bluster are blowing their brazen trumpets on platforms and broad sheets, some modest Reticens sits at the helm and steers the expeditionary bark into port. For, you see, there is a round number of pompous folk who fancy they are first fiddles, but are in reality mere empty fiddle cases, good for nothing but for show. Cunning people, who know the value of appearances, put these specimens up to be stared at, hang them out as baits calculated by their glitter to catch the gudgeon multitude. But we spare remark on this point.

If we take a glance at the world's first fiddles—the men and women whose actions form so large a part of the material of history—how few of them comparatively are worthy of our admiration, much less of our envy! Even the greatest of them exhibit, for the most part, sad blots in their lives, and call quite as much for a reasonable man's reprehension and regret as for his applause and esteem. The Cæsars, the Vikings, the Charlemagnes, the Plantagenets—the Fredericks, the Marlboroughs, the Napoleons—the Elizabeths, the Catherines—the Cromwells—in a word, the exceptionally great ones of the earth, have been far from the wisest, the happiest, or the best. Of most of them it may assuredly be said with truth that they paid too much for their fiddles, and fiddled too furiously for the good of mankind. The real hero, after all, is not the first fiddle, but the man who can loyally accept the conditions of life, whatever they may be, and work manfully to turn them to the best account.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHICAGO.—For hints about crinoline and tournures, or bustles, read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. IV. For "bridles" read "bustles" in the paragraph alluded to. Make your black and white checked silk by the cut paper pattern of Vest-Casaque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III. The hair is not worn high on the head, but very low behind in looped braids. See New York Fashions of last *Bazar*.

FLORENCE.—Get about twenty-five yards of the six-quarter iron barège for your two suits, or if only house dresses are required get twenty. Make with basques and demi-train. Trim your mother's with bias folds of the same, but use guipure lace and bias ruffles for yourself. Piqué, white muslin, and buff linen suits are pretty for a child's summer dresses. Make Gabrielles, and trim with embroidery and braiding.

P. J. H.—Simple white muslin dresses are so little worn just now that you will have to trim yours to make it look at all stylish. If you will put three or four ruffles on the skirt, making them overlap each other until they reach the knee, where a standing ruffle heads them, and then add an upper skirt with a narrow ruffle or two around it, you will have a very pretty dress for a young girl. Wear a black velvet sash, shoulder knots, and bows on the upper skirt, with a rose in each bow.

MRS. E. C. W.—It is too early to give a definite reply to your question. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. III.

M. R. L.—Read answer to "Impatience" in *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. IV.

SUBSCRIBER.—For a dress for your boy of three years use the pattern and description marked No. XVII., in Supplement to *Bazar* No. 6, Vol. IV.

J. Y.—Use any of the short skirt patterns given with our cut paper patterns of suits for shortening your green silk, or, if you wish to preserve it as whole as possible, merely drape it over a black silk skirt. It is too soon to speak positively of spring styles. Flat bands of gray or black silk, with heavy cords, will freshen your gray dress.

MINNIE LEE.—A gray Irish poplin or silk suit with two skirts and paletot, trimmed with passementerie and fringe, will be the most elegant traveling dress for a bride to be married in in March. The bridemaids' dresses should be similar. For a description of a marriage in church read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. II. Enameled or rich gold jewelry should be worn with such costumes. For a handsome dress for day wear at a hotel get a rich black silk with demi-train and basque; for evening get pearl-colored, tea-rose, and white ottoman silks; for visiting and carriage dresses, suits with short and slightly trained skirts, made of silks of becoming color and black. Have bonnets and gloves to match suits. It is a difficult matter to dictate a "rich and expensive" trousseau for March, an intermediate season when styles are undecided. You must watch our New York Fashion columns for further hints.

MRS. A. B. T.—Modernize the trained skirt of your poplin by cut paper pattern of skirt of Worth Basque House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. You will probably find pieces enough left for a Worth basque or a pointed waist. Trim with bands of silk or velvet of the same shade, or else passementerie and fringe. *Bazar* No. 47, Vol. III., will give you patterns of paletots. The Pointed Waist Walking Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. III., combines a waist and short skirt such as you desire. The entire pattern will be furnished for twenty-five cents.

A COUNTRY WIDOW.—The entire suit of black is appropriate for the groom. Your gloves and his should match in color—have them light gray or white, just as you please. With street suits wear gloves of corresponding color, or else yellowish-brown. The earrings are not objectionable.

MRS. H. M. S.—Your sample is a very good quality of American silk.

QUESTIONER.—The German Valenciennes is quite good enough for trimming a lady's apron, and is often used on Swiss muslin dresses. The long opera chain, passing around the neck, with a tasseled pendant at one end, is most used for watch chains; short cable chains with massive-looking links and a locket, or cross, are the fashionable necklaces. The plainest opera chains cost $40, and cable chains $50.—It is *not* outré or Quakerish for a young lady to leave "Miss" off her visiting cards, if she prefers to do so. But if you did not use cards, you would, when giving your name to the servant at the door, speak of yourself as "Miss Helen Smith;" and as a card is simply an announcement of a visitor's arrival, it should, we think, have the title that you expect a servant to prefix to your name.—Tarts are, of course, eaten with a fork.

R. H. L.—The "Boston," a slow waltz, is one of the most fashionable dances of the winter. The galop is still in favor.

M. E.—You will require about three and a half yards of tulle for your trained upper skirt. From twenty to twenty-five yards will be required for your suit. Trim with bias bands edged with narrow guipure. Make your black silk suit with ruffles up the front breadth, a draped upper skirt, and a paletot trimmed with passementerie and lace. We can not advise you about summer fabrics yet. A black lace bonnet with white ostrich tip will be pretty for you.

INQUIRER.—The bride's mother stands in the front parlor to receive the guests at her daughter's wedding. The back parlor is closed, and the bridal party arranges itself there. The folding-doors between the parlors are thrown open, disclosing the tableau, and the minister advances from the front parlor to perform the ceremony.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We would not advise a lover of novelty to make up her summer dresses now. Why not do all your sewing except dresses, and wait for new styles for them? White dresses will probably continue to be worn, but there will be a change of details that *may* make any thing prepared now look very ancient, and require altering. White linen and bishop's lawn suits will certainly be worn. Piqué is so warm, and is so apt to turn yellow in washing, that it lost popularity last year.

AN ADMIRER.—The shirt fronts worn on ordinary occasions by gentlemen have a centre pleat half a finger-length wide, with a single pleat of the same size, or else two pleats of half that width. For full dress a very light vine of embroidery extends down the centre of the middle pleat or on each side, or else a cluster of needle-work surrounds each eyelet-hole. A profusion of narrow pleats, ruffling, or any elaborate trimming, is out of fashion for shirt bosoms. Plainness is preferred; and the scarf-cravats, such as the Lord Stanley and Windsors, together with high-cut vests, almost conceal the bosom. Nothing is so old-fashioned as to make a great display of shirt fronts. The stylish buttons are dead gold, large, smooth, and flat, mounted on spirals.

EIGHTEEN.—We do not keep an intelligence-office, and can not undertake to find employment for any one, as we have said again and again.

TABBY AND CATHERINE.—Sunday was so called because anciently devoted to the sun or its worship; Monday was sacred to the moon; Tuesday was the day of Tuesco, the Saxon god of war; Wednesday was consecrated to Woden or Odin, the Scandinavian Mercury; Thursday was devoted to the service of Thor, the principal Northern deity; Friday was so named from the Scandinavian Venus, Freya, the wife of Odin; and Saturday was Saturn's day. Lothario is found in "Don Quixote." Your other questions are either irrelevant or outside our province.

INQUIRER.—Etiquette does not require you to send cards to a gentleman to whom your friend is engaged, but who is unknown to you. If he were her husband it would be incumbent on you to do so. But in this, as in many kindred cases, your action must be modified by the degree of familiarity existing between the parties, and various other circumstances, of which we necessarily are ignorant.

LUCY C.—The extremely high heels in your friend's wardrobe must be accounted for by the hypothesis that she prefers to sacrifice comfort to what she considers fashion, though we know of no canon of taste that obliges her to do so. A lady would order her wardrobe from Paris pretty much as she would from New York, we suspect; and not go to a milliner's for boots, or to a hosier's for bonnets.

A MOTHER.—An article on the "Hand," in the "Bazar Book of Decorum," will give you full instruction about the care of the finger nails, and the best means of making them shapely and beautiful.

IMOGENE T. AND OTHERS.—We can not undertake to prescribe for the jaundice or any other disease, and can only advise you to consult a reliable physician, who can give you intelligent advice. Neither can we tell you how to promote the growth of eyebrows or eyelashes; you had better be satisfied with those which nature has bestowed upon you.

A READER.—Of course you are expected to call on the bride when you sent "regrets" to her reception.

L. B. S.—A tarlatan dress for a girl of sixteen should have from three to five narrow overlapping flounces, a long, plain over-skirt looped with flowers, and a low-necked basque of the tarlatan laid plainly on white silk.

N. P. B.—Black and white striped flannel is only worn here for morning wrappers.

VERDANT-GREEN.—Plain round over-skirts looped like that shown in the Double-Breasted Walking Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III., are more worn than fancy ones. Use that pattern for your black silk. Water-proof capes may be plainly hemmed, or else scalloped. Basque-waists are more worn than plain or pointed corsages.

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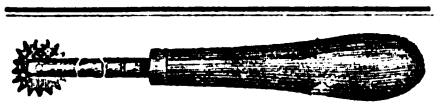

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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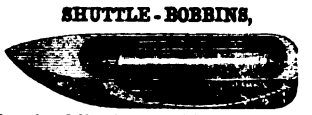

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FOLKS IN OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

No. 1.—Our Landlady, as she appears when asked for Fish a Second Time.

No. 2.—Our Old Maid; the good-natured Variety.

No. 3.—Our Base-Ballist; from a Photograph in our Parlor Album.
N.B.—He apologizes for the Size of the advanced Foot; says it is out of Focus.

No. 4.—Our Grumbler, as he appears after an Unsatisfactory Meal.

No. 5.—Our German; believes in Bismarck.

No. 6.—Our Frenchman, as he appears at the Name of Bismarck.

No. 7.—Our Englishman, whose Neutrality is disturbed by Nos. 5 and 6.

No. 8.—Our Nuisance; in the character of "Somebody Coming!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 9.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Silk Dinner Dress with Basque-Waist and Over-Skirt.

THIS dress is made of garnet silk. The over-skirt and basque-waist are trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with puffs of the material edged with narrow ruffles on both sides, and wide silk fringe of the color of the dress.

Ball or Evening Dress for Young Lady.

THIS costume consists of a skirt and over-skirt of white Swiss muslin, and low-necked basque-waist of black velvet. The over-skirt, skirt, and basque-waist are trimmed with white and black lace. Chemise Russe of Swiss muslin with short sleeves. Necklace of black velvet ribbon, with coral clasp and coral pendant.

CULTURE OF HARDY ROSES.

OF all flowers the rose is the most universally admired, and the most generally cultivated, being grown alike in the door-yard of the cottager and in the show-gardens of the man of wealth; yet it is not often that we see it grown to its full perfection.

Its culture, nevertheless, is very simple. All that it requires is a fresh, loamy soil—either naturally rich or made so artificially by the use of manure—free, pure air, unshaded or smothered by trees or shrubs, good drainage, so that stagnant water will not lie at the roots, and judicious close pruning.

The soil in which they are planted should have a liberal quantity of *well-rotted* manure intermixed with it; and, after the plant is set, a mulching of long manure, at least two inches thick, should be spread around the plant as far as its roots extend. This manure, after lying a year, should be forked in and renewed every spring. It keeps the roots moist and cool during the heat of summer, and encourages a free, strong growth.

Early in the spring—in February or March—the plants should be well and closely pruned. Generally all the wood which produced flowers the last season should be cut clean out, or back to where strong, free shoots have been produced. The strong, fresh shoots of last season's growth should be cut back one-third or one-half their length; this causes them to throw out stronger flowering shoots from the remaining buds, producing flowers of extra size and beauty. If your plants are well and strongly grown, do not lack nerve to use the knife.

The catalogues, as well those of foreign as of our own florists, contain such very long lists of varieties that the purchaser becomes bewildered in making a selection, and the florid descriptions appended too often mislead the purchaser. Many—we may say a large proportion—of the varieties originated abroad (the florists in this country devoting but little attention to this branch of floriculture) are not suited to our climate, generally on account of the heat of our summer and our dry atmosphere; but they are, nevertheless, so numerous that it is no severe task to make selections that will thrive with us. We would, however, caution our amateur gardeners not to buy grafted roses, whether as standards, half standards, or dwarfs. In Europe it is the universal practice to bud or graft roses in this way; the florists do this in order to multiply a new variety more rapidly than they could otherwise do it, as every bud will produce a plant. The standards and half standards have a miserable existence for two or three years, and then die, our hot sun making the tall stem so hide-bound that at last the grafted top can get no supply of sap through it. Tying moss around and similar devices have been tried to obviate this difficulty; but they do injury in another way, by excluding the air from the stem, which is almost as injurious as the heat of the sun. Roses budded as dwarfs are, as a general rule, a nuisance; for the stock has a constant tendency to throw up suckers, which, if not immediately removed, rob the graft; and, even with this care, the continual endeavor of the plant to expend its energies in this way is a great drawback to the proper development of the graft. Some say that many varieties produce finer flowers on stocks than they do on their own roots, to which we have only to say, that a rose which, with good cultivation, will not produce fine flowers when grown on its own roots, is not worth having for general cultivation.

Of late years the rage has been for Hybrid Perpetual roses; the name is a misnomer, for they are not ever-blooming, although they frequently bloom again in the fall, yet not as freely or profusely as in the early summer season. We have sometimes had a second summer crop of blooms on very strong grown plants, by pruning back the shoots as soon as they had got through blooming to within two or three eyes of the main stem, but these second blooms were always much smaller than the first. Within two or three years past a return is being made by European amateurs to the old favorite Moss, Damask, and Provence roses of former years, and they are being reinstated to their proper place in the garden; they excel the so-called Hybrid Perpetuals in fragrance, and we yet hope to see them in this country grown in every garden as in former times.

We append a selection of a few of the best varieties of each class, selecting those of strong, healthy constitution, vigorous growth, brightness or cleanness of color, good shape of flower, and fragrance. Many of them are old, well-known sorts, but they still hold their own in the cata-

SILK DINNER DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST AND OVER-SKIRT.

EVENING DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

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logues, while newer varieties have, from time to time, appeared, and soon again disappeared. All selected are perfectly hardy without protection:

Hybrid Perpetuals.—Alfred de Rougemont—dark crimson, enlivened with scarlet; Baron Prévost—pale rose; Caroline de Sansal—clear rose, passing to white shaded with rose; Comteese de Chabrillan—delicate rose, extra double, very fragrant; John Hopper—carmine rose, back of petals lilac; Jules Margottin—bright cherry red; Louise Darzens—pure white; Madame Victor Verdier—vivid carmine; Madame Freeman—white, with cream-colored centre; Prince Camille de Rohan—dark crimson maroon, with darker shading; Victor Verdier—brilliant cherry rose; William Griffiths—pale rose. To these may be added, as moss-roses of the same class, Madame Edward Ory—bright, rosy carmine; Salet—bright rosy red, with blush edges.

Hybrid China.—Brennus—bright crimson; George IV.—dark crimson velvet, shaded with purple; La Tourterelle—dark dove-colored; Madame Plantier—pure white, blooms in large clusters.

Provence.—Unique—pure white; Common Provence—the old cabbage-rose, still considered as a model of form; La Rubanée—violet, striped with white.

Damask.—Madame Hardy—beautiful pure white; Leda—blush, edged with cherry.

French, or Gallic.—Rivers's Superb Tuscany—deep crimson velvet, very dark; Œillet Parfait—red, striped with white; Œillet Flamand—white, spotted and striped with deep rose.

Moss-Roses.—Common Moss—still considered one of the best; Princess Adelaide—a very strong grower, blooms in clusters, pale rose; Countess of Murinais—pure white, blooms in clusters; Cristata—the edges of the sepals of the calyx are beautifully crested or fringed, as well as being mossy, rose-color; Laneii—rosy crimson, shaded with purple; William Lobb—purplish-crimson.

Yellow Roses.—Harrison's—a very free bloomer, pure yellow; Persian—deep golden yellow.

Climbing Roses.—Queen of the Prairies—bright rose; Gem of the Prairies—a new variety, a hybrid between Queen of the Prairies and the Madame Laffay rose, light crimson, sometimes spotted with white, very fragrant; Madame D'Arblay—pure white, large clusters of flowers; Baltimore Belle—blush white.

IF WE KNEW.

BY MRS. MARY E. DODGE.

If we knew from the first what the years were to bring,
Would we ever be able to frolic and sing?
As the future approached with its banners upraised,
Would we hail it with courage and cry, "God be praised!"
If it held up before us one signal of woe,
Though joys by the thousand were shining below?

Could we welcome the pleasures, the loves, and the gains,
If we saw all the sorrows and partings and pains?
Or, if care-laden pennons for many a day
Hung dark 'gainst the splendor of a joy far away,
Would we patiently whisper, "Thy will, Lord, be done,"
As the tardy procession came silently on?

Would we strive if success were not close to the front,
If before the reward stalked the toil and the brunt?
Would we study and delve if the best were not hid,
Or take any joy in the work if we did?
Would not day-by-day effort and yearning appall,
If our questioning hearts saw the end of it all?

If we knew! If we knew! But we never can know—
And, though restless and puzzled, I'm glad it is so.
There's a pleasure in striving the curtain to lift,
But may God in His mercy deny us the gift!
'Tis enough that His love all our limits hath planned,
And the wonderful Now cometh fresh from His hand.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain patterns and illustrations of a great variety of Ladies' and Girls' Skating Costumes; Ball and Evening Toilettes; Walking Dresses, Sacques, Tight-fitting Basques, and Quilted Jackets, Kitchen Aprons, Children's Dresses, Berthas, Bretelles, Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page* 143 *of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

A LESSON FROM GERMANY.

THE wonderful success of the German arms in Denmark, Austria, and France has taught a lesson in military science, which other nations are quick to learn and carry into practice. Already steps have been taken to introduce certain features of the simple yet comprehensive Prussian system of military organization into England and Russia; and the wisest leaders of France confess, too late, its advantages over their own.

But it is not merely in warlike affairs that Germany can teach the world a lesson worth the learning. The *Bazar* eschews politics and war, and has nothing to say of VON BISMARCK or VON MOLTKE; but from the peaceful homes of the land of these illustrious men our readers may learn a great deal which, if put in practice, would increase tenfold the happiness and comfort of household life in America. As this is the season when new arrangements for the year are made, it is well to call some of these things to mind.

Much of the prevalent discomfort of American households results from an ambition to make a show beyond the provider's means. This is a general and acknowledged fault in this country, and one which, as shown by the records of our criminal courts, too frequently leads to something worse than pinching and discomfort. One of the most common forms of extravagance is spending too large a proportion of one's income in house-rent. To the natural inquiry, How is this to be avoided when "landlords have the matter in their own hands, and can charge what they please?" we reply that this is a mistake; landlords would not have it all their own way if tenants did not choose to let them. Just as long as tenants pay high rents without remonstrance, landlords will demand high rents; and for the sake of living in a "stylish" house many families will pay twice or three times as much as would be asked for one equally comfortable and respectable, but without the stone front, perhaps, or the marble mantel-pieces, or stucco cornices, and other devices of the house-builder to extort money from foolish people. This form of extravagance is rarely found in Germany. There old manners and old customs still retain their hold upon the mass of the people. It is a national characteristic to care but little for forms of elegance which are deemed essential among us. There a wealthy and cultivated family often resides in a street but little wider than an alley, which, in this country, would be abandoned to the very poor, and in a house which we should consider the exact reverse of stylish. The lower story is, perhaps, used as a grocer's shop, or by a butcher, and the entrance may be through a narrow passage-way, and up a flight of inconvenient stairs. But when the family dwelling is reached the opening of the door has sometimes an almost magical effect. The visitor—who has, perhaps, stumbled along an ill-lighted passage—suddenly finds himself in an elegantly furnished apartment, adorned with pictures and other objects of art, with books, piano, and other evidences of taste and refinement. He finds the family intelligent and cultivated, and very rarely discovers a trace of that care and strain that drag down such multitudes of American housekeepers, and despoil them of their youth and beauty.

Without going quite so far in disregarding outward appearances, American housekeepers might do much toward checking extravagance in house-rent by paying more attention to the indoor attractiveness of their homes. Men will not care so much for a "stylish" outside, which they see but casually twice a day, as they leave for business and return, if they find a cheerful and attractive home inside the door. How many parlors of brown-stone-front houses in New York contain not a single picture on the walls, scarcely a book on the table, or any other object to show that the inmates possess an atom of taste or cultivation! Hundreds, perhaps thousands, there are where this emptiness reigns. And yet the family may have taste, may have culture, may have refinement; but every cent of income beyond what just suffices to keep them in food and clothes goes for rent. Two or three hundred dollars, or even less, saved from this part of the expenses, would make the home beautiful and attractive.

This is a reform in which women should take the lead. As they must necessarily lead closer house lives than men do, it is for their interest to make withindoors cheerful. We have seen parlor walls as white and bare as a cell in the Tombs. The merriest heart in the world could not be cheerful with such surroundings, even if the front wall were faced with brown stone. But take a house that would rent for half as much, fill the parlor with cheerful furniture (none of that funereal haircloth!), hang a few pictures on the wall (they need not be expensive; but don't choose "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The Martyrdom of Huss," "Queen Elizabeth Signing the Death-Warrant of Mary Queen of Scots," or other engravings of that lugubrious character), dispose some pleasant books on the centre-table, and have a few papers or magazines lying ready to the hand, and with these simple arrangements the thing is accomplished. You make a room which every one will be glad to enter and reluctant to leave. Isn't the object worth trying for? If you think so, now is the time to make the experiment.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of the Back of the Hand.

MY DEAR MELISSA,—I know how fond you are of Mrs. Browning's poetry, and therefore I have no doubt that you remember little Effie's "Swan's Nest among the Reeds," and the pretty dreams she dreamed of the lover who should one day come, and who, I hope, came, despite the disaster. And so I suppose, my dear, you have your dreams, and sometimes fancy the days when you shall be the queen of a household, as your mother is, and your children shall cluster around you as your mother's do now. In that happy day, dear Melissa, I think I know what a precious sovereign lady you will be. I am sure that I can comprehend the profound loyalty with which your lovely court will bow before you, and how tenderly they will kiss your royal hand. And I am quite as sure that you will never strike them with the back of it! Yet that is done very often even by the most excellent kings and queens, and very much of the unhappiness, or worse, that is to be found in the world comes from that blow. It is not always intentional; but even when not designed the mischief is subtile and profound. Beware of striking with the back of your hand, my gracious and lovely liege lady!

I was in the street car the other morning, and one of the good women who carry the large baskets stepped in with her little boy, and sat near me. It was a bright-faced boy, and his mind was active and his eyes alert; and a steady volley of questions came as naturally from his mouth as a stream of sparks when you stir a burning log. Parents have duties, my dear Melissa, and one of the most constant and imperative is that of answering their children's questions. But the good woman with the basket answered one or two very crisply, and then she said,

"Hush! don't jabber so!"

The little boy beamed silently for a few minutes, but his mind and eyes worked steadily; and then, quite unconsciously, the questions began again.

"Didn't I tell you to stop?" was the sharp answer, emphasized with the back of the hand. The poor little fellow cried for a moment, utterly disregarded by the mother with the hard, sad face; but he presently rallied, and although the instinct of pain held his tongue, nothing could hold his busy eyes and mind; and I ventured to slide into his confidence by an occasional remark. So, as a flower turns to the sun, he gradually addressed all his questions to the side that favored him, and he said good-by in a very friendly way when his mother arose and took him with her out of the car.

Now to me, but I suppose not to the boy, there was as much of the back of the hand in the scolding tone—"Hush! don't jabber so!"—as there was in the action itself. By-and-by two young people stepped in, and seated themselves in the place of the mother and the boy. I glanced at them, and recognized my oldest and most familiar friends—although I never saw them before. That is to say, my dear girl, they were general, not particular friends, for they were evidently lovers. Perhaps she seemed to me to think quite as much of her dress as of him; but that may have been my absurd fancy. They began to talk. But if, because of something I observed, I had said to her, "Dear miss, please don't strike him with the back of your hand!" she would certainly have been very indignant at my impudence, and the cavalier himself would probably have insisted upon my leaving the car, and have reproved the conductor for permitting old lunatics to ride with sensible passengers. But by-and-by, when he said something which I couldn't help hearing, Melissa, and which, although I can not honorably repeat, I assure you was most tenderly and respectfully affectionate, I heard her, with an impatient toss of the head, and an undeniable distaste, exclaim, with the sharpest petulance, "Doh't!" and I saw the crimson flash to his very forehead. I actually winced; for I saw how cruel a blow may be struck with the back of a lady's hand, even when it is lying quietly and most delicately gloved in her lap.

When I left the car, and went loitering along the street, quite forgetting how cold it was, I wondered if that young woman was fond of flowers, and if she raised them from seed, and whether she had ever pondered the fact that the most rugged and inflexible oak springs from a little acorn, which children carve into a fairy cup. Because, if she had observed this, I hoped that some day, before it was too late, it would occur to her that the little blow with the back of the hand when wooing was in danger of becoming a great blow when wed, and that the impatient word of the maid would easily become the savage scolding of the matron. I stopped at Miranda's as I was meditating, whom I used to know in Bermuda when Ferdinand was wooing. They were a lovely pair; and I am admitted quite familiarly to their home, which is one of the pleasantest nests that I know. Miranda, fortunately, was at home, and I told her what I had observed in my morning travel in the car.

I think she was crocheting; and she listened with deepening color as I went on to say what I thought of blows with the back of the hand. They are of every kind, I told her, and it is by no means necessary to use the visible hand in inflicting them. Indeed, when Tim Mulloony actually fillips Mrs. Mulloony with his knuckles, and that capable woman, being "able for him," balances the account upon the spot, there is probably very much less feeling, and certainly less harm done, than when Clara mentions some little hope or plan, which without the sympathy of Clarence is a violet without sunshine, and Clarence impatiently snorts, "Pshaw! what a fool!" and slams out of the house. I say, dear Melissa, that I prosed away in this strain to Miranda, who sat diligently working and blushing; but when I came to my illustration she looked up suddenly, and said, quickly, "Who told you?"

I looked at her, quite silent, and presently we both smiled. She felt annoyed that she had betrayed herself, and with a calm, resolute tone, as if speaking in the merest speculative way, she remarked that she supposed there were some clouds in all married life, and that it was very easy for a busy man, she could imagine, to be harassed by the importunity and irrelevance of his wife.

"For better for worse, for richer for poorer; to love, honor, and cherish," said I.

Miranda smiled, and went on knitting, saying nothing. And I was confused, my dear Melissa, as, indeed, how could I help it? In this bower also were there blows with the back of the hand? Little sneers, innuendoes, "cuts," "digs," all the sharper because edged with knowledge? The gibes of one who familiarly knows the object are always the most stinging, because he is aware of all the weak and morbid points of assault. I have seen a husband strike a wife with the back of his hand so that she was breathless, and felt her heart wounded, yet his hands were in his pocket, and his face smooth and smiling. If he read in the paper that a poor, drunken wretch had beaten his wife, he would have exclaimed at the brute who could strike a woman. But he did it every day, yet did not perceive that he struck her, because his hands were in his pocket.

A blow with the back of the hand is the most ignominious and insulting of all blows, Melissa. It expresses contempt and aversion, as the open palm signifies friendship and sympathy, and the clenched fist frank hostility. I remember that Father Fenelon came to my room one day and told me that he had been to hear a sermon at Saint Rainbow's. "I prefer my own faith," he said, "but I expect that those who don't agree will say so. I can stand a hard blow straight from the shoulder as well as any man. But the preacher that I heard struck contemptuously with the back of his hand. It is not the opposition, it is its method, that disturbs me; and instead of considering whether I could hit back as strongly—which would have been my instinct in the case of the honest blow—I merely hated my opponent. In other words, Mr. Bachelor, if an adversary urges a powerful argument, I am forced to reflect whether I am right; but if he sneers, I am sure that he is wrong. Any honorable man will yield to reason, but he is a sneak who surrenders to disdain or ridicule."

I wish that Silvertongue would ponder this remark of Father Fenelon's. He is so fond of filliping with the back of his hand, and he does it so gracefully, and with such a sting, that his best friends are afraid of him. His whole influence is one of exasperation. He is always fighting, but as nobody is ever knocked down by a blow with the back of the hand, Silvertongue never has a real victory. Nobody is wounded or slain, but every body is prodigiously angry. Sneering at Eugenia may show your wit, my dear Melissa, but it certainly does not show that Eugenia is in the wrong. And if your object is to persuade her, or to show others that she is mistaken, you may do it by good-humor and good sense; but certainly you can not do it by contemptuous ridicule, nor by mere petulance.

I have often seen men in high and responsible positions turn off others to strangers, as the good mother in the car turned her little boy over to me. A man in a legislative assembly is interested in some project, as the mother in the car was interested in her journey and her own thoughts. Chattering and pointless loquacity, as they seem to him, make him very impatient. Foolish questions infuriate him. "Hush! don't jabber so!" exclaims the statesman. And if the chattering continues there is some splendid sarcasm, and lo! he has struck with the back of his hand. "Didn't I tell you to hush up?" Yes, he did. And the silenced gentlemen turn their tongues and ears and hearts elsewhere. You see, Melissa, the eloquent and able statesman has indeed knocked somebody down—disproving what I said about a blow with the back of the hand—but it is himself who falls.

The gentlemen who write for the newspapers are very fond of the kind of blow of which we are speaking. A young fellow prints a volume of verses. Perhaps they are not what Shakespeare, or even Milton, would have written, but he has put his heart and hope and soul into them, and they are very precious to him. Yes, I know it is comical that such pebbles should seem to him diamonds; and yes, again, there is a great deal of trash published, and it ought to be exposed. But oh, Master Critic, spare that blow with the back of the hand! It alienates and angers, but whom and what does it help? If the savage and tartarly *Quarterly* actually broke the heart of Keats, what other young singer did that brutal blow silence? All your wit, your ridicule, your sarcastic contempt, will not spare the world the further flow of verse which is neither Shakespearean nor Miltonic. You may strike with the back of your hand, but that will not persuade Keats or his successor that they are not of the royal line.

And now, my dear Melissa, suppose that you and I do what we can to form and extend an anti-striking-with-the-back-of-the-hand society. I think that it is one of which a woman may be properly president, and I hope that those who do not object to a woman as Queen of England will not object to your Majesty. Then I shall nominate Ferdinand as one of the vice-presidents, and I shall explain to him carefully the great object of the society. It is nothing less, indeed, than the immediate and unconditional abolition of blows with the back of the hand. It is for absolute friendship, or for open and honest hostility. No poisoned wells; no midnight burnings; no faithlessness; no back-handed blows.

What a vision of a universal domestic heaven suddenly breaks upon us, my dear Melissa, when

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we imagine the sneers and sarcasms, and hints and gibes, and poohs and pshaws of Ferdinand and Miranda, and the whole warfare of the back of the hand, that stings and irritates us all, finally abolished! I think the membership of the society will be very large, if all who wish to join it do so. But, Melissa, it will be immense if all who ought to join it do so!

Your Majesty's most loyal subject,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING GOODS.

ALTHOUGH winter is still upon us, spring goods begin to appear in the wholesale warehouses. The first specimens shown are staple fabrics such as calicoes, linens, and lawns. Small figures, very fine stripes, and broken plaids are the styles presented in wash goods; and though these may seem but a repetition of old designs, there are some novel patterns among them. A pretty effect is given to English prints with clear white grounds by having alternating stripes of two shades of one color, either blue, brown, or lavender. Dots, diamonds, blocks, and vines are all shades of one color on purest white. The pretty watered designs and the harlequin stripes of several contrasting colors are repeated from last season. These prints are a yard wide, of infallible colors, and will be retailed for 27 cents a yard. Colored grounds, gray, brown, or buff, with watered figures, and the clear, bright purple grounds, called double purple, will be 30 cents. Black and white checkered figures, white stripes, harebells, and sprays of flowers are on the clean, cool, purple ground.

The pretty lawns and muslins, so little worn in this climate, but considered indispensable further south, have fine diagonal stripes, like twilled goods. These are colored grounds with bias stripes of white, and white grounds with colored stripes. Many of these have a narrow border near each selvedge that may be used for trimming. They are sold for 30 cents a yard.

As buff and gray linens have come to be regarded necessary for a summer wardrobe, designers offer a change from the solid colors so long worn. White or black stripes are shown on buff, dove gray, and brown grounds. The success of these is doubtful, as former attempts to make figured linens popular have failed. These, however, are more tasteful and neat than any of previous seasons. The material is the sheer wiry linen known last year as linen lawn: 40 cents a yard is the price.

Solid colors prevail in the light woolen stuffs for spring wear, though a few pencil stripes are seen. Twilled goods, cotton warp with wool filling, are brought out in the Frou Frou buff, brown, and turtle-dove gray tints for street suits, and in pale green and blue for house dresses. A far handsomer fabric than these is called crape poplin—a silk and wool goods slightly repped, yet crinkled like crape. This appears to be serviceable, will make very dressy costumes, and is produced in exquisite colors. The Japanese poplins, made of silk and linen, or, more probably, cotton, were widely known last summer. A new effect is given to these by watered grounds of black or brown with white. Among the French fabrics for summer dresses are black grenadines with tiny colored stripes—gold, blue, purple, green, or white. Figured and dotted grenadines are also revived. Mohair mixtures of black and white, producing grisaille effects, and broken plaids of black and white in leno and goat's-hair, are prepared for spring.

HINTS OF SPRING STYLES.

Black silk costumes for the street will retain their popularity. Black cashmere over-skirts and paletots will be worn until very late in the season. Over dresses and sacques of black China crape will be offered as a relief from cashmere when the spring is over; but this crape is so frail that it will scarcely rival the favorite wraps of black gros grain and faille.

We do not anticipate much change in street costumes. Spring suits in preparation at the best French houses retain the long polonaise over dress arranged to have a short apron front with very long, full back. Short paletots will certainly be worn again, as quantities are being imported from Berlin. Upper skirts are predicted for another season. The style in favor at present is the over-skirt shown with the Worth Basque House Dress in *Bazar* No. 1 of Vol. IV. Basques will be the universal corsage. Many most distinguished-looking costumes will be made with flat trimmings, though flounces and ruffles will be the rule rather than the exception. The half-flowing sleeves, of which patterns were given in our last Supplement, are now oftenest made by the leading modistes.

Lace insertion will be the most stylish trimming. Black thread, guipure, and duchesse insertion will be used on handsome black silk garments. The richest passementeries, with jet and without, will be in vogue, and thick, heavy fringe is largely imported. This fringe is to be placed straight around the skirts of dresses between ruffles, puffs, and ruches. Rows of lace are to be arranged after the same fashion.

An elegant suit of black gros grain now being made will serve for a model for spring costumes. The skirt—too long for ordinary use—lies on the ground a couple of inches in the back, and is trimmed with three narrow ruffles, separated by a row of thread lace insertion. The polonaise has a short apron front, is caught up high on the hips, and has a long bouffant back. Four widths of silk are back of the apron. This fullness is added at the belt in very large box-pleats. The trimming is two rows of insertion of fine Chantilly, and a wide lace edge on the bottom. The silk is cut out beneath the insertion, and an inch or two of space is left between the rows. This trimming passes down the front, and forms a square tablier. The coat-shaped sleeves have two rows of insertion, forming cuffs, and passing up the outside seam the whole length of the sleeve. This polonaise will sometimes be worn over colored dresses, and the fine Chantilly insertion will be well displayed. This garment differs very little from the Polonaise-Casaque illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. It is merely longer and fuller behind, with a closed apron front. Our pattern can be modified by opening the skirt on the left side.

A black alpaca suit that is being rapidly duplicated at a fashionable furnishing house has three narrow ruffles on the skirt. These are bias, with the hem turned up on the right side, and stitched by machine. The upper edge is in scant gathers, concealed beneath the flounce above it, and the whole ruffled cluster is headed by a puff and standing ruffle. The upper skirt is edged with a puff and a ruffle. The wrap is a half-fitting slashed paletot, long enough to conceal the postillion basque beneath it. Half-flowing sleeves. Black alpaca suits are so neat and serviceable that they will always be worn, but they are not now considered an indispensable part of a lady's outfit, as they were some time ago. The expensive alpacas formerly worn by ladies of wealth are replaced by cashmeres. Cheaper alpacas are now most in demand, except by old ladies, who delight in glossy silk alpacas, and trim them with passementerie and pleatings. Colored alpacas are seldom worn, and colored trimmings on black alpaca are out of date. Black repped silk is the only material that will trim alpaca well. Velvet and satin are incongruous on this plain serviceable goods.

MOURNING GOODS.

English bombazine and imperial serge have been the favorite winter materials for deep mourning. French bombazine and tamise cloth will be made up for spring, and will be worn all summer in this climate. Lustrous light French bombazine, with silk woven with the wool, costs from $1 to $2 25 a yard. Tamise cloth a yard wide is similar to all-wool delaine, but has a smoother face. The price is from $1 to $2. The twilled Henrietta cloth is also very popular at this intermediate season. It is forty inches wide, costing from $1 50 to $3 a yard. Silk-warped cashmere, a little heavier than Henrietta cloth, ranges from $1 75 to $2 75. This cashmere is only used for very slight mourning.

The widow's dress of deepest mourning should consist of a single skirt and basque of bombazine almost covered with English crape. A single band of crape, without any heading of folds, should be laid flatly on the skirt almost to the hips; and the basque, long enough to reach to this crape, should be entirely covered with crape. Upper skirts should not be worn by widows, as they are too dressy; yet this is often disregarded, and the dress is made in the prevailing fashion, and trimmed with narrower crape bands. English crape, made double and without ornament, is rounded into shape for collars and the cuffs of close coat-sleeves. The widow's cap worn by young ladies is a three-cornered piece of white tarlatan, with a row of tiny folds laid on the edge. It is worn very far forward, and is tied beneath the back hair by wide tarlatan strings, hemmed and tucked along the sides and edges. Old ladies' caps have large crowns and close head pieces.

For parents, sisters, or other relatives, the mourning dress is made after the fashion of colored costumes, and trimmed with a succession of overlapping folds of the dress material. An imported suit of French bombazine has two gathered flounces eight inches wide, bound with crape, and sewed on with a pretty trimming made of two braided bands of crape. Three narrow flounces cross the front width, and are finished with crape bows. The over-skirt is open in front. The corsage is a basque with postillions, and over all this is a round talma with Watteau fold and trimming of ruffles and the braided crape. This is suitable for a young lady. The bonnet to be worn with this suit would be an English crape gipsy, with tulle ruche, either white or black, in front.

A costume far plainer than the last, but rich and in good taste, is also for a young lady. The fabric is sheik cloth, a mixture of silk and goat's hair, semi-transparent, of the proper thickness for spring, yet not too heavy for summer. On the skirt is a deep flounce held flatly in triple box-pleats. The long plain over-skirt is trimmed with a bias silk fold and fringe. Half-fitting paletot, with collar and cuffs of silk edged with fringe. Low-priced tamise cloth and the crape cloths are worn for second-best dress. Alpacas are too glossy for deep mourning, but are serviceable for house dresses, as they are easily cleaned, and do not turn brown unless of very poor quality.

Close high-throated basques and coat-sleeves are made in all sorts of mourning materials. The chemise Russe—like the old-fashioned Garibaldi waists—with deep rich pleats from shoulder to belt, is always a favorite plan for making house dresses of mourning goods. This is especially becoming to thin figures. The half-flowing sleeve marked No. VIII. in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. IV., and the coat-sleeve with pleats on the wrist, are among the prettiest for mourning dresses.

It is a difficult thing to get up handsome evening dresses for ladies whose mourning is light enough to permit attendance at parties. Heavy, lustreless black silk, with black tulle trimmings, is the usual dress. The trained skirt has deep side pleatings all around it, with narrower ones on the front widths. The low, round basque corsage has Grecian folds of tulle with tulle ruches around the neck and sleeves. A handsome pattern of a low-necked basque is marked No. XXX. in the Supplement of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. IV. An evening dress for still lighter mourning is white China crape. The trained skirt has two broad, scant, overlapping flounces, headed by a side pleating four inches wide and a ruche. The upper skirt is very short in front and long behind, trimmed with a ruffle, pleating, and ruche. The half-low square corsage has a basque cut in eight points, each one finished with a passementerie acorn. Another corsage made for dinner-parties is a pleated chemise Russe.

The bonnet worn by widows is of crape doubled on the frame. A single crimped puff of white tarlatan is the face trimming. White tarlatan bows and strings are out of fashion. Only widows wear white tarlatan in their bonnets. For slight, dressy mourning a ruche of soft white tulle is used for face trimming.

The Sister of Charity veil, a square of crape thrown over the bonnet and pinned on each side by plain uncarved jet pins, is worn for first mourning. The regulation veil for a widow is a yard and a quarter, or a half, of crape, with deep hem below, and a string run in the top to tie around the front of the bonnet. Brussels net, with round meshes and no dots, is worn for lighter mourning. This is exceedingly becoming. The veil is a yard long, and should be hemmed all around, with a string in the upper end, and tied plainly around the bonnet, that it may be perfectly smooth over the face.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; and SIBLEY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and W. JACKSON.

PERSONAL.

SOME gentleman, writing from this city to the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*, says: "Judge BRADY, of the Supreme Court, has hardly a peer on the New York bench. He has fine legal attainments, and a quick and sound perception. He is of the strictest integrity, and fearless in the discharge of duty. Besides this, he is noted for his geniality and generous spirit, which endear him to all who have the honor of his acquaintance, and he is probably the most popular person connected with the New York bar."

—A Boston literary man says he lived next door to HAWTHORNE for four years, and saw him only twice in all that period. A New Yorker would have found him out in a week, and had him to dinner once or twice a month the whole time. Boston never did appreciate HAWTHORNE.

—The Rev. MORELL FOWLER, who, with his wife and three children, was killed by the recent accident on the Hudson River Railroad, was formerly rector of St. James's Church, Batavia, New York, which he resigned on account of ill health. The people of Batavia were greatly and deservedly attached to him. He was not only a fine scholar and preacher, but a most industrious pastor, notable for his labors among the poor, looking after their interests, and always befriending them. When he left Batavia his parishioners gave him a purse containing $1000 as a testimonial of their esteem. He was on his way to Salt Lake City as a missionary when the final summons came to him.

—The Rev. WILLIAM H. MILBURN, now lecturing in Kentucky, is sometimes blindly spoken of as the clergyman without a see.

—The Rev. Mr. SPURGEON began life as usher in a school, began preaching at the age of seventeen, and gained much reputation as the "Boy Preacher." For some months he preached in a barn, then in the open air, afterward and now to one of the largest congregations in London or the world.

—Mr. WILLIAM SPRAGUE HOYT (of the Rhode Island Spragues and Hoyts) is the happy man, etc., etc., with Miss NETTIE CHASE, daughter of the Ch. J., and sister of Mrs. Senator SPRAGUE. "Bless you, my children!"

—A lineal descendant of OLIVER CROMWELL died a few days since at Yellow Springs, Ohio. His name was JOSEPH HOWARD CROMWELL, and for forty years he had been a prominent and useful citizen. A grandson of HENRY, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, third son of the great CROMWELL, settled in Maryland early in the eighteenth century, and one of his grandsons was the JOSEPH HOWARD CROMWELL mentioned above.

—Count MITKIEWICZ, a Russian nobleman, has, after a protracted struggle of seven years, finally won the hand of Miss CAROLINE LESTER, niece of a professor in Amherst College. The Count met the lady first at Saratoga, and "popped." The flinty-hearted uncle was opposed; locked up niece; told Russian count to "get out," which the latter wished to remark that he wouldn't do it: preferred to argue the matter. Pure love and pluck finally triumphed, and the whole party came to New York to hunt up a Russian cleric to marry them, which was done; and now the twain are as "happy as clams at high-water;" though we never could see the degree of felicity possible to a Quahaug clam predicated upon the relative height of that element.

—Judge HACKETT is not more notable for his memory of people who have figured in his court, than for a certain courtliness of manner in dispatching business. Last week a criminal named DOUGHERTY, convicted of burglary, was brought up for sentence. The Judge asked how long it was since he came from Ireland, to which he replied eighteen months. His Honor thought that must be a mistake, and asked if he had not been sent to State prison four years ago, and was not tried last August for burglary, to which the mistaken prisoner answered yes. "Well, DOUGHERTY," said Judge HACKETT, "you have accomplished so much in the eighteen months since you left Ireland, that I will take the liberty of disposing of you for the next five years."

—General JOSEPH J. REYNOLDS, recently elected a Senator of the United States from Texas for six years from the 4th of March next, is a native of Kentucky, and about fifty years of age; was appointed a cadet in 1839, graduated in 1843, and resigned in 1857. When the war broke out he re-entered the service; was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, and brevetted Major-General March 2, 1867. After commanding the Department of the Northwest, General R. succeeded General CANBY as commander of the Department of Texas, where his administration was so successful as to win for him that wide popularity that has resulted in his election to the Senate.

—The daughters of the late Chief Justice TANEY are compelled to support themselves and their aged mother by labor as copyists. It is proposed that the well-to-do lawyers of the country shall each send five dollars to CHAS. O'CONOR, the eminent lawyer, to be invested in United States bonds for their benefit.

—JAMES M. SIMMS, a man of very decided color, has been appointed, by Governor BULLOCK, of Georgia, a district judge, to the large disgust of sundry gentlemen of the bar of that State. The Governor says, however, that SIMMS is well qualified, and that no greater disgrace has been cast upon the judiciary of the State by his appointment than was cast upon the General Assembly by his election, and that the real basis of objection to him rests upon the simple fact that he is black instead of white. Governor BULLOCK seems to have taken the bullock by the horns.

—What wonderful results are sometimes announced to us, and received without surprise—indeed, as if they were matters of course! Mr. SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, for instance, at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce a few days since, announced, as chairman of Standing Committee No. 8, that the telegraph had been completed to Singapore, thus making the communication to Canton one week.

—Colonel FORNEY relates a pleasant little business matter between himself and the late STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, showing the sagacity of the latter. In 1853 Mr. DOUGLAS, pointing to the map, said to Mr. F., "How would you like to buy a share in Superior City, at Fond du Lac, the head of Lake Superior?" Mr. F. replied that he had no money; but Mr. D. was so much in earnest, and so sure of the profits of the investment, that Mr. F. was induced to borrow $2500, and buy a share in the prospective city. He divided this share equally with a friend, at Mr. DOUGLAS's request. "After cutting my half share into five parts," says Mr. FORNEY, "I sold and gave three-fifths to other friends, and with my two-fifths bought the Waverley House, in Washington. The proceeds of my moiety of the share of Superior City realized $21,000. For that I was indebted to STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS—God bless him!"

—Prince HUMBERT has made cal'lations (as the Yankee folk say) to commence keeping house in Rome at once. Probably he will be found some fine day with perforations in his body by powder or poniard if he does that, for a pecullar people are those Romans.

—Mr. MACRAE, a recent Scotch traveler in this country, describes OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES as "a plain, little, dapper man; his short hair brushed down like a boy's, but turning to gray now; a powerful jaw, and a thick, strong under lip, that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness." Professor AGASSIZ is "big, massive, genial-looking; the rich, healthy color on his broad face still telling of the Old World from which he came—a man who, but for his dark, keen eyes, would look more like a jovial English squire than a devotee of science." EMERSON "has the queerest New England face, with thin features, prominent hatchet-nose, and a smile of child-like sweetness and simplicity arching the face, and drawing deep curves down the cheek."

—Something quite wonderful is about to dawn upon the people of London town—a new female acrobat named LULU. She is described as a "Circassienne," of fair complexion, about twenty years of age. The agility she displays is in decided opposition to the Oriental repose of her name. A young lady who makes twenty-five feet at a bound from the floor will be a novelty. She makes the distance, of course, from a spring; but, even so, it is a unique feat. The second great and original triumph of Mlle. LULU is even more difficult—that of turning a triple somersault in the air before alighting. Instead, however, of falling upon her feet on the ground, she falls into a net after the third revolution for safety. Several other performances are executed with grace and ease, and we have only indicated the most striking and original. The sense of danger is very much removed by the net-work. Mlle. LULU is not yet before the public; but when she is, her surprising feats will add to the wonder felt at this sort of performance.

—A man may be a great philosopher and a great dandy. Example: Professor HUXLEY, who dresses with faultless elegance. He is tall, strong, and gracefully built, but has none of the dense solidity, begot of beer and beef, that is characteristic of the modern Briton. His head is rather square than oval, his hair thick, straight, and black. The forehead is perpendicular and dogmatic; thin, firm-shut lips above a chin mercilessly firm; small eyes that sparkle in their deep sockets with a cunning that is not human. "Dost like the picture?"

—Dr. PUSEY is founding a new community of Anglican nuns, who are to be clad entirely in white.

—Among those who are said to have been notably efficient in the discharge of military duty during the siege of Paris is GUSTAVE DORE.

—Queen VICTORIA'S daughters are painting pictures for the benefit of the sick and wounded German soldiers.

—JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT will be fifty years old on the 21st of October next. At three years of age she could sing correctly any piece she had heard once. At nine she was placed under the famous CROELIUS, at Stockholm; acted frequently in children's parts on the Stockholm stage until her twelfth year; at sixteen appeared in "Robert le Diable," since which her career is familiar to the public.

—M. THIERS, before the war, was said to be worth $5,000,000 in lands, bonds, stocks, and good things convertible. But the shrinkage in personal values has reduced his wealth one-half.

—VON MOLTKE is so popular that the German people are constantly sending him presents of things pretty and valuable. He is also as constantly importuned for locks of his hair, which the warrior can't comply with, because the dear old man has "no more hair on the top of his head" than there is on a billiard-ball. By-the-way, as soon as the war is closed up comfortably, the old gentleman is going to marry a Miss VON VINCKE-ALBENDORF.

—Signor BRIGNOLI, in endeavoring to apologize, at the concert at Indianapolis, for Mlle. NILSSON, who was suffering from a cold, declared that she was a "leetle horse."

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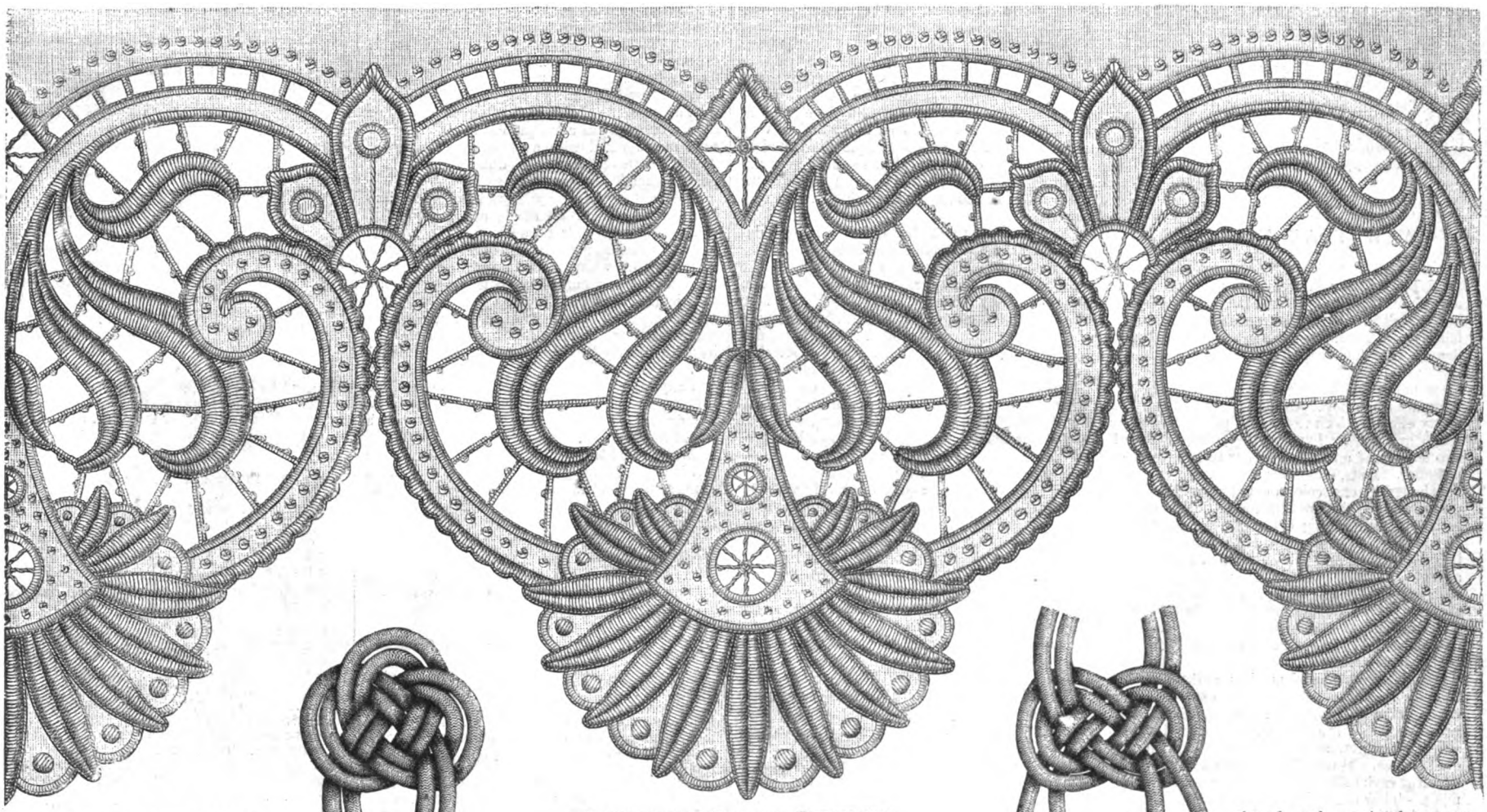


LAMBREQUIN IN VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

Lambrequin in Venetian Embroidery.

THIS lambrequin is suitable for ornamenting altar-cloths, shades, curtains, cradle-covers, etc. Fine linen, shirting, or Swiss muslin may be used for the foundation. Transfer the design to the linen, baste the latter on an underlayer of enameled cloth or paper, run the edges with embroidery cotton, and button-hole stitch them closely with the same. Those parts of the design figures which are broad and arched must previously have been thickly underlaid with embroidery cotton. Work the holes inside of the design figures in button-hole stitch, and fill them with wheels. Join the design figures by means of button-hole stitch bars, which are ornamented with picots. Cut away the material under the button-hole stitch bars along the outer edge of each design figure. Work the knots as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—MANNER OF TYING LOWER KNOT OF TASSEL, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

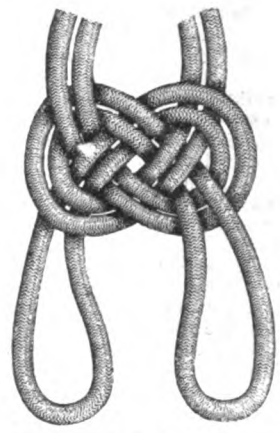


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF TYING UPPER KNOT OF TASSEL, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

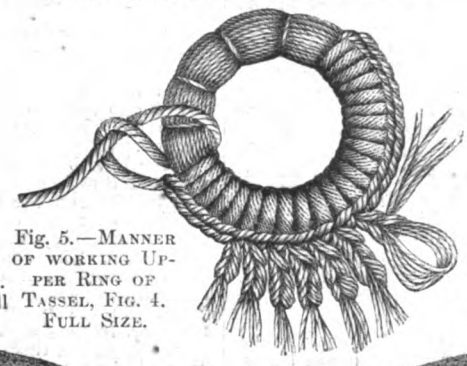
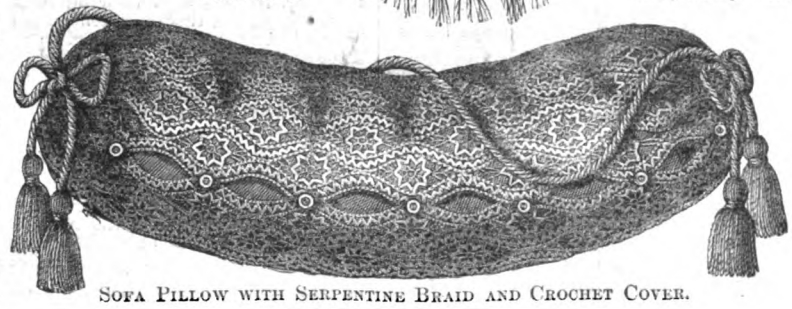


Fig. 5.—MANNER OF WORKING UPPER RING OF TASSEL, FIG. 4. FULL SIZE.



SOFA PILLOW WITH SERPENTINE BRAID AND CROCHET COVER.

Sofa Pillow with Serpentine Braid and Crochet Cover.

THIS sofa pillow is twenty-two inches and a half long and fourteen inches in circumference. It is made of gray linen and horse-hair, and covered with red cashmere, over which a cover or tidy, made of serpentine braid and crochet-work, is buttoned, as shown by the illustration. Coarse red worsted cord and tassels trim the sofa pillow. Work the cover with linen serpentine braid two-fifths of an inch wide and medium-sized tatting cotton as follows: First, on one lengthwise edge of the braid, * 1 sc. (single crochet) on each of the first six points of the braid, after each sc. 1 ch. (chain stitch); 1 sc. on each of the seven following points, after each sc. 3 ch. +. From * to + repeat four more times. Then 1 sc. on each of the following six points, after each sc. 1 ch.; 1 sc. on each of the following 16 points, after each sc. 3 ch. (the stitches worked on the last 16 points form a scallop on the side edge of the cover). Now repeat five times from * to +, then work 1 sc. on each of the following six points, after each sc. 1 ch.; 1 sc. on each of the following 16 points, after each sc. 3 ch. Then cut off the braid, and join the beginning and end in such a manner that the line of the points forming the braid be not broken. On the points of the still free lengthwise edge of the braid work a round as before, but each 3 ch. must come opposite to the 1 ch. worked on the other side of the braid, so that the braid forms scallops. Now join each two opposite scallops with a few stitches on the under side, and in the space between each two scallops place a rosette. Each rosette consists of a piece of braid which counts eight points on each lengthwise edge. Sew the ends of the piece together, and on the points of the inside of the rosette work a wheel with fine thread, and sew in the rosette at the point designated, letting three points of the rosette come on the inner edge of one scallop, and again three points on the inner edge of the opposite scallop. Each of the two still free points of the rosette is fastened with long bars of thread wound once (see illustration). This completes one strip of scallops. Work five strips of scallops in this way, join all the strips at their lengthwise edges, and in the open space between each two scallops place a rosette as above described. On the cross-wise edges of the cover thus completed work an open-work dc. round (that is, alternately one double crochet, 3 ch.). Through each of these rounds pass a white cotton cord, the ends of which are finished with tassels, tie the cord in a bow, so as to gather the cover at the ends. Furnish the lengthwise edges of the cover with linen buttons and cord loops. Draw the cover over the sofa pillow, and close it with buttons and loops. Finish the pillow with a coarse cord and tassels.

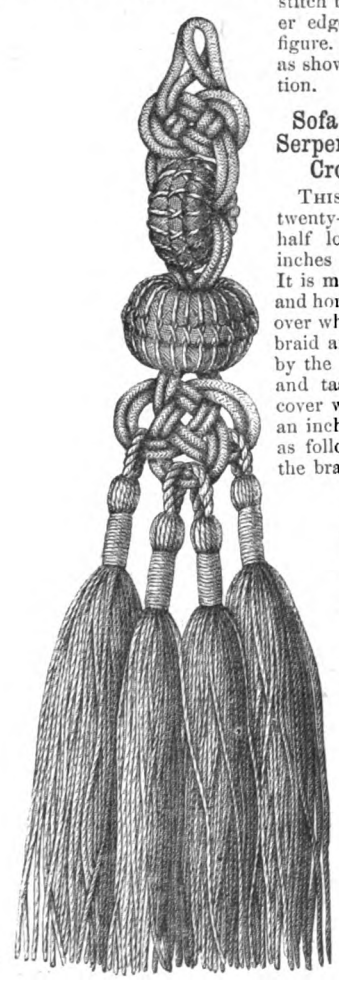


Fig. 1.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET TASSEL FOR CURTAINS, CURTAIN BANDS, ETC.—HALF SIZE.

Tassels for trimming Curtains, Curtain Loops, etc., Figs. 1–5.

Figs. 1–3.—To make this tassel, a piece of woven white cotton cord forty inches long and of the size shown by Figs. 2 and 3 is required. Double this cord once, sew the ends together, and with the double cord form a knot as shown by Fig. 2; this knot must come in the middle of the cord. Pass both ends of the cord through a ball of medium-sized twisted crochet cotton, which must previously have been wound vertically with fine white dress cord; each of these windings is fastened on the horizontal layer of the ball with a cross stitch of dress cord (see illustration). Pass the two ends of the woven cord cross-wise through a ball of finer crochet cotton, which must be ornamented in the same manner as the larger ball. Finally, arrange the cord above the ball in a knot, as shown by Figs. 1 and 3; sew the ends above this knot together with a few stitches; and to the knot at the under end fasten four tassels, as shown by the illustration, Fig. 1.

Figs. 4 and 5.—To make this tassel work, first, the largest ring of the tassel; for this wind coarse white knitting cotton 25 to 30 times around a round bar four inches in circumference, draw the windings from the bar, and fasten them here and there with a button-hole stitch. On the ring thus formed work a kind of button-hole stitch with dress cord; Fig. 5 shows the manner of working this stitch. In the middle of the ring work a wheel (see Fig. 4), and on the outer edge of one-half of the under ring fasten five tassels of coarse knitting cotton (see Fig. 4); on the upper half of the ring fasten six pieces of dress cord.

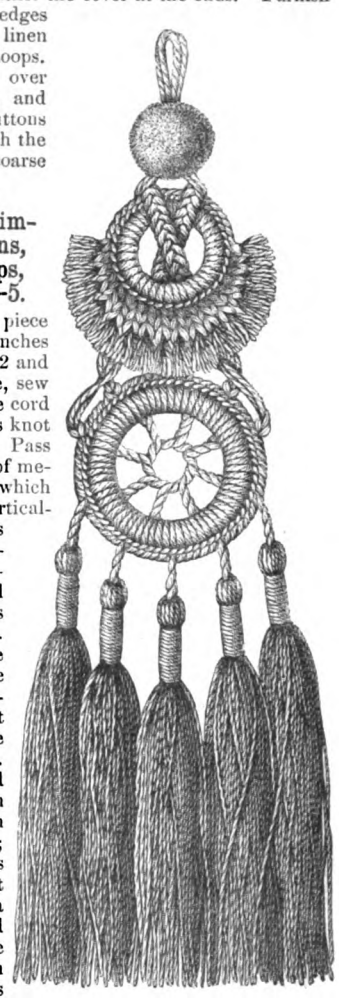
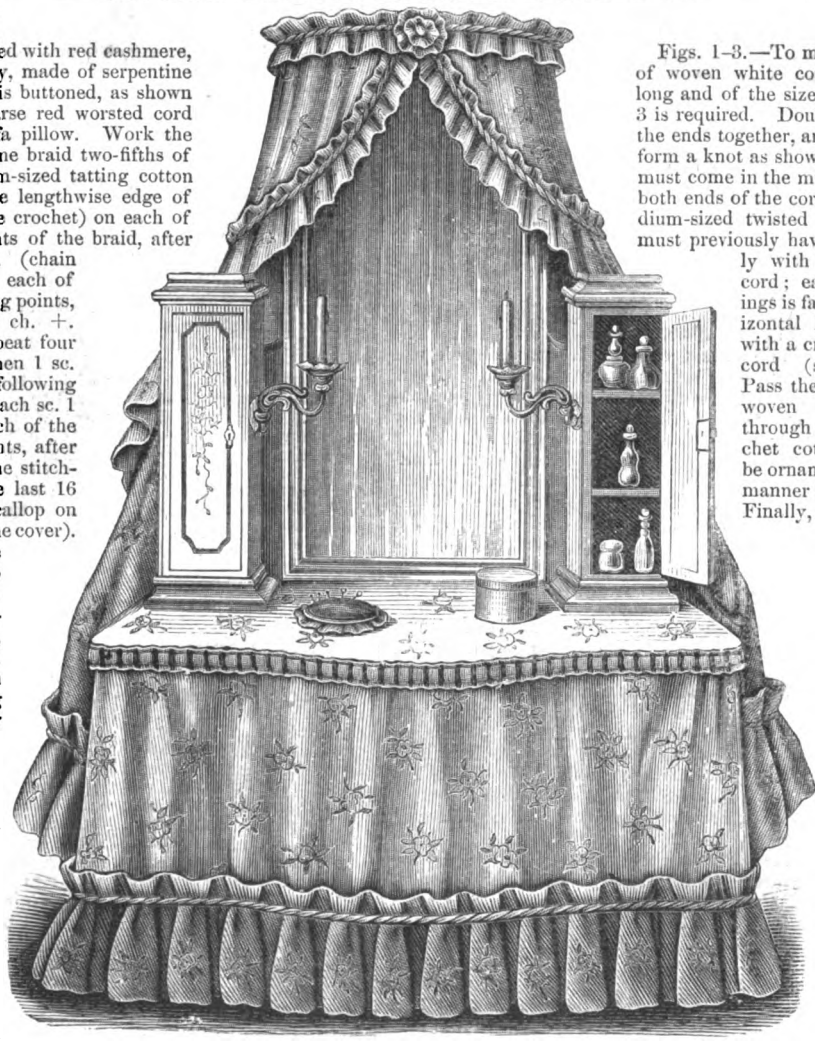


Fig. 4.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET TASSEL FOR CURTAINS, CURTAIN BANDS, ETC.—HALF SIZE.



DUCHESSE TOILETTE-TABLE WITH FIGURED PERCALE DRAPERY.

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each four inches and four-fifths long; two of these pieces must come together in the middle of the upper part of the ring, and on each side of these two pieces fasten two more pieces, first one and then another, each at an interval of two-fifths of an inch. Then arrange three and three of these pieces in a Russian or an ordinary braid, work a smaller ring in the manner shown by Fig. 5, and on one-half of the outer edge of this ring crochet short bunches of cotton. For this take a fourfold thread of medium-sized embroidery cotton, draw this thread through the outer edge of a button-hole stitch, and with both the ends, that is, the eightfold thread, work 3 ch. (chain stitches); then cut off the threads, and draw the ends through the loop on the needle (see illustration); the first and last bunches count only 1 ch., and the second and the last but one count 2 ch. Having worked such a bunch on each stitch of one-half of the ring, pass the braids of the larger ring cross-wise through the smaller ring (see Fig. 4), and sew them to the under side of the tassel. To the upper end of the tassel fasten a double piece of dress cord three inches long, which is passed through a small ball of cotton (see Fig. 4).

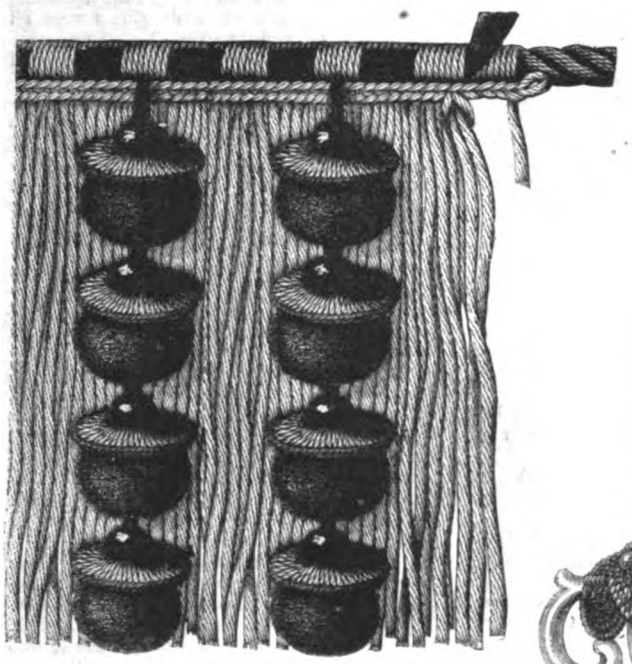
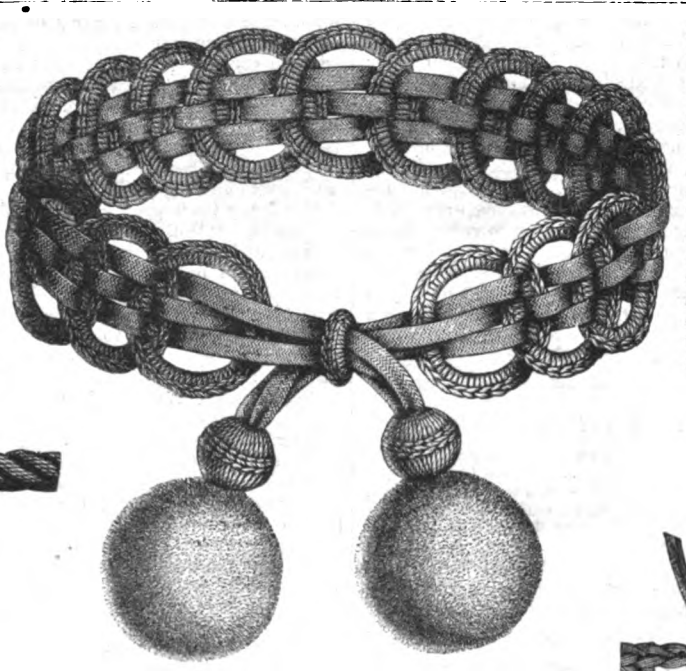


Fig. 2.—GRELOT FRINGE FOR FOOT-STOOL. FULL SIZE.



DOG'S COLLAR OF BRASS RINGS COVERED WITH CROCHET-WORK.

Fig. 1.—SMOKING SET WITH STAND.

Duchesse Toilette-Table with Figured Percale Drapery.

See illustration on page 132.

THIS toilette-table is of polished black walnut. At the back is a tall mirror, and on each side of this a small cupboard for holding bottles and toilette articles. On each side of the mirror is a candlestick. Cover the surface of the table and the sides and front with figured percale. Curtains of the same trim the table, as shown by the illustration. The curtains and the covering of the table are trimmed with box-pleated ruffles of the material, and with cord of a suitable color, as shown by the illustration. Finish the top of the curtain with a rosette, and the outer edge of the top of the table with a ruche of the material.

Dog's Collar of Brass Rings covered with Crochet-Work.

THIS collar consists of brass rings three inches and three-fifths in circumference, which are covered with single crochet in red worsted. Arrange the rings on each other as shown by the illustration, and plait three pieces of red worsted braid through them as shown by the illustration. The ends of the braid must project two inches and a half beyond the first and last rings; sew them together by threes, and pass them cross-wise through two smaller rings—first through one and then through the other. Ornament the ends of the braid with wooden moulds covered with red worsted and red worsted balls.

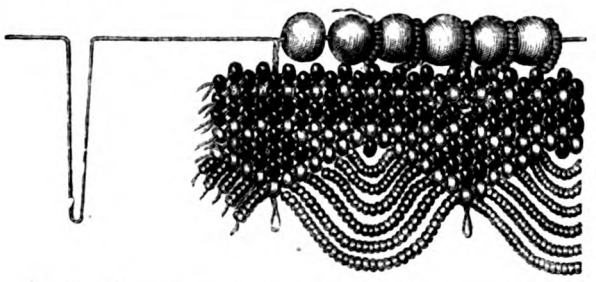


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF WORKING UPPER RINGS WITH BEAD LAMBREQUIN FOR SMOKING SET.

Smoking Set with Stand, Figs. 1–3.

THIS smoking set consists of a cigar-holder, ash-receiver, match-safe, and candlestick, of white china, arranged on a white china stand. The trimming consists of lambrequins worked in bead mosaic with small blue and milk beads and large milk beads. String the large beads on silver wire, which makes a firm foundation for the lambrequin; the wire for the lambrequins of the cigar-holder and stand must be bent into a loop at regular intervals, with which the better to secure them on the article to be trimmed. To make the lambrequin for the cigar-holder take a piece of silver wire of the requisite length, and at regular intervals bend it into a loop an inch long, as shown by the illustration; this is easiest done by driving a row of small wire pegs into a board, letting the pegs come four-fifths of an inch apart: an inch from this row drive in another row of pegs, letting those of the last come exactly opposite to those of the first. Fasten the wire to the first peg of the first row, pass it around the first peg of the second row, and back again around the first peg of the first row, and draw it tight, by which means a loop is formed. Now take up four large milk beads on the wire, form a second loop as before by passing the wire around the next peg of each row, take up four beads, and continue in this manner. When the foundation thus prepared is as long as the upper rim of the cigar-holder, fasten the ends of the wire together, and twist each loop tightly (see illustration). This completes the upper edge of the lambrequin. Work the lambrequin in the ordinary bead mosaic, always going forward. For the dark beads shown by the illustration, take up blue beads; for the light ones milk beads. In the 8th round begin working the scallops and the points. For these scallops take up smaller blue beads, as shown by Fig. 2, working them somewhat larger in each successive round. Fasten the completed lambrequin to the wire with bead stitches, as shown by Fig. 2; let these stitches come between the large beads; for each stitch take up a sufficient number of small blue beads. After completing each bead stitch pass the working thread through the upper beads of the lambrequin to the point intended for the next bead stitch. Draw the completed lambrequin over the cigar-holder, and fasten it by pressing the wire loops close to its sides. Work the lambrequin for the stand in the same manner, and fasten it by placing it on the stand as shown by Fig. 1, and bending the loops on the under side; pass a wire through the ends of the loops, and fasten the ends of the wire together. Work the lambrequin of the ash-receiver in the same manner as that of the cigar-holder, but without forming any loops in the wire. String the large beads on a wire corresponding in length to the circumference of the ash-receiver. After completing the lambrequin fasten to the wire a rod made of two pieces of wire twisted together (see illustration); this rod serves to knock the ashes from the cigar. Work the lambrequins for the match-safe and candlestick like that of the ash-receiver, but somewhat narrower. For the lambrequins on the bottom of the candlestick and match-safe prepare, first, the wire with beads, fasten it to the articles to be ornamented, and then work the lambrequins in connection with the wires. Instead of Fig. 2, the lambrequin Fig. 3 may be used; the latter is worked with milk, white, and black beads.

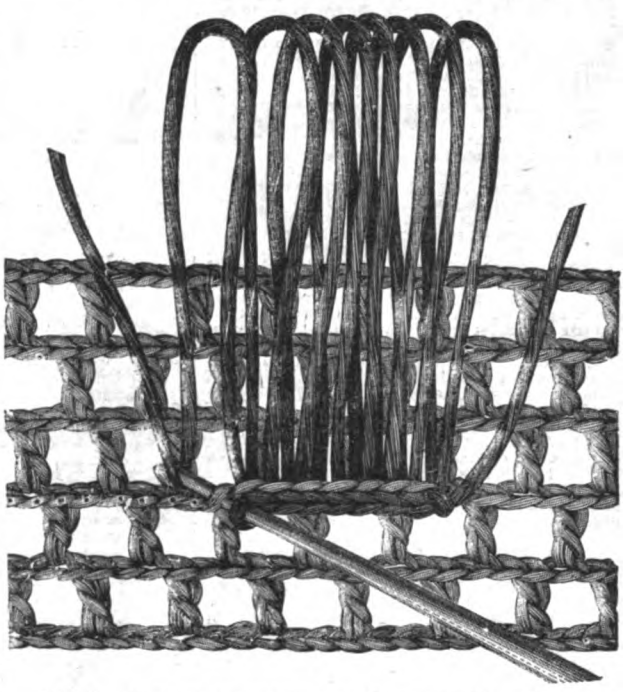


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF CROCHETING COVER OF FOOT-STOOL.

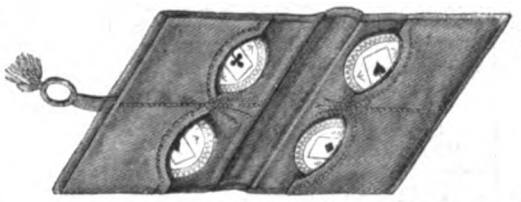


Fig. 1.—CASE FOR PLAYING CARDS.—OPEN.

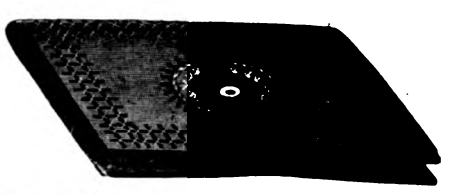


Fig. 2.—CASE FOR PLAYING CARDS.—CLOSED.

Case for Playing Cards, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS case, which is designed to hold playing cards, is made of card-board covered with blue gros grain, and ornamented with white and black silk twist and white floss silk. Cut two pieces of card-board, each two inches and four-fifths long and an inch and three-fifths wide, and join both parts at one lengthwise edge by means of a strip of strong linen. For the covering of the outside prepare a piece of the material of the proper size, and embroider it as follows: Stretch black silk twist threads, which must cross each other on the outer edges, and at the points of intersection work a cross stitch with white silk. Embroider the middle in backstitch and point Russe, as shown by Fig. 2. Put the covering on the card-board, turning down the edges on the wrong side two-fifths of an inch, and fastening them there with mucilage. Cover the linen strip joining the parts with gros grain, and to the under side of the front edge of one of the card-board parts fasten an elastic band three-fifths of an inch long; furnish the end of the band with a ring worked over with black silk and a silk tassel. Cut of thin card-board two pieces as before, but somewhat smaller; cover them with gros grain, and on each part fasten a pocket made of gros grain lined with muslin, cut in the shape shown by the illustration, and ornamented with stitching. Along the middle fasten the pocket to the card-board by means of a row of chain stitching and several long stitches with white silk. Finally, paste these parts on the inside of the case, and furnish the latter with a button for closing it.

LADY'S KNITTED UNDER-VEST.

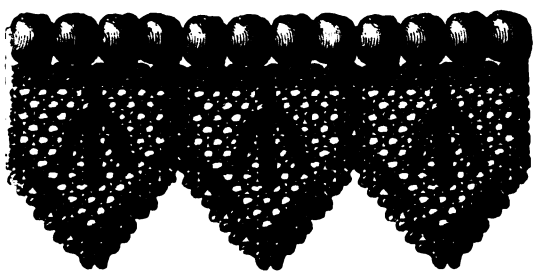


Fig. 3.—BEAD MOSAIC LAMBREQUIN FOR SMOKING SET. WORKED SIDEWISE.

Fig. 1.—FOOT-STOOL WITH CROCHET COVER.

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Lady's Knitted Under-Vest.

See illustration on page 133.

THIS short-sleeved under-vest is worked with white yarn and wooden knitting-needles. Begin the vest, which is knit in one piece, at the bottom with a foundation of 160 st. (stitches). For the border work twenty rounds of alternate 2 k. (knit plain), 2 p. (purl). Thenceforth knit plain on the right side, and purl on the wrong side. In this way work 32 rounds; but in the first of these p. 1 st. after the 14th and 26th st. each, 2 st. after the 49th and 109th st. each, and after the 132d and 144th each 1 st. The two single st. on each side form the darts, and the two double st. form the seam under the arms, and define the st. of the back. Along these seams the widening is done; widen 1 st. on each side of the side seam, and along the front seams widen 1 st. on one side of the seams only—that facing the front edges. The widening is done in the 5th, 9th, 13th, 17th, 21st, 25th, and 29th rounds. Then the widening is omitted at the front seams, but repeated twice at the side seams—that is, in the 33d and 41st rounds. After this work 10 rounds without widening. Now leave the st. of the fronts unnoticed for the present, and on those of the back work 42 rounds more, knitting off 2 st. together at the end of each of the first four rounds, and after the 9th round widen 1 st. ten times at regular intervals. Cast off the middle 12 st. of the back, and with the remaining st. on each side of these work yet 14 rounds, in doing which cast off 1 st. on the side of the neck in every second round; on the other side, in order to form the sloping side of the shoulder, shorten each second following round by casting off a few stitches, so that in the 14th round all the st. may be used up. Finish the right front with the st. previously left unnoticed. First cast off the 10 st. which are next the side seam; with the remaining st. work 48 rounds; but on the side which forms the arm-hole cast off 2 st. in the 2d and 4th of these rounds each; in the 13th, 17th, and 20th rounds each narrow 1 st.; but in the 27th, 39th, and 41st rounds widen 1 st. on the same side. Work 26 rounds more in order to form the neck, cast off the 1st 14 st. at the front edge in the 1st round, and after this k. 2 together at the same side in every second following round. On the other side, after the 11th of these 26 rounds, shorten each round by casting off several st., by which means the sloping side of the shoulder is formed here too. Work the left front in the same manner, but, of course, in reversed order. Join the back and fronts with an overhand seam on the under side, turn down the front edges on the right side three-quarters of an inch, and hem them down. Furnish the hem of the left front with buttons; on the edge of the left front work one round of sc. (single crochet), in doing which work the necessary loops (ch. scallops) at regular intervals. In connection with this round work a round of sc. on the outer edge of the neck, in doing which hold in the latter as may be necessary. On the sc. of this round work 1 round more of sc., in doing which insert the needle under both the upper veins. Work a round of scallops, consisting of 1 sc., 3 ch., and 1 sc., on each second following st. of the preceding round. Through the first sc. round pass the string, which serves the better to secure the waist at the neck. Begin the sleeve at the upper edge, with a foundation of 84 st.; close these in a ring, and on them work 50 rounds plain, narrowing twice 1 st. in every 7th round; these 2 st. must be separated by 6 st., and come exactly above each other. Now work 9 rounds as follows: alternately 2 k., 2 p., and then cast off loosely. On the under edge work a round of scallops like those of the neck. Sew the sleeves into the arm-holes.

Foot-Stool with Crochet Cover, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 133.

THIS round foot-stool is eighteen inches in diameter and six inches high, and is made of gray linen, stuffed with curled hair. On the upper, arched side the foot-stool is covered with a crochet cover, simulating fur, and worked with three shades of green castor wool. The bottom is covered with green enameled cloth. The sides of the cushion are trimmed with grelot fringe of three shades of green castor wool. For the cover of the top of the cushion work an open-work dc. (double crochet) foundation as follows: Begin at the middle, with a foundation of 5 ch.; close these in a ring, and on them work, always going forward, alternately 1 dc., 2 ch. (chain stitch). After the second round work each dc. on the upper vein of the first of the 2 ch., and in the course of the work widen so that it forms a flat round piece, which neither puckers nor makes folds. Whenever it is wished to widen, work 2 dc. separated by 2 ch., instead of 1 dc. in the ch. When the part is of the size desired, fasten the working thread and cut it off. Now lay on the second shade of the green castor wool at the middle of the work, and on the under still free vein of the first st. (stitch) of the first round work 1 sl. (slip stitch); then form a loop three to three and a half inches long by laying the working thread around a fringe bar or the fore-finger, work 1 ch. on the under vein of the following st., form another loop, and so continue until the entire foundation is closely covered with loops. Fig. 3 shows the manner of working the loops; the veins on which the first sl. are to be worked are marked with ●. After completing the 8th round lay on the lightest shade of wool, and work the remaining rounds with this; cut all the loops open; first comb out the separate rounds with a dressing-comb, and then all the rounds in connection. Work the dark spots by themselves, and afterward join them with the cover as shown by the illustration; they consist of six dark green threads three to four inches long, which are tied together at the middle with a fine wire, then doubled and carefully combed out; fasten the tassels thus formed to the cover by passing the wire through the latter, and sewing to the under side of the cover. Sew the completed cover on the cushion; sew through the middle of the cushion with twine, so as to form a hollow there, and fasten a bunch of light green loops in the hollow. Trim the outer edge of the cushion with fringe, worked as follows: First work the grelots. Each grelot consists of four balls of the dark green wool, above each of which is a card-board ring, covered with button-hole stitches of the second shade of wool. String the four balls on a quadruple thread about four inches long, and above each card-board ring string on a large black bead. Sew the grelots thus prepared on a coarse twisted cotton cord at regular intervals of an inch and a quarter. Then lay a fourfold thread of dark green wool on the outside of the cord, and then cover the cord closely with sc. of the lightest shade of wool; work alternately 4 sc. on the cord and dark green strand together, and 4 sc. on the cord only, as is plainly shown by Fig. 2. Now take up 1 st. out of each sc., work 1 ch., and draw out the loop on the needle about three inches. Finally cut the loops open.

A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

MERE unhealthiness of climate is little considered by "professionals." Unhealthy climates generally pay, if you can live in them. In some this is not an easy business. A French impresario was taking out to New Orleans an opera company, which by special agreement was only to include one tenor. Foreigners are usually bad sailors, and for the first few days all the members of the company were sea-sick, one of the effects of which malady is that it weakens the voice so much that people are frequently hoarse for several days after their recovery. Accordingly, as soon as the singers could crawl on deck they commenced to try their voices, and among them the tenor, who—always anxious to occupy a distinguished position—went on the bridge of the steamer for the purpose. What was his surprise on hearing an echo of his own voice—another tenor! His amazement became disgust when he heard a third tenor running up the scale, a fourth, a fifth. He looked forward, and saw two men eying him and each other with intense hatred; he looked aft, and saw two more men similarly occupied. The five tenors simultaneously made a rush below to the manager's cabin, and demanded whether he had not expressly stipulated to each of them that *he* was to be his only tenor: "I know, I know," replied the manager; "and I will keep my word. You see, none of you have been to New Orleans before, or you would understand. When we arrive there the yellow-fever is sure to be raging, and as you are fresh from Europe, two of you will probably be carried off before you land, and two more during the rehearsals. One will probably survive; he will be my first and only tenor."

LOVE'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

COULD I but measure my strength by my love—
Were I as strong as my heart's love is true—
I would pull down the stars from the heavens above,
And weave them all into a garland for you;
And brighter and better your jewels should be
Than any proud queen's that e'er dwelt o'er the sea;
Ay, richer and rarer your gems, love, should be
Than any rare jewels that come from the sea!

I would gather the delicate, beautiful green
From the robes of the spring, with the heavens' soft blue;
And never from Eastland to Westland were seen
Such wonderful robes as I'd fashion for you.
And I'd gather the sun's yellow rays in my hand,
And braid you a girdle, love, strand over strand;
Ay, one by one catch the bright rays in my hand,
And braid them and weave them all, strand over strand.

I would gather the amber, the red and gold dyes,
That glimmer and glow in the autumn sunset,
And weave you a mantle, and pull from the skies
The rainbow to bind it. Ah, love, never yet
Was any proud princess, from east to the west,
So peerlessly jeweled, so royally dressed;
Never daughter of princes, in east or in west,
So decked in rare jewels, so gorgeously dressed.

And I'd make you a veil from the rare golden haze
That Indian summer spreads over the lea,
And trim it with dew: queens should envy and praise
Your matchless apparel. Ah, darling—but see,
My strength is unequal to what I would do:
I have only this cot and a warm heart for you!
Nay, I can not accomplish the things I would do,
And I've only this little, low cottage for you!

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

FOOLISH thoughts these were, perhaps; but they were partly owing to her brother-in-law's sermon, which was exceedingly commonplace. He had said himself, overnight, that he felt not the slightest interest in his sermons, and only did them mechanically, not believing them at all. It looked like it; and as Miss Thelluson listened—or rather tried hard not to, for listening irritated her so—she wished that, instead of being in church, she were sitting on the sunny lawn beside that little white daisy with a pink hood, which, as she kissed it before leaving, had looked up to her with eyes in which were written the best sermons in the world—eyes that seemed as if only an hour ago they had seen the angels.

As Hannah thought of them she forgot Lady Rivers, with her withered, but still red—ah! far too red—cheeks, and the Misses Rivers, with their fashionable clothes. What were they to her? Had she not her baby—her little Rose of June? The dainty, soft, round, innocent thing! how sweet she must be looking now in her midday sleep at home! It was the first time that, even in thought, Miss Thelluson had called her brother-in-law's house "home." She did so now, for her baby was there.

Her baby, and no one else's; for no one seemed to take the smallest interest in it. After service the procession of five silk gowns, with women inside them, sailed slowly back down the yew avenue, and through the garden to the beautiful old Moat House; but nobody asked after baby. Neither grandmamma nor aunts seemed to remember there was such a creature in the world. Hannah hugged herself half indignantly, half exultingly, in the fact. Her baby was all her own.

The Rivers family were perfectly polite to her. The invitation to lunch was given, and—chiefly because of the anxiety she saw in her brother-in-law's eyes—accepted; so they sat down all together in the grand old dining-room, with generations of defunct Riverses watching them from the walls. The conversation was quite general, and rather insipid; indeed, Hannah could not help thinking how very dull was the company of grown-up people after that of her baby. Her baby! whose dumb intelligence was such an infinite mystery, such an endless interest. She longed to be back at home with Rosie; nevertheless she did her best, for Mr. Rivers's sake, to be pleasant; and when—he having a christening and a funeral, though there was no second service—he asked her to wait for him, that they might walk home together, she sat down again to endure another hour of the foolish heart-ache which mothers understand when they are kept away for a good many hours from the helpless creature that depends on them so entirely.

The bright day had settled into autumnal rain, so the family party gathered round the fire—doing nothing, of course, as it was Sunday. Sir Austin openly fell asleep; Lady Rivers took up a huge Bible and "meditated"—nodding a good deal at intervals; the girls began *sotto voce* that desultory gossiping which is supposed to be so much more Sabbatical than books or work. They were all pretty girls—nay, rather pleasant girls, these four paternal aunts of little Rosie; and her maternal aunt tried hard to get acquainted with them, and find out what was really in them. But, of late years, Hannah's life had been so much spent with children, and so little with young ladies, that she found herself completely at sea, and watching these specimens of modern womanhood with the grave, perplexed criticism of an elder generation.

"Will my Rosie grow up thus?" she thought to herself. "Will she talk about 'jolly,' and 'green,' and 'the maternal parent,' and 'the governor?' Will there come into her little innocent head such very odd ideas about love and marriage?" (One of the girls was engaged, and the others evidently hoped to be, ere long.) "Is she to grow up a little Miss Rivers, after the pattern of these?"

Not if auntie can help it, answered auntie's quiet, strong heart, as the awfulness of her self-imposed duty, extending far into future years, came upon her with double force. A boy would have belonged to his father, and been made naturally and wholly a Rivers; but a girl—this little unwelcome girl—was hers and Rosa's. Might baby not grow up to be the foundress of a new family, the mother of many sons? This childless old maid, whose race was done, built up no end of castles in the air for her niece Rosie. In which, I am afraid—and yet in time to come Miss Thelluson was not sorry, but glad of this—Rosie's father had not the slightest share.

She fell into such a dream about the child—even in the midst of the young ladies' chatter—that she quite started when Lady Rivers, suddenly waking up, and most anxious to appear as if she had never been sleeping, put a sudden question.

"By-the-by, Miss Thelluson, I hear you have discharged Anne Savage, and taken a new nursery-maid?"

"Mrs. Savage gave me warning herself; but I was not sorry, as I prefer a younger woman," said Hannah, quietly.

"That, pardon me, is a mistake. I always made a point that my head nurse should be over forty."

"But you had a nursery full of children; I have only Rosie."

"Oh, by-the-by, how is Rosie?" cried one of the girls. But as she did not wait for an answer, Hannah never gave it.

"And who is your new nurse?" said grandmamma, in a rather severe, grandmotherly tone.

"Grace Dixon, sister, I believe, to those Dixons of whom the village is so full. It was Mrs. John Dixon, the blacksmith's wife, who recommended her to me. She said you knew the family well."

"Miss Thelluson seems to have acquainted herself with Easterham people as if she had lived here all her days—or meant to do so," said the eldest Miss Rivers, who was at times a little sharp of speech. She was nearly twenty-eight, and still Miss Rivers, which she did not like at all.

"No; I do not mean to live at Easterham all my days," returned Hannah, glad of an opportunity to remove any false impression the family might have of her coming to take entire possession of her brother-in-law, and rule rampant over him all the rest of his life, as evidently they thought he might be ruled. "On the contrary, I earnestly hope my stay here will be short—that your brother may soon find a good wife, and need me no more."

"So you approve of second marriages?"

"Yes," said Hannah, swallowing down a slight pang. "Yes. In a case like this, most decidedly. I think the wisest thing Mr. Rivers could do would be to marry again, after due time; that is, if he married the right woman."

"What do you mean by 'the right woman?'" asked Lady Rivers.

"One who will make a good mother as well as a good wife. In his first choice a man has only to think of himself; in a second marriage he has usually to consider not only himself, but his children."

"I don't fancy Bernard will be in any haste to marry again. He was very, very fond of poor Rosa."

It was Adeline, the youngest, who said this; and Hannah's heart warmed to her—the first who had called her dead sister "Rosa," or, indeed, spoken of her at all. To Adeline she turned for information about the Dixon family, and especially about the girl Grace, whom she had taken chiefly upon instinct, because she had a kind, sweet, good face—a sad face too, as if she had known trouble; and had, indeed, begged for the place, because "her heart was breaking for want of a child to look after."

"What an odd thing to say! Well, my heart wouldn't break for that, at any rate," laughed Adeline. "But really I can tell you nothing about the poor people of Easterham. We have no time to go about as your sister did. Bernard ought to know. Here he comes."

Hannah looked up, almost glad to see Mr. Rivers return. His society was not lively, but it was less dull than that of his sisters. Just to keep conversation going—for it had reached a very low ebb—she explained to him the matter under discussion; but he seemed to have forgotten all about it.

"If you remember, I brought the girl into your study, and you liked her appearance, and said I might engage her at once."

"Did I? Then, of course, it is all right. Why talk it over any more? I assure you, girls, one of Miss Thelluson's great merits is that she does not talk things over. As I always tell her, she can act for herself, and never need consult me on any thing."

"But you ought to be consulted," broke in Lady Rivers, "and in this matter especially. My dear Bernard, are you aware that in your position you ought to be very cautious? Miss Thelluson, a stranger, is, of course, ignorant of certain facts, otherwise Grace Dixon is the very last person she ought to bring into your household."

"Why so? The Dixons are an excellent family—have lived at Easterham Farm half as long as the Riverses have lived at the Moat House."

"It is the more pity," said Lady Rivers, drawing herself up. "My dear Bernard, you have surely forgotten; and the subject is a little awkward to speak of before Miss Thelluson and the girls."

Hannah sat silent, expecting one of those sad stories only too common in all villages. And yet Grace Dixon looked so sad—so innocent—and her kindly and very respectable sisters had not seemed in the least ashamed of her.

"I can not guess what you mean, Lady Rivers," said Bernard, irritably. "I know nothing against the Dixons. The daughters were all well conducted, and the sons—"

"It was one of the sons. But perhaps I had better not mention it?"

The good lady had a habit of "not mentioning" facts, which, nevertheless, she allowed to leak out patently enough; and another habit of saying, in the sweetest way, the most unpleasant things. Her step-son had winced under them more than once to-day, as Hannah noticed he did now. Still he replied, with perfect politeness:

"I think you had better mention it. It can not be any thing very bad, or I should have remembered it. Though I do forget things often—often," he added, relapsing into his usual dreary manner.

"If you will rouse yourself you surely will remember this, and the discussion there was about it one evening here—a discussion in which your wife took part and gave her opinion, though it was an opinion contrary to your own and mine."

Bernard's countenance changed, as it did at the slightest mention of his lost darling. "Yes; I recall the matter now," he said, and stopped suddenly.

But Lady Rivers went on triumphant. "The scandal, Miss Thelluson—though I must apologize for referring to it before you—was just this. One of the brothers Dixon lost his wife, and six months after wanted to marry her sister, who had been keeping his house. He actually came to Mr. Rivers, as her clergyman, and asked him to marry them. A marriage, you understand, within the forbidden degrees—between a man and his deceased wife's sister."

She looked hard at Hannah, as if expecting her to be confused; but she was not—no more than when Lady Dunsmore had referred, though in a much more direct way, to the same subject. It was one so entirely removed from herself and her own personality that she felt no more affected by it than she should have been if, in Lord Dunsmore's drawing-room, she had heard some one telling a story of how a father eloped with his children's governess. Of course such things were, but they did not concern her in the least.

Her entire innocence and composure seemed to shame even Lady Rivers; to Mr. Rivers, though at first he had colored sensitively, they gave self-possession at once.

"Yes," he said, "I remember the whole story now. Dixon did come and ask me to marry him to his sister-in-law, which, of course, I refused, as it was against both the canon law and the law of the land."

"And the law of God also," said Lady Rivers, sharply.

"That I did not argue; it was no business of mine. I was rather sorry for the man—he seemed to have no ill intent; but the marriage was impossible. However, this does not concern the rest of the Dixon family or the new nursemaid. What about her?"

But as often as he tried to slide away from the unpleasant topic his step-mother pertinaciously slid back again.

"Excuse me; I think it does concern the rest of the family. No one can touch pitch without being defiled, and a scandal like this affects every one connected with it. How did it end, Bernard?"

"I can not tell. Probably Dixon went to some other, and less scrupulous clergyman, or some distant parish, where they could put up bans and be married without being known; or, probably, he went back and they lived together without being married at all. Such cases happen continually. But why speak of them? Is it necessary to speak of unpleasant things?"

Yet the way he himself spoke of them, with a mixture of directness and grave simplicity, as only a pure-hearted man ever does speak, struck Hannah much. Also his quiet way of getting over an extremely awkward position, which to avoid would have been more awkward still. But Lady Rivers would not let him alone.

"And I suppose you think now, as I remember Mrs. Bernard did at the time, that you were wrong in refusing to marry the man?"

"No; I was right. I have been similarly applied to many times since, for the poor have strangely confused notions on this point, and I have always refused. The law makes these people brothers and sisters; therefore they can not possibly be married. But, my dear Lady Rivers, let us leave a topic which really does not concern us. The matter of moment now, Aunt Hannah," turning toward her with the smile of a worried man who knows that there, at least, he shall find rest, "is, that you and I must leave this warm fireside and walk home through the wet together; unless, indeed, we make up our minds to swim."

The perfect freedom, and yet friendly respect of his manner, healed over all the discourtesies which Lady Rivers had so remorselessly inflicted. Miss Thelluson rose, thankfully enough, and they two started off in the pelting rain, for

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nobody ever thought of ordering the Moat House carriage on a Sunday. Besides, Hannah never minded weather, and the storm seemed almost to do her brother-in-law good. Like all really manly men, he was roused and cheered by the necessity of fighting against something; perhaps, also, of protecting something. He wrapped his sister-in-law well up, and sustained her steps carefully against the wild equinoctial blast, which was almost like pressing against a stone wall.

After they quitted the Moat House Mr. Rivers never referred to the matter which had been so obstinately and unpleasantly discussed in their presence. He seemed at once to accept it and ignore it, as those should whom fate has placed in any anomalous or difficult position that lays them open to many annoyances, which must, nevertheless, be borne, and are best borne with complete indifference. Hannah took her lesson from him—not without a certain respect, deeper than she had yet felt—and did the same.

They parted in the hall, he to go into his study, she to run eagerly up stairs, drawn thither by the little merry voice which was heard through the nursery door chattering its utterly unintelligible English. Hannah's face brightened into something almost like beauty at the sound. Rosie's father stopped to say,

"You are getting very fond of my child!"

"It would be strange if I were not. Is she not my niece—my own flesh and blood? And, besides, I don't think there ever was such a child!" cried foolish Aunt Hannah. "Just look there!"

The little round rosy face—it was rosy now, having grown so already in the pleasant new nursery, and under incessant loving care—was looking through the balustrades, making a vain effort to say, "Peep!" at least so Rosie's imaginative female worshipers declared it to be. Behind appeared Grace Dixon's pale, kind, sweet looks, moved almost into cheerfulness by the brightness of baby's. A pretty sight; and for the first time it seemed to bring a ray of sunshine into the widower's household. He sighed, but his sigh was less forlorn.

"How happy the child looks! Poor Rosie, she is not in the least like her mother—except in that sunshiny nature of hers. I hope she may keep it always."

"I hope so too, and I believe she will. I did not think her pretty at first; but never—never was there such a touching child."

"It is your doing, then."

"And Grace's, too. She has been quite different even these few days since Grace had her. I hope"—and here Hannah could not help coloring a little—"I hope you will not require me to send away Grace?"

"No." Mr. Rivers paused a minute, and then said, gravely: "I am sorry that any thing should have vexed you to-day. Do not mind grandmama; she speaks thoughtlessly sometimes; but she means no harm. She likes interfering now and then; but you can bear that, I know. Remember, I will always uphold you in matters concerning Rosie or the household, or any thing else that you think right."

"Thank you," replied Hannah, warmly. She shook cordially the hand he gave, and ran up stairs to "auntie's darling" with a light heart.

FAMILY BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS.

FOR the convenience of our readers we purpose to publish, from time to time, practical bills of fare for breakfasts and dinners, grouped according to the season, and accompanied with plain directions for preparing the dishes specified. These recipes have been gathered from different parts of the world, and have all been tried and found good. We trust that they may prove useful to our lady readers, and suggest to them many savory viands for their tables.

BREAKFAST.

Coffee, Broiled Kidneys, Stirabout, Home-made Bread, and Corn Meal Muffins.

GOOD COFFEE, MADE IN THE POT IN WHICH IT IS SERVED.—Make a bag of coarse, thin muslin, and sew it at the top to a metal ring that will fit the top of the table coffee-pot. Fit this to the pot, and pour in boiling water; let it stand till the pot is heated; pour off the water, and put the ground coffee into the bag, allowing four table-spoonfuls to a pint of water. Pour in boiling water very slowly until the pot is full, close the lid; and when all the water has passed through the grounds, remove the bag, and serve.

BROILED KIDNEYS.—Cut large sheep's kidneys in half, lengthwise, not quite dividing them. Skin them, and run through each a skewer to keep it open and flat. Place them inside down on a gridiron, over a clear fire, and when well browned, turn, and brown on the outside. Toast thin slices of bread the size of the kidney, place on a hot dish, and on each slice put a kidney, removing the skewers. Put a piece of butter on each half kidney. Pepper, salt, and serve.

STIRABOUT.—Have a quart of milk and water, equal parts, boiling hot. Into this sprinkle and stir oat-meal flour until the spoon moves hard. Boil for half an hour, and serve very hot. This makes an excellent breakfast dish again, cold enough to cut in slices and fry a delicate brown. Serve with maple sirup or clear sugar-house molasses.

HOME-MADE BREAD.—Sift two pounds of fine white flour into a deep earthen dish, and with a wooden spoon hollow out the middle, leaving a little flour at the bottom of the hole. Have ready a table-spoonful of strong brewers' yeast, which has stood twenty-four hours in a cup of cold water to settle. Mix the yeast slowly with a pint of warm milk and water, half of each, stirring gently while mixing. Pour the mixture into the hole in the flour, and stir from the walls of the hole until a thick batter is formed. Cover this with flour. Cover the pan with a thick towel and stand in a warm, dry place. Take up the pan in an hour, if the flour on the top is split open, and pour in half a pint of warm milk and water, stirring with the spoon until too stiff. Cover with dry flour, and knead, drawing the edges toward the middle, to mix thoroughly, till all the flour is kneaded in. Stand again to rise until the dough cracks on the top. Turn the lump on a well floured pie-board, form quickly into loaves, pricking the top of each, put in pans, and bake. When done, turn each loaf upside down before the fire till the under crust is dry and brown.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.—One quart of sifted Indian meal, half a tea-cupful of equal parts melted butter and lard, two eggs, a tea-spoonful of soda, a little salt, and buttermilk enough to make a stiff batter. Put the meal in an earthen pan, and mix with buttermilk till a stiff batter is formed. Beat the eggs till light, season, and beat in the butter and lard. Beat well together, and bake in muffin rings.

DINNER.

Mock-Turtle Soup, Cod's Head and Shoulders, Roast Turkey, Ragout of Lobster, Fried Parsnips, Stewed Tomatoes, Bread Sauce, Pickled Walnuts, Baked Plum-Pudding.

MOCK-TURTLE SOUP.—Procure a calf's head and set of feet. Parboil these, remove the meat, and return the bones to the liquor; simmer with a good piece of lean beef, a knuckle of ham, a bunch of herbs, a large bowl of sliced vegetables, and half a tea-cupful of whole mixed spices. Reduce one gallon of soup by boiling to half a gallon. Cut the meat from the calf's head and feet into small, square pieces. Over these strain the half gallon of soup. Stew together till the meat is tender, and thicken with flour and butter stirred together. Add the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, a bowl of small force-meat balls, the juice of two lemons, a wine-glass of catchup, and a pint of port-wine; salt and pepper to taste. Serve very hot.

COD'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS.—Two hours before cooking clean the fish, and rub the inside and thick part with salt. Lay a cloth in a fish-kettle; upon this place the fish, and cover with cold water. Simmer gently till done. Lift the cloth and place the fish on a hot dish, slipping the cloth from under it. Garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

ROAST TURKEY.—When the bird is plucked, singed, and drawn, wipe it carefully outside with a coarse cloth, and wash it thoroughly inside with cold water. Make an incision under the thigh for filling. Fill the bird with a dressing made of finely crumbed bread, nicely seasoned with chopped onions, sweet herbs, pepper, salt, butter, and two raw eggs beaten to a froth. Skewer the legs and wings, drawing together the incision made for the stuffing, and put the liver under one wing and the gizzard under the other. Fasten a sheet of well-buttered paper over the turkey's breast, and put it down before a clear fire, not too near at first, but nearer to brown, basting and turning it frequently. When a fork can be drawn from the breast and no blood follows it, remove the paper, dredge lightly with flour, butter all over, and brown quickly. Thicken the gravy that drips from the turkey with butter and flour rolled together, adding a little boiling water if necessary; chop the liver and gizzard very fine and stir in. Season with salt and pepper.

RAGOUT OF LOBSTER.—Remove all the meat from the shell of a large boiled lobster, and cut it into square pieces. Shred two large onions, and fry brown in two ounces of butter; pour in the frying-pan half a pint of soup stock, seasoned with a tea-spoonful of salt, a pinch of Cayenne-pepper, a few blades of mace, and the juice of a large lemon. When boiling hot add the pieces of lobster; stew together five minutes, and serve hot.

FRIED PARSNIPS.—Parboil large parsnips, skin them, and cut in slices lengthwise, sprinkling each with a little flour, pepper, and salt. Fry in equal parts of butter and lard to a delicate brown.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Scald and skin tomatoes (unless canned) and place in a stew-pan, without water. Simmer for half an hour. Add pepper, salt, a large piece of butter, a spoonful of white sugar, and very little bread, finely grated. Boil up once, and serve hot.

BREAD SAUCE.—Shred a large onion, and boil it in a pint of milk till perfectly tender; sprinkle and stir in half a pint of fine bread crumbs. Cover, and soak for one hour. Beat the mixture till smooth, replace on the fire, adding half a tea-spoonful of powdered mace, one ounce of butter, a tea-spoonful of salt, the grated yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and half a pint of rich cream. Boil five minutes, and serve.

PICKLED WALNUTS.—Put one hundred green walnuts in strong brine, and soak ten days, changing the brine five times. Drain them, and dry in the sun till black; then put them in pickle jars, not quite filling them. Boil in half a gallon of pure cider vinegar four ounces of whole black pepper, two of allspice, and two of ginger root. When boiling pour over the walnuts. Cover, and keep six weeks before using.

BAKED PLUM-PUDDING.—Chop one pound of suet very fine, removing all the skins and strings; mix with it two pounds of sifted flour, one pound each of dried currants and stoned raisins, and one ounce of preserved citron, cut fine. Moisten with four eggs, beaten till smooth, and pour in rich sweet milk, stirring hard all the time, till a white batter is made (a pint of milk should be sufficient). Sprinkle in half a pound of sifted sugar, and beat all well together. Pour into well-buttered tin pans, and bake three hours in a slow oven.

NOVEL VARIETY OF CHURCH MUSIC.

THERE is a capital story of a barrel-organ told by Mr. Maguire in his "Life of Father Mathew." When the great apostle of temperance was a young man he assisted Father Donovan at a chapel in Cork. The place was too small for a church organ, and the congregation too poor to pay for one, and Donovan frequently expressed his regret at the deprivation. One day, however, he told Mathew, with great delight, that he had succeeded in procuring an organ. "Father Donovan explained how he had procured a barrel-organ, which played 'Adeste Fideles' and the 'Sicilian Mariners' Hymn,' and that these could be fittingly introduced during mass, and also at vespers. The musician worked under his control, and Father Donovan would be responsible for the admirable effect of this delightful innovation. The Sunday, fraught with anticipated triumph to Father Donovan, arrived. The organ and its operator were in the little chapel, and Father Donovan was having a vigilant eye to both. Nothing could be a more decided success than the 'Adeste,' for many besides Father Donovan thought it heavenly. Nor was the effect lessened by the plaintive sweetness of the hymn. Tears of rapture stood in the eyes of Father Donovan. It was a moment of unalloyed triumph, such as mortals experience but rarely in this life. The last Gospel was just being read by Father Mathew, who was the celebrant, when the operator commenced the third air; but—horror of horrors!—instead of one of those gentle and spirit-breathing strains that lift the soul to heaven in a flood of lovely melody, out rattled the too well-known air of 'Moll in the Wad.' It would be impossible to describe the bewilderment of the congregation, or the rage and confusion of poor Father Donovan, at this awful scandal, which nearly threw him into a fever from shame and humiliation. His friends were thenceforward rather cautious in their allusion to mechanical music, and, indeed, organs of all kinds."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE sanitary ideas of America, as they have been carried out in Paris during the European war, have been entirely successful. The American ambulance, situated in Avenue Uhrich, formerly Avenue de l'Impératrice, consists of a collection of white tents scattered over a large plot of ground, which is laid out with graveled walks, and adorned with evergreens. Connected with the ambulance are a pharmacy, a linen department, a kitchen, and rooms for surgeons, carriages of a most perfect model, which contain all possible comforts for the wounded, and a large corps of efficient nurses. The chief surgeon is Dr. Swinburne. The tents, carriages, and every thing pertaining to this ambulance, were purchased by Thomas W. Evans, one of the most renowned dentists in Europe, at an expense of 200,000 francs, and brought to the Paris Exposition. In July last Mr. Evans started a branch of the American International Sanitary Committee. Mrs. Ward, a benevolent lady, at the same time instituted a ladies' branch; and afterward both branches united, and kind and capable men and women have labored together to mitigate the sufferings of the wounded. Mr. Evans has generously supplied all the funds required. The tents of the ambulance are airy, yet warm and comfortable, and are generally conceded to be far more wholesome than the ordinary French hospitals.

At the first state dinner of the season given by the President at the Executive Mansion the table was elegantly and tastefully decorated with beautiful and fragrant flowers. The centre piece consisted of a sort of plateau of mingled evergreens and flowers, from which arose a golden pillar, with radiating branches covered with fine evergreens, and supporting at their extremities cups filled with fragrant exotics. A little above the base of this pillar were ever-green arches, springing lightly to the sides of the centre piece, and twined with moss blossoms. At either end of the table stood two massive golden pedestals bearing baskets of flowers, and in front of each guest's plate a frosted crystal vase, very light and tapering, held a bouquet of japonicas in a setting of heliotrope.

In Japan there seems to be but little provision made for cold weather in the building of houses. A gentleman writing from Yokohama, under date of December 15, says: "I hope my next visit there will be when the weather is not so cold. We were living in a Japanese house adjoining a temple, and in which lived the priests—a great rambling, one-storied building, made of thin boards and paper, and the next thing to living in the open air; but with stoves in the drawing and dining rooms, and braziers in the bedrooms, we managed to keep pretty comfortable, although it was pretty cold at times, particularly when the door was left open."

A larger or better crop of ice was never cut from the Hudson River and the adjacent lakes, creeks, and ponds than has this winter been stored in the various ice-houses of that vicinity. All doubts respecting next summer's supply are now ended. The buildings for storing ice are usually constructed upon one general plan. They rest upon a foundation of stone and brick. The superstructure is of common lumber. Every thing is above-ground. The walls are double, with an intervening space of about two feet, which is filled with a mixture of saw-dust and charcoal. A gable shingled roof surmounts the whole. The interior is divided into bins, usually about fifty feet wide, containing a certain number of tons each. The blocks of ice are packed solidly together, the ground being covered with hay or snow. About a foot of space is left between the pile and the walls, for air. Loose hay, three feet in depth, is spread on the top. Steam elevators, with strong iron bars and rods that catch the ice blocks, extend from the water to the various windows. By these the blocks are rapidly lifted to the desired height, swung into the building, and dropped upon the ice piles.

Full dress is not required in attending Mrs. Grant's receptions at the White House. A lady can go in a plain walking suit, and yet feel at home. There is a certain freedom in these social gatherings, and a lack of needless ceremony, which make one feel the democracy of our republic. A genuine home-like air also pervades the handsome suite of rooms which are opened to the public at the White House.

Many anecdotes are related of Count Bismarck, illustrative of his characteristic humor. On the occasion of the first meeting of the newly appointed North German Diet, the British embassador at Berlin having expressed some surprise to him that there should be so many "Particularists" in that assembly, Count Bismarck's answer was: "Oh, you don't know the Germans. If every German had money enough, every German would keep a particular king all to himself."

In Germany and France it is said that such an efficient though simple system of railroad signals exists, that while accidents occur, *collisions* never take place. In the recent disaster on the Hudson River Railroad, the details of which have sent a thrill of horror through the whole community, the circumstances which caused the collision were certainly peculiar. Yet now, while the remembrance is fresh in our minds of that swiftly flying train, of that sudden crash, of an awful plunge into the frozen river, of burning cars, and agonizing shrieks ringing through the night air, it would seem that no possible care, foresight, expense, or judicious arrangements should ever be wanting to prevent, even in the greatest emergency, a repetition of that midnight horror.

Gossip of all sorts continues to float through aristocratic English circles concerning the royal marriage which is soon to be consummated. Some of the gentry, still unreconciled to the union of princess and subject, are asking whether they are to rise when "Mr. and Mrs. Lorne" enter the room, and whether the usual red cloth, which is put down between a carriage and a door to preserve every royal foot from contact with the earth, shall be put down for the Lornes, and if so, will it be made so narrow as to compel the Marquis to walk on the ground? Such are some of the weighty English questions at the present time. March 14 is settled upon as the important and "happy" day on which the wedding will occur.

Miss Garrett will continue to practice her profession after her marriage, taking the name of Garrett-Anderson. Mr. Anderson was treasurer of the executive committee which conducted her election to the school board, and has been for some years an active member of the managing board of the East London Hospital for Children, to which Miss Garrett is attached as visiting physician.

A grand carnival and fête is to be held in Washington on the 20th and 21st of February, on the occasion of the reopening of Pennsylvania Avenue. This avenue has been repaved after the most approved style, and it is believed it will now be one of the finest drives in the country. There will doubtless be a great crowd in the capital on that occasion, and a variety of interesting displays, such as masquerades, tournaments, parades, and fire-works is promised. A banquet is also to be given to the members of the press from the whole country.

An American lady, writing from Paris, mentions as most acceptable presents which she has just received—ten boxes of sardines, half a pound of fresh butter, three salt herrings, a piece of salt pork the size of your hand, a quart of beans, and a quarter of a pound of bad butter, also half a dozen potatoes.

The generous contribution of the Rothschilds to the poor of Paris is followed by the princely offer to advance the entire amount of the war indemnity levied by the Germans upon that municipality. It is plain that in the rehabilitation of France the power of this great house will be notably felt.

An appeal is made to the friends of the Female Seminary at Beyrout for help. Bread is higher in Syria than it has been for many years, and many of the poor are starving.

It is understood that Mr. George Ticknor left by will his collection of Spanish books to the Public Library of Boston, together with the sum of $5000 to keep the collection in order and make additions to it. Mr. Ticknor's Spanish library is unquestionably the richest collection in this country, and probably is not excelled in value by any private collection in the world.

A French journal gives an exact calculation of the distances of the several forts from the walls of the city of Paris, which may be at this moment of considerable interest: Fort Valérien is distant about 3 miles 2½ furlongs; Issy, 1 mile 2½ furlongs; Vanvres, 1 mile 2¾ furlongs; Montrouge, 7½ furlongs; Bicêtre, 7¼ furlongs; Ivry, 1 mile 4½ furlongs; Charenton, 3 miles ⅛ furlong; Nogent, 2 miles 1 furlong; Vincennes, 7¼ furlongs; Rosny, 2 miles 4 furlongs; Noisy, 2 miles ⅛ furlong; Romainville, 1 mile 1½ furlongs; Aubervilliers, 1 mile 2 furlongs; L'Est, 2 miles ⅛ furlong; and Couronnes de la Briche, 3 miles ⅛ furlong.

One severely cold day not long ago a party of about one hundred and seventy fishermen were at work with their nets in Haverstraw Bay. It is estimated that not less than one thousand persons gain a livelihood by fishing on the Hudson River in the winter-time. It is a laborious business. On the day referred to the men were scattered all over the river, intent on getting a good "catch." Late in the afternoon a sudden cry arose, "The ice is moving!" Instantly the wildest excitement prevailed. Cries for help filled the air; and the fishermen perceiving that the field of ice on which they were was moving far out into the river, scores of them plunged into the icy water, and with difficulty reached the shore. Meanwhile boats were launched for their rescue. Nine men were still upon the floating ice; five of these succeeded in struggling through the water, and were dragged into the boats in an exhausted condition. But the ice island was breaking to pieces; the winds and waves chopped up the edges, and huge cracks were running along the frozen surface for hundreds of feet. Darkness came on, and still four perishing fishermen clung to the centre of the island, fearful of venturing to the boats. Suddenly their cries for help ceased; it was then ten o'clock at night, and they were all six miles from the place where the "break" occurred. The occupants of the boats felt they must do quickly whatever they could. With great difficulty the boats were dragged upon the precarious ice, the almost frozen men found in a terrible condition, and hurried to the boats. Finally all landed about ten miles from where they started, suffering severely, but without loss of life.

An English clergyman recommends trying the "heroic element" for stimulating the somewhat flagging efforts of missionary zeal. Instead of advertising, "Wanted, a Missionary for ——. Stipend £300. Nice parsonage. Good station. Pleasant society. Frequent and easy communication with London," let it read, "Wanted, a Missionary. Stipend, a bare subsistence. Home, he must find a shelter for himself. Climate, pestilential. Society, none but heathen nations. Five hundred miles from the nearest post, and no roads. Any priest appointed to this station must be vowed to celibacy, content with poverty, obedient to the disposal of the bishop. It is right to add that there is small probability of any one accepting the post escaping fever and persecution so as to see England again!"

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Beaded Lamp Screen, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS lamp screen is easily made, and is designed to stand before a light to protect the eyes. The large beads shown on the illustration are colored and transparent, and are fastened into the foundation in such a manner that the light shimmers faintly through them. Cut of green silk and green frieze lining an oval piece seven inches and three-fifths long and five inches and three-fifths wide. Cut a piece of card-board of the same shape and size, and draw on it the star shown by Fig. 1 of the requisite size. Along the outer edge of this star cut small round holes in the card-board at intervals of one-fifth of an inch. Baste the silk lined with frieze on the card-board (the latter merely serves as a mould for the bead embroidery), and make small holes in the double material by putting a stiletto through the holes in the card-board and the material, enlarging these holes afterward slightly with a pair of scissors, so that they are not quite so large as the beads which are to be fastened in. Separate the silk and frieze from the card-board. In the hole forming the centre sew a large crystal bead. Then sew a garnet-colored bead into each of the six holes surrounding the middle hole. In order the better to fasten the beads, string them on a thread, press each one into the proper hole, so that on the under side only half of each bead projects beyond the hole, pass the thread through a hole to the under side, and pass it successively through each of the six beads; then fasten the thread and cut it off. This brings the beads in the proper position. Fig. 2 shows the manner of fastening the beads in the foundation. In the same manner fasten large garnet beads in the holes forming the outer pointed edge of the star, but fasten crystal beads in the holes which join the outer edge with the rosette in the middle. Edge each bead with very fine black and white silk cord, the ends of which are passed through the foundation, and sewed fast to the under side; then encircle all the beads of the middle rosette with gold cord (see illustration). Encircle the remaining beads in the same manner (see illustration), and sew single gold beads on the foundation, as shown by Fig. 1. Line the under side of the foundation with a piece of green silk, after having previously worked eyelet-holes with green silk, and, with the assistance of the mould, along the outer edges of the figure, and the six outer holes of the rosette in the middle. In fastening this silk piece on the foundation see that the red beads project slightly beyond the eyelet-holes. For the frame, which is an inch and two-fifths wide, cut an oval piece of thick pasteboard of the requisite size and breadth, cover it on the upper side (outside), first with cotton batting, and then with black velvet, which must be cut to correspond in shape to the pasteboard piece, but with two-fifths of an inch extra material at the outer edge and four-fifths of an inch extra material at the inner edge. Cut diagonal slits in these edges, turn them over on the under side, and paste them down with mucilage. To the under side of this frame paste a double piece of pasteboard an inch wide, and corresponding in shape to the piece already prepared; this must first be covered with black velvet, and be pasted on so as to reach within two-fifths of an inch of the inner edge of the frame. The rod which is fastened to the middle of the under edge of the shade consists of a piece of Spanish reed seven inches and a fifth long and an inch in circumference, in the upper end of which cut a notch an inch and three-fifths long and a fifth of an inch wide, so that this end has two fork-like prongs. Coat this rod with copal varnish, and on the top place a wooden ring varnished in the same manner. Fasten the upper end of the rod to the middle of the bottom of the frame by pushing one prong between the arched frame and the pasteboard strip pasted to the under side, while the other prong must come on the outside of this pasteboard strip. Push the wooden ring close to the frame, by which means the two prongs close more firmly on the frame. Encircle the outer edge of the frame with large cut crystal beads strung on a coarse white thread, but not too closely. Sew a similar string of beads on the inner edge of the frame; these should be only half as large as those of the outer edge. Both rows must have an equal number of beads. At the sides of the inner edge the beads should not come as close as at the top and bottom. Fasten the end of a fine gold cord to a bead of the outer edge, lay the gold cord around the bead, and pass it straight over to the corresponding bead of the inner edge, lay the cord around this bead, then around the second following bead of the outer edge, then back and around the second following bead of the inner edge, and continue in this manner until the frame is covered. Finally, fasten the under end of the rod in the upper opening of a stand made of dark and light stained wood. A screw in the top of the stand serves to fasten the screen.

EMBROIDERED WORK-BAG.

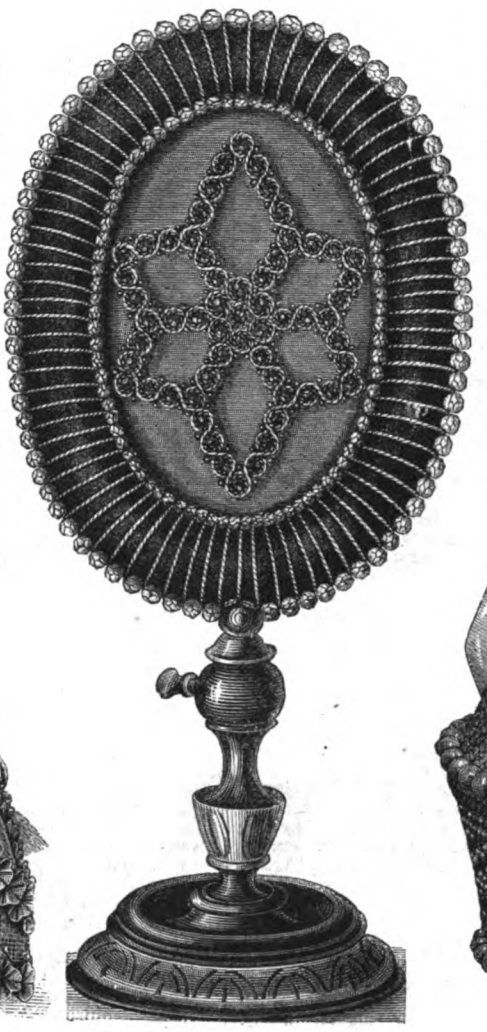

Fig. 1.—BEADED LAMP SCREEN.

NETTED AND BEAD WORSTED BASKET.

Embroidered Work-Bag.

THE under part of this work-bag is made of card-board, and covered with Panama canvas. An embroidery design is worked on the canvas with different colors of floss silk. A bag of brown silk is fastened to the inside of the under part. Cut for the bottom a piece of card-board five inches and four-fifths square. Cut out each side toward the middle two-fifths of an inch deep. For the sides cut four pieces each four inches and two-fifths deep, and slope them toward the middle of the top, as shown by the illustration. For the covering of each of these pieces cut a canvas and a brown silk part. Ornament the canvas part with a narrow border of cross stitch embroidery (for this any of the designs given in our Embroidery Supplements may be used), and over each card-board piece join a silk and canvas part, overhanding them. Then join the sides with the bottom, as shown by the illustration. Previous to this cover the bottom with canvas on the outside and silk on the inside. Fasten to the basket a handle twelve inches long made of canvas and silk lining, and to the inside of the under part sew a bag made of brown silk. The bag is furnished with a shirr, and pleated at the corners of the under part, so as to correspond in width to the latter. At the points of the under part fasten the bag with a few stitches, and trim the under part with ruches of silk ribbon four-fifths of an inch wide.

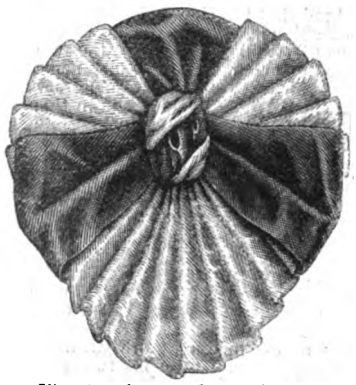

Fig. 4.—GREEN GROS GRAIN FAN BOW.

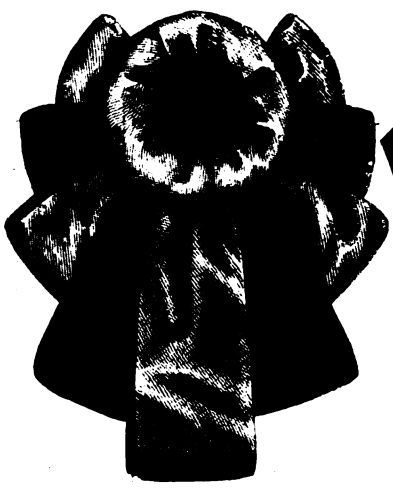

Fig. 1.—SCARLET AND BLACK GROS GRAIN ROSETTE BOW.

Fig. 3.—BLACK VELVET AND CRIMSON GROS GRAIN BOW.

Fig. 2.—BLACK AND CHERRY GROS GRAIN CRESCENT BOW.

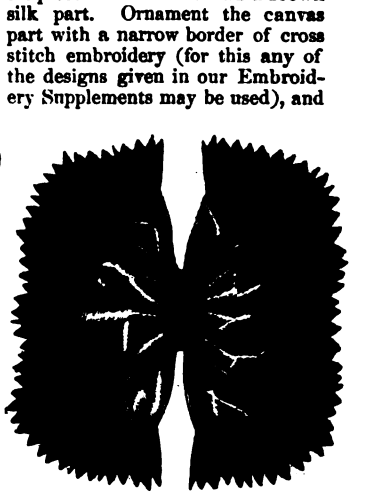

Fig. 6.—PINK GROS GRAIN AND LACE BOW.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED FOOT MUFF.

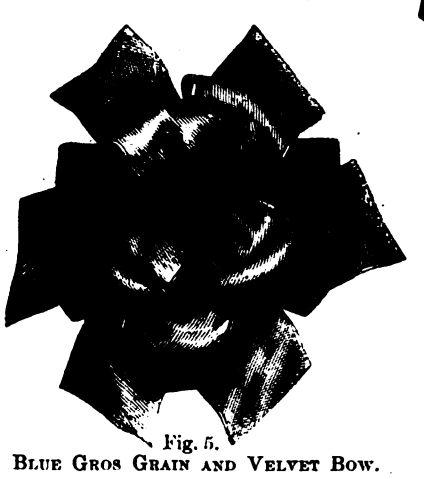

Fig. 5.
BLUE GROS GRAIN AND VELVET BOW.

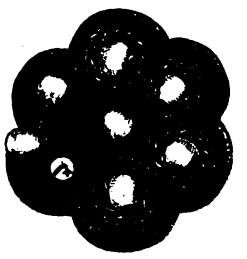

Fig. 2.—MANNER OF FASTENING BEADS ON LAMP SCREEN.

WHITE SATIN BALL SLIPPER.

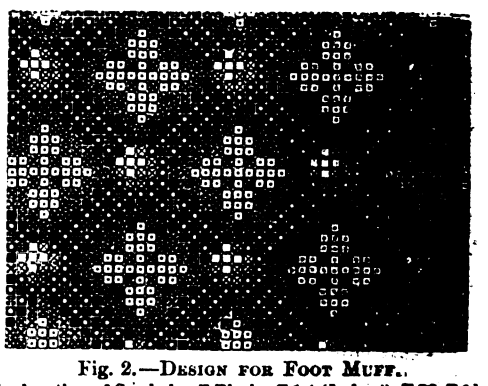

Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR FOOT MUFF.

Explanation of Symbols: ■ Black; ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d, ■ 3d, ■ 4th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk); ■ Dark Green; ⊡ Light Green (the last silk).

VIGNETTES FOR EMBROIDERING HANDKERCHIEFS.—[The rest of the Alphabet will be given in a following Number.]

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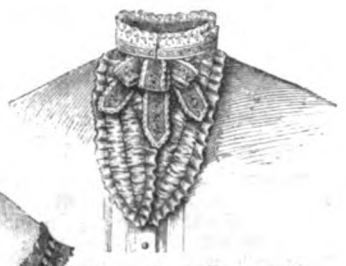
SATIN RIBBON AND LACE ROSETTE FOR BALL SLIPPER.

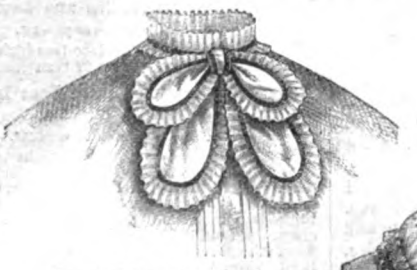
PUFFED TULLE AND LACE FICHU.



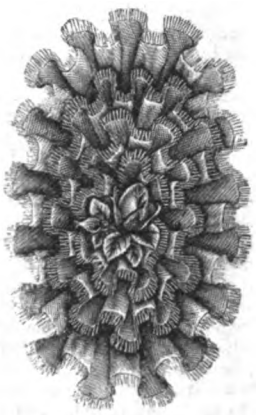
TULLE, LACE INSERTION, AND LACE COLLAR.

SWISS MUSLIN, LACE INSERTION, AND LACE FICHU.

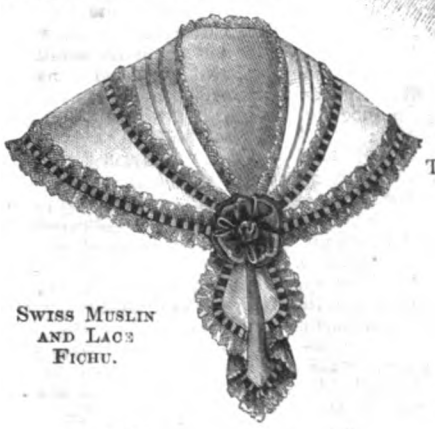
WHITE PLEATED TULLE FICHU.



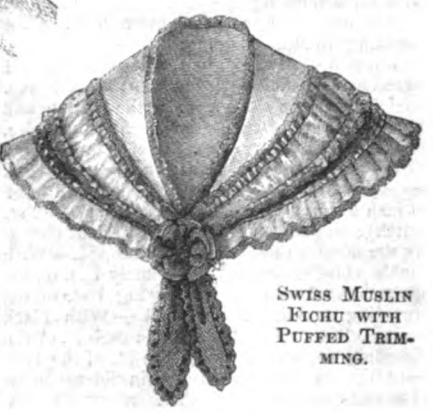
SWISS MUSLIN COLLAR WITH FRILLS.



SILK ROSETTE WITH FLOWERS FOR BALL SLIPPER.



SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.



SWISS MUSLIN FICHU WITH PUFFED TRIMMING.

PLEATED SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.

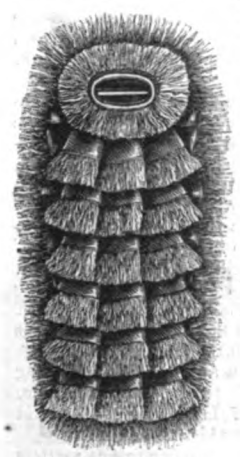
GROS GRAIN WALKING DRESS WITH VELVET CASAQUE.

TULLE AND LACE INSERTION FICHU.

Embroidered Foot Muff, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 136.

THE upper side of this foot muff is covered with canvas embroidered in cross stitch, and the under side with brown enameled cloth. It is sixteen inches wide and twelve inches high. The seams are covered on the outside with woolen cord. Line the inside of the muff with fur, and trim the upper edge with a strip of fur. Work the embroidery with zephyr worsted in cross stitch. Fig. 2 gives the design. Finish the muff with two handles made of coarse worsted cord.



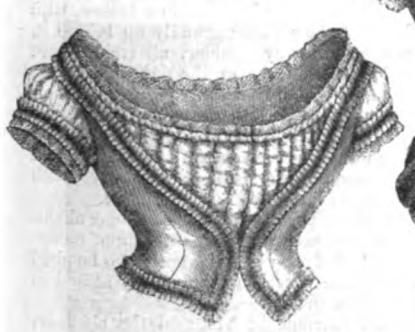
RAVELED SATIN ROSETTE FOR BALL SLIPPER.

Netted and Bead Worsted Basket.

See illustration on page 136.

THIS basket, which is intended to hold balls of worsted or needle-work, is made of beads and silver wire. On the top of the basket is set a netted bag worked with pink sewing silk taken double, and finished at the upper edge with a white and a black round. Two pink satin ribbons passed cross-wise through the bag serve to close it. Work, first, the round flat bottom of the basket as follows: On a piece of silver wire eight yards and a quarter long string, first, several strings of large crystal beads, and then 16 very small crystal beads. Push these 16 small beads close to the end of the wire, and form this in a small loop. Around this small loop wind the remainder of the wire on which the larger beads were strung, so that the coils come close together, and on being sewed form a round, flat surface. These are button-hole stitched together; each new coil, after it is wound, being sewed to the previous one. The button-hole stitches are worked after each bead. The stitches which join the first coil with the loop first formed are worked over the wire only, but each succeeding round is fastened also to the button-hole stitches of the previous round. As each succeeding coil

SATIN AND LACE ROSETTE FOR BALL SLIPPER.

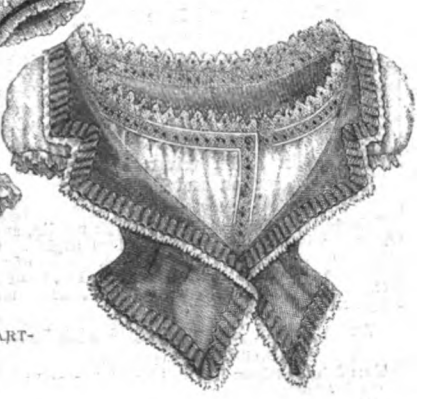


LOW WAIST WITH PUFFED TRIMMING.

LOW WAIST WITH BOX-PLEATED TRIMMING.

BASQUE-WAIST WITH REVERS.

BASQUE-WAIST WITH HEART-SHAPED NECK.



BASQUE-WAIST WITH CHEMISE RUSSE

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is somewhat larger than the previous one, occasionally work two stitches between two beads of the latter, but the second stitch must come after a bead of the new coil, so that only *one* stitch comes after every bead of this coil. Having sewed ten coils, or rounds, together in this manner (the middle loop does not count), so as to form a flat, round surface, work in the same manner in connection with the bottom thus formed, *but without widening*, thirteen rounds for the sides of the basket. Each of these rounds is as large as the last round of the bottom. For the first three rounds take only crystal beads, for the 4th round take alternately 1 crystal bead and 1 milk bead. 5th round.—Only milk beads. 6th round.—Alternately 2 black b. (bead), 2 milk b. 7th round.—1 milk b., then always alternately 2 black b., 2 milk b. The first of these 2 black b. must always come on the second black b. of the preceding round. 8th round.—Alternately 2 milk b., 2 black b.; the former must always come on 2 black b. of the preceding round. 9th round.—1 milk b., then always alternately 2 black b., 2 milk b.; the first of the 2 black b. must always come on the second milk b. of the preceding round. 10th round.—Milk beads. 11th round.—Always alternately 1 milk b., 1 crystal b. 12th and 13th rounds.—Crystal beads. Now furnish the outer edge of the bottom and the upper edge of the basket each with a wire, on which must be strung alternately 1 large round milk b., 1 black b. For the bag work with pink sewing silk taken double over a mesh two-fifths of an inch in circumference a foundation of 32 st. (stitch); on this work 18 rounds without changing the number of stitches. 19th round.—With double white sewing silk, alternately 1 st. on the nearest st.; 3 st. on the following 1 st. of the preceding round. 20th round.—With black sewing silk taken double, 1 st. on each st. of the preceding round. Through the st. of the 16th and 15th rounds run two pink satin ribbons crosswise, and tie the ends together.

Bows for Dresses, Blouse-Waists, Fichus, etc., Figs. 1–6.

See Illustrations on page 136.

THESE bows, which the illustrations show in one-half of the original size, may be made of gros grain, silk, velvet, satin, etc., and of any size desired, and may be used for the purposes specified, or be worn in the hair.

Fig. 1.—SCARLET AND BLACK GROS GRAIN ROSETTE Bow. This bow consists of loops of red and black gros grain ribbon, graduated in size. Lay each loop in a pleat at the open ends, and sew them on a round stiff lace foundation in such a manner that each shorter loop lies partially within the next longer one. Cover the seam made by sewing on the loops with a rosette made of a piece of red ribbon, doubled lengthwise, and gathered closely at the lengthwise edges. On the middle of this rosette sew a smaller rosette of black ribbon.

Fig. 2.—BLACK AND CHERRY GROS GRAIN CRESCENT Bow. This bow consists of six loops of black gros grain ribbon and one red satin loop, which are pleated and arranged on a stiff lace foundation. Line one corner of each of the upper four loops with red satin, and turn the corner over on the outside as a revers. Pleated band of gros grain and satin.

Fig. 3.—BLACK VELVET AND CRIMSON GROS GRAIN Bow. This bow consists of two loops and two sloped ends of black velvet, on which are two loops with raveled ends of red gros grain. Knot of velvet and gros grain.

Fig. 4.—GREEN GROS GRAIN FAN BOW. This bow is made of green gros grain, and a darker shade of green gros grain ribbon. For the under fan-like part take a bias strip of gros grain eight inches long and four inches and a half wide, double it lengthwise, slope the open lengthwise edges a little toward the ends, and pleat them as shown by the illustration. On each side of this pleated part set a ribbon loop of the requisite length, so that the former comes partially within the latter. The smaller fan-like parts are arranged in the same manner as the large one, and must be joined with a loop of ribbon, with the lengthwise edges of the latter within the pleated parts. Sew the smaller parts thus joined on a stiff lace foundation, and set on the larger part with the loops. Knot of gros grain and ribbon.

Fig. 5.—BLUE GROS GRAIN AND VELVET BOW. This bow is made of blue gros grain ribbon and blue velvet, and consists of loops and sloped ends arranged on a stiff lace foundation.

Fig. 6.—PINK GROS GRAIN AND LACE BOW. This bow consists of four ends of pink gros grain ribbon, one end of which is rounded and trimmed with lace, while the other is pleated and sewed on a small stiff lace foundation. Cover the seam made by sewing on these ends with two shorter ends made in the same manner. Finish with a band of black lace at the middle.

White Satin Ball Slipper.

See Illustration on page 136.

THIS pretty ball slipper serves as a model, and may be trimmed with any of the rosettes shown on page 137. White slippers may be worn with dresses of any color; but it is quite customary, this season, to wear slippers of the same shade as the dress.

Vignettes for Handkerchiefs.

See Illustration on page 136.

THESE letters with vignettes are suitable for marking handkerchiefs, or other articles that can be washed, and are worked with fine white embroidery cotton in French embroidery. The remainder of the alphabet, with similar vignettes, will be given in a following Number.

Swiss Muslin Collar with Frills.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS collar is made of side-pleated Swiss muslin ruffles, and trimmed with black velvet ribbon two-fifths of an inch wide. Cut the tabs as shown by the illustration, trim them with ruffles and velvet ribbon, and arrange them on a Swiss muslin foundation. Cover the seam made by sewing on the tabs with a Swiss muslin band trimmed with black velvet.

Lace Insertion and Lace Edging Collar.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS collar is made of lace insertion two-fifths of an inch wide, trimmed with gathered lace on both lengthwise edges. For the jabot cut two pieces of tulle as shown by the illustration, and trim them with puffing of the same. Trim the front with a bow made of lace insertion and edging.

Swiss Muslin Fichu trimmed with Lace Insertion and Edging.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS fichu is made of pleated Swiss muslin, and is trimmed with lace insertion and lace edging. Cut away the material under the insertion. Bows of pink gros grain ribbon. Cut the fichu from Fig. 88 of No. XII., in last Supplement, cutting the ends as much longer as may be necessary.

Swiss Muslin Fichu trimmed with Lace.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS fichu is trimmed with lace edging and needlework insertion. Scarlet gros grain ribbon is run through the latter. A rosette of scarlet gros grain ribbon trims the front of the fichu.

Swiss Muslin Fichu trimmed with Puffing.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS fichu is trimmed with a puff, a ruffle, and lace. Slope the puffing and the ruffle toward the middle of the front, and edge both sides with lace. Trim the front with a rosette with ends made of white lace.

Fichu of Tulle Puffing and Lace.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS fichu is made, as shown by the illustration, of puffed tulle and insertion, and is trimmed with lace edging an inch and a quarter wide and three inches and a quarter wide. Cover the seams with bias stripe stitched on. Bow of blue gros grain ribbon.

White Figured Tulle Fichu.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS fichu is trimmed with lace insertion nearly an inch wide, lace edging an inch and a quarter and two inches and a half wide, and embroidered insertion two-fifths of an inch wide. Bow of lilac gros grain ribbon.

Pleated Swiss Muslin and Lace Fichu.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS fichu is edged with lace two inches wide, and a strip of embroidery. Bows of blue gros grain ribbon.

Tulle Fichu trimmed with Lace Insertion and Lace Edging.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS fichu consists of two straight pieces of tulle, each five inches wide and thirty-five inches and a half long. At the middle of the back slope them from the under edge to the upper edges until the latter are only thirty-two inches long, and join them with a felled seam. Round off the ends of the fichu, and trim the fichu with insertion and lace as shown by the illustration. Trim the outer edges with a side-pleated ruffle of tulle edged with lace as shown by the illustration. Bows of pink gros grain ribbon.

Satin Ribbon and Lace Rosette for Ball Slipper.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS rosette is made of white lace an inch and a quarter wide, which is gathered and sewed on an oval foundation. Between the windings sew loops of white satin ribbon three-fifths of an inch wide.

Satin Rosette with Flowers for Ball Slipper.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS rosette consists of a raveled strip of white silk an inch and three-quarters wide, which is box-pleated and sewed on an oval foundation of stiff lace. At the middle of the rosette is a spray of rose-buds and leaves.

Raveled Satin Rosette for Ball Slipper.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS rosette is made of strips of white satin three inches wide, one lengthwise edge of which is raveled an inch and a quarter wide. These strips are pleated and arranged on a stiff lace foundation, first sewing on the strip around the outer edges, and then the crosswise strips. Cover the seam made by sewing on the last strip with a rosette made of a piece of raveled satin, and finished with a mother-of-pearl buckle.

Satin and Lace Rosette for Ball Slipper.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS rosette consists of fluted ruffles of white satin and lace sewed on a stiff lace foundation. Finish the centre with a bow of white satin ribbon and small sprays of flowers.

Walking Costume.

See Illustration on page 137.

DRESS and over-skirt of brown gros grain trimmed with a wide flounce, pleated ruffles, and folds of the material. Black velvet casaque trimmed with black gros grain. Black gros grain vest trimmed with satin stitch embroidery. Trim the heart-shaped neck of the vest with wide white lace gathered. On the front set a lace rosette with a scarf, and fasten the latter on the front of the casaque as shown by the illustration. Black velvet hat, trimmed with flowers.

Low-necked Waist with Puffed Trimming.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS waist is made of pink silk, and is trimmed with box-pleated ruches of the material, illusion puffs, and lace. The illusion puffs are underlaid with white silk.

Basque-Waist with Heart-shaped Neck.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS waist is of light gray gros grain, and is trimmed with ruches of the material. The tabs are made of tucked Swiss muslin, and the puffed sleeves are made of plain Swiss muslin, and trimmed with lace insertion, lace edging, and black velvet ribbon. The bottom of the sleeves is trimmed with lace and velvet.

Low-necked Waist with Box-pleated Trimming.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS waist is made of light blue silk gauze and silk lining. The fronts and back are covered with gauze, box-pleated in the manner shown by the illustration. This pleating forms a basque at the under edge of the front and back of the waist. The sleeves are made of tulle and lace, and are sewed into the corded arm-holes together with a box-pleated strip of the gauze. Finish the neck and sleeves with white lace.

Basque-Waist with Chemise Russe.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS waist is made of lilac silk. The fronts are laid over to the right side in revers. The waist is trimmed with ruches of the material and white lace. Chemise Russe and sleeves of tulle, trimmed with lace insertion and edging.

Basque-Waist with Revers.

See Illustration on page 137.

THIS low-necked basque-waist is made of blue silk, and is trimmed with pleated Swiss muslin ruffles, lace bows, and folds of blue satin.

CHARLEY'S MAIDEN AUNT.

"A LETTER from Aunt Penelope!" observed Charley Knapp, screwing his face into an odd series of contortions, as he sat down to his eleven-o'clock breakfast-table—a practical defiance to the "early to bed and early to rise" theory.

Now Mr. Knapp—our hero, be it understood—was a handsome young fellow, and handsome young fellows don't appear to the worst possible advantage in crimson cashmere dressing-gowns, faced with a gorgeous pattern of divers-colored palm leaves, and crimson velvet smoking-caps, braided and tasseled with silver. And Charley's room was furnished *à la Grand Turc*, and his fire burned with the soft, clear lustre peculiar to cannel-coal, and the chocolate on the table was of the very best, served in egg-shell china, and the partridge on toast was cooked to the proverbial "turn," whatever that may be. Evidently the young man was of that class who prefer the velvet carpets of life to its rougher causeways.

"Yes," nodded Charley, turning the envelope over and over between his dainty white fingers, "a letter from mine ancient aunt, and no mistake about it. I wonder if she has had the good sense to inclose another check? But that, I fear me, is past hoping for."

And Mr. Knapp tore open the epistle, and glanced over its contents, elevating his eyebrows as he did so.

"Wants me to come and make her a visit this February, eh?" he muttered, half aloud. "Now what has put that into her venerable old head at this especial moment of all others? I have lived twenty-six good years in this world of sin and sorrow without her ever expressing a wish to set eyes upon my mortal corporeity. And now, just when my suit is progressing most favorably with Barbara Murray, to say nothing of that little auxiliary affair with Helen Smith, she wants to make my personal acquaintance! Complimentary, no doubt, but inconvenient. Both of them are heiresses in their own right—both of them as pretty as pictures, and, I flatter myself, both tolerably well convinced of the pretensions of yours respectfully;" and Mr. Knapp inclines his handsome head toward the opposite mirror. "However, there's no help for it that I can perceive; needs must when a rich aunt drives! I beg pardon of the old proverb, but every body knows that adaptation is better than originality nowadays. And suppose, only *suppose* for a single instant, that she should change her mind and leave me out of her will—always taking for granted, to begin with, that I'm *in* it—in consequence of neglect of her behests! Angels and ministers of grace avert any such catastrophe! I will write at once—and then I'll go and make my adieus to Nell and Barbara."

And Charley Knapp applied himself to the partridge's daintily browned wing and the frothing chocolate with what appetite he might.

Miss Barbara Murray, a plump, dimpled little brunette, with great hazel dark eyes, and a skin like cream-colored velvet, professed a pretty despair at hearing of Mr. Knapp's projected absence.

"We shall be *désolée* without you," said she. "Only think of the tableaux, and the Charity Fair, and the Club Ball, and the charades that I've studied up until I am a second Ristori!"

"If *you* condescend to miss me," said Charley, with his hand on his heart, *à la* stage hero, "what do you imagine will be my feelings, condemned to a month in the wildernesses, and deprived of the sunshine of your smiles?"

Then he went to bid Miss Smith good-by; Miss Smith, who was tall and slender, with marble-pure complexion and delicate Greek features—a contrast in all things to her plump rival. Helen was equally sorry, though perhaps less demonstratively so, to learn of the old maiden aunt's whim.

"When do you start?" she asked, her blue eyes dreamily fixed on Charley's handsome face.

"To-morrow evening. This is my last day in Paradise," Charley answered, lackadaisically.

"What a pretty idea!" said Helen, laughing. She was a sensible girl; but even sensible girls are liable to be carried away by Apollo faces. "And are we the Peris?"

"The angels, rather," said Charley, promptly. "Oh, Miss Helen, if I only dared to tell you all that is trembling in the deeps of my heart—"

But just then in waddled old Colonel Lamport, behind a hot-house bouquet nearly as large as himself, and there was an end of our hero's ecstatics. Perhaps it was just as well; for Charley had not fairly made up his mind whether he should take Helen and her treasury bonds, or Barbara and her blocks of snugly rented real estate.

"One must consider before one invests one's self," thought our hero, sagely; "and I may as well take the month down at Larchbank to think the matter over in."

The snow was falling, silver-white and soft, like a whole wilderness of pearl-plumed birds, among the gray old oaks and funereal cedars which surrounded the mansion at Larchbank, when the carriage drew up in front of the massively hewn stone steps, and the wide-open portals displayed a huge fire, blazing like a cheery face of welcome, at the extreme end of a wainscoted hall.

"Upon my word," said Charley to himself, "my aunt Penelope likes to have things comfortable about her."

"If you please, Sir," said the housekeeper, a fossil-looking personage in a snuff-colored bombazine, and a false front to match, "you're to go to Miss Pixley's room direct; supper's a-waitin'."

Miss Penelope Pixley's room was a cozy apartment, full of sandal-wood scents and odd Chinese screens, with hangings of scarlet damask, and a moss-like Turkey carpet, fringed all round with gold, spread on the middle of the oaken floor. Lacquered vases, filled with rose leaves, stood in the corners; and before the fire of logs which blazed in the open chimney at either end of a substantially spread supper-table sat two little old women, be-wigged, be-capped, and be-black-silked, like the fairy godmothers of ancient nursery lore.

"How do you do, Nephew Knapp?" said the littlest and brownest of the twain. "There—you needn't kiss me. I am not one that believes in kissing young men."

And Charley, with the first warmth of his intended salute somewhat damped by this unceremonious reception, could only press the tiny hand that lay like a withered leaf in his, and mutter some stereotyped phrase of greeting.

"This is my companion, Miss Becky Kelton," added Aunt Penelope, and the second fairy godmother bowed as stiffly as if she were hung on wires.

"Now sit down, and have a cup of tea and some broiled ham."

Charley sat down accordingly, feeling as if he had somehow come within an odd atmosphere of enchantment, as he sat opposite these two ancient ladies, with the distorted figures in black and gold on the Chinese screens seeming to wink and nod at him in the fire-shine, and a hoarse parrot soliloquizing in the darkest corner of the room, as if he were the "familiar spirit" of the quaint scene.

But Aunt Penelope Pixley proved to be a very chatty, social old lady. She asked him a thousand and one questions, while Miss Becky dozed over her knitting-work, and occasionally varied matters by dropping her spectacles into her tea. And Charley found himself by degrees growing quite confidential with his elderly relative.

"So you haven't any regular profession?" said Aunt Penelope.—"Becky, you'll be in the fire in another half minute!"

"No, Aunt Penelope."

"Nor any assured means of your own?—Becky, take care of the candles, unless you want to singe your eyebrows off; you've done it twice already this season!"

"No, ma'am," responded our hero; "none of any consequence."

Aunt Penelope gave a tremendous sniff.

"May I ask, then, what you are living on?"

Charley Knapp hesitated; he could not very well say, "On my expectations from a rich aunt," so he came the next nearest to veracity, and answered:

"Well, Aunt Penelope, to tell you the truth, I'm going to marry a rich heiress."

The parrot gave a sepulchral groan here, and Miss Becky Kelton rescued her spectacle-case just in time to save it from a fate akin to that of St. Lawrence.

"I hear every word you say, Penelope," croaked she, irritably. "I'm not asleep, and it isn't good manners to groan out like *that*."

Miss Penelope Pixley rubbed her nose and smiled. "It wasn't me—it was the parrot," she explained.—"An heiress, eh? And who may she be, Nephew Charley?"

"Her name is— Well, I haven't quite decided yet," answered Mr. Knapp, valiantly. "The fact is, Aunt Penelope, there are two of 'em over head and ears in love with me. I can have my pick and choice."

"Eh?" said Aunt Penelope. "I should say you were a lucky fellow. And which of them do you like best?"

"Oh, either of them would be well enough," Mr. Knapp replied, sagely stroking his nut-brown mustache. "The fact is, I shouldn't care two pins for either if she wasn't rich. A fellow must look at things in a practical light, you know, Aunt Penelope."

"Yes, yes, I know," said the old lady, tapping the lid of her silver snuff-box, on which Miss Becky gave a convulsive start, and called out, "Come *in!*"

"There's no one at the door, Becky," said Miss Pixley, soothingly. "You have been asleep."

"I haven't, either!" said Miss Becky, bristling up; "I *never* sleep in the evenings; I am astonished at you, Penelope."

"And who are these heiresses?" pursued Miss Penelope. "You haven't told me that."

"Well," said Charley, "this is strictly confidential, you know—"

"Oh, of course," said the old lady.

"Their names are Barbara Murray and Helen Smith."

"Pretty?" interjected Miss Pixley.

"Well—so so," answered our hero, rather indifferently.

"I don't suppose it would make much difference with you if they were Gorgons," observed Aunt Penelope, a little spitefully.

"Not much, aunt," confessed Charley, with winning ingenuousness. "You see, if a fellow can only contrive to marry rich— I'm really afraid, ma'am, that that other old lady is going to fall into the coal-scuttle."

Miss Penelope straightened poor, drowsy old Becky Kelton with a jerk, and dismissed the subject; and Charley Knapp went to his own room, serenely contented with his evening's work. Ah, blind mortals that we all are!

The next three or four days passed rather tediously away. Mr. Knapp rode out across the snowy country-side, yawned over the newspapers, smoked cigars stealthily up the chimney, and thought how very dull rustic life was. In the evenings he talked with his aunt Penelope—apparently she was like the ghoul in the "Arabian Nights," inasmuch as she never "showed" until after dark—and told her all his affairs, past, present, and future; for there was a something in her which fairly drew the confidences out of his innermost heart, as the magnet mountain is said to draw the nails out of a ship's timbers.

"She won't like me any the less for being frank with her," thought our hero, once or twice, when an odd sense of his indiscretion would flash momentarily across his mind.

Upon the seventh day—all important matters revolve in cycles of seven, do they not?—he strolled idly down to the railroad dépôt, a picturesque little Gothic building in a hollow, with a cedar-clad slope rising grandly up behind it, and a mass of gray boulder, all embroidered with gold-green mosses, on the right hand.

"Who knows but that some one may be coming up from New York that a fellow knows?" he thought, drearily; for he was gradually drifting into the most hopeless stages of *ennui*, and would have welcomed the veriest bore that brought with him a whiff of metropolitan atmosphere.

The train stopped. But one passenger alighted at the Larchbank station—a plump, ruddy-cheeked old lady, weighing a good two hundred pounds at the very least, and richly attired in silk and Russian sables.

"Is my carriage here?" said the old lady, looking complacently round, with her hands in a three-hundred-dollar muff.

"Well, it hasn't come yet," said the ticket-agent, striving to look round a corner where

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three gigantic pollard willows shut out the view. "But I do declare, Miss Pixley, here it comes now!"

"Miss Pixley!" Charley Knapp pricked up his ears, and came a step or two nearer to the railway platform. "Perhaps, ma'am, you are going to Larchbank?" he hazarded, courteously.

"Well, I should rather think I was!" said the old lady, wheeling abruptly around. "You're Charley, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Charley," said our hero, wondering who on earth this plump old female might be.

"I hope you have got along pretty well without me?" she observed. "Just give me your arm into the carriage; I'm not quite so limber in the joints as I once was."

"Oh yes; tolerably well, considering," said Charley, more bewildered than ever.

"I was very sorry to be called away so suddenly," went on the stranger, making room among the comfortable velvet cushions at her side for Charley. "And, after all, it was only one of my cousin's freaks. She is no more likely to die than I am."

"Oh, indeed!" quoth our hero, beginning to entertain uncomfortable suspicions, as the carriage bowled along over the well-frozen roads, that he was shut up with some crazed relative of the Pixley family, who really ought not to be allowed to go at large without some responsible companion.

"What are you trying to open the carriage door for?" demanded the old lady, tartly. "Isn't there quite draught enough already?"

"It—it opened of itself," said Charley, edging a little nearer toward it as he spoke. "It's all right now. Perhaps"—with a sudden resolution to dive at once to the bottom of this mystery—"you are some relative of my aunt Penelope?"

The old lady flashed a keen glance at him out of a pair of falcon-like blue eyes.

"The nearest relative she has in the world, boy," she answered, brusquely. "I am your aunt Penelope herself!"

Charley gazed incredulously at his companion. Evidently it was quite necessary to humor this poor shatter-brained creature a little.

"But you know, ma'am," he argued, mildly, "*that* is quite impossible."

"I should like to know *why* it's impossible?" she retorted, speaking with some acrimony.

"Because my aunt Penelope is at Larchbank now, and I saw her and talked with her last night."

"Then you must have seen and talked with my wraith," said the sable-dressed lady, laughing heartily; "or else you're crazy, Charley Knapp. Why, I tell you *I* am Penelope Pixley; and I have been Penelope Pixley for sixty good years, and nobody ever dreamed of contradicting the fact until now."

How joyfully at this instant Charley welcomed the sound of the carriage wheels grating on the neatly swept gravel drive in front of the stone steps! He sprang out with nimble alacrity, for who could tell but that this very peculiar old personage had a bodkin, or a penknife, or a murderous pair of tweezers hidden away among those lustrous furs!

"Will you credit the evidence of your own eyes, ma'am?" he asked, as he held open the carriage door for her to descend.

"Of course I will," responded the old lady, promptly.

"Then please to walk this way," said Charley, stalking melodramatically ahead.

He threw open the door of the apartment where the Chinese screens and the sandal-wood scents mingled with the fire-light and the faint balsamic odor of blazing pine logs. The candles in the old-fashioned silver sconces were already lighted, although the orange glow of the wintry sunset still lingered in the west, and the snowy landscape glimmered spectrally without.

"There, ma'am!" he cried, triumphantly, as he saw that the two tall arm-chairs were occupied as was their usual wont. But the next instant he staggered back, pale and discomfited, nearly overturning the old lady behind him.

For the two little old fairy godmothers had vanished—disappeared, probably, after the fashion of such unaccountable sprites, into a crack in the floor, or up chimney in a puff of smoke. And, in their stead, Barbara Murray stood there, velvet-cheeked and dusk-eyed, with Helen Smith by her side, a modern, gold-haired Cleopatra, in pale blue silk and pearls.

"A genuine surprise-party of two, Miss Pixley," cried Barbara, darting at the old lady, and beginning to unwind her multitudinous wrappings. "Don't look so hopelessly astonished, please. We've been having charades."

"Eh?" said Aunt Penelope.

"Yes; and 'Nephew Charley' has only just guessed us," said Helen, with a sidelong glance of pretty malice. "Barbara enacted the part of Aunt Penelope, and I was Miss Becky Kelton, her deaf old companion; and Charley has been *so* confidential, and told us all his secrets—about the heiresses he means to marry, and all sorts of delicious things."

Aunt Penelope chuckled; she was beginning, as the common phrase goes, to "see daylight."

"Charley," said she, turning to her nephew, "I'm afraid these elves have taken an unfair advantage of your youth and inexperience."

Mr. Knapp stood awkwardly in the middle of the floor, literally without a word to say for himself.

"You see," explained Aunt Penelope, "I had been somehow given to understand that these young ladies were particular friends of yours; so I invited them to come down and spend a few days at Larchbank while you were my guest, just by way of a pleasant little surprise. But when I wrote to them, ten days ago, that my absence for a brief while at the bedside of a sick relative was unavoidable, and requested them to notify you of it, as I had no time to countermand my own marching orders to you, I supposed all the visits would be deferred. I never imagined that the little witches would come down and take possession, not only of my house and lands, but of my very identity as well!" And Aunt Penelope laughed a merry peal, which shook her all over as if she were made of *blanc-mange*. "Impudent minxes! what will they be doing next?"

"Bedford and all the other servants helped us, Miss Pixley," said Barbara; "and it was such larks!"

"Don't talk slang, my dear!" said the old lady; and away she went a second time into that comfortable abyss of laughter.

"But where is Charley?" she asked, suddenly rousing herself.

"*Vraiment*, where is he?" echoed Barbara Murray.

"Ah! where, indeed?" added Helen, opening wide her blue eyes.

Charley Knapp had disappeared. He did not come back again. Physically, he was not without courage; he would have fought a duel *con amore*, and he didn't mind being in the front rank of a forlorn hope on the battle-field any more than nine men out of ten. But to face the two pretty heiresses after all those fire-light confidences—it was simply impossible! He went back to New York by the evening train instead, and sent a letter of apology to Miss Penelope Pixley by the next day's mail.

About the future who may venture to predict? Aunt Penelope may put him down in her will for something handsome, or she may not; maiden aunts are proverbially capricious. But one thing is quite certain: he will not marry either of the heiresses!

SUNBEAMS.

My lady's eyes, my lady's eyes,
How fair they be!
Fairer than heaven's azure dome
To me, to me!

Wherein their magic power lies
I can not tell;
But this I know, they hold me bound
As by a spell.

When upward raised they're like the sun
At break of day,
Whose glorious light doth scatter all
Dark clouds away.

But when the lids these radiant orbs
A little hide,
No western sky is half so soft
At even-tide.

No mortal then so blessed as I,
Since I can trace
Two suns that shine within my heaven—
My lady's face.

Therefore, that I with constant gaze
Their light may see,
Lady, dear lady, deign to give
Thyself to me.

THE TURN-OVER.

See Illustration on page 141.

THIS sleigh-ride has evidently come to an inglorious end. The gay party which set out a little while ago, warmly wrapped in buffalo-robes, with foot muffs and hot soap-stones galore and the merry jingle of bells, is now stranded on a snow-bank, with small prospect of going further, judging from the dilapidated condition of the sleigh and the rapidly increasing distance of the horses. But, like Mark Tapley, they are evidently disposed to be jolly under all circumstances. Even the lady who has parted company with her chignon does not seem much discomfited thereby, and the whole party seem inclined to think the catastrophe a jesting matter; for who ever is hurt by an upset from a sleigh—that is, in the country? In the city, indeed, it is a different affair. There sleighing is only a farce. At every fall of snow, indeed, the sleighs are hurriedly brought out, and the citizens snatch the brief enjoyment; but almost instantly the pure snow is sullied by the city's filth, and degenerates into slush, while amidst the crowd of vehicles an upset is a serious, and often a fatal matter. But in the country, where the snow lies on the ground for weeks, set off by the fringe of icicles that adorns houses, fences, shrubs, and trees, the rapid, gliding motion across the glittering fields is truly delicious, and sleighing may well be ranked among the chief pleasures of winter.

MICROSCOPIC WRITING.

NOW that pigeon-posts have come into fashion, microscopic writing has risen in estimation. It is a revival of an art that has been highly esteemed during the last hundred and fifty years, although only occasionally practiced. We have in our possession many specimens of the art, chiefly consisting of the Creed, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer in seven languages—all in the minutest characters, and within the space of a sixpence or shilling. Occasionally the writing is made to take the form of engraved lines in a portrait; and one of the most curious specimens of this particular adaptation of the art of microscopic writing is to be found in "The Book of Common Prayer, Engraven and Printed by J. Sturt," in 1717. The whole volume is a curiosity, each page having been engraved from a distinct plate—said to have been of silver—and ornamented with illustrations and devices. The frontispiece represents a bust of George the First; the lines in which are composed of microscopic writing, consisting of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Commandments, the Prayer for the Royal Family, and the Twenty-first Psalm. These are so engraved as to appear, at the first glance, like the ordinary lines in a copper-plate engraving; and yet the writing can be distinctly read.

THE GIFTED FROG.

IT was such a pretty pool. Every sort of water-plant grew there, from the tall purple loosestrife and crimson willow-weed to the creeping money-wort, with its golden blossoms. The great white water-lilies liked to lay their sleepy heads on its calm, clear surface, and forget-me-nots nestled along its banks. In the evening the May-flies could not resist the pleasure of dancing there, though they knew it might be a dance of death; for were there not numerous pink-spotted trout watching for them below, and ready to dart on them at a moment's notice?

One evening at sunset a lively little trout was employing himself in this way with great success, when he observed an intelligent-looking frog sitting on the bank, half in the water and half out, and croaking.

"Why don't you come right in?" called the trout. "You can't think how lovely it is. And the May-flies are just in perfection. Come along!"

"No, thank you," said the frog; "I'd rather not."

"Perhaps you can't swim?" suggested the trout, apologetically.

"Can't I, though?" answered the frog. "Let me tell you that when human beings try to swim, it's me they imitate, not you!"

"I should think not," said the trout; "why, the poor things haven't got any fins! Well, come along, Froggie, and let's see how you perform."

"No, thank you," said the frog again; "I had enough of the pond when I was a young thing, with a large head. I am too old to make such exertions now."

"Too old! too lazy, you mean."

"That's rude," said the frog.

The trout darted upward and caught a fine May-fly, then dived, and presently appeared again, saying, in a conciliatory tone,

"Aren't you hungry, old fellow?"

"Very," answered the frog.

"Don't you like May-flies?"

"Rather! Don't you see I keep opening my mouth in hopes one will fly in by mistake?"

"You might wait long enough," said the trout, "though your mouth is pretty wide;" and with that he disappeared.

Early the next morning, before the dew was off the ground, a sparrow in search of worms observed the frog sitting in the same spot.

"Why don't you come right out and look for your breakfast, Froggie?" said she.

"Much too early to bestir one's self," answered the frog.

"Perhaps you can't hop?" said the sparrow.

"Can't I, though?" said the frog. "If I chose I could hop a good deal farther than you."

"If you could hop, I should think you'd have a try for that bluebottle sitting on the thistle near you."

"I'll open my mouth wide," said the frog, "and perhaps he may come in. Why, there he goes right away. What an unlucky fellow I am, to be sure!"

"Dear me!" said the sparrow. "Do you call that being unlucky? I'm sure my nestlings at home open their mouths wide enough, but nothing ever drops into them but what I put there. But I must be off."

That evening when the trout came up for his supper, there sat the frog in the same place.

"Good-evening, Froggie," he said. "How many flies have popped down your throat since I saw you last? Not many, I'm afraid. Why, you are getting thin; your yellow skin hangs quite loose, and your eyes look positively goggle!"

"Personal remarks are never in good taste," answered the frog; and as he showed no inclination to continue the conversation, the trout went about his own affairs.

Next morning the sparrow appeared again, and there sat the frog as before.

"Halloo! Froggie!" cried she; "you there still? What are you waiting for?"

"I am waiting for Providence to send a fly," replied the frog; but this time he spoke rather hesitatingly, for he was beginning to feel weak and hungry.

"Providence only helps those who help themselves," said the sparrow. "I don't believe a fly will be sent."

"I certainly am a most unlucky beggar," said the frog, "considering the number of flies that pass this way, and not one of them comes in, though I open my mouth so wide that my jaws ache."

The sparrow hopped up to him, and looked at him for a moment with her head on one side.

"Well, you *are* a queer fish!" she said.

"I am not a fish at all," replied the frog, with calm dignity; and the sparrow picked up a fine worm, and flew off to her nestlings.

After she was gone the frog observed a little blue butterfly sitting on a blade of grass near. The pangs of hunger induced him to stretch his yellow neck for it, but so slowly that the blue butterfly had time to escape. "Just like my luck!" soliloquized the frog. "What's the use of exerting one's self? Nothing ever comes of it. How weak I feel, to be sure! I think it's the effort of holding my mouth open so long that knocks me up. I'll go to sleep." But he had scarcely closed his eyes when a rustling sound close to him made him open them. There, between him and the sunlight, loomed a dark figure with cruel eyes. It was the great shrike, or butcher-bird. Poor Froggie! While he was thinking what an unlucky fellow he was the butcher-bird pounced on him, and put an end to his existence, after which he deposited him on a thorn till he should feel inclined to eat him.

"Well, Froggie, you there still?" cried the trout, when he came up in the evening. "Why, he's gone! What's become of him—fairly starved out?"

"Killed and spitted!" said the sparrow, who had watched the whole proceeding, concealed in a bush.

"Poor fellow!" said the trout; "I was afraid it might end so."

REMARKABLE DAYS IN FEBRUARY.

SHORT as the month of February is, it manages to draw within its compass days which are remarkable enough to minds of many sorts. The sportsman, the religious man, the thoughtless, the historian, the scientific man, will all and every one of them find in it days of a very marked character.

There is the 1st of the month, which closes partridge and pheasant shooting, and opens salmon-fishing. There is the 2d, Candlemas-day, which stands for the anniversary of the day when our Saviour was presented in the Temple. There is Ash-Wednesday (which almost always falls in February). And there is St. Matthias's Day. There is St. Valentine's Day for those who would make a joke of what is about the most serious business in life—love and marriage. There is the 26th, on which was proclaimed before the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris, the short-lived republic of 1848, which, dying like a moth as soon as it had laid its eggs, left a good many germs to be hatched in process of time. And last and least, but not least important, comes the 29th, once every four years, to redress the balance, as nearly as it can, between God's ordinance and man's decimal system.

Well, we need not stop long over the first day of the month; we have but to congratulate the pheasants and partridges on having got a holiday. Candlemas-day carries in its name a curious reminiscence of the dark holes and corners in which the persecuted Christians of the first ages were driven to worship God. For safety's sake they held their services before daylight, and in underground cellars; and the woman who came to be "churched," as we call it, would, for instance, bring her candle with her. When persecution ceased the lighted candles were still retained, though no longer necessary, and in some churches they are used to the present day.

Among the days which we have named the one that comes next in order of time this year (1871) is St. Valentine's Day—a great trial to the postmen, who on that occasion have to deliver an enormous number of "valentines," most of them very stupid, and many much worse. Why the good old bishop, St. Valentine, who suffered martyrdom sixteen hundred years ago, should have to stand godfather to all the valentines which fly over the country on his day, is not very clear; but it is said by some that it is because he was a man of a very affectionate disposition, and that therefore his day was chosen for the sending of valentines, which should be letters or gifts of a kindly and affectionate character. So much, however, is said and sung every year in reference to St. Valentine, that we will leave him, and pass on to a day of a very different stamp.

This is Ash-Wednesday, which, this year, falls on the 22d of February. The day on which it falls varies from year to year, according to the full moons, and is regulated by a principle which will be more easily explained in connection with Easter-day, upon which it depends. But it may be mentioned here that the earliest day on which it can fall is the 4th of February, while the latest is the 10th of March; so that we may say that more than seventy times out of the hundred it falls in the month of February, which may therefore fairly claim it for one of its days.

As to the meaning of the name, it comes from the old custom of sprinkling *ashes* on people's heads upon that day, as a sign of mourning, and to remind them that they are but dust and ashes.

St. Matthias's Day is the next day which, this year, claims our attention after Ash-Wednesday in the Church of England calendar. We know but little of St. Matthias beyond the one important fact that it was he who was chosen to fill up the Apostleship which was left vacant by the treacherous abdication of Judas Iscariot.

Thus, then, February, short as it is, has generally its full share of days sacred to religious memories and prospects. But what a remarkable day in the politics and history of Europe, not to say of the world, is the 26th of February, when the short-lived French republic of 1848 was proclaimed in Paris! The French had had a republic once before, which culminated in a military despotism; and when that became more than the rest of Europe, or France itself, could bear, it was overthrown, and the old royal family was restored. They did not know how to make a good use of their recovered position, and fell again, a new king being put in their place. He governed for eighteen years, apparently to the general satisfaction of the French nation. But suddenly, one short February day, he offended the people of Paris by refusing to allow a certain political dinner-party to take place; whereupon the populace rose against him, and vowed that he should not be king any longer. He shaved off his whiskers, escaped to England under the name of plain Mr. Smith, and a republic was proclaimed. Shortly after this Louis Napoleon, nephew of the old Napoleon, was elected President of the republic, which he swore to

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maintain. But hardly had he found himself possessed of power before he knocked the republic on the head, and made himself Emperor—a position which he held till last September, when he too was deposed, and a republic was again proclaimed in the midst of a bloody war, the result of which is what we now see.

These, then, are some of the remarkable days which we may find in this short month of February; but perhaps the most remarkable day in it is that which is, more often than not, remarkable by its absence—I mean, of course, the 29th.

What is the use of a 29th of February at all? Why should not all our years be 365 days long? Well, I know no reason except the stubborn fact that they *are* not. We do not make the year any more than we make the day and the night; the earth makes the year by traveling round the sun, and it does not complete this journey in any precise number of days. It takes 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49 seconds, and seven-tenths of a second to do its work. This comes so very near to 365 days and a quarter (it only misses it by 11 minutes, 10 seconds, and three-tenths of a second) that we take the year to be 365 days and a quarter long. But then it would be very awkward to begin the year 1869 as the clock strikes twelve for the first of January; then to begin 1870 as it strikes six o'clock in the morning; to commence the year 1871 at twelve o'clock at noon; and the year 1872 at six in the evening, which would bring the beginning of the year 1873 to the 2d of January, and so on—every thing growing more and more crooked as the years rolled on relentlessly. We, therefore, very wisely adapt our calculations to fit in with what the sun and the earth do, as they will not arrange their proceedings to fit in with our calculations. We let the odd fractions of a day run on till they have completed a whole one, and then we stick that day in bodily at the end of poor old February, who must be somewhat proud at helping his big brothers out of the mess into which they had got, and setting things right again for them with the sun, who is far too important a person to be offended with impunity. But, even thus, February does not set things *quite* right: like a great many people who try to set things straight, he goes too far, and makes the year a few minutes too long; in consequence of which he has been required by Act of Parliament (24 Geo. II. c. 23) to give up his right to his twenty-ninth day in the years 1800, 1900, 2100, and every other hundredth year which can not be divided by 400 without remainder. And this modification of the general rule brings the almanac year so nearly to the real year that it would take some thousands of years before you could find out the difference; and then, if the world lasts so long, we may safely leave our posterity to set matters straight for themselves.

THE WINTER ROSE.

THE WINTER ROSE.

A FEBRUARY CAROL.

WHEN all the world is a waste, and shaketh
The pitiless Winter's cold, white hand;
When lilies are lost, and love forsaketh
The ice-cold breath of the dreary land;
'Tis then a blast to the earth's face creepeth—
To touch with color, to melt the snows,
To cheer the desolate landscape, peepeth
The kind warm face of our Winter Rose.
Sing Rose! Sing Rose!
For the wild wind blows
A breath of summer,
A kiss to Rose.

When poverty stabs, and hunger frightens,
And fever's merciless scythe lays low;
When death, unbidden, our burden lightens,
And nothing is seen but the snow! the snow!
To misery's haunts an angel passes—
Around the hovel a halo grows—
His touch awakens the frozen grasses
To kiss the feet of our Winter Rose!
Sing Rose! Sing Rose!
The sunshine throws
A song of summer
To Winter Rose!

We dream that winter is truly over,
That buds unfold at the blackbird's song,
That blossoms awake in field and cover—
Oh, Spring, sweet lover, how long! how long!
That tempter beckons to blinding sorrow,
That sighs and happiness meet and kiss,
My Winter Rose there is some to-morrow;
Stoop down, and wooing us, whisper this!
Sing Rose! Sing Rose!
Through the blinding snows
She still is singing,
Our Winter Rose!

My Rose-bud Rose! St. Valentine singeth,
Your eyes are melody, lips are song,
And love-birds whisper, the fierce wind wingeth,
A lover to Rose-bud! love, how long!
And when to scatter his holy blessing,
The saint near Rose-bud's home will rest,
He'll find the lover and Rose caressing,
And leave them there, as he found them, blest!
Sing Rose! Sing Rose!
St. Valentine knows
A heart is sighing
For Rose-bud Rose!

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

VISION OF ST. VALENTINE.

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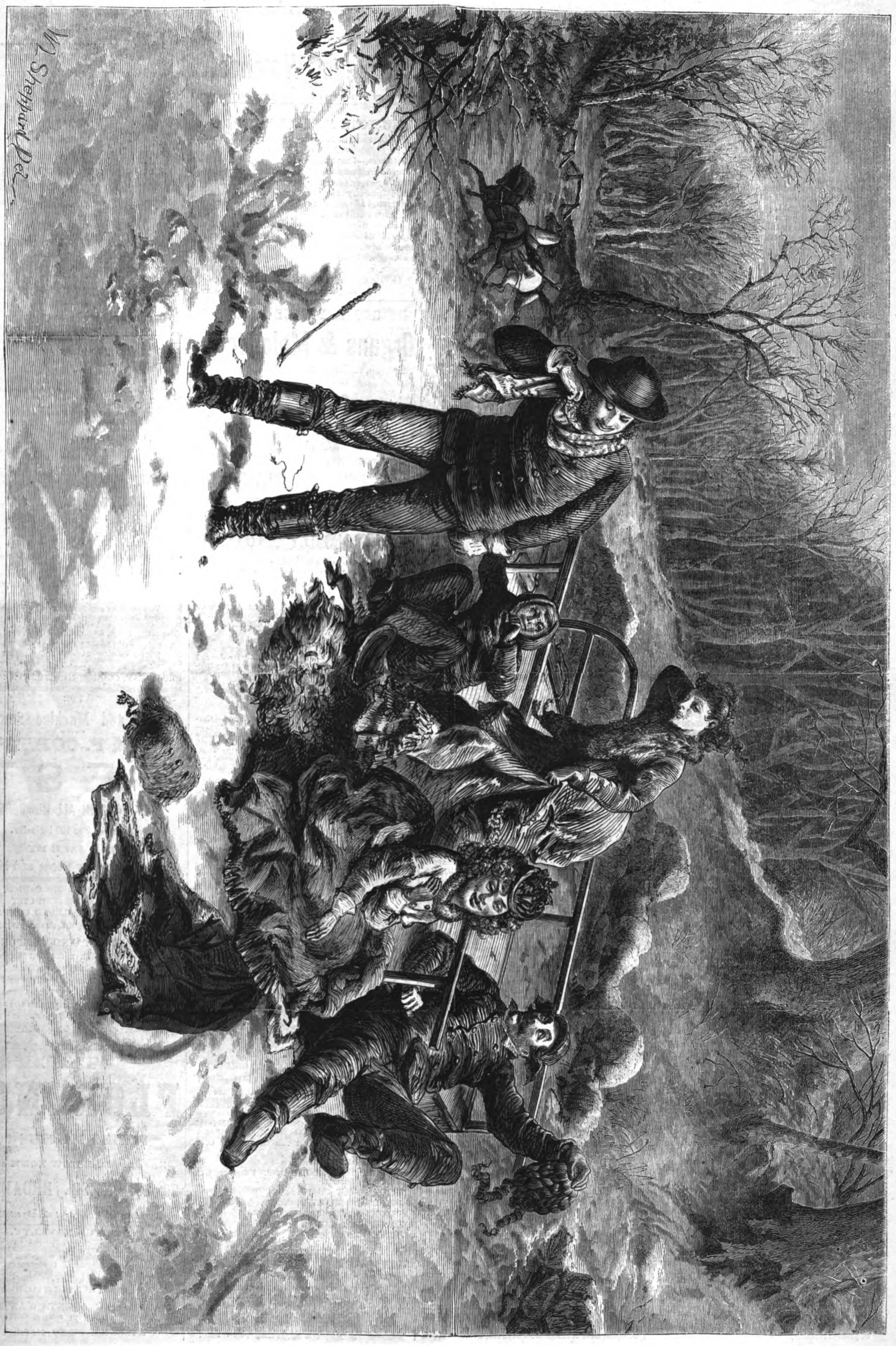

THE TURN-OVER.—[See Page 139.]

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWO CENTS.—"Our Fritz" is the Crown Prince of Prussia.—The card-board with large holes is used for making many fancy articles embroidered with worsted or silk.—The fee paid to the minister for marrying a couple is optional with the bridegroom.—Your poplin sample—it is not silk—should be trimmed with bias ruffles of the same, or bias bands of brown silk. For bracelets read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 53, Vol. IV. Your sample is part silk, part cotton, and will *not* wear well. Use the cut paper pattern of Vest-Casaque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III. It costs twenty-five cents, and can be ordered from this office.

E. A. M.—Make your bombazine with two skirts and a paletot. The cut paper pattern of the suit in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. III., will guide you. Trim with a wide band of English crape. Make the tamise cloth suit by the Polonaise pattern in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., trimmed with folds of the same. Of the velours make a house dress with demi-train, Worth basque, and box-pleated ruffles for trimming. A yard of English crape, with one end gathered on a string and tied over the front of a gipsy bonnet of crape made double on the frame, is the suitable veil and bonnet. White crape or organdy puffs, frills, or collars may be worn in deepest mourning. A good Astrakhan cloak, muff, and turban can be bought for $75 or $80.

BUCKEYE.—Your sample is Irish poplin of very fair, though not the best quality. Make it by the Worth Basque House Dress pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. Trim with narrow overlapping ruffles on the lower skirt. If you wish it very dressy, face the ruffles with white silk half an inch deep. Trim the over-skirt with shells of white silk and white fringe. Put bias folds of the same on your brown poplin dress piped with brown velvet.

MRS. W. W. R.—The waist and skirt of the Worth basque are joined together, with merely a broad piece added at the side of the basque-skirt to be pleated to the waist. The basque is entirely separate from the skirt of the dress.

P. HOOL.—We should consider it a great liberty in a gentleman to call on a lady who has not invited him to do so on being introduced. If he wishes to extend the acquaintance, let him ask her permission to call.

FLORA CECIL.—Make your white lawn gymnastic suit with a short skirt and blouse-waist. Girls of fifteen wear dress skirts to their ankles.

MABEL.—Linen suits will be worn again next summer. The Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., will be a good pattern for them, trimmed with ruffles, braiding, embroidery, or bias bands of linen, with white or brown braid placed beneath the fold. Make white brilliant with two skirts and a paletot. Wear white or pale yellow gloves with your gold-colored poplin.

MRS. L. B., MRS. M. E. T., AND OTHERS.—We can not furnish samples of cheap silks or of any other goods described in our columns. It would require the whole time of one of our employés to attend to the many requests of this kind that are made of us; hence we refuse all.

MRS. GEORGE.—Get black cashmere for a suit between alpaca and silk. It will be worn here very late in the season. The drap de France, three-quarters of a yard wide, at $1 25 a yard, is the same fabric as cashmere. Make by pattern of Polonaise-Casaque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., and trim with passementerie and fringe or lace. A pattern in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. III., will guide you in making your boy's suit. Trim with a band of bias black silk. Strap narrow ribbon plainly around your head, with a bow in the top and streamers behind.

W.—It is early to speak positively of spring and summer fashions; but we think you are safe in using the Polonaise-Casaque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., both for your empress cloth and gored white suit. The polonaise over dress of white muslin and of colored linen was found to be both serviceable and pretty last summer, and will be continued this year. Put bias silk bands and fringe on your empress suit, horizontal tucks and duchesse edging on white nansook, and gathered ruffles with needle-worked scalloped edges on thicker white goods.

A LADY OF FORTY.—You will find your inquiries about mourning suits answered in New York Fashions of the present Number.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—Read reply above to "W." A school-girl of sixteen should braid her long hair in two braids of three strands each, and leave it hanging, or else loop it to the top of her head, and put a Nilsson bow on the top. Friz the front slightly, and roll back from the temples.

ANGLICAN.—Alpaca is too glossy for deep mourning, but is worn in the house as a serviceable dress. Tamise cloth will answer better for a street suit. Make by Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. Bombazine is one of the most expensive materials for mourning dresses. Read New York Fashions of the present Number.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Some of your queries are answered above to "W." Linens of all colors will be greatly worn next summer. White will retain its popularity. If you will watch our columns closely, you will find the earliest authentic information on such subjects. While we quote the styles worn by people of wealth, we do not fail to describe materials and fashions (as in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV.) suitable for those of more moderate means. Pale gray, lavender, and buff gloves will be worn in the spring.—Miss Mulock, now Mrs. Craik, is the author of "John Halifax."

BLUSTERY.—It is customary for a gentleman to ride on a lady's right; but many persons advocate the left side as the most convenient. The pair certainly present the most graceful appearance when the gentleman is on the right side, and the flowing skirt of the lady's habit is then well displayed. Get very light cloth, either black, blue, or green, for your habit. Make with a postillion basque, vest, and coat-sleeves, and trim with rich black braiding. You *can* wear a handsome short suit to a reception at the White House. A blue silk, trimmed with black velvet or passementerie and lace, will make you a handsome short suit. The Vest-Casaque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III., will serve for your guide, or else the Worth Basque Dress in No. 1 of Vol. IV.

LAVINIA.—You can buy India shawl borders of some of our best modistes, and at the furnishing houses. There are houses where you can buy second-hand India shawls.

DOUBTFUL.—Ladies in the deepest mourning often wear, when traveling, or during long drives, or on business and shopping excursions in the city, a blue grenadine veil, because it is pleasant for the eyes, and a crape veil is disagreeable and unhealthy. There is no "fashion" in the matter. Read New York Fashions of present Number.

MISS F. S. C.—Make your silk dress by the Worth Basque pattern sent you and illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. If you have not enough silk for ruffles, or should think them too dressy, use plain bias bands of silk. Make the empress cloth by the Vest-Casaque Suit pattern, omitting the over-skirt. Trim with velvet. Bonnets will be worn for dress; hats for negligee. Read reply above to "E. A. M." for hints about veils, bonnets, and collars.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know the width of batiste cloth; but you will find all about mourning materials and suits in the New York Fashions of the present Number.

FORTY.—Black lace with pleatings of white tulle will be handsome with your black silk for light mourning. You could drape a black lace shawl for an over-skirt, and put thread lace and passementerie on the corsage; or else use black tulle for over-skirt, and put several narrow quillings of tulle on the waist. For further hints read New York Fashions of the present Number.

M. L. E.—For alpaca suits read New York Fashions, in another column.

A. X. B.—Read New York Fashions of the present Number for hints about black silk suits. Bustles will cost all the way from $1 25 to $4, and can be purchased at the furnishing stores.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Your sample is epingeline, worth about $1 25 a yard.

DOT.—For hints about making your alpaca suit read the New York Fashions of this paper. To make your garnet silk suitable for the street and house make a short skirt and trained over-skirt that may be looped in the street. A row of fringe and passementerie trims each skirt. Use the Worth Basque illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV.

L. H. Y.—If your letters were received, replies have probably been embodied in answers to other correspondents. We must economize space.

WESTERN SUBSCRIBER.—Passementerie and guipure lace will be the richest trimmings for black grenadine. Bias bands of the grenadine with tiny silk folds beneath each edge will also be worn. If you pleat grenadine ruffles, they may be straight and hemmed; if they are bias, they should be bound with silk, made to overlap in a group, and be headed by a pleated ruche of the material. The flat bands will be most suitable for an elderly lady, the gayer trimmings mentioned for young ones.

C. C. S.—Your gray sample is very nice alpaca. The pattern of the polonaise suit *will* serve for you, as you seem to prefer it. Bias bands of black corded silk will make a stylish trimming.

SHAWMUT.—Ladies commonly drop their last name entirely when they marry; thus Martha J. Brown becomes Martha J. Smith; but some show their preference for their maiden name by retaining it, as in the Beecher family Mrs. Stowe, formerly Harriet Beecher, writes her name Harriet Beecher Stowe.—Black cashmere suits will be worn very late in the spring.

FARMER'S WIFE.—Belted sacques and ruffled skirts will be worn again in the summer. The Gored Wrapper pattern, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., will be a pretty guide for ginghams and calicoes. You will find suggestions for neat and inexpensive wrappers and house dresses in the New York Fashions of the paper containing the illustration just mentioned. The paper has been sent you.

DILEMMA.—Silk of the quality of your sample would cost from $1 to $1 50 a yard. Those at 75 cents are of lighter quality, but will make up very neat dresses. The furnishing houses attend to the smallest order sent them.

MRS. R. C.—Black lower skirts are more stylish beneath colored over dresses than black upper skirts over colored under-skirts; and, besides, moiré antique is no longer a fashionable fabric; so you had better use yours for a lower skirt, trimming with silk or velvet ruffles.

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA is a certain Cure for CONSUMPTION.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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FACETIÆ.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—We know a fellow who is so excessively hospitable that he will even entertain doubts, and has frequently harbored malice. As for his friends, he is always ready to "take them in."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. Who invented plum-pudding? And what did he do with it after he invented it?
2. Who were the Gracchi? And did their mother know when they happened to be out?
3. Why, except for profit, do so-called Christian butchers raise the price of Christmas beef?
4. Do you know the question whereof this is the answer: Because one is a mistletoe, and the other is a missal too?
5. History relates that next morning he repented of that last cigar he smoked. Of whom is this related, and where is the record writ?
6. An ounce of ozone is as heavy as a feather-weight of oxygen. Describe the process of determining this interesting fact.
7. Was it Junius or Julius Cæsar who said that England's best bulwarks were her wooden heads?
8. Can a bill at sight be legally made payable at a Blind Asylum?
9. In what year were the Greek Calends established? How many were there, and what was their relation to the Three Calendars in the "Arabian Nights?"
10. Why does a cook, when she wants to broil a chop, make up such a fire as is enough to broil an elephant?
11. State, from history, your reasons for believing that Alfred the Great was in reality a dwarf?

"FANCY WORK"—Imaginative poetry.

Why should you never carry a portable inkstand?—Because you will find it an ink-convenience.

UP IN THE WORLD—Walking on stilts.

A DEAD RECKONING—Bad debts.

EFFECT OF THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

INDIGNANT MOTHER. "Cum in out of dat Mud right straight' Fust ting you'll know you'll be took for Irish Chil'en!"

NATURAL SELECTION.—Here's an interesting bit for Dr. Darwin. A country journal states that in its vicinity fashionable young men have taken to wearing ear-rings! And why not? We have no doubt these young persons felt that nature had not endowed them with such an extent of ear to no purpose.

A CHEAP FISH DINNER—Go on the ice, and you can have a good skate for nothing.

What man is most looked up to?—The man in the moon.

"WATER-PIPES."

PATERFAMILIAS'S SONG OF THE FROST.

AIR—"*Cherry Ripe.*"

"Water-pipes, water-pipes, pipes," I cry!
"Been and busted!" low and high.
If I ask the house-maid, "Where?"
She will answer, "Here and there—
Here and there and every where."

Whence they come, and where they go,
Is just the thing I want to know;
But I don't, and that is why
"Plumber! Plumber!" is the cry.
Plumber! Plumber! left and right;
Plumber! Plumber! day and night.

Why are you and I such fools
As submit to builders' rules?
You and I, my friend, and all—
High and low, and great and small
One thing Builder understands—
How to play in Plumber's hands;
And for one thing Builder cares—
To leave openings for "repairs:"
So loose tiles and slates defends,
Drains that finish in "dead ends,"
Tanks and boilers safe to leak,
Chimneys warranted to reek;
Doors and windows placed with craft,
Still to catch you in a draught;
Green wood panels in the doors,
Warping new deal in the floors;
Pipes that run just where they shouldn't,
And burst each frost. Oh, if they wouldn't!

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY—Several plays are now having a long "run."

AN ECLIPSE OF THE SON—Cut off without a penny.

"COMPANY DRILL"—Instructing the servants before your party.

"NATIONAL DEFENSES"—The sea and—its sickness.

QUESTIONABLE HOSPITALITY—Entertaining an idea.

CARD-PARTIES—Newly married couples.

BALLS OF THE SEASON—Snow-balls.

SACCHARINE MATTER—Love.

SEASONABLE, VERY.—What is the difference between eau-de-vie and cold weather?—One tips the nose, and the other nips the toes?

ROMANCE!

YOUNG LADY. "Oh, what a dear little Fellow! But what Medal is that upon his Neck?"
DOG-DEALER. "Badge of Honor, Miss! Saved Four Men from bein' Drownded!"

"STILL URGED HE ON HIS WILD CAREER."

"For Goodness sake, Alexander, don't go on so Dreadful Impetuous, or you'll Pull me off my Legs!"

KNOTTY QUESTIONS FOR NATURALISTS.

Is a sole's female companion a *feme sole*, or only a loose fish?

Is not a parrot's native tongue a Polly-glot?

Is a *bête noir* eatable, like whitebait?

Are book-worms the same as leaf-insects?

Does the tapir consume its own oil, and is it liable to spontaneous combustion?

Do the cows in Holland understand *low* Dutch?

Does it "settle" a duck's bill to cut it off? If so, can you give the receipt?

Are horses in a stable liable to *stamp* duty?

What becomes of all the crows which the cocks give every day?

Is cream-laid paper producible by cows, or is it produced, like eggs, out of fowl pickings?

Could a grasshopper play at cricket if it had the mind to do so?

Is the beard of an oyster liable to turn gray?

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—Our coachman, when he waits at table, always commits the same fault—he whips away the plates too soon.

A TROUBLESOME ANTAGONIST.—The most difficult task of the whole war must have been silencing Fort Noisy.

HOT AND COLD.—"Quite correct, my dear; the natives of Africa do not require clothes to keep them warm, because they are Hottentots, don't you see? Coolies are a different sort of people altogether. So are the people of Chili."

DEDICATED TO ALL YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

COOK. "Which I'm come to give Warnin', Mum!"

WIDOW'S MITE.—A widow, being cautioned by her minister about flirting, said that she knew it was wrong for unmarried ladies to flirt, but the Bible was her authority. It said "widow's mite." She was flirting awfully at last accounts, her pastor acknowledging that "widow's mite."

When is soup likely to run out of the sauce-pan?—When there is a leek in it.

Why is a whale like a water-lily?—Because it comes to the surface to blow.

Why does walking on the cliffs make you feel sleepy?—Because you see so many yawning chasms.

The girl of the period is accused of being too practical. And yet a glance at her chignon proves how fond she is of building castles in the *hair*!

An author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks how a dead man can get into a locked room?—Probably with a *skeleton*-key.

What is the difference between a patriot and a politician?—The politician bleeds his country, and the patriot bleeds for his country.

FAR APART.—A critic said of a lecturer that his words were as far apart as the stations on the Pacific Railway.

HAY AND OATS.—All efforts to make hay by gaslight have failed, but it is discovered that wild oats can be sown under its cheerful rays.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 10.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Silk Ball Dress with Tulle Trimming.

THIS dress, with low-necked basque-waist, is made of pink silk, and trimmed with puffs and ruffles of white tulle. The ruffles are bound two-fifths of an inch wide with pink satin, and between the puffs are set bows and bands of pink satin ribbon. Cut the waist from the pattern of the Low-necked Basque-Waist, *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. IV., No. 8, Supplement, Figs. 78–81; but at the middle of the back cut a slit extending from the bottom of the basque to the end of the waist. Trim the bottom of the waist and the edges of the slit with a puffing of tulle four-fifths of an inch wide, the under edge of which is trimmed with a ruffle an inch and a fifth wide, and the upper edge with a ruffle four-fifths of an inch wide. The bertha is trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with puffings of tulle and silk, and the sleeves are made in the same manner. At the back the train is slit eight inches at the bottom, and the under corners are rounded. Trim the bottom of the skirt with a ruffle five inches wide, above this sew on a puffing an inch and a quarter wide, and above this a ruffle an inch and a quarter wide, which must face the waist. This trimming is continued up the middle of the back of the skirt, but becomes narrower toward the top. Besides this sew on a puffing between the two wide ruffles up the back of the skirt. Trim the front of the skirt with puffings and ruffles, as shown by the illustration. Between the puffings of the front set bands and bows of pink satin ribbon. At the back of the skirt are similar bows. Roses in the hair.

Satin and Gauze Ball Dress.

THIS dress consists of a skirt, over-skirt, and basque-waist. The trained skirt is made of light blue satin, and the tunic of blue silk gauze. The over-skirt is trimmed with a side-pleated ruffle of the material five inches and a half wide, and a similar ruffle an inch and a quarter wide, which must face the neck. The seam made by sewing on these ruffles is covered with a fold of blue satin. The basque is made of gauze, and trimmed in the same manner as the over-skirt, but the wide ruffle is sloped off toward the front corners. In making the skirt and over-skirt, slope the front and side breadths, and cut the back breadths straight. The over-skirt is draped at the sides, and four yards wide at the bottom; it is twenty-one inches and a half long in front, and forty-one inches at the back. For the basque cut from Fig. 22, Supplement, two pieces, and from Fig. 23 one piece. Join these parts according to the corresponding figures, and trim as shown by the illustration. Gather the upper edge of the back of the basque from the middle to : on each side until it is five inches and three-quarters wide there, then gather the fronts slightly from 43 to ∗, and sew the basque between a blue satin belt. Drape the basque at the sides, bringing × on ●. The waist is closed in front by means of satin buttons, and the neck is trimmed with a satin fold and gauze ruffle; a similar ruffle trims the bottom of the short puffed sleeves. Cord the bottom of the waist. Arrange the hair in curls, as shown by the illustration.

CHASING A MOTH.

BY ALICE CARY.

PAINT you my Margery? Paint my maid Margery!
The task being done, were done vainly;
Through love-mists I saw her, and how should I draw her
For eyes that see only too plainly!
I *must!* Then your fancy must help: do you see
A little low house and a sycamore-tree?

And sloping away through the shimmer of heat
'Twixt the house and the sea, as if never to stop,
The pale yellow waves of a field of ripe wheat,
With lilies and pinks swimming over the top?
The scene is before you. The house, you divine,
Is Margery's mother's; the wheat-field is mine.

Fair baby Margery! dear baby Margery!
How oft I went out of my way just to see
The good mother sitting, with sewing or knitting,
And rocking her cradle beneath the white tree!
And when she could toddle and reach to my hand,
I led her about with me over the land.

The mother was widowed, and poor as could be;
And when the child's birthday afforded excuse,
I turned what had else been an alms, as you see,
Into gifts; and the care that blent beauty with use
Stretched them over bare want for a year, like a screen,
And so little Margery grew to fourteen.

Poor little Margery! proud little Margery!
"My thanks, Sir," she said, "should be double;
With pleasures to cover your charities over
Were surely a twice-taken trouble!"
"'Tis I, not my poor, homely gift you disdain,"
I replied; so we parted in coldness and pain.

I lived after that as a stranger to her;
And next year, the wheat being come to its best,
I heard, at my reaping, a flutter and stir,
As if I had frightened a bird from her nest;

SILK BALL DRESS WITH TULLE TRIMMING.

SATIN AND GAUZE BALL DRESS. [For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 22 and 23.]

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Looked up and saw, flying along my gold swath,
The little maid Margery chasing a moth!

Quick-witted Margery! light-footed Margery!
Skimming from hillock to hollow;
Her locks, long and brown, lifting up, letting down,
Like the darkly bright wings of the swallow:
My hand lost its cunning, my sheaf fell apart,
And I from that moment but saw with my heart!

Her coarse frock was flaxen white mingled with fawn;
Its like you may see, if you list,
Whenever the bright-colored shuttle of dawn
Is thrown through the silvery mist;
Her shoes were stubbed out, and her bare little toes,
As they stood in the gap, were as red as a rose.

Willful maid Margery! wayward maid Margery!
Like buds in a moment disparted,
The little pink streaks widened out in her cheeks,
So proud was her pride, so high-hearted:
The princess of rustics, tall, slender, and sweet—
A starry-eyed cardinal set in the wheat.

The wind murmured tender consent in the leaves,
The twilight its shelter outspread;
"Will you bide, dearest Margy, among my ripe sheaves?
I have something to tell you," I said.
She brushed the brown tresses away from her eyes,
And looked down upon me in royal surprise.

One moment, high-hearted and proud as we parted,
She stood; I as witless to move her
As though she were grand lady-queen of the land,
And I her poor page, not her lover!
"I wait, Sir!" "Nay, Margy, I'll keep to my swath."
Then, laughing out lightly, she sped for her moth.

By what little chances of pleasure or pain
Our life-wheels are shoved in some track
So narrow and deep that our efforts are vain,
Tug we never so hard, to turn back!
And just for the wing of a moth, or for sake
Of a moment's brief pride, hearts are suffered to break.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1871.

☞ *Our next Number will contain a Cut Paper Pattern of a Water-proof Cloak, with many other useful and ornamental articles and beautiful engravings.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page* 158 *of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a great variety of patterns and illustrations of Street, House, and Evening Dresses for Young and Old Ladies; Boys' and Girls' Suits; Talmas, Trained Under-Skirts, Paniers; Over-Shoes and Slippers; New Styles for arranging the Hair; Cigar-Holders, Bottle Mats, Tidies, Worsted-work Patterns, Netted Guipure Embroidery, etc., etc.*

SOME SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

THERE are some social customs said to be in force at our national capital, which are singular, to say the least, and which we should imagine could hardly obtain any where else on earth. Not to speak of the young lady reported to be a belle there, and to come down to breakfast at the hotel in her own dark hair, and to go out in the evening in a more becoming and gold-colored wig; nor of the young gentleman whose previous wives have an inconvenient habit of turning up just as he celebrates fresh nuptials, but whom society seems to receive as if nothing had happened—not to speak of these or of kindred trifling circumstances, we must declare ourselves to be more particularly amused and amazed at the system of visiting, which correspondents tell us pertains to the capital as much as its climate, and for which its tremendous avenues might seem to have been particularly designed.

This system of visiting consists chiefly in the necessity of calling upon the ladies at the head of the households of those in authority in the place, or else of remaining out of "society," and in the obligation which these ladies feel of returning every one of the calls, not only by cards, but in person, and of inviting every caller to one or more of the grand evening receptions of the winter. The domestic lives which these ladies of high station lead must remain matters of conjecture; for when one has an imperative reception to attend every evening, and, without exaggeration, a thousand calls to make once or twice in a season, there is nothing to do but to live a martyr in one's carriage from noon till night. Indeed, their lives are not objects of envy. At nine in the morning people on business beginning to occupy their husbands' attention; at ten, if they are Congressmen, the husbands going to their committees; at twelve Congress meeting, and at five adjourning; while if, after that, some important political dinner, at which the affairs of the nation are to be settled, does not take them to itself till nearly midnight, then constituents, schemers, and lobbyists doing so. But the expectation of all this must most probably have been learned before entering upon the life; and it is the "calling," that seemed such an airy plaything when they first took it in hand, that presently they find weighing them down beneath the weight of the social world, and which is, indeed, the sheerest waste of time that ever was invented; for, of course, the visit is brief, the faces are unknown, the conversation is void, and the only satisfactory result of the whole thing is the checking off of the name in the visiting-book as done with.

Of course such a state of things must create unusual incidents, especially among the foreigners of the various embassies; and many a circumstance consequent on this mania for calling is said to ring on the laughter of the capital. When, last winter, at an evening party, a foreign lady found herself engaged in a fisticuff affair with another person, she was informed that it was in consequence of her familiarity with the *canaille;* in spite of which assurance and belief, other strangers, wishing perhaps to conform to the custom of their place of residence, followed her example, and threw open their houses on specified days. An enthusiastic reporter had already kindled the public imagination concerning the beauty of one of these ladies; and those who did not see her leaving her opera-box, and wrapping her ermine-trimmed velvets around her, her yellow hair bare, her proud and rosy face smiling gently over the audience, behind which she passed, her large figure, her noble stature making her seem

> "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
> And most divinely fair,"

were determined to see her at her own house, where every week they have flocked, unable to say much to her in English, unable to say any thing at all in French—destroying a vase, or a statuette, or an album, or a photograph, as it might be, but always staring with all their eyes; and one day finishing up their enormities with a procession of deaf-mutes from an asylum, which filed in and gazed at the show, and filed out again, well pleased with the results of the indecorum.

But perhaps the greatest nuisance of the whole calling business, and one unquestionably peculiar to the place, is that of a certain sort of reporter. He enters a lady's house on her appointed afternoon, deliberately empties the card-basket in the hall, and takes a list of the names, and sits down in a corner and scribbles off his whole story without the least ado. Or, if the sex be other, she stands behind the throne, note-book in hand, and jots down the minutiæ of the scene, and tells all the universe that cares to know the condition of the guests' lace, let us say—whether it is real, or the purling is sewed on—the last act of the individual being an account of the supposed female correspondents of the place, in which things were told about one lady that she has thought best to deny under her own signature; half a dozen totally false statements were made about another; a robust family of boys was erroneously given to a third; and such liberality of assertion was lavished upon the rest as seriously to alarm both them and their publishers. On the whole, then, in view of such facts and their inferences, we think that, in spite of all the allurements and splendors of the days and nights there, until the calling and the reporting of the social life of the capital are either abolished or reformed, we prefer our more quiet residence as it is.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Parlor Magic.

MY DEAR HELEN,—In any long journey the question of amusement becomes very important. The travelers ask themselves with interest how they are to entertain themselves, and the most universal resource is story-telling. There were the travelers, as we may call them, in Boccaccio's garden at Fiesole who wished to push far beyond any remembrance of the pestilence and death to which they were exposed in Florence, and they beguiled the threatening hours with the gay tales which are oftener mentioned than read. And there were the Pilgrims journeying to Canterbury, who set forth from the Tabard Inn at Southwark, and who upon their way told the stories which Chaucer has repeated, and which often show that the echoes of those garden tales of Boccaccio had floated over the sea to England. Then, more recently, there was the party met at the Wayside Inn, the homely resort of lucky travelers, whose tales Longfellow has commemorated in memorable music. It is evident that story-telling is the kindly magic with which travelers throw a glamour upon their journey, which steals away the sense of weary hours. And in our longer travel, dear Helen, what magic have we for consolation?

On the evening of St. Valentine's Day I went to a children's party at my niece's. It was, in truth, a child's party—not an assembly of young people dressed with a criminal extravagance, each one of whom seems to say, with the absurd costliness of her dress, "See what a very foolish woman my mother is, who knows no better than to array me as if I were a ridiculous old woman devoted to dress, instead of a little girl!" No; it was not one of those melancholy assemblies, at which Mrs. Jones tries to extinguish Mrs. Smith by the richness of her child's toilette, and where Mrs. Jenkins is consumed with chagrin if she sees Mrs. Thompson's daughter more superbly dressed than her own. It was a children's party, where the young people were all neatly and prettily dressed; for I don't mean, Helen, that they should be clad in crash, nor in dull gingham gowns. I would have them brightly and freshly dressed—no one so poorly as to be conscious of disparity, no one so expensively as to feel a mean superiority. They were romping and rollicking when I went in. They were spinning the platter and driving stage-coach; they were feeding the chickens, and there was a main of fighting cocks amidst tumultuous laughter; they were kneeling to the wittiest, and bowing to the prettiest, and kissing the one they loved best; they were hunting the slipper, and chasing the fox; and the toddlers were opening the gates as high as the sky to let King George and his troops pass by.

It was the gayest scene—a second Christmas-eve; and when the rompers were a little tired, Uncle Hokey, who is the idol of all children, the very Lord of Misrule, exclaimed, "And now for some parlor magic." The little folks all sat down on the chairs, on the sofas, and upon the floor; and Uncle Hokey, with a very solemn face, went behind a table, and sent for tumblers and spoons and other things which he did not mention aloud; and then, with a great deal of hocus-pocus and presto! change! and mysterious mumblings and mutterings, he proceeded to do the most wonderful things. He showed a shilling—which I suppose Uncle Hokey had saved in an old stocking for this very purpose, for I don't know any one else who has shilling pieces—and he slipped it up his sleeve, then bade every body look up and see it fall through the ceiling; and clink! it came from somewhere, rattling into a basin upon the table. Then he put something into a box, and shutting the box he blew upon it, and opening it the thing was gone! Or he laid a marble upon the table, then placed his hat over it, spoke some mysterious words, lifted the hat, but nothing was there! Then he asked young Master Callipee to step forward, and put his hand in his pocket, and pull out what he found there, and show it to the ladies and gentlemen. Upon which Master Callipee obeyed; and lo! there was the missing marble.

Perhaps, my dear Helen, you have seen performances like these of parlor magic; and perhaps as you looked at them you thought, as I did, that it was a very pretty way of amusing our young fellow-travelers. It was their Boccaccio garden of delight, their "Canterbury Tales," their "Tales of the Wayside Inn." It was a very pretty entertainment for our dear little people, you thought; but I wonder if it occurred to you that there was another kind of parlor magic which was no less delightful to us older people. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that parlor magic is the surest spell of enjoyment that we travelers can throw over our great journey. It is not exactly by slipping shillings up our sleeves, and then watching to see them drop through the ceiling, nor by taking unexpected marbles from our pockets, nor by those extraordinary hat transformations that we are likely to be beguiled. But there is a magic of the parlor which makes the long journey a long delight—a magic which can not be bought, which can not, indeed, always be learned, and which comes most bounteously and beautifully by nature. Yet I think all of us travelers have a share of it for our outfit, and it is for us to determine whether to make much of it or little.

Thus, if I should go to the Giraffes—where, of course, I am never invited—I am sure that I should find all the luxury that money can buy. I should see a tesselated marble pavement in the hall, and a marvelous staircase. I should remark curtains, and *ormolu* tables, and superb cabinets, and soft, luxurious carpets, and pictures in costly frames. Mrs. Giraffe and her daughters would be dazzlingly arrayed. The mother, indeed, would probably seem to me a corruscation of jewels; and when she should please to say, "Mr. Bachelor, come in and take a cup of tea," it would be with such an air that I should feel the only proper acknowledgment would be to throw myself prostrate upon the floor, and crawl, as the loyal Siamese do before their ineffable sovereign; and when this shining and condescending lady preceded me into the dining-room, devastating grammar and laying waste our native language as she went, I should be wondering why so magnificent a lady did not have the tea brought to her in the drawing-room, instead of going to it in the dining-room.

Upon the table I should see the most costly tea equipage, and we should all sip in the stateliest way the very washiest of tea. Indeed, my dear Helen, every thing would be very splendid and very stiff and utterly unenjoyable, and I know how glad I should be when I could escape; for I should feel as if I had been put upon my good behavior in a cabinet wareroom and a silversmith's and an upholsterer's. It would be a home bought at a shop at so much a yard and so much a pound. It would be a home without any homelikeness; and Mrs. Giraffe and the Misses Giraffe would seem to me to have no more to do with it than with ready-furnished apartments at a fine hotel. As I stood in her magnificent drawing-room I should be very sure that this was a lady who had not the parlor magic which could alone turn it all into a pretty and pleasant home.

Or we might go into a very different house from that of the Giraffes—little Mrs. Alfred Angle's, for instance. They are not fashionable and splendid people. They do not drive a clarence nor have *ormolu* cabinets. Alfred is a fine young fellow, living upon a comfortable salary, and Mrs. Alfred is a loving spouse, and they do not sigh, as some people do, that they are not Giraffes. But when you are in their house you can not help feeling that something is wanting. There is the usual furniture, and it is of the usual pattern, and that is all. If there is a table, it is not a pretty table. If you ask for a glass of water, it is poured out of an ugly pitcher into a clumsy glass. The carpet is of an unhandsome pattern, and it is out of keeping with the curtains. The curtains cost a great deal of money, but they have a very common look. You are asked to stop to tea, and it is served in a graceless tea-pot covered with a mean figure, and the forms of the sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher are painful to contemplate. I have heard of tea served at the Angles' in an ugly brown-ware pot, with a large, plain, white china sugar-bowl, and a gold and yellow pitcher for hot water, and a plated cream-pitcher. There is nothing cozy or comfortable in the aspect of the rooms; but Mr. and Mrs. Alfred are very hearty and pleasant people, and they are not niggardly, and cheerfully pay for what they want. Still little Mrs. Angle has not the parlor magic which would instinctively fill her rooms with graceful and lovely forms.

Now my little friend Clover Harebell, who lives very near the Angles, is the deftest of parlor magicians. Her skill is as exquisite as Uncle Hokey's, but shows itself in a very different way. Clover and her husband have not more money to spend than Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Angle, but it is astonishing how much more this necromancer gets out of it. It really seems as if her gold must be more golden than that of any one else: and it is certainly wonderful, if there are only one hundred cents in her dollar. I see a great many of my young friends who wish to be economical, and who, indeed, must be; and they pass the whole day in buying little objects of various kinds to furnish their houses, and it is deplorable to see the result; to behold the ugliness and clumsiness and tastelessness and tawdriness in which they patiently and with the best purpose invest their money. But Clover has the magical touch that selects the very prettiest and quaintest and most tasteful of objects. The dress she buys costs no more than that of a dozen of her friends, and not a quarter as much as yours would, I suppose, my dear Helen; but no dress could be so exactly and exquisitely fit for her. She makes a bonnet, and trims it so that nobody looks so lovely and *comme il faut;* but it costs very little. The shades of her ribbons are always exquisite; her collars and trimmings are always choice; my young friends of the better sex whisper to me privately that there is no waste, no dross, as it were, in her wardrobe or in the appointments of her house. She is not extravagant. Indeed, Harebell himself has but a moderate salary; but her delicate magic makes every thing tell.

If you are fortunate enough to take tea with her, you see in that pretty room, where there is no extravagance, but infinite taste, which is not like a goldsmith's or cabinet-maker's shop any more than the most airy filigree of Genoa is like the coarsest gold ore—in that pleasant room you see the quaintest tea-service, as dainty as if Benvenuto had wrought it for a princess, yet not half so costly as that imposing array of the Giraffes. There are harmony and taste and grace every where, which are the sure sign of that parlor magic which transforms the simplest and plainest home into a kind of fairy bower. Of course, my dear Helen, love is the chief element in the happy household; but love loves a tasteful and beautiful expression. Because Harry loves you, and you are sure of it, and because you do not fear that any change of fortune or adverse fate would chill that love, is it desirable for you to be careless, or even dowdy?

I am but an observer of these nuptial bowers into which my young fellow-travelers withdraw, my dear Helen, but I am not so old that I do not recall in my own experience the feeling from which the happiness of those nests springs; and I am sure that the rose-bud which Romeo carries to his Juliet adds a charm to their love; and so I know that the parlor magic which touches all the objects and details of their household with grace and beauty deepens the happiness of their lives. Uncle Hokey was the parlor magician of sixpences and hats and marbles. The most common, the most trivial thing became wonderful under that glamour. The children sat and smiled, eagerly attentive and delighted. But that finer magic, which deals with the trivialities of another kind, and makes them charming, is one of the happiest gifts that I could wish any of my fellow-travelers; and therefore, my dear Helen, I wish it, with all my heart, for you.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING GOODS.

AMONG suit materials shown for spring is a wiry cotton and wool mixture called English mohair. It is in all the gray, brown, and écru shades, with old-fashioned lilac, spring green, clear, light blue, and bright rose-color. The goods is a solid color, with an embossed stripe of white near each selvedge, and in some cases a sort of crimped fringe, showing white, is made

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by cutting off the selvedge. These are to be made up after the fashion of the shawl suits that had a brief reign last year, and will furnish their own trimming. Some of the gray and brown patterns have gold-colored borders, while others have the gay Roman stripe. They sell for 60 cents a yard.

Next there are the grisaille serges, wool with silk face, in all the grisaille shades that can be formed by alternate bias twills of white and black. These clean-looking grays are especially adapted for spring. Besides these, all the stylish brown shades—cigar, chocolate, and nut brown—are shown in similar diagonal goods. Three-fourths of a yard wide, the price is $1 a yard.

Japanese silk of wiry linen and silk is shown in a variety of styles. The lowest priced are solid grounds, in the usual gray and brown shades, for 75 cents a yard. Dyed colors in écru and green are $1. Another style, imitating the real silks worn in summer, has white ground with double stripe of high color. These are suitable for home dresses and children's suits, are twenty inches wide, and $1 25 a yard. Pin-head checks of every color with white are $1. Larger shepherd's check, in black and white blocks, the broken plaids, and mixed gray or brown Chines, are $1 10. The cool and serviceable pongees of last year are brought out again without any change in appearance. They cost from $1 to $1 50 a yard.

Pattern dresses for the house are shown in empress cloth of light quality and color suitable for spring. Two shades of color are in each suit. For instance, all of the dress skirt visible is covered with three scant flounces of chocolate brown, while the long over dress is of darker nut brown. Sometimes a flounce in gay cashmere color and design is placed between the flounces on the skirt, and a cashmere border trims the polonaise. The dress pattern is $12. Morning robes of real cashmere are solid grounds with a flounce in India cashmere designs, and trimming for the neck and sleeves. Others have a loose jacket, and half-flowing sleeves with bright border. Prices range from $14 to $16.

One of the handsomest fabrics noted for suits is ottoman velours, in many light and stylish colors, for warmer weather. This velours, though not of heavy quality, has thick ottoman cords or reps crossing it, and is as glossy and well finished as Irish poplin. It is not reversible. The stylish shades are granite, écru, pale ashes of rose, chocolate, golden and cigar brown, and the green-tinged gray called absinthe: $1 50 a yard is the price, and three-quarters of a yard the width. French poplins are shown in all the shades just mentioned for $1 50. Pym's best Irish poplin is $2 25.

PASSEMENTERIE.

In the way of trimming there are new designs in passementerie, combining elaborate patterns of gimp with fringe. The gimp is wrought to form a scalloped edge below, and narrow crimped fringe, scarcely wider than Tom Thumb fringe, is attached to the scallops. Guipure edging also forms a part of new silk passementeries. Gothic patterns of passementerie, with long, slender, pointed figures at intervals, are stylish; the tapering point is placed between the box-pleats of ruffles. Cotton gimps with square cords will be offered again for trimming wash goods. Thick, rich-looking designs will be wrought in braid on many of the handsomest garments for spring.

CHINA CRAPE PALETOTS.

The first wraps imported for spring are models of elegance; but as they are made of China crape, we do not expect them to be durable. The material is black China crape, like the old-fashioned Canton crape of shawls, and the lining is thinnest silk, either lavender, salmon, or pale blue. The paletot falls in with the line of the figure, being sloped in the single seam that passes down the centre of the back. A funnel-shaped fold in the Watteau fashion begins at the neck behind, and widens below, where the garment is curved open to the waist. The sleeves are plain Orientals, wide and flowing. The neck is finished with a standing frill of black lace, and the trimming is very rich braiding of black soutache in a rose-vine pattern, with the edge finished by two kinds of fringe, a crimped fringe being laid over straight sewing silk fringe. The braiding is three inches wide, and the fringe four inches. These crape paletots will be cooler than those of gros grain for summer wear, and can be made of the Canton crape shawls that are now out of style. These shawls dye black and ashes-of-roses shades very well.

BLACK GRENADINE SUITS.

Correspondents at the South, and others who prepare their wardrobes in advance of the season, are already asking for hints to guide them in making summer dresses, especially the black grenadine suit that forms so valuable a part of a summer outfit. The polonaise and single skirt will be the model for such suits, and we remark in passing that the neck and sleeve linings of thin dresses should not be cut out. That fashion has become obsolete here, and looks vulgar, especially on the street. A black grenadine costume seen at a most refined French house is now being copied for Southern customers. The skirt, of walking-dress length, is of black silk, an ordinary gros grain without a covering of grenadine, but trimmed above the knee with grenadine flounces. Around the bottom are two side-pleated ruffles, straight, and each four inches wide when hemmed. Above and overlapping these is a wide bias gathered flounce, over which is draped a loose chain of puffs, and the final heading is two erect pleatings, each an inch wide. The polonaise of grenadine is long enough to reach to this trimming. It is tight-fitting, being lined with strong black silk, and shaped by darts and side bodies. The unlined skirt of the polonaise is in one piece with the waist, but has added fullness behind. It hangs plainly in the back, but is caught up high on the sides. A side pleating four inches wide, with an inch-wide pleated heading, is the trimming. The sleeves are duchesse-shaped coat-sleeves, with an opening up the outer seam to the elbow. A pleating surrounds the wrist and extends up the opening, while inside is a ruffled fall of black lace. The neck has also a pleating and lace. Long looped bows made of thick gros grain doubled, and two inches wide when sewed together, are placed on the hips and on the back of the waist.

LACES AND COLLARS.

A late importation of lace contains the lovely point duchesse lace, both black and white. Lovers of novelty think no lace makes a garment so distinguished-looking as this. It is similar to the old-fashioned Honiton, is less expensive than fine Valenciennes, and promises to be a feature in the trimmings of the summer. White duchesse will trim the finest white muslins, while the black will appear on confections and costumes of black silk and grenadine. A lovely piece of black duchesse, two inches wide, is marked $5 50 a yard; another, three inches wide, is $7. Wider white duchesse, for flounces of silk dresses, has borders of fern leaves beautifully shaded, heart's-ease, and clusters of forget-me-nots tied by true-love knots all wrought in the lace—a heavy pattern on very wide irregular meshes. These laces are four or five inches wide, worth from $9 to $25 a yard. Flounces of exquisite Valenciennes are among the varieties. One specimen, eight inches wide, is $35 a yard. Some fine point laces have just been brought from abroad. A curiosity among these is the point de Brabante, with thread lace meshes and Valenciennes figure. The only piece to be found in this country is four inches wide, and $17 a yard. A pair of flounces of round point, a wide flounce with narrow upper heading, are of marvelous beauty. Each petal of the flowers is a tangible thing, wrought separately, and may be taken in the fingers and lifted apart from the others. The set is $400. A trousseau of point has but four pieces, and is marked $2200. There is the shawl—a large point, with heavily wrought convolvuli on very fine meshes—which will be used as the bridal veil, a flounce, lace for garniture, and a handkerchief. A single specimen of the rare old point de Venise, finest of all laces, is shown for $55 a yard. Lace handkerchiefs remain square in shape.

Of lace mantles the large point will continue the favorite shape. Llama laces are greatly worn even by ladies who can afford better. A llama point for $100 is exceedingly pretty, and might deceive ladies who think themselves connoisseurs in laces. The thread lace points that are worn by the average number of promenaders range from $125 to $250 in price. There are new designs this year with tiniest vines wrought in intricate geometrical patterns. The newest linen collar is called the Lorne, after the fiancé of the Princess Louise. It is like the English collar worn by gentlemen—a high, straight band, with the smallest bit of the points at the throat turned over. A shoulder piece of muslin is sewed to it, to keep it in place. Price 20 cents. The square cuffs to match are also turned over in a point. It is said that Byron collars of fine linen, exquisitely needle-worked, will be worn again. These cost from $5 to $8.

VARIETIES.

On bright, sunny days fur boas are cast aside, and, instead, a long width of plain or dotted net, or else a square of guipure, is worn around the neck, and tied in front. This is, of course, not used for warmth; but it affords some protection from the wind, and is exceedingly becoming.

With the return of Lent—the penitential season—black is more universally worn than ever, many ladies refusing even to wear a color at the throat or on the bonnet. Black cashmere suits are in requisition for church and morning toilettes, black silk and velvet costumes for afternoon and evening. As spring advances, the heavy velvet trimmings, now so universal, will give way to silk bands and flounces. Cashmere over dresses—black, brown, prune, and dark green—are now trimmed with narrow ruffles of silk like the skirt over which they are worn. A few colored cashmeres are trimmed with black guipure, but this lace should be used only on black cashmeres. Many over dresses and upper skirts have buttons or bows down the front, and it is predicted that this fashion will prevail. A pale gray cashmere over dress is being prepared for spring. It has passementerie and fringe trimming. A pretty collar, cuffs, and very tiny pockets are shaped out of the passementerie. These may be imitated in braiding by sewing the braid together over paper on which the design is traced. This gray casaque can be worn either over a gray silk skirt or else one of black silk.

For information received thanks are due Madame DIEDEN; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and JOHNSON, BURNS, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MRS. ANNIE L. GAMFIELD, recently appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, in Ohio, is the first of her sex who has been appointed to any office in the internal revenue service of this country. She is understood to be one of the most competent of the Buckeye functionaries.

—The pleasantest part of preparing these "Personals" is to make note of the benefactions of liberal men—like this: SAMUEL E. SAWYER, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, has just given ten thousand dollars to the Lyceum Library of that town. None but top-sawyers do that sort of thing.

—General KILPATRICK, who was a classmate of General UPTON, the present Commandant of Cadets at West Point, whose conduct during the recent troubles at West Point has been admirable, says that he was notable while a cadet for his manliness, and moral as well as physical courage; and tells this incident of him: "A cadet named GIBBS, from South Carolina, had made some disparaging remarks concerning UPTON, which, coming to his ears, he resolved to resent. One noon, as we were drawn up preparatory to marching to the mess-room, UPTON stepped out from his position on the right of the battalion, walked deliberately down the line to the extreme left, where GIBBS was standing, and asked him if he had used the language attributed to him. Upon receiving an affirmative reply he brought his hand down on the face of the villifier with a ringing slap; whereupon instantly a score of high-toned Southerners pounced upon the daring UPTON, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was rescued from their clutches by those who were willing to see fair play."

—President ANGELL, of the University of Vermont, has finally winged his way to the presidency of the Michigan University, borne on a pinion of $4500 a year, and will alight in a house expressly provided for him by the University.

—Secretary ROBESON, bachelor as he is, and given to hospitality, is said to be one of the most industrious government officials in Washington. He is Secretary of the Navy, and is rapidly familiarizing himself with the details of his Department, its requirements, and what it ought to do.

—The Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, of Chicago, recently preached a sermon on "What it Costs to Get Married." Of course we can't name the price in Chicago; but here, in New York, the figures range from about $1 50 to $100—the latter only in extreme cases of opulence, at Grace Church or Dr. ADAMS'S. Instances have been known among persons in "indignant circumstances," offering as low as 62½ cents, but that sum is estimated to be rather thin for a nuptial gift to the parson.

—How LONGFELLOW came to write "Evangeline" is thus pleasantly described in one of the "Whispers" of Mr. JAMES T. FIELDS: "HAWTHORNE dined one day with LONGFELLOW, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner the friend said: 'I have been trying to persuade HAWTHORNE to write a story, based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there—the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital when both were old.' LONGFELLOW wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of HAWTHORNE, and said to him: 'If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?' To this HAWTHORNE assented, and moreover promised not to treat the subject in prose till LONGFELLOW had seen what he could do with it in verse. And so we have 'Evangeline' in beautiful hexameters—a poem that will hold its place in literature while true affection lasts. HAWTHORNE rejoiced in this great success of LONGFELLOW, and loved to count up the editions, both foreign and American, of this now world-renowned poem."

—General JAMES H. WILSON, one of the best cavalry officers during the late war, has resigned from the army to take the vice-presidency of the St. Louis and Southeastern Railroad, making his residence in this city.

—A London lawyer named JENKINS, son of a Montreal clergyman, is the author of that celebrated work, "Ginx's Baby."

—The spirit of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG is doubtless pleased with the report that two of the ablest men of the South, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, have adopted his religious platform. Mrs. JOHNSON, one of the most brilliant women of the South, has been long a believer in the doctrines of E. S.

—The Boston *Commonwealth* is authority for saying that the highest price paid for an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, even to such favorite contributors as LOWELL, EMERSON, or HOLMES, is $250.

—GARIBALDI'S only daughter, TERESITA, is just deceased in Italy. She was twin-sister of RICCIOTTI, his youngest son, and the General's favorite child, and an amiable and kind-hearted woman.

—A Washington letter-writer thinks that General FREMONT'S greatest exploit as a "pathfinder" was when he found Miss JESSIE BENTON, and induced her to "change her local habitation and her name." She is one of the most accomplished and fascinating women at Washington.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON'S folio family Bible has recently come into the possession of PORTER & COATES, of Philadelphia. It is in three volumes; was printed at Bath, in 1785; is in good preservation, and is valued at $3000.

—Mr. R. B. ELLIOTT, the colored member of Congress from South Carolina, who has just taken his seat, is said to be well educated, and the best public speaker of his race in the South. He has held several offices in South Carolina.

—Those astute Chicago men didn't catch Mr. BRET HARTE, after all, with the $5000 per annum bait. He comes to the East'ard, where all the bright people are coming; in fact, he panted to come, "as the Harte panteth for the water brooks."

—Thirty thousand $'s per annum, and one hundred and fifty thousand cash down, is the figure that Parliament has unanimously donated to the Princess LOUISE on her wedding young Mr. LORNE.

—The proposition to raise a fund for the benefit of the daughters of the late Chief Justice TANEY promises to be a great success. New Orleans has promised $3500 at least. Not to make it a success would be a reproach to the American bar.

—Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the elder, is a man of small stature, being not over five feet in height, and weighing about one hundred pounds. His head, which is not large, is bald, with a fringe of white hair, and he has the expression of sixty years on his countenance. He reminds one of his distinguished father, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. His figure and appearance resemble, in some respects, those of Admiral FARRAGUT, though he is very much slighter; and as he stood in the middle of the great stage of the Academy of Music he recalled, in a curious way, the picture of Punch as he appears on the title-page of the *Punch* periodical. He conveys, withal, the historical idea of the statesman and diplomatist, the man of culture, refinement, and breeding—the man of scholarship, talent, experience, and affairs. At a recent public assemblage in Boston he was dressed in black, with a white neck-tie, and his coat was the old-fashioned style of English dress-coat. His voice, though any thing but loud, is clear, and his enunciation was so very distinct that every word was heard by the entire audience, which filled the immense and splendid building.

—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who takes the place of Sir JOHN ROSE as one of the British High Commissioners, is fifty-three years of age, represents a very old family, and has talent. He was educated at Oxford, where he was first-class in classics, and third-class in mathematics; has held a number of offices—in fact, has been in office most of the time since he entered public life sixteen years ago. The reason why he takes the place of Sir JOHN ROSE is that Sir JOHN is a partner in business here with Mr. L. P. MORTON, banker; besides which, he married an American wife, and, on the whole, thinks he is a little too much American. But Sir JOHN ROSE is the man who originated the idea of the High Commission, and who now has the satisfaction of seeing it carried out.

—The Countess of Durham has just deceased in England at the age of thirty-six. She had been married sixteen years, and was the mother of thirteen children. Her father, the Duke of Abercorn, was in a double sense the creation of Mr. DISRAELI, for he gave him his dukedom, and put him in "Lothair" as the Duke of Brentham, the elegant noble who, putting the last touch to his consummate toilette, thanks Heaven every morning that his family is not unworthy of him. The daughters, "after seventeen years of a delicious home, were presented, and immediately married, and all to personages of the highest distinction." This has been really true of the Abercorn girls. Lord Lichfield (Lord Elcho's brother-in-law) carried off the eldest; the next was the Countess of Durham; the third, Countess of Dalkeith, her husband being heir to the dukedom of Buccleuch; the fourth, Lord Mount Edgecumbe; the fifth, the Marquis of Blandford (heir to the Duke of Marlborough); and the sixth, the Marquis of Lansdowne, who in social and territorial rank is quite as great as a duke. There is still a seventh daughter, who may, perhaps, link the crowd of family coronets with royalty itself.

—Little incident at Davenport, Iowa: When Mrs. STANTON lectured, recently, in that city, she was introduced to the audience by Mr. LOUNSBURY, President of Griswold College. Mrs. S. remarked that she had not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. LOUNSBURY since they contended for a Greek prize long ago, at the Johnstown Academy. The President gallantly responded that on that occasion he was beaten by Miss ELIZABETH CADY, and that he had always regarded his defeat as a high honor; for Miss CADY was the best Greek and Latin scholar in the academy.

—ALEXANDRE DUMAS'S daughter, a pious girl, writes to M. VEUILLOT, of the *Univers*, that the old gentleman, her father, died a Catholic, after receiving the last sacraments.

—Mr. A. T. STEWART proposes to dispatch at once to France a vessel with 5000 barrels of flour for the suffering poor. Mr. S. did a similar thing a few years ago, by sending a ship-load of provisions to Ireland.

—The Duchess De Frias, who died recently in Madrid, was a daughter of BALFE, the composer. Many years ago she was married to Sir JOHN FIENNES CRAMPTON, formerly British minister at Washington, but obtained a divorce from him in 1863.

—Among the Americans who remained in Paris during the siege were Dr. HUMPHREYS and Dr. MARY C. PUTNAM, of this city, who are in the French service as surgeons. The latter is a daughter of Mr. GEORGE P. PUTNAM, the publisher.

—Governor MERRILL, of Iowa, recently visited the State penitentiary, and commenced a little speech to the inmates with the cheery remark that "he was glad to see so many there!" But he managed to retreat gracefully.

—Governor HOFFMAN has received during the past year more than 1000 applications for pardon. Of this number he granted eighty-five, commuted thirty-four, and reprieved one.

—"Uncle DANIEL," as Mr. DANIEL DREW is pleasantly spoken to and of in Wall Street, is not much given to stunning attire. Going to Albany once on the steamer that bears his name, he was accosted by a passenger, who took him for one of the crew, with, "Do you belong to this boat?" "No," said Mr. D., quietly, "the boat belongs to me."

—It is seldom we can chronicle a "Personal" like the following, taken from a recent number of the Lexington (Kentucky) *Daily Press:* "On Sunday last, as the venerable Chief Justice ROBERTSON, stricken by the hand of death, lay, almost insensible to the world, which he seemed fast leaving forever, while the gigantic brain, which for so many years has throbbed grandly to the inspiration of his genius, barely fluttered with the consciousness of life, he expressed a desire to hear Miss CARY sing the ballad of 'Old Folks at Home,' as if the strains of his favorite melody would have power to call back his soul from the portals of the grave, which he was so fast nearing. The wish was at once communicated to Miss CARY, who willingly consented to do any thing in her power to rouse the ebbing current of life in one who, as a statesman or jurist, has known but few rivals during the course of a long and eventful life. On reaching the residence of Judge ROBERTSON Miss CARY was at once ushered into the chamber where so much of intellect and learning was fast flickering out into the darkness of the unknown hereafter; and, without accompaniment of any kind, raised her rich contralto voice in the touching words, 'Way down upon the Swanee River;' but, before she had sang three lines, broke down in the intensity of her emotion. Calming herself, she again essayed the ballad, and, while the venerable and stricken man lay drinking her glorious melody, poured out her whole soul in the simple utterances which gave so much pleasure to one whose giant intellect had in days a-gone fascinated the most talented of the land. When she had ceased Judge ROBERTSON could scarcely express his gratification by signs, yet signified a desire that Miss CARY should sing for him, 'Home, Sweet Home.' Twice did the gifted artist attempt to comply with the request, but her emotion was too great, and, choked with feeling, she was compelled to leave the room. The whole incident was one of the most touching and affecting episodes that ever marked the death-bed of departing greatness."

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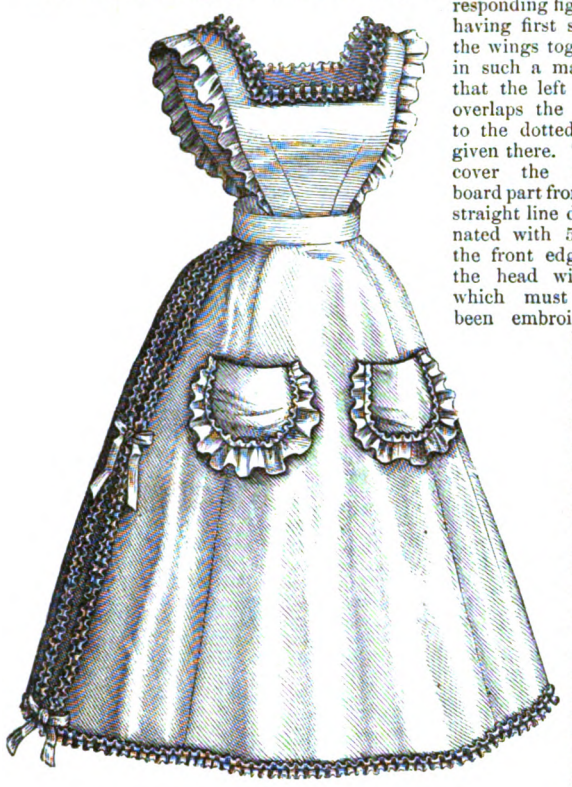
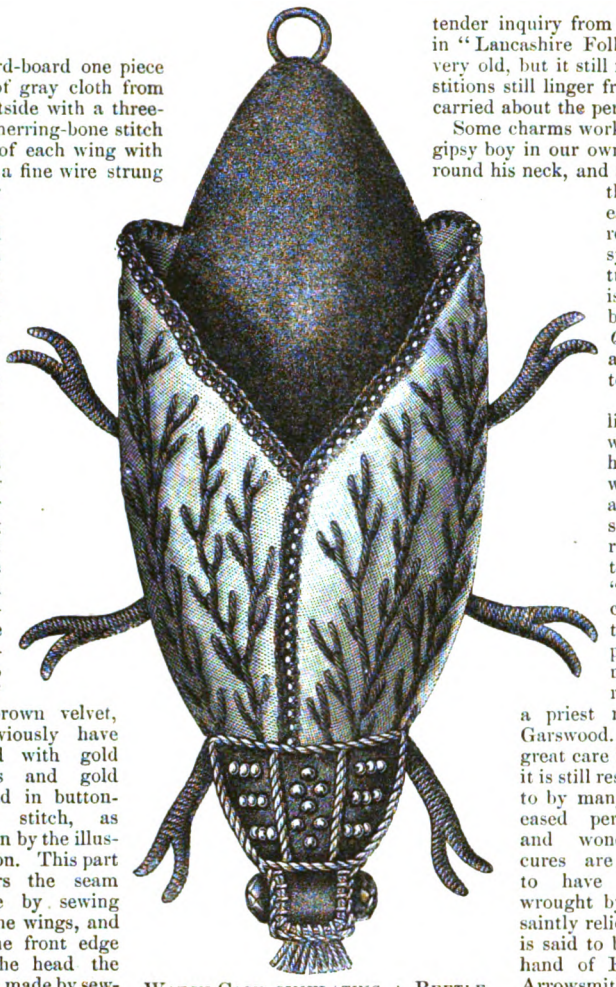
Watch-Case simulating a Beetle.

To make this watch-case cut for the body of the beetle of card-board one piece from Fig. 28 of the Supplement, and for the wings two pieces of gray cloth from Fig. 29 of the Supplement. Cover each of these pieces on the outside with a three-fold layer of light gray crape, embroidered with blue silk twist in herring-bone stitch as shown by the illustration, and work the scalloped outer edge of each wing with blue silk twist in button-hole stitch, sewing in at the same time a fine wire strung with steel beads, with a button-hole stitch after each bead. Cover the card-board part at the end marked "head" with brown velvet, reaching to the first straight line; at the front edge of the head the velvet projects four-fifths of an inch, and is turned over on the under side of the card-board, and fastened down there. The double material is felled together at the side edges, and two cut jet beads are fastened there for the eyes. From the other end to the straight line marked with 51 cover the card-board on the upper side first with cotton batting and then with blue velvet; at the outer edges the blue velvet is turned over on the under side two-fifths of an inch wide, and fastened down there with mucilage. Join the part thus prepared with the wings according to the corresponding figures, having first sewed the wings together in such a manner that the left wing overlaps the right to the dotted line given there. Then cover the card-board part from the straight line designated with 51 to the front edge of the head with brown velvet, which must previously have been embroidered with gold beads and gold thread in button-hole stitch, as shown by the illustration. This part covers the seam made by sewing on the wings, and at the front edge of the head the seam made by sewing on a bunch of short gold threads. After fastening the velvet part sew on fine gold cord, as shown by the illustration. For each of the six feet take two pieces of black bonnet wire each an inch and three-fifths long, wind three-fifths of an inch of one end of each wire with black silk, and then wind both wires together as shown by the illustration. Bend the wires as shown by the illustration, and join them with the lengthwise edges of a piece of card-board, which must be cut from Fig. 28, Supplement, but without a head, and three-fifths of an inch smaller all around. Sew this piece to the under side of the watch-case, letting the feet come between the card-board parts. On the under side of the watch-case paste a covering of gray enameled cloth, and with the upper end join a brass ring covered with blue silk, whereby to hang it up.



KITCHEN APRON TRIMMED WITH RUCHES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 56-58.



WATCH-CASE SIMULATING A BEETLE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 28 and 29.

EMPRESS CLOTH DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 24-27.

Fan with Satin Stitch Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS fan consists of an ivory frame covered with white silk on both sides as shown by the illustration. The covering of one side is ornamented with satin stitch and point Russe embroidery, which is worked with shaded red and shaded green silk twist. Fig. 2 gives a full-sized section of the embroidery. The upper edge of the fan is trimmed with lace four-fifths of an inch wide. The fan is finished with a white silk cord and tassel. The frame of an old fan may be covered in this way, and turned to advantage.

Crape, Lace, and Gros Grain Bertha.

See illustration on page 149.

THIS bertha is made of box-pleated crape, and trimmed with a ruffle of the same cut in points and arranged in double box-pleats. Trim the outer edge of the ruffle with lace three-fifths of an inch wide, and above this set on blue gros grain ribbon two-fifths of an inch wide. Cut the foundation of the bertha of wash lace from Fig. 60 of No. XVI. of the Supplement, letting the under edge reach only to the dotted line given there. Cover this foundation, in the manner shown by the illustration, with box-pleated crape, lace, and ribbon. For the ruffle take a double piece of crape four inches and a half wide, and of the requisite length. Cut the under edge of this strip in points, as shown by Fig. 61, Supplement, and trim it according to the illustration. Slope the upper edge in such a manner that the part coming on the shoulders is only two inches and a half wide. Arrange the upper edge in double box-pleats, bringing × on ○; the dotted lines on Fig. 61 indicate the folds of the pleats. Sew the ruffle thus prepared to the under side of the bertha. At the right side of the bertha place a bow made of blue gros grain ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide and flowers.

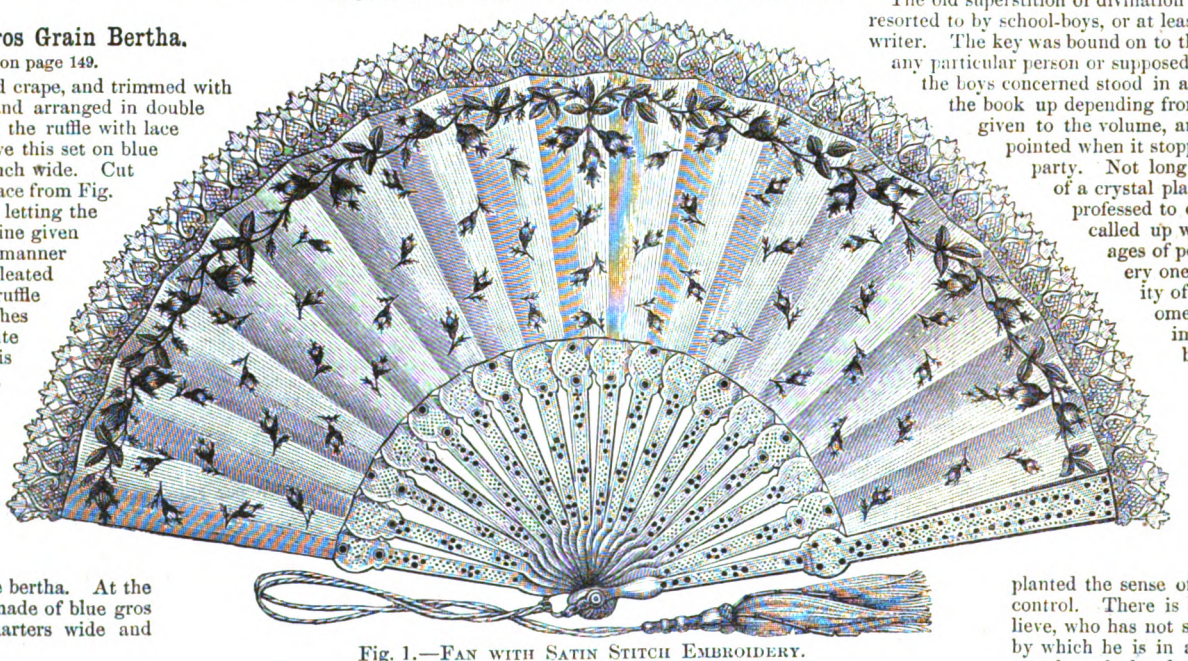


Fig. 1.—FAN WITH SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

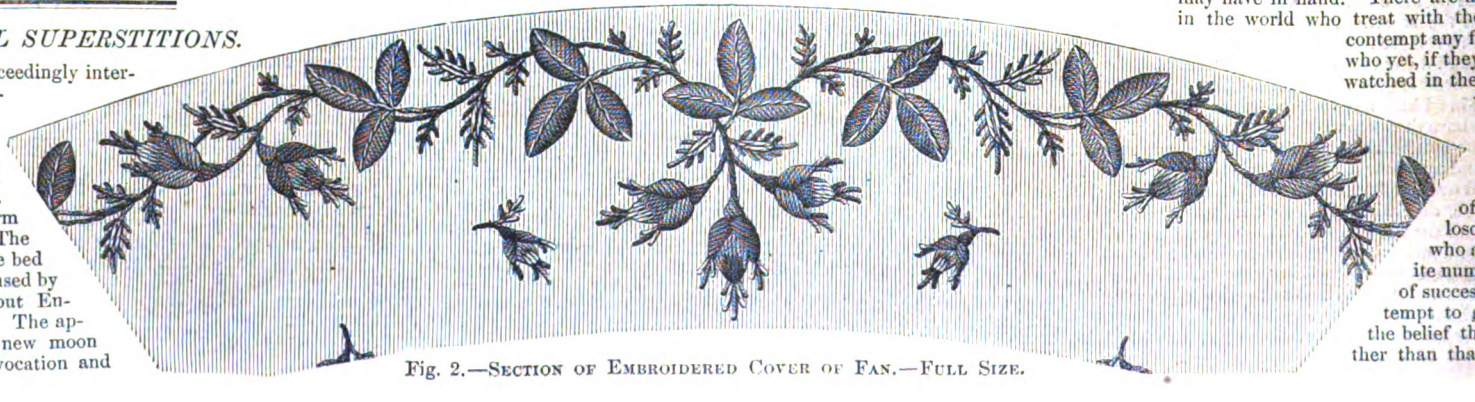


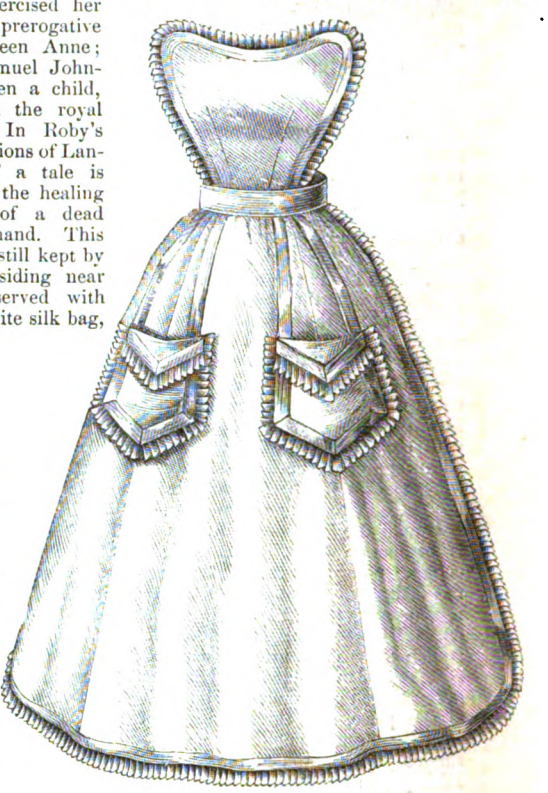
Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERED COVER OF FAN.—FULL SIZE.

SMALL SUPERSTITIONS.

WHAT an exceedingly interesting chapter could be written upon charms and spells! Very many of these are in doggerel verse. The lady-bird charm is well known. The charm to bless the bed is also commonly used by children throughout England to this day. The appearance of the new moon calls forth the invocation and tender inquiry from young maids respecting their lovers. There is a charm quoted in "Lancashire Folk-Lore" against epilepsy, which is new to us. This is evidently very old, but it still maintains its ground in Devonshire, where a vast number of superstitions still linger from the old time. The charm is written upon parchment, and is carried about the person of the afflicted one.

Some charms work through their influence upon the minds of the patients. A poor gipsy boy in our own service told us he was cured of fits by his mother hanging toads round his neck, and allowing them to remain there until they died. It is just possible that in some slight affections, which do not depend upon brain disease, the impression made upon the minds of patients by such a recipe may be serviceable. It is quite certain, however, that epilepsy will not be cured by any such method. Some charms actually transfer the blemish from one person to another, provided the latter is unfortunate enough to pick up the agent by which the charm has been worked. Take the following, for instance, from *Notes and Queries:* "For warts, rub them with a cinder; and this, tied up in a paper and dropped where four roads meet, will transfer the warts to whoever opens the parcel."

The regal power of "touching" for the king's-evil was firmly believed in during the reigns of the early kings. The last monarch who exercised her healing prerogative was Queen Anne; and Samuel Johnson, when a child, received the royal touch. In Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire" a tale is told of the healing power of a dead man's hand. This relic is still kept by a priest now residing near Garswood. Preserved with great care in a white silk bag, it is still resorted to by many diseased persons; and wonderful cures are said to have been wrought by this saintly relic. It is said to be the hand of Father Arrowsmith, a priest alleged to have been put to death at Lancaster for his religion in the time of William the Third. The story goes that when about to suffer he desired his spiritual attendant to cut off his right hand, which should then have the power to work miraculous cures in those who had faith to believe in its efficacy. Not many years ago a female, sick of the small-pox, had this dead hand lying in bed with her every night for six weeks, in order to effect her recovery, which afterward took place.



KITCHEN APRON WITH PLEATED TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 54 and 55.

We made a journey some years ago to Saint Winifred's Well, in North Wales, to see the beautiful Tudor building in which the miraculous spring is inclosed. The healing power of this spring is believed in most implicitly by all the many pilgrims who resort to it; and they are numerous, it is clear, by the numbers of crutches, handbarrows, eye-patches, and other easements of the lame, halt, and blind who have resorted to its healing waters, and left these relics behind, secured in the open stone-work of its beautiful roof. However we may laugh at the credulity of the poor people who have left their testimony behind them in this manner, nevertheless it is a singular proof that faith is still lively in the land, notwithstanding our utilitarian tendencies.

The old superstition of divination by the Bible and the key is often resorted to by school-boys, or at least it was in the school-days of the writer. The key was bound on to the cover of the Bible; and when any particular person or supposed culprit had to be discovered, all the boys concerned stood in a circle round the one who held the book up depending from a string; a vigorous twirl was given to the volume, and the person to whom the key pointed when it stopped was supposed to be the guilty party. Not long since Dr. Ashburne, by the aid of a crystal placed at the nape of people's necks, professed to divine their thoughts; and even called up within its translucent sphere images of persons that were asked for. Every one pretends to laugh at the absurdity of putting faith in the numberless omens, charms, etc., that have been implanted in us in the nursery; but many, nevertheless, pay the practical homage of attending to them in secret. Some, for instance, walk out into the road rather than pass under a ladder. With others, a black dog following them is a sign of coming good luck. These little weaknesses, although outwardly disclaimed, show how deep in our nature must be planted the sense of a fate over which we have no control. There is scarcely a living person, we believe, who has not some whim or other, some token, by which he is in a measure guided in matters he may have in hand. There are a great many people in the world who treat with the greatest outward contempt any form of superstition, who yet, if they could be narrowly watched in their inmost thoughts, would give evidence of being actuated by the most trivial matters even in the great concerns of life. Great philosophers may be found who accept certain favorite numbers as good omens of success. They do not attempt to give any reason for the belief that is in them, further than that, as certain events

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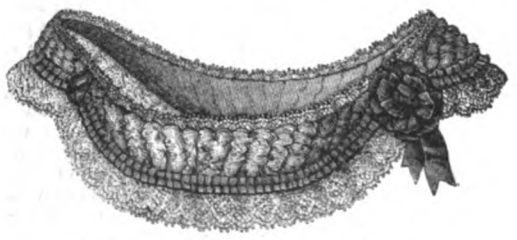
have turned out favorably in conjunction with those numbers, it is likely they will do so again. The only explanation of the matter is that underlying our religious faith a vast amount of paganism is still remaining; and the explanation is strengthened by the known fact that the less cultivated and enlightened countryman is a greater believer in the grosser superstitions than the citizen who, by the time he reaches manhood, has had a great many of the powerful impressions instilled into him in the nursery dispelled. The "charms" of the town-bred young lady take the form of very pretty jewelry, but the agriculturist reads Culpepper's "Herbal" in greater numbers than all the other works upon the same subject put together, and Napoleon's



PUFFED TULLE AND LACE BERTHA.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 59.

"Book of Fate" is in the hands of every servant-girl. To use the language of a writer in a review, when speaking of the superstitions of Cornwall: "Stripping off the romantic and the amusing, it is, in truth, a rather humiliating topic to dwell on. Superstition lives on with little abatement of vitality in the human heart: in the lower classes it wears its old fashions, with very slow alteration; in the higher, it changes them with the rapidity of modes in fashionable circles."

ON DOMESTIC SCAPE-GOATS.

IT is related of a gouty subject that, being advised by his physicians to abstain from salted meats of all kinds, he asked what he might have to quarrel with in the extremity of his pain, as he considered swearing at the dried tongues and Bologna-sausages some mitigation of his torments.

It would be well for domestic happiness were the lords of the creation, in a general way, content to vent their spleen, or visit their sins of omission or commission, upon inanimate objects. Unfortunately they prefer a sentient scape-goat, whom they can bind with the scarlet cords of their wrath, and drive out into the wilderness of their disfavor. Do men—if they would confess the truth—value women in proportion to their willingness to load themselves with the burdens of others? Is this the reason why a man, choosing a partner for life, takes to himself a meek and gentle helpmate rather than one of the strong-minded of her sex?

"The woman gave it me, and I did eat." The excuse is as old as the hills. It is of no use to fall foul of the apple, and some one or something must be to blame; not the man—oh, certainly not! How could he uphold his prerogative of superior wisdom if he were to confess to such little weaknesses as a longing after forbidden fruit? It was the woman; she gave it him, and he did eat, in the innocence of his heart.

It is man's usual logic. Wherever the Adam has an Eve it is the readiest method of settling the question. Even when the annoyance from which a man is suffering, or the blame he has incurred, can not by any possible twist be traced to the wife, she is still the best available scape-goat. It is so easy to find something she has done or said amiss, and seeing her wear the scarlet cord is an immense satisfaction; it keeps up a due sense of inferiority on her part, and maintains discipline, as Mr. Bagnet would say.

Meekness and long-suffering are essential qualifications in a scape-goat. A woman who refuses to be "put upon," who is in the habit of treating her spouse to a "bit of her mind" upon all occasions, is of no use at all in that capacity, and many domestic quarrels arise from the wife's resolutely declining to enact the part. She is troubled with some foolish ideas of justice, and rises up in self-defense. She ought to know better; she ought to know that justice has nothing whatever to do with the question. As well might the sheep complain of injustice in being shorn, or any other animal that conduces to the benefit of lordly man.

A sergeant seventy years of age took unto himself a wife, and being asked by one of his superior officers what made him think of marrying at his time of life, replied, "Why, an' please your Honor, they tease and put me out of humor abroad, and so I go home and beat my wife." The sergeant, it seems, had the good fortune to meet with a satisfactory scape-goat, who took the beating quietly, without insisting upon woman's rights.

Sometimes one out of a number of children is chosen for the part. Not the Pickle of the family; the Pickle has sins enough of his own to answer for; but some meek-eyed maiden totally destitute of the organ of combativeness. Teased by brothers, snubbed by teachers, her small shoulders have to bear the burden of faults in which she has no part; she has to endure irascibility arising from annoyances caused by no word or deed of her own. Has Jack been refused a holiday? Jane's life is not made particularly pleasant on that afternoon, we may be sure. Has her lady mother treated the music-master with offensive hauteur? Miss Jane is reprehended for her false notes with a harshness that wrings silent tears from her eyes.

We imagine one reason why men more than women find the necessity for a scape-goat is because they have not so ready a resource in tears. When things go wrong with a woman she "falls a-weeping," and washes away the bitterness of her vexation in salt tears. Her temperament is more April-like; the showers descend quickly, they are soon over, and the air is clear again. Man has more of July's stormy mood. The atmosphere is overcharged, the thunder growls and grumbles, and the lightning flashes and sometimes scorches, before the sky is once more serene. Woe be to the one who is in the way when the bolt falls!

Scape-goats are mostly of the feminine gender, but occasionally the case is reversed. Mr. Bumble is tyrannized over by his termagant wife, and boxes the ears of the boy at the gate as a vent for his wounded feelings.

In partnerships a scape-goat is found convenient. Mr. Spenlow would not for the world do an unkind or ungenerous deed, but he can not act without the consent of Mr. Jorkins. Of course Mr. Jorkins does not consent; he is the scape-goat for Mr. Spenlow's meanness or severity, as the case may be.

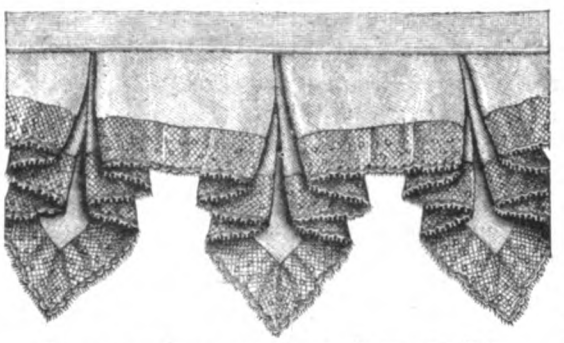
"Papa" is also useful in this capacity at times, consciously or unconsciously. If a young lady finds she has gone rather too far in a flirtation, it is convenient to fall back upon "papa." A short time ago a gentleman paid his addresses, in all sober seriousness, to a girl with whom he had fallen in love for her *beaux yeux*—not those of her *cassette*. In the course of courtship he presented her with several handsome articles of *bijouterie*, which she accepted without scruple. The ardent lover, thus encouraged, followed the fair lady to the sea-side, whither she had gone on a visit. He returned, believing himself happy in the possession of his mistress's affections. She had referred him to "papa," and to "papa" he accordingly betook himself. To his utter amazement and discomfiture, consent was absolutely refused. There was no appeal; the young lady was too good a daughter to marry without her father's approval. It transpired afterward that she had written to her father to beg that, when Mr. A—— presented himself, consent might be withheld. The presents were not returned.

Descending to the lower regions of the house, a familiar scape-goat is the cat. "Please, ma'am, it was the cat," is a statement frequently heard by the mistress of a household. When we consider the amount of breakage, depredation, and destruction of all kinds charged upon this unfortunate domestic quadruped, we wonder that its presence should be tolerated in a well-regulated establishment. We are inclined to think that any amount of annoyance from rats and mice, and "such small deer," had better be submitted to than the losses from the larder, the fracture of china and glass, and all the other evils caused (according to the servants) by that unlucky animal, the cat.

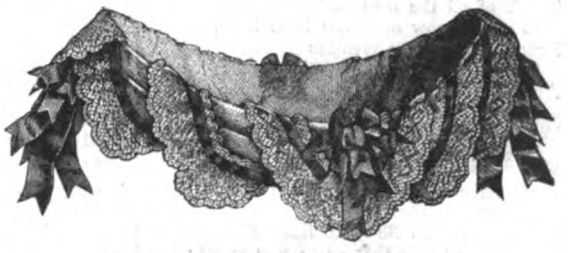
Children ought never to be made scape-goats. The habit of inflicting vicarious punishment upon them is dangerous. They have a keen sense of injustice; they do not reason upon the cause, but they feel the effects, and inwardly, if not audibly, resent the harsh word or impatient tone they are conscious of not having deserved. It is a sad thing to see children creep away, or look up hushed, with frightened faces, when papa comes in, because papa is so often cross.

If man, in defense of his self-love, must, porcupine-like, bristle up against any acknowledgment of failure or weakness, let him dart his quills, at any rate, where their prick will be less keenly felt. If blame must fall unduly, let the little ones go free, and let the burden of the sin be cast upon one to whom the passage through the wilderness is less appalling. And let not the wife find the toils of the family aggravated instead of lightened by him who too often makes her the scape-goat on which to shift the burden of his own blunders.

CRAPE, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN BERTHA.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 61.



SECTION OF FRILL FOR CRAPE, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN BERTHA (WRONG SIDE).—REDUCED.



TULLE AND GROS GRAIN BERTHA.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 60.

SUIT FOR ELDERLY LADY.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30-36.

UNDER-WAIST FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 42-45.

SUIT FOR ELDERLY LADY.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30-36.

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A FANCY.

I SUPPOSE if all the children
Who have lived through ages long
Were collected and inspected
They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter of the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been,
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen:
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small;
While of children, oh, how many
Never have grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet·
And indeed I wonder whether,
If we reckon ev'ry birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is *room* for them on earth?

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them, and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children too,
In all stages of all ages
That our planet ever knew—
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint;
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make;
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break.
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter of the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IV.

IT is a mistake to take for granted, as in books and life we perpetually do, that people must always remain the same. On the contrary, most people are constantly changing—growing, let us hope, but still changing—in character, feelings, opinions. If we took this into account we should often be less harsh to judge; less piteously misjudged ourselves. For instance, we resolve always to love our friend and hate our enemy; but our friend may prove false, and our enemy kind and good. What are we then to do? To go on loving and hating as before? I fear we can not. We must accept things as they stand, and act accordingly. Or—and this is a common case—we may ourselves once have had certain faults, which we afterward had sense to see and correct; yet those who knew us in our faulty days will never believe this, and go on condemning us forever—which is a little hard. And again, we may have started honestly on a certain course, and declared openly certain opinions or intentions, which we afterward see cause to modify, or even to renounce entirely. Time and circumstance have so altered us that we are obliged to give our old selves the lie direct, or else to be untrue to our present selves. In short, we must just retract, in act or word, boldly or weakly, nobly or ignobly, as our natures allow. And though we have been perfectly sincere throughout, the chances are that no one will believe us; we shall be stamped as hypocrites, renegades, or deep designing schemers to the end of our days. This, too, is hard; and it takes a strong heart and a clear conscience to bear it.

When Hannah Thelluson consented to come to her brother-in-law's house, and he thankfully opened to her his dreary doors, they were two most sorrowful people, who yet meant to make the best of their sorrow, and of one another, so as to be a mutual comfort, if possible. At least this was her intent; he probably had no intent at all beyond the mere relief of the moment. Men—and young men—seldom look ahead as women do.

Now two people living under the same roof, and greatly dependent upon one another, seldom remain long in a state of indifference; they take either to loving or hating; and these two, being both of them good people, though so very different in character, were not likely to do the latter. Besides, they stood in that relation which of all others most attracts regard—of reciprocally doing good and being done good to. They shared one another's burdens, and gave one another help. Consequently the burdens lightened, and the help increased, every day that they resided together.

Their life was very equable, quiet, and, at first, rather dull. Of course the widower did not visit, or receive visitors. Occasional family dinners at the Moat House, and a few morning calls, received and paid, were all that Hannah saw of Easterham society. She had the large, handsome house entirely to herself often from morning to night; for gradually Mr. Rivers went back to his parish duties, which he once used most creditably to fulfill. Consequently, instead of hanging about the house all day, he was frequently absent till dinner-time. This was a great source of satisfaction to Miss Thelluson; at first—let the honest truth be told—because she was heartily glad to get rid of him; by-and-by from sincere pleasure at the good it did him.

"Work always comforts a man," she said to herself, when she saw him come in, fresh from battling with rain and wind, or eager to secure her help and sympathy in some case of distress in the parish, his handsome face looking ten years younger, and his listless manner gaining energy and decision.

"You were right, Aunt Hannah," he would often say, with an earnest thoughtfulness that was yet not exactly sadness. "To preach to sufferers one needs to have suffered one's self. I shall be a better parson now than I used to be, I hope: on week-days, certainly, and perhaps even on Sundays, if you will continue to look over my sermons."

Which, people began to say, were much better than they used to be, and Hannah herself thought so too. She always read them, and, after a while, criticised them, pretty sharply and fearlessly, every Saturday night. On other nights she got her brother-in-law into the habit of reading aloud; first, because it was much the easiest way of passing the evening—and after being out all day, he absolutely refused to go out again, lessening even his visits to the Moat House whenever he could—secondly, because soon she came to like it very much. It was like falling into a dream of peace to sit sewing at Rosie's little clothes (for Aunt Hannah did all she could for her darling with her own hands), silent—she always loved silence—yet listening to Mr. Rivers's pleasant voice, and thinking over, quietly to herself, what he was reading. In this way, during the first three months, they got through a quantity of books, both of prose and poetry, and had grown familiar enough now and then to lay the books down, and take to arguments—quarreling fiercely at times—until either became accustomed to the other's way of thinking, and avoided warlike topics, or fought so honorably and well that the battles ended in mutual respect, and very often in a fit of mutual laughter.

It may be a dreadful thing to confess, but they did laugh sometimes. Ay, even with the moonlight sleeping, or the white snow falling, on Rosa's grave a mile off—Rosa, who was with the angels, smiling in the eternal smile of God. These others, left behind to do their mortal work, were not always miserable. Rosie began the change, by growing every day more charming, more interesting, more curious, in her funny little ways, every one of which aunt retailed to papa when he came home, as if there had never been such a wonderful baby in any house before.

A baby in the house. Does any body know fully what that is till he—no, say she—has tried it?

Hannah did not. Fond as she was of children, and well accustomed to them, they were all other people's children. This one was her own. On her alone depended the little human soul and human body for every thing in life—every thing that could make it grow up to itself and the world a blessing or a curse. A solemn way of viewing things, perhaps; but Hannah was a solemn-minded woman. She erred, any how, on the right side. This was the "duty" half of her new existence; the other half was joy—wholly joy.

A child in the house. Say, rather, an angel; for I think Heaven leaves a touch of the angel in all little children, to reward those about them for their inevitable cares. Rosie was, to other people besides her aunt, a very remarkable child—wonderfully sweet, and yet brave even as a baby. She never cried for pain or fretfulness, though she sometimes did for passion; and for sorrow—a strange, contrite, grown-up kind of sorrow—whenever she did any thing the least wrong, which was very seldom. She was usually a perfect sunbeam of brightness, wholesomeness, and content. Her delicacy and fragility, which were only that of a flower reared up in darkness, and recovering its healthy colors as soon as ever it is brought into the sun, soon became among the things that had been. Not a child in all Easterham seemed more likely to thrive than Rosie Rivers; and every body, even at the Moat House, now acknowledged this, to Miss Thelluson's great glory and delight. Grace's also—unto whom much credit was owing.

Hannah had taken her rather rashly perhaps—wise people sometimes do, upon instinct, rather rash things. She thought so herself when one day, accidentally asking Grace some apparently trivial question, the girl burst into tears, confessed that she was a married woman, and her husband had run away from her. "But I was married, indeed I was, and his sisters know it!" Which the sisters, who were in fact sisters-in-law, resolutely confirmed; but no more facts could be gained. Nor did Hannah like to inquire, having a feeling that poor women's miseries were as sacred as rich ones'. It was an unwelcome discovery—a nurse with a living and, probably, scape-grace husband might prove very inconvenient; still she had grown fond of the girl, who was passionately devoted to Rosie.

"For Rosie's sake I must keep her, if possible; and for her own sake, poor thing. I can not bear to send her away. What must I do?"

Rosie's father, to whom she thus appealed—for, despite what he had said, she persistently consulted him in every thing—answered decisively, "Let her stay." So Grace staid. But Miss Thelluson insisted that she should no longer pass under false colors, but be called Mrs. Dixon; and finding she had no wedding-ring—her husband, she declared, had torn it from her finger the day he left her—Hannah took the trouble to buy her a new one, and insisted upon her wearing it, saying, "She hated all deceits of every kind." Upon which Grace looked up to her with such grateful, innocent eyes, that, Quixotic as her conduct might appear to some people—it did at the Moat House, where the girls laughed at her immoderately—she felt sure the story was true, and that she should never repent having thus acted.

This was the only incident of the winter; and as week after week passed by, and nothing ill came of it, no runaway husband ever appeared, and poor Grace brightened into the tenderest nurse, the most faithful servant, hardly thinking she could do enough for her mistress and the child, Hannah ceased to think of it, or of any thing unpleasant, so busy and contented was she.

More than content—that she had always been—actually happy. True, she had thought her May-time wholly past; but now, as spring began to waken, as she and Rosie began to gather primroses in the garden and daisies in the lanes, it seemed to her as if her youth had come back again. Youth, fresh and full, added to all the experience, the satisfied enjoyment, of middle age. They were like two babies together, she and Rosie, all through this Rosie's first earthly spring. They crawled together on the sunny grass-plot; they played bo-peep round the oak-tree; they investigated with the deepest interest every new green leaf and flower and insect; for she tried to make her child like the Child in the Story without an End—a companion and friend to all living things. And Rosie, by the time she was eighteen months old, with her sweetness, intelligence, and the mysterious way the baby-soul opened out to the wonders and beauty of this our world, had taught her aunt Hannah quite as much as Aunt Hannah had taught her, and become even a greater blessing than the blessings she received.

"It is all the child's doing," Hannah said, laughing and blushing, one day, when Mr. Rivers came suddenly in, and found her dancing through the hall with Rosie in her arms, and singing too at the top of her voice. "She is the sunbeam of the house. Every servant in it spoils her, and serves her like a little queen. As for me, auntie makes a goose of herself every hour in the day. Doesn't she, Rosie? At her time of life, too!"

"What is your time of life? for I really don't know," said Mr. Rivers, smiling. "Sometimes you look quite young, and then, again, I fancy you must be fully as old as I am."

"Older. Thirty-one."

"Well, I am thirty; so when you die of old age I shall begin to quake. But tell her not to die, Rosie." And a sad look came across his face, as it still often did. Hannah knew what it meant. "Bid her live and take care of us both. What in the wide world should we two do without Aunt Hannah?"

And Rosie, with that chance instinct of babyhood, often so touching, patted with her tiny soft hand her aunt's cheek, saying, wooingly, "Nice Tannie, pitty Tannie"—which had been her first attempt at "Aunt Hannah."

"Tannie"—the name clung to her already, as baby pet-names always do—pressed the little breast to hers in a passion of delight and content, knowing that there was not a creature in the world—no woman, certainly—to come between her and her child. *Her* child! Twenty mothers, she sometimes thought,

> "Could not with all their quantity of love
> Make up the sum"

of that she felt for her motherless darling.

The father stood and watched them both. As Rosie grew older and more winning he began to take more notice of his little girl, at least when Aunt Hannah was present to mount guard over her, and keep her good and quiet.

"You look quite a picture, you two! Hannah" (he sometimes called her "Hannah" without the "Aunt"), "you must be excessively fond of that child?"

She laughed—a low, soft, happy laugh. Her feeling for little Rosie was a thing she could not talk about. Besides, its sacredness had a double root, as it were; and one root was in the dead mother's grave.

"The little thing seems very fond of you too, as well she may be," continued Mr. Rivers. "I trust she may yet repay you for all your love. I hope—I earnestly hope—that you and she may never be parted."

A natural thought, accidentally expressed. Hannah said to herself over and over again that it must have been purely accidental, and meant nothing; yet it shot through her like a bolt of ice. Was there a chance, the dimmest, remotest chance, that she and the child might be parted? Did he, now that the twelvemonth of mourning had expired, contemplate marrying again—as Lady Dunsmore had foretold he would? Indeed, in a letter lately (for she still wrote sometimes, and would by no means lose sight of her former governess) the countess had put the direct question, at which Miss Thelluson had only smiled.

Now she did not smile. She felt actually uneasy. She ran rapidly over, in her mind, all the young ladies he had seen or mentioned lately—very few; and he seemed to have no interest in any. Still there might be some one whom she had never heard of: and if so, if he married again, would he require her—of course he would!—to quit the House on the Hill, and leave behind his little daughter?

"I could not! No! I will not," thought she. And after the one cold shiver came a hot thrill of something more like fierceness than her quiet nature had known for long. "To expect me to give up my child. It would be cruel, barbarous!" And then came a sudden frantic idea of snatching up Rosie in her arms, and running away with her, any how, any where, so as to hide her from her father. "I shall do it—I know I shall—if he drives me to it. He had better not try!"

And hot tears dropped on the little white night-gown which Aunt Hannah was vainly endeavoring to tie. It was Sunday night; and she always sent Grace to church, and put the child to bed herself, of Sundays. Bitter, miserable tears they were, too, but only on account of the child. Nothing more. Afterward, when she recalled them and what had produced them, this first uneasy fear which had shot across the calm heaven of her life—a heavenly life it had grown to be since she had the child—Hannah felt certain that she could have looked the child's angel, or its mother, in the face, and declared positively they were nothing more.

But the notion of having to part from Rosie, under the only circumstances in which that parting was natural and probable, having once entered her mind, lurked there uneasily, troubling often the happy hours she spent with her darling; for the aunt, wholly engrossed with her charge, had her with her more than most mothers, with whom their children's father holds rightly the first place. Nevertheless Miss Thelluson did her duty most satisfactorily by her brother-in-law; whenever papa wanted auntie, little Rosie was remorselessly sent away, even though auntie's heart followed her longingly all the while. But she had already learned her lesson—she never allowed the child to be a trouble to the father.

"Not one man in a thousand cares to be troubled about any thing, you may depend upon that," she said one day, gayly, to the second Miss Rivers, who was now about to be married.

"Who taught you that?—my brother? Well, you must have had plenty of experience of him, faults and all; almost as much as his wife had," said the sister, sarcastically; which made Hannah rather sorry that she had unwittingly betrayed the results of her year's experience at the House on the Hill.

Yes; she knew her brother-in-law pretty well by this time—all his weaknesses, all his virtues; better, he told her, and she believed it, than his own sisters knew him. He was so unlike them in character, tastes, and feelings that she had now ceased to wonder why he chose none of them to live with him and Rosie, but preferred rather his wife's sister, who might a little resemble his wife, as Hannah sometimes vaguely wished she did.

More especially when the approaching marriage forced him out of his retirement, and he had to officiate in the festivities as eldest brother, instead of poor Austin, whom nobody ever saw or spoke of. Bernard had to act as head of the house, Sir Austin being very frail now; and he accepted his place and went through his duties with a cheerfulness that Hannah was surprised yet glad to see. If only he could have had beside him the bright, beautiful wife who was gone, instead of a grave sister like herself! Still she did her best; went out with him when he asked her, and at other times staid quietly at home—half amused, half troubled, to find how she, who in the first months of winter almost longed for solitude, now began to find it just a little dull. She was not so glad of her own company as she used to be, and found the evenings, after Rosie's bedtime, rather long. Only the evenings: of mornings, when Rosie was with her, she felt no want of any kind.

Following the wedding—to which Miss Thelluson was of course asked and, somewhat unwillingly, went, seeing Mr. Rivers wished it—came many bridal parties, to which she was invited, too. Thence ensued a small difficulty—ridiculous in itself, and yet involving much—which, when her brother-in-law urged her to accompany him every where, she was at last obliged to confess.

"I can't go," she said, laughing—it was much better to make it a jesting than a serious matter. "The real truth is, I've got no clothes."

And then came out another truth, which Mr. Rivers, with his easy fortunes and masculine indifference to money, had never suspected, and was most horrified at—that, her salary as governess ceasing, Aunt Hannah had absolutely nothing to live upon. Though dwelling in the midst of luxury, and spending unlimited sums upon housekeeping weekly, the utmost she had had to spend upon herself, since she came to the House on the Hill, was an innocent fifteen-pound note laid by from last year, the remains of which went in the wedding gown of quiet gray silk which had replaced her well-worn black one.

"Dreadful!" cried Mr. Rivers. "While you have been doing every thing for me, I have left you like a pauper."

"Not exactly," and she laughed again at his vehement contrition. "Indeed, I had as much money as I wanted, for my wants are small. Remember, I have been for so many years a poor governess."

"You shall never be poor again, nor a governess, neither. I can not tell you how much I owe you—how deeply I respect you. What can I say? Rather, what can I do?" He thought a little, and then said, "The only plan is, you must let me do for you exactly what I would have done for my own sister. Listen, while I explain."

He then proposed to pay her a quarterly allowance, or annuity, large enough to make her quite independent personally. Or, if she preferred it, to make over the principal in a deed of gift, from which she could draw the same sum as interest at her pleasure.

"And, you understand, this is quite between ourselves. My fortune is my own, independent of my family. No one but us two need ever be the wiser. Only say the word, and the matter shall be settled at once."

Tears sprang to Hannah's eyes.

"You are a good, kind brother to me," she said. "Nor would it matter so very much, as, if I did take the money, I should just make a will and leave it back to Rosie. But I can not take it. I never yet was indebted to any man alive."

"It would not be indebtedness—only justice," argued he. "You are a practical woman: let me

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put it in a practical light. I am not giving; only paying, as I should have to pay some other lady. Why should I be more just and liberal to a stranger than to you? This on my side. On yours—what can you do? You are fed and housed, but you must be clothed. You are not a lily of the field. Though"—looking at her as she stood beside him, tall and slender and pale—"I sometimes think there is a good deal of the lily about you, Aunt Hannah. You are so single-minded and pure-hearted; and, like the lilies, you preach me a silent sermon many a time."

"Not always silent," said she, yet was pleased at the compliment. He had never made her a pretty speech before. Then, too, his urging her to remain with him, on the only possible terms on which she could remain—those he proposed—proved that he was not contemplating marriage, at least not immediately.

All he said was thoroughly kind, generous, and wise. Besides, her sound common-sense told her that clothes did not grow upon bushes; and that if she were to continue as mistress of the House on the Hill, it was essential that Rosie's aunt and Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law should not go dressed, as he indignantly put it, "like a pauper." She considered a little, and then, putting her pride in her pocket, she accepted the position of matters as inevitable.

"Very well, Mr. Rivers. Give me the same salary that I received from Earl Dunsmore, and I will take it from you as I did from him. It will cover all my personal needs, and even allow me, as heretofore, to put by a little for my old age."

"Your old age? Where should that be spent but here, in my house?"

"Your house may not always be—" She stopped; she had not the heart to put into plain words the plain fact that he might marry again—few men were more likely to do so. But he seemed to understand it.

"Oh, Hannah!" he said, and turned away. She was so vexed at herself that she dropped the conversation at once.

Next day Miss Thelluson found on her toilette-table, in a blank envelope, a check for a hundred pounds.

At first she felt a strong inclination to throw the money into the fire; then a kind of sensation of gratitude.

"If I had not liked him I couldn't have touched a half-penny; but I do like him. So I must take it, and try to please him as much as I can."

For that reason, and to do him credit when she went out with him, poor Hannah expended more money and thought over her clothes than she had done for years, appearing in toilettes so good and tasteful, though simple still, that the Moat House girls wondered what in the world had come over her to make her look so young.

THE FASHIONABLE SEASON.

THE fashionable season has reached its end at length. And if you inquire to what end has the fashionable season been at all, a chorus of physicians from one side of the town to the other will answer you with disgust and contempt by no means diminishing the bills they expect to render. Among other things, hysteria. What! you may very well cry, can it be that these innocent daylight receptions, these stately dinners, these magnificent midnights, have any connection with that most silly and absurd, most unmanageable and trying and trivial and terrible of all diseases, the hysterics? Ah, certainly, you are answered; what is hysteria but a separation between the worn-out nerves and the judgment, or the volition? and what else can be expected in the summing up of these innocent receptions, where ladies encounter in the afternoons, to give one all-comprehending glance, as swift as the conjuror Houdin's, at each other's costumes, and be torn with envy or puffed with conceit in a moment, and to say two pleasant words, or unpleasant, as that may be, and to take three sips of punch from the tiniest punch-glass in the world, and to do the same at twenty houses afterward?—of these stately dinners, where, precedence being settled, one's partner admires as much as he chooses of one's white shoulders, of one's graceful carving, of one's trifling with ragout and paté, terrapin and venison, truffle and mushroom, jelly and ice?—of one's skill with aroma and bouquet, and the handling of the half dozen glasses at one's plate?—of these magnificent midnights, rich in every delight of pleasured vanity—the thin slipper, the bare breast, the brain loaded with false tresses, the pores stopped with the delicate dust of white and pink ball, the heated dance, the indigestible banquet, the scanty sleep ensuing before the morning beam pries open the eyelids yet heavy with undreamed dreams? What else can be expected of a life every moment of which is so unreal and unnatural that one becomes ready for the phantasmagoria of the disease as it were by mere affinity? What else? Fevers, to be sure; probably consumptions, after a little; possibly insanities. What is the punch made of, for one thing, into which the young princesses of society dip so eagerly? Of "sugar and spice and all things nice?" That may be; but also of brandy and Champagne and tea in a bowl hollowed out of a cake of ice, or else of Bourbon and Santa Cruz and brandy and Champagne and tea—a simple mixture, poisonous to none but delicate stomachs, and almost as harmless as certain superbly translucent jellies that suddenly twist the tongue, yet tingling with their flavor, into stuttering confusion. What emotions are stimulated by the whirling dances, the rich dainties, the breath of exotics, the wild waltz music, the emulation of toilettes, the common contact, the unseasonable hours, the twice-breathed air? Only those out of which, you see, hysteria might flower, like a weed out of a heap of compost.

We saw Florimonde going the round of her half-dozen parties the other night. What a resplendent creature she was when she set out—the hazel-eyed and brown-haired beauty, with the faintest tinge of sunset hues on her oval cheeks! Her dress was of that peculiar tarnished shade of pink—like yellow sunshine suffusing a pale rose—which made the white shoulders rising from it whiter and more polished yet; the panier and scarf were of yellowest point lace; and a necklace of filigree and of large pale topazes, each carved in cameo, illuminated the whole. Maudita went out with Florimonde, too, that night, as she had gone every night for nearly two months before; skirt over skirt of fluffy net flowed round the stately Maudita, and let their misty clouds blow about the trailing ornaments of long green grasses and blue corn flowers that she wore, while puffs and falls half veiled the stomacher of Mexican turquoise and diamond sparks, whose device imitated a spray of the same flowers; and in among the masses of her glittering, waving auburn hair rested a slender diadem of the turquoise again, that whose nameless tint, half blue, half green, makes it an inestimable treasure among the Navajoes, as it was once among the Aztecs, who called it the chalchihuitl; each cluster of Maudita's turquoises set in a frost-work of tiniest diamonds—a splendid toilette indeed, as fresh and radiant as the morning dew upon the meadows. When they set out on the love-path, that is. When they came home from it, and from all the fatigues and fervors of the German, quite another thing. The gauzy dress was so fringed and trodden on and torn that it seemed to hold together, like many an ill-assorted marriage, rather by the cohesion of habit than otherwise; the hair—Madge Wildfire's was of more respectable appearance; the powder had fallen on arms and shoulders; and to our critical eyes, if to no others, the sunset hues remained on only one of Florimonde's cheeks. And those enticing shadows round Maudita's eyes when she went out—for the best of eyes are dulled by too much wear and tear—does antimony "run?" Or, had some pugilistic dancer given her a "black eye?" Not that the damsels came home in such trim on every night of the season; far from it. This was the accumulation of six parties in one night, the last of the Germans, when the fun grew fast and furious, the figures and the favors more and more fantastic; when daylight was breaking ere the Champagne breakfast was partaken; and when the drunken coachman, out all night, had kept them shivering in the porch an endless while, and had banged them about the carriage afterward.

But they had had a glorious time, their eyes were dancing like marsh-lights, their laughter was ringing like a peal of bells, the jests and *bon-mots* and flattery they had heard were running off their lips like rain; they had made goodness knows what conquests; they had made goodness knows how many engagements for the morrow; and oh, they were so tired! We ran into their room to see them next day; it was afternoon, and they were still in bed. There was nothing remarkable in that, they said; some girls were obliged to stay in bed two days out of every week through sheer fatigue; and some got so excited that they couldn't sleep at all, except by means of morphia, and that made them sick a couple of days, any way; but as for themselves they had never given out yet, and never meant to do so. While she was speaking, Florimonde's voice faltered, and the sentence was finished under the breath. Her voice had given out. At the moment the muscles round that handsome mouth of hers began to twitch ridiculously; she yawned, and threw up her arms as a baby stretches itself, and stiffened in that position, with her teeth set, and her eyes rolled out of sight, and lay there like a corpse. Florimonde had given out. As we sprang to investigate this surprising condition of things there came a sudden gurgle and a groan from Maudita, who had risen in her own little bed at our motion. We turned to see her clutching her throat, as if her hands were the claws of a wild-cat; she was laughing and howling and crying all at once; her face was of a dark purple tint; her body—that lithe and supple waltzing body of hers—was bending itself rigidly into the shape of a bow, resting by the head and the heels on the bed—the dignified Maudita—and the foam was standing half an inch high on her mouth. Maudita had given out too. And if there had been a dozen other girls in the room whose nerves had been tortured into the same excitement as theirs, they would one and all have given out at the same time, and have gone down like a row of bricks in the contagion of the same hysteric.

Of course the doctor came presently, and separated the patients, and gave them pills and powders and bromides without end; and there were watchers to keep the delicate creatures, whom it took three or four people to hold in their fits, from injuring themselves; and at last sleep came with the all-persuading chloral, and with the awaking from that powerful chloral-given sleep came an imbecile sort of state, whose scattered wits were full of small cunning and spites, that told secrets, and told lies, and could not pronounce names, and lips were blistered, and eyes were swollen and purblind; and Florimonde and Maudita must keep Lent in spite of themselves.

But how long do you suppose they will keep it, and in what way? As the good formalist fasts on Friday with dishes of oysters escalloped deliciously in the shell, with toasted crabs, and bass baked in port-wine? Will Florimonde forego her low necks, or Maudita her blonde powder? Will there be any less excitement or display or rivalry in their private theatricals and concerts for charity? Will the flirtations be any less extraordinary at the high teas? The mind will be, perhaps, a little flighty; the health will not be so firm; there will be a good deal of morbid sorrow over imaginary misdeeds, and none at all over real ones; there will be compensatory church-going, with delightful little monogram-covered prayer-books; but will the flesh be mortified by any real rough sackcloth and ashes? It is hardly to be hoped. Neither Lent, nor religion, nor judgment, nor any thing but poverty and absolute impotence will put a period to the wild pursuit of pleasure that a fashionable season begins. Ill for the next generation, the mothers of which are wrecks before its birth! Well for Florimonde and Maudita, with all the dew and freshness of their youth destroyed, if at length, thoroughly ennuyée, they do not put a piquancy and flavor of sin into their pleasure, as the old West Indian toper dashes his insipid brandy with Cayenne!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN 1851 the East River was frozen over opposite Wall Street Ferry, forming, for the time, a solid ice-bridge from New York to Brooklyn. Again in 1865 the river was frozen over, so that several individuals immortalized themselves by crossing on its treacherous surface. But the ice-bridge of February, 1871, appears to have been more securely made, and better patronized, than either of the others. About noon one day, when the river was filled with immense cakes of ice, the tide slackened, and the huge masses were wedged tightly against each other and the shores on either side, forming from Fulton up to Catherine ferry a complete bridge. Several vessels and boats were ice-bound as if in an arctic sea. Gradually one person after another was tempted by the firm appearance of the ice to venture upon it, until thousands had passed over. The scene, however, assumed a somewhat tragic type when the ice began to move with about three hundred persons upon it. Many were in great danger, but by means of boats and steam-tugs all were at length rescued and conveyed safely to shore.

A unique portrait of Washington has been recently exhibited in this city. It is from a drawing on stone by Rembrandt Peale. This stone was destroyed by fire after only a few proof impressions had been struck off. For many years past there have been but two copies known to be extant, and one of these was lost in the fire that destroyed Barnum's Museum. In many respects the portraits of Peale are preferred to those of his competitor, Stuart.

Some adventurous individuals have been paying a visit to the scientific party at the summit of Mount Washington. Their experiences have been novel. Under the fierce blasts of Boreas, the building occupied shakes and trembles and creaks in a manner which would drive sleep far away from the nervous. During these gales it is impossible for a person to stand a moment exposed to them. Moreover, a perfect shower of ice flies in fragments across the summit. Even within the house, where all is really comfortable, the flying missiles sound as if a genuine bombardment were going on.

At Rome there is not much prospect of a prosperous season. The inundation of the Tiber has left so much mud and slime as to threaten an epidemic. Travelers who had planned to visit Rome at this time will linger at other places until the sunshine has dried up that quarter of the town where foreigners usually lodge. Many poor people have greatly suffered from the flood, and a subscription has been circulated for their benefit.

The War Department has concluded to yield to the pressing demands made upon the Signal Office by ship-owners and commercial men generally for the daily publication of a reliable synopsis of existing weather throughout the country, and the probable change during the succeeding twenty-four hours. This synopsis will be based upon the three daily reports now received, and will be prepared by competent authority. Arrangements are now making to give them a wide and speedy circulation.

National colors are quite a study in themselves, as, abroad, each country displays its own in conspicuous places, and they are also worn by soldiers as a necessary and useful distinction. The Prussian colors are black and white. The colors of the old German empire were red and gold, and now the heralds are devising for the new empire under William a combination of black, silver, red, and gold.

A very strong feeling exists in England, among Churchmen, against the marriage of Princess Louise taking place during Lent. The day is now fixed—March 21—but many protests are made in the hope the royal family may not offend the feelings of many loyal subjects by celebrating the marriage at that time. It is stated that in many London churches, should the ceremony take place in Lent, there will be a special penitential service at the same hour.

Presence of mind in emergencies is worth every thing. During a late disastrous fire in Brooklyn a heroic servant-girl, undaunted by the flames which were pressing in on all sides, seized two little children in her arms, and forcing two others before her, succeeded in conveying all to a place of safety. The girl then rushed back into the burning building to rescue an old man, whom she found vainly seeking a way of exit. She had brought him to a ladder in the fourth story, when he fell, exhausted. She called loudly for help, but none coming, she was forced by the blinding flames to fly and leave him to his fate. But the children were saved by her from a horrible death.

Some years ago a London journal gave the following description of M. Dumas, which now gains a fresh interest: "If you should ever go to Paris, and chance in some of the streets to meet a great boy, about five feet four inches in height, having a physiognomy resembling that of a negro, with frizzled hair, broad nose, and an olive complexion—his costume also being distinguished by some peculiarity, such as light yellow under-waistcoat, or a ribbon of an infinite variety of color depending from his button-hole—speaking loudly and gesticulating fiercely, as if he was quarreling instead of conversing with a friend, you may go boldly up to him and say, without fear of being deceived, 'Good-day, M. Dumas.' Be assured it is the man himself, for there are not two such physiognomies to be found in Paris. He will receive you very civilly, converse with you, and in a few moments you will feel, as it were, almost instinctively, that you are confronted with the greatest, or, at all events, the most prolific, writer of modern times."

Empresses and queens occasionally relieve their minds from the cares of state and the weariness of court by indulging in some domestic employment. The late Empress of the French, the Empress of Russia, and the Queens of Bavaria and Greece beguile their hours with a sewing-machine of great elegance and simplicity, and which is now generally adopted by the English government for industrial schools.

A warning to husbands comes from East Brooklyn. A while ago a moderately wealthy man, of good standing and reputation, married a young wife. But the husband was extremely eccentric in some particulars, and no servants were allowed in his establishment. At length the wife, who had no taste for domestic occupations, became so disgusted with the ceaseless round of scrubbing and working, preparing meals and clearing them away, that she concluded she would explore the unknown, and have a change, at any rate. In her letter of farewell she stated that she had no fault to find with her husband, but she was determined to seek a spot where there were no dishes to wash. The pistol with which she attempted to shoot herself through the heart was evidently a new weapon in her hands, for the result was a slight wound in the left side, causing considerable physical pain, but by no means dangerous. The nearly bereaved husband has engaged a competent housekeeper, and sufficient help to keep the domestic machinery in motion. If the pistol had been aimed more accurately, the man would doubtless have soon married a second wife, and *she* would have reaped the benefit of the first one's experiment—a suggestion which discontented wives should remember in any similar experiments.

Not many "little men" are as brave as one who hails from Bridgeport, Connecticut. A short time ago the lad had three fingers cut off by some machinery in a brass shop. Did he cry? Not he. Looking upon his bleeding hand, the brave little fellow exclaimed, "I'll bet mother will cry when she sees that!"

Is the Mont Cenis Tunnel to be of practical utility? is the question now raised. The Alps have been pierced, and there will be no difficulty in laying the track and furnishing the cars. But what is to be done with the smoke of the locomotives? That would surely suffocate passengers. Probably some pneumatic principles will be applied to remedy this evil when all other things are ready for a trip.

The following little poem will, we fancy, meet the feelings of some fathers, as well as mothers, whose honors are yet fresh and new:

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on—
I looked, and looked, and laughed:
It was so singular that she
Should cross the Unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all,
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love,
And common metre rhymes.
She has no manifest but this;
No rag floats o'er the water;
She's too new for the British Lloyd's—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Ring out wild bells—and tame ones too—
Ring out the lover's moon,
Ring out the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon;
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water;
Away with paper, pens, and ink—
My daughter! oh, my daughter!

Briefer, yet in a like happy and satisfied vein, is another bit, which will suit other cases:

Give us joy—
It's a boy.

Do you ask when?
Just half past ten

On Saturday night.
Mother all right;

Likewise the boy—
Give us joy.

This recipe for making mush, or hasty pudding, has been the rounds of the newspapers: "Take three quarts of water in a pot, boil and salt to taste. When boiled take out two quarts in a suitable vessel for the table. Then stir in one quart of sifted Indian meal, and pour back the batter or mixture so made into the pot with the remaining one quart of water, and boil the whole fifteen minutes." Doubtless this will be very good mush; but there is no need of taking such an exact rule. Boil water according to the quantity of mush you desire. Salt it, of course. While boiling, stir in dry Indian meal, thoroughly and carefully, until thickened sufficiently. It won't hurt it to boil until your breakfast is ready. Corn-meal always requires much more cooking than flour.

An English medical journal warns its readers against the use of a certain kind of green-colored gloves, which stain the hands, and cause an eruption to appear on the skin after a while. Analysis shows that the dye used in coloring the gloves contains arsenic.

Honesty is not yet one of the "lost arts." Not long ago the keeper of a toll-gate at Oxford, Connecticut, received a letter containing twenty cents from a man who said that thirty years ago he got through the gate on fraudulent pretenses. "Better late than never." He remitted the original debt with interest. Happy Connecticut, to raise and rear such honest folk!

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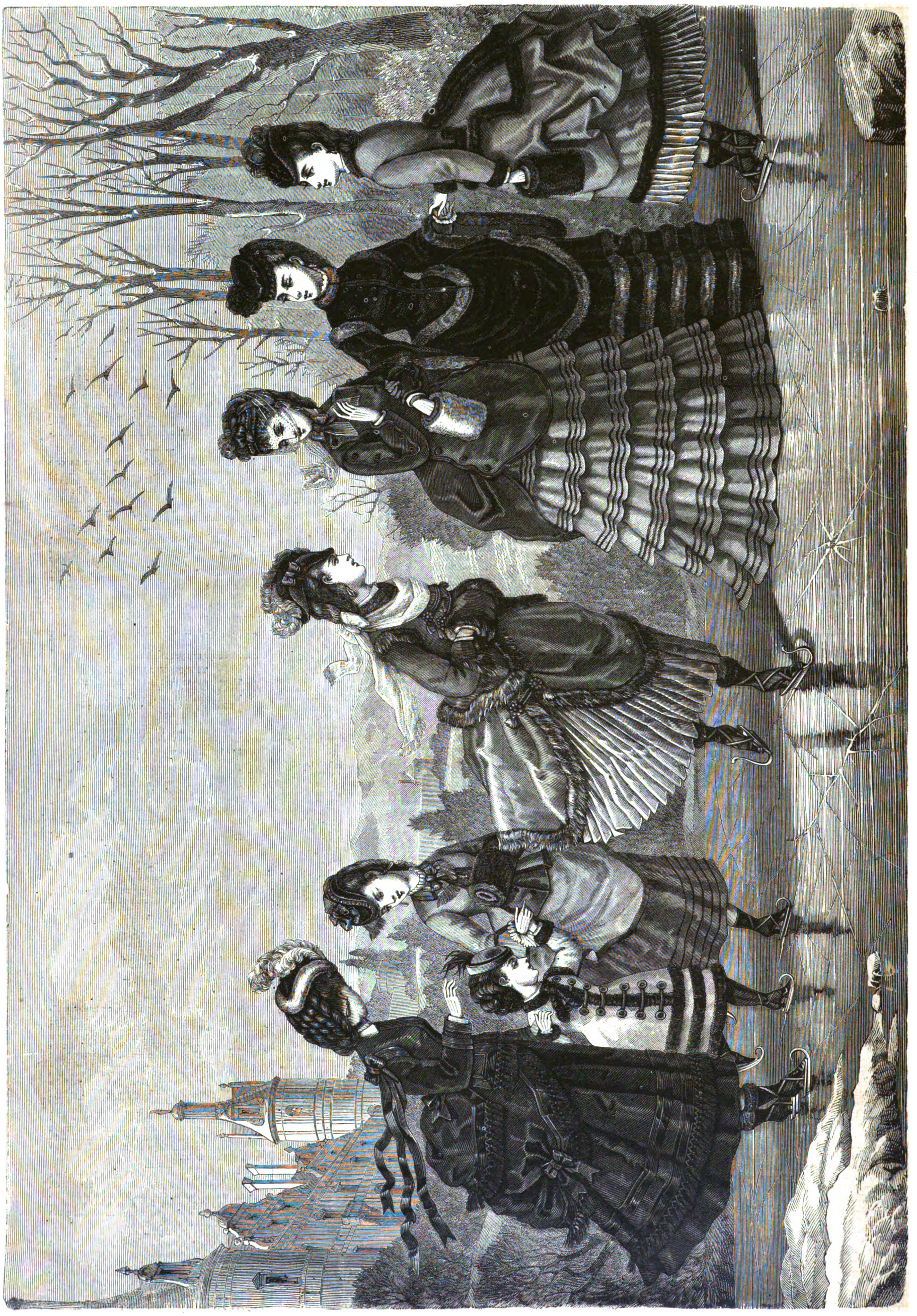

Fig. 1.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.

Fig. 4.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 6-10.

Fig. 5.—LADY'S STREET SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 11-16.

Fig. 6.—LADY'S STREET SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 17-21.

Fig. 7.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

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Aigrettes for Hats, etc., Figs. 1–6.

THESE aigrettes are made partly of wire and beads, and partly of feathers and satin. They are used for finishing bows, or for covering the seams made by sewing feathers on hats and bonnets, and are especially commendable for the simplicity of the materials, and the ease with which they are made.

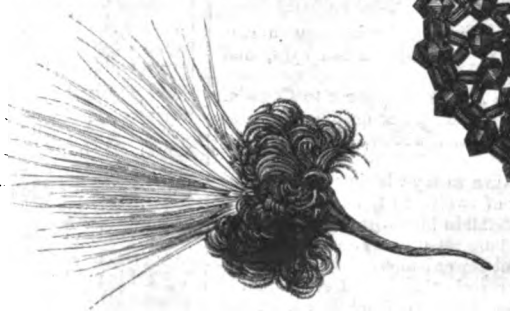


Fig. 4.—AIGRETTE FOR HATS, ETC.—REDUCED SIZE.

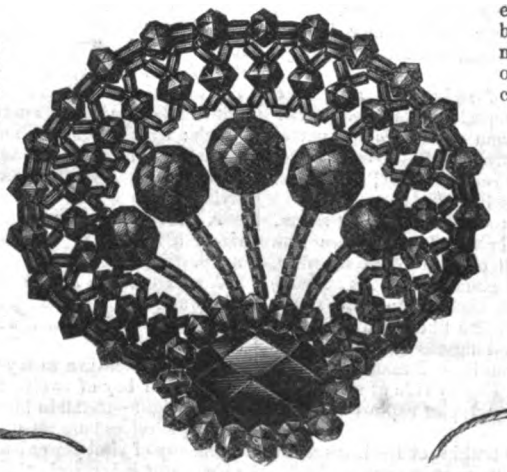


Fig. 1.—AIGRETTE FOR HATS, ETC.—FULL SIZE.

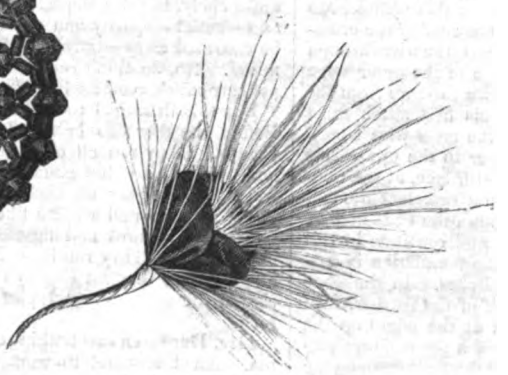


Fig. 5.—AIGRETTE FOR HATS, ETC.—REDUCED SIZE.

Fig. 1.—To make this aigrette take for the five bead bars in the middle five pieces of wire each two inches and a half long, string a black enameled bead on each wire, slip it to the middle, double the wire, and on the double wire string, first, a large round bead, and then several bugles. As is plainly shown by the illustration, the large round beads of the two outside bars must be somewhat smaller than those of the three middle bars. Sew the still free ends of the wires on one lengthwise edge of an oval foundation made of a double piece of stiff lace. Cover the seam made by doing this with a small oval cut jet medallion, and surround this with small round cut beads strung on wire. In connection with the middle part work the border; for the outside of the border take two pieces of wire of the requisite length, string bugles and round cut beads on these, as shown by the illustration, and in connection with them work the scallop as follows: Fasten the ends of the outer bead wire underneath the jet medallion, lay on a new wire there, * string three small enameled bugles on this wire, then a round cut bead, then a bugle, then pass the wire through the first round bead of the outer wire, take up a bugle, and pass the wire through the round bead previously taken up. Repeat from *. In working the scallops which come on the free end of the five bead wires, instead of taking up the three bugles, pass the wire through the bugle at the end of the bead bar (see illustration). After completing the border, fasten the wire under the jet medallion.

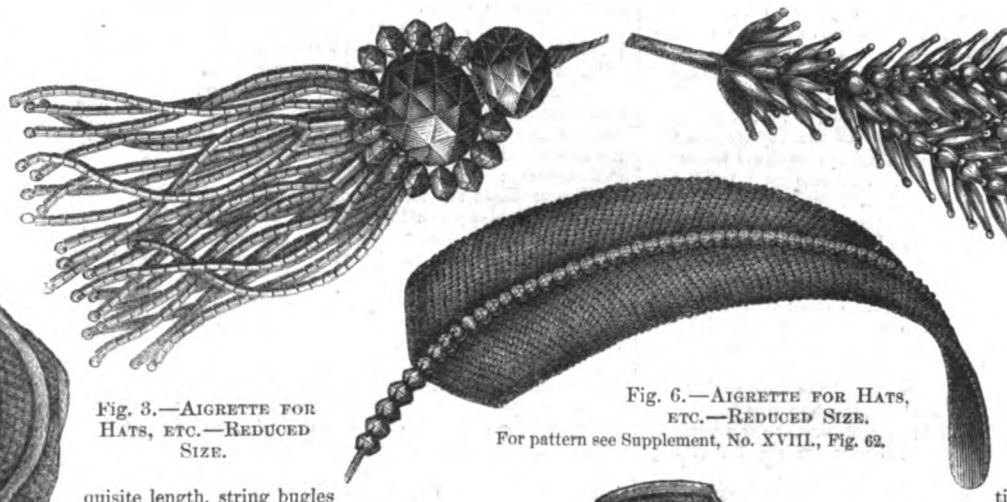


Fig. 3.—AIGRETTE FOR HATS, ETC.—REDUCED SIZE.

Fig. 6.—AIGRETTE FOR HATS, ETC.—REDUCED SIZE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 62.

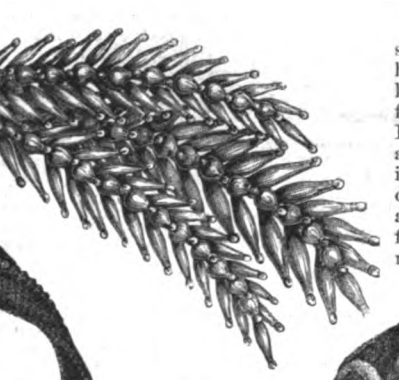


Fig. 2.—AIGRETTE FOR HATS, ETC. REDUCED SIZE.

Fig. 2.—For this aigrette, simulating heads of wheat, which the illustration shows reduced to one-third of the original size, take three rather coarse pieces of wire, one of which is five inches and three-fifths long, and the other two five inches and a fifth and four inches and four-fifths respectively; each of these wires forms the middle vein of a head. Besides this take for each blade as many pieces of fine wire, each four inches long, as the head counts bugles and large round beads. Take up a small bead on each of these wires, pass it to the middle of the wire, bend the latter double, take up a bugle, and fasten the grain thus formed to the coarser wire by means of fine wire, as shown by the illustration. Besides this fasten a round bead between each two grains; this bead, like those of the grains, is secured on a double wire by means of a small bead. Bind the three heads of wheat, the stems of which must previously have been wound with silk, together with silk, in doing which fasten two tufts of wheat to the stem of the aigrette (see illustration).

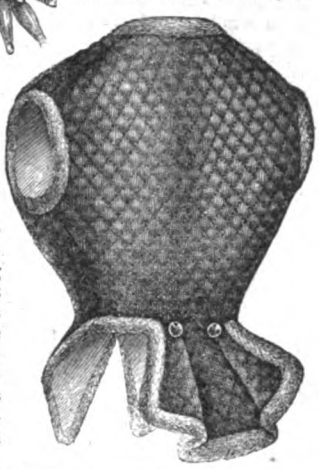
Fig. 3.—For this aigrette prepare, first, five bead tassels. Each of these tassels consists of five to six very fine wires, each twelve inches long. Take up a small bead on each wire, slip it to the middle of the wire, and bend the latter double. Then take up black bugles on the wires, leaving three inches of the ends free. Pass the free ends of five or six such wires through a bugle four-fifths of an inch long, below this bugle twist the wire ends of two tassels together. In the same manner join the three remaining tassels together. Then pass the ends of the five tassels through a large round cut jet bead, and above this cover the tassels with a small oval jet medallion, which must be surrounded with round beads strung on wire. The still free ends of the wire form the stem, and are closely wound with black silk.

Fig. 4.—This aigrette consists of a bunch of white heron's feathers three inches and a quarter long, around which smaller bunches of curled black ostrich feathers are arranged in a circle. The wire ends of the feather bunches form the stem, which must be wound with black tissue paper (see illustration).

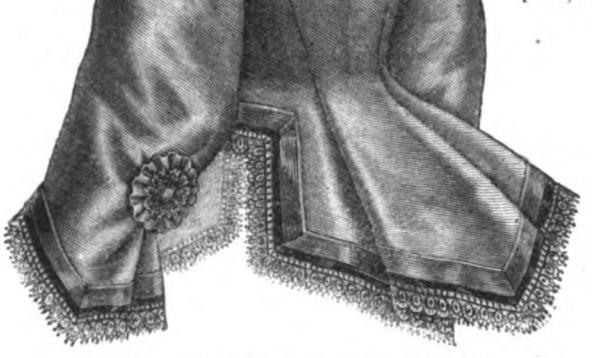
Fig. 5.—This aigrette consists of a bunch of white heron's feathers four inches long, which is surrounded by four small black satin leaves. For each of these leaves take a piece of black satin two inches and two-fifths square, double it so as to form a triangle, and insert a piece of fine wire between the double material along the fold, letting the wire project two inches beyond the satin on each side. Lay each part in thick pleats along the straight edges, so as to give it the shape of a leaf; twist the ends of the wire together, and arrange the leaves around the bunch of feathers in the manner shown by the illustration. Finally, edge the leaves with small bunches of heron's feathers, and wind the wire ends, which form the stem, with tissue paper.

Fig. 6.—This aigrette simulates a feather. To make it, cut of stiff lace from Fig. 62 of the Supplement one piece, allowing four-fifths of an inch

QUILTED SLEEVELESS JACKET WITH FUR TRIMMING.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 46 and 47.



QUILTED SLEEVELESS JACKET WITH FUR TRIMMING.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 46 and 47



TIGHT-FITTING GROS GRAIN BASQUE.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 37-41.

CLOTH SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 48–58.

TIGHT-FITTING GROS GRAIN BASQUE.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 37-41.

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extra material all around. On this foundation work the design in bead satin stitch embroidery as follows: First draw the contour of the feather on the foundation, fasten a fine wire to the middle of the broad cross-wise edge, and take up a number of small black beads on this sufficient to cover the foundation along one-half of the cross-wise edge before mentioned, pass the wire through a hole of the lengthwise edge of the outer edge of the feather, putting the wire through from the upper to the under side (this first stitch must cover half the contour of the cross-wise edge), pass the wire from the under to the upper side through the first hole of the stiff lace, at the middle vein of the leaf, take up a sufficient number of beads, pass the wire through the next hole of the side of the outer edge, and continue in this manner until one-half of the foundation is covered with diagonal bead stitches. In the same manner cover the other half of the feather, turn down the surplus material at the edges on the under side, and fasten it; sew a piece of fine bonnet wire to the under side of the feather along the middle, and on the outer edge fasten a wire on which round beads are strung. The ends of the wire must project an inch and a fifth beyond the end of the feather. The beads must be largest at these ends of the wire, and gradually grow smaller toward the point of the feather.

LOVE IN WINTER.

BETWEEN the berried holly-bush
The Blackbird whistled to the Thrush:
"Which way did bright-eyed Bella go?
Look, Speckle-breast, across the snow—
Are those her dainty tracks I see,
That wind toward the shrubbery?"

The Throstle pecked the berries still.
"No need for looking, Yellow-bill;
Young Frank was there an hour ago,
Half frozen, waiting in the snow;
His callow beard was white with rime—
Tchuk—'tis a merry pairing time!"

"What would you?" twittered in the Wren;
"These are the reckless ways of men.
I watched them bill and coo as though
They thought the sign of Spring was snow;
If men but timed their loves as we,
'Twould save this inconsistency."

"Nay, gossip," chirped the Robin, "nay;
I like their unreflective way.
Besides, I heard enough to show
Their love is proof against the snow:
Why wait, he said, *why wait for May,*
When love can warm a winter's day?"

DESIRÉE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

NEARLY twenty years ago an English lady and her little boy were crossing the Atlantic in one of the Cunard steamers. The lady was going to Canada, where her brother lived. She was a widow; she had lost her husband a very few years after their marriage. Her name was Helen Dunraven, and she had a sweet, gentle, somewhat melancholy face, as I think a woman named Helen ought to have. Her little boy was a bright-haired, blue-eyed creature. His fair hair clustered about his forehead, and fell upon his shoulders. This was about the time when knickerbockers first became the garb of small boys in Europe; and little Eustace Dunraven wore black velvet knickerbockers, and looked like a tiny prince.

It was summer weather. The sea was really for once "like glass." One could hardly be sick, even if he tried. Mrs. Dunraven was sitting on deck one day with her boy, when she heard the patter of little feet, and a child came scampering up to her knee, and caught her hand. The new-comer was a little maid some eight years old, with a pretty head covered with jet-black hair, and a pair of deep black eyes, lustrous and lambent. The little girl's complexion was of almost tropical darkness. She was a lovely little creature, indeed, who might have stood as an infantile impersonation of Night, while the sunny-haired boy near her would have passed for a living symbol of Day.

"And what is your name, my little dear?" asked Mrs. Dunraven, who did not remember to have seen the child before.

"My name is Desirée," little Night replied, promptly and clearly; and then went on, "I saw you on the deck, and I ran to you because I love you!"

"Do you, my sweet little creature? I am sure I shall love you," said Helen, kissing the child tenderly.

"Oh yes, I love you; and I love your little boy."

The little boy was holding off rather sheepishly, after the manner of his race. In very early life the girls make all the advances, if any are made. This little girl stood fearlessly before the boy, and gazed at him with tender, innocent frankness, while he was somewhat shy, and looked at her timidly out of his great blue eyes. At his mother's bidding he went near the child, and gave her his hand; but she put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Do you know us, Desirée?" Mrs. Dunraven asked.

"Oh yes, quite well; I saw you once before—the day you came on board; and now I knew you again, and I ran up because I am so fond of you. I was below for two days. Mamma thought she would be sick. But I hope she won't be sick; don't you?"

"Yes, my dear, I do indeed. Is she on deck?"

"Oh no; but she sent me up. She said I might go and play; and, please, may I play with your little boy? We have been in Paris. Was he ever in Paris? There are such nice dolls in Paris! I suppose he doesn't care for dolls? Boys don't, I suppose."

There was a tone of resignation, almost of melancholy, in this; the reluctant recognition of an essential disparity and uncongeniality not to be charmed away—only perhaps to be compromised. No, *he* didn't care for dolls; didn't just yet care much even for little girls.

But this little girl took him fairly by storm. Before the day was half over they were firm friends. They ran all over the deck together, and tried to play that game (what is it called?) which people play on board ship with round pieces of wood and a thing like a crutch, and a number of squares and figures chalked on the deck planks. They ran into all manner of holes and corners; they sat side by side at meals, and shared the oranges and apples captured at dessert.

Mrs. Dunraven saw nothing of Desirée's mamma. An elderly mulatto woman came and looked after the child now and then; but the mother did not appear, and seemed quite content that Desirée should be left entirely to Mrs. Dunraven's care. Practically this was so. The little girl clung to Helen and her boy all through the voyage as if she belonged to them; and, indeed, people often wondered at the English lady's two children—the one so fair, the other so dark.

Only on the last day of the voyage did the lady whom Desirée called her mamma make an appearance on deck. She was an invalid, apparently; she walked with difficulty. She was wrapped in shawls, though the weather was warm. Her face was indeed somewhat like that of Desirée, but it was sallow and yellow. It was prematurely wasted and old. It was lighted by the cold fire of two stern and dark eyes that burned with a penetrating, painful keenness. The mulatto woman, on whom she leaned, brought this lady up to Mrs. Dunraven.

"I am deeply grateful," the lady said, "for your attention and kindness to this little girl, Desirée. I am an invalid, and she is a restless, self-willed child. No nurse or servant of any kind can get any control over her."

"Indeed? I should never have thought so," Mrs. Dunraven replied. "She seems to me a very docile and loving little creature. It was such a pleasure to me to have your little daughter with us during the voyage!"

"Thank you. I am much obliged. Desirée is not my daughter; she is the child of my brother. He is dead. Desirée is an orphan."

Mrs. Dunraven sighed, and looked at her little boy.

"She calls me mamma," the other lady continued; "but she has neither father nor mother. I take care of her so far as I can; I am her guardian. Desirée will be well cared for, and she will make many friends if she lives, for she will be an heiress."

There was something cold and disagreeable in her tone—a certain grating cynicism, implied in the manner more than in the words. Mrs. Dunraven felt inclined to shrink from her.

"She looks a fine, healthy little girl," she said, in order to say something.

"Healthy! Oh no!" the other replied, coldly; "far from healthy! I should say she had the seeds of consumption in her. Her father and mother both died very young."

The little boy and girl were playing on the deck at some distance while the elders were thus talking. Mrs. Dunraven looked with wonder and greatly increasing dislike at the woman who thus so coldly cast the horoscope of this loving and lovely little child, and sought to find for her the house of death.

Poor Desirée came in for misfortune that day. She and little Eustace were missing for a long time. Two hours and more passed away without their making an appearance. At last they came running up together, hand in hand, and with an air of immense triumph and excitement, to where the elder ladies were sitting.

"Look here, mamma!" the boy exclaimed, half out of breath. "See what we have been doing! Desirée is to be my wife, you know, when we grow big: and so, that we may be sure to know each other again, I have done my name—the letters of it—on her arm, and hers on mine. Tom, the steward's boy, got us the gunpowder, and it didn't hurt a bit—at least, not much, you know. I liked it, and Desirée stood it like a brick! See! there it is—'E. D.' on her arm, for Eustace Dunraven, because she belongs to me; and 'D.' on my arm, for Desirée—only 'D.,' because Desirée doesn't quite remember her other name, and I don't know it. But 'D.' will do well enough; won't it, mamma?"

And the boy pulled up first Desirée's sleeve, and then his own, and showed the work of his hand in triumph. He actually had tattooed the identifying mark in his rude little letters on their arms. He had seen and been immensely delighted with the tattooing performances of some of the sailors, and he thought the finest thing in the world was to employ the process as a love-mark for Desirée and himself.

Desirée's "mamma" positively flamed with fierce, sudden and unintelligible anger. She loaded the poor little girl with harsh and bitter words, and struck her two or three sharp blows on the face. Little Eustace's eyes burned with anger, and his fat, round fists clenched. Desirée never cried, or even winced. The punishment over, her guardian rose from the seat without a word to Mrs. Dunraven, and, despite her invalid condition, hurried down stairs.

The parting of little Desirée from Eustace was a dismal piece of business. The poor children clasped each other and cried. Mrs. Dunraven found her own eyes wet as she looked at them. She made an effort to obtain the address of the little girl's so-called "mamma;" and when the "mamma" herself appeared on deck for the last time, the steamer being actually in the dock, Mrs. Dunraven went over to her, made an effort to be warm and friendly, expressed a hope that they should meet again, and tendered her card. The other lady was cold and constrained. She said, "We are going South; we seldom come North: the climate does not suit me or my husband and children—or Desirée." But she gave a card which bore the name of "Mrs. Angelo Ryland, New Orleans."

A hurry ashore, a rush for luggage, a carriage, a final flash of Desirée's sad eyes, and the parting was over.

Mrs. Dunraven and her boy went to Canada. She was to keep house for her brother, who was a widower, as she was a widow, and had young children.

I will not venture to say whether it is possible for a little boy of twelve to fall in love with a girl of eight—to fall in love with her so that the feeling survives long separation, and abides with a tenacity of vital power which seems unconquerable. But it is certain that little Desirée had so deeply impressed Eustace Dunraven that the memory of her was always with him. For a year or two he kept incessantly harassing his mother with petitions and prayers to be taken to Desirée. Then, as he began to have a clearer intelligence, and to understand that thousands of miles can separate loving hearts, he implored and petitioned no more; but he thought of Desirée all the same. Mrs. Dunraven listened to his occasional talk of Desirée with a keen pain and sadness; for she had learned something which she would not tell as yet to her son. It was this: one day she happened to see an old copy of a New Orleans paper at the house of a friend, and turning listlessly over its pages, she was shocked and grieved to see in the list of deaths the name of Desirée Constant, aged nine years and three months, at the house of her uncle, Angelo Ryland, Esq.

So she was dead, then, and the cold, sharp-faced aunt was right, after all! She was dead, the bright-eyed, beautiful little creature, in whom life seemed so exuberant and so affluent! Never had Mrs. Dunraven seen a creature who appeared to have been gifted with such lavish life-power; and now she was dead! Those lustrous black eyes were closed forever; never would the brilliant, noble-hearted woman be seen on earth whom Mrs. Dunraven had mentally looked on when she contemplated the future of little Desirée. Dear, lost little creature! Earth, lie light upon her graceful, winsome form!

Mrs. Dunraven resolved that she would not yet tell her boy of the death of his quondam little play-fellow. When the distinctness of his memory of her should have worn itself away, then she would tell him; not till then.

Two years after their arrival in Canada Mrs. Dunraven and Eustace paid a visit to some friends in New York. One day, as Mrs. Dunraven was coming out of a book-store in Broadway, Eustace clutched her dress, and cried, "Oh, mamma, look, look—Desirée!" Then he ran two or three paces on, and cried out, "Desirée!"

Mrs. Dunraven looked in the direction which the boy's gestures and movements indicated, and she saw a carriage driving on, and there was a child's face seen for a moment at the window, which did certainly seem to her to resemble that of poor, lost Desirée. At least it was the face of a dark-eyed child, with clustering dark hair; and the child did seem to be looking eagerly back. But that fact was easily to be explained. The child, who probably bore some little resemblance to Desirée, was doubtless attracted by Eustace's sudden cries and gestures. The whole incident was piteous and pathetic. Mrs. Dunraven's heart was keenly touched by the mournful expression in the face of her boy, as, disappointed, he came back to her.

"Well, dear," she said, "you were mistaken?"

"Mistaken! Oh no, mamma; it was Desirée. I wonder she did not stop the carriage! Perhaps now I shall never see her again. Why did she not stop the carriage?"

"But, Eustace, my child, it could not have been Desirée."

"Mamma, don't you think I should know Desirée? Besides, she saw me and knew me."

Mrs. Dunraven shook her head sadly. She saw no use in pursuing the discussion any farther. Poor Eustace was quite perplexed and miserable all that day. Indeed, the holiday in New York was spoiled for him. There was something wonderful in the hold which the recollection of the dark-eyed child had on the boy. You might have thought he was a full-grown lover yearning for a lost mistress. At last his mother thought it right to tell him what she knew. The certainty of the worst seemed to her less likely to be wasting and injurious than the pressure and excitement of a barren hope. So she gently but firmly broke the news to him that Desirée was dead. He flushed all red with horror at first, and his lips and hands trembled; but then he broke out with the words:

"Mamma, it isn't true. It was a mistake of the paper, or it was somebody else of the same name. But it was not Desirée! I saw her that day in Broadway, and she saw me. Desirée is alive, and I'll find her yet!".

Mrs. Dunraven wrote a letter to Mrs. Angelo Ryland, New Orleans, reminding her of their slight acquaintance on the voyage from Europe, and of the affection Eustace had formed for Desirée; and asked if it was true that the dear little creature was dead. After the lapse of some weeks she received the following answer:

"MY DEAR MADAME,—I well remember our too short and slight acquaintanceship, which might have ripened into something closer but for my invalid condition. I shall never forget your kindness to the beloved child who is now an angel in heaven. It is too true that Desirée Constant has been long since removed to that better land where those whom her loss has bereaved may yet hope to find her. To me, who loved her as dearly as if she were my own daughter, there can be no earthly consolation for the decree which carried her off, but to which, however, as in Christian duty bound, I endeavor unrepiningly to bow. I remain, dear madame, with warm regards, yours ever,

"CLOTILDA RYLAND."

Mrs. Dunraven thought there was something singularly repelling about the tone of this letter. "She never loved the dear little child; she was glad of her death, because probably she got some money by it," was her exclamation; but then the good woman checked herself, and said: "I have no right to judge her thus. After all, it would be cruel to suppose that a woman did not love a child, or mourn for its death, merely because she was sometimes harsh to it in its lifetime."

She told her son of the letter, and even read it to him. He burst into a passion of tears, but even amidst the tears he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I don't care; I don't believe it. I saw Desirée in Broadway that day, and she is not dead!"

Nine or ten years went over, and Eustace Dunraven was a rising young physician, settled in New York, his mother living with him. He had been attached to the army, had served through the war, had been in New Orleans, and had stood by the grave which a marble monument described as the last resting-place of Desirée Constant, aged nine years and three months. He had looked at the grave with tenderness and sadness, remembering the fervor of his childish love. Of course the dark-eyed child had faded for him long since into a mere memory, a cloud-shape, a dream; something which it impressed him sweetly and sadly to think of, like the recollection of exquisite music, or of some melancholy moonlight scene. But he had never loved any girl since. He thought with curious wonder over his boyish conviction that he had seen Desirée alive long after the date on the tomb-stone; and though he now assumed that he was mistaken, it was strange how clearly on his mind remained the impression of his having seen her. In New Orleans he had made inquiries about the Ryland family. Fate had dealt heavily with them. Clotilda Ryland, the aunt of poor little Desirée, had died at an early period of the war, her death having been hastened by the news that her son, whom she passionately loved, had been killed in a battle by a Federal bullet. Angelo Ryland, her husband, who was represented as having been wholly under her influence during her lifetime, was living in Paris with his daughter, now his only child. They had lost nearly all their property (most of it inherited on the death of little Desirée) during the war, and were living in a poor and narrow way. The mulatto woman whom Eustace remembered as Desirée's nurse had been devoted to Mrs. Ryland, refused to accept her freedom during the war, and died soon after her mistress's death. The family was, if such an expression may be used, effaced from New Orleans.

And now Eustace Dunraven is settled in New York. One day he is sent for to attend an English lady who, with her family, has just arrived from Europe, and is at the Clarendon Hotel. He finds that the lady is very weak and nervous, from the effects of the voyage partly, but that there is nothing serious the matter. The lady's husband is an Englishman of wealth. They had been in America several years before; they have come again, to see how it looks after the war. He hears the lady ask one of her servants "where Miss Dennis is," and he hears that Miss Dennis has gone out with Miss Emily, and has not yet come back. Dr. Dunraven takes his leave, to visit the lady again next day; and on leaving her apartments, and hurrying through the hall, he almost rushes against a young lady and a little girl, who are coming in. He takes off his hat—begins to make an apology, when he suddenly breaks off, flushes, stammers, and at last exclaims, "Do let me ask your name! Tell me—are you not Desirée Constant?"

For there before him stands a woman—not a child; but that woman has the face, the eyes, the hair of the child Desirée! The resemblance is wonderful, bewildering, overpowering. It *is* Desirée!

And the young lady turns pale, and says, in a tremulous tone:

"Sir, my name is Elizabeth Dennis; but the name Desirée startles me in a manner I can not explain. I do believe I must once have been called Desirée, and that I must have known you then."

"How did you get the name of Elizabeth Dennis?"

"I don't know; I hardly remember my parents. I can not understand why the name of Desirée seems so familiar to me. It can not, I now know, have been my name."

"Why—do please forgive my strange questions, and believe that I have a reasonable purpose in them—why can not your name have been Desirée Constant?"

"Because," she said, somewhat hesitatingly—"because, among other reasons, the initials of my name are marked on my arm; and I can faintly remember my little brother—I suppose it must have been he—marking them one day on board a ship, and somebody—I suppose my mother—was there, and was angry."

Eustace Dunraven broke into an exclamation that was almost like a cry. "Desirée," he exclaimed, "it was I who made that mark upon your arm! The initials were mine—not yours. My conviction—my faith was right. Desirée Constant was not dead! She lives, and you are she!"

It was Desirée Constant. The change from childhood to manhood, the hardships and bronzing of the war, the heavy mustache and beard, had so utterly transfigured Eustace Dunraven that she could not possibly recognize him; but gradually a memory of him as the boy on board the steamer came clearly back to her mind, and with it other recollections that helped to make

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the mystery of her life intelligible at last. It was never wholly cleared up; but, piece by piece, much of it came out, then and afterward; and a crime was revealed. Mrs. Ryland and her mulatto servant had arranged it. Desirée once was attacked by fever, and Mrs. Ryland announced her death. A slave child, nearly white, died just then: her corpse was buried in a coffin which bore the name of Desirée Constant; and Desirée was sent to the far West, when she had scarcely yet recovered from her fever, and kept there for a while by some people who received an annual sum for her, and were given to understand that she was an illegitimate child. The letters marked on her arm suggested to Mrs. Ryland a new baptism for the girl, and she smiled to herself to think how admirably the supposed means of identification could be made to serve the purpose of deception and fraud. She gave to Desirée Constant the name of Elizabeth Dennis; and the child, waking from the delirium of her fever to hear herself addressed only by this name, soon yielded to it in bewilderment, and at last forgot that she had ever been called by any other. Once, when for some purpose her keepers, as they may be termed, brought her to New York, and she saw the boy Eustace, some flash of memory leaped up within her; but she did not hear the name he called, and he soon was lost to sight.

It was not long after this that the English family with whom she was now living saw the child, were charmed with her, and were anxious to rescue her from the rough, uncongenial, and mercenary hands in which she was placed. They paid off her keepers, got possession of the child, educated and brought her up, and had her now as a teacher and companion of their children.

This was the story so far as it ever became known. It was not clear that Angelo Ryland, the broken old man now pining in Paris, ever was a party to it. No steps were taken to crush that broken reed by any legal prosecution.

Eustace Dunraven became a close friend of the English family, and of course of Desirée. The memory of his childish affection soon changed into the reality of a manly love. And the girl loved him; and they were finally married, and are happy. Desirée found a mother and a husband at once in Mrs. Dunraven and Eustace: and the future, let us hope, will repay her for the past.

THE FISHERMAN'S DARLING.

See illustration on page 157.

THIS pretty picture represents a scene on the north coast of England. The fisherman's darling, a little barefooted child, is wading out to the old fisherman, who bends over the side of the boat to welcome her. The coast is lined with the village population, some come to welcome the returning craft, and others straining their eyes over the dim horizon, in hopes to see the boats of their husbands and fathers making their way to the harbor. But the bronzed and bearded fisherman sees none of their familiar faces; his eyes and thoughts are bent on the little child that comes through the waters to greet his return home. The little domestic scene appeals to the hearts of all, and possesses a sentiment often lacking in pretentious pictures, which are admired, but never felt.

LENT—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

MODERN Lent. We all know what that means. A six weeks' lull in the gay life of our cities, a substitution of small parties for large, daily service in churches, elaboration of ritual, spare diet for the Catholic part of our households; to gentle and devout souls here and there a time for retrospect, self-questioning, thoughtful charities, prayer. A season deprecated by the young and giddy—welcomed by graver folk; but, at best, accepted only in limited sense, and shorn of much of the pomp and ceremonial which marked an earlier period.

It is curious to look back and note how much the slow-creeping centuries have stolen from the great Fast. We talk of "Shrove-Tuesday," we observe Palm-Sunday and Maundy-Thursday with a special collect and an hour in church; but few of us comprehend that these are but the survivors of a long train of designated days once solemnly celebrated—now disused and laid aside. The very names of the few that remain have lost significance to modern ears; yet in their history is bound up a whole literature of quaint tradition and ceremonial dating back to the early dawn of Christianity, and the cradle of the English race.

The Christmas season, in that old time we speak of, was supposed to last until Fastern-eve, which is the same thing as Pancake or Shrove Tuesday. The four days preceding were given up to revelry of all sorts. On Monday—known as "Collop-Monday"—all who could afford it fortified themselves by an immense meal of beef collops as preparation for the ensuing fast. The scholars at Eton composed on this day rhymes in praise of Bacchus, and affixed them to the college doors. Another curious and very ancient custom was that of the lasses dancing in the church-yard after even-song. Sir Thomas Overbury alludes to this practice indulgently, and "thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruised or the worse for it."

Shrove-Tuesday derives its name from the Saxon word "shrive," it being a day set apart by the Catholic Church for general confession of sins. Many quaint observances cluster about this day, such as the "pancake-bell," which was rung in the church steeples; the custom of burying the "Holly boy" and the "Ivy girl"—two effigies—by the youth of the village, the boys at one end of the street, and the girls at the other; "shroving," or sending children from house to house to sing carols, and beg for bits of pancake; and "throwing at cocks" (*i. e.*, pelting them with clubs, supposed in some strange and occult way to be a revenge for Peter's denial of his Master). A "learned foreiguer" of the seventeenth century writes, "The English eat a certain cake on Shrove-Tuesday, after which they immediately run wild, and kill their poor cocks!"

Shrove-Tuesday was also a prophetic day. If the wind blew in the night, it betokened "death among them that are learned, and much fish shall die in the following summer." The Shepherds' Almanac for 1676 remarks, "Some say thunder on Shrove-Tuesday foretelleth wind, store of fruit, and plenty."

Ash-Wednesday derives its name from the ancient custom of signing the cross on the foreheads of the people on that day with ashes made of the consecrated palms of the year before, the priest repeating at the same time the admonitory formula, "*Memento, homo, quod pulvis es, et in pulverum reverteris.*" (Remember, man, thou art dust, and shalt return to dust.)

It is a proverb in Norfolk that wherever the wind blows on Ash-Wednesday it will blow the whole of Lent.

"Tid, Mid, Misera,
Carling, Palm, Paste-Egg Day,"

are the names given by the vulgar in the north of England to the Sundays in Lent, the first three being probably corruptions of some part of the old Latin psalms for the day. The opening Sunday of Lent is called by the Burgundian peasants "Fire-brand Sunday," from a custom they have of going in procession, with torches of lighted straw, "to drive away," as they say, "the bad air from the earth."

Mid-Lent, or "Mothering-Sunday," was formerly held in high repute. It was a joyful occasion, like the "Mi-Carême" of to-day in Catholic countries, and was observed somewhat after the fashion of our New England Thanksgiving—all children, far and near, going home to visit their parents, and carrying with them gifts, and "simnel" or mothering cakes, flavored with saffron, iced, gilded, or otherwise ornamented. It was a day for family reunions, for the knitting together of the partially sundered filial tie; and if, as pessimists assert, the fifth commandment is in danger of falling into decadence in the nineteenth century, and among ourselves, it were well if this sweet old festival could be revived, and taken back to its honorable place among Lenten customs.

The fifth Sunday in Lent, known of yore as "Care" or "Carle" Sunday, took its name from "carlings," or green pease fried in butter, which were the universal meal on this day. In the twelfth century doles of pease and beans were given away to the poor on Carling-Sunday. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," suggests a curious derivation for this from the ancient pagan custom of making doles of beans at funerals. And in fact the day was known in the ancient Roman Church as "Passion-Sunday," and was observed with solemn services, analogous to those of Good-Friday, as a *funeral* service for our Lord.

In Seville there is a usage for this day evidently the remains of an old custom. Children of all ranks parade the street, fantastically dressed, and making a din with drums and rattles, accompanied by cries of "Saw down the old woman." At midnight older people repeat the performance, and end by sawing in two the figure of an old woman representing Lent. This division is emblematic of Mid-Lent.

It is still customary in parts of England for the boys to "go a-palming" the week before Palm-Sunday. The "palms" are twigs of newly budded willow—almost the only thing that is green at that early season. And they are sold in London streets, and supposed by many to be specimens of real palm.

The day before Good-Friday, once known as "Shere-Thursday," because people on that day "shered theyr heds and clypped theyr berdes, and so made them honest against Easter," now bears the name of "Maundy," a corruption of the Latin word "mandatum," interpreted by some as applying to the "command" given to the disciples to wash one another's feet. Accordingly, this day has been selected from time immemorial for what, in Italy, is called the "Lavanda," or washing of the feet of the poor by royal or noble hands. James II. was the last king of England who performed this office in person, but the custom was observed by deputy until a much later day, and is still of annual occurrence in some countries of Europe.

Good-Friday was then, as now, the gravest and most generally observed fast of the Christian world. In the north of England an herb pudding made of the "passion-dock" is still considered an indispensable dish on this day. In many counties a small loaf of bread is annually baked and laid aside, to be used throughout the year as medicine, grated into water, and swallowed; it is thought a miraculous specific for various disorders. Hot cross-buns, the specialty for Good-Friday, are annually made and sold in great quantities for the use of Catholics and Episcopalians, both in Europe and our own country:

"Whose virtue is, if you'll believe what's said,
They'll not grow mouldy like the common bread."

As late as the sixteenth century brazen rings were "hallowed," or blessed, by the kings of England on this day, and distributed as preservatives against cramp.

"Easter-even" was celebrated with much solemnity and many rites, such as extinguishing all fires in churches, and kindling them anew from flint, blessing the Easter wax, consecrating fresh water for fonts, lighting the "paschal taper," and "watching the sepulchre"—a curious custom, reference to which is found in many of the old church-wardens' accounts; as, "For the Tombe of brycke, xiid.; imprimis, for waking of the sepulchre, viiid."

Lastly—crowning, though not belonging to, the mournful season—comes glorious Easter-day, at the dawning of which, according to old tradition, the sun is supposed to dance. In the middle counties of Ireland peasants still rise at four in the morning in hopes of witnessing this phenomenon. Churches were decked with flowers on this day from time immemorial; and not churches only—houses also received similar garnish, the fires being put out, all foul and unclean things laid aside, and the floor strewed with "grene ryysshes all aboute." Every person, it was thought, must produce some new article of dress in honor of the festival, else good fortune would not be his that year:

"At Easter let your clothes be new,
Or else be sure you will it rue."

There was great feasting upon tansy puddings and "pudding-pies," likewise "clean-footed beasts, *even as eggs and green herbes.*" The old custom of eating bacon on this day, to mark abhorrence of Judaism, is still kept up in some parts of England. Another practice, long obsolete, was "clipping the church," all the children of the parish clasping hands, and making a chain round the sacred edifice. (Fancy the pretty rogues, with honest English roses in their cheeks!)

"Pasch," "paschal," or "paste" eggs were made in every house, and exchanged between friends as an Easter greeting. Various methods of ornamenting them were in use. Sometimes patterns were traced on the shell with tallow, after which the egg was boiled in lye, the pattern appearing in white lines on the colored ground. Another device was to color the egg, and scrape the pattern artistically with a penknife. Sometimes the egg was covered with leaf-gold. "Cracking" these eggs was a favorite sport among boys. They were held in the hand, and struck violently together, the survivor being accorded a sort of champion's belt, and challenging all the other eggs in the village.

In Russia these eggs are given and taken with the beautiful salutation and countersign, "Christ is arisen;" "Yes, He is risen." The people then embrace, and drink a great deal of brandy.

Such was ancient Lent—differing widely from the modern, but still with so much of the same usage as to make applicable to either Herrick's lines in "The Noble Numbers," with a fragment of which we close:

"It is a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

"It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate—
To circumcise thy life.

"To show a heart grief-rent—
To starve thy sin,
Not bin.
And that's to keep thy Lent."

FAMILY BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS.

BREAKFAST.

Chocolate, Stewed Rabbit, Broiled Potatoes, Rice Bread, Stale Bread Griddle Cakes.

CHOCOLATE.—Heat half a pint of milk and half a pint of water until nearly boiling. Scrape into this while on the fire an ounce of chocolate, stirring quickly till dissolved. Boil two minutes.

STEWED RABBIT (Southern style).—Skin the rabbit, and separate every joint, rubbing each piece with butter, pepper, salt, powdered cloves, and lemon. Parboil the heart and liver, and chop fine. Put the meat and chopped liver and heart in a stew-pan, and cover with cold water. Cover closely, and stew gently till the meat is tender; take it out in a dish, thicken the gravy with flour and butter rolled together, add a table-spoonful of mushroom catsup, pepper, salt, lemon juice, and two table-spoonfuls of rich cream. Boil up once, pour over the meat, and serve.

BROILED POTATOES.—Parboil large potatoes, peel and cut them in thick slices. Broil the slices on a gridiron over a clear fire until brown on both sides. Serve on a hot dish, with pepper, salt, and butter.

RICE BREAD.—Boil one pound of whole rice in milk enough to dissolve all the grains, adding it boiling as it is absorbed. Have four pounds of sifted flour in a pan, and into this pour the rice and milk, adding salt and a wine-glassful (large) of brewer's yeast. Knead, and set to rise till night. Form in loaves, and bake.

STALE BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.—Grate the crumb of a stale loaf of bread, and sift out all the lumps. Stir in milk till a thick batter is formed. Beat eggs, allowing two to every pint of milk, till smooth, and add to the batter; add a little salt. Beat all well together, and bake on a well-buttered griddle.

DINNER.

Ox-tail Soup, Stewed Eels, Saddle of Mutton, Sweet-breads and Cauliflower, Green Corn (boiled), Potato Salad, Currant Jelly, Pickled Lemons, Apricot Jam Tarts.

OX-TAIL SOUP.—Scald and scrape the tail. Divide it at each joint, and stew it with plenty of water. Peel and cut in slices two large potatoes, two large onions, two large turnips, and two carrots. Chop a bunch of pot-herbs fine. When the meat is tender, skim the soup, add the vegetables, and boil till they are done. Stir in a table-spoonful of burned sugar, and strain the soup. Season the soup with pepper, salt, Cayenne, and lemon juice, and break in half a pound of vermicelli. Boil till this is tender, and serve.

STEWED EELS (Canada recipe).—Wash and skin two pounds of eels, cut them in pieces three inches long, pepper and salt them, and put them in a stew-pan. Pour in one pint of good soup-stock, adding one large onion, shredded, three cloves, a tea-spoonful of grated lemon peel, and a wine-glassful of port-wine. Stew gently half an hour, and pour into a hot dish. Strain the gravy, and add a wine-glassful of cream thickened with flour, and boil up once. Pour over the eels, and serve.

SADDLE OF MUTTON.—Remove from a saddle of mutton all uneatable portions, and loosen the skin. Roast for one hour before a clear fire, turning it often. Remove the skin, sprinkle on flour and salt, and roast again half an hour, basting often. Thicken the gravy in the dripping-pan, and pour it over the mutton when done. Serve on a very hot dish.

SWEET-BREADS AND CAULIFLOWER.—Boil two large sweet-breads and one head of cauliflower in separate vessels until they are tender. Cut the cauliflower in two, and place on a flat dish, with a sweet-bread on each half, and stand five minutes in the oven. Put in a sauce-pan a pint of rich sweet milk, an ounce of butter, a tea-spoonful of sifted flour, and a tea-spoonful of salt. Boil up to a rich sauce, and pour over the cauliflower and sweet-bread.

GREEN CORN (boiled).—Green corn is too often spoiled by being left too long in the water. Very young corn will cook in ten minutes, and any that is not tender in twenty minutes is too hard to be eaten at all. Husk the corn, remove the silk, and cut out all imperfect places. Put the ears in an iron pot, cover with boiling water, cover the pot closely, and boil fifteen minutes. Corn is very delicious if boiled in the inside husk, removing it before serving. It can be loosened to remove the silk, and drawn up again.

CURRANT JELLY.—Strip the fruit from the stalks; bruise the fruit; and if the currants are black, add a little water; put them in a preserving kettle; stir them about, till they have yielded their juice, over a moderate fire; turn them into a very fine hair sieve, and drain the jelly from the pulp. To every pint of the jelly allow one pound of refined sugar; boil for fifteen minutes. Keep in glasses covered with brandied paper and bladder.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil one egg hard; when cold, take out the yolk, and rub it to a pulp with a wooden spoon; add a raw yolk, a tea-spoonful of flour, one of vinegar, one of sweet-oil, a little salt and pepper, a salt-spoonful of mixed mustard, and a table-spoonful of sweet butter. Beat this mixture well together. Slice some cold boiled potatoes in thin slices, and over these pour the mixture. Serve cold.

PICKLED LEMONS.—To six large lemons allow two quarts of boiling water, one quart of vinegar, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of white pepper, one ounce of grated ginger, half an ounce of stripped mace, one ounce of mustard seed, half an ounce of grated horse-radish, and a few cloves of garlic. Put the lemons into a brine strong enough to bear an egg; let them remain six days, stirring the brine every day. On the sixth day take the lemons out, throw them into two quarts of boiling water, and boil them fifteen minutes. Let them dry and get perfectly cold on a fine hair sieve. Boil all the other ingredients in the vinegar; put the lemons in stone jars, pour in the boiling vinegar, cover closely, and stand away to cool. When cold, make the covers air-tight, and keep for six months, when they will be fit for use.

APRICOT JAM TARTS.—Pare ripe apricots, break them in halves, and remove the stones. To every pound of fruit allow a pound of finely powdered sugar. Strew the sugar over the fruit, and stand for twelve hours. Break the stones; blanch the kernels, and put them with the fruit and sugar in a preserving kettle. Simmer gently, removing the apricots as they are done, and skimming the sirup. Mash fruit, kernels, and sirup together, and put in jars to cool. Line tart-pans with puff-paste, fill with the jam, crossing the top with strips of paste. Bake in a quick oven. Serve cold, and sprinkled with sugar.

INFINITELY LITTLE PEOPLE.

IT does appear singular that in this book-multiplying age there should be a large number of men and women, not devoid of education and some intelligence, who have a positive dislike to reading, and would be driven to the most vapid resources for killing time rather than open a book. I have met with some striking exceptions to the rule that only unreflecting and ignorant persons dislike reading. And by books I do not mean those dry books for instruction and improvement in history, science, etc., such as, according to delightful Elia, "no gentleman's library should be without."

No; I mean "books which are books"—thrilling novels and romances which hold you enchanted to the last page. Conceive, only conceive, the terrible undevelopment, the dreary dullness, of that soul which will prefer a mournful, melancholy morning call to the rapture of lying on a sofa at home, and reading Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" or "Woman in White," Hawthorne's "Blythedale Romance," or any of the volumes of Scott, Bulwer, *cum multis aliis!*

Yet hear it, *credite posteri*. Such people exist. Tempt them in every possible way. Leave the most enticing volume upon the table. They will avoid it as if it were a snare or pitfall. Offer to lend it to them—force it upon them; they will take it home, and return it after a certain time, with thanks. Do you imagine they have read it? Never will they allude to the contents unless you cross-question them severely. Then they will say it was "very interesting," or "very nice," and immediately change the conversation. Do not press them beyond this; do not ask for any analysis or critical opinion of the book they say they have read.

There are, too, those delicious coteries, who live in the midst of the nineteenth century with ideas of matters and things in general worthy of the Dark Ages—people who regard all intellectual superiority as something wicked, which should be punishable by law. Let the naturalist beware, however, how he attempts to dispel the mental darkness which these people love. Let any one endeavor to raise the bold, disjointed chat into something deserving the name of conversation. The alarm will be spread. "He thinks for himself; he wishes to make *us* think. He is a bad man." Immediately these moral hedgehogs roll themselves up, and present an impenetrable wall of bristles to the attack of ideas.

We are in the habit of calling "good sort of persons" those who merit the very opposite title; whose lives are little, selfish, dirty, and mean; who pursue no great aims, entertain no elevated views, despise any sentiment and idea above their own circumscribed intelligence, and at every lofty, generous, enthusiastic impulse, decline every thing involving a self-sacrifice; whose philanthropy, virtue, and religion are but vain, empty words.

These bad sort of people—these infinitely little folk—thoroughly illustrate the truth of Diderot's pithy saying, "that the ingredients of human happiness are a good digestion, a bad heart, and no conscience."

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ALICE CARY.

ON Sunday, February 12, anticipating the earthly daybreak, Alice Cary awoke in the morning of immortality out of a sleep that had come after a long, long pain. Her passage into the everlasting light was followed by a line of loving hearts that were loth to give her up even to the Angel of Glory. Her readers were her friends, her friends were her lovers. The readers of the *Bazar*, all the world over, will mourn with us the loss of a "sweet singer," who will sing no more for us; for she has gone, with harp and crown, to rule and sing among the immortals.

Alice Cary had the blood of chivalry and of religion in her veins. Among her ancestors was that Sir Robert Cary who, in the reign of Henry V., met and vanquished the Aragonese chevalier who challenged to combat any Englishman of gentle blood. The arms of the distinguished combatant became those of the Cary family, and a copy is hanging now in Alice's library. Then there was a Walter Cary, who left France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, because he was a Huguenot, and settled in England. His son, Walter, came to New England, and near Plymouth Rock opened the first grammar-school in America. From him our Alice descended.

She was born on a farm near Cincinnati, Ohio, April 26, 1820. Her sensitive organism made her peculiarly susceptible to the influences of nature, and her admirable judgment taught her what to do with the wealth she gathered from garden and field and forest. At the age of eighteen she began to write for the papers, principally for the *National Era;* and these contributions won for her the friendship of the poet Whittier, which she held through all her life. Her sister Phœbe, five years younger, began also to write. There were five other sisters, all greatly gifted women.

But the mother went away in a consumption, the sisters married, and have all departed this life except Phœbe, who is the last of that extraordinary sisterhood. Upon the second marriage of their father, and the removal from home of the other sisters, Alice and Phœbe determined to come to New York. This was in 1850. It was a bold but not a rash undertaking. They had youth and health and friends, and some money to sustain them until they could make a settlement. It was not long before many persons of literary taste and high culture became their friends, and the parties that met at their tea-table have embraced many of the most noted American and European authors and artists.

In busy New York, where congregate so many men and women distinguished in every department of art and literature, there are still very few centres for society of this kind. There are rallying-places in plenty for persons of fashion and leisure; but people of ideas and culture—who really constitute the best society—are diffused through the mass, and gather together but rarely and at few points. To those the sisters' hospitable house was a godsend. It soon became famed as the centre of a choice coterie which might have rivaled the French *salons* of the eighteenth century; and the loss which the literary society of New York sustained when its doors were closed can only be realized by those who remember the charm of these delightful reunions of the most gifted of the great metropolis.

In 1850 a joint volume of poems written by Alice and Phœbe appeared in Philadelphia. The next year appeared the first series of the "Clovernook Papers," which have been so greatly admired on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1853 the second series was equally successful. In 1854 appeared "The Clovernook Children." Her intellect and heart grew through all the succeeding years; and her industrious hand produced stories and poems which will always be regarded as valuable contributions to American literature. Her novels are, "Hagar: a Story of To-day" (1852), "Married, not Mated" (1856), and "The Bishop's Son" (1867). Her "Pictures of Country Life" (1859) was received with great favor. "Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns" (Hurd & Houghton, 1866), "The Lover's Diary" (Ticknor & Fields, 1867), and "Snow Berries," a juvenile, are the latest of her productions. Besides these, her still uncollected contributions in prose and verse to the *Bazar*, *Harper's Monthly*, the *Atlantic*, the *Independent*, the *Ledger*, and other journals show her great industry and manifold resources. Perhaps there are none of her American sisters in song who will not consent to consider Alice Cary the chief of their beautiful choir. Edgar Allan Poe regarded the following one of the very finest poems produced in America:

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep:
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth best of all.

Miss Cary's fondness for flowers was very great. She had what is better than all botanical knowledge—a poetic knowledge of the sweetest usages and significances of all the flowers that grew. She does not generalize when writing of them. She sets each in its particular place, and gives it a fresh grace by the appropriate surroundings of ideas. A young Southern lady, who from childhood has been a loving student of Alice Cary's poetry, remarked to us at the funeral that she believed she could find each flower of our Middle States, and many of those of the South, mentioned with appreciation in some part of Alice Cary's poems.

She never knew

"That which is woman's greatest good—
The blessedness of motherhood;"

but she never lost her fondness for children. Little girls felt much at home with her. She caught the individuality of each child into her own nature, and reproduced it in her communications with the child. Her "Snow Berries" will always be a great favorite with the little people.

She had created for herself many friends whom she never saw, and many who had never seen her until they beheld her lying in her last sleep in the house of prayer. Among these was one gentleman well known in scientific circles—a man supposed to have little of poetic juice in the dry composition of his nature. He surprised a friend who sat near him by his exhibition of feeling while the address was delivered; and at the close, in explanation of his great emotion, he said: "I have read every line that woman ever published. I have never spoken to her; but I tell you she was the largest-hearted woman that ever lived!"

She never outgrew her sensitiveness. To the last she was as quick to perceive whether what she had written was pleasing to her friends, and gave pleasure to the public, as when she first began authorship. It was not morbidness, but the sensibility of genius, that was touched by failure or success.

She had been long an invalid, sometimes a great sufferer, and yet she had kept to her work very steadily. In *Packard's Monthly* for February, 1870, an article by Dr. Deems, describing the home of the two sisters, says: "The two windows to the left in the second-story let light into the work-shop of Alice Cary. In that delightful room the patient, toiling, suffering invalid has wrought with her pen for years, heroically holding down the pain that has tugged at her nerves, and never allowing it to creep into her charming poems and stories, which are open, sunny, breezy as the country, and full of the odors of wild flowers and of new-mown hay. Books for children, books for lovers, books for grave and thoughtful people, have grown up in that room. How she does it is amazing. For years a sufferer, she has produced so much that is so good that she is 'as a wonder unto many' of her robust fellow-laborers of both sexes."

ALICE CARY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD AND CO., FROM A PICTURE BY FRANCIS B. CARPENTER.]

The readers of the *Bazar* will remember the exquisite poem by Alice Cary, "The Flight of the Birds," published last fall, just when our feathered songsters were taking their flight to a warmer clime.

Therefore I pray, and can but pray,
Lord keep, and bring them back when May
Shall come, with shining train,
Thick broidered with leaves of wheat,
And butterflies, and field-pinks sweet,
And yellow bees, and rain.

Yea, bring them back across the seas
In clouds of golden witnesses—
The grand, the grave, the gay;
And, if Thy holy will it be,
Keep me alive, once more to see
The glad and glorious day.

The touching prayer was not granted; and when the birds return they will no longer find her who knew their language so well, and who, like the swan, warbled her sweetest songs when dying. She is the first lady contributor to the *Bazar* who has died, and its half million of readers will be numbered among her mourners.

In private life Alice Cary was a most attractive woman. She was so pure, so truthful, so elevated! She had no petty jealousies, no stinging wit, no unwomanly ambitions. Women of the most diverse culture and habits of thought recognized her as a true sister. When men love a woman it may be of nature; but when women love her it is of grace—the grace the loved one has created. Her sufferings during the last eighteen months have sometimes been terrible; but no one who has read the stories and the poems she has produced during that season of darkness could imagine that they had come from a bed of sickness and torture. They have in them no suggestion of a sick head or a sick heart.

On Tuesday, February 7, she wrote her last poem, the last line of which is "The rainbow comes but with the cloud." Even after that she attempted in her bed to make a cap for an aged woman who greatly loved her, and whose sobs in the Church of the Strangers, when her death was announced, moved the whole audience to tears. But her fingers failed, and the needle stands in the unfinished cap; for her own crown was ready, and she could not stay away from her coronation. She fell in a deep sleep, out of which she once exclaimed, "I want to go away." She passed away as she had always desired—waking into the better land out of a slumber in this. "For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

The 14th of February was a day of storm and of immense snowfall. Through it all hundreds went to the Church of the Strangers, where the services at her obsequies were conducted by her friend and pastor, Reverend Dr. Deems. Early in Dr. Deems's ministry in New York she took a deep interest in the success of the church that was to be unsectarian, and free for all strangers. It was the last in which she was able to hear the Gospel, but her interest in it deepened to her dying day. Often in her sickness she expressed the wish that she could contrive some way to obtain a church for the congregation, which was then worshiping in the chapel of the University. When she learned that Commodore Vanderbilt had given the Mercer Street Church to Dr. Deems for his Christian work she was overjoyed into speechlessness, and could not have been more grateful if some great personal favor had been conferred on her. Her anxiety to be present at the opening exercises was intense. But she could not. She went into the church at last, to lie in quiet and beauty among flowers and music and friends, while her pastor tearfully and heartily interpreted the love and grief of a large assembly, in which were many poor, some servants, many who loved her in her books, and almost every man and woman in New York who is distinguished in literature. And while he talked great men bowed their heads and wept. She was carried to Greenwood, a score of devoted friends following her through the storm, and seeing her precious dust laid beside that of her sister Elmina. Immediately the heavens covered her resting-place with drapery as white as her soul, and as soft and noiseless as her charity.

We conclude this sketch with one of her poems, which she called "Dying Hymn," and which Dr. Deems recited in his address. To appreciate the marvelous appropriateness which makes these verses seem like a prophecy it is necessary to know that she exceedingly enjoyed singing and walking. As she declined in health she grew freshly fond of the hymns of her childhood, and frequently asked her friends to sing such hymns as, "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive," "A charge to keep I have;" and she loved to have them sung to old tunes. When in health, in walking the streets, she would frequently say, "I do not envy those who ride, so long as I can walk on my feet." This made her lameness seem so much harder. This whole hymn describes what we know was her physical and mental, and what we trust was her spiritual condition in dying. Her frequent quotation from Holy Scripture, when in intense pain, was, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,
Low as the grave to go:
I know that my Redeemer lives—
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King.
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

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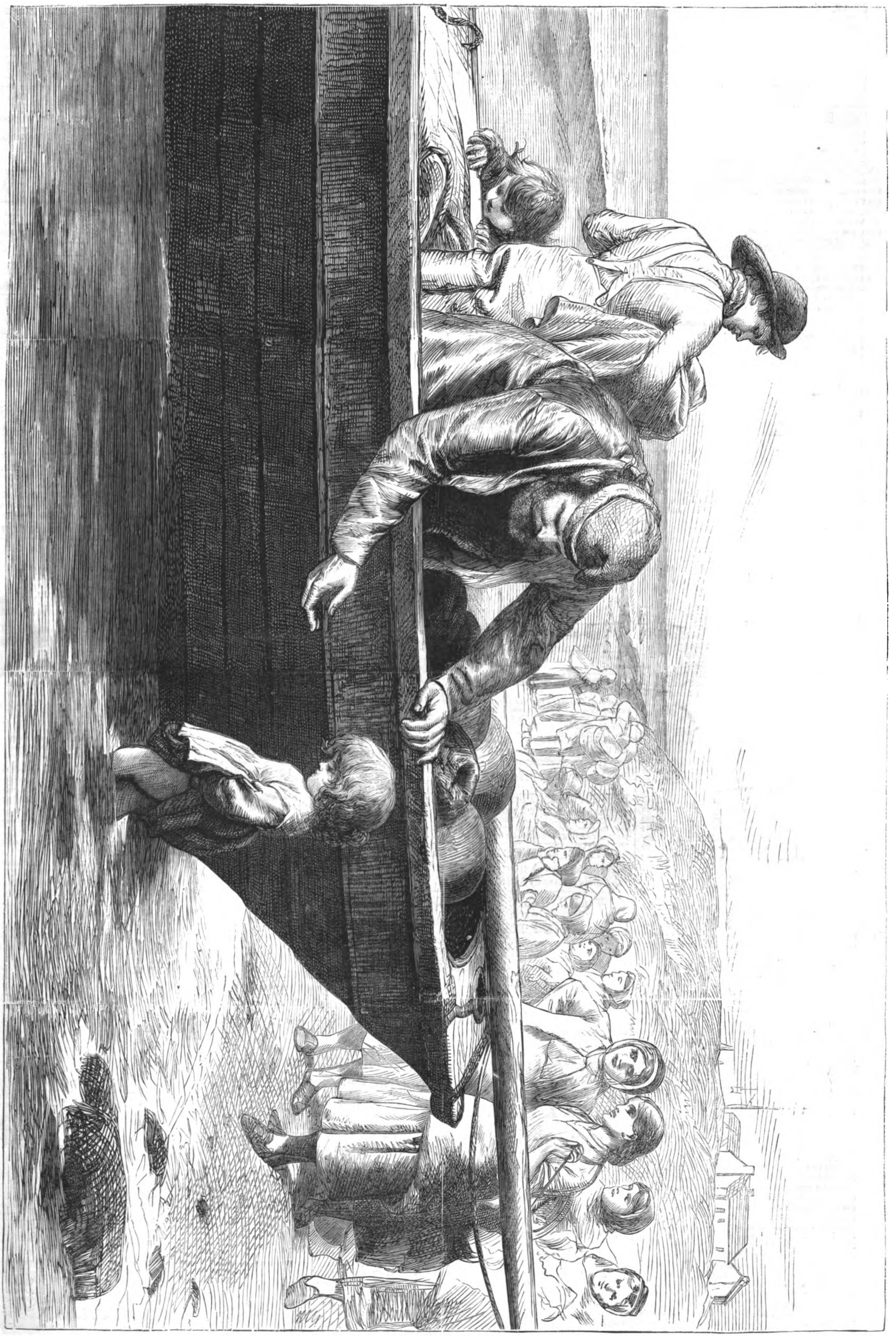

THE FISHERMAN'S DARLING.—[SEE PAGE 155.]

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCHERZEX.—We do not know any thing about your pseudonym; nor have we time or inclination to investigate the authorship of the long list of quotations you send us. You had better consult the dictionary of poetical quotations, which we have not space to publish in our columns.

MRS. ELLA R.—It is of no use to send your bust measure in the mail following your order for patterns, as by the time it reaches us the order is usually filled, and the pattern on the way to you. When the bust measure is not given in the order, we send the average size, thirty-four or thirty-six inches. We do not exchange patterns under these circumstances, or ever, unless the mistake is our own; nor do we replace patterns lost in the mails. Both the polonaise and the vest casaques will probably be worn during the coming season. There is no use in sending any measure except that of the bust, which is taken, as we have frequently explained, by passing a measure all the way round the body just under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust.

MARION.—A fool can ask more questions in five minutes than a wise man can answer in a month. You are at liberty to make the application. We spare no time or pains to answer questions of real importance that fall within our province; but we reserve the right to be silent when we please, and our space is too valuable to devote it to irrelevant questions, or those that would not interest the public at large as well as the individual questioners.

MRS. M. A. E.—Send a post-office order, payable to Harper & Brothers, which is much safer than sending money by mail.

KITTY.—There is no harm, certainly, in giving your photograph to a gentleman friend who really desires it; but good taste would dictate the restriction of such gifts to a very narrow circle. It does not, however, commit you to any marked preference of the individual thus favored.

MARIE.—Thanks for your appreciative letter. Cheering words are always pleasant.

CLARA.—Your question has once been answered in the *Bazar*.

ANITA.—We can recommend no special cosmetics. Read the "Bazar Book of Decorum" and the "Ugly Girl" articles.

ALICE T. L.—The design printed on the paper used for decalcomanie is first coated with a cement prepared for the purpose. As soon as the design becomes sticky, that is, in five or ten minutes, place it against the article to be decorated and press it firmly down till it adheres. Moisten the back of the paper with a damp sponge or cloth, leave it for a minute or two, then wet the back of the paper thoroughly, and carefully peel it off with a pair of scissors or the hand, leaving the colored design adhering to the article to be decorated. Wash the picture carefully with water and a fine camel's-hair pencil, and dry it with a moist piece of fine linen. Leave the work to dry and harden for a day or two, then finish with a coat of varnish. This is an easy and pleasant species of home amusement.

ROSE.—See the answer to "Anita."

SCHOOL-GIRL.—We have already catalogued the Seven Wonders of the World, as you would have seen had you read the *Bazar* regularly.

ORPHAN.—Send your pigment to a geologist, who will analyze it, and tell you whether it is of value.

POSILIPPO STEMLKIN.—We do not think that the work you mention has ever been translated.

MRS. N. R. R.—Long polonaises of white Swiss muslin, or of bishop's lawn, will be worn again in the summer. The dress beneath may be either low or high necked, though the latter is preferred. Lace points of fine llama or thread will be worn also. Guipure lace and passementerie (gimp) will be the most stylish trimming for black grenadine. At present we can not suggest any improvement in the trimming of your white and black poplin. Open the seams of your black velvet sacque to the waist, and trim up the openings. A long polonaise and short ruffled skirt is the best design for a black silk for spring. Ruffles and fringe, or lace, on the skirt.

ZELIA.—Use flat bias folds of silk, as you do not wish to trim your suit with crape. Put from five to seven overlapping folds around the lower skirt, three on the upper skirt, and two on the basque. The cut paper pattern of the Vest-Casaque Suit, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III., will be suitable for your black silk for light mourning. You will need eighteen or twenty yards.

L. W. R.—The false chatelaine braids that ladies with thin hair fasten on top of their heads, and loop under below, are as constantly sold at the hair-dressers' as high chignons were a couple of years ago. They will cost from $15 upward if made of real hair. There are several varieties of braids with topsies plaited in beneath the hair. These topsies and the jute switches are sometimes braided in beneath the natural hair by ladies who have long thin hair.

J. H. G.—The Elizabethan ruffs of fluted muslin are entirely out of fashion. Plain lace collars, or else edged with Valenciennes, are worn on most occasions. Lace is arranged by the modiste in the neck of handsome dresses.

CLAUDINE.—Long trained skirts are never worn to church in the city. The Pompadour roll is a roll of stuffed silk, or a topsy, with the hair combed straight up from the forehead over it. Three dollars a yard is the lowest price for any gros grain that could be called "heavy." You could not wear a white tarlatan in the street.

DOWN EAST.—The initials "I.H.S." on a cross stand for Jesu Hominum Salvator—"Jesus the Saviour of men."—Grenadine made over black silk is worn by young widows in the deepest mourning.

JESSIE L.—Colored veils are not worn for dress. When worn at all, blue is the best color. A yard of dotted net, hemmed all around, or edged with lace, is gathered on a string, and worn in front of the bonnet or hat.

SEMIRAMIS.—Semiramis was the wife of Nimrod, the King of Assyria, and, according to tradition, the daughter of the goddess Derceto. On her husband's death she became absolute ruler of the kingdom. She built the city of Babylon, in which work she employed two millions of men, waged war successfully against surrounding nations, and was the most powerful sovereign of the age. After reigning forty-two years she abdicated in favor of her son Ninyas, and disappeared forever from the eyes of men. Tradition affirmed that she was changed into a dove, and for this reason the dove was held as a sacred bird among the Assyrians. It is fair to say that some of the modern iconoclasts dispute the very existence of Semiramis, like that of Romulus and Remus, and ascribe her and her achievements to the reign of fable.—Stout figures look best in plain waists.

X. Y. Z.—"Death and Sisyphus," by E. L. Bulwer, was published in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1866. The Number can be ordered separately from this office.

BESSIE C.—The over-skirt, of which a cut paper pattern is given with the Worth Basque House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., is being made up in spring suits. The sleeve of that suit is also very popular, and will continue so. Passementerie (gimp) is more used for black silk than braiding. If the latter is preferred, you should put it at once on the garment. Very good summer silks are selling for $1 a yard in black and gray; but gayer colors cost $1 50.

MRS. E. N.—We have already given patterns of every garment an infant wears, bibs, dresses, skirts, etc. Both long and short clothes have been illustrated. You will find these in your files of back volumes, or can order the papers from this office.

YOUNG DRESS-MAKER.—Make your pink silk a demi-train. Cut the edge of the skirt in deep points, and bind with your yard of pink satin. Beneath the points place a white Swiss pleated flounce eight or ten inches wide. Then make a Swiss muslin over-skirt by pattern with the Worth Basque House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., trimming with two narrow pleated ruffles. A low-necked basque of Swiss muslin, made by a pattern in Supplement of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. IV., will be very pretty. It should have no lining, but be worn over a pink silk waist, and trimmed with pleatings and lace. If you dislike muslin over-dresses, use rose-colored crape, and edge with a pleating.

L. S. L.—A clear gray or an ashes-of-roses poplin, with two skirts and a paletot, will be a pretty spring suit for a girl of sixteen. Warm scarlet, crimson, rose, buff, clear green, and dark French blue are becoming colors for brunettes.

JENNIE.—You can order a breakfast sacque braided all over at any of the furnishing houses or modistes', but will find them expensive, certainly not less than $25. Don't get a shawl suit for traveling. Remodel your black brilliantine by hints given in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. IV. A pretty straw gipsy bonnet, trimmed with black gros grain ribbon two inches wide and blue flowers, will answer for April. Why not get one of the cheap black and white striped silks for a plain spring suit, and make with polonaise and single skirt trimmed with black and white fringe and passementerie, or else get a light poplin suit of very light brown trimmed with a darker shade?

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

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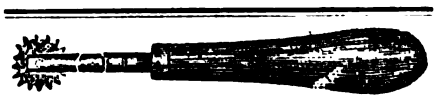

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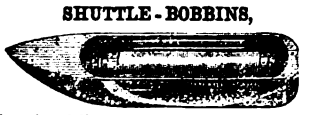

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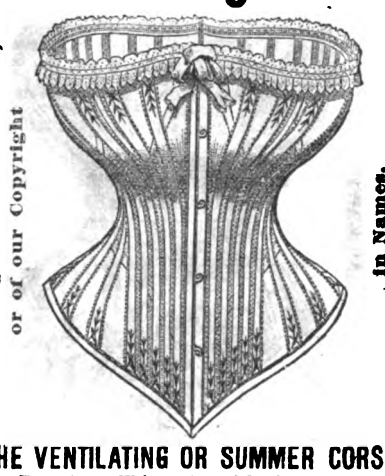

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FACETIÆ.

BED is a bundle of paradoxes: we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.

The greatest nutmeg ever known met with a grater.

An exchange says that the reason school-boys delight to dig and explore caves is because of the recesses there.

A poet says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came and left its traces there!" What became of the rest of the harness he does not state.

A Quaker's admonition to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill language to him was: "Have a care, friend; thou mayst run thy face against my fist."

BAD TO BORROW—Trouble.

A traveler was relating that he saw, in the course of his travels in Japan, a church a thousand feet long. A friend checked him as he was going on, and the traveler added, "And two feet broad." Every body laughed at this absurdity, when the story-teller flew into a passion, and exclaimed: "It's my friend's fault; if it hadn't been for him I'd have made the church square."

THE CHIGNON.

ITS RISE.

ITS FALL.

ITS FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.

ITS LAST APPEARANCE.

ITS FATE.

ITS END.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

The gad-fly is a rover, never staying long in one place.

The favorite amusement of the arctic bear is swarming up the north pole.

Of all the mammalia the ounce weighs the least.

When I ask a boy in the street to run after a cab for me, I call him my fly-catcher.

The rarest kind of shell-fish is, undoubtedly, the Siberian crab.

The notes of the sand-piper are especially appreciated in Scotland.

The opossum is a quadruped of great ability, able to do almost any thing you ask him, as, indeed, his name signifies; for, translated out of Latin into English, it means neither more nor less than "Oh, I can!"

"Now, my boy," said the committee-man, "if I had a mince-pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear."

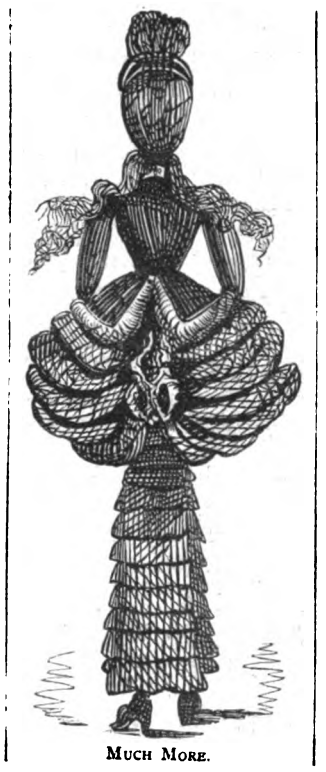
"The plate!" shouted a boy.

COMPLICATED.—A writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like a man who had such a complication of diseases that he didn't know which to die of, and so lived on.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PANIER.

A LITTLE.

A LITTLE MORE.



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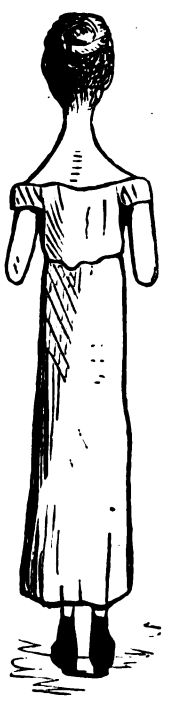

NONE AT ALL.

A NEW CATECHISM.

Whom did Adam marry, and when did he marry her?—One Eve.

What was her bridal dress?—Barely nothing.

Not even a ribbon?—No; she had no need of one, she was a rib-bone herself.

When Adam and Eve were in the gardening business what time did they commence picking apples?—In the fall.

Why did not Cain make good sugar?—Because he wasn't Abel.

Spirit as well as sugar comes from cane; what evil resulted from this Cain's spirit?—Abel got slewed.

What reason have we to suppose that Cain also got slewed?—He went immediately to the land of Nod.

Who was the wisest man?—Knower.

What did he know?—He knew enough to go in out of the rain.

A WATCH-WORD—Tick.

Why is an elephant unlike a tree?—Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does.

THE GREAT AMERICAN BIRD—The "bird in the hand."

A boy who undertook to ride a horse-radish is now practicing on a saddle of mutton.

It is remarkable that the first *apple* in paradise should have turned out the first *pair!*

"Man and Wife" appear to be a very restless couple, taking a peep in all the principal theatres in the country, and being found in several places at the same time.

HOSPITALITY.—An Irish soldier who had been abroad being asked if he met with much hospitality where he had been: "Oh yes," replied he, "too much; I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there!"

A young man charged with being lazy was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply; "father's got all the laziness he ever had."

Why is a lawyer like an uneasy sleeper?—Because he first lies on one side, then turns over and lies on the o[illegible]

How does a lawyer split [illegible] ence between *meum* and [illegible]? By making it *suum*.

When is a lawyer [illegible] ngest?—When he is fee-blest.

Why are hens not immortal?—Because they have their *necks* [illegible] this.

It is a noticeable fact that people who change their minds often never get a good one.

INTELLIGENT PET. "Ma dear, what do they play the organ so loud for when church is over? Is it to wake us up?"

A Quaker, rigidly adhering to his sect, invariably calls a yew-tree a "thou"-tree.

An exchange has the following characteristic prayer from the heart of a little boy. He had evidently had a little unpleasantness with Aunt Effie: "Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and—and—and if you're a mind to, you may bless Aunt Effie; but I don't much care."

PATERFAMILIAS. "Hollo, Tommy, you're up Early! When do you Rise when you're at School?"

TOMMY. "Oh, any Time we Like; but *we mustn't be Later than Half Past Six.*"

A GOOD SHOT.

DUFFERTON. "Well, I could have sworn I hit the 'bull' that time."

OFFICER IN CHARGE (*having a look through his glass*). "No; but very near. You've killed the cow in the field to the left!"

STRANGE FEEDING.—The horse is a curious feeder. He eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

Some young rascals were annoying an old gentleman by snow-balling his house. He rushed out, and caught a youngster who was standing one side and looking on; and, thinking him to be one of the offenders, began to administer a flogging. But, to his surprise, the harder he whipped, the harder the boy laughed, until he stopped and sought an explanation.

"Well," said the boy, "I'm laughing because you are awfully sold: *I ain't the boy!*"

When the audiences fall off at the theatres they are not generally at all injured.

"Luncheon is an awkward meal," says Mrs. Jenkinson. "I want to know what dishes I can *extemporize* when a lot of visitors come in suddenly about one o'clock, and stay to lunch?"

[It quite depends upon what you have in the house. Parsley, onions, jam, cheese, bread, something cold from yesterday, salt, mustard, pepper, and anchovy-sauce. If you can't extemporize luncheon out of such materials as these, then neither you nor your friends can be hungry.]

ALDERMAN G——. "What is that, Hemily? Read that again, dear."

EMILY. "By a wonderful provision of nature, the camel is enabled to take a great supply of food, having been provided for that purpose with three stomachs."

ALDERMAN G——. "Wonderful provision of nature! I should think it was! Three stomachs; and for a camel—and we have only one!"

"A shoemaker" writes us that he is not only willing to give woman her rights, but her "rights and lefts." That is his last joke. Witty man!

TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—Never weigh fish in their own scales; you are sure to lose by it.

A GENTLE HINT.—Emily Carisbroke, who has already "officiated" at the weddings of three of her friends, and is still disengaged, says it is all very well for the gentlemen to propose the bridemaids, but that she wishes they would go a step farther, and propose to them.

LADY OF THE HOUSE. "Really, Cook, you must be more careful with the Early Dinner. The Mutton Yesterday was hardly Warmed through, and the Children could not Eat it."

COOK. "Then hadn't the Children better Dine after us, Mum? If I cook the Jint any more for them, there won't be a bit of Goodness in it when it comes to be hotted up for the Kitchen." [*Exit Cook, with a flounce, and the "Missus" very properly left to her own reflections.*

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 11.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.

THIS graceful wrapping will be found very useful at all seasons. It may be made of water-proof cloth, as a protection against rain, or of linen, plaid, or other material, to be used as a duster for traveling. It cousists of a very loose sacque, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, and furnished with a hood and a deep cape, which extends across the back, and is sewed into the shoulder seam so as to form a graceful, flowing, pointed sleeve. This cape may be thrown up over the bonnet to protect it more fully than the hood can do. The garment is ample enough to envelop the the wearer from head to foot, and is less cumbersome and voluminous than the ordinary circular. A large shawl-pin confines it at the throat. The original is trimmed with three rows of Hercules braid, as shown by the illustration. As a water-proof cloak is designed for use, and not for ornament, the trimming should always be as simple as possible. Trimmings of the material are heavy, and should be avoided. Of course, when the garment is used for a duster, the trimmings should be varied to suit the material. The cloak is put on and off with ease, and the large circular arm-holes are less likely to tear down than the straight slits in circulars. Indeed, in this style the advantages of the circular and sacque are combined, and the effect of the cape is gained, while its superfluous flapping fronts are dispensed with.

The bust measure is taken in the usual manner, by passing a tape just under the arms across the largest part of the shoulder-blades and two inches above the fullest part of the bust, *entirely around the body*. We repeat this explanation because many of our readers send us only the measure of the front, or the back, or the length of the waist, which gives no clew to the size desired. When the measure is not sent, we send the medium size—34 or 36 inches. The estimates for the quantity of material are based on this size; very large persons should provide a little more.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern is in four pieces—front, back, cape, and hood. Place the notches in the shoulder of the cape, the shoulder of the hood, and the shoulder of the front together, and seam as far as the arm-hole, then sew the curved part of the cape to the front part of the arm-hole around under the arm to the side seam, making the notches meet each other, and the figures 4 come together. Sew a narrow tape an inch from the outer edge of the hood, and run an elastic cord in the shirr to fit easy when the edge is turned over. Gather the neck of the hood to fit the neck of the sacque. Close the front with buttons and button-holes, and trim the bottom of the cape and sacque with three rows of Hercules braid. The garment is loose enough to be worn over the dress and other wrapping, and should reach almost or quite to the bottom of the walking skirt, and is cut without a seam in the back of sacque, cape, and hood. Lengthen or shorten it at the bottom according to the height of the wearer, taking care to keep the same shape.

Quantity of material, 54 inches wide, for medium-sized lady, 4½ yards.

Quantity of silk for lining of hood, ½ yard.

Quantity of braid for trimming, 18 yards.

Number of buttons, 15.

LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.

[*Cut Paper Pattern of this entire Suit, to fit any Figure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.*]

HANGING BASKETS.

THERE are various ways of making these pretty decorations for the sitting-room or parlor. The most elaborate are made by taking a wooden bowl of any suitable size, say from eight to twelve inches in diameter, and tacking on it suitably crooked branches or roots of trees—preferably the grape-vine—cut into suitable lengths, making the handles of smaller stems entwined together. The vine stems should have all the loose bark peeled off, but some portion of the closer or inner bark should be left on, so as to give some variety of color to the stems. Before putting on the stems the bowl should be stained or painted some shade of brown, and when all is finished it should be varnished over with copal varnish.

A good stain for the bowl can be made by dissolving two or three ounces of asphaltum in spirits of turpentine or kerosene.

The bowl, after being stained, may be covered with the scales of the large pine cones, tacking them on with upholsterer's tacks; the hole for the tack in each scale must be bored with a brad-awl, otherwise they are apt to split. The scales should break joint, being put on in a similar way to shingles on a roof; and after it is finished the whole should be varnished. The cords can be of ratan, picture cord, or wire.

Another way is to take pieces of oak, maple, larch, or other suitable wood with the bark on, in lengths of eight, ten, twelve, or more inches, and about an inch in diameter, boring a gimlet-hole about an inch from the end of each stick, then building them up log-house fashion, and passing a wire with a loop on the upper end through the holes at each corner and bending it up on the bottom stick. A piece of board of suitable size and thickness is then inserted for a bottom in the space between the second and third sticks; the remaining interstices between them can be filled up with moss; or,

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if that is not desirable, the ends of each stick can be notched out sufficiently to let them touch each other. The best mode of hanging such a basket is by means of small jack-chains (to be bought by the yard at the hardware stores), hooked at one end to the eye or loop on the end of the wires at each corner, the other ends being hooked on to a common central ring.

A wire ox-muzzle painted, and lined with moss, and suspended by three wires, makes a good hanging basket. The wire should be cut in pieces of from four to six inches long, and a loop or eye formed on each end of each piece, and then as many of these pieces joined together as may make the desired length. The object in doing this is to prevent the wire kinking, and to make the basket hang evenly.

For a very small basket, a cocoa-nut shell with about one-third of its length cut off and suspended by colored picture cord is very pretty, especially if one can be got with the husk on. It can easily be cut with a good sharp saw. When one with the husk on is used, the stem end is the part to be sawn off and thrown away.

In preparing the baskets for the plants, first place some pieces of charcoal, broken to about the size of filberts or hazel-nuts, in the bottom of the basket, and on it a small piece of coarse sponge, and then fill it up with soil suitable for the plants. The charcoal and the sponge do away with the necessity of boring a hole in the bowl for the purpose of drainage—the one absorbing the extra moisture, and the other acting as a purifier as well as an absorbent.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a great variety of patterns and illustrations of Street, House, and Evening Dresses for Young and Old Ladies; Boys' and Girls' Suits; Talmas, Trained Under-Skirts, Paniers; Over-Shoes and Slippers; New Styles for arranging the Hair; Cigar-Holders, Bottle Mats, Tidies, Worsted-work Patterns, Netted Guipure Embroidery, etc., etc.*

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Lady's Waterproof Cloak, on our first page, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For the complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published, see Advertisement on page 175 of this Number.*

PICTURES ON THE WALL.

CASUAL allusion was made in the *Bazar* lately in regard to the value of pictures in making a room attractive; a few suggestions in regard to the selection and hanging of pictures may assist some of our readers in carrying out the idea.

Americans have an instinctive love of pictures. On their visits abroad they are known as the most interested frequenters of the great public galleries and of private studios; and those whose means enable them to indulge luxurious tastes are almost always munificent, if not always intelligent, patrons of art. But one need not be rich nor a traveler to enjoy art, or to make it serviceable in beautifying home life. Taste and tact are sufficient, with the most humble means, to bring this refining element into the household. The arts of wood-engraving and lithography have now reached such perfection that some of the noblest works of ancient and modern art, reproduced with marvelous skill and fidelity, are to be obtained at prices which impose no perceptible burden on the purchaser, while their possession is an unceasing source of enjoyment. Many of the chromo-lithographs, now so common, are exceedingly beautiful, and so cheap that they may be almost said to be given away. A very little money, saved without curtailing one necessary comfort, will purchase several of the smaller of these chromos, or one of the larger size, according to the buyer's taste; and when neatly framed in gilt, or black-walnut with a light beading, they add vastly to the attractiveness of a room. We know that the objection is made to these chromos that they are "so common," owing to their cheapness, that there is no pleasure in owning one. This is a very selfish and unreasonable objection. There is nothing quite so common as the sky: would you refuse to look at a beautiful sunset because thousands besides yourself were admiring it at the same time? Should not this very fact, on the contrary, add to your own enjoyment? By the same rule, we ought to scorn the great European galleries, which are open to thousands every day. We should not be miserly or exclusive in our pleasures. If a chromo-lithograph is in itself beautiful, it should not be less precious to you because it also adorns your neighbor's parlor. It would be more agreeable, of course, to be able to give one of our eminent artists a commission, and tell him to paint a picture regardless of cost; but as very few of us have the means to be thus munificent, we ought not to despise the art which places so much that is beautiful within our reach.

In regard to hanging pictures, many people spend too much on the frame. An elegant frame, tastefully designed, certainly adds greatly to the attractiveness of a picture; but if the choice lies between an inferior picture and a simple frame, it is always the better way to choose the latter. The best frame for a small picture is a simple gilt bead, about an inch wide, with perhaps a button, or other slight ornamentation, at the corners. Black-walnut, also, is handsome, but does not set off a picture to the same advantage, nor make an apartment as cheerful as the first. The gilt frames should therefore have the preference in most cases. Very pretty frames are to be obtained at exceedingly moderate prices, in which an engraving, or lithograph, or chromo, looks just as well as it would in one costing twice the money. We trust none of our readers will follow the example of a rural patron of art whom the writer saw purchase a very handsome frame, at a cost of thirty dollars, to adorn a picture for which the magnificent sum of two dollars was paid! This was a most ridiculous reversal of the proper order of things. We have known persons to buy a frame which struck their fancy, and then select some picture to fit it. The better way—in fact, the only right way—is to choose some picture within your means, which you think you would not very soon get tired of looking at—some beautiful landscape, perhaps, some pleasant representation of life or character, the portrait of some statesman or author, the artistic record of some grand historical event, or whatever may suit your taste—and then consider how it may be most simply framed, yet so as not to appear mean. For very small pictures, especially small engravings, a person with a little leisure, taste, and tact may make his own frames; glass, cut to the right size, paper of a grayish tint (to serve instead of the frame-maker's *passe-partout*), and strips of darker paper for the outer edges, being all the materials necessary for the purpose. A little practice will enable one to produce very creditable work, at much less expense than if he bought the frames of a dealer.

It should always be kept in mind that no lavish expenditure of money is required to give a home an air of cheerfulness and refinement, just as the most expensive dressing in the world will not transform vulgar people into ladies or gentlemen. Simple means, directed by taste, may give a humble dwelling a charm which is not to be found in many a magnificent "palatial residence."

AN AMERICAN CARNIVAL.

ARE Americans fun-loving enough to nationalize the carnival? The people of Washington have tried to answer this question lately, but their experiment leaves the matter still in doubt. The affair certainly reflected great credit on the managers. There was plenty of fun and nonsense and gayety. There were tournaments, there were horse-races and goat-races, and there was some talk of a pig-race (which, however, did not come off); there was a very fine masquerade procession up and down Pennsylvania Avenue; there was a grand masquerade ball, and there were two or three civic balls and banquets, and other entertainments of similar character. In short, as a spectacular show, the Washington carnival was really a success; but in one essential point the festivities were a failure. There was no carnival feeling among the people who were looking on. No doubt the spectators enjoyed the fun, but few of them looked as if they did. As the writer passed up the broad avenue he was pained to observe the prim sobriety of the crowd. There was an entire absence of the *abandon* and hilarity to be seen during carnival-week in Rome or Florence, or any European city where this gay festival, celebrated for centuries, has become so interwoven with social life that every body takes part in the festivities, and goes in for a good time. The merry-making is general and unrestrained. High and low, rich and poor, give themselves up to the most extravagant foolery. Business is entirely suspended; and a stranger, unaccustomed to such performances, if suddenly dropped down among them, would imagine that the whole population had gone mad.

As a genuine carnival is possible only under these conditions, we doubt whether it will ever become an American institution. Our people take their pleasures too soberly to "make fools of themselves" in this manner; and as this *abandon* is entirely foreign to their character it would be unwise, and perhaps useless, to attempt to ingraft it upon them. But there can be no doubt that, as a nation, we are too much inclined to the sober side of life, and that we need an infusion of the gayer spirit. More frequent holidays—secular days of rest from business—would serve to break the monotony of our lives. Until recently we had but one national holiday, the Fourth of July, when the whole people left business, and gave themselves up to merry-making. Thanksgiving-day was only another Sunday, with a jolly ending, after morning service at church. The observance of Christmas is even yet not general in New England, and nowhere in the United States has it been kept with the jollity of the mother-country. In this respect we have made some improvements of late. The designation of WASHINGTON'S birthday as a national holiday was a step in the right direction. We are not inclined to condemn our Washington friends for trying the experiment of an American carnival; on the contrary, though doubtful of its ever becoming a social institution here, we are glad that the attempt was made, and to learn that it will be made again next year. For even should it fail again, the attempt may lead to something which will bring a new and more cheerful element into the American character.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Alms-giving.

MY DEAR LAZARUS,—We had a great collection at Saint Rainbow's the other morning, after a sermon upon alms-giving. It was not a particular occasion, but a general charity—a free plate for the poor; and as the rector was unusually eloquent about the claims of the poor, I could not help wishing that we could give alms to every kind of poverty. That of the purse is bad enough, but I doubt if it be the worst. I meet such abject paupers in fine clothes, so utterly bankrupt in will, so stripped of generosity, so shorn of honor, limping about, as it were, in such tatters of gentleness, such sorry patches of nobility, and covered with such pitiful sores of cant and hypocrisy, that I sometimes wish our excellent rector would preach a sermon for them, and kindle the parish to a fire of zeal in their behalf. How it would awaken Smoothpate and Rocsegg, just as they are composing themselves for their nap with the giving out of the text, if the preacher should say, "I wish to give notice that on Sunday morning next a charity sermon will be preached in behalf of those unhappy fellow-creatures who have been lamentably deprived of all their faith in man. I earnestly solicit for them the charity of the congregation, exhorting you to remember that the poor ye have always with you."

That would be a sound and seasonable appeal; and if it were only suspected that he would mention by name some of the most pitiful instances of this melancholy destitution, I have no doubt that the church would be very full. Meanwhile it is a pleasant thing to be able to give money to relieve want and suffering. But there are two things that we can not help remembering, my dear Lazarus, when we see a full purse emptied into the plate: one is that you can not fill up the ocean by dropping rocks into it; and the other is that when Fullpurse has emptied himself he is very apt to think that his charitable duties are discharged. I observe that when Bullion drops a bill of a handsome figure into the plate he has an expression of countenance which I can not describe as seraphic, but which seems to imply a serene consciousness that his account current with Heaven now shows a very pretty balance in his favor.

I am not likely, as you know, my friend, to undervalue the service of money well spent or wisely given. When a man is starving, what he chiefly wants is a loaf of bread, and not a tract nor a fine sentiment. Tact is as much charity as a visible gift, and in that case it shows itself in the bread. When I go with a certain minister at large into the unspeakable homes, or dens, rather, in which so many of us—for are we not brethren? did not the rector say so, and don't we believe it at bottom?—are huddled in a heap of misery, and when I see him giving a little soup here, a little medicine there, a great deal of bread every where, and with it a cheery look and a kind word, and infinite patience with querulousness and anger and sullenness, and never a whine nor a groan, nor any attempt to touch by a kind of appeal to which the people he is helping would be as insensible as a hippopotamus to a pin's prick, then I say to myself that I see Christian charity, and I recall that the Master did not preach to those whom He healed if they did not care to listen. His goodness was eloquence enough. He opened their eyes, He strengthened their feet, He cast out their devils, and He bade His followers do likewise.

When I was coming out of Saint Rainbow's, after the charity sermon, young Callipash joined me, and asked me if I saw, as he expressed it, "what a souser old Rocsegg dumped into the plate." And when I told him that I had missed that pleasure, he exclaimed: "Wouldn't it be pleasant to have a cornucopia, and pour out various abundance upon all the poor people in town? What a pity that most of us young fellows can't honestly afford to be charitable! How I should like to give alms! But mine are all Barmecide gifts. They wouldn't make any body richer." Then I told him what I tell you, and I really think I preached him a kind of supplementary sermon upon the way home, that upon this journey of ours there is no man so poor that he may not give endless alms; for the poor that we have with us always are of many kinds; and there is another curious fact, that there are alms which we all need, whether we are rich or poor. The best rule of life, the best manner upon our road, dear Lazarus, is to do what we can. Now we can not give what we do not have. But among the things that we *can* do, for instance, is to keep our tempers; and if we do that, we have at once an infinite supply of resources to deal out in alms.

How often have I known Harry to come home jaded and weary with his day's work; his heart heavy and doubtful, his brow cloudy, and the very peevishness and petulance of his manner revealing the inner strain and sorrow! He has squandered all his good-humor; he has spent all his self-command. He is a miserable pauper in the very feelings and manner with which he should, and indeed would, come home. You know, Lazarus, how hard it is when the starving wanderer is turned away from the cruel door through which streams over him for a moment the warm light and the sweet music of a home. The poet often tells us of him. He sinks upon the cold ground, or plunges into the pitiless flood. How sad it would be if Harry were to meet such a fate! Yet many a Harry does. The poor vagrant comes begging to his own door, his very soul craving kindness and sympathy and gentle pity; but some relentless Lucy, with hard eyes and cold voice, pushes him back again into the darkness, and the wretched mendicant, to whom not even the alms of a soft word is doled, turns away and plunges, not into a flood of cold water, but into a deadlier death than drowning. One little alms would save so many! One little alms of cheering words, of forgiving sympathy, of that patience which seems to me the divinest of all the virtues, would work such a miracle! How often, my dear Lazarus, I seem to see the miracle of feeding the thousands from the few loaves and fishes repeated! It is when the actual gift given is multiplied a thousandfold by the manner in which it is given. It is when the charity is not of the hand only, but of the heart. It is when the feast of herbs, seasoned with love, miraculously surpasses the stalled ox without it.

Now every Harry, every Lucy, can give those saving alms of words and looks and feelings forever. And there is a still sorer poverty than that of Harry, which we can all relieve. Some Lucy suddenly falls into the utmost misfortune. Health, youth, hope, honor itself, are ruined, as when all of a man's fortune and prospects, and even his character, which is the beginning of credit, are all swept away. Lucy is wholly destitute, beggared in every thing, even in self-respect. It is a depthless poverty, which is all the sadder the more splendid it is. Its gilded and glittering exterior makes the terrible want more tragical. A beggar frantically gay—a moral pauper, painted with smiles and pasted with jewels, is the most appalling of human spectacles. A mendicant in lace and pearls, grimacing for the amusement of those who despise her—by Jupiter, Lazarus, when I have seen it, whether on a public stage or in a private room, I have been tempted to cry aloud that beasts are kinder than men, and serpents more tender! This poor, pitiful Lucy, or Aspasia, or Anonyma, she stands at the door of our hearts begging; she looks into our eyes to see if she can find there any of the human regard she used to see in mother-eyes long ago. Or if her smile be hard, and you see no yearning, then all the more a beggar is she—beggared even in the power of showing what lies dumb and doubtful in her heart and soul. For it is there, Lazarus, it is there, as surely as the woman stands before you; and if her smile is brass under which that yearning for love and sympathy is hopelessly bound fast, all the more pitiful is her poverty, all the more pathetic her appeal for alms.

She does not need food, or money, or lodging, or clothes. All these she has, and too profusely. The alms she asks the poorest can give. Those who do not earn in a month what she wastes in a day can give her what she craves. Yet to how many it is harder to give that little alms than it would be to give a year's wages! To how many women it is almost impossible to speak the gentle word, to look the friendly look, to give the sisterly hand, which would enrich that gilded outcast with the blissful consciousness that love and respect and sympathy are yet to be for her! Mistress Margery, in your modest kitchen you give orders that no starving body shall be turned hungry away; from your moderate supplies you have enough for the wretched beggar. Kind lady! here is a starving soul; here is a famishing heart. Here is not a ruined merchant, nor an embarrassed artisan, nor a strong man out of work, but a ruined woman, a conscience impoverished, a life gone wrong. Believe me, the word of cheer, the hopeful smile, the hearty, strenuous effort you give her to go right again, to find the path, and to walk upright in it—the barrier against sneering contempt and crushing pharisaic avoidance, and the eyes askance, and the hearts averted, which your strong, steady sympathy will be—this is an alms which you do not need to be rich to bestow, which will drop into that aching heart more gratefully to God than many a golden eagle that rattled into the plate at Saint Rainbow's after the charity sermon.

For, my dear Lazarus, who of us is not a beggar, who does not openly or silently ask for alms? I know, for my part, how much forbearance, how much generous interpretation, my life and words and acts implore. And one of the richest and most helpful kind of alms is faith in a good motive—putting the best construction, as we say, upon what is said and done. Nothing measures more exactly than this the real richness of a man's nature. The thin, arid people, those whose natures are like

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the soil in which was no depth of earth, so that every thing withered away, are the clever unbelievers—the men who are too shrewd to believe that religion is more than cant, or politics more than corruption; who are always secretly sure that if a man makes a generous subscription to any object from which there can be no pecuniary return, or if he founds a noble institution of benevolence, or education, or art, it is for his own glory; that he builds a hospital not to relieve suffering, but to perpetuate his own name; and founds a library that it may be a monument of his generosity. And even where a simple and pure motive is obvious, if there be a chance of suggesting a bad one, how eagerly these people seize it! When Jocelynd married Ptolemy Philadelphus last spring, he was so rich that there were plenty of people poor enough to believe that it was his money and not him that she loved.

Dear Lazarus, these, too, are paupers. They ask the alms of charitable consideration. Don't shut the door in their faces. There is no old tramp with a greasy certificate, which every body knows to be false, who is a truer beggar than one of these clever unbelievers in human nature. Don't drive him away with scorn, because he is a tramp, a vagabond, a good-for-nothing, although he sits at a club window in the morning smoking, or sneers in the best chair at the opera. Give him an alms of pity, for no beggar needs it more. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WATER-PROOF CLOAKS.

IN selecting water-proof cloth for a cloak a great difference will be seen between the best qualities of English water-proof and American goods. The finest English water-proof cloths are all wool, and are very durable. These cost from $2 25 to $3 50 a yard, and are found in black, heather-gray, plum color, navy blue, and green. Lower-priced English water-proof is mixed with cotton, and is of about the same value as the best American repellents—viz., $1 50 a yard for goods a yard and a half wide. It is poor economy to buy water-proof sold for less than this amount. Plaid water-proofs are shown in pretty combinations of colors; but these are conspicuous, and intended more for beauty than service. A solid color is far preferable for a substantial cloak, and, above all other colors, black in which white is slightly mingled.

The cut paper pattern of the Glengarry wrap, illustrated on the first page, is the best model that can be devised for a water-proof garment. It can be easily put off or on, because it is as ample as a circular, though less heavy and clumsy. Though sacque-shaped, it is without the sleeves, that are so troublesome to remove when damp; yet the arm is well protected by the cape, that also gives double warmth across the shoulders and back, where it is most needed. A water-proof cloak should be large, and have ample arm-holes, so that it may be easily slipped off and on over the usual cloak or wrap. From $8 to $14 is the price of ready-made cloaks at the furnishing houses. Imported cloaks made of English water-proof are sold by modistes for $25. Some exceptionally fine ones, made of thin, light rubber, covered with black taffeta silk, are $50. These are of London make.

The neatest water-proof cloaks are those with the least trimming. A good model has a hem an inch and a half wide, held down by twilled silk tape, that is first stitched on the hem, then on the cloak, to conceal the raw edge of the hem. Eight rows of stitching in double lines ornament this hem. The cape has a similar well-stitched hem. The seams in the body of the cloak are taken very small, and twilled tape is faced over them. The hood has a silk lining, and is bordered with silk an inch wide, almost covered with parallel lines of stitching. The fullness of the hood is held in five box-pleats, instead of being gathered together. A button is on each pleat. Large flat gutta-percha buttons, with eyes, not shanks, are best for water-proof garments. Several rows of worsted braid, or of the strong Hercules braid, are used for trimming these cloaks; and sometimes a simple binding of tape is preferred. Pleatings and ruffles add too much weight for comfort.

LINEN OVERALLS.

The pattern of the Glengarry cloak will be used for overalls and dusters of gray or brown linen, to be worn over handsome traveling suits, or to protect the dress when driving over dusty roads. A belt may be used with this garment, but we do not advise it. The cloak should be long enough to cover the entire dress. The trimming is bias bands of the linen stitched on, or else white or brown braid. Large pearl buttons.

SPRING SHAWLS AND WRAPS.

Spring shawls, and the pallium scarfs, shaped somewhat like a burnous, are brought out in beautiful English goods, fine and soft, with thick ottoman reps, yet as clinging and pliable as cashmere. The bright Roman colors are seen on many, while others are merely a bright scarlet, or blue, gray, or black, in irregular stripes with white. They are square, reversible, and are prettily fringed. These are for carriage wear, and to be worn carelessly around the shoulders in scarf fashion when the spring suit is not heavy enough: $14 is the price for the best.

STRAW BONNETS.

The first importations of millinery are straw bonnets. From the unusually large quantity prepared, it is anticipated that straws will be greatly worn. Fine English dunstables, smooth Milan braids, English pearl braid with pointed edges, and the coarse-looking but stylish rough-and-ready straws constitute the variety. Few Neapolitan and other hair bonnets are shown. White straw will probably be most worn. Light Milans are colored in the pale leather-color, tan, and other brown shades, and in every tint of gray, to match the spring costumes. Narrow gros grain ribbon of two shades of one color will be used for trimming. Later in the season chip gipsies will be worn.

The gipsy, cottage, and empire shapes, with crown, short-eared head piece, and tiny curtain, are the new styles. The brim of the gipsy is fashioned in a variety of ways. A pretty style has the brim rolled up all around, and slightly pointed over the ears; another has a border of twisted braid around it; still another is plain and straight in the front, with a deep fluted back; while a fourth is scalloped around the edge. The Lorne gipsy is a graceful shape, between a bonnet and round hat. It has a low crown; the brim is deep in front, but slight and round behind, and is pulled down at the sides to the ears. This will trim up prettily. The Princess Louise has a higher, square crown, with the brim rolled all around. The rose-bud gipsy is a coquettish little affair, jaunty and becoming for a fair, young face. The front brim turns down around the forehead, while the back curves up above the chatelaine. The daisy, the hawthorn, and other floral titles are given to these fanciful hats. For traveling bonnets there are large gipsies in the empire shape, long and close at the ears, with broad, straight back, made of rough-and-ready straws of every shade of brown. The cottage shape, a medium bonnet for old ladies, frames the face closely, and almost meets under the chin.

ROUND HATS.

Many round hats partake so largely of the gipsy shape that they can scarcely be called hats, while others retain some features of last season's styles, such as half-high sloping crowns and rolled brims. The turban reappears, with round crown, and broad, straight brim rolled closely against the crown. The prettiest of these are in fine Milan braid of a dark brown color. For school-girls is a hat called the Galatea, an ample sailor shape of rough-and-ready straw, or of smooth Milan. It is trimmed precisely like the sailor hat worn by gentlemen, with wide ribbon binding on the brim, and a band around the crown, a bow and ends behind, or a half rosette at the side.

Black glazed hats in the sailor shape are made over cork frames, like the regular yachting hat, that is so light and cool for midsummer wear. A band of black ribbon, with the name of a favorite ship in gilt letters in front, is the trimming.

Shade hats for country wear are in great variety. One of the prettiest, called the gipsy queen, has the broad brim indented sharply above the ears, and is to be held on by a ribbon passed over the crown and tied under the chin. The St. Leon is a graceful garden hat. The crown is half high and square; the brim is two inches wide, and slightly fluted.

Infants' hats of fine Milan and the soft but frail split straw are turbans, with concave brims, for boys, and fancifully indented gipsies for girls.

BERLIN SUITS.

As a proof of the increasing favor with which Berlin styles are regarded by New York merchants, we may mention the fact that a leading wholesale house, hitherto extensively engaged in the manufacture of hoop skirts, has relinquished this business, and turned its attention to the importation of large numbers of ready-made ladies' suits, opera cloaks, wrappings, etc., from Gerson, the manufacturer of the garments illustrated in the Berlin *Bazar* and the *Mode Illustrée* of Paris, and reproduced by us. All of these pretty styles we recognized as those which we had given or are giving in the *Bazar*, thus affording another proof of the promptness with which our readers receive the earliest fashions. The suits are of materials of all kinds, from cheap wash poplin to heavy gros grain, and are elaborately trimmed with neatly made puffings, flounces, ruches, fringe, and embroidery, at a cost of from $20 to $150. An under-skirt, over-skirt, sash, and sacque or casaque, and sometimes material for the waist, constitute the suit. It will be a happy day, indeed, when ladies can purchase ready-made clothing as easily and cheaply as gentlemen do, and thus be spared the time and anxiety involved in consultations with dress-makers.

VARIETIES.

New lace sacques of llama and thread are quite short, in the simple sailor shape, without slashes. The sleeves are coat-shaped, or else flowing, and open high on the inside of the arm. Some very pretty ones have vandyked edges. Prices range from $25 to $70.

A pretty fabric for spring costumes is a light quality of wool serge so finely twilled that it resembles cashmere in effect. It has a satin stripe near each selvedge; and knotted fringe that can be used for trimming the suit. It is shown in tan-color, with a darker brown stripe and fringe, mauve, with violet trimmings, and several shades of gray, brown, and of clear bright blue. Three-fourths of a yard wide, it is 80 cents a yard.

White, buff, and gray piqués are being used at the furnishing houses for children's dresses. For boys too young to wear pantaloons there are kilt skirts of piqué, to be buttoned on shirt waists of white linen or muslin. The kilt pleats, from the belt to the edge of the skirt, are laid deeply all around except in front, where it is left plain for a space two finger-lengths broad. Perpendicular rows of braid extend from the belt halfway down the front. The edge of the skirt is simply hemmed. The belt has two rows of braid. Kilt skirts are not sewed up, but are merely lapped under in front, and held by two rosettes on the right side of the skirt. This makes them easy to iron. Braiding done by machinery in elaborate patterns, with medallions of embroidery inserted, will be fashionable for trimming children's piqué dresses. A little dress for girls has a Gabrielle front, while the back is cut off at the waist, and a full skirt like a polonaise is added. A round talma is worn in the street with this, and gives the effect of a walking dress.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. BALLARD, HALLEY, & Co.; JOHNSON, BURNS, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

SHOULD France fail in ultimately adopting a republican form of government, and become a constitutional monarchy, the probabilities are that the Comte de Paris, eldest son of the late Duke of Orleans, will be chosen king. He is now nearly thirty-three years of age. In the autumn of 1861 he and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, became attached to General M'CLELLAN'S staff as aids-de-camp, and served until the close of the Virginia campaign of 1862, when they returned to Europe. The modesty of their deportment, simple tastes, and temperate habits made them favorites with the soldiers, who gave them the pet names of "Captain Perry" and "Captain Chatters." The Comte de Paris, in May, 1864, married his first cousin, Princess MARIE, eldest daughter of the Duke of Montpensier and the Infanta MARIA LOUISA, sister of the ex-Queen ISABELLA II. of Spain. By her he has a daughter, AMELIE, born in 1865.

—Old King WILLIAM'S habits during the war have been of the old ISRAEL PUTNAM and FRANCIS MARION style of simplicity. He rises at seven; never sleeps but in his own campaign bed, which is carried to all reviews and military manœuvres which he attends. If there is a bed already in the room where he stays, it is taken out and the campaign bed substituted. The latter consists of an iron frame; is only a foot high, and has little furniture. He opens all letters himself. Even when ill they must be opened in his presence. On a first perusal he makes marginal comments, which the officials who have to deal with them understand. Every thing goes on according to a regular method, and the King has really only one habit—that of working.

—Count VON MOLTKE is one of the best of modern linguists, there being scarcely a language or dialect of Europe he has not mastered. He is also a singularly reticent man, more so, perhaps, than BISMARCK. A witty saying has been attributed to Lord PALMERSTON, that VON MOLTKE could talk six languages, but knew how to hold his tongue in ten.

—The King of Bavaria, ascending from the puerilities of a puny potentate, is said to contemplate becoming editor of a musical journal. The monarch has had music on the brain from his youth up.

—The Russian Grand Duke is getting ready for a trip to the United States in May or June, in his own war vessel, accompanied by a squadron of ships. It will be the first time that a member of the royal family has visited a republic. No doubt about an enthusiastic reception for *him*. Russia has always been our frank and outspoken friend, and our people bear that little circumstance in mind.

—Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is said to have accumulated a fortune of $200,000—a very snug, comfortable capital for a young woman of her years; but Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG expects to accumulate half a million at least before she retires from the foot-lights; after which some person—some nice person—may induce her to "change her local habitation and her name."

—Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS is now a resident of Memphis, Tennessee, where his time and services are devoted to his duties as President of the South Carolina Insurance Company. He receives a salary of five thousand dollars a year. His name is regarded as of positive money value to the company. On public affairs he is very reticent—can not, in fact, be drawn out even by his intimate friends. He never appears in public except at church, or to say a few words to the Sunday-school scholars. General PILLOW, another gentleman prominent among the Confederate leaders, is also a resident of Memphis, where, in partnership with ex-Governor ISHAM G. HARRIS, he practices law. He is a man of small stature, light build, and very agreeable in conversation. Before the war he was wealthy; now, not.

—DINAH MARIA MULOCK (CRAIK) is said to have written more than a thousand poems she has never printed, simply because, on reperusal, they failed to satisfy herself.

—When Mrs. MOODY, of Plainville, Indiana, celebrated her eightieth birthday, on the 9th ult., she asked some of the old folks to take tea with her. One of the "young men," aged eighty-four, was found in a well cleaning it out, when the billet-doux was lowered down to him, asking him to assist at the soirée. He went over in the evening and saw Mistress MOODY.

—It was NATHAN HALL, of Durham, Connecticut, who, in 1833, thanked God that he lived "in a hilly country, where it was impossible to build railroads." To-day the cars of a railroad run through the door-yard of his place, between his house and the barn, and within four feet of his side door.

—"Josh Billings" comes of a wealthy family—the SHAWS, of Lanesborough, Massachusetts—and it is estimated that his estate would "sugar off," as they say in Vermont, at about $200,000. "Joshua" is now about fifty years old, tall, round-shouldered, and an oddity, always carrying about on his features an expression indescribably comical.

—Mr. LECKEY, author of the "History of European Morals" and other works, is to marry the Baroness VON DEDEM, lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Holland.

—Senator MORTON, of Indiana, when addressing the Senate, is obliged to remain in a sitting posture, owing to partial paralysis of his lower limbs. He manages, however, so to wheel his body about as to address, at will, any part of the chamber. His manner is earnest and impressive. In stating a case clearly and pointedly he is said to have no superior in Congress; and, instead of being diffuse, as is the too general style of public speakers, he gives a distinct argument in almost every sentence. Probably no man of his party is more generally respected or more influential than Senator MORTON.

—The Bishop of London has admitted Miss C. HART to the office of a deaconess in the Church of England, and has appointed her visitor in the district parish of St. Gabriel, Pimlico. The ceremony took place at Fulham Palace.

—ADELINA PATTI, SOTHERN, and TOOLE, the eminent comedian, propose to make the Federal Union the theatre for public performances next season.

—A late Number of the *Bazar* contained a sketch of the personal appearance of Professor HUXLEY. We now have something about his history. He is only forty-six; was a poor boy with an inclination for the medical profession; studied at Edinburgh; appointed assistant surgeon in the navy; cruised four years in the South Pacific; returned to England in 1850; in 1854 became attached to the School of Mines; and from that time dates his fame. He is one of the most industrious workers of the age, applying himself to the study of every problem with a persistence and an energy which are generally rewarded with success as far as he himself is concerned. This latter trait is one of the most marked of his character—his skepticism of other people's conclusions until he has solved them for himself. He is a most assiduous worker, and an equally free thinker. He is at present Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in the Royal College of Surgeons, and Professor of Natural History in the School of Mining.

—Mr. PETER COOPER recently signalized his right to call himself an octogenarian, by making another gift of one hundred thousand dollars to Cooper Institute, the income of which is to be spent in the maintenance and extension of a free circulating library. By the terms of the trust he also authorizes the trustees to draw upon his estate at his death, or upon him, should they deem it advisable, before his death, for the additional sum of fifty thousand dollars.

—Mrs. President MADISON, certes one of the most brilliant women who have graced Washington society, used to expend a thousand dollars per annum on turbans. She wore one to her latest day, long after wearing turbans had ceased to be the fashion. These turbans were made of the finest material, and trimmed to match her various dresses. Her old servant speaks of one of her dresses of purple velvet with a long train trimmed with wide gold-lace, with which she wore a turban also ornamented with gold-lace, and a pair of gold shoes. With a white satin dress she wore a turban spangled with silver, and silver shoes.

—Among the recent guests of President GRANT was Mr. A. J. DREXEL and wife, of Philadelphia, who passed several days at the White House. Mr. DREXEL is one of those bankers who add brain to bullion, and who, being a good linguist, and a gentleman of refinement, as well as of proverbial modesty and courtesy, imparts honor to the calling of which he is so deservedly eminent a member.

—Canon MELVILL, better known in this country as the Rev. HENRY MELVILL, a volume of whose brilliant sermons was published in this country in 1838, edited by Bishop M'ILVAINE, has recently deceased at the age of seventy-three. He was the most brilliant rhetorician in London from, say, 1846 to 1856, at which latter date he was made Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. He was in his day what the Rev. Mr. LIDDON now is in England.

—Mr. DISRAELI, who seems to be freeing himself somewhat from the trammels of party organization, perceiving that he is not again likely to become Prime Minister, is reported to have said that he intends to write three more novels, and then retire from the field of authorship. They will be more or less of a political character.

—The Prince of Wales has again incurred the general odium of Britons, and the particular disgust of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society, for killing, in mere sport, and just to see what he could do, 1243 hares, 348 rabbits, 2074 pheasants, 116 partridges, and 52 other birds—3833 head in all—in four days; this, too, on the property of a man who had not given his consent to their raiding over his premises. There were eight other sprigs of nobility who assisted in the slaughter.

—Indiana's great charity man is CHAUNCEY ROSE, who, within a few years, has given away for benevolent purposes $300,000. It may be true that an Indiana Rose by any other name would have done that figure of benevolence, though it would be permissible to take the Chauncey's the other way.

—As an indication of the popularity of the Rev. Dr. POTTER, the new rector of Grace Church in this city, it is mentioned that for the first time in its history every one of its two hundred pews is rented. Dr. POTTER has won not only the solid respect and regard of his own parishioners, but of Episcopalians generally, for the unflagging industry with which he devotes himself to the duties of his position, his zealous attention to the wants of the needy, and his prompt and cheerful aid in works of benevolence.

—General SHERIDAN has been fêted in the extensivest possible style in Florence by the bluff King of Italy, who gave him a grand dinner, to which eighty guests were invited. All present were in full uniform, and behind each guest stood a servant gorgeously draped. The table service of the occasion was that sculptured by BENVENUTO CELLINI. It was altogether in gold and silver—no china being upon the table. The flowers, lights, and other decorations were in accordance with the service. Bands of music were placed so as to enliven, without drowning, the conversation. General SHERIDAN, as the honored guest, was placed at the King's right hand, and his Majesty seemed greatly to enjoy his presence. In the conversation held in the morning, when the General was presented, he mentioned to the King that on one of his hunting expeditions he had killed two grizzly bears, one of which weighed a thousand pounds. The King fairly leaped in his chair; all his hunter blood was on fire in a moment. The General, with characteristic modesty, instantly added, "Oh, that was nothing, for on the Pacific Railroad we might shoot a bear from the window of the cars"—a remark which did not weaken VICTOR EMANUEL'S interest in the land which produced such men—and such bears.

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Trimmings for Ball Gloves, Figs. 1 -4.

BALL gloves are worn very long this winter, generally with three buttons, and with or without trimming. Frequently trimming is used in order to lengthen short gloves—for instance, gloves with two buttons. The favorite trimming for gloves is blonde lace, illusion ruches, puffs, etc. Figs. 1–4 show several styles of trimming, which may be made with little difficulty and expense.

Fig. 1.—For this trimming take a strip of Swiss muslin three-fifths of an inch wide and corresponding in length to the upper edge of the glove, which must be edged on each side with a side-pleated strip of white blonde an inch and three-fifths wide. On the outer edge of each of these strips sew two fluted ruches of blonde, in such a manner that one ruche covers the seam made by sewing on the other. Then take a strip of blonde two inches wide and edged on both sides with lace three-fifths of an inch wide, arrange it in side pleats along the middle, and sew it on the Swiss muslin strip, covering the seam made by doing this with lace insertion three-fifths of an inch wide.

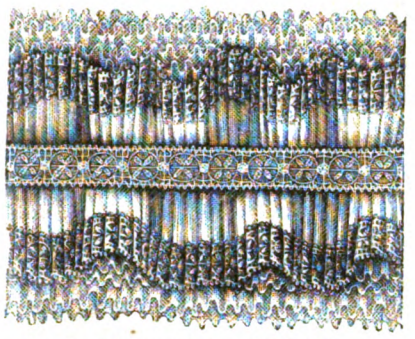


Fig. 1.—TRIMMING FOR BALL GLOVES. REDUCED SIZE.

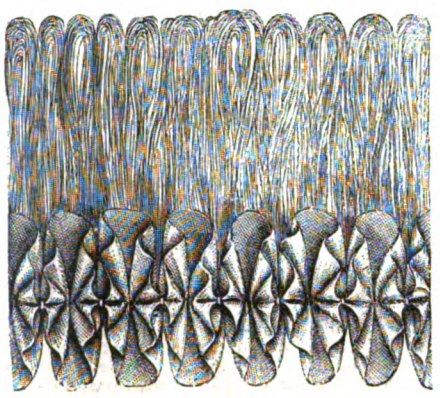


Fig. 3.—TRIMMING FOR BALL GLOVES. REDUCED SIZE.

Fig. 2.—This trimming consists of a double piece of tarlatan three inches and three-fifths wide, one lengthwise edge of which is arranged in side pleats. On the pleated edge sew, first, gathered lace two inches wide, and then two rows of pinked white satin leaves, the under edges of which must meet; each leaf is an inch and a fifth long and four-fifths of an inch wide, and is pointed at the upper edge, and laid in a pleat at the under straight edge. Cover the seam made by sewing on the satin leaves with a satin piping as shown by the illustration.

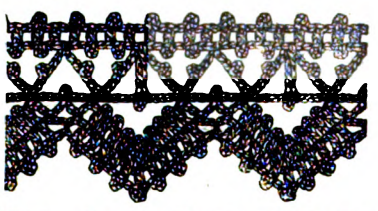


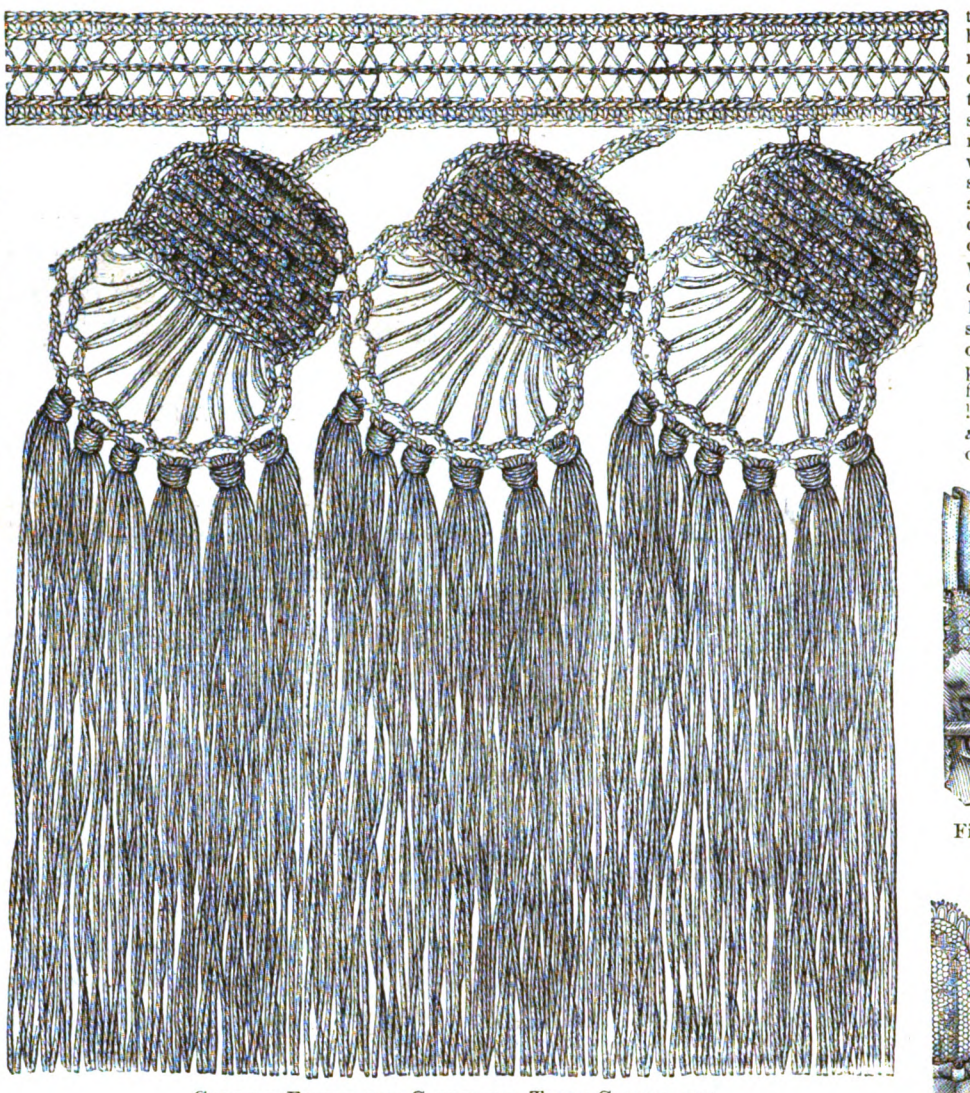
Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

Fig. 3.—For this trimming take a strip of white tarlatan five inches and a half wide and of the requisite length, draw out all the lengthwise threads from a part of the middle nearly five inches wide, double the piece lengthwise, and arrange the double material in thick side pleats at one lengthwise edge. On this pleated edge sew a strip of tarlatan two inches wide arranged in rose pleats.

Fig. 4.—This trimming consists of a double piece of blonde two inches wide, corresponding in length to the upper edge of the glove. On this strip arrange two puffs made of blonde taken double; one lengthwise edge of each puff must form a heading a fifth of an inch wide. Under one lengthwise edge of the blonde strip sew gathered lace two inches wide.

Crochet Fringe for Coverlets, Table-Covers, etc.

THIS fringe is worked with medium-sized white twisted cotton, first working the flower-like figures as follows: Begin each figure at the upper edge with a foundation of 13 st. (stitches), and, always going backward and forward, work on this twelve rounds of sc. (single crochet) in ribbed crochet, that is, always insert the needle under the back vein of the two upper veins of each st. At the end of each of the first four rounds w. (widen) 1 st., after that work without changing the number of st. Besides this, work in each 2d following round, at intervals of 4 st., 1 p. (picot) consisting of 3 ch. (chain stitch). No notice is taken of these p. in the rounds which are worked without p., and which must alternate in the course of the work. After completing the 12th round turn the work, pass over the first st. of the preceding round, and work 1 sc. on each of the following 15 st. After completing each of these st. (exclusive of the first two and the last two) draw out the loop on the needle as a picot; the first p. is about two-fifths of an inch long, and each of the following 5 p. must be slightly lengthened, as shown by the illustration; shorten the last 5 p. in the same proportion (see illustration). After completing this round work 3 ch., turn the work, and work 1 sl. (slip stitch) on each of the p., after each sl. 5 ch., but after the last sl. only 3 ch.; then fasten to the first st. of the preceding round, and going back, work alternately 5 ch., and 1 sl. on the middle st. of each of the ch. scallops previously worked. On the nearest side edge of the flower-like figure work always alternately 3 ch., 1 sc., then going forward, work 1 sc. on each of the first 7 foundation st.; after completing the 7 sc. work for the stem 10 ch., pass over the last of these, and work 9 sc. on the following 9 ch.; finally, 1 sc. on the 7th of the 7 sc. previously referred to. Now work on the other side edge alternately 3 ch., 1 sc., cut off the thread and fasten it. On the scallops of the under edge of the figure tie six strands of fringe of the length shown by the illustration. Having worked the requisite number of leaflets in this manner, connect them as follows:



CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERLETS, TABLE-COVERS, ETC.

Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET OVER-SHOE.

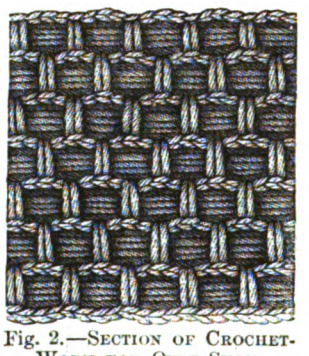


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CROCHET-WORK FOR OVER-SHOE. FULL SIZE.

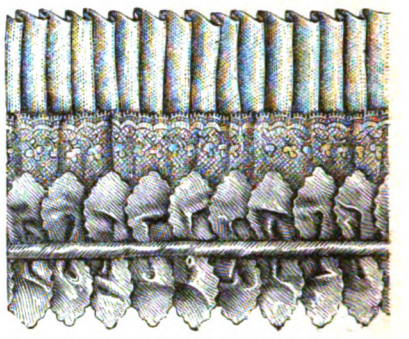


Fig. 2.—TRIMMING FOR BALL GLOVES. REDUCED SIZE.

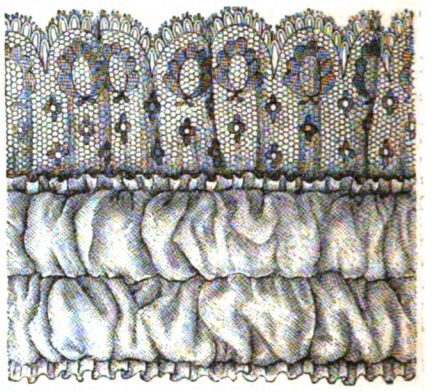


Fig. 4.—TRIMMING FOR BALL GLOVES. REDUCED SIZE.

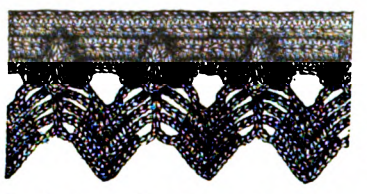


Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

1st round.—2 sc. on the first 2 sc. at the end of a stem of the figure, * 10 ch., 2 dc. (double crochet) separated by 1 ch. on the side edge of the figure (see illustration), 10 ch., 2 sc. on the first 2 sc. of the stem of a new figure, and repeat from *. 2d round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round, but after completing each following sc. draw out the loop on the needle, so as to form a picot half an inch long. 3d round.—Alternately 1 sl. on each p., 1 ch. 4th round.—1 sc. on each sc. of the preceding round. Now cross the two threads of each p. of the second round, and always crochet one thread of one p. together with one thread of the following p. by means of 1 sl.; after each sl. 1 ch. (see illustration). This fringe is very rich and unique, and may be used for coverlets, pillow-slips, table-covers, and similar articles.

VIGNETTES FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEFS.—[The Letters A–H with similar Vignettes will be found in *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. IV., No. 9.]

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Knitted and Crochet Over-Shoe, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 164.

THIS over-shoe is crocheted with red and black worsted, and furnished with a short knitted leg. Work the shoe with red zephyr worsted over an insertion of a 16-fold thread of black split zephyr, beginning at the front edge, as follows: On a foundation of 24 st. (stitches) work alternately 3 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. (single crochet) on every 4th following st., working over the insertion at the same time; widen at the middle of the round by working 2 sc. separated by 3 ch. on the 1st foundation st.; at the end of the round 1 ch.; turn the work, and again work over the insertion alternately 1 sc., 3 ch. Work these sc. on the middle ch. of every 3 ch. of the preceding round. In this work 23 rounds more, widening in each round as in the 1st round. Now work on the nine ch. scallops of the right side of the upper part 34 rounds in the previous design, always going backward and forward. Then work the ch. scallops of the 35th round together with the ch. scallops of the left side of the upper part by working 1 sc. on every two opposite ch. scallops, and at the same time over the insertion; after each sc. 3 ch. On the under edge of the thus far completed shoe work one round of sc. with red worsted, and on the upper edge one round of sc. with black worsted; to every st. of this round fasten a sixfold strand of black split zephyr two inches long, so as to form a fringe two inches long. For the leg, work with red worsted and steel knitting-needles a foundation of 100 st.; always going forward, work on this 48 rounds of alternately 2 k. (knit plain), 2 p. (purl), then cast off as follows: on the first 2 k. crochet 1 dc. (double crochet), catching both st. together, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the next 2 p., 2 ch., and continue in this manner. Now work with black worsted 2 sc. on each 2 ch. of the preceding round, then a round of stc. (short treble crochet). 3d round.—* 3 dc. on the first 3 st. of the preceding round; these 3 dc. are not worked off separately, but as one stitch; 5 ch., pass over 3 st. of the preceding round, and repeat from *, always going forward. 4th round.—On each ch. scallop 2 sc., 6 dc., 2 sc. On the st. of the 2d crochet round of the upper edge knot worsted fringe as above described. Through the stc. of the following round pass a black elastic band, and sew the leg to the inside of the shoe as shown by the illustration. Knit the sole plain with a sixteenfold thread of black split zephyr, always going backward and forward, and working it in the shape indicated by the sole of some shoe of the proper size. Finally, overhand the shoe and sole together on the inside. If it is wished to make the shoe larger, work a few additional rounds for the top of the shoe and the heel, and lay on a few stitches more for the leg.

Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 2.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 164.

Fig. 1.—For this edging work with medium-sized twisted crochet cotton a foundation as follows: Always alternately 3 ch. (chain stitch), 1 p. (picot) consisting of 3 ch. and 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first of these. When the foundation is of the length desired, hold it so that the p. are turned downward, and on it work the 1st round.—1 dc. (double crochet) on the first foundation st. (the sl. of the picots count as foundation stitches), * 1 ch., 1 dc. on the 2d following foundation st., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the 2d following foundation st., 1 p. as before, 1 dc. on the 2d following foundation st., 1 p., 1 dc. on the 2d following foundation st., and repeat from *. 2d round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on the first ch. of the preceding round, * 2 ch., 1 p. turned downward (for this p. work 3 ch., slip the loop from the needle, pass the needle through the first of the 3 ch., take up the loop previously dropped and work off both loops on the needle together, throwing the thread over once), 7 ch., 1 p. turned downward, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. after the 4th following dc., and repeat from *. 3d round.—1 sl. on the middle ch. of the first 7 ch. of the preceding round, 4 ch., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the first sc. of the preceding round, in doing which surround at the same time the ch. of the first round on which this sc. was worked; 1 p. turned upward, 1 sl. on the stc. previously worked, 4 ch., 1 sl. on the middle of the following 7 ch. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 p. turned downward, 3 ch., and repeat from *. 4th round.—1 sc. on the first sl. of the preceding round, 1 ch., 7 p. turned downward, with these pass over 4 ch., 1 p., and 4 ch. of the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 sc. on the following sc. of the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next p. turned downward, 5 ch., and repeat from *. 5th round.—* 1 dc. on the first ch. of the preceding round, after this and all the following dc. 1 ch., 1 dc. on the sl. of each of the following 3 p., 3 dc. on the sl. of the fourth p., 1 dc. on the sl. of each of the remaining 3 p., 1 dc. on the next ch. After this dc. 1 ch., then 1 sl. on the middle of the next 5 ch., 3 ch., 1 sl. on the middle of the next 5 ch., and repeat from *. The 6th round consists of dc., p., and ch., and is worked as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—For this edging work, first, on a foundation of the requisite length, five rounds of sc. in ribbed crochet, always going backward and forward; in the first round, however, work 3 sc. on every 11th following foundation st.; this widening must be repeated in each of the four following rounds, always in these rounds working the 3 sc. on the middle st. of the 3 sc. of the preceding round. In this way points are formed. Work the following rounds also going backward and forward, but lay on the thread anew at every round. 6th round.—* 3 sc. on the 9th, 8th, and 7th st. before the 1 st. forming the point of the next point (counting backward from this stitch), 1 ch., 3 sc. on the 7th, 8th, and 9th st. after the 1 st. forming the point, 7 ch., and repeat from *. 7th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the 7 ch. of the preceding round, 5 ch., 7 sc. on the middle 5 ch. of the next 7 ch. of the preceding round (working 3 sc. on the middle st. of these 5 ch.), 5 ch., pass over 4 st. with the first ch. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 3 sc. on the first single sc. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 9 sc. on the following 7 sc. of the preceding round, 3 ch., and repeat from *. Work the two following rounds in a similar manner, as shown by the illustration.

Vignettes for marking Handkerchiefs.

See illustration on page 164.

We give herewith the remainder of the alphabet with vignettes for marking handkerchiefs which was begun in *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. IV., No. 9. It is worked in the same manner with embroidery cotton in French embroidery.

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET RIBBON WITH LACE ARRANGED AS BRETELLES.

Fig. 2.—BLACK VELVET RIBBON WITH LACE ARRANGED AS A HEART-SHAPED NECK.

Fig. 3.—VELVET RIBBON AND FRINGE ARRANGED AS A SQUARE NECK.

Fig. 4.—VELVET RIBBON AND LACE ARRANGED AS A SQUARE NECK.

Waist Trimmings of Velvet Ribbon and Lace.

A BLACK velvet ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide, trimmed with black lace or silk fringe of the same width, may be arranged in a number of ways as a trimming for waists, so as to simulate a square or heart-shaped neck, or bretelles, etc. Figs. 1–4 show the ribbon arranged in four different styles. The peculiar advantage of this kind of trimming is that it may be worn with different dresses, as it is not sewed on the waist, but merely fastened with small pins.

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET RIBBON WITH LACE ARRANGED AS BRETELLES. For this ribbon two pieces of black velvet ribbon each two inches wide and twenty-nine inches and a half long, lined with silk, are required. Trim one (outer) side of the ribbon with gathered lace two inches wide, and the other with gathered lace four-fifths of an inch wide; arrange the ends in pleats, and sew them to the under side of a black velvet belt as shown by the illustration. At the front of the belt set a bow of black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 2.—BLACK VELVET RIBBON WITH LACE ARRANGED AS A HEART-SHAPED NECK. This ribbon is forty inches long, an inch and three-quarters wide, and is lined with silk; one side is trimmed with gathered black lace two inches wide. Lay the ribbon in two pleats to form the rounded part of the neck. Arrange the ends of the ribbon in a pleat, sew them together, and cover the seam made by doing this with a velvet bow.

Fig. 3.—BLACK VELVET RIBBON WITH FRINGE AND LACE ARRANGED AS A SQUARE NECK. This trimming con-

DESIGN FOR TIDY IN DIAGONAL NETTING.—SIXTH PART.

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sists of a piece of black velvet ribbon forty-five inches long and an inch and a quarter wide, which is trimmed with black silk fringe at the outer edge, and narrow gathered lace at the inner edge. In order to give the back a rounded shape form two small flat pleats there, and at the corners in front lay the ribbon in two deep pleats.

Fig. 4.—BLACK VELVET RIBBON WITH LACE ARRANGED AS A SQUARE NECK. For this trimming take a piece of black velvet ribbon sixty-one inches long and an inch and three-quarters wide. Line it with silk, and arrange the ribbon in a deep pleat at the proper point to form the corners. Trim the inner edge with narrow and the outer edge with wide gathered lace.

Netted Guipure Squares for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 165.

THESE squares may be used for trimming lingerie, or a number of them may be joined to form a cover. They may be used as covers for toilette cushions, or for trimming handkerchiefs. To make the squares work a foundation of the size shown by the illustration in plain netting with white linen thread, and work it with linen floss in point de reprise, point de toile, and point d'esprit. Work the triangular figures with close button-hole stitches.

Design for a Tidy in Diagonal Netting.

See illustration on page 165.

To make this tidy, one-sixth of which is shown by the illustration, work first for the foundation a square piece of the requisite size in diagonal netting. Work the netting over a large or small mesh, according to the size of the tidy required, using white knitting cotton or linen thread. The white portions are worked with linen floss in point de reprise, and the more dead-looking portions with linen thread in point de toile. Work the scalloped outer edge in button-hole stitch, and cut away the surplus material.

THEN AND NOW.

See illustration on page 172.

I LOVED her first, I loved her first in glowing days of June,
When all the blossoms were in blow, and all the birds in tune:
The red blush sat upon the rose, the blue was in the sky,
The passion-flower held no tear within her queenly eye.

She sat—my love!—beneath the ash, she waited for me there;
A light was in her soft brown eyes, gold motes lurked in her hair.
Fair daughter of a line of peers, proud heiress of the Hall,
What merit had I, that on me thy maiden choice should fall?

She listened on the terrace walk a well-known step to hear;
And little thought she all the while her truant swain was near.
I stood behind a knotted trunk her tender gaze to see
Fixed dreamily upon the sky, and knew she thought of me.

Ah, Valentine, sweet Valentine, though happy was that day
In sunny June when first I spoke, and thou didst *not* say Nay,
Yet happier now I to my heart clasp her who gilds my life,
And call her by a dearer name—my own true loving wife!

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

WE are always changing within and without, modified more or less, as was said in the beginning of this chapter, by continually changing circumstances. Had any one a year ago shown Hannah her picture, as she often appeared now, in pretty evening dress—she had lovely round arms still, and it was Rosie's delight to catch them bare, and fondle and hug them to her little bosom as "dollies"—Hannah would have said such a woman was not herself at all. Yet it was; and hers, too, was the heart, wonderfully gay and light sometimes, which she carried about through the day, and lay down to sleep with at night, marveling what she had done that Heaven should make her life thus content and glad.

The change was so gradual that she accepted it almost without recognition. Ay, even when there came an event which six months ago she would have trembled at—the first dinner-party at the House on the Hill, given in honor of the bride.

"I must give it, I suppose," said Mr. Rivers. "You will not mind? I hope it will not trouble you very much?"

"Oh no."

"Be it so, then." He walked off, and then came back, saying, a little awkwardly, "Of course, you understand that you keep your usual place as mistress here."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

So she sat at the head of his table, and did all the honors as lady of the house. At which some other ladies, country people from a distance (for it was a state dinner-party), looked—just a little surprised. One especially, a malign-looking old dowager, with two or three unmarried daughters, whispered:

"His sister-in-law, did you tell me? I thought she was quite a middle-aged person. Better, perhaps, if she had been. And they live here together—quite alone, you say? Dear me!"

The words were inaudible to Miss Thelluson, but she caught the look, and during the evening several other looks of the same inquisitorial kind. They made her feel—she hardly knew why—rather uncomfortable. Otherwise she would have enjoyed the evening considerably. No woman is indifferent to the pleasure of being mistress of an elegant, well-ordered house, where her servants like her and obey her—she doing her duty and they theirs, so that all things go smoothly and well, as they did now. Also she liked to please Mr. Rivers, who was much easier to please than formerly. His old sweet temper, that poor Rosa used so fondly to dilate on, had returned; and oh! what a rare blessing is a sweet temper in a house, especially in the head of it. Then, by this time, his sister-in-law understood his ways, had grown used to his very weaknesses, and found they were not so bad, after all. He was far from being her ideal, certainly; but who are they that ever find their ideal? And Hannah sighed, remembering her own—the loveliest and most lovable nature she had ever met, or so it had appeared to her in her girlhood's long-ended dream. But God had taken Arthur home; and thinking of him now, it was more as an angel than as a mortal man.

Looking round on the men she saw now—and they had been a good many lately—she found no one equal to Bernard Rivers. As he took his place again in society, a young widower who had passed from under the blackest shadow of his loss, though it had left in him an abiding gravity, he would have been counted in all circles an attractive person. Handsome, yet not obnoxiously so; clever—though perhaps more in an appreciative than an original fashion; pleasant in conversation, yet never putting himself obtrusively forward, he was a man that most men liked, and all women were sure to admire amazingly. Hannah saw—she could not help seeing—how daughters brightened as he came near, and mothers were extraordinarily tender to him; and, in fact, had he perceived this—which he did not seem to do, being very free from self-consciousness—Bernard Rivers would have run a very good chance of being thoroughly "spoiled."

He was not yet spoiled, however; it was charming to watch him, and see how innocently he took all this social flattery, which Hannah noticed with considerable amusement, and a sort of affectionate pleasure at thinking that, however agreeable he was abroad, he was still more so at home, in those quiet evenings, now sadly diminished. She wondered sometimes how long they would last, how soon her brother-in-law would weary of her companionship, and seek nearer and fonder ties. Well, that must be left to fate; it was useless speculating. So she did her best now; and when several times during dinner he glanced across the table to her and smiled, and also came more than once through the drawing-rooms to look for her, and say a kindly word or two, Hannah was a satisfied and happy woman.

Only—during the pause of a long piece of concerted music by the three remaining Misses Rivers—fancying she heard Rosie cry, she crept away up stairs, and finding her sitting up in her crib, sobbing from a bad dream, Aunt Hannah caught her child to her bosom more passionately than usual. And when the little thing clung for refuge to her, and was soothed to sleep again under showers of kisses, Hannah thought, rejoicingly, that there was one creature in the world to whom she was absolutely necessary, and all in all.

His guests being at length gone, the host stood on his hearth-rug meditative, even grave.

"Well, Hannah!" he said at last.

She looked up.

"So our dinner-party is safe over. It went off beautifully, I must say!"

"Yes, I think it did."

"And I am so much obliged to you for all the trouble you must have taken. I do like to have things nice and in order—every man does. Especially as Lady Rivers was there. They think so much of these matters at the Moat House."

Hannah, half pleased, half vexed, she scarce knew why, answered nothing.

"Yes, it was very pleasant, and the people were pleasant too. But yet I think I like our quiet evenings best."

"So do I," Hannah was going to say, and then hesitated, with a curious kind of shyness, for she had been thinking the very same. Wondering also how long this gay life they now led was to go on, and whether it would end in that climax for which she was always preparing herself—Bernard Rivers taking a second wife, and saying to his sister-in-law, "Thank you; I want you no more. Good-by!" A perfectly right, natural, and desirable thing, too, her reason told her. And yet—and yet— Well! she would, at least, not meet difficulties half-way, but would enjoy her halcyon days while they lasted.

So she sat down with him on the chair he placed for her, one on either side the fire, and proceeded to talk over the dinner and the guests, with other small, familiar topics, which people naturally fall into discussing when they are perfectly at home with each other, and have one common interest running through their lives. All their associations now had the easy freedom of the fraternal relation, mingled with a certain vague sentiment, such as people feel who are not really brother and sister; but, having spent all their prior lives apart, require to get over a sort of pleasant strangeness, which has all the charm of traveling in a new country.

In the midst of it, when they were laughing together over some wonderful infantine jest of little Rosie's, there came a knock at the door, and a face looked stealthily in.

Hannah sprang up in terror. "Oh, Grace! What is it? Any thing wrong with baby?"

"No, miss, nothing. How wrong of me to frighten you so," cried the young woman, contritely, as Miss Thelluson dropped back in her chair, so pale that Mr. Rivers hastily brought her a glass of wine, and spoke sharply to the nurse.

Grace looked at him with a scared face. "It's true, Sir; I hardly know what I'm saying or doing. But never mind! The little one is all right; it's only my own trouble. And I've kept it to myself all day long because I wouldn't trouble her when she was busy over her dinner-party. But oh! miss, will you speak to me now, for my heart's breaking?"

"You should not have minded my being busy, poor girl!" said Hannah, kindly. "What is it?" And then, with a sudden instinctive fear of what it was, she added, "But perhaps you would like to go with me into my own room?"

"No, please, I want to speak to the master too. He's a parson, and must know all about it; and it was him that he went to first!"

"My good woman, if you'll only say what 'it' and 'he' refer to; tell me a plain story, and I'll give you the best advice I can, whatever your trouble may be." And Mr. Rivers sat down, looking a little bored—like most men, he had a great dislike to "scenes"—but still kindly enough. "Tell me, is it any thing about your husband?"

Hannah had not given him credit for remembering that fact, or for the patience with which he sat down to listen.

"My husband!" cried poor Grace, catching at the word, and bursting out sobbing. "Yes, you're right, Sir, he is my husband, and I shall always believe he is, though he says he isn't, and that I have no claim upon him, no more than any wicked woman in the street. But I was married, Mr. Rivers!" and the poor girl stood wringing her hands, while her tears fell in floods. "He took me to London and married me there (I've got my certificate in my pocket), and when we came back every body knew it. And a year after, my little baby was born, my poor little baby that I never told you of, miss, for fear you should send me away!"

"Is it living?" said Hannah, gravely, having listened, as Mr. Rivers did also, to this torrent of grief-stricken words.

"Yes; he is living, pretty lamb! though many a time I have wished he wasn't, after what his father said when he went away. But that might not be true, no more true than what he sent me word yesterday; and I've been nigh out of my mind ever since!"

"What was it? Do keep to the point. I can not make out the matter if you talk so much," said Mr. Rivers.

Hannah sat silent, waiting for what was coming next. An uneasy feeling, not exactly a fear, but not unlike it, came over her, as she recalled the long-ago discussion at the Moat House about the Dixon family.

Grace gathered herself up, and looked her master in the face. She was a sweet-looking little woman, usually reticent and quiet enough, but now she seemed desperate with her wrong.

"Dixon says, Sir—that's my husband; he's James Dixon, of your parish—that I'm not his wife in law, and he can get rid of me whenever he pleases, only he won't do it if I'll come back and live with him, because he likes me, he says, and all the poor children are crying out for me. But that if I won't come back, he shall go and marry another woman, Mary Bridges, of Easterham, that lived as cook with Lady Rivers. He'll put up the banns here next Sunday, he says."

"He can not. It would be bigamy."

"Bigamy! That's taking a second wife while your first wife's living, isn't it, Sir? And I'm living, though I wasn't his first wife; but I suppose that doesn't matter. Oh, why did I ever take him! But it was all for them poor children's sakes; and he was such a good husband to my sister that I thought for sure he'd be a good husband to me!"

Mr. Rivers started. "Stop a minute. Your story is very confused; but I think I take it in now. Is James Dixon the Dixon who once came to me, asking me to marry him to his deceased wife's sister? And were you that person?"

He spoke in a formal, uncomfortable voice; his cheek reddened a little, and he looked carefully away from the corner where Hannah was sitting. She did not move—how could she?—but she felt hot and red, and wished herself any where except where she was, and was obliged to remain.

Grace spoke on, full of eager anxiety: "Yes, Sir, he did come to you, I know, and you told him, he said, that I was not the proper person for him to marry. But he thought I was, and so did I, and so did all the neighbors. You see, Sir"—and in her desperation the poor young woman came close up to her master—"I was very fond of my poor sister, and she of me, and when she was dying, she begged me to come and take care of her children. Jim was very glad of it too. And so I went to live with him; it was the most natural thing possible, and—it wasn't wrong, miss, was it?"

Hannah felt she must answer the appeal. She did so with a half-inaudible but distinct "No."

"Nobody said it was wrong. Nobody blamed me. And the children got so fond of me, and I made Jim so comfortable, that at last he said he couldn't do without me, and we had better get married at once. Was that wrong, Sir?"

"Yes; it was against the law," said Mr. Rivers, in the same cold tone, looking into the fire, and pushing backward and forward the ring he wore on his little finger—poor Rosa's wedding ring, taken from her dead hand.

"But people do it, Sir. I know two or three in our village as have done it, and nobody ever said a word against them. And, as it was, people did begin to say a deal against me." Grace hung her head a minute, and then lifted it up again in fierce innocence. "But it was all lies, Sir. I declare before God it was. I was an honest girl always. I told Jim I wouldn't look at him unless he married me. So he did at last. Look here, Sir."

Mr. Rivers took nervously the marriage certificate, read it over, gave it back again, and still remained silent.

"It's all right, Sir? I know it is! He did marry me!"

"Yes—but—"

"And it wasn't true what he said when, after a while, he took to drinking, and we squabbled a bit—that he could get rid of me whenever he liked, and marry somebody else? It wasn't true, Sir? Oh, please say it wasn't true, if only for the sake of my poor baby!"

And Grace stood waiting for the answer that to her was life or death.

All this while Miss Thelluson had sat silent, scarcely lifting her eyes from the carpet, except once or twice to poor Grace's face, with keen compassion. Not that the question seemed to concern her much, or that she attempted to decide the wrong or right of it; only the whole case seemed so very pitiful. And she had grown fond of Grace, who was a very good girl, and in feeling and education rather superior to her class.

As for Mr. Rivers, the look in his eyes, which he carefully kept from meeting any other's eyes, was not compassion at all; but perplexity, uneasiness, even irritation—the annoyance of a man who finds himself in a difficult position, which he wishes sincerely he were well out of.

To Grace's frantic question he gave no reply at all. She noticed this, and the form of her entreaty changed.

"You don't think I did wrong to marry him, Sir? You are a parson, and ought to know. Was it wicked, do you think? My sister—that's Mrs. John Dixon, a very good, religious woman, and a Methody, too—told me no; that the Bible said a man was not to marry his wife's sister in her lifetime, which meant that he might do it after her death."

"Apparently you have studied the subject very closely; closer, I doubt not, than I have," replied Mr. Rivers, in that hard voice of his. Hannah thought it at the time almost cruel. "Therefore there is the less need for me to give you any opinion, which I am very reluctant to do."

A blank look came into poor Grace's beseeching eyes. "But, Sir, my sister—"

"Mrs. Dixon is a Dissenter, many of whom, I believe, think as she does on this matter; but we Church people can only hold to the prayer-book and the law. Both forbid such marriages as yours. You being brother and sister—"

"But we weren't, Sir; not even cousins. Indeed, I never set eyes on Jim till just before Jane died."

"You being brother and sister," irritably repeated Mr. Rivers, "or the law making you such—"

"But how could it make us when we were not born so?" pleaded poor Grace, with a passionate simplicity.

"You being brother and sister," Mr. Rivers said, for the third time, and now with actual sternness, "you could not possibly be married. Or if you were married, as you say, it was wholly against the law. James Dixon has taken advantage of this, as I have heard of other men doing; but I did not believe it of him."

Grace turned whiter and whiter. "Then what he says is really true? I am not his wife?"

"I can't help you; I wish I could," said Mr. Rivers, at last looking down upon the piteous face. "I am afraid it is only too true."

"And my baby, my baby! I don't care for myself much! but my baby!"

"If you ask me to tell you the truth, I must tell it. I refused to marry James Dixon because I knew it would be no marriage at all, and could only be effected by deceiving the clergyman, as I suppose was done. Therefore you are not his wife, and your baby is, of course, an illegitimate child."

Grace gave a shrill scream that might have been heard through the house. Lest it should be heard, or from some other instinct which she did not reason upon, Miss Thelluson jumped up, and shut and bolted the door. When she turned back the poor girl lay on the floor in a dead faint.

Hannah took her up in her arms.

"Please help me!" she said to Mr. Rivers, not looking at him. "I think the servants are all gone to bed. I hope they are; it will be much better. Once get her up stairs and I can look after her myself."

"Can you? Will it not harm you?"

"Oh no!" and Hannah looked pitifully on the stony face that lay on her lap. "It has been very hard for her. Poor thing! poor thing!"

Mr. Rivers said nothing, but silently obeyed his sister-in-law's orders, and between them they carried Grace up to Miss Thelluson's room. Almost immediately afterward she heard him close the door of his own, and saw no more of him, or any one except her charge, till morning.

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S BALL, 1824.

See illustration on page 168.

THE year 1824 began auspiciously for the pleasure-seekers at the capital. The customary "levée" held by the President on that day was unusually successful. James Monroe, then President, was the last of our chief magistrates whose claims to this preferment were founded on Revolutionary services. In 1824 he entered upon the eighth year of his administration, "and he looked," says one of the journals of the day, noticing the New-Year's reception, "like a patriarch in the midst of his children."

These "children," being understood to mean those who offered him their respects on the opening of the year, were a brilliant progeny. There were the Vice-President, Daniel D. Tompkins, and the members of the cabinet, with the exception of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Crawford, who was temporarily ill. These were John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; Calhoun, Secretary of War; Southard, Secretary of the Navy; and William Wirt, Attorney-General. Henry Clay was Speaker of the House of Representatives, Daniel Webster was a member of that House, and Andrew Jackson, the hero and lion of the season, albeit his military renown was founded on deeds nearly ten years old, was in the Senate, as was also Thomas H. Benton,

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The foreign ministers called at the White House, and though their names are not suggestive to modern ears of personal distinction, yet they are still remembered by those who knew them as very agreeable gentlemen. England, France, and Spain were represented at that precise epoch merely by *chargés d'affaires*. Russia had a minister plenipotentiary, etc., Baron De Tuyll. These wore their varied and splendid uniforms, adding brilliancy to the scene, which was still further increased by a more numerous assemblage of fair visitors than for some winters past; "and these," a Jenkins of the day adds, "give an air of attraction to our streets, and a peculiar fascination to our ball-rooms." Of these fair ones more anon. A week later they gave a fascination to a certain ball-room not yet forgotten. To give attraction to the streets the weather gave them ample opportunity. So uncommonly mild was the season that the *Intelligencer* speaks of a peach-tree in full bloom in the city on the 22d of January.

In 1824 the Greek revolution was universally discussed. It had then been in progress three years; and so great was the sympathy among Americans that in the journals of that date are constantly seen notices of different modes of raising subscriptions to aid the sufferers. There were balls given in various places; one in Baltimore in January of this year; another in New York, on the 8th of the same month, was given in the theatre, and was attended by nearly two thousand persons. New York milliners advertised to supply the fashionables with suitable costumes, and one imported a branch of the "Sacred Grecian Olive," as a model to be used in making Grecian wreaths, etc., for the ladies' heads.

About this time the first resolution was offered in Congress relative to placing a government vessel at the disposal of the Marquis De Lafayette, should he decide to revisit the United States, as he did do in the latter months of 1824. The succession to the Presidency was also much discussed, though it, with other kindred political topics, was tabooed in good society. Politics were voted eminently vulgar, and the four possible candidates (who were later actually nominated) for the highest office in the gift of the people—Adams, Crawford, Jackson, and Clay—met on the best of terms. In fact, one of these lionized the other by giving a ball in his honor, which was the great social event not only of that season, but whose glories talent and tradition have combined to preserve. This ball, given by Mr. and Mrs. Adams on the 8th of January, commemorated General Jackson's victory at New Orleans. It created a sensation in advance. The *National Journal*, a Washington newspaper, on the 7th of January ridicules another journal which had announced that "so many tickets had been issued" (to the ball) "that the house will not hold the guests, and canvas tents are to be added to the rear." Furthermore the ball was celebrated, or, as some say, *heralded*, by the following verses from the pen of Mr. John Agg, a literary light of the period:

MRS. ADAMS'S BALL.

(From the Washington *Republican*, January 8, 1824.)

Wend you with the world to-night?
Brown and fair, and wise and witty,
Eyes that float in seas of light,
Laughing mouths, and dimples pretty,
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'.
There the mist of the future, the gloom of the past,
All melt into light at the warm glance of pleasure;
And the only regret is, lest, melting too fast,
Mammas should move off in the midst of a measure.

Wend you with the world to-night?
Sixty gray, and giddy twenty,
Flirts that court, and prudes that slight,
Stale coquettes, and spinsters plenty.
Mrs. Sullivan is there,
With all the charms that nature lent her;
Gay M'Kim, with city air;
And winning Gales, and Vandeventer;
Forsyth, with her group of graces;
Both the Crowninshields, in blue;
The Pierces with their heavenly faces,
And eyes like suns that dazzle through;
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'.

Wend you with the world to-night?
East and West, and South and North,
Form a constellation bright,
And pour a blended brilliance forth.
See the tide of fashion flowing.
'Tis the noon of beauty's reign;
Webster, Hamiltons, are going,
Eastern Lloyd and Southern Hayne;
Western Thomas, gayly smiling,
Borland, nature's protégé,
Young De Wolfe, all hearts beguiling,
Morgan, Benton, Brown, and Lee,
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'.

Wend you with the world to-night?
Where blue eyes are brightly glancing,
While to measures of delight
Fairy feet are deftly dancing;
Where the young Euphrosyne
Reigns the sovereign of the scene,
Chasing gloom, and courting glee,
With the merry tambourine.
Many a form of fairy birth,
Many a Hebe yet unwon;
Wirt, a gem of purest worth,
Lively, laughing Pleasonton.
Vails and Taylor will be there,
Gay Monroe, so debonnair,
Hellen, pleasure's harbinger,
Ramsay, Cottringers, and Kerr;
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'.

Wend you with the world to-night?
Juno in her court presides,
Mirth and melody invite,
Fashion points, and pleasure guides!
Haste, away then, seize the hour,
Shun the thorn and pluck the flower,
Youth, in all its spring-time blooming,
Age, the guise of youth assuming,
Wit through all its circle gleaming,
Glittering wealth and beauty beaming;
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'. ORLANDO.

Imagine such a poem appearing on the morning preceding a ball of the present day; how eagerly it would be read, how some of the "ins" would wish themselves out, how many of the "outs" would wish themselves in! Merely changing the names of those present, the verses would apply equally well to any grand assembly in Washington at present, for a true picture of the cosmopolitan nature of society at the capital is given. Besides those mentioned, the distinguished men who attended the President's levée a week before were all, or nearly all, present with their families. The diplomatic corps was in force, on account of the entertainment being given by the Secretary of State. In fact, every body who was any body was there—nearly a thousand persons in all, it is said; and this, be it known, was when *shoddy* was not—society was unmixed, and every one knew who was who, and was free to act accordingly.

The crowd alone interfered with the perfect enjoyment of the evening. To look at the houses still standing on F Street opposite the Ebbitt House is sufficient to understand how much the guests must have been inconvenienced by each other. These dwellings, still known as the Adams houses, were then used as one house, though they had, as now, two entrances. They remain substantially the same as at that time. On the occasion of the great ball the dancing took place on the first-floor, and the supper-table was spread in the third-story. When the supper-room was thrown open, about half past nine o'clock, the crowd rushed irresistibly, says a newspaper of the succeeding day, toward it. The supper was a sumptuous cold collation, "consisting of natural and candied fruits, pies [!], sweetmeats, tongues, game, etc., prepared in French style, and arranged with most exquisite taste."

In those days parties usually began by seven o'clock, and to reach one at eight was to be late indeed. They were over at midnight; but this one, being exceptional in every respect, was prolonged into the small hours. Mrs. Adams was a lady who understood the duties of a hostess to perfection, and is reputed always to have succeeded in making her entertainments thoroughly delightful. Without being a beauty, she was a very attractive woman, and dressed in excellent taste. At this fête she wore what was called a *suit of steel*. The dress was composed of steel llama; her ornaments for head, throat, and arms were all of cut steel, producing a dazzling effect. General Jackson was her devoted attendant during the evening, and caused much comment by such assiduous attentions. His more than ordinarily courteous demeanor was remarked, being, indeed, what Washingtonians of our own time significantly style "smiling for the Presidency." He had been specially lionized on that evening. The citizens had illuminated the town-house of the First Ward in his honor, and in memory of the battle of New Orleans; large bonfires had blazed in the streets, to the *eclat* of which was added the vociferous "cheering of the sovereign people;" and many persons had called upon him at his lodgings. He also attended a public ball given by the dancing-master Carusi in memory of his great victory, and he passed the remaining hours of pleasure at the side of the popular wife of the Secretary of State. This night sealed his fate, positively asserts a public man of that time, as a candidate for the Presidency. A few days afterward the name of Mr. Calhoun was withdrawn as a nominee by a portion of his party, and that of Jackson substituted; though it was not until Mr. Adams had first enjoyed the occupancy of the White House that this hero, to whom it seemed too much homage could not be offered, succeeded to the coveted office.

But it is not sufficient to let the guests named in the poem pass without further notice. These "maids and matrons" were almost all women of note, and several of them still survive to recall the delights of that evening. Mrs. Sullivan, who heads the list, was the daughter of Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, and sister of Robert C. Winthrop. She is remembered as a very brilliant woman, universally admired. When, in later years, her brother was Speaker of the House, she presided in his home, and was one of the most popular women in Washington. She died abroad. "Gay M'Kim" was the wife of Isaac M'Kim, a wealthy merchant, and a member of the House from Baltimore. Mrs. Gales, the wife of Mr. Joseph Gales, of the *Intelligencer*, is now living at her home near Washington, and is a lady of remarkable culture. She is the cousin of the late General Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Vandeventer, from Baltimore, was a bride that winter. Her husband was Chief Clerk of the War Department. She is now dead. Mrs. Forsyth was the wife of a member of Congress from Georgia; one of the most elegant and polished "society men" Washington has ever known. Prior to this time he was minister to Spain, and under Jackson was Secretary of State.

Of the "group of graces" but one survives, Mrs. Schœff, who resides in Georgetown. The Misses Crowninshield, daughters of Benjamin Crowninshield, of Essex County, Massachusetts, are now living in Boston; one is the wife of Dr. Mifflin, the other married Mr. Munford, a Unitarian clergyman. They were great belles, and so also was their cousin, Miss Silsby, the omission of whose name in the poem causes surprise even now. Probably no young lady ever had a more brilliant career than hers; but when it is asserted that Mr. Agg dashed off the verses in two hours' time it can scarcely be matter of wonder that many names were left out, more especially when the exigencies of rhyme are taken into consideration. Miss Silsby is the widow of Jared Sparks, the historian. Alas! I have been able to learn little of those heavenly-faced Pierces except that the description of them was unquestionably accurate. There were five sisters, who passed the winter in Washington with their parents. They were one and all beauties, and are remembered as such by many persons who have known nothing of their subsequent lives. On their departure Thomas Bullfinch, author of the "Age of Fable," etc., wrote some very pretty lines to them, in which he paid natural tribute to the handsome sisters.

In the third verse of the poem given above some of the distinguished men of the day are named, and in some instances reference is made to their wives or daughters. Hayne was the Senator from South Carolina who had the great controversy with Webster. James Lloyd was a distinguished Senator from Massachusetts. The Hamiltons were from South Carolina. Thomas was one of the first Senators elected from Illinois. Borland and Morgan were members of Congress from New York; the wife of the latter was the adopted mother of Mrs. Dix. Miss De Wolfe, a handsome young heiress, was the daughter of a Senator from Rhode Island. John Lee, a Representative in Congress from Maryland, is now in Washington, and not only is young in appearance, but seems so full of life and vigor, and speaks with such freshness, earnestness, and enthusiasm, that it seems impossible to believe him a contemporary of Webster, Calhoun, and Clay.

Miss Wirt was deservedly called "a gem of purest worth." She was the eldest daughter of William Wirt, and was an accomplished and beautiful woman. She married Judge Randall, of Florida, and died many years ago. Miss Pleasonton, now the widow of John G. Watmough, of Philadelphia, lives in that city. She is the eldest sister of General Pleasonton. The Vails, sisters of Aaron and Eugene Vail, were born and educated in France. Their musical talents are still remembered with pleasure. They died abroad. Taylor is supposed to be a mistake for Tayloe, one of the elder daughters of Colonel John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, Virginia. She married Antony St. John Baker, brother of a *chargé d'affaires* of the British Legation, and stationed in Washington; she is now dead. As to "gay Monroe" there is a question as to whether the daughter of the President, Mrs. Gouverneur, of New York, is meant, or the daughter of the postmaster of Washington, who afterward married General Ramsay, U.S.A., now living in Washington. Both ladies were present, and both were very attractive, but the latter is said to have been far handsomer than the former. Neither is now living. Miss Hellen was the niece of Mrs. Adams, and married one of her sons. She died very suddenly in September last, while traveling for her health. She was a most estimable woman, and her loss is much felt by her friends. Since her death, for the first time since the removal of the seat of government to Washington, no member of the Adams family is a resident of the city. Two of the four ladies next mentioned reside in this city, in the enjoyment of good health. The sister of General Ramsay named is now the widow of Colonel Turnbull, of the army, and is still strikingly handsome. Miss Kerr is unmarried, and leads a secluded life in Washington. The Misses Cottringer live in Baltimore.

Mr. Agg modestly omitted to mention his own wife, who perhaps surpassed in personal attractions the majority of her contemporaries. Notwithstanding the omission, the memory of her beauty and grace has not perished. Of Mr. Agg this generation knows little, yet he possessed considerable poetic talent; and before leaving his native England some of his productions were attributed to Byron, and were incorporated in early volumes of Byron's works. He was among the first of those who were regularly established as correspondents for journals in other cities from Washington, and was perhaps the very first shorthand reporter resident there.

With such a company as the above, and such a poet-laureate, there is no wonder the mere mention of this ball should cause eyes to grow bright with memories dating back nearly half a century. Women had need to be beautiful in those days, for the style of dress gave little chance to conceal defects. Gowns were worn short enough to show the ankles, and gored so as to be extremely narrow. The waists were very short, beginning almost under the arms. All dresses were made quite low, and a fall of thread or Brussels lace was gathered about the shoulders and hung from the short sleeves. Gloves reached to the elbow, and were of such fine soft kid that they were frequently imported inclosed in the shell of an English walnut. Their colors usually matched the dress with which they were used. Slippers were invariably worn, also matching the dress in hue, and were secured by ribbons crossing on the instep over the silk stockings, then considered indispensable to the toilette of a fashionable lady. The hair was combed high, and formed into a large bow on the top of the head, around which was passed a braid, while an immense Spanish comb of tortoise-shell kept the lofty tower in place. Married ladies frequently wore turbans, and also long plumes of ostrich feathers. Sometimes these last were attached to a square cap. The beaux for these belles dressed more gayly, though perhaps in less costly attire, than gentlemen adopt nowadays. Blue coats and gilt buttons, white or buff waistcoats, white neck-ties, silk stockings, and pumps, were in vogue.

The dance of the period was the Spanish quadrille, bearing a resemblance to but less intricate than our own "German." The waltz had been newly introduced. Jerome Bonaparte, who married Miss Patterson, was the first to introduce this dance into Baltimore, whence no doubt it was brought to Washington.

MRS. GRANT'S RECEPTION.

See illustration on page 169.

WHEN Mrs. Grant receives, it is called a reception. When the President does the same thing, it is called a levée. Mrs. Grant receives Tuesday afternoon, from half past two to five P.M.; the President once in two weeks, from eight to ten. Mrs. Grant's receptions are less promiscuous than those of her husband, and there are more ladies than gentlemen who call. General Michler stands beside Mrs. Grant, and introduces each person, for she is not gifted with a memory for names or faces. Tuesday is also cabinet day; and after the conference is over the President and his ministers descend to the Blue Parlor and pay their respects to the ladies. Mr. President takes his stand at his wife's side and assists in hand-shaking, but not much in entertaining, as he is not noted for vivacity or loquacity. Mrs. Grant is a great admirer of her own sex, and always invites a number of ladies to receive with her. They come first to an elegant lunch; and once last winter they were enjoying themselves so much that the hour for receiving arrived before they had taken their places, and a crowd outside were impatiently waiting for the outer doors of the mansion to be opened. Mrs. Grant felt mortified, for she is very hospitable and considerate of others; and she has been careful that nothing of the kind should occur again. The Blue Parlor, as it is called, is a luxurious drawing-room, with walls of blue, paneled with gilt; all the furniture is blue satin and gilt frames; blue satin curtains, a large, handsome chandelier, and mirrors. In the centre of the room, beneath the chandelier, is a circular divan of blue satin, and rising from the centre a gilt stand, which is filled with flowers. Mrs. Grant wears a dove-colored silk with small bouquets of roses brocaded upon the silk. The dress is not elaborate, and her only ornament of value is a medallion of her husband, set around with diamonds. Mr. Grant, as she calls him, is still her hero, and she always wears this locket. General Sherman is among the guests; also Hancock. Away with heroes, for this is woman's realm; and we must confess that men very gracefully yield to the ladies undisputed position in a picture that is to possess beauty and interest. Mr. and Mrs. Colfax, or, we should say, Vice-President and wife, may be mentioned together—for they are never so happy as when together. Mrs. Colfax, without taking any leading part at the court, does all that is requisite, and has some very handsome costumes. She is rather handsome than otherwise.

Mrs. Fish always gives the grace and charm of her presence at the receptions. She is remarkable for leaving no known duty undone. Mrs. Creswell, the wife of the Postmaster-General, is another of our noted women, and deserves every word of kindness and admiration that is bestowed upon her. The beautiful wife of Senator Ames wears a dress composed of three shades of blue silk. The first skirt is of Mexican blue, with over dress of French blue, open in front; then a basque and shorter skirt of turquoise blue, with a vest of the Mexican blue. The fringe is knotted in a narrow hem on each skirt—French blue fringe on the Mexican, turquoise on the French, and all mingled in the most delightful confusion that a Paris artist can devise for a rich American bride. With this dress she wears a small white satin hat, with two rows of point lace, and a white feather that has no rival for beauty. A white ermine boa and muff complete the attire of the youngest lady *in the Senate*. Mrs. and Miss Boutwell should have had precedence except for that lovely dress. They are ladies who impress you more by their cultivated minds than by gorgeous array. Mrs. Blaine and her cousin, Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton), have called. There is a striking likeness between Mrs. Blaine and her husband. Both are fine-looking. Miss Dodge is bright and keen, and not too literary or literal to enjoy the frivolities of Washington. No doubt she gathers many bits of wisdom even amidst such scenes.

The wife of Senator Pomeroy is one of the shining lights. She is very good in all senses of the word, has a handsome home, where she is always entertaining distinguished authors or lecturers. Miss Kate Field and Anna Dickinson have passed a few days with her recently. Mrs. Beecher Hooker has been her guest since the Woman Congress met. Both Senator Pomeroy and his talented wife give their hearty support to the woman cause. Among noted foreigners we would mention Lady Thornton, in a rich black velvet walking suit, trimmed with handsome black lace; she is a tall, stately blonde, who is winning her way in society as she becomes well known. Madame De Catacazy, the wife of the Russian minister, who has a world-wide fame for beauty, as her husband has for intelligence and comicality. Madame Garcia is the wife of the minister of the Argentine Republic. She is a Spanish beauty, and wore the black lace mantilla over her head. The large, lustrous dark eyes flash from beneath the drapery. There are many fair women and brave men who could be mentioned. A stranger making a first call must be surprised to see the harmony among all classes and shades of politics, rival aspirants greeting each other with apparent cordiality. All belong to the Veneering family. Look upon this picture, and then upon that of forty years ago, and one does not see much difference in the importance of the republican court.

ESQUIRES.

IN some parts of the country, though in many places the habit is dying out, every body almost who wears a black coat, and has a name and habitation, expects his friends to write him Esquire. This assumption—which it really in many cases is—seems to have been an old foible. In an old newspaper we find the following: "This metropolis is overrun with a set of idle and mischievous creatures, which we may call town squires. We might soon levy a very numerous army, were we to enlist every vagrant about town who, not having any lawful calling, from thence takes upon himself the title of gentleman, and adds Esquire to his name."

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BALL GIVEN BY MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AT WASHINGTON, JANUARY 8, 1824.—[SEE PAGE 166.]

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MRS. GRANT'S RECEPTION—1871.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

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AFTER THREE YEARS.

An Old Valentine.

See illustration on page 172.

THEY are meeting after three long, long years,
And eyes are upon them turning:
Her red lip quivers with unshed tears;
His cheek with a flush is burning.

The youth is a man in his full-blown prime;
The school-girl has grown a maiden.
Do they think of the meetings 'neath the lime—
Of its blooms with the honey laden?

Of the twilight hours, when the tender haze
Was shot with a golden glory?
When the glamour of love made short the days,
And they prattled the old, old story?

His face is tanned by a foreign clime;
Her face has become the fashion.
Do they think of the old days 'neath the lime?
Do they think of their early passion?

Who knows? Mysterious human heart!
Their manner may be but seeming:
Perhaps with a smile and a jest they may part;
Perhaps may renew their dreaming.

It hangs in the balance, that love of old.
A word that is tenderly spoken
May rivet anew its fetters of gold;
A frown, and the spell will be broken.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Swedish government has opened an avenue of public employment to women in telegraph offices. About one-ninth of the employés are women. The conditions of the service, however, are somewhat rigid. The applicant must present a certificate of good character, report her exact age, give a specimen of her handwriting, bring certificates from competent professors indicating proficiency in universal history, political geography, arithmetic, grammar, and enough French, German, and English to enable her to write and translate them into Swedish; she must take an oath to keep all official secrets, and is politely informed that to marry is to lose her place. If she passes the ordeal of examination, she receives for her work a salary of from one hundred to one hundred and forty dollars a year. And it is to be hoped that money goes farther in Sweden than in America, or she would find it difficult to obtain bread and butter enough for herself. If she gives satisfaction, and can pass a first-rate examination in magnetism, electricity, and meteorology, she has a chance of being promoted to a more important office, and receiving three hundred dollars a year. Thus far the women employed in telegraph offices have given general satisfaction to the Swedish bureau.

A Georgia planter has just discovered that he and his boys have been playing marbles for years past with a diamond for a middle-man, which one Dr. Stephenson—who seems to know something of gems—thinks must have been worth half a million of dollars. The only trouble is that the valuable plaything was lost about six months ago; they are hunting for it now. It is asserted that about forty diamonds have been found in Hall County, Georgia, though the most valuable have been destroyed through ignorance or carelessness. These home diamonds are said to be of finer water than any from the South African diamond valley.

One of the principal florists of this city cultivates eighteen acres of ground, nine of which are under glass. From these nine acres an immense quantity of flowers is produced for winter decorations. Still New York florists are often unable to fill their large orders without aid from other cities.

The steamer *Tennessee*, which carried the "United States Commission of Inquiry" to San Domingo, was detained several days in Samana Bay to take in a fresh supply of coal. The Commissioners and suite were landed at Santa Barbara, and spent the time in a thorough investigation of that town, and the entire Peninsula of Samana. The scenery is described as surpassingly beautiful—mountain, forest, and bay combining to charm the eye. Santa Barbara, like other cities, contains habitations of various kinds, differing according to the wealth and taste of the people. The houses of the poorer classes are very primitive, often being merely a few boards and stakes fastened together; other dwellings are comfortable and commodious cottages. The food of the people is of the simplest description. Meat is little used; oranges, bananas, cocoa-nuts, rice, sweet-potatoes, and the like being the principal articles of consumption. Vegetation is most luxuriant. Immense forests of palm, banana, plaintain, mahogany, and other trees surround Santa Barbara like a wall.

The Chinese have a curious method of preserving grapes, so as to have them at command during the entire year. It consists in cutting a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is next completely cleaned out, the ripe grapes are placed inside, and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The pumpkins are then kept in a cool place, and the grapes will be found to retain their freshness for a very long time.

From San Francisco comes an account of a terrific storm, during one hour of which there was more lightning and thunder than the residents of that city have ever experienced before. Not even an earthquake could have produced such consternation. A fire-wall, twelve feet high and sixty long, was blown from the top of a dwelling upon a house adjoining, and fifteen or twenty person were buried beneath the ruins. Four of them were instantly killed, and others injured. Such a violent storm has seldom occurred in that vicinity.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who has been with the German army, was one of the first to enter Paris from the outside. He gives a sad picture of the condition of things within—of hunger and sickness, of silent gloom, and numerous funerals—of the ignorance of the Parisians concerning every thing in the outside world. Strange to say, however, there has been during the siege a very general absence of crime. The people have been too miserable to indulge in private vengeance or rioting. Yet the moral effect of the bombardment has been fearful in many respects.

The folio Family Bible of George Washington has recently come into the possession of a Philadelphia publisher. Its authenticity is unquestioned, and it bears his autograph on the title-page of each of its three volumes. It is in good preservation, and is valued at $3000.

From a lengthy article upon dress we select a few hints, which may be useful to every body:

Avoid overdressing, if any doubt exists about the occasion.
A dress of rich material is more genteel than a showy one.
Avoid glaring contrasts in color, material, or value. A real lace shawl will look badly over a calico dress.
Holes in the gloves, soiled collars, ill-fitting or shabby boots, are a sure proof of a slattern.
Never wear any imitation of finery.
Wear little or no jewelry in the streets.
Large ornaments are seldom becoming.
Never wear two bright colors at the same time.
A traveling dress should be strong in fabric and simple in make.
A short dress should just clear the ground. No more, no less.
It is vulgar for gentlemen to dress gaudily, or adorn themselves with jewelry.
The dress of a woman in the morning is the real test of character.
The dress is a reflection of the mind; a delicate and modest mind will be recognized by the delicacy and modesty of the apparel.

Accounts from Paris vary greatly, as, of course, is natural. Visitors do not always see the same side of the picture. One writes of being entreated by a well-dressed man in the street for something to eat. When money was offered to him, he exclaimed: "Money! I don't want *that*. I want food. See!" He pulled his hand out of his pocket, and showed it filled with five-franc pieces. "What is the use of money when there is nothing to buy?" Another correspondent writes that he has yet to discover the misery and starvation of which he had heard; that people looked as fat and cheerful as ever; that he dined on Crécy soup, *ſeine* smelts, excellent roast beef, salad, asparagus, preserved peaches, a bottle and a half of wine, and coffee; that the bread was brownish and a little sawdusty, but perfectly eatable, and the beef was certainly not horse; and that he counted three very well fed-looking dogs roaming at large on the Boulevards, and not apparently exciting any unusual emotion in the breasts of the passers-by. But there are two sides to a picture of Paris life—and one must now be a sad one.

Johnny is a little fellow of only four years, but he has his own theological views. One day, having been disobedient, his mother attempted, when she put him to bed at night, to make him sensible of his fault. She told him she feared Satan had been putting bad thoughts into his mind. "Oh no, mamma," said Johnny. "It was not Satan; he's been so many times he's got tired; it was one of his *friends!*"

"Boffin's Bower" is the quaint name given to a snug resort in Boston—a comfortable place, not unlike a club of modest pretensions—warmed, well-lighted, with plenty of books and newspapers, and extending a hearty welcome to all respectable women. It was founded by Miss Jennie Collins, with the design of gathering into it poor, weary, overworked girls, and striving, by suitable entertainments of music, reading, and lectures, to make them forget their sorrows. Connected with the "Bower" is an Industrial Home where those who are not skilled in housework, but desire to learn, may be efficiently trained. Miss Collins has also been instrumental in the establishment of a dispensary, where all girls who are unable to pay for medical aid may, on her recommendation, receive it free of charge. Such labor as this is worthy work for any woman—assisting the poor and friendless of her own sex to be happier, healthier, and more capable of helping themselves. Quietly and without wealth she began her labor of love, and the work of her hand has prospered.

One of the most remarkable memorizers known is a Jewish girl about fourteen years old, who lives at Brody, in Galicia. Her name is Amalie Ebstein, and it is stated that she not only remembers every thing she has once read, whether in Hebrew, German, French, Russian, or Polish, but can repeat it word for word. Such a memory is both wonderful and fearful. It is to be hoped the child does not read much.

The bronze figures for the large fountain at the Terrace in the Central Park, which were designed by the American sculptress, Miss Stebbins, and cast in the royal foundry in Munich, are ready for shipment at Bremen, and will soon arrive here. Competent critics pronounce these figures true works of art.

ELIZABETH'S NEW-YEAR.

I.

"POOR Elizabeth! she will scarcely have a happy New-Year."

They were sitting by the fire on New-Year's Eve, a group of five or six girls, telling stories to one another in the twilight. I, lying on a sofa at a little distance, believed myself near enough to them to avoid any appearance of intentional solitariness, but too far off to be obliged to listen to their idle talk. But when Barbara Myers whispered to her next neighbor her pitying remark about me, I heard instantly, and acknowledged the unintentional stab with a start and a thrill.

The speaker's glance had gone past me to the farther window, where the fading light of the winter's afternoon was still powerful enough to sketch out the figures of a man and woman standing together in the deep embrasure. But, though her eyes, giving meaning to her words, had wandered whither, as she rightly guessed, my thoughts were fixed, she was quite conscious of my sudden movement; and added, hurriedly, with a vain effort to divert my attention: "I don't care much for that story, Milly; I've heard it before, dozens of times. Tell us the legend of Rosewarne."

I had not been listening hitherto—assuredly I did not listen now. It startled me to find I had betrayed myself to these young companions; to learn that I was wearing my heart upon my sleeve, and that others had already divined the cause of its pain. They knew it just as well as I. Penelope Seton had come; and my true love, who had seemed so true, had nothing more to say to me. It was only yesterday morning that she had arrived, a guest as I was, to spend the New-Year in his father's house; and in the afternoon they had walked in the park together; this morning they had been in the billiard-room for an hour alone; and now they stood talking low in the window, while I ate my heart.

She was his cousin; but what of that? We were no strangers, either, he and I. He had met me often in my own home, though never before in his; we had been friends for long; and until yesterday morning, though I might not have admitted it to any one else—though he had never professed himself such to me in plain words—I had not doubted that Geoffrey Maynard was my true love.

But in two days this grave, stately creature, with the brown hair, and large eyes opening slowly, as though the great white eyelids were too heavy a weight upon their glances, had changed all. He scarcely left her side; and I was alone—so lonely that these girls, these children, as I called them in the sudden age conferred by sorrow, could see how desolate I felt.

I was not hearkening at all to what Milly said as she sat on the hearth-rug, with her half-sleepy, half-attentive audience round her; but my ears had been opened by the remark which I had overheard to listen for any farther observation that might be made concerning me, and some of the legend of Rosewarne flowed into them, as it were, against my will.

"In the days of Elizabeth," said the narrator, "the owner of Rosewarne was a man of great ambition, deeply immersed in the politics of the times. Naturally anxious to learn the result, for his personal fortunes, of certain intrigues in which he was engaged, he sought out a very wise man, learned in the stars."

Then for a time I lost the thread, my senses fixing themselves upon the two distant figures standing so close together, the taller one bending to the other, with an intensity that closed them for a time to all nearer objects of sight or hearing. What relieved the strain I do not know—perhaps it spent itself; but, becoming conscious once more of the voice beside me, I took up the story at the point where the lord of Rosewarne, having found a very wise astrologer, built for him a high tower, with an observatory at the top, a little door communicating with his private apartment, and—a feature apparently of some importance to the tale—a steep and winding staircase from the very top to the very bottom of the tower.

"From the very top to the very bottom," said the girl to her girlish audience, with the due emphasis of one relating a tale of horror.

Just at that moment some little current of air, some unintentional raising of a naturally penetrating voice, brought somehow to my ears, across the long dusky room, the words,

"I do assure you, dearest Pen—"

Barbara heard them too; she looked at me under her eyelids. But for that I should have got up and fled; but with her glance upon me, with her evident knowledge of what I felt, I dared not move. I lay still; and after a time became aware once more—though my wandering attention gave a strange incoherence to what I heard—of the progress of the legend, now drawing to its climax.

"With the proofs of treason in his hand he mounted to the astrologer's chamber, the little chamber at the top of the tower. His face was changed, and dark with rage.....The old man expostulated, denied, appealed to his science, to the stars he had never misinterpreted, to justify him; yet—'Traitor and fool,' his patron cried in answer, 'was there no intimation of thine own fate writ in the heavens?' Then—"

The narrator's voice sank; and I, wearily conscious of the idle tale rather than disposed to listen, heard no more until the words:

"In the gray of the morning they found him dead at the bottom of the stairs. And the lord of Rosewarne said, 'Bury him there, like a dog, where he lies; for a very traitor and false loon was he.'"

"And did they bury him there?" cried one and another of her audience, starting from their listening attitudes at the conclusion of the tale.

"So says the legend; and on stormy nights there are heard sounds of feet in desperate flight and pursuit, rushing from top to bottom of the narrow stairs. Oh, I assure you that is true; for Mary Warner, our nurse, who married the gate-keeper, told me she had heard the sounds herself more than once."

"And what is the later story, Milly?" interposed Barbara; "the story about Mrs. Trevear? Had it not something to do with the legend?"

"Oh, the poor folks say she heard the spectral footsteps as she was coming down the stairs in the dark, and that, in her terror, she slipped and fell."

"And some say it was suicide—that she flung herself down," said a younger sister, with bated breath.

"Was she not happy?" I asked, interested for the first time. "Who was she?"

"She was Mr. Trevear's wife," said Mildred, gravely; "very beautiful and very clever. Some say she neglected her husband for her books; and others that he neglected her, and so drove her to eccentric studies. He was away a good deal, and she took a strange fancy to the astrologer's tower, and to the musty old books in it. She would spend half the night there sometimes. And one morning she was found dead at the bottom of the stairs, with all her lovely fair hair dabbled in blood. Some say the ghosts frightened her; others that she did it on purpose. Most likely the poor thing's foot slipped in the dark. Mr. Trevear shut up the house, and went abroad. He has been abroad these ten years. He is always coming home, but never comes; he can not bear it, I suppose."

There was the rustle of a dress, and Penelope Seton stepped into the fire-light.

"What are you talking about?" she asked, bending forward, with her hands on the shoulders of her two young cousins. The flame flickered over all her face and figure. She was very handsome; not all the ungenerous bitterness of woman's rivalry could blind me to that. Thirty years ago people did not disfigure their heads as they do now. Penelope's soft brown hair was all coiled simply at the back of her head, with the exception of one smooth weighty curl falling behind each ear. She had a pearly complexion—very little color, but of a strange transparency.

There was a melancholy in her expression which I had at first associated with a half-understood story hinted to me before her arrival, that a young man, to whom she was attached, had somehow got himself into great trouble. Now, seeing her willingness to accept consolation from one who should have been another girl's lover, I attributed the thoughtful air solely to the arch of her eyebrows, as Nature had drawn them on her smooth white forehead.

As she spoke some one came to the back of my sofa.

"Tired, Elizabeth?" asked young Maynard, softly, deprecatingly.

Whether it was grief or indignation that kept me silent I do not know; but for a minute I could not speak. Then I rallied myself, and answered, lightly:

"I am 'creaming all over,' as your West-country people say. Your sister has been telling us heart-piercing stories about a poor old astrologer who was thrown down stairs at Rosewarne. Where is Rosewarne?"

"About three miles from here," said Mildred.

"Only three miles! You must take me to see it, some of you."

"You can go to-morrow," said my little namesake, Bessie Maynard. "Geoffrey and Pen are going. I heard them talking about it."

I detected a swift glance of consternation from Miss Seton's eyes, directed over my head to where Geoffrey was standing behind me. How he looked I could not tell. The next instant Penelope turned her head away swiftly.

"Oh," I said, when I could speak, "I won't disturb existing arrangements. We will have an independent expedition, and go some other day, Bessie—you and I."

"I won't go without Geoffrey," was the swift reply. "It is too dismal, and I'm afraid of the ghosts.—Come, now, Geoffrey, you'll take us, will you not?"

"Yes, to be sure," he answered; but he said it hesitatingly, and Penelope darted a reproachful look at him out of her large blue eyes.

I could say no more then, but I determined within myself that I would not go. The dressing-bell rang, and we had to separate. When I came down again the room was empty. The candles were lit, but the shutters were not yet shut, and a cold white moonlight crept over the snow-whitened lawn into the room. I went and sat down in the window, with the heavy red curtains forming a partial screen around me, and looked out, and nursed my sorrow.

Presently a tall figure came into the room. It was Penelope Seton. I knew her at once by her stately carriage and her pale blue dress. I was indisposed for conversation, and of all people least disposed to talk to her. I sat still; and she went presently to the piano, and played a few wild, disconnected chords. Once I saw her put her handkerchief to her eyes, as if she was in tears.

She did not sit at the piano long. Presently she heard a step—a step that I also heard and knew, that I had often listened for with sweet, joyful expectation—and, rising, went to the door hurriedly, meeting Geoffrey Maynard as he entered.

"Geoffrey," she cried, impatiently, "what is to be done now? You are not using me well."

"Not using you well? You will make me hate myself, dear Pen. How have I done wrong?"

"You should not have promised," she answered, weepingly, "to let Miss Leigh go with us to-morrow."

I felt a strong impulse to rise and tell her that she need fear nothing from the importunate company of Miss Leigh; but before I could move he spoke:

"I wish you would let me tell her, Penelope."

"Not for the world!" she cried, with decision.

"It would be safest."

"It might be safe—you say she is trustworthy; she may be or mayn't—I do not know her; but safest it could not possibly be."

"She is uneasy," he said, thoughtfully; "it would spare her pain."

"You are too vain, Cousin Geoffrey," Penelope answered, with impatience.

"It is not vanity, dear Pen," he said, pleadingly; "but I will have no secrets from you, since you have confessed yours. We have been intimate friends for long, and she may have thought—" He broke off abruptly, and seemed to become immersed in pensive reflection.

"It does not matter," said Penelope, when she had watched him a little while. "If she's unhappy, I am sorry for her; but I can't help her. She looks passionate; I should fancy her unforgiving. Geoffrey, I dare not run the risk."

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"Very well," he acquiesced, meekly.

"Why should she want to see Rosewarne?" Penelope demanded, after a pause, with a sort of tearful indignation. "We may never have such another opportunity of seeing each other again," she added, her voice sinking to a tender, sorrowful whisper.

"The girls always take every one that comes to see it," said young Maynard. "Barbara Myers wants to see it too. They will surely go over there. After all, dearest Pen, I don't see why they shouldn't go to-morrow; we may easily escape them; and, besides—"

Barbara Myers came in, humming the finale of a grand song she had been practicing all the morning; the two Maynard girls followed in a minute with the two Misses Cameron, and then the elders, and the gentlemen, who had been out shooting all day, came dropping in one by one. When the room was full I ventured out of my retreat.

"What a color you have, Elizabeth!" they said to me. "You little dark thing, what has made you flame up so suddenly?"

II.

I suppose Mr. Maynard's arguments overcame Penelope Seton's objections, whatever they may have been; for on the following morning his sister told me that we were all to go, after an early lunch, to Rosewarne. "All we girls, and Geoffrey, of course," she said.

He had been, ever since I came, our Squire of Dames; at first, I had thought, for my sake, but now evidently for Miss Seton's.

When first told of the expedition I declared I should not go. The knowledge that, swayed by Penelope's wishes, Geoffrey did not want me, though unable to fear any thing, whatever she might fear, from my presence, made me long to be left quietly at home. Besides, the idea of Rosewarne, first presented to me when my heart was in bitterness, had somehow associated itself with my pain.

I had dreamed all night of the grim old legend, and fancied myself pursued down endless stairs and through dark corridors by footsteps which were at once those of the spectre haunting the astrologer's tower, and Geoffrey Maynard's, set on by Penelope Seton to do me some wrong. I was no believer in dreams, but the anguish of my hopeless plight had not wholly left me when I woke; I felt the lassitude consequent upon uneasy slumber, and Rosewarne had become inextricably associated with unpleasant images in my mind.

I told Mildred that I would rather stay at home; but as she and all the others pressed me hard, and laughed amazedly when in despair I advanced for a reason the disinclination induced by my dream, I had to yield and go. I need not have alarmed myself lest I should be in Geoffrey's way. From the first moment of starting he kept ahead with Penelope Seton; and calling to us that they would go on and get the keys, soon disappeared from view.

"They have gone the field way to the lodge," said Mildred Maynard. "We won't follow their example. The path will be wet, and Barbara says she hates stiles. We will go soberly round by the road."

By the road it was a good three miles; and though we were all good walkers, the cheerless afternoon was already fading when, having learned at the lodge-gate that Geoffrey and Miss Seton had preceded us with the keys, we came in sight of Rosewarne, a tall and gloomy pile, standing low and among trees. The snow lay on the roofs and window-ledges, on the couchant lions guarding the flight of steps that led to the hall door, and on the leaves of the thick laurel hedges that shut in the neglected parterre. It was the most desolate place I had ever seen. At the northeast corner a square excrescence ran the whole height of the building, culminating in a tower that rose high above the general level of the battlemented roof.

In the hall, which struck damp and chilly, we found young Maynard alone.

"Where's Penelope?" his sisters asked.

"She is roaming about. Come into the dining-room, Miss Leigh; there are some very quaint old pictures, and I have opened the shutters enough for you to see."

But Bessie voted for an instant investigation of the astrologer's tower.

"Let us go before it gets dark, Geoffrey," she pleaded. "Let us call Pen, and go in a body. I can't bear the look of those narrow stairs in the dark."

"But there is nothing to be seen there," replied her brother. "I never thought Miss Leigh or Miss Myers would care to climb that narrow staircase; and, in fact, I haven't got the key."

"Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey!" cried Bessie, who was evidently loth to be defrauded of her terror. "Tell him to go and fetch the key, Lizzie, do."

To please her, I said that I should be certainly disappointed if we came away without seeing the tower; but my wishes were not powerful with him, as they had been once.

"I am very sorry," he answered, but without any heartiness of regret; "it is a mile to the lodge and back, and we have a long walk before us. I could not do it in time."

I turned away, leaving him to Bessie's reproaches, and joined Mildred and Barbara with the others in the dining-room. As Geoffrey had said, the pictures were quaint, and I believe valuable; but I scarcely saw them. I took little notice of any thing in all the long dark rooms we traversed; and as the windows in most of them were shuttered, it would not have been easy to see much.

Barbara and I were the only ones who had not been there before, and we were neither of us very enthusiastic in our inspection. I was in a state of mind which made all things stale and unprofitable, and rendered me incapable of any greater attention to externals than was necessary for a forlorn consciousness that Geoffrey was still in attendance upon Miss Seton—at least I could not but suppose so, as they were both absent from our company.

As for Barbara, I think she knew how it was with me—how worn and weary I felt; and declaring that the damp, dark rooms would give her a cold and spoil her singing, proposed we should return. I had not been aware of the cold; but possibly the others felt the chill of which she complained. Mildred went into the hall, and called Geoffrey and Pen loudly; but they had wandered far away in the long suites of rooms, and did not hear.

"We need not wait for them," she said; and then we all went out down the steps, where the traces of our arrival were already becoming obscured by a few falling flakes of snow.

But before we were clear of the laurel hedges I felt a sensation of cold about my neck, and putting up my hand, discovered that I had dropped the fur collar I had been wearing. I remembered now what I had done mechanically at the time—in the dining-room I had felt the weight of the fur oppressive, and had taken it off. There was nothing to be done but to go back.

"Don't wait for me," I said; "only don't walk very fast. I shall overtake you easily."

The dining-room shutters had been reclosed by Geoffrey while we were wandering through the other rooms; and it took me some time, as the dusk was deepening every minute, to grope my way back to the place where I remembered taking off my collar. It was opposite the only picture that had interested me—a modern portrait of the unhappy Mrs. Trevear, whose melancholy fate had so unfortunately confirmed the evil reputation of the astrologer's tower. Such light as there was glimmered in a ghostly manner on the great gilded frame, and served to guide me; but my collar was not there. I must have carried it upon my arm, and dropped it in some one of the other chambers we had gone through.

I was greatly vexed, and hurried through the desolate rooms, catching my breath now and then with a spasm, as some piece of furniture, unnoticed in the dark, dragged at my dress, like an invisible hand grasping me from behind. But nowhere could I find my collar; and convinced of the futility of the attempt, and growing nervous in the gloom, I hastened back to the hall, intending to overtake my companions by the exercise of my utmost speed.

The hall had been tolerably light when I reentered the house through the great open door; now it had become very dark. The door was shut. With a nameless feeling of alarm I hurried toward it. It was not only shut, but bolted and barred also. Geoffrey Maynard and Miss Seton had left while I was hunting vainly in the dark rooms, and I was locked in the empty house alone.

It was provoking, frightening; but I kept a good heart at first. Geoffrey and his companion would soon overtake the others, and finding I was not with them, my situation would become evident at once. A few minutes' reflection, however, reminded me that he and Penelope would probably return by the fields, as they had come; and that those I had left, finding I did not overtake them, would imagine that I had joined company with the two who had first of all staid behind. No one would learn I had been left at Rosewarne till all the others should have arrived at home; and even then there might be considerable delay, as it was New-Year's Day. There was to be a dinner-party and dance that evening; and they would all go to their rooms to dress, and imagine me to have done the same.

Several hours of cold and discomfort were plainly before me; and though I resolved that this should be all—that I would allow no nervous terror to take possession of me—I knew very well it was a resolution I could not keep.

I staid in the hall for a long time, with a strange dislike to moving, to hearing my own footsteps echo through the empty space, and a longing for the return of my companions that would not suffer me to quit the spot where I should be most quickly found. But I could hear nothing outside except the wind sighing in the laurel hedges, and swaying the snow-laden boughs of the trees. Inside the house were all those strange sounds which only become audible in an otherwise complete silence—strange crackings and creakings of ancient timbers, and ear-jarring monotonous shaking of locks.

The knowledge that there were many doors opening into the hall, and one long black corridor running out of it at the farther end, became very trying as the dusk increased. I could not help fancying strange faces looking out from the empty rooms, mopping and mouing at me as I sat, still as the old suits of armor on the walls. After a while the desire for light became intolerable; it drove me to such desperation that, having lost all expectation of my friends' immediate return, in the hope of finding the upper windows of the house unshuttered, I gathered all my courage, and, with a beating heart, began to climb the wide oak-balustered staircase, the long-unused steps of which groaned audibly beneath my faltering steps.

I came upon a long, dim gallery, lighted by one great west window, and full of doors. Whatever light there was, was, of course, then strongest in the west; and I could tell by the dimness of the gallery how far the day was gone. The falling snow darkened the dusk; but I thought it could not be less than five o'clock. Dinner was to be at seven that night. Two more hours before, in all probability, any one could even miss me!

My poor heart! How it beat as I looked at all those doors, and especially at one that stood ajar, and creaked dolefully in the wind! At last I could bear it no longer, and went toward it to shut it, in sheer desperation. Then I saw that the room seemed to be one of a suite, and that opposite this door there was another, also open, and swinging in the draught.

My horror of these open doors had risen to sheer intolerance of them. I felt as if at any time some hideous formless form might grow out of the dusk upon their thresholds, and make faces at me; or, worse still, look at me when I was not looking; or, a more reasonable terror, I had heard that thieves and burglars occasionally concealed themselves in empty houses. It was quite within possibility that Rosewarne, lonely and haunted, should be chosen as such a concealment; and if any one was near me with evil intent I should like to be made acquainted with his approach. I would choose to be warned by the opening of a door rather than feel suddenly a hand upon my shoulder, perhaps a knife at my throat.

I went forward, gathering courage as I best might, to close this farther door first, and perceived that it was the door of a small room, for some reason or other lighter than the gallery, and with one large window, from which it was possible to see the road that led from Rosewarne to the Old Hall. Along that road my succor, if it came at all, must come.

The attraction of that view, to which the early moonlight would soon lend additional distinctness, gave me an immediate preference for this little chamber, of which the smallness was another agreeable feature; the distant dim corners of the larger rooms seemed so many lurking-places, from which a hidden horror might at any time spring forth. The worst of it was that, like the two others of the suite I had already traversed, it had a second door; but innumerable doors seemed to be the great feature of Rosewarne, and this, at any rate, was shut. Carefully closing that by which I had entered, I took my station by the window, fixing my eyes intently upon the piece of road visible between the swaying branches of two tall Scotch firs.

On such a night few people would choose to be abroad, and I must have sat for an hour before I perceived a figure, looking black upon the snow. It was not coming toward Rosewarne—it was going away, in the direction of the Old Hall; nevertheless, the presence of a human creature, almost within sight of my misery, affected me in an indescribable manner. It lingered long on the little piece of road that I could see—for what reason it was, of course, out of my power to guess. At last it moved on, and a great block of masonry, flanking the window, hid it from my sight. I felt unutterable pain as it disappeared; and all my chilled faculties receiving a stimulus from the feeling, it occurred to me that the door I had previously noticed must lead into another room, of which the window might command a farther stretch of the road this figure was pursuing.

The door opened easily, and I found myself confronted by a flight of steep steps, leading upward, as it seemed, to another story. The higher the level the wider the view, and I climbed up.

There was a tolerably light landing-place above, but the window did not look out upon the road. Impatient lest the figure which had so excited my interest should meanwhile be getting hopelessly out of my sight, I tried the only door that I could see. It was very small and old-fashioned, and not easy to open; but I succeeded, and emerged upon what seemed a continuation of the landing-place I had just left.

Above me, as I issued forth, a narrow staircase wound itself into impenetrable darkness; beneath me the long flights descended, till they, too, became dim and indistinct. About twenty steps below me was a tall and narrow window, through the top panes of which the frosty moon looked cold and bright. I was in the astrologer's tower.

III.

There was an eerie look about the place that became its grim associations, and revived, with a vividness I should have believed impossible, the horror of my last night's dream. I turned to retrace my way hastily; but even as I turned, one of those strange draughts which seem to penetrate through the very walls of old and empty houses drove to the door behind me with a clash, and so jarred the rusty lock that my unsteady fingers could not open it again. God knows I can not describe the trouble that came over me then—reasonable disquietude mingling with superstitious terror, at which in open daylight, or with even one companion near me, I should have laughed.

In fact, my position was sufficiently unfortunate; for, remembering that Geoffrey Maynard had refused to get the key of the tower, it became clear to me that no one would suppose I could have got into it, and my friends might actually seek me without being able to find. The thick walls about me gave no hope that my feeble voice would suffice to direct their search, or that any sounds indicative of their presence in the other parts of the building could reach me where I was.

Added to this reasonable alarm were the horrid associations of the place. I could not look at those dim stairs winding away out of my sight without thinking of the false old man hurried down them by the discoverer of his treason to a terrible doom, or of the beautiful woman at whose portrait I had just been looking, found dead at the bottom of that depth beneath, with her bright hair dabbled in blood.

My one comfort was in the moonlight coming through the long, narrow window. It was placed too high, however, for me to see out of it, and the lower panes were obscured by the branches of a large tree, which tapped every now and then upon the glass, as the wind swayed them to and fro, and traced mysterious shadows on the moonlit stairs. These shadows frightened me after a time, and, sitting crouched upon the floor in the corner of the little landing where the window was, I kept my face covered with my hands.

I do not know how long I had remained in that position—long enough to grow sick with remembrance of the bones said to be mouldering at the bottom of the apparently interminable stairs—long enough to make the horrid legend of the haunted tower seem probable and true—when a sudden clamor overhead awoke the echoes of the grim old walls. I heard a sound of voices and a terrible laughter, and then a rush of footsteps coming headlong down the stairs above me.

For half a minute I remained motionless, with that dreadful impotency in all my limbs which sometimes constitutes the chief horror of a nightmare. Then I sprang to my feet, and fled.

With all the anguish of my dream intensified by the vividness of waking sense, I rushed wildly down toward the darkness at the bottom of the stairs; and still behind me the pursuing footsteps followed fast. I thought they gained upon me, and, heedless of the danger of a fall, sprang on from step to step with fearful speed.

I reached the bottom of the stairs at last. It was all darkness. I could see nothing. But though at any moment I might have dashed myself against the stubborn walls, I rushed blindly on, and happily met with no resistance. I had, in fact, entered a long corridor by which the tower communicated with the rest of the house.

If I had any thought distinct from the terror with which I seemed to be going mad, it was a fancy that the spectre—if in reality it was a spectre—by which I was pursued might not pass the grave where the bones it had animated in the flesh were lying. But this wild hope did not last more than a second; for as I rushed along the corridor the steps came echoing behind me. Flight was hopeless, then. I might be pursued all over the house so long as my strength lasted and I met with no impediment in front; but the instinct to flee prevailed over the certainty that flight was vain.

I was still running at the top of my speed, when, passing a moonlighted window as I ran, I saw a closed door just ahead of me, threatening to effectually bar my passage. I dashed myself against it with all my force; but I was just spent, and its strong bolts would have resisted at the best of times such feeble strength as mine. Shaking and faint, I felt myself falling to the floor as the pursuing footsteps came within a yard of me. The crowning horror took away my senses, and I knew no more.

When I came to myself I was in the moonlight by the window. The first thing that I saw was a hand—not my own hand—lying in my lap. It was a large white hand issuing from a man's coat-sleeve. The involuntary start made me aware of encircling arms from which I could not extricate myself; and for the first time I shrieked aloud—horrid shrieks, that followed one another without pause, and as if without any action or volition of my own. They distracted my own ears, and yet I knew they issued from my own lips. My terror had almost driven me mad.

I do not know how long it was before I became conscious of a voice saying "Hush!" bidding me be comforted and still; or how much longer it was before my poor dazed senses recognized that it was Geoffrey Maynard's voice. When I discovered who it was that held me I forgot every thing but the agony I had endured and my present safety. I threw myself upon his breast, and cried, sharply, "Don't leave me, Geoffrey! Geoffrey, Geoffrey, don't let me go!"

"I'm not going away, my darling!" said Penelope's lover. I did not think of him as her lover then. "Now don't frighten yourself; you're quite safe. Just keep still, and rest."

But though he bade me be still, and for some minutes would not even speak to me as I lay breathlessly panting in his arms, I heard him talking to himself: "Poor little darling, I've just frightened her to death! I could cut my own head off! But how was I to know that it was she?"

After a time he gave me some water to drink. How he got it I did not know; though I had an impression, faintly received through my bewildered senses, that some one else came and brought him the glass. The "some one else" was not Penelope. I thought it was a man. The water revived me; and presently I sat up and found myself alone with Geoffrey—looking haggard in the moonlight with his fear for me.

"How on earth did you come to be in the tower?" he said, when he saw that I was better.

Then, not without feeble girlish tears for my recollected agony, I told him the terrible story, which, in some way I knew not, had reached a climax very different from what I had expected, in his arms. It seemed to me as strange that Geoffrey should have been in the tower as my being there appeared to him. He told me the explanation would startle me, but he would not let me hear it then. Penelope should tell me; he was sure she would tell me now. What he had to do was to get me home. Could I walk with the support of his arm?

That reference to Penelope jarred upon me somehow—enough to act as a tonic, but not to depress me utterly. Jealous as I might be, injured as I still might feel, I could not wholly misunderstand the tenderness of his eyes and voice. I stood up, however, and asserted that I could walk very well without his arm.

He smiled pleadingly, and said, "Don't be cross, Lizzie!" with a look half anxious and half mirthful in his handsome eyes. Then he left me for a minute, and went, as I thought, to the bottom of the stairs. I fancied that I heard him speak to some one, but it might be only the bewilderment of my nerves, which were still quivering; and I was glad when he came back, and

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we went out of Rosewarne, and together down the snowy road to the lodge, where he left the key.

"It must seem unkind to you, tired as you are," said Geoffrey presently, as we came out upon the road; "but do you think you have strength enough to walk fast? It is of great importance that we should get home without attracting attention. And you must promise me, Lizzie, not to say any thing of what has happened."

He spoke with great earnestness, and though I wondered at him, I agreed to what he asked. Without him, to have walked fast would have been impossible to me; but his arm invigorated me wonderfully. It wanted still ten minutes to seven when we reached Old Hall.

"I shall have time to scramble into my dress clothes," said Geoffrey, as he looked at his watch. "For you, poor child, if I may judge by your white face, you will go and rest in your own room until the dancing begins. I'll send Pen to you directly."

But, apparently, he could not keep his promise in this respect; for I had slept for an hour, and, after languidly dressing, was resting by my fire for a few minutes before going down, when Miss Seton came to the door.

"I HAVE COME TO ASK YOUR FORGIVENESS, AND TO TELL YOU A TERRIBLE STORY."

"Elizabeth," she said, kneeling by my chair, "I have come to ask your forgiveness, and to tell you a terrible story. Say that you forgive me first."

"What am I to forgive?" I asked, with a revival of my old misery.

She looked so beautiful, with her braided hair, in her white dress, and the gleam of the fire in her sapphire eyes. She seemed sad, but with a queenly sadness. How could I feel any thing but insignificant beside her, as of old?

"You have been feeling hardly toward me," she answered, with a smile. "Don't attempt to deny it. You will be very sorry for me when you have heard all."

And so I was very sorry for her, in spite of some inevitable joy for myself. Geoffrey Maynard was not Penelope's lover. She had a lover whom she loved, and whose circumstances were such as to add the most tragic interest to her love. The substance of her story was this: When very young she had rashly engaged herself to a man whom her maturer judgment did not approve. During a rather long engagement her growing disapproval resulted in absolute indifference toward him, and a deep affection for another. At length, with her parents' concurrence, she broke off her engagement to Mr. Vaughan, whose wild ways rendered him unworthy of her, and became betrothed to her cousin, Walter Wingfield.

By some unfortunate accident the two gentlemen met soon after in company, where her name was mentioned. Smarting under his recent disappointment, Mr. Vaughan had spoken of her in a manner which was offensive to the man she was about to marry. A duel was in those days the inevitable consequence; and her cousin had been so unfortunate as to wound his opponent mortally, as it was feared. His own safety was thus placed in the gravest danger; and, hard pressed for a hiding-place, he had some days back come secretly to Geoffrey Maynard, as the cousin, almost the brother, of his betrothed, entreating his assistance. Geoffrey had thought instantly of the tower of Rosewarne, where, trusting to the fidelity of the lodge-keeper's wife—an old servant of the Maynards, and the only person who ever entered the deserted house—Mr. Wingfield had remained in concealment ever since.

The expedition to Rosewarne had been organized to give the unfortunate lovers an opportunity of meeting; and leaving Penelope to walk home alone (she had loitered on her walk, looking back with anxious eyes toward Walter Wingfield's hiding-place, and her figure it was that I had seen), Geoffrey had afterward remained to concert with the fugitive some safe scheme for his escape beyond seas. Parting from his friend at last, he had seen my shadow as I fled, and alarmed lest some spy should have discovered the secret of his retreat, had eagerly pursued.

"And now," said Penelope, finishing her story with a sigh, "you will not look at me any more with angry eyes, or resent the pain I have caused you. Geoffrey wanted me to tell you—he saw you were uneasy; you mustn't be angry with him, for he loves you very dearly—but I dared not trust you. I did not know you; and it was such a heavy secret, and the life of one so dear to me depends upon its being kept. You are not angry with me, are you?"

"Oh no," I said; "I love you." And so I did, now that I feared her no longer. "But is there no hope that Mr. Vaughan may recover?"

"Just a chance," she answered, sadly. "I pray that he may—for his own sake, poor fellow, and for Walter's too."

And for her sake I made the prayer also mine. Then we went down to the dancing-room; but Penelope danced very little, though she was asked every time. I could see she had no heart for it. For me, I was too tired; I sat on a sofa, and Barbara told me I looked very ill. But in the course of the evening Geoffrey came to me, and said:

"You are as white as lilies; last night you were as red as a rose; and I do not know which way I like you best. But, any way, you are altogether my own, are you not, sweet love?"

And looking up into his brave and tender eyes, I answered, "Yes."

THEN AND NOW.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 166.]

AFTER THREE YEARS.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 170.]

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CHILDREN AT A PANTOMIME.

DR. DIO LEWIS ON EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

DR. DIO LEWIS has written, and Harper & Brothers have just published, a book called "Our Girls," which is so full, from the first page to the last, of wholesome and sensible advice that we wish it could be placed in the hands of every reader of the *Bazar*. From its readable pages we make the following extracts concerning the elaborate suppers so much in vogue now at evening parties:

If people have beautiful homes and wealth, and desire to make their party a *recherché* affair, are there not professional players, singers, actors, readers, florists, etc.? Something grand could be given for half the expense of an elaborate supper.

I need hardly hint to bright people of a less pretentious class that social singing, dancing, charades, and a hundred beautiful games are all open to them. These are tenfold more enjoyable than the more stately methods of the rich.

The time will soon come when people of really fine culture will not think of giving their guests a late supper; indeed, of the twenty most intellectual and refined homes to which I have been invited in America and Europe not one gave any refreshments at an evening party, with perhaps the exception of wine in France, and lemonade in this country.

If people have no brains, but have good stomachs, then I advise eating on all occasions; in fact, it is the only thing left. Such people may have already eaten three meals, but when they assemble in the evening at a sociable they had better feed again, and feed hearty; what else is there to do? They can't sit and stare at each other by the hour, and it wouldn't be good manners to lie down on the floor and go to sleep. After they finish the more substantial meats and things they can fill up the rest of the evening with nuts, dough-nuts, apples, cider, and other trifling things.

But if people happen to have a love of music, paintings, conversation (the finest of the fine arts), bright games, charades, dramatics, or any other of twenty amusements—if they happen to have a love for any thing above cold pork, then I advise them, when assembled in a social way, to give their brains a chance, and not stuff their stomachs; the former is human, the latter is piggish.

Few changes in our social life have afforded me such genuine satisfaction as the recent changes, among a few of our best people, in the forms and methods of hospitality.

The change from, "Will you have a glass of whisky?" which was addressed to callers fifty years ago, to the question, "Will you have something to eat?" which was addressed to them twenty-five years ago, was, on the whole, a great improvement. The change which has now been inaugurated of addressing your hospitality to something above the stomach is a still greater improvement.

When this has been fairly established housekeepers can entertain company in the evening with real pleasure and profit to all concerned. When an evening sociable means a "big feed," it involves a great sacrifice; there is roasting, baking, and fussing for two or three days, and

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the expense is such as only a few can well afford. And what is it all for? Why, I can't think of any thing, unless it is to make the company sick. Does any one doubt that eating late in the evening is injurious? And does any one doubt that the preparation and cost of the supper involve a sacrifice to the housekeeper? If these are admitted, I can't imagine any decent apology for the custom.

What shall be done? Every important movement must be inaugurated by individual action. Let those who have the idea and the moral courage excuse themselves from all evening refreshments, and the fashion will soon become general.

It is a real pleasure to say that already thousands have determined upon this course, so that now it is quite safe to entertain company without refreshments.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IDA.—Directions for making a black alpaca suit, and hints of spring styles, are given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. III.

VIOLIN AND BEZIQUE.—Directions and design for a shoe-bag are given in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. III.

MRS. H. T. C.—A tapestry design suitable for a foot rest is in *Bazar* No. 58, Vol. III.

B. W. K.—A crocheted tidy cover for a sofa pillow is given in *Bazar* No. 14, Vol. III. A postillion basque, duchesse sleeves, and slight train is the model for your house dress. Trim with bias bands of silk.

A READER OF HARPER.—We have no cut paper patterns except those advertised in the *Bazar*.

MAUD H. R.—Breakfast cap patterns are in *Bazar* No. 58, Vol. III. An alphabet for linen embroidery is in *Bazar* Nos. 28 and 42 of Vol. III. The pattern of a gentleman's dressing-gown is in No. 13, Vol. III. For further hints read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV.

ANNA.—A basque and long over-skirt, to be draped over white, or even black dresses, is the best you can do with your blue silk. Trim with ruffles or lace and passementerie. Thin white muslin basques are made without lining, and are close-fitting, but not tight enough to stretch the seams. They are worn with a belt and sash if preferred, but not necessarily, and are more stylish without.

ALETHIA.—Make your pearl-colored silk by the cut paper pattern of the Worth Basque House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. Use the Vest-Casaque Suit pattern illustrated in No. 48, Vol. III., for your blue poplin. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. IV., for hints about your black silk polonaise.

LILLIE W.—Your only alternative, as you do not wish to go to any expense, is to put the ruffles near the edge of your skirt, and drape it as an over-skirt above other dresses, or else wear it as a lower skirt, with colored dresses draped above it.

JEANNETTE.—Your difficulty arises from the fact that different people have different significations for turned-down cards. We have often published the custom that prevails here. If the upper left-hand corner of a card is folded over, it signifies that an ordinary call is made; the upper right-hand corner turned down denotes a visit of congratulation; the lower left-hand means a parting call; and the lower right-hand condolence.

T. O.—A pretty tassel fringe, or else guipure lace with passementerie heading, will look well on your gray Japanese silk. You can carry the trimming up as high as you please on the skirt. It is a matter of fancy. Point lace braid comes in pieces twelve yards long, worth $1 50 a piece, or may be bought by the yard.—Bohemian glass tumblers are never used for finger-bowls. You can put them on the dinner-table if you choose. They are generally used for German wines.

LIZZIE B.—If you are married in the evening, wear a white Swiss dress, made with two skirts and a basque, and much trimmed with narrow ruffles. A tulle veil should be three and a half or four yards square. Alpaca and poplin are the other inexpensive wedding dresses. A pearl gray poplin suit for a morning wedding and traveling is customary. Hold your ostrich feathers over the steam of a tea-kettle, and press closely a sharp knife along the quill of the feather to curl it. Any one of our cut paper patterns of suits with close-fitting waists can be sent you by ordering it, with your bust measure, and thus furnish you a good pattern.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS.—Excellent blue-black alpacas are sold for seventy-five cents a yard. Any one of the houses we quote will send you a good article for that price, though they do not all sell the brand you mention. That brand may, however, be obtained, we believe, as low as sixty cents. The other information asked is embodied in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. III.

ELEANOR.—We fear you can not do much to modernize your dress. Suppose you make more ruffles of the over-skirt for the lower, and drape it as an upper skirt over a short black silk skirt. It is a risk, however, to alter it at all just now, as a later style may bring the bee over-skirt into use.

MARIE H.—If you are acquainted with your escort's friends, you should bow to them, of course; but if you are not, you should *not* bow, no matter if they are the most intimate friends of the gentleman who is with you.—The engravings in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. III., will suggest several handsome dresses for evening.

RECENT SUBSCRIBER.—You will find every hint we can give you of spring styles in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. III. A long linen polonaise will be a fashionable garment, and we commend it to you for your suit. A cut paper pattern of this garment is illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. The pattern of the entire suit, polonaise and skirt, is twenty-five cents. You can order it from this office. Duchesse sleeves are coat-sleeves open up the outer seam to the elbow, and trimmed there. Both pleated and gathered ruffles will be worn again. Flat bias bands of linen with a tiny colored fold, or else white under each edge, will trim linen suits. Embroidery and braiding will also be used.

U. R. G.—Plaids will be worn again.—A sofa pillow, if handsomely made, may be placed on the parlor sofa.—Friz your hair slightly, and strap it with ribbon. Put cold cream or camphorated glycerine on your hands at night, and sleep in loose kid or buckskin gloves. A girl of fourteen who wants to quit biting her nails shouldn't ask us to tell her how to stop, but should leave off by her own strength of will. Nothing so effectually ruins a pretty hand as the stubby finger ends produced by biting the nails.—Jet jewelry is much worn.—"Milly Darrell" is concluded. Mrs. Mulock Craik resides in England.—Ladies who have several rings wear some of them on the left forefinger, whether they are engaged or not.

MRS. S. W.—Your sample is a sort of Japanese poplin—of silk and waxed cotton—that will be worth very little to you.

MADGE Q. S.—There is another establishment of the kind you want near the one you mention.—We know nothing of the letter about Orné knitting-balls.

MRS. N. H. D. W.—We do not give addresses in this column, but in answer to many inquiries we published the address of a house, where point lace materials can be found, in *Bazar* No. 45, Vol. III.

M. F. W.—Any carpet store will furnish you oil-cloth of a marbled pattern.—Your gray sample is the stuff we have so often advised our readers not to buy. Of the sample you send us the silk woof is not an inch deep; after that glazed cotton threads form the woof. Don't spend much time or money on the dress, as it will not wear. Make your striped nansook by directions given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV.—A married lady should always register and introduce herself as "Mrs.," but it is a matter of fancy whether or not she uses her given name or her husband's. In most cases a gentleman should speak of himself as Mr. So-and-so, but should never write the prefix to his own name.

TEXAS.—The wrapper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., modified in the way described in New York Fashions of the same paper, is the best plan for your white muslin morning dresses. We did not receive the lace sample.

CRETE.—You will find inexpensive fancy costumes described in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. III. Uhlans, Zouaves, Vivandières, and Brigands are the rage this winter.

E. RANDOLPH W.—The Worth Basque House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., is a beautiful postillion basque. The cut paper pattern of the entire dress costs but twenty-five cents, and can be ordered from this office. Send your bust measure.—Any English history will give you a more minute description of the costumes of Queen Bess than our space will permit.—We do not think the French novels you mention—the "Wandering Jew" and "Mysteries of Paris"—very suitable reading for a young lady.

ETTA H.—The French scourers will clean your laces by dry pressure, but will not tell the process.—It is *not* necessary to add a postscript.

MEXICAN LADY.—If your stones are real topaz, they are quite valuable and fashionable.—We think all powder injurious to the skin, as it stops up the pores.—The vest-casaque is worn by short and stout ladies, and found becoming.—We do not furnish samples of the goods described in our columns.

HATTIE A.—Read reply above to "Recent Subscriber."—The over-skirt with the Worth Basque House Dress is predicted as a popular style for the spring.—Consult a dictionary of poetical quotations. We have not space for all the information you desire.

HARRIETTE S.—Your sample is real empress cloth of very light quality. The color is excellent, and needs a darker brown silk for trimming. Use either the Vest-Casaque or the Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. Basques and over-skirts are worn together as you see them in our illustrations. House dresses sometimes have merely a basque and single skirt. The shape of over-skirts is still doubtful—that with the Worth Basque House Dress, shown in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., is a stylish model at present.

CARRIE E.—A dove gray silk of the shade of your sample should have ruffles of the same, with passementerie (gimp) and fringe for trimming. A gipsy bonnet of the same silk with facings of pale blue, or rose-colored silk and a gray feather, would be handsome.

HARRY H.—Your sisters will find directions for mourning attire in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. IV.—Gentlemen wear lustreless black cloths and diagonals; black silk neck-ties and scarfs; jet, onyx, or rubber studs and sleeve-buttons. Your hatter will decide the appropriate width of the band of elastic cloth to be placed on your hat. Ladies wear black-bordered handkerchiefs, while gentlemen use those with a broad hem only. Paper and envelopes with black edge, initial, or monogram are used. The stationer will guide you in this. While deep mourning dress looks unsuitable at gay dancing-parties, it need *not* debar the wearer from seeing a good play, or enjoying any musical entertainment.

SNUFF-BOX.—Passementerie, or else braiding and fringe, or guipure lace, will be suitable garniture for your black cashmere costume, to be worn in second mourning.

HELEN M'G.—We regret that we can not tell you how and where to dispose of your fancy-work.

ETHELYN.—Get a light poplin, if you want a dressy suit—a black alpaca, if you desire a serviceable one. Read New York Fashions and correspondence of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. IV., and of the present Number, for further hints. The polonaise and single skirt is the best design for buff linen suits, as the over dress may then be worn with other skirts, especially black ones. Irish linen or bishop's lawn will be the best materials for white suits. Your idea of the spring gipsy is very good. Wear your hair slightly waved, or else roll it back and put on chatelaine braids. Long, thick hair should be plaited in two braids of three tresses each, and looped up to the front of the head in the chatelaine style so often illustrated in our columns.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The Polonaise-Casaque Suit pattern, of which a picture is given in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., is the best guide for a suit like your sample. Bias ruffles of the same for trimming. A pink Chambery should have two skirts, and a basque made nearly fitting; for trimming, scalloped ruffles bound with white. The white organdy for your little girl should have a straight cluster of tucks on each skirt, a ruffle, and a basque edged with a ruffle.

SADIE B.—Madame De Staël's works are published in English. You can order them through the stationer of the town nearest you.

IGNORAMUS.—Use chloroform to take out kerosene oil spots.

KATIE.—Valérie is pronounced as if spelled *Val-a re.* Leather bag or sachel is the name you want. Lace points will be more worn than circulars. Make your blue silk by the Vest-Casaque pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. III. Trim with silk ruffles and fringe. The Worth Basque House Dress in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., is a stylish design for a white alpaca. Bind the ruffles with white silk, and use fringe instead of lace. Get black grenadine with inch-wide stripe for a thin black dress. Read New York Fashions of present Number for hints about making.

NELLIE.—Trim your Japanese poplin with two or three bias ruffles on the lower skirt bound with black silk—a single ruffle is on the basque and upper skirt. The Worth Basque Suit in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., is a good guide.

E. P. R.—Use bias ruffles on the striped silk, and black velvet ribbon with guipure edging each side of the velvet on the checked silk. We do not like your idea of grenadine flounces on the checked goods.

MAY D. W.—For water-proof cloak see illustration on the first page. A plain skirt and polonaise, trimmed with bias bands of the goods notched at each edge and stitched on, is the best design for a water-proof suit. For velveteen, make a paletot, upper skirt, and lower, trimmed with simple cord covered with silk. Fifteen or sixteen yards are enough probably.

R. R.—Your questions are answered in New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 9 and 10 of Vol. IV.

JUTE SWITCHES.—Part your hair down the centre behind, and braid over topsies in two braids of three tresses each. Then loop up in the chatelaine fashion. If you have very short hair, buy a chatelaine of real hair. It will cost you from $15 to $20. Don't use jute switches. It is not stylish to wear the hair in plain ringlets. Braid part of it for a chatelaine, and wear the curls down the centre between the braids.

EVA OF CHICAGO.—We are not familiar with the sample of material you send. Alpaca, poplin, and cashmere are the only black goods for suits we can suggest to you after silk. A black grenadine suit will be exceedingly useful to you, stylish, and appropriate. A frock-coat with pearl-colored pantaloons has become a stylish suit for bridegrooms at day weddings, even though the bride is in full dress.

MARY LOUISA.—Your inquiries about wash dresses have been answered recently to other correspondents.

DESPERANDA.—Of your old grisaille silk get enough to make you a postillion basque and long upper skirt without trimming. Then drape the gray skirt over your black silk skirt. This is now more stylish than to wear the gray dress underneath black, and the postillion basque will be worn in the spring on the street without other wraps.—If you send $3 on the 1st of April you can have the *Bazar* the remainder of the year.

EDNA.—The Worth Basque, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., is what you want for black cloth. Basques do not need sashes. Put two buttons—moulds covered with corded silk—on the back. The New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., will tell you how to fold over the fullness in the back of the gored wrapper pattern when cutting a calico wrapper.

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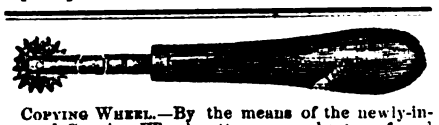

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FACETIÆ.

WHY is a lady's ringlet like one of Dickens's novels?—Because it is *all of a twist.*

COLD COMFORT—Eating ice.

The bee gives us honey, and we give the wasp whacks when we catch him.

QUICK RUNNING—Running up a score.

How do we know a rat is too clever an animal?—Because he gnaws a deal too much.

THE LAND OF CANE—A sugar plantation.

A SUCCESSFUL "UNDERTAKER"—Bismarck.

TO THE CARELESS.—Be cautious how you let fall a remark. It may hurt somebody seriously.

Never crack jokes on delicate ground.

LABOR IN VAIN—A far-fetched idea.

A "JOLLY" COMBUSTIBLE—Laughing-gas.

MOVING SCENES OF THE WAR—Its panorama.

A SOFT BLOW—A gentle breeze.

INVISIBLE TRAVELERS—Passing thoughts.

THE HEIGHT OF ADVERSITY—Pledging your word.

A NUMEROUS CLASS.—How would you speak of a man who was an excessive bore? Would you not call him a hyperborean?

A SAD CALAMITY.—The young gentleman who has had a constant "flow of ideas," which he found it impossible to put together, confesses that the intense cold has frozen up his brain, and stopped, for the present, the "current of thought."

A SAD DISCOVERY.

It is a grave accusation to bring against a great writer and a famous poet, but we fear Wordsworth must be charged with favoring the horrible practice of cannibalism; for does he not say that a woman (a woman, mark ye!) is

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food?"

ENGAGING FRANKNESS.

APPLICANT. "Quite right, mum; all seems satisfactory; and if you will give me the address of your last servant, I will make the necessary inquiries, as I'm particular about the families I lives in!"

A WONDERFUL PIECE OF MECHANISM.—The watch on the Rhine.

A LITERAL INTERPRETATION.

NURSE (*in anticipation of Master George's punishment*). "You'll catch it. I wouldn't be in your shoes!"
GEORGE. "Then the sooner I take them off the better!"

A TENDER DELUSION—Marrying for love.

DOCTOR'S STUFF.

FARMER. "What do you think is the matter wi' 'er, Mr. Quackington?"
YOUNG FARRIER (*fresh from the Horse "College"*). "Well—ahem—a—I think that probably the cartilaginous processes have subtended the ossification of bone, and thereby forced the coronal arch to the magnetic meridian; consequently, as things which are equal to the same thing are equal to the square of the hypothenuse, it follows that the lateral thrust becomes so powerful as to damnify the ellipticity of the projection, producing such a concatenation of the fluid portions of the periosteum, and lesion of the less coagulated pigments of the cognate therapeutics, as elevate the chalybeate constituents of the anterior extremity of the tibia, which must, of course, guide the treatment to be pursued."
FARMER. "Lor!"

FACE-ETIOUS!

RICH MAIDEN LADY. "Well, May, why are you Looking so Hard at Me?"
MAY. "I'm Looking for your other Face."
LADY. "What other Face, Child?"
MAY. "Why, Ma is always saying you have Two Faces!" [*Consternation of Mamma.*

REMOVAL OF POLITICAL DISABILITIES

THE HISTORY OF A HERO.

Sir Guy lived in the Middle Ages, which was his misfortune, and not his fault. He was fond of killing every body who disagreed with him, which was his fault, and not his misfortune.

Sir Guy loved, and was beloved in return. The fact of loving was pleasant, and the fact of being beloved in return was almost overpowering; nevertheless, he bore up against it like a hero, as he was. The lady of his love was beautiful, accomplished, and amiable, but she could neither read nor write. Very few ladies *could* read or write in the Middle Ages.

Sir Guy sickened at bachelor life. The buttons were continually coming off his cuirass, and it cost him a pang whenever he gave four shillings and ninepence for a new hauberk. He longed for change.

We have already stated that the Lady Alicia was beautiful. Her features may not have corresponded with our modern ideas of womanly loveliness; but she was admired in the Middle Ages; and we must respect the taste of our ancestors, because we owe them every thing.

At the age of thirty Sir Guy was an approved warrior. He had lost several arms and legs in battle, and had also contracted an incurable squint, through the perpetual expectation of receiving the point of an enemy's arrow in the tip of his nose. This was only one of the many anxieties which attended the feudal wars of that period.

Sir Guy wedded the Lady Alicia, not without having put the castle of her venerable father to fire and sword in order to gain his consent to their union.

Were they happy? Let us hope so. There was no Divorce Court in the Middle Ages. That was an invention of modern times.

Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss a lisping consonant. He should have added, also, that it usually follows *a-vowel.*

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with *pistils.*

Persons who like stale bread should send to Pompeii for it. They have loaves there which were baked eighteen hundred years ago.

REALITIES OF LIFE—Real estate, real money, and a real good dinner; none of which can be realized without real hard work.

A wealthy bachelor married, off hand, a beautiful young lady whom he caught inspecting cook-stoves at the fair. Since then you can't get within forty rods of the stove department for the crowd of pretty girls.

The chap who took the thread of life to sew the rent of a house has gone and invented a patent point for cross-eyed needles.

Why is love always represented as a child?—Because he never reaches the age of discretion.

Judge Portly says the liveliest time he ever experienced was on issuing the first number of a newspaper in a Western town. The people wanted something stirring. He published the personal history of the leading politicians as furnished by their friends. The judge says that for the first hour they all rushed for the paper: the second hour they went for him.

FREAKS OF NATURE.

WAITER. "Now, then, look sharp! Here's that mutton-chop a biling with rage at bein' kep' waitin', and a beef-steak gone away in a towering passion!"

"NEGOTIATIONS OPENED."

MAMMA. "Look here, George. Here's a nice pudding. Will you be a good boy now, and come and have some?"
GEORGE (*who has been put in the corner for misbehavior*). "What sort o' puddin' is it, ma?"

EXHAUSTED PATIENCE.

AFFECTIONATE BROTHER. "Well, Mamma, whatever you do with Him, don't throw Him in the Ash-barrel!"

COLONEL MARS. "I'm sorry, Miss Frisk, but the truth is, I shall be obliged to stop, as my Leg is coming off."
The gallant Colonel's war experience forced him to invest in a cork leg; hence the accident.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 12.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Hair Dressing for Young Ladies, Figs. 1–6.

Figs. 1–3.—COIFFURE OF LONG HAIR. To arrange this coiffure part the hair in the middle from the forehead to the neck, and also part the hair from ear to ear. On each side of the middle parting divide the front hair into two parts. Crimp the two portions of the front next the middle parting by putting it up on crimping pins, then arrange it, as shown by the illustration, so that it falls over the forehead. Comb the remainder of the front hair up over the crimped hair, twist the strands together for a length of about an inch, and fasten them with hair-pins for the present, leaving the ends hang loose. Now comb down the right half of the back hair, and arrange it in a three-strand braid together with the ends of the front hair of the right side (see Fig. 3). Comb the left half of the back hair upward, as shown by Fig. 3; tie it with a string, and arrange it in a three-strand braid together with the ends of the front hair of the left side. In arranging this braid, it is to be remembered that it is afterward laid around the head as a bandeau. Now remove the string with which the hair of the left side was tied, and fasten the end of the right braid under the beginning of the left braid, so that the right braid lies in the neck, as shown by Fig. 2. Bring the left braid over the front of the head as shown by Fig. 1, and fasten the end under the beginning of the right braid. Secure the braids in this position with hair-pins. Finish the coiffure with a bow of colored ribbon, as shown by the illustration.

Figs. 4 and 5.—COIFFURE OF SHORT HAIR. To arrange this coiffure, part the hair, as for Fig. 6, from ear to ear, and part the front hair in the middle; arrange it so as to fall over the front of the forehead, and comb it back at the sides. Comb the ends of the front hair down together with the back hair. Cover the parting between the front and back hair with a tortoise-shell band.

Fig. 6.—COIFFURE WITH CRIMPED CHIGNON OF HAIR OF A MEDIUM LENGTH. To arrange this coiffure, divide the hair, first, from ear to ear, and then part the front hair in the middle. Put up the hair on crimping pins, and leave it so for eight or ten hours; or, if there is not time for this, friz it. Now take down the hair (Fig. 5 shows the manner of putting up the hair on pins, and also several crimped strands), comb out the back hair, and tie it tightly together with a string four inches above the ends. Bring the ends on the inside, lay the strings closely about the head, and tie them on the top of the head between the front and back hair; the ends of the hair must come inside of the chignon thus formed. Comb the front hair back, as shown by the illustration, and roll the ends under so as to conceal them. When the hair is thin, both the chignon and the front of the hair may be arranged over rolls. Finally, fasten a tortoise-shell band on the front of the head in such a manner that the front hair falls on the forehead in small puffs, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 4.—MANNER OF ARRANGING SHORT HAIR.—[See Fig.

Fig. 1.—MANNER OF ARRANGING LONG HAIR. FRONT.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

Fig. 2.—MANNER OF ARRANGING LONG HAIR. [See Figs. 1 and 3.]

Fig. 5.—MANNER OF CRIMPING HAIR FOR FIGS. 4 AND 6.

Fig. 6.—CRIMPED CHIGNON OF HAIR OF MEDIUM LENGTH.

Fig. 3.—MANNER OF BRAIDING HAIR FOR FIGS. 5 AND 2.

HAIR DRESSING FOR YOUNG LADIES.

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THE CONFESSION.

THROUGH birchen woods the sun let down
A crowd of golden rays;
On Nature's face there was no frown
That fairest of fair days;
When my love she said, bending her head,
While a blush her cheek did cover,
"Through dark days and fair, through hope and despair,
I shall love you well, oh, my lover!"

The lark sang from his cloud above,
Rapt in an ecstasy;
The bird on the bough twittered of love,
And the winds did seem to sigh.
"Oh, my love," I said, o'er her bended head,
While the blush her cheek did cover,
"In weal or in woe, only love, we know,
Can love's counterpart discover!"

Well, love, like the wind, it comes and goes,
And who shall dare complain
If the lover's heart, like a summer's rose,
Blossom never again?
The lark that sang his clouds among
In no wise did surpass
The heavenly note that died in my throat
To the murmur of "Alas!"

Is it not enough that the open rose
Takes the sun to its heart,
Though every angry gale that blows
Tear its frail leaves apart?
Is it not enough, is it not enough
(Oh, heart, thy sighing smother!),
That I'd rather be wronged, love, by thee
Than righted by another?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a great variety of patterns and illustrations of Bridal Dresses and Coiffures; Suits for Elderly Ladies; Evening Dresses for Young Ladies; Paletots; Basque-Waists; Shawl Suits; Watteau and Gored Wrappers; Water-proof and Traveling Hoods; Breakfast and Dress Caps; Wall Tidies; Point Lace Collars, etc., etc.*

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MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Pinchbeck.

MY DEAR HELEN,—When I was a very small boy I was one day looking over the treasures in a bureau drawer where my grandmother kept her jewels, and as I saw a little box I exclaimed with delight—for it was, as I thought, the most precious of golden caskets. "Oh, dear grandma!" I said; "I am sure that grandpa must have brought your wedding ring in that beautiful box; and what a good, generous man!" Then I rattled on, describing a hundred other fit uses to which I thought so splendid a box might be devoted. I remember the soft June sunshine of that morning long ago. I can see still the grave matron in a costume that would now seem to us quaint and queer, and the eager boy, with the fair hair, of which you can see no relics upon my venerable pate, Helen; nor any of that bloom of youth which is still visible upon the old-fashioned portrait of a boy that hangs in my chamber. And I remember also that while my grandmother gravely smiled I gayly dreamed. For I fancied the day—"hasten, happy day"—when some queen would come, bewildering, out of Sheba, and smile upon a certain Solomon whose face resembled mine; and the costly gifts that he would offer her in a box as golden, kissing it as he knelt, while her gracious fingers perfumed the casket as she received it. A thousand swift and bright fancies darted through my mind as I gazed at the golden box, associating it with my grandmother's love and youth; and so bright they were that my mind musically murmured, like a spring grove bubbling with happy song.

My good grandmother still smiled gravely, and when my evident enthusiasm was somewhat spent, she said, with a gentle kiss—how pure and tender are those grandmother's kisses, Helen; how gently they chasten and correct, long after the lips are cold!—

"My dear boy, it was your grandfather's pinchbeck snuff-box."

Away went my basket of eggs! It was Alnaschar, was it not, who suffered before me? What an odious sound the word had! How small and mean and contemptible it was! How pinched! Pinchbeck, indeed! and I had been inspired by an abominable alloy! I did not know at the time that it was alloy; but I remember my disgust, and that was a kind of spiritual perception of it. And afterward, in reading English stories, I encountered occasionally a stone in a pinchbeck setting, or a neat little pinchbeck box; but wherever I saw the name I had a feeling of repulsion, as when walking in the woods I saw a snake suddenly. And I have never lost the feeling. If I meet a man or a woman, or see a religion or behavior, set in pinchbeck, I am conscious of the old repulsion and the sad disillusion of that summer morning.

As we proceed upon our journey, does it ever occur to you, my dear Helen, how very much our fellow-travelers are decorated with pinchbeck ornaments? Or have you ever mistaken a mirror for a window, and suddenly seen a little of the pinchbeck splendor upon yourself? The other evening I was at the pleasant musical party at the Flutes'. The company, I was told, was very select. Indeed, as Miss Bugle said to me, there were only the very best people invited. And she was good enough to point out several of them. The Bassoons and Flageolets were there, and the tall Miss Trombone, who, as the Germans would say, seems to draw herself out endlessly. Alderman Drum and old Mrs. Serpent were also there; Mr. Gong, the eloquent advocate, and the pretty little Misses Castanet. I was delighted to find myself in those high latitudes, and readily forgave the chilliness of the air in consideration of the extreme purity of the atmosphere. But while Miss Bugle was busily naming the guests to me she said, vehemently,

"Who would believe, Mr. Bachelor, that Mrs. Double Bass would wear false jewelry! Look at the woman! Glass in pinchbeck settings!"

"Doubly Base would be a more faithful name," said I to the amiable Miss Bugle; and I turned my eyes with horror upon the monster of iniquity toward whom her remark had directed them. But she seemed unconscious of her sin. She was laughing and chattering, and quivering like blanc-mange; and sure enough she was blazing in undeniable glass and gilt wash.

"I wonder," said I to Miss Bugle, with a tone of suppressed horror, and imitating hers as nearly as I could: "Good Heavens! I wonder if her gown is calico!"

"Every thing is possible under such circumstances," responded my friend. "And in such a select circle, too!"

I could not help laughing inwardly at her great disturbance for so trifling a reason, and I ventured to remark that there was always balm in Gilead; that under every severe dispensation of Providence there was a secret consolation, and that every cloud had a silver lining, if we could only see it. And I said to her, "For example, even in this dire extremity into which we have fallen, dear Miss Bugle, I turn for relief from contemplating Mrs. Double Bass's paste diamonds to feast my eyes upon your flowing and superb chevelure! Is there no comfort in knowing that if her gems are glass, your hair is real; that if she deceives in one little brooch or bracelet, you are severely truthful in every hair of your head? I gaze with respectful admiration, dear madame, upon the commanding and ample decorations of your head, because I know that they put to shame the shining lie upon Mrs. Double Bass's bosom." And I bowed to my fair companion as if we had been Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Harriet Byron.

But, my dear Helen, Miss Bugle changed color so violently, and looked at me so peculiarly, and stammered so half indignantly, that I could only bow the more politely, until I distinguished the question, "Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Bachelor?"

I looked at her in amazement. "Insult you, dear madame?"

But she scarce staid for my reply, and said, with asperity, "You know that it isn't my own hair!"

"Good gracious, Miss Bugle, not your hair! whose is it?"

"You know that we all wear false hair."

"Very well, dear madame; and don't you know that Mrs. Double Bass wears false jewelry? Yet you professed the utmost contempt for it. Where do you draw the line? If she wears pinchbeck, so do you; and her offense is less in the degree that a brooch is smaller than a wig. No, no, Miss Bugle; let me, as an old gentleman, advise you to reserve your expressions and your feelings of scorn until you have ceased to be a proper subject of it yourself. Pinchbeck, madame—I say unto you, thou art the woman! Mrs. Double Bass wears a simple little lie upon her bosom, you display an elaborate and towering falsehood upon your head. A pinchbeck brooch is certainly no more laughable than a pinchbeck wig."

Naturally, my dear Helen, Miss Bugle walked proudly away, wrathfully shaking somebody else's hair at me. But I went after her, and laughed heartily, and begged her pardon, and reminded her that old gentlemen would have their whimseys; and added that one of mine was to think false hair as contemptible as false diamonds. Curiously enough, my remarks did not seem to comfort nor to pacify her, and she moved off without making any reply.

But it is still my opinion; and I wish that pinchbeck were confined to brooches and wigs. But I observe that it infects manners and morals as well as dress, and there it is even worse. The further pinchbeck goes, the baser it becomes. I suppose that when I say pinchbeck manners, we both think of the same person; we picture to ourselves the sweet little Mrs. Janus, as every body calls her, who has such smiles, and such archness, and such softness! Your cousin Ruth went to see her the other morning, to beg her interest in a family of whose cruel destitution she knew; and Ruth told her the piteous tale. Little Mrs. Janus was immediately all sympathy. She had never heard any thing so horrible. It was too pitiful, too tragical. What could she do? Any thing that was practicable she was anxious to begin. She hoped that Ruth would not mind calling upon her for any thing. Dear, dear! it was too much, too sad! And the dear little children, too! Tut, tut! there was never such a tragedy! For about five minutes little Mrs. Janus gushed in this profuse way, so that Ruth felt that she ought to remind her that there were other sufferers in the world, and she must not be too lavish in her succor to this poor family. And thereupon little Mrs. Janus overflowed in the same manner upon a dozen other instances which she mentioned to Ruth. Each was the most heart-rending that was ever heard of; and she showered poor Ruth with magnificent superlatives, until she suddenly observed a locket which Ruth always wears around her neck; and then, with fresh ardor, a new storm of adjectives and admiration set in, and Ruth could do nothing but submit to the pitiless pelting.

When there was a kind of lull she instantly tried to bring little Mrs. Janus to terms, but in vain. That lady was sure that the poor sufferers ought to have soup, and wine whey, and oatmeal, and beef-tea, and warm woolen clothes. Indeed, she rapidly mentioned a very long list of indispensable supplies, and she hoped and prayed they would get them; and Ruth was an angel—yes, indeed, an archangel—for going about on such errands of mercy, and among such cruelly hard-hearted people, too! And how glad she should have been for herself if she hadn't used her last supplies of many kinds last week, and if, in fact, she were only able to do something, instead of wishing and longing to; but Ruth had the eloquence of a saint, and she would work miracles; she would even touch Mrs. Midas's heart and open her purse; she knew she would; and she thanked Heaven there were yet left some such devoted and unselfish Christian women. And where did you say you got that locket, dear? It is too lovely!

This was pinchbeck sympathy, pinchbeck feeling. Little Mrs. Janus, who seems to be a sprightly, affectionate woman, is no more what she seems to be, and is taken to be, than Mrs. Double Bass's glass is a diamond. And when I think how I used to see Janus as a lover, watching her before he had found her out—before, indeed, any of us had discovered her—and with what passionate fondness he hung upon every sign of generous, womanly feeling, believing all the gush and the gurgle to be genuine sympathy and tenderness, I smile; for I seem to see myself as a boy dreaming beautiful dreams over the gold casket in my grandmother's drawer. And as I see Mrs. Janus to-day I recall the grave smile of my grandmother, and her quiet words, "My dear boy, it was your grandfather's pinchbeck snuff-box."

Dear Helen, I see a great deal of ardor for art of a certain kind. But it is all pinchbeck—it is not gold, it is zinc and copper. Orson has grown rich, and he has heard that rich men ought to have fine pictures. Let him buy them, then; but why pretend that he cares for art? His fondness for art is sheer alloy; but he would be horribly ashamed if he wore a gilt watch-chain instead of gold. Why not be as much ashamed of a pretended feeling as of a false watch-guard?

Yes, and we may go higher, and step into church; and at Saint Rainbow's I am sometimes confounded lest the piety be as pinchbeck as the Gothic architecture. There is plenty of marble, which is not marble, upon the walls; and there are fine carvings in oak and walnut, which are not oak and walnut; and there is the most pathetic and pleasing music from the choir, which is giggling in the gallery; and there is Mrs. Janus in her pew, weeping at the lovely sermon, and envious of Mrs. Jupiter's shawl, her mind lost in a kind of sentimental fog, which she calls devotion and religion. There are counterfeiters in the temple still, dear Helen.

But the worst of all deceits is to deceive ourselves. Suppose Mrs. Double Bass had really believed her paste to be a diamond, or Miss Bugle her wig to be her own hair! Suppose that Mrs. Janus thought that she was really charitable and really religious! Suppose that the zinc and copper didn't believe itself to be alloy, and that pinchbeck was sure that it was gold! If we repudiate pinchbeck boxes, why should we not disdain pinchbeck morals and manners?

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

LOVE-LETTERS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

WELL, perhaps they are not technically love-letters, but what should you name such a missive as this?

"MY DEAR SIR [OR MADAM],—Excuse me for again calling your attention to my pet scheme for book-making, and for asking for it your generous consideration; for, not having heard from you, I conclude the circulars previously sent, by some mischance, did not reach you. In reference to the *single poem*, I have to say, if you can not decide upon a favorite, but find that your preference is divided between several of your productions, I shall be most happy to give you space for as many as you may be disposed to favor me with. As I preface each contribution with something biographical, you will do me much honor by a short sketch of your busy life, with notes of your published and contemplated works, and, if not asking so much that you will be disgusted, your ideas of what is poetry—your original conception of what it is in reality, its office, or mission—would please me wonderfully. Hoping to hear from you very soon, I am truly yours, etc., etc., etc."

Now this style of book-making is an abomination in your eyes, but what can you do? The letters are respectful, not to say complimentary You don't wish to be, or to be thought, a churl. You do not like to give a gruff answer to a smooth request. If you are evasive, noncommittal, mocking, ten to one your answer will be printed bodily. If you take refuge in the uncertainty of the mails, and make no reply, trusting you will be considered not to have received the letter, another one rises from its ashes, and keeps rising, till the probability of your failure to receive vanishes into thin air. You can not sit down and say:

"DEAR SIR,—I did receive your letters, all of them. I am receiving such letters at irregular intervals all the time. We have now reached a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and I beg leave respectfully to inform you that I abhor the whole thing. You may bring me indorsements from every author under heaven, and all the same I hate your scheme. Its least fault is that it is vicarious authorship—a petty plot to get up a book without the trouble of writing it, a lazy make-shift to acquire credit and money by other people's brains. This, I say, is its least fault, because it is a fault that appears on the surface. A very casual examination will show that the body of the book—that which gives it worth—is not yours; that you are answerable only for the original suggestion. A greater sin than this is that you are appealing to and actually and actively cultivating the worst taste of the community—an itch for personalities. You are not selecting, or pretending to select, the best poetry of the country. You are asking only the poem or poems which each author likes best, and an author is a proverbially poor judge of his own productions. Neither do you confine yourself to the best poets. Your book is a drag-net, into which a certain number of fish must be drawn, irrespective of quality. I know this, because you ask poems of me—of me who make no pretense of being a poet, who never wrote a line of verse that was worth reading next day, and who never would be thought of as a poet except in the last extremity.

"Moreover, you are asking me to do a thing which I should be ashamed to be known to have done, and whose doing you will carefully conceal in your book. Will your 'something biographical' of Brown, Jones, and Robinson begin, 'I was born in Senegambia, of savage but saintly parents?' Not the least in the world. At the head of Brown's poem *you* will stand, decorously, saying, 'John Brown had a little Indian,' and nothing will appear to indicate that it is John Brown himself who is recounting the story of himself and his young barbarians. Egotism may be objectionable, but egotism hiding itself under *alterism* is—condemnable! When I wish to give my 'busy life' to the world, I will give it on the house-tops in the first person singular.

"And, to speak within bounds, what an altogether audacious and outrageous thing it is that you ask! The profanation of secrecy, the exposure of private life, the indulgence in personal gossip, are the degradation of our literature. This license is the drawback to public life, the horror of every self-respectful writer. You ask me not only to contribute to the general demoralization, but to throw in my own honor. You would seethe a kid in its mother's milk. I loathe the prurient curiosity which pries into the lives of others, regardless of their rights and their feelings; what ossification is it, then, which does not even pay to individuality the tribute of prying, but coolly walks up and asks you to open the lid yourself, and hand out your property to the public! And property *in posse* as well as *in esse*. We are not simply to give notes of our published, but of our contemplated works. This greedy census-taker will count not only the children already living, but the children who are yet to be born.

"Besides this, you ask me to stop in the full tide a life which you acknowledge to be busy, and write you an essay which, to be worth any thing, must embody the ripeness of years, the reading of libraries, the wisest and widest thought, the closest effort, and the finest execution; and in return for this I am to have the consciousness of pleasing you wonderfully—you whom I do not know, whom I have never seen, and of the value of whose approval I have no means of forming any opinion whatever.

"Yours, very respectfully."

This, I say, is a letter which you can not write, because it is brusque and violent and ill-natured, and will give your correspondent offense, and yourself an enemy. So, after all, the only thing that remains is to repress your noble rage, smile a smile that is childlike and bland, and with the poison of asps under your

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tongue say, sweetly: "Kind friend, I pray thee have me excused. In a little while, at most, we shall all be dead, and you will be surprised to see how little the world will care about our poetry or our prose, our busy lives or our original conceptions. But while we are alive, prithee let us alone. Do not intensify our insignificance by thrusting it into men's faces. Do not magnify our smallness by putting us into the platoons of the giants. Grant to our self-love this boon—that it may be possible for the world to ask why we are not set in the ranks of the immortals, but not why we are.

"And even when we are dead, hark from our tombs a soft Shakspearean sighing:

"'Sweet friend, for Jesus' rake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man who spares these stones,
And curst be he who moves my bones.'"

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING BONNETS.

THE pattern bonnets have arrived from Brussels. Straw bonnets, black lace bonnets, and a few dressy affairs of Frou Frou gauze or of crape, make up the importations. Not a tulle or silk bonnet is shown, and but few round hats.

Straws are greatly in the preponderance, and though gotten up in the simplest village-maiden fashion, they will doubtless be considered the most elegant and stylish bonnets of the spring. English Dunstables, Milan braids, and all white straws are among the trimmed bonnets, but yellow Italian braids, the Tuscan and Leghorn, and the brown and black straws, are omitted. The shapes are the modifications of the gipsy and the republique, already described. Much of the high, towering effect is still given to bonnets by abundant face trimmings, yet the back descends low on the soft chatelaine braids, and is often finished by a cape. The front stands up high, not as the coronet or revers of last winter, but the straw is simply bent upward and back about two inches from the edge of the bonnet. The crown is prominent, and often a straw band or curtain is added beneath.

TRIMMINGS.

The simple ribbon and flowers used for trimming these bonnets look like a return to first principles. Thick corded ribbons of gros grain and faille, and the heavy repped ottoman ribbons, are used in the narrow widths known to milliners as Nos. 12, 16, and 20. There is, however, a difference between the French and American way of numbering these ribbons, and it is best to say that they measure from two inches to two and a half in width. A box of these ribbons displays the soft, pale tints that were introduced a year ago. Tea-rose, écru, cuir, and all the Frou Frou buffs are abundantly represented; next in proportion is the Nile green, fresh and spring-like; then pale plum-color; then sky blue, china pink, ardoise, and mauve; but more than all, black ribbon will be used in conjunction with lace and flowers. Occasionally a colored ribbon is used with black, some of the handsomest bonnets having black and green or blue ribbon folded together; a few contrasts, such as French gray and rose, are seen, and very often two shades of a single color are used.

A great deal of black lace will be used to soften down the hard lines of straw bonnets. This is the lace made in Brussels, and familiarly known here as thread lace. Scarfs of Brussels net, both plain and figured, bordered with narrow edging, are pendent from the backs of bonnets, and the ribbon strings seen on all spring bonnets will be abandoned for lace strings in warm weather. There are no jet ornaments, and only a few straw ones, such as pendent balls and acorns; and, as we said before, the trimmings are confined to ribbons, flowers, and lace.

STYLE OF TRIMMING.

It is an easy matter to trim these straw bonnets. Face the standing front, and, indeed, all the inside edge of the bonnet, with bias silk of a becoming color, usually, though not necessarily, matching the trimming ribbon. Above this put black thread edging, an inch wide, turned up outside on the straw. The face trimming, a revival of the old-time cap front, is fastened to bonnet wire placed inside the front, and slightly projecting. It consists of a full ruche of black lace gathered to the wire, or of white tulle with selvedge, or else doubled and pleated, or sometimes a ruche of colored Frou Frou gauze. Flowers, or a bow of ribbon, are placed in the centre of this ruche, or on the left side, and sometimes all the way across. Outside trimmings surround the crown, and hang in streamers behind. Twine the ribbon around the crown, knotting it irregularly with three or four knots, letting the ends hang at the back three-eighths of a yard long, raveling them into fringe two inches deep, and tied in three little tassels. Another way is to take two pieces of ribbon of two shades, or else one black, the other blue, and fold in layers about the crown, with loops at the side and streamers behind. Sometimes a profusion of bows, with short pointed ends, encircle the crown, or a row of loops overlapping, or of loops of ribbon laid in shells of lace. An easy and pretty way is to put a straight band of ribbon around the crown, and cover the ribbon with a puff of black net; a lace frill or a pleating of ribbon is arranged to stand above this. On the left side there is invariably a flower cluster larger than that in front, but in harmony with it. This is placed very high, with drooping ends, and sometimes trailing flowers fall behind. The curtain used when the bonnet has no straw band is about a finger deep, of ribbon or silk, held in box-pleats. The strings appear from beneath the trimming around the crown, are each a yard long, pass behind the ears, and are tied under the chin. All appearance of stiffness and regularity is avoided in the trimming, and there is much room for display of individual taste. Ladies, we fancy, will again return to arranging their own bonnets, as they did before our late intricate fashions were introduced.

A stylish bonnet to wear with any dress, and one that can not fail to be popular for city use, is a white Milan gipsy, with black lace ruche in front, black ottoman ribbon and thread lace around the crown, lace streamers, ribbon strings; and to enliven it a bunch of pink roses or of tea-rose-buds, field pinks, butter-cups or poppies, or a tiny wreath of rose-buds or fern leaves in front.

Ladies who wear their hair in a large Pompadour roll select bonnets that have plain fronts, without high revers, and with very little face trimming. The Pompadour colors are still seen in the blue ribbons and pink roses of many youthful-looking gipsies. Black ribbon, with white chrysanthemums or daisies, is shown for more mature faces. There are fewer brown and gray bonnets than usual, and the fancy for plum-color is in the ascendant. This shade is pretty with white flowers and black lace.

A model bonnet of Milan braid has the high front piece faced with Nile green silk, and below this a black lace ruche, almost concealed by a wreath of glossy green leaves and tiniest rose-buds. A standing frill of Nile green ribbon two inches wide around the crown has a ruche of lace and a wreath at its lower edge. Large shaded rose, with leaves and buds, on the left. The cape is of ribbon, laid double in pleats. Strings of ribbon a yard long.

Another Milan gipsy has plum-colored facings, black lace ruche for face trimming, and lace laid plainly on the edge of the straw. Plum-colored ottoman ribbon is knotted around the crown, streamers of black net edged with lace hang behind; ribbon strings. A cluster of white chrysanthemums is high on the left side.

The most youthful bonnet is a sewed chip gipsy, almost concealed with bows of pink gros grain. The face trimming is entirely of gros grain. A loop of ribbon, with a bow in the centre, is arranged to pass under the chatelaine. Another has milliner's folds of blue China crape and a tea-rose cluster on the outside, while a ruche of blue tulle forms the face trimming. A lovely English straw for a matron has two shades of ottoman ribbon—mauve and violet—around the crown, with a tea-rose in front, and violets outside.

BLACK LACE BONNETS.

There is nothing original in the black lace bonnets just imported. They are made over light net frames, and are most elegant when trimmed with white flowers.

FROU FROU GAUZE BONNETS.

Very dressy bonnets, to be worn late in the season, are made of the Frou Frou gauze brought out last year. This silk gauze is thicker than grenadine, and has its threads woven in tiny checks, or in crape-like crinkles. The material is plain on the frame, with rolls, cords, or milliner's folds near the edge; a richly knotted scarf of gauze, bias and bound, is around the crown; flowers and a pompon on the sides. A ruche of the gauze, bias and doubled, forms the face trimming. Ribbon strings.

COIFFURES.

To make these bonnets fit properly the softest chatelaines must be worn, dispensing with all topsies and other stuffing in the back hair. Crimped braids, hanging loosely in a net, and worn very low, are revived abroad. These are illustrated in the present Number. Bonnets are placed an inch back from the forehead, instead of being drawn far forward, as they have been worn lately.

DRESS GOODS.

The most elegant importations of the spring are China crapes for casaques, over dresses, paletots, and for trimming. They are in all the spring shades — golden brown, chestnut, cuir, soft dove grays, palest écru, rose, blue, and green. The material is too frail for service, but is very handsome for watering-place costumes and evening dresses, and in the probable scarcity of handsome fabrics will be much used. It is three-quarters of a yard wide, and $3 a yard. Quantities of Frou Frou gauze in more open patterns than that used in millinery are also brought out in the stylish colors for early spring.

WHITE SUITS.

The furnishing houses show very pretty suits of white bishop's lawn. They are made with skirt of walking length, a simply constructed over-skirt, with short apron front and longer back, draped high on the sides, and a slightly loose basque, that may be worn with a belt or without. On the lower skirt are three rows of small side pleats, each row a finger deep, slightly separated from each other, and each headed by a ruche of lawn, scantily gathered in the centre. A single row of this trimming trims the upper skirt and basque. Ruche around the high neck; coat-sleeves, with the trimming outlining the duchesse shape; and a belt of lawn, with short sash ends trimmed like the skirt. Such suits, in very sheer but not fine bishop's lawn, are sold for $9. It is scarcely possible to make them at less expense, if a lady's time is at all valuable. Other suits have deep side pleating, headed by puffs and a row of diagonal tucks. If the figure is thin, a yoke of puffs and tucks is introduced in the basque. Nansook and white organdy suits similarly made are trimmed with point duchesse lace, and will be worn over colored silk slips for evening, and over white in the daytime. Embroidered Swiss muslins are also shown. A model of these had a French waist gathered into a belt, to which full rounded basques were added, and trimmed with an embroidered ruffle. The over-skirt had an embroidered pyramid in each breadth, and a needle-worked ruffle. This was to be draped over a white muslin, or else a colored silk skirt.

BUFF LINEN SUITS.

The first linen suits exhibited are of pale écru lawn, fashioned like the white suits just described, and trimmed with straight side pleatings not hemmed below, but edged with a fold of brown lawn stitched on. The bias bands, with brown folds at the edge, are above this. Some of these suits have the pretty over-skirt and jacket of the Half-fitting Jacket Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. III. A cut paper pattern is given of this suit. The over-skirt may be left open, but the newest fancy is to bring it together, and button it all the way down the front.

Suits of batiste—a linen-finished lawn, in gray grounds striped with white or black—are prettily trimmed with three straight flounces a finger deep, edged with tiny fluted ruffles, an inch wide, cut bias.

For information received thanks are due Madame SIBLEY; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; JOHNSON, BURNS, & Co.; BALLARD, HALLEY, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

LORD TENTERDEN, the secretary of the British part of the Joint High Commission now in session in Washington, is a great-grandson of CHARLES ABBOTT, who was the son of a hair-dresser, and born at Canterbury in 1762. In 1781 he was elected to a scholarship at Oxford, where he was distinguished for attainments and good conduct. At thirty-three he was called to the bar, and soon secured a large practice. At forty he published his work on the law of merchant shipping, which is now a standard authority. At forty-six he refused a judgeship, but accepted at fifty-four. Two years later, at fifty-six, he was made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and in 1827, during the premiership of Mr. CANNING, was raised to the peerage, but did not long enjoy the title, having died in 1832. Such is the history of the founder of the house, the dignity of which is worthily maintained by the present lord.

—Mr. THURLOW WEED contributes to the *Commercial Advertiser* a list of New York gentlemen who on the 24th of February, 1831—just forty years ago—were the committee who invited DANIEL WEBSTER to a dinner at the City Hotel. Among the names of the forty-six gentlemen of the committee are many that are now historical: Drs. MOTT and HOSACK, the HONES, HAGGERTYS, LAWRENCES, GOODHUES, OGDENS, BOORMANS, BRONSONS, VARICKS, SEDGWICKS, SLOSSONS, LYDIGS, etc., etc.—a very notable array. Out of the entire list only two of the forty-six survive, viz., HUGH MAXWELL, now eighty-four, and Mr. CHARLES H. RUSSELL.

—In Irvington, Westchester County, WASHINGTON IRVING was known as "Neighbor Arvin" among the yeomen of Sleepy Hollow and the region round about. They knew him not as the man who had made the place immortal.

—Mr. JUSTICE NELSON at first declined a place on the High Commission, and only accepted at the earnest personal request of Mr. FISH. The judge is now seventy-eight, but hale and vigorous, and by his clear head, great experience of and familiarity with international law, will prove an invaluable member of the Commission.

—It was SYDNEY SMITH who once told a friend that between ten and seventy years of age he had eaten and drunk forty-four one-horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved him in life and health, and that the value of this overfeeding was something like $35,000.

—Hon. ELLIOTT, the new colored representative in Congress from South Carolina, was three years ago a journeyman printer in Charlestown, Massachusetts. Afterward edited a paper in South Carolina. Is about thirty, and right smart.

—Mr. HOME, who has been all abroad for several years past on the subject of Spiritualism, has finally abjured that ism, and is about to become a candidate for holy orders in the Episcopal Church.

—M. LOUIS BONARD, a peculiar Frenchman, who enjoyed "a private religion of his own, based on justice and humanity," died recently, and left to M. HENRY BERGH, as President of the S. for the P. of C. to A., the sum of $100,000. Already they begin to pester Surrogate HUTCHINGS about it; and probably his heirs will contest the will. M. BERGH says that M. BONARD was a man of most exemplary habits, who lived simply and modestly in a comfortable dwelling in Wooster Street, and who devoted considerable of his time to thinking about cruelty to animals.

—Colonel G. A. HOLT, just elected President of the Senate of Kentucky, is said to be the youngest man who ever held that position; moreover, an able man and a modest man.

—General SICKLES officially presented to the new King of Spain, on the 2d of February, the letter accrediting General S. as minister of the United States to the new monarch. General SICKLES addressed the King in the Spanish language, which he speaks fluently, as he does the French and Italian, besides being a good German scholar. The United States has been fortunate of late in the accomplishments of its representatives abroad, Mr. MOTLEY, Mr. BANCROFT, Mr. MARSH, and General SICKLES being fine linguists. It is understood that General S. stands particularly high in the personal regard of his Majesty.

—MONCURE D. CONWAY, a frequent and acceptable contributor to the HARPER periodicals, and a most industrious *littérateur*, preaches two sermons every Sunday in London, in chapels three miles apart, and has for auditors many of the most cultivated men in that metropolis.

—Bishop CLARKSON, of Nebraska, says that of the 75,000 Indians in his diocese there are at least 15,000 "good Indians," who attend religious services. Old frontier-men doubt about the "good Indian." They have a theory that the only good Indian is a dead Indian.

—Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has just enacted what she calls the greatest romance in her life. Enthusiastic males of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, next day after her concert to the Wilkesbarres, accompanied her in special car as far as White Haven. Dinner. Railroad official offered her a ride on the locomotive "Southeastern." Unhesitatingly accepted. C. L. K. assumed the duties of the fireman, and rang bell at all stations and crossings. Carried away with delight. At Penn Haven alighted; resumed seat in special car, and made the remark above stated about "greatest romance," or words to that effect.

—HENRI ROCHEFORT has commenced the publication of a new journal, entitled *Le Mot d' Ordre*, and explains in his opening address that the *Mot d' Ordre* is regicide.

—General BOURBAKI is said to be a wondrous swordsman, and often, it is said, performs the feat with which Sir WALTER SCOTT rendered SALADIN famous—laying a silk handkerchief on the blade of his cimeter, and shredding it in two with an almost imperceptible movement of the arm.

—Ex-Queen ISABELLA, finding Paris no longer an agreeable residence for an ex-empress, proposes buying a château near Vienna, and thenceforth to adorn society in Austria.

—They made a spirited little dash at Mr. BRET HARTE in Chicago, to entice him to settle there, in this wise: WIRT DEXTER, Esq., a good lawyer and cultivated gentleman, who stands as high in his profession as BONNER'S "Dexter" does in *his*, drew up a paper, on which were autographed the names of WIRT DEXTER, E. J. TINKHAM, JOHN YOUNG SCAMMON, ANSON STAGER, GEORGE L. DUNLAP, Mr. ELLIS (bank prex), and other prominent Chicago men, to the number of thirty, pledged for $500 each, for the purpose of aiding in the establishment of a literary monthly, to be under the control of Mr. B. HARTE; and they offered to go more, if necessary, to make it a success. It did not seem good in the eyes of Mr. H., and so on he came to the East'ard.

—Senator TRUMBULL, of Illinois, expressed in the United States Senate, a few days since, the astounding opinion that "Washington was not the source of all wisdom and purity."

—English noblemen of high degree do not always have, while young, quite as much money to spend as would be agreeable to them. Earl de Grey and Ripon, for instance, the president of the English branch of the High Commission, during the lifetime of his father, who died only ten or twelve years ago, was allowed a sum that was regarded as narrow even to penuriousness, and the very simple habits to which for thirty odd years he habituated himself he still retains. In the House of Commons he was a Liberal, with strong sympathies for the working-classes. One of his most intimate friends is Mr. TOM HUGHES. His father was Prime Minister from November, 1830, until July, 1834. Earl Grey is Grand Master of the Masonic fraternity of England, and it is understood that prior to his return he will be invited by the officials of the Grand Lodge in the United States to some sort of entertainment appropriate to that most mysterious and very aged organization.

—ROBERT BROWNING, though born in 1812, looks as though he were seventy, so much has the death of his wife affected him. His wife, whose parents were in affluent circumstances, was three years older than he, and very precocious, having published a volume of poems at the age of seventeen. She did not marry Mr. B. until she was thirty-seven.

—Concerning certain *very* old people—viz.: HENRY VAN METER, who died at Bangor, Maine, February 12, aged 110, of whom several interesting facts may be found in LOSSING'S "Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812."—Mrs. ELISA LEESON died recently in the alms-house at Hartford, Connecticut, aged 111. Her father lived to be 112.—Mrs. SUSAN RUSK, of Alleghany County, Virginia, died recently at the age of 117, leaving a young daughter of 98.—Mrs. PLANK, aged 106, is still living, and in fair health, in her native town of Killingly, Connecticut.—Mrs. ELIZABETH KIEFFER, of No. 65 Oliver Street, in this city, is 108, and a few weeks ago made a complaint in the Special Sessions against a caitiff who stole $20 from her.

—One of the ablest of the writers of editorials for the London *Times*, Canon MOZELEY, has recently been appointed to the Professorship of Divinity at Oxford.

—Among the fresh artistes who are to compose PAREPA-ROSA'S new opera company, who are coming to warble to us next autumn, is Madame VANZINI, daughter of Signor BLITZ. She is to receive a salary of $2500 a month in gold, and all expenses. It is said that the entire troupe will be composed of new artistes.

—FROUDE, the historian, is preparing a history of Ireland under the old penal anti-Roman-Catholic laws; but what will interest us more is that he is writing three lectures, embracing the more salient points, which he proposes to deliver in the United States.

—The Rev. MORGAN DIX has been photographed for the *Boston Gazette* by the New York correspondent of that paper, who speaks of him as "every inch a priest. He imposes celibacy upon himself, as in his opinion more consistent with the ministerial character, but he urges the doctrine upon no one else. He is very wealthy, but denies himself all luxury or repose. His tastes in many things, especially in books and paintings, are æsthetic, but in his habits he is ascetic and severe. He lives far down town, in what was a fashionable quarter when St. John's Park was the most elegant and retired of our green inclosures; but the ugly walls of the monster new Hudson River freight dépôt now frown upon his windows. At all hours, early or late, he may be seen, in his long, black, priestly coat, threading the noisome streets of the wretched section over which he presides, bent on errands of consolation or mercy. He is a tireless, a marvelous worker. His thin, wiry frame seems unconscious of fatigue. His own large fortune he scatters profusely, and he seems to have no heed but the advancement of the Church and the doing of good. In the pulpit he is austere; he has no graces of eloquence, but he is singularly lucid, direct, and he is often quite original. His sharp, somewhat harsh voice seems to give directness and force to what he says. His sentences are like cleavers—so sharp and yet forcible they cut through to the marrow of what he would reach. Stern, inflexible, uncompromising, passionately devout, fired with zeal, preferring work to talk, he presents in most of his characteristics a striking contrast with his peers. While to casual observation the springs of ordinary passions appear to be dried up within him, he is yet, when relaxing from work and duty, hearty, genial, and fairly overflowing with cheerfulness."

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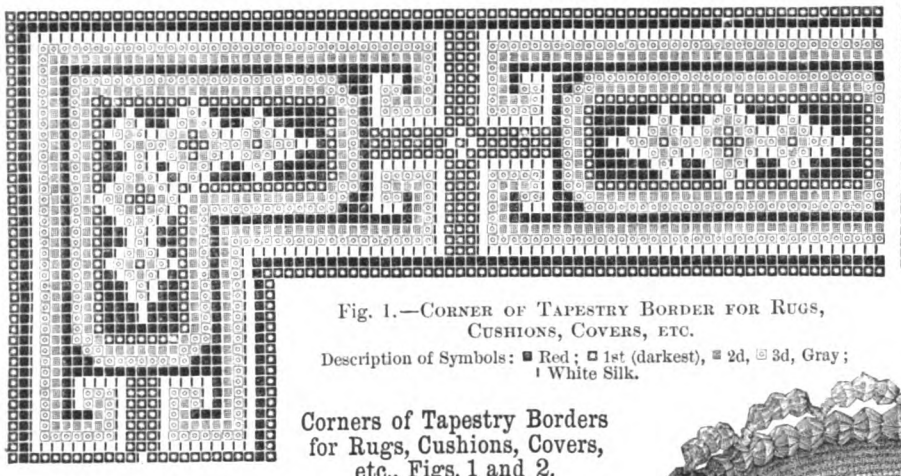


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF TAPESTRY BORDER FOR RUGS, CUSHIONS, COVERS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Red; □ 1st (darkest), ▪ 2d, ▫ 3d, Gray; ı White Silk.

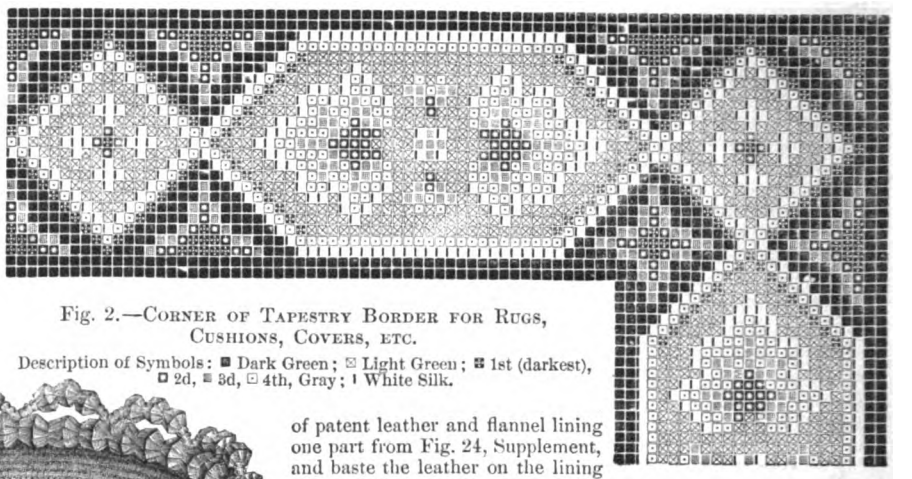


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF TAPESTRY BORDER FOR RUGS, CUSHIONS, COVERS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Green; ▨ Light Green; ▪ 1st (darkest), □ 2d, ▪ 3d, ▫ 4th, Gray; ı White Silk.

Corners of Tapestry Borders for Rugs, Cushions, Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are suitable for edging small rugs, cushions, covers, etc., and are worked on canvas in cross stitch. The description of symbols under the illustrations indicates the colors to be used. The borders may also be worked in bead embroidery.

Crystal Bead and Silver Wire Mat for Bottles, Glasses, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS mat is used for glasses, bottles, etc.; it is four inches in diameter, and is made of crystal beads and silver wire. The outer edge is trimmed with a border made of large cut crystal beads and small crystal beads, which forms a standing rim. To make the mat string beads of the size shown by Fig. 2 on a piece of silver wire of the requisite length. With one end of this wire and the first eight beads form a round loop, as shown by the illustration, and between the eight beads fasten eight pieces of wire each four inches and four-fifths long, which are bent double. Each of these wires is twisted once close to the wire of the loop (see illustration). Then lay the wire once around the loop, letting it come between the two ends of each of the eight wire bars, and two beads come between each two bars. Twist each wire bar once close to the last round of beads, make a new round of beads, and continue in this manner, following the illustration, until a flat, round section is formed of the size above mentioned; the number of beads between each two bars must be increased in each successive round as may be necessary. The ends of wire standing over are twisted and fastened to the outer edge of the mat. Next encircle the outer edge with a round of large cut crystal beads, which are strung on wire (the number of beads must be divisible by three). Fasten a new piece of wire between two large beads of the rim, * take up three small beads, take up three large beads, take up three small beads, fasten to the wire of the outer rim after the third following large bead, and repeat from *. After completing the round, fasten the end of the wire and cut it off. Bend the bead scallops upward (see illustration, Fig. 1).

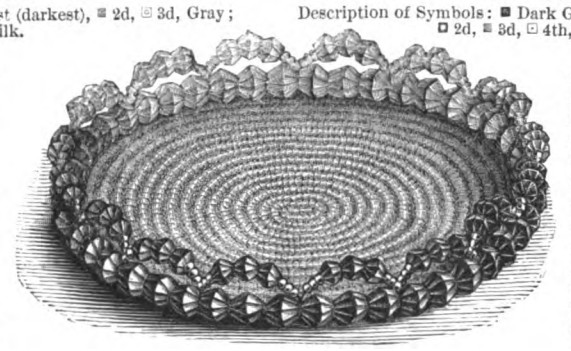


Fig. 1.—CRYSTAL BEAD AND SILVER WIRE MAT FOR BOTTLES, GLASSES, ETC.

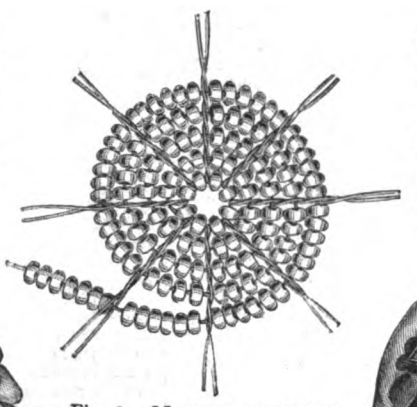
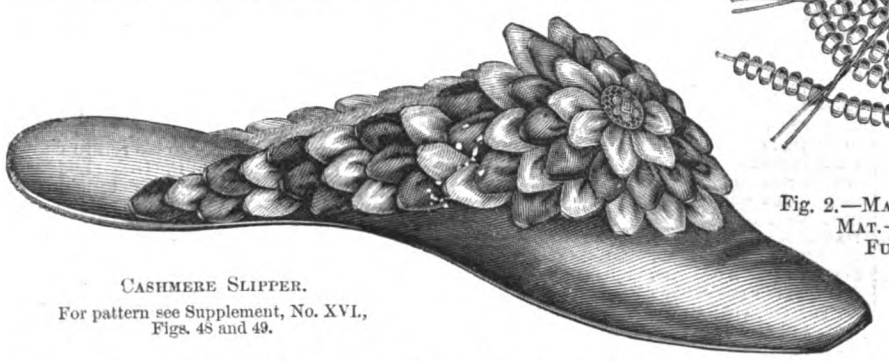


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING MAT.—CENTRE. FULL SIZE.



CASHMERE SLIPPER.

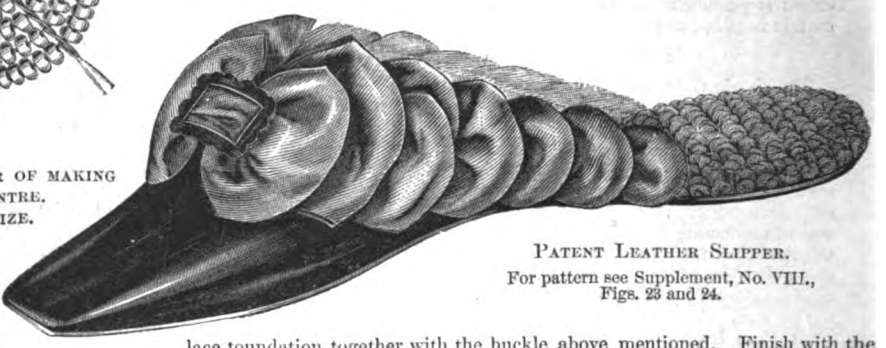
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 48 and 49.

Cashmere Slipper.

THIS slipper is of gray cashmere, thinly wadded, and lined with red flannel. The sole is made of felt, and covered with red flannel on the inside. The trimming of the slipper consists of red satin and gray cashmere leaves, which are arranged on a stiff lace foundation as shown by the illustration. Cut the front of the slipper and the sole from Figs. 23 and 24 of No. VIII., Supplement, cutting the front of cashmere, cotton batting, and flannel, and the sole of felt, cotton batting, and flannel. Cut the stiff lace foundation from Fig. 48, Supplement, and the leaves from Fig. 49. Lay the cotton batting of the front between soft net, and then between the material and flannel lining. Bind the front edge of the front with gray silk ribbon four-fifths of an inch wide. Furnish the sole with the cotton batting interlining, cover with red flannel, and overseam it to the front. Cut the requisite number of leaves of red satin and gray cashmere, turn down the material of the leaves on the under side along the dotted line given, gather the under straight edge, and sew them on the stiff lace foundation in such a manner that each leaf covers the seam made by sewing on the previous one. In the middle of the trimming sew on a button covered with red satin and lace, and, finally, sew the completed trimming on the front edge of the front (see illustration). This trimming may be made of red satin only.

Patent Leather Slipper.

THIS slipper is made of black patent leather, and is lined with red flannel, and furnished with a felt sole. The latter is covered with a crocheted sole on the inside. The trimming consists of leaf bows of red silk ribbon and a black buckle. Cut of patent leather and flannel lining one part from Fig. 24, Supplement, and baste the leather on the lining all around the outer edge. Bind the outer edge of the front with black silk ribbon. Cut the sole of felt, two-fifths of an inch thick, from Fig. 23, Supplement. Work the crochet sole exactly in the shape shown by Fig. 23. Beginning at the back edge, work with a double thread of worsted a foundation of the requisite length, and on this work the 1st round.—All sc. (single crochet). 2d round.—Turn the work, 1 ch. (chain stitch), * 1 sc. on the first sc. of the preceding round, draw out the loop on the needle two-fifths of an inch, take the needle out of the loop, pass it through the front vein of the two upper veins of the same sc., 1 ch., and repeat from *. Divide the double working thread, use one thread as a foundation, and with the other work, first, 1 ch., then 1 sc. on the front vein of every sc. of the preceding round. Repeat these two rounds until the sole is completed. Sew the completed sole on the felt sole, and join the front of the slipper with the sole according to the corresponding figures. For the trimming, make twelve leaves of red ribbon, graduating them in size; the largest are two inches and two-fifths long and two inches wide. Round the upper edge of the leaves, pleat the under edge (see illustration), and sew them on a stiff lace foundation, which must correspond in shape to the upper edge of the front. For the bow-like part of the middle of the trimming cut two pieces of ribbon—one five inches and a fifth long, and the other four inches long, and both three inches and a fifth wide. Round the upper and under edge of each part, lay the smaller part on the larger, pleat them at the middle, and fasten them on the stiff lace foundation together with the buckle above mentioned. Finish with the trimming, as shown by the illustration.



PATENT LEATHER SLIPPER.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 23 and 24.

CROCHET CIGAR-CASE.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 47.

Crochet Cigar-Case.

THIS case consists of two parts, which fit into each other as shown by the illustration. Both parts are made of card-board. The outer part is covered on the outside with a crochet cover worked with three shades of brown silk twist, and on the inside with brown silk. The inner part is covered with brown silk on the outside and inside, and one end is furnished with a crochet cover. Furnish the middle of this end with a loop of brown ribbon. Cut of card-board from Fig. 47, Supplement, two parts, cutting the inner part two-fifths of an inch narrower than the outer. On the inside of both the parts paste brown silk, after which paste together the lengthwise edges of each part. Cover the outside of the inner part with brown silk. For the crochet cover of the end of the inner part work with the medium shade of brown silk a foundation of 6 ch. (chain stitch), close it in a ring with a sl. (slip stitch), and on this work 13 rounds sc. (single crochet), in doing which widen in two opposite parts of the work three to four times at regular intervals, so that a flat oval section, two inches and four-fifths long and two inches and two-fifths wide, is formed. All around this section work six rounds more without widening. Then double this crochet cover, so as to give it the shape of a short bag, and push the rounded point to the inside, so as to form a sharp fold there, which must reach from one side edge to the other. On the inside of the bag crochet a round of sc. on the edge of the fold, so as to define it sharply. To the middle of the fold sew a loop of brown ribbon an inch and a quarter long, and then sew on the part along the straight line given on Fig. 47. Begin the cover for the outer part of the case in the same manner as that for the inner part, but instead of 13 rounds work 15 rounds, widening them so as to make the part a little wider. Then, without changing the number of stitches, work two rounds with the lightest shade of brown silk, one round with the medium shade, one round with the darkest, and then 10 rounds with the medium shade of silk. In the 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th of these rounds form dots in the design, as shown by the illustration. Each dot consists of 3 dc. (double crochet), which must be worked on the free upper vein of the next st. (stitch) of the round before the preceding round (take no notice

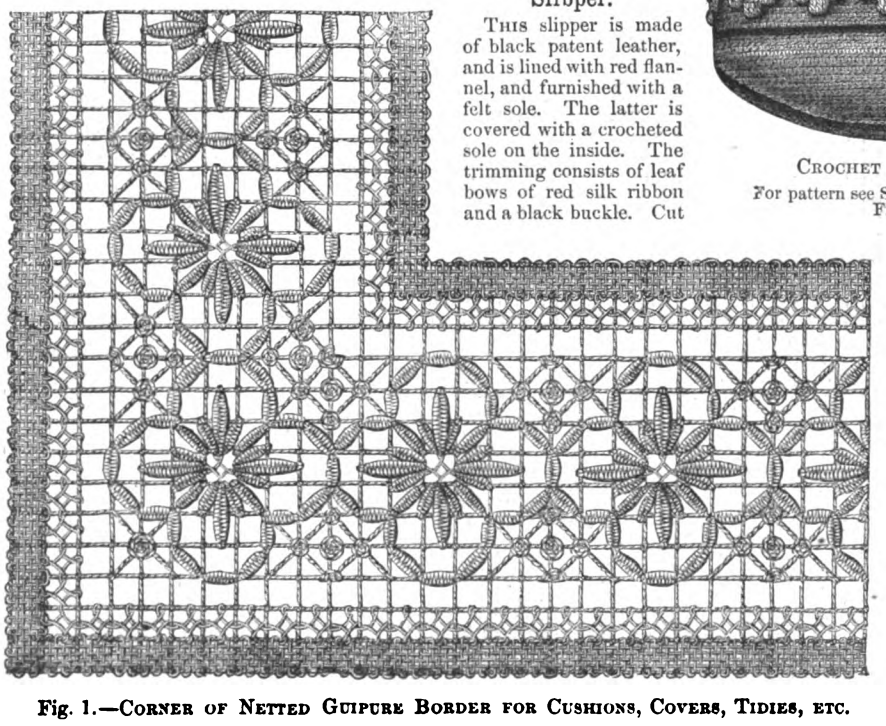


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF NETTED GUIPURE BORDER FOR CUSHIONS, COVERS, TIDIES, ETC.

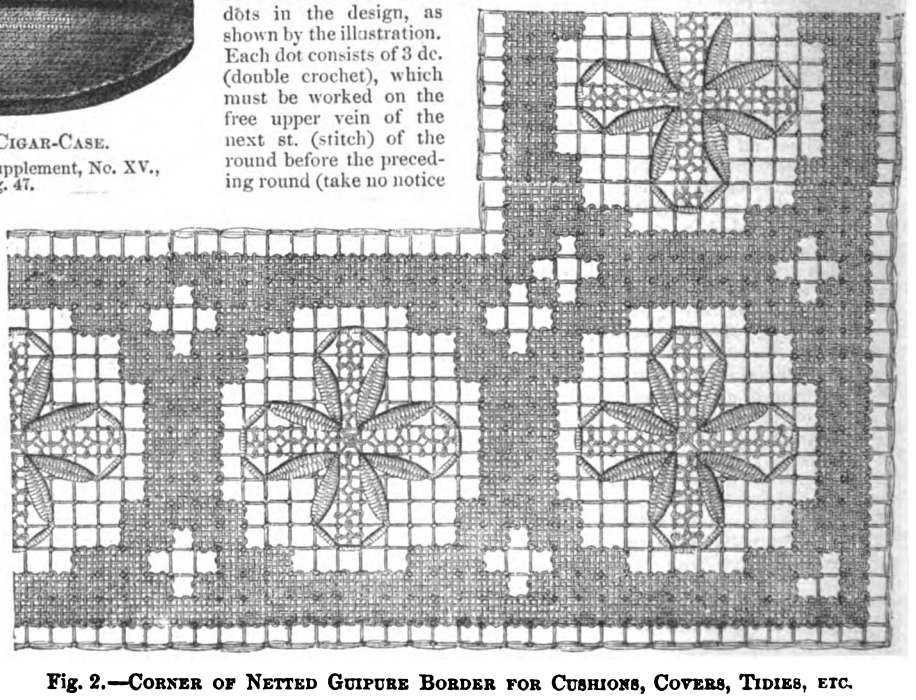


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF NETTED GUIPURE BORDER FOR CUSHIONS, COVERS, TIDIES, ETC.

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of the next st. of the preceding round). The dots of the 4th round are worked after intervals of 7 st., the dots of the 6th round after intervals of 3 st., and those of the 8th round after intervals of 7 dc., as is shown by the illustration. In the 5th, 7th, and 9th rounds pass over the dots with 1 ch. After completing the 10th round work one round of sc. with dark brown, one round with medium, and two rounds with light brown silk. The number of st. in the last of these two rounds must be divisible by 8, therefore it must be narrowed or widened by a few st. Then work 41 rounds of sc. in the following design: Without cutting off the working thread last used, lay on the dark brown silk, and with it work off the last light brown st. (It is to be observed that in changing the colors in these 41 rounds, the last st. of one color must be worked off with the thread of the following color, and the thread dropped must be carried further on the under side of the work until wanted again.) Then work the 1st round.—∗ 1 dark brown, 2 light brown, 3 medium, 2 light brown st., and repeat from ∗ to the end of the round. 2d round (the first st. of this and every following round must come on the first st. of the preceding round). —∗ 1 medium, 1 dark brown, 2 light brown, 1 medium, 2 light brown, 1 dark brown st.; repeat from ∗. 3d round. —∗ 2 medium, 1 dark brown, 3 light brown, 1 dark brown, 1 medium st.; repeat from ∗. 4th round.—3 medium, 1 dark brown, 1 light brown, 1 dark brown, 2 medium st.; repeat from ∗. 5th round. —∗ 2 medium, 2 light brown, 1 dark brown, 2 light brown, 1 medium st.; repeat from ∗. 6th round.—1 medium, 2 light brown, 1 dark brown, 1 medium, 1 dark brown, 2 light brown st.; repeat from ∗. 7th round.—∗ 2 light brown, 1 dark brown, 3 medium, 1 dark brown, 1 light brown st.; repeat from ∗. 8th round.—∗ 1 light brown, 1 dark brown, 5 medium, 1 dark brown st.; repeat from ∗. Repeat these eight rounds four times more, and then work one round like the first round. Now work two rounds with light brown, one round with medium, one round with dark brown silk, then ten rounds in the dotted design, then one round with dark brown, one round with medium, and, finally, two rounds with light brown silk. Draw the completed cover over the card-board part and sew it on. Then slip the two parts into each other, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—MUSLIN UNDER-SKIRT FOR TRAINED DRESSES.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 36-41.

Fig. 2.—MUSLIN UNDER-SKIRT FOR TRAINED DRESSES (WITHOUT THE UPPER TRAIN SET ON).

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 36-41.

HORSE-HAIR PANIER WITH PUFFS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 50.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 42 and 43.

Netted Guipure Corners of Borders for Cushions, Covers, Tidies, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 180.

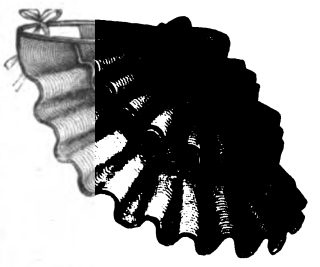
BOTH these borders are suitable for ornamenting pillow-slips, covers, tidies, etc. The foundation of Fig. 1 is worked with medium-sized linen thread over a half-inch mesh, and that of Fig. 2 over a mesh two-fifths of an inch in circumference in straight netting. Work the foundations of such borders as are intended to ornament four-cornered articles as follows: Begin with a foundation of 2 st. (stitches), and, always going backward and forward, work, widening 1 st. at the end of each round, until the work counts twice as many st. as the width of the border, exclusive of the edge stitches. Now work each half of the border separately, that is, on half of the stitches, beginning at the left-hand outer edge; work one round without widening, and after this widen in the following rounds at the outer edge and narrow at the inner edge, alternately widening in one round and narrowing in the next. When the work is of the desired length at the outer lengthwise edge begin to form the inner corner by working, after the last narrowing, 1 st. on the outer edge stitch on that side where the narrowing was heretofore done, and in this way begin the widening for the second inner side of the border. This must be repeated in every second following round, while the widening must be done in the same proportion at the outer side. Continue in this manner until the inner side of the border counts two squares less than the inner lengthwise edge already completed. Work the border in this manner in case it is to form a perfect square; but if it is to be longer than broad, work as many more rounds for the lengthwise sides as may be necessary. Then cut off the thread at the outside of the border, lay it on at the outside of the st. previously left unnoticed, work 1 st. (2 knots) on the first st. there, in order to supply the wanting st. through the division of the st., and then work two rounds. At the end of the second round begin the widening, which, from this out, must be done to correspond with that of the first two sides, as must be the narrowing. Continue working as before until the fourth inner side corresponds to the second inner side, and then work one round on the entire number of stitches (including those of the first half of the border) without widening or narrowing. At the end of the next round begin the narrowing, which must be repeated at the end of every round until there are only 2 st. left. Work these together with one knot, which completes the foundation of the border. Work the foundation of both borders with fine linen thread in point de reprise, point de toile, and point d'esprit, and ornament them with wheels as shown by the illustration.

LEGGING WITH FUR TRIMMING.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 18 and 19.

Dress for Girl from 1 to 3 Years old.

THIS dress is made of blue poplin, and is trimmed with side-pleated ruffles of the material. Cut of the material and lining from Fig. 42, Supplement, one piece for the yoke. At the back edges of the yoke allow three-quarters of an inch extra material; at the left edge this extra material serves as a fly. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 43, observing the contour of the under part of the sleeve. For the body cut of the material and net lining a piece nineteen inches wide and sixty-five inches long, and hem one side an inch and a quarter wide. Face each cross-wise edge with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide, and furnish them with buttons and button-holes for closing the dress. Trim the bottom of the body with a side-pleated ruffle nearly five inches wide, as shown by the illustration. Lay the upper edge of the body in pleats three-quarters of an inch wide, which must come close together, and all lie one way, so that the upper edge measures twenty inches in length, and sew it between the double material of the yoke. On each side, between the front and back of the yoke, leave an inch and four-fifths of the body plain, that is, do not pleat it, and cut out a small piece for the arm-hole. At the end of the waist sew through the pleats. Face the back edges of the yoke with a strip of the material an inch and three-quarters wide, and furnish it with buttons and button-holes for closing. Sew up the sleeves according to the corresponding figures, face the bottom with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide, trim them as shown by the illustration, and sew them into the corded arm-holes. Trim the outer edge of the yoke and the neck with side-pleated ruffles. These ruffles, and those of the sleeves, are each an inch and a quarter wide. Finish the front of the dress with a bow of the material. A belt an inch and a quarter wide, made of the material, stiff interlining, and lining, is fastened around the waist.



HORSE-HAIR PANIER WITH FRILLS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 17.

Fig. 1.—STRIPED GAUZE GRENADINE DRESS WITH CASHMERE TALMA.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH SWISS MUSLIN OVER-SKIRT AND FICHU.

For description see Supplement.

Legging with Fur Trimming.

THE original is of light gray cloth, and is trimmed with bands of gray fur and a rosette and tassels. Cut the legging from Figs. 18 and 19, Supplement, but on Fig. 19 cut the outer edge straight instead of scalloped. Sew on the trimming and the strap as shown by the illustration.

WATER-PROOF LEGGING.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 18 and 19.

Water-proof Legging.

THIS legging is of dark gray water-proof, and is lined with gray twilled muslin. Cut of the material and lining from Figs. 18 and 19, Supplement, each one piece. Sew up the two halves of the legging and the button-hole fly according to the corresponding figures, fell the lining and material together at the outer edge of the legging, and stitch it all around an eighth of an inch from the outer edge with black silk. Work the button-holes in the fly, and furnish the part coming under this with the corresponding buttons along the straight line

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given on Fig. 18. With the under edge of the legging join a strap of black enameled cloth three inches and a quarter wide, sewing it in from : to *. Trim the legging with a rosette and two black silk tassels.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER V.

MISS THELLUSON had always been lamentably deficient in the quality which is called "respect of persons." She tended her servant half the night through as carefully as if poor Grace had been her personal friend, and a lady born. There was, indeed, much of the lady about the girl, which was Hannah's great comfort in having her as nurse—a refinement of manner and feeling, and a fine sense of honor, not always found in her class. For since she had been mistress of a large house and many servants Miss Thelluson had discovered to her grief that, in these days, the moral standard of kitchen and parlor was not always the same. Still in her nurse she had always comfort; and Grace, probably on account of this difference, or for other reasons—now patent enough—had seemed to dislike mixing much with the other servants. Her mistress could trust her thoroughly. She was, indeed, quite a personal friend—as every faithful servant ought to be.

When the poor girl came to herself she poured her whole sad story into her mistress's patient ear.

"I had no idea I was doing wrong—no, that I hadn't!" moaned she. "Two or three in our village had married their sister's husband. What can a poor working-man do when he is left with a lot of children, but get their aunt to come and look after them? And then, if she's young, or, indeed, any how, people are sure to begin talking. Isn't it better to stop their wicked tongues by marrying her at once, and making all right and comfortable? For they're not comfortable—I wasn't. And they're not real brother and sister, whatever master says. And I'm sure they can be married; for there was our old squire, he married two sisters, and had two families, one all girls, the other boys. And the eldest son by the second marriage—young Mr. Melville—came in for the property, and is the squire now. And nobody ever said his mother wasn't lawfully married, no more than, when I came home from London, the neighbors said I wasn't married to Jim. Married in church, too, though we were Methodists both; and neither the parson nor our own minister ever said a word against it."

Though the poor girl talked in a wild, rambling, excited fashion, still there was some sense in her arguments; and when she implored Miss Thelluson to speak to Mr. Rivers again, and repeat all she said, and ask if there was not a chance of his having been mistaken, or if he could not, at least, prevent the marriage with Ann Bridges, Hannah scarcely knew what to say. At last, just to soothe her—for, out of consideration to her mistress, Grace had kept her misery to herself for a day and a half, till it had almost driven her frantic—she promised to do her best in the matter.

"And you'll do it at once, miss; and tell master that whatever is done should be done at once, or Jim will get married, and then what is to become of me and my poor child? It isn't myself that I care for. I didn't do wrong; God knows I didn't! And I don't mind what folk say of me; but it's my poor boy. And it's Jim, too, a little; I don't want Jim to do wrong either."

And she shed a few tears over even the bad fellow, who, she confessed, had in his drunken fits beaten her many a time.

"But I forgive him, for he was drunk," said she, using that too common but mistaken excuse. "And then I had the children to comfort me. Such dear little things they were, and so fond of me! And he'll go and bring that woman Bridges to be step-mother over them, and she is a bad temper, and she's sure to ill-treat them, poor lambs! Jenny's poor little motherless lambs! I must go back to them directly." And she sat up in bed, in an agony of distress. "Oh, miss, please give me my clothes, and I'll get up and dress, and be off by daylight."

This bitter grief, not over her own boy—who, she said, was safe with his grandmother—but over her dead sister's children, touched Hannah to the quick. She could understand it so well.

"You must lie quiet," said she; "or, rather, you must go back to your own bed beside Rosie. You have quite forgotten Rosie."

The right chord was struck. The young woman had evidently a strong sense of duty, besides being excessively fond of her charge; for Rosie was a little creature that won every body. So she sat up, fastened back her disheveled hair, and with her mistress's help tottered back to the nursery. Soon she settled herself in her customary corner, stretching out a caressing hand to the crib beside her bed, where, sleeping quite alone, but as sweetly as if all the angels of heaven were watching over her, little Rosie lay.

"Ah! baby, baby," Grace sobbed, "what would have become of me all these months without you, baby!"

What would become of many a miserable woman if it were not for a baby!

How Grace had ever left her own Hannah could not imagine; but found afterward it was the hard necessity of earning money, the grandmother being very poor, and Jim Dixon having gone off in search of work, and left the whole combined families on the old woman's hands. Now he reclaimed his three eldest, but disowned Grace's unfortunate babe.

"My boy—remember my boy!" implored she, as in the dim dawn of the morning her mistress left her, hoping her utter exhaustion would incline her to sleep. "Promise me that you will speak to the master, if only for the sake of my poor boy."

Hannah promised; but when she went back to her room and thought it all over—for she could not sleep—she was sorely perplexed. There might be some mistake, even though Mr. Rivers, who was a magistrate as well as a clergyman, spoke so decidedly. Grace's arguments were strong; and the case of Mr. Melville, whom she had herself met at the Moat House, was, to say the least, curious. She herself knew nothing of the law. If she could only speak to any body who did know, instead of to her brother-in-law! Once she thought of writing to Lady Dunsmore; but then what would the countess imagine? No doubt that she wanted the information for herself. And Hannah grew hot all over with shame and pain, and another feeling which was neither the one nor the other, and which she did not stay to analyze, except that it made her feel more reluctant than ever to name the subject again to Mr. Rivers.

Still Grace was so unfortunate; so innocently wicked—if wickedness there was. And the projected marriage of Dixon seemed much more so.

"Mr. Rivers will never allow it in his church. He surely would not sanction such a cruel thing, even if it be legal. And there is no time to lose. Whatever it costs me, I must speak to him at once."

With this resolution, and deadening her mind to any other thoughts, Hannah lay down, and tried to sleep, but in vain. After an hour or two of restless tossing, she dressed herself, and descended to the breakfast-room.

There she found Mr. Rivers playing with little Rosie—contrary to his habit; for he seldom saw her of mornings. He looked a little confused at being discovered.

"I sent for the child," said he. "Don't you think, Aunt Hannah, she is old enough to come down to breakfast with us?"

"Not quite," said Hannah, smiling; "but she can stay and play about on the floor. I dare say she will be good—won't she, auntie's darling?"

And auntie clasped fondly the little thing, who had tottered up to her and hid the pretty fair head in her gown-skirt. Mr. Rivers looked at them, and turned suddenly away—as he often did now.

Rosie behaved beautifully—for about five minutes!—and then began to perpetrate a few ignorant naughtinesses; such as pulling down a silver fork, and a butter-knife, with a great clatter; then creeping beneath the table, and trying to stand upright there, which naturally caused a bump on the head, and a scream so violent that Aunt Hannah, frightened out of all proprieties, quitted her seat and walked up and down the room, soothing in her arms the piteous little wailer.

"This will never do," said papa, sternly. "Pray take the child up stairs."

Which Hannah thankfully did, and staid away some minutes; feeling that, after all, the nursery was the safest, the most peaceful, and the pleasantest room in the house.

When she came back, her brother-in-law had finished breakfast, and was standing gazing out of the sunshiny window in a sort of dream. His temporary crossness had subsided; his face, though grave, was exceedingly sweet. Now that she had grown used to it, and it had gradually brightened, if not into happiness, at least into composure and peace, Hannah sometimes thought she had seldom seen so thoroughly sweet a face—such a combination of the man and the woman—that beautiful woman whose picture at the Moat House she often looked at, and wondered what kind of young creature the first Lady Rivers had been. Apparently not like the second Lady Rivers at all.

It was exactly his mother's smile with which Mr. Rivers turned round now.

"So the little maid is comforted at last. What influence you women have over babies, and what helpless beings we men are with them! Why, it is as much as papa can do to keep Miss Rosie quiet for five minutes, and Aunt Hannah has her the whole day. Do you never tire of her?"

"Never. No more does Grace, who has an instinctive love for children—which all women have not, I assure you. This is what makes her so valuable as a nurse."

Hannah said this intentionally; for, not two minutes before, the girl had run after her with a wild white face. "Have you spoken to the master? Will you speak to him? Don't forsake me! Ask him to help me! Oh, Miss Thelluson, I'm fond of *your* child—think of mine!" Even if Hannah had not liked and respected Grace so much, to her good heart, now open to all children for Rosie's sake, this argument would have struck home.

"I hope the young woman is better this morning, and that you did not fatigue yourself too much with her last night," said Mr. Rivers, coldly; and then began speaking of something else. But Hannah, bracing up her courage, determined to discharge her unpleasant duty at once.

"Have you ten minutes to spare? Because I have a special message to you from Mrs. Dixon."

"What Mrs. Dixon?"

"Grace. She insists upon it she has a legal right to the name."

"She is under a complete delusion, and the sooner she wakes up out of it the better. Pray, Hannah, do not, with your weak womanish pity, encourage her for a moment."

Mr. Rivers spoke sharply—more sharply than any gentleman ought to speak to any lady; though men sometimes think they are justified in doing so—to wives and sisters. But her brother-in-law had never thus spoken to Hannah before—she was not used to it: and she looked at him, first surprised, then slightly indignant.

"My pity is not weak or womanish, nor do I call it pity at all. It is simple love of justice. Either Grace is married or not married. All I want is, for her sake and the child's, to find out the exact law of the case."

"Which is just what I told her last night. No doubt she was married, as she says; only the marriage, being illegal, is null and void."

"But she says such marriages are not uncommon."

"I believe they are not, in the lower classes. Nevertheless, those who risk them must take the consequences. The wife is only the mistress, and the children are base-born. I beg your pardon for putting plain facts into plain language, but you compel me. Why will you meddle in this unpleasant matter? It can be nothing to you."

And he looked at her keenly as he spoke, but Hannah did not perceive it just then. Her interest was too strongly excited for the cruel position of poor Grace. She recalled involuntarily an old argument of Lady Dunsmore on this very subject—whether any wrong could be exactly "nothing" to any honest-minded man or woman, even though he or she were not personally affected thereby.

"Pardon me," she answered, gently, "it is something to me to see any human being in great misery, if by any possibility that misery could be removed. Are you quite sure you are right as to the law? It can not always have been what you say, because Grace tells me of a certain Mr. Melville who visits at the Moat House—" And Hannah repeated the story. "Can it be possible," added she, "that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor?"

"No. But in 1835 the law was altered, or at least modified: all such marriages then existing were confirmed, and all future ones declared illegal. Melville escaped by a hair-breadth only, his parents having been married in 1834."

"Then what was right one year was wrong the next? That is, to my weak womanly notions, a very extraordinary form of justice."

Her brother-in-law regarded her inquiringly. Evidently he was surprised; did not at first take in the intense single-mindedness of the woman who could thus throw herself out of herself, and indignantly argue the cause of another, even though it trenched upon ground so delicate that most feminine instincts would have let it alone. He looked at her; and then his just nature divining the utter innocence and indifference out of which she spoke, he said nothing—only sighed.

"You are a very good woman, Hannah—I know that—and Grace ought to be exceedingly obliged to you. But you can not help her—not in the least."

"And can not you? Could you not, at least, prevent the man's marrying another woman—as he means to do in your very church next Sunday?"

"Does he? The brute!" cried Mr. Rivers, passionately. Then, relapsing into his former coldness—"I fear nothing can be done. The former marriage being invalid, he can contract another at any time—legally, I mean; the moral question is a different thing."

"So it seems," said Hannah, bitterly; for she was vexed at his manner—it seemed so hard, so unlike his usual warm, generous way of judging matters. "But," she argued, resolved to leave not a stone unturned for her poor servant's sake, "if the marriage with Grace was unlawful, why can not he be prosecuted for that, as for bigamy or similar offenses? Either it was a crime, or it was not. If it was, punish it by the law; if not—"

"You reason like a woman," interrupted Mr. Rivers, angrily. "When I, a man, have already argued the question with myself in every possible way—" He stopped abruptly. "I mean that you women will only see two sides of a subject—the right and the wrong."

"Yes, thank Heaven!"

"Whereas there are many sides, and a man requires to see them all. But we are slipping into ethical discussion, which you and I are rather prone to, Aunt Hannah. Suppose, instead, we go and look at our roses?"

Go and look at roses when a fellow-creature was hanging on every breath of theirs for hope or despair! Hannah had never thought her brother-in-law so hard-hearted.

"I can't go," she said. "I must first speak to poor Grace. What shall I say to her?"

"Whatever you like. But I think the less you say the better. And perhaps, if you could gently hint it, the sooner she leaves us the better. Of course she will have to leave."

"Leave!" repeated Hannah, much startled by the new phase which this most unlucky affair was assuming. "Why 'of course?' I never thought of her leaving."

"Do you not see? But no, you can not—you see nothing at all!" muttered Bernard Rivers to himself. "Do you not perceive," continued he, earnestly, "that we live in a house on a hill, morally as well as physically? That a clergyman must keep himself out of the slightest shadow of evil comment? I especially, both as rector of Easterham and as Sir Austin's son, must expect to have my acts and motives sharply criticised, and perhaps many a motive ascribed to me which does not exist. No; I have been thinking the matter over all the morning, and I see no alternative. Grace ought to go. I believe Lady Rivers and all at the Moat House would say the same."

Hannah drew back. She had never resisted her brother-in-law before—not even in cases where she had thought him a little wrong: though this happened seldom. She had found out that, like most men who are neither selfish nor egotistical, he was remarkably just. Now she felt him to be unjust. To send away Rosie's fond and faithful nurse would be to the child herself a very harmful thing—to Grace, in her circumstances, a bitter unkindness, not to say an actual wrong; and Miss Thelluson was not the woman to stand tamely by and see a wrong done to any human being if she could help it.

Still it was needful to be very guarded, and she might even have been less courageous had not the allusion to the Moat House and its opinions—always more or less shallow and worldly—stirred up in her something of that righteous indignation which blazed up, quite unexpectedly sometimes, in Aunt Hannah's quiet bosom.

"Excuse me," she said, more formally than she was used to speak, in the free and pleasant, even affectionate, relations that now subsisted between Mr. Rivers and herself. "Lady Rivers is mistress of the Moat House, but not of the House on the Hill. When you did me the honor to give me that position, you distinctly said I should manage it as I chose. I claim my right. For Rosie's sake, I must beg of you not to send away her nurse."

"Good Heavens! you will not see! How can I, placed as I am, keep in my house a woman who is disgraced for life?"

"Not disgraced; only unfortunate. She is a very good girl indeed. She protests solemnly she had not an idea that in marrying James Dixon she was doing wrong."

"How you women do hold to your point!" said Mr. Rivers, in great irritation, almost agitation. "But she has done wrong. She has broken the law. In the eye of the law she is neither more nor less than a poor seduced girl, mother of a bastard child."

Now Hannah Thelluson was an exceedingly "proper" person. That is, though not ignorant of the wickedness of the world—the things "done in secret," as St. Paul terms them—she agreed with St. Paul that it was a shame to speak of them, unless unavoidable, and for some good end. If duty required, she would have waded through any quantity of filth; but she did not like it; she preferred keeping in clean paths if possible. Oftentimes she had been startled, not to say shocked, by the light way in which some fast young ladies who came about the Moat House, and even the Misses Rivers themselves, talked of things which she and the girls of her generation scarcely knew existed, and certainly would never have spoken about, except to their own mothers. And among the qualities in Mr. Rivers which first drew her toward him was one which women soon instinctively find out in men—as men, they say, in women—that rare delicacy of thought and action which no outward decorum can ever imitate, because it springs from an innate chastity of soul. Thus, when in his excitement, Mr. Rivers used such exceedingly plain, ugly words, Miss Thelluson looked at him in intense astonishment, and blushed all over her face.

Some people called Hannah a plain woman—that is, she was tall and thin and colorless, not unlike the white lily she had been compared to; but when she blushed, it was like the white lily with a rosy sunset glow upon it. For the moment she looked absolutely pretty. Something in Mr. Rivers's eyes made her conscious that he thought so—or, at least, that he was thinking of her, and not of poor Grace or the subject in hand at all.

"Why do you not oftener wear white—I like it so much?" he said, softly touching her gown, a thick muslin, embroidered with black, which she thought would be a sort of medieval compromise. She was so fond of white that it was half regretfully she had decided she was too old to wear it. But among her new dresses she could not resist this one. It pleased her to have it noticed, or would have done, had not her mind been full of other things.

"I was going to the picnic in Langmead Wood, you know; but never mind that just now. Before I start I shall have to tell poor Grace her doom. A heavy blow it will be. Do not ask me to make it worse by telling her she must leave us."

Bernard was silent.

"I can not bear to resist your will," pleaded she. "When I first came here I made up my mind to obey you—that is, in all domestic things—even as *she* would have done. But even she would have resisted you in this. Were she living now, I am sure she would say exactly as I do—dear, tender-hearted Rosa!"

"Why do you name her?" said Mr. Rivers, in a low tone. "Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid! Why should I be? Of all women I ever knew, my sister had the truest heart, the quickest sense of justice. If she thought a thing was right, she would say it—ay, and do it, too—in face of the whole world. So would I."

"Would you? Are you one of those women who have courage to defy the world?"

"I think I am, if I were tried; but I never have been tried. I hope I never may be; and I hope, too, that you will save me from doing any more in the defiant line," added she, smiling, "by retracting what you said, and letting Grace stay."

"But how can she stay? How can you keep her miserable story a secret?"

"I should not keep it a secret at all. I would tell every body the whole truth, explaining that we drew the line between guilt and innocence; that you refused to marry James Dixon to this new wife of his, but that the poor creature whom he had made believe she was his wife should stay under the shelter of your roof as long as she liked. That, I am sure, would be the just and right way to act. Shall it be so?"

"You are a courageous woman, Hannah. But," added he, with a sad kind of smile, "it is like the courage of little boys venturing on our frozen pond there: they do not know how deep it is. No, no; I can not thus run counter to my own people and to all the world. In truth, I dare not."

"Dare not!" Hannah blazed up, in that sudden way of hers whenever she saw a wrong done—doubly so when any one she cared for did it. She had lived with Mr. Rivers nearly a year now, and, whether she cared for him or not, she had never seen any thing in him which made her

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cease to respect him. Until now. "Dare not!" she repeated, almost doubting if she had heard truly. "When there is a certain course of conduct open to him, be it right or wrong, I always believed that the last reason an honest man gave for declining it would be, 'I dare not!'"

The moment she had made this bitter speech—one of the old sarcastic speeches of her girlhood—Hannah saw it was a mistake; that she was taking with Mr. Rivers a liberty which even a flesh-and-blood sister had no right to take, and she was certain he felt it so. All the proud Norman blood rushed up to his forehead.

"I never knew I was a coward, Miss Thelluson. Since you think me one, I will relieve you of my company."

Opening the French window at once, he passed out of it into the garden, and disappeared.

Hannah stood, overwhelmed. During all the months they had lived under the same roof, and in the close intimacy that was inevitable under the circumstances, she and her brother-in-law had never had any thing approaching to a quarrel. They had differed widely sometimes, but always amicably, and upon abstract rather than personal grounds. Those "sharp words," which even the dearest friends say to one another sometimes, had never passed between them. His extraordinarily sweet temper—oh, how keenly Hannah now appreciated her sister's fond praise of the blessing it was to have a sweet-tempered husband!—his utter absence of worldliness and self-conceit; and that warm, good heart, which, as the cloud of misery slowly passed away from him, shone out in every thing he did and said—all these things made quarreling with Bernard Rivers almost impossible.

"What have I done?" thought Hannah, half laughing, half crying. "He must think me a perfect virago. I will apologize the minute he comes back."

But he did not come back: not though she waited an hour in the breakfast-room, putting off her household duties, and even that other, as painful as it was inevitable—speaking to poor Grace. But he never came. Then, going into the hall, she saw that his hat and coat had vanished. She knew his appointments of the morning, and was sure now that he was gone, and would be away the whole day.

Then Hannah became more than perplexed—thoroughly unhappy. Even Grace's forlorn face, when she told her—she had not the heart to tell more—that Mr. Rivers could promise nothing, but that she hoped he would prevent the marriage, if possible, failed to affect her much; and Rosie's little arms round her neck, and the fond murmur of "Tannie, Tannie," did not give nearly the comfort that they were wont to do.

"Tannie has been naughty," said she, feeling a strange relief in confessing her sins to the unconscious child. "Tannie has vexed papa. When Rosie grows up she must never vex papa. She must try to be a comfort to him: he has no one else."

Poor Hannah! She had done wrong, and she knew it. When this was the case, nothing and nobody could soothe Hannah Thelluson.

With a heavy heart she got ready for the picnic—a family affair between this house and the Moat House, which was still full of visitors. The girls were to fetch first their brother from the school-house, and then herself; but when the carriage came round Mr. Rivers was not in it.

"Bernard is thoroughly sulky to-day," said the eldest sister. "He doesn't seem to know his own mind at all, whether he will go or won't; but perhaps he may turn up by-and-by. Don't let us bother about him. Such a splendid day it is for a picnic, and Langmead Wood at its loveliest time! Do let us enjoy ourselves."

They did enjoy themselves, and certainly, Hannah thought, were not much "bothered" by their brother's sulkiness, or afflicted by his absence. The fraternal bond is so free and easy that, except in cases of very special affection, brothers and sisters can speedily console themselves with somebody else.

But with herself it was not so. She thought the girls rather heartless in missing Bernard so little. She missed him a good deal, and set down her regrets as conscience-stings. They hindered half her enjoyment of the lovely wood, just putting on its green clothing, full of primroses and hyacinths, and nest-building birds pouring out on all sides a rapture of spring-time song. She scarcely heard it, or hearing it only gave her pain.

"I was unkind to him," she thought; "unkind to a man whose wife is dead, who goes lonely through the world, and needs every allowance that can be made for him, every comfort that can be given him. He, too, who is always so considerate and kind to me! How ungrateful I have been!"

So absorbed was she in her contrition that she did not notice for ever so long what otherwise would have interested her much—a very patent love-affair now going on between Adeline Rivers and this same Mr. Melville, the young squire whom Grace had mentioned. To bring him "to the point," as one of the girls confidentially told her, this picnic had been planned, hoping that the tender influence of the woody glades of Langmead would open his heart, and turn it from nebulous courtship to substantial marriage—a marriage evidently highly acceptable to the whole family. Which Hannah thought rather odd, considering what she knew of the family opinions, and that it was but the mere chance of a marriage happening before instead of after the year 1835 which saved Herbert Melville from being in the same position as poor Grace's son—a "base-born" child.

Late in the afternoon Bernard appeared. They were all sitting in a circle round the remnants of the dinner. He shook hands with every body, ending with Miss Thelluson. Words were impossible there; but Hannah tried to make her eyes say, "Are we friends? I am so sorry." The apology fell hopeless: he was looking in another direction; and she shrank back into herself, feeling more unhappy, in a foolish, causeless, childish sort of way, than she remembered to have done for at least ten years.

If

> "To be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain,"

to be wroth with ourselves for having wronged one we love is pretty nearly as bad; except that in such a case we are able to punish ourselves unlimitedly, as Hannah did, with the most laudable pertinacity, for a full hour. She listened with patience to endless discussions, *tête-à-tête*, among Lady Rivers and her girls, upon the chances and prospects of the young couple for whose benefit the picnic was made—who, poor things, knew well what they were brought there for, and what was expected of them before returning home. At any other time she would have pitied or smiled at this pair of lovers, who finally slipped aside among the trees, out of sight, though not out of comment, of their affectionate families; and she might have felt half amused, half indignant, at the cool, public way in which the whole matter was discussed. But now her heart was too sore and sad; she just listened politely to every body that wanted a listener, and meantime heard painfully every word her brother-in-law said, and saw every movement he made—not one, however, in her direction. She made a martyr of herself, did every thing she did not care to do, and omitted the only thing she longed to do—to go up straight to Mr. Rivers and say, "Are you angry with me still? Do you never mean to forgive me?"

Apparently not, for he kept sedulously out of her way, and yet near her, though not a word between them was possible. This behavior at last tantalized her so much that she fairly ran away: stole quietly out of the circle, and hid herself in a nut-wood dell, filling her hands with blue hyacinths.

"Hannah, what are you doing?"

"Gathering a nosegay to take home to Rosie."

A brief question and answer. Yet they seemed to clear away the cloud. Mr. Rivers stood watching a little while, and then began helping her to gather the flowers.

"How continually you think of Rosie's pleasure. But you do of every body's. What a warm, good heart you have!"

"Have I? I doubt it," answered Hannah, with a faltering voice; for she was touched by his gentleness, by that wonderfully sweet nature he had—so rare in a man, yet not unmanly, if men could only believe this! Hannah had long ceased to wonder why her brother-in-law was so universally beloved.

"I think you and I rather quarreled this morning, Aunt Hannah? We never did so before, did we?"

"No."

"Then don't let us do it again. Here is my hand."

Hannah took it joyfully, tried to speak, and signally failed.

"You don't mean to say you are crying?"

"I am afraid I am. It is very silly, but I can't help it. I never was used to quarreling, and I have been quite unhappy all day. You see"—and she raised her face with the innocent childlike expression it sometimes wore, more childlike, he once told her, than any creature he ever saw over ten years old—"you see, I had behaved so ill to you—you that are unfailingly kind to me."

"Not kind—say grateful. Oh, Hannah!" he said, with great earnestness, "I owe you more, much more, than I can ever repay. I was sinking into a perfect slough of despond, becoming a miserable, useless wretch, a torment to myself and every body about me, when it came into my head to send for you. You roused me; you made me feel that my life was not ended; that I had still work to do, and strength to do it with. Hannah, if any human being ever saved another, you saved me."

Hannah was much moved. Still more so when, drooping his head, and playing absently with a mass of dead leaves, from under which blue violets were springing, he added,

"I sometimes think *she* must have sent you to me—do you?"

"I think thus much—that she would rejoice if I, or any one, was able to do you any good. Any generous woman would, after she had gone away, and could do you good no more. She would wish you to be happy—even if it were with another woman—another wife."

Hannah said this carefully, deliberately; she had long waited for a chance of saying it, that he might know exactly what was her feeling about second marriages, did he contemplate any thing of the sort. He evidently caught her meaning, and was pained by it.

"Thank you. Rosa said much the same thing to me just before she died. But I have no intention of marrying again. At least not now."

Hannah could not tell why, but she felt relieved—even glad. The incubus of several weeks was taken off at once, as well as that other burden, which she had no idea would have weighed her down so much—the feeling of being at variance with her brother-in-law.

He sat down beside her on a felled log, and they began talking of all sorts of things—the beauty of the wood, the wonderfully delicious spring day; and how Rosie would have enjoyed it; how she would enjoy it by-and-by, when she was old enough to be brought to picnics at Langmead. All trivial subjects, lightly and gayly discussed; but they were straws to show how the wind blew, and Hannah was sure now that the wind blew fair again—that Mr. Rivers had forgiven and forgotten every thing.

Not every thing; for he asked suddenly if she had told Grace the bitter truth, and how she bore it.

"Patiently, of course; but she is nearly broken-hearted."

"Poor soul! And you think, Hannah, that if she—Rosa—had been here, she would have let Grace stay?"

"I am sure she would. She was so just, so pure, so large in all her judgments; she would have seen at once that Grace meant no harm—that no real guilt could attach to her, only misfortune; and, therefore, it was neither necessary nor right to send her away."

"Very well. I came to tell you that she shall not be sent away. I have reconsidered the question, and am prepared to risk all the consequences of keeping her—for my little girl's sake and yours."

Hannah burst into broken thanks, and then fairly began to cry again: She could not tell what was the matter with her. Her joy was as silly and weak-minded as her sorrow. She was so ashamed of herself as to be almost relieved when Mr. Rivers, laughing at her in a kindly, pleasant way, rose up and rejoined his sisters.

The rest of the day she had scarcely ten words with him, yet she felt as happy as possible. Peace was restored between him and herself, and Grace's misery was lightened a little, though, alas! not much. Perhaps, since even her master said she had done no intentional wrong, the poor girl would get used to her lot in time. It could not be a very dreary lot—to take care of Rosie. And Aunt Hannah longed for her little darling—wished she had her in her arms, to show her the heaps of spring flowers, and the rabbits with their funny flashes of white tails, appearing and disappearing beneath the tender ferns that were shooting up under the dead leaves of last year—life out of death, joy out of sorrow, as God meant it to be.

Nay, even the Rivers family and the rest seemed to drop a little of their formal worldliness, and become young men and maidens, rejoicing in the spring. Especially the well-watched pair of lovers, who had evidently come to an understanding, as desired; for when, after a lengthy absence, they reappeared, bringing two small sticks apiece, as their contributions to the fire that was to boil the kettle, their shyness and awkwardness were only equaled by their expression of blushing content.

Why should not old maid Hannah be content likewise, though she was not in her teens like Adeline, and had no lover? But she had a tender feeling about lovers still; and in this blithe and happy spring-time it stirred afresh, and her heart was moved in a strange sort of way—half pleasant, half sad.

Besides, this day happened to be an anniversary. Not that Hannah was among those who keep anniversaries; on the contrary, she carefully avoided them; but she never forgot them. Many a time, when nobody knew, she was living over again, with an ineffaced and ineffaceable vividness, certain days and certain hours burned into her memory with the red-hot iron of affliction. The wounds had healed over, but the scars remained. For years she had never seen yellow November fogs without recalling the day when Arthur sailed; nor cowslips, but she remembered having a bunch of them in her hand when she got the letter telling her of his death, just as he was "getting up May Hill," as they often say of consumptive people. And for years—oh, how many years it seemed!—after that day spring days had given her a cruel pain; as if the world had all come alive again, and Arthur was dead.

To-day, even though it was the very anniversary of his death, she felt differently. There came back into her heart that long-forgotten sense of spring, which always used to come with the primroses and cowslips, when Arthur and she played together among them. The world *had* come alive again, and Arthur had come alive too, but more as when he was a little boy and her play-fellow than her lover. A strange kind of fancy entered her mind—a wonder what he was like now—boy, or man, or angel; and what he was doing in that land, which, try as we will, we can not realize, and are not meant to realize, in any way that would narrow our duties here. Whether he still remained the same, or had altered, as she was conscious she had altered; grown as she had grown, and suffered; no, he could not suffer as she had suffered these ten, eleven years. Did he want her? or was he happy without her? Would they, when they met, meet as betrothed lovers, or as the angels in heaven, "who neither marry nor are given in marriage?"

All those thoughts, and many more, went flitting across her mind as Miss Thelluson sat in a place she often took—it saved talking, and she liked it—beside the old coachman on the Moat House carriage, as they drove in the soft May twilight, through glade and woodland, moor and down, to Easterham village. And, when far off, she saw the light shining from a window of the House on the Hill, her heart leaped to it—her heart, not her fancy—for there was her warm, happy, human home. There, under that peaceful roof, centred all her duties, all her delights; there, in the quiet nursery, little Rosie lay sleeping, ready to wake up next morning fresh as the flowers, merry as a young lambkin, developing more and more in her opening child-life—the most wonderful and lovely sight God ever gives us, and he gives it us every day—a growing human soul.

"Oh, if Rosa could only see her now—the daughter for whom she died!" sighed Hannah; and then suppressed the sigh as irreligious, unjust. "No. I think if Rosa came back to us, and saw us now—him and her baby, and me—she would not be unhappy. She would say—what I should say myself, if I died—that when God takes our dead from us, he means us not to grieve forever, only to remember."

COUNTING THE COST.

DECISION often turns upon duly counting the cost. Where duty, or the good of other men, puts in no claim, we can not too deliberately estimate the result of any fresh enterprise or line of conduct. Once started on a course of action, it frequently happens that we can not, if we would, draw back. At first nothing may have seemed easier than to have turned here or there; but afterward, not so; at whatever cost, with whatever result, an inexorable necessity may urge us on. So the first counting is the ruling point, if only our estimate is true. Are our abilities equal to the task—our strength proportionate to the work? Will our endurance hold out to the end, and can we give up the things required? Is there reasonable hope that our ardor will not abate ere the prize be won, or the work accomplished? If so, and the object be worthy, then *onward*, and God speed us. Something we must relinquish for the attainment of any good end: we are here in the midst of contrarieties, and the pursuit of one object frequently necessitates giving up another. Moreover, the stretch and tension of mind consequent upon following up any great result force us to abandon many other things. The measure of the excellence of things and conditions is the grand point; loyal pursuit and our own powers, aided by God, then remain to us. In the ordinary and minor concerns of life, wherever we see our special power, in *that* direction we do well to go, if no duty hinders. Wherever we find any stronger mental power than usual, there shall we be most likely to succeed; and for that it may be well to make some sacrifice.

It will be found that men who have left the most indelible mark upon their age have been men possessed by *one idea*, and who steadily followed that, giving up many comforts and pursuits for that master problem. Many such men have followed on steadily to the end they had in view, amidst much hardship and oppression by other and weaker men, with a noble disregard of cost to themselves along the way, after first entering thereon. So we come to see that the question of counting the cost should be taken up *first*; then, if the object be good, cost should no more concern us. So have the brightest men who ever shed lustre on time worked on enthusiastically, regardless of self, merging self in the universal good. The rest of men see the privation and weariness, the wear and tear of the man, his *isolation* and loss of many social pleasures; but these he disregards in order to attain his end—to realize his overmastering idea. To such men is our progress in art, science, and commerce mainly due: they, as it were, coerce our knowledge, and push forward the march of our race with wider strides. Possibly the *isolation* of genius, and its lack of immediate appreciation, is the severest cost of its effort. Great men, of one paramount object and idea, are generally in advance of their day, and so lack due regard while living.

It is a mean spirit that has reference always to cost and remuneration, and lets the opportunity for doing good pass on with the suspicion that "it won't pay." The best and greatest gifts we can confer on one another can have no pay in kind, and may cost us much; but it is a poor thing to neglect them, and in many cases we had better do our best, and leave the question of cost alone. No few men seem to refer nearly all considerations to this standard, and consequently discard many questions involving kindness and advantage to others as not worth their while at all. Benevolent enterprises find in them no supporters, as yielding no adequate return (in their estimation) for the cost incurred. This is, of course, a very selfish mode of looking at things, but it is sadly too common among shrewd tradesmen. Accustomed in daily transactions to weigh pound for pound, and look well for profit on first cost, there is with narrow minds a tendency to carry this practice beyond the counter into the relations of private life, and so to measure things by a material standard only. Many good men of business seem to fall into this hard, matter-of-fact view of things, to their own great loss, as well as that of people around them. They grow to undervaluing the good essentially existing in noble actions, as well as the boon conferred on others; and in too many cases looking at charitable deeds only as they redound to the credit with the public of those bestowing them. A base method this, of counting the cost, and one studiously to be shunned.

As bearing upon the lives of individuals, counting the cost is needful when entering any special line of conduct or any marked enterprise, as showing our ability or not to pursue it to the end, and so to escape failure and the ridicule of men. But as regards repeated daily acts of duty, and daily kindness to those about us, we must not let cost to ourselves withhold good from others, but rather rejoice to see some good thing carried over from us to others, and so enjoy their gladness at possession. We shall probably find the cost returned to us in another form. Sometimes during life we shall arrive at points where the cost demanded from us is very great, and seems almost too heavy to bear; if such occasions come in the course of Providence, we had better not think of cost, but give up as cheerfully as we may what is demanded from us, though we see no return but loss and long privation. In all probability the result will not be so bad as appears at the time. But if so, no matter: we must give up, and then trust. In the future we know not what recompense may be to us; cost cheerfully borne, hope may fairly remain with us. From some high vantage-ground in the future we may look back upon each small cost borne in the path of right and of kindliness to others, and smile at our scanty foresight then, and the littleness of the sacrifice compared with the full measure and superabundance of the good things returned to us.

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Fig. 1.—DRESS WITH DOUBLE SKIRT AND BASQUE-WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4–8.

Fig. 3.—DRESS WITH SWISS MUSLIN OVER-SKIRT AND BLOUSE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 9–12.

Fig. 4.—DRESS WITH TRAIN AND HEART-SHAPED BASQUE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13–16. For design see Suppl., No. XVIII., Figs. 51 and 52.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—EVENING DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—DRESS WITH DOUBLE SKIRT AND HEART-SHAPED BASQUE-WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

LADIES' DINNER DRESSES. AND SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

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Fig. 1.—DRESS WITH DOUBLE SKIRT AND BASQUE-WAIST.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 25-30.

Fig. 2.—DRESS WITH SLEEVELESS JACKET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 31 and 32.

Fig. 3.—SATIN DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—FOULARD DRESS WITH HIGH WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—CASHMERE DRESS WITH DOUBLE SKIRT AND BASQUE-WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—DRESS WITH DOUBLE SKIRT AND BASQUE-WAIST.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 25-30.

Fig. 7.—GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH DOUBLE SKIRT AND HIGH WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 33-35.

Fig. 8.—EMPRESS CLOTH DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—LIGHT BROWN POPLIN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

LADIES' HOME AND EVENING DRESSES.

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ONE WOMAN'S MISSION.

"SO you are positive that women have a mission?"

"Yes indeed. And not only women, but men too. I am confident that in this great world, where there is so much wood to be hewed and water to be drawn, every one, irrespective of sex, should put a shoulder to the wheel of life, and give it a push as vigorous as his or her best capacity allows. I believe every body is bound to do the world some good if he can."

"But suppose every body doesn't feel an interest in every body else, and doesn't want to do any good; suppose one cares more for himself—except, possibly, one or two persons—than for all the world and its haps and mishaps; suppose that one is indolent by nature, and doesn't want to step into the miry roads of existence, and help old Time to roll the world's burdens up hill—what would you do with him then? Surely you wouldn't be hard-hearted enough to mark out a path of unselfishness, and compel him to walk in it against his will and inclination, would you, Miss Rose?" And Mr. Roger Thorpe turned a trifle more toward his companion, and drew his Panama hat a shade lower over his regular nose, but not low enough to lose a single glimpse of the sunbeams—a hundred times more shining and golden from contact with Rose Anthon's bright hair—or one dilation of the delicate nostrils, answering to every new emotion of her heart.

"Well, really, Mr. Thorpe, I can hardly say what I should do with such a man—always providing I could do any thing with him, which is doubtful." She looked perfectly in earnest as she said this; and Roger thought it just possible she might mean it; though a pretty woman, as Rose certainly was, who knew not her own power was, in his mind, an anomaly.

"But," she continued, "if I knew a woman who felt so, I should try by every means in my power to show her how much there is for women to do that can not well and ought not to be done by men. I am sure there is as much need of women's labor in the world as of men's, though not in the same fields."

"But surely, Miss Rose, you do not think, like many progressionists, that every woman, to say nothing of every man, ought to earn her own livelihood by daily labor? You don't believe that every woman has a mission to do something unlike what every other woman has been doing from time immemorial?"

"Beware, Mr. Thorpe," playfully shaking her finger at him. "Don't begin a tirade on woman's sphere, because we have enough of that every day in the newspapers; and I don't intend to do or say any thing which will shock your most delicate sensibility. I do not think all persons ought to earn their livelihood. If any have means, they ought to leave all salaried places for those who have little or nothing. But there is so much work to be done that no money can pay for—so much that is peculiarly women's work—that I am anxious they should rouse themselves to it."

"You—you don't intend to lecture, or any thing of that sort, do you?" and Roger Thorpe impatiently pulled apart little bunches of pine needles covering the ground about them.

Rose Anthon laughed—a round, rich, melodious laugh, such as one seldom hears from a woman's throat.

"No, indeed, Mr. Thorpe. Didn't I just say I would not do any thing to shock you? and that would, I know. I don't feel any call to the platform, or 'any thing of that sort,' as you say. It is well for me, however, that I do not regard the world as such a farce as Dr. Jeddler did, since I have my own battle to fight with it. No: my mission is to secure my own oysters and coffee—I can't tolerate bread-and-butter, and won't even contemplate the possibility of coming to them as a regular diet. I have no doubt there is a vacant niche in the world's wall for me somewhere, and, if I look faithfully for it, I shall find it. You know, I suppose (though I can't say why you should, except that every body knows about his neighbors the things that least concern him), that my poor father left barely enough property to provide for my mother?"

Mr. Thorpe did know that the late Charles Anthon, who died several months before, left but little money to his wife and daughter; and he had come that very September afternoon to offer his hand, fortune, and, he believed, his heart, to Rose. The pleasant time had passed without his uttering the words he had intended; and somehow they seemed to have slipped away from him during the last few minutes. Rose was very pretty, he knew; she was good, he thought; and he believed he loved her; ay, would have staked his soul upon it an hour before. And now just those little words of hers about a woman's mission had turned all the currents of his thought; and he felt glad he had not asked her to be his wife. Not that she had said a word which was unwomanly, or expressed a sentiment that could be called "pernicious;" but he could not remember the time when he had not had a dread of a woman with a mission, and an undefinable feeling that such a one would be better as a friend than as a partner for life.

One might have supposed Roger Thorpe had his fortune to make in pine cones, so busily did he gather them into little mountains before him during the silence of the next few minutes. He was trying to reason away his feeling; to assure himself that Rose was the same Rose she had been when he first came; that her words only represented theories which a breath of masculine logic could destroy. His mood was beginning to soften when, between the trees, came the quick, sharp ring of a bell. He sprang to his feet, and Rose got up from the log on which she had been sitting, and said, "Won't you stay to tea, Mr. Thorpe? My mother will be pleased to have you, as well as I."

"I thank you; not to-night. I have an engagement, and you know I leave to-morrow morning. Be good enough to make my adieus to Mrs. Anthon. And believe, though I don't agree with you about missions, that I wish you the greatest success. Good-by, Rose."

Roger gave the slender hand he held a decided pressure in memory of the time when he had intended to ask for it, which, to be sure, was only an hour before. Rose stood watching him till he waved his hand from the top of the hill; then turned in the direction of the house.

And so, because the tea-bell rang too soon, these two lost the happiness they never can recall.

When Roger Thorpe had passed out of Rose Anthon's sight he gradually slackened his pace, and began seriously to reflect—probably as rare an occupation with him as with most men of five-and-twenty, whose faces are handsome, and whose fortunes are ample. He might be said to be having rather than enjoying a retrospective vision of the past three months. The first glance rested, quite naturally, on himself, and he discovered a young man well educated, well bred, well-looking, and, what was by no means least in his estimation, well provided with this world's goods. He had arrived early the preceding June at his former home, now empty of all save the housekeeper and man-of-all-work. He had intended to stay only a few days—long enough to form a plan for summer traveling; but the hot weather came on suddenly, and he had lingered till he had ceased to care to go elsewhere.

His first object in visiting any new place—he had not been there for years—was to find if it contained any agreeable people, and who they were. He was very fond of society, without being gregarious; but had few friends among his own sex. He was too indolent in body to like very energetic men, and too active in mind to sympathize with those who were mentally inert; so he usually sought his companions among bright and clever women, who, in all respects, suited him better. His acquaintance with Rose Anthon had begun almost immediately after his appearance in the neighborhood, and had flourished, for two very obvious reasons. First, her house stood on the road to the little town, in and about which clustered all the society of the region, and was, consequently, directly in his way whenever he went out in search of somebody to entertain him. Second, Rose, being in mourning, was almost always to be found at home; and nothing bored him more than to call when a lady was out. In consequence of these fortuitous circumstances it had been observed by the gossips that Miss Anthon had been the recipient of many calls during the first month of Mr. Thorpe's stay, the object of more decided attentions during the second month, and during the third it was remarked by these wiseacres, with many sagacious nods and winks, that they guessed the Thorpe place would have a mistress next year.

Roger Thorpe had no particular prejudice in favor of or against matrimony, concluded it was the natural law, supposed when the right time came he should be married any how, and there dismissed the subject. But during the last few days he had come to the conclusion—through what mental processes he could not well define—that not only the right time, but the right woman had arrived, and that the fortunate Mrs. Thorpe to be was Rose Anthon.

All this passed again and again through his mind as he walked leisurely on, and occupied his thoughts, to the exclusion of every thing else (the engagement he had pleaded to Rose was a polite fiction), while he sat at his lonely table in his own solitary dining-room. He certainly had been very much in love with Rose; of that he was entirely sure; he was not so sure he had ceased to be. And yet he could not—no, he certainly could not; he was quite certain as to that, at any rate—marry a woman with a mission. He wondered how deeply those unpleasant notions were fixed in Rose's active brain; if the words were the idle utterance of a half-jesting argument, or if below them lay an earnest, serious conviction of their truth. He would have given all he was worth to know, and yet he was afraid to ask. As he thought how lovely Rose had looked in the light of the setting sun, with her nimbus of wonderful golden hair, and her pansy-like eyes, he grew vexed with her for disarranging his domestic plans so suddenly, and in his discomfiture almost forgot to light the inevitable post-prandial cigar of bachelorhood.

In all his reflections the thought never entered Roger's mind that many a woman could find her mission as plainly defined, and be as contented and happy in performing it, within the four walls of her own home as in a larger field of action. He didn't realize that there are women whose mission is just as evidently presiding over households, and managing domestic affairs, as there are those designed by nature to be authors, artists, and musicians. The word "mission" from a woman's lips had a horrible, indefinite significance to him; and before it he had fled as he would have done before an army of Amazons.

The golden chance of his life had come; he had seen the tree which bore for him the fairest fruit in all the world, and he had blindly refused to pluck it, because its shape had been other than he had fancied. Something of this he felt as he determined to go to sleep to rid himself of his thoughts, and something like it next morning, when the cars whirled him away toward the city.

If Rose had been a young woman of much novel-reading and of weak digestion, she would probably have declined food, and lain awake of nights over this abrupt ending of the little romance she had unconsciously woven in the delicious days of the summer passed. But she was a healthy, sensible, fresh-hearted girl, and trouble apparently rested lightly on her round young shoulders. She manipulated the duster with her usual dexterity, her appetite was excellent, and her mother's anxious heart was satisfied there were no painful reminiscences in her daughter's mind of the weeks that were gone. And, considering that Rose was brave and cheerful in her daily life, it may be pardoned her that, often lingering late over her nightly hair-brushing in her own little chamber, she dreamed of what had been, rather than what would be, and acknowledged within herself that the past held for her what the future could never give.

With all the courage of worldly inexperience Rose set about looking for the niche which she fondly believed was awaiting her somewhere, and, like many others in a similar position, was disappointed over and over again. Her most cherished visions were rudely dissipated, her most elaborate plans abruptly dispelled. At last, after weary though patient search, she accepted, from sheer necessity, the position of music-teacher in a boarding-school in the little town near which she lived.

If Rose's life was dreary and unsatisfactory, no less so was Roger's. On his return to the city he did what many another man has done before, deliberately made a business of trying to fall in love with some other woman. The thought of Rose haunted him, and he labored to rid himself of it by devoting himself to her sex generally. With a degree of energy quite new to him he pursued his sentimental purpose. Several times he fancied the old love was conquered by a new, but a remembered word or look of Rose put the notion to flight. He met cleverer women than she, and handsomer, and wiser; for, after all, she was but an undisciplined girl; but the charm, the inexplicable something which had first caught his fancy, and then won his heart, he could find in no other. Thus fixing the remembrance of her more surely in his mind by his endeavors to forget her, he passed the winter; and the summer, with all its sweetness and beauty, found the battle of head and heart still raging. Not one word of Rose had reached him in all the months since he had seen her. Whether she had found her mission, and was performing it, or whether she was still searching for it, he had no idea, though he occupied much time in conjecturing.

One evening he picked up a weekly paper, and, for want of something better to do, began to read a story. It was only a little commonplace love-story, but it impressed him very much. It was in merit hardly an average story. The plot was almost flimsy, the action nothing; but something in it reminded him of his last interview with Rose. In the characters he unwittingly saw himself and her, and through it all ran a vein of sadness that touched him deeply. A dozen times during the evening he thought of it, and before he retired he read it again. It mingled with his dreams, and in the morning, after putting the paper carefully in his pocket, he walked deliberately to the station, and was soon on his way to his old home. It was against his better judgment, but the temptation was strong. He wanted to go—which was the best possible excuse—and he went.

It was not a particularly plain or smooth path that led through the woods where he and Rose parted the year before; but Roger found no difficulty in tracing it the afternoon after his arrival. He fancied he should like to be among the old trees again before he saw Rose; indeed, now that he had come, he was not at all sure he would go to see her at all. His coming was an act of impulse; why or for what he came he could not determine. He strode along, pushing the branches right and left, till he reached the spot where he and she had spent the last afternoon together. There sat Rose on the old dead tree-trunk where she had sat before; but so absorbed she did not notice his approach. He watched her several minutes before she suddenly glanced up and saw him.

"You here!" she exclaimed, springing up, with a nervous laugh.

"Yes, I'm here again," Roger answered, throwing himself down on the pine-needle carpet, and motioning to her to reseat herself.

"Are you going to stay all summer?" asked Rose, after an uncomfortable pause, in which she grew red and white by turns, and devoutly wished the heavens would fall, or some other phenomenon of nature would occur to break the silence.

"I don't know," said Roger; "it depends upon circumstances;" and circumstances in Mr. Roger's mind willfully took the form of a fair-haired maiden with pansy-like eyes.

The young gentleman knew very well he was touching on dangerous ground, as he lay there at Rose's feet, and watched the play of sunlight and shadow over her face and figure. The resolutions to which he had tenaciously clung for a whole year were slipping away, and his contradictory nature scarcely made an effort to retain a lingering grasp upon them. Listening to the sounding stillness; breathing the delicious air, freighted with the pungent, balsamic odors of the pines; half seeing the sparkling river, winding along beyond the trees; contented with Rose's mere presence—he was saturated with the sentiment of the time and place, and lazily wished there might be no end.

A fly lighted on his face, and Rose made an instinctive motion to brush it off; but before she could withdraw her hand Roger's had closed over it, and held it prisoner.

"Rose," asked Roger, after a while, "have you found your mission yet?"

"No, not yet," answered Rose, with a half-vexed laugh. "I find that missions are not always so clearly defined as one could wish; and the opportunities in the world are so limited for women. I believe in my theories just as fully; but I have almost come to the conclusion that my mission must be housekeeping, as I don't succeed very well in any thing else."

"I think so too," cried Roger, springing to his feet, and drawing Rose up with him. "And I believe your mission is to keep my house. Rose, Rose, my darling, do you love me? Will you be my housekeeper?"

And Rose answered by gliding into the outstretched arms.

By-and-by Roger told her all about his love when he had seen her last; that her words about a mission had alarmed him; that he had gone away, and tried to forget her; had tried, indeed, to love somebody else; and that the reading of a foolish little love-story had filled him with irresistible longing to see her.

"And here's the story," added Roger, taking the precious paper out of his pocket, and beginning to read it aloud. Rose glanced at the paper, and flushed to her hair. When he finished it Roger turned to her, saying. "You see there isn't much in it; but it reminded me so much of you, dear, and myself too, and these old woods we used to visit so often together, that I couldn't help coming. Why, by the color of your cheeks, darling, I should fancy you had written the story yourself!" and Roger turned the blushing face toward him.

"I did write it," whispered Rose, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"You wrote it! Have you been turning blue-stocking in my absence, then, little lady?"

"No, no; that is my first, last, and only attempt in literature, Roger; and I suppose I must unconsciously have put you and myself into the characters."

"Then, my love," said Roger, folding Rose closer in his arms, and looking tenderly down in her violet eyes, "since it was your spoken words that came between us and separated us for a year, so now it is your written words that have brought us together again and united us."

"Forever, Roger?"

"Yes, forever, Rose; for love, my own heart tells me, is immortal."

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN PARIS BEFORE THE WAR.

CHEZ MONSIEUR GRANDHOMME.

M. GRANDHOMME was holding his levée. The Rue de la Paix was lined with carriages, waiting for the fair occupants who were waiting on M. Grandhomme. It was no trifling matter to obtain an audience from M. Grandhomme. To be admitted into the sanctum sanctorum of the man who, from his atelier, ruled the fashion of Europe and America—it was a distinction coveted by all, but granted only to a few. In the choice of those few the despot was controlled by no recognized standard of rank or wealth. They were, of course, drawn from that intangible and exclusive Walhalla known as Society; but he showed no distinct deference to the relative degrees of rank within that hierarchy. Like M. Dalmonferac, M. Grandhomme exacted above all that his protégées should be distinguées and sympathiques. Acting on this first principle, he behaved with startling audacity in the distribution of his favors. An embassadress would be kept "making antichambre," and allowed to return again and again, before being admitted to the presence-chamber; while the autocrat was deliberately devoting the energies of his milliner mind to the decoration of some new beauty from the provinces, whom Madame l'Ambassadrice would hesitate before inviting to her Samedis. A millionaire banker's wife would be dismissed with oracular laconism, and handed over to one of the subaltern priestesses of the Grandhomme temple; while the great man himself attended to the case of one of his favorites—a lady of moderate income, comparatively speaking (all M. Grandhomme's votaries were supposed to be women of fortune), and expended himself in the combination of a succès for her next ball. Like all human beings possessed of absolute power, he was apt to exercise it too often at the bidding of his own caprice.

The first person who caught my eye on this particular day was my beautiful friend Berthe. Indeed, I had begged her to look in there during the afternoon, to keep me in countenance; and as the Grandhomme galleries were a sort of fashionable lounge, where tout Paris met for "combination" and gossip, she made no difficulty of doing so.

"It's very gentille of you to have come," I said, making my way up to her, after answering nods of recognition on either side; "and now you must help me to order my costume."

"What is it to be?"

"Nothing very showy. I thought of having violet gros grain."

"Hum!" muttered Berthe, looking dubiously at my hair; "I doubt the wisdom of that. You are rather pale to venture on violet, chérie. But here comes Monsieur Grandhomme. We will consult him."

Consult M. Grandhomme! Why, I had as soon dreamed of consulting the Grand Lama. Scores of women, whose reckless extravagance could have laid legitimate claim to that honor, had gone on ruining their husbands, season after season, and never been so privileged. But Berthe was in her own way as great a power as M. Grandhomme. If he was l'homme de la mode, she was la femme à la mode; each ruled fashion in a separate empire, and treated together on equal terms.

"What nonsense!" I exclaimed, laughing at the bare notion of such an absurdity. "While all Paris is waiting here to order unlimited wonders, is it likely he will lose his time with me?"

"We shall see," replied Berthe, with a saucy air of conscious supremacy over tout Paris there assembled. "Ah! the Princesse de M—— has caught him, I see, and she's sure to keep him half an hour. Let us sit down and bide our time."

We sat down.

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"Chère Comptesse, you would be an angel of charity to give me a little advice about my fancy dress for la Marine," said a young girl, running up to Berthe, and taking her hand with pretty beseechingness. "I've come four times, and waited the whole afternoon each time, and lost my singing-lesson twice, in hopes of getting to speak to Monsieur Grandhomme; and he has never even looked at me. Do, please, give me an idea! I have more confidence in you than any one, except Monsieur Grandhomme. Mamma advises me to go en Bergère de Watteau; but I'm afraid I'm too tall for that."

Berthe was good-nature personified; she did not know what jealousy meant; and she took a nice womanly pleasure in helping other women to look their best.

"Well—perhaps," she answered, reflectively; "but I'm not sure. Watteau would suit your face to perfection; and as to your height, I don't see why a shepherdess should invariably be small. Besides, the short petticoat and the hat, and the whole character of the costume, are adapted to take from one's height. On the other hand, there are sure to be flocks of Bergères. My dear child, you should have spoken to me of this before—quietly, when I could have pondered it over with a calm brain. One can not think out a subject seriously in a whirl like this. Come to me this evening; you will find me alone, and we will put our heads together, and combine something delicious and new."

"Dear madame, how good you are!" and the girl kissed her in a rapture of gratitude. "Then I will tell mamma we may go now. She is so tired waiting here day after day, and always disappointed."

"Stop!" cried Berthe, calling after her; "wait a little. Madame de M—— is going to release Monsieur Grandhomme. See; they are moving this way. I shall seize him, and make him decide for you on the spot."

The girl, blushing with delight, did as she was told, and in a nervous flutter of excitement stood close to Berthe, watching the great man drawing nigh.

While the Princesse de M—— was closing her conference, many minor ones were going on all round us.

"I don't feel my mind made up about it," observed a dashing, handsome, and, as she would herself have said, gorgeously dressed person, whose loud voice and nasal intonation left no doubt as to her nationality. "It's not the expense that stops me. Mr. T. K. gives me ten thousand dollars a year for my clothes, and likes me to be as well dressed as any lady in the States. Besides, I'm going over to London by-and-by; and I want the Britishers to think pretty considerable pumpkins of me."

"I reckon they're sure to," replied the lady addressed; "I'd have it, if I were you; you're safe not to see one like it in London; and I know there's nothing takes there in society so much as that style of dress; and, as you say, Mr. T. K. don't mind about the expense."

"Mademoiselle!" called out the first speaker; "I want to give an order."

"Madame is English? American? Ah! good. Will madame take the trouble to pass to the room on the right? She will be attended to at once."

"Are there separate establishments for every nationality?" I inquired of Berthe, who, being a habitué, knew the ways of the house.

"For the Americans, yes. They pay double for most things."

"What a shame!"

"Oh dear, no; they like it—at least the set of which these are specimens. The nice ones don't come here. Oh, see there! Madame de K—— is ordering something pretty."

In a group near us an elderly lady was concentrating her whole soul on the discourse of a première demoiselle, who was holding forth in an earnest, declamatory manner on some "combination" which clearly did not approve itself to the elderly lady's conscience.

"How unfortunate that my daughter-in-law can not return in time to select for herself!" she observed, with grave anxiety; "the world has changed so much since I went to balls—fifteen years ago—that it is very puzzling; and I don't like the responsibility of choosing one out of such a multitude."

"Let Madame la Marquise be tranquil," urged the Frenchwoman, soothingly. "Let her confide in me. I have studied the complexion, the tournure, the physiognomy—in a word, the whole style of Madame la Marquise *jeune;* and I take on myself the responsibility of the choice."

"But my daughter-in-law is so difficile. If it should not please her? or if some one else should order the same for the same evening? Think what a deception! She would never forgive me!"

"I entreat Madame la Marquise to put her trust in me. Her daughter-in-law left entirely to my imagination the toilette she wore on Thursday last at la Guerre; and if Madame la Marquise reads the *Figaro* cautiously" (that she should not read it at all was a flight of absurdity that never occurred to the Frenchwoman) "she will have seen the compte-rendu of that toilette. It was the success of the night both in beauty of execution and in becomingness."

"On Thursday night!" repeated the elderly lady, brightening up; "why, then it must be quite fresh, and she can wear it at the Marine. How glad I am you mentioned it!"

"Pardon, madame!" exclaimed the demoiselle, clasping her hands, with an expression half shocked, half amused. "That would, indeed, be a misfortune. What! la Marquise de C—— appear twice in the same ball dress! In Paris! an elegant woman, so much looked up to!"

"And why not, if the dress is so becoming?" boldly demanded the mother-in-law, yet with a vague, uncomfortable sense of impropriety.

The demoiselle shook her head, drew near, and lowering her voice to a tone of confidence:

"Seriously, Madame la Marquise, it can not be. A woman who respects herself does not do such things. In the provinces, or in England," with an exhaustive shrug, "perhaps; but in Paris—impossible!"

"Then I wash my hands of it. I can make nothing out of it. The world is turned topsy-turvy. Women are gone mad. A woman who respects herself!" And, tossing up her head, the mother-in-law walked off, repeating as she went, "A woman who respects herself! What fools they are!"

Meanwhile M. Grandhomme, who occasionally, suiting himself to his company, aped the manners of a courtier, having bowed his princess to the head of the stairs, came back to the gallery; where he had no sooner reappeared than every head was turned toward him in eager expectation, each impatient for a sign. But the enchanter moved among them with averted eye, and an air of patronizing conceit, that bespoke the man "whose chariot was the nucleus of a comet, whose train filled the whole streets." He bowed jauntily on either side of him, with a chorus of supplication ringing in his ears.

Berthe stood up as the Turkish fez in which M. Grandhomme was pleased to cover his noble head approached. She was too good a woman and a gentlewoman to "Dear Monsieur Grandhomme" him, or to stoop to any of the servile graces with which others fawned on his Czarship; she merely said, in her gracious, grande-dame way,

"Good-day, Monsieur Grandhomme. When you are ready, I want you for a moment."

"I am always ready when Madame la Comtesse commands."

He bowed down till the tassel of his fez nearly swept the ground, threw open a door of the long gallery, and motioned her to enter. She beckoned me and her little protégée in first. M. Grandhomme followed, and closed the door behind him. We were in Madame Grandhomme's boudoir. It was a superlative mark of distinction to be admitted into this room. Wonderful stories were current concerning the Asiatic splendor of the furniture, and the beauty of the works of art that adorned it. The effect of the whole was certainly dazzling. But what struck me most was the carpet. It was composed of alternate squares of Aubusson and Zibeline, the design being an inspiration of M. Grandhomme's. Before this original chef-d'œuvre was sent home to its author an exiled queen, who was just then furnishing a hôtel in the Champs Elysées, saw it and envied it; but on hearing by whom it had been ordered, and at what a price—twenty thousand francs—she answered, with a smile,

"Ah, I thought such a costly folly could only be for a reigning sovereign!"

"I want you to give an idea to mademoiselle for a fancy dress," began Berthe, laying a hand on the young girl's arm in a motherly way that she affected with women younger than herself. "What do you say to a pink Bergère?"

"Permit me, mademoiselle."

Monsieur Grandhomme drew her toward the window, set her standing before him, with the light full upon her face, looked at her intently for a moment, and shook his head.

"No?" said Berthe, inquiringly; "she's too tall?"

"Too tall and too pale. But we must see her by night."

He crossed the room, and opened a door into one that was brilliantly illuminated with wax-light. We all trooped in after him.

"Poor child! What a perfidious counsel it was to suggest pink to her!" he said, looking rather reproachfully at Berthe. "Let us see how you bear deep rose."

He stretched out his hand, and, with the rapidity of magic, a satellite, whose talent—only second to that of the great luminary round which she revolved—had promoted her to the high post of assisting Monsieur Grandhomme in his æsthetic combinations, flew toward us with a cloud of tulle of every shade of rose, pink, and crimson in the gamut of carmine. He flung a rose-colored scarf round the girl's shoulders, held it close to her cheek, cast it aside, snatched up a crimson one, applied it in the same way, and threw that from him. He called for a blue gamut. It was brought, tested, and rejected impatiently.

"A very difficult subject, I see," observed Monsieur Grandhomme, drawing his hand across his forehead, and looking down intently at his boots. Presently, glancing up at her, he said, "Did you ever appear as a naïade?"

"Never, monsieur. I should be afraid of the green."

"There is green and green; your pallor would suit certain attenuated shades of it. But no—this is your first fancy costume?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then we must run no risks. I shall order you white—all white. You shall appear as a snow-storm.—Write."

He turned to the first satellite. She flew to her combination-book, and wrote:

"Short white satin skirt, tulle puffs in profusion; clouds of tulle over the puffs, with flocks of swan's-down falling over them. Swan's-down slippers, with snow-drops half buried in the down. Coiffure, hair *en tourbillon*, with a snow-drop here and there. Crystal icicles scattered over the dress from head to foot. A cloud of white tulle enveloping the whole."

"What a dream!" burst from the breathless girl, as she clasped her hands in ecstasy and looked at Berthe.

"And now, madame?" said Monsieur Grandhomme, turning to me with the peremptory manner of a man who knew the value of his time.

I shall spare my readers the platitude of my own costume. It may, however, interest them to know that violet was discarded, as too great a risk for my complexion and for my hair, which, according to M. Grandhomme, had not sufficient tone to relieve it.

"Au revoir, chérie," said Berthe, as we parted at M. Grandhomme's door. "I shall be at Madame Follibel's to-morrow between three and four. Try and look in, and help me about bonnets."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

OFFICIAL letters from Minister Washburne, in Paris, recognize the kindness and courtesy extended to him by the French authorities during the siege. Mr. Washburne appears to have been successful in protecting all American property from injury, so that when our countrymen return to their homes in Paris they will find them in as good condition as when they left. This result, however, was not accomplished without most vigilant guardianship. Many attempts were made to interfere with American property, such as quartering officers and soldiers in vacant apartments, sheltering refugees from neighboring villages in them, and the like; but uniformly, when the attention of the government of the National Defense was called to such matters, they were promptly remedied. One American only is reported to have lost his life by the bombardment. This was a Mr. Swagar, of Louisville, who was wounded by the bursting of a bomb in his room in the Rue Casimer-Langue. His foot was so mutilated that amputation was found necessary. For some days he bore the surgical operation so well as to give great hopes of recovery; but, although he received every care and attention at the American ambulance, he finally succumbed. Notwithstanding that physicians have cautioned persons not to return to Paris just yet, many Americans—with their proverbial enterprise—have entered the city, desirous of obtaining an early view of affairs. The Grand Hôtel, however, is still an ambulance, and full of wounded men, among whom putrid fever has been violently raging. The building will require a thorough purification before it can be opened to the traveling public.

Euridiki is the name of a new weekly periodical, written in modern Greek, which has recently appeared in Constantinople. It is designed to promote the intellectual development of women, and will contain a series of lives of distinguished women. Emilia Leonzias is the lady editor of this new periodical; and, considering the place of publication, it may be regarded as a significant index of the times.

A singular circumstance is mentioned in connection with the siege of Paris—that during the whole period of the siege only five suicides were committed in the city. That is a wonderful improvement over ordinary times.

"Holmes's Hole" is hereafter to be known by the more pleasant and euphonious name of "Vineyard Haven."

According to the report of a Moravian missionary our favorite hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," should be modified, or pronounced obsolete. Having labored in that country forty years, he has returned to England, and reports that in all Greenland there is but one station in the neighborhood of which there are heathen. With this exception, all the Greenlanders now profess Christianity.

There are now seventy-two postmistresses in the United States, who receive salaries of one thousand dollars and upward. These offices are reported at Washington to be well managed.

Not long ago a lady missionary, who is accustomed to see much want and misery in the dark places of New York city, visited a damp cellar basement in Stanton Street. There she found the heart-broken wife of a drunkard, who is now confined on the Island. Three little children, one an infant, depended on her for food and clothing. The woman stated that she earned $1 68 per week by making overalls at six cents a pair, hand-made, which she has to carry on foot from her home down to a place near Fulton Street, not being able to pay car fare for herself and bundle. Out of this scanty income $4 per month is paid for rent.

A sad and touching incident occurred in Dorchester County, Maryland, a short time ago. A little boy having ventured near some burning brush on a lot of land about being cleared, his clothes caught fire, and he fell amidst the flaming grass. His cries of agony were soon heard, but before assistance could reach him his flesh was shockingly burned. The child was found on his hands and knees vainly trying to escape the devouring element. During the four hours that intervened between his rescue and his death his sufferings can scarcely be imagined, as he was conscious to the end. But his last words were: "Father, kiss me; I can not move my lips. Please give me water. Do not cry, mamma."

The *North German Gazette* states that the 84,900 men, under General Bourbaki, who have taken refuge in Switzerland, swell the number of French prisoners and of fugitives interned in neighboring states to more than a million; 930,000 are prisoners of war; nearly 20,900 fled into Belgium after the battles of Metz and Sedan, and more than 80,000 have now crossed the Swiss frontier.

It is no easy task to measure the velocity of the wind on Mount Washington. The anemometer is the instrument used, which consists of four hemispherical cups attached to horizontal bars crossing each other at right angles. These bars are attached in the centre to a vertical shaft, which has at its lower extremity an endless screw, and the latter gives motion to a series of wheels regulating the movement of a dial in a little box above. The dial is divided into one hundred degrees, each degree representing fifty revolutions of the cups, or one-tenth of a mile. A stationary index measures the rate up to five miles an hour, and a second index marks the additional miles. Sometimes the anemometer is made stationary with a self-registering apparatus; but this not being possible on Mount Washington, the observer goes outside the building, and holds the instrument in his hands, where the cups are fully exposed to the action of the wind, long enough to give him a sure basis for calculation—perhaps from two to ten minutes. When the wind is very high a rope is tied around the observer, so that he may be drawn back into the building in case he is likely to be blown away. Often it is necessary to lie down upon the ground while taking the observation; and in any case the exposure to a violent wind, for only a few moments, is very exhausting.

Mr. Spurgeon has written a circular in behalf of the "Working-man's Lord's Day Rest Association," in favor of petitions to Parliament to relieve the twenty thousand letter-carriers from labor on Sundays. These carriers walk sixteen to twenty miles every day, and need one day's rest.

The Dark Blue is the somewhat fanciful name of a new illustrated monthly magazine which is about to be issued in London. Many distinguished writers are numbered among its contributors.

The cathedral of St. Denis was most carefully protected by sand-bags during the bombardment, and has sustained but little injury. Only four shells penetrated to the interior of the building.

Who would not emigrate to San Domingo, and luxuriate upon the fruits of the land? Some of the late accounts are so enthusiastic as to lead to the expectation that the tide will turn that way immediately. A visitor who accompanied the recent commission gives the following appetizing and enchanting description: "Of fruits we have sweet oranges, sour oranges, bananas (ten kinds), plantains, many apples, custard apples (delicious), tamarinds (sweet and sour), rose apples, sugar-cane (four kinds), mangoes, (delightful fruit), figs, grapes of green and purple varieties, lemons (sweet and sour), cocoanuts, limes (sweet and sour), plums (two kinds), nisperas fuma (a pickle pear), moya, and several other varieties. Of vegetables we have palm cabbages, egg-plant, cucumbers (large and small), string-beans, green pease, beans (twenty varieties), squash, cimlyns, yams (a dozen different kinds), sweet-potatoes, Irish potatoes, radishes, turnips, lettuce, corn (two or three kinds), beets, green ginger, tomatoes, green pepper (very hot), sweet peppers, rice. Besides these, coffee, chocolate, sugar, tobacco, grow almost wild; flowers grow in great abundance, and the botanists accompanying the commission will be enabled to collect a very large amount of valuable specimens. The castor-bean, from which castor-oil is made, is found in great abundance. Besides these, the indigo plant, the palm for making hats and fans, the lana, or natural wool for mattresses and pillows, white manilla and mayagua for rope, are met with all over the island. The entire island is one vast garden, capable of producing any thing that can grow in any portion of the world."

Lord Lorne is to wear at his wedding the full Highland costume. So states an Inverness newspaper. Every piece of jewelry will have engraved upon it the arms of the house of Argyle.

The son of the Emperor of Russia on his marriage with the Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales, presented to the royal and imperial bride a parure of diamonds, which, if his commands were observed by the manufacturers, was composed entirely of brilliants, not one of which had ever been worn by any human being. It was said at the time that great difficulty was experienced in procuring a sufficient number of uncut stones of the finest water to complete the order. An English journal suggests that the discovery of diamonds at the Cape of Good Hope would render it easy for a similar delicate compliment to be paid to the Princess Louise on the occasion of her approaching marriage.

Robert Browning's latest poem, "Hervé Riel," is republished in *Harper's Weekly* for March 18, from advance sheets of the *London Magazine*, for which it was written. For this spirited ballad, which commemorates the heroism of a Breton sailor, Mr. Browning received $500, which he presented to the London fund for the relief of the distress in Paris.

A bill has passed both Houses of Congress providing for a grand centennial celebration of the Declaration of American Independence in Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1876.

A movement has been made in England for supplying seed corn and other seeds to the ruined French peasants, to enable them to sow their lands, and prevent famine following in the wake of war.

Professor Agassiz is preparing an illustrated work on the American Salmonidæ. To enable him to make this work complete, he requires live specimens of every variety of trout, salmon, and white-fish found on this continent.

The Princess Louise has the reputation of displaying no common ability as an artist. She has contributed to the exhibition for the relief of the French peasantry three pictures painted by herself.

Smoking in the hall or galleries of the House of Representatives is prohibited in future. The aroma of cigars had grown so prevailing that a rule was found needful in order to protect the dignity of Congress against those members who thought it no breach of decorum to fill a legislative chamber with smoke.

During the siege of Paris presents of jewelry and baubles to ladies were not popular. Any gentleman desirous of winning the favor of a lady would send her butter, beans, potatoes, herring, or, better still, sardines. These were appreciated.

An indefatigable laborer is Madame George Sand, who, although in her sixty-seventh year, has planned a journey through Asia in the spring, for the purpose of collecting material for a new work, to be called the "Religions of the East."

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ANXIOUS TIMES.

NESTLE beneath God's wing in sleep, my dove,
Or let some angel do thy mother's part;
Thou couldst not rest with warring fear and love,
Husband and country, struggling in my heart.

There's father's helmet, where my pretty smiled
To see her own small face: that image be
Thy guard, dear head, when battle wages wild!
Shield him, O God, for her, and home, and me!

I've frowned down all the tears, and made it bright,
I've bitten back my sobs; I do but pray,
Since thus I yield to God, my land, their right—
Thy human heart, dear Christ, recall this day!

See this dear breast-plate which my head hath pressed,
It shall not lie there, weakly, in "good-by"—
What other home could ever give it rest?
Keep baby's father, Father kind on high!

Half of my heart will battle there with him,
And half of his will rock thy cradle here;
His eyes my unwept tears shall sometimes dim:
Dews that must water flowers of prayer, my dear!

To fight, in glory die, like summer day—
O men, O men! ye have the better part;
We sit at home, and think our hopes away,
And are a hundred times bereaved—in heart.

Wake, darling! Smile! 'Tis father's step. Were this
My music silent, dumb all earth would be,
And vain a world ablaze with Conquest's bliss—
The sunshine of my world gone back to thee.

If father went, and called me too, my dove,
These tiny, clinging arms would mother keep.
God pity her!....I was not crying, love,
I did but hush the little one to sleep.

THE LITTLE FIR-TREE.

IT was Christmas-time, and the old hall at the Manor House was decorated with evergreens. They were carried in from the garden, and the children of the house made them into beautiful wreaths and arches, till the hall looked like a green bower. A little fir-tree, growing in the shrubbery, watched her neighbors being carried away to the house, and sighed.

"I should like to be chosen too," she thought, "and planted in the hall, and admired. But there is no hope of this; I am too stiff."

At last, however, the gardener and the gardener's boy came to her and dug her up, with a good deal of earth round her roots, planted her in a green tub, and carried her also into the house.

"It is too good to be true," she thought; but she did not meet with such a pleasant reception from the inmates of the hall as she expected.

"Dear me!" said the ivy wreath, twining round a pillar; "how much room you take up! I always cling as close as ever I can to avoid incommoding my neighbors."

"Have you no berries?" asked the holly over the picture.

"Why don't you hang," said the bunch of mistletoe in the centre of the hall, "instead of standing up so straight? It is considered more graceful."

"Pray, are you for use or ornament?" asked the old clock.

"You had better not come too close," said the fire in the chimney, "for fear of accidents."

The fir-tree felt disappointed. "It was better in one's own house in the shrubbery," she thought. "There, at least, one was in nobody's way. I am not fitted to shine in society. No one will ever admire me."

By-and-by, however, she got plenty of attention. The ladies of the house came round her, pronounced her perfection, and loaded her with gifts. The fir-tree hardly recognized herself, hung all over with beautiful little toys, and on the top of all a little fairy, on one toe, with glittering wings, and skirts covered with silver spangles.

"This is, indeed, a precious gift!" thought the fir-tree. But still she was not as happy as she expected to be. Her companions in the hall were shorter in their manner than before.

"Dear me! how smart we are all of a sudden!" said the holly.

"I am sorry I can't stop to pay compliments," said the clock; "but the household depends on me."

"The tree last year was even finer," said the picture over the chimney-piece.

Late in the evening came the supreme moment. The tapers were set alight, the Christmas-tree blazed forth in all her splendor, and a hundred little eyes gazed upon her with wonder and admiration.

Now, surely, the fir-tree ought to have been satisfied; but no, the jealousy of her companions in the hall grieved her; besides, she felt almost overwhelmed with her own magnificence, and there was an awful sense of responsibility in supporting the weight of that wonderful little fairy.

When the tapers burned low the lady of the manor produced a bag, from which all the children drew numbers, and then all the pretty things off the tree were distributed among them according to what they had drawn. It was all chance work; some of them got handsome toys, and some little besides sugar-plums. A little girl called Effie drew the beautiful fairy, and one very little girl was inconsolable because the fairy did not fall to her share. She cried, and would not be comforted with a negro-faced Jack-in-the-box. Effie hugged her treasure close.

"You will soon be too big for dolls, dear," said her mother; "suppose you give it to the poor little girl who is crying so."

"But it's my own," said Effie.

"Do as you like, then," said her mother.

Effie said nothing; but presently she went up to the other little girl, and put the precious fairy into her arms.

"You may have it," she said.

"For my own to keep?"

"For your very own," said Effie.

The little girl dried her tears, and jumped for joy; and long afterward, when the paint was rubbed off the fairy's cheeks, and her silver spangles were tarnished, and one of her legs was broken, Effie liked to remember the pleasure she had given.

The fir-tree was so occupied in watching the looks of delight all round her that she hardly noticed that she was gradually returning to her own sombre self, with no ornament but her own dark green feathers; but as her tapers burned so low that the hot wax scorched her she began to realize it.

"I wonder why I don't feel sad," she thought, "at losing all my beautiful possessions! On the contrary, I have never felt so light-hearted before. How pleased all the dear little children look! This will be something for me to think of when I go back to my shrubbery; for I suppose they won't care to keep me much longer."

Gradually the merry faces disappeared, and the children went home to bed. The fir-tree, so lately the object of attraction to all, was left alone in the darkened hall, and forgotten. Her companions began to patronize her.

"You look much better without all that finery," said the mistletoe.

"Watch us carefully," said the ivy, "and I should not wonder if you picked up a few ideas of grace."

"You really would not make bad fire-wood when you are a little more withered," said the fire, which was burning very low in the grate.

"It's time to strike twelve; I wish you a very good-night," said the clock, politely.

The fir-tree felt grateful for the kind words, and next day, when she was carried back to her shrubbery, and replanted in the old spot, she was quite content to be left to her life of obscurity. No one was envious of her, and she had a great joy at her heart—the joy of having made others happy.

ANXIOUS TIMES.

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Gros Grain Cravat Bow.

THIS cravat bow is made of pink gros grain. The ends are raveled an inch wide, as shown by the illustration. Cut three three-cornered pieces of the gros grain. The straight edges of the two pieces designed for the under ends are each nine inches and a half long, and the third end is an inch and three-quarters shorter. Having raveled the straight edges of all the pieces, double each piece, pleat the double material at the bias edge, and arrange the ends on a stiff lace foundation as shown by the illustration. Cover the seam made by sewing on the ends with a half-rosette of the material. For this take a straight strip of gros grain two inches wide, double it lengthwise, and arrange the open lengthwise edge in box-pleats. Finish the middle of the rosette with a pleated band of the material.

GROS GRAIN CRAVAT BOW.

Netted Guipure Squares, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE two squares may be used for trimming lingerie, or be joined for covers, tidies, etc. Work the foundation of the squares with medium-sized linen thread over a mesh a tenth of an inch wide, then embroider it, as shown by the illustration, in point de toile, point d'esprit, and point de reprise, and ornament the foundation with wheels.

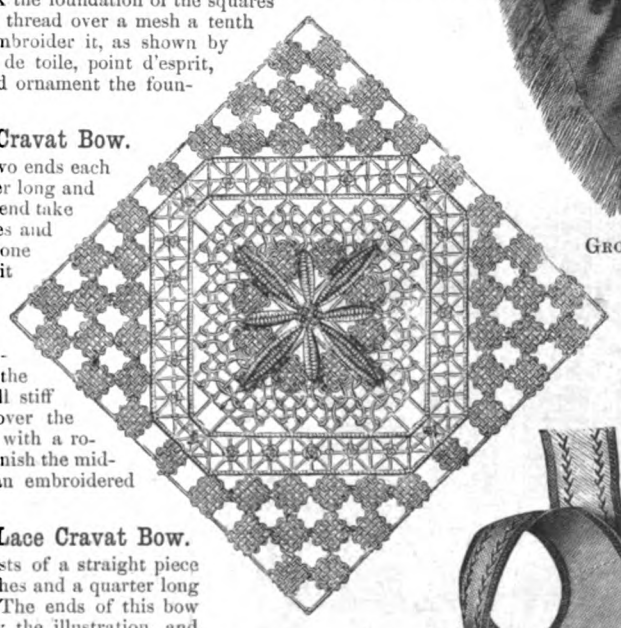


Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

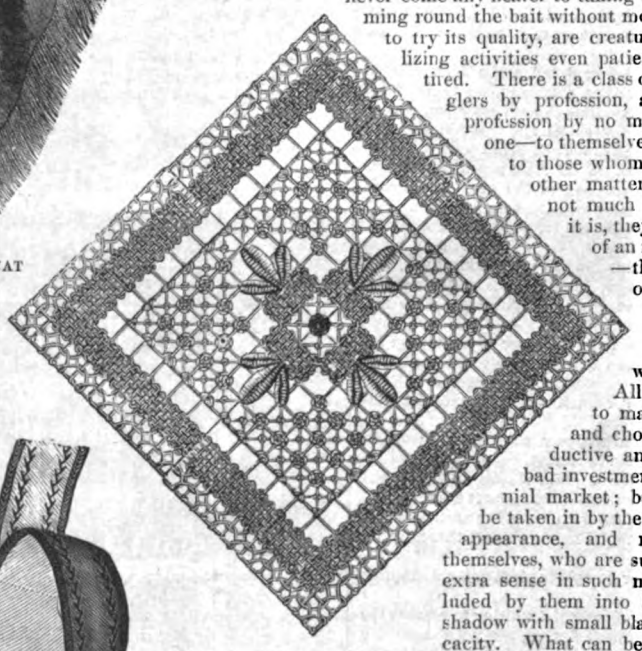


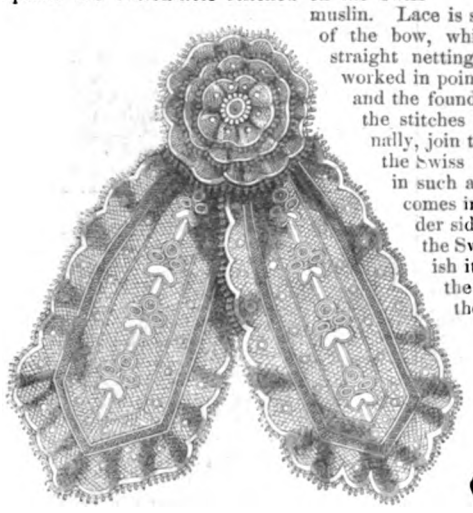
Fig. 2.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Insertion and Lace Cravat Bow.

THIS bow consists of two ends each seven inches and a quarter long and a lace rosette. For each end take a piece of lace five inches and three-quarters wide, cut one end in a point, and edge it with lace three-quarters of an inch wide, excepting at the upper cross-wise edge. Pleat the upper cross-wise edges of the ends, sew them on a small stiff lace foundation, and cover the seam made by doing this with a rosette of gathered lace. Finish the middle of the rosette with an embroidered figure.

Swiss Muslin and Lace Cravat Bow.

THIS cravat bow consists of a straight piece of Swiss muslin eleven inches and a quarter long and eight inches wide. The ends of this bow are pointed, as shown by the illustration, and ornamented with a square worked in straight netting. The foundation is worked in point de reprise, point d'esprit, and point de toile. These squares are button-hole stitched on the Swiss muslin. Lace is sewed on the outer edge of the bow, which is also worked in straight netting. The outer edge is worked in points in button-hole stitch, and the foundation is embroidered in the stitches above mentioned. Finally, join the lengthwise edges of the Swiss muslin part, and fold it in such a manner that the seam comes in the middle of the under side. At the middle pleat the Swiss muslin part, and finish it with a pleated band of the material, as shown by the illustration.



INSERTION AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.

BROWN JEAN WALKING BELT WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 44-46.

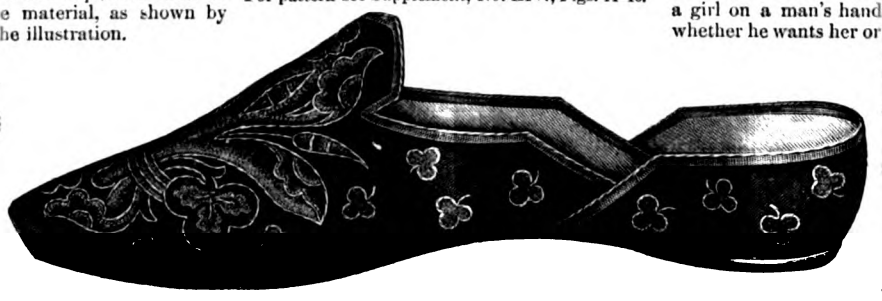


Fig. 1.—SLIPPER WITH ROMAN EMBROIDERY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20-22.

Brown Jean Walking Belt with Point Russe Embroidery.

THIS walking belt is made of brown jean, bound with red worsted braid, and embroidered with red worsted in herring-bone stitch. Cut of brown jean and muslin lining from Supplement, Fig. 44, one piece, and from Figs. 45 and 46 each two pieces, allowing an inch and three-quarters extra material at the back edge of Fig. 45. Hem the extra material down on the wrong side, and furnish the back with metal eyelets for lacing and thin whalebones. Join the front and back from 29 to 30, and then the back with the shoulders from : to * and from 31 to 32. In making the latter seam sew in a strip of the material an inch and a half wide and twenty-four inches long, whose lengthwise edges and under edge are bound with red braid and embroidered with red worsted in herring-bone stitch. Bind the under and upper edges of the belt, ornament it with herring-bone stitch, as shown by the illustration, and furnish with strings for lacing.

Slipper with Roman Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS slipper is made of black cloth, and is ornamented with Roman embroidery worked with various colors of sewing silk and fine gold cord. The inside of the slipper is lined with red silk and cotton batting. The sole is of cork. To make the slipper, cut of the cloth, silk, and cotton batting from Figs. 20 and 21 of the Supplement each one piece, and embroider the cloth parts (Fig. 2 gives the design for the front of the slipper in full size). Transfer this design to the front of the slipper, and add the still wanting foundation figures as shown by Fig. 1. Draw the foundation figures on the back of the slipper like those of the front. The long leaf-shaped figures are worked in three shades of gray; the shell-like parts in which the leaf-shaped figures end are worked in three shades of pink and three shades of blue. The large clover leaves are worked with gray and two shades of green; the small clover leaves are worked with green only. The buds and the figures in the middle of the design are worked with green and pink silk. The band is worked with blue, gray, and white silk. All the figures are ornamented with gold cord. Embroider the back of the slipper in a similar manner, as shown by the illustration. Baste the embroidered parts on the lining, bind the side and upper edges of the front and back with a bias strip of silk, and finish the edges with cord, as shown by the illustration. Sew the back on the front according to the corresponding signs, and with the under edge of these parts join a sole made of silk and cotton batting, which must be cut from Fig. 22, Supplement. Finally, set this sole on the outer cork sole, which must be cut from the same pattern.

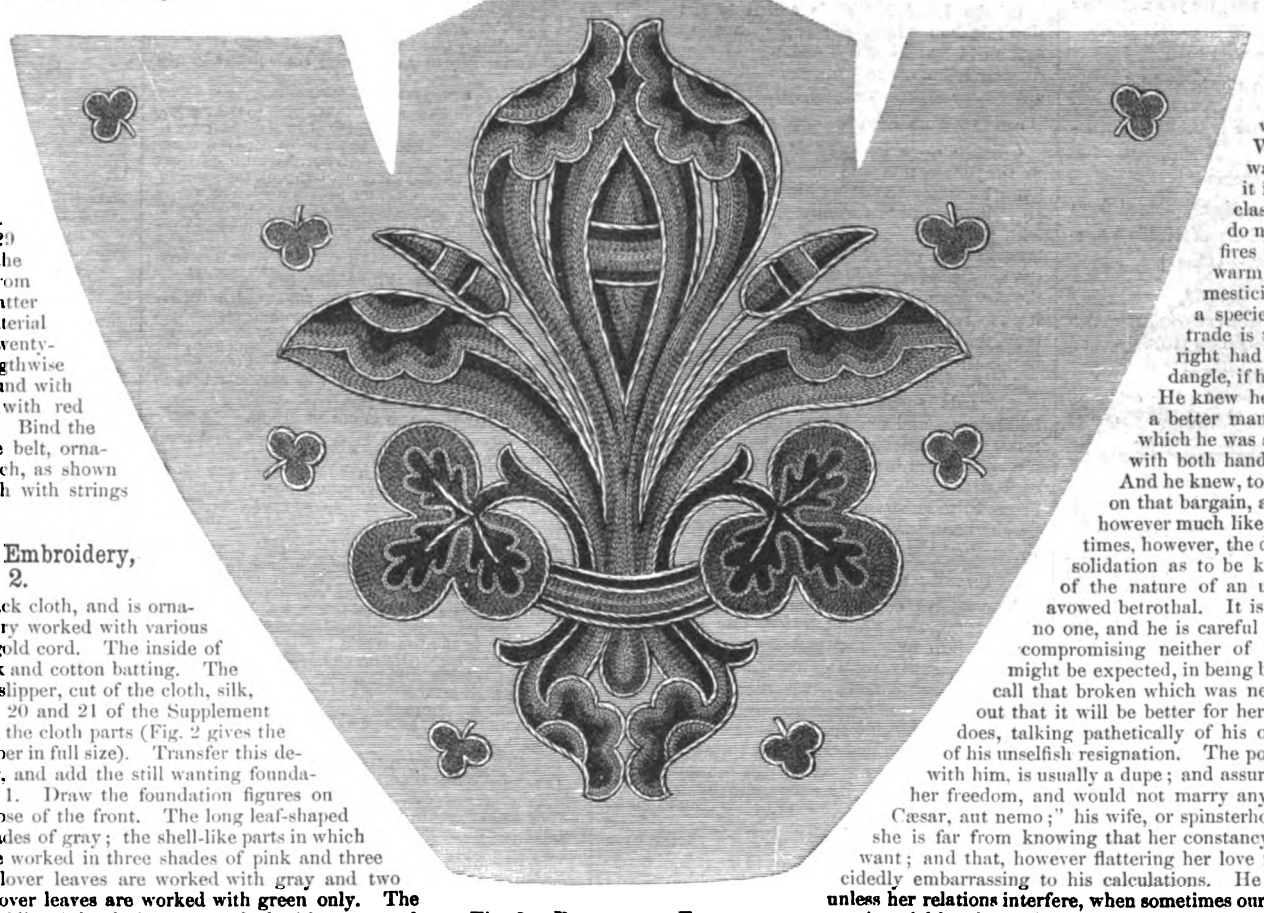
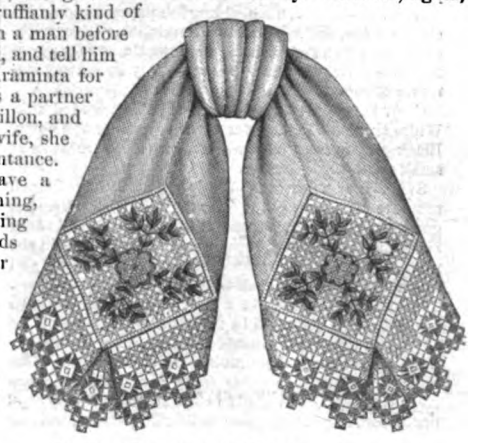


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR FRONT OF SLIPPER IN ROMAN EMBROIDERY.

DANGLERS.

ROOTS must strike before fruits can ripen, and dangling is the prelude to taking hold. But an unreasonable time devoted to the elaboration of cotyledons justifies one's doubt of a rooting power at all, and danglers who never come any nearer to taking hold, like fish swimming round the bait without more than a sly nibble to try its quality, are creatures of whose tantalizing activities even patient Job would have tired. There is a class of men who are danglers by profession, and who find that profession by no means an unpleasant one—to themselves. What it may be to those whom it concerns is another matter, and one that does not much disturb them. As it is, they are in the position of an intending purchaser—the potential owner of all within their means—the possible possessor of every pretty girl within their sphere. All they have to do is to make up their mind, and choose. Danglers, seductive and delusive, are the bad investments of the matrimonial market; but the wariest may be taken in by the plausibility of their appearance, and managing mothers themselves, who are supposed to have an extra sense in such matters, may be deluded by them into laying traps for a shadow with small blame to their perspicacity. What can be thought of a man young enough to love, with enough to marry, and sufficiently interested to dangle, but that he is a good investment of one's hopes? Besides, where does the time of legitimate hesitation end, and that of insufferable dangling begin? The point is a fine one, and given to few to hit exactly. Besides, again, Americans think it a ruffianly kind of thing to come down on a man before he knows his own mind, and tell him he must either take Araminta for life or renounce her as a partner for croquet and the cotillon, and that if she is not his wife, she shall not be his acquaintance. Fathers, as a rule, have a horror of this kind of thing, which looks like thrusting a girl on a man's hands whether he wants her or not; and our daughters, thank Heaven, have no need of that! So, out of delicacy for the one part, and the conviction that Araminta is at a premium in the market for the other, danglers are suffered to abound, and if mischief comes of it, we make a row when too late, and shut the stable door after the steed has been stolen.



SWISS MUSLIN AND NETTED GUIPURE CRAVAT BOW.

Taking society all round, the one who fails most signally in his duty is the bachelor dangler who could marry but does not. So, at least, women think, and a few fathers. With the multitudes of nice girls waiting pensively for husbands, it is really too bad to see a whole class of men feeding hopes they do not mean to realize, and fanning fires by which they never intend to warm themselves in comfortable domesticity. Besides, is not a dangler a species of swindler, whose stock in trade is made up of dummies? What right had he to come day after day and dangle, if he meant nothing like business? He knew he was standing in the way of a better man, and that the bargain about which he was so fastidious others would take with both hands if only they had the chance. And he knew, too, that he never meant to close on that bargain, and that he was but a dangler, however much like taking hold he looked. Sometimes, however, the dangler goes so far toward consolidation as to be kept half engaged, a ceremony of the nature of an understanding rather than an avowed betrothal. It is a state of things which binds no one, and he is careful to point out its advantages in compromising neither of them. It generally ends, as might be expected, in being broken off; if, indeed, one can call that broken which was never fast. He somehow finds out that it will be better for her if he gives her up, and so he does, talking pathetically of his own feelings, and quite nobly of his unselfish resignation. The poor girl, who is honestly in love with him, is usually a dupe; and assures him that she does not want her freedom, and would not marry any one else for worlds. "Aut Cæsar, aut nemo;" his wife, or spinsterhood for life! Poor little soul! she is far from knowing that her constancy is just the thing he does not want; and that, however flattering her love may be to his vanity, it is decidedly embarrassing to his calculations. He gets rid of her, nevertheless, unless her relations interfere, when sometimes our free-trader gets put under the matrimonial hatches before he knows where he is, and made a prisoner for life. As a rule, he rarely makes a satisfactory marriage when the time really comes.

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Moreover, the propensities of his bachelorhood reproduce themselves after marriage, and the unsettled dangler becomes the inconstant husband. He can not give up old habits because of new conditions. He has dangled and flirted so long that even when he has been carried off by some dashing *coup de main*, or more subtly stalked and run down—even then he can not give up, but still carries on the old bad game, and dangles to less purpose, yet to more danger.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. B.—If you have a thin neck and arms, by all means make a postillion basque of your pink silk. The cut paper pattern of the Worth Basque House Dress, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., is just what you want. Trim with lace or with narrow ruffles of the silk.

BOB.—Ruffles, pleated or fluted, and a thick cluster of tucks, make a prettier trimming, we think, than the English embroidery, though both are worn. Lonsdale muslin is nice for skirts and gowns; but the heavier Wamsutta or New York Mills are better for chemises and drawers. Your ideas about the brown alpaca dress for the house and the gray poplin suit are good, and the dresses will answer all season. For the basque and over-skirt use the pattern of the Worth Basque Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV.

ORA.—Moisten a muslin cloth with chloroform, and rub the spots of grease. It sometimes succeeds when benzine fails, but yet is not infallible.—We do not give addresses.

MRS. R. A. B.—We have not time to write you by mail, and do not know why your letters have failed hitherto. Your last was correctly addressed.

MISS F. A. R.—Try French chalk for cleaning undressed kid gloves.

MRS. R. H. K.—White alpaca suits are not worn in the city to church or on the street, but are not unsuitable in the country. Gros grain ribbon sashes are but little worn, as basques look best without sashes.

MRS. M. B.—We know nothing of the nostrums that are said to make straight hair curl, and therefore do not commend them.

ANNIE C. B.—Your sample is plum-colored empress cloth.

LADY OF SHALOTT.—Use moist whiting to remove the green canker from bronze figures, and polish with dry whiting. Gold and enameled jewelry are not worn in mourning. Jet, onyx, and rubber are preferred.

BACKWOODS.—Make your black alpaca by directions given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. IV. For the other dresses a postillion basque and demi-trained skirt will be suitable. The patterns of these you have in the Worth Basque House Dress.

N. M. H.—Thick, unruled English paper, of commercial note size, and square, large envelopes, with or without monogram, are the fashionable stationery for a gentleman's private correspondence. Any Broadway stationer of repute will supply you.

C. A. D.—Poult de soie is a soft, thick-corded silk. White silk is handsome for any lady to wear at a party. Black silk dresses with white over-skirts are worn at small parties.

SYBIL K. AND OTHERS.—We do not know how French scourers clean laces, but offer the following plan as a good way of washing them. Let the laces lie all night in a suds made of tepid water and white soap. In the morning add boiling water. Move the laces up and down repeatedly, squeezing but not rubbing them. Then tie them loosely in a muslin bag, and boil two hours in soap-suds. If in the country, they should be spread on the grass, without rinsing, and sprinkled occasionally to keep them moist. If in town, put them in a tub of boiling water for a day and night, then rinse through cold water to clear them perfectly, and dry before starching. Use well-boiled starch, putting the laces in while the starch is warm; then clap or beat with the hands, but do not wring or twist. Then fold in a damp cloth. Use a thick ironing blanket, as this raises the figures of the lace. If it is desirable that the lace should not look stiff, pass it through clear cold water after starching, then squeeze it out, slightly beat between the palms, and gently draw out into shape by the ball of the thumb and the forefinger—not by the nails.

L. K. H.—We do not furnish special designs in worsted work at the request of our readers.

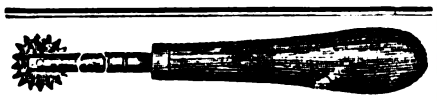
PRINCE.—We regret that we can give you no further information on the subject.

WHEN YOU FEEL A COUGH or bronchial affection creeping on the lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and cure it before it becomes incurable.—[*Com.*]

DANDRUFF may be effectually eradicated from the scalp by a few applications of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA is a certain Cure for CONSUMPTION.—[*Com.*]

DRUNKENNESS permanently cured. For evidence, send stamp to Dr. C. C. BEERS, 12 East 12th St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

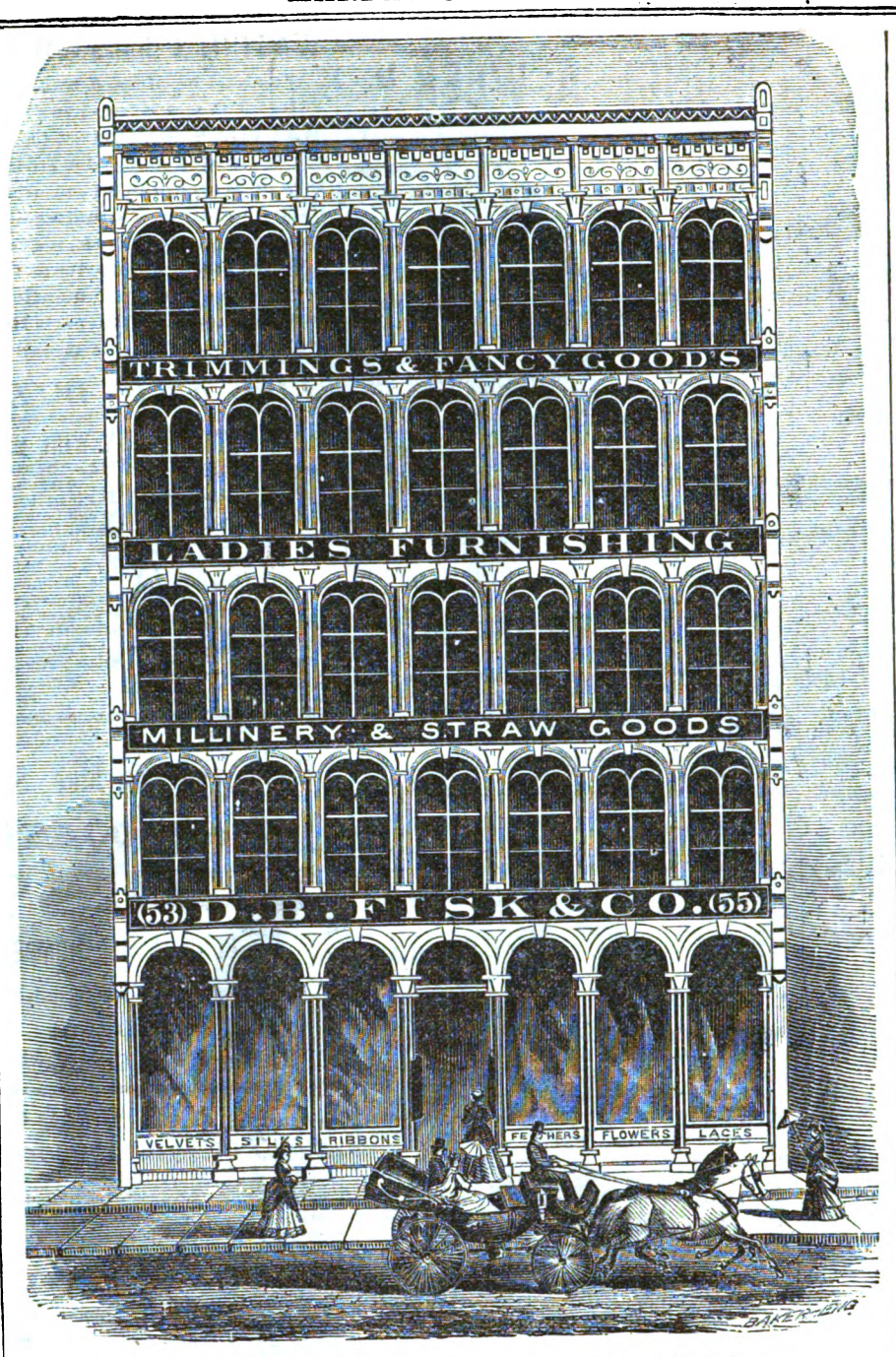
ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

SWISS CARVED GOODS.

The Swiss Manufacturing Co., 86 East 14th St., Corner University Place, up stairs.



WESTERN ENTERPRISE.

THE growth of Chicago, from 40,000 people to 300,000, in eighteen years, is one of the marvels of history. But the increase of its trade, commerce, and wealth, has greatly exceeded its increase of population. As a mart for lumber, grain, beef, and pork, it surpasses all Western cities. As the centre of a great net-work of gigantic railways spanning the continent and uniting the Northern lakes with the Mexican Gulf, and as the entrepôt for the agricultural and mineral products of the Northwest, it has no rival. It has become the great distributing point to the Northwest and Southwest for the products of the Atlantic and Pacific slopes, and the manufactures, teas, silks, etc., of the Eastern world, and is the great metropolitan city for the vast portion of this country west of the Alleghanies.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.

Of the 7,641,746 souls added to the Union the last ten years, according to the census, 4,739,671 have been added within the district directly tributary to Chicago, without including any States east or south of Illinois.

OBLIGATIONS OF CHICAGO TO YOUNG MEN.

Chicago owes its unexampled growth largely to the enterprise and energy of young men. They have laid the foundations and built the superstructure of her fortunes. Her business men, with the fresh, warm blood of a vigorous manhood in their veins, have made her what she is—the wonder of modern times. They have raised the city from six to ten feet out of the mud, given it perfect drainage, paved it, tunneled Lake Michigan, and supplied the city with the best water in this country; improved its sanitary condition; established a system of magnificent Parks and Boulevards surrounding the city, comprising 3000 acres, and making a drive of twenty-five miles; built double roadways under a navigable river—the first instance in the world; attracted capital from abroad for permanent investment; erected the most substantial and imposing business structures, and given her character and fame throughout the Union.

CHANGE IN THE COURSE OF TRADE.

The course of trade has changed materially since 1860, the wholesale business having expanded into unwonted and unexpected proportions. Formerly, most of our country merchants came to New York twice a year and bought a six months' supply. Now they buy limited amounts at Chicago, try the temper of the home market, replenish their stocks as they become reduced with only such goods as they can sell, and receive them in from twelve hours to two days. So that their goods are often sold long before they could be received if purchased in Eastern markets. They are thus enabled to supply their customers with fresh goods of the latest styles, and avoid the loss of carrying over unsalable stock.

As an illustration of the growth of Western trade, and a type of Chicago and her business men, take the well-known firm of

D. B. FISK & CO.,

importers and wholesale dealers in millinery, straw goods, ladies' furnishing, fancy goods, and trimmings, whose store is represented by the above engraving. It is the pioneer wholesale millinery house of the Northwest, was established in the spring of 1853, on Wells Street, between Lake and South Water, and was regarded at the time as a hazardous experiment. The city then numbered about 40,000 people, the surrounding country was new and sparsely settled, railroads were not, money was scarce, and the people poor. In 1854 they moved to 134 Lake Street. From 1855 to 1857 they were at 165 and 167 Lake Street, up stairs. In the spring of 1857, their business having steadily increased, they removed to the splendid iron building where they now are, occupying the second and third floors. Two years ago their business had so outgrown their accommodations that they took the whole building—the two floors above them for manufacturing and packing rooms, and converted the two stores below into one, for a salesroom and counting-room—and fitted it throughout in the most substantial and elegant style, with toilet rooms on the first floor for their lady customers.

AN ACRE AND A QUARTER OF MILLINERY GOODS.

So that, including the basement, they now have six floors, 50 by 165 feet—193⅓ square rods, or nearly an acre and a quarter of floor room for the display and sale of millinery goods—it being the largest store devoted exclusively to the millinery trade in the United States.

EXTENT OF THEIR TRADE.

Their trade extends from the Wabash to the Pacific, and from the Red River country of British America to Texas. Beginning with annual sales of a few thousand dollars, they have swelled into the millions, their sales last year exceeding by 33 per cent. the sales of the previous year. Western people are more liberal in their expenditures than Eastern people, and the ladies, especially in our thriving Western cities and villages, require even more fashionable and costly styles of dress and millinery goods than their Eastern sisters.

SYSTEM AND PROMPTNESS.

Every thing in this house is systematized, and their arrangements with the telegraph and express companies are so perfect that they can send orders to their buyers in New York on Friday night, and have the goods ordered delivered at their store in Chicago at 8 o'clock on Monday morning, in season for their morning customers.

LARGEST AND FRESHEST STOCK.

They always have the largest, freshest, and most complete stock of goods in their line to be found under one roof in this country, thus saving their customers the time and expense of coming East, and the extra freight on their goods, and reducing the time between purchasing or ordering their goods from days to hours.

REASONS OF THEIR SUCCESS.

Their great success has been achieved by their enterprise, sagacity, affability, integrity, industry, good taste in the selection of their stock, promptness in procuring the latest and best styles, ample means and rare facilities for making the manufactures of their goods, both in the Old World and in the New, tributary to their wishes; thorough acquaintance with the wants of the trade, and constant attention to the interests of their customers; and by keeping only those in their employ who are efficient and trustworthy assistants, and who take a personal interest in the business of the firm.

WHAT SUCH MEN HAVE DONE.

It is such as they who have transformed Chicago, within a few years, from a mud village, struggling for existence between a waste of waters and a pathless wilderness, into a gigantic city, whose business houses, of mammoth proportions, are as substantial as marble and iron can make them; whose temples of science, art, and religion rival those of cities a hundred years old; whose trade and commerce embrace both hemispheres, and whose name has gone abroad into all the earth.

SILK DEPARTMENT,
Rotunda.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

are offering

a Fresh Importation of the

A. T. STEWART & CO.'S FAMILY BLACK SILK

(admitted for many years to be the most reliable for wear and brilliancy),

at the following reduced prices:

Quality.	Former Price.	Present Price.
A	$3 50	$3 00 per yard
B	3 75	3 25 "
C	4 00	3 50 "
D	4 25	3 75 "
E	4 50	4 00 "
F	5 00	4 25 "
G	5 50	4 75 "
H	6 00	5 00 "
I	6 50	5 25 "

Bonnet's "CYCLOP" Silk and Ponsen's "Aleazar" at proportionate reductions.

100 Pieces PLAIN DRESS SILKS, in all the new colorings, at $2 50, $2 75, and $3 00 per yard.

110 Pieces 24-inch COLORED and CREPE DE CHINE, $3 per yard, worth $4 50.

A Complete Stock of

REAL IRISH POPLINS, of the very best manufacture, $2 per yard.

BROADWAY, FOURTH AVENUE, NINTH AND TENTH STREETS.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING DEPT.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

are constantly receiving new and beautiful styles in Cravats, Ties, Bows, and Scarfs; Ready-made Shirts, Collars, and Cuffs; Embroidered Shirt Fronts, Plain Plait Bosoms; Hosiery and Undergarments, of every description; Ladies' Soft Windsor Ties, in all the new shades.

N. B.—Special attention is called to our SHIRT DEPARTMENT, where every care will be taken to insure satisfaction.

BROADWAY, CORNER NINETEENTH STREET.

NEW SILKS.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

are offering a fine stock of NEW SPRING SILKS.

Black and White Stripes and Checks, Griselle Stripes, Fancy Colored Stripes; Plain Colored Taffetas, Failles, Japanese Poplins, Pongees, Serges, &c.

Also, BLACK SILKS of every grade, and from the VERY BEST MANUFACTURERS, at THE LOWEST PRICES.

BROADWAY, CORNER NINETEENTH STREET.

LACES.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

have open a splendid assortment of Point and Applique Shawls, Flouncings, Hdkfs., and Trimming Laces, in all widths; White and Black Duchess Trimming Laces; Valenciennes Flouncings and Trimmings; Black Thread Lace Flouncings, Parasol Covers, Barbes, Sashes, and Trimming Laces; Black Guipure Laces.

Also, a fine stock of PARIS EMBROIDERED HDKFS., in new and beautiful designs.

CAMBRIC and LAWN HDKFS., in every grade.

Hamburg Edgings, Insertions, Ruffings, &c., &c.

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NEW AND USEFUL INVENTION FOR SEWING MACHINES.

CHURCH'S PATENT MACHINE-FILLED SHUTTLE-BOBBIN,

Fitted for the following machines: Singer's, Weed F. F., Elias Howe, Florence, Grover & Baker, and Empire. Try it! It is cheaper, gives a perfect tension, does better work, and saves time and trouble of winding. Sample package 2200 yards best six-cord thread, assorted numbers 50 to 100, with set of equipments, with directions for using, sent, postage paid, on receipt of $1 25. In ordering, state style of machine.

Address MERRICK THREAD CO.,
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Organs & Melodeons.

The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

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Now in Use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.

☞ Send for Price-Lists.

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"TRY IT AND SEE!"—THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL sent six months "on trial" for $1 00; or, with *either* of HARPER'S a year, $5 00. (Price $3 a year.) Specimens FREE.
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS ($20 per day), to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

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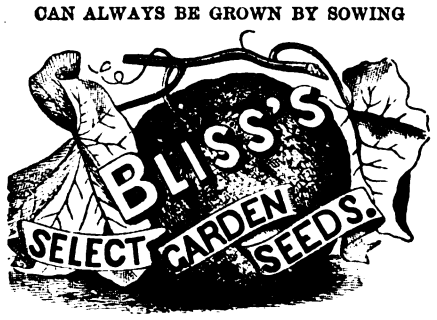
RARE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
AND
CHOICE VEGETABLES
CAN ALWAYS BE GROWN BY SOWING



The **Seventeenth Annual Edition** of their
Seed Catalogue and Amateur's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden
is now ready for distribution, and will be mailed to all applicants upon receipt of 25 cents; an edition beautifully bound in cloth, 50 cents.

This is without exception the **largest** and best Catalogue ever published in this or any other country. It contains 192 pages—56 of which are finely executed engravings, including four beautifully colored lithographs of favorite Flowers and Vegetables, and 136 pages of closely printed matter, giving a descriptive list of upward of 2500 species and varieties of

Flower and Vegetable Seeds,

including all the novelties of the past season, with directions for their culture; also, a list of upward of **One Hundred Varieties of Choice Gladiolus,** with many other **Summer-Flowering Bulbs,** and much useful information upon the subject of gardening generally. Also, a Descriptive Price-List of **Small Fruits,** embracing all the leading varieties of **Strawberries, Raspberries, Currants, Grapes,** &c.

Address
B. K. BLISS & SONS,
23 Park Place and 20 Murray Street,
(P. O. Box 5712), *NEW YORK.*

ELEGANT DESIGNS
IN WALNUT AND ASH,
With Mottled-Oak Ornaments, - - - - - - - - - $2
Same, with Nottingham Lace Curtains included, $3

The annexed cut represents the WASHSTAND CORNICE, with Nottingham Lace Curtains suspended over the Washstand by a simple attachment which secures it to the wall, and is as readily adjusted as a picture-frame.

Nothing is so unpleasant to a tidy housekeeper as to see the walls behind the Washstand bespattered with water and soiled with dust. To obviate the difficulty, strips of paper, muslin, or lace are pinned upon the wall; but these cover one defect by displaying another.

This WASHSTAND CORNICE not only serves as a complete protection to the wall, but makes the Washstand

A Beautiful Article of Furniture.

Attached to the Cornice are two arms, swinging on a pivot, to which may be added a LAMBREQUIN of either Muslin, Rep, or Lace; or they can be swung out and used for a Towel-Rack.

Sent to any part of the country on receipt of amount.

Parties out of town ordering will be particular to give name of Town and State, and full Shipping directions.

All orders addressed to
LORD & TAYLOR, Sole Agents,
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HOVEY & CO.'S
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
OF SEEDS,
AND GUIDE TO THE
FLOWER and VEGETABLE GARDEN
FOR 1871,
Now ready. Containing 125 pages. The most extensive and complete Seed Catalogue published. Giving plain directions for the culture of Flowers and Vegetables. Sent gratis to all on receipt of two stamps.
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PERFUMERY.
For the largest assortment and best terms, call upon or address
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N. Y. Office, 335 Broadway.

THE NEW EMPIRE
SEWING MACHINES
Prove a perfect success! The Company stands prepared to meet all demands on most desirable terms. Apply for Circulars, Samples, &c., to
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Grocers Every Where Keep It.
WHY? Because DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER has achieved a reputation second to none for strength, purity, reliability, and economy. It produces most elegant light biscuits, rolls, &c.; and, so exact are the proportions of each ingredient, that the same results follow each time. It permits no waste of flour, is convenient to use, and the food prepared with it is such that it can be eaten and relished by the most sensitive dyspeptic or invalid without fear of indigestion. Manufactured by DOOLEY & BROTHER, 69 New Street, New York, and for sale at retail by all grocers.

BOOSEY'S COMPLETE OPERAS for Voice and Piano-forte, words in two languages. Price $1 each. Now ready: Don Juan, Fidelio, Il Barbiere, Sonnambula, Martha, Trovatore. Issued fortnightly. BOOSEY & CO., No. 4 Bond St., and W. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway.

NEW PUBLICATION OF
"ONCE A WEEK,"
The Young Lady's Own Journal.
Specially designed for family reading, and more particularly addressed to young ladies. The utmost discrimination has been used in selecting the
ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES, POETRY, FAMILY AND MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS
that form its interesting and varied contents; and it may safely challenge the closest scrutiny, as no line of it can offend the most scrupulous taste. Its illustrations are very marked and attractive features, and in execution, as in sentiment, will, we think, be found unexceptionable; while its
FASHION PLATE
will doubtless be most acceptable to its young lady patrons. It is now before the public, and will plead, we believe, successfully its own cause.

The N. Y. *Evening Express,* February 22d, says:
"The publication of 'ONCE A WEEK,' by Frank Leslie, is a very happy idea well carried out. It is especially adapted to the young ladies, and the contents are well selected for that purpose, and can not fail to be one of Frank Leslie's best serials. The price is six cents each number. It is a publication of sixteen pages, small folio, and beautifully gotten up."

The *Press,* of Philadelphia, says:
"It is illustrated, neatly printed, publishes the fashions illustrated by plates, and its reading-matter, ranging from grave to gay, from lively to severe, is very agreeable and interesting."

The *Matinée* says:
"Frank Leslie has commenced the publication of a very handsome illustrated weekly literary paper with the above title. It is intended more especially for young ladies."

The *Stage* says:
"It is a welcome addition to our current literature, and will, we think, find numberless subscribers among the young ladies, to whom it is particularly addressed, having for its second title the taking one of the Young Lady's Own Journal."

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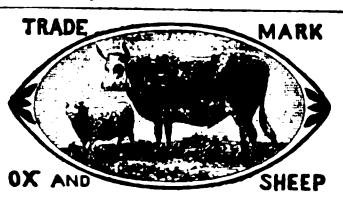
Use none but TRADE MARK  THE BEST!!!
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TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	"	30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	"	38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	"	40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	"	46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	"	48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	49
HALF-FITTING CLOAK WALKING SUIT	"	50

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WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	"	1
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FACETIÆ.

ONE of the workmen at the navy-yard, who has been employed there for twenty years, upon being rallied upon the likelihood of his discharge in consequence of a change in the administration, replied that he would like to see the administration change any quicker than he could!

GIRLS OF THE PERIOD—Female compositors.

TOUCHY.—A lady who was acting as gratuitous amanuensis, in writing a letter for a lady friend last week, had the impudence to throw the letter in the fire when nearly finished, for the simple reason that the lady for whom she was writing modestly requested her to close the letter by saying, "Please excuse bad spelling and writing."

A pernicious boy in a public school out West, who stands high in geography, was recently asked by his teacher where Africa was located. He very promptly answered, "All over the United States."

FINANCIAL ILLUSTRATIONS—Drawing checks.

"Looking at the aurora borealis" is the excuse heads of families and young men give now at breakfast for being out late the previous evening.

THE CAPITAL TO BEGIN LIFE WITH—A capital wife.

In Pennsylvania lately, a clock-peddler was tramping along—hot, dusty, and tired—when he came to a meeting-house, wherein sundry Friends were engaged in silent devotion. The peripatetic tradesman thought he would walk in and rest himself. He took a seat upon a bench, doffed his hat, and placed his clocks upon the floor. There was a painful stillness in the meeting-house, which was broken by one of the clocks, which commenced striking furiously. The peddler was in an agony, but he hoped every minute that the clock would stop. Instead of that, it struck just four hundred and thirty times by the actual count of every Friend at the meeting, for the best disciplined of them couldn't help numbering the strokes. Then up rose one of the eldest Friends, at the end of the four hundred and thirtieth stroke, and said, "Friend, as it is so very late, perhaps thee had better proceed on thy journey, or thee will not reach thy destination, unless thee is as energetic as thy vehement timepiece!"

A PLEDGE OF LOVE—Pawning the engagement ring.

The following stanza is said to have been copied from the tombstone of a husband and wife:

"Within this grave do lie,
Back to back, my wife and I;
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up, I'll just lie still."

What's the proper age for a parson?—The parsonage, of course.

IRRITATING THE FEELINGS—After rolling all night in your berth at sea till you are miserably sick, to have a steward ask you in the morning if you will have a fresh roll for breakfast.

The following bills are proposed for the consideration of our legislators:

A Bill for the Establishment of a Cheerful Newspaper.

A Bill for the Introduction of Uniformity in the Length of the Months of the Year. [This is a measure which will do away with much uncertainty and confusion, and render unnecessary many millions of questions at present of annual recurrence.]

A Bill for the better Regulation of the Practice of asking Eminent Characters for their Autographs.

A Bill for the Total Abolition of Encores, Fees, and Gratuities at Places of Public Entertainment.

A Bill to reduce the Exorbitant Price of Oysters.

A Bill to restrain Photographers from putting Likenesses in their Windows against the express Wish and Injunction of the Persons misrepresented.

A Bill for the better Regulation of Penny-a-lying.

A Bill to provide Itinerant Vendors with Vocal Instruction.

A Bill to subject all Young Men wearing an Eye-glass to Surgical Examination.

A prominent dry-goods merchant of Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give the answer: "If fourteen men build a stone-wall in nine days, how long will it take five men to build a like wall in six days?"

SHARP-SHOOTERS—Meteors.

When is a ship in love?—When it is attached to the *buoys!*

The fellow who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying that they make a man forget all his other miseries.

RACES THAT SHOULD BECOME EXTINCT—Steamboat races on the Mississippi.

A man not a thousand miles from here once asked another who he liked the best to hear preach.

"Why," said he, "I like to hear Mr. —— preach best, because I don't like any preaching, and his comes nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard."

HOME MUSIC—Hus-bands.

"I don't like these shoes," said a lady customer, "because the soles are too thick."

"Is that the only objection?" blandly asked the salesman.

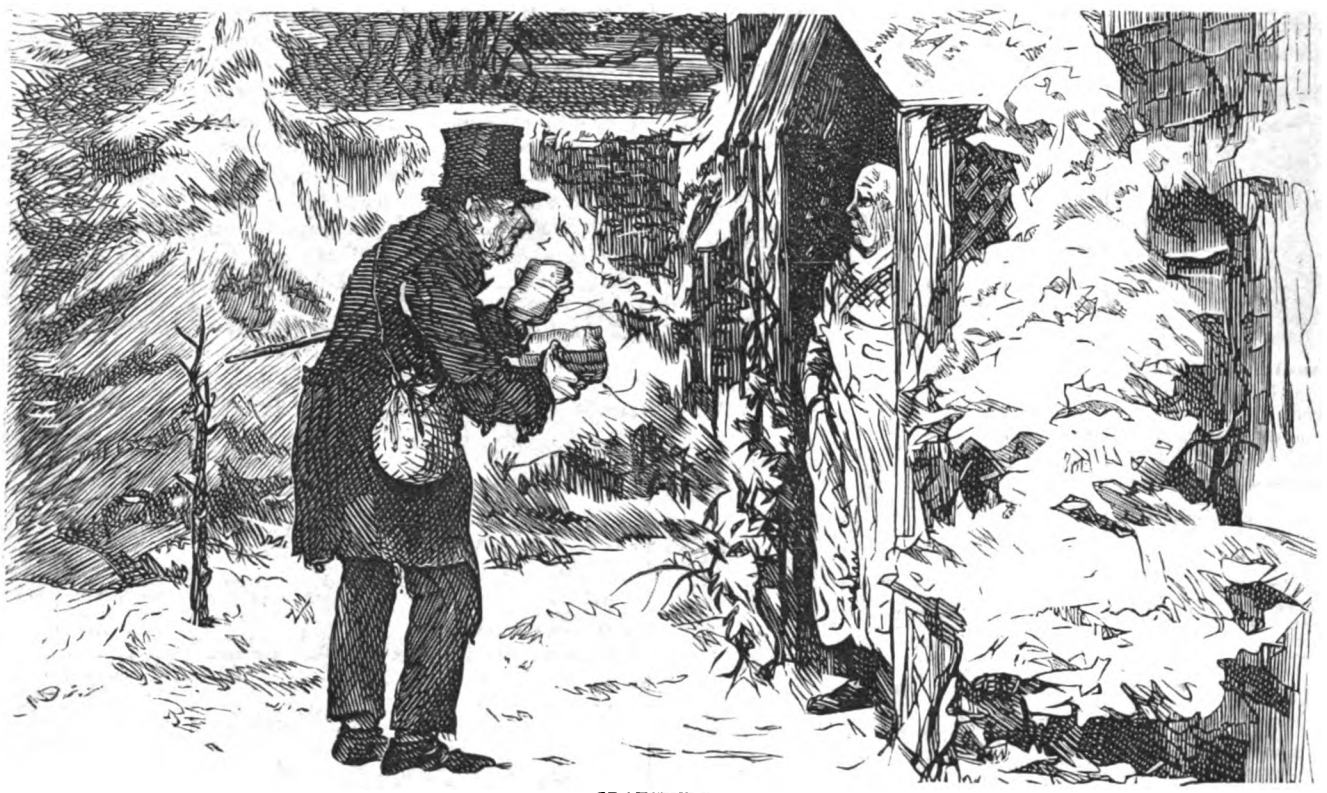
"Yes," was the reply.

"Then, madame, if you take the shoes, I can assure you that that objection will gradually wear away."

Twenty quires make one ream; one ream makes a statue.

RIFLEMEN—Burglars.

One of the miseries of life is to be beaten in an argument, and immediately afterward to think of some expression that would have totally annihilated your opponent.



GRATITUDE.

FASTIDIOUS VAGRANT "And they ain't 'alf Buttered! I could 'a Done as well if I'd Gone up the Lane to the Poor-house!"

"A NIGHT OF IT."

YOUNG WIFE (2 A.M.). "Dinner at Delmonico's! the Theatre! and Supper and a Rubber at the Club! Well, Henry, I wonder you did not Go to All the Places of Amusement in New York, and (*sobbing*) not come Home all Night!"

HENRY. "My dear, all th' other Plashes Shu' rup!"

ROGUES FALLING OUT.

MAMMA. "What is Baby Crying for, Maggie?"

MAGGIE. "I don't know."

MAMMA. "And what are *you* Looking so Indignant about?"

MAGGIE. "That Nasty, Greedy Dog's been and Took and Eaten my 'Punge-take!"

MAMMA. "Why, I saw you Eating a Sponge-cake a Minute ago!"

MAGGIE. "Oh, that was Baby's!"

A GIFT.

A Bavarian officer in France found one of his men cleaning a chicken. "Hallo, fellow," cried he, "where did you get that chicken? Don't you know that stealing has been forbidden on pain of death?"

"A peasant woman gave it to me," was the answer.

"And what did she say?"

"Well, she didn't say much; she only cried!"

A philosopher has discovered that men don't object to be overrated—except by assessors.

A man "down East" was living with his second wife. One day she asked him where he wished to be buried when he died. He replied,

"In L——, where my wife was buried."

"And where would you bury me if I should die?" said wife No. 2.

"In L——, of course," said the husband.

"I won't go a step," was the reply. "I don't know a soul up there, and I know lots in this grave-yard!"

WHAT COLUMBUS DID—A notion crossed him, and he crossed an ocean.

The most remarkable instance of a hybrid animal is the cricket-bat.

What kind of pine is the most difficult to saw into timber?—The porcupine.

THE UNNECESSARIES OF LIFE.—Paint—on the face, morning calls, long sermons, newspaper interviewers, internal tax gatherers, carpet-baggers, railway directors, grand juries, Cumming's prophecies, Tupper's philosophies, nine out of ten new novels, black beetles, poor relations, and the compliments of the season.

RIVERS WITH QUERIES.—The river *Wye*, and the river *Ware for?*

THE REAL SHOOTING SEASON.—Spring.

AN UNSUSPECTED INFIRMITY.—Milton must have been conscious of a disposition in himself to yield to the pleasures of the table, otherwise he would not (as in "L'Allégro") have desired a preventive "against eating cares."

WORKMEN GENERALLY ON STRIKE—Blacksmiths.

A bachelor friend compares a shirt-button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

A SPOT HAZARD—Practicing at a rifle range.

A Canadian hotel once had a sign in the reading-room thus, "Gentlemen learning to spell will please take yesterday's papers."

"SPEAKING BY THE CARD"—A whist-player leading off.

SAD FATE.—A country paper expresses the deliberate conviction that "a man who will not do any thing himself, nor let any one else do any thing, by way of public improvement, ought to keep tavern after every body else is dead!"

HOW TO MAKE TIME GO FAST—Use the spur of the moment.

There is no commoner grammatical mistake than the inversion which produces such a ludicrous effect as this: "Wanted—a bedroom for a single gentleman eighteen feet long." I have just found the following in an old newspaper: "Mr. Pitt went to the House upon crutches, which was the fullest ever known."

THE GROUND OF INSANITY—The battle-field.

It was a very hard-shell Baptist, of Tennessee, who suggested, when he heard of the reformation of an ungodly neighbor, that no ordinary baptism would do for that man—the only sure way would be to tie a grindstone to his feet, and "anchor him overnight in the middle of the river."

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* tells a good story of a railroad conductor who resides in that city. In his absence his wife presented him with a fine boy. Some of his wife's friends, who are of a waggish turn of mind, suggested that they borrow two other babies in the neighborhood, and present the three youngsters to the happy father on his return. The plan was carried out, and, upon the arrival of the train in the evening, the young husband, who had heard that all was well, hurried home. After fondly kissing his wife, he asked to see the little stranger. Imagine his surprise on beholding three babies when the coverlet was turned down. After gazing at them in profound astonishment for several minutes, he turned to his wife, and coolly asked, "Did any get away?"

THE BEST MAGAZINES—*Cereals* for France.

A Hibernian Senator, speaking of suicide, said, "The only way to stop it is to make it a capital offense, punishable with death."

The man who didn't believe in advertising has gone into partnership with the sheriff, and they are going to have an auction.

"Have you, in your album, any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another.

"No," was the reply; "but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

An old lady being in a store at Waterbury, Connecticut, recently sat down and reached out her half-frozen feet to the Herring safe, remarking that she always did like those air-tight stoves.

EXCEPTION FROM THE GENERAL RULE—Bachelors.

The "divorce suit" is the name of the most stylish traveling dress in Chicago.

A poem in an agricultural paper, called "Song of the Farmer Boy," very appropriately commences with "Ho, brothers, ho!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 13.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Apron-polonaise Walking Suit.

THIS new and elegant apron-front polonaise is copied from a model imported from Paris by one of our most exclusive and fashionable modistes, who has kindly granted us the favor. The shape and draping are peculiarly stylish, and the graceful front is cut without a seam, thus making a perfect tablier. The garment may be made of any kind of cloth or silk, and used either for suits, or of a material different from the skirt. The back is nearly tight-fitting; the front is loose, and made with one dart, and the whole is belted in at the waist. A simple bow at the back finishes the belt. Two rows of passementerie gimp surround the polonaise, cross in front and form a square on the apron, and pass over the shoulder, as shown by the illustration. The garment is edged with fringe or lace. The trimming, of course, can be varied to suit the taste. The walking skirt furnished with the suit is of convenient length, just clearing the ground.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

To take bust measure, pass a tape measure entirely around the body under the arms, across the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest. Nine sizes are published, viz., 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches. Where no measure accompanies the order, the medium size is sent.

This suit comprises two articles—apron-front polonaise, and walking skirt.

APRON-FRONT POLONAISE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, side piece, back, belt, and sleeve. The fronts are fitted with one dart, and have an apron front, which is left open nine inches below the waist line, and is cut without a seam in the middle. The opening below the waist is closed with hooks and eyes or buttons, and a lap is sewed on to conceal the fastening. A belt confines the polonaise at the waist. The side body and back form four large box-pleats below the waist line on the outside. The extra fullness of the skirt at the top on the under side is gathered into a belt, which fastens in front under the garment. The notches in the seams of the skirt show where the pleats are to be laid. Pleats five inches deep are laid in the three back seams. One pleat five inches, and one two inches deep are laid in the seams which join the apron fronts, all the pleats turning upward. The notches come together to form the depth of each pleat. The perforations in the front and over the shoulder show where to sew on the trimming and make the darts in front. One row of the trimming covers the darts. The sleeve is left open six inches from the bottom, and is trimmed on the outer seam up to the armhole. Baste up the garment, and try it on wrong side out before sewing the seams.

Quantity of material, 30 inches wide, 8 yards.

Passementerie gimp trimming, 16¾ yards.

Fringe or lace for bottom of polonaise, 5 yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, side gore, and three straight breadths for the back.

Quantity of material, 30 inches wide, for skirt, 7½ yards.

Material for each four-inch flounce, 1½ yards.

APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.

[Cut Paper Pattern of this entire Suit, to fit any Figure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.]

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FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

My love was a poor man's daughter,
And I was a poor man's son,
And oft we walked by the sea-shore,
When the work o' the day was done—
Hand in hand on the gleaming sand,
And our two hearts beat as one.

My love was meek and gentle,
And she was wondrous fair,
With hazel dyes in her slumbrous eyes,
And chestnut shades on her hair;
And we raked hay on the meadow,
And I gave my heart in her care.

But the great notched wheel of Fortune
Kept turning on and on,
And she was a rich man's daughter,
And I was a poor man's son;
And she had a score of lovers or more,
But I was the favored one.

And I passed hard by her window,
Nor turned my face to see
The lady fair with gems in her hair,
As fine as fine could be,
Though I knew her heart was dying
For just one word from me.

My love grew pale as the lily,
And faded day by day,
And I passed by and heard her sigh,
And turned my head away;
For I was proud as the proudest,
And her gold between us lay.

And the great notched wheel of Fortune
Kept rolling on and on,
And she was a poor man's daughter,
And I was a rich man's son;
And maids of grace smiled in my face,
But I saw only one.

I found my love in the cottage
Where first I sought her side,
And I shall not tell *how* I wooed, but well,
For she had not my pride;
And I gave my heart in her keeping,
And won her for my bride.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a great variety of patterns and illustrations of Bridal Dresses and Coiffures; Suits for Elderly Ladies; Evening Dresses for Young Ladies; Paletots; Basque-Waists; Shawl Suits; Watteau and Gored Wrappers; Water-proof and Traveling Hoods; Breakfast and Dress Caps; Wall Tidies; Point Lace Collars, etc., etc.*

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Apron-Polonaise Walking Suit, on our first page, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For the complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published, see Advertisement on page 207 of this Number.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Markets and Prices.

DEAR RALPH,—The other morning I met a lady—a friend of ours—who had an air of business, and who spoke to me with so preoccupied an air that I was very curious to know where she had been and what she was doing; not that it was especially any concern of mine, but that loitering old fellows like me, and those gentlemen whom you see in the morning at the windows of the Union Club, smoking, are essentially gossips, and we speculate with profound interest upon the affairs of other people because we have none of importance of our own. It was not far from the Union Club; in fact, it was in Broadway that I met our friend, whom I joined, notwithstanding her absorption, and as courteously as I could I asked if I could not help her. "I see that you are troubled about something," I ventured to remark; "and if I could be of assistance to you, you know how glad I should be."

She looked at me with a very sweet smile, and said: "Oh no, I thank you, I am not troubled. I have only been pricing things."

She pronounced the word as if it had been spelled with a z, and with an air of delight as if she had been Di Vernon speaking of a hunt and the inspiring harkaway.

"Pricing things?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Yes; going through the shops and finding the cost of spring goods, you know; feeling the market, as you men say, I believe."

There was a charming animation in her manner, and I hoped in the most sympathetic tone that she had had a successful tour.

"Oh, delightful! There's nothing like going through the shops when they open the new goods, and pricing things."

She continued in a strain of enthusiasm, remarking that New York was, after all, only a great market, and that the whole world sent its products thither. Every thing was for sale. You could buy what you wanted. And she rattled on so warmly that I understood what is meant by a shop-keeping people. For here was a little lady whose very soul seemed absorbed in shopping; and if I could only remember what she told me, during our brief promenade, of the prices of every kind of dry-goods, I should be so wise as to be of some actual use in society, and I might even hope to find employment at Stewart's.

But my little friend's zeal quickened her pace so that I found it difficult to keep up with her comfortably, and presently wished her good-morning and more shops to conquer, and took leave of her just as she was entering Constable's, kissing her hand to me as she went, and her face glowing with expectation. I walked on more slowly, and meditated her remark that the great city was a great market. And why not all the world? If it be a stage, and men and women merely players, as our poet tells us, is it any less a market, in which every man and woman has a price? Robert Walpole said it, or was said to have said it, of the public men of his day. Is it any less true now, dear Ralph? If you should go to Washington would you find the Capitol a market, and Senators and Representatives duly priced? I make no assertion, my dear boy. I am only conducting a philosophical inquiry and observation. Or, to limit the range of our observation, could you, by any stretch of your fancy, suppose our own beloved Legislature, the statesmen who make laws for us at our own capital, to be, so to speak, disposable—to have a marketable price?

Suppose, Ralph, that you and I should set forth for the capital, and escaping the railroad bridges and other traps upon the way, should arrive in that city, and that presently we should find our way to the halls in which the representative wisdom of the commonwealth is assembled. As we enter, let us suppose a smooth-tongued gentleman meets us, who somehow impresses us very much like the excellent white-frocked butchers at Tompkins Market or elsewhere—that is, with an undeniable air of business. He is very polite, and rubs his hands, we will fancy, and he says, "Any thing in my line this morning, gentlemen?" so that we look around as if we should see a fine fat quarter of beef, or a saddle of mutton, or a haunch of venison, or a rabbit, or a dozen squabs—innocents, greenlings. But we really see no such things, and are confused by remarking that, instead of marketable provisions or butcher's meat, we are in a hall, and that various legislators are before us, large and small, indeed, old and new, in office; but where is the beef? where are the squabs that we involuntarily thought to see?

And the smooth-tongued gentleman looks at us so curiously, and is evidently so sure that we are bent upon trade, that it really seems to us—does it not?—as if he said—he *doesn't* say so, but somehow it *seems* so—"Are you for a Senator or two this morning, or shall I put you in a neat little lot of Assemblymen?" And again we look about, as if we should see these commodities hanging by the leg or arm to sharp hooks overhead, as we do see choice bits at the markets. And suppose that, following the whim of our fancies, we should say that we were merely feeling the market—pricing things, as the little lady said—and our guide should reply, "All right, gentlemen," and then proceed like a market-man who is discussing the scope and extent of your projected feast: "You can be suited at every price, gentlemen. If it is a mere private bill, I could perhaps give you half a dozen tender Representatives and a spare-rib of a Senator, or so, at a very reasonable figure. If it is any bit of local legislation, the price is really ridiculous; members are a drug. But if you were thinking of a city railroad, as gentlemen of your character most probably are, I can give you the most elegant and appetizing majority you ever saw; but, of course, you would expect to *pay* accordingly. I have several very superior Senatorial joints always on hand, warranted to bend any way. I have always given satisfaction, and the market was never in a better condition."

If, I say, my dear Ralph, we should be accosted in this manner, should we not be obliged to believe that the august Capitol of the State was as much a market as the Fulton, or the Washington, or the Tompkins, in the city; that the people's representatives had their price as certainly as butcher's-meat, or greens, or offal; and that legislation was sold by the vote, as beef and mutton are sold by the pound? And if we give this kind of fancy play, where will it stop? The world is a huge market, then, and the great departments of industry and activity, the professions, the trades, are but stalls, in which men and their talent and their exertions are exposed for sale? And is character for sale also? Has honor a price? Can you buy manhood? Do they sell conscience for dog's-meat? Has every man and every woman a price, like the cuffs and collars that the little lady was so busily seeing? A lawyer, for instance, enters into collusion with those who would evade the spirit of the law for the worst purposes. He strains all his talent and ingenuity to stretch the letter of the law over huge frauds, and conceal them with a show of legality. He connives at acts for which men would be kicked out of the society of gentlemen. He struggles to give thieving, lying, and forging the name of propriety and the air of regularity. He tries to smother justice with law. And if he does all this, and you see that he is enormously paid for it, what are you doing by such observation? You are pricing things, as the little lady said. You are ascertaining that a lawyer will sell all that to many men is invaluable, if only he can be paid enough for it. He is a man whose price is money. There is no deception in it, no romance. Such a man sells his honor for money. When a woman does the same, what is thought of her?

Here is another, whose heart is inflamed with the passion of political power. He has been fairly elected to office, but, like a man who has unwarily tasted ardent spirits, office kindles an unquenchable thirst. He finds that he has patronage, and that patronage is power, and that power makes power, as capital breeds capital. He wishes to go on. He will rise from place to place. His ambition finds vanity, jealousy, all the meaner passions its faithful slaves. Other men stoop and whisper and lie. He will beat them with their own weapons. It is better that he should be in power than they. And to buy that power he sells every thing, and is himself sold by the bargain. This man, too, has his price, like the saddle of mutton, like the legislator, like the lace cuff, like the lawyer. A shrewd pricer of the market would buy him, if he wanted him, as surely as you would buy a pair of prairie-chickens, my dear Ralph, if you wanted them for supper.

And you, Aspasia—who may be reading this letter over Ralph's shoulder—have you, too, a price? If you are poor and beautiful, if you have fine tastes and social ambition, and here on one side is Robbie Burns, who can only woo you by his song, "'Tis sweeter for thee despairing than aught in the world beside," and on the other is Crœsus, with splendid house and horses and carriages, and social position and diamonds and feasts, and Newport and Saratoga and the grand tour—what then? Have you a price, Aspasia? Are you in the market? Fate is pricing you, my dear. You may deceive yourself, others you can not. You may say that you want wider opportunities of benevolence; that you are so unhappily constituted that you must have comforts; that you have generous and lavish habits; that you can make mother and sisters and friends so happy, and you ought to make the sacrifice; that poverty slays love, and the pauper has no honey-moon—the question is not changed, Are you in the market? Can you be sold for a price, and is this offer high enough?

Upon how many of us, dear Ralph, the price is plainly labeled! This beef for forty cents a pound. This legislator for a hundred shares of the stock. This governor for a nomination. This statesman for the control of patronage. This lawyer for a huge fee. This man for flattery, for fame, for a fortune. This woman for jealousy, for revenge, for despair, for an establishment. What is often called shrewdness and sagacity is merely ability to price things accurately. A man would be a fool who should offer Mr. Plover in the market a string of glass beads for a loin of veal; but he could buy a great deal of land from an Indian at that price. So he would be very unwise who should offer you and me a thousand dollars for our votes; but how if he offered us the mission to Siberia? This critic may frown you out of the door if you offer a bottle of Champagne for a friendly word; but how if you tell him that it is *his* opinion mainly, not that of the ordinary scribblers, in which you are interested? There are plenty of men who are as busily pricing us all as our little friend was busy pricing the dry-goods in the pretty shops. And life itself—does it never seem to you, Ralph, the divine method of testing who can and who can not be bought and sold? who can and who can not stand fast by himself? And is there a more comfortable gospel to meditate upon our journey than the celestial irony of the question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Always your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE JEWEL OF CONSISTENCY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IT is very sad to go to the great hotels and see the little children decked in elaborate finery, and dancing and prancing through the vast rooms before gazing crowds at hours when they ought to be fast asleep in their beds. We religious folk inveigh earnestly against the children's balls and parties in which you of the world indulge; and, thank Heaven, we mean to keep our little ones in the sheltered ways of home!

But what objectionable feature of children's balls was wanting in the series of Pilgrim Memorial festivities lately held in Tremont Temple, Boston? Late hours, fine clothes, gazing crowds, intense excitement, all were there; and the mothers were not there in a position to exercise constant care over the wild little creatures. When I alighted before the door, out almost upon the sidewalk rushed a little lady whom I knew to meet me, out into the midst of the crowd, out into the cold, dark night—a tiny thing scarcely ten years old, in flimsy white gown and thin slippers, unshawled, bare-headed, unattended except by a girl of her own age. Half crazy with excitement, the little chits were curveting around from room to room, breathless and eager, unable to be quiet, their nearest approach to standing still a nervous hopping and skipping. Presently they were marshaled, and indeed it was a pretty sight! They fluttered into their places, tier above tier of white-robed girls rising before us like a bank of lilies; and over against them the contrasting shadow of sober-hued boys; and behind, and far above all, an arched throne occupied by a single little girl, who, I suppose, represented Liberty, or some such virtuous abstraction, and who kept one in constant fear that she would drop asleep and fall off. Then they sang, and their young fresh voices thrilled out on the air, and filled the great hall with melody. They rose, and it was like the bursting of a bud into broad white blossom. They waved suddenly their hidden flags, and the lily bank was alive with color. Faith, Hope, and Charity, Justice and Peace, and all the United States, grouped themselves in their appointed places, and sang their appointed songs; and so the Pilgrims were memorialized.

And there were evening concerts and matinées, and for these I do not know how many rehearsals. A large number of the children were from neighboring towns, and could scarcely have reached home before eleven o'clock. If they were like one little lady, they were not asleep before twelve; and school began next day at nine, as usual. And was it for this, O God, beneath thy guiding hand, our exiled fathers crossed the sea?

Yet people who would on no account send their children to dancing-school let them out to these concerts; and religious papers, that are the first to condemn the frivolities of fashionable mammas, were the first to denounce the Boston public for not filling the Temple to witness this sacrifice of the lambs.

If it were not too serious, it would be grotesque. When "the fashionable mother" takes her little one to the ball-room, and sets her spinning, she honestly gives her of her best. She starts her in the life which she herself most values, for the prizes which herself holds highest. But we Pilgrims profess to scout all that. We deprecate the show, the admiration, the absorption, as the worst things for our children. Yet here we are deliberately bringing it all upon them. We are farming out their youth, their innocence, their fresh, winsome beauty, for paper currency—children fifty cents, reserved seats one dollar. Is not that worse than the fashionable mother? She, at least, does not sell the gift of God for money. If it is right to keep children up till midnight, to show them off before promiscuous assemblies, to set them on fire with excitement, what difference does it make whether we use their toes or their tongues? What difference does it make whether it is in the Tremont Temple or in the Ocean House parlors? If it is right, let us say no more about it. If it is wrong, does the building of a Congregational house with the proceeds make it right? We may have been mistaken hitherto in our abjurations and adjurations; but if we were not, the adoption of such a mode of church-building is very much like laying the foundations of Jericho in the blood of our first-born.

If, when these little goddesses of Liberty and Hope and Charity grow to woman's estate, they choose to go upon the stage in dresses as thin and short as they wore at this Pilgrim opera, and sing drinking-songs instead of greeting-songs, and enact the "Bohemian Girl" instead of the United States, their fathers and mothers may not be able to hinder them. But to thrust them upon the stage in their tender years—to train them for public performances, and feed them with public applause—is a thing which nobody but their parents can do, and for which their parents, aided and abetted, but not governed, by the religious press, are alone responsible.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE APRON-POLONAISE.

THE apron-polonaise, illustrated on our first page, is a most graceful over dress for spring suits. It differs from the polonaise-casaque in having a perfect apron front without a seam down the centre, and in being but half adjusted behind. The fullness in the back is confined by a belt. Belted garments are cooler than close-fitting ones, and are exceedingly becoming to slight figures. Our model is quite simple. The back has two side forms and two centre pieces, making a seam down the middle of the back. The waist and skirt pieces are cut together. Four widths of silk are required for the back, the body pieces being shaped from the centre of each width, and the remainder of the entire width added for fullness in the skirt. This fullness is first arranged in a large box-pleat, and then gathered beneath the belt. The looping is done by taking a single deep pleat in each seam. The belt is three folds, with a small bow behind without sash ends.

The model illustrated is of black silk, and is a stylish over garment for the black silk suit that ladies find so desirable in the spring. It may be trimmed with passementerie and fringe, or lace. The trimming passes down the front and crosses on the apron, making a very dressy tablier. Some polonaises are provided with over-sleeves in the flowing oriental style. The skirt of this black silk suit is trimmed with four overlapping bias ruffles a finger deep when bound. They are alternately gathered and box-pleated. The lowest ruffle is gathered; the upper, in box-pleats, is finished as a heading for the cluster of ruffles by

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having a narrow band of bias silk or of passementerie stitched on an inch from the top of the ruffle.

All sorts of woolen stuffs, especially the soft flexible pongees and summer serges so largely imported, are now being made into such suits. If the woolen goods is fine enough to justify the expense, the suit is trimmed with gros grain ruffles of a similar shade, or else darker. For instance, a gray pongee has a two-inch band of gray silk for the polonaise trimming, while the skirt has gathered ruffles of gray silk alternating with box-pleated ruffles of pongee. The ruffles extend to the knee, and the effect is remarkably pretty. A pongee suit of Frou Frou brown (yellow-tinted) has ruffles of darker brown silk.

We commend this polonaise also for the white muslin and buff linen suits that ladies who do their own sewing are now making for midsummer wear. The polonaise, when made of bishop's lawn, should be trimmed with a bias fold of the same, or a band of narrow tucks inserted in the design shown in the engraving, and the edge finished with a ruffle or ruche. On nansook, needle-worked insertion and embroidered ruffles are used; for Swiss muslin, duchesse or Valenciennes insertion and lace. These long white polonaises are not worn with white skirts alone, but with colored silk skirts, and are considered especially stylish over black silk. Buff linen polonaises, made in the same way, are trimmed with the unbleached Flemish guipure lace, made of linen thread. Thin écru linen lawn is selected for such garments; and these buff polonaises will also be worn over black silk.

The polonaise casaque with postilion back, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., retains its popularity, and is given an improved effect by being buttoned down the entire front, or fastened by fancy brandebourgs, or by bows made of the material of the trimming. This garment is more becoming to stout figures than the apron-polonaise.

IMPORTED SUITS.

A quantity of suits just arrived from Berlin shows a variety of styles for the approaching warm weather without disclosing any thing especially novel. To itemize: there is no change in the breadths of lower skirts of suits. Their shape is the flat gored front and sides with full back, their width is from three and a half to four yards around the bottom, and their length is a matter of taste. Ultra fashionables and extremists let the skirt drag an inch or two behind, while sensible women make it just short enough to escape the ground. All suits have an upper skirt, or a polonaise that has the effect of one. The long over-skirt will not continue to be so exclusively worn, since very short and very long over-skirts are among the importations. The former are very dressy for light, thin fabrics that do not drape well, and require to be arranged in some fanciful manner. The latter are plain widths, very slightly gored and very simply draped. Many suits are belted, and ornamented with a bow behind, but without sash ends. Elaborate sashes are abandoned. Loose sacques are longer and are less slashed than those of last year. They are closed on the sides, and only open in the centre of the back to prevent hooping over the full tournure. The loose paletot of last summer and the basque of the present season are combined to form a very jaunty wrap. The front is short, loose, and square, like the sailor jacket; the back is a regular postilion basque, with a little fullness added below the waist in the side forms. These garments are more frequently made of summer cloth the color of the suit than of the material of the suit. Small revers or Marie Antoinette collars finish the throat when it is pointed and opened low, but ruches and standing bands close around the throat are much used. The sleeve of the season is the half-flowing sleeve, fitting the arm smoothly from the shoulder to midway between the elbow and wrist, where it is widened, and the fullness held in a box-pleat covered by a bow or passementerie ornament, or else the sleeve is cut off all around, and finished by a pleated ruffle.

An original idea for suits intended for summer wear dispenses with an outer wrap, and thus gives but one covering for the body and arms. The waist, which must be put on first, is a chemise Russe with darts in front, and loose back. This corsage is lined with soft muslin or with cotton satine. The dress skirt, belted over the chemise Russe to hold it in place, has the apron front of the over-skirt attached to it, and prettily caught up at the sides. To complete the suit a belt—of folds bound on each edge—is added, and from this belt is pendent the bouffant back that completes the over-skirt. This is a stylish and convenient design for business, shopping, and traveling suits that are donned in a hurry, as each part is so well arranged that it is almost impossible to fail in adjusting the dress at once. When worn the suit has the effect of an elaborate polonaise and skirt.

Correspondents ask, Shall we trim with ruffles or flat bands? Do either, or both, we say in reply, for there is no fixed fashion in the matter, and here is the coveted opportunity for a display of individual tastes. However, the modistes have a few rules that it is well enough not to transgress. For instance, a single deep flounce is not so stylish as two, three, or four narrower ones; if a deep flounce is preferred, it must have a narrow ruffle on its lower edge, the heading must be elaborate, and the flounce must be set above the edge of the dress, while a narrow pleating or a ruche finishes the edge. Side pleating is too heavy for silks in summer, but will be retained for lighter fabrics. An elegant style is to put a deep treble box-pleating in the centre of each of the six gored widths of a skirt, place elaborate bows or passementerie ornaments in the space between, and head all with folds of repped silk and passementerie. For narrower ruffles avoid every thing systematic in arrangement. Gather and pleat them alternately; make overlapping or in groups; use different shades for alternate ruffles, or else different fabrics of the same shade. Instead of double folds, single bias bands are used. These are generally finished on the upper side, and sometimes on both sides, by a tiny piping fold of a darker shade. For black gros grain dresses these tiny folds are of the heavy repped ottoman silk, and by way of ornament the centre band of gros grain is dotted with passementerie figures, or with very small buttons. Wash poplins and many other spring goods are trimmed with bands of the same material, of a darker shade. This pretty fashion has entirely superseded the plan of trimming every color with black. Five bias bands, each two inches wide, piped with a darker shade, or with a different material, are placed an inch apart around skirts. For still plainer dresses two bands, each four inches wide, are used. All trimmings surround garments as borders. There is no elaborate festooning on skirts, or fanciful epaulets or collars on waists. The beauty of basques and paletots is in the fit, and the trimming merely outlines the graceful garment. The only exception we discover to this is when the trimming outlines a vest on basques, or is passed straight up the centre of the back of paletots. A bow or a brandebourg of gimp is placed on sleeves, or at the back of a postilion.

The gray and brown shades that are always popular in spring are very largely represented. Poussière, or dust-color, dove gray, ashes of roses, and the yellow-browns and buffs called Frou Frou, are the colors most largely imported. Few contrasts are seen. Dark steel gray trimmed with nut brown is a stylish combination. The favorite choice for handsome street attire at present is black cashmere and black silk, to be succeeded in summer by suits of black grenadine.

SPRING PALETOTS.

The short paletots imported to complete suits are made of light twilled cloth, scarcely heavier than serge. The newest shape is that already described, with loose front and fitted postilion back. These have false pocket flaps on the sides, reversed collar, half-open sleeves, and for trimming a bias band of the cloth of a darker shade, headed by a delicate braiding pattern in silk cord. Two straight rows of cord, and a curled row above these, is simple but tasteful. The English jacket with double-hearted front and slightly slashed back is also shown. Many shades of light gray and brown are displayed in these goods, at prices ranging from $10 to $17. They are made by the neat sewers of Berlin in the most exquisite manner, and would cost, if made here, almost twice the amount asked for them. For gay young girls there are white serge cloth jackets, edged with a narrow fold of colored velvet—blue, brown, or black—with revers, cuffs, and buttons to match. For old ladies there are double talmas of cashmere, arranged with a Watteau fold in the upper cape, a small hood, and long scarfs to tie in front. The trimmings are silk bands and fringes, and the price is $19.

The Park jackets, for driving, are of black cashmere, embroided or braided in colors. Some are needle-worked in blocks, in the Japanese fashion, and are fringed with crimped silk of the colors of the embroidery.

For information received we are indebted to the courtesy of Mesdames DIEDEN; and SIBLEY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, the Canadian Parliamentary leader, and a member of the British High Commission, is not only able as a public man, but has social gifts that for five-and-twenty years past have made him conspicuous and welcome every where. He has rare talent as a *raconteur*. He is now fifty-seven, was born in Scotland, but came to Canada when a youth. He conducted all the negotiations in England for the confederation of Canada. Lady MACDONALD is his second wife, is a native of Jamaica, and of noble blood. Of her characteristics as a woman and a wife too much can not be said, especially for her charitable disposition. She has a daughter aged ten. Sir JOHN has by his first marriage a son, now a law student in Canada.

—Mr. HENRY D. COOKE, who has finally accepted the governorship of the District of Columbia, is in the prime of life, and possesses admirable qualifications for the position. For, as commenceth the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, "we hold this truth to be self-evident," that any man who can successfully conduct a daily paper, and profitably manage a banking business, is competent to the duties of governor of any State or Territory in any part of the world. After receiving a collegiate education he became a contributor to the Philadelphia *Gazette* and New York *Courier and Enquirer*, and subsequently was editor of the *Ohio State Journal*. In 1861 he accepted a position in the banking house of JAY COOKE & Co., where he has since remained, and accumulated a large fortune.

—Germany does produce some queer people. For instance, AGNES SCHUBERT, the vocalist, who recently died in Stuttgart, was divorced some years since from STRAUSS, author of the "Life of Jesus," on the ground of his extreme penuriousness.

—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK had no idea of artistic fame when young. He commenced life as a sailor, was afterward an actor, and finally took up the pencil simply as a means of aiding his parents, who were very poor. He at once succeeded, and soon became rich as well as famous.

—It is proposed to insert a memorial window to ALICE CARY in the "Church of the Strangers," in New York. From this church Miss CARY was buried. It was the last to which she was attached. It is the church of her surviving sister, Miss PHŒBE CARY. A memorial window has been decided by her friends as more appropriate than a tablet. An artist is engaged on the design, and the window will be made as rich as the contributions of her friends will justify. It is necessary only to state this object to secure the necessary funds. A few dollars from each of her many friends and admirers will make this graceful monument to her memory. Contributions will be received by the leading publishers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and by the pastor, Dr. DEEMS, 4 Winthrop Place, New York city. Let the responses be promptly made. When finished a circular will be sent to the subscribers, with an acknowledgment of their contributions.

—Senator REVELS, at the close of his term, is to be a lecturing agent, at the South, of the Congressional Temperance Society.

—Mrs. HAWTHORNE, who died on the 26th of February, in London, was in all respects a worthy helpmeet and companion for the distinguished novelist. She was a lady of rare mental ability and graces of character, and belonged to a family whose services to literature, and especially to the cause of education, have been valuable. She leaves a son and two daughters.

—The vivacity of the American character was happily illustrated by the late Dr. RAY, of the Chicago *Post*, who during his life is said to have made and lost five fortunes. Five, however, in Chicago, is understood to be a little under the average.

—Speaking of copyright, it is not a little curious that the first man in England who had copy-money—*i. e.*, a price for the copyright of a literary work—was a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. HAMMOND, and the work was his "Annota on the New Testament." He was one of the most accomplished scholars of his time. This was two hundred years ago.

—Miss CORNELIA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH, a granddaughter of THOMAS JEFFERSON, died a few days since in Alexandria, Virginia, at the age of seventy-three.

—Miss FANNY R. SPRAGUE has been appointed phonographic amanuensis in the Treasury Department, Washington, at nearly double the pay of the other lady clerks, who write only long-hand.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN was the son of a shoe-maker, and his family were so poor that at an early age he was apprenticed by his mother to a tailor; but he always detested manual labor, and made clever verses when he was twelve years old.

—Mr. RICHARD WALLACE, son and heir of the Marquis of Hertford, during the late siege of Paris, at an expense of $60,000, established an ambulance, paid down $10,000 for the behoof of the victims of the bombardment, set up a hospital at his own expense, and established in his own house another hospital for thirty patients. He has in six months done more for charity than his father and grandfather did in sixty years.

—Mr. MOTLEY and family have arrived at the Hague, and taken possession of the charming old-fashioned villa which the Queen of Holland has placed at his disposal. It has beautiful gardens, kept only as the Dutch can keep them, and adjoins and communicates with the royal park.

—HOPE & Co., the celebrated bankers of Amsterdam, are said to be worth not less than forty millions of dollars, most of which has been made in the last ten years.

—Some two years ago HEALY painted a portrait of the Pope for Archbishop SPALDING, of Baltimore. It being impossible to obtain a private sitting, the picture was painted from photographs and from occasional views obtained in public. Cardinal ANTONELLI finally saw it, and liked it so much that he asked to send it to the Vatican, and thus Mr. HEALY has obtained a private sitting for the last picture that will be taken of the Pope, who, if he survive until the 13th of May next, will be seventy-eight years of age. The great interest, however, that attaches to PIUS IX. is in the fact that if he lives until the 16th of June next—only three months—he will have occupied the papal chair longer than any pope since St. PETER himself. There have been two or three instances where a pope has almost reached the twenty-fifth year, but not one who has fully entered upon it.

—M. OLLIVIER, late Prime Minister of France, who has founded an asylum at Pollone, in Piedmont, is preparing for publication a work entitled "My Ministry of the Second of January." The first volume will be entitled "The Plebiscite;" the second, "The War."

—SPURGEON is often spoken of as an extraordinary specimen of precocity, having commenced preaching at Teversham when only seventeen, and making his first appearance in London when only nineteen. A similar precocity, however, is found in two of the most eloquent preachers France has produced—FÉNÉLON and BOSSUET. The former began to preach at the College of Plessis when only seventeen, and the latter, at the same age, before the most brilliant assemblage in Paris, and with the greatest applause. It is added that his sermon was entirely extemporaneous, and that he was allowed only a few moments to think upon the subject he was to discuss.

—President BAEZ, who is just now doing the amiable to our Commissioners, is a gentleman of about fifty-seven, courtly and pleasant, speaks Spanish and French with equal fluency, but English only tolerably well. With the easy air of a perfect man of the world, he impresses one as a perfectly upright man, and that is the reputation, on the whole, that he bears among the San Domingoes.

—It was very graceful in the Hon. S. S. Cox to propose the vote of thanks to Speaker BLAINE, which was unanimously carried in the House of Representatives (except MUNGEN), but rendered doubly graceful by the admirable little speech made by Mr. Cox prefatory to the resolution. Those little amenities constitute the charm of political life in Washington.

—Mrs. BISMARCK, according to a correspondent at Berlin, very seldom appears in public, or in the society of Berlin. In appearance she is an exceedingly plain woman.

—WILLIAM HOWITT, who is now seventy-six, is so fresh-looking and quick and strong in his movements that he would not be taken for over fifty-five. His conversation is delightful, full of anecdote, and told in the nicest, purest English, without accent or affectation. MARY HOWITT is ten or fifteen years younger, dresses like a gay Quaker, and has something of the manners of a Friend. They have a daughter, a bright girl, possessing much artistic and literary talent, and who is equally as lovable as the father and mother. The parents are Spiritualists, and were at one time, for three years, mediums; but now they say the medium power is, with them, "played out."

—NILSSON has to that extent became infatuated about Chicago that she has determined to plant about $75,000 there in real estate, and see what it will produce. DAVID A. GAGE, one of those bright, engaging men for whom Chicago seems to be famous, is the man who has talked so sweetly to her about Chicago lots, and who expects to realize for her a "very, very large fortune in silvure and gold." It is to be remarked, in this connection, that Miss NILSSON has thrown up her London opera engagement for this season, and will spend the summer in the White Mountains and other nice places attractive to charming young ladies of about her years.

—Dr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, who seems to be one of the necessities of modern warfare as much as the commissariat, is an Irishman by birth, and combines the solid attainments and somewhat sullen gravity of the Englishman with the proverbial diffidence of the Celt. He lives like a "fine old Irish gentleman" at Versailles, keeps an excellent table, half a dozen horses, servants in proportion, and sometimes covers himself with decorations received from various potentates of Europe.

—Little LOTTA, the actress, was "christened" at New Orleans two or three weeks ago by the Rev. Dr. LEACOCK. She was simply and modestly attired, like a little lady, as she is, in the full meaning of the word, in a black silk underskirt, deeply pleated at the hem, with an overskirt and bodice of the same material, the overskirt being looped at the sides. Over the bodice she wore bretelles of a light blue silk, which contrasted charmingly with the black of her dress, and was in excellent harmony with her fresh complexion and auburn hair, and looked as bright as the beautiful sky outside, which poured its gorgeous light into the room with a generous warmth. At a signal of the venerable minister the company arose, and LOTTA knelt before a chair at the centre-table, and the company joined in prayer. The ceremony of baptism was then performed, Mr. LEACOCK reading the exercises from a relic of the past, which had been loaned for the occasion by Miss BETTIE IRWIN, a granddaughter of the sage of Ashland, upon the fly-leaf of which was inscribed the following: "Hon. H. CLAY, Ashland, Kentucky, with the respectful regards of Mrs. T. ALLEBONE, Philadelphia, 1848," and presented by that lady when the great Harry of the West joined the Episcopal Church. After the christening they all went into the other room, where Thomas had provided certain things edible and potable that appealed to the finer sensibilities of those who were present.

—Another sketch of Mr. DISRAELI, by a Boston man, who begins by admiring his clothes. "Never," says he, "was there a finer triumph than in Mr. DISRAELI'S frock-coat. The fit is perfect, but it is not the fit. There is a finish and a poetry about his clothes which escape definition." As for his manner, "his peculiarity is his restlessness as to his hands. Ordinarily this is a mark of nervousness, but Mr. DISRAELI, one would think, is not afflicted by misery of that description. However that may be, he can not keep his hands in one position for two minutes together. He puts them on the box which is on the table before him; he shuts them; opens them; places one in his coat pocket behind; puts *two* there; takes out his handkerchief and puts it in again; folds his hands; opens them; puts his fingers merely on a table; boldly sticks his thumbs under his armpits, and tosses the collar of his coat back; again drops them at his side. Such are some of the movements he keeps up while delivering one of his set orations. Another peculiarity I will jot down for the benefit of the curious in orators' distresses. I have observed that when he is about to say something satirical, one of those witty phrases that rest in the memory, and which are certainly not the creatures of the moment, he slightly opens his legs and in a scarcely perceptible fashion bows down his body. As the cheers break out his figure seems quickened. If you are behind him you notice a change immediately. His accustomed confidence develops into audacity, and for a minute or two he appears to rule his audience."

—Mr. DONN PIATT met Mr. Mark Twain at a little dinner the other day in Washington, and was made merry by that man. Says Twain wears things, but evidently don't think whether they are clothes or not. From under his bushy hair his face peers out, presenting a square, well-proportioned forehead, keen gray eyes, and hooked nose, a well-developed mouth, exhibiting a good deal of decision, and a chin that rounds out, supporting the whole—in no part of which will you find a particle of the humor for which he is distinguished. His face, on the contrary, is a sad one, and when all are in roars about him he continues in a state of dense solemnity. His voice is something quite extraordinary—a sort of cross between that of HORACE GREELEY and Mr. LINCOLN, and he drawls his words out in the most preposterous manner, that gives a drollery to what he says utterly beyond description.

—Mr. WILLIAM C. PRIME, one of the proprietors of the *Journal of Commerce*, and one of the most agreeable writers of the day, as well as a very traveled man, recently delivered in this city a lecture, in which, speaking of the location of the Church of the Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, he says that, while examining that location last spring, he discovered a portion of an ancient Hebrew wall, which he described as remaining some three hundred feet east of the Church of the Sepulchre. Should this prove to be a portion of the long-sought second wall, it sets at rest one great point of topographical discussion, and decides the fact that the Church of the Sepulchre is located on land which was outside of the ancient city walls.

—Many of the most profound scholars and ablest publicists of the day are of Hebrew descent. Among others may be named DISRAELI, CRÉMIEUX, BORNE, MONTEFIORE, AUERBACH, HEINRICH HEINE, JULES JANIN, GRACE AGUILAR, FOULD. In music—HERZ, MEYERBEER, HALÉVY, GOTTSCHALK. In drama—RACHEL. In the United States—RAPHAEL, WISE, LILIENTHAL, LEESER, EINHORN, NOAH, ISAACS.

—Miss BELLE SMITH, of Indiana, has just completed for the Common Council of Washington a full-length portrait of the late Secretary STANTON that is said to be the best likeness extant of the great war minister.

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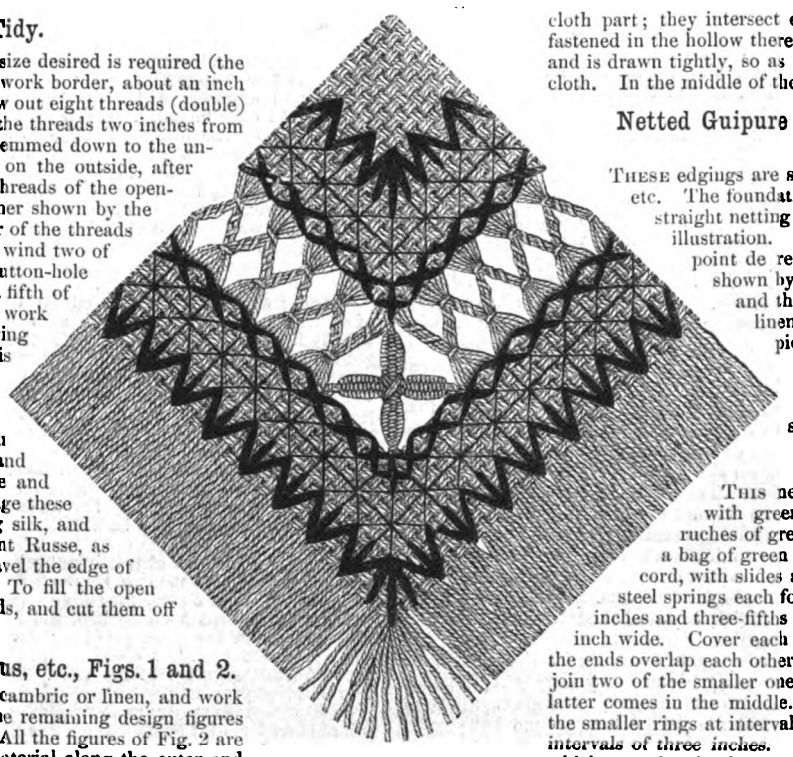
Embroidered Java Canvas Tidy.

To make this tidy a piece of white Java canvas of the size desired is required (the original is sixteen inches square). First work the open-work border, about an inch and a quarter from the outer edge. For this border draw out eight threads (double) of the canvas; to do this it is necessary to cut through the threads two inches from the outer edge. The projecting ends thus formed are hemmed down to the under side of the tidy, in such a manner as not to show on the outside, after having drawn out the threads. Sew the free crosswise threads of the open-work strip together with white linen thread in the manner shown by the illustration. To do this work a button-hole stitch on four of the threads a fifth of an inch from one end, divide the four threads, wind two of them several times with the working thread, work a button-hole stitch on these two threads and two of the free threads a fifth of an inch from the other end, wind the last two threads and work them together at the still free end with the two following threads a fifth of an inch from the end. Continue in this manner. Fill the open space in the corner with a four-leaved figure worked with white linen thread in point de reprise. Cross stitch with black worsted the threads on each side of the open-work strip; the stitches which come in the corners must be worked on two lengthwise and two crosswise threads, and the others on four lengthwise and two crosswise threads, as shown by the illustration. Edge these stitches with point Russe worked with fine black sewing silk, and along this work points with black twisted wool in point Russe, as shown by the illustration. In order to form the fringe ravel the edge of the tidy to the points worked with the twisted wool. To fill the open spaces at the corners work in a few of the raveled threads, and cut them off to correspond in length to the remainder of the fringe.



EMBROIDERED JAVA CANVAS TIDY.

Trimmings for Blouse-Waists, Lingerie, Fichus, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

To make these trimmings transfer the designs to fine cambric or linen, and work the shell-shaped figures of Fig. 1 in satin stitch, and the remaining design figures in button-hole stitches, which are worked very loosely. All the figures of Fig. 2 are worked in satin and half-polka stitch. Cut away the material along the outer and inner edges of each figure, and run velvet, gros grain, silk, or satin ribbon through the strip as shown by the illustration.

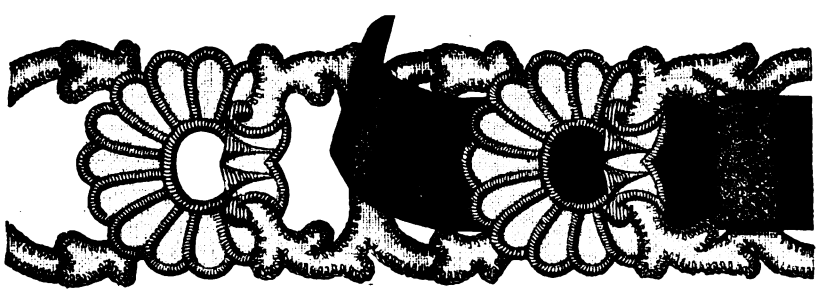


FIG. 1.—TRIMMING FOR BLOUSES, LINGERIE, ETC.—WHITE NEEDLE-WORK.

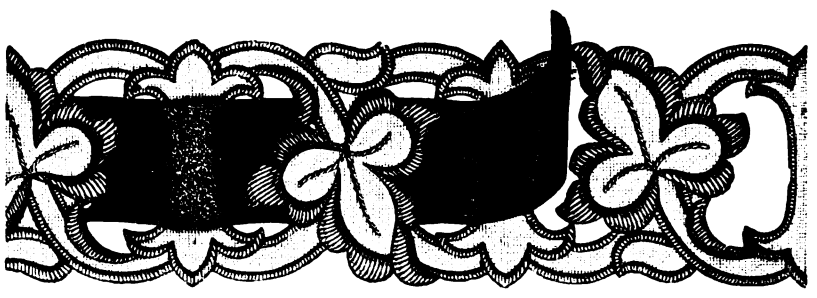
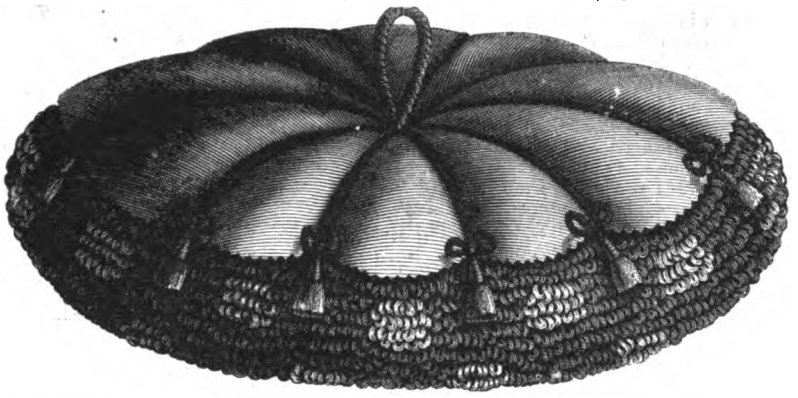


FIG. 2.—TRIMMING FOR BLOUSES, LINGERIE, ETC.—WHITE NEEDLE-WORK.

Brioche with Cloth and Knitted Cover.

THIS round brioche is eighteen inches in diameter and six inches and a half deep, and is made of gray linen and curled hair. Furnish the outer edge of the brioche with a cover worked with dark red and light red worsted in loop stitch, and the remainder with a covering of red cloth. Dark red cord and tassels trim the brioche as shown by the illustration. For the knitted cover of the edge crochet a chain stitch foundation with dark red worsted, which must be of the same length as the circumference of the brioche, and three inches and three-quarters from the outer edge. Gather the upper veins of the stitches on a wooden knitting-needle, take a second wooden knitting-needle and work as follows: 1st round.—Sl. (slip) the first st. (stitch), then hold a netting mesh two inches in circumference to the under side of the work, pass the right-hand needle through the next st., as if to knit off, lay the thread around the needle as for knitting off, pass the thread down around the mesh, again around the needle and around the mesh; finally, once more around the needle, and then pass the three threads thrown over the needle through the stitch on the needle. This forms one loop st. In this way work one loop st. on each foundation st. K. (knit plain) the last st. Without drawing out the mesh turn the work, and knit the second round plain. Then draw out the mesh. Repeat these two rounds until the work is completed, but in the course of the work widen a st. at regular intervals, so that the cover corresponds to the shape of the brioche. This widening must be done in the rounds which are worked plain. Having reached the part of the cover coming on the edge of the brioche, work without changing the number of st. Besides this, form small spots in the course of the work. For this lay on the light red worsted at the proper point, and with it work six loop st. without cutting off the dark thread, pass the latter loosely over the under side of the six light st.; then work with the dark thread unto the point for the next light spot. In the following plain round knit off the light st. with the light thread and the dark st. with the dark thread. Repeat these two rounds twice more for a row of spots. Having completed the knitted cover cast off, and sew the ends of the cover together so as not to show the seam on the outside; draw the cover over the brioche, and cover the bottom of the latter, and at the same time the seam made by sewing on the cover, with dark red or black enameled cloth. For the cloth cover cut a round piece of red cloth thirteen inches and three-quarters in diameter, cut the outer edge in ten equal, large, shallow scallops, pink the edges of the latter, and sew the cloth part on the uncovered part of the brioche. On the latter first sew a thin muslin cushion stuffed with wool or moss. Sew through the middle of the brioche with cord, and draw it tight, so as to form a hollow there. Then pass over the brioche five coarse red worsted cords, the ends of which are each finished with two loops and a tassel. These cords are somewhat longer than the diameter of the cloth part; they intersect each other at the middle of the brioche, and are, first, fastened in the hollow there, after which one cord comes between each two scallops, and is drawn tightly, so as to form a groove, and fastened at the outer edge of the cloth. In the middle of the brioche place a cord loop.



BRIOCHE WITH CLOTH AND KNITTED COVER.

Netted Guipure Edgings for Lingerie, Handkerchiefs, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE edgings are suitable for ornamenting lingerie, handkerchiefs, covers, etc. The foundation of both is worked with medium-sized linen thread in straight netting; the size of the mesh to be used may be seen from the illustration. Embroider the foundation of Fig. 2 in point d'esprit and point de reprise, and work the outer edge in button-hole stitch, as shown by the illustration. Fig. 1 is embroidered in point de toile, and the figures afterward surrounded with running stitches of linen floss. In button-hole stitching the outer edge, form picots as shown by the illustration. To do this let the thread stand over as a loop after working the button-hole stitch at the point where the picot is to be formed. Cut away the surplus material below the button-hole stitch edge.

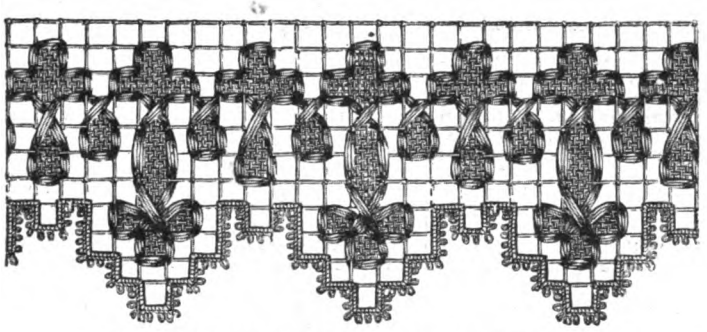


FIG. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

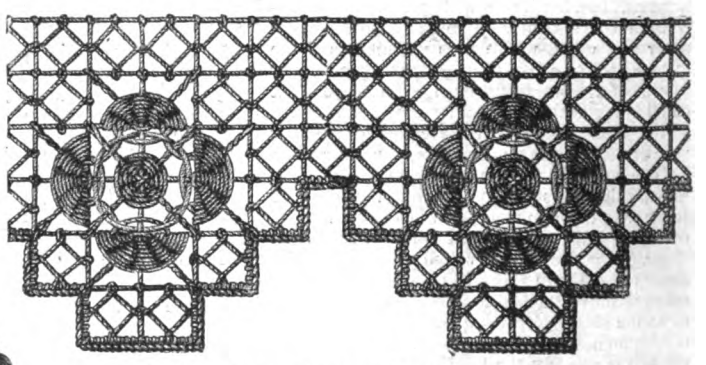


FIG. 2.—NETTED GUIPURE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

Negligé Basket trimmed with Ruches.

THIS negligé basket is made of steel springs and wire, covered with green cashmere arranged in box-pleats, and trimmed with ruches of green satin ribbon. On the upper edge of the basket is set a bag of green cashmere furnished with a shirr. Coarse green worsted cord, with slides and tassels, form the handle. To make the basket three steel springs each forty-one inches and a fifth long, and one spring fifty-one inches and three-fifths long, are required. Each spring must be two-fifths of an inch wide. Cover each spring with cashmere, and close it in a ring by letting the ends overlap each other two-fifths of an inch and sewing them together. Then join two of the smaller ones by means of wire bars with the large ring, so that the latter comes in the middle. To do this make a perpendicular mark with chalk on the smaller rings at intervals of two inches and two-fifths, and on the large ring at intervals of three inches. Sew the end of a piece of bonnet wire 160 inches long, which must be closely wound with green worsted, in an upright position to one of the smaller rings at one of the points marked with chalk, then, after an interval of two inches and four-fifths, fasten it to the larger ring at one of the points marked with chalk, and then, after an interval of two inches and four-fifths, to the still free smaller ring. Now carry the wire along the last ring to the next point marked with chalk, sew it to the ring, bend it down, and after an interval of two inches and four-fifths fasten it to the large ring at the next point marked with chalk, and, after an interval of two inches and four-fifths, fasten it to the following smaller ring; bend it and proceed as before, until the rings are connected by seventeen such bars. Set on a box-pleated strip of green cashmere three inches and a fifth wide between the upper and middle ring, and cover the space between the middle and under rings in the same manner. To the inside of the under ring sew a pasteboard bottom covered with green cashmere on both sides, and corresponding in circumference to the ring. With the under edge of the under ring join the small ring left over for a stand. To the upper edge of the basket thus far completed sew a bag of cashmere eleven inches and a quarter deep, and of the requisite width, the upper edge of which is hemmed an inch wide, and furnished with a shirr, through which run two pieces of green worsted braid. Each of these strings is passed through a wooden ring covered with green worsted. The handle is formed of two pieces of coarse green worsted cord, each twenty-seven inches long, which are passed through two wooden rings covered with green worsted and finished with tassels, the ends of which are fastened separately to the upper edge of the basket, as shown by the illustration. Finally, cover each ring of the basket, and at the same time the seam made by sewing on the cashmere strips, with a box-pleated ruche made of green satin ribbon an inch and a quarter wide.

NEGLIGÉ BASKET TRIMMED WITH RUCHES.

Tapestry Border for Chairs, Sofas, etc.

See illustration on page 197.

THIS border, joined with strips of plush, forms a beautiful covering for chairs, sofas, etc. It is worked on canvas with worsted and silk in cross stitch. The description of symbols under the illustration indicates the colors to be used. Work the bird with silk in the colors indicated, and the remaining figures with worsted.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

THE Ladies of Llangollen belonged by birth to a distinguished circle, Lady Eleanor Butler being sister to John, sixteenth Earl of Ormonde; while Miss Ponsonby, "the serene Zara," was a member of the Bessborough family. Born in Dublin—local tradition says on the same day of the same year, though other accounts give Lady Eleanor some years' seniority—they lost their parents during infancy, and early resolved to retire together from the world.

Young, beautiful, and accomplished, their friends

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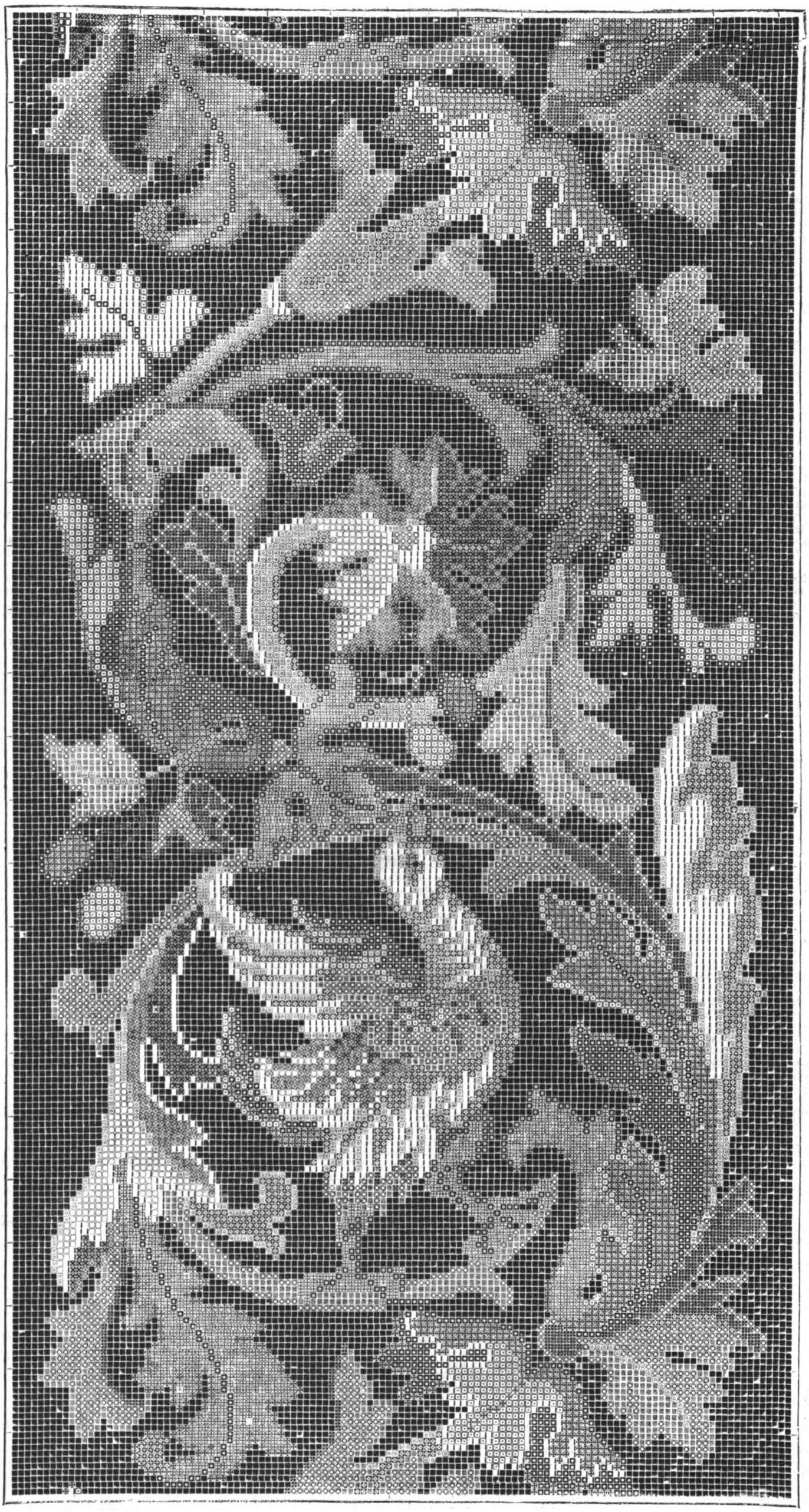
were naturally opposed to the idea of losing them, especially those of Lady Eleanor, for whose hand there were many suitors, and whose relatives placed her under close surveillance. From this she managed to escape, and was for some time missing; but at length she and Miss Ponsonby were discovered in disguise on board a merchant vessel about to sail from Waterford Harbor.

Though captured and carried home, all attempts to alienate them were vain. Opposition only strengthened their romantic resolution, and in 1778 they again eloped to a sea-port, whence they sailed in a trading vessel for North Wales. This time they took a trusted servant of the house of Ormonde into their confidence, and telling her their destination, deputed her to announce their safe arrival, and request that their allowances be transmitted to them. Vanquished at last by the determination of the devoted couple, their relations yielded, and so far increased their income that they were enabled to form a lovely retreat in Plas Newydd, near Llangollen. Their cottage was surrounded by two acres of pleasure-grounds, which Lady Eleanor specially superintended, while Miss Ponsonby managed the house and directed two female servants. Their humble neighbors, who knew them only as "the Ladies of the Vale," soon discovered their kind hearts and open hands, and sought assistance and counsel from them in every difficulty.

Meantime their singular story grew widely known, and it became the fashion to visit their picturesque seclusion. Many pilgrimages were made expressly to their abode, and no traveler of any social or intellectual distinction ever quitted North Wales without endeavoring to see the two heroines of Llangollen. As they were cheerful, hospitable, and accessible, and their recluse life sprang from no misanthropy, and in no degree lessened their interest in the outer world, would-be visitors were rarely disappointed.

One of the most remarkable of these, and the first to give a detailed record of her visit, was Madame De Genlis. "We reached the cottage," says she, "about sunset; the two friends had been prepared for our arrival by a letter sent by courier that morning. We were received with a grace, cordiality, and amiability of which it is impossible to give an idea. I could not tire of observing these persons, so interesting by their united and devoted life. I saw no trace of the vanity which enjoys exciting wonder. They loved and lived with such simplicity that the astonishment of spectators was soon changed to affection. Their manners and conversation were equally unaffected and sincere. I was surprised to find with what fluency and correctness they spoke French after so many years of profound seclusion. I was also struck by the contrast in their appearance. Lady Eleanor had a charming face, beaming with health and freshness, and an air of the most sparkling vivacity. Miss Ponsonby was tall, with a beautiful figure, and a pale, pensive face. It seemed as though the one had been born in that solitude in which she was so happy, for her untroubled air did not evince the slightest memory of the world's idle pleasures. While the other, gentle and reflective, though too frankly innocent to feel secret remorse for her immurement, appeared to cherish some regrets. A fine library, containing the best works in English, French, and Italian, supplied them with inexhaustible occupation and amusement; because reading is not really profitable unless there is time to read again. The interior of the house was enchanting, from its well-proportioned rooms, elegant furniture and ornaments, and exquisite views disclosed by every window. The drawing-room was decorated with charming landscapes drawn from nature by Miss Ponsonby. Lady Eleanor was an excellent musician; both of them adorned the house with marvelously beautiful needle-work. Miss Ponsonby, who had the prettiest handwriting I ever saw, made some choice manuscript selections in verse and prose, and ornamented them with vignettes and borders in the best taste, which formed a precious volume."

The last record of a visit to the Ladies of the Vale presents them in that eccentric light which we suppose grew stronger with the advance of years. The oddities so piquant and enchanting in youth became tiresome and absurd in age, but Prince Puchlee Muskan—soldier, author, wit—though himself a young, gay, and gallant gentleman, had yet sympathy enough to discern not only traces of courtly breeding, but the soul of faithful mutual tenderness in the two eccentric old women. Writing to a lady in Germany in July, 1828, he says that while at Llangollen he accepted from them "a graceful invitation to lunch," and proceeds to describe his reception: "I arrived amidst the most charming neighborhood, driving through a very nice pleasure-ground, at a small, tasteful Gothic house, just opposite Castle Dinas Bran, to view which apertures had been cut through the foliage of lofty trees. The two ladies met me at the foot of the stairs. Fortunately I was prepared for their singularities; otherwise I might have lost countenance. Imagine two ladies, one eighty-three, small and brisk in figure; the other apparently somewhat younger, tall and imposing. Both wore their still abundant hair combed straight and powdered, a gentleman's round hat, cravat, boots, and waistcoat, a short skirt, and a blue cloth garment over all, which was a happy medium between a male coat and a female riding-habit. Appended to this amazing costume Lady Eleanor wore the *grand cordon* of St. Louis round her waist, the same order round her neck, the cross at her button-hole, and a silk



TAPESTRY BORDER FOR CHAIRS, SOFAS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d, ■ 3d (lightest), Green; ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d, ■ 3d (lightest), Red; ■ 1st (darkest) ■ 2d, 3d (lightest), Fawn; ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d, ■ 3d (lightest), Blue; ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d (lightest), Gray.

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ver lily (almost life-size) as a star on her breast. These were presents from the Bourbons. The *coup d'œil*, you see, was ludicrous enough; but in manner these ladies were cordial, easy, yet retaining the stateliness of the *ancien régime*—courteous without the slightest formality, with that charmingly cheerful, unobtrusive politeness characteristic of great people in a past epoch, but unhappily swept away in the turmoil of our industrial century, when every one is so earnest and business-like. It was touching to remark the unceasing tenderness with which the younger of the two watched her somewhat feeble friend, quietly supplying her wants and anticipating her wishes." The clever and kind-hearted German prince was only just in time to see the old friends together. In the following June Lady Eleanor died, and her bereaved friend followed her in 1831. Their cottage was long since said to be a ruin, but their names are recorded, with that of an attached servant, on a pyramidal monument in Plas Newydd church-yard, and the poor of the neighborhood still cherish traditions of the good and charitable Ladies of the Vale.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VI.

HANNAH was fond of the Moat House; in the way that we are often fond of people thrown temporarily in our way, thinking, "I should like you if I knew you," but well aware that this will never happen. Often, as in her walks she passed by the gray old walls, she could quite understand Mr. Rivers's strong clinging to the only home he ever knew, the resting-place of his family for generations. She sympathized keenly in his admiration for its quaint nooks and corners within—its quainter aspect without; for the moat had been drained, and turned into a terraced garden, and the old draw-bridge into a bridge leading to it; so that it was the most original and interesting house possible.

Miss Thelluson would have gone there often, but for a conviction that its inhabitants did not approve of this. Wide as their circle was, and endless as were their entertainments, it was not what Hannah called a hospitable house. That is, it opened its doors wide at stated times; gave the most splendid dinners and balls; but if you went in accidentally or uninvited, you were received both by the family and servants with civil surprise. Hannah was once calling of an evening after an early dinner, when the effort to get her an egg to her tea seemed to throw the whole establishment, from the butler downward, into such dire confusion that she never owned to being "hungry" at the Moat House again.

Nor was it a place to bring a child to. Rosie, always good at home, was sure to be naughty at the Moat House; and then grandmamma and aunts always told papa of it, and papa came back and complained to Aunt Hannah; and Aunt Hannah was sometimes sorry, sometimes indignant. So the end was that she and the child never went there unless specially invited; and that paradise of most little people—"grandmamma's house" and "grandmamma's garden"—was to Rosie Rivers a perfect blank.

Nevertheless, Aunt Hannah never looked at the lovely old house without a sense of tender regret; for it was so very lovely, and might have been so dear. Perhaps it would be, one day, when Rosie, its heir's sole heiress, reigned as mistress there. A change which another ten or fifteen years were likely enough to bring about, as Sir Austin was an old man, and young Austin, the hapless eldest son, would never inherit any thing. Every body knew, though nobody said it, that the Reverend Bernard Rivers would be in reality his father's successor. Even Lady Rivers, who was a rich young widow when she became Sir Austin's wife, and had a comfortable jointure house in another county, openly referred to that time, and as openly regretted that her step-son did not turn his thoughts to a second marriage.

"But he will soon, of course; and you ought to take every opportunity of suggesting it to him, Miss Thelluson; for, in his position, it is really his duty, and he says one of the great advantages you are to him is that you always keep him up to his duty."

To these remarks Hannah seldom answered more than a polite smile. She made a point of never discussing Mr. Rivers's marriage; first, because if his family had no delicacy on the subject, she had; and second, because every day convinced her more and more that he was sincere when he told her he had no present intention of the kind.

Yet he was perfectly cheerful now—not exactly in his old buoyant fashion, but in a contented, equable way, that Hannah, at least, liked much better. Theirs was a cheerful house, too. "Use hospitality without grudging" was Bernard's motto; and he used it, as she once suggested to him, principally to those "who can not repay thee." So the House on the Hill—the clergyman's house—was seldom empty, but had always bed and board at the service of any who required it or enjoyed it. Still this kind of hospitality, simple as it was, kept Hannah very busy always. Not that she objected to it—nay, she rather liked it; it roused her dormant social qualities, made her talk more and look brighter and better—indeed, some people congratulated her on having grown ten years younger since she came to Easterham. She felt so herself, at any rate.

Besides this outside cheerfulness in their daily life, she and her brother-in-law, since their quarrel and its making-up, seemed to have got on together better than ever. Her mind was settled on the marriage question; she dreaded no immediate changes, and he seemed to respect her all the more for having "shown fight" on the question of Grace Dixon—alas! Mrs. Dixon no longer now—she took off her wedding-ring, and was called plain Grace; she had no right to any other name.

"And my boy has no name either," she said once, with a pale, patient face, when, the worst of her sorrow having spent itself, she went about her duties, outwardly resigned.

"Never mind!" Hannah replied, with a choke in her throat. "He must make himself one." And then they laid the subject aside, and discussed it no more.

Neither did she and her brother-in-law open it up again. It was one of the sore inevitables, the painful awkwardnesses, best not talked about. In truth—in the position in which she and Mr. Rivers stood to one another—how could they talk about it?

The Rivers family did sometimes; they had a genius for discussing unpleasant topics. But happily the approaching marriage of Mr. Melville and Adeline annihilated this one.

"Under the circumstances nobody could speak to him about it, you know; it might hurt his feelings," said the happy bride elect. "And pray keep Grace out of his way, for he knows her well; she was brought up in his family. A very nice family, are they not?"

Hannah allowed they were. She sometimes watched the dowager Mrs. Melville among her tribe of step-daughters, whom she had brought up, and who returned her care with unwonted tenderness, thought of poor Grace, and—sighed.

Adeline's marriage was carried out without delay. It seemed a great satisfaction to every body, and a relief likewise. Young Mr. Melville, who was rather of a butterfly temperament, had fluttered about this nosegay of pretty girls for the last ten years. He had, in fact, loved through the family, beginning with the eldest, when they were playfellows, then transferring his affections to Helen, and being supposed to receive a death-blow on her engagement; which, however, he speedily recovered, to carry on a long flirtation with the handsome Bertha; finally, to every body's wonder, he settled down to Adeline, who was the quietest, the least pretty, and the only one out of the four who really loved him.

Bertha was vexed at first, but soon took consolation. "After all, I only cared to flirt with him, and I can do it just as well when he is my brother-in-law. Brothers are so stupid; but a brother-in-law, of one's own age, will be so very convenient. Miss Thelluson, don't you find it so?"

Hannah scarcely answered this—one of the many odd things which she often heard said at the Moat House. However, she did not consider it her province to notice them. The Riverses were Bernard's "people," as he affectionately called them, and his loving eye saw all their faults very small, and their virtues very large. Hannah tried, for his sake, to do the same. Only, the better she knew them the more she determined on one thing—to hold firmly to her point, that she, and she alone, should have the bringing up of little Rosie.

"I dare say you will think me very conceited," she said one night to Rosie's father—the winter evenings were drawing in again, and they were sitting together talking, in that peaceful hour after "the children are asleep"—"but I do believe that I, her mother's sister, can bring up Rosie better than any body else. First, because I love her best, she being of my own blood; secondly, because not all women, not even all mothers, have the real motherly heart. Shall I tell you a story I heard to-day, and Lady Rivers instanced it as 'right discipline?' But it is only a baby story; it may weary you."

"Nothing ever wearies me that concerns Rosie—and you."

"Well, then, there is an Easterham lady—you meet her often at dinner-parties—young and pretty, and capital at talking of maternal duties. She has a little girl of six, and the little girl did wrong in some small way, and was told to say she was sorry. 'I have said it, mamma, seventy times seven—to myself.' (A queer speech; but children do say such queer things sometimes; Rosie does already.) 'But you must say it to me,' said mamma. 'I won't,' said the child. And then the mother stood, beating and shaking her, at intervals, for nearly an hour. At last the little thing fell into convulsions of sobbing. 'Fetch me the water-jug, and I'll pour it over her.' (Which she did, wetting her through.) 'This is the way I conquer my children.' Now," said Hannah Thelluson, with flashing eyes, "if any strange woman were ever to try to 'conquer' *my* child—"

"Keep yourself quiet, Hannah," said Mr. Rivers, half smiling, and gently patting her hand. "No 'strange woman' shall ever interfere between you and Rosie."

"And you will promise never to send her to school at Paris or any where else, as Lady Rivers proposed the other day, when she is old enough? Oh, papa" (she sometimes called him "papa," as a compromise between "Bernard," which he wished, and "Mr. Rivers"), "I think I should go frantic if any body were to take my child away from me."

"Nobody ever shall," said he, earnestly pressing her hand, which he had not yet let go. Then, after a pause, and a troubled stirring of the fire—his habit when he was perplexed—he added, "Hannah, do you ever look into the future at all?"

"Rosie's future? Yes, often."

"No; your own."

"I think—not much," Hannah replied, after slight hesitation, and trying to be as truthful as she could. "When first I came here I was doubtful how our plan would answer; but it has answered admirably. I desire no change. I am only too happy in my present life."

"Perfectly happy? Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I suppose I ought to be."

Yet he sighed, and very soon after he rose with some excuse about a sermon he had to look over; went into his study, whence, contrary to his custom, he did not emerge for the rest of the evening.

Hannah sat alone, and rather uncomfortable. Had she vexed him in any way? Was he not glad she declared herself happy, since, of necessity, his kindness helped to make her so? For months now there had never come a cloud between them. Their first quarrel was also their last. By this time they had, of course, grown perfectly used to one another's ways; their life flowed on in its even course—a pleasant river, busy as it was smooth. Upon its surface floated peacefully that happy, childish life, developing into more beauty every day. Rosie was not exactly a baby now; and often when she trotted along the broad garden walk, holding tightly papa's hand on one side and auntie's on the other, there came into Hannah's mind that lovely picture of Tennyson's:

> "And in their double love secure
> The little maiden walked demure,
> Pacing with downward eyelids pure."

That was the picture which she saw in a vision, and had referred to—why had it vexed the father? Did he think she "spoiled" Rosie? But love never spoils any child, and Aunt Hannah could be stern too, if necessary. She made as few laws as possible; but those she did make were irrevocable, and Rosie knew this already. She never cried for a thing twice over—and, oh, how touching was her trust, how patient her resigning!

"I don't know how far you will educate your little niece," wrote Lady Dunsmore, in the early days of Hannah's willing task; "but I am quite certain she will educate you."

So she did; and Hannah continually watched in wonder the little new-born soul, growing as fast as the body, and spreading out its wings daily in farther and fairer flights, learning, she knew not how, more things than she had taught it, or could teach.

Then Rosie comforted her aunt so—with the same sweet, dumb comfort that Hannah used to get from flowers and birds and trees. But here was a living flower, which God had given her to train up into beauty, blessing her with twice the blessedness she gave. In all her little household worries, Rosie s unconscious and perpetual well-spring of happiness soothed Hannah indescribably, and never more so than in some bitter days which followed that day, when Mr. Rivers seemed to have suddenly returned to his old miserable self, and to be dissatisfied with every thing and every body.

Even herself. She could not guess why; but sometimes her brother-in-law actually scolded her, or, what was worse, he scolded Rosie; quite needlessly, for the child was an exceedingly good child. And then Aunt Hannah's indignation was roused. More than once she thought of giving him a severe lecture, as she had occasionally done before, and he declared it did him good. But a certain diffidence restrained her. What right, indeed, had she to "pitch into him," as he had laughingly called it, when they were no blood relations?—if blood gives the right of fault-finding, which some people suppose. Good friends, as she and Mr. Rivers were, Hannah scrupled to claim more than the rights of friendship, which scarcely justify a lady in saying to a gentleman in his own house, "You are growing a perfect bear, and I would much rather have your room than your company."

Which was the truth. Just now, if she had not had Rosie's nursery to take refuge in, and Rosie's little bosom to fly to, burying her head there oftentimes, and drying her wet eyes upon the baby pinafore, Aunt Hannah would have had a sore time of it.

And yet she was so sorry for him—so sorry! If the old cloud were permanently to return, what should she do? What possible influence had she over him? She was neither his mother nor sister, if, indeed, either of those ties permanently affect a man who has once been married, and known the closest sympathy, the strongest influence a man can know. Many a time, when he was very disagreeable, her heart sank down like lead; she would carry Rosie sorrowfully out of papa's way, lest she should vex him, or be made naughty by him; conscious, as she clasped the child to her bosom, of that dangerous feeling which men sometimes rouse in women—even fathers in mothers—that their children are much pleasanter company than themselves.

Poor Bernard! poor Hannah! Perhaps the former should have been wiser, the latter more quick-sighted. But men are not always Solons; and Hannah was a rather peculiar sort of woman. She had so completely taken her own measure, and settled her voluntary destiny, that it never occurred to her she was not quite the old maid she thought herself, or that, like other mortal creatures, her lot, as well as her individuality, was liable to be modified by circumstances. When Bernard once told her she was a well-liked person, growing very popular at Easterham, she smiled, rather pleased than not; but when he hinted that an elderly rector, a rich widower, who had lately taken to visiting constantly at the House on the Hill, did not visit there on his account, but hers, Miss Thelluson at first looked innocently uncomprehending, then annoyed, as if her brother-in-law had made an unseemly jest. He never made it again. And soon afterward, either from her extreme coldness of manner, or some other cause, the rector suddenly vanished, and was no more seen.

Presently, and just at the time when she would have been most glad of visitors to cheer up her brother-in-law, their house seemed to grow strangely empty. Invitations ceased, even those at the Moat House being fewer and more formal. And in one of her rare visits there Lady Rivers had much annoyed her by dragging in—apropos of Adeline's marriage, and the great advantage it was for girls to get early settled in life—a pointed allusion to the aforesaid rector, and his persistent attentions.

"Which, of course, every body noticed, my dear. Every body notices every thing in Easterham. And allow me to say that if he does mean any thing, you may count on my best wishes. Indeed, I think, all things considered, to marry him would be the very best thing you could do."

"Thank you; but I have not the slightest intention of doing it."

"Then do you never mean to marry at all?"

"Probably not," replied Hannah, trying hard to keep up that air of smiling politeness, which she had hitherto found as repellent as a crystal wall against impertinent intrusiveness. "But, really, these things can not possibly interest any one but myself. Not even benevolent Easterham."

"Pardon me. Benevolent Easterham is taking far too much interest in the matter, and in yourself, too, I am sorry to say," observed Lady Rivers, mysteriously. "But, of course, it is no business of mine."

And with a displeased look the old lady disappeared to other guests, giving Hannah unmistakably "the cold shoulder" for the remainder of the evening.

This did not afflict her much, for she was used to it. Of far greater consequence was it when, a little while after, she saw by Bernard's looks that his spirits had risen, and he was almost his old self again. It always pleased him when his sister-in-law was invited to the Moat House, and made herself agreeable there, as she resolutely did. The habit of accepting a man's bread and salt, and then making one's self disagreeable in the eating of it, or abusing it afterward, was a phase of fashionable morality not yet attained to by Miss Thelluson. She did not care to visit much; but when she did go out, she enjoyed herself as much as possible.

"Yes, it has been a very pleasant evening; quite lively—for the Moat House," she would have added, but checked herself. It was touching to see Bernard's innocent admiration of every thing at the Moat House. The only occasions when it vexed her was when they showed so little appreciation of him.

"Oh, why can he not always be as good as he is to-night!" thought Hannah, when, as they walked home together, which they did sometimes of fine evenings instead of ordering the carriage, he talked pleasantly and cheerfully the whole way. They passed through the silent, shut-up village, and up the equally silent hill-road to the smooth "down" at its top. There the extreme quietness and loneliness, and the mysterious beauty of the frosty starlight, seemed to soothe him into a more earnest mood, imparting something of the feeling which bright winter nights always gave to Hannah—that sense of nearness to the invisible which levels all human griefs, and comforts all mortal pain.

"Perhaps, after all," said he, when they had been speaking on this subject, "it does not so very much matter whether one is happy or miserable during one's short life here; or one is inclined to feel so on a night like this, and talking together as you and I do now. The only thing of moment seems to be to have patience and do one's duty."

"I think it does matter," Hannah answered; but gently, so as not to frighten away the good angel which she rejoiced to see returning. "People do their duty much better when they are happy. I can not imagine a God who could accept only the sacrifices of the miserable. We must all suffer, less or more; but I never would suffer one whit more, or longer, than I could help."

"Would you not?"

"No, nor would I make others suffer. What do you think the child said to me yesterday, when I was removing her playthings at bed-time? I suppose I looked grave, for she said, 'Poor Tannie! Isn't Tannie sorry to take away Rosie's toys?' Tannie was sorry, and would gladly have given them all back again if she could. Don't you think," and Hannah lifted her soft, gray, truthful eyes to the winter sky, "that if Tannie feels thus, so surely must God?"

Mr. Rivers said nothing; but he pressed slightly the arm within his, and they walked on, taking the "sweet counsel together" which is the best privilege of real friends. It was like old days come back again, and Hannah felt so glad.

"Now you may perceive," Bernard said, after a little, apropos of nothing, "why the charming young ladies who come about my sisters, and whom they think I don't admire half enough, do not attract me as I suppose they ought to do. They might have done so once, before I had known sorrow; but now they seem to me so 'young,' shallow, and small. One half of me—the deepest half—they never touch; nor do my own people either. For instance, the things we have been talking of to-night I should never dream of speaking about to any body—except you."

"Thank you," replied Hannah, gratified.

Had she thought herself bound to tell the full truth, she might have confessed that there was a time when she, on her part, thought Mr. Rivers, as he thought these girls, "young, shallow, and small." She did not now. Either he had altered very much, or she had much misjudged him. Probably both was the case. He had grown older, graver, more earnest. She did not feel the least like his mother now; he was on a much wiser than she, and she gladly owned this. It would have relieved her honest mind to own likewise a few other trifles on which she had been egregiously mistaken. But in some things, and especially those which concerned herself and her

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own feelings, Hannah was still a very shy woman.

"Not that I have a word to say against those charming girls," continued he, relapsing into his gay mood. "No doubt they *are* very charming, the Misses Melville and the rest.

'He that loves a rosy cheek,
And a coral lip admires,'

may find enough to admire in them. Only—only—you remember the last verse?" And he repeated it, with a tender intonation that rather surprised Hannah—

"'But a true and constant mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts in equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.'

That is my theory of loving—is it yours?"

"I should fancy it is most people's who have ever deeply thought about the matter."

"Another theory I have, too," he went on, apparently half in earnest, half in jest, "that the passion comes to different people, and at different times of their lives, in very contrary ways. Some 'fall' in love as I did, at first sight, with my lost darling"—he paused a full minute. "Others walk into love deliberately, with their eyes open; while a few creep into it blindfold, and know not where they are going till the bandage drops, and then—"

"And which of these do you suppose was the case of Adeline and Mr. Melville?"

"Good Heavens! I was not thinking of Adeline and Mr. Melville at all."

He spoke with such needless acerbity that Hannah actually laughed, and then begged his pardon, which seemed to offend him only the more. She did not know how to take him, his moods were so various and unaccountable. But whatever they were, or whatever he was, she felt bound to put up with him; nay, she was happier with him in any mood than when far apart from him, as when he had held himself aloof from her of late.

"You are very cross to me," said she, simply, "but I do not mind it. I know you have many things to vex you; only do please try to be as good as you can. And you might as well as not be good to me."

"Be good to you!"

"Yes; for though I may vex you sometimes, as I seem to have done lately, I do not really mean any harm."

"Harm! Poor Hannah! Why, you wouldn't harm a fly. And yet"—he stopped suddenly, took both her hands, and looked her hard in the face—"there are times when I feel as if I hated the very sight of you."

Hannah stood aghast. Such unkind, causelessly unkind words! Hate her—why? Because she reminded him of his wife! And yet, except for a certain occasional "family" look, no two sisters could be more unlike than she and Rosa. Even were it not so, what a silly, nay, cruel reason for disliking her! And why had not the dislike shown itself months ago, when he seemed to prize her all the more for belonging to the departed one, whom he still fondly called his "lost darling?"

Miss Thelluson could not understand it at all. She was first startled; then inexpressibly pained. The tears came and choked her. She would have run away if she could; but as she could not, she walked on, saying nothing, for she literally had not a word to say.

Mr. Rivers walked after her. "I beg your pardon. I have spoken wildly, ridiculously. You must forgive. You see I am not such a calm, even temperament as you. Oh, Hannah, do forgive me. I did not mean what I said—I did not, indeed."

"What did you mean, then?"

A question which some people, well versed in the science which Mr. Rivers had just been so eloquently discussing, may consider foolish in the extreme, showing Hannah to have been, not merely the least self-conscious, but the most purblind of her sex. She was neither. But there are natures so exceedingly single-minded and straightforward that what seems to them not a right or fitting thing to be done they no more think of doing themselves, or of suspecting others of doing, than of performing that celebrated feat of "jumping over the moon." Besides, her idea of herself was, in many ways, as purely imaginary as her idea of her brother-in-law. The known, notable fact that "hate" is often only the agonized expression of a very opposite feeling never once suggested itself to the innocent mind of Hannah Thelluson.

They had by this time reached their own gate. Her hand was on the latch, not reluctantly. He took it off.

"Don't go in—not just this moment, when you are displeased with me. The night is so fine, and there is nobody about." (What would that matter? Hannah thought.) "Just walk a few steps further, while I say to you something which I have had on my mind to say for weeks past: a message—no, not a message, but a sort of commission from a friend of mine."

By his hesitation, his extreme awkwardness and uncomfortableness of manner, Hannah guessed directly what it was. "Et tu, Brute!" she could have bitterly said, remembering the annoyance to which she had been just subjected by Lady Rivers, whom she had seen afterward in close conclave with Bernard. Had he, then, been enlisted on the same side—of the obnoxious rector? Well, what matter? She had better hear all, and have done with it.

But there was delay, and for fully ten minutes; first by Bernard's silence, out of which she was determined not to help him in the least; and secondly, by their encountering a couple out walking like themselves, the village apothecary and the village milliner—known well to be lovers—who looked equally shy at being met by, and astonished at meeting, their clergyman and his sister-in-law out on the hill at that late hour. Mr. Rivers himself looked much vexed, and hastily proposed turning homeward, as if forgetting altogether what they had to say, till they once more reached the gate.

"Just one turn in the garden, Hannah—I must deliver my message, and do my duty, as Lady Rivers says I ought. I beg your pardon," he added, formally; "it is trenching on delicate ground; but my friend, Mr. Morecamb, has asked me confidentially to tell him whether you have any objection to his visiting our house."

"Our house? Certainly not."

"But the house means you—visits paid to you with a certain definite end. In plain terms, he wishes to marry you."

"And has confided that intention to you, and to all Easterham! How very kind! But would it not have been kinder to put the question to me himself, instead of making it public through a third party?"

"If by the 'third party' you mean me, I assure you I was no willing party; and also that I have sedulously kept the secret forced upon me. Even to-night, when Lady Rivers was questioning me on the subject, I was careful not to let her suspect, in the smallest degree, that there was any foundation for the report beyond Easterham gossip at Morecamb's frequent visits. I kept my own counsel, ay, and submitted to be rated roundly for my indifference to your interests, and told that I was hindering you from making a good marriage. Is it so?"

"You ought to have known me better than to suppose I should ever make a 'good' marriage, which means, in Lady Rivers's vocabulary, a marriage of convenience. She is very kind to take my affairs so completely into her own hands. I am deeply indebted to her—and to you."

The tone was so bitter and satirical, so unlike herself, that Bernard turned to look at her in the starlight—the pale, pure face, neither young nor old, which, he sometimes said, never would be either younger or older, because no wear and tear of human passion troubled its celestial peace.

"I have offended you, I see. Can it be possible that—"

"Nothing is impossible, apparently. But I should have supposed that you yourself would have been the first to put down all remarks of this kind; aware that it was, at least, highly improbable I could have any feeling concerning Mr. Morecamb—unless it was resentment at his having made me a public talk in this way."

"He could not help it, I suppose."

"He ought to have helped it. Any man who really loves a woman will hide her under a bushel, so to speak—shelter her from the faintest breath of gossip, take any trouble, any blame even, upon himself, rather than let her be talked about. At least that is how I should feel if I were a man and loved a woman. But I don't understand you men—less and less the more I know of you. You seem to see things in a different light, and live after a different pattern from what we women do."

"That is only too true—the more the pity," said Mr. Rivers, sighing. "But as to gossip: the man might not be able to prevent it. There might be circumstances— What do you think Morecamb ought to have done?"

Hannah thought a moment. "He should have held his tongue till he knew his own mind fully, or guessed mine. Then he should have put the question to me direct, and I would have answered it the same, and also held my tongue. Half the love-miseries in the world arise, not from the love itself, but from people's talking about it. I say to all my young friends who fall in love, whether happily or unhappily, 'Keep it to yourself; whatever happens, hold your tongue.'"

"Oracular advice—as if from a prophetess superior to all these human weaknesses," said Bernard, bitterly. "A pity it was not given in time to poor Mr. Morecamb. What do you dislike in him—his age?"

"No; it is generally a good thing for the man to be older than the woman—even much older."

"His being a widower, then?"

"Not at all; but—" and Hannah stopped, as indignant as if she had really loved Mr. Morecamb. That her brother-in-law should be pleading the cause of a gentleman who wanted to marry her, or that any gentleman should be wanting to marry her, seemed equally extraordinary. She could have laughed at the whole matter had she not felt so strangely, absurdly angry. She stood—twirling her hands in and out of her muff, and patting with fierce little feet the frosty ground, and waited for Mr. Rivers to speak next. He did so at length, very formally.

"I have, then, to convey to my friend a simple negative, and say that you desire his visits here to cease?"

"Not if he is your friend, and you wish them to continue. What right have I to shut the door upon any of your guests? My position is most awkward, most uncomfortable. Why did not you spare me this? If you had tried, I think—I think you might."

It was a woman's involuntary outcry of pain, an appeal for protection—until she remembered she was making it to a sham protector; a man who had no legal rights toward her; who was neither husband, father, nor brother; who, though she was living under his roof, could not shelter her in the smallest degree, except as an ordinary friend. He was that, any how, for he burst out in earnest and passionate rejoinder:

"How could I have spared you—only tell me! You talk of rights—what right had I to prevent the man's seeking you—to stand in the way of your marrying, as they tell me I do? Oh, Hannah! if you knew what misapprehension, what blame, I have subjected myself to, in all these weeks of silence! And yet now you—even you—turn round and accuse me."

"I accuse you!"

"Well, well, perhaps we are taking a too tragical view of the whole matter. You do not quite hate me?"

"No; on the contrary, it was you who said you hated me."

And that sudden change from pathos to bathos, from the sublime to the ridiculous, which, in talk, constantly takes place between people who are very familiar with one another, came now to soothe the agitation of both.

"Let us make a paction, for it will never do to have another quarrel, or even a coolness," said Mr. Rivers, with that bright, pleasant manner of his, which always warmed Hannah through and through like sunshine; she whose life before she came to Easterham had been, if placid, a little sunless, cold, and pale. "I know, whenever you tap your foot in that way, it is a sign you are waxing wroth. Presently you will burst out, and tear me limb from limb, as—allegorically speaking—you delight to do, you being a 'big lion,' as Rosie says, and I as innocent as a lamb the whole time."

Hannah laughed, and "got down from her high horse," as he used to call it, immediately. She always did when he appealed to her in that irresistibly winning, good-humored way. It is one of the greatest of mysteries—the influence one human being has over another. Oftener than not because of extreme dissimilarity. Upon Hannah's grave and silent nature the very youthfulness, buoyantness, and frankness of this young man came with a charm and freshness which she never found in grave, silent, middle-aged people. Even his face, which she had once called too handsome—uninterestingly handsome—she had come to look at with a tender pride, as his mother (so she said to herself at least) might have done.

"Well, papa," she replied, "I don't know whether you are a lamb or a lion, but you are without doubt the sweetest-tempered man I ever knew. It is a blessing to live with you, as Rosa once said."

"Did she say that? poor darling! And—and do you think it? Oh, Hannah!"—and he lifted up in the starlight a suddenly grave, even solemn face—"if you knew every thing—if she were looking at us two here—would she not say—I am sure she would—"

But the sentence was never ended; for just as they stood at the hall door a scream resounded from within—an unmistakable woman's scream.

"That is Grace's voice. Oh, my baby, my baby!" cried Hannah, and darted away, Mr. Rivers following her.

OLD LADIES' FLOWERS.

IT has been our good fortune all through life to be surrounded by floral novelties of the choicest beauty; yet we often find ourselves turning with fond delight and pleasure to the older, but now in too many cases the neglected, and, we might say, by some despised, inhabitants of our gardens. We have a fondness and admiration for many of the older annuals and hardy perennials, and are old-fogyish enough to think that they are equal in beauty, if not more beautiful than many vaunted plants of more recent introduction. Morning-glories, nasturtiums, rocket larkspurs, gillyflowers, asters, balsams, pansies, carnations, columbines, Canterbury bells, sweet-williams, cowslips, auriculas, polyanthuses, peonies, flowers-de-luce, wall-flowers, daffodils, and numerous other flowers cultivated by ladies of the past generation, are certainly more beautiful and intrinsically of more value than much of the deceptively advertised trash which too often encumbers our gardens at the present time.

Although we do not deny that verbenas, petunias, coleuses, dahlias, bedding geraniums, and a multitude of similar flowers, to be found in the bewildering catalogues of the florists of the present day, have many and distinctive beauties, yet we feel that the present fashion of discarding the old favorites is a species of ungrateful floral sacrilege. The new-comers, moreover, are not embalmed, as many of the older ones are, in the poesy of some of the finest poets of our language. These have a sweet æsthetic fragrance which does not belong to modern favorites; and, however much the last may delight us, they do not make us call to mind those delightful passages of our older poets that made our imaginations paint scenes of simple, rural, floral beauty and loveliness that no artistic pencil can realize; but these "old ladies' flowers," or "flowers of the poets," often unveil to us some lovely picture or scene that long since, in our earlier readings, we had painted in the chambers of our heart, and from which memory, thus assisted, removes a pile of modern rubbish that had well-nigh buried it in oblivion. Hence it is that while we would not banish our new friends from our gardens, we would still put in a plea for the retaining, we might say, indeed, the restoration, of the older ones. Their beauty is as great and their cultivation is as easy as that of any of the new-comers, and their associations far more delightful, for they call to remembrance our early days, our childhood homes, and the floral loves of our mothers.

We therefore recommend our garden-loving readers to appropriate at least one flower bed in their gardens to these flowers, for we feel assured that they will find them possessed of an interest and charm peculiarly their own, which their more showy or more modern rivals do not possess.

Of many of the flowers we have named, new and improved varieties have been of late years originated by cultivators in Europe, where they still retain their places in gardens. As the time for selecting and sowing annual flower seeds is now close at hand, we shall at present notice the older-cultivated species of annuals, viz.:

Amaranthus.—Love-lies-bleeding of the poets. A new species, A. melancholicus, with blood-red foliage, is desirable on account of its effect as a foliage plant; but few of this class of plants surpass the old tricolored amaranthus, or Joseph's-coat, in beauty as regards variegated foliage.

Asters.—These may now be divided into two classes—the French, with flat, reflexed, or incurved petals; and the German, with quilled petals. Of the first, what are known as Truffaut's peony-flowered are the most desirable; of the German class, Reid's improved quilled is probably the best. The centre of the flower is closely quilled with broad, flat guard petals. To grow asters in perfection they should have a light, rich soil, and in dry, hot weather they should be mulched with rotted manure, and be liberally supplied with manure water.

Balsams.—The camellia-flowered and the rose-flowered varieties are the finest. They can be had in ten or more colors and varieties, some of which are as beautifully striped as a carnation. They should be treated in the same way as asters to get flowers in perfection.

Dianthus, or *Pinks.*—In the Chinese or annual species much improvement has been made, and some of the double varieties are very fine, particularly those of the two varieties known as heddewigii and laciniatus, the flowers of which are from two to three inches in diameter; those of laciniatus, as its name imports, being beautifully fringed.

Delphinium, or *Larkspur.*—Many new and improved varieties have been lately introduced. The stock-flowering varieties of the rocket class are very fine, having spikes of double flowers eighteen inches in length, of various shades of color.

Ipomœa, Convolvulus, or *Morning-glory.*—This tribe of plants stands unrivaled as annual climbers, and surpasses in beauty many or all of the bedding-out climbers. The newer species and varieties are very fine, especially I. limbata, I. hederacea, and their varieties. The star cypress vine of the older gardens is now being brought out as a comparatively new plant. It and the old crimson, white, and the more modern rose-colored cypress vine are beautiful climbers when trained on cords, as in the old gardens.

Lupines.—The older varieties of lupines are surpassed by some of the new species of late introduction, of which L. hartwegii, L. hybridus, and their varieties, L. subcarnosus, L. magnificus, L. menziesii, and L. pubescens elegans, are especially worthy of cultivation.

Marigolds.—Cultivators have greatly improved these flowers, and while retaining the beauty of the blossoms, have done away with the somewhat coarse, weedy habit of growth of the plant, and we now have them growing from only six inches to a foot in height, and loaded with a profusion of double orange, brown, yellow, and striped flowers. The double-flowered English marigold, or marybuddes of our older poets, is too seldom seen in our gardens; its large, rich, golden-colored flowers add much to enlivening a border.

Marvel of Peru, or *Four-o'clocks.*—An old inhabitant of our gardens, the varieties of which are now largely increased and improved, both in the size and colors of the flowers, and in the habit of the plant, being dwarfer and more densely branching.

Nasturtium.—Instead of the one variety with orange-colored flowers of former times, we now have two classes—one climbing and the other dwarf. Of the first we have dark crimson, flesh-colored, spotted, and striped flowered varieties; of the dwarf set, attaining only twelve to eighteen inches in height, and of bushy habit, there are numerous varieties, with white, yellow, orange, buff, scarlet, crimson, maroon, and variegated flowers. The canary-bird nasturtium is a very beautiful climber which we especially recommend.

Poppies.—These are among the most showy and desirable of annuals. There are two species which have, from time immemorial (we might almost say), been cultivated in our gardens—Papaver somniferum, or opium poppy, and P. rhœas, the corn-field poppy. The French, who largely value and cultivate them for garden decoration, divide the first into two classes—viz., the peony-flowered, in which the petals are entire, or only slightly fimbriated on their edges; and the other, in which the petals are deeply fringed or frizzled; the shades of color ranging from pure white to deep violet, the red shades being very brilliant. The flowers of the double varieties of the corn-field poppy are similar in appearance to a good hollyhock flower, the guard petals generally being of a different color to the centre ones. This is the pavot coquelicot of the French. The seeds should always be sown where the plants are to remain, as the poppy does not bear transplanting well. The plants should be thinned out to from eight to ten inches apart.

Pansies.—In few flowers has the skill of the floriculturist produced greater changes than in this. The English and German strains produce flowers from two to two and a half inches across, ranging in color from pure white, pale yellow, golden yellow, crimson, bronze, sky blue, dark blue, and maroon, to coal black, either in self-color, or freaked or pied in party-colors. To have them in perfection the seed should be sown in August or September, and the plants protected during winter with branches of evergreens; the soil should be made very rich with well-rotted manure.

Sweet-Peas.—These old favorites are not as often seen in gardens as formerly, although, besides their intrinsic beauty, they are very useful for training on trellis-work, or up the naked stems of small trees and shrubs. Their effect is increased by intermixing the canary-bird nasturtium with them. They should always be planted in rich soil, and mulched in hot, dry weather. By plucking off the pods, which form after the flowers drop, the season of their blooming may be much prolonged.

Sweet-Scabious, or *Mourning-Bride.*—Formerly there was not much variety in the colors of the flowers of this plant, they being of more or less deep shades of purple; but now we have white, crimson or scarlet, and rose-color, and, in addition, we have dwarf varieties of the same colors, not growing more than a foot high.

Stocks, or *Gillyflowers.*—What is known among gardeners as the ten-weeks stock is the sort generally grown as an annual. There are five classes of them—the dwarf, miniature, large-flowered, pyramidal, and wall-flower-leaved. The first grow about fifteen or sixteen inches high, are somewhat branching, and have compact spikes of flowers; the miniature stocks only grow about four to six inches high; the large-flowered have much larger flowers than the dwarf, and are, therefore, more desirable; the pyramidal have very large flowers, with a less compact spike, and the spikes of flowers assume a pyramidal form; the wall-flower-leaved differ from the others in having smooth, deep green, not woolly, glaucous foliage, as the others. They require to be sown as early in the season as possible, to have rich soil, and to be lightly but frequently watered with manure water. They are frequently subject to the attacks of the black fly, which may be driven off by dusting the plants with lime or soot. The shades of color in the flowers of these plants are very numerous. We have had thirty or forty at a time.

Scarlet Runners and *White Runners.*—More useful and beautiful strong-growing annual vines than these can not be had; their rapid growth, large foliage, and brilliant flowers make them well adapted for covering unsightly walls or buildings. To these we must also add the hyacinth bean, both the purple and white varieties.

Zinnias.—The double varieties of this flower are among the greatest acquisitions we have had among annuals for the past ten or twelve years, rivaling the dahlia in the beauty of form and coloring of the flowers. They are indispensable in a collection of choice annuals.

Should any of our readers follow out our suggestion of setting aside a flower bed in their gardens for the above flowers, and properly arrange it, having suitable poles for the climbers in the centre of the bed, and then plant a corresponding bed with coleus, aschyranthus, cobæa, maurandia, thunbergia, anagallis, lobelias, and other plants of that class, we shall not have the least fear with respect to their decision in the autumn as to which will be the most admired, and give the most satisfaction.

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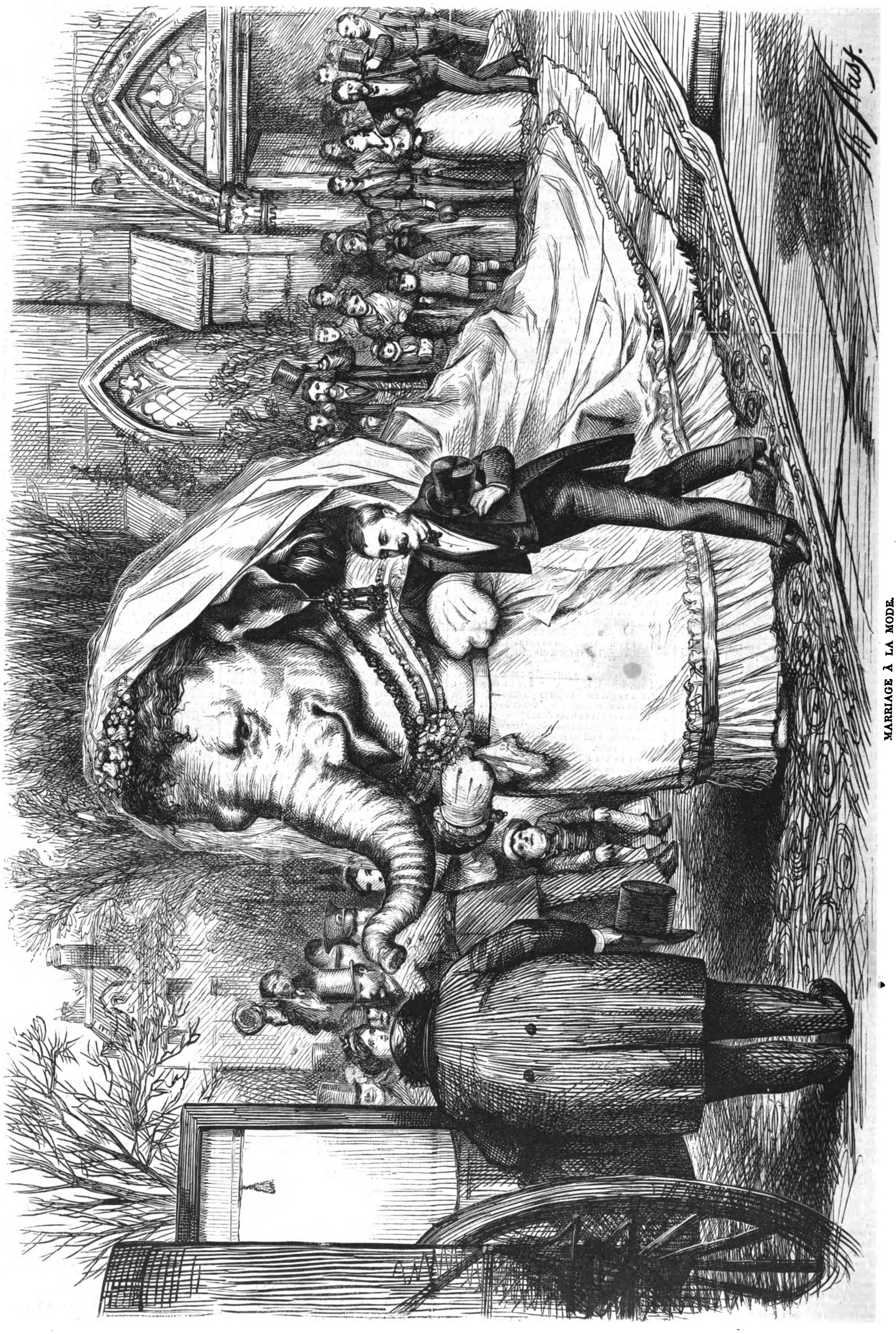

MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

"BOY BLOWING BUBBLES."

THIS drawing, by the English master of water-colors, William Hunt, is the property of Miss Burdett Coutts, and forms an item in the loan portion of the London Exhibition for the Benefit of the Distressed Peasantry of France. As regards the drawing itself, comment is scarcely needed. It is one of a class by

"BOY BLOWING BUBBLES."—[FROM A PICTURE BY THE LATE W. HUNT.]

the same painter with which all must be familiar. William Hunt, as a painter of boys, is almost on a par with William Hunt, the painter of still-life par excellence; and this is one of the most characteristic examples of his power in the former category. A few of his paintings have been on exhibition in this country. He was born in 1790, and died quite recently. He was remarkable as a faithful student of nature.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FRENCH HISTORY.

IN studying ancient history we trace results from the foundations of nations, marking the changes. It is strange how we neglect this principle in modern history; we take the occurrences of our present civilization by piecemeal, by single periods and facts, stumbling about among the nations of Europe as if they were so many blocks of stone, unimpressionable to the influence of circumstances and time.

That great Franconian empire, which was formed from the *débris* of a portion of the western Roman power, and which, a thousand years ago, occupied the area between the Baltic and the Atlantic, the North Sea and the Adriatic, had been originated by a German nationality (the Franks) with whom many minor tribes had amalgamated. From this empire drifted off to the east the German realm with the imperial dignity, and to the west, France. Since then both have gone their own way, up to our time, and the vicissitudes of a thousand years have ended in the reassertion of that great Teutonic nation which seemed almost crippled into insignificance at various times. And how have these thousand years been employed by both? After the first separation France was left to flounder for a hundred years under the Carlovingians, and began, under the family of Hugh Capet, that career of consolidation into a unified state which must naturally have led to a great development of military strength, but also laid the nation open to the oft-repeated calamity of being governed exclusively by one personality or one dominant passion. For three hundred and fifty years did the Capets rule France, and during the latter part of that period the towns had gained sufficient strength to be represented in the "États Généraux;" but the royal power was rather strengthened, as opposed to the nobility, by this move, and when the Valois became the governors of France for two hundred and fifty years, the crown became stronger still, and annexed further provinces. The endless wars of succession with England, the struggles between the royal prerogative and the nobility, the attacks made by the princes of the blood upon each other, the long series of wars with Austria, during which the three German bishopries of Metz, Verdun, and Toul came, three hundred years ago, for the first time, under French supremacy, and lastly, the bloody and fierce disturbances between

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Protestants and Catholics, had again and again brought the country to the verge of ruin, had devastated its glorious fields and vineyards, trodden under foot the rights of the people, and dismantled its towns; till the end of the Valois dynasty left France torn into factious discontent, but, as a united monarchy, strong and martial in its development against its neighbors.

With Henry of Navarre the Bourbons mounted the throne of France, and occupied it for two hundred years, till their disastrous fall—two hundred years, comprising the highest material development of the country, and ending in its utter dissolution. There is no period of French history so indicative of the pernicious influence of single-handed power as that of Louis XIV., and his favorite maxim, "L'état c'est moi," may be said to have wrought even the disastrous consequences of our own time.

AN APOLOGY.

'Tis true that my glances have wandered
O'er the faces around me that bloom,
And many the smile I have squandered;
But ask not when, where, and on whom.

If my looks are so brimful of meaning,
I vow I would rather be blind
Than to feel, while enjoyment I'm gleaning,
That a lecture will follow behind:

It were idle to cast a reflection
On the needle's consistence and worth,
Though it wavers in every direction
Ere it steadfastly points to the north.

All day though the bee seems a rover,
As he murmurs o'er garden and green,
He carries the sweets of the clover
At eve to the feet of his queen.

There are blossoms that owe all their brightness
To the hue that each chiefly displays,
But you are the snow-drop whose whiteness
Is the blending of infinite rays.

As the gay tints of Art wake a yearning
For Nature's sweet emerald hue,
So is born in my glances returning
New light as they rest upon you.

CHUBB JACKSON.

DOES any body, I wonder, know Throgmorton? It is in the weald of Kent; and yet not actually in the weald, but on a little outlying spur of it which projects into the great plain of Romney. There the tough clay has married the lily-white sand, and a bounteous offspring has blessed the union. There flourish noble oaks, broad-leaved chestnuts, aspiring elms in rich luxuriance of leaf; and emerald pastures are set among their shades, and rich corn fields and smiling hop gardens checker the sides of the gently swelling slopes.

Loiter with me on the pleasant field path winding in and out among the meadows and corn fields; look back on the red-roofed town crowned by a massive Gothic tower—the evening chimes are tinkling in the still air with a loving, lingering cadence, suggesting I know not what subtile pathos of long-forgotten days—and own with me that broad England can show few fairer nooks than fair Throgmorton town.

My story hasn't much to do with Throgmorton; but there it was I first knew Chubb Jackson. He wasn't unlike a chub, either, as a boy—wide-mouthed, with little teeth set far back in his head, and freckles so brown that you might take them for scales. He was a school-fellow of mine, at the Manor-house School. Old Hookey (not thirty then), our head-master, had taken him in as an incorrigible, at a double fee, to try and make something of him. Possibly the attempt might have been worth the money; but, at any rate, it didn't succeed. Passed through the regulation mill, Chubb came out more ink-and-tear-stained, more sulky, and more lazy than ever. Dragged through the *Æneid*, he tumbled over "Arma virumque cano;" shoved into logarithms, he couldn't even go through the multiplication-table. His life was a continual round of expiation, of impositions which he never got through, of unlearned tasks which no mortal power could force him to learn: only the holidays freed him from the ever-accumulating load of punishment.

And yet I think he enjoyed himself. I fancy, as he sat by the open window, looking over the rambling old-fashioned garden to the pleasant apple and cherry orchards beyond, his eyes and mind far away from the wretched old lexicon and classics under his nose, that the bees as they hummed, and the birds as they twittered, and all the hushed sounds of country life, said a say for him which they uttered not for us, as we swiped and bowled and fielded and kept wicket in the cricket field over beyond the Oast House.

I was the only chum he had: perhaps a corresponding vein of idlesse made us sympathize; at all events, we were great friends; and when his aunt, Miss, or, as she was called by courtesy, *Mrs.* Chubb—he was an orphan, poor fellow, and under the care of a maiden aunt—when she came to take him home for the midsummer holidays, she had a liking for me for her nephew's sake, and wanted me to come and see them at Pelham Crescent, Hastings. But I never went; and I saw no more of Chubb Jackson for I don't know how many years.

I was serving out my articles with Bump & Podgers, of Lincoln's Inn, living in lodgings in Stanhope Street, Hampstead Road, when, coming from Charing Cross one evening by a yellow bus, I recognized next to me on the knife-board the image of Chubb Jackson. It couldn't be the inky boy of my school-days; for this was a painful swell in lavender gloves, most shiny hat, and shirt collar of portentous size. Now Chubb as a lad had a most inveterate stutter. So when the youth turned to me, intending, I think, to ask for a light, having an unlit cigar in his mouth, and fumbling vainly in his waistcoat pocket, and I saw his mouth working in painful throes to deliver itself of the embryo words, I knew that he must be my former school-fellow, and cried, unconsciously imitating his stammer, "W-why, you must be C-chubb Jackson!"

He was living, I found, still with his aunt Chubb, in Albany Street, close by; and we renewed our school friendship forthwith.

Mrs. Chubb was always delighted to see me. I was so steady, she said; judging, I fear, rather from my antecedents than from any actual knowledge of my habits; and she always felt comfortable when Chubb was with me. But there was another attraction at 294 Albany Street. Letitia Cuttshon was there on a visit—a protracted visit, having no apparent commencement or ending, but which was always to end at some time or other, but never did.

The second time I went to see them Mrs. Chubb told me, as a great secret, that she hoped Letitia and Chubb would come together. Letitia was the orphaned daughter of the dearest friend she ever had—she gave a little sigh as she said it, which made me think perhaps there was some woman's romance hidden below her placid front—and it was the dearest wish of her heart that the two should be married; but she wanted Chubb to make something of himself first. He was now apprenticed to a wood-engraver, and he really seemed to have found his particular hole; for he had a wonderfully neat and careful hand, and had considerable talent for design. He worked a good deal at home in a little atelier on the second-floor; and you would hear him, as he chipped away, humming sometimes, and sometimes caroling, when you came to the hall door in quiet Albany Street.

Looking upon Letitia as already engaged, I had no intention of falling in love with her; but I couldn't help becoming very fond of her, meeting her as I did constantly in intimate society, for she was so good and lovable. Chubb was much attached to her, I fancied; but I don't know whether he was quite such a good boy as his aunt imagined, and I used to doubt sometimes whether the career open to him pleased him altogether.

Being not swells at all, but quiet unpretentious folk, we would sometimes go to the pit of the Princess's. Mrs. Chubb would pilot her nephew through, and I would have to take care of Letty in the crowd, and sometimes, under pressure of circumstances, would find my arm around her waist, or take her little plump hand in mine. Delicious pleasures! forbidden, but how sweet!

It happened, however, that some literary friend of Chubb offered him a box for a particular night at the Olympic; and it was then and there determined that we would all go. Chubb was to come to my office at half past six, and Aunt Chubb and Letitia were to call for us there.

I had had a very busy day at Lincoln's Inn, and I had not noticed the flight of time, when I heard a cab stop outside: it was seven o'clock. I was vexed with Chubb that he hadn't kept his appointment; for I had relied upon his coming in time for me to dress before the ladies arrived. Now I had to run out in my office coat, and ask Mrs. Chubb to wait till I could struggle into my evening suit.

"Don't be more than ten minutes, Edward," she said, "or we shall have to pay extra for waiting. Chubb must follow us, the careless boy."

There was nothing remarkable in his not keeping his appointment; I don't think he had ever kept one in his life. I contented myself with leaving a message with Mrs. Tomkins, the housekeeper, that he was to dress as quickly as possible, and follow us. I charged her specially to have a jug of hot water ready on the hob, that he mightn't have any excuse for sitting down in his shirt sleeves and smoking a pipe, which he would be only too glad to do on the slightest hitch in his preparations.

I remember the entertainment at the Olympic well. It was the last time I ever saw R—— act. The shadow of death was upon the poor fellow then; but he fired up once or twice with something of his old spirit. It was a grotesque drama they played, but it saddened me, too; there was something weird and ghostly about the fun.

Act succeeded act, but still no Chubb Jackson. Ever and again I turned my head, thinking I heard him enter the box. My uneasiness seized my companions also; they, too, began to look over their shoulders each minute. It was a hot midsummer night, but the theatre felt chilly. Aunt and Letitia drew their shawls round them. I fancied, too, that the audience on the other side began to notice our uneasiness: lorgnettes were leveled at our box.

All of a sudden the box door was thrown violently open, hung suspended for a moment—the instant during which a person might pass in—and then closed heavily. I jumped up, and ran into the passage. Not a soul was there. Letitia had given a little scream; she looked deadly pale and almost fainting. Aunt Chubb was perplexed and distrait. The play was coming to an end. I took them out of the theatre, and put them into a cab. It would be a relief to get back to Albany Street, and to find Chubb in his little snuggery, smoking a pipe and chipping away at his blocks; a relief to give him a good scolding for putting us out so.

But when we got back to Albany Street the house was dark and desolate. The servants had gone to bed, according to orders. The supper tray was in the dining-room, in readiness for our refection: a few dozen oysters, a brown loaf, a half-cut ham. But there was no trace of Chubb's presence, no opened shells, no empty bottle of Guinness. Where could he be?

It was necessary that I should go out to look after the missing Chubb. I embraced my mission very reluctantly; for I was tired and hungry, and I thought that Chubb was indulging in some freak. His aunt would not hear of the possibility of such a thing; her boy had never been out so late as this without her knowledge, and she felt convinced some evil had come to him. She besought me to lose not a moment in putting the police in motion, in advertising, in offering a reward of a hundred pounds for any information.

"Had he any money with him, aunt?"

I had grown so intimate with the family that Mrs. Chubb had adopted me as her nephew.

"Oh dear, yes; and a great deal. I paid him his half year's allowance, fifty pounds, this very morning, in Bank of England notes; and he stuffed them into his breast coat-pocket in his careless way, and I—"

"Have you got the numbers?"

"Oh yes; I put them down; they're in my desk. See here."

"Nothing but the numbers! no date, no distinguishing letters! Dear me, aunt, how unbusiness-like you are!"

"Oh, is it necessary, Edward? I didn't know."

"This list will do well enough for stopping the notes; but if they were lost, you'd never get any thing out of the bank for them. But now the point is to find Chubb. Good-by, aunt; I'll send the young scamp home to you fast enough, never fear."

"Please God, I trust you will."

Letty was in the hall as I went out. She came to me, pale and trembling.

"Oh, Edward, do you think there is any thing wrong with Chubb?"

"No, nothing wrong, I trust, Letty. Don't worry about him; he's sure to be all right."

I took her hand as I spoke. Her sweet gray eyes sought mine in unsuspecting sisterly confidence.

"You will come back with him. We sha'n't go to bed till you come back. Good-by, Edward."

It was a hot, dull, sodden night—a night on which one felt the oppressive weight of undefinable wretchedness. As I made my way to the cab stand I felt that I was upon a bootless errand.

Chubb hadn't been at Lincoln's Inn; the housekeeper, whom I roused out of her first sleep, was sure of that. I must go on to Enfield Street, to the shop of the eminent wood-engravers where Chubb was employed. The premises were locked up; an iron bar across the door, with a great padlock securing it, showed that no one slept in the house. What should I do next? In my perplexity, I found my way to the police office. The inspector smiled at my grave air when he heard my tale.

"There's a good many young gents as don't get home as soon as their mas would like, Sir. But I'll send a sergeant with you, Sir. The man on the beat will know where the foreman of the shop lives, no doubt, Sir."

The police sergeant, a grizzled [illegible]-worn man, started with me to the beat. [illegible]er on duty knew where the foreman of [illegible] & Jardine lived; it was in a street off the Tottenham Court Road. Another short cab-drive, and we were knocking at Mr. White's door. Mr. White was a bachelor and a lodger. He was evidently giving a party that night; the front-room was lighted up, and there was a piano going, and a song with a thundering chorus. My heart felt a great relief; Chubb was here, of course; this was the very sort of thing in which he delighted, for which he'd give up any kind of civilized society. Wouldn't he be wild at being fetched home by a police sergeant and a friend!

White came to the door in his shirt sleeves; he had a long clay pipe in his hand, with which he was beating time to the chorus. He seemed too perfectly happy to feel any surprise at the sight of two strangers at his gate, although one of them was a police constable. A rich tenor voice inside was singing, "Hard times come again no more."

"Chubb Jackson here? No, he isn't—'Tis a song, a sigh of the weary, hard times'—but if you're a friend of his, come in and join us." Again he was led away by the chorus, "Around my cabin door—come again no more."

The police sergeant sighed; he'd a soft heart, I fancy, under his blue coat; and few who have had hard times themselves can hear unmoved the plaintive refrain.

"Can you give us a few minutes' conversation on a matter of importance?"

"Certainly; only don't interrupt the song. Come in; there. 'Hard times, hard times, come again no more;' now chorus, all!"

We stood there in the hall under the lamp; Mr. White waving his pipe to the time, and the police sergeant joining gruffly in the strain.

"Bravo! thank ye, gentlemen. Now, then, what have you got to say to me?"

I told him briefly of Chubb being missing, and asked him what clew he had to give me.

"Why, let's see. Chubb went away first thing this morning; he wasn't a quarter of an hour at the shop. He'd been drawing some tin, hadn't he? He don't often show much at the shop on such occasions. Where he went to I don't know. Yes, I do, though. I can tell you where he started from, at least. He went to the Essex Street pier; for he was asking Brown if it was open again, as it had been repairing lately, and Brown said it was. But where he went after that I know no more than the dead. But, bless you, he'll turn up all right."

We took our leave sadly; it didn't seem a very hopeful trail.

"I don't like a track as ends in the river, Sir. You don't often get any farther than that."

We didn't get any farther.

At the early dawn I found myself wearily walking along Albany Street, with a feeble hope that Chubb might have come home in the mean time. But there was only Mrs. Chubb, sitting up, sad and wan, and looking ten years older in that single night.

"My poor boy, my poor boy!" she could only cry, quite broken down, quite past comfort. Letty took her up stairs, and I didn't venture to see her for a month after.

I had the direction of all the inquiries which were made. Spurred on by the reward of £250, the police exerted themselves most strenuously. But not the faintest trail could they find of Chubb Jackson. One of the notes he had received from his aunt was traced to a low public-house in the Waterloo Road; but although the house was watched for months, and the haunts of all the doubtful characters who resorted there thoroughly searched, they failed to get a glimpse of the fate of poor Chubb.

The atelier on the second-floor in Albany Street was shut up from that time. Aunt Chubb would let no one enter it but herself. Once a week she would go in and dust it with her own hands. Poor Letitia thought herself almost a widow, and wore deep mourning for her lost sweetheart.

It was a year after Chubb's untimely fate that I ventured one day—she was sewing a button on my sleeve at the time: the sight of her sweet, patient face and downcast eyes was too much for me, and I took her in my arms, and asked her if she'd let me take the vacant place in her heart. She was dreadfully shocked, and wouldn't forgive me for a long time; but Aunt Chubb was my friend, and told my darling the time for grief was past, and that it was her dearest wish now that we two should be married; and then Letitia relented, and gave me all her heart.

Aunt Chubb roused up wonderfully now. In our happiness she seemed to live again, for the soul wearies of hopeless grief. In the preparations for the wedding, in the necessary house-hunting and furniture-buying, Aunt Chubb took great interest. But I couldn't help feeling a little nettled at finding how completely in the mind of aunt, and partially in Letty's view, I was simply a representative of the lost Chubb. We were not to live in St. John's Wood, because Chubb detested St. John's Wood. We must live in the neighborhood of Regent's Park, because Chubb thought it was the healthiest part of London. The dining-room curtains were to be blue, for that was Chubb's favorite color; the drawing-room was to be upholstered in white and gold, for Chubb had been heard to say that when he had a house of his own that would be his choice. In other respects, however, it was more satisfactory to stand in Chubb's shoes. His aunt had announced her intention of making us the same allowance she had intended for Chubb when *he* married; and she told us that, having no near relations of her own, she proposed to make us and ours her heirs; but, after all, it wasn't pleasant to be considered in the light of a proxy or deputy; and the way in which those two women set up an idol, an ideal Chubb about as like the real formerly existing Chubb as the butterfly is to the grub, and expecting every body to burn incense before it, was especially aggravating. But I bore all patiently, abiding the time when I should take the reins into my own hands.

It was just two years since poor Chubb disappeared, and we were to be married to-morrow.

I had wound up all my affairs at Lincoln's Inn, and I had made up my mind to leave the office at three, having to make a few purchases; and I had planned taking a Citizen steamboat to Cadogan Pier, there to have a quiet half hour under the trees of Cheyne Walk, to take leave of my old self. For before I knew Letitia I had been a very lonely man, lonely in a crowd, and I had learned to know myself—yes, and to like myself, and to take a pleasure in my own thoughts; and I felt a little sad, as though I were parting with an old friend at the gate of my new life.

But, locking up my papers and changing my coat, I was conscious of a peculiar stir and tumult astonishing the quiet inn; a clatter and a clank, a ringing of steel accoutrements, and the sharp clash of hoofs on the paved court-yard. I heard, too, the rush of pattering feet, which betokened that the London gamin was awake to the prospect of a little excitement. Now, looking from my window, I saw a small detachment of hussars drawn up outside our office. Opposite the door was a cab, a policeman on the box. Half a dozen mounted police were drawn up on either side, and the British public massed itself behind the cavalcade.

I heard a clerk flying up the stairs, and he burst into my room, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Brown, you're wanted immediately by the Chief Commissioner of Police!"

Had it come for me, then, this cavalcade? Was I to be carried off on the eve of my wedding-day? Was I to be spirited away to join my poor friend Chubb? I remembered such things in weird stories I had read as a boy: and I was really so much shaken that had I found myself crammed into the carriage, and disappearing in a thunder-cloud, I shouldn't have been much astounded.

No, not more astounded than I was when, going to the window of the cab, I saw sitting beside a police officer and heavily ironed, CHUBB JACKSON!

He wasn't a bit altered, only browned and more manly.

"Ned, old fellow, I can't shake hands with you for these confounded handcuffs; but you're looking jolly. I want you to come with me to the police office to identify me. They want to make out that I'm Colonel Brady, the head-centre of the Fenians: but you can tell them better than that, eh, Ned? Come, jump in."

I got into the cab in a maze of bewilderment.

How did I stand? Was I going to be married to-morrow, or would Chubb usurp my place? Who did the house in Regent's Park belong to? and the portmanteau ready packed at my lodgings? No, that was mine, at all events. And the month's holiday? Good Heav-

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ens! why didn't the fellow stop another day? What did he mean by sitting there grinning at me, looking so happy? Happy; of course he was happy. Wasn't he going home to his Letitia?

Why should I be bail for this man? What did I know about him? The last two years might have made a Fenian of him. Was I certain he wasn't Colonel Brady? Was it a fiend which whispered in my ear, *Keep him locked up till the day after to-morrow?*

But the fiends may whisper as they will; the habit of truth and honesty is the best exorciser of demons. When we arrived at the police station, and were shown into the magistrate's private room, my course was plain. Mr. Pusslewit, the magistrate, knew *me* well enough.

I could answer for the man in custody; he was not a Fenian at all. He was Chubb Jackson, an intimate friend of my own. His detention would be a very serious affair for the police; but released now, I would undertake that no action should be brought against the government. The upshot was that half an hour saw Chubb and myself walking toward Charing Cross arm in arm.

I had made up my mind as to the course I should adopt. Chubb had satisfied me that he had not intentionally left us in the dark as to his fate. His *laches* were not so great as to debar him from equity. I felt that he had the prior claim; that I could not resist the decree of the court above. I would take him to Letitia; tell her in half a dozen words that I resigned her to him; leave them to be happy together; and then—ah! time enough to think of that when the *then* came.

"Chubb, we'll have a cab, and go to your aunt's at once."

"But, Ned, I'm so horribly hungry. I've had nothing to eat since breakfast this morning on board the *Hamburg;* and if I remember right, aunt has tea about this time, and her larder is not framed for emergencies. Let's go to the Wellington and have a jolly good dinner; I'll stand sam, for I'm flush to a degree."

We went to the Wellington, and Chubb took great pains in ordering the dinner. I think we drank a good deal of wine, but I couldn't taste it, nor had it any perceptible effect upon me.

Chubb was full of his adventures. He had sailed for America from Southampton on the day of his disappearance; he had posted letters to us all, explaining the cause of his exodus; we afterward found the letters in the breast pocket of the old coat hanging up in his atelier. He had found out at New York some relations of his own, who, it turned out, were people of influence in America, some of them being high in office. His desire being to serve in the war of secession then going on, his friends procured him a commission in a fighting regiment, and Chubb had seen good service. "Ask any body who knows if there's any thing said about the Forty-second Pennsylvanians and English Jackson," said Chubb, with a flush of pride in his face. He'd written home "several times," he said, vaguely, but postal communications were irregular, and Chubb wrote such a shocking scrawl, that I wasn't surprised his letters never came to hand.

Wouldn't his aunt, all being explained, really go down on her knees and worship the young hero? Her own nephew one of the braves of the great army of liberty! And Letitia, too; he'd gone through all this for her, to make himself worthy of her love.

How happy they'd all be! Only I, a miserable pale-faced lawyer's clerk—only I in the way.

"Come, Chubb, let's go," said I, hoarsely.

"Let's have a *chasse café* and a smoke before we go, Ned."

"No, no; come now, come now."

If I didn't get it over soon I should break down.

"But I've something to tell you, Ned. Come along."

I gave way. I really thirsted for a reprieve. We sat in the smoking-room: I before my untasted coffee, rolling my unlit cigar in my damp fingers; he with his leg comfortably twisted round the arm of the chair, lolling back and blowing great wreaths of smoke from his fat, jolly cheeks.

"Ned, do you think Letitia was very fond of me?"

"Devoted to you, Chubb. She mourned you as a widow might mourn her dead husband."

Chubb looked rather queer.

"Do you know that's devilish awkward?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean—in fact, I'm married to an American. I sent her on to Paris while I ran over to see you."

I jumped up, upsetting the table between us, and grasped Chubb by both his hands.

"Chubb, my dear old friend, my dear old friend; indeed we'll kill the fatted calf for you to-night. *I* am going to marry Letitia to-morrow!"

What an agitating night that was! I shall never forget Letitia's look of horror when I told her Chubb Jackson had come back; and then how she flung her arms round my neck, and cried to me that I must hold her fast against her aunt and Chubb and all the world; how I exploded then into a passion of love and joy, and quite frightened poor Letty. She was a little disappointed, though, when she found we were not called upon to do defiance to all the world; rather vexed with Chubb, too, for having forgotten her so easily.

As for Aunt Chubb, she laughed and cried, and cried and laughed again. Yes, it was very nice to see the faithful old aunt and her young scapegrace of a nephew so happy.

We were married the next day, Letty and I; and Chubb gave her away.

Mrs. Chubb started for Paris next day to see her niece, Mrs. Chubb Jackson; and we presently joined them all there, and were introduced to the fair Américaine, her father and brothers. She was a charming little body, and I was delighted with her; but Letitia didn't get on with her quite so well.

Chubb has gone back to America, where, in conjunction with his father-in-law, he carries on a dry-goods warehouse, a monster hotel, and a line of steamboats, besides conducting an illustrated paper. Report says they are making piles of dollars.

Letitia and I are very happy, and have heaps of babies.

FAMILY BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS.

BREAKFAST.

English Breakfast Tea, Boiled Mackerel, Stewed Potatoes, Graham Bread, Flannel Cakes.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA (from a recipe furnished by an old English housekeeper).—Put the table tea-pot near the fire until it is quite hot. Put in the dry tea leaves, and replace the pot, closely covered, near the fire for five minutes. Have the tea-urn full of boiling water. Fill the tea-pot from the urn, and stand on the table three minutes before pouring out.

BOILED MACKEREL (a Maine recipe).—Wash the salt from a large mackerel, cut off the points of the head and tail, and sprinkle on a little black pepper, and a small onion chopped very fine. Cover the fish with cold water, and put over a clear fire. Boil till the bones are loose from the flesh. When done, put the fish on a flat dish, cover with small pieces of butter and sprigs of paraley, or, if preferred, pour over it a good drawn butter.

STEWED POTATOES.—Peel and slice the potatoes. Put the slices in a sauce-pan, cover with boiling water, and boil till tender. Pour off the water. Roll a large piece of butter in flour, and beat it in half a pint of hot milk till smooth. Season with pepper and salt, and boil. When boiling, put in the potatoes, stew together for five minutes, and serve very hot.

GRAHAM BREAD.—To two pounds of Graham flour allow a pint of milk, a pint of water, a wine-glassful of molasses, a tea-spoonful of salt, half a tea-spoonful of soda, and two table-spoonfuls of strong yeast. Beat the yeast, molasses, soda, and salt in lukewarm milk and water. Stir in the flour until too stiff to use a spoon. Knead with the hands till the remainder of the flour is mixed in. Form into loaves, and bake in well-buttered pans.

AUNTIE'S CAKES (a Mississippi recipe).—To one quart of sweet milk allow four eggs, butter the size of an egg, three table-spoonfuls of yeast, a tea-spoonful of salt, and flour enough to form a thin batter. Warm the milk and butter together till they are mixed, and let them cool. Beat the eggs till light, add to the milk and butter, and stir in the flour to a thin batter. Add the other ingredients, the yeast last, and stand to rise for three hours. Bake on a well-buttered griddle, and as each cake is taken off put on it a piece of butter and a sprinkling of powdered sugar and cinnamon.

DINNER.

Mutton Broth, Boiled Halibut, Boiled Corned Beef, Cabbage, Parsnips, Stewed Oysters, Celery Sauce, Pickled Cucumbers, Boiled Batter Pudding.

MUTTON BROTH.—Remove all the fat from a fresh neck of mutton, put it in three quarts of water, with a bunch of sweet herbs, two onions, and three turnips peeled and sliced. As the scum rises skim it off, and pour in half a pint of cold water to check the boiling. Simmer for two hours, strain, season with salt and pepper, and serve with a little chopped parsley sprinkled in the tureen. If preferred, a little rice or barley may be boiled in the broth after it is strained.

BOILED HALIBUT.—Place the piece of halibut in your fish-pot upon the strainer, or if you have not a strainer cover the bottom of the pot with a dish, upon which place a towel, so arranged that you can lift it out by the corners, and upon this lay your fish. Rub it over with some coarse salt. Cover it with cold water. Put it upon the fire, and when it begins to boil set it back where it will simmer slowly until done.

SAUCE FOR HALIBUT.—Put half a pint of milk in a sauce-pan; beat one egg till light, stir it in the milk, and set it over the fire until it thickens, stirring all the time. Add a large piece of butter, beating all well together, and season with pepper, salt, and a little chopped parsley, or a hard-boiled egg chopped fine.

BOILED CORNED BEEF (à la Soyer).—Put in the pot a piece weighing six pounds; add four quarts of cold water; boil very gently for three hours. One hour before serving wash clean, and cut away the roots of two cabbages, which cut up in four pieces, and put in the pot with the meat. When done, drain the cabbage, and place round the beef on the dish, and serve. Leave the broth or liquor from the meat on the fire, put in two pounds of split pease, a little pepper and brown sugar; boil slowly till done, and put by, uncovered, for next day, to use with the cold meat. If more salt or pepper is required, add it; if, on the contrary, it should be too salt, add more water, and a pound of potatoes. Or skim-milk may be added, and about one pound of toasted bread, cut into slices, and put in the soup when serving; or half a pound of flour mixed with a pint of water. Every part of salted beef may be boiled thus, using about four ounces of vegetables to every pound of meat, instead of cabbage. Turnip tops, carrots, turnips, parsnips—any root vegetables, in fact, may be used. Suet dumplings may also be served with it.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Strain the liquor carefully from the oysters into a sauce-pan. Dip each oyster, separately into clear, very cold water, and put again into the liquor. Let them come to a boil, and take them off before actually boiling. Strain off the liquor, add half a pint of rich, sweet milk, and set back on the fire. Mix an ounce each of flour and butter smoothly in a dish; stir this into the liquor and milk (if it should have any lumps, strain it), add pepper, salt, and a few blades of mace. Let it boil up once, add the oysters, and simmer for five minutes, not allowing it to boil after the oysters are added.

CABBAGE.—Prepared with the beef, as given in the recipe for boiled corned beef.

BOILED PARSNIPS.—Wash and scrape the parsnips, and throw them in boiling water. When tender, split each one in half, and serve with butter, pepper, and salt.

CELERY SAUCE.—Wash four stalks of celery, and cut in inch pieces. Boil these till tender, and pour into a colander to drain. Return the water to the sauce-pan, and thicken with an ounce of butter rolled in flour; add white pepper and salt, and boil all together. Pour in a wine-glassful of cream, and a few blades of mace; put the celery back, boil up once, and serve.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Cut six large, ripe cucumbers into thick slices, cover them with salt, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Drain for six hours; cover with boiling vinegar, and soak for three hours. Drain off the vinegar, add to it one ounce of whole pepper, and one of mixed allspice and cloves. Boil these together, pour over the cucumbers in jars, cover tightly, and stand aside for three days before using.

BOILED BATTER PUDDING.—To one pound of flour allow one pint of sweet milk, one ounce of butter, and six eggs. Beat the flour and milk together till smooth. Beat the eggs till light, and add to the flour and milk. Stir all well together, adding the butter in tiny lumps. Pour into a well-floured bag, tie up, and put in boiling water. Boil one hour. The best sauce for a boiled batter pudding is made of fine white sugar and butter beaten to a cream, and flavored with lemon-juice, nutmeg, or rose-water, as preferred.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IF a stranger to American customs—an intelligent Japanese, for example—were invited to watch the proceedings of that honorable body who figure on the floor of the House of Representatives at Washington from an eligible seat in the galleries, we fancy his prominent feeling would be amazement. "Can good laws come out of such tumultuous confusion?" would be his involuntary query. Enter, and look down with the eye of an outsider. A handsomely carpeted and furnished hall, containing desks and seats for about two hundred and fifty persons. Some members are sitting; some are standing and walking about; some are addressing the Speaker; more are chatting among themselves. A confusing din continually arises, amidst which one often strives in vain to catch any idea of the topic under discussion; while mingling with it, yet distinct, is heard the frequent sharp snapping of fingers, or clapping of hands—which is a summons to the agile little pages—and the decisive gavel of the Speaker demanding order. Order, however, does not appear, excepting to the limited extent of preventing one member from unduly interrupting another while speaking. There is no apparent attempt to listen to a speaker; occasionally one bears the aspect of attention, but the majority seem to give little heed. Involuntarily one is reminded of a great school of boys, who are allowed to take their recess within doors on a rainy day. Viewed in this aspect the school may be said to behave creditably; though, as teacher, we should warmly protest against spitting on the carpet, when every brace of desks is provided with a spittoon, and should give a black mark to every boy who persisted in tearing all his waste paper into minute fragments and scattering it *ad libitum* upon the floor, and request some of the noisier ones to sit down and resume their lessons. Penetrating through the roaring din comes the stentorian voice of the Clerk. Bless us! what a pair of lungs he possesses! And when his are worn out, does America contain such another pair? Meditating upon this problem, we retire from the House, and calm any confusion of brain which has arisen by a glimpse at the Senators. Graver, more deliberate, and quieter, there is an aspect of genuine business of a serious nature among them. They appear to give attention to what is being done; no wild confusion exists; really there seems to be a chance for something to be accomplished intelligently and considerately in the Senate. If one desires to have confidence in the legislation of the country, a visit to the Senate may satisfy him; if he wants to be amused, let him go to the House.

"The Berners"—so named from the street on which it is located—is a London ladies' club. The object of it is to afford to ladies with small incomes a comfortable house, which shall be really a home as to society and accommodations. There are now three hundred and fifty members. The board provided is unexceptionable—and a coffee-room, a drawing, and a reading room with plenty of books are provided.

During 1870 no less than 5661 diamonds, valued at £124,910, have been shipped from South Africa. This number does not include the "Star of South Africa" and some others sent by private means to Europe. Many of these Cape diamonds are of an inferior description.

Rhode Island is a smart little State, being the only one in the Union which has as yet responded to a request of Congress that all the States should send to the Capitol statues of their most distinguished citizens. The statues of Roger Williams and General Breen have been contributed by Rhode Island.

One of the four young women who recently graduated from the New England Medical College is shortly to go as missionary physician to Constantinople under the auspices of the American Board.

An attorney-at-law residing in Breslau, Prussia, and bearing the name of Neidorstetter, found himself puzzled by a question of law, and wrote to Judge Barnard, of the Supreme Court, for his opinion in the matter. The point at issue was respecting the legality of a marriage which took place in 1864, in the city of Erfurt, between an American Christian and a Hungarian Jewess, the ceremony having been performed by a rabbi officiating out of his own diocese. Such a marriage is null and void in Prussia; but Neidorstetter desired to know the American law upon the case. Judge Barnard referred the matter to Judge Joachimsen, of the Marine Court, who replied that in this State such a marriage would be considered valid, marriage being regarded purely as a civil contract in New York.

At the time of the great exhibition at Paris, in 1851, a large collection of French wheats was sent to it by order of the National Assembly. After the close of the exhibition these samples were stored in the galleries of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. During the latter portion of the siege the directors of the museum, and the sick and wounded for whom beds had been prepared in the building, have lived upon bread made from these samples.

A singular case recently revealed the strait to which France was reduced in order to supply men to defend the country. A deaf and dumb couple from France begged assistance at Aarau, on their journey to Zurich. It was ascertained that the husband was, a few weeks ago, in a corps of francs-tireurs, consisting of four hundred deaf and dumb volunteers, commanded by an officer in the enjoyment of all his senses. He had received a ball in the left leg, and fell into the hands of the Germans, by whom he was healed and then released. When he returned home he found every thing in ruins, and accordingly he resolved to take his wife with him and go to Switzerland.

A Massachusetts court recently decided that while every householder had a right to collect rain or snow on his roof if he chose, the roof must be so constructed as not to endanger the persons or property of other citizens. By this decision a lady who had been injured by a snow-slide from the roof of a house she was passing received damages therefor. Accidents of this kind are not uncommon.

It is stated that the French artist Regnault was so disfigured by the wounds which caused his death that those who first found him were not sure of his identity, and, unable to carry away the body, they cut off the number on his coat and took it to his family, who recognized it as his. When the search was renewed the body could nowhere be found, although the Prussians gave their aid. In the public funeral another corpse was substituted for that of the great painter.

The theatres in Paris are preparing to reopen. The scenery has been saved, although there was an erroneous report that most of it was burned.

Henry Ward Beecher once hearing one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village, accosted the preacher on his way out, and said, "That was a very good discourse; how long did it take you to write it?" "Oh, I tossed it off one evening, when I had leisure," was the reply. "Indeed!" said Mr. Beecher; "it took me longer than that to think out the very frame-work of that very sermon." "Are you Henry Ward Beecher?" exclaimed the clergyman. "I am," was the reply. "Well, then," said the unabashed preacher, "all that I have to say is, that I ain't ashamed to preach one of *your* sermons any where!"

If one sets his heart on becoming wealthy it is pretty evident that he will do better as a railroad contractor than as a "literary gentleman." In proof whereof may be cited two wills that have recently been admitted to probate in London. One was the will of Mr. Brassey, a famous railway contractor, whose personalty alone, exclusive of his vast landed estates, amounted to six and a half millions. The other will was that of Mr. Mark Lemon, late editor of *Punch*, who left behind him only the sum of £800.

A pitiful story is told of a young man, scarcely seventeen, a student at Avignon, who was found not far from Montbéliard, in a house with eight dead Frenchmen, whose bodies were in an advanced state of decomposition. A Prussian grenade had torn his two legs below the knees. He had remained in this state seven whole days without being attended to, without water, and entangled among all those corpses. He had wrapped up his wounds in the rags of his uniform, and the cold had stopped the hemorrhage; he had crawled up to his companions, and taken bits of biscuit out of their pockets, which sufficed for his subsistence, and slaked his burning thirst by drinking the great flakes of snow which fell in at the window. He had lived thus a week. The unhappy man has been taken to Switzerland, and the doctor thinks he will live.

A singular but touching incident was witnessed a short time ago on the Missouri River, near Leavenworth. Out in the middle of the river, floating down stream on a cake of ice, stood a large white Newfoundland dog. Firmly braced on his frail, dissolving bark, he remained motionless, though warned of danger by his strong instinct, his bright brass collar glittering in the sun. On he drifted, with heroic dignity, leaving those who watched him uncertain whether he swam safely to shore, or sank beneath the waters.

A singular instance of lead-poisoning is related by an Iowa newspaper. A gentleman of Davenport had been in the habit of carrying a whalebone cane with a covered lead head. Some weeks since the cover wore off, and the use of the cane was still continued. Not long after the gentleman discovered that his arm was becoming partially paralyzed. The difficulty increased; but at length an article on lead-poisoning attracted his attention, and he began to think that possibly his own ailment was the result of the contact of the lead-headed cane and his hand. He discontinued its use, and his arm immediately began to recover its accustomed vigor.

A Woman's Christian Association is about to be incorporated at Scranton, Pennsylvania. A lot of land and five hundred dollars have also been donated in the same place for the purpose of establishing a Home for Friendless Women. The Home of the Woman's Christian Association in Cincinnati is especially intended as a boarding-house for young women whose wages are under six dollars a week, and who desire pleasant and salutary associations. Over one hundred have been admitted during the present year. The price of board is $3 50 a week, and those not able to pay this amount receive assistance.

Most truthfully has it been remarked that one may recollect that certain thoughts or facts are to be found in a certain book; but, without a good index, such a recollection may hardly be more available than that of the cabin-boy, who knew where the ship's tea-kettle was, because he saw it fall overboard.

An exchange remarks that many a congregation sings

"My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?"

when the potent and sufficient answer to a newcomer is, "Foul air!" No exhortation could so much arouse spiritual vigor as proper ventilation in churches and chapels.

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FORGET-ME-NOT.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

A SMALL blue flower has fallen from thine hair;
Thou hast no care,
Clérice, to raise it, lying where it fell;
Still thy sweet smile
A little while
Sorrow may shadow, if its tale I tell.

Its tale—an old wife's tale, which yet may fill,
Against thy will,
With tears thine eyes, and change to white thy red;
But wouldst thou jeer,
These can not hear—
No ridicule can reach the happy dead.

They long ago sat by the fabled Rhine,
Lovers: like thine
The lady's eyes, and deeply musing she,
Till on the tide
By chance they spied
A little blue flower floating out to sea.

"Oh, little flower, thou makest my heart to rue;
Thy disk of blue
What reckless hand to these wild waters gave?
To know no more
Thine own still shore,
Lost, lost forever on the weltering wave!"

Already, ere her honeyed words had end—
Words which could bend
Him, whom love made as heated steel which bends—
He for that prize,
Before her eyes,
Against those waters wild, too wild contends.

Swift flows the flower, he follows swifter still;
And follows till
He grasps it: but, alas! returns no more.
He seeks in vain
Her hand to gain,
Who prays for his vexed life on that lone shore—

Prays voiceless, fixed, and still as breathing stone,
With hair back thrown.
Yet ere the dark waves o'er his dear head meet,
On that fell strand,
Cast from his hand,
The little weeping flower falls at her feet.

And ere the dark waves closed, his last voice cried,
"My love is tried;
Forget me not, my—" and then came the end.
Ah, little flower!
That fated hour
Must sadness ever with thy beauty blend.

Strange, empty horror held the silent air;
Still stood she there,
Till dew-sprent Hesper buried in heaven the day:
Beyond all tears,
All words, all years,
She knew her grief remediless for aye.

And ofttimes, "Of my idle dreams," she cried,
"Dreamt by thy side,
No part is left me any, any where—
No kiss of thine,
No fireside shine,
No sound of pattering feet upon the stair."

So, never light of morn made light her woe,
Nor crescent bow,
Nor perfect round of night relieved her pain:
So, till she fell,
As in some dell
Falls, where none hears, a leaf tired out with rain.

The flower lay on her bosom when she died;
And there beside
The Rhine, where buds of early roses bloom,
And maidens weep,
In dreamless sleep
Lie those lost lovers, in one common tomb.

Ay me! I tell a tale of long ago.
No stone can show
Now where those lovers rest; no rose is there;
The Rhine alone,
With changeless moan,
Mourns them to Echo, listening child of air.

COMMON UGLINESS.

HOW strange that, while our internal mechanism and organization are so perfect, perfect symmetry in the outer man should be so rare! that there should be so many plain people in the world! Such is the not unreasonable lament of a refined taste, looking abroad for the gratification of its love for beauty and fair proportion, and finding such rare and scanty indulgence of the heaven-born longing. It is a truth that most of the people we meet in the streets and highways are plain. We have a different standard for our home friends, for relations and intimates, but out-of-doors it is an exception to meet a comely, nobly formed, handsome man or woman. It is a surprise when we do meet with such. So unusual, indeed, is it to meet with perfect, or any thing approaching to perfect symmetry, that one of the attendants on beauty is surprise. We gaze upon something rare, unaccustomed, startling from its singularity. This reflection has been put by the acutest of our female novelists into the mouth of a vain, "well-looking" man, who cynically complains of a watering-place for the multitude of its plain women. If by chance you see a pretty woman (let us explain that this was written half a century ago), she is sure to be followed by thirty or thirty-five frights; and once, though to be sure it was on a frosty day, he had counted eighty-seven in succession without a tolerable face among them. And with the men it was even worse, so that a decent-looking man excited quite an embarrassing sensation. The universality of this fact, stated broadly, is fortunate for those among us who can not boast of any thing typical or godlike in face or form. There are enough plain people—ordinary, some persons call it, to show how universal is the doom—to keep us in countenance. It would be dreadful to be the only ugly fellow in the world. But, even as it is, it can not but be annoying to men—and especially to women—whose place or works or deeds give them prominence, not to be better worth looking at; to be so little good-looking as, sooth to say, they often are. "What do you think when so many people come to see you?" Miss Bremer was asked by her American adorers. "I wish that I was handsomer," was her reply. "When all things are blossoming," writes a woman of showy, conspicuous genius, "it seems strange not to blossom too; man is the slowest aloe, and I am such a shabby plant, of such coarse tissue. I hate not be beautiful when all around is so." Who can tell how much Goldsmith's ugliness, which made him a butt in childhood, was at the bottom of the restless, unsatisfied vanity of which so much is written? With men, however, the consciousness of ugliness has constantly acted as an intellectual stimulus. Because Richard III. was rudely stamped, wanting love's majesty, he shaped out a great, unscrupulous career for himself; and Mirabeau and Wilkes might perhaps not have made so public a figure if they had been less conspicuously ill-favored. But the draught was probably bitter all the same. The most successful jester on his own ill looks finds the fun very flat in his solitary hours, but consciousness makes him restless; and where it is hopeless to pass unnoticed, his best expedient is to be pleasant upon himself. By a well-turned *bon mot* he may persuade the world to view his ugliness from his own indulgent stand-point.

BROTHERS-AT-ARMS.

TRAMP, tramp! went the black steed,
Caracole! went the gray,
As the twain rode forth from the old town,
Bound for the wild foray;
While a third knight in dark armor dight
O'ertook them on their way.

He that bestrode the gray steed
Was gallant, gay, and fair;
While he that rode the black steed
Was bent and bowed with care;
But the stranger on his pale white steed
Was old and wan and spare.

Cried Lancelot on the gray steed,
"Whence comest thou, stranger, say?"
Quoth Anselm on the black steed,
"Wilt join us on our way?"
"I follow," muttered the strange knight,
"All men by night and day."

"All rusted is thine armor old,
And dinted deep thy shield—
Say, comrade, knowest thou battle's clang?
Hast foughten in the field?"
"Yea, ever since the world began:
All men to me must yield."

Much marveling at his answer stern,
They gaze on him, the twain,
Saying, "Now we be lances free
Of royal Charlemagne;
Full oft in fight we guard his right
To sunny Allemagne.

"And forth we ride, in this fair spring-tide,
His name and fame to ring.
Who is thy liege? whom dost thou serve?"
Thus they rode questioning.
"A greater Lord I serve than ye:
My Lord's King of thy king."

"How say'st thou? King above our king!
Caitiff, we say thee nay!
There is none mightier than our king;
No tribute doth he pay!"
"Yea, but he doth: e'en with his life,
When my Lord gives the say."

Pondering in silence, on they rode
Toward the setting sun;
The birds are mute, the flowerets fade,
The leaves drop one by one;
The twilight closes chill and pale,
The day is nearly done.

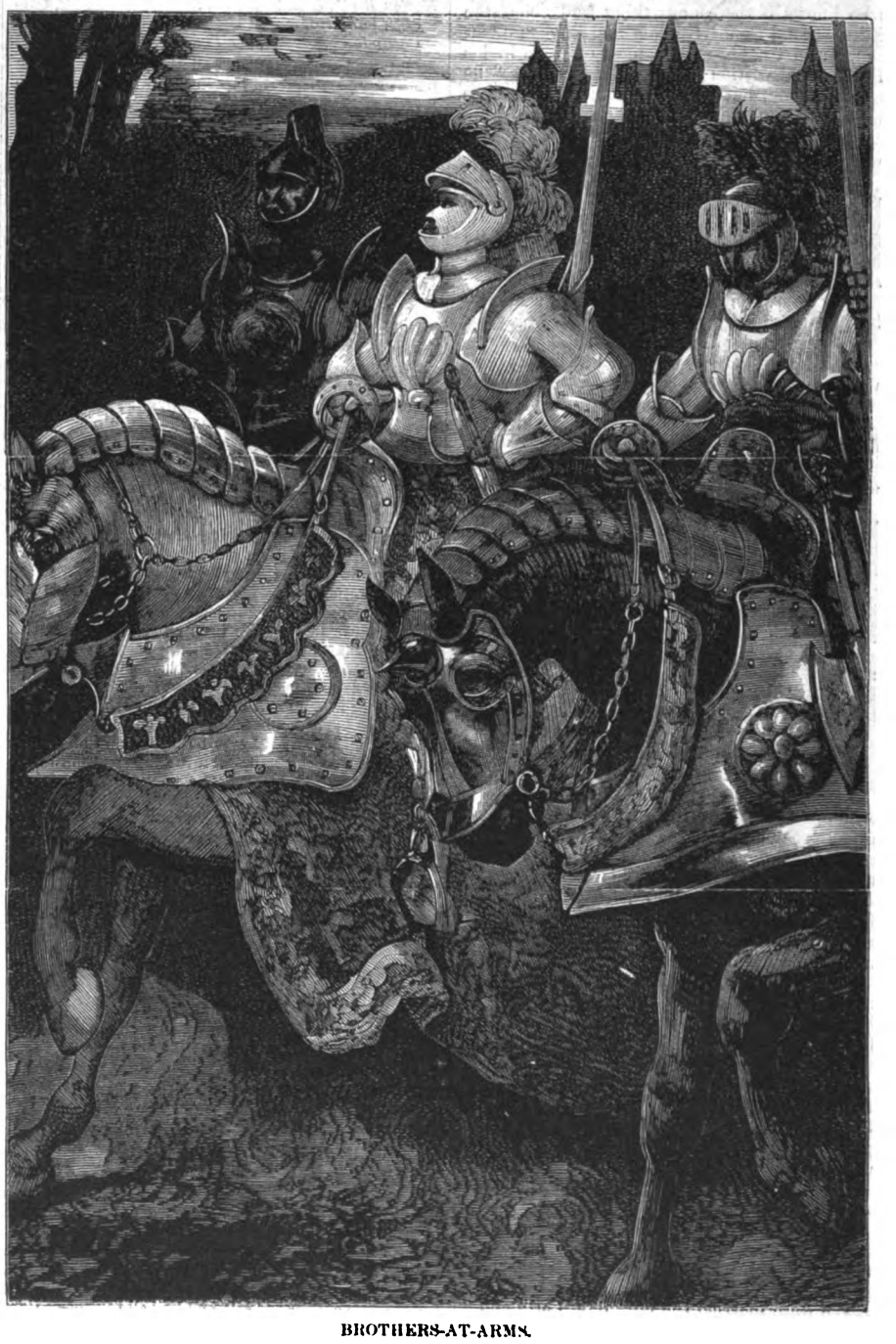
Said Lancelot on the gray steed,
"To-morrow I shall wed!"
Sighed Anselm on the black steed,
"My love lies with the dead."
Quoth the stranger on the pale white steed,
"Her soul to heaven hath sped."

Mourned Anselm to the stranger,
"Would I were by her side!"
"Wait but a while," said the dark knight,
"And naught shall ye divide.
But thou"—he turn'd to Lancelot—
"Shalt clasp a widowed bride!"

"A widowed bride!" cried Lancelot;
"Nay, she's loved none save me.
Whoe'er thou art, I'll stake my life
Upon her purity!
Guard thyself, traitor! Thou shalt die
For this foul calumny!"

He laid his spear upon its rest,
And with a mighty shock
Thundered against the stranger knight,
Who sat firm as a rock;
But seemed meanwhile, with ashen smile,
His youthful foe to mock.

They met: the spear in splinters flew.
With skeleton fingers gray
The stranger touched Sir Lancelot,
Who dropped dead on his way.
The victor Death on the Pale Horse
Through the twilight rode away.



BROTHERS-AT-ARMS.

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APRIL SHOWERS.

THIS pretty engraving tells its own tale in the most graphic manner. The weather here is evidently as variable within as without. The handsome couple before us have been indulging in one of those lovers' quarrels which are reputed so common, and have taken up a *dos-à-dos* position—the one to study the coals, and the other to gaze out of the window at the passing crowd taking refuge under awnings and umbrellas from the sudden shower. But the barometer already indicates a change. The gentleman is furtively glancing over his shoulder at his fair companion to see whether he can venture on overtures of peace, and should he meet her eye, will probably find there all the encouragement he desires. Both are heartily sick of the quarrel, and it is safe to predict that by the time the clouds pass away from the sky a serener atmosphere will prevail at the fireside, and a reconciliation will be established by those who seem to have disagreed only for the pleasure of making friends.

APRIL SHOWERS.—[Drawn by W. B. Myers.]

TRICKS OF COUNTENANCE.

HOW much of the depressing ugliness of the world is of man's own making, and need not be if people did not fall into tricks and bad habits of feature and countenance! We are not going deep; we are not entering into the question how far the principle of selection might improve the aspect of humanity; how high thought might elevate, the practice of virtue beautify, immunity from poverty and vulgar cares ennoble the race. What we note here is the universality of tricks and bad habits of countenance which need not have a worse source than neglect of appearances, inducing an aggregate of uncomeliness for which nature is not accountable. In keen wind and frost people can not command their best looks; but observe one face after another as we drive along the road on a summer's day. How many faces are twisted into a permanence of ill looks merely by screwing up the eyes against the sun's rays! The poor tramp can not help the tan, nor the sunburnt hair, nor the freckles, but the utter abandonment to the screw—nose, mouth, forehead, all gathered into an unnatural coalition for miles at a time—implies an absence of self-respect: and this he could help. It is the instinct of the observer to call himself to account on meeting one of these masks—to compose his features lest he should have given way to the degrading yet natural temptation. Again, that too common downward look and heavy mouth is a trick. One would not like to pass the scowling laborer in an unfrequented lane; but the fellow is honest and hard-working, the scowl is but a trick acquired behind his wheelbarrow. So is the grin which confers such a peculiar turpitude on many a countenance, for which heart and brain are by no means answerable. And the women of the poorer class in streets and railway stations! What blinking eyes, what lowering brows, what abandonment of the mouth, till it has grown to twice the size civilization would have kept it. What seams and wrinkles and crinkles; what misplaced angles and corners! If some invisible hand could smooth them all away, and show us only the natural wear and tear of time, what a transformation!

But, after all, *active* tricks belong rather to another and a higher class. There is the simper, which, though sometimes indicative of mental qualities, may be only a habit of the muscles; the grimaces of preoccupation; the unmeaning elevation of eyebrows carrying the ears along with them, which strangely varies the repose of some physiognomies: the stare of absent eyes, the scowl of near-sightedness, the winks and twitches of restlessness, all indicating a certain carelessness, an indifference of what others think of us, which results in an injustice to nature. It is only in some occult way that they are characteristics; they need not be, and the man would have been handsomer without them. And how many tricks disfigure the laugh! "You shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up," says Falstaff of Prince Hal—a self-abandonment which he acquired in company where self-restraint of any sort was least in his thoughts. And all tricks are objectionable, not only because they spoil a good face, and exaggerate the worst points on a bad one, but because in their degree they outrage propriety. De Quincey, who expatiates on the meanness of Dr. Parr's personal appearance and his coarse and ignoble features, is careful to explain, first, that "I that write this paper have myself a mean personal appearance," and next, that "I love men of mean appearance;" but he remarks how this original unkindness of nature "is enhanced by grimace, and further by the basilisk function of the eye," illustrating this by the trial it was to a nervous preacher to see a comical-looking old man from below leveling one eye at him. Tricks arise either from absence, shyness, or a sense of superiority and indifference to the opinion of the vulgar. Biography is full of the absurd personal habits of great men thus lifted out of the sphere of honest remonstrance. We have just read in "Wickham's Correspondence" of Suwarrow, who looked a man when engaged in business, but while entertaining company would walk about the room with bent knees and head, and hands hanging down like an idiot. Miss Seward, the biographer of Dr. Darwin, reports a habit in her hero which recalls that of the brutal Duke of Lauderdale who figures in the torture scene of "Old Mortality." We give it in her own would-be Johnsonian periods: "A strange habit was imputed to Dr. Darwin, which presents such an exterior of idiot-seeming indelicacy that the author of this tract is tempted to express here entire disbelief of its truth—namely, that his tongue was generally hanging out of his mouth when he walked alone. She has often of late years met him in the streets of Lichfield, alone and musing, and never witnessed a custom so indecent." Certainly the "hard features on a rough surface and general clumsiness" attributed to the poet of the Botanical Garden did not need this aggravation. As a fact, the tricks we speak of are recorded mostly of persons who have no beauty to spare. Thus Margaret Fuller is described as of extreme plainness, and with a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids. No doubt the consciousness of good looks, the memory of the image reflected in the morning mirror, is a preservative against distortion and grimace; while plain folks may throw themselves upon expression, and trust, as is often the case, that their glass does them less than justice, and that play of feature atones for ruggedness, clumsiness, or poverty of outline. But also the working of thought does in some people involve a visible effort and displacement of feature from mere innocent intentness. Especially where the mind guides the hand we may almost see pulleys at work, as in Sam Weller writing his letter. Clinched teeth, lips drawn into a line, receding chin, all betoken a fixed determination to compass the matter in hand. The features in ungainly pantomime picture forth the inner struggle, till we learn to undervalue a result bought at such cost and pains, and to justify the seeming unfairness which prefers "felicities" to the achievements of industry, "for they seem gifts, while the other seem pennyworths," and often dear at the money.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER.—It is the height of rudeness to carry on a conversation in an under-tone, or under cover of fictitious names, at the table, and none but under-bred persons would dream of doing such a thing. It is equally rude to seem to comment in any way on the food in the presence of the hostess, whether you are her guest or boarder. Many people who pride themselves on their good-breeding seem to think themselves at liberty to become genuine boors the moment they enter a boarding-house.

QUERO.—If a lady friend enters a car when you are seated, it would be presumption in you to pay her fare.—We can not tell you of any cosmetic that will certainly remove freckles.

GRATIA.—The stitches of which you speak have been repeatedly described in the *Bazar*.

J. S. F.—We have been unable to obtain the information you desire.

J. P. R.—We can not tell you how to obtain a photograph of Gail Hamilton. We asked her for one once ourselves, and received the characteristic answer, "Photographs, thank Heaven, have I none." Perhaps you might be more successful.

MANSION.—The President's mansion is called the White House, we presume, because it is such. There is no need to go far to seek for a reason. And "cheap" as the name may be, it is very expressive and of world-wide renown.

LATE.—The *Bazar* is electrotyped, and back Numbers can be supplied from the beginning. The first Number of the *Bazar* bears date November 4, 1868.

H. E. C.—In preparing MSS. for the press write on one side of the paper in a clear, legible hand, page, punctuate, and mark the paragraphs carefully, *and never roll them up*. It is just as easy to send flat as rolled packages through the mail; and closely rolled MSS. are read with such difficulty that the attention is apt to be about equally divided between the struggle to keep the paper open and to comprehend the subject. Write your address in full at the head of your article, send it, when ready, to the paper for which you design it, with the fewest possible words, and trust to its merit to win it favor with both editor and public.

SARAH.—Under the circumstances, you can do nothing but to wait for the gentleman to define his position, whether friend or lover. But a man acts basely in bestowing lover-like attentions on a young girl for years, lavishing gifts on her, escorting her every where, and giving her every reason to think that he loves her, yet all the while leaving her in the dark as to his real intentions. In Europe her friends would call him to account; but here, where young people take these matters in their own hands, it is more difficult to prevent such wrecking of young girls' happiness.

A CONSTANT READER.—Demosthenes cured himself of stammering by declaiming with pebbles in his mouth. The process is cheap and easy. Why not try it, since you can not afford to pay a physician's fees?—Embroidered yokes and stocking supporters can be purchased at fancy stores. The prices vary according to the quality.

MARY V. S.—The length of the acquaintance matters little in inviting a gentleman to become your escort to a wedding, provided your friends are willing to intrust you to his charge. It is quite proper for you to send a carriage for the gentleman thus invited. It is not necessary that your escort should be acquainted with the parties sending the invitation, unless some special circumstance demands exclusiveness.

KATIE L.—Sorry that we can not help you to solve your puzzle.

A. C. P.—Thanks for your appreciative letter.—Your method of stitching the back of the *Bazar* on the sewing-machine, and then cutting the leaves, is an excellent one, and may interest our readers.—We are sorry you are unable to renew your subscriptions to all our periodicals, and would gladly send them to you without charge, only it would never do to show such partiality; and you can readily see that if we made the practice universal, we might some day have no periodicals to send.

MRS. H.—You had better consult some good physician with respect to the best hospital in which to place your brother. We can not undertake the responsibility of such advice, which belongs to the medical profession.

MOUNT VERNON.—We have given full information with respect to the scouring of floor coverings.—We should think that no one in his right mind could dispute the acidity of lemons and vinegar, or affirm that of freshly made coffee; but tastes differ; or perhaps your friend was under some strange psychological influence, which sweetened the lemons and soured the coffee according to the will of the magnetizer.

SCHOOL-GIRL.—Read Dr. Dio Lewis's new book, "Our Girls," for the best cosmetics nature affords. We think it decidedly indecorous for a young girl to dance a fast polka, or be "fast" in any way in such a manner as to cause remarks. And since you wait for our advice before venturing on such a course, we most earnestly counsel you to sobriety of deportment.

WM. H. H.—Boccaccio is the name of an author, and not merely of a series of tales. The "Blotting Papers" bear the name of Gail Hamilton as author, beyond which we are not at liberty to give any information respecting her personality.

ELISE D.—There are several good manuals of phonography, but we can not recommend one system above another. It would be difficult, though not impossible, for you to acquire the art of reporting without a teacher.

COUNTRY READER.—We have published several articles on the care of the hair, and have nothing to add to the information already given. As to nostrums, we can only advise you to let them alone. If your hair is whitening, nothing will be certain to arrest it, while the use of hair-dyes will only blanch it more rapidly. Let it alone; nothing is more stylish than silvered hair with a youthful complexion, the brilliancy of which it sets off admirably.

H. L. S.—"Smith's Classical Dictionary" contains numerous illustrations of antique costumes.

D. S.—It is customary to line the thin silks throughout.

CARRIE.—The over-skirt of the pattern sent you is the mode! for spring. Make your plaid black and white silk suit with two skirts and a paletot trimmed with velvet ribbon and narrow lace.

KAPPA PHI.—The refreshments you mention are suitable for a small party.—$3 a yard will buy white silk like your sample. Your ideas of an outfit for a bride are tasteful and good.

MINNIE LEE.—The white Swiss dress would be far prettiest for a bride-maid. White kid gloves; sash ribbons the color of the flowers worn. It is *not* necessary to wear a different dress at every reception; one will do for all the bridal parties.

NICOL & DAVIDSON,

686 Broadway, successors to E. V. Haughwout & Co., offer at great BARGAINS their spring stock (now opening) of 800 packages of FRENCH CHINA, GLASSWARE, and ENGLISH STONE CHINA.

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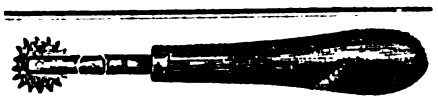
To increase and thicken the growth of the hair, use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Nothing better known to science.—[*Com.*]



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CHAPTER X. A Fearful Discovery.
CHAPTER XI. False and Forgetful.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—"She caught Minnie in her Arms."—"If I ever see him, I'll let him know what I think of him."—"Hallo, old Man, what's up now?"—"I stood transfixed."—"It's he!' she murmured."—"Then she flung herself upon the Sofa."

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A MODEL.

STRANGER IN TOWN. "Look here, I say. How do People Dress now? What's the Correct Fashion, eh?"
POMPOUS TAILOR. "*As I Stand, Sir!*"

A REASONABLE COMPLAINT.

OLD GENT. "Well, Charlie, what sort of Book is that? Interesting, eh?"
BLOOD-THIRSTY YOUNG RASCAL. "Not a bit. It's a great muff. I've read Sixty Pages, and there is only One Man Killed yet."

FACETIÆ.

CANING a boy for whistling on the Sabbath is perhaps the best, yes, perhaps the very best, way to make him cordially detest that weekly event forever afterward; it is quite as sure a way as taking him three times to church every Sunday of his holidays.

It is not so bad being only a little "loose;" it's the being frequently "tight" that is so objectionable.

DE LUNA-*tic*-O.—The moon furnishes the first instance on record of trust—she shines with borrowed light.

MRS. BOUNCER ON PEEL.

When I goes to draw my dividends, which I wish they
weren't so small,
It's only my agility as saves me from a fall.
Talk as you will of Fenians, them Orangemen is worse;
No wonder when I thinks of them I blossoms into
verse;
For oh! those orange skins, my dear, as every body
knows,
If you only puts your foot on one you scream, and
down you goes;
Though Bouncer says it's not the men as sells them,
it's the cads
That eats the fruit and drops the skins, instead, like
careful lads,
Of taking 'em home to their mammas for making marmalade,
Which it isn't one in twenty-score as does so, I'm afraid.
My husband's very crochety, and before I've said my
say
He very often takes his hat, and coughs, and walks
away;
But one thing we're agreed on, which it's what the
public feel,
What *is* the use of Peelers, if they won't pick up the
peel?

LADIES' CABIN, WALL STREET FERRY, 1872.

THE WISDOM OF NATIONS.

"A friend in need's a friend indeed;"
I'm told so, but I doubt it;
With some experience of the breed,
I don't care much about it.
His manners may be very nice,
I grant it for the minute;
But when he comes to give advice
He has a *motive* in it.

"A stitch in time," as I am told,
"Saves nine" on all occasions;
But proverbs, however old,
Are often weak evasions.
Let Reason prose, or Logic rhyme,
Or Social Science wheedle;
One stitch is never worth the time
It takes to thread a needle.

"A penny saved's a penny got;"
A piece of information
That I, for one, would rather not
Put into operation.
From Avarice's point of view,
Suppose you like to try it;
You save a penny, it is true,
But lose a pen'orth by it.

They tell us we should "never judge
According to appearance;"
Of all such antiquated fudge
It's time to make a clearance.
You'd lend, of course, a thousand pounds
(And hope for their repayment)
To one who walks his daily rounds
With holes about his raiment?

When is a concert-singer silent?—When he holds his piece.

Why is the fashionable lady a prudent one?—Because she tries to make her *waist* as small as possible.

GOSSIPS.

FIRST GAEL (*just come ashore from the Herrin' Fushin'*). "Hoo's a' wi' you, Donal'? Hae ye ony News yonder?"
SECOND GAEL. "Na, I hear Naething—oo, aye—they were sayin' Mac Callum Mohr's Son's goin' to get Marri't!"
FIRST GAEL. "Ay! ay! An' wha's he goin' to get Marri't on?"
SECOND GAEL. "Ye ken the Queen, e-ch?"
FIRST GAEL. "Ay—a ken the Queen."
SECOND GAEL. "A-weel, it's on her young Dochter he's goin' to get Marri't."
FIRST GAEL. "E-ch! Dod! the Queen mun be the *Frood Woman!*"

ON THE SAFE SIDE, ANYHOW.

MISS DEBORAH (*a precise Old Maid of strict principles*). "Why, Rebecca, you never Cleaned those Windows, and they were actually Dirty on the Sabbath-day."
MAID-OF-ALL-WORK (*anxious to be equally strict*). "Indeed, Mum, I hadn't no time, but I'll do 'em To-morrow, *if I'm spared;* and, if not, on Wednesday."

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VOL. IV.—No. 14.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Bridal Coiffures, Figs. 1–4.

Figs. 1 and 2.—To make this coiffure divide the front and back hair from ear to ear. Divide the back hair in two parts. Arrange each of these in a three-strand braid, and leave them loose for the present. Comb the front hair back over crêpes, and fasten the ends so that they do not show. Cross the two back braids so that they fall on the neck as shown by Fig. 2 (this shows the coiffure without wreath or flowers), fasten the ends on the crown of the head, and conceal them under a knot of hair ending in curls, which supplies the place of a chignon of curls. **Fig. 1** shows the manner of arranging the veil and wreath. If the natural hair is not thick enough, false braids may be used.

Figs. 3 and 4.—This coiffure is very becoming and easily arranged (see **Fig. 4**, which shows the coiffure without the veil and wreath, and without the two long curls at the left side). Divide the front and back hair from ear to ear, and then divide the front hair in two parts. Comb the back hair to the right side, tie it back of the ear, and arrange it in a three-strand braid; arrange the latter so that it falls on the neck, and fasten it at the right side, afterward covering it with the front hair. Then divide each half of the front hair, which must be slightly crimped, in two parts; comb back the part next the ear, and then arrange the part next the middle so that it falls over the forehead and the hair combed back, as shown by Figs. 3 and 4. Twist the ends of each half of the front hair loosely, as shown by Fig. 4, and then fasten them on the back of the head, simulating a chignon (see illustration). On the left side fasten two long curls as shown by Fig. 3. This illustration shows the manner of arranging the wreath, which must be secured with hair-pins, and the veil, which is hemmed an inch and a half wide all around, and which is pleated three inches from the upper straight edge, and pinned on so as to form a rosette (see illustration).

Fig. 1.—Bridal Coiffure with Wreath and Veil.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 2.—Arrangement of Hair for Bridal Coiffure, Fig. 1.

Fig. 4.—Arrangement of Hair for Bridal Coiffure, Fig. 3.

BRIDAL COIFFURES, Figs. 1–4.

Fig. 3.—Bridal Coiffure with Wreath and Veil.—[See Fig. 4.]

GLYCERINE.

WHEN, amidst the smoke and dust of the laboratory, Scheele first separated glycerine from its combinations, and gave it a distinct existence and a name, he doubtless had little thought of the extensive applications that it would meet, and still less could he suppose that it would find its way to the toilette-tables of delicate ladies, or become a boon to suffering infants. It is not many years since it was thrown away as worthless, it being a waste product in the manufacture of certain pharmaceutical preparations; or, if it did chance to be saved, it was kept merely by curious chemists, who retailed it at almost fabulous prices. Now it is a regular article of commerce; it is prepared of great purity and at moderate cost, and being an indispensable article on the toilette-table, every lady ought to understand its peculiarities and the best methods of using it.

Glycerine is prepared from fat, of which it forms a prominent constituent. At first sight this might create a feeling of disgust; but when we trace the chemical processes through which it passes, we shall find that it is purified as with fire, and there is no more room for disgust at the idea of glycerine being prepared from fat than there is at the idea of luscious strawberries, delicate peaches, and refreshing grapes being produced from the contents of the garbage wagon. In both cases the resulting product is sublimed and purified, and bears no more resemblance to the source that furnished it than aqua fortis bears to the air we breathe; and yet we know that both aqua fortis and air are composed of the same elements.

The prominent characteristics that render glycerine valuable for toilette purposes are its neutrality, its fixedness, and its strong affinity for water. By neutrality we mean the fact that it is neither acid nor alkaline. It exerts no corroding action on any animal tissue, and when properly prepared it may be applied to the most delicate parts without producing pain or injury. Its name signifies "the sweet base," and it has a very sweet and pleasant taste. Moreover, it is so far nutritious that a German chemist supported himself upon it alone for several days. It has no specific action upon the system, and seems to act merely as a not very powerful form of nutriment; so that when applied to the lips, or when used where young children have access to it, no fear need be entertained in regard to its effects. By its fixedness is meant the fact that it does not evaporate or dry up. So marked is this feature that it is used extensively by microscopists for the purpose of preserving moist preparations, and we have in our possession a slide which was put up a dozen years ago, and which is perfect to this day, although it never was very well sealed up. The glycerine is, in this case, kept between two thin plates of glass, one of which is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and in all this long time the glycerine has not dried up to any perceptible degree. No more convincing proof could be given of the non-volatility of glycerine. This property renders it of peculiar value as an application to the hair, which it keeps moist and healthy, thus preventing, in a large measure, that torment to ladies—brittleness of the hair, which causes it to break off at all sorts of lengths, and present a "fuzzy" or "towsy" appearance. As a means of keeping the skin moist glycerine is unequaled, and there is no better preventive of chapped hands, and no better application to hands that are chapped. It renders the skin soft, flexible, clear, and white, and is said, though with how much truth we do not know, to prevent freckles. We somewhat doubt this point, but would advise a trial, as what sometimes fails in certain cases may succeed in others. As an article for use in the nursery glycerine is invaluable. It is altogether the best application for chafed surfaces, though many ladies have been disappointed in its use from not having followed certain directions which will be hereafter noted. It never becomes rancid, like oil, nor does it turn sour, like vegetable or sugary solutions. This is due in a large measure to the fact that it does not absorb any thing from the air, nor does it even permit the access of air to any thing immersed in it. This is not the case with water, which readily dissolves a considerable percentage of air, and thus conveys it to

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whatever may be covered with it. This peculiarity of glycerine has caused it to be quite extensively used in the preservation of fruits and vegetables—a point that will doubtless interest ladies, though it does not concern the toilette-table. Another application of glycerine, which falls in the same category, is its value when mixed with cements. We all know the difficulty of causing labels and similar objects to stick to glass or highly varnished articles when the latter are exposed to the continued drying action of a very warm room. The gum or paste dries up and cracks off, thus producing very serious annoyance. One or two drops of glycerine in a small bottle of mucilage will entirely prevent this result. We must beware, however, of adding too much glycerine, or the cement will fail to harden at all.

The property which has caused most annoyance in the use of glycerine is its strong affinity for water. Although glycerine has a pleasant, sweetish taste, yet the first sensation that is felt when it is applied to the tongue is one of pain and burning. This is caused by the fact that the glycerine absorbs all the moisture from the surface that it touches, and thus dries it up and parches the nerves. Ignorant of this fact, nurses and mothers have applied pure glycerine to the chafed skin of infants, and produced great pain. The glycerine ought to have been first mixed with an equal bulk of water, or at least with so much as would remove its burning action on the sense of taste. This being done, it may be applied to the most tender surfaces without producing injury, and as it does not dry up, virtually maintains the parts in a constantly moist condition, excluding the air and promoting the healing process. We may hint to the ladies that a small quantity poured into the shaving cups of their husbands, brothers, or friends will prove a pleasant addition, preventing entirely any possibility of the lather drying or hardening.

LOSS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WITHERED and brown, some constant leaves
Still cling about the tree;
But all the glory of the year—
The fleeting lustre of the sea,
The tenderness of summer eves,
The haze that made the distance dear—
Has vanished utterly.

A dreary cloud the whole day long
Sobs to itself unblest,
And bitterly the night winds blow
Into the frozen west;
And, flooded late with happy song,
Now cold and cruelly the snow
Lies deep in last year's nest.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1871.

☞ *Our next Number will contain an illustration, accompanied with Cut Paper Pattern, of a new and elegant Postilion-Basque Walking Suit; together with a large number of beautiful engravings, and a choice variety of reading matter. For complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published, see Advertisement on page 223 of this Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with full-sized patterns and illustrations of a large variety of Spring and Summer Suits for Masters and Misses from three to fifteen years old; Commencement, Confirmation, and First-Communion Dresses; Ladies' and Misses' Spring and Summer Talmas, Paletots, Sacques, and Jackets; Pen-wipers, Needle-books, Work-boxes, Clothes-bags, Tidies, embroidery patterns, etc., etc.*

☞ HARPER'S WEEKLY *for April 1 contains the opening chapters of* CHARLES READE'S *new story,*

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

with original illustrations, in addition to those which appear in the English edition.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Spring.

MY DEAR MAY,—It was the same instinct that carried us both to the Central Park yesterday. The sap begins to stir in our veins as in the trees and shrubs. The blithest hopes and expectations sweetly twitter in your heart, I know; and when in the early mornings I hear the bubbling of the birds' songs, I think of you, my dear young lady. It is a universal magic. If you do not think of the singing of birds and the blooming of crocuses and hyacinths when you see me—and I beg my dear May to forgive the preposterous suggestion—yet you have observed in the woods how the toughest oaks and the most ancient elms feel the tender touch of the renewing year, and respond in swelling twigs and budding leaves. Our journey has brought us steadily forward, and our road lies through the bloom and blossom of another spring. How beautiful it is, dear May! How much more beautiful than any other moment of the year through which we travel!

And the oldest songs in its praise are still the most beautiful also. Here we are sweeping along upon the great journey, rolling over the same road by which all the travelers of the remotest ages have passed. And they saw what we see, and felt what we feel. Does any thing give us a deeper sense of the identity of the race? You go up to the Park in the bright sunshine after the heavy rains. You see the broad meadow that shall soon be green. Every where you hear the sound of birds; you feel the generous warm air, and mark the delicate green flushing along the tender bark. And all the soft beginning of spring without seems but the reflection of the bright, hopeful feeling within. You see painted upon the air what you feel in your own heart. Every thing seems young and renewed because you are so. The sun is not so much in the sky as in your soul. The birds warble because your heart sings. See what inexpressible tenderness of tone in that horizon line! But are you looking out or in? What depthless tenderness of heavenly emotion stretches before your inlooking eye!

Now, my dear May, if I had opened the magazine which I carried in my hand yesterday, and had asked you to let me read you a spring song—such as I used to meet the sentimental German youth writing in the Thiergarten, or park, near Berlin—if it had been the very freshest and most fragrant strain of our sweetest singer, would it have seemed fresher or more delightful to you than this:

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

"The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Is there any song that more truly expresses your own feeling and delight in the spring than that? Could there be a simpler, more universal strain? It is as pure a song as a bird's. The natural emotion of a healthy and susceptible mind sings through the poet. The song is as transparent as air. There is no mixture of personality. There is no meditation, nor moralizing, nor improvement; no sentimentality, nor vaporing, nor morbid conceit. It is clear as a crystal rill. The deep delight blossoms into musical song as the vines into the tender grape with the good smell. And scarcely elsewhere than in this oldest song of spring will you find an allusion to the penetrating, exquisite fragrance of the grape blossom. But in all the best songs, all those which the heart treasures, and hums over and over again, mother and daughter and granddaughter, and generation after generation in endless succession, you will find this same tone expressive of universal experience; nothing quaint or obscure, or, in the limited sense, personal. For great genius seems to be colorless. It transmits the rays of feeling untainted and untinted. It is so in Shakespeare and in Burns, my dear May; and where it is not so it is a fashion which passeth away. The same daylight and common air that you feel and see in these verses are in Homer also. It is, indeed, the morning air. But then real genius is perpetual morning, and all its flowers and landscapes are set in that same blithe, clear atmosphere.

So the old poet who sang this song far away beyond two seas, and beyond two thousand years, perhaps, was yet a fellow-traveler of ours, seeing and hearing and feeling and enjoying just what we do. He looked out upon the same road that we traverse, and the sky was as blue, and the clouds as round and fair, and the plains and hills and trees and streams were as various, and the whole world was apparently just as old and just as new as that we see in the Central Park to-day. Some day, perhaps, dear May, you will go to Egypt and ascend the Nile, and see the shattered statue of Memnon, as it is called, at Thebes—Memnon, son of the morning, whose lips the first rays of the rising sun touched into music. It is crumbling now, but still it sits stately and most imposing upon the wide Theban plain. But miracles never cease, dear girl. Long ago I stood upon the plain and beheld the famous statue, with its story vivid in my heart. But yesterday, as I sat in the Central Park, I saw the sun touch lips as lovely as ever Memnon's were—lips of a daughter of the morning—and the music that followed was sweeter than ever Thebes heard from Memnon.

And, indeed, is not every one of us travelers who keeps the freshness of his heart unworn a son of the morning? And may he not know that he is of royal lineage if, when the spring comes, like a splendid sun, and strikes his heart with beauty as Memnon's mouth was touched with light, it instantly answers in song like that of Solomon? It need not be his own, except in the emotion. The man who feels as the poet felt may let the poet speak for him, yet in feeling be as much a poet as the singer. For what is youth but freshness of the heart? and whoever keeps that lives in the time of the singing of birds forever. Some of us, my dear May, are born in the autumn or the winter, and we never get out of that season. I know people who were born sere and yellow. They never had any green leaves, nor bursting sap, nor thick-crowding blossoms. The young birds never built in their branches, nor did they ever rock the warbling darlings in the great summer gales. They were crisp and dry from the beginning. The richness and passion of spring, the ardor of June and July, the glow and ecstasy of life—they seem never to have known them. They were always grave and sombre and sad. It was perpetual autumn with them—gray, weeping, misty, melancholy.

Then, you see, my dear May, the old text, that we live not for ourselves alone, is true always and every where. We can no more help affecting others than an apple blossom can help smelling sweetly, or a cathedral can help throwing a shadow. So these people cast gloomy and chilling shadows, in which ice and snow linger, and the green of spring comes not. Their shadow is heavy. It seems to fall with actual weight, and to crush what it touches. I have seen a tender plant overtaken by the shadow of a tree as the sun moved round, and gradually it began to droop and wither, and slowly faded wholly away. And even so the dry and yellow people blight their neighbors. They cynically sneer at eagerness as folly. They denounce impulse and generosity as idle dreams and delusions. They wither the roots of hope. They dry the springs of faith. Youth dwindles and pines and expires in their neighborhood. They have never had any morning in their hearts, and the sun and the spring, therefore, never touch them into music.

Happy, then, my dear May, those who are born of the spring; they make sunshine all the year. The green figs never fail upon the tree, nor the tender grapes upon the vine. That eternal spring in the heart, that unfading lustre of the morning, is the best dowry any young woman can have. The young men talk a great deal about heiresses, and the "cutting up" of parents, and there is a great deal of writing and speculating upon the impossibility of marrying when the salaries of marriageable young men bear so hopeless a relation to the extravagance in dress of marriageable young women. There are a great many young gentlemen who assure me, over their wine and cigars at the club, that they could not think of asking a princess to leave her father's palace upon Murray Hill to come and share their humble rooms, and to starve and pinch upon a lean salary. Well, my dear May, there is reason in all things. A gentleman who must have wine and cigars at dinner certainly should not marry upon five hundred dollars a year. But how many of their parents married upon that sum, and were happy! And my opinion is that if they would spare the wine and tobacco, and, having a moderate salary, should be so lucky as to win the heart of a daughter of the morning, of one of the princesses of the spring, they might venture to do what so many of the happiest people in the world have done before them, and ask no other portion with the bride than that temperament and disposition which make the flowers always appear on the earth, and cause the happy house to feel continually that the rain is over and gone.

Yes, my dear May, I know what you mean to ask. It is whether you or any young woman ought not to look just as severely for the same eternal spring in a young man. I see in your eyes, or I know that I should see in them if I were with you, the look which accuses me of the old, old habit of talking of what the young woman is to bring, as if the husband alone were to be consulted. "She brought her husband a fair face, a fine fortune, and an ancient name," says the old story. Did she, indeed! And what did he bring her? If he brings winter and gloomy autumn, silence and frosty air, all the spring in the world might struggle with them in vain. Dear fellow-traveler, our manners upon the great journey will surely be what our hearts are. Yours, dear May, are the spring sunshine and the fragrant vine; and when you appear, our hearts begin to chant, "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

Your truthful friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

WHAT ENEMY HATH DONE THIS?

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

SOME observing father in Boston has been circulating a petition asking that the Saturday session of the Latin School in that city be abolished, and finds himself at once set up as the standard-bearer of an army which is to rescue our children from the clutches of their oppressors. Vigorous pens are set in motion. All the horrors of overtasked brains, multiplied lessons, too many hours in school, too many studies out of school, unventilated rooms, and premature disease and death are pointed out, and parents are called upon to rise in their might and demand a redress of all these grievances, or threaten a withdrawal of their children from "your schools."

The situation is grotesque, though the evil is as real as sin. Whose schools, pray, are they from which the children are to be withdrawn in default of a reformation? Who prescribes the curriculum of study? Who appoints the school-hours? Who limits the vacations? Who builds the school-houses? There would seem to be a vague notion afloat that the teacher is the absolute despot who is to be brought to terms by armed revolution. He it is who imposes tasks so severe as to soften the brains of his innocent charges, and who sucks all the oxygen out of the air before he permits them to breathe it. He is the cruel, exacting, irresponsible tyrant, tramping to his goal over the brains of the helpless, bringing to naught the hopes of fond fathers, and paving the way for paralysis and general idiocy.

Here is where the absurdity appears. The evil itself can scarcely be exaggerated, especially as regards ventilation. There is probably not a well-ventilated school-house in the country. I have been in a great many, and I do not recollect one that was not nasty with foul air. Enter the main hall during the morning exercises, and you may be sufficiently comfortable; but go into a recitation-room during the latter half of the recitation hours and you are actually smitten by the noisome atmosphere. It is not actually potato-rot, but it makes you think of potato-rot. It does not knock you down, but it gives you the sensation of being knocked down, and it makes you long to knock somebody down. In this filthy bath the delicate lungs of delicate children are immersed and soaked and steeped, hour after hour, for days and months and years, till the nastiness is well incorporated into blood and brain and heart.

And the parents do not care. The fault is wholly and solely with them. The teachers do every thing they can do to mitigate the evil. They open the ventilators; they open the windows, as far as draughts are permissible. At the close of each recitation they give the rooms as complete an airing as possible. It is the parents who build school-houses and put their children into them. It is the parents who cram their children's lungs with the same old, used-up, spoiled air over and over again. They do not object to it. They hear talk and make talk about fresh air, but they do not supply fresh air. They would just as soon their children would breathe the foul as the fresh. If they wanted the pure air they would have it. They do not wash their children's faces in dirty water; and clean air is more accessible than clean water. As they do not use it, the inference is that they do not want it.

So of hours and terms and tasks—they all emanate from the parent. The school session is six hours long, when it should be no more than five; but not only is the teacher not responsible for this, but let him advocate earnestly a reduction to five hours, and parents would say he did it for the sake of shirking the hour's work himself. They would think they were not getting their money's worth if school closed at four instead of five. We want our children in the school-room six hours. When they are at school we feel that they are safe. We don't mind what they are breathing, but we know they are not roaming the street; they are not drowning, or fighting, or running after a circus. They are taken care of. If you dismiss school at four, our duration of mental ease is shortened by an hour and shall you indolent and easy-placed teachers have only five hours of work, while fathers and mothers bear the burden and heat of a never-ending day?

The course of studies is possibly a little more under the control of the teacher, but only a very little. So many years are given to the primary, so many to the grammar, so many to the high school. So many studies the father wishes his son to prosecute. The subdivision is as rigid as mathematics. The teacher is powerless. The parent is powerful. He can take out lessons or put in years. He can make his high school course five years long instead of four, or he can dismiss a language or a science from the course. If he does not choose to do it, it is not the teacher's place to do it. Let the teacher attempt it and he immediately lays himself open to the allegation of desiring to diminish his own work. It is his part to teach what he is appointed to teach, and if he paralyzes the children's brains it is no affair of his. He was put there to paralyze them. That is the way he earns his salary. When the farmer sends his grain to mill the natural inference is that he wants it ground.

It is comfortable to see people uncomfortable in this matter; but it is ridiculous to see them angry with any body but themselves.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WEDDING TOILETTES.

THERE are two seasons for fashionable weddings. The first follows the winter gayeties of the city, and the second comes after the summer campaign at the watering-places. Preparations are now making for the first of these. Most of our fair fiancées object to being married during Lent, notwithstanding the example of the Princess Louise; but they are not too devout to spend the quiet penitential season in selecting elaborate trousseaus, to be displayed immediately after Easter. White repped silk with point duchesse flounces is the first choice for bridal dresses at the approaching weddings. Satin is pronounced too old for the young brides of the season, and the once poetic muslin is now too commonly worn to be in favor for this one grand occasion of a woman's life. The heaviest ottoman repped silk is chosen by those who can afford it, but lighter qualities of gros grain and the handsome Irish poplins are used by those who can pay but $4 a yard instead of $8. Two flounces of duchesse lace six or eight inches

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wide are preferred to the one deep flounce hitherto used: $20 a yard buys beautiful flounces of this lace, though not the finest specimens. China crape flounces and over-skirt, or else misty tulle drapery, or ruffles of white Chambery gauze, are less expensive than lace, and are used to beautify low-priced silks, as they look lighter than the ruffles of the material so much worn during the winter.

A low corsage, with pointed front, deep postilion back, round neck, Grecian folds on the bosom, and short puffed sleeves, is the prevailing style for wedding dresses; the upper skirt has a short apron front, with long, bouffant back; the train is shortened to sixty inches for ladies of medium height. When a high corsage is preferred, the neck is pointed very low and filled in with lace. The sleeves are duchesse-shaped, or else plain to the elbow and ruffled below. A cluster of orange flowers is placed high on the left side of the corsage, and trailing vines loop the apron of the over-skirt on each side, while a short spray takes the place of a sash.

The handsomest tulle veil made lately is a single width of tulle three and a half yards wide, and long enough to reach very near the end of the train. Around the edge is a three-inch hem, finished at the top with a thick cord covered with the silk of the dress. The lower corners are rounded; the upper edge is passed plainly over the head just back of the Pompadour roll of hair, and pinned securely behind the ears. There is no short veil for the face. $16 is the price.

The bridal chaplet is a slender garland of half-blown orange buds, mingled with spiral and starry jasmine. It is laid across the Pompadour roll, and hangs down each side, or else trails over the back hair. An elaborate chatelaine braid, a single plait as wide as the two braids usually worn, and soft hanging curls, are the bridal coiffure. The front is slightly frizzed over a Pompadour pad, or else the roll is plainly covered; and on the forehead droops short hair, neither frizzed nor straight, but curved in half rings, fluffy and careless-looking. Long side locks, curling toward the ear, are still worn. The bride's gloves are long-wristed white kid, fastened by four buttons at least, and without ornamental stitching: price $3 50 a pair.

Gray poplin for the traveling dress, and a gray silk suit for visiting and church, are still prescribed as items of a trousseau; but as these proclaim the bride as plainly as do orange flowers, other colors are often chosen. A traveling suit lately made for a wealthy bride has a skirt of Havana brown silk with two flounces of darker nut brown, and a cashmere polonaise of the darkest shade, trimmed with silk bands like the flounces, piped with silk of the lighter Havana shade. This stylish suit might be worn by any lady, and does not publish the bridehood of the wearer. The gipsy bonnet worn with this is a soft brown straw, trimmed with brown gros grain ribbon, a brown ostrich tip, brown quilled silk for face trimming, and a cluster of pale salmon tea-roses. A pretty model for those who adhere to the conventional gray suit is one of fine gray pongee, with a short paletot and open-front over-skirt, like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. III. A bias band of gray silk edges the jacket and skirt. The lower skirt has a bias gathered silk ruffle four inches wide around the bottom. A box-pleated ruffle of pongee of the same width overlaps this. A second silk ruffle and another of pongee held by a bias silk band complete the trimming. The gipsy bonnet was of the silk used in the dress trimming, with a fringed scarf of gray China crape, and a pink rose spray for ornament. Gray undressed kid gloves with long wrists. Square ottoman repped shawl in broad stripes, carried in straps.

The suit for returning calls is of silk or poplin of any favorite shade of the quiet colors now worn. The pretty grisaille silks are serviceable, and many brides use elaborate suits of black silk, with plenty of white lace at the throat and wrists. Carriage costumes to be worn in May are of pale écru silk, or mauve, or pearl gray, trimmed with flounces, finished with narrowest edging of point duchesse scarcely half an inch wide, yet costing $1 25 a yard. The bonnet matches the suit in color, or is of black lace. White silk and lace bonnets are not worn.

Wrappers for brides are supplied by the furnishing houses, and consist of fine soft nansooks and piqué made in the shape illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. Embroidery is the favorite trimming, especially two needle-worked ruffles extending down the front from each side of the neck and around the edge of the skirt. Hamburg work is much used for these ruffles, and is exceedingly pretty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRESS GOODS.

Soft flexible stuffs of light neutral tints continue to arrive for spring and summer suits. These are to be trimmed with silk of a darker shade, and will comprise the foundation at least of many of the shaded suits that are to be a noticeable feature in summer outfits. Most popular among these are the Japanese serges and foulards, improved fabrics of mixed silk and wool. The first is twilled, the last has a plain surface, and both are as soft as the India silk used for neck-ties. They are in light brown, buff, and mode tints, and cost from $1 to $1 25 a yard. Japanese crape, imitating the fine crinkle of China crape, is made strong by being mixed with wool. In delicate colors, and twenty-four inches wide, the price is $1 10 a yard. A similar fabric, altogether wool, without the silken gloss of that just described, is 80 cents. Fine pongees, crisp to the touch, yet forming graceful, soft drapery, are shown in excellent quality, light, glossy, and of perfect gray shades, for $1 25 a yard. Heavy repped épingelines, with the silk all thrown on the surface, are $1 50 a yard. Fine French poplins cost from $1 25 to $1 75 a yard. These Lyons poplins and the famous Irish poplins are both silk and wool mixtures, but French poplins are of light quality, and have small reps not clearly defined, while Irish poplins have the thick regular reps of gros grain, are narrow, and cost from $2 upward. These poplins are reversible, as the silk warp is thrown on the outer sides, covering the woof of wool that forms the reps. We have said this before, but repeat it to many correspondents who ask if Pym's Irish poplin is not all silk. If it were, it would not be poplin, but silk.

Summer cashmere is a novelty. It is a soft, all-wool, twilled fabric of very light quality, in broken plaids, checks, and cross-bars. The selvedges are finished as fringe, to be used in trimming flounces and the over garments. It is six-quarters wide, and $1 50 a yard. As many object to these self-fringed goods on account of their resemblance to the shawl suits that are now somewhat passée, the fringe can be dispensed with. At any rate, we know of no more beautiful fabric than this, especially for ladies' wrappers and for children's suits. The bright blue and white plaids are among the prettiest; and another stylish combination is black and white plaid with maroon bars between. Lower-priced cashmeres, slightly mixed with cotton, are $1 25 a yard.

All-wool serges, as fine and soft as ladies' cloth, and wool poplins a full yard wide, are shown in the buff and brown shades, with a darker stripe and fringe on one edge, for $1 10 a yard. Mixed with cotton, they are 80 cents. Very lustrous mohairs in all the spring shades, and the heavier Palermo poplins with fine reps, are 65 cents a yard.

Batiste robes are plain cambrics, self-colored, with a stripe for bordering near the edges. They are 35 cents a yard, or about $4 25 the dress pattern. Linen lawns of palest unbleached buff or light gray are sold for 25 cents a yard. The furnishing houses sell suits of these, ready made, with postilion basque, the Worth over-skirt, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., and a lower skirt, trimmed with four or five narrow ruffles edged with guipure lace of the same shade, for $23. These are stylish and inexpensive suits, but the problem to be solved is, how shall they be washed? The buff linen lawns invariably have a pinkish hue after having been wet, and gray lawn is apt to be streaked and shaded.

THE VON MOLTKE COLLAR.

The newest lace collar, called the Von Moltke, is pointed at the throat, to be worn very low, has square outer corners, and grows narrow toward the neck. It resembles the shape of the Marie Antoinette collar.

REGALIA.

A similar shaped collarette, which ladies call regalia, is made of sheer white muslin in soft folds, edged with point duchesse lace. One of these made to wear over a black velvet dress is $23; simply trimmed with Valenciennes, they are $10 or $12. For light mourning they are of white muslin, trimmed with very fine side pleating edged with footing: price $4. Cuffs or foils for the wrists are made to match. Pale blue or mauve regalias of China crape or soft India silk, trimmed with white lace, are made for young ladies to wear over white or black dresses. These are new and very dressy.

Black guipure edging for trimming flounces of grenadine and silk is sold in half-inch widths for 15 cents to 25 cents a yard. Fine white muslin, in tiny side pleats edged with very narrow footing, the whole when complete only two inches wide, is shown for wearing inside duchesse sleeves, low-throated dresses, and for putting on silk flounces beneath lace or silk ruffles: price 35 cents a yard.

Square handkerchiefs of light blue silk are worn by blondes outside of the linen collar, folded three-cornered or in sailor square, and pinned below the brooch. Brunettes complete street costumes by scarfs of guipure or other black net worn similarly.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; and SIBLEY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in one of his recent Lecture-room Talks, asked this question: "Did you ever think of the mingled dignity and delicacy of affection with which Christ treated women, the highest and the lowest? There is not in literature recorded such an exquisite treatment of woman as that which she received at the hands of Christ."

—The Russian Emperor is openly spoken of in St. Petersburg as having become a confirmed inebriate, imbibing nothing but the strongest kind of alcoholic liquors. All the efforts of his family to reclaim him have proved fruitless.

—Count VON BEUST is said to feel keenly the ingratitude of the Austrian court, where he has been so much slighted as to cause him to withdraw almost entirely from society.

—Viscount Macduff, only son of the Earl of Fife, is a candidate to represent West Aberdeenshire in Parliament at the next vacancy. It is to be hoped he may maintain the family repute. The first MACDUFF of history, as SHAKSPEARE makes him, was an honest, brave-hearted gentleman, a good father, a good fighter, of manly and patriotic impulses, and who did a neat thing in that little affair of his with MACBETH.

—The official records of the secret police of Paris, which to some extent have recently been made public, give minute account of the way of life of the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE and her mother when first they came to live in Paris. In 1848 they occupied a third-floor in the Rue St. Antoine, and there LOUIS NAPOLEON, after his election to the Presidency, commenced paying her attentions. Madame DE MONTIJO was separated in Spain from her husband, came to Paris, went thence for a time to England, returned to Paris, and was constantly under the surveillance of the police. Her social position was by no means of a very exalted character. The daughter, however, was irreproachable, and the Emperor finally thought the best thing he could do would be to marry her, which he did on the 30th January, 1853.

—Mrs. HENRY M. FIELD, the talented wife of the editor of the *Evangelist*, has been giving some interesting reminiscences of the house of Orleans in that excellent journal. The Comte de Paris, the head of this house, is just now regarded as having an excellent chance for the succession to the throne, which his family might never have lost had his popular father, the Duke of Orleans, lived. This much-beloved prince, the eldest son of LOUIS PHILIPPE, was thrown from his carriage and instantly killed—an event which changed the whole destinies of France. Mrs. FIELD says of the widowed Duchess of Orleans that the memory of her husband was for her a sort of worship. All in his apartments remained as he left it; his books, the pen with which he had signed some orders just as he was stepping into his carriage, and on which the ink was hardly dry when he expired, even the cup of chocolate, half emptied, and the glove fallen on the floor, that had still the impress of his hand. Nothing was ever touched but by her. A cabinet of ebony, always covered with fresh flowers, and jealously closed, contained the last impression taken in plaster of his countenance, which death, coming so suddenly, had hardly changed. Into this private apartment she often retired to meditate and pray. Every year, on the anniversary of his death, she repaired to the château of Dreux, to spend some days near his tomb; and in her exile regretted nothing so much as the privilege of this mournful pilgrimage.

—We learn from one of the committee on the fund for the benefit of the family of the late GEORGE HOLLAND that, after paying all the expenses attendant upon the same, there will be left for the family the handsome sum of thirteen thousand five hundred dollars.

—The Rev. Dr. POTTER, of Grace Church, who last year spent a few days among the Mormons in Utah, expresses the opinion that to the great governing power of YOUNG the success of Mormonism is mainly attributable, and that the Pacific Railway and the not far off disappearance of YOUNG from the terrestrial stage will rapidly remove that pesterly ism from existence.

—It is incorrect to say that the day of the oil prince has vanished. We read in the organs of public opinion of Petroleum Centre, that Mr. JAMES S. M'CRAY, of that metropolis, is the cheerful recipient of $7000 a day from his wells, and that there seems to be no probability of their failing to yield that diurnal supply.

—Miss NETTIE CHASE, soon to be married to Mr. WM. SPRAGUE HOYT, has long been one of the Sisters of St. John's Church, Washington—a society of unmarried ladies, who spend alternate months in their Orphans' Home, nursing the sick children of the poor. A few mornings since Miss CHASE slipped into the hand of one of her "sisters" a fifty-dollar note, saying, "that although she must soon pass from the society forever, it could never pass from her love." Miss C. is not only one of the most talented, but one of the best-loved young ladies of Washington.

—Earl De Grey and Ripon views his fellow-beings through a single glass screwed into his aristocratic eye. He is affable, quick, and nervous, and has the honor to be Grand Master of the Masonic fraternity of England. He is a blonde, wearing yellow beard and mustache.

—Mr. DU CHAILLU, whose books, published by the HARPERS, are having wide sale, has nearly finished a very successful lecture-season. In Columbus, Ohio, flocks of people went to hear him week before last. He is the grand favorite of the American youth, who regard him, next to G. WASHINGTON, as the best man yet seen in the U. S.

—It has already become a fact in history that the chirography of Mr. GREELEY, whenever on view, is promotive of mirth. But Mr. G. has now a rival in illegibility—Mr. BLOSS, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who has achieved the bad eminence of being the worst penman in the world. On a recent wager as to the significance of his signature one printer guessed it was "Bird of Freedom," and another "Warranted to Wash." Mr. BLOSS himself, having been questioned and shown the wonderful scrawl, unhesitatingly declared it to mean "France as a Republic."

—One ROBERT BARNES, of Evansville, Indiana, who bequeathed $500,000 for the building and perpetual support of a college for the benefit of the orphans of the State, tacked on to the bequest the following curious clause: "I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister, of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatsoever in said college, nor any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of said college."

—The recent marriage of Miss MOTLEY to Mr. SHERIDAN, a grandson of the famous RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, recalls a remark—the last he ever made—of the Rev. Dr. SHERIDAN, grandfather of the great wit and orator. On the 10th of September, 1738, the Rev. Dr. SHERIDAN was sitting after dinner in the house of a friend. The conversation happening to turn on the force and direction of the wind, the Doctor said, "Let the wind blow east, west, north, or south, the immortal soul will take its flight to the destined point;" and leaning back in his chair, instantly expired.

—The largest personal estate ever transmitted by any one person in England, and probably in the world, is that of the late railway contractor, Mr. BRASSEY, whose will has recently been admitted to probate. His personalty alone, exclusive of his vast landed estates, amounted to $32,500,000. Of this large sum $15,000,000 passed to his children in equal shares, and the remainder was settled in trusts to their equal benefit.

—The heir-apparent to the throne of Austria is described by a gentleman who lately had an opportunity to observe him very closely, as a timid, good-natured boy, whose chief enjoyment is to fiddle. He possesses fine musical talents.

—As Mrs. MYRA CLARK GAINES was going into the court-house at New Orleans, a few days ago, she was sketched by a viewer for the press in words to this effect: "She was dressed in a handsome green silk, trimmed with a darker shade of green satin, and an elegant velvet cloak, fringed with black lace. A profusion of blonde curls was becomingly arranged beneath a black velvet hat, which was ornamented with a green plume, the exact shade of the dress and gloves. Mrs. GAINES mounted the long staircase leading to the court-room with the vim of youth, and she walks with the elasticity of a healthy English girl taking a morning constitutional."

—Another lady benefactress—Mrs. FRANKLIN SIMONDS, of Warner, New Hampshire, who bequeathed $10,000 to the high school founded by her husband in that town, and $4000 to religious associations in the neighborhood.

—The manuscripts of that superior Quaker, WILLIAM PENN, have been purchased by a number of citizens of Philadelphia, who intend to present them to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

—The palace in which ALEXANDRE DUMAS resided for four years, at Naples, has been purchased by a pecunious Englishman for eighty thousand lire. A. DUMAS bought it on credit, but let his paper go to protest, and now the property goes into possession of a son of "perfidious Albion."

—KOSSUTH, who has nearly completed his autobiography in very many volumes, has been unable to find, in Germany or Italy, that publisher who has the grand confidence in its pecuniary success sufficient to warrant the payment of a heavy copyright.

—Mr. ELLIOTT, the Hon. colored M.C. from South Carolina, who made a creditable speech in the House of Rep's a few days since, is the first negro whose voice has been heard in that branch of the national legislature. He is the ablest of the five colored M.C.'s of the House, is well educated, has a good delivery, and rather inclined to be impassioned. He had a fair chance, and was listened to attentively.

—Lord and Lady Willoughby, after an extensive tour of the States, are now guests at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; very nice, intelligent, courteous people, who manifest a lively interest in American affairs of all sorts—social, political, etc., etc.

—The English deans have, as a general thing, done creditable things for English literature, notably Deans MILMAN and STANLEY; but ALFORD, MERIVALE, HOOK, and GOULBURN have contributed their full share, and shown how proper a thing it is to hold out these very reverend deaneries to those who can attain eminence in scholarship.

—The Rt. Hon. Mr. LAYARD, British minister to Spain, and author of the books about Nineveh, lives in very fine style in Madrid. He married a daughter of the late Sir JOHN GUEST, proprietor of the vast Dowlais iron-works, in Wales. Mrs. LAYARD's mother was a daughter of the Earl of Lindsay, and a woman of remarkable ability. Mrs. L.'s is at present one of the most fashionable *salons* of the Spanish capital.

—HARRIET MARTINEAU has probably written over more reams of paper than any woman who ever pervaded this planet. Three hundred volumes and pamphlets is the fearful aggregate she is said to have cast upon the world. She commenced in 1823, and ended by "taking the life" of Lord Palmerston in 1865.

—Madame PAREPA-ROSA is to sing for four or five months in Italian opera, in London, in the same company with PATTI, LUCCA, SESSI, MARIO, NAUDIN, and such.

—During our "unpleasantness" the successes of the army were mainly achieved by men under fifty. Not so in the war between Germany and France. VON MOLTKE, VON ROON, BISMARCK, the King, and most of the German corps commanders are over fifty, and from that to seventy-five. THIERS, at seventy-five, has the vim and vivacity of a boy. DUFAURE, the Minister of Justice, is seventy-three. GUIZOT, past eighty. In England, where men are reckoned young till they are past fifty, splendid examples of vigorous old age have not been wanting. PALMERSTON, LYNDHURST, and BROUGHAM, octogenarians all of them, led public opinion in Great Britain to the end of their days, and died in the harness. It is said of the first of the three that, after a field-night in the House of Commons, he would be seen at daylight walking home at a pace which a young man could hardly equal. THOMAS CARLYLE, over seventy, abates nothing of his intellectual vigor; while Earl RUSSELL, though creeping toward eighty, still attends the Upper House of Parliament Our own country, too, furnishes as striking instances of hearty old age. STEWART, DREW, and VANDERBILT, the money-kings of this city, are old men, as the years are counted, but still hold firmly in their grasp the great interests which they control.

—Saith CHARLES LAMB, in his charming essay on "All-Fools Day," "The compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry 1st of April to us all! Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and *you*, Sir—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do we not know one another? What need of ceremony among friends? We have all a touch of *that same*—you understand me—*a speck of the motley*. I have never made an acquaintance that lasted, or a friendship that answered, with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants—the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed that 'the foolisher the fowl or fish, the finer the flesh thereof;' and what are commonly the world's received fools but such whereof the world is not worthy? And what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys? Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool*."

—The British government do the correct thing for gentlemen who invent ingenious instruments for killing. They have just given $80,000 to Mr. SNIDER, Colonel RODEN, and Mr. WILSON for a plan to convert muzzle-loading muskets into breech-loaders; $75,000 to Major PALLISER for chilled projectiles; $50,000 to Captain MONCREIFF for a method of mounting guns; $40,000 to Mr. HALE for a sanguinary rocket; and $20,000 to Mr. LANCASTER for rifling guns. We haven't room to specify the names of the people who get from $3000 to $10,000 for all sorts of ingenious shooting contrivances.

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GLIMPSES OF PARIS BEFORE THE WAR.

"COCHER, AUX TUILERIES!"

IT was striking eight. The cards of invitation said nine; but the habitués knew that their only chance of a seat, or even a stand-point which promised a good view of the imperial hosts, lay in their being at the palace an hour before the time named by the Grand Chamberlain. The Place du Carrousel had already a goodly show of carriages drawn up in front of the illuminated windows; but we were not kept long "making queue" before we alighted at the palace door.

A beautiful scene was this opening act of the ball—like the porch of a fairy hall. The velvet-carpeted entrance hall was thronged with fair women and brave men, whose jeweled heads and glittering breasts sparkled and flashed with every stone under the earth, and every order on it. The Cent Gardes stood in single file on either side of the noble staircase—a Garde on each step. They stood as motionless as statues. Not a muscle in their bodies moved; not a hair of their plumes stirred. The flood of light poured down on the steel and brass of their helmets and breastplates, making them glance and shine with responsive flashes; but the men were as still and as dumb as if they were hewn out of stone. Magnificent men they were! They looked like giants set up there for show, clad in silver and blue; drawn up, *not* "in battle's magnificently stern array," but in order serviceable—bright-harnessed heralds of some pageant of Peace. Strangers were always very much struck by the splendor of these Cent Gardes—by the majesty of their bearing, by their gorgeous uniform, so picturesque, yet martial too, withal. The effect produced by their extraordinary immobility was particularly striking when, at the moment of relieving guard, the two giants at the foot of the stairs started from their post, vibrating suddenly like dead men galvanized, their iron heels ringing on the pavement, their sabres clanging, and the metal of their regimentals clicking, as if the whole were spontaneously set going, like a clock, by the touch of some hidden spring.

I remember once a Frenchman who was ascending the stairs with us, exasperated by the supernatural immobility of the men, caught one of them by the arm, and shaking him soundly—"Say, Cent Garde, are you dead or alive?" The soldier let his arm drop heavily, like a dead-weight, without answering so much as by a smile.

But if I loiter on the stairs so long, there will not be a vacant spot in the Salle des Maréchaux, and we have a friend with us who has never seen a court ball in Paris before, and who wants, above all, to have a good view of the Empress. Let us go on, then. The Grand Chamberlain greets us at the entrance of the salle de bal with a courtly bow. As I expected—not a spot to be had in the Salle des Maréchaux! My friend gets separated from me in the crowd. I move on toward the Porte de l'Empereur, and get standing room at a right angle with the throne. There was more than half an hour to wait before their Majesties would appear; so I had leisure to take in the assembly, and admire or criticise as their appearance suggested. It was a galaxy, if not of beauty, at least of fashion and elegance and notability. On the front benches were ranged the wives and daughters of those demi-gods called *hauts fonctionnaires*—ministers, senators, and court officers—all in toilettes that vied with each other in eccentricity and splendor. The uniforms were varied and brilliant, representing every service, civil and military, in France and, almost, in Europe. The ostracism of black coats from court balls is unquestionably a wise measure, considered from an effective point of view. If the uniforms are sometimes gaudy, they are always gay; and ugly units are merged in a picturesque whole at once striking and harmonious.

When I had taken in all the leading points of the picture my attention became riveted on a very pretty young woman—young girl, I should have said but for that diamond butterfly in her hair, that proclaims her past the rubicon of maidenhood, and emancipated from its unjeweled simplicity—who was sitting close by the door called the Porte de l'Empereur. She was remarkably pretty. Fair, with brown eyes and alabaster shoulders, and a *tout ensemble* that struck me as very fascinating. If I had any doubt as to her being married or single, the presence of three gentlemen standing behind her chair, and lavishing unmistakable devotion on her, would have settled the doubt. No unmarried woman in France could properly be the object of such open homage. She must have been quite a bride, judging from her youth—she could not have been more than seventeen—and was very handsomely dressed. A green skirt—one of M. Grandhomme's latest miracles—elaborately beflowered and beflounced, and flung out on one side of her, lay two yards on the ground, to the great and visible vexation of some blue and gold gentlemen, who were constantly passing in and out of the door beside her, and were obliged to perform a skipping stride over the train, which was more considerate than dignified. For so young a married woman, she certainly enjoyed the homage of the worshiping trio very much. But I had not come here to moralize; I had come to be amused and pleased, and I was not in a mood to quarrel with any body, much less with a pretty woman. Only, I bethought unto myself, if I were the husband—

It was weary work waiting, after one had looked up and down, and round and round, and counted the uniforms, and caught one's self twice in the act of counting the lustres; so, without any definite object, but in mere purposeless impulse, I moved from my place, and pushed on in the direction of the beauty in green. With a little elbowing I got close up to her—close enough to hear one of the adorers who was stooping over her, while she protested emphatically with her fan, say,

"I assure you of it, mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle! I started so perceptibly that a gentleman beside me, thinking he had inadvertently trod on my toe, apologized. I reassured him, and this little interchange of words broke the ice between us.

"What a very pretty person that is!" I remarked.

"Very. She is an heiress, too, which considerably enhances her beauty. She is the *parti* of the season."

"I took her for a married woman," I observed.

"Yes—our young girls are not used to be so *émancipées*. We are apt to be censorious toward every thing that is not in accordance with the law and the prophets of our own code. But I have been to America, and I've seen their system work. Very little harm comes of it, as far as I could see. The young ladies are allowed immense liberty; they flirt to their hearts' content. You have a specimen there" (looking toward the door). "They have a train of adorers wherever they go, and get engaged a few times before they make up their minds to marry; but when they do marry there is an end of it all. The fastest among them settles down into the model matron, and a man would as soon dream of flying as of flirting with her. Every country has its customs. Their system is ours inverted."

"There's a good deal to be said in favor of theirs," I replied.

Presently there was a move in the direction of the throne. The crowd fell back, and the Emperor, stepping from the platform, walked on toward the group in question. An old pasha, wrapped in a robe like a blanket, and carrying a turban that looked like the coils of a jeweled snake, was singled out for the honor of shaking hands.

WALL CUSHION.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 54.

Fig. 1.—SECTION OF POINT LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 25.

Fig. 3.—SECTION OF POINT LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 4.]

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 24.

TOILETTE CUSHION WITH JEWEL CASE.

For description see Supplement.

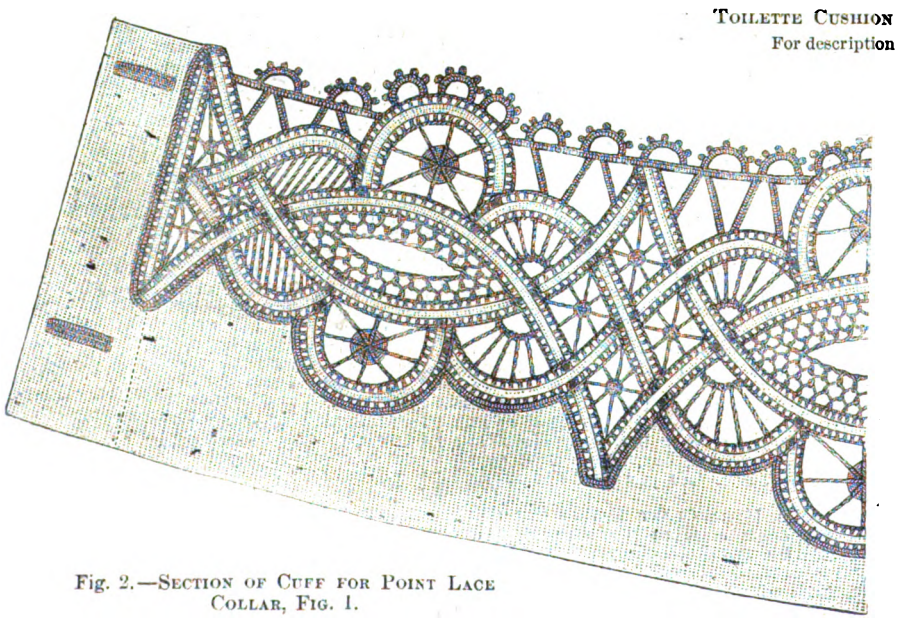

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CUFF FOR POINT LACE COLLAR, FIG. 1.

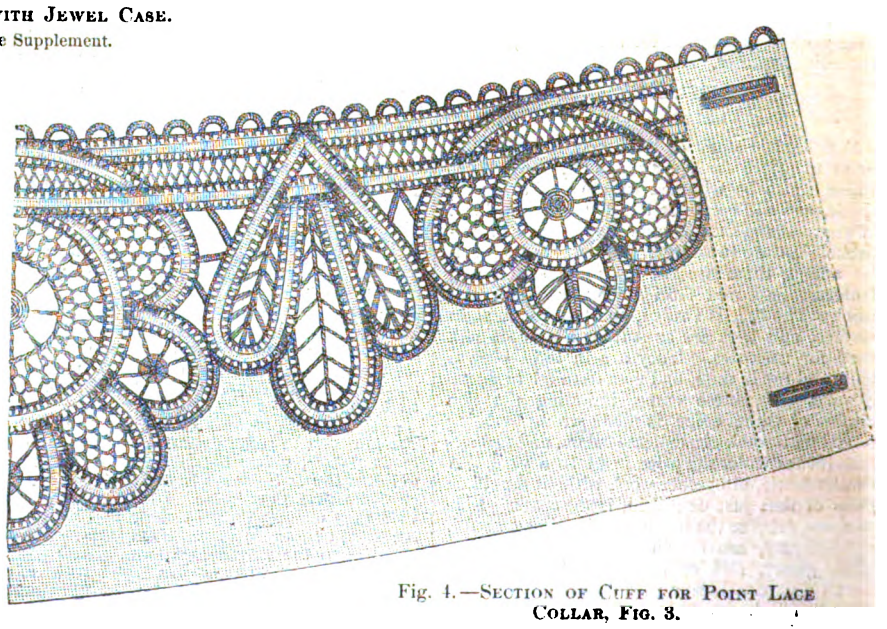

Fig. 4.—SECTION OF CUFF FOR POINT LACE COLLAR, FIG. 3.

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While the Turk and his host stood talking beside her the pretty heiress improved the opportunity by flirting her fan and throwing expressive glances at the latter. His Majesty, always a willing victim to a woman's glance, was not unobservant of the little by-play. Raising the pasha's audience with a courteous *au revoir*, he was passing on, when she arrested him with a "Good-evening, monsieur," American-like, ignoring the imperial vocative.

"Good-evening, mademoiselle;" and his Majesty bent before the audacious young lady as reverently as if she had been a sultana, and he her slave.

"I have read your book, monsieur." The "Life of Cæsar" had just appeared, and was the theme of club and salon.

"Indeed! and what do you think of it?" inquired the author.

"Mon Dieu! it is very clever; but there is not the least thing new in it."

The Emperor laughed outright. I heard some one behind me muttering in an under-tone something about truth in the mouths of babes. The music became suddenly tempestuous again, and I missed some bars of the conversation between the author and his critic. When it subsided I heard him asking her her name.

"Hélène ——, monsieur," was the reply.

"How I wish that I were Paris!" exclaimed his Majesty, looking unutterable worship at the namesake of the Trojan princess.

"What, Paris! But you are all France."

There was a murmur of applause and suppressed laughter all round the two speakers.

"Is there any thing that all France could do which would be agreeable to Hélène?" inquired the Emperor, evidently bewitched by the saucy beauty.

"Get her invited to the petits Lundis."

"It is done."

And smiling a last good-by he returned to the platform. The Empress took his arm, and the staff fell into rank and file, the Grand Chamberlain walking backward in front to clear the way, the other officers of state and the dames du palais following behind, and the crowd trooping on in the rear.

There were seats enough and to spare now, so I secured one, and remained where I was till the party, after making the tour of the rooms, should pass round this way again going in to supper. I always find plenty of amusement in observing the people and listening to the different snatches of conversation going on around me in a ball-room; and on this particular occasion I was not less fortunate than usual. The impromptu flirtation of la belle Américaine with the Emperor was the topic of every tongue. One old lady who was sitting next to me seemed particularly affected by it. She spoke so loud that it was clear she did not mean to be confidential; I therefore had no scruple in listening to her discourse.

"If the girl gets into that set, it's all up with his chance," affirmed the dowager. "One of those court flunkies will cut in and take the game out of our hands. I know it as well as if it were all written in black and white. That poor boy will miss his luck, and one of the noblest names of the Faubourg its chance of rehabilitation."

"But are you so sure that without the interference of the dangerous court flunky he would succeed? Those American girls are romantic. They believe in love in marriage, and so forth," interposed the second speaker.

"They are not disposed of so conveniently as French girls. They look for a heart in a husband."

"And who wants to gainsay them? Ernest, of course, knows the customs of the country, and would act accordingly. He means to make the proposal in person, and even, when the thing is all arranged, to speak to the girl herself. The boy is full of heart."

"Then there is the father to talk over. The old gentleman thinks no match in Europe too good for his daughter. He might not be so ready to accept a young man who has twenty thousand dollars of debts for his sole fortune."

"And his name! Do you count for nothing the honor of bearing such a name as Ernest's? Can all the Yankee dollars buy one quartering of M. De Gasconalte's escutcheon?" demanded the dowager, indignantly.

"Certainly not. I was merely supposing the event of the Yankee's not setting so high a price on escutcheons as we civilized Europeans do. The girl is beautiful—very well principled, in spite of her independent ways, that shock our sense of propriety. No man need fear to trust his honor to her keeping. She is highly educated, and will have a dower fit for a princess. The father may think that all this entitles her to something more than a noble name without a penny to keep it up."

"As if a De Gasconalte would look at his bourgeoise daughter if he had a penny to keep it up! Really, milady, you are talking like a child. And, moreover, as to having nothing but his name, look at the old château that has been in the family since the thirteenth century."

"And tumbling to pieces since the seventeenth," replied the matter-of-fact Englishwoman.

"The petite's dot will put the ruin in repair," was the cool rejoinder.

"And those two duels, and various other accidents of a somewhat scabreuse nature, that have slightly damaged Monsieur De Gasconalte's character—will it put that in repair too?"

"My dear madame, if you really take an interest in la petite, and want to settle her respectably—to bring her into our society, in fact—you must not look to such secondary things as money, or treat a young man's few escapades as a serious matter."

"I don't argue the case the least from my own point of view, chère Baronne; I merely suggest the desirability of your looking at it from the father's. I promised that your nephew should meet my young friend; and he shall. I can promise no more. He must make the best of his opportunity, and do the rest for himself. I warn you, however, that he has a great many rivals in the field. Not to speak of a small regiment of noble names with no money, there is one Englishman, and several Americans of good family and fortune, running in the race against him."

"Has the Englishman money?" inquired the Frenchwoman.

"Yes; a very good fortune, and a château that is in good repair."

"And a noble name?" inquired the Baronne, incredulously.

"He is distantly connected with my husband, and bears our name."

This was said with a quiet hauteur, as if the speaker were conscious of having answered every doubt on that score exhaustively.

"Eh, mon Dieu! Ernest must take his chance, then," said the old lady, shrugging her shoulders. "You said Tuesday night, I think?"

"Yes. I promised Hélène to take her to see Nilsson in 'Hamlet.' Monsieur De Gasconalte will pay me a visit in my box. Of course, accidentally. She must suspect nothing, or his chance is lost from the starting."

"Oh, here is the Empress!"

As soon as the imperial party had passed through the Salle du Trône there was a rush to the supper-room. None who have not seen a court mob will believe how closely it resembles a street mob. The polish of mere out-

WATER-PROOF TRAVELING HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 14 and 15.

SHAWL COSTUME.—FRONT AND BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-7.

TRAVELING HOOD WITH SILK BINDING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 46 and 47.

WATTEAU WRAPPER.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 8-13.

WRAPPER WITH CASHMERE TRIMMING
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 16-19.

WATTEAU WRAPPER.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 8-13.

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side breeding is but so much varnish that covers the same kind of flesh and blood, the same selfishness, the same rude forgetfulness of other people's comfort; elbowing, pushing, driving, to one point of interest; sometimes giving vent to its impatience in language not overselect. The varnish, if it be only varnish, soon rubs off, and shows us the same characteristic human nature that scolds at Billingsgate and fights on the boulevards and throws stones in electioneering duels. This mob to-night, in satin skirts and broidered coats, was no better than mobs elsewhere. Perhaps it was more good-humored; a French mob generally is. It laughs and jokes and makes merry over its difficulties, when other mobs quarrel and sulk. So, laughing and pushing, and protesting and pushing in turn, we all drove on toward Champagne and sherbets. Only a certain number were admitted at a time, and they poured out of one door before a fresh batch was allowed to pour in by another—the outcomers passing by the ingoers, separated only by a cordon for the maintenance of order.

"Ce pâté de foie gras est excellent. J'y retourne," cried out a stout old lady coming out of the supper-room to some one going in. And so she did. In the skirmish I came across my friend, from whom I had parted soon after our arrival.

"What a scramble!" she exclaimed, looking very much disgusted at the whole proceeding. "I sha'n't have a bit of my dress together when we get out of it."

I did not contradict her, for, as the dress was tulle, it was only too likely to be as she prognosticated. I was curious to catch another glimpse of my belle Hélène before we left, but she had disappeared, and I could not see whether any ruined Frenchman had superseded the bold young gentleman, whom I mentally wished well to. We had seen as much of the brilliant scene as was interesting except to the dancers; so on issuing from the supper-room we made our way down to the cloak-room.

"Shall we take a box for 'Hamlet' on Tuesday?" I said to my friend as she dropped me at my door.

"Certainly. I am very anxious to see Nilsson in it."

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

By Miss BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER I.

COMING HOME.

THE lamps of the Great Northern Terminus at King's Cross had not long been lighted when a cab deposited a young lady and her luggage at the departure platform. It was an October twilight, cold and gray, and the place had a cheerless and dismal aspect to that solitary young traveler, to whom English life and an English atmosphere were strange just now.

She had been seven years abroad, in a school near Paris; rather an expensive seminary, where the number of pupils was limited, the masters and mistresses, learned in divers modern accomplishments, numerous, and the dietary of foreign slops and messes without stint.

Dull and gray as the English sky seemed to her, and dreary as was the aspect of London in October, this girl was glad to return to her native land. She had felt herself very lonely in the French school, forgotten and deserted by her own kindred—a creature to be pitied; and hers was a nature to which pity was a torture. Other girls had gone home to England for their holidays; but vacation after vacation went by, and every occasion brought Clarissa Lovel the same coldly worded letter from her father, telling her that it was not convenient for him to receive her at home, that he had heard with pleasure of her progress, and that experienced people, with whom he had conferred, had agreed with him that any interruption to the regular course of her studies could not fail to be a disadvantage to her in the future.

"They are all going home except me, papa," she wrote piteously on one occasion, "and I feel as if I were different from them somehow. Do let me come home to Arden for this one year. I don't think my school-fellows believe me when I talk of home, and the gardens, and the dear old park. I have seen it in their faces, and you can not think how hard it is to bear. And I want to see you, papa. You must not fancy that, because I speak of these things, I am not anxious for that. I do want to see you very much. By-and-by, when I am grown up, I shall seem a stranger to you."

To this letter, and to many such letters, Mr. Lovel's reply was always the same. It did not suit his convenience that his only daughter should return to England until her education was completed. Perhaps it would have suited him better could she have remained away altogether; but he did not say as much as that; he only let her see very clearly that there was no pleasure to him in the prospect of her return.

And yet she was glad to go back. At the worst it was going home. She told herself again and again, in those meditations upon her future life which were not so happy as a girl's reveries should be—she told herself that her father must come to love her in time. She was ready to love him so much on her part; to be so devoted, faithful, and obedient; to bear so much from him if need were, only to be rewarded with his affection in the end.

So at eighteen years of age Clarissa Lovel's education was finished, and she came home alone from a quiet little suburban village just outside Paris, and having arrived to-night at the Great Northern Station, King's Cross, had still a long journey before her.

Mr. Lovel lived near a small town called Holborough, in the depths of Yorkshire; a dreary little town enough, but boasting several estates of considerable importance in its neighborhood, having picturesque surroundings too, and being within an easy walk of the sea-shore. In days gone by the Lovels had been people of high standing in this northern region, and Clarissa had yet to learn how far that standing was diminished.

She had been seated about five minutes in a comfortable corner of a first-class carriage, with a thick shawl over her knees, and all her little girlish trifles of books and traveling-bags gathered about her, and she had begun to flatter herself with the pleasing fancy that she was to have the compartment to herself for the first stage of the journey, perhaps for the whole of the journey, when a porter flung open the door with a bustling air, and a gentleman came in, with more traveling-rugs, canes, and umbrellas, Russia-leather bags and dispatch-boxes, than Clarissa had ever before beheld a traveler encumbered with. He came into the carriage very quietly, however, in spite of this impedimenta, arranged his belongings in a methodical manner, and without the slightest inconvenience to Miss Lovel, and then seated himself next the door, upon the farther side of the carriage.

Clarissa looked at him rather anxiously, wondering whether they two were to be solitary companions throughout the whole of that long night journey. She had no prudish horror of such a position, only a natural girlish shyness in the presence of a stranger.

The traveler was a man of about six or eight and twenty, tall, broad-shouldered, with long arms, and powerful-looking hands, ungloved, and bronzed a little by sun and wind. There was the same healthy bronze upon his face, Clarissa perceived, when he took off his hat and hung it up above him; rather a handsome face, with a long straight nose, dark blue eyes with thick brown eyebrows, a well-cut mouth and chin, and a thick thatch of crisp dark brown hair waving round a broad, intelligent-looking forehead. The firm, full upper lip was half hidden by a carefully trained mustache, and in his dress and bearing the stranger had altogether a military air: one could fancy him a cavalry soldier. That bare, muscular hand seemed made to grasp the massive hilt of a sabre.

His expression was grave—grave and a little proud, Clarissa thought; and, unused as she was to lonely wanderings in this outer world, she felt somehow that this man was a gentleman, and that she need be troubled by no fear that he would make his presence in any way unpleasant to her, let their journey together last as long as it would.

She sank back into her corner with a feeling of relief. It would have been more agreeable for her to have had the carriage to herself; but if she must needs have a companion, there was nothing obnoxious in this one.

For about an hour they sped on in silence. This evening train was not exactly an express, but it was a tolerably quick train, and the stoppages were not frequent. The dull gray twilight melted into a fair, tranquil night. The moon rose early, and the quiet English landscape seemed very fair to Clarissa Lovel in that serene light. She watched the shadowy fields flitting past—here and there a still pool or a glimpse of running water, beyond the sombre darkness of wooded hills, and above that dark background a calm, starry sky. Who shall say what dim poetic thoughts were in her mind that night as she looked at these things? Life was so new to her, the future such an unknown country—a paradise perhaps, or a drear gloomy waste, across which she must travel with bare, bleeding feet. How should she know? She only knew that she was going home to a father who had never loved her, who had deferred the day of her coming as long as it was possible for him decently to do so.

The traveler in the opposite corner of the carriage glanced at Miss Lovel now and then as she looked out of the window. He could just contrive to see her profile, dimly lighted by the flickering oil lamp; a very perfect profile, he thought; a forehead that was neither too high nor too low, a small aquiline nose, a short upper lip, and the prettiest mouth and chin in the world. It was just a shade too pensive now, the poor little mouth, he thought, pityingly; and he wondered what it was like when it smiled. And then he began to arrange his lines for winning the smile he wanted so much to see from those thoughtful lips. It was, of course, for the gratification of the idlest, most vagabond curiosity that he was eager to settle this question; but then, on such a long, dreary journey, a man may be forgiven for a good deal of idle curiosity.

He wondered who his companion was, and how she came to be traveling alone, so young, so pretty, so much in need of an escort. There was nothing in her costume to hint at poverty, nor does poverty usually travel in first-class carriages. She might have her maid lurking somewhere in the second-class, he said to himself. In any case, she was a lady. He had no shadow of doubt about that.

She was tall, above the ordinary height of women. There was a grace in the long, flowing lines of her figure more striking than the beauty of her face. The long, slim throat, the sloping shoulder, not to be disguised even by the clumsy folds of a thick shawl. These the traveler noted, in a lazy contemplative mood, as he lolled in his corner, meditating an easy opening for a conversation with his fair fellow-voyager.

He let some little time slip by in this way, being a man to whom haste was almost unknown. This idle artistic consideration of Miss Lovel's beauty was a quiet kind of enjoyment for him. She, for her part, seemed absorbed in watching the landscape—a very commonplace English landscape in the gentleman's eyes—and was in no way disturbed by his placid admiration

He had a heap of newspapers and magazines, thrown pell-mell into the empty seat next him; and arousing himself with a faint show of effort presently, he began to turn these over with a careless hand.

The noise of his movements startled Clarissa; she looked across at him, and their eyes met. This was just what he wanted. He had been curious to see her eyes. They were hazel and very beautiful, completing the charm of her face.

"May I offer you some of these things?" he said. "I have a reading-lamp in one of my bags, which I will light for you in a moment. I won't pledge myself for your finding the magazines very amusing, but any thing is better than the blankness of a long, dreary journey."

"Thank you, you are very kind; but I don't care about reading to-night; I could not give you so much trouble."

"Pray don't consider that. It is not a question of a moment's trouble. I'll light the lamp, and then you can do as you like about the magazines."

He stood up, unlocked one of his traveling-bags, the interior of which glittered like a miniature arsenal, and took out a lamp, which he lighted in a rapid, dextrous manner, though without the faintest appearance of haste, and fixed with a brass apparatus of screws and bolts to the arm of Clarissa's seat. Then he brought her a pile of magazines, which she received in her lap, not a little embarrassed by this unexpected attention. He had called her suddenly from strange, vague dreams of the future, and it was not easy to come altogether back to the trivial, commonplace present.

She thanked him graciously for his politeness, but she had not smiled yet.

"Never mind," the traveler said to himself; "that will come in good time."

He had the easiest way of taking all things in life, this gentleman; and having established Clarissa with her lamp and books, sank lazily back into his corner, and gave himself up to a continued contemplation of the fair young face, almost as calmly as if it had been some masterpiece of the painter's art in a picture-gallery.

The magazines were amusing to Miss Lovel. They beguiled her away from those shapeless visions of days to come. She began to read, at first with very little thought of the page before her, but, becoming interested by degrees, read on until her companion grew tired of the silence.

He looked at his watch—the prettiest little toy in gold and enamel, with elaborate monogram and coat of arms—a watch that looked like a woman's gift. They had been nearly three hours on their journey.

"I do not mean to let you read any longer," he said, changing his seat to one opposite Clarissa. "That lamp is very well for an hour or so, but after that time the effect upon one's eyesight is the reverse of beneficial. I hope your book is not very interesting."

"If you will allow me to finish this story," Clarissa pleaded, scarcely lifting her eyes from the page. It was not particularly polite, perhaps, but it gave the stranger an admirable opportunity for remarking the dark thick lashes, tinged with the faintest gleam of gold, and the perfect curve of the full white eyelids.

"Upon my soul, she is the loveliest creature I ever saw," he said to himself; and then asked, persistently, "Is the story a long one?"

"Only about half a dozen pages more. Oh, do please let me finish it!"

"You want to know what becomes of some one, or whom the heroine marries, of course. Well, to that extent I will be a party to the possible injury of your sight."

He still sat opposite to her, watching her in the old lazy way, while she read the last few pages of the magazine story. When she came to the end—a fact of which he seemed immediately aware—he rose and extinguished the little reading-lamp with an air of friendly tyranny.

"Merciless, you see," he said, laughing. "Oh, *la jeunesse*, what a delicious thing it is! Here have I been tossing and tumbling those unfortunate books about for a couple of hours at a stretch without being able to fix my attention upon a single page; and here are you so profoundly absorbed in some trivial story that I dare say you have scarcely been conscious of the outer world for the last two hours. Oh, youth and freshness, what pleasant things they are while we can keep them!"

"We were not allowed to read fiction at Madame Marot's," Miss Lovel answered, simply. "Any thing in the way of an English story is a treat when one has had nothing to read but Racine and Télémaque for about six years of one's life."

"The Inimical Brothers, and Iphigenia, and so on. Well, I confess there are circumstances under which even Racine might become a bore; and Télémaque has long been a synonym for dreariness and dejection of mind. You have not seen Rachel? No, I suppose not. She was a great creature, and conjured the dry bones into living, breathing flesh. And Madame Marot's establishment, where you were so hardly treated, is a school, I conclude?"

"Yes, it is a school at Belforêt, near Paris. I have been there a long time, and am going home now to keep house for papa."

"Indeed! And is your journey a long one? Are we to be traveling companions for some time to come?"

"I am going rather a long way—to Holborough."

"I am very glad to hear that, for I am going farther myself, to the outer edge of Yorkshire, where I believe I am to do wonderful execution upon the birds. A fellow I know has taken a shooting-box yonder, and writes me most flourishing accounts of the sport. I know Holborough a little, by-the-way. Does your father live in the town?"

"Oh no; papa could never endure to live in a small country town. Our house is a couple of miles away—Arden Court; perhaps you know it?"

"Yes, I have been to Arden Court," the traveler answered, with rather a puzzled air. "And your papa lives at Arden. I—I did not know he had any other daughter," he added, in a lower key, to himself rather than to his companion. "Then I suppose I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss—"

"My name is Lovel. My father is Marmaduke Lovèl, of Arden Court."

The traveler looked at her with a still more puzzled air, as if singularly embarrassed by this simple announcement. He recovered himself quickly, however, with a slight effort.

"I am proud and happy to have made your acquaintance, Miss Lovel," he said; "your father's family is one of the best and oldest in the North Riding."

After this they talked of many things; of Clarissa's girlish experiences at Belforêt; of the traveler's wanderings, which seemed to have extended all over the world.

He had been a good deal in India, in the artillery, and was likely to return thither before long.

"I had rather an alarming touch of sun-stroke a year ago," he said; "and was altogether such a shattered, broken-up creature when I came home on sick leave that my mother tried her hardest to induce me to sell out; but though I would do almost any thing in the world to please her, I could not bring myself to do that. A man without a profession is such a lost wretch. It is rather hard upon her, poor soul; for my elder brother died not very long ago, and she has only my vagabond self left. 'He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'"

"I have no mother," Clarissa said, mournfully; "mine died when I was quite a little thing. I always envy people who can speak of a mother."

"But, on the other hand, I am fatherless, you see," the gentleman said, smiling. But Clarissa's face did not reflect his smile.

"Ah, that is a different thing," she said, softly.

They went on talking for a long while, talking about the widest range of subjects; and their flight across the moonlit country, which grew darker by-and-by as that tender light waned, seemed swifter than Clarissa could have imagined possible had the train been the most desperate thing in the way of an express. She had no vulgar commonplace shyness, mere schoolgirl as she was, and she had, above all, a most delightful unconsciousness of her own beauty; so she was quickly at home with the stranger, listening to him, and talking to him with a perfect ease, which seemed to him a natural attribute of high breeding.

"A Lovel," he said to himself once, in a brief interval of silence; "and so she comes of that unlucky race. It is scarcely strange that she should be beautiful and gifted. I wonder what my mother would say if she knew that my northern journey had brought me for half a dozen hours *tête-à-tête* with a Lovel? There would be actual terror for her in the notion of such an accident. What a noble look this girl has!—an air that only comes after generations of blue blood untainted by vulgar admixture. The last of such a race is a kind of crystallization, dangerously, fatally brilliant—the concentration of all the forces that have gone before."

At one of their halting-places Miss Lovel's companion insisted upon bringing her a cup of coffee and a sponge-cake, and waited upon her with a most brotherly attention. At Normanton they changed to a branch line, and had to wait an hour and a half in that coldest, dreariest period of the night that comes before daybreak. Here the stranger established Clarissa in a shabby little waiting-room, where he made up the fire with his own hands, and poked it into a blaze with his walking-stick; having done which, he went out into the bleak night, and paced the platform briskly for nearly an hour, smoking a couple of those cigars which would have beguiled his night journey had he been alone.

He had some thoughts of a third cigar, but put it back into his case, and returned to the waiting-room.

"I'll go and have a little more talk with the prettiest woman I ever met in my life," he said to himself. "It is not very likely that we two shall ever see each other again. Let me carry away the memory of her face, at any rate. And she is a Lovel! Will she be as unfortunate as the rest of her race, I wonder? God forbid!"

Clarissa was sitting by the fire in the dingy little waiting-room, with one elbow resting on the arm of her chair, her chin leaning on her hand, and her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon a dull red chasm in the coals. She had taken off her gray felt hat, and she looked older without it, the traveler thought, in spite of her wealth of waving dark brown hair, gathered into a great coil of plaits at the back of the graceful head. Perhaps it was that thoughtful expression which made her look older than she had seemed to him in the railway carriage, the gentleman argued with himself; a very grave, anxious expression for a girl's face. She had, indeed, altogether the aspect of a woman rather than of a girl who had just escaped from boarding-school, and to whom the cares of life must needs be unknown.

She was thinking so deeply that she did not hear the opening of the door, or her fellow-traveler's light footstep as he crossed the room. He was standing on the opposite side of the fire-place, looking down at her, before she was aware of his presence. Then she raised her head with a start, and he saw her blush for the first time.

"You must have been absorbed in some profound meditation, Miss Lovel," he said, lightly.

"I was thinking of the future."

"Meaning your own future. Why, at your age the future ought to be a most radiant vision."

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"Indeed it is not that. It is all clouds and darkness. I do not see that one must needs be happy because one is young. There has been very little happiness in my life yet a while: only the dreary, monotonous routine of boarding-school."

"But all that is over now, and life is just beginning for you. I wish I were eighteen instead of eight-and-twenty."

"Would you live your life over again?"

The traveler laughed.

"That's putting a home question," he said. "Well, perhaps not exactly the same life, though it has not been a bad one. But I should like the feeling of perfect youth, the sense of having one's full inheritance of life lying at one's banker's, as it were, and being able to draw upon the amount a little recklessly, indifferent as to the waste of a year or two. You see I have come to a period of existence in which a man has to calculate his resources. If I do not find happiness within the next seven years I am never likely to find it at all. At five-and-thirty a man has done with a heart, in a moral and poetic sense, and begins to entertain vague alarms on the subject of fatty degeneration."

Clarissa smiled faintly, as if the stranger's idle talk scarcely beguiled her from her own thoughts.

"You said you had been at Arden," she began, rather abruptly; "then you must know papa."

"No, I have not the honor to know Mr. Lovel," with the same embarrassed air which he had exhibited before in speaking of Arden Court. "But I am acquainted—or I was acquainted, rather, for he and I have not met for some time—with one member of your family, a Mr. Austin Lovel."

"My brother," Clarissa said, quietly, and with a dark shadow upon her face.

"Your brother; yes, I supposed as much."

"Poor Austin! It is very sad. Papa and he are ill friends. There was some desperate quarrel between them a few years ago; I do not even know what about, and Austin was turned out-of-doors, never to come back any more. Papa told me nothing about it, though it was the common talk at Holborough. It was only from a letter of my aunt's that I learned what had happened; and I am never to speak of Austin when I go home, my aunt told me."

"Very hard lines," said the stranger, with a sympathetic air. "He was wild, I suppose, in the usual way. Your brother was in a line regiment when I knew him; but I think I heard afterward that he had sold out, and had dropped away from his old set—had emigrated, I believe, or something of that kind; exactly the thing I should do if I found myself in difficulties; turn backwoodsman, and wed some savage woman, who should rear my dusky race, and whose kindred could put me in the way to make my fortune by cattle-dealing; having done which, I should, of course, discover that fifty years of Europe are worth more than a cycle of Cathay, and should turn my steps homeward with a convenient obliviousness upon the subject of the savage woman."

He spoke lightly, trying to win Clarissa from her sad thoughts, and with the common masculine idea that a little superficial liveliness of this kind can lighten the load of a great sorrow.

"Come, Miss Lovel, I would give the world to see you smile. Do you know that I have been watching for a smile ever since I first saw your face, and have not surprised one yet? Be sure your brother is taking life pleasantly enough in some quarter of the globe. We worthless young fellows always contrive to fall upon our feet."

"If I could believe that he was happy, if I could think that he was leading an honorable life any where, I should not feel our separation so much," the girl said, mournfully; "but to be quite ignorant of his fate, and not to be allowed to mention his name, that is hard to bear. I can not tell you how fond I was of him when we were children. He was seven years older than I, and so clever. He wanted to be a painter, but papa would not hear of that. Yet I think he might have been happier if he had been allowed to have his own way. He had a real genius for art."

"And you, too, are fond of art, I suppose?" hazarded the traveler, more interested in the young lady herself than in this reprobate brother of hers.

"Yes, I am very fond of it. It is the only thing I really care for. Of course, I like music to a certain extent; but I love painting with my whole heart."

"Happy art, to be loved by so fair a votary! And you dabble with brushes and colors, of course?"

"A little."

"A true young lady's answer. If you were a Raffaelle in glacé silk and crinoline you would tell me no more than that. I can only hope that some happy accident will one day give me an opportunity of judging for myself. And now, I think you had better put on your hat. Our train will be in almost immediately."

She obeyed him, and they went out together to the windy platform, where the train rumbled in presently. They took their places in a carriage, the gentleman bundling in his rugs and traveling-bags and dispatch-boxes with very little ceremony; but this time they were not alone. A plethoric gentleman, of the commercial persuasion, was sleeping laboriously in one corner.

The journey to Holborough lasted a little less than an hour. Miss Lovel and her companion did not talk much during that time. She was tired and thoughtful, and he respected her silence. As she drew nearer home the happiness she had felt in her return seemed to melt away somehow, leaving vague anxieties and morbid forebodings in its stead. To go home to a father who would only be bored by her coming. It was not a lively prospect for a girl of eighteen.

The dull cold gray dawn was on the house-tops of Holborough as the train stopped at the little station. The traveler alighted, and assisted Clarissa's descent to the platform.

"Can I see about your luggage, Miss Lovel?" he asked; but looking up at that moment the girl caught sight of a burly gentleman in a white neckcloth, who was staring in every direction but the right one.

"Thank you very much; no, I need not trouble you. My uncle Oliver is here to meet me—that stout gentleman over there."

"Then I can only say good-by. That tiresome engine is snorting with a fiendish impatience to bear me away. Good-by, Miss Lovel, and a thousand thanks for the companionship that has made this journey so pleasant to me."

He lifted his hat and went back to the carriage as the stout gentleman approached Clarissa. He would fain have shaken hands with her, but refrained from that unjustifiable familiarity. And so, in the bleak early autumnal dawn, they parted.

CHAPTER II.

MILL COTTAGE.

"WHO on earth was that man you were talking to, Clary?" asked the Reverend Mathew Oliver, when he had seen his niece's luggage carried off to a fly, and was conducting her to that vehicle. "Is it any one you know?"

"Oh no, uncle; only a gentleman who traveled in the same carriage with me from London. He was very kind."

"You seemed unaccountably familiar with him," said Mr. Oliver, with an aggrieved air; "you ought to be more reserved, my dear, at your age. A young lady traveling alone can not be too careful. Indeed, it was very wrong of your father to allow you to make this long journey alone. Your aunt has been quite distressed about it."

Clarissa sighed faintly, but was not deeply concerned by the idea of her aunt's distress. Distress of mind on account of some outrage of propriety on the part of her relatives was, indeed, almost the normal condition of that lady.

"I traveled very comfortably, I assure you, Uncle Oliver," Clarissa replied. "No one was in the least rude or unpleasant. And I am so glad to come home—I can scarcely tell you how glad—though, as I came nearer and nearer, I began to have all kinds of fanciful anxieties. I hope that all is well—that papa is quite himself."

"Oh yes, my dear; your papa is—himself," answered the parson, in a tone that implied that he did not say very much for Mr. Lovel in admitting that fact. "Your papa is well enough in health, or as well as he will ever acknowledge himself to be. Of course a man who neither hunts nor shoots, and seldom gets out of bed before ten o'clock in the day, can't expect to be remarkably robust. But your father will live to a good old age, child, rely upon it, in spite of every thing."

"Am I going straight home, uncle?"

"Well, yes. Your aunt wished you to breakfast at the Rectory; but there are your trunks, you see, and altogether I think it's better for you to go home at once. You can come and see us as often as you like."

"Thank you, uncle. It was very kind of you to meet me at the station. Yes, I think it will be best for me to go straight home. I'm a little knocked up with the journey. I haven't slept five minutes since I left Madame Marot's at daybreak yesterday."

"You're looking rather pale; but you look remarkably well in spite of that—remarkably well. These six years have changed you from a child into a woman. I hope they gave you a good education yonder—a solid, practical education that will stand by you."

"I think so, uncle. We were almost always at our studies. It was very hard work."

"So much the better. Life is meant to be hard work. You may have occasion to make use of your education some day, Clary."

"Yes," the girl answered, with a sigh; "I know that we are poor."

"I suppose so; but perhaps you hardly know how poor."

"Whenever the time comes I shall be quite ready to work for papa," said Clarissa; yet she could not help wondering how the master of Arden Court could ever bring himself to send out his daughter as a governess; and then she had a vague childish recollection that not tens of pounds, but hundreds, and even thousands, had been wanted to stop the gaps in her father's exchequer.

They drove through Holborough High Street, where there was the faint stir and bustle of early morning—windows opening, a house-maid kneeling on a door-step here and there, an occasional tradesman taking down his shutters. They drove past the fringe of prim little villas on the outskirts of the town, and away along a country road toward Arden; and once more Clarissa saw the things that she had dreamed of so often in her narrow white bed in the bleak dormitory at Belforêt. Every hedge-row and clump of trees from which the withered leaves were drifting in the autumn wind, every white-walled cottage with moss-grown thatch and rustic garden, woke a faint rapture in her breast. It was home! She remembered her old friends, the cottagers, and wondered whether Goody Mason were still alive, and whether Widow Green's fair-haired children would remember her. She had taught them at the Sunday-school; but they, too, must have grown from childhood to womanhood, like herself, and were out at service, most likely, leaving Mrs. Green's cottage lonely.

She thought of these simple things, poor child, having so little else to think about on this her coming home. She was not so foolish as to expect any warm welcome from her father. If he had brought himself just to tolerate her coming, she had sufficient reason to be grateful. It was only a drive of two miles from Holborough to Arden. They stopped at a lodge-gate presently—a little Gothic lodge, which was bright with scarlet geraniums and chrysanthemums, and made splendid by railings of blue and gilded iron-work. Every thing had a bright, new look which surprised Miss Lovel, who was not accustomed to see such perfect order or such fresh paint about her father's domain.

"How nice every thing looks!" she said.

"Yes," answered her uncle, with a sigh; "the place is kept well enough nowadays."

A woman came out to open the gates—a brisk young person who was a stranger to Clarissa—not the feeble old lodge-keeper she remembered in her childhood. The change, slight as it was, gave her a strange, chill feeling.

"I wonder how many people that I knew are dead?" she thought.

They drove into the park, and here, too, even in this autumn season, Clarissa perceived traces of care and order that were strange to her. The carriage road was newly graveled, the chaos of under-wood among the old trees had disappeared, the broad sweeps of grass were smooth and level as a lawn; and there were men at work in the early morning planting rare specimens of the fir tribe in a new inclosure, which filled a space that had been bared twenty years before by Mr. Lovel's depredations upon the timber.

All this bewildered Clarissa; but she was still more puzzled when, instead of approaching the Court, the fly turned sharply into a road leading across a thickly wooded portion of the park, through which there was a public right of way leading to the village of Arden.

"The man is going wrong, uncle!" she exclaimed.

"No, no, my dear; the man is right enough."

"But indeed, Uncle Oliver, he is driving to the village."

"And he has been told to drive to the village."

"Not to the Court?"

"To the Court! Why, of course not. What should we have to do at the Court at half past seven in the morning?"

"But I am going straight home to papa, am I not?"

"Certainly."

And then, after staring at his niece's bewildered countenance for a few moments, Mr. Oliver exclaimed,

"Why, surely, Clary, your father told you—"

"Told me what, uncle?"

"That he had sold Arden."

"Sold Arden! Oh, uncle, uncle!"

She burst into tears. Of all things upon this earth she had loved the grand old mansion where her childhood had been spent. She had so little else to love, poor lonely child, that it was scarcely strange she should attach herself to lifeless things. How fondly she had remembered the old place in all those dreary years of exile, dreaming of it as we dream of some lost friend! And it was gone from her forever! Her father had bartered away that most precious birthright.

"Oh, how could he do it! how could do it!" she cried, piteously.

"Why, my dear Clary, you can't suppose it was a matter of choice with him. 'Needs must when'—I dare say you know the vulgar proverb. Necessity has no law. Come, come, my dear, don't cry; your father won't like to see you with red eyes. It was very wrong of him not to tell you about the sale of Arden—excessively wrong. But that's just like Marmaduke Lovel; always ready to shirk any thing unpleasant, even to the writing of a disagreeable letter."

"Poor dear papa! I don't wonder he found it hard to write about such a thing; but it would have been better for me to have known. It is such a bitter disappointment to come home and find the dear old place gone from us. Has it been sold very long?"

"About two years. A rich manufacturer bought it—something in the cloth way, I believe. He has retired from business, however, and is said to be overwhelmingly rich. He has spent a great deal of money upon the Court already, and means to spend more, I hear."

"Has he spoiled it—modernized it, or any thing of that kind?"

"No; I am glad to say that he—or his architect perhaps—has had the good taste to preserve the medieval character of the place. He has restored the stone-work, renewing all the delicate external tracery where it was lost or decayed, and has treated the interior in the same manner. I have dined with Mr. Granger once or twice since the work was finished, and I must say the place is now one of the finest in Yorkshire—perhaps the finest, in its peculiar way. I doubt if there is so perfect a specimen of Gothic domestic architecture in the county."

"And it is gone from us forever!" said Clarissa, with a profound sigh.

"Well, my dear Clary, it is a blow, certainly; I don't deny that. But there is a bright side to every thing; and really your father could not afford to live in the place. It was going to decay in the most disgraceful manner. He is better out of it; upon my word he is."

Clarissa could not see this. To lose Arden Court seemed to her unmitigated woe. She would rather have lived the dreariest, loneliest life in one corner of the grand old house than have occupied a modern palace. It was as if all the pleasant memories of her childhood had been swept away from her with the loss of her early home. This was indeed beginning the world; and a blank, dismal world it appeared to Clarissa Lovel on this melancholy October morning.

They stopped presently before a low wooden gate, and looking out of the window of the fly, Miss Lovel saw a cottage which she remembered as a dreary, uninhabited place, always to let; a cottage with a weedy garden, and a luxuriant growth of monthly roses and honeysuckle covering it from basement to roof; not a bad sort of place for a person of small means and pretensions, but oh! what a descent from the ancient splendor of Arden Court—that Arden which had belonged to the Lovels ever since the land on which it stood was given to Sir Warren Wyndham Lovel, knight, by his gracious master King Edward IV., in acknowledgment of that warrior's services in the great struggle between Lancaster and York!

There were old-fashioned casement windows on the upper story, and queer little dormers in the roof. Below, roomy bows had been added at a much later date than the building of the cottage. The principal door-way was sheltered by a rustic porch, spacious and picturesque, with a bench on each side of the entrance. The garden was tolerably large, and in decent order; and beyond the garden was a fine old orchard, divided from lawn and flower-beds only by a low hedge, full of bush roses and sweet-brier. It was a very pretty place in summer, not unpicturesque even at this bleak season; but Clarissa was thinking of lost Arden, and she looked at Mill Cottage with mournful, unadmiring eyes. There had been a mill attached to the place once. The old building was there still, indeed, converted into a primitive kind of stable; hence its name of Mill Cottage. The stream still ran noisily a little way behind the house, and made the boundary which divided the orchard from the lands of the lord of Arden. Mill Cottage was on the very edge of Arden Court. Clarissa wondered that her father could have pitched his tent on the borders of his lost heritage.

"I think I would have gone to the other end of the world, had I been in his place," she said to herself.

An elderly woman-servant came out, in answer to the flyman's summons; and, at her call, a rough-looking young man emerged from the wooden gate opening into a rustic-looking stable-yard, where the lower half of the old mill stood, half hidden by ivy and other greenery, and where there were dove-cotes and a dog-kennel.

Mr. Oliver superintended the removal of his niece's trunks, and then stepped back into the fly.

"There's not the slightest use in my stopping to see your father, Clary," he said; "he won't show for a couple of hours at least. Good-by, my dear; make yourself as comfortable as you can. And come and see your aunt as soon as you've recovered from your long journey; and keep up your spirits, my dear.—Martha, be sure you give Miss Lovel a good breakfast.—Drive back to the Rectory, coachman.—Good-by, Clarissa;" and feeling that he had shown his niece every kindness that the occasion required, Mr. Oliver bowled merrily homeward. He was a gentleman who took life easily—a pastor of the Broad-Church—tolerably generous and good to his poor; not given to abnormal services or daily morning prayer; content to do duty at Holborough parish church twice on a Sunday, and twice more in the week; hunting a little every season, in a black coat, for the benefit of his health, as he told his parishioners; and shooting a good deal; fond of a good horse, a good cellar, a good dinner, and well-filled conservatories and glass-houses; altogether a gentleman for whom life was a pleasant journey through a prosperous country. He had, some twenty years before, married Frances Lovel, a very handsome woman—just a little faded at the time of her marriage—without fortune. There were no children at Holborough Rectory, and every thing about the house and gardens bore that aspect of perfect order only possible to a domain in which there are none of those juvenile destroyers.

"Poor girl," Mr. Oliver muttered to himself, as he jogged comfortably homeward, wondering whether his people would have the good sense to cook "those grouse" for breakfast. "Poor Clary, it was very hard upon her; and just like Marmaduke, not to tell her."

PUNCTUALITY.

PUNCTUALITY is proverbially not a feminine virtue, yet most necessary to those who seek for employment. As regards gaining it, the whole fortune of a woman's life may turn on her punctuality or unpunctuality.

Some persons have a most mistaken notion of punctuality, and fancy that it consists in never being later than the time appointed. With this loose idea they are quite content. But to come before the time fixed for an appointment is an equal want of punctuality with coming too late, and is often quite as inconvenient to the other person or persons concerned.

Be punctual both in keeping engagements and in your fulfillment of work. Let the one be scrupulously finished on the day promised, let the other be kept to a minute. Let experience teach that your word is thoroughly to be relied on.

Not a word can be said in excuse for those who are late in keeping engagements, or who promise what they can not perform in the time. They are utterly inexcusable. In them zeal and discretion are alike wanting; either they have undertaken what they can not do, or they are so wanting in energy, and so dilatory, that they will not exert themselves to do it. In either case, much to blame; in the latter, deserving of whatever ill may befall them. You will do well rather to overestimate than underestimate the time you require for work. This is an error you can easily remedy. But err once or twice on the other side, and you will find it hard ever to establish a character for punctuality. And unpunctuality is a fault which, in self-defense, an employer can not overlook.

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Fig. 1.—Short Cloth Cloak with Double Cape.—See page 216.
For jacket and description see Supplement, No. 2, Fig. 2.

Fig. 2.—Silk and Alpaca Cloak.
For jacket and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 2.

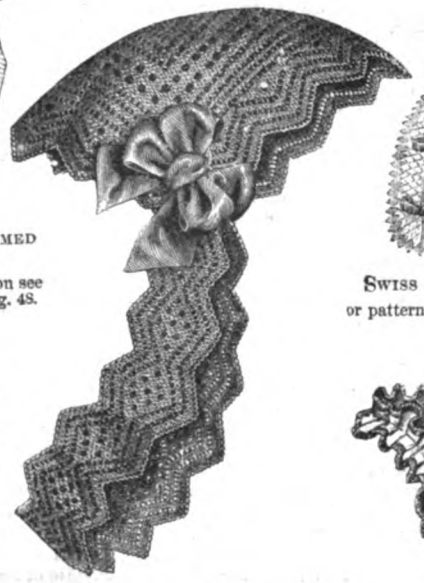
Fig. 3.—Short Cloak with Hanging Sleeves.
For jacket and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 2.

Fig. 4.—Jacket Basque for Young Lady.
For description see Supplement.

BRIDAL AND EVENING DRESSES. Page 1-4.

SWISS MUSLIN BREAKFAST CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 20 and 21.

SWISS MUSLIN BREAKFAST CAP TRIMMED WITH BOWS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 48.



KNITTED FANCHON WITH COLORED GROS GRAIN TRIMMING.

Knitted Fanchon.

THIS fanchon, which may be worn as a breakfast cap, is worked with rather coarse tatting cotton, and trimmed at the side with a bow of blue gros grain ribbon. Work, first, the diamond-shaped crown, and then the edging and strings together. Begin the crown with a foundation of 4 st. (stitches), and on this work the 1st round as follows: T. t. o. (throw the thread over) and k. (knit plain) the remaining st. All the rounds of the foundation numbered with an *odd* number are worked in the same manner, and the t. t. o. are always worked off as a st. 2d round.—T. t. o., 1 k., n. (narrow—that is, k. 2 st. together), t. t. o., 2 k. 4th round.—T. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 6th round.—T. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 8th round.—Twice alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 10th round.—Twice alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 12th round.—Twice alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k.; then twice alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 14th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 2 k., and twice alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 16th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 1 k., and three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 18th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., and three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k.

SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE CAP.
or pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 50.

SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FANCHON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 51.

20th and 22d rounds.—Like the 18th round, but at the middle of the 20th round work 5 k. instead of 3, and at the middle of the 22d round work 7 k. instead of 3. 24th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., 4 k., three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. Work the following (25th) round in the usual manner, but in this round, as in the following rounds of the work, work 1 k., 1 p. (purl) on the 2 t. t. o. 26th round.—Like the 18th round, but at the middle work 12 k. 28th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; then three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 30th round.—Like the 18th round, but at the middle work 16 k. 32d round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; then three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 34th round.—Like the 18th round, but at the middle work 8 k.; on the st. before the middle hole of the round 1 k., 1 p., then 2 k., on the following st. 1 k., 1 p., then 8 k. 36th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 2 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; then three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 38th round.—Like the 18th round, but at the middle st. of the preceding round work 1 k., 1 p. 40th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 7 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; then three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 42d round.—Like the 18th round, but at the middle work 31 st. 44th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 5 k., t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; then three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 46th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 15 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 15 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 48th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 50th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 15 k., n., t. t. o., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 15 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 52d round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 54th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 15 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 15 k.; then three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 56th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 58th round.—Three times alter-

MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET BREAKFAST CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 49.

LACE AND VELVET CAP.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 22 and 23.

LACE BREAKFAST CAP TRIMMED WITH RUCHES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 52 and 53.

PALETOT WITH SOUTACHE EMBROIDERY FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 26-29.

POPLIN BASQUE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 43-45.

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nately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 15 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 15 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 60th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 8 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 62d round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 15 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 15 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 64th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k.; on the following 1 st. work 1 k., 1 p.; then 3 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 66th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 15 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 15 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 68th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 12 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. 70th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 15 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 15 k.; three times alternately t. t. o., n., 1 k. In the 71st, as in every following round designated with *odd* numbers, t. t. o. first, *then* n., and knit the remainder of each of these rounds plain. 72d round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 3 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 10 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 74th round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 15 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 2 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 2 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 15 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k.

Henceforth work the second half of the crown (the 70th round forms the middle line) in the same design as the first half. Work the first 12 st. and last 11 st. of the pattern rows in the same manner as in the 72d and 74th rounds, so that the holes of each pattern row may be brought nearer the middle in the ratio in which they were removed from the middle in the first half of the crown. Having completed the crown, cast off the st. of the last round tightly. For the edging on the front edge of the fanchon make a foundation of 8 st., and going backward and forward work on these as follows: 1st round.—T. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 2 k. 2d round.—Sl. (slip), and k. the remaining st. All the rounds numbered with *even* numbers are worked in the same manner as the 2d round. Work the 3d, 5th, 7th, 9th, and 11th rounds in the same manner as the 1st round, but in each succeeding round increase the number of k. after the last t. t. o. by 1 st. 13th round.—T. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 2 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 2 k. 15th round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., k. the remaining stitches. Work the 17th, 19th, 21st, 23d, and 25th rounds like the 15th round, but diminish the number of k. in each successive pattern row by 1 st. This completes one point of the edging. Repeat the 2d to 25th rounds six times, so that the lace counts seven points. In connection with the st. of the last round cast on six additional st., and on all these st. work the strings as follows: 1st round.—T. t. o., k. the remaining st. of the round. (Work the 3d, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, and 13th rounds of the scarf like the 1st round.) 2d round.—T. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 4 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 4th round.—Like the 2d round, but between the two middle t. t. o. work 6 k. instead of 4 k. 6th round.—T. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 2 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 8th round.—Like the 2d round, but between the middle two t. t. o. 10 k. 10th round.—T. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 3 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 12th round.—Like the 2d round, but between the two middle t. t. o. 14 k. 14th round.—T. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 2 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 15th round.—T. t. o., n.; k. the remaining st.; in the same manner work the 17th, 19th, 21st, 23d, 25th, and 27th rounds. 16th round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 12 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 18th round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 20th round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 8 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 22d round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 24th round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 4 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 26th round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 2 k., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 28th round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. Repeat the 1st to 28th rounds ten times. This completes the border. On the first 11 st. of the last round (the remaining st. of the round are gathered on a thread, and left unnoticed for the present) work the lace for the back of the fanchon. 1st round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n., t. t. o., 2 k. 2d round.—Sl., k. the remaining st. In this way work all the rounds numbered with an *even* number. Work the 3d, 5th, 7th, 9th and 11th rounds in the same manner, but after the last t. t. o. of each round increase the number of k. by 1 st. 13th round.—Three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., n.; then t. t. o., 2 k., n., 2 t. t. o., n., 2 k. 15th round.—T. t. o., n., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., k. the remaining st. plain. Work the 17th, 19th, 21st, 23d, and 25th rounds like the 15th round, but in each succeeding round diminish the k. at the end of the round by 1 st. The 25th round completes one point of the lace. Repeat the 2d to 25th rounds, and finally knit the st. of the last round together with the foundation st. of the brides. In the same manner join the foundation st. of the narrower edging with the st. of the scarf previously gathered on a thread. Now join the narrower edging with the front edge of the fanchon, and the wider edging with the back edge of the fanchon; gather the st. of the crosswise edges, or ends of the crown, closely, and sew them to the under side of the strings. Sew on the bow as shown by the illustration.

Mignardise and Crochet Breakfast Cap.

See illustration on page 217.

THIS breakfast cap is made of fine mignardise and fine twisted crochet cotton. Through the open-work strips lilac satin ribbon three-tenths of an inch wide is run. Strings and bow of lilac satin ribbon an inch and a quarter wide. The strings are trimmed all around with crochet edging. The crown of the cap, for which Fig. 49, Supplement, gives half of the pattern, consists of separate rows of crochet insertion, which must be overhanded together on the under side of the cap, as is shown by the illustration. The middle row of insertion must run parallel with the middle line of the pattern. For each row of insertion work first on the loops of one lengthwise edge of the insertion as follows: 1st round.—* 1 ltc. (long treble crochet) on the first loop, 1 ch. (chain stitch), 1 tc. (treble crochet) on each of the following 4 loops; after each of these tc. 1 ch., 1 ltc. on the following loop, pass over 6 loops, and repeat from *. 2d round.—After each upright st. (stitch) of the preceding round 1 dc. (double crochet); after each dc. 1 ch. 3d round.—2 sc. (single crochet) on each ch. of the preceding round. 4th round.—Always alternately 2 dc., 2 ch.; with the latter pass over 2 st. of the preceding round. 5th round.—2 stc. (short treble crochet) on each 2 dc. of the preceding round; after these 2 ch. 6th round.—2 dc. on each 2 stc. of the preceding round; after these 2 ch. Finally work the 1st and 2d rounds on the other side of the mignardise; in the 1st round always pass over the 6 loops which are opposite to each 6 longest upright st. of the other side of the work; in this way the scallops shown by the illustration are formed. Sew the insertions together as indicated by Fig. 49, letting the edge counting 6 rounds of one insertion come together with the edge counting 3 rounds of the next insertion. On the front edge of the completed crown work a round of single crochet from the middle to it on each side, in doing which catch the ends of thread standing over, and hold in the crown slightly at the middle. On the remainder of the outer edge work alternately 1 stc., 2 ch., and pass over the requisite number of stitches with the latter; through this stc. round run a piece of white elastic tape ten inches and a half long. Through the 5th round on one side of each insertion run the narrow satin ribbon above referred to. For the lace at the front edge of the cap work on the loops of one side of a piece of mignardise as follows: 1st round.—* 1 sc. on each of the next 6 loops, after each sc. 1 ch.; pass over 6 loops, and repeat from *. 2d round.—* 2 sc. on the ch. between the 3d and 4th of the first 6 sc., 6 ch., and repeat from *. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 dc., 1 ch; with the latter pass over 1 st. of the preceding round. 4th round.—Always alternately 1 dc. on each ch., 1 ch. Now work on the loops on the other side of the mignardise; work one round like the 1st round, working each 6 sc. on the loops opposite the 6 loops passed over on the other side of the work. This round forms the scalloped outer edge of the edging. Sew this edging on the front edge of the cap from the middle to it on each side; at the middle of the front the edging must be laid in a few pleats. Trim the cap with a bow of satin ribbon, and sew on the strings. Work the edging for the latter in the same manner as that of the front of the cap, but on the 4th round work an additional open-work dc. round.

SNOW-DROPS.

SNOW-DROPS, beautiful snow-drops white,
Your fair heads nod in the dull gray light
Of the winter dawn, when the sole glad thing
Is the bold thrush tuning his pipe for Spring.

Elfins lurk in your tremulous bells,
When ye cower in the snow on the bare, bleak fells,
Where your green leaves gleam in a waste of white,
As the gold stars glint on a summer night,

With their calm, pure eyes in a sea of blue.
Ye shine, ye shine as a spirit true
Shines out with a holier steadier ray
When the dark night showeth least signs of day.

First flowers! oh, how doth their mention thrill
To the heart that is shrouded in winter still!
As the feeble wail of the new-born boy
In the mother-soul lights the lamp of joy.

Welcome ever the birth of Spring,
With her holy monitors whispering
Great Nature's lesson of simple truth
To the wayward ear and heart of youth!

Welcome, beautiful snow-drops white,
Harbingers of the sunshine bright;
Glad forerunners of lengthening hours,
Welcome, first of our Northern flowers!

A CAT WITH NINE LIVES.

SHE was once our pride, our glory! She became the torment of a peaceful household, a skeleton in our banqueting-hall, with this additional and unpleasant feature, that she wouldn't stay in the closet. But let me not anticipate.

I suppose there never was a family so devoted to cats as ours. It is a hereditary trait. Our maternal grandfather married a maiden lady of uncertain years, whom all her relatives agreed in pronouncing "a dreadful old cat." She had but one passion; it was for her puss. All that was richest and rarest—the breast of the chicken, the top layer of the cream—was reserved by long-established custom for this cherished favorite. The rocking-chair was her throne. Woe betide my grandfather if he attempted to usurp it. With her tail in a puff she flew at him (the cat, not my grandmother), and the vials of wrath were uncorked and emptied on his luckless head (by my grandmother, not the cat). All her property was left to our mother, her only child, with the exception of fifty dollars a year—a life interest—bequeathed to puss. My grandfather had not a stiver. And to us, too, she left the legacy of her prevailing passion. As a family, we are "cat mad."

"Whoe'er she be,
The not impossible she"—

the grimalkin of the moment—white, gray, black, tortoise-shell—rules the household. Never had monarch more obedient subjects. Lovely and cherished in their lives, in death they are not divided. A whole dynasty sleep in the garden, "each in his narrow cell forever laid," with a neat slab of shingle to mark his resting-place, bearing the name of the departed and the appropriate legend, "Rest-quiet-cat in pace." Genuine tears water these graves; and until we grew too big we always did them honor by walking thither in procession as a preliminary to interment. Need I say more, gentle reader? Do you not agree with me that if ever any people deserved well of the cat family, it is ourselves?

Her name *was* Paregoric in the happy days of youth and innocence. Afterward, when the blight came, it was changed to "Alaric." Truly she *was* a scourge. The outward animal was fair to look upon; but "handsome is that handsome does." That fur, soft and glossy, with its mottlings of yellow, black, and white; that waving tail; those lovely whiskers, so long, so winsome—had ceased to charm many, many weeks before she ceased to be!

What changed her nature I know not. It was something sudden—in a night, as it were. We went to bed, so to speak, hugging our chains. We awoke to find ourselves under the sway of a Fury—despotic, vindictive, irreconcilable. That Fury's name was Paregoric.

Kate skimmed the cream, as usual, and offered it on bended knee. This tribute our liege lady had been wont to receive graciously, with waving tail and titterating pur. This morning all was changed. With one foot planted in the saucer—a bold, free attitude (somehow it reminded me of the first Napoleon seizing the crown and placing it upon his own head)—she raised the other, and, hissing, clawed straight at Kate's cheek. No glove of velvet interposed—the long red mark attested that. And while Kate was rubbing the wound, clearing her saucer with fierce, resounding laps, she disappeared beneath the book-case. From this retreat nothing could entice her. In vain we prostrated ourselves; in vain adjured, in honeyed tones, "Pussy, pussy, *poor* pussy," to come forth. In vain Kate, her chief favorite, oblivious of injury, lay flat on the floor, wooing with every customary blandishment, and in literal pursuance of the Bible rule, "turning the other cheek." Nothing appeared except, for one instant, a quick, darting paw; when it disappeared, behold! there was a second scratch to match the first. What was to be done?

We hoped the grateful fragrance of dinner might prevail. So it did; but not precisely according to our meaning. The carving was barely commenced when, lo! a meteor appeared in mid-air—a meteor, or rather, I might say, a comet, for it bore a long tail. It was, in fact, the gentle Paregoric. With one bound she alighted in the middle of the platter. There, poised defiant, she made her selection, and, bone in mouth, executed another vault and regained her retreat. We were too stupefied to move—too wretched to eat. And the only sound which broke the awful stillness was a crunching from the distant book-case.

That dark day was but a prelude to many others. Emboldened by impunity, Paregoric waxed daily more insolent. She scratched, she bit, she made night hideous by caterwaulings, in which a select party of invited friends joined. It was at this time that she gained the name of Alaric. Sex considered, it was, perhaps, hardly appropriate; but then, as we contended, fiends have no sex. From her robber den beneath the book-case she made forays for revenge or plunder. No "Dicken-bend-the-bow" or "Wat of Harden" was ever more terrible. The tactics she employed were simple, like those of other freebooters; sudden sallies, sharp skirmishing, rapid retreat, and a desolated land behind her. One particularly dreadful feature was her using the spines of the family as a ladder or staircase for her vaulting ambition. It was so bad at last that nobody would sit that side the table, and we huddled on the other in a long cowering row. Order, symmetry, all household comfort, lost, our lives a burden, our tyrant equally inexorable and inaccessible, the time came when even gentle Kate revolted; and, first in whispers, then aloud, the resolution of our souls found vent in words. Pussy must be disposed of.

But how? We tried gentle methods. We "enticed" her, not "with handspikes," but with a persuasive broomstick, to leave the premises at once. She defied us. Like love, turned from the door, she entered again by way of the window. We invited her to drive, and, selecting a desirable farm-house at a distance from home, dropped her and drove away. The first time, taken by surprise, she was actually got out of the wagon; but, alas! the road was familiar to her as to ourselves, and when we got home she was there to greet us. At the second and third attempt she resolutely refused to be put out, and by dint of claws and teeth carried the point. Subsequently—grown wary—she disappeared the moment the horse came to the door. It was no use trying to "lose" her. Something more effectual was needed; it came to this: the cat must be killed.

Easy to say, but who was to do it? Kate, with her honorable scars still unhealed? Little Amy, shy and fair as a white kitten herself? Were they to be executioners? or was I, who could not put a cockroach to death without a pang, even when caught *flagrante delicto* in the sugar basin? Impossible! All our hopes centred in Edward. He was coming home! He was a man! He had a pistol! He would rid us of Alaric the Scourge.

Edward came. He is our only brother, and though I say it as shouldn't, the best boy in the world. His passion for cats equals our own. When we informed him the very first evening that Paregoric—otherwise Alaric—was to be sent to her account by his instrumentality, he became absolutely rigid with horror.

"Kill her!" he cried, "why, girls, what a cruel notion. Such a beauty, too. Poor puss! poor puss!" He stroked her glossy fur as she passed. "See, now, all she wants is gentle treatment," he went on, triumphantly—"gentle treatment, darlings. Try it a while, and you'll be convinced. You must have been rough with the poor thing."

Before long he changed his opinion. When his breakfast had thrice vanished from his plate—when a permanent cold chill had been established down his back, and his hands and face, by dint of repeated scratches, resembled a South Sea Islander's in full tattoo—"the deep damnation of her taking off" became easier of contemplation. He first endured, then embraced the idea. One morning he was seen cleaning his pistol, and soon after breakfast, with white lips, he announced that the hour had come—the hour and the man!

The girls fled up stairs. I shut my door. I was glad, but somehow didn't exactly want to hear the pop. However, by dint of straining my hearing not to hear, I heard; and next moment an agitated pair of boots clattered along the entry, and Edward flung the door open.

"Oh, Mary!"

"What is it?" I cried, for he was deadly pale.

"Dreadful! dreadful!" he gasped. "That poor animal! I have wounded—mangled her, without killing! She has crept away somewhere to die in agony!" And he sank in a chair and gave vent to a series of low groans.

"Where did it happen?"

"Out in the yard. She was chasing chickens, and had killed two. That gave me courage to fire; and when I looked she was just vanishing into the barn. She will die there by inches. I can not bear to think of it."

"What can we do?"

"Oh, I don't know!" flinging himself about. "You might go out and see if you could find her—and—yes, Mary dear, take the ether bottle with you; perhaps it may relieve her sufferings a little. Oh! oh!"

He was so miserable that I made him lie on the sofa, while Kate and I, bearing our palliative, went in search of his victim. High and low did we look—through loft, barn-yard and haymow; pathetically did we cry, "Kitty, kitty!" No answering mew replied. After an hour and a half we came back, shocked, excited, but with a certain sense of relief. The "scourge" was actually disposed of.

Alas! That evening, as we sat, a happy family, enjoying the cup which cheers without inebriating, and a repose of spirit long unknown, a heavy body, sudden and unexpected as an aerolite, descended upon our backs. I say "ours;" I believe it was mine; but each felt it as her own. There she was, a dreadful eidolon—tail waving, eyes emitting a fiery gleam; and in another moment, seizing a scrap of meat and upsetting the water-pitcher, she had vanished anew into her accustomed den. We looked at each other, speechless. Could such things be?

"Bridget," I asked that night, "did you see Master Edward when he shot the cat?"

"Indade, Miss Mary, I did."

"How was it?"

"I was looking out of the pantry windy, miss, and I seen it all. First he shut his eyes—dear young gintleman; it's the tender heart he has; niver's the baste or bird he'd harrm with his goodwill—and thin he pulled the pistil, and it wint bang, it did; but the cat, little she minded it. She was aff like a strake of lightning, scared like by the noise. No harm did she git, by my thinking, and bad scran to her!"

So Edward began by shutting his eyes! Perhaps that *did* account for it!

He was greatly relieved. "Poor pussy, poor pussy," I heard him saying, "I'll never kill you again—never." For a day or two she shone as a rescued martyr; then a change came, and he was overheard asking the doctor what was the proper poison to give a cat!

The next day Kate reported him mixing a white powder with pussy's breakfast. We asked no questions, but braced our minds for a tragedy.

Some hours passed peacefully by. "All was quiet along the Potomac." Edward came to sit with me. He looked nervous, but as time wore on grew calmer, and proposed to read aloud. I handed him Tennyson's last, and we were in the middle of the "Holy Grail," when a growl by no means holy was heard at the door, and in the middle of the room suddenly appeared—the cat!

Never more alive in her life—alert, strong, vindictive, from the tip of her whiskers to the tip of her tail. No tiger ever made a fiercer appearance. Edward stared as if he saw a ghost; then, sinking back in his chair, ejaculated, faintly, "Mary, that animal defies death."

She had swallowed the whole dose! It seemed to affect her merely as a gentle tonic, and I never knew her spirits and appetite better than they were that morning.

"Bedad," said old Peter, our gardening factotum, when he heard the story, "here's a hape of trouble about a plaguy baste. If Miss Mary says so, I'll kill her meself."

Glad enough was Miss Mary to "say so," and to lift the burden of assassination from the family shoulders. "Jist you ask no questions," he went on; "but lind me some bit of a bag. I'll engage ye've seen the last of her."

Something left the gate that afternoon, swinging from Peter's arm—something long and heavy—that waved and struggled wildly as it went. We averted our eyes, shuddered, and were thankful.

One hour later a terrific cry summoned us to the kitchen—Kate from the garden, Amy flying down stairs, Edward, book in hand, from the study. There stood Peter, pale and shaking, his eyes, big and round with terror, fixed upon an apparition which occupied the middle of the hearth—an apparition with damp, steaming fur and bedraggled tail, which licked itself and gave vent to muttered mews: in short, the apparition of Paregoric, returned, an uneasy ghost, from her watery grave.

"Ah, it's bewitched she is!" Peter was ejaculating. "Niver a hand I'll lay on her agin. She's not lucky, Miss Mary."

Of this we needed no convincing; but, what was still less lucky, the servants from this day stood in awe of her. No more "shooing" her out with a broom at the hands of Bridget! No more offers of aid from Peter! In vain we strove to eliminate the supernatural from the affair, representing that the bag was thin, the claws within sharp, their owner a noted swimmer. Charmed we never so wisely, the Hibernian ear was deaf. Matters became intolerable. Even human sympathy failed. People laughed so that we grew shy of relating our woes. Good Dr. Jones only stood our friend.

"Miss Mary, you are losing flesh," he said; "and Amy, your eyes have a frightened look in them. This won't do. Let me see—suppose I tackle this alarming beast?"

"Oh, doctor! Would you really? But what can you do? Water won't drown, and poison won't kill. What is there left?"

"Common-sense, my dear, the best of the lot. Just give me a basket and bag—a stout one this time, if you please—and I'll engage there shall be no more 'last appearances.'"

With what joyful alacrity did I devote one of my best pillow-cases to the service! Tied therein, she left the house in the doctor's gig; and as we heard the wheels roll away, a general sigh of satisfaction heaved our breasts. Our spectre was laid.

"Let no man call himself happy till he is dead." The very next morning when the doors were opened, there on the steps, damp but undaunted, sat a well-known figure—our bad shilling on our hands again. Bridget gave a scream of dismay, and, rushing between her legs, Pare-

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goric entered and took possession of the premises.

"Without wishing to be superstitious," declared Edward, "it must be confessed that this is inexplicable."

A day or two, however, brought the explanation. It was low tide, it appeared, when the doctor, whirling by, flung the basket over the bridge, and it lodged on a mud flat. Some clam-diggers, spying it, waded out in hopes of treasure-trove, and brought it ashore. Their disgust may be imagined when, on the lifting of the lid, the stately Paregoric emerged. But little recked she, as, taking the homeward way, she prepared for us the agreeable surprise I have mentioned.

We succumbed. Useless to fly the country. Well we knew who would inevitably appear as part of the baggage at the journey's end. With the resignation of despair we accepted our fate, as thoroughly "subjective" as ever women were. And at this point, as her wont is, Fate veered suddenly about, and presented us with the other pole of her magnet—our torment left us. One night Paregoric disappeared. Waring's whereabouts are not more uncertain. "Them as isn't wanted in this world isn't wanted in the next," the excellent Mrs. Poyser asserts, so she can't be *there;* but whether dog, school-boy, or the longing for further worlds to conquer crossed her path we shall never know. She has probably ere this startled some other family with "the challenge of her knock;" and wherever or whoever they are, our sympathy, our prayers, are with them; and may Heaven in good time send sweet deliverance!

LIFE IN DRESDEN.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

AN observer of Dresden in the day-time would be apt to conclude that "all work and no play" is the rule of its inhabitants. For though there is nowhere in its streets any approach to the crash and confusion of Broadway, still business keeps up a steady jog-trot which extends to every nook and corner, and appears to embrace all classes of people; and the arts and trades are divided and subdivided into specialties, which demand many workmen and much skill.

But with the going down of the sun and the lighting of the lamps these toiling grubs become butterflies; in plain words, these sensible Germans give themselves up during the early evening to amusements calculated to recuperate their energies, and which, from the small expense required to procure them, make but little inroad upon the earnings of the hours of labor.

There is the theatre, where the plays of Shakspeare and the operas of Wagner are successfully performed; in saying which it is, of course, implied that all the lesser lights of the drama, whether in speech or music, are excellently illustrated by the actors and singers who form the royal company of the Dresden stage.

There are concert halls almost innumerable, blazing with gas-lights, and offering, besides the attraction of classical and popular music rendered by full orchestras of thoroughly trained performers, the accompanying charm of piping-hot suppers from the adjoining restaurant, and beer—cool and sparkling—from the vaults below. Here whole families take their evening meal, and mothers and daughters sit demurely knitting or crocheting, while fathers and brothers puff industriously at their cigars, and an occasional friend brings an accession of gayety and tobacco-smoke to the cheerful group.

There are various petty theatres, where farces are performed with side-splitting absurdity, and certain "cellars," frequented by men alone, where favorite comic singers produce uproarious mirth; but although the entertainment may be of a low order in some of these resorts, the music is sure to be good and artistically rendered. On Sunday and Monday evenings many of the public halls are open for dancing, and are well patronized by soldiers, petty tradesmen, and servant-girls, the last of whom betray no weariness after the week's drudgery, but spin around like tops, with a grace and precision of which their heavy figures and slouched gait gave no premonition.

With the exception of the masquerades of carnival time, and an occasional ball of unusual gayety, the various public amusements in this part of the world begin early and close early. Just think of a royal opera, honored by the presence of the king, queen, princesses, and ladies and gentlemen of the court, commencing at half past six o'clock, and ending at a few minutes after nine! Indeed, before eleven the streets of Dresden are silent and deserted, excepting by an occasional belated passenger, or messenger on some errand for the sick. One remarkable feature of this city is the safety with which an individual, even a woman, can traverse the streets at night. There are no police to be seen, and there seems to be no occasion for their services, though, doubtless, they are within call if they should be needed. There are no drunkards, no brawlers disturbing the peace by their outcries; nor are the public ways haunted after dark by fallen women, as in many other cities, especially London. It would be putting too much faith in appearances and in the strength of human nature to suppose that vice in its most hideous forms does not exist in this large city; but it is, at any rate, well hidden from eyes that do not wish to see it, and only occasional intimations of social irregularities and the follies which lead to vice are afforded by the "personal" notices in certain columns of one of the daily papers, which columns are appropriately called by the editor, *Eselswiese* (ass's pasture)!

The prospect of peace rejoices every body, from the king, who has grown old and care-worn under the anxieties of his government and the sorrows of his people, down to the American lady, who now sees a probability of recovering her eleven trunks, full of finery, which have been shut up in Paris since the commencement of the siege. For three days after the arrival of the joyful telegram Dresden was gay with flags and banners and streamers of the German, Prussian, and Saxon colors.

Apropos of the universal interest felt in the war, a good story is told of a little boy of seven years old, who, on one of these occasions of rejoicing, having followed a military procession through the streets, came home late to dinner. As he was about to attack his cold soup his mother reminded him to ask a blessing before commencing to eat, whereupon the little fellow, full of the sights he had just witnessed, laid down his spoon, folded his little hands, and solemnly repeated:

"Lieber Gott! 'Kannst ruhig sein;
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!" Amen."

The anticipated departure of the fifteen thousand French prisoners is a cause of rejoicing to their entertainers as well as to themselves. They are as well taken care of as circumstances will admit; but they have no doubt felt the unusual severity of the season, especially as they failed to procure their winter outfit from the spoils of Berlin, according to the original plan of the French campaign. They are to be met with every where in public places, escorted by a few Saxon soldiers, who are well armed, but otherwise apparently friendly. Occasionally there is an escape of prisoners, who, at this distance from their home and friends, probably only go further to fare worse. An amusing incident happened lately at a village between Dresden and Leipsic, where an honest citizen—a nail-smith—came under suspicion of having harbored a runaway French prisoner, through his having remarked that *a stranger, naked and destitute and unable to speak a word of German*, had recently come to his house in the night and been fed and clothed and properly cared for. This story was repeated until it came to the ears of the police, who immediately made a descent upon the nail-smith's cottage, armed with full tokens of their authority to search the house and arrest both the prisoner and his protector. The good man listened to their demand without any signs of fear, as, with a smile on his lip and a merry twinkle in his eye, he preceded the officers into the next room, and showed them his new-born son lying quietly in bed beside its happy mother!

Among the many societies, literary and scientific, which hold regular or occasional meetings in Dresden, the Psychological Association deserves mention, from the recent discussions on the immortality of the soul held in one of the largest halls of the city, which was filled with an intelligent and attentive audience, many of whom proposed questions and took part in the debate. The principal speaker was a learned doctor of medicine from Vienna, a decided materialist, who strengthened his positions by many striking incidents of his professional experience. He was supported by a portion of the thinkers among his audience and opposed by others; and if the question were not satisfactorily settled, there was at least considerable friction of ideas, and the display of much intellectual activity.

As an offset to this feast of reason may be mentioned the excitement which has existed for some time among the Catholics of Dresden and its vicinity over the reputed miraculous cure of a village girl through an interview vouchsafed her with the Virgin Mary. A church has been erected upon the site of this miracle, and the precise spot where the Virgin stood is marked by a slab of marble, upon which a great variety of articles, principally linen for the sick, is laid, and, after consecration by prayer, sold at an increased price, on account of its curative properties, to the eager worshipers. A brother of the girl has opened a restaurant in the immediate vicinity of his sister's devotional cell; so that, altogether, the family may be said to be prospering both temporally and spiritually.

The Princess Maria, wife of Prince George, and mother of the heir-presumptive to the crown of Saxony (for the Crown Prince has no legitimate children), recently made a pilgrimage to this shrine, and remained for several hours in prayer at the foot of the altar in the little church, leaving on her departure substantial tokens of her faith in the miracle, as also a promise to build a dome upon the church, and taking with her a quantity of the consecrated clothing for the use of the royal children.

Although America may be in despair at the failure of French fashions, Germany, with laudable patriotism, has resolved to be independent of Paris henceforth in this matter, and milliners, tailors, hatters, and shoe-makers are already at work with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause. It has even been proposed through the public press to establish a distinctive German dress for both sexes; and, beginning at the beginning of the head of creation, the *man's hat* has already been decreed and fashioned.

Already Dresden boasts of a new magazine of fashion, called *Germania*, which is adorned with colored illustrations, and filled with wise suggestions concerning the mysteries of the toilette. Indeed, it seems quite probable that this quiet city may hereafter compete successfully with Berlin and Munich in laying down millinery laws for the new German empire, as its inhabitants have long been noted (among their German brethren and sisters) for their love of rich attire, and their high estimation of its importance as a weapon of social success.

Nicolai, in his "Letters about Saxony," published in 1786, speaks of this love of finery of the people of Dresden, which was often in strange contrast to the poverty of their homes and the meagreness of their tables. *Man sieht den Leuten auf den Kragen, nicht in den Magen*, was a Dresden proverb of that time, which might be translated, "One sees folks' stomachers, but not their stomachs."

Probably this traditional fondness for fine dress is a relic of the splendors of the court of Augustus the Strong and his successors. Certain it is that the present royal family are exceedingly plain in their appearance: the king appears in public in a simple uniform, and the queen wears a good grandmotherly cap, that suits well with the benevolent expression of her features.

E.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE beautiful color known as *Magenta* can be manufactured from a species of moss called "orchilla," and this is now frequently used as a substitute for the much more expensive "cochineal." The orchilla grows in great abundance in some parts of Ecuador, chiefly on bushes and rocks near the sea, and it has become an important article of commerce. A few months ago an agent of a wealthy firm in Ecuador came to this country in search of some locality where this lichen could be found. He discovered that it grows in immense quantities in Lower California. He at once made a contract with the Lower California Company for the right to gather and export it. He then came to New York to obtain a colony of persons to go to Lower California for the purpose of gathering it. Recently between three and four hundred men, women, and children, of various nationalities, sailed from this port in the steamer *Ocean Queen*, bound for Magdalena Bay. In addition to the wages given for service, one hundred and sixty acres of land are promised to every colonist who remains six months. Orchilla is said to be worth $300 a ton, and that in some regions it is so abundant that four or five persons may gather a ton in one day.

A volcanic eruption is predicted from Mount Rainier, in Washington Territory. Generally during the hottest summer weather the snow on the summit is but partially melted. Now the heat is so great as to melt the snow, there is a constant emission of steam, and even smoke is reported to have been seen by persons living in the vicinity.

We will not believe the reporter who says that the latest innovation is the introduction of cigarettes for ladies at the fashionable dinners of New York. They are said to come in with the coffee, on silver salvers, and to be used with nonchalant ease by fair, jeweled fingers—strictly as a remedy for neuralgia! Doubtless smoking is one of "woman's rights" just as much as it is one of man's; but the woman who practically claims it will not, we fancy, be troubled with claimants for her hand.

The victorious Prussians cover all reflections which are thrown upon their generosity in dealing with their vanquished foe by remembrances of the fatal battle of Jena, which was fought on October 14, 1806. About twenty thousand Prussians were killed in that battle, and more than thirty thousand taken prisoners. The king fled from the field; the Duke of Brunswick received his death wound upon it; all the principal fortresses surrendered to the victorious French, who, on the 25th of October, 1806, entered Berlin, Napoleon I. making his triumphal entry on the following day.

The large proportion of calorific rays in artificial light is what causes fatigue to the eyes. Meunier states that about half of the sun's rays are luminous and half calorific; but the amount of calorific rays in gas is ninety per cent., and in petroleum and paraffine oils ninety-four per cent. This difficulty is largely obviated by glass or mica plates.

Some interesting details concerning the payment of the war indemnity exacted of the city of Paris are given by the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*. This indemnity amounted to 200,000,000 francs, and when conveyed to Versailles, inclosed in two iron chests, was composed one half of drafts upon Berlin, and the other half of notes of the Bank of France. The Prussian receivers wanted to check the amount, notwithstanding that the seals were intact, a fact to which their attention was directed, as a guarantee of the integrity of the contents. In return a sum of 50,000,000 francs in notes was handed over to the French commissioners, to be exchanged—still according to the convention—against 30,000,000 in gold and 20,000,000 in silver. The French commissioner insisted upon the verification of the 50,000,000 returned into his hands. When the Bank of France remitted the first installment of 7,000,000 francs in silver the Prussian agents proceeded to count it; but, perceiving the operation would occupy too much time (at the rate of 1000 a minute a man would need 116 consecutive hours to perform this arithmetical feat), they contented themselves with weighing the coin. The remainder of the 50,000,000 was paid in a few days, the whole sum having been drawn by the Bank of France from its branch at Brest.

The Senate Chamber in the Capitol at Washington is 112 feet long and 82 feet wide. Its height is 36 feet, and the gallery is capable of seating 1000 persons. The proper ventilation of this apartment, where thinking men sit through long sessions, and important national business is transacted, has been deemed a matter worthy of the most serious consideration. Previous to November 1, 1870, it was ventilated in the ordinary method, the heated air from the furnaces entering through registers in the walls and risers in the floor, and the vitiated air escaping by natural processes through ventilators. Last November a new method of combined ventilation and heating was introduced by Mr. H. F. Hayden, chief engineer of the Senate, which has proved so successful that a short time ago Congress made an appropriation of $20,000 for the purpose of introducing like improvements into the Hall of Representatives. A detailed explanation of the heating and ventilating apparatus of the Senate would be too lengthy for this column; but by means of two immense fans the entire air in the Senate Chamber may be changed in thirty minutes—fresh air being forced up through registers and risers, and the vitiated air carried off through pipes in the ceiling, which connect with the external air. Moreover, the fresh air is hydrated by passing it through a mist of water, which not only produces an agreeable result when it is heated, but also sinks mechanical impurities. As the Hall of Representatives is 139 feet long and 93 wide, and the gallery capable of holding 1200 or 1500 persons, its ventilation is an important matter. The new arrangements and necessary changes are to be made during the coming summer, under the charge of Mr. Edwin Clark, architect of the Capitol extension.

The attempt to dispose of the copper-plates for the pictures of Audubon's "Birds of America" at any fancy price was unsuccessful, and they were finally sold simply as old copper. They will, however, be framed and kept as curiosities. The original cost was $100,000, but new methods for producing the same style of work much cheaper render the use of these too costly.

There is sound philosophy, or rather physiology, in the practice of prefacing a meal with soup, especially to those who hurry from work to dinner. When the body is weary the stomach participates in the general fatigue, and can not bear the shock of hastily masticated beef, for example. A light soup strengthens the system to receive and be nourished by more substantial food.

The Chinese apparently think more of the quantity than the quality of the remedies they take in sickness. A Chinese physician ordinarily prescribes thirty or forty pills for a dose, and no smaller draught than a pint. Some years ago, when a treaty was being arranged between England and China, one of the Chinese commissioners was taken sick, and applied to the physician of the British embassy for some medicine. A box of pills was sent him, with the direction to take two for a dose. The commissioner, however, thought this must be a mistake, and took the entire boxful at once—a feat which, unfortunately, he did not long survive.

A German medical journal contains a new theory concerning sleep—that it is the result simply of the *deoxygenation* of the organism. According to this doctrine, the blood and the tissues possess the property of storing up the oxygen inhaled, and then supplying it in proportion to the requirements of the economy. When this store of oxygen is exhausted, or even becomes too small, it no longer suffices to sustain the vital activity of the brain, nervous system, muscles, etc., and the body falls into that particular state which we call sleep. During the continuance of this sleep fresh quantities of oxygen are being stored up in the blood to act as a supply to the vital powers. Rest produces, though in a less degree, the same effect as sleep in reducing the expenditure of oxygen.

A gay Tennessee belle had gained the reputation of being most emphatically a "girl of the period." She kept her lover in a state of despair, having refused him many times. She was esteemed faithless and frivolous; but the time soon came for her to redeem her character. One day there was a terrible railroad accident, and the rejected lover had both legs crushed off. The apparently heartless girl devoted herself to his consolation, and married him on crutches the first day the doctors allowed him to go out.

An American passenger in the first train that carried exiles back to Paris wrote his impressions as follows:

"You should see the condition of the suburbs of Paris, even so much as we could see from the Northern Railroad. St. Denis is half destroyed. The beautiful villas along the road are utterly wrecked, and look like a London house twenty years in Chancery, with every window broken. Many are burned. Alas for the poor exiles who come back to find their homes, bare walls at best, in many cases but ashes! Near the *enceinte* the train stopped, and the Prussian officer examined the papers of every passenger. He was a handsome young nobleman, born to command. Power was in every tone of his voice, and every motion of his body. It was a concentration of imperiousness and hauteur. He took my passport, read aloud a line of the German indorsement in a tone of lofty veneration, the name of Count Bernstorff, then glanced at the indorsement of Mr. Washburne, who has won such golden opinions in Paris, and handed it back to me with a proud civility. It was clear enough that I could go where I liked. In a few moments we were at the Gare du Nord. Not a glimmer of gas; not a cab. The place was desolate. I hastened into the streets. They were as dark as those of a country village. The lamps burned dimly; the few shops open were badly lighted. I found an omnibus, and made my way to my accustomed hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. Paris is so brilliant lighted with gas, and now it was all like a funeral. No carriages, little traffic, only lamps and candles. It is going back to the Dark Ages."

An appropriation of $500,000 has been made by Congress for a new building for the State Department at Washington; and it is probable that it will be constructed by the engineer corps of the army, as other public buildings in the capital have been.

It appears that Bismarck is likely to join the great company of authors in due time. He is said to have kept a complete diary of all public events, and his personal relation thereto, for the last thirty years; and he intends to prepare, as soon as the Continental troubles are over, a history of his own times. He is a clear, terse, and forcible writer, and his style is well adapted to such a work.

Ceylon is evidently not designed as a residence for those who are dependent for their enjoyment upon musical instruments. The dampness of the climate is so excessive that although a piano may be taken to pieces and dried in the sun as a preparation for a musical entertainment, the keys may that very evening remain down, so as to give no sound. Stringed instruments almost fall to pieces, as common glue loses all its adhesion in that country.

The want of ability to sleep well is an indication of impaired health which demands prompt attention. As a remedy for this, Dr. Hall recommends that present associations be broken up, whatever may be the sacrifice; that some more active employment be undertaken; or a long journey be taken, on horseback, if possible, and with a good companion. A great specific is to be vigorously employed in the open air a large portion of the time.

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THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE accompanying illustration is from a photograph of the infant hippopotamus whose advent at the London Zoological Gardens recently caused such a flutter of excitement there as being the first of his race born in England; but, unfortunately, he did not live long to enjoy that distinction. The tropical little strangers who are born in the north never do. The climate is too severe for their tender constitutions, and they find hot-water pipes and blankets but sorry substitutes for burning suns. When the pythoness some years ago was trying to hatch her eggs, she, if we remember rightly, swallowed her blanket, no doubt to show her contempt for such a poor make-shift. The change from their own country must be trying enough to the mature animals; but the little ones can not stand our climate at all, and this last sensation in animal life has been "nipt away" a few days old. The first hippopotamus ever seen alive in Europe since the reign of Gordian III. in Rome, in the third century, was captured on the banks of the Nile, and brought to London in 1850. It was then supposed to be about ten months old, but was already seven feet long and six and a half feet girth in the middle of the body.

We do not think we can do better than quote Mr. Frank Buckland's description of the baby monster, which we take from *Land and Water*. These are his words:

"Looking through the window of the observatory, I saw the mother lying full length—she is about twelve feet long—with her huge head and enormous mouth flat on the ground; the baby was in a corner, lying upon its side, with its nose close to its mother's nose. Whether by design or accident I know not, but the mother has chosen an excellent place for her child, for the corner in which the little thing is lying is formed by the junction of the hot-water pipes, so that this is about the warmest place in the den. The morning sun also falls upon the spot. The baby is about four feet long, and would be about fifteen inches high when standing up. It is about the size and weight of, and not unlike in general appearance to, a three-score bacon pig; its general color is reddish mahogany; the head is very like the head of a calf; the forehead and fore part of the head appear as if varnished with a black varnish. Imagine a calf's head of India rubber, and you will have a good idea of the face of this sucking Behemoth. Every now and then it lifts up its head and looks stupidly about; it often wags violently its little rudder-like tail, without rising from the straw; it also shakes its ears with the curious jerking motion peculiar to the hippopotamus. I fancy this motion is to throw out any water that may have got into the ears."

The mother is described as being very watchful, opening her great eyes every minute, looking intently "with her left eye at the window from which she is being watched, while her right is steadfastly fixed upon her baby," and cocking her ears at the least sound. But we are sorry to say that all her care was powerless to save her little one. After a few days of languid existence it died from exhaustion on the 24th of February.

Its birth and death were commemorated by *Punch* in an exquisitely absurd poem, which we lay before our readers. Can any thing more comic be imagined than baby talk addressed to a hippopotamus?

THE BIRTH OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Sung with great applause by La Mère Hippopotama in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. Little Hippopotamus born February 21. Vide Notice in London Times of the 23d.

Now, Massa, tie de knocker up, put straw down round de Park,
Don't let dere be de slightest noise, partic'lar arter dark;
And wire to de Palace, and tell our gracious Queen
'Tis de prettiest little 'potamus as ebber yet war seen.

(*Nurse's Cradle Chorus.*)

A pooty ittle tiddy ittle funny little lotamus,
Such a little ducky ob a darling hippopotamus;
Dis mamma an' baby, wot a lubly little lot am us,
Hip pip pip pooray! for de little Hippopotamus.

Now, why ain't Massa Buckland here? it make me berry riled
To tink dat Zoologic man should dus neglect dis child;
What's elefiints, or tigers, or porpoises, or seals,
To dis ere lubly infant when it's taking ob its meals?

Dar! if 't 'ad been de wulgar seal as had been a mamma,
Dere 'd ha' been such a fuss about it made as nebber war;
But 'cos it am de 'potamus, not fishy-tailed and finny,
Dat Mr. Buckland don't rush up to see dis pickaninny.

I don't like de attenshuns ob de genelmum my guards:
Why don't dey come and tell me when de Monkeys leave dere cards?
I'm sure dat de Ourang-outang, who reads de paper through,
Hab sent to know how me and dis poor pickaninny do.

I'm tinking ob de future, ob my little baby—La!
It am de berry image ob de 'potamus papa;
And to tink dey thought me "surly" and "a savage!" 'twas unkind,
Unfeeling! berry much so! me forgib 'em, nebber mind.

Dey printed in de *Times* dat I might "*bite*" my pickaninny!
When I wouldn't a hair upon him hurt for twenty guinea.
I'll devour him wid kisses, but I tell you what, my dear,
I'll devour any nigger dat try to come in here.

Dat it am born in London and not Paris I am grateful,
Ob little sucking 'potamus dey'd soon ha' made a plateful,
Much tend'rer den a little squeaking piggy, goodness knows,
And, oh! de little 'potamus's little petty toes!

Den tanks for all inquiries, me charmed to send and tell
To eb'ry body friendly dat we are doing berry well;
And now let Peace and Plenty be in French and German lands;
Come see dis little 'potamus, and shake each oder's hands.

(*All singing de Cradle Chorus.*)

A pooty ittle tiddy ittle funny little lotamus,
Such a little ducky ob a darling hippopotamus;
Dis mamma an' baby, wot a lubly little lot am us!
Hip hip hip hooray! for de little Hippopotamus.

P.S.

(*February* 25.)

De nigger which hab wrote out de above amazin' lyric
Hab suddenly been took and throw'd in wiolent hysteric;
De pickaninny 'potamus hab since absquotulated—
Dis note (not like Sir Bobinsou's) must darefore be post-dated.

EDUCATED WOMEN SEEKING EMPLOYMENT.

IF we ask the question, "Where is, for an educated woman, employment to be found?" with a sad feeling of that we really do not know, we are not less despondent when we ask, "What is she able to do?" A woman called (by courtesy rather than truth) educated, is, of course, possessed of a certain amount of learning; more or less, as the case may be. But this has generally been acquired in such a loose, cursory manner that it can be turned to very little account.

A girl's school-education is generally superficial in the extreme. She may nominally learn reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, music, French, and perhaps either German or Italian; but the real knowledge of any of these which she gains is very limited. A smattering of all—scarcely a sound rudimentary acquaintance with one. It must be so, for her teachers are as superficial as herself; and, indeed, it not rarely happens that a clever girl could thoroughly puzzle her teacher if they were to change places for ten minutes. It would startle many of the advocates of women's rights if they knew how little (so-called) educated women really knew. It is sad enough to see a girl willing and anxious to work, and not to know where to find employment for her. Sadder still to give her some trifling employment, and to find her incompetent; to have to speak words which, however gently said, are ungracious, to see her cheeks tingling with shame or anger, and to watch her choking down feelings of disappointment; to feel that there is nothing before her but dependence upon the labor of a husband, whose home she probably does not know how to keep in comfort, or else a life of perpetual struggle and misery, or, worst of all, one of sin and disgrace.

What, then, can be done for you, educated young women? A large proportion of you are unconscious of your incompetence; some will perhaps be angry at the mere suggestion of its existence. But listen to the suggestion, and look it steadily in the face, unpleasing as it is. While clever men are making you and your claims the subject of deep thought, do you think too. Think whether there are not personal difficulties within yourselves as well as those which are social. Think whether you can not yourselves do something toward solving one of the great problems of the day.

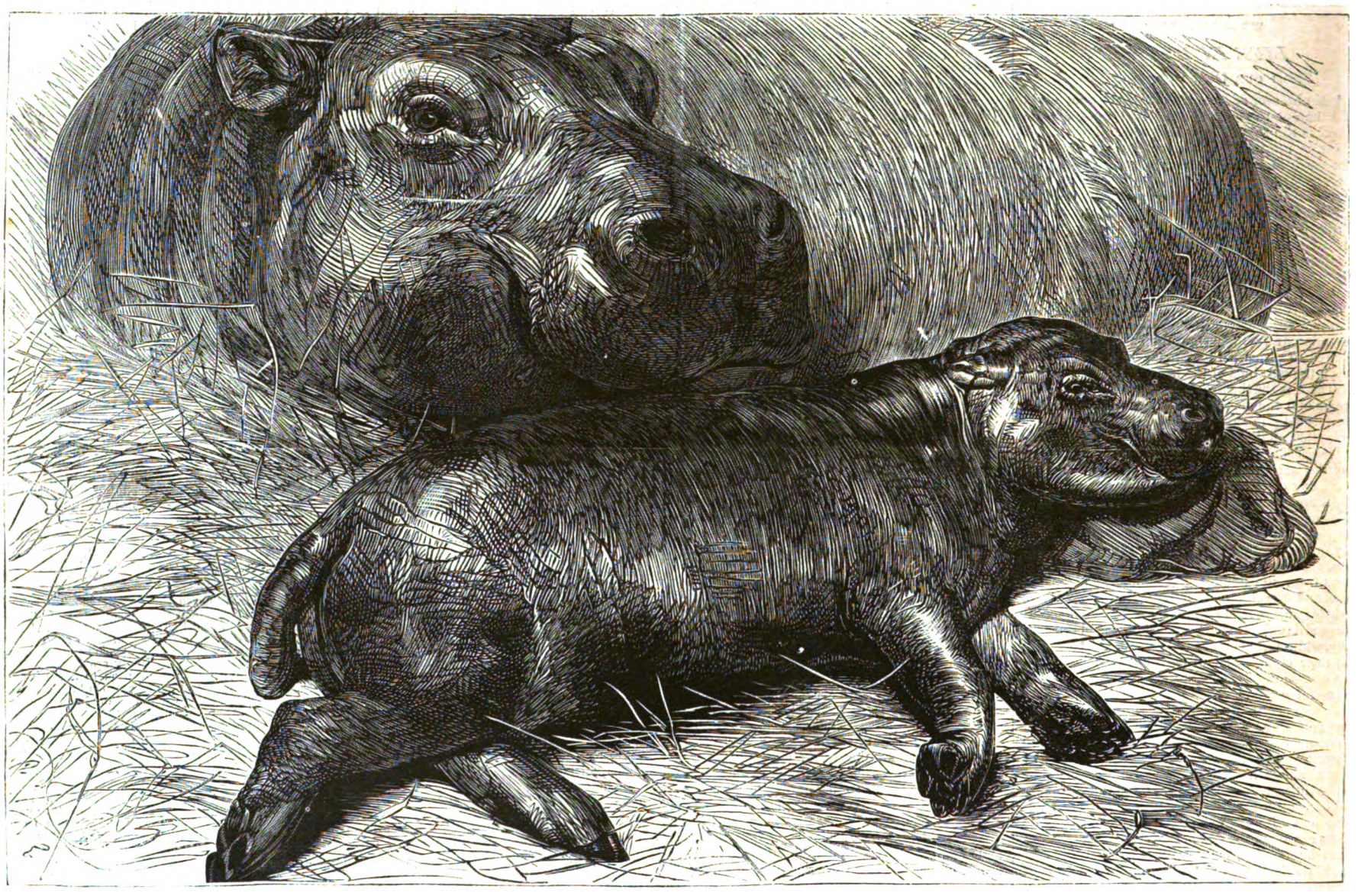
Help can not be given to incompetence. There never yet was, and never will be, a demand for bad work. Work must rise to the level of the employer's requirement, else the worker will not get employment. Or if, from peculiar circumstances, she should get it occasionally, it will be uncertain, and at low pay. Legislation will never induce us to employ bad workers.

Women must set to work to improve themselves. They can not hear too often the old truth that our best education is that which we give ourselves. In the race for work girls will find that in every thing except needle-work they must compete with men. Men will run alongside with them, struggling for the same prizes; and men generally have an advantage in the start. The girl, then, who wishes for a chance of success must educate herself carefully. She must be ready for the first opening. She must be prepared to do well the first work which may be offered to her. She must have nothing for time and experience to teach her that she can possibly teach herself. And she must not expect her untried efforts to secure for her those positions which are the reward of years of trained labor.

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CAPITAL.

THERE are some houses in Washington affording room for entertainment in the grand style. Of course the diplomats obtain the best of these at once; but there are many others quite equal in elegance, if not always in capacity. Not to speak of Mr. Corcoran's, with its picture-gallery and its immense gardens, nor of the mansion at the Smithsonian, castellated and medieval, nor of any of the private houses, indeed, there are such dwellings as that in which Mrs. Fish dispenses her famous hospitality, always elegant, always on reception days thronged with her own country people, and, since its mistress can speak to them in their own court language, seldom neglected by any one of the whole seventy of the diplomats. There is Mr. Blaine's splendid house, spacious as a palace, the windows full of flowers; there is Fernando Wood's, by which it is the fashion to drive, and admire the delicacy and beauty of the lace curtains; there is Mr. Sumner's, overflowing with specimens of all the arts; there is Mrs. Pomeroy's, sumptuously furnished, the very gas-jets being like pieces of jewelry, and the walls lined with costly paintings, and so conveniently situated that in any stress of guests the dining-rooms of the Arlington House can be thrown together with its own. Mrs. Butler's parlors are some of the handsomest in Washington. They are in the former dwelling of Howell Cobb, now much altered and enlarged, and very richly and chastely furnished. They contain many articles of great beauty, among others some large Sèvres vases covered with exquisite designs, and a portrait of Rachel in *Phèdre*, taken from the life, where the wonderful beauty and serpentine grace portrayed fire the blood of all those fortunate beings who can recall that demoniac creature. In the dining-rooms beyond hang fruit pieces by Lawson, fish by Walter Brackett, and game by Loring; and the double drawing-rooms above make the house capable of magnificent receiving. Nothing could exceed its appearance on the night of a great party, when fairly lined with flowers—chandeliers, door-ways, pictures, mantel-pieces streaming with them, and the whole repeated, with the blaze of wax-lights and the splendor of guests, in the great mirrors.

Mrs. Chandler's residence is quite noted for its pictures, there being some twenty thousand dollars' worth there, together with a real Rubens, an undoubted head, which Mr. Cass, then our representative at Rome, learned was to be disposed of for some weighty reasons, and concealing the fact till he was authorized by Mr. Chandler to procure it at any price, he distanced the greedy galleries and collectors abroad before they scented the prize.



THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS.

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Trimmings for Under-Skirts, Children's Dresses, etc., Figs. 1–6.

THESE trimmings may be used for children's dresses, under-skirts, aprons, etc., and are made of merino, barège, silk, gros grain, satin, etc. Those of silk or satin ribbon, or alpaca braid, are suitable for fancy work, such as pockets, sewing weights, negligé baskets, key baskets, etc. When the trimmings are made of thin silk or woolen material, the strips of material should be lined with foundation.

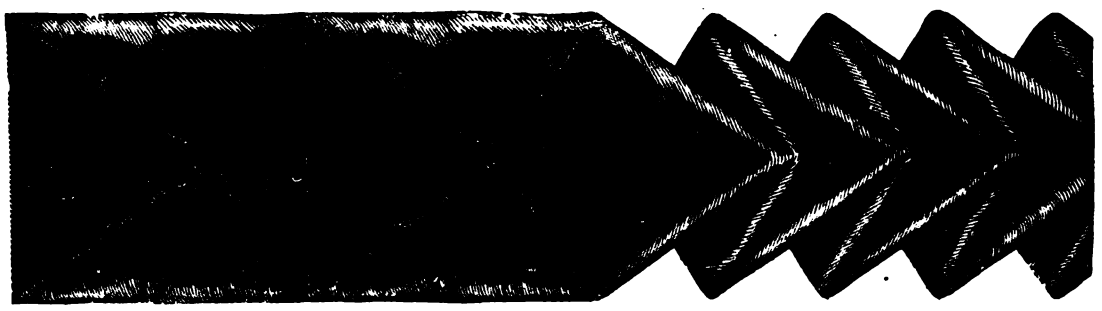

Fig. 1.—TRIMMING FOR UNDER-SKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—To make this trimming a straight strip of the material two inches and two-fifths wide is required. Turn down each lengthwise edge on the wrong side two-fifths of an inch, transfer the lines and signs on the illustration to the material, and lay the latter in an outer fold along each dotted line, and in an inner fold along the straight lines between each two dotted lines, fasten × on ●, so that the material along the vertical straight line may also form an inner fold. Fasten the layers of pleats thus formed with a few stitches, which must not show on the right side; and repeat this arrangement of pleats to the end of the strip.

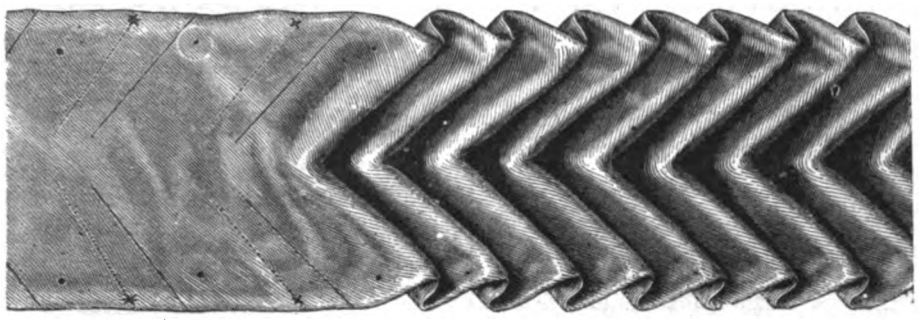

Fig. 2.—TRIMMING FOR UNDER-SKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 3.—TRIMMING FOR UNDER-SKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—For this trimming take a straight piece of material two inches and four-fifths wide. Fold the lengthwise edges over on the wrong side three-fifths of an inch; transfer the lines and signs on the illustration to the material, lay the latter in an outer fold along each of the first two dotted lines lying opposite each other, bringing × on ●, and fasten the pleats thus formed with a few stitches, which must not show on the outside. Along the straight line the material forms an inner fold.

Fig. 3.—For this trimming take a straight piece of the material two inches and four-fifths wide, fold each lengthwise edge over on the wrong side three-fifths of an inch, and transfer the lines and signs on the illustration to the strip. Then lay the material in an outer fold along each dotted line, first on one side, then on the other, and fasten the pleats, bringing × on ●. The straight lines indicate the inner folds.

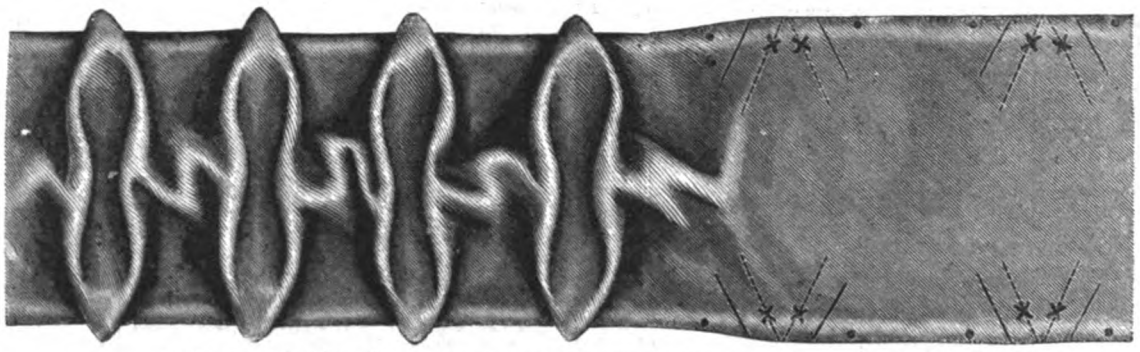

Fig. 4.—TRIMMING FOR UNDER-SKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 4.—For this trimming take a straight piece of the material two inches and three-fifths wide, fold each lengthwise edge over on the wrong side two-fifths of an inch, transfer the lines and signs on the illustration to the strip, and pleat the material, laying it in an outer fold along each dotted line and, bringing × on ●, fasten the pleats with a few stitches. Along each straight line an inner fold is formed.

Fig. 5.—For this trimming take a straight piece of the material two inches and two-fifths wide. Fold over each lengthwise edge on the wrong side two-fifths of an inch, and transfer the signs and lines on the illustration to the material. Pleat the strip by laying it in an outer fold along each dotted line, and in an inner fold along the straight lines. In this way regular box-pleats are formed, the upper and under edges of which must be joined at the point indicated with ×, and fastened with a small button at the point indicated with ●, so as to give the pleats the appearance shown by the illustration.

Fig. 6.—Take a straight piece of the material three inches and a fifth wide, and fold the lengthwise edges over on the wrong side four-fifths of an inch. Transfer the lines, signs, and figures on the illustration to the material, taking great care to observe exactly the distance between each 4 and 4 lines, and the course of the latter. Lay the material in an outer fold along the first dotted line, and in an inner fold along the following straight line, and fasten × 1 on ● 1. In this manner form all the pleats, always fastening each × on the ● correspondingly marked. These trimmings are all given in full size in the illustrations, and are tasteful and easily made by inexperienced hands.

AT A LONDON FURRIER'S.

THE first room which we enter is the "bear-room." Literal "bear-garden" as it is—5000 bears are represented in it by their skins. But what a scene this bear-room would be, to be sure, if every skin were to be rehabilitated by its living occupant, and 5000 bears—grizzly, polar, brown, black, and gray—were to spring into sudden vitality! Very soon we find that the value of bear-skins is in the inverse ratio to their size and to the ferocity of the animal in life. Here is the skin of a polar bear that measures 10 feet by 7. When alive, the huge rascal most likely frightened many a peaceful whaler; but now mankind has its revenge upon him. He may think himself lucky if his shaggy white hide sells for a pound, and men will wipe their feet on the skin of him at whom they would have shuddered when alive. *Sic transit.* Nor does the formidable "grizzly" fare much better in the fur market. His fierceness and his rarity combined make his skin a scarce commodity—there are only 300 grizzlies in the room; but he goes dirt-cheap for all his scarceness, and his pell is chiefly used in the manufacture of artists' brushes, the long hair being pulled out for this purpose. There was a time—it is about twenty-five years ago, so, of course, none of the ladies can remember it—when the brown bear was in high favor with the fair sex. His fur was very fashionable, displayed as a narrow trimming round the edges of shawls. In those palmy days a fine "cinnamon" bear-skin was worth $150. But capricious fashion has altered, and now the best "brown" strives in vain to fetch $17 50.

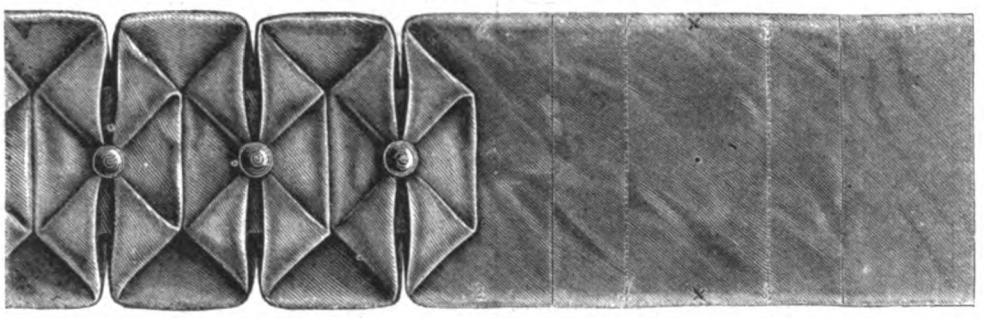

Fig. 5.—TRIMMING FOR UNDER-SKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.—FULL SIZE.

In the next room is quite a menagerie of foxes—crop fox, red fox, bastard fox, arctic fox, kitt or prairie fox, blue fox. The crop fox is gray, with a tinge of red and silver. A good skin is worth $12; and he is chiefly used for muffs and cloak linings. The red fox is a tawny animal, shading away into a bright yellow on the sides, and with a white belly. The darker and richer the fur the greater the value; but $3 50 will buy the best of the red foxes, which are also mostly made into muffs, the lower qualities being dyed and used for cloak linings. The arctic fox has a beautiful fur, pure snowy white, the best of them preserving that hue right down to the skin—"blowing white to the ground," as it is technically called. The pile is very thick, soft, and close, and it is one of the warmest of furs. The prairie or kitt fox is a shabby little beast, about the size of a hare, with poor, woolly, gray fur, which is used for common cloak linings and the lower classes of chaise wrappers. Here in a corner are some otter-skins, with nice, short, soft fur, carrying a beautiful gloss. The blacker they are the better. Pretty as they are, ladies have not much reason to regard them with favor. They are cheap in comparison with fur-seal, and are too often used to imitate that article in the manufacture of professedly "real seal-skin" cloaks. Thus, madam, your "real seal-skin jackets" may only be "real otter." They are also used by gentlemen for coat-collars and fur great-coats. It will not do to confound between the "otter" and the "sea-otter." If a lady could get a jacket of "sea-otter" in a mistake for fur-seal, she would be a wise woman to hold her tongue (if possible in the nature of things), and not complain of her bargain. The "sea-otter" is the costliest of all fur. A skin that you might put in your hat or carry away in your muff has sold for $250; and although this was a fancy price, from $150 to $200 is nothing out of the way. The value is reckoned by the depth of the black color, studded with silvery hairs, and the richness of the fur. "The next article," as auctioneers say, that calls for attention is the black or silver fox, the aristocrat of vulpine furs. These beautiful skins are comparatively rare, but they rank next in costliness to the sea-otter. They have a fine rich black fur, longish on neck and shoulders, like a lady's ruff, streaked with silver hairs down the back, and becoming quite black underneath. These, at least, are the characteristics of the best skins, which readily fetch $125 each. The highest qualities are bought for the extravagant Russians, among whom the costliest cloaks are lined with them; and in England, France, and the United States the medium qualities are used for trimmings. We have seen a cloak lined with black fox that had cost 4000 rubles. Only the jetty bellies had been used, and about fifteen skins had contributed their quota to the extravagance.

Mink, of which in another show-room we light upon a little collection of over 22,000, is a fur that until recently was much neglected, being used almost solely for imitating marten. But a revolution of fashion has sent it up in the market. The belles who shine at Saratoga and the White Mountains have taken a fancy to this pretty fur for cuffs, collars, and trimmings of various sorts; and their English sisters are beginning to follow their example. So mink has risen from $2 to $7 per skin.

Some of the wolves, which are here in a large variety of colors, are in high repute for rugs, both hearth and carriage. The most sought after for this purpose are the Churchill wolves, so called from an old Hudson Bay post. These skins are all but milk-white, with a sprinkling of blue-black hairs down the back; and the richness and warmth of the fur are quite remarkable. Yet in price they are comparatively moderate. You can buy the finest Churchill wolf-skin for $5; of course there is the cost of dressing in addition. Wolverene (the American glutton) is a softer fur than the wolf, but possesses much the same attributes, and sells at a little over the same price. Wolverenes are the pest of the trappers; true to their character, they gormandize on the bait set for the smaller and more valuable fur-bearing animals, and either pull their limbs out of the traps or walk away with them without inconvenience. The fur of the lynx, which is largely represented in one of the upper show-rooms, is much used for muffs, ladies' cloak linings, etc., and is also dyed to imitate the more costly furs. Prices range from $3 to $1 per skin. It may be interesting to

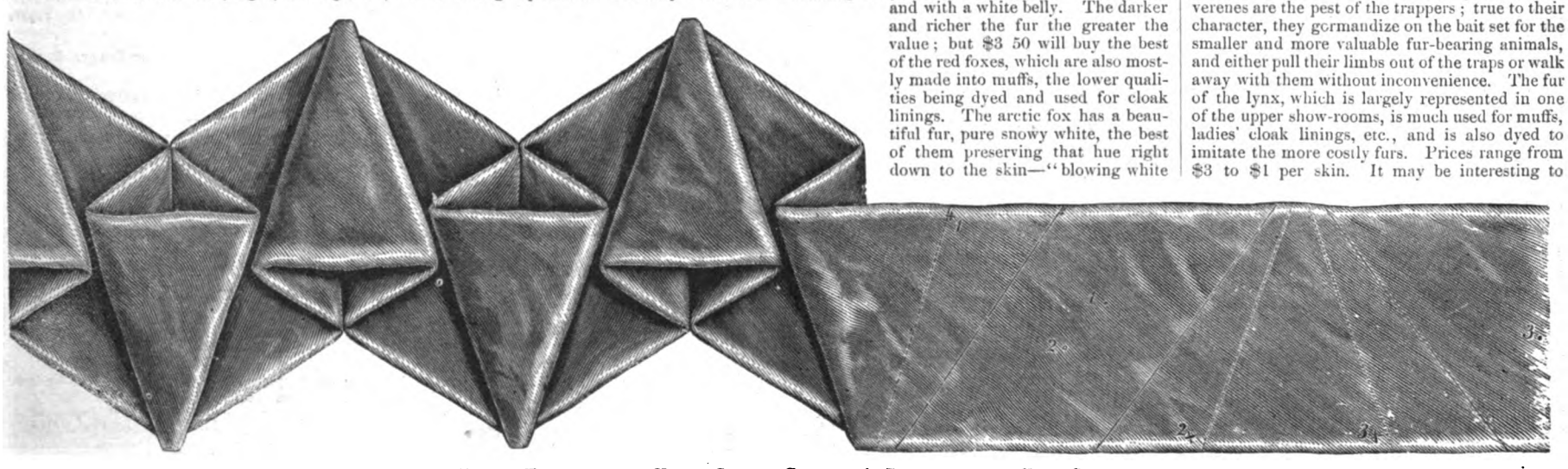

Fig. 6.—TRIMMING FOR UNDER-SKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.—FULL SIZE.

SKIRT TRIMMINGS, FIGS. 1–6.

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owners of the domestic cat to know that some common cat-skins from the United States fetch as much as $1 50 per skin. They are chiefly used for ladies' victorines, etc., and probably often do service for a nominally higher class fur. The "fishers" come from the more southerly regions of the American lake district, Huron, Superior, and Michigan, while the Mouse River Lake is the commonest. Samson's strength lay in his hair; theirs lie in their tails, which were used on the helmets of the Prussian army until superseded by the ugly spike. Now they are split up, and out of them are made very costly muffs. When we mention that the price of each good fisher skin ranges from $10 to $12, and that the tails are by no means large, it will be obvious that a fisher muff is suited only to the longest purse. Of badgers, raccoons—the old original coon—and skunks—the latter smelling worse than all the scents of Cologne combined, yet made into beautiful caps and muffs—we have not space to speak at length; nor of the opossum and musquash, both of which, like the skunk and raccoon, come chiefly from the United States.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. A. R.—Your sample is a very poor quality of Japanese poplin. It is not for sale in New York shops, so we do not know the price. Make by Polonaise Suit pattern, and trim with ruffles of the material.

NINA.—Your dress will dye black well, and would probably take purple or maroon, or else a darker shade of gray. Trim with bands of corded silk of the same shade.

CONSIDER.—A complete list of the articles necessary for an infant's outfit will be found among our late advertisements. Furnishing houses make up such an outfit for various prices ranging from $75 to $500. The pretty wrappers, described and illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., are the most useful dresses for young mothers.—We do not send replies by mail.

STUMPED.—Leave your overshoes in the hall, by all means.

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—Make your gray poplin by the cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. III., trimming with bias bands of the same and fringe. Make the black silk with demi-train by the Worth Basque House Dress pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., and trim with ruffles, lace, and passementerie.—Use the new perfumed benzine for taking out stains.

Y. Y. D.—White Chambery gauze or organdy muslin will make a pretty bridal dress. Make with slight train, upper skirt, and low-necked basque, trimmed with flounces. A black silk suit with a paletot that will do with other dresses is serviceable. Read answer above to "A Country Subscriber."

PERRY.—Make a postilion basque of your over-skirt, and drape your under-skirt short over a black silk skirt. Put velvet and fringe on your gray armure.—Leave cards for all the members of the family for whom your call was designed. If invited to a party with a friend whom you are visiting, you should ask the hostess to call on you while in the place.—We can give no opinion on the handwriting of our correspondents.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV., will tell you how to make your boys' piqués. Any furnishing house will supply you with a tournure.

T. E. V.—All-white suits are worn in the house by ladies in mourning.

N. E.—We can not give special patterns to please each reader. Make your Marseilles with two skirts and a loose jacket.

FANNIE.—Make your white organdy suit by the description of white suits in another column.

IDA.—French paper with delicate tracery, but not ruled, and a raised monogram or initial in the corner, is fashionable stationery.—See patterns in Supplement of *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. IV., for little girls' dresses.

A. E.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV.

BETTINE.—We can not commend a teacher.—Any stationer will supply illuminated monograms.—The "Ugly Girl" articles were published in last year's *Bazar*, but not in book form.—The sleeve with a bow below the elbow shown in a basque in *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. IV., is pretty for muslins.

CONSTANT READER.—For hints about black alpaca suits read *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. IV.

MARY.—Your sample is very good gros grain. We can not set a price on it. It will make a pretty suit or house dress, either, trimmed with folds of thick repped ottoman silk and passementerie. You know your own needs best. Read answer above to "A Country Subscriber."

MRS. SKINNER.—We do not give addresses; and to publish your advice would simply be turning this column into an advertising medium.

B. R. K.—Your striped sample is American silk. Make a Worth basque and demi-train. From your description we fear you can not modernize the blue silk. Wear a Swiss muslin over dress with it.

JENNIE.—Get a black silk or crape paletot to wear with your poplin suit.

M. JENNIE H.—Make your poplin traveling suit by Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., and trim with narrow ruffles of silk.

NORWOOD.—Read about white suits in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV.

A CONSTANT READER.—Colored monograms and initials are used on note-paper.—Serenading parties are often invited into the house and given refreshments.—We never give opinions on MSS. in this column.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Shorten your black silk skirt, and drape it as an upper skirt over any other skirt.

W. H. H.—Your green sample is Irish poplin, worth about $1 75 a yard. The gray Japanese poplin is probably worth $1 25 a yard. We can not say certainly.

MRS. JANE R. F.—For hints about calicoes consult *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. We shall continue to give patterns and hints for plain garments as hitherto.—A friendly correspondent, Mrs. M. E. R., has just written us to tell of her success in adapting *Bazar* patterns to flannels, domestics, calicoes, etc. Says "they never fail to come together just right, and look well finished when made according to directions."

FOOTE.—For hints about black grenadine suits read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. IV. A white linen or bishop's lawn polonaise will look well with your buff linen skirts left over from last season.

CONSTANCE.—A tamise cloth suit made by the Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III., and trimmed with folds of the same, is what you want for mourning. Get a crape gipsy bonnet with long veil tied on.

L. E.—Rub lemon-juice on your face at night, and bathe in buttermilk and Indian meal next morning. Wear your veil and gloves during the March winds, and you *may* prevent freckles, though we do not promise certainly.

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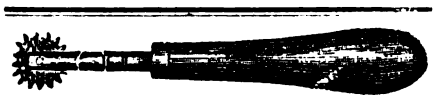

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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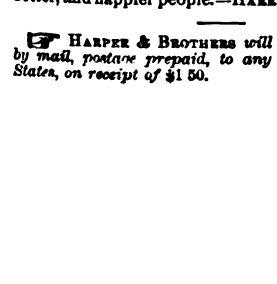

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WATTEAU-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	No. 22
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POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	" 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	" 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	" 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	" 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	" 1
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THE SERVANTS.

OLD LADY. "They're all alike, my dear. There's our Susan; I've allowed her to go to Church Three Times every Sunday since she has lived with me, and I assure you she doesn't Cook a bit Better than she did the First Day!"

Mr. Jones told his wife, the other day, that if she did not take care he should lose his temper with her. She replied she was glad to hear of it, and only hoped he would never find it again.

THE MAGIC MIRROR—A beautiful face lit up with smiles.

Why is even the best lady skater of necessity very unsteady on her feet?—Because, if her straps are not *tight*, her skates will be loose, and in either case her heels must be *screwed*.

NET PROCEEDS—Fish.

A HIDE-OUS FACT.—The Jardin d'Acclimatation, says the *Food Journal*, is empty, even to the young elephants, which realized fancy prices. The hide of one fetched four thousand francs, which proves the vendors did not *hide* his light under a bushel.

If the Siamese twins could sing, what would be their favorite ditty?—"We are a band of brothers."

THE VOICES OF AFFECTION.

At early day, or ere the dawn
Has bid the earth rejoice,
Or ere the curtains are withdrawn,
I hear Affection's voice—
My youngest, in his crib awake,
Begins his unknown tongues;
I bid him sleep, for goodness' sake,
He has such potent lungs.

I rise and dress, and yet again
Affection's voice I hear;
For, while we sit at breakfast, Jane
(Who is my partner dear)
Asks, "What for dinner will you try
Of flesh and fowl and fish?"
To which my usual reply
Is, "Any thing you wish!"

And then the girls besiege my ear—
Affection's voice once more!
They ask for fashionable gear,
To spend my hard-won store.
They know that dear papa will give
The little checks they need.
'Tis vain to vow that, as I live,
I can't afford, indeed!

And last, the boys want tips, forsooth,
Ten-dollar bills for choice:
Oh, charming frankness, trust, and truth
Of sweet Affection's voice.
I sigh for peace and rest and "kef,"
And oft the wish will come—
Would to that voice I could be deaf,
Or would that voice were dumb!

IT WAS AS WELL TO KNOW AT ONCE, PERHAPS.

"Can I Wait at Table, my Lady? If I bain't over and above Hungry, I can Wait a bit: but if I am sharp set like, I should raythor peg into the Wittles with the other Folks."

"COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING."

THIS IS HER LOVE. (*We'd rather not, thank you kindly.*)

"ALL MOONSHINE, MY DEAR—ALL MOONSHINE!"

FACETIÆ.

THE PITCH OF A CHILD'S VOICE—Tar. (This attempt will be seen better by warming it at the fire, some of it being written in invisible ink.)

Female pickpockets all wear the convenient Arab shawls. They fold their shawls like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

APPROPRIATE DIET—Parties behind time should be fed on ketch-up.

Smith declares that the only thing on earth capable of moving a certain cross-grained old aunt of his is her rocking-chair.

SPIRITUAL FACT—That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

The cook who curries your lobsters, chickens, etc., etc., etc., to perfection, can hardly fail also to curry—your favor.

MAY BE SHORTLY EXPECTED—"The Clock on the Spree," a German patriotic comic song, uniform with the "Watch on the Rhine."

OH, BLISS!—The gentleman who was transported at the Agricultural Hall last week with the charms of a pretty girl has now received a free pardon.

APT REPLY.—A Frenchwoman in a provincial court of justice in France was accused of throwing vitriol upon another woman, who, the prisoner said, had robbed her of her husband. "I," said the accused, "threw vitriol upon her face, but she has poured it upon my heart."

"Oh, Good-Morning, Jarvis. You've not been Ill again?"
"No, Miss; it's the Missis have been took Indifferent this time!"
"What's the Matter with her?"
"Well, Miss, the Young Medical Gentleman he says to me: 'Why, Jarvis!' he says, 'your Missis 'ave got *Broughitis* in hevery blessed Limb of 'er Body!"

GRATIFYING ADVERTISEMENT.—The Theatre of War is closed for the present. A Peace is in preparation which we hope will have an unprecedented run.

Why is a bill-sticker like a confectioner?—Because he uses *puff*-paste.

BOARD OF HEALTH REQUIRED BY THE WORKING CLASSES—The cupboard—well filled.

The man who went three nights running to the theatre has stopped for want of breath.

A CAUTION.—The man who can't resist "just a thimbleful" of brandy will sometimes find the thimble holds enough to sew him up.

We hear of people who have pet dogs that do every thing but speak: it's lucky for them—for both of them, dogs and owners—they don't do that.

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP—The statues and Sèvres china smashed by the soldiers of William.

POPULAR MODE OF PRUSSIAN TRAVELING—Sedan conveyances.

A THING THAT SHOULD "TAKE" WELL WITH THE PUBLIC—Vaccination.

"SIR, SOME CORD HERE!"—The Western papers style their obituary column of criminals Neck-rology.

A QUESTION FOR PHRENOLOGISTS.—Is it not a necessary consequence that people who are very "long-headed" must be proportionately "narrow-minded?"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 15.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

[Cut Paper Pattern of this entire Suit, to fit any Figure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.]

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LOVE-SONG.

When the glad spring-time walked over the border,
And the brown honey-bee crept from his cell;
When the sun and the west wind put Nature in order,
And decked her in robes that became her so well—
Then did my torpid heart wake from its slumber,
Then did I first spring to life and to light;
For what were the years passed without thee? They number
Only as one long, dark, flavorless night.

In the flush of the spring-time I saw thee, and, seeing,
Loved with the love that had waited for thee;
A life that I never had known sprang to being—
A life and a love that were heaven to me.
There never before was such warmth in the summer,
There never before were such hues in the fall;
Never such balm in the breath of that Comer
Who shrouds the dead seasons and rules over all.

Love, I have drunk in the charm of your presence
The elixir that grants me perpetual life;
My blood leaps and bounds; I am thrilled by the essence,
And soar over trials and troubles and strife.
We live and we love, and what grief can alarm us?
Darling, my darling, the world is our own;
Life never can rob us, death can not disarm us
Of this, our vast riches—our wealth, love, alone.

The summer is dead! Did you know it, my darling?
Did you know that the winter walked over the earth?
The gold-breasted thrush and the purple-crowned starling
Make glad other lands with their musical mirth.
Ah, no! for the summer of love in your bosom
Makes summer and sunlight to you every where;
I should not have known, but I missed the sweet blossom
That all through the summer you wore in your hair.

POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.

See illustration on first page.

THIS elegant walking suit, front and back views of which are seen in the illustration, is copied from a model kindly furnished us by one of our most fashionable modistes. The suit consists of a postilion-basque, burnous over-skirt, and six-gored walking skirt. The pretty postilion-basque may be worn in the house or the street. The burnous over-skirt forms a new and extremely graceful drapery to the walking skirt, which is just short enough to clear the ground. The illustration shows the style of trimming, which may, of course, be varied to suit the taste of the wearer. The suit is well adapted to any kind of material.

To take the bust measure, pass a tape rather tightly *entirely around the body*, under the arms, over the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

POSTILION-BASQUE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, side piece, sleeve, and cuff. The fronts are cut high in the neck, and fitted with two darts. The basque is closed in front with buttons and button-holes. The back is without a seam, and has side forms. The skirt of the basque in the middle of the back is laid in one large box-pleat and side pleat, one inch wide at the top and two inches wide at the bottom. The perforations show where the pleats should be laid. The coat sleeve is in two pieces—the upper and under sleeve and the cuff, which is lapped on an inch above the bottom part of the sleeve so as to form a heading. The cuff is left open on the outer side. The cuff and basque are trimmed all around the edge with a double row of piping. A bias strip of the material, an inch and a half wide, headed on both edges with narrow lace, is sewed on, with a space of an inch above the piping, around the skirt, up the front, and over the shoulders to a point in the back. Two lines of perforations show where to sew the trimming. Baste up, and try on wrong side out before sewing the seams. All seams are allowed—an outlet of an inch being given for the side and shoulder seams, and a quarter of an inch for all the rest.

Quantity of material, 24 inches wide, 3 yards.
Extra for trimming, 1 yard.
Lace, 7 yards.

BURNOUS OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, side gore, and three straight breadths for the back. The fronts are open to the waist, and are sewed smoothly to the belt. Two pleats, half an inch deep, are laid in the side of the front breadth which joins the side gore, turning upward. The side gores at the top are laid in three large side pleats turning toward the back, in a space of about four inches. The three straight breadths are not sewed to the back, but are trimmed inside and out, the same as the basque. A loop is sewed on the centre of the middle breadth, and a corresponding button is set on the centre of the belt which confines the middle of the breadth, while the loose breadths fall in a burnous drapery on both sides of the back. Two pleats, an inch and a half deep and turning upward, are laid in the centre of the middle breadth, fourteen inches from the top of the skirt. The over-skirt is trimmed around the front, up the side seam to the belt, and around the bottom in the same manner as the basque, the bias strip being three inches wide.

Quantity of material, 24 inches wide, 6½ yards.
Extra for trimming, 2 yards.
Lace, 12 yards.

SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side breadths, and breadth for the back. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a ruffle five inches deep, cut on the bias, and laid in side pleats three-quarters of an inch deep, with a space of four inches between the pleats, and a box-pleated trimming formed of a strip of the material eight inches deep, cut the straight way of the goods, which is laid in box-pleats two and a half inches wide, with a space of two inches between. The top of each pleat is then turned down, forming a diamond at the top, and the bottom of the pleating is sewed over the top of the bottom ruffle to conceal the stitches. A bias strip trimmed on both sides with lace, like that on the over-skirt, is sewed across the box-pleating below the points turned down.

Quantity of material, 24 inches wide, 8 yards.
Extra for trimming, 4 yards.
Lace, 8 yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with full-sized patterns and illustrations of a large variety of Spring and Summer Suits for Masters and Misses from three to fifteen years old; Commencement, Confirmation, and First-Communion Dresses; Ladies' and Misses' Spring and Summer Talmas, Paletots, Sacques, and Jackets; Pen-wipers, Needle-books, Work-boxes, Clothes-bags, Tidies, embroidery patterns, etc., etc.*

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Postilion-Basque Walking Suit, on our first page, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For the complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published, see Advertisement on page 239 of this Number.*

☞ HARPER'S WEEKLY *for April 8 contains the continuation of* CHARLES READE'S *new story,*

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

commenced in the Number for April 1.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Baggage.

MY DEAR EDWIN,—I went the other day to the finest hotel in the city to see a friend who was about to sail for Europe; and as I waited in the hall while my card was taken to him I had ample opportunity of contemplating the vast piles of baggage which were heaped upon the floor. There was every kind of trunk and bag; and so preposterously large were some of the former that I heartily sympathized with every porter at every hotel and railroad station in the country in the relentless fury with which they treat the unreasonable and unmanageable masses of leather and iron. There was one offender which was certainly not less than five feet square, and I have no doubt it was ingeniously and remorselessly packed solid. I hope it will be well battered before it arrives. If the merciful man is merciful to his beast, why should he not be equally considerate of his fellow-man who carries trunks for an honest living? And especially why should not woman be merciful, even if she is going to Saratoga or to Switzerland?

When I was shown up to my departing friend I told him what I had seen in the hall, and that I hoped he was not responsible for any of the enormous injustice which I had just been witnessing. He told me that I knew him very little if I did not know that he never carried more than a light portmanteau; and that it was his delight to go up the side of the ship, when he was about to sail, with a neat umbrella in one hand, a light overcoat hanging over his arm, and carrying a bag with a change of linen. "With a light heart and a loose pair of breeches," said he, gayly, "I would circumnavigate the globe." And I know another philosopher of the same school, who goes to sea with a change of raiment, as he calls it, and who has never any thing to "declare" at the most rigorous frontier but a pair of slippers and a cravat. And I know a philosopher of the other school, who asks why a man should not be comfortable if he can afford it, and who therefore, although a bachelor like myself, moves like an army with a huge supply train—a string of baggage wagons, as it were—and who often pays a great deal more passage money for his luggage than for himself. He insists that comfort is the charm of travel, and that he does not go abroad to put himself to inconvenience. "Therefore," he says, "as I have clothes to please my fancy at home, why should I not have the same abroad? If I want a pair of light boots instead of heavy shoes in Rome, why should I not have them at hand as I do in New York? Believe me, my dear Bachelor," he concludes, "the pleasure of travel is plenty of baggage."

I have my own experience, also, my dear Edwin. When I made my preparations for the grand tour I procured a prodigious trunk, and with ludicrous fatuity I bought new clothes. When I reached the happy land beyond the sea I had wretched struggles with that trunk, and I was horribly uncomfortable in those new clothes. It was that time of life with me when the form of a collar or the turn of a trowser is a very momentous affair, and I am afraid that I remember the unhandsome roll of a certain coat collar with much more anguish even now than I do certain peccadilloes which were performed by the wearer of the coat. That garment seems to me, even at this chasteningly remote period, as unnecessarily vulgar and oppressive. It was in Florence, and every body else had a proper coat. But I either felt my country disgraced by mine, or I bitterly sneered at a country that could be guilty of such a garment. Then I found myself in the most ridiculous manner the slave of that trunk. Wherever I went I was obliged to take it with me, and often to pay great sums for its conveyance; and although traveling, or meaning to travel, economically, the instant that trunk appeared, the waiters began to call me "Mee Lor'," and the host insisted upon showing me to my room with two wax-candles, which I knew were going into the bill. And how, I ask you, Edwin—how was a man with such a trunk to undertake to dispute a charge for candles? I think I have told you of my indignant friend who carried off all the candles for which he had been charged at the various hotels. He had a huge trunk, too, and when he reached Venice it was nearly full of candles which had been only lighted but not burned. He showed them to me with savage glee. "They didn't make much out of me!" he exclaimed, with fierce triumph. But when I "hefted" his trunk, as the young people in the street say, and calling his attention to its weight, told him that he was paying a frightful freight upon his candles in the form of charge for extra baggage, he stared at me with a long whistle, perceiving that even a Yankee had been outdone, and then shouted with a laugh, "By jingo! if I ain't myself a candle burned at both ends!"

Perhaps it is merely the disposition to compromise which betrays increasing age; but, my dear Edwin, I am inclined to think that the truth in the matter of baggage lies between the extremes. When Julius Cæsar went to conquer Gaul his army carried little besides their arms and implements of war, and it is supposed that he made the heaviest of these as he went. There was no superfluity of baggage, and there was an immense success. Twenty years ago Sir Charles Napier complained that the British army in India could not move without baggage trains to carry a magnificence as cumbrous and as foolish as that of Xerxes. Yet I do not believe that our recent armies in this country were any the less efficient because of the great humane organizations—the commissions of health and succor—that hovered about the host. And I think, my dear Edwin, that we shall do wisely if upon the journey upon which we are embarked we discriminate in taking baggage rather than reject it altogether.

Thus it seems to me—and I really believe that I am going to begin to preach—that my philosophic friend Mr. Puck, who was ready to go round the world with a light heart and a loose pair of breeches, declining the actual comfort and use which he might have packed into a convenient space, is very much like another friend of ours, Mr. Hilary, who makes the tour of life with no principle but plenty of good-natured impulses. As Mr. Puck was, as I know, sometimes caught in the most ridiculous situations, when a good stout pair of shoes and a warm coat would have been worth the price of many trunks, both to his comfort and his health, so Mr. Hilary is often absurdly, and sometimes painfully, cornered by circumstances. For his good impulses are not inconsistent with great weakness. He is friendly, sociable, genial; he has imagination, and poetic associations with the vine and the flowing bowl, for instance. But what is a light heart and a loose pair of breeches in a snow-storm? The lighter your baggage the worse the exposure. In a gale, clinging to a heavy trunk might hold you from blowing away. So his baggage is not enough for Hilary; and the poor fellow who laughed at the ample wardrobe of his neighbor is left naked to the pitiless storm! If you meet him reeling and plunging home, the wreck of a man drifting and dashing upon a cruel lee shore, it is because he preferred the loose breeches of good impulse to the panoply of principle.

I recall two instances, which would be very familiar to you if I were to mention names, my dear Edwin—two striking instances, of travelers like Mr. Puck, making the journey upon which we are engaged, and not the grand tour. They began early, blithely running up the ship's side, as it were, whistling and smiling, gayly saluting, and welcomed on all sides. If the voyage had been all in soft summer weather—ah! then, indeed! If the ocean were a mill-pond, and if the cave of the winds were a mere grotto of June! While the sun shone, and the air was bland, behold Mr. Puck—who but he! But when the wind blew from the icebergs, when the sleet sheeted the rigging with ice! These young men of whom I speak were early petted and flattered and famous. They were sought in society, and their work in their departments was very precious. They commanded their own prices. They had their own way. The wind was warm and fair. But even a wonder reigns but nine days. No man can hope for a perpetually undisputed sovereignty. Circumstances changed a little. The wind became fluctuating, even threatening storm. The best-natured fellows in the world were these fellow-travelers of ours, dear Edwin, but their baggage was too scanty. Loose breeches are not enough for all occasions. And this was proved surely but sadly. In a thousand nameless but familiar ways they declined in general regard and in their own respect; and when you see them now, forlorn in all that makes life most precious, bankrupt in friendship, in noble aims, in generous faith, if you could put your feeling into the travelers' expression, it would be that in their contempt for troublesome baggage they had sacrificed the great purpose and pleasure of travel.

Yet it is very easy also to be perplexed and ruined by your luggage, and to be a thousandfold worse slave to your trunks and boxes than ever I was. There is our fellow-traveler Vinegar. His whole journey is wasted, and all its delight and profit lost, by constantly attending to his ridiculous heaps of baggage. He is encumbered with the most sombre theology you ever heard of, the handling of which breaks every body's shins, and sets all who have any thing to do with it into the most profuse and profane swearing. Vinegar can never see the lovely landscape because of his abominable baggage, which shuts out the beauty of this world and the splendor of the sky. The charm of things terrestrial and the hope of those that are celestial are forever hidden from that unhappy traveler, the victim of his baggage.

Or it is a huge bundle of prejudices which another painfully carries upon the journey. Every thing offends some prejudice—that is, tumbles against his luggage and over his luggage and into his luggage. He, too, is robbed of all his pleasure because of his baggage. And still another travels the great highway with a whole cargo of theories. And in adjusting them he is as vexed and wearied, and as effectually escapes all the comfort and joy of the journey, as the poor woman who could not look nor speak, so intent was she upon watching and counting her "big trunk, little trunk, bandbox, bundle." These are all slaves of their baggage. They no more discriminate than the airy traveler with no baggage but a smile and a pair of loose breeches. And, my dear Edwin, since it is not always summer nor always winter, nor always wet nor always dry, take only enough to be sure that you are comfortable, knowing that without comfort—of body or mind—there is no pleasure upon the great journey.

Your friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

AMERICAN HOLIDAYS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

ONCE there was a little girl who would have been very happy with her two doll children, Emilius Alvah and Mary Maria, but for the sad thought which underlay all her enjoyment that a time was coming when she could no longer play with dolls. Grown people had no dolls. What there could be to enliven the dreariness of existence when dolls should have gone by the little lady could not imagine; and she found but cold comfort in the determination that she would set herself resolutely to drawing, and find in making pictures such satisfaction as might be left when the real piquancy of life should have passed away.

But the years came and went. Mary Maria disappeared wholly from the eyes of mortals, and no man knoweth her sepulchre to this day. Emilius Alvah, with a badly battered face, and a sadly shattered ankle, and a shocking bad hat, lay on a high shelf in a dark closet; and, strange to say, no one mourned him. His little mother grew to womanhood; and, for the waste she looked to endure, she found life so exceeding bright and sweet and full that she never had a regret, but only a pleasant memory, for Emilius Alvah and Mary Maria.

Just as it is with individuals so it is with nations. Just as it would be for a woman to go back to her dolls for amusement is it for a mature and intellectual nation to go back to the antics of a crude and rollicking period, or to attempt to adopt the antics of a crude and rollicking nation. There was a time when Englishmen entertained themselves and their wives by climbing greased poles and running sack-races. Men and women in Italy may still entertain themselves by putting on grotesque garments, and pelting each other with sugar-plums. But surely the American populace never presented a more melancholy spectacle than in its late attempt to be jolly under equally creditable circumstances.

Yet the attempt was not, necessarily, childish or unworthy. There is a vague idea that Americans are too sedate, that they have not sufficient relaxation, that they ought to appoint more holidays. But what does the idea spring from? Amusement is for health, happiness, effectiveness. Do not the Americans live as long as other people? Are they not the happiest people in the world? Are they really less effective than any other? What do we want of holidays? Probably we have come nearer than any other nation to equalizing work. A greater proportion of persons are actively engaged in business; a smaller proportion are suffering from intense and prolonged overwork. And just in the ratio of the equalization diminishes our need of holidays. The American workman is not a child with a set task, not a slave with an oppressive burden, but a free, intelligent, self-respecting, and self-guiding man. He lays out his own life. He reaps the reward of his labors. His work does not mean simply bread-and-butter, and a dance under the May-

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pole, but solid beef and pudding, a deaconship in the church, two weeks' summer board in the country, a piano for his daughter, and high-school, and perhaps college, for his son. Set him running a sack-race, indeed! He literally is the populace, at least of New England. The quiet country village, with its one meeting-house and four school-houses, may have a few exceptional tatterdemalions, recognized and tolerated, living from hand to mouth—a little Bohemia, half butt, half burden. But the mass of the people are such as the deacon aforesaid. They do not thank you for holidays. What they want more than the State prescribes they can take for themselves without prescriptions. Sometimes, when they come home from shop or market, they will buy a mask, with which their children will delight and affright themselves for a week; but a wagon load of men and women going about the streets in sober-earnest masks, bowing to right and left, seems to them simply silly. A man striding along the sidewalk in a yellow flannel surplice merely makes a guy of himself, and they gaze upon him with profound soberness. If they have any money to spend in sugar-plums, the sugar-plums are safely wrapped in brown paper bags, and bestowed in their overcoat pockets for the delectation of their own little folks, not for grown-up strangers. Tournament trowsers trimmed with tinsel lace look wonderfully incongruous over stout Yankee leather boots; and our familiarity with circus riders and outriders makes the haberdashery of knighthood show marvelously mean under the broad daylight of the nineteenth century.

Whatever amendment is made for our relief from work must be made in accordance with our constitution, national and social. Americans must go forward, and not backward. They can never become children again. They are not to be raised by greased poles. They are to find entertainment in society, not in sports. Relaxation is to work itself more and more thoroughly and beneficently into every day, not concentrate itself into senseless revels on set days. With increase of wisdom, occupation will more nicely adjust itself to capacity and taste, so that a man's business will be fruitful of pleasure. Every day will settle its own bills, and leave no overplus of weariness to be offset by to-morrow's enforced rest or prescribed merry-making. Our holidays will then be still more than they now are holy days—days of great memories and great suggestions, of family reunion, of national congratulation, of profound and manly thanksgiving.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE POSTILION-BASQUE SUIT.

THE Postilion-basque Suit illustrated on our first page is one of the most stylish spring costumes. This design is especially suitable for silks, whether of solid color or in hair-line stripes, and is also adapted to all the soft, flexible pongees, mohairs, and velours, and to the grenadines that will be worn later in the season. The basque is the simplest and prettiest form of the postilion, with a deep double box-pleat in the centre of the back, short slashed sides, and the becoming soft points in front. Basques made with these double-pointed fronts are worn in the house and street alike, but the single long stiff point is worn in the house only. The style of arranging the trimming, as shown in the engraving, is the plan adopted on most corsages—simply bordering the garment and extending up the fronts around the neck. The sleeves of this suit are half-flowing, coat-shaped below the elbow, and widening toward the wrist—a prevalent fashion.

Another important feature of this costume is the burnous over-skirt with two Arab folds at the top, forming very bouffant drapery. This is the favorite novelty of the season in the way of draping, and is a decided change from the pleats and loops so long worn. Though it looks intricate, it is very simple. There are five breadths of narrow summer silk in the back of the model shown. Three widths in the centre are straight, but those at the side are sloped and caught up in pleats to the waist. The top of the back widths is trimmed like the lower edge, and instead of being gathered to a belt in the usual way, is allowed to hang loosely, except where it is caught up in the centre by a loop passed over a button on the belt. The pointed open fronts are fastened to the belt, curving up very high on the hips at the point where the basque is shortest. A different effect is given to this suit by fastening the centre loop of the over-skirt to a button beneath the bow on the back of the postilion, thus doing away with the basque back, and making a pretty variety.

The skirt is of convenient walking length. It is trimmed with a bias gathered ruffle four inches wide when finished. The lower edge of the ruffle has a hem nearly an inch wide, turned up on the right side, and stitched by machine. Above this is a broad box-pleating, with the top of each pleat vandyked and held down by a bias silk band and lace.

The dress from which this design is taken is of grisaille silk, gray with black lines, trimmed with very narrow black edging. There is no wrap required with this costume; but ladies who object to going in the street without an over garment will use a small paletot of the silk, or else a black lace paletot or shawl. Suits of this description, made of summer silk at $2 a yard, and trimmed with French lace that can scarcely be distinguished from real lace, will cost from $90 to $100. We can not give the items exactly, but there are about twenty-five yards of silk for $50; $10 will probably buy the lace; sundries, in the way of linings, buttons, and sewing silk, amount to $5; and $25 or $30 are allowed for the modiste's labor.

When this costume is made of black grenadine the basque lining should be strong black silk, and a skirt of black silk should be worn beneath the suit. Colored grenadines are always made on silk of the same shade, the corsage and sleeves being lined throughout, and are never worn over white, as was formerly the custom.

HOUSE AND CARRIAGE COSTUMES.

Our Paris correspondent, Madame Raymond, editor of the *Mode Illustrée*, writing since the fall of Paris, advises us of a contemplated revolution in fashions looking to greater simplicity in dress. This is naturally in harmony with the feelings of the people engaged in the late war; but with us, instead of simplicity, the opposite extreme prevails.

The spring and summer opening at a French house in high favor with our *jeunesse dorée* has just shown us a variety of elegant costumes, made here, but gotten up with all the elaborate luxuriance and style for which Parisian taste is famous, and which gay demoiselles consider so desirable. Each costume was a house and carriage dress combined. The same suit was arranged to serve for dressy occasions at home, for dinner-parties, for visiting, and for any entertainment to which the wearer goes in her carriage; but its long skirt, lying a quarter of a yard on the floor, rendered it utterly unfit for promenading. This skirt, sloped to a point behind, was about four yards wide, and was formed by two and sometimes three side gores, according to the width of the material. The polonaise over dress was almost universal. Each suit had a polonaise with tight-fitting basque back held smooth by whalebones, very bouffant skirt, drapery especially full on the sides, while the plain flat front had the waist and skirt in one piece. The few exceptions to the regular polonaise were basques and over-skirts arranged to have the effect of a polonaise. Many polonaises had simple flat basque backs instead of postilion pleats. These basques were deeply pointed and very stylish. A bow or passementerie ornament was placed at the end of the basque point—not on the waist—and the fullness of the skirt beneath was gathered to a pointed piece shaped like the basque, in order to leave the basque smooth, and have the skirt drapery puff out abundantly around it. In many dresses the added fullness of the polonaise skirt was arranged in the burnous style, and was often much ampler than our model. Sleeves were invariably the half-flowing shape. Not a single loose paletot was shown. The only wraps seen with tight polonaises were small round capes with broad Watteau folds behind. These were more especially for traveling and sea-side costumes.

Flounces, ruches, and flat bands were the self trimmings on silks and woolens; passementerie and fringes are abundantly used; a great deal of white lace, especially Valenciennes, and many embroidered muslin ruffles, trimmed silks and pongees, not of light shades only, but dark brown, gray, and black silks also. Cambric insertions and edgings, thickly needle-worked, trim pale-tinted linen, foulard, and pongee suits. Charming pleatings of white tarlatan or of organdy peep from beneath ruffles of heavy dark silks.

Many shaded suits were shown, but as there can no longer be any novelty in these, lovers of variety are returning to costumes of two contrasting colors. The fancy is to combine one of the very light undecided tints now in vogue with a very dark color. A polonaise of absinthe pongee (gray tinged with green) is worn over a silk skirt of dark plum-color; the delicate écru buff is seen over scabieuse silk, that rich velvet maroon hue seen in dahlias; very light gray is trimmed with invisible green; pale Nile green, the blue tint so becoming to blondes, is associated with darkest prune; faint sky blue is draped over chestnut brown, and pale lilac is contrasted with the greenish bronze called verd-antique.

To describe a few of these. First was a carriage costume of plum-colored gros grain, with facings of brightest Nile green silk. Around the skirt was a broad double box-pleating, headed by a wide ruche, with the pleats caught together in the centre to show a lining of Nile green silk. Polonaise with tight back and full burnous drapery lapped toward the sides, the top faced with green silk, and held on each side by a green bow made of gros grain, doubled, a finger broad, and placed lengthwise, with two loops above and below, and two fringed ends. A ruche and fringe border the polonaise and sleeves. Gathered Valenciennes lace in neck and sleeves. To complete this suit should be a Belgian straw gipsy, with plum-colored gros grain ribbon, and Nile green ostrich tips. Large umbrella of silk of the dress, lined with light green. Enameled jewelry. Long-wristed kid gloves of pale green.

A watering-place costume has a plum-colored silk skirt with three scant flounces of the same, with white embroidered jaconet ruffles showing below the silk flounces. The polonaise, of pale buff, is twilled foulard trimmed with ruffles of the dark plum-colored silk and of white muslin.

A similar suit is of summer velours, thin and light, yet repped, in a pale gray tint. The polonaise is trimmed with white guipure insertion and lace laid over prune-colored satin bands. The skirt has a flat pleating, headed with diagonal pleats, showing the facing of prune satin.

An absinthe green polonaise of silky pongee is finished with fringe that has a deep netted heading in points made in the garment. It is fastened down the front with maroon gros grain bows, and the sleeves and back are similarly ornamented. The back is voluminously draped in the burnous style, and the lower skirt is of maroon silk.

A gray summer serge traveling dress has a polonaise with a broad vest of darkest invisible green silk; cuffs, bows, and facings on postilion, and flounces of the same dark green. A nut brown silk costume has three straight overlapping flounces edged with Valenciennes lace. Worn over this is an écru buff polonaise of silk serge, trimmed with white cambric inserting and edging, caught up by bows of dark brown silk edged with Valenciennes. A costume of glossy lavender chalé is trimmed with many self-pleatings, edged with embroidered Swiss ruffles. A polonaise of thick gray linen, to be worn over silk skirts, is trimmed with thick white embroidery.

A model for black grenadine suits has a pointed flat basque, with broad vest of black gros grain. Two cords edge the vest. Thread lace and a pleating alternately silk and grenadine border the basque. The over-skirt has a short apron front and long back sewed to a pointed piece beneath the basque, and is trimmed like the basque. Deep flounce in the skirt, with bias silk laid between each side-pleat, giving the appearance of alternate pleats of silk and grenadine.

The handsomest dress of all is a French gray silk, with two rows of pleatings around the skirt, each a finger deep, the lower ruffle of a darker gray. Three bias bands are placed at intervals above these. The over-skirt, with short apron front and long back, has around it a wide passementerie of leaves in pale gray cord, and the edge is finished with Valenciennes three inches wide placed over soft, mossy, gray fringe. The basque, with deep pointed back and straight front, is trimmed with two rows of Valenciennes lace, frilled down to the basque point, and headed by passementerie. Similar trimming up the front. A bow and long ends of the silk, doubled and edged with Valenciennes, is fastened on the left side at the waist.

BONNETS AND HATS.

The milliners' parlors arranged for the openings look like a beautiful conservatory. The first choice in bonnets is for fine Belgian straw gipsies, with high rolled coronets, the queen's ruche of tulle for face trimming, thick gros grain ribbon, flowers, feather tips, and lace for garniture. The fairest and most youthful faces adopt these straw bonnets for all occasions, and find them more becoming than was anticipated. The ribbon and flowers are selected with regard to the dresses with which they are to be worn. The new shade of the season is called fisherman's green—a blue-green similar to the Nile shade of last year. We defer a lengthy description on account of our crowded columns.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames PINCHON; SIBLEY; PAGE; and FERRERO.

PERSONAL.

THERE are few remarkable dinner sets of silver or china in this country compared with what may be found in the old families of Europe. One of the finest sets is probably in possession of Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR. It was bought by his father, the late JOHN JACOB ASTOR, and used by him during his residence in Paris and Switzerland. All the dishes, plates, fruit stands, etc., are of solid silver. The dessert plates are of Sèvres china, embellished with portraits of the celebrated beauties of the court of LOUIS XIV. By the will of Mr. ASTOR this dinner service is to descend to the oldest son of the oldest son.

—Baron GEROLT, the minister of Prussia, goes home next month, but will leave his two daughters here. The elder will be married to Mr. RANGABE, chargé d'affaires of Greece, on the 17th of April; and the younger, it is said, will enter the convent at Georgetown. Both these young ladies were born in this country, and have always resided here.

—A contemporaneous journal gives this well-deserved praise to the Berlin *Bazar:* "This great fashion journal of the world claims a circulation of half a million of copies, and is issued in twelve different languages. It is emphatically a friend of all classes, as it consults the interests of all, rich and poor, high and low. It is no longer considered a luxury, but rather a necessity in German households, and represents all the interests of women in the line of beauty and economy of dress, endeavoring always to subject this latter to the demands of comfort and womanly propriety. For sixteen years it has gone on increasing in usefulness and popularity, and has now become, without dispute, the fashion journal of the world, speaking to its patrons in all the languages of civilization, and moulding European taste in the interest of utility and sound common-sense. It has for years been the source whence journals in the same sphere, in nearly all the capitals of the world, have drawn material and suggestions, and it now bids fair to receive the credit that it deserves. Its great effort in future will be to prove that it is far superior to any of its rivals that in Paris have so long attracted the eyes of the world to a great extent on capital borrowed from its pages." We may add, that the readers of *Harper's Bazar* have all that is contained in its Berlin prototype—which, by-the-way, is less than half its size—together with an endless variety of additional fashion and miscellaneous engravings and choice reading matter.

—That the lectures of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL at Harvard University on French poetry were able and interesting can not be doubted; yet we see it stated in an exchange that his audiences hardly averaged thirty persons, including women, who were largely in the majority. It simply shows that Boston does not appreciate LOWELL as does New York.

—And this is the way in which M. THIERS lived during his recent stay at Bordeaux: He received and worked from 6.30 A.M. until noon, when he breakfasted; then walked two hours; worked again until a late dinner, and while eating continued to receive his little court; after dinner a little sleep. Any thing but exclusive—very cordial to a certain degree—he multiplied himself by his vivacity and elocution. The magnificent crowning of his political career has given him a new youth. He can not bear tavern beds, so his servant nightly prepares for him in his study a camp-bed, on which he sleeps on a single mattress. M. THIERS is said to favor the project of having the permanent seat of government away from Paris and the power of the mob.

—A gentleman who has lately seen BAEZ on his own stamping-ground says he has no wife, but scores of children; has no salary, but lives in luxury while the soldiers starve; has neither character nor courage, and he can not quell a contemptible insurrection, though his nominal power is almost absolute. In a republic he rules like a royal despot. Yet he is popular, and, practically, there is no respectable opposition to his government.

—It is said that a marriage has been arranged between Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, M.P. ("Historicus"), and Mrs. IVES, eldest daughter of Mr. MOTLEY. Mrs. IVES is the widow of one of the Rhode Island IVESES, and is quite wealthy. It is a saying in "Little Rhody" that the public affairs of that State are pretty much controlled by the two great manufacturing firms of the SPRAGUES and BROWN & IVES, between whom there has for many a year been a lively rivalry.

—During the general illumination in which the Germans indulged on the fall of Paris a barber, a townsman of VON MOLTKE, displayed a transparency on which was this couplet:

"Moltke and I were at Parchim born;
He has the French, and I've the Germans shorn!"

—At the banquet given by Lord WALTER CAMPBELL on the 21st inst., at the Travelers' Club in this city, in honor of his brother's marriage to the Princess LOUISE, he said that the other day he heard from an old acquaintance that soon after the engagement between the Princess and his brother the Princess BEATRICE went to the Queen, and said, "Mother, I am glad that LOUISE is going to marry a subject, because now, I suppose, I can marry an American."

—Mrs. BELLA FRENCH, speaking of her lecture at St. Paul, Minnesota, says, "Several of the first ladies of St. Paul met us at the close of the lecture, kissed us, and bade us God speed in the good work. We also received flattering congratulations from a number of gentlemen, who looked as if they wished to kiss us, but were too bashful!"

—BISMARCK enjoys the reputation of saying more witty things with less effort than any man in Germany. A correspondent, writing of him, says he is as ready as an American, bright as a Frenchman, and stinging as a Spaniard in his conceits and epigrams.

—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE recently said to a gentleman in Washington that the social duties of the High Commission were becoming the hardest part of the work.

—One of the most interesting schemes devised by American liberality in behalf of the French sufferers from the war is that of the well-known poetess, Mrs. ANNE LYNCH BOTTA, of New York, who is making a collection of autographic letters and sketches by native and foreign artists, which promises to be the most unique of the kind ever seen in this country, and which, it is hoped, may transfer five thousand dollars from the well-filled pockets of some rich man to the empty purses of the starving poor of France. HEALY has sent twenty valuable paintings from the foreign artists in Rome, including two by M. HÉBERT, the president of the French Academy of Art there; and BIERSTADT, CARPENTER, FAGNANI, KENSETT, GIFFORD, ROWSE, WHITTREDGE, and many other distinguished Americans have contributed fine sketches. One of the most interesting gems of the collection is an unpublished *morceau* by LISZT, in his own handwriting, composed expressly for this purpose, and procured at the solicitation of Miss CECILIA CLEVELAND, the niece of Mr. GREELEY, who, with her mother and sister, is now in Munich. In an accompanying letter to Miss CLEVELAND LISZT declares that he holds autograph albums in abhorrence, and makes it a rule never to contribute to them; but has broken through the rule in this single instance for her sake, and in the aid of so good a cause. Several hundred distinguished persons are represented in this rare collection, which will be raffled if not previously disposed of privately.

—No two men in the government service at Washington perform a greater amount of daily labor than Mr. J. H. SAVILLE, chief clerk of the Treasury Department. Mr. S. is thirty years of age; came to Washington ten years ago; was appointed by Mr. CHASE messenger in his office, and has since, by sheer force of ability, worked himself to his present high position. As chief clerk he examines all letters addressed to the department, sits in judgment upon important monetary transactions, examines contracts involving millions, decides important matters in dispute, and is, in short, the working officer of the Treasury.

—King LOUIS, of Bavaria, who in the first years of his reign was regarded with the general contempt of his subjects, is now exceedingly popular. He showed pluck, spirit, and ability during the war, and has consequently worked himself up to the favor of his people.

—Miss EVANS, who is engaged on a new novel for *Blackwood*, is a most laborious and painstaking writer, bestowing as much pains upon a single book as ordinary authors do upon six. Her handwriting illustrates this. It is bold, round, as easy to read as print, and scarcely an erasure is to be met with in the manuscript of a whole volume. This is owing to the fact that she carefully sketches beforehand what she intends to write, and then copies it elaborately. The printers keep her manuscript clean, and after the proofs have been corrected it is returned to her. She has the MSS. of all her books bound in red morocco, and they form one of the most interesting features of her library. She sold "Adam Bede" to *Blackwood* for $1500; but its success prompted her publishers to present her $7500 besides. For "Felix Holt" she received the large sum of $30,000.

—The Prussian government lately gave £5555 sterling to a Berlin cook for his secret of making pease-pudding sausages that will not turn sour. 75,000 of the delicacies, which are strengthened with bacon and flavored with onions, were made daily for the Prussian army. Each sausage weighed a pound, and was a day's ration for one man. The lucky cook's name is GRÜNBERG—but he can not be very green; with his heap of money he might now change his name to GÜLDENBERG.

—Mrs. MARY GAINES, an eccentric, who has been unfortunate in two marriages, recently took a third husband, without legs, for the reason, as she alleged, that he could not run away from her.

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Tassels for Trimming Tidies, Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—TASSEL OF GREEN WOOLEN REPS AND CROCHET. To make this tassel, first prepare a hollow tube two inches and a fifth long, to do which wind a strip of card-board several times around a lead-pencil, and fasten the outer crosswise edge with mucilage. Then wind cotton batting around this tube in such a manner that the circumference of the upper end is smaller than that of the under end. Cover the head smoothly with the woolen reps, and over this stretch threads of dark green silk, which must cross each other as shown by the illustration. To the upper end of the head fasten a loop of green silk cord and a brass ring covered with single crochet of green silk twist. For the under part of the tassel cut a straight piece of the reps eleven inches and three-fifths long and four inches wide, join the crosswise edges, and turn down the under lengthwise edge on the right side an inch and a fifth. Two-fifths of an inch from the under edge ornament the part with two rows of diagonal half-polka stitch worked with green silk twist. Gather the upper edge and sew it on the head as shown by the illustration. Before doing this, however, pass another ring, covered with single crochet of green silk, over the head of the tassel. About two-fifths of an inch from the under edge of the tassel fasten a brass ring five inches in circumference, covered with green silk, to the inside of the tassel, in such a manner that the tassel forms gathers as shown by the illustration. Finally, fasten three silk cords to the inside of the tassel, and finish the ends with three covered wooden balls.

Fig. 1.—WOOLEN REPS AND CROCHET TASSEL FOR TIDIES, COVERS, ETC.

Fig. 2.—TASSEL OF GRAY CASHMERE AND CROCHET. For the head of this tassel two wooden rings, of the shape shown by the illustration, are required. Cover these rings on the outside, first with shirting, and then with cotton batting; cover these smoothly with gray cashmere, and ornament them with long stitches of gray silk twist in the manner shown by the illustration. Slip the larger ring over a card-board tube an inch and a fifth long, which is covered with gray cashmere; fasten it with a few stitches, and above the upper edge set on a brass ring covered with single crochet of gray silk twist. Sew on the smaller wooden ring, fasten it to the first with a few stitches, set on a brass ring as before above the upper edge of the second ring, and sew on a small cord loop. For the crochet cover of the tassel work 60 sc. (single crochet) on a brass ring two inches and a half in circumference, and on these a round as follows: Alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 2 ch. (chain stitch), with the latter always pass over 2 st. (stitch) of the preceding round. Work one more round alternately 2 sc. on the 2 ch. of the preceding round, 2 ch. To each 2 ch. of the last round fasten two threads of gray silk twist, each four inches and two-fifths long, so that these form strands two inches long, and then knot each five of these strands together in the manner shown by the illustration. Slip this ring with the crochet covering over the head of the tassel, and sew it on the under wooden ring. For the under part of the tassel cut a straight piece of gray cashmere eight inches long and three inches wide, join the crosswise edges, and embroider it, as shown by the illustration, with gray silk soutache and point Russe worked with gray silk twist. At the under edge work button-hole stitch with gray silk twist over the soutache scallops. Arrange the upper edge in four box-pleats, and sew it to the card-board tube so that a gray silk tassel comes between each two pleats.

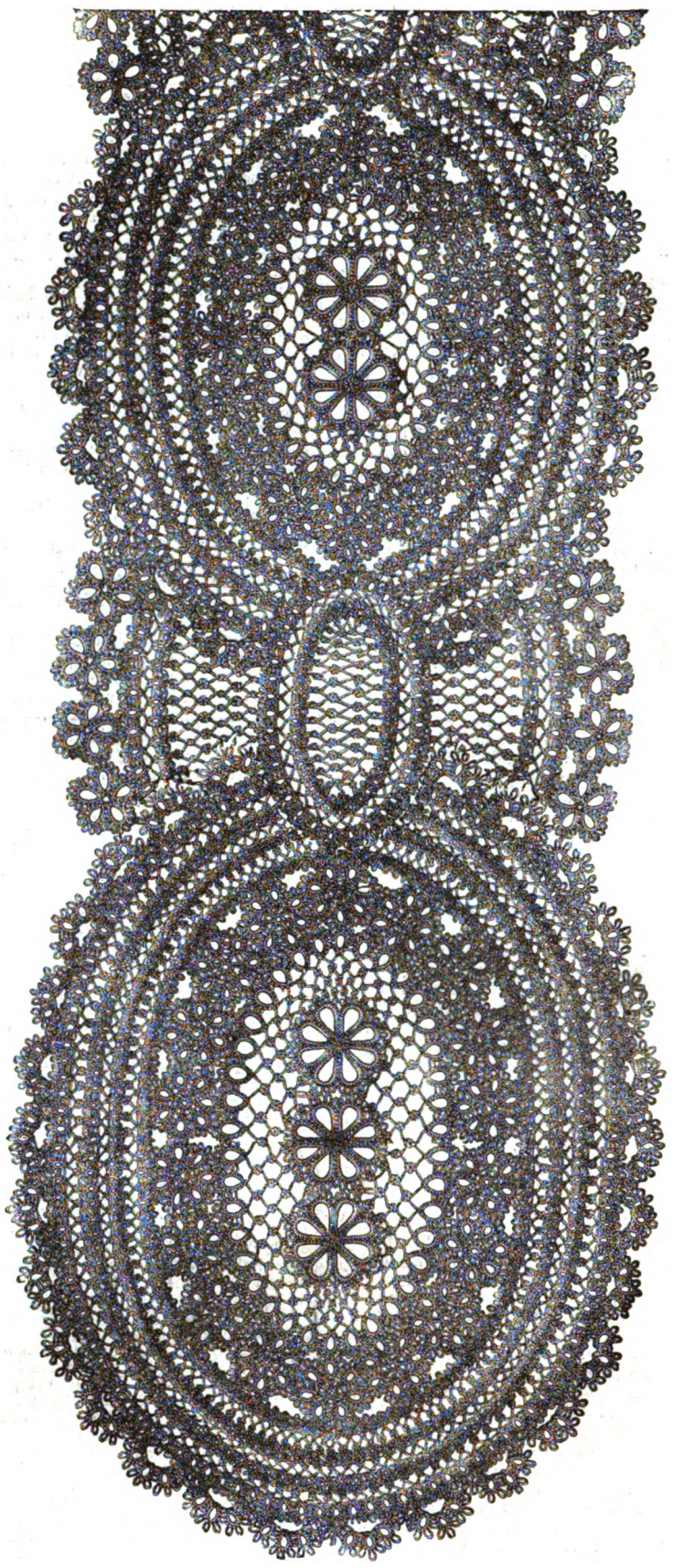

Fig. 1.—SECTION OF TATTED BARBE. FULL SIZE.

TATTED ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Tatted Barbe, Figs. 1–4.

THIS barbe, of which Fig. 1 shows one end in full size, is worked with fine tatting cotton. It consists of medallions of various sizes, which are joined in the manner shown by Fig. 1. For the large medallion at each end of the barbe work, first, the three middle rosettes (Fig. 3 shows one enlarged) as follows: A ring of 14 ds. (double stitches), eight times alternately 1 p. (picot), 2 ds., then 1 p., 14 ds. In this way work seven more rings in close succession, but in working each of these rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, instead of forming the first p.; and in working the last ring, instead of forming the last p., fasten to the first p. of the first ring. Finally, work little wheels in the middle of the rosettes, as shown by Fig. 3. The three rosettes are joined with the middle p. of two rings of each side, either in the working, or by sewing them together with fine thread. On each side of the tatted strip thus formed fill out the empty spaces between each two rosettes with three small rings, each of which counts 6 ds.; between the 3d and 4th ds. fasten each ring to a p. of the rosettes at the proper point; leave an interval of thread of the requisite length between each two rings (see Fig. 1). Surround the tatted strip with two rounds of small rings; each ring of the first round counts 6 ds., and is fastened to the rosettes between the 3d and 4th ds.; between each two rings leave an interval of thread two-fifths of an inch long. At the ends of the tatted strip the rings must come closer together than at the sides (see Fig. 1). The rings of the second round must also count 6 ds., and between the 3d and 4th ds. must be fastened to the middle of the threads connecting the rings of the preceding round; at the end of this round fasten the thread and cut it off. 3d round.—* One ring of 3 ds., eight times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 p., 3 ds.; turn this ring downward, and, after one-fifth of an inch interval, work one ring of 3 ds., fasten to the connecting thread between two rings of the preceding round, 3 ds.; turn the work, and, after one-fifth of an inch interval, repeat from *, but now, instead of forming the first p. of the larger ring, fasten to the last p. of the larger ring previously worked. After completing this round, fasten the beginning and end of the thread together and cut it off. Surround the medallion with a row of rosettes; Fig. 2 shows one of these rosettes enlarged. For each rosette work a ring of 1 ds., 1 p., six times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 1 ds. After completing the ring, * fasten the working thread to the nearest p., and, after one-seventh of an inch interval, work one ring of 2 ds.; nine times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., and, after one-seventh of an inch interval, repeat yet six times from *. Finally, fasten the thread and cut it off. These rosettes must be joined with the medallion and each other, as shown by Fig. 1. Work the large medallions between the end medallions in a similar manner, but work only two rosettes for the middle strip, and surround this with one round of small tatted rings instead of two. Besides this the large rings of the following round (3d round of the end medallion) must count 7 p. instead of 9 p. Having worked the requisite number of medallions (the original measures thirty-seven inches, and counts two large medallions for the ends and six smaller ones, worked in the manner above described), join each two medallions at the ends with a small medallion, so that the barbe when completed counts eight large medallions and seven of the small medallions last mentioned. Work the latter as follows, beginning with the middle row of rings facing each other: 1 ring of 3 ds., 1 short p., 3 ds.; turn the ring, and, * after one-fifth of an inch interval, work a similar ring; turn the ring, and repeat from * until the row counts 22 rings in all—that is, 11 rings turned upward, and 11 rings turned downward. All around this row work a round of small rings as follows: Fasten the working thread to the p. of the first ring, * after one-fifth of an inch interval work one ring of 2 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., fasten to the p. of the following ring after one-fifth of an inch interval, and repeat from *; at the end of the strip, however, work a few additional rings, to prevent the medallion from stretching; in doing this fasten to the connecting threads of the middle ring. In connection with this round

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE AND CROCHET TASSEL FOR TIDIES, COVERS, ETC.

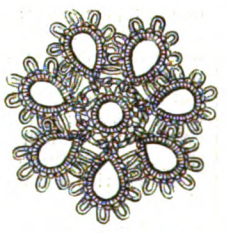

Fig. 2.—TATTED ROSETTE FOR BARBE. REDUCED SIZE.

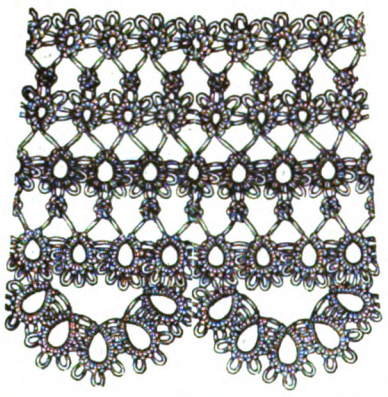

Fig. 4.—TATTED EDGING FOR BARBE. REDUCED SIZE.

Fig. 3.—TATTED ROSETTE FOR BARBE. REDUCED SIZE.

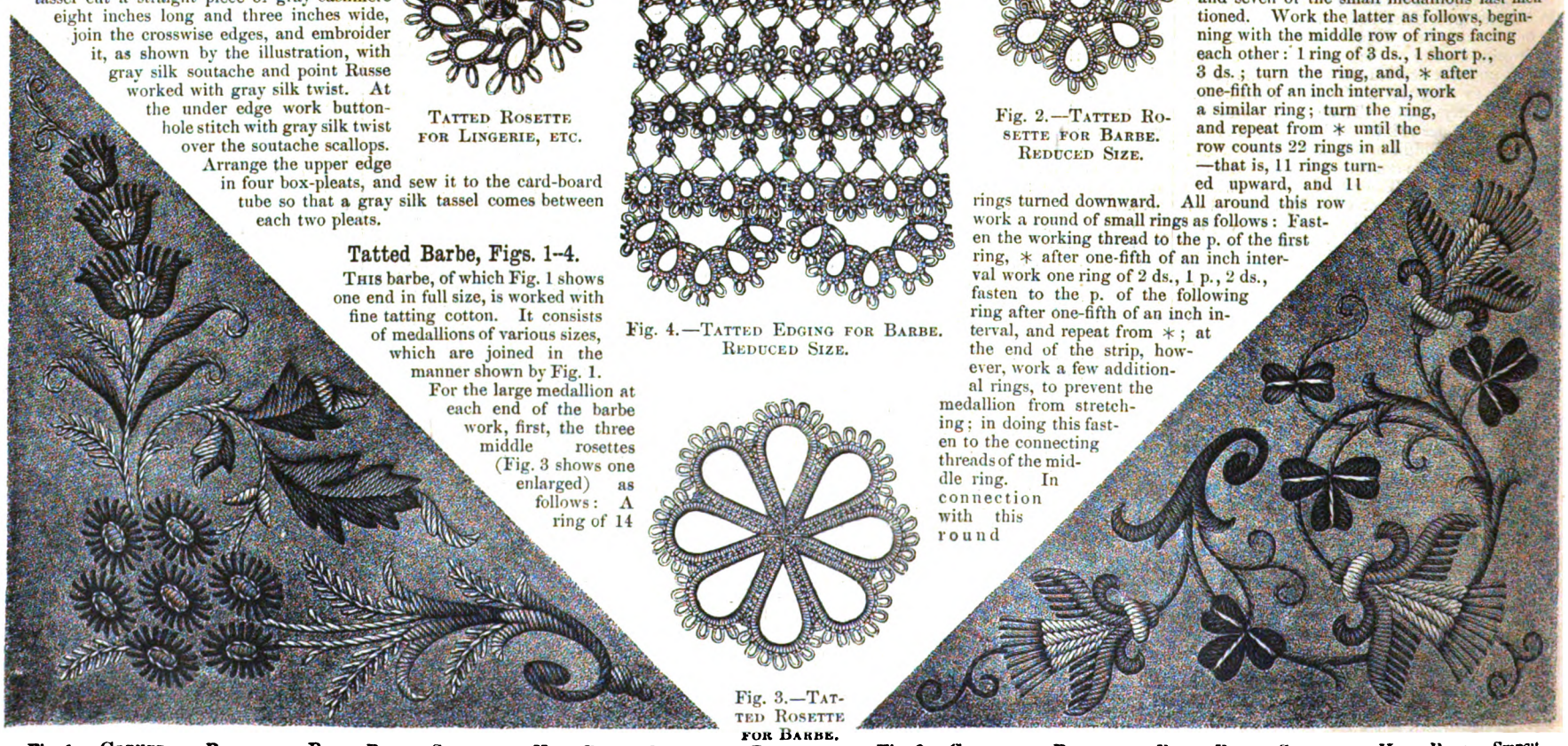

Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER IN POINT RUSSE, SATIN, AND HALF-POLKA STITCH FOR ALBUMS, CUSHIONS, COVERS, ETC.

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER IN POINT RUSSE, SATIN, AND HALF-POLKA STITCH FOR ALBUMS, CUSHIONS, COVERS, ETC.

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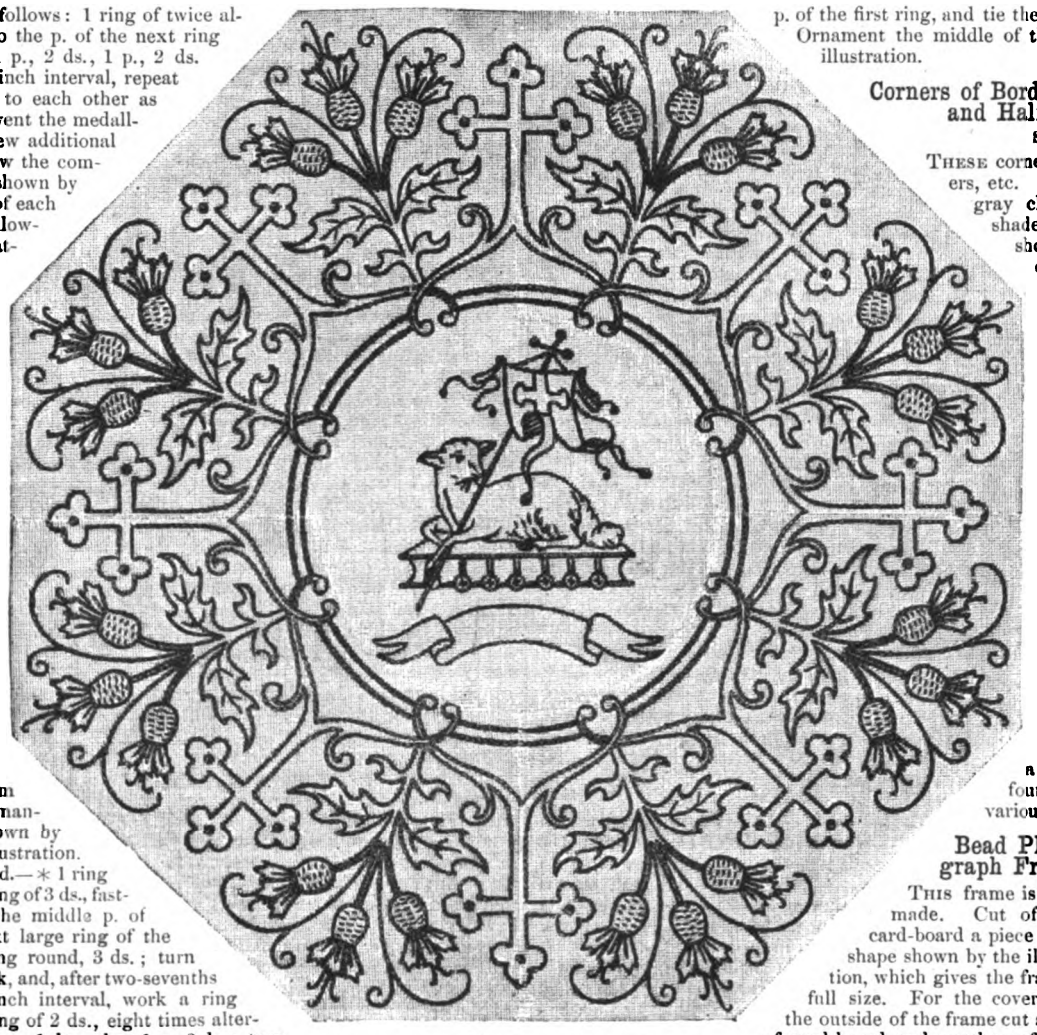


EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR COVERS, ETC.

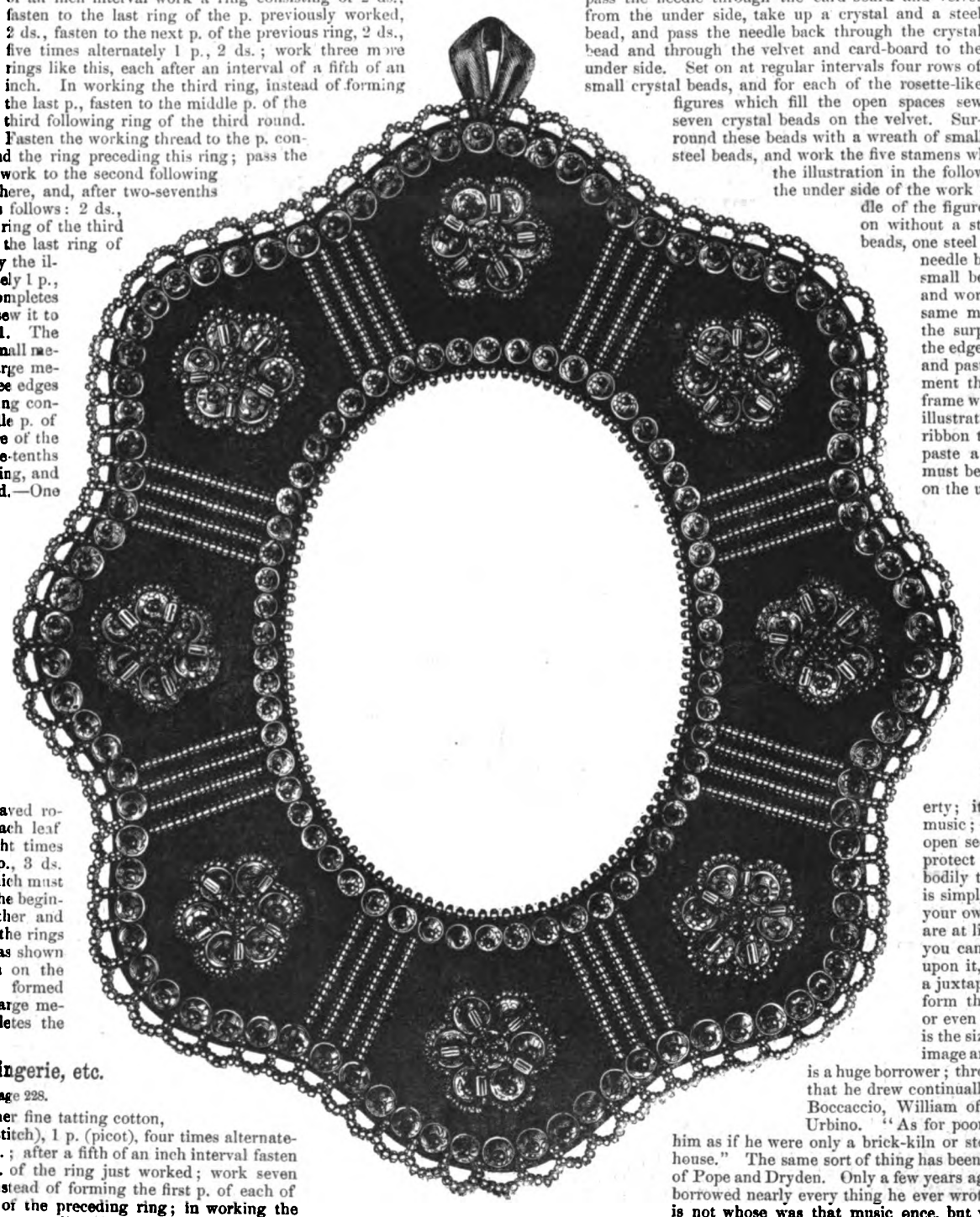
work a round of rings facing each other as follows: 1 ring of twice alternately 2 ds., 1 p.; then 2 ds.; fasten to the p. of the next ring of the preceding round, and work 2 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., 1 p., 2 ds. Turn the work, and, after one-fifth of an inch interval, repeat from *, fastening the rings of each row to each other as shown by the illustration. In order to prevent the medallion from stretching at the ends, work a few additional rings there in this round (see Fig. 1). Sew the completed medallions together at the ends as shown by the illustration. On the free outer edges of each of the eight larger medallions work the following edging, observing Figs. 1 and 4; the latter illustration shows a section of the edging enlarged. The first round of the edging consists of two rows of rings facing each other; first work * one of the larger rings (see upper straight edge of Fig. 4), consisting of 2 ds., 1 p., four times alternately 1 ds., 1 p.; then 2 ds. Turn the ring downward, and, after a fifth of an inch interval, work 1 ring consisting of 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds. Again turn the ring just worked, and repeat from *. In working the larger rings, instead of forming the first p. of each ring, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring. At the end of the round fasten the thread and cut it off. The second round also consists of two rows of rings facing each other; work first * 1 ring consisting of 2 ds., 1 p., 1 ds., 1 p., 1 ds.; fasten to the p. of a small ring of the preceding round, 1 ds., 1 p., 1 ds., 1 p., 2 ds.; turn the work, and, after two-sevenths of an inch interval, work a ring consisting of 2 ds., six times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; then 1 p., 2 ds.; turn the work, and, after two-sevenths of an inch interval, repeat from *, fastening the rings to each other in the manner shown by the illustration. 3d round.—* 1 ring consisting of 3 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next large ring of the preceding round, 3 ds.; turn the work, and, after two-sevenths of an inch interval, work a ring consisting of 2 ds., eight times alternately 1 p., 1 ds.; then 1 p., 2 ds.; turn the work, and, after two-sevenths of an inch interval, repeat from *. Fasten the large rings of this round to each other in the manner shown by Fig. 4. 4th round.—Hold the lace so that the 3d round is turned upward, fasten the working thread to the p. joining the first two large rings of the preceding round, and, after two-sevenths of an inch interval, work 1 ring consisting of 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the first of the two rings just mentioned, 2 ds., six times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; * after a fifth of an inch interval work a ring consisting of 2 ds., fasten to the last ring of the p. previously worked, 2 ds., fasten to the next p. of the previous ring, 2 ds., five times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; work three more rings like this, each after an interval of a fifth of an inch. In working the third ring, instead of forming the last p., fasten to the middle p. of the third following ring of the third round. Fasten the working thread to the p. connecting the ring last mentioned and the ring preceding this ring; pass the thread along the under side of the work to the second following p. connecting two rings, fasten it there, and, after two-sevenths of an inch interval, work a ring as follows: 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next ring of the third round, 2 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., fasten to the last ring of the preceding scallop, as shown by the illustration, 2 ds., four times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., and repeat from *. This completes the edging. After completing it, sew it to the medallion as shown by Fig. 1. The ends of the edging must meet the small medallions, by means of which the large medallions are joined. On the still free edges of these small medallions work a ring consisting of 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next free ring of the outer edge of the small medallions, 2 ds.; after three-tenths of an inch interval work a similar ring, and continue in this manner. 2d round.—One ring consisting of 3 ds., fasten to the connecting threads between two rings of the preceding round, 3 ds.; after two-fifths of an inch interval work a similar ring, and continue in this manner. Repeat these two rounds twice, always fastening the rings to the connecting threads between two rings of the preceding round, and besides this widen each successive round on each side by one ring. The seventh round consists of two rows of rings facing each other, which must be worked like the rings facing each other on the outer edge of the small medallions. With this round is joined a round of five-leaved rosettes, as is shown by Fig. 1. Each leaf of these rosettes counts 3 ds., eight times alternately 1 p., 1 ds.; then 1 p., 3 ds. After completing the five leaves, which must be worked in close succession, tie the beginning and end of the thread together and cut them off. Sew the rosettes to the rings of the seventh round and together, as shown by the illustration, or join them on the working. The tatted part thus formed must meet the side edges of the large medallion (see Fig. 1). This completes the barbe.

Fig. 1.—MEDALLION IN SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH.

Tatted Rosette for Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on page 228.

FOR this rosette work, with rather fine tatting cotton, a ring consisting of 6 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), four times alternately 3 ds., 1 p., then 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds.; after a fifth of an inch interval fasten the working thread to the last p. of the ring just worked; work seven rings more in this manner, but instead of forming the first p. of each of these rings, fasten to the fifth p. of the preceding ring; in working the last ring, instead of forming the p. preceding the last, fasten to the first p. of the first ring, and tie the beginning and end of the thread together. Ornament the middle of the rosette with a wheel, as shown by the illustration.



BEAD PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

Corners of Borders in Point Russe, Satin Stitch, and Half-polka Stitch, Figs. 1 and 2.

See Illustrations on page 228.

THESE corners are suitable for albums, cushions, covers, etc. They are worked on a foundation of light gray cloth, partly with plain and partly with shaded silk twist. The illustration distinctly shows the manner of executing the embroidery and the shading. Velvet, satin, gros grain, or leather may also be used as a foundation.

Embroidery Design for Covers, etc.

THE symbols on this cover render it especially suited to ecclesiastical purposes. The foundation is of fine white linen. The embroidery is worked with red or white cotton in satin stitch, back stitch, chain stitch, and diagonal half-polka stitch. If desired, a tatted, crochet, or point lace rosette may be substituted for the central figures. Cambric, piqué, or Swiss muslin may also be used for the foundation, and the embroidery executed with black silk.

Medallions embroidered in Satin and Half-polka Stitch, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE medallions are suitable for ornamenting porte-monnaies, note-books, cigar-cases, etc. They may be worked on a satin, gros grain, velvet, leather, or cloth foundation with shaded silk twist, or twist of various colors.

Bead Photograph Frame.

THIS frame is easily made. Cut of thick card-board a piece of the shape shown by the illustration, which gives the frame in full size. For the covering of the outside of the frame cut a piece of card-board and another of black velvet, allowing two-fifths of an inch extra material on the outer edge of the velvet piece, and four-fifths of an inch on the inner edge. Paste the velvet on the card-board, letting it project two-fifths of an inch beyond the outer and four-fifths of an inch beyond the inner edge, and ornament with the beads as shown by the illustration; for the present do not work the round of small beads on the inner edge of the frame, nor the scallops on the outer edge. In order to sew on the large crystal (frost) beads, pass the needle through the card-board and velvet from the under side, take up a crystal and a steel bead, and pass the needle back through the crystal bead and through the velvet and card-board to the under side. Set on at regular intervals four rows of small crystal beads, and for each of the rosette-like figures which fill the open spaces sew seven crystal beads on the velvet. Surround these beads with a wreath of small steel beads, and work the five stamens which rest on the figures as shown by the illustration in the following manner: Pass the needle from the under side of the work through the crystal bead in the middle of the figure (this bead must have been brought on without a steel bead), take up three small steel beads, one steel bugle, one small steel bead, pass the needle back through the bugle and the three small beads to the under side of the work, and work the remaining four stamens in the same manner. Cut short diagonal slits in the surplus edges of the velvet, turn down the edges on the under side of the pasteboard, and paste them down with mucilage. Ornament the inner and the outer edge of the frame with small steel beads, as shown by the illustration, and fasten a loop of gros grain ribbon to the upper edge of the frame; and paste a second piece of pasteboard, which must be smoothly covered with moiré paper, on the under side of the frame.

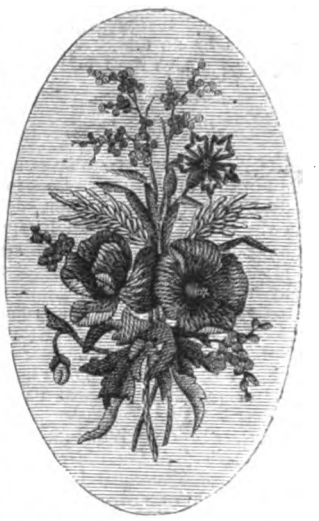


Fig. 2.—MEDALLION IN SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH.

ASSIMILATION.

ASSIMILATION is not robbery; neither is quotation. Original men do not rob; they assimilate. It is the little men who rob, and call their robbery assimilation. But they are incapable of assimilating; they can only steal, and strut about in borrowed plumes, which never did and never can belong to them. When a musical phrase or progression has been once discovered it can not be rediscovered, neither can it be patented; it is henceforth public property; it is there for you, if you can write music; you may use it if you can; it is an open secret—it needs no protection—it can protect itself. You must not transfer it bodily to your pages, context and all; that is simply copying other people's writing into your own; but in almost any other way you are at liberty to mould what you find, and if you can succeed in putting your *imprimatur* upon it, it will be yours. A chord, a note, a juxtaposition will often be enough to transform the whole emotional intent of a bar, or even a phrase. The question is not what is the size or the weight of the coin, but whose image and superscription is upon it. Chaucer is a huge borrower; through Lydgate and Caxton we are told that he drew continually upon Guido di Colonna, Petrarch, Boccaccio, William of Lorris, John of Meun, Lollius of Urbino. "As for poor Glover," says Emerson, "he uses him as if he were only a brick-kiln or stone-quarry out of which to build his house." The same sort of thing has been said of Shakspeare; the same is true of Pope and Dryden. Only a few years ago we were informed that Handel had borrowed nearly every thing he ever wrote; but we all feel that the question is not whose was that music once, but whose is it now and for evermore? The transforming touch of originality is the one sufficient excuse for all so-

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called robbery. If I have not this originality I am a thief; if I have, then what I take belongs to me by a kind of divine right. God says to every man: "Here is the world. Take whatever belongs to you. Whatever else you may take will never be yours."

LOVE'S COLORS.

NOT violets I gave my love,
That in their life are sweet and rare,
And deep in color, as the heart
Whose every thought of her is prayer;
For violets grow pale and dry,
And lose the semblance of her eye.

No lily's buds I gave my love,
Though she is white and pure as they;
For they are cold to smell and touch,
And blossom but a single day;
And pressed by love, in love's own page,
They yellow into early age.

But cyclamen I chose to give,
Whose pale white blossoms at the tips
(All else is driven snow) are pink,
And mind me of her perfect lips;
Still till this flower is kept and old
Its worth to love is yet untold.

Old, kept, and kissed, it does not lose
As other flowers the hues they wear;
Love is triumphant, and this bloom
Will never whiten from despair;
Rather it deepens as it lies,
This flower that purples when it dies.

So shall my love, as years roll by,
Take kingly colors for its own;
Sole master of her vanquished heart,
Am I not master of a throne?
Crushed by no foot, nor cast away,
My purple love shall rule the day.

THOROUGHNESS.

THIS is a virtue hard to be attained by many. For one of the great errors in the ordinary education of woman is its want of thoroughness; and the careless, superficial habits of her early training are the bane of many a woman's life. It is so hard for a person brought up superficially to do any thing thoroughly. Yet, if work is to be done so as to give satisfaction, it must be done thoroughly.

Nothing must be slurred over; nothing left to chance; nothing be taken on supposition. Your whole energy must be thrown into your work, whatever it may be. All your thoughts must be concentrated on it. Your labor must be given to it unsparingly. You must grudge neither time nor fatigue. You must let nothing connected with it (no matter how small) escape your notice.

Never let any work leave your hand of which you can not, in all truth and honor, say to your own heart that it is as well done as your powers could do it; that you have given your best, your very best. Depend on it, no work which is not thorough will ever give satisfaction.

No woman will ever keep regular employment of whom it can not be said that thoroughness is one of the characteristics of her work.

It is worldly wisdom, as well as religious duty, that the wise king teaches when he says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

AN EASTER-EGG.

FOUR pairs of noisy boots clattered down the entry. Three sets of impatient fingers fumbled at once for the door-knob, while another, missing its clutch, thumped violently on the panel. A quartet of voices, raised to concert pitch, accompanied these movements with a chorus of "Bully! splendid! Oh, Nora, Nora, Nora!"

A second more and the door flew open, and in poured an eager little crowd, startling the quiet of the nursery with their whoops and shouts. But Nora was used to it, and only smiled as they flocked around her.

"Oh, Nora, what d'you think?"

This was Reggy, the eldest. Jack, his next junior, vented his feelings in a series of hops, each topped off with the word "Cricky!" as a sort of exclamation point. Jonquil, a solemn girl of six, with excited, red cheeks, stood in the middle of the room, too breathless for more than an occasional "Oh!" While small May, the baby, who had climbed the precipitous back of the sewing-chair, and wound a pair of fat arms round her nurse's neck, nearly strangled her with a series of well-meant but uncomfortable squeezes.

"What is it, children? That is enough, Miss May, dear; come and sit on my lap instead. Master Jack, don't tangle my thread, please; it's all wound round your legs. Bring your little chair, Jonquil; that's right. Now tell me all about it."

It was wonderful to see the effect of her voice and manner—both full of that happy mixture of firmness and good humor which children are so quick to recognize. Jack suspended his skips; "Miss May" descended from the chair-back. Nora was confessedly "a treasure." "The Lord knew how much I could bear," little Mrs. Allen was wont to say, piously; "so when he sent a fourth obstreperous baby to reinforce the other three, he sent Nora at the same time. And how I *should* manage without her I can't tell. She has such influence over the children. Why, they are as good as gold with her, and they never think of minding a word I say." Which eulogy Mrs. Allen was accustomed to deliver with clasped hands, and without a shade of self-blame! And it was a fact—the small fry of the nursery were completely under Nora's dominion.

She was a pretty girl, this "treasure," and that goes so far with children. Pretty and sad. In spite of the ripe bloom of Devonshire on cheek and lip, and the round, almost childish contour, there was something in the wistful, earnest face which spoke a deeper experience than a child's. The little elves under her charge divined this. "Would you be happy if I loved you *very* hard indeed?" May was once heard to ask; but though Nora laughed and kissed her, she shook her head slightly as in response to some inward thought, and made no reply. But all this was between herself and the children. No one else in the house interested himself in the nurse's possible sorrows, or even cared to speculate as to whether or not she had any.

"I'll tell you," began Jonquil, as the unruly group subsided into order. "You see to-morrow is egg-day."

"Oh, Jonquil," interposed scandalized Reggy, "not egg-day. You mean Easter-egg day. They *always* put Easter first."

"Do they?" said Jonquil. "Well, Nora, it's Easter-egg day; and mamma says we may boil some eggs. We did 'em once before, but not last year, because that cook was real cross, and said she'd not have us about. But the new Ann is very kind, you know, and mamma says she guesses it won't put her out. Put her out where, Nora?"

"Out of temper, your mother meant. Well, so you are to have some Easter-eggs?"

"Yes, six apiece. That makes twenty-two, or else twenty-six, I can't 'member which. And we may boil them in a tin saucepan. And they're to be all colors—all sorts of colors—that we can get pieces of, you know."

"Pieces?"

"To rub off"—"To tie up"—"To wap wound," began a chorus of explanation; but Reggy overbore the others. "Pieces of calico which don't wash, Nora, and come off on the shells when they're boiled. Jonquil has got some already, but we want a great many more. Show all you've got in your pocket, John."

Jonquil produced a small collection of shreds and patches from that receptacle. "Ain't they nice?" she said. "Mamma gave us a pink one and a purple one and all that green, and Aunt Emma found this one in her trunk, and she says the little red spots always comed off in the tub. And mamma said if you'd look in the piece-bag you'd find lots more just as good—no, just as bad, *she* said. There's my blue frock, which is most white now, and some of May's plaid. And, Norry dear," coaxingly—

"Well, darling?"

"Don't you think perhaps there are some teenty-weenty bits in your box. Once I saw inside, you know, when you showed us the crooked sixpence. And I *think* I 'member some bits all rolled up. Won't you look and see, and let us see?"

"Yes, dear, and welcome. Would you like to come and look now?"

"Oh yes—now—how jolly! Nora is going to open her box," cried the little ones in chorus, as they capered down the long gallery. In the quiet country place such an event as a box-opening was not of every-day occurrence.

Nora's room was a pleasant one, bright, sunny, and neatly furnished. "Quite too good for a servant," Mrs. Allen would say; "but then May sleeps with her, you know; and really she is a very superior sort of girl—so different from the common Irish one gets." The box, not a large one, which held Nora's little treasures, was in a corner. She turned the key, the children standing by and peering over the lid with a comical mixture of awe and pleasure in their faces. There was nothing exciting on the top, only Nora's Sunday dress and shawl, with the aspect of which they were quite familiar. Laying these aside,

"There's not much here for you, Miss Jonquil," she said; "all the pieces I've got are in this little roll, and the prettiest are fast colors, I'm afraid. Our English prints mostly are. They don't run like the American ones."

"Won't this blue one run?" inquired Jonquil.

"No; but here's a pink which will, perhaps; and I don't know but this purple does." Nora turned over her scraps meditatively.

"Oh!" screamed May, "dat's a pitty one! Oh, Norry, dive me some like dat!"

It was an extremely odd and very pretty calico, with large green clover leaves sprinkled over a white surface. Nora held it fast, as if reluctant.

"Don't it run?" persisted Jonquil.

"Yes, it did run badly." Slowly: "I'll give you a little bit, Miss May, but I don't want to part with much of it. It's a dress I used to think a deal of."

"What made you? Is there a story about it?" asked Jack, ravenous for stories, and with the delightful directness of his age.

"No, Master Jack, no story; only I used to wear that gown in England when I was a lass and happy and at home. I kept a bit just to remember those times by—the times and the people."

"What became of the people?" persisted Jack.

"Some of them are dead, and some lost."

"Lost? How? When?" cried three eager voices in a breath.

"Lost in a great land, where there's no finding or following a person," responded Nora, bitterly. "But never mind that, dears. We'll not talk any more about people. And, May and Jonquil, you shall each have a bit of my clover calico, since you like it so much, and the boys shall have the purple and the pink. We'll go back to the nursery and get a pair of scissors."

But the children demurred. They wanted to see all the things in the box first. So Nora patiently gratified them. The crooked sixpence was displayed, a shell pincushion, some bits of mineral, a small box of dark wood neatly turned and polished, a silhouette of somebody. The show lasted half an hour; then the audience adjourned *en masse*; and in the excitement of sewing eggs up in cotton rags the conversation and the box seemed alike forgotten.

The eggs "came out beautiful," according to the cook. Purple, crimson, streaked, and pied, they were arranged in their nests of green moss, and formed the principal event of the festival to the children. Pre-eminent among the rest shone the "clover calico," which had "run" to admiration, each distinct leaf being printed on the snowy shell as if painted by an artist.

While this was going on within the house a young man, a stranger, was hard at work without in a distant part of the grounds. He was a new hand, sent over by the village carpenter to make some alterations in the stables. All day Saturday and Monday he hammered and planed busily and alone. It was not till Tuesday that the children found him out—the discoverer being Jonquil, who was a born explorer, with a strong taste for new acquaintances.

In half an hour she had made friends, and possessed herself of the main facts in the stranger's history. His name was James. He was English. He was going to stay a good while in Barnet. He didn't know if he shouldn't stay always. He liked little girls. Would he lend her one of his little gimlets, then, and let her bore? Yes, he would. This blissful indulgence opened her heart. She became generous in her turn. Did he like eggs?—eggs with calico on the outside?

James wasn't sure. He never saw any.

"Didn't you? Why, how funny! Don't you ever go to church?" (Church and eggs were now inseparably connected in Jonquil's mind.) "I'll run in and get mine to show you—mine and May's too. And," generously, "I'll *give* you one. Any one you like—except my green. That's the prettiest of all, you see. So I *must* keep it."

Off she ran. In a few minutes a great noise became audible, drawing nearer. Jonquil had imparted her discovery, and the quartet, in full cry, were all bearing down upon the stable. Each of the little girls carried a basket, in which reposed the nest full of precious eggs.

He was a nice young fellow, this James; there was no doubt about it. How he managed to rescue his plane from Reggy, and to prevent Jack from hammering his fingers as well as the nails, was a mystery; but he did it, and without any loss of his rapid popularity, or the use of a sharp word. Baby May was a case of love at first sight. In five minutes she had her arms clasped round one of his legs. "Zoo shall have two of my eggs," she said. Nothing would serve but that he should stop work at once and choose. Jonquil kept a couple covered carefully in her hand.

"The pink is a nice one," she remarked, suggestively.

Of course the pink was chosen, and a sedate lilac specimen from May's basket, after which happy settlement Jonquil revealed her hidden treasures. "You see I was afraid you'd want them," she exclaimed, "so I kept them hid. Ain't they pretty?"

James didn't answer for a minute. He was looking strangely hard at the eggs.

"They make me think—" he began; then recovering himself—"Yes, they are pretty, miss. I never saw exactly that pattern but once before, and that was far from here."

"It's English!" vouchsafed Jack. "Nora had it once for a gown; but all the people she used to know got lost, so now she doesn't wear it any more."

"Nora!" The tone was startling.

"She our nursey," lisped May. "She's from England, you know. We love her lots, me and Jonquil do; but she says she can't be happy 'cause all her folks is lost."

The young carpenter sat down suddenly. He was very pale.

"What's the matter?" said Jonquil. "Are you tired of hammering? I'd never get tired, I know. Oh, Reggy, he's going to sleep! How queer he looks!"

May began to cry.

"Run for Nora!" screamed Reggy. "She'll give him something. Tell her to hurry."

Off flew Jack. In five minutes he was back, panting and out of breath, with Nora at his heels.

"What is it, dears?" she cried. "One of you sick? Oh, my God!"

James had risen to his feet. The dull paleness of his cheeks changed to a deep, burning flush. His eyes blazed. "Nora!" he said, in a deep, rapturous tone.

Next moment they were clasped in each other's arms.

Poor Mrs. Allen! Her utter bewilderment, ten minutes later, when the spectators of this wonderful tableau rushed in pell-mell with the news, was indescribable. "He ran," and "she ran," and "they both jumped;" "and Nora said a swear word, mamma!" and "he kissed!" "she kissed!" "they kissed." Good gracious! What did it all mean? How was her staid, perfectly conducted Nora involved in this distracted narrative about carpenters and kissing?

"Who kissed?" cried Mrs. Allen.

"Why, Nora!"

Explanation followed a little later. Even Mrs. Allen, in the midst of her terror at the idea of losing Nora, could not resist giving true womanly sympathy to the simple little story. The two lovers had missed each other in the strange new world which ingulfed them on landing from the emigrant ship. James came first to find work and make a home, and wandering out to the West missed the letters which told of the death of Nora's old mother, and her intention of immediately following him. No clew to his whereabouts could she find on arriving; no answer to the anxious inquiries sent home by him. For three years they had watched and waited, their only hope to save money enough to return to England, and there take up the end of the broken thread which united them. A few weeks more, and James would have sailed. Only chance and the prattle of a little child had brought them together.

It was some little time yet before he was ready to claim his bride, and meanwhile good Nora diligently occupied herself with training a successor. She and James have a little home now, half-way between the Allens' place and the village, and no greater treat can be given to any of the Allen children than permission to go to Nora's cottage to drink tea or spend the day.

"And no one should be more welcome," James declares to his wife; "for it was their blessed fingers that brought us together. I was clean discouraged, Nora, and hope was leaving me when they, pretty dears, fetched those eggs, and I saw the pattern of the very gown you wore when I courted you. And then they began to talk of Nora. Ah, my lass, that's a minute I sha'n't forget. And poor as we may be, we'll never be too poor as long as we live, I hope, to keep Easter with an Easter-egg, if it's only in memory of the good day that gave us to each other again."

APPLES FOR ALL OF US.

BY BARRY GRAY.

"APPLES," I said to my wife, as, at the close of our mid-day meal, I drew the fruit basket, filled with "apples and oranges, two for a penny," as the nursery song hath it—which, however, in a monetary point of view, is not in these high-priced times correct—toward my side of the table. "Apples," I repeated, taking one in my hand, and viewing it with favor, "are a royal fruit. They are the only one of Northern birth that will keep for any length of time. The peach, the plum, and most varieties of the pear perish with the season that produces them; but the apple lasts beyond its harvest-time. It gladdens our winter evenings with its presence, and in the spring gains a fresh flavor from the perfume of the blossoms that cover the tree that bore it."

"That," said my wife, smiling at me across the table, "seems to me to be more poetical than true."

"If wine, my dear," I replied, "feels, as is asserted, in the spring, the sap coursing through the veins of the vine that produced it, and responds thereto, why may not the apple inhale the fragrance shed from its parent tree?"

"Why not, indeed?" was all my wife could answer.

"The apple," I said, resuming again my discourse, "may very confidently assert itself to be the most ancient of fruits. Like the poet Sprague's 'Curiosity,'

'It reigned in Eden.'

The old Greeks and Romans made free use of it in their mythology. It was an apple—a golden one—whereon was inscribed, 'To the fairest,' which, as you are aware, was thrown by the goddess of discord into an assembly of the gods, which gave rise to the contention between Juno, Minerva, and Venus, and which Paris awarded to the last-named goddess. The fruit which Hercules—who might have been better employed—stole were apples; though there are writers who insist upon it that they were lemons. These, undoubtedly, are the same worthies who would have mankind believe that the apples of the Hesperides were oranges. For my part, I have no faith in their assertions, and would as soon believe that the original apple was the *pomme de terre*, as the French have it, as that these classical apples were either oranges or lemons. Solon, who in his day knew something of jurisprudence, once issued a decree making it compulsory on a bridegroom, at his nuptial feast, to partake of nothing save a single apple; though why this was thus history fails to inform us."

"That it had something to do," my wife said, "with the story of the temptation, you may be certain."

"It is not unlikely," I said. "Even in England, within a hundred years or two, a custom existed among lovers to send on New-Year's Day, as an appropriate gift to their lady-loves, apples stuck full of cloves. This meant something, whatever it was, of course."

"Of course it did," my wife replied; "and I would interpret it in this way—the apple, a sweet one, necessarily, was typical of the sweetness of the lady, and the cloves clinging to it of the warmth and ardor of the lover."

"I think, my dear," I replied, "that you have hit it; if not, let some one give a better interpretation if one can. Another olden custom was for a bride to carry a love-apple in her bosom, which, after many days, was eaten by the bridegroom. It was supposed that this would enable him to keep his conjugal vow unbroken through life. It is a pity that this charm is not employed at the present day, since we might reasonably hope that there would be less suits for divorce if it were."

"Let us hope so," said my wife, thoughtfully.

"There was still another custom which prevailed," I said, "at one time in Wales wherein apples played a prominent part. There existed what were called 'apple-lakings,' gotten up by the fruit dealers, who, when they could not find a market for their apples, proclaimed a dance, at which the revelers received for their entrance money apples in return; and 'these apples,' says our authority, Dr. Doran, 'were used for sauce at many a consequent wedding-dinner.' The best of these apples, so it appears, 'were kept for accompaniment to the roast goose eaten on St. Crispin's Day.' This saint was the patron of shoe-makers; and though our friend Saxe, in his poem entitled 'Saint Jonathan,' makes no allusion to him, he was doubtless as excellent a saint as any therein mentioned. Whether St. Cris-

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pin's Day falls upon the 29th of September, which is Michaelmas, and the properest time of all the year for eating a goose, I do not know. But that roast goose ought to be eaten at Michaelmas every one must confess, however one may question the orthodoxy of it on St. Crispin's Day. And here let me ask you, my dear, what would roasted goose be without apple sauce? Why merely vanity and vexation of spirit."

"And sage-and-onion stuffing," said my wife.

"Well, yes," I replied; "and I'm not certain but what the sage-and-onion stuffing is the best part of the goose."

"You've forgotten the apple sauce," my wife said.

"True," I answered, "together with the apple sauce. In my boyhood, when I was at boarding-school, apple sauce was one of the prominent dishes on the table. It was made by the Shakers at New Lebanon, and sold by them by the barrel. It was commonly called, I remember, apple-butter, because it very often was spread on our bread instead of butter."

"And it was much healthier," said my wife.

"Hem!" I replied, stepping out of the slough of apple sauce upon firmer ground. "Let me recall to your mind another olden custom which was very pretty—now, however, 'more honored in the breach than the observance.' I mean the ceremony of saluting the apple-trees at Christmas. This, it was thought, if properly performed, would insure a full crop of fruit the following season. In my opinion, a protection from the frost, a proper pruning of the branches, and the tilling and enriching of the soil around the trees would be much more effectual in producing the desired result. Before one can gather apples, though, with any degree of satisfaction, one must have a tree of one's own to gather from. And if one has planted the tree one's self the satisfaction is still more complete. Beautifully hath Bryant told the story of 'The Planting of the Apple-tree.' 'Come,' he says,

"'let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet—
So plant we the apple-tree.'

"Some one—I think it is Leigh Hunt—has said that every one should plant a tree, to the end that he might leave something behind him after death to remind posterity that he had lived.

"And perhaps no better tree could be planted than the apple-tree. Not only would it supply the bees with honey drawn from its blossoms in the spring-time, be a nesting-place wherein the robins might build and rear their young, and furnish with its thick foliage a shade from the sultry rays of the sun in summer for the cattle at noon, but it would yield a feast with its ripened fruit in the autumn to the children who played beneath its branches. Thus happily doth our poet express it:

"'What plant we in the apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky;
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.'

"What pleasanter walks, too, my dear, can you recall than those we used to take, ever so long ago, when we both were young, and there were no cares, no gray hairs, no wrinkles, no any thing, in fact, to remind us of decay and the end of time, in the old orchard at Hillside, when the trees,

'Studded with apples, a beautiful show,'

bent over us as side by side we went in still September afternoons, with our shadows lengthening and going before us down its more than classic aisles?"

My wife looked at me with a sad, sweet smile, and said: "Can I ever forget them? Was not that orchard our happiest trysting ground? But that was many, many years ago, and since those days we have gathered numerous harvests; nor have all the apples we gathered been sweet and savory—some sour and crabbed ones have fallen to our lot—but their cores proved sound, and no worms ever touched their hearts."

"Speaking of hearts, my dear," I said, "reminds me of that simile of Jeremy Taylor in his sermon on the 'Marriage Ring,' where he says 'that the celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity:' which, after all, would not, by its severity of expression, drive many bachelors into matrimony. Matrimony, though, has been known to drive men to something worse than celibacy. It has made them take as kindly to strong drinks as, in my boyhood, without any provocation, I took kindly to sweet cider sucked through a straw. Did you ever, my dear, suck cider through a straw?"

My wife said she never did.

"Then," I continued, "you have missed one of the greatest luxuries of life. Cider drawn from a barrel, and drank from a glass, is doubtless very good. Cider quaffed from a quart pot, filled from the vat into which it runs from the press, is better still. But the primitive way of lying, stomach down, on a barrel, under the shadow of an apple-tree, with a straw in your mouth, and the straw reaching through the bung into the centre of the cask, is the best of all ways. I hope, my dear, to live long enough to see you yet perform that little feat."

"I hope not," said my wife.

"Talk of your nectar, the drink of the gods!" I continued. "Why, those fine old divinities, who died ages ago, probably of delirium tremens, brought on by a too free use of their famous nectar, would doubtless have been living and enjoying immortality to-day if their drink had only been cider sucked through a straw. I would rather be a boy, idling away the autumn days around a cider press, quaffing *ad libitum* the sweet juices as they exude from the fragrant apples, than be great Jupiter himself, seated on my throne, surrounded by all the favored goddesses of antiquity acting as my cup-bearers, and keeping my royal goblet overflowing with the nectar that the poets have so wantonly extolled."

"My dear," said my wife, thoughtfully reaching across the table for the tall flask that stood at my elbow, "it is a pity that you ever gave up that favorite drink of your boyhood for these less healthful and more costly wines."

"It is so," I replied; "and when my orchard—which I am going to plant one of these days—gets into good bearing condition, I will build an old-fashioned cider press in the midst of it, and hire a blind old horse who will go round and round at a steady gait to work it, and then I will make cider, and teach you to suck it through a straw."

"Thank you," said my wife.

"And in the winter-time we'll have mulled cider, rich with eggs and spices, and at Christmas a wassail-bowl, with roasted apples floating therein. And in the cellar we will have bins of apples of all varieties; and so plentiful shall they be that the children of the neighborhood shall come every day for a stock of apples to take to school with them, and thus be rendered happy till they come again."

"I am afraid," said my wife, "that you will never plant this orchard or gather these apples until we go to Utopia to live. There the seeds which you drop into the ground to-night will be trees to-morrow, and the day after they will blossom, and the day after that the ripe fruit will bend their branches to the earth. But here it will take years to perfect an orchard; and even if we should live to see it reach its prime, this quiet village would have become a part of the great city, and newsboys and boot-blacks and balloon-runners — for balloons will be running then, just as the steam-cars are now—will make raids upon your orchard and carry off the fruit even before its gets ripe."

"Well," I replied, "this may be so. I know that boys used, when I was one, to look on orchards as rather loose property; and the fruit thereof, like the nuts of the woods and the birds of the air, as belonging to whoever was bold and quick enough to win them. I remember a primitive way the boys had of securing their apples and nuts when they had no bags or baskets provided for the purpose. It consisted simply in tying the legs of their trowsers close around the ankles, and filling in with apples or nuts as the case might be. The loosest-trowsered lads secured the most, of course. This mode of carrying off their plunder had its inconveniences; and when, if chased by dogs, they were compelled to run, the apples, and especially the hickory-nuts, were very aggravating to the legs. They were, however, a good protection from the bite of a dog; and though his teeth might meet among the apples, the nuts he found rather hard to crack."

"If you expect me to believe such a story as that," said my wife, rebukingly, "you are mistaken. Why, such an inside lining to a boy's trowsers would have worn holes into them in five minutes; and then where, I would like to know, would your apples and nuts have gone to? Besides, he could no more have walked, thus accoutred, than could Richard Cœur de Lion when clad in steel armor."

"Well," I replied, "it is so long since I was a boy that perhaps I am laboring under a wrong impression. But I know I was immensely partial to apples when I was a lad, and our cellar was never without a bin of them. My old aunt Sally used to say of apples—regarding them simply in a medicinal point of view—that a barrel of them in a house was better than a drug store next door. To which wise saying I always heartily agreed. But my nooning is over; and though I have much more to gossip with you about apples over the mahogany, I must defer it until another day, winding up my noonday chat with a further quotation from our favorite poet, brought to mind by what I have said concerning my childhood's days.

"'The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play
In the shade of the apple-tree.'"

"How truthfully," said my wife, gently, as I paused, "the poet speaks! How vividly, in a single line, he places before us once more, the almost forgotten days of our youth! It is the 'word fitly spoken, which is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'"

THE COQUETTE.

CAN you paint a rainbow, catch a cloud ere it falls to earth, sift the perfume of a flower, or net the sunbeams as they tremble through the trees? If you can not do any of these things, then neither can you detail the actions of the coquette, and demonstrate exactly what she has done, and where her criminality lies. Innocent-seeming words, which, taken in their apparent sense, might be said between two children, but in their double or esoteric meaning, coupled with those looks, that inflection of the voice, that tender air, have quite another and a deeper and a dearer significance; little fits of pretended temper at some make-believe slight, in which the sole important element was the interest assumed to have been awakened in that fair breast, as if it made the slightest difference to her whether she was slighted or no; little fits of pretended jealousy, teaching the same lesson with still greater distinctness; a manner at all times meaning a singling out and specially honoring—and here you have the *catalogue raisonné* of the coquette's stock in trade, and the list of her principal tricks. Naturally the man whom she has taken in hand imagines himself favored. His vanity keeps him from seeing that he is duped; maybe his genuine love for her by this time makes him believe in her. Only when he comes to the decisive question does he find his pearl of great price resolve itself into a ball of sea-foam which melts in his hand as he grasps it. She looks into his face and declares piteously she never meant any thing. When he calls this and that suggestive tenderness to her recollection, she professes the most enchanting oblivion and regret. She had no idea, she says, that actions so utterly innocent and unconscious in themselves could have been taken so wrongly, and she thinks it very unkind of him to put such an interpretation on them. When the coquette has succeeded in making him feel ashamed of himself for taking her at her unspoken word, and believing in her dumb and eloquent protestations of affection, she has achieved the grand total of her triumph. She has nothing more to play for now; she threw once for that poor foolish heart, and got it; now she has thrown for his discomfiture and her own absolute innocence, and she has got that too. Henceforth she has no cause for fear, and she takes care to let herself feel none for repentance.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A STRANGER in Washington—especially if he be one not absorbed in politics, but with some taste for rare and curious plants—may spend a few hours most pleasantly in visiting the National Botanical Garden, which is located very near the Capitol. A caution not to pluck the flowers, poetically expressed in language borrowed from Walter Savage Landor, meets your eye at the entrance. When within, however, you are rather surprised at the scarcity of blossoms among so many plants. This is explained by remembering that it is not a *floral* garden, and by the fact that numerous bouquets are cut every day for members of Congress, who have this perquisite, and thus the plants are constantly shorn of their glory. Here are specimens of vegetation from almost every part of the world, those from the tropical regions being arranged in the warmest division of the garden. Heat is diffused by means of hot-water pipes. Numerous species of palm spread their broad leaves above, and other trees of like luxuriant foliage from kindred climes. We noticed a huge cluster of bananas, green at present, but the gardener assured us that they easily ripened. Among hundreds of curious plants one scarcely knows which are most unique. No visitor, however, could pass without examination the Stag Horn and the Elk Horn ferns, whose singularly shaped leaves are accurately described by their names. Another odd specimen is the *Euphorbia splendens*, from the Isle of France, which consists of numberless crooked, twisted, serpent-like branches, brown, and covered with sharp thorns. From some of these thorns bright green leaves were just shooting out, and out of the extremities of the dry branches clusters of small, delicate red and salmon-colored blossoms had sprung. But we had no design to attempt to describe the plants in the Botanical Garden in our small space—only to recommend a visit to them. Each member of Congress is every year entitled to a box of slips or cuttings from this garden to transfer to his own garden or conservatory.

The thinking portion of Boston—chiefly parents, clergymen, and physicians—have become aroused to the necessity of taking some measures to prevent the "slaughter of innocents" incident to the great pressure attendant on the present school system. Physicians declare that the modern system of forcing young brains lays the foundation for a long series of nervous and mental disorders.

San Domingo City is famous for its dogs and birds. Every family has two or three birds, and every other family has two or three dogs. The birds are beautiful, the dogs ugly, but the natives value the latter as much as the former. Mocking-birds and parrots seem to be favorites, and call at the passers-by with a sudden familiarity that is startling. The dogs in general are horrible-looking but inoffensive pets, though some are ferocious enough to alarm strangers.

On the shores of the Adriatic a beautiful custom prevails. About sunset the women and children go down to the water and sing a melody. Then they listen a while for the answering strain from husbands, sons, and brothers, far off on the water. They continue to sing and listen till the well-known voices borne on the tide tell that the loved ones are almost home.

Dumas is said never to have corrected any thing he wrote, but sent his manuscript to the printers without looking it over. There were no erasures in his copy. He once remarked that if he began to alter and correct he always ended by throwing the paper into the fire and commencing anew.

About a year ago an association was formed in California for the purpose of making practical experiments in growing tea. Plants were imported from Japan, but only a small proportion of them survived the voyage. A large quantity of tea-seed, however, was imported, and germinated rapidly. The young plants are thrifty and promising, and though some time must elapse before a crop can be produced, plants raised from seed will be more likely to thrive on this continent. Thus far the experiment is regarded as very successful.

When the gold mines of California, Australia, and other far-distant climes are exhausted, there are resources nearer home which may supply the precious substance. Some time ago a nugget of gold, weighing over nine ounces, was found on the banks of the Potomac, about ten miles from Washington. Recently four specimens of gold quartz, found in the same region, have been deposited in the cabinet of the General Land-office. The rock formations in the vicinity of the Great Falls of the Potomac are identical with the most celebrated auriferous deposits of other countries; and it is believed that an extended exploration of the quartz veins of that region would develop a goodly quantity of the precious metal.

The mental discipline of Napoleon I. was remarkable, nor was he unconscious of his superiority to others in this respect. "Different affairs," he said, "are arranged in my head as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought I close the drawer which contains that subject, and open that which contains another. They do not mix together, and do not fatigue me or inconvenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of the mind. If I wish repose I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will."

One of the greatest curiosities of the South is Silver Spring, in Florida. In a fertile section it bubbles up in a basin nearly one hundred feet deep, and about an acre in extent, from which flows a deep stream extending to the Ocklawaha River. It is said that fifty boats may lie at anchor in the spring itself. The clearness of the water is wonderful, so that eighty feet below the surface substances can be distinguished.

The dress of the prominent personages at *any* wedding is *the* interesting point to outsiders, and, of course, in the case of a *royal* marriage every body is eager to know the appearance of the bride, bridegroom, and attendants. On the occasion of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise the bride wore a dress of white satin, with white velvet train, a Honiton lace veil, and a wreath of orange flowers. Eight bride-maids carried the train. They were all daughters of dukes and earls, and dressed in white silk, with white necklaces, and wreaths of roses. They wore no veils. The Marquis and his groomsmen were dressed in the uniform of the Volunteer Argyleshire Rifle Artillery—green cloth trimmed with silver. Queen Victoria was robed in a dress of black satin, and wore a coronet of diamonds, and a long veil of the richest lace. The Duke of Argyle, father of the bridegroom, was dressed in full Highland costume, of the richest material, and with gold ornaments. The Duchess of Argyle was robed in cloth of silver. The Princess of Wales wore a blue satin robe, with a train of blue velvet, while the Princess Christian—Princess Helena Augusta, sister of the bride—wore pink satin trimmed with white lace. The royal children were in Scotch costume. The marriage ceremony was performed according to the rite of the Protestant Episcopal Church. After the congratulations were over, the royal party returned to Windsor Castle, where breakfast was served, two immense wedding-cakes forming a conspicuous part of the entertainment. The bride then exchanged her wedding for a beautiful traveling costume of the Campbell plaid, and the bridal party took carriages for Claremont, where they are to spend the honey-moon.

The National University of Washington was incorporated under a general act passed during the last session of Congress, and is now about to be organized. This proposed institution will be on an extensive scale, embracing six branches or colleges. The management is to be controlled by a board of regents, composed of two members from each State, and five from the District of Columbia. Members of Congress have the privilege of nominating six students from each Congressional district, who will be entitled to a full course of studies, receiving diplomas when the course is satisfactorily completed.

The New Orleans ice factory is very large, employing hundreds of workmen, and manufacturing daily sixteen tons of ice. It supplies not only that city, but others along the Mississippi with ice. There are six separate ice-making machines in operation, each costing $25,000 in gold. The water is pumped up from the Mississippi, purified, and frozen into blocks about two feet long, a foot wide, and three inches thick. At first there was a great deal of prejudice against "this new kind of ice;" but that gradually wore away as the weather grew warmer, and the "real kind of ice" grew scarcer and higher, until now, with very few exceptions, every one in New Orleans uses it.

The picture-loving citizens of New York will soon be favored with another opportunity of inspecting and purchasing some rare and *genre* paintings from the studio of the late William S. Mount, N.A. Many of these have never before been exhibited, and are admirable types of his finished and faithful rendering of nature.

Strasburg Cathedral has, on the whole, escaped wonderfully from serious injury. Although it was struck by shells more than a thousand times, the stone-work is but little damaged. Unfortunately, many of the fine fourteenth-century stained glass windows are much broken from splinters of shells, and the roof is full of holes from the same cause; no shells penetrated it; those that entered came through the wall and burst inside, and one pierced the organ right through the centre. There also appears to be some danger that the cross may eventually fall, as it is out of the perpendicular. The inhabitants of Strasburg affirm that the German fire was especially directed against the cross for many hours together. Many of the pinnacles and columns have been destroyed; but the destruction is smaller than was generally anticipated. The Germans, in the official account of the siege of Strasburg, especially claim credit for the small amount of damage done to the Cathedral. They say that the few shots fired at the tower were specially notified to the commander beforehand, he having established an observatory on the top, where he had a full view of the German works and telegraphic communications with his own batteries.

One of the latest achievements of science is feeling a patient's pulse by telegraph. An invalid being in Washington, desired to consult his own physician in New York. The beats of the pulse were transmitted by a doctor with one hand on the patient's wrist and the other on the telegraph key.

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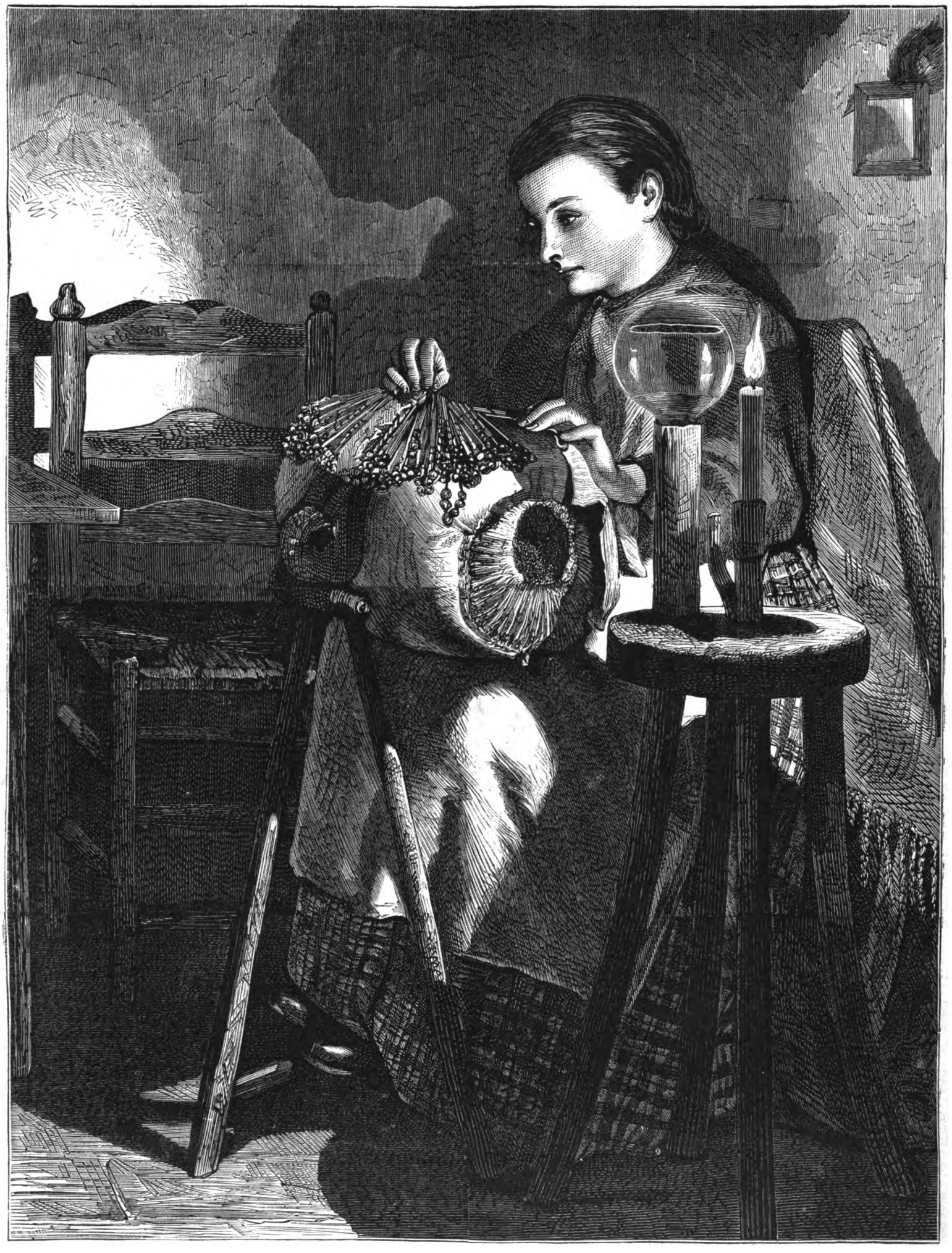
THE PILLOW-LACE MAKER.

THE sight of hand-made lace is apt to excite the same sort of feelings in the mind of a reflective person as those which were expressed by Goldsmith when he wrote,

"Here the pale artist plies the sickly trade,
While there the courtier glitters in brocade."

We can not avoid a painful remembrance of the enormous diversity of condition that generally exists between the wearer and the worker. The wearer of such delicate and expensive fabrics is generally endowed with a superfluity of this world's goods, while the worker is for the most part a poor toiling creature, whose constant and continuous labor barely yields a subsistence. Some day we shall, perhaps, learn how to correct the glaring inequalities of conditions now existing; meanwhile let us glance for a moment at the lace manufacture. Until about three centuries ago lace was made by the needle on a piece of fine woven material, the threads of which were drawn aside to form holes, or meshes, held in position by a few stitches. Barbara Uttmann, of Annaberg, first devised a method of twisting threads round pins so as to form a knotted or netted fabric; this was the real origin of pillow-lace, the making of which gradually extended to various European countries. The implements used by hand-lace makers are few in number and inartificial in character. They consist of a pillow, or cushion, a series of bobbins, or small cylindrical pieces of wood, round which the thread or silk employed is wound, and pins, which are stuck into the cushion, and around which the threads are twisted. The pattern of the lace is determined by the disposition of the pins, and this is regulated by holes pierced in a piece of parchment, which is laid upon the cushion. The process of lace-making is accomplished by the twisting together of the threads upon the bobbins, and their being woven among and around the pins.

The finest pillow lace is made on the Continent. The names of Brussels, Mechlin, Valenciennes, and Alençon at once call to mind the chief seats of the manufacture. In France alone, before the outbreak of the war, more than 200,000 women were engaged in pillow-lace making, and their average earnings were about a penny an hour. A good deal of lace is also made in the Erzeberg, a mountainous district of Saxony, bordering on Austria. These people form a sort of race apart; the men do the cooking and washing, and attend to the gardens, while the women and children make the lace. By working from morning till night they can earn about sixpence a day; they live chiefly on potatoes and salt, but they are described as a cleanly, cheerful, and contented people. In England lace-makers abound chiefly in Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, the part of Devonshire around Honiton, and near Coggeshall, in Essex. A flourishing manufacture has also sprung up



THE PILLOW-LACE MAKER.

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during the last forty years in Limerick. Concerning machine-made lace we will not speak here. The quantity annually produced is prodigious, and the head-quarters of the trade still centre at Nottingham. Honiton lace formed part of the Princess Louise's bridal dress.

Some years ago an officer of Engineers at Munich contrived an ingenious plan for making lace without either human labor or machinery. Having made a paste of the plant on which a certain species of caterpillar is accustomed to feed, he spread it thinly over a stone of the required size. He then, with a camel's-hair pencil dipped in oil, drew the pattern which he wished left open. The stone was then fixed in a sloping position, and a number of caterpillars placed at the bottom. They ate and spun their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every place touched by the oil. The lace thus made is extremely light, a piece measuring 26½ inches by 17 inches weighing only 1.51 grains.

FLOUNDER-SPEARING.

TO some of our readers the mode of catching flounders may appear novel that is represented in this spirited drawing of flounder-spearing on the coast of Scotland. It requires a sharp eye and a steady hand to capture the fish by this mode. Nature, as in all cases, has wonderfully well adapted these fishes for their habits. They are destitute of an air-bladder, and they accordingly generally remain at the bottom of the sea, from which they seldom rise far; while the flattened shape of their body, the arrangement of the fins, and the placing of the eyes above allow them to make progress along the bottom and in shallows. In her flattening process Nature appears to have disregarded symmetry, and the visages of these creatures are, consequently, grotesque, and sometimes hideous. The color of their upper surface usually corresponds closely with that of the ground on which they lie, and thus they escape the observation of their marine enemies, and are unnoticed by the small fish on which they prey. As the boat is slowly propelled by the man at the stern the little fellow leaning over its side utilizes the time by practicing another slower mode of fishing—*i. e.*, by a line and baited hook dragging along the bottom. The execution is most vigorous and manly; the action and poise of the old fisherman delivering the thrust are well expressed.

FLOUNDER-SPEARING.

THE BOY WHO LIVED IN A GLASS HOUSE.

THERE was once a boy who went and lived in a glass house. He did this because he considered himself so beautiful and so good that people would always like to look at him.

But when, after he had resided in the glass house for a long while, he found people did not come to look at him as much as he had expected, he spent some time in thinking what was the reason, and what he should do; and at last resolved to go and throw stones at other folks, in order to make them admire him in his glass house.

One day, for instance, he sallied forth, and looked over a garden wall, and saw in the garden some little girls and boys playing at battledoor and shuttlecock.

"How very untidy your back hair is!" he said to one of the young ladies. "I should be ashamed of it, if I were you." And with that he walked away, after having thrown a stone over into the garden, repeating, "I should be ashamed of it, if I were you."

"*Should* you, though?" said the young lady's brother, springing up, jumping over the wall, and following him to the glass house that he lived in.

When the little boy—who was, we may as well mention at once, known as Censorious Simon—had got to the glass house he sat down, looking very contented with himself, for the people to

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look at. But he had not observed that the young lady's brother had followed close behind him, and, in fact, that he was now looking in upon him.

"There you are, with your boot-lace all down," says the brother. "I should be ashamed of it, if I were you."

And, so saying, he threw a stone at the glass house. Of course one of the panes was cracked, and Censorious Simon, who had not noticed his boot-lace was down, had to mend the pane with putty, or something, as well as he could. This vexed him very much, because the part where the mend was made interrupted people's view of his perfections.

The very next day, as he was going along, he overheard a little boy, who was on his way to school, repeating his lesson to himself, and saying, *m a n* man, *e r s* ers, *manners; m a t* mat, *e r* er, *matter*. So he took a pencil and a piece of paper out of his pocket, and wrote, "What makes you spell so bad?" And he signed this "Censorious Simon, Glass House"—for he was very proud—and, wrapping the paper round a stone, flung it at the little boy. The following day whack came a stone, wrapped up in a piece of paper, clean through a pane of glass, and inside was written, "What makes you write *bad* for *badly*?" Censorious Simon was very vexed with the world, and said to himself, "*My* mistake was only an accident, of course." But there was now another flaw in his glass house, and if people came to admire him there would now be *two* spots to hinder their view of his beauty. This he did not at all like; but he mended the place as well as he was able, and sat down as before to be looked at.

Another time Censorious Simon came across some boys "hishing" two dogs at each other, and said, "I should be ashamed of myself, if I were you, to be so cruel."

"Oh!" said the boys, "we know *you*, and where you live; so you'd better be off."

So Censorious Simon thought to himself—"They are rude to me; but that is because I am a great moralist; and they hate me. At all events, it is plain that I am now a public character, and that my talents and my residence are beginning to attract attention." So he threw a stone at the cruel boys, and went his way.

"I like to throw a stone," said he to himself; "it brings things home to people's minds. Besides, the Jews used to throw stones at people till they died, when people did wrong; so it is Scriptural."

If there was one thing upon which, next to his morality, Simon prided himself it was his skill in science, and he was just now paying considerable attention to entomology. The very next day after he had rebuked the boys for setting the dogs on to fight each other he was closely absorbed in doing some specimens; but just as he was driving in a pin through the head of a live butterfly he happened to glance up, and saw that the two boys who had made the dogs fight were looking at him. "They will think a great deal of my scientific attainments," thought he. But just at that very moment the boys withdrew to a safe distance, and sent each a big stone whizzing through his glass house, shouting:

"Who tortured the butterfly? I should be ashamed of myself, if I were you, to be so cruel." Here were two more holes at once in the glass house, so that just that part of it began to look quite ugly, and the view was seriously obstructed.

One day Censorious Simon was invited out to a party, and soon discovered that people were afraid of him, he was such a great moralist. So he went up to a young lady who seemed rather dull, and said, in a loud voice,

"Well, what makes you look so melancholy?"

And the young lady made answer:

"Oh, Sir!"—she called him "Sir" because she had heard he was a moralist—"oh, Sir, I am going back to boarding-school next Monday, and it makes me dull to think of parting with my papa and mamma so soon."

"Oh, pooh!" says Simon, "you shouldn't feel dull; I never do." Now there were no stones about just there, of course, but still he did not like to break his rule. So at supper-time, when they had damson tart, he took up one of the kernels (in the shell, you know), and, watching his opportunity, called out across the table to the young lady:

"Don't fret; *I* never do;" at the same time filliping the damson-stone at her shoulder, and laughing. Nobody interfered, because he was such a severe moralist; but the young lady had a cousin at the party, who was very fond of her, and rather sly. This cousin walked up to Censorious Simon's glass house the very next day, and looked softly in; and what should he see there but Simon blubbering away like any thing, because so many holes had been made in his glass house already. Feeling very vindictive because the damson-stone had made a little red mark on his cousin's shoulder, this cousin took up a whole handful of stones, and flung them at Simon's house, crying out,

"Don't feel dull; *I* never do."

This was a pretty piece of business, and Censorious Simon now had to put in bits of brown paper, and all that, to keep the wind out.

It often happens in life that things come to a pitch, as people say, quite suddenly. A storm gathers quietly, and, when nobody is expecting such a thing, you find a burst-up and an overthrow. All but very conceited persons bear this in mind, and, as sailors say, look out for squalls. But Censorious Simon, as we have heard, was *very* conceited indeed. One day he found that a board, like a cobbler's board, had been put up on his house in the night, and the inscription upon the board ran thus: "CENSORIOUS SIMON: Other People's Business Minded for them: Fault Found on the Shortest Notice."

When he found out this board, and saw some folks in the distance laughing at him as he read the words, it happened to him, as it sometimes happens to you and me—he had a sudden thought, coming up from he knew not where, that he was not quite as wise and quite as good as he had hitherto supposed himself to be. In fact, a very ugly word got into his head, and he heard a Mysterious Voice in his inside, which kept on saying to him, "You are a humbug;" and when he was on the point of saying to the Voice, "No, I am a great moralist," the Voice put him down like winking, by saying, "You dare not deny it." In spite of that, this misguided person must needs sally out that very day, and lecture several boys and girls whom he met upon the duty of always telling the truth. And at every one of them he threw the usual stone, because he liked it, and because he thought it made him a more public character, and because he considered it Scriptural.

Now the boys and girls who knew Censorious Simon had long had a suspicion in their minds that he was *that ugly word*—what the Voice in his inside said, you know—and they had, of course, sense enough to see that a person who was *that ugly word* had no right to lecture other people about telling the truth, seeing that he was himself only a fib in breeches. In some way or other the storm which had been threatening came suddenly to a height. Nobody can tell how these things happen; nobody can say how a great revolution breaks out all in an hour, with hundreds and thousands of people all maddened together, and all driving at one end. But such things *do* happen; and thus, by some means or other, all the boys and girls of the nation, as you may say, suddenly gathered in a body, and, surrounding Censorious Simon's glass house, pelted it with stones till there was not a sound pane of glass left in it! And this was the origin of the saying which we have all heard, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

FAMILY BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS.

BREAKFAST.

Cuban Coffee, Liver Hash, Miroton of Potatoes, Brown Bread, Breakfast Rolls.

CUBAN COFFEE.—Put three pints of rich, sweet milk in a coffee-pot, and let it boil. When boiling put in a tea-cupful of ground coffee, and boil five minutes. Strain, and serve.

LIVER HASH.—Boil a calf's liver till it will crumble. Drain it, and cut it in small pieces. Strain the water in which it was boiled, and thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Pepper and salt and a few herbs must be added, and the mixture boiled up. Put the liver on a deep dish with the finely grated crumbs of a stale loaf—about half as much bread as liver. Set the dish in the oven five minutes, pour on the gravy, and serve hot.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—To one pound of flour allow one ounce of butter, one egg, a tea-spoonful of baking-powder, and sweet milk enough to make a soft dough. Rub the butter and flour well together, add the egg, beaten till light, a pinch of salt, and the milk, till a soft dough is mixed. Let it stand two hours to rise. When light, knead very little, form into rolls, and bake in a quick oven.

MIROTON OF POTATOES.—To eight large mealy potatoes allow one medium-sized onion, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, two raw eggs, a dessert-spoonful of catchup, a tea-spoonful of salt, half a tea-spoonful of pepper, and a handful of grated bread crumbs. Boil the potatoes, peel, and mash them with part of the butter, salt, and pepper. Fry the onions and hard yolks of egg, in slices, till tender and brown, drain off all the fat, and stir the onions and eggs into the mashed potatoes till well mixed. Beat the raw eggs till frothy, and stir them into the mixture; add the catchup. Butter a mould well, sprinkle over it the bread crumbs, finely sifted; pour on this the mixture of potatoes and other ingredients; bake for half an hour. Turn from the mould on a dish, and brown in the oven a few minutes. Serve hot.

BROWN BREAD.—To two quarts of corn meal allow a tea-cupful of boiling water, one quart of Graham flour, four table-spoonfuls of strong hop yeast, one table-spoonful of salt, one tea-cupful of molasses, and one quart of lukewarm water. Scald one quart of the corn meal with the boiling water; add the lukewarm water, and then stir in gradually the other quart of meal and the Graham flour; add the other ingredients, the yeast last, and set to rise. When light, knead, form in loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

DINNER.

Carrot Soup, Broiled Cod, Baked Fowls, Rissoles of Veal, Boiled Beets, Stewed Macaroni, Cabbage and Celery Sauce, Pickled Cherries, Apple Fritters.

CARROT SOUP.—The day before this soup is required boil three pounds of good soup beef in a gallon of water until reduced one-half. Strain. When cold, skim off all fat. The next day add a table-spoonful of salt, and replace on the fire. Scrape young carrots, and cut them into small dice. Put these in the soup with Cayenne pepper, a table-spoonful each of burned sugar and sharp vinegar and grated carrot. Boil till the carrots are tender, and serve.

BROILED COD.—Wash and clean a cod, and split it lengthwise. Cut it into squares, about six inches each way, and broil each over a clear fire. Put these on a hot dish, and dress with salt, pepper, and thin slices of butter.

BAKED FOWLS.—Fowls to be tender should be killed two days before they are cooked. When plucked, singed, and drawn, rub clean outside, and wash inside with cold water. Cut off the heads, and skewer the skin of the neck down the back. Cut off the claws, dip the legs in boiling water, and scrape them; turn the pinions under; run a skewer through them; skewer also the legs firmly to the sides of the fowls, running each skewer through the body to the leg and pinion on the other side, one skewer securing both pinions, and another both legs. Place the liver and gizzard under the pinions. Tie the legs firmly to the sides. When prepared, singe, and wipe clean. Dressing made of grated bread crumbs, sweet herbs, pepper and salt, and one well-beaten egg should be put inside of each fowl. Butter the skin slightly, and dredge on a little flour; bake in a slow oven until a fork thrust in the breast will not draw blood. Then butter the outside again, dredge on more flour, quicken the oven, and brown. Serve with rich made gravy.

RISSOLES OF VEAL.—To one pound of cold veal, finely minced, allow half a tea-cupful of grated bread crumbs, a tea-spoonful of powdered sweet herbs, a tea-spoonful of grated lemon peel, a pinch of Cayenne pepper, and two well-beaten raw eggs. Mix all the ingredients well together, adding the eggs last. Flour the hands, and form the mixture into balls about the size of a hen's egg. Put lard in a frying-pan till, when boiling, there is sufficient to cover the balls. Fry them till a delicate brown, and serve with slices of lemon placed round the dish.

BOILED BEETS.—Wash the beets thoroughly, but be careful not to prick or break the skin, as it will make them white in boiling. Put them in boiling water, and boil until tender. Skin quickly, cut in slices, and dress with butter, pepper, and salt.

STEWED MACARONI.—Break the macaroni in pieces an inch long, throw them into boiling water. Boil half an hour, and drain. Put in a stew-pan a pint of cream, an ounce of butter, one well-beaten egg, pepper, and salt. Stir over a clear fire till it thickens, but do not boil. Add the macaroni, boil five minutes, toss in a wine-glassful of Madeira, and serve hot.

CABBAGE AND CELERY SALAD (a Southern dish).—Shred cabbage very fine, and cut celery into small dice. Mix well together, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put one gill of vinegar in a sauce-pan, and stir in a well-beaten egg. Stir over a hot fire till as thick as cream, add a salt-spoonful of mixed mustard, a table-spoonful of olive-oil, and a tea-spoonful of sugar. Beat well together, and when cold pour on the cabbage and celery.

PICKLED CHERRIES.—To every pound of cherries allow half a pound of loaf-sugar, half a pint of cider-vinegar, half an ounce each of powdered cinnamon, mixed whole cloves and allspice, and a few blades of mace. Put the cherries in a jar. Boil the other ingredients five minutes in the vinegar, and when boiling pour the liquor over the fruit. Cover closely for a week before eating.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a smooth batter of half a pound of flour, three eggs, and half a pint of sweet milk; salt to taste. Cut a dozen large, juicy apples into slices, after peeling and coring them. Throw the slices in the batter. Have ready a pan of equal parts of lard and butter, boiling hot. Take the batter up in a ladle, allowing a slice of apple to each fritter. Fry brown, drain a moment, and serve with powdered sugar and nutmeg.

LETTING ALONE.

ONE of the greatest arts in life—and the proper conduct of life is an art, besides being many other things—is to know how to let alone. The masterly inactivity of which we have heard so much of late is quite as important an element in the right conduct of affairs as masterly action; and just as "speech is silvern, but silence is golden," and "the least said, the soonest mended," are words of weight, so "better let well alone," and ill too sometimes, is also an axiom demanding our most respectful attention. To let alone with judgment and without cowardice requires an amount of self-control not always on hand, nor able to answer to the call. For most people, not hopelessly indolent, it is so much easier to rush into the heart of a fray than to keep on the edge, and wait till the crowd has dispersed and the thing has cleared itself one way or the other, that really to let alone is, nine times out of ten, the sign of more grace and wisdom than the most generous interference would be.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

WHILE Mr. Oliver went back to the Rectory, cheered by the prospect of possible grouse, Clarissa entered her new home, so utterly strange to her in its insignificance. The servant, Martha, who was a stranger to her, but who had a comfortable, friendly face, she thought, led her into a room at the back of the cottage, with a broad window opening on to a lawn, beyond which Clarissa saw the blue mill-stream. It was not a bad room at all: countrified-looking and old-fashioned, with a low ceiling and wainscoted walls. Miss Lovel recognized the ponderous old furniture from the breakfast-room at Arden—high-backed mahogany chairs of the early Georgian era, with broad cushioned seats covered with faded needle-work; a curious old oval dining-table, capable of accommodating about six; and some slim Chippendale coffee-tables; and chiffoniers, upon which there were a few chipped treasures of old Battersea and Bow china. The walls were half lined with her father's books—rare old books in handsome bindings. His easy-chair, a most luxurious one, stood in a sheltered corner of the hearth, with a crimson silk banner-screen hanging from the mantel-piece beside it, and a tiny table close at hand, on which there were a noble silver-mounted meerschaum and a curious old china jar for tobacco. The oval table was neatly laid for breakfast, and a handsome brown setter lay basking in the light of the fire. Altogether, the apartment had a very comfortable and home-like look.

"The tea's made, miss," said the comfortable-looking servant; "and I've a savory omelet ready to set on the table. Perhaps you'd like to step up stairs and take off your things before you have your breakfast? Your papa begged you wouldn't wait for him. He won't be down for two hours to come."

"He's quite well, I hope?"

"As well as he ever is, miss. He's a bit of an invalid at the best of times."

Remembering what Mr. Oliver had said, Clarissa was not much disturbed by this intelligence. She was stooping to caress the brown setter, who had been sniffing at her dress, and seemed anxious to inaugurate a friendship with her.

"This is a favorite of papa's, I suppose?" she said.

"Oh Lord, yes, miss. Our master do make a tremenjous fuss about Ponto. I think he's fonder of that beast than any human creature. Eliza shall show you your room, miss, while I bring in the tea-pot and such like. There's only me and Eliza, who is but a bit of a girl; and John Thomas, the groom, that brought your boxes in just now. It's a change for your pa from the Court, and all the servants he had there; but he do bear it like a true Christian, if ever there was one."

Clarissa Lovel might have wondered a little to hear this—Christianity not being the dominant note in her father's character; but it was only like her father to refrain from complaint in the hearing of such a person as honest Martha. A rosy-faced girl of about fifteen conducted Miss Lovel to a pleasant bedroom with three small windows—one curiously placed in an angle of the room, and from which, above a sweep of golden-tinted woodland, Clarissa could see the Gothic chimneys of Arden Court. She stood at this window for nearly ten minutes, gazing out across those autumnal woods, and wondering how ever her father had nerved himself for the sacrifice.

She turned away from the little casement at last with a heavy sigh, and began to take off her things. She bathed her face and head in cold water, brushed out her long, dark hair, and changed her thick merino traveling dress for a fresher costume. While she was doing these things her thoughts went back to her companion of last night's journey; and, with a sudden flush of shame, she remembered his embarrassed look when she had spoken of her father as the owner of Arden Court. He had been to Arden, he had told her, yet had not seen her father. She had not been particularly surprised by this, supposing that he had gone to the Court as an ordinary sight-seer. Her father had never opened the place to the public, but he had seldom refused any tourist's request to explore it.

But now she understood that curious puzzled look of the stranger's, and felt bitterly ashamed of her error. Had he thought her some bare-faced impostor, she wondered? She was disturbed in these reflections by the trim rosy-cheeked house-maid, who came to tell her that breakfast had been on the table nearly a quarter of an hour. But in the comfortable parlor down stairs all the time she was trying to do some poor justice to Martha's omelet her thoughts dwelt persistently upon the unknown of the railway carriage, and upon the unlucky mistake which she had made as to her father's position.

"He could never guess the truth," she said to herself. "He could never imagine that I was going home, and yet did not know that my birth-place had been sold."

He was so complete a stranger to her—she did not even know his name—so it could surely matter very little whether he thought well or ill of her. And yet she could not refrain from torturing herself with all manner of annoying suppositions as to what he might think. Miss Lovel's character was by no means faultless, and pride was one of the strongest ingredients in it. A generous and somewhat lofty nature, perhaps, but unschooled and unchastened as yet.

After a very feeble attempt at breakfast, Clarissa went out into the garden, closely attended by Ponto, who seemed to have taken a wonderful fancy to her. She was very glad to be loved by something on her return home, even a dog. She went out through the broad window, and explored garden and orchard, and wandered up and down by the grassy bank of the stream. She was fain to own that the place was pretty; and she fancied how well she might have loved it if she had been born here, and had never been familiar with the broad terraces and verdant slopes of Arden Court. She walked in the garden till the village church clock struck ten, and then went hastily in, half afraid lest her father should have come down to the parlor in her absence, and should be offended at not finding her ready to receive him.

She need not have feared this. Mr. Lovel was rarely offended by any thing that did not cause him physical discomfort.

"How do you do, my dear?" he said, as she came into the room, in very much the same tone he might have employed had they seen each other every day for the last twelve months. "Be sure you never do that again, if you have the faintest regard for me."

"Do what, papa?"

"Leave that window open when you go out. I found the room a perfect ice-house just now. It was very neglectful of Martha to allow it. You'd better use the door at the end of the passage in future when you go into the garden. It's only a little more trouble, and I can't stand open windows at this time of year."

"I will be sure to do so, papa," Clarissa answered, meekly.

She went up to her father and kissed him, the warmth and spontaneity of their greeting a little diminished by this reproof about the window; but Clarissa had not expected a very affectionate reception, and was hardly disappointed. She had only a blank, hopeless kind of feeling—a settled conviction that there was no love for her here, and that there had never been any.

"My dear father," she began, tenderly, "my uncle told me about the sale of Arden. I was so shocked by the news—so sorry—for your sake."

"And for your own sake too, I suppose," her father answered, bitterly. "The less this subject is spoken of between us in future the better we shall get on together, Clarissa."

"I will keep silence, papa."

"Be sure you do so," Mr. Lovel said, sternly. And then, with a sudden passion and inconsistency that startled his daughter, he went on: "Yes, I have sold Arden—every acre. Not a rood of the land that has belonged to my race from generation to generation since Edward IV. was king is left to me. And I have planted my-

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self here—here at the very gates of my lost home—so that I may drain the bitter cup of humiliation to the dregs. The fools who call themselves my friends think that because I can endure to live here I am indifferent to all I have lost; that I am an eccentric bookworm—an easy-going philosophical recluse, content to dawdle away the remnant of my days among old books. It pleases me to let them think so. Why, there is never a day that yonder trader's carriage, passing my windows, does not seem to drive over my body; not a sound of a woodman's axe or a carpenter's hammer in the place that was mine that does not go straight home to my heart!"

"Oh papa, papa!"

"Hush, girl! I can accept pity from no one—from you least of all."

"Not from me, papa—your own child?"

"Not from you, because your mother's reckless extravagance was the beginning of my ruin. I might have been a different man but for her. My marriage was fatal, and in the end, as you see, has wrecked me."

"But even if my mother was to blame, papa—as she may have been—I can not pretend to deny the truth of what you say, being so completely ignorant of our past history—you can not be so cruel as to hold *me* guilty?"

"You are too like her, Clarissa," Mr. Lovel answered, in a strange tone. "But I do not want to speak of these things. It is your fault; you had no right to talk of Arden. *That* subject always raises a devil in me."

He paced the room backward and forward for a few minutes in an agitated way, as if trying to stifle some passion raging inwardly.

He was a man of about fifty, tall and slim, with a distinguished air, and a face that must once have been very handsome, but perhaps, at its best, a little effeminate. The face was careworn now, and the delicate features had a pinched and drawn look, the thin lips a half-cynical, half-peevish expression. It was not a pleasant countenance, in spite of its look of high birth; nor was there any likeness between Marmaduke Lovel and his daughter. His eyes were light blue, large, and bright, but with a cold look in them—a coldness which, on very slight provocation, intensified into cruelty; his hair pale auburn, crisp, and curling closely round a high but somewhat narrow forehead.

He came back to the breakfast-table presently, and seated himself in his easy-chair. He sipped a cup of coffee, and trifled listlessly with a morsel of dried salmon.

"I have no appetite this morning," he said at last, pushing his plate away with an impatient gesture; "nor is that kind of talk calculated to improve the flavor of a man's breakfast. How tall you have grown, Clarissa, a perfect woman; remarkably handsome, too! Of course you know that, and there is no fear of your being made vain by any thing I may say to you. All young women learn their value soon enough. You ought to make a good match, a brilliant match, if there were any chance for a girl in such a hole as this. Marriage is your only hope, remember, Clarissa. Your future lies between that and the drudgery of a governess's life. You have received an expensive education—an education that will serve you in either case; and that is all the fortune I can give you."

"I hope I may marry well, papa, for your sake; but—"

"Never mind me. You have only yourself to think about."

"But I never could marry any one I did not esteem, if the match were ever such a brilliant one."

"Of course not. All school-girls talk like that, and in due course discover how very little esteem has to do with matrimony. If you mean that you would like to marry some penniless wretch of a curate, or some insolvent ensign in the line, for love, I can only say that the day of your marriage will witness our final parting. I should not make any outrageous fuss or useless opposition, rely upon it. I should only wish you good-by."

Clarissa smiled faintly at this speech. She expected so little from her father that his hardest words did not wound her very deeply, nor did they extinguish that latent hope, "He will love me some day."

"I hope I may never be so imprudent as to lose you forever, like that, papa. I must shut my heart resolutely against curates."

"If bad reading is an abomination to you, you have only to open your ears. I have some confidence in you, Clary," Mr. Lovel went on, with a smile that was almost affectionate. "You look like a sensible girl; a little impulsive, I dare say; but knowledge of the world—which is an uncommonly hard world for you and me—will tone that down in good time. You are accomplished, I hope. Madame Marot wrote me a most flourishing account of your attainments; but one never knows how much to believe of a school-mistress's analysis."

"I worked very hard, papa; all the harder because I was so anxious to come home; and I fancied I might shorten my exile a little by being very industrious."

"Humph! You give yourself a good character. You sing and play, I suppose?"

"Yes, papa. But I am fonder of art than of music."

"Ah! art is very well as a profession; but amateur art—French plum-box art—is worse than worthless. However, I am glad you can amuse yourself somehow; and I dare say, if you have to turn governess by-and-by, that sort of thing will be useful. You have the usual smattering of languages, of course?"

"Yes, papa. We read German and Italian on alternate days at Madame Marot's."

"*I promessi Sposi*, and so on, no doubt. There is a noble Tasso in the book-case yonder, and a fine old Petrarch, with which you may keep up your Italian. You might read a little to me of an evening sometimes. I should not mind it much."

"And I should like it very much, papa," Clarissa answered, eagerly.

She was anxious for any thing that could bring her father and herself together—that might lessen the gulf between them, if by ever so little.

And in this manner Miss Lovel's life began in her new home. No warmth of welcome, no word of fatherly affection, attended this meeting between a father and daughter who had not met for six years. Mr. Lovel went back to his books as calmly as if there had been no ardent, impetuous girl of eighteen under his roof, leaving Clarissa to find occupation and amusement as best she might. He was not a profound student; a literary trifler rather, caring for only a limited number of books, and reading those again and again. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Southey's "Doctor," Montaigne, and Swift, he read continually. He was a collector of rare editions of the classics, and would dawdle over a Greek play, edited by some learned German, for a week at a time, losing himself in the profundity of elaborate foot-notes. He was an ardent admirer of the lighter Roman poets, and believed the Horatian philosophy the only true creed by which a man should shape his existence. But it must not be supposed that books brought repose to the mind and heart of Marmaduke Lovel. He was a disappointed man, a discontented man, a man given to brooding over the failure of his life, inclined to cherish vengeful feelings against his fellow-men on account of that failure. Books to him were very much what they might have been to some fiery-tempered, ambitious soldier of fortune buried alive in a prison, without hope of release—some slight alleviation of his anguish, some occasional respite from his dull, perpetual pain; nothing more.

Clarissa's first day at Mill Cottage was a very fair sample of the rest of her life. She found that she must manage to spend existence almost entirely by herself—that she must expect the smallest amount of companionship from her father.

"This is the room in which I generally sit," her father said to her that first morning after breakfast; "my books are here, you see, and the aspect suits me. The drawing-room will be almost entirely at your disposal. We have occasional callers, of course; I have not been able to make these impervious country people comprehend that I don't want society. They sometimes pester me with invitations to dinner, which no doubt they consider an amazing kindness to a man in my position; invitations which I make a point of declining. It will be different with you, of course; and if any eligible people—Lady Laura Armstrong or Mrs. Renthorpe—should like to take you up, I shall not object to your seeing a little society. You will never find a rich husband at Mill Cottage."

"Please do not speak of husbands, papa. I don't want to be married, and I shouldn't care to go into society without you."

"Nonsense, child; you will have to do what is best for your future welfare. Remember that my death will leave you utterly unprovided for—absolutely penniless."

"I hope you may live till I am almost an old woman, papa."

"Not much chance of that; and even if I did, I should not care to have you on my hands all that time. A good marriage is the natural prospect of a good-looking young woman, and I shall be much disappointed if you do not marry well, Clarissa."

The pale, cold blue eyes looked at her with so severe a glance, as Mr. Lovel said this, that the girl felt she must expect little mercy from her father if her career in life did not realize his hopes.

"In short," he continued, "I look to you to redeem our fallen fortunes. I don't want the name of Lovel to die out in poverty and obscurity. I look to you to prevent that, Clarissa."

"Papa," said Clarissa, almost trembling as she spoke, "it is not to me that you should look for that. What can a girl do to restore a name that has fallen into obscurity? Even if I were to marry a rich man, as you say, it would only be to take another name, and lose my own identity in that of my husband. It is only a son who can redeem his father's name. There is some one else to whom you must look—"

"What!" cried her father, vehemently; "have you not been forbidden to mention that name in my hearing? Unlucky girl, you seem to have been born on purpose to outrage and pain me."

"Forgive me, papa; it shall be the last time. But oh, is there no hope that you will ever pardon—"

"Pardon!" echoed Mr. Lovel, with a bitter laugh; "it is no question of pardon. I have erased that person's image from my mind. So far as I am concerned, there is no such man in the world. Pardon! You must induce me to reinstate him in my memory again before you ask me to pardon."

"And that can never be, papa?"

"Never!"

The tone of that one word annihilated hope in Clarissa's mind. She had pushed the question to its utmost limit, at all hazards of offending her father. What was it that her brother Austin had done to bring upon himself this bitter sentence of condemnation? She remembered him in his early manhood, handsome, accomplished, brilliant; the delight and admiration of every one who knew him, except her father. Recalling those days, she remembered that between her father and Austin there had never been any show of affection. The talents and brilliant attributes that had won admiration from others seemed to have no charm in the father's eye. Clarissa could remember many a sneering speech of Mr. Lovel's, in which he had made light of his son's cleverness, denouncing his varied accomplishments as trivial and effeminate, and asking if any Englishman ever attained an honorable distinction by playing the piano or modeling in clay.

"I would rather have my son the dullest plodder that ever toiled at the bar, or droned bald platitudes from a pulpit, than the most brilliant drawing-room idler whose amateur art and amateur music ever made him the fashion of a single season, to leave him forgotten in the next. I utterly despise an accomplished man."

Austin Lovel had let such speeches as this go by him with a languid indifference that testified at once to his easy temper and his comfortable disregard of his father's opinion. He was fond of his little sister Clary, in rather a careless way, and would suffer her companionship, juvenile as she was at that time, with perfect good-nature, allowing her to spoil his drawing-paper with her untutored efforts, and even to explore the sacred mysteries of his color-box. In return for this indulgence the girl loved him with intense devotion, and believed in him as the most brilliant of mankind.

Clarissa Lovel recalled those departed days now with painful tenderness. How kind and gracious Austin had been to her! How happy they had been together! sometimes wandering for a whole day in the park and woods of Arden, he with his sketching apparatus, she with a volume of Sir Walter Scott, to read aloud to him while he sketched, or to read him to sleep with very often. And then what delight it had been to sit by his side while he lay at full length upon the mossy turf, or half buried in fern—to sit by him, supremely happy, reading or drawing, and looking up from her occupation every now and then to glance at the sleeper's handsome face in loving admiration.

Those days had been the happiest of her life. When Austin left Arden he seemed always to carry away the brightness of her existence with him; for without him her life was very lonely—a singularly joyless life for one so young. Then, in an evil hour, as she thought, there came their final parting. How well she remembered her brother loitering on the broad terrace in front of Arden Court, in the dewy summer morning, waiting to bid her good-by! How passionately she had clung to him in that farewell embrace, unable to tear herself away until her father's stern voice summoned her to the carriage that was to take her on the first stage of her journey!

"Won't you come to the station with us, Austin?" she pleaded.

"No, Clary," her brother answered, with a glance at her father. "*He* does not want me."

And so they had parted; never to meet any more upon this earth, perhaps, Clarissa said to herself, in her dismal reveries to-day. "That stranger in the railway carriage spoke of his having emigrated. He will live and die far away, perhaps on the other side of the earth, and I shall never see his bright face again. Oh, Austin, Austin! is this the end of all our summer days in Arden woods long ago?"

CHAPTER IV.

CLARISSA IS "TAKEN UP."

For some time there was neither change nor stir in Clarissa Lovel's new life. It was not altogether an unpleasant kind of existence, perhaps, and Miss Lovel was inclined to make the best of it. She was very much her own mistress, free to spend the long hours of her monotonous days according to her own pleasure. Her father exacted very little from her, and received her dutiful attentions with an air of endurance which was not particularly encouraging. But Clarissa was not easily disheartened. She wanted to win her father's affection; and again and again, after every new discouragement, she told herself that there was no reason why she should not ultimately succeed in making herself as dear to him as an only daughter should be. It was only a question of time and patience. There was no reason that he should not love her, no possible ground for his coldness. It was his nature to be cold, perhaps; but those cold natures have often proved capable of a single strong attachment. What happiness it would be to win this victory of love!

"We stand almost alone in the world," she said to herself. "We have need to be very dear to each other."

So, though the time went by, and she made no perceptible progress toward this happy result, Clarissa did not despair. Her father tolerated her, and even this was something; it seemed a great deal when she remembered her childhood at Arden, in which she had never known what it was to be in her father's society for an hour at a time, and when, but for chance meetings in corridors and on staircases, she would very often have lived for weeks under the same roof with him without seeing his face or hearing his voice.

Now it was all different; she was a woman now, and Mill Cottage was scarcely large enough to accommodate two separate existences, even had Mr. Lovel been minded to keep himself aloof from his daughter. This being so, he tolerated her, treating her with a kind of cold politeness, which might have been tolerably natural in some guardian burdened with the charge of a ward he did not care for. They rarely met until dinner-time, Clarissa taking her breakfast about three hours before her father left his room. But at seven they dined together, and spent the long winter evenings in each other's company, Clarissa being sometimes permitted to read aloud in German or Italian, while her father lay back in his easy-chair, smoking his meerschaum, and taking the amber mouth-piece from his lips now and then to correct an accent or murmur a criticism on the text. Sometimes, too, Mr. Lovel would graciously expound a page or two of a Greek play, or dilate on the subtilty of some learned foot-note, for his daughter's benefit, but rather with the air of one gentleman at his club inviting the sympathy of another than with the tone of a father instructing his child.

Sometimes, but very rarely, they had company. Mr. Oliver and his wife would dine with them occasionally, or the vicar of Arden, a grave bachelor of five-and-thirty, would drop in to spend an hour or two of an evening. But besides these they saw scarcely any one. The small professional men of Holborough Mr. Lovel held in supreme contempt—a contempt of which those gentlemen themselves were thoroughly aware. The county people whom he had been accustomed to receive at Arden Court he shrank from with a secret sense of shame in these days of his fallen fortunes. He had therefore made for himself a kind of hermit life at Mill Cottage; and his acquaintance had come, little by little, to accept this as his established manner of existence. They still called upon the recluse occasionally, and sent him cards for their state dinners, averse from any neglect of a man who had once occupied a great position among them; but they were no longer surprised when Mr. Lovel pleaded his feeble health as a reason for declining their hospitality. A very dull life for a girl, perhaps; but for Clarissa it was not altogether an unhappy life. She was at an age when a girl can make an existence for herself out of bright young fancies and vague, deep thoughts. There was that in her life just now which fades and perishes with the passing of years; a subtile, indescribable charm; a sense of things beyond the common things of daily life. If there had been a closer bond of union between her father and herself, if there had not been that dark cloud upon her brother's life, she might have made herself entirely happy; she might almost have forgotten that Arden was sold, and a vulgar mercantile stranger lord of those green slopes and broad, ancient terraces she loved so well.

As it was, the loneliness of her existence troubled her very little. She had none of that eager longing for "society" or "fashion" wherewith young ladies who live in towns are apt to inoculate one another. She had no desire to shine, no consciousness of her own beauty; for the French girls at Madame Marot's had been careful not to tell her that her pale patrician face was beautiful. She wished for nothing but to win her father's love, and to bring about some kind of reconciliation between him and Austin. So the autumn deepened into winter, and the winter brightened into early spring, without bringing any change to her life. She had her color-box and her easel, her books and piano, for her best companions; and if she did not make any obvious progress toward gaining her father's affection, she contrived, at any rate, to avoid rendering her presence in any way obnoxious to him.

Two or three times in the course of the winter Mrs. Oliver gave a little musical party, at which Clarissa met the small gentry of Holborough, who pronounced her a very lovely girl, and pitied her because of her father's ruined fortunes. To her inexperience these modest assemblies seemed the perfection of gayety; and she would fain have accepted the invitations that followed them from the wives of Holborough bankers and lawyers and medical men to whom she had been introduced. Against this degradation, however, Mr. Lovel resolutely opposed himself.

"No, Clarissa," he said, sternly; "you must enter society under such auspices as I should wish, or you must be content to remain at home. I can't have a daughter of mine hawked about in that petty Holborough set. Lady Laura will be at the Castle by-and-by, I dare say. If she chooses to take you up she can do so. Pretty girls are always at par in a country house, and at the Castle you would meet people worth knowing."

Clarissa sighed. Those cordial Holborough gentry had been so kind to her, and this exclusiveness of her father's chilled her somehow. It seemed to add a new bitterness to their poverty—to that poverty, by-the-way, of which she had scarcely felt the sharp edges yet a while. Things went very smoothly at Mill Cottage. Her father lived luxuriously after his quiet fashion. One of the best wine-merchants at the West End of London supplied his claret; Fortnum and Mason furnished the condiments and foreign rarities which were essential for his breakfast-table. There seemed never any lack of money, or only when Clarissa ventured to hint at the scantiness of her school wardrobe, on which occasion Mr. Lovel looked very grave, and put her off with two or three pounds to spend at the Holborough draper's.

"I should want so many new clothes if I went to the Castle, papa," she said, rather sadly, one day when her father was talking of Lady Laura Armstrong; but Mr. Lovel only shrugged his shoulders.

"A young woman is always well dressed in a white muslin gown," he said, carelessly. "I dare say a few pounds would get you all you want."

The Castle was a noble old place at Hale, a village about six miles from Holborough. It had been the family seat of the Earl of Roxham ever since the reign of Edward VI.; but, on the Roxham race dying out, some fifty years before this, had become the property of a certain Mr. Armstrong, a civilian who had made a great fortune in the East in an age when great fortunes were commonly made by East Indian traders. His only son had been captain in a crack regiment, and had sold out of the army after his father's death in order to marry Lady Laura Challoner, second daughter of the Earl of Calderwood, a nobleman of ancient lineage and decayed fortunes, and to begin life as a country gentleman under her wise governance. The Armstrongs were said to be a very happy couple; and if the master of Hale Castle was apt to seem something of a cipher in his own house, the house was an eminently agreeable one, and Lady Laura popular with all classes. Her husband adored

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her, and had surrendered his judgment to her guidance with a most supreme faith in her infallibility. Happily she exercised her power with that subtile tact which is the finest gift of woman; and his worst enemies could scarcely call Frederick Armstrong a hen-pecked husband.

The spring and early summer brought no change to Clarissa's life. She had been at home for the greater part of a year, and in all that time one day had resembled another almost as closely as in the scholastic monotony of existence at Madame Marot's. And yet the girl had shaped no complaint about the dullness of this tranquil routine even in her inmost unspoken thoughts. She was happy, after a quiet fashion. She had a vague sense that there was a broader, grander kind of life possible to womanhood—a life as different from her own as the wide waste of sea which she looked across sometimes from the downs beyond Holborough was different from the placid mill-stream that bounded her father's orchard. But she had no sick, fretful yearning for that wider life. To win her father's affection, to see her brother restored to his abandoned home—these were her girlish dreams and simple, unselfish hopes.

In all the months Clarissa Lovel had spent at Mill Cottage she had never crossed the boundary of that lost domain she loved so well. There was a rustic bridge across the mill-stream, and a wooden gate opening into Arden woods. Clarissa very often stood by this gate, leaning with folded arms upon the topmost bar, and looking into the shadowy labyrinth of beech and pine, with sad, dreamy eyes, but she never went through beyond the barrier. Honest Martha asked her more than once why she never walked in the wood, which was so much pleasanter than the dusty high-road, or even Arden common, an undulating expanse of heathy waste beyond the village, where Clarissa would roam for hours on the fine spring days, with a sketch-book under her arm. The friendly peasant woman could not understand that obstinate avoidance of a beloved scene—that sentiment which made her lost home seem to Clarissa a thing to shrink from as she might have shrunk from beholding the face of the beloved dead.

It was bright midsummer weather, a glorious, prolific season, with the thermometer ranging between seventy and eighty, when Lady Laura Armstrong did at last make her appearance at Mill Cottage. The simple, old-fashioned garden was all aglow with roses; the house half hidden beneath the luxuriance of foliage and flowers—a great magnolia on one side climbing up to the dormer-windows, on the other, pale monthly roses, and odorous golden and crimson tinted honeysuckle. Lady Laura was in raptures with the place. She found Clarissa sitting in a natural arbor made by a group of old hawthorns and a wild plum-tree, and placed herself at once upon a footing of perfect friendliness and familiarity with the girl. Mr. Lovel was out—a rare occurrence. He had gone for a stroll through the village with Ponto.

"And why are you not with him?" asked Lady Laura, who, like most of these clever, managing women, had a knack of asking questions. "You must be a better companion than Ponto."

"Papa does not think so. He likes walking alone. He likes to be quite free to dream about his books, I fancy, and it bores him rather to have to talk."

"Not a very lively companion for you, I fear. Why, child, how dismal your life must be!"

"Oh no; not dismal. It is very quiet, of course; but I like a quiet life."

"But you go to a good many parties, I suppose, in Holborough and the neighborhood? I know the Holborough people are fond of giving parties, and are quite famous for croquet."

"No, Lady Laura; papa won't let me visit any one at Holborough, except my uncle and aunt, the Olivers."

"Yes; I know the Olivers very well indeed. Remarkably pleasant people."

"And I don't even know how to play croquet."

"Why, my poor benighted child, in what a state of barbarism this father of yours is bringing you up! How are you ever to marry and take your place in the world? And with your advantages, too! What can the man be dreaming about? I shall talk to him very seriously. We are quite old friends, you know, my dear, and I can venture to say what I like to him. You must come to me immediately. I shall have a houseful of people in a week or two, and you shall have a peep at the gay world. Poor little prison flower—no wonder you look thoughtful and pale! And now show me your garden, please, Miss Lovel. We can stroll about till your father comes home. I mean to talk to him *at once*."

Energy was one of the qualities of her own character for which Laura Armstrong especially valued herself. She was always doing something or other which she was not actually called upon by her own duty or by the desire of other people to do, and she was always eager to do it "at once." She had come to Mill Cottage intending to show some kindness to Clarissa Lovel, whose father and her own father, the Earl of Calderwood, had been firm friends in the days when the master of Arden entertained the county; and Clarissa's manner and appearance having impressed her most favorably, she was eager to do her immediate service—to have her at the Castle, and show her to the world, and get her a rich husband if possible.

In honest truth this Lady Laura Armstrong was a kindly disposed, sympathetic woman, anxious to make the best of the opportunities which Providence had given her with so lavish a hand, and to do her duty toward her less fortunate neighbors. The office of Lady Bountiful, the position of patroness, suited her humor. Her active, frivolous nature, which spurned repose, and yet never rose above trifles, found an agreeable occupation in the exercise of this kind of benign influence upon other people's lives. Whether she would have put herself seriously out of the way for the benefit of any of these people to whom she was so unfailingly beneficent was a question which circumstances had never yet put to the test. Her benevolence had so far been of a light, airy kind, which did not heavily tax her bodily or mental powers, or even the ample resources of her purse.

She was a handsome woman, after a fair, florid, rather redundant style of beauty, and was profoundly skilled in all those arts of costume and decoration by which such beauty is improved. A woman of middle height, with a fine figure, a wealth of fair hair, and an aquiline nose of the true patrician type, her admirers said. The mouth was rather large, but redeemed by a set of flashing teeth and a winning smile; the chin inclined to be of that order called "double;" and indeed a tendency to increasing stoutness was one of the few cares which shadowed Lady Laura's path. She was five-and-thirty, and had only just begun to tell herself that she was no longer a girl. She got on admirably with Clarissa, as she informed her husband afterward when she described the visit. The girl was fascinated at once by that frank, cordial manner, and was quite ready to accept Lady Laura for

"But you will let her come to me?"

"That *is* the best, my dear Lady Laura. Yes, of course she may come to you whenever you may please to be troubled with her."

"Then I please to be troubled with her immediately. I should like to carry her away with me this afternoon if it were possible; but I suppose that can't be—there will be a trunk to be packed, and so on. When will you come to me, Miss Lovel? Do you know, I am strongly tempted to call you Clarissa?"

"I should like it so much better," the girl answered, blushing.

"What! may I? Then I'm sure I will. It's such a pretty name, reminding one of that old novel of Richardson's, which every body quotes and no one ever seems to have read. When will you come, Clarissa?"

"Give her a week," said her father; "she'll want a new white muslin gown, I dare say: young women always do when they are going visiting."

"Now pray don't let her trouble herself about any thing of that kind; my maid shall see to all that sort of thing. We will make her look her best, depend upon it. I mean this visit to be a great event in her life, Mr. Lovel, if possible."

"Don't let there be any fuss or trouble about her. Every one knows that I am poor, and that she will be penniless when I am gone. Let her

"SHE STOOD AT THIS WINDOW FOR NEARLY TEN MINUTES."

her friend, ready to be patronized by her, even, with no sense of humiliation, no lurking desire to revolt against the kind of sovereignty with which her new friend took possession of her.

Mr. Lovel came strolling in by-and-by with his favorite tan setter, looking as cool as if there were no such thing as blazing midsummer sunshine, and found the two ladies sauntering up and down the grassy walk by the mill-stream, under the shadow of gnarled old pear and quince trees. He was charmed to see his dear Lady Laura. Clarissa had never known him so enthusiastic or so agreeable. It was quite a new manner which he put on—the manner of a man who is still interested in life. Lady Laura began almost at once with her reproaches. How could he be so cruel to this dear child? How could he be so absurd as to bury her alive in this way?

"She visits no one, I hear," cried the lady—"positively no one."

"Humph! she has been complaining, has she?" said Mr. Lovel, with a sharp glance at his daughter.

"Complaining! Oh no, papa! I have told Lady Laura that I do not care about gayety, and that you do not allow me to visit."

"*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*—the best or nothing. I don't want Clarissa to be gadding about to all the tea-drinkings in Holborough; and if I let her go to one house, I must let her go to all."

wear her white muslin gown, and give her a corner to sit in. People may take her for one of your children's governesses if they choose; but if she is to see society, I am glad for her to see the best."

"People shall not take her for one of my governesses; they shall take her for nothing less than Miss Lovel of Arden. Yes, of Arden, my dear Sir; don't frown, I entreat you. The glory of an old house like that clings to those who bear the old name, even though lands and house are gone—Miss Lovel of Arden. By-the-way, how do you get on with your neighbor, Mr. Granger?"

"I do not get on with him at all. He used to call upon me now and then, but I suppose he fancied or saw somehow or other—though I am sure I was laboriously civil to him—that I did not care much for his visits; at any rate, he dropped them. But he is still rather obtrusively polite in sending me game and hot-house fruit and flowers at odd times, in return for which favors I can send him nothing but a note of thanks—'Mr. Lovel presents his compliments to Mr. Granger, and begs to acknowledge, with best thanks,' etc.—the usual formula."

"I am so sorry you have not permitted him to know you," replied Lady Laura. "We saw a good deal of him last year—such a charming man! what one may really call a typical man—the sort of person the French describe as solid—*carré par le base*—a perfect block of granite; and then, so *enormously* rich!"

Lady Laura glanced at Clarissa, as if she were inspired with some sudden idea. She was subject to a sudden influx of ideas, and always fancied her ideas inspirations. She looked at Clarissa, and repeated, with a meditatve air, "So enormously rich!"

"There is a grown-up daughter, too," said Mr. Lovel; "rather a stiff-looking young person. I suppose she is solid too."

"She is not so charming as her father," replied Lady Laura, with whom that favorite adjective served for every thing in the way of praise. To her the Pyramids and Niagara, a tropical thunder-storm, a mazourka by Chopin, and a Parisian bonnet were all alike charming. "I suppose solidity isn't so nice in a girl," she went on, laughing; "but certainly Sophia Granger is not such a favorite with me as her father is. I suppose she will make a brilliant marriage, however, sooner or later, unattractive as she may be, for she'll have a superb fortune—unless, indeed, her father should take it into his head to marry again."

"Scarcely likely that, I should think, after seventeen years of widowhood. Why, Granger must be at least fifty."

"My dear Mr. Lovel, I hope you are not going to call that a great age."

"My dear Lady Laura, am I likely to do so, when my own fiftieth birthday is an event of the past? But I shouldn't suppose Granger to be a marrying man," he added, meditatively. "Such an idea has never occurred to me in conjunction with him." And here he glanced ever so slightly at his daughter. "That sort of granite man must take a great deal of thawing."

"There are suns that will melt the deepest snows," answered the lady, laughing. "Seriously, I am sorry you will not suffer him to know you. But I must run away this instant; my unfortunate ponies will be wondering what has become of me. You see this dear girl and I have got on so well together that I have been quite unconscious of time; and I had ever so many more calls to make, but those must be put off to another day. Let me see; this is Tuesday. I shall send a carriage for you this day week, Clarissa, soon after breakfast, so that I may have you with me at luncheon. Good-by."

Lady Laura kissed her new *protégée* at parting. She was really fond of every thing young and bright and pretty; and having come to Mr. Lovel's house intending to perform a social duty, was delighted to find that the duty was so easy and pleasant to her. She was always pleased with new acquaintances, and was apt to give her friendship on the smallest provocation. On the other hand, there came a time when she grew just a little weary of these dear sweet friends, and began to find them less charming than of old. But she was never uncivil to them; they always remained on her list, and received stray gleams from the sunlight of her patronage.

"Well?" said Mr. Lovel, interrogatively, when the mistress of Hale Castle had driven off, in the lightest and daintiest of phaetons, with a model groom and a pair of chestnut cobs, which seemed perfection, even in Yorkshire, where every man is a connoisseur in horseflesh—"well, child, I told you that you might go into society if Lady Laura Armstrong took you up, but I scarcely expected her to be as cordial as she has been to-day. Nothing could have been better than the result of her visit. She seemed quite taken with you, Clary."

It was almost the first time her father had ever called her Clary. It was only a small endearment, but she blushed and sparkled into smiles at the welcome sound. He saw the smile and blush, but only thought she was delighted with the idea of this visit to the Castle. He had no notion that the placid state of indifference which he maintained toward her was otherwise than agreeable to her feelings. He was perfectly civil to her, and he never interfered with her pursuits or inclinations. What more could she want from a father?

Perhaps she assumed a new value in his eyes from the time of that visit of Lady Laura's. He was certainly kinder to her than usual, the girl thought, as they sat on the lawn in the balmy June evening sipping their after-dinner coffee, while the moon rose fair and pale above the woods of Arden Court. He contemplated her with a meditative air now and then when she was not looking his way. He had always known that she was beautiful, but her beauty had acquired a new emphasis from Lady Laura Armstrong's praises. A woman of the world of that class was not likely to be deceived, or to mistake the kind of beauty likely to influence mankind. And in the dim recesses of his mind there grew up a new hope—very vague and shadowy; he despised himself for dwelling upon it so weakly—a hope that made him kinder to his daughter than he had ever been yet; a hope which rendered her precious to him all at once. Not that he loved her any better than of old; it was only that he saw how, if fortune favored him, this girl might render him the greatest service that could be done for him by any human creature.

She might marry Daniel Granger, and win back the heritage he had lost. It was a foolish thought, of course; Mr. Lovel was quite aware of the supremity of folly involved in it. This Granger might be the last man in the world to fall in love with a girl younger than his daughter; he might be as impervious to beauty as the granite to which Laura Armstrong had likened him. It was a foolish fancy, a vain hope; but it served to brighten the meditations of Marmaduke Lovel—who had really very few pleasant subjects to think about—with a faint rosy glow.

"It is the idlest dream," he said to himself. "When did good luck ever come my way? But oh, to hold Arden Court again—by any tie—to die knowing that my race would inherit the old gray walls!"

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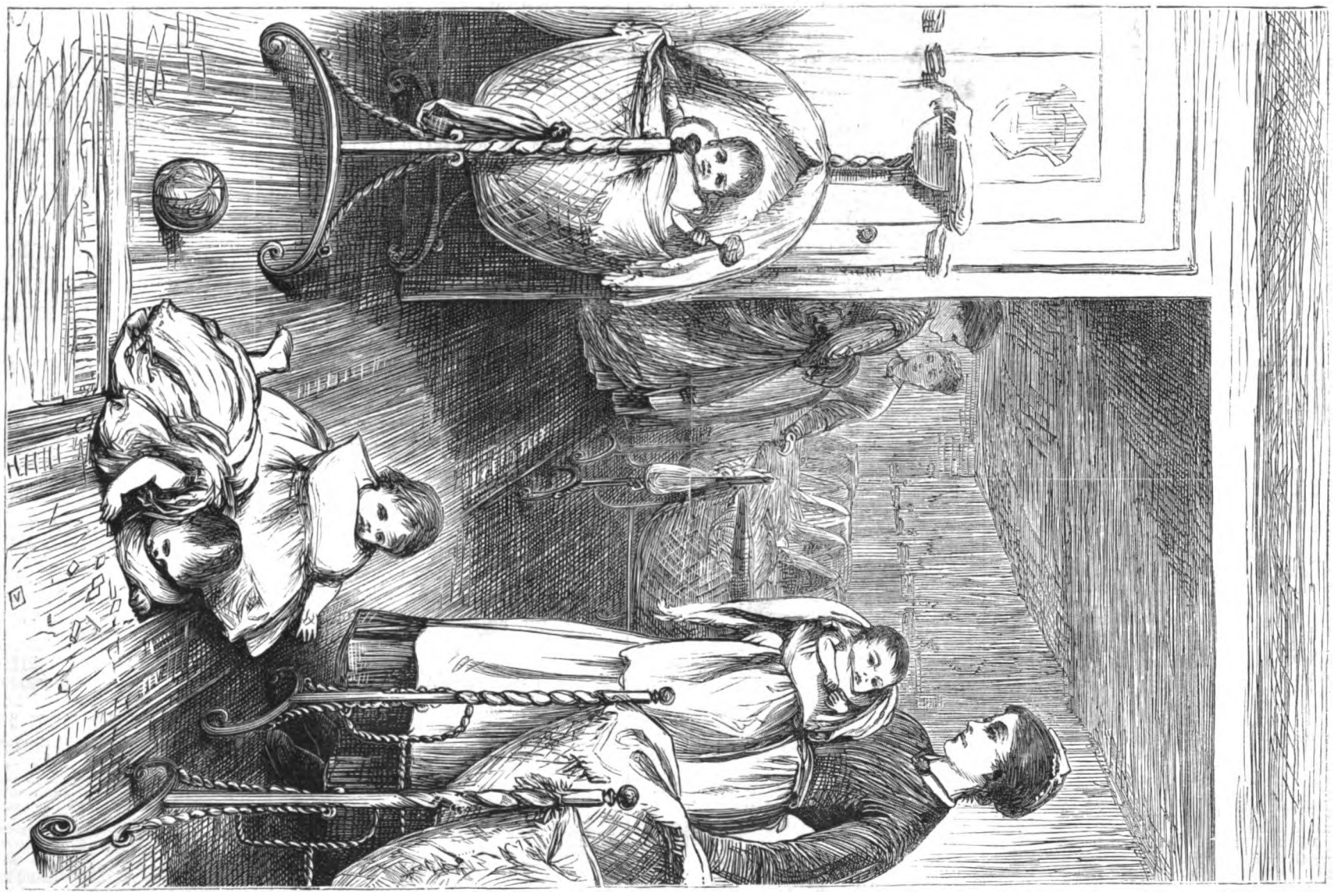
THE LONDON CRÈCHE.

THE Crèche, as its name implies, is an institution of foreign growth, and it has recently been transplanted from Belgium to the East End of London by Mrs. Hilton—whose labors, in connection with the Friends' Mission Institute, among the poor of that district, are well known in England. In the course of her mission work she was struck by the painful scenes which she witnessed among the young children. Numbers of poor women are obliged to go out to work, leaving their infants either in charge of children scarcely older than themselves, or stupefied by some noxious soothing mixture, and it is to protect them from this neglect and misery that the Crèche has been established. Two unoccupied rooms at the Friends' Mission Institute, 16 Stepney Causeway, have been fitted up for the purpose. The lower one is used as a play-room for the elder children, from two to five years of age. Here are little chairs, toys, and swings, and one part of the room is railed in like a pound, and fitted with mattresses for the children to lie down upon when tired. The upper room is the nursery for the very young children, and contains thirty cradles, the gifts of different ladies, whose names are written over their cots. The whole institution is modeled on the Belgian system. Every thing is scrupulously clean and neat, and the place will be under medical inspection, to insure proper sanitary arrangements. The children are received from ten in the morning, and must be called for at seven in the evening, being carefully fed, nursed, and cared for in the mean time; and all this is done for a charge of one penny. In such an institution great care must, of course, be taken to guard against its being turned into a foundling hospital, and for this purpose a strict system of visitation is to be arranged.

THE PLAY-ROOM.



THE NURSERY.

THE LONDON CRÈCHE, OR BABY'S HOME.

CHINESE SIMPLICITY.

WHATEVER may be the sins of omission or commission of the great functionaries of China, inordinate luxury is certainly not among the number. There is no ostentation of wealth any where to be seen. Their dress is of the plainest silk or gauze in summer; and it is only in winter that money can be expended on their persons, when some of the high officers wear costly furs. A Buddhist chaplet of beads of agate or jade, and often of less expensive material, a ring of jade on the thumb of the right hand as an evidence of their training to pull the bow (the traditional arm of both Chinese and Tartars), and sometimes a button of coral at the top of the official cap, marking their rank, and a pearl in the front, complete the most costly toilette of prince or grandee. The Chinese and the Japanese are the only Easterns, so far as civilized peoples are in question, who seem to set no value on precious stones or jewelry of any kind. Pearls are in certain request, probably for the wives and daughters, but the men never wear

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any kind of trinket. Simplicity of taste marks all their personal equipment; and the ladies, if they go into extravagance, seem to confine it to embroidery of the most elaborate and beautiful kind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECONSTRUCTION.—Your samples will make a very stylish suit. Use the cut paper pattern of the Polonaise-Casaque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. Put folds of the same and fringe on the polonaise. Ruffles of the same on the skirt.

MARIA.—Get a tea-rose or a cuir-colored silk for the afternoon wedding, and make by the Worth Basque Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV.

J. E. S.—Your inquiries about point lace braid have been answered recently.

MISS A.—Four or six ruffles a finger deep alternately box-pleated and ruffled, the lower edge bound or hemmed, the upper covered by the flounce above it, form a stylish trimming for black silk suits.

M. R.—Grenadines and all thin goods that do not wash have the corsages lined; but wash goods are not lined. *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. IV., will furnish you with the pattern. Full French waists or blouse-waists are what you in Kentucky call infant waists. Sew the seams of your thin basques with the machine, holding a rather loose tension.

A. B.—There are several books, we believe, on the raising of bees; but your letter is so vague that we do not know what would best serve your purpose.

MRS. F. H. S.—Very few over-skirts require lining. They are made bouffant by draping instead of by stiff lining. Wide, flat-pleated flounces may be either straight or bias, and are stitched flatly an inch from the top and bottom.

HANNIBAL.—Instead of white-edged black velvet ribbon use plain black. The pattern of the Apron-Polonaise Suit, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., is what you want for your checked gray silk.

MRS. E. B. W.—We do not separate patterns. What shall we send you?

M. E. S.—Your sample is evidently all pure silk of very fair quality. Its want of lustre is probably what made you doubt that it was genuine silk.

A. L. W.—We have no patterns but those advertised in the present paper.

T. D. J.—Do not quilt your silk sacque for spring. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV.

A MOTHER.—Make the Victoria lawn dress for your daughter of twelve with a French waist, coat-sleeves, and upper skirt. The lower skirt is an inch or two above her shoe tops. Trim with ruffles and tucks.

C. H.—Use pattern of the Worth Basque House Dress for your white silk to be worn in mourning. Put flounces of white crape edged with tiny black lace or black velvet.

F. R. A.—Your sample is striped mohair.

MARY A.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., and select one of the patterns of polonaise suits. Get a gray or brown poplin, or serge, or pongee, and trim with folds and pleatings of a darker shade.—We are glad to have been of assistance to you.

M. E. B.—Have your crape shawl dyed a fine black, and make a paletot, and, if possible, an upper skirt to wear over black silk dresses, or with white ones.

AGNES.—Cambric, piqué, buff linen, and Victoria lawn are all suitable materials for making gored wrappers. They should be shortened for school dresses in the way described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., and will then be neat suits for the house or street.

MRS. E. C. A.—Black glacé silk is not pretty for a girl of thirteen unless she is in mourning. As you have worn mourning so long, you can wear lustreless black silk, and wear your laces, velvets, and fringes with it.

E. C. E.—The double mantle of black cashmere described in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., would be suitable for you.

MRS. LE S.—Covers for holding the *Bazar* until bound will be furnished from this office for 75 cents.

ALICE.—We can not give fashion plates or designs for embroidery at the request of every subscriber. You will find hints for mourning attire in a late Number of the *Bazar*.

JULIA.—Two large capes of white merino, or of piqué braided and embroidered, are the infants' cloaks now worn and for summer. Gray felt skirts are the best Balmorals. See New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., for dress lengths. Wear your Paisley shawl doubled, then folded scarf fashion, and carelessly thrown around the shoulders.

MRS. TRIBULATION.—Over-skirts are not too dressy for ladies of any age, nor are they too warm for any climate. The wrapper you suggest, with a sash, would be suitable for house dresses, also the belted sacque and short skirt for lawn dresses. If you use a blouse-waist you should add an over-skirt. The black belt and bow will answer. Remove the satin piping from your black silk, and put ottoman silk piping, or else narrow guipure or fringe. An over-skirt would give style to the dress when worn in the house. You can not find a cooler over dress than your linen will be if made with a single skirt and belted polonaise, as it does not require a dress waist beneath. Bias folds are much used on wash goods. If cut perfectly on the bias they wash well. Remove the waist of your black silk dress in midsummer, and wear with a single skirt, both in the house and street. Long white skirts are worn beneath trained skirts. Only one trained petticoat is necessary. We think the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., will give you assistance.

AN INQUIRER.—It is necessary to send postage when ordering a single Number of the *Bazar*.

MRS. S. W.—Use the cut paper pattern of the Worth Basque illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., for your black silk, and make a plain demi-train. The same pattern will answer for your gray silk. Use lace and passementerie to trim the first—ruffles of a darker gray the second. Satin piping is out of style. The black lustre is probably all right. Tight basques do not need belts. Get a piqué walking coat with cape, and braid it, for the baby. Old ladies here wear black silk polonaises with short skirts trimmed with folds and gimp.

MISS S. S. M'C.—Use narrow overlapping ruffles on your black alpaca. The pattern sent you is illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., with pretty ruffles.

DOLLY VARDEN.—Side-laced boots are very fashionable again, and divide favor with buttoned boots. Velvet or a gold chain is seen about the neck of most ladies. Read about the black China crape sacque in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. IV. The Marie Antoinette slippers and half-high buskin, called the Oxford tie, will be fashionable in the summer. Loop your piqué skirts to make an over-skirt over colored dresses, especially black silk.—Thanks for your appreciation and sympathy.—We reserve the right of putting irrelevant questions in the waste-basket.

THE Inebriate's Hope! C. C. BEERS, M.D., 12 E. Twelfth St., New York, *permanently* cures the worst cases of Intemperance. Call or send stamp for *Evidence*. Is harmless.—[*Com.*]

A. A. HAYES, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, pronounces Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer an efficient preparation for cleansing the skin of the head, promoting the growth, and restoring the original color of the hair when it has become gray.—[*Com.*]

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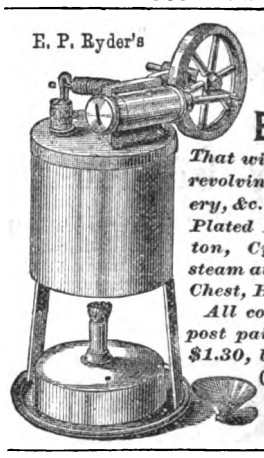

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FACETIÆ.

WHO was the only man who was never spanked in his childhood?—Adam, because he was born grown up.

THE END OF A CANDLE—To give light.

Though you may speak of the water of a diamond, you should say the Emerald *ile*.

A LADY-KILLER—Lucretia Borgia.

Why is a swallow like a chimney?—Because both have a crooked flue.

VERY GOOD OF THEM.—Most young ladies try to make their waste as small as possible.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients?—Because when he goes to bed he's sure to have somebody to wrap him up.

A SAUCY LETTER—An X-pert.

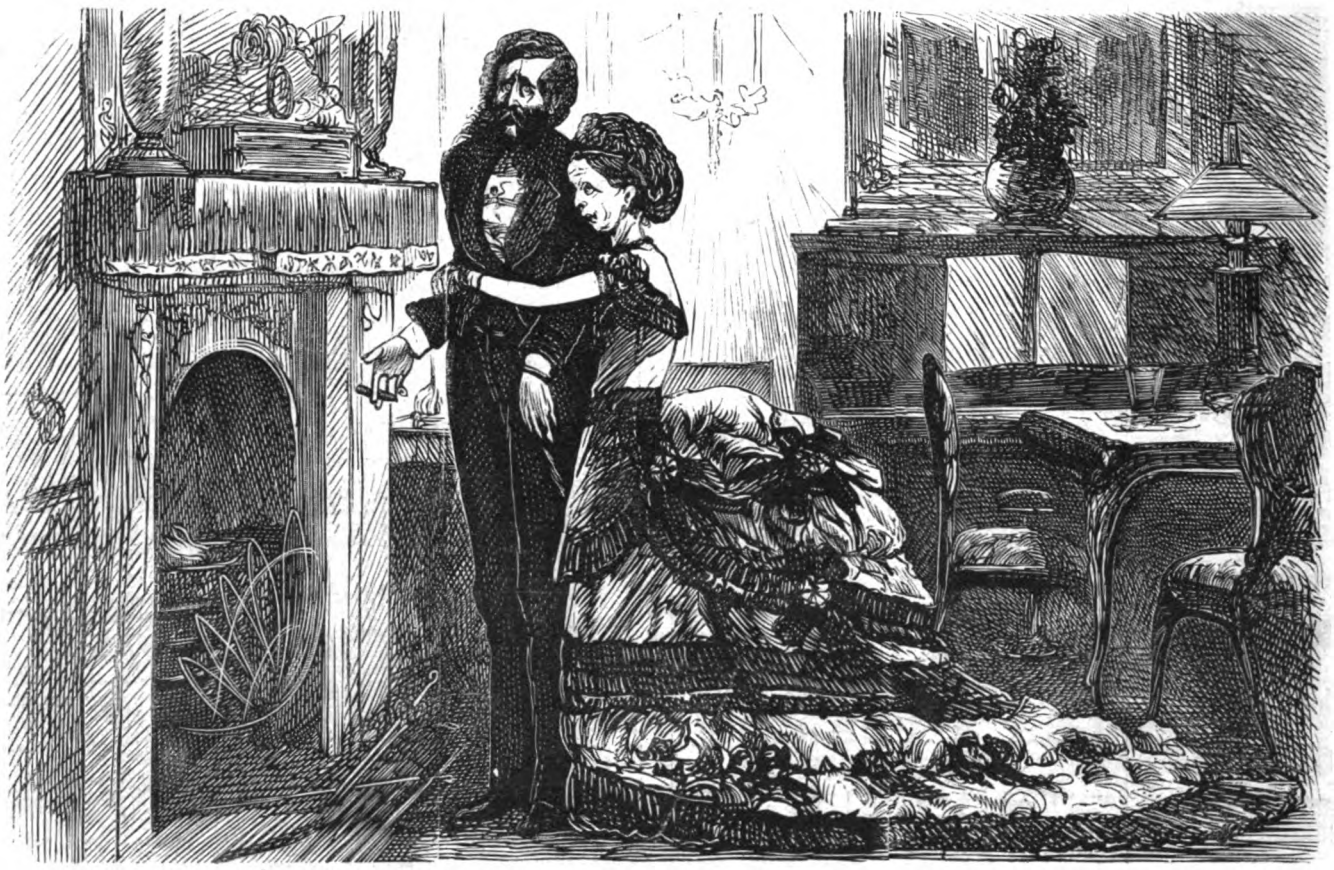
The English proverb says, "It is a wise child that knows its own father." The French equivalent is, "*Je ne sais Pa.*"

HOW TO MAKE A THIN BABY FAT—Throw it from a third-story window, and it's sure to come down plump.

Why was Eve Low-Church before the fall, and High-Church after?—Before, she was Eve-angelical, and after, she took to vestments.

THE RIGHT HAND (IN MARRIAGE)—The left.

What evidence is there that there was beer in the ark?—The kangaroo was seen to go in with hops, and Bruin soon followed.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

(THE BACHELOR FRIENDS OF BENEDICK HAVE JUST TAKEN THEIR DEPARTURE.)

BENEDICK (*who has married Money, and still smarts under some of the Consequences*). "Oh, I say, Mary Ann, I wish to Goodness you wouldn't Pet me in Public. I don't so much Mind it—when we're Alone; but before a Lot of Fellows, hang it all, you know!"

MARY ANN (*who is up in Mr. Anthony Trollope*). "And why not, my Phœbus? Should not a Woman *Glory* in her love!"

BENEDICK. "Oh, Bother!"

THE DOG STOPPED.

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this 'ere office till the boat starts. I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," said the clerk. "Take him out."

"Well, stranger, that is cruel; but you're both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you."

"Take him out!" roared the clerk.

"Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching. Here, Dragon," he said to the dog, "sit down here, and watch that fellow sharp!" and, turning on his heel, said to the clerk, "Put him out, stranger, if he is troublesome!"

The dog laid there till the boat started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better part of the office.

If a young lady wished a young gent to kiss her, what papers would she mention?—No *Spectators*, no *Observers*, and as many *Times* as you like.

CHARADE.—My first is a kind of butter. My second is a kind of liquor (lick-er). My whole is part of a gun. *Answer*—Ram-rod.

When is a ship like a scarf-pin?—When it's on the bosom of a heavy swell.

RULING OFFICIAL PASSION.—A policeman, fond of reading, told a friend that, for amusement when off duty, he often *took up a book*.

STOPPED ON THE WAY.—A mistress who had sent her servant-maid to chapel had reason to fear that, instead of going all the way there, she had stopped with the *chap*.

FLO. "Now, Minnie, can't you remember what a Crotchet is?"

MINNIE. "No; but I suppose it is something Disagreeable, for Mamma said Aunt had one in her Head when she thought me too young to go to the Theatre."

INDISPUTABLE FACTS.

GIRLS WITH—Blue eyes *never* languish,
Black eyes *never* stare;
Pretty feet and ankles
Short thingamies *won't* wear.
White teeth *never* laugh, or
White hands *never* play
With tiny ears or hair, which
Will get in the way.
Waists are *never* nipp'd in,
Busts *may not* be shown,
Noses *never* dipp'd in
Water of Cologne.
Sweet tones *seldom* talk loud,
Powder's *never* used;
Fact is, pretty girls now
Are very much abused.

Which of the nine Muses is meant here?

One hundred and one by fifty divide,
And if a cipher be rightly applied,
And your calculation agrees with mine,
The answer will be one taken from nine.

Answer—CLIO.

CONTENTS OF A GAME-BAG.—A correspondent, whom we should judge must have done some hunting, sends us the following as the contents of his game-bag: The lowest—Base-ball. The most noisy—Racket. The most quiet—Whist. The game that will *cheer-up* most—Cricket. The most hearty—Bluff. The toper's favorite—Draughts. The thieves'—*Crib*-bage. An honest game—Fa(i)ro. Should be played by *game* birds—*Crow*-quet. A musical game—Ving *tun*. An ice game for barbers—Curling. A long game—Everlasting. Game for quadrupeds—All fours. A good dinner game—(8)quails. *Pawn*broker's game—Chess, and three-ball game. A *cue*rious game—Billiards. A capital game for a fight—Draw-poker. A poor game for the girls—Old maids. The shoe-maker's game—*Foot*-ball. For dancing Scotchmen—Hop Scotch. A masquerading game—Dominoes. Not good to find game—Eu-chre. Soldier's game—(S)quadrille. Game for the New York press—Boston. The fisherman's game—Lansque*net*. The broker's—Speculation. The lawyer's—*Keno*. The young lady's—Matrimony. The comic actor's—Muggin(s). The game they could not play in Switzerland—Bag-a-Tell(e). Game afoot—Lo*to*. Game of humbug—Backgammon. Likely to *keep up* the game—Props.

POLLY. "Hush, Ma; we are Playing at Church. Willie and me are you and Pa, and Baby is Preaching, and Willie's gone to sleep *really*, and snores beautifully, just like Pa."

HOW TO MANAGE IT.

THIS IS ONE WAY; AND THIS IS THE OTHER.

The Result is the same in either Case, and the Ladies carry the point, of course.

'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

"Mend your Rumbereller, Miss?"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 16.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Commencement, Confirmation, and First-Communion Dresses.

Fig. 1.—WHITE ALPACA DRESS WITH HIGH BASQUE-WAIST. The long plain skirt is trimmed, in the manner shown by the illustration, with six folds of the material, each an inch and a fifth wide. The basque-waist is trimmed with folds four-fifths of an inch wide, embroidered in dots with white silk, and a box-pleated ruffle two inches and a half wide. Cut the basque-waist from No. IV. of the Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 10, Vol. IV. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 17 of the present Supplement, letting them reach only to the beginning of the cuff. The trimming consists of a ruffle made of a piece of the material four inches wide and twenty-four inches long, which is slightly sloped toward the ends, and joined with the bottom of the sleeve. Cover the seam joining the ruffle and sleeve with an embroidered fold.

Fig. 2.—POULT DE SOIE DRESS WITH HIGH WAIST. The front breadths of the long skirt are gored, and the back breadths are straight and gathered at the top. For the waist, cut of the material and lining from Figs. 14 and 15, Supplement, each two pieces, allowing an inch and three-quarters extra material on the front edges of Fig. 14; cut the back from Fig. 16, and the sleeves from Fig. 17, observing the contour of the under part of the sleeve. Baste the material on the lining, hem down the extra material on the front edge of the right front, and work the button-holes. At the front edge of the right front let the extra material form a fly, and run the lining and material together at the outer edge. Furnish the left front with buttons, sew up the darts, and join the waist according to the corresponding figures. Furnish the waist with short thin whalebones, and cord the upper and under edges. Sew up the sleeves from 27 to 28 and 29 to 30; form a narrow hem on the under edges in such a manner as to simulate a binding, and that the stitches may not show on the right side. Pleat the sleeve, bringing the two × 's on ● and 28 on 28. Fasten these pleats on the inside with a few stitches, and sew on a jet agrafe, as shown by the illustration. Pleat the upper edge of the sleeve, bringing × on ●, and sew it into the armholes, bringing 30 on 30 of the front. Belt of the material of the dress.

Fig. 3.—GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH CASHMERE SACQUE. The skirt of the dress is made plain. The plain high-necked waist and the coat sleeves are trimmed with folds of the material of the dress. The black cashmere sacque is lined with lustring, and trimmed with folds of black corded silk an inch and three-quarters wide, and passementerie buttons and agrafes. For the sacque, cut of the material, foundation interlining, and lustring lining from Figs. 18–20, Supplement, each two pieces, and the sleeves from Fig. 21. Baste the material on the lining, and then join the parts in such a manner that the edges of the seams shall come on the inside and be covered with the lining. At the outer edges of the sacque fell the material to the lining and cord the neck. Trim the sacque with folds as above described. The second fold must cover the seam made by sewing on the under fold, and the seam made by sewing on the upper fold is covered with a piping of gros grain. Sew up the

Fig. 1.—ALPACA DRESS WITH HIGH BASQUE-WAIST. For pattern see description.

Fig. 2.—POULT DE SOIE DRESS WITH HIGH WAIST. For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 14–17.

Fig. 3.—GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH CASHMERE SACQUE. For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 18–21.

Fig. 4.—CASHMERE DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST. For pattern see description.

Fig. 5.—SWISS MUSLIN DRESS WITH BLOUSE-WAIST.

COMMENCEMENT, CONFIRMATION, AND FIRST-COMMUNION DRESSES.

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sleeves from 39 to 40, run the material together at the outer edges, trim them, and sew them into the corded armholes, bringing 40 on 40 of the front. Finish the sacque with buttons and cord loops.

Fig. 4.—CASHMERE DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a flounce twelve inches wide; the seam made by sewing this on is covered with one box-pleated ruffle which is turned upward, and another which is turned downward; the seam made by sewing on the ruffles is covered with a fold of the material. The waist, which has a heart-shaped neck, and the sleeves are trimmed in a similar manner. Cut the basque-waist from Figs. 44–46 of No. XI., Supplement, but of the requisite size, and as shown by the illustration. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 54 of No. XIII., Supplement. Cap of white Swiss muslin. Veil of white tulle.

Fig. 5.—SWISS MUSLIN DRESS WITH BLOUSE-WAIST. The skirt is trimmed with six tucks of the material, each an inch and a quarter wide. The square-necked waist and the sleeves are also trimmed with folds. Chemisette of tucked Swiss muslin and lace. Bows of white gros grain ribbon. Cap of tulle and lace. Mechlin veil.

"HONORS."

See Illustration on page 252.

THERE are honors and honors, as our Gallic friends would say. Some are won on the tented field; others are achieved by the pen, which is, after all, indeed, mightier than the sword, since it generally guides the brute force of the latter; and others, again, by the brush, the chisel, or the silvery notes of the voice, as is the case with the fair débutante in our pretty picture, who seems in danger of being buried beneath the floral tributes which her cavalier is so eagerly gathering up. The fair singer has evidently taken her audience by storm. We can imagine the triumph of the moment, and how much it means to the young girl who, perhaps, but a few moments ago, trembled on the verge of the trial which was to decide her fortunes in the profession of her choice. The die is cast, and she has come off conqueror.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1871.

☞ *Our next Number will contain an illustration, accompanied by a Cut Paper Pattern, of a stylish Lady's Short Sacque Walking Suit.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page 255 of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with numerous full-sized patterns and illustrations of Ladies' and Children's Spring and Summer Sacques, Talmas, Jackets, Basquines, Mantelets, Water-proof Cloaks, etc.; Ladies' and Misses' Spring and Summer Suits; Infants' Robes, Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

☞ HARPER'S WEEKLY *for April 15 contains the continuation of* CHARLES READE'S *new story,*

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

commenced in the Number for April 1.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of High Heels.

MY DEAR HELEN,—As we observe our fellow-travelers, and meditate their manners upon the great road, we have plenty of opportunity to see exactly how they are dressed. Indeed, dress is one of the profoundest of studies, if, as we are assured in "Sartor Resartus, or the Tailor sewed over," all appearance is but clothes. And I confess, my dear Helen, that I like to see every thing, even what seems to be the slightest and most unimportant fact, as you watch it steadily, gradually stretch itself out into infinite proportions and relations. A child throws a pebble into the air, and lo! the aerial undulations endlessly circling through space. Or a simple word is spoken, and whole lives and characters are affected to the furthest generation. Suppose Queen Elizabeth had said yes to the Duke of Anjou. Suppose Washington had said no to the invitation of the Continental Congress to the chief command. Or suppose that bright-eyed lady whose old portrait hangs in your father's dining-room had said no to your father's great-grandfather, would you and I be fellow-passengers upon the great journey, dear Helen?

As an old traveler, therefore, I find nothing too small to be regarded, and I have learned how large a part the picturesque details of costume play in the memory of travel. How much of Italy I saw, and still see, as I turn backward, in the dress of the Roman women beyond the Tiber! How much of Oriental life, of the Asian mystery, as Disraeli loftily calls it, I saw in the Eastern women! And how much of suggestion lies every where in every detail of the most familiar dress! The French, who used to be the chief authority upon that subject, said that a gentleman was determined by his gloves and boots. Perhaps a French gentleman is—or, more truly, a stroller upon the Paris boulevards. But there are a great many gentlemen who never wear gloves, and whose boots are far from beautiful. You see that the saying does not mean gentleman at all, except in a very limited and conventional sense. It is akin to the aphorism that an actress can go mad safely only in white satin. But a man who is well gloved and well booted is a pleasant object, if his mind is not apparently concentrated upon his hands and feet.

And what, my dear young lady, do you suppose to be the significance of the observation? Is it not the wisdom of caring for the extremities—of finishing conscientiously and symmetrically? There are statues upon cathedral pinnacles, beyond the ordinary reach of the eye, as finely wrought as if they were to stand in drawing-rooms; and there are ornaments carved upon temples, where they can be seen only at the risk of life, which are as exquisite as the most obvious and accessible decorations. This is the care of the extremities. The artists worked in deference to the great idea of beauty. They wrought for faith, not only for sight. And I distinctly remember that when I saw one of the carefully booted and gloved gentlemen upon the boulevard in Paris I thought of the Milan cathedral. It was one of the aerial undulations of the pebble tossed carelessly into the air.

And I was instructed in the same general way, by spiritual suggestion, when I saw you tripping along to church yesterday, my fair young friend. What do you suppose to be the most famous shoe in the world? Not the sandal of Empedocles, but the glass slipper of Cinderella. Do you suppose it had a heel? Do you suppose that when the Prince asked, "Who is this beautiful lady," Cinderella came hobbling in, as I saw you—forgive me, dear Miss Helen—hobbling to church? The fairy godmother, indeed, had high heels. I know that, for I have seen them in the picture. And witches have them; that I know because I have seen them in their portraits when they were riding upon broomsticks. But I have never fancied fairy godmothers and witches walking very steadily and gracefully. They hobble; and you, dear Helen, and all your young companions who wear high heels—you hobble also; you hobble horribly. And to hobble is to step uncertainly; so that, yesterday, if I had walked rapidly against you I really think that you would probably have fallen. Besides, you were forced to bend forward; you could not stand straight. Do you believe the Prince would have been so enraptured with the beautiful Cinderella if she could not hold herself upright, nor step firmly and securely? When Virgil makes the stately woman say *incedo regina*—I walk a queen—do you suppose that she hobbled and bent forward? And when Byron sang long ago of Lady Horton, who has only lately died, "She walks in beauty," did the poet or does any reader imagine such insecure and appealing figures as you and your friends present, my dear young lady?

To wear high heels, then, sweet traveler, is to hobble, to be insecure, and to be unable to stand erect. I know how pretty they look in the shop windows. They are delicately made and dextrously curved, and sharpen to such a point, and they are so red and bright! But what a price to pay for delicacy, and pretty curves, and high color! And then it is the fashion. Yes, it is the fashion, as patches and paint and powder have been the fashion. But were they not prodigiously foolish fashions? In Grand Cairo it is the fashion to hide all of the face but the eyes. You could submit to such a fashion, I know, dear Helen, and still dazzle like Apollo peering through cloud rifts. But how with Julia, whose beauty is her teeth? How about Lucilla, with her cheeks of shell? Will you submit to every fashion? I tremble to imagine your answer. I tremble to think that if patches should return—and why should they not?—you and your lovely companions would all surrender to the abominable suggestion of cutaneous disorder, which that fashion irresistibly suggests.

I am too old a traveler not to concede the great truth that fashion often vindicates itself. When I was younger I remember what fun we found in the pictures of the hooped women of Queen Anne's time; and what queer little toilette pincushions, seemingly representing a draped hogshead surmounted by a woman's shoulders and head, stood upon the dressing-tables. But when the draped hogsheads came into the drawing-room we did not laugh. It all seemed very proper; and I think that we should all laugh more heartily at your mother, my dear Helen, if she should appear in her bridal bonnet of thirty years ago, than we ever did at the pictures of the hooped ladies of Queen Anne. Every fashion gradually reconciles us to itself; but is it not always within certain limits? Would a fashion of making a hump upon one shoulder ever vindicate itself? or one of painting one cheek green and the other blue? Then there are limits; and when the fashion comes too near the verge, why not correct it? You, dear Helen, and your friends, dress as certain often very tasteless, and often very disreputable, persons ordain. If fashion required you to stoop insecurely forward when you walk, why not refuse? If you must wear heels, why have them so high that you can not stand erect? Certainly I would not have you make yourself ridiculous, and pain your friends, by deliberately rejecting the fashion. But I would only reasonably conform to it. That is the golden rule of manners—reasonable conformity.

Yet, as I watched you hobbling upon your high heels, dear young woman, I thought of many another who was doing the same, and even more absurdly. Indeed, when I had comfortably seated myself at Saint Rainbow's, and began to listen to the sermon of the young clergyman who had exchanged with the rector, I was irresistibly reminded of you and your heels. He began, as it were, walking naturally in what he was saying, upon the soles of his feet. But gradually he became more rhetorical. It was as if he were putting on flounce and ruffle and fringe, festooning his thought with the most grotesque and extravagant words, until he seemed to clap on a pair of the highest and reddest heeled shoes, and then his ideas began to waver and stagger and plunge; he could not hold his purpose erect, and the natural, simple, upright gait of his exhortation ended in a ridiculous hobble. If that young man would only refuse to let his rhetoric wear such high heels he would be a very effective preacher. And what are the red heels that Mrs. Palaver wears upon her shoes compared with those of her conversation? She comes to your house, and falls into the most vehement protestations of friendship and interest, as if she were the dearest of friends, although she has never given any sign whatever of real affection or sympathy, and, as you know, criticises you elsewhere in a very different strain. And this extravagance, this enthusiasm of the tongue, this profuse expense of superlatives, is merely a hobbling upon high heels. The little woman loses the uprightness of truth, and staggers and plunges in painful insecurity. Why will she not move calmly erect? Why will she not be honest?

So, dear Helen, I see, and you will see when the good day comes, how candidates for office, in their painful eagerness to conform to every popular wish and expectation, and to follow the utmost fashion of opinion, desert the simple uprightness of sincere conviction, and stoop and hobble to please the fashion. When a politician out-Herods Herod, as the saying is—that is to say, when he is more radical than radicalism, or more conservative than conservatism—he is as far from admirable as Venus would be hobbling upon red heels, instead of treading firmly and fully upon her feet. So a rhymester who exaggerates the mannerisms of a great poet loses his balance, and, instead of walking like a man, hobbles upon red heels, that he may be in the fashion. If he begins early his gait is wholly spoiled, and his movement is as graceless from the excess as his foot would be deformed by the pressure of an iron shoe. I could mention to you many and many a young man and young woman, Helen, who, caring less for grace than for the fashion of high heels, in literature, have pushed the fashion to so wild and foolish an excess that they limp instead of walk, and could no more run as the immortals do than they could fly.

When I saw you, therefore, tripping painfully and unhandsomely along, my dear young lady, I saw very many more persons than your own sweet self, and many other heels than those upon your trim little boots. And, indeed, how thin and unsatisfactory life would be if it were not so full of correspondences and suggestions! If a sign of "hot spiced rum" meant only an intoxicating drink in a cellar, a stroll through the city might be very saddening, but it would not be much else. And if, in the loitering figure covered with an advertisement as with a garment, which you see upon Broadway, you did not see all the other people in the city whose actions and lives are but a motley which they wear for advertisement, that figure would be little worth. Nor is it only the red heels upon which you and your friends hobble that I see when I watch you on the bright spring mornings fluttering to church; but as your sweet young faces turn toward me, smiling, I bare my head as I enter, and think that at the holy door I have seen the angelic choir.

Your fellow-traveler,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

A GOOD WORD FOR GOSSIP.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

SCANDAL, slander, gossip, tittle-tattle—hard names all. And rough usage dealers in such wares receive at the hands of the theorists. But are the little imps quite as black as they are painted?

Humanity, as it lies under our observation, exists in three layers. The first is the superficially polite and smiling one. The neighbors call on you, and you return their calls. You meet them in the street and at church. All is civility, kindness, and good-fellowship. That is layer number one.

Then you fail in business, your lover jilts you, you quarrel with your wife, your son is rusticated at college, and the whole world turns glad and malignant, and the air is darkened with the cloud of bad, false, harsh rumors. No wonder you failed in business! You have been living extravagantly these five years, with purple and fine linen and sumptuous fare, wine and equipage, endless entertainment, and a houseful of servants—for to such dimensions swells your modest ménage under the magnifying-glass of your excited neighbors. Your jilting lover has ever been a reluctant wooer; your wife you have abused since the first year of your marriage; and the trouble with your son is that he made himself vile and you restrained him not, and now he has killed a man, and is hiding from the authorities with a price set upon his head. This is layer number two; and you are ready to rent a lodge in some vast wilderness, where you may be free from the sight of a malicious, evil-speaking people, that rejoices in its neighbor's misfortunes.

But give your auger another twist, and you will have penetrated quite through this bed of mire, and come into another stratum, clean and wholesome, and purer and finer far than any thing you have yet found. When a trouble comes whose source can be never so faintly traced back to your own misdoing, your friends, it must be confessed, are a little hard on you. No wonder your wife left you; you have always been mean and tyrannical. No wonder your son has come to grief; you always gave him his own head. The gladness at your trouble was not pure malice, but somewhat an intellectual appreciation of the inexorableness of law. There is a sort of poetic justice in the succession of cause and consequence which never fails to give pleasure except to the persons who illustrate it. But let your son be brought home to you beaten by a burglar to the point of danger, if not death, be yourself stricken with illness, or let your property be endangered by a fire in the vicinity, and every hand is stretched out to help you. The very persons who would be the first to look askance upon your unwarranted expenditure will be instant, in season and out of season, for your solace and relief. They will run to fetch the doctor for you at any hour of the day or night. They will watch day after day by your sick-bed, will strain their ingenuity to invent some appetizing dish for your dulled taste, will count no service too severe, no drudgery too menial, to divest you of care, and enable you to give your whole thought and attention to the recovery of your health. When your house is threatened, they will exert every faculty to save it. They will put forth precisely as much effort to rescue your furniture from the flames as if it were their own; and when, after all, your house is stripped and not burned, they will come back next day, and replace your goods as heartily and as thoroughly as they snatched them off. Nor can you help a certain clutching at the throat, an unsteadiness about the mouth, a mist in the eyes, a pressure at the heart, when you think of this wonderful brotherhood of humanity—this unspoken, all-helpful sympathy. This is layer number three, and however deep down you go you will find nothing deeper to neutralize it.

We often freight words with a heavier meaning than they were meant to bear. We give to expressed disapprobation a disproportionate weight. We are always trying to repress gossip, and never to fortify society against it. We write stories showing how lovely woman was brought to her grave by careless rumor, but we never show how foolish it was in the lovely woman to make a grave matter of careless rumor. We are always training the tongue, but we never train the ear.

> "If you would always be discreet,
> Five things observe with care—
> Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
> And how, and when, and where,"

says Sir Mentor, and fancies he has settled the whole matter; but, if it is all the same to you, Sir Mentor, we would a great deal rather not be discreet than pay such a price for discretion. Conversation would be a very lively and piquant exercise, picketed around with these five points of Calvinism! A far better way is to estimate gossip at its real worth. A great deal that passes for scandal is but an intellectual exercise, petty for want of something larger, but sufficiently innocent. Malice, willful falsehood, carelessness of truth, design to injure, are unmitigatedly bad, and ought to banish their proprietors from society; but curiosity—a fondness for story-telling and story-hearing—may be only one form of mental activity, and entirely consistent with great good-will. Let us give in to it with what grace we may—when we have guarded ourselves against it as far as we can. You do not in the least care how many handkerchiefs your neighbor has; but if it gratifies her to know how many you have, let her count them on the clothes-line if she likes. And if she thinks there are more than an economical person ought to have, and expresses her opinion in the vicinity, what harm is done? You need not fling it at her next time you see her, and make her uncomfortable. It is not necessary that every body should approve us in every respect before we can be on good terms with them. People may condemn half the traits of our character and yet find enough in the other half to insure friendly feeling and friendly demeanor.

And half a loaf is so much better than sour bread!

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BONNETS.

BONNETS at the spring openings await comment. The milliners' parlors blossom like conservatories with every fresh lovely tint known to nature, and some that are added by art. What most attracts the observer is the difference in trimming from the style of last season. Now every thing is massed around the crown, and the front or head piece of pretty straw is frequently left bare, or perhaps softened by a narrow row of lace. The standing trimming around the crown makes the back of the bonnet quite as high as the front, instead of permitting it to recede, as was the style lately. The high rolled coronet is untrimmed on the outside, but is faced with silk and surmounted by a full ruche of tulle or lace, while a silk pleating, showing only the ends of the pleats, passes through the centre of the ruche. Deep capes, soft, without stiff lining, of doubled silk in box-pleats, fall over chatelaine braids. These bonnets are very becoming to young ladies.

A model especially attractive is of English split straw, with trimming of thick gros grain ribbon, in the stylish scarabee green, an ivy wreath, tiny white flowers, and scarlet buds. A shaded bonnet of cuir-colored straw, piped on the edge with darker brown, had a full pleated ruche of India silk, dark brown, with lighter centre around the crown; brown aigrette on the side; dark ostrich feather, and ribbon of two shades, drooping behind: $25. A sewed chip bonnet of purest white had a deep navy blue ribbon, forming a band around the crown, and holding erect a blue velvet pleating; large white rose with frost-browned leaves on the side; ruche of black lace in front: price $15. A Charlotte Corday cap with soft crown, high behind, and a coronet front, is of black dotted Brussels net. An ivy wreath with scarlet berries makes the face trimming, a scarlet Frou Frou gauze scarf entwines the crown; a pompon is on the left side; a lace fall and ribbon loops behind. Lovely bonnets of royal pink, or of mauve gauze, are draped all over with tulle of the same shade, and ornamented with ostrich tips. These are for full dress, and cost $35.

ROUND HATS.

A scarf of gauze, or of gros grain, is used for trimming round hats. One scarf end, wide and sloped bias, is pendent behind, instead of two, as was lately worn. A standard hat for city wear has a broad flat-topped crown with rolled brim, faced with black gros grain. A black Frou Frou gauze scarf two fingers wide, laid in many folds around the crown, is fringed, and pendent behind. A cluster of thick puffs of blue or rose silk is on the left side. Price $20. For the sea-side and country resorts are broad-brimmed Maud Muller hats, the brim having three pipings of black velvet; dark blue or brown scarfs around the crown, with blackberries, white flowers, and green-leaved sprays intermingled.

A Frenchy little hat, dented at the sides *à la* Watteau, is suitable for summer visiting in the country. A white organdy pleating, edged with Valenciennes, is laid under the brim. A wreath of blue daisies is around the crown. A Marie Stuart coiffure of organdy and lace, with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon above the lace, is laid on the crown, the point in front, and long scarfs of the same hang at the side. Blue gros grain ribbon bow on top of the crown, with ends behind. An elastic under the chatelaine for fastening.

GIRLS' WHITE DRESSES.

The furnishing houses are making many white dresses for young girls to wear at their confirmations, or when taking their first communion, or for commencement dresses. These are of muslin, either Swiss or nansook—organdy is too frail—and should be of creamy white, instead of that ugly bluish tinge seen in many white fabrics. To be in good taste, these dresses should be very simply made; but, alas! there are no more simple white muslins. Their fresh youthfulness is destroyed by overloading them with rich laces and elaborate embroidery that a dowager might envy. They would be far more appropriate if trimmed with the light airy puffs and ruffles of the material, or else pretty pleatings and groups of tucks. A lovely dress for a girl of twelve years, a pupil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, is of Swiss muslin, with full, high-necked corsage fastened behind. The yoke and coat sleeves are puffs of Swiss, laundried to represent the marquise puffs, separated by Valenciennes insertion. The lower skirt has four narrow ruffles, gathered, overlapping, and edged with Valenciennes half an inch wide. The upper skirt is trimmed with puffs, insertion, and ruffles, and has bretelles of lace. A white sash, gloves, and either white or black kid boots, should be worn on such occasions. Tulle veils are often worn by communicants; but the most appropriate veil is of white organdy, fastened in the centre of the front, allowed to fall low on each side and behind, and held by a slender wreath of white flowers. Coronet wreaths, very high on top of the head, are not becoming to children. A delicate garland of the same size all around the head is far prettier. For cool seasons, before flannels have been removed, white alpaca dresses may be made exceedingly pretty for young girls. A charming model has two skirts, and a basque that fastens behind. The trimming is narrow bias gathered ruffles, the hem on the lower edge piped with a fold of the same. Three or four overlapping folds head the ruffles.

A commencement dress for a graduate will serve as a stylish model for many. It was of Swiss muslin—a demi-train with three flounces, each six inches wide, edged top and bottom with narrowest Valenciennes, and held in inch-wide box-pleats. The over-skirt, with very short rounded apron front, was originally as long as the train behind, but was shortened in a dressy way by a cluster of pleats in each of the three back seams; and a large Swiss bow, edged with lace, concealed these pleats. One ruffle, four inches wide, trimmed the over-skirt and basque. The basque, without lining, but worn over a richly trimmed corset cover, is deeply pointed back and front, short on the hips, with pointed neck, cut open very low, and the whole affair surrounded by a ruffle. Half-flowing sleeves with two ruffles, and a bow on the elbow. The pattern of the Postilion-Basque, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. III., will answer for this. The garment should not be tight enough to strain the seams. The seams should be stitched by machine, trimmed very small, and overseamed.

The latest novelty is bretelles with a postilion-basque, made of Swiss muslin embroidery and Valenciennes, to wear with Swiss upper skirts over colored silk dresses for evening. The bretelles are wide on the shoulders, sloping narrower toward the waist, are crossed in front like a fichu, and are finished behind with a pretty square postilion-basque. A set of these, with a train and over-skirt, was made lately to wear over a rose-colored silk. The six gores of the upper skirt were arranged in a pretty design in Valenciennes and needle-work, with a medallion in the centre. Separate revers were added at the side to fasten back beneath the postilion. The price of the over dress alone was $350. The lace was of finest Valenciennes. Many ladies use the patent Valenciennes, that can scarcely be told from the real, and costs but a trifle in comparison. Laundresses iron Valenciennes laces smoothly on the right side, then turn them, lay them on a thickly folded blanket, and raise the figures by "punching" each figure separately with the smooth, round end of the fluting scissors. When the thick figures are raised the lace looks as well as when new; but the work is so tedious that from $10 to $20 is charged for doing up elaborately trimmed dresses.

Victoria and bishop's lawn costumes, to be worn in the house or street, will be made similar to the suit just described, but with shorter skirt. Loose paletots will not be so much worn as the tighter-fitting basques. Pretty little talma capes are shown with dotted Swiss muslin suits, made of the muslin, finished by an embroidered ruffle. Embroidered Swiss flounces trim lavender silk skirts; and a Swiss polonaise, also trimmed with embroidery, completes a suit for the watering-places. The hat and parasol should be of silk, covered with Swiss.

CORSETS.

Now that waspish waists are no longer admired, the plump, supple figures that fashion dictates require easy-fitting corsets, shaped to adapt themselves readily to the figure, and give the necessary support. To secure an accurate, and withal a stylish fit, the corset must have great fullness for the bust and hips, and ample length, both back and front, to fall in with the natural taper of the waist. The improved glove-fitting corsets possess these requisites, and are now preferred by most ladies to any other kind. They are filled with very flexible bones, and are moulded over steam, to show the beautiful roundness of the bust and hips. Their price has been the objection hitherto, but they are now made of substantial coutil, and sold at $1 50, in as good shape as the qualities that cost much more. There are ten qualities of these corsets. Handsome ones of fine coutil, with many thin, light bones, and prettily embroidered on the bone-cases, are $5. Ladies who are fond of wearing scarlet woolen corsets in winter will be pleased with the new pale rose-colored corsets, made of cotton coutil, for summer wear. Misses' corsets, in sizes ranging from sixteen to twenty-four inches, are made of white coutil, with the gores and graceful curved seams of the glove-fitting principle. The new ventilating corsets have the centre gore, that passes around the waist to stay the body and permit the strain, made of coutil, while the upper and lower gores are of open-worked material. A luxury for midsummer is the gossamer perfumed corset, made of perforated canvas, with the few elastic bones shielded by light corded goods. These corsets are put through an elaborate fumigating process, and those made a year ago retain their faint, pleasant odor. Price $2.

TOURNURES.

Spring costumes are so bouffant that some support must be given to hold them in place. Many ladies use crinoline skirts, with thickly pleated flounces down the back widths, and sometimes one or two narrow flounces extending around the bottom. New bustles are filled with an elastic sponge that is exceedingly light. These are of graceful shape, and afford a comfortable support to the skirts. La Victorieuse is the name given to a tournure with a few hoops below that are arranged to remain back of the wearer, and prevent the dress skirts from touching the heels.

GLOVES.

Long-wristed kid gloves without ornamental stitching are the first choice with ladies of taste and fashion. Those fastened by two or three buttons are worn with street toilettes; still longer gloves are for full dress. The spring tints for day wear are mode colors, tan, and wood shades. Fastened by two buttons, they cost $2 50 a pair. This is a reduction from the rates charged three months ago, yet it seems to many people too much money to give for a pair of gloves; but they are durable and prettily shaped, and it is not economy to buy low-priced gloves, made of poor material, badly sewed, and so illy proportioned that they make the best-shaped hands look deformed. White kid gloves for evening wear are fastened by four buttons, and cost $3 50. These require to be a size smaller than colored gloves; while black gloves, unless made of very elastic kid, should be a size larger.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

New handkerchiefs for dressy occasions have a two-inch hem, with a band of Valenciennes insertion inside the hem, and a medallion of Valenciennes in each corner. Large initial letters are needle-worked on muslin, and sold to be transferred to handkerchief corners, for marking them in an ornamental way.

NECK-TIES.

Neck-ties for spring are of soft twilled India silk, cut bias, and hemmed on the edges. The delicate fisherman's green and faintest sky blue are worn by blondes, pale rose and Frou Frou buff by brunettes. Striped silk ties, half-inch stripes of a color alternating with white, are new this season. Straight ties have knotted fringe at the ends, and are raveled on the sides also. The sailor knot is almost universally worn, bows being the unfashionable exception. Some pretty ties, to be worn with shaded suits, are of bias silk, of the lightest shade in the costume, bound with silk of the darkest shade. Any becoming color of silk, edged with narrow Valenciennes edging, makes a pretty tie to wear with black silk dresses. A pale blue, or else a blue-green tie, is worn by blondes with the plum-colored suits so fashionable this season, while brunettes wear pink, creamy buff, or tea-rose shades.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames PAGE; and FERRERO; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. SAMPSON LOW, Jun., of the eminent London publishing firm of LOW, SON, & MARSTON, died on the 5th of March, at the house of his father, in Mecklenburg Square, at the age of forty-eight. Mr. Low was greatly respected by all who have had dealings with the publishing house of which he was long an active member. His book on the "Charities of London," which has run through many editions, has merits above those of a mere compilation. It was followed by a "Hand-book" to the Charities, from the same hand. Mr. Low was a benevolent and energetic man. He greatly contributed to the successful establishment of the metropolitan fire-escape system, which was, up to recent times, wholly supported by public subscriptions. He lived to see the recognition of the principle that the rescue of human life is as worthy of the attention of municipal authorities as the protection of property; but it was only after years of labor that that useful institution was brought to the high state of efficiency in which it was finally handed over, nearly four years since, to the Board of Works. The same mail that brings notice of the foregoing gives intelligence of the death of Mr. BLACKETT, the head of the well-known publishing firm, HURST & BLACKETT. Mr. BLACKETT, along with the late Mr. HURST, succeeded Mr. COLBURN rather more than eighteen years ago. As a man of business he was remarkable for intelligence and integrity; to authors he was liberal even to munificence; and his courtesy and kindness attracted the regard of all who came in contact with him.

—EMILE DE GIRARDIN proposes an immediate resumption of journalism in Paris. The name of his new journal will be *L'Etoile*.

—VERDI goes to Egypt, at the request of the Viceroy, to be present at and supervise the performance of ten of his operas. The best singers of Europe are to assist in the representations. The Viceroy "greases the wheels" of VERDI'S journey (with Verdi-gris, probably) to the tune of many thousands of shekels of gold. The eminent Egyptian don't know much of music, but the art tickles him.

—If it be possible for Mr. ALEXANDER T. STEWART to indulge in guffaw, it is open to conjecture that he did so the other day, when hearing that one of the cash-boys in his great dry-goodsery was asked by a lady, "Little boy, can you tell me whose store this is?"

—It is announced as one of those events that are to be reckoned among the epochs of 1871, that Miss NILSSON will, within the next four or five weeks, appear in opera at the Academy of Music.

—Chicago is a great city. Eighteen years ago it was a respectable village of forty thousand inhabitants. To-day its census foots up three hundred thousand souls. During these years it has raised the whole city out of the wet prairie from six to ten feet, and made basements possible; tunneled Lake Michigan, and brought pure water from the middle thereof; laid out a twenty-five mile drive through parks and boulevards all around the town; built double railways under a navigable river, the first instance of the kind on record; and accomplished various such little feats, quite as remarkable, and decidedly more useful, than the cleansing of the Augean stables and slaying of the Nemean lion, for which Hercules got such credit in ante-Chicagoan days. Good-natured Chicagoans kindly call New York the Chicago of the East. Certainly its great ladies' furnishing establishments of MAYHON, DALY, & Co., and FIELD, LEITER, & Co., rival our own STEWART'S. There are displayed acres of millinery goods, hundreds of styles of bonnets and hats, and a whole conservatory of artificial flowers, so that the ladies of the West have no difficulty in satisfying every caprice of fashion without having recourse to the East, except for *Harper's Bazar*.

—Recently there shuffled off this mortal coil, at Como, Signor PHILIP TAGLIONI, at the fully ripe age of ninety-three. He was the father of PAUL TAGLIONI, the ballet-master of Berlin.

—According to a Berlin correspondent, LOUISA MÜHLBACH, the novelist, is so inharmonious with her husband that they are about to separate on terms of the profoundest mutual satisfaction.

—The Rev. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, now on a tour to the Pacific coast to examine into the state of the Methodist work in British Columbia, has been nominated to succeed Mr. ARTHUR as President of the Wesleyan College at Belfast, Ireland.

—ALEXANDRE DUMAS was a man of notable pluck. He is said never to have read any thing he had written, declaring, if he had done so, he should have been certain to cast the MS. into the fire.

—BAYARD TAYLOR, having finished "Faust" and closed up his lecturing season, has within ten days past sent to market fresh cucumbers, so large that they fairly cucumbered the ground—grown, too, this season, at his country place at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, without artificial heat, except such as may have been provoked by reading the *Tribune*.

—Ex-Judge GEORGE C. BARRETT, of the Common Pleas, an able lawyer and most industrious and cultured gentleman, is one of the best amateur actors in the country. Recently he has appeared at the private theatricals at the Union League theatre, the performances having added nearly a thousand dollars to the French relief fund.

—Marshal CANROBERT, the old rival of LOUIS NAPOLEON for the French Presidency, has made advances to President THIERS, which are said to have been well received.

—How very French are the Frenchmen! When ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *père*, died, he owed to his publishers, LÉVY BROTHERS, $100,000. This large sum his son offered to pay; but those flinty-hearted LÉVY BROTHERS declined, on the ground that they had made enough to warrant them to refuse to yield to the gushing impulse of that son, who, by that amiable maneuver, is half a million francs the richer.

—Hon. S. S. COX gracefully recognizes the propriety and utility of the competitive system by announcing to Mr. A. J. MATHEWSON, one of the trustees of the Ninth Ward School Board, that, being entitled to the appointment of a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point, and a naval cadet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, he has determined to bestow those appointments on the two lads from the public schools in his Congressional district who, in open examination, shall prove themselves best qualified for the places.

—Captain LOUIS LIVINGSTON, a gallant young American of good stock, has had the fortune to be promoted from the rank of Lieutenant to that of Captain in the King of Würtemberg's Cavalry Guard, "for personal courage, and important service in the presence of the enemy." He also had "honorable mention" in the "Orders of the Day" for gallantry at Woerth, Sedan, Champagney, Chatillon, and before Paris. He received the medal, so rarely accorded, for personal daring on the field of battle, and was decorated by the Emperor himself with the Iron Cross, the highest reward a German officer could obtain, for his conduct at Marigny and Villefort. He has also received swords and decorations of honor from the Grand Dukes of Baden and Oldenburg.

—Baron FREDERICK VON LOGAN, a German poet of the seventeenth century, is the author of the poem in which occur the oft-quoted lines:

> "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
> Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

It may be found in LONGFELLOW'S "Retribution."

—M. MICHELET and his wife are thus described by one who has lately seen them: "The accomplished historian is an old white-haired man, about seventy-six years of age; has a markedly intellectual face, large hollow eyes, deeply sunken, but bright and penetrating; a small, somewhat bent figure, but with a great deal of dignity of bearing. He impresses one at once with a sense of great intellectual power and force. His conversation is serious and earnest, but at times he is sarcastic, and above all things '*fin*,' that untranslatable word, and especially French gift. His voice is as the voice of many who have spoken much in public, somewhat slow and strongly accentuated, and at first it is unpleasant; but as he warms with his subject this passes away, and his tone is more even and natural. His wife, who looks young enough to be his daughter, is a fair, thoughtful-looking, pretty woman with a grand, dome-like forehead and regular features. She is eloquent and clever, and, under all the disadvantage of bad spirits and delicate health, must be, I should think, one of the most complete women I have ever had the good fortune of seeing. Great cultivation and great natural gifts have united to form a true woman—what praise can be loftier?"

—A gentleman who has peered into the drawers of the Literary Bureau at Boston, where engagements are made for lecturers, takes occasion to describe briefly the different styles of chirography of certain prominent literary folk. For instance, saith he, WENDELL PHILLIPS writes a peculiar hand. The words are connected frequently in couplets; lines short, leaving a broad margin; letters small and well-formed, and quite easily read. EDWARD E. HALE'S style is unique and attractive, neat and perfectly clear. An elegant and characteristic note was one from GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, written on nice unruled note-paper, in a style suggesting the culture and refinement of the writer. JAMES PARTON'S writing is open and perpendicular, in the style peculiar to literary men. A few lines from T. W. HIGGINSON show the finest and most delicate touches, indicative of the man's sensitive nature. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT traces letters as small, clear, and precise as a school-girl. The caligraphy of E. P. WHIPPLE is as clear and sharp as his critical mind. JOHN G. SAXE writes in a graceful and flowing style. Josh Billings writes a common business hand, fair and legible. The expression is less common; he thus addresses the Bureau, "My dear and sportive Gazelles." We extract this remembrance, "If you see the villains Twain and Nasby (the cannibal and the howling saint), remember me to them with a kiss of sympathy, and advise with them to retire from the lecturing field, and labor to become respectable." ANNA DICKINSON'S writing is odd and pretty, and is traced upon the best and heaviest note-paper, stamped with a rich, plain initial. Grace Greenwood's chirography is very peculiar. It is a running hand, with long, horizontal lines, and, singularly too, is very legible. OLIVE LOGAN writes upon the smallest note-paper, in a rapid running hand, tolerably plain. SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S writing is free and bold, legible, but devoid of grace. Gail Hamilton's hand is pleasant to see—round, full, and even—every line could well head school writing-books, so well-formed and destitute of flourish is every letter.

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Tapestry Stitches for Slippers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This tapestry stitch forms alternate foundation figures, which are worked diagonally over eight lengthwise and eight crosswise threads of the canvas with corn-colored filling silk. For each foundation figure work three long stitches, and catch these together at the middle with a cross stitch, as shown by the illustration; for this cross stitch work, first, the horizontal and then the vertical stitch, each over four threads of the canvas. Fill out the empty space between the foundation figures with cross stitch worked with maroon zephyr worsted. The foundation figures may be worked last, as the silk often becomes roughened by being drawn through the filling; in this case the spaces for the foundation figures must be left open, which is readily done by studying the illustration.

Fig. 2.—This tapestry stitch forms alternate foundation figures, which are worked with light green zephyr worsted, and repeated at regular intervals; between the figures the foundation is filled out with cross stitch worked with dark green worsted. The figures are worked with a double thread, and consist of four long stitches, which are interwoven in the manner shown by the illustration. If preferred, the figures may be worked first and then the filling, or the reverse.

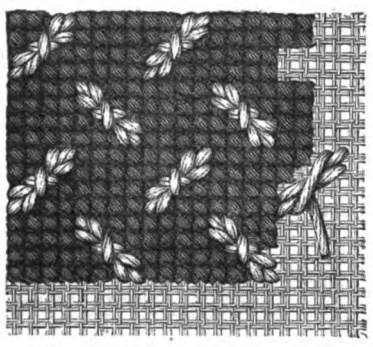

Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY STITCH FOR SLIPPERS, ETC.

Tatted and Crochet Rosette for Lingerie, etc.

To make this rosette work, first, the tatted ring in the middle with fine tatting cotton. This ring consists of 1 ds. (double stitch), nine times alternately 1 p. (picot), 2 ds., then 1 p., 1 ds. Close the stitches in a ring, fasten the beginning and end of the thread together, and cut it off. On the p. of the ring work with fine crochet cotton as follows: 1st round.—Two leaflets divided by 6 ch. (chain stitch) on each p.; each leaflet consists of 3 stc. (short treble crochet), which are not worked off separately, but as 1 st. After each second following leaflet 1 p., consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. (single crochet) in the first of these. At the end of the round fasten to the first leaflet with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and, going backward, work 2 sl. on the first 2 st. of the p. previously worked. 2d round.—1 sc. on the p. just referred to, then always alternately 8 ch., 2 sc. divided by 5 ch. on the following p. This completes the rosette.

EMBROIDERED CLOTHES-BAG.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 43.

Embroidered Clothes-Bag.

THE under part of this clothes-bag is of gray linen drilling, embroidered with red worsted braid. To the inside of this sew a netted bag worked with red double zephyr worsted. Red worsted cord and tassels complete the bag. For the under part of the bag cut of gray drilling from Fig. 43, Supplement, five parts. Join all these parts from * to *, then embroider in the design given by the pattern, and bind the outer edge with red worsted braid two-fifths of an inch wide. Begin the netted bag at the under edge with a foundation of 90 st. (stitches), which must be worked with the double zephyr over a mesh four-fifths of an inch in diameter. Close this foundation in a ring, and on it work 55 rounds without changing the number of stitches. In connection with the last round work six netted points; work the first round of the first point on the first 15 st. of the 55th round. At the end of this and every following round of the point narrow 1 st. by working 2 st. together with 1 st. Having formed a point in this manner, the last round of which counts but 2 st., work the latter together with one knot (but without forming a new st.), and cut off the thread. In this manner work each of the points on 15 st. of the 55th round. Then turn six inches and a half of the upper pointed edge of the bag over to the right side, and pass two red worsted cords through two rounds of the netting near the top of the bag; pass the cords through the double layer of netting, and finish the ends with tassels. Finish each point with a red worsted ball. Through the foundation st. of the under edge of the bag pass a covered steel band twenty-six inches and a half long, and join the ends of the band, letting them overlap each other two-fifths of an inch. Finally, sew the netted bag into the drilling part, bringing the steel band half an inch below * of every seam. Join the opposite corners of the drilling tabs by means of red worsted cords finished with tassels. Trim the bottom of the bag with a red worsted ball and two worsted tassels (see illustration). Cover the heads of the tassels with a netted part of red wool, and finish the upper and under edges of the heads with a ring of crocheted loops of red worsted.

TATTED AND CROCHET ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

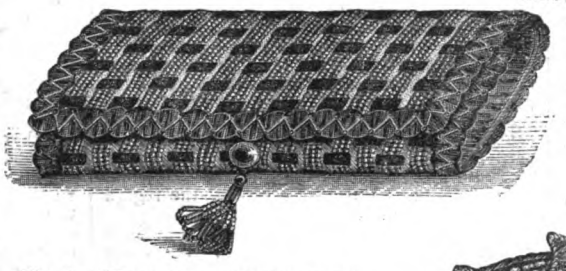

Fig. 1.—WORK-BAG TRIMMED WITH VELVET AND BEADS.—CLOSED.

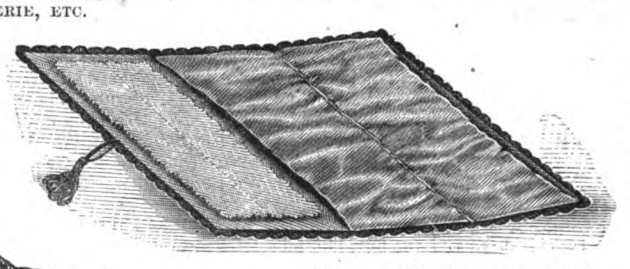

Fig. 2.—WORK-BAG TRIMMED WITH VELVET AND BEADS. OPEN.

Work-Bag trimmed with Velvet and Beads, Figs. 1-3.

THIS work-bag, which is designed to hold small articles of needle-work, is trimmed with steel beads, black velvet ribbon half an inch wide, a ruche of black satin ribbon, steel bugles, and small steel beads. Take a piece of silver perforated board eight inches and four-fifths long and five inches and three-fifths wide, and ornament it with the velvet ribbon and steel beads. To do this cut vertical slits two-fifths of an inch long in the perforated board two-fifths of an inch from one crosswise edge of the piece, repeating these slits at intervals of two-fifths of an inch. Make a similar row of slits at a distance of one-tenth of an inch from the first row. Cut the slits very carefully, so that the perforated board may not come apart. Run the velvet ribbon through the slits in the manner shown by Fig. 3, which shows a full-sized section of the ornamented perforated board. Between the velvet ribbon ornament the foundation with steel beads. Having trimmed the foundation, line it with thin card-board and gray silk. Sew on two pockets of gray silk as shown by the illustration. These pockets are made of a piece of silk nine inches and three-fifths long and six inches and two-fifths wide. Each lengthwise edge of this piece is furnished with a narrow hem and an elastic tape six inches and four-fifths long. Sew this piece on the perforated board along the middle and the crosswise edges (see Fig. 2, which shows the bag open). On the still free part of the perforated board sew a piece of pinked flannel designed to hold needles. Trim the outer edge of the bag with the satin ruche, which must be ornamented with steel beads, as shown by Fig. 1. Furnish the bag with a metal button and an elastic loop for closing it. Finish the loop with a small bead tassel.

EMBROIDERED NEEDLE-BOOK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 91.

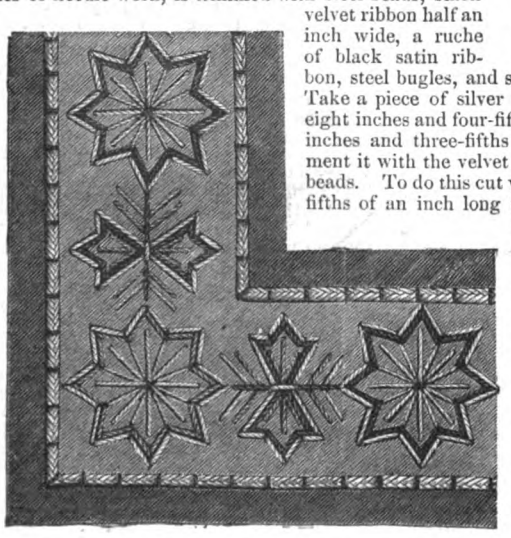

Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR CUSHIONS, COVERS, ETC.

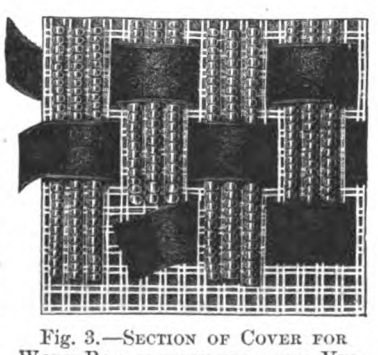

Fig. 3.—SECTION OF COVER FOR WORK-BAG ORNAMENTED WITH VELVET AND BEADS.—FULL SIZE.

Embroidered Needle-Book.

To make this needle-book four round pieces of card-board, each two inches and four-fifths in diameter, are required. Cover three of these parts smoothly on one side with green cashmere. Furnish the fourth part on one side with a cushion stuffed with cotton, and cover the cushion smoothly with green cashmere, which must previously have been ornamented with satin stitch embroidery worked with green saddler's silk or silk twist, and simulating thorns. (For the present take no notice of the button-hole stitches and the points on the outer edge.) Then join this part with one of the other parts in such a manner as to let the uncovered sides come on the inside, and the parts come exactly on each other. In the same manner join the two other pieces of card-board, and surround the outer edge with green silk cord. Surround the outer edge of the part with the cushion with fine bonnet wire, which must be bent in loops two-fifths of an inch long, at irregular intervals, in order to form the projecting points. Work over these loops with green saddler's silk, giving the ends a slightly pointed shape, and then work button-hole stitches on the outer edge of the cushion and the points in order to cover the wire. Sew a brass ring, an inch and a fifth in circumference, which is closely covered with single crochet worked with green saddler's silk, on the cushion two-fifths of an inch from the outer edge. Having thus far completed the outside of the cushion, cut three round pieces of white flannel each two inches and two-fifths in diameter, button-hole stitch the outer edge of each part, which must come far apart, and be worked with green silk, and place these parts between the two outside parts of the cushion. Then punch a hole through the outer and inner parts of the needle-book with an eyelet piercer, passing the latter through the ring; through the hole thus formed run a piece of green silk, and sew the ends together close to the outer edge of the needle-book; these ends must project three inches and a quarter beyond the outer edge, and be furnished with a wire of the same length, and closely wound with green saddler's silk, so as to form the stem shown by the illustration. In doing this sew in at the same time two leaves, which must be cut of thin card-board and green cloth from Fig. 91, Supplement. Work the veins on the upper layer of cloth in diagonal half-polka stitch with green saddler's silk according to the pattern and illustration, and join the cloth parts over the card-board insertion with button-hole stitches. Finally, fasten the leaves to the needle-book with a few stitches, as shown by the illustration.

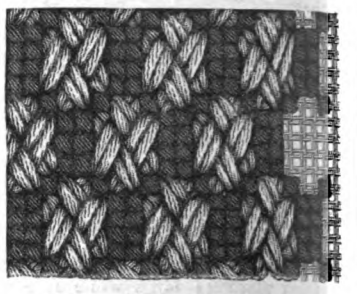

Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY STITCH FOR SLIPPERS, ETC.

Corners of Borders for Cushions, Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—The foundation of this border is of dark gray cashmere; a light gray cashmere piece is set on the foundation. Cover the seam made by doing this with gilt soutache. Work the point Russe embroidery with three shades of violet silk.

Fig. 2.—For this border set a piece of light brown cloth on a foundation of dark brown cloth, and cover the seam made by doing this with gilt soutache. The small foundation figures are worked with orange-colored saddler's silk, the dots with blue silk, and the button-hole stitches along the soutache with brown saddler's silk. The scalloped lines of the design are worked with red and black saddler's silk in diagonal half-polka stitch.

PRIVILEGED PERSONS.

WE all number among our acquaintances certain privileged persons—people who make their own laws without regard to the received canons of society, and who claim exemption from some of the moral and most of the conventional obligations that are considered binding on others. The privileged person may be male or female, but is more often the latter, sundry restraining influences keeping men in check which are inoperative with women. Women, indeed, when they choose to fall out of the ranks and follow an independent path of their own, care very little for any influences at all, the restraining power which will keep them in line being yet an unknown quantity. As a woman, then, we will first deal with the privileged person.

One embodiment of the privileged person is she whose forte lies in saying unpleasant things with praiseworthy coolness. She aims at a reputation for smartness or for honesty, according to the character of her intellect, and she uses what she gets without stint or sparing. If she is clever, she is noted for her sarcastic speeches and epigrammatic brilliancy; and her *mots* are bandied about

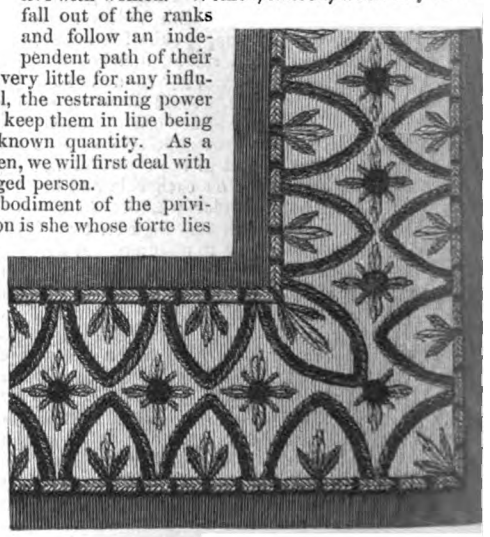

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR CUSHIONS, COVERS, ETC.

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from one to the other of her friends, with an uneasy sense, however, in the laughter they excite; for every one feels that he who laughs to-day may have cause to wince to-morrow, and that dancing on one's own grave is by no means an exhilarating exercise. No one is safe with her—not even her nearest and dearest; and she does not care how deeply she wounds when she is about it. But her victims rarely retaliate, which is the oddest part of the business. They resign themselves meekly enough to the scalpel, and comfort themselves with the reflection that it is only pretty Fanny's way, and that she is known to all the world as a privileged person, who may say what she likes. It falls hard, though, on the uninitiated and sensitive when they are first introduced to a privileged person with a talent for saying smart things, and no pity to speak of. Perhaps they have learned their manners too well to retort in kind, if even they are able, and so feel themselves constrained to bear the unexpected smart as the Spartan boy bore his fox. One sees them at times endure their humiliation before folk with a courageous kind of stoicism which would do honor to a better cause. Perhaps they are too much taken aback to be able to marshal their wits for a serviceable counter-thrust; all they can do is to look confused and feel angry. But sometimes, if seldom, the privileged person with a talent for sarcastic sayings meets with her match, and gets paid off in her own coin, which greatly offends her, while it rejoices those of her friends who have suffered many things at her hands before. If she is rude in a more sledge-hammer kind of way—rude through what it pleases her to call honesty and the privilege of speaking her mind—her attacks are easier to meet, as being more openly made and less dependent on quickness or subtilty of intellect to parry. Sometimes, indeed, by their very coarseness they defeat themselves. When a woman of this kind says in a loud voice, as her final argument in a discussion, "Then you must be a fool," as we have known a woman tell her hostess, she has blunted her own weapon and armed her opponent. All her privileges can not change the essential constitution of things; and rudeness being the boomerang of the drawing-room, which returns on the head of the thrower, the privileged person who prides herself on her honesty, and who is not too squeamish as to its use, finds herself discomfited by the very silence and forbearance of her victim. In either case, however, whether using the rapier or the sledge-hammer, the person privileged in speech is partly a nuisance and partly a stirrer-up of society. People gather round to hear her when she has grappled with a victim worthy of her steel, and is using it with effect. Yet, unless her social status is such that she can command a following by reason of the flunkeyism inherent in human nature, she is sure to find herself dropped before her appointed end has come. People get afraid of her ill nature for themselves, and tired of hearing the same things repeated of others; for even a clever woman has her intellectual limits, and is forced after a time to double back on herself and reopen the old workings. It is all very well, people think, to read sharp satires on society in the abstract, and to fit the cap as one likes. Even if it fits one's self one can bear the fool's crown with some small degree of equanimity, in the hope that others will not discover the fact; but when it comes to a hand-to-hand attack, with by-standers to witness, and one's self reduced to an ignominious silence, it is another matter altogether; and however sparkling the gifts of one's privileged friend, one would rather not put one's self in the way of their exercise. So she is gradually shunned till she is finally abandoned—what was once the clever impertinence of a pretty person, or the frank insolence of a cherubic hoyden, having turned by time into the acrid humor of a grim female, who keeps no terms with any one, and with whom, therefore, no terms can be kept. The pretty person given to smart sayings with a sting in them, and the hoyden who allows herself the use of the weapon of honesty, would do well to ponder on the inevitable end, when the only real patent of their privileges has run out, and they have no longer youth and beauty to plead in condonation for their bad breeding.

JACKET WITH BRETELLES.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 86-90.

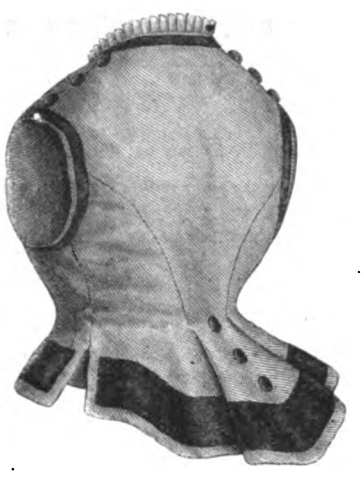
JACKET WITH BRETELLES.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 86-90.

Another exercise of peculiar privilege is to be found in the matter of flirting. Some women are able to flirt with impunity to an extent which would simply destroy any one else. They flirt with the most delicious frankness, yet for all practical purposes keep their place in society undisturbed, and their repute intact. They have the art of making the best of two worlds, the secret of which is all their own, yet which causes the weak to stumble and the rash to fall. They ride on two horses at once, with a skill as consummate as their daring; but the feeble sisters who follow after them slip down between, and come to grief and public disaster as their reward. It is in vain to try to analyze the terms on which this kind of privilege is founded. Say that one pretty person takes the tone of universal relationship—that she has an illimitable fund of sisterliness always at command for a host of "dear boys" of her own age, or, when a little older, and drawing near to the borders of mature sirenhood, that she is a kind of œcumenical aunt to a large congregation of well-looking nephews—she may steer safely through the shallows of this dangerous coast, and land at last on the *terra firma* of respected old age; but let another try it, and she goes to the bottom like a stone. And yet the first has pushed her privileges as far as they will go, while the second has only played with hers; but the one comes triumphantly into port with all colors flying, and the other makes shipwreck, and is lost. And why the one escapes and the other goes down is a mystery given to no one to fathom. But so it is; and every student of society is aware of this strange elasticity of privilege with certain pretty friends, and must have more than once wondered at Mrs. Grundy's leniency to the flagrant sinner on the right side of the square, coupled with her severity to the lesser naughtiness on the left. The flirting form of privilege is the most partial in its limitations of all, and things which one fair patentee may do with impunity, retaining her garlands, will cause another to be chastised with scorpions; and no one knows why or how the difference is made.

Another self-granted privilege is the license some give themselves in the way of taking liberties, and the boldness with which they force your barriers. Indeed, there is no barrier that can stand against these resolute invaders. You are not at home, say, to all the world, but the privileged person is sure you will see him or her, and forthwith mounts your stairs with a cheerful conscience, carrying his welcome with him—so he says. Admitted into your penetralia, the privileges of this bold sect increase, being of the same order as the traditional ell on the grant of the inch. They drop in at all times, and are never troubled with modest doubts. They elect themselves your "casuals," for whom you are supposed to have always a place at your table, and you are obliged to invite them into the dining-room when the servant sounds the gong, and the roast mutton makes itself evident. They hear you are giving an evening, and they tell you they will come, uninvited, taking it for granted that you intended to ask them, and would have been sorry if you had forgotten. They tack themselves on to your party at a fête, and air their privileges in public, when the man whom of all others you would like best for a son-in-law is hovering about, kept at bay by the privileged person's familiar manner toward yourself and your daughter. Your friend would laugh at you if you hinted to him that he might by chance be misinterpreted. He argues that every one knows him and his ways, and acts as if he held a talisman by which the truth could be read through the thickest veil of appearances. It would be well sometimes if he had this talisman, for his familiarity is a bewildering kind of thing to strangers on their first introduction to a house where he has privileges; and it takes time and some misapprehension before it is rightly understood. You do not know how to catalogue this man who is so wonderfully at ease with your new friends. You know that he is not a relation, and yet he acts as one bound by the closest ties; the girls are no longer children, but his manner toward them would be a little too familiar if they were half a dozen years younger than they are; and you come at last to the conclusion that the father owes him money, and that he is therefore master of the situation, and beyond the reach of rebuke. All things considered, this kind of privilege is dangerous, and to be carefully avoided by parents and guardians. Indeed, every form of this patent is dangerous, the chances being that, sooner or later, familiarity will degenerate into contempt, and a bitter rupture take the place of the former excessive intimacy.

CASHMERE JACKET WITH VELVET TRIMMING.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

VELVET PALETOT WITH GUIPURE TRIMMING.
For description see Supplement.



CASHMERE JACKET WITH VELVET TRIMMING.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.

CASHMERE SLEEVELESS JACKET. BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 65 and 66.

CASHMERE SLEEVELESS JACKET. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 65 and 66.

CASHMERE JACKET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 61-64.

The neglect of all ordinary social observances is another reading of the patent of privilege which certain people grant themselves. These are the people who never return your calls, who do not think themselves obliged to answer your invitations, who do not keep their appointments, and who forget their promises. It is useless to reproach them, to expect from them the grace of punctuality, the politeness of a reply, or the faintest stirrings of a social conscience in any thing. They are privileged to the observance of a general neglect, and you must make your account with them as they are. If they are good-natured they will spend much time and energy in framing apologies that may or may not tell. If women, and graceful, and liking to be liked without taking much trouble about it, they will profess a thousand sorrows and shames the next time they see you, and play the pretty hypocrite with more or less success. You must not mind what they do, they say pleadingly; no one does; they are such notoriously bad callers no one ever expects them to pay visits like other people; or they are so lazy about writing, please don't mind if they don't

BLACK VELVET TALMA.
For description see Supplement.

CASHMERE TALMA.
For description see Supplement.

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answer your letters, or even your invitations; they don't mean to be rude, only they don't like writing; or they are so dreadfully busy they can not do half they ought, and are obliged sometimes to break their engagements, and so on. And you, probably for the twentieth time, accept excuses which mean nothing but "I am a privileged person," and go on again as before, hoping for better things against all the lessons of past experience. How can you do otherwise with that charming face looking so sweetly into yours, and the coquettish little hypocrisies played off for your benefit? If that charming face were old or ugly, things would be different; but so long as women possess *la beauté du diable*, men can do nothing but treat them as angels.

And so we come round to the root of the matter once more. The privileged person, whose patent society has indorsed, must be young, pretty, charming, and a woman. Failing these conditions, she is a mere adventuress, whose discomfiture is not far off; with these, her patent will last just as long as they do. And when they have gone, she will degenerate into a "horror," at whom the bold will laugh, the timid tremble, and whose company the wise will avoid as too unpleasant to be borne.

THE LITTLE WHITE LIE.

I WAS in trouble, beyond any doubt—
I was in trouble—and how to get out?
"Tell a little white lie," said the Devil to me.
"Tell a lie! oh, how dreadful! But what would it be
If I *should*? though I never *shall* tell one," said I.
"Don't be frightened," said he; "we won't call it a lie—
A few words in their way quite as good as the truth,
And, for this one occasion, far better, forsooth."

But my little white lie, when I'd told it, grew black!
Then, oh! how could I hide it, or how get it back?
For it never would do to be caught in a lie,
For 'twas known that a very good woman was I.
I must manage in some way to keep it from sight:
"Tell one more," said the Devil; "'twill make it all right."

But my two grew to three, and my three were soon four,
And my four lies gave rise to a dozen or more;
Till I felt in my soul such a sense of disgrace
I had scarcely one friend I dared look in the face;
And at night to my room I went creeping up stairs—
God is Truth! could I sleep without saying my prayers?

By my fears and my conscience thus followed about,
I was really half glad when the lie was found out;
For it was—it is always the way with a lie—
And all said that a very bad woman was I.
Good or bad, I have learned in one thing to be wise,
And shall shun in the future all little white lies.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

AT HALE CASTLE.

MR. LOVEL gave his daughter twenty pounds, a stretch of liberality which did not a little astonish her. She was very grateful for this unexpected kindness; and her father was fain to submit to be kissed and praised for his goodness more than was entirely agreeable to him. But he had been kinder to her ever since Lady Laura's visit, and her heart was very light under that genial influence. She thought he was beginning to love her, and that belief made her unspeakably happy.

Nor was there any thing but unqualified pleasure for her in the possession of twenty pounds, the largest sum she had ever had at her disposal. Although the solitude of her life and the troubles that overshadowed it had made her thoughtful beyond her years, she was still young enough to be able to put aside all thought and to live in the present. It was very pleasant to go into Holborough, with those four crisp new five-pound notes in her purse, to ask her aunt's advice about her purchases. Mrs. Oliver was enraptured to hear of the visit to the Castle, but naturally a little despondent about the circumstances under which the visit was to be paid. That Clarissa should go to Lady Laura's without a maid was eminently distressing to her aunt.

"I really think you ought to take Peters," Mrs. Oliver said, meditatively. "She is a most reliable person; and, of course, nobody need know that she is not your own maid. I can fully rely upon her discretion for not breathing a word upon the subject to any of the castle servants."

Peters was a prim middle-aged spinster, with a small waist and a painfully erect figure, who combined the office of parlor-maid at the Rectory with that of personal attendant upon the rector's wife—a person whom Clarissa had always regarded with a kind of awe—a lynx-eyed woman, who could see at a glance the merest hint of a stray hair-pin in a massive coil of plaits, or the minutest edge of a muslin petticoat visible below the hem of a dress.

"Oh no, aunt; please don't think of such a thing!" the girl cried, eagerly. "I could not go with a borrowed servant, and I don't want a maid at all; I am used to do every thing for myself. Besides, Lady Laura did not ask me to bring a maid."

"She would take that for granted. She would never expect Mr. Lovel's daughter to travel without a maid."

"But papa told her how poor he was."

"Very unnecessary, and very bad taste on his part, I think. But, of course, she would not suppose him to be too poor to maintain a proper establishment in a small way. People of that kind only understand poverty in the broadest sense."

Mrs. Oliver consented to forego the idea of sending Peters to the Castle with a regretful sigh; and then the two ladies went out shopping—Clarissa in high spirits, her aunt depressed by a conviction that she would not make her first entrance into society with the surroundings that befitted a Lovel of Arden Court.

There seemed so many things indispensable for this all-important visit. The twenty pounds were nearly gone by the time Miss Lovel's shopping was finished. A white muslin dress for ordinary occasions, some white gauzy fabric for a more important toilette, a golden brown silk walking or dinner dress, a white areophane bonnet, a gray straw hat and feather, gloves, boots, slippers, and a heap of small details. Considerable management and discretion were required to make the twenty pounds go far enough; but Mrs. Oliver finished her list triumphantly, leaving one bright golden sovereign in Clarissa's purse. She gave the girl two more sovereigns at parting with her.

"You will want as much as that for the servants when you are coming away, Clary," she said, imperatively, as Clarissa protested against this gift. "I don't suppose you will be called upon to spend a shilling for any thing else during your visit, unless there should happen to be a charity sermon while you are at Hale. In that case, pray don't put less than half a crown in the plate. Those things are noticed so much. And now, good-by, my dear. I don't suppose I shall see you again between this and Tuesday. Miss Mallow will come to you to try on the day after to-morrow at one o'clock, remember; be sure you are at home. She will have hard work to get your things ready in time; but I shall look in upon her once or twice to keep her up to the mark. Pray do your best to secure Lady Laura's friendship. Such an acquaintance as that is all-important to a girl in your position."

Tuesday came very quickly, as it seemed to Clarissa, who grew a little nervous about this visit among strangers in a great, strange house, as it came nearer. She had seen the outside of the Castle very often: a vast feudal pile of building it seemed, seen across the bright river that flowed beneath its outward wall—a little darksome and gloomy at the best, Clarissa had thought, and something too grand to make a pleasant habitation. She had never seen the inner quadrangle, in all its splendor of modern restoration—sparkling freestone, fresh from the mason's chisel; Gothic windows, glowing with rare stained glass; and the broad, fertile gardens, with their terraces and banks of flowers, crowded together to make a feast of color, sloping down to the setting sun.

It was still the same bright midsummer weather—a blue sky without a cloud, a look upon earth and heaven as if there would never be rain again, or any thing but this glow and glory of summer. At eleven o'clock the carriage came from the Castle; Clarissa's trunks and traveling-bag were accommodated somehow; and the girl bade her father good-by.

"I dare say I shall be asked to dinner while you are there," he said, as they were parting, "and I may possibly come; I shall be curious to see how you get on."

"Oh, pray do come, papa; I'm sure it will do you good."

And then she kissed him affectionately, emboldened by that softer manner which he had shown toward her lately; and the carriage drove off. A beautiful drive past fertile fields, far stretching toward that bright river, which wound its sinuous way through all this part of the country; past woods that shut in both sides of the road with a solemn gloom even at midday—woods athwart which one caught here and there a distant glimpse of some noble old mansion lying remote within the green girdle of a park.

It was something less than an hour's drive from Arden to Hale: the village church clock and a great clock in the Castle stables were both striking twelve as the carriage drove under a massive stone arch, above which the portcullis still hung grimly. It was something like going into a prison, Clarissa thought; but she had scarcely time for the reflection, when the carriage swept round a curve in the smooth gravel road, and she saw the sunny western front of the Castle, glorious in all its brightness of summer flowers, and with a tall fountain leaping and sparkling up toward the blue sky.

She gave a little cry of rapture at sight of so much brightness and beauty, coming upon her all at once with a glad surprise. There were no human creatures visible; only the glory of fountain and flowers. It might have been the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, deep in the heart of the woodlands, for any evidence to the contrary perceptible to Clarissa in this drowsy noontide; but presently, as the carriage drove up to the hall door, a dog barked, and then a sumptuous lackey appeared, and anon another, who, between them, took Miss Lovel's traveling-bag and parasol, prior to escorting her to some apartment, leaving the heavier luggage to meaner hands.

"The saloon, or my lady's own room, miss?" one of the grandiose creatures demanded, languidly.

"I would rather see Lady Laura alone at first, if you please."

The man bowed, and conducted her up a broad staircase lined with darksome pictures of battles by land and sea, along a crimson-carpeted corridor where there were many doors, to one particular portal at the southern end. He opened this with a lofty air, and announced "Miss Lovel."

It was a very large room—all the rooms in this newly restored part of the Castle were large and lofty (a great deal of the so-called "restoration" had, indeed, been building, and many of these splendid rooms were new, newer even than the wealth of Frederick Armstrong)—a large room, exquisitely furnished with chairs and tables and cabinets of satin and sandal wood, with oval medallions of pale blue Wedgwood let into the panelled doors of the cabinet, and a narrow beading of lustreless gold here and there; a room with pale blue silken hangings, and a carpet of white wood-anemones scattered on a turquoise-colored ground. There were no pictures; art was represented only by a few choice bronzes and a pair of matchless Venetian mirrors.

Lady Laura was busy at a writing-table, filling in the blanks in some notes of invitation. She was always busy. On one table there were an easel and the appliances of illumination—a rare old parchment Missal lying open, and my lady's copy of a florid initial close beside it. On a small reading-desk there was an open Tasso with a couple of Italian dictionaries near at hand. Lady Laura had a taste for languages, and was fond of reviving her acquaintance with foreign classics. She was really the most indefatigable of women. It was a pity, perhaps, that her numerous accomplishments and her multifarious duties toward society at large left her so very little leisure to bestow upon her own children; but then they had their foreign governesses and maids—there was one poor English drudge, by-the-way, who seemed like a stranger in a far land—gifted in many tongues, and began to imbibe knowledge from their cradles. To their young imaginations the nursery wing of Hale Castle must have seemed remarkably like the Tower of Babel.

The lady of the Castle laid down her pen and received Clarissa with warm affection. She really liked the girl. It was only a light, airy kind of liking, perhaps, in unison with her character; but, so far as it went, it was perfectly sincere.

"My dear child, I am so glad to have you here," she said, placing Miss Lovel beside her on a low sofa. "You will find me dreadfully busy sometimes, I dare say; but you must not think me neglectful if I can not be very much with you down stairs. You are to come in and out of this room whenever you please. It is not open to the world at large, you know, and I am supposed to be quite inaccessible here; but it is open to my favorites, and I mean you to be one of them, Clarissa."

"You are very good, dear Lady Laura."

"No, I am not good; I dare say I am the most selfish creature in Christendom; but when I like people I like them with all my heart. And now tell me what you think of Hale."

"It is lovely—it is like fairy-land."

"Yes, it is pretty, isn't it, this new side? It has all been done in my time—it has all been my doing, indeed, I may venture to say; for Fred would have gone on living contentedly in the old rooms till his dying day. You can't imagine the trouble I took. I read no end of books upon the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages, went all over England hunting for model houses, and led the poor architect a fine life. But I think, between us, we succeeded in carrying out a very fine idea at last. The crenelated roof, with its machicolations, is considered a great success. There was a time when one was obliged to get a license from the sovereign to build that kind of thing; but it is all changed now. The sovereign is not afraid of rebellion, and the machicolations are only for ornament. You have not seen the old hall yet. That is splendid—a real original bit of the Castle, you know, which has never been tampered with, as old as Edward III., with a raised platform at the upper end, where the lord of the Castle used to sit while his vassals ate below him; and with a stone hearth in the centre, where they used to make their wood fires, all the smoke going through an opening in the roof—rather pleasant for my lord and his vassals, I should think! Take off your hat, Clarissa; or perhaps you would rather go to your room at once. Yes, you shall, dear; and I'll finish my letters, and we can meet at luncheon."

Lady Laura rang a bell twice, which particular summons produced a very smart-looking maid, into whose charge my lady confided Clarissa, with a pretty little wave of her hand, and "*à bientôt*, dear child."

The maid conducted Miss Lovel to a charming chintz-curtained bedroom on the second-floor, looking westward over those gorgeous flower banks; a bedroom with a bright-looking brass bedstead, and the daintiest chintz-patterned carpet, and nothing medieval about it except the stone-framed Gothic window.

"I will send a person to unpack your trunks, miss," the maid said, when she had listened with a deferential air to Clarissa's praise of the room. "I am very glad you like your rooms; my lady was most anxious you should be pleased. I'll send Fosset, miss; she is a very handy young person, and will be always at your service to render you any assistance you may require."

"Thank you—I am not likely to trouble her often; there is so very little assistance I ever want. Sometimes, when I am putting on an evening dress, I may ask for a little help, perhaps—that is all."

"She will be quite at your service, miss. I hope you will not scruple to ring for her," the chief of the maids replied, and then made a dignified exit.

The maid of inferior degree, Fosset, speedily appeared; a pale-complexioned, meek-looking young woman, who set about unpacking Clarissa's trunks with great skill and quickness, and arranged their contents in the capacious maple wardrobe, while their owner washed her hands and face and brushed the dust of her brief journey out of her dark brown hair. A clamorous bell rang out the summons to the mid-day meal presently, and Clarissa went down to the hall, where a watchful footman took her in charge.

"Luncheon is served in the octagon room, miss," he said, and straightway led her away to an apartment in an angle of the castle; a room with a heavily carved oak ceiling, and four mullioned windows overlooking the river; a room hung with gilt and brown stamped leather, and furnished in the most approved medieval style. There was an octagon table, bright with fruits and flowers, and a good many ladies seated round it, with only here and there a gentleman.

There was one of these gentlemen standing near Lady Laura's chair as Clarissa went into the room, tall and stout, with a very fair, good-natured countenance, light blue eyes, and large light whiskers, whom, by reason of some careless remarks of her father's, she guessed at once to be Mr. Armstrong—a gentleman of whom people were apt to say, after the shortest acquaintance, that there was not much in him, but that he was the best fellow in the world; an excellent kind of person to be intrusted with the disposal of a large fortune; a man by whom his neighbors could profit without a too painful sense of obligation, and who was never so happy as when a crowd of people were enjoying life at his expense. Friends who meant to say something very generous of Frederick Armstrong were wont to observe that he was not such a fool as he looked. Nor, in the ordinary attributes of a country gentleman, was the master of Hale Castle behind his compeers. He rode like Assheton Smith, never missed his bird in the open, and had a manly scorn of battues; was great in agriculture, and as good a judge of a horse as any man in Yorkshire. His literary attainments were perhaps limited to a comprehensive knowledge of the science of farriery, a profound study of "Ruff's Guide," and a familiar acquaintance with *Bell's Life* and two or three weekly newspapers devoted to the agricultural interest. But as he had the happiness to live among a race who rather cultivated the divine gift of ignorance, his shortcomings awakened no scorn. When he was known to have made a bad book for the Leger or the Great Ebor, his friends openly expressed their contempt for his mental powers; but no one despised him because an expensive university training had made him nothing more than a first-rate oarsman, a fair billiard-player, and a distinguished thrower of the hammer. He was just what a country gentleman should be in the popular idea—handsome, broad-shouldered, long-limbed, with the fist and biceps of a gladiator, and a brain totally unburdened by the scholiast's dryasdust rubbish; sharp and keen enough where the things that interested him were in question, and never caring to look beyond them.

To this gentleman Lady Laura introduced Clarissa.

"Fred, this is Miss Lovel—Clarissa Lovel—and you and she are to like each other very much, if you please. This is my husband, Clarissa, who cares more for the cultivation of short-horns—whatever kind of creatures those brutes may be—and ugly little shaggy black Highland cattle, than for my society, a great deal; so you will see very little of him, I dare say, while you are at the Castle. In London he is obliged to be shut up with me now and then; though, as he attends nearly all the race-meetings, I don't see very much of him even there; but here he escapes me altogether."

"Upon my word, Laura—upon my word, you know, Miss Lovel, there's not a word of truth in it," exclaimed the gentleman with the light whiskers. "My wife's always illuminating old Missals, or reading Italian, or practicing the harmonium, or writing out lists of things for her Dorcas meeting, or something of that sort; and a fellow only feels himself in the way if he's hanging about her. She's the busiest woman in the world. I don't believe the prime minister gets through more work or receives more letters than she does. And she answers 'em all, too, by Jove; she's like the great Duke of Wellington."

"Do you happen to take a lively interest in steam-plows and threshing-machines, and that kind of thing, Clarissa?" asked Lady Laura.

"I'm afraid not. I never even saw a steam-plow; and I believe if I were to see one I should think it a most unpicturesque object."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Fred would have been so delighted with you if you'd shown agricultural proclivities. We had a young lady from Westmoreland here last year who knew an immense deal about farming. She was especially great upon pigs, I believe, and quite fascinated Fred by tramping about the home farm with him in thick boots. I was almost jealous. But now let me introduce you to some of my friends, Clarissa."

Hereupon Miss Lovel had to bow and simper in response to the polite bows and simpers of half a dozen ladies. Mrs. Weldon Dacre and three Misses Dacre, Rose, Grace, and Amy, tall and bony damsels, with pale reddish hair, and paler eyebrows and eyelashes, and altogether more "style" than beauty; Mrs. Wilmot, a handsome widow, whom Frederick Armstrong and his masculine friends were wont to call "a dasher;" Miss Fermor, a rather pretty girl, with a piquant nose and sparkling hazel eyes; and Miss Barbara Fermor, tall and slim and dark, with a romantic air. The gentlemen were a couple of officers—Major Mason, stout, dark, hook-nosed, and close-shaven; Captain Westleigh, fair, auburn-mustached and whiskered—and a meek-looking gentleman, of that inoffensive curate race against which Clarissa had been warned by her father.

She found herself very quickly at home among these people. The Misses Fermor were especially gifted in the art of making themselves delightful to strangers; they had, indeed, undergone such training in a perpetual career of country-house visiting that it would have gone hard with them had they not acquired this grace. The three tall pale Dacres, Rose, Grace, and Amy, were more conventional and less ready to swear alliance with the stranger; but they were not disagreeable girls, and improved considerably after a few days' acquaintance, showing themselves willing to take the bass in piano-forte duets, sing a decent second, exhibit their sketch-books and pho-

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tographic collections in a friendly manner, and communicate new stitches and patterns in *point de Russe* or *point d'Alençon*.

After luncheon Miss Lovel went off with Captain Westleigh and Miss Fermor—Lizzie, the elder and livelier of the two sisters—to take her first lesson in croquet. The croquet ground was a raised plateau to the left of the Italian garden, bounded on one side by a grassy slope and the reedy bank of the river, and on the other by a plantation of young firs—a perfect croquet ground, smooth as an ancient bowling-green, and unbroken by invading shrub or flower bed. There were some light iron seats on the outskirts of the ground here and there, and that was all.

Clarissa received her lesson, and (having been lucky enough to send her ball through the hoop now and then) was pronounced to have a natural genius for croquet. It was a pleasant, idle afternoon, passed amidst so bright and fair a scene that the beauty of her surroundings alone was enough to give Clarissa's life a new zest—a day which the mind recalls in the stormier periods of after-life, wondering at its gracious peace, its utter freedom from care or thought. Too soon came the time when there could be no more of such girlish happiness for Clarissa, such perfect respite from thought of to-morrow or regret for yesterday.

By-and-by came dressing for dinner, and then an assemblage of visitors in the drawing-room—county people from neighboring parks and halls and courts—mingling pleasantly with the Castle guests, and then dinner in the great dining-room; a splendid chamber, with a music-gallery at one end, and with the earliest crystal chandeliers ever used in England, and given by Queen Elizabeth to the lord of Hale for its chief decorations. At eight o'clock these crystal chandeliers glittered with the light of many wax-candles, though there was still the soft glow of sunset in the gardens beyond the great Gothic windows.

That first visit to a great country house was like a new page in life to Clarissa. She had not wearied of her quiet existence at Mill Cottage, her books, her art, her freedom from the monotonous tasks and dull restraints of school; but she felt that if life could always be like this it would be something very sweet and joyous. Captain Westleigh had contrived to take her in to dinner.

"I was determined to do it," he told her, confidentially, as they sat down; "so I made a rush across to you when I saw Lady Laura's eye upon you, with a malicious intention of billeting you upon young Halkin, the great cloth-manufacturer's son. I know Lady Laura so well. She will be trying to plant all those rich manufacturing fellows upon you; she has quite a mania for that sort of people."

The Captain made himself very pleasant all through that long ceremonial of dinner. If the brilliant things which he said were not quite the newest in the world, they were at least new to Clarissa, who rewarded his efforts to please her by seeming very much amused, and flattered and stimulated him to new flights by her appreciation. He told her all about the people round her, making her feel less like a stranger in a foreign country; and that pageant dinner, long as it was, did not seem at all too long to be pleasant.

After dinner there was a little music and singing at one end of the drawing-room, to which people listened or not, as they pleased; a friendly whist-table established at the other end, at which four elderly, gray-whiskered, and bald-headed country gentlemen played gravely for an hour or so; and a good deal of desultory strolling out through the open windows to the terrace for the contemplation of the moonlit gardens, with perhaps a spice of flirtation. Lady Laura was never quite happy unless she saw something like flirtation going on among her younger visitors. She was pleased to see Captain Westleigh's attention to Clarissa, though she would rather that James Halkin had occupied the ground. But, alas! Mr. Halkin, stiff and solemn as a policeman on duty, was standing by the chair of the very palest and least beautiful of the Misses Dacre, mildly discussing a collection of photographs of Alpine scenery. They had both been over the same country, and were quite enthusiastic when they came to peaks and mountain gorges that they remembered.

"I was there with another fellow, and he nearly slipped just on that edge there. It was as near as a"—Mr. Halkin was going to say "a toucher," but it occurred to him that that vague expression was scarcely permissible in conversation with a lady—"the nearest thing you ever saw in your life, in fact. If it hadn't been for his alpenstock it would have been all over with him; and the guides told us there'd been a fellow killed there the year before. We stopped at Rigot's—I think the dearest hotel I was ever at; but they gave us some very fair still Champagne—very fair indeed."

Lady Laura took occasion to warn Clarissa against the Captain when they separated for the night in the corridor upon which my lady's rooms opened.

"Very nice, isn't he, dear? Come into my dressing-room for a few minutes' talk;" and my lady led Clarissa into another charming chamber, all blue silk and satin-wood, like the morning-room. "Yes, he is very nice, and he really seemed quite *épris*. Poor Herbert Westleigh! I've known him for years. He belongs to one of the oldest families in Somersetshire, and is a capital fellow, as my husband says; but a person not to be thought of by you, Clarissa. There are a crowd of brothers, and I doubt if Herbert has a hundred a year beyond his pay. Did you notice that Mr. Halkin, a rather sandy-haired young man with a long nose? That young fellow will come into thirty thousand a year by-and-by."

"Yes, Lady Laura, I did notice him a little when he was talking to one of the Misses Dacre. He seemed very stupid."

"Stupid, my dear Clarissa! Why, I have been told that young man made a good deal of character at Oxford. But I dare say you are taken by Herbert Westleigh's rattling way. Now remember, my dear, I have warned you."

"There is no occasion for any warning, Lady Laura. Believe me, I am in no danger. I thought Captain Westleigh was very kind, and I liked him because he told me all about the other people; that is all."

"Very well, dear. You will see a good many people here; there is an advantage in that—one influence neutralizes another. But I should really like you to take some notice of that Mr. Halkin. He will be a good deal here, I dare say. His family live at Selbrook Hall, only four miles off. The father and mother are the plainest, homeliest people, but very sensible; live in a quiet, unpretending style, and can't spend a quarter of their income. When I speak of thirty thousand a year I don't reckon the accumulations that young man will inherit. He is the only son. There is a sister; but she is lame, and a confirmed invalid—not likely to live many years, I think."

Clarissa smiled at Lady Laura's earnestness.

"One would think you were in league with papa, dear Lady Laura. He says I am bound to marry a rich man."

"Of course; it is a solemn duty when a girl is handsome and not rich. Look at me; what would my life have been without Fred, Clarissa? There were five of us, child; five daughters to be married, only think of that; and there are still three unmarried. One of my sisters is coming here to-morrow. I do so hope you will get on with her; but she is rather peculiar. I am glad to say she is engaged at last—quite an old affair, and I think an attachment on both sides for some time past; but it has only lately come to a definite engagement. The gentleman's prospects were so uncertain; but that is all over now. The death of an elder brother quite alters his position, and he will have a very fine estate by-and-by. He is coming here, too, in a few days, and I'm sure I hope the marriage will take place soon. But I must not keep you here chattering, at the risk of spoiling your fresh looks."

And with a gracious good-night Lady Laura dismissed her new protégée.

Yes, it was a pleasant life, certainly—a life that drifted smoothly onward with the tide, and to all seeming unshadowed by one sorrowful thought or care. And yet, no doubt, with but a few youthful exceptions, every guest at Hale Castle had his or her particular burden to carry, and black Care sat behind the gentlemen as they rode to small country meetings or primitive cattle-fairs. To Clarissa Lovel the state of existence was so new that it was scarcely strange she should be deluded by the brightness and glitter of it, and believe that these people could have known no sorrow.

She found herself looking forward with unwonted interest to the arrival of Lady Laura's sister, Lady Geraldine Challoner. To a girl who has never had a lover—to whom the whole science of love is yet a profound, inscrutable mystery—there is apt to be something especially interesting in the idea of an engagement. To her the thought of betrothal is wonderfully solemn. A love-match too, and an attachment of long standing—there were the materials for a romance in these brief hints of Lady Laura's. And then, again, her sister described this Lady Geraldine as a peculiar person, with whom it was rather doubtful whether Clarissa would be able to get on. All this made her so much the more anxious to see the expected guest; and in the morning's drive and the afternoon's croquet she thought more of Lady Geraldine than of the landscape or the game.

Croquet was over—Clarissa had taken part in a regular game this afternoon—and the players were strolling about the gardens in couples in an idle half hour before the first dinner-bell, when Miss Lovel met Lady Laura with another lady. They were sauntering slowly along one of the sunny gravel-walks—there was every charm in this Italian garden except shade—and stopped on seeing Clarissa.

"Now, Geraldine, I shall be able to introduce you to my favorite, Clarissa Lovel," said Lady Laura; "Captain Westleigh you know of old."

The Captain and Lady Geraldine shook hands, declaring that they were quite old friends—had known each other for ages, and so on; and Clarissa had a few moments' pause in which to observe the young lady.

She was tall and slim, her sister's junior by perhaps five years, but not more; very fair, with bright auburn hair—that golden-tinted hair of which there seems to be so much more nowadays than was to be seen twenty years ago. She was handsome—very handsome—Clarissa decided at once; but it seemed to her rather a cold, hard style of beauty; the straight nose, the mouth, and chin, chiseled with a clearness and distinctness that were almost sharpness; the large, luminous blue eyes, which did not seem to possess much capacity for tenderness.

Lady Laura was very proud of this sister, and perhaps just a little afraid of her; but, of course, that latter fact was not obvious to strangers; she was only a shade less volatile and talkative in Geraldine's presence. Geraldine was the beauty of the Challoner family, and her career had been a failure hitherto; so that there was much rejoicing, in a quiet way, now that Lady Geraldine's destiny was apparently decided, and in an advantageous manner.

She was sufficiently gracious to Clarissa, but displayed none of that warmth which distinguished Lady Laura's manner to her new friend; and when the sisters had turned aside into another path, and were out of hearing, Geraldine asked rather sharply why "that girl" was here.

"My dear Geraldine, she is perfectly charming. I have taken the greatest fancy to her."

"My dear Laura, when will you leave off those absurd fancies for strangers?"

"Clarissa Lovel is not a stranger; you must remember how intimate papa used to be with her father."

"I only remember that Mr. Lovel was a very selfish person, and that he has lost his estate and gone down in the world. Why should you trouble yourself about his daughter? You can only do the girl harm by bringing her here. She will have to go out as a governess, I dare say, and will be writing to you whenever she is out of a situation to ask some favor or other, and boring you to death. I can not think how you can be so inconsiderate as to entangle yourself with that kind of acquaintance."

"I don't mean Clarissa to be a governess; I mean her to make a good marriage."

"Oh, of course, it is very easy to say that," exclaimed Lady Geraldine, scornfully; "but you have not been so fortunate as a match-maker hitherto. Look at Emily and Louisa."

"Emily and Louisa were so intractable and difficult to please that I could do nothing for them, and now I look upon them as confirmed old maids. But it is a different thing with Clarissa. She is very sensible, and I do not think she would stand in her own light if I could bring about what I wish. And then she is so lovely. Emily and Louisa were good-looking enough half a dozen years ago, but this girl is simply perfect. Come, Geraldine, you can afford to praise her. Is she not lovely?"

"Yes, I suppose she is handsome," the other answered, icily.

"You suppose she is handsome! It is really too bad of you to be prejudiced against a girl I wanted you to like. As if this poor little Clarissa could do any body any harm! But never mind, she must do without your liking. And now tell me all about George Fairfax. I was so glad to hear your news, dear—so thoroughly rejoiced."

"There is no occasion for such profound gladness. I could have gone on existing very well as Geraldine Challoner."

"Of course; but I had much rather see you well married, and your own mistress; and this is such a good match."

"Yes; from a worldly point of view, I suppose, the affair is unexceptionable," Geraldine Challoner answered, with persistent indifference; simulated indifference, no doubt, but not the less provoking to her sister. "George will be very rich by-and-by, and he is well enough off now. We shall be able to afford a house in one of the streets out of Park Lane—I have a rooted detestation for both Belgravia and Tyburnia—and a carriage, and so on; and I shall not be worried as I have been about my milliner's bills."

"And then you are very fond of him, Geraldine," Lady Laura said, softly.

There were still little romantic impulses in the matron's heart, and this studied coldness of her sister's tone wounded her sometimes.

"Yes, of course that is the beginning of the business. We like each other very well," Lady Geraldine replied, still with the same unenthusiastic air. "I think there has always been some kind of liking between us. We suit each other very well, you see; have the same way of thinking about most things, take the same view of life, and so on."

Lady Laura gave a faint sigh of assent. She was disappointed by her sister's tone; for in the time past she had more than once suspected that Geraldine Challoner loved George Fairfax with a passionate, half-despairing love, which, if unrequited, might make the bane of her life. And lo! here was the same Geraldine discussing her engagement as coolly as if the match had been the veriest marriage of convenience ever planned by a designing dowager. She did not understand how much pride had to do with this reticence, or what volcanic depths may sometimes lie beneath the Alpine snows of such a nature as Geraldine Challoner's.

In the evening Lady Geraldine was the centre of a circle of old friends and admirers; and Clarissa could only observe her from a distance, and wonder at her brilliancy, her power to talk of any thing and every thing with an air of unlimited wisdom and experience, and the perfect ease with which she received the homage offered to her beauty and wit. The cold, proud face lighted up wonderfully at night, and under the softening influence of so much adulation; and Lady Geraldine's smiles, though wanting in warmth at the best, were very fascinating. Clarissa wondered that so radiant a creature could have been so long unmarried, that it could be matter for rejoicing that she was at last engaged. It must have been her own fault, of course; such a woman as this could have been a duchess if she pleased, Clarissa thought.

Lizzie Fermor came up to her while she was admiring the high-bred beauty.

"Well, Miss Lovel, what do you think of her?"

"Lady Geraldine? I think she is wonderfully handsome—and fascinating."

"Do you? Then I don't think you can know the meaning of the word 'fascination.' If I were a man, that woman would be precisely the last in the world to touch my heart. Oh yes, I admit that she is very handsome—classic profile, bright blue eyes, complexion of lilies and roses, real golden hair—not dyed, you know—and so on; but I should as soon think of falling in love with a statue of snow as with Lady Geraldine Challoner. I think she has just about as much heart as the statue would have."

"Those people with cold manners have sometimes very warm hearts," Clarissa remonstrated, feeling that gratitude to Lady Laura made it incumbent on her to defend Lady Laura's sister.

"Perhaps; but that is not the case with her. She would trample upon a hecatomb of hearts to arrive at the object of her ambition. I think she might have made more than one brilliant marriage since she has been out—something like ten years, you know—only she was too cold, too obviously mercenary. I'm very sorry for George Fairfax."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, and he is a very noble fellow. He has been rather wild, I believe; but, of course, we are not supposed to know any thing about that; and I have heard that he is the most generous-hearted of men. I know Lady Geraldine has contrived to keep him dangling about her whenever he was in England for the last six or eight years; but I thought it was one of those old-established flirtations that would never come to any thing—a kind of institution. I was quite surprised to hear of their engagement—and very sorry."

"But Lady Geraldine is very much attached to him, is she not?"

"Oh yes, I dare say she likes him; it would be almost difficult for any one to avoid liking him. She used to do her utmost to keep him about her always, I know; and I believe the flirtation has cost her more than one chance of a good marriage. But I doubt if we should have ever heard of this engagement if Reginald Fairfax had not died, and left his brother the heir of Lyvedon."

"Is Lyvedon a very grand place?"

"It is a superb estate, I believe; a noble old house in Kent, with an immense extent of land attached to it. The place belongs now to Sir Spencer Lyvedon, an old bachelor, whose only sister is George Fairfax's mother. The property is sure to come to Mr. Fairfax in a few years. He is to be here to-morrow, they say; and you will see him, and be able to judge for yourself whether Lady Geraldine is worthy of him."

There was a little excursion proposed and planned that evening for the next day—a drive to Marley Wood, a delicious bit of forest about seven miles from the Castle, and a luncheon in the open air. The party was made up on the spot. There were ladies enough to fill two carriages; a couple of servants were to go first with the luncheon in a wagonette, and the gentlemen were to ride. Every body was delighted with the idea. It was one of those unpremeditated affairs which are sure to be a success.

"I am glad to have something to do with myself," said Lady Geraldine. "It is better than dawdling away one's existence at croquet."

"I hope you are not going to be dull here, Geraldine," replied Lady Laura. "There are the Helston races next week, and a flower-show at Holborough."

"I hate small country race-meetings and country flower-shows; but, of course, I am not going to be dull, Laura. The Castle is very nice; and I shall hear all about your last new protégées, and your Dorcas societies, and your model cottages, and your architect, and your hundred and one schemes for the benefit of your fellow-man. It is not possible to be dull in the presence of so much energy."

AN ANCIENT DAME'S COUNSEL TO HER DAUGHTER.

AMONG the medieval books lately reprinted in England is a curious old treatise entitled "How the Good Wijf tautze her Dautzir," in which we see how a young lady of that period was taught to conduct herself. Her mother tells her that if she wishes to become a wife she must go to church regularly, and must not let the rain stop her, for she is sure to look the fairest on that day in which she has seen God. In church she is to pray, and not to talk, neither laughing at nor scorning any one. She is to be liberal and give to the poor, whom it is necessary that she care for. She is not to despise any offers of marriage, but to consult her friends about them all. She is to avoid suspicious places in company with her lover. When out, she is not to walk too fast, nor to brandish about her head, or wriggle her shoulders in any way. In town she is not to gad about from one house to another, nor to swear, nor get drunk on her pin-money. To get drunk once in a way did not appear to matter so much; but she tells her that if she gets drunk often, she will be disgraced, and can not possibly be thrifty. So, if she finds herself in company where good ale is going, she is to drink moderately of it. She is not to frequent public shows, but she is to stay at home, and she will soon get rich. If any man speaks to her, she is only to greet him and then let him pass on, because he might tempt her to wrong. She is not to take presents, because they have been the ruin of many women true as steel. When she is married she is to honor her husband above all earthly things. She is always to answer him meekly, in order that she may "slake" his wrath, and be his darling. She is to be of a glad nature, fair of speech, and mild of mood; true in word and deed, and good in conscience; and she is to keep free from sin, shame, and villainy of any kind. She is to be well-mannered, and not behave like a "gigge" or romp. She is not to be too hard or too easy with her household, but she must see that they do what is necessary; and this advice is to be particularly attended to if her husband is away from home. When put to a push she is to work herself, and her example will have a good effect upon the servants. She is to look after her household personally, and if any fault arises she is to check it immediately; to see that when a thing has been done it has been done rightly; to keep the keys in her own possession, and to beware whom she trusts; the servants must be paid on their regular wage-days; and, if possible, she is to be generous to them. She is not to be jealous of her neighbors' "rich attire," but she is to thank God for what she herself possesses. On work-days she is to work hard, on holy-days to praise God.

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SPRING AND SUMMER S
FROM THREE TO

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 55–58.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 59 and 60.

DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT AND JACKET FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 22–26.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 27–31.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–4.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 67–69.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 76–80.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 44–47.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 48–50.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS
For description see Supplement.

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OR BOYS AND GIRLS
N YEARS OLD.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-13.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 70-75.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 39-42.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 81-85.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 51-54.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 35-38.

DRESS WITH JACKET FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 32-34.

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TROTH-PLIGHT.

At first I thought God would have let me
  Bring thee the freshness of my day;
So, haply, having earlier met me,
  I might have gladdened more thy way!
    So would our lives have grown together,
    Sharing in common every weather;
Ah! then I did not know that we must wait—
      Must wait!

And what impulsive songs I sung thee
  With morning's flush upon my brow!
What kisses from my mouth I flung thee—
  My lips are pale and pensive now!
    Till, said I, "Must I call forever?
    And will he answer never, never?"
It was so hard to learn that I must wait—
      Must wait!

In the dark night my pride was broken;
  I lay down mutely on my face,
And tears revealed what was not spoken—
  I found thee not in any place!
    My soul was full of grievous wonder,
    My heart-strings almost swelled asunder;
I thought that I could die, but could not wait—
      Not wait!

Then other hands were held out to me,
  And others whispered, "I am he!"
And other lovers came to woo me;
  And yet thy face I could not see.
    Then said I, "I shall never meet him;
    God wills that I should never greet him;"
And for a little I forgot to wait—
      To wait!

But swift and bitter came repayment—
  The fruit hung withered on the tree—
And I must come in spotted raiment,
  A traitor to my heart and thee.
    I am not worthy thy caressing,
    For I have forfeited such blessing.
Canst thou forgive me that I could not wait—
      Not wait?

Thou wilt—since I have found no flavor
  In all the gifts that others gave;
Their richness but provoked disfavor;
  And if I die upon thy grave,
    Know, that amid my faithless trifling
    I had no power my heart for stifling.
Let me yet prove to thee that I can wait—
      Can wait!

Ah! let no comelier form inthrall thee
  By reason of its rarer grace;
Canst thou not hear my spirit call thee?
  Hast thou no visions of my face?
    Doth never passionate want come o'er thee?
    Lookest never wistfully before thee,
To where I stand within the veil and wait?
      Then wait!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

MASQUERADING.

HERE they go; let me heap them away in these old trunks, and never see them again—the high-heeled slippers, the Pompadour waists, the Elizabethan ruffs, the quilted silk petticoats, the powder, the patches, the peasant's bodice and cap, the whole mass of gaudy trappings! Clare looks on with a doubtful smile; she can afford to smile; the spells have done all their work—she has nothing more to fear.

What made her provoke me to do her a mischief? I should scarcely have entered the room when Douglas came to see her; I should have smiled in the most distant way upon their love-making, and gone on with my own life apart from them all, if she had not urged me and fairly forced me into their company. She had boasted of him so much; she wanted me to see his devotion, perhaps to make me feel that, shy and quiet as we had always thought her, she could win and keep a lover, after all, better than I; for mine were like summer butterflies, and never tarried long. She piqued me—she provoked me. There she sat, in her plain lilac dress, in a poor light, knitting some abominable fancy-work in blue worsteds, while opposite her, as handsome as a prince, Douglas lounged in an easy-chair, as splendid-looking a man as I ever saw in my life, smiling, well-pleased, and curling his mustache, while she was saying little cooing words. I sat down and talked to him; I made him attend to me; for I wanted to find out what was in him, and what manner of man he was. He had traveled, and I led him through the story of his travels again; he had read, and I found out what books he liked best; he was fond of history, and I drew from him what bygone characters he most admired. Clare listened with delight; she wanted me to appreciate him.

He was of a Pre-Raphaelite disposition, and such a man makes a charming narrator. He could make you see precisely how the sun filtered through the grape leaves in the vineyards of Italy; he could reproduce exactly the look, the dress, of the picturesque beggars and peasants. His eye was quick for any thing picturesque in costume or attitude, and he carried the feeling into his love of history.

"I should have lived in the Elizabethan times," he said, "when the dress was so quaint and stately. How tame men look nowadays in common coats!"

"Oh, Juliet," cried Clare, "do be a court lady this evening!"

I knew what she meant. We had had a great Christmas party the winter before, and a houseful of friends staying with us. We had masqueraded and played in amateur theatricals, and when the excitement was over the costumes were huddled away in a closet, where they would have become moth-eaten and dingy if I had not dragged them out after a while, and amused the family by occasionally appearing at the tea-table as Rowena, or Joan of Arc, or a magnificent duchess or queen. But, dear me! if Douglas admired elegant costumes so much, how did he ever come to fall in love with Clare, who is a queer little thing about that, and never seems to care much what she has on? I thought I had found out when I presently heard her singing to him; for Clare has a pure, sweet, penetrating voice that some people rave over.

Toward evening I went up stairs, and began pulling over the dresses in my closet. Clare by-and-by looked in.

"Now, Juliet, do dress up this evening," she said, coaxingly, "and be just as handsome as you can. Dear Douglas and I are going out for a walk through the meadows. Don't let tea wait for us." And away she tripped.

What harm could there be in it? Slowly I put on the quilted blue silk petticoat that had been my great-great-grandmother's, and the satin stomacher.

They did not return until we had all left the supper-room, and I was already in the parlor when they came in from a hasty tea. The chilly air out-of-doors had reddened Clare's eyes and nose. She was tired, and sat down by the fire, with a coarse stocking she was knitting for some poor child. She threw me a smile of approval, for I was a court lady.

"What century is this?" exclaimed Douglas, stopping short as he caught sight of me.

I sat in the full blaze of the gas-light, with a tambour frame before me, while I swiftly and daintily took stitches in the lace, an accomplishment an old lady in the neighborhood had taught me. I had taken a straight-backed antique chair, and let the long train of my dress fall over its arm. The deep pointed waist I knew became me, and from under the blue petticoat I let the sharp toes and high heels of my tiny slippers be seen. My hair was dressed up high on a cushion, and powdered (my maid did that for me), and on the lower part of my left cheek was a coquettish patch. For jewelry I wore my sapphires.

"You look like a lovely Vandyck just stepped from its frame," said Douglas; and he drew his chair close by me.

I retorted gayly, and provoked him to new compliments. His eyes never left me, and I knew I had surprised and delighted him. Dress is such an illusion that I believe the man really felt as if I were what I pretended to be—a beautiful, coquettish court lady entertaining him in her boudoir. Clare laughed, and made little speeches too now and then; but by-and-by she grew perfectly quiet; she was really very tired, and not used to long walks.

I flirted with Douglas a little, as a court lady might—I caught my thread around my sapphires, and let him disentangle it for me. And then I rested from my tambour-work, and leaned back in the carved oaken chair, and toyed with my fan. It was a large white feather fan, somebody's heir-loom, and had been trifled with just so a hundred times before, I don't doubt.

Douglas grew brilliant, his dark eyes kindled, and he looked handsomer than ever. He talked well and eloquently, and I thought to myself that I almost wished I *was* a court lady, and he a court gentleman and my lover.

The moon rose large and full, and shone in at the window, shaming the gas-light. We rose with a common impulse.

"Come, Lady Juliet; come, Clare," said Douglas, "come and be bewitched by the moon!"

But Clare said she believed she would stay by the fire. The window reached down to the floor, and as we opened it we passed out, and walked three or four times up and down the veranda in that beautiful white moonlight. When we came in again Clare was shivering, and I closed the window instantly. Douglas bent over her caressingly.

"What has kept you so still all the evening, dear Clare?" he asked. "Won't you sing for me once before I go?"

Clare smiled, went to the piano, and tried her best; but she could not sing; her voice was husky. She said she thought she must have taken a little cold down in the meadows. Douglas did not leave her side again during the few moments longer that he staid. After he had gone Clare asked:

"Don't you like him, Juliet? Isn't he all I said?"

"A great deal more," I answered, heartily. "I think he's splendid! But are you sure you quite understand him, Clare—that you know all he wants?"

"Certainly," she replied, with a little dignity. "I don't know who should understand Douglas if I do not."

"Oh, very well," I thought to myself; "if you can't see yet that he wants something more than lilac woolens, I don't know but it's my duty to teach you."

I really felt annoyed at Clare. It seemed too bad, when Douglas had such fine taste, and admired the picturesque in dress so much, that she shouldn't try to brighten up a little for him. But no; down she went to meet him the next day in her brown merino, that she has had I can't tell how long—as plain as a wood-pigeon. He should have at least one glimpse of something artistic, I determined; and, leaving them alone during the day, I came down upon them in the evening as truly Elizabethan as little Nora could make me, with a mountain of golden puffs on my head, and a genuine ruff, six inches broad, around my neck. I wore paniers, too, and a deliciously absurd hoop-skirt, with a white silk petticoat this time, and a lovely pink train.

"Oh, the stiff, ugly collar!" cried Clare, as she looked up at me. But I had not studied my glass for nothing; and I knew I looked quaint and picturesque, and handsomer than any of the old English queens. Douglas was perfectly carried away, and insisted on taking a pencil and sketching me as I stood. I did not stay long, for that would not suit the dignity of a Queen Bess, and making them a deep, slow courtesy, I swept away, having the satisfaction of seeing that Douglas's eyes followed me as if he could not bear to have me go.

The next day I was Di Vernon, and the next I appeared in a costume similar to one that tradition tells us Marie Antoinette wore at her Little Trianon. And then I was a Puritan maiden, and then Blue-beard's wife. That was one of the nicest things. I got the idea from Gustave Doré's illustration of the old fairy story, and the costume was one of the very prettiest ones I had, with its curiously puffed sleeves and quilted waist, and the dear little black velvet head-dress with a plume perched on my curls. I got fairly into a vein of mischief over all these doings. I liked to flash in upon Douglas and Clare as they sat in their dullness, she always busy with her everlasting worsted-work. I liked to flash suddenly in upon them, and stand there in my picturesqueness in some becoming attitude that I knew would strike Douglas's eye. His face would light up, and then I would laugh and talk and move about, taking more attitudes, and maybe singing little songs. My voice is not like Clare's, but I can sing gay little love-songs and passionate serenades, which she can not do.

One evening, when I was a Spanish dancing girl, I sang a perfectly fiery little song of love, and she followed it, in her clear, solemn voice, with "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

Somehow it jarred on our mood, and we left her singing, and ran off down the moonlit garden path. We stopped by the mock-orange tree, and Douglas crowned me with the snow-white blossoms.

The next day we were to go out gathering ferns in the grove—Douglas, Clare, and I. We were to make a day of it, and carry a lunch-basket. I dressed as a German peasant girl—after one of Kaulbach's pictures—with a short skirt, a hanging pocket, and two long braids of hair.

"Do I look pretty in this dress?" I asked Clare when we were ready.

"I wish I looked half as pretty," she answered, softly.

Well, then, why did she wear that lilac dress again?

When Douglas came he brought a friend with him, a Dr. Philip Greaves—one of the plainest men I ever saw, but with such a good, strong face and grave, searching eyes. He had been a surgeon all through the war, and now was rising into practice in the same city where Douglas's business was. I felt a little shy in my costume before a stranger; so I left him to Clare, and ran ahead with Douglas and the baskets.

We had a lovely day. Douglas and I climbed the ledge in two or three different places, till Clare begged us to stop, we made her so dizzy; but I felt so light and agile in my costume it seemed as if I could scale precipices.

We gathered at last for lunch, and Clare showed me a whole basketful of beautiful ferns that Dr. Greaves had collected for her, while I had not one yet. He sat there talking so sensibly that I began to feel, somehow, of small account, and I pulled some daisies to pieces and pouted.

"There; now you look just like a little peasant girl I saw once in Bavaria," exclaimed Douglas. "Isn't it a bewitching style of dress, Phil?"

"I should like it if I saw it in Germany," answered his friend, coolly.

And then I felt mortified enough, and, turning my back on them all, went to gathering ferns. But I said to myself it was probable we should never see Dr. Greaves after that day, and it did not matter what he thought.

Douglas had said three or four times in our historical talks that he did not blame people at all for falling in love with Marie Stuart. He said he knew he should have fallen in love with her himself if she looked like her portrait, and he had been living then. That was when we had been looking at an exquisitely pretty picture of her which I kept in my port-folio. I had almost exhausted my resources in costume, and the idea struck me to get up a dress like Marie Stuart's and wear it.

I did it the next evening. I let my hair fall in waves and ripples without any puffs, and I twined strings of Roman pearls through it. Then I laid upon it a fold of black velvet with a few black heron's feathers, just like the picture, and I wore a black velvet jacket trimmed with soft white swan's-down, and more Roman pearls about my neck. The effect was really startling.

"I didn't know I *was* so like Marie Stuart!" I said to myself, with some vanity, before the mirror. Oh, the shallow, shallow heart I had! To-day I have locked the dress out of sight forever, I hate it so.

When the bell rang, and I knew Douglas had come, I presently slipped down stairs, and presented myself to them in the library. Douglas sprang up to meet me in a rapture. He said I was his very dream come to pass of the sweet queen. Clare glanced at me with an anxious smile. She had on a gray dress, and looked like a dove. Dr. Greaves was there too, and that was a surprise: I did not know he was coming that evening. He scanned me attentively with his earnest eyes, and I felt uneasy because he paid me no compliment, as would have been so natural. He was standing apart from the rest by the mantel, and I was tempted to approach him and say,

"Ah, you belong to the enemy's court, Dr. Greaves; I see you have no sympathy with the poor Stuart."

"Why do you seem what you are not, Miss Juliet?" he said. "Is such a game as this worthy of you?"

He spoke gravely, almost sternly, and my glance involuntarily followed his to Clare's pale face and Douglas's wandering eyes. I was startled by his voice, his manner, and lost my self-possession. At that moment Douglas came up and offered his arm. In a sort of embarrassment I took it, and he led me out upon the veranda. His manner was agitated, his voice eager and faltering.

"I always told you if I had seen Marie Stuart I should have fallen in love with her," he said; "and now I see her—can I help myself, Queen Mary?"

This was what I had done, then! In a flash I saw revealed the abyss of wrong to which I was hurrying. Rob Clare of her lover! But then why did she let me do it? it would have been so easy to have kept him, I thought.

"Go back to my cousin, Sir," I said, haughtily. "Do you take me for a traitor?" But my voice softened a little with the last words; for he stood before me, looking so handsome, and with such devotion in his eyes. Could I help it, could he help it, if he loved me?

"I shall not go back to her," he said, passionately—"not even if you reject me. That is all over and past like a dream. I can not go back to it any more than I can become a child again. My very life depends upon *you*, Juliet!"

So! The mischief was fairly done, then, it seemed. I had sent him back to Clare, but he would not be sent. That being ended, what next? Was love to cease for the whole world because it had ceased for Clare? That was a guilty thought, and made my cheeks burn. Should I, then, renounce Douglas? I had not, surely, meant to win him away from Clare; but that being over and past, was he not *my* lover? And as I looked at him he seemed to me handsomer and braver and better than any lover I ever had before; and should I lose him for a punctilio? Besides, if I had spoiled the love that formerly contented him, did I not owe him amends? And ah! his admiration had been a feast so sweet that now the cup of love he proffered tempted me wondrously. My heart beat faster and faster; I was frightened at my own thoughts.

"Let us go in!" I exclaimed; and starting away from him, I ran back to the library.

There sat Clare, where we had left her, in the great arm-chair, which made her look smaller by contrast. It struck me that she had grown thin in the last few weeks, or had I never realized how frail she was, looking like a gray feather blown there by the wind. But there was fire in her eye and a bit of pink flush in her cheek—about as much color as a wind-flower has. Dr. Greaves was talking to her, telling her some instances of remarkable heroism he had witnessed on the battle-field and in the hospital. As I listened I got glimpses of a tenderness and enthusiasm quite wonderful in so blunt and practical a man. I was just beginning to wish he would talk to me as well as to Clare, when Douglas sauntered in through the low window, and, staying there in the darkest corner by the piano, struck a few chords, and sang with his lovely tenor voice a fiery Spanish love-song which I had taught him myself. That took me over to the piano at once. Clare's eyes followed me, but she did not come too. Dr. Greaves went on with his brave stories of endurance and sacrifice.

"But love is better than sacrifice," I thought, gazing into Douglas's impassioned eyes.

Dr. Greaves rose to go a few moments after that, and asked Douglas if he were ready.

"No, he isn't," answered Clare for him, smiling gently. "You must leave him, Dr. Greaves, for I want to speak to him a few minutes."

"Oh, well, if I'm in the way, I'll go!" I exclaimed, marching out of the room. So Douglas was going to have a lecture from his fiancée! What would be the end of it? I went up stairs and sat in my room, waiting to hear Clare's step.

At last I heard it. She opened the door and came in.

"See!" she said; "here is my engagement-ring. Let me put it on your finger, Juliet. How well it fits! It was always loose on mine."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, with bravado; but I felt guilty enough.

"Oh, you can not help knowing," she said, with unvarying gentleness. "I have given Douglas up. I could not have made him happy. I see it all now. His future rests with you, Juliet. Go and speak to him; he is waiting below for you."

"And you think I will wear what you cast off?" I asked, rather piqued.

"Don't find fault with him for that," she said. "Am not I the castaway?"

"And you don't care?" I demanded, curiously.

Clare grew indignant then; she gave me one look, and walked off. After a few minutes I went down to the library, and found Douglas.

The transfer was made, and we were engaged. No one made any opposition. Why did they not? The only unpleasant thing was Clare's pale cheeks, but she kept out of my way for the most part. Douglas wished to be married at once; every body encouraged it, and I consented willingly enough. Was I afraid I might lose him as Clare had? No; but I was impatient of the present, tired of my life as it was and had been, and I had, though you may not believe it, yearnings for something better. And now love had come, in a strange way, to be sure, but I snatched at it. It was a new path to walk in.

We were married, and went abroad at once. We mingled in gay society in London, Paris, and Berlin; and every day Douglas told me over and over how proud he was of his beautiful wife, her bright wit, and her exquisite toilettes. If I had a secret remorse about Clare in my heart, this deadened it. Surely nature had meant me for Douglas from the first; and what sort of figure, may I ask you, would Clare have made in Paris?

After four months we came back, and settled down, taking a house in the city near Douglas's place of business. Now, I thought, our true life is to begin. But housekeeping is not my element. Our servants were abominable; things went wrong, and fretted me. And one can not always keep up dressing like Marie Stuart and court ladies. It would be absurd; and if it were not, who wants to be always masquerading? Besides, it is too much trouble. Domestic life in one's own house is a very different thing from fluttering from one gay hotel to another, with nothing

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to do but to unpack one's trunks, full of beautiful dresses. Douglas found it so as well as I. His Pre-Raphaelite minuteness developed itself anew; a speck on the table-cloth, a dead rose in a vase, a mat awry, annoyed him excessively, and I own I have not the tact that keeps such things forever arranged.

One evening, thinking to please him, I put on the Marie Stuart dress, and plumed myself like a queen. When we met at supper he looked discontented.

"Juliet, this toast is too burned to be touched," he said.

"Oh dear! I do think cook behaves dreadfully!" I exclaimed, most un-Stuart-like. Douglas glanced across the table and noticed me.

"Ah! in costume," he said. "How pretty you looked in that dress once, Juliet! But isn't the velvet rather faded? And the feathers are getting shabby, aren't they? The utmost daintiness is necessary in a thing of that kind, or it has a tawdry, theatre look. Your cheeks are thinner, too, than they used to be, dear, I think."

My cheeks *were* thin; I knew it; and I was falling into a habit of having a fearful headache almost every day, a thing unknown to me as a girl. I told the doctor, and he gave me tonics, and said summer would find me much better. The months have worn on, and June is here, but the haunting headache does not leave me. It makes my cheeks still thinner, and draws lines of pain in my forehead. I have a singular affection of the throat, too, a sort of contraction and dryness that comes and goes as it will. The doctor says it is purely nervous, and will go when the headaches are cured. But I begin to think with terror of a great-aunt of mine, whose story is one of the saddest in our family. She was one of the most beautiful belles of her day, but within a twelvemonth from her marriage she became an invalid, and with symptoms like mine, which increased upon her. She grew more and more helpless, and was bedridden for life. What if this is a capricious malady which passes over all the rest and reappears in me? Clare, being only a cousin, escapes.

A week ago the doctor urged Douglas to break up housekeeping, and to take me to my old home for the summer. So we arrived here yesterday —I with my shawls and pillow and salts, escorted by my strong, handsome husband, who is still, as I thought him at first, the handsomest man I ever saw. Clare was the first one to greet us, and as soon as she had me to herself she told me of her engagement to Dr. Greaves. She wanted to tell me with her own lips, she said. How perfectly radiant and happy she looked! Clare has taken a leaf from my old book, I judge: not in the way of costumes—don't think that; but certainly she is one of the most harmonious little things in her way of dressing now that I ever saw—such cool tints, such pretty contrasts!

I was tired after the journey, and lay down with one of my blinding headaches. When the tea-bell rang Douglas ran up for me. I dressed in a hurry, and went down. Dr. Greaves was there. What a thoroughly noble man he is! One reads it in every line of his face, every tone of his voice. He is like an inspiration. Douglas was very quiet; I fancied something was vexing him.

When I went up stairs again, as I glanced carelessly into the mirror, I was startled to see that in my hasty dressing, taking whatever came first to hand, I had pinned a bright blue bow on my purple dress. It looked fearfully out of taste. You don't know how curiously it affected me!

It seems strange to be here again, wandering about through the very rooms where, a year ago, I won my husband. This afternoon Clare and I have been clearing out the wardrobes, and I came across the costumes I pranked myself out in in the days of glamour. What Nemesis cried out from among them! I flung them away from me. I thrust them into old moth-eaten trunks, to be left in the garret to mould and decay. Let them go, to be hidden forever. Clare looks at me with her doubtful smile, and turns away suddenly. Can it be there are tears in her gentle eyes? I had no tears for her a year ago!

Clare goes down to her lover. I hear her sweet voice singing sweeter and clearer than ever. I feel like a shattered wreck. But they are all so kind to me, so strangely kind. Will they ever be able to make any thing of me again, or is Nemesis too strong for them?

THE LUNCH-TABLE.

CUSTARDS AND CREAMS.

MERE delicacies are not allowed their proper place of honor in estimating the physical worth of a meal. They often contain the blandest nourishment in forms of light digestion, as well as tempting flavor. We will amend that sentence by saying, if they are allowed to have any flavor at all. People seem to suppose that gelatine, sugar, and Burnett's extracts can not rush together in any order without satisfactory results. These things are meant only to taste; therefore they may be particularly good or not, as happens. The scanty variety of our desserts and luncheons is matter of grief to one who believes in the best way of doing the least thing. The pies are the same round—apple, mince, berry—from year to year; the cakes are just removed from satisfying sweetness or flavor. No wonder utilitarians propose to abolish pastry and cake, substituting for them husky bread and sour baked apples. Must every thing that is healthy be unpalatable? The appetite was undoubtedly given us for a guide and physical conscience. If not perverted, it will answer faithfully this end, and any dissatisfaction may be traced to a want of proper qualities in the food it rejects.

It is gradually becoming a conviction among educated Americans that we need to eat but twice a day with heartiness. The early cup of coffee or draught of milk on rising is needed by many persons to tone them for the slightest exertion, and this may be taken informally as well as at the table, where we usually dignify this refreshment by the name of breakfast. Healthy people can work after this till eleven o'clock, when breakfast proper may be served, with light, hot meats and piquant vegetables. At six or seven dinner should follow, the heartiest meal of the day coming when work is over, and the system is at leisure for digestion. Habit has almost every thing to do with this matter. But care must be taken not to force the appetite either way. People must be allowed to eat in their own way if food is to perform its legitimate function. This constant "nagging" others into one's own course of living is the most unendurable office good people ever feel called on mistakenly to perform. It is the beauty of life that, while governed by broad and immutable laws, these admit infinite variations in lesser points, that preserve any human individuality from becoming the exact counterpart of another, forever forbidding that vast monotony some creatures seek to impose on nature.

But while the social laws impose three meals a day upon us, the intervening one should be made really as unsubstantial as can be. It must allay hunger, not meet its full demands. This is the time for salads, Charlottes, and sweetmeats. It should, in fact, be a dessert meal, when the pastries and comfits take their full share of appreciation, not cloying the appetite after soups and roasts. Epicures fully understand the value of simplicity in eating. Two or three *grands plats* should compose a meal, not a variety of subordinate dishes. Not a few people of taste will sympathize with the piquant governess of our school who used heretically to declare when she was emancipated she would never have but one thing for dinner. One day it should be game, another fruit, the next mince-pie, and she would dine some day off black cake and coffee. It was vastly better for the digestion than any other plan for partaking of the same bill of fare. Luncheon is a lady's meal, and their sweet tooth may be indulged at this time. Confectionery may form a part of this repast, and be eaten without regrets. Healthier articles do not enter our houses than Charlottes and creams, isinglass jellies, and even candies, when not taken in cloying quantities. A glance at the ingredients of either will satisfy one that this is the case. And now for a few raw-flavored dainties, as innocent as delightful. The housekeeper must make her list of flavors wide as possible to secure success. Vanilla is intolerable in cake; coffee, orange peel, and almond are finer. Raspberry, banana, and pine for whipped creams, all the fruits for jellies, and flower petals in season to strew salads, after the beautiful French fashion, should give this dulcet repast its charm. Salads shall have a chapter to themselves. Let cups of lucent porcelain receive this opening delicacy of

COFFEE CUSTARD.—Mix one egg with a cup of fresh-ground coffee, and pour on it a pint of boiling water; boil five minutes, pour in a cup of cold water, and let it stand ten minutes. Pour it off clear into a saucepan, add a pint of cream, and boil. Beat from five to eight eggs with one and a half cups of sugar, and pour the boiling mixture over this, stirring it well. Set the whole in boiling water, and stir till it thickens. Serve in cups to eat cold.

ALMOND CUSTARD.—Blanch and pound fine a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, and boil them in a quart of milk, sweetening to the taste. Beat eight eggs (five will answer), and strain them; turn the milk and almonds boiling hot on the eggs, stirring them all the while, and boil in a pitcher set in hot water till thickened.

CREAM CUSTARD.—One pint of milk, the whites of four eggs, half a cup of corn starch, and one pint of cream. Boil the milk and cream together, and while boiling add the eggs and starch, beaten together with two and a half cups of sugar, flavoring with pure vanilla, almond, or raspberry. It is nice to pour it into cups having a few drops of different flavor in each.

APPLE FLOAT.—Stew six apples; drain and cool; beat up with two spoonfuls of white sugar and the whites of three eggs, flavor with lemon or rose-water. Fill a bowl with cream custard, and lay the froth on the top as high as it will stand. Finish with the stiff froth of eggs, tinted with rose-color by beet juice or cochineal.

VELVET CREAM.—One-half ounce isinglass dissolved in one and a half cups of white wine, to which is added the juice and rind of one lemon and three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Simmer till mixed; strain and set to cool. Add a pint and a half of rich cream, and stir till quite cold; then set in moulds on the ice till stiff as blanc-mange. Orange peel and juice are finer than lemon.

FRUIT CREAMS.—Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in warm water enough to cover it; add this to a pint of cream, sweetened with four spoonfuls of sugar, and boil it. When cool, lay some apricot, raspberry, or peach preserves in a glass dish, and pour the cream over it.

PLAIN CREAM.—One quart of sweet milk, one cup of cream, one coffee-cup of sugar, or less if you prefer, boiled with a piece of orange peel, or flavored with almond. Moisten four spoonfuls of sea-moss farina with cold milk, and stir into the boil. Two spoonfuls of rose brandy is a delicious flavor for this cream. Stew any juicy fruit nicely, sweetening right, and when boiling stir in a spoonful of corn starch wet in cold water for every pint of juice. This gives a jelly-like thickness and clearness to the fruit without impairing the taste in any way. While only a moderate quantity of sugar is used, the juice has an almost candied look. Cranberries, barberries, and such sour fruit are improved by it. If the juice is strained, the corn starch addition will make a very tolerable jelly, much pleasanter than the isinglass jellies. This must be poured in flat glass dishes to the depth of half an inch, and cooled. When firm, pour on the cream, let that set, and add another layer of fruit. This will be found a delicious substitute for pies in summer, when pastry is too rich to be eaten.

CHARLOTTE TART.—Make a very acid jelly with gelatine from the juice of lemons, plums, or barberries; spread this half an inch thick over sheets of cake baked very thin, and cover the whole with cream prepared as for Charlotte-Russe, an inch or more deep.

PINE-APPLE CREAM.—One pound of grated pine-apple, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter. Rub the butter and sugar to a paste, and stir in the pine-apple, adding a cup of rich milk, and three eggs well beaten. Bake this with or without a paste.

RATAFIAS.—Blanch and pound in a marble mortar half a pound of sweet, and half a pound of bitter almonds. Add two pounds of sugar and the whites of eight eggs; beat together fifteen minutes in a deep bowl with a heavy spoon. Drop, in dime-size, on paper, and bake in a moderate oven a light brown.

LEMON CUSTARD.—The juice and grated rind of three large lemons, two and a half cups of sugar, three eggs, one spoonful of butter, three cups of sweet, rich milk, and three spoonfuls of corn starch. Beat the sugar, eggs, and butter together, moisten the corn starch, and add to this the lemons; boil the milk, and stir the mixture in quickly while boiling. As soon as the milk thickens take it off and set it in the vessel of hot water, in which it should be boiled away five minutes; then put the custard on the ice to cool. Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth with two spoonfuls of sugar, and lay this over the custard.

INVALID'S LUNCH.—Stew half a pound of large raisins, the dried peel of one orange and the juice of six, together in a porcelain kettle for an hour with plenty of water. Then strain, and set away in the ice-box. For use, take half a pint of this and half a pint of rich milk, with the whites of two eggs beat to a froth; beat together with three spoonfuls of native wine, and eat with this kind of cracker: One pound of Graham flour of the best quality, one cup of cold water, a tea-spoonful of salt, the boiled raisins chopped and stirred in, with a quarter of a pound of blanched sweet almonds chopped fine. Mix these to a stiff dough, roll thin, and bake on hot iron sheets before the fire, or on the floor of the oven. Nuts and raisins in this way are not only easy of digestion, but very nourishing, and the Graham cake in this way is made palatable to those who like it in no other way. The success and nutty richness of the cracker depend on its baking by an intense heat.

CURDS.—Freshly soured and thickened milk is esteemed by the doctors very wholesome and easy of digestion. Families in the country may make this serviceable by stirring several spoonfuls of orange wine or native port into a dish of sour milk before it sets, then leaving it to curdle, and eating with powdered sugar and nutmeg. The wine quite disguises the unpleasant taste of sour milk, and makes it a delicacy. When cream is churned, as it should be, every morning, the buttermilk may be treated in this way, and will be found very rich.

CARAMELS.—The proportions for making these are half as much plain chocolate as sugar, half as much milk as chocolate, and half as much butter as milk. Powder the chocolate, melt the sugar, milk, and butter together, and stir in the chocolate, boiling ten minutes slowly in a pan of hot water. Pour into buttered plates, cut into squares while soft, and set on the ice to grow crisp.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

NOT long ago some mention was made in this column of the peculiar properties of the new drug, hydrate of chloral, which promised to possess the advantages of opium in allaying pain and quieting the nerves, without its disadvantages. Medical writers are now warning the community against the free use of this narcotic or anæsthetic, on account of its fascinating and dangerous properties. It is only about eighteen months since attention was first called to hydrate of chloral by Liebreich, of Berlin, yet many people are so fond of dosing that they are willing to experiment upon themselves with a novelty whose qualities are yet scarcely known, in all its details, to the most intelligent physicians. There seems to be not a little danger that this hydrate may be regarded by the masses as a sort of panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and the demand for it has already caused impure compounds to be put into the market as genuine. It should be remembered that hydrate of chloral, like all other powerful drugs, should never be tampered with by unskilled persons. It is capable of producing convulsions and death, and should never be taken or administered unless freshly prepared, and upon the prescription of a competent physician.

The Woman's Missionary Society of New York is about to send out three women to establish an orphan asylum at Yokohama, in Japan.

A heavy weight must be the German imperial crown to wear upon one's head, even though it be a royal head. It is a foot high, of twenty-one carat gold, and heavily set with pearls.

By the Directory of Brooklyn—the "City of Churches"—for the present year, it appears that there are 1635 places where rum is retailed, as an offset to 223 churches. Which attract the greatest number, the churches or the grog-shops?

One evening last week a large and fashionable audience assembled in the theatre of the Union League Club, on the occasion of the third annual commencement of the Woman's Medical College. After speeches by several prominent gentlemen, degrees were conferred on the three graduates—Miss Annie A. Angell, of New York; Miss Mary A. Wattles, of Kansas; and Miss Ellen F. Hammond, of Connecticut. The valedictory, which was given by Miss Wattles, was received with warm applause by the audience. We understand that Miss Wattles will commence practice in Newark next autumn.

The marriage-service in Illinois is now adapted to modern times. A justice recently pronounced a couple man and wife, "until separated by law."

A correspondent of an English magazine warmly advocates tight lacing from a novel point of view; namely, that by the "discipline of the corset" the "roughnesses of the uncultivated nature is subdued; a valuable lesson of self-abnegation is taught; patience and endurance of pain and inconvenience for the sake of others is inculcated; and the crude spirit tamed and civilized!" The writer goes on to say: "The corset is an ever-present monitor, indirectly bidding its wearer to exercise self-restraint. If you want a girl to grow up gentle and womanly in her ways and feelings, lace her tight. Instead of the anti-corset party looking upon tight lacers as people devoid of brains and hearts, let them see in a well-corseted waist the evidence of a well-disciplined mind and well-regulated feelings and affections." These are the enlightened views of an English writer—whether man or woman, we know not—in this nineteenth century. We would be unwilling to believe, however, that *many* English men or women were of similar opinions.

In the same magazine from which we have quoted in the preceding paragraph there is an account of the sudden death of a young woman twenty-one years old. A *post-mortem* examination was made by the coroner's order, when it was found that the whole of the organs of the body were contracted and out of their places. Her stomach was smaller than that of an ordinary infant, and her heart only weighed four ounces. Death arose from congestion of the lungs and brain, the result of tight lacing—a practice which the young woman, who was of prepossessing appearance, had long persevered in. The body was fearfully emaciated, and the attending physician stated that it was the most remarkable case of the kind that had ever come under his notice. The coroner said that he never remembered in his experience a case in which lacing had been carried to such an extent. The jury returned a verdict of death from congestion of the lungs and brain, produced by tight lacing.

Last fall the work of transplanting evergreen trees from the Central Park to the Battery was commenced. This spring it has been renewed. Already over three thousand trees have been set out, and soon the number will be increased to four thousand. These have been taken from localities in the Central Park which were overcrowded, and needed "thinning out." The soil of the Battery is peculiarly well adapted to the growth of evergreens, and they give promise of thriving. Flower gardens are also to be laid out in the Battery, fountains to be erected, and bird-houses provided for the sparrows. Thus a delightful breathing-place will be furnished to those who live in the lower part of the city, reminding the oldest inhabitants of former times when the Battery was a fashionable resort on a pleasant afternoon.

The sacrifice of fine horses for the necessities of the people during the siege of Paris was immense. In one instance a splendid pair of carriage-horses, which cost only a few months since $1000, were sent to the abattoirs, the proprietor receiving just $240 for them; and a splendid English horse, which cost more than $5000, was taken at the same rate. The animals in the Jardin des Plantes and the Jardin d'Acclimation were all sold at fancy prices.

A "Dodge Club" has been organized in Boston, the chief qualification for membership being skill in dodging creditors.

Over 2000 persons signed a ridiculous petition, which was laid before the French National Assembly at Bordeaux, requesting that a law be passed prohibiting the teaching of the German language and the circulation of German journals in France. Such a kind of revenge would not injure any but the French.

A prophetess has arisen in Louisville, Kentucky; young, only nineteen years of age, and, of course, beautiful, though upon that point we have not been specially informed. She falls into spasms and trances upon occasions, during which she makes revelations of the future, some of which are appalling. According to this sibyl we are to have a dry, hot summer, a new and terribly fatal epidemic, and another more frightful European war in 1872. In about a dozen years after this a great religious war will extend over the whole world, lasting nine years; and after that other dreadful things will happen, so that the inhabitants of the world will "stand in fear." This prophetess, however, will escape all these troubles, as she predicts for herself that in seven years from now she will fall into a trance, which will end in her death.

A beautiful specimen of rose-tinted honey was lately contributed by a London firm to the South Kensington Museum. On inquiry, it proved to be the result of an experiment instituted by a lady. Having a swarm of bees in a hive with a glass cover, she noticed that after making two small pieces of comb they ceased work. She then began to feed them with honey mixed with water highly colored with cochineal, and scented with rose-water. The result was thirty-three pounds of rose-tinted honey.

Not less than six thousand policemen are necessary to keep in something like obedience to the law the vast number of disorderly persons who throng the streets of London. With 140,000 habitual gin-drinkers, 10,000 professional gamblers, 50,000 professional thieves, and 500,000 habitual frequenters of public-houses, the six thousand police must be kept busy.

The Chicago *Tribune* thinks it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy, and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity, and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness, and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically, and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women, and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints, and sends them to convents. He despises pink and white women, and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces, and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence, and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks. What would the critical lords desire?

If you don't know large words use little ones, and do not make yourself ridiculous by attempting what you can not accomplish. Otherwise you may find yourself in the position of the rich but ignorant Boston lady, who, being ambitious that her style of conversation should be up to the mark, said, in speaking of a friend, "He is a *paragram* of politeness!"

"Excuse me," said a wag sitting next to her; "but do you not mean parallelogram?"

"Of course I meant parallelogram," replied the ambitious lady. "How could I have made such a mistake?"

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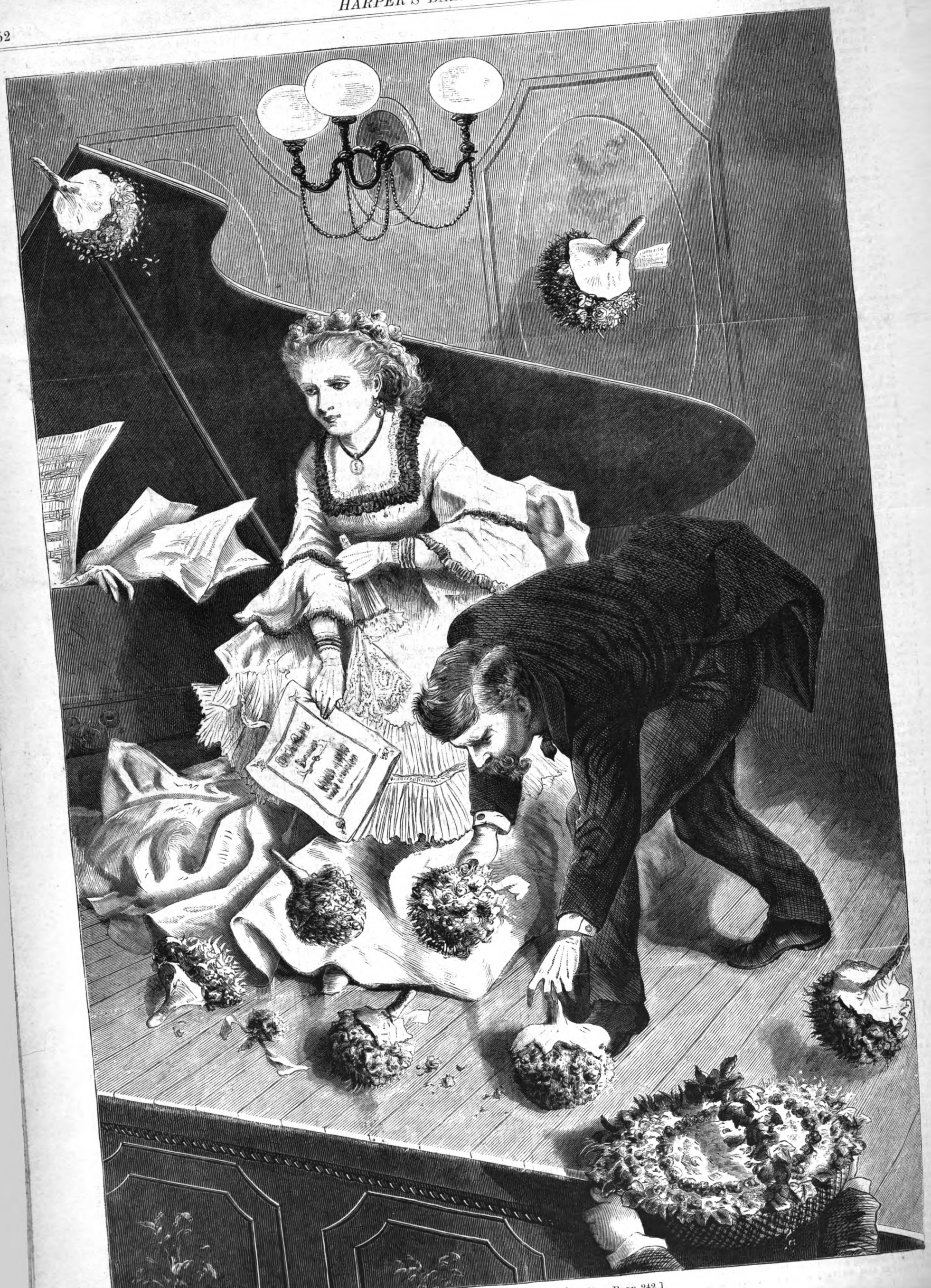

"HONORS."—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 242.]

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LIFE IN DRESDEN.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE festivities with which Dresden has just celebrated the return of peace may be said to have begun with the ringing of bells, and firing of cannon, and general display of banners that followed the publication of the telegram announcing the ratification of the treaty in France, though Sunday, March 5, was the day set apart for a grand demonstration of the public joy. On the Thursday evening previous the theatre was opened for a special recognition of the happy fact, on which occasion the "Jubel Overture" of Weber and the overture to "Iphigenia" were played, and an original prologue, illustrated by scenery and characters, recited, followed by the performance of "Wallenstein's Lager."

The King was present, and his appearance was the signal for a burst of uproarious cheers, the duration and force of which embarrassed somewhat the action of the orchestra, and might, perhaps, justly be regarded (in consideration of time and place) as more creditable to the loyalty than to the good taste of the audience. Also the less pretentious places of amusement assumed a festal appearance, and arranged their entertainments to suit the prevailing sentiments of gratitude and joy; and from every concert-hall resounded the famous "Jubel Overture" of Weber, which includes the universal national hymn, "God save the King"—a native of Germany, though claimed and appropriated especially by England.

On Saturday evening the members of the School of Art and of the Polytechnic School united in a torch-light procession, representing the return of Frederick Barbarossa to his former dominions. An old legend says that this hero is not dead, but is sleeping in the heart of the Kyffhäuser Mountain, in Thuringia, and that he will awake and come forth when Germany shall have recovered its ancient greatness and renown. Occasionally he rouses himself sufficiently to send out one of his attendant spirits to see whether the ravens are still hovering over the mountain-top; for, until they depart, he knows that Germany has not achieved freedom and independence.

The recent magnificent victories in war, and, still more, their result in the unification of the long dismembered provinces of the Fatherland, are, to the minds of the enthusiastic citizens, cause sufficient to break the slumber that has lasted nearly seven hundred years, and to bring back in triumph the patient awaiter of his country's happy destiny. Accordingly, escorted by his faithful companions, among whom were two knights bearing two ravens, and followed by the gorgeous train of champions in love and war that constituted a medieval court, the Emperor, clad in royal costume, his red beard turned to mossy gray in his long tarrying, made his joyful entry into Dresden on the eve of the anniversary of his first coronation.

The procession, escorted by bands of music, marched through the principal streets, halting before the palace to receive the greeting of the King, and then returned to the open square in front of the Polytechnic School, where they gave up their torches to a common bonfire, and united in singing the favorite student song, "Gaudeamus igitur;" after which the two schools separated to spend the rest of the evening at two noted restaurants, and the vast crowd of spectators dispersed quietly to their homes.

During the progress of the procession one of those strange contrasts of incident occurred which occasionally present the sum of human existence with the force of an epigram. As the gay throng, lit up by the blazing torches, and still further illuminated by the Bengal lights burned in their honor by the citizens whose houses they passed, reached the open square in front of the post-office, they were met by a hearse and a train of mourners on the way to one of the cemeteries. But the dead must give way to the living on this joyful occasion, and so the mournful carriage, with its sweeping black pall covering the inanimate occupant, remained stationary, while the patriotic youths made the air resound with Körner's song, "Du Schwert an meiner Linken;" after which the resuscitated Emperor and his companions went one way, and the sleeper, whom

"No sound shall awaken to glory again,"

was carried another.

Even the sky of Dresden had not the face to rain or cloud upon the great day of the Friedens-Fest; the sun shone warm and soft out of a heaven as blue as that of summer, and the streets and squares were as clean and dry as only a European pavement is ever known to be. Before noon the people began to assemble in the great square of the Alt-Markt (old market), and every window of the lofty buildings surrounding its four sides was filled with eager faces. In the centre of the square, upon a high pedestal, stood a colossal statue of Germania, the work of a Dresden sculptor; and surrounding this figure, upon a raised platform, were seated the members of various musical societies of the city, the whole group being separated from the surrounding crowd by a barrier of standards, including not only the various colors of Germany, but those of many friendly nations, among which the Stars and Stripes were conspicuous.

At noon the bells of the churches began to ring, and continued till one o'clock; and close upon their melodious jangle followed the grand old choral, "Nun danket Alle Gott," led by a band of stringed instruments and the corps of professional singers, and increased to a magnificent volume of sound by the thousands of voices of men, women, and children in the dense mass of humanity that completely filled the market-place. When the hymn was ended the Mayor of Dresden appeared in the balcony of the Rathhaus (City Hall), and delivered a brief, enthusiastic apostrophe to the statue which rose before him as the embodiment of the idea that had taken possession of every patriotic soul.

His speech was followed by three prolonged cheers, after which the whole multitude joined in the triumphant song of "Die Wacht am Rhein," followed by Arndt's popular "Vaterland's Lied."

But, interesting as the ceremonies were, and delightful as it was for grateful souls to expand in the warm sunshine, every one remembered that the principal entertainment was reserved for the universal illumination in the evening. Accordingly, with the shades of night the massive stone city became a fairy capital. The common mode of illuminating was by rows of small lamps, placed so as to outline the building in beaded flames. The plain angles of the Polytechnic School and the graceful Greek façade of the Guard House were especially suited to this severe test of proportion. But many conspicuous edifices were distinguished by elaborate designs in gas-light, and there was scarcely a shop in the market-places and on the principal business streets but had in its windows or over its doors some illuminated figure suggestive of the recent struggle and its triumphant end. The City Hall was resplendent in the double eagle and crown of the empire, and the ciphers of King William and King John, and of the Saxon princes, Albert and George, each surrounded by an olive wreath. These devices were so finely perforated that the gas streamed from them in extremely slender jets, producing a very delicate and beautiful effect. Several houses bore upon their fronts illuminated portraits of the kings of Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, and others displayed allusions to Frederick Barbarossa and the first German empire. The favorite allegorical figure of "Die Wacht am Rhein" was portrayed in gas flames and upon painted glass; and the busts of mighty men whom the war has developed looked out from various windows and niches, wearing olive wreaths of peace in place of laurel crowns of victory. The principal entrances to the royal palace were brilliantly lighted with appropriate designs in gas, the long bridge was gorgeous with obelisks and garlands and Chinese lanterns, and many buildings on the opposite side of the river were illuminated with splendor and good taste.

It is needless to say that an immense and constantly changing crowd filled the open squares, and passed slowly through the narrow streets, observing as they went, and commenting on what they saw, till the sound of their united voices was like the roar of many waters.

In such a confusion of tongues it was difficult to distinguish a connected sentence; but one criticism has, fortunately, been handed down as too good to be lost. It was that of two countrymen, who, after gaping in astonishment at the Germania, began to speculate as to the design of the figure. "Who can that be?" said one. "It must be the new Emperor!" replied the other, stoutly. "Nay, nay," cried the first; "he does not look like that: it must be Bismarck!" After a while they ventured to ask a well-dressed citizen who stood near; but when he good-naturedly tried to give them the idea of Germany represented as a female figure, surrounded by the insignia of power, victory, and peace, they utterly failed to comprehend, and replied, in amazement, "Nay, nay; we have never in all our lives heard of this woman!" This incident is in keeping with the story told of certain soldiers in Berlin, who, wandering one day about the museum, came to a marble group of the Three Graces, and, after gazing for a long time upon the beautiful figures, asked a bystander "Which of these three is 'Old Fritz?'"

It reminds one, too, of Randolph Rogers's anecdote of three Englishwomen who once visited his studio in Rome, and, after surveying his various creations, paused before the Nydia and asked what it was intended to represent. He replied, "Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii."

"What did he say?" asked one of the party, who was very deaf. Whereupon her friend turned to her and bawled in her ear, "*He says it is Nubia, the blind girl of Bombay!*"

Not less funny was the remark of the little boy in Ann Arbor, soon after the arrival of the Nydia at the University, who urged his playfellow to go with him to the museum and see the new "*image of a blind idiot!*" What's in a name?

At half past seven, as duly advertised, the procession of carriages, headed by those of the royal family and the court, commenced their progress through the principal streets; but many others, which were not at the appointed rendezvous in season, were excluded by the police, and their occupants were obliged to wait patiently, or impatiently, in the comparatively gloomy region of the Palace Place until nearly eleven o'clock, when the foot passengers had retired in sufficient numbers to allow carriages to traverse the city without danger to the people. The King was loudly cheered along the entire course, and his appearance was the signal for the burning of Bengal-lights and other sudden and intense flames, which served to mark his progress, and bring out the gay scene into stronger relief. Notwithstanding the enormous crowds and the narrowness of many of the thoroughfares, the festivities passed off without any severe accident. Only one death is reported as resulting from the occasion, and that was a case of fatal apoplexy, induced by the excitement of the scene rather than by the pressure of the crowd. An aged couple from the country were thrown down and somewhat bruised in a struggle at the entrance of a narrow street, and on being rescued by the police, were carried off in different directions for surgical help. In their pain and confusion the greatest suffering of both was in having lost each other, and after they were safely stowed away in a hospital they ceased not through the weary watches of the night to lament this their first separation for many years. What was the surprise and joy of both on discovering, by the next morning's light, that they had been placed by accident in adjoining beds, and were all the while no further apart than they would have been in their quiet cottage! And in a few hours their son came to carry them home, where, no doubt, they will often recall the wondrous scenes in the great city, and the alarm which found so comical and agreeable a termination.

Amidst the general rejoicings on the great feast-day the poor and the suffering were not forgotten. A dinner was furnished to all who needed it, and delicacies were provided for the sick and wounded in all the hospitals, without distinction between friend and foe. Each man also, whether German, French, or Turco, received a present of a thaler in money.

The French prisoners were conspicuous by their absence from the public festivities. A few individuals in the showy but shabby French uniform were to be seen in the crowd, but one missed the squads and companies which have been a common sight for the last few months. The truth is that some among them have lately taken advantage of the lenity with which they are treated, and have abused their liberty in many acts of lawlessness and insolence, which finally led to their being restricted to the boundaries of their barracks, after a posse of them had ventured so far as to jostle the military governor of Dresden off the sidewalk, instead of giving the customary salute on meeting him. These were exceptional cases, however, and the majority seem to have appreciated a hospitality not usu-

THE LAST GERMAN IN PARIS.

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ally bestowed upon prisoners of war; and now that they are about to return home, a vote of thanks has been presented to the officials and citizens of Dresden for their friendly attention to the wants of their temporary captives.

No doubt many a wanderer, besides the writer, turned at last from the brilliant streets on that festal night to spend a few moments in the quiet court of the Zwinger, illuminated only by the pure light of the full moon, where the statue of Frederick the Just now presides over long rows of cannon and *mitrailleuses*, recently acquired trophies from the seat of war. It was difficult to connect those now silent and harmless weapons with the tumultuous rejoicings going on outside the walls that inclosed them, just as it is difficult to realize that this splendid edifice of the Zwinger, now devoted to the guardianship of the choicest treasures of art and science, was originally a fortress, built under the dictation of that reliance upon brute force which is gradually disappearing under the influence of increasing knowledge, and a consequent recognition of the claims of a common humanity. E.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OHIO.—Use bias bands of silk the color of your poplin on the polonaise, and put alternate ruffles of silk and poplin on the skirt. A suit of two shades of brown pongee would be pretty for your daughter. A little paletot of cloth will answer for an outside wrap.

ANITA.—Get the pattern of the Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., for your poplin. Trim by directions above to "Ohio." A pale blue bow will answer. Round hat or gipsy of brown straw.

IGNORAMUS.—Silk of the quality like your sample is sold here for about $1 50 a yard. Garnet silk the same price. Gros grain is pronounced as if spelled gro-gran, and trousseau as if written troo-so. Mauve is a pink-tinged lilac.

DERDU.—You did perfectly right to request your friend to invite your guests to her party.

AUSTIN.—Your sample is all silk, worth $2 75 or $3 a yard. Make by the Postilion-Basque Suit pattern, and trim with lace and passementerie. We can not reply by mail.

E. F. B.—We furnish no cut paper patterns other than those advertised in the present Number. By sending ten cents and your address you can order the *Bazar* you want, and get with it the lost Supplement.

S. P. L.—You are mistaken in saying that we ever announced that we would make purchases for readers at a distance. We have repeatedly declined to do so, and have no time to answer by mail.

ANITA G. T.—For making a calico suit read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. Make your alpaca by pattern of Postilion-Basque Suit in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., and trim with bias gros grain bands and pleatings of the same. We do not like velvet on alpaca. Take the satin binding off your ruffles and hem them. Then make a false postilion of your short over-skirt.

M. L. H.—Figure 2 in *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. IV., will be a good model for your green empress cloth dress. Striped shawls worn scarf fashion are used this spring. Get a pale buff linen suit for your girl of ten.

C. L.—Get black beaver mohair for your one best dress, or, if you can afford a greater outlay, black silk. Make by the Postilion-Basque Suit in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV.

COUNTRY GREENHORN.—It *is* proper for a young girl to wear mourning for her intended husband. Milliner's folds are narrow bias folds of silk lapped on the outside, but the seam concealed.

FOURTEENTH STREET.—It was very inconsiderate, to say the least, to "drag the poor bride around the room, introducing her to strangers." It would have been better manners to have brought the strangers to her, and presented them in the way you mention.

CORIANDER.—A linen dress and one of grenadine would look well trimmed the way you propose.—There is no charge for these answers.

STUARTIA.—The German verse will do very well for an infant's tombstone, if you insist on this kind of monumental inscription. But to our mind the simple record of name and age is in far better taste than any hackneyed lines could be. Elaine is pronounced *El-ane*, and Guinevere *Gwe-ne-vēre*. The character of host enforces on you even greater restraint than that of guest in speaking your mind freely; in this respect neither your own house nor your neighbor's is strictly neutral ground.—We can give you no information about the advertised article other than is contained in the advertisement.

MARY.—We see no more impropriety in your going to the theatre with a gentleman than to any other place of amusement; still it is not in accordance with the usages of society for a young lady, whether engaged or not, to go to any place of the kind without a chaperon.

ETIQUETTE.—It is incumbent on you to trace the origin of your costly anonymous presents—which is not usually a very difficult matter—when your own judgment will tell you whether you are warranted or not in accepting them.

MISS L. S.—We have repeatedly declined to answer questions concerning MSS. in this column. All inquiries of this kind should be addressed to Harper & Brothers.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—You had better consult a pronouncing dictionary for the long list of words you send us.—Adelina Patti *is* a sister of Carlotta.—We have nothing to add to the article you quote, which is the result of a traveler's observations.

BESSIE AND LUCY.—We are tired of saying that we know of no cosmetic that will *certainly* remove tan and freckles. When we discover one we intend to make a fortune by it.—It is proper and courteous to invite a gentleman to enter the house on returning from a concert or lecture, unless the lateness of the hour forbids.—When a verbal invitation is given you, what other course, pray, is open to you than to accept or refuse in like manner? And if you need a formula in which to do this, your conversational powers must be limited indeed.

FIVE CENTS.—Your sister's plan of transferring our tapestry patterns to profile paper, first marking them by pencil dots, and then coloring the squares, seems to us admirable, and we commend it to all our readers who are interested in the art of worsted-work made easy.

POCAHONTAS.—There is nothing better than glycerine for the hair. Rub it on the scalp, and brush your hair thoroughly. A mixture of lime-water and glycerine makes a good hair wash. We advise you to stop the use of camphor.

OLD LADY.—The clergyman you mention is a Methodist.—We can not think of establishing a definition so delicate as the age at which a lady may be called elderly; moreover, this age is as shifting as the quicksands, and depends on so many other circumstances than mere years that we must leave each individual to settle it for herself.

M. E. M.—Pack your flowers in a box and surround them with a thin layer of wet cotton. The stems should be thrust in wet moss or earth. In this way they may be sent for a considerable distance without material injury.

N. D.—We can not give you the addresses you ask in this column. You can obtain good manuals of phonography from almost any book-store. The length of time required to learn the art depends on your aptitude, and varies usually from three months to a year.

EYELASHES.—See answer to "An Admirer."

SAMUEL.—It certainly ought not to be a breach of etiquette to accept a wedding invitation without making a bridal present, nor would it be thus considered by persons of delicate susceptibilities.

M. H. G.—You had better write directly to the principal of Vassar College for the information you need. A young lady of twenty-one could attend school there with perfect propriety.

A. G. S.—We pay for contributions just what we consider they are worth to us; and this is affected by so many considerations that we can not undertake to estimate it here.

AN ADMIRER.—We can give you no further information on the subject. But we beg to remind you that the eye is a delicate and useful organ, which should not be tampered with with impunity; and however much you may dislike light eyelashes, it is much better to wear them thus than to injure your sight by dyeing them with an unskillful hand.

BROOKLYN.—If you desire a gentleman's acquaintance, you will certainly invite him to repeat his first call.

F. & Co.—You can order the novel through any publisher.

VIOLET.—That a lady dislikes flowers certainly is not proof positive that she lacks refinement; though a love for them may be regarded as presumptive evidence that she possesses it.

A. M. W.—We do not know of any treatise on wax-flower making published in this country. The *Bazar* has given several useful papers on this pretty art.

THE Inebriate's Hope! C. C. BEERS, M.D., 12 E. Twelfth St., New York, *permanently* cures the worst cases of Intemperance. Call or send stamp for *Evidence*. Is harmless.—[*Com.*]

IF your hair is coming out or turning gray, do not murmur over a misfortune you can so easily avert. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural color, and therewith your good looks and good nature.—[*Com.*]

PREMATURE grayness of the hair should be prevented, and the best and surest preventive is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA is a certain Cure for CONSUMPTION.—[*Com.*]

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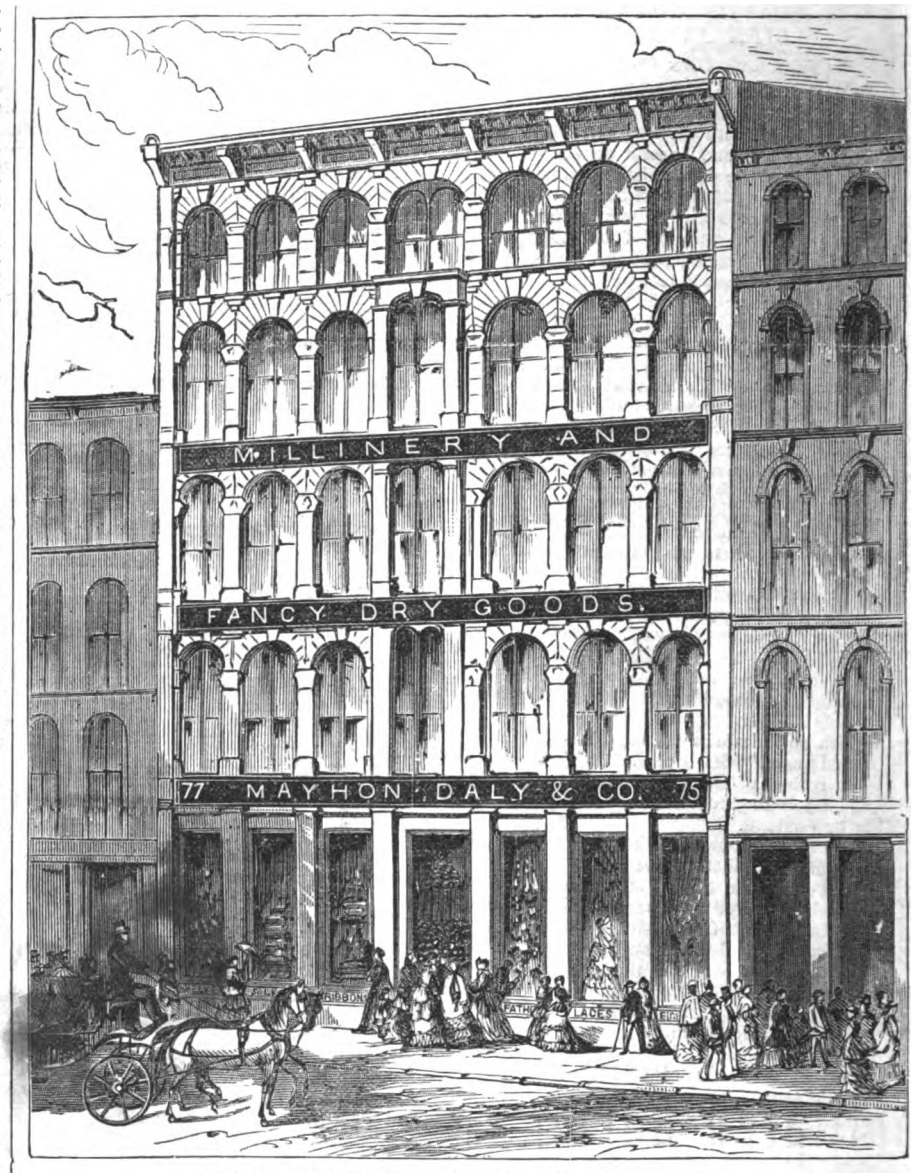

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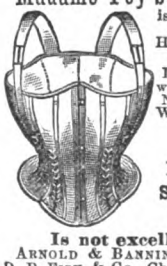

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TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	" 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	" 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	" 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	" 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	" 5
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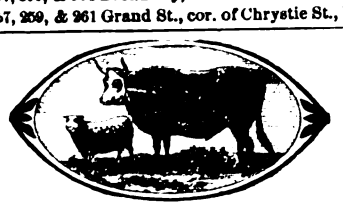

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THE CLOSEST STUDY—Any study where the windows haven't been opened for the last six months.

Is a jolly-boat ever helped along by four roars of laughter?

Persons who carry coal to Newcastle are sometimes hauled over them.

Two "heads" are better than one, if the letter is over weight.

The sharpest blade is run to earth when he is ground.

Why is a man never knocked down against his will?—Because it is impossible to fall unless *inclined*.

The idea that struck a man the other day has been fined ten dollars for a common assault.

"Two marriages in high life" are reported "as probably on the cards." We sincerely hope they're not diamonds against hearts.

Did the old sea-dogs we read about set up barks of their own, or sail in other people's ships?

AN ANIMAL OF QUESTIONABLE SHAPE—The conundrum.

A SPASMODIC CASE.—An attempt was recently made to stop the carriage of the "Minister of the Interior" in Madrid. Fortunately that important functionary was not in the interior of the carriage, but was safely ensconced in the proper place—the "Home Department."

The man who liked to get the whip-hand of his friends met with more than his match when he found one with a club-foot.

When the beer runs out, does it hop?

They say "cleanliness is next to godliness;" how is it, then, that soap and water are always found in the neighborhood of *base sins* (basins)?

"To arms! to arms!" the doctors cry,
"Patients of every station;
Undo your sleeve, and give us leave
To practice vaccination."

THE PRE-HYSTERIC PERIOD—Before tight lacing was invented.

RETRIBUTION.

"What's the Matter, Mamma?" "Toothache, Dearest." "Oh dear! What Tooth is it?" "Wisdom Tooth."
"*Wisdom* Tooth! Ah! I suppose that's the dreadful Tooth that Knows all about the French Irregular Verbs!"

THE MAN OF "SHREDS AND PATCHES."—Mr. D'Eyncourt sagely observes that tailors when out behave much worse than other men. The fact is, they can never leave the shop behind, and are not content to confine themselves to *dress*, their legitimate calling, but must, forsooth, ad-*dress* their observations to others, with a view of re-*dress*-ing imaginary wrongs. Hence the tailor becomes an *iron*-ical dog, and the *thread* of his discourse usually abounds in *cutting* remarks. Yet you have only to twit him with being the ninth part of a man to give him the *needle*, and cause him to make a desperate attempt to take your measure and *sew* you up, or give you your "quietus even with a bare bodkin."

Is there any difference between animals eating grass and grass-eating animals?

Is it correct to drive the captain's gig ashore: if so, on which side?

GUEST. "How comes this dead fly in my soup?"
WAITER. "In fact, Sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came to his death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much for it, contracted an inflammation of the stomach, which brought on death. The fly must have a very weak constitution, for when I served the soup it was dancing merrily upon the surface. Perhaps, and the idea presents itself only at this moment, it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this remaining fast in the throat, caused a choking in the windpipe. This is the only reason I could give of the death of that insect."

A Boston lady's pins, when she is fully dressed, are said to number 300!

A young lady of Terre Haute is writing a book on "What I know about Courting."

"A CRYING SHAME."—After the disastrous calamities which France has so lately suffered, it is not to be wondered at that her government has been brought to "*tears*" (Thiers).

A VERY CLEVER TRICK—Changing one's mind.

One of the most obedient men in the world is an auctioneer we know, who attends to every body's bidding but his wife's.

Some ladies recently dressed for a party, and having on low-necked dresses, they painted blue veins on the exposed skin, thinking it would add to their attractiveness. A physician, who was present at the party, looked on, and finally told them they hadn't got those veins painted within four inches of where they should be naturally. They didn't know any thing about anatomy, so they had put the veins on just where it happened.

Never put off till to-morrow what you did the week before last.

During the siege of Paris, persons eating horse-flesh generally dined in the *salle à manger*.

THE "MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS"—The condensed milk sent by the benevolent to Paris for the children.

A ROARING TRADE—A wild-beast show.

A NOTICE OF A PEAL—Lightning.

A GREAT TRAVELER.

Dr. Watts was evidently in the habit of making pedestrian excursions on the Continent, for in one of his noblest lines he expressly says:

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad."

The last reading of this celebrated stanza, by-the-way, is this:

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
And as I never speaks to them,
They never speaks to me."

"What is a smile?" asked a man of a little girl. "The whisper of a laugh," said she.

AUTOGRAPHICAL.—It is considered cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want to get his autograph.

What should a man carry with him when calling upon his affianced?—Affection in his heart, perfection in his manners, and confection in his pockets.

The following is almost good enough for a burlesque: When will Bismarck become a great landscape painter?—When he's *Claude Lorraine*.

Our Sage says there are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms: First, your wife; second, your stomach; third, your conscience.

Devotion to public opinion was evinced by a lady aged eighty, who recently married a man of a correspondingly appropriate age, because, she said, "he comes about my house so much that if I don't marry him people will talk."

THAT'S FLAT!—A gentleman who wished to describe the excessive mendacity of a servant of his, said, "Lie! Why the fellow will lie even when he's asleep." We have met with persons, otherwise veracious, who could not sleep without lying. In fact, a man must be more than ordinarily upright who can resist the inclination.

Little fish have a proper idea of business. Not being able to do better, they start on a small scale.

A PITCHED BATTLE—A fight between two tars.

A doctor's motto is supposed to be "patients and long-suffering."

THE BEST CURTAIN SERVICE—Matrimony.

A MERE MATTER OF FORM—Cutting a dress.

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

"All bitters have a healing tendency or effect," said a doctor to a young lady. "You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you?" inquired the lady.

SLIP-KNOTS—Divorces.

TO KEEP DEY—Live on codfish.

When flatterers meet, Satan goes to dinner.

Swinging is said by the doctors to be very good exercise for a person's health; but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

BONDS IRREDEEMABLE—Vaga-bonds.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF HORROR.

TABLEAU I.

TIMID WIFE. "Henry dear, Henry! There are Thieves in the House!"

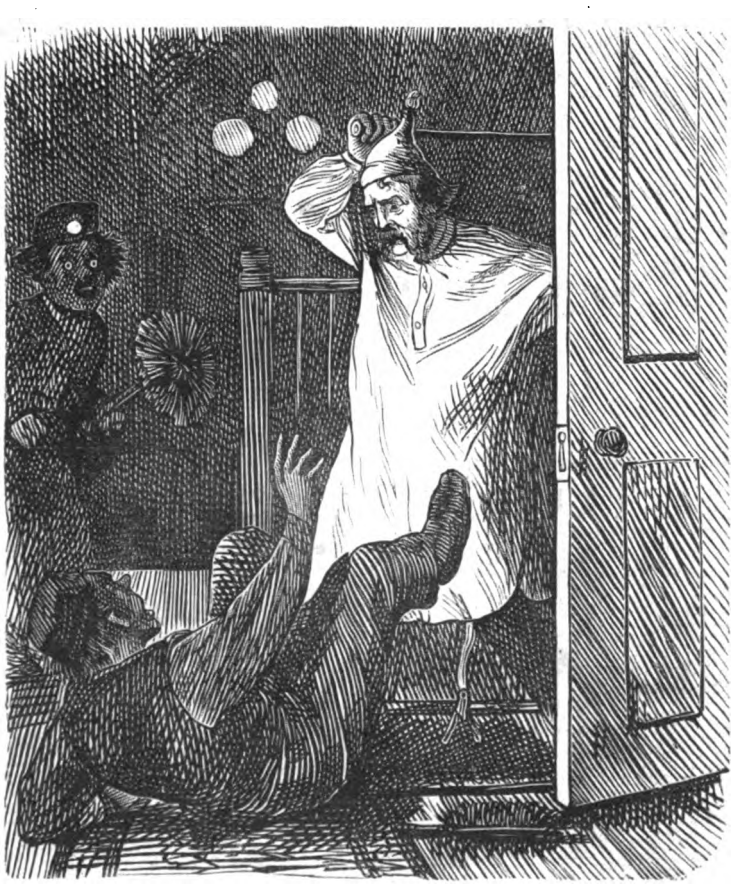
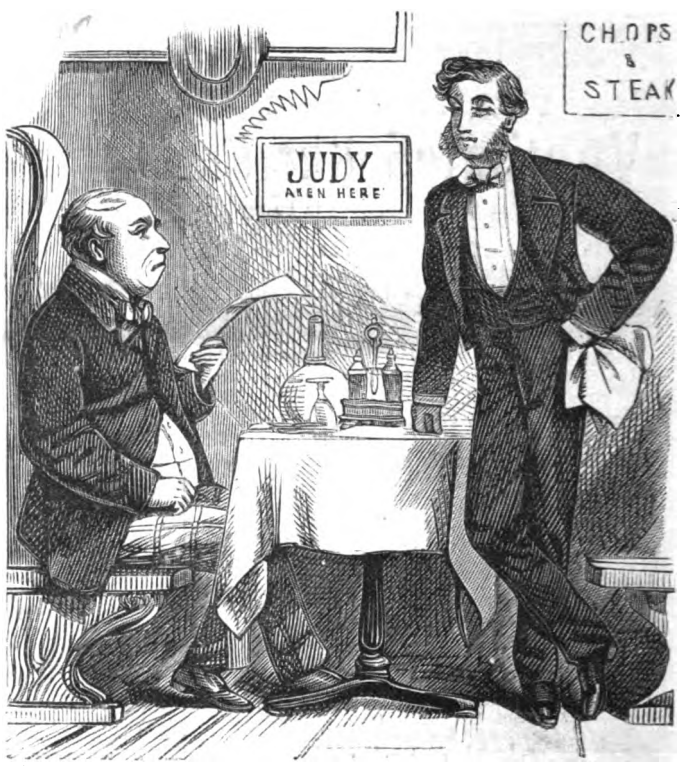


TABLEAU II.

VOICE FROM THE BEDROOM. "Henry dear, Henry! I Forgot to Say the Sweeps were Coming this Morning."



VERY PROPER, TOO.

VULGAR-OLD PARTY. "I say, Waiter, Plate of Roast Veal, will you, and 'Am—"
WELL-BROUGHT-UP WAITER. "We've Veal, Sir, if you like; but, excuse me, we don't like Swearing in our Establishment."

KNOWLEDGE IS STRENGTH.

"I say, Jack! What's Post-Meridian?"
"Why, the First Post in the Morning, of course."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 17.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.—[SEE PAGE 258.]

[Cut Paper Pattern of this entire Suit, to fit any Figure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.]

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SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.

See illustration on first page.

THIS pretty suit comprises the short sacque of the style most in vogue this season, with an adjusted back and loose sacque fronts, and which will be found very useful to wear over linen blouse-waists in the heats of summer. The under-skirt is made of black silk, and the over-skirt and sacque of black cashmere, trimmed with folds of the material and lace.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises three articles, viz.: half-fitting sacque, Watteau over-skirt, and six-gored walking skirt.

HALF-FITTING SACQUE.—This pattern consists of five pieces—front, side piece, back, collar, and flowing sleeve. The garment is cut with loose sacque fronts; the back is fitted by a seam in the middle and side forms, and is cut with extra fullness at the side back seam below the waist line, where it is laid in a box-pleat an inch wide, turned on the outer side, and finished with an ornament. The fronts are cut pointed in the neck, and finished with a Marie Antoinette collar. The garment is made to fit tight in the back by a belt, which is sewed on the under side to the seams in the back, the sides, and under the arms, and fastened in front with hooks and eyes. The sacque is trimmed round the edge with lace two inches wide, headed by a bias fold an inch and a quarter wide with a narrow fold on both edges.

Quantity of material, a yard and a quarter wide, 2½ yards.

Extra for trimming, 1 yard.

Lace, 5 yards.

Baste up, and try on wrong side out before sewing the seams. All the seams are allowed—an outlet of an inch being given for the seams under the arms and on the shoulders, and a quarter of an inch for all the other seams. Only half the pattern is given.

WATTEAU OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces, and has an apron front, two side gores, and full back breadth. The sides of the apron front are cut with an extra length, which is laid in six two-inch pleats, turning upward. The notches at the sides of the apron front show where to lay the pleats. The fronts are sewed plain on the belt. One deep box-pleat, five inches wide, simulating a Watteau fold, is laid in the centre of the back breadth, and the extra fullness is laid in side pleats turning toward the front. Put the pattern together by the notches. Only half the pattern is given.

Quantity of material, a yard and a quarter wide, 3 yards.

Extra for trimming, 1½ yards.

Lace, 4½ yards.

SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and breadth for the back. The back breadth is laid in a double box-pleat in the middle, and the extra fullness of the gores is laid in side pleats, turning toward the front.

Quantity of material, a yard and a quarter wide, 7 yards.

Extra for trimming, 8½ yards.

To take the bust measure, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, over the largest part of the shoulders, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest. Nine sizes are furnished, ranging, in even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with numerous full-sized patterns and illustrations of Ladies' and Children's Spring and Summer Sacques, Talmas, Jackets, Basquines, Mantelets, Water-proof Cloaks, etc., Ladies' and Misses' Spring and Summer Suits; Infants' Robes, Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Short-Sacque Walking Suit, on our first page, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For the complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published, see Advertisement on page 271 of this Number.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Ramble.

MY DEAR CYRUS,—Walking the other morning in the Central Park, I met Retrorsus, and joined him in his stroll through the Ramble. He was pensive, yet talkative, and seemed to be very glad to find a companion before whom he could think aloud; for his conversation seemed to be chiefly loud thinking, to which, indeed, a companion was only necessary as a sounding-board or a mountain-side, to send back an echo. And if you will allow me at this point to make the first excursion, or discursion: do you not often remark among our fellow-travelers that this is often the chief service which they require of each other in conversation? A man turns to his neighbor and, under the forms of colloquial intercourse, begins at once to soliloquize, evidently regarding an independent response as impertinent. Indeed, at a great dinner I have sometimes seen the philosopher Historicus, who had been passing all the morning studying a new book, perhaps of science or of moral speculation, turn upon the innocent Miss Bleat at his side and proceed, in the guise of conversation with her, to say to himself all that he thought of the book. "You remember, Miss Bleat," he says to her, "that Descartes says, cogito, ergo sum; but I am persuaded that we should rather say, sum, ergo cogito. And Leibnitz distinctly affirms—" and so on until poor little Miss Bleat loses her appetite, and feels prickly with heat and vexatious consciousness of her ridiculous situation.

It is because so much apparent conversation is merely soliloquy that good listening is always so agreeable to us. Indeed, if you will show me a good listener, I will show you one who is usually considered very fascinating. By good listening, of course, I do not mean mere silence, but intelligent and appreciative attention. In my younger days there was no one more familiarly known and generally liked than James Early, of whom you may have heard. He was handsome, well dressed, and quiet; but he was not clever, nor cultivated, nor of superior character. Born into the habit of what is called good society, he improved all the advantages it offered to secure all its characteristic prizes. If he went to a dinner where the wise men were present, he listened in deferential silence to all their dreary and conceited platitudes, as if they had been profound inspirations. And I have heard the Honorable Jabesh Windbag himself, when that gentleman was the most illustrious statesman in the country, after a dinner at which James Early had respectfully listened to him with evident admiration for more than three hours, declare that that young gentleman was one of the most promising young men in America.

Even the most intelligent women were charmed with him, and Minerva herself owned that he was certainly very attractive. Yet I had often watched him when he was with her, and I saw that he did nothing but listen eloquently. Often, after a prolonged soliloquy of her own, at which Early had been present, she has remarked to me that he was one of the most agreeable men she had ever known. I saw him in a famous drawing-room in another city, and he sat the whole evening with one of the loveliest belles. She was neither intelligent nor talkative, but she was conscious of beauty and of a superb toilette, and he seemed to be conscious of nobody in the world but her. He did not speak, but his deferential silence appeared to be confident expectation of something worth hearing from her lips; or it was the most subtly flattering suggestion that the spoken wisdom of others was less than the sweet chance of her speaking. She told me afterward that Mr. Early was the most fascinating person in conversation that she had ever met. And so said all the young women with whom he danced, and all the old ladies against the wall, to whom he brought terrapin and Champagne. His conversation, they said, was truly delightful. They meant that he did not interrupt their soliloquies.

This is a long excursion, but it illustrates the reason that Retrorsus always praises my conversational powers. When he has been sitting with me all the evening, pouring out his profuse speculations upon public affairs, showing to me how hopelessly we are ruined, and demonstrating in the most learned and elaborate manner that civilization is an illusion, and that barbarism is surely overwhelming us, as the sand of the desert fatally encroaches upon the ancient Egyptian temples and buries them out of sight—while I have sat ruminating and dreamily listening, he jumps up suddenly at midnight, and says, pleasantly, "My dear Mr. Bachelor, I beg your pardon, but you have been so agreeable and instructive that I quite forgot the time," and so bows himself out. In the Ramble at the Park it was the same. We loitered in the warm spring sunshine, and I listened to the singing of the birds and the hum of the city, and watched the glittering green of the willows, and all the swelling, budding richness of the trees, while he talked on, and thought me the most eloquent of companions.

Indeed, I heard enough of what he said to perceive that he was lamenting, as so many of us secretly do, the departure of youth, and I smiled to think how the old song is forever renewed. For I remember long ago in the Tyrol, one of those glorious mornings which stand in memory, as on some divine day Mont Blanc stands supreme and glorified among the Alps, when I was swinging along the mountain-road with Hilary, who was twenty years older than I. I shouted and sang until the air rang with jocund echoes. It seems to me that the remembrance of that morning will keep me always young. But, in the midst of my triumph of life and youth, Hilary suddenly said, with a half-vexed air, "Bachelor, I hope that you don't think you enjoy this more than I, merely because you are a little younger!" Aha! old mole! He had worked so far, then. Hilary felt as if he had been driven out of Paradise because he had ceased to be young, and he looked at me over the wall, and vowed that it was not much of a shower, after all! At that time Retrorsus was as much younger than I as Hilary was older; and now, after this long lapse of time, I heard Retrorsus lamenting, in the same strain, that the dark days were come because he had ceased to be young.

But, my dear Cyrus, when does a man cease to be young? I know the most venerable fellows of thirty and thirty-five, and I know young statesmen of seventy; and if I were to give a party of young men, my first summons should be to a certain poet of seventy-five. My schoolmate Gnurly would never be older than he was at fifteen if he should live to a hundred years. Do you think that Colonel Newcome was old when he was a white-headed man, or that Barnes was ever young? "The dark days have come," I heard Retrorsus say in the Ramble, with the glorious sky full of sunshine over him and all about him, and the air musical with birds. "The dark fiddle-sticks," ejaculated I, and my companion turned to me in amazement; while I felt that, by breaking silence, I had risked the reputation of my conversational powers. "The Golden Age lies far behind us," continued Retrorsus, eying me severely. But I smiled blandly, and I suppose my face was suffused with skepticism; for he said, as if I had vehemently contradicted him, "Do you mean to say that the Golden Age doesn't lie far behind us?"

"Since you ask me," said I, "I answer that I think there is no such intolerable folly as to suppose it." And I beamed at him so that he looked at me with astonishment. I suppose that he did not wish to be interrupted, for he made no reply, but went on with his lamentations, ending with, "The days that are no more."

But, my dear Cyrus, this disposition, which it is so easy to cultivate, what is it but the forgetfulness that we all see our own door-yards, but not our neighbor's? You may read the oldest expressions of human thought, and the newest book, and you will find that in each to-day is the dark day. Other times were noble and pure; other men were lofty and disinterested. Our parents lived in Paradise; and when they came out, ah! even then there were giants in those days. But we have fallen upon evil times and upon dwarfs. Principle, patriotism, a fine and sensitive morality—these we have left far behind us; they were stations that were long passed when we took the train. I was reading only yesterday in the newspaper a chapter of reminiscences which went back only thirty years, and which lamented that statesmanship and eloquence had perished in the land. The author was kind enough to mention names, and to quote specimens of the lost art of eloquence. But the name was a nobody, and the eloquence was stuff. Your son would not declaim it at school to-day. And the worthy writer thought and said that he was treating of the better times, of the palmy days, of the Golden Age. And then I opened the "Life of John Adams," and there I found him, living in what we believe was the very purest period of our history, lamenting the ignorance, the passion, the sordid meanness of the age, and appealing to the other and distant and better day. To John Adams his own day was as dark as ours ever was or ever can be to us.

And what makes it poetic and fair to us? Because John Adams and his friends did not put their regrets into rhyme, but their convictions and courage into deeds. And just as the Golden Age is here, and now, if we will only make it golden, so is it with youth. I asked you when a man ceases to be young; and now I think, my dear Cyrus, we can answer that it is not when his hair grows gray, but when his heart becomes dry and cold. If that is at twenty, he is old. If it is not at eighty, he is still young. And so also the man who is born old never sees the Golden Age, because he never believes in generous motives and unselfish action. I have seen a boy of twelve put his fingers to his nose at the tale of a beggar at the corner, and a man of sixty, with moist eyes, emptying his purse into the beggar's hand. That boy, I fear, was born into the Brazen Age. That man will die, as he has lived, in the Golden. Out of the heart, my boy, are the issues of life. That is one of the great and glorious texts, upon which the lives of all about us are the sermons. Retrorsus, in the Ramble, thinks that youth is going, not because he was forty upon his last birthday, but because he is conscious that his faith is becoming chilled, his enjoyment of nature less keen and exquisite, his delight and confidence in simple integrity less profound. That alone, my dear Cyrus, is to grow old; that alone is the ending of the Golden Age, and the return of Astræa to heaven. I hope, my dear boy, that this spring, which completes your half-century, finds you as truly young as ever.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

SEPARATION.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

ONE is often tempted to echo that modest remark of a certain wise man—it would have a far more learned look if I could give the name of the wise man, but I can not at this instant recall it—that, "if he had been present at the creation of the world, he should have been able to give its Maker a few suggestions." There *are* a few things, in fact a good many things, which one would like to have altered, and which might apparently just as well have been made different in the beginning. And yet, on the whole, there is a wonderful adaptation in things as they are. To make much improvement, you must change so many cases that, before you know it, you will find you have projected a new world.

Sometimes one is tempted to think that, if the family could not be somehow constituted to hold together, we might as well not have had mankind set in families. The father and mother make their little home. The children laugh and cry, and work and play; they have mumps and measles, and "teething" and scarlatina; they have little tiffs with each other; they are bumped and bruised; they knock out their teeth, and set their clothes on fire, and come home at irregular intervals, with a black eye or a broken arm. So, under constant watching, with many retrogressions and a thousand hair-breadth escapes, they wind along the tortuous path of right living, and presently the oldest child has arrived at the comparative maturity of—let us say thirteen years. He takes an interest in raw but real science—if it is very raw—in mechanics, in politics. The amount of information he has acquired on all subjects is astonishing. He has penetrated machine-shops, mounted locomotives, trotted after soldiers, made love to sailors, and few things in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, have escaped his observation. Now, at thirteen, he begins to consolidate; and you would say his father and mother might have some good of him. Not that they have not had good of him before, prattling, bumping, and bruising through his infancy and early boyhood; but it was a comfort largely compounded with care. It was a delight in bounding health and beauty, and grace and promise, always underlaid with a fearful consciousness that, when the beauty and grace was not snugly tucked up in bed, it might be sliding down the third-story baluster, or bestriding the ridge-pole of the barn, at the imminent risk of its beautiful and graceful neck. Only now, when baluster and ridge-pole have lost their irresistible first charm, and top and kite and ball are not paramount objects of interest—now, when the caucus and concert and play begin to loom up, and the far-off sun of manhood reddens the eastern sky—now they can really enjoy him without misgiving. Do they? Not in the least. As soon as he ceases to be an hourly care he must go off to school! When he was of no use to any body his parents took him wholly upon themselves; but as soon as he begins to be of the smallest account they have to give him up to the public. No organized tyranny demands him, but just as surely and authoritatively society stretches out its hand and clutches him. His new shirts, his fresh jackets, and spotless handkerchiefs are put into his box, and out he goes into the great world for ever and ever. True, he will come back for the vacation, with half his handkerchiefs lost, his jackets out at elbows, and his every-day boots serenely packed a-top his pile of shirts; and for several years he will oscillate between home and school; but home for life he will never come again. Home, the eternal resting-place—home, his absorbing and exclusive world, has ceased to be. His childish, instinctive, savage love his parents had; but as soon as he is capable of an intelligent, manly affection, he goes straightway and falls in love with a stranger! It is a consolation to reflect that he is then at the same point whence his father and mother started, and will travel the same round, and see precisely how good it is.

The wonder is that it is pretty good, after all. Dreadful as it may be for parents to give up their child, it would be still more dreadful not to give him up. It is next to impossible for the grown children of a family to stay at home honorably. Life may so adjust itself that this is the best possible arrangement; but usually the sons who have energy, enterprise, character, push out into the world. What good has the mother in her empty house, with one son in China, and one in California, and one in Chicago, and one on the high seas? The foolish mother thinks she has vast treasure still, and conceives immediately a deep and abiding interest in all those places. Instead of dismissing her son from her thought, she takes into her heart at once all the ends of the earth and all the paths of the sea. Not a newspaper scrap from China or California escapes her eye. The scope of her mind has become enlarged through the scope of her affection, and her son's good name in Cathay makes her as proud and happy as if she heard his praise resounding under her own roof-tree.

It is frequent parting that softens the asperity and sweetens the bitterness and mitigates the fierceness of association. Human nature is so sharp and strong and self-willed, that it is a great trial for human beings to live together. The substantial traits of character may be harmonious; but little tastes, slight individualities, opposing tempers, will clash; and even Christian forbearance, generous yielding, kindly courtesy, need the occasional help of absence to keep life permanently sweet. Absence is the great idealizer, and withal, perhaps, the most truthful painter. Your stout, healthy, noisy boy, who teased his sisters, and tossed his pillows, and broke furniture, and tried even his mother's patience, has gone away; and in his silent room you only think how bright and

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frank and fearless he is—how generous, alert, and eager. The friend and companion whose impatience irritated you, whose indecision annoyed you, whose impromptitude exasperated you, has crossed the seas, and you remember only how truthful he was, how loyal, how devoted, how unselfish.

It is parting, indeed, that plows great furrows in the heart, but it keeps the soil mellow and open, receptive and fertile. Made as we are, we should grow, without it, too hard, exacting, unresponsive, unforgiving. With the pain of partings always near, with the shadow of one parting never far, it is easy to repress the hasty word, to discern the sunny side, to veil the weakness with charity, and nourish the strength with love. The heart grows soft and tender and considerate, self fades and selfishness dies, and the whole being goes out in eager desire to succor and bless its beloved.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE SHORT-SACQUE SUIT.

THE short-sacque suit illustrated on our first page presents the new idea for making paletots. The loose slashed sacque or paletot of last season is still worn, but its popularity is waning before a preference for garments with basque backs. The new design has a loose front and an easy yet close-fitting back, slashed to the belt in the centre to allow room for the tournure. A belt under the basque fastens beneath the front, and holds the back in place. The Marie Antoinette collar and flowing sleeves of this jacket are exceedingly pretty for summer wear. The suit, copied from a model at Lord & Taylor's, has the sacque and over-skirt of cashmere, trimmed with folds and guipure lace, and a silk under-skirt ornamented by three folds and a broad kilt pleating. This suit may be made of summer poplin, goat's-hair, or any soft woolen stuff, over a silk skirt of the same color, or the entire garment may be of the same material. The simple style of this costume renders it also appropriate for mourning, and for the same reason it is adopted for piqué, linens, satin jean, and other wash goods, as it may be easily done up.

The over-skirt of this suit, called the Watteau skirt, has a short, graceful apron, with the wrinkled front now considered stylish. To keep this apron in place a tape is fastened to the second side seams, and tied behind under the skirt. The widths back of the apron are not draped, but hang straight, with a broad Watteau fold, or pleat, in the centre, and many smaller ones on each side. A seam down the centre of the broad fold would not look well; therefore a full width must be placed in the centre, with narrower gored widths on the side.

EASTER SUITS.

A late opening at a large and tasteful furnishing house displayed many beautiful costumes, prepared for Easter-Sunday and the gay days that follow the penitential season of Lent. Rich silks of pale, delicate tints, light summer silks, goat's-hair poplins, wool serges, pongees, piqués, colored linen, and batiste costumes, were the stylish fabrics made up in the most graceful manner. Tight-fitting garments, such as postilion-basques and polonaises—minus a loose wrap—prevailed. The present fashion displays fine figures most advantageously. Waists are made slightly longer, and always show the natural curve of the figure above the hips. Shoulder seams are short and high, falling in with the line of the shoulders. All sleeves, whether coat or flowing, are shaped at the top like a man's coat-sleeve, and set smoothly in the ample armhole, without any fullness but that which comes of holding the sleeve next the sewer. Three or four bows up the front of the basque are used quite as much as buttons.

Handsomest among the Easter costumes is a gros grain of bluish-green, made elaborate with black lace. The garniture on the lower skirt is broad box-pleats at wide intervals, with a bow and shell-like curves of lace between. The apron-front bouffant over-skirt has crescent-shaped pieces and lace for trimming. The basque—a novelty—has no pleats behind, but a folded point, like a hood, is continued from the back, to fall over broad smooth pieces formed by elongating the side bodies. The suit is marked $285. Another, of turtle-dove gray, is similarly made, and trimmed with black lace. A third, gros grain, fit array for a bride, is a soft French gray, trimmed with ruffles of the same, and fringe to match, making a tasteful monotone costume: price $200.

DINNER DRESSES.

A dinner or reception dress, worthy of description, is of turquoise blue gros grain, with demi-train. Two bias ruffles six inches deep, the lower one in box-pleats, the upper gathered and lapping over the lower, headed by a bias band and three narrow, standing ruffles, trim the lower skirt. The upper skirt, like that shown in the Worth Basque Suit (illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV.), has a single ruffle, headed by two erect frills on the back of the skirt, while a netted fringe takes the place of the lower ruffle on the apron. The basque, without pleats behind, has a ruffle and fringe around the edge. The neck is square, and the front represents a vest almost covered by a jabot of Valenciennes lace. Flowing sleeves, with a ruffle and lace. Price $275. A dress made in the same way is of pale écru silk, trimmed with broad black velvet ribbon and point duchesse lace. The first dress described, or a similar one, of fisherman's green, or of light plum-color, is the fashionable reception dress for blondes. Écru buff silks, or the faint China pink, or else the pinkish-salmon apricot-color, are the choice of brunettes.

SUMMER SILKS, GOAT'S-HAIR, AND ALPACAS.

The summer silks most popular are narrow stripes of black on white, trimmed with many gathered ruffles of the same, edged with black lace, or else a tiny fold of solid-colored silk, either black, brown, or violet, placed above the hem of the ruffle, this hem being turned up on the right side. Solid-colored vests are also seen on these, and embroidery is used as a trimming. One of the most stylish silk suits yet seen is black stripes on white, with the polonaise bordered by black and white fringe, headed by a band of black silk "tamboured" with white. The skirt has five narrow lapping ruffles piped with black. The gypsy bonnet is fine Belgian straw, trimmed with black Frou Frou gauze, a black ostrich tip, and tea-roses. Large oval ear-rings of Etruscan gold, in Moorish designs. Linen and Valenciennes collar, with India silk neck-tie of tea-rose color. White silk parasol, with black lace cover and ivory handle. Écru kid gloves with three buttons.

The goat's-hair fabrics are light yet strong, do not fray as they formerly did, are soft enough to fall into graceful drapery, have a beautiful lustre, and cost but sixty or seventy-five cents a yard. They are made usually in polonaise suits, or in the postilion-basque costume, with burnous drapery, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., and trimmed with folds of the same, piped with silk of a darker shade. Gray goat's-hair, silvery and fresh-looking, and the fashionable Frou Frou or cameo colors of two shades of buff and brown, make pretty and inexpensive suits, to be donned when warmer days arrive. Soft wool serges, as fine almost as foulards, but in the broad twill, which is now preferred to fine diagonal lines, is used for traveling dresses. An effort is being made to introduce round talmas, or elbow capes with Watteau folds behind, to wear over the polonaises of shopping and traveling suits. A few have already appeared, but these capes require to be perfectly fitted on the shoulders, and gracefully rounded below, or they will have a prim, Quakerish air, or else, on the contrary, will look very dowdy. The prettiest talma yet seen is placed over a polonaise as part of a traveling suit for a bride. It is of pin-head checked silk, black and gray, trimmed with fringe and a ruche. A broad box-pleat or Watteau fold is in the back.

Black alpacas, like black silks, are always in fashion, and the best of these are the improved buffalo alpaca, now made of the purest jet black, and the kindred fabrics introduced since this alpaca became favorably known. There are the beaver mohair, as lustrous as silk; the lustrous sable Turkish brilliantine; and lastly, the new otter alpaca, which is admirably adapted for the costumes of the present season, and of which lower priced qualities are sold than of the other brands.

PIQUÉ SUITS.

Corded or repped piqué, like gros grain, is still in favor for suits. The short-sacque suit represented on our first page is the most stylish model for these. Loose slashed sacques are still worn in linen and piqué, but the sacque with postilion back is preferred by ladies ordering new suits. Linen laces of Irish manufacture, in the familiar Cluny patterns, and kilt pleatings of lawn, edged with patent Valenciennes, are popular trimmings for piqué. Neither the lace nor the "kilting" is new, but they were abundantly used on the Princess Louise's trousseau, and thus are revived. The lace is associated with black or even maroon velvet; the pleating is ironed flatly, and headed by an inch-wide bias band of piqué. Slightly gathered frills of Hamburg or needle-worked edgings are, however, the handsomest trimmings for these white suits. Three rows of kilting, or three embroidered frills, are at intervals around the lower skirt, and one row on the jacket and upper skirt of suits. $35 to $45 is the price.

LINEN SUITS.

Suits of thick undressed linen without gloss, and looking when bought as they will look after being washed at home, are shown for serviceable summer wear. They are made precisely in the way described for piqué, and are trimmed with kilt pleating, the pleats scant and separate—not lapping as they formerly did—and headed by bias bands (not folds) stitched at intervals on the skirt. A tiny line of scarlet or brown worsted braid, or the merest fold of colored cambric, stitched in on each side of these bands, gives them a less sombre appearance. Unbleached Cluny laces and insertions, and flax linen fringes, are also used on linen suits. If the lace and fringe are merely colored to match the linen, they are almost sure to fade, but the unbleached linen trimmings do not become paler.

Readers at a distance, who can not examine the ready-made suits at our furnishing houses, declare trimming with bias bands of linen, piqué, or other wash goods, impracticable. Now a fashion-writer is nothing if not practical in the styles she quotes, and we assure our correspondents that there is no difficulty in making or in ironing these bands, provided they are cut perfectly bias, laid absolutely smooth on the goods to which they are sewed, and stitched carefully near each edge by machine with well adjusted tension—neither too tight nor too loose.

The fancy for close-fitting garments has introduced linen and white Victoria lawn suits, made with postilion-basques, like our illustration in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. It remains to be seen whether these will be as popular as the cooler and more negligee garments with loose sacque fronts. Such suits are worn in the house as well as street.

BATISTE SUITS.

A few imported suits of batiste are shown, and a small quantity of the material is found. This is the real batiste, genuine flax in its original state, forming unbleached brown linen lawn, and not the spurious fabric mixed with silk, and hitherto called batiste. It is 85 cents a yard; and suits of the darkest brown shade, trimmed with ruffles, edged with Cluny, cost $60.

GRENADINE COSTUMES.

There is nothing new exhibited in grenadine suits. They should be made over silk skirts, but those who can not afford silk use alpaca, or farmer's satin, and sometimes soft, thick cambric that has not gloss enough to betray it. The thick silk over which the basque is made is the proper lining. But few persons now use drilling lining with thin silk covering next the grenadine. Indeed, silk linings for corsages are gaining favor, and are not considered extravagant, as they wear well, set smoothly to the figure, and are far pleasanter to wear than linen or twilled cotton. Many ruffles merely hemmed, with a fold of gros grain laid in the hem, or else edged with lace, are the fashionable trimmings. The designs are all comprised in the walking suits illustrated in the present volume of the *Bazar*.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & Co.; and PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THAT favorite contributor to the HARPER publications, Colonel THORPE, speaks of General BELKNAP as one of the representative young men who have assumed such prominent places under the administration of General GRANT. He was one of SHERMAN'S working generals, and, with great ability to conceive, he was a very whirlwind in execution. His face is very fine, and bears with singular force his well-known character of firmness, always modified with judgment.

—The president of the first agricultural society ever formed was a Mr. HOPE. This society was called The Improvers of Agriculture, and was organized at Edinburgh on the 8th of June, 1723. Many of the nobility and gentry were among its members, and it was a success from the start.

—Mr. GREELEY, referring to the small sums paid to writers twenty years ago, says, "I remember seeing LONGFELLOW'S grand 'Endymion' received in manuscript at the office of a popular and successful weekly, which paid fifteen dollars for it; a hundred such would now be taken quickly at one hundred and fifty dollars each, and the purchasers would look anxiously about them for more."

—In the estimation of the *Westminster Review*, no American woman has evinced in prose or poetry any thing like the genius of ALICE CARY.

—CHARLES JAMES FOX was probably the youngest man ever elected to the British Parliament, having been chosen for Midhurst when only nineteen years and four months old. At seventeen he was on intimate terms with EDMUND BURKE, who was nineteen years his senior. By the time he was twenty-four he had lost $700,000 by gambling. Yet GIBBON says of him, "Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, or falsehood."

—Among the boys who have passed the first examination of Cambridge University, England, is W. J. CRAFT. He is the son of WILLIAM and ELLEN CRAFT, now in Georgia—a State from which they escaped as fugitive slaves years ago. They ran to Boston, were married by THEODORE PARKER, who kept them some days in his study, he writing his sermon outside the door, with the musket his great-grandfather had used at Lexington by his side, ready to be used (probably with butt end) on the slave hunters prowling around his house.

—One of the notabilities of New Orleans is the Rev. ALEXANDER FAIR, of Christ Church, who is totally deaf, yet preaches constantly and converses fluently, understanding all that is said by the motion of the lips. He returns prompt and pertinent answers to every question, and it is said that unless the fact of his deafness were mentioned, it would never be known.

—Mrs. ANNIE BREED, late of Norwich, Connecticut, after making many private bequests, set apart $20,000 as a fund for the support of deserving and impecunious widows.

—The members of the English High Commission are all educated men and bred to public life, with one exception—Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who, not a university man, is probably the best linguist of the lot, and a man of remarkable attainments. Recently, in a closing night of the Canadian Parliament, a number of members tried their skill in a tournament of abuse in different languages. English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek were flung at one another with a facility that seemed to astonish the American who relates the incident. Sir JOHN is said to have borne more than an equal share in the contest, and carried off the honors by swearing a little in Sanscrit, apostrophizing his antagonist in Russian, and winding up by anathemas in the choicest Hebrew.

—Last summer we announced in the *Bazar* that Mr. THEODORIC B. PRYOR, a son of General ROGER A. PRYOR, now of this city, had taken the first honors of his class at Princeton College, and had taken also, at the same time, the Mathematical Fellowship, the income of which is a support for a young man of economical habits. The *Evening Post* tells us that Mr. PRYOR determined, after graduating, that he would pursue his studies at the University of Cambridge, England. He entered that university during the last year, and has just been awarded a scholarship, the highest honor open to him after so short a connection with the university. This fact proves two things: first, the wisdom of Dr. M'COSH'S plan of endowing fellowships in our American colleges, enabling young men to continue their studies; and secondly, that our colleges have reached a position which enables their students to compete successfully with the best students of foreign universities.

—The recent boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge calls to mind that Bishop SELWYN, of Lichfield, was one of the three bishops who rowed in the first Oxford and Cambridge race, the other two being Dr. TYRRELL, Bishop of Newcastle (Australia), and Dr. WORDSWORTH, Bishop of St. Andrews. The Cambridge boat, in which Bishops SELWYN and TYRRELL formed part of the crew, was beaten by the Oxford, in which Bishop WORDSWORTH rowed.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. HURLBUT, of the *World*, who did San Domingo for that journal with characteristic pluck and fairness, says of FREDERICK DOUGLASS: "Widely as I differ from Mr. DOUGLASS on almost all public questions, and decided as is my preference for the Caucasian over the African race, in most of my personal relations, it is impossible to see so much as I have seen of him without cordially recognizing not his abilities only, but the estimable, amiable, and manly strain of his whole nature."

—WALT WHITMAN, in the estimation of the eminent British bard, SWINBURNE, is the second poet at present enjoying existence, VICTOR HUGO being the first.

—As soon as General SHERIDAN lands upon his native heath, he will probably take General SHERMAN'S place during the absence of the latter on a tour of inspection. Afterward he will most likely assume command of the Military Division of the East, with head-quarters in this city. It is no more than fair that, after having had seven or eight months of goodest time with the potentates of the effete monarchies of Europe, he should be compelled to rough it on such victual and other entertainment as may be obtainable in this propinquity.

—Scarcely a Number of the *Bazar* is published, among the "Personals" of which mention is not made of notable instances of benevolence. For this week we have to announce that Mr. HUDSON E. BRIDGE, of St. Louis, has given $15,000 to Washington University in that city, for the polytechnic building, $15,000 for furniture and apparatus, $100,000 for the endowment of the chancellorship and for a scientific library. Within six weeks the endowments and gifts to the university have amounted to $210,000.

—Another liberal benefaction has been made by EDWIN F. BATCHELDER, of Mansfield, Massachusetts, who has willed all his property—$60,000—to the American Bible Society.

—Two years ago Congress appropriated $30,000 for an equestrian statue of General WINFIELD SCOTT, the model of which has just been completed by HENRY K. BROWNE, at his works in Newburgh. A committee of Congress has been up to take a peep at it, and have come away satisfied.

—Notwithstanding the fact that the great life insurance interests of the United States are mainly concentrated in this city, it is equally true that the largest insurances on single lives are made in other places, as for instance: Mr. W. N. SWITZER, of St. Louis, has his life insured to the amount of $300,000. Mr. W. H. LANGLEY, of the same city, has life policies to the same amount. Mr. J. YOUNG SCAMMON, of Chicago, has $270,000 on his life. Mr. L. WHITTAKER, of Chicago, has $200,000. Mr. W. M. TWEED, of this city, $85,000. Mr. JOSEPH BURNETT, of Boston, $75,000. There are few insurances in New York, on a single life, amounting to over $100,000.

—The Princess METTERNICH, admirable woman, collected in Vienna, in two weeks, $50,000 for the French relief fund, and then went at it again with the highest possible zest.

—Mr. A. S. HATCH, of the banking house of FISK & HATCH, has for two years past devoted his Sunday afternoons to teaching a Bible class in the Howard Mission at the Five Points. The class is composed of about fifty young women, of from fifteen to eighteen, all well dressed, some elegantly and fashionably. This class shows the permanent influence of the mission. These girls were all gathered into the school from the poor and even vicious dwellings in the neighborhood. Many of them came in as little children, rescued from want. They now earn their own livelihood. They are in shops, warehouses, factories, binderies, printing-houses, and other establishments which abound in the city where young women are employed. Their tasty and elegant costumes are the earnings of their own labor. Some of them support their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. They have received a fine education at the expense of the mission, and their singing can not be excelled by any school in New York. Many of them are fine musicians, and earn their livelihood through that genteel accomplishment. Recently Mr. HATCH gave his pupils an elegant supper, with a choice bouquet at every plate.

—The autobiography of Lord BROUGHAM covers only the first thirty-three years of his life. This will be a public disappointment, though the foundation of his fame was laid before he had reached that age. At eleven he had battled over a point of Latinity with LUKE FRASER, his master at the Edinburgh High School; before thirteen, finished his school course; at sixteen, gained the prize offered by a German university for the best essay on the "Refraction of Light;" and at twenty-four, with JEFFREY and SYDNEY SMITH, founded the *Edinburgh Review*. It includes, also, the period when he first went to London as counsel in the matter of the disputed succession of the Dukedom of Roxburgh; and when he first gained political standing by his speech before the House of Lords, for certain merchants, on the "Orders in Council;" also his election to Parliament, and his famous speeches on Indian Reform, Catholic Emancipation, against flogging in the army, and to abolish slavery in the West Indies. His lordship is kind enough to admit, that when at college, and even after he had attained the age of twenty-five, he was fond of indulging in adventures of the most rollicking sort. His efforts, while in college, ran mainly in the direction of bell-handles, which he delighted to wring off, and of which he had a large and varied collection in one of his closets. On the occasion of a farewell banquet to HORNER, a young "Reviewer," on his leaving Edinburgh to settle in London, "we" (*i. e.*, BROUGHAM and other literary lambs) "accompanied by the grave and most sedate HORNER (ætat. twenty-five, or, to speak quite correctly, twenty-four years and seven months), sallied forth to the North Bridge, and then halted in front of Mr. MANDERSON the druggist's shop, where I, hoisted on the shoulders of the tallest of the company, placed myself on the top of the door-way, held on by the sign, and twisted off the enormous brazen serpent which formed the explanatory announcement of the business that was carried on within. I forget the end of the adventure, but I rather think the city guard exhibited unusual activity on that occasion, and that we had a hard run for it."

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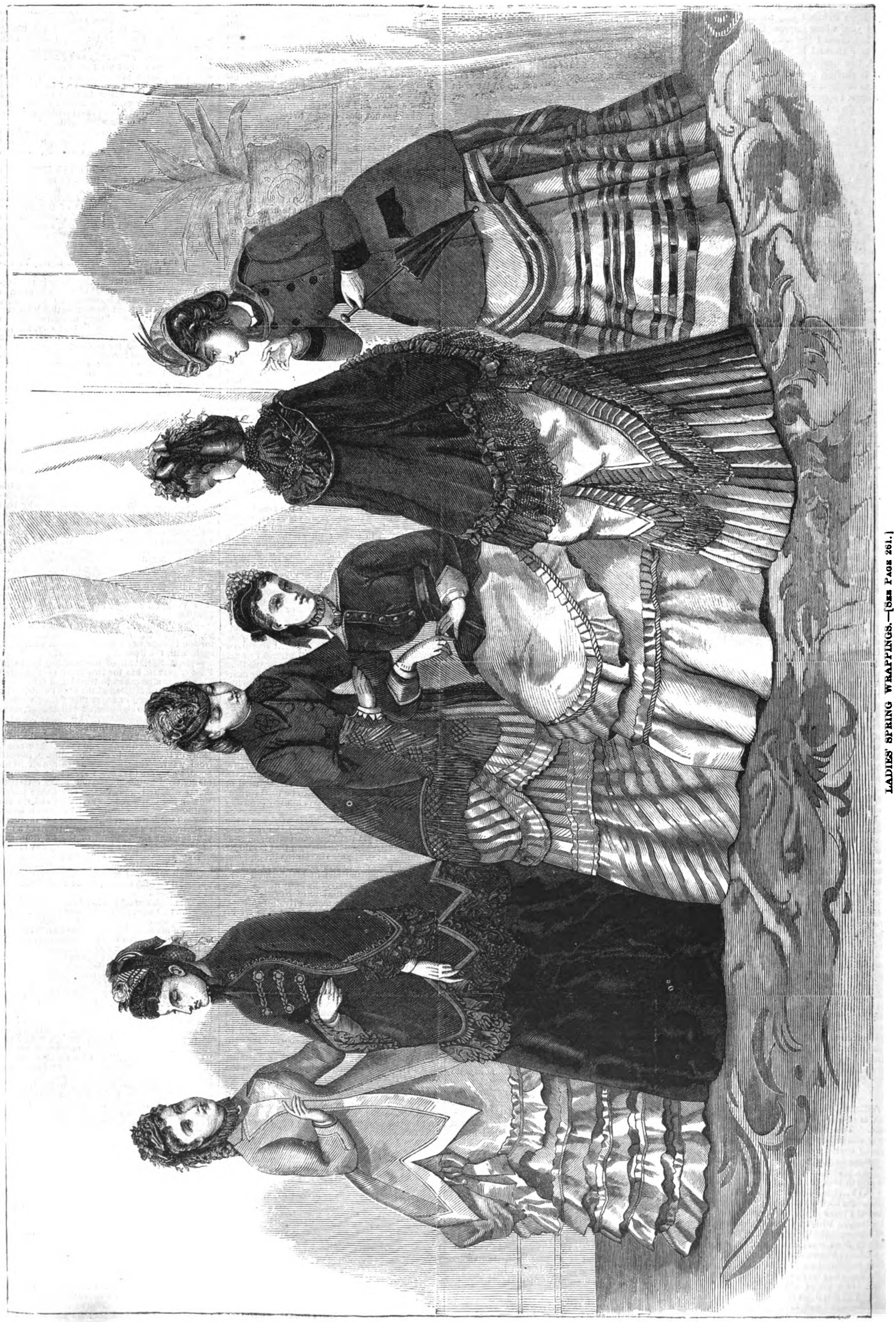

LADIES' SPRING WRAPPINGS.—[SEE PAGE 261.]

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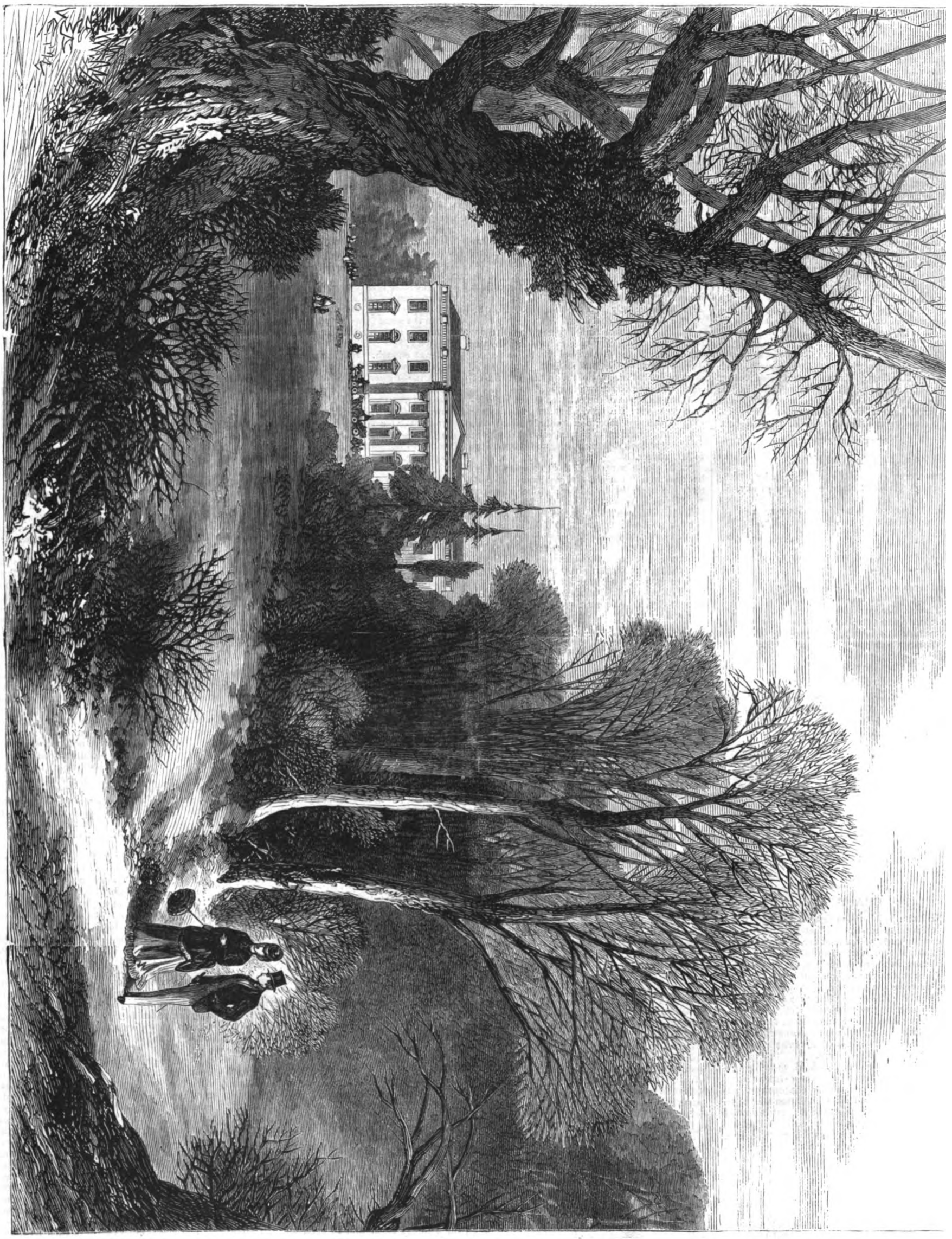
CLAREMONT, SURREY.

THE park and mansion of Claremont, the property of the Crown, situated close to the village of Esher, sixteen miles from London, will for the present be occupied by the Marquis of Lorne and his bride, Princess Louise. The park is three miles and a half in circuit, adjoining an open heathy common traversed by the Portsmouth road. The grounds are very agreeably laid out; they contain some fine trees, a lake five acres in extent, and a small Gothic building, originally intended for a summer-house, but now called the Mausoleum of Princess Charlotte. The house, designed by Brown, was built for Lord Clive, the famous conqueror of Bengal, just a hundred years since, at a cost of £100,000. It is of brick, with stone dressings, and the arms of Clive are inscribed above the portico. The first mansion on this ground was one built by Sir John Vanbrugh, the dramatist and architect, for himself, in the reign of Queen Anne. It was not like the cumbrous edifices he reared for others, which caused some wit to propose for his epitaph:

"Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Vanbrugh, who had purchased this site, was content with a small brick house for his own residence. This was afterward sold to Holles, Earl of Clare, and more latterly Duke of Newcastle, from whose title it was named Clare-Mont. He added to Vanbrugh's building, and erected, to the westward, a castellated prospect-tower upon a mount. The grounds were laid out by Kent, a fashionable landscape gardener; Horace Walpole admired them vastly, and the pine-apples from the Claremont conservatories were sent to King George, in Hanover, by special couriers. The Duke of Newcastle, whose dwelling here was near his brother and ministerial colleague, Henry Pelham, of Esher Place, having departed from the world, Claremont was bought by Clive. After Clive's death, in 1774, his newly built mansion passed through the hands of Lord Galway and Lord Tyrconnel to those of Mr. Charles Rose Ellis, the friend and literary correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Ellis was visited here by Sir Walter, who here wrote some of his poems. The place was afterward sold to the Crown, which settled it on Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and her husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, subsequently made King of the Belgians. It was here that the Princess died, in November, 1817; and the house contains several memorials of her, portraits of h self and her husband, of her tutors and frien and even pictures of her favorite horses and do The place belonging to the late King Leop for his life, it was put at the disposal, in 18 of the exiled royal family of France. K Louis Philippe and his consort, the late Qu Marie Amélie, here ended their days. It since returned into the possession of the Cro



CLAREMONT, SURREY, THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

SPRING WRAPPINGS.

See Illustration on page 260.

Fig. 1.—GOLDEN BROWN LADIES'-CLOTH C SAQUE, trimmed with silk of the same shade. T garment is half-fitting, with two hollow pla behind. The bottom is cut in four deep poin two on each side. Half-fitting sleeve, with Gre cuffs. Two yards and a quarter of the mater

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are required for the garment, with a yard and a quarter of silk for trimming. Golden brown silk dress, trimmed with four flounces, set on with a heading. Over-skirt, forming a pouf behind and looped at the sides, trimmed to match the skirt.

Fig. 2.—BLACK SATIN OR VELVET CASAQUE, crossed in front in the Russian style. The bottom is cut in points at the sides, the front forming a rounded tablier. Half-pagoda sleeves, pointed at the bottom. Trimming of passementerie and guipure lace. Five yards and a half of satin or velvet and eight yards and three-quarters of guipure lace are required. Plain black satin or velvet dress.

Fig. 3.—HALF-FITTING PALETOT OF BLACK BARATHEA, with the bottom slightly curving inward at the sides. Pagoda sleeves, and collar with long points in front. The collar is trimmed with braid, and the sleeves and bottom with netted fringe. Two yards and a quarter of cloth and six and a half of fringe are required. Striped silk skirt, trimmed with a deep flounce and puffed heading. Over-skirt, trimmed with puffing.

Fig. 4.—SHORT VELVET JACKET, belted at the waist. Sailor collar, and chevron cuffs of faille. Fancy buttons up the front, reaching only to the belt. Three yards and a quarter of velvet and seven-eighths of a yard of faille are required. Lilac silk dress, trimmed with a deep flounce with pleated heading. Over-skirt trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 5.—HALF-FITTING SATIN OR VELVET MANTLE, with simulated sleeves and hood, trimmed with a satin ruche, which serves as a heading to guipure lace. Five yards and a half of satin or velvet, six yards and a half of guipure, and thirteen yards of satin ribbon for the ruche, are required. Silk dress, trimmed with a deep side-pleated flounce, with over-skirt slashed in the back, and trimmed with side pleating and fringe.

Fig. 6.—DRAB LADIES'-CLOTH DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET. Half-fitting waist, with narrow standing collar, and epaulets of velvet, and two rows of velvet buttons. Velvet pocket welts. Two yards and three-eighths of cloth and a yard and an eighth of velvet are required. Mohair dress, trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon.

ENDEAVOR.

A MOANING cry, as the world rolls by
Through gloom of cloud and glory of sky,
  Rings in my ears forever;
And I know not what it profits a man
To plow and sow, to study and plan,
  And reap the harvest never.
    "Abide, in truth abide,"
    Spake a low voice at my side,
  "Abide thou, and endeavor."

And even though, after care and toil,
I should see my hopes from a kindly soil,
  Though late, yet blossoming ever,
Perchance the prize were not worth the pain,
Perchance this fretting and wasting of brain
  Wins its true guerdon never.
    "Abide, in love abide,"
    The tender voice replied,
  "Abide thou, and endeavor.

"Strive, endeavor—it profits more
To fight and fail, than on Time's dull shore
  To sit an idler ever;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
  The victory faileth never.
    Therefore in faith abide,"
    The earnest voice still cried,
  "Abide thou, and endeavor."

(Continued from No. 13, page 199.)

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VII.

No harm had befallen baby. Hannah, flying up stairs on terror-winged feet that carried her she hardly knew how, found her treasure all safe, lying fast asleep, as warm and soft as a little bird in its nest, in the quiet nursery.

Grace was not there, and yet it was certainly Grace's voice she had heard. What could have happened? The uneasy fear that some time or other something uncomfortable might turn up concerning Jem Dixon was seldom long absent from Hannah's mind, though it was not strong enough to take away the comfort she had in her intelligent and faithful nurse.

Of course the whole household, as well as every household at Easterham, knew Grace's story. In such a small community concealment was impossible, even had Miss Thelluson wished it, which she did not. She had a great horror of secrets, and, besides, she felt that in this painful matter perfect openness was the safest course. Therefore, both to her servants and her neighbors, she had never hesitated to mention the thing, telling the plain story, accepting it as an inevitable misfortune, and then protecting Grace to the utmost by her influence—the influence which any lady can use, both with equals and inferiors, when she is, like Hannah, quite firm in her own mind, and equally fearless in expressing it. Whatever people said behind her back, before Hannah's face nobody breathed a word against the poor nurse, who cowered gratefully under the shelter of her mistress's kindness, and kept out of other people's way as much as possible.

In her class broken hearts are rare; working-women have not time to die of grief. But though Grace said little or nothing, often when she sat sewing, with Rosie playing at her feet, Hannah watched with pity the poor sad face, and thought of the blighted life which nothing could ever restore. For, as has been said, Grace, brought up as little maid to the Misses Melville, had caught from them a higher tone of feeling and a purer morality, in great things and small, than, alas! is usually found among servants; and she suffered accordingly. Her shame, if shame it could be called, seemed to gnaw into her very heart. So did her separation from the children. How far she grieved for their father could not be guessed; she never named him, and, Hannah was certain, saw and heard nothing of him. But that scream, and a slight confusion which was audible down stairs, convinced her that something—probably the vague something she always feared—had happened: James Dixon had reappeared.

She went down stairs and found it so. In the servants' hall, the centre of an excited group—some frightened at him, some making game of him—stood a little, ugly-looking man, half drunk, but not too drunk to be incapable of taking care of himself, or knowing quite well what he was about. He held Grace tight round the waist with one hand, and brandished a kitchen carving-knife with the other, daring every body to come near him, which nobody did, until Mr. Rivers walked quietly up and took the knife out of his hand.

"James Dixon, what business have you in my house at this time of night?"

"I want my missis. I'm come to fetch my missis," stammered the man, drunkenly, still keeping hold of Grace, in spite of her violent struggles to get free.

"*She* isn't his missis," cried some one from behind. "Please, Sir, he married my cousin, Ann Bridges, only two months ago. He's always a-marrying somebody."

"But I don't like Ann Bridges, now I've got her. She's forever rating at me and beating the children; and I'm a fond father, as doesn't like to see his little 'uns ill used," added Jem, growing maudlin. "So I'd rather get rid of Ann, and take Grace back again."

When he spoke of the children Grace had given a great sob; but now, when he turned to her his red, drunken face, and wanted to kiss her, she shrank from him in disgust, and, making one struggle, wrenched herself free, and darted over to Mr. Rivers.

"Oh, please save me! I don't want to go back to him. I can't, Sir, you know." And then she appealed despairingly to her mistress. "Did you hear what he said? That woman beats the children; I knew she would; and yet I can't go back. Miss Thelluson, you don't think I ought to go back?"

"Certainly not," said Hannah; and then her brother-in-law first noticed her presence.

"Pray go away," he whispered; "this is not a place for you. See, the man is drunk."

"I do not mind," she answered. "Just look at poor Grace. We must save her from him."

For Jem had again caught the young woman in his arms, where she lay, half fainting, not resisting at all, evidently frightened to death.

"This can not be endured," said Mr. Rivers, angrily. "Dixon, be off with you! Webb, Jacob, take him between you and see him clear out of the gate."

Butler and footman advanced, but their task was not easy. Dixon was a wiry little fellow, sharp as a ferret, even in his cups. He wriggled out of the men's grasp immediately, and tried again to snatch at the kitchen-knife.

"Hands off, mates; I'll go fast enough. It isn't much a fellow gets in this house. Grace wouldn't even give me a drop o' beer. I'll be off, Mr. Rivers; but I ll not stir a step without my wife—that's the young woman there. I married her in church, same as I did t'other woman, and I like her the best o' the two; so do the little ones. I promised them I'd fetch her back. You'll come, Grace, won't you? and I'll be so kind to you."

"Oh, Jem, Jem!" sobbed poor Grace, melted by the coaxing tone; but still she tried to get away, and cried imploringly to her master to release her from Dixon's hold. Mr. Rivers grew angry.

"Let the woman go, I say. You have not the smallest claim upon her, no more than she upon you. If she chooses to stay here she shall. Begone, before I set the police on you!"

"Do it if you dare, Sir," said Dixon, setting his back against the door. "I'll not stir a step without Grace; she's a pretty girl, and a nice girl, and I married her in church, too. I found a parson to do it, though you wouldn't."

"Your marriage is worth nothing; I told you so at the time. It was against the law, and the law does not recognize it. She is not your wife, and so, very rightly, she refuses to go back to you; and I, as magistrate, will protect her in this refusal. Let her go." And Mr. Rivers, following words by action, again shook off the fellow's grasp, and let the young woman free. "Now, Grace, get away up stairs, and let us put an end to this nonsense."

For, in spite of their respect for their master, the other servants seemed rather amused than not at this spectacle of a gentleman arguing with a drunken man for the possession of his wife; or, perhaps, some of them having as confused notions of the marriage laws as James Dixon, had thought Jem was rather hardly used, and ought to get Grace if he wanted. John, the butler, an old servant, even ventured to hint this, and that it was a pity to meddle between man and wife.

"Did I not say plainly that she is not his wife?" cried Mr. Rivers, in much displeasure. "A man can not marry his wife's sister. I am master here, and out of my house she shall not stir against her will. Grace, go up stairs immediately with Miss Thelluson."

Then Dixon's lingering civility and respect for the clergy quite left him. He squared up at Mr. Rivers in drunken rage.

"You're a nice parson, you are. Mind your own business, and I'll mind mine. Your own hands bean't so very clean, I reckon. Some folk 'ud say mine were the cleanest o' the two."

"What do you mean, you scoundrel? Speak out, or I'll take you by the neck and shake you like a rat."

For Mr. Rivers was a young man, and his passions were up; and Dixon looked so very like a rat, with his glittering, hungry eyes, and a creeping way he had till he showed his teeth and sprung upon you. Hannah wondered how on earth poor, pretty Grace could ever have been persuaded to marry him. But no doubt it was like so many marriages, the mere result of circumstance, and for the sake of the children. "If ever I could marry that man, it would be for the sake of his children," said once a very good woman; and though men are probably too vain to believe it, many another good woman may have felt the same.

"What do I mean, Sir?" said Dixon, with a laugh; "oh, you knows well enough what I mean, and so do your servants there, and so does all Easterham. There bean't much to choose betwixt you and me, Mr. Rivers, if all tales be true."

"What tales?" said Bernard, slowly, turning white, though he still held his ground, and deliberately faced the man. For all his servants were facing him, and on more than one countenance was a horrid kind of smile, the smile with which, in these modern days, when the old feudal reverence seems so mournfully wearing off, the kitchen often views the iniquities of the parlor. "What tales?"

"Of course it isn't true, Sir—or else it doesn't matter—gentlefolks may do any thing they likes. But people do say, Mr. Rivers, that you and I row in the same boat; only I was honest enough to marry my wife's sister, and you—wasn't. That's all!"

It was enough. Brief as the accusation was put, there was no mistaking it, or Dixon's meaning in it. Either Mr. Rivers had not believed the man's insolence would go so far, or was unaware of the extent to which the scandal had grown; but he stood, for the moment, perfectly paralyzed. He neither looked to one side nor the other—to Hannah, who had scarcely taken it in, or to the servants, who had taken it in only too plainly. Twice he opened his lips to speak, and twice his voice failed. At last he said, in a voice so hollow and so unlike his own that every body started:

"It is a lie! I declare, before God and all now present, that what this man says against me is a foul, damnable lie!"

He uttered the ugly words as strongly and solemnly as he was accustomed to read such out of the Bible in his pulpit at church. They sent a thrill through every listener, and sobered even the drunken man. But Jem soon saw his advantage, and took it.

"Lie or not, Sir, it looks just the same, and folks believe it all the same. When a poor man takes a young woman into his house, and either marries her or wants to, what an awful row you kick up about it! But when a gentleman does it—oh dear! it's quite another thing!"

Mr. Rivers almost ground his teeth together; but still no words came except the repetition of those four, "It is a lie!"

"Well, if it is, Sir, it looks uncommon queer, any how. For a young lady and a young gentleman to live together, and be a-going out and a-coming home together; and when we meets 'em, as I did a bit ago, not exactly a-going straight home, but a-walking and a-whispering together in the dark—'twas them, sure, for the lady had got a red hood on, and she's got it on still."

Hannah put up her hand to her head. Until this moment, confused and bewildered, and full of pity for unfortunate Grace, she had scarcely understood the scandal with regard to herself. Now she did. Plain as light—or, rather, black as darkness—she saw all that she was accused of, all that she had innocently laid herself open to, and from which she must at once defend herself. How?

It was horrible! To stand there and hear her good name taken away before her own servants, and with her brother-in-law close by! She cast a wild appealing look to him, as if he could protect her; but he took no notice—scarcely seemed to see her. Grace only—poor, miserable Grace—stole up to her and caught her hand.

"It *is* a lie, miss—and Jem knows it is! You mustn't mind what he says."

And then another of the women-servants—an under house-maid to whom she had been specially kind—ran across to her, beginning to cry. Oh, the humiliation of those tears!

Somebody must speak. This dreadful scene must be ended.

"Sister Hannah," said Mr. Rivers, at length recovering himself, and speaking in his natural manner, but with grave and pointed respect, "will you oblige me by taking Grace up stairs? Webb and Jacob, remove this fellow from my house immediately; or else, as I said, we must fetch the police."

Mr. Rivers had great influence when he chose to exercise it, especially with his inferiors. His extraordinarily sweet temper, his tender consideration for other people's feelings, his habit of putting himself in their place—the lowest and most degraded of them, and judging them mercifully, as the purest-hearted always do judge—these things stood him in good stead, both in his household and his parish. Besides, when a mild man once gets thoroughly angry, people know he means it, and are frightened accordingly.

Either Dixon felt some slight remorse, or dreaded the police, for he suffered himself to be conveyed quietly outside, and the gate locked upon him, without making more ado than a few harmless pullings of the garden bell. These at last subsided, and the household became quiet.

Quiet, after such a scene! As if it were possible! Retiring was a mere form. The servants sat up till midnight, gossiping gloriously over the kitchen fire. Hannah heard them where she, too, sat, wide awake, in the dreadful silence and solitude of her own room.

She had gone up stairs with Grace, as bidden; and they had separated, without exchanging a word, at the nursery door. For the first time in her life Hannah went to bed without taking one watchful, comforting look, one kiss of her sleeping darling. She went to bed in a mechanical, stunned way; for though it was still quite early, she never thought of rejoining her brother-in-law. She heard him moving up and down the house for an hour or more, even after that cruel clamor of tongues in the kitchen was silent; but to meet him again that night never struck her as a possibility. What help, what comfort, could he be to her?—he who was joined with her in this infamous slander? Henceforth, instead of coming to him for protection, she must avoid him as she would the plague.

"Oh, what have I done, and how have I erred, that all this misery should fall upon me?" moaned poor Hannah, as bit by bit she realized her position—the misinterpretations that might be put upon her daily conduct, even as upon to-night's walk across the hill. Perhaps what Dixon said was true—that all Easterham was watching her and speaking evil of her? Was this the meaning of Lady Rivers's dark hints—of the eager desire to get her married to Mr. Morecamb—of the falling off of late in social civilities—a certain polite coldness in houses where her visits used to be welcomed—a gradual cessation of lady visitors at the House on the Hill? As all these facts came back upon her mind, fitting into one another, as unpleasant facts do, when one once fancies one has got the key to them, Hannah groaned aloud, feeling as if she could lay her down and die. It had all come so suddenly. She had gone on her way in such happy unsuspiciousness. Yes! now she recognized, with mingled wonder and—was it terror also?—how very happy she had been. There seemed nothing left for her but to lay her down and die.

Every body knows the story of the servant lamenting his master's dying innocent, to whom the master said, "Would you have me die guilty?" Nevertheless, it is hard to die, even when innocent. No bitterer hour ever came to Hannah, or was likely to come, than that first hour after a bad man's wicked words had forced from Mr. Rivers the declaration—which in itself, and in his ever feeling it incumbent upon himself to make it, was disgrace enough—"It is a lie!"

Of course it was; and any friend who really knew them both would be sure of that. But what of the world at large—the careless world, that judges from hearsay—the evil world, which is always so quick to discover, so ready to gloat over, any thing wrong? And there must be something wrong, some false position, some oversight in conduct, some unfortunate concatenation of circumstances, to make such a lie possible.

"Be thou chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Most true; but the calumny is rarely altogether baseless—some careless, passing hand may have smutched the snow, or the ice have let itself be carried too near the fire. Hannah remembered now, wondering she could have forgotten it so long, Lady Dunsmore's warning: "He is not your brother; it is only a social fiction that makes him so." And if Bernard Rivers and she were not brother and sister, if there was no tie of blood between them, nothing that, if he had not been Rosa's husband first, would have prevented their marrying—why, then, she ought not to have gone and lived with him. The chain of argument seemed so plain, that in thinking it out Hannah suddenly begun to tremble—nay, she actually shuddered; but, strange contradiction! it was not altogether a shudder of pain.

Fictions, social and otherwise, may have their day, when both the simple and the cunning accept them. But it is not a day which lasts forever. By-and-by they tumble down, like all other shams; and the poor heart who had dwelt in them is cast out, bare and shelterless, to face the bitter truth as best it may.

Hannah's was the most innocent heart possible—strangely so for a woman who had lived, not ignorantly, in the world for thirty years. Whatever mistake she had fallen into—under whatever delusion she had wrapped herself—it was all done as unknowingly, as foolishly, as if she had been a seven-years-old child. But that did not hinder her from suffering like a woman—a woman who, after a long dream of peace, wakes up to find she has been sleeping on the edge of a precipice.

That pleasant fiction which had been torn down by the rough hands of James Dixon, opened her eyes to its corresponding truth, that Nature herself sets bounds to the association of men and women—certainly of young men and young women—and that, save under very exceptional circumstances, all pseudo-relationships are a mistake. Two people, who are neither akin by blood nor bound in wedlock, can seldom, almost never, live together in close and affectionate friendship without this friendship growing to be something less or something more. The thing is abnormal, and against nature; and Nature avenges herself by asserting her rights and exacting her punishments.

The law says to people in such positions—to brothers and sisters in law especially—"You shall not marry." But it can not say, "You shall not love." It can not prevent the gradual growth of that fond, intimate affection which is the surest basis of married happiness. Suppose—Hannah put the question to herself with frightened conscience—suppose, instead of that tender friendship which undoubtedly existed between them, she and Bernard had really fallen in love with one another?

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That he was very fond of her, in a sort of way, she never doubted. That she was fond of him—yes, that also was true. She could not help it. He was so good; he made her so happy. Many a man is deeply attached to a woman—wife or sister—whom he yet entirely fails in making happy. He thinks too much of himself, too little of her. But Bernard was a different kind of man. That sweet sunshininess of nature, that generous self-forgetfulness, that constant protecting tenderness—more demonstrative in deeds than words—qualities so rare in men, and so precious when found, were his to perfection. He was not brilliantly clever; and he had many little faults; rashnesses, bursts of wrath, sudden, childish, fantastic humors, followed by pathetic contrition; but he was intensely lovable. Hannah had told him truly when she said—oh, how hot she grew when she recalled it!—"that it was a blessing to live with him," for every body whom he lived with he contrived to make happy.

"Oh, we have been so happy together," Rosa had sighed, almost with her last breath. And Rosa's sister, in the bitter pang which seemed like death—for it must surely result in a parting as complete—could have said the same.

Yes, of course she must go away. There seemed to her at first no other alternative. She must quit the House on the Hill the very next day. This not alone for her own sake. It was, as Bernard had once said, truly a house on a hill, exposed to every comment, a beacon and example to every eye. No cloud of suspicion must be suffered to rest upon it—not for a day, an hour. She would run away at once.

And yet, was that the act of innocence—did it look like innocence? Was it not much more like the impulse of cowardly guilt? And if she did run, could she take Rosie with her?

Then poor Hannah at once fell prone, crushed by a weight of misery greater than she could bear. To go away and leave her child behind! All Easterham might be howling at her, but she could never do that. Life without Rosie—the old, blank, sunless, childless life—she could not endure it. It would kill her at once. Better a thousand times stay on here, strong in her innocence, and let Easterham do and say its worst. For she had done no wrong, and, come what would, she had been happy. This sense of happiness, never stronger than a few hours ago, when she and Bernard were taking together that innocent-guilty walk, and finding out more than ever the deep, true harmony of soul, which, in spite of their great differences of character, existed between them, seemed to wrap her up, close and warm, her only shelter against the bitter outside blast.

What would her brother-in-law say? She could not act for herself alone; the position was as cruel for him as for her. She must think of him too, and wait for his opinion, whatever it might be. And then she became conscious how completely she had learned to look to Bernard's opinion, to lean upon his judgment, to consult his tastes, to make him, in short, for these many months, what no man who is neither her relative nor her lover ought to be to any woman—the one primary object of her life.

Utterly bewildered, half frightened, and unable to come to the slightest conclusion, Hannah, after lying awake half the night, fell heavily asleep, nor wakened till the sound of little feet in her room, and the shrill, joyous cry—as sweet as the song of a lark springing up into the morning air over a clover-field—"Tannie, Tannie! Wake up, Tannie!" dispersed in a moment all the cloudy despairs of the night.

Tennyson knew human nature well when he made the rejected lover say,

"My latest rival brings thee rest:
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast."

That is, they press out every image unholy, or painful, or despairing. Such can not long exist in any heart that is filled with a child. Hannah had sometimes read in novels of women who were mothers falling in love, and with other men than their own husbands; kissing their babies in their innocent cradles, and then flying from lawful homes to homes unlawful. All these stories seemed to her then very dreadful, very tragical, but not quite impossible. Now, since she had had Rosie, they almost did seem impossible. How a woman once blessed with a child could ever think of any man alive she could not comprehend.

Hannah had not held her little niece beside her for five minutes—feasting her eyes on the loving, merry face, and playing all the funny little games which Rosie and Tannie were so grand at when together—before all the agony of last night became as unreal as last night's dreams. This was the real thing—the young life intrusted to her care—the young soul growing up under the shelter of her love. She rose and dressed for breakfast, feeling that with the child in her arms she could face the whole world.

Ay, her brother-in-law included; though this was a hard thing. She would not have been a woman not to have found it hard. And if he decided that she must stay—that, strong in their innocence, they must treat Dixon's malicious insolence as mere insolence, no more, and make no change whatever in their way of life—still, how doubly difficult that life would be! To meet day after day at table and fireside; to endure, not in cheerful ignorance, but painful consciousness, the stare of all suspicious eyes, especially of their own household, who had heard them so wickedly accused, and seen—they must have seen!—how deep the wound had gone. It would be dreadful—almost unbearable.

And then—with regard to their two selves!

Bernard was—Hannah knew it, felt it—one of the purest-hearted of men. Living in the house with him was like living with a woman; nay, not all women had his delicacy of feeling. Frank and familiar as his manner was—or had been till lately—he never was free with her—never caressed her; nothing but the ordinary shake of the hand had ever passed between them, even though he was her brother-in-law. Hannah liked this reserve; she was not used to kissing; as people in large families are, as the Moat House girls were; it had rather surprised her to see the way they all hung about young Mr. Melville. But, even though in their daily conduct to one another, private and public, she and Bernard could never be impeached, still the horrible possibility of being watched—watched and suspected—and that both knew it was so, was enough to make the relations between them so painful, that she hardly knew how she should bear it.

Even this morning her foot lingered on the stair, and that bright breakfast-room, with its pleasant morning greeting, seemed a sort of purgatory that she would have escaped if she could.

She did escape it, for it was empty of every body but Webb, the butler, whom she saw hovering about, near, suspiciously near, to an open note, or rather a scrap of paper, left on the table, open—was it intentionally open?—for any body's perusal.

"Master has just gone off to the railway in the dog-cart, Miss Thelluson. He left me this bit of paper, with an apology to you, saying he was in a great hurry, and hadn't time to write more, or he would miss the London train."

"He has gone to London?" said Hannah, with a great sense of relief, and yet of pain.

"Yes, miss, I think so; but the note says—"

Then Webb *had* gratified his curiosity by reading the paper.

Any body might have read it, certainly. It might have been printed in the *Times* newspaper, or declaimed by the Easterham town-crier for the benefit of the small public at the market-place. And yet Hannah's eyes read it eagerly, and her heart beat as she did so in a way that no sight of Bernard's familiar handwriting had ever made it beat before.

"DEAR SISTER HANNAH,—I am away to town to visit a sick friend, and am obliged to start very early. I hope to be back by Sunday, but do not expect me till you see me. Give papa's love to his little Rosie, and believe me,

"Your affectionate brother,

"BERNARD RIVERS.

"Perhaps you will kindly call at the Moat House to-day, and tell them I am gone?"

WRITING.

UNFORTUNATELY, a very large proportion of "educated women" fall far short of Tim Linkinwater's estimate of good writing. We continually see advertisements of ladies who can write a good hand, and wish for work in copying manuscripts. But the ideas of the employer and the copyist often differ widely about what is a good hand. One lady's "good hand" is all peaks and angles, another's all scrawling dashes, while the sins of undotted i's and uncrossed t's are legion, not to speak of errors in spelling, by no means infrequent. The luckless employer is driven to distraction by the labor of deciphering, to which is sometimes added the labor of correction; and he finally throws down the ill-done work, with a pardonable sneer at the incapacity of women for any thing but dress. Of course she gets no further work from him. Disappointment all to both employer and copyist.

Now to write an ugly hand may be called a misfortune, if you will; but to write an illegible hand is a crime against society; and the angular hand and the scrawly hand are almost always irritatingly illegible.

Every one who chooses may write legibly. Every one who chooses can form each letter distinctly, can make a difference between n and u, between e and c—can dot i's and cross t's; therefore no educated woman who wishes for employment as an amanuensis or copyist can be excused for writing badly. She ought to be able to write letters and copy manuscripts clearly and legibly; if she can not, she has only herself to blame.

To those who feel their deficiency, and wish to improve, here are a few hints.

Write two or three copies every day in a very large hand.

Look at your copy upside down, when the turns of the letters should appear as well shaped as they did when you looked at them the right way. Thus, let the letters nu, when turned upside down, make a good clear mi, only wanting the addition of the dot to the i.

Never leave an i to be dotted or a t to be crossed till you have finished the line or sentence. Dot your i's and cross your t's when you finish the word, at latest.

Remember that the lines of legibility in writing, as of beauty in nature, are all curved. Angular writing is never pretty, seldom legible.

Never indulge in making overlong tails to g's, q's, y's, or overlong heads to l's, t's, and similar letters, running them into the upper or under line. Indulge not in turns, curls, or flourishes of any kind.

Study to make your writing compact without being cramped; free without straggling. To write rather upright than otherwise contributes to the union of compactness and freedom.

Never imitate another person's writing under the idea that it is prettier than your own. Many a girl has spoiled a good handwriting in this way. Let your handwriting form itself from free, bold copy-writing; and let it be thoroughly your own.

Cultivate the power of writing quickly, because it will probably be a necessity to you, certainly an advantage. But eschew hurry. Legibility must never be sacrificed to speed. And hurry is sure sooner or later to push legibility on one side. You must be content to make legibility your first object, and to leave the speed of illegibility to wealthier travelers on life's road. You will, of course, be obliged sometimes to hurry. But beware of getting a habit of writing hurriedly. It may answer in the beginning, but take care lest some day you find the habit of hurry left, the work gone.

Dirty, blotted paper mars good writing. Therefore be neat and clean in your writing. If you have much writing to do quickly, you will find sand answer better for drying it than blotting-paper; less liable to leave blots. Neatness and cleanliness in her writing is absolutely necessary to the woman who wishes to be an amanuensis.

Copy carefully a page or two of some book every day, paying strict attention to the above hints, and you will be surprised to find how much you will have improved your writing even at the end of one month.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

OCCASIONALLY there are those who recognize in the sick poor a want beyond food and clothing and medical attendance—a want even outside of religious comfort and counsel. What it must be to lie day after day in a hospital ward—with all absolute bodily wants supplied, no doubt, but without the loving words of family friends, without any thing to draw the mind from pain and suffering—none can know but those who have experienced it. A very pleasant surprise was recently given to the inmates of Bellevue by the reception of a collection of lithographs and chromos, donated by a lady of this city, to be placed upon the walls of the wards. The wish was that "the sight of these pictures might make the sick for a moment forget their sufferings." The pictures were tasteful and attractive, and, when placed upon the walls, the delight of the poor inmates would have been an ample reward to the donor could she have witnessed it.

During the week ending September 24, 1870, the number of deaths in Paris were 1272; during the week ending February 24, 1871, the number was 3941. The mortality was the greatest the week ending February 3, being 4671. The total number of deaths in Paris from September 18 to February 24 was 64,154.

It gives a little idea of the scarcity of necessaries of life during the siege of Paris to know that late in February there were in pawn at the *Mont de Piété* no less than 1,100,000 articles. Among these were 2000 glove-maker's scissors, 400 sewing-machines, tools of various descriptions, a large number of mattresses, and musical instruments belonging to those who composed the orchestra of small theatres.

There is no better way to preserve health in the spring than to eat fresh green vegetables moderately every day. These have a tendency to purify the blood. The quantity of meat eaten may safely be diminished toward the approach of warm weather. Many cases of sickness are caused by eating too heartily at a season when the diet should be lightened.

The census of Great Britain and Ireland is taken in a very different way from the census of the United States. The whole matter comes to a crisis on one day. April 2 was the appointed day this year. During the previous week a printed form was ordered to be left with the occupier of every house or separate lodging, who, under a penalty, was bound to fill it up correctly with the name, age, and certain other particulars concerning every person abiding with him at the close of that day. These forms were to be collected on the following day, and corrected by the enumerators if found erroneous. The published census will be issued about the beginning of June. The cost of making it is paid out of the royal Exchequer.

Plans for the new Lenox Library have been approved and decided upon, and work will be commenced at once under the auspices of the Lenox Library Association. The site of the building is on Fifth Avenue, between Seventy-first and Seventy-second streets. It is to be three stories high, built of Lockport limestone, and provided with every modern convenience.

A new bear story comes from Maine, which, if true, is strange. In the town of Burnham a little girl of nine had been to visit a neighbor about half a mile distant, and was returning home, when she was startled by seeing a huge bear about six rods distant. She, being very much frightened, started to run, but on discovering that the bear gave chase, she stopped, and, seizing a club, confronted the bear, which also stopped, sitting back upon his haunches, and displayed his paws in a very playful manner. The little girl ran toward him, club in hand, shouting at him at the same time, when old Bruin took to his heels for the woods, leaving her master of the field. A rare instance of heroism and presence of mind in a child.

The following recipe for salad-dressing has been sent to us by a lady, with the assurance that it has been exceedingly popular in her own family. As we know of its having been approved by others also, we can recommend our readers to try it:

Mix a table-spoonful of dry mustard and a *heaping* tea-spoonful of salt to a stiff paste, with a little vinegar. Into this beat thoroughly one raw egg. Then pour in best olive-oil, about a wine-glassful at a time, stirring it in each time till quite smooth, before adding more. Continue this till half a large bottle (or a generous half-pint) of oil has been used, when the mixture ought to be thick, like cake batter. Add Cayenne pepper to suit the taste, and a wine-glassful of vinegar, stirring the whole till perfectly homogeneous. Keep in a cool place, in a closely covered jar.

This dressing is more convenient than the ordinary kinds, as it can be prepared beforehand, used as required, and what remains will keep until again needed. Moreover, the physician of the lady who sent it pronounces it an excellent substitute for cod-liver oil!

The ice-making machines will stand idle during the coming summer, if the general report is correct that the supply now stored up will far exceed the demand for ice. However, it is never amiss to use careful economy. Customers should ascertain, by weighing, as soon as delivered, that the fair amount of ice is given them. If in one piece, it will last longer than if in two. A woolen cloth wrapped around it before it is placed in the refrigerator will greatly retard the melting. Refrigerators should be perfectly tight, and the water allowed to run off freely.

About twelve hundred species of birds from North and South America are included in the valuable collections of the museum of Vassar College.

Fossil ivory, in immense quantities, is said to exist in Alaska. It is excellent in quality, and worth about one dollar a pound in San Francisco. This is well, since, according to statistics, the cost to the United States government of the occupation of Alaska is over nine thousand dollars a month, besides supplies.

The salmon fisheries of Alaska are believed to be inexhaustible. Last year 1100 barrels were taken with nets around Sitka Bay, and 700 barrels around Prince of Wales Island. Arrangements have been made to take 2000 barrels in the latter vicinity this year.

A lady of Cumminsville, Ohio, has recently become violently insane, and her friends have been forced to send her to an asylum. Her misfortune is attributed to the use of nitrous oxide, or laughing-gas, administered to her a few weeks ago by an inexperienced dentist. The lady is of a very nervous temperament.

A very Western story comes from Quincy, Illinois, to the effect that two mothers were traveling in the cars, each with an infant about four months old; that each mother, having occasion to leave her seat, deposited her baby carefully on the seat; that each returning, mistook her seat and her baby, and traveled twenty-two miles, each unconsciously nursing the wrong child; and that the mistake was only rectified when one of the ladies was leaving the car, and the conductor, who had noticed the exchange, called her attention to the fact. This makes a very good story to tell—its only fault being that it is highly improbable, as every mother in the world would testify.

Paper is used for car-wheels now. On the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad the Pullman Car Company have wheels with steel tires and cast-iron hubs, into which paper is introduced in the way of filling under the tires for the purpose of deadening the sound and diminishing the force of concussion. These paper wheels, as they are called, have been running regularly since July last, and are still in good order.

On the supposition that France may, at the first opportunity, assail Italy, it is proposed that Rome and Civita Vecchia be protected as soon as possible, that the mountain passes toward France be fortified, and that the fortifications of Alessandria and Spezzia be increased. The immediate outlay for these works is estimated at 151,000,000 francs, and twice that amount will be needed for the completion of the work. The *Nazione* of Florence queries whether it is worth while to spend so much in fortifications, when it is evident that the fortifications of Paris have contributed very little to the safety of France.

The Church of the Messiah, recently destroyed in Brooklyn by fire, was a new edifice, and considered one of the finest in the city. The loss is estimated at $100,000.

Boston has freely distributed 19,988 gallons of soup during the past season. The soup has been of most excellent quality, and 96,723 persons had a share of it.

One day the Crown Prince of Prussia invited Mr. Odo Russell to breakfast at Les Ombrages, and afterward drove him out to Valérien and St. Cloud. An enthusiastic officer gave Mr. Russell a lecture on shells, and was good enough to proceed to screw out the fuse of the largest French shell in the magazine to show how it worked. "Of course the shell is empty?" said Mr. Russell. "Oh dear, no, quite charged and ready," replied the officer, screwing vigorously, a proceeding which must have greatly contributed to the comfort of the visitors. General Von Blumenthal has ordered that the unexploded shells, of which there are many, should be buried in holes three feet deep.

Between three and four thousand children attending the public schools in this city have already been vaccinated. A large proportion of these were secondary vaccinations, as the law forbids any teacher or pupil to be in the public schools who has not been vaccinated. It is stated that out of 685 children who were vaccinated in one school, in all but 84 cases the vaccination was successful.

We knew there were several methods of *pronouncing* the name of that populous Western city—Chicago; but were not aware, until lately, of the various orthographies which had come into use. The last, and certainly the most stylish, is taken from a letter which recently passed through the post-office, directed to "Schichagough, Illinoyes." It was promptly forwarded to *Schicago*.

The Kelly Library owes its existence to a generous gift of money made to the Cornell University by the Hon. William Kelly, of Rhinebeck. The sum thus given has now been, in great part, expended, and the result is a collection of mathematical works surpassed, in this country, by only two or three similar libraries. The library occupies, temporarily, a room of the South University. Its catalogue, which will probably be published during the present year, already embraces upward of one thousand titles. The volumes are well bound, and in each one a book-mark records the name of the generous donor and the date of his gift. They have been purchased principally through the agents of the university at London, Berlin, and Paris, and, in many instances, at extraordinarily low prices. Two or three cases are still expected from Germany, and one from England, the arrival of which will materially add to the treasures of the collection.

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THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—[See Page 265.]

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PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

See illustration on page 264.

IN view of the general interest felt in the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, we devote a considerable part of our paper this week to illustrations of this important historical event. As it is the first instance for some five centuries—since the reign of Edward III.—of the daughter of a living crowned head of the sovereign has been held necessary to the legality of a marriage between a member of the royal family and a subject. In the present instance this consent has been cordially given—as, indeed, why should it not have been? The Marquis of Lorne, the son of the Duke of Argyll, is the representative of one of the oldest and proudest families of Scotland, which has intermarried again and again with the royalty of Scotland, and shone pre-eminent in historic ages when the name of Guelph was scarce heard; marrying a subject, it is worthy, indeed, of all the attention it excites. Since the sister of Henry VIII., the Princess Mary, married Charles Brandon, after the death of her husband, the French king, Louis XII., much to her royal brother's indignation, no English princess, under any circumstances, has ventured thus to cross the pale which separates the royalty from the nobility. So strict are the rules, indeed, that hedge in the divinity of royalty in England, that for the last century the consent and it is difficult to see why the alliance should not have been deemed as honorable on one side as the other. The Princess Louise is reputed to be a young lady of literary and artistic tastes, and very lovable in character. We hope that she will ennoble her new position, and that the future Duchess of Argyll will distinguish herself as much by her good works as the Princess Louise has done in setting at naught the prejudices of a senseless conventionality by marrying the man of her choice.

WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.

IN this pretty picture we see the eight bride-maids of the Princess Louise assembled at Windsor waiting for the arrival of the bride. This bevy of beauties all bear historic names. They are: Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the Marquis of Hertford; Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyll, and sister of the bridegroom; Lady Florence Lenox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Mary Butler, daughter of the Marquis of Ormond; Lady Alice Fitzgerald, daughter of the Marquis of Kildare; Lady Grace Gordon, daughter of the Marquis of Huntley; Lady Florence Montagu, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich; and Lady Agatha Russell, daughter of Earl Russell.

The bride-maids' dresses were of white glacé silk, trimmed with satin and a tunic of gossamer and fringe; cerise roses, white heather, and ivy, with wreath to correspond. Each wore the pretty crystal locket, decorated with blue and white enamel, presented to them by the Princess Louise, and illustrated on page 269 of the present Number.

THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS LOUISE AT WINDSOR—WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.

ROMANCING.

THERE is in many a converser a looseness of statement that throws all he says into a sort of debatable land. He has been telling us things as facts which are not facts, but whether he lies or not depends on the state of his own mind, whether it is capable of lying, which, to deserve the term, is always a deliberate act. This is called romancing, in which the speaker may be more mystified than his audience. He allows himself, undoubtedly, a sort of liberty which can hardly have been first contracted without design, but which, once fixing into a habit, renders severe truth impossible. Some minds are conscious of a keen delight in emancipation from hampering truth, when once satisfied of the expediency or necessity of departing from it. The

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romancing faculty generally, to which we owe so much, needs looking after, or it is apt to accompany a man into the common road of life. A plain man can hardly get over the figments which authors permit themselves in the matter of their works. Some observers have even noticed that inherited imagination is prone to indulge itself in the field of real life, that the children of novel-writers are under a special temptation to subtleties which mislead more matter-of-fact intelligences.

HER HAND.

NEXT to her spirit-like face—
Or I almost would rank it before—
Is my beautiful lady's glorious hand,
Beckoning on, like a magic wand,
To Love's own exquisite fairy-land
Upon Phantasy's golden shore.

Veil it, oh, never veil
Even with the delicate glove!
Its beauties unadorned must be,
That I may study my palmistry,
And in its whiteness an emblem see
Of my lady's heart of love.

Garnish with never a ring
Even of gems most rare;
'Twere to gild the gold from Nature's mint,
Man's image in place of God's to print,
The painted lily's hues to tint,
To bedeck those fingers fair.

SISTER ANNIE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

"ANNIE dear, we are going to have a visitor to-day, and I think you will be glad to see him. It's my old school-fellow and chum at Oxford, Syl Parnell."

"I'm very glad, George. I remember his name, I think. Is he nice?"

"Oh yes, a charming fellow. At least, he used to be. He pulled stroke in our boat; a regular stunning fellow he was. A clever fellow too; and so quick! He used to coach me up in my Greek, I remember, in a wonderful sort of way. I haven't seen him for a long time; I did not quite know what had become of him."

"Didn't you ever write to each other?"

"Yes; he wrote to me once from China, and I think I answered his letter—in fact, I know I must have answered it."

"And this is the friendship of man!" exclaimed Annie, affecting to look tragic and appalled.

"Well, you know, Annie, men don't write to each other as girls do. I couldn't sit down and write pages of paper to Sylvester Parnell as you do to Julia Carbery. But we are just as warm in our friendship, and I dare say a good deal more steady. I shall be as glad to see Syl Parnell to-day as if we had never been separated."

"How did you hear from him, George? When did he—"

"Turn up, you were going to say."

"Well, yes, turn up, if you like. When did he turn up?"

"He wrote to me the other day from Southampton to say that he had come back to England and meant to settle in Europe. I wrote off at once, asking him to come here instantly and see us, and he is coming to-day; and, my dear Annie, I want you to do every thing in the world to make him happy."

"Dear George, do you think I could fail—to try my best, at least?"

"I wonder if he is married?" George suddenly said. "His letter told me nothing about that. Do you know, Annie, Syl and I were the most romantic pair of fellows in the world, and we used to confide to each other our heart-secrets and distresses in quite a Byronic sort of way; and it so happened that the same grand misery afflicted both of us alike."

"Both crossed in love, George, or both in love with the same girl, who would not have either of you?"

"No, dear, nothing of the kind—quite the reverse, in fact. The misfortune was that neither of us could find any one to fall in love with, and we used to groan over our blighted and barren existence by the hour together. I have sat up with Syl Parnell until daybreak, exchanging revelations of our dreams and hopes and longings, and what not, and wondering who was to be 'the fair, the not impossible she,' destined to make each of us happy, and realize our fond aspirations."

"Poor fellows!"

"Yes, you may well pity us—or me, at least. Look at me, Annie; look at this grizzled, grim old fogy! This was once a bright, romantic youth, sweet sister—when you were in your nurse's arms, child—and he had poetry in him, and love, and all that kind of splendid nonsense. And no woman would fall in love with me, and so I am an old bachelor. Look on the ruin your sex has made in me, dear, and do penance for your sisterhood!"

George Denton assumed an attitude of melodramatic appeal. He was a handsome, tall, fair-bearded man. Middle-aged persons would have called him a young man; he was, in fact, just at the time of life when unmarried men begin to talk vauntingly of getting old, having as yet no fear of being really set down as old bachelors. He was about thirty-five. His sister was at least a dozen years younger. She was not, however, very young-looking. She, too, was fair: she was pale, with clear, delicate outlines of face, and large, deep gray eyes, and a certain thoughtfulness of expression, brightened occasionally by sudden and exquisite flashes of light sent from her genial soul. This brother and sister had lost both parents some years before, and lived together now, Annie keeping house for her brother. They had congenial tastes, and loved each other tenderly, and, indeed, thus far were all in all to each other.

"I wonder is *he* married?" Annie said, meditatively.

"Oh yes, I should think so; he is sure to have married long ago. He has a warm, loving heart, and I should think he couldn't help himself. Besides, Annie, much reason as I have to complain of your sex, I really don't think so badly of women as to believe there could not be found one at least ready to fall in love with Syl Parnell, and capable of appreciating him."

"Thank you, dear, you are so very kind to us women."

"Yes, he's married; I have no doubt of that. He has left me behind there. I tell you what, though, Annie, he sha'n't have the laugh over me for this evening, at all events; I'll introduce you as my wife! Yes, indeed I will. You shall be Mrs. George Denton! Let me see if he can show half so pretty a wife. Who shall be fairest?"

"Nonsense, George, you won't do any thing of the sort."

"Won't I? See if I don't. And I say, Annie, you must really keep up the joke, just for this evening. I can't stand being rebuked and scorned as an old bachelor all at once; the thing must break itself gently."

The brother and sister lived in a pretty cottage at Twickenham, on the Thames—Pope's Twickenham. "Thou who shalt pass where Thames' translucent wave shines a broad mirror," and so forth, cast a glance along the Twickenham bank, and you will probably see the cottage of the Dentons, for its little lawn runs sheer down to the river, amidst roses and green leaves. And there is a boat moored there, in which George and Annie row of evenings, and sing songs, and are very happy. George Denton was a stock-broker by profession, and a lover of music and of books by nature. He certainly had a dash of the old bachelor about him already; and he loved quiet evenings, and cared little for general society. When business hours were over, his sister and the Thames contented him in the summer evenings; his sister and the bright fire when winter came. He is not the man to make a great fortune, George Denton, but neither is he the man to long for it or to miss it. Meanwhile he is doing moderately well, and his home lacks nothing which refinement needs.

"And now, Syl, old fellow, let me present my wife. Annie, my love, this is my old friend Sylvester Parnell."

Annie blushed a little because of the ridiculous bit of fraud in which George would have her to play a part. This was in the evening when Mr. Parnell had arrived, and she entered the drawing-room and saw him for the first time. For a moment or two she was somewhat confused. Then she recovered herself, and after a few words of welcome she quietly studied her brother's friend.

At first she was disappointed. Mr. Parnell was very distant, and even cold, she thought. His face was dark and, at least in its outlines, somewhat harsh. He was not very young. He made her a profound bow, far too profound for her taste; it was like something on the stage. Then a whimsical idea came into her head that he was like Don Quixote. He certainly was quite unlike the brilliant, romantic, vivid youth George Denton had described to her, and she could not help thinking that Mrs. Parnell—she assumed that there was such a person—must have rather a dull life of it.

During the short delay before the serving of dinner Parnell hardly spoke to Annie Denton; but once or twice, when she looked up suddenly, she found his dark eyes resting on her, and he withdrew his gaze quickly, although without apparent embarrassment. He, then, was evidently studying her.

Only the three were at dinner. None of them wanted the presence of any stranger. Parnell talked freely now of his life, his projects, and prospects, speaking, however, for the most part to George, and not to Annie. He had, it seems, taken orders, but found himself wholly unsuited for the life of a clergyman, and so had engaged in the business of a house in Hong-Kong, and subsequently obtained a consulship there, and lived some years of the dullest, most monotonous and depressing life, until he could endure it no longer; and having some money put together, he came back to Europe and determined to enjoy at least a year of travel before he made up his mind what next to turn himself to.

"My life has been a singularly worthless and wasted one so far, George," he said, in winding up his story. "I don't very well know what my object is in living at all. I often think of our long midnight talks, and our romantic dreams of the great things we were to do, and the happiness we were to find, and—"

"And the women who were to fall in love with us," George broke in with a smile, which had a dash of melancholy in it.

"And the women who were to fall in love with us, George! Well, old fellow, you, at least, have realized your brightest dream in that way. I congratulate you! I rejoice for you! I envy you!"

He spoke with a depth of earnestness which had truth and force in it, and which touched Annie profoundly. "George is right," she thought; "this man has a great heart."

"And you, Mr. Parnell," she said, gently, "you have not married?" For she now began to see that George was evidently mistaken on that point, at least.

"No, Mrs. Denton, I have not married. Nobody ever cared for me; and, indeed, I never cared for any body in that way. I wish I had."

During the evening there was a good deal of general conversation, and Parnell did really display, in his quiet, reluctant sort of way, a surprising amount of the most varied knowledge, and a remarkably refined intellect. There was a dash of quaint and melancholy humor about him, which lent a peculiar savor to his conversation. In the East he had lived such a lonely life that he was now positively surprised to find himself so sociable and so full of conversation. The three went into the boat at sunset, and rowed up and down the river until the moon rose, and the foliage along the banks looked dark; and Annie sang, and George sang, and then, at last, Parnell sang too. And they all became quite confidential and happy.

Parnell had the oars at one time, and Annie and George were singing a duet. The rower only gave a light stroke every now and then, just to keep the boat in motion, and for the most part rested on his oars and listened to the music. Annie had drawn closely up to George's side, and George's arm was round her, and her head lay back on his shoulder as she sang. The two faces, the two forms, the strong man with the beautiful, tender girl lying folded in his arms, while their voices blended in music, and the dreamy, silvery softness of a summer moon lighted them—all this presented a picture of love made perfect in happiness, which might have charmed the dullest eye and touched the coldest heart. How was it with the lonely man who had never been loved, who had never loved, whose heart was full of unquenchable yearning and exhaustless capacity for love, and who looked on this picture and believed it to be one of married happiness? It filled him with a blended gladness and pain almost too exquisite to bear—gladness in the love and happiness of his friend—and pain at the bitter contrast to his own bleak and loveless solitude. There came into his mind the words of the saint who mourned over the misery of the lost souls below because they could never love—"And is mine too, then, a lost soul?" thought Sylvester Parnell, and I don't know that there were not tears in his eyes; and he gave quite a fierce stroke of the oars, and sent the little boat skimming along, to the surprise and disturbance of the singers.

The evening passed away in happiness and pain to one, at least, of the group; and before they separated for the night Parnell announced, to the astonishment of his friends, that he must positively leave them the next morning.

"Leave us—after all those many years that you and I have not met!" exclaimed George.

"After all those many years—yes, it is hard, indeed," Parnell replied. "But it has to be done, my dear friend—my dear friends! Be sure we shall meet again and often; but now we must separate. The sight of you, of you both, has done me good; has made me happy—and melancholy. I see now, George, where happiness is to be had; and where only. If any woman would but love me as you are loved—if there were any other woman in the world like her" (and he pointed to Annie)—"one might think life had a prize worth striving for and holding."

Annie blushed deeply. George, on whose arm she leaned, was on the very point of exclaiming, "My dear Syl, this is not my wife; this is only my sister." But she who saw the coming revelation in his look checked him with an admonitory and very earnest pressure. Much as she now regretted that she had ever been a party to the innocent plot, she shrank from the idea of following up Parnell's latest words by a disclosure of the truth. It would have been like an invitation to him to become a suitor for her. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes fell. "I believe," she said in her heart, "there is no such thing as harmless deceit—no such thing as deceit that goes unpunished."

"By Jove! Annie," said her brother to her when they were alone that night, "I wish I had never started that nonsense about calling you my wife. Poor Syl seems terribly cut up by the sight of what he considers my conjugal happiness, and the contrast to his own solitary condition. I don't very well know how to get gracefully out of the affair. He won't like the levity of it, I am afraid. I think I'll let him go to-morrow without saying any thing, and then write to him. Poor fellow! Of course he's very unhappy. *I* don't want a wife, Annie—I have *you;* but he has no one."

"I must go," Sylvester Parnell said to himself, in his room alone that night. "I could not stay any longer, and look on such happiness and not go mad; and I could not see that pure and charming woman without agony to myself. Good God! how happy he is; and how well he deserves it, dear old George! How she loves him! If ever I meet a girl like her, I will ask her to love me—even though I am sure to be refused. Such a married life as theirs is simply heaven on earth. How strangely I feel toward that woman; and how strange the misfortune that I should never have felt so to any woman but this one, of whom I must not even dare to think too much, and whom, if I were wise, I ought, for my own sake, never to see again."

With a heart that swelled and sank painfully, Sylvester Parnell left the house of his old friend early the following morning. He staid but a day in London, and then went into Scotland and wandered about there; returned to London again, giving the Dentons no hint of his presence; left London, and went to Paris. Traveling about the Continent, he met with an English family at Dresden, and was attracted toward the only daughter by a strange resemblance which she bore, or which he fancied she bore, to Annie Denton. They were ambitious people of the middle class; and Parnell, having some money, and having been in the world of officialism somehow and somewhere, seemed to them a person whose attentions were to be encouraged—at least, until a more desirable chance should offer itself. Parnell seemed drawn to the girl irresistibly by the magnetic attraction of this fancied resemblance. He would sit by her side, and fancy that he sat by Annie Denton; he would picture himself as he had seen George in the boat, with a fair head resting on his shoulder; he would try to think of this girl now near him lying thus in his arms, and he would start and flush on finding that all the time he was thinking not of her, but of Annie Denton. At last, partly because he felt himself compromised in honor by the attention he had paid to the girl, partly in a faint, vain hope of finding with her the happiness he yearned for, partly in despair, and on the wild principle of throwing the helve after the hatchet, he suddenly proposed, one evening, for Caroline Edgar, and he was accepted.

Then came a bitter time. Too soon he found that he was engaged to a vapid, soulless, brainless, selfish creature. With parents who might truly be called vulgar in the world's worst sense, for theirs was not the mere vulgarity of manner which springs from lack of social culture, but the vulgarity of nature which no gilding can refine. Day after day, as gradual intimacy more and more disclosed the true mental character and the heart, or absence of heart, which belonged to Caroline Edgar, our wretched Parnell saw more and more clearly that he had bound himself to one who never could appreciate intellect or high purpose, one in whom the narrowest ambition worked in the meanest ways, an epitome of all the weaknesses and small vices into which fashion can pervert womanhood. For this he had gone through life thus far without love! So loving, so yearning for love was his nature, that up to this time it had found nothing to satisfy it; and now behold the prize it had won, the seamark of its utmost sail!

Of course he had no thought of receding from his engagement. That would have been contrary to his sense of honor. Although it may well be doubted whether a man or woman who has made such a mistake as he had made can do any thing more truly honorable, just, and wise toward both parties to the blunder than frankly to confess the error and draw back before the mistaken engagement is changed into a life-long bondage. But Sylvester Parnell looked upon himself as irrevocably bound to Miss Edgar, and he tried with all his might and main to love her. Now I take it that resolutely striving to love any body is like resolutely striving to go to sleep; the very effort defeats itself. The more Parnell tried the less he succeeded; but he still set his teeth and kept trying. The other party to the engagement never heeded. It never entered into the breast of that ingenuous girl to think whether Parnell loved her or not, or to care. He was engaged to her, and he seemed a good match; what else did she want? Certainly she did sometimes begin to have her little heart-pangs too, but they were not like those of her *fiancé*. She was a very handsome girl, and of late she had begun to find out that among the many men in Dresden whose eyes acknowledge the fact young Ruddling, of London, was one of the most conspicuous. Ruddling had just come in for an immense fortune on the death of his father. The elder Ruddling began life in the south part of London as the keeper of what is called a "marine store"—that is, a shop where all sorts of old odds and ends, and among them no small proportion of stolen goods, are bought and sold; he then became a dust contractor, like Mr. Boffin's employer in "Our Mutual Friend;" he made a great fortune; and then he died. Young Ruddling was his only son and heir. He was as miserable a little cad, to use a London word, as you could see in a day's walk; but he had an immense fortune. He was evidently smitten by Caroline Edgar's eyes and tresses and dresses; and Caroline began to say to her soul in secret, "I was too rash—I ought never to have engaged myself—I might have married this millionaire!"

Ruddling became more and more attentive, more and more devoted; perhaps he did not know of Caroline's engagement. Certainly Miss Edgar never told him of it. Toward Parnell she became so cold, capricious, and strange in manner that her unfortunate *fiancé*, little skilled in the ways of fashionable womanhood, and not knowing how else to account for her altered demeanor, fancied, in his simplicity, that she had discovered some coldness in his bearing toward her, and was offended by it; and he became twice as attentive and twice as miserable. At last the fair Caroline could stand it no longer; and one day the little English colony in Dresden enjoyed a little excitement in the news that Miss Caroline Edgar had been privately married to Frederick Ruddling, Esq., at one of the English churches, without the knowledge of her parents, and, of course, without the knowledge of her affianced suitor, the jilted and blighted Sylvester Parnell. Every body was amused; some persons pitied Parnell; not a few bestowed their commiseration on Ruddling. The bride's parents declared themselves very angry; but they were persons of forgiving disposition, and they at once took their daughter and their son-in-law into full favor; and, indeed, they have never since quitted the shelter of some one or other of the roofs owned by the opulent Ruddling.

And Sylvester Parnell felt like one who has suddenly thrown off some oppressive load of pain. He had suffered so much in his short bondage that the mere sense of freedom was in itself a happiness. He left Dresden for Paris, and Paris for London. "Come," he said to himself, as the Rouen and Dieppe train whirled him away to the French shore, "there finishes my love-chase! Love is not made for me; I will try no more for it; I will endeavor to think no more about it. Some men are cut out for solitude and old-bachelorhood; let them accept their destiny, being assured they can not mend it. I am free; let that be enough. A desolate freedom, to be sure, but still freedom. Love is for men like my dear old friend, George Denton.

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God bless him! I'll go to see him now; I know I may do that without any new pain to myself. Just one refreshing glimpse of his delicious happiness; just one kind pressure of his friendly hand, one genial smile from his incomparable wife, and 'I will bury myself in my books, and the devil may pipe to his own.'" After which quotation from "Maud," he lighted a cigar, and tried to smoke away thought.

He reached London, and plunged upon George Denton, who was delighted to see him.

"Then you are not married, Syl?" asked George.

"No, nor likely to be, old fellow—thank Heaven!"

"Why, we heard you were about to be married."

"I am not about to be married, George," said Parnell, gravely. "Pass by all that. How is your wife?"

"Well, I say, Syl, you know; I wish I hadn't been so ridiculous; I wish I had not played so absurd a prank."

"What prank?"

"Why, you know—confound it all! It was a stupid joke of mine. You don't really think Annie is my wife?"

"What else? What on earth do you mean?"

"My dear fellow, I am a confirmed old bachelor, and shall never be any thing else. Annie Denton is my sister."

Then George explained the whole thing; and I hardly think I need explain any more. Enough to say that Sylvester Parnell made a long visit to Twickenham, and has found his ideal out at last. A time will soon come when these three will float along the Thames in the moonlight once again, and George will have the oars, and Annie will lie with her head supported by Syl Parnell's shoulder, and his loving arm around her.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

"GIVE my best love to Mrs. Humphrey," said Melicent.

"My dear," objected the mother, "you have nothing left for the rest of us. You have sent your best to Mrs. Humphrey; do you love her equally with your father and mother?"

"Oh no, certainly not; that is understood."

"Then why say more than you mean? Why not merely send your regards?"

"Because regards are so cold and calculating, and Mrs. Humphrey has been so kind and cordial."

"And so you reward her with empty words, with insincerity! Oh, if there were a little more of the heroism of plain speaking in the world! If every one would say just what he thinks and feels, no more, no less!"

"Mamma, we should offend every body."

"And is not that better than to offend the truth? It requires more courage, to be sure."

"Well, I will try it some day; just now I must write to Mr. Trustee, who has offered me the place of music-teacher in the school at Blank. I don't know how to say what I want to. I've only got as far as 'Dear Mr. Trustee.'"

"Indeed! have you met him often?"

"You know I have not, mamma."

"Then why do you call him 'dear?' You may find him any thing but agreeable."

"But I feel grateful for his offer; and in that aspect he is dear to me."

"Sophism and folderol! And it wouldn't cause you to shed a tear if he were to vanish into nothingness to-morrow."

"Perhaps not."

"Then he is not dear to you; and why should you prejudice truth for the sake of custom?"

"Then I had better speak plainly to him in every particular?"

"I should try the experiment." And so Melicent wrote:

"MR. TRUSTEE: SIR,—I am very grateful for the offer of the situation of music-teacher, but as I am entirely self-taught, you may not find me able to undertake the musical education of the advanced classes, and therefore not worth the salary you propose. In the mean time, I never have taught, and I am confident I shall not like to teach; but as my daily bread is a matter of importance to me, I shall do my best in whatever situation I may be so fortunate as to secure.

"Very truly yours,

"MELICENT JACKSON."

"That is a good beginning," said Mrs. Jackson, "only you are not 'very truly his.'"

"If he takes me—which I am sure he will not do after this—I shall be truly his!"

"It does simplify matters to speak plainly," thought Melicent; and she went to her pillow that night, decided to turn over a new leaf, and henceforth to be a plain speaker; and this is her own account of the attempt:—

In the first place I went out to walk, and I met young Mr. Bragg.

"How did you like the singing last Sunday?" he asked; and I answered, "I thought you sang the selections from 'Elijah' very badly; you lost the pitch twice—begging your pardon—and flatted like all possessed." At that he looked as if he wished I were a selection from "Elijah," that he might murder me; so I beat a retreat, and went into Cousin Dole's, just as she was sitting down to dinner. "How do you like my new dinner set?" said she, having prevailed upon me to stay; "it was just imported by Briggs. It cost three hundred dollars."

"A fool and his money," I replied: "it looks like a hotel service; it's frightfully gaudy."

Cousin Dole bit her lip, and I noticed that she helped me to a much smaller piece of transparent pudding than usual, and forgot the sauce; perhaps she thought I had plenty of my own.

"Don't you think that Betty makes delicious bread?" she asked, when the other affair had blown over somewhat.

"I don't know."

"Hannah, pass the bread to Miss Jackson."

"No, thank you; I have some."

"Well, isn't it nice?"

"It's a trifle sour. Very likely it's no criterion of Betty's ability. I hope she can do better." Cousin Dole didn't urge me to remain to tea, and as I passed under the window I distinctly heard her say, "There! I'm glad she's gone. She's growing into the crabbedest old maid alive. I do hate these people who always say what they think."

"Unless it's something complimentary," put in her husband.

Well, after that, I thought I'd walk down to the causeway and watch the ships out at sea, and the women digging clams close by; and who should I meet there but Mr. Heavyhead? Now if there is one mortal I dislike it is Mr. Heavyhead; but then it was no part of plain speaking to favor him with my views concerning one with whom he is so deeply enamored, unless he should request them.

"Well met," said he.

"You are mistaken," said I.

"Ah!—excuse me. It's a great happiness to meet a friend, and *you* are my friend, are you not?"

"Ahem!—I would not do you an injury." (Query: Is evasion plain speaking?) "I would do you a service rather."

"Thank you," returned this prince of coxcombs. "You have the elements of friendship. May I ask what you thought of my last poem in the *Monthly Cipher*?"

"Excuse me, but I thought the measure very bad, and the ideas meagre."

"Indeed! You are very frank. It is a virtue, no doubt," as if he were swallowing a dose of rhubarb by prescription. "You remind me of the character of Lucy Ellen, in my novel of 'Not Well, but too Wisely.' Do you remember it?"

"I never heard of it."

"I am very sorry. Perhaps you will allow me to present you with a copy?"

"Thank you, but I would rather not."

"You have no curiosity, then, to read it?"

"Not the slightest."

He left me shortly after this, with a graceful but frigid touch of his hat; and when I reached home I found Mrs. Housekeeper and her baby waiting to be admired. Now I hate to disappoint people.

"What colored hair do you think she'll have?" she asked, with maternal anxiety.

"I see nothing to judge from at present," I returned.

"And ain't her eyes real beauties, now?" she persisted.

"No, my friend," I said. "I never could see any thing beautiful in crossed eyes, though familiarity may render them endurable."

Mrs. Housekeeper was no disciple of plain speaking, for she took her leave in a dudgeon; and in came old Mrs. Proser to tea. Now Mrs. Proser is a trifle hard of hearing, more or less, according to circumstances—for you know there's a saying that there are none so deaf as those who *won't* hear.

"I've got a monstrous poor appetite," she averred, having done respectable justice to every thing on the tea-table. "Now did ye ever see the beat of it?"

"Never."

"I think I need a tonic. It's a long time since I took tea with your folks afore, Miss Jackson. Hain't you missed me a sight?"

"No, I haven't missed you at all."

"Thank you; I know'd you did. If there's any consolation fur not being able ter be inter two places ter onst, it's in being missed in one of 'em. There, I've jest dropped a *leetle* stitch in my knitting; I know'd you'd be pleased ter pick it up fur me now?"

"It's very disagreeable to me to pick up stitches in knitting, but, of course, I shall have to do it."

"Yes, you're real obleeging; young eyes don't mind. Now, if it ain't bad manners, may I ask how much you give fur your new bonnet as you had on a-Sunday?"

"It is very bad manners," I replied, "and I never encourage such curiosity."

"Du tell! 'twas mighty reasonable, wa'n't it? Six dollars! How'd you like Hitty's? Wa'n't it real becoming?"

"I thought it the ugliest thing I ever laid eyes on, and she looked like a fright in it."

"Yes, I told Hitty I thought you'd taken a fancy ter it; I see you a-feasting of yer eyes onto it all church-time. Eight o'clock. Wa'al, I must be jogging, unless you'd like ter hev me stay longer fur company?"

"Thank you; it will give me no kind of pleasure."

"Then I'll jest stay by till yer ma comes in, ter obleege ye."

At this moment the servant brought in an invitation to Mrs. Shoddy's *soirée*. Now Mrs. Shoddy, you know, is not exactly in our set; but she is ambitious, and a neighbor; but from want of education in early life she is somewhat uncultivated, and not a little vulgar. Therefore I sat down and answered her thus:

"Miss Jackson declines the invitation of Mrs. Shoddy, not wishing to associate with people of her stamp, and persuaded that she should not enjoy herself in the company of Mrs. Shoddy or her guests."

I had hardly finished when Miss Furbelow sent in to borrow the pattern of my new over-skirt. Now the pattern in question was a pet pattern, which had cost me no end of pains to procure, and some money, and though Miss Furbelow and I are quite intimate and friendly, I bravely returned word by her messenger that "Miss Jackson had counted upon a first and isolated appearance in the new style, and was therefore obliged, in self-defense, to refuse it to Miss Furbelow, knowing that her machine would turn it out ready-made long before Miss Jackson's fingers had basted it together."

Scarcely had the messenger departed when Nell Fling came dancing in to show off her new scarlet jacket, trimmed with swan's-down, like freshly fallen snow.

"Isn't it a beauty, and doesn't it set like a pin?" she cried, looking at herself over her shoulder.

"Not at all," I replied, rather quenchingly; "I think I never saw a worse fit. The stuff is pretty enough, but it's just spoiled, and that's the whole of it!"

"And I never saw a worse fit of jealousy," she returned, flinging out of the house; and just then, hearing a loud noise outside, and looking out by chance, I saw Nell Fling and Miss Furbelow and Mrs. Shoddy, with old Mrs. Proser, Mrs. Housekeeper and her baby, Mr. Heavyhead, with Cousin Dole, and young Mr. Bragg, with the whole choir at his heels, bombarding the windows with brickbats, and shouting, "Down with the Plain Speaker! Down with the Plain Speaker!" And then the breakfast-bell rang, and I was glad to wake up and find I wasn't a plain speaker after all.

"One couldn't expect any thing better of a dream," said her mother; "that is no argument against plain speaking, for there you speak without judgment or tact. In the mean time, here is a better argument in its favor;" and Melicent opened Mr. Trustee's answer, and read:

"MISS JACKSON,—You are accepted as music-teacher in the Mount Varnish Seminary, the Board feeling assured that a young lady who speaks so honestly will not be less honest in the discharge of her duties.

"Respectfully, MR. TRUSTEE."

FAMILY BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS.

BREAKFAST.

Cocoa Shells, Fried Smelts, Fried Potatoes, Buttered Toast, Rice Griddle Cakes.

COCOA SHELLS.—To a large handful of shells allow one pint of cold water. Let them soak overnight in a warm place. In the morning boil steadily for one hour. Serve, with boiled milk, hot.

FRIED SMELTS.—Put half a pound of salt pork, fat, cut in thin slices, into a deep frying-pan, and fry till crisp. Wash and clean the smelts, but do not cut them; dry them on a clean towel, and dip them in fine bread crumbs or Indian meal. Put them in the fat from the slices of pork when it is boiling hot, and fry till brown, turning when half done. It is a great improvement to wash these fish in water with some coarse salt dissolved in it, instead of fresh water. Five minutes should fry a smelt thoroughly.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel and cut the potatoes into thin slices as nearly the same size as possible. Melt some butter or dripping in a frying-pan till it boils. Put in the potatoes, and fry them, on both sides, of a nice brown. When they are crisp take them up, place them on a cloth before the fire to drain the grease from them, sprinkle with salt, and serve very hot. The remains of cold boiled potatoes may also be sliced and fried by the above recipe, but the slices must be cut thicker than the raw potato.

BUTTERED TOAST.—Cut a loaf of bread into as many even slices as may be required, about quarter of an inch thick, and toast them before a clear fire till well browned, but not scorched. Put the slices on a hot plate, and cut each one in half or quarter, according to size. Pile up in slices, with a large piece of butter on each piece; set before the fire, having another hot empty plate ready. As the butter melts spread each piece rapidly, piling again on the empty plate. Serve very hot.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—To half a tea-cupful of whole rice allow three eggs, half a pint of rich sweet milk, and half a tea-spoonful of salt. Boil the rice till every grain is thoroughly dissolved; stand aside till it jellies. Beat the jelly in the milk, slightly warmed, till smoothly mixed. Beat the eggs till very smooth and light, and add to the rice and milk; add the salt. Beat to a smooth batter. Bake on a hot, well-greased griddle till brown and light. If the batter does not adhere well together, add the yolk of another egg. Flour spoils them.

DINNER.

Beef Soup, Broiled Fresh Mackerel, Ribs of Beef (roasted), Curried Rabbit, Stewed Spinach, Horse-radish Sauce, French Beans, Pickled Nasturtiums, Cheese Cakes.

BEEF SOUP.—Saw a shin of beef in four pieces. Wash clean and put in a pot, covering entirely with clear, cold water. Simmer and skim carefully till it is clear, and the meat leaves the bone. Strain, and to the liquor add turnips, potatoes, carrots, onions, and potherbs, cut in pieces. Boil till the vegetables are nearly done, add two table-spoonfuls of rice or barley, boil fifteen minutes longer, season with pepper and salt, and serve—serving the meat hot in a separate dish. A few tomatoes are an excellent addition.

BROILED FRESH MACKEREL.—Mackerel should never be washed before broiling, but merely wiped very clean and dry, after taking out the gills and insides. Open the back, put in a little pepper and salt, and spread with a thin coating of butter. Broil over a clear fire, turning it when half done. When sufficiently cooked, the bone will come out easily. Remove the bone; chop a little parsley, work it up with butter, pepper, and salt, and a little lemon juice, and place this on each side of the open fish, in the place of the bone. Stand before the fire till the butter is all melted in, and serve hot.

RIBS OF BEEF (ROASTED).—The fore rib is the best roasting piece. Put the meat down before a nice clear fire, put some dripping into the pan, dredge the joint with a little flour, and keep continually basting. When thoroughly done, put upon a hot dish, and sprinkle a little salt over the joint. Pour a little boiling water into the dripping, season with pepper and salt, and *strain* it over the meat.

CURRIED RABBIT.—To one large rabbit allow three large onions, two ounces of butter, one pint of soup stock, one table-spoonful of curry-powder, one table-spoonful of flour, one table-spoonful of mushroom powder, a tea-cupful of rice, and the juice of one lemon. Skin, clean, and wash the rabbit, and divide it at the joints. Put the pieces into the stew-pan with the butter and sliced onions, and let them brown nicely. Let the stock boil, and pour it boiling into the stew-pan. Mix the curry-powder and flour smoothly with a little water, add it to the stock with the mushroom powder. Simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Boil the rice in a separate vessel till tender. When the rabbit is done, put the rice in a dish, pour the rabbit and stock into the middle of the rice, squeeze the lemon juice over all, and serve hot.

STEWED SPINACH.—Pick and wash the spinach thoroughly. Boil it till perfectly tender, and drain it. Put in a stew-pan one ounce of butter, and melt it. Chop the spinach very fine, and toss it in the butter over the fire, till all the butter is absorbed. Add a tea-cupful of rich cream, a tea-spoonful of powdered sugar, one of salt, and a little black pepper. Stew gently for ten minutes. Serve hot, covered, with slices of hard-boiled egg.

FRENCH BEANS.—Boil the beans until tender, and drain them. Shake them in a stew-pan over the fire until dry. When quite dry and hot, add three ounces of butter, pepper, salt, and the juice of one lemon. Keep shaking the stew-pan till the butter is all thoroughly melted, and serve very hot.

HORSE-RADISH SAUCE.—To four table-spoonfuls of grated horse-radish allow one tea-spoonful of powdered sugar, one tea-spoonful of salt, half a tea-spoonful of black pepper, two tea-spoonfuls of mixed mustard, and one gill of vinegar. Grate the horse-radish, and mix it well with the salt, pepper, sugar, and mustard. Beat it up well, adding the vinegar gradually.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—As soon as nasturtiums are gathered throw them into strong brine, and let them remain for two days. Boil together vinegar, whole pepper, whole cloves, salt, and a small piece of ginger root. When boiling, pour this over the nasturtiums, previously draining them well. Cover closely for one week, when they will be fit for use.

CHEESE CAKES.—To one pound of cottage cheese, allow a quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs, the grated peel and juice of three lemons. Beat the cottage cheese to a cream with the other ingredients, having previously beaten the eggs very smooth and light. When well mixed and very smooth, line pie-dishes with puff paste, fill with the mixture, and bake, uncovered, in a quick oven. Serve cold, sprinkled with finely powdered loaf-sugar.

PUTTING CHILDREN FORWARD.

THERE is a tendency, we think, at the present day, to put children too forward, not so much for the sake of showing off their extraordinary merits to an admiring world as from the better motive of early accustoming them to the conversation of grown people and the usages of society, and of inspiring them with confidence, ease, and self-possession. No doubt these results are very valuable; but the mistake which many people make is in forgetting that children are something like dogs, which require to be very well trained before they can safely be recommended to the familiarity of strangers. And it is to be remembered that the moment children cease to *respect* any of the grown-up people with whom they associate, not only is the whole benefit of the intercourse lost at once, but real injury is inflicted on the moral tone of the child. For this reason children should be brought as little as possible into the society of men and women who can not command their respect; while of those who can, the influence should be hedged round by all the numerous impalpable barriers which judicious parents know perfectly well how to interpose between children and the most popular and careless of their adult playfellows. The confidence which well-bred children at once repose in an eligible stranger, without being either rude or troublesome, is charming to every body who has any natural taste for their society. I remember once going for the first time to the house of a gentleman, wherein no sooner had I been shown to my dressing-room than a number of small feet pattered along the passage, and a whole troop of children, boys and girls, all under twelve years of age, trotted in without the slightest ceremony, and requested to be allowed to unpack my things, adding that their mamma always liked them to do this on the arrival of a stranger. I was flattered, though for the moment embarrassed, by this delicate attention. But all apprehensions were speedily dispelled by the behavior of my small visitors, who, I saw at once, knew exactly how far to go, and obeyed every injunction I laid on them with the most cheerful docility. The only sign of dissatisfaction evinced throughout was by one little fellow who was ignorant of the nature of shaving-paste, and, on being forbidden to eat it, desired leave to show it to his lady mother. He went away sorrowful, but was satisfied in the morning, when they all came back to see me dress, by watching its application to my chin. Now any one would think this was going as far as children well could go toward making themselves a nuisance. But they were no nuisance at all. On the contrary, I was amused and delighted with them. No doubt this was an exceptional case: very few children are trained to such a pitch of perfection as that. And the liberties they are allowed should be in proportion to the polish they can take. When they can indulge in such proceedings with grown-up people without being rude or disrespectful, it does them all the good in the world. Generally speaking, however, what is now the very common practice of allowing children to invade your bedroom in a friend's house is much to be deprecated. The inconvenience they occasion to yourself, and the injury they may do themselves by taking away your razor, is the smallest part of the evil. The speculations which they reserve for the breakfast-table, whether their early visit has been to a lady or a gentleman, are sometimes too suggestive for decorum, and the comparisons which they institute between male and female articles of attire, when they happen to be called by the same name, produce general consternation. The little scamps, nine times out of ten, are aware they are doing something wrong on such occasions. But there are parents who either can not or will not break them of such habits, and some who encourage them as the best antidote to shyness. But before children are subjected to this extreme remedy they should be taught docility and silence. The old adage, that children should be seen and not heard, is often silently invoked by guests, who are forbidden by courtesy to speak their thoughts aloud.

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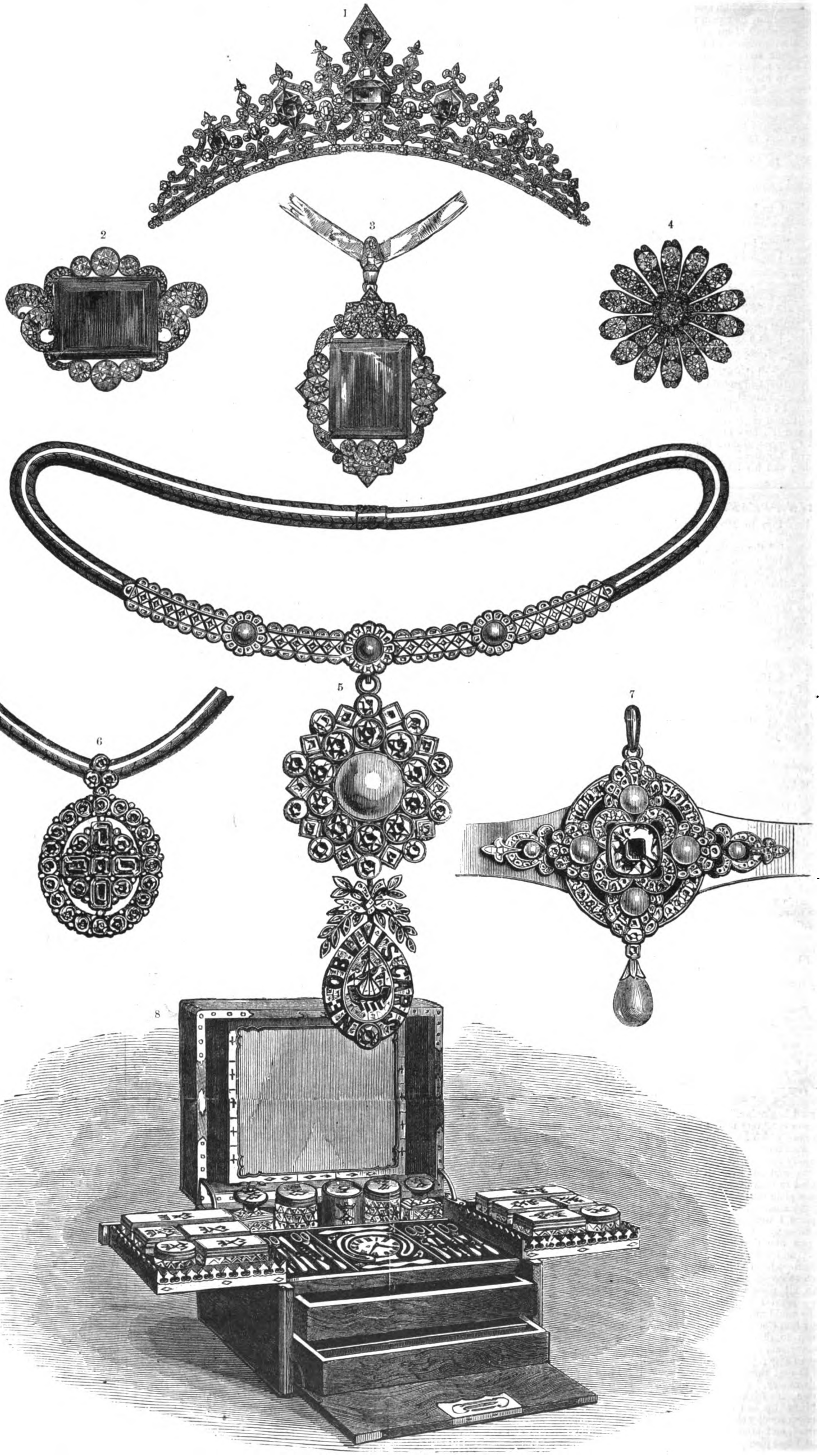

1. Tiara, given by the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.
2. Emerald Centre of the Bracelet given by the Queen.
3. Centre of Opal Necklace, given by the Queen.
4. One of the Diamond Daisy-flower Hair-pins given by Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice.
5. Necklace of Pearls and Diamonds, with Pearl Locket, and Pendant bearing the Galley of Lorne, in Sapphires, given by the Clan Campbell.
6. Neck Ornament, Emeralds, given by Viscountess Beaconsfield.
7. Centre of a Bracelet, in Sapphires, with Pearl Drop, given by the Marquis of Lorne.
8. Toilette Service, given by her Majesty's Household.

PRINCESS LOUISE'S WEDDING GIFTS.

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THE ROYAL WEDDING GIFTS.

SOME of the jewels and other gifts presented to her Royal Highness Princess Louise on the occasion of her marriage, with the locket given to each of the eight bride-maids, are shown by the engravings on this and another page.

Her Majesty the Queen has given to her daughter a very fine large emerald, set with brilliants, as the centre of a bracelet; another set as the centre of a necklace; a very fine opal and brilliant necklace, with five large opals set round with brilliants and connected with a diamond chain; a large drop brooch, with two very fine opals set round with brilliants; a pair of opal and diamond ear-rings to correspond; a richly-chased silver-gilt dessert service, consisting of one centre, two side, and four corner ornaments.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice have given their sister a pair of diamond daisy flowers, mounted as hair-pins.

The tiara, the gift of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, is formed of emeralds and diamonds, surmounted by a graceful scroll-work of the same jewels.

The Marquis of Lorne has presented to his royal bride a beautiful ornament, forming the centre of a bracelet, in which is a fine large sapphire, mounted with brilliants and pearls, and with a large pearl drop attached to it.

The eight bride-maids gave to her Royal Highness a very handsome gold bracelet, set with rubies and diamonds.

The Clan Campbell presented to the bride of their chieftain's son a necklace composed of pearls and diamonds, from which is suspended a locket of oval form, with pendant. The centre of the locket is formed by a large and extremely beautiful Oriental pearl, surrounded by a closely set row of diamonds of large size and great brilliancy. The outer border also consists of large diamonds, but set in such a manner as to give an appearance of lightness very seldom obtained in ornaments of a similar description. The pendant, the most characteristic portion of the jewel, is suspended by an emerald sprig of bog myrtle (the Campbell badge), and bears in the centre the galley of Lorne, composed of sapphires on a pavé of diamonds. The border, also of sapphires and diamonds, bears the inscription "Ne obliviscaris."

Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, gave the Princess a neck ornament, with an emerald cross centre, and border of fine brilliants.

The above-mentioned jewels and ornaments, with the Bible and its decorated casket, given to the Princess Louise by the maidens of England, are represented in our illustrations this week. Others were given to her, of which the following are the most important:

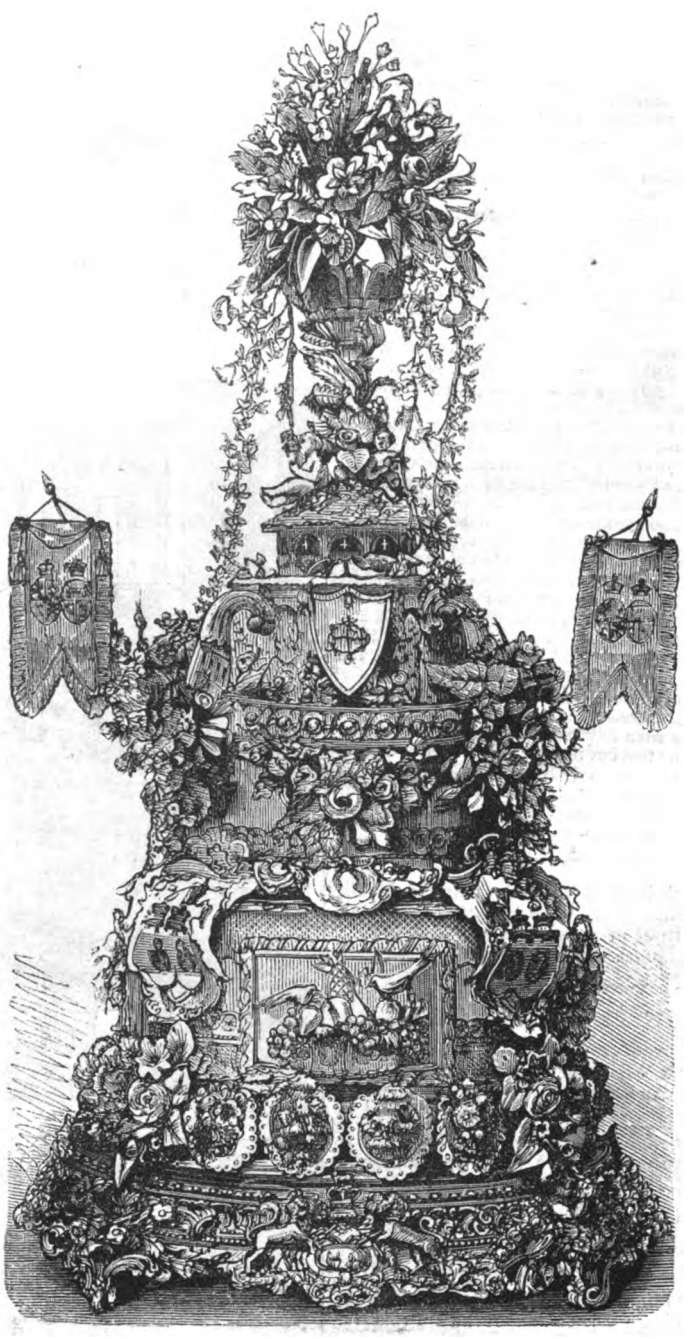
Given by Prince and Princess Christian: A beautifully chased silver-gilt tea and coffee service, containing the following pieces: Coffee-pot, two tea-pots, one sugar basin, one hot-milk jug, one cream ewer, in case.

By the Duchess of Cambridge: A silver-gilt inkstand in the shape of a shell.

By the Duke of Cambridge: A richly engraved silver salver.

By the Ladies and Gentlemen of her Majesty's Household: One large single candelabrum for five lights, four smaller candelabra for three lights each, a very complete toilette service in silver-gilt, with the cipher and coronet engraved on each article.

The locket given by her Royal Highness to the bride-maids was designed by the Princess herself. The pattern is taken from a very beautiful Holbein model · the centre being a large oval intaglio in crystal, formed with a wreath of roses and forget-me-nots, beautifully blended together, and ceiled with a purple ribbon scroll enameled with gold letters—"Louise, 1871." The border is composed of a true-lover's knot in blue enamel, united with graduated pearls, and a pendant hanging to her Royal Highness's coronet, richly chased and ornamented with emeralds and rubies. The general effect is novel in character, and in good taste. The prevailing colors of the enrichments are white and blue. These lockets were worn by the eight bride-maids during the wedding ceremony.



ROYAL WEDDING-CAKE.

THE WEDDING-CAKES.

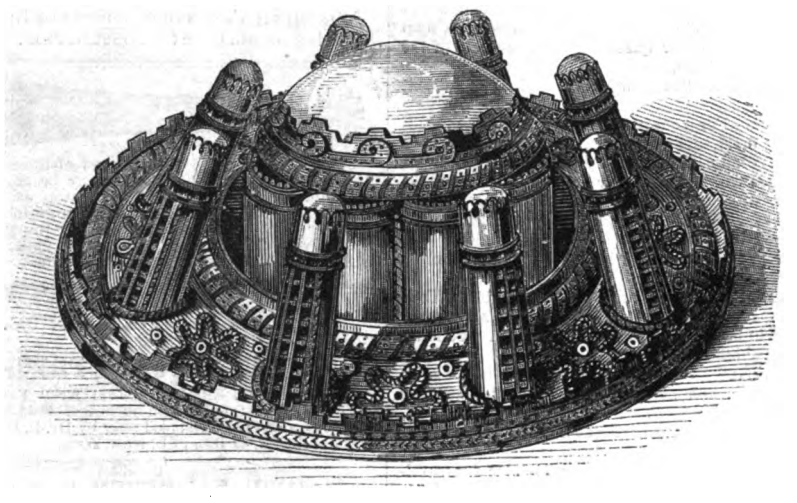
The Royal wedding-cake shown in our illustration is the one made by Messrs. Boland & Son, of Chester. The principal cake on the table, however, at the wedding breakfast was that made by her Majesty's chief confectioner at Windsor Castle. It was a perfect triumph of the confectioner's art, and was five feet four inches high, with a diameter of two feet six inches. Messrs. Boland's was made in three tiers, placed on a gold stand, weighing about two hundred-weight, and measuring at the base of the lower cake two feet in diameter, and in height nearly five feet. The gold plateau had the Royal arms at four equal distances, with Cupids and flowers. The lower tier was ornamented with blue panels, baskets of flowers, fruit, and love-birds between a scroll leaf, and medallions containing likenesses of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, with their respective coronets above. The second tier was festooned with the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The third tier was entirely of net-work, with cornucopias and shields, on which were the monograms of the bride and bridegroom. The whole was surmounted by a handsome vase of flowers, with silk banners edged with silver fringe, containing the armorial bearings of the Princess and of the Marquis. Each tier of the cake was bordered with trellis-work studded with pearls.

THE BROOCH OF LORNE.

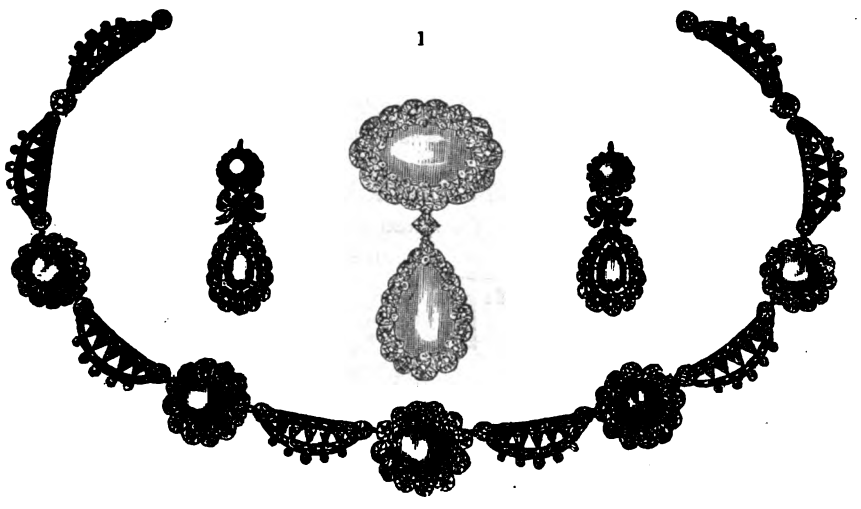
AN illustration of the famous "Brooch of Lorne," a jewel of much historic and romantic interest, is given on this page. It will be remembered how, in Scott's "Lord of the Isles," the chieftain of Lorne, to provoke his unwelcome guests, bids his minstrel Ferrand sing at the banquet in Ardtornish Castle, in presence of Robert Bruce, an insolent song of triumph concerning this trophy of the fight near Teyndrum:

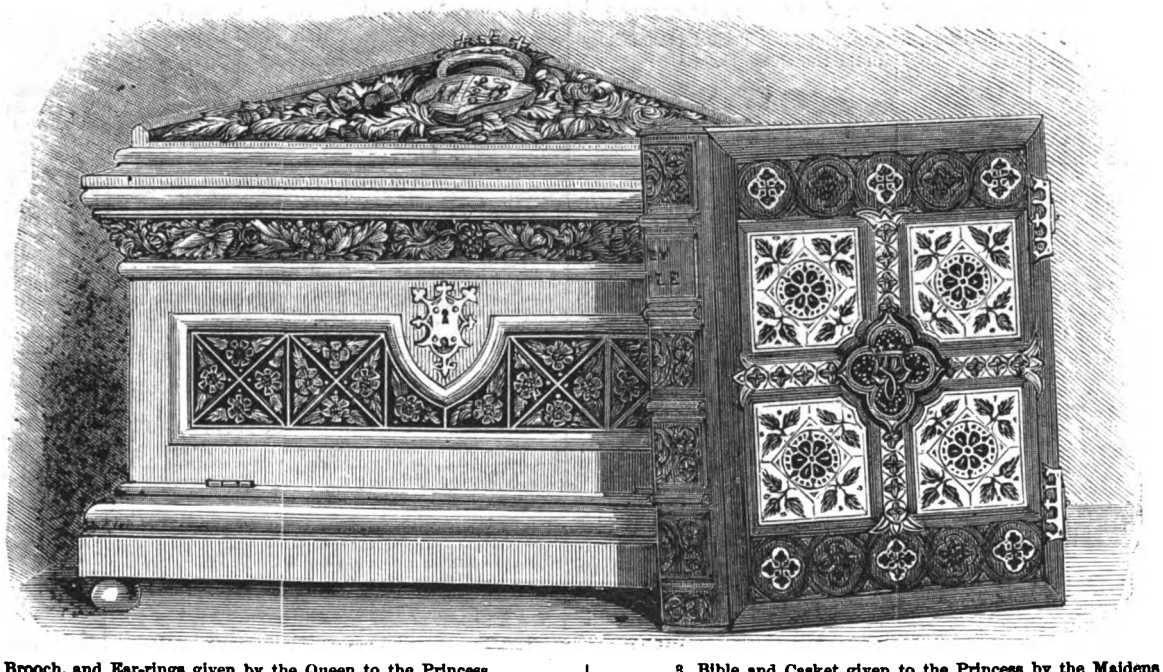
> "Moulded thou for monarch's use
> By the overweening Bruce,
> When the royal robe he tied
> O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
> Thence in triumph wert thou borne
> By the victor hand of Lorne!"

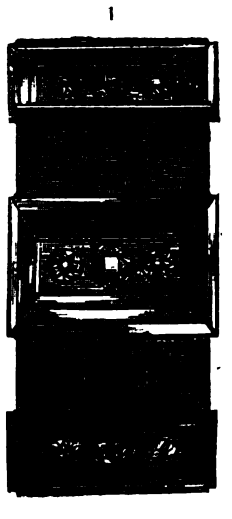
The real brooch is not "of burning gold," but of silver set with pearls. It consists of a circular plate, four inches in diameter, with a buckle on the under side. The upper side has a rim indented with battlements, like the wall around a fortress, within which rise eight round projections, an inch and a quarter high, probably intended to represent the towers inclosed by the wall. Each of these is surmounted with a Scottish river pearl. A second rim, or inner wall, ornamentally carved, surrounds an eminence of circular form, but moulded into eight semi-cylinders. It is the "keep" of the castle, which stands higher than the eight outer towers. This is hollow, forming a case or locket to hold any small article of



THE BROOCH OF LORNE.







1. Necklace, Brooch, and Ear-rings given by the Queen to the Princess.
2. Locket given by the Princess to each of her Bride-maids.
3. Bible and Casket given to the Princess by the Maidens of England.
4. Bracelet given to the Princess by the Bride-maids.

PRINCESS LOUISE'S WEDDING GIFTS.

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value. Its cover is elegantly adorned with a large gem on the summit. The brooch was that which fastened the plaid of Robert Bruce, crowned King of Scotland in 1306, when he was driven by the English forces into the west country. The Lorne Macdougalls, his bitterest enemies, met and fought with him at Dalree, or Dalrigh, or "The King's Field," in Glen Dochart, on the borders of Perthshire and Argyle. The followers of King Robert got the worst of the fight, but the king himself escaped. Alexander Macdougall, the chief of Lorne, was nephew to John Comyn, whom Bruce had stabbed at the altar of the Greyfriars' Church, in Dumfries. He had sworn to kill Bruce in revenge. It is said that in this conflict he had a personal struggle with the warrior king, who struck him down with his famous battle-axe, and would have slain him but that two of Lorne's vassals, the MacKeochs, a father and son, rescued him by seizing Bruce's plaid or mantle, and so dragging the king aside. The brooch is now preserved with great care at Dunolly Castle.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. TRITE.—Stitch the blue Chambery ruffles with white. Sash of the same. Black silk over dresses are worn by little girls of eight years.

N.B.—Correspondents who have written us about suits will please search out the information they want in New York Fashions of the present paper, of *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., and previous Numbers. We would gladly answer each separately, but lack of space prevents.

MISS JULIA S., YONKERS.—Tennyson's beautiful stanza,

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things,"

refers to St. Augustine, who first gave utterance to this golden thought.

SIDLA AND DNOMYAR.—Both the French and the Prussians were probably desirous of war. Prussia had been preparing for half a century to wipe out the humiliation of the first Napoleon's triumphal entry into Berlin; and Napoleon III. wished, by a second *coup d'état* which should carry France to the Rhine, to secure the continuance of his dynasty. He put himself in the wrong before the eyes of the world by first making the declaration of war, which the astute Bismarck had doubtless intrigued to provoke, and thus naturally turned public sympathy against France until his fall at Sedan. Then opinions diverged, and some thought that King William would have been both magnanimous and just had he carried out his declaration that he waged war against the Emperor, and not the French nation, and been satisfied with a pecuniary indemnity, which would not have been denied him, instead of insisting on the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, against the wishes of the inhabitants, and using his successes to establish a new empire no less despotic than that which he had overthrown. That these provinces belonged to Germany two centuries ago seems no better reason that they should be restored to her against their will, than that New York, which less than a century since was British territory, should be ceded to England at the end of a war in which we had been worsted. France would have been just as much in the wrong had she annexed the Rhenish provinces against their wish.

M. L. C.—White lawn suits are worn in the house in summer by ladies in mourning. Black also makes up prettily. Your other questions are answered in the New York Fashions.

MRS. H. A. T.—See New York Fashions of present Number.

BELINDA.—For your silk dress, summer silk suit, traveling dress, and piqué suit, consult the New York Fashion column. Black silk polonaises, lace sacques, and scarfs will be worn over colored dresses. Make morning wrappers by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. Use white lawn, piqué, or colored cambrics, and trim with ruffles of the same in embroidery. Get a straw gypsy, and trim with ribbon of a becoming color.

AGNES.—For making your calico suit read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. Your black ostrich plume will be pretty all the spring. Read "Summer Silks" in another column.

YOUNG LADY.—Use darker brown bands of the same material for trimming your suit. Read "Goat's-hair Suits" on another page.

BEATRICE DE B.—Read "Piqué Suits" in another column.

EDNA GEORGE.—A suit of pongee is nice for traveling in July. Colored shoes are not worn. Read notice above to correspondents. Your other questions are irrelevant.

LONSLY.—Your queries about children's dresses are answered in the illustrations of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV., and about suits in the New York Fashions of the present Number.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—We have given blouse-waist patterns in our Supplements, but not in cut paper patterns. Read "N.B." above.

L. H. B.—Columbus died in the year 1506.—We know of nothing to "cure excessive blushing," and think it too pretty and too rare nowadays to need a cure.—Read notice to correspondents above.

A. E. T.—Make an over-skirt of your new material, and trim with solid-colored ruffles, putting the same on the skirt. Get a white Swiss over-skirt for your little girl, and make by designs shown in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

MRS. O. Z.—Take the velvet off your black silk skirt, and make the flounces lap. Put tapes beneath the belt of your long skirts, and other tapes half-way down the seams. Then tie these together to loop your long dress for an over-skirt. Add a false postilion—a belt with basque pleated at the back to improve the round waist. Do the same by your blue checked silk. The black and white wool dress and the buff linen will be well made by the Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV. Buff linens are serviceable, cool, and will be stylish again in the summer, but are *not* easily done up. Make "Little Myrtle's" check silk with flounces and over-skirt trimmed with blue; high neck and coat sleeves. Muslin ruffles would not look well on delaine.

MATTIE.—Get a tailor to sponge your cloth jacket all over.

A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.—Use pattern of the Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. Trim with narrow black lace, bias bands, and flounces of the checked silk.

G. C. S.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV., for white dresses.

SARA.—"Present" is better than "Addressed," written after the name of a person to whom a note is sent in the same city in which it is written.

E. B. H.—Your former letter is not on record, and was probably never received.—White-edged velvet ribbon is not used now.

LOLA.—Don't make a very long train to your white muslin. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

DESPAIR.—You will have to purchase chatelaine braids for the back of your head.

PLUM AND GRAY.—Gather an answer from New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV.

MISS M. L. L.—We never reply to correspondents by mail.—Use the polonaise suit pattern sent you for your grenadine. Line the waist and sleeves of polonaise with black silk, and wear over a black silk skirt. Trim with ruffles edged with narrow guipure.

"A CORRESPONDENT."—A high-throated Worth Basque and coat sleeve will be pretty for alpaca. Use simply a bias gathered puff. Black gros grain ribbon strings are on black lace bonnets.

"POOR AS POVERTY."—Use the cut paper pattern of the Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., for your suit. Trim with ruches of the same.

MRS. G. B.—Hercules braid is a thick woolen heavily repped braid, from half an inch to two inches wide, used for trimming water-proof and other heavy fabrics.

JENNIE L.—Your brown dress is properly trimmed. Put bias black silk ruches on the skirt of your checked silk, and drape over black silk dresses.

F. E. V. E.—Get a black Canton crape paletot to wear with your green silk suit. Trim with lace, and line with Nile green silk. For an opera hat get Frou Frou gauze of becoming color, draped with tulle of the same shade, and ostrich tips to match.

INCOG. AND SOMEBODY.—We publish "Hannah" and "The Lovels of Arden" as fast as we receive the advance sheets from England. The stories are printed alternately, so that our readers may be sure of having one or the other in every Number. We are sorry for the unavoidable interruptions, which, however, our friends should remember are much briefer than in the monthly magazines.

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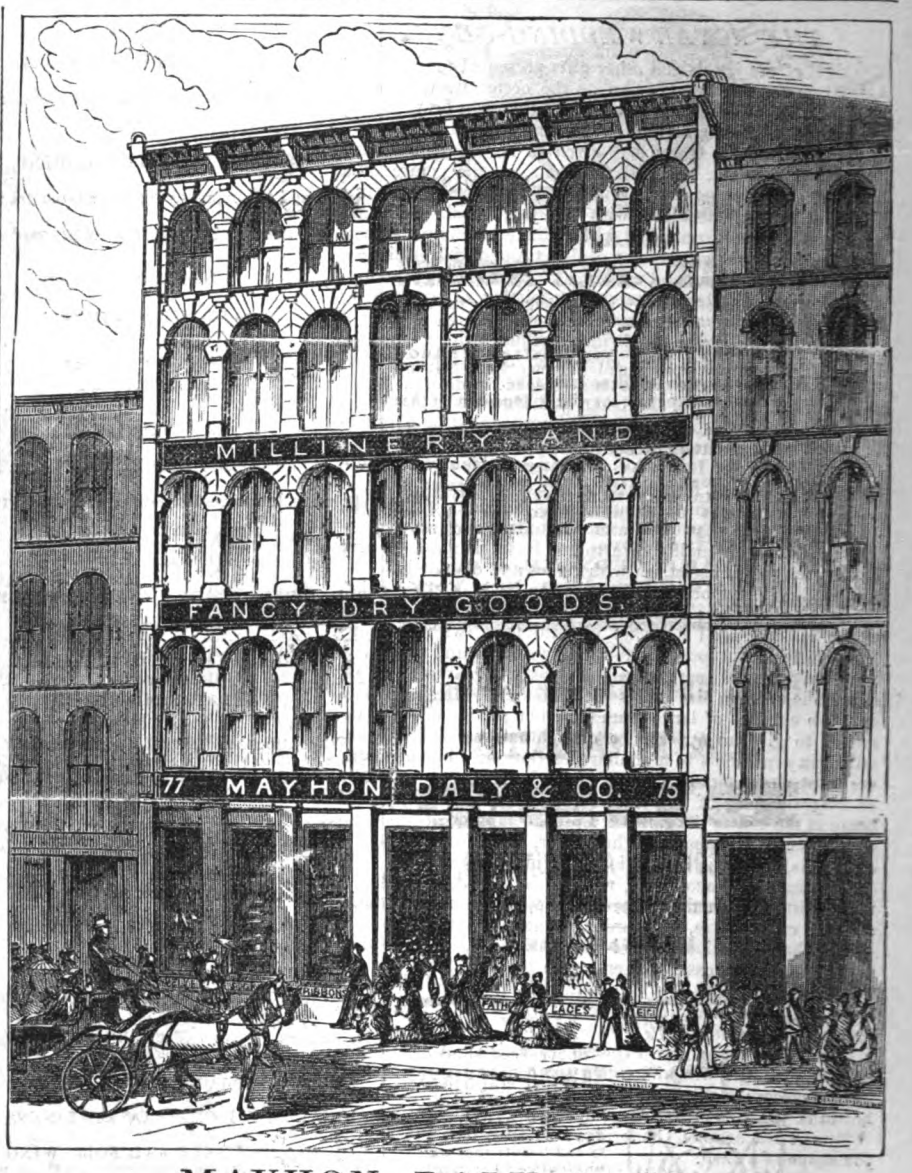

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DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
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Vol. IV.

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IRREVOCABLE.

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YOUNG PERSON (*with decision*). "No, Sir; we can't Part them, Sir, *now!*"

TOO YOUNG!

BESSIE (*to pacify little sister, who keeps interrupting her perusal of that exciting "third volume"*). "Yes, yes, Chatterbox, the Princess Louise *is* Married to-day, and if you're a good Girl you shall be Married too, when you're Old enough!"

CHATTERBOX. "Then why isn't Aunt Betsy Married? Isn't she a good Girl—or isn't she Old enough yet?"

[*Suffocating rapture of Maiden Aunt.*

FACETIÆ.

A CONSTANT reader wishes to know where he can purchase a pair of sheets for the bed of a river, also a set of teeth for the mouth; and would be glad to be informed what rate of interest is allowed by the Bank of the River Hudson.

If you make a *very* favorable impression on your first visit any where—don't call again.

MEN WELL UP IN WORD-PAINTING—Sign writers.

TOUCHING.—It is said that, to a noble-hearted woman, there is hardly any thing more touching in this life than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling to keep a feeble mustache alive.

Surely the dead languages must be spelled with dead letters.

THE MOST LACONIC LOVE-LETTER—A note of admiration (!).

If you ever should have the misfortune to "let the cat out of the bag," never, *never* try and stuff her back again; it's *such* a mistake; you only make, inevitably make, matters forty times worse.

MODERN HEATHENISM—Worshiping *idols* (idles) in crinoline.

APRIL SHOWERS BEFORE UMBRELLAS WERE INVENTED.—A SWEET THING IN WATERED SILKS.

SWEET.—Speaking of vegetable wonders, we heard the other day of a young lady whose lips were so sweet that she dared not go into the garden for fear of the bees.

A SITUATION.—A youth in the country went out the other day with a shot-gun and an ignorance of fire-arms. He has vacancies now for three fingers and a portion of a thumb.

N.B. No Irish need apply.

The King of Prussia has been called the "Will of Providence!" To get rid of him the French have now to pay—the Bill of *improv*-idence!

When may a gardener be called proud?—When he studies *haughty-culture*, and considers delving *infra dig.*

A FACT FOR CARLYLE.—The earliest manifestation of Hero-worship of which we have notice in any record, ancient or modern, was on the part of a young Greek enthusiast of the name of Leander.

THE GENUINE COIN.

M'MILLION. "It was those golden locks that found the way to my heart."

THERESE (*aside*). "It was that golden *key* that found the way to *mine!*"

"TRAIN UP A CHILD," ETC.

"Mamma, don't you Think Pug ought to be Vaccinated?"

"What Nonsense, dear! They only Vaccinate Human Beings!"

"Why, Madame Fakeaway's had all her *Servants* Vaccinated, Mamma!"

"THE BURDENS OF FASHION."

WHAT WE *MUST* COME TO BEFORE LONG.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

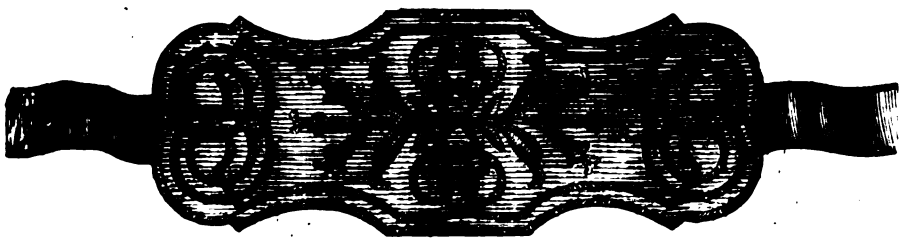
A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 18.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Corded Piqué Napkin Ring.

THIS napkin ring has the advantage of being readily washed. It is made of corded piqué, lined with shirting, and embroidered in satin stitch with white soutache. Blue silk ribbons serve to close it. To make the napkin ring cut of piqué and shirting one part from Fig. 27, Supplement, transfer the design to the piqué, and work the embroidery as shown by the illustration. Line the part thus prepared with shirting, in doing which sew in the strings at the crosswise edges.



CORDED PIQUÉ NAPKIN RING.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 27.

Ladies' and Misses' Mantelets, Water-proof Cloaks, and Suits, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR ELDERLY LADY. The dress of this suit is made of brown poult de soie, and the mantelet of light brown ladies' cloth. Brown crape bonnet, trimmed with brown feathers and strings of brown gros grain ribbon. To make the mantelet, join on the pieces turned down in the Supplement of Figs. 30ª and 30ᵇ, and also the pieces cut across according to the corresponding letters (see diagram of Figs. 30ª and 30ᵇ reduced to one-sixteenth of original size). After joining on the piece turned down of Fig. 29, cut from Figs. 29, 30ª, and 30ᵇ each two pieces, and from Fig. 31 one piece. Sew up the back from 6 to 7, and pleat the upper edge, bringing × on ●, so that all the 3's come on each other. Sew the back and fronts together on the shoulders from 3 to 4, and join the back with the fronts by sewing the latter to the under side of the back from 1 to 2 along the straight line given there, letting the stitches show as little as possible on the right side. Stitch the free edge of Figs. 30ª and 30ᵇ on the front from 4 to 5, in doing which lay the edge of the sleeve narrowly over on the under side. Bind the free edge of the front with silk ribbon from 1 to 5. Face the front edge of each front with a strip of silk three inches wide lined with muslin; set on the left front a fly five inches and three-fifths long and two inches and a half wide, and furnish the fronts with hooks and eyes. Trim the mantelet with a strip of the material four inches wide, which is side pleated; the seam made by sewing this on is covered with a fold of the material three-fifths of an inch wide, which is corded with gros grain at the upper edge. Set on black lace an inch and a quarter wide. At the back

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR ELDERLY LADY. For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 29–31.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—SERGE DRESS AND SUMMER VELOURS MANTELET.

Fig. 4.—SATIN-FACED SERGE DRESS AND WATER-PROOF CLOAK. For pattern see Supplement, No. L, Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ-4

Fig. 5.—POPLIN DRESS AND LADIES'-CLOTH MANTELET.

LADIES' AND MISSES' MANTELETS, WATER-PROOF CLOAKS, AND SUITS.

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of the mantelet is a fan-shaped half rosette, formed by the side-pleated strip. Trim the neck with a standing strip of side pleating, and furnish the fronts with passementerie bands and buttons.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. This suit consists of a dress and cloak of gray foulard. The cloak is trimmed with a fold an inch wide, and a box-pleated ruffle of the same width. Gray straw hat.

Fig. 3.—SERGE DRESS WITH SUMMER VELOURS MANTELET. This dress, with over-skirt, is made of brown serge, and trimmed with ruffles of the same. The mantelet is made of light brown summer velours trimmed with folds of brown gros grain and silk fringe. Lace hat.

Fig. 4.—DRESS OF DARK GRAY SATIN-FACED SERGE, AND GRAY WATER-PROOF CLOAK. The cloak is trimmed with folds of the material, one lengthwise edge of which is piped with gros grain. It has a simulated band of the material trimmed with pleated gros grain and gray fringe. Bonnet of black tulle and lace trimmed with feathers and ribbon. To make the cloak join on the pieces cut across of Figs. 1^a and 1^b so that A meets A and B meets B, and join on the piece turned down of Fig. 1^b. (See diagram of Figs. 1^a and 1^b reduced to one-sixteenth of original size.) In the same manner join Figs. 2^a and 2^b so that C meets C and D meets D. (See diagram of Figs. 2^a and 2^b reduced to one-sixteenth of original size.) Now cut from Figs. 1^a, 1^b, 2^a, 2^b, and 3 each two pieces, allowing an inch and three-quarters extra material on the front edge of Figs. 1^a and 1^b, and taking the material double for Fig. 3. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 4, observing the contour of the under part of the sleeve. Hem down the extra material on the front edges of the fronts, furnish the right front with button-holes, and the left front with buttons, and sew up the darts. Sew up the back from the under edge to 6, join the back and fronts according to the corresponding figures, and make a hem three-quarters of an inch wide on the under edge of the cloak. Join the trimming parts from 6 to 7, letting the edges of the seams come on the inside, and fell the double material together at the under and side edges. Sew the pleated gros grain part on the trimming part from the neck to the straight line given on Fig. 3, and cover the seam made by sewing on the hood thus simulated with a fold, and finish the bottom with a fold and fringe. Baste the hood on the neck of the cloak according to the corresponding figures, and sew both between a standing collar four-fifths of an inch wide, which is closed with a hook and eye. Sew up the sleeves from 8 to 9, trim the outer edge with a fold and fringe, and sew them into the armholes, bringing 9 on 9 of the front. In doing this form a pleat in the under part of the sleeve, bringing × on ●.

Fig. 5.—MAROON POPLIN DRESS AND GRAY LADIES'-CLOTH MANTELET. This dress is trimmed with ruffles of the material. The mantelet is trimmed with folds of dark gray velvet and side-pleated strips of the material. Gray felt hat trimmed with velvet and feathers.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will be an unusually attractive one. It will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with from forty to fifty patterns and illustrations of every variety of Spring and Summer Walking Suits, Wrappings, Blouse-Waists, etc., etc., for Ladies and Children; and numerous beautiful and ingenious Fancy Articles; together with other fine engravings, and interesting literary matter.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page 287 of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Iced Lemonade.

MY DEAR OSRIC,—There are many refreshments provided for us travelers of all kinds, and those of us whose journey lies in great part through busy city streets can not help observing the various temptations to recreation which are offered at every step. Very lately hot soda and hot spiced rum seemed to be the most common form of the solicitation. But with the sudden flight of Jack Frost these temptations have disappeared, and cool lager-beer and iced lemonade have taken their places. And the latter is certainly refreshing in the warm weather. In the hot and dusty cars how pleasant it is! and it is no less so in the hot and dusty streets. I stopped yesterday at a famous resort for drinking—what do they call it? a refreshment-room, a sample-room, an Athenæum, or an Academy, or Arcadia, or Paradise, or some pleasant name; but we used to call it bar-room—and when I told the bar-tender, or what I suppose I ought to call the affable and gentlemanly compounder of beverages, to mix me an iced lemonade, I saw little Shortcoat looking as if he wished he dared to order lemonade; and when he saw it in my hand—sweet, fragrant, delightful—I understood his glance as he drank his vitriolic whisky or his fiery cocktail.

Iced fire does not seem to me a very refreshing drink, nor iced delirium, disease, and death. And how many of these poor, foolish boys who think it fine to haunt bar-rooms in the morning secretly prefer the simple, harmless, refreshing draught for which they do not dare to ask! They drink the most noxious stuff—rum, gin, absinthe—because others do, and it is manly! To call for lemonade is to be a milksop. Why, my dear Osric, more than half of the ruined men that I know did not really prefer the choice they made. They preferred something else; but they could not resist the pressure of "good-fellowship," the banter and jeering of companions. They were pushed down the way that they did not wish to go. It is so in smoking. Most men acquire the taste painfully. Charles Lamb said that he toiled for it as some men do for virtue. I smoke, indeed, my dear Osric, but I had no such probation, and it is no slavery. And if you will show me a boy among his schoolmates who says that he would rather not smoke, because it makes him sick, and who declines the glass of wine or whisky, and chooses iced lemonade, and who sticks to his choice in both cases, I will show you a hero—a boy who may or may not have the high prize in Greek syntax, but who will never bring his father's hairs with sorrow to the grave.

When you travel in Europe, my dear Osric, you will be surprised and pleased to find how simple much of the popular enjoyment is. Have I forgotten, or can I ever forget, that lovely picture in the great café at Dresden, upon the Terrace? The father of the family sits, with his glass of beer, gravely reading the paper—in which was nothing worthy of such grave attention, as I well knew—and the mother sits tranquilly darning, with a cup of coffee at hand upon the little table, while a noble band plays the finest music, and the German children sit by, learning that enjoyment need not be expensive. Perhaps the boys of that very pair whom I saw so tranquilly refreshing themselves have lately bivouacked under the walls of Paris, or lain wounded in the gardens of Versailles. And in Paris, too—that most unhappy of cities, from which the cloud of the terror never wholly passes—how often, in the lovely spring evenings, have I not sat at the door of the café watching the brilliant life of the boulevards, and sipping coffee, never tired of seeing the vehement, bearded Frenchmen quaffing *eau sucrée*—that most innocent of drinks—over which they seemed to spit fire in the fury of conversation? And sooner shall the splendors of Titian and of Tintoretto fade into indistinguishable blackness than the vivid picture pass from my memory of those summer evenings in the Piazza, when all was leisure and murmur and music, and the gentle Venetians sipped the gentle raspberry sirup diluted with water. Or at Naples, in the May moonlights, the Southern Italians tasted harmless drinks, and hummed the latest melody of Verdi.

I know that was not all. More goes to the picture of Naples and of Venice than I could be suffered to mention even to you; but the constant and reckless drinking of fiery liquors is not yet their offense. There are the wines of the country, indeed—and, Osric, how heartily I wish we had wines so innocent!—and there is the vile absintne, for which no man in his senses has any excuse to plead. But what do you think would be said—what would you say—if you saw groups of American youth seating themselves at a little table in a public garden, or upon a public street, to drink sugar-and-water, or sarsaparilla-and-water? They would wish to excuse themselves. And this fiery taste is in the blood. It is in our traditions. The walhalla, the seat of the gods, in our old Norse ancestry—what is it but a fierce revel, a quaffing of strong drink? The brutal element in the Saxon civilization does not descend from immortal ancestors who drank iced lemonade.

Yet, my dear Osric, when you see the southern Europeans and the Frenchmen sipping their sirups and sugared water, you will probably reflect that it is those very people who are so furious and so savage when they are roused. I used to look closely at my French companions in the poor cafés in Paris, and remember that they were the descendants of the men who fed the guillotine in those very streets, and that they would be themselves purveyors for the same ravening monster should his deadly mouth once more open. Perhaps at this very time they are beginning. On the other hand, the hard-drinking nations, as we call them—the descendants of the vikings and of the walhalla gods—are tender and merciful in war, and even the horrors of their religious persecutions are borrowed from their sugar-and-water and sirup loving neighbors. A man is not a saint, clearly, because he drinks raspberry vinegar rather than whisky, nor a hero because he likes the light wines of his country. Neither am I saying that iced lemonade flows from the fountain of youth, or that it is the charmed current, so that to drink it is to become invulnerable, like Achilles dipped in that other stream.

But I am very sure that the traveler upon the great journey whose habitual refreshment is iced lemonade will be very sure to keep his brain cool and his pulse regular, and to be ready for any sudden call. I dined with Senex when he was very old. In his life he had filled many most important posts, and his name was that of sturdy, simple manhood. When I saw him he was far beyond the allotted three-score-and-ten years, but his life was not weariness to himself or to others. Indeed, the freshness of his interest, the acuteness of his wit, the scope of his sympathy, his cheerfulness and hopefulness, were those of a very young man; and it was hard to remember, in the midst of his merry and simple conversation, that he was much the oldest man among all his neighbors. But when I ventured to ask him how he had found what Ponce de Leon perished in seeking, and whether he could impart to another the spell by which he stole all but its reverence from age, he laughingly said that his only secret was a happy temper and, above all, moderation. That was the charm, dear Osric; he drank no hot spiced rum in any form whatever. His refreshment was iced lemonade, which kept him cool, with every faculty in full repair.

And I find that it is a universal secret. I have studied often and long, in other years, the Wanderjahre—long and oft the paintings of Raphael. How many of them you can recall, as I mention his name, in engravings and other copies! The copies may be as poor as possible, but they can not drop out all of the beauty; even a piece of the broken goblet carries a taste of the wine. And what is the charm of them all? It is that serene, effortless sweetness, that mild placidity of repose, that tranquil beauty. There is nothing furious in them, no tremendous straining, nothing sensational. The paramount impression is that of cheerful moderation. They are all cool and without eagerness. You do not say these are the works of a man who drank lava, and who fired his blood, his brain, his heart, continually with furious draughts. This beautiful fellow-traveler of ours did not jump out at every station, and swallow a rum cocktail in hot haste; no, his refreshment was of another kind. He had his passions and follies, with the rest of us travelers, but he put none of their fury and excess into his pictures. His hand was steady, his head was cool, his heart was true. His inspiration upon the great journey was iced lemonade.

So it seems to me the work of Shakespeare is that of a soul not fired with whisky, but calmly refreshed with the cool juices of fruits. As the man who drinks brandy continually tires in climbing a mountain, and droops and falls asleep, while he who sucks a fruit, or squeezes its juice into water, and drinks it, pushes on forever reinvigorated, until he stands triumphant upon the summit, so is it with the artist who spares excess, and finds his refreshment in that which cools, not that which consumes. When I used to hear an old friend of mine, and of many other bachelors, play the piano, which he treated as if it had been an entire orchestra, and without the least regard to its character or limitations, and beating, and banging, and swaying, and dying away, he produced only the grotesquest of effects, I wanted to say to him, "Dear boy, keep cool; keep cool. Without moderation you can have no force, no expression. Don't distress yourself, the instrument, and all the hearers. Don't play as if you had been drinking hot rum, but as if you had taken refreshment in iced lemonade."

For force lies in reserved power. He who does evidently all that he can do leaves the impression of exhaustion and thinness. The orator who, so to speak, leaves a taste of hot soda in your mouth, a sense of sweet sputter only, or a rank and angry impression as of poor whisky, is not the wise guide of men, nor the inspirer of noble action. It is the speaker who is always cool and calm, however deep and earnest his conviction may be, however inflexible his purpose, who carries the mind with the heart, and so conquers the whole man. Our journey is long, dear Osric; it leads through the torrid and the frozen zone, and we move resistlessly forward with innumerable fellow-travelers. We must have refreshment. We must recreate ourselves. Let us not do it at a terrible and wasteful expense. Let us not sacrifice the pleasure of the entire journey to-day and to-morrow for the frenzy of a moment. Keep cool, my boy; keep cool. Let your refreshment, in the hottest day, be no fierce and fiery draught, but iced lemonade.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

TO do good by stealth and have it found out by accident was not only CHARLES LAMB'S idea of happiness, but it seems to be nearly as high up as the unregenerate heart can climb. It would be a sad day, indeed, among the children at their story-books if Hero Harry did not come out right at the end. We can bear his suffering under the false accusation of theft, because we know that by-and-by it will be blazoned abroad that he did not steal. And when the end does come "more plentiful than hope," as holy GEORGE HERBERT says, and we find that Hero Harry not only did not steal, but knew all the time who it was that did steal, and would not tell, to spare the poor thief's feelings; and when he is set up before the whole school as a hero, and is patted on the head by the master, and is written home to be cried over by his mother—do we not feel, indeed, that virtue is its own reward? Nothing less. If there is any one thing instinctively felt by the child, and profoundly impressed upon the adult, it is that virtue is not its own reward. Let Harry never speak; let the little thief never be laid at the grave's mouth by a fall from a forbidden tree, or "damp door-step settled on his lungs," and never, therefore, be disturbed by any twinges of conscience; let honest Harry leave the school with his honor tarnished, his word suspected—and see if virtue is its own reward. Every child will cry out against the injustice, the unsatisfactory ending, though the only difference possible is that in the one case his virtue is seen, in the other it is not.

And parents are as set as children on this point. What is the use of sending gentle, lovely Lucy around to visit typhoid fever in the poor little cottages, if the Perpetual Curate is not to come in just as she is going out, and fall more deeply in love than ever? It would be nothing at all for her to have gone there, and nobody know it. It would have been stupid, indeed, for her to have written a letter after her return, saying to the Perpetual Curate that she had been saint and martyr enough to expose herself to malaria for the sake of the poor; but to do it and say nothing about it, and be found out all the same; to be called not only self-sacrificing but modest and unthinking in the self-sacrifice—that is sweet to the taste. Virtue is insufficient, but virtue recognized is virtue rewarded.

And yet we are created on such an exacting theory, we are kept up to such an unreasonably high moral standard, that I suppose we must consider virtue unrecognized better than vice. We must do the right thing because it is the right thing, if there is no better reason. Better reason? What reason can be better? None at all, to be sure; but a good many may be more agreeable, more plausible, more *reasonable*.

These good women in the English story-books go about among the cottagers distributing tracts and pence, and are courtesied to politely, answered reverentially, and addressed as "my lady." You go to a poor family in an American cottage. Your cottage is, in the first place, a big house—tumble-down, no doubt, but two stories high so long as it stands at all. Your poor family feel themselves as good as you, and carry themselves rather more loftily, to do away with any mistaken impression that may be made upon your mind by broken windows and torn gowns. You are as wary in your approaches as if you were besieging a city. You give ten times as much in market value as the English novel woman, and la! they say among themselves, and the report drifts round to you in twenty-four hours, you have money enough and things enough to keep or to give away. You might just as well spend the money that way as any other!

And you, knowing how many desired and desirable things you do without for want of money, feel a spasm of resentment, and have a great mind never to give them another cent. Virtue is not sufficient unto itself. It is not enough that cold feet are warmed, and hungry mouths fed. You want the cold feet and the hungry mouths to know that you did it, and to be grateful to you for it. I don't believe this is wrong, for it is the natural impulse, and it is better for the beneficiary that he feel grateful. But his gratitude is not to be the measure of your benefactions, is it? You must go on bestowing alms, ministering to necessities, denying yourself luxuries, even though you may be supposed to be doing it by way of relieving a plethora of purse and wardrobe, just as readily as if you were blessed by a grateful cottage as an angel sent from heaven.

You have a theory about servants. You believe them to be human beings, governed by the same laws as yourself, and you set out with most friendly feeling to do justly, and love mercy, and walk softly toward them. You are careful to afford them comfortable rooms pleasantly furnished, sufficient leisure, and occasional holidays. You are considerate of their circumstances, and forbearing toward their shortcomings. You help them in selecting and making their clothes, encourage them to lay up money in the savings-bank, and think you have secured a faithful servant and friend. And the faithful servant mistakes your interest for self-interest, thinks you forbear because you are afraid to speak, neglects her work, abuses her leisure, and, what is still more trying, abuses you. But you can not change, except in details. Unless she were right, and your interest *was* self-interest, you must still do justly and love mercy. You may be wiser in your forbearance, but you must still forbear. You must assist where assistance is wanted, comfort where comfort is needed, though seven and seventy times seven Bridgets and Ellens have gone unregarding. You feel that the case looks hopeless. Ignorance spreads such a pall over the perception. But you know in your inmost soul that nothing is left you but to be kind and patient and just and helpful to the end. Grossness and falsehood, untidiness and unthrift, do not release you from your obligations. All the more must you show your superiority to these little ones by a devout and divine patience, by caring for those who are

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careless of you, by benefiting those who are injuring you, confounding their turbulence with serenity, reforming their inaccuracy by exactness, forgiving when you are asked, condoning where you can, reproving where you must, and no one know any thing about it.

And when your experiment is unsuccessful, you must try it over again on each new subject with what new wisdom you have gained, but with no relaxation of resolve, and—remembering HANNAH MORE and the eight servants who betrayed her in her old age—with no certainty that your experiment, however apparently successful, may not at any time fall through and bring you to grief.

If you do not, virtue is not its own reward.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WRAPPINGS.

GROS grain, thickly corded ottoman silk, and faille of full deep black without a marked blue tinge, are the materials used for polonaises and the basque-back paletots now worn. China crape, fringed, richly braided, and lined throughout with soft silk of a light color, forms garments of exceptional elegance, seen only at French houses, but the fabric is too frail and too expensive to be generally worn. Fine cashmeres and barathea cloth—the same fabric as cashmere, but crinkled like crape instead of being twilled—are the materials for outside garments when more warmth is required. Repped velours cloth, and light twilled cloth in pale Frou Frou buff, brown, and gray shades, are shown in the beautiful jackets imported from Berlin to complete suits for morning or sea-side wear.

The fashionable trimmings for wraps are flat pleatings, bias bands, pipings, milliner's folds, passementerie, lace, and fringe. Ottoman corded silk, or the material, is arranged as piping; satin is not used. Guipure and thread lace from two to three inches wide is often laid on the silk instead of edging the garment, and is headed by tiny folds with passementerie. Narrow passementeries are preferred to wider ones. The trimming is massed on the back, with occasionally a fanciful vest front, or else a broad bias band of the material strapped with braid is arranged down each side of the buttons in front. Lengthwise bows with long loops and ends head slashed seams of basques or cover the drapery pleats of polonaises. Elaborate passementerie ornaments, with or without tassels, take the place of sashes. Belted garments have bows behind without ends. Coat sleeves are losing favor. Half-flowing sleeves, the duchesse, or else wide Orientals, prevail. A bow is usually placed at the throat of imported garments, but this is removed by the wearer, as it interferes with the colored neck-ties now in vogue.

Garments imported from Berlin are far more reasonable in price than those formerly brought from Paris. $40 or $50 was formerly charged for the plainest garment if it had the prestige of foreign manufacture. We have seen this season, among Berlin importations, simple but jaunty and exceedingly graceful paletots of Lyons silk—not of the thickest quality, but heavy enough for summer wear—sold for $13. They were trimmed with fringe, headed by a fold and slight passementerie, or else ottoman silk folds and rows of tiny buttons. These garments were made in the neat manner for which German needlewomen are famous. Merchants asked to duplicate them here charge $20. Handsome faille paletots, with postilion-basque backs, trimmed with guipure lace and some passementerie, are $45. Long polonaises of black gros grain, the back of the skirt reaching, when draped, almost to the end of the dress skirt, are shown in the various styles mentioned lately in our columns. There are postilion backs, belted waists, bows down the front, or else closed aprons, burnous drapery, Watteau folds, or caught up by bows in the Marguerite fashion. Richly trimmed with lace and gimp, these cost from $75 to $150. There is no necessity, however, for elaborate trimmings, as many such garments have merely a hem turned up on the right side and piped at the top, depending for their beauty on the perfection with which they are fitted and their graceful drapery.

For afternoon drives and for cool days in the country are jackets of scarlet, blue, or black cashmere, trimmed with a border of medallions of silk richly wrought in colors, and edged with fringe. A novelty this season is pale cuir-color and buff cloths, the color of écru linen, made into most graceful paletots, and braided with cord of a darker shade in simple but close patterns. These are delicate enough to be worn with the stylish buff pongee costumes prepared for the watering-places: price, $20. Pale gray, pearl, and fawn colored jackets are also shown in very light summer cloths, costing from $12 to $20 each.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The Illustration and Pattern Supplement of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV., leaves little to be said about children's fashions. These pictures show also how closely girls' costumes imitate those for ladies. There are the invariable double skirts, basques, and flounces, and little girls only five years old wear collars and cuffs like their mammas.

Many mothers make an opening down the centre of basque backs, and button them behind, as they think dresses open in front too old-looking for small girls. As children do not wear much tournure, plain basques are prettier for them than those made with full postilion pleats. The proper length of dress skirts is shown in the illustrations just alluded to, viz., three or four inches above the gaiter top for girls from three to five years old, getting gradually longer until girls of ten or twelve years show but an inch of their white stockings, while misses of fifteen wear their skirts to reach the instep. The pantalets of smallest children are not visible.

Summer cashmeres in shepherd's check and in broken plaids of a color with white, soft, light, and all wool, are admirable for girls' spring suits and for the kilt skirts worn by little boys. They are a yard and a half wide, and $1 50 a yard. Glossy English mohairs, that can be perfectly cleaned by the scourer, are 65 cents a yard. These, with the summer serges of light quality, make up the woolen fabrics that girls wear in this climate during the warmest part of the year. For dressy occasions the low-priced striped silks are made with two skirts and a basque trimmed with many pinked ruffles. Among wash goods there is nothing new, and, indeed, it would scarcely be possible to rival the durable piqués in repped patterns, the thick Yokohama linens without dressing, and the serviceable Scotch ginghams, sold for 35 or 40 cents a yard.

To begin in order, high necks and long sleeves are still preferred for infants' robes. They are a yard long, and two yards wide, the skirt straight, and fulled in to a yoke of insertion and puffs. More elaborate dresses are trimmed robe fashion across the front, and require to be sloped or gored. The entire wardrobe of newly born babes is of white garments. New summer cloaks for infants are large double capes of French nansook trimmed with a fluted or pleated frill edged with narrow Valenciennes (patent lace), and headed by two rows of Valenciennes insertion separated by a row of Hamburg work: price $18. Piqué or Marseilles cloaks are embroidered or braided on the material, or else there is a mixture of these trimmings: price $20.

Most exquisite shoes for babies are knitted of scarlet, green, or white Berlin wool, and shaped over a last, with the tiny toes square, and the instep arched in the most approved fashion: price $1. Imported bibs are of soft white muslin, slightly wadded and quilted, shaped with armholes, buttoned behind, and a row of buttons before to simulate a vest front; Hamburg scallops around the edge: price 60 cents. An elegant afghan for an infant's carriage has a bouquet embroidered on a white centre, a scarlet border dotted with white daisies, and the initials of baby in the corners: $24. Lower-priced afghans are of white wool with colored ribbons run in meshes formed by loose stitches: price $9.

The first short clothes, also invariably white, have high yokes and long sleeves, with the full skirt and body in one, worn usually without a sash. Long robes are often cut down to make these dresses. The wee toddlers also wear piqué Gabrielles, low-necked, with a jacket for boys, plain high slips for girls. These are trimmed around the edge with a scant frill of needle-work or of Hamburg edging, and are made so long and large that the child can continue to wear them until it is two or three years old.

Walking coats, long-sleeved sacques, with drawing-strings about the waist, and a large cape, are made of piqué for these children to wear in the street in summer. A few very small ones, scalloped and lightly embroidered by machine, are sold for $5. Others, larger, and braided in fern leaves on the skirt, with embroidery on the cape, are $8. These are considered plain and inexpensive at the furnishing houses, as many cloaks are shown for $25 or $30 each, the single garment costing as much as many mothers spend in a season on their little ones. Cottage bonnets of Valenciennes lace and medallions of needle-work are prescribed for dressy occasions. Fine corded piqué bonnets, with soft crown and pleated coronet fronts, prettily embroidered, are useful and serviceable. For every-day wear are sunbonnets with stiffened head piece of piqué, high crown, and deep cape of muslin, and a pleated muslin ruche on the head piece.

For girls from three to six years of age elegant gypsy bonnets are shown of real Valenciennes, trimmed with white ostrich tips, forget-me-nots, and loops and strings of gros grain ribbon: from $15 to $23.

For boys of three years, and until they are old enough for trowsers, the kilt suits are made of light cloths, plaids, and of piqué. Pattern No. XX., in Supplement of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV., is the guide for such suits. They cost from $12 to $23 at the furnishing houses. Soft-crowned straw hats, with the brim turned up all around, are worn by little boys. Their piqué dresses, when not made kilt fashion, are gored skirts belted to a linen habit-shirt, and worn beneath a slashed jacket: from $13 to $22 is the price when trimmed with embroidery.

Among the choicest importations are sacques of Berlin wool overcast with silk floss—white grounds with scarlet, blue, or chinchilla stars. They are light yet warm, just suitable for spring. For children from one to three years old they are long loose sacques with a hood, and cost from $7 to $12. For larger girls they are jacket-shaped, and cost $11. Lovely jackets, sailor shape, of blue, white, or scarlet velours, are the fancy for misses of five or seven years. They are trimmed with white cord, are imported, and cost $9. Light cloth paletots, like those described for ladies, are imported in misses' sizes, costing from $7 to $13.

The sauciest hats of white straw, with rolling brim turned up broadly back and front, and slightly indented on each side, are worn by girls of ten years and older. They are trimmed with silk puffings or gauze ruches, and the fancy of the moment is to dot them with large white daisies with golden centres. Sailor hats of white straw, with wide brim, bound with blue, and a ribbon band, are for school-girls. These, with velours sailor jackets and suits of narrow striped mohair, make girlish and graceful costumes for spring. Short hair is out of fashion for children. All girls let it grow, and wear it flowing in careless waves, or else in two long braids fastened by ribbon plaited in with the lower part of the braid, and tied in a bow with ends.

Sailor suits of mazarine blue flannel are again worn by boys of five or seven years. The model illustrated in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV., may be made up in piqué, gray linens, or flannel. White twilled flannel suits will be worn later in the season. Jackets with vests and knee pantaloons are the suits for boys too short for long pantaloons. Gathered knickerbocker trowsers are still worn, but with less fullness than formerly.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

SOME of the incidents connected with the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne will strike Americans as having been ridiculously red-tapey. Many fine people expected to attend that wedding, but didn't. The cabinet ministers were invited, but not their wives. Mr. MORAN, the representative of the United States, couldn't go, because he is only a chargé. Several very black and a few coffee-colored embassadors, glistening with diamonds, were there, while, under the rule, some of the most peerless of the peeresses were coolly left out in the cold.

—Among the English after-dinner speakers of our time CHARLES DICKENS was undoubtedly the readiest and wittiest. CHARLES MATHEWS, Lord GRANVILLE, and Mr. LOWE are also clever in that way. Bishop WILBERFORCE, of Winchester, and Bishop JEUNE, of Peterborough, are admirable after-dinner speakers, although neither of them equals Archdeacon DENISON. Professors HUXLEY, TYNDALL, and RANKIN are also good, as is Sir FRANCIS GRANT, of the Royal Academy, whose speeches are said to be of the highest type of after-dinner eloquence. Mr. DISRAELI is perhaps best of all, sparkling as he does with keen and witty observation, graceful personal allusions, terse and picturesque phrases.

—Miss NATALIE DE LOOSEY, daughter of the late Chevalier DE LOOSEY, Austrian consul-general in this city, was recently married in Vienna to Baron KUEBEC, a gentleman of position in the best circles of Austria. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Mr. THEODORE HAVEMEYER, of New York, a brother-in-law of the bride. Count VON BEUST, Mr. BANCROFT, and many notables were present.

—JOHN H. JANNINGS has bequeathed $20,000 to the female college at Greencastle, Indiana.

—Like "the Commodore" and "Uncle Daniel," Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, who was Prime Minister of England for a longer period than any of his predecessors or successors, was a bold speculator in stocks, was largely in the South Sea bubble, and sold out at a thousand per cent. profit. GUY, the bookseller, followed his lead, and to the fortune he gained London owes the hospital that bears his name.

—A recent official report in England gives some curious facts as to the popular names of the day. It is based on the first or leading names of 100,000 children—50,000 males and 50,000 females:

Order.	Names.	Number.	Order.	Names.	Number.
1	Mary	6,819	14	Jane	1,697
2	William	6,590	15	Ellen	1,621
3	John	6,230	16	Emily	1,615
4	Elizabeth	4,617	17	Frederick	1,604
5	Thomas	3,876	18	Annie	1,580
6	George	3,620	19	Margaret	1,546
7	Sarah	3,602	20	Emma	1,540
8	James	3,060	21	Eliza	1,507
9	Charles	2,823	22	Robert	1,323
10	Henry	2,060	23	Arthur	1,237
11	Alice	1,925	24	Alfred	1,233
12	Joseph	1,780	25	Edward	1,170
13	Ann	1,718			

Total number of children (out of 100,000) registered under the above 25 names 65,893

—As nearly as can be ascertained the rates paid to a few foreign and native musical artists are as follows: NILSSON, $1100; PAREPA-ROSA, $500; KELLOGG, $350; ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, $300; MARIA BRAINERD, $50; JENNY KEMPTON, $100; BRIGNOLI, $300; LE FRANC, $250; VERGER, $150; J. R. THOMAS, $50; GEORGE SIMPSON, $50 to $100; RANDOLFI, $75.

—Colonel SAM JAMES has introduced into the penitentiary over which he presides in Louisiana a new regulation. Hereafter all prisoners are to be washed before they are ironed.

—The most successful medical practitioner in Orange, New Jersey, is Miss FOWLER, M.D., a maiden of forty, whose professional income for several years past has ranged from fifteen to eighteen thousand dollars per annum. She is a sister of the phrenologist man.

—Since the foundation of the banking house of HOPE & Co., in Amsterdam, there have been nearly two hundred partners connected with the firm. Among these was the author of "Anastasius." One of the HOPES—HENRY HOPE, of Boston—who went to Europe very poor, afterward became a leading member of the firm at a time of its greatest prosperity.

—It is said that Mrs. GEORGE VANDENHOFF is soon to give her lecture on "The Rights and Wrongs of Children" in New York, under the auspices of a charity. We are assured that the little ones will have in this lady a most able and eloquent defender. Mrs. VANDENHOFF is well known as a reader, and has been for some years a most successful teacher of elocution in many of our fashionable schools.

—The Rev. BENJAMIN SAWYER may with propriety be spoken of as one of the top-sawyers of the ministry, being, in fact, one of the oldest Congregational clergymen in Massachusetts. During his pastorate he has united over fourteen hundred couples in marriage, and attended over eleven hundred funerals. He celebrated his golden wedding with his second wife nearly two years ago, never used spectacles to read with, and has hair as black as coal.

—HARRIET HOSMER'S horse "Bruno" is one of the institutions of Rome. Prince HUMBERT, heir-apparent of Italy, is a mighty Nimrod, and wanting that steed, sent an offer of four hundred guineas for him; but Miss H.'s characteristic reply was, "If the four hundred guineas were doubled, and then trebled, the Prince could not have 'Bruno.'"

—It is the pleasant duty of the *Bazar* to mention another of those fine impulses of benevolence which seem to be spreading among us. Mr. CONRAD POPPENHAUSEN, an opulent gentleman of Long Island, who two years ago erected a free educational institute at College Point, finding that it was running in debt, has put it in sound condition by making to the trustees a second donation of one hundred thousand dollars.

—There are four women now living in Europe who have been dethroned within the last two years: SOPHIA, Queen of Naples; CARLOTTA, Empress of Mexico; ISABELLA, Queen of Spain; and EUGÉNIE, Empress of France.

—If there is any one thing for which Boston is noteworthy, it is style. Thus, in describing recently a funeral, the able editor said, "The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length—as was also the prayer of Dr. PERRY, the chaplain."

—SYLVANUS COBB, Jun., is computed to have written seventy-five miles of printed matter—and yet he is not happy.

—ANNA DICKINSON, according to an exchange, says jewty for duty, eyether for either, and rectichewed for rectitude, which enwages the St. Louis *Chimes* of Chewsday.

—The Rev. W. O. LAMSON, director-in-chief of the American Ambulance in Paris, has been made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government.

—Boston's present especial sensation is a grandson of DANIEL O'CONNELL, who is delivering lectures before the Catholic benevolent societies of that city.

—Mr. A. T. STEWART'S store at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway is remarkable in one particular: the basement floor is the largest floor in the world except that of St. Peter's at Rome. In flush surface (broken only by columns) it covers nearly three acres.

—WILLIAM BENTON CLULOW, an English writer, in a work little known pertinently says that "competence of fortune and a mind at ease have in thousands of instances given the death-blow to literary ambition and success." Men in the full and secured enjoyment of the elegancies of private life are rarely found purchasing happiness by hard literary labor. SWIFT'S works were the result of an ambitious desire for wealth and a title. DEFOE wrote best when he was despoiled of position and means. Lord BACON'S most important works were chiefly composed during his exclusion from public employment; and MACCHIAVELLI wrote "The Prince" and "The Discourse on Livy" under similar circumstances. Numberless other instances in the same direction crowd upon the memory as we jot down the foregoing.

—Clergymen should be good customers for life-insurance companies—such, for instance, as the Rev. Drs. SPRAGUE, of Albany, ORVILLE DEWEY, and JAMES WALKER, who are the three oldest preachers of the Election Sermons of Massachusetts now living. They officiated respectively in 1825, 1826, and 1828. Rev. Dr. WALKER preached a second time in 1863.

—Fortune seems to have not merely "smiled," but to have "snickered right out" on ex-Governor LELAND STAMFORD, of California. Twenty years ago he went thither from Albany, poor. Now he is worth $10,000,000, owns a line of Pacific steamships, three lines of stage-coaches, thirteen gold mines, nineteen factories, forty-five farms, and several first-class hotels. The way of the transgressor is hard.

—Mrs. THORNTON, wife of the British minister at Washington, is a tall, pale, rather angular woman, with light hair and eyes. In private society she is much liked. Her distinguished manners display all the fascinations of a superior culture. She speaks French and Spanish fluently, and combines with rich vocal powers that refinement of intonation so rarely possessed by American women.

—PO-TUM-PI-HO-GA, an Indian chief near Cheyenne (perhaps you know the savage?), was lately introduced to an army officer by another savage, who, by way of commending the chief, told the soldier he was only forty years old, had taken two hundred scalps, and had had the delirium tremens fifteen times. Which statement leads one to moralize on the saying of an old frontiersman: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

—A gentleman who writes from London to the Newark *Advertiser* says nice things of the lady members of the London School Board. They usually sit at the upper end of the room at the chairman's table, but when I happened to be there Miss GARRETT came in late, and took her seat at the lower end of the room. She looked as fresh and bright and cheerful as a bride ought to look (you know she was married next day), but there is a business-like air about her, and you can see at a glance that she is "all there." She did not speak, but took great interest in the discussion on compulsory education, "hear-hearing" the sentiments that she approved, in a quiet, musical voice, with the rest. When HUXLEY rose, with two or three others, to challenge the chairman's eye, and several voices called out, "HUXLEY," you could distinguish Miss GARRETT'S very distinctly; and when HUXLEY crossed the room to consult his friends about his amendment, she shook hands with him very warmly, and entered into his little scheme as heartily as any of the pantalooned ogres around her. And all this when, in the usual way, her heart ought to have been in her trousseau.

—Mr. SOL HEWES SANBORN, being yet among the quick, has made and published his will, the prominent and funny feature of which is that after he has fully "shuffled off," etc., he is to be skinned by some "scientific gent," and his hide, after proper tanning, is to be made into two drum-heads, which are to be presented to his "distinguished friend and patriotic fellow-citizen, WARREN SIMPSON, drummer, of Cohasset," on condition that he shall beat, or cause to be beaten, on the said drum-heads the national air of "Yankee Doodle," at the base of the monument on Bunker Hill, "at sunrise on the 17th of June annually." Moreover, on one of the drum-heads is to be inscribed POPE'S "Universal Prayer," and on the other "The Declaration of Independence" as it "originated in the brain of its illustrious author, THOMAS JEFFERSON." The parts of his body useless for anatomical purposes Mr. SANBORN desires, to quote his own words, to be "composted for a fertilizer for the purpose of nourishing the growth of an American elm, to be planted, or set out, in some rural public thoroughfare, that the weary wayfaring man may rest, and innocent children playfully sport beneath the shadow of its umbrageous branches, rendered luxuriant by my carcass." The trustees of the carcass are OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and Professor AGASSIZ, who are to wire his bones together, and hang them up in the museum of anatomy.

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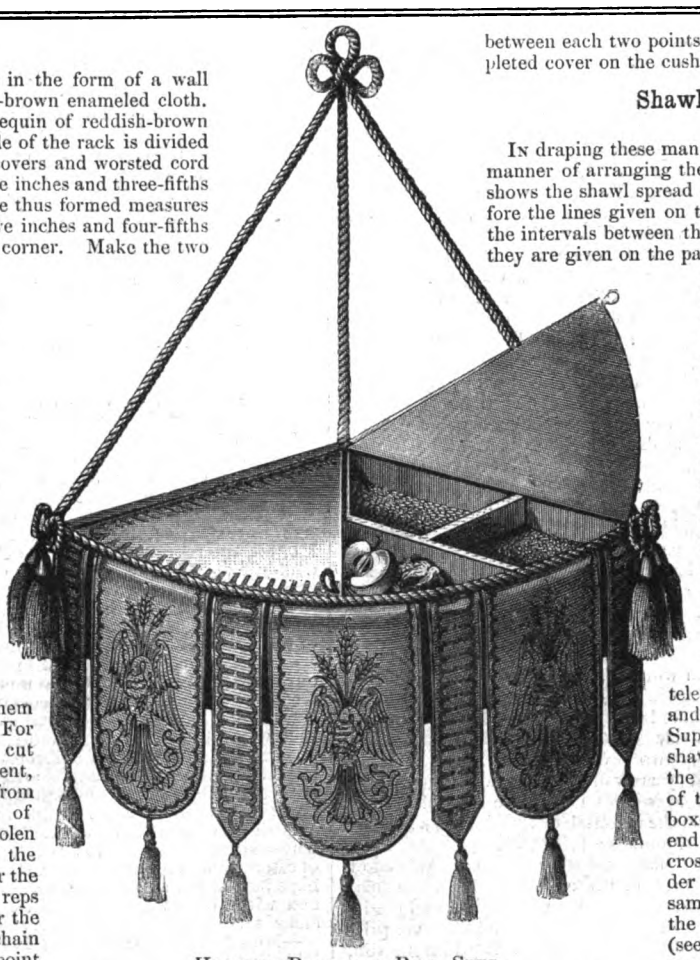
Hanging Rack for Bird Seed.

THIS pretty rack, which is designed to hold bird seed, is in the form of a wall basket. It is made of thick pasteboard covered with reddish-brown enameled cloth. The front of the rack is trimmed with an embroidered lambrequin of reddish-brown woolen reps, and worsted tassels of the same color. The inside of the rack is divided into compartments by means of pieces of pasteboard. Two covers and worsted cord and tassels complete the rack. Cut a pasteboard bottom twelve inches and three-fifths square. One corner of this part is rounded off so that the edge thus formed measures twenty inches and two-fifths from corner to corner, and twelve inches and four-fifths from the middle of the front (rounded) edge to the opposite corner. Make the two covers of a piece of pasteboard of the same size and shape, which is cut straight across from the middle of the front (rounded) edge to the opposite corner, so as to form halves. The front and sides of the rack are made of pasteboard; they are three inches and three-fifths deep, and correspond in length to the outer edge of the bottom and cover. Cover all the parts with the enameled cloth on both sides, and overhand them together. Previous to this embroider the outside covering of the covers with reddish-brown silk braid; fasten the covers at one outer edge only (see illustration), bind the two remaining outer edges with reddish-brown silk braid, and furnish each front corner with a loop of the same. To make the compartments, prepare pieces of card-board, and cover them with enameled cloth. For the lambrequin tabs cut from Fig. 58, Supplement, three pieces, and from Fig. 59 four pieces of reddish-brown woolen reps and cambric of the same color. Transfer the design to each reps part, embroider the wider tabs in chain stitch and point Russe with reddish-brown silk, and the narrow tabs with reddish-brown silk soutache in the design given. Baste the material on the lining, bind each tab all around with braid, and fasten the upper edge to the front of the rack as shown by the illustration, in such a manner that they come a fifth of an inch apart. Cover the seam made by sewing on the tabs with coarse reddish-brown worsted cord. Finally, sew on the cords by means of which the rack is hung up, and the tassels.



HANGING RACK FOR BIRD SEED.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 58 and 59.

Fig. 1.—BARATHEA HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 50.

Foot-Stool with Embroidered Tabs.

THIS foot-stool is made of carved oak, and is furnished with a high round cushion, which is covered with gray cloth. The cushion is twenty-seven inches and a quarter in circumference; the under edge is finished with coarse gray worsted cord. The cushion is covered with twelve tabs. For each tab cut of gray and red cloth (the latter forms the lining) one piece from Fig. 26, Supplement. Pink the under rounded edge of the red part, and on the gray part sew red silk soutache in points, so that the lines cross each other and form diamonds. At the upper and under corner of each square form three loops with the soutache, and fasten each loop with a short stitch; at the points of intersection work a cross stitch with gray saddler's silk over the braid. Baste the outer part thus prepared on the lining, turn the bottom of the outer part over on the inside a fifth of an inch, so that it comes between the outer part and the lining, and the pinked edge of the latter projects. Button-hole stitch the edge turned down with red saddler's silk, bringing each stitch in the hollow between each two points of the pinked edge; in working the button-hole stitches, hold the tab so that the under edge is turned upward, by this means the connecting threads between the stitches come on the outer part. Twist a thread around the connecting threads. Double the tab thus prepared, letting the lining come on the inside, and join it from * to :; open the edges of the seam, and fasten them with hem stitches. Lay the tab so that the seam forms the middle of the under layer, and inside of the tab fasten three gray worsted cords, each ornamented with two gray woolen balls. Having prepared the tabs in this manner, sew the upper points on a round piece of card-board two inches and two-fifths in diameter, which is cut in twelve small points. Cover the seam made by doing this with a similar piece of card-board covered with gray cloth. Make a hole in the middle of each card-board part, and join the parts by passing a piece of red silk soutache first through the under, and then through the upper hole, and pass soutache over both card-board parts, bringing it between each two points of the card-board parts and each two tabs. Sew the completed cover on the cushion as shown by the illustration.

FOOT-STOOL WITH EMBROIDERED TABS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 26.

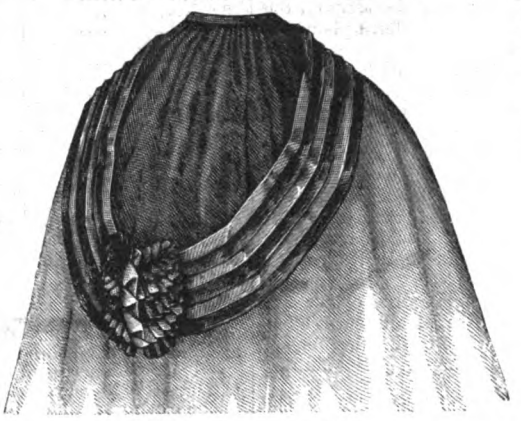
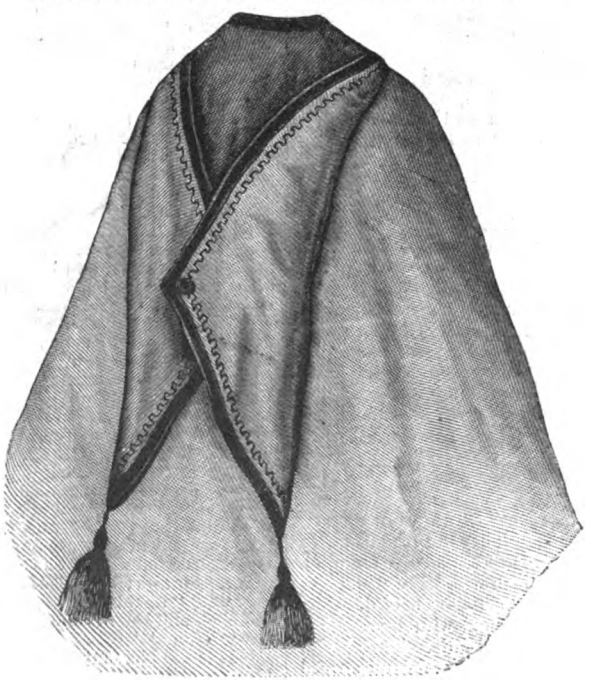


Fig. 2.—BARATHEA HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 50.

Fig. 2.—WATER-PROOF HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 49.



SERGE HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 51.

Shawls arranged as Mantelets, Figs. 1–5.

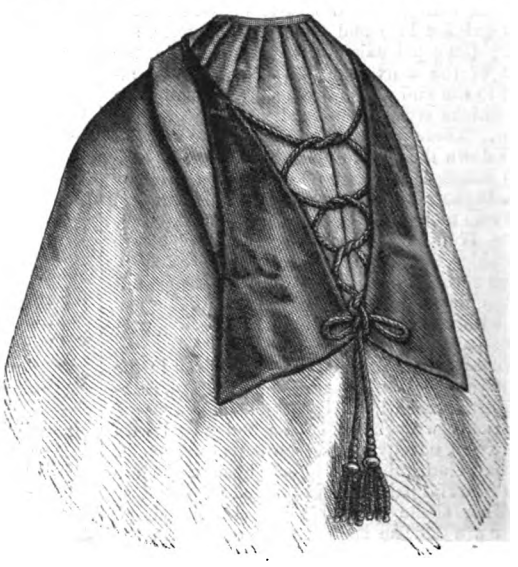
See illustrations on page 277.

IN draping these mantelets, the shawl must only be pleated, and *not* cut. For the manner of arranging the pleats see Figs. 28, 60, and 61, Supplement. Each pattern shows the shawl spread out and reduced to one-sixteenth of the original size; therefore the lines given on the patterns must be enlarged sixteenfold, and the spaces for the intervals between the lines and signs must be allowed sixteen times as large as they are given on the patterns. Before making each shawl, transfer the given lines and signs to the shawl. The lines are most readily marked by drawing a thread through the shawl with a needle, and designating the different signs and figures with black and white pins, etc. The figures close to the × or ● only serve to distinguish these signs. Larger or smaller shawls than those here given may also be arranged as mantelets in the same manner, but the shawl must be of the shape given on the pattern, so that the length and breadth of the shawls are in the same proportion to each other as the length and breadth of the shawls here given.

Figs. 1 and 2.—The shawl for this mantelet must be one hundred and thirty-four inches and two-fifths long and sixty-six inches and four-fifths wide. To make the mantelet, transfer the lines and signs from Fig. 28, Supplement, to the shawl. Then arrange the shawl at the middle of the back in a small box-pleat, fastening each end marked 1 of the crosswise line to the under side on ● of the same line. Along the middle line (see Fig. 28) arrange the shawl in pleats, beginning at the under side, and bringing each × on the next ●; the last × must come on ● of the crosswise line. Sew a belt of black gros grain, of the requisite width, to the under side of the pleats; this belt is closed in front under the mantelet. Arrange the shawl in pleats along the straight lines given from the under corners of Fig. 28, bringing the points designated with × on each other, and then on the ● at the end of the straight line. In doing this, begin with the × at the under corner. Cover the layers of pleats with a bow of black gros grain. Fold the shawl over on the outside along the dotted line at the upper lengthwise edge. This line has a somewhat slanting direction. The two straight lines at each end of the dotted line referred to must now come on each other. Run the double material of the shawl together along these lines; fold the three-cornered pleat thus formed over on the outside of the shawl, fasten it there, and furnish the under end of the pleat with a bow of black gros grain, as shown by Fig. 1. At the middle of the fold, which now forms the upper edge, arrange the shawl in a treble box-pleat, bringing, first, ×2 on ×3, then ×4 on ×5, then ×3 on ×6, ×5 on ×7; finally, ×6 on the next ●, and ×7 on the next ●. Along the neck sew on a ruche of black gros grain ribbon an inch and three-fifths wide, and fasten a bow of gros grain on the box-pleat at the back.

Fig. 1.—WATER-PROOF HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 49.

Figs. 3 and 4.—The shawl for this mantelet with hood must be seventy-six inches and four-fifths square. The hood may be worn over the head in the manner shown by Fig. 3. Before arranging the mantelet, transfer the lines and signs given on Fig. 60, Supplement, to the shawl, as above described; gather the shawl from 5 to 5 along the line given, so that the gathered part is eleven inches and one-fifth wide, and arrange the shawl in pleats, bringing, first, ×1 on ●1, ×2 on ●2, then ×2 on the next place marked with 5. In a similar manner fasten ×3 on ●3, then ×4 on ●4 and on the next place marked 5. Finally, baste the box-pleat thus formed on the gathered part. Sew a belt to the under side of the shawl along the gathers; the belt is closed at the front with a hook and eye. Fold the upper corner of the shawl down on the outside along the dotted line, double the shawl along the line marked "middle" on Fig. 60, so that the upper corner comes inside, and the four slanting lines marked "pleat" come on each other from : to *. Along this line sew through the fourfold material from : to *. Now spread out the shawl, which was previously doubled, and lay the outer fold of the slit left under the pleat over on the outside. Arrange the upper corner of the shawl which is now turned downward in a pleat, sewing the two lines marked with "pleat" together from *b* to *a* beside *a*, so that the folds thus formed meet at the *outside* of the hood, and at the two outer edges of the upper corner fasten



CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 47 and 48.

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×6 on ●6, ×7 on ●7, ×8 on ●8. From each ×8 to *a* the fold vertically indicated is formed. Finally, furnish the mantelet with buttons and loops of cord as shown by Figs. 3 and 4. When the hood is to be worn over the head, draw the buttons out of the loops at the back.

Fig. 5.—The shawl for this mantelet should be one hundred and twenty-one inches and three-fifths long and fifty-one inches and one-fifth wide. After transferring to the shawl the lines and signs given on Fig. 61, Supplement, lay the shawl over on the under side along the dotted line given at the upper lengthwise edge, and baste down the edge of the material; then lay the shawl over on the *outer side* along the straight line given, that is, from one end of the line marked ●4 to the other end similarly marked. Now double the shawl along the line marked "middle," so that the upper lengthwise edge, which is doubled over, comes inside, and the four slanting lines marked "pleat" given on Fig. 61 come on each other. Along these lines sew through the fourfold material from * to ●5 for the pleat referred to. After the pleat is formed, spread out the shawl, which was previously doubled; the piece turned down at the upper lengthwise edge at the middle of the back now forms a three-cornered hood-like part, which constitutes the trimming, and has a slit at the middle of the under part. Arrange this part in pleats on each side of the slit, bringing the upper ×5 of Fig. 61 on the under ×5, then both on ●5, and pass the edge of the material at the under middle of the hood-like part to the under side through the slit referred to. Then lay the shawl in an outer fold along the straight line between ●1 and ●2; along this fold arrange the double material in a box-pleat, bringing ×1 on ●1, ×2 on ●2, sew the box-pleat to the under edge of the hood-like part, and cover the seam made by doing this with a bow of black velvet. Finally, fasten each ×4 on ●4, ×3 on ●3, and fasten a ribbon forty-eight inches long on the inner side of the mantelet at the place marked ●5. This ribbon is fastened at the middle and on each side of the middle; after an interval of six inches and two-fifths it is fastened on each place marked ●3 of Fig. 61. When adjusting the mantelet the ends of the ribbon are tied at the front. At the front furnish the mantelet with hooks and eyes and a bow of velvet.

INFANT'S CASHMERE CLOAK.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—LONG SHAWL ARRANGED AS A MANTELET.—BACK.
For arrangement see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 28.

Fig. 4.—SQUARE SHAWL ARRANGED AS A MANTELET.—BACK.
For arrangement see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 60.

Infant's Swiss Muslin and Lace Robe.

THIS robe is made of Swiss muslin, and is trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with puffs of the material, white lace an inch and three-fifths wide, pink gros grain ribbon of the same width, and a pink binding three-fifths of an inch wide. Cut the front (waist and skirt in one) from Fig. 52, Supplement, making it of the requisite length according to the direction of the arrowheads. Cut the back of the waist from Fig. 53, Supplement. The back breadths are straight, and must be cut of the requisite length. Join Figs. 52 and 53 according to the corresponding figures, face the back edge of each back of the waist with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide, and furnish them with small buttons and button-holes for closing the waist. Join the back breadths of the skirt with the front breadth, leaving a slit between the back breadths at the top of the skirt; on the edges of the slit make a narrow hem, gather the upper edge of the back breadths, and join them with the back of the waist. Cover the edges of the seam made by doing this on the inside of the waist with a strip of the material half an inch wide, and through the shirr thus formed run a narrow gros grain ribbon. Face the bottom of the skirt with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide. Face the neck with a strip of the material half an inch wide, and through the shirr thus formed run pink gros grain ribbon. For each sleeve cut a straight piece of the material thirteen inches and a quarter long and twelve inches and three-quarters wide. Arrange this part in puffs as shown by the illustration, join the crosswise edge, gathering it until only six inches long; hem the under edge two-fifths of an inch wide, and slightly hollow out the upper edge. Trim the sleeve and sew it into the corded arm-holes. Trim the robe as shown by the illustration, and partially indicated on Fig. 52, sewing the puffs and lace on the seams joining the front and back last of all. Make the puffs furnished with ruffles in connection with the latter, and bind the ruffles with pink gros grain. At the bottom of the waist sew gros grain ribbon two inches wide to the side seams, and, when adjusting the dress, tie them in a bow at the back.

INFANT'S POPLIN CLOAK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 54–57.

INFANT'S SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE ROBE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 52 and 53.

Fig. 1.—LONG SHAWL ARRANGED AS A MANTELET.—FRONT.
[See Fig. 2.]
For arrangement see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 28.

Fig. 5.—LONG SHAWL ARRANGED AS A MANTELET.
For arrangement see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 61.

Fig. 3.—SQUARE SHAWL ARRANGED AS A MANTELET.—FRONT.
[See Fig. 4.]
For arrangement see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 60.

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THE SISTERS.

THREE bonny maidens went out on a day,
While the summer sun was shining—
Janet and Annie and Margery Gray;
None were fairer, I ween, than they,
As forth that morn they took their way,
While the summer sun was shining.

Through the blooming gorse, by the dancing brook,
While the summer sun was shining,
Laughing and sporting, their way they took,
Now stooping for flowers, now loitering to look
For honey stored in the wild bees' nook,
While the summer sun was shining.

Up by the side of the hill they climb,
While the summer sun is shining,
Till they hear the bells of St. Agnes chime,
And they stop, for they know 'tis the holy time
When the nuns are singing their hymns sublime,
While the summer sun is shining.

Annie grew weary, and waited to rest,
While the summer sun was shining,
Where the church-yard graves with flowers were dressed,
And she laid her down where the shadow blessed
Of the chancel cross fell over her breast,
While the summer sun was shining.

Janet and Margery roved where they list,
While the summer sun was shining;
The day wore on, and the way they missed;
They met the young lord with his falcon on fist,
He stooped from the saddle and Janet he kissed,
While the summer sun was shining.

Janet is gone with Lord Hugh to his tower,
While the summer sun is shining;
Margery hied back again to her bower
In the peaceful vale ere the evening hour,
And there she lingered, a lonely flower,
While the summer sun was shining.

My Lady Janet rides gayly dressed,
While the summer sun is shining;
Annie sleeps sweet with the cross o'er her breast;
Margery dwells in her bower at rest—
One rich, one patient, and one with the blessed,
While the summer sun is shining.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VIII.

HANNAH'S first feeling on discovering her brother-in-law's absence was intense relief. Then, as she sat over the solitary breakfast-table, there came unto her an uneasiness akin to fear. He had done exactly what she had not done; what, in spite of her first instinctive wish, she had decided was unwise and cowardly to do—he had run away.

From what? From the scandal? But since it was all false, and they innocent, what did it matter? Could they not live it down? Dreadful as things had appeared in the long watches of the night, in that clear light of morning, and with the touch of her darling's arms still lingering about her neck, Hannah felt that she could live it down. Perhaps he could not; perhaps he was afraid—and a cold shiver crept over her—a conviction that he was afraid.

In the sick friend she did not quite believe. She knew all Bernard's affairs—knew that though he had an old college companion ill in London, it was no friend close enough to take him suddenly and compulsorily from all his duties—he who so hated going from home. Yes, he must have gone on her account, and in consequence of what happened last night. Her first impulse of relief and gratitude sank into another sort of feeling. He had certainly run away, leaving her to fight the battle alone. That is, if he meant them to fight it out. If not, if he wished her to leave him in his absence he would perhaps take the opportunity of telling her so.

For not yet—not even yet—did that other solution of the difficulty suggest itself to Hannah's mind. Had she looked at the sweet, grave face reflected in the mirror opposite, had she heard the patient, tender voice which answered Rosie's infantile exactions—for she had gone and fetched the child, as usual, after breakfast—the truth would at once have occurred to her concerning any other woman. But it did not concerning herself; or only in that form—a rather sad but perfectly safe one—not that her brother-in-law was growing fond of her, but that she was growing fond of him; fond enough to make his marriage, or any other catastrophe which should part them, not so indifferent to her as it once had been.

But still this was only affection. Hannah had never had a brother, her nearest approach to the tie having been her cousin Arthur, who, from his extreme gentleness and delicacy of health, was less like a brother than a sister—ay, even after he changed into a lover. Now, when not one spark of passion, only sacred tenderness, was mixed up with the thought of him, his memory was less that of a man than an angel. In truth, only since she had lived with Mr. Rivers had Hannah found out what it was to associate with a real man, at once strong and tender, who put a woman in her right place by conscientiously taking his own with regard to her, and being to her at once a shelter and a shield.

Poor Hannah! she had grown so accustomed now to be taken care of, that she felt if fate thrust her out into the bitter world again she should be as helpless as one of those little fledgelings about whom, in the intervals of her meditations, she was telling Rosie a pathetic story. And when Rosie said, "Poor little dicky-birds!" and looked quite sad, then, seeing Aunt Hannah look sad too—alas! not about "dicky-birds"—burst into the sympathetic sobbing of her innocent age, Aunt Hannah's heart felt like to break.

It would have broken many a time that day but for the blessed necessity of keeping a bright face before the child—ay, even though sometimes there occurred to her, with a refined self-torture, the thought of what she should do if Mr. Rivers sent her away without Rosie. But she did not seriously fear this—he could not be capable of such cruelty. If he were, why, Aunt Hannah was quite capable of—something else which he might not exactly like, and which perhaps the unpleasant English law might call child-stealing. And she remembered a story, a true story, of an aunt who had once traveled from England to America, and there fairly kidnapped from some wicked relations her dead sister's child; pretended to take it out for a walk, and fled over snow and through forests, traveling by night and hiding by day, till she caught the New York steamer, and sailed, safe and triumphant, for English shores.

"As I would sail, for Australia or America, any day, if he drives me to it. Oh, Rosie, you little know what a desperate woman Tannie could be made!"

And Rosie laughed in her face, and stroked it, and said, "Good Tannie, pretty Tannie!" till the demon sank down, and the pure angel that always seems to look out of baby-eyes comforted Hannah in spite of herself. No one can be altogether wretched, for long together, who has the charge of a healthy, happy, loving little child.

Sunday came, but Mr. Rivers did not return, sending as substitute in his pulpit an old college chum, who reported that he had left London for Cambridge, and was staying there in his old college; at which Lady Rivers expressed herself much pleased.

"He shuts himself up far too much at home, which would be natural enough if he had a wife, but for a man in Bernard's circumstances is perfectly ridiculous. I hope he will now see his mistake and correct it."

Hannah answered nothing. She knew she was being talked at, as was the habit of the Moat House. Her only protection was not to seem to hear. She had, as he desired, taken Bernard's message to his family, even showing the letter, and another letter she got from him respecting Mr. Hewlett, the clergyman, also evidently meant to be shown. Indeed, he wrote almost daily to her about some parish business or other, for Hannah had become to him like her lost sister—his "curate in petticoats." But every letter was the briefest, most matter-of-fact possible, beginning "My dear sister," and ending "your affectionate brother." Did he do this intentionally, or make the epistles public intentionally? She rather thought so. A wise, kind precaution; and yet there is something painful and aggravating in any friendship which requires precautions.

Day after day Hannah delivered her brother-in-law's messages, and transacted his business, speaking and looking as calmly as if she were his mere *locum tenens*, his faithful "curate"—as if her throat were not choking and her hands trembling, with that horrible lie of Dixon's ever present to her mind. She tried to find out whether it had ever reached others' minds—whether there was any difference in the way people glanced at or addressed her; but beyond a certain carelessness with which she was usually treated at the Moat House when Mr. Rivers was not present, and a slight coldness in other houses—which might or might not have been her own morbid fancy—she discovered nothing.

The clergyman sent by Bernard, being of no imposing personality or high worldly standing, but only just a poor "coach" at Cambridge, was not invited to stay at the Moat House; so Miss Thelluson had to entertain him herself till Monday. It was an easy task enough; he was very meek, very quiet, and very full of admiration of Mr. Rivers, concerning whose college life he told Hannah stories without end. She listened with an interest strangely warm and tender; for the tales were all to his credit, and proved him to have been then, as now, a man who, even as a young man, was neither afraid of being good nor ashamed of being amiable. They made her almost forgive herself for another fact which had alarmed and startled her—that she missed him so much.

People of Hannah's character, accustomed of sad necessity to stand alone until self-dependent solitude becomes second nature, do not often "miss" other people. They like their friends well enough, are glad to meet and sorry to part; but still no ordinary parting brings with it that intense sense of loss of which Hannah was painfully conscious now her brother-in-law was away. She had thought the child was company enough; and so Rosie was in daylight hours—the little imperious darling, who ruled Aunt Hannah with a rod of iron, except when Aunt Hannah saw it was for the child's good to govern her, when she turned the tables with a firm gentleness that Rosie never disobeyed—but after Rosie had gone to bed the blank silence which seemed to fall upon the house was indescribable.

Oh, the lonely tea-table!—for she had abolished seven o'clock dinners; oh, the empty drawing-room, with its ghostly shadows and strange noises! The happy home felt as dreary as Bernard must have found it after poor Rosa died. In the long hours of evening solitude Hannah's thoughts, beaten back by the never-ceasing business of the day, returned in battalions, attacking her on every weak side, often from totally opposite sides, so that she retired, worsted, to her inner self—the little secret chambers which her soul had dwelt in ever since she was a child. Yet even there was no peace now. Bernard had let himself into her heart with that wonderful key of sympathy which he so well knew how to use, and even in her deepest and most sacred self she was entirely her own no more. Continually she wanted him—to talk to, to argue with, to laugh with, nay, even to laugh at sometimes. She missed him every where, in every thing, with the bitter want of those who, having lived together for many months, come inevitably, as was before said, either to dislike one another excessively, or—that other alternative, which is sometimes the most fatal of the two—to love one another. Such love has a depth and passion to which common feelings can no more be compared than the rolling of a noisy brook to the solemn flow of a silent river which bears life or death in its waveless but inexorable tide.

Ay, it was life or death. Call affection by what name you will, when it becomes all-absorbing it can, in the case of persons not akin by blood, lead but to one result, the love whose right end is marriage. When Hannah, as her brother-in-law's continued absence gave her more time for solitary reflection than she had had for many months, came face to face with the plain fact, how close they had grown, and how necessary they were to one another, she began, startled, to ask herself if this so-called sisterly feeling were really sisterly? What if it were not? What if she had deceived herself, and that sweet, sad, morning dream, which she had thought protected her from all other dreams of love and marriage, had been, after all, only a dream, and this the reality? Or would it have grown into such had she and Bernard met as perfect strangers, free to fall in love and marry as strangers do?

"Suppose we had—suppose such a thing had been possible?" thought she. And then came a second thought. Why was it impossible? Who made it so—God or man?

Hannah had hitherto never fairly considered the matter—not even when Grace's misery had brought it home. With her natural dislike to what she called "walking through muddy water," she had avoided it, as one does avoid any needlessly unpleasant thing. Now, when she felt herself turning hot and cold at every new idea which entered her mind, and beginning to think of her brother-in-law—not at all as she was wont to think—the question came, startlingly, was she right or wrong in so doing? For she was one of those women after the type of Jeanie in "Auld Robin Gray," to whom the mere fact,

"I daurna think of Jamie, for that wad be a sin,"

was the beginning and end of every thing.

But was it a sin? Could she find any thing in the Bible to prove it such? She took down a "Concordance," and searched out all the texts which bore upon the subject, but found none, except that prohibition adduced once by Mrs. Dixon—"Thou shalt not take a wife to her sister *in her life-time*"—of which the straightforward, natural interpretation was that, consequently, it might be done after her death.

Right or wrong. That, as Mr. Rivers had more than once half satirically told her, was, in all things, the sole question in Hannah's mind. As for the social and legal point—lawful marriage—that, she knew, was impossible; Bernard had said so himself. But was the love which desired marriage—absolute *love*, as distinguished from mere affection—also a sin? If it should spring up in her heart—of his she never thought—should she have to smother it down as a wicked thing?

That was her terror, and that alone. The rest, and whatever it must result in, was mere misery; and Hannah was not afraid of misery, only of sin. Yet, when day after day Bernard's absence lengthened, and except these constant business letters she had no personal tidings whatever from him, there grew in her mind a kind of fear. The house felt so empty without him that she sometimes caught herself wondering how he managed without her—who brought him his hat and gloves, and arranged his daily memoranda—for, like most other excellent men, he was a little disorderly, and very dependent upon the women about him. Who would take care of him, and see that he had the food he liked, and the warm wraps he required? All these thoughts came continually back upon Hannah, in a piteously human, tender shape, quite different from that dim dream-love, that sainted remembrance, of her lost Arthur. *He* was not a man like Bernard, helpless even while helpful, requiring one woman's whole thought and care—he was an angel among the angels.

That power which every good man has to turn all his female ministrants into slaves, by being himself the very opposite of a tyrant; who can win from all household hearts the most loyal devotion, because exacting none—this, the best prerogative and truest test of real manhood, was Bernard's in a very great degree. It was, as Hannah had once innocently told him, a blessing to live with him, he made other people's lives so bright. She had no idea how dark the house could feel till he was gone—till, day after day slipping by, and he not returning, it settled itself for the time into a house without a master, a solar system without a sun.

When she recognized this, the sense of her fast-coming fate darkened down upon Hannah. She was not a young girl, to go on deceiving herself to the end; nay, hers was the kind of nature that can not deceive itself if it would. During the first week of Bernard's absence she would have almost gone wild sometimes, but for the strong conviction—like poor Grace's, alas!—that she had done nothing wrong, and the feeling, still stronger, that she could always bear any thing which only harmed herself.

Then she had the child. In all that dreadful time, which afterward she looked back upon as a sort of nightmare, she kept Rosie always beside her. Looking in her darling's face—the little fragile flower which had blossomed into strength under her care, the piece of white paper upon which any careless hand might have scribbled any thing, to remain indelible through life—then Aunt Hannah took heart even in her misery. She *could* have done no wrong, since, whatever happened to herself, she had saved, by coming to Easterham, the child.

On the second Saturday of Mr. Rivers's absence Hannah was sitting on the floor with Rosie, in the drawing-room, between the lights. It had been a long, wet, winter day, and had begun with a perplexing visit from the church-warden, wanting to know if the vicar had come home, and, if not, what must be done for Sunday. Hannah had had no letter, and could not tell; could only suggest that a neighboring clergyman might probably have to be sent for, and arrange who it should be. And the vexed look of the old church-warden, a respectable farmer; a certain wonder he showed at his principal's long absence—"so very unlike our parson"—together with a slight incivility to herself, which Hannah, so fearfully observant now, fancied she detected in his manner, made her restless and unhappy for hours after. Not till she had Rosie beside her, and drank of the divine lethe-cup which infant hands always bring, did the painful impression subside. Now, in the peace of fire-light within, and a last amber gleam of rainy sunset without, she and Rosie had the world all to themselves; tiny fingers curled tightly round hers, with the sweet, imperative "Tannie, tum here!" and a little blue and white fairy held out its mushroom-like frock, with "Rosie dance, Tannie sing!" And Tannie did sing, with a clearness and cheerfulness long foreign to her voice; yet she had had a sweet voice when she was a girl. When this, her daily business of delight, came, the tempting spirits, half angel, half demon, which had begun to play at hide-and-seek through the empty chambers of poor Hannah's heart, fled away, exorcised by that magic spell which Heaven gives to every house that owns a child.

She was sitting there, going through "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," "Banbury Cross," the history of the young gentleman who "put in his thumbs and pulled out the plums," with other noble nursery traditions—all sung to tunes composed on the spot, in that sweet, clear soprano which always made Rosie put up her small fingers with a mysterious "Hark! Tannie's singing!" when a ring came to the door-bell.

Hannah's heart almost stopped beating. Should she fly? Then there was a familiar voice in the hall, and Rosie shrieked out in an ecstasy, "Papa come! papa come!" Should she hide? Or should she stay, with the child beside her, a barrier against evil eyes and tongues without and miserable thoughts within? Yes, that was the best thing, and Hannah did it.

Mr. Rivers came in; and, shaking hands with his sister-in-law, took his little girl in his arms. Rosie clung to him in an ecstasy of delight. She, too, had not forgotten papa.

"I thought she would forget," he said. "Baby memories are short enough."

"But Rosie is not a baby; and papa has only been away eleven days."

Eleven days!—then he would know she had counted them. As soon as the words were uttered Hannah could have bitten her tongue out with shame.

But no; he did not seem to notice them, or any thing but his little girl. He set Rosie on his lap, and began playing with her, but fitfully and absently. He looked cold, pale, ill. At last he said, in a pathetic kind of way:

"Hannah, I wish you would give me a glass of wine. I am so tired."

And the eyes which were lifted up to hers for a minute had in them a world of weariness and sadness. They drove out of Hannah's mind all thoughts of how and why she and he had parted, and what might happen now they met, and threw her back into the old domestic relationship between them. She took out her keys, got him food and drink, and watched him take both and revive after them with almost her old pleasure. Nay, she scarcely missed the old affectionate "Thank you, Hannah, you are so good," which never came.

Presently, when Rosie, growing too restless for him, was dismissed with the customary "Do take her, Aunt Hannah, nobody can manage her but you," Hannah carried the little one to bed, and so disappeared, not a word or look having been exchanged between them except about the child. Still, as she left him sitting in his arm-chair by his own fireside, which he said he found so "cozy," she, like little Rosie, was conscious of but one feeling—gladness that papa was come home.

At dinner, too, how the whole table looked bright, now that the master's place was no longer vacant! Hannah resumed hers; and, in spite of the servant's haunting eyes and greedy ears, on the watch for every look and word that passed between these two innocent sinners, there was a certain peace and content in going back to the old ways once more.

When they were left alone together, over dessert, Mr. Rivers looked round the cheerful room, saying, half to himself, "How comfortable it is to be at home!" and then smiled across the table to her, as if saying mutely what he had said in words a hundred times, that it was she who made his home so comfortable. And Hannah smiled in return, forgetting every thing except the pleasantness of having him back again—the pure delight and rest in one another's society which is at the root of all true friendship, all deep love. They did not talk much; indeed, talking seemed dangerous; but they sat a long time in their opposite seats, as they had sat day after day for so many months, trying to think, feel, and speak the same as heretofore.

But it was in vain. In this, as in all false positions, the light once admitted could never again be hidden from; the door once open could never be shut.

Mr. Rivers proposed going to the drawing-room at once. "I want to talk to you; and here the servants might be coming in."

Hannah blushed violently, and then hated herself for doing so. Why should she be afraid of the servants coming in? Why tremble be-

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cause he "wanted to talk to her?" Such a common occurrence—a bit of their every-day life, which went on, and must go on, externally, just the same as before.

So she rose, and they went into the drawing-room.

It was the prettiest room in the house; full of every thing that a man of taste and refinement could desire, in order to make—and it does help to make—a happy home. Yet the master of it looked round with infinite sadness in his eyes, as if it gave him no pleasure, as if he hardly saw it.

"Hannah," he said at last, when they had gone through the form of tea, and she had taken her work—another empty form, for her hands shook so she could hardly thread her needles—"Hannah, I had better not put off my business with you—my message to you, rather. You must understand I fulfill it simply as a matter of duty. I hope you will not be offended?"

"I offended?"

"You ought not to be, I think, in any case. No lady should take offense because an honest man presumes to love her. But I may as well speak out plainly. My friend Morecamb—"

"Oh, is it that matter again? I thought I was to hear no more of it."

"You never would have done so from me, but circumstances have altered a little, and I have been overborne by the opinion of others."

"What others?"

"Lady Rivers" (Hannah started angrily). "To her, wisely or foolishly, Morecamb has appealed; and, by her advice, has again written to me. They both put it to me that it is my duty, as your brother-in-law, once more to lay the matter before you, and beg you to reconsider your decision. His letter—which I do not offer to show you, for he might not like it, and, besides, there are things said in it to myself which none but a very old friend would venture to say—his letter is thoroughly straightforward, manly, and generous. It makes me think, for the first time, that he is almost worthy of you. In it he says—may I repeat to you what he says?"

Hannah bent her head.

"That his conviction of your worth and his attachment to yourself are such, that if you will only allow him to love you he shall be satisfied, and trust to time for the rest. He entreats you to marry him at once, and let him take you from Easterham, and place you in the position which, as his wife, you would, of course, have, and which he knows—we all know—you would so worthily fill."

Bernard had said all this like a person speaking by rote, repeating carefully and literally all that he had before planned to say, and afraid of committing himself by the alteration of a word. Now he paused, and waited for an answer.

It came not.

"He desires me to tell you that, besides the Rectory, he has a good private income; that his two daughters are both married; and that, in case of his death, you will be well provided for. It is a pleasant parish and a charming house. You would have a peaceful home, away, and yet not very far away, from Easterham. You might see Rosie every week—"

Here Hannah turned slowly round, and for the first time Bernard saw her face.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "What have I done? I meant no harm—Morecamb meant no harm."

"No," she answered, in a hard, dry tone. "He meant—I quite understand it, you see, and, since I understand it, why should I not speak of it?—he meant to stop the mouths of Easterham by marrying me, and taking me away from your house. He is exceedingly kind—and you also."

"I?—oh, Hannah!—I?"

"Why distress yourself? Do I not say you are exceedingly kind?"

But she seemed hardly to know what she was saying. Her horrible, humiliating position between her brother-in-law and her brother-in-law's friend, the one having unwillingly affixed the stain upon her name, which the other was generously trying to remove, burst upon her with an agony untold.

"Why did I ever come here? Why were you so cruel as to ask me to come here? I came in all innocence. I knew nothing. You, a man, ought to have known."

He turned deadly pale.

"You mean to say I ought to have known that, although the law considers you my sister, you are not my sister, and our living together as we do would expose us to remarks such as James Dixon made the other night. Most true; I ought to have known. Was that all? or did you mean any thing more than that?"

"Nothing more. Is not that enough? Oh, it is dreadful—dreadful for an innocent woman to have to bear!"

And her self-control quite gone, Hannah rocked herself to and fro; in such a passion of grief as she had never let any one witness in her since she was a child. For, indeed, woman as she was, she felt weak as a child.

But the man was weaker still. Once—twice he made a movement as if he would dart across the hearth to where she sat, but restrained himself, and remained motionless in his seat—attempting no consolation. What consolation could he give? It was he himself who had brought this slander upon her—how cruel and how wide-spread it was he by this time knew, even better than she.

"Hannah," he said, after a little, "we are neither of us young people, to take fright at shadows. Let us speak openly together, as if we were two strangers, viewing the case of two other strangers, placed in the same relation together as ourselves."

"Speak! How can I speak? I am utterly helpless, and you know it. Lady Rivers knows it too; and so, doubtless, does Mr. Morecamb. Perhaps, after all, I should be wisest to accept his generous offer and marry him."

Bernard started, and then composed himself into the same formal manner with which he had conducted the whole conversation.

"Yes, in a worldly point of view, it would be wise; I, speaking as your brother-in-law, am bound to tell you so. I wish to do my duty by you; I have no right to allow my own or my child's interest to stand in the way of your happiness." He paused. "I wish you to be happy—God knows I do!" He paused again. "Then—what answer am I to give to Morecamb? Am I to tell him to come here and speak for himself?"

"No!" Hannah burst out vehemently. "No—a thousand times no! My heart is my own, and he has not got it. If I were a beggar starving in the streets, or a poor wretch whom every body pointed the finger at—as perhaps they do—I would not marry Mr. Morecamb."

A strange light came into Bernard's eyes.

"That's Hannah! There speaks my good, true Hannah! I thought she had gone away, and some other woman come in her place. Forgive me! I did my duty; but oh, it was hard! I am so glad, so glad!"

He spoke with his old, affectionate, boyish impulsiveness; he was still exceedingly boyish in some things, and perhaps Hannah liked him the better for it—who knows? Even now a faint smile passed over her lips.

"You ought to have known me better. You ought to have been sure that I would not marry any man without loving him. And I told you long ago that I did not love Mr. Morecamb."

"You did; but people sometimes change their minds. And love comes, we know not how. It begins—just a little seed, as it were—and grows, and grows, till all of a sudden we find it a full-grown plant, and we can not root it up, however we try."

He spoke dreamily, and as if he had forgotten all about Mr. Morecamb, then sat down and began gazing into the fire with that dull, apathetic look so familiar to Hannah during the early time of her residence there, when she knew him little, and cared for him less; when, if any one had told her there would come to her such a day as this day, when every word of the sentence he had just uttered would fall on her heart like a drop of burning lead, she would have pronounced it impossible—ridiculously impossible. Yet she was true then—true now—to herself and to all others; perfectly candid and sincere. But would the world ever believe it? Does the world, so ready to find out double or interested motives, ever believe in conscientious turncoats, righteous renegades? Yet there are such things.

After a while Mr. Rivers suddenly aroused himself.

"I am thinking of other matters, and forgetting my friend. I had better put the good man out of his pain by telling him the truth at once, had I not, Hannah?"

"Certainly."

"Your decision is quite irrevocable?"

"Quite."

"Then we need say no more. I will write the letter at once."

But that seemed not so easily done as said. After half an hour or more he came back with it unfinished in his hand.

"I hardly know how to say what you wish me to say. A mere blank No, without any reasons given. Are there none which could make the blow fall lighter? Remember, the man loves you, Hannah, and love is a precious thing."

"I know it is, when one has love to give back; but I have none. Not an atom."

"Why not? I beg your pardon—I ought not to ask—I have not the slightest right to ask. Still, as I have sometimes thought, a woman seldom lives thirty years without—without some sort of attachment?"

Hannah became much agitated. Rosa, then, had kept sisterly faith, even toward her own husband. Mr. Rivers evidently knew nothing about Arthur; had been all along quite unaware of that sad but sacred story, which Hannah thought sheltered her just as much as widow's weeds might have done.

She hesitated, and then, in her misery, she clung to the past as a kind of refuge from the present.

"I thought you knew it," she answered, very slowly; and quickly, "I thought Rosa had told you. If it will lessen his pain, you may tell Mr. Morecamb that once I was engaged to be married to a cousin of mine. He was ill: they sent him away to Madeira, and there he died."

"He—I did not quite hear." For, indeed, Hannah's words were all but inaudible.

"He died!"

She had said it out now, and Bernard knew the whole. Those two silent ghosts, of his dead wife and her own dead lover, seemed to come and stand near them in the quiet room. Was it with looks of sorrow or anger?—if the dead can feel either. Arthur—Rosa—in their lives both so loving, unselfish, and dear. Was it of them that the living needed to be afraid?

Mr. Rivers seemed not afraid, only exceedingly and painfully surprised.

"I had no idea of such a thing, or I would never have urged Mr. Morecamb's plea. And yet, tell me, Hannah, is this lost love the only cause of your refusing him? Was this what you referred to when you once said to me, or implied, that you would never marry any body? Is all your heart, your warm, true, womanly heart, buried in your cousin's grave?"

There may be circumstances in which people are justified in telling a noble lie; but Hannah was not the woman to do it. Not though it would at once have placed her beyond the reach of misconstruction, saved her from all others, and from herself—encompassed her henceforward with a permanent shield. Though one little "Yes" would have accomplished all this, she could not say it, for she felt it would have been a lie—a lie to Heaven and to her own soul. She looked down on the floor, and answered, deliberately, "No!"

But the effort took all her strength, and when it was over she rose up totteringly, and tried to feel her way to the door. Mr. Rivers opened it, not making the least effort to detain her.

"Good-night!" she said, as she passed him. He, without even an offered hand, said "Good-night" too; and so they parted.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

VERY convenient is it in these scientific times to open a morning newspaper and learn from it that the "probabilities" are you may take a drive in Central Park, invite your friends to dinner, or start on a journey any time within the next twenty-four hours, without fear that a storm may overtake you or disturb your plans. But this is by no means the most important use of the American Storm Signal Service, which has now been in successful operation for several months. Its daily reports, and the "probabilities" annexed, are of great value to the commercial and agricultural interests of the country. This service is a branch of the War Department, being under the charge of General Myer, assisted by an efficient staff of officers, and a corps of about seventy-five sergeant observers, who have either been promoted from the regular army service, or specially enlisted for the purpose. They are required to pass certain examinations, and are subjected to regular army discipline. There are about forty stations of observation, located in all sections of the United States, but particularly on the seacoast and the northern lakes; and these are in direct communication with the head-quarters of the chief signal officer at Washington. Three times a day simultaneous meteorological observations are taken by well-trained observers at these stations, and telegraphed to the central office, where they are carefully examined and studied, a synopsis made out, and also the "probabilities," which are published in the principal daily newspapers, and announced by bulletin in all the Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce in the country. If there are indications at any station of a sudden storm, immediate warning is given by telegraph; and in general the "probabilities" of approaching weather, daily issuing from the Signal Office, have been most strikingly confirmed. The Signal Service has but just commenced its labors; but in course of time, as instruments become perfected, and experience and observation increase, it is hoped that a system of storm signals will be established along our coasts, so that violent and sudden storms or winds may be signaled to vessels by day and by night, and thus many lives and much property be saved.

Immense coal-beds have been discovered in the north of Greenland by the German arctic exploring expedition. Consequently there need be no immediate apprehension that the supply of coal in the world will be exhausted.

Butter became very scarce during the siege of Paris, and many ingenious processes were resorted to for procuring substitutes for this luxury. The article most popular was the "Mege Artificial Butter," the result of experiments made by M. Mege for utilizing the oleine and margarine obtained in the manufacture of stearine from animal fatty matter. The substance produced has the taste and consistency of butter. Until New York is besieged, however, we shall prefer butter made from genuine cream.

What a text for a sermon on simplicity is contained in the remark of a little girl of ten years: "Ma says that my sea-side trousseau will cost twelve hundred dollars!" The child who at ten is thus fitted up for fashionable life, and thinks enough about it to speak of it in such a way, will, at twenty, require ten times that sum to conceal her loss of freshness and simplicity.

"Only a penny!" How many think it not worth saving. Yet the total proceeds of a missionary society in New Hampshire, which receives individual weekly contributions of one cent from each member, has been $74,829 during the sixty years of its existence. Last year the collections came from a hundred and ten towns, and amounted to $2500. It is a woman's society; and care is taken by the officers to properly invest the money until used.

The German press has made a curious calculation in regard to the war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 of francs which the French have to pay the Prussians. According to this calculation, if a smart clerk, who could count 40,000 francs in five-franc pieces in an hour, had commenced at the age of twenty-one, and had counted eight hours a day every day, and 300 days each year, he would have reached the age of seventy-three before he had counted out this sum in silver five-franc pieces. If these 5,000,000,000 of francs were gold coin of twenty francs each, and laid flat in a line, they would extend a distance of exactly 700 German, or 2730 English miles.

A little dissolved alum is very effective in clearing muddy water. If thrown into a tub of soap-suds, the soap, curdled and accompanied by the muddy particles, sinks to the bottom, leaving the water above clear and pure. In times of scarcity of water this may be used a second time for washing clothes.

Very touching was the prayer of a tiny girl, who, being very tired and sleepy one night, was reminded by her mother to kneel down and pray before getting into bed. Folding her little hands, she said, "Please God, remember what little Polly said last night, she's so tired to-night. Amen."

An extraordinary story is told of the exploits of a young gentleman, aged eighteen months, and living at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Being left to himself a little while one day, he was so quiet that his mother suspected some mischief. On investigation, she was horrified to behold the young man sitting by an open bureau drawer with a loaded and capped and self-cocking revolver in his hand, and he was amusing himself by ramming the muzzle of the piece down his throat, working at the trigger and hammering it upon the floor. As soon as the mother recovered from her fright she took the weapon from the child, and administered a remembrance which will doubtless deter him from a fondness for such playthings hereafter. It was almost a miracle that the child was not killed upon the spot; and we are fully of the opinion that upon the mother, or father, or some guilty adult, and not upon an innocent baby, should a severe "remembrance" be administered for the folly of leaving a loaded revolver in a bureau drawer accessible to a child.

A French statistician asserts that an average man of fifty years old has slept 6000 days, worked 6500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4000 days, was eating 1500 days, and was sick 500 days. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4600 pounds of vegetables, eggs, and fish, and drank altogether 7000 gallons of liquid—namely, water, coffee, tea, beer, wine, etc. This would make a respectable lake of 300 square feet surface and three feet deep, on which a small steamboat could navigate. Very likely an average Frenchman might have spent 4000 days in amusement—before the war—but we doubt if an average American does. He does several other things, however, which are not enumerated in the above list.

A most useful branch of the Children's Aid Society is the Lord Industrial School, located at 207 Greenwich Street. The object of this institution is to clothe, feed, and train to industrious habits the destitute street children of the ward. There is a free reading-room, and a small but well-selected library. During the past year there have been 268 pupils whose proficiency has been good. At first they were very disorderly, but the patience and earnest effort of the teachers have produced gratifying results. A series of lectures on entertaining subjects was given last season, which were very successful.

It is suggested that admission fees be charged hereafter at fashionable weddings, and that they be announced after the following style: "Grandest Nuptial of the Season. The lovely —— to the manly ——. Several novelties never before presented. New music, new dresses, new properties. Tickets $1; reserved seats (middle aisle) 50 cents extra. N.B.—All persons occupying reserved seats are assured that their full names will be mentioned in the society papers."

The recent death, in Vienna, of Ludwig Lowe, a celebrated actor attached to the Austrian Court Theatre, has brought into circulation many anecdotes concerning him. On one occasion Lowe was playing Carl Moor, in Schiller's "Robbers," to a very full house in Prague. In the fourth act, where Carl arouses the robbers and cocks his pistol, by some accident the pistol was discharged, shattering the fourth and fifth fingers of the actor's hand. But he did not falter for a moment; only the convulsive quivering and contraction of his hand, from which the blood at once streamed, showed how acute was the pain. He went through the remainder of the scene with all his accustomed force and precision, and the moment that the curtain fell he fainted, overcome at last by physical pain. The surgeons who examined his hand declared that the sinews of the little finger were so badly injured that it would never again recover its natural pliancy, and put the question to him whether he would have it healed straight or crooked. "Crooked, of course," exclaimed Lowe, without a moment's hesitation. "How would I look shaking my fist at any body, in a supposed passion, and with my little finger sticking straight out in front like a unicorn's horn? It would ruin the situation entirely!" And crooked it was.

Emergencies often occur where peril is increased by panic; then the wisest course is to say and do nothing. Do not jump hastily from a carriage to which a runaway horse is attached; if a cry of "fire" is raised in a crowded theatre, keep still, and you have more chance of your life than to crowd to the doors. Waiting, in emergencies, is often the surest safety.

The agricultural prospects of France are exceedingly disheartening. A great deal of the corn sown in the north has been frozen, and a large amount has been used to supply the loss. The vines in the south have perished, or been torn up in many sections, and the oats and corn have suffered severely from the cold and high winds. The olive-trees have been so much injured in some localities that the approaching harvest is likely to prove a failure. The climax of misfortune is the outburst of the cattle plague over a considerable portion of the country.

A Hartford clairvoyant proclaims his superiority over all other soothsayers by announcing his ability to "foretell the past and present," as well as the future.

It is a startling fact that there are thousands of persons in New York who are addicted to the habitual use of opium in some form. Every druggist almost has customers whom he recognizes as opium-eaters. In many cases the habit was originally formed in consequence of taking this drug to relieve actual pain; in other cases it has been deliberately formed. When the use of opium becomes a habit, if it is not taken at frequent intervals, the most dreadful pains and spasms are experienced, the functions of nature are suspended, and the brain fearfully affected. It is a matter of extreme difficulty to break off the habit when once formed; and persisting in it causes one to lose his self-respect, his ambition, his health, his friends—every thing. All the noblest qualities are lost by a slavish use of this drug. The first step toward such a state is to be shunned.

The first Directory of New York city was issued in 1786, and contained 926 names. This Directory was quite imperfect, for at that time New York really contained 15,000 inhabitants; and the names referred to were only those of the leading families, including business men and mechanics below the City Hall Park. These names, moreover, are mostly of English and Scotch origin, instead of Dutch, as might be supposed.

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Fig. 1.—Gros Grain Basque.—Back.
[See Fig. 8, Page 285.]
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Half-fitting Gros Grain Paletot.—Back.
[See Fig. 2, Page 285.]
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Ladies'-cloth Basque.
Back.—[See Fig. 12, Page 285.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 20–25.

Fig. 6.—Cashmere Basque.—Back.
[See Fig. 5, Page 285.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 10–14.

Fig. 7.—Paletot embroidered in Chain Stitch.
Back.—[See Fig. 6, Page 285.]
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 7–9.

Fig. 4.—Gros Grain Basque.—Front.
[See Fig. 12.]
For description see Supplement.

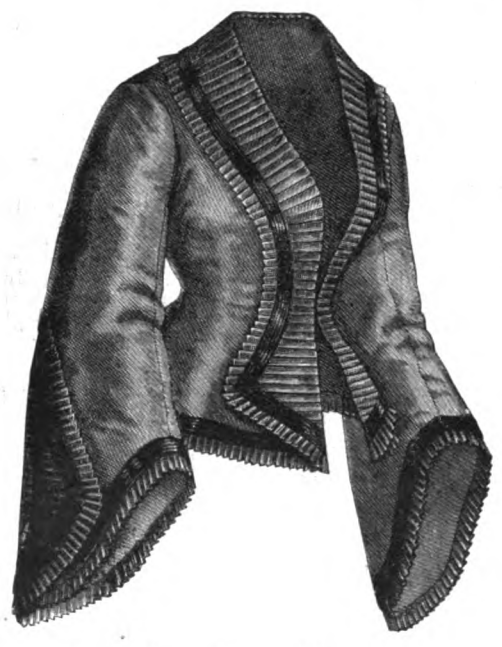

Fig. 5.—Faille Basque-Waist.—Front.
[See Fig. 14, Page 285.]
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 8.—Half-fitting Gr
Paletot.—Back.—[See
Page 285.]
For pattern and description s
No. XIV., Figs. 8-

Fig. 10.—Cashmere Paletot.—Back.—[See Fig. 11.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 34–39.

Fig. 9.—Silk Basque.—Back.—[See Fig. 13, Page 285.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 11.—Cashmere Paletot.—Front.—[See Fig.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs.

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AND SUMMER
NGS.

Fig. 12.—Gros Grain Basque.—Back.—[See Fig. 4.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 13.—Summer Velours Half-fitting Paletot. Back.—[See Fig. 11, Page 285.]
For description see Supplement.

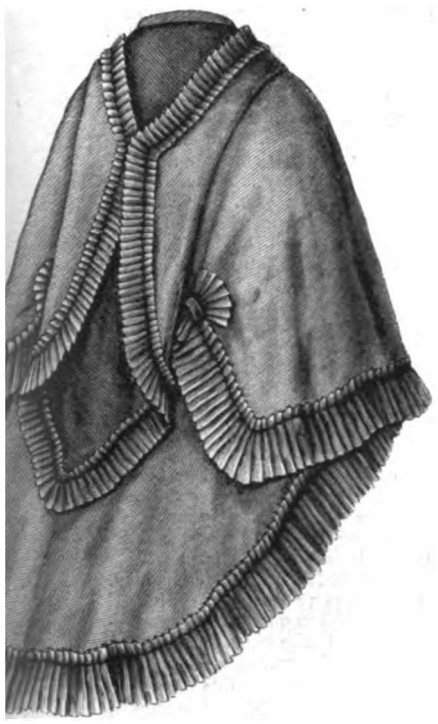

Fig. 14.—Ladies'-cloth Mantelet.
attern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 32ª, 32ᵇ, and 33.

Fig. 15.—Light Gray Cashmere Mantelet.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 16.—Half-fitting Gros Grain Paletot. Back.—[See Fig. 9, Page 285.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15-19.

Fig. 17.—Ladies'-cloth Half-fitting Paletot. Back.—[See Fig. 4, Page 285.]
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 18.—Cashmere Sacque.—Back. [See Fig. 1, Page 285.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 40-42.

Fig. 19.—Faille Half-fitting Paletot.—Back.—[See Fig. 10, Page 285.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 21.—Violet Barathea Mantelet.—Front.—[See Fig. 22.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5ª, 5ᵇ, and 6.

Fig. 20.—Poult de Soie Half-fitting Paletot. Back.—[See Fig. 7, Page 285.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 22.—Violet Barathea Mantelet. Back.—[See Fig. 21.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5ª, 5ᵇ, and 6.

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"MY WIFE."

WHAT is my wife like? Stay and hear.
Her eyes are soft and dark and brown,
Limpid and lustrous, and as clear
As stars from heaven shining down
On this dull world. And for her size—
She's not so tall but she must raise
Her lips to mine, and I can gaze
Right downward in those loving eyes.
Her hair is like a veil of light,
All crisply golden, soft, and fair,
And falling round her shoulders white
In waving masses rich and rare.
Her hands! what artist e'er could paint?
So dainty-tipped, so small and thin;
Soft-palmed, and sweet with perfumes faint,
And white as wax the satin skin.
And then her foot is slender, small,
And arching like a serpent's crest:
The semblance likes me not at all,
So choose the simile you best
Admire. But gaze not over-bold:
My wife is but a modest girl,
As true as steel and pure as gold,
Though fair as Ocean's fairest pearl.
And can you guess her greatest charm?—
A rare one, too; but be it known,
In heart and soul and mind, my wife
Is mine—all mine, and mine alone.

A RECOMPENSE OF REWARD.

"YOU were to give yourself to me in a month," he said—"in one short month. And this parting is for so long. Agnes!"

"What, Hugh?"

"Will you give yourself to me before I go, Agnes, my beloved? It will help me in the camp and in the field to know that I have left my wife behind me, and that her prayers ascend for me to heights my own may fail to reach."

The words were spoken calmly and quietly. But underneath their stillness Agnes felt the fiery passion of the strong man's heart holding itself in leash lest it should startle or annoy her.

"It will not be the bridal of which we have dreamed, and for which we have planned," he went on, after a pause, during which she made no sign. "It will not be the bridal I should choose. But we were to have been married so soon, and life is so uncertain. I want you, Agnes. I want to feel that you are indeed mine—my very own, my wife—before I leave you. And if any thing should happen—if I should never come back—it would be a joy to me even in death to know that you bore my name. You, too, would be happier, my Agnes, and less utterly alone."

The pair of lovers who stood that evening in the bay-window of the library at Hazlehurst were not boy and girl, but man and woman; each in that early maturity of manhood and womanhood which of itself makes life seem so rich and grand and beautiful. But to them it was especially bright. Both were young; both were rich; both belonged to families who could trace back their lineage through a long line of noble ancestry. Upon both Nature had lavished her choicest gifts; and Love had anointed the eyes of both, making them to see visions and to dream dreams such as belong only to his anointed.

Her tears were dropping now like rain.

"It is all so sudden," she said.

"Every thing is sudden nowadays," he answered. "But little time is needed for this. To-morrow at ten o'clock, if you will say the word, I will be here with our good Dr. Thompson, and two or three other friends. The regiment leaves at noon. Agnes, Agnes, do not hesitate, but place your hand in mine, and tell me that you will do me this grace."

The moon came up and shone in at the bay-window, even as it shone upon Adam and Eve in Paradise. Much was said upon both sides. There were passionate words of love and entreaty; there were sighs and tears, and caresses holy as prayers. At length it was decided that at ten o'clock on the morrow Agnes Darlington should become the wife of Hugh Chester.

It was a strange, hurried bridal. Agnes gave one look at the satin robe and veil of costly lace she was to have worn a month hence. Then she smoothed down the shining folds with a tender, lingering touch, and laid them away forever. This was no time for orange blossoms; yet, with a woman's longing to make herself fair in the eyes of the man she loved, after putting on a white gown of simplest texture, she brought from the garden a handful of white rose-buds, wet with dew, and laid them where they gleamed like pearls amidst her braided locks, and rose and fell upon her breast with every beating of her heart. This done, she went down to the little library, where their vows were to be exchanged.

Her lover was already there.

"I came in advance of the others," he said. "I wanted you all to myself for a moment. Bless you for this, my Agnes, and for these," he added, laying his hand lightly upon her sleeve, and touching the roses reverently with his lips. "I hardly expected to see this fair, white vision this morning. I feared my bride would not come to me in snowy robes to-day."

"But she did, you see," she answered, the soft color coming and going. "This is our wedding-day, dear Hugh, and I could wear nothing but bridal white, even though my heart should go in mourning afterward."

He held her off at arms-length and looked at her for a full minute; then drew her to his side again.

"Pardon me," he whispered, "but I want to daguerreotype your image upon my heart and brain. I want to take it with me as it is at this moment—not a line nor a shadow altered: the soft, dark hair, the delicate oval of the face, the eyes so filled with tender light, the pure cheek's changeful glow, the mouth so firm and yet so strangely sweet. I shall carry them all with me, Agnes; and I shall see you as I see you now until God gives me back to you again. And if that day never comes," he added, solemnly, as he kissed her quivering lips, "then even thus will my memory behold you while I await your coming in the better land."

"Is beauty, then, so much to you, Hugh?"

He smiled softly. "I do not know. *You* are so much to me, and you and beauty are one. I can not separate or disconnect you. I can not think of you, Agnes, save as what you are. But here come the carriages!"

There was one more long, close embrace, then half a dozen friends came in, and in ten minutes the ceremony was over. At twelve o'clock Captain Chester left town with his boys in blue, and his wife turned away from half-smiling, half-tearful congratulations, to seek the quiet of her lonely room.

Days, weeks, months, a year, went by. In all this time Captain Chester's regiment had been so situated that it was impossible for him to obtain a furlough, and equally impossible for Agnes to go to him. A girl wife, a virgin bride, she had borne her husband's name a twelvemonth, yet had not looked upon his face since their bridal hour. She lived on at Hazlehurst—where she had been sole mistress ever since the death of her parents—with a widowed cousin as housekeeper and friend; lived in the memory of the past and the anticipation of the future. She worked for the soldiers; she prepared stores for the hospitals. For the rest, she reckoned time from the hour the mail came in. Her day culminated then.

One warm night in July—it was a little more than a year after her marriage—she was awakened by a slight sense of suffocation. There was a smell of smoke and burning.

She sprang from her bed and rushed to the window. All was dark, dewy, still. Not a breath stirred the maple boughs; not a ray save the faint starlight fell upon them. She listened intently. Surely she heard a slight crackling, a rustling as of invisible wings, a stealthy creeping as of fiery feet.

Just opposite the window was the door of her dressing-room. She flung it wide open. A rush of smoke blinded and stifled her, and as the current of air from without fanned the smouldering fire it leaped forth in sudden flame. There was no way of escape save through the burning room.

"Fire! fire! fire!" she shouted. Then, wrapping a woolen shawl about her head and shoulders, she darted into the dressing-room, closing the door behind her to prevent the spreading of the flames. She would have been safe in a moment, for the fire had not yet reached the hall; but above her writing-table hung a small portrait of her husband: the blue eyes turned tenderly toward her, the lips smiled in welcome. How could she leave that dear face to be the prey of the fierce, devouring flames?

She stayed her flight for just one instant; but that delay was most fateful. One long forked tongue of fire swung and wavered overhead. Then, as she reached upward, the shawl dropped from her shoulders, the loose, flowing sleeve of her night-dress fell back, and it leaped upon her like a fiery serpent.

They found her upon the hall floor wrapped in an afghan, which she had had presence of mind enough to snatch from the lounge on which it lay.

"Do not write to Captain Chester," were her first words when the burning, stinging pain restored her to consciousness; "I will write myself in a day or two."

A battle was impending. No officer nor man could leave his post without dishonor, and she would not have her hero's heart unnerved, his thoughts distracted, by anxious care for her. So, amidst all the terrible pain of the burning, when it might almost have been said of her that having eyes she saw not, and having ears she heard not, with poor scorched and blistered hands that could hardly hold the pen, day after day she wrote to him cheery little notes—bright, sparkling missives—tender, loving words that inspired and strengthened him. She told him she was not quite well, to be sure; she had burned her hand—this last as an apology for bad penmanship—but the unlucky fingers would heal in due time.

But she did not tell him—for she scarcely noticed it herself—that the doctor and her cousin, Mrs. Morgan, looked at her with strangely pitying glances. She did not tell him that the position of the mirror had been changed so that she could not see it as she lay upon her bed. She did not tell him that as her strength returned, and she began to sit up a little, it was surreptitiously removed from the chamber, and that, although she spoke of its absence time and again, no one could ever remember to bring it back.

But at length the bitter truth forced itself upon her. She was permanently disfigured—disfigured for life. When at last she exchanged entreaties for commands, and her cousin, with streaming eyes, hung the mirror in its accustomed place, Agnes Chester gazed upon the image of herself for a moment, and then sank to the floor in a dead faint. She was changed almost beyond the possibility of recognition.

"Send for Dr. Agnew; I want Dr. Agnew," she said, half an hour afterward, during which Mrs. Morgan had tried to speak a few consoling platitudes, and stopped short, struck dumb by a sudden sense of their utter feebleness.

Dr. Agnew came, with a world of trouble in his benevolent face. He saw in a moment that his patient had tasted the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge.

"Is this the end of it?" she asked, as he approached her. "Am I to be like *this* all my life, doctor?" And then she covered her face with her hands, as if fain to hide it even from his kindly, sympathetic eyes.

"Why, really now, Mrs. Chester, you have taken me quite unawares! I—there, there, my poor child! do not take it so to heart. Time works wonders, you know, and perhaps—"

"Do not try to comfort me by crying peace where there is no peace, doctor," she said, quickly. "I want to know the truth—the whole truth. Is there nothing that can be *done*? Must I carry this dreadful face, this body of death, with me to the grave? Forget that I am a woman, and deal with me as you would deal with a man under like circumstances."

He met her now on her own ground.

"The redness, the discoloration, will disappear after a while," he said. "But the scars will remain. I have done my best, Mrs. Chester. I exhausted all my skill and all the wisdom of the schools in the endeavor to prevent the scarring. But it was all in vain. It seems like mockery to say how deeply I sorrow for this."

"Then there is no hope?" Her voice was keen and clear now—sharply strung as if by inward agony.

"Very little, I fear, my poor child. Some of the deep scars will grow less distinct after a while."

"Then may God help us both!" she cried. "But Hugh Chester shall never look upon my face again!"

She did not speak another word, but sat like a statue—cold, silent, tearless, impassive. No prayers, no entreaties moved her. She did not seem to hear them. At last Dr. Agnew and Mrs. Morgan would have carried her back to her bed. But she quietly put them away from her, walked to her couch, and laid herself down. In her inmost heart she hoped she might never rise again.

Her thoughts were not so much of herself. She felt such an unutterable pity for Hugh Chester. He had said he should take her image with him to the field; she remembered his very words, and repeated them despairingly as she lay there, with closed eyes, drawing such bitter contrasts. "Not a line nor a shadow altered." Ah! if she could only die, that he might keep her as then in his memory, while she waited beyond the stars for his coming.

But the days wore on, and she did not die. Death seldom comes to those who long for him. She still wrote daily letters to Captain Chester: that was no more than any friend might do; but she ceased to call him her husband. She dreaded the approach of the furlough for which she had prayed so long. When it came she would bid him go free. She had been his wife, in name only, for these fourteen months. Now she had changed so utterly that if he were to meet her, Agnes Darlington—she began with a strange, sad pity to think of herself by the old name again—in the streets, he would not know her; and could she hold him to the old vows? Any court would break the legal tie that bound them, and he should go out into the world unfettered.

He had said that she and beauty were one; but they were one no longer. And with solemn vows of self-renunciation the woman knelt, night after night, in the starlight, and asked God to make her firm of heart and resolute of will, that she might not bring her poor, scarred, distorted self to Hugh Chester, and claim a wife's place in his bosom.

At length there came an eager, hurried scrawl, that was hardly legible. A month's furlough at last! He must stop in New York for a day or two on business connected with the regiment. Would Agnes join him there?

The trial hour had come at last. If Hugh Chester's heart were unnerved and his arm weakened now, no great public interests were at stake; no lives hung in the balance. She must write to him at once.

And she wrote—*what*, no mortal save her husband ever knew. The words were sacred to himself and God; and so was the agony of those long hours during which he waited for the dawn to break. Then, contrary to Agnes's command, he started at once for Hazlehurst.

She saw him afar off, and for a moment or two her eyes dwelt lingeringly upon the form that was so inexpressibly dear. Then she called Mrs. Morgan.

"He has come," she said. "Go down to him. Bid him have mercy upon me and go away. Tell him there is nothing more to be said. My letter told him the whole story."

"But, my child," said Mrs. Morgan, hesitatingly, "he is your husband; he has a right here. I could not keep him even from this room if he chose to come."

"Do you not know Hugh Chester better than that?" she broke forth impetuously. "Do you think he would force himself into the presence of any woman? I should be secure from any approaches of his even if there were but a veil between him and me, unless I bade him come. Go down to him."

In half an hour Mrs. Morgan returned. She had been weeping vehemently. But to all her entreaties Agnes, with white, quivering lips, replied, "What is the anguish of a moment to a life-time of misery and regret? I must save him from that. Go tell him that I have said he shall never look upon my face again, and I must keep my word."

Mrs. Morgan went back to the library, where Captain Chester waited. Presently she reappeared with a little penciled note. It ran thus:

"For God's sake meet me here in this room, where we were married, this evening. Let the room be darkened if you choose, and come closely veiled if you still persist in your desperate resolve. You are my wife, Agnes, but I shall never claim you as such until you speak the word. By the very might of my love I swear to you that if you will come to me I will not touch so much as the hem of your garment. But I *must* speak to you."

Agnes had never left her chamber since the fire. But when Captain Chester entered the library that evening a veiled figure in black rose from a sofa in the far corner of the room and advanced a step or two. Just one word escaped the lips of each—"Agnes," "Hugh"—as their hands met for a moment.

The gas in the adjoining room was turned low, so that only the faintest glimmer of twilight pervaded the apartment where they sat. The veil was not needed as a protection even from the eager eyes of love; but I think Agnes wore it less for her own sake than for the effect it was likely to have upon Hugh.

She reasoned wisely. At first some nameless dread, some vague and undefined terror, seemed to fold Hugh Chester's senses in its stony clasp. For ten minutes he sat beside her, himself as silent, as motionless, as a statue. The very blood seemed to freeze in his veins, and the fingers that were clinched until the blood purpled beneath the nails were cold as icicles.

But at length the subtile magnetism of her presence, the old familiar spell, began to exert its wonted power in spite of the sable robes, the clinging veil, and the mystery that crouched behind it. He had said in that supreme hour of their lives, "You and beauty are one. I can not separate or disconnect you. I can not think of you, Agnes, save as what you are." But now, with that black veil isolating her and setting her apart from him in an atmosphere of her own, while it hid behind its folds he knew not what of ugliness and deformity, he felt that the charm was still there, that the sweet womanliness of the woman exalted itself in spite of all.

He kept his word. He did not touch so much as the hem of her garment. But, dropping on one knee beside her, his lips were at last unsealed. The enforced calm in which Agnes had wrapped herself was broken, and her slight form swayed to and fro like "a reed shaken by the wind."

"Stop! stop!" she cried at last; "your words torture me beyond endurance. For sweet mercy's sake leave me, Hugh, and go your way."

"But why, my beloved?" he answered, gently. "Why should I leave you? My place is here."

"You do not know—you do not understand—you do not even dream!" she cried, vehemently. "You have not the slightest idea what you are talking about. If you were to see this poor, disfigured face of mine, Hugh, your pity might draw you toward me—your manly honor might compel you to keep the vows you have taken; but your love would never survive the shock. It would be stricken dead."

"Try it, and see," he whispered, softly. "Let me look just for one instant upon the dear face you so defame. I should find love in your eyes and tenderness upon your lips, I know; and that would content me."

"No, no; I can not!" she exclaimed, piteously. "It would kill me! I should see the horror in your eyes, Hugh, however much you strove to conceal it, and I should fall dead at your feet. Not that I care to live; but, for your sake, I would not receive my death-stroke from your hands."

"Then—I will wait," he said, in his strong, manly patience. "I do not give you up, Agnes; but I bide your time. Some time you will say to me, 'I am yours, my husband, utterly, at last.' Till then I wait."

"But," she said through her tears, "I do not want you to wait. I would not bind the living to the dead. God has raised a wall between us, and sealed it with the seal of his providence. As I said in my letter, Hugh, there are divorces to be had, and—"

He interrupted her quickly, almost imperiously—

"Divorces! Do not speak that word again, Agnes. Do not pollute your lips with it. You are my wife; and, so help me God, I will be true to you so long as we both shall live!"

There was silence between the pair for many minutes. Then Captain Chester spoke again, very quietly:

"But meanwhile, Agnes, what will you do with your life? This terrible void has come into it. How will you fill it up?"

"If I were a Romanist," she said, striving to emulate his calmness, "I should seek some silent cloister, where I might hide myself for ever. But Protestantism offers no such refuge to her children. Yet there is work enough to be done. God has given me wealth, and his poor are every where."

They talked on for another hour, he bravely putting aside his own anguish for a while, and helping her to order her life, she giving him the sad joy of knowing that he was the one human being upon whom she leaned with an unfaltering trust. Then they parted—each to take up the burden of their altered lives.

Two years passed. Captain Chester had won laurels meet for the bravest; and the woman who loved him so well that she would not give herself to him read of his prowess with a beating heart, and called him by all the old heroic names that were not born to die. As for her, she had found her work. Hazlehurst rang with the voices of little children whose fathers had fallen in battle. Without the aid of convent vows Agnes had consecrated herself to the service of God and these little ones.

She had thought to wear her veil always, at home and abroad. But it repelled the children. They were awed by its seeming mystery; and at length she laid it aside. Soon she found that her wan, scarred, disfigured face was glorified in the eyes of those pure, guileless ones. They saw nothing but beauty in the tender eyes, the lips that were laden with blessing, the hands that were swift to do them good. They loved her; and in their love the hungry craving of her heart was in a measure satisfied.

The children were to have a festival. Hazle-

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hurst was in a state of pleasant ferment and excitement. There was a joyous hum of preparation all over the house and through the grounds. A staging was to be erected for some tableaux, and one frolicsome urchin had perched himself upon the gate-post to watch for the coming of the carpenter who was to put it up. Presently he ran to Agnes, shouting and clapping his hands.

"Him has come! him has come!" he cried, exultingly.

"Show the man into the dining-room, Katy. The stage is to be put up at the north end."

The servant returned in a moment.

"Will you plase to go to him yourself, Mrs. Chester?" she said. "It is asking for you he is; and he's in the library, mem." Then, as her mistress left the room, she added: "Faith, and I don't belave it is the carpenter at all, at all. It's the look of a praist he has or a gintleman."

Agnes went into the library, with a long, trailing spray of clematis in her hand, and a little song fluttering from her lips. In spite of all, she was happy that day. The gladness of childhood is contagious; and none of God's creatures can be always wretched, in this world of flowers and bird-songs and starlights, unless they are willfully so.

The blinds were closed, and the room seemed dark to eyes filled with the sunshine without. A man stood in the bay-window, with his back toward her.

As she approached him, with a light, rapid step, he turned with outstretched hands.

"Agnes! Agnes!" he cried.

She gasped for breath; she turned; she would have fled from the room, but sudden faintness overcame her. She would have fallen if two strong arms had not caught her, and placed her upon the broad, cushioned seat beneath the window. When she opened her eyes Hugh Chester knelt beside her.

She covered her face with her hands, while the purple torrent surged up from her heart, flooding neck and brow; then struggled wildly to escape. But this time he held her fast.

"Wait!" he said; "wait! Oh, Agnes, my love, my wife, do not turn away from me—do not tear your dear hand from mine! You do not need to hide your face from my sight. Look at me for one instant. Do you not see that I am—blind?"

With a sharp cry she glanced upward. The blue eyes into which she gazed were as clear, as liquid, as of old; but there was no gleam of recognition in their depths, no quick answering of soul to soul.

Then, with a sob that came from the inmost recesses of her being, she flung herself upon his breast, and wound her arms about his neck.

"Blind, blind, Hugh!" she cried. "Blind! O God! is this my punishment?"

"Nay, nay, my beloved," he answered, softly; "not your punishment, but my 'recompense of reward' for all these years of waiting."

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

WE call attention to the following very important and suggestive letter of Judge REYNOLDS, which we copy from the New York *Times*. It sets forth very clearly the extraordinary conduct of the opponents of Dr. LANAHAN in the matter of the alleged irregularities in the Methodist Book Concern. Since the trial of Dr. LANAHAN was suddenly interrupted he has been the object of a series of most offensive articles, and the attempt to prejudice public opinion against him is manifest. Such a course is as impolitic as it is scandalous. From the first moment that Dr. LANAHAN presented his charges the conduct of the managers of the Book Concern has certainly been suspicious. His statements were simple and direct. He was right, or he was wrong. He took the full responsibility of the disclosure, and if he were shown to have been wrong, the consequences would have fallen heavily, and only upon himself.

What, then, was the obvious and honorable course? What would any honest man, conscious of unjust accusation, have done? He would have challenged the most prompt, peremptory, and thorough investigation. He would have said, "Here are my books; scrutinize them." And he would, above all things, have protested against evasion and equivocation of every kind. Dr. LANAHAN has been always ready to substantiate his charges; and if to-day nothing has been definitely ascertained—if now, toward the close of the second year since his statement was made, the inquiry has been postponed, and the whole subject confused in the public mind, it is not his fault; nor is he to blame for the general impression in the country that the subject will not bear honest investigation.

As we said when the first publication was made, the honor and interest of the denomination imperatively require the most public and conclusive action—and if the confidence of many of the most faithful Methodists has been shaken, if many of them to-day reflect sadly upon all the circumstances of this affair, it is not because Dr. LANAHAN has made charges, but because those charges have not been disproved, and because there is evidently more disposition to abuse him than to show that his charges are unfounded.

The present difficulty is the choice of accountants to examine the books, and Judge REYNOLDS truly says in his letter: "If there is nothing wrong in the Book Concern, any number of men of our selection can not find it, especially when under the control of a chief in whom the other party has such confidence. It is much easier to conceal than to create. Truly Dr. CURRY was right when he said that to outsiders 'it looks very much like a game how not to do it.'" That is, unquestionably, the general verdict. The simple way is the shortest and best; and the Book Concern has made a fatal mistake in the method it has chosen to pursue.

LETTER FROM JUDGE REYNOLDS IN DEFENSE OF DR. LANAHAN.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

On returning home, after an absence of several days, I find an editorial article in the *Christian Advocate* of this week, on that now hackneyed subject, "The Methodist Book Concern," which contains such an attack on Dr. LANAHAN and myself as to call for some measure of self-defense. And as it appears that the Sub-committee have adjourned *sine die*, this seems to be the proper time to correct some of the many misstatements which have, within a few weeks, appeared in that paper, or which bear internal evidence of having been inspired from that quarter. This is not the occasion to speak on the merits of the main question, except to remark, in passing, that when the trial of Dr. LANAHAN was so abruptly ended it was generally supposed that the Sub-committee then constituted and the accountants to be selected were to investigate complaints which had been made, and were still adhered to, as to alleged *fraudulent* "business arrangements and methods;" but now comes the editorial writer, with Dr. CURRY's indorsement, and says that no such thing was intended by the Book Committee. On the question of their intention I believe him, for this writer, though not one of the Committee, is in a position to know of their purposes; but it leaves the Committee in the sorry plight of having torn out the very vitals of the whole investigation, and then called one of the Bishops of the Church, and three of their own number, to convene in New York from distant points, and canvass days and nights over the selection of accountants, all for the purpose, not of satisfying the Church as to the truth of Dr. LANAHAN's charges, but simply to inspect the *forms* of business under an administration now so near its end. The public will not justify all this expenditure of time and money for any such puerile object as this.

But my present business is mainly with the dealings between this Sub-committee and Mr. FANCHER and myself. When they first met, they had before them the names of quite a number of accountants, highly recommended, and in every way uncommitted; and, although they proposed to have three, they reported only one for approval, naming for the position of chief accountant a gentleman whose integrity and general capacity I did not question, but who, some years since, had, in a report made by him, pronounced the books correct. *He was also to select his assistants.* On inquiry, I was informed by disinterested persons that his relations were such as to raise still stronger objections to his being placed in a position to control the investigation. This must not be understood as implying any imputation upon his personal character, but it compelled me to refuse concurrence in his appointment. I shortly after sent a note to the Sub-committee, suggesting that each side in the controversy should name an equal number of accountants, say three or four, leaving the Committee to select one from each list, and also to appoint some well-known gentleman of high standing as chief accountant.

The Committee adjourned, and "made no sign" in response, except to propound as a law question, to Mr. FANCHER and myself, whether, in the investigation, the Book Committee had a right to go back of 1868, the time of their appointment. This was answered in the affirmative by myself—I have never heard how by Mr. FANCHER; but the raising of the question by those representing the majority of the Book Committee was quite significant.

The editorial in the next *Advocate*, after the adjournment of the Sub-committee, contained a pointed attack on Dr. LANAHAN and myself, in reply to which I sent a brief note, explaining the grounds of my action, with as little particularity as possible, and giving no names; but this Dr. CURRY refused to publish, though it is due to him to say that his refusal was on the ground of *his hating such personal matters.* The article last alluded to throws great light upon the inability of the Committee to fix on other names. The Doctor (CURRY) says: "Respecting the other names considered by the Committee, we only know that none of them received the approval of all parties concerned." Neither Dr. LANAHAN nor his friends were consulted, so it is easy to see who were the parties concerned, who could not be suited with any body, but the only one named.

Now, to come directly to the article in the *Advocate* of this date. It is stated that the Sub-committee selected a Western gentleman (one formerly connected with the Western Book Concern, it should have stated) as chief accountant, "that Bishop SCOTT was ready to approve him, and so was Mr. FANCHER;" and that *two* of the Committee voted to nominate two others as assistant accountants. The writer must have known that the committee, *as such*, and as a whole (by what vote I am not informed), nominated *all three, and that the same paper contained the three names*, without distinction, except that one was chief and the others assistants. Bishop SCOTT was "ready to approve" all three. I did give such approval on condition that the selection should be taken as so made up; but Mr. FANCHER refused, objecting, as he says, to "approving of them by the bulk, and insisted on the propriety of judging each by his separate merits." He states no other reason in his card. Why, then, did he not pass upon the separate merits of each? What is the point of this objection, except that if I had unconditionally approved of all three "by the bulk," as I was asked to do by the Committee, Mr. FANCHER could have selected one to suit his clients, as he did? and that would have been one step gained to their side, after which the other two would be easy in the same direction. The article goes on to say that the next day the Committee again made unanimous choice of the gentleman from the West. I am told on good authority that his name was not again acted upon. How it helps the matter, if it did, it is difficult to see. I was telegraphed to know if I approved of Mr. K——, and responded again, as I had before, in writing. The writer, from these facts, says that both adjournments of the Committee were occasioned by the refusal of Dr. LANAHAN'S counsel, and that "he will not permit his proofs to see the light unless he can select two out of three of the examiners," and this, too, although he has not yet named one.

To call this pettifogging is a mere euphemism.

Learning for the first time, from the article in question, that Mr. FANCHER had proposed to *members* of the Committee, that either of the two gentlemen whom he had approved be appointed chief accountant, and that, joined with him, should be one accountant chosen by the Agent (Dr. CARLTON), and another by the Assistant Agent, Dr. LANAHAN immediately notified Dr. CARLTON, in writing, that he would accept Mr. FANCHER'S proposition, or that Dr. CARLTON might name both the chief and one assistant, Dr. LANAHAN to name the other. At the latest advices no answer has been made.

Why has it been impossible, after all this labor, to find only two men this side of the Rocky Mountains who could be accepted by Mr. FANCHER? Did not Bishop SCOTT urge the Committee to remain and nominate others? The cheap threat at the end of the article is certainly ill-advised. If there is nothing wrong in the Book Concern, any number of men of our selection can not find it, especially when under the control of a chief in whom the other party has such confidence. It is much easier to conceal than to create. Truly Dr. CURRY was right when he said that to outsiders "it looks very much like a game how not to do it."

It should be known that since the adjournment of the Book Committee in January Dr. CARLTON has kept an extra accountant employed upon the books, under his private instructions, which certainly seems contrary to all ideas of propriety. Dr. LANAHAN, it is true, was permitted to examine the books, and take abstracts therefrom, preparatory to his trial; but now, if the books are on trial, they are to be tested—not by the employés of the Agent. During all this controversy Dr. LANAHAN has been compelled, week after week, to read violent attacks upon his conduct and motives, in the very paper which bears his name as one of the publishers, and he can not speak in defense through its columns, though even the book-keeper under him is permitted to add his voice to the general din. His zeal, however, is according to knowledge; for, although Dr. CARLTON had repeatedly refused to raise his salary, saying they could not afford to pay more than he was receiving, the books show that on the 30th day of November, 1870—after the suspension of Dr. LANAHAN, and when *his trial was approaching*—this book-keeper—GRANT by name—received an addition of $2000 to his personal property by an increase of salary, $1000 of which was conveniently spread back over the year 1869. This sudden appreciation of his services is very suggestive to the reflecting mind.

G. G. REYNOLDS.

BROOKLYN, *Thursday, April* 6, 1871.

STARTING FOR THE FANCY BALL.

See Illustration on page 284.

THE advent of Easter is marked by the resumption of the gayeties that had been interrupted for a season by the austerities of Lent. Masquerade parties flourish again for a brief season, and ladies and gentlemen give reins to their fancy by assuming, for the moment, what character they please, and essaying the rôle of actor on the mimic stage of the ball-room. Here we have a party preparing to set out for a scene of this kind. The handsome courtier crossing the hand of the pretty gypsy girl, the doughty knight, and the fair peasant girl, are evidently the admiration of the assembled household, and are enjoying a foretaste of the sensation which they expect to make at the ball. Let us hope that their dreams may be realized, and that they may find the fiction of seeming what they are not a pleasing one for this evening at least.

AMSTERDAM HOUSES.

ALTHOUGH many houses in Amsterdam, as they at present stand, are of much older date, a very great number of them are about two hundred or two hundred and fifty years old, the time of Dutch pre-eminence, when Van Tromp, or Tromp simply, as they call him, swept the seas, and the Dutch were the carriers of the world. Guilders were plentiful, and stocks there were none. The merchant did not know what to do with the profits of his private fleet; for land was not to be bought for money. Some buried the coin under the hearth-stone; some were glad to get one per centum on loan, and all seem to have lavished countless sums in building and adorning their houses. A Hollander was asked the other day what the city palace in Amsterdam cost in the building; he laughingly answered (and it is quite true, by-the-way), "They were so ashamed of their own extravagance that they burned the accounts, and so no one knows!"

A substantial Amsterdammer's house, plain only on the outside, is resplendent with white marble and glorious with carved work within. The walls of the chief rooms have often been painted by first-rate artists, and Italian sculptors must have had a fine time of it in the wealthy city, for their hand is to be seen on cornice and balustrade in many a simple merchant's house.

The British-born bow-window is not often to be seen even in the country, and the more antique oriel seems never to have been adopted by post-Reformation architects. But Mevrouw is not without the power of seeing up and down the street at will as she sits at her work; for by the little spiegelen—spy-mirrors—suspended upon strong metal-work on either side of her sitting-room window, she can calmly survey, herself out of view, the passing crowd and scene below.

The basement-floor is always raised a few feet above the surface of the ground, to steal a little height in air for the kitchen, the floor of which is even then a foot or two below the level of the underlying ooze, but, of course, ooze-tight with cement—Bettinji, the cook, is stout and healthy notwithstanding—and ascending from the street by a flight of five or six steps, a very solid door admits you to a long and narrow passage, lofty and marbled on either side, and lighted by glass above the door. The drawing-room, or not unusually the counting-house, with this passage, takes up the entire width of the house.

The first thought any one has on entering any Dutch chamber, a drawing-room not excepted, is, "How very long!" the next, "How very bare!" Every thing is handsome, but there is so little of it. No lounging-chairs, no round table with knickknackeries; a cabinet with closed glass doors, of course, chairs placed in formal rows, a handsome chandelier, a stove-place, and that is all. You take a seat, and perhaps touch the wall with your elbow—lo! it yields to the touch. Wall-paper is a misnomer in Holland. Paper-hangings is the proper word. These sometimes are of oil-paintings on canvas, sometimes of paper stretched on canvas fastened on light wooden frames, which can be taken down bodily when their gay coverings have to be renewed. Evidently these are the next descendants from tapestry and arras. The walls may be damp, and very probably are so, but then "they assume a virtue, if they have it not;" for one's eyes are never offended in Holland by dripping, smeared, washed-out wall-paper.

The bedrooms are also but scantily furnished, and, except in guest-chambers, one does not often see a chest of drawers or a wardrobe. A foreign visitor, indeed, is apt to be at a loss what to do with his clothes until he discovers that doors, cunningly concealed, open into cupboards all about the room. By-the-way, Mevrouw always hangs her dresses in these; she seldom folds them in a drawer.

At the top of the house, both in town and country, is invariably to be found a spacious laundry, extending, in fact, over the whole area of the house. In this the linen is stored in presses, and the clothing of the past season, winter or summer, all duly turned inside out, hangs on pegs all about. Here, twice in the year, Mevrouw holds her grand saturnalia. Without doubt the most important item in a Dutch girl's dowry is linen. The quantity she thinks necessary for her own person and for household purposes is enormous. But then it should be known that she "washes" (the linen, of course) but twice in the year. Cuffs, collars, and muslins, she says, must be washed often; but all other things are flung for a time into huge buck-baskets, big enough for half a dozen Falstaffs to hide in; indeed, these are astounding baskets, and when full will weigh four or five hundred-weight. Every house has a block and pulley firmly fixed to the ornamented coping of the roof, which, indeed, is purposely constructed to carry this useful machine, and forms a noticeable feature in the architecture of all the Dutch houses; and by means of the block these huge baskets are readily lifted to and from the laundry, and furniture or heavy articles of any kind to the other stories through the windows. A visitor for the first time may see with amused bewilderment that particularly lumbering trunk of his wife's, which has been the despair of railway porters throughout his journey, whipped up by invisible hands to a height of sixty or seventy feet in no time, and disappear through a bedroom window. The clothes are simply rough-washed in the country, and when sent back all the females in the house set to work for a good fortnight to mangle and iron, starch and crimp; and you may be sure that every bit of clothing a Dutch young lady of the middle classes is wearing has thus been got up by her own fair hands. The original outlay in linen is no doubt large, but the cheap mode of washing pays good interest for the money.

One thing is very remarkable in a Dutchman's house. You never see open book-shelves, and a stray book but seldom. The fact is, in the first place, that all books and personal property are stored away in the treasury cupboard in the bedroom; and next, Paterfamilias, while exercising a rigid censorship over all light and heavy literature dispersed about the house, keeps his own most carefully under lock and key. The books he has are not many; for Holland can scarcely be said to have a literature; and, great linguist though he be, with a familiar acquaintance with at least two, sometimes three or four, modern languages besides his own, he contents himself with a few well-bound standard works in these; and for light reading, is there not the newspaper? Besides, as office hours are generally from nine to nine, the Dutchman has not much time for reading, and gets but little out of books when he has once laid them aside after leaving school, and entered upon the realities of life.

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STARTING FOR THE FANCY BALL.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 288.]

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DIAGRAMS OF SPRING AND SUMMER WRAPPINGS ON DOUBLE PAGE, FIGS. 1-14.

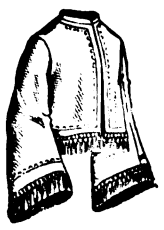

FIG. 1.—[See Fig. 18 on Double Page.]

FIG. 2.—[See Fig. 2 on Double Page.]

FIG. 3.—[See Fig. 8 on Double Page.]

FIG. 4.—[See Fig. 17 on Double Page.]

FIG. 5.—[See Fig. 6 on Double Page.]

FIG. 6.—[See Fig. 7 on Double Page.]

FIG. 7.—[See Fig. 20 on Double Page.]

Agrafes, Borders, etc., for trimming Paletots, Talmas, etc., Figs. 1-12.

THESE trimmings are made partly with silk twist, and twisted and flat black silk cord in passementerie, and partly crocheted with black saddler's silk.

Fig. 1.—PASSEMENTERIE AGRAFE. To make this agrafe, which the illustration shows reduced to two-thirds of the original size, use black silk twist of three sizes. Work, first, the two rosette-like figures on which the leaves lie. For the upper round figure sew the medium-sized cord together in coils, so that a flat round part, an inch in diameter, is formed, with a hole in the middle three-tenths of an inch in diameter. Surround this part with a piece of closely covered gimp-like cord of the same size, and with the coarsest twisted cord above referred to. Sew the ends of these cords together, and cut them off close to the joining seam. The under oval figure is made like the round figure just referred to, but is two inches long and an inch and three-fifths wide, with an oval hole three-fifths of an inch long in the middle. With one (the under) lengthwise edge of the figure join a gimp-like border of the finest twisted cord. Besides this fasten to the under side of the figure five tassels of cord and saddler's silk four inches and a half long. At the upper lengthwise edge join the oval figure with the round figure previously made. Then pass the leaves through the middle holes of the figures according to the illustration.

FIG. 10.—[See Fig. 9 on Double Page.]

FIG. 8.—[See Fig. 1 on Double Page.]

FIG. 9.—[See Fig. 16 on Double Page.]

FIG. 11.—[See Fig. 13 on Double Page.]

FIG. 13.—[See Fig. 9 on Double Page.]

FIG. 12.—[See Fig. 3 on Double Page.]

FIG. 14.—[See Fig. 5 on Double Page.]

FIG. 2.—PASSEMENTERIE AGRAFE.—TWO-THIRDS SIZE.

Each leaf is an inch long, and three-fifths of an inch wide, and is made of the finest twisted silk cord, which is sewed together in coils, as shown by the illustration. Through the small hole at the middle of the leaf pass a piece of flat plain cord two inches and two-fifths long (this flat cord forms the vein of the leaf), and fasten the end to the under side of the leaf. Join each three leaves as shown by the illustration, pass the stems through the hole at the middle of the figure (see illustration), and fasten the still free ends of the stems to the under side of the agrafe. Fasten the leaves on the outer side of the agrafe in the position shown by the illustration.

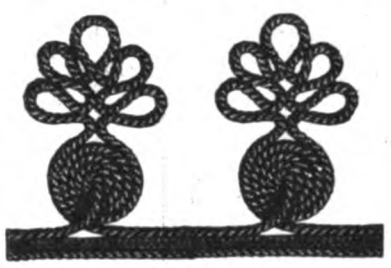

FIG. 4.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—PASSEMENTERIE AGRAFE. For this agrafe make, first, three single leaves, pointed at the top, with black silk cord sewed together in coils. The illustration, which shows the agrafe reduced to one-half of original size, plainly shows the position of the coils. Surround each leaf with coarse twisted silk cord, sew the three leaves together according to the illustration, and cover the under ends with a rosette made of loops with fine black silk cord. This rosette at the same time covers the seam made by sewing on two black silk tassels, as shown by the illustration.

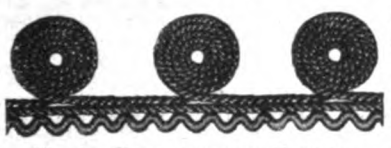

FIG. 6.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. FULL SIZE.

Fig. 3.—CROCHET AGRAFE. This agrafe consists of three leaves and a rosette crocheted with black saddler's silk. For each leaf work with black saddler's silk a foundation of 9 ch. (chain stitches), and on this crochet, not in the usual manner, going from right to left, but from left to right, 6 sl. (slip stitch) on the last 6 foundation stitches, passing over the first 3 foundation stitches. Now work 1 ch., then on the other side of the foundation 6 sl. on the first 6 foundation st. This completes the first round worked on both sides of the foundation. 2d round.—Turn the work, crochet 3 ch., 1 sl. on each st. of the preceding round, but at the end of the round leave the last st. of the preceding round unnoticed; on the 1 ch. at the middle of the preceding round (the under end of the leaf) work 1 sl., then 1 ch. Work 20 rounds more like the second round, but in the last 6 rounds do not work the 1 ch. at the under end of the leaf. When three leaves are worked in this manner sew them together as shown by the illustration, and on the under end fasten the rosette referred to. Work the latter as follows: Lay the working thread over the index finger twice as a loop, crochet on this loop 15 sc. (single crochet), after each sc. 7 ch., and draw the loop together so that a hole three-tenths of an inch in diameter is formed. Now work the second round.—1 sc. on each sc. of the preceding round, after each sc. 1 ch. The ch. scallops of the preceding round must lie on the stitches of the second round. 3d round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round, after each sc. 7 ch. Work the fourth round like the second round. This completes the rosette. For each tassel make a strand of the requisite thickness six inches and four-fifths long with black saddler's silk, double the strand, and work on the upper end (fold) with 3 sc., so that the threads are closely connected. In connection with the last sc. work 12 ch., then, going back and passing over the first st., 11 sc. on the remaining 11 st., after which fasten the thread and cut it off. For the head of the tassel make a foundation of 8 ch., close it in a ring with 1 sl., and work on this, always going forward from left to right, 11 rounds without widening; the greater width at the under end is obtained by gradually working more loosely. Finally, fasten the working thread and cut it off; draw the crochet part over the tassel and sew it on. Join both tassels with the rosette, as shown by the illustration, and fasten the leaves on the rosette with a few stitches.

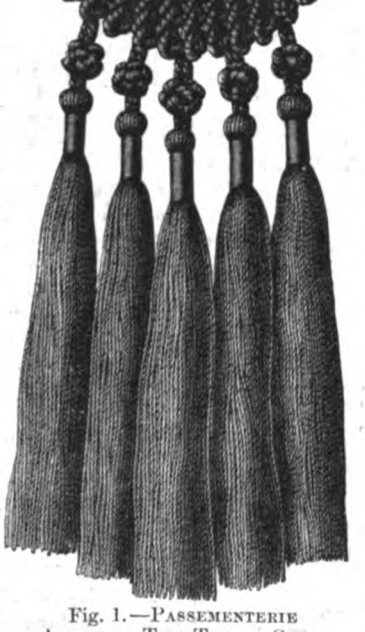

FIG. 1.—PASSEMENTERIE AGRAFE.—TWO-THIRDS SIZE.

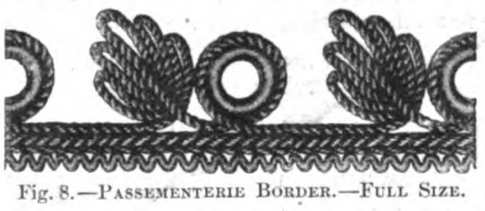

FIG. 8.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.—FULL SIZE.

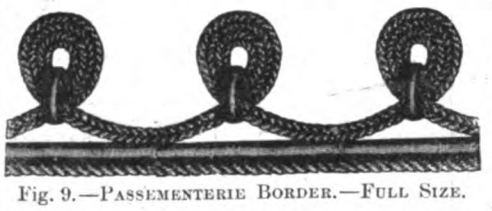

FIG. 9.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.—FULL SIZE.

FIG. 10.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. FULL SIZE.

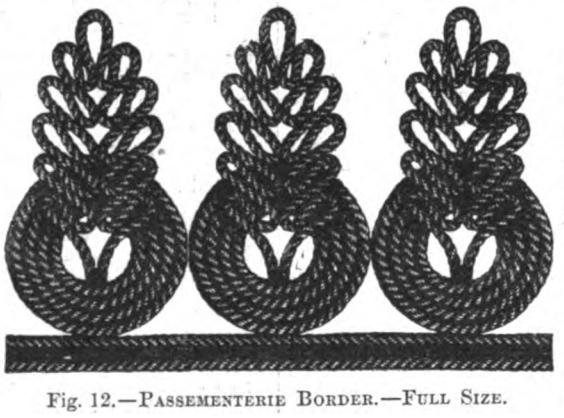

FIG. 12.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 4.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. This border is made with twisted black silk cord and black silk braid, as shown by the full-sized section of the border given on the illustration. Work the single figures in connection.

Fig. 5.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. This border is made with fine black silk cord and black silk soutache, as shown by the full-sized section of the border given in the illustration.

Fig. 5.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. FULL SIZE.

Fig. 6.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. This border is made with fine twisted silk cord and silk serpentine gimp, as shown by the full-sized section of the border given by the illustration.

Fig. 7.—CROCHET BORDER. This border is worked in single crochet with black saddler's silk over a foundation of fine black dress cord. Work, first, for one of the three-leaved figures of the border, 16 sc. over the insertion, so that the latter is covered, fasten to the first sc. with 1 sl., again work 16 sc. over the foundation, fasten with 1 sl. to the first of these 16 sc., again work 16 sc. over the foundation, and first fasten with 1 sl. to the first of the 16 st., then to the first st. of the first leaf; then, going further, work for the next scallop 24 sc. over the foundation, then again a three-leaved figure as before, and so on. In working the first leaf of each three-leaved figure, fasten the middle of the leaf to the middle of the third leaf of the preceding figure with 1 sl. The under side of the crochet work is the right side of the border.

FIG. 3.—CROCHET AGRAFE. TWO-THIRDS SIZE.

FIG. 7.—CROCHET BORDER. FULL SIZE.

Fig. 8.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. The under edge of the border is formed with serpentine silk gimp, plain gimp, and fine twisted cord. With the latter small leaves of black silk cord are joined, which are worked in connection with each other and with the rings between the leaves, as shown by the full-sized section of the border given by the illustration. For these rings take small rings of card-board, cover them closely with black silk, and, after completing each leaf, surround them with the silk cord referred to. Small brass rings may be used instead of card-board.

Fig. 9.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. The under edge of this border consists of plain flat silk cord with which coarse twisted silk cord is joined. With this under edge two pieces of fine silk cord, which are connected, are joined; these are arranged in scallops and double loops as shown by the illustration, which gives a full-sized section of the border. Each double loop is held together with a band of flat silk cord.

Fig. 10.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. This border consists of four piece of coarse twisted silk cord, two of which, in connection with black silk braid, form the under edge of the border; the two other pieces are arranged in scallops, and edged with fine twisted silk cord, which is partly sewed on plain and partly in scallops (see the full-sized section of the bor-

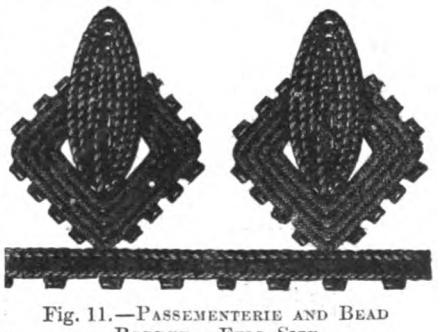

FIG. 11.—PASSEMENTERIE AND BEAD BORDER.—FULL SIZE.

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der given by the illustration). The braid at the under edge is laid in a small loop between every two scallops.

Fig. 11.—PASSEMENTERIE AND BEAD BORDER. This border is made with woven and twisted black silk cord, and ornamented with bugles. The full-sized section of the border given by the illustration shows how to work the border.

Fig. 12.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER. For this border work the rings shown by the illustration, which gives a full-sized section of the border, working each ring separately with coarse twisted silk cord. For the under edge of the border sew two pieces of fine cord, which are connected by means of soutache, to the under side of the rings, and fasten in each ring a leaf-like figure made of fine twisted cord. Where the rings meet they are sewed together.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JENNIE.—Flounce your green silk with the over-skirt, and wear a white muslin polonaise. Read in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., a description of a French gray silk in two shades. If you can not afford Valenciennes, use pleatings of white muslin under fringe for your handsome gray silk.

MRS. M. G.—New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., will furnish you a model for your lavender silk. The same paper shows an illustration of a suit pretty for grenadine. We do not remember the suit you refer to. You should use thick strong silk for lining your black grenadine waist, and it will not require an extra lining. Many dress-makers line all corsages with silk instead of drilling. Do not line a buff linen waist. Use the postilion or not, according to your fancy. The hair-line silks are much used for making spring suits.—The indexes are sent on receipt of stamps.

MRS. T. M.—Old ladies wear black silks, alpacas, or cashmeres made with single skirts and basques for the house, and postilion-polonaises for the street, like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. Their bonnets are cottage gypsies of soft straw or of black Brussels net, with narrow gros grain ribbon trimmings, ostrich tips, and flowers.

SAVOY.—The Worth dress without over-skirt, and with a single deep flounce widely faced with dark brown, will suit your mother. Read White Dresses in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. A five-inch flounce of perpendicular tucks around the skirt, headed by a cluster of five or six half-inch horizontal tucks, trims muslin petticoats.—We know of no book on dancing that would be of real assistance to you.

PLUM AND GRAY.—The plum-colored silk for an elderly lady will look well made with the Worth basque and skirt without an over-skirt. A single deep flounce on the skirt, narrower ruffle on the basque. Get navy blue silk for an under-skirt to wear with the gray silk over dress.

No. 22, MEMPHIS.—You will find all the suggestions you want about dresses in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., and in No. 16. Make muslin wrappers by pattern of the illustration in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. The polonaise costumes described in *Bazar* No. 16, made with shorter skirts, are what you want for walking suits.

MILWAUKEE.—Use bands of gray silk on the basque and over-skirt of your gray dress, and alternate ruffles of silk and the fabric on the skirt.

GUITAR.—Girls of fifteen wear basques buttoned in front. Your sample is Japanese poplin, and not of much account, we fear.

CARRIE.—Checked silks now cost from $1 25 to $2 a yard. It would be safe to order it by express from any of the furnishing houses quoted in our columns.

MRS. J. B. A.—Your lace is probably llama, or one of the coarse French laces worn five or six years ago. It can not be fine, or you would have had to pay as much for a yard as you paid for your whole mantle.

MISS P.—For summer silks read New York Fashions of last Number, and of *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV.

MOTHER.—Make a loose Gabrielle, braided, for your child of one year.

J. R. B.—We have no cut paper patterns of uneven sizes. An inch difference in the bust measure is easily remedied in cutting.

E. B. B.—Your sample is the poorest Japanese poplin. Make with basque and over-skirt, and trim with silk bands.

C. A. C.—Answers to your questions are comprised in the New York Fashions of the *Bazars* of the last three or four weeks. We have not room here to repeat the replies.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Divide your Spanish flounce in two. Trim your skirt with these ruffles, and drape over black silk.

THE Inebriate's Hope! C. C. BEERS, M.D., 12 E. Twelfth St., New York, *permanently* cures the worst cases of Intemperance. Call or send stamp for *Evidence*. Is harmless.—[*Com.*]

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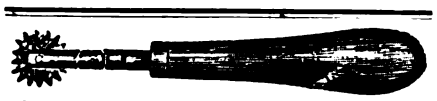

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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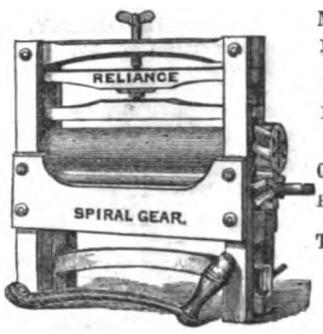

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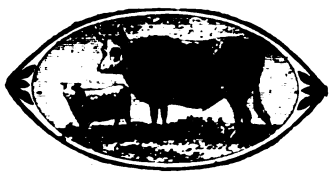

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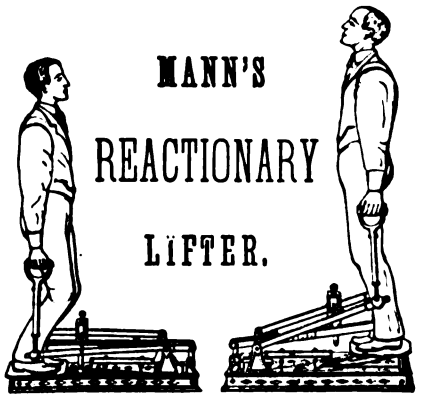

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DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

GRAND BACK-HAIR SENSATION FOR THE COMING SEASON.

FACETIÆ.

A YOUNG beginner writes to know whether, if a man gives him pepper, he can charge the man with a salt? (We require time to think this over.)

CRUELTY.—A well-to-do Deal fisherman, on his daughter's wedding-day, lately, gave her a smack.

Although a blacksmith is a forger, you can not fairly call him a thief because he nails shoes.

PROVERBIAL.—Where there's a wheel there's generally a way.

A poor washer-woman says that while there's life there's soap. Let's soap so, lather.

THE LATEST EDITION OF (H)OIL'S GAMES—A petroleum explosion.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

We often hear of the "pink of propriety." Can we not with equal propriety speak of the "lie-lack of truth?"

Is Hollyhock to be added to the list of British wines?

How is the disturbed state of the Continent likely to affect the coming up of single and double stocks? Is it likely to interfere with the dividend on ten weeks' stocks?

Is it possible to utilize the clippings of phlox for any other purpose than that of coverings for beds?

The emblem of Ireland is a shamrock. A pink would be more appropriate for a car-nation.

What tax hurts nobody?—Taxidermy.

A DRY REMARK.—"Keep your powder dry!" Yes, by all means; but if you think you can best attain that object by keeping it in the oven, don't expect *us* to call on you.

OVER THE RING-FENCE.

MY ANCESTOR.

My ancestor—'twas ages, please,
Ere swells of Norman blood
Could boast of genealogic trees;
They were not e'en in bud!—
My ancestor he owned a tree, broad-boughed and strong and high:
What peer can boast an ancestor more highly born than I?

He valued money not a jot,
Of rank he took no heed;
But daily food by labor got,
His family to feed.
For no one did he friendship feign; he never told a lie:
What peer can boast an ancestor more finely bred than I?

He did not care about French cooks,
But chiefly lived on fruit;
He never read improper books,
At law ne'er had a suit;
His loving spouse no chignon wore; she did not paint or dye:
What peer can boast of ancestors more virtuous than I?

'Tis true that he had pointed ears,
Was hairy, wore a tail;
He went on all fours, it appears,
And trees was wont to scale
(He sprang—so Darwin says—from an Ascidian, by-the-bye):
Well, who can boast an ancestor more wonderful than I?

CHI-GNON É VERO!

"My love," said Mrs. Maydup to her spouse on returning from her drive, "I have had a hair-breadth escape."

"Ah," said the brute, "you were well out of danger if it was the same hair that you've got on now!"

ACCOUNTED FOR AT LAST.—Is it not strange that the "best man" at a wedding is not the bridegroom? This must be the reason of so many unhappy marriages.

An enraged man tears his hair, but an enraged woman tears her husband's.

ONE TOO MANY.—The pleasures of the poor man are few, yet we would gladly see him less frequently *roll in his carriage*.

A correspondent writes to ask if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled? The only information we can give him on the point is that we have often seen it furrowed.

HOW TO RAISE BEETS.—Take hold of the tops and pull.

A Frenchman took a room in Paris on condition that the landlady would wake him up every morning at eight o'clock, and tell him the day of the week, the state of the weather, and under what form of government he lived.

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had an ear for music. "Wa'al," said the old woman, "I really don't know; won't you take the candle and see?"

A LOGICAL REFUTATION OF MR. DARWIN'S THEORY.

JACK (*who has been reading passages from the "Descent of Man" to the Wife whom he adores, but loves to teaze*). "So you see, Mary, Baby is descended from a Hairy Quadruped with Pointed Ears and a Tail. We *all* are!"

MARY. "Speak for *yourself*, Jack! *I'm* not descended from any thing of the kind, I beg to say; and Baby takes after Me. So there!"

THE SAME, WITH A DIFFERENCE.

LADY. "I think you said your name was Mary?"

NEW BROOM. "No, Mem, not exactly Mairey—it's Sairey, and you Spells it with a Hess instead of a Nem."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 19.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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EVENING TOILETTE.

THIS exquisite dress is made of cerise silk, trimmed with puffings of the same, and flounces and tablier of rich point lace. The low corsage and short sleeves are trimmed to match the skirt, and worn over a lace chemise Russe. White lilies with green leaves ornament the dress and hair. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of Moorish gold.

PROVERBS.

LORD CHESTERFIELD says that "no man of fashion ever uses a proverb." But in all ages of the world there has been a manifest fondness for proverbs and for proverbial phrases. And this fondness has displayed itself not only among the common people, but among men of intellectual culture as well.

Perhaps his lordship would hardly have classed King David's son among "men of fashion," but Solomon must at least be allowed to have been a very splendid fellow in mind and in tastes, whatever moderns may think of his manners. And Solomon was very much given to packing his intellectual wares in portable parcels. He is said to have uttered three thousand proverbs.

Aristotle most decidedly was not a man of fashion, but he was a man of genius and great intellectual force, a force not wholly spent on syllogysms and syllogistic reasoning, as we learn that he found time and inclination to collect a book of proverbs, which had come down to his time from those who were to him "the ancients." Indeed, the "learned Stagirite" held the theory that there had been a very ancient philosophy, from the wrecks of which proverbs had been preserved by reason of their brevity and elegance.

St. Paul was not a "man of fashion," but he was a man of great mental power and great sanctity, and he did not disdain to point a lofty moral by the quotation of a proverb from a comic poet, when he repeated Menander's adage, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

The Spanish tongue is full of the most astute, elegant, and pungent proverbs, and much of the charm of Cervantes's immortal "Don Quixote" is in the apt use and application of the proverbs of the country, and in the formation of fresh proverbial phrases.

There are hundreds of proverbs in the writings of Shakspeare which are remembered and quoted by very many who do not know the plot of a single one of his plays. Indeed, his genius is largely exhibited by his frequent putting of so much of the common-sense and the common feeling of mankind into a few admirably plain and memorable words. A popular book of such might be collected from his plays.

Matthew Henry's "Commentary on the Bible," which is rich in excellent exposition and homily, is spangled with star sentences of the brightest wisdom. Another and an excellent book might be made by collecting these incisive sentences.

We must conclude that Lord Chesterfield was more fastidious as to his manners than as to his morals when he forbade the use of proverbs in good society. It is to be recollected that the masters in any department are those who produce what the mass of the people in several successive generations adopt and preserve. It is so in philosophy, in painting, in music, in poetry, and in eloquence. Proverbs have their existence by the popular approval.

It is difficult to define what all so well understand. Howell's "ingredients of a good proverb" are well known. It must have shortness, sense, and salt. If it becomes long it will run into parable, or fable, or allegory. It can scarcely extend beyond a single sentence. There must be very much sense in very few words, and the wit seems to lie in the comparison we make between the great sense and the little sentence which holds it. But some "sense" is almost as vapid as nonsense, and as heavy as stupidity. The proverb must have that pungency which we attempt to describe by the word "salt," a quality that is preservative as well as pungent. Perhaps we might add "sound" to Howell's catalogue of ingredients, as we discover in our attempts to translate a proverb from one language to another, in which we may have preserved shortness, sense, and salt, and yet what has survived several generations in one language can not be made to find a place in the uses of the people who speak another.

If we should be called upon to say what a proverb is, we should content ourselves by combining and modifying the definitions of Cervantes and Earl Russell, and saying that it is the wisdom and long experience of many briefly expressed by the wit of one.

The longevity of proverbs, and their naturalization in many tongues, is shown by the history of the old Hebrew "carrying oil to the city of olives," which passed through the Persian "carrying pepper to Hindostan" into the English "carrying coals to Newcastle."

An amusing story is told by a recent American traveler who visited the house of a Chinese gentleman, where he found the walls adorned with scrolls, inscribed with proverbs and pithy sayings of the Chinese classical writers. In the study was a scroll, richly covered with silk and gilt ornaments, indicating the high value set on it by the owner. The guest learned that his host was liberal enough to believe that all the wisdom of the world was not confined to the Chinese, and so had been at great pains

EVENING TOILETTE.

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to obtain a popular English proverb. To that end he had dispatched his agent to the treaty ports where foreign hongs were allowed, and the agent had brought back this, which he had found hung up in all the English and American stores, which, therefore, he supposed was a cherished English proverb. It was carefully and reverently unwrapped, and the astonished American beheld a yellow card, on which was conspicuously printed, "Bent & Co.'s Water Crackers for Family Use or packed for Shipment!"

ROSES.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Roses she has, to remember,
Roses of summer and south;
Roses that burned the redder
For a long and thirsty drouth.

Roses, plucked when strolling,
To wear on a trembling breast;
Roses on cheek and forehead,
Blooming with love confessed.

Roses heavy with fragrance,
Sweeter for every sigh;
Roses, passionate roses,
That never shall fade or die!

Roses she has, to remember,
Roses of summer and south;
But the reddest of all the roses
Is the rose on her baby's mouth.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will be an unusually attractive one. It will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with from forty to fifty patterns and illustrations of every variety of Spring and Summer Walking Suits, Wrappings, Blouse-Waists, etc., etc., for Ladies and Children; and numerous beautiful and ingenious Fancy Articles; together with other fine engravings, and interesting literary matter.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page 287 of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

A GOOD WORD FOR CHILDREN.

THE *Bazar* does not consider itself called to any high moral mission, to push forward any special reformation, or to champion any particular rights. And yet the *Bazar* would not be considered heartless and dead to any of the interests of humanity. It would always be found, quite modestly but quite certainly, on the right side of every question in which society has any interest. It will, therefore, give a few lines to the cause of those who can not plead for themselves in print—namely, little children.

When good Mr. BERGH, in pushing his care for dumb animals, infringes on the interests or feelings of other animals that are not dumb—namely, drivers and conductors—they naturally cry out, "Is not a man better than many horses?" Perhaps Mr. BERGH might be induced to admit that, with certain explanatory provisions; but then he would say the man can plead for himself, the horse can not. Animated by similar generous sentiments, we desire to say a few words for children.

It is a bad sign in any community to have few children. It does not speak well for the high health of any family in which there are no children, if a family can at all be considered to exist without children. It is a very bad moral symptom where children are not desired. Children are sanitary, are a discipline, are a "means of grace," are a "hope of glory." They are the most important members of a family. The older members work for them, not they for their seniors. They live like the lilies, clothed without care. They are little kings and queens, truly and legitimately, "by the grace of God."

It is absurd and it is wicked and it is injurious to snub them. They must increase, while we must decrease. It is, therefore, as foolish for age to treat childhood lightly as it would be for the setting star to slight the rising sun. It is wicked, because older people have the power, to hurt the feelings and the character of a child while the child has no redress; and it is injurious, because it dwarfs the man who offers and the child who suffers the slight.

The proverb, "Little children should be seen, and not heard," has been the bane of many a young life, and the blight of many a domestic circle. It has been let down as an extinguisher on many a bright little head, and has effectually extinguished it. We never knew it to be used with propriety and wit except when the child that was called up to recite a lesson it had not learned put in the plea, "Little children should be seen, and *not* heard!"

They should be both seen and heard. If possible, they ought never to be out of sight. They should be heard, because they have so much to say and so much to learn. No one can be long acquainted with a child that has not been repressed without noticing how wonderfully fresh, generally, and how marvelously profound, very often, are the thoughts and questions of the youngsters. They are little strangers from another land, making naïve comments upon what they see in this. They are not afraid. They have no consistency to care for, no position to maintain, no policy to carry forward. They are truthful. They rebuke falsehoods and conventionalities. If their speeches are embarrassing, it is because our speeches are wrong. When little Tom Williams asked Miss Amanda, last week, where her other face was, and in reply to her exclamation of astonishment said, "because ma says you carry two faces," the mother, who had been talking so blandly to Amanda, should not have considered her son "a horrid boy;" she should not have said that Amanda carried two faces.

We put off children because we can not answer their questions, have not the frankness to say "I do not know," and the industry to go and learn, and come and instruct the child.

This snubbing of children loses to grown people all that would come to them from the questions and sayings of the young. It represses the natural curiosity of childhood, that curiosity which is the basis of all acquisition of learning and the stimulus of all intellectual culture. It also represses all originality. The child becomes a mute until he can become a mimic. He watches others older than himself, uttering speeches and performing acts suitable to their age, but not to his. He imitates them, because he has become afraid to ask questions. And so we all become painfully uniform.

Children ought to be heard; it is due them. They ought to be seen; it is due us. The banishment of children from society is a mistake and a loss. Who is so great a guest that we may allow him, whom we have invited, to exclude from our board the little guest whom God has sent? If our invited guest be worthy a place at our table, he will feel that our invitation was all the more cordial, and he was all the more welcome, because we did not allow his arrival to banish the purest, noblest, and best members of our own families.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Amphion and his Lyre.

MY DEAR JOEL,—The other evening I was bidden to a birthday party, and Medicus brought his magic lantern. He made it himself, and he and Junior painted the slides, some of which were so grotesquely comical that I am sorry for those who have not seen them. But there were some classic figures, as they are called, outlines of mythological persons and scenes, which gave Flaxman, from whose designs they were copied, altogether a new beauty and value. If these amateur artists could spare the time they might, with proper magnifiers, reproduce Raphael's "Hours" as large as life, if it were desirable, and with an unsurpassable effect. But there was one scene, taken, I believe, from an old alto-relievo in Rome, which was most significant of all. It was Mercury giving the lyre, or lute, to Amphion. Amphion of the heavenly blood-royal, bred among the shepherds, and forever famous, is one of the figures of the old story which is most familiar and suggestive. And as he was brought before us by the magic light, Zenobia turned her superb head to me and said,

"Mr. Bachelor, what a pity such a guest should be only a shadow!"

"But he is in the room," I answered.

"I see him," she said again, smiling, with her eyes fixed upon the picture.

"No," I whispered, "not in the picture, but in the flesh. Amphion of the old legend, Amphion of the celestial line, Amphion of the wonder-working lyre, is bodily present in this room."

Of course in the darkness I could not see her expression, but I imagined it from the tone of her voice, as she said,

"The obscurity of the room has passed into Mr. Bachelor's conversation."

"On the contrary, his meaning is as light and distinct as that outline upon the screen. For, Zenobia, what was Amphion?" I asked.

"He was the marvelous musician who played the walls of Thebes into place, whose lyre drew form from chaos."

"The same magician is in this room."

Zenobia was silent, and I knew that she was wondering who it was that I meant. But, my dear Joel, if our own life did not interpret to us the life of other times and people, it would be all a blank to us. When the philosophers say that the world is created every day, what do they mean but that all the possibilities, the powers, the passions of human nature which have made every epoch in history, which have inspired all art and poetry and song, are as fresh and abounding to-day as they ever were? In the earliest legend that remains to us we read of the siege of Troy, and when we are told that Achilles was dipped in the Styx and was invulnerable, and that now for the Greeks, now for the Trojans, the gods and goddesses contended, we know that it is a way of saying that there was the safety that always springs from heroism and genius. That is our earliest story, and the latest is told in the newspaper every morning. The father at the breakfast-table reads of the siege of Paris, with its episodes of cruelty and bravery and folly; and his son runs off with shining morning face to school to read the same story under other names and in another language. Homer is real; Homer interests us to-day because we are doing and thinking what Homer describes. I look out of my window and I see Sir Philip Sidney going down town. I go to church, and there sits William of Orange in the corner pew. I pass a glittering carriage in the Park, and lo! Judas Iscariot taking his evening drive.

And as fast as the old legends seem to be settling away into a rigid remoteness, and to become inexplicable, a warm touch of good sense—a delicate, vitalizing insight—makes them all as human and familiar as this soft breath of spring makes the brown old earth again green and blooming. Of course it was this perception of the essential and spiritual significance of the mythological story that made it tolerable to the educated Greeks. And yet I laugh very often when I hear a tough old religious dogmatist of the nineteenth century asking how it is conceivable that Plato and Socrates, and the Athenian society of which we have such glimpses in Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia," should not have protested against the religion that exalted such a monstrous Lothario as Zeus into their Supreme Being. I laugh because it is no more extraordinary to me than that educated men of this time and country should make the sweet and simple Gospel of Christ such an elaborate metaphysical system as they do. There is my good friend Melanchthon—one of the most fervent of preachers, and one of the best of human beings—who says to me whenever we talk upon these subjects,

"Oh, Bachelor, Bachelor, all you want is a dogma!"

Melanchthon's brain is spun all over with the subtile cobwebs of schoolmen's theories and what seem to me laughable puerilities. Yet he turns to me with such real earnestness and tender sympathy, and exclaims, "Oh, dear friend, if your brains were only full of cobwebs, how happy I should be!"

As I see it, Melanchthon has no right to ask with wonder how a refined Greek could have failed to protest against the representation of Zeus as the King of Heaven, because he, twenty centuries later, makes the King of Heaven a cruel despot. Why should an American who actually preaches that the Supreme Being is a tyrant wonder that an Athenian heard him represented as a debauchee without protest? "Ah, if you had only a dogma!" sighs my good Melanchthon. And Jesus himself, had he a dogma? I ask him in turn.

But I was saying that the educated Greek had, perhaps, another view—an explanation or interpretation of the popular legend of Zeus. And it is that which modern scholars suggest, and which removes the wonder that so many feel at the acquiescence of those refined people in the bald forms of the traditions. How if Zeus were to them but a name for light and warmth, and the story as told only the imaginative form in which the functions of light and warmth were clothed by the poetic and filial heart of man? How if every old legend that seems gross in the telling were touched by the same test, and the grossness utterly dissipated, leaving only universal grace and truth and beauty? How if the whole cycle of mythological legend were repeated every year and every day in our own American and modern experience? And it really is so, or we could not really understand the old story, and we should not care for it. It really is so; and that is what I meant when I said to Zenobia that Amphion was in that very room.

His name, indeed, is by no means Amphion, and he has certainly never seen a lyre, and would not know what to do with it if he had. I am by no means sure that he has any definite conception of Mercury; and when Medicus said, as he slipped in the slide and threw the picture upon the screen, "Mercury giving the lyre to Amphion," I am afraid that it was, in truth, wholly Greek to my friend. For his name is—and I believe you know him, dear Joel—Tubb; not Amphion Tubb, but James Tubb. He can not play upon any musical instrument whatsoever. Yet he daily plays the walls of Thebes into their place, and he draws order from chaos. If you could live with him for a day—as I have, for I have traveled with him—you would see how. He went home, for instance, from that delightful birthday party, and the next morning Mrs. Tubb had a severe headache; and baby Tubb was in the most belligerent frame of mind; and Tommy Tubb's shoe-strings broke as he was tying them; and Dorothy Tubb's stocking revealed a hole in the heel just as she was hurrying down to breakfast (which was not ready), that she might get to school in time to avoid being so late as to lose all chance at the prize work-basket upon which her little heart was set; and Baruch Tubb fell down stairs, battering his head upon each step; and 'Miry, the cook, was cross and snapping at Lucy, the waiter; and Lucy the waiter was cross; and Dorothy, Tommy, and Lucy were all scolding sharply; and such a domestic hubbub and confusion could only be paralleled by the chaos of the heaps of stones from which the Theban wall was to be built.

And in the midst of the tumult Amphion arose with his lyre—I mean, James Tubb came smiling out of his room—and with a laugh and a cheery word, and a helpful hand and a sympathizing heart, he pacified the storm. He left the baby chuckling, and soothed poor little Baruch, and showed Tommy how to lengthen his string, and wrote a word of excuse for Dorothy, and moderated 'Miry and Lucy, and so silenced the discord. He might have stormed and snarled, and roared and boxed ears all round, and partially smothered the tempest, instead of clearing it away; but that is not Amphion's—I mean James Tubb's—method. His lyre is never out of tune, because his temper is so reasonable and so gentle; and the heaviest and most unmanageable stones of ill humor and perversity and sulkiness gradually obey the magic persuasion of his manliness and sweetness, and rise into harmony and order.

And so the statesman, dear Joel, who from the hates and jealousies and conflicting interests and ambitions of classes and sections and industries and races educes peace and co-operation, and confirms the concord and power of a great state—what is he but the Amphion of the old legend, who raises the Theban walls into place and proportion with his magic lyre?

And greater than all of them is the Amphion of the soul—the man who, standing amidst the chaos of his own prejudices and conceits and passions, surrounded by what seems a boundless and hopeless wilderness of his own obstinacy and weakness and temptation, gradually, by the magic of principle and resolution, playing the divinest melodies of heavenly law and purpose, compels the wild confusion of his soul into order, and raises tier by tier the shining walls of the city of God within him. This is the man—and how many and many of them there are!—who reveals the true meaning of the old legend, and shows us that Amphion is not the figure of a legendary fable, but our friend and neighbor of to-day. Believe me, my dear Joel, the whole series of tales hidden away in Lemprière, and so faintly and feebly told even in the noblest verse, are drawn from our own experience—from our own lives. I go into the schools, and see the poor boys cramming and struggling with their tasks, and I groan to think that the light which would startle them with its delightful radiance—the light which would show them that the legends of mythology are only the story of that particular school—does not shine upon the murky pages along which they toil. But we who are older, dear Joel, we are unpardonable if we do not enrich our lives with the consciousness that the noblest figures in poetry and legend are only portraits of our daily companions. Yours always,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CARPETS.

SMALL figures on light grounds prevail in low-priced carpets, and there is a return to ante-war prices. Very good American ingrains are sold for 85 cents or $1 a yard; excellent qualities are $1 25, and fine tapestry ingrain is $1 35. The designs imitate those of Brussels carpets. There are mottled figures in maroon, or in brown shaded to orange, or else dark rich Persian patterns for dining-rooms and basements; while for cozy chambers are clear white grounds with dark scrolls, or diamonds of silver on blue, or gray on cherry. Small houses, homes of young beginners, can be made very attractive with these pretty and inexpensive carpets. Each floor should be carpeted alike throughout, and to make it soft to the tread, as well as to preserve it, the ingrain should be laid over an anti-moth carpet, a patent arrangement of cotton wadding chemically prepared, and quilted between brown papers. Venetian carpets for halls and stairs accompany ingrains. These are not in the stereotyped stripes, but in mottled designs, like Brussels, and completed by a border. A yard wide, for halls, these cost from $1 to $1 50 a yard; three-quarters wide, for stairs, in patterns to match the hall carpet, they are $1 12; and five-eighths wide, 90 cents. A stair padding of flax linen and paper, made to soften noisy footfalls, and to prevent the carpet wearing on the edge of the step, is sold for 20 cents a step.

Three-ply carpets are in rich tapestry designs on light grounds; these carpets are in high favor with housewives, yet are objectionable because the third ply is distinct in itself, and is apt to wear off, leaving the two layers that are interwoven looking ragged: $1 50 buys the best quality.

Tapestry Brussels carpets are showy, but not serviceable; the colors are merely stamped on the upper side, and soon wear off, leaving bare an ugly gray surface; the designs, however, are exceedingly pretty—panels and scrolls on pearl and white grounds for parlors and chambers; mossy banks, strewn with roses, and mottled, irregular designs, with striped border, for halls and dining-rooms: $1 10 to $1 25 is the price. It is far better economy to add fifty cents more a yard, and buy five-framed body Brussels, with the design woven through the carpet, as very pretty but not new patterns can be bought for $1 75 a yard. There are daisy wreaths of white on pearl grounds, or pink rose-buds on white, for bedrooms, and rich Turkey colors for dining-rooms and halls. The finest qualities of body Brussels in new scroll patterns on black grounds are $2 25.

Merchants say that carpets with many colors, as in the Persian patterns, wear best. Light

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grounds do not fade or show soil as easily as darker ones. Borders round the room, a broad stripe of carpet matching the colors in the centre, are much used on fine carpets. A novel idea, to be more generally introduced in the fall, is carpets with black ground, enlivened with tracery of gilt and Egyptian red. These are exceedingly rich-looking. Dark olive grounds are also lighted up with gay Oriental colors. Fine Wilton carpets in these designs are beautiful for libraries and parlors. They cost from $2 50 to $3 50 a yard. The *Bazar* commends these elegant Wiltons to people of taste who can afford the outlay; body Brussels to people in comfortable circumstances, yet who do not care to renew their carpets often: and the pretty ingrains to those who have not much money to spend. Very showy velvet carpets are sold for $2 a yard; those with deeper pile are $2 50. Large panels and scrolls are seen on these and the French moquette carpets, and a striped border is invariably added. Moquettes are $4 50 a yard, and the border does not add to the expense. Nile green, sky blue, pearl, and even buff grounds are shown, with flowers framing pretty rural scenes, or with cupids and cherubs. American moquettes are said to be better than French, as the figures are woven through as in body Brussels. The softly tinted Axminster carpets, like the moquettes, are for elegant drawing-rooms and boudoirs: from $3 to $4 a yard. Turkish rugs of dark, quaint colors, and deep, soft pile, are imported for the centre of floors of inlaid woods. One very handsome rug, square, and all in one piece, measuring 9 feet 10 inches by 8 feet 9 inches, costs $90.

Dealers measure, make, cut, and lay carpets, charging 8 cents a yard for ingrains and three-ply; 10 cents for Brussels; 12½ cents for velvets and other heavy-pile carpets.

Bronzed, silver-plated, and gilt stair-rods are shown. They are round, in twisted rope patterns, or in plain hexagonal shapes, and are held by patent catches that are almost self-adjusting. Very handsome ones cost from $10 to $12 a dozen. Plain oval hollow rods of brass, for carpets five-eighths of a yard wide, are sold for $3 a dozen.

Oil-cloths for halls and dining-rooms are in rich Indian colors and Turkish designs, also the usual marbled patterns: they cost from $1 25 to $1 50 a square yard.

Floors of inlaid woods are, however, the first choice for dining-rooms, halls, smoking and billiard rooms, and are not as expensive as might be supposed. A simple but pretty design in oak and walnut is laid for $1 50 a square foot; an intricate octagonal figure in white holly, French walnut, and amaranth, on an oak ground, costs $2; and the most elaborate design shown, in which rose-wood and cedar are introduced, costs $2 75. These floors require to be kept well waxed, and the chairs used on them must have gutta-percha casters, that no noise may be made. Wainscoted walls and ceilings accompany such floors. These wood-hangings—strips of wood so thin that two hundred are cut of wood an inch thick, and then pasted on paper—cost about 50 per cent. more than the best varnished paper, and are far more durable. They are in large panels of oak or light butternut, with dark walnut mouldings.

CURTAINS.

A novel and pretty effect is given to lace curtains by the new lace lambrequins, that are lined with rose-color or blue, held by lace-covered cornices, and designed to match the lace curtains below. The plain lambrequin, of the favorite tamboured lace, costs $11 a window; lined, and with a lace cornice, $25; $100 furnishes a window with beautiful tamboured lace curtains, lambrequin, and side loops. For lower-priced curtains we commend the guipure laces. They are stronger and far prettier than Nottingham lace. The striped patterns are more effective than the blocks, as these break up a window too much. Two richly draped guipure curtains, to be drawn back on each side, are sold for $17—enough for a window. Plainer styles are furnished for $12 50 a window. Fine curtains of Swiss lace are $85. For very elegant houses a single drop-curtain of lace is used, with elaborate side draperies. These are objected to, however, as they must be used without shades, and do not darken the room sufficiently. A novelty in preparation is shades of French muslin dressed with isinglass, the centre decorated with embroidery and lace. These will admit plenty of light, yet shade the room almost as much as holland shades, and will cost about $5 a window. At present white holland shades, finished with two white tassels, are preferred to all others. With ordinary fixtures, in windows of average size, they cost $2 50 a window; with patent spring fixtures, $3 50. Curtains of dotted Swiss muslin, edged with fluted ruffles three or four inches wide, are still used for chambers and for country houses. These and Nottingham lace, with chintz lambrequins, are pretty for rooms fitted up with chintz furniture. For bay-windows, plain shades, either of white holland or lace, are fitted to the different apartments, next the window-pane. Lace curtains drape the arch, but these shut off the bay from the room, and are not so pretty as a simple lambrequin. Narrow cornices of gilt ebony, or rose-wood with gilt mouldings, have entirely superseded plain gilt. We have seen black-walnut cornices sold as low as $2 a window. When a pier-glass is used the frame of the mirror is extended to form cornices. For vestibule windows, tamboured lace, lined with a pale color and fluted, is very handsome. Narrow French guipures for vestibules are 50 cents a yard. Pretty draperies of Nottingham lace, attached to a walnut cornice, are placed above wash-stands to protect the wall: price $3.

FURNITURE.

Rich, massive-looking furniture, like that seen in French interiors of the last century, is now made for large drawing-rooms and salons. Immense wall-mirrors, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, and framed by great columns, take the place of mantels; pier-glasses are surmounted by cornices that branch over the windows and adorn the end of the room; ponderous cabinets of ebony and gilt and marquetry are on the sides; while the luxurious and thickly tufted seats strewn about are so covered with satin and velvet that the wood of which they are made is nowhere visible. Two colors are used for upholstering these grand rooms, and the new fancy is to introduce black as one color; for instance, the chairs and sofas are covered with turquoise blue, pearl gray, or Havana brown satin, tufted in rays springing from the centre, and bordered by a great puff of black velvet. These are very grand and very costly. Any wood visible about them is ebony or rose-wood with gilt tracings. Plainer parlors, for those who use Brussels carpets, have black-walnut furniture, upholstered with terry reps—not the inevitable green, but drab, cherry, or Louise blue in solid colors, or else in broché stripes, two shades of tan-color, for instance, with golden broché figures, on the lighter stripe. Order the suit, and have no two pieces alike. Have two sofas—one long enough for reclining, the other a little confidante for two—and choose four easy-chairs of various shapes and sizes, for people of different sizes, instead of the regulation two arm-chairs and four straight-backed uncomfortable ones. Distribute about the room light reception-chairs of lacquered wood, with seats of fine cane, and camp-stools embroidered by your own fingers. The curtains of tamboured lace have lambrequins matching the furniture reps; and the walnut mantel, now more stylish than marble, is upholstered also. The oval centre-table, upheld by a branching pedestal, is covered with blue or cherry velvet, or even billiard cloth, or else the beautiful tinted marble now used; or it may be of plain wood, with a table-cover matching the piano-cover, which is of the inexpensive new wool tapestry, in imitation of fine Aubusson, just introduced from Germany. The colors should harmonize with the broché reps. A low cabinet—half for books, half for the curiosities that once ornamented étagères—has a top of colored marble or of velvet matching the centre-table. Marquetry is falling into disuse except for bordering tables and cabinets, as it is so easily defaced. Gilt, too, is apt to tarnish and to chip off, as the ebony mouldings do. Black-walnut inlaid with French walnut stands the test of time better than any other furniture, and can be easily restored to its original beauty. An easel of walnut or ebonized wood with light gilt tracery is arranged to display the last new picture in its proper light. Tall, elegant easels cost from $10 to $80, but very pretty low ones are sold for $15 or $20. Pedestals for busts are solid columns of wood decorated with gilt and topped with marble or velvet to match other articles. A clock and vases of the gay-colored Pompadour porcelain, mounted in gilt, ornament drawing-room mantels. The pictures are hung by cords wrapped over wire and without tassels. Loose slip covers are of white linen or twilled cretonne bound with bright-colored braid. Some fanciful ones have box-pleated frills around the lower parts of chair and sofa covers. The material is 35 or 45 cents a yard. Upholsterers charge $2 for making a slip for an ordinary chair, $3 for an arm-chair, $4 for a sofa.

Fresh and cool looking cretonnes or cotton satines are used for upholstering all the rooms of summer residences out of town, and for chambers in the city, especially those occupied by the young people of the family. Black grounds are being introduced in cretonnes, but detract from their cool, airy look. Blue, pink, or white grounds, with Central Park landscapes in gray frescoings, are prettiest, or else those with antique Oriental figures of bright colors on a pale ground. Wall-paper is imported to match these patterns; the muslin curtains have chintz lambrequins, and the bed is draped to match. Light ash, oak, and butternut woods in imitation of bamboo are upholstered in this manner. White enameled suits with oak-colored mouldings in bamboo styles are admired for summer chambers: they cost $3 50.

The bedroom suits most generally desired are of black-walnut, waxed or not according as the buyer may prefer polished or dull surfaces. The handsomest have panels of French walnut, gilt tracings, and ebony mouldings. They cost from $500 to $1000. There are, however, plain black-walnut suits with one or two marble-top pieces, made as substantially as higher-priced suits, that are sold for $90. These furnish the chamber.

Bedsteads have high pointed heads, ornamented on the extreme top, with low side and foot boards. The bed is made so deep and full that when spread it rises in a great white puff almost to the top of the foot-board. Spring mattresses are jointed and hinged, that they may be easily moved. Over this is a mattress of South American curled hair, and many people use a light feather-bed on the mattress. Bolsters are cut three-sided, the head resting on an inclined plane. The upper side is four or five inches deep, sloping down to two inches below. They are tufted like mattresses. Pillows are large and square. The furnishing houses charge $19 for a pair of feather pillows and a bolster like that just described. Luxuriantly soft pillows of arctic down, in cases of thick white linen drilling, are $48 a pair. Plainest muslin slips are put on pillows for night use, but are covered during the day by shams, or single squares of linen, with an inch-wide hem, hem-stitched, and a rich cluster of needle-work in each corner. These, with a linen sheet, hem-stitched, and embroidered band at the top, to overlay the cover when the bed is turned down, cost $45. Large monograms are embroidered in the centre of pillow shams. Each letter costs from $1 to $2. Sham pillow-slips and bed-spreads of fine tamboured lace, to match lace lambrequins, are sold for $25 a set. They should be lined with pink or blue satin.

Libraries and dining-rooms are furnished with rich morocco, tan-colored or scarlet, studded with gilt, or else with rich cachemires in Turkish designs. Walnut, with ebony mouldings, is the most popular wood for libraries. Dining-rooms are often furnished with oak or light butternut "trimmed" with mouldings of a darker wood. Tall buffets have medallions in carved wood or bronze representing game or hunting scenes.

Hat-stands for halls have large mirrors at the back, with pegs for hats on each side, and drawers below for brushes. The chairs are of wood in Gothic shapes.

For information received thanks are due L. MARCOTTE; POTTIER, STYMUS, & Co.; G. L. KELTY & Co.; WARREN WARD & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

MISS EDITH ABELL, of Boston, has made a decided musical success in Milan. She has had flattering offers from various operatic managers, but prefers not to be in a hurry to accept. Italian authorities pronounce her voice a pure soprano.

—On the 16th ult. WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT celebrated in Rome their golden-wedding day.

—Mrs. MARTHA WALKER COOK, of Hoboken, a sister of the late ROBERT J. WALKER, is one of the best linguists in the country, delighting especially in Polish and Russian literature. She is the lady who a few years ago wrote in the *Times* a sharp criticism of "Owen Meredith" for plagiarizing from the Sclavic tongues.

—It is stated by a London correspondent that every day, when the weather permits, Queen VICTORIA visits the tomb of Prince ALBERT, and places near it a basket of fresh flowers, reads a chapter in the Bible, kneels, and offers a prayer that she may meet him in the world to come.

—Mr. ARTHUR J. PEABODY, one of the nephews and heirs of the late GEORGE PEABODY, and a gentleman of culture and refinement, is about to "lead to the hymeneal" Miss RUSSELL, of this city, who traces her relationship, through the BEDFORD family and the beautiful Lady RUSSELL whom COPLEY painted, to one of the oldest families in Scotland.

—Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON, in company with a few of the solid men of Boston—judges, lawyers, and merchants—is making a tour of the cities on the Pacific coast.

—Harvard University has probably a larger number of old graduates than any other college in the country. Among these are SAMUEL THATCHER, of the class of 1793, now ninety-seven years old; HORACE BINNEY, class of 1797, ninety-one years old; WILLARD HALL, aged ninety, and SAMUEL D. PARKER, aged eighty-nine, both of the class of 1799. Three of these four have been members of Congress. WILLIAM MINOT, of the class of 1802, and Hon. JAMES SAVAGE, are still living.

—A man who finds out things in New York, and writes about them to the Troy *Times*, says there are about four hundred practicing dentists in New York, and one-quarter of that number in Brooklyn (where the teeth are proportionably better). The PARMLYS are notable in the profession, the family consisting of ELEAZER, the oldest, and four brothers. ELEAZER is the richest toothist in the U. S.—worth a million—mostly made in real estate. Doctor E. J. DOWNING is also a "warm" practitioner—about $30,000 per annum. Doctors ATKINSON and JOHN ALLEN, DWINELLE, DODGE, and MAINE are among the $10,000 to $20,000 men; after whom come a crowd of industrious fillers, extractors, etc., etc., the German element being quite predominant. Of the four hundred in this city about thirty may be considered first-class, with large incomes. After these scramble along a goodly crowd who charge from $5 to $20 for filling a tooth, and who make from $3000 to $4000 a year.

—The clever editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has shed a column of elaborate pen-work on Mr. P. GODWIN'S volume of essays, "Out of the Past." His idea is that Mr. G. "possesses the critical faculty in almost excessive measure, and demonstrates with quick, keen strokes the beauties of his subject, or unhesitatingly points out its hidden faults and blemishes; neither exulting in the one nor gloating over the other, but giving cool, well-weighed, dispassionate utterances on both. It is in historical sketches, however, that he is most happy and most entertaining. He seizes upon picturesque incidents, and groups around them a vivid series of facts that first gain our attention, and then fix in our memories a clear and lasting impression."

—Judge JOSEPH G. MASTEN, who died on the 14th ult. at Buffalo, was one of those rare men who won the regard and commanded the respect of all classes—young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned; a pure-hearted and kind-hearted, clear-headed and strong-brained man; an able lawyer, an able and just judge; a model of courtesy, patience, and forbearance on the bench; free from the faintest show of assumption or pretense, and softened by a gentleness and graciousness of manner which, with his fine presence and manly port, made him every where the peculiarly welcome guest. In the city of his residence and in Western New York no man has left, or could leave, a purer and nobler record.

—A peculiar person was Mrs. JUDITH RUST, who died a few days since in Ipswich, Massachusetts. She was married on Christmas-eve, 1799, and, although on good terms with her family; never afterward slept in her father's house. There were ninety persons at her wedding, yet she survived them all. She left sixty living descendants. From the night of her marriage to the day of her death she slept upon the same bedstead; and she had the honor of carrying the first umbrella ever carried in Rowley. In that respect she was historical.

—Miss MARY PARSONS, of Columbus, Ohio, is, during the present month, to become Princess DE LYNAR, the Prince having just come over from Germany to perfect the arrangement. He is on the staff of Kaiser WILLIAM. The lady has passed some time in Europe, and was much admired in court circles. At the banquet given the Emperor on his return to Berlin, he turned, while toasts were being given, to Prince DE LYNAR, and said: "I drink to your American *fiancée*."

—The widow of that old JOHN BROWN whose soul is still supposed to be peripatetic resides in Humboldt County, California, with a son and two daughters.

—Fifty years ago CHARLES MATHEWS, who is now playing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, first appeared in London, as George Kattleton, in his own play of "The Humpbacked Lover." He was then about twenty. Although he has nearly scored seventy, he has the lithe, airy manner that made him so attractive before he had tallied thirty.

—The late President LINCOLN was somewhat astonished one day when inspecting the prison in Washington. A prisoner said to him, familiarly, "How are you, Mr. President? I'm glad to see you. I believe that you and I have been in every jail in the Union." Mr. LINCOLN replied that the jails at Springfield and Washington were the only ones he was ever in. "Very likely," responded the rogue; "but I've been in all the rest."

—There is probably but one man in America or Europe who has lost both legs and both arms in the military service. That very much damaged party is BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a pensioner, who was a private in the Second Minnesota, was wounded twenty times, yet what there is left of him seems to be healthy.

—On Sunday the 9th ult. the Rev. Dr. TYNG reached the fiftieth year of his ministry. During that period there have been built under his care four large churches and six mission chapels. In the afternoon the body of the church was occupied by the fifteen hundred children of the mother church and its various mission schools.

—KOSSUTH, by way of recreation, is translating SHAKSPEARE into Hungarian. Physicians ordered him to rest, which he does by doing the above. Says he couldn't live six weeks without being kept at work.

—Miss DANA, the accomplished daughter of the editor of the *Sun*, is spoken of as the author of the cleverly written book notices in that journal.

—Mr. OLE BULL is bending his energies to the construction of a new piano with violin attachment, which he thinks will outsound any musical contrivance yet known on this planet. He is a great friend of ERICSSON, the inventor, who lives very modestly in a house down town, and only goes out when he thinks that such a manœuvre would be pleasant.

—Colonel W. H. CHEESBROUGH, who has been appointed secretary of legation to England, is a New Yorker, whose military career was commenced in our "Seventh." He is a gentleman of culture, of fine social experience, brave as any number of lions, and has a fine army record. He is said to have been particularly patient, kind, and jolly under adverse circumstances, and rode into a fight and moved under fire with the quiet self-possession of a veteran. This is told of him after the battle of Cross Keys, where he distinguished himself: FREMONT'S army was gathered upon the banks of the river, prevented from further pursuit of Stonewall JACKSON by the burned bridge, and the General himself was puzzled on observing bodies of men on the farther side dressed in the blue uniform of our army, and carrying the flag of the United States. In the presence of the General and his staff Colonel CHEESBROUGH rode across the ford to the opposite bank, made an inspection of his own, and, returning, reported—what we feared would be done in his own death—that the troops we had been speculating about were Confederates. There was no bravado whatever in this; it was only the careless disregard of his own safety in a soldierly man upon the performance of some duty.

—A son of Mrs. Ex-President TYLER is said to have distinguished himself as a Uhlan during the recent controversy between France and Germany. Handsome young fellow, brave, etc.—such as one reads of in nice novels.

—General J. MEREDITH READ (Albany gentleman), consul-general at Paris, is said to have made himself deservedly popular during the siege (he worried through the whole of it) by his liberality of purse and kindly words to the poor and suffering.

—In a recent number of the *Bazar* we gave the twenty-five leading Christian names used in England, showing that out of 100,000 persons nearly sixty-six per cent. bore the names of the twenty-five enumerated. Neither the English nor American people have one name of their own, as the Germans have "Hermann, and the French "Jacques," but have been content to name almost every body after the Virgin, or a saint or two, or some English king, or king's son or daughter. No English forename is distinctively of the people. Nothing so quaint as the adoption of the Old Testament names, in the way in which Connecticut has adopted them, has ever been popular among the English; they have liked no Roman names; have forgotten all British names; have, in fact, stuck to their usual text, that some big person must use a name before they can find the courage to do it. "Alice" seems as old as English history, "James" occurs in Doomsday-Book, "Robert" is Teutonic and very old, and "Mary," of course, is the pre-eminently Catholic name; but for the rest, every name seems to have derived its popularity either from some saint or some English king or prince. "Albert," for instance, is becoming fast a regular English name, while the popularity of "Arthur" dates not from Mr. TENNYSON'S legendary favorite, but from the Duke of Wellington. In the same way, "Florence" has become common for the admiration felt for FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE; and 1500 girls were registered in one year by the somewhat cumbrous name of "Alexandra." The most distinctive and perhaps the prettiest of new names is "Alma"—a name taken not for its meaning, but from the first battle of the Crimean war; though the list has possibly gained by the introduction of Mr. LONGFELLOW'S heroine, "Evangeline," and would gain decidedly could we popularize the subject of Mrs. RIDDELL'S exquisite sketch, "Beryl." There are a few names at once odd and pretty, which, though not among the twenty-five, are sufficiently common not to puzzle a farmer's wife—such as "Faith," "Hope," "Mercy," "Grace," and "Prudence;" but the great majority of English and American mothers never travel out of the narrow record of customary names.

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Braid Tidy, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS is a new and favorite style of using narrow white or colored braid for tidies, etc. Fig. 1, page 293, shows a tidy made of braid in reduced size, and Fig. 2, on this page, shows a full-sized section of the tidy. The tidy consists of seven of these figures, which are joined as shown by Fig. 1. The outer edge of the tidy is furnished with fringe three inches long, made of white twisted cotton. Transfer the design for each figure to paper as shown by Fig. 2, and then, following the lines of the design, stitch on the braid along the middle of the braid. The braid must not be sewed on in separate circles, but all together as far as possible. Fasten the ends carefully, and sew through the several layers of braid at the intersecting points. After completing the figures remove the paper from underneath them, and join them as shown by Fig. 1. Finally, knot strands of fringe to the outer edge of the tidy.

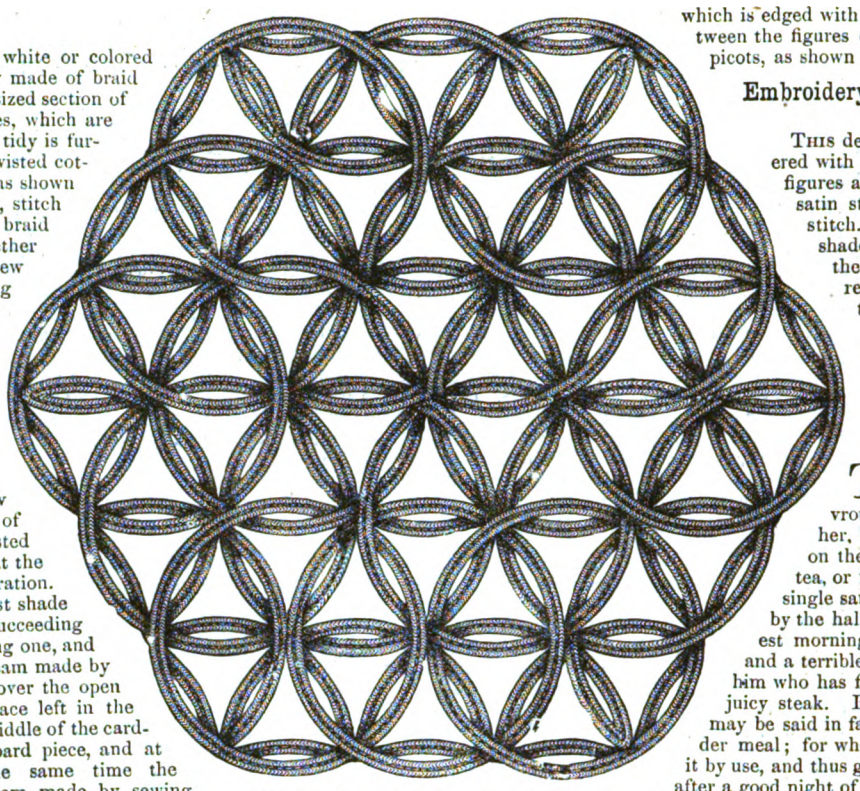


Fig. 2.—SEXAGON FOR BRAID TIDY. FULL SIZE.

Pen-Wiper simulating a Dahlia, Figs. 1–3.

To make this pen-wiper cut two round pieces of card-board each two inches and four-fifths in diameter. Bind each of these pieces two-fifths of an inch wide with black cashmere. On one of these pieces sew five circles of leaves, as shown by Fig. 2. For each of these leaves take a thread of violet double zephyr worsted three inches and four-fifths long, double it, knot it at the middle, and double it again, as shown by the illustration. The leaves of the outer circle are made of the lightest shade of violet, and are sewed on first; the leaves of each succeeding circle are of a darker shade than those of the preceding one, and sewed on so that each succeeding circle covers the seam made by sewing on the preceding one (see Figs. 1 and 2). Cover the open space left in the middle of the card-board piece, and at the same time the seam made by sewing on the inner (darkest) circle of leaves, with a small ball of yellow double zephyr wool which has been trimmed off flat, in the middle of which are several knots of green floss silk. On the other piece of card-board sew a strip of black cashmere an inch and three-quarters wide, which is pinked and arranged in thick box-pleats, letting it project three-fifths of an inch beyond the edge of the card-board piece. In the hollow between each two box-pleats fasten the cashmere part once more with a long stitch. Cover the open space at the middle with a ball of black worsted two inches and two-fifths in diameter. Finally, paste the uncovered sides of the card-board parts on each other.

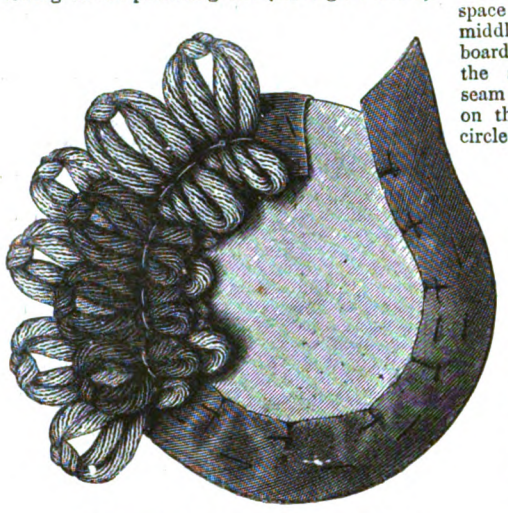
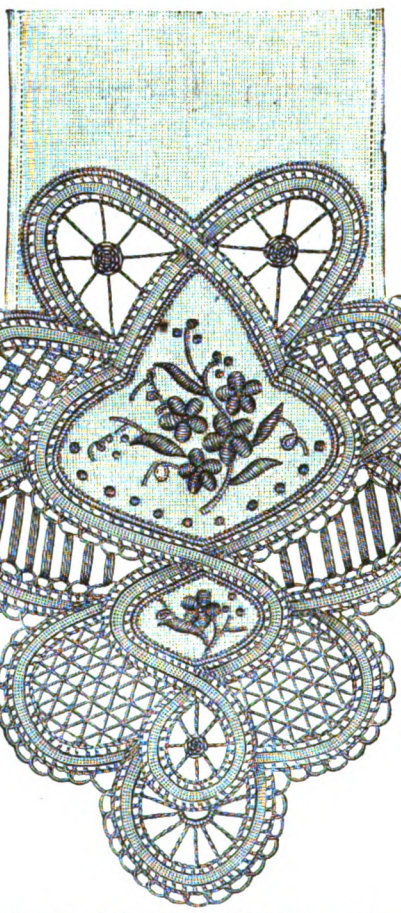


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING DAHLIA.

Point Lace and Embroidered Cravat.

THIS cravat, of which the illustration shows an end in full size, is worked on a strip of cambric two inches and a half wide. Make a narrow hem on the lengthwise edges, and ornament the ends with point lace and white embroidery. To make this cravat transfer the design to stiff linen, sew on the point lace braid, following the lines of the design, and work the lace stitches with fine linen thread as shown by the illustration. After completing the embroidery, remove it from the linen foundation, baste it on the linen cambric strip, and join it with this by means of button-hole stitches. Transfer the design for the white embroidery to the linen cambric, and work it with white embroidery cotton. Finally, cut away the surplus material under the point lace embroidery.



SECTION OF POINT LACE AND EMBROIDERED CRAVAT.

Corners of Guipure, Point Lace, and Venetian Borders for Handkerchiefs, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This border is worked in guipure embroidery. To do this trace the outlines of the design drawn on the material with embroidery cotton, work the button-hole stitch bars as shown by the illustration, and work the outlines of the design figures in button-hole stitch. The wider parts of the design must be more heavily underlaid. For the button-hole stitch scallops on the outer edge of the design, and those which lie on the button-hole stitch bars, stretch scallops of thread, and cover these with close button-hole stitches, in doing which form small picots, as shown by the illustration. Finally, cut away the material under the design figures (see illustration).

Fig. 2.—This border is worked in Venetian embroidery on fine linen. Along the outer edge is point lace braid, which is edged with picot scallops. Work the various lace stitches between the figures of the design and the button-hole stitch bars with picots, as shown by the illustration.

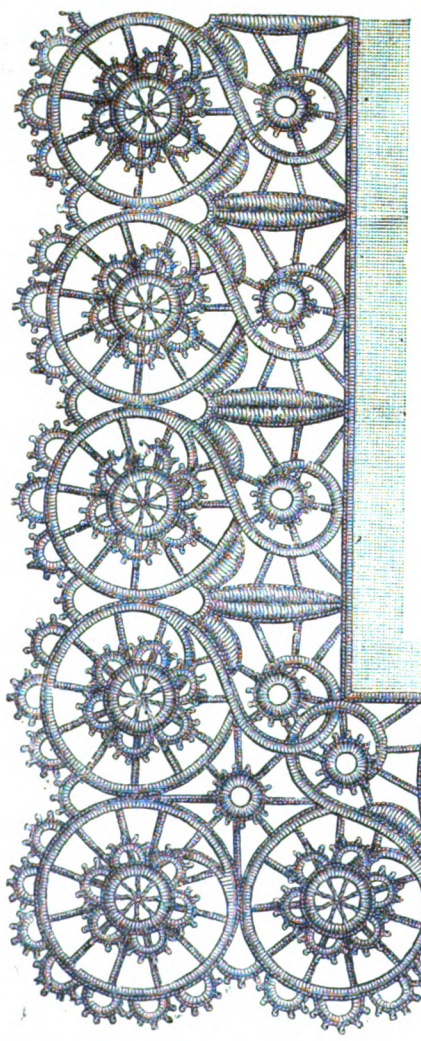


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

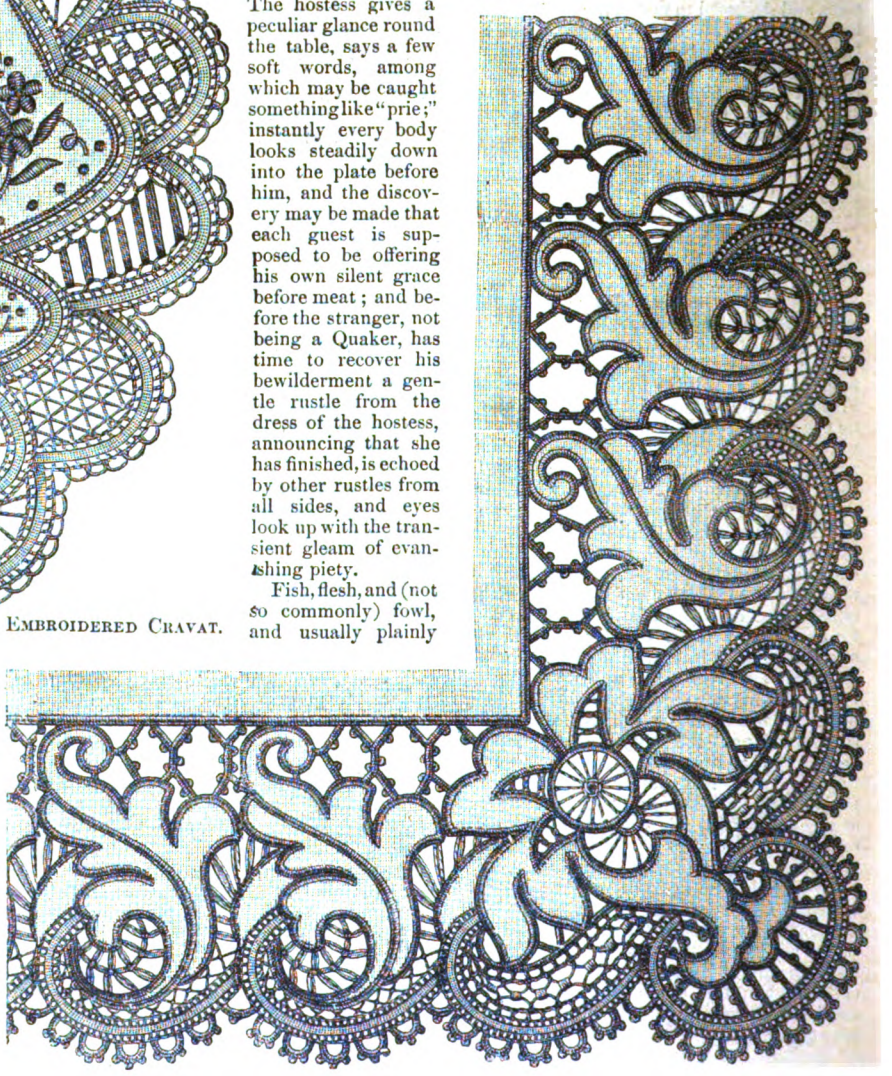


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER IN POINT LACE AND VENETIAN EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

Embroidery Design for Altar-Cloths, Surplices, etc.

See illustration on page 293.

THIS design is worked with embroidery cotton on lace covered with Swiss muslin. The narrow outlines of the design figures are worked in half-polka stitch, and the wide ones in satin stitch. Work the white four-leaved figures in satin stitch. For the berries in the middle of the flower work shaded eyelet-holes. Work the veins in the middle of the narrow leaves in ladder stitch, and the veins of the remaining leaves in satin and half-polka stitch. Work the scalloped outer edge of the border in button-hole stitch. Cut away the Swiss muslin between the design figures, and work wheels in the middle of the five-leaved figure (see illustration).

LIFE IN HOLLAND.

THE family meet in the morning-room for what may be called a very literal "break-fast." Mevrouw sits at the table, with her cherished china before her, and a steaming kettle on an open stove by her side on the floor. She gives to each a small cup of delicious tea, or not quite so good coffee, at choice; and this, with a single sandwich of thin-sliced buttered black bread, flanked by the halves of a little new white roll, must content the sharpest morning appetite till mid-day. All is over in five minutes; and a terrible discomfiture it is, on the first morning of trial, for him who has flattered his hungry soul by visions of kidneys or a juicy steak. But a good deal may be said in favor of this slender meal; for when reconciled to it by use, and thus gently stimulated after a good night of sleep, body and mind are in better condition for real hard work during the next three or four hours—the most important in the day—than when overburdened by a heavy breakfast: *crede experto*.

Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING DAHLIA LEAF.

Fig. 1.—PEN-WIPER SIMULATING A DAHLIA.

Mevrouw at once proceeds with a most important operation—that of "washing up." She would no more intrust her precious china to the hands of a servant than would a young mother the cutting of her baby's eyelashes to the under nurse. It is even said, so general is the practice, that her most gracious M——y the Q——n of H——d performs the like anxious task. Washed and wiped, the china is carefully put away and locked up in the glass-sided cabinet for the admiration of beholders until the next meal; and thus these, as well as other valuable works of art stored in sight, are not kept merely for show, but, as surely is their proper function, are put to constant use. The gentlemen light up cigars, as a matter of course, and go to business.

The next family meeting is generally at twelve. Mevrouw, her china, and her kettle are there as before; but this time there is a more plentiful supply of bread-and-butter, and the black-bread sandwich is supplemented by others of thin-sliced dried meat. The meal, however, scarcely differs from the earlier one, except that there is a larger quantity eaten, and a second cup of tea or coffee may be had. In the summer months light Rhine wines make their appearance. "Wash up" as before, inevitable cigar, and separation.

These slight snacks, whets to appetite merely, lead up, in full accord with the famous principles of De Quincey, to dinner, the great, the preponderating meal, about which, as he almost sublimely says, "the whole day should centre;" and certainly a Dutch dinner is a tremendous fact. During one-half of the twenty-four hours it is impossible to be unconscious that you have not dined, and during the other not to be conscious that you have—the facts are too strong, appetite and repletion. Let us begin. Suppose the guests to be seated: there is one preliminary which seems odd to one accustomed to the audible and even sonorous grace before meat of our dear old rector. The hostess gives a peculiar glance round the table, says a few soft words, among which may be caught something like "prie;" instantly every body looks steadily down into the plate before him, and the discovery may be made that each guest is supposed to be offering his own silent grace before meat; and before the stranger, not being a Quaker, has time to recover his bewilderment a gentle rustle from the dress of the hostess, announcing that she has finished, is echoed by other rustles from all sides, and eyes look up with the transient gleam of evanishing piety.

Fish, flesh, and (not so commonly) fowl, and usually plainly

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EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR ALTAR-CLOTHS, SURPLICES, ETC.

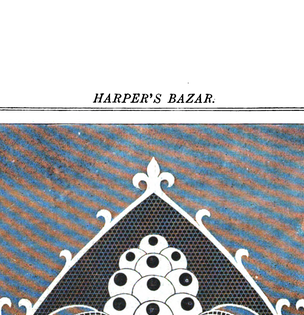

Fig. 1.—BRAID TIDY.—REDUCED SIZE.—[See Page 292.]

cooked, are the staples. The Dutch are so particular about their fish being perfectly fresh that a good housewife is not satisfied unless she sees them actually alive either in the market or brought swimming in water-tanks to her door. The first herring of the season is held a dish of luxury, and one dollar is a common price for an early one. Mighty dishes of vegetables, boiled and afterward stewed in butter, appear as courses, and the quantity piled upon one's plate is at first embarrassing to the fleshly appetite. There are four or five varieties of the kidney-bean, all well worthy of commendation. These beans are salted in large earthern jars, or preserved by an ingenious plan, by baking, for winter use, and, fresh, salted, or preserved, they are brought upon the table throughout the year, when other green vegetables are not to be had; for without his great plateful of vegetable *par se* no Hollander holds himself to have properly dined. There are invariably two courses of solid meat, and the changes are rung upon beef, veal, ham; for mutton and lamb are scarcely ever eaten. Good mutton is not to be had in Holland. There is some peculiarity in the pastures or climate which makes mutton very rank and tallowy. The poor people eat it, of course, and so they do geese, which are by no means looked upon as a luxury; but a greater number by far of fat sheep than are consumed in Holland are shipped for the English, particularly the London, market.

The amenities of the table and its customs have their slight peculiarities. The *pièce de résistance* and other meat dishes are carved by the host into slices upon a plate, which is passed from guest to guest, who help themselves according to fancy, every gentleman having previously taken good care of his left-hand lady, his own peculiar charge. A stranger will soon be taught that she expects him to choose a slice to her liking, and, having helped himself and passed on the meat-plate, to make a tender inquiry about her selection of pickles, for he can not but notice that she has meanwhile been making a solemn and deliberate survey of the great variety upon the table; pickles she and every body invariably eats with meat, hot or cold—and no wonder, the quality being really superb. The great pride of a Dutch housewife, if it may not be said that preserves are a greater, is pickles, and both of them make a great show upon the dinner-table. One little custom prevails in helping a fair left-hand neighbor to wine—the gentleman must be careful to pour a few drops into his own glass first. Whether this be simply to give himself the benefit of any particles of dust or cork upon the top, or be actually the remains of the ancient custom of tasting to deny the presence of poison in the cup, the thing is always done to the last glass. Possibly it may even be the heathen custom of libation, which is certainly practiced by the lower classes in England; and in Holland the ceremony is gone through even with decanted wine.

The Dutch have solved the great eating-with-the-knife question in a very effectual manner by doing away with the temptation. Their native specimens of cutlery are so bad that in using them there can be no ever-recurring pleasure such as may be had in wielding a well-balanced, smooth, ivory-handled Rodgers, which answers to every turn of the wrist, and cuts so clean and true as to make one fancy even the toughest beefsteak negotiable into tidbits. The diner in Holland is expected to cut up his meat and other eatables all at once upon his plate, as well as he can manage with his wretched implement, which he then gladly deposits upon a glass holder by his side, and proceeds to eat away with the fork alone, held in his right hand. The stock of cutlery, bad as it is, can not be very large, for one knife and fork is all the allowance for each person during the whole dinner.

The various dishes of fresh fruit, or fruit preserved entire, such as peaches and apricots, are handed up in succession to the hostess first, who, having counted noses, cuts up into halves or quarters, according to the number of guests and the quantity of fruit upon the dish, which is then passed from hand to hand; so that, whether the supply be plentiful or scanty, each guest, if he choose, may have his fair portion. This seems to be a hospitable method; it certainly prohibits on the one hand the display of selfish dexterity sometimes made on a dish of fine peaches, when there are a dozen or more to partake, or,

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on the other hand, of the modest forbearance which leaves the peaches untouched and the longing soul unsatisfied.

Immediately after eating has ceased the cigar-box is taken round by the children, if any are present, and no lady dreams of objecting, nor is even consent asked. After some little time all retire to the drawing-room, where Mevrouw finds her tea equipage ready to her hand; and when the gentlemen have had their small cup they lounge off to business until nine o'clock.

The amusements and occupation of an evening at home in a family in easy circumstances, which is the sort of family whose daily life has been here described, are pretty nearly the same in all parts of the world of civilization, and those in Holland are no exception. A little music, needle-work, and reading, with pleasant chat and small games, not forgetting the preparation of lessons by the children, pass away the time until ten o'clock, when, after another "coffee-drinking," very similar to the early morning meal, the family retire to rest.

AN IDYL OF THE EARLY SPRING.

OH! clear and calm and open as
The forehead of a sleeping child,
And blue and cool and far away,
The April heaven o'er me smiled!
The violets from their low, green homes
Peeped up, and patterned by its hue;
"We will be like the sky," they said,
"Forever pure, forever blue!"

Dropped through the branches of the beech—
Unleaved and sear from wintry stress—
The fervid kisses of the sun
Recalled the earth to blessedness.
And, startled from her long, white trance,
Abashed and scantily clad she lay;
Meanwhile the robin's glancing breast
Gave life and gladness to the day.

And where the creeping winter-green
Its fruit in coral broidery weaves
I found the shy arbutus hid
Beneath the crisp and russet leaves.
The fair patrician of the woods!
Their daintiest treasure—pink and white!
As balmy as the myrtle flower
That sweetens the Italian night.

The vagrant brightness of the days
Had coaxed a freshness to the moss;
And many a brown and naked stretch
By maple blooms was blown across.
Like swarms of tiny winged things,
Clinging to branches bare and high,
Their tender scarlet clusters shone
Against the blueness of the sky.

There were mysterious gleams of white
Among the hollows, lying low,
Drooped over by dusk evergreens—
But I could laugh at April snow.
I knew its fostering mantle hid
The darlings of the coming May,
When constant Nature should fulfill
Her premonitions of to-day.

And sudden, silver sweet, I heard
A bluebird singing in the hedge;
Near by a venturous crocus sunned
Its purple on a mossy ledge.
Therefore I could no longer doubt—
So much was plain to eye and ear—
And, thrilled with sudden joy, I cried,
"The spring, the pleasant spring, is here!"

MORTMAIN.

I.

"—The touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

AT evening time, where the river Thames is broad and deep. Lapping its highest tide mark, the mighty black water was full to the brim with craft of all sort—brig, and bark, and brigantine, and cutter, and barge, and hoy; around them swarming in picturesque confusion a host of smaller insect-like fry; while down the middle channel moved with stately grace a long procession of outward-bound, each attended by its tiny, fiery tug.

The sun was low over dusky, wonderful London, and the dome of St. Paul's and the Abbey towers began to fade in deepening gloom. A wherry containing a seaman's chest, clamped and iron-bound, lay beneath a certain stately terrace, and the moody waterman who sat therein smoked his pipe in silence and waited.

Above, on the balustrade of the little landing-place, leaned two, who talked together. When, with the dear one's hand in ours, we stand gathering up all life's misery into those awful brief moments which are to return for us no more, hardly may we find words. For these two time was short and unspeakably precious, yet the stream of speech flowed sluggishly—a word or so, and then a deep, deep silence.

He spoke first—a shortish, thick-set young man, with fair northern face, stern lips, and a curly beard glorified with ruddy sunlight.

"Time's almost up, ain't it, Tilt?" he cried to the man in the wherry.

"Ten minutes more, mate," answered the waterman, veiling his eyes with discretion.

The terrace above them was deserted; no human being was in sight, save where, some stone's-throw distant, a City steamer poured forth her freight of tired, work-worn souls panting for rest and their diurnal whiff of fresh air. He put his arm round the girl's waist and looked into her face.

A slender, lithe figure was hers, and an abundance of raven hair wreathed a little well-set-on head; but not pretty—you said, plain even—till great sable-fringed gray eyes raised suddenly to yours, half defiantly, half coaxingly, were wont to give you the lie direct. A woman you would never take the trouble to turn your head to look at, or about whose country or calling you'd hazard a speculation, yet was she, when you got to know her, interesting after her own peculiar fashion. A strange nondescript little animal, inconsistent in thought, word, and deed, and yet, as I suppose, none the less fascinating for this last circumstance. Her hair was neatly tucked up under a very unremarkable bonnet, black in color, as was her whole dress, save where here and there glimmered a scarlet silken sash, which wee yellow hands toyed with nervously and incessantly.

"Well, Stella," says the lover, "ten minutes more, is't, *and then*—don't cry, pretty one, it's only for this once, remember, and then we say good-by to sea-going forever, and put into a snug little harbor of our own, all plain sailing and sunshine, where we needn't care a fig which way the wind blows. Lord! how I've always envied those old chaps who knock off after their good day's work and come to an anchor in the Old Kent Road, or some such sailor paradise, where they can rig up a mast and weather-cock in the back garden among the beans and cabbages, and haul down the flag and fire a gun at sunset!"

"How you talk, Dick!"—this half pettishly—"you wouldn't be happy in a place like that; and how could you fire a gun there, old stupid?"

"Well, may be not. I didn't go exactly for to mean what I said, but we'll have a mast, you mind, and every thing ship-shape, up the country when we two turn farmers."

She came a little closer to him, and the gray eyes looked into his.

"Dick, I can't part with you—*I can not.*"

"Nonsense, my girl! what's the good of going on like that? It's the last time, as I've told you a dozen times over; won't that satisfy you? And remember, Stella, if I can't fetch you, I hold you to your promise of coming out to me with Tilt's wife; for you see," said he, cautiously lowering his voice, "I may have to cut and run for it at Auckland—there's no knowing."

"Ah, Dick, don't do any thing rash!"

"No danger; not if I can help it. Bless your little heart! I'm one of those who look before they leap, and if the skipper behaves himself I'll come back with him; but I misdoubt his cant, he's all jaw, he is; but what odds is it! every thing 'll be serene so long as you keep true to me. Stella," said the young sailor, with a certain huskiness in his deep bass voice, "I'm a rough sort of fellow to think of marrying you with your pretty lady ways, and little hands, and all that; but I'm a different sort of man since you loved me and I had your promise. Don't give me up, my darling; you'll kill me if you do. You're the only thing I have got in the world, remember."

She was gazing into the river, and answered inconsequentially:

"How awful the river looks, Dick!"

"Ay, it looks black enough, don't it? many a pretty fellow it's sucked down in its time, I reckon. How should you like me to be struggling about in it?" he asked, with abruptness.

"Dick—don't, don't! how cruel you are, Dick!" she went on, dreamily; but shuddering slightly, meanwhile, and still staring at the lapping wavelets. "A strange curiosity makes me ask, how near were you—when were you closest to drowning?"

"Hanged if I can remember, Stella—I've made a precious near shave of it several times. Last voyage but one—coming home it was, I recollect—I was doing a job of painting, and I'd got a board out made fast, and paint-pot, and every thing, when all of a sudden the rotten rope broke in the middle, and down went board, paint-pot, and all, leaving me dangling at the end I'd caught hold of, with an uncommonly unpleasant sort of idea that it might break off the next minute."

"Supposing it had—should you have been drowned?"

"Ay, my girl, of course I should!"

"But you're such a swimmer, Dick—such a strong, good swimmer!"

"Lord bless you, child, what do you suppose that would signify? You'd only tread the water a quarter of an hour longer. They couldn't have heard me call, and they wouldn't have missed me for an hour or so, I dare say."

"But you were saved, Dick!"

"Obviously, Stella; the rope did *not* break. But I'm a brute to talk to you like this, dear. I've been mercifully preserved more times than I'm afraid I ever call to mind. 'They that go down in ships,' you know— My darling, do you recollect teaching me that Psalm?"

"Did I teach it you, Dick? I'm glad I did that."

"You taught me all I know of good, Estelle."

"Dear old boy, you're better yourself, a good deal, than I am. I don't think I half believe what I teach you."

"Don't say so—don't tell me that!" cried he, catching her suddenly in his arms; "*your* goodness is the one thing *I* believe in; what else can keep you true to me when the great sea's between us? Oh, my God, Estelle, if I thought you *could* be false!"

"Dick, what's this new thought?" said Estelle, soothingly. "What can make you think I *could* be false to you?"

"Don't know, I'm sure; all women are false, as I suppose; and as for you, you're a born coquette, if there ever was one. But, in spite of every thing, it's me you'll care for, and me only, I know that. You may marry some one richer, and better looking, and fairer spoken, but your *love* is mine forever, remember. Look you, Estelle"—and he struck his clinched fist hard on the stone coping of the balustrade—"you may give your hand to another, but your heart shall be mine through all eternity. No, my girl, false to me you may be, but forget me you never shall. No, so help me Heaven, living or dead, you sha'n't forget the sound of Dick Tempest's voice—nor, by God, the touch of his hand!"

On her little tawny palm he laid that strong right hand of his, which an instant before was glowing with warm and passionate blood.

A cold, clammy, horror-inspiring touch!

One start of terrified amazement, and then, hiding her face on his shoulder, she gave way to a burst of hysterical sobs.

"My little pet, have I frightened her? Forgive me, Stella, forgive me; cheer up and smile once more at me before I go."

Ere he could tranquilize her, the patient waterman had pointed up the dusky river, and said:

"Time's mostly up, matey!"

"Smile once more for me before I go, Estelle—just this once."

She looked up at him and smiled—a sickly, wintry smile, but still a smile for all that.

He showered kisses on the upturned face.

"God keep you, darling! Good-by."

He jumped into the waiting boat, and they pushed off. Leaning on both arms, Estelle marked the lessening speck approach the side of one of the tall outward-bound, in whose blackness Dick and his chest were speedily absorbed. She could see no more, strain her eyes as she might, and she turned from the pier with a weary little sigh, when one on the terrace above confronted her.

"Ah, Miss Morris, out late this evening!"

"Is it late?" said she, fumbling hurriedly for her watch.

"Oh, by Jove! don't think I'm complaining, more especially since it procures me the pleasure of your company, for we may just as well walk home together, you know."

Estelle hesitated.

"Nonsense," cried he, with ever so little of good-humored patronage in his voice; "don't be so overscrupulous, Miss Morris. Where's the harm? Besides, look here: you'd better make yourself as agreeable as you can to me, or you'll have me informing mamma, when she comes home, how you left your infant charges, to wander alone, goodness knows why, in the hospital at eight o'clock at night."

Wander *alone!* He hadn't *seen*, then; and if he hadn't seen, he certainly didn't suspect.

Suspicion and ugly things of that sort rarely entered the mind of Herbert Freke she knew full well, and she glanced at the proposed companion of her walk with admiring appreciation of the frankness, for which her own nature furnished no equivalent. That there was more than this to admire in him, I think most women would have conceded who saw him as he was then, before care had drawn one line on the broad white forehead, or saddened the brightness of the bold blue eyes. And in those days he was in a measure conscious of his own good looks, the knowledge of their possession sitting lightly upon him, and giving a not ungraceful assurance to all he said or did, as if he took it for granted that the very sight of him was enough to create a favorable impression on your mind.

Now, in a limited space such as this, I can not see what possible use there is in muffling up a fact which another half-dozen lines will make patent to you.

Herbert Freke was in love with Estelle Morris.

Dear me! to think how cautious his pretty step-mother had been in her selection of the young lady who was to become an inmate of her house, and what an excessively judicious choice she fancied she had made in the little tawny girl, who dressed with such simple neatness, who never spoke but when she was spoken to, and who, though she had every accomplishment at her fingers' ends, never thought it too much trouble to perform the humblest services for her employers! A sailor's orphan she was, too—a fact which had weight with both herself and kind old Admiral Freke. Of a very absorbent nature was Miss Estelle Morris; and though made the depositary of many secrets, from that wonderful piece of ordnance, which the humane old admiral had invented for the painless conversion of Abyssinian and other refractory blacks to impalpable powder, down to the little misfortunes of Mrs. Freke's lady's-maid's cousin in the Guards, yet made she no return of confidence.

In her humility, she was wont to fancy that it couldn't the least interest Mrs. Freke to know of her engagement to Dick Tempest, any more than it would afford the admiral satisfaction to learn that his only son embraced every opportunity of writing letters in the school-room, of walking in Greenwich Park with his little sisters, and attending them, conjointly with their careful preceptress, in those donkey rides on Blackheath, which ranked among their favorite amusements.

Pray be good enough not to conjure up a vision of the artful, murderous little governess heroine of the period. Not of such was my poor Estelle. She did but do what came pleasantest to her. A poor, rudderless, cockle-shell of a boat, which stormy wind or balmy breeze wafted where it listed, and which you might scarcely blame for enjoying and making the most of each sunshiny port into which it drifted. As to Herbert Freke and how it was with him from a very early stage, she had known all about that well enough; in such matters women are marvelous good guessers. It was flattering, *very*, this undisguised admiration of his, and you must own it would have taken a strong-minded little governess to have resisted the dangerous pleasure of watching the development of first love.

For, as it happened, she was this young man's first love, who, though he had gone out and about and seen much of women and the world, had yet contrived to live to the age of twenty-seven without forming any serious attachment, and then Estelle Morris became the governess of his little half-sisters. She had not *exactly* encouraged him—there was no occasion for her to do so, perhaps; but often enough conscience and vanity had a tough little fight of it; and when the lists are held in a woman's heart, we all know which of the two is like to bite the dust. She was undoubtedly fascinating, and knew herself to be so, and it was as hard for her to abstain from the exercise of such diablerie as she possessed as for a witch to resist the temptation of riding on her broomstick. After all, as she thought, there wasn't so very much of naughtiness in it. What harm could it possibly do to poor Dick, safe on board the *Ocean Queen*, and puffing a peaceful pipe without troubling his head about her, if Herbert Freke did happen to walk home by her side?

So they strolled along, these two, under the grand old chestnut avenues—they planted them for lovers some time when the first Charles was king—and then passed through an iron gate to where Admiral Freke's great white house turned a sullen shoulder on its beautiful neighbor, the park, and stared with all its windows into a terraced, stucco-vased, red-geraniumed garden.

The little sisters had finished their tea long ago, their lessons were learned for the morrow, their Herz and Czerny duly practiced, and they had already begun to wonder at the absence of their governess.

Herbert assisted Miss Morris to keep them well amused till, the blessed hour of bed-time arriving, they filed off one by one, and left himself and Estelle to the undisturbed possession of the school-room.

It was very pleasant, doubtless; but there was something indisputably guilty in the hasty way Herbert jumped up directly the wheels of Admiral and Mrs. Freke's returning brougham were heard, and stepping through the glass door on the terrace outside, lit a cigar, and plunged into the darkness.

Mrs. Freke, three minutes later, crossing the hall in gorgeous attire, caught Estelle at the foot of the stairs with her candle, just going to bed—a dusky little figure, whose cheek she kissed with courtesy and something warmer.

II.

They were keeping Christmas at the white house on the hill. In spite of gloomy oaken staircases and dark paneled walls, it was a cheery old house, where they lit big fires and filled the rooms with merry kinsfolk, who made them ring with joyous laughter, and consumed the good things provided for them greatly to their own satisfaction and that of the jolly admiral, who loved nothing so well as to see himself surrounded by happy faces.

Estelle Morris was there. Where else, indeed, could the poor little lonesome creature be? Relations she had none, and no friends so kind as her kind employers.

And she was useful, too. Few were there who as well as she could arrange flowers for dinner-table or drawing-room, or so contrive that each guest should sit next the one he or she preferred, or so untiringly play when the young people got up a little dance on the spur of the moment. It was Estelle who laid the *Times* ready to Mr. Grantham's hand, and adjusted the candles for Mrs. Mangle's worsted-work. Also in those tea-cup tempests which prevail when young ladies are thrown into country-house communion with each other, how skillfully was she used to throw oil on the troubled waters! There was no one like Estelle.

Eagerly but surreptitiously had she during the past months scanned that corner of the newspaper which contains the shipping intelligence, and more than once she saw that Dick Tempest's vessel had been sighted by home-coming ships; still no one of these had brought her letter or loving word to freshen the memory of his trust in her; and though the flame of love wants but little, ever so little, of nourishment to keep it burning, it is not of asbestos, and, untrimmed, sooner or later it dies out.

It was impossible to take exception to Estelle's conduct; it was exemplary. She never flirted with the young men who were staying in the house; the harmless amusement of dancing even she steadily refused, save when required to make up a quadrille, or officiate as partner to some gawky hobbledehoy pertinaciously rejected by other young ladies.

She was demure, courteous, and quite impenetrable.

The Christmas festivities were to culminate in a grand ball, and in the necessary preparations Estelle had for many days found sufficient occupation for her hands, if not for her thoughts.

It was late in the day before the arrangements were completed; and long after Mrs. Freke and the other ladies had retired to dress and drink strong tea in one another's bedrooms, Estelle entered the drawing-rooms, and proceeded with light and skillful hand to give the finishing touches to the decorations.

She was very clever with her fingers, and it was a real pleasure to her to train the graceful creeping plants over the hanging baskets which decorated the sides of the rooms, to arrange with artist eye the fairy-like pink and white drapery which screened the windows, and then, as a final triumph, to set all of a blaze the innumerable wax-candles.

Poor little Estelle—poor little heart, which in this wax-lit, hot-house-flower atmosphere, experienced a veritable *épanchement!* How truly did her character enunciate itself in the effect produced on her by the meretricious beauty of the scene!

She forgot herself, her troubles, her perplexities, and seeing but the pretty, brilliant rooms, the mirrors, the flowers, in her eyes a magic palace, she became childishly exultant; she clapped her hands, she sang, she executed a rapid pirouette, till all of a sudden, catching sight of her-

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self and her poor shabby little black frock in a gigantic looking-glass, she was so powerfully struck by the incongruity of her appearance, that she stopped short, threw herself on a couch, and burst into an agony of tears.

Another instant and Herbert Freke was by her side, who, having been smoking on the balcony, had been, I need scarcely say, a witness to the scene.

"Miss Morris—dear Estelle, what's the matter?" And he took the hands that were sheltering her face into his own. "Mayn't I have at least the right to comfort you?" he was beginning, tenderly, when, wrenching herself from his grasp, she broke from him ere another word could escape his lips, and, rushing impetuously from the room, left him *planté là*, confused, puzzled, and extremely uncomfortable.

Estelle threw herself on her bed and there wept passionately, till, becoming conscious that but the barest quarter of an hour remained for the purposes of the toilette, she arose, and swallowing, drying, and putting away her tears after the fashion of women, proceeded to make herself as fit to be seen as circumstances permitted.

Poor Estelle's was no exception to the usual governess wardrobe, which seldom contains much variety of evening dress. Such an occasion as the present had never presented itself before, and it was with many misgivings as to its propriety, and a deprecating sigh, that she drew from its box an old dress of her mother's, which she had modernized as far as was practicable. Her dressing was hurried over; scarce even a parting glance was bestowed on the narrow looking-glass ere she left the room, and yet among the knots of girls who were surveying each other's bravery, she heard, as she passed, a whisper that her toilet was "*très chic*," and "she looks as well as any of us."

She did indeed. Had she given *carte blanche* to Descou, no dress could have been more becoming to her than was the rich, old-fashioned white tabinet, besprinkled with apricot-colored bouquets.

In her profuse black hair she had twined a long chain of uncut coral—a sailor's gift. No ornament concealed her perfectly shaped shoulders and arms, her eyes were soft with repressed emotion, and her dark cheeks flushed with unwonted color.

Mrs. Freke, fair and stately, in ruby velvet and pearls, looked critically at her as she entered, smiled a pleased smile, and laid a kind hand on her arm.

"My dear child, I insist on your enjoying yourself to-night. No dancing with gouty old gentlemen or stupid boys. Remember, this is your first ball."

There was a grateful glitter in her eyes, but she made no reply. Dancing was one of those accomplishments which came naturally to Estelle, and though not a pretty girl, yet, having precisely those sort of looks which nine men out of ten admire, she soon found that she had no lack of partners.

It was toward the end of the evening; and half tired of pleasure, and quite wearied out with the unwonted exercise, Estelle leaned on the arm of Herbert Freke. Her steps had lost their elasticity; each dance had grown shorter and shorter; and they had contented themselves for some time with watching the exertions of their revolving companions, when Herbert exclaimed:

"How stifling this heat is; let's go and look for some cool refuge where you can rest. That you can't dance any more, I'm certain."

Many curtains, looking-glasses, and sofas had converted the school-room into a bower fit for beauty, and Freke, leading Estelle thither, deposited her in a large arm-chair beside the window, and took possession himself of a humbler seat close beside her.

It was a wild wintry night, and the bare branches of the chestnut-trees without creaked and moaned like souls in purgatory.

Estelle shivered, and Herbert took a great fur rug from a sofa and wrapped it round her.

"A wild night indeed; God save all at sea!" prayed Estelle, silently; and then, as if in answer to her unspoken words, Herbert said:

"Doesn't it blow tremendously? They say that for years there hasn't been such a gale known, or such a number of wrecks round the coast."

And drawing the heavy curtain from the window, he gazed curiously into the blackness beyond.

Estelle cowered at the howling blast which now made itself more distinctly heard, and, with an effort, she asked:

"Mr. Freke, the wind isn't as high as this all over the world, is it? You don't suppose it's such a dreadful night every where, do you?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," answered Herbert, whose scientific notions were, to say the least, dim. "Miss Morris, I didn't bring you here to talk about wrecks and horrors of that sort, but to finish a little conversation we commenced a few hours ago, which came to an abrupt termination, if you remember. Estelle, why did you rush away from me in that manner? You might have guessed—you did guess, didn't you, what it was I had to say to you? What's the good of many words? You know I love you, and I've tried for weeks to find an opportunity to tell you so; and now the time has come. Estelle, my darling, do you love me well enough to be my wife? answer me."

And so it was all within her grasp, all this warmth of luxury, this wealth—all this which to her sensuous nature was so dear. For a few brief moments she sat there with bent-down head, looking into her own heart—ah me! what a *vacarme* was there! Pride, remorse, woman's vanity, woman's pity, all grappling with one another, and the door barred on love, or the conflict had not been.

Draw the curtain, pass on—of every day are such battles.

"My darling, can't you answer? and I love you so much, Estelle! I am waiting for what you will say to me."

She raised her head suddenly, like a startled listening deer:

"Some one calls—whose voice is that? Surely not your mother's!"

"No one calls, Estelle; there is no one here but you and me." And he put his arm round her slender form. Estelle scarcely endeavored to disengage herself. "Estelle, you don't speak; but your silence tells me you are mine—my very own," said Herbert, taking a lover's first kiss from lips which were not unwilling.

As I have said, the evening was now far spent, and the lights burned low in that little room where these two sat alone—silent, from the very intensity of their happiness.

Another minute or two, and the girl had started wildly to her feet, her great eyes dilated, her lips and cheeks ghastly pale.

"Take your hand away from mine!" she screamed. "Oh, Heaven, take your hand away—it's icy cold, Herbert; it's clammy—it freezes—it kills me!"

She stood a few paces from him, her eyes fixed not on him, but on something beyond.

"Estelle," said Herbert, with bewilderment, "I'm not touching you. What's the matter—aren't you well?"

"How dare you say you aren't touching me! Your hands are so cold, they strike to my very heart like ice."

"You're dreaming, Estelle," said Herbert, with a suspicion of asperity in his tone, "no one touches you."

The strange look of horror which had come over Estelle's face gradually died away, leaving her still ashy pale. She drew close to where Herbert stood, and said, coaxingly, but with a forced smile:

"You're only joking, Herbert, aren't you? You had got hold of my hand, you know."

"I swear to you, Estelle," replied Freke, gravely, "that what I say is true—no one was touching you."

To her face came back once more that ghastly look of awe, and, uttering a shriek of terror, she threw herself into his arms.

"Save me—oh, Herbert, save me! Don't you hear it is he who calls me! His arms are round my neck—he's strangling me—have mercy, mercy! His hand's in mine—it's cold, deadly cold!" she screamed; and then sinking her voice to an awful whisper, which, till his dying day, will ring in Herbert Freke's ears, "O God, Herbert, it's *wet!*"

Those were the last words Estelle Morris ever spoke. She lay prone at Herbert's feet, rigid and insensible, and he lifted her from the ground and placed her on the sofa, from which she had gleamed at him in her strange, weird beauty.

What passed afterward he knew not—a hideous phantasmagoria of moving figures, and terror-stricken, death-paled faces; the convulsive screams of some great agony mingled with the outside storm; there was a sound of lamentation, and then a silence, as it seemed to him, of many days.

So they laid her in her grave, this ill-fated, mysterious orphan, and made greater lamentation over her than she perhaps altogether deserved.

There were no relations to be communicated with, or, at least if she did possess kinsfolk, she was so reticent with regard to them that the Frekes were ignorant of their existence, and among her papers there was no clew to render their discovery possible.

All-merciful time had begun to blunt the edge of Herbert Freke's sorrow, when he chanced upon an ill-printed colonial newspaper, directed in a rough and, it might be, sailor-like writing to "Miss Morris." The merest curiosity induced him to open it, and spell over its pages one by one. There was an account, comprised in half a dozen lines, of the swamping of a boat, in which some sailors had endeavored to escape from their ship—far out in New Zealand waters; he read it uninterestedly. How was he to know that in that same wild December night, in which death had torn Estelle Morris from his arms, the great sea had taken to her bosom a tawny-haired sailor whose name was Richard Tempest?

USEFUL RECIPES.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.—Make a batter of 5 eggs and a pint of milk; add a little salt before the eggs are put in. Have several slices of bread about as thick as for toasting, and spread butter thickly on them. Butter a pudding dish, and put in a layer of bread-and-butter, then raisins and currants, and another layer of bread-and-butter, until the dish is nearly three-quarters full. Flavor the batter with nutmeg; pour over, and bake till it seems firm and done. Eat with sauce.

BEEF PICKLE.—Weigh the beef, selecting nice tender pieces, and to every hundred-weight allow 7 pounds of salt, 2 ounces of saltpetre, 1½ pounds of brown sugar, and 4 gallons of water. In the bottom of the tub place the pieces you intend for "dried beef," then over them pack the other meat. Watch it carefully, and when you find that meat and seasoning seem well incorporated take out the drying pieces and hang up. To the liquor add a little more salt, and let the other pieces remain until wanted. The dried beef can be smoked as you do hams, if preferred; but it is more delicate when that is omitted.

ANOTHER RECIPE.—To 4 gallons of water add 4 ounces of saltpetre, 6 pounds of coarse salt, 1½ pounds of brown sugar, or 1 quart of molasses. Boil well together, skimming whenever any thing rises. Let it boil a few minutes, and then remove from the fire. Pack the pork or beef in the tub, but not too closely, and when the liquor is cold pour it over the meat. In summer the pickle should be poured off and boiled about every month, pouring it on the meat when cold.

NEWBOLD RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—To 18 or 20 pounds of meat put a tea-cupful of molasses, 1 ounce of saltpetre, 1 gallon of water, and salt enough to make the pickle bear an egg. Let the hams lie in this pickle six weeks, then hang them up five or six weeks before you smoke them. Smoke but little, and in March secure them well from flies. Keep through the summer by packing in coarse salt or charcoal.

ANOTHER RECIPE.—Cover a ham (a young one is preferable) with dry salt, letting it remain for twenty-four hours to draw off the blood; then wipe it perfectly dry. Mix well together 1 pound of brown sugar, ¼ of a pound of saltpetre, ½ a pint of coarse salt, 3 pints of fine salt, and 2 gallons of water. Place in an iron pot over the fire, stirring them constantly until they acquire a moderate degree of heat. In this pickle the ham must remain three weeks, frequently turning it. When it is taken out let it dry a day or so before smoking it. A fire from oak sawdust is the best; but only a wood fire should be used.

SAUSAGE.—To have it *good* only the very best pieces of meat should be used. Many think any thing will do, but *then* you can not have the best quality of sausage. To 25 pounds of finely cut meat add 1 gill of black pepper, ½ of a gill of red pepper, a scant half pint of fine table-salt. Mix all well together. If desired, a small quantity of thyme and summer-savory, finely cut, can be added.

SCRAPPLE.—It is very nice fried in slices of about half an inch in thickness, or mixed with potatoes (white)—about two-thirds potatoes and the remainder scrapple. Take all the useless parts from a pig's head; add the lungs, liver, and heart to the carefully cleaned meat; put into an iron pot over the fire with enough cold water to cover it. Let it cook rather slowly until the meat seems done. If the liquor seems too rich add more water, and remove the meat. Take off all the skin, and chop the rest not quite so fine as mince-meat. Put back in the liquor, and when it boils up again stir in corn meal until it is about as thick as mush. A little buckwheat is an improvement. When the meal is in add salt and pepper to the taste, a little thyme, sage, and summer-savory. Cook about half an hour, and pour into pans to mould it. Great care must be taken while it is cooking not to let it scorch, as the corn meal burns very easily.

The moist sugar at the bottom of molasses and sugar barrels is very nice for ginger cakes. It can be got at the grocer's for eight cents per pound, and can be used for dried apples, peaches, etc.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THERE are many good Christian people, living far away in the quietude of their honest country homes, who have an abiding impression that New York city is one great sink of iniquity—a vast whirlpool of vice, which swallows up all the innocent victims within its reach. Such might be the natural verdict of those who should read, believingly, some of the newspapers which go forth from this city filled with hideous records of real and imaginary crimes. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" is their incredulous query. As New York contains more bad people than a city of half its size does, so also, we trust, it contains more good people; as more evil deeds originate here, so also more good and benevolent ones. We enjoy recording those acts of beneficence which centre here, and send their blessings far and wide. A most useful charity, yet one which has made but little noise in our great city, is the Strangers' Hospital, on the corner of Avenue D and Tenth Street, which has recently been opened for the reception of patients. The building, which has cost over $200,000, including the endowment, was the gift of one gentleman to the public. It is designed to afford a home in sickness for permanent as well as transient residents of the city who have not the means to obtain, either at home or in a hotel, the care and treatment they require, and who shrink from the ordinary public hospitals. Those living in the country who have serious diseases, demanding special skill for relief, can be admitted here. The accommodations for private patients are comfortable and commodious; the wards are spacious and well ventilated. The price of board, including medical attendance and medicine, is $7 a week for adults, and $3 for children—about half of the actual cost of the accommodations. One-half of the beds are, however, free for the reception of such worthy persons requiring hospital treatment as may be unable to pay the customary charges. People of ample means will only be admitted where the peculiarities or necessities of the case seem to require the skilled services of the medical board. The Strangers' Hospital can accommodate about 200 patients.

A very choice collection of pictures and other works of art, which has been made by a French nobleman during the last twenty years, was removed from Paris prior to the commencement of the siege, and sold in London recently for about £6000.

The *Scientific American* describes various advertised fuel-saving inventions: a boiler which saves 33 per cent. of fuel, a valve which saves 15 per cent., a governor which saves 10 per cent., a cut-off which saves 10 per cent., a grate that saves 20 per cent., a metal packing which saves 12 per cent., and a lubricator which saves 1 per cent—total, 101 per cent. And the suggestion is made that somebody invent an engine combining all improvements, which would, of course, run itself, and produce a balance of fuel for culinary purposes!

A jolly, joke-loving gentleman of Massachusetts, liberal in politics and religion, was riding in the cars not long since with the Catholic priest of his village, who had been active in the temperance movement. He addressed him something as follows: "Father ——, you are doing a pretty good work just now; I don't know but you are doing as much good as all the other clergymen in town." The priest quietly replied that he was doing what he could to improve his people. "I'll tell you what it is," continued the gentleman, "I've been thinking about attending your church, but was afraid it would cost too much to get all my sins pardoned." "Oh," said the priest, "we can manage your case; when we have a very large contract we make a liberal discount!" The jolly gentleman enjoys repeating this joke as much as he did hearing it in the first instance.

There are thirty Hebrew synagogues in New York city, to each of which are attached benevolent societies. Every society also supports pensioners who are unable to take care of themselves. The Hebrew Relief Society expends $5000 annually for the poor and sick. At the Mount Sinai Hospital last year 723 in-door and 1064 out-door patients received treatment. One hundred and sixty orphans are supported at the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum, and also charity is freely dispensed outside. The Hebrew Benevolent Fuel Association has a thousand members, each of whom pays three dollars a year. They distributed last year one thousand half-tons of coal. There are numerous other societies among the Hebrews, both benevolent and educational, which are conducted in a liberal and systematic manner.

It is said that the spring style for gentlemen when passing a lady on the street is to raise the hat with the left hand. It is important to remember that while performing this ceremony the thumb and little finger are to be placed under the rim, and that the bow must be a little to the left side, and not quite so low as formerly. Gentlemen who find it hard to fall into new fashions gracefully should practice at home before a glass.

The Harvard Boat Club has offered the Atlanta Club of New York the use of its boat-house, and will arrange for a race on the Charles River course in the month of June.

The recent opening of the "Albert Hall," in London, was a really brilliant affair, in which some eight or nine thousand persons participated. This vast circular hall is suitable but for few purposes—such as choral music on a grand scale. But the original idea has been persistently carried out by Queen Victoria in its design and completion. After the great Exhibition of 1851 Prince Albert devised many schemes respecting that part of the town where it had been. Among other projects was that of a great hall of science and art; and when, after the death of the prince, a national memorial was proposed, this hall was included in the design. Public and private subscriptions and appropriations from Parliament have, after much difficulty, furnished the means to complete the Albert Hall.

Those who oppose coffee-drinking will be pleased to know that experiments have been recently carried on in India which prove that coffee pulp will yield, upon distillation, nine per cent. of its own weight of spirit equal in strength to Scotch whisky.

It is said that the elegant Villa Rossini, the gift of the city of Paris to the great composer, has been desecrated by the French themselves—the francs-tireurs. The room in which Rossini died had been left exactly as it was when he breathed his last; and Madame Rossini, careless of whatever damage might be inflicted on other parts of the house, earnestly desired to keep this chamber sacred from intrusion. She caused a request to this effect to be written on the door; yet the room was pillaged, and the furniture wantonly destroyed.

Silver grows plenty, according to a Toronto newspaper, which states that Silver Islet Mine, on the north shore of Lake Superior, has yielded one mass of nearly pure silver, weighing 21,000 pounds, and a great many fragments of lesser size are daily rewarding the miners. In short, the metal is so common that they no longer barrel the ore, but pile it in heaps to be shipped in bulk, as they would iron or lead.

France is bitter toward Germany. Among the German *savans* whose names the French Academy of Sciences has on its lists, and proposes to erase, are those of Liebig, Kohler, Kummer, Bunsen, Hofmann, Weber, Mayer, and Kirchoff; among botanists, Mohl, Braun, and Hofmeister; among biologists and physicians, Siebold, Virchow, Rokitansky. It is even proposed to strike the names of all Germans off the lists of the French medical societies.

A bill which has recently passed both Houses of the New York Legislature authorizes the laying of pipes under the streets of New York city to contain carbonic acid gas, to be used in extinguishing fires. The design is to lay pipes similar to the gas-pipes all over the city, thirty-six inches below the curb-stone, with reservoirs for holding the gas a mile and a half apart.

The numerous friends of the Western Female Seminary, Oxford, Ohio, will learn with deep regret of the disaster which has befallen this benevolent institution. The relentless flames, for the second time since its establishment, have destroyed the seminary building, which was erected chiefly by the donations of a generous Christian public. The origin of the fire is unknown. No lives were lost, though over a hundred and seventy-five young ladies were in the building when the flames burst out. Some were seriously injured in escaping, and many lost nearly all their clothing. No appeal need be made to those who know the history of this institution, and are able to extend a helping hand in its time of need. We understand that contributions may be sent to Philip Hinkle, Esq., Cincinnati, or to Miss Helen Peabody, Oxford, Ohio.

Once upon a time—and it was summer-time—Rev. H. W. Beecher and Dr. Chapin were traveling together upon the outside of a country stage-coach. At one of the stopping-places a countryman asked if they "could make room for him up there," which was cheerfully done. Mr. Beecher entered into conversation with him, and learning he had recently visited New York, asked if he stopped over Sunday, and went to meeting there. He said he did; went to hear a fellow preach, but didn't remember his name.

"Henry Ward Beecher?" suggested Dr. Chapin.

"Yes, that was his name," said the countryman.

"How did you like him?" said Dr. Chapin, slyly winking at Mr. B.

"Oh, very well," said he.

"Did you go to hear him again in the afternoon?" said Mr. B.

"No, I went up town to hear another big fellow."

"Dr. Chapin?" suggested Mr. B.

"Yes, that was the name."

"And which did you like the best?" said Mr. B., winking at Dr. C.

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed the countryman, "Dr. Chapin can preach Beecher right out of his boots!"

The shout that went up from that coach amazed the countryman, who failed to recognize his jovial companions.

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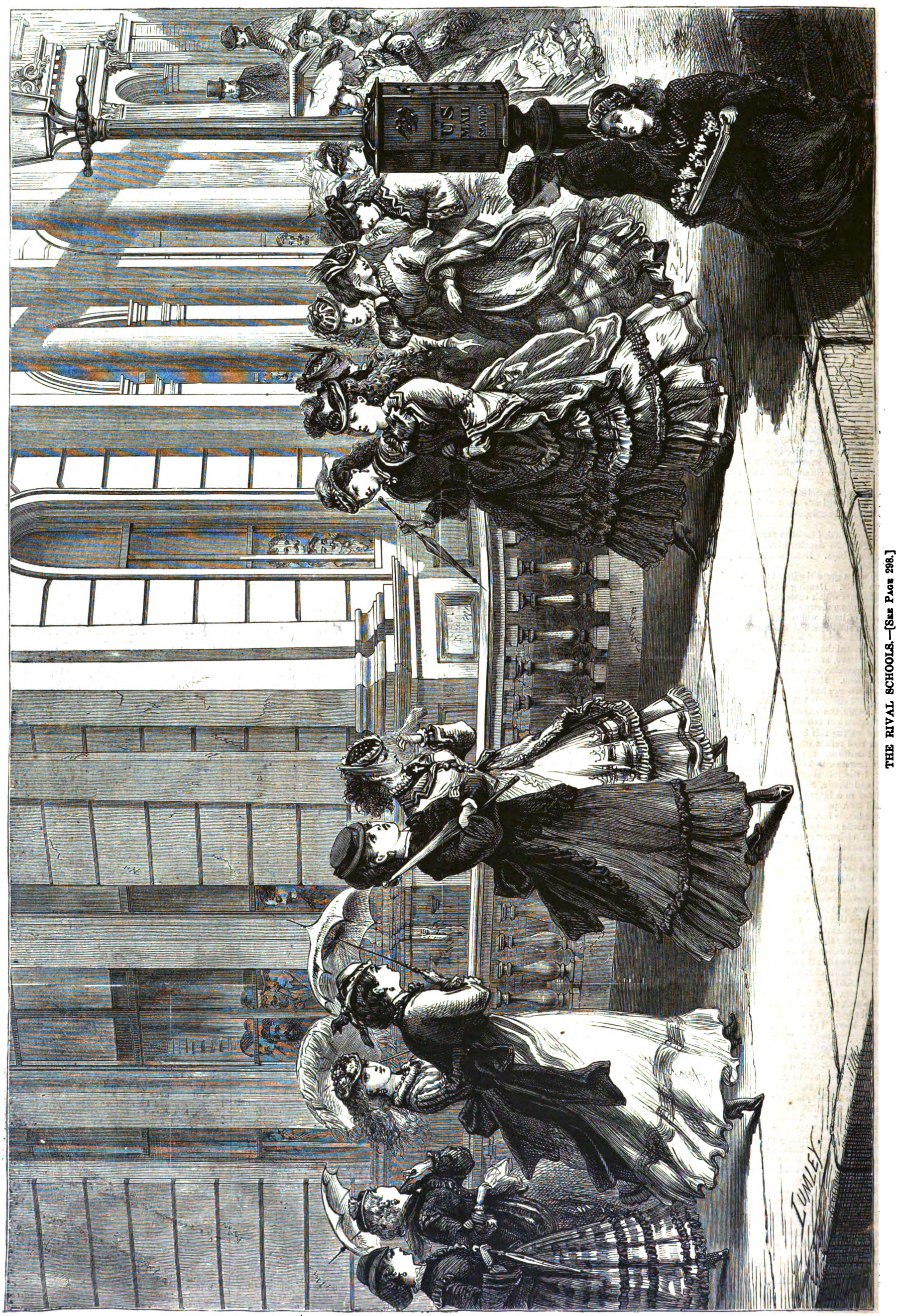

THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.—[SEE PAGE 298.]

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THE LADDER OF LOVE.—DRAWN BY WM. B. MYERS.—[SEE PAGE 298.]

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THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.

COME where the woods are wooing
With fragrant flowers and fair;
Come where the doves are cooing
Love notes on every air.

Come where the wave is strewing
With pink-lipped shells the shore;
Come where the tide is flowing
O'er golden-sanded floor.

Come where the sunlight straying
Mellows us as we swim;
Come where the waters playing
Dimple each rosy limb.

Come to us, come where never
North wind unkindly blows;
Come to us, come and ever
Here in our arms repose.

Cóme where no storms are breaking,
Come where no tempests rend;
Come where love knows no waking,
Come where love knows no end.

THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.

See Illustration on page 296.

GREEK has evidently met Greek in this encounter, so familiar to the dwellers on Fifth and Madison avenues, and great is the curiosity as to what will be the result of the coming tug of war. The blonde leader of one school, with her hair floating in the wind, and her lip superciliously curled, seems like a charger ready to rush on her adversary, and sweep away all before her. The brunette, equally scornful, with her head in air and arms crossed on her breast, is braced to withstand the shock. Their companions eagerly bend forward to witness the meeting, all but the little darling at the left, who has caught a glimpse of a well-known face in the club-house window, which makes her forget even so great an event as the meeting face to face of the rival schools. There is as much *esprit de corps* among school-girls as any other class of the community, and we may be sure that each side enjoys the opportunity to express by look and gesture the opinion that it has of the other, as they sweep up and down the crowded avenue.

THE LADDER OF LOVE.

See Illustration on page 297.

OUR series of pictures this week may almost be said to illustrate the rise and progress of the tender passion. The girls whom we saw in the last engraving coquettishly glancing at the young gentlemen in the club-house windows have emerged from the school-room, and are fairly launched in society. Some of them here have evidently escaped from the crowded ball-room, and, followed by their attendant cavaliers, taken refuge on the broad, cool staircase, where they are holding charming *tête-à-têtes* alone in the midst of a crowd. The couple at the bottom of the staircase seem extremely happy. We can imagine that matters are on an assured footing with them, and that this young girl will be the heroine of our next picture, which will show her to us receiving the finishing touches to her bridal costume. The swain above is not so well satisfied. He evidently does not like to be left in the lurch while his lady-love flirts over the baluster with the gentleman below. And as far as the eye can reach up the winding staircase the picture repeats itself of fair maidens in the spring-time of youth and loveliness, full of the enjoyment of those golden moments that come but once in life, and are so quickly sped.

JACKO & CO.

IT is a wintry afternoon. The flakes of snow flutter fitfully against my window; the cheerful crackling of the blazing hickory-fire responds to the wild roar of the gusty wind. Upon the top of the brass fender is perched a gray African parrot, whose sagacity has passed into a household proverb, and whose apropos responses are circulated through a large circle of admiring friends; for he is a character, is Jacko. Prudent, shrewd, and cunning, he seems to divine with that cold, clear eye of his in what humor you are, and to deport himself accordingly. He is arranging his soft gray feathers with his unmanageable-looking beak, which he uses so adroitly for all purposes of toilette or of eating. This species of parrot it is of which so many diverting anecdotes are related, and it is conceded to be the most intelligent of all the tribe. Indeed, he is so well known, with his iron gray armor over back, breast, and head, relieved by the bright scarlet tail, as to require no description. Nature has clothed him in hues harmonious with the light tone of African landscape, so that whether, as the learned ornithologists say, he builds his nest in the hollow of an old tree, or whether, as he himself gives me to understand, he lines with feathers and leaves a deep cavity in the soft rock of Liberia, the neutral tint of the main portion of his body would render him inconspicuous at a short distance. Upon his arrival at our house, five years ago, I inquired his name, and to my consternation he replied, in a coarse voice, "Jacko—whacko Jack!" and Jacko he has remained ever since. His articulation is entirely distinct, and he readily learns any sentence or phrase that pleases him, especially the emphatic utterances of our juvenile street populace, so that his *moral* education requires some care. It is singular to see how quickly these birds do contract a habit of swearing; and the history of Vert-Vert, as humorously told by Saxe, has its parallel in a bird that I knew, which was brought to a celebrated divine in this city, but unfortunately it had learned to swear so distinctly from the sailors on its voyage that, for the character of the house, poor Poll had to be dismissed, and now edifies a fit audience in the bar-room of a Water Street tavern.

Our Jacko drives horses, blesses, pities, coaxes, and admires himself by the hour, whistles several airs, imitates the notes of the canary, and makes the neighborhood resound with sonorous improvisations, which are funny to hear. He runs a scale perfectly, now and then making a false note, and stopping to correct it with scrupulous care. There are instances on record of parrots that have exhibited much greater powers of memory, as the bird for which a cardinal gave one hundred golden crowns. It repeated the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed with great accuracy; but I believe there are none which have shown greater comprehension of what was said than does our Jacko, judging from the aptitude of his replies.

Just now I said to him, "I am writing about you, and telling what a wise bird you are." And, with such a cock of the eye as Sally Brass may have bestowed upon the ambiguous flatteries of Mr. Richard Swiveller, he replies, "Oh, la! dry up!" Indeed, very soon after his arrival he signalized himself in this manner. I was lying on the lounge, and Jacko had been creeping around his cage, eying me from different points with much curiosity, until, as though his sympathy could be no longer repressed, he inquired, with anxiety, "Feel bad?" And I have never been able to induce him to repeat this. On one occasion, when a friend was relating some rather doleful experiences, and when Jacko had borne the mournful cadence of her voice as long as a parrot's cheerful philosophy permitted, he broke out impatiently with, "Never say die! never say die!" and effectually ended the lugubrious conversation by a laugh, in which he heartily joined. In all this his articulation is so distinct that it is impossible to mistake his meaning. He has a way of fluffing out his gray feathers, and screaming out, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil! oh, I'm a debbil, debbil, debbil!" which is rather startling when heard for the first time. There is a cockatoo in Philadelphia which has created more alarm, however, than I presume any of the tribe ever did before. He is judged to be about eighty years old, and his intellectual powers have been highly cultivated by the various masters who have had him. At one time he was placed in the hands of the janitor of the Medical Hospital, and from his perch in the corner inspected every patient who was admitted through the lodge, expressing his opinion, pro or con, upon the sufferer's recovery. And report says that when he called out, "Oh, poor soul! he'll die—he'll die!" the result always justified his opinion. He is quite celebrated through the city, being able to repeat verses and sentences, to answer questions rationally (*on dit*), as well as to sing several songs; and he receives the visits of the most august members of bench and bar without becoming at all elated with his acknowledged popularity. There is really no limit to the age to which parrots may attain, if carefully used, short of a century. And I presume Jacko will be but a baby of a bird when our heads are laid under the grass.

The following interesting account of a remarkable African parrot is an extract from a letter to a gentleman from the sister of its owner: "As you wished me to write down whatever I could remember about my sister's wonderful parrot, I proceed to do so, only premising that I will tell you nothing but what I can vouch for having myself heard. Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible to help joining in it one's self, more especially when in the midst of it she cries out, 'Don't make me laugh so; I shall die—I shall die!' and then continues laughing more violently than before. Her crying and sobbing are curious. And if you say, 'Poor Poll, what is the matter?' she says, 'So bad—so bad! got a bad cold!' and after crying for some time, will gradually cease, and making a noise like drawing a long breath, say, 'Better now,' and begin to laugh. The first time I ever heard her speak was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out, 'Payne [the maid's name], I'm not well—I'm not well!' And on my saying, 'What is the matter with that child?' she replied, 'It is only the parrot; she always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back.' And so it proved; for on her going into the room the parrot stopped, and then began laughing quite in a jeering way.

"It is singular enough that whenever she is affronted in any way she begins to cry, and when pleased, to laugh. If any one happens to cough or sneeze, she says, 'What a bad cold!' One day, when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and on repeating to her several things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up and said, quite plainly, 'No, I didn't.' Sometimes, when she is inclined to be mischievous, the maid threatens to beat her, and she says, 'No, you won't.' She calls the cat very plainly, saying, 'Puss! puss!' and then answers, '*Mew*;' but the most amusing part is that whenever I want to make her call it, and to that purpose say 'Puss! puss!' myself, she always answers '*Mew*,' till I begin mewing, and then she begins calling 'Puss' as quick as possible. She imitates every kind of noise, and barks so naturally that I have known her to set all the dogs on the parade at Hampton Court barking; and the consternation I have seen her cause in a party of cocks and hens by her crowing and clucking has been the most ludicrous thing possible. She sings just like a child, and I have more than once thought it was a human being; and it was ridiculous to hear her make what one would call a false note, and then say, 'Oh, la!' and burst out laughing at herself, beginning again in quite another key. She is very fond of singing 'Buy a Broom,' which she says quite plainly; but, in the same spirit as in calling the cat, if we say, with a view to make her repeat it, 'Buy a Broom,' she always says, 'Buy a *Brush*,' and then laughs as a child might do when mischievous. She often performs a kind of exercise which I do not know how to describe except by saying it is like the lance exercise. She puts her claw behind her, first on one side and then on the other, then in front and round over her head; and while doing so keeps saying, 'Come on! come on!' and when finished says, 'Bravo! beautiful!' and draws herself up. Before I was as well acquainted with her as I am now she would stare in my face for some time, and then say, 'How d'ye do, ma'am?' This she invariably does to strangers. One day I went into the room where she was, and said to her, 'Poll, where is Payne gone?' and, to my astonishment and almost dismay, she said, 'Down stairs.' I can not at this moment recollect any thing more that I can vouch for myself, and I do not choose to trust to what I am told; but, from what I have myself seen and heard, she has almost made me a believer in transmigration."

But these African birds, with all their intelligence, are not without rivals in some varieties of the green parrots, one of which kind was owned by Colonel O'Kelly. This remarkable bird would beat time always with its foot, turning round upon the perch while singing. It could sing perfectly about fifty different tunes, of every kind—"God Save the King," solemn psalms, and humorous or low ballads, of which it articulated every word as distinctly as a man could do, without ever making a mistake. If a by-stander sang any part of the song, it would pause and take up the song where the person had left off, without repeating what he had said. When moulting and unwilling to sing, it would answer all solicitations by turning its back, and repeatedly saying, "Poll's sick." And it was also a green bird of which Willoughby tells the following:

"A parrot belonging to King Henry VII., who then resided at Westminster, in his palace by the river Thames, had learned to talk many words from the passengers as they happened to take water. One day, sporting on its perch, the poor bird fell into the water, at the same time crying out, as loud as he could, '*A boat! twenty pounds for a boat!*' A waterman who happened to be near, hearing the cry, made to the place where the parrot was floating, and taking him up, restored him to the king. As it seems the bird was a favorite, the man insisted that he ought to have a reward rather equal to his services than his trouble; and as the parrot had cried '*twenty pounds*,' he said the king was bound in honor to grant it. The king at last agreed to leave it to the parrot's own determination, which the bird hearing, cried out, '*Give the knave a groat!*'"

Permit me, after this favorable prelude, to introduce to your notice my little Papagio, who sits upon my shoulder investigating my hair for pins, which he draws forth, turns over with beak and claw, and, disgusted with their inedible nature, throws upon the floor. He comes from the dense forests of the Amazon, bringing his Spanish name with him, and has crossed half a continent, while his companion, Jacko, was sailing over half a world of waters to meet him in my library. He does not speak a word, and refuses decidedly to learn; but nevertheless he is the pet *par excellence*, he is so affectionate and confiding. Indeed, he evinced such a devotion that when we sent him away on one occasion he refused to eat for three days; at the end of which time we were obliged to bring him back again to save his life. He allows only one other person besides myself to touch him; but, being admitted to his confidence, we may do with him as we please. He will never tolerate any petting of Jacko in his presence, or any display of attention to any thing save his own small self. His plumage is extremely gay, even gaudy, if nature can violate good taste. Above a black beak he wears a coronet of brilliant blue, while head, face, and neck are covered with yellow feathers; the rest of the body is of a clear golden green, and the wing coverts are dark green, scarlet, blue, and purple. Such is his plumage in the full light; when in shadow the green fades into a dull olive; and one can readily imagine, in spite of the variety of hues, that, sitting among the foliage of the trees, he would be unnoticed, the yellow throat looking like a chance fleck of sunshine between the leaves, as Nature rarely clothes her children in colors inharmonious with their habitations.

All these parrots have a prodigious power of flight, like the pigeon rising high in the air, but there are few whose pinions are not clipped when they are caught; and our Papagio, with one maimed wing, can not fly at all. I have watched him when the pigeons were flashing by the window, as with exultant call he flung himself from my hand, only to fall headlong upon the floor. Poor little fellow! he is not the only creature in this wide world of ours that circumstance has placed with clipped pinions in far other positions than that which nature designed. Only imagine what his life would have been in his native woods! To awake amidst the rich luxuriant foliage of the tropics, with the sound of insect and bird around him; then with a flock of merry companions to fly through the dewy morning air to the shining brook, where, chattering and screaming, they plunge and bathe, dashing the water over each other, and shrieking with perfect delight. Then the hunt for breakfast among the flower-seeds, or away off to a chance field of grain; or, better yet, to a huge serpentine vine, where he could swing half a day, eating the seeds of the young grapes, and biting the succulent tendrils. Then the noon siesta in the hollow tree, crooning little murmurs of perfect content to the faithful Papagita, who nestles by his side. A long life of health, freedom, and joy! what compensation can my caresses or care make to my Papagio for this? But whether it be that he prefers security from guns, arrows, serpents, and monkeys to all these glorious privileges, or whether, as I half suspect, he does not think at all about it, he makes himself quite contented with the human companionship which is possible to him; and he goes to the table, sits upon the slop-bowl, eats his roll, sips his coffee, and uses his napkin with as much ease as if "to the manner born;" only he will occasionally forget himself so far as to take a promenade over the dishes, or climb to the top of the caster and unscrew the bottles; but these are mere eccentricities of genius, and not his usual deportment.

If Nature ever formed a creature, out of her especial grace, to be a household pet, responding with intense and discriminating love to every kindness, and continually entertaining and amusing its owner, these parrots are the beings. So diverse in their individual characteristics, so like a human soul in embryo, with their passions, jealousies, loves, and curiosity, that he who has not one already will never regret immediately making himself the possessor of one. Dr. Brown, whose pathetic story of "Rab and his Friends" has won him a hearing, says "that no house unblessed by the presence of young children should be without a pet;" and as a laughable resource in weary hours, when the mind refuses even the lightest entertainment, there is nothing so amusing as these birds. And let me in particular recommend the gray African parrot. It is more intelligent and docile, and has no unpleasant cries to startle the nerves of those about it. Procure one of these, give him a large wire cage near a window, and also a stationary stand, where he may stretch his wide wings without danger from the bars; and be patient and kind with him, repeating to him at first simple but strongly intoned phrases, and you will soon have a pet to your heart's desire. Their food should be plain, and consist of hickory-nuts, apples, and bread soaked in coffee, as a staple. This I vary with celery, mush, and boiled rice, and any fruit in season; now and then, as a rare *bonne bouche*, an inch or two of beef, of which they are extremely fond. A small pine stick should be put into the cage for them to pick at and tear to pieces. Above all things, do not strike your bird, for what you gain in apparent sullen submission you will lose in his intelligence and affection. Let him feel that you are his friend and protector, and then all will progress well. Remember always that even in these lower forms of life the very best educator and civilizer is affection, and place yourself *en rapport* with your bird as much as possible, so as to establish a confidence on his part toward you. Trust my word, you, who from any cause are confined to the limit of two or three rooms and a monotonous routine of life, will find both body and mind invigorated by the amusement and entertaining occupation with which these feathered mimics will provide you.

OBLIGATIONS.

"OWE no man any thing, but to love one another," says the Bible; and it would be well for us if we all lived up to this precept, as to many others; for where there is real love there is no question of obligations. If perfect love casts out fear, so does it cast out pride, and abolish all need of independence. For love is a mutuality, an interchange, a reduplication, which destroys the sharp angles of one's individuality; so that to accept any thing from the beloved, paying back with trust and gratitude and quenchless affection, is not to accept a gratuity, not to lower one's pride for the sake of pelf, as is the case where one lays one's self under an obligation to a person not loved for the sake of the gain to be got thereby. We will set aside, then, all question of obligation where there is love; else we should get into a hopeless maze, and children would feel they were debtors to their parents for the long years of care and support—so they are, truly, but debtors only in love, not in kind; wives would be bound in obligation to their husbands for their food and raiment, unless they too had a banker or a portion; and all friendship would resolve itself into a debtor-and-creditor account, where nothing would be given for nothing, and where the ledger would be strictly balanced, and the floating margin rigorously curtailed. But outside this sweet world of love, where there can be no oppressive obligation, and where all the debt to be paid is one of affection, there is nothing much more valuable to teach our young people than sturdy independence, and difficulty rather than facility in accepting favors. Almost all our great men have been distinguished by their power of self-help, and the indifference they showed to climbing the social ladder by means of their friends' backs and their friends' purses. This is not saying that no great man has been born well set on the way by natural and inherited advantages, but it means simply self-made greatness. Neither is it saying that all socially successful persons have been so distinguished. We wish we could say this. But, unfortunately for the honor of human nature, many a social success which has lasted for a life-time, and looked very well, too, when not examined too near, has been obtained by exactly contrary means; and the want of obstructive pride against flaunting in borrowed plumes and chinking another man's money is one of the most surprising characteristics of this kind of success. Pride! Such people do not understand the meaning of the word in its nobler acceptation; in its baser sense—yes, they have learned it there from alpha to omega! Worse, indeed, than many a fault which falls under the lash of the law and the ferule of Mrs. Grundy is this miserable meanness

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which will accept favors from any one, which will lay itself under obligations to its whole society, if by so doing an inch of higher social ground can be obtained, one line of personal advantage won.

This does not touch the question of kindly giving and humbly receiving when the occasion demands. There is sometimes more generosity in accepting the favor lovingly and generously offered than there is self-respect in refusing it, and the true wisdom of life is "to know when," in this as in other things. To be always on stilts, with one's head in the air, scornfully rejecting all aid, whether one is lost on a moor or stuck fast in a morass, is to be silly and vain, if to hold out both hands, and a wide-cut apron too, for any gifts and favors one's friends or mere acquaintances will fling to us, is to be base and contemptible. The golden mean, that lovely but most difficult point to hit, is to understand what is to be accepted and what rejected, and why and how and when. Our elders and our superiors may give to us without loss to our self-respect; but then comes in the question, Who are our superiors? Does money make this superiority? But no high-spirited person likes to be fed, a social Lazarus, with the crumbs that Dives lets fall. Does station make this superiority? Favors from one's social superiors are terribly apt to transform the recipient into a sycophant, and to bend his neck many degrees too low in the zeal of selfish meanness that parades itself as gratitude and humility. Does mere age make this superiority? But old people are not disinclined to subsidize the young, and to buy with so much money attentions which they can not command for reverent grace. So that, even starting with the admission that we may accept favors from our elders and superiors, we have to turn back with so large a negative qualification as almost to nullify what has been conceded. On the whole, it is better to err on the side of independence than of laxity. Less harm is done by holding one's head high than by bending it lower than one's heart.

(Continued from No. 16, page 247.)

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

By Miss BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

AND THIS IS GEORGE FAIRFAX.

The next day was lovely. There seemed, indeed, no possibility of variation in the perfection of this summer weather; and Clarissa Lovel felt her spirits as light as if the unknown life before her had been all brightness, unshadowed by one dread or care. The party for Marley Wood started about an hour after breakfast—Lady Laura, Mrs. Dacre, Barbara Fermor, and Clarissa in one carriage; two Misses Dacre, Lady Geraldine, and Mrs. Wilmot in the other; Lizzie Fermor and Rose Dacre on horseback; with a small detachment of gentlemen in attendance upon them. There were wide grassy waste lands on each side of the road almost all the way to the wood, on which the equestrian party could disport themselves, without much inconvenience from the dust of the two carriages. Once arrived at the wood, there were botanizing, fern-hunting, sketching, and flirtation without limit. Lady Laura was quite happy, discussing her Dorcas societies and the ingratitude of her model cottagers with Mrs. Dacre; Lady Geraldine sat at the foot of a great shining beech, with her white dress set off by a background of scarlet shawl, and her hat lying on the grass beside her. She seemed too listless to ramble about with the rest of the party, or to take the faintest interest in the conversation of any of the gentlemen who tried to talk to her. She amused herself in a desultory way with a drawing-book and a volume of a novel, and did not appear to consider it incumbent on her to take notice of any one.

Clarissa and Barbara Fermor wandered away into the heart of the wood, attended by the indefatigable Captain Westleigh, and sketched little bits of fern and undergrowth in their miniature sketch-books, much to the admiration of the Captain, who declared that Clarissa had a genius for landscape. "As you have for croquet and for every thing else, I think," he said; "only you are so quiet about your resources. But I am very glad you have not that grand sultana manner of Lady Geraldine Challoner's. I really can't think how any man can stand it, especially such a man as George Fairfax."

"Why 'especially?'" asked Miss Fermor, curiously.

"Well, I don't know exactly how to explain my meaning to a lady—because he has knocked about the world a good deal—seen a great deal of life, in short. *Il a vécu*, as the French say. He is not the kind of man to be any woman's slave, I should think; he knows too much of the sex for that. He would take matters with rather a high hand, I should fancy. And then Lady Geraldine, though she is remarkably handsome, and all that kind of thing, is not in the first freshness of her youth. She is nearly as old as George, I should say; and when a woman is the same age as a man, it is her misfortune to seem much older. No, Miss Fermor, upon my word, I don't consider them fairly matched."

"The lady has rank," said Barbara Fermor.

"Yes, of course. It will be Mr. and Lady Geraldine Fairfax. There are some men who care for that kind of thing; but I don't suppose George is one of them. The Fairfaxes are of a noble old Scotch family, you know, and hold themselves equal to any of our nobility."

"When is Mr. Fairfax expected at the Castle?"

"Not till to-night. He is to come by the last train, I believe. You may depend Lady Geraldine would not be here if there were any chance of his arriving in the middle of the day. She will keep him up to collar, you may be sure. I shouldn't like to be engaged to a woman armed with the experience of a decade of London seasons. It must be tight work!"

A shrill bell, pealing gayly through the wood, summoned them to luncheon; a fairy banquet spread upon the grass under a charmed circle of beeches; chicken pies and lobster salads, mayonaise of salmon and daintily glazed cutlets in paper frills, inexhaustible treasure of pound-cake and strawberries and cream, with a pyramid of hot-house pines and peaches in the centre of the turf-spread banquet. And for the wines, there were no effervescent compounds from the laboratory of the wine-chemist—Lady Laura's guests were not thirsty cockneys, requiring to be refreshed by "fizz"—but delicate amber-tinted vintages of the Rhineland, which seemed too ethereal to intoxicate, and yet were dangerous. And for the more thirsty souls there were curiously compounded "cups:" claret and soda-water, fortified with curaçoa, and flavored artistically with burrage or sliced pine-apple.

The banquet was a merry one; and it was nearly four o'clock when the ladies had done trifling with strawberries and cream, and the gentlemen had suspended their homage to the Rhineland. Then came a still more desultory wandering of couples to and fro among the shadowy intricacies of the wood; and Clarissa, having for once contrived to get rid of the inevitable Captain, who had been beguiled away to inspect some remote grotto under convoy of Barbara Fermor, was free to wander alone whither she pleased. She was rather glad to be alone for a little. Marley Wood was not new to her. It had been a favorite spot of her brother Austin's, and the two had spent many a pleasant day beneath the umbrage of those grand forest trees; she sitting and reading, neither of them talking very much, only in a spasmodic way, when Austin was suddenly moved by some caprice to pour out his thoughts into the ear of his little sister—strange bitter thoughts they were sometimes; but the girl listened as to the inspirations of genius, she loved and admired him so much. Here he had taught her almost all that she had ever learned of landscape art. She had only improved by long practice upon those early simple lessons. She was glad to be alone, for these old memories were sad ones. She wandered quite away from the rest, and, sitting down upon a bank that sloped toward a narrow streamlet, began to sketch stray tufts and clusters of weedy undergrowth—a straggling blackberry branch, a bit of ivy creeping sinuously along the uneven ground—in an absent, desultory way, thinking of her brother and the days gone by. She had been alone like this about half an hour, when the crackling of the brambles near her warned her of an approaching footstep. She looked up, and saw a stranger approaching her through the sunlight and shadows of the wood—a tall man in a loose gray overcoat.

A stranger? No. As he came nearer to her the face seemed very familiar; and yet in that first moment she could not imagine where she had seen him. A little nearer, and she remembered all at once. This was her companion of the long railway journey from London to Holborough. She blushed at the recollection, not altogether displeased to see him again, and yet remembering bitterly that cruel mistake she had made about Arden Court. She might be able to explain her error now, if he should recognize her and stop to speak; but that was scarcely likely. He had forgotten her utterly, no doubt, by this time.

She went on with her sketching—a wreath of delicate ivy leaves, winding away and losing itself in a confusion of bramble and fern, every leaf sharply defined by the light pencil touches, with loving Pre-Raphaelite care—she went on, trying to think that it was not the slightest consequence to her whether this man remembered their brief acquaintance of the railway carriage. And yet she would have been wounded, ever so little, if he had forgotten her. She knew so few people, that this accidental acquaintance seemed almost a friend. He had known her brother, too; and there had been something in his manner that implied an interest in her fate.

She bent a little lower over the sketch-book, doing her uttermost not to be seen, perhaps all the more because she really did wish for the opportunity of explaining that mistake about Arden Court. Her face was almost hidden under the coquettish gray hat as she bent over her drawing; but the gentleman came on toward her with evident purpose. It was only to make an inquiry, however.

"I am looking for a picnic party," he said. "I discovered the *débris* of a luncheon yonder, but no human creature visible. Perhaps you can kindly tell me where the strayed revelers are to be found; you are one of them, perhaps?"

Clarissa looked up at him, blushing furiously, and very much ashamed of herself for the weakness, and then went on with her drawing in a nervous way, as she answered him,

"Yes, I am with Lady Laura Armstrong's party; but I really can not tell you where to look for them all. They are roaming about in every direction, I believe."

"Good gracious me!" cried the gentleman, coming a good deal nearer—stepping hastily across the streamlet, in fact, which had divided him from Clarissa hitherto. "Have I really the pleasure of speaking to Miss Lovel? This is indeed a surprise. I scarcely expected ever to see you again."

"Nor I to see you," Clarissa answered, recovering herself a little by this time, and speaking with her accustomed frankness. "And I have been very anxious to see you again."

"Indeed!" cried the gentleman, eagerly.

"In order to explain a mistake I made that night in the railway carriage, in speaking of Arden Court. I talked of the place as if it had still belonged to papa; I did not know that he had sold it, and fancied I was going home there. It was only when I saw my uncle that I learned the truth. You must have thought it very strange."

"I was just a little mystified, I confess, for I had dined at the Court with Mr. Granger."

"Papa had sold the dear old place, and, disliking the idea of writing such unpleasant news, had told me nothing about the sale. It was not wise, of course, but he felt the loss of Arden so keenly I can scarcely wonder that he could not bring himself to write about it."

"It would have been better to have spared you, though," the unknown answered, gravely. "I dare say you were as fond of the old home as ever your father could have been?"

"I don't think it would be possible for any one to love Arden better than I. But then, of course, a man is always prouder than a woman—"

"I am not so sure of that," the stranger muttered, parenthetically.

"And papa felt the degradation involved in the loss."

"I won't admit of any degradation in the case. A gentleman is none the less a gentleman for having spent his fortune rather recklessly, and the old blood is no less pure without the old acres. If your father were a wise man he might be happier now than he has ever been. The loss of a great estate is the loss of a bundle of cares."

"I dare say that is very good philosophy," Clarissa answered, smiling, beguiled from painful thoughts by the lightness of his tone; "but I doubt if it applies to all cases—not to papa's, certainly."

"You were sketching, I see, when I interrupted you. I remember you told me that night of your fondness for art. May I see what you were doing?"

"It is hardly worth showing you. I was only amusing myself, sketching at random—that ivy straggling along there, or any thing that caught my eye."

"But that sort of thing indicates so much. I see you have a masterly touch for so young an artist. I won't say any thing hackneyed about so fair a one; for women are showing us nowadays that there are no regions of art closed against them. Well, it is a divine amusement and a glorious profession."

There was a little pause after this, during which Clarissa looked at her watch, and, finding it nearly five o'clock, began to put up her pencils and drawing-book.

"I did not think that you knew Lady Laura Armstrong," she said; and then blushed for the speech, remembering that, as she knew absolutely nothing about himself or his belongings, the circumstance of her ignorance on this one point was by no means surprising.

"No; nor did I expect to meet you here," replied the gentleman. "And yet I might almost have done so, knowing that you lived at Arden. But, you see, it is so long since we met, and I—"

"Had naturally forgotten me."

"No, I had not forgotten you, Miss Lovel, nor would it have been natural for me to forget you. I am very glad to meet you again under such agreeable auspices. You are going to stay at the Castle a long time, I hope. I am booked for an indefinite visit."

"Oh no, I don't suppose I shall stay very long. Lady Laura is extremely kind; but this is my first visit, and she must have many friends who have a greater claim upon her hospitality."

"Hale Castle is a large place, and I am sure Lady Laura has always room for agreeable guests."

"She is very, very kind. You have known her a long time, perhaps?"

"Yes, I have been intimate with the Challoners ever since I was a boy. Lady Laura was always charming; but I think her marriage with Fred Armstrong—who worships the ground she walks on—and the possession of Hale Castle have made her absolutely perfect."

"And you know her sister, Lady Geraldine, of course?"

"Oh yes, I know Geraldine."

"Do you know Mr. Fairfax, the gentleman to whom she is engaged?"

"Well, yes; I am supposed to have some knowledge of that individual."

Something in his smile, and a certain significance in his tone, let in a sudden light upon Clarissa's mind.

"I am afraid I am asking very foolish questions," she said. "You are Mr. Fairfax?"

"Yes, I am George Fairfax. I forgot that I had omitted to tell you my name that night."

"And I had no idea that I was speaking to Mr. Fairfax. You were not expected till quite late this evening."

"No. But I found my business in London easier to manage than I had supposed it would be; so, as in duty bound, I came down here directly I found myself free. When I arrived at the Castle, I was told of this picnic, and rode off at once to join the party."

"And I am keeping you here, when you ought to be looking for your friends."

"There is no hurry. I have done my duty, and am here. That is the grand point. Shall we go and look for them together?"

"If you like. I dare say we shall be returning to the Castle very soon."

They sauntered slowly away, in and out among the trees, toward a grassy glade, where there was more open space for walking, and where the afternoon sun shone warmly on the smooth turf.

"I hope you get on very well with Geraldine?" Mr. Fairfax said, presently.

It was almost the same phrase Lady Laura had used about her sister.

"I have seen so little of her yet," Clarissa answered, rather embarrassed by this inquiry. "I should like to know her very much; but she only arrived yesterday, and we have scarcely spoken half a dozen words to each other yet."

"You will hardly like her at first, perhaps," Mr. Fairfax went on, doubtfully. "People who don't know much of her are apt to fancy her cold and proud; but to those whom she really likes she is all that is charming; and I don't think she can fail to like you."

"You are very kind to say so. I hope she may like me. Do you know, I have been so much interested in Lady Geraldine from the first—before I saw her even; partly, perhaps, because her sister told me about her engagement. You will think that very romantic and silly, I dare say."

"Not at all; a young lady is bound to be interested in that kind of thing. And I hope your interest in Lady Geraldine was not lessened when you did see her."

"It could scarcely be that. No one could help admiring her."

"Yes, she is very handsome; there is no question about that. She has been an acknowledged beauty ever since she came out. I think I can catch a glimpse of her yonder among the trees; I see a white dress and a scarlet shawl. Geraldine always had a penchant for scarlet draperies."

"Yes, that is Lady Geraldine."

They hastened their steps a little, and came presently to the circle of beeches where they had lunched, and where most of the party were now assembled, preparing for the return journey. Lady Geraldine was sauntering to and fro with Major Mason, listening with a somewhat indifferent air to that gentleman's discourse.

She caught sight of her lover the moment he appeared, and Clarissa saw the statuesque face light up with a faint flush of pleasure that brightened it wonderfully. But however pleased she might be, Lady Geraldine Challoner was the last of women to demonstrate her pleasure in her lover's arrival by any overt act. She received him with the calm grace of an empress, who sees only one courtier more approach the steps of her throne. They shook hands quietly, after Mr. Fairfax had shaken hands and talked for two or three minutes with Lady Laura Armstrong, who welcomed him with considerable warmth.

The Major dropped quietly away from Lady Geraldine's side, and the plighted lovers strolled under the trees for a little, pending the signal for the return.

"So you know Miss Lovel?" Geraldine said, with an icy air of surprise, as soon as she and George Fairfax were alone.

"I can hardly say that I know her; our acquaintance is the merest accident," answered Mr. Fairfax, and then proceeded to relate his railway adventure.

"How very odd that she should travel alone!"

"Scarcely so odd when you remember the fact of her father's poverty. He could not be supposed to find a maid for his daughter."

"But he might be supposed to take some care of her. He ought not to have allowed her to travel alone—at night, too!"

"It was careless and imprudent, no doubt. Happily she came to no harm. She was spared from any encounter with a traveling swell-mobsman, who would have garroted her for the sake of her watch and purse, or an insolent bagman, who would have made himself obnoxiously agreeable on account of her pretty face."

"I suppose she has been in the habit of going about the world by herself. That accounts for her rather strong-minded air."

"Do you find her strong-minded? I should have thought her quite gentle and womanly."

"I really know nothing about her, and I must not say any thing against her. She is Laura's last protégée; and you know when my sister takes any one up it is always a case of rapture."

After this the lovers began to talk about themselves, or rather George Fairfax talked about himself, giving a detailed account of his proceedings since last they had met.

"I went down to see my uncle," he said, "the day before yesterday. He is at Lyvedon, and I had a good look at the old house. Really it is the dearest old place in the world, Geraldine, and I should like above all things to live there by-and-by, when the estate is ours. I don't think we are likely to wait very long. The poor old man is awfully shaky. He was very good to me, dear old boy, and asked all manner of kind questions about you. I think I have quite won his heart by my engagement. He regards it as a pledge of my reform."

"I am glad he is pleased," replied Lady Geraldine, in a tone that was just a shade more gracious than that in which she had spoken of Clarissa.

The summons to the carriages came almost immediately. Mr. Fairfax conducted his betrothed to her seat in the barouche, and then mounted his horse to ride back to the Castle beside her. He rode by the side of the carriage all the way, indifferent to dust; but there was not much talk between the lovers during that homeward progress, and Clarissa fancied there was a cloud upon Mr. Fairfax's countenance.

CHAPTER VII.

DANGEROUS GROUND.

Life was very pleasant at Hale Castle. About that one point there could not be a shadow of doubt. Clarissa wondered at the brightness of her new existence; began to wonder vaguely by-and-by what it was that made it seem brighter every day. There was all the usual round of amusements—dinner-parties, amateur concerts, races, flower shows, excursions to every point of interest within a day's drive, a military ball at

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the nearest garrison town twenty miles off, perennial croquet, and gossip, and afternoon tea-drinking in arbors or marquees in the gardens, and unlimited flirtation. It was impossible for the most exacting visitor to be dull. There was always something.

And to Clarissa all these things possessed the charm of freshness. She was puzzled beyond measure by the indifference, real or simulated, of the girls who had seen half a dozen London seasons; the frequent declarations that these delights only bored them, that this or that party was a failure. George Fairfax watched her bright face sometimes, interested in spite of himself by her freshness.

"What a delicious thing youth is!" he said to himself. "Even if that girl were less completely lovely than she is, she would still be most charming. If Geraldine were only like that—only fresh and candid and pure, and susceptible to every new emotion! But there is an impassable gulf of ten years between them. Geraldine is quite as handsome—in her own particular style—and she talks much better than Clarissa Lovel, and is more clever, no doubt; and yet there are some men who would be bewitched by that girl before they knew where they were."

Very often after this Mr. Fairfax fell a-musing upon those apocryphal men who might be subjugated by the charms of Miss Lovel.

When did he awaken to the fatal truth that those charms were exercising a most potent influence upon his own mind? When did he open his eyes for the first time to behold his danger?

Not yet. He was really attached to Geraldine Challoner. Her society had been a kind of habit with him for several years of his life. She had been more admired than any woman he knew, and it was, in some sort, a triumph to have won her. That he never would have won her but for his brother's death he knew well, and accepted the fact as a matter of course—a mere necessity of the world in which they lived—not as any evidence of a mercenary spirit in the lady. He knew that no woman could better discharge the duties of an elevated station, or win him more social renown. To marry Geraldine Challoner was to secure for his house the stamp of fashion, for every detail of his domestic life a warrant of good taste. She had a kind of power over him, too, an influence begun long ago, which had never yet been oppressive to him. And he took these things for love. He had been in love with other women during his long alliance with Lady Geraldine, and had shown more ardor in the pursuit of other flames than he had ever evinced in his courtship of her; but these more passionate attachments had come, for the most part, to a sorry end; and now he told himself that Geraldine suited him better than any other woman in the world.

"I have outgrown all foolish notions," he said to himself, believing that all capacity was dead within him for that blind, unreasoning passion which poets of the Byronic school have made of love. "What I want is a wife—a wife of my own rank, or a little above me in rank—a wife who will be true and loyal to me, who knows the world well enough to forgive my antecedents, and to be utterly silent about them, and who will help me to make a position for myself in the future. A man must be something in this world. It is a hard thing that one can not live one's own life; but it seems inevitable somehow."

His mother had helped not a little to the bringing about of this engagement. She knew that her son's bachelor life had been at best a wild one; not so bad as it was supposed to be, of course, since nothing in this world ever is so bad as the rest of the world supposes it; and she was very anxious to see him safely moored in the sheltered harbor of matrimony. She was a proud woman, and she was pleased that her son should have an earl's daughter for his wife; and beyond this there was the fact that she liked Lady Geraldine. The girl who had been too proud to let the man she loved divine the depth of her feeling had not been too proud to exhibit her fondness for his mother. There had grown up a warm friendship between these two women, and Mrs. Fairfax's influence had done much, almost unknown to her son, to bring about this result of his chronic flirtation with Geraldine Challoner.

Just at present he was very well satisfied with the fact of his engagement, believing that he had taken the best possible means for securing his future happiness; an equable, quiet sort of happiness, of course—he was nearly thirty, and had outlived the possibility of any thing more than that. It would have bored him to suppose that Geraldine expected more from him than this tranquil kind of worship. Perhaps the lady understood this, and schooled herself to a colder tone than was even natural to her, rather than be supposed for one moment to be the more deeply attached of the two.

Thus it happened that Mr. Fairfax was not severely taxed in his capacity of plighted lover. However exacting Lady Geraldine may have been by nature, she was too proud to demand more exclusive attention than her betrothed spontaneously rendered; indeed, she took pains to let him perceive that he was still in full enjoyment of all his old bachelor liberty. So the days drifted by very pleasantly, and George Fairfax found himself in Clarissa Lovel's society perhaps a little oftener than was well for either of those two.

He was very kind to her; he seemed to understand her better than other people, she thought; and his companionship was more to her than that of any one else—a most delightful relief after Captain Westleigh's incessant frivolity, or Mr. Halkin's solemn small-talk. In comparison with these men he appeared to such wonderful advantage. Her nature expanded in his society, and she could talk to him as she talked to no one else. He used to wonder at her eloquence sometimes, as the beautiful face glowed, and the dark hazel eyes brightened; he wondered not a little also at the extent of her reading, which had been wide and varied during that quiet winter and spring time at Mill Cottage.

"What a learned lady you are!" he said, smiling at her enthusiasm, one day, when they had been talking of Italy and Dante; "your close knowledge of the poet puts my poor smattering to shame. Happily, an idler and a worldling like myself is not supposed to know much. I was never patient enough to be a profound reader; and if I can not tear the heart out of a book, as Samuel Johnson did, I am apt to throw it aside in disgust. But you must have read a great deal; and yet when we met, less than a year ago, you confessed to being only a schoolgirl fresh from grinding away at Corneille and Racine."

"I have had the advantage of papa's help since then," answered Clarissa, "and he is very clever. He does not read many authors, but those he does care for he reads with all his heart. He taught me to appreciate Dante, and to make myself familiar with the history of his age, in order to understand him better."

"Very wise of him, no doubt. And that kind of studious life with your papa is very pleasant to you, I suppose, Miss Lovel?"

"Yes," she answered, thoughtfully; "I have been quite happy with papa. Some people might fancy the life dull, perhaps; but it has scarcely seemed so to me. Of course it is very different from life here; but I suppose one would get tired of such a perpetual round of pleasure as Lady Laura provides for us."

"I should imagine so. Life in a country house full of delightful people must be quite intolerable beyond a certain limit. One so soon gets tired of one's best friends. I think that is why people travel so much nowadays. It is the only polite excuse for being alone."

The time came when Clarissa began to fancy that her visit had lasted long enough, and that, in common decency, she was bound to depart; but on suggesting as much to Lady Laura, that kindly hostess declared she could not possibly do without her dearest Clarissa for ever so long.

"Indeed, I don't know how I shall ever get on without you, my dear," she said; "we suit each other so admirably, you see. Why, I shall have no one to read Tasso with—no one to help me with my Missal when you are gone."

Miss Lovel's familiar knowledge of Italian literature and artistic tastes had been altogether delightful to Lady Laura, who was always trying to improve herself, as she called it, and traveled from one pursuit to another with a laudable perseverance, but an unhappy facility for forgetting one accomplishment in the cultivation of another. Thus, by a vigorous plunge into Spanish and Calderon this year, she was apt to obliterate the prosister's accomplishments she displayed a profound indifference, not to say contempt. She was not herself given to the cultivation of these polite arts; nothing could ever induce her to play or sing in public. She read a good deal, but rarely talked about books; it was difficult, indeed, to say what Lady Geraldine did talk about; yet in the art of conversation, when she chose to please, Geraldine Challoner infinitely surpassed the majority of women in her circle. Perhaps this may have been partly because she was a good listener; and, in some measure, on account of that cynical, mocking spirit in which she regarded most things, and which was apt to pass for wit.

Clarissa had been a month at Hale Castle already; but she staid on at the urgent desire of her hostess, much too happy in that gay, social life to oppose that lady's will.

"If you really, really wish to have me, dear Lady Laura," she said; "but you have been so kind already, and I have staid so long, that I begin to feel myself quite an intruder."

"You silly child! I do really, really wish to have you. I should like to keep you with me always, if I could. You suit me so much better than any of my sisters; they are the most provoking girls in the world, I think, for being uninterested in my pursuits. And your Italian is something wonderful. I have not opened my dictionary since we have been reading together. And, beyond all that, I have a very particular reason for wishing you to be here next month."

"Why next month, Lady Laura?"

"I am not going to tell you that."

"But you quite mystify me."

"I mean to mystify you. No, it's not the least use asking questions, Clary; but mind, you must not tease me any more about running away: that is understood."

In all this time Clarissa had not found herself found impression created by Dante and Tasso last year. Her music suffered by reason of a sudden ardor for illumination; or art went to the wall because a London musical season and an enthusiastic admiration of Hallé had inspired her with the desire to cultivate a more classic style of piano-forte playing. So, in her English reading, each new book blotted out its predecessor. Travels, histories, essays, biographies flitted across the lady's brain like the colored shadows of a magic-lantern, leaving only a lingering patch of picture here and there. To be versatile was Lady Laura's greatest pride, and courteous friends had gratified her by treating her as an authority upon all possible subjects. Nothing delighted her so much as to be appealed to with a preliminary "Now you, who read so much, Lady Laura, will understand this;" or, "Dear Lady Laura, you, who know every thing, must tell me why," etc.; or to be told by a painter, "You who are an artist yourself can of course see this, Lady Laura;" or to be complimented by a musician as a soul above the dull mass of mankind—a sympathetic spirit, to whom the mysteries of harmony are a familiar language.

In that spacious, luxurious morning-room of Lady Laura's Clarissa generally spent the first two hours after breakfast. Here the children used to come with French and German governesses, in all the freshness of newly starched muslin and newly crimped tresses, to report progress as to their studies and general behavior to their mother, who was apt to get tired of them in something less than a quarter of an hour, and to dispatch them with kisses and praises to the distant school-rooms and nurseries, where these young exotics were enjoying the last improvements in the forcing system.

Geraldine Challoner would sometimes drop into this room for a few minutes at the time of the children's visit, and would converse not unkindly with her nephews and nieces; but for her

"THE CRACKLING OF THE BRAMBLES WARNED HER OF AN APPROACHING FOOTSTEP."

any nearer to that desired result of getting on well with Geraldine Challoner. That lady seemed quite as far away from her after a month's acquaintance as she had seemed at the very first. It was not that Lady Geraldine was uncivil. She was polite, after her manner, to Clarissa, but never cordial; and yet she could not fail to see that George Fairfax admired and liked Miss Lovel, and she might have been supposed to wish to think well of any one he liked.

Was she jealous of Clarissa? Well, no, it scarcely seemed possible to associate the fever of jealousy with that serene temperament. She had an air of complete security in all her intercourse with George Fairfax, which was hardly compatible with doubt or the faintest shadow of suspicion. If ever she did speak of Miss Lovel to her lover, or to any one else, she talked of her as a pretty country girl, and seemed to consider her as far removed, by reason of her youth and obscure position, from herself as if they had been inhabitants of two separate worlds.

Mr. Lovel had been invited to several dinner-parties at the Castle since his daughter's visit, but was not to be drawn from his seclusion. He had no objection, however, that Clarissa should stay as long as Lady Laura cared to retain her, and wrote very cordially to that effect.

What a pleasant, idle, purposeless life it was, and how rapidly it drifted by for Clarissa! She wondered to find herself so happy; wondered what the charm was which made her life so new and sweet, which made her open her eyes on the morning sunshine with such a glad eagerness to greet the beginning of another day, and filled up every hour with such a perfect sense of contentment.

She wondered at this happiness only in a vague, dreamy way, not taking much trouble to analyze her feelings. It was scarcely strange that she should be completely happy in a life so different from her dull existence at home. The freshness and beauty of all these pleasant things would be worn off in time, no doubt, and she would become just like these other young women, with their experience of many seasons, and their perpetual complaint of being bored; but just now, while the freshness lasted, every thing delighted her.

Clarissa had been more than six weeks at the Castle, while other visitors had come and gone, and the round of country-house gayeties had been unbroken. The Fermors were still at Hale, and languidly deprecated the length of their visit, without any hint of actual departure. Captain Westleigh had gone back to his military duties very much in love with Miss Lovel, and plaintively protested, in his confidences with a few chosen friends, against a Providence which had made them both penniless.

"I don't suppose I shall ever meet such a girl again," he would declare, piteously. "More than once I was on the point of making her an offer; the words were almost out, you know; for I don't go in for making a solemn business of the thing, with a lot of preliminary palaver. If a fellow really likes a girl, he doesn't want to preach a sermon in order to let her know it; and ever so many times, when we've been playing croquet, or when I've been hanging about the piano with her of an evening, I've been on the point of saying, 'Upon my word, Miss Lovel, I think we two are eminently suited to each other; don't you?' or something plain and straightforward of that kind; and then I've remembered that her father can't give her a sixpence, which, taken in conjunction with the lively state of my affairs, would mean starvation!"

"And do you think she liked you?" a curious friend would perhaps inquire.

"Well, I don't know. She might do worse, you see. As a rule, girls generally do like me. I don't see why there should be any difference in her case."

Nor did the Captain for a moment imagine that Clarissa would have rejected him had he been in a position to make an offer of his hand.

Lady Geraldine was a fixture at Hale. She was to stay there till her marriage, with the exception, perhaps, of a brief excursion to London for millinery purposes, Lady Laura told Clarissa. But the date of the marriage had not yet been settled—had been, indeed, only discussed in the vaguest manner, and the event seemed still remote.

"It will be some time this year, I suppose," Lady Laura said; "but beyond that I can really say nothing. Geraldine is so capricious; and perhaps George Fairfax may not be in any great hurry to give up his bachelor privileges. He is very different from Fred, who worried me into marrying him six weeks after he proposed. And in this case a long engagement seems so absurd, when you consider that they have known each other for ten years. I shall be really very glad when the business is over, for I never feel quite sure of Geraldine."

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FINISHING TOUCHES.

IN the accompanying graphic picture the artist shows us the fair bride, arrayed in snowy habiliments, receiving the last touches to her dress from loving hands who will depute the task to none other. The sisters with a tender hand arrange the bridal veil, while the mother makes critical suggestions as she presides, with mingled pride and sadness, over the toilette of the child whom she has watched over from infancy, but whom she is soon to surrender into another's keeping; and the kneeling maid gazes with admiration at the young goddess, flushed with happiness and emotion, who, for this day at least, will reign as queen over all about her, with none to dispute her sway.

FINISHING TOUCHES.—[DRAWN BY MRS. A. P. STEPHENS.]

MOSAICS.

THE great value of mosaic consists in its indestructibility. The most carefully prepared pigments fade; fresco is affected by damp, and easily injured by accidents. The finest works of Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and other great masters are gradually becoming effaced or clouded in obscurity. A few more generations, and copies more or less imperfect, engravings, and photographs, will be all that remain to verify the tradition of glories that have been; the glow of color and richness of tone, even now deepening into hues too sombre, will be things of the past.

Mosaic is, as far as human work can go, permanent. Not being merely superficial, the surface may be injured with impunity. Ground down and repolished, the picture reappears in its pristine beauty, all its colors fresh and pure as when first it left the atelier of the artist.

Mosaic-work is at present divided into two kinds—the Florentine and the Roman. The Florentine work is in real stone. At first only black, white, and gray were used, the figures being thus represented in simple *chiaro-oscuro*. But about the year 1563, in the time of Duke Cosmo de Medici, many veins of rich marble were discovered near Florence.

This discovery gave a new impetus to the workers in mosaic, who were, by means of these marbles, enabled to imitate the colors as well as the forms of the objects they wished to represent. To these were added lapis lazuli, agates, and even precious stones. When the latter are used they are sawed into thin laminæ, and applied like veneer.

In the execution of this description of mosaic, a slab of marble of the requisite size is prepared for the ground. On this the design is traced; then small cavities are chiseled out, and into these pieces of the requisite color are introduced. They are fastened into their places by cement or mastic. The French have also adopted this plan. Though beautiful decorative works may be produced in the Florentine mosaic, it is not so suitable for the imitation of paintings as the Roman. The natural stones are neither sufficiently various nor sufficiently delicate in tint.

The Roman mosaic is executed in colored glass, of which no less than 10,000 different tints are required and produced. The color is added when the glass is in a state of fusion. When thoroughly mixed the liquid is taken out with a large wooden-handled iron ladle, and poured upon a slab of smooth, flat marble. As it cools it is flattened by the application of another piece of marble, until the mass is an inch or more in thickness. Before the glass cools sufficiently to become hard it is cut into pieces of the required size and shape by a sharp iron tool. When quite cold the pieces are placed in a box, each tint having a separate compartment.

Gold and silver are frequently introduced into mosaic. These are prepared as follows: Pieces of yellow glass are moistened with gum-water, and to these gold or silver leaf is applied. The gilded glass is then placed upon an iron shovel at the entrance of the furnace; when it becomes red it is withdrawn. This process renders the gilding so secure that it is as permanent as the glass itself, and resists any atmospheric influence to which it may be exposed.

A frame is next prepared of the size of the picture about to be imitated. On this is laid a cement, composed of a mixture of chalk, brick-dust, gum tragacanth, and white of egg. This forms the ground for the design. The same kind of cement is used to fasten the glass cubes in their places. These are arranged with small iron pincers, and beaten down into their places with a wooden ruler or mallet. The surface is thus rendered flat, and is afterward polished in the same manner as plate-glass.

Mosaic copies of the large pictures that are now being made for St. Peter's, at Rome, have

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occupied from twelve to twenty years: and few even of the smaller copies can be produced in less than five or six. It is by no means such mechanical work as might at first be supposed. A knowledge of art is required, as well as great taste and judgment.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS M. M. M.—Make your black silk by Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern sent you, trimming with passementerie and lace. Put alternate pleated and gathered ruffles on skirt. Trained over-skirts will still be worn.

H. D. W.—Kilt-pleated skirts, and jackets, with white blouse-waists beneath, are worn by boys just before putting on trowsers. Four or five years is the age at which boys here make this change in clothing. Summer cashmeres and piques are used for boys' dresses. Piqué and white Victoria lawn trimmed with embroidery are shown for infants' summer cloaks.

S. H.—Make a low-necked basque of colored silk to wear over your round-waist white alpaca. Put ruffles or bands of the same silk on the skirt. The pattern sent you will suit your sample trimmed with brown bands of silk. Use blue or rose-colored neck-ties.

MRS. M.—Shawls are square; pallium scarfs are long, like a burnous. The French waists would suit you, made without belt, but long enough to pass under the belt of your skirt. They have a dart in front, and the loose back is blouse-shaped. Put drawing strings in the back of the belt, to which the skirt is sewed nearly plain.—Thanks for your recipe.

INEXPERIENCE.—Boys in kilt suits may wear either Turkish or plain drawers, as they must be too short to show below the skirt.

MRS. E. M. B.—Double your square shawl straight through the centre across the stripes, not with them. Then put carelessly around your shoulders like a scarf, with the stripes running down.—Your suggestion is good.

F.—French bodies of striped linen or percale will be much worn this summer.—If your friends still continued the acquaintance with the gentleman to whom they had introduced you, you did right to treat him courteously.

MADONNA CONSTANTINE.—There is an index to each volume of the *Bazar*, furnished gratis at this office, or sent by mail on receipt of postage.—Patterns of an infant's wardrobe are in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. II.

BENNETT.—The groom should wear white kid gloves when the bride is dressed in white.—Make your sister's black silk like the blue reception dress described in the present number. Black, white, or lavender tie for gentlemen.

WINONA.—White organdy is preferable to tarlatan for a wedding dress in June. Nansook, bishop's lawn, or else alpaca, is for wrappers at that season. Get gray pongee for a traveling suit.—It *is* necessary for a bride to remove her glove to receive the wedding-ring.—The black silk would look well.

C. P. S.—We do not commend depilatories.

E. V. B.—Try chloroform for removing grease from your dress.

CALIFORNIA.—A basque now completes suits for the street. Trim with lace and passementerie. Flowing sleeves are not necessary. See our cut paper patterns for designs. Travel in a summer water-proof suit. Get a thread lace point if you can afford it; if not, get the llama lace.

A FRIEND.—Use nut brown pipings on your checked silk ruffles. Wear a sky blue or Nile green bow with it.

LENA RIVERS.—The wind god of the ancients was called Boreas.—Earth is sometimes spelled without a capital letter, when used as a common noun, as in the sense of dirt.—Your Scotch gingham should have a French waist and slightly gored skirt.

AMBITION.—Use the polonaise and wrapper patterns for making white dresses. Trim with bias bands and pleated ruffles.

MRS. E. L. S.—Why not trim your blue silk with black lace laid over white pleated muslin?

LYNA.—Your water-proof samples are good. The brown will probably wear best.

TIRA.—Make your sacque tight in the back, like a basque, by way of modernizing it. The cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV., will serve as a guide. Bias bands of silk and the fringe now on it, or else lace, are the trimmings.

J. L. C.—Make the silk suit for your little girl with a low-necked waist and basque. Trim with narrow bias ruffles pinked on each edge.

MICHIGAN.—Perhaps the best you can do is to have your dress dyed black. We do not commend dyes. It is far better to send dresses to a French scourer and have them cleaned. They do this to perfection with dresses greatly soiled, provided the color has not been extracted.

MRS. N. R. D.—Point lace braid costs about $1 50 for a dozen yards. The address of a house where it may be obtained has been given in our columns.

MISS A. W. V.—Twelve yards of black silk will make your demi-trained dress with basque and flounces. Lace is the handsomest trimming. To have your *Bazars* bound to match the first volume that you purchased ready bound will cost about $1 25 a volume.

MRS. H. M. F.—It is not convenient for us to mark the number of yards required on each suit pattern. The *Bazar* in which the suit is illustrated and described will tell you the quantity, and give accurate directions for making.

B. B. B. B.—We can not take time to hunt up the *Reviews* you want, and do not give addresses in this column.

F. M. B.—A bombazine suit for a stylish lady will look well made by pattern of Short-Sacque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Trim with bias bands and pleatings of English crape.

MRS. R. H. S.—Satin pipings are not used by our fashionable modistes. Gros grain or the dress material makes the pipings now used.

MEG MOORE.—For graduating dresses read "Girls' White Dresses," in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV. Make your pink organdy with French waist, and for the sleeves, upper skirt, and demi-train use the pattern of Worth Basque House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. For your striped silk use the Postilion-Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. Roll your short front hair up over a Pompadour topsy, and wear a false chatelaine.

MAMMA.—The Postilion-Basque Suit, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., will be a good model for your black silk. If you read the *Bazar* regularly you will surely see that short suits are for the street and house both, while demi-trains are only for the house, or for carriage dresses. Use piqué, white muslin, buff linen, and ginghams for your little girl. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. IV., for children's dresses.

MRS. A. D. W.—Imported black silks have edges of various colors, depending alone on the fancy of the manufacturers. It is a mistaken idea that the color of the edge has any thing to do with the quality. The only thing it can possibly prove is that the silk is not dyed.

CAROLYN.—Make your white linen by directions given for piqué suits in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Trim with embroidery and bows of black velvet ribbon. A large white or buff pongee parasol, lined with silk of a becoming color, or else a small umbrella of brown, plum-color, or mazarine blue silk, will suit with nearly all dresses. From $5 to $12 is the range of prices. $15 buys a real hair chatelaine.—We know nothing of the firm you mention, and have not time to hunt it up, and, besides this, we always decline to answer questions about other establishments.

LOTTA S.—A gray or Frou Frou brown poplin of light quality will make a pretty summer traveling dress for a bride. A pearl-colored silk or grenadine suit would be handsome for church.

WOULD-BE STYLISH.—Get enough solid green silk to make an over-skirt and a sleeveless basque over your striped silk. The basque is a postilion like that of the suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., but is cut half low and square in the neck. A round waist, coat sleeves, and short skirt of the striped silk complete the pretty costume. You might put solid green flounces on the striped skirt. Satin is not used for trimming.

JANE R.—Children, misses, and most ladies wear drawers buttoned on the sides, like those illustrated in the *Bazar*.

ANNA J.—Bonnets are now worn for dress altogether. Hats are for traveling, shopping, etc.

MISS L. R.—The pattern of the Postilion-Basque Suit is ready. To take your bust measure correctly, pass a tape rather tightly around the body under the arms, over the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust. The number of inches of this measure is all we require when sending cut paper patterns.

LOUISE.—We do not make purchases for *any* one.—Pongee poplin is a substantial and stylish gray goods, much used here for summer wear, very suitable for an elderly lady, and worth $1 25 or $1 50 a yard.

CLARA.—Get black iron grenadine either three-fourths of a yard wide or else that a yard and a half wide. Make your suit by the Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. The paper containing the illustration will tell you the quantity.

L. M. B.—High-necked and long-sleeved dresses—yokes with full skirt gathered in, and no belt—will be prettiest for your little girl.

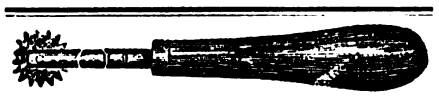
ME.—Catch up the back of your polonaise skirt by a bow in each seam. We can not suggest any other change. The polonaise is the fashionable garment this year. White bishop's lawn suits will be worn by all ladies, old or young. A black grenadine suit is prettiest and most serviceable of all summer costumes. See New York Fashions of previous numbers for trimming gypsy bonnets.

NEW YORK CITY.—Put tapes in the back seams of your Worth skirt, and tie to other tapes at the belt, to shorten it. The over-skirt will not be too long even though it is within an inch or two of the edge of the dress skirt.—Your sample was not received.

HEALTH, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, is found in AYER'S MEDICINES, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient.—[*Com.*]

EXPERIENCE warrants us in recommending Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer as a sure remedy for gray hair.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will cure CONSUMPTION. Try it!—[*Com.*]



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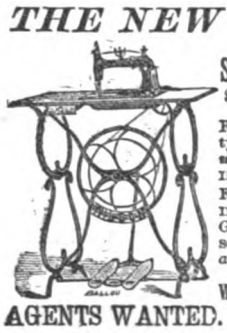

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TRAINED EVENING DRESS	"	38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	"	40
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POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	"	46
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THE MONARCH OF MOUNTAINS.
Illustrations.—Mont Blanc, from the Mer de Glace.—Mont Blanc, seen from Mont Buet.—Mountains of Europe.—Rock of the Grands Mulets.—Great Crevasse at the Foot of Mont Blanc.—Passage of the Echelles by M. Bisson, 1861.—The Hut erected on the Grands Mulets.—Exploring the Mountain.—Catastrophe of August 20.
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Chapter XIII. Vain Remonstrances.
Chapter XIV. The Zouave Officer.
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FACETIÆ.

CAN a ship with two owners be called a partnership?

THERE ARE MANY SUCH ABOUT.—A physician said of a quack that "he was such an ignoramus that if he could take a lantern and go down inside his patient, he couldn't find out what the matter was."

AN ATTACHED COUPLE—Oyster-shells.

SELF-DECAPITATION.—A person lifting his head up.

Of what trade are bees?—They are comb-makers.

THE HEIGHT OF SABBATARIANISM—Finding a bank-note on the pavement on a Sunday, and declining to pick it up.

HOW TO GET THE EXACT WEIGHT OF A FISH—Weigh him in his own scales.

CANNIBALISM EXTRAORDINARY.—It is our melancholy duty to announce that a gentleman well known in literary circles and the neighborhood of Hoxton, a kind husband, an affectionate father, a devoted friend, and an ex-deacon, one at whom the finger of suspicion has never been pointed, and on whose character the breath of calumny has never yet alighted, was the other day found *devouring a favorite author!*

TOO TRUE.

IT WASN'T THUS HE WAS WONT TO BEHAVE IN THOSE DEAR OLD DAYS, SO LONG AGO! HE DIDN'T THEN LEAVE SOME PEOPLE TO GET OVER STILES ANY WAY, THE BEST THEY COULD, WHILE HE WALKED ON, READING HIS STUPID NEWSPAPER!

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.—Mrs. Pralamop says she does not understand what they mean by "The Dead March in Saul." She is not aware that the dead march any where, or under any circumstances. She shook her head in persistent bewilderment when some one informed her that the "Dead March *in* Saul" only meant the Dead March *out* of "Saul."

A FLIMSY SUBSTITUTE—Notes for gold.

A LEADING ARTICLE—A dog-chain.

JOINT PROPRIETORS—Butchers.

THE BEST BREAD SOURCE—Work.

FORTUNE-TELLERS—Bank clerks.

"IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE"—Candle-droppings on the carpet.

What sport is like girls' gossip?—Decr-stalking.

NOT LIKELY TO BE SHOWN.—Talleyrand used to be worried about his autograph, and to one of his persecutors he thus wrote: "Will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday next, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool of the lot."

STICKING UP FOR AN ABSENT FRIEND.

MISS FRUMPINGTON (*who has dropped in for a chat about last night's ball*). "And can it be True, Clara, that Captain Jinks actually so far Forgot himself as to Try and Kiss you in the Conservatory after Supper?"
CLARA. "He did indeed, Miss Frumpington. Vulgar little Wretch!"
MISS FRUMPINGTON. "You Surprise me! To *Me* Captain Jinks has always behaved like such a *perfect* Gentleman!"

WONDERS OF FASHION.

"Wear my Hat on my Head! Impossible, Grandpa dear! Haven't done such a Thing for Ages! It's Pinned on with my Hair!"

"Them soldiers must be an awful dishonest set," said an old lady, "for not a night seems to pass that some sentry is not relieved of his watch!"

THE BEST.

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of a new minister.

"Why, do you understand those languages?" was asked.

"No; but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

"CAPITAL" SPORT—Money-hunting.

To what port ought a courtship in a storm to steer for?—Union Bay, *I* guess.

A newly married man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there induced her to attempt with him the ascent of one of the high peaks. The lady, who at home had never ascended higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked by her side, expostulating with her fears. He spoke honey-moon whispers, but the rarefaction of the air was such that every word was audible. "You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy?"

"Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically, "but I never meant *above the snow line.*"

THE MAY QUEEN.

THE KING OF THE MAY.

"I say, Sam, dey tell me dare is a man down East dat is so industrious dat he works twenty-five hours in a day?"

"How is dat, Cuffy? Dare are only twenty-four hours in a day."

"Why, he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid nigger!"

A VOLUME OF LOVE—Your bank-book.

If a man loses his breath it is no use to run for it. He can catch it quicker by standing still.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER—Gold.

THE LAPS OF TIME—Our old coat-tails.

Is the man who believes in suppers necessarily sup(p)erstitious?

A CONSTANT GLEANER—The tax-gatherer.

The question of the day is whether it is more difficult for a girl of the period to get her clothes in her trunk, or her trunk in her clothes.

A THRASHING-MACHINE—A school-master's cane.

COME TO GRIEF.—When does a cab-horse enjoy a melancholy pleasure?—When he can indulge in "the luxury of Woh."

When is a mother a father?—When she's a sigher.

A bachelor friend suggests that in most marriages considerable "soft soap," with strong lye, is used, and the whole operation ends in shaving!

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 20.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Mantelets for Girls from 7 to 13 Years old, Figs. 1–6.

Figs. 1 and 2.—MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. This mantelet is made of light brown ladies' cloth, trimmed with brown velvet ribbon three-fifths of an inch wide. The neck of the mantelet is finished with a standing collar of the material.

Figs. 3 and 4.—MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD. This mantelet is made of the same material as the dress, that is, of light brown poplin, and is trimmed with a box-pleated ruffle of the material. Cover the seam made by sewing on the ruffle with a bias strip of the material one inch and one-fifth wide; on this strip sew braid as shown by the illustration. To make the mantelet, cut of the material and brown alpaca lining from Figs. 36 and 37, Supplement, each two pieces, and from Fig. 38 one piece. Join the back and side pieces according to the corresponding figures; then join the back with the fronts on the shoulders from 3 to 4. Sew the mantelet together from 4 to * on Figs. 37 and 38, and join with Fig. 37 from : to *, each a band of poplin. These bands are closed under the fronts in adjusting the mantelet. Set on the trimming, finish the neck with a standing collar made of the material and lining. The mantelet is closed with hooks and eyes.

Fig. 2.—MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]

Fig. 5. — MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD. This mantelet is made of granite cashmere, and is trimmed with a side-pleated ruffle and ends of the material. Cut from Fig. 39, Supplement, after joining on the piece turned down in Supplement, two pieces, and one piece from Fig. 40. Sew up the seam in the back, join the shoulder seams, and face the mantelet all around, except the neck, with a strip of granite silk an inch and three-fifths wide. Furnish the front with hooks and eyes. Face the part which constitutes the trimming along the outer edge, except the neck, with a strip of the material four-fifths of an inch wide, and trim it with a side-pleated ruffle as shown by the illustration. Arrange the upper edge of the trimming part in pleats, bringing × on ●, baste it along the neck of the mantelet according to the corresponding figures, cord both together, and sew on a side-pleated ruffle, as shown by the illustration. Finally, fasten three ends of cashmere under the trimming part, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—FRONT. [See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 6.—MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. This mantelet is made of light gray barathea, lined with gray silk. The trimming consists of black velvet ribbon four-fifths of an inch wide and a bow of black velvet at each side of the mantelet.

Fig. 5.—MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD. For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 39 and 40.

Fig. 4.—MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.—BACK.—[See Fig. 3.] For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 36–38.

Fig. 6.—MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

LIVING IN GERMANY.

HOUSES AND RENT.

THERE is an ever-increasing number of American people who are taking refuge from the high cost of living of their own country in the more economical life of Europe. Of all parts of the Continent Germany is destined to become the especial favorite, from the simplicity yet refinement of its social habits, its intellectual activity, the opportunities it offers for education, the cheapness of labor, and consequent low price not only of necessaries but luxuries, the general healthfulness of its climate, and the charms with which the taste of the people for music, the fine arts, gardening, and out-door enjoyment has endowed all its public places and resorts.

Even the metropolitan cities of Germany, as compared with those of the United States, are much cheaper. The cost of living in strangers' style, at strangers' prices, in the most fashionable hotels of Vienna, Berlin, and Hamburg is not much more than one-half of that in the great caravanseras of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. In the smaller capitals of Munich, Dresden, and Stuttgart it is less. To fully appreciate, however, the economical advantages of living in Germany, Americans must throw off as soon as possible their character of travelers.

Those who propose to reside for a year or more in Germany, and can dispense with the stir and variety of a large capital, had better betake themselves to some of the smaller towns, as Heidelberg or Darmstadt. Here they will find hotels or boarding-houses, where they will be welcome as boarders by the month or season, at a rate much less than that demanded of passing travelers. It will be more economical, however, and comfortable, especially if there is a young family, to hire apartments, and to sustain an independent household. We would recommend, by all means, if the length of residence should justify it, the renting of unfurnished rooms. The charge for the furnished is disproportionately high, and the furniture is often so frail and rickety as to be constantly liable to breakage and derangement, for which, of course, the tenant has to pay. The articles, moreover, picked up here and there, are rarely homogeneous in form, color, or texture, and are a constant worry to an orderly eye. The casualties are so frequent, and the compensation demanded so exorbitant, that we have often suspected that the arm-chairs and lounges, the lamps and sugar-bowls, were so many man-traps, with their dangers artfully concealed by a little varnish or cement, to catch the unwary. The best plan is, undoubtedly, to buy one's own furniture, and this, in all its varieties, can be bought at a moderate price, and generally disposed of after a few years' careful service at a deduction from the original cost less than what the hire of more ugly and less convenient articles would have amounted to.

Fig. 3.—MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.] For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 36–38.

The common mode of living in the towns of Germany is on flats, or in parts of houses. Each floor is a complete residence within itself, with kitchen, offices, and all attached. The staircase leading to the street door is common to the different occupants, but each floor forms as distinct and private a dwelling as a self-contained house. Any disadvantage such an arrangement may have—but we know of none—in regard to domestic privacy is more than compensated by the important benefit of greatly diminishing the expense of rent to each tenant. It has the further advantage, moreover, of requiring fewer servants. The town houses are generally built of three stories, affording convenient residences for that number of families. The second, termed the *bel étage*, is ordinarily considered the best floor, but has seldom any greater advantage over the others than its position and the little additional height of its ceilings and walls may be supposed to give it. An addition is made to the rent in consideration of this presumed superiority. The third-floor is, notwithstanding, esteemed by many as decidedly the best, since having only the garret or servants' rooms above, its quiet is less likely to be disturbed by noise on the upper floors or the stairs of the common hall. It, moreover, has the advantage of a more extensive out-look, and this in certain situations, in Heidelberg, for example, where the views are so attractive, is greatly valued.

The great saving in the item of rent will be appreciated by all who have paid their $1500, $2000, $3000, and perhaps more hundreds and thousands of dollars a year, according to their requirements, for houses in New York, when they find that they can hire dwellings of equal convenience, in the most attractive quarters of a German town, for one-fifth of these sums. We know of a gentleman who lets his house in New York for $4000 a year, and now has his family equally accommodated in a suite of handsome apartments in Dresden at an annual expense of $600. We know of another who, while temporarily residing in our costly city, paid $200 a week for his rooms and board in the Fifth Avenue, and at this time is charged only that sum a month at Munich for better apartments and a more luxurious fare. Again, there is a family at Heidelberg which we find installed in handsome apartments in the *Anlage*, the finest quarter of that picturesquely situated town. Each of the five windows, which front in a row the broad avenue,

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looks out upon clumps of trees, plantations, flower beds, and shaded walks, which, after winding in and out through a wide level of park, ascend the acclivities of the surrounding hills of vineyard and wood. The grand old Castle of Heidelberg lies in dignified ruin within full view on the left, and you see every where the eaves and roofs of tasteful villas and neat cottages showing above the overlapping of the heights and through the openings between the trees. Here is certainly attractiveness of position, and the interior gives indication of all the essentials of comfort. The apartments consist of one large saloon with three windows, four bedrooms, a wide hall, kitchen, and the necessary offices, embracing the whole third flat, or story. In addition there are two attic bedrooms, a large cellar, and the use of a garden. For all this only $240 a year are paid! The furniture, which seems to include every thing required by a family accustomed to regard most even of the luxuries of life as necessaries, cost in all, including an abundant supply of linen, precisely $1000! Adding twelve per cent. of this sum ($120) for annual wear and tear of the furniture to the $240 paid for rent of the apartments, we have $360 in all as the yearly cost of a well-situated and conveniently furnished dwelling. This inexpensive residence gives fuller satisfaction to the requirements of comfort and luxury, and the exigency of respectability, than could be obtained from any furnished house in New York at $2000 a year; yet Heidelberg has the reputation in Germany of being a dear place.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871.

☞ *Our next Number will contain a new and elegant Lady's Traveling Suit, of which the Cut Paper Pattern will be published; together with numerous other useful and beautiful illustrations, and a choice variety of reading matter.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain numerous patterns and illustrations of Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Paletots, Fichus, Blouse-Waists, Jackets, Hoods, Collars, Under-Sleeves, Cuffs, etc.; several beautiful new Parasols, and tasteful embroidery patterns; Jewel Cases, Nets for boiling Fish, Mats for Dogs, Ties, Rosettes, etc., etc.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page 319 of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Rouge.

MY DEAR MEDORA,—When I said to one of your friends the other morning that I had never seen you look more fresh and blooming than you did the evening before at the madrigal concert, she smiled, and said nothing. But when I asked her whether she had remarked the peculiar rosiness of your cheeks, she smiled still more. And when, astonished, I asked again, and more urgently, if she had observed the exquisite color, she laughed outright as she answered, "One dollar a cup." Now an old and unmarried gentleman who has cherished a great many of his early ideals does not readily think ill of any woman, and it was only after several minutes of silence and painful doubt that I could bring myself to ask the question which her words irresistibly suggested—"Do you mean to insinuate that Medora paints her cheeks?" Your friend raised her eyes deprecatingly, shrugged her shoulders a very little, and answered, "Of course she paints."

In the French memoirs, indeed, I had read of rouging, and I knew that actresses paint their cheeks, and I had even seen the eyelashes and the nail-tips of Oriental women which had been touched with kohl and henna; but that lovely young women around me here, walking upon the Avenue, and driving in the Park, actually rub rouge upon their cheeks, gave me a thrill of surprise and sorrow. When I left your friend it was with curiosity morbidly excited. As I passed a group of prettily dressed young women, I looked at them eagerly, but my eyes were not so delicately trained that I could determine whether their color was false. But I did remark that their ears were bored, and hung with metal and jewels, like savages, so that I could not but feel that the same savage instinct might lead them to paint themselves, like the Indians, and I was sorry that I could not see their arms, to discover if they were tattooed. I observed, however, that the rings were hung in the flesh of the ears only, and not in that of the nose, where they would be still more conspicuous.

Indeed, your friend's remark had so poisoned my mind that all the pretty women who passed suggested the most painful doubts. If their color is false, what is true about them? If I can not believe in their cheeks, may I credit their hair? I asked myself, regretfully; or are they mere masquerading figures, of whose real grace and charm and beauty there are no means of knowing? As I walked on with my mind full of rouge, as it were, I met a young gentleman who had just been at the exhibition of the Academy, and he began to speak of some of the pictures, and among them Boughton's "Last Rose of Summer," so ardently that at last I involuntarily asked him, "Was it a dollar a jar?" He looked at me in surprise, as if I had lost my wits suddenly, and, remembering myself, I said to him, "I beg your pardon, but really you put so much rouge into your conversation that I incautiously asked you the price. Don't be offended; but since I have learned that a young friend of mine paints her cheeks, I seem to discover rouge every where."

The young gentleman smiled, and left me. He thought I was a little crazy. But I know that he rouges his conversation. And it is not to me only that he does so. He will repair this evening to the house of a certain maiden, who, I sincerely hope, does not paint her cheeks. He will sit by her side in the twilight in the remotest corner. You, perhaps, Medora, can imagine what he will say. But can you tell whether his words will not be rouged? Can you be sure that after long years, when he is no longer a wooer, and when the scene has changed to his own house, his own family, and his own daily, busy life—can you be sure, I say, that the young woman—no longer young—will not turn upon him and say, "When we sat together in the summer evenings long ago, when we were lovers, and not yet married, you talked the swift hours delightfully away, and my heart listened with all its faith. It believed your words, Sir—pah! they were painted an inch thick! All that rose-bloom of passionate eloquence was rouge only! Your conversation was false as a ballet-dancer's complexion." My dear Medora, I fear that the dame would be in the right, and that the man who rouges his talk is no more honest than the woman who colors her cheeks.

If what your friend told me be true, and you do make that fair face of yours—yes, and its very fairness itself—a lie, I do not wonder that I see Byron and Swinburne lying upon your table. Their inkstand is a rouge pot. They redden their lines into falsehood. They tint with a lie. It is not a genuine and noble emotion that glows upon their page; it is a painted passion. But why blame them, for how hard it is to escape! If you paint your cheeks, my dear Medora, it is because you wish to produce a certain effect upon the public. Your public, indeed, is a private circle. It is a drawing-room. It is Mrs. Grundy's set. But you rouge for them. And what is the author's public? It is a larger circle than that you appeal to. But his desire is, like yours, to affect them. He, too, would produce a certain impression, and he too has recourse to the rouge pot.

I go to the theatre, and I am told that I shall see the mirror held up to nature. But that must be done in obedience to the rules of art. It is Shakespeare's "King Henry the Eighth," perhaps, that I am to see, and while the orchestra plays and the curtain is not yet raised I please myself with a picture of what the scene should be. "Of course," says my neighbor, "Miss Jones, who acts Queen Katharine, will rouge her cheeks. She must do that, or there would be no effect at this distance. Undoubtedly she must paint her cheeks." The music stops and the curtain rises, and presently Queen Katharine enters. Her cheeks are rouged. Rouged? They are plastered with paint. Her face is a rigid mask. The color positively seems to drip upon her dress. But as she advances in her part I observe that it is not upon her dress only that it drips. The entire text of the part, and all her action, and all her tones, are equally rouged. They are hideously smeared with paint. It is no more the poetry of Shakespeare, or the movement and the music of human life, than the stage upon which she stands is the solid earth. And then I perceive that as you, Medora, rouge your cheeks for effect, so for effect the whole delivery of the drama is rouged, and that the false color on the actress's cheeks is only the emblem of the false color spread over the play.

My dear Medora, I begin to think your rouged cheeks very venial, for I take up my newspaper, and again I behold a mere smear of rouge. I attempt to read the news; but it has all been colored according to the fancy of the purveyor. Here is a significant fact delicately shaded out of sight. There is an unimportant detail made absolutely scarlet or crimson. If I turn to the editor's comment, it is all rouge again. This remote and improbable influence is vehemently overstated. That obvious and menacing conclusion is lost in contemptuous silence. You color your cheeks to produce the most favorable effect possible. My diligent friends in the newspapers color their facts and remarks for the same purpose. In your case and in theirs, it is not the truth that we see, but only what somebody is resolved that the truth shall seem to be.

Your friend said that your color cost one dollar a cup. But I wonder, dear Medora, if your Conrad—attorney and counselor at law—if he ever observes with apprehension your resplendent complexion and asks a few questions about it, will also reflect that if you use color by the delicate cup, he uses it by the barrel and the hogshead? I heard him in one of his recent arguments in court. Now, my dear Medora, if I may venture to fancy you at your mirror, equipping yourself for conquest, I can see you with deft and delaying hand touching your primed finger-tip to your cheek as a bird swiftly dips and lightly skims in the shining pool; and the effect is so subtile and so rare that the most incredulous judgment hangs poised between perfect nature and transcendent art. But Conrad, whom I saw producing *his* effect, was like the whitewasher with his pails and brushes. He dipped the brush and laid it, saturated and reeking with the wash, upon the surface he was treating. It was all coarsely apparent. There was no illusion. And when I remonstrated, he said: "Why, that is my business! That is what I am paid for, to make my side seem white and the other side black. It is not the fact that I care about, but to make the appearance conform to my assertion and intention." If ever, therefore, Conrad complains that he could almost believe your cheeks are rouged, tell him that your object is not to show your cheeks as they are, but as you wish them to be, in order that you may be thought young and beautiful. And if he asks with horror who taught you so immoral a lesson, reply to him: "Conrad, thou art the man!"

But, my dear Medora, my mind was so full of the poison instilled by your friend's remark that I could not avoid it even at Saint Rainbow's. I observed as I entered that the spires were wood carved, and painted to resemble cut stone: "Pah! rouge! rouge!" I exclaimed, with such ardor that Mrs. Carbuncle looked at me as if I had publicly denounced her, and Mr. Carbuncle bristled up to me in the most belligerent manner to know if I intended to insult his wife. "Good Heaven! Carbuncle," said I, "I don't know her." But as I reflected upon the sham towers, and saw you, Medora, beyond Mrs. Carbuncle, I could not help adding, "But it does smell dreadfully of paint, doesn't it, Carbuncle?" He merely glowered, and went into church. I listened to the sermon very attentively; but the simple truths which I had hoped to hear were so preposterously rouged with the preacher's rhetoric, and with his scarlet and crimson theories, that I turned away, and my eyes fell upon neighbor Grab. His face had the most humane and benevolent aspect conceivable. 'Tis only rouge, I said to myself; the hard-hearted old fellow paints his face with a soft expression. Joel Snoar, in the corner pew, had propped his head with the face toward the pulpit, as if listening intently. But Joel was fast asleep. Rouge, again, I said. And just as the preacher ended, as I was afterward told, a prodigious description of the torments to which we were all hastening, I exclaimed so energetically, as I saw Mrs. Grundy herself aping devotion, "Rouge! rouge!" that all the sleepers suddenly awakened and glared at me as a moral monster, and the preacher, after sermon, prayed especially for Sabbath-breakers and profaners of the temple.

Thus you see, dear Medora, that the result of my hearing your friend's remark is the discovery that the verb "to rouge" is conjugated in all the numbers and persons: "I rouge; thou rougest; he rouges. We rouge; ye or you rouge; they rouge." If we could only put it in the past tense!

Yours, AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE "CIRCUS" WORLD.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IN the country, where every sound must give an account of itself, the early stillness of summer mornings is sometimes broken by a protracted clatter. The noise assaults your ears long before it makes any impression on your soul, "buried in sleep." Then you become slowly aware that it is not a steady, level ado, but a rattling that swells and sinks and swells again in a series of disturbing culminations; and presently you comprehend that a procession of some sort is going by, and you are wide awake in an instant. Processions are not so common in the country that they can be suffered to hide their light under a bushel. The household is suddenly set astir—every window-blind opened far enough for curious eyes to peer out, and for the bright, fresh, dewy morning to peer in. The barefoot milk-boy is slowly sauntering by, his newly scoured tin pail resplendent in the sunshine, and his wide eyes fixed on the clatter, just rounding the knoll beneath the elms: one, two, three, four pairs of horses, as different from the sober steeds in yonder pasture as silk from stuff—gay, high-stepping horses, that look as if the map of the world had been wrapped around them for skin, the continents tinted roan, the seas in white; and behind them long two-story wagons, like boxes on wheels, gayly painted, fast closed. But we know it is the circus, and that those gorgeously colored boxes inclose a howling wilderness of bears and tigers, and that somewhere along the road, at some auspicious hour, some happy person will see the elephant; but we must content ourselves for the present with the pretty little pony, and the grand chariot which contains such members of the "troupe" as are not driving the horses or stretched out prone, dead asleep, on the tops of the howling boxes. A very sleepy circus it always is at this time of the morning; but it sets the whole village wild with enthusiasm.

Then the handbills come and add fuel to the flame. And the county paper takes up the parable, and flares out with chariots and horsemen—and horsewomen too—in every attitude of danger and daring, and the odds are you go. If you have children, you say it is to please the children. If you have none, you say it is to see the crowd. But it isn't. It is to see the circus. You feel a little shamefaced to march up and buy a ticket of the man who has made an office of the rear of his wagon, but you do it. Hosts of minor tents have colonized in the vicinity of the mammoth tent, and on their canvas sides picture to you in vivid colors and flaunting capitals the attractions of the Two Interesting Idiots from Australia, Remarkable Double-Headed Girl—Is She One, or Is She Two? The Calculating Pig, or The Giantess of the Hebrides. But you shun side issues and plunge at once into the lions' den and take heart. For no loud advertisement nor monstrosity of drawing can conceal the fierce magnificence of a lion, the treacherous softness of a panther, the graceful beauty of the leopard. They circle their impatient round—the free, wild, fettered things—and bring into this mean arena the grandeur of Numidian wildernesses. Before them the keepers walk back and forth in dingy scarlet coats, reciting to their ever-shifting audiences choice bits of natural history with an impassive face and a monotonous voice that make the growling and roaring of the other beasts seem oratorical and intelligent. Here is the huge white polar bear, draggling his long hair on the floor, and panting with heat, in spite of the four hundred pounds of ice wherewith he is daily blockaded, and the hogsheads of water that keep him constantly wet. Alas! the ice-chest and the shower-bath are but a sorry tepid substitute for the arctic floe that his hot blood leaps and longs for. Here is the prowling hyena—that ghoul among beasts, that horror of ingenuous youth, till the same tender hand which turned Henry VIII. into a fond husband, and Judas Iscariot into a too zealous loyalist, touched the hyena too, and whitewashed him into a roving sanitary commission prosecuting its good work by moonlight. Here in the middle of the tent lie the camels, mild and ugly; and immediately the white sands of the desert stretch around us, and the damsel Rebekah, lithe and blithe and very fair to look upon, stands once more by the well of Nahor at the evening-tide, and down from Gilead comes a cavalcade of Midian merchants, bearing spicery and balm and myrrh. "Slow coaching," young America would say; but when Ahasuerus sent out all swiftly a decree to revoke the bloody edict of Haman, "hastened and pressed" by the love and the terror of his young Jewish queen—Esther the beautiful, and brave as beautiful, and wise as brave—the camels and young dromedaries held their heads high among his post-horses. Was it three thousand of such sturdy cattle as these that Job's stables held? Round such tawny, homely necks did Zebah and Zalmunna hang their golden ornaments? and is it from this coarse, ungainly hair the wonderful shawls are woven and broidered, not for an age, but for all time? And if, as my lord keeper affirms, it takes one hundred and fifty pounds of meat every day to feed a baker's dozen of lions and tigers, on what enemy's country could Job have foraged to keep his stalls from famine, even if his mews were as piously inclined as our nineteenth century beasts, who have unanimously agreed to keep the Sabbath-day by an unbroken fast? No feeding in this circus on Sunday! Let the compilers of our Sabbath manuals take notice. Whether it is for the health of their bodies or the subjugation of their souls doth not appear; but it would seem as if Sunday must be a rather long day to them, with not even the solace of a curious stick to stir up their sides and their solitude.

And here is that mountain of animated nature, the elephant. Is he an elephant? Is he not a mass of baked mud that lived once among the megatheriums and ichthyosauruses, when life was big and slow and pokey, and has come down to us by mistake, as one born out of due time? Certainly he seems here very much out of time and place. He is so utterly unbeautiful! and he appears to know it, poor fellow, and looks meek and deprecating out of those small, sidewise, modest eyes of his. What straight, ungraceful legs! what a short, useless neck! what an unwieldy head! And why will they make him dance, when dignity is his only rôle? And what does an elephant think of being made to climb up and stand on a tub just large enough to give room to his four feet—if an elephant can be said to have feet, where the appearance is that his legs have simply come to an end?

Before you have had time enough to see the baby elephant, who is but half as homely as the other, because only half as big; or the baby lion, who is as fierce at heart as his jungle-born papa; or the ostrich, who "can carry a full-sized man on his back, and run nine miles an hour," says the exhibitor in his measured monotone—and I know one man with whom I should like to see him try it and lose his way; or the quills upon the fretful porcupine; or the always funny monkey—you must go in to see the "performance," which does not, perhaps, rank among the high

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arts, but which is often a good deal higher than is quite comfortable to look at. Indeed, it seems to me more wonderful for men and women to perform such riding feats than for the great God to make an elephant or a rhinoceros. It is harder to defy law than to organize law. Nature established gravitation; but she must establish something. If a stone does not go down when it is dropped, it must go somewhere. But having made a point of putting people down, Nature must feel astonished to see those circus-riders stay up. The broad-saddle riding is not so incomprehensible. Any body could ride standing on a soft saddle as big and flat as a table, and perhaps make shift to jump through a hoop in the air, since the horse, though galloping, gallops slowly withal. But when it comes to riding without any saddle at all, and riding two horses at a time, and standing straight up on them both, and a woman standing straight up on you, and all sweeping around together in a dizzy whirligig—why, you can't do it.

And here they live and grow together for years and years—little lions and leopards and little men and women—in a world of their own; and you know, perhaps, as much about the one as about the other.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

UNDRESSED SILKS.

AMONG the few new fabrics of the season is one especially worthy of mention. This is undressed silk, a fine Lyons gros grain without the dressing that gives stiffness and most of its lustre to gros grain. It has the natural demi-lustre of the silk, is very soft, does not spot or rumple, and will not cockle from dampness. It may be made up as dressily as the silk pongees, and is admirable for sea-side costumes and elegant traveling suits. There are two qualities—the Catelan, and a heavier article called Breda silk. It is imported in all the stylish colors—tan, tea-color, fawn, écru, the frog-colors, and Frou Frou brown. The price is $2 25 a yard.

PONGEES AND FOULARDS.

A less expensive material in the pale summer tints is pongee foulard—a light, silky fabric, with serge twill, and soft enough to drape like cashmere. The twill gives promise of more service than is usually found in frail foulards. It is three-quarters of a yard wide, worth $1 25 a yard, in every shade of gray, buff, and brown. Fine Lyons pongee, almost as dressy as silk, is $2 a yard, and twenty-four inches wide. More attractive still is the real India pongee, in its unbleached natural color, thick and substantial, yet light, cool, and pleasant to the touch. This elegant fabric costs from $2 to $2 50 a yard. The striped pongees, also new, have inch-wide stripes like satin on plain pongee of the same shade. In plum-color, tea, and London smoke these are considered very stylish for costumes. The prices range from $2 to $2 75.

LYONS POPLINS.

Lyons poplins are almost as handsome this season as expensive Irish poplins. The cord is not as even and large as in Pym's best, but the fabric is the same, and the light quality more pleasant for summer wear, while the cost is only $1 or $1 25 a yard. The colors are as perfect as in rich silks, the tea and Frou Frou shades being especially desirable for suits.

SUMMER SILKS.

Three dollars a yard is asked for the best summer silks—white grounds with penciled stripes of black or a color. The qualities sold for $2 are warranted not to spot, and very pretty-looking silks, alike on both sides, are shown for $1 25. The silks of still lower price so largely displayed in the early part of the season are not to be had now.

BLACK GRENADINE.

Small-meshed grenadines are used this year in preference to the large square meshes so long in vogue. Iron grenadine, well twisted, strong, and three-fourths of a yard wide—the most convenient width—is sold for 75 cents a yard. This makes a pretty show, and retains its color almost as well as finer goods. Glossy silk grenadines in armure figures cost from $1 to $2.

Black silks at $1 25 a yard are commended by merchants as good enough for wearing under grenadine. These light silks answer very well for under-skirts beneath grenadine; but experience teaches that they are not substantial enough for waist linings. A thick gros grain for $2 or $2 50 is really better economy. We deprecate also the fashion of making a separate silk under-skirt, as it is difficult to get the silk and grenadine skirts the same length; besides, grenadine is not strong enough to support the heavy, full flounces now worn. It is far better to make a black silk skirt, and use up all one's grenadine in putting flounces on the silk, making them extend far above the edge of the over-skirt or polonaise.

Most elaborate flounces are put on grenadine. An instance of this is an apron-polonaise suit made at one of the best French houses. The black silk skirt had around the bottom a bias ruffle of silk over an eighth of a yard deep. This ruffle was not meant to show, but to hold out the grenadine flounce above it. This grenadine flounce was straight, scantily gathered, two fingers deep, and edged with a two-inch bias ruffle. Lapping over this was a similar flounce cut in large scallops, with a large box-pleat between each scallop. The heading was a grenadine ruche and a standing frill. A lengthwise bow of gros grain was on each pleat. The very long apron-polonaise was cut precisely like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., except that two darts were taken in front, and deeper seams were made under the arms and behind, fitting the garment closely to the figure. The trimming was a bias frill two inches wide, headed by a ruche. This surrounded the garment, trimmed the coat sleeves, and was arranged on the apron in the way shown in our engraving. The waist lining of silk extended just to the hips, the skirt of the polonaise being unlined. In this exquisitely made suit the grenadine seams were pressed open, and bound with thin silk ribbon to prevent raveling. French modistes charge from $150 to $200 for such costumes. Bias grenadine flounces are usually hemmed on the outside, not bound. A plain and stylish finish for bias ruffles is a tiny fold of the dress material showing above a half-inch hem turned up on the right side. To do this the seams joining the widths of ruffling must be reversed near the lower edge; then lay the edge of the ruffle in a narrow fold or tuck, and, sewing through three layers, fasten this fold to the ruffle. Turn up on the outside your binding or hem, the piping fold will reveal itself, and the whole must be secured in its place by slip stitches concealed beneath the hem. This is tedious, but so pretty that it repays the time and trouble of making it. Kilt pleats, alternately of gros grain and grenadine, are also used for trimming. Many flounces are also edged with narrow feathery lace, either thread or guipure, and very often only an imitation lace. For dressy black grenadine costumes, to be worn at watering-places, in the carriage, or at home, black lace two or three inches wide is placed over white lace—either coarse Valenciennes or Bruges—or over pleatings of white Swiss muslin edged with narrow patent Valenciennes.

We repeat that the linings of corsages are not cut down low, leaving the neck and arms merely covered by grenadine. Southern readers object to thick high linings of thin dresses, but, with the neck pointed low and the sleeves made open, the dress is not warmer than when clinging grenadine is brought in contact with the skin. At all events, this fashion prevails, even for organdy muslins. A black and white organdy made for a Saratoga outfit, either for the house or street, has an apron-polonaise and single skirt trimmed with fluted ruffles headed by puffs strapped with black velvet. The high, close corsage is lined throughout with white linen. Black velvet bows looped the skirt and ornamented the half-flowing sleeves. The skirt lay on the ground a quarter of a yard. Modistes charge $30 for these cool, fresh-looking suits. They are very frail, however, and will scarcely bear washing, but may be worn a long time without. Suits of gray English barége similarly made have three straight flounces edged with very narrow pleatings of lilac barége and patent Valenciennes. Another favorite trimming for suits is a single flounce three-eighths of a yard wide, the upper eighth held in flat side pleats, the lower part hemmed and flowing free from the skirt.

TROUSSEAU FOR MAY.

A trousseau, just finished for a bride going abroad, has many beautiful garments. The bridal dress is white silk with orange flowers. The bride-maids' dresses were one pink, the other blue silk. A white tulle flounce three-fourths of a yard deep, piped with the dress silk, surrounded the train. The long tulle over-skirt had a deep hem piped with silk, and was caught up by sprays of the sweet pea. The corsage, pointed back and front, and laced behind, had deep Pompadour squares filled with tulle puffs. The long graceful train was rounded and made to lie smoothly on the floor without a single fold. The straight back widths, exceedingly long, were pleated into the side seams near the top to make them very bouffant. The white muslin trained skirt worn beneath had ample deep flounces, starched very stiff to support the dress train.

A lovely dinner dress for the bride was French gray silk trimmed with pale rose pink silk. The demi-train had a graduated flounce outlining a court train. This flounce was gathered in front and box-pleated on the train. It was headed and finished with bias bands piped with rose-color. A tablier trimming was six crescent-shaped bands, finished with bows, arranged to show a rose-colored lining. The basque had a deep-pointed back with pleated drapery, also showing the contrasting silk. A duchesse collar of rose silk edged with black lace. A reception dress of *ciel* blue silk had two white crape flounces, very deep, and pinked. The upper part of the skirt formed a bouffant puff. Half-high basque, and sleeves ruffled to the elbow. One of the prettiest walking suits was black and white striped silk, made with polonaise and flounced skirt.

The traveling dress to be worn on the steamer was of green English water-proof. The skirt had a broad flounce trimmed above and below with points of green silk. The plain, long over-skirt was edged with silk points. The postilion-basque had coat sleeves, and was trimmed to simulate a vest. Worn over this was a loose paletot with flowing sleeves, the garment lined throughout with green silk. A circular of the same water-proof, with a pretty hood, was also provided for wearing on deck. A second traveling dress, to be worn on the Continent, was ashes-of-roses poplin trimmed with dark brown silk. The skirt was flounced; the polonaise was simply hemmed, and had a wide silk facing down the front fastened by bows. Added to this stylish over dress was a jaunty jacket of the poplin, lined with silk, and finished up the back and sleeves by bows. A morning wrapper for use on the steamer was of light French flannel, made loose, so as to be easily gotten into when seasick, and accompanied by a cape and hood for going on deck.

SUMMER BONNETS.

The latest importation is of bonnets direct from Paris, made by Virot and other familiar names. They are chips of rare fineness and Leghorns, much larger than any gypsy bonnet yet worn, with indented head pieces broad enough for brims of round hats. They look very odd when hanging in a milliner's room, but are very stylish when properly worn. One of these, marked $50, is of chip, with Nile green gros grain ribbon two inches wide knotted around the crown. Two paler green ostrich tips on the head piece fall on the crown, while below this are streamers of black lace. The face trimming is a black lace ruche with leaves purpled by the frost. Ribbon strings to tie under the chin. Another is trimmed with white ribbon and feathers, and has pale green sprays in the face trimming. A third has a China crape scarf of pale lavender, with black and white ostrich tips. A torsade of the crape makes the face trimming. Black dotted net strings, edged with white lace under black.

Elegant Leghorns for more elderly ladies are trimmed with black gros grain piped with palest écru, and ostrich tips of the two colors.

A novelty from Virot's is of black grenadine, with square meshes laid plainly on the frame and piped with black gros grain. Moss-rose-buds form the face trimming, and a deep mantilla veil completes the bonnet.

The loveliest round hat from the same house is a round crown and narrow rolled brim covered with two shades of China crape in the violet tints: price $50.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; VIRFOLET; GEDNEY; and PAGE.

PERSONAL.

THE amount of physical labor and travel performed by the bishops of the Episcopal and Methodist churches is almost incredible. The statistics of the Episcopal Church show that the average life of a bishop is but fifteen years. They are literally worked to death. Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, has almost broken down in his work. Bishop LITTLEJOHN, of Long Island, does the work of half a dozen clergymen. He has his robes on on Sunday six and even seven times. Of the fifty-two Episcopalian bishops, thirty-three have been consecrated during the last twelve years.

—JOHN RUSKIN, who seems to lose his head when he forsakes art for politics, recently declared that it would be better that the people of Europe should perish than that they should become tainted with American ideas. With what disgust and alarm, then, must this enthusiastic admirer of medieval notions observe the progress of American literature among those very people! Here is Dr. JOHN W. DRAPER'S "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," in Russian, printed, in two handsome volumes, at St. Petersburg—an honor accorded to only one other American book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Translations of Dr. DRAPER'S work have also appeared in French, German, and Italian, and a handsome edition, in two volumes, has been published by BELL & DALDY in London. Translations of his "History of the Civil War in America" into French, Russian, and German are also in course of preparation. Mr. RUSKIN will find his outcry against the influx of American ideas quite as vain and ridiculous as Mrs. Partington's battle with the Atlantic Ocean.

—Lady BULWER, whose name is seldom seen nowadays in the public prints, is said to have written a religious novel illustrating the conversion of a fashionable woman of the world through a long series of afflictions. It is entirely unlike "Blanca Capello," "Chevely," and other of her ladyship's earlier works.

—A letter from Paris, just received from Mr. W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE, the author of "Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East," gives a graphic picture of the fearful condition of that unhappy city. He says:

"PARIS, *April* 9, 1871.

"I write this in the midst of one of the most dreadful bombardments probably ever known. Solid shot, shell, and *boîte à mitraille* (grape-shot) are falling, *five a minute*, on every side of us. Every house on our avenue has been struck one or more times. Our chimney has been knocked off, and yesterday FANNIE and myself were standing on our balcony, which nearly faces Mont Valérien, watching the shots, because we have plenty of time to get behind two walls after we see the fire before the shot arrives (thirty-seven seconds), but the battery *demi-lune* situated at Rond-point, Courbevoie, dropped a *boîte à mitraille* out of its line a little, and exploded one hundred feet from where we were standing. One of the balls (there are forty in each *boîte*), about one and a half inches in diameter, struck our balcony, breaking clean off one foot of iron one inch thick, and landing a piece close to my foot big enough to kill an elephant. We have been 'baptized with fire,' and not a soldier has wept a tear. There were no soldiers present to weep—perhaps that was the reason! Four houses from us is the Ottoman embassy; a shell has just dropped in the court-yard, breaking every window in the house, and killing a man and woman. Yesterday, opposite the same house, a shell dropped in the midst of a battalion of the National Guard, killing six or seven and wounding *quantities*. They were marching toward Porte Maillot (the gate the forts are bombarding) with flying colors, yelling and shouting; suddenly they fell on their faces, a few running over the others. The commander had a hard time in trying to form their ranks. He finally did, getting them out of range, made them a speech, and then they continued, Indian file, about twenty feet apart, under the cover of the houses. Friday, the 7th, was the first day that any shells came as far up as the Arc de Triomphe. For several days the Avenue Grande Armée and Place de l'Etoile had been filled with thousands watching the struggle at the Pont de Neuilly. The National Guards were finally driven off, and the Line got possession of the bridge at about 5 o'clock P.M. There were probably 20,000 persons present. A Mr. DURAND, wife, and daughter, had been to our house watching Valérien fire, and FANNIE, FLOSSIE, and myself returned to their carriage, which was standing in front of the arch at the head of the Avenue Grande Armée, when the Line got their guns in position. I said, 'Ladies, I think we had all better be home. The troops *may* fire too high.' The words had hardly escaped me when whiz-z-z-z-z came a shell ten feet above our heads, striking the Arc de Triomphe two hundred feet behind us, and bursting with fearful noise. To attempt a description of the scene would be impossible. One-half threw themselves on their faces at once; another quarter after the shell had burst, and it was all over for the moment; another quarter ran over those that were down, while the carriage started over every thing. We got out of the carriage, and made our way home, the shells bursting on every side of us.

"I must stop. Another shell has driven in the whole roof directly in front of us. I am afraid we shall be starved for want of provisions. Our cook don't dare to go out. I think it is much safer here than if we went down town. There will probably be fearful fighting in the streets. Versailles is bound to come in. We have no fear, although the risk is great, and people are being killed on every side of us."

—Among the good debaters in the United States Senate on the Ku-Klux bill, EDMUNDS, of Vermont, and THURMAN, of Ohio, are said to have borne off the honors. The latter improves on acquaintance. He is the Democratic leader of the Senate, and in some respects one of the ablest men now in public life. A night debate, with THURMAN holding the leading position on his side, is a treat indeed. He has great candor of statement, a hearty, wholesome manner, considerable personal magnetism, a thorough acquaintance with law and history, and a vigorous common-sense and massiveness of understanding, that reminds one of JOHN BRIGHT.

—That great and good traveler, PAUL DU CHAILLU, having squeezed all the good out of Africa, now proposes to post off on a summer tour through Sweden and Norway, and give to the American boy and girl all the little peculiarities of the Scandinavians. Mr. DU CHAILLU is one of the alertest of human beings, sharp of eye, glib of tongue, ready of pen, and can not fail to make an entertaining book.

—Mr. CORCORAN, of Washington, who is placing himself with PEABODY, GIRARD, COOPER, STEWART, LENOX, and others, on the roll of public benefactors, after having given a fortune for the establishment of an Art Museum in Washington, has now founded in that city a "Home for Gentlewomen" who have become impoverished by some misfortune. The edifice for this new charity has cost nearly $200,000, and the endowment is sufficient to the support of sixty ladies.

—We are to have next season an opera the odd characteristic of which will be an orchestra composed entirely of ladies, the conductor being also a lady. The prima-donna will be Madame FABBRI; baritone, MÜLLER; basso, DALLIESTER; and a twelve-year-old prima-donna, Miss ELZER, who is said to be a prodigy. We may also expect NIEMANN, the tenor. His wife, HEDWIG RAABE, is under engagement to Mr. GRAU.

—A gentleman who saw the ex-Emperor and EUGÉNIE at Chiselhurst says that the latter has become quite fat and fussy, and her complexion dark and sallow, without a bloom. The Emperor has a well-fed look, is low in stature, thick-set, and looks as though he never had a care in his life. His hair and mustache are now quite white, but no whiter than a year ago.

—Mr. E. W. STOUGHTON, one of the ablest lawyers of this city, has given Dartmouth College ten thousand dollars to found a museum of pathological anatomy.

—An Italian interviewer who was recently prospecting in Berlin was received by the Empress, and shown through the private apartments of his Majesty. "They were as simple," he says, "and unpretending as has been generally reported. But I saw there one thing which surprised me a little, and which seemed to be at variance with the belief commonly entertained of the character of WILLIAM I. Like every body, I thought that his Majesty was a bluff old soldier, who did not care much for books and literature. I found that this was a mistake. King WILLIAM has a very fine private library, and the books, which is better yet, have been read; and not a few of them contain marginal notes written by his Majesty."

—BRIGHAM YOUNG has been a-shopping at Chicago for the Mrs. YOUNGS. It took about $25,000 to procure the desiderated accoutrements, and a whole car to transport them to the City of the Saints and saintesses.

—MINNIE HAUCK will not soon return to the U. S., having accepted an engagement for two years from the management of the Hofoperntheater, in Vienna.

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF, of the New York *Evening Post*, resides five hundred feet above water on the banks of the Hudson, at Closter, New Jersey. Mr. N. says it is called Closter on account of being closter to New York than Piermont. Mr. N. has a palace near the fearful precipices belonging to his farm, and is fringing the exterior palace walls with a great variety of tulips. It is an agreeable peculiarity of the editors of the *E. P.* that they admire and cultivate the tulip.

—Miss GEROLT, daughter of the Prussian minister, was married to Mr. RANGABE, the Greek minister, on the 19th ult., in the little Greek chapel at the residence of the Rev. Father NICHOLAS BJERRING in this city, which was brilliantly lighted with wax tapers in honor of the ceremony, the large candelabra, with seven lights, being also used. The ceremony commenced by the pastor meeting the company outside of the sanctuary, and then handing both to the bride and bridegroom a lighted candle, which was imbedded in a bouquet of flowers. This done, the pastor approached the altar, where for several minutes he read prayers, then returned to the candidates, receiving from the bridegroom the rings, with which he again went to the altar, and read prayers. Leaving the sanctuary, he now approached the candidates again, and after questioning each as to whether any impediments to the marriage existed, he handed a ring to each. During this latter ceremony two golden crowns, studded with precious stones, were held above the heads of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. CATACAZY holding the one over the bride, and Mr. BALTAZZI performing a similar office for the bridegroom. After this the priest proceeded to deliver a brief exhortation to the young couple, taking his text from First Corinthians, first chapter, tenth verse. He said he took to himself the privilege of saying a few words, as the bridegroom was a member of the religion which he professed—that of the orthodox Greek Church. But his great object was to impress upon the bride the fact that the Greek Church did not desire converts to its fold, unless conscience, and conscience only, was the motive for a change of religion. He wished a happy life to both the bride and bridegroom. The crowns were again held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom, and the priest then offered a golden cup containing wine to each of the candidates, after which prayers were read, the entire ceremony concluding with the benediction, the priest first kissing the golden cross, and then presenting it to the bride and bridegroom to go through the same ceremony.

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Bag for Tatting, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS egg-shaped work-bag is made of card-board, covered with brown silk, and ornamented with fine gold cord as shown by the illustration. Inside of the lower half of the case is a brown silk bag, and inside of the upper half a band of elastic braid, designed to hold the shuttle and hook used in tatting. Cut of card-board from Fig. 31, Supplement, two pieces. Paste shirting on both sides of each of these pieces, sew the edges of the material together along each opening, passing the needle alternately through first one and then the other edge of the material, always from the under side to the upper, drawing the thread tight, so that the edges thus joined shall come together. When both halves of the egg-shaped case are thus far completed, cover the outer side of each half with a layer of cotton batting, which in turn is covered, first, with net, and then with brown silk cut on the bias. The silk covering must be large enough to allow the edge of the silk to be folded down on the inside two-fifths of an inch wide and fastened there. Fasten a small bronze glove-button to the ends of each half of the case, and sew pieces of fine gold cord lengthwise on each half of the basket, as shown by Fig. 2; to do this fasten the end of the cord to one button, pass it to the other button, lay it around this, then around the first button, then again around the other button, and so on until the part is trimmed as shown by the illustration. The cords must be three-tenths of an inch apart at the middle; they are tacked on at regular intervals with fine gold-colored sewing silk. Furnish the lower half of the case with a smooth brown silk lining, and the upper half with brown silk quilted over wadding in small diamonds. To the outer edge of the inner side of the upper half sew a border of interlooped gold cord and the cross band of brown silk elastic braid, as shown by Fig. 1, and sew through the latter once more at the middle. Trim the outer side of the upper half with a ruche of brown silk ribbon three-fifths of an inch wide; the seam made by sewing on the ruche is covered with gold cord. Sew a brown silk bag, two inches and two-fifths high and furnished with a shirr, in the lower half of the case along the upper edge. Finally, sew the two halves together on one lengthwise edge with a few stitches, and at the middle of the front fasten a button and button-loop for closing.

Fig. 1.—BAG FOR TATTING.—OPEN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 31.

Fig. 1.—POINT RUSSE MEDALLION FOR CARD-CASES, ETC.

Point Russe Medallions for Card-Cases, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE medallions may be worked on various kinds of material, such as silk, velvet, gros grain, etc. Work with either one or several colors of saddler's silk in point Russe, back stitch, satin, half-polka, and knotted stitch. When worked with black silk on Swiss muslin or cambric these medallions are also suitable for cravat ends.

Fig. 2.—POINT RUSSE MEDALLION FOR CARD-CASES, ETC.

Crochet and Tatted Collars, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET COLLAR. To make this collar, work, first, with tatting cotton No. 80, two rows of gimp like the gimp edging on Fig. 5, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 32, Vol. III., page 500. One row of gimp must be as long as the width of the collar desired, and the other three times as long. Then crochet with tatting cotton No. 120 on the scallops of one lengthwise edge of the longer row of gimp, 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next first scallop, * 5 ch. (chain stitch), 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the following scallop, 1 leaflet of 3 qc. (quadruple crochet) on the second following scallop; these 3 qc. are not worked off separately, but together; now follow 5 ch., 1 tc. on each of the following nine scallops; these 9 tc. are not worked off separately, but all together. Then crochet 5 ch., fasten to the first of the 5 ch. previously worked, work a leaflet as before on the following scallop of the gimp, then a tc. on the second following scallop, then four times alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following scallop. Repeat from * until the work is as long as the width of the collar is desired. The end of this, as well as of the remaining rounds, is worked like the beginning; both form the front corners of the collar. Then crochet 1 sc. on the last scallop at the end of the gimp (this is the same scallop on which the last sc. of the first round was worked); now take the shorter gimp in hand, and crochet on the first scallop at one side of the gimp 1 sc., then 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following scallop of the same gimp, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following scallop of the same gimp, * 8 ch., now fasten to the first round previously crocheted, working 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the vein between the first two leaflets; then work, going backward, 6 sl. on the first 6 of the 8 ch. previously worked. Now follow 2 ch., 1 sc. on the first next scallop of the shorter gimp, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following scallop, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following scallop, 2 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the second following scallop of the first round consisting of 5 ch. with 1 sl., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following scallop of the shorter gimp, 2 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the following ch. scallop of the first round, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following scallop of the shorter gimp, 2 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the following ch. scallop of the first round, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following scallop of the shorter gimp, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following scallop of the gimp, and repeat from *. Finally, work 5 sc. on each still free scallop at the upper lengthwise edge of the shorter gimp, then, going further, on the next crosswise edge and the under rounded edge of the collar, alternately 1 picot of 5 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) on the second, and 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the first of the 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next first scallop of the gimp; at the under edge of the scallop, in the hollow between every two bands, take up one loop each of nine scallops of the gimp, these nine loops must be worked off together, throwing the thread over once. The second crosswise edge of the collar is worked like the first.

Fig. 2.—TATTED AND CROCHET COLLAR. To make this collar, work, first, the tatting with tatting cotton No. 80. For each ring of the strip of tatting at the upper edge of the collar work 5 ds. (double stitch) each, and three times alternately one very small p. (picot), 5 ds. Between every two of these rings leave an interval of thread three-tenths of an inch long, besides this, join the rings as shown by the illustration. Work the tatting scallops at the under edge of the collar as follows: First work the requisite number of single five-leaved figures. Each figure consists of five leaflets; each of the first two and the last two leaflets consist of 6 ds. and three times alternately 1 p., 6 ds. The third (middle) leaflet consists of 4 ds. and five times alternately 1 p., 4 ds. The leaflets must be divided each by an interval of thread three-tenths of an inch long, and connected by means of a picot, as shown by the illustration. After the fifth leaflet is completed, tie the beginning and end of the working thread together, and cut off both; the interval of thread between the first and last leaflet must also be three-tenths of an inch long. The scallops which surround the five-leaved figures must be worked with two threads (shuttles). To do this tie both threads together, fasten to the p. at the point of the first leaflet of a five-leaved figure, and work always over the foundation thread a scallop of 3 ds., and three times alternately 1 p., 3 ds., * fasten to the p. at the point of the following leaflet, one scallop as before, fasten to the first free p. of the following leaflet, one scallop of 3 ds. and five times alternately 1 p., 3 ds.; fasten to the second following p. of the same leaflet (thus the p. at the point of this leaflet is passed over), one scallop of 3 ds. and three times alternately 1 p., 3 ds., fasten to the p. at the point of the following leaflet, one scallop of 3 ds. and three times alternately 1 p., 3 ds., fasten to the p. at the point of the last leaflet. Now turn the work, and work a scallop of 2 ds. and twice alternately 1 p., 2 ds. Then turn the work again, fasten the foundation thread to the p. at the point of the first leaflet of a new five-leaved figure, and over the foundation thread work one scallop of 3 ds. and three times alternately 1 p., 3 ds.; instead of forming the second p., fasten to to the last scallop of the preceding point, as shown by the illustration. Repeat from *. At the end of this, as at the end of the following crocheted rounds, work as at the beginning, so that the two ends of the collar correspond. Now crochet on the p. at the upper straight edge of the row of points as follows: 1st round.—1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the p. at the point of the first leaflet at the right crosswise side of the collar, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the first free p. of the same leaflet, 4 ch., 1 stc. on the connecting thread between the before referred to and the

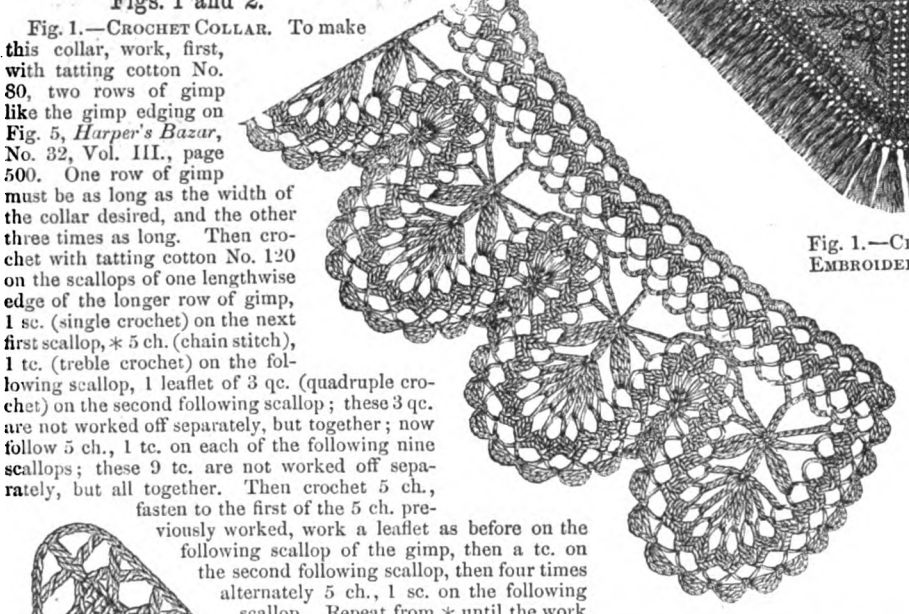

Fig. 1.—CROCHET AND EMBROIDERED COVER.

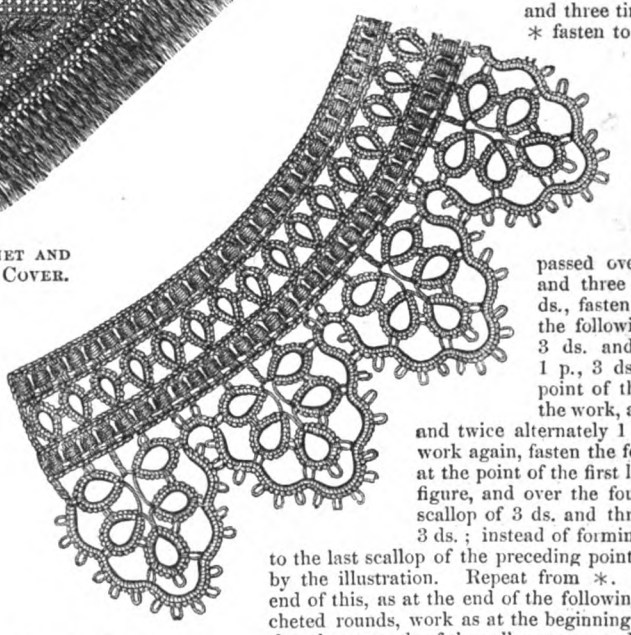

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CROCHET AND TATTED COLLAR.—FULL SIZE.

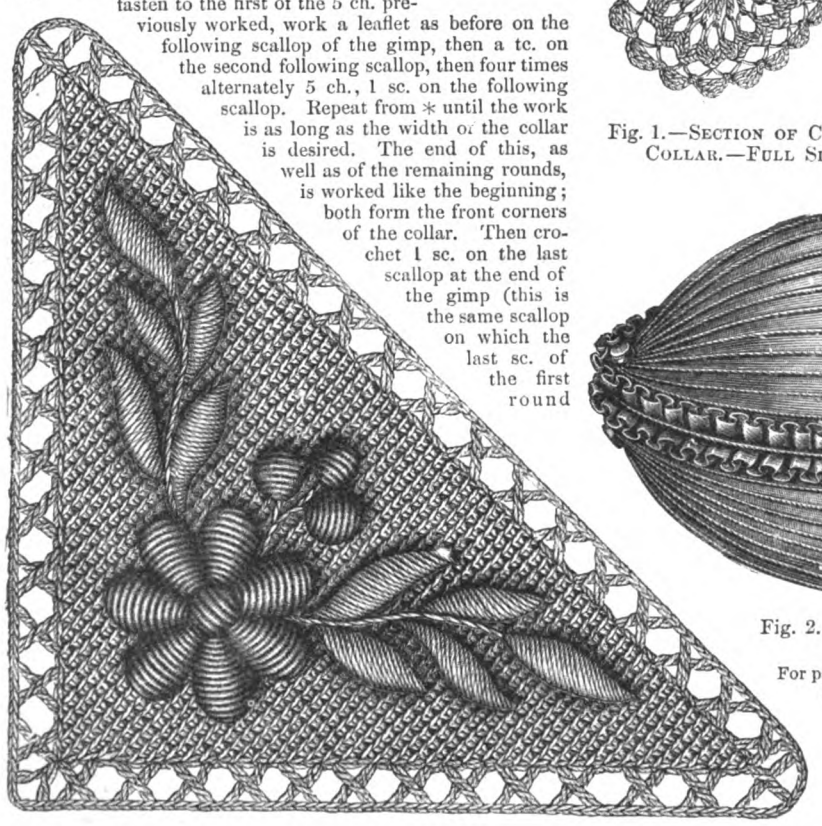

Fig. 1.—SECTION OF CROCHET COLLAR.—FULL SIZE.

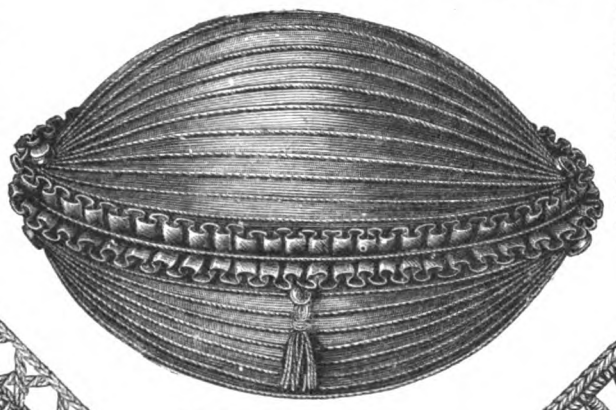

Fig. 2.—BAG FOR TATTING. CLOSED.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 31.

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CROCHET AND EMBROIDERED COVER.—FULL SIZE.

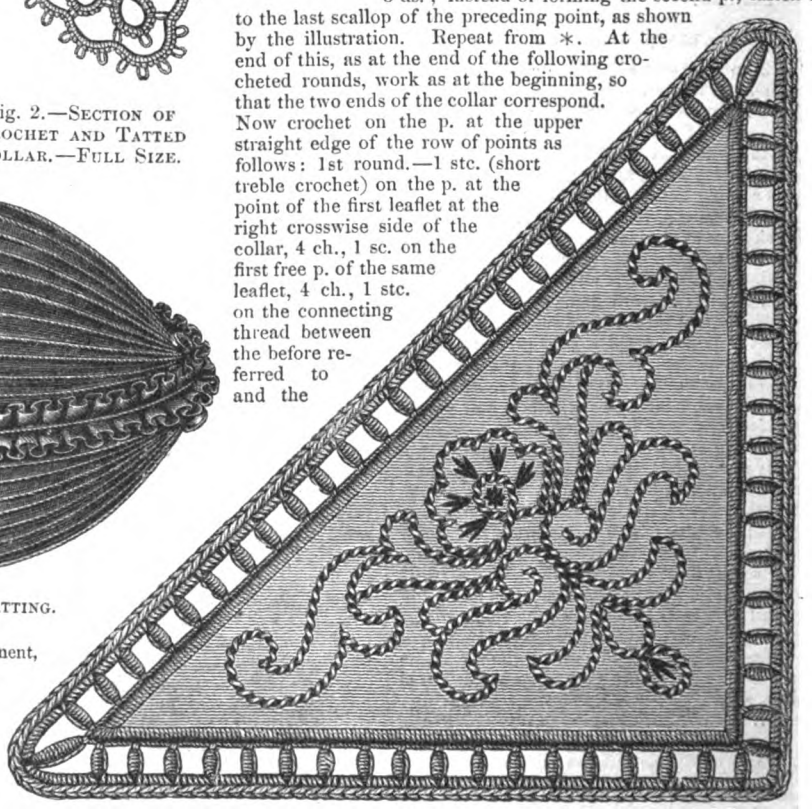

Fig. 3.—SECTION OF CROCHET AND EMBROIDERED COVER.—FULL SIZE.

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following leaflet, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the following p., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the following p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following p., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the following p., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the next connecting thread between two leaflets, and so on. On this round work the 2d round.—One row of dots as follows: 1 dc. on the stc. at the beginning of the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following stitch of the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following stitch. Now form a dot: work the latter on the two bars of the 2 dc. last worked, not, as usual, on the upper vein of these dc. Thus the collar is held crosswise. Work on the two bars referred to, five times alternately take up one loop, throw the thread over once, then work off all the loops and the threads thrown over together. This completes the dot. Now work 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following stitch of the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following stitch of the preceding round; on these 2 dc., and at the same time surround the vertical thread which has been formed by working off the preceding dot, work one dot as before. Work in this manner to the end of the round. 3d round.—1 sc. on the first stitch of the preceding round, fasten to the first ring of the row of tatting rings previously worked, where this ring is closed with 1 sl. * 4 sl. on the four following stitches of the preceding round, at the same time work on the connecting thread between the tatting ring referred to and the following one, fasten to the following tatting ring as before, and repeat from *. 4th round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the p. at the point of the first tatting ring, 3 ch. 5th round.—Like the second round. 6th round.—1 sl. on each st. of the preceding round, which completes the collar.

CASHMERE MANTELET.
For description see Supplement.

LADIES'-CLOTH MANTELET.
For description see Supplement.

Crochet and Embroidered Cover, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 308.

THIS cover, which Fig. 1 shows reduced in size, consists of sixteen triangular parts, which are worked in Tunisian stitch with medium-sized knitting cotton, embroidered in satin and twisted stitch, and joined as shown by Fig. 1. The cover is edged with a crochet fringe border. Fig. 2 shows one of these triangular sections in full size. Begin each section with a foundation of 76 st. (stitches), and on these work 39 pattern rows in Tunisian stitch; in doing this narrow 1 st. each at the beginning and end of the first round of each pattern row, so that in the last round all the stitches are used up. The completed triangle is edged with a round of cross double crochet, as shown by Fig. 2, and then ornamented with embroidery. The flower and the berries are worked in twisted stitch; the leaves in satin stitch; the stems in half-polka stitch. All these designs must be underlaid with cotton, so that they appear raised. Overhand the triangles thus formed together on the under side, as shown by Fig. 1. Fill out the space at the middle of the cover with a rosette crocheted in the following manner: * 1 dc. (double crochet) on the stitch at the point of one of the eight triangular parts which meet there, 4 ch. (chain stitch), pass over the last of these, 1 sl. (slip stitch), 1 sc. and 1 dc. on the next 3 ch. Repeat seven times from *, then fasten to the first dc. with 1 sl. and fasten the thread. The points at the middle of the rosette are held together with a wheel. For the border at the outer edge of the cover work two rounds as follows: 1st round.—On each cross double crochet at the outer edge of the cover work a dot of 7 tc. (treble crochet) each, after each dot 3 ch. 2d round.—Cross double crochet. Each cross double crochet is worked on the ch. before and on the ch. after each dot. On each cross double crochet tie fringe strands of white cotton, each three inches and one-fifth long. In this way larger or smaller covers may be made at pleasure; the crocheted triangular sections may also be joined with similar sections of plain or embroidered cloth. Fig. 3 shows such a section of white Marseilles in full size. The design in this is worked in back stitch with black split zephyr worsted; the latter stitches are worked over with white cotton, so that a fine cord is simulated. The section is edged in with button-hole stitches; on these a round of alternately one twisted stitch, 3 ch., then a round of sc. is worked (see illustration).

FOULARD BLOUSE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 57-60.

ÉCRU LINEN BLOUSE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 61 and 62.

CASHMERE BLOUSE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 63.

FLOWING SLEEVE WITH INSERTED PLEATING.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

FLOWING SLEEVE WITH FRILL.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

HALF-FLOWING SLEEVE WITH PLEATED FRILLS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 64.

TIGHT SLEEVE WITH PUFFED TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 67.

TIGHT SLEEVE WITH PLEATED FRILLS AND BOWS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 66.

FLOWING SLEEVE WITH FRINGE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 66.

EXACTNESS.

A RARE merit in women—indispensable to one who wishes for employment. Much of the inaccuracy of women arises from their early education. Few teachers of girls are exact themselves; therefore they never dream of teaching their pupils exactness. Now it is all well enough for a girl to understand her lesson sufficiently to say it in her own words: only do not let her suppose when she does so that she is repeating the passage as it is in the book. Let her be able to say it both ways, if you like. But if a piece of prose or poetry is to be learned, let it be learned in the words of the author. The words in which he clothes his ideas or instructions are characteristic of his own mind. Often-repeated inaccuracies deaden the powers of perception, and produce confusion of ideas and of memory. This confusion is injurious to any one, but to a girl who wishes to earn money by her labor it is fatal. There is no possible employment in which she will not need exactness. What does an often-repeated inaccuracy in accounts, or even in needle-work, grow into? A mountain of blunder, which at last topples over and crushes us. Poor things! we creep out from the fallen mass, bruised and dispirited, angry with it and angry with ourselves, once again wearily to begin our task.

Again and again we hear of "ladies who wish to obtain employment in copying manuscripts or law papers." How the law papers fare, solicitors best know; manuscripts fare hardly enough, in a general way. One lady insists on inserting a comma apparently every time she dips her pen in the ink—a landmark which may possess some interest for herself, but is insightly to the outer world; another, who finds a difficulty in understanding a word, alters it to suit her own views; another leaves out or inserts capitals according to her own wild will; others insist on a liberal use of dashes, changing commas, semicolons, even full stops, into that unauthorized mark, thereby producing a bewildering effect on the unhappy author, who scarcely recognizes his own work in the bedashed page. Nor are these all his annoyances if he rashly employ an inexact copyist. The little vexations she unintentionally causes are legion. Copy of manuscript not infrequently wants so much correction and careful reading that he would have saved both time and labor by making the copy himself. Certainly he would have been spared a great outlay of control of temper.

Now there are women so exact that they may be trusted implicitly for accuracy in every thing. Why should not all make themselves so? Employers expect it, and have a right to expect it. How is it to be acquired?

By attention, determination, patience. Watch yourself carefully that you do nothing, however trifling, inaccurately. In this way:

If you are reading a French book, and do not know perfectly the meaning of each word, stop. Make out every word clearly before you allow yourself to go on.

If engaged in copying, read over each page as you write it; compare it with the original—not merely the words, but the punctuation, the use of capitals, the breaks into paragraphs. Let nothing escape your eye. In copying, it is best to copy even what you know, or think you know, to be mistakes. The author is responsible for them, not you. Look

on yourself simply as a machine, the beauty of which consists in its accurate performance of its work; in its neatness, its precision. Therefore, if you have made the slightest deviation from the original, rewrite the page.

Carry out the same principle with every other work. Make it an inflexible rule that no inaccuracy shall even elude you; that before you go to bed at night your work shall be examined, proved, be it what it may.

Sleep on your resolutions, your decisions, if you will; never on your inaccuracies. To-morrow will have its own work, and the faults of to-day must not be thrust on its shoulders in addition. Its own burden will be enough for it.

But courage! To attain accuracy is not so hard as it sounds. Only begin. Do not say, "I am inaccurate, I know; I am very sorry for it, but I can not help it." Accuracy is simply a habit of the mind, and, like all other habits, the child of training. It only needs constant watching of your work, firm resolution, self-imposed punishment for every transgression: things we can all give, though not without effort.

REGRETS.

If we had but known, if we had but known,
Those summer days together,
That one would stand next year alone
In the blazing July weather!
Why, we trifled away the golden hours,
With gladness, and beauty, and calm,
Watching the glory of blossoming flowers,
Breathing the warm air's balm;
Seeing the children like sunbeams play,
In the glades of the long cool wood;
Hearing the wild bird's carol gay,
And the song of the murmuring flood.
Rich gems to Time's pitiless river thrown,
If we had but known, if we had but known!

If we had but known, if we had but known,
Those winter nights together,
How one would sit by the hearth alone
In the next December weather!
Why, we sped those last hours, each for each,
With music and games and talk,
The careless, bright, delicious speech,
With no doubt or fear to balk;
Touching on all things, grave and gay,
With the freedom of two in one,
Yet leaving, as happy people may,
So much unsaid, undone.
Ah, priceless hours forever flown,
If we had but known, if we had but known!

If we had but known, if we had but known,
While yet we stood together,
How a thoughtless look, a slighting tone,
Would sting and jar forever!
Cold lies the turf for the burning kiss,
The cross stands deaf to cries,
Dull, as the wall of silence is,
Are the gray unanswering skies!
We can never unsay a thing we said,
While the weary life drags past,
We never can stanch the wound that bled,
Where a chance stroke struck it last.
Oh, the patient love 'neath the heavy stone,
If we had but known, if we had but known!

If we had but known, if we had but known!
We had climbed the hill together;
The path before us seemed all our own,
And the glorious autumn weather.
We had sown: the harvest was there to reap.
We had worked: lo! the wages ready.
Who was to guess that the last long sleep
Was closing round one already?
With never a warning, sharp and strong,
Came the bitter wrench of doom,
And love and sorrow and yearning long
May wail by the lonely tomb.
Oh, keenest of pangs 'mid the mourner's moan,
If we had but known, if we had but known!

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

SMOULDERING FIRES.

WITH the beginning of August there came a change in the weather. High winds, gloom, and rain succeeded that brilliant, cloudless summer-time, which had become, as it were, the normal condition of the universe; and Lady Laura's guests were fain to abandon their picnics and forest excursions, their botanical researches and distant race-meetings; nay, even croquet itself, that perennial source of recreation for the youthful mind, had to be given up, except in the most fitful snatches. In this state of things amateur concerts and acted charades came into fashion. The billiard-room was crowded from breakfast till dinner time. It was a charmingly composite apartment—with one long wall lined with bookshelves, sacred to the most frivolous, ephemeral literature, and a grand piano in an arched recess at one end of the room—and in wet weather the chosen resort of every socially disposed guest at Hale. Here Clarissa learned to elevate her pretty little hand into the approved form of bridge, and acquired some acquaintance with the mysteries of cannons and breaks. It was Mr. Fairfax who taught her billiards. Lady Geraldine dropped into the room now and then, and played a game in a dashing, off-hand way with her lover, amidst the admiring comments of her friends; but she did not come very often, and Mr. Fairfax had plenty of time to teach Clarissa.

Upon one of these wet days he insisted upon looking over her port-folio of drawings; and in going through a heap of careless sketches they came upon something of her brother Austin's. They were sitting in the library—a very solemn and splendid chamber, with a carved oak roof and deep mullioned windows, a room that was less used than any other apartment in the Castle. Mr. Fairfax had caught Miss Lovel here, with her port-folio open on the table before her, copying a drawing of Piranesi's; so there could be no better opportunity for inspecting the sketches, which she had hitherto refused to show him.

That sketch of Austin's—a group of Arab horsemen done in pen and ink—set them talking about him at once; and George Fairfax told Clarissa all he could tell her about his intercourse with her brother.

"I really liked him so much," he said, gently, seeing how deeply she was moved by the slightest mention of that name. "I can not say that I ever knew him intimately—that I can claim to be his friend; but I used at one time to see a good deal of him, and I was very much impressed by his genius. I never met a young man who gave me a stronger notion of undisciplined genius; but, unhappily, there was a recklessness about him which I can easily imagine would lead him into dangerous associations. I was told that he had quarreled with his family, and meant to sell out and take to painting as a profession; and I really believe that he would have made his fortune as a painter; but when I heard of him next, he had gone abroad—to the colonies, some one said. I could never learn any thing more precise than that."

"I would give the world to know where he is," said Clarissa, mournfully; "but I dare not ask papa any thing about him, even if he could tell me, which I doubt very much. I did try to speak of him once; but it was no use—papa would not hear his name."

"That seems very hard; and yet your father must have been proud of him and fond of him once, I should think."

"I am not sure of that. Papa and Austin never seemed to get on quite well together. There was always something—as if there had been some kind of hidden resentment, some painful feeling, in the mind of each. I was too young to be a competent judge, of course; but I know, as a child, I had always a sense that there was a cloud between those two, a shadow that seemed to darken our lives."

They talked for a long time of this prodigal son; and this kind of conversation seemed to bring them nearer to each other than any thing else that had happened within the six weeks of their acquaintance.

"If ever I have any opportunity of finding out your brother's whereabouts, Miss Lovel, you may be sure that I will use every effort to get you some tidings of him. I don't want to say any thing that might lead to your being disappointed; but when I go to town again, I will hunt up a man who used to be one of his friends, and try to learn something. Only you must promise me not to be disappointed if I fail."

"I won't promise that; but I promise to bear my disappointment quietly, and to be grateful to you for your goodness," Clarissa answered, with a faint smile.

They went on with the inspection of the drawings, in which Mr. Fairfax showed himself deeply interested. His own manipulative powers were of the smallest, but he was an excellent critic.

"I think I may say of you what I said of your brother just now—that you might make a fortune if you were to cultivate art seriously."

"I wish I could make a fortune large enough to buy back Arden Court," Clarissa answered, eagerly.

"You think so much of Arden?"

"Oh yes; I am always thinking of it, always dreaming of it. The dear old rooms haunt me sleeping and waking. I suppose they are all altered now. I think it would almost break my heart to see them different."

"Do you know, I am scarcely in a position to understand that fervent love for one's birthplace. I may be said to have no birthplace myself. I was born in lodgings, or a furnished house—some temporary ark of that kind—the next thing to being born on board ship, and having Stepney for one's parish. My father was in a hard-working cavalry regiment, and the early days of my mother's married life were spent in perpetual wanderings. They separated, when I was about eight years old, forever—a sad story, of course; something worse than incompatibility of temper on the husband's side—and from that time I never saw him, though he lived for some years. So, you see, the words 'home' and 'father' are for me very little more than sentimental abstractions. But with my mother I have been quite happy. She has, indeed, been the most devoted of women. She took a house at Eton when my brother and I were at school there, and superintended our home studies herself; and from that time to this she has watched my career with unchanging care. It is the old story of maternal tenderness and filial short-comings. I have given her a world of trouble; but I am not the less fond of her or the less grateful to her." He stopped for a few moments, with something like a sigh, and then went on in a lighter tone. "You can see, however, that having no ancestral home of my own, I am hardly able to understand the depth of your feeling for Arden Court. There is an old place down in Kent—a fine old castellated mansion, built in the days of Edward IV.—which is to be mine by-and-by, but I doubt if I shall ever value it as you do your old home. Perhaps I am wanting in the poetic feeling necessary for the appreciation of these things."

"Oh no; it is not that," Clarissa answered, eagerly; "but the house you speak of will not have been your home. You won't have that dim, dreamy recollection of childhood spent in the old rooms: another life, the life of another being almost, it seems, as one looks back to it. I have only the faintest memory of my mother, but it is very sweet, and it is all associated with Arden Court. I can not conjure up her image for a moment without that background. Yes, I do wish for fortune, for that one reason. I would give the world to win back Arden."

She was very much in earnest. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened with those eager words. Never, perhaps, had she looked lovelier than at that moment. George Fairfax paused a little before he answered her, admiring the bright, animated face—admiring her, he thought, very much as he might have admired some beautiful wayward child—and then he said, gravely:

"It is dangerous to wish for any thing so intensely. There are wishes the gratification whereof is fatal. There are a dozen old stories in the classics to show that, to say nothing of all those medieval legends in which Satan is complaisant to some eager wisher."

"But there is no chance of my wish being gratified. If I could work my fingers to the bone in the pursuit of art or literature, or any of the professions by which women win money, I should never earn the price of Arden. Nor would that hateful Mr. Granger be disposed to sell a place which gives him his position in the county: and I suppose he is fond of it, after a fashion. He has spent a fortune upon improvements. Improvements!" repeated Clarissa, contemptuously. "I dare say he has improved away the very spirit of the place."

"You cherish a very strong dislike for this gentleman, it seems, Miss Lovel."

"I am wicked enough to dislike him for having robbed us of Arden. Of course you will say that any one else might have bought the place. But then I can only reply that I should have disliked any other purchaser just the same; a little less though, perhaps, if he had been a member of some noble old family—a man with a great name. It would have been some consolation to think that Arden was promoted."

"I am afraid there is a leaven of good old Tory spirit in your composition, Miss Lovel."

"I suppose papa is a Tory. I know he has a profound contempt for what he calls new people—very foolish, of course; I quite feel that; but I think he can not help remembering that he comes of a good old race that has fallen upon evil days."

"You remember my telling you that I had been to Arden Court. Mr. Granger gave a state dinner once while I was staying here, and I went with Fred and Lady Laura. I found him not by any means a disagreeable person. He is just a little slow and ponderous, and I should scarcely give him credit for a profound or brilliant intellect; but he is certainly sensible, well-informed, and he gave me the idea of being the very essence of truth."

"I dare say he is very nice," Clarissa answered, with a subdued sigh. "He has always been kind and attentive to papa, sending game and hot-house fruit, and all that kind of thing; and he has begged that we would use the park as if it were our own; but I have never crossed the boundary that divides my new home from my old one. I couldn't bear to see the old walks now."

They talked for a good deal longer, till the clanging of the Castle bell warned Clarissa that it was time to dress for dinner. It is amazing how rapidly time will pass in such serious confidential talk. George Fairfax looked at his watch with an air of disbelief in that supreme authority, the Castle bell, which was renowned for its exact observance of Greenwich time. That blusterous, rainy August afternoon had slipped away so quickly.

"It is a repetition of my experience during that night journey to Holborough," Mr. Fairfax said, smiling. "You have a knack of charming away the hours, Miss Lovel."

It was the commonest, most conventional form of compliment, no doubt; but Clarissa blushed a little, and bent rather lower over the port-folio, which she was closing, than she had done before. Then she put the port-folio under her arm, murmured something about going to dress, made George Fairfax a gracious courtesy, and left him.

He did not hurry away to make his own toilette, but walked up and down the library for some minutes, thinking.

"What a sweet girl she is!" he said to himself, "and what a pity her position is not a better one! With a father like that, and a brother who has stamped himself as a scape-grace at the beginning of life, what is to become of her? Unless she marries well, I see no hopeful prospect for her future. But, of course, such a girl as that is sure to make a good marriage."

Instead of being cheered by this view of the case, Mr. Fairfax's brow grew darker and his step heavier.

"What does it matter to me whom she chooses for her husband?" he asked himself. "And yet no man would like to see such a girl throw herself away for mercenary reasons. If I had known her a few months ago! If! What is the history of human error but a succession of 'ifs?' Would it have been better for me or for her that we had learned to know each other while I was free? The happiest thing for *me* would have been never to have met her at all. I felt myself in some kind of danger that night we met in the railway carriage. Her race is fatal to mine, I begin to think. Any connection in that quarter would have galled my mother to the quick—broken her heart, perhaps; and I am bound to consider her in all I do. Nor am I a schoolboy, to fancy that the whole color of my life is to be governed by such an influence as this. She is only a pretty woman, with a low, sweet voice, and gentle, winning ways. Most people would call Geraldine the handsomer of the two. Poor child! She ought to seem no more than a child to me. I think she likes me and trusts me. I wish Geraldine were kinder to her; I wish—"

He did not particularize that last wish even to himself, but went away to dress, having wasted the first quarter of the three quarters that elapsed between the first and second bell at Hale Castle.

Throughout that evening, which was an unusually quiet and domestic evening for Hale, he did not talk any more to Clarissa. It might even have been thought that he scrupulously and of a fixed purpose avoided her. He devoted himself to chess with Lady Geraldine—a game he played indifferently, and for which he cherished a profound aversion. But chess was one of Geraldine Challoner's strong points; and that fair-haired, aquiline-nosed beauty never looked more regal than when she sat before a chess-table, with one thin white hand raised and hovering gently above the carved ivory pieces.

Mr. Fairfax lost four or five games in succession, excusing his own careless play every time by some dextrous compliment to his betrothed. More than once he stifled a yawn—more than once his glances wandered away to the group near the grand piano, amidst which Clarissa was seated, listening to Lizzie Fermor's brilliant waltzes and mazurkas, with an open music-book on her lap, turning over the leaves now and then, with rather a listless, preoccupied air, Mr. Fairfax thought.

That evening did certainly seem very dreary to Clarissa, in spite of Miss Fermor's dashing music and animated chatter. She missed that other talk, half playful, half earnest, with which George Fairfax had been wont to beguile some part of every evening; finding her out, as if by some subtile instinct, in whatever corner of the room she happened to be, and always devoting some one half hour of the evening to her society. To-night all things came to an end: matrons and misses murmured their good-nights, and sailed away to the corridor, where there was a regiment of small silver candlesticks, emblazoned with the numerous quarterings of Armstrong and Challoner, and George Fairfax only rose from the chess-table as Lady Laura's guests abandoned the drawing-room. Geraldine bade her lover good-night with her most bewitching smile—a smile in which there was even some faint ray of warmth.

"You have given me some very easy victories," she said, as they shook hands, "and I won't flatter you by saying you have played well. But it was very good of you to sit so long at a game which I know you detest, only to please me."

"A very small sacrifice, surely, my dear Geraldine. We'll play chess every night if you like. I don't care much for the game in the abstract, I admit; but I am never tired of admiring your judicious play, or the exquisite shape of your hands."

"No, no; I don't want to put you in for such severe training. I saw how tired you were more than once to-night, and how your eyes wandered away to those noisy girls by the piano, like an idle boy who is kept at his lessons when his companions are at play."

Mr. Fairfax's sunburnt countenance reddened a little at this reproof.

"Was I inattentive?" he asked. "I did not know that. I was quite aware of my bad play, and I really believe I was conscientious."

And so they wished each other good-night and parted. Geraldine Challoner did not go at once to her own room. She had to pass her sister's quarters on her way, and stopped at the door of Lady Laura's dressing-room.

"Are you quite alone, Laura?" she asked, looking in.

"Quite alone."

A maid was busy unweaving a splendid pyramid of chestnut plaits which had crowned the head of her mistress; but she, of course, counted for nothing, and could be dismissed at any moment.

"And there will not be half a dozen people coming in to gossip?" Lady Geraldine asked, in rather a fretful tone, as she flung herself into an arm-chair near the dressing-table.

"Not a soul; I have wished every one good-night. I was rather tired, to tell the truth, and not inclined for talk. But, of course, I am always glad of a chat with you, Geraldine. You may go, Parker; I can finish my hair myself."

The maid retired, as quietly as some attendant spirit.

Lady Laura took up a big ivory brush and began smoothing the long chestnut locks in a meditative way, waiting for her sister to speak. But Lady Geraldine seemed scarcely in the mood for lively conversation; her fingers were twisting themselves in and out upon the arm of her chair in a nervous way, and her face had a thoughtful, not to say moody, expression.

Her sister watched her for some minutes silently.

"What is the matter, Geraldine?" she inquired at last. "I can see there is something wrong."

"There is very much that is wrong," the other answered, with a kind of suppressed vehemence. "Upon my word, Laura, I believe it is your destiny to stand in my light at every stage of my life, or you would scarcely have happened to have planted that girl here just at this particular time."

"What girl?" cried Lady Laura, amazed at this sudden accusation.

"Clarissa Lovel."

"Good gracious me, Geraldine! what has my poor Clarissa done to offend you?"

"Your poor Clarissa has only set her cap at George Fairfax; and as she happens to be several years younger than I am, and I suppose a good deal prettier, she has thoroughly succeeded in distracting his attention—his regard, perhaps—from myself."

Laura Armstrong dropped the hair-brush in profound consternation.

"My dear Geraldine, this is the merest jealous folly on your part. Clarissa is the very last girl in the world who would be guilty of such mean-

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ness as to try and attract another woman's lover. Besides, I am sure that George's attachment to yourself—"

"Pray don't preach about that, Laura!" her sister broke in, impatiently. "I must be the best judge of his attachment; and you must be the very blindest of women if you have not seen how your newest pet and protégée has contrived to lure George to her side night after night, and to interest him by her pretty looks and *ingénue* airs and graces."

"Why, I don't believe George spoke to Miss Lovel once this evening. He was playing chess with you from the moment he came to the drawing-room after dinner."

"To-night was an exceptional case. Mr. Fairfax was evidently on duty. His manner all the evening was that of a man who has been consciously culpable, and is trying to atone for bad behavior. And your favorite was wounded by his desertion—I could see that."

"She did seem a little dull, certainly," Lady Laura answered, thoughtfully. "I observed that myself. But I know that the girl has a noble nature, and if she has been so foolish as to be just a little attracted by George Fairfax, she will very quickly awake to a sense of her folly. Pray don't give yourself the faintest uneasiness, Geraldine. I have my plans for Clarissa Lovel, and this hint of yours will make me more anxious to put them into execution. As for George, it is natural to men to flirt; there's no use in being angry with them. I'm sure that wretched Fred of mine has flirted desperately in his way."

Lady Geraldine gave her shoulders a contemptuous shrug, expressive of the most profound indifference to the delinquencies of Mr. Armstrong.

"Your husband and George Fairfax are two very different people," she said.

"But you don't for a moment suppose there is any thing serious in this business?" Laura asked, anxiously.

"How can I tell? I sometimes think that George has never really cared for me; that he proposed to me because he thought his mother would like the marriage, and because our names had often been linked together, and our marriage was in a manner expected by people, and so on. Yes, Laura, I have sometimes doubted if he ever loved me—I hate to talk of these things, even to you; but there are times when one must confide in some one—and I have been sorely tempted to break off the engagement."

She rose from her chair, and began to pace up and down the room in a quick, impatient way.

"Upon my honor, I believe it would be the happiest thing for both of us," she said.

Lady Laura looked at her sister with perfect consternation.

"My dearest Geraldine, you would surely never be so mad!" she exclaimed. "You could not be so foolish as to sacrifice the happiness of your future life to a caprice of the moment—a mere outbreak of temper. Pray let there be an end of such nonsense. I am sure George is sincerely attached to you, and I am very much mistaken in you if you do not like him—love him—better than you can ever hope to love any other man in this world."

"Oh yes, I like him well enough," Geraldine Challoner answered, impatiently: "too well to endure any thing less than perfect sincerity on his part."

"But, my dearest, I am sure that he is sincere," Laura answered, soothingly. "Now, my own Geraldine, do, pray, be reasonable, and leave this business to me. As for Clarissa, I have plans for her, the realization of which would set your mind quite at ease; but if I can not put them into execution immediately, the girl shall go. Of course you are the first consideration. With regard to George, if you would only let me sound him, I am sure I should get at the real state of his feelings, and find them all we can wish—"

"Laura!" cried Geraldine, indignantly, "if you dare to interfere, in the smallest degree, with this business, I shall never speak to you again."

"My dear Geraldine!"

"Remember that, Laura, and remember that I mean what I say. I will not permit so much as the faintest hint of any thing I have told you from you to George."

"My dearest girl, I pledge myself not to speak one word," protested Lady Laura, very much alarmed by her sister's indignation.

Geraldine left her soon after this, vexed with herself for having betrayed so much feeling even to a sister—left her, not to repose in peaceful slumbers, but to walk up and down her room till early morning, and look out at daybreak on the Castle gardens and the purple woods beyond, with a haggard face and blank, unseeing eyes.

George Fairfax, meanwhile, had lain himself down to take his rest in tolerable good humor with himself and the world in general.

"I really think I behaved very well," he said to himself; "and having made up my mind to stop any thing like a flirtation with that perilously fascinating Clarissa, I shall stick to my resolve with the heroism of an ancient Roman; though the Romans were hardly so heroic in that matter, by-the-way: witness the havoc made by that fatal Egyptian, a little bit of a woman that could be bundled up in a carpet—to say nothing of the general predilection for somebody else's wife which prevailed in those days, and which makes Suetonius read like a modern French novel. I did not think there was so much of the old leaven left in me. My sweet Clarissa! I fancy she likes me—in a sisterly kind of way, of course—and trusts me not a little. And yet I must seem cold to her, and hold myself aloof, and wound the tender, untried heart a little, perhaps. Hard upon both of us, but I suppose only a common element in the initiatory ordinances of matrimony."

And so George Fairfax closed his eyes and fell asleep, with the image of Clarissa before him in that final moment of consciousness, whereby the same image haunted him in his slumbers that night, alternately perplexing or delighting him; while ever and anon the face of his betrothed, pale and cold and statue-like, came between him and that other face; or the perfect hand he had admired at chess that night was stretched out through the darkness to push aside the form of Clarissa Lovel.

That erring dreamer was a man accustomed to take all things lightly—not a man of high principle; a man whose best original impulses had been weakened and deadened not a little by the fellowship he had kept and the life he had led; a man unhappily destined to exercise an influence over others disproportionate to the weight of his own character.

Lady Laura was much disturbed by her sister's confidence; and being of a temperament to which the solitary endurance of any mental burden is almost impossible, immediately set to work to do the very things which would have been most obnoxious to Geraldine Challoner. In the first place she awakened her husband from comfortable slumbers, haunted by no more awful forms than his last acquisition in horseflesh, or the oxen he was fattening for the next cattle-show, and determinedly kept him awake while she gave him a detailed account of the distressing scene she had just had with "poor Geraldine."

Mr. Armstrong, whose yawns and vague, disjointed replies were piteous to hear, thought there was only one person in question who merited the epithet "poor," and that person himself; but he made some faint show of being interested, nevertheless.

"Silly woman, silly woman!" he mumbled at last. "I've always thought she rides the high horse rather too much with Fairfax. Men don't like that sort of thing, you know. Geraldine's a very fine woman, but she can't twist a man round her fingers as you can, Laura. Why don't you speak to George Fairfax, and hurry on the marriage somehow? The sooner the business is settled the better with such a restive couple as these two; uncommonly hard to drive in double harness—the mare inclined to jib, and the other with a tendency to shy. You're such a manager, Laura, you'd make matters square in no time."

If Lady Laura prided herself on one of her attributes more than another—and she did cherish a harmless vanity about many things—it was in the idea that she was a kind of social Talleyrand. So on this particular occasion, encouraged by simple Fred Armstrong, who had a rooted belief that there never had existed upon this earth such a wonderful woman as his wife, my lady resolved to take the affairs of her sister under her protection, and to bring all things to a triumphant issue. She felt very little compunction about breaking her promise to Geraldine.

"All depends upon the manner in which a thing is done," she said to herself, complacently, as she composed herself for slumber. "Of course I shall act with the most extreme delicacy. But it would never do for my sister's chances in life to be ruined for want of a little judicious intervention."

CHAPTER IX.

LADY LAURA DIPLOMATIZES.

THE weather was fine next day, and the Castle party drove ten miles to a rustic race-course, where there was a meeting of a very insignificant character, but interesting to Mr. Armstrong, to whom a horse was a source of perennial delight, and a fair excuse for a long gay drive, and a picnic luncheon in carriages and on coach-boxes.

Among Lady Laura's accomplishments was the polite art of driving. To-day she elected to drive a high phaeton with a pair of roans, and invited George Fairfax to take the seat beside her. Lady Geraldine had a headache, and had not appeared that morning, but had sent a message to her sister to request that her indisposition, which was the merest trifle, might not prevent Mr. Fairfax going to the races.

Mr. Fairfax at first seemed much inclined to remain at home and perform garrison duty.

"Geraldine will come down stairs presently, I dare say," he said to Lady Laura, "and we can have a quiet stroll in the gardens while you are all away. I don't care a straw about the Mickleham races. Please leave me at home, Lady Laura."

"But Geraldine begs that you will go. She'll keep her room all day, I've no doubt; she generally does when she has one of her headaches. Every one is going, and I have set my heart on driving you. I want to hear what you think of the roans. Come, George, I really must insist upon it."

She led him off to the phaeton triumphantly, while Frederick Armstrong was fain to find some vent for his delighted admiration of his gifted wife's diplomacy in sundry winks and grins, to the address of no one in particular, as he bustled to and fro between the terrace and the hall, arranging the mode and manner of the day's excursion—who was to be driven by whom, and so on.

Clarissa found herself bestowed in a landau full of ladies, Barbara Fermor among them, and was very merry with these agreeable companions, who gave her no time to meditate upon that change in Mr. Fairfax's manner last night, which had troubled her a little in spite of her better sense. He was nothing to her, of course; an accidental acquaintance whom she might never see again after this visit; but he had known her brother, and he had been kind and sympathetic—so much so that she would have been glad to think that he was really her friend. Perhaps, after all, there was very little cause that she should be perplexed or worried on account of his quiet avoidance of her that one evening; but then Clarissa Lovel was young and inexperienced, and thus apt to be hypersensitive and easily disturbed about trifles.

Having secured a comfortable *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Fairfax, Lady Laura lost no time in improving the occasion. They were scarcely a mile from the Castle before she began to touch upon the subject of the intended marriage, lightly, and with an airy gayety of manner which covered her real earnestness.

"When is it to be, George?" she asked. "I really want to know something definite, on account of my own engagements and Fred's, which must all hinge more or less on this important business. There's no use in my talking to Geraldine, for she is really the most impracticable of beings, and I can never get her to say any thing definite."

"My dear Lady Laura, I am almost in the same position. I have more than once tried to induce her to fix the date for her marriage, but she has always put the subject aside somehow or other. I really don't like to bore her, you see; and no doubt things will arrange themselves in due course."

Lady Laura gave a little sigh of relief. He did not avoid the question—that was something—nor did her interference seem in any manner unpleasant to him. Indeed, nothing could be more perfect than his air of careless good humor, Lady Laura thought.

But she did not mean the subject to drop here; and after a little graceful manipulation of the reins, a glance backward to see how far behind they had left the rest of the caravan, and some slight slackening of the pace at which they had been going, she went on:

"No doubt things would arrange themselves easily enough, if nothing happened to interfere with our plans. But the fact is, my dear George, I am really most uneasy about the state of poor papa's health. He has been so sadly feeble for the last three or four years, and I feel that we may lose him at any moment. At his age, poor dear soul, it is a calamity for which we must be prepared. But, of course, such an event would postpone your marriage for a long time, and I should really like to see my sister happily settled before the blow fell upon her. She has been so much with him, you see, and is so deeply attached to him, it will be worse for her than for any of us."

"I—I conclude so," Mr. Fairfax replied, rather doubtfully. He could not help wondering a little how his betrothed cared to leave a beloved father in so critical a condition; but he knew that his future sister-in-law was somewhat given to exaggeration—a high coloring of simple facts—as well as to the friendly direction of other people's affairs. He was, therefore, not surprised, upon reflection, that she should magnify her father's danger and her sister's filial devotion. Nor was he surprised that she should be anxious to hasten his marriage. It was natural to this impulsive matron to be eager for something—some event involving fine dress and invitations, elaborate dinners, and the gathering together of a frivolous crowd to be astonished and delighted by her own cleverness and fascination. To have a handsome sister to marry, and to marry well, was, of course, a great opportunity for the display of all those powers in which Lady Laura took especial pride.

And then George Fairfax had told himself that this marriage was the best possible thing for him; and, being so, it would be well that there should be no unnecessary delay. He had, perhaps, a vague feeling that he was giving up a good deal in sacrificing his liberty; but, on the whole, the sacrifice was a wise one, and could not be consummated too quickly.

"I trust you alarm yourself needlessly about your father, my dear Lady Laura," he said, presently; "but upon my word you can not be more anxious to see this affair settled than I am. I want to spend my honey-moon at Lyvedon, the quietest, most picturesque old place you can imagine, but not very enjoyable when the leaves are falling. My good uncle has set his heart on my borrowing his house for this purpose, and I think it would please Geraldine to become acquainted with an estate which must be her own in a few years."

"Unquestionably," cried Lady Laura, eagerly; "but you know what Geraldine is, or you ought to know—so foolishly proud and sensitive. She has known you so long, and perhaps—she would never forgive me if she knew I had hinted such a thing—had half unconsciously given you her heart before she had reason to be assured of your regard; and this would make her peculiarly sensitive. Now do, dear George, press the question, and let every thing be settled as soon as possible, or I have an apprehension that somehow or other my sister will slip through your fingers."

Mr. Fairfax looked wonderingly at his charioteer.

"Has she said any thing to put this fancy into your head?" he asked, with gravity rather than alarm.

"Said any thing? Oh dear, no! Geraldine is the last person to talk about her own feelings. But I know her so well," concluded Lady Laura, with a solemn air.

After this there came a brief silence. George Fairfax was a little puzzled by my lady's diplomacy, and perhaps just a little disgusted. Again and again he told himself that this union with Geraldine Challoner was the very best thing that could happen to him; it would bring him to anchor, at any rate, and he had been such mere drift-wood until now. But he wanted to feel himself quite a free agent, and this pressing on of the marriage by Lady Laura was in some manner discordant with his sense of the fitness of things. It looked a little like manœuvring. Yet, after all, she was quite sincere, perhaps, and did really apprehend her father's death intervening to postpone the wedding.

He would not remain long silent, lest she should fancy him displeased, and proceeded presently to pay her some compliments upon the roans, and on her driving, after which they rattled on pleasantly enough till they came to the green slope of a hill, where there was a rude rustic stand and a railed race-course, with a sprinkling of carriages on one side and gypsy tents on the other.

Here Mr. Fairfax delivered over Lady Laura to her natural protector; and, being free to stroll about at his own pleasure, contrived to spend a very agreeable day, devoting the greater part thereof to attendance upon the landau full of ladies, among whom was Clarissa Lovel; and she, being relieved from that harassing notion that she had in some unknown manner offended him, and being so new to all the pleasures of life that even these rustic races were delightful to her, was at her brightest, full of gay, girlish talk and merry laughter. He was not to see her thus many times again, in all the freshness of her young beauty, perfectly natural and unrestrained.

Once in the course of that day he left his post by the landau, and went for a solitary ramble; not among the tents, where black-eyed Bohemians saluted him as "my pretty gentleman," or the knock-'em-downs and weighing-machines, or the bucolic babble of the ring, but away across the grassy slope, turning his back upon the race-course. He wanted to think it out again, in his own phrase, just as he had thought it out the day before in the library at Hale.

"I am afraid I am getting too fond of her," he said to himself. "It's the old story—just like dram-drinking. I take the pledge, and then go and drink again. I am the weakest of mankind. But it can not make very much difference. She knows I am engaged—and Lady Laura is right. The sooner the marriage comes off the better. I shall never be safe till the knot is tied; and then duty, honor, feeling, and a dozen other motives will hold me to the right course."

He strolled back to his party only a little time before the horses were put in, and on this occasion went straight to the phaeton, and devoted himself to Lady Laura.

"You are going to drive me home, of course?" he said. "I mean to claim my place."

"I hardly think you have any right to it, after your desertion of me. You have been flirting with those girls in the landau all day."

"Flirting is one of the melancholy privileges of my condition. An engaged man enjoys an immunity in that matter. When a criminal is condemned to death they give him whatever he likes to eat, you know. It is almost the same kind of thing."

He took his place in the phaeton presently, and talked gayly enough all the way home, in that particular strain required to match my lady's agreeable rattle; but he had a vague sense of uneasiness lurking somewhere in his mind—a half consciousness that he was drifting the wrong way.

All that evening he was especially attentive to Lady Geraldine, whose headache had left her with a pale and pensive look which was not without its charm. The stately beauty had a softer air, the brightness of the blue eyes was not so cold as it was wont to be. They played chess again, and Mr. Fairfax kept aloof from Clarissa. They walked together in the gardens for a couple of hours next morning; and George Fairfax pressed the question of his marriage with such a show of earnestness and warmth that Geraldine's rebellious pride was at once solaced and subdued, and she consented to agree to any arrangement he and Lady Laura might make.

"She is so much more practical than I am," she said; "and I would really rather leave every thing to her and to you."

Lightly as she tried to speak of the future, she did on this occasion allow her lover to perceive that he was indeed very dear to her, and that the coldness which had sometimes wounded him was little more than a veil beneath which a proud woman strove to hide her deepest feelings. Mr. Fairfax rather liked this quality of pride in his future wife, even if it were carried so far as to be almost a blemish. It would be the surest safeguard of his home in the time to come. Such women are not prone to petty faults, or given to small quarrels. A man has a kind of security from trivial annoyances in an alliance with such a one.

It was all settled, therefore, in that two hours' stroll in the sunny garden, where the roses still bloomed in some diminution of their midsummer glory, their sweetness just a little overpowered by the spicy odor of innumerable carnations, their delicate colors eclipsed here and there by an impertinent early dahlia. Every thing was settled. The very date of the wedding was to be decided at once by Lady Laura and the bridegroom; and when George Fairfax went back to the Castle he felt, perhaps for the first time in his life, that he really was an engaged man. It was rather a solemn feeling, but not altogether an unpleasant one. He had seen more of Geraldine Challoner's heart this morning than he had ever seen before. It pleased him to discover that she really loved him; that the marriage was to be something more to her than a merely advantageous alliance; that she would in all probability have accepted him had he offered himself to her in his brother's life-time. Since his thirtieth birthday he had begun to feel himself something of a waif and stray. There had been mistakes in his life, errors he would be very glad to forget in an utterly new existence. It was pleasant to know himself beloved by a proud and virtuous woman—a woman whose love was neither to be easily won nor lightly lost.

He went back to the Castle more at ease with himself than he had felt for some time. His future was settled, and he had done his duty.

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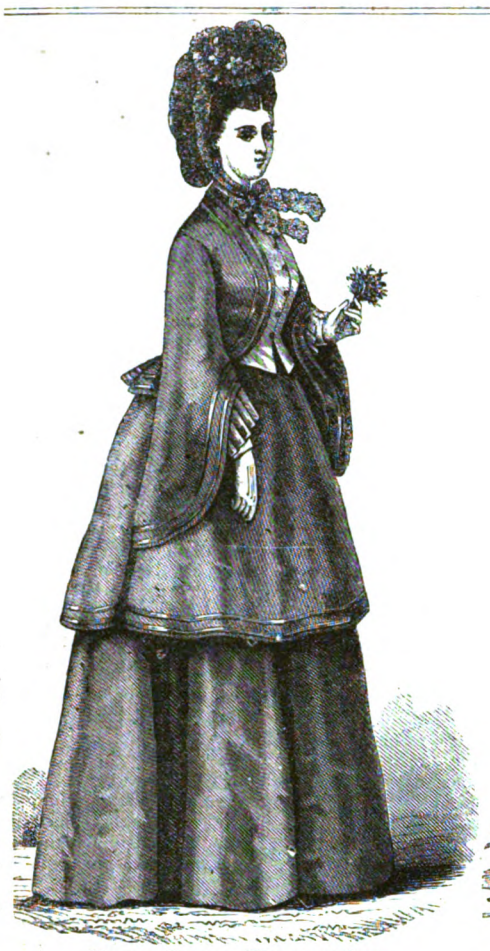

VIOLET POPLIN WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 47–51.

GRAY SERGE WALKING DRESS IN THREE SHADES.
For description see Supplement.

GREEN POPLIN WALKING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

VIOLET CASHMERE SUIT.—[For description see Supple

CASHMERE DRESS IN TWO SHADES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 12–16.

LIGHT BROWN GOAT'S-HAIR WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

GRAY PONGEE WALKING SUIT.—FRONT AND BACK.
For description see Supplement.

SERGE WALKING SUIT.—FRONT AND BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 8–11.

BLACK CASHMERE WALKING SUIT.—FRONT AND BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 23–27.

FROU FROU POPLIN W
For description see Sup

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ER ALPACA WALKING SUIT.—[For description see Supplement.]

PEARL GRAY FOULARD WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

BUFF ALPACA WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 7.

MAUVE POPLIN WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

BLUE GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 41-43.

GRAY PONGEE WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 52-56.

BROWN POPLIN WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 28.

GRAY POPLIN WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

GRAY POPLIN WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

JAPANESE SILK WALKING SUIT.—FRONT AND BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 44-46.

GRANITE POPLIN WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

VIOLET FOULARD WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

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THE INNOCENT HEART.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

STILL the same as of old,
With the buttercups' gold
All aglow, the broad meadow-land slopes to the west;
Time has passed by the place
With a smile on his face,
And you scarcely can tell where his footsteps have pressed.
All unpruned the green woodbine creeps up to the eaves,
And the cottage roof hides with its mantle of leaves;
And the doves on the roof their old love-stories tell;
And the winds, from the garden, of southernwood smell;
And the lilac-bush stands by the gate, as of yore;
And the cinnamon rose keeps its place by the door,
Looking pink with its flowers as a cloud of the dawn:
Oh, there's nothing that's changed, but there's something that's gone!
It has gone from my life—it has vanished from me;
I am not what I used, in life's morning, to be:
In the peace of the scene then I too had a part,
But I've lost, oh, I've lost it—my innocent heart!

True, the world meets me now
With a smile and a bow;
I'm a guest, not unsought, in her mansions of pride.
Better scorn and neglect
With my old self-respect,
When I'd nothing to fear, since I'd nothing to hide!
An unmerited trust is a burden of shame,
And there's praise undeserved that cuts deeper than blame.
All the sweetness of friendship is gone when we feel
We have done or have said what 'tis wise to conceal.
I have come to the home of my childhood again,
And the friends I once loved meet me fondly as then;
But I shrink from their kindness; it is not for me—
It belongs to the woman I once used to be;
And a shadow o'er all the sweet landscape is cast—
I am not what I was when I looked on it last:
In the peace of the scene then I too had a part,
But I've lost, oh, I've lost it—my innocent heart!

WORTH WHILE FOR WOMEN TO KNOW.

IN this spring's planting forget not to cluster about your house all the sweet-scented flowers, and especially the aromatic sorts. They have not only the gift of pleasing the most refined of all senses, but the office of conservators of health. Recent investigations by a renowned *savant* disclose the fact that ozone, the life-giving, life-renewing principle of the air, is largely exhaled by certain plants of sweet savor. Indeed, more of this pure element is given out by them than by any chemical combination known. Thank God, the use of flowers is discovered at last! Not the vestige of excuse for any utilitarian sneer at their culture is left. And now crowd the court-yard and balcony with all the wealth of fragrance a Northern season can know. The same authority declares it a measure of sanitary prudence to plant these flowers largely in all malarious, unhealthy, and marshy places, for they act as disinfectants. All the bad effects of shrubbery are due to too close planting, so as to deprive the house and grounds of sunlight. It is only in the full light of the sun's rays that they exert their healing power. A single perfumy pine will diffuse wholesome vapor over an area of thrice its breadth of shade if planted in open ground. Cedars, spruce, firs, larch, sassafras, and all gum-bearing and odorous trees, have this beneficial property; and I hope to see the time when they will displace the poisonous ailanthus and weakly poplar in city streets. The sweet-scented shrub and flowering currant, roses and azaleas, have the property of yielding ozone in a greater degree than the purely sweet flowers. The early spring blossoms, jonquil, hyacinth, and sweet alyssum, are charged with ozone, as one may say, while, in after months, the clove-pink, heliotrope, mignonnette, all kinds of mint, in or out of flower, tuberose, and honeysuckle keep up the succession. Houses in low grounds should be surrounded by beds of these plants, open to the sunlight. Hence the taste at the present day for flower beds, and blooming shrubs grouped in masses on the lawn, has a sanitary effect as well as a picturesque one.

Having these rich materials at hand, what woman of taste will not desire to preserve some souvenir surcharged with the soul of the summer's delight? Boxes of heliotrope, mignonnette, and pansies in the window sweeten the air of her dwelling; but for her personal delectation why should she not arrest the perfumes of midsummer? To do this by the aid of modern science is very simple. A small, wide-mouthed glass jar, such as are used by museums for specimens of natural history, should be filled with ether, and closed with a glass stopper dipped in glycerine to thoroughly exclude the air. Fill this jar during the season with the fresh blossoms of any fragrant plant, cut after the dew is dry, and stripped of leaf and stem as well as calyx. The petals alone of roses, violets, tuberoses, or pinks should be used; heliotrope should be cut close to the panicle of bloom. Of course a jar is allotted to each kind of blossom. The ether has the property of taking up the fragrant particles from flowers, and when evaporated leaves the essential oil of the plant behind, a very few drops of which in deodorized alcohol gives a delicious extract. Quantities of flowers are required, and the petals in the jar should be changed for fresh ones every day. Only skill and patience will succeed in the perfumer's art; but one success is worth the trouble of many failures.

Those who do not care to essay such delicate experiments as the above may be pleased to try these simple compounds. A charming recipe for scent-powder to be used for wardrobes, boxes, etc., far finer than the mixtures sold at the shops, is the following: Corianders, orris root, rose leaves, and aromatic calamus, each one ounce; lavender flowers, two ounces; rhodium-wood, one-fourth of a dram; musk, five grains. These are mixed and reduced to coarse powder. The scent on clothes is as if all fragrant garden flowers had been pressed in their folds.

A perfume for note-paper, said to be that used by the Queen of England, is made of powdered starch, one-half ounce; fresh orris powder, the same; attar of roses, ten drops. Put this into bags and keep in the writing-desk with paper.

All delicious flavors may be imprisoned by keeping the delicate substance in deodorized alcohol. How deodorized? By filtering through animal charcoal or bone-black in powder. The black may be used many times over. A thick flannel bag with wire at the top will answer for the filter. Fill it with the black dust, and pour the alcohol in it, leaving it to settle through. Have wide-mouthed bottles with glass stoppers ready, and half fill with alcohol; then fill with powdered orange or lemon peel, peach leaves, almonds, slices of pine-apple, raspberries, or fresh cherries; and the housewife will have a finer assortment of flavors than any manufacturer will furnish her. If she wishes, however, to imitate flavors which in the natural form are out of reach, it is best to use compounds of which she is not ignorant.

Banana may be imitated with oil of jasmine and a very little tartaric acid.

Strawberry, with a strong tincture of orris and a very little acetic ether—one ounce of the tincture to one-eighth of ether.

Strong tincture of orris root resembles raspberry.

Pine-apple is made with butyric ether, the acid itself coming from the transformation of rancid butter by a chemical process.

Very little of these preparations is needed to give the desired flavor. Four ounces of the tinctures mentioned will supply flavor enough for constant use during a whole summer.

A MAY BLOSSOM.

THE 1st of May had come. Up rose the sun, and up rose Mrs. O'Rooney; for though not bound to the chariot wheels of that luminary, and wont on most occasions to disregard his summons most comfortably, this was not an ordinary occasion with the worthy dame. A habit of annual (or semi-annual) removal teaches irresistibly the value of an early rise; and the 1st of May, if no other day in the calendar, always found the O'Rooney family awake and stirring.

For many years had the O'Rooneys pervaded this seventh district of the busy town. Now a garret, now a cellar received them. The top stories of the poorer buildings knew them well; in most they had dwelt; the rest felt them coming. They were a reckless, merry, multitudinous race. There were big little O'Rooneys, and little little O'Rooneys, the least of all seldom attaining a greater age than one year before a lesser yet appeared to claim his place. But, big and little, they were all alike good-humored, broadly Irish, and improvident. The wee-est of all the wee ones would take the bread from his mouth to feed a hungry playmate or a starved cat; and the parental O'Rooneys, content to fling themselves and their progeny on the general public for support in every tight pinch, never hesitated for a moment to unlatch their door and share their crust with any more forlorn than themselves. "Sure, what's enough for nine is enough for ten," was their philosophy. "We'll get through somehow." And they always did.

Their departure from any given quarter was usually accelerated by a notice to quit from some long-suffering landlord. With each removal they might be said to burn their bridge behind them, and to be presumably certain not to turn up again in that particular spot. This was no grief to them. Life would have seemed dull without this gentle perennial excitement.

"The crather is afther his rint again," Mrs. O'Rooney would tell her husband, cheerfully. "'Pay or clare out,' he sez—small blame to him. And where'll we go next, Tim?"

"Well," Tim would perhaps reply, "there's a flure in Godfrey Street we've niver thried at all at all. We might go there. It's two dollars a week, and a pump handy."

"Is it opposite the bake-house, you mane?" Mrs. O'Rooney would rejoin, with a joyous Irish screech. "Think of the convaniance of that, now! It's likely they'll give credit for a month or more."

Fired by this delightful prospect, the family duds and belongings would be hastily collected. Cheerful and chatty as a flock of crows, the O'Rooneys would rise *en masse*, flit a half mile or so, and settle in a new nest, which twenty-four hours would make as disorderly, as shiftless, and as cheerful as the one they had just quitted.

It was from Godfrey Street that they were now preparing to move. The "bake-house" having long since recognized and shut its doors against them, there was the less to regret in departure.

"Now, boys, tumble up, and on wid your clothes," cried the mother. "There's a wurrld to do this day. See there, now, Norry shames you. She's dressed afore you all."

Norry, aged four, was the only girl among the nine. This fact Mrs. O'Rooney was wont to lament on occasions of hurry and pressure. "Boys is well enough," she would aver; "but they're all tear and no mend, and all soil and no scour. Girls for my money!" But this munificent offer notwithstanding, Norry remained the only one. On this particular May morning, however, the lack was felt less than usual, for little Mary O'Rourke was "to the fore," and it would have been hard to light any where upon a handier or more helpful little maid than Mary.

This small stranger within the O'Rooney gates had come to them straight from a hospital, where she had half died of ship-fever. Homesick, feeble, friendless, the poor girl would not have known where to lay her sixteen-year-old head except for the attic in Godfrey Street which opened its kindly door to take her in. The debt thus incurred she repaid with the whole devotion of her warm heart and helpful hands. Night and day she labored in the service of these "friends in need." She scrubbed, she cobbled, she swept, she dusted, she polished the stove and the boys' faces. The domicile was never so clean or the family so comfortable before. Her presence had grown necessary to them, and, hard as it sometimes was to find food for this additional mouth, no one ever thought of sending Mary away to shift for herself. No, indeed. They'd pull through somehow, Mrs. O'Rooney said; they always did; and anyhow "there'd be no living without Mary at all at all."

She was a pretty, tidy-looking creature, this "angel unawares" of the O'Rooneys, with the blue eyes and glossy black hair of her native Ireland, and lips so ripe and blooming as to truly suggest the poet's image of

"Strawberries smothered in crame."

Beauty probably bore its share in the influence she exerted over the boys, who, according to their mother, were "good boys, as boys go, but obstinate as pigs when they'd a mind to." Certain it is that Teddy was never so amenable, or Pat—second in size and age—so chivalrous to any one before; that Tim and Barney followed her about as under a charm; that the smaller ones submitted to hair-brushing at her hands as at no other; and the baby was always crying to be taken into her arms. She was "as cliver as a rale fairy," the elder Tim asserted, and all the O'Rooney family bore him out in the opinion.

A "rale fairy" was needed for the job on hand this May-day morning. Breakfast to prepare; beds to uncord and pack; clothes to sort and tie in bundles; tins, kitchen utensils, what-not to collect and fasten up; a stove to take down—all amidst the dances and whoops of nine excited children, is no easy task. Mrs. O'Rooney's ordinary method of procedure was irregular as an Ojibbeway's. Things instinctively came out of her hands hind side before—wrong end foremost; but under Mary's influence something like order was infused into the chaos. The boys were collected, loaded with articles suited to their strength, and sent off at full trot toward the new lodgings, with Teddy at their head. It was while marshaling this unruly host down the stairs that Mary became aware of a counter-procession on its way up.

First came a youngish man, carrying a big bundle, and springing lightly along, two steps at a time, notwithstanding the apparent weight of his burden. A frank-looking fellow he was, with wavy hair and kind brown eyes—a little sad—such eyes as women like. After him toiled two children, each laden with something—tiny children, boys, the older not more than six. The brown eyes met Mary's as the young man came up. She blushed, and, confused, she knew not why, retreated to her eyrie. To her surprise, the party followed.

"Is it here we're to go?" inquired the man, in unmistakable brogue.

"I don't know," replied Mary, opening her eyes wider. "We're leaving, ourselves. It's the O'Rooneys we are."

"That's it," said the stranger, pulling a bit of paper from his pocket and consulting it—"that's the name. We've rinted the room you're laving, miss, and were bringing up our things, being turned out of our own bit of a place. But perhaps it's in your way we'll be?"

"Oh, we haven't any 'way!'" said Mary, laughing.

"Then, if it's no inconvaniance, we'll fetch them up, for it's at the street-dure they are; and perhaps we can lind you a hand at the same time."

"It's very polite you are, I'm sure," said Miss O'Rourke, and she gave a pretty blush.

"Such a pair of cheeks haven't mit my eyes before since I left Ireland!" thought the young man; but he *said:*

"Oh, niver spake of it, miss! James Connell's my name, and I'd be proud to assist you, being my countryman."

So Mary made room for him to pass; and in half an hour the O'Rooneys and the Connells were on the footing of old acquaintance, and the children were clinging about Mary as if they had known her always. They were pretty rogues, with clean, well-scrubbed faces; but their clothes were shabby and dilapidated, and there were singular attempts at patching, which told of clumsy male fingers. "It's bad work a man makes trying to be father and mother both," James said. His young wife had died two years before, on their passage over from Ireland, he told them; and Mrs. O'Rooney's motherly heart warmed at once to the little ones and their father.

Most hearts would have warmed to Connell, he was so wonderfully helpful and handy, and so full of good-will. His time and strength were applied to the porterage of Mrs. O'Rooney's valuables as cheerfully as to his own. He and Tim shouldered each other's stove-pipes and bedsteads indifferently, and the meeting resolved itself into a "bee" of mutual aid and service. So it came to pass that when, at noon, Tim and the boys departed from the premises, bearing the last bundles, Mrs. O'Rooney and Mary lingered. To their womanly apprehensions "a lone man," who *couldn't* know how to set himself to rights, was a sorry spectacle; and, after a whispered consultation, they frankly offered to stay an hour or two and "fix up." "Ye'll be the better for it all summer," Mrs. O'Rooney told him. "A man's little worth for getting things straightened, but my Mary there's a rale fairy for the like of that."

Connell had excellent wages, and his furniture was good and substantial—far better than the scanty plenishing it replaced. But the stove was dull, the cherry table stained and blackened; every thing lacked its shine. This Mary proceeded to give. James and Mrs. O'Rooney sat by, and watched her busy hands as she scrubbed and dusted and polished; now pasting a strip of paper over a soiled spot, now applying a drop of glue to a fracture; brightening whatever she touched, and humming scraps of merry rhyme to the children, who chased her as flies do a sunbeam. At last:

"Whatever is she, thin," asked James—"your daughter?"

"No, but as good," whispered back Mrs. O'Rooney.

"But she called you mother."

"So she did, the darlint. She was a poor girl from the other side, you see, who we took in sick, but she's grown to be the light of our eyes. She talks of going to sarvice; but Tim he'll not hear of it, nor me either. No—not while there's a morsel left in the cupboard, anyhow!" Mrs. O'Rooney concluded, with a sigh.

James asked no more, but his eyes followed Mary with a steadfast gaze. She became conscious of this at last, and it embarrassed her.

"Mother," she said from the window which she was washing, "this is done now. I'll just polish the kettle a bit and set it on, and then we'll be going."

"Oh!" cried James, starting up. "You mustn't go without a sup of something, and you tiring yourself to aid us. I've some tay and a loaf here, Miss Mary, and I'll set the table while the kettle boils."

But this Mary would not permit. Born housewife as she was, it was pain to see things done clumsily. So she took the cloth from him and spread it lightly over the freshly rubbed table, brought the cups and plates from the neat dresser where she had just ranged them, brewed the tea, cut the bread—all in a noiseless, gentle way, which was full of real grace. Connell watched her, enchanted; and when, as they drew up their chairs, she proceeded to fill the cups from the shining Britannia pot, his feeling of delight and comfort found vent in words.

"It's different intirely!" he cried. "Tay hasn't tasted nor bread relished so well since we set foot in this country. Has it children?"

"I wiss Maly would stop always," said the youngest, "and sing songs and make tay."

"Do! do!" screamed the other—"won't you, Maly?"

Poor Mary! But her confusion increased tenfold when Connell seized the other hand and exclaimed, "Won't you, Mary? I mane it," he went on; "but I'd not have found courage to say it so soon except for the talk of the little ones. You've only known us a day, Mary, but I feel to know you always. And when I saw you sitting there and smiling, with the tay-pot in your hand, I thought within meself, 'I can't niver let her go.' A rale fairy, your mother here calls you; and I belave it. Stay and be a fairy for us, Mary; for niver was a fairy more wanted to the fore than here, and just now."

"Well, I declare!" began Mary, faintly; but Mrs. O'Rooney chimed in:

"And you niver said a thruer word, James. It seems suddent, mavourneen; but listen to him, for he manes thruly by you. I *know a man when I look in his eyes*, and I tell you so. 'Twill be sore to part from you, darlint, and how we'll get along I can't say; but there's a rale home for you here, with plinty in it; and that's more than we can give at all at all, for all the good-will that's in our hearts. And them little fellows needs a mother, Mary."

"We all need you, Mary," whispered Connell, his handsome face close to hers. "Say 'yis,' Mary, and let it be this very night. I feel as if I couldn't let you go, and the room all dark behind you! And where's a more blessed day in the whole year than May-day to begin life together?"

"But I *must* help mother get to rights," cried sweet Mary. "Oh no, no! I can't, I can't, I can't!"

We all know what follows after nineteen "nay-says."

"Niver mind me, dear," cried Mrs. O'Rooney.

But the impetuous lover added, "And so you shall, love. Go you wid her now, and git in order, while I stip down and spake to Father O'Brien. This evening I'll come for you all, and we'll go to the praste's house, and after that we'll have a bit of a supper in this room you've made so clane and nice; and it'll be the happy day always that brought us together. Say 'yis.'"

So Mary said yes. She scrubbed diligently till sundown, then rebraided her hair, donned her "other gown," and, attended by all the O'Rooneys, went to the "praste's house," as pretty a bride, notwithstanding her long day of house-work, and absence of blonde and orange blossoms, as ever moonlight shone upon. The match so hastily arranged turned out happier by far than some entered into after long and punctilious delay; and from that day to this Mary Connell has been to husband and children as to the O'Rooneys, "a rale fairy," blessing and brightening all that came under her hands.

INFANT GENIUSES.

NOTHING is more reprehensible than the disposition to laugh at, and thereby to encourage, all traits of singularity, oddness, or affectation which children may exhibit, as marks of genius which ought not to be repressed. Of all the dangerous errors into which parents can fall, this, in our opinion, is the worst. For nothing so soon hardens into second nature as juvenile eccentricity; and few things are more injurious to success in life than marked oddities of manner and gesture when they reach the point of grotesqueness. The majority of the world agree with Mr. Peter Magnus: they don't see the necessity of originals; and what is more,

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so many "originals" are only sham ones after all. That is to say, their singularity is merely a bad habit which they can't shake off, and is only very partially innate. When you see a child doing any thing unlike other children, any thing queer, surprising, or uncouth, however comic or however clever it may seem, *never laugh at or applaud it.* Children naturally very self-willed, and with real natural peculiarities, can soon be broken of such tricks, if treated with absolute indifference. But once let the idea find its way into their brains that such sallies, naughty though they be, are regarded as marks of genius, and the mischief is done. If the boy be a boy, after all, of weak character, his nonsense may be driven out of him at school; if not, it will only be driven deeper in. Adherence to his "own ways" becomes gradually, in his eyes, a mark of manly independence, till at last there may come to be no folly or excess which he will not justify to himself on the same grounds. That such men, as children, must make themselves perfectly odious to all, except their doting relatives, is a trifle. I have seen the finest intellects and the most generous characters wasted and ruined, in consequence of habits in great part attributable to the encouragement of boyish oddities.

What is called "precocity" in children is, of course, something quite different, nor is the improper encouragement of it attended by the same class of dangers as those we have described above. The danger in this case is, that boys who do not maintain the same relative superiority as they grow up which they maintained in childhood—no uncommon case—may become disgusted with themselves, and sink into despondent idlers. There is, indeed, another bad consequence to be looked for in the opposite direction. A lad of twenty, who does not go ahead of his companions as he did at twelve, may refuse to recognize the truth, hug himself in the belief in his own unimpaired excellence, and set down every failure to accident or want of industry. When this habit of mind becomes inveterate, the consequences are frequently disastrous. But they are too well known to be dwelt upon. The former class of consequences has not been so generally observed. But we fancy the secret of many a wasted life is to be found in them. And when we consider, however dry the subject may be to childless persons—when we consider the wonderful powers of observation and assimilation which children possess, how extraordinarily apt they are to catch at any thing in their own favor, how they magnify in their own little minds all they hear said about themselves, either for good or for evil, it does seem wonderful that parents are not more careful than they generally seem to be with regard to such little matters, fraught as they are with immeasurable consequences, as we have here described.

We now come to the other side of the question, and have a few words to say to those ineffably foolish parents who keep their children down. This, no doubt, is rather an old-fashioned error, but it is far from being extinct for all that. We have spoken of the mistake which people make by encouraging eccentricities in their children; but they surely make just as great a mistake by checking their natural aspirations. There are in the world people with so little self-confidence, so little knowledge of real life outside their own small circle, that the bare idea of their children being able to distinguish themselves seems to them monstrous. *Experto credo.* These words are not written without warrant for them. Children must not have "too grand ideas." They must not think they are going to do this, that, or the other in the world. They must not attempt to cope with people who are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It is quite absurd to suppose that in their humble station there can be any of the stuff that makes men wealthy and eminent. It is heresy and wickedness to entertain such an idea. Now, strange as it may seem, there really are people in the world who bring their children up on these principles, who try to crush in its infancy every tendency their children may show to raise themselves in life, and after they grow up would rather see them starve than advance a sixpence to help them in quite legitimate aspirations. It is difficult to get to the bottom of the state of mind in which such parents pass their lives. It seems to be a social conservatism of the stupidest and narrowest kind, though such men are not generally political conservatives. The phenomenon is almost inexplicable, but it exists, if a phenomenon can be said to exist, and it is opposed to all the healthiest traditions of a free country.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BRAN BREAD.—Take a sponge of wheat flour; when it is light add salt, and a small quantity of molasses, stirring in bran flour with a spoon until it is as stiff as you can get it without taking the hands to it. When it has risen again, put it into well-greased pans with the spoon, and bake until done.

ANOTHER RECIPE.—Make a thin mush of a pint and a half of corn meal, and add to it 1 handful of salt; when milk-warm, stir in a wine-glassful of yeast, 1½ pounds of bran flour, and a table-spoonful of molasses; mix these ingredients well together, and, having the pan well greased, form a loaf on it. Let it rise, and bake a little longer than the same sized wheat loaf.

BEEF À LA MODE.—Select about 6 or 8 pounds out of the round, free of bone, and a tender, juicy piece. Cut gashes in it so as to go nearly all the way through, and insert strips of fat salt pork about half an inch in thickness. If possible, with your fingers pull the pork through on the under side. Put a little pepper and salt in the gash before the meat goes in. Rub all over the outside about as much salt and pepper as it would take to season it well. Tie as tightly together as possible with strong twine, making the meat as round and compact as you can. Allow 2 table-spoonfuls of whole cloves to this quantity of meat, sticking them on the outside. Some persons prefer the ground spice, rubbing it into the gash and over the pork before it goes in; but it destroys the lightness of the meat, and makes it dark. A few blades of mace stuck in are an improvement, and garlic, if wished. When the meat is prepared, put it into a large stew-pan, setting it on the back part of the stove, and adding *no water*, as the essence of the meat soon runs out. Let it cook slowly five hours, keeping it covered all the time, and turn it once or twice. When nearly done, pour over it 3 table-spoonfuls of lemon juice, and half a gill of strong brandy, basting it every few minutes. When done, remove the strings.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES are delicious. Take the fine white meal, and stir rich buttermilk into it until it is almost the consistence of thin mush; add a little soda, and salt to taste. Have the griddle hot and well greased. Drop on a spoonful, and pat them down with the spoon, so that they will not be more than a quarter of an inch in thickness. When brown, turn them and let them brown on the other side. In eating them, split and butter. The great "knack" is not to have the batter *runny*, nor yet too stiff; just so that it will drop in a lump from the spoon.

BATTER BREAD.—One quart of buttermilk, ½ of a teacupful of boiled rice mashed, 4 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; white corn meal and flour enough to make a stiff batter—about one-fourth the quantity of wheat flour to the meal; salt to taste. Bake in a well-greased pan for about half an hour or three-quarters. The oven should be rather quick. Try it by running a straw through the cake to see if it is done.

ANOTHER RECIPE.—Into a basin break 4 eggs, having about a pint of meal in the basin; beat all well together, add a large table-spoonful of lard, salt to taste, and milk enough to make a stiff batter. Just before you pour it into the baking-pan add ½ of a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk. All batter bread is nicer baked in a round pan than in either a square or oval one. It is also lighter baked in tin or iron than in a "Turk's head" of earthenware.

In winter a nice corn bread, very digestible, can be made with snow. Take about a quart of meal; into this stir well a tea-spoon not much more than half full of soda, and cut fine into it a table-spoonful of good suet lard; add a tea-spoonful of salt. Stir in nearly a quart of light, clean snow, doing it in a cool place, where the snow will not melt. Have an oval dripping-pan well greased, and when the snow is well incorporated with the meal pour it in. Bake it about forty minutes in a rather quick oven. The cake should be broken, not *cut*. Tear the pieces open with a fork, and butter them.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE really good, neat housewife takes a proper pride, when she leaves the house wherein she has abided one year or more, as the case may be, in putting every room—nay, every hidden nook and corner—in decent order for the incoming tenant. But, judging by this test, there are very few good housewives in our metropolis. The majority aver that all that is required of them is to leave the premises "broom-clean," and not one in fifty take the slightest pains to see that even this is done. The cart-loads of rubbish, the accumulation of years, taken from attics and cellars and dark closets of houses which have been occupied by respectable people, would horrify a neat New England housekeeper. We sincerely commiserate those of our readers—and we fear there are many—who have been in discomfort externally and vexation of spirit internally during the past week, while cleansing processes, which should have been completed under other supervision and before the 1st of May, have been going on about them. The tribulations of moving are annual, and, though the present ones will soon vanish, May, 1872, will come quicker than many desire. Meanwhile a good old-fashioned rule is worthy of being borne in mind until April 30, 1872. It is a simple one. It will save half the vexations attendant on moving. It is, in brief,

"Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have *others be to you.*"

The months of May and June are considered the best for making a trip to the Yosemite Valley, and travel thither has already begun. The number of visitors to the valley in 1870 was 1935; in 1864 there were but 147; this year there will probably be at least 2500. The short route from Stockton into the Yosemite this year is twenty-eight miles by railway, sixty-five by stage, and seventeen on horseback.

Some man altogether too curious in prying into family matters—which should always be regarded as sacred from the intrusion of the public eye—thus sums up the domestic happiness of the great city of London: Runaway husbands, 2348; runaway wives, 1132; married parties legally divorced, 4175; living in open warfare, 17,345; living in private misunderstanding, 13,279; living mutually indifferent, 55,340; regarded as comfortable, 3175; nearly happy, 127; perfectly happy, 13. To indicate the moral progress of man-and-womankind, we are reminded that there are thirteen couples in London more fortunate than Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden!

The dangerous illness of the beautiful Princess Frédérica, eldest daughter of ex-King George of Hanover, began with an accident which happened year ago last December. On Christmas-eve, 1869, she was fixing up a Christmas-tree for some poor children, when suddenly a green wax taper which she had lighted fell on her bare arm and burned her severely. Since that time her physicians have been unable to get the poison out of her system, and it is now believed that her life can not be saved.

Gloucester, Massachusetts, is in mourning on account of the probable loss of four fishing schooners and forty men. In February two fishing vessels from the same place were lost, which, with the probable disasters of April, give a total of six vessels and sixty-three lives lost.

Poor, mad, misguided Paris had no glorious Easter-Sunday. A sanguinary strife was going on in various sections of the terror-stricken city. Only a few churches ventured to open their doors for the services of the day, and in those singular scenes were enacted. A detachment of National Guards had been stationed in each, who remained quiet until after the offertory, when they marched up to the altars, arrested the priests, and seized the money on the offertory plates. During the previous Saturday night hundreds attempted to escape from the city—some by letting themselves down from the ramparts by ropes, others by bribing the sentries on duty at the gates. Many women are among the victims of this unnatural strife, not a few of whom have perished sabre in hand, and pistol in the belt of their uniform dress. The wretched condition of Paris can scarcely be imagined. Provisions are daily increasing in price; coal is becoming scarce; weeks ago not a postage-stamp could be obtained in Paris, and the postal department was in confusion; there were five hundred prisoners in the Conciergerie; no one could leave Paris without a pass, which needed to be renewed every day, at a cost of about forty cents, and these passes were granted only to particular persons; torpedoes have been planted and batteries erected in various quarters; ghastly sights of violence and murder are met with every where; houses are shattered, and choice gardens and parks utterly ruined. One might well inquire concerning Paris, as was once concerning Jerusalem, "Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth?"

According to the most accurate calculations that can be made, the meat bill of New York city for the last year was $30,000,000, and the liquor bill $68,000,000. Ice costs the city $2,500,000 a year; and $7,000,000 are expended in theatrical and other amusements. Of the 163,598 children between the ages of five and fifteen, 78,450 are in Protestant Sabbath-schools. The statement has been made that the rum-shops of the city, if placed in line, would extend on both sides of Broadway from the Battery to the Central Park.

A young lady of Concord, New Hampshire, recently celebrated her first birthday anniversary by a party, at which were assembled about thirty ladies and gentlemen, varying in ages from three months to three years. At an early hour refreshments were served at two long tables, at which a couple of dozen of "high chairs" had been placed for the guests. The bill of fare was entirely satisfactory to all concerned.

A singular case was decided in the Supreme Court of this city, which revealed the funeral expenses of one woman to have been $1395 11. The executor of the estate had refused to pay the bill presented by the plaintiff, and the latter stated that during the last illness of the deceased she sent for him, and made specific arrangements about her funeral, and that he carried out her wishes. She had acquired her property by peddling dry-goods—owning wagons, and employing men to drive them.

An enterprising Vermonter appeals to a generous public for aid in paying off a mortgage on some property. No subscriptions of less than fifty dollars will be received.

Rosa Bonheur is said to be completely disheartened by the misfortunes of France.

Rothermel's painting of the "Battle of Gettysburg"—an immense canvas—is now on exhibition at the Tremont Temple, Boston.

A French fashion-writer says:

"The *élite* of our *grandes dames* who remained in Paris during the siege devoted themselves to the ambulances, and wore the costume of the *ambulancières.* This consisted of a gray dress, a white apron with bib fastened on to the bodice, a spotless muslin handkerchief crossed over the bosom and fastened behind, a little muslin cap with the national white, blue, and red *cocarde* at the side, and the *brassard* of the *Société de Geneve* on the arm. The Countess of Flavigny, one of our most celebrated *élégantes*, was at the head of the ambulanciers' committee, and, strange as it may sound to our friends over the sea, who are longing to hear of the new French fashions, neither that noble lady nor any of her companions wore any other dress while the city was invested. The fact is, French ladies are better than they are generally believed to be, and during the time of distress and famine, fashion and frivolities were set aside. Those ladies whose duties kept them at home, and who did not wear the *ambulancière* costume, were never seen but in deepest mourning. Black cashmere or dull silk costumes, trimmed with crape and jet, are even now almost the only ones to be seen in the streets of Paris. Black cashmere shawls are draped as mantles, looped up in several places with large fluffy tassels of black floss silk."

Only nineteen novels were published in France during the war.

There is much truth in the remark of a recent English writer that conversation at a dinner-table which is not general—conversation, so to speak, in which both ends of the table do not meet—is not conversation at all; yet the difficulty of attaining so simple an end has made many moralists declare that no dinner is endurable which consists of more than eight people. To extend it to twelve is to cut up your company into at least three sections; to venture upon eighteen is to reduce it almost to the atomic state—certainly to separate it into couples.

The sudden death of Charles, son of Victor Hugo, occurred at Bordeaux. In the morning he had breakfasted with his father and Louis Blanc. In the evening the former was to give a farewell dinner at a restaurant to some friends. At eight o'clock Charles Hugo took a cab to join the party, ordering the driver to stop at a café on the way. When the man did so he found that M. Hugo, who was alone in the vehicle, had ceased to exist.

Mormon physicians are under greater restrictions than those in the more—or less—enlightened sections of our country. They are forbidden, under penalty of $1000, and not less than a year's imprisonment, to prescribe any of the more powerful medicines without first explaining their qualities to the patient or his friends, and obtaining their unqualified consent.

No more need for making soap in Iowa City, for near there a mine of soap has been discovered. It is said to be a mineral substance, and to possess all the valuable properties of the manufactured article.

In a recent work on the medical jurisprudence of India authorities are brought forward to prove that the Brahmins invented the law requiring a Hindoo widow to burn herself on her husband's funeral pyre as a means of self-protection. Before its introduction the wives were in the habit of avenging themselves on their husbands for neglect and cruelty by mixing poison with their food; and at last things came to such a height that the least matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. It must be admitted that there is a peculiar refinement of cruelty in the expedient adopted, which would commend itself to the Asiatic mind.

It is estimated that more than 2,762,000 men were sacrificed to the demon of war from the year 1815 to the year 1864. During the civil war in America the State of New York alone lost not less than 48,950 men. Now a vast number slain in the late European war will swell the list of the lost in battle; and when the civil turmoil in Paris is over there will need to be a new catalogue made out.

Seed corn sufficient to secure a crop of nearly 40,000 acres of land, has been donated by British farmers, and distributed among the poor French farmers.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

THERE was once a poor peasant youth living on the slope of a beautiful hill, who loved a pretty shepherdess who tended her flock far below in the valley, where the grass was greener than emeralds, where the sun came latest, and from whence it departed earliest. The pretty shepherdess used to raise her bright eyes toward the hill, and wish that she might dwell on its slope, and catch the sunbeams a little sooner and keep them a little longer; while the youth would gaze down into the pleasant valley, and think how wonderfully the sun illuminated it. But he had somewhere heard, or read, or dreamed that if one found a four-leaved clover he might wish for what he would and it should be his; good fortune should follow him all his days and bear him company. Therefore he gave his flocks into the care of a younger brother, and set off to find the four-leaved clover which was to endow him with all that was precious—riches, health, and a sweetheart; for though Corydon's heart was set upon Phyllis, the pretty shepherdess in the valley, he hadn't the smallest hope that she would take him as he was, never having asked her. So he took his way over hill and dale, through bush and brake, across loitering brooks and swiftly flowing rivers. He walked with his eyes on the ground, and the thorns tore his clothes, and his feet grew weary, and his heart heavy with seeking and finding nothing. At night he slept amidst the dew, and ate of wild, ripe berries, and of honey that the wild bees hoard. When, despairing, he shouted, "Where is my four-leaved clover, my four-leaved clover?" the echo answered, "Over! over!" and lured him on; and the mischievous winds borrowed the odor of distant clover fields and cheated him with hope close at hand; while the rain drenched him in a frolic, and the stars winked as if they were laughing at him. But still he pursued his search; he journeyed into far countries; he saw strange peoples and places; he was arrested for trespass, for vagrancy, for lunacy, and sometimes when he had managed to escape from confinement by promising his jailer a share of his good fortune when he should find the clover, then the fields were hidden under drifts of snow, or had just been mown, four-leaved clovers and all. Still he bent his steps through shadow-haunted woods, and slept in caves and on the edge of precipices, and heard wild creatures roaring in the recesses of the forest; and at length, after long, long years of search without success, he turned his face toward home. The sun was withdrawing from the green valley as he neared it, lingering only in long lines of light where it pierced through an opening among the hills, while the hills themselves were like shining goals. It seemed as if he had left it all but yesterday, for such secluded places change slowly. And were not these the same flocks that he left browsing on the slope? Were not these the same shepherds and shepherdesses reclining in the shade? Was not this his Phyllis coming to meet him after her day's toil? But when he put out his hands, and would have embraced her, she took refuge in the arms of a middle-aged, bronzed woman, who stood with sad, faded eyes, watching for her on the cottage threshold. "What would you, stranger?" she asked of the peasant, who was no longer a youth, but wrinkled and gray. "For shame, to fright my child with your unseemly ways! If you are hungry, come in and sup; and we will even give you a mat on the floor for a night's rest, and a pillow of fresh herbs."

"No, I am not hungry—not for food. I will even trudge up the slope to my cot." So he went on till he came to where the wild will of the mountain torrent had been tamed to do a good turn for its neighbor the mill; and the dusty miller standing in his door-way called out to him:

"Good-day, stranger. Whither are you bound, may I ask—on a pilgrimage to the stars?"

"Up the hill yonder, to my own people."

"Ay, then you're no stranger to these parts? Yet I've lived here, man and boy, fifty odd years; but bless me if I ever laid eyes on you before!"

"Like as not; it must have been a good spell since I left this place, though it seems but yesterday. Mayhap you have heard of one Corydon, who kept his flocks hereabouts?"

"Ay, ay, every body's heard of him. If a fellow does a foolish thing, they cry, 'Silly Corydon!' He was a hair-brained simpleton, who ran after a clover leaf. He left his flocks and sweetheart, and traveled after luck; but luck had the start of him. And then, to be sure, if luck won't come to you, say I, don't coax her, but wait a while. Now there's the torrent; when it sulks and dries up, and the mill's mum, do I toil up the hill yon-

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der, and go to meddling with nature? Not I; she knows her business, and I know mine. I just sit down and wait, and watch the shadows and the clouds, and by-and-by there's a rush, and here's the torrent again hard at work, and the mill busy as ever! Ay, ay, Corydon was too much in love with luck, though he left behind him a sweetheart, Phyllis, who spoiled her eyes watching for him, and then married, for better or worse. You passed her cottage a short way back, there!"

"A bronzed woman, with gray locks and wrinkles? I should never have known her!" and then he picked up his staff and went on. He had not the heart to tell the miller that he was silly Corydon himself. By-and-by he drew up at his own cottage and looked in. The family were seated for the evening meal; his brother, a hale, hearty man, in the prime of life, with his smiling wife and rosy-faced children laughing like the water-brooks, and keeping up a cheerful din. It seemed to Corydon that he was gazing at the picture of what his own life might have proved had he not fallen in love with luck. The tears trembled in his eyes at the thought—at the remembrance of Phyllis in her bloom, of all he had lost, of the little gained; the tears trembled in his dim eyes, and fell, one by one, upon a four-leaved clover growing there beside his own door-stone!

THE LATE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

THE late Queen, Wilhelmina Frederica Alexandrina Anna Louisa, Princess of Orange, and Queen-Consort to King Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway, was a daughter of Prince William Frederick of the Netherlands, who is uncle to the King of Holland. She was born August 5, 1828, and married in June, 1850. Her Majesty was much esteemed and beloved in Sweden as a good wife and mother and a gracious queen. Her health and strength had lately declined, and when she was seized with illness she could not throw it off. In December her mother, Princess William Frederick of Holland, died. At that inclement season the Queen had gone to be with her mother in her illness, when, her voyage and journey having been attended with much fatigue, the seeds of her last disease were doubtless sown. No sooner had she returned home than the King became seriously ill, when she attended on him night and day, and this performance of duty has proved too much for her, the husband and family having now to lament the loss of one for whom, it may be truly said, three nations mourn with them. The King was in a very feeble state; but he insisted on being carried to see the Queen before her death, when her daughter, Princess Louise, and her husband, the Crown Prince of Denmark, who had arrived from Copenhagen two days before, were also present. The Crown Princess of Denmark is her Majesty's only surviving child; the only other—a son—having died in early infancy. On the death of that son the King gave vent to his grief in a poem, which appears in his published writings. It may also be remarked that the Queen was an author of some repute, having, under the *nom de plume* of "Jane Voncome," published in Swedish a translation of an English work called "The Laborers in the Vineyard," of which the profits were devoted to charitable purposes.

THE LATE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO NAPOLEON.

IN the incident which we illustrate this week—the visit of the Queen of England to the ex-Emperor of the French—Queen Victoria has fulfilled one of the common courtesies of social life, not to say of imperial etiquette, in receiving the fallen monarch and returning his "call." She can afford to be even cordial with the ex-Emperor, seeing how unmistakably her sympathies during the war went with his enemy. King William himself was not less courteous and attentive to Napoleon after Sedan than the Queen of England after Wilhelmshöhe.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO THE EX-EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT CHISELHURST.

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Yarn Basket with Point Russe Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS yarn basket, which Fig. 1 shows closed and Fig. 2 open, is made of pasteboard covered with white velvet and blue satin ribbon, and consists of two parts fastened together with blue silk cords, which at the same time form the handle of the basket. Cut of pasteboard from Fig. 29, Supplement, two pieces, and from Fig. 30 eight pieces. Cut these parts through to half of their thickness along the dotted line given, and bend them over there so as to form sharp corners. Cover the outer and inner sides of the ten pieces with shirting, and overseam the double material of the parts together at the outer edges. Always join one piece cut from Fig. 29, according to the corresponding figures, with four pieces cut from Fig. 30. To the upper inside edge of one (the under) half of the basket paste a strip of card-board three-fifths of an inch wide, so that it projects three-tenths of an inch. Then line the inner side of this half of the basket with blue silk (the latter must also cover the edge of the card-board on the inner and outer side), and sew through the inner and outer covering and the pasteboard at the same time, along the dotted lines given, so that the edges are marked on the inner side, taking care not to let the stitches show. Make the two holes indicated on the under half, excepting the middle hole, passing through the material several folds in thickness; run through each of these holes a piece of coarse blue silk cord eighteen inches long; untwist one end of this cord about four-fifths of an inch long, and spread it out on the outside of the basket next the hole, paste it there with mucilage, and fasten it also with a few stitches. The inside of the upper half of the basket is also lined with blue silk. Cover the pieces cut from Fig. 30 on the outer side of each half with white velvet, worked in point Russe embroidery with blue silk, as indicated on diagram of Fig. 30, Supplement. The threads spread out are braided, as shown by Fig. 1, so that a kind of wheel is formed. The still free parts of the under half of the basket are covered with two ribbons of blue satin of the requisite length and width, which cross each other at the middle of Fig. 29. Furnish the still free parts of the upper half with two ribbons of the same kind, allow them to project two inches and two-fifths at the under edge of this half, hem them down on the under side, and trim the sides and ends with blue velvet ribbon two-fifths of an inch wide. Trim the latter with steel beads as shown by Fig. 1, and furnish the under edge of each of the four ends of ribbon with a fringe of small and large steel beads, as shown by the illustration. Finally, make the three holes indicated on Fig. 29 in the upper half of the basket, and trim each hole all around with steel beads as shown by Fig. 1. When using the basket, the working thread is passed through the hole at the middle. Pass the still free ends of the cords through the two other holes, as shown by the illustration; lay the latter together as shown by Fig. 1, pass them through two ring-shaped slides made of steel beads, and furnish each end of the cord with a tassel of blue chenille and steel beads.

Fig. 1.—YARN BASKET WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—CLOSED.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 29 and 30.

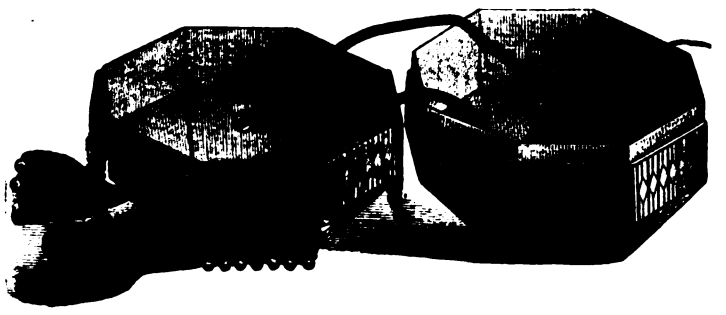
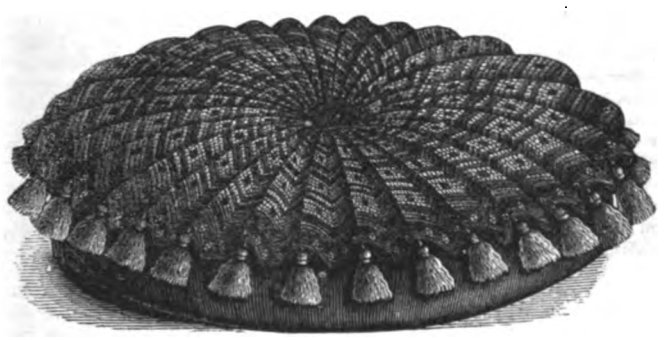


Fig. 2.—YARN BASKET WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—OPEN.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 29 and 30.

Footstool with Crochet Cover.



FOOTSTOOL WITH CROCHET COVER.

THIS round footstool is eighteen inches in diameter, and five inches and one-fifth high; the bottom and the sides are covered with black enameled cloth, and the top is furnished with a crochet cover of blue, red, green, white, black, and maize zephyr worsted. Begin at the middle of this cover with the blue worsted, making a foundation of 6 st. (stitches); close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and on this crochet four rounds of sc. (single crochet), always going forward; in the three first rounds work always 2 st. on each 1 st. of the preceding round, in the fourth round work alternately 1 sc. on the first st., 2 sc. on the following st., so that this round counts altogether 72 st. 5th round.—Alternately 2 sc. on the first 2 st., 5 sc. on the following st. 6th–8th rounds.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round, but 5 sc. on each middle st. of the 5 sc. worked on 1 st. 9th round.—Like the 6th–8th rounds, but work 4 instead of 5 st. on the middle of each 5 st. worked on 1 st. Cut off the blue thread at the end of the 9th round, and fasten it. 10th round.—Lay the white worsted on the point of the first scallop, and with this work 2 sc. on the 3d of the 4 sc. worked on 1 st. of the preceding round, then 1 sc. on each of the following 9 st.; work off the last of these st. with red worsted, which is here laid on anew, instead of with the white. * Pass over the two following st. of the preceding round (these form the hollow between two scallops), and work with red worsted 1 sc. on each of the following 9 st., 2 sc. on the following st.; work off the last of these 2 st. with the white worsted, which has been continued to this place on the under side of the work. Work with white worsted 2 sc. on the first st., 1 sc. on each of the following 9 st. Work off the last of these nine white st. with the red worsted, which has been continued on the under side. Repeat from *. At the end of the round join on the first st. of the same round with 1 sc., and work the first st. of the following round on the same st. It is to be observed that 1 sc. must be worked at the end of each round, and that the sc. of each preceding round is always left unnoticed. 11th–13th rounds.—Like the 10th round, thus always passing over the two st. in the hollow between two scallops (this kind of narrowing also takes place in each of the following rounds), and widening 2 st. at the point of each scallop; besides this the white st. must always come on the white, and the red st. always on the red st. of the preceding round. In this manner widen also in the 14th–20th rounds; work the 14th round only with blue, the 15th round with maize, the 16th round with blue, the 17th–20th rounds with red and white worsted like the 10th–13th rounds, but now work always the first 11 st. with red, and the following 11 st. with white worsted. 21st and 22d rounds with green worsted; in the 21st round widen 3 st. at the point of each scallop instead of 2 st., and in the 22d round again only widen 2 st. each, working on the point of each scallop 3 st. on the middle st. there. In the 23d and 24th rounds widen as in the 22d round, and work the 23d round with corn-colored, and the 24th round with green worsted. 25th round with green worsted, but widen 3 st. at the point of each scallop instead of 2. 26th–29th rounds like the 10th–13th rounds, but instead of working 11 white and 11 red st. always work 12 white and 12 red st.; widen and narrow as in the 10th–13th rounds. 30th round with blue worsted, but widen 4 st. at the point of each scallop, working 3 st. each in the red and white st. there. 31st round with corn-colored worsted without widening, but observing the narrowing previously done. 32d round with blue worsted, widening 3 st. at the point of each scallop. 33d–36th rounds with red and white worsted like the 17th–20th rounds, but widen at the point of each scallop, so that from one point to the other always 13 red st., 13 white st. are worked. 37th–41st rounds like the 21st–25th rounds. 42d–45th rounds with black worsted; widen 2 st. at the point of each scallop. Then embroider little dots with black worsted on the squares of one-half of each scallop, and work dots with corn-colored worsted on the black strips at the outer edge of the cover; fasten small green worsted tassels to the hollow between every two scallops. Finally, sew the completed cover on the footstool. Sew a few stitches with twine through the middle of the footstool so that a hollow is formed, and furnish this hollow with a flat ball of worsted.

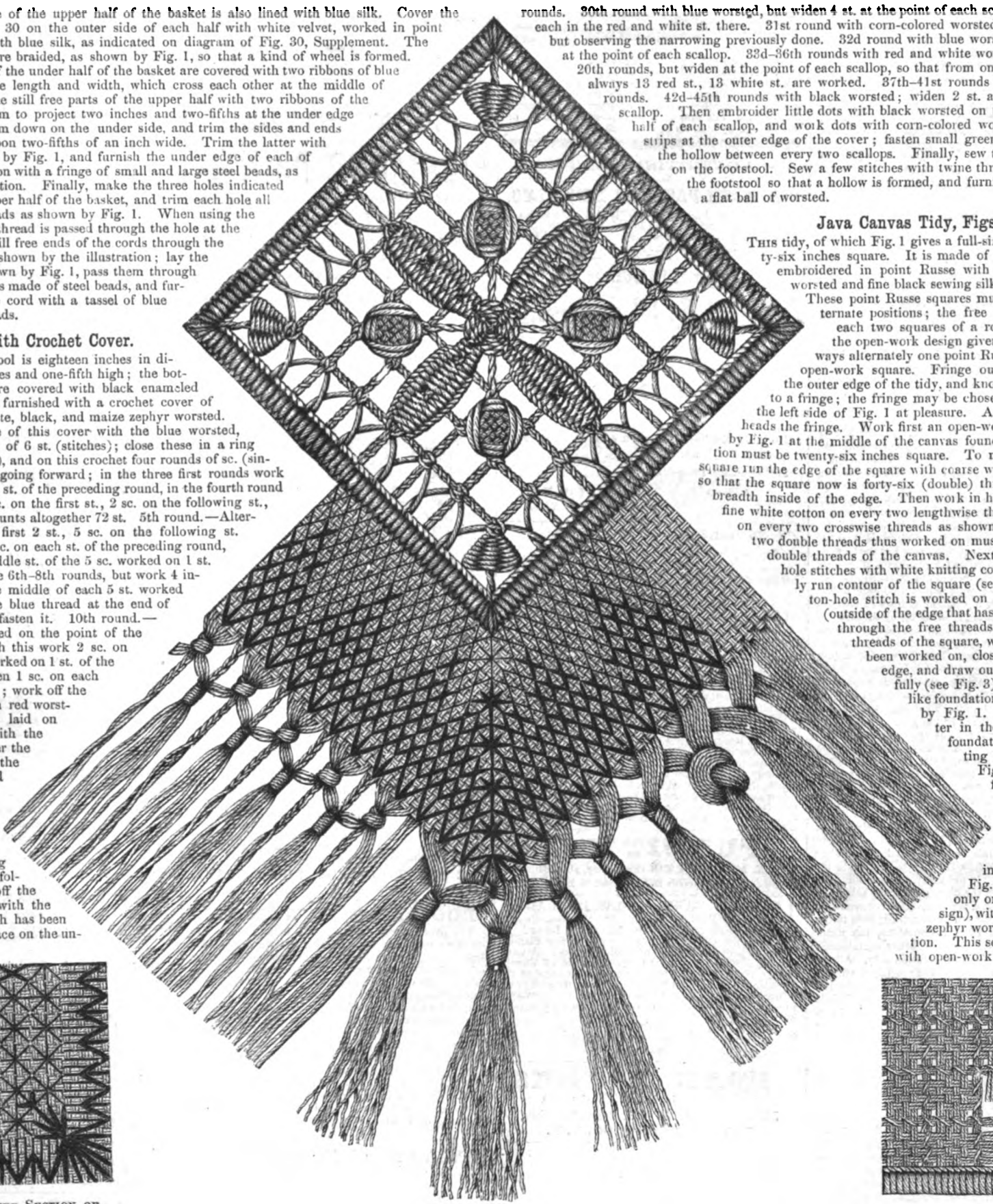


Fig. 1.—SECTION OF JAVA CANVAS TIDY.—FULL SIZE.

Java Canvas Tidy, Figs. 1–3.

THIS tidy, of which Fig. 1 gives a full-sized section, is twenty-six inches square. It is made of white Java canvas, embroidered in point Russe with black split zephyr worsted and fine black sewing silk in a square design. These point Russe squares must be worked in alternate positions; the free foundation between each two squares of a row is ornamented in the open-work design given on Fig. 1, thus always alternately one point Russe square and one open-work square. Fringe out the foundation at the outer edge of the tidy, and knot the projecting ends to a fringe; the fringe may be chosen of the right or of the left side of Fig. 1 at pleasure. A point Russe border heads the fringe. Work first an open-work square as shown by Fig. 1 at the middle of the canvas foundation; this foundation must be twenty-six inches square. To make the open-work square run the edge of the square with coarse white knitting cotton, so that the square now is forty-six (double) threads in length and breadth inside of the edge. Then work in half cross stitch with fine white cotton on every two lengthwise threads, and then also on every two crosswise threads as shown by Fig. 3. Every two double threads thus worked on must be divided by four double threads of the canvas. Next work close button-hole stitches with white knitting cotton on the previously run contour of the square (see Fig. 1); each button-hole stitch is worked on four double threads (outside of the edge that has been run); then cut through the free threads, between every two threads of the square, which have previously been worked on, close to the button-hole edge, and draw out these threads carefully (see Fig. 3), so that the trellis-like foundation is formed as shown by Fig. 1. Ornament the latter in the manner of a net foundation with white knitting cotton according to Fig. 1, which gives the full size of the foundation. All around and in connection with this square work four point Russe squares in the design given on Fig. 2 (the latter gives only one quarter of the design), with black silk and split zephyr worsted on the foundation. This square is again edged with open-work squares. Continue

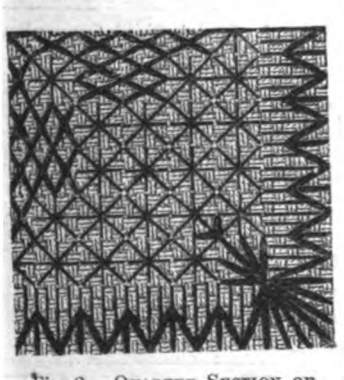


Fig. 2.—QUARTER SECTION OF POINT RUSSE SQUARE FOR TIDY. FULL SIZE.

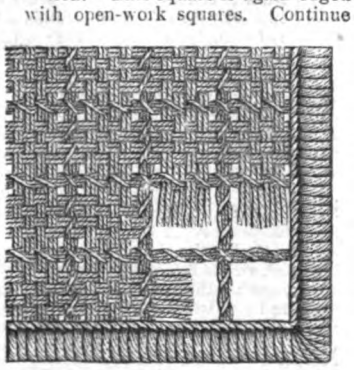


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING OPEN-WORK SQUARE FOR TIDY.

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in this way until the tidy counts twenty-five squares altogether (12 point Russe and 13 open-work squares). Then edge the outer row of squares all round with the point Russe border shown by Fig. 1; fringe out the still free edge of the tidy, and with the projecting threads form one or the other of the fringes shown by Fig. 1. The illustration plainly shows how to make the fringe. Draw some of the canvas threads, which have previously been drawn out, through the corners of the tidy, so as to form small stars.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMMA.—The Apron-Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., the Postilion-Basque Suit in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., and the Short-Sacque Suit in No. 17 are all stylish models for black silk suits.

MOLLIE.—A solid brown over-skirt will look well with your dress. Trim the lower skirt with bias bands of solid brown.

KITTY STUART.—As you do not care to buy silk as costly as that you now have, get a long apron-polonaise of black and white striped silk, such as costs $1 25 or $1 50 a yard, trim with ruffles, and wear over your black silk skirt. Later in the summer you might wear black grenadine and white muslin over dresses. The cut paper pattern of Apron-Polonaise, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., costs 25 cents.—We do not give addresses.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Put tapes in the seams of your skirt, or else loops, and fasten over buttons on the belt to drape it. Read "Girls' White Dresses" in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV. Cut linen ruffles straight, and lay in flat pleats.

MOLLIE.—Send your money by postal order. We know nothing of the paste you mention, and do not commend cosmetics. Let your mole alone, or you may have something worse to deal with. The cheap silks are in all colors. Black and white are prettiest for suits. The stripe is the width of a pencil stroke.

STELLA.—Trim with bias folds of the same shade, piped with a darker shade. Two shades are prettier than three in a suit. There is no substitute for a black silk skirt under white muslins. Alpaca or tamise will not answer. The curls should not be made very wet, if you do not want them to curl tightly when dry. Make a postilion-basque of the organdy you mention, forming it of lengthwise puffs.

L. R. C.—Trim your checked silk with bands of maroon silk edged with narrow (imitation) black edging.

RUTH NONIS.—Get suits of summer silk like those described in New York Fashions of present Number. They are quite as cool as grenadine made over silk.

LAURA BLACK.—Iren barége or grenadine is the best thin material for mourning. Use the Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., and trim with folds of the same piped with mourning silk.

MENOY.—The suit you describe will be exceedingly pretty for a carriage costume in the city, and for watering-place wear. Chantilly lace is too pretty to be concealed under Valenciennes. Any ordinary blonde lace will do.

A CONSTANT READER.—For a white dress for your little girl to wear at a Sunday-school exhibition read "Girls' White Dresses" in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

ZAYDEE.—Street dresses are worn moderately high at the throat. The standing collars pointed in front will remain in favor. Read "Tournures" in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

MRS. L. R. A.—If your dress is for the house alone, a demi-train and basque are all that is necessary; if for both street and house, make a short skirt with over dress and postilion-basque. Use the cut paper pattern of Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV.

INQUIRER AND OTHERS.—Correspondents frequently inquire how to preserve gold-fish in good health. In the first place let us dissuade any one from keeping gold-fish in a bowl with water only; this involves constant trouble in changing the water, the neglect of which causes disease and death to the fish, is any thing but pretty, and can offer little interest to the owner. Most people are alarmed at the name of an aquarium, but in reality the aquarium is far less trouble than the usual water globe. By those who have not the former, the latter can be utilized as an aquarium with little difficulty. Put about an inch depth of coarse, pebbly sand at the bottom of your globe. Procure a few weeds from a dealer in aquariums (who will tell you which are the best sorts), sink these, by means of a stone attached to the roots, in the sand, otherwise the movement of the fish may uproot them; then pour in the water; the sand should be well washed before being used. In a few days (generally less than a week) the weeds will begin to thrive; this will be recognized by their giving out little air-bubbles, which rise to the surface or cling to the leaves. Then only, and not before, is the time for putting in the fish. Of these the smallest are the best; the large ones are only suited for the large aquariums. The usual mistake is the overstocking of the globes. For the average-sized ones three, or at most four, small fish, about three inches in length, are sufficient. Fish require a certain quantity of air; this is supplied by the bubbles emanating from the plants. It is therefore evident that if more fish are put in than the plants can supply air for, the balance will be destroyed, the fish will perish, and the whole result be a failure. The usual mistakes are putting in the fish before the plants are ready for them, and then putting in too many. Never allow the bowl to remain long in the blaze of a strong sunshine. The best position is on a stand or table between two windows, or in a window not too much exposed to the sunshine. Following these instructions, the water never requires changing, a cupful being occasionally added to supply the loss by evaporation only. All the trouble of changing the water and feeding the fish is thus avoided, and the bowl and contents may be left to themselves. Avoid giving the fish bread, which is injurious. They require no food, but a thread of vermicelli, crumbled small, may be given them from time to time as a treat if desired. A bit of wash-leather tied to a stick should be used occasionally to clean the inside of the glass, and to remove the minute vegetation growing thereon. Some allow this to grow on the side turned to the light, to which it forms a natural screen and modification. A few water-snails will assist in keeping the interior clean. A fresh-water mussel may be added, and, if desired, one or two small water-beetles, procuring those only which are harmless to the fish. In bowls where the water has not been changed nor the fish fed for two years they are in excellent condition. A little care at first will insure success, and prevent all trouble afterward, except the occasional cleaning of the glass and addition of a little more water, as before stated.

E. J.—Make a black, brown, green, or plum-colored silk apron-polonaise to wear over your checked silk. See *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV.

A VIRGINIA SUBSCRIBER.—Make your blue muslin with a French waist, half-flowing sleeves, and demi-train trimmed with ruffles of the same. Plain belts will be more worn than sash ribbons. The Gored Wrapper pattern in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., *is* used for thin wash goods. Read "Girl's White Dresses" in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV. For a black net scarf get a yard and a quarter of net, gather it up together carelessly, almost forming a string, and wear it around your neck outside your collar and tie. Tuck the ends in your corsage if you choose. Some ladies use their black lace fichus and even small capes in this way.

OCCIDENTAL.—Read preceding answer. White muslin dresses have instead of sashes a sort of postilion of lace and muslin. See New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV. White muslin over colored silk, with muslin flounces on the silk, either embroidered and gathered scantily, or else pleated and with lace, will be worn.

BLACKWOODS.—Get the new otter alpaca for your suit, and make by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. Get a Swiss muslin over-skirt with bretelles to wear with silk dresses. For grenadine suits read *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV.

P. K.—Read "Piqué Suits" in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV.

DILEMMA.—The Worth Basque cut high in the neck, or the Postilion-Basque Suit, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., will answer for your gray pongee. We can not from your description decide about your shawl.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer—the best preparation extant for restoring gray hair to its original color, and to keep it so.—[*Com.*]

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THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, at the World's Fair—constituted by the homes of the people—received the great award of the highest sales, and have left all rivals far behind them; for they sold, in 1870, one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, eight hundred and thirty-three machines, being more than *forty thousand* in advance of their sales of the previous year, and over *forty-four thousand more than the sales of any other Company* for 1870, as shown by the following figures from SWORN returns of the sales of Licensees:

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY sold over the Florence Sewing Machine Co. . . .	110,173	Machines.
Sold over the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co. . . .	98,943	do.
Sold over the Weed Sewing Ma. Co.	92,881	do.
Sold over the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Co. . . .	70,431	do.
Sold over the Howe Machine Co.	52,677	do.
Sold over the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co. . . .	44,625	do.

All of which is mainly owing to the popularity of what is known as the "NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE," which is now fast finding its way into every well-regulated household. For Circulars giving full particulars of Machines, their Folding Cases of many varieties of wood and finish, their Attachments for numerous kinds of work, which, till recently, it was thought that delicate fingers alone could perform, as well as particulars about all articles used by their Machines, such as Twist, Linen Thread, Spool Cotton, Oil, &c., &c., apply to any of their Authorized Agents, or to
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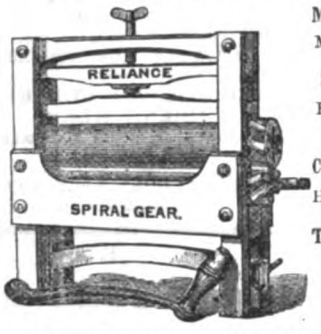

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POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	26
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POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	"	38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	"	40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	"	46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	"	48
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Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	"	1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	"	5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	"	11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	13
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FACETIÆ.

CAT music is done purpuss-ly, isn't it?

DRAWING-ROOM — Apartment of a dentist.

WICKED WASTE — Burning a candle at both ends.

Is it better for a man to die without a will or against it?

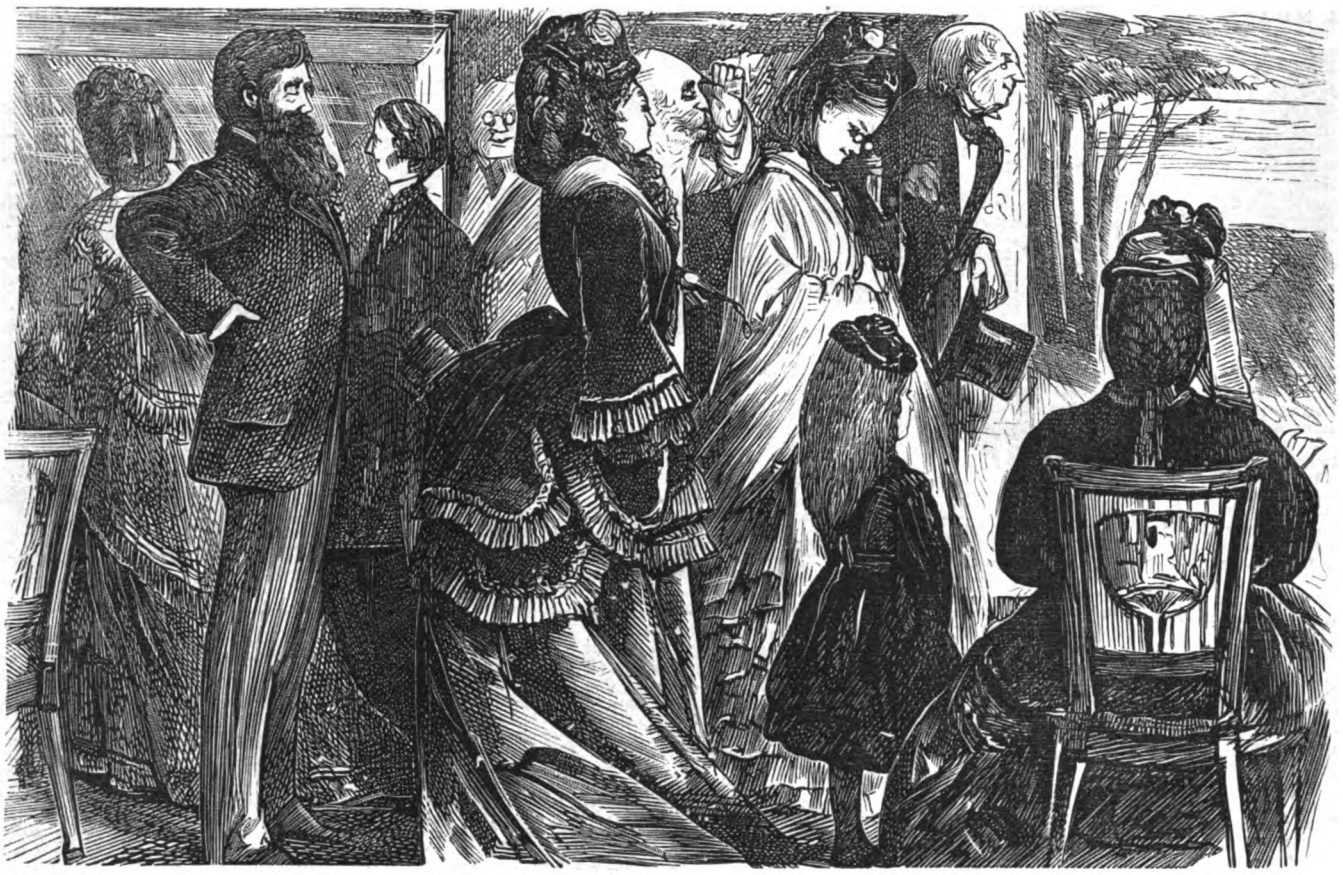
IN TERROREM.—The present state of affairs at Paris may be described as the Reign of Error. But it should be remembered it is within a "t" of being identical with the Reign of Terror.

FIRE OF IMAGINATION.—An enthusiastic young artist of our acquaintance never permits a fire to be lighted in his studio, because the warmth of color infused into his sunsets always keeps him in a glow.

A FAIR OFFER.—A quiet person, afflicted with a fearful cough, would be glad to part with it to any advocate for the "Redistribution of Property," and would willingly forego any claim to his share.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—Our doctor's front-door has not been properly painted, and ought, as his friends and patients tell him, to be done over again. But he declines to let it be touched, assigning as his reason that it looks professional, being "blistered."

A SEA OF TROUBLE.—A telegram from Paris, the other day, stated that "The exodus of families continues on a grand scale." We wish the people of the Parisian Exodus well out of their Red Sea.



THE "ROUND OF THE STUDIOS."

MALE DILETTANTE, No. 1 (*making a telescope of his hand*). "What I Like so much is that—er—that—"
DITTO, No. 2 (*with his nose almost touching the canvas*). "I know what you Mean—that broad—er—"
FEMALE DILETTANTE, No. 1 (*waving her hand gently from right to left*). "Precisely. That sort of—er—of er—of er—"
DITTO, No. 2. "Just so. That *general* sort of—er—of er—"
DITTO, No. 3. "Oh yes!—quite too Lovely—that particular kind of—er—of er—"

[*And so forth.*

IT'S ALL STUFF.—What is? Why, dyspepsia.

MAID OF MONEY—A spinster heiress.

FITS PECULIAR TO PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE — Benefits.

CAUTION TO THE FAIR SEX.—Ladies, when they lose their temper, are apt to show their *age*.

A DEPENDENT POSITION.—To be a great orator is a great distinction, but a successful public speaker pays heavily for his popularity, for how uncomfortable it must be for him when a whole assembly hangs upon his lips!

NEW MODE OF COLLECTING DATA.—An enthusiastic student of history, ancient and modern, who is determined to be well "posted" in chronology, is about to take a journey to the East to *pick up dates*.

HOW TO CHOOSE A PUPPY.—Sportsmen assure us that, in order to make choice of a puppy from a LUMBER of others, it is better to leave the choice to the mother herself. In carrying them back to their bed the first the mother takes up will be the best.

A HONEY-MOON BY PROXY.—There was a brilliant wedding the other day, and all parties accompanied the happy couple to the dépôt, where the new husband tenderly bade his wife farewell for the time, and she started off on a wedding-tour with her uncle. The gentleman's business would not permit his absence at this season of the year without incurring possible losses, and losing important business opportunities!

OUR PARISH FASHIONS.

1. Chapeau à la Butter-boat, with Parsley Trimming.
2. Chignon à la Rosbif.
3. Leather-Bag Panier (very useful to Traveling Ladies).
4. Neat Thing in Back Hair (a Chaste and Elegant Design, suggested by an Ornament for a Fire Stove).

THE MAN MOST LOOKED UP TO—The man in the moon.

MAIDEN RESOLVES — Dress, balls, courtship, and matrimony.

NATURAL SELECTION.—"Development of species!" said an old bill-discounter. "Don't talk to me about development of species. The only thing worth studying is development of specie!"

WAIT FOR AGES.

TOMPKYNS (*who has three maiden cousins staying with him, and wants to fill up the census*). "Come, ladies, I have been waiting an hour. Can't you contrive to remember your birthdays yet? Virgil was clearly wrong when he said, '*Facilis de-census.*'"

RUDENESS.

YOUNG LADY. "You're the mail boy, aren't you?"
IMPUDENT YOUNG RUFFIAN. "Sure, miss, and it isn't the faymale boy you think I am?"

[*A nasty, vulgar young monkey.*

THE "DEAR" WILL KNOW.—"A Telegraphist" sends us the following: "Not long ago a respectable lady handed in at the head office in M—— a telegram for transmission to her absent partner. The message was found to contain twenty-two words. The clerk observed that by omitting two words the charge would be reduced nine-pence, and respectfully suggested that 'Dear Husband,' with which the telegram was prefaced, might be struck out. After some considerable hesitation the lady acquiesced, remarking, with real feminine penetration, 'Strike your pen through them, then; he will see at once that I have had the words written down.'"

CASE OF CENSUS CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENTIOUS HEAD OF FAMILY (*an old lady, giving the paper to English census enumerator*). "Here is the paper, Mr. Accumulator, but I want particular to say something for the information of her Majesty, bless her heart, likewise her family. Which you see it says 'slept or abode'—and I wouldn't deceive her Majesty and her government on no account, and the fact is, that I didn't sleep a wink all the blessed night by reason of a tooth, which I hope you'll explain to the Queen, and say I couldn't have it took out on Saturday, as my dentist is of the Jewish persuasion, which I don't blame him for, quite the reverse, but I am going to him to-day to have it extricated, and so please to say that I only 'abided,'" etc., etc., etc.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

What is the Matter? Why, Clara's new Chignon has come home half an hour before the Doddleson's Dance, and it is at least Five Shades Lighter than the Rest of her Hair.

A BIRD OF ILL OMEN—A swallow of brandy.

THE BEST REVOLVER OUT—The world.

"THE PACIFIC MAILS"—Quiet husbands.

What is that which must play before it can work?—A fire-engine.

The greatest "pain annihilator" in existence is said to be a boy who has smashed 1000 windows this year.

DINING AND READING.—A Jerseyman recently entered the dining-room of a first-class New York hotel, and on being presented with a bill of fare, said he would "eat his dinner before taking a read."

A paper recording the leasing of certain premises to a lady during the term of her natural life provides that she shall pay a certain rent yearly, and shall quit and deliver up "the premises to the lessor, or his attorney, peaceably and quietly at the end of the term."

A famous judge had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me," said his lordship; "I really beg his pardon. Bring him in."

MISAPPLICATION.

CLERGYMAN'S WIFE (*who takes great interest in her Industrial School*). "Jane Brown, I'm Sorry to Hear from your Mistress that you are not Diligent at your Needlework! Now, you Know who it is that 'Finds Work for Idle Hands to do?'"
JANE BROWN (*artfully thinking to propitiate*). "If you please, 'M, yeou dew, 'M!"

THE FATHER OF ALL CORN—Pop corn.

VISIONARY FRUIT — The apple of the eye.

A PLEA UNHAPPILY APPLICABLE.—Even the derided organ-grinder has his good points. He supplies to the pent-up poor one of the greatest luxuries of life—a change of air.

ECHO ANSWERS.—If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where are the audience and orchestra to come from?

ARISTOCRATIC COLLECTOR OF ARTICLES OF VIRTU (*to unsophisticated though wealthy parvenu*). "Mrs. Figgins, this is a remarkably fine bust of Marcus Aurelius!"
MRS. F. "Is that the present marquis, my lord, or 'is father?"

A neighbor fairly posed us the other night by asking us the simple question, "When is a fish crazy?" and assured us it was only when the aforesaid fish was in-seine. We immediately left.

A young lady with a very pretty foot, but rather large ankle, went into a Broadway shoe-store to be measured. The admiring clerk, who is of Gallic extraction, complimented her in the following queer way: "Madame, you have one bootiful foot, but ze leg commence too immediately."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 21.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LADIES' TRAVELING SUIT.

THIS light and tasteful costume is an admirable traveling, morning, or business suit, being easily put on and off, and unencumbered with over-skirt, belt, and elaborate trimming. It may be made of any material—serge, mohair, alpaca, poplin, cashmere, Japanese silk, linen, pongee, etc.—and consists of a skirt trimmed with folds of the material, and a tight-fitting over dress prettily draped at the sides and trimmed with folds and fringe. A graceful little pelerine, which may be worn or not at pleasure, serves to veil the figure. The illustrations show the suit with and without the pelerine. A linen duster, made from the pattern of Waterproof Cloak in *Bazar*, Vol. IV., No. 11, forms a useful adjunct to this convenient costume.

The cut pattern of this suit is published, as usual, in nine sizes—the even numbers only from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. This measure is taken by passing a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises two articles, viz.:

LADIES' TRAVELING SUIT.

[Cut Paper Pattern of this entire Suit, to fit any Figure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.]

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tight-fitting over dress with pelerine, and short six-gored walking skirt.

OVER DRESS WITH PELERINE.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, side form, back, sleeve, pocket welt, and pelerine. The fronts are fitted with two darts and cross basque seam from the back dart to the seam under the arm. The back has side forms, and a seam in the middle, which extends down the entire length of the skirt. The over dress is fitted tight to the figure, and is nine inches shorter than the walking skirt in the back and eleven inches in front. To make it longer or shorter, add to or take from the bottom as much as may be needed, taking care not to alter the shape. The extra fullness in the skirt at the waist line at the seam under the arm is laid in small pleats turning under. The three pleats in the same seam, about eight inches below the waist, are laid in a cluster, one pleat overlapping the other. The perforations show where the pleats should be laid. The perforations in the front breadths show where to cut the slits for the pockets. The pocket welt is gathered into a narrow band at the top and bottom, thus forming a puff. The fronts are cut high and buttoned down the whole length. The coat sleeves are sewed plainly into the armholes. The perforations in the fronts, shoulders, under the arms, and pelerine show where the seams should be sewed. The over dress and pelerine are trimmed round the bottom with fringe and a bias fold of the material an inch and a half wide, with a narrow fold half an inch wide on each edge. This fold is set on an inch from the edge of the garment. The hem in front is allowed. An outlet of an inch is given for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for the other seams. Baste up, and try on wrong side out before sewing the seams. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, three-quarters of a yard wide, 8 yards.

Extra for folds, 1½ yards.

Fringe, 6 yards.

Buttons, 22.

SHORT SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and full breadth for the back. Only half the pattern is given. The skirt is trimmed on the bottom with two folds, two inches wide, like those on the over dress. Lengthen or shorten the skirt at the bottom, taking care not to alter the shape. The notches show how to put the skirt together. Always join a straight with a bias edge.

Quantity of material, three-quarters of a yard wide, 8 yards.

Extra for trimming, 1½ yards.

ISLE OF YEW.

NAY, it may not be otherwise, darling,
For this chart of our life is true,
And every ship that saileth
Must touch at the Isle of Yew.

I know not when we shall reach it,
In a stormy day or fair,
Nor what of our priceless cargo
We shall under the yew-tree bear.

We shall land on the desolate island
Where only the yew-tree grows,
And our souls must bow in the shadow
That only the yew-tree throws.

"Certain?" Yes, darling, certain,
For this chart of our life is true,
And whoso hath said, "I love you,"
Hath sailed for that Isle of Yew.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain numerous patterns and illustrations of Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Paletots, Fichus, Blouse-Waists, Jackets, Hoods, Collars, Under-Sleeves, Cuffs, etc.; several beautiful new Parasols, and tasteful embroidery patterns; Jewel Cases, Nets for boiling Fish, Mats for Dogs, Tidies, Rosettes, etc., etc.*

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Lady's Traveling Suit, on our first page, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For the complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published, see Advertisement on page* 335 *of this Number.*

MAY-DAY.

"IT is not always May." Nor is it always the poetic May in the calendar May. It depends very largely upon *where* you are, as well as upon *when* you are, as to what May shall mean to you. It is one thing in England; it is another in America. It is one thing in the country, and another thing in the city. It is one thing in any other city; it is another thing in New York. The climate of England makes the 1st of May appropriate for floral festivities. So, from CHAUCER, who, in the "Knight's Tale," says,

"Fourth goeth al the courte, both moste and leste,
To feche the floures freshe, and braunche and blome,"

to TENNYSON, who puts into the mouth of one of his little heroines this request to her mother, on the eve of the May-day,

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May,"

the English poets have glorified the beautiful month which one branch of the Christian Church has still further beautified for itself by consecrating it to remembrances of the Virgin Mother.

To those young people who have always lived in the country, and read English poems and English stories, May-day is associated with wreathed poles and arches and morris-dances, and the utmost hilarity and gayety. In some parts of America attempts have been made at imitations of these festive floralities. Schools go a-Maying; picnics and *fêtes champêtres* are in vogue; and for weeks pleasant anticipations are entertained of the delights of the coming May-day, on which eventful date some young germs of the sweet passion bud and burst.

But quite another thing is May-day in New York. It is the day of general moving. A large majority of people in this city live in hired houses; indeed, almost no one owns the house he occupies. Of those who are proprietors, some want to sell occasionally, and the day of transfer is usually the 1st of May, because, unless the purchaser be a foreigner or be boarding, he will have hired the house he now occupies until "the 1st of May." Houses in New York are ordinarily rented from May to May.

Two months before the moving-day your landlord desires to know whether you will continue. Of course he raises the price. Of course you do not wish to give more this year than you did last. You do not give an immediate answer. He affixes a card to the house, announcing that it is for rent. You cast about to see whether you can procure any thing so much cheaper as to compensate for the wear and tear of your furniture and the expense of removing. Perhaps you can not. Your landlord knows your difficulties. You must wear out your shoes and your patience in the search. In the mean time you must let your house be visited by hundreds and thousands of people, if your landlord's seductive advertisements bring so many to your door. They examine it all over carefully. Your inmost chamber must be as much laid open to inspection as the hall at the door. The fact is, you have your house eleven months, and endure torments one month, to make out the year. Then the servants are generally changed. They liked your house. It was near their church and convenient for their sweethearts, and had other attractions. But the house you have selected for another year has no such charms for them. Perhaps, therefore, they will hire themselves to your successor, and you may be able to stipulate with the domestics of your predecessor; but, as a general thing, every thing is astir, and the servants take a few wild days before settling down.

Then comes the fatal day, on which, almost invariably, it rains. As far as practicable you have arranged your drays and trucks for removal. You are up all night nearly, preparing for the exodus. After a short, hurried sleep, you find that day has begun to break, and so has every thing else. You are moving out; others are moving in. Your servants are crusty with the servants of the new-comer, and his truckmen quarrel with yours. Every body is nervous. Every body is hurrying. Your furniture is pitched about. Drays and wagons and trucks run against one another. Here is a crash, and there is a smash. There is enough loss of property in New York on the 1st of May to support a small village a year.

It is a day of worry, confusion, wretchedness. It stands midway between the month in which you have had weary searching for a house and the month in which you are to settle down into your new abode. It is a day of darkness and horrors, with no redeeming feature except in the discipline there may be in it to wean one from a world in which "we have no continuing city," and to make one long for the "everlasting habitations."

Those few people who have never moved—are living in the houses occupied by their fathers and grandfathers—know nothing of the distresses of our migratory population. We have told our sorrows, that our friends in the rural districts may have keener relish of their comforts. SHAKSPEARE never could have said about May all the beautiful things he has written if he had lived in New York, nor would MILTON have written his sonnet to May-Morning, and said,

"Hail! bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire."

We undertake to say that less courting is done in New York on the 1st day of May than on any other in the whole year. Lovers must keep away from their sweethearts who are then "moving," and perhaps no one in the whole city could honestly adopt the closing words of MILTON'S sonnet, and say,

"Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long!"

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Canaries and Hawks.

MY DEAR TIMOTHY,—If your wife keeps canaries in a cage in the dining-room, and has a flower-stand in a south window full of geraniums and azaleas, and other beautiful, odorous plants, with a superb calla standing in the centre, supremely pure, above them all; and if into this fragrant thicket, flooded with spring sunshine, she suffers her birds to fly at will as you breakfast on these lovely mornings, what a fairy scene it must be as the golden birds dart hither and thither—now pecking in the rich earth at the foot of a sturdy rose-bush, and now hopping from tender little branch to branch of geranium, and now pouring out an exquisite and penetrating song from the edge of a flower-pot! What emblems of delicate grace and beauty! what golden-winged songs they are! I hope, my dear boy, that you can spare time from the other warblers in the morning papers to observe them, and that the queen of your household has ordained that the breakfast is a feast which shall be consecrated to the family, and to fairy inspirations such as I have mentioned.

If you have faithfully observed the little songsters, and have been reproved in your soul by seeing what a sweet and simple and joyous life they lead, I fear that you have, on the other hand—for such is the weakness of human nature—taken great comfort in remarking upon other occasions that these graceful beauties, these golden-winged songs, fall into such quarrels, and ruffle up that brilliant plumage so sadly, and peck at each other so ferociously, that even the newspaper warblers seem no more discordant and disagreeable than they. I was recently in the room with such a bickering pair of songsters; and as one swelled upon the perch, and with ugly, fluttering wings looked down upon the party of the second part at the bottom of the cage, that wretched party seemed only less a termagant. And as the daughter of my hostess saw the vicious aspect of the upper bird she exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, Dicky looks just like a hawk, and not like a canary at all!" It was true. The absurd little bird had a ridiculous ferocity in his air and movement, and the lovely canary was quite lost.

But I went on thinking that if canaries could report all that they see, also, as they look out of the gilded wires of the cage or between the geranium leaves, they too could moralize. "We are poor little birds," they would say, perhaps. "We have nothing for it but to eat and drink and be as merry as we can, for to-morrow probably we die. But you people in muslin and broadcloth and tweeds down there at the breakfast-table, you make an immense assumption of something better than that. You have what you call minds and consciences, and moral laws, and aims in life, and characters, and a great many other fine-sounding things; but as we are veracious birds, if you sometimes think that we are hawks and vultures, so are you, much too often, bears and sloths and mules and wild-cats." Why, my dear Timothy, scarcely had the hostess's little girl remarked that the canary looked like a hawk than my young friend, the host, glared across the table at his wife, and said so sullenly that it was too bad he never could have sugar enough in his coffee that I was fain to be very busy indeed with my muffin, and not observe the family by-play.

But I could not help seeing his face, and I could no more recognize in it the usual good-humor of my friend than his daughter could discover the canary in the apparition of the hawk upon the roost. And on the very same day I was at another house, in another family, where I am quite at home, and suddenly, instead of my courtly friend—an accomplished man, whom I do not name—I saw a monkey grinning and chattering as if I had been in one of the African forests of which Mr. Du Chaillu tells us such interesting stories. If, then, a canary may conceal a hawk, what wild beast may not we conceal, Timothy? And if all is but as it seems, as many poets and philosophers assert, who is who, or, rather, who is what, and what is who? For which was the real thing upon the perch, the hawk or the canary? It is extremity and intense feeling that try us and reveal us. Do you remember those fascinating and haunting lines of the song in Dickens's "Little Dorrit?"

"Who passes by this road so late?
Compagnon de la Majolaine!
Who passes by this road so late?
Always gay!"

And the echoing answer of Jean Baptiste:

"Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Compagnon de la Majolaine!
Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Always gay!"

And in bonds and pain, and on the edge of horrible death, is the flower of the king's knights gay? Then he is the flower of knights—as Philip Sidney was, calling for music at the last. So, at sea, in the sudden and awful storm, if the cheerful friend is cheerful still, then it is the divine sun that has always shone in his face and in his ways. That canary, at least, is no hawk, and goes singing into rest because his soul as well as his body is golden. Or, to take it in quite the homeliest way in which quality is tried, if Alonzo, who is so attentive, so courteous, so kindly to the king and the queen, and the bishop and the lord chief justice, to Shakespeare and Raphael and Mozart, is equally gentle and thoughtful to Buttontwitcher, that horrible bore, he too is the flower of knights. He is not a hawk, but the canary he seems. For, Buttontwitcher is the test. If Alonzo really be a hawk, he will tear that hapless creature limb from limb.

So you see, Timothy, one of the most pleasing excitements of human intercourse is the wonder what we all are. Here is a very fine display of apparent ladies and gentlemen—at least men and women—but the point is to know where that appearance is a mere disguise. How many apparent gentlemen do I see on Broadway, and a glance informs me that they are professional scoundrels! How many richly dressed and graceful apparent ladies do I not meet—and they are not ladies—in every degree from vulgarity to sin! Really, my dear Timothy, if you sit at the breakfast-table and look long enough at the canary cage, life becomes a masquerade, beginning with that innocent little hawk upon the perch. And how constantly the consciousness of this fact is revealed in literature! What a pathetic story it is of the sweet young bride, so soft, so sinuous, so purring upon her husband's arm, when a mouse runs across the floor, and lo! my lady is on all-fours in a moment, and the hapless husband sees that he has married a cat! For many a month afterward he may see only apparent soft womanliness and confiding grace; but, alas! the softer she is, the more silently gliding, the more gracefully bounding, only the more fearfully feline, the more a cat is she!

And the other tale of Melusina, is it only a fable? She is a mermaid, who marries a man, and is a happy mother. Fancy the pleasant evenings, the round games—bezique, perhaps, or the simpler muggins. And she is careful of the dear children's clothes; and what fluffy hair they have! and what broad and beautiful ties behind! And how particular about the baths of the darlings! Water, water; they must have water—if they die for it, as I know, wicked Timothy, you think so many children do! Do you see the delightful household, the shaded lamp at evening upon the centre-table, the books all around the room, the happy father, the lovely mother, the eager children? And on one luckless Saturday what evil spirit brings the husband home before his time, and reveals to him his wife a mermaid—the partner of his bosom terminating in scales? I have never done lamenting with that unfortunate gentleman. I have no patience with the commentators who assert that the scales were only vocal, and that Melusina was not a mermaid, whisking a fish's tail, but only a prima-donna twirling a roulade. It is a mere subterfuge to declare that both would be equally appalling to the husband. My conviction is unshaken; for, Timothy, if a canary can be a hawk, and if some apparent women whom I know can be dolls and cats, why should not other women be mermaids once a week?

Or, to go back to Homer, what was Circe but a most maligned lady, and her house the palace of truth? Is she to be held up as a mythological monster because, under the strong cordial of her conversation, men appeared to be what they really are? Certainly, when I have sometimes been dining in company with Porcus, I have felt that it would be a very great relief to the general self-respect of the guests if he would only assume his real form, which was so caricatured by the clothes in which he was dressed. And when I have seen young Steadytoes bewitched by Papilla, and following her, fascinated, into every kind of folly, I have often wished that she would drop the human cocoon in which she is involved, and flutter away before him the light butterfly she really is. If Porcus and Papilla were the guests of Circe that transformation would occur, and the truth would appear. I know no lady more maligned than she. The story says, forsooth, that she tried her arts upon Ulysses, and could not degrade him to a beast. What bitter injustice! For what is plainer than that, perceiving him to be a man, and not a pig, nor a horse, nor an elephant, nor a dog, like so many who wore the form of men, she naturally loved him, and would fain have married him.

Well, my dear Timothy, when the canaries look out at us and we look in at them, if they pity us that, since we claim to be men and women, we are so often something very different, we can also pity them that, if they are really hawks and vultures, they can never divest themselves of that ferocity, and become only sweet little canaries. But we can. Even Porcus need not despair. If we are conscious that we are bears and tigers under our waistcoats, we can, by sturdy determination, make ourselves men and women only, so that, should the clothes suddenly be torn from us, no beast would be revealed. That feline bride might have conquered her taste for mice, and the moment of victory would have made her wholly human. And if the poor Melusina had only avoided baths on Saturdays, how the unhappiness of a worthy family would have been spared! You remember how it was in Circe's palace after Ulysses proved to be a man only. He besought her to

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restore his fellow-mariners to their human forms, and for love of him she did it. And what does that mean? It means that love undoes the beast in a man. It develops and exalts all that is most human and ennobling. And so, my dear boy, is it with all generous resolution and good purpose. Whenever the bear in you thrusts his muzzle out from your waistcoat, or the mule in you tries to plant his feet in place of yours, or the peacock would spread his tail and cry hoarsely to call attention, or when any other form of bird or beast insists upon appearing in your stead, then, my dear Timothy, with all your noblest force stand to yourself, and prove, by annihilating the beast, that it is not really you!

Your friend, and I had almost said, and pastor, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

TRAVELING DRESSES.

LADIES are busily preparing outfits for the summer sojourn in the country, or for flitting about from one place to another in search of health and amusement. The traveling dress is one of the first necessities of a summer tour, and many things are to be taken into consideration in selecting it. In the first place, it must be made of a fabric that will not rumple easily, or be defaced by dust, or cockle from dampness; secondly, the design of the costume must be plain yet stylish, convenient to put on and off hurriedly, and capable of being adapted to different temperatures—for cool mornings and warm noons alike. Such a costume is illustrated on our first page. The plain skirt is trimmed with bias bands of the material or of silk, and the long over dress is of simple construction, without the elaborate drapery that is so easily crushed, hanging plainly and straight behind—a fashion that many modistes commend now for their choicest garments. This over dress has the waist fitted over a lining close to the figure, like an ordinary basque. It is furnished with whalebones, buttoned up the entire front, and dispenses with a belt and sash bow. A seam passes down the centre of the back; two buttons may be placed in the back on the seams of the side forms. The skirt of the over dress is not lined. Coat sleeves with plain bands around the wrist, or extending up the outer seam, are most suitable. The neck is cut high about the throat, and merely corded or bound, without a standing band. A straight opening trimmed with a band of silk, with the pocket set underneath, is the safest and most convenient pocket. The graceful little pelerine requires to be fitted with great care, or it will look either very dowdy or very prim. It should reach just to the waist in front, round up slightly above the elbows, and curve almost to a point behind, but must not be pointed straight like a kerchief. It should be lined throughout with some soft stuff, such as farmer's satin—the twilled lining seen in gentlemen's coats. The suit is complete without this pelerine, but it will be convenient for extra warmth on cool evenings, or to conceal the figure. Many ladies who always require some loose wrap on the street, having discarded loose paletots, are adding these pelerines to street suits. A costume of grisaille silk lately seen on Fifth Avenue was made like our model, the cape being ornamented by a *suivez-moi* of three streamers of gros grain ribbon, held by loops attached to the back of the neck. The Watteau fold is sometimes attached to pelerines, but this is not generally becoming, as it makes the figure look round-shouldered.

To return to fabrics for traveling attire, pongee poplins are found to be more serviceable than any other goods. Soil may be wiped off them, water does not cockle them, and it is scarcely possible to wear them out. English mohairs also wear well, and the *chêné* gray stuffs, that are of mixed wool and cotton, with a little silk to strengthen them, not worked up on the outside merely to give a glossy surface. The preference this year, however, is for soft, flexible stuffs that drape like cashmere. Thus twilled foulards, French merinoes, and cashmere over dresses of clear gray or Frou Frou brown, with black or brown silk skirts, are desirable traveling costumes for Northern trips, to the sea-side and mountains, or for long overland journeys. The twilled foulard is $1 25 a yard in various quiet shades. It is considered very stylish in tea-color and olive tints, but it is not so durable as the wool serges of light quality with broad twill, like the diagonal cloth worn by gentlemen. French poplins, the real India pongees, and the undressed silks described in last week's *Bazar*, are the materials for handsome traveling costumes for brides. For an ocean voyage suits are made of the English water-proof, far finer than that of American manufacture, of light quality yet impermeable, and in the stylish plum and brown shades.

Costumes for short trips and excursions are made of thick brown undressed linen, and of the lighter buff and gray batistes, with long over dresses trimmed with guipure lace of the color of the linen, or else with strips of white embroidery on jaconet or cambric. The skirt may be of the same material, or of black or brown silk.

Large overalls of dark gray or brown linen, worn to protect handsome traveling suits, are voluminous enough to entirely conceal the dress beneath them. The best model for these is the pattern of the water-proof cloak illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV. These dusters cost at the furnishing houses $5.

Straw gypsies, colored gray or brown to correspond with the suit, gros grain ribbon trimming, and a long veil of Donna Maria gauze, are the bonnets chosen at present for traveling. In midsummer broad-brimmed flats will be adopted. The sides are bent down in gypsy style by ribbon strings that pass over the crown; the front and back stand out prominently. This shade-hat is serviceable, and is capable of looking very picturesque, though in many cases it is more like an absurd caricature, or a copy of the hats worn by our grandmothers.

Linen collars ornamented with beautifully shaded needle-work, done in French convents, and under-sleeves with square cuffs, fastened by three linen buttons, are the sets shown for traveling. The collars are the English style with standing band, pointed in front, and a modified sailor shape. A neck-tie of soft twilled silk of pale color, tied in a sailor knot, accompanies such collars. Kilt-pleated muslins are basted in the neck and sleeves of suits for very young ladies. These sheer muslins are more becoming to the complexion than linen, and are so neat and plain that they are not too dressy for traveling. Undressed kid gloves without fancy stitching, and with long wrists fastened by two or three buttons, complete the traveling attire.

A water-proof cloak, or an ottoman repped shawl in stripes of shaded gray or black and white, should always be carried by travelers. Leather straps with a handle are provided for holding these when compactly folded. Ladies who are fond of needle-work embroider these straps in gay-colored wools on black grounds. Light canvas bags, gilt mounted, with Russia leather handles of rich russet-color, are the favorite traveling sachels: they cost from $5 to $9. When leather bags are used, those of maroon-colors are preferred to the light cuir-color, which is so easily soiled, or to black, which is apt to turn rusty brown.

CRETONNE COSTUMES.

Cretonne costumes are the novelty of the season. These were introduced late last year at French watering-places, and are now brought out here at a French house. They are intended for country wear only, and are made of the chintz-figured cretonnes used for upholstering furniture. The grounds are black, olive, dove, or light buff, with large, brilliant-colored flowers and figures. They are made with a ruffled skirt and polonaise edged with white muslin pleatings, and caught up by large bows of black velvet. A single costume is marked $70.

PARASOLS.

The parasols used this year are umbrellas in size, large enough for protection against sun and shower. They are of silk or pongee, with merely a band of a darker shade bordering the edge, or else are deeply fringed. There is a fancy for white handles, either of enameled wood or of polished bone or fine ivory. Straight smooth sticks are used instead of the fancifully carved ones of last year. Rose-wood and partridge-wood sticks, with a knob or cross at the end, are also pretty. Carnelian handles are on the English umbrellas of blue and plum-colored silk. Louise blue and purplish plum-color are the favorite silk umbrellas with young ladies, especially blondes, and are much admired with black or white suits. They are used on all occasions except for full dress. They cost from $7 upward. Dove gray and brown silk umbrellas are used by ladies of more quiet tastes. The serviceable pongees, twilled like serge, are shown in buff, brown, tan, white, and all the various gray shades worn for costumes. The lining is of any becoming color, and the sticks are plain bamboo. Camel's-hair tassels ornament the top. These serge pongees may be scoured, but the plain foulard often sold for pongee is not serviceable, sometimes splitting in the gores before the first season is over. Plain buff cambric parasols, with scalloped edges and silk lining, are preferable to foulard, and are much used at the sea-side: price $3 50. Black silk parasols, with colored linings, are chosen by elderly ladies.

A novelty of the season is the Saratoga umbrella, with Alpine stick. The substantial handle is tipped with gilt or finished with ivory, and when the parasol is closed, serves as a walking-stick to assist the rambler in country excursions. Though designed for use out of town only, they already appear daily on the city promenade. Made of serge pongee, deeply fringed, with silk lining, and handle of dark wood tipped with ivory, they cost $7. Handsomer ones, in special shades of gray to match costumes trimmed with black, have black lining and handle, and cost $7 50. Plainer pongees, without fringe, have colored borders and whitewood or else bamboo sticks. They are also beautifully made in colored silk with Swiss muslin covers, edged with fluted ruffles, and sometimes with narrow lace. These are to be worn with the costumes of colored silks under polonaises of white muslin designed for the watering-places. With a Swiss muslin hat to correspond, this is a lovely suit for a fair young girl.

Small parasols of white silk under black lace covers are the choice for ceremonious visiting and other dressy occasions. The lining is of any becoming color, and the stick is of carved ivory, or else an imitation of it in bone or enameled wood. The lace cover may be bought separately, in llama or real thread, and the favorite design, a pyramidal figure in each gore, is seen in lace of all qualities. Reversible parasols, closing with two springs, so as to bring the lining on the outside if wished, are stylish and convenient. The lining is sewed smoothly into the seams with the outside; and the parasol is flat on the top, except in the centre, thus presenting a greater surface to the sun's rays.

For information received thanks are due Miss GEDNEY; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

THE "Hurricane" and "Briarfield" plantations in Mississippi, formerly occupied by JEFFERSON DAVIS and his brother, JOSEPH E. DAVIS, are now owned by BEN MONTGOMERY, the favorite freedman of the latter, who gave for them $300,000, payable at the end of ten years (January 1, 1876). BEN, who is very black, but well educated, welcomes guests of distinction and waits upon them at table, but does not take a seat himself. Last year BEN made 2500 bales of cotton and much corn. J. D.'s former slaves on these places greet him with all the warmth of affection they are capable of expressing.

—The art fever seems just now to be especially prevalent among our millionaires. Mr. CORCORAN, whose superb gift of an art gallery to Washington will forever keep his name in pleasant remembrance in that city, has found an emulator in Mr. T. M. ALLYN, of Hartford, who recently purchased for $10,000 CHURCH'S superb picture of Jerusalem, as the nucleus for an art gallery of imposing dimensions in Hartford, intending to make it one of the finest in the country.

—HEDWIG RAABE'S wedding with NIEMANN, the best tenor in Europe (he's coming here next autumn), had this pleasant little incident: the mighty Emperor of the Russians sent her, as a bridal present, a pair of bracelets worth 10,000 rubles.

—The Austrian Emperor made some of his loyal subjects feel spiteful because he refused to reverse the decision of his cabinet that no celebration in honor of the German victories should be had. "We are in Austria, not in Germany," said F. JOSEPH; "therefore we will not jollify."

—General CLUSERET, who was lately the prime agitator and leader of the Communists in Paris, has a peculiar talent for being in turmoils. While in this city he was always "at it." In 1864 he edited the *New Nation*, a paper published in the interest of General FREMONT, and wrote "slashing" articles in French, which were translated for that organ of opinion by the late Mr. LEANDER STARR. FITZ HUGH LUDLOW aided in making the paper; but as there wasn't enough necessity for it to live, it died. The General used to live in a cheap, Bohemian sort of way over the paint-shop at the corner of Fourth and Mercer streets.

—As evidence that Kaiser WILLIAM has feelings, this is said: After reading the dispatch announcing that the French Assembly had ratified the treaty of peace he whispered, with tears in his eyes, "This is the birthday of my mother, LOUISA!"

—The Countess DE MONTIJO, EUGÉNIE'S mother, is in Madrid, where many shoulders that are cold are turned toward her. Having no longer an empress-daughter, the Spanish aristocracy do not greet her with effusion, as they used to do.

—Hon. J. PROCTOR KNOTT'S humorous speech in the House of Representatives on Duluth has been so thoroughly appreciated by the citizens of that place that they have named one of its streets "J." Street, another, "Proctor" Street, and another, "Knott" Street. The force of naming could no further go.

—Mrs. FAWCETT, the young wife of the distinguished Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, and M. P. for Brighton, is creating great enthusiasm on her lecture tour throughout England. She is beautiful, and possesses a voice so sweet that it can find its way beneath the "iron-clad diaphragm of a conservative." She has studied law, and knows law.

—The Rev. Dr. TYNG, of whose fiftieth anniversary as a clergyman we made a note two weeks since, has during his ministry delivered 10,000 sermons, received 3000 persons into the church by profession, and had 25,000 children under instruction in his Sunday-schools. He has prepared fifty young men for the ministry. His congregations have contributed over $3,000,000 for benevolent purposes, and paid $600,000 for building four churches and six chapels. Truly a remarkable man and a remarkable history!

—Miss HARRIET HOSMER is as successful as ever at Rome, and made much of by those who like clever people. Notwithstanding her professional chiselings and her love for horses, she is neither masculine in mind nor in personal appearance. She is young and attractive. Her fair hair, bright eyes, expressive face, and graceful figure would make her noticeable as a charming woman in any society. She is full of fun and witty sallies, frank and pleasant in her manners, looks so well, converses so well, and dresses so well that she wins the good opinion of every body.

—CHARLES TAPPAN, brother of LEWIS and the late ARTHUR TAPPAN, is now eighty-seven, and on a visit to Brooklyn. He trudges about with the elastic tread of a man of thirty; is a gentleman of fine culture, cheerful and happy, has remarkable social gifts, and as a teller of stories has few equals. He has been abroad several times, his last visit having been made a year ago. He made up his mind about it in five minutes, and started alone. After traveling several months he returned in fine health and spirits, and said he was ready for another journey around the world.

—An American gentleman who by chance saw LOUIS NAPOLEON on the occasion of his recent visit to Queen VICTORIA, says he was not a little surprised, after reading the lugubrious statements of newspaper correspondents describing him as broken completely in health and spirits, to see a quiet, gentlemanly man spring out of the car with an elastic step, bowing and smiling graciously to the few persons privileged to meet him, among whom were the Viscount SYDNEY, Lord Chamberlain, whom the Queen had deputed as her representative to receive him. He seemed in excellent health and spirits, and much younger in appearance than the American gentleman had expected. The American gentleman did not see the sinister expression of face so frequently attributed to L. N., nor any thing that indicated an unusually crafty, unprincipled, ambitious man.

—The daughter of THACKERAY, who still writes as a maiden, in the magazines, is the wife of Mr. LESLIE STEPHENS, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

—Something new is on the *tapis* at Washington. BALTAZZI EFFENDI, the Turkish chargé d'affaires at Washington, has presented to President GRANT a magnificent carpet, manufactured expressly as a gift from the Sultan to this government, and designed for the East Room of the executive mansion. The present has been accepted. It was made at the imperial factory, and was a year in preparation. Red and blue are the prevailing colors. It weighs 1500 pounds, and is worth from $9000 to $10,000.

—The most pecunious of all the aspirants for the throne of France is the Duc d'Aumale, who has an income of about $500,000 per annum. This fortune he inherited from the Duc de Bourbon (father of the famous Duc d'Enghien, murdered, it is believed, by Madame DE FEUCHERS, who, being English, could not inherit her aged lover's landed property.

—Is there any body to believe this story, related in a private letter from London? About ten years ago a young American from New York—WALTER HASTINGS by name—dining in London in company with Lord C——, expressed the opinion that solitary confinement in a dark cell was not so dreadful a punishment as had been represented. His lordship—so goes the tale—offered HASTINGS £10,000 if he would undergo entire seclusion for ten years. The proposition being agreed to, a cell was fitted up in Lord C——'s town house. It was from twelve to fifteen feet square. The prisoner was to be allowed candles, a few books, writing materials, plain food—the latter served by a man who was not to be seen. In this way HASTINGS has been living for a decade of years, his term expiring about the 1st of the present month. He is now released, and has received, we suppose, his hard-earned money. He emerges from his dungeon in rather a dilapidated condition, appearing, though only thirty-five, like a man of sixty-five years of age, his frame stooping and his steps tottering, his face sallow, his hair and beard white, his voice tremulous, and his speech hesitating. The question is, *who* is WALTER HASTINGS? And why, during all this cheerful seclusion, has no relative of his ever been interviewed? and how has it been kept out of the papers?

—Mr. ROBERT LENOX, whose recent munificent bequest for a grand library far up town, has been recently made the topic of laudatory editorials, is utterly averse to having his house invaded by people, no matter how clever or famous, who are curious to inspect the treasures of his library in Fifth Avenue. An anecdote illustrative of this disinclination is told, in which the name of HENRY WARD BEECHER is mentioned. Some time ago this gentleman is said to have desired to gain admission to the library, to consult a rare volume which could only be found there. The person in charge told him that admission was impossible, and that the owner could not be seen by any body. BEECHER, however, desired him to take his card to Mr. LENOX, which was finally done. "BEECHER!" said the scholarly hermit, as he looked at the card. "Who is this man? I have never heard of him. Give him my compliments, and tell him the library is not open to visitors."

—Mr. Surrogate HUTCHINGS has quite opened the eyes of the bar by announcing that henceforth he will, excepting in cases where it would be obviously proper to do so, make no allowances to counsel employed to contest the probate of wills. His reasons, given in a recent decision in the TAYLOR will case, are clear and conclusive, and will, as they ought, have the effect to deter litigation on the part of persons who, not having been "remembered" in a will, choose to consider that the testator was therefore so far insane as to be incompetent to devise his estate.

—Colonel J. WARREN SCOTT, who died in New Brunswick on the 27th ult., at the great age of ninety-three, was, when in his prime, one of the remarkable men of New Jersey. He was the contemporary and peer, at the bar, of SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD, THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, and other great minds of that State, and retained until quite recently his intellectual faculties unimpaired. He was a bright, cheerful, sunny-tempered man, of fine tastes and culture, and a thorough gentleman. He was a member, and for many years treasurer-general, of the order of the Cincinnati.

—Literary folk are waxing wealthy, especially some of the funnier ones. A few years ago Mark Twain, "John Paul" (alias WEBB), and Petroleum V. Nasby were poor but honest men, and industrious writers. Now they are opulent bond-holders. J. Paul is reported to have made several hundred thousand dollars by a few "little fliers" in Wall Street, to say nothing of his having won a very large fortune last year in—a wife. He now disdains to joke.

—A beautiful high-born Japanese young lady is said to pervade New York at the present juncture. Her complexion is a lovely transparent olive, her eyes dark and lambent, her features classical and aristocratic, her hair black, short, and curly. Her dress is a compromise between that of a Japanese lady and that of an American belle. She wears no panier or crinoline, and the fine outline of her vigorous limbs is defined through her clinging and graceful draperies. She walks proudly, and displays the most perfect self-possession in public. Who this lady is has not yet been revealed.

—Rather an industrious man is Bishop QUINTARD, of Tennessee. On Good-Friday last he officiated at seven services, preached five times, and baptized five persons. On Easter-Sunday he officiated at four services, administered baptism on two occasions, and held two confirmation services.

—Parson BROWNLOW, who has still four years to serve in the Senate, is looking more pale and feeble than usual; but he has looked for so many years like a man *in extremis* that he is quite likely to thwart for some time the pleasant wishes of certain Tennesseeans, who would be glad to write obituary notices of the old gentleman.

—Miss FRANCES WILLARD, president of the female college, Evanston, Illinois, thinks the true idea of woman's education will include croquet and calculus, tatting and Telemachus, Homer and home.

—A few days since Mr. A. T. STEWART, who owns the Utica Woolen Mills, was written to by his agent that the mills had 500 tons of coal to spare, which might be sold to advantage, as coal was scarce and prices high. Mr. STEWART replied, "Sell none; but, as the price is high and the article scarce, give away the whole to the working-people of the mills—share and share alike;" which was done. Mr. STEWART'S new hotel for women, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, is rapidly progressing toward completion. Two millions of dollars have been appropriated for it, and another million will be required to complete it. This is the largest sum ever given by any one man for any one edifice for benevolent purposes.

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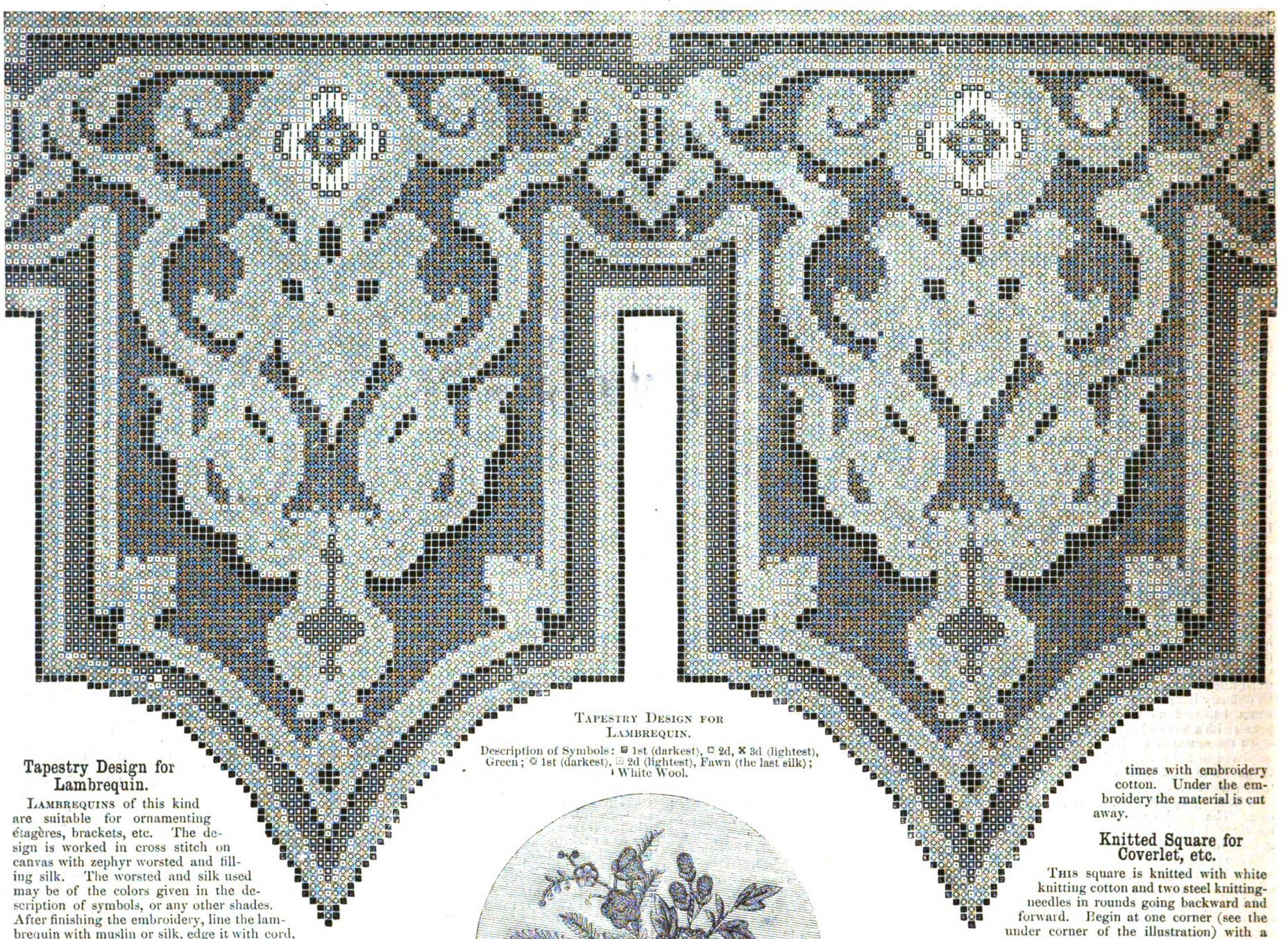


TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR LAMBREQUIN.

Description of Symbols: ▨ 1st (darkest), □ 2d, ✕ 3d (lightest), Green; ⊘ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk); | White Wool.

Tapestry Design for Lambrequin.

LAMBREQUINS of this kind are suitable for ornamenting étagères, brackets, etc. The design is worked in cross stitch on canvas with zephyr worsted and filling silk. The worsted and silk used may be of the colors given in the description of symbols, or any other shades. After finishing the embroidery, line the lambrequin with muslin or silk, edge it with cord, and set a tassel on the under point of each scallop.

Standing Collars in Guipure Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH of these collars are made of fine linen, and ornamented with guipure embroidery.

Fig. 1.—To make this collar, first draw the outlines for the button-hole scallops, then stretch the thread bars as shown by the illustration, and work in satin and button-hole stitch.

Fig. 2.—This collar is also worked in guipure embroidery, in the manner shown by the illustration.

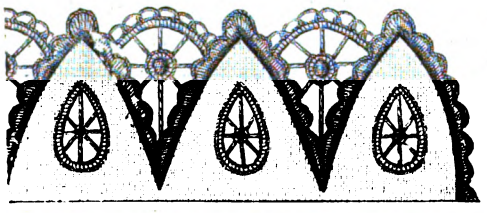


Fig. 1.—SECTION OF STANDING COLLAR IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.

Cover for Toilette Cushion, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS cover, of which Fig. 1 gives a fourth part in full size, is made of pink silk lined with net. For the middle of the cover work the design given on Fig. 2. For the dark lines of the design sew on gold cord with fine white silk. The gold threads stretched crosswise on the blossom leaves shown by Fig. 2 are also fastened with stitches of white silk. The design shown by Fig. 2 may be used for ornamenting pocket-books, albums, port-folios, etc.

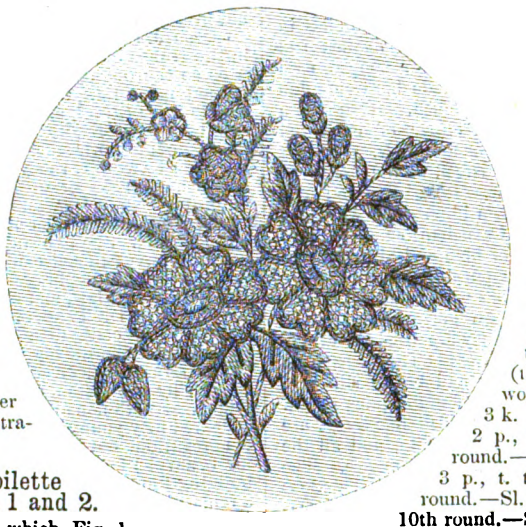
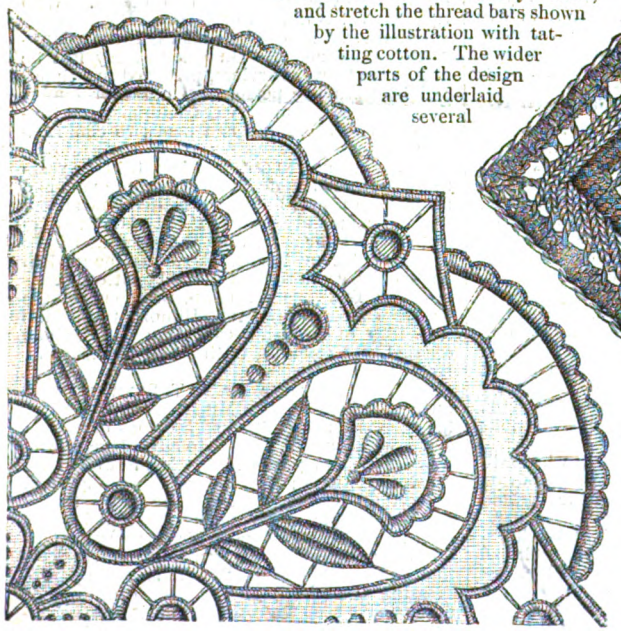


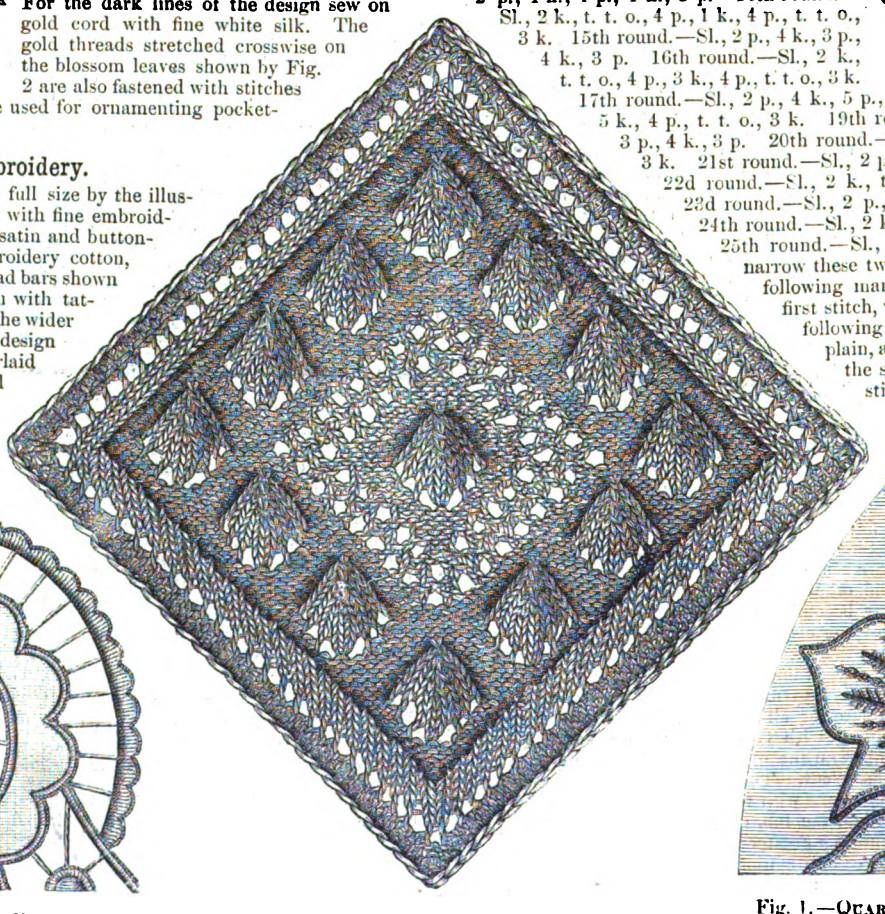
Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR CENTRE OF TOILETTE-CUSHION COVER.

Cap Crown in Guipure Embroidery.

THIS cap crown, one-fourth of which is shown in full size by the illustration, is of cambric, worked in guipure embroidery with fine embroidery cotton and tatting cotton. Work the figures in satin and button-hole stitch with embroidery cotton, and stretch the thread bars shown by the illustration with tatting cotton. The wider parts of the design are underlaid several times with embroidery cotton. Under the embroidery the material is cut away.



QUARTER SECTION OF CAP CROWN IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.



KNITTED SQUARE FOR COVERLET, ETC.

Knitted Square for Coverlet, etc.

THIS square is knitted with white knitting cotton and two steel knitting-needles in rounds going backward and forward. Begin at one corner (see the under corner of the illustration) with a foundation of 3 st. (stitches), and on these work three rounds, going backward and forward, which must appear purled on the right side of the work; thus work alternately one round purled, one round plain; besides this, slip the first stitch of each round, and on the st. preceding the last st. in each of these three rounds work 2 st., 1 k. (knit plain), 1 p. (purl). 4th round.—Sl. (slip one stitch), 2 k., t. t. o. (throw the thread over), 3 k. 5th round.—Sl., 2 p., 1 k. on the thread (thrown over of the preceding round (the threads thrown over are always worked off as stitches), 3 p. 6th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 1 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 7th round.—Sl., 2 p., 3 k., 3 p. 8th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 3 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 9th round.—Sl., 2 p., 5 k., 3 p. **10th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 5 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 11th round.—Sl., 2 p., 7 k., 3 p. 12th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 7 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 13th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 1 p., 4 k., 3 p. 14th round.**—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 1 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 15th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 3 p., 4 k., 3 p. 16th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 3 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 17th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 5 p., 4 k., 3 p. 18th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 5 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 19th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p., 4 k., 3 p. 20th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 3 k., 3 p., 3 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 21st round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 4 k., 3 p. 22d round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 4 k., 5 p., 4 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 23d round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 5 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 5 p., 4 k., 3 p. 24th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 5 k., 7 p., 5 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 25th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 6 p., 2 k., 2 st. n. (narrowed; always narrow these two stitches in the following manner: Slip the first stitch, work the two following stitches plain, and draw the slipped stitch

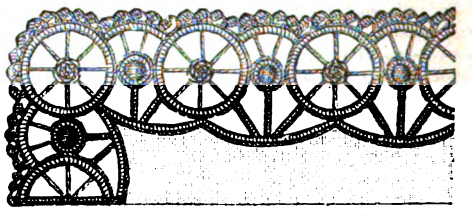


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF STANDING COLLAR IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 1.—QUARTER SECTION OF TOILETTE-CUSHION COVER. HALF-POLKA, KNOTTED, AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

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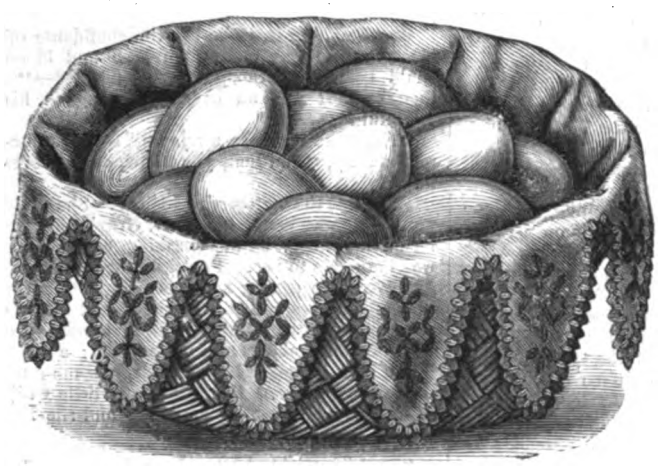
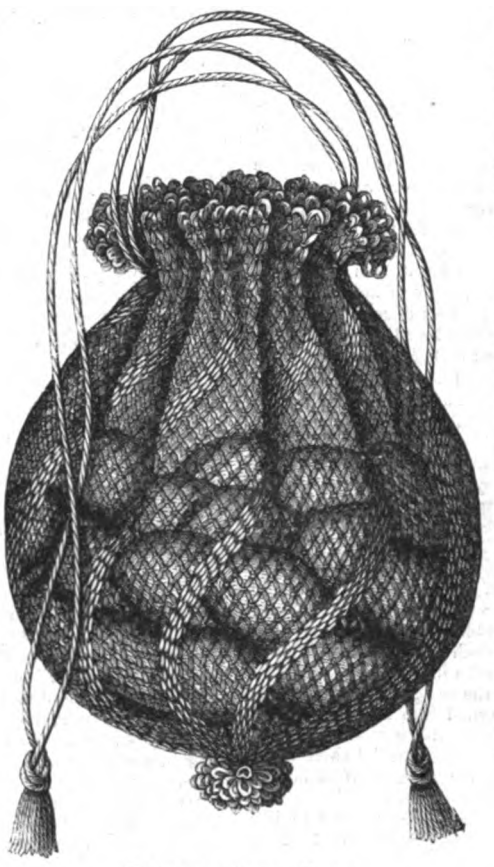
over), 2 k., 6 p., 4 k., 3 p. 26th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 6 k., 5 p., 6 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 27th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 7 p., 1 k., 2 st. n. as before, 1 k., 7 p., 4 k., 3 p. 28th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 7 k., 3 p., 7 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 29th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 2 st. n., 4 p., t. t. o, 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p., 4 k., 3 p. 30th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 3 k., 3 p., 9 k., 3 p., 3 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 31st round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 9 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 4 k., 3 p. 32d round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 4 k., 5 p., 9 k., 5 p., 4 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 33d round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 5 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o , 9 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 5 p., 4 k., 3 p. 34th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 5 k., 7 p., 9 k., 7 p., 5 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 35th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 6 p., 2 k., 2 st. n., 2 k., 9 p., 2 k., 2 st. n., 2 k., 6 p., 4 k., 3 p. 36th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 6 k., 5 p., 9 k., 5 p., 6 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 37th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 7 p., 1 k., 2 st. n., 1 k., 9 p., 1 k., 2 st. n., 1 k., 7 p., 4 k., 3 p. 38th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 7 k., 3 p., 4 k., t. t. o , knit 2 together, 3 k., 3 p., 7 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 39th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 2 st. n., 9 p., 2 st. n., 4 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p., 4 k., 3 p. 40th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 3 k., 3 p., 8 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 8 k., 3 p., 3 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 41st round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 20 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 4 k., 3 p. 42d round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 4 k., 5 p., 7 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 7 k., 5 p., 4 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 43d round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 5 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 21 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 5 p., 4 k., 3 p. 44th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 5 k., 7 p., 6 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 6 k., 7 p., 5 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 45th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 6 p., 2 k., 2 st. n., 2 k., 22 p., 2 k., 2 st. n., 2 k., 6 p., 4 k., 3 p. 46th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 6 k., 5 p., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., 5 p., 6 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k.



BASKET FOR KEEPING BOILED EGGS WARM.



NET FOR BOILING EGGS.

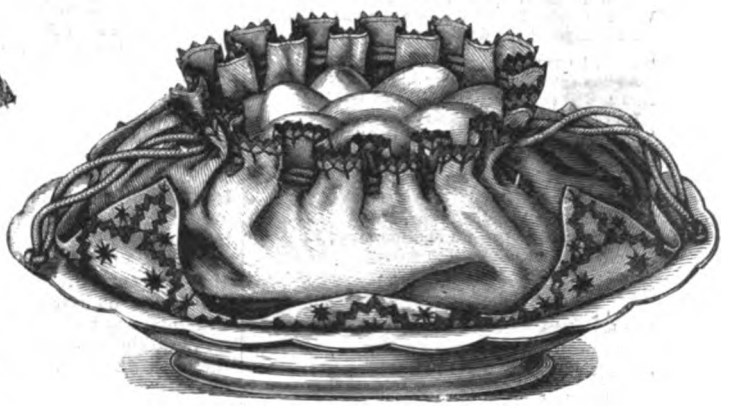
47th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 7 p., 1 k., 2 st. n., 1 k., 22 p., 1 k., 2 st. n., 1 k., 7 p., 4 k., 3 p. 48th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 7 k., 3 p., 4 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 4 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 k., 3 p., 7 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 49th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 2 st. n., 10 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 10 p., 2 st. n., 4 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p., 4 k., 3 p. 50th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 3 k., 3 p., 8 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 2 k., 3 p., 2 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 8 k., 3 p., 3 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 51st round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 15 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 15 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 4 k., 3 p. 52d round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 4 k., 5 p., 7 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 3 k., 3 p., 3 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k., 5 p., 4 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 53d round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 5 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 15 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 15 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 5 p., 4 k., 3 p. 54th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 5 k., 7 p., 6 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 4 k., 7 p., 4 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 k., 7 p., 5 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 55th round.—Sl., 2 p., 4 k., 6 p., 2 k., 2 st. n., 2 k., 15 p., 2 k., 2 st. n., 2 k., 15 p., 2 k., 2 st. n., 2 k., 6 p., 4 k., 3 p. The round just completed forms the middle of the square. With the following (56th) round the second half of the square is begun; work this round as follows: Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., purl 2 together, 4 k., 5 p., 8 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 4 k., 5 p., 4 k., t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 8 k., 5 p., 4 k., p. 2 together, 3 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k. 57th round.—Sl., 2 p., 5 k., 4 p., 1 k., 2 st. n., 1 k., 16 p., 1 k., 2 st. n., 1 k., 16 p., 1 k., 2 st. n., 1 k., 4 p., 5 k., 3 p. 58th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., p. 2 together, 3 k., 3 p., 10 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 3 k., 3 p., 3 k., t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 10 k., 3 p., 3 k., p. 2 together, 3 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k. 59th round.—Sl., 2 p., 5 k., 3 p., 2 st. n., 4 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 12 p., 2 st. n., 12 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 2 st. n., 3 p., 5 k., 3 p. 60th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., p. 2 together, 7 k., 3 p., 7 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k., 3 p., 7 k., p. 2 together, 3 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k. With the assistance of the description thus far given, and the illustration, the square may easily be completed; at the beginning and end of each of the following rounds denoted by even numbers work as at the beginning and end of the 56th, 58th, and 60th rounds; at the beginning and end of each round denoted by odd numbers work as at the beginning and end of the 57th and 59th rounds.

Net for boiling Eggs.

THIS net is worked with a double thread of medium-sized knitting cotton, on a mesh of one inch in diameter, as follows: Begin at the middle with a foundation of 8 st. (stitches), and work, always going forward, the 1st round.—On each of the foundation st. 2 st. (knots). 2d round.—Alternately 2 st. on the first st., 1 st. on the following (widened) st. of the preceding round. Work 13 rounds more, and widen 8 st. in each of these rounds, working always 2 st. on the st. after each widened st. of the preceding round. Now work 15 rounds more without widening. In the st. of the last round work for the border, on a mesh an inch and one-fifth in diameter, the 1st and 2d rounds.—1 st. on each st. of the preceding round. 3d round.—2 st. on each st. of the preceding round. 4th round.—Like the 1st round, but work off together always 2 st. of the preceding round with 1 st. 5th round.—3 st. on each st. of the preceding round. 6th and 7th rounds.—Like the 1st round of the border, but in the 6th round work off always 3 st. together of the preceding round with 1 st.; this completes the border. Now work the net in point de reprise with coarse knitting cotton, as shown by the illustration, so that eight gores are formed, draw the foundation st. together, fasten the thread, and cover the st. with a rosette of knitting cotton. Through the 1st and 2d rounds of the border pass two pieces of cord of the requisite length, so that they cross each other, and to the ends of the cord fasten the tassels. This net may also be used for holding vegetables, bread, etc.

Basket for Boiled Eggs.

THIS round basket is lined with red cashmere, wadded, and covered with white piqué. The piqué cover is lined with shirting, and ornamented with red worsted serpentine braid and twisted stitch embroidery; it is laid loosely on the wadding, so that it may be taken out and washed. For this cover cut of piqué and shirting a round piece of the requisite size for the bottom, then cut the edge of the cover in one piece with the scallops, also of the requisite length and breadth. Ornament the scallops with serpentine braid and red worsted in twisted stitch, and set it on the bottom, laying pleats in the edge at regular intervals. A piece of piqué, lined with shirting and embroidered, or a napkin, may be used to cover the eggs.

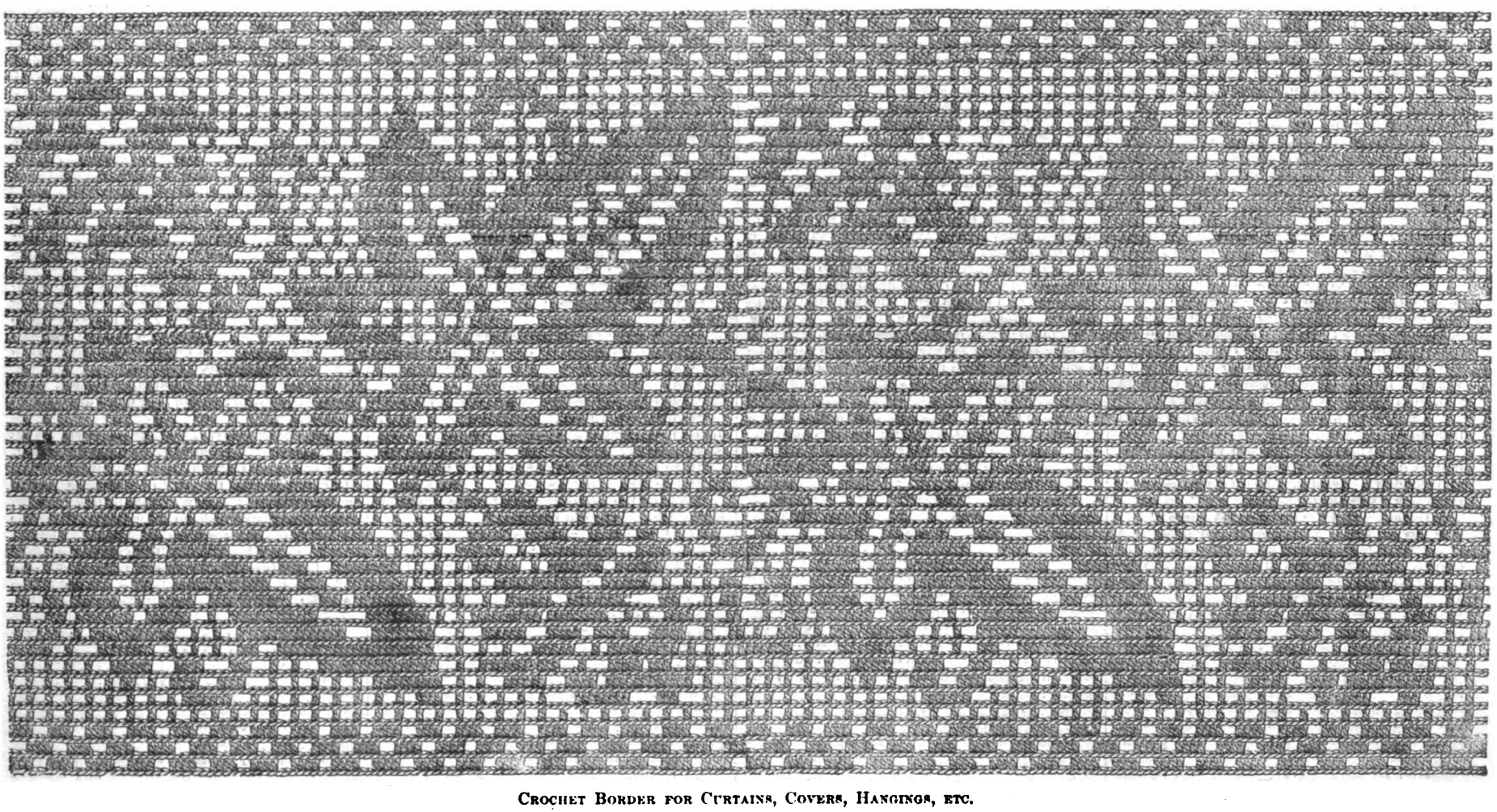


BAG FOR KEEPING BOILED EGGS WARM.

ROSETTE FOR CRAVATS, CAPS, ETC. WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Bag for Boiled Eggs.

THIS bag, which can be washed, is made of a double layer of white corded piqué, trimmed with red serpentine braid, and embroidered in point Russe with red split zephyr. For the bottom of the bag cut a piece of double material nine inches and three-fifths square. Trim one (the under) piece of material all around the outer edge with the serpentine braid and point Russe embroidery, and set the edge of this piece on the edge of the upper piece. For the bag cut a piece of corded piqué and shirting lining seven inches and three-fifths wide and twenty-four inches and four-fifths long, join the ends of these pieces, hem down one (the upper) side an inch and one-fifth, and at a distance of an inch from the upper edge make eyelet-holes at intervals of three-fifths of an inch each; through these holes two red worsted cords are afterward run crosswise. Furnish the upper edge of the bag with trimming as shown by the illustration, and sew the bag on the untrimmed part of the bottom so that the cor-



CROCHET BORDER FOR CURTAINS, COVERS, HANGINGS, ETC.

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ners of the latter project equally. Fold these corners over on the outer side, and sew them on the bag; also fasten the edge of the bottom, between every two corners, at the middle, to the bag. In serving the eggs set the bag on a round dish or plate.

Rosette for trimming Cravats, Caps, etc.—White Embroidery.

See illustration on page 325.

THIS rosette, which may also be used for trimming lingerie, etc., is worked on cambric in half-polka, satin, knotted, button-hole, and ladder stitch. The open-work ring of the rosette is worked in the latter stitch.

Crochet Border for Window-Shades, etc.

See illustration on page 325.

THIS border is worked in chain stitch and double crochet; with the chain stitches in each round the same number of stitches of the preceding round are always passed over. For the border take finer or coarser knitting cotton. This design, if crocheted repeating several times, so that a foundation is formed, is also suitable for tidies, sofa covers, easy-chairs, etc.

TWO LOVERS.

A MAID was sitting in the sun,
And on either side was a lover;
But the eyes of the maiden saw but one,
And her pallid cheek flushed over,
As a cloud like snow will sometimes glow
With a sudden burst of glory;
While in sweet low words, like the coo of birds,
He whispered the deathless story.

"I will be true," she answered low,
As she softly nestled near him.
And the unseen rival cried, "Ho! ho!"
And laughed; but they did not hear him.
"I will be true, oh, my love, to you,
Forever and forever."
They did not hear; but the rival near
Said, "Nay, you shall wed him never!"

He lingered at her side alway,
And he wooed her eve and morning;
Nearer, nearer he drew each day,
Nor heeded her silent scorning.
Near, so near! and he smiled to hear
The impassioned lover pleading.
But her cheek grew white, and in sore affright
He saw that she was not heeding.

The maid lay on her snowy bed,
And two lovers crowded near her.
"Oh, live, my darling, live!" one said,
"My love, grown dear and dearer."
But the rival lover leaned fondly over,
And pressed his lips upon her.
She only heard his low-breathed word,
And the rival, Death, had won her.

DR. ARNOLD'S PRESCRIPTION.

"ONE, under the tongue; two, in the shoe; three, let it be; four, over the door," repeated Felicia, walking through the clover field with her eyes upon the ground. "If I could only find a four-leaved clover! Now I wonder who would come in under it; nobody, probably—there's nobody to come; but then, if I were in town, I shouldn't be likely to find the clover, so it's about even. *There's* a pretty view of the interval; I mean to sketch it." And then she sat down on a grassy knoll, opened her sketch-book, and attempted to carry her threat into execution. She worked away diligently for half an hour, when some one said, over her shoulder,

"You need somewhat heavier touches just there, if I may interfere. Don't you see how black the shadows fall?"

"Dr. Gray!" cried Felicia. "How you startled me! How dare you look over my shoulder, Sir? Don't you know how rude it is?"

"How rude is it?"

"So rude that if I weren't so glad to see you I should send you away. Where did you come from? Did you rain down with the sunbeams?"

The young man smiled, and stroked a fine mustache musingly.

"Just now," he answered, "I came from Shell Beach, where my mother and sister and a few friends are wasting the summer hours; and there I heard that you were here."

"How nice it is to see you! it seems like old times. I was just on the point of getting home-sick, and you have cured me. Sha'n't we go up to the house, so that I may introduce you to Aunt Sophy?"

"Unless you vote against it, I should rather stay here the little time I have to stay; I should have to divide you among so many up there."

"And I being so insignificant, you think there wouldn't be enough to go round? By-the-way, where do you mean to settle, doctor? When I last had the pleasure of talking with you, your mind was perplexed by the query."

"Yes. What would you advise? How would it do to settle hereabouts?"

"In this wilderness? Waste your sweetness on this desert sky and practice patience instead of medicine? Besides, I heard aunty say that there was a new doctor here already."

"Indeed. Did she mention his name?"

"Yes; it's Dr. Arnold morning, noon, and night. If I don't take his doses, I have a chronic dose of himself. She sings his praises loud enough to make his fortune. I dare say he has given up advertising. He cured aunty of a fever when the old doctor over at Shell Beach had given her up."

"Then you haven't seen him?"

"No: the truth is, I'm afraid to face such a paragon. He was here the first night I came, and aunty begged me to go down and see him, but I had a headache, you know; travelers always have headaches; it's one of their perquisites."

"And he might have cured it. So he was here the first day you came, eh?"

"Yes; and he was coming to-day, so I took my sketch-book and trudged out here. I don't care to see their old country doctors; they must be stupid enough."

"Oh! is he an old fellow?"

"I don't know; wears a scratch, perhaps, and green goggles, and takes snuff. He's a bachelor, at least; for aunty—dear old goose!—suggested that it would be ever so nice if he were to take a fancy to me, in order that we might live near her. It never occurred to her that *I* might have a word to say in the bargain. I laughed so heartily at the idea that Aunt Sophy was quite put out, do you know, and told me at last that there was no danger of my doing half so well as to marry a country doctor. I hope I sha'n't. See, I've found a four-leaved clover!"

"Which means good luck."

"Which means that I shall put it over the front-door, and trust to Fate."

"In the shape of Dr. Arnold?"

"The Fates forbid!"

"Ah, what prejudices you women cherish! According to your own acknowledgment you have not seen this worthy; according to the opinion of your friends he is worth seeing—"

"When one is ill."

"And yet you avoid and despise his shadow. I very much doubt if you do not have him in your cup yet, and to some purpose."

"Oh, you disagreeable man! You mean that when I *do* see him I shall fall in love with him. In that case I shall take infinite pains to avoid him. He's as bad as the Gorgon's head; for one would as soon be turned into stone, for all I know, as to fall in love with a man one hates. Besides, if he were Adonis himself, I should say, 'No, I thank you, my pretty man,' if he invited me to share this wilderness with him."

"Ah! And you would not consent to live here on any terms? How people differ! Now *I* like it."

"Oh, it does very well for a summer's vacation."

"And nothing more? You think that there isn't a possibility of my persuading any body to share my cottage, in case I should make up my mind to settle here?"

Who was he going to ask to share his cottage? How she envied the "gentle maid." For her part, she would have been glad to share any thing with him, any where—in the wilds of Australia, on the icebergs of the north, the mountains of the moon. But if he were intending to ask some one else!

"I dare say you might find *some one* who wouldn't—object."

"But not Miss Felicia Saxon. Well"—taking out his watch—"it's time I was off: five o'clock. Your bugbear must be gone before this, unless he stays to tea. By-the-way, send me word, will you? how you like him, and who comes in under the four-leaved clover." And then he mounted the horse which he had tethered to the fence, and rode away.

Felicia followed him long with her eyes, repeating, "But not Miss Felicia Saxon!"

"Why does he take it for granted?" she thought. "If he wanted to know, why did he not ask outright, without any beating about the bush? How could I tell him that I shouldn't mind if only *he* were here too? No, he must have been joking; he must have been thinking of some one else." And then she sighed profoundly, picked up her sketch-book, and went home, with the four-leaved clover carefully hidden between its pages.

"Where have you been, child?" asked Miss Sophy Saxon. "You always *do* contrive to hide yourself when the doctor's here. He wanted to see you, and asked if you were well; and I told him you were well enough to be galivanting over the neighborhood all the afternoon."

"He wanted to give me a dose of calomel, I suppose. I hate doctors' stuffs, and doctors—at least," remembering an exception—"at least most of them. I've been sketching the interval; I haven't been galivanting, and I don't know what it means."

"What do you call sketching? Those little daubs of lead-pencil marks? Looks as if the crows had walked over the paper. Dear me! is that the nonsense folks call sketching? You'd better been at home churning; it's a sight more profitable."

"I leave that for country doctors' wives. By-the-way, Aunt Sophy, your Dr. Arnold wears a wig, doesn't he?"

"*My* Dr. Arnold! When you see him you will wish he was *yours*. What if he *does* wear a wig, miss? Is there any thing disgraceful in that?" Miss Sophy wore a false front herself.

"Oh no; only it shows that he's no chicken, as they say; and for my part, I would rather be a young man's slave than an old man's darling."

"Which only shows your bad taste and inexperience. But you needn't worry; young or old, Dr. Arnold wouldn't waste a thought on such a chit as you—though you might thank your stars if he should—in spite of forty wigs." And Miss Sophy chuckled softly behind her tea-urn.

"If he wouldn't waste a thought on me, why in the world do you try to make my mouth water? I'm sure *I* don't want to lead him into any such extravagance."

Felicia placed her four-leaved clover over the front-door that very night, and sat down to await the movements of Fate, which we know are always stealthy and unexpected. Just now, certainly, Fate seemed in no hurry. A week passed without bringing any one in under the spell of the clover leaf. Felicia had begun to despair, when a perfumed note from Dr. Gray arrived, saying:

"DEAR MISS FELICIA,—Have you made the acquaintance of Dr. Arnold yet?—poor man. And how fares it with the four-leaved clover? I am delegated to present you with my sister's love—to which may I add my own?—and to request the pleasure of your company at Shell Beach any fine day this week. I should be most happy to call for you, but duty beckons in another direction. Yet I shall try to give myself a half-holiday should you consent to make it one.

"Hopefully yours,
"A. L. GRAY."

"Oh, I should so like to go!" cried Felicia. "But how to get there? I can't walk that distance, and all the farm horses are at work, I suppose. Dear me! where's my godmother that she can't make me a coach-and-six out of the squash vines and the squash bugs?"

"Where do you want to go?" asked her godmother in the shape of Aunt Sophy. For Felicia had not read the note to her aunt; it was too precious for profane ears or eyes; and, moreover, she was afraid of Aunt Sophy's opinion of the young man of the period. She would be sure to say, "In my day young men didn't write to their sisters' friends unless they had something particular to say for themselves; and young men didn't send their love in that off-hand manner, as if it wasn't of the slightest consequence." So Felicia answered,

"Mrs. Ames, a friend of mine and mamma's, wishes me to spend the first fine day with her at Shell Beach."

"Perhaps Dr. Arnold will happen along, and take you in. He drives from Dan to Beersheba on his visits, and wouldn't think any thing of doing a body a good turn," said her aunt.

"I'd rather stay at home," sulked Felicia.

"You're a very silly girl."

"Perhaps so; but silly girls are just the ones who like to have their own way. Can't you send me to Shell Beach?" coaxingly.

"Well, perhaps Jones will harness old Jolly and drive you over, if you're set upon it, and are up early enough. And there's the stage—go over in the stage, and I'll send Jones and Jolly to fetch you home. That 'll be handiest."

"Oh, thank you; you are the best of aunts, after all, if you have gone wild over that old Dr. Arnold. I dare say you can't help it; he's bewitched you."

"Just wait till he bewitches you."

So the next fine day found Felicia on the road to Shell Beach, where Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Ames were waiting to welcome her, and where, toward noon, they were joined by Dr. Gray. They sat on the veranda, and watched the bathers, and rode on the beach. Felicia, mounted on Dr. Gray's roan, of which, to tell the truth, she was mightily afraid, was only comforted by the delight of being cared for by the doctor, who made her forget danger by the glance of his eye.

"And have you not met Dr. Arnold yet? And has the fated fairy prince not entered beneath the four-leaved clover?" he laughed. "How do you know what will happen while you're away?"

"When the fairy prince comes, may I be there to see! No, I haven't met the tiresome old doctor yet, though aunty suggested that if he happened along I might ride over here with him."

"But he didn't happen along?"

"No, thank goodness! I took the stage over. Mr. Jones is coming to take me home."

"Mr. Jones? Ah! I don't remember hearing you mention him before. A particular friend of yours? Lawyer, doctor, merchant, thief? He's a thief, if he comes with intent to steal my little friend Felicia," said Dr. Gray, with ill-concealed curiosity.

"Jealous, eh?" thought Felicia, delightedly—"at least this savors of it." Then, "Mr. Jones and I are on very good terms—that is, as good as the circumstances demand," laughing.

"Indeed! May I ask if he is a resident at Farmfield?"

"Oh yes."

"Then, of course, he can have no hope."

"He doesn't seem to be despairing, however."

"Hoping against hope, perhaps. I heard of a Mr. Jones who is teaching drawing in the West Parish—not wearing a wig, but whose locks are silvered with the frosts of many winters, to put it poetically; perhaps this is your friend?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Jones, my friend, as you choose to call him, is not over thirty, with hair of your color and a golden mustache."

"'Distrust that man, although he be your brother,
Whose hair is one color and his mustache another.'"

"Be still! I won't have Mr. Jones slandered. He has a figure like a Titan; he has big blue eyes. Don't you like blue eyes?"

"No; they remind me of crockery."

"They remind *me* of sapphires and turquoises. However, he has an aquiline nose."

"And a bad temper, of course. In short, I don't fancy any thing I hear about this Mr. Jones."

"That doesn't signify," continued Felicia, emboldened by success, "so long as my aunt Sophy does."

"Oh! Then he is *her* admire—"

"He is one of her farm hands, if you please."

"Cruel girl! I sha'n't forgive you in a hurry. Jones is a great burden off my mind. What possessed you?"

"One likes to make believe have a lover once in a while, you know."

"What's the use of making believe when the reality's staring you in the face?"

"Oh! make-believe lovers aren't so troublesome as real ones."

"I suppose not," with a sigh. "They don't ask you to live in the backwoods with them."

"I hope not." Why was he always harping upon living in the country?

"I suppose, now, that no one could persuade you to such a sacrifice?"

"I hope no one will try," she answered, loftily, greatly wondering if he had any such intention.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "when I marry I hope my wife will love nature."

"I should rather she would love me, if I were you," archly. "But wasn't it a joke? My drawing-master used to say to me, 'You are de most great big lover of de nature, Mess Felicité, she do have; you do show of it in de every touch!'"

"He was a flatterer," said Dr. Gray.

"I thank you. Nobody can bring such an accusation against you."

No one spoke for a full minute.

"I think we had better go back to your mother," said Felicia then, somewhat crest-fallen. "It must be almost time for Mr. Jones to come for me."

"Oh, not so bad as that, I hope. I should give myself the pleasure of taking you home, but I have an engagement."

"What a pity!" said Felicia, quite forgetting herself. "Where are you going?"

"To see Miss Atherton."

"Oh!" cried Felicia, sharply, involuntarily, as if some one had struck her a blow, and biting her lips hard to keep the pain in. Miss Atherton had been a college flame of Dr. Gray's, which his mother had succeeded in quenching; and here she was at Shell Beach, and here he was making engagements with her.

"Is she—is she as beautiful as ever?" Felicia managed to ask.

"Quite as beautiful."

Oh, how horrible it was! How she wished that she had not come to Shell Beach to spend the day, and to be made miserable! She would have been happier at home with her dream, though it were nothing but the dream of a dream.

"I am quite anxious about her," Dr. Gray pursued.

Was he going to make her the confidante of his love? It was more than flesh and blood could bear. "I thought," she faltered—"I thought *that* was all over," referring to his youthful fancy.

"No, there has been a relapse," said the doctor, gravely, "and that, you know, often proves fatal."

What was the matter with Felicia? She could not see the way before her. Dr. Gray's face was far off in a mist; he was speaking, but his voice was inaudible to her. Presently the mist cleared away; the setting sun was illuminating the sails of a pleasure-boat, till they looked like the two pink wings of the spoonbill; a wave was idly breaking about the horses' feet; a little beach bird skipped along the sand; some gulls were screaming and flying low. A little while ago it had all been so beautiful, and she had wished

"That life might at a stand remain eternally."

Now she cared for nothing but to go away and hide herself from this man who loved another.

She went home broken-hearted. Aunt Sophy declared it didn't do her any good to go junketing over to the beaches. She left her books unread, her sketching untouched, Aunt Sophy's dainties untasted; she even forgot the four-leaved clover. She began to wonder if she should be an old maid, like Aunt Sophy, and find her happiness in looking after the parish poor, and sending butter and eggs to market.

"The child's sick," thought her aunt. "Like as not her liver's out of order; folks' livers is the peskiest things to keep a-running. I don't like to have nobody's life on my mind; so I'll just send round for Dr. Arnold, and he'll do the right thing for her."

Felicia had a headache, alias heart-ache, and was lying on the lounge, with her Tennyson in her hands, open at "Locksley Hall," and

"O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!"

was beginning to find an echo in her soul, when some one opened the door, and Aunt Sophy flew in from the kitchen, crying,

"There! Dr. Arnold, I'm right glad to see your face and eyes. I've been worried out of my night's sleep along of this child, and her folks a hundred miles away. I've given her herb tea and peppermint, and they didn't do her no more good than so much water. Law bless you, if she was lovesick she couldn't be worse off, with no relish for her victuals. Ever since she went over to the beach to see them Ameses, whoever they may be—" And Aunt Sophy might have run on forever, like Tennyson's brook, but that Felicia, thinking to escape Dr. Arnold by bolting through a side-door while her aunt detained him in the hall, was skimming across the room like a piece of thistle-down, when she felt herself suddenly detained by a firm grasp on her shoulder, and turning about, she found herself confronting Dr. Gray.

"Whither away, Miss Felicia," said he, "before I've so much as felt your pulse? Come, how do you like Dr. Arnold, at your service? What do you think of his green goggles? How does his wig fit, think you?"

"Dr. Gray!" cried the amazed Felicia, "Dr. Arnold! Which! How! I don't understand. I thought—"

"Dr. Arnold Gray, you little goose," Aunt Sophy said; "I thought every body knew *that*. You see, there's an old Dr. Gray over to Shell Beach, and he isn't no sort of a favorite, and so we've got into the way of calling this one Dr. Arnold to distinguish, so when we send for the doctor they sha'n't get the wrong one. There, I believe to my heart I smell my sass a-burning; just like Mary Jane to be talking to the men folks out the window and letting every thing go to ruin! You'll prescribe all right for her without me, doctor?"

"Yes, if she'll take my prescription."

"What is it?" asked Felicia, coloring under his eye, and wondering if he guessed her trouble.

"It is myself. You see, I shouldn't dare to prescribe so boldly, but that I am convinced I'm your Fate. I came in under the four-leaved clover."

"So you did," laughed Felicia. "Has Miss Atherton—" remembering herself, and drawing away from the doctor's arms.

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"Yes, she has quite recovered; she rode out to-day for the first time."

"Then she has been ill?"

"After getting over a fever she had a relapse. I believe I told you before," impatiently.

"I believe you did; but I thought—I thought that it was *you* who had a relapse. Thank you, Dr. Arnold, I will take your prescription."

A FRENCH HOME.

See illustration on page 328.

OUR illustration represents a French home in the suburbs of Paris, to which its inmates have just returned after the siege. Five months of devastating warfare have transformed the once smiling abode into a scene of ruin. The mother sinks, half fainting, at the sight of her desolated fireside, while the husband sadly sustains her, and nerves himself to bear the calamity as best he may. The little girl in the foreground is weeping over her headless doll, while her brother brings forward a shattered vase, which perchance was once a cherished treasure. And this picture is no fancy sketch; it is one that is multiplied a thousand times in the region about Paris laid waste to satisfy the grasping ambition of a tyrant. A letter lately received from a lady whose name is familiar to our readers—Madame Emmeline Raymond—depicts a scene which might almost be the counterpart of our engraving. She says: "I have just returned from a visit to my country house, a few miles from Paris, and I can not describe to you the desolation that met my eyes. This cherished abode is in ruins. On every side I saw nothing but great trees cut down, vines uprooted, fences broken, furniture demolished, pictures and works of art destroyed—wanton destruction every where." Such are the results of arbitrament by the sword. It seems but yesterday that we were enduring the same calamities, and the memory thereof should make us sympathize with the homeless and houseless on the other side of the ocean.

LOOKING FOR A PATTERN.

See illustration on page 329.

THIS picture needs no explanation at our hands, and we suspect is a familiar one in the homes to which we are a weekly visitor. It is evident that the whole family, from the oldest to the youngest, expect to find what they want in the *Bazar*, and we trust that they will not be disappointed. Even the little puss in the corner is carefully balancing her doll on a chair, and glancing from her to the paper with a critical eye to see if her habiliments are in the latest fashion. Well, we do not forget the little folks, not even the dolls, and hope that as the year goes round each one will find the very thing she most needs in our columns.

LILIES.

EVERY body admires these flowers, and with many they rank next to the rose as favorite plants for garden cultivation, as they combine elegance of form and habit, brilliancy and delicacy of color and fragrance, with hardiness and easy cultivation. Within the past few years many new species and varieties have been introduced into or originated in our gardens, some of them of superlative beauty; and the number has become so great that many cultivators, both amateurs and professional florists, make a specialty of growing them. With few exceptions, they will grow in any good garden soil with the simplest cultivation, there being but one or two special points to be attended to, and that is not to allow crude manure to come in contact with the bulb, as that causes it to canker and decay. The roots of lilies generally are of two kinds—those which emanate from the base of the bulb, and those which are thrown out from the flower-stalk near the surface of the ground. These latter need manure to enable them to produce strong, well-developed flowers; hence it is best to slightly fork in some well-rotted manure early in the spring to make a good rich surface soil, or, better, to throw a forkful of manure on the surface of the soil over the bulbs in the autumn, when the tops have died down. The winter rains and thaws leach the soluble matters out of the manure, and these are taken up by the soil. The bulbs should not be taken up oftener than once in every three or four years, as nearly all this family are very impatient of removal.

For the guidance of our readers we will give a list and short description of some of the leading species and varieties, or those which can be most readily obtained. As nearly all are of comparatively slow propagation, the new species bring high prices, which, however, decrease from year to year. It is well, however, to ascertain the prices from some well-known florist before purchasing them. We select only such as will grow in any good garden soil, and do not require any special art in their cultivation. Many species, including nearly all of our native ones, require more or less of peat soil or moist situations to grow them well; all such we omit.

Lilium candidum, the common White Lily, should be in every garden, as few of the tribe surpass it in beauty. There are three varieties besides the original species to be found in the catalogues. One has the leaves striped with yellowish-white, and is very desirable. Another is called the Double-flowered White Lily, but does not produce double flowers in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Botanists tell us that flowers are only transformed leaves. In this variety the different parts of the flower are not duplicated or transformed, but a plume of white leaves, from twelve to eighteen inches long, is produced instead, and has an elegant appearance. The third variety has flowers striped with pale purple. It is apt to have a faded appearance, as the color runs into the white ground without being distinctly marked or defined.

L. longiflorum is a native of Japan, grows from nine to fifteen inches high, and produces from two to five trumpet-shaped flowers, six to eight inches long, pure white at the mouth, but of a greenish-white on the internal base of the tube; very fragrant. The flowers of this species, when cut and put in water, will remain fresh for eight or ten days.

L. eximium—a Japanese species, similar to the above, producing larger flowers, but only one to three on a stalk. The flower is also pure white to the base of the tube. Two other species lately introduced from Japan, viz., *L. takesima*, or Jama-juri, and *L. liu-kiu*, appear to be but intermediate forms of L. longiflorum and L. eximium, and are not sufficiently distinct from them to be worthy of general cultivation.

L. Brownii—probably a native of Corea. It grows from three to four feet high; flowers from one to four, three times as large as those of the white lily, very long, pure white on the inside, the exterior washed and striped with a peculiar rusty deep violet or purple color. This elegant species should be planted where it will be partially shaded during the intense heat of the day; the soil should be well drained and somewhat sandy.

L. auratum.—This magnificent lily is a native of Japan, from whence it was introduced about ten years ago, and sold at forty dollars per bulb, but now can be purchased for a dollar. It is the most beautiful of all the lily family, growing from two to four feet high, and bearing from one to eighteen or twenty flowers on a single stem, or stalk, according to the strength of the plant. The flowers are often twelve or more inches across, pure white, with a broad golden yellow band down the centre of each petal, the whole flower being spotted with purple. Although varieties of it may be found in the catalogues, we have not seen any that were sufficiently distinct to be worth naming, except two, one of which is pure white, and another in which the yellow band is replaced by a crimson-purple one. The flowers are deliciously fragrant.

L. speciosum of botanists, or *L. lancifolium* of horticulturists, is also a native of Japan, and is now pretty well known to amateurs. It grows from eighteen inches to three feet high, producing from three to twelve very fragrant flowers from four to six inches in diameter, with strongly reflexed petals dotted with papillæ, which, in the colored varieties, are of a darker shade of color than the petals. The varieties are numerous, the type species being pure white. The varieties run through various shades of red from pale blush, flesh-color, rose, to deep crimson or carmine. In another set of varieties the flower-stems become flattened in the way of a cockscomb, and thus produce a flattened corymb of flowers, as many as twenty or more being produced on a single head. They are, however, much smaller than the other varieties, but run through the same shades of color, and are very curious and pretty.

L. martagon.—The Martagon Lily grows from fifteen to thirty inches high, producing from three to twelve and sometimes twenty flowers, with reflexed petals of a violet rose color, strongly spotted with carmine on the interior. There are many varieties of it to be found in the catalogues, but the most distinct are the purple martagon and the white. The latter is somewhat delicate and not very easy to propagate, and for this reason is not often seen.

L. chalcedonicum, or *L. byzantinum*, the Turk's Cap, Turban, or Scarlet Martagon, grows from thirty inches to four feet high, producing from one to six flowers, of a deep scarlet or tomato red color, spotted on the inside with blackish spots. The flowers when cut keep well in vases.

L. tigrinum.—The well-known Tiger-Lily, still one of the very best of the species with reflexed petals. Two new varieties have lately been introduced, one, *L. tigrinum splendens*, grows much taller and stronger than the type species, and produces flowers of larger size and with larger spots. The other is double-flowered, having from twenty to thirty petals, and is very fine. Both these varieties are quite new, and sell at high prices.

L. testaceum, also known as *L. excelsum*, *L. isabellinum*, and *L. peregrinum*, is a strong-growing species, from five to six feet high, flowers nankeen-color, from one to eight in number. Except when in bloom this species might be taken for the white lily, it resembles it so much in foliage and habit.

L. crocosum, known also as *L. umbellatum*, is a very hardy, robust-growing species, growing from two to three feet high. The flowers, from three to fifteen, are produced in an umbel, and are from three to four inches in diameter, of a saffron or orange-red color, with purple spots. The varieties of this species are very numerous, running through all shades of color from pale yellow, citron, orange, to bright, dazzling red, with the spots of greater or less intensity of color from pale purple to black. This species and its varieties are much used in Europe for planting on lawns in masses, where they are very effective.

L. bulbiferum is also known as *L. croceum* and *L. humile*. It very much resembles the preceding species, but has more angular stems, smoother leaves, and produces bulblets at the base of the leaves. The flowers, from two to ten, are borne in a sort of paniculated umbel, and are of a saffron-yellow or bright orange-red color. This showy species does well in the shade or in situations where there is not much or any sun.

L. fulgens, or *L. sanguineum*, is a Japanese species of great beauty in the richness of the color of its flowers. It grows from eighteen inches to two feet high, having from two to six bright red flowers in an umbel. There are several varieties, varying from the original in the intensity of the color or in the spots. It is a very hardy and showy species.

L. buschianum is an early-blooming, dwarf-growing species from Japan, growing from six to eight inches high, producing one or two bell-shaped flowers about four inches in diameter, of an orange-red or pale yellow color.

L. thunbergianum is also a Japanese species. It grows about twenty inches high, producing from one to three flowers, but in the numerous varieties of it this number is increased to eight or ten. The flowers are orange-red in color, with small purplish spots; but in the varieties they vary from pure yellow to nankeen, orange to deep red and fiery red, with orange, brownish, and black spots.

USEFUL RECIPES.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—Two cups of cold boiled rice slightly mashed, 1 cup of flour, and the same quantity of corn meal, mixed with cold milk enough to form a stiffish batter, a little soda dissolved in the milk, and nearly twice the quantity of cream of tartar in the flour.

STRAWS (very nice).—Nearly 1 quart of flour, in which mix well 1 tea-spoonful of cream of tartar; in this cut finely a piece of butter the size of an egg; break 3 eggs in, and add two cups of sugar. Dissolve 1 tea-spoonful of soda in 1 cup of milk; and add it to the flour, etc. If not stiff enough, more flour can be added, or if too stiff, more milk; but they are much nicer just to get the right proportion, and not have to add at all. Cut them out about as thick as doughnuts, and fry in hot lard.

NEW YORK TEA-BISCUIT.—Nearly 1 quart of flour, in which thoroughly mix two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar; add one large coffee-cup of sugar—light brown does very well; cut finely half a cup of butter; make a hole in the middle of the flour, and pour in a coffee-cup of milk, or about half a pint, and in this drop a tea-spoonful of finely powdered soda; stir all well together with a knife, flour the board and pin, and roll out about half an inch thick. Cut into cakes, and bake in a quick oven about fifteen minutes.

RUSK.—Three pounds of flour, 1 of butter, 1 of sugar, 1 quart of milk, 8 eggs. Melt the butter in the milk. When tepid, pour it slowly on the flour, so that it will not be lumpy; stir it well; then add the sugar, break the eggs, beat well a few minutes, and add a tea-cup of yeast. It is best to mix overnight; and when light have the pan well greased, grease a spoon, and drop them in, a spoonful at a time. When nearly done, sift sugar over them, and when taken out of the oven, brush with white of egg, and sift sugar again on them.

SALLY LUNN.—Three pints of sifted flour, 1 of new milk, in which has been dissolved a quarter of a pound of butter, 3 eggs broken into it, 2 tea-spoonfuls of sugar, 1 gill of home-made yeast. The flour should be well stirred in before the eggs are added; about a tea-spoonful of salt. This should be baked in two "Turk's-heads."

TO KEEP SMOKED HAMS.—During the hot summer weather it is often difficult to keep them; but by making a sack of coarse cotton cloth a little larger than the ham, and after putting *one* in, filling around closely with chopped hay, there will be no trouble. They should hang either in a smoke-house or a cool, dark, dry place.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A FEW years ago the work-house at Liverpool, England, in consequence of the ignorance and inefficiency of the nurses, and the general bad management of the institution, had become a public disgrace. Some of the trustees resolved upon a reform, and consulted with Miss Florence Nightingale concerning the measures best to adopt. She proposed that Miss Agnes Jones, a co-laborer with herself, who had been thoroughly trained at the preparatory school for nurses, should be put into the work-house, with a staff of assistants, and allowed to reorganize the entire department. Brave and philanthropic, Miss Jones immediately entered upon her arduous duties, and threw all her energies into the work. The two years which followed were memorable for the sickness and destitution which prevailed. Diseased persons crowded into the work-house. Soon she had under her charge over fifty nurses and nearly fifteen hundred patients. She had a most difficult place. Besides the care of the sick, she had to disarm all sectarian jealousy. But she soon won all hearts by her gentleness and skill, and wrought a great reform in a great public institution. In the midst of her usefulness, however, her strength failed, and she died, crowned with love and honor. The work of her hand and heart yet remains, showing what one woman can accomplish when she has a willing disposition, energy, and preparatory training.

Two thousand different shades of color can be readily dyed at the present time; and even this number gives but a faint idea of the effects that might be produced by admixture of one hue with another. In royal blue there are this season from twenty-four to thirty-eight varieties in the light middle shades. Scarlet has from thirty to forty shades; crimson the same number. Yellow has from forty to fifty shades.

It is often observable that there are many more bonnets than bare heads at church of a Sunday. It has, therefore, been proposed to revive an old custom spoken of by Sir Walter Scott, as being in use in some of the out-of-the-way kirks in Scotland—namely, to let the men *smoke*. This would fill the church in a double sense.

The "Woolwich Infant" is the nickname given to a monster gun of thirty-five tons' weight, which has been recently completed at the royal gun factory, England. This huge weapon is not merely an experimental production, or a curiosity for exhibition, for ten pieces of ordnance of similar weight and power are being rapidly constructed for the government.

At a recent "golden wedding" in Kentucky there were present twenty guests who witnessed the marriage ceremony fifty years ago. Among them were the bride-maid and groomsman. The average age of these twenty persons was seventy-one years and six months.

Various personal peculiarities are thought to be indicative of character. The color and fineness of the hair, the shape of hand and foot, the color of the eye, the shape of the finger nails, and the form of nose and chin, are all supposed by some investigating persons to reveal something of the individual's peculiar disposition and temperament. One poet is of opinion that

> A gray eye
> Is still and sly;
> A roguish
> Is the brown;
> The eye of blue
> Is ever true;
> But in the black eye's
> Sparkling spell
> Mystery
> And mischief dwell!

We have known, however, these signs to be false in many instances.

The friends of Hiram Powers, the sculptor, are making efforts to save his early home at Woodstock, Vermont, from the progress of the age. The owner of it has intended to tear down the old mansion soon and build a new one.

Children will imitate their elders. Harry is no exception. One day he was much interested in watching the process of "picking a chicken" for dinner. Next day mamma was very busy, Harry very quiet, and so long so that she mistrusted mischief. She quietly went down stairs and found him with the kitten in his arms, who was vainly striving to free herself. The boy was persistently diving into kitty's sides.

"What are you doing, Harry?" asked mamma.

"Why, I am picking the *fedders out*," was the reply.

A simple preventive to most of the accidents from kerosene lamps is to fill them *in the morning*. When the oil burns down in the lamp a highly inflammable gas gathers over its surface, which increases as the oil decreases. A slight jar will then often produce an explosion.

The Paterson *Guardian* (New Jersey), after giving some items of interest respecting the success of women who have been employed in connection with that paper, states that, as a rule, it has found that female compositors "do not care to earn beyond a certain amount, and when that figure is reached they seem to have all the money they require, and are perfectly careless of any thing extra. They may not advance so far in rapid type-setting; but it is a fact that generally girls will reach in three weeks a position to which a boy will take six to attain. In an office they are more agreeable, less disposed to go from place to place, and as a general thing are more reliable than male compositors. To be sure, they must have their own; but they seldom want more than is right." The *Guardian* goes on to say: "Our entire newspaper is the work of young ladies, and every type is set by them, advertisements and all, and the 'make-up' is a young girl; and we have no foreman in the newspaper-rooms, a young lady acting in that capacity."

Edmund Spenser, of "Faerie Queen" celebrity, and Sir Philip Sidney were warm friends. It is related that the friendship commenced by the poet presenting Sidney with the ninth canto of the "Faerie Queen" as a sort of introduction to him. Sir Philip, having read some stanzas, called his steward and ordered him to give the person who brought the verses £50; but upon reading the next stanza he ordered the money to be doubled. The steward thought it his duty to make some delay in executing so sudden and lavish a bounty; but upon reading one stanza more Sir Philip raised his gratuity to £200, and commanded the steward to give it immediately, lest, as he read further, he might be tempted to give away his whole estate.

The library of the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio, now contains 4000 volumes, nearly all of which were presented by Mrs. Mary L. Putnam, of Boston, in memory of her son, who fell at Ball's Bluff.

Fifty years ago a gentleman from Ohio saved the life of a Massachusetts gentleman by dragging him out of a river. A short time ago—long after he had forgotten all about it—he received a service of silver from the man he saved, in memory of his brave act.

Women can keep secrets—until they want to tell them. In proof whereof is the story of one whom we will call Mary Smith, although that is by no means her real name. When the war broke out she was employed in a farmer's kitchen in Ohio, and her father's family moving to Iowa, she was left there to finish her engagement, and follow them later. She was a large, healthy girl of eighteen, and some strange freak induced her to assume man's apparel and enlist in the army. She performed her duties faithfully, and was so handy in cooking and nursing that she became a general favorite, while no suspicion of her sex was excited. She voted for President in 1864, and was mustered out of the army with her comrades at the close of the war. She then resumed female dress, and procured work in Illinois for six months, until the tan of a five summers' campaign wore off, when she presented herself at her father's house, where she was received with open arms. She, however, refused to inform them of her whereabouts for so many years, only replying to all questions that she had been honestly employed. She had saved some money, which she invested in land in Iowa, which rapidly rose in value. A few months ago a worthy man—who by chance had been, unknown to himself, in the same regiment with her—made her an offer of marriage. Then she thought she should reveal to him her previous life before bestowing her hand. Such a strange tale the would-be husband could scarcely believe, and the lady's family were no less incredulous. But its truth was proved, and in no wise lessened the regard which she had won. The marriage took place about three months ago.

The *Scotsman* shows its sympathy with the lady students of the medical school at Edinburgh by putting the following quotation from Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" in a prominent part of that paper:

"Rebecca lost no time in causing the patient to be transported to their temporary dwelling, and proceeded with her own hands to examine and to bind up his wounds. The youngest reader of romances and romantic ballads must recollect how often the females, during the Dark Ages, as they are called, were initiated into the mysteries of surgery. The Jews, both male and female, possessed and practiced the medical science in all its branches. The beautiful Rebecca had been heedfully brought up in all the knowledge proper to her nation, which her apt and powerful mind had retained, arranged, and enlarged in the course of a progress beyond her years, her sex, and even the age in which she lived. The attendant proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's side, and the lovely Jewess satisfied herself that the bandage was in its place and the wound doing well. She performed her task with a graceful and dignified simplicity and modesty which might, even in more civilized days, have served to redeem it from whatever might seem repugnant to female delicacy."

Parents and teachers may learn a valuable lesson from a remark once made by the Duke of Gloucester, the third son of the Prince of Wales, father of George III. He was a dull child, and his mother used to cause him great distress at times by jeering him, on account of his dullness, in the presence of his brothers and sisters. On one particular occasion she told them to laugh at the fool. The sensitive child held down his head and said nothing; upon which the princess changed her tone, and accused him of sulkiness.

"No," he said, "I was not sulky; I was only thinking."

"And pray what were you thinking of?" inquired the princess, with increasing scorn in her manner.

"I was thinking," said the poor child, "how I should feel if I had a son as unhappy as you make me."

Prince Puckler-Muskau was without the vanity so common among a certain class of authors. He died a short time ago at his superb estate in the province of Brandenburg, near Kottlus. In his will was found the following passage: "I have very little cash left, I think; but my heirs will honor my memory if they will use part of my money in buying all the copies of my works they can find, and destroying them at once."

Circumstantial evidence is often greatly at fault. A couple of weeks ago a woman was on trial in Reading, Pennsylvania, for murdering her son, a boy of ten years old. The circumstantial evidence was strong against her. Fortunately it was unexpectedly proved that the boy was alive and well.

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A FRENCH HOME AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

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LOOKING FOR A PATTERN.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

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FLOWER OF MAY?

BENEATH my window stands
A figure fair and slender,
With soft coquettish hands
And features gay and tender.

Around her naked feet
How freshly starts the grass;
Faint wafts of odors sweet
Are in the airs that pass.

Her cheek is touched with flame
As I push up the glass,
And whisper down, "Your name,
My captivating lass?"

"My name is April, Sir, and I
Often laugh, as often cry;
And I can not tell what makes me,
Only as the fit o'ertakes me
I must dimple, smile, and frown,
Laughing, though the tears roll down;
But, 'tis nature, Sir, not art,
And I'm happy at my heart.

"Now, Sir, if your toilette's made,
May I ask your company
To the blooming mornlit glade?"
Frank and modest little maid,
With a pretty white and red
Playing chase
O'er her face
At the sweet bold thing she said.
"May I ask your company?
I know where the flow'rs lie hid,
'Neath the forest's brown eyelid,
Some for you and some for me."

So I followed her, and saw
All the frosty earth in thaw
Quick'ning underneath her tread;
While the countless buds o'erhead,
Dipping down the beamy air,
Blushed against her shining hair.

Then spoke April, soft and shy,
Casting down her dewy eye:
"There's one trick I love to play
On my brilliant sister May;
There's one flow'r she calls her own,
Thinks it blooms for her alone,
Calls it by her name; yet she
Owes that little flow'r to me.
Flower of May!
Prove what I say.

"Was it May's or April's breath
Waked you from a winter's death?
Made your veins and fibres dance
To electric touch and glance?
Was it May's or my caress
Stirred you into loveliness?
May is coming, April's going;
Tell the secret of your blowing:
Quickly say,
Yea or nay."

April ceased, a farewell grace
On her tearful, smiling face.

Then a very tiny creature,
Exquisite in form and feature,
Suddenly before us stood,
Mantled like an elfin queen
In a glist'ning robe of green,
In the bosom of the wood;
With her face, just touched with color
Through the mist of dew upon it,
Peeping from a pink silk hood,
Like a floral wee Maud Muller,
In the coyest cottage bonnet,
In a merry, morning mood.

Fluttering her fragrant head,
Thus the little creature said:

"People call me 'Flower of May,'
But it is not truth they say:
April's fingers, light and bold,
Found me in the leafy mould;
Fed me morning, noon, and night,
Choicest bits of spring delight.
Thirst could never parch the lip
Having April's tears to sip.
Of her smile she made a lamp
For my toilette in the damp;
And each morn her warm caress
Wrought new beauties in my dress
She did all the work; the play
And reward are given to May.

"People say I'm passing fair;
Tell them it is April's care
Nursed me into graces rare.
Many call me, far and near,
Sweetest flow'r of all the year;
Tell them April's smile and tear
Made me hardy—made me sweet—"

"Hush!" sighed April; "May's light feet
Glow along the forest way;
I can see her golden hair,
Shedding blossoms on the air.
Shut your eyes, my darling; seem—
Never mind what people say—
First to waken from your dream
At the laughing voice of May."

HOW KAISER WILHELM'S SISTER WAS WON.

IT will be remembered that the Emperor William the First of Germany, immediately after the preliminaries of peace had been signed at Versailles, sent to St. Petersburg a telegram in which he expressed to the Czar his gratitude for the friendly attitude which Russia had maintained during the progress of the Franco-Prussian war, and in which he frankly admitted that Germany was indebted to this sincere friendship of her powerful Eastern neighbor for the comparatively limited dimensions of the gigantic conflict. Unquestionably the political interests of Russia, and, above all, her well-known policy in the Eastern question, have mainly contributed to her partiality for Prussia; but not an insignificant share in this partiality must also be attributed to personal considerations—to that near relationship which for upward of half a century has existed between the dynasties of Russia and Prussia; for Alexander the Second, the present Emperor of Russia, is a son of the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, the sister of the present Emperor of Germany.

The betrothal and marriage of this princess with Nicholas, who was then only a grand duke, but became afterward Emperor of Russia, forms one of the sweetest and most romantic love episodes in the world of European courts, which is usually so devoid of love and romance, and would, on that account alone, deserve being remembered, quite regardless of the historical interest which will henceforth adhere to all the members of the family of the conqueror of France.

Princess Charlotte was born in the year 1798, and was the eldest daughter of King Frederick William the Third of Prussia, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Queen Louisa. Her early childhood elapsed amidst scenes of terror and humiliation for the royal family of Prussia, and nobody would at that time have ventured to predict for her the brilliant career which Providence kept in store for this child, born and brought up under such fatal auspices. We might, indeed, make an exception in favor of her mother, who, with that prophetic intuition which seems to have been the distinguishing feature of that high-minded woman, wrote one day to her father, the Duke of Mecklenburg, the following lines about her daughter:

"Charlotte is given to silence and reserve, but under her apparent coldness she conceals a warm and loving heart. Her indifference and pride are but the dull outside of a diamond of the purest water, which some day will shine forth in its brilliant lustre. Her bearing and manners are noble and dignified. She has but few friends, but these few are warmly attached to her. I know her value, and predict for her a brilliant future, if she lives long enough."

The young princess was, indeed, a very frail and delicate creature—one of those tender flowers which seem to wait for the kind hand of the gardener to transplant them into a warmer clime. She was charming and handsome; but her beauty was rather that of a pale lily than that of a blooming rose.

Charlotte was just sixteen, when, in the year 1814, the Grand Duke Nicholas, on his way to the camp of the allied armies in France, passed through Berlin, and was warmly welcomed as an honored guest at the royal palace.

The description which those who saw and knew the grand duke at that time have given of the incomparable graces of his person and mind makes it easy for us to imagine that the heart of a young girl just budding into womanhood was captivated and charmed by him almost at first sight. Well he might have said, like Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered." The princess fell in love with him, and, fortunately for her, the young grand duke returned her love fully as passionately.

The Grand Duke Nicholas had the reputation of being one of the handsomest, if not the very handsomest man of his times; and his majestic and stately form, which measured no less than six feet and two inches, was considered unequaled in beauty, not only in Russia, but in all Europe. He was vigorous, strong, full of life and health, with broad shoulders and chest, while his small hands and feet were of the most aristocratic elegance; his whole figure realized the perfect model of manly and commanding beauty which the divine art of a sculptor of antiquity has immortalized under the features of the Apollo Belvedere. His features were of the Grecian cast—forehead and nose formed a straight line—and his large blue, sincere eyes showed a singular combination of composure, sternness, self-reliance, and pride, among which it would have been difficult for the observer to name the predominant expression. Those who would have looked closely and attentively into those remarkable eyes would have easily believed that their threatening glances would suffice to suppress a rebellion, to terrify and disarm a murderer, or to frighten away a supplicant; but there would have been but few to believe that the sternness of these eyes could ever be so entirely softened as to beam forth nothing but love and kindness. Among these few was, however, the young Prussian princess, who had drunk deep in their intoxicating fervor. It is true that she was the only person in the world in whose presence the Olympian gravity of his features gave way to a radiant cheerfulness, which made his manly beauty perfectly irresistible. In such moments his magnificent brow, always the seat of meditation and thought, exhibited the serene beauty and Attic grace of a young Athenian—the serious Pericles seemed, by the invisible wand of a magician, to have been transformed into the youthful Alcibiades.

Such is the flattering portrait which his contemporaries have drawn of the personal appearance of the Grand Duke Nicholas at the time of his arrival at Berlin.

At that time, however, the matchless personal charms of the grand duke were not enhanced by political prospects of the most exalted character. He was not even eventually considered an heir to the imperial crown of Russia. It is true, Alexander the First, his brother, had no children, but in the case of his death, which could not be expected soon, the Grand Duke Constantine was to inherit the throne of Peter the Great, and leave to Nicholas at best but the position of a first prince of the blood. Nevertheless, Frederick William, charmed alike by the beauty and intellect of his guest, and by the hope of uniting the sovereign houses of Prussia and Russia by the close ties of a family union, greeted the prospect of a marriage between the grand duke and his daughter with enthusiasm, especially when he discovered that the young folks themselves were very fond of each other.

The king then delicately insinuated to his daughter that if she had taken a liking to the grand duke, and had reason to believe that the prince entertained similar feelings toward her, their marriage would meet with no objection on his part.

But the young princess, although secretly delighting in a hope which so fully responded to the secret wishes of her heart, was either too proud or too bashful to confess to her father her love for the grand duke, who had not yet made any declaration to her.

In this manner the day approached on which the grand duke was to leave Berlin. On the eve of his departure a grand gala supper was given in his honor at the royal palace, and, by way of accident or policy, the young Princess Charlotte was seated by the side of her distinguished admirer.

The grand duke was uncommonly taciturn during the evening. His high forehead was clouded, and his gloomy eyes seemed to follow in the space vague phantoms flitting before his imagination. Repeatedly he neglected to reply to questions addressed to him, and when he was asked to respond to a toast which one of the royal princes had proposed in his honor, he seemed to awake from a profound dream which had entirely withdrawn him from his surroundings.

Suddenly, as if by a mighty effort of his will, he turned to his fair neighbor, and whispered so as only to be understood by her,

"So I shall leave Berlin to-morrow!"

He paused abruptly, and looked at the princess as if he was waiting for an answer which expressed sorrow and grief on her part. But the princess was fully as proud as the grand duke, and, overcoming the violent throbbing of her heart, she said politely to him:

"We are all very sorry to see your imperial highness leave us so soon. Would it not have been possible for you to defer your departure?"

"You will all be very sorry?" muttered the grand duke, not entirely satisfied with the vagueness of sorrow which these words of the princess implied. "But *you* in particular, madame?" he added, after some hesitation. "For it will depend on you alone whether I shall stay here or depart."

"Ah!" replied Charlotte, with her sweetest smile, "and what have I to do to keep your imperial highness here?"

"You must permit me to address my admiration and homage to you."

"Is that all?"

"And you must encourage me to please you."

"That is much more difficult," said the princess, with a deep blush, but at the same time her eyes beamed forth so much affection and delight that the prince could see at a glance that his fondest hopes had been realized beforehand.

"During my short stay at Berlin," the grand duke continued, in the same tone of voice, "I have taken pains to study your character and your affections, and this study has satisfied me that you would render me very happy, while on the other hand I have some qualities which would secure your own happiness."

The princess was overcome by emotion, and in her confusion did not know what to answer. At last she said, "But here, in the presence of the whole court, at the public table, you put such a question to me!"

"Oh," replied the prince, "you need not make any verbal reply. It will be sufficient for you to give me some pledge of your affection. I see there on your hand a small ring whose possession would make me very happy. Give it to me."

"What do you think of? Here in the presence of a hundred spectators?"

"Ah, it can be easily done without being seen by any body. Now we are chatting so quietly with each other that there is not one among the guests who suspects in the least what we are speaking about. Press the ring into a morsel of bread and leave it on the table; I will take the talisman, and nobody will notice it."

"This ring is really a talisman."

"I expected so. May I hope to hear its history?"

"Why not? My first governess was a Swiss lady by the name of Wildermatt. Once she went to Switzerland in order to enter upon an inheritance which had been bequeathed to her by a distant relative. When she came back to Berlin, a few weeks afterward, she showed me quite a collection of pretty and costly jewelry, which formed part of the inheritance. 'This is a curious old ring,' said I to her, as I put this old-fashioned little ring on my finger. 'Does it not look queer and cunning? Perhaps it is an old relic or talisman, and may have been worn centuries ago by a pious lady who had received it from her knight, starting for the Holy Land.' I tried to take the ring from my finger again, but I could not get it off; for I was a little fleshier then than now," said Charlotte, smilingly. "My governess insisted on my keeping the ring as a souvenir. I accepted her present, and the ring has been on my finger ever since. Some time afterward, when I was contemplating its strange workmanship, I succeeded in pulling it from my finger, and was much surprised at seeing engraved on the inside some words which, though nearly rubbed out by the wear of time, were still legible. Now, your imperial highness, what do you think were the words engraved upon it? I think when you hear them you will take some interest in the ring."

"Ah! and pray what were they?"

"The words engraved upon the inside were, '*Empress of Russia.*' This ring had undoubtedly been presented by an Empress of Russia to the relative of Mrs. Wildermatt, for I was told that both this lady and her mother had formerly belonged to the household of the czarina, your august grandmother."

"This is really remarkable," said the grand duke, thoughtfully. "I am quite superstitious, and am really inclined to regard this ring, if I should be happy enough to receive it from you as a pledge of your love, as an omen of very auspicious significance."

In answer to this second and even more direct appeal to her heart, the princess took a small piece of bread, played carelessly with it, and managed to press the ring deep into the soft crumbs. Then she dropped it playfully on the table quite close to the plate of her neighbor. And after this adroit exhibition of her skill as an actress she continued to eat as unconcernedly as if she had performed the most insignificant action of her life.

With the same apparent coolness and indifference the grand duke picked up the bread inclosing the ring, took the latter out of its ingenious envelope, and concealed it in his breast, for it was too small to fit any of his fingers. It was this ring—both the pledge of Charlotte's love and the auspicious omen of his own elevation to the imperial dignity—which Nicholas wore on a golden chain around his neck to the very last day of his life, and which, if we are not mistaken, has even descended with him into the vault of his ancestors.

Three years after, in 1817, Princess Charlotte, then only nineteen years of age, and in the full splendor of beauty and happiness, made her entry into St. Petersburg by the side of her husband, whose eye had never looked prouder, and whose Olympian brow had never been more serene, than at this happiest moment of his life. As he looked down upon the vast multitude which had flocked together from all parts of the vast empire to greet the young princess with shouts and rejoicings, and then again upon his fair young bride, perhaps the inscription of the ring recurred to his mind; for, bending his head quite close to the ear of Charlotte, he whispered, "Now empress of the hearts, and some day perhaps empress of the realm."

At this moment the procession reached the main entrance of the Winter Palace, where Alexander the First, the emperor, surrounded by a brilliant suite of generals and courtiers, came to meet his beautiful sister-in-law, and conducted her into the sumptuous drawing-rooms of the magnificent palace of the czars. Who would have believed that eight short years afterward the brilliant young emperor had breathed his last, and that Nicholas and Charlotte would succeed him on the throne of Russia? Truly the inscription of the engagement-ring had proven prophetic!

LIVING IN GERMANY.

MARKETING AND TABLE.

THE comparative poverty of the mass of the people in European countries compels an economy which we in the United States, with our common abundance, rarely approach. This is particularly so in the food and cookery. In Europe every where there is a nicety of adaptation of supply to demand, and an exhaustive use of material unknown to our prodigal larders and wasteful kitchens. There is enough thrown away or destroyed in the United States to sustain in health and vigor a population of many thousands. There are various articles of both animal and vegetable food which almost entirely support whole nations in Europe that our over-fastidious democracy will not deign to taste. Important, if not the chief, constituents of the daily soup and black bread which supply wholesome nourishment to the greater portion of the German people are swept away with the refuse of the mill, or cast into the dust-bin in America.

This economy of material and preparation is by no means confined to the poorest classes in Europe. The larders and kitchens of even the most luxurious livers are regulated with such a regard to saving that the humblest establishments with us might learn a lesson from them. The rich do not scorn to appropriate the benefits which the necessities of the poor have forced nature or art to disclose. There is, for example, that marvel of economical subsistence, that providential dispensation of strength, health, and life to the German soldier and laborer, the pea-sausage (*Erbse-wurst*)! Thus the most savory, nutritious, and wholesome food ever concocted is now almost universally adopted by all classes in Germany as an occasional article of diet, so that large families of dainty feeders can be daily seen feasting upon a soup of *Erbse-wurst*, the whole cost of which has barely amounted to a single half dime. Its excessive cheapness is undoubtedly a great commendation; but saving as the German people are of the contents of their purse, they are no less heedful about what they put into their stomachs, and take care to keep them well supplied with appetizing and substantial food. The soup, which supplies a large portion of the daily subsistence of all classes on the Continent, is not only a healthful and nutritious article of diet, but affords a ready means for the use of much animal and vegetable material which would be otherwise wasted, and is ordinarily with us cast into the swill-barrel. The mode of cutting the meat by the foreign butchers into smaller portions than is customary in the United States conduces greatly to economy in its use. The large joints which we deem essential to the dinner are expensive to cook, from the great fires they require, and the excessive waste they lead to in the consumption.

To derive the fullest benefit from the economy of life in Germany, it is necessary to conform

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more or less to the conditions upon which it depends. Americans, therefore, must not carry with them the habits acquired amidst the superfluous abundance and wasteful consumption of the prodigal establishments of their own country.

It is not only, however, that the mode of using food in Germany is favorable to economy, but most articles necessary for daily subsistence are generally cheaper on the continent of Europe than in the populous districts of the United States. For example, at Heidelberg, where our latest experience has been acquired, and the markets of which are by no means famous for their cheapness, as high prices are sustained by a constant influx of travelers, the average cost of all the necessaries of life is hardly more than half of that in New York. Beef of the ox, *Ochsenfleisch*, which is esteemed the best, is sold at thirteen or fourteen cents a pound. That of the cow, *Rindfleisch*, which is often good though less succulent and tender, costs only ten or eleven cents a pound; for cows, being used as beasts of burden, are, with the women, the hardest-worked creatures in Germany, and the texture of their flesh becomes necessarily coarse and tough. Mutton and pork sell at twelve cents, and veal, which is the favorite meat, costs but ten cents. Chickens, partridges, hares, and other varieties of game are abundant and cheap. Fish abounds in the Neckar, which flows through the city of Heidelberg, and the markets are always supplied with it at a very low price. Milk is three cents a quart, eggs sixteen cents a dozen, and butter twenty-four cents a pound; half a peck of potatoes costs twelve cents, and all other vegetables are to be obtained at equally moderate rates. Fruits are especially abundant at Heidelberg, and exceedingly good and cheap. Cherries in the height of the season are sold at the low price of two cents a pound; and pears, apples, and the smaller fruits seldom reach to a half of New York prices. Groceries are about as expensive as with us, but are generally used with stricter economy. The wines of the country are of so low a price that none need abstain from their use from motives of economy. A bottle of the finest of the whole duchy of Baden, of the choicest vintage, the *Markgräfler* costs but nineteen cents, and a very fair dinner wine can be had for ten cents. Nuts cost but six cents the hundred, and fair cigars can be bought for a dollar and a half the box; so the sybarite with the scantiest purse can indulge at Heidelberg in his wine and walnuts and cigar with a freedom of enjoyment that might be coveted in vain by the richest voluptuary of New York.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

By Miss BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER X.

LADY LAURA'S PREPARATIONS.

After that interview between Mr. Fairfax and his betrothed there was no time wasted. Laura Armstrong was enraptured at being made arbiter of the arrangements, and was all haste and eagerness, impetuosity and animation. The wedding was appointed for the second week in September, about five weeks from the period of that garden *tête-à-tête*. Lady Geraldine was to go to town for a week, attended only by her maid, to see her father, and to give the necessary orders for her trousseau. The business of settlements would be arranged between the family lawyers. There were no difficulties. Lady Geraldine had nothing, and Mr. Fairfax was inclined to be very generous. There was no prospect of squabbling or unpleasantness.

George Fairfax was to be away during this brief absence of his betrothed. He had an engagement with an old friend and brother officer who was wont to spend the autumn in a roughly comfortable shooting-box in the north of Scotland, and whom he had promised to visit before his marriage, as a kind of farewell to bachelorhood and bachelor friendship. There could be no other opportunity for the fulfillment of this promise, and it was better that Mr. Fairfax should be away while Lady Geraldine was in London. As the period of his marriage became imminent he had a vague feeling that he was an object of general attention, that every feminine eye, at any rate, was on him, and that the watch would be all the closer in the absence of his betrothed. No, he did not want to dawdle away a week (off duty) at Hale Castle. Never before had he yearned so for the rough freedom of Major Beaman's shooting-quarters, the noisy mirth of those rude Homeric feasts, half dinner, half supper, so welcome after a long day's sport, with a quiet rubber, perhaps, to wind up, and a brew of punch after a recondite recipe of the Major's, which he was facetiously declared to bear tattooed above the region of his heart. Mr. Fairfax had been two months at Hale when Lady Geraldine left on that dutiful visit to her father, and necessary interviewing of milliners and dress-makers; and he was, it is just possible, a little tired of decorous country-house life, with its weekly dinner-parties, and perpetual influx of county families to luncheon, and its unfailing croquet; and he felt, too, that at such a time it would be, perhaps, safer for him to be away from Clarissa Lovel.

Was there any real danger for him in her presence? If he asked himself this question nowadays, he was able to answer boldly in the negative. There might have been a time of peril, just one perilous interval when he was in some danger of stumbling; but he had pulled himself up in time, with an admirable discretion, he thought, and now felt as bold as a lion. After that morning with Lady Geraldine in the garden he had never wavered. He had not been less kind or polite to Miss Lovel; he had only made a point of avoiding any thing like that dangerous confidential friendship which had been so nearly arising between them.

Of course every guest at the Castle knew all about the intended wedding directly things had been finally arranged. Lady Laura was not given to the keeping of secrets, and this important fact she communicated to all her particular friends, with a radiant face and a most triumphant manner. The two Fermor girls and Clarissa she invited to remain at Hale till after the wedding, and to act as bride-maids.

"My sisters Emily and Louisa will make two more," she said; "and that pretty little Miss Trellis, Admiral Trellis's daughter, will be the sixth: I shall have only six. We'll have a grand discussion about the dresses to-morrow morning. I should like to strike out something original, if it were possible. We shall see what Madame Albertine proposes. I have written to ask her for her ideas; but a milliner's ideas are so *bornées*."

Lady Laura had obtained permission from her sister to enlist Clarissa in the ranks of the bride-maids.

"It would look so strange to exclude a pretty girl like that," she said. Whereupon Geraldine had replied rather coldly that she did not wish to do any thing that was strange, and that Miss Lovel was at liberty to be one of her bride-maids. She had studiously ignored the confession of jealousy made that night in her sister's dressing-room; nor had Laura ever presumed to make the faintest allusion to it. Things had gone so well since, and there seemed nothing easier than to forget that unwonted outbreak of womanly passion.

Clarissa heard the approaching marriage discussed with a strange feeling—a nameless, undefinable regret. It seemed to her that George Fairfax was the only person in her small world who really understood her, the only man who could have been her friend and counselor. It was a foolish fancy, no doubt, and had very little foundation in fact; but, argue with herself as she might against her folly, she could not help feeling that this marriage was in somewise a calamity for her. She was quite sure that Lady Geraldine did not like her, and that, as Lady Geraldine's husband, George Fairfax could not be her friend. She thought of this a great deal in those busy weeks before the wedding, and wondered at the heaviness of her heart in these days. What was it that she had lost? As she had wondered a little while ago at the brightness of her life, she wondered now at its darkness. It seemed as if all the color had gone out of her existence all at once; as if she had been wandering for a little while in some enchanted region, and found herself now suddenly thrust forth from the gates of that fairy paradise upon the bleak outer world. The memory of her troubles came back to her with a sudden sharpness. She had almost forgotten them of late—her brother's exile and disgrace, her father's coldness, all that made her fate dreary and hopeless. She looked forward to the future with a shudder. What had she to hope for—now?

It was the last week in August when Lady Geraldine went up to London, and George Fairfax hurried northward to his friend's aerie. The trousseau had been put in hand a day or two after the final settlement of affairs, and the post had carried voluminous letters of instruction from Lady Laura to the milliners, and had brought back little parcels containing snippings of dainty fabrics, scraps of laces, and morsels of delicate silk, in order that colors and materials might be selected by the bride. Every thing was in progress, and Lady Geraldine was only wanted for the adjustment of those more important details which required personal supervision.

If Clarissa Lovel could have escaped from all this pleasant bustle and confusion, from the perpetual consultations and discussions which Lady Laura held with all her favorites upon the subject of the coming marriage—if she could by any means have avoided all these, and, above all, her honorable office of bride-maid—she would most gladly have done so. A sudden yearning for the perfect peace, the calm eventless days, of her old life at Mill Cottage had taken possession of her. In a moment, as if by some magical change, the glory and delight of that brilliant existence at the Castle seemed to have vanished away. There were the same pleasures, the same people; but the very atmosphere was different, and she began to feel like those other girls whose dullness of soul she had wondered at a little while ago.

"I suppose I enjoyed myself too much when first I came here," she thought, perplexed by this change in herself. "I gave myself up too entirely to the novelty of this gay life, and have used up my capacity for enjoyment, almost like those girls who have gone through half a dozen London seasons."

When Lady Geraldine and George Fairfax were gone it seemed to Clarissa that the Castle had a vacant air without them. The play still went on, but the chief actors had vanished from the scene. Miss Lovel had allowed herself to feel an almost morbid interest in Mr. Fairfax's betrothed. She had watched Lady Geraldine from day to day, half unconsciously, almost in spite of herself, wondering whether she really loved her future husband, or whether this alliance were only the dreary simulacrum she had read of in fashionable novels—a marriage of convenience. Lady Laura had certainly declared that her sister was much attached to Mr. Fairfax; but then, in an artificial world where such a mode of marrying and giving in marriage obtained, it would obviously be the business of the bride's relatives to affect a warm belief in her affection for the chosen victim. In all her watching Clarissa had never surprised one outward sign of Geraldine Challoner's love. It was very difficult for a warm-hearted, impulsive girl to believe in the possibility of any depth of feeling beneath that coldly placid manner. Nor did she perceive in Mr. Fairfax himself many of those evidences of affection which she would have expected from a man in his position. It was quite true that as the time of his marriage drew near he devoted himself more and more exclusively to his betrothed; but Clarissa could not help fancying, among her many fancies about these two people, that there was something formal and ceremonial in his devotion; that he had, at the best, something of the air of a man who was doing his duty. Yet it would have seemed absurd to doubt the reality of his attachment to Lady Geraldine, or to fear the result of an engagement that had grown out of a friendship which had lasted for years. The chorus of friends at Hale Castle were never tired of dwelling upon this fact, and declaring what a beautiful and perfect arrangement such a marriage was. It was only Lizzie Fermor who, in moments of confidential converse with Clarissa, was apt to elevate her expressive eyebrows and impertinent little nose, and to make disrespectful comments upon the subject of Lady Geraldine's engagement—remarks which Miss Lovel felt it in some manner her duty to parry by a warm defense of her good friend's sister.

"You are such a partisan, Clarissa," Miss Fermor would exclaim, impatiently; "but, take my word for it, that woman only marries George Fairfax because she feels she has come to the end of her chances, and that this is about the last opportunity she may have of making a decent marriage."

The engaged couple were to be absent only a week: that was a settled point; for on the very day after that arranged for their return there was to be a ball at Hale Castle—the first real ball of the season—an event which would, of course, lose half its glory if Lady Geraldine and her lover were missing. So Laura Armstrong had been most emphatic in her parting charge to George Fairfax.

"Remember, George, however fascinating your bachelor friends may be—and, of course, we know that nothing *we* have to offer you in a civilized way can be so delightful as roughing it in a Highland bothy (bothy is what you call your cottage, isn't it?) with a tribe of wild sportsmen—you are to be back in time for my ball on the twenty-fifth. I shall never forgive you if you fail me."

"My dear Lady Laura, I would perish in the struggle to be up to time rather than be such a caitiff. I would do the journey on foot, like Jeanie Deans, rather than incur the odium of disappointing so fair a hostess."

And upon this Mr. Fairfax departed, with a gayer aspect than he had worn of late, almost as if it had been a relief to him to get away from Hale Castle.

Lady Laura had a new set of visitors coming, and was full of the business involved in their reception. She was not a person who left every arrangement to servants, numerous and skillful as her staff was. She liked to have a finger in every pie, and it was one of her boasts that no department of the household was without her supervision. She would stop in the middle of a page of Tasso to enter with as much ardor into the discussion of the day's bill of fare with her cook; and that functionary had enough to do to gratify my lady's eagerness for originality and distinction even in the details of her dinner-table.

"My good Volavent," she would say, tossing the poor man's list aside, with a despairing shrug of her shoulders, "all these *entrées* are as old as the hills. I am sure Adam must have had stewed pigeons with green pease, and fricasseed chicken with mushrooms—they are the very A, B, C of cookery. Do, pray, strike out something a little newer. Let me see: I copied the *menu* of a dinner at St. Petersburg from 'Count Cralonzki's Diary of his own Times,' the other day, on purpose to show you. There really are some ideas in it. Do look it over, Volavent, and see if it will inspire you. You must try to rise above the level of a West End hotel."

In the same manner did my lady supervise the gardens, to the affliction of the chief official and his dozen or so of underlings. To have the first peaches and the last grapes in the county of York, to decorate her table with the latest marvel in pitcher-plants and rare butterfly-shaped orchids, was Lady Laura's ambition; to astonish morning visitors with new effects in the garden her unceasing desire. Nor within-doors was her influence less actively exercised. Drawing-rooms and boudoirs, morning-rooms and bed-chambers, were always undergoing some improving touch, some graceful embellishment, inspired by that changeful fancy. When new visitors were expected at the Castle Lady Laura flitted about their rooms, inspecting every arrangement, and thinking of the smallest minutiæ. She would even look into the rooms prepared for the servants on these occasions, to be sure that nothing was wanting for their comfort. She liked the very maids and valets to go away and declare there was no place so pleasant as Hale Castle. Perhaps when people had been to her two or three times, she was apt to grow a little more careless upon these points. To dazzle and astonish was her chief delight, and, of course, it is somewhat difficult to dazzle old friends.

In the two days after Geraldine Challoner's departure Lady Laura was in her gayest mood. She had a delightful air of mystery in her converse with Clarissa, would stop suddenly sometimes in the midst of her discourse to kiss the girl, and would contemplate her for a few moments with her sweetest smile.

"My dear Lady Laura, what pleasant subject are you thinking about?" Clarissa asked, wonderingly: "I am sure there is something. You have such a mysterious air to-day, and one would think by your manner that I must be concerned in this mystery."

"And suppose you were, Clary—suppose I were plotting for your happiness? But no; there is really nothing; you must not take such silly fancies into your head. You know how much I love you, Clary—as much as if you were a younger sister of my own; and there is nothing I would not do to secure your happiness."

Clarissa shook her head sadly.

"My dear Lady Laura, good and generous as you are, it is not in your power to do that," she said, "unless you could make my father love me, or bring my brother happily home."

"Or give you back Arden Court?" suggested Lady Laura, smiling.

"Ah, that is the wildest dream of all! But I would not even ask Providence for that. I would be content if my father loved me—if we were only a happy united family."

"Don't you think your father would be a changed man, if he could get back his old home somehow? The loss of that must have soured him a good deal."

"I don't know about that. Yes, of course, that loss does weigh upon his mind; but even when we were almost children he did not seem to care much for my brother Austin or me. He was not like other fathers."

"His money troubles may have oppressed him even then. The loss of Arden Court might have been a foreseen calamity."

"Yes, it may have been so. But there is no use in thinking of that. Even if papa were rich enough to buy it, Mr. Granger would never sell the Court."

"Sell it!" repeated Lady Laura, meditatively; "well, perhaps not. One could hardly expect him to do that—a place for which he has done so much. But one never knows what may happen. I have really seen such wonderful changes come to pass among friends and acquaintances of mine that scarcely any thing would astonish me—no, Clary, not if I were to see you mistress of Arden Court."

And then Lady Laura kissed her protégée once more with effusion, and anon dipped her brush in the carmine, and went on with the manipulation of a florid initial in her missal—a fat Gothic M, interlaced with ivy leaves and holly.

"You haven't asked me who the people are that I am expecting this afternoon," she said, presently, with a careless air.

"My dear Lady Laura, if you were to tell me their names, I don't suppose I should be any wiser than I am now. I know so few people."

"But you do know these—or at least you know all about them. My arrivals to-day are Mr. and Miss Granger."

Clarissa gave a faint sigh, and bent a little lower over her work.

"Well, child, are you not surprised? have you nothing to say?" cried Lady Laura, rather impatiently.

"I—I dare say they are very nice people," Clarissa answered, nervously. "But the truth is—I know you must despise me for such folly—I can not help associating them with our loss, and I have a kind of involuntary dislike of them. I have never so much as seen them, you know—not even at church; for they drive into Holborough every Sunday, and never come to our dear little church at Arden; and it is very childish and absurd of me, no doubt, but I don't think I ever could like them."

"It *is* very absurd of you, Clary," returned my lady; "and if I could be angry with you for any thing, it certainly would be for this unjust prejudice against people I want you to like. Think what a nice companion Miss Granger would be for you when you are at home—so near a neighbor, and really a very superior girl."

"I don't want a companion; I am used to being alone."

"Well, well, when you come to know her, you will like her very much, I dare say, in spite of yourself; that will be my triumph. I am bent upon bringing about friendly relations between your father and Mr. Granger."

"You will never do that, Lady Laura."

"I don't know. I have a profound faith in my own ideas."

CHAPTER XI.

DANIEL GRANGER.

After luncheon that day Clarissa lost sight of Lady Laura. The Castle seemed particularly quiet on this afternoon. Nearly every one was out-of-doors playing croquet; but Clarissa had begun to find croquet rather a wearisome business of late, and had excused herself on the plea of letters to write. She had not begun her letter-writing yet, however, but was wandering about the house in a purposeless way—now standing still for a quarter of an hour at a time, looking out of a window without being in the least degree conscious of the landscape she was looking at, and then pacing slowly up and down the long picture-gallery with a sense of relief in being alone.

At last she roused herself from this absent, dreamy state.

"I am too idle to write this afternoon," she thought. "I'll go to the library and get a book."

The Hale library was Clarissa's delight. It was a noble collection gathered by dead-and-gone owners of the Castle, and filled up with all the most famous modern works at the bidding of Mr. Armstrong, who gave his bookseller a standing order to supply every thing that was proper, and rarely for his own individual amusement or instruction had recourse to any shelf but one, which contained neat editions of the complete works of the Druid and Mr. Apperley, the "Life of Assheton Smith," and all the volumes of the original *Sporting Magazine*, bound in crimson Russia. These, with *Ruff's Guide*, the *Racing Calendar*, and a few volumes on farriery, supplied Mr. Armstrong's literary necessities. But to Cla-

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rissa, for whom books were at once the pleasure and consolation of life, this library seemed a treasure-house of inexhaustible delights. Her father's collection was of the choicest, but limited. Here she found every thing she had ever heard of, and a whole world of literature she had never dreamed of. She was not by any means a pedant or a blue-stocking, and it was naturally among the books of a lighter class she found the chief attraction; but she was better read than most girls of her age, and better able to enjoy solid reading.

To-day she was out of spirits, and came to the library for some relief from those vaguely painful thoughts that had oppressed her lately. The room was so little affected by my lady's butterfly guests that she made sure of having it all to herself this afternoon, when the voices and laughter of the croquet-players, floating in at the open windows, told her that the sport was still at its height.

She went into the room, and stopped suddenly a few paces from the door-way. A gentleman was standing before the wide, empty fire-place, where there was a great dog-stove of iron-work and brass which consumed about half a ton of coal a day in winter—a tall, ponderous-looking man, with his hands behind him, glancing downward with cold gray eyes, but not in the least degree inclining his stately head, to listen to Lady Laura Armstrong, who was seated on a sofa near him, fanning herself and prattling gayly, after her usual vivacious manner.

Clarissa started and drew back at sight of this tall stranger.

"Mr. Granger," she thought, and tried to make her escape without being seen.

The attempt was a failure. Lady Laura called to her.

"Who is that in a white dress? Miss Lovel, I am sure.—Come here, Clary: what are you running away for? Let me present you to my friend Mr. Granger.—Mr. Granger this is Miss Lovel, the Miss Lovel whose home and birthright fortune has given to you."

Mr. Granger bowed rather stiffly, and with the air of a man to whom a bow was a matter of business.

"I regret," he said, "to have robbed Miss Lovel of a home to which she was attached. I regret still more that she will not avail herself of my desire to consider the park and grounds entirely at her disposal on all occasions. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see her use the place as if it were her own."

"And nothing could be kinder than such a wish on your part," exclaimed my lady, approvingly.

Clarissa lifted her eyes rather shyly to the rich man's face. He was not a connoisseur in feminine loveliness, but they struck him at once as very fine eyes. He was a connoisseur in pictures, and no mean judge of them, and those brilliant hazel eyes of Clarissa's reminded him of a portrait by Velasquez of which he was particularly proud.

"You are very kind," she murmured; "but—but there are some associations too painful to bear. The park would remind me so bitterly of all I have lost since I was a child."

She was thinking of her brother and his disgrace—or misfortune; she did not even know which of these two it was that had robbed her of him. Mr. Granger looked at her wonderingly. Her words and manner seemed to betray a deeper feeling than he could have supposed involved in the loss of an estate. He was not a man of sentiment himself, and had gone through life affected only by its sternest realities. There was something rather too Rosa-Matildaish for his taste in this faltered speech of Clarissa's; but he thought her a very pretty girl, nevertheless, and was inclined to look somewhat indulgently upon a weakness he would have condemned without compunction in his daughter. Mr. Granger was a man who prided himself upon his strength of mind, and he had a very poor idea of the aristocratic, exclusive recluse whose early extravagance had made him master of Arden Court. He had not seen Mr. Lovel half a dozen times in his life, for all business between those two that could be transacted by their respective lawyers had been so transacted; but what he had seen of that pale care-worn face, that fragile figure, and somewhat irritable manner, had led the ponderous, strong-minded Daniel Granger to consider Marmaduke Lovel a very poor creature.

He was interested in this predecessor of his, nevertheless. A man must be harder than stone who can usurp another man's home, and sit by another man's hearth-stone, without giving some thought to the exile he has ousted. Daniel Granger was not so hard as that, and he did profoundly pity the ruined gentleman he had deposed. Perhaps he was still more inclined to pity the ruined gentleman's only daughter, who must needs suffer for the sins and errors of others.

"Now pray don't run away, Clary," cried Lady Laura, seeing Clarissa moving toward the door, as if still anxious to escape. "You came to look for some books, I know.—Miss Lovel is a very clever young lady, I assure you, Mr. Granger, and has read immensely.—Sit down, Clary. You shall take away an armful of books by-and-by, if you like."

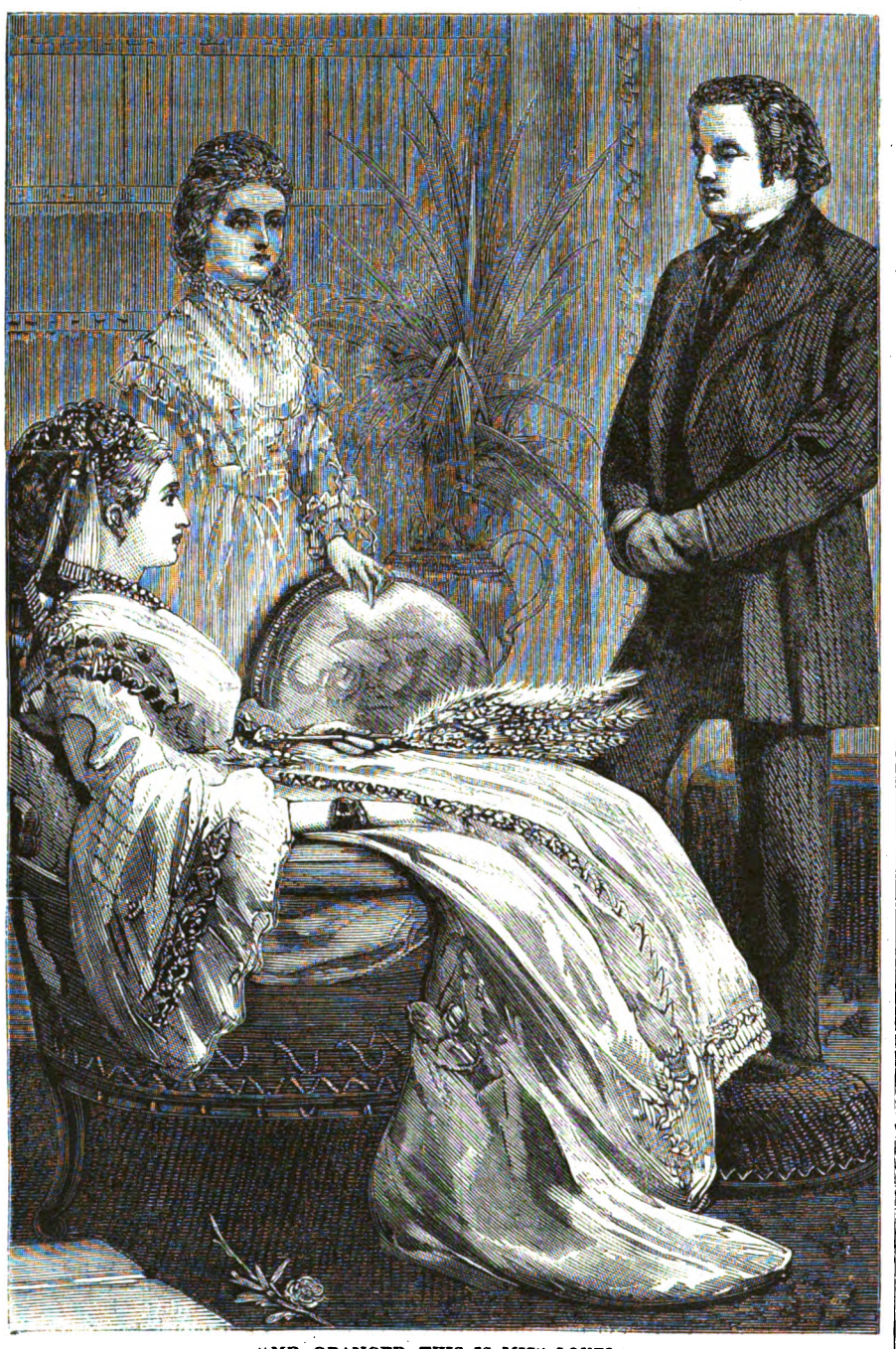
Clarissa seated herself near my lady's sofa with a gracious, submissive air, which the owner of Arden Court thought a rather pretty kind of thing, in its way. He had a habit of classifying all young women in a general way with his own daughter, as if in possessing that one specimen of the female race he had a key to the whole species. His daughter was obedient; it was one of her chief virtues; but, somehow, there was not quite such a graceful air in her small concessions as he perceived in this little submission of Miss Lovel's.

Mr. Granger was rather a silent man; but my lady rattled on gayly in her accustomed style, and while that perennial stream of small-talk flowed on Clarissa had leisure to observe the usurper.

He was a tall man, six feet high, perhaps, with a powerful and somewhat bulky frame, broad shoulders, a head erect and firmly planted as an obelisk, and altogether an appearance which gave a general idea of strength. He was not a bad-looking man, by any means. His features were large and well cut; the mouth firm as iron, and unshadowed by beard or mustache; the eyes gray and clear, but very cold. Such a man could surely be cruel, Clarissa thought, with an inward shudder. He was a man who would have looked grand in a judge's wig; a man whose eyes and eyebrows, lowered upon some trembling delinquent, might have been almost as awful as Lord Thurlow's. Even his own light brown hair, faintly streaked with gray, which he wore rather long, had something of a leonine air.

He listened to Lady Laura's trivial discourse with a manner which was no doubt meant to be gracious, but with no great show of interest. Once he went so far as to remark that the Castle gardens were looking very fine for so advanced a season, and attended politely to my lady's rather diffuse account of her triumphs in the orchid line.

"I don't pretend to understand much about those things," he said, in his stately far-off way, as if he lived in some world quite remote from Lady Laura's, and of a superior rank in the catalogue of worlds. "They are pretty and curious, no doubt. My daughter interests herself considerably in that sort of thing. We have a good deal of glass at Arden—more than I care about. My head man tells me that I must have grapes and pines all the year round; and, since he insists upon it, I submit. But I imagine that a good many more of his pines find their way to Covent Garden than to my table."



"MR. GRANGER, THIS IS MISS LOVEL."

Clarissa remembered the old kitchen-gardens at the Court in her father's time, when the whole extent of "glass" was comprised by a couple of dilapidated cucumber-frames, and a queer little green-house in a corner, where she and her brother had made some primitive experiments in horticulture, and where there was a particular race of spiders, the biggest specimens of the spidery species it had ever been her horror to encounter.

"I wonder whether the little green-house is there still," she thought. "Oh no, no; battered down to the ground, of course, by this pompous man's order. I don't suppose I should know the dear old place if I were to see it now."

"You are fond of botany, I suppose, Miss Lovel?" Mr. Granger asked, presently, with a palpable effort. He was not an adept in small-talk; and though in the course of years of dinner-eating and dinner-giving he had been frequently called upon to address his conversation to young ladies, he never opened his lips to one of the class without a sense of constraint and an obvious difficulty. He had all his life been most at home in men's society, where the talk was of grave things, and was no bad talker when the question in hand was either commercial or political. But as a rich man can not go through life without being cultivated more or less by the frivolous herd, Mr. Granger had been compelled to conform himself somehow to the requirements of civilized society, and to talk, in his stiff, bald way, of things which he neither understood nor cared for.

"I am fond of flowers," Clarissa answered, "but I really know nothing of botany. I would always rather paint them than anatomize them."

"Indeed! Painting is a delightful occupation for a young lady. My daughter sketches a little, but I can not say that she has any remarkable talent that way. She has been well taught, of course."

"You will find Miss Lovel quite a first-rate artist," said Lady Laura, pleased to praise her favorite. "I really know no one of her age with such a marked genius for art. Every body observes it." And then, half afraid that this praise might seem to depreciate Miss Granger, the good-natured châtelaine went on: "Your daughter illuminates, I dare say?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so, Lady Laura. I know that Sophia does some messy kind of work involving the use of gums and colors. I have seen her engaged in it sometimes. And there are scriptural texts on the walls of our poor-schools which I conclude are her work. A young woman can not have too many pursuits. I like to see my daughter occupied."

"Miss Granger reads a good deal, I suppose, like Clarissa?" Lady Laura hazarded.

"No, I can not say that she does. My daughter's habits are active and energetic rather than studious. Nor should I encourage her in giving much time to literature, unless the works she read were of a very solid character. I have never found any thing great achieved by reading men of my own acquaintance; and directly I hear that a man is never so happy as in his library, I put him down as a man whose life will be a failure."

"But the great men of our day have generally been men of wide reading, have they not?"

"I think not, Lady Laura. They have been men who have made a little learning go a long way. Of course there are numerous exceptions among the highest class of all—statesmen, and so on. But for success in active life, I take it, a man can not have his brain too clear of waste rubbish in the way of book-learning. He wants all his intellectual coin in his current account, you see, ready for immediate use, not invested in out-of-the-way corners, where he can't get at it."

While Mr. Granger and my lady were arguing this question, Clarissa went to the book-shelves and amused herself hunting for some attractive volumes. Daniel Granger followed the slender girlish figure with curious eyes. Nothing could have been more unexpected than this meeting with Marmaduke Lovel's daughter. He had done his best, in the first year or so of his residence at the Court, to cultivate friendly relations with Mr. Lovel, and had most completely failed in that well-meant attempt. Some men in Mr. Granger's position might have been piqued by this coldness. But Daniel Granger was not such a one; he was not given to undervalue the advantage of his friendship or patronage. A career of unbroken prosperity, and a character by nature self-contained and strong-willed, combined to sustain his belief in himself He could not for a moment conceive that Mr. Lovel declined his acquaintance as a thing not worth having. He therefore concluded that the banished lord of Arden felt his loss too keenly to endure to look upon his successor's happiness, and he pitied him accordingly. It would have been the one last drop of bitterness in Marmaduke Lovel's cup to know that this man did pity him. Having thus failed in cultivating any thing approaching intimacy with the father, Mr. Granger was so much the more disposed to feel an interest—half curious, half compassionate—in the daughter. From the characterless ranks of young-ladyhood this particular damsel stood out with unwonted distinctness. He found his mind wandering a little as he tried to talk with Lady Laura. He could not help watching the graceful figure yonder, the slim white-robed figure, standing out so sharply against the dark background of carved oaken book-shelves.

Clarissa selected a couple of volumes to carry away with her presently, and then came back to her seat by Lady Laura's sofa. She did not want to appear rude to Mr. Granger, or to disoblige her kind friend, who, for some reason or other, was evidently anxious she should remain, or she would have been only too glad to run away to her own room.

The talk went on. My lady was confidential, after her manner, communicating her family affairs to Daniel Granger as freely as she might have done if it had been an uncle or an executor. She told him about her sister's approaching marriage and George Fairfax's expectations.

"They will have to begin life upon an income that I dare say *you* would think barely sufficient for bread and cheese," she said.

Mr. Granger shook his head, and murmured that his own personal requirements could be satisfied for thirty shillings a week.

"I dare say. It is generally the case with millionaires. They give four hundred a year to a cook, and dine upon a mutton-chop or a boiled chicken. But really Mr. Fairfax and Geraldine will be almost poor at first: only my sister has, fortunately, no taste for display, and George must have sown all his wild oats by this time. I expect them to be a model couple, they are so thoroughly attached to each other."

Clarissa opened one of her volumes and bent over it at this juncture. Was this really true? Did Lady Laura believe what she said? Was that problem which she had been perpetually trying to solve lately so very simple, after all, and only a perplexity to her own weak powers of reason? Lady Laura must be the best judge, of course, and she was surely too warm-hearted a woman to take a conventional view of things, or to rejoice in a mere marriage of convenience. No, it must be true. They really did love each other, these two, and that utter absence of all those small signs and tokens of attachment which Clarissa had expected to see was only a characteristic of good taste. That which she had taken for coldness was merely a natural reserve, which at once proved their superior breeding, and rebuked her own vulgar curiosity.

From the question of the coming marriage Lady Laura flew to the lighter subject of the ball.

"I hope Miss Granger has brought a ball dress. I told her all about our ball in my last note."

"I believe she has provided herself for the occasion," replied Mr. Granger. "I know there was an extra trunk, to which I objected when my people were packing the luggage. Sophia is not usually extravagant in the matter of dress. She has a fair allowance, of course, and liberty to exceed it on occasion; but I believe she spends more upon her school-children and pensioners in the village than on her toilette."

"Your ideas on the subject of costume are not quite so wide as Mr. Brummel's, I suppose," said my lady. "Do you remember his reply when an anxious mother asked him what she ought to allow her son for dress?"

Mr. Granger did not spoil my lady's delight in telling an anecdote by remembering; and he was a man who would have conscientiously declared his familiarity with the story had he known it.

"'It might be done on eight hundred a year, madam,' replied Brummel, 'with the strictest economy.'"

Mr. Granger gave a single-knock kind of laugh.

"Curious fellow, that Brummel," he said. "I remember seeing him at Caen, when I was traveling as a young man."

And so the conversation meandered on, my lady persistently lively in her pleasant, commonplace way, Mr. Granger still more commonplace, and not at all lively. Clarissa thought that hour and a half in the library the longest she had ever spent in her life. How different from that afternoon in the same room when George Fairfax had looked at his watch and declared the Castle bell must be wrong!

That infallible bell rang at last—a welcome sound to Clarissa, and perhaps not altogether unwelcome to Lady Laura and Mr. Granger, who had more than once sympathized in a smothered yawn.

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"I SHOULD LIKE ABOVE ALL THINGS TO GO WITH YOU THERE; BUT REALLY AND TRULY—I'VE NOTHING TO WEAR."

[The following popular poem, which originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for February 7, 1857, is here reprinted by request. The many readers who admire the style and wit of this sparkling satire will be interested to learn that *Harper's Magazine* for June will contain a new poem by Mr. BUTLER, entitled "GENERAL AVERAGE," with original illustrations. It is a humorous story of New York mercantile life; and the conductors of the *Magazine* believe its popularity will equal that of "NOTHING TO WEAR:"]

NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

BY WM. ALLEN BUTLER.

Miss FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern—
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer *Ardgo*
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marveled no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods bealde,
Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her "heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.

On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade"—
(Second turn up of nose) "That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"
"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguy dress-maker
Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich *grenadine*"—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation;
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here *I ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling,
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretense—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher),
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder,
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obe-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up stairs, in my own easy-chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising.
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without any thing new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.

In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.
In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were ingulfed, not friend or relation
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Can not find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practiced upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Blue-beards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance.
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear;
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up Humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? or won't Peter Cooper
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of honor and fame;
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

"SEE THOSE SKELETON LIMBS, THOSE FROST-BITTEN FEET, ALL BLEEDING AND BRUISED BY THE STONES OF THE STREET."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G.—Drape your skirt over a black silk skirt. It is not necessary to have a puff on the under-skirt. Sashes will be very little worn.

SHAGPOT.—Braid your little salmon-colored suit with white. A white straw turban or a cottage bonnet of white silk all studded with white field daisies with yellow centres would be pretty with this dress.

IMPATIENCE.—Your suggestions are good. Side pleatings of Swiss muslin edged with patent Valenciennes are more used on silk dresses than puffs of Swiss. A white chip gypsy trimmed with pale blue, and a long black dotted net veil.—We do not give premiums.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We always advise muslin in preference to tarlatan or grenadine for graduating dresses. Read Girls' White Dresses in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

M.—Make a black cashmere suit by pattern of Short-Sacque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. The sacque and over-skirt of cashmere, the under-skirt of silk. Talmas will be worn in the street. Short basques are worn with long over-skirts.

H. K. D.—English mohair and yak cloth are as thick as alpaca, and are silky and dressy-looking. You can also have grenadines over silk. Cheap grenadines, black striped with white, are being made up at small cost. You will find piqué almost as warm as alpaca.

MOTHER.—Answers to all your queries about children's clothing are embodied in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. IV.

HOBOK.—We think that the "Moon Hoax" was republished some time since, at the death of the author, Locke, but presume that it is now out of print. You can find it at the libraries.

CHERRY BLOSSOM.—You should take leave of your guests in the parlor, and not accompany them to the door, leaving other friends alone, even for a moment.

KNOW NOTHING.—If the asparagus exceeds fourteen inches and three-fourths in length, it should by all means be held between the finger and thumb and eaten gradually and gracefully. The head should not be thrown back at a greater angle than forty-five degrees.—The victim of a "surprise party" will doubtless manifest no surprise at supplementary calls. It is not necessary to make party calls on a gentleman unless he is out of employment.

"GEORGE ELIOT."—The author of "Adam Bede" is the wife of G. H. Lewes. Her maiden name was Marian Evans.

MOBILE, ALA.—The meaning of Mr. Nast's picture, "Marriage à la Mode," seems to us so obvious that he who runs may read. Every one knows how the King of Siam, when he wishes to ruin a man, presents him with a white elephant. The sacred animal, which can neither be killed nor sold, and which consumes daily as much as a small village, soon brings the unfortunate owner to poverty. It is a repetition of the old story of the girl who betrayed the gate of the city to the Roman soldiers for the ornaments, meaning the gold bracelets, they wore on their arms. Affecting to misunderstand her, they flung their bucklers on her in passing and crushed her to death.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.—It is *not* proper for a schoolgirl of fifteen to receive attentions from young gentlemen, and decidedly indecorous to allow them to kiss her hand. Indeed, the freedom of manners displayed by school-girls in this respect, and the waste of the precious time which should be devoted to their education prior to their entrance into society, make one wish at times to immure the whole race till they should have gained some education, with the wisdom and delicacy which spring from it.

WILL.—Have you not seen our refusal to instruct our readers in the art of handkerchief or other flirtations? Those who are not adepts already in this sort of knowledge will be none the better for the teaching.

ISABELLA S.—If you have not self-control enough to avoid disfiguring your nails by biting them, we advise you to get some kind friend to tie your hands till you are cured of this bad habit.—We do not vouch for the advertisements in our columns, and can tell you nothing about the article in question.

J. A. S.—If it is *your* engagement-ring that the lady has worn for eight or nine months, and then removed, we advise you not to take it for granted that the engagement is thereby broken without further assurance; and if the engagement-ring was placed on her finger by some one else, we really can not see how you are concerned in the matter.

POOR AND PROUD.—We think that ordinary aptness and a good common-school education would be sufficient prerequisites for the study of telegraphy. We can not tell you precisely how long it would take to learn it, or whether there is a school for ladies in Ohio. Address your questions to Harper & Brothers.

INVALID READER.—Helen and Iphigenia are the first two personages alluded to in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

MRS. PHILIP P. C.—You can order the binder from a stationer.

L. M.—We supply back numbers of the *Bazar* for ten cents a copy.

M. H. W.—Your summer serge polonaise can be stylishly trimmed with bias silk bands without fringe, and the polonaise costume is also worn in the house. See New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV.

MRS. LAURA H.—If your letters have not been answered individually, and are not yet awaiting room for insertion, we have included replies in the New York Fashions.—*Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., will tell you how to trim a lavender silk, and No. 17 will describe the lining and other details of grenadine suits.

J. N.—Make your suit by the apron-polonaise pattern sent you. Trim polonaise with two bias silk bands, and flounce the skirts.

A. B.—A visit to Niagara Falls is the favorite bridal trip.—The third finger of the left hand is the wedding-ring finger. Bride and groom wear gloves alike during the ceremony; gray or brown gloves for traveling. Bonnets are worn to church; hats are losing favor.

M. B. G.—Get gros grain to match your dress for an over-skirt. Striped linens are sold here for forty cents a yard. Get gray mohair or heavy undressed linen for your traveling suit, and make by pattern of Short-Sacque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. A black Neapolitan gypsy bonnet would be becoming and stylish.

L. W. K.—Your ideas about the braces are correct.

C. A. C.—Make little girl's merino dress with basque and two skirts like patterns in Supplement of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV. Trim with bias silk bands. Make young lady's suit with short sacque and over-skirt by cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Young ladies wear straw gypsy bonnets and long black net veils.—Your patterns were sent on receipt of order. If they did not reach you, they must have been lost in the mails, for which we are not responsible.

ELLA D.—Long over-skirts and short basques will continue to be worn.

JENNIE S. D.—Black under-skirts and gray polonaises are still fashionable. Flounce the lower skirt, and put a plain bias silk band on the upper.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—For your black alpaca suit use cut paper pattern of Short-Sacque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Ruffles will be worn all summer.

MATTIE A.—It is not positively necessary to issue cards for a quiet wedding. New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 14, Vol. IV., will enlighten you.—Get white organdy or else Chambery gauze.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Small checked silks are more stylish than the largest size of your samples; but stripes are preferable to any check.

BRUNETTE.—Carry your handkerchief in your pocket, except for full dress occasions, when a handkerchief chain is used.

MRS. S. L. G.—For making grenadine suit consult New York Fashions of the last *Bazar*.

R. T. D.—Make black suit by pattern sent you, trimming with ruffles and lace. To make a suit of your gray dress shorten the skirt, and trim with brown flounces of the same material. Then make apron-polonaise of the brown fabric, trimmed with ruffles of the same.

M. C. C.—A black Irish poplin for an elderly lady will look well made by pattern of Short-Sacque Suit in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Trim with bands of silk, fringe, and a deep flounce.

ALICE.—Trim your alpaca with bias gathered ruffles of the same. For the brown goods use bias bands piped with silk.

JANE.—Make your white alpaca with postillion-basque, simple upper skirt, and slight train. Trim with bias folds of the same piped with white silk. Cut the neck of the basque pointed, and put a standing quilling of lace inside.—We do not give addresses in this column.

MRS. M. L. P.—Make your pretty undressed cambric by pattern of Short-Sacque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Trim with scant, straight ruffles edged with narrow bias fluted ruffles of the same.

H. L.—For your black silk suit use the pattern of Postillion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. Trim with ruffles and thread lace. You should have a basque and long over-skirt for your green poplin. Bias bands of silk with fringe for trimming.

GYPSY JANE.—A traveling dress is most suitable to be married in at 8 A.M. Get gray poplin or silk pongee, and make by Short-Sacque Suit in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. A morning wrapper of pearl gray or drab will not be too conspicuous for a bride at a hotel.

D. E. F. G.—To improve your bad complexion we recommend plain diet and plenty of out-door exercise.

INQUIRER.—An entire suit of Scotch Cheviot, very dark ground with line stripes of white, is what you want for traveling. Light brown overcoat of summer cloth.

CONSTANT READER.—For an elegant suit of parlor furniture get red satin bordered with black velvet. The wood is black-walnut with gilt tracings. The mantel drapery, also of satin, should match the lambrequins. These will require an upholsterer.

HOUSEKEEPER.—For hints about hall furniture and carpets read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. IV.

DORA D.—Your English mohair is suitable for the street. Make by the Apron-Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV. Trim with bias bands of brown silk. A suit similarly made of gray pongee will answer for traveling. Gray straw gypsy with grey ribbon and pink roses.

GEORGIANNA.—Make your white satin jean with apron-polonaise and single skirt. The silk *is* passée; but it is probable that robe flounces will be revived.

TAKE AYER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and Liver Complaint. By universal accord they are the best of all purgatives for family use.—[*Com.*]

IF you would have no gray hairs use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the only sure preventive.—[*Com.*]

To have elegant, light Biscuits, Rolls, Buckwheat Cakes, Fruit Dumplings, etc., you should use Dooley's Yeast Powder. Ask your Grocer for it. Prepared by DOOLEY & BROTHER, New York.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will cure CONSUMPTION. Try it!—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

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Retailers say they are difficult to introduce at first, ladies preferring heavier and more leathery goods. But these goods are warranted double warp, and are as heavy as an alpaca can honestly be made. The leathery goods are produced by elastic dressing and an undue quantity of cotton, and, of course, they soon get fuzzy, crease and wrinkle easily, and lose their color, and the dress is done.

The Diamond Mohairs, made only from the best alpaca yarn, are naturally brilliant, and will not lose their brilliancy; springy, and will not crease; and, having no dressing in them, are not injured by water.

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In the Spring and Summer months the system undergoes a change. This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying, and invigorating medicines. "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla," and "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Grape-Juice Pills," are the best and most reliable.

One bottle of "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wine-glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage.

The "Grape-Juice Pill" is composed of Fluid Extract of Catawba Grape-Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, &c. "Helmbold's Grape-Juice Pill" is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation. Safe for and taken by children. No nausea; no griping pains; but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation. Two bottles of the "Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla" and one bottle of the "Grape-Juice Pills" are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, costiveness, and irregularities; and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor, and new life. The "Catawba Grape Pills" are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing. All of H. T. Helmbold's preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all on their own merits. Prepared by

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The following patterns are now ready:

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POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT...	" 26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS.....	" 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT.....	" 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS.....	" 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT.....	" 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT.....	" 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT.....	" 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS.....	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	" 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
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FACETIÆ.

LADIES who faint in church are like good resolutions—they want carrying out.

ART DOGMA.—An artist's wife never admires her husband's work so much as when he is drawing her a check.

"Steam," said Dr. Lardner, "is the great annihilator—it annihilates time and space."

"Yes," said a listener, "and multitudes of passengers too."

MORE FROM MRS. MALAPROP.—Our esteemed friend has been spending a few days in the country, which, she says, is looking dutiful. Spring flowers are springing up in most luxurious confusion. Bandylions are abundant in the meadows at the back, and her front garden is full of scarlet agapemones.

THE BEST WAY TO MAKE A RICE-PUDDING—The milky way.

A POSTHUMOUS CHILD (generally)—Appreciation.

A TEMPTATION.—A book, by a delightful writer, is announced, with the title of "My Study Windows." Has the author well considered what he is doing? Has he reflected on the consequences of such a provocative title, on the number of imitations it is sure to engender, such as "My Parlor Fire-Place," "My Drawing-Room Ceiling," "My Kitchen Chimney," "My Front-Door Knocker," "My Nursery Cupboard," "My Library Wainscot," etc.?

A FLATTERING REQUEST!

LADY OF THE HOUSE. "Oh, Signor Bernolski, I *am* so Glad you've Come! we're all so dreadfully Dull! Now *do* Sit down and Play us that lovely Sonata of yours. *They'll never Begin to Talk till they hear the Piano going!*"

"A MEMORY KEAN."

UNCLE OLDSORT. "You! recollect Edmund Kean, Sir! Pack of nonsense—boy like you!"

YOUNG ONE-O'CLOCK. "By Jove, I do, though: Fact is, you're always jawing about him so that nobody can ever forget him."

THE HAPPIEST AGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN—Marriage; at least so they think.

A gentleman was observed the other day beating a retreat. On being caught he said, by way of an excuse for his conduct, that it had struck him suddenly. The matter is still under investigation.

A SHINE.—A young fellow who had been married for a twelvemonth said it was all sunshine, the next twelvemonth was all moonshine, and the later period of his matrimonial career was without *shine* at all, except when his better half took it into her head to "kick up a shine!"

A WOODEN MAN—An alderman.

"MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR."—Your mother gives you good advice. "Safe *bind*, safe find," you know. April breezes have sometimes the force of Indian scalping-knives.

THE CORRECT CUT.

YOUNG LADY. "You will pardon the remark, Mr. Splashbrain, but what a gorgeous shirt front!"

MR. S. "Ya-as; I may say it has been my sole study this month past."

YOUNG LADY. "What a pity you are not a shirt-maker!"

ONLY RIGHT SHE SHOULD.

REVEREND GENTLEMAN. "You don't come to Church as often as you used to, Mrs Chops."

MRS. CHOPS. "No, Sir, I knows I don't, but I oughter, I'm sure, 'cause you has a deal o' Meat of us."

HINTS ON GARDENING:

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.

Clearing the Ground.—This is the first operation. Gather together all the sticks and stalks and rubbish which have littered your garden throughout the winter, and put them in a heap to burn. The best day to select for the fire is your wife's washing-day. As soon as the linen is in the garden set light to your pile, taking care to burn a few sheets and things. This will probably result in the washing being put out in future—at any rate, if the washing isn't, your wife will be. Besides, she is sure to come out to converse with you the moment your bonfire blazes up, and it is pleasant to have a chat in the garden on a fine morning.

Digging.—If the weather is wet or chilly, this is done easiest by hiring a man—say at $2 a day—to do it for you, stopping in bed yourself. You'll find it cheering to the spirits to lie snug and warm in bed, and hear somebody else at work in the damp garden. Directly the sun comes out, it is a good plan to walk up and down the path, smoking a meerschaum and looking on while your deputy perspires over his spade. It will give you an appetite for breakfast. Try it.

Sowing.—When your ground is all prepared, then is the time usually chosen to put in seeds. Don't do this on any account. It is a great bother, and difficult to accomplish without getting your hands dirty, and making your back ache. A better plan by far is to wait till somebody brings the plants in pots to your door, all a-blowing and a-growing, and then buy them, and place them in your garden, pots and all. But if once you put seeds in the ground, it is not always easy to find them again, especially the little ones.

Pleasures of Gardening.—These are enormous. Every day the attentive gardener will find something fresh to attract his notice and employ his mind. To-day some extraordinary growth (probably a rank and noisome weed) appears. To-morrow some cherished plant disappears—some one has got over your wall and "requisitioned" it. Rare forms of animal life, too, show at frequent intervals—slugs, lice, caterpillars, sow-bugs, and your neighbors' chickens and cats—all these make things lively for you, and you throw half bricks and probably swear at these last in the most unaffected manner. In short, there is no form of relaxation open to a busy man which, for placid comfort and quiet interest, can be compared to a garden.

A PACKING CASE.

MARY. "What, Tommy! Eaten Five Buns and want another?"

TOMMY. "Yes, please, Mary. I'm not a bit Uncomfortable—YET."

Many years ago, in the so-called "good old times," a gentleman, having set foot for the first time in Ireland, repaired to a hotel for something to eat, and was accommodated with a roast fowl. He was proceeding to eat it when his plate divided with a sharp crack, and the wing, to which he had just helped himself, flew up to the ceiling. Soon afterward an excited waiter rushed into the room, crying, "He's safe, he's safe!"

"Who's safe?" inquired the bewildered traveler.

"Mr. O'Musgrave, Sir," said the waiter, in explanation: "the captain fired in the air!"

It thus became apparent to the gentleman that a duel had been fought in the room beneath, and, without stopping to finish his repast, he ordered his luggage to be packed, and left Ireland immediately.

A GOOD WAY TO EXPAND YOUR CHEST—Carry a big heart in it.

TO A YOUNG BEGINNER.—Mock-turtle is not made out of tortoise-shell cats—as a rule.

People who are always fishing for compliments do not need very long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water.

LADY GARDENING.—Make your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

VERY ACCOMMODATING!

PORTER. "Werry sorry, Sir, but this yere's the Ladies' Compartment."

CALM BEING. "Delighted, ah'm shaw! Show 'em in! And, I say (*aside*), the Youngest for Preference!"

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guildford entered the room, and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly; Lord Guildford did the same, and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said, "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man."

"Dumb!" cried Lord Guildford; "bless me, I thought *you* were dumb!"

COURT-PLASTER—Kisses.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN SLEEP!"—Bad habits are hard to overcome. How true this is is shown in the case of those who live too rapidly, for even when they go to rest they are known to be fast asleep.

A man, commenting upon the ruins of Pompeii, said that it was a very imposing city, but very much out of repair.

In reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or content, an old lady of experience said, "My dear, when you have found a place where every body and every thing are always pleasant, and nothing whatever is disagreeable, let me know, and I'll move there too."

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VOL. IV.—No. 22.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' and Girls' Dresses, Figs. 1-5.

Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN DRESS AND SACQUE. This skirt is trimmed with a box-pleated ruffle; the over-skirt is without trimming, and is draped at the sides as shown by the illustration. The sacque is slashed at both sides, and is trimmed with passementerie and silk fringe.

Fig. 2.—GRAY POULT DE SOIE EVENING DRESS. This trained skirt is trimmed with pleated ruffles, puffs, and bows of the material, black guipure lace, and folds of gros grain of a darker shade. The over-skirt and waist are trimmed to match the skirt. To make the waist cut of the material and shirting lining from Figs. 1-4 each two pieces, allowing an inch and one-fifth at the front edge of Fig. 1; and having first joined on the piece turned down of Fig. 4, baste the outside on the lining, and sew up the darts in

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN DRESS AND SACQUE.

Fig. 2.—POULT DE SOIE EVENING DRESS. For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 3.—SILK SKIRT AND VELVET BASQUE. For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-8.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 9 and 10.

Fig. 5.—BLACK BEAVER MOHAIR SUIT.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUMMER DRESSES.

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the fronts (Figs. 1 and 2). Hem down the extra material at the *right* underlapping front (Fig. 1), and furnish it with button-holes. At the front edge of the left underlapping front only from the upper edge to the end of the waist the extra material is left for a fly. Furnish the latter with buttons, and hem down the extra material of this front from the end of the waist to the bottom. Cord the top and bottom of the fronts (Fig. 1). Sew up the back from 6 to 7, and baste the underlapping fronts (Fig. 1) to the under side of the fronts (Fig. 2), according to the corresponding figures and signs. Face the bottom of the waist and the front edges of the fronts (Fig. 2) with a strip of gray lustring an inch and a half wide, at the same time sewing a fly furnished with eyes to the left front from the neck to the beginning of the underlapping front. Furnish the right front with the requisite hooks. Cord the neck, and trim the waist as shown by the illustration and indicated on Fig. 2. Cut the sleeve from Fig. 20, No. V., of Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. IV., No. 20, but two inches and two-fifths longer than this pattern. To the bottom of the sleeve sew a gathered ruffle twenty-four inches long and ten inches wide, which is sloped toward the ends to a width of six inches. The ruffle is edged with lace. The seam made by sewing on the wide ruffle is covered with narrow box-pleated ruffles; between the latter is a fold edged at both lengthwise sides with a cording of gros grain. Finally, sew the sleeve into the corded armhole.

Fig. 3.—GRAY SILK SKIRT AND VELVET BASQUE. For this basque cut of net, stiff interlining, and silk lining two pieces from Fig. 5, of velvet, stiff interlining, and silk lining two pieces from Fig. 6, one piece from Fig. 7, and the sleeves from Fig. 8, observing the contour of the under part of the sleeve. Cover the fronts from the front edge to the straight line with black gros grain, and the remainder with velvet, and sew up the darts in the fronts. Face the right front with a strip of silk an inch and three-fifths wide, and work button-holes on it. On the left front set a fly furnished with buttons. Cut a slit in the back along the double line on Fig. 7 from the under edge to ∗, and join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures. Run the material and lining together along the under edge of the basque, including the slits, and cord the neck. Trim the waist with a fold of gros grain as shown by the illustration; this fold covers at the same time the seam made by sewing the gros grain to the velvet. Sew up the sleeves from 16 to 17 and from 18 to 19, run the material and lining together at the bottom, set on the fold, and sew the sleeve into the armhole, according to the corresponding figures. In doing this lay a pleat, bringing × an ●.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. Dress of brown cashmere. Jacket of black velvet trimmed with white swan's-down. The skirt is cut out in tabs, as shown by the illustration, and trimmed with black velvet. Below the tabs a side-pleated ruffle of cashmere. A similar ruffle forms the trimming for the sleeve. Figs. 9 and 10 give the pattern for the jacket.

Fig. 5.—SUIT OF BLACK BEAVER MOHAIR. This trained skirt is trimmed with three folds of brown gros grain. The high-necked, plain, straight waist and the sleeves are trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with folds of the material, which are edged with a cording of brown gros grain, and furnished with brown silk fringe.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871.

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MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Work out of Sight.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—It is the inevitable condition of our journey that we should see each other very closely. We can not help it. We are necessarily so near that if my neighbor has a cast in his eye I can not escape remarking it; and if Edwin speaks harshly to Angelina I am compelled to observe it. Yet we are singularly unconscious of this very evident truth, or if not unconscious, we are very careless; and I know of nothing that would mend our manners more surely than a closer attention to it. I was reminded of it the other morning, when, having gone to pass a day in the country, I was talking of travel with Daniello. We were crossing a deep and picturesque gorge upon a light bridge, and I remarked to him that it was curious what sense of security was given to us by a mere hand-rail; and that I, who am always giddy upon any exposed height, found my nerves so steadied by the slight barrier that I walked as if upon the firm ground. Then I remembered that when I was ascending the highest spire of the Milan Cathedral my head swam so that I was obliged to sit down and close my eyes.

"And I," said Daniello, "when I was upon the Milan Cathedral I lost myself, as you lost your head, and wandered about for a long time in that glittering wilderness of sculptured marble before I could find my way down. But wherever I went every thing was as carefully finished as if it had been intended to be constantly seen. And you also must have remarked," he continued, "that the most inaccessible and hidden points and parts are as elaborately wrought as the most conspicuous."

Of course I had remarked it, Eugene; for you have perhaps observed that one traveler has always seen what another saw in the same place. But I confounded Daniello by saying that not only had I seen it in the Milan Cathedral, but that I had remarked it in many of my fellow-travelers. And I hope you have also; for as there is no architecture so wonderful as a human life, so that is finished in the noblest specimens with all the conscientious care of any Greek temple or Gothic cathedral. The finished detail which is so satisfactory and delightful shows itself in a hundred ways. Yesterday I was reading a charming criticism of the poetry of the minne-singers and the life of that age. "They must have been happy times, those times of the Crusades!" says my author, and I can see the sweet smile upon his face as he writes the word, and lifts his eyes and looks out of the window far away. He did not think only, you see, of the horrible wars and ignorance and suffering; of superstition and degradation; of Gurth the swineherd lying upon the English hill-sides with a graven collar about his neck, "born thrall of Cedric the Saxon." He did not think only of the discomforts and tragedies of the time, but he remembered that there were other things. He reflected that the sky was as blue and sparkling, the air as cool and inspiring, the flowers as sweet and fair; that the men were as honest and brave, the women as beautiful and true, in those old days as in the very day upon which he sat writing of them; that they loved and wept and sang with the old, old feeling forever new; and the sympathies of that critic were so sensitive to all that old life that he could not help exclaiming, "They must have been happy times!" The feelings that were turned to those times, usually so inaccessible to our imagination and sympathy, were as fresh and generous as those with which he touches the life of to-day. They were spires and cornices out of sight wrought with all the elaborate care of those that are to be constantly seen.

Look at the same principle in another way, dear Eugene, and tell me how many of us could bear to be tested by it in the details of daily life. When Pater was deciding to send Filius away to school, he went quietly to the school itself, at an hour when he knew that Dr. Magister was engaged with his classes, and tutor Ferule showed him through the building. But first he went to the bedrooms and the washrooms. "If they are neat and spacious," said Pater, "I shall know that I need not trouble myself about the rest." If you are well gloved and booted, say the French, it is enough. It is not enough; but you see what the remark suggests. Now which of us, Eugene, can endure the ordeal of an unexpected examination of our bureaus and closets? You know, with all the world, how exquisitely Mrs. Mechlin is always dressed. Her toilettes, as the young people say, are superb. Yet are we quite sure that if she had not the most orderly of maids we should not find her room in the wildest confusion?

I remember when I was a very little boy—but little boys observe closely and remember forever—I was sent one day by my lovely young aunt to her room to bring something which she had forgotten. She was very beautiful, and she dressed herself so as not to sacrifice any advantage, and especially this day she had taken particular care, for her lover had come, and she was very happy, and with fine instinct she had made herself resplendent. I bounded up the stairs and burst into her room. I am an old gentleman, Eugene, but I remember, as of yesterday, the clothes upon the floor, the slippers and the rest scattered about, the bureau drawers open, and the contents carelessly tumbled together, the chaos of the wardrobe, and the consternation of my mind as I beheld it, not knowing why I was so troubled.

But when, after much searching, I could not find what my lovely aunt wanted, and descended to tell her so, although she was as beautiful as ever and as charmingly arrayed, there was a curious shade upon the splendor. Now my aunt's lover was one of the best of men, and one of the most orderly; and often through their married life, when I have remarked a little alienation of feeling, enough sometimes to make them unhappy, it has involuntarily occurred to me that his wife's habit of carelessness in little details was like a thorn in his shoe. Love idealizes. The lover believes no ill of his beloved. And I suppose that my feeling of disappointment when I descended from the unavailing search in my aunt's room was that the impression of her beauty was not quite honest. It implied more than the truth. One side of the spire was exquisitely wrought, but the other was coarse, unhewn marble. It was not, like the old temple and the cathedral, a work of conscience.

In the same way you may observe the manners of many persons, Eugene. They are soft and gentle and persuasive. Some that I might mention are so captivating that I forget myself, and imagine that I am in the highest society. But the pretty sculpture is all upon the front. It is a work of the decline of art. The voice that is so very sweet to me is very harsh to somebody in the other room—wife, husband, child, servant, I know not. But I perceive with every sound that it is not a wilderness of conscientious sculpture in which I find myself, but only a counterfeit. It is veneer and paint, while I thought it real marble. For, my dear Eugene, a manner which is only a manner is repulsive. It is like the rouge of which I was speaking the other day. If the color is that of rosy health, it is beautiful. If it is paint, it is shocking. There are people who have feline manners—who are so gentle and soft that you expect to hear them pur in the pauses of conversation. They are much praised for the smoothness and ease of their address. But it is all external. The moment that you discover the manner is like a glove, which is put on and off, you are painfully anxious to know what it covers. And when you discover, it is as when you ascertain that the carved stone which has charmed you is not a work which the artist has wholly informed with life, but which has been cut upon one surface by a stone-cutter.

I know, Eugene, that you will ask me if it is not better to have the outside of the cathedral carved than to have all unsculptured. It is undoubtedly very pleasant to perceive how much conscience went to the work of the old architects, but is not the rule universal that half a loaf is better than no bread? Or, to put it pointedly, as I know you prefer, my dear young friend, I hear you asking me if it is not better that the coat of my fellow-traveler should be well brushed, even if his linen be soiled, than that coat and linen together should be unsightly? Yes, my boy; but we are looking for rules. And the rule for the architect is that every part of his work shall be finished with equal conscience and care. All, indeed, are not equally important; but the care with which each should be wrought in its degree *is* equally important. The artist's own soul would have been dissatisfied if, as he looked upward at his great cathedral, he knew that heaven with all its eyes beheld a fault which not a single human eye could see. His soul, loftier than the proudest pinnacle or spire, worked not for the human eye alone, but for its own supreme satisfaction. And his rule must be our traveling regulation. Let us be sure, Eugene, that so far as depends upon us, our lives and habits are symmetrical—that what is not seen and seldom known except to ourselves is as worthy approval as we try to make what is most conspicuous.

There was Cinderella, who had in her soul all the grace and loftiness and charm that her sisters assumed to have, but of which they had only the plumes and the train. And by-and-by the fairy godmother touched the pumpkin and the rats and mice and poor Cinderella herself, and off she rolled in splendid state to the royal ball. The prince, delighted—and with the sure princely instinct which detects a pea under twenty beds of down—perceives that this is a queenly lady, and must share his throne. The magic hour begins to chime, and away she flies, and reaches home a Cinderbreech. Then comes the prince's page to test the feet of beauty—the humblest test for highest place—and Cinderella's foot alone is fitted by the slipper, and she becomes the royal bride. But what is it that the fairy godmother does? She merely shows the hidden side. She reveals the graces and the beauties that only Heaven has known. Indeed, what was seen hardly hinted the beauty and the charm. The exaltation of Cinderella was only the presentation to the world of the perfect symmetry that the world had not suspected. It was the discovery, as upon the great temple and cathedral, that the character was fully rounded.

For I hope, my dear Eugene, you do not imagine that Cinderella sitting by the kitchen fire was not really beautiful and bewitching. You might as well suppose that the exterior of the Milan Cathedral is not glittering and beautiful because those details high up on tower and roof are so exquisitely wrought. And I say again, as I said to Daniello, happy is he who finds many Cinderellas among his fellow-travelers.

Your friend always,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

WORKING, TRADING, AND CHEATING.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE problems of life are harder to solve than any to be found in books, and the powers we bring to the solution are not often so well trained as those which grapple with the higher mathematics. Yet failure to solve them aright is sometimes more productive of unhappiness than is an ignorance of the multiplication-table. So we go on trying, cast down, but not destroyed; bruising our heads against blank walls, but never ceasing for that to beat against blank walls.

"Ten years ago," says my friend the mechanic, "a young man worked for me who never could have made a mechanic; but he found he could buy and sell, and he went into the business of selling leather. Report has it that he made ten thousand dollars last year. I don't believe that a single man that worked at making that leather made a thousand dollars. During the ten years I have worked steadily, adding to the wealth of the world, and haven't been able to accumulate a thousand dollars in all that time.....Skill in trading, in taking advantage of others, is the road to success."

This is undoubtedly a fair statement, except, perhaps, the implied identity of "trading and taking advantage of others;" but what then?

"Why, then," says my friend, intensifying his hardships by repetition, "I think I am as intelligent a man as he. I know that I have got as much education, and I know I am a first-rate workman at my trade; yet he makes ten thousand a year, and I with difficulty get a respectable living."

That may be, but whose fault is it? How shall we induce him to assume your difficulty and relinquish to you his income?

"There is no remedy," says my friend, with the energy of despair. "The Creator of the world when he made it established this law. The strong shall consume the weak, and the strong have been robbers and thieves from that time to this. The poor and weak don't like it, and I can see but one way of escape: that is, become strong themselves, become robbers and thieves, for that is what it amounts to."

Now here, under a rough shell, lies a kernel of truth, and of ultimate truth. Not by complaint, petition, or declamation can the weak escape the penalties of weakness, but by becoming strong. Strength is not plunder, but it is power. The weak are not necessarily victims, but they often are sufferers. Who is the robber when the trader gets ten thousand a year and the workman barely one? The young man confessedly could not be a mechanic, and could buy and sell. Was he wrong, or did he wrong any one, when he ceased trying to do what he could not do, and began doing what he could do? One man is as good a workman as another is a trader; but which demands the most or the highest skill? The workman works on dead matter, however skillful he is—works by routine. The laws of wood and water, and metal and fire, are well known and unchangeable. The work to be done to-morrow is the same that was done yesterday. But the trader deals with what are to human vision uncertainties. He must look the world over. He makes ten thousand this year, but he may lose twenty thousand next year. The ambition of a foreign emperor, nay, the advent of a little caterpillar, may overthrow all his plans and baffle all his calculations. His mental faculties must be perpetually on the alert, and a single error of judgment may precipitate fatal disaster. The workman may go on if he choose thinking of nothing, noting nothing, but the material that lies before him. Is it robbery, is it unjust, that the strain and stress of all the powers should receive a larger remuneration than the partial employment of a few? that the absorption of mental faculties should be counted a thing of far greater value than the occupation of physical faculties? When the trader loses ten thousand a year, does the workman complain that he loses nothing, or that his loss is as small as his profit in proportion to his employer's?

And, again, if the young trader makes ten thousand to the workman's one, why does not the workman turn trader? The trading thief or robber can not prevent him. If he choose to leave his bench and set up a counting-room, the world is all before him where to choose. The successful trader began on as small a capital as the unsuccessful workman. He has no power to force men to buy or sell. He may, of course, lie; doubtless he often does lie; but it is not an inherent part of the business. Trading is not necessarily taking advantage of others, any more than it is taking advantage of yourself, unless it means that every thing ought to stay where it is forever. The trader may be just as much a benefactor as the workman. If a poor widow kills her cow, or loses it by accident, she is far better off to have the leather-dealer's money than she is to retain the cow's hide. He does not rob her by buying it. He does not even take advantage of her any more than he gives advantage to her. He may, owing to her ignorance, put her off with half price; but that is cheating, not trading. So the shoe-maker puts cheap leather in one shoe and good leather in the other; but that is not a part of shoe-making, it is cheating. When the leather-dealer sells his leather he is not the benefactor or the beneficiary of his purchaser. In fact, I can not see why the leather-dealer is not adding as much to the wealth of the world as the leather-maker. Leather laid up on the shelf is not wealth; it is leather in circulation that is wealth. Take away leather-selling, and leather-making would quickly follow. Take away leather-sellers, and leather-makers would have a far harder time than they have now. It is because long trial has established the fact that, on the whole, it is better for producers to appoint some person to carry their produce to market than it is for each producer to leave his work and trot off to market himself that these middle-

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men exist. It is because, on the whole, good middle-men are more rare than good workmen that middle-men are paid so much more than workmen. That workmen do not ostensibly appoint traders does not affect the case. The supply of trade comes at the demand of work. One workman is just as free to leave his bench and turn trader as another. If he can not do it —if he does not like it or does not feel able to succeed in it—it is no fault of the trader. It is a matter that lies between him and his Maker. A man may just as well complain of being robbed of his just rights because he has not the strength of a horse, the buoyancy of a bird, the swiftness of the wind, as because he has not the breadth of vision, the keenness of perception, the rapidity and correctness of judgment, necessary to constitute a successful trader. If these are to be compassed by his own efforts, it is his own fault that he has them not. If they depend upon the Creative Will, who is to blame for the deficiency?

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

LINGERIE.

THE word lingerie is now applied not to linens merely, but to laces, muslins, and the many washing garments of a lady's outfit. In examining the lingerie stock we find that collars and cuffs of finest linen, plainly made, are used on most occasions in preference to those more fancifully trimmed. First, there are collars of but one thickness of sheer linen, bordered by a hem or band of linen stitched near the edge. For ladies with short necks, an admirable shape is turned down flatly all around, quite narrow behind, and sloped to broad points before; the shape most generally worn, however, has a standing band behind and turned-over points in front. When worn, the front points are not laid smoothly over the neck-tie beneath, but are made to stand almost erect, like the English collar worn by gentlemen. This takes away the primness, and may seem a small matter to relate, but on this the "style" of the collar depends. Such collars are 25 cents each. The cuff to match is square, and fastened by three linen buttons: price 60 cents. These fit far better when attached to an under-sleeve, and the open-wristed sleeves of dresses make an under-sleeve necessary. A novelty in imported linen sets is the "favorita," a low-throated linen collar with deep points, bordered with a percale band of scarlet, blue, mauve, or black, to match the dress with which it is worn. Shaded needle-work, in thick, raised patterns, done by nuns in French convents, is the most tasteful and durable ornament for linen sets: price $8 for collar and under-sleeves. Revering, in block patterns, is lighter and a prettier ornament for summer sets: these cost from $3 25 to $3 75. Quantities of Valenciennes lace are used on linen, and very little of this is the real hand-made lace. The patent German laces, in Valenciennes designs, copy real French laces so perfectly that a connoisseur is sometimes deceived by them. A medallion of Valenciennes in a square tab trims the front of the newest lace-trimmed collars: price $3 50. With pointed tabs of lace, collars of domestic make cost from $1 to $2; those imported, from $2 to $4. Fancifully shaped bows of Valenciennes insertion and lace are worn at the throat with black silk dresses, and also with dresses trimmed with white lace: they cost from $3 to $4. A pretty neck-tie is made of sheer white lawn, folded around the neck with a sailor knot in front, lined with pink or blue silk, and edged with Valenciennes. Mourning cravats made in the same way are of organdy or tarlatan, with bows of revering and black ribbon: price $1 25. Bows of seeded revering edged with a ruffle of footing are worn also by ladies in mourning: price 80 cents. The Marie Antoinette collar, or regalia, as some call it, of folded organdy, with seeded reverse bands and fluted footing, brightens a mourning dress: price $3. Flowing under-sleeves are required with the present style of dress sleeve. A novelty used for these is embroidered tulle in bands and frills, a showy fabric, but not very durable. A ruffle of Swiss muslin, embroidered, edged with lace, and gathered to a band, describes the under-sleeve most used. The Swiss pleated flounces sold by the yard are purchased by many ladies, and basted to a band that is sewed inside the elbows of the dress sleeve. This makes the most inexpensive under-sleeve. Sleeves of wash net are finished by a side-pleated ruffle of the net doubled.

Fichus are not much worn at present. The only novelty is in those of the favorite duchesse lace. The newest shapes are without long sash ends, simply lapping in front. The prettiest Valenciennes fichus have insertion strips in the centre of the cape, with a border of medallions: price $24.

Swiss muslin bodies, or blouses, have a large Marie Antoinette collar of lace and appliqué embroidery, with flowing ruffles on the sleeves: price $6 50. Linen blouses, or habit shirts, pleasant for morning and country wear, are made of fine Richardson's linen. They are not fastened to a belt, but are made long on the hips, and held snugly at the waist by drawing-strings. There are three box-pleats, an inch wide, down the centre and back. The collar is a standing band with turned-over points in front; the sleeves are ample, coat-shaped, slightly gathered into a square cuff of doubled linen. The furnishing houses charge $5 for such waists. These waists are also made of striped linens, a bold stripe of black or scarlet making the most stylish garments: price $3 to $3 50.

Caps and camisoles form part of a lady's morning lingerie. The coiffure cap worn at breakfast by young married ladies is of French nansook lightly embroidered; the head piece is diamond-shaped; the long rounded tabs edged with lace are tied beneath the chignon. More matronly caps have crowns, with drawing-strings behind, and do away with the trouble of a chignon. They cost from $2 50 to $4. Camisole is the name given to a variety of sacques from the simplest toilette sacque used when dressing to the loose muslin jackets, elaborate with lace and embroidery, that matrons wear until the luncheon hour. The shape is simply a loose, ample sacque reaching to the hips, with seams only on the shoulders and under the arms. The plainest have eight or ten tucks each side of a box-pleat down the front, and are merely hemmed around the bottom. Thick nansook or cambric is the material. French camisoles have a revers at the throat, and are needle-worked all around and edged with Valenciennes: price $12. Very handsome ones made here have bands of insertion and lace down the front, a large empress collar, and half-flowing sleeves. These are merely hemmed around the edge, as that gives them a negligee appearance. Worn over a handsome corset cover, with a coiffure cap, and a demi-train skirt of black silk, these make a home-like toilette for mornings.

Lovely white robes for summer mornings are displayed ready made in great boxes that show the dress at its full length. They are of Swiss muslin or organdy, a demi-train and little English sacque, that will fit almost any one. One style has a wide flounce around the skirt, hemmed but covered with needle-work, while on the front width are three flounces extending to the belt. Another has an embroidered tablier over the whole front width, with three flounces on all the other widths. They cost from $40 to $75. For invalids are loose flowing robes, also imported, of thicker fabric, costing from $20 to $24. The upper part is tucked to outline a yoke. Tucks and patent Valenciennes extend down the front and around the slightly trained skirt. Very simple morning robes of Gabrielle shape are made of nansook, with tucks and puffs down the front and a little lace on the collar and sleeves: these cost $15. Elaborately trimmed robes, with diagonal puffs between bands of needle-work, and the skirt finished with a fluted flounce edged with Valenciennes, range from $75 to $100.

Swiss muslin flounces in pleats all turned one way appear in various ways on summer toilettes. In the broadest patterns, about six inches wide, they are used for freshening up last year's silks, two such flounces being placed around the trained skirt, and the evening toilette completed by a simple upper skirt of Swiss muslin and a basque, or else a polonaise trimmed to match. This is a stylish plan for black silks as well as light ones. The wide Swiss flounces made up admirably are sold for 60 cents a yard. Narrower pleatings two inches wide for necks and sleeves of dresses, for over-skirts, basques, and, above all, for edging the flounces of colored and black silks, cost from 25 cents upward. Ladies who desire to make their own flounces are advised that they are merely crossway strips of Swiss muslin hemmed on each edge, and laid in the kilt pleats so often described, not sewed in tucks, but ironed flatly after being pleated and held down by a band of the Swiss a quarter of an inch wide stitched on with two rows of stitching an inch below the top. On broad flounces the hem on the lower edge is an inch wide, the upper edge very narrow.

UNDER-CLOTHING.

The furnishing houses still commend the standard brands of linen and muslin hitherto quoted in these columns. Each brand, however, is advised for special garments—as Wamsutta for chemises and drawers, Lonsdale for skirts and gowns. New York Mills is heavy for ladies' use, though preferable to all others for gentlemen's shirts. It is now selling for 21 cents a yard, Wamsutta for 20 cents, and Lonsdale for 15 cents. At these rates every lady can afford an abundant supply of under-clothing made of good fabrics. The furnishing houses show low-priced under-clothes, such as chemises for $1, and drawers for 80 cents; but they are of sleazy muslin, poorly made, hence we do not commend them, except for poor women who have no time to do their own sewing. A woman of true refinement has even more regard for the neatness of her under-clothing than for her outer apparel, and if she have leisure, would rather spend a dollar for the material of a garment, and make it herself, than to wear coarse ready-made clothes. The plainest well-made chemises of Lonsdale or Wamsutta muslin, with bands and sleeves of the same, are $1 75; with tucked yokes, $2; with a little embroidery, and a ruffle not of the finest, $2 50. Lonsdale cambric, much thinner than muslin, is used for summer chemises, costing from $3 50 to $4 50. The bands are formed of a puff with stitched strips on each side, and a ruffle. The cheapest chemise of Richardson's linen is $4. The pointed band, or yoke, is tucked. If a ruffle is added, the price is $4 50.

Very broad bands or yokes are worn on chemises. Three inches is often the measure at the narrowest part on the shoulders or behind, while the front is deeply pointed, and in many cases trimmed separately from the body of the garment, to serve as a corset cover. A puff and ruffle, or tucks and narrow Valenciennes edging, trim muslin chemises. Lengthwise insertions of Valenciennes, or medallions of the same lace, trim fine linen chemises. Drawers are trimmed to match the band and sleeves of the chemise with which they are worn. They are short, not very wide, and made to button at the side.

The long sacque-shaped night dress is preferred for summer wear. The upper part of the gown is tucked to represent a yoke, and strengthened by tapes underneath. These are made of pretty good muslin, though not of the standard brands, for $2 50. The prettiest sleeves for gowns have a square double cuff, and are shaped like under-sleeves. Sets of the three garments —chemise, drawers, and gown—are made to match. One marked $60 had a cambric gown with square tucked yoke edged with needle-work and lace, and linen chemise and drawers trimmed to correspond.

White muslin skirts of walking length should be made wider than when dresses were fully gored. They measure three yards and a half or three-quarters around, and have a gored front width, a broad gore on each side, and a full back breadth. These are sold in muslin of light quality, that takes the starch well, for 75 cents. A two-inch hem and ten or twelve tucks are the trimming. Lengthwise tucks in a strip a finger and a half deep, sewed on only at the top and set upon the skirt, not at the edge, are a popular trimming for white skirts. Sometimes a row of diagonal tucking or a band of insertion heads the French perpendicular tucks. The lower edge is hemmed, and held in place by stitching. Cambric pleatings, diagonal, headed with Hamburg insertion, are sold for 45 cents a yard. Narrower lengthwise tucks and Hamburg work are 25 cents. Demi-trained skirts, to wear under dresses of the same length, are trimmed with a flounce of the rich guipure embroidery, with deep vandykes of puffs and insertion. A flounce around such skirts assists in holding the dress train gracefully. Valenciennes lace edges pleated and fluted flounces on such skirts; but lace is too frail a trimming for this purpose.

Furnishing houses supply outfits of under-clothing at various prices. For instance, a trousseau consisting of half a dozen sets of the four principal under-garments, with flannel skirts, corset covers, dressing sacques, and a robe de chambre, may be had for $150. More elaborate garments, and a dozen sets of each, cost from $200 to $250.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and AITKEN & MILLER.

PERSONAL.

MR. BRYANT'S recent letter, detailing his way of life and the food he eats, has led to research as to the victual of other eminent authors. Dr. PARR was strong on hot boiled lobsters; POPE, who was an epicure, melted at stewed lampreys; Dr. JOHNSON went in for leg of mutton; DRYDEN'S weakness was for bacon; CHARLES LAMB'S, for roast pig; BYRON dined four days in the week on fish; LISTON, the comedian, drank only water, and ate little animal food; Sir ISAAC NEWTON, when writing the "Principia," confined himself to bread, water, and vegetables; FROISSART ate and drank every thing; ditto SHERIDAN, BROUGHAM, SCOTT, FOX, BURKE, PITT. The writer of these "Personals" has a high opinion of water and vegetables, but has been known to tamper with steaks, and slake with claret.

—Mr. BONNER, who keeps a large horse account on the books of his ledger, has been to far-off Kentucky to buy a sweet colt called Mambrino Bertie, of whom he says: "In my opinion he is the most extraordinary colt the world has produced; never saw a horse that trots with so much ease; is nearly as large as the Auburn horse, but is more rangy ['rangy' is good], and has a longer stride." The price paid for this startling creature is not stated—probably two or three hundred thousand.

—A very agreeable reception of the better Bohemian element of London is held once a month at the house of a Mr. WILSON, a poet of some local repute, who has a beautiful and accomplished wife. Among those who may be found there are BACON, the sculptor; PROCTOR, the comic artist; BARNES, the painter; Mr. W. SIMPSON, a well-known editor; Mr. WILLIAMS, who writes the leaders of the *Standard*; MARSTON, the dramatist; CRESWELL, the actor; MILLS and COBLEY, of musical celebrity; and the comedian TOOLE, who dines with the Prince of Wales, is presented to the Princess, and receives presents of jewelry as a token of royal friendship.

—Miss NABBY JOY—blessings on her memory!—has bequeathed to the Consumptives' Home, $10,000; Boston Marine Society, $5000; Sailors' Snug Harbor, $5000; Boston Pilots' Relief Association, $5000; Charitable Fund of the Fire Department, $4000; and two or three one-thousand-dollar bequests to other charities.

—WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, Esq., one of the ploddingest and most successful lawyers of New York, and author of that clever poem, "Nothing to Wear," contributes to the June number of *Harper's Magazine* another brilliant humorous poetical effusion entitled "General Average."

—A few days since the New York Chamber of Commerce held its one hundred and third annual meeting, at which President WILLIAM E. DODGE remarked that in looking over the records he had discovered that several of the members, including HENRY W. FIELD, HENRY DURAND, J. R. HURD, Mr. CAREY, S. MARSH, and JOHN A. STEVENS, now living, were elected more than fifty years ago. Which goes to show that to be a New York merchant *and* member of the Chamber of Commerce is conducive to longevity.

—Speaking of Thomas, a writer in a European paper remarks that it is the champion democratic name. Did you ever in the course of your reading meet with the Christian name of THOMAS in connection with royalty, either as emperor, king, prince, royal duke, or any scion of royalty, either in ancient or modern times?

—JAMES W. GERARD, so long one of the leaders of the Bar of this city, and one of the most agreeable and wittiest of men, is the especial delight of the children of our public schools, whom he very frequently addresses. A few days since he spoke about the Suez Canal, and one of the cleverest men of the State—a member of Congress—tells the *Bazar* that it had all the fascination of an Oriental tale.

—Among the men who are reckoned rich in Virginia, only three or four are rated above $200,000. The four richest men in the State are WILLIAM T. SOUTHERLIN, of Danville; JAMES THOMAS, of Richmond; JOSEPH ANDERSON, of Richmond; and FRANKLIN STEARNS, of Richmond. SOUTHERLIN possesses several first-class tobacco plantations, is a tobacco manufacturer, and owns one of the best residences in the South. THOMAS is about sixty, ten years the senior of SOUTHERLIN, and is worth $150,000. ANDERSON has half a million; made most of it casting cannon during the war. STEARNS is a native New Englander, who went to Richmond early in life as a canal-digger. He never kept any Confederate money in his possession, but invested it in land, and is now the possessor of much soil all about Richmond. He was a great peace-maker and large distiller during the war.

—In the present British cabinet are several gentlemen very active in their religious duties. Mr. GLADSTONE is known as a man who leads a very exemplary and truly religious life. Lord Chancellor HATHERLY is a Sunday-school teacher of a quarter of a century's experience. The Duke of Argyle, Mr. GOSCHEN, Mr. FORSTER, Mr. STANSFIELD, and Lord Halifax identify themselves more or less with the various religious movements of the day.

—Illinois has another benefactor in ex-Governor JOHN WOOD, of Quincy, who has given a $50,000 mansion in that city, together with furniture, and a block of ground surrounding, for the establishment of a female seminary, with the express understanding that it shall be open to all denominations. The gift is valued at $500,000.

—An English maiden, Miss BRACHENBURY, desiring, like PEABODY, STEWART, and other "givists," to enjoy in this life some of the delights of benefaction, has signified her intention of giving the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the establishment of a medical school in connection with Owens College, Manchester.

—The Emperor of Germany is a practical printer. All his family are obliged to have some trade. He chose "the art preservative of arts," and worked at the case three years.

—Lord Walsingham, at present in New York, en route to San Francisco, is an enthusiast in botany, and takes with him two naturalists for the collection of objects in that department of science. Lord W., by the death of his grandmother, Lady Frankland Russell, has recently inherited two fine estates in Yorkshire, viz., the Alwark estate, about eleven miles from York, and the Bluber estate, near Leeds.

—A lady of New England, Mrs. ELIZABETH TABOR, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, proposes to erect in Marion handsome buildings for the use of a library and a natural history society, at a cost of about ten thousand dollars. Forever will she be pleasantly remembered by the Yankee of those parts.

—Mr. CHILDS, of the *Ledger*, having the largest and best newspaper building in Philadelphia, and publishing the most widely circulated and one of the best papers of the time, is now erecting, for the comfort of himself and the troops of friends whom he entertains with refined and bounteous hospitality, a white marble palace, at the southeast corner of Twenty-second and Walnut streets. It will be one of the most spacious and superb of the many fine residences for which the Quaker City is famous; and if there be any one man in the country connected with the press who will so use it as to do honor to the profession, it is Mr. CHILDS.

—An indiscreet Mr. FORBES has been shot for "personally insulting" the people of Cheyenne. He attempted to deliver a temperance lecture there.

—Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD will probably be the next Governor-General of Canada.

—It is stated that the day before General HARRISON was inaugurated, President VAN BUREN called on him, and said, "Is there any thing I can do to oblige you?" "Yes," said General H.; "my son-in-law, General PIKE, died on the battle-field, and left an only son, whose inclinations are, as his father's, for the army. *I can not appoint him.*" "Is that all?" said the President. And in two hours the commission was signed and sent to the young man.

—Prince BISMARCK is to receive, in recognition of his services to Germany, a grant of 1,000,000 thalers; General MOLTKE, 500,000; and Generals GARBEN, WERDER, and FRANSECKI 300,000 each. Commanders of army corps will receive smaller sums.

—Still another sketch of Germany's principal German, by one who has just seen him in Berlin: "BISMARCK is an immensely large man, tall, straight, and well-proportioned. His broad shoulders and full breast bespeak an immense force. He is not fat (where a German ought to be fat), but his *cheeks* are so fat as to almost close his eyes, though since the war he seems to have grown a little thinner. He has a large head, which is bald on the top (the comic papers invariably represent him with three hairs), and on the sides has a little short half-gray hair, which is in marked contrast with his full white mustache. His nose is rather short, and his eyes imbedded under a heavy brow. His face is almost as white as his mustache, and is full of vigorous expression. When he sits he commonly leans forward, as if just ready to get up; and those portraits of him appear most natural which represent him in this position. His only joint would seem to be in his loins, for his back and neck are always kept straight. He is commonly in uniform, and his coat shines all over with bright buttons and brilliant badges. He is a man that any one would pick out of a crowd as a leading character. When he enters the Chamber every eye is turned to him, and many show him special marks of honor; so that his first movements on entering are to politely return these signs of respect, both to the members of the Reichstag and to visitors. For, as often as he has already appeared in the Reichstag, the general curiosity to see him has never abated, so that every body must look when BISMARCK comes. He always sits at the ministers' desk, and seems to pay little attention to the debate, though he is always ready to speak."

—The annual boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge has become one of the institutions of England, and the picked men who compose the crews enjoy a place in the British bosom that is not accorded to other under-graduates, no matter how clever their attainments or brilliant their genius. It is among the curious reminiscences connected with this annual national event that Bishop SELWYN, of Lichfield, and Bishop TYRRELL, of Newcastle (Australia), rowed in the Cambridge boat, and Bishop WORDSWORTH, of St. Andrews, in the Oxford boat, in the first race between the two colleges that was ever rowed, the latter winning. Bishop SELWYN, though a close student and thorough scholar, excelled when in college in manly exercises, and especially, as the boxers say, "knew how to put up his hands."

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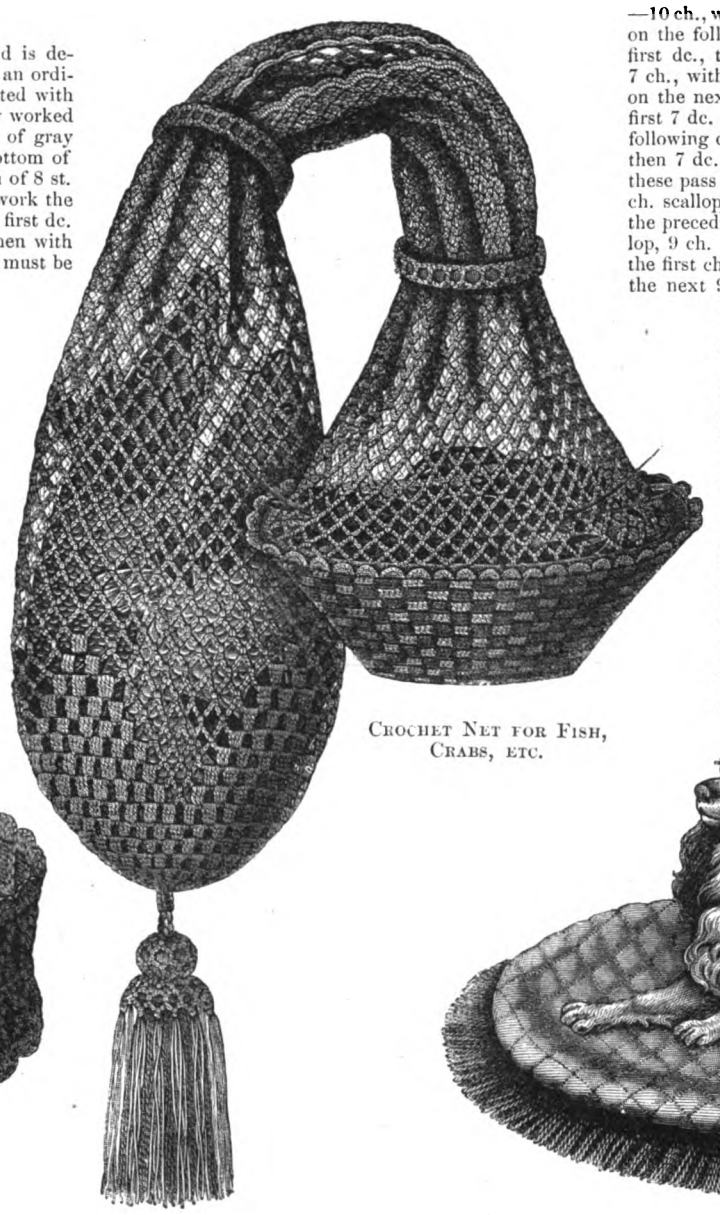
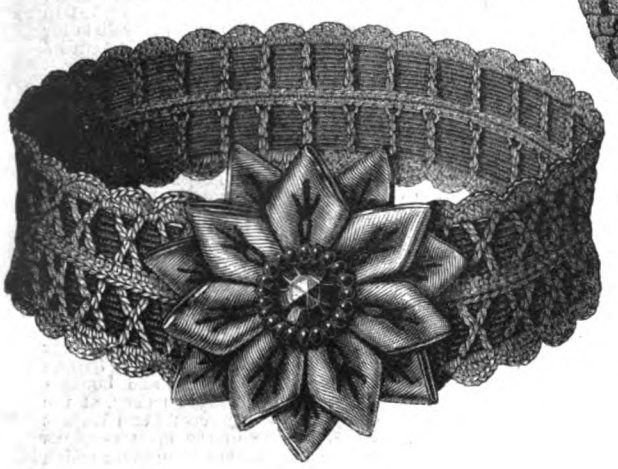
Crochet Net for Fish, Crabs, etc.

ONE end of this net is shaped like a round basket, and is designed to hold crabs; while the other end is in the form of an ordinary net, and serves to hold fish. The original is crocheted with gray thread and white knitting cotton. Steel rings, closely worked over with gray thread and furnished with a crochet cover of gray thread, are passed over the net. Work, first, the flat bottom of the basket as follows: Work with gray cotton a foundation of 8 st. (stitches), close this in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work the 1st round.—3 ch. (chain stitch), which are counted as the first dc. (double crochet), but the third ch. with white cotton; then with the white thread 1 dc. on the first foundation st.; this dc. must be worked off with the gray thread instead of the white. Now work on each of the remaining 7 foundation st., including the sl. by means of which the foundation is closed in a ring, 1 gray and 1 white dc., always working off the gray dc. with the white, and the white dc. with the gray thread. 2d round.—1 gray dc. on the third of the 3 ch., which were counted as the first dc. of the preceding round, * 1 white and 1 gray dc. on the first (white) dc. of the preceding round, 1 gray dc. on the following dc., and repeat from *. In doing this it is to be observed that in this, as in all the remaining rounds of the bottom, before passing from one color to the other, the last gray or white st. should always be worked off with the new thread, and the working thread used so far must be continued on the under side of the work until it is to be used. 3d round.—* After the first dc. of the preceding round (thus between this and the following dc.) 1 gray and 1 white dc., after the following dc. 2 gray dc., after the following dc. 1 white and 1 gray dc., and repeat from *. 4th round.—* After the first (white) dc. of the preceding round 2 white dc., after the following dc. 1 gray dc., after the following dc. 2 gray dc., and repeat from *. 5th round.—* After the first dc. of the preceding round (thus between the 2 white dc. there) 1 white dc., after each of the following 3 dc. 1 gray dc., after the next dc. 1 white dc., and repeat from *. 6th round.—* After each of the first 3 dc. of the preceding round 1 gray dc., after the following dc. 1 white dc., after the following dc. 2 white dc., repeat from *. 7th round.—* After each of the first 2 dc. of the preceding round 1 gray dc., after each of the following 3 dc. 1 white dc., after the following dc. 1 gray dc., and repeat from *. 8th round.—* After the first dc. 1 gray dc., after each of the following 3 dc. 1 white dc., after the following dc. 1 gray dc., after the following dc. 2 gray dc., and repeat from *. 9th round.—* After each of the first 3 dc. of the preceding round 1 white dc., after each of the following 2 dc. 1 gray dc., after the following dc. 2 gray dc., after the following dc. 1 gray dc., and repeat from *. At the end of the round fasten to the first dc. with 1 sl. This completes the bottom. For the edge of the basket work with gray thread a foundation corresponding to the circumference of the bottom (126 st. in the original), and on this crochet the 1st round.—Alternately 4 gray, 3 white dc.; work off each fourth gray dc. with the white, each third white dc. with the gray thread. At the end of the round fasten to the first dc. with 1 sl., and work the 2d–10th rounds only with the white thread as follows: 2d round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., then 1 dc. after each of the following 3 gray dc., * 4 ch., with these pass over the following 3 (white) dc. of the preceding round, 1 dc. after each of the following 4 dc., and repeat from *. At the end of this, as in all the following rounds of the edge, work 1 sl. on the third of the ch. worked at the beginning of the round. 3d round.—8 ch., with these pass over the first 4 dc. of the preceding round, then always alternately 5 dc. on the first ch. scallop of the preceding round, 5 ch. 4th round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., then 5 dc. on the next ch. scallop, then always alternately 6 ch., with these pass over the next 5 dc. of the preceding round, 6 dc. on the next ch. scallop. 5th round.—10 ch., with these pass over the next 6 dc., then always alternately 7 dc. on the following ch. scallop, 7 ch. 6th round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., then 6 dc. on the next ch. scallop, then always alternately 7 ch., with these pass over the next 7 dc. of the preceding round, 7 dc. on the next ch. scallop. 7th round.—11 ch., with these pass over the first 7 dc. of the preceding round, then always alternately 8 dc. on the following ch. scallop, 8 ch. 8th round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., then 7 dc. on the first ch. scallop, then always alternately 8 ch., with these pass over the next 8 dc. of the preceding round, 8 dc. on the next ch. scallop. 9th round.—12 ch., with these pass over the first 8 dc. of the preceding round, then always alternately 9 dc. on the next ch. scallop, 9 ch. 10th round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., then 8 dc. on the first ch. scallop, then always alternately 9 ch., with these pass over the next 9 dc. of the preceding round, 9 dc. on the next ch. scallop. This completes the part of the edge worked with white knitting cotton. Now take the gray thread again, and on the st. of the first round of the edge work the 11th round as follows: * After the first and second of the next two white dc. of the first round, thus passing the needle between the dc., work 2 dc. each, and after this 4 ch. At the end of this, as of the remaining rounds of the edge, work 1 sl. on each dc. of the first double crochet figure at the beginning of the round. 12th round.—* 5 dc. between the first 4 white dc. of the second round, at the same time surround the ch. scallop of the third round, which is above this (instead of the first dc. at the beginning of each round, work always 3 ch.), then 5 ch., and repeat from *. 13th round.—Always alternately 6 dc. on each double crochet figure of the third round, and at the same time on the ch. scallop of the fourth round above this, then 6 ch. In this manner work the 14th–19th rounds on the st. of the 4th–10th rounds, but now the dc. and the ch. must be widened in proportion to the widening done in the 5th–10th rounds. Then work with gray thread the 20th round.—On each dc. at the upper edge of the crochet part 1 sc. (single crochet), in working the sc., which meet on the white dc. of the upper edge, at the same time surround the next ch. scallop of the 19th round. Now follows the 21st round.—1 dc. on each st. of the preceding round (passing the needle through the front of the two upper veins of each sc.). 22d round.—Like the 21st round, but now pass the needle through the back of the two upper veins of each st. of the 20th round; besides this, work this round on the under side of the crochet part. Pass a whalebone, twenty-seven inches and three-fifths long, which is closed in a ring, between the stitches of the 21st and 22d rounds, then work on both rounds together, so that they are joined with each other, the 23d round.—Sc. For the lace shown by the illustration at the upper edge of the basket work one round of sc., passing the needle through the horizontal vein of each st. of the 20th round; in doing this hold the work so that the 23d round is turned downward. 2d round of the lace.—Always alternately 3 sc. on the next 3 sc. of the preceding round, 6 dc. on the following st. Finally, work the foundation st. of the edge of the basket and the st. of the last round of the bottom together from the outer side by means of sc.; these sc. must be worked at the same time over a foundation of white woven cord. For the net, close a foundation corresponding to the circumference of the basket (in the original 256 st.) to a ring, and on this work the 1st round.—* 7 ch., with these pass over 5 foundation st., 3 sc. on the next 3 foundation st., after working the third sc. pass the crochet needle through, below the ch. scallop previously worked, to the under side of the work, throw the working thread over once, and draw it below the ch. scallop referred to through the loop on the needle. Repeat from *. 2d–65th rounds.—Like the 1st round, but now work each 3 sc. on the ch. scallops of the preceding round; besides this, in working the 19th–44th rounds, form a slit, working, not, as usual, always going forward, but going backward and forward. With the 66th round the scallop design for the other end of the bag is commenced. Work this round as usual, only form a dot four times at regular intervals, each dot forms the point of a scallop, and consists of 4



CROCHET NET FOR FISH, CRABS, ETC.



CROCHET GARTER.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXIII., Fig. 60.]

MAT FOR SMALL DOG.

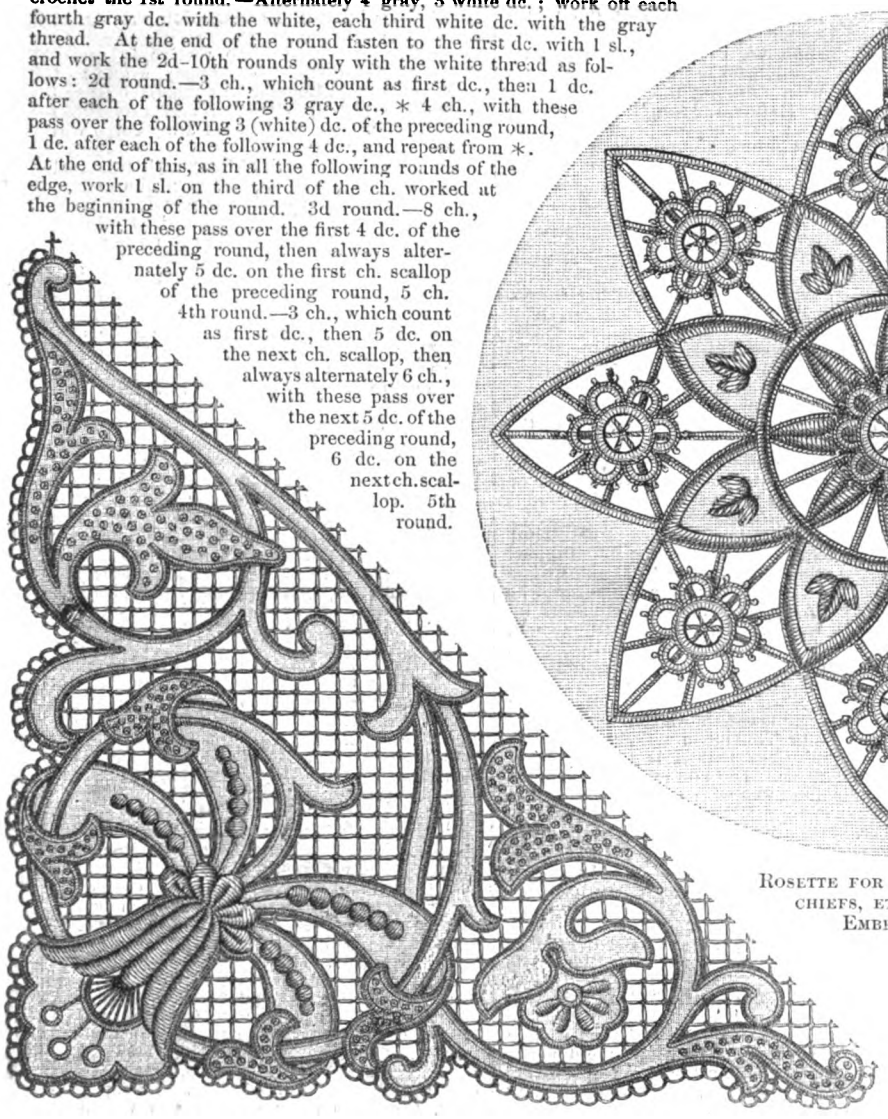
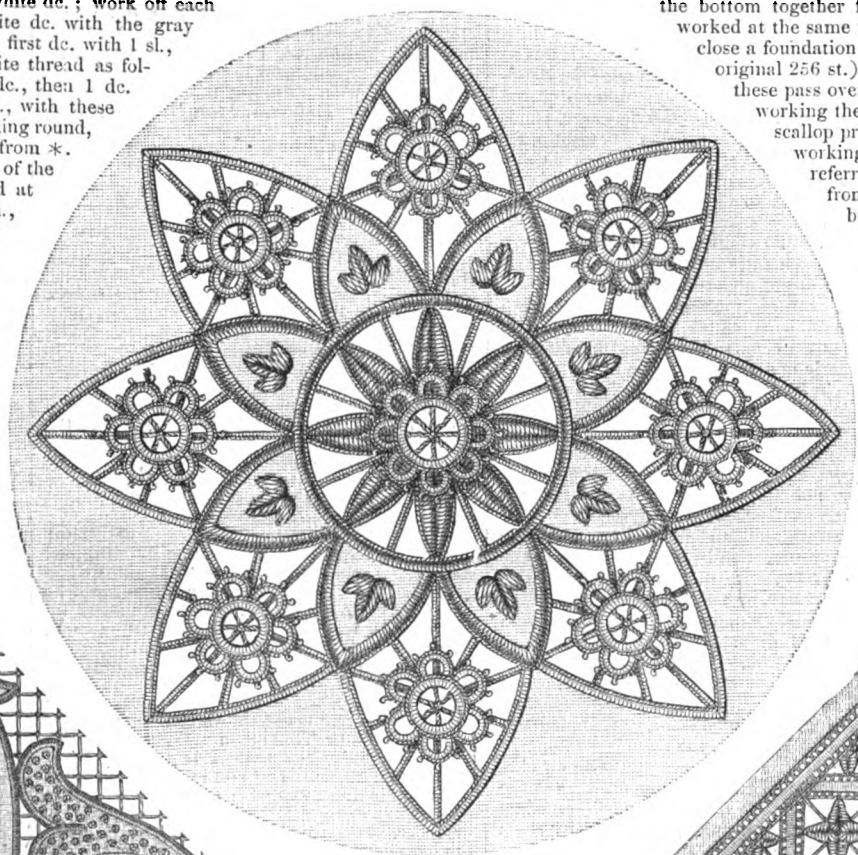


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR TIDIES, CUSHION COVERS, ETC. SWISS APPLICATION AND NETTING.



ROSETTE FOR CAPS, HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC. GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.

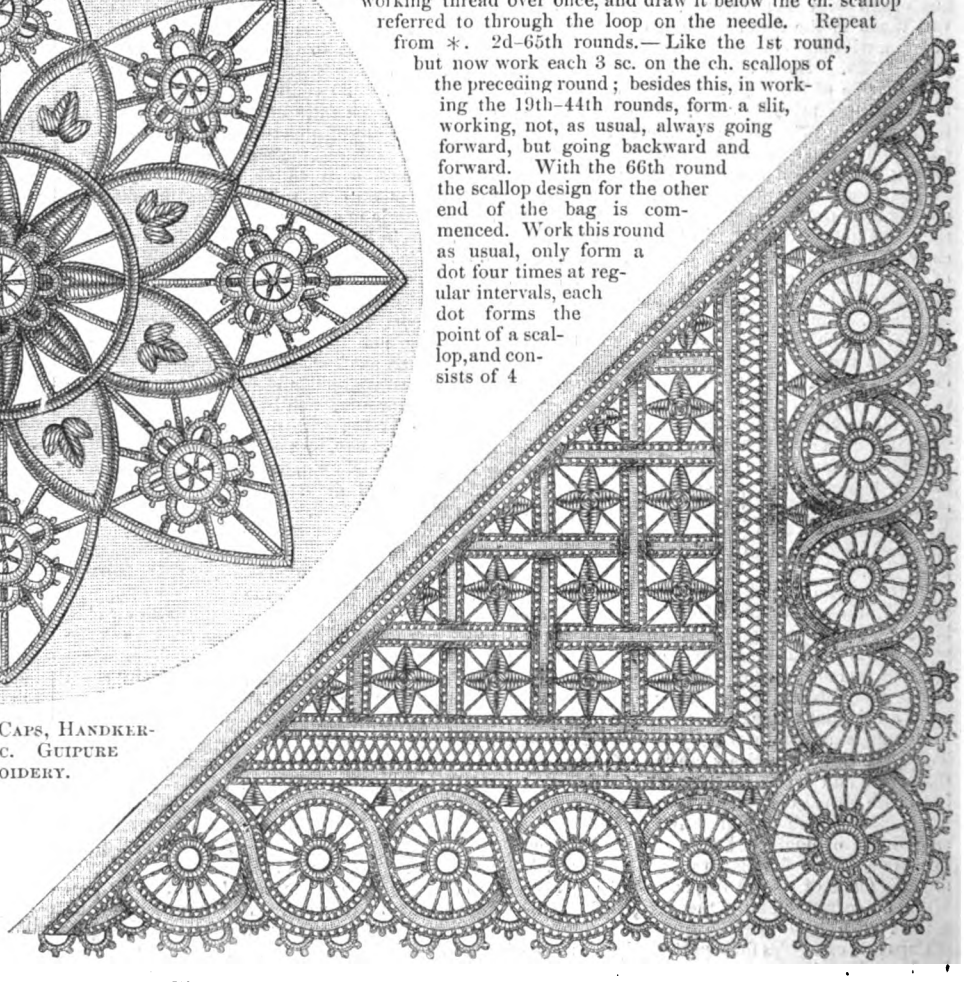


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR TIDIES, CUSHION COVERS, ETC. POINT LACE EMBROIDERY.

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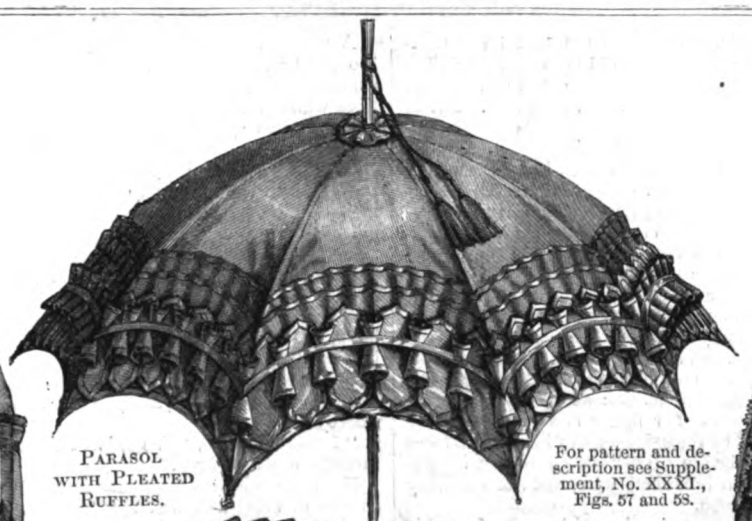
PARASOL WITH LEAF TRIMMING.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXXII., Fig. 59.



PARASOL WITH PLEATED RUFFLES.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXXI., Figs. 57 and 58.

PARASOL WITH PINKED RUFFLES.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

PARASOL WITH RUFFLES OF DIFFERENT SHADES.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

PARASOL WITH PLEATED TRIMMING.

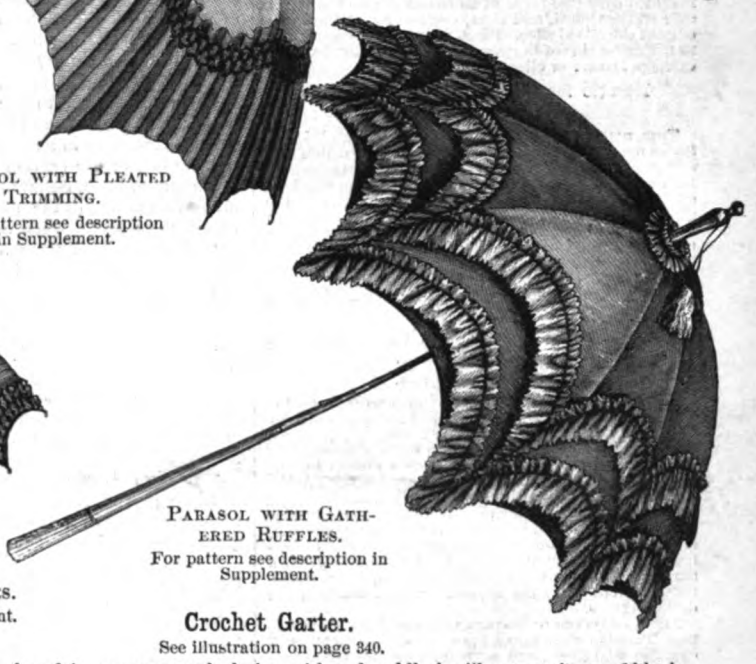
For pattern see description in Supplement.

RUFFLED AND BRAIDED PARASOL.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XXX., Fig. 56.

PARASOL WITH FOLDS AND RUCHES.

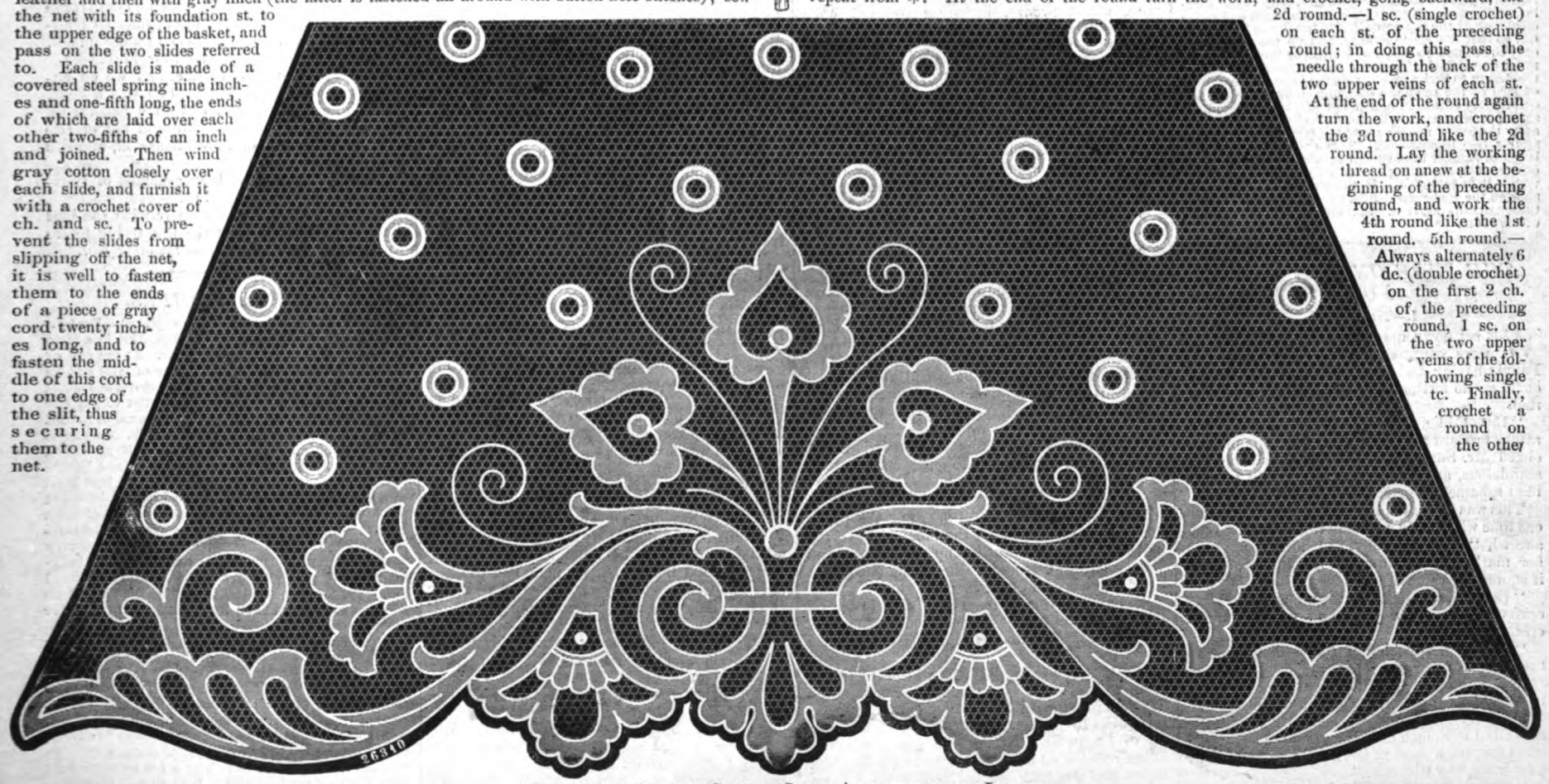
For pattern see description in Supplement.



PARASOL WITH GATHERED RUFFLES.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

dc., which are worked on the corresponding ch. scallop; after working the fourth dc. of each dot pass the crochet needle through, below the ch. scallop previously worked, to the under side of the work, throw the working thread over once, and pass it through the loop on the needle. 67th round.—Like the 66th round, but now form one dot before and after each dot of the preceding round, and work 3 ch. between both dots. 68th–73d rounds.—Like the 67th round, but now widen the dots of each scallop by one dot in each round. 74th round.—One dot on each ch. scallop of the preceding round, after each dot 3 ch. 75th round.—Like the 74th round, but now work for each dot not 4, but 3 dc.; besides this, instead of each 3 ch., work only 2 ch. 76th round.—Like the 75th round, but each dot counts not 3, but 2 dc.; after each dot work only 1 ch. 77th round.—Always alternately 1 dc. on each ch. of the preceding round, 1 ch. 78th and 79th rounds.—1 dc. on each ch. of the preceding round, but work off each 2 dc. lying next to each other not separately, but together. Gather the st. of the last round, then fasten on there a tassel of gray thread, which is furnished with a crochet cover of gray thread. The edges of the slit formed in the net are worked over in sc. with gray cotton. Finally, cover the inner side of the bottom of the basket with gray carriage leather and then with gray linen (the latter is fastened all around with button-hole stitches); sew the net with its foundation st. to the upper edge of the basket, and pass on the two slides referred to. Each slide is made of a covered steel spring nine inches and one-fifth long, the ends of which are laid over each other two-fifths of an inch and joined. Then wind gray cotton closely over each slide, and furnish it with a crochet cover of ch. and sc. To prevent the slides from slipping off the net, it is well to fasten them to the ends of a piece of gray cord twenty inches long, and to fasten the middle of this cord to one edge of the slit, thus securing them to the net.



SECTION OF PARASOL COVER.—SWISS APPLICATION AND LACE.

Crochet Garter.

See illustration on page 340.

THIS garter is crocheted in an open-work design with red saddler's silk; two pieces of black silk elastic braid, two-fifths of an inch wide each, are drawn through the garter, which is closed at the front with a button and a cord loop; the closing is covered with a rosette of red silk ribbon, embroidery, and beads. Begin the garter at one lengthwise edge with a foundation of 180 st. (stitches), and on this crochet the 1st round.—1 tc. (treble crochet) on the first foundation st., * 1 tc. on the following foundation st., 2 ch., 1 tc. on the third following foundation st. The tc. last referred to is fastened to the middle of the tc. previously worked; it is crocheted as follows: Throw the thread over twice, pass the needle through the middle vein of the tc. previously worked, throw the thread over, pass the needle through the third following foundation st., and work off together each two and two veins on the needle (each thread thrown over on the needle is also counted a vein); throwing the thread over once, 1 tc. on the following foundation st., and repeat from *. At the end of the round turn the work, and crochet, going backward, the 2d round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on each st. of the preceding round; in doing this pass the needle through the back of the two upper veins of each st. At the end of the round again turn the work, and crochet the 3d round like the 2d round. Lay the working thread on anew at the beginning of the preceding round, and work the 4th round like the 1st round. 5th round.—Always alternately 6 dc. (double crochet) on the first 2 ch. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on the two upper veins of the following single tc. Finally, crochet a round on the other

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lengthwise edge (foundation st.) of the work like the 5th round. Then pass two pieces of elastic braid, each twelve inches long, of the width already mentioned, through the 1st and 3d rounds in such a manner that all the single dc. lie on the under side of the braid, and the cross double crochet on the right side of the braid. Bind the crosswise sides of the garter with red silk; in doing this sew in at the same time the ends of the elastic, and sew on a button and cord loop for closing. Set a rosette on the end furnished with the cord loop. For this rosette cut of red silk ribbon four-fifths of an inch wide fourteen pieces from Fig. 60, Supplement; lay each of these parts in a fold along the straight lines given, and trim the point thus formed in point Russe with black silk as shown by the illustration; lay the lower corners over on the under side along the dotted lines given, and sew the edges of the material which meet together. Then sew the points on a round foundation of stiff lace as shown by the illustration, furnish the middle of the rosette with a round piece of cut jet, and surround the latter with large black jet beads.

Mat for Small Dogs.

See illustration on page 340.

THIS oblong mat is nineteen inches long and thirteen inches wide. It is made of a double layer of gray linen filled with sea-moss or curled hair, and covered with a quilt of blue cashmere, edged with blue twisted woolen fringe three inches deep. To make the mat cut first of gray linen two oblong parts, which must be an inch and three-fifths larger all around than is desired for the size of the mat. Put between these a layer of sea-moss or curled hair an inch and a quarter in thickness, and run the outside and interlining together at a distance of four inches from the edge. Fill the space thus left with a thicker layer of sea-moss or hair, so as to make a roll, and overhand the edges of the linen together over the interlining thus formed. The mat is next furnished with a cover of blue cashmere quilted in diamonds over cotton batting; the edge of the cover is folded over two-fifths of an inch wide on the under side and fastened, and is also sewed on at the inner edge of the raised edge. Finally, sew the woolen fringe to the under side of the mat, and cover the bottom with carriage leather or oiled linen.

Rosette for Caps, Handkerchiefs, etc.

See illustration on page 340.

THIS rosette is worked on fine linen, cambric, or Swiss muslin, according to the purpose for which it is designed. To work the embroidery stretch the thread bars with tatting cotton, work on these in button-hole stitch, and work the rosette figures and wheel at the middle of the rosette as shown by the illustration. In working the button-hole stitch bars and rosette figures the needle must not be passed through the material. Underlay the heavier parts of the design several times with embroidery cotton. Finally, cut away the material below the embroidery as shown by the illustration, and work the small leaves in satin stitch.

Corners of Borders for Tidies, Cushion Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 340.

Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER WITH SWISS MUSLIN APPLICATION ON NETTING. These corners may be used for tidies, etc., of Swiss muslin, fine linen, etc., or else a square-shaped netting foundation for the tidy may be worked with cotton in the thickness shown by the illustration, and the corners of the tidy trimmed in the design given by Fig. 1 in application embroidery; for the embroidery fine linen may be used as well as Swiss muslin. The embroidery is worked with fine embroidery cotton in button-hole, half-polka, satin, and knotted stitch. Along the outer edge of the tidy work small button-hole scallops as shown by the illustration, and cut away the applied material between the design figures.

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER IN POINT LACE EMBROIDERY. These borders may be sewed on square covers of cambric, fine linen, and such like, or else the whole cover may be made in the design given on Fig. 2. If the latter is the case, work the foundation of the cover in the ladder design shown by the illustration, and surround it with the border. The embroidery is worked with point lace braid and fine cotton in the stitches shown by the illustration.

Swiss Application and Lace Cover for Parasols.

See illustration on page 341.

FOR light silk parasols covers of white or black woven lace, of Swiss muslin, black or white lace with embroidery, and of point lace, tatted or netted guipure, are still in favor. The illustration shows a section of a parasol cover of white lace, with Swiss muslin application. Of course this section must be lengthened toward the top according to the form of the parasol, so that it ends in a point, and on the upper part only the dotted foundation shown by the illustration must be worked. To make the embroidery transfer the design to Swiss muslin; on the latter baste a piece of lace of the requisite size, and embroider with fine embroidery cotton in half-polka stitch. At the under scalloped edge work in button-hole stitch. Finally, cut away the Swiss muslin along the edges of the design figures (see illustration). This cover may be made larger or smaller than shown by the illustration without trouble, according to the size of the parasol for which it is intended. If the size is to be reduced, shorten the leaf-shaped figure at each side, and omit the small dots above it. Sew lace in with the sections of the cover.

THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT.

I.—THE SHOE.

WE sat down upon some large rocks which were scattered around upon the beach, Fannie having declared most positively that she could go no farther, and resumed our conversation.

"But, Eddie, do you not think that she was rather forward? The way in which she monopolized Mr. Sutherlands the whole evening was scandalous, and I think that she ought to have been ashamed of herself."

This was uttered in that indignant, contemptuous tone which only a woman can assume. I answered, "Well, certainly, Mr. Sutherlands paid her marked attention, and I should not wonder if something came of it."

"But, Ed, you ought to warn him against her crafts and wiles, for you know what an awful creature she is."

"I know it is said that she is dangerous to the peace of our sex; but, my dear sister, if Alfred Sutherlands hasn't enough common-sense to keep him out of such traps, is it my business?"

"I don't know that it is exactly your business; but inasmuch as you and he are such intimate friends, a word of warning from you would go a great way with him."

"I would not like to speak it, Fannie, for he would consider, and justly too, that I was meddling with affairs which did not concern me."

"Well, Ed, as you please; only I don't like it, that's all. I feel somewhat rested now. Let us go up to the hotel."

So we went up to the hotel.

My sister Fannie and myself had, in company with some friends of ours—and Alfred Sutherlands was one of the party—taken a trip to Newport, to pass a couple of months at that delightful place. The lady referred to in the foregoing conversation was a Miss Agnes Livingston, of New York, a charming creature: figure petite, complexion fair, hair of that golden hue which so many of our young men have so much raved about lately, and the prettiest little foot and ankle that ever peeped out from under a crinoline. She was at the same hotel that we were at, and without a chaperon, her father and brother having been forced by the exigencies of business to leave a few days before. They were, however, intending to return in a short time, and she was daily expecting them.

Fannie did not view her with a very favorable eye, as may easily be seen. The reason was simply this: Miss Livingston was beautiful, my sister was plain, and could never forgive her for having a prettier face than she herself had. Moreover, Miss Livingston was—well, it's no use disguising the fact—a flirt; the hearts which she had captivated and cast aside nearly broken were almost numberless; and it really seemed as if another one was to be added to her list of conquests in the person of Alfred Sutherlands. It seemed apparent to all that he was firmly bound to her, and, notwithstanding all the rumors of her flirting propensities, he remained at her feet. The other young ladies of the coterie, knowing that he was wealthy and handsome (and what lady could resist such a combination of virtues?), had used their utmost endeavors to draw him away from her. But all their efforts were in vain; and the result was no great gain in the reputation of the unfortunate Miss Livingston.

Upon my return to the hotel I went up to Sutherlands's room, and found him, his feet in slippers, reclining in an easy-chair, smoking, and reading one of the current magazines. He was much amused at a certain sea-side sketch therein, and remarked to me, after the ordinary greetings had passed between us,

"By Jove, Ed! what a glorious woman the heroine of this story was! Have you read it?"

I had read the story, and he continued, "She puts me very much in mind of Miss Livingston. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know, Alf; but I tell you what I do think, and that is that your attentions to her are entirely too marked, and are being noticed. Why, even Fannie—and you know what a demure little thing she is—was talking to me about it to-day."

"Pshaw! If one is seen walking with a lady, or if he presumes to dance with the same one more than once in the same evening, they are engaged directly."

"But, Alf, I really don't think that it is right for you to flirt so much with her, and you, too, a—"

"Sh! not a word more."

We then had a long and earnest conversation in reference to this same Miss Livingston, the purport of which can not be told here, but it will be understood as our story develops itself.

"*Mais, mon cher*," I said, as I rose to go, "I came up to ask you if you would join our picnic party to-morrow?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. Who are going?"

"*Imprimis*, your humble servant and his sister, enumerating ourselves first, not through egotism, but expediency; then Dr. Barclay and his wife; also Miss Livingston, whom I've no doubt you will consider under your especial protection—h'm—and a few others, making in all, I suppose, about twenty, including yourself. We propose driving to the Glen, and there we shall dine at 'a feast of reason and a flow of soul,' with a few substantials thrown in, and, by way of helping digestion, make ourselves merry with dancing and such other recreations as may be suggested. After having tired ourselves sufficiently we shall proceed to the shore, there take a yacht which will be in waiting, and sail over to the fort and around the bay until such time as it shall be decided to return. You know it will be moonlight."

"I'm with you. At what time do you start?"

"At three precisely, from the hotel here."

When I told Fannie that Sutherlands was going to take Agnes Livingston to the picnic, she said,

"Eddie, I think you are wrong to encourage an intimacy between them."

"I ain't doing any thing of the kind," I replied. "I asked him to go, and told him that Miss Livingston had been asked, and casually remarked that I supposed he would consider her under his especial protection, and he making no other answer than simply accepting the invitation, I supposed that it would be so."

"Well, all I've got to say about it is that I don't like the way things are going on."

II.—ON THE OTHER FOOT.

The day was a beautiful one, and the picnic party were assembled on the hotel piazza; the carriages were just drawing up to the door, and we were about getting in, when some one said,

"Where is Mr. Sutherlands?"

"He was here a moment ago," said I; but on looking around he was nowhere to be seen; and, to the horror of Fannie, Miss Livingston was also absent.

"What does it mean?" she whispered in my ear. "They were both here a moment ago." We sent into the parlor, but they were not there; up to Miss Livingston's room—she was not there; up to Sutherlands's room—he was not there. What could it all mean? After waiting for them about half an hour we decided to go without them.

A pleasant drive of some five or six miles brought us to the Glen, where we alighted and commenced rambling around in different directions while dinner was being prepared. The table-cloth was spread upon a smooth piece of grass, and we sat down to enjoy ourselves and the good things spread before us. Laughter and conviviality were the order of the day. But let me stop the current of my story, and, while the picnickers are enjoying themselves, with the reader's kind permission carry him back a while, and we will discover what became of the absent ones.

As we were all standing on the piazza of the hotel, waiting for the carriages, Alfred Sutherlands and Agnes Livingston were standing a little back and apart from the rest; and when the carriages drew up in front she plucked him by the sleeve and said,

"I think that I won't go," and immediately turned and went inside.

He, not knowing what to make of this sudden change of mind, followed her in, overtook her as she was going up stairs, and asked her what was the matter.

"I'll tell you when I come down," she replied.

He accordingly had to wait for her appearance. He went to his own room, took some cigars from his valise, came down again by the back way, and went to the stables of the hotel. Thus it was that we missed him when we sent to his room for him. Afraid that he might be asked some unpleasant questions, he kept out of the way until we had gone. Then he came into the parlor, and in a few minutes Miss Livingston came down.

"Why did you change your mind so suddenly?" asked he.

"Because—"

"Because what?" said he, inquiringly.

She looked into his face, and, with a peculiar and expressive smile, said, "Are you much disappointed?"

"In truth, I am. I had anticipated a great deal of pleasure in accompanying you there."

"Did you? Well, I'm sure if I had known that it would have given you so much gratification I should have gone with you."

"It is not too late yet."

"Why, how can we go? The carriages are gone."

"Are there no more to be had? I will get a buggy and drive you there myself."

"Oh, that will be splendid! To go— Ah, what will they say, though?"

"Well, if you won't mind what they say, I'm sure I won't."

She placed a little hand upon his arm, and looking into his eyes with a glance that made a thrill run through his whole body, said, "What is it to us what they say?"

"Well, then, excuse me while I go and order a buggy around;" and so saying he stepped out of the room.

Miss Livingston was delighted. The whole thing had worked out so far to her utmost satisfaction. Sutherlands was evidently smitten with her, and her triumph over the other young ladies would be great when she appeared among them in company with him alone. But, leaving them, let us go back to the Glen again to our other friends.

We were, as I said before, seated around our festive board, or rather *grass*, and were enjoying ourselves to the uttermost, and the absent ones were well-nigh forgotten, when suddenly they appeared before our eyes.

"Where have you been?" was my first exclamation as I sprang up and grasped Alf's hand, and drew him to the feast, Miss Livingston by his side. "We waited half an hour at the hotel."

"Well, Miss Livingston and I thought that it would be a good joke on you to make you think all manner of unutterable things, but we are sorry to have kept you waiting. The fact is, she, not feeling very well, suddenly resolved, while we were standing on the piazza waiting for the carriages, not to go, and went inside, and I went in with her. After you had gone I persuaded her to come with me in a buggy."

"The artful creature!" muttered Fannie, *sotto voce*.

"We drove down to the beach for a few minutes," continued Sutherlands, "and then followed you here, hoping that we would not arrive too late for dinner."

"No! Sit right down here alongside of me," said I.

The conversation, which was thus momentarily interrupted, was now renewed with unabated vigor.

Pretty Miss Joy, from B——, sat alongside of Dr. Barclay, his wife being on the other side. Said she, "Doctor, won't your patients have a chance to exercise their *patience* while you are gone?"

"Oh, I turned them all over to another doctor, who, not having any too much practice of his own, was very glad to get them."

"Who was he?"

"Doctor Dosus."

"Well, if I were sick," said Miss Joy, "I declare I would have no one but you to attend me. I should be afraid of Dr. Dosus."

"Why so? He is a very good physician, only a little antiquated in his notions."

"Oh, but I like a younger man, and particularly one with such rosy cheeks as you have;" and her merry laugh rang mischievously out upon the air.

The doctor's rosy cheeks were doubly red at this allusion, and Mrs. Barclay bit her lip, but said nothing.

Dinner being over, a place was cleared, and, music having been provided, we began to dance.

Drawing Sutherlands aside while the dancing was progressing, I said to him, "Let us take a walk; I want to talk with you." And we lit our cigars and wandered off a little way from the rest.

"Ed," said he, "what do you think of my little scheme with Agnes Livingston?"

"You're what I call rushing things. Fannie is horrified."

"Won't she open her eyes when she knows as much as we do?"

"But seriously, Alf, how many acts are there in this farce, or tragedy, as you choose to call it?"

"Only one more. The curtain will fall this evening on the boat. I have to-day received a letter from—you know. Ain't it 'most time that we started for the shore?"

"I think it is. Let us go back and tell them so."

So back we went; and I gave directions to bring up the carriages, and soon after we were whirling on our way to the shore. There we found our yacht, neater and prettier than which was not to be found any where. We all got aboard, and a delightful breeze springing up made her dance over the waves as though conscious that she was ministering to a party of pleasure.

It was about eight o'clock, and the moon was just rising. We sailed around the harbor, over to the fort, and up the bay, enlivening the time with jokes, songs, and stories. It was noticed that Sutherlands was sitting in the fore part of the boat, with Miss Livingston by his side, and talking to her in a low tone. He did not mingle in the conversation with the rest, and she seemed to have ears for no one but him.

"See them!" whispered Fannie. "If it isn't all settled, then I'm no judge."

"I do begin to think it all settled myself."

"I'll ask him to sing," said Fannie. Then to him: "Oh, Mr. Sutherlands, we're very sorry to interrupt your delightful *tête-à-tête*, but as we have all sung but you, it is now your turn. Will you favor us?"

He had a magnificent baritone voice, and without a moment's hesitation he consented, and commenced Kuchen's lovely song—

"Oh, wert thou but mine own, love,
How dear thou'dst be to me;
Deep, deep within this heart, love,
I'd cherish only thee."

Fannie pinched my arm. He went on:

"For every joy that earth could give
In one dear look of thine should live:
Oh, wert thou mine forever,
How deep my love would be."

We all pronounced it exquisite. Miss Livingston said nothing, but cast her eyes upon him with *such* a fascinating look. He took her hand and led her to the stern of the boat, and seated her near the rest of us; then, coming toward me, he whispered in my ear, "The time has come;" and turning around, he said aloud:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are to have, I hope, a pleasant accession to our party to-morrow. I have just received a letter from home by to-day's mail informing me that my brother and sister may be expected here to-morrow, and with them they will bring my *wife*."

"YOUR WIFE!" screamed Miss Livingston.

"*Your wife!*" echoed Fanny, almost dumb with amazement.

"Your wife!" ejaculated the rest of the party.

"Why, when were you married?" said Fannie.

"Just about two months ago. She couldn't come with me when I came to Newport; so she said she would come on in a few days afterward with my sister, and they will arrive to-morrow."

I knew all about it all the time, but the whole thing had been kept a secret from the rest of the party, and therefore such a piece of information was like a thunder-clap to them.

Miss Livingston was terribly cut up to find that she had been wasting all her arts upon a married man; and to think that she had fallen into the trap herself which she had set for another was too bad.

The next morning she said that she had received a letter from her father asking her to come home; that he would meet her at the boat landing in New York. So she packed up her things, and took the evening boat for New York.

Sutherlands's wife did come, and we all enjoyed her visit exceedingly. She was a dear, sweet little creature, and without a particle of jealousy in her nature. Alf told her of the trick he had played on Miss Livingston, and she laughed as she said,

"You ought to have been ashamed of yourself to deceive the poor girl so."

"But, my dear, it was exactly what she had done to others, and what she was trying to do with me, only *the shoe was on the other foot*."

USEFUL RECIPES.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE (new and very superior).—For two hours dissolve half a box of Cox's gelatine in a little more than half a pint of cold water. At the end of that time make a custard of 2 quarts of milk and 12 eggs, set it in a pan of water on the stove, and let it come to a boil, stirring well. It is better to put the milk on first, then mix the eggs with some of it, and when it boils pour on the eggs and milk. Just as it boils, slide the dissolved gelatine just in the middle of a pan containing 2 quarts of rich cream, and before you stir it pour the boiling custard on top; beat it all well together; have ready a vanilla bean cut in small pieces and scraped, and boiled in about a pint of milk until the milk is half boiled away; pour this, after stirring, into the custard, sweeten all to taste, add sherry wine to suit, and pour into the moulds lined with lady-fingers. The sugar, flavor, and wine should be poured in just as soon as possible. Get it into the moulds as quick as you can. Set on ice to harden. In summer use more gelatine.

PHILADELPHIA CAKE.—Take about a quart of milk slightly turned; mix with it enough flour to make it about as thick as pound-cake batter. It is better to put a small portion of flour—about half a pint—in the basin, and stir the milk gradually in to prevent its becoming lumpy; then add the rest of the flour afterward; mix in the whites of six eggs beaten to a light froth; a little cinnamon, nutmeg, and sugar enough to make it as sweet as you wish; a few currants and raisins are an improvement. Beat all well together; have a shallow pan well greased with lard, pour in the

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cake, and set in a *warm* oven, gradually heating it until it is hot enough. It should be about half an hour in baking. When carefully mixed and properly baked it is a delightful cake. The baking is the main point. In about ten minutes after the cake goes in the full amount of heat necessary should be turned on—of course gradually letting it in during that time.

To procure the essence of celery, for flavoring soups, etc., soak one ounce of celery seed in half a pint of the best white brandy for three weeks. Six or eight drops will flavor a quart of soup.

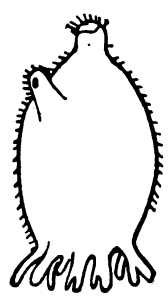
THE LEATHER BOTTÈL.

A DARWINIAN DITTY.

FOR the better understanding of this "ditty," in case it should not be self-interpreting, we prefix to it two extracts, one from Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man," and the other from Dr. H. Alleyne Nicholson's "Introductory Text-Book of Zoology," with a relative wood-cut, borrowed from Dr. Nicholson's work, in which cut, as being a family portrait of our ancestor (according to Mr. Darwin), our readers can not fail to feel a strong interest. We suggest that the word Ascidian, if not spelled Askidian, ought, at least, to be pronounced so.

"The most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of the Vertebrata, at which we are able to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians.

"These animals probably gave rise to a group of fishes,....these to the Simiadæ. The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems—the New World and Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded. Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length; but not, it may be said, of noble quality."—*The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex.* By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., etc.; i. 212, 213.



A SIMPLE ASCIDIAN.

"TUNICATA.—This class includes a class of animals not at all familiarly known, and mostly of small size. They are often called *Ascidians* (Gr. *askos*, a wine-skin), from the resemblance which many of them exhibit in shape to a two-necked jar or bottle (see fig.). The two orifices in the outer leathery case or 'test' of the *Tunicata* lead into the interior of the animal, and are used for the admission and expulsion of sea-water; and by their means the animal both breathes and obtains food."—*Introductory Text-Book of Zoology.* By H. Alleyne Nicholson, M.D., etc.

How many wondrous things there be
Of which we can't the reason see!
And this is one, I used to think,
That most men like a drop of drink.
But here comes Darwin with his plan,
And shows the true Descent of Man:
And that explains it all full well,
For man was once—a leather bottèl!

There are Mollusca rather small,
That Naturalists Ascidia call,
Who, being just a bag-like skin,
Subsist on water pouring in:
And these you'll find, if you will seek,
Derive their name from Heathen Greek;
For Scott and Scapula show full well
That Askos means—a leather bottèl.

Now Darwin proves, as clear as mud,
That, endless ages ere the Flood,
The Coming Man's primeval form
Was simply an Ascidian worm:
And having then the habit got
Of passing liquor down his throat,
He keeps it still, and shows full well
That Man was once—a leather bottèl.

When Bacchus' feasts came duly round,
Athenian peasants beat the ground;
And danced and leaped, to ease their toil,
'Mid leather bottles smeared with oil:
From which they slid, with broad grimace,
And falling, filled with mirth the place:
And so they owned and honored well
Their great-grandsire—the leather bottèl.

The toper loves to sit and swill
Of wine, or grog, or beer, his fill;
And, as he doth but little eat,
It serves him both for drink and meat:
But don't, I pray, be too strait-laced,
Or blame this pure Ascidian taste:
For Darwin's theory shows full well
The toper is—a leather bottèl.

The Dean of Christ-Church does not shrink
To give five reasons we should drink:
"Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest we should be by-and-by:"
Then adds the fifth in humorous sport,
As "any other reason" for't:
But all his reasoning shows full well
The Dean was just—a leather bottèl!

Nay, those who fain strong drink would stop,
Don't say, we should not drink a drop;
But water, milk, or *eau sucrée*,
We're free to tipple all the day:
Sam Johnson's self, as you may see,
Drank many myriad cups of tea:
And all this drinking shows full well
That man's at best—a leather bottèl.

"The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,"
The plants, too, drink the moistened plain:
"The sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little need for drink,
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up;"
While beasts and fishes share the cup:
The Sun, too, drinks, the Moon as well;
So Nature's all—a leather bottèl.

I hope even Darwin don't say Nay,
When asked at times to wet his clay:
And I for one would drink his health,
And wish him sense and wit and wealth:
And if good liquor he doth brew,
I'll drink to old Erasmus too;
And gladly join to show full well
That man is still—a leather bottèl.

WILL IT PAY?

I WAS abroad early with my girl the other morning, and on our way from the ferry we passed the office of a newspaper, where a sort of Rag Fair was being holden. The proprietor of the journal had offered prizes for the best specimens of patched and mended garments, and this exhibition was the result. I was quite desirous that Maud should see what needle-women can still do in this age of machines, and invited her in. Maud is a girl of the period—wide awake, interested in almost every thing going on—not so interested in some things of in-door significance as she is in some others of out-door importance—but a pretty good specimen, as her friends think, of the average young lady. She is my ward just now; and I am expected to "do something for her," according to the entreaty of her mother, the wife of a country minister, who frankly acknowledges that her children are too much for her—"too many," I was on the point of quoting from Mr. Tulliver, but the quotation would have laid my sentence open to the charge of ambiguity.

The offer of the publisher of the paper had met with an extraordinary response; there were garments of all sorts on exhibition—darned stockings, patched under-clothes, cotton, linen, woolen, so "honored in the breach" that one could but think of the tapestries of palaces, and of India shawls, which, after all, looked at by the eyes of Common Sense, without fashionable aspirations, are nothing more nor less than a darned lot of things.

"Well," I said to Maud, as she stood with the heel of a black stocking spread smoothly upon her palm, and contemplating it with a perplexity made up of despair and disdain, "needle-work isn't a lost art yet, it seems."

"What an awful waste of time!" she answered. "I should think it was a sin."

"But if a thing is worth doing at all," said I, "isn't it worth doing well? and you don't mean to say that a patch is not to be preferred to a rent or a hole?"

"There are two things about it," said she. "I couldn't do such work as that if I would, and I'd be ashamed to if I could."

"I think, for my part," said I, "that we have here a fine exhibition of the eternal fitness of things. There are thousands of listless hands which could make happy hearts for themselves if they would come in here and let it be proved for them that it *pays* to do work well."

Maud looked at me, and, I could see, was a little embarrassed. She would have laughed if she had found any encouragement in my face. "When I am fifty years old," said she, "and all my friends are dead, and I have nothing to read, and nobody to walk with, if it is really *necessary*, I will think about this kind of business."

"If you think there's an art that can be acquired that way," I answered, "you are in danger of making a great mistake. The art of making others comfortable isn't learned in a moment—nor in old age."

"Seriously," said she, looking toward the street, a little impatient to find herself among the crowds going up and down, "would you like me to sit and spend a week over a pair of old silk stockings? I would prefer to learn the weaver's trade, if it's all the same to you."

"Things will wear out, and a body must make a decent appearance. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," said I, sticking to my text.

"Yes; and I know what poor mother is doing most of the time. But the boys would have to go naked if she patched and darned in this way."

"She might do it for once in her life, as a specimen of her skill," said I.

"Poor mother! I think not." Maud could now no longer resist the impulse that was drawing her toward the window.

Just as she turned away I noticed a garment which was labeled with a handwriting familiar to me. The name was Mary Atkins. I looked at Maud. She was standing by the door, and that thoughtful look was upon her face still which had appeared when I spoke of her mother. Should I call to her to come and see with her own eyes that her mother was among the competitors? While I questioned myself I saw that this garment had the mark of a ten-dollar prize upon it, and that decided me.

"Maud," I said. She came. I pointed to the garment. She looked amazed.

"Is that Rob's blouse? Can't be! Goodness! mother hasn't—" I pointed to the label. There was the name of Mary Atkins, my Maud's mother, plain as print. Maud looked at me, and her glance seemed to be a cross between thunder and lightning.

"Your mother don't spend all her time patching and darning," said I, not understanding her mood so well as to feel quite certain what I should say; "but when she does her best she takes a prize, you see."

"A prize!" she exclaimed; "and that's where the money came from I was to spend on myself. Mother earned it!" An application of my preaching so instant and unexpected I confess startled me. Nevertheless, I rejoiced thereat.

"You are glad, are you not, Maud, that women who can do work like that are sure of a living, or may be sure of it?" said I. "That's the best lesson I have learned at Rag Fair. It always pays to do one's work well."

"Shall we go?" said Maud, leading the way into the street.

I might have expended a great deal of talk on my girl, but it would have proved far less effective than this evidence she had unawares encountered—that good work pays. She could not gainsay the proof which came from her own mother's loving heart and loving hands. But if you think she consented to make use of the money which had been sent her in any such way as at first she proposed, you make a great mistake. How to spend ten dollars cost her a deal of thought. She consulted with me about it oftener than the President consulted his cabinet, and in greater perplexity, I am sure, than he exhibited before he resolved upon the purchase of the southern hemisphere; but her purchases went home, finally, and they were received there almost before newspaper-reading people became alive to the fact that Rag Fair was over.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

JUST about the time when summer dawns upon us the interest of many scientific people in this country will be centered upon the expedition leaving the United States to win trophies from the regions of eternal ice. The *Polaris*, commanded by Captain C. F. Hall, ventures into arctic waters for the discovery of the Northwest Passage and the open Polar Sea. No new venture is it, but past experiences and explorations give increased prospect of success; and Captain Hall is not only enthusiastic in his prospective work, but by his long residence amid the rigors of an arctic climate is eminently fitted, physically, for the difficult task before him. The sailing-master, Captain Buddington, from Groton, Connecticut, will carry with him assistant officers who have for years buffeted the storms of the long arctic winter. All the seamen are intelligent men, and it is said that each one is capable of navigating the ship himself. A corps of scientific gentlemen accompany the expedition; and two Esquimaux, "Joe" and "Hannah," who have been with Captain Hall several years, go also—"Joe" as an interpreter, and "Hannah" as a tailoress, for warm skin garments only will protect the arctic traveler from the piercing blasts to which he is exposed. The *Polaris* is fitted up with every possible comfort and convenience; yet the enthusiastic gentlemen, and even *ladies*, who have made application to accompany this expedition, as a sort of pleasure trip, evidently have no conception of the discomforts, hardships, and dangers of arctic navigation, nor of the sufferings of the long, dark arctic winter. Captain Hall expects to be absent about two years and a half, although it is more than probable that this time will necessarily be prolonged.

Among the curious decrees of the Commune of Paris was one forbidding bakers to do night-work, because it was not good for their health. Paris could very well endure to eat stale bread every morning.

An English lady who left a furnished house in the suburbs of Paris was anxious to know whether the furniture was safe, and wrote to the mayor of the arrondissement on the subject. She received a reply to the effect that her house has not been damaged or the furniture touched, and that on her forwarding £60 to the mayor he would send the furniture to her in England. The lady thereupon wrote and asked what the £60 was for. The answer came: "It is the share of the indemnity that will have to be paid by every English person having property in France."

Mr. James Parton is of opinion that "nothing saves children from utter destruction but their ceaseless rebellion against our murderous requirements" in forcing them to sit still in ill-ventilated rooms during long school-hours. This remark, though strong, contains not a little truth. When are the children to *grow*, if they are kept at their tasks continually? Their complaints of hard lessons and longings for holidays are but the natural rebound of the mind and body against too great a pressure. Fresh air, exhilarating exercise, and freedom from mental strain are essential in childhood if a strong and vigorous manhood and womanhood are desired.

About one hundred mechanics have been put to work on the national Capitol at Washington for repairs and improvements.

Pickpocketienne is the Parisian naturalization of the English word pickpocket, in consequence of there being a great number of English thieves in Paris just now.

No good results from excessive gymnastic exercise. Not long ago an ambitious little girl of Akron, Ohio, performed three hundred jumps over her skipping-rope, followed on the next morning by one hundred and seventy more. The physicians said that her death, which occurred three days afterward, was caused directly by this excessive exercise.

An Antwerp journal sent a reporter to Brussels to get the King's speech, and with him a couple of carrier-doves to take back the document speedily. At Brussels the reporter gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting some time, but a very delicate fricassee atoned for the delay. After breakfast he paid his bill, and called for his carrier-pigeons.

"Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter, "why, you have eaten them!"

A good nurse never aggravates her patient by a whisper in the sick-room; but then she is never loud. Though quiet, she never walks on tiptoe; her shoes never creak, nor does her dress rustle. She never seems to be stealthily watching the sick one. She never slams the door, of course, but then she never shuts it with painful slowness. She is prompt, but never in a hurry. She is invaluable.

The new "palace car" on the Third Avenue line has a carpeted floor, window-curtains, about thirty comfortable cushioned seats, ice-water, a clock, and a civil conductor. All willing to pay ten cents extra for the comforts afforded will take passage in the "palace cars."

The Boston *Advertiser* tells a story of a lady living at the South End, who received a call the other day from another "lady," who wished to see about the place of "second girl" in the family of the former. "Lady" No. 2 drove up to the door in a hack, rustled into the hall in a handsome suit of brown velveteen, found that the desired situation was already filled, took out her list and erased a name and number; then swept down the front steps, and, while the obsequious hackman held the door open for her ladyship to re-enter, instructed him to drive to the next direction minuted upon her memorandum. Good common-sense is a rare possession; but one evidence of it is, to dress according to one's position in life.

The telegraphic feat of sending a message from London to Bombay, and receiving an answer immediately, has excited much interest. The message had to traverse a distance of about six thousand miles, invading Belgium, Prussia, Russia, and Persia, and was sent direct, not retelegraphed from station to station, like an ordinary telegram. The reply came at once—12,000 miles seeming to be of no account.

The guillotine seems to be about the only thing wanting to complete the reign of terror in Paris in this year of 1871.

Ladies who are accustomed to give their photographs to gentlemen with some freedom may be interested in the case of a young lady of this city. She gave her photograph to a devoted admirer for his locket. Two days afterward her brother found it on the floor of a billiard saloon, decorated with a pair of mustaches and an immense cigar, artistically done with a pen.

Those who look rather coldly upon Canada will be perhaps astonished to hear that she is the fourth maritime power in the world, and, according to the "Year Book of 1870," has 7591 ships, with a tonnage of 899,090 tons. In this regard she stands ahead of every nation except Great Britain, the United States, and France.

A man living in Mobile, Alabama, recently married a Mexican woman. She was his seventh wife, he having previously been united to a German, a French, an English, Irish, Dutch, and American woman at different periods of his existence. Which nationality he prefers is still a matter of uncertainty.

It is said that in the provinces of France there is a strong and increasing reaction of feeling in favor of the Emperor.

Upon the children are visited the sins of their parents; even the little ones escape not the grief which crime brings to friends of the criminal. When the trial of Mrs. Fair, in San Francisco, was ended by the ominous words, "Guilty of murder in the first degree," her little daughter, who seemed to comprehend their full meaning, broke forth in a violent fit of sobbing. She leaned over upon her mother, and her childish cry of anguish pierced every heart. She twined her little arms about her mother's neck, and when the condemned woman was about to be led from the room, and it was necessary to separate them, she begged in agonizing tones that she might "go with mamma."

A May snow-storm is not without precedent; therefore when the good people of Maine awoke on the morning of the 5th of that month and saw five inches of snow on the ground, they were not alarmed, but made their paths, waited for the snow to melt with patience, and then continued their plowing as if nothing had happened.

An old story contains a lesson which many married couples have not yet learned. When Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut a gentleman called at his house one day requesting a private interview. He said: "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, Sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, Sir?"

The Governor sat a few moments in thought; then turning to his visitor, said, "How did you treat Mrs. W—— when you were courting her? and how did you feel toward her at the time of your marriage?"

Squire W—— replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time."

"Well, Sir," said the Governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result."

The Governor then said, "Let us pray."

They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away Squire W—— called again to see the Governor, and said: "I have called to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I can not be grateful enough for your good counsel."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. W——," said the Governor, "and I hope you will continue to court your wife as long as you live."

The Medical Department of the English Privy Council is of the opinion that by vaccination in infancy, if thoroughly performed and successful, most people are completely insured for their whole lifetime against an attack of small-pox. If, however, the early vaccination was imperfectly performed, or from any other cause unsuccessful, the protection against small-pox is much less satisfactory. In consequence of imperfect vaccination the population always contains very many persons who, though nominally vaccinated, and believing themselves to be protected against small-pox, are really liable to infection. For this reason, and also because even the best infantine vaccination sometimes loses more or less of its efficacy in process of time, the Medical Department above referred to advises that all persons who have been vaccinated in infancy should, as they approach adult life, undergo revaccination. Generally speaking, the best time of life for revaccination is about the time when growth is completing itself, say from fifteen to eighteen years of age; and persons in that period of life ought not to delay their revaccination till times when there shall be special alarm of small-pox. In circumstances of special danger every one past childhood on whom revaccination has not before been successfully performed ought without delay to be revaccinated. It is generally believed that if revaccination is properly and successfully performed it does not require repetition. In proof of which it is said that the revaccination to which nurses of small-pox hospitals in England invariably submit is a perfect protection.

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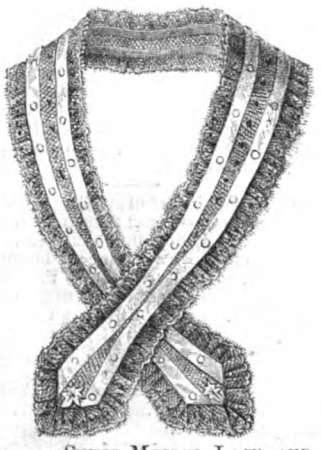
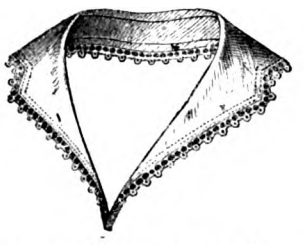


SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR.
For description see Supplement.

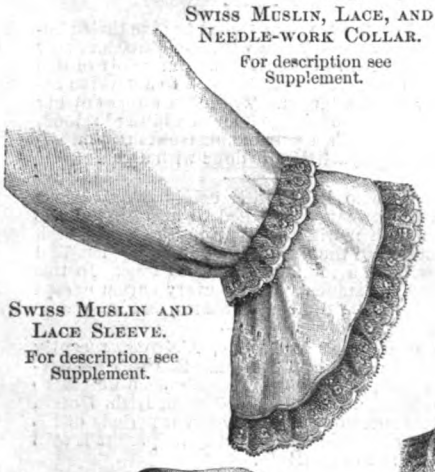
SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 42.



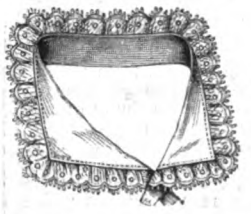
LINEN AND NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 23.

NANSOOK COLLAR WITH REVERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Figs. 51 and 52.

SWISS MUSLIN AND VALENCIENNES LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 18.



SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE SLEEVE.
For description see Supplement.



LINEN AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 26 and 27.

SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 32.

LINEN COLLAR WITH REVERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 46 and 47.

SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND NEEDLE-WORK SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16 and 17.

SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVII., Fig. 53.

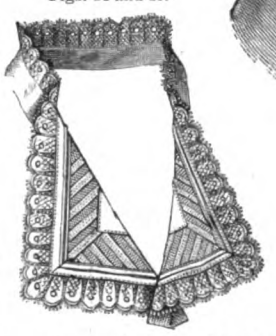
COLLAR WITH REVERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Fig. 54.

SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 24.

FICHU-COLLAR WITH REVERS.
For description see Supplement.

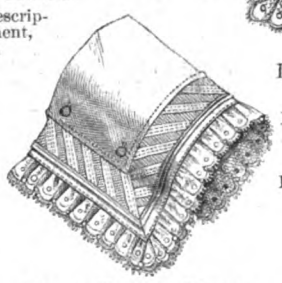
CASHMERE SUMMER HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 11.

NEEDLE-WORK, INSERTION, AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIX., Fig. 55.



LINEN AND NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 24 and 25.

LINEN, TUCKED MUSLIN, AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 43 and 44.



LINEN, TUCKED MUSLIN, AND LACE CUFF.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 45.

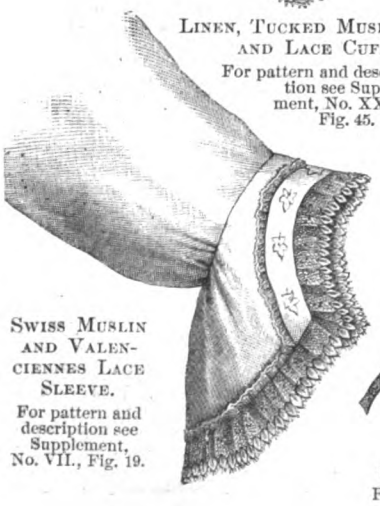
LINEN AND EMBROIDERED MUSLIN COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 49 and 50.

LINEN AND LACE INSERTION COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 28 and 29.

SWISS MUSLIN AND BRUGES LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 20.

SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 40 and 41.

LINEN CUFF.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Fig. 48.



SWISS MUSLIN AND VALENCIENNES LACE SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 19.

SWISS MUSLIN AND BRUGES LACE JACKET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 12–15.

SWISS MUSLIN AND BRUGES LACE JACKET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 12–15.

SWISS MUSLIN AND BRUGES LACE SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 21.

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Jewel Case with Pincushion, Figs. 1–3.

THIS case is made of pasteboard. The cover is furnished with a raised cushion for pins, covered with green satin embroidered with crystal beads, gold beads, and bugles. The remaining trimming of the jewel case consists of a ruche of green satin ribbon an inch wide, a ruffle of the same an inch and a quarter wide, white blonde an inch and an eighth wide, and buttons covered with green silk. The case is furnished with a lining of silk quilted over cotton batting. For the case cut of pasteboard for the bottom one piece nine inches square, then for the straight sides four pieces each six inches long and an inch wide, and for the slanting sides four pieces each nine inches long and two inches wide; the latter are slanted off toward the ends so that one (the upper) of their lengthwise sides is now only six inches long. First cover all the pieces smoothly with net, then cover the outer side of the slanting sides intended for the slanting edge smoothly with green silk (the edges of the silk are folded over on the under side of the pasteboard and fastened there). Then overseam the pasteboard pieces intended for the straight sides along the ends, and fasten them on the bottom so that they are at an equal distance all around from the outer edge of the latter. Set in the quilted lining as shown by Fig. 1; in doing this the edges of the silk must be folded narrowly to the outer side of the sides at the upper edge of the case. Then join the slanting sides at the upper narrower lengthwise side with the straight sides, at the under lengthwise side with the bottom, and at the ends with each other. Next cover the outer side of the bottom smoothly with green cashmere. Sew the trimming on the slanting sides as shown by the illustration. For the row of beads on the ruche take up alternately one large, three small crystal beads. For the cover of the case cut of pasteboard one part six inches square, cover the under side of this part with a silk lining quilted in diamonds, and the outer side with the cushion, which is an inch and a quarter high, and flattened toward the outer edges, and cover this with a piece of green satin corresponding in size, and embroidered in the design given in Fig. 30 of the present Supplement. The leaves and stems of the design are worked in bead satin stitch with crystal and gold beads; in working the leaves take up on the thread the number of beads required for the width of the leaf. The first and last must each be a gold bead; in this way the leaf, when completed, appears to be edged in with gold beads. Before working the bead satin stitch, underlay the leaves with strings of small crystal beads. These bead strings are fastened lengthwise on the leaf; to the widest part of the leaf fasten two to three of such bead strings. Fig. 3 shows an unfinished leaf in full size and the underlaying. For the first bead stitch pass the needle through the material at the point indicated by ×. The bead strings for the stems and small branches are fastened with short crosswise stitches. The wheat (Fig. 2 shows a head in full size) is worked with white satin beads; the points of the ears are simulated with gold thread and gold beads. The completed embroidery is fastened on the cushion, and the latter is bordered along the outer edge with a satin ruche. Join the cover with the case at one lengthwise side, and furnish the front edge with a loop of ribbon. This pretty box will be found very convenient for the toilette-table, and may be used to hold small articles as well as jewels. The trimming, of course, can be varied to suit the individual taste.

SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 37–39.

EMBROIDERED SWISS MUSLIN FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 35 and 36.

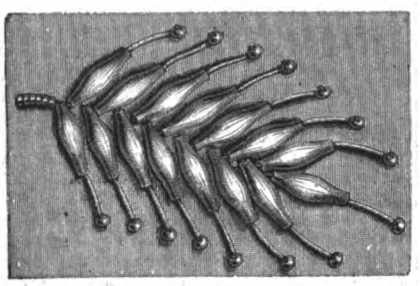

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED WHEAT FOR JEWEL CASE.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—JEWEL CASE WITH PINCUSHION.
For design see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 30.

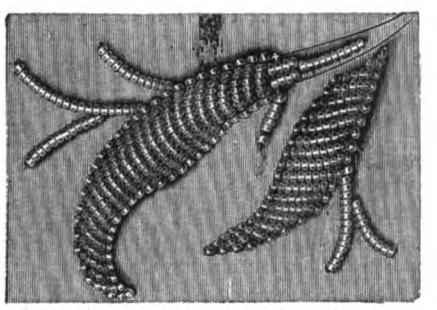

Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED LEAF FOR JEWEL CASE.—FULL SIZE.

SWISS MUSLIN FICHU WITH WATTEAU PLEAT. BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 31.

FICHU WITH VELVET TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 34.

AN ANT' COLONY.

ON stripping off the bark of a small stump, barely eight inches in diameter, and about as much in height from the surface of the ground, a large colony of the yellow ant was suddenly exposed to the light. The insects had the strongest objection to the inroad upon their premises, and ran about actively in all directions. Their habitation was elaborately made of small particles of earth, which had been built together after the fashion of ants, and had been arranged between the bark and the wood so as to form a perfect labyrinth of soil cells and passages. I was really sorry to have broken into so elaborate a piece of insect architecture, but the mischief had been done, and was aggravated by a brisk and decidedly cold wind which had just sprung up, and which blew the unfortunate ants about in a way of which they did not at all approve.

This species of ant is very common, especially on heaths and similar places, and has the power of varying the structure of its nest so as to suit all conditions. On open ground it builds little hillocks, which, fragile as they appear, are quite capable of throwing off the rain. If, however, it can find a flat stone, it takes advantage of so good a shelter, and makes its habitation immediately beneath it; while in the present instance it had run up its chambers from the earth, and extended them between the wood and bark of the stump. The bark was very close to the wood, and the insects had gained the requisite space by making shallow cavities in the decaying wood. During a severe winter they carry their habitations deeply into the ground, and make chambers, sunk well beneath the surface, communicating with each other by passages some four inches in length. It is in these nests, by-the-way, that some of our rarest beetles are discovered. The color of the insect is bright but pale yellow, the larger workers being brighter in hue than the smaller.

Having already done as much mischief as could be done, I had no scruple in removing the remainder of the bark. To my astonishment, another ants' nest was disclosed, but that of a different species—namely, the jet ant. Thus we have the curious fact that on opposite sides of the same little stump were two flourishing colonies of two different species of ant, neither interfering with the other, and both so completely concealed that no traces of them were seen until the bark was removed.

When their house was thus broken open, the ants showed at once the difference in disposition as well as in form. The yellow ants ran about in a state of great perturbation, and although they could do but little, appeared to do a great deal. They were very angry too, and one of them when put into the bottle attacked a sun-beetle, grasped one of its antennæ with a hold like that of a bull-dog, and so died under the influence of the poisoned vapor. As a memorial of the occasion, I intend to place in my cabinet the beetle with the dead ant still griping the antenna between its jaws. The jet ants displayed no such fussiness, but took matters very coolly indeed. At first they seemed to be surprised into something like activity, but they soon appeared to make up their minds that there was no use in troubling themselves more than necessary. So they quietly slipped away under cover, some dropping at once to the ground, and so escaping into the recesses of the nest, and others crawling very leisurely down the ruins of their home.

SWISS MUSLIN FICHU WITH PLEATED FRILLS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 33.

SWISS MUSLIN FICHU WITH WATTEAU PLEAT. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 31.

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(Continued from No. 18, page 279.)

HANNAH.

A Novel.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

CHAPTER IX.

HANNAH'S waking up in the morning after her brother-in-law's return was one of the most painful sensations she had ever known, the more so as it was so unusual. To her healthy temperament the morning hour was generally the best of the day. Not Rosie herself, who always woke up as lively as a young linnet in a thorn-bush, enjoyed it more than Aunt Hannah did. But now things seemed changed. She had gone to bed at once, and fallen asleep immediately; for there are times when the brain, worn out by long tension, collapses the instant we lie down—Nature forcing upon it the temporary stupefaction which is its only preservative.

Now even she could not shake off weariness, nor rise as usual to look at one of those glorious winter sunrises which only active people see. She dreaded the dawn; she shrank from the sun, for he brought her her daily duties; and how she should ever fulfill them as heretofore she could not tell.

First, how should she again meet Mr. Rivers? What position should she hold toward him? Had her sister lived, he would have been to her nothing at all: regarded with the sacred indifference with which every pure-minded woman regards every other woman's husband. Now, what was he? Not her brother—except by a legal fiction, which he had himself recognized as a fiction. Not her lover; and yet when she recalled his looks and tones, and a certain indescribable agitation which had been upon him all the evening, some feminine instinct told her that, under other circumstances, he might have become her lover. Her husband he could never be; and yet she had to go on living with him in an anomalous relationship which was a compound of all these three ties, with the difficulties of all and the comfort of none. Her friend he was; that bond seemed clear and plain; but then is it customary for a lady to go and keep the house of a male "friend," be he ever so tried and trusted? Society, to say nothing of her own feelings, would never allow it; and for once society is in the right.

Hannah felt it so—felt that, stripping off the imaginary brother-and-sister bond, Bernard and she were exactly in the position of a lady and gentleman living together in those Platonic relations, which are possible certainly, but which the wicked world never believes to be possible, and which Nature herself rejects as being out of the ordinary course of things, and therefore very unadvisable. A life difficult enough to carry on even if the parties were calmly indifferent to one another; but what if they were not indifferent? Though he had never "made love" to her in the smallest degree, never caressed her even in the harmless salutations which brothers and sisters in law so commonly indulge in, still Hannah must have been dull indeed not to have long since found out that in some way or other Bernard was very fond of her; and a young man is not usually "very fond" of a woman not his own born sister without sooner or later wishing to monopolize her—to have her all to himself: in plain terms, to marry her. And though women have much less of this exclusive feeling—though many a woman will go on innocently adoring a man for years without the slightest wish of personal appropriation—still, when somebody else appropriates him—marries him, in short—and the relations are changed, and she drops into a common friend, or less than a friend, then even the noblest and most unselfish woman living will feel for a time a slight pang, a blank in her life, a soreness at her heart. It is Nature's revenge upon all shams, however innocent those shams may be.

And poor Hannah was reaping Nature's revenge now. Whether he did or did not love her in a brotherly way, she was cruelly conscious that to go on living with her brother-in-law as heretofore would be a very severe trial. Should she fly from it? The way was open. She could write to Lady Dunsmore, who she knew was again in search of a governess, and would gladly welcome her back. Two days, or one day even, and she might resume her old life, her old duties, and forget this year and a half at Easterham as if it had never been.

For a moment the temptation was strong. She felt hunted down, like the Israelites, with the Egyptians behind and the Red Sea before—the dreadful, surging sea of the future, over which there seemed no pathway, no possible way of crossing it, to any safe shore. If she could but escape, with her reputation clear, out of her brother-in-law's house!—that House on the Hill which had been so pleasant, which she had tried to make a sort of home-beacon to all the parish; and now all the parish leveled at it their cruel stares, their malignant comments, for it was exposed to all. For Bernard's sake, as well as her own, she ought to save him from this, free him from her blighting presence, and go.

As she lay thinking, turning over in her mind how best to accomplish this—when she should write and what she should say to Lady Dunsmore—there came the usual little knock at her door, the usual sound of tiny bare feet trotting over the carpet, and the burst of joyous child-laughter at her bedside. And when she hardly noticed it, for it pierced her like a sword, there came a loud wail. "Tannie, take her! Take Rosie in Tannie's arms." Poor Tannie sprang up, and felt that all her well-woven plans were torn down like spider webs. To go away and leave her child! The thing was impossible.

Our lives, like the year, go through a succession of seasons, which may come early or late, but come in regular order. We do not find fruit in March or primroses in August. Thus, though Hannah's heart now, strangely stirred as it was, had a primrose breath of spring quivering through it, it was not exactly the heart of a girl. She was a woman of thirty, and though she loved—alas, she knew it now only too well!—she did not love romantically, absorbingly. Besides, coexistent with this love had come to her that other sentiment, usually of much later growth—the maternal instinct—which in her was a passion too. Bernard's one rival, and no small one, was his own little child.

As Hannah pressed Rosie to her bosom all her vague terrors, her equally dreadful delights, faded away into quiet realities, and by the time she had had the child with her for an hour she felt quite herself again, and was able to carry Rosie down to the Sunday breakfast-table, where the small woman had lately begun to appear, conducting herself like a little princess.

Oh, what a blessing she was! the pretty little maid! How her funny ways, her wonderful attempts at English, and her irresistible bursts of laughter smoothed over difficulties untold, and helped them through that painful hour—those two, who stood to the little one like father and mother, and yet to one another were nothing, and never could be. This was the strange anomaly of their relationship, that while Rosie was her own flesh and blood, closer to her than any child not her very own could possibly be, with Rosie's father there was no tie of blood at all.

The usual Sunday morning routine went on—prayers, breakfast, after breakfast play with Rosie—yet neither Hannah nor Bernard ventured once to look at each other, lest they should betray the piteous secret which—whether or not hers did—the deadly paleness of Bernard's features and his nervous, excited manner only too much revealed.

"I scarcely slept an hour," he said. "I had to sit up and write my sermon. And I found so much to do among my papers. I must never leave home again."

She was silent.

Then he asked her if she were going to church—an idle question for one who never missed church in any weather. Perhaps he did not want her to go? And she would have been angry but for the strange compassion she always had for him—the feeling that if any trouble came to him she should always like to bear it herself. And now he had more to bear than she. He must go up into his pulpit and preach, conscious that all eyes were watching him, all tongues gossiping concerning him. For in Easterham nothing was hid; rich and poor alike chattered of their neighbors' affairs; and James Dixon's visit to the House on the Hill, in all its particulars, was likely to be as fully known as Mr. Morecamb's interview with Lady Rivers, and its purport as regarded Hannah herself.

The Moat House, too, must be faced, for at breakfast-time a note had come asking them to dine there, though it was Sunday, as young Mrs. Melville had come over for the day, and particularly wished to see Miss Thelluson.

"You will go?" Bernard had said, passing the note over to her. Her first instinct had been a decided "no;" till, looking down on the bright little face beside her, Aunt Hannah felt that, at whatever cost, she must boldly show her own—at church, at the Moat House, any where and every where. There were just two courses open to her—to succumb to the lie, or to meet it and trample it down. So, again taking Rosie in her arms, she looked up fearlessly at Rosie's father.

"Yes, since Lady Rivers asks me, I will certainly go."

It was Hannah's custom to get ready for church quite early, that she might walk with Bernard thither: he disliked walking alone. Never was there a man who clung more affectionately to companionship, or to whom it was more necessary. But this Sunday he never summoned her, so she did not come. Indeed, she had determined not. She watched him start off alone, and then followed, going a longer way round, so that she only reached her pew when he reached his reading-desk. Then the sad tone of his voice as he read, evidently with an effort, the sentence, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," etc., went to her heart.

Were they sinners? Was it a crime for her to look now at her dead sister's husband, her living Rosie's father, and think that his was one of the sweetest, noblest faces she had ever seen? that had she met him by chance, and he had cared for her, she could have tended him like a mother, served him like a slave; nay, have forgotten for his sake that sacred dream of so many years, the lost love of her girlhood, and become an ordinary human wife and mother—Rosie's mother? And it would all have seemed so right and natural, and they three would have been so happy. Could it be a sin now? Could any possible interpretation, secular or religious, construe it into a sin?

Poor Hannah! Even in God's house these thoughts pursued her; for, as before said, her only law of conduct was how things were, not in the sight of man, but of God. That love, which was either a righteous affection or a deadly sin, could she once assure herself that He did not forbid it, little she cared whether man forbade it or not; nor, if it were holy, whether it were a happy love or not.

Thus, during her solitary walk home, and a long, solitary afternoon that she spent with Rosie—earning that wonderful rest of mind and fatigue of body which the companionship of a child always brings—her thoughts grew clearer. Rosa's very spirit, which now and then looked strangely out of her daughter's eyes, seemed to say to her that the dead view all things with larger vision than ours; that in their passing away they have left all small jealousies behind them, and remember only the good of their beloved—not themselves at all.

"Oh, Rosa, Rosa!" Hannah thought to herself, "surely you are not angry with me, not even now? I am not stepping into your place and stealing away your joys! I have only tried to fulfill your duties toward this little one and toward him. You know how helpless he is alone! And his pretty lamb—I have to take care of them both. Rosie, my darling, who could ever love you like Tannie? Yet they say it is all unnatural and wrong; that any strange woman would be a better mother to you than I! But that is false, altogether false. When your own mother comes to look at you, as she may do every night—I would, if I were a happy ghost and God would let me—Rosie, look at her and tell her so!"

These wild and wandering thoughts, the last of which had been said out loud, must have brought a corresponding expression to Hannah's face, for the child caught it, and fixing on her aunt that deep, wise, almost supernatural gaze she sometimes had, answered, deliberately, "Yes." For "No"—given with a sweet decisiveness, as if she already knew her own mind, the baby!—and a gentle, satisfied "Yes," were among the earliest accomplishments of that two-year-old darling.

But when Rosie was put to bed, and left wide awake in her little crib, fearless of darkness or any thing under Tannie's "lots of tisses"—left to curl round and fall asleep in the blessed peace of infancy, innocent of all earthly cares—then this world's bitterness darkened down again upon poor Aunt Hannah. She went to dress for the Moat House dinner, and prepare to join the family circle, where she, always an uncomfortable excrescence, was now regarded— How and in what light did they regard her? Hannah could not tell; she was going there in order to find out.

Of one thing she was sure: the invitation was not given out of pure kindness. Kindness was not the habit of the Rivers family; they generally had a purpose in all they did. More than once lately Lady Rivers had told her, in as plain terms as so polite a person could, that she—Hannah—stood in the way of her brother-in-law's marriage; that his family wished him married, and she ought to aid them in every possible way toward that desirable end. Could there be a plan formed for lecturing her on this point?

But no. Bernard would never have allowed it. And if he had, Hannah would not have turned back; she had always faced her fate, this solitary woman; and as she now walked alone in the early winter darkness through Easterham village, she braced up her courage and faced it still.

Externally there seemed nothing to face; only a bright, pleasant drawing-room, and a circle of charming, well-dressed women, whose conversation suddenly paused at her entrance, as if they had been talking her over, feminine fashion, which no doubt they had. Hannah was sure of it. She knew the way they used to talk over other people—the Melville family above all, till Adeline belonged to it—with that sweet acerbity and smooth maliciousness which only women understand. A man's weapons smite keen, but they generally smite straight forward. Women only give the underhand thrusts, of which Hannah that night had not a few.

"What a long, dark walk, Miss Thelluson; only you never mind dark walks. Were you really quite alone? And what has become of Bernard? for you generally know all his proceedings. We thought him looking so well—so much the better for going from home. But what can he have done with himself since church-time? Are you quite sure that—"

The question was stopped by Bernard's entrance—ten minutes after the dinner-hour, of which Sir Austin bitterly complained to his son; and then offered his arm to Hannah, who stood, silent and painfully conscious, under the battery of four pairs of feminine family eyes.

"I have been home to fetch Miss Thelluson," said Bernard.—"Hannah, you should not have walked here alone."

And he would have taken a seat beside her, but Lady Rivers signed for Bertha to occupy it. Fenced in by a sister on each side, he had not a chance of a word with Hannah all dinner-time.

It was the same thing afterward. Miss Thelluson would have been amused, if she had not been a little vexed and annoyed, to see herself thus protected, like an heiress in her teens, from every approach of the obnoxious party. Mother and daughters mounted guard successively, keeping her always engaged in conversation, and subjecting Bernard to a sort of affectionate imprisonment, whence, once or twice, he vainly tried to escape. She saw it, for somehow, without intending it, she always saw him every where, and was conscious that he saw her, and listened to every word she was saying. Yet she made no effort to get near him, not even when she noticed him surreptitiously take out his watch and look at it wearily, as if entreating, "Do let us go home." Every simple word and act of a month ago had a meaning, a dreadful meaning, now.

Hannah was not exactly a proud woman, but she had a quiet dignity of her own, and it was sorely tried this night. Twenty times she would have started up from the smooth, polite circle, feeling that she could support it no longer, save for Bernard's sad, appealing face and his never-ending endurance. But then they loved him in their own way, and they were his "people," and he bore from them what he would never have borne from strangers. So must she.

So she took refuge beside Adeline's sofa. Young Mrs. Melville had never been well since her marriage; they said the low situation of Melville Grange did not agree with her. And ill health being quite at a discount among the Rivers girls, who were as strong as elephants, Adeline lay rather neglected, watching her husband laughing and talking with her sisters—flirting with them, people might have said, almost as much as before he was married; only, being a brother now, of course it did not matter. Nevertheless, there was at times a slight contraction of the young wife's brow, as if she did not altogether like it. But she laughed it off at once.

"Herbert is so merry, and so fond of coming here. Our girls amuse him much more than his own sisters, he says. Just listen how they are all laughing together now."

"It is good to laugh," said Hannah, quietly.

"Oh yes; I am glad they enjoy themselves," returned Adeline, and changed the conversation; but through it all the pale, vexed face, the anxious eyes, heavy with an unspoken anger, an annoyance that could not be complained of, struck Hannah with pity. Here, she thought, was a false position too.

At nine the butler came in, announcing, formally, "Miss Thelluson's servant."

"It is Grace. I told her to call for me on her way from chapel. I wished to go home early."

"And without Bernard? I understand. Very right; very nice," whispered Lady Rivers, in a tone of such patronizing approval that Hannah repented herself of having thus planned, and was half inclined to call Mr. Rivers out of the dining-room and tell him she was going. But she did not. She only rose and bade them all good-night. Not one rough word had broken the smooth surface of polite conversation; yet she was fully aware that though, with that convenient plastering over of sore or ugly places peculiar to the Rivers family, they said nothing, they all knew well, and knew that she knew they knew, why she was going, and the instant her back was turned would talk her over to their hearts' content. Yet she walked out of the room slowly, calmly, with that dignified, lady-like presence she had—almost better than beauty. Yes, even though she saw Lady Rivers rise to accompany her up stairs—a piece of condescension so great that there was surely some purpose in it. Lady Rivers seldom took trouble without a purpose.

Yet for a moment she hesitated, sat pulling her rings off and on, and eying with her critical, woman-of-the-world gaze this other woman, who fulfilled the apostolic law of being in the world, not of it. The long strain of the evening had worn Hannah out, and she was in doubt whether Bernard would like her stealing off thus—whether, since Lady Rivers thought it "wise," it really was not most unwise, thus to condense the cloudy scandal into shape by paying it the respect of acceptance. As she tied her bonnet her hands trembled a little.

"Are you ready? Then, Miss Thelluson, may I say just one word before you go? As a married lady and the mother of a family, speaking to a young—no, not exactly a young, but an unmarried—person, may I ask is it true what I hear, that you have had a definite offer of marriage from Mr. Morecamb?"

Hannah started indignantly, and then composed herself.

"I do not quite see that the matter concerns any one but myself and Mr. Morecamb. But since you have heard this, I conclude he has told you. Yes, it is true."

"And what answer did you give? You may as well tell me, for he will; he is coming here to-morrow."

Hannah waited a moment. "I have given the only answer I could give—No."

Lady Rivers sprang from her chair. "Good Heavens! Are you mad? My dear Miss Thelluson, I beg your pardon; but really—to refuse such an offer! If Mr. Morecamb had come and asked me for one of my own daughters, I would at least have considered the matter. To one in your position, and under present circumstances—"

"Excuse me, Lady Rivers; but I am myself the best judge of my own position and circumstances."

"So gentlemanly of him, too—so honorable—when he knew, as every body knows, the way you are being talked about!"

"He did know, then—" and Hannah checked herself. "Will you oblige me by telling me what he knew? How am I being talked about?" And she turned her face, white as that of a traveler who walks up to face a supposed ghost by a church-yard wall; shuddering, but still facing it. It may be only a dead tree after all.

"I am very sorry," said Lady Rivers; and no doubt she was, for she disliked saying unpleasant things, except in a covert way. "It is a most awkward matter to speak about, and I have kept it from the girls as long as possible; but people say in Easterham that it was not for nothing you took part with that unfortunate Grace—Dixon I can't call her, as she has no right to the name. In fact, I have heard it suggested plainly enough that the reason of Bernard's not marrying is because, were it not for the law, he would like to marry you."

Hannah stood silent. All the blood in her heart seemed to stand still too.

"We do not believe it, of course. Neither does Mr. Morecamb. Still it is generally believed at Easterham—and worse things, too."

"What worse things? Tell me. I insist upon hearing."

Hannah spoke, as she had listened, with a desperate calmness; for she felt that at all costs she must get to the bottom of the scandal—must know exactly how much she had to fight against, and whom.

"Miss Thelluson, you are the very oddest person I ever knew. Well, they say that—that—Excuse me, but I really don't know how to tell you."

"Then I will tell you; for I heard [redacted]

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Dixon say it, and before my own servants—as, of course, you know; every body knows every thing in Easterham. They say, these wicked neighbors, that I, a woman not young, not pretty, not attractive in any way, with her dead sister's memory yet fresh in her heart, and her dead sister's child in her arms, am living in unlawful relations with that sister's husband. Lady Rivers, I do not wonder that you shrink from repeating such an atrocious lie."

The other was a little confounded. She had been so very patronizing, so condescendingly kind in her manner, to this poor Miss Thelluson, who now stood and looked at her face to face, as much a lady as herself, and ten times more of a woman. Nay, the fire in the gray eyes, the dignity of the figure, made Hannah for the moment even a handsome woman, handsome enough to be admired by many a man.

"Pray don't talk of lies, Miss Thelluson. We object to such an ugly word out of the schoolroom—where, however, your experience must chiefly have lain. This is what made me resolve to speak to you. You can not be expected to know the world, nor how important it is for Bernard, as a gentleman and a clergyman, that this gossip should be stopped at once. Of course I only refer to the nonsense about his wishing to marry you. For the rest, his own character—the character of the family—is enough denial. Still, the thing is unpleasant, very unpleasant, and I don't wonder that Bernard feels it acutely."

Hannah started. "Does he? Did he tell you so?"

"Not exactly; he is a very reserved person, as we all know; but he looks thoroughly wretched. We, his family, see that, though you, a stranger, may not. The fact is, he has placed himself, quite against our advice, in a most difficult and painful position, and does not know how to get out of it. You ought to help him, as, most providentially, you have now the means of doing."

Hannah looked up. She was being pricked to death with needles; but still she looked firmly in the face of her adversary, and asked, "How?"

"Do you not see, my dear Miss Thelluson, that every bit of gossip and scandal would necessarily die out if you married Mr. Morecamb?"

Hannah was but human. For a moment the thought of escape—of flying out of this maze of misery into a quiet home, where a good man's love would at least be hers—presented itself to her mind, tempting her, as many another woman has been tempted, into marriage without love. But immediately her honest soul recoiled.

"Lady Rivers, I would do a great deal for my brother-in-law, who has been very kind to me; but not even for his sake—since you put it so—can I marry Mr. Morecamb. And now"—turning round with sudden heat—"since you have said all you wanted to say, and I have answered it, will you let me go home?"

Home! As she uttered the word, ending thus the conversation as quietly, to all appearance, as it had begun—though she knew it had been all a planned attack, and that the ladies down stairs were all waiting eagerly to hear the result of it—as she spoke of home, Hannah felt what a farce it was. Had it been a real brother's home, there at least was external protection. So likewise was there in that other home, which, when she had saved enough, she had one day meant to have—some tiny cottage, where by her own conduct a single woman can always protect herself, keep up her own dignity, and carry out, if ever so humbly, her own independent life. Now this was lost, and the other not gained. As she walked on toward the House on the Hill, that cruel "home" where she and Bernard must live henceforward, as if in a house of glass, exposed to every malicious eye, Hannah felt that somehow or other she had made a terrible mistake. Almost as great a one as that of the poor girl who walked silently by her side, asking no questions—Grace never did ask any—but simply following her mistress with tender, observant, unceasing care.

"Don't let us go through the village," whispered she. "I'll take you round a nearer way, where there are not half so many folk about."

"Very well, Grace; only let us get home quickly. You are not afraid of meeting any body?"

For Jem Dixon was still at Easterham, she knew, though nothing had been seen of him since that night.

"No, no," sighed Grace; "nobody will trouble me. The master frightened him, I think. My sister told me the master did really speak to the police about him, in case he should trouble us while he was away. Look, Miss Thelluson, there he is."

Not Jem Dixon, but Mr. Rivers; yet Hannah instinctively shrank back under the shadow of a high wall, and let him pass her by. She made no explanation to her servant for this; what could she say? And Grace seemed to guess it all without her telling.

It was a bitter humiliation, to say nothing of the pain. As she bade Grace keep close to her, while they hurried along by narrow alleys and crosscuts, the thought of that happy walk home under the stars, scarcely a fortnight ago, came back to Hannah's mind. Alas! such could never be again. Their halcyon days were done. In her imaginary wickedness, her sinless shame, she almost felt as if she could understand the agony of a real sin—of a woman who loves some other woman's husband, or some man besides her own husband—any of those dreadful stories which she had heard of afar off, but had never seemed to realize. Once no power of will could put her in the place of these miserable sinners; now, perhaps, she was as miserable a sinner as any one of them all.

When reaching the gate she saw Mr. Rivers standing there waiting. She drew back as if it were really so—as if it were a sin for him to be watching for her, as he evidently was, with the kindly tenderness of old.

"Hannah, how could you think of starting off alone? You make me miserable by such vagaries."

He spoke angrily—that fond anger which betrays so much; and when he found he had betrayed it to more than herself, he too started.

"I did not know Grace was with you. That alters the case a little. Grace, take Miss Thelluson's wet cloak off, and tell the servants to come at once to prayers."

He was wise and kind. Hannah recognized that, in spite of the bitter feeling that it should be necessary for him to be wise and kind. She came into his study after all the servants were assembled there; and as she knelt near him, listening to the short service customary on Sunday nights, her spirit grew calmer. No one could hear Bernard Rivers, either in his pulpit, as that morning, or among his little household congregation, as now, without an instinctive certainty that he was one of the "pure in heart," who are forever "blessed."

The servants gone, he and she stood by the fire alone. There was a strange look upon both their faces, as if of a storm past or a storm brooding. Since this time last night, when, after her sore confession was wrung from her, Hannah had tottered away out of the room, she and her brother-in-law had never been one minute alone together, nor had exchanged any but the briefest and most commonplace words. They did not now. They just stood one on either side the fire—so near yet so apart.

A couple that any outside observer would have judged well suited. Both in the prime of life; yet, though he was a little the younger, he did not seem so, more especially of late, since he had grown so worn and anxious looking. Both pleasant to behold, though he had more of actual physical beauty than she; but Hannah had a spiritual charm about her such as few handsome women possess. And both were at that season of life when, though boy and girl fancies are over, the calm, deep love of mature years is at its meridian, and a passion conceived then usually lasts for life. And these two, with every compulsion to love, from within and without, pressing hard upon them—respect, tenderness, habit, familiarity—with no law, natural or divine, forbidding that love, in case it should arise between them, had to stand there, man and woman, brother and sister, so called, and ignore and suppress it all.

That there was something to be suppressed showed plainly enough. In neither was the free-hearted unconsciousness which, when an accusation is wholly untrue, laughs at it, and passes it by. Neither looked toward the other; they stood both gazing wistfully into the fire until the silence became intolerable. Then Hannah, but without extending her hand as usual, bade him "Good-night."

"Good-night? Why so?"

"I am going up stairs to look at Rosie."

"I believe if the world were coming to an end in half an hour, you would still be 'going up stairs to look at Rosie.'"

That excessive irritability which always came when he was mentally disturbed, and had been heavy upon him in the early time of his sorrow, seemed revived again. He could not help it; and then he was so mournfully contrite for it.

"Oh, forgive me, Hannah! I am growing a perfect bear to you. Come down stairs again and talk to me. For we must speak out. We can not go on like this; it will drive me wild. We must come to some conclusion or other. Make haste back, and we will speak together, just as friends, and decide what it shall be."

Alas! what could it be? Every side she looked, Hannah saw no path out of the maze. Not even when, seeing that Grace sat reading her Bible by the nursery fire—Grace was a gentle, earnest Methodist, very religious in her own fashion—she sat down beside *her* living Bible, her visible revelation of Him who was once, like Rosie, a Christmas child, and tried to think the matter quietly out, to prepare herself humbly for being led, not in her own way, but in God's way: the more, as it was not her own happiness she sought, but that of those two committed to her charge in so strange a manner—the man being almost as helpless and as dependent upon her as the child. For she had not lived with Bernard thus long without discovering all his weaknesses, which were the very points upon which she knew herself most strong. When he called—as he did twenty times a day—"Hannah, help me!" she was fully conscious that she did and could help him better than any one else. Did she like him the less for this? Most women—especially those who have the motherly instinct strongly developed—will find no difficulty in answering the question.

How peaceful the nursery was—so warm and safe and still! Not a sound but the clock ticking on the chimney-piece, and the wind murmuring outside, and the soft breathing out of that darkened corner, where, snuggled down under the bedclothes, with the round little head and its circle of bright hair just peeping above, "Tannie's wee dormouse," as she sometimes called her, slept her sound, innocent sleep.

Aunt Hannah bent over her darling with a wild constriction of the heart. What if the "conclusion" to which Mr. Rivers said they must come to-night implied her going away—leaving Rosie behind? The thought was too much to bear.

"I will not—I will not! God gave me the child; God only shall take her from me!"

And rushing to her own room, she vainly tried to compose herself before appearing in Rosie's father's sight. In vain. His quick eye detected at once that she had been crying; he said so, and then her tears burst out afresh.

"I am so miserable—so miserable! Don't send me away; don't take Rosie from me. I can bear any thing but that. It would break my heart if I had to part from my child!"

He answered calmly—was it also a little coldly?—

"Don't distress yourself, Hannah; I had no thought of taking Rosie from you. I promised you she should be all your own, and I mean to keep my word."

"Thank you."

She dried her tears, though she was, indeed, strangely excited still; and they sat down for that serious talk together, which was to have—who knew what end?

The beginning was not easy, though Bernard did begin at once.

"I shall not detain you long, though it is still early. But I must have a few words with you. First, to apologize for a question I put to you last night, which I now feel was intrusive and wrong."

Which question—that about Mr. Morecamb, or the final one, which she had answered with such sore truthfulness—he did not say, and she did not inquire.

Bernard continued:

"Let us put that matter aside, and speak only of our own present affairs. I want you to give me your advice on a point in which a woman is a better judge than any man; especially as it concerns a woman."

A woman? Hannah leaped at once to the heart of the mystery, if mystery it were. Her only course was to solve it without delay.

"Is it your possible marriage?"

"It is. Not my love, understand; only my marriage."

They were silent—he watching her keenly. Hannah felt it, and set her face like a stone. She seemed, indeed, growing into stone.

"My family—as they may have told you, for they tell it to all Easterham—are most anxious I should marry. They have even been so kind as to name to me the lady, whom, as we both know her, I will not name, except to say that she is very young, very pretty, very rich; fulfills all conditions they desire for me, not one of which I desire for myself. Also, they tell me—though I scarcely believe this—that if I asked her, she would not refuse me."

"You have not asked her, then?"

"If I had, there would be little need for the questions I wished to put to you. First, what is your feeling about second marriages?"

"I thought you knew it. I must surely have said it to you some time?"

"You never have; say it, then."

Why should she not? Nothing tied her tongue now. The end she had once hoped for, then doubted, then feared, was evidently at hand. He was, after all, going to marry. In a totally unexpected way her path was being made plain.

Hannah was not a girl, and her self-control was great. Besides, she had suffered so much of late that even the very fact of an end to the suffering was relief. So she spoke out as if she were not herself, but somebody else, standing quite apart from poor Hannah Thelluson—to whom it had been the will of God that no love-bliss should ever come.

"I think, with women, second marriages are a doubtful good. If the first one has been happy, we desire no other—we can cherish a memory and sit beside a grave to the last; if unhappy, we dread renewing our unhappiness. Besides, children so fill up a woman's heart that the idea of giving her little ones a second father would be to most women very painful, nay, intolerable. But with men it is quite different. I have said to Lady Rivers many a time that from the first day I came it was my most earnest wish you should find some suitable wife, marry her, and be happy—as happy as you were with my sister."

"Thank you."

That dreadful formality of his—formality and bitterness combined! And Hannah knew his manner so well; knew every change in his face—a very tell-tale face. Bernard was none of your reserved heroes who are always "wearing a mask." Her heart yearned over him. Alas! she had spoken truly when she said it was not buried in Arthur's grave. It was quick and living—full of all human affections and human longings still.

"Then, sister Hannah, I have your full consent to my marriage? A mere *mariage de convenance*, as I told you. Not like my first one—ah, my poor Rosa, *she* loved me! No woman will ever love me so well."

Hannah was silent.

"Do you think it would be a wrong to Rosa, my marrying again?"

"Not if you loved again. Men do."

"And not women? Do you mean that?"

"I hardly know what I mean or what I say," cried Hannah, piteously. "It is all so strange, so bewildering. Tell me exactly how the thing stands in plain words, and let me go."

"I will let you go; I will trouble you no more about myself or my affairs. You do not care for me, Hannah; you only care for the child. But that is natural—quite natural. I was a fool to expect any more."

Strange words for a man to say to a woman under any other feeling than one. Hannah began to tremble violently.

"What could you expect more?" she faltered. "Have I not done my duty to you—my sisterly duty?"

"We are *not* brother and sister, and we lie—we lie to our own souls—in calling ourselves so."

He spoke passionately; he seized her hand, then begged her pardon; suddenly went back to his own place, and continued the conversation.

"We are neither of us young, Hannah—not boy and girl anyhow—and we have been close friends for a long time. Let us speak openly together, just as if we were two departed souls looking out of Paradise at ourselves—our own selves—as our Rosa may be looking now."

Our Rosa! It went to Hannah's heart. The tenderness of the man, the unforgetfulness—ah, if men knew how women prize a man who does not forget! "Yes," she repeated, softly, "our Rosa."

"Oh that it were she who was judging us, not these!"

"Not who?"

"The Moat House—the village—every body. It is vain for us to shut our eyes, or our lips either. Hannah, this is a cruel crisis for you and me. People are talking of us on every hand; taking away our good name, even. James Dixon's is not the only wicked tongue in the world. It is terrible, is it not?"

"No," she said, after a moment's hesitation. "At least, not so terrible but that I can bear it."

"Can you? Then I ought too. And yet I feel so weak. You have no idea what I have suffered of late. Within and without, nothing but suffering, till I have thought the only thing to do was to obey my family's wish, and marry. But whether I marry or not, the thing seems plain—we can not go on living as we have done. For your sake, as well as my own—for they tell me I am compromising you cruelly—we must make some change. Oh, Hannah! what have I said, what have I done?"

For she had risen up, the drooping softness of her attitude and face quite gone.

"I understand you. You need not explain further. You wish me to leave you. So I will; to-morrow if you choose; only I must take the child with me. I will have the child," she continued, in a low, desperate voice. "Do what you like, marry whom you like, but the child is mine. Her own father shall not take her from me."

"He has no wish. Her unfortunate father!"

And never since his first days of desolation had Hannah seen on Bernard's countenance such an expression of utter despair.

"You shall settle it all," he said; "you who are so prudent and wise and calm. Think for me, and decide."

"What am I to think or decide?" And Hannah vainly struggled after the calmness he imputed to her. "How can I put myself in your place, and know what you would wish?"

"What I would *wish!* Oh, Hannah! is it possible you do not guess?"

She must have been deaf and blind not to have guessed. Dumb she was—dumb as death—while Bernard went on, speaking with excited rapidity:

"When a man's wish is as hopeless and unattainable as a child's for the moon he had better not utter it. I have long thought this. I think so still. Happy in this world I can never be; but what would make me least unhappy would be to go on living as we do, you and Rosie and I, if such a thing were possible."

"Is it impossible?" For with this dumbness of death had come over Hannah also the peace of death—as if the struggle of living were over, and she had passed into another world. She knew Bernard loved her, though they could never be married, no more than the angels. Still he loved her. She was content. "Is it impossible?" she repeated, in her grave, tender, soothing voice. "Evil tongues would die out in time—the innocent are always stronger than the wicked. And our great safeguard against them is such a life as yours has been. You can have almost no enemies."

"Ah!" replied he, mournfully, "but in this case a man's foes are they of his own household. My people—there is no fighting against them. What do you think—I am talking to you, Hannah, as if you were not yourself, but some other person—what do you think my step-mother said to me to-night? That unless you married Mr. Morecamb, or I Ellen Melville (there! her name is out, but no matter)—unless either of these two things happened, or I did the other wicked, heart-breaking thing of turning you out of my doors, she would never admit you again into hers. That, in fact, to-night is the last time you will be received at the Moat House."

Hannah's pride rose. "So be it. I am not aware that that would be such a terrible misfortune."

"You unworldly woman, you do not know! Oh, forgive me, forgive me, Hannah; I am forgetting all you must feel. I am speaking to you as if you were my conscience—my very own soul—which you are."

The love that glowed in his eyes, the emotion that trembled in his voice! Hannah was not a young woman, nor, naturally, a passionate woman, but she would have been a stone not to be moved now. She sat down, hiding her face in her hands.

"Oh, it is hard, hard!" she sobbed. "When we might have been so happy—we and our child!"

Bernard left his seat and came closer to hers. His breath was loud and fast, and his hands, as he took Hannah's, grasping them so tight that she could not unloose them, though she faintly tried, were shaking much.

"Tell me—I never believed it possible till now, I thought you so calm and cold, and you knew all my faults, and I have been harsh to you often—only too often!—but, Hannah, if such a thing could be, if the law allowed it—man's law, for God's is on our side—if we could have been married, would you have married me?"

"Yes," she answered, putting both her hands on his shoulders, and looking at him with a sad solemnity, as of those who take farewell for life; "yes, I would."

Then, before he had time to answer Hannah was gone.

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THE FIRST DROP TOO MUCH.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. VI.

THE motto that used to haunt our souls while laboring over copy-books, "No excellence without great labor," is just as true about personal improvement as any thing else. Few celebrated beauties have gained their fame without care in those arts which must be the earliest of all, since we have no record of their first teaching—the arts of the toilette. Madame Récamier, who exercised more power by her beauty than any woman of modern times, was bred by a most careful mother, versed in all the mysteries of training. Her exceeding delicacy of complexion was due to the protection she gave it, never going out except in her carriage, and scarcely knowing what it was to set foot to the ground. Margaret of Anjou and Mary Stuart, of earlier times, were wise as serpents in the magic of the toilette, disdaining neither May dew nor less simple lotion for cheeks whereon the eye of the world would fain dwell. Diana of Poitiers bequeathed a legacy of value to her sex in commending the use of the rain-water bath, which preserved her own beauty till, at the age of sixty-five, no one could be insensible to her. Ninon de l'Enclos left the same testimony. It is a pity that women have not the ambition to preserve their health and charms to the latest date, and give up their cases so shamefully soon. An intelligent maturity chisels and refines the face to a high and feeling beauty; that is to the attractions of youth what the aristocratic head of Booth would be beside a pink-and-white lady-killer of society. This serene and finished expression should find physical favor to accompany it. Nor is this to be gained, as many say, by leading a passive, emotionless life. People of vivid feeling are the youngest. Their quick alterations of mood make the face clean cut, yet do not settle it in uniform furrows. Both grief and joy, yearning passion and utter renunciation, are needed to sculpture finely the statues for the resurrection. Surely no one, even professing the loftiest aims, who understands human nature, can despise the care of personal beauty when, combined with moral worth, its influence is so nearly irresistible. Look among the portraits of those renowned as moral and intellectual heroes; it will be found their greatness was rarely associated with physical repulsiveness, and though their faces in the conflicts of life grew seamed and worn, yet in youth they must have been more than ordinarily remarked for beauty of a high order—Columbus and Galileo, Martin Luther and Whitefield, will do for examples. And if the reader goes through all the feminine celebrities, from the poets to the range of missionary biographies, "with portrait of the original," not one face in ten will dispute what I have said.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

Least of all let any woman heed smiling scorn of her weakness in taking pains to secure a good complexion—the real clearness and color, if she eschews the coarse pretense of powder and paint. George Eliot, with her masculine sense, bears witness to the irresistible tendency to associate a pure soul with a lucent complexion. No woman can be disagreeable if she has this shining claim; and I make no other apology for adding a few estimable recipes for the purpose from the collection of a foreign physician, Dr. Cazenave. He recommends, as a composition for the face, the following:

Three ounces of ground barley, one ounce of honey, and the white of one egg, mixed to a paste, and spread thickly on the cheeks, nose, and forehead, before going to bed. This must remain all night, protecting the face by a soft handkerchief, or bits of lawn laid over the parts on which the paste is applied. Wash it off with warm water, wetting the surface with a sponge, and letting it soften while dressing the hair, or finishing one's bath. Repeat nightly till the skin grows perfectly fine and soft, which should be in three weeks, after which it will be enough to use it once a week. Always wash the face with warm water and mild soap, rubbing on a little cold cream when exposing one's self to the weather. With this, care *must* be taken to bathe daily in warm water, using soap freely, toning the system with a cold plunge afterward, if one can bear it. This paste was used in the days of Roman ladies.

For pimples use this recipe: thirty-six grains bicarbonate of soda, one dram of glycerine, one ounce of spermaceti ointment. Rub on the face, let it remain for a quarter of an hour, and wipe off all but a slight film with a soft cloth.

The best wash for the complexion given is bichloride of mercury, two grains; muriate of ammonia two grains; emulsion of almonds, eight ounces; apply with fine linen. The frightful disfiguration known as *mask* is removed by a wash made from thirty grains of the chlorate of potash in eight ounces rose-water. Wrinkles are less apparent under a kind of varnish containing thirty-six grains of turpentine in three drams of water, allowed to dry on the face. The black worms called comedones call forth the simple specific of thirty-six grains subcarbonate of soda in eight ounces of distilled water, perfumed with six drams of essence of roses. But I prefer the advice of a clever home physician, who lately told me that he removed comedones from the faces of girls who applied to him for the purpose by touching the head of each with a fine hair-pencil dipped in acetic acid—a nice operation, as the acid must only touch the black spot, or it will eat the skin. Remembering that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu quoted the habit of Italian ladies to renew and refine their complexions by a wash of vitriol, I begged to know how such a heroic application could safely be made. The answer was that muriatic acid sixty per cent. strong, diluted in twelve parts of water, might be used as a wash, and gradually eat away the coarse outer envelope of the skin, if any one had fortitude to bear a slow cautery like this. Lady Mary records that she had to shut herself up most of a week, and her face meantime was blistered shockingly, but afterward the Italian ladies assured her that her complexion was vastly improved. On the whole, I should prefer the typhoid fever as an agent for clearing the complexion, as less dangerous and more effective.

LIFE IN MARS.

OF all the planets Mars is the one we can study best. He does not, indeed, come so near to us as Venus, nor does he, in the telescope, present so noble an appearance as Jupiter. Venus outshines him in the heavens, and Jupiter seems to show more interesting details in the telescopic field. Yet we see Mars, in reality, far better than either of those two planets. If ever we are to recognize the signs of life in any orb of those which people space, it will be in Mars that such signs will be first traced. As Venus comes near to us she assumes the form of the crescent moon, we have but a foreshortened view of a portion of her illuminated hemisphere, and her intensely bright light defeats the scrutiny of the most skillful observer. At the time of her nearest approach she is lost wholly to our view in the splendor of the solar rays, her unilluminated or night hemisphere being directed also toward us. With Jupiter the case is different. When at his nearest, he is seen under most favorable conditions, and the enormous dimensions of his belts render them very obvious and very beautiful features for the scrutiny of the telescopist. But then he is some 370 millions of miles from us at such a time, whereas Mars, when most favorably placed for telescopic study, is but 37 millions of miles away. A square mile on the surface of Mars would appear a hundred times larger than a square mile on the surface of Jupiter, supposing both planets studied when at their nearest. It is clear, then, that, as respects surface details, Mars is examined under much more favorable conditions than the giant planet Jupiter.

But here the question is naturally suggested whether our own moon, which is but a quarter of a million of miles from us, ought not first to be examined for signs of life, or, at least, of being fitted for the support of life. When the telescope was first invented, it is certain that astronomers were more hopeful of recognizing such signs in the moon than in any other celestial body. As telescopes of greater and greater power were constructed, our satellite was searched with a more and more eager scrutiny. And many a long year elapsed before astronomers would accept the conclusion that the moon's surface is wholly unfitted for the support of any of those forms of life with which we are familiar upon earth. That the belief in lunar men prevailed in the popular mind long after astronomers had abandoned it is shown by the eager credulity with which the story of Sir John Herschel's supposed observations of the customs and manners of the Lunarians was accepted even among well-educated men. Who can forget the gravity with which that most amazing hoax was repeated in all quarters? It was, indeed, ingeniously contrived. The anxiety of Sir John Herschel to secure the assistance of King William, and the care with which "the sailor-king" inquired whether the interests of nautical astronomy would be advanced by the proposed inquiries; the plausible explanation of the mode of observation, depending, we were gravely assured, upon the *transfusion* of light; the trembling anxiety of Herschel and his fellow-workers as the moment arrived when their search was to commence; the flowers, resembling poppies, which first rewarded their scrutiny; and the final introduction upon the scene of those winged beings—not, strictly speaking, *men*, nor properly to be called angels—to whom Herschel assigned the generic appellation, *Vespertilio Homo*, or Bat-men—all these things, and many others equally amusing, were described with marvelous gravity, and with an attention to details reminding one of the descriptions in "Gulliver's Travels." One can hardly wonder, then, that the narrative was received in many quarters with unquestioning faith, nor, perhaps, even at the simplicity with which (as Sir John Herschel himself relates) well-meaning persons planned measures for sending missionaries "among the poor benighted Lunarians."

Yet astronomers have long known full certainly that no forms of life such as we are familiar with can exist upon the moon. They know that if our satellite has an atmosphere at all, it must be so limited in extent that no creatures we are acquainted with could live in it. They know that she has no oceans, seas, rivers, or lakes, neither clouds nor rains, and that if she had there would be no winds to waft moisture from place to place, or to cause the clouds to drop fatness upon the lunar fields. They know also that the moon's surface is subjected alternately to a cold far more intense than that which binds our arctic regions in everlasting frost, and to a heat compared with which the fierce noon of a tropical day is as the freshness of a spring morning. They search only over the lunar disk for the signs of volcanic action, feeling well assured that no traces of the existence of living creatures will ever be detected in that desolate orb.

But with Mars the case is far otherwise. All that we have learned respecting this charming planet leads us to the conclusion that it is well

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fitted to be the abode of life. We can trace, indeed, the progress of such changes as we may conceive that the inhabitants of Venus or of Mercury must recognize in the case of our own earth. The progress of summer and winter in the northern and southern halves of the planet, the effects due to the progress of the Martial day, from sunrise to sunset—nay, even hourly changes, corresponding to those which take place in our own skies, as clouds gather over our continents, or fall in rain, or are dissipated by solar heat: such signs as these that Mars is a world like ours can be recognized most clearly by all who care to study the planet with a telescope of adequate power.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMMA B.—Make your white grenadine by pattern of Worth Basque House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. Trim with alternate green silk and white grenadine ruffles. Kid gloves are worn here exclusively.—It is not "forward" for a young lady to ask a gentleman to whom she has been introduced to call upon her.

OLD SUBSCRIBER IN MAINE.—Do not get lace for your brown Irish poplin. Trim the skirt with a flounce of the same, and get an apron-polonaise of poplin of a darker color.

MARY L.—Your gray grenadine must be laid smoothly on thick white waist lining. Trim with narrow ruffles piped with cherry silk like the figure. The cut paper pattern of postillion-basque suit will be a good guide.

M. M. M.—Bias bands of black silk would be the prettiest trimming for your gray dress. Fringe of thick substantial cord does not mat. Your mother's poplin is not too light for a lady of her age. Why not make it with deep plain over dress like that illustrated on the first page of the last number (without the cape), and trim with bands of dark brown silk?

MRS. M. J. G.—Fringing-needles may be ordered from most of the sewing-machine establishments. We believe they cost 25 cents.

J. H. S.—Silks of the pattern and quality of your samples would cost probably $1 75 a yard. It is impossible to speak definitely, as the prices fluctuate.

SALLY.—Directions for draping shawls are given in *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. IV. Set Swiss frills upon the skirts of dresses. Make a basque of Swiss, and belt it with ribbon.

LILLA.—Folds and flat pleatings are both used by widows. To make your gray pongee traveling dress use pattern illustrated in present number. Trim with bias bands of lustreless black silk. When traveling it is admissible for a widow to wear a square crape veil pinned on her bonnet, and a short blue grenadine veil over her face. The blue veil is for comfort, not for beauty, and is constantly worn here by widows or others in deepest mourning when shopping or traveling, etc.

CHIPPEWA.—Your sample is French poplin, not so good as the Lyons poplin quoted in last week's *Bazar* for $1 25 a yard. Make it with a polonaise and single skirt like that illustrated in the present number. Trim with bands of silk and fringe.

E. E. E.—Flowing sleeves of black silk are lined with white or black silk according to fancy. Half-flowing sleeves of pleated Swiss muslin edged with lace are beneath.

MISS MARIANNE R.—The suit illustrated in our last number will be the model for your traveling dress. Make summer silk by pattern of Postillion-Basque Suit in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., and trim with bias bands edged with narrow lace. The Apron-Polonaise Suit in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., is an excellent guide for black silk costumes. Polonaises or over-skirts and basques are made with most piqué dresses.

MRS. J. R. B.—We usually issue Supplements every fortnight.—Black silk or the Frou Frou brown pongee would be becoming for a street and church suit for a brunette of thirty years.

A. F. C.—Patterns for most of the garments in an infant's wardrobe are given in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. III.

H. F. H.—Your lace is of too coarse a quality to trim silk with. A silk suit for a young person will look well made by Postillion-Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV.

MRS. A. H.—*Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV., will give you designs and patterns for girls' dresses.

JENNIE.—Your blue checked silk will look well made by pattern of Worth Basque Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. Trim with ruffles headed by bias bands. You can order the paper containing illustration from this office.

BACKWOODS.—Very lustrous alpaca is sometimes used under grenadine instead of silk.

SOPHIE.—As you are fleshy, make your blue poplin with a single skirt and polonaise. Use the Polonaise-Casaque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. III. Trim with bias bands and fringe.

WISCONSIN GIRL.—Read reply above to "Sophie." Passementerie is gimp.

S. E. B.—Make your black Irish poplin by directions given above to "Sophie." For your white brilliant use Short-Sacque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Trim with bishop's lawn pleatings headed by a bias band of the brilliant.

MRS. A. R.—Black satin suits are not so stylish as gros grain.

A. E. D.—Make your striped barége by the Postillion-Basque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. Trim with narrow bias ruffles. Make your black cashmere jacket with loose front and basque back. Get a black straw bonnet and trim it with black gros grain ribbon.

MRS. C. R. W.—We do not employ traveling agents.

A SUBSCRIBER.—*Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV., will show you plates of dresses for your little boy and girl.

CHARLOTTE L.—We approve your idea of remodeling the gray and black suit. Get a soft-finished cambric to alternate with your seersucker. As your hair is thin, crimp it at night to make thicker braids in the daytime.

MRS. ADELAIDE.—For your little girl's plaid dress consult plates in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

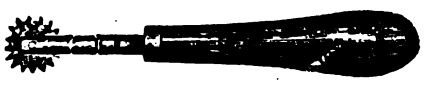
BRENA.—For black grenadine suits read New York Fashions of present number of *Bazar*.

L. L. D.—Make a polonaise of poplin of a darker shade to wear over your short gray poplin.

AMONG the numerous preparations for gray hair in the market, we commend to our readers Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer as the best. Our druggists keep it for sale.—[*Com.*]

DR. AYER'S LABORATORY, that has done such wonders for the sick, now issues a potent restorer for the beauty of mankind—for the comeliness which advancing age is so prone to diminish and destroy. His VIGOR mounts luxuriant locks on the bald and gray pates among us, and thus lays us under obligations to him for the good looks as well as health of the community.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will cure CONSUMPTION. Try it!—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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Notwithstanding the recent large advance in the price of carpets by the "European manufacturers," we will continue to sell during the balance of this month, at old prices, English Tapestry Brussels, $1 10 to $1 25; English Body Brussels, $1 75 to $2 25; and all our new private designs, "Velvets," "Wiltons," "Moquette," and "Axminster Carpets" at equally low prices.

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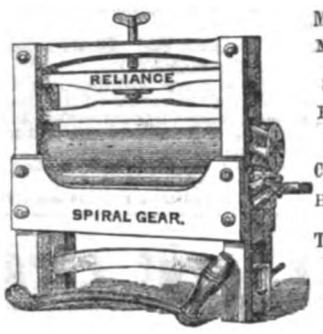

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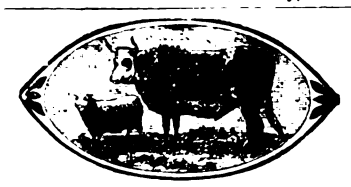

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POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	No.	26
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PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	"	38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	"	40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	"	46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	"	48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	49
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Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	"	1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	"	5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	"	11
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FACETIÆ.

A PERSON, hearing "time is money," became desirous of learning how many years it would take to pay a little debt of a hundred dollars.

A QUESTION OF TIME—What o'clock is it?

The wife of an enterprising Yankee has just invented a machine for sewing—discord.

What lady can boast the greatest number of "airs?"—Dame Fortune.

APRIL SHOWERS.

Oh, April showers
Are good for flowers,
And fill the bowers
With perfumes rare;
But twinge erratic,
And pang rheumatic,
And not ecstatic,
Do they prepare!

And though the leanness
And arid meanness
Of lawns with greenness
They hide and clothe;
They, past disputing,
Set corns a-shooting,
Which makes your booting
A thing to loathe!

And of the Future,
Although they suit your
Bright dreams, compute you're
The Past's sad prey,
The while you yell a
Vain ritornella
For that umbrella
That's stolen away!

A SUBLIME OCCUPATION—Raising the wind.

SPORT ON A GRAND SCALE.—A correspondent of the *Indian Daily News*, at Caragolah, in a description of some wild-beast shooting, says of the sportsmen who did it, that, "Besides the four tigers, they had a good bag of buffaloes, deer, and pigs." What a very large bag it must have been! Apparently there are giants on the earth again in these days.

LIGHT EMPLOYMENT—Building castles in the air.

Why is a sword like beer?—Because it's no use till it's drawn.

AN OBSCURE LIFE—The fly's in amber.

A minister once gave a commentary to an old Scotch lady who was well versed in the Scripture. He thought she would enjoy the explanations of her favorite passages. Calling on her a few days afterward, he said, "Did you like the book I gave you?"

"Ay, mon, it's a gude book, and the Bible explains it amazingly!"

A QUESTION.—Can a man eating dates be said to consume time?

A FIRESIDE TALE—The cat's.

A smart boy in one of the public schools, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat: a throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up."

A MODERN FLOTILLA.

A FISHING SMACK.

A LUGGER.

COASTERS.

A YANKEE WHALER.

A STEAMER.

A WRECK.

DECORATED CHEATS.

MARRIED FOR LOOKS—MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

AFTER MARRIAGE—MUTUAL SURPRISE.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

SANDY. "Eh, mon! but he ca'd me a leer!"

MAC. "That's naething, my laddie; he ca'd me waur names than that. Ye maun just bear it."

SANDY. "Dang it, mon! but he proved it."

Wanted to know, how many square rods are contained in a wiseacre.

THE GREAT JOINER—The lawyer: he can replace a tenant, empanel a jury, box a witness, bore the court, chisel his client, augur the gains, floor a witness, cut his board, nail the case, hammer the desk, file his bill, and gouge the whole community.

Why should a fisherman be rich?—Because his is all net profit.

"Grammar class, stand up and recite. Timma, parse 'girls.'"

"'Girls' is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to general rule."

A fond father, blessed with eleven children, and withal a very domestic man, tells this story: One afternoon, business being very dull, he took the early train out to his happy home, and went up stairs to put the children to bed. Being missed from the smoking-room, his wife went up stairs to see what was going on. Upon opening the door, she exclaimed, "Why, dear, what, for mercy's sake, are you doing?"

"Why," said he, "wifey, I am putting the children to bed."

"Yes," says wifey, "but this is not one of ours."

Sure enough, he had got one of the neighbors' children all undressed, and he had to redress it and send it home. After that he left family matters to his wife.

Why are types like criminals?—Because they shouldn't be locked up until proof is taken.

A Pennsylvania widower with four children married a widow with nine, and is now seeking for a divorce. The reason given is that at morning prayer he prayed devoutly for the welfare of his own children, but could not find in his heart to put up a petition for the others, whereupon his wife beat him with the tongs until he implored of the Almighty to have mercy on her darlings.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH—A plain diet.

A light-house keeper was told the other day that complaints were made against him.

"For what?" was the inquiry.

"Why, they say that your lights do not burn after twelve o'clock at night."

"Well," was the reply, "I know they don't, for I put them out myself then; for I thought all the vessels had got in by that time, and I wanted to save the lie."

BON VOYAGE.

STAGE-DRIVER (*to Portly Female, who was indignant at having been carried a little beyond her destination*). "Well, there y'are, Mum, Fust to your Left. Y'ain't got so very Far to Go, and the *Wind's at yer Back!*"

SIGNAL, DANGER.

CONDUCTOR (*confidentially—Train just moving off*). "I'd 'ave a Heye about if I wos you, Sir. This Train don't stop no more for Forty Minutes, and She've a bin trying to Kiss us Conductors."

[*Delight of Rev. Jabez Veall.*

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 23.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MISSES' POLONAISE SUIT.

WITH CUT PATTERN FOR GIRLS FROM SEVEN TO FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

TWO views of this pretty polonaise suit are shown in the illustration—the back on a girl of nine, and the front on a girl of fifteen, years old. The pattern is graded, in nine sizes, from 24 to 32 inches, bust measure, to fit girls from seven to fifteen years old. The bust measure is taken by passing a tape *straight* around the body, under the arms. The suit may be made of any material—piqué, linen, foulard, pongee, silk, or cloth; the original is of green poplin, trimmed with alternate flounces of black silk on the skirt, and black flounces and bows on the polonaise. The suit is equally well adapted to girls of any age within the range above named, or even beyond it.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit consists of two articles—polonaise and four-gored skirt.

POLONAISE.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, side gore, back, and sleeve. Each part is notched to prevent mistakes in putting together, and also to show where to lay the pleats in the side seams of the skirt. The pattern is fitted with one dart for girls from seven to twelve years old, or in six sizes, from 24 to 29 inches, bust measure; and with two darts and the usual cross basque seam from the back dart to the seam under the arm, for girls from twelve to fifteen, or in three sizes, from 30 to 32 inches, bust measure. The perforations show where to baste the seams and to take up the darts in the front and the seam across the side of the front at the waist line, and where to cut out for the under part of the sleeve. Take up the darts and baste the seams in the body and skirt according to the notches and perforations, and try the garment on wrong side out. If alterations are needed, take up the seams more or less. The back has a seam down the middle to the waist line. The extra fullness at the top of the skirt is gathered into a belt, and adjusted to the form under the garment, the outside of the garment forming box-pleats in the back, while the front is fitted tight, and closed to the waist line with buttons and button-holes. The flowing sleeves are trimmed with a ruffle two inches wide, set on with a heading. Place the largest part of the sleeve to the notch in the armhole, and hold it toward you when sewing it in. The seven notches in the side seams of the skirt show where to lay the three pleats turned upward. Trim around the back and down the front to the waist line as marked with a ruffle two inches wide set on with a heading, which is sloped thence to a width of three inches, and continued round the bottom of the polonaise. The perforations in the front and across the back show where to set on the trimming.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide (for girl of seven), 3¼ yards.

Extra for trimming, 1½ yards.

For older children, add a quarter of a yard of material for every additional year of age.

FOUR-GORED SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces—half of front gore, side gore, and half of back breadth. Only half the pattern is given. Be careful to put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. Trim the bottom with four flounces, three inches wide. Lengthen or shorten the skirt at the bottom, always keeping the same shape. The skirt is graded for the average

MISSES' POLONAISE SUIT (WITH CUT PATTERN) AND LADIES' WALKING DRESSES.

[Cut Paper Pattern of Misses' Polonaise Suit, graded to fit Girls from Seven to Fifteen Years old, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.]

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height. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide (for girl of seven), 2 yards.

Extra for trimming, for medium size, 1½ yards.

For older children, add three-eighths of a yard of material for every additional year of age.

Ladies' Walking Dresses.

Fig. 1.—DRESS OF HAVANA BROWN CASHMERE AND BLACK POULT DE SOIE. Havana brown under-skirt, trimmed with a deep flounce surmounted by a pleating and a bias fold of black poult de soie.

Fig. 2.—DRESS OF PEARL GRAY FAILLE. Under-skirt trimmed with bias folds of velvet of a darker shade, edged with narrow white lace.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Misses' Polonaise Suit, graded to fit Girls from seven to fifteen years old, are now ready, and will be sent by the publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For the complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 367.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain numerous patterns and illustrations of Ladies' and Misses' Summer Walking and Traveling Dresses, Summer Bonnets, Basques, Infants' and Children's Dresses and Aprons, Fancy-work Articles, etc., etc.*

MADAME RAYMOND'S LETTER.

WE would call the attention of our readers to the interesting letter from our esteemed Paris correspondent, Madame EMMELINE RAYMOND, in another part of the paper. Madame RAYMOND'S position as editor in chief of the *Mode Illustrée*, the great weekly fashion paper of Paris, renders her oracular authority in matters pertaining to fashion. Our friends will see that the styles described in her letter vary little from those which we have chronicled during the whole season in the *Bazar*. The polonaise, which is so much in vogue here, is almost universally worn in Paris; the traveling suit with cape, which we illustrated a week or two since, is identical with that of the Paris belles; and the LOUIS XIV. vests, which are beginning to prevail here, are found equally in the French capital. Thus it will be seen that the war, which has so long obstructed communications, has not prevented us from receiving reliable intelligence, and that our friends the modistes and ourselves have contrived to be well informed as to the styles in the beleaguered capital. We are glad to say that we are promised frequent letters in future from Madame RAYMOND'S pen.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Making the Best of It.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—I hope that you and your friends who are about going into the country for your summer vacation, and who will loiter through the woods and fields, lying in the shade by running streams—"for in all true poems there must be running water," says the Bedouin in "Tancred"—and searching for the arethusa and orchis in their sylvan retreats—I hope, I say, that you will all be like Shakespeare's philosopher, and, as you saunter and stroll, find books in brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing. Indeed, that is the only true philosophy. It is the principle of the finest conceivable Manners upon the Road. It is the text of a sermon of infinite application, and I have certainly preached from it more than once. I am constantly reminded of this noble philosophy of travel by meeting its practical disciples, and straightway I fall to preaching. To find good in every thing, then, dearly beloved Roger—I mean, my dear Edward—is but another expression for making the best of it. And that is by no means a two-penny and easy resignation. It is something that we have yet not learned. If men had always made the best of it, we should be living in a very different world, my young friend.

The other day, when I was in another city, I was taken to see a very stately and costly house, finished exquisitely and furnished sumptuously. It was a marvel of luxury and skill. Within there were inlaid floors and noble staircases, and halls and drawing-rooms and chambers, full of wonderfully carved furniture, and masterly fresco painting, and gold decoration, and all that is richest in modern work; and without there were lawns and gardens, and terraces and fountains, and the rarest shrubs and trees, and conservatories and orchards, and every thing trained and ordered by a shrewd eye and an apt genius for landscape art. In the soft May evening, after dinner, as groups of lovely women, in superb toilettes, rose from a banquet such as Apicius never dreamed of, and with light laughter and low whispers stepped with the gentlemen out upon the marble terrace, a band of wind instruments, invisible in the grove beyond the lake, played music which the hour itself seemed to have inspired; and as evening closed around the loitering listeners the moon rose large and bright in the cloudless sky, shining over ranges of orange-trees and flowering oleanders, so that I seemed transported to the beautiful world of Boccaccio's stories.

Now, my dear Edward, all this beauty and grace and nameless charm is what we naturally desire—not, indeed, necessarily in this form, for that is a matter of taste. But every body would have his harmless tastes, whatever they may be, gratified, and his imagination soothed. That is the final cause of the constant and eager search for riches. We wish to be rich, not for the sake of money, nor merely that our powers may have the activity that money-making presents, but that our moral and social and æsthetic wants may be gratified. And so every man would like to live in what is to him a fine house, and to be surrounded with congenial society, and the best books, and beautiful pictures, and exquisite music and flowers, and all that gratifies the infinite desire of man. If we had all of us made the best of it from the beginning, perhaps we should have had all this. Now, then, as we did not, to make the best of it in this outward way of living is to have all the pleasure of these things without the things themselves. When old Stephen Girard said that his money could buy nothing more for him than board, clothes, and lodging, he merely announced that his soul was poverty-stricken.

As I came home from the city in which I saw the pretty scene that I have mentioned I stopped in a village, and was asked to take tea one evening with a young man and his wife. They lived in a small neat house—very small, but very full of comfort and simple taste. I remarked that it was a quaint little house, and they showed me a picture of the house as it was when it was built, half a century ago. It looked like a simple frontier cabin. "And in that house," said my host, "my old friend Noah lived when he was first married. There all his children were born, and he had ten; and on this little plot of ground and in that small home he and his wife made the best of it." By-and-by there was need of a school in the little settlement. A teacher could be found, but no room. So one day Noah came in and said, "Ma, if you can get on with the children in the other room, we might give this for a school-room." And his wife, whose heart was all motherly, said that of course she could; and so the school began. "I know people," smiled my host, "who, with less than ten children, find themselves crowded even in a large house; but my old friend Noah and his wife made the best of it."

We had tea in a simple, pleasant way, and then we returned to the parlor. There was no band of wind instruments to play from a distant thicket in the garden; but after a little conversation the wife seated herself at the piano, and she and he sang simple old songs together—songs full of memory and sadness; songs which bring youth back again, as a sponge passed over an old picture revives all the freshness of its color.

> "Ah! what avails the sceptred race?
> Ah, what the form divine?
> And every beauty, every grace—
> Rose Aylmer, all were thine!
> Rose Aylmer, whom these waking eyes
> May weep, but never see,
> A night of memory and of sighs
> I dedicate to thee."

Then there followed cheery talk again; and I observed a few rare and fragrant flowers in the neat room, and the indefinable evidence of taste and appreciation of all beautiful things, although every thing was plain and inexpensive. There was the impression of high and healthy life and sympathy, so that my memory and experience are both richer for that little tea-party; and as I shook hands with the hosts and came away I said in my heart that the good Noah and his wife, who had made the best of it, had left their spirit as a perpetual benediction upon the house and the household.

You see, my dear Edward, that if my young friend and his wife were rich they would have all the terraces and frescoes and carved oak chairs, and gondolas and music that Mæcenas had, to whose beautiful house I was taken. But not being rich, they did what they could, and, by making the best of it, they were as happy as Mæcenas. Their small means were a much larger fortune to them than Girard's famous wealth to him. For that poor man made the worst of it, not the best. He was like a man who, with a sound constitution and sturdy strength, should find nothing in them but freedom from sore throat. There are a great many people, my good Edward, who go about the world with an air of conferring an immense favor upon the Creator by consenting to live at all. They are of the elder Weller's opinion, that this life is "a wale"—a vale of sorrows and humiliations; and they are constantly saying, by the tone of their lives, "You see how patiently I endure it. In common with the rest of you, I am constantly scraping my shins and falling on my nose; but you observe that I don't swear about it. I don't even exclaim impatiently. I propose to bump on uncomplainingly to the end." And they pass, like gloomy clouds in summer, rumbling and growling with thunder.

Perhaps you think that making the best of it is a wretched philosophy, because it paralyzes exertion. If the savage, roaming his native wilds, I hear you saying in a fine declamatory strain, is content to live in a birch wigwam, and to pass his days in hunting and eating like the beasts he pursues, and to live a life sunk in ignorance and squalor, how is he ever to emerge into history as civilized and aspiring? Well, my dear Ned, if you will pardon a familiar strain after your heroics, it is, in the first place, very doubtful whether the savage ever does emerge civilized, and, in the second place, he does not make the best of it, but, like Stephen Girard, the worst. Look at it a moment in the simplest way. My young host of whom I spoke had a pretty marsh near his house when he bought it. It was covered with gracefully waving grass, and it blazed with gorgeous flowers in the summer; but it was also a source of disease. To make the best of it was not to leave it, beautiful as it was, but breeding disease and death. So he drained and plowed and sowed, and it is now a rich garden, and disease is expelled. To make the best of a thing is not patiently to endure it, but to get the best possible out of it. Musidora, whom in other years I knew, had not much voice, but she had a delicate and intense love of music, and she trained her voice so thoroughly that although you could scarcely hear her in a large room, yet her singing was an exquisite delight. She had made the best of her gift, and making the best was not repining that she had not a voice like Jenny Lind or Malibran, but practicing and studying until she sang so that, although I heard and rejoiced in Jenny Lind, I still remember those songs of Musidora's, as we see little stars through the splendor of the aurora.

I know that it is rather a general feeling that to make the best of things is merely to resign yourself to them—a philosophy which would cause us to leave the pegs in our shoes until they lamed us beyond walking: in fact, to subside into sheer fatalism. It is true enough that we can not avoid what is inevitable, but most of the mischief in the world comes from deciding prematurely what is inevitable. In the case of Musidora the limitation of her voice was the inevitable quality. No art and no industry would make it a great, magnificent organ; but it was not inevitable, by any means, that she could not sing exquisitely because she had not a great voice. To make the best of things is the radical remedy for that universal false modesty, which is only inverted vanity, that makes us say that nobody will care to hear or to see what we can do. Go to the daisy, vain skeptic, learn of the star dust and be wise! Shall the violet be ashamed to bloom, because of the Victoria Regia? or the farthest star wish to be extinguished, because of Jupiter? No, my dear Edward, this is the feeling which is so tenderly rebuked by that quatrain of Wordsworth's:

> "Small service is true service while it lasts;
> Of all thy friends, tho' humble, scorn not one:
> The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
> Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

And this is the direct lesson of the parable of the ten talents. The servant with the one poor little talent knew that the ten would make other ten and the five other five, but what could he do with one? Who cared for one? Jenny Lind was living, why should Musidora sing? The century-plant was in flower, how worthless the anemone! And what, translated into familiar and tenderer phrase, was the rebuke of him to whom only one talent was given? "Ah, unprofitable servant, thou knewest that it was a life of infinite variety of gifts and opportunities, and therefore thou shouldest have made the best of thine!" So be it, my dear Edward. Don't leave the walls of your room bare because you can not hang an original Raphael upon them, but put there the cheapest pretty picture you can afford. Don't be silent because you can not talk like Coleridge, but say what you think, and chew no opium. The ant in your garden walk, Edward, does not carry stones like those of the Cyclopean walls, but he makes the best of it, and carries what he can. My dear boy, let us learn of our ants.

Your faithful friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IN our own country loose thinking upon matters of political economy has not yet been largely disastrous; but over the sea the battle is fought with blood and fire and vapor of smoke. My friend, the mechanic of gas-pipes, who talks of traders as robbers and thieves, is apparently not far from the position of those red republicans of London who avowed to the world on Easter-Sunday "that the accumulation of property was robbery, and that those who accumulated it were not only thieves, but murderers." My friend's reason is that himself, a good workman, makes but hardly a respectable living, while the trader—a man of no more intelligence or education than himself—makes a fortune. To this it may, indeed, be said, "You, if you could do what the trader does, would receive the same returns;" but there are so many points which ought to enter into the comparison that one must be chary in accepting his conclusions. The money which a man accumulates depends not only upon what he earns, but upon what he spends, and upon how he spends it. Two men will work side by side in the same shop, upon equal wages. One buys cigars and wine, frequents balls and billiards, hires horses and carriages, procures fine clothes for himself and his family, takes frequent holidays, and finds himself at the end of ten years no richer than at the beginning. Another abstains from all sensual indulgence, finds amusement in the society of his family, carefully invests his small surplusage every month, and at the end of ten years, without any speculation, or any means except industry and prudent investment, is the owner of ten thousand dollars, and has besides lived a life as happy, and reared a family as comfortable, as respectable, as well educated, as his neighbor who has spent his all. Of course sickness or inevitable disaster may make a man's effort unsuccessful, but that is not robbery or thieving; and I know—for I have seen it again and again—that a good workman, by steady adherence to his trade, by forethought and economy, and a wise disposition of his money, may not only earn a comfortable living, but may lay up resources for his old age, and leave a sufficient legacy to his children. Let me see how a man and his wife manage their earnings before I pronounce robbery and plunder to be the cause of their impecuniosity.

The self-denial, the rigid economy, the wise forethought, which many rich men practiced before they became rich, and which was a part of the system whereby they became rich, is more than many poor people will practice all their lives. To walk when you can not ride is not self-denial. Self-denial is to walk when you can ride, and thrift is to take the money for investment. Expenditure is not extravagance. The poor are often more extravagant than the rich. Improvidence does worse for the former than ostentation for the latter.

It is true that the intelligence of the workman may be greater than that of the trader. A man ignorant and almost stupid in literary, scientific, or æsthetic matters may be successful as a trader; but he is always skillful. He may think SHAKSPEARE "would never have been heard of if he had not writ them plays;" but he is keenly intelligent as to the state of the market, as to what will be a good object to take hold of, as to the comparative value of stocks; and it is this keenness, this special intelligence, which is so handsomely rewarded. If the workman will become similarly and equally intelligent, he, too, will be equally rewarded. But to stand with lowering brow and arms akimbo, and mutter "thief" and "robber," is neither here nor there. He may, like his brother of France, become a red republican, without the excuse which his brother of France can plead; but when he has accomplished his end, and property is redistributed, and trader and workman receive by law the same wage, it is a question whether he will, on the whole, find life any easier.

"Cultivated people," continues my friend, "live on the industry of others. Cultivated people, you say, are what the country needs. We don't need them in this part of it, at any rate, for —— and vicinity are overflowing with them, and a more selfish or meaner class of people don't exist."

Practicing on this sound and salutary principle, it is to be hoped, good friend, you are doing all you can to discountenance and annihilate this mean, selfish, idle class, and to strengthen and honor your country by preaching and practicing the gospel of non-cultivation. You must never go to church, for the clergy are notoriously mean, selfish, and cultivated, lazily lounging in wealth which they have extorted from the pains of their people, riotously living on the industry of others. You must never attend concerts, for the concert is made by persons who have cultivated their voices to the last degree by unintermitting indolence. You must hear no lectures, for the lecturer, unless he is a very poor one, never added so much as a gas-pipe to the world's wealth. You must not buy books or magazines or newspapers, illustrated or otherwise, for you are thereby countenancing the droning swarm of writers and artists who have drifted through college, and sauntered through apprenticeship, and have now fastened upon the hard-working mechanic, the pure and virtuous gas-piper, who has been really doing something for the world, and force him to the book-stall to buy a *Harper's Bazar* for ten cents, while they themselves do nothing but scratch a wooden block or make black marks on white paper, which nobody can eat, drink, or wear. You must not send your children to school, for you are thereby not only pampering those bloated aristocrats who live on the industry of others, the mean, cultivated, and selfish school-teachers, but you are directly

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reinforcing their ranks by turning your own children into "cultivated people;" nor must you have them taught at home, for in so doing you will only change the place and keep the pain. You must denude your house of carpets and curtains, and pictures and looking-glasses, and paint and paper, for they are all means of grace and "cultivation." Nay, I do not know on what principle you can retain your gas-pipes, for we can be just as healthy, and some say healthier, without them. People lived contented and died in peace before gas-pipes were thought of. They do not add to the world's wealth, except that mineral wrought into gas-pipes brings more money than mineral in the rough. But, just so, words wrought by those cultivated villains, the newspaper writers, into editorials, or by selfish, idle, cultivated novelists into stories, bring more money than words lying around loose in the dictionary; and it is what cultivated people have done that makes your gas-pipes worth while. When you have sent out of your house every thing which cultivated people have sent into it, you will have very little use for gas. Whether, then, we look at the amount of vital force you put in your work, at the actual necessity of your work to the world, or at the happiness which your work brings to the world, we see no reason why you, as well as the writer, the preacher, the orator, the singer, the trader, should not be reckoned in the ranks of those who live upon the industry of others. It is only when you have steadfastly set your face and your children's faces toward the huts, nuts, and nakedness of the noble savages from whom you descended that you are living up to your principles, and advancing your country in the path of true glory.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MISSES' POLONAISE SUIT.

THE polonaise suit for little girls and misses, represented on our first page, shows how closely children's costumes imitate those for ladies. The cut paper pattern of this costume, if properly lengthened and enlarged every way, would be stylish for a lady; yet it is prettily worn by all girls, from the smallest to misses in their teens. The only important difference between small and large polonaises is in the arrangement of the darts. Small girls with immature figures require but one dart in each front, while those older and more fully developed must have two. The waist and skirt of this garment are cut together, each piece extending the whole length, fitting nicely over the hips, and dispensing with belts and sashes. Various materials are made up by this pattern. For wash goods, such as piqués, satin jean, and linens, we advise that lining be dispensed with; but for wool goods, poplins, and the pretty checked and striped summer silks, a lining of twilled cotton should be put in the waist. Braiding, embroidery, and pleatings trim washing goods; narrow gathered ruffles trim silks and woolens. It is a matter of taste whether the garment be buttoned down the entire front, or left open and drawn back by the bow on each side. Larger girls often have broad vests of solid-colored silk laid on the front, with square cuffs to match. Others have the trimming outlining a vest or a basque in front, and rounded in the back. The dress skirts are, of course, gradually lengthened according to the age of the child. Girls below twelve years show an inch or two of white hosiery above their gaiters. Pantalets are never long enough to be visible. Skirts of girls in their teens reach to the ankle.

The polonaise is commended as the best over garment for girls, because the waist and skirt being in one piece thus prevent that parting at the waist which is so apt to happen when restless, active children wear basques and overskirts. White muslin polonaises, trimmed with ruffles of embroidery, or pleated frills with narrowest Valenciennes edging, will be worn over summer silks by girls on dressy occasions. Piqué polonaises are for plainer dresses. Bows of ribbon, matching the dress in color, are at the sides of the polonaise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

French costumes imported for the summer display very short over-skirts simply draped, and an elegant imported street suit of black silk dispenses with the upper skirt altogether. This is a hint, perhaps, of the future, but at present New York ladies prefer long over-skirts quite elaborately draped. The Louis XIV. vest, very broad, and square below the waist, is seen in many handsome costumes. It is made of the darker silk used for trimming the suit, and often in contrasting colors. White lace and English embroidery on muslin, on colored stuffs and silks, are much used.

A new veil of black lace, with Spanish figures, is a large three-cornered piece of net with lace border. A point falls in front below the throat, while the other ends are tied over the chatelaine. In real lace this costs from $4 to $8. With imitation net and applied border, they are $1 50 or $2. Parker lace veils, three-fourths of a yard long, with one end rounded, cost from $2 to $3 75.

Lace sacques or jackets, partly fitted to the figure, are made of guipure net, with insertions in the seams, and a pretty border of lace. The sleeves are flowing. Black and white guipure sacques are both worn: they cost from $25 to $40.

The Princess Louise skirt is an English skirt of pale buff cambric or of French jean, trimmed with ruffles of the same braided and embroidered with white. They are to be worn as Balmorals, or, with a long over-skirt or polonaise, may be used as the lower skirt of a costume. In buff cambric they cost from $4 to $12; in twilled jean, from $9 to $20.

A useful novelty for nursing mothers, or for ladies to wear at the sewing-machine, or when doing household duties, is an apron of white rubber-cloth, ample, prettily shaped, with bib and pockets, and pinked around the edges: price $2 50.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

SEMI-DRESS AND DRESS SUITS.

The spring and summer suit worn by gentlemen to church and on dressy occasions—such as visiting and afternoon receptions—consists of a dark cloth coat, white vest, and lavender pantaloons. The coat is the Newmarket, a frock-coat, longer than that of last season, made to roll low, and fasten with three buttons. The white duck vest is cut low, and double-breasted. The easy-fitting pantaloons are of doeskin, with fine twill and soft nap, or of striped English cassimere. The stripes are two shades of one color—not contrasting tints—or else the cloth is all one shade in lengthwise reps, or in woven stripes of different figures. Checked pantaloons in the English style are occasionally seen, but are not in favor with gentlemen of quiet tastes. Side stripes are not worn. Side seams are broadly lapped, and stitched to look as if corded.

There is no change in the suit worn for full dress. It still consists of a black swallow-tail coat, black pantaloons, and a white vest rolled very low to display an embroidered shirt front.

BUSINESS SUITS.

During business hours gentlemen wear entire suits of dark Scotch mixtures in stripes—not bold, showy stripes, but the merest line of white on black, brown, or gray grounds. The coat is in the Newmarket shape, either double or single breasted, with pockets and flaps. When made to order, the best tailors charge from $60 upward for such a suit.

For general use at this season, for promenades, for house wear, and even, indeed, for "down town," a frock-coat of diagonal cloth, either black or dark blue, will be found useful in a gentleman's outfit. The vest accompanying is of striped Marseilles, white, with a light pencil line of black or dark blue. Gray pantaloons complete this costume. An entire suit of black is seldom worn on the street except by gentlemen in mourning.

OVERCOATS.

Overcoats for the present season, and for cool summer evenings in the country, are of light drab and cuir-colored cloth, sack-shaped, and longer than last year's style. They are worn open their entire length, and rolled back to show a broad facing of silk.

TRAVELING AND SUMMER SUITS.

Traveling suits are of the Scotch cloths, either plain gray or striped, made with sack or frock-coat, buttoned high. Vests to match, with collars.

For summer suits, to be worn at the sea-side and watering-places, there is a novelty shown in Scotch goods of the pale fisherman's green now worn by ladies. The tint is so light and delicate that the most fastidious admire it and predict its success, especially when worn by blondes. The coat should be a negligee sack with cord seams. A suit costs $55 or $60. The choicest importation of the year is white Melton, thick, soft, and fine, not blue-tinged, but of that creamy whiteness becoming alike to brunettes and blondes. An elegant negligee suit, intended for Newport wear, costs $65. Twilled flannel of darkest navy blue is shown for yachting suits.

SHIRTS, COLLARS, AND CRAVATS.

Shirt fronts continue in the styles last quoted, viz., plain doubled linen or one or two wide pleats each side of a box-pleated centre. These are worn with every thing except full dress, when exquisitely fine embroidery is used for ornament. Most gentlemen select slender vines wrought each side of the studs, or else medallions of needlework surrounding the studs. Those more fond of the elaborate have embroidery on all that part displayed by a low vest. Ruffles, puffs, horizontal tucks, and full gathered shirt fronts are not worn. Percale shirts, for negligee wear in the country, for traveling, and for business in the city, have lines of color, either black or blue.

The English standing collar, with turned-down points in front, is much worn at present. Von Beust is the name given to the style most used. For summer the preference will be for deep turned-over collars, quite large, and worn very low at the throat in Byron fashion.

Stripes are in favor both for scarfs and made-up neck-ties. Of ready-made-up ties the Windsor is now the only shape worn. The knot is smaller and the ends narrower than in the winter tie, showing more of the shirt front. Plain blue or black, or else striped with white, are most in favor. Scarfs of twilled India silk, cut bias, and a yard long, are now common property, interchangeable between husband and wife; as those worn by gentlemen are selected out of the same case at the furnishing stores from which ladies make their choice. The same tints are worn by each—dull Watteau colors, sky blue, lavender; while some gentlemen venture, and successfully too, upon pale green scarfs. There is a difference, however, in the mode of arranging them. Gentlemen tie them in a lap-knot, and secure them by a ring. Grenadine scarfs are white, with blue or brown stripes, or else solid colors of deepest, darkest shades.

HATS AND SHOES.

The summer hat that will soon appear on the promenade is of pearl-colored cassimere, with bluish tint. The crown, not quite as tall as last year's style, is six and a half inches high, and has a light band of repped ribbon, fastened by a small buckle on the left. The curved brim rolls high on the sides, and has a binding to match the band. Price $7. The black silk hat now worn is of the shape just described. Undress hats of drab cassimere have half-high round crowns.

Shoes for summer are of the low cut, Oxford shape, tied on the instep in a different fashion from the Molière shoe lately worn. The toes are broad, heels low, and the ample soles show at the sides. Comfort and symmetrical shape are considered, but there is evidently no attempt to make the foot look small. For such shoes made to order of calf-skin fashionable shoemakers charge from $13 to $15. The shoe for full dress is a Congress gaiter of glove kid, with single sole: price $16.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. BROOKS BROTHERS; W. R. BOWNE; UNION ADAMS; DANIEL YOUMANS; and GLAZE & SON.

PERSONAL.

AMONG the gentlemen named for the next mayoralty of Philadelphia is M. HALL STANTON, Esq., one of the self-made men of that city. Commencing business on the humblest scale, he has by ability, sagacity, and probity acquired not only the fortune due to and generally attained by such qualities, but has won the esteem of the community in which he resides. Few men in Philadelphia are more deservedly popular with the masses of the people, and no one has achieved popularity by means more honorable and commendatory.

—Two cases of extreme longevity have just come to the knowledge of the *Bazar* that are noteworthy. A few days since Mr. ANTHONY MURPHY, of Brooklyn, father of Mr. JAMES MURPHY, one of the proprietors of the Quintard Iron-Works, in this city, awoke at his usual early hour, and, having dressed and shaved himself, descended to light a fire. Feeling somewhat chilly, he returned to his sleeping apartment, and mentioned to his wife, who had not yet arisen, this feeling of coldness. She advised him to undress and return to bed, hoping that the warmth of the couch might make him feel more comfortable. He complied, and immediately fell into an easy slumber. After the lapse of perhaps an hour his wife spoke to him, but receiving no answer, placed her hand upon his face, and found it icy cold. The good old gentleman had peacefully slept his life away. The notable fact in connection with this incident is that Mr. MURPHY, who was never ill a day in his life, *had attained the great age of ninety-six, and his wife had attained to ninety.*

—Mrs. FRANCES MATILDA CONSTABLE M'VICKAR, who died in this city on the 3d of May, in the seventy-fourth year of her age, was the youngest daughter of WILLIAM CONSTABLE, one of the staff officers of General LAFAYETTE in the Revolutionary war, and, with General MACOMB, one of the largest land-holders of Northern New York under the MACOMB patent. She was a lady who united to the highest culture and most brilliant gifts the modesty, simplicity, and gentleness of the humblest Christian. Her daily life was the panorama of a Christian's duty, and closed by a death of peace.

—Of the historic names of New York, Governor SEYMOUR, in a recent address, says that the nine leading families whose names were prominent in the earlier affairs of the government were all representatives of different nationalities. Of these, the LIVINGSTONS were Scotch, the MORRISES Welsh, the SCHUYLERS Hollanders, the JAYS Huguenots, the HERKIMERS Germans, the HOFFMANS Swedes, and ALEXANDER HAMILTON a West Indian.

—Some nine or ten years ago General SICKLES, then a member of Congress from this city, set the example of giving the appointment of military and naval cadetships to the two boys of the public schools who, in open competition, should prove themselves best entitled to the gift. The two boys who were successful—GARRETT J. LEYDECKER and CHARLES SCHULTZ—each graduated at the head of his class, and LEYDECKER, now a captain of engineers, is a professor at West Point. Congressman S. S. COX, following the precedent established by General SICKLES, has given his appointments to the two boys in the public schools of his district who proved themselves most competent. After a very sharp competition, HEMAN DOWD, of Grammar School No. 55, and STEPHEN JENKINS, of Grammar School No. 11, were declared entitled to the honors. The former chose West Point; the latter Annapolis.

—Miss MARGARET FOLEY, who is now in Rome, and who has won a European reputation in sculpture, is a New Hampshire girl, and commenced her artistic life by whittling all sorts of pretty things in wood. By-and-by she got into chalk, and without any instruction cut some very fair portraits. Then she went, studied, and worked seven years in Boston; thence to Rome, where she has gained reputation and the "rhino," and where her studio is the resort of the cleverest people, in art or literature, who reside in or visit that city. She is now at work on a statue of the prophet JEREMIAH—that stern old Jerry who was always predicting to his countrymen the awful consequence of their indifference and faithlessness to the right.

—A party named LEVEL BEST was recently cowhided by his mother-in-law at Jefferson, Oregon. Which calls to mind the verse of genius:

> "Whate'er that woman was sot to do,
> She done it with a zest;
> No matter *what* her contract was,
> She *done* her level best."

—Mr. JOSEPH BELKNAP, of this city (no relation of Secretary B.), who has just been appointed supervising inspector of steamboats in the United States, was appointed solely on his merits as an engineer. In that capacity he is known among engine-builders as one of the most accomplished and skillful engineers in America, and as modest as he is clever.

—GUSTAVE DORÉ is not only a painter of quite conspicuous altitude, but a bit of a musician as well. In his parlor hangs a large photograph of Maestro ROSSINI, with this inscription written in the tremulous hand of age: "To my young friend, M. GUSTAVE DORÉ, who is not only the greatest artist-designer of the world, but also an eminent performer on the violin, and a very pretty little tenor, if you please." Being Alsatians, and therefore more German than French, the DORÉS are passionate dancers; and the waltzing there is therefore a serious and very driving matter.

—Mr. DISRAELI, who never permits an opportunity to pass to express one of his polite sneers, recently intimated his opinion of Mr. GLADSTONE'S character by saying it was as objectionable as it could be, and was "unredeemed by a single vice." He likens Mr. JOHN STUART MILL'S manners to those of a "finishing governess."

—When BISMARCK was Prussian embassador in Paris JULES FAVRE was his lawyer. The former is now a prince as well as premier, while JULES is decidedly out of favre.

—The cheerful manner in which the California journalist proceeds to "take the life" of a prominent citizen of that region is pleasantly set forth in the following paragraph in the San Francisco *News-Letter:* "We have at this office a very fine obituary notice of General A. M. WINN, the friend of the working-man. The old gentleman can not last much longer, and the daily newspapers, especially those devoted to the cause of labor, would find it to their interest to be prepared with a suitable eulogium. We have expended in its production a deal of patent mendacity, and can not but regard it as a very scholarly production. Nothing could induce us to part with it but the fear that General WINN may not die before next spring."

—Alas for fame! The collector of city taxes in Chicago a few days ago sent to the Common Council a communication to the effect that a special assessment of $2200 had been made upon the grave of Hon. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, to pay for certain lamp-posts, curb-stones, and paving in the southern portions of the city, and the courts having given judgment upon the special tax warrant, he should be compelled to proceed with the sale unless the Council directed that the property be not sold. Should this officer be compelled to discharge his duty the result will be that the grave of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS will be the first grave, in all Christendom or history, that was ever sold to pay taxes.

—The Rev. Dr. WESTON, of Trinity Parish, in charge of St. John's Chapel, certainly had reason to "thank God and take courage" a few days ago, when Bishop POTTER visited that chapel and administered the rite of confirmation to *two hundred and twenty-one* persons, the largest class ever confirmed in any Episcopal church in the United States.

—Mrs. DIAMOND, of Missouri, broke the continuity of the marriage relation with Mr. DIAMOND a few days ago, and eloped with one GARNETT. A very clear case of "Diamond *cut* Diamond."

—The most successful book published in London during the year past was Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON'S sketch of the Tower. He has made upward of $50,000 by it already, and the sale is almost as brisk as at first. Mr. DIXON'S style is formed upon the model of MACAULAY. Mr. DISRAELI has realized $50,000 from "Lothair," and is now receiving $5000 a year from his publishers for the copyright of his works.

—JOHN M. FRANCIS, Esq., editor of the Troy *Times*, one of the best and most prosperous journals of this State, has been nominated as minister to Greece. From the humblest beginnings, but with pluck, patience, and brains, he has, through a quarter of a century's hard work, acquired fame and competence, and has ability enough and tact enough for three or four good American representatives abroad.

—A romance in little has just occurred near Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, near which, in a mansion of magnificent proportions, has for some time resided Mr. HENRY ASTOR, son of Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR. Mr. HENRY ASTOR last week concluded to become a Benedick, and to that end induced Miss SAVINA DYNEHART to "change her local habitation and her name," and become his wife. Miss D. is the daughter of a respectable farmer of that neighborhood, and a handsome, blooming maiden, with whom for several years he has been in love. There was some little protesting against the arrangement, but it finally subsided, and the course of their true love is now running as smoothly and nicely as need be.

—Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S personal existence and tolerable health is at last definitively settled. The last news says that he is not at Ijijijiji, but has gone up to Yxyxyxy.

—Governor CLAFLIN has nominated to the Council of Massachusetts Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE and Miss MARY E. STEVENS as justices of the peace. Miss S. has had considerable legal experience in the office of the Registry of Deeds in Boston. Judge HOWE has not had any protracted judicial training.

—Mr. CORCORAN, who lies so dangerously ill in Washington, has done very noble things for that city and vicinity, chief among which are the picturesque "Oak Hill Cemetery," at Georgetown; the "Louise Home," a fine edifice for the accommodation of poverty-stricken gentlewomen; the "Surgical Hall" of Columbian College; and the magnificent "Art Gallery," opposite the War Department. This gallery is to contain his private collection, which has cost nearly $200,000, with a gallery for annual exhibitions of the works of American artists, a school of instruction, etc.

—The late ABEL MINARD has left to the Drew Theological Seminary, in New Jersey, one hundred thousand dollars, with which to establish a professorship for the specific purpose of giving ladies a theological education.

—Mr. DARWIN'S theory about the gentlemanly sort of animal from whom SOLOMON, CÆSAR, SHAKSPEARE, and the rest of us are descended, has come to be the subject of rational amusement in England. As the peripatetic Briton now goes to his office or business he improves the time by examining the ears of the people he meets in order to discover whether they bear the "mark of the beast," which DARWIN discovered. It is said that the pointed tip of the ear of our monkey progenitors is inherited by not a few men, only considerably disguised; in fact, quite different from the pointed ears of fauns and satyrs. It may be detected in the rim of the ear, and about one-quarter of the distance from the top, where there is sometimes found a considerable enlargement of the rim, making an obtuse point turned upward.

—Cincinnati papers rather favor the project of consolidating several classical schools in that city into a university, and offering to Mr. HERBERT SPENCER the presidency.

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ALPHABETS, MONOGRAMS, VIGNETTES, CORONETS, AND FIGURES.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.

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Alphabets, Vignettes, Coronets, and Figures for Marking Linen, Handkerchiefs, Fancy Articles, etc.

See Illustration on page 356.

THE upper alphabet is suitable for marking linen. It is worked in diagonal half-polka stitch and satin stitch. The under alphabet is especially designed for marking handkerchiefs. The large white parts are worked in satin stitch, the dots in knotted stitch, and the fine lines in diagonal half-polka stitch. The coronets and figures may be used for marking linen. They are worked in satin and half-polka stitch. The vignettes may be worked in white or satin stitch embroidery; in the latter case they are worked on velvet, cloth, leather, or silk, and are suitable for trimming cigar-cases, memorandum-books, key-bags, etc. They are worked in satin stitch, back stitch, half-polka stitch, and knotted stitch and application.

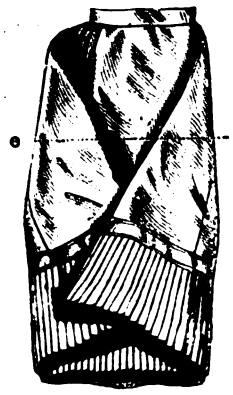

Fig. 2.—MANNER OF FOLDING TRIMMED SKIRT.—SECOND STEP.

Directions for folding and packing Clothing, Figs. 1-15.

As many ladies are unacquainted with the proper method of folding and packing clothing, we give herewith descriptions and illustrations thereof, which will doubtless be found useful in the approaching traveling season. Nothing injures garments more than being carelessly folded in packing. Articles of velvet, silk, woolen, or cotton may be folded according to our directions. Of course, greater care must be taken with garments which are much injured by pressure, such as velvet, wool, or silk, than with those which can be freshened by ironing after unpacking them. It is very necessary that each piece should be spread out smoothly on a table of the requisite size, with the seams, ruffles, flounces, and pleats carefully smoothed out and evenly arranged, in order to prevent folds and creases as far as possible. It is well in packing to have a large quantity of tissue-paper at hand. This is spread out, folded, or rolled up in balls, as may be required, and laid between the pleats, pieces turned down, flounces, etc., or spread out over the surface of the garment, in order to prevent the creases, which are so easily made and so difficult to remove in some materials. With the exception of plain, untrimmed waists, all garments should be folded so that the right side (outside) comes on the outside. In folding cloaks, skirts, over-skirts, etc., as here described, the length and breadth of the trunk into which they are to be packed should be taken into consideration. It is of little consequence whether the pieces turned down of garments be wide or narrow, long or short, but of great consequence that the garment should fit as closely as possible into the trunk, and should be held firmly in its place and prevented from slipping backward and forward. In packing, care should be taken that all the pieces turned down do not lie on each other, but come alternately, first on one, and then on the other side of the trunk.

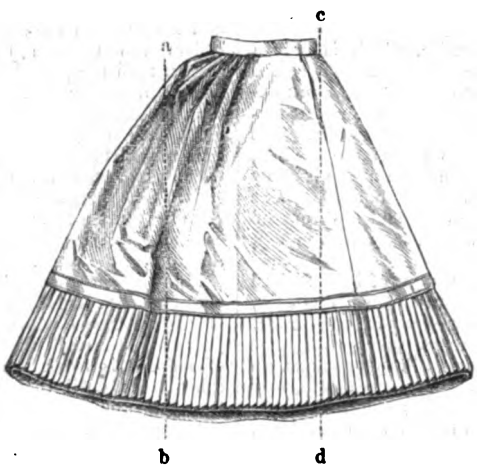

Fig. 1.—MANNER OF FOLDING TRIMMED SKIRT WITHOUT TRAIN.—FIRST STEP. [See Figs. 2 and 3.]

Fig. 4.—MANNER OF FOLDING OVER-SKIRT.—FIRST STEP.—[See Fig. 5.]

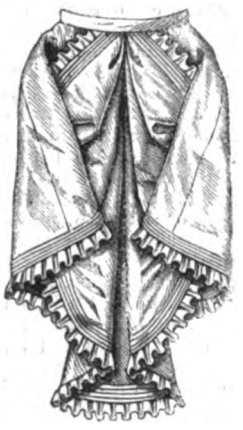

Fig. 5.—MANNER OF FOLDING OVER-SKIRT. SECOND STEP.

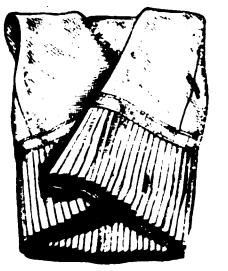

Fig. 3.—MANNER OF FOLDING TRIMMED SKIRT.—THIRD STEP.

Figs. 1-3.—MANNER OF FOLDING A SHORT TRIMMED SKIRT. First fold the skirt double, so that the middle of the *front* and *back* of the skirt each form a fold (see Fig. 1), and spread out the skirt smoothly on a table, so that the upper and under edges are even, and the corresponding seams come on each other. Next straighten out the pleats, so that the material lies as smoothly as possible, and carefully arrange the trimming of the bottom of the skirt. Then lay the skirt over on the outside along the dotted line designated by *a b* on Fig. 1; the under width of the piece thus turned down, which forms a triangle, must be one-third of the under width of the skirt. In turning down the back of the skirt, lay the right hand flatly on the skirt close to the fold to be formed, turn the piece over with the left hand, and then with the right hand smooth out the material inside of the fold, so that no creases may be formed. In the same manner turn the second piece over along the dotted line designated by *c d* on Fig. 1, whereby the skirt takes the shape shown by Fig. 2. Finally, fold the top of the skirt crosswise; on Fig. 2 the line for this fold is designated by *e f*, but it should be remembered that the fold is not always formed along the line *e f*, but that the length of the trunk must be taken into consideration. If the skirt is no longer than the trunk, the fold along the line *e f* is not formed at all. In this manner not only walking skirts, but skirts with trains of various lengths, plainly or richly trimmed, and also petticoats of all kinds, are folded. In folding trained skirts, more pieces are, of course, turned down, as they are longer and wider than the skirts of walking suits.

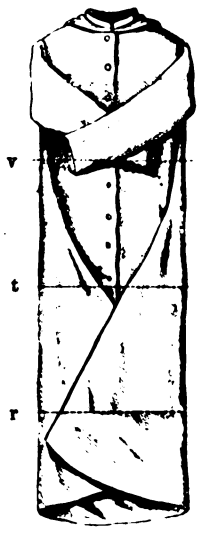

Fig. 10.—MANNER OF FOLDING WATER-PROOF.—SECOND STEP.

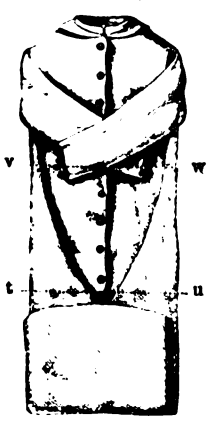

Fig. 11.—MANNER OF FOLDING WATER-PROOF.—THIRD STEP.

Figs. 4 and 5.—MANNER OF FOLDING OVER-SKIRT. The styles of over-skirts being exceedingly varied, we can give only a few general rules, as the turning down of the pieces depends upon length and breadth of the over-skirt. When the over-skirts are elaborately draped and very bouffant, the bands that drape them must be ripped off, the buttons taken out of the loops, and the strings loosened, in order that the skirt may be smoothly spread out and folds and creases prevented as far as possible. When the over-skirt is of the same shape as the under-skirt, it is folded in a similar manner (see Figs. 1-3). When the back breadths are pleated at the sides, as is the case with the over-skirt shown by Figs. 4 and 5, close the binding, and lay the skirt so that the middle of the front comes on the middle of the back; then take up the skirt by the binding and shake it out. Spread it out so that the back of the skirt comes on the top (see Fig. 4), and carefully smooth out the pleats, folds, trimming, etc. Arrange the pleated back part of the skirt in a wide box-pleat, as shown by Fig. 4, and then turn down a piece on each side, as with the skirt above described (the lines for the folds of these pieces are designated by *g h* and *i k* on the illustration), so as to give the over-skirt the shape shown by Fig. 5. If the skirt is still too long for the trunk, fold it across at the top or bottom, according to the arrangement of the skirt.

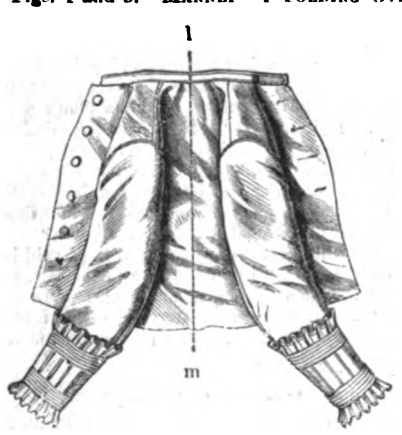

Fig. 6.—MANNER OF FOLDING WAIST. FIRST STEP.—[See Figs. 7 and 8.]

Figs. 6-8.—MANNER OF FOLDING WAIST. First take the waist by the front corners of the neck, shake it out, and spread it out smoothly and flatly on a table, with the right side of the waist turned upward. Then smooth out the darts and all the seams, especially the seams of the sleeves, so that the upper and under part of each sleeve come exactly on each other, and lay the sleeves in the position shown by Fig. 6; in doing this lay the back and fronts each in a triangular pleat from the upper end of the sleeve to the neck of the waist at the puff there. Then fold the waist double along the dotted middle line indicated by *l m* on Fig. 6, so that the two sleeves lie on each other as shown by Fig. 7, and the inside of the waist comes outside. In doing this take hold of one sleeve of the waist at the under corner and at the upper end at the beginning of the triangular pleat, and lay it on the other sleeve. Then smooth out the pleats and folds again, so that they are in the position previously given them. Fig. 7 shows one front not folded over, so that the exact position of the sleeve may be seen. The waist must now be of the shape shown by Fig. 8. Finally, smooth out the folds and pieces turned down, and form a pleat at both sides of each side seam (see Fig. 8). In this manner fold blouse-waists, high-necked untrimmed waists, basques, jackets, etc. Richly trimmed waists and paletots, or velvet waists, are arranged like the paletot shown by Fig. 15.

Fig. 9.—MANNER OF FOLDING WATER-PROOF. FIRST STEP.—[See Figs. 10-14.]

Fig. 15.—MANNER OF FOLDING PALETOT.

Figs. 9-14.—MANNER OF FOLDING WATER-PROOF CLOAK. To fold the cloak for strapping, close it down the middle of the front, then spread it out smoothly and flatly on a table, so that the fronts come on the top, and the middle of the front and back of the cloak come on each other. Smooth out the side seams and shoulder seams, and turn down a piece along each dotted line indicated by *n o* and *p q* on Fig. 9 in the manner described for the skirt shown by Figs. 1-3, and smooth out the material along the folds. Lay the sleeves crosswise on each other as shown by Fig. 10; in doing this always lay one hand flatly and firmly on the water-proof cloak close by the seam of the armhole, smooth out the inner fold thus formed, and arrange the pleats formed by the folding. Then fold the water-proof cloak crosswise, beginning with the first (the under) piece turned down indicated by the dotted line *r s* (see Fig. 10); the second piece is turned down along the dotted line indicated by *t u* (see Fig. 11); the third piece along the dotted line indicated by *v w* (see Fig. 12); in doing this, however, turn down the upper part of the water-proof cloak on the under side, and not on the upper side, like the pieces previously turned down (see Fig. 13), so that the hood now comes on the top. Then fold the water-proof cloak double once more. In fastening the cloak in a shawl strap the hood must come on the outside. If the cloak is to be packed in a trunk, it must first be folded as shown by Figs. 9 and 10, and then crosswise, so that here also the hood comes on the outside. The hood must be smoothed out. Water-proof cloaks with capes are folded in a similar manner, only fold the cape at the same time with the cloak along each shoulder line, and turn down a piece on each side of the cape. Fold Gabrielle dresses, over dresses, morning wrappers, and very long, loose, and half-fitting paletots in the manner described for the cloak, but always turn down the pieces to fit the length and breadth of the trunk, as before remarked.

Fig. 13.—MANNER OF FOLDING WATER-PROOF. FIFTH STEP.

Fig. 14.—MANNER OF FOLDING WATER-PROOF. SIXTH STEP.

Fig. 12.—MANNER OF FOLDING WATER-PROOF.—FOURTH STEP.

Fig. 15.—MANNER OF FOLDING PALETOT. Close the paletot down the front, and fold it double, so that the middle of the front and back come on each other, hold it on each side of the standing collar, shake it out and spread it out on a table; in doing this let the fronts come on the top. Then smooth it out, smooth out the shoulder and side seams, and carefully arrange the trimming. Lay the sleeves crosswise over each other, in doing which lay the hand flatly on the paletot close by the armhole seam, and smooth out the material of the sleeve along the inner fold. Each sleeve is carefully spread out so that the layers of material lie smoothly on each other. If the paletot is richly trimmed with lace, passementerie, or ruffles, tissue-paper must be used; it is also advisable to lay the same between the sleeves and the fronts along the inner fold. Paletots of heavy silk, velvet, etc., and waists and blouse-waists with trimming, mantelets with sleeves, etc., are folded in the same manner. With the assistance of the directions here given, it will not be difficult to fold any other garment, as, for instance, a talma, burnouse, sortie-de-bal, cape, etc., by carefully following the general rules given in the beginning.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

WORST of all the small beginnings easy to check, and impossible to subdue when suffered to come to maturity, are those habits of temper, of manners, of conduct, in which we indulge, at first with the idea perhaps that we can break them off when we will, to find, when too late, that the Old Man of the Sea is about the truest allegory ever framed. There is not one person now reading these words who is not conscious for his or her own part of the present tyranny of habits, one or more, which could once have been checked as easily as the Dutch boy stopped the deluge of waters. Now, not the hands of many strong men could hold back what the little finger of a lad would once have been sufficient to overcome. Lives have been wasted, families have been ruined, interests neglected, duties sacrificed, all for the arbitrary requirements of habit, all for the solace of selfisms, which might have been subdued and brought under when the time was young. No man gets up one morning a full-blown drunkard, a confirmed gambler, an irredeemable scoundrel anyhow. He begins, then he goes on, and then he gets fixed and confirmed; at the end, if you will, he is immovable; but in the beginning he and his habits were plastic, and the latter were weak, and might have been crushed like a newly-hatched crocodile, if only he would have set his heel on them. We may be sure that the small beginnings of all things have to be most carefully considered, and their growth guarded against if that growth would be an evil. In its commencement, almost every thing in life is manageable; as the flood let loose, there is scarce any fact connected with humanity that does not go beyond control. Debt, disease, evil passions and unwise ones, bad habits, vices, sinful thoughts, and ruinous practices, all are within one's own power to control in the

Fig. 7.—MANNER OF FOLDING WAIST. SECOND STEP.

Fig. 8.—MANNER OF FOLDING WAIST. THIRD STEP.

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beginning, if greater than the strength of armies in the end. But we walk willfully, heedlessly, blindly on our way, and let the drops trickle through the rent, and take no notice of them. We do not look on to the time when the dike shall have broken down and the waters have spread abroad. If we could see what was before us! Well, if we could, we would stop the small beginnings, just as Sindbad would have kicked over the Old Man of the Sea, and refused him a mount across his shoulders, could he have foreseen the tyranny that was to follow.

MY LOVE!

A SONG OF SPRING.

Bring me a lily crown! My love is fair!
No bloom less pure upon her brow must rest.
Twine wreaths of May and apple for her hair;
Pluck roses red to rest on her white breast.
Pelt her with golden cowslips when she sweeps
Through meadows daisy-starred, for at her feet
The bluebell hangs its gentle head and weeps.
My love is sweet!

Come to me, Spring, my love! the days are long;
Mourning is over since white winter's death:
The morning-carol and the even-song
Of lark and nightingale, the honeyed breath
Of myriad flowers, the soft scent of hay
Tossed in the meadows, and the sky's true blue,
Tell me that Spring has come, and point the way,
My love, to you!

Kiss me with kisses sweeter than the hay
Or milk-white lilies in the valley grown.
Your touch is tender, and your mouth is May;
Your voice dream-music, and your heart mine own.
Woo me to sleep with woodland melodies,
With breezes sighing through leaf wilderness:
My heart is sick, and hungers for your eyes
And your caress!

Tell me, my Spring, my love, how long 'twill last!
Say will your smile all sunshine melt with May!
Life is so sorrowful when love is past;
And love when warmest whispers its decay.
Nothing is sweeter than the kiss you blow,
No sound more welcome than your fairy feet;
And, as you wander, tears of tender snow
Surround you sweet!

PARIS FASHIONS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

IF I were to define the character of our present fashions, and what they contain in the germ, I should call them a transition style, which looks forward to a future of simplicity, without letting go, however, of the extreme elegance of the past. We have by no means abandoned over-skirts, the most graceful of all fashions; but their draping is much less complicated, and their trimming much less elaborate.

Whatever may be the material chosen for a summer dress, whether foulard, lawn, mohair, or simple mousseline de laine, the trimmings are almost always composed of two shades of the same color; thus, to cite but one example, which is repeated in every shade and material, I saw a dress yesterday, made by a celebrated modiste, with an under-skirt of pearl gray lawn trimmed with a flounce four inches wide of the same material, but bound with a darker shade; above this flounce were three bias folds, each four-fifths of an inch wide, the first of the same shade as the dress, the second of the darker shade, and the third like the first. The bias folds overlapped each other so as to cover the seams. The over-skirt was trimmed in the same manner, but with narrower bias folds and flounce. The waist was in the form of a tight-fitting cassaque, with two separate and pointed tabs behind, edged with the same trimming, but narrower, as that on the skirt and over-skirt. Half-flowing sleeves trimmed like the waist: the latter had two points in front, which, however, were much shorter than those in the back. This dress is worn in the street without a wrapping, shawl, or mantelet of any kind.

Long or trained dresses are never worn, we may say; these dresses are reserved solely for evening toilettes, and none of these are made this season. A lady who should appear in the daytime with a trained dress would look as ridiculous as if she wore white gloves and diamonds in the street.

The most popular garment of the season is the polonaise. It is adapted to every style of dress, and serves as well for traveling as for walking and visiting toilettes. Before the introduction of the polonaise a lady was obliged to put on first a skirt, secondly an over-skirt, thirdly a waist, fourthly a voluminous sash, and fifthly a paletot. Now three of the aforesaid five articles are gotten rid of, and dressing is made an expeditious affair. The skirt of the polonaise is trimmed in any style that may be desired, and is cut with or joined to a half-fitting waist in the form of a small paletot, so that the garment is put on in the twinkling of an eye. The polonaise is made of black cashmere or the material of the suit, and is worn over any kind of skirt, even black and white striped percale, linen, organdy, or écru pongee, or even white muslin trimmed with white insertion and guipure, or else embroidered in dots or sprigs, in which case the trimming is composed of ruches and flounces of white muslin, or of the material used for the polonaise. For a long time it has been a source of regret that white muslin dresses could not be worn in summer, which was impossible while people persisted in wearing trained dresses in the daytime, for this kind of dresses could not be made in muslin; moreover, the style of draping and looping the over-skirts was too complicated for them, as in sitting down the folds and drapery were crushed out of all shape. But now, with the polonaise, which is neither very long nor elaborately trimmed, and which can be raised or put aside in sitting, these graceful and comfortable dresses can be worn with impunity. White muslin over-skirts are also worn over plain silk or foulard dresses.

Apart from the polonaise, which is only a modification of the large casaques in vogue some two years ago, few other wrappings are worn except short, full, slashed paletots, of the same material as the dress, whatever that may be. The paletot of the moment is the Garde Mobile, which is full, but pleated a little in the back by two tabs trimmed with metal buttons. The same buttons are on the cuffs and the front of the paletot, which is turned back at the top, forming large revers.

The most elegant dresses are of light foulard or silk, always of a neutral tint, such as écru, mauve, and gray above all—gray in every shade. For these dresses the waist, made with large basques in the form of a tight-fitting casaque, almost always has a Louis XIV. vest—that is, very long in front, and descending below the belt. This vest rarely differs in color from the dress, but is always of another and generally of a darker shade, which is also adopted for the trimmings of the dress, ruches, flounces, bias folds, or rolls. The cuffs are likewise of the same shade as the dress; and lastly, the bonnet itself is made, or, if of straw, is trimmed, with the two shades used for the dress, or else with two shades of a different color that harmonizes with it.

Besides flounces, the trimmings of dresses are composed of bias folds, not separated, but, on the contrary, slightly overlapping each other; or rolls, separated, and numbering five or seven. When only three of these rolls are used they are set on nearer together, and a narrow pleated ruche, made of the material taken double, is set under the first and last. This trimming is often of silk on a wool or silk and wool dress. Our modistes are also making up a great many dresses of mousseline de laine—a charming fabric—to which we are right in returning, and which has been too long abandoned. Lastly, we see this year a new kind of striped black and white percale, of which many elegant and inexpensive dresses will be made this summer.

Light silken fabrics, such as satin-faced silk and dead-lustre iron grenadines, such also as crêpe de Chine, and Osaca crape—closely resembling Chinese fabrics—are still used for the most elegant summer toilettes as over-skirts, to be worn over silk or foulard dresses. White, moreover, is now associated with colors to which it has hitherto been deemed incongruous. Over-skirts of while muslin, worsted grenadine, crêpe de Chine, and Osaca crape are worn over brown, gray, and sometimes even black silk dresses. Too violent a contrast of colors is avoided in all the details of the toilette. For instance, over-skirts of a neutral tint are no longer worn with a bright-colored dress, but rather one of the same, or, at most, a lighter or darker shade. The distaste which the Parisian ladies manifest for all but neutral colors in dress is extending and becoming more strongly marked. Not a single lady is to be seen now in the daytime in a dress of bright blue, deep green, or red of any shade whatsoever, but always in black or gray, in all seasons, and écru, Havana brown, or mode, in summer; or, at most, violet—the Prussian color—and its various shades. Decided colors are only used for the accessories to a toilette, such as cravats and bonnet trimmings.

Bonnets are extremely small. They are little more than a small turned-up head-dress, under which the chignon still protrudes, though this is less ample than formerly, for the most marked feature of the present time is diminution—the reduction of size and exaggeration. In front the bonnet rests flatly on the head, where its edge crushes, and is covered by one or more ruches of illusion, blonde, or lace. A great many bonnets are seen of black straw trimmed with black silk ribbons, black lace ruches, and bright-colored flowers. White straw bonnets are generally trimmed with ribbons and feathers of two shades of the same color—light and dark violet, blue, green, pink, etc. Round hats are still much worn, and for these there is no settled fashion. Some are seen very high, and affecting the shape of a turban, while others, on the contrary, are entirely flat. But in any case the rim is very small, so that these hats, which were invented in the first place to keep off the sun, do not shade the face at all, and are not the least protection.

For rainy weather and traveling costumes there are white woolen fabrics, with broad black lines forming large squares. The whole dress is intersected with bias folds arranged so as to cut the squares into lozenges. These costumes are composed of a skirt and polonaise of the same material, to which is added a medium-sized pelerine or cape, also of the same material, and lined with thin red, blue, or violet flannel, which is thrown across the arm or carried in a strap, to provide against changes of the temperature. The same dresses are also made of brown woolen stuff intersected with black lines forming squares, as in the white; but these two styles are almost the only ones seen.

Very pretty satin-striped alpacas are also in preparation. These will be trimmed with bands made of the satin stripes, and set on diagonally and in ruches. These fabrics resemble the Algerian stuffs, which were of wool, with stripes of the same color, but satin-faced.

Elderly persons at last see themselves exempted from the necessity of strictly conforming to the fashion. They wear dresses without over-skirts, moderately short, moderately pleated and gathered, and trimmed with one or two flounces. Then over these dresses, which are without drapery, without panier, and without any of the trimming hitherto deemed indispensable, they wear simple paletots of black silk or cashmere, or, if suitable to the season, their India shawls, which seem to be coming again in vogue.

For the country, white muslin dresses in the following style will be much worn both by young married and unmarried ladies: Under-skirt trimmed with a flounce set on with a heading, and hemmed on each side, with bright-colored ribbon run through both hems. Over-skirt shorter than the preceding, and trimmed with a similar narrower flounce. Casaque-waist like the over-skirt, but trimmed with a flounce still narrower. There is no belt, but on each side of the over-skirt is set a ribbon, the shorter end of which is over, and the longer end under the skirt. The ends are then tied together so as to raise the skirt a little, and form a large bow on each side. A bow of the same ribbon is set on the front of the waist.

Many dresses are also being made of straw-colored and écru foulard, trimmed with three rows of guipure set one above the other, and overlapping each other half their width. The first row of guipure is black, the second écru, and the third black. All three are gathered, and the blending produces the effect of a ruche. White guipure is sometimes substituted for écru in the combination.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER X.

FOR the second time Hannah fled away from her brother-in-law's presence into her own room, and tried to realize what had happened. Something which would forever prevent their two lives from going on together as before—a distinct mutual acknowledgment that they did not love one another like brother and sister, that he would have married her if he could, and that if he had asked her she would not have refused him.

This confession on her part had been unintentional, wrung from her by the emotion of the time, and by the direct question which had been put to her, and Hannah was the kind of woman who never thought of compromising or playing with the truth. Still, when it was made, and henceforth irrevocable, it startled her. Not that she felt it in the least wrong; the idea that to love or marry her sister's husband was a moral offense had now entirely left her mind; but it was such an absolute ignoring of her own past—her dear, cherished, sacred past—that it at first almost overwhelmed her. She sighed, as if it had been an unrequited instead of a fondly sought attachment which she had confessed.

For it had crept into her heart unawares, and not in the ordinary guise of love at all. Pity, affection, the tender habit of household happiness, had drawn her day by day to Rosie's father, chiefly because he was a father and a widower, scarcely a young man in any sense regarding her, supposing she had considered herself still a young woman, which she did not. It was only when her youth forced itself up like an imprisoned stream, when the great outcry for love arose and would be heard, that Hannah recognized how painfully, piteously young she was still.

And yet in one sense this love was as different from the love of her girlhood as autumn is from spring. It did not seem in the least to interfere with the memory of Arthur. True, she had been only eighteen when she last saw his dear face, scarcely twenty when he died; but Hannah was one of those sort of people with whom to be "off with the old love and on with the new" was a thing not needing argument, it was simply impossible. She had never dropped willingly a single thread of love in her life; the threads which God had broken here were only temporarily invisible; she could follow them still, in spirit, to the unseen land. Yet to her intensely constant nature any change was at first a kind of pain.

"Arthur, Arthur!" she sighed, and kept turning his ring round and round upon her finger. "You are not angry with me? I could not help it. He needed me so!"

Yes, there was the secret, as it is of so many marriages, so many lasting loves: people become necessary to one another before they are aware. Propinquity, circumstances, do a great deal; but more is done by the strong, gradual, inner want, the sympathy which grows day by day, the trust which, feeling its way step to step, may be slow of advancing, but never retrogrades. Whether such a love be as perfect as the real passion, "first-born and heir to all"—the lovely dream of youth and maidenhood, which if man or woman ever realizes and possesses must be the crown of existence—I do not say. But such as it is, it is a pure, noble, and blessed affection, the comfort and refreshment of many lives—that is, if they accept it as it is, and do not try to make it what it never can be, nor seek to find among the August roses the violets of the spring.

"Arthur! Arthur!" Hannah sighed once again, and then said to herself in a solemn, steadfast, resolute tenderness, the name she had never yet uttered, even in thought, for it seemed like an unconscious appropriation of him—"My Bernard!"

And the word was a vow. Not exactly a love-vow, implying and expecting unlimited happiness—she scarcely thought of happiness at all—but a vow that included all duties, all tendernesses, all patience; a pledge such as a woman makes to the man unto whom she is prepared to resign herself and her own individuality for life.

It was a change so sudden, total, and overwhelming that beyond it she could at first see nothing, did not recognize the future as a real thing at all. She went to sleep like a person half bewildered, and woke up in the morning confused still, until Rosie came in as usual, while Tannie was dressing, requiring all sorts of "pitty sings to play wid" in her usual sweet exactingness. Then slowly, slowly, Hannah realized all.

"My darling, my darling! my own forever!" cried she, snatching up Rosie in a passion of tenderness. And not even Bernard's fond look of last night, as he put to her and she answered that solemn question, thrilled to Hannah's heart more than the embrace of the child.

Carrying the little one in her arms, she went down stairs and met him in the hall. A meeting just the same as on all mornings, except that there was a glow, a radiance almost, in his countenance which she had never seen before, and his voice whenever he addressed her had a reverential affectionateness which gave meaning to his lightest words. Also he called her "Hannah," never "Aunt Hannah" again.

There is a pathos in all love; what must there be, then, in a love such as this, conceived in spite of fate, carried on through all hinderances, at last betrayed rather than confessed, and when confessed having to meet the dark future, in which its sole reward must be the mere act of loving? These two, forbidden by destiny to woo and marry like ordinary people, were nevertheless not a melancholy pair of lovers. No outward eye would have recognized them as lovers at all. By no word or act did Bernard claim his rights, the happy rights of a man to whom a woman has confessed her affection. He neither kissed her nor said one fond word to her. No servant coming in and out, nor even the innocent little tell-tale, who was just at that age when she was sure to communicate every thing to every body, could have suspected any thing or betrayed any thing concerning these two, who knew they were henceforward not two, but one till death.

They were neither afraid nor ashamed. At the first sight of Bernard every lurking feeling of shame went out of Hannah's heart. Every thought, too, as if her loving the living were a wrong to the dead. Arthur's ring was still on her finger, Rosa's sweet face still smiled from over the mantel-piece upon the two whom in life she had loved best in the world, and Rosa's child clung fondly unto Tannie's faithful breast. Hannah shrank from none of these things, nor did Bernard. More than once that morning he had named, incidentally but unhesitatingly, his child's mother, calling her, as he always did from this day forward, "our" Rosa; and though he was so quiet, he went about cheerfully, as he had not done for long, like a man who has recovered his own self-respect and his interest in life; to whom the past brings no pain, and the future no dread.

Passion is a weak thing; but love, pure love, is the strongest thing on earth; and these lovers felt it to be so. Though neither said a word beyond the merest domestic commonplace, there was a peace, a restfulness about them both which each saw in the other, and rejoiced to see. It was like calm after storm—ease after pain. No matter how soon the storm arose, the pain began again—the lull had been real while it lasted.

They began arranging their day's work, as usual; work never very light. This Monday there seemed more to settle than ever.

"What should I do without you?" said Bernard. "Such a wise, sensible, practical woman as you are! always busy, and yet forgetting nothing. Stay—have you forgotten we were to dine at the Grange to-night?"

The invitation had come a week ago, and Adeline had repeated it last evening. Still Hannah hesitated.

"Must we go? Nay, ought we?"

"Why not? Because of—of what we said last night? That is a stronger reason than ever why we should go. We should not shrink from society. I am not ashamed of myself. Are you?"

"No." She dropped her head, faintly blushing; but when she saw that Bernard held his erect she took courage.

"What Lady Rivers says does not apply to Melville Grange. My sister is mistress in her own house, and Melville, though he is fond enough of his sisters-in-law, is not really so likely to be influenced by his mother-in-law as by his own mother. She is a very good and wise woman, Mrs. Melville. I wanted to have a little talk with her to-night."

Hannah looked uneasy. "Oh, be careful! I would much rather not a word were said to any one."

"About ourselves? No; I have not the slightest intention of telling any body. It is our own affair entirely till we see our way clear to—to the rightful end; for, Hannah, I need not say that must come about, if it be possible. I can not live without you."

He spoke in a low tone, grasping her hand. He was not nearly so calm as she; yet even Hannah felt her heart beating, her color coming and going. Is it only for young lovers, passionate, selfish, uncontrolled, that society must legislate? or criminal lovers, who exact an excited pity, and are interesting just because they are criminal? Is there no justice, no tenderness, for those who suffer and are silent, doing no wrong?

"We will never do any thing wrong," said he. "We will neither fly in the face of the law, nor offend my own people, if possible; but we will be married if we can. I must take legal advice on the subject. Till then let all go on as usual. Is it not better so?"

"Yes."

They stood at the hall door, Rosie sitting queen-like on Tannie's arm, to watch paps away. He kissed his little girl, and then just touched with his lips the hand that held her. No more. No love-embrace, no thought of such a thing; but there was a gleam in his eyes, like the January sun through the winter trees, showing that summer days might yet come.

It warmed Hannah's heart with a quiet, serious joy as she went through her household duties, especially those which concerned the child. She had her darling with her almost all day, and never had Rosie's innocent companionship been so satisfying and so sweet.

"So for the father's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the father for the child."

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Among the magnificent literature in which Tannie and Rosie indulged happened to be an illustrated fairy-tale book, wherein the usual cruel step-mother figured in great force. And she herself should be a step-mother, perhaps, one day! In the glee of her heart Hannah laughed—actually laughed—to think how different fiction often was from reality.

Bernard came home only just in time to dress, and they did not meet till he put her into the carriage. Half their drive passed almost in silence, but by-and-by Bernard spoke in a business-like way, saying he meant to go up to London, and take counsel's opinion there. It would not do to consult any one here. On what subject he did not say, but it was easy to guess.

"Mrs. Melville might give me information—only, of course, I could not ask her direct. I can only find it out in a quiet way, as I have already found out a good deal. It seems till 1835 these marriages were legal—at any rate not illegal, unless an ecclesiastical suit should find them so, which it never did. It was in 1835 that was passed the ridiculous bill confirming all marriages prior to 31st August, and making those unlawful which happened on or after the 1st September."

"Then they are unlawful now?" said Hannah, feeling silence worse than speech.

"Nobody seems quite to understand whether they are or not. On the Continent, nay, in every country except ours, they are certainly legal. Our colonies have several times passed a bill legalizing such marriages, and the mother country has thrown it out. Many persons go abroad to be married, come back again, and live unblamed; but they risk a good deal, and"—he hesitated—"it is not for themselves alone."

Hannah drew back into her dark corner, glad of the darkness. It was a strange and sore position for any woman to be placed in. Betrothed, yet having none of the honors and happinesses of an affianced bride; sitting beside her lover, yet treated by him in no lover-like fashion, and feeling nothing of the shy frankness which makes the new tie so sweet; obliged to talk with him about their marriage and its possibilities with a mournful candor that would have been most painful to bear, save for her own strong, innocent heart and Bernard's exceeding delicacy—she found her lot as humiliating as it was hard.

Yet she had never loved him so dearly, never recognized how well he deserved her love, as when, after their long, dark drive, he said, tenderly, "Now, Hannah, we will forget for the time all these bitternesses—except the love, except the love," handed her out into the bright hall at the Grange, and entered the drawing-room with her on his arm, as at Easterham dinner-parties had been their custom always.

This was a state dinner. All the Moat House people were there, and Mr. Morecamb too. Hannah did not know whether it was pure accident or refinement of ill-nature, but Mr. Morecamb was assigned to her at dinner, and she had no resource but to obey. The poor man evidently knew his fate, and was bearing it like a man. It was either one of the *contre-temps* in which the unlucky victims can only submit and make the best of things, or done on purpose; but in either case there was no remedy.

Bernard had been placed far down the table; but, whether or not, Hannah knew he could be no shield to her; rather the contrary. She must keep up her own dignity—trust for protection solely to herself. And a nervous consciousness made her look sedulously away from him all dinner-time; nay, as she passed him in the procession of ladies afterward, she kept her eyes fixed so steadily on the ground that Bertha asked, satirically, "if she and Bernard had been quarreling?"

During dinner she had been comparatively safe, even with Mr. Morecamb beside her; afterward there gathered over her the vague coldness which women always know how to show toward another woman who is somehow "under a cloud." The Rivers family indicated it most of all. Scarcely any one of them addressed her except Adeline.

"Don't mind it," whispered the latter, following Hannah into a corner. "We'll stand by you, and people will see you here. Of course it is awkward, very awkward. Easterham is talking about you so much, and my family, of all things, dislike being talked about. But I have thrown dust in every body's eyes by giving you at dinner to Mr. Morecamb. Couldn't you like him? Such a nice old fellow, and so fond of you?"

Hannah shook her head, smiling drearily. It was idle to take offense at silly little Adeline, who never meant any harm.

She sat down, turning over the leaves of a photograph book, and bade her young hostess go back to her other guests.

"No, no; I mean to stay with you. I don't feel as my family do. I can't see why they should make such a fuss even if Bernard did want to marry you. People used to do it—my respected mother-in-law, for instance. And sisters-in-law are not real sisters; never ought to be. If the law made this quite clear, a man wouldn't dare go philandering with them in his wife's lifetime. Now—oh dear!—it's so convenient. He can't marry them, so he may flirt with them as much as ever he likes. It's all right, and the wife can't say a word. But she may feel, for all that."

Adeline spoke bitterly; having evidently quite slidden away from the case in point, not thinking of Hannah at all; so there was no need to answer her except in a general way.

"Yes, I dare say it is at times a little vexing. But I am afraid I do not understand jealousy. I can not comprehend how, after people are once married, they feel the smallest interest in any body else. And the conjugal fidelity which has only the law to secure it must be a very shallow thing."

"You ridiculously simple woman! Well, perhaps you are right. Jealousy is silly. We can't stop every young lady out of our house because our husband may one day have the chance of marrying her. Let him! When we are dead and gone we shall not care. Only don't let her come and steal him from us while we are alive. It's all a sham, this nonsense about sisters," added she, stamping with her white satin shoes, and tearing to pieces her hot-house roses. "And, like you, I am beginning to hate shams. Hannah Thelluson, let us be friends."

"We always were friends, I hope," said Hannah, gently, pitying the young wife, whose skeleton in the house had been so unconsciously betrayed. She was more than sorry, rather angry, when, as the evening wore on, and the gentlemen came in, Herbert Melville, scarcely noticing his sickly, unlovely Adeline, devoted himself entirely to her blooming sisters, especially to Bertha; who, a born coquette, seemed to enjoy the triumph amazingly. The law which barred some people from happiness did not seem to furnish any security for the happiness of others. Hannah almost forgot herself in her pity for Adeline.

And yet she could have pitied herself too—a little. It was hard to sit there, tabooed, as it were, by that silent ignoring which women understand so well, and hear the others talking pleasantly round her. No one was actually uncivil; the Melvilles were almost obtrusively kind; but there the coldness was, and Hannah felt it. Such a new thing, too; for, in her quiet way, she had been rather popular than not in society; she had such gentle tact in fishing out all the shy, or grim, or stupid people, and warming them up into cheerfulness. But now even they quietly slipped away and left her alone.

It was a heavy night. She asked herself more than once how many more of the like she should have to bear, and if she could bear them. Did Bernard see it or feel it? She could not tell. He came in late. She saw him talking to Mrs. Melville, and afterward to Lady Rivers; then trying his utmost to be pleasant to every body. She was so proud always of the sweet nature he had, and the simple unconscious charm of his manner in society. But in the pauses of conversation he looked inexpressibly sad; and when they got into the carriage, and were alone together, she heard him sigh so heavily that if his people had been all night long pricking her to death with pins and needles Hannah would not have complained. The very fact of complaint seemed a certain humiliation.

They scarcely exchanged a word all the drive home; but he took and held fast her hand. There was something in the warm clasp that comforted her for every thing.

"Dear," he whispered, as he lit her candle and bade her good-night, which he did as soon as possible, "it is a hard lot for both of us. Can you bear it?"

"I think I can."

And so for some days she thought she could. She had that best balm for sorrow—a busy life; each hour was as full of work as it would hold; no time for dreaming or regrets, scarcely even for love, except in the form wherein fate had brought love to her—calm, domestic, habitual—scarcely distinguishable from friendship even yet. She and Bernard did all their customary business together day by day. They had become so completely one in their work that it would have been difficult to do otherwise. Nor did she wish it. She was happy only to be near him, to help him, to watch him fulfilling all his duties, whatever bitterness lay underneath them. That pure joy which a woman feels in a man's worthiness of love, keener than even her sense of the love he gives her, was Hannah's to the core. And then she had her other permanent bliss—the child.

Women—good women, too—have sometimes married a man purely for the sake of his children; and Hannah never clasped Rosie in her arms without understanding something of that feeling. Especially on the first Sunday after the change had come—the great change, of which not an atom showed in their outward lives, but of which she and Bernard were growing more and more conscious every day. This bright morning, when the sun was shining, and the crocuses all aflame across the garden, and a breath of spring stirring through the half-budded lilac-tree, it might, perhaps, have been hard for them to keep up that gentle reticence of manner to one another, except for the child.

Rosie was a darling child. Even strangers said so. The trouble she gave was infinitesimal, the joy unlimited. Father and aunt were accustomed to delight together over the little opening soul, especially on a Sunday morning. They did so still. They talked scarcely at all, neither of the future nor the past; but simply accepted the present, as childhood accepts it, never looking beyond. Until, in the midst of their frolic—while papa was carrying his little girl on his back round and round the table, and Tannie was jumping out after them at intervals in the character of an imaginary wolf, Rosie screaming with ecstasy, and the elders laughing almost as heartily as the child—there came a note from the Moat House.

Mr. Rivers read it, crushed it furiously in his hand, and threw it on the back of the fire. Then, before it burned, he snatched it out again.

"My poor Hannah! But you ought to read it. It will hurt you—still you ought to read it. There must never be any concealments between us two."

"No."

Hannah took the letter, but did not grow furious—rather calmer than before. She knew it was only the beginning of the end.

"MY DEAR BERNARD,—Your father wishes particularly to talk with you to-day, as poor Austin, we hear, is rather worse than usual. You will, of course, come in to lunch, and remain to dinner."

"I perceive that, in spite of my earnest advice, Miss Thelluson is still an inmate of your household. Will you suggest to her that I am sorry our pew will be full, and our dinner-table also, to-day?"

"I wish you were more amenable to the reasonings of your family, but remain, nevertheless,

"Your affectionate mother,

"A. RIVERS."

"Well?" Bernard said, watching her.

Hannah drooped her head over Rosie's hair; the child had crept to her knees, and was looking with wide blue eyes up at Tannie.

"It is but what I expected—what she before declared her intention of doing."

"But do you recognize all it implies—all it will result in?"

"Whatever it be, I am prepared."

"You do not know the worst," Bernard said, after a pause. "I found it out yesterday by getting counsel's opinion on the strict law of the case; but I had not courage to tell you."

"Why not? I thought we were to have no secrets."

"Oh, we men are such cowards; I am, anyhow. But will you hear it now? It will be such a relief to talk to you."

"Talk, then," said Hannah, with a pale smile. "Stop; shall we have time? It will be twenty minutes yet before the church-bells begin ringing."

For she knew that the wheels of life must go on, though both their hearts were crushed on the way.

"Five minutes will be enough for all I have to tell you. Only—take the child away."

Hannah carried away little Rosie, who clung frantically to her fond paradise in Tannie's arms, and was heard wailing dolorously overhead for a good while.

"See! even that baby can not bear to part with you. How, then, shall I?" cried Bernard, passionately; and then, bidding her sit down, began giving her in words exact and brief the result of his inquiries.

These confirmed all he had said himself once before in the case of Grace and James Dixon. Of the law, as it now stood, there could be no possible doubt. No marriage with a deceased wife's sister, whether celebrated here or abroad, would be held valid in England. No woman so married had any legal rights, no children could inherit. Thus, even in cases where the marriage was known to have existed, and the wife had borne the husband's name for years, whole estates have been known to lapse to the Crown; but then the Crown, with a curious recognition of the difference between law and equity, had been usually advised to return them piecemeal, under the guise of a free gift, to the children, who otherwise would have been the undisputed heirs.

"Heirship—money! it seems all to hinge upon that," said Hannah, a little bitterly.

"Yes; because property is the test upon which the whole legal question turns. If I had been without ties—say a poor clerk upon a hundred and fifty a year (I wish I had)—we might have set sail by the next steamer to America, and lived there happy to the end of our days; for England is the only country which does not recognize such marriages as ours. Some countries—France and Germany, for instance—require a special permission to marry; but this gained, society accepts the union at once. Now with us—oh, Hannah, how am I to put it to you?—this would do no good. As I said before, the misery would not end with ourselves."

"Would it affect Rosie?"

"Your heart is full of Rosie. No; but she is only a girl, and the Moat House is entailed in the male line. Austin is slowly dying. I am the last of my race. Do you understand?"

She did at last. Her face and neck turned scarlet, but she did not shrink. It was one of the terrible necessities of her position that she must not shrink from any thing. She saw clearly, that never, according to the law of England, could she be Bernard's wife. And if not, what would she be? If she had children, what would they be? And his estates lay in England, and he was the last of his line.

"I perceive," she faltered. "No need to explain further. You must not think of me any more. To marry me would ruin you."

Wild and miserable as his eyes were—fierce with misery—the tears rushed into them.

"My poor Hannah, my own unselfish Hannah, you never think for a moment that it would also ruin you."

It was true, she had not thought of herself; only of him. A clergyman, prepared to break the canon law; a man of family and position, running counter to all social prejudices; a son, dutiful and fondly attached, opposing his father's dearest wishes! The mental struggle that he must have gone through before there ever dawned upon him the possibility of marrying her struck Hannah with a conviction of the depth of his love, the strength of his endurance, such as she had never believed in before.

"Oh, Bernard!" she cried, calling him by his name for the first time, and feeling—was it also for the first time?—how entirely she loved him—"Bernard, you must never think of marrying me: we must part."

"Part!" and he made as if he would have embraced her, but restrained himself. "We will discuss that question by-and-by. At present, hear the rest which I have to tell."

He then explained, with a calmness which in so impulsive a man showed how strong was the self-control he was learning to exercise, that since 1835 many dissentients from the law then passed had tried to set it aside; that almost every session, a bill to this effect was brought into the House of Commons, fiercely discussed there, passed by large majorities, and then carried to the Upper House, where the Peers invariably threw it out. Still in the minority were a few very earnest in the cause.

"I know; Lord Dunsmore is one of them."

"Yes; I had forgotten; I seem to be forgetting every thing!" and Bernard put his hand wearily to his head. "I met Lady Dunsmore in London, and she asked me no end of questions about you. She is very fond of you, I think."

"Is she?"

"She wanted to know if you would come and stay with her, and bring Rosie; but I said I could not spare either of you. And then she looked at me inquisitively. She is a very shrewd, clever, good woman, and a strong ally on our side. For it must be our side, Hannah, whatever my people say, whatever I might have said myself once. Any law that creates a crime is mischievous and cruel. There ought to be, as I once overheard Lord Dunsmore say, no bar whatsoever to marriage except consanguinity. Even if I had no personal concern in the matter, it is a wrong, and I would fight against it as such."

"The Riverses were ever fighters, you know," said Hannah, watching him with a sad, tender smile, and more than ever there darkened down upon her all that he was giving up for her sake.

"But to come to the point, Hannah. I have told you all the ill; now hear the good. Every year public feeling is advancing; this year the bill is to be brought in again. Its adherents are ready for a good hard fight, as usual; but this time they hope to win. And if they win—then—then—"

He seized her hands, and clasped them passionately. It was not the dreamy love-making of a boy in his teens—of her lost Arthur, for instance, over whose utmost happiness hung the shadow of early death; it was the strong passion of a man in the midst of life, with all his future before him—a future that needed a wife's help to make it complete; and Hannah knew it. For a moment, sad, pale, white-lily-like as she was, there came a flush rose-red into her cheeks, and to her heart an eager response to the new duties, the new joys; then she shrank back within herself. It all seemed so hopeless, or with such a slender thread of hope to cling to: yet he clung to it.

"I will never give in," he said, "if I have to wait for years. I will marry you if I possibly can. I will never marry any other woman. You shall not be troubled or harmed—not more than I must necessarily harm you, my poor love, simply because you are my love. But mine you must and shall be. You hear me, Hannah?"

For she stood passive and bewildered. Any one might have thought she did not care until she lifted up her eyes to him. Then he had no doubt at all.

"Oh, give me one kiss, Hannah, to last me all these months and years. It will not hurt you—it is not wrong."

"No;" and she gave it. Then with a great sigh they both sat down.

The church-bells began to ring. "I must go," Bernard said. "But first, what are we to do? Will you go to church to-day?"

"I must. If I sit in the free seats or in the aisle, I must go to church. It is God's house; He will not drive me from it; He knows I have done nothing wrong." And she wept a little, but not much.

"You are right; we have not done any thing wrong, and we ought not to act as if we had. Then—will you come with me?"

"No; I had rather go alone," said Hannah, gently. "I will bear every thing alone, so far as I can."

"What do you mean? What do you wish?"

"That you should in all things do your duty without considering me. Go to the Moat House, as they desire. If they do not mention me, do not you. What does it matter? they can not harm me—not much. And to break with them would be terrible for you. Keep friends with your own people to the last."

"You truly wish that?"

"I do. Now go. Good-by, and God bless you, Bernard."

"God bless you, my Hannah!"

And with that mutual blessing they parted.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CREAM CAKE.—One and a half cups of sugar, one-half a cup of butter, three eggs, leaving out the yolk of one, two cups of flour, half a cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda; for the cream, one cup of cream and the yolk of one egg; flavor and sweeten to taste. Bake the cake as you do for jelly cake, putting the cream between, or cut it in two, insert the cream, and lay the piece back.

CREAM SPONGE-CAKE (very superior).—Six eggs, two cups of flour, the same quantity of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar well mixed in the flour, and one-half a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water; beat together the yolks of the eggs and the sugar until perfectly light and creamy; add to it the well-beaten whites, then the flour, and last of all the soda. Bake, in round tins, about an inch thick.

CREAM FOR CAKE.—Heat one pint of milk, and add to it one table-spoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little milk, two eggs, one cup of sugar, all beaten together; boil it until it thickens. Split the cakes when cold, and fill with cream.

PICKLED EGGS are very easily prepared, and most excellent as an accompaniment for cold meats. Boil for half an hour three dozen eggs, remove the shells, and pack them when entirely cold in a wide-mouthed jar large enough to let them in or out without mashing or breaking. Take as much vinegar as you think will cover them entirely, and boil in it white pepper, allspice, a little root ginger, and, if desired, a very small quantity of garlic. Salt to taste. A few tiny white onions put in the jar some may think an improvement. When the vinegar has boiled enough to extract the spices, take them out and pour it over the eggs, cork tightly when cold, and in a month they are ready to use.

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THE COURTIN'. By PROFESSOR J. RUSSELL LOWELL. ILLUSTRATED BY HOPPIN.

"ZEKLE CREP' UP, QUITE UNBEKNOWN,
AN' PEEKED IN THRU THE WINDER."

"SHE HEERED A FOOT, AN' KNOWED IT TU,
A-RASPIN' ON THE SCRAPER."

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
  Fur'z you can look or listen.
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
  All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
  An' peeked in thru the winder;
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fire-place filled the room's one side,
  With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
  To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blesséd cretur;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
  Clean grit an' human natur;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em;
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly, like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez his'n in the choir;
My! when he made "Ole Hundred" ring
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upon it.

"'YOU WANT TO SEE MY PA, I S'POSE?'
'WA'AL.....NO.....I COME DASIGNIN'—'"

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"'TO SEE MY MA? SHE'S SPRINKLIN' CLO'ES AGIN TO-MORRER'S I'NIN'."

"THET LAST WORD PRICKED HIM LIKE A PIN, AN'.....WA'AL, HE UP AN' KIST HER."

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
  She seemed to 've gut a new soul
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
  Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
  A-raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew,
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
  Some doubtful o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
  But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
  Ez though she wished him furder;
An' on her apples kep' to work,
  Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
  "Wa'al.....no.....I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
  Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
  Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
  Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
  Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
  He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
  Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
  An'.....wa'al, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips,
  An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary;
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
  And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is, they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

"AN' ALL I KNOW IS, THEY WAS CRIED IN MEETIN' COME NEX' SUNDAY."

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SEA SONG.

CALL not the old life back, O sea!
In the grave where it lies, there let it be;
Wake not the pale ghost up for me:
Call not the dead love back.

Bid not the tranquil pulses throng
To tumult and passion, fret and wrong;
Hush the sad memories in thy song:
Call not the dead love back.

Was not its brief life full of pain,
Of weary waiting, and struggle vain?
Bid it not waken to weep again·
Call not the dead love back.

Lurid and bright was its morning ray,
Fierce was the glare of its noontide sway,
Cold o'er its death closed the gloaming gray:
Call not the dead love back.

There let it lie in its fatal charm,
With its closen eye and its folded palm—
There let it lie in its solemn calm:
Call not the dead love back.

Sing of the upward, glorious power,
Sing of the present's harvest hour,
Sing of the future's golden dower:
Call not the dead love back.

Sing on, sing on, in thy mighty chime,
Of the world to come and its joys sublime;
But oh, in the terrible name of Time,
Call not the dead love back!

THE BROCADE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

CERTAINLY it was a charming dress. As it lay there in its box one could see that; a confusion of gold color, and crimson roses, and black lace. Lovely as it was, however, very little had been expended on it, unless you estimated all the hopes that had been wrought into it—then you would have felt that it was as costly a thing as it was charming. It was, indeed, as Thyrza said, the little shroud of a dead-and-gone summer.

Poor Mrs. Devine, a Treasury clerk in Washington, had, with her daughter Thyrza, been visiting a friend during the yearly vacation, which they took in June. You should know what the life of a Treasury clerk is before you can appreciate what this vacation was. You should understand the need of being at the office at a fixed hour, rain or shine, in the penetrating winds and damps of winter, or in the summer heats that scorch a shower to steam before it touches the pavement—the pavement against which sometimes you hold the parasol to ward off a blistering blast, more unbearable than the rays out of the brassy sky above; you should understand the dependence which makes you tremble at a word, the tediousness of counterfeit-detection, where an error costs you the amount of the note, or of the enumeration of paper whose arsenic poisons your hands and half paralyzes your arms, or of the endless copying, for which men in the same room, doing similar work not half so neatly or swiftly as yourself, receive double the reward; you should understand the crisis at every official change, the apprehension and dread, every fourth year, lest with a new king in Israel you are no longer known; you should understand the absolute fatigue with which you re-enter your rooms with cramped shoulders, weary fingers, aching backs, tired out in body and soul. You would have to enter into all this experience in order to appreciate the satisfaction Mrs. Devine and Thyrza took, the year through, all in dreaming of their coming June, always pleasant, and in this single instance more than ever so, since spent at a friend's whose way had diverged from theirs years ago; for Mrs. Devine's unfortunate husband had died and left her with nothing but his child and his memory, while Mrs. Van Alstyne had never known the touch of trouble, but, wealthy, courted, and surrounded by troops of friends, had passed her life in a palace, and had breathed the breath of luxury.

Of course an invitation to visit Mrs. Van Alstyne was something too unusual not to cause a flutter in the fold of the Devines—the fold being the two rooms of a lodging-house, which had been their home during their Treasury life; and the furbishing of the slender wardrobes for the occasion was almost pathetic to see. They were nearly of a size, the mother and daughter—Thyrza being just eighteen—and thus an allowable interchange made a very little go a great way. But, at the most, there was hardly enough for one, for the mere living in the expensive place had not left them more than twenty dollars a month to spend upon clothes, doctors, recreations, and small charities.

Still, with a couple of cambric gowns apiece for mornings, with Mrs. Devine's black grenadine for dinner, and her old satin for evening wear, and with Thyrza's trained organdy, and the month's pay that would not have to go for board advanced to buy her a check silk and some ribbons and laces—enough remaining for the traveling tickets—they might get through the month respectably. To be sure, the organdy wouldn't wash; yet Mrs. Devine hoped for the best, for she was a young woman herself, with a woman's liking for fine tissues, and with a lovely, proud face to be set off by them. Nevertheless, it was not for herself she was concerned; it was for her daughter. She had forgotten herself long ago in Thyrza; and to see her radiant and well was all she wished for under the sun. And Thyrza was a pretty thing. Fair as a lily, with a forehead so dazzling in its whiteness as to seem the type of an infinite purity of nature, with large, bright, hazel eyes, a mouth that laughed in dimples—dimples that always brought a blush to cover them—she seemed something, in that evanescent brilliance of her youth, deserving of an easier lot than that hard money-counting in the Treasury, that wore upon her nerves till she was half beside herself. Once or twice at Mrs. Van Alstyne's she woke from the slumber into which she fell over her sewing or her book, and began to count, "One, two, three," and, at her mother's eager motion, whispered, "You mustn't interrupt me just this minute—I shall have to begin again—one, two, three, four," until, with a sigh of relief and the motion of putting down a package, she exclaimed, "Fifty! Now I will answer your question," and came to herself with a start that shook her like a spasm, and with a mortified rush of color that was painful. But that was only at first, in the reaction of long fatigue; afterward she was well as nature had intended; and in the toilette made by her pale green silk with its white lustre, ruffled like a rose, and relieved by a very little old thread lace, she made a pleasant addition to the appurtenances of Mrs. Van Alstyne's parlors. The lace, indeed, was darned within an inch of its life, but Mrs. Devine did that sort of thing so that you took the mending for design, and admired it.

Before long Mrs. Van Alstyne was seized with one of her sudden likings—this time for Thyrza—likings to which people with nothing to do are subject, and which they pursue till they throw the exhausted victim aside for the next, without a thought of harm done. Mrs. Van Alstyne had never taken that liking to her husband's ward and niece, Miss Reagan, who was a constant element of her life; and apparently she stood in some awe of the cold and stately girl, whose temper was keen, and who was mistress of a million—a girl, after all, who had not much experience of life, and who, though she gave alms among beggars and day-laborers, had no idea of such a state as Thyrza's, or that she could meet socially a person without an income; setting down the defects of Thyrza's toilettes not to poverty, but ignorance, and growing so tired, at last, of Thyrza's everlasting green check as to close her eyes to it, and become almost unaware of the girl's existence.

But that made no difference to our joyous Thyrza, who was like a honey-bee escaped from some labyrinthine coil, and giddy with the fresh, free air, and who was hurt by no disregard of Miss Reagan's, but looked at her as of different race from herself—one of the beautiful demons of this enchanted life, whose powerful genius was Mrs. Van Alstyne; and she had put far back in a remote past all remembrance of her days of care and toil, and was just basking in the delights of these.

"You happy little thing!" said Basil Van Alstyne to her one morning, as she stood tying up the honeysuckles that the night's wind and shower had scattered about the piazza—"You happy little thing! Can't you teach me the secret of your light-heartedness?"

"'Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain doth know;
Such melodious madness
From my lips should flow,'"

sang Thyrza, like a lark herself, taking up the song with which the lofty Miss Reagan in the distant drawing-room was petrifying the morning visitors.

Basil made an impatient gesture. "One is plenty," said he, with a shrug that indicated the other singer. "Don't echo her; don't freeze the little fountain that is always bubbling over, but answer my question, please."

"There isn't any answer," said Thyrza.

"Tell me, then, are you always as light-hearted?" asked the young man.

"Except when I am counting money."

"Counting money?" he repeated, with a look of comical amazement. "Was ever woman made wretched by that task?"

"You know it isn't my money," said Thyrza, naïvely.

"Oh, indeed! that alters the case."

"Dreadfully," laughed she. "And yet, do you know," looking up and pausing, "after all, not so much. I get to hate the very sight of money."

"To think the United States Treasury should bring about such an era of the Golden Age!"

"Oh, not but what I like the things that money buys!" cried she. "I do. I like large room after room, their floors covered with velvet, like those in there, and statues and paintings, and great Sèvres vases, and ormolu cabinets, and inlaid work, and seats soft as clouds, you know, and Erard pianos, and ivory harps, and long, soft dresses to enjoy it all in, and jewels like—"

"And the United States Treasury does not allow its slaves these little enjoyments?"

"Oh no, no," sighed Thyrza. "It gives us two rooms in an old house where the timbers shrank ages ago so as to let in the winter drafts, and where in summer we suffocate if we close the shutters to keep out—such a sun! and burn alive if we open them. There is a photograph on the wall, and there are gray shades at the windows, and there is hair-cloth furniture, and across the street there is a brick wall that strikes back the heat like a furnace. And we sit there after we come home, and gasp, and long for the evening and some coolness, some dew, some stars—for the hour when the music begins in the square, where the great white magnolias, high up in the dark, make it too delicious for any thing, and we can go and get the only happiness there is in life. Oh, how I have longed for it! How I shall again!"

"Heaven forbid!" said Basil. "Heaven forbid, little girl, that you should ever long for any thing like that! Why, your face has grown white remembering it."

"Don't talk of it," said Thyrza then, with a mimic shudder. "I don't want to remember any more. I am in heaven just now, and I mean to stay there;" and she twisted a stem of the honeysuckles round her hair, smiling in her artless and, sooth to say, enrapturing way, and leaning against the pillar, as if she had taken up a position for the summer.

"Are you really so contented, Thyrza?" said Basil.

"Just as a little butterfly is, you know," said she, "that the next storm will beat down into the earth."

"No!" cried Basil. "You never shall have such a fate—" But just here Miss Reagan came sailing up the drawing-rooms with her guests, and stepping upon the piazza, called Basil to her support, and the sentence remained unfinished.

What a month it was—what a June! Never had the pomp of summer swept over Thyrza's senses in such wise before. She could hardly believe it was the same world as that in which she had been living her dreary life. And now, with the close of the delightful days, to go back to the stifling heats of the city and the office-work! it sickened her to say it—to speak of leaving this cool and leafy shelter, into which evil never seemed to come. But she swallowed her tears, and tried to be grateful for what she had had. Perhaps there was something else which it made the poor child sick to speak of leaving.

But she had no need to disquiet herself. Mrs. Van Alstyne had not half exhausted her powers of being pleased with Thyrza. In fact, she was thinking there was no limit to those powers—any thing so fresh, so sweet, so simple, as this little maid she declared she never had seen. She liked to have her about her; it made her feel young again. She liked to hear her bird-like voice; she liked to see her in her morning-room, with her rapt face, as she recited to her some romance of her youth, all alive with her April smiles and tears. As for letting her go back with her mother, it was nonsense. She would like to keep her forever; and if she could not keep her forever, at any rate the rest of the summer might be hers; and Mrs. Devine could easily get her leave without pay, on account of her health, which would certainly be ruined if she returned to Washington in all the stagnant July heats—all which was urged too freely for Mrs. Devine to gainsay, though she knew her own life would be unbearable without her child. But on that thought Mrs. Devine dwelt only long enough to be conscious of thinking it; and, in spite of Thyrza's dissent, she was at her desk on the first morning of the month, and her daughter staid at the Van Alstynes'.

Thyrza was to write to her mother twice a week, detailing her life of every day. Cheerful little letters they were, and meat and drink to their reader. If by-and-by they showed the least constraint or reserve in the world, it did not trouble Mrs. Devine; she had imagined there might be a secret for Thyrza to keep before the summer ended, and she could confide it to her mother—her other self—by word of mouth; and the poor lady had spent half her time building castles in the air whose foundations seemed to her to be laid deep as the foundations of the hills. She had left with Thyrza all her small stock of finery that was suitable, her morning cambrics—since she could wear prints at the office, and she knew if one was dabbled in the garden before breakfast, how nice it was to have another; and her black grenadine skirt, which, with a muslin waist and bretelles, would make a pretty change. The last was spoiled for Thyrza, though, before she wore it, by Miss Reagan's pronouncing a similar dress a pretentious make-shift.

"What do people go into society for if they can't meet its demands?" said Miss Reagan. "The poverty strikes through such a dress, the person who wears it is uncomfortable, and every body else is. I had rather give her a new one than see that again. It really makes me feel as if all the barriers were down, and any body could go any where—"

"As if the beggars were coming to town," said Basil; "some in rags, and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns. Why are your cheeks burning so, little Printemps?" he asked of Thyrza. "Are you guilty of such a gown? I thought it was a very pretty one."

"That is all men know," said Miss Reagan.

"Yes, indeed," answered Thyrza; "and I shall have to wear it, because the wine is spilled on my green one." It was Miss Reagan who had spilled the wine, by-the-way.

"Oh, I beg pardon," said Miss Reagan. "We know how it is. And where people are so welcome they can wear any thing. Still, I must say, magnificent dress does give a splendor to society, and if I couldn't have the one, I should stay away from the other." And Miss Reagan felt of the diamonds at her throat, and caught up her gauzes, and moved away. "My aunt and Basil do make such a fool of that girl," said she to her maid that night, "that I felt it a duty to bring her to her senses!"

Meanwhile every letter of Thyrza's rehearsed the hours of pleasure-taking at the Van Alstynes'—the drives through regions of gardens and lawns; the dinner-parties; the balls, to which they rolled along through the night shadows of the woods; the great ball which Mrs. Van Alstyne was presently to give herself; the rowing down the little river, where the intertwining branches cast perpetual twilight on the water: hours when Thyrza used to think all the dull years to come could be gilded by their recollection.

But what new thing was it that made each one of these hours happier than the one before? Thyrza could not easily have said. She only knew that life was growing bright with an ineffable brightness; that those dull years to come were transforming themselves in a glory; and in all the future, that she had been wont to dread and keep out of sight, there did not seem to be a shadow. Half the day Basil was hovering about her. If she sat reading to Mrs. Van Alstyne in the morning-room, he sat there listening. If she sketched with Miss Reagan on the river-bank, he lay in the grass and studied her. Now and then Miss Reagan also would vouchsafe a glance and word of instruction, for Thyrza was a little blunderer with a pencil, and knew less of the laws of perspective than she did of the laws of Lycurgus; but for the most part, as if she were a child or a cipher, Miss Reagan wrought at her own sketch, absorbed and oblivious, and rather hindered by more of Basil's attention than required him to listen to a bit of gossip, or to say if violet-carmine or rose madder would be best to use, and never dreaming of the drama in the hearts beside her—the tumult of hopes and joys half hidden even from Basil and from Thyrza, as lovers themselves might be hidden in some delicious dusk. When they loitered home with their sketches it was Miss Reagan who reached out her hand and took Basil's arm as a matter of course; but Thyrza, now before and now behind; now crying the discovery of a clump of maiden-hair, now the nest of late fledgelings that her hand uncovered; now tripping from knoll to knoll, swinging her hat by its ribbons till a windy bough caught all the brown chevalure, and held it till Basil came to the release—Thyrza, in such case, was far more a feature of that landscape than the stately heiress who never took a step except by line and measure. Sometimes when her gay spirits had bubbled off—in which you never would have recognized her for the demure little maiden that first came to the Van Alstynes—she returned and walked beside the others; but she never took Basil's arm, and, indeed, so quick and helpful was she that I doubt if she had ever so much as touched his hand. After dinner, when they were at home, and his mother was taking her nap, and Miss Reagan began over again the songs she had practiced half the morning, Basil paid the singing a little dutiful attention, and then strolled off with his cigar, as an excuse, and called Thyrza to his aid, and they sat on the piazza till the bells of the village stole like an echo over the dark still air. Sometimes Thyrza delayed there with him half an hour after evening visitors had gone; or she came down, dressed to go out, before the others were ready, and found him waiting for her there. Short spaces, all of them, but endless in their content, in the satisfaction of the words that said so little and yet confessed so much, of the silences where Thyrza always found that Basil's eyes had been resting on her face with a glance that called carnation to its cheeks, since she could not fail to interpret such glances from such eyes.

Still, what a heedless happiness it was, based on no assurances save those tacit glances, asking no other! But heedless or not, it made the little creature beautiful with all the vividness of its feverish sparkle and color. "I declare," cried Mrs. Van Alstyne, on one occasion, as she sat in her garden chair, and watched the child filling the vases, "I don't know how I should live now without Thyrza. I never saw such an improvement in any living creature. She is very happy here—it is so fortunate—I shall want her so when you two are gone. I don't believe I shall ever let her go away."

Basil looked up from his book as she spoke, but the next sentence made him look down again, and presently rise and go in and stay locked in his room all day.

They were coming home from a wedding-party that night, quite a distance across bad roads before striking their own woods, and they were within a mile of the house when the old coach finally ceased complaining, and broke down.

"What are we to do?" asked Miss Reagan, having righted herself.

"Walk home," said Basil, curtly, out of the glowering mood that had wrapped him all night.

"Walk!" answered she. "My aunt and I? It is impossible! You must arrange something. The idea of trailing this white satin at midnight through the woods!"

And accordingly, after a long struggle with the coachman, Basil pronounced the carriage to be strapped up so that it might possibly take his mother and Miss Reagan at a funereal pace, with the driver at the horses' heads. "Thyrza and I will walk," said he. "She won't mind a mile."

"Oh, I should like it," cried Thyrza, forgetful of her organdy, her only evening dress, that damp and briers and sodden leaves would soil more irretrievably than any white satin.

"You are sure?" asked Mrs. Van Alstyne.

"Quite sure? Very well, then. Get in, my love." And the carriage trundled off, crackling and creaking as it went, and left the two alone in the woods, through whose tossing boughs the stars and the late moon looked in all horned and gibbous. As soon as the carriage was out of hearing, Basil, with a gay, free laugh that echoed through all the depths of the wood, rose from the log where he had seated himself as if he did not intend to stir till morning, and overtook Thyrza, who was standing by herself in the cloud of her gathered muslins.

"What a spirit this night air puts into one!" he said, after they had taken a few paces. "Was ever any thing more delightful than that breakdown—than this walk? Did I ever have you all to myself before?" And he took her hand, and felt the thrill that shot through its pulses as it lay upon his palm, and then he bent and kissed it in the dark. And Thyrza, hurriedly, happily, caught her hand away, and sped on like somebody possessed, without a thought of why or how she sped.

"Stay!" said Basil, detaining her. "This hour is ours. They gave it to us. I do not mean to lose a minute of it. Perhaps—who knows?—we shall never have another like it; never—unless—Thyrza—" But he had silenced himself, and was walking on as fast as

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she was now, and neither of them speaking except to warn each other of stone, or rut, or bough, till at last they emerged from the thicker wood into the chestnut avenue that ended on the lawn. "You have soiled your little white slippers," said Basil. "I ought to have taken you in my arms. Here; let me lift you over this wet spot;" and he held his hands for hers, but in another moment he had dropped her hands, his arms were flung about her, and he was holding her against his heart, that beat with such swift, strong blows, and his lips were fast on hers. A long, passionate moment, and then Thyrza was free, and she ran on alone as if some evil fate were pursuing her. But at the house she stopped, and in the shadow of the piazza turned and waited for him, and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Oh, is it true?" said she. "Did you kiss me there in the wood? Do you really—oh, Basil! and I love you so!" and the little burning face rested on that passion-cold one, the timid mouth touched his again, and she was gone.

It was that very night that Mrs. Devine, in her little parlor that blazed with the heat of the weather and the gas, was putting the last stitches to her work, the window open, and great gauze-winged flies darting in and out. The great ball at the Van Alstynes' to come off—it had engrossed her of late. Thyrza's toilette—the organdy crushed past retrieve by this time, doubtless—no money for a new one. She had been ready to cry to think of it. Her cheeks had been hot with her girl's mortification. All at once, like an inspiration, she declared, there came to Mrs. Devine a remembrance of an old piece of splendor of her own better days—a brocade, stiff with richness, that she had worn till waist and sleeves were no more, and whose breadths had been ripped and put away for any future use. But Mrs. Devine's mourning, and the poverty that excluded her from society, had given no chance to turn the stuff to account, till she had fairly forgotten it. There was not enough for a whole dress, either, and part of what there was was worn and faded.

I am sorry Mrs. Devine was such a simpleton; but as she was, it may as well be confessed that she lay awake for hours planning and turning in her mind, till she saw the thing complete—the gored breadths for the skirt, the pieces cut out in the gore for the low waist, a ruffle of black Brussels net on the faded part at the bottom, an over dress of the net, heart-shaped in the neck, and fastened with a red rose, its long drapery looped from the shoulders with clustered sprays of the same reddest of red roses. If the sun lay on a bit of waving wheat and a cloud-shadow swept across it, the colors and effect had been the same as they were on this perfect little September dress when the exulting mother finished it—the gold-colored fabric, with its brocade of silver beards and awns, with its cobweb lace and flowers. And worn with the work, Mrs. Devine covered it with a cloth, her heart as light as her eyes were heavy, and went to bed, rising in the morning for her Treasury routine, and unable to procure a box and dispatch it before another day.

That morning, as Mrs. Devine was trudging to the Treasury, blithe for all the heat, thinking of the surprise her girl was to have, of her beauty in the dress, of her pride and pleasure in it as she met her lover's eye—for lover Mrs. Devine was confident he was—thinking of the rich and happy future of her darling as Basil's wife—for that was what the child's transparent letters made her mother sure must one day be—that morning Thyrza was sitting alone with Mrs. Van Alstyne at the breakfast-table, where Basil had not yet appeared, nor had Miss Reagan. Happy little Thyrza—never had a morning seemed so fair, a sky so blue; never had such sun shone, such dew glittered. Presently Basil would be down; and the fresh blush was creaming over her face with the thought.

"You are a surprising little being, Thyrza," said Mrs. Van Alstyne. "Here you are as rosy as if you hadn't been up half the night, and here am I fagged out, and Basil too, and all the rest. We must keep earlier hours if we want any complexions left—and it does put every thing back so, and disheartens the servants."

"Miss Reagan has had her breakfast taken up stairs," said Thyrza, pausing from the letter which John had just brought in.

"Has she? Then I hope she'll sleep till noon. Any body," said Mrs. Van Alstyne, reflectively, "needs all the beauty-sleep to be had who is going to be married in October."

"To be married?" asked Thyrza, looking up from her letter with sympathetic interest and surprise.

"Didn't she ever tell you? I thought every body knew. Why, her trousseau is on the way from Paris! Such point! such duchesse! Oh, my dear, it will do your heart good to see it. We will open them ourselves, you and I. You know it is such a lucky thing, Thyrza; for, if they didn't marry, her fortune was to go to an asylum, except an annuity, and he has very little of his own—during my life. And it has been understood this ten years. Only last April it was made a formal engagement, and the wedding-day fixed for the 2d of October, his birthday. Let me see; this is the 5th of September, isn't it?"

"Basil's birthday is the 2d of October, too," said the innocent Thyrza.

"Certainly. I said so, didn't I? That is the reason they chose the day. And then it comes on Tuesday, which is very nice, because the *Russia* sails Wednesday, and that is to be the trip; and it will be pleasant for her, because Basil has been once before, and will know all— Dear! dear! splinters? If it had been delf it wouldn't have been hurt. Never mind; don't dream of being vexed. John will pick up the pieces. I shouldn't wonder if they could be riveted. It was a pretty bit of Dresden."

Poor Thyrza! she had been growing cold and white as Mrs. Van Alstyne chatted on; she did not know why. Only certain words rattled in her ears. "During my life," she heard again and again. "His birthday"—the words bewildered her. "Basil has been once before." Mrs. Van Alstyne's voice was cutting through her, grating and rasping like a saw. What had become of all the sunshine? Where was the brightness of the morning gone? What made the world so black? The little cup dropped from her shaking hand as she tried to lift it, and shattered on her plate. She cut her fingers with it, and the blood followed. The sight of that brought her to herself, and every nerve was strung again till she should be alone.

"I am so sorry," she said. "It was a pretty bit of Dresden;" as if Dresden were as common with her as clay. "And so you say Basil is to be married in three weeks? And I must go before the wedding! Oh yes, indeed—please don't—I must. Here is my letter, you see, and I must go to mamma at once—at once! I ought not to stay and talk when the train leaves in an hour. But if you will let them drive me to the station I shall just have time. And short leaves are best leaves, you know," said Thyrza, marveling at herself and her composure that withstood Mrs. Van Alstyne's storm of supplication.

"Poor child, you are alarmed about your mother, I know. But nothing can be amiss. And you will come back?" implored Mrs. Van Alstyne. "You will come back for the 2d?"

"Basil will not miss me at his wedding," said Thyrza. "Perhaps some day, when you are all alone, I will come back, and we will go round the place like two ghosts. I have been too happy this summer." And she ran away to toss the things into her trunk in a fury, and stamp upon the lid, to get on her traveling gown, and then to kiss Mrs. Van Alstyne a swift good-by, and dash off to catch the train and hide herself in a compartment, and lie back with shut eyes—hating the place, burning with shame, aching with a heart as sore as if it had just been torn from the roots—aching for a false, false lover, trying to bury the love and tread upon its grave, and longing, with wild, inconsistent longing, for one look of Basil's, one word, one touch.

Mrs. Devine was alone in her parlor that sunset, folding the brocade for its box, holding it up to let the last light ripple over it, singing to herself so that she did not hear the slow sound of tired footsteps. "Was it for me, mamma?" said a broken voice; and a little hand stole between her and the dress. "Put it away, mamma," said Thyrza; "put it in its box, and hide it out of sight. It is the shroud of a dead-and-gone summer." And Mrs. Devine turned and saw the truth in that wild, white face, and she fell upon her neck, and they comforted each other.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

COULD we examine very closely and carefully into the lives of those who have achieved success—by some attributed to sheer hard work, by others to luck—we should probably find that the true cause of victory had in a majority of cases been overlooked; that it lies in a genius for clearly perceiving the essential vein of work which will prove rich in following. As Carlyle says, "Know thy work." A hard task, confessedly, but not disheartening or useless, like that groping for light amidst higher and intricate speculations, asking explanation of a book sealed to all alike. The talisman is genius to appreciate position, to know the force we can muster to storm the key of that position. This exceeds all the plodding, unintelligent, unrelaxing labor, and is the Fortunatus gift that endows its lucky possessor with never-failing success. The five failing publicans who preceded the sixth flourishing Boniface had the same tools to work with—the same house, bar, and customers *de facto* or *embryo*—but they failed to see what might be worked out with those tools, and so blamed every thing and every body but their own deficient mental vision.

Ingenuity, or a perceptive genius, is an imperative requisite to success, if hard work in innumerable cases is an essential supplement; but we must not leave out of consideration an invaluable quality—that of abstraction and concentration—when we have decided on what shall constitute the real business of life. If, for instance, we desire to benefit our fellow-men, we must be persistently unselfish, and sternly resist the myriad cravings of luxurious sense and personal gratification which prowl about our heart like eager banditti, an investing force between it and the crying appeals for our sympathy and aid. Highly civilized times, such as ours, teeming with invention of all kinds to raise or satisfy every craving of the jaded eye, mind, and sense, tend to a dire confusion in judgment on what are necessities, what superfluities, what grain, what chaff. Yet, unless we continually make a right selection, we run risk of losing the power of using a discretion of infinite value in following the narrow war-path to the realms of success.

Unquestionably every powerful genius could force a way, if the period limited for the mastery of difficulties was not so brief—a few years out of the brief span of man's life. From what we can glean of Shakspeare's early life, he would seem to have been without what may be called external aid, or friends and position to facilitate his obtaining a hearing in the Babel-voiced London of Elizabeth's reign; and we have to solve the problem how he arrived at having his dramas represented before royalty, to be lessee, actor, landed proprietor, and sun himself in the intellectual revelry of the "Mermaid" tavern. But I think that the problem admits of a solution in that the greatest dramatic poet was by nature and habit a profound, an accomplished student of men. He was essentially practical, a gift many great poets have had reason to deplore did not accompany that of the sacred fire. For genius, wanting this precious leaven of the practical, often expends itself in twisting ropes of sand, and becomes the sport of the world, in place of one of its masters. A good deal of absurd prejudice is entertained by sympathizers with the "grand army of martyrs," the nipped and silent, the embryo great ones, for success, which they believe is generally obtained by sacrificing sincerity, independence of thought, nay, honesty! They extol failure as the product of a stanch refusal to compromise, and accept things as they are, and so far yield to the social wave as to float prosperously on the Sea of Life. How far are we bound to take up a self-imposed cross, and declaim in the market-place, in the teeth of current modes of thought, to be either roared down or deserted by the multitude? Tact comes to the rescue. Parodying Danton's famous words, "Audacity, audacity, still audacity!" I say, tact, tact, always tact! It comes to the aid of the great man, and by its means he wages as stern, if more subtle, battle with the hated foe as the martyr, and yet secures safety among contemporaries. Tact is armor for the battle, inopportune hostility is the rashness of a Sidney joining the strife without cuishes.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT is astonishing how many well-educated persons do not know how to write their own names properly. A letter, or a manuscript of any kind, written in a cramped, illegible handwriting, is a trial of patience, if not a vexation of spirit, to the reader. Friendship will sometimes pardon it, though we have seen many a letter laid aside, unread, with some such remark as, "I must take time to decipher that: E—— *does* write such a dreadful hand!" or an impatient, "It's really more than it is worth to try to read this letter!" But in matters of business it is a sort of imposition to send an ill-written epistle, and the receiver generally feels it to be so. Who gets any compensation for spending half an hour in puzzling out the meaning of a carelessly written scrawl? Much experience, great patience, plenty of time and ingenuity, will generally enable one to make out the substance of a letter, be it written ever so badly, by the connection of one word with another; but conjecture is of no avail in deciphering the *signature*. Hundreds of people write their own names with as little care and distinctness as they would write the word *and*, disfiguring the capital letters with innumerable flourishes, and making the small letters appear like a line of *m's*, *n's*, or *u's*, nobody could tell which. We have known cases where, it being found perfectly impossible to decide what the individual letters in a name were, an exact copy of the hieroglyphics supposed to be the signature has been made as the address to a letter. The amount of paper, patience, and postage-stamps utterly lost because people can not write their own names plainly is incalculable, to say nothing of all the trouble which arises from the supposed neglect of the receiver to attend to commissions sent in letters. Every intelligent person can *learn* to write his own name and place of residence, with every letter plainly formed, no matter how illegible his general handwriting may be. And if an answer is desired to any letter, the full address, distinctly written, should accompany that letter.

A new style of wedding presents has been inaugurated at Fairibault, Minnesota. A bride there recently received one dozen oranges, one dozen lemons, five pounds of figs, five pounds of assorted candies, and six cans of assorted oysters.

The Queen of Holland has the reputation of being one of the strongest and most sarcastic writers for the press in the Netherlands. To her is attributed certain vigorous and bitter articles against Germany which have appeared in several leading journals of Rotterdam, the Hague, and Amsterdam, and have attracted much attention.

The landlady of Bismarck, at Versailles, wanted compensation for the injury done to her house and furniture. Bismarck's reply is worthy of the most enterprising Yankee. "Why, madame," he said, "your house is a fortune. Don't alter a single thing; leave it all just as it is, and the Americans will flock to see where the treaty was signed, and you will make ever so much by showing your rooms."

Musical criticisms nowadays run something after the following style in certain sections of these United States: Miss —— wore a rich purple suit trimmed with a handsome shade of lavender, a white over-garment, tight-fitting, with flowing sleeves, and a white bonnet trimmed with the same shades of purple and lavender—*and* she sang finely. The singing seems to be a consideration quite secondary to the dress.

When Paris capitulated Émile Deschamps could not restrain his patriotic grief, but exclaimed, "Alas! I have lived too long." Had he lived to see the Paris of to-day, blind in its madness, he would have realized the civil war to be a greater horror than the capitulation.

Auber, the eminent musical composer, who recently died at Paris, had attained the advanced age of eighty-eight.

Newport is preparing for the summer rush. It is rumored that the English members of the High Commission will spend part of June at Newport.

Those who have visited Paris, and remember among its works of art the famous column in the Place Vendôme, will feel a peculiar pang of regret at the mad Vandalism of the Commune. True, this column was a memorial of the victories of the first Napoleon. It was 135 feet high, and completely covered with bass-reliefs representing the battles through which that great soldier had conducted the armies of France; twelve hundred captured cannon were cast into ornaments for this triumphal monument; and if its destruction could have brought peace to distracted Paris, nobody would object. But as it is, a bronze column, harmless and senseless, but of wonderful artistic merit, has been torn down. Paris has one less attraction, and the fallen bronze is one more evidence of the impulsive fickleness of its populace.

The frightful ravages of the yellow fever in Buenos Ayres is attributed largely to the filthy condition of the city. There is no drainage in the city, and the most insufficient arrangements exist for the removal of refuse matter. The custom is to keep a box in every house for kitchen fragments. Meat is cheap in Buenos Ayres, and much finds its way into these boxes, and is soon decomposed in that climate. When the carts come to remove the contents, the whole atmosphere of the city is affected by the decomposing mass, which is dumped not far away, and from which constantly arises a death-dealing miasma.

The newspapers of the period teem with sayings and doings which we discard from our columns as unwholesome family reading. The records of crimes of every name and nature which are presented to the public every morning in some newspapers are repulsive to any but a vitiated taste. The habitual reading of such matter must be demoralizing to the young. While giving to children such information as may be protective and valuable in the exigencies of life, parents can shield them in the family circle from undue familiarity with criminal reports by providing them with an abundance of useful and entertaining reading. Thus, in some measure, will their purity of mind be preserved—for a mind well stored with good things will not readily receive that evil with which it may come into contact.

Every spring there is a floral concert in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the proceeds of which are used to supply the beautiful flowers which every Sabbath gladden the eyes of those who assemble in that church. In speaking of these concerts recently Mr. Beecher contrasted the gloom and discomfort of many churches in olden times with the less austere arrangements of the present day. He remarked: "Since Christ was pleased in his discourses to make flowers symbols of instruction, and all the products of the field to be channels for the conveyance of Divine truth, we need not be ashamed to employ them in the same way. I should be glad if every young person brought up in this congregation were so imbued with a love for these incarnations of beauty that when the most inconspicuous of flowers should present itself by the roadside it would make him think of his church, of his home, and his childhood; so that every summer should renew those symbols that by the fortune of his education have become associated with the happiest days of his life. I desire not to make the church gorgeous, but I do desire to see it made happy. I desire to see it resemble the household in all the sweet familiarities of life and interchange of affections. I do not object to veneration and awe, but these, I hold, should be reserved for special occasions. The spirit of the Christian religion is not awe, but liberty in love; it is cheer, hope, faith, and radiance. Our churches should shine, not gloom."

Chicago is progressing in morals. The Common Council of the city object to the granting of licenses to newsboys and boot-blacks unless they can produce certificates of good moral character! How large would the City Council be if each member were forced to furnish a like certificate before being elected? It is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

One of the census enumerators for an English village gave in a schedule filled out as follows, minus the name of the parish and the parties:

—April th 3, 18701.
William — farm La Bour, aged 305.
his wife Eliza aged 28 all born
Ruth his daughter aged 8 years in this parish.
Robat his sun aged 6 years.
Elizabuth — aged 704 a widow.
all liven in one house, Born at —

A party of distinguished visitors from the west of England visited, not long ago, the British Museum. One of the officials informed them, when they came to a collection of beautiful antique vases, that they had all been dug up at Herculaneum. One of the party echoed his words with the greatest astonishment.

"Dug up?"
"Yes, Sir."
"What, out of the ground?"
"Undoubtedly."
"What, just as they now are?"
"Perhaps some little pains may have been taken in cleaning them, but in all other respects they were found just as you see them."

The gentleman, turning to one of his companions with a most incredulous shake of the head, assured him in an audible whisper, "He may say what he likes, but he shall never persuade me that they ever dug up ready-made pots out of the ground."

Two thousand muskets were found in Notre Dame, having been placed there during the siege by General Trochu.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" One well-known physician tells us that, on peril of loss of health, we must eat nothing between meals—"not even an apple or a peach." An equally wise doctor—so far as we know—says that "an occasional apple, peach, or melon is a healthy lunch." One says that tomatoes are one of the most wholesome of vegetables, or fruits, whichever you choose to regard them. Another assures us that they will seriously injure the stomach. In short, there is scarcely an article in the whole civilized bill of fare which has not at some time been condemned by some distinguished doctor as positively dangerous. And if we should take the combined verdict of them all, we should have little or nothing to eat or to drink.

A *Rhododendron arboreum* upward of twenty feet high, and covered with innumerable clusters of deep red flowers, was in full blossom recently in the centre of the great conservatory of the Royal English Horticultural Society. It was thought to be the most magnificent specimen of a flowering plant ever seen in Europe.

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JUST ONE TURN MORE.—DRAWN BY W. B. MYERS.—[SEE PAGE 365.]

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THE ELLIOTT SILVER MEDAL.

WE are always glad to record a woman's triumphs, and take pleasure in presenting to our readers illustrations of the Elliott silver medal, which the National Academy of Design recently awarded to Miss Marie Louise Bascom as the first prize for the best drawing from a full-length figure in the first exhibition of the drawing-class. The work thus crowned was copied from the cast of Silenus holding the infant Bacchus, the original of which, in the Louvre, is esteemed one of the finest works of ancient sculpture. The second prize, the Elliott bronze medal, which is given for the best drawing of a torso, was awarded to Miss H. Sidney Baylies; and honorable mention was made of the works of Miss Almira C. Fitz and other ladies. The medal, which we illustrate, is of solid silver, with an admirable profile likeness of the distinguished artist Elliott, in whose honor it is instituted, on one side, and on the other the name of the recipient, and is inclosed in a blue velvet case. This is the first time that it has been awarded, and women may take pride in the fact that in a mixed class the honor has fallen to one of themselves.

It is worth while for both men and women to know that a class has been in operation for a year and a half, under the auspices of the Academy of Design, where students—male and female—receive gratuitous instruction in drawing from the antique, aided by a fine collection of plaster casts. This class is under the charge of Professor Wilmarth, and its results thus far have been most creditable to teacher and pupils.

OBVERSE. THE ELLIOTT SILVER MEDAL. REVERSE.

CHILDREN MASQUERADING.

THE little folks here have evidently been left to their own devices, and are making the most of the golden opportunity. The little fellow in the foreground, with his papa's hat over his eyes, a huge umbrella under his arm, and a cigar in his mouth, is enjoying the effect in the glass, and evidently satisfied with himself. One of his sisters is vainly endeavoring to manage a train, another is aping the graces of some fine lady, and a third is trying some new arrangement of the hair; while the girl on the floor ties a cap on the dog's head, regardless of the puppy that is worrying her doll; and the urchin behind her risks his neck in the attempt to reach his mamma's best bonnet. We suspect that the originals will be recognized in many households, wherein similar dramas are enacted wherever there is a chance.

JUST ONE TURN MORE.

See illustration on page 364.

IN this pretty picture our artist has given us a scene of Southern life. The hero of the sketch is evidently the handsome young man who is pleading with the belle of the evening for just one turn more among the group of waltzers whom we see in the distance. We can fancy that the elderly gentleman by her side is disposed to resent this interruption of the pleasant chat which he was enjoying; but the chances are that his remonstrances will avail little against the dark eyes of the youth, who is likely to carry off the prize in spite of every thing.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

MANY an argument for the intrinsic worth or wickedness of a creed has been based on the private lives of its professors. If a system of faith, they say, produces a certain practical result in the charity, patience, purity, or the like, of those believing, then the example is quoted as the power which gives life to the words taught, and what men are is the guarantee that what they think is wholesome. Not that the argument is philosophically sound all through, good men and bad being pretty equally divided among all the sects that the world has ever seen—even a Thug, who slays his fellowmen in honor of his dread goddess, having certain virtues of no mean calibre, among which obedience is not one that Christians ought to contemn. In this way nothing is more important to the propaganda of a new system than to put in front, well in view of the world and posterity, those members of the community whose example will animate others by its own beauty, and whose brave words are supported by noble deeds. If they can not do this they can do nothing. The preacher of charity who is intolerant to all who differ from him, of purity who is licentious, of generosity who is mean, of magnanimity who is selfish, of love who is hard, may preach in the wilderness in vain. His hearers are as stocks and stones; for, however good the thing he says, the divine breath of example is wanting to vivify his words, and they fall, therefore, dead, like the empty shells of rifled treasures. Let another—a doer without words—show the ideal life of his faith by action, and he gets a crowd of imitators. His deeds warm the soul of the young like fire newly taken from the altar, and his influence extends like the infinite ripple of stagnant waters when a stone is thrown into their midst.

Perhaps no example bears such fruit, carries such weight, as that of patience. The patient (not the mean of spirit) have a kind of divine healing in their lives by which others are led and blessed. Again, take the example of a sweet temper. We often say a word on the various phases of the home temper, because we know that nothing in the whole ordering of human life is so important for happiness, and for virtue too, as a reasonable and well-ordered temper in the home. Its example is invaluable, and of all that can be named this has most of that electric and cumulative force of which we were speaking. When the head of a household has this lovely grace of mind and character, when he or she bears the unavoidable disagreeables of life with the courage of good-humor, others are shamed or heartened into a like line of action. But when mamma breaks down into peevish complaining, when papa bursts out into louder and noisier remonstrance, then our sons and daughters think themselves privileged to follow suit, and to make themselves and every one about them sad or savage at the unreasonable tempers they display with so little reserve.

There is no great good in the axiom "Do as I say, and not as I do." This is but a lazy, shiftless kind of morality—a morality that has not much more substance in it than the stereoscopic slide which seems to stand out so four-square and solid, but which is nothing more than a flat surface focused. What I say, especially to the young, falls very dry and dead; but what I do is the living fact, which bears a long line of imitative facts, all made in its own likeness. And then the young are so cruelly sharp. It is all very well for mamma to say, Be tidy, be patient, be punctual, be good-tempered, and so on; but when she is just the reverse in deed—when she strews and litters all over the place, when she fumes and rails at every passing inconvenience, when she is always half an hour too late, and always more or less cross and scolding—what good does it do to preach and not practice? No, "Do as I say, and not as I do" is but a stupid kind of moral teaching, and at the best but an excuse for moral indolence of a bad sort. "The force of example" is a better motto, and when we add to it the force of a noble, an honest, a patient, cheerful, loving, trustworthy example, we have preached as beautiful a sermon in our deeds as the sweetest singer of them all has ever idealized in his words.

CHILDREN MASQUERADING.

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LITERARY.

THE republication of "Nothing to Wear" in the last number of *Harper's Bazar*, together with the announcement that another poem by the same author was to appear in *Harper's Magazine* for June, doubtless set many of our readers on the *qui-vive* for that number of this popular periodical. We are sure that none were disappointed either in the quality of the promised poem or in the other literary attractions of the magazine. In accordance with the general plan on which *Harper's* has been conducted from the start, this number presents such varied features of entertainment and instruction that he must be a captious reader indeed who does not find something to his taste within the compass of these beautifully printed pages. Those who remember the delightful Southern sketches of our old friend Porte Crayon will give him a cordial greeting on his re-appearance in this number. As a guide through romantic scenery Porte Crayon deserves the pleasant reputation he has won. His pencil is always graceful, his eye quick for points of interest, and his mind stored with anecdotes and historical and personal reminiscences. "Watkins Glen," through which he now conducts us, is one of the most romantic spots in the country, and the next best thing to going there in person is to read Porte Crayon's descriptions, and study his picturesque sketches. Turning from country to city, we find an interesting and valuable account of the New York Custom-house, by Colonel Thorpe, with illustrations, from which a very clear idea may be obtained of the manner in which the business of that establishment is transacted. The three papers we have named constitute the principal attractions of this number of *Harper's Magazine*, but the others are all of excellent quality. The editorial departments display talent and careful supervision. Taken as a whole, the number may be accepted as the model of a magazine which, ever since the publication of the first number, has been welcomed from month to month as the most entertaining and instructive collection of household reading in the English language.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S.—Read children's fashions in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

ECONOMY.—A grenadine polonaise-casaque would look well over your ashes-of-roses silk. Do not alter your linen lawn suit. A lace sacque may be made from a lace shawl after any favorite sacque pattern. Make the shawl border edge the sacque. Sew with very small seams.

FRENCH.—Ask your merchant for pillow-slip muslin. Sheeting the width of the bed is preferred to that with a seam in the middle. Square pillows with plain muslin slips for night and handsome square overalls for day are nicest. They are described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. IV.

J. D. S.—Use the sacque and upper skirt pattern of Short-Sacque Suit sent you for garments of black Canton crape. Trim with fringe and passementerie.

ROBERTA.—The Postilion-Basque Suit pattern sent you looks beautifully made in black grenadine over silk. White bonnets no longer form part of a bride's outfit. If a black lace hat matches your suits best, get it by all means.

HAMLET.—The best authorities sanction the quotation written thus: "A native to the *manner* born."

MARY ANNE.—It is customary for the gentleman to take the initiative in proposing a correspondence with a young lady.

CHROM.—John Howard Payne was the author of "Home, Sweet Home."—You can get the thread at a fancy store.

MRS. M. A. B.—Well-grown boys of four years may wear knee-pantaloons with blouses, though most mothers keep their boys in skirts until they are five.

OWYHEE.—The Worth basque and the burnous overskirt are often used together. Your idea of the silk and grenadine is good. Trim with bias ruffles of the grenadine.

C. T. C.—Make your gray dress with basque and flounced skirt, or trim with bands of dark brown silk. A demi-train skirt and basque, with ruffles of the same over white muslin pleatings, will be pretty for your silk.

"ZUYDER."—Dresses are worn higher at the throat this season than is usual for spring, and standing collars will remain the style. Very few ladies wear hoop-skirts. The smallest possible size is worn if any. A large tournure is universal.

EUGENIE.—There is an effort to bring plain walking skirts into favor, with only bias bands for trimmings, but elaborate flounces are still popular. Very long over-skirts, like that shown in Short-Sacque Suit in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV., are most worn. Basques are universal. A basque and short upper skirt trimmed with embroidered ruffles is a stylish plan for little girls' piqués. For a child of two years a loose Gabrielle is still used.

FLETA.—The over-skirt and basque should be trimmed to match, either with fringe or ruffles. Wear open pleated muslin sleeves to fit inside the half-flowing sleeve. A yard of black dotted net, with string in one end tied around the front, is the veil worn with gypsies.

MRS. D. W. W.—Read answer above to "Fleta." The *Bazar* has not given a pattern of the Nilsson collar.

MISS L. M. C.—Linen cuffs are not worn so much as formerly, because coat sleeves are not so generally worn.

MRS. W. A. M.—Ruffles of the same, piped and headed with black or dark brown silk, will trim your gray samples. Gray and brown are much worn together. Fringed ruches are not so popular as last year. Bias bands of the silk edged with narrowest black lace are more stylish. Take the pattern of Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., as a model for silk suits. About twenty yards of twenty-four inch silk are required. Guipure lace is much used on silks. Wear a white Swiss muslin polonaise over your blue silk, or loop the blue skirt over black. Your gray poplin will also look well over a black skirt. For further replies we refer you to New York Fashions of our back numbers.

QUEDAR KNOLL.—Read answer above to "Marion."

MRS. R.—Make your linen lawn by the Apron-Polonaise pattern, and the white dress with demi-train and French waist. Salmon or rose colored neck-ties for a brunette. See the first page of the present number for model of dresses for girl of fourteen years.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY FROM ABROAD.—Vincent Lundberg of Stockholm, Physician-in-Chief to the King of Sweden, recommends Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer for the scalp and for the hair.—[*Com.*]

TAKE AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to stop your Colds, Coughs, and Bronchial Affections before they run into Consumption that you can not stop.—[*Com.*]

ASK your grocer for Dooley's Yeast Powder—the best Baking Powder. Prepared at 69 New St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

New Story by Lucy Randall Comfort,

entitled

Love at Long Branch;

OR,

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This story has just been commenced in THE FIRESIDE COMPANION. The reading public are so well acquainted with Mrs. Comfort's excellence as a story writer that the mere announcement of a new story by her is sure to afford them pleasure.

This forthcoming serial is more than usually interesting, affording as it does an insight into fashionable life at the most fashionable of all the summer resorts. The story was written expressly for THE FIRESIDE COMPANION, and is now ready. THE FIRESIDE COMPANION is the liveliest and best literary paper now published. It is for sale by all Newsdealers. Price $3 00 per year. GEORGE MUNRO,
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SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT ..... " 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS ..... " 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT ..... " 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT ..... " 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS ..... " 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT ..... " 40
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Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS ..... " 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER ..... " 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK ..... " 11
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POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT ..... " 15
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FACETIÆ.

A DENTIST'S office is not improperly called his drawing-room.

HARD TO BEAT—A boiled egg.

AN UNHEALTHY PLACE.—We would advise all affectionate heirs expecting money from wealthy relatives to adjure them, for the sake of their precious health, not to go to New Orleans. During the last twelvemonth no less than a dozen people have died there who were over a hundred years old.

A ROUND OF PLEASURE—A round of delicious toast.

PEN AND INK.—*Nature*, with a natural wish to sit upon Art, informs us that there is in New Granada a plant (*Coriaria thymifolia*) known as the ink-plant, which gives a writing-fluid better and more durable than the manufactured article. Let the province be at once renamed, and let all writers be given free passes to Inksylvania and Pennsylvania. All we want now is a paper-plant.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER—Shad roes.

Fashionable dogs in New York, the fashion authorities announce, are to wear silk necklets this summer.

QUERIES.

Of what crime is a carver most guilty?—Of stealing his knife.

What parts of the body are most useful to carpenters?—The nails.

When does a man impose upon himself?—When he taxes his memory.

When is water most liable to escape?—When it is only half-*tide*.

What dress is most durable?—A habit.

POOR BOGG'S PRESENTS.

MAKES PRESENT OF A FAN, WHICH IS USED TO HIDE HER LOVING GLANCES AT OTHERS.

OF MUFF, IN WHICH RIVAL'S HANDS ARE ALLOWED TO CREEP.

OF A WATCH SHE FREQUENTLY CONSULTS WHEN HE IS STAYING TOO LONG.

OF A HAT, WHICH SHE LIKES SO MUCH THAT SHE IS NEVER HOME.

OF BOOTS, THAT ARE ADMIRED DAILY BY HIS RIVALS.

OF A VEIL, WITH WHICH SHE VEILS HER FAULTS, AND LEADS HIM TO THE ALTAR.

RHYME WITHOUT REASON.

We commend these stanzas to any French ladies or gentlemen who may be desirous of mastering the peculiarities of English pronunciation:

Peasant Arcadian,
Guiding the plough;
Coarse are your garments,
Your aspect is rough.

Peasant imprudent,
I hear you've a cough;
Do you feel sure
You're clad warmly enough?

Bibulous peasant,
Your voice it is rough;
You're no disciple
Of temperate Gough.

Home to your cottage,
You hear the wind's sough;
Even the birdies
Sing hoarse on the bough.

Home to your cottage,
And bend o'er the trough,
Kneading in loaves
The digestible dough.

Though the bread's heavy,
Unyielding, and tough,
Chawbacon's teeth
Will get easily through.

A Western lady who had been deserted by two consecutive husbands has contracted a third matrimonial alliance, which she hopes may be permanent, with a gentleman whose legs have been amputated.

An idiot at a wedding pointed a gun at the bride "in fun," and blew a lot of her wedding dress off. He "didn't think it was loaded." Ought he to be let off himself? His wife has reserved that question for a future discourse.

An Iowa correspondent eulogizes the smartness and economic tenderness of a wife who helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him whenever he sat down to rest.

THE STRAIGHT TIP.

MRS. P. "Going out to see what Time it is, Mr. Penhecker? Well, I'd advise you not to be long, or you'll know What's o'Clock *when you come Home, anyhow*?"

NATURE COULDN'T AFFORD IT.—A young gentleman who had just married a little beauty says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that nature couldn't afford it.

RAPID TRAVELING.—The science of aerostation is farther advanced than is commonly supposed, but at present the expenses attending this mode of transit are so great as to make it available only for royal personages. This will explain the announcement that "The Duke of Genoa is paying flying visits to the most interesting English towns previous to his return to Italy."

The Correct Portrait of a Young Gentleman of Fifth Avenue, who said Doctor Darwin's Theory was all Humbug.

VERY DREADFUL FOR TALLBOY.

OLD MR. TODDLES. "Sir, I look DOWN UPON YOU WITH SCORN!"

A CAUTION TO NURSE-MAIDS.

ACUTE MOTHER. "I hope, Jane, that you are not in the Habit of *Reading* when you Wheel the Perambulator?"
JANE. "*Me*, Mum? Lor' Mum! I shouldn't *Think* of sich a Thing, Mum!" [*Of course not.*

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Chignons having gone out with the Ladies, it is expected that the Gentlemen may take them up in this Style.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 24.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' and Children's Suits, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—POULT DE SOIE AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT. This suit consists of skirt, over-skirt, and half-fitting sacque. The skirt, of purple poult de soie, is trimmed at the bottom with a side-pleated ruffle of the material twelve inches wide. The over-skirt and sacque are made of cashmere in a lighter shade of purple; the trimming consists of folds of purple poult de soie two inches wide, which cover the seam made by sewing on a cashmere fold half an inch wide, and knotted purple silk fringe three inches and a quarter wide. The over-skirt is draped at the sides and at the middle of the back, as shown by the illustration. Round hat of white straw, trimmed with purple feathers, flowers, and purple ribbon. Parasol of purple poult de soie.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. Dress with peasant waist of blue cashmere, trimmed with gros grain of the same color. Swiss muslin and lace blouse. Straw braid round hat, trimmed with feathers and ribbon.

Fig. 3.—WALKING SUIT FOR ELDERLY LADY.

Fig. 1.—POULT DE SOIE AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—WALKING SUIT FOR ELDERLY LADY.—FAILLE DRESS AND GROS GRAIN PALETOT.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–4.

Fig. 5.—FOULARD WALKING SUIT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5–9.

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Dress of brown faille. The skirt of the dress is trimmed on the bottom with a wide gathered ruffle, a narrow box-pleated ruffle turned upward, and a fold of the material. Black gros grain paletot, trimmed with black guipure lace, pipings and tabs of black gros grain. Bonnet of black figured tulle and lace, trimmed with a spray of yellow roses and brown leaves.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD. Skirt of pink barége, trimmed on the bottom with two gathered ruffles of the material. The over-skirt, which is draped at the sides, and the sacque are made of pink and white striped barége; folds of pink gros grain form the trimming. Belt, with sash of pink gros grain. Round hat of white straw, trimmed with pink gros grain ribbon and a spray of flowers. To make the sacque cut of barége and white Swiss muslin lining from Figs. 1 and 2, Supplement, each two pieces, and from Fig. 3 one piece. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 4, observing the contours of the under part. Baste the material on the lining, and join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures. Bind the front and bottom and slits with pink silk three-quarters of an inch wide, and cord the neck. Furnish the right front with several hooks, and the left front with a fly and the corresponding eyes. Join one upper and one under part of the sleeve each from 7 to 8 and from 9 to 10; trim the sleeve as shown by the illustration, and sew it into the corded armhole, bringing 10 of the sleeve on 10 of the front.

Fig. 5.—FOULARD WALKING SUIT. This suit consists of a skirt and over dress, and is made of gray foulard. Folds of dark gray gros grain and twisted gray silk fringe form the trimming. The revers collar and cuffs are also of gros grain. Round hat of tulle and lace, trimmed with gros grain ribbon and pink roses. To make the over dress cut of foulard from Figs. 5–7, Supplement, each two pieces, after joining on the pieces turned down in the Supplement, and of foulard and muslin lining one piece from Fig. 8. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 8 of No. II., Black Velvet Basque, Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. IV., No. 22. After lining the side forms and fronts with shirting from the top to four-fifths of an inch below the bottom of the waist, sew up the darts in the fronts, and join Figs. 5–7 according to the corresponding figures. For the back part of the skirt cut a straight piece twenty-six inches and three-quarters wide and thirty-six inches and three-quarters long, which is sloped off toward both sides at the bottom from the middle of the back, corresponding to the length of the side pieces; lay the top of this part in pleats corresponding to the width of the back, and join it with the latter. Join the back with the fronts and side forms according to the corresponding figures, and the side edges of the back part of the skirt with the side edges of the side pieces (Fig. 7), and arrange these side pieces each in a pleat at the end of the waist, bringing × on ●. Join the neck of the over dress with the revers collar cut from Fig. 9, and cover the edges of the seams on the under side with a strip of gros grain. For draping the over dress fasten to the inner side at the end of the waist, at a distance of two inches each from the middle of the back, bands each four inches and three-quarters long, the other ends of which are fastened each to the place indicated by * on Fig. 7.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a choice variety of patterns and illustrations of Boys' and Girls' Gymnastic Dresses; Ladies' Piqué, Percale, Linen, Foulard, and Organdy Suits; Fichu-Collars, Garden Hats, Summer Hoods, Lingerie, etc., etc.*

NAMING CHILDREN.

IN speaking a few words for children a short time since it occurred to us that something should be said on the grave and important subject of "naming" the little ones.

The highest poetical authority can be quoted to prove, as far as a poet's authority can prove a matter of fact, that a "rose by any other name would smell as sweet." The mere matter of smelling, it is quite true, would be unaltered by any name we might attach to the glowing queen of the flowers; but if the rose had always been nameless, and now a name which had most unrosy associations should be assigned to it, the fragrance might be as sweet, but the associations would be disagreeable; and every time our minds connected the most sweet scent with the unsweet name we should be afflicted by a sense of incongruousness.

A man's progress through life is helped or hindered by every thing that belongs to him; and the least we can do for our fellow-beings is to abstain from creating any, even the least, impediment to advancement. Men are the balloons sent up in society. As civilization advances the medium becomes rarer, and rising more difficult, and ballast less needed. One of the hardest things to throw off is one's name. It adheres. Even a nickname sticks. How much more a name gravely selected by parental responsibility, and solemnly assigned amidst religious ceremonials at a baptismal font.

The atrociousness of giving bad names seems all the greater when we reflect upon the helplessness of the recipient. The poor babe can make no protest. Years elapse before he becomes acquainted with the wrong done him, and then, perhaps, that wrong is irreparable. There will be some one to remember the misnomer, and to fix it upon him in later life, at a period when such a reminiscence may be for him a most awkward thing.

The taking of the census in Indiana is said to have discovered a child bearing the name of "Lena Luella Josephine Roberta Musidora Jones." The child was reported to be as well as could be expected under the circumstances; but think of her having to carry such a name through life! It is a case for legislative interference. A fortnight ago a young delinquent was brought before one of our police courts, and the name he was compelled to give in was, if we recollect rightly, "Jefferson Davis Lincoln Stonewall Jackson!" Parents capable of giving such names as those we have quoted are not fit to be intrusted with the rearing of young children, who should be taken from them, renamed, and committed to safer hands.

The more common the surname the greater the disposition of parents to attempt a distinction by the long preface of high-sounding, aristocratic, or classical "Christian names," as they are called, some of which are eminently unchristian. This propensity was satirized by a humorous English poet, who described the perplexity of an anxious couple in securing the right name for their precious babe: "So they called the child Prince Albert Saxe-Cobwebs Tommy Jones!" But how preposterous to send a child upon the world laden with such names as "Tiberius Gracchus Smith," "Aurelius Augustine Constantine Brown," and "Maximilian Alexander Fitzherbert De Grey Billings!"

The first-born is generally the heir to such troubles. The young parents seem to think that there never was such a child, and never will be such a child again, and they strive to boil down all names that are great and sweet into the very sirup of a prenomen.

Sometimes great blunders are made through affection or affectation. Mr. Frog, in one of the English cities, had only one great friend; the mayor, who seemed to him to be the glory of human dignity, and that friend's name was Mr. Bull. So the child was christened "Bull," and the fond father never awoke to a sense of his condition until the infant's name was registered "Bull Frog." The *Bazar* once had a friend whose surname was uncommon, and uncommonly ugly and disagreeable—so much so that we do not choose to record it. He had no need for singular names for his children; but he had just begun the study of Hebrew, and was fain to take a word from that venerable language and give it to his son, being well assured, as he might be, that child of mortal birth had never borne that name. The trouble was that after the child had been baptized and had grown into some years, and the father was dead, it was discovered that the word did not mean what the father had supposed, but had a very different signification, which he would never have given his child. But from respect for the deceased father the young man still staggers under that name.

Why call a child Alexander or Julius Cæsar unless you know that he is to be "a brave?" Your Wellington may prove a coward, and your Augustine a reprobate. The little babe you call "Rose" may be pale as a lily, and your little "Lily" grow up to be a sallow young woman, and your "Charity" be a gossiping slanderer, and your "Grace" an awkward lump.

Let the child have a simple, good name, and let him make it illustrious if he can. Let it be remembered that all those great names you have selected gave no glory to the great men who bore them. The men made the names glorious, but it is a glory which can not be reflected. Moreover, let it be recollected that an unfortunate name does harm to three generations. People will think that parents who make a mistake in the important matter of naming their children can not be persons of good sense. Their folly, it will be fancied, is in some measure inherited by the son, who is the second generation of the injured; and his children, in the third generation, will be embarrassed by the conspicuous impropriety of the paternal nomenclature.

We seriously commend this subject to all personally interested, our concern being only that of what we consider our good taste, and what we know to be our philanthropy.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Chimes.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—In the golden age, which is that of youth and travel, I came one evening to Antwerp. It was the soft sunset hour, and the life of the quaint old city was all picture as I passed slowly through the streets. When I had reached the hotel, and was shown to my room, I opened the window, as usual, and stood for a long time looking out, introducing myself to my new home, making acquaintance with its general aspect, and becoming familiar with certain spires and towers with which I knew that I was about to associate for some time. It was long ago, and the vision has become a very beautiful picture in my memory. But as I leaned out over the tranquil evening street the air was suddenly full of soft rippling music, near and far away—a murmur that every body could hear, that floated in at every open window; indeed, a benediction of music breathed upon the city. It was the ringing of the chimes of Antwerp: neighbor of Bruges and Ghent—"quaint old Flemish cities," of which Longfellow has sung.

Long afterward, one Sunday morning in summer, I walked out with a little fellow of six, in a pleasant New England village; and as we sauntered along the green road, he chasing the butterflies, and constantly returning to my side, like the ship's jolly-boat to her shadow, we both stopped and listened. There was the same clear, near yet remote, soft clangor of mingled bells, filling the air with the melody of "Days of Absence," a tune familiar to the boy. He was awe-struck, as he looked at me, drawing nearer, and he whispered, "What is it?"

"They are the chimes, dear boy—the new chimes of St. Mary's—bells that make music in the church tower."

"Who plays them?" he asked, perhaps thinking that some angel had descended in the beautiful morning to call sinners resistlessly to church. All day he was thoughtful, and now that he has grown to be a man he confesses that he never hears chimes without feeling that he is holding my hand in the green lane, and listening with awed delight to the melody of St. Mary's in the pretty village of Seamoor.

Memory, indeed, is a harp of a thousand strings; and one of the thousand, resounding, stirs how many of the others! As I recall the evening at Antwerp, dear Charles, and the morning at Seamoor, I remember another evening also, at Salzburg, in the Tyrol, the romantic city in which Mozart was born. We had been walking through that lovely region, where there were no railroads then, and came at sunset, as at Antwerp, to the comfortable hotel upon the great square—to the trout and the salad, and the light, pleasant wine and the mild cigar. And there, as usual, I leaned out of the window, charmed with the picturesque town, and looking at a statue of Mozart in the centre of the square. He stands with a tablet in one hand, and a pencil raised meditatively to his lips with the other, while his eyes are fixed upon a high tower opposite, as if he were just inly hearing the first strains of a fresh melody. It is a graceful, placid figure, and seemed the genius of that soft twilight hour. But, while I was looking at it, from the very tower upon which his eyes were fixed one of his own familiar melodies came sweetly murmuring from the chimes; and then it seemed as if I also heard the strains that were audible in his own mind, or as if, in the very moment of inspiration, he had been arrested by the familiar music of an earlier time. I shall never think that the Mozart I saw did not hear the music I heard.

And very recently, my dear Charles, I was passing a few days in a pleasant village near a lovely lake; and as I sat one hot morning in my room hearing the cool plash of a gentle fountain in a neighboring garden, and smelling the odor of the apple blossoms which little breezes lazily lifted into my open window, once more the air was full of that pervasive music of melancholy bells. They were playing the "Highland Laddie," and their plaintive question pierced the silent woods and echoed over the hill-sides and fields; and far across the gleaming lake the farmer in the furrow and the traveler loitering along the road heard the pensive prayer, "Oh, where, tell me where, has my Highland laddie gone?" I shall not forget that summer morning. It is immortal in that music; and whenever I hear the melody I shall always think of that placid lake, and of the noble woods that crown the hills, which daily hear the melodious entreaty, and only sigh inaudibly in response.

But when I walked out, and stood under the tower in which the bells hung, and saw them ranged peacefully side by side, each of a different tone, and adapted to be touched by skill into music and not into discord, I could not help feeling that, fortunately for us, there are other chimes than those of bells, and that the blessing of their music is not confined to the few solitary towers in which the bells are hung. For as I lay the next morning upon the hill-side, looking over the lake, and the chimes began to ring, I know not how I began to think of a certain household in which there are father and mother, and sons and daughters, and little grandchildren. And when you are there you feel as if some apostle had passed and given his benediction of "Peace be with this house!" and you feel also that the blessing has remained. From grandpapa down they are all courteous, thoughtful, respectful of each other. They do not make the home a reservoir of all their ill-humors. They do not snarl and snap, or sulk gloomily. Their talk is not miserable gossip, but there are ease and fun and infinite good-nature. I have seen the little grandson bringing the earliest violet to grandma, and no birthday is forgotten. If the domestic order is disturbed, the wife is all the more anxious to restore it, because she knows that there will be no scolding. The husband is always neat and careful in his dress, because he does not respect his wife less than his sweetheart. There is universal mutual forbearance: no petulance, no heart-burning, no discord; and when you come away your memory is full of music, as if you had been listening to the sweetest chimes.

Now, my dear Charles, if you think that such a result is merely the result of nature, of temperament, you are gravely mistaken. Temperament counts for much, I allow. But you might as well suppose that the music of the chimes is due entirely to the bell-metal as to explain that household by what you call nature. The bells must be carefully tried, tunefully adjusted, and then played by a skillful hand, inspired by a musical sense, before they will be melodious. And it is a similar training which makes that happy household a tower of chimes. That husband is no more fond of a cold dinner than you are, my young friend: he would like to yield to his impatience, probably, as well as another man. But from the beginning they have been strictly taught otherwise. They have not been allowed to be selfish. They have been made to feel that it is quite as bad to "let yourself go" among those with whom you live most intimately as with those whom you only occasionally see. Mutual respect is the law of that household. And what is that but harmony? What wonder, then, that the effect is that of tuneful chimes? When I have passed an evening in that family, and come sauntering home to my lonely rooms, I am an old man no longer. Once more I arrive in the soft twilight at the Antwerp inn, and, leaning out of the window, I am aware that the air is murmuring with music; and again I am looking at the Salzburg Mozart, and listen with him to his own melody tenderly ringing from the tower at which he gazes.

I thought, too, dear Charles, as I lay there that happy morning, that some men, like certain households, are towers of chimes. How friendly Serenus is! how full of appreciation! How little his great knowledge, his essential superiority, obtrudes! For he is so truly modest that he stimulates you by sympathy, and does not in the least oppress you by an overpowering conceit of humility. He knows more than the rest of us in every direction. He has seen all the famous people, and bears himself a most influential part in the world to-day. But his great powers all play without jar or friction. He has sacrificed neither body, nor mind, nor heart. He has the simplicity of a child, the sweetness of the noblest woman, the manliness of the truest man. What am I saying, then, but that he is exquisitely harmonized, that his heavy bass does not overpower his treble, that all his powers and graces move in tune, and that this richly gifted man is a tower of far-heard, penetrating chimes? When I staid one summer week with Mæcenas in that delightful chamber looking out upon the Arcadian hills, every day at noon the great hall clock rang out a grave chant which trembled through the whole house, filling every room with sweetness. So when I am in a house and hear the voice of Serenus, I seem first to hear the soft music of that clock telling the hour; but when I think of his genius—of his wisdom, devoted to helping mankind to obey the celestial summons to come up higher—I seem to hear the lofty chimes that the poet invoked to ring out the old, ring in the new, bursting into that triumphant tumult of melody which shall fulfill the poet's prayer.

And still, as I lay there upon the hill-side under the tower of chimes, and thought of that household and that man, and how they, too, made music like that in the tower, my fancy took a wider sweep. As the faculties of one man, as the members of one household, as the families of a neighborhood, as the neighborhoods of a nation, why, also, should not all the nations themselves in happy harmonies of peace make the whole world a tower of perfect chimes? What else is the millennium but that? What is the lying down of the lion and the lamb together but the accord of the bass with the treble? These musical bells in the tower, then, I said to myself, in the summer morning, are not merely murmuring an endless plaint for the "Highland Laddie;" they are ringing the sublimest of prophecies. This is the voice of Isaiah that I hear—vast, multitudinous—foretelling the glory of Jerusalem. Even as those little bells, hung in order in this tower, fill this landscape with sweet sound, so shall all the powers of humanity, harmoniously combined, fill the world with endless music.

Once more, as I mused, the bells of Antwerp Cathedral rang, and the fresh hopes and joys of unworn years filled my heart again.

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Once more in the Salzburg evening the tender melody of Mozart rippled from the tower, not less sweet than in that long-past twilight. Once more I held the little hand of that dear boy in mine and heard his whispered question, which my own heart asks when I hear the voices of children like him—"Who rings them?" And as I arose and walked slowly away, the chimes followed me with their mournful, beseeching refrain, "Oh, where, tell me where, has my Highland laddie gone?"

Your friend, dear Charles,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

ROUND HATS.

AT the beginning of the season it seemed probable that round hats would be entirely superseded by the becoming little gypsy bonnets; but with the approach of summer, and of preparations for sojourning in the country, there is such a demand for the old favorite chapeau that milliners have held special openings of round hats to supply their customers. And these round hats are not for the country only, as is evinced every morning on the Avenue and Broadway. Bonnets are *de rigueur* on all dress occasions, for church, and visiting; but round hats are not relinquished for morning walks, shopping, and traveling.

Two principal shapes of hats are shown—the wide-brimmed flat, and the English turban with high, broad crown and upturned brim very close about the crown. Of the flats, or shade hats, those of real Leghorn are the handsomest for morning strolls, or for driving about in low basket carriages. Those trimmed with white are most admired. Shells, ruches, or bows of white gros grain surround the crown; ribbon streamers fall behind; the brim is widely bound with white velvet; a long white ostrich plume is fastened on the left side, and passes over the crown. These all-white hats have the advantage of being appropriate with almost any summer toilette. They cost from $30 to $35, the untrimmed flat being $18 or $20. Rivaling the white hats in beauty are those trimmed with black velvet ribbon and white and black ostrich tips. A narrow black lace is sometimes added on the brim, but we prefer the simple, graceful outlines of the fine Leghorn without fanciful garniture. The brims of flats may be caught down at the side, like a bathing hat, or left plain, in the picturesque Maud Muller shape. A Leghorn flat, elegantly trimmed to wear with brown, écru, or black costumes, has two shades of gros grain ribbon—écru and chestnut brown—in standing box-pleats around the crown, while on the left side are ostrich tips of each shade, and a lovely cluster of tea-rose buds; long streamers of ribbon behind: price $35. Another Leghorn has a scarf of écru China crape around the crown, with black lace edging the scarf. Pale pink and deep crimson roses form a cluster on the side.

Garden hats and useful shade hats are shown in the ordinary braid, both black and white, with brims slightly fluted, like rays from the crown. Fanciful little butterfly bows of narrow ribbon surround the crown, and a ribbon ruche is under the brim.

A light summer hat for equestriennes is of brown or black straw, with square high crown and stiff brim. A gauze scarf and mask veil form the trimmings. A beaver for riding or traveling has a crown about half as high as a gentleman's silk hat. The trimming is gros grain bands, wing feathers on the side, and a square gauze veil very tastefully arranged to envelop the head and shoulders, and protect them thoroughly from dust.

Dressy round hats for driving in the Park, and for visiting at country villas, are English turbans of the finest undressed chip, far softer and lighter than any before imported. The brims are covered with velvet, or with thickly repped gros grain laid on plain or in three small folds. The crown is surrounded almost to the top by two or three broad folds carelessly made of gros grain ribbon doubled. Two ribbon ends float behind, and there is the inevitable group of flowers and feather tips on the left side. These are stylish and in most exquisite taste. When the hat is not trimmed with reference to one especial suit, very dark shades of the peculiar neutral tints now in vogue are used, such as scarabée green, plum-color, reddish maroon, and the grayish-blue called elephant-color. The contrast between the pure white of the chip and the dark, soft shades of velvet or faille is very rich. The flowers and their leaves are tinted to harmonize with these colors, and look exceedingly pretty, though not copying nature very closely. A French hat in most refined taste is of pearl gray chip. The upturned brim is covered plainly with gros grain of the same shade; white gros grain folds are high about the crown, some tea-roses on the left, and a long scarf veil of gauze of the same shade of gray twined around the crown. Price $35. A plainer hat, simply trimmed, but very stylish, is easily copied. It was of English straw, with three bias folds of black gros grain covering the upturned brim. A scarf of black dotted net with lace border was twined around the crown, with streamers behind. A black ostrich tip and white heron's plume were on the left side. Price $20.

SUMMER BONNETS.

Ladies are going through the summer in straw and chip bonnets. A few bonnets imported directly from Paris are of lace and tulle, but the preference here is for straw and the undressed chips. These chips are so fine that tulle is used for trimming them, and does not look incongruous. A French gypsy of pearl-colored chip has doubled pleated ruches of tulle of the same gray shade arranged around the crown and on the head piece. There are long tulle scarfs at each side, to be carelessly tied under the chin, and gros grain ribbon ends fall over the chatelaine. To give more character to this dainty bonnet, a facing of scarlet silk appears at the edges, and a cluster of dark scarlet roses is placed on the side. The face trimming is a queen's ruche of gray tulle.

Two contrasting colors of gros grain ribbon appear on many gypsies. Among these, pink and gray, and pink and lavender, appear to be most popular. One made by a tasteful modiste is a white chip gypsy, with alternate shells of pink and lavender gros grain, and a spray of buds. A pink tulle ruche is inside the front.

A dress bonnet is a white net foundation, with Parmesan violets arranged on the crown and coronet, and closely covered with white tulle. A white aigrette of heron's plumes and knots of violet gros grain are on the crown.

THE MARGUERITE POLONAISE.

Many of the richest costumes of the season are made with the new Marguerite polonaise, so called from the skirt being caught up at intervals by bows and ornaments, like the dress worn by Marguerite in the opera of "Faust." This graceful polonaise has the body and skirt in one, without a belt, or any fullness at the waist, and has the effect of a basque with an upper skirt sewed to its edges. It is simply a close-fitting corsage, sloping low over the hips, like the old-fashioned polka waists worn years ago, with drapery attached, forming an upper skirt. This drapery is not sewed on, but is merely the full breadth of the material of which each part of the corsage is cut. The front is cut in the ordinary way, like any polonaise; the back of the corsage falls smoothly over the tournure to the depth of six inches, sloping shorter on the sides. At the end of the close-fitting part of the polonaise the full skirt is caught up in each seam and held by a bow or passementerie ornament. This garment displays a fine figure with full rounded hips to great advantage, as the body has no postilion pleats or other fullness, but simply follows the natural curves of the figure. Black cashmere and silk suits are made in this way, the over dress serving with a variety of skirts. This fashion is also admired for grenadine. The upper part of the polonaise of grenadine is lined with thick silk; the skirt is not lined.

HINTS ABOUT DRESSES.

Some very stylish modistes are again using three darts in the front of basques, or else a side body is formed in front, the seam having the appearance of a third dart. This is necessary to produce the full busts that fashion now requires on all corsages. We notice also that side forms in the back are carried up very high, the upper seam of the form reaching the armhole about an inch below the shoulder seam. A seam down the middle of the back of corsages is almost universal. Ample drapery on the bosom adds much to the beauty of house dresses. For instance, a cluster of lapping folds is arranged in the Marie Antoinette square when the shoulders are broad, while narrow figures are given the appearance of breadth by Greek folds sewed in at the top of the sleeve and pointing low in front. These folds are cut bias and attached to foundation net, so that they can be worn or removed at pleasure. They add greatly to the beauty of simple striped lenos, mohairs, and the summer silks worn at this season.

Coquettish little aprons of various materials, from Swiss muslin to black silk, now form part of afternoon costumes for the house. The prettiest pattern, with a bib, has bretelle pieces beginning just back of the shoulder, and passing down in a basque-like curve of the apron, and forming pockets there. This is exceedingly pretty in Swiss muslin or bishop's lawn, trimmed with a little pleated ruffle of the same, with or without an edging of patent Valenciennes. A row of black or colored velvet may be placed through the centre of the pleats, and bows of the same are sometimes placed down the middle of the apron. When made of black silk, the bib is usually dispensed with, and the whole tablier is so elaborately trimmed with ruffles, lace, and passementerie that it becomes an ornament for almost any dress.

Suits of white woolen fabrics, such as twilled flannels and English serge, are being made abroad for the sea-side resorts. They are made with two skirts and a sacque with a hood that is large enough for use. The jacket serves as a wrap with any costume. The cretonne suits lately described in gay Watteau designs of cotton satine are also made up for the country. They are trimmed with colored laces and muslin pleatings.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames PAGE; FERRERO; VIRFOLET; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

IT is understood that the American Board of Foreign Missions is about to receive $70,000 as the residuary legatee of JOHN C. BROOKS, of Portland, Maine, and that on the demise of Mrs. BROOKS they will receive $50,000 more.

—It is the pleasing duty of Mr. T. K. BEECHER to inform his American countrymen, with the deferential yet dry manner characteristic of the family organization, that "having resided in England about thirty-six hours, and in London twenty-four, he is prepared to state his conclusions as to the nation's genius, her tendency, and her destiny."

—The Crown Princess of Prussia has been doing a book on female labor, which will be published during the present month.

—The original "Mose," whose peculiarities of idiom, manner, etc., have become pretty well known to all theatre-goers by the acting of Mr. CHANFRAU, was a printer of the name of MOSE HUMPHREYS, employed in BEACH'S *Sun* office, and a member of Engine Company No. 40, whose company lay in Mulberry Street, near Grand. CHANFRAU'S attention to the man was attracted by the way in which he ordered certain food to be produced before him, viz., "Look a-heah! gim me a sixpenny plate ev pork en beans, and don't stop to count dem beans, d'ye heah!" The play was first enacted by Mr. C. on the 15th of February, 1848.

—As one of the few instances where a Yankee "sticks," it may be stated that the late Professor WOODMAN, of Dartmouth College, died in the house in which he was born, and which has been occupied by his family for six generations.

—A prominent physician of Philadelphia, JOHN GEEGAN, who died while on a recent visit to Dublin, left $80,000 (two-thirds of his estate) to Catholic charitable associations in Philadelphia.

—The Marquis of Bute, DISRAELI'S last hero of romance, has never been presented to the Queen. His mother, who was sister to Lady FLORA HASTINGS, exacted on her death-bed a promise from him that he would never be presented to the Queen, on account of the cruel treatment of VICTORIA to Lady FLORA, and the baseless slanders she permitted to be circulated about her, which have long since been disproved. When the Queen some years ago visited Rothesay Bay in her yacht, and lay for several days in sight of the superb residence of the Marchioness of Bute, Mount Stuart House, the Marchioness not only refrained from attempting to pay her court to the Queen, but actually ordered all the blinds of the windows in Mount Stuart House to be kept closed so long as the royal yacht lay within sight of them. Time has not softened in the son the bitter sense of injustice which hardened the mother's heart. It is even said that horror at the notion of being obliged to consider Queen VICTORIA the head of his Church played no small part in inducing the Marquis of Bute to abandon that Church for the communion of Rome.

—It may interest the friends of the noble red man to know that HUCKLEBERRY DOWNING, Esq., is the agent of the Cherokee *Advocate* for the Flint District, and FROG SIX KILLER for the Going Snake District; RED BIRD SIX KILLER is one of the stanchest friends of that organ of public opinion.

—Earl De Grey and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE visited the Franklin School, in Washington, a few days since, and after witnessing the exercises of the male and female pupils, admitted the fact that the system and management of our public schools were superior to those of England.

—Balmoral, the favorite Scottish home of Queen VICTORIA, has been settled by her mother on the Marchioness of Lorne.

—Probably the first instance in history of a woman having been buried with military honors was that of Miss ESTHER JOHNSTONE, a young Englishwoman connected with the German ambulance service, who died recently at Chalons, and was buried with military honors by the Prussians.

—Mr. LAIRD, of Long Branch, and other capitalists, propose to build an iron pier at that place similar to those at Brighton or Leeds, England. It is to cost $150,000, and extend 450 feet into the ocean. Such a structure would vastly facilitate the trip to L. B., and do away with that horrid little bit of railway-riding from Sandy Hook.

—WILLIAM CARLTON, Esq., of Charlestown, Massachusetts, has given $30,000 to the college at Northfield, Minnesota, in consequence of which it is to be henceforth called Carlton College.

—Among the noteworthy incidents of literature in Europe it may be mentioned that the Princess LUPERANO, of Naples, now eighty-two years of age, has made her first appearance as a dramatic author with entire success. Her work is a comedy in five acts, entitled "Il Denaro." It is having a great run at Naples.

—Mrs. MYRA CLARK GAINES mentions it as a bit of retributive justice that of more than one hundred lawyers who were opposed to her New Orleans suits seven committed suicide, and fifty-six drank themselves to death. Does it follow that "their loss was her Gaines?"

—Our bankruptcy courts, so far as big scandals are concerned, show small when compared with the "magnificent busts" of young English swells of high degree. A late London journal gives a summary of the case of Lord COURTENAY, son of the Earl of Devon, whose debts amount to the mere bagatelle of *four millions* of dollars. Among the *unsecured* creditors are the Marquis of Anglesea, $55,000; the Earl of Devon, $500,000; the trustees of the Duke of Newcastle, $170,000; and Mr. F. YATES, $152,000. There is some prospect that a satisfactory compromise will be effected.

—The Empress of Russia has purchased RAPHAEL'S celebrated little picture (it is only seventeen centimeters in diameter), entitled the "Madonna del Libro." This is the fifty-second Raphael which has been disposed of to foreign purchasers, out of eighty-three which Italy formerly possessed. The Empress bought it as a present to her consort on his birthday. The picture was offered first to the Italian government for $60,000; but as the Italian government is impecunious, it couldn't trade, and the Empress became the purchaser at the paltry figure of $64,000.

—Some two weeks ago the Rev. Dr. THOMAS WORCESTER celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement over the New Jerusalem Society in Boston. A coupé and harness, and several hundred dollars were sent to him as presents. It is said that his is the largest society of that denomination in the world, and has a larger number of church members than any other Protestant society in Boston.

—Should Dr. HODGE, Professor of Theology in Princeton Seminary, survive until next spring, he will have completed fifty years of service in that institution. They propose to do something about it.

—BISMARCK is of opinion that, on the whole, German statesmen have ruled more benevolently, if more clumsily, than those of France; and beneficence, he estimates, is sure to make itself felt in the end.

—The most successful instance ever known in France of the co-operative system is that of M. PAUL DUPONT, the great Paris printer. Prior to the war his business yielded him $250,000 per annum, ten per cent. of which he divided with his workmen, according to their individual merit. It is to be said, in honor of this establishment, that in connection with it are schools, baths, reading-rooms, libraries, savings-banks, and gardens for the benefit of its employés.

—The Grand Duke ALEXIS is positively coming to see us this summer, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. The Russian minister, M. CATACAZY, and the Russian parson, Mr. BJERRING, are officially posted, and they say the thing is to be done.

—Hon. ALBERT FEARING, without fearing what envious persons might say about it, has given $10,000 to the public library of Hingham, Massachusetts, at the same time intimating to the trustees that it would be pleasing unto him to have the people of the six neighboring towns to visit the library for reference, study, etc.

—Another member of the BATEMAN family, Miss ISABELLA, is about to *début* on the Edinburgh stage in a piece written by her brother, entitled "Fanchette; or, the Will-o'-the-Wisp," an adaptation from the French of Madame George Sand.

—Mr. SPURGEON, who is a foe of pulpit pedantry, says: "As a general rule, it may be observed that those who know the least Greek are sure to air their rags of learning in the pulpit; they miss no chance of saying, 'The Greek is so and so.' It makes a man an inch and a half taller by a foolometer if he everlastingly lets fall bits of Greek and Hebrew, and even tells the tense of the verb, and the case of the noun, as I have known some to do. The whole process of interpretation is to be carried on in your study; you are not to show your congregation the process, but to give them the result, like a good cook, who would never think of bringing up dishes, and pans, and rolling-pin, and spice-box into the dining-hall, but, without ostentation, sends up the feast."

—A young American lady in Paris gives the following graphic account of a concert lately given by the Commune for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the republic, at the Tuileries, which was used for the first time, the programme stated, for a patriotic work:

"In the evening we went to a concert given at the Tuileries by the Commune, the programme of which I send you. We secured our tickets beforehand, and at eight o'clock arrived at the palace doors. What was our dismay to find hundreds of people there before us, and arranged in a long line, waiting to get in. Those who had tickets and those who had not stood the same chance, and as the prices were so low as to be within the means of all, you may imagine the rabble gathered there. We had no means of entering but by joining the queue, which extended from the door down to the end of the garden, and forming an immense curve back to the door again—four persons abreast. We took our places, and one hour and a quarter after our arrival we entered the doors. We knew it was a sight worth seeing, so we would not give it up. By the time we got in the first-class room was packed, for, of course, our republicans took their seats utterly regardless of the prices of their tickets. We got places where we could, and great fun we had. There was such a noise that not a sound could be heard from the concert-room, but nobody minded that. When those inside applauded, the others did the same, and roared with laughter at the joke. People sat round peeling and eating oranges, men in blouses beside decorated gentlemen, who, I don't think, enjoyed the égalité and fraternité principle. The most amusing part of all, however, is yet to come. The people in the room in which we were seated, if they were in front, could hear all the music of the concert, and, of course, enjoyed it exceedingly; those in the back could hear nothing, as a band was stationed there, and in the midst of a brilliant song of the prima donna it struck up a waltz for the benefit of those in the rear. Such a hubbub! the rear applauded, the front hissed and hushed, all to no purpose; the band continued, and its notes must have penetrated to the very end of the concert-room. We laughed until we cried; I don't think I ever enjoyed any thing more, and we were all well repaid for waiting so long outside. PASCHAL GROUSSET, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was there, and he has as bad a face as I ever saw. After we left the concert we wandered through the palace. In the chapel were National Guards playing on the organ, in the halls National Guards smoking and humming the Marseillaise. In the court-yard there were quantities getting the worse for liquor; others, by way of showing their discipline, were quarreling with their captains; in fact, you never saw such desecration. On entering, every body was presented with a red cocarde, ornamented with a liberty cap. When we left, a little before eleven, the people had not stopped pouring in, so you may imagine the crowd that was there—and such a crowd!"

—It was a source of much jocularity between Mr. SEWARD and Earl Mayo, Governor-General of India, that the former presented a letter of introduction from BRIGHAM YOUNG, whom his earlship had never seen. BRIGHAM had once met Lord Milton, and thought he was the representative of the majesty of England in India. It was kind of Mr. YOUNG to do this little bit of courtesy to a man so appreciative of that sort of thing as Mr. SEWARD.

—Professor G——, of Rochester University, perpetrated the following the other day in his class-room. He had been dilating on the character and career of LYLWARCH HEN, the Norwegian poet, and wishing to illustrate the author's style, he remarked, "I will read you one of his lays." A slight smile came over the faces of a few students at this, which gradually spread, until the whole class was in a tumult of laughter before the Professor saw his joke.

—The widow of the late Rev. ELEAZER WILLIAMS, the "lost Dauphin," is still living near Green Bay, and shows the remains of great physical beauty. The present Dauphin, his son, JOHN WILLIAMS, is engaged as sailing-master on one of the lake crafts, and resides at Oshkosh. He is now about forty, but has none of the accomplishments of his father.

—Lady ANNA DE ALSAKOFF, a noble lady of Russia, noted for her piety, her surpassing beauty, and her benevolence, and who is attached to the imperial household, has given to the pastor of the Greek Church in this city a donation consisting of three gorgeous and elaborate pieces of gold embroidery on heavy and lustrous crimson velvet, the color always used in the vestments of the priests and altar-coverings of the Greek Church. There are two pieces cut in the form of the Greek cross, with the Christian emblem worked in massive gold embroidery in the centre, and relieved with traceries in gold of a most artistic and fanciful design. These are intended, the one as a covering for the chalice, and the other for the holy disk. Then there is another piece, even more elaborate, delicate, and superb, both in its design and handiwork, than the two specimens just mentioned, which is to be used as a veil for all the sacred vessels. The Greek cross is, of course, the most prominent figure, but the tracery and intricate pattern of the tasteful embroidery which surrounds it is truly most marvelous. The three coverings cost several thousand dollars. The lace-work, requiring months to manufacture, is of the purest refined gold.

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Cravat Ends in White Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1 shows one end of a cravat worked, as shown by the illustration, in white embroidery. Work the outlines of the medallion in button-hole stitch, and cut away the material inside of the medallion and work in lace stitch. Work the remaining embroidery in button-hole, half-polka, and knotted stitch, as shown by the illustration. Cut away the material between the simulated crossed ribbons, as well as at the outer edge, and make a narrow hem on the remainder of the cravat.

Fig. 2.—The ends of this cambric cravat are also ornamented with white embroidery in the design shown by the illustration. The outer edge of the cravat ends are worked in button-hole stitch, and the surplus material is cut away.

Parasol Cover.

THIS cover consists of eight parts of the size shown by the illustration, which are worked each separately with point lace braid and fine thread in the design shown by the illustration, and joined along the straight side edges. This cover is fastened on the parasol in such a manner that the under scalloped edges of the cover project over the outer edge of the parasol. If the parasol for which the cover is intended is larger than the cover, the separate parts of the latter must not be joined close together, but so as to leave an interval between the side edges, which is filled up with lace stitch.

Braided Alpaca Basque.

See illustration on page 373.

THIS gray alpaca basque is ornamented with a braiding of gray silk soutache, satin stitch embroidery, and gray silk fringe. Cut from Figs. 36–38, Supplement, each two pieces, and cut the sleeves from Fig. 39, observing the contour of the under part of the latter. Sew up the darts in the fronts, join the back from 12 to 13, and join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures. Work the braiding and embroidery on Fig. 38 as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern. Face the front, bottom, and slashes with a bias strip of silk three inches wide, and set on the fringe. Set on a double standing collar four-fifths of an inch wide furnished with hooks and eyes for closing.

Sew up the sleeves from 16 to 17, and trim them as shown by the illustration; face the bottom with a bias strip of silk three inches wide, and sew them into the corded armholes according to the corresponding figures.

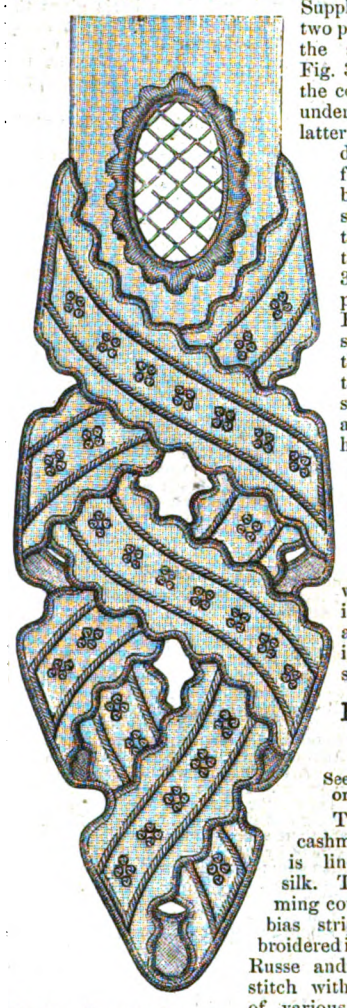


Fig. 1.—CRAVAT END IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Embroidered Cashmere Basque.

See illustration on page 373.

THIS black cashmere basque is lined with silk. The trimming consists of bias strips embroidered in point Russe and satin stitch with silk of various colors, black silk fringe, and passementerie buttons. Cut of cashmere, net interlining, and of silk lining from Figs. 10, 11, and 14, Supplement, each two pieces, from Fig. 12 one piece, and the sleeves from Fig. 13, observing the contour of the under part of the latter. Cut out a piece in the upper part of the sleeve along the contours at the under edge of Fig. 13. Baste the material on the net, sew up the darts in the fronts, and join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures. Sew up the darts in the lining, Fig. 10, join the back, side forms, and fronts, and baste the lining in the basque along the seams, letting the stitches show as little as possible. Fell the lining to the material along the outer edge, except the neck, and finish the latter with a double standing collar. Furnish the basque with embroidered bias strips, and the remaining trimming as shown by the illustration; the design for the embroidery is given on Fig. 13 of the Supplement. Fold the back over on the outside along the dotted line, and fasten × on ●; then also fasten × of Fig. 11 on ● of Fig. 12, and set on a button at each place, as shown by the illustration. Set a fly on the left front, and put on hooks and eyes. Cut a slit in the sleeve along the double line on Fig. 13, and join it with Fig. 14 from 29 to 30. Line the sleeve with silk, and sew it up from 31 to 32. Run the material and lining together along the outer edge, fold the inserted part over on the outside along the dotted line, and fasten × of Fig. 14 on the corner marked 29; also fasten the place indicated by × on Fig. 13 on this corner. Finally, trim the sleeves with fringe and buttons, and set them into the corded armholes, bringing 32 on 32 of the front.

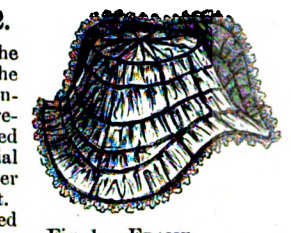


Fig. 1.—FRAME OF TULLE AND LACE HAT.—[See Fig. 10, Page 376.]

Fig. 2.—NEAPOLITAN BONNET.—[See Fig. 9, Page 376.]

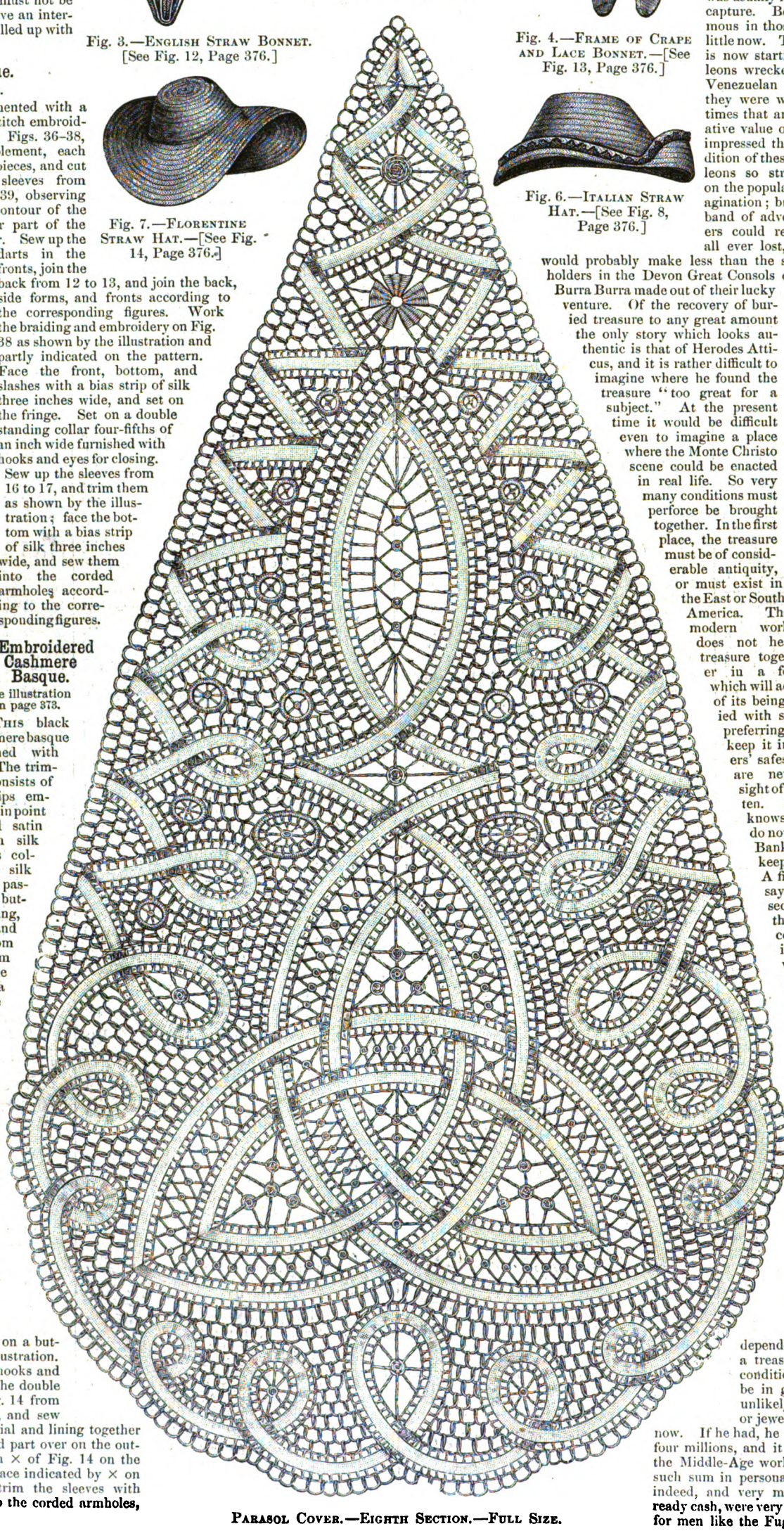
Fig. 3.—ENGLISH STRAW BONNET. [See Fig. 12, Page 376.]

Fig. 5.—STRAW BONNET. [See Fig. 11, Page 376.]

Fig. 4.—FRAME OF CRAPE AND LACE BONNET.—[See Fig. 13, Page 376.]

Fig. 7.—FLORENTINE STRAW HAT.—[See Fig. 14, Page 376.]

Fig. 6.—ITALIAN STRAW HAT.—[See Fig. 8, Page 376.]



PARASOL COVER.—EIGHTH SECTION.—FULL SIZE.

BURIED TREASURES.

WHAT is the amount of chance that a buried treasure, worth the trouble and expense of searching for—a great treasure, say of millions—exists any where in the world? A notion that such a thing might be, that a man helped by fairies, or grateful natives, or a talent for dreaming, might find somewhere a treasure which would make him the richest man in the world, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," has lingered among men from the very dawn of literature, and has been the subject of innumerable legends; but it seems to have been born partly of the wish latent in every man's heart to become enormously rich without the protracted and monotonous efforts through which immense wealth is usually attained, and partly of the sort of admiring awe created by wealth itself—an awe which in one particular case, the wealth of Solyman the Wise, our Solomon, has infected the legendary literature of whole countries. Sunk treasures there must be, for plate ships have been sunk, and fleets which may have had treasure on board—why does not somebody dive about Salamis?—but the amount of treasure in any particular ship can hardly have risen often to the Monte Christo level. We do not know accurately of the loss of more than one private fortune belonging to a Spanish viceroy, and in the royal galleons the treasure was usually much divided, to escape both wreck and capture. Besides, the sums which seemed so enormous in those days would be worth comparatively little now. The proprietors of the *Nelly Gay*, which is now starting from New York to fish up the galleons wrecked in the harbor of Cumana, off the Venezuelan coast, expect to find $3,000,000, but they were worth, when they were lost, just fifteen times that amount. It was the enormous comparative value of gold in the time of Elizabeth which impressed the tradition of these galleons so strongly on the popular imagination; but if a band of adventurers could recover all ever lost, they would probably make less than the shareholders in the Devon Great Consols or the Burra Burra made out of their lucky venture. Of the recovery of buried treasure to any great amount the only story which looks authentic is that of Herodes Atticus, and it is rather difficult to imagine where he found the treasure "too great for a subject." At the present time it would be difficult even to imagine a place where the Monte Christo scene could be enacted in real life. So very many conditions must perforce be brought together. In the first place, the treasure must be of considerable antiquity, or must exist in the East or South America. The modern world does not heap treasure together in a form which will admit of its being buried with safety, preferring to keep it in bankers' safes, which are never lost sight of or forgotten. Somebody knows, if the Reds do not, where the Bank of France keeps its money.

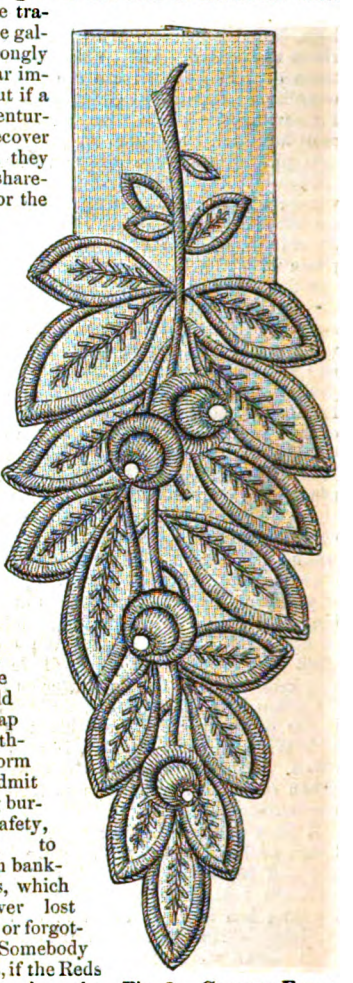


Fig. 2.—CRAVAT END IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

A fit of insanity might seize a jewel-dealer, say in Paris; he might bury his stock in secret, and might then be shot as a foe to the Commune; but the occurrence is exceeding improbable, modern jewelers being usually quite able to find some one worthy of trust. It is not the habit of modern life to keep much cash in a house, and the few men who possess enormous quantities of plate or jewels, such as the Duke of Brunswick, are usually too far beyond ordinary danger to take such extreme precautions as burying or concealment of their treasures. A monastic order might have money enough to make up a treasure, and be by accident sufficiently in danger from a mob to wish to bury it; but the practice of monastic orders just now is to keep their wealth in bonds which a mob can not use, and bonds are perishable articles, while an order would have too many devotees whom it could trust with the secret to be in danger of forgetting the clews. In the Middle Ages, no doubt, fortunes may have been buried—Dumas hit the true point there—for it might have been often expedient to conceal wealth from every body except its owner and one or two hereditary dependents. But then it is not likely that such a treasure would be exceedingly great. The condition of preservation requires that it should be in gold, or silver, or jewels, and it is very unlikely that any noble ever had gold, or silver, or jewels that would yield a quarter of a million now. If he had, he was as rich as a man would be now with four millions, and it is exceedingly doubtful if any body in the Middle-Age world not a reigning prince ever had any such sum in personalty. Personal wealth was very scarce indeed, and very minute millionaires, if they commanded ready cash, were very great people. It was a prodigious effort for men like the Fuggers to lend a quarter of a million to

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Charles V., and the Fuggers rose by sheer force of wealth almost to sovereign rank. A noble or two in Constantinople, before its final fall, may have had large accumulations, and have buried them to avoid proscription, killing his slaves afterward; but there is no traceable record of any such incident, and Constantinople was very often plundered. It is, however, conceivable that to avoid these plunderings money may have been buried and lost there, and still more conceivable in the case of Rome and Ravenna, where lived persons whose wealth has probably never since been rivaled. The information existing upon this point is not complete, the ancients having had little idea of accurate statistics; but enough is known to make us suppose that, say under the Antonines, a first-class Roman fortune, belonging perhaps to the heir of a patrician line which had been "suspect" for a good many years, might comprise a larger personalty than has ever been accumulated since. A man of that kind had estates in a dozen countries, all yielding tribute, and palaces full of wealth, easily guarded by regiments of armed slaves. But then it was the practice to employ the gold in lending at usury, the palaces were all plundered by the barbarians, and a multitude of persons must have been aware where the treasure was deposited. To make up a reasonable story of that kind we must have a good many conditions united; a palace full of treasure liable to be plundered, but not plundered; and occupied by servants so faithful that after all heirs were dead they abstained from spoiling their property. If the money was in no danger, it would not be buried; if it were buried, aid must have been sought; and if the heirs were not killed, they would have returned to the spot to search. It is just conceivable that that may have happened in the case of some temple, the priests being killed and the crypt undiscovered; and the wealth of a temple, being the accumulations of ages, might have been very great indeed. We should like very much to have a good, scientific, patient dig about Delphi, even though it was so eagerly plundered. It is curious that a tradition of a treasure of this kind, guarded as we have supposed that the treasure of a Roman noble could not be guarded, is immovably fixed in the minds of the Indians of Peru. They say that Atahualpa's great reservoir of gold, a temple with rooms full of the metal, never was seized by the Spaniards; that it exists still, and that the secret of its existence is kept by a family or tribe of Indians, who religiously guard the treasure for the day when the heir of the Incas shall resume his ancient throne. Considering the way in which priesthoods and persecuted tribes and secret societies have guarded traditions, there is nothing absolutely impossible in the story, more especially as the guardian family, if faithless, could not hope to preserve its wealth from Spanish greed; but it is much more probable that the Indian secret so jealously preserved is the locality of the mine where the Incas must have obtained their supplies of the metal. There is, we have read, no proof that it has ever been found, and after the discoveries made by the Americans in California we can believe any thing of Spanish inertness in the pursuit of wealth.

MUSLIN APRON FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 22 and 23.

LINEN APRON FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 15-17.

ORGANDY APRON FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 18-21.

A buried treasure may exist in the East, and one of considerable magnitude. The changes of fortune there have been startling, the practice of burying treasure has been general, and the religious communities have been very wealthy, very enduring, and very fond indeed of collecting gems. Any prince may have fled, as Nena Sahib undoubtedly fled, with very vast treasure, have been abandoned but not betrayed, and have buried his wealth and wandered forth a devotee, leaving no clew to his secret, which might also, even according to our ideas, cover considerable amounts of imperishable property; for these men will go on buying gems for generations on generations, till, like the Shah of Persia, according to Mr. Murray's account, they can produce precious stones in bucketfuls. They are quite exempt from robbery; they manage in their wildest moods to respect the secret treasure-house, and they are subject to very strange turns and freaks of fortune. Shah Soojah, for example, might have buried the Koh-i-noor, instead of racing about with it, and have forgotten the place, or have been unable to return to it. The Maharajah of Burdwan might die, and the secret of his treasure, believed to be buried in a tank on the estate, might perish with him. A good many circumstances besides flight from an enemy might predispose an Oriental prince or noble to bury treasure; and one would like to know, only it would be of no use to know, if any thing has been ascertained about the dispersion of the treasury, "full of the plunder of a world," which must once have existed in Samarcand, or if any search has ever been made in the ruined capital of Cambodia. But though such a treasure might exist, there is little hope of its discovery except by accident; and men hungering after sudden wealth will do much better to expend their energies in hunting for mines than in searching for treasures of coin and gems.

CAMBRIC APRON FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 56-60.

RUDIMENTARY ORGANS.

NOT one of the higher animals can be named which does not bear some part in a rudimentary condition; and man forms no exception to the rule. Rudimentary organs are either absolutely useless, or they are of such slight service to their present possessors that it is denied they could be developed under the conditions which now exist. Rudiments of various muscles have been observed in many parts of the human body; and not a few muscles which are regularly present in some of the lower animals can occasionally be detected in man in a greatly reduced condition. Every one must have noticed the power which many animals, especially horses, possess of moving or twitching their skin. This is effected by the panniculus carnosus. Remnants of this muscle in an efficient state are found in various parts of our own bodies; for instance, on the forehead, by which the eyebrows are raised.

The muscles which serve to move the external ear, which also belong to the system of the panniculus, are in a rudimentary condition in man; they are also variable in development, or at least in function. Mr. Darwin has seen one man who could draw his ears forward, and another who could draw them backward; one celebrated medical lecturer used to amuse his pupils by exhibiting to them the movements of his ears. It is supposed to be probable that most of us, by often touching our ears, and thus directing our attention toward them, could, by repeated trials, recover some power of movement. But no man possesses the least power of erecting his ears—the one movement which might be of use to him. The ears of the chimpanzee and orang are curiously like those of man, and the keepers in the Zoological Gar-

BRAIDED ALPACA BASQUE.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 36-39.

EMBROIDERED CASHMERE BASQUE.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 10-14.

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dens assert that those animals never move or erect them. Why these animals should have lost the power of erecting their ears we can not say. It may be that, owing to their arboreal habits and great strength, they were but little exposed to danger, and so during a lengthened period moved their ears but little, and thus gradually lost the power of moving them. This would be a parallel case with that of those large and heavy birds, which from inhabiting oceanic islands have not been exposed to the attacks of beasts of prey, and have consequently lost the power of using their wings for flight.

It appears as if the posterior molar, or wisdom-teeth, were tending to become rudimentary in the more civilized races of men. These are rather smaller than the other molars, as is likewise the case with the corresponding teeth in the chimpanzee and orang, and they have only two separate fangs. They do not cut through the gums till about the seventeenth year, and they are much more liable to decay and are earlier lost than the other teeth. In the Melanian races, on the other hand, the wisdom-teeth are usually furnished with three separate fangs, and are generally sound. Professor Schaaffhausen accounts for this difference between the races by "the posterior dental portion of the jaw being always shortened" in those that are civilized. This shortening Mr. Darwin attributes to civilized men habitually feeding on soft, cooked food, and thus using their jaws less. It is becoming quite a common practice in this country to remove some of the molar teeth of children, as the jaw does not grow large enough for the perfect development of the normal number.

UNDER THE BEDCLOTHES.

I WOULD give so much now if I'd only
  Obeyed dear mamma, and not read
That horrible ghost-story. Gracious,
  How strangely it runs in my head!

I've crept deep down under the bedclothes;
  I'm trying as hard as I can
To care not a bit for the darkness,
  But just go to sleep like a man.

The story was nonsense, I'm certain;
  Such things never happen—oh no;
How queer that I shouldn't believe it,
  And yet should be shivering so!

I've counted a hundred and fifty,
  But that doesn't alter my fright.
I'd rather have lots of sound whippings
  Than pass through another such night.

Of course I deserve to feel frightened;
  Mamma was so careful to say,
"Remember, don't touch this book, Johnny,"
  The morning she put it away.

And then, like a bad, silly fellow,
  I read it all through on the sly,
Forgetting what God did to Adam
  When *he* disobeyed, by-the-bye.

THE EMBROIDERED SURPLICE.

SUCH a season as I have had with my two nieces! and I must say I have been heartily provoked at Harriet Dimock, sister Ann's child though she is. However, that is all over now, and I shall take her to Washington with me this winter, if nothing happens. We have been spending the summer at Leicester, a quiet little town up among the hills. I took Harriet because her mother did not want her with her at the Springs, where there are too many flirtations going on for a city girl just out of school; and I took Antonia, my other niece, because her life has been in such a narrow groove for years, and I thought the sight of the grand hills around her all summer would do her good. And so it did at first; her eyes kindled, and her cheeks grew round and pink; the mountain air benefited Harriet too; she felt "up to any thing," as she said, flashing her saucy black eyes at me, as if she knew I was afraid of what she might do.

But after a little the girls seemed to get used to the mountains, and did not rave so much about the beautiful sunrises and sunsets. I thought that was natural enough, and went quietly on with my letter-writing and lace-work, letting the girls ride and walk as they chose, for Tonie could be trusted any where, and I did not hear of a single person in the neighborhood that Harriet could flirt with. But I was startled when she began to go to church service every morning at eight o'clock in little, old, ivy-covered St. Mark's, at the other end of the village. Tonie (we call her Tonie, because Antonia is such an absurdly stately name for the child) had done it regularly ever since the first day we came; but one always expects that of Tonie, she is such a devoted little High-Church Puseyite, and thinks nothing too much for the laity to do. She has even had a crucifix in her room, and a rosary, which some one brought from Rome and gave her.

So, as I hinted before, no one would think strange of Tonie's going to church every day—she would go ten times a day if she could. She thinks churches ought to be kept open continually, year in and year out, as they are in some countries. But when it came to Harriet's going, that was a different matter; and so the third morning that she started out in her stylish walking suit, *à la* Eugénie, with prayer-book in hand, I put on my bonnet and went too. The morning service was in the chapel—a small room with narrow pointed windows and stained glass that turned the sunshine into "dim religious light." There were not more than eight people present, counting ourselves. But then there was the clergyman! I know not what visions of priests and monks and anchorites trooped through my mind in the moment of his entrance and approach to the reading-desk, with his eyes on the floor and his arms folded cross-like on his breast. But when he began to read the sentences his voice, full of devotion and sweetness, pleased me. His face, too, was a handsome one, though young and boyish, and his close-cropped hair gave him a look of quaint simplicity, which accorded well enough. It was a pleasant little morning service, and I enjoyed it because of the young man's evident sincerity; he did not rattle over heedlessly the words of the prayers and lessons, but gave them with a fervor and earnestness that touched the heart. But I smiled a little to see, in the oft-repeated *glorias*, my two nieces bowing so lowly and crossing themselves just as he did. It might not be surprising in Tonie; but Harriet!

When the service was over I waited for the girls, who stood devoutly till the young priest had passed out. A well-meaning neighbor whom I had met once or twice stepped up to me and said how glad she was to see us there—"such an acquisition to our little flock!" I asked her who their rector was.

"Old Dr. Graves. He's gone across the ocean for his health," she replied; "and so Ralph Holland is supplying his place for the summer. The Reverend Ralph Holland, I should say, for he was ordained a month ago. He's just from the Theological Seminary, and 'most too ritualistic, we think; but he is so active in doing good we can't help but like him. Has he called on you yet? If he hasn't, he will before long."

Here Tonie and Hattie joined me, and we passed out through the little Gothic door. The Rev. Mr. Holland had had time to take off his surplice already, it seemed, for we saw him leaving the chapel by a side-door, looking more priest-like than ever in a close-fitting cassock buttoned tightly down in front.

"You've found me out, auntie," said Hattie, laughing saucily. "But now tell the truth, hasn't he a heavenly face?"

"Like the St. John in the chancel window in the church," murmured Tonie. "You will go to church next Sunday, won't you, auntie?"

"To see the St. John? Yes, I think I will," I said, smiling.

That very afternoon the young clergyman called on us. I always liked boys, and I liked him at once, for he seemed to me not much more than a boy, although he told me he was twenty-four years old, and in spite of his priestly dignity. He evidently had seen nothing of the world in a worldly way, but had confined himself to his books and to the church services with a spirit of self-sacrifice, and a pure purpose in his heart; harmless as a dove, but very, very far from serpent-wise. In ecclesiastical knowledge, however, he was wise enough, I soon thought, when I heard him quoting the fathers and the councils in a conversation with Tonie.

Now what did Harriet Dimock know or care about Nice, or Trent, or Ignatius? But she composed her mischievous face to a look of teachable humility, and asked bright little questions, and now and then fluttered off into some gay speech, or a ripple of light laughter, that brought pleased smiles to the grave young clerical face, and made him almost gay himself before he left us. Meanwhile, for my own part, I had discovered that his mother was an old school friend of my youth. This gratified him, and he promised to take me to see her some day, if I would venture so long a drive, she living far out in the country.

Either this or some rare congeniality found in us brought the Rev. Ralph Holland very frequently to visit us after that first call. Almost every day he stepped in with a book, a flower, or our letters from the office, our little cottage lying directly in his way.

On Sunday I went to hear him preach. Eloquent? No, scarcely that. Our young priest would never be a Luther or a Père Hyacinthe. It was the sermon of a youth; you have all heard such; but this was better than some, in that it did not spend itself in flowers of rhetoric. His views were narrowed by education and by prejudice, but he showed an anxious good-will toward mankind, and an eagerness to lead his little flock in the right way, that could but incline one's heart toward him. I listened, gently critical, while Tonie sat absorbed, intent on every word; and as for Hattie, I never saw her so wide awake in church before.

That afternoon Tonie took a class in Sunday-school. She said she should feel a great deal better to do so, as she had always had one at home. Not to be behindhand, Harriet would have taken one too, instantly, if she had had any idea what to say to the children; but knowing her inability, she modestly declined when Mr. Holland proposed it, saying she felt the need of instruction herself; and forthwith he took her into his Bible-class.

Days passed, and the plot thickened. Tonie made a set of book-marks for the Bible and prayer-book in the chapel, and Harriet inveigled Mr. Holland into playing croquet and taking mountain drives. She said all the young clergymen in England played croquet, for she had read about it in novels, and why shouldn't he? Tonie would never have thought of proposing such things herself, but she enjoyed the crumbs of gayety that fell to her share. I think she wished sometimes, when Hattie was making sparkling little speeches, that she could say bright, quick things too, bonmots and retorts; but that was not her way: her brightness was of a dainty, delicate type, that Hattie dazzled into insignificance at once. So she intrenched herself in her duties, my shy, sweet violet of a niece. It was a pretty sight to see her Sundays with her little scholars around her, singing hymns with them, or drilling them in the catechism with serious earnestness. She found two or three sick people that she could go to read to week-days, and a poor woman for whom she could make baby-linen. Harriet declared she believed Tonie meant to join a sisterhood when she went back to the city, and become Saint Antonia for life.

One day I heard the girls talking in low tones in the next room, and such mysterious words reached my ears as "altar cloths," "fald stool," "fringe of gold," "stoles," "neck bands," "chasuble," and then I lost several sentences; but presently Tonie's voice uttered, rapturously,

"And, oh! with white lilies worked all around the border!"

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Hattie. "You'll do it, won't you, Tonie? And I'll get the materials this very day."

"The very finest, finest linen," said Tonie, impressively—"fine enough to be drawn through a ring!"

"Some work for the temple," I thought to myself, with a smile. It was one of my favorite little fancies about Tonie that if she had lived in the days of Moses she would have been one of the wise-hearted maidens who spun with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue and of purple, and of scarlet and of fine linen, for the service of the tabernacle. She could stitch and embroider with such a beautiful daintiness that she was a perfect treasure to sewing societies and to people who wanted to get up presents for poor clergymen and poor churches. She never did such work for self-ornamenting—it was always in some way for the church. I could easily imagine her reverently fashioning mitres and girdles for the sons of Aaron, and making upon the hems of the robes pomegranates of blue and scarlet, and purple and twined linen.

That evening the girls took me into their counsel. They wanted to make something appropriate to give to the Rev. Mr. Holland, to testify their regard for him as a clergyman. The Leicester ladies had just given him a dressing-gown, it seemed.

"A green one!" exclaimed Hattie, laughing; "and green is not at all becoming to him!"

"And what do *you* think of making?" I asked, with interest.

"A surplice, auntie," said Tonie, softly. "You know I have nothing to give but my work. So Hattie buys the material, and I shall make it up."

"Just the thing, auntie, isn't it?" said Hattie. "The one he wears is at least six inches too short. I can see his boots as he walks into the chancel. I am sure it is one of Dr. Graves's old ones that he left behind. Every clergyman ought to have a surplice of his own."

"But will you know how to cut it out?" I asked, looking dubiously at the yards upon yards of exquisitely fine white linen that lay upon the table before me.

"I made a surplice once," said Tonie. "It was for a missionary. There was no embroidery on it, though; but I saw a beautifully embroidered one once, and took a copy of the design. It is like a running vine of lilies around the neck and down the front and all along the hem."

"And she is going to work a tiny Maltese cross on every button!" exclaimed Hattie, enthusiastically.

So the work commenced, and from thenceforth Tonie had no leisure moments. Harriet did not set a single stitch; she had no "knack at such things," she said. So she dressed herself bewitchingly, and frizzed little curls on her forehead, and sat in the cool piazza to be ready if Mr. Holland should call; for she confessed, in reckless, city-girls' phrase, that she was "dead in love with him." I began to think whether I ought to write to sister Ann; but remembering that I had heard Hattie say the same thing the year before of her music teacher, and then of her Italian teacher, I hoped this fancy would prove as evanescent as those. But I was particularly annoyed on the young clergyman's account. I was sure that there was gossip already abroad in the village about him, while such had been his indifference to the belles of the parish before we came that it had been the current belief among the people that he was under a vow of celibacy.

Tonie's beautiful work progressed beneath her skillful fingers. Lily after lily, in pure white embroidery, was wrought upon the fine linen. She could hardly be made to leave her needle when we called her out on the lawn to make up our game of croquet. Sometimes she brought her sewing out and sat with us in the piazza; but if Mr. Holland chanced to appear in the distance she fled away with her work-basket before he could get there, for the surplice was to be a profound secret till it was done.

One day she sat with us, with the whole white flowing robe in her lap, stitching at a seam, when Hattie sounded the alarm.

"Quick, quick, Tonie! He's coming round the corner!"

Tonie caught up the armful of snowy breadths and flew in-doors. She had no time to think of her work-basket, and the young man was even then at the gate, so Hattie drew it toward her on the bench, and began winding silk, as if it were her own, to divert suspicion.

Mr. Holland sat down by her, and as he talked of the weather and the mountains and the parish, his fingers strayed into the work-basket, as any idler's might, and drew from one of the silken pockets a strip of fine linen wrought with white lilies. Hattie uttered a little cry, and seized it from him, putting it in her pocket.

"Can you do such dainty needle-work as that, Miss Hattie?" he asked, in amused surprise.

"Of course I can, Sir!" she said, saucily. "Do you think there is any thing I *can't* do, even to embroidering a collar for auntie?"

"No, I don't believe there *is* any thing you can't do, you little wonder-worker!" he said, half seriously.

I pursed my lips as I sat, aunt-like, in the corner, watching the scene. "Now, when he gets that surplice," I thought to myself, "he'll remember the strip of lilies in the work-basket, and he will think Harriet Dimock worked every bit of it herself; I know he will!"

But as the whole thing was so very secret, and nothing could be said about it, I contented myself with walking up stairs and telling Tonie.

"Never mind, auntie! I don't do it for the praise of it," she said, flushing up a little; and then she added that she thought Hattie had done the best she could under the circumstances; and how vexatious it was that the work-basket had been left on the bench.

Meanwhile Hattie and Mr. Holland had strolled into the shady parlor where the piano stood, and presently she began to sing, and gay little morceaux from "Traviata" floated up to us on the summer breeze.

Hattie Dimock *is* a fascinating little thing, and that morning she was as pretty as a clove carnation, and as spicy. She is a true city girl—a creature reared for gas-light and ball-rooms and conservatories, standing on the verge of her belleship with glowing anticipations. She is not innocent and flower-like, like Tonie, but she is bright and keen as a diamond, in the glamour of her youth, and with, after all, a pretty good little heart beating under her fashionable bodice. She represented the world that summer to the young clergyman, and he was off his guard. He had kept himself aloof from it effectually thus far; but I suppose all people have to have their fight out with it sooner or later.

I knew just as well then as afterward what would happen. Tonie was the right girl for him, but I knew he would fall in love with Hattie.

The summer suns rose and set, and the great guardian mountains around us never relaxed their vigil. I never failed to spend at least two hours every day watching the mountain-tops and the clouds, even though the girls seemed to forget all about them.

One day the surplice was done. It was beautiful in its snowy whiteness and fineness, and the raised embroidery of lilies on its border was of the same snowy whiteness too; and upon each white button was a tiny white embroidered cross. It seemed, indeed, fitting raiment for one who ministered about holy things. That was Tonie's thought, I know, as she sat looking at it with solemn content, while Harriet raved over the perfectness of it.

It was carefully folded and laid in a box, and sent to the Rev. Ralph Holland on a Saturday evening, with the simple card, "From the ladies at the cottage." My nieces gracefully included me in the giving, though I had nothing to do with it; but I believe Hattie thought it looked more respectable.

Not for any thing would we have staid from church on Sunday. We all went; and sure enough the young priest appeared in his new surplice, more priest-like and dignified than ever. It was certainly much more becoming to him, if that was a proper subject of consideration, than his old one, which, as Hattie said, was undeniably too short.

He walked home with the girls from Sunday-school that afternoon, and staid to tea with us. He thanked us most gracefully for our remembrance of him, and said he had little thought, when he considered the lilies of the field, that he should ever be clothed with lilies himself.

"And I know whose little fingers made the lilies grow there," he added afterward, looking at Hattie; but she was absorbed in a search through the music-rack for an anthem, and did not hear him.

Tonie was more at liberty, now that her work was done, to join us in the parlor or at croquet; but the others had got used to doing without her, and they often strolled away in the twilight or the moonlight, leaving her shy and silent at my side. One evening they lingered late, and at last came with slow footsteps and low, murmuring voices that made me vaguely uneasy. Hattie followed me to my room that night, and sat down before me with bright, excited eyes and glowing cheeks. I was hardly surprised when she said, impressively,

"Oh, auntie, only think! he has proposed!"

"And you?"

"What could I do? Was this right, auntie? I asked for a few days' time before I answer him, and he granted it."

"Do you love him?"

"I don't know, auntie. Do you suppose I do? He looked *so* handsome to-night when we were walking under the trees. I felt as if I should like to go on walking so all my life, hearing him whisper nice things."

"Harriet Dimock!" I exclaimed; "what shall I do with you, you thoughtless girl? What will your mother say to such an abominable flirtation?"

"Poor mamma!" laughed Hattie; "she'll be in despair to have her eldest marry a poor young minister before she's even come out. But then he may be called to Grace Church some time, you know, auntie, or they may make him a bishop. I should like to be a bishop's wife."

For this wild air-castle I had no words.

"Besides," continued Hattie, more earnestly, "I suppose you think me nothing but a butterfly. But I am not at all sure that I want to give myself up to fashion and gayety all my days. Ralph is so good, if I marry him he will make me good too, and lead me to better things."

I looked at my stylish, handsome niece, more perplexed than before, remembering how often lives are influenced in the most unlooked-for ways. But I was troubled with doubts, and sat down to write, as soon as she left my room, a long letter to sister Ann at Saratoga.

For the next two or three days the Rev. Mr. Holland called often. Hattie received him with a dignified graciousness, still withholding her answer; while Tonie, informed of the state

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of affairs, kept aloof in by-ways and corners, busy as ever over her work-basket again, for she had taken some new Dorcas work in hand. Once Hattie, passing hastily, upset the basket, and gayly summoned Mr. Holland to help her gather up the scattered contents. He collected stray spools and silk-winders, and, reaching under the table, picked up a small white button bearing an embroidered cross. He looked at it with a flash of recognition.

"Tonie is a perfect little bee," said Hattie, noticing him. "Didn't you think she embroidered your surplice beautifully, Mr. Holland?"

"Was that Miss Tonie's work?" he inquired, surprised, hesitating. "I thought—I had a fancy—that it was *yours*."

"Mine!" laughed Hattie, frankly. "No, indeed! Tonie did every stitch of it. I don't know how to sew, can't even darn a stocking; mamma never brought me up to it."

And then she merrily told the story of how Tonie had run away with her work whenever he came, and of the afternoon when she left her basket in the piazza.

On the fourth day Ralph Holland invited Hattie to take a long drive with him through the lovely country around Leicester. It was growing dark when they returned, and Mr. Holland drove rapidly away when Hattie had alighted, without stopping for tea, as I expected him to. Hattie looked sober, and beckoned me up stairs with her. There she told me that she had come to a decision, and had declined the young man's proposal.

"It never would have done in the world, auntie," she said. "Why, don't you think, his mother lives in a little, old, tumble-down, brown house, and she was out under an apple-tree making soap! I begged him not to stop, so she didn't see us. Now, of course, I admire self-made men; but I *couldn't* undertake to live on eight hundred a year, and that is all he will get, even if Dr. Graves resigns and they give him a call to settle here. You know, just my clothes this last year have cost a thousand dollars. It never would do. Mamma would be furious at me, and quite right. But it is too bad, isn't it, auntie, when I like him so much? I never shall see any one I like so well again!" And Hattie sighed over her hard fortune.

To my relief the next morning's earliest train brought sister Ann from Saratoga. She had taken alarm at my letter, and came to look out for her daughter. Great was her relief when she found how the affair had terminated, but she declared she would not leave Hattie in Leicester any longer; and bidding her pack her trunks at once, made ready for departure, and in twenty-four hours Tonie and I found ourselves alone together.

It would have been too bad to shorten Tonie's season of recreation because of Hattie's misdeeds, so I determined to remain among the mountains till the middle of September, just as we had first planned. It was a long time before Mr. Holland came to our cottage again, but we heard on every hand that he was devoting himself to his parish duties with excessive energy. We saw him at church, of course, but not to exchange words; and when we met on the street he greeted us kindly, but never stopped. He knew that we knew his secret, and naturally it could not be pleasant to him.

At last one evening he called, and in a hurried, anxious manner told Tonie that one of her little Sunday scholars was dangerously ill, and that she kept begging that her teacher would come to see her. The sickness was not infectious, and the child's distress was so great that he had promised her parents to try and get Miss Tonie to come. I knew the child—a pretty, engaging little girl, very poor, but bright and affectionate. Tonie got ready hastily, and putting up a little basket of delicacies, started forth with Mr. Holland, who had waited to escort her. An hour later he returned without her, and told me that the child continuing very ill, my niece had determined to stay and watch with her during the night.

"You ought to see her there by that poor little bed," he said, warmly; "she is just like an angel of light in that house. You never saw any thing like the change she has wrought."

I begged him to call there again as he went back, and tell Tonie to come home the first thing in the morning, for I was afraid she would tire herself out.

"I will see to it myself," he said; "she shall come back very early."

And she did. She came back the next morning just as I was sitting down to breakfast, and Mr. Holland with her, so I made him stay for a cup of coffee. The child was better, and Tonie looked bright and glad in spite of the sleepless circles under her eyes. Mr. Holland appeared slightly nervous, yet pleased to be sitting there familiarly with us again. No allusion was made to Hattie or to his previous visits. In fact, by tacit consent, we all turned over a new leaf.

He came to see us frequently after that; we spent quiet hours together in the cool piazza; we took quiet walks together among the beautiful hills. Tonie brightened; for once in her life she had just the right setting to show her for the gem she really was. Her brooding eyes gained light; her lips learned pretty little tricks of smiling; she changed before my eyes from a shy nun to a very sweet little beauty indeed. You know the handfuls of May-flowers we get in the spring, fresh and pure, with forest fragrance and tinted loveliness. Tonie seemed to me just like a cluster of May-flowers.

September began to slip away from us. There came a time when we must set our day for leaving Leicester. The evening before that day Mr. Holland spent with us; we were none of us very talkative; but when at last Tonie went up stairs to collect some books he had lent her, the young clergyman crossed the room to my side and said, abruptly,

"I made a blunder once: ought that to stand in the way of my happiness for all time to come?"

I smiled upon him encouragingly.

"In my view it ought not," I said; "but I am not good at abstruse questions. Here comes Tonie; ask her."

And as Tonie entered with the books I slipped out.

It is December now. Yesterday, while on one of my shopping excursions, I found in an antiquarian bookstore a medieval missal, richly illuminated, and heavy with its carved covers. I will lay it among Tonie's wedding gifts—it will be such a delight to her little ecclesiastical heart.

She is to be married next week; the hands that worked the lilies are to strew flowers for a lifetime in the young clergyman's pathway.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A FEW weeks ago printed notices were scattered through Paris announcing that citizens of all classes might see the apartments lately occupied by the ex Emperor and Empress on payment of a few francs; but that if they desired to purchase tickets for the concert, "whereby these saloons might be at length rendered useful to the people," they should be permitted to enjoy the extra show gratis. The opportunity was not disregarded. Every class of Parisian society was represented in the throng that surged through the apartments, from which most of the decorations and many of the necessary appendages had been removed or torn away by ruthless hands. The velvet-covered seats were occupied by the motley crowd, and portraits which yet hung upon the walls were covered with red cloth. Curious eyes peered into secret places, querying concerning the customs of the banished imperial family. And when the concert commenced the frivolous Parisians laughed and applauded with their usual gayety. Alas, poor Paris! and pity mingles with our instinctive indignation against the mad Parisians. The Tuileries lies in ruins, the Louvre is at least partially destroyed, and other noted buildings have been injured—to what extent we scarcely know at this writing—by the crazy populace. The glory of Paris has departed.

A noticeable improvement at Saratoga this season is the new and commodious dépôt. The baggage-room connected with it is extensive enough to accommodate any number of "Saratoga trunks."

Report says that fifteen thousand children in the public schools at Boston are pronounced to be sufficiently advanced in their musical studies to take part in the next musical festival; and eleven thousand more are under training for the same purpose.

"It was rum! it was rum!" was the answer of William Foster, when asked by his counsel what induced him to commit the deed which has brought such distress to at least two families, and will probably cost him his life.

St. Simon's Island, near Brunswick, Georgia, has been lately visited by several Methodists for the purpose of photographing the venerable live-oak under the umbrageous branches of which John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached his first sermon in America.

A paper was presented to the French Academy of Medicine some months ago by Dr. Revillout, in which he stated that in his experience he had found lemon juice one of the most efficacious medicines which can be applied to diphtheria. The throat should be freely gargled with the juice, and a little swallowed occasionally to act on the more deep-seated portions of the membranous formation.

A handsome and resolute American girl who happened to be in Paris when Rossini died desired to attend his funeral. Notwithstanding the efforts of her brother, the proper arrangements were not consummated; no ticket of admission could be purchased at any price. But she proved equal to the emergency. She dressed herself becomingly, and early in the morning repaired to the church where the services were to be held, and secured a seat. After hours had passed the authorities desired to clear the edifice to make room for the legitimate mourners and audience. But all efforts to make the young lady comprehend what was wished were vain. A gendarme was called in, but the choicest Parisian at his command was useless. Nor could she understand his emphatic gestures. Finally politeness conquered duty; the authorities left the lady in possession of her seat, and she heard the grand music.

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* has a curious list of medical subscribers. Among them are Dr. Death, Dr. Slaughter, Dr. Dye, Dr. Coffin, Dr. Toombs, and Dr. Graves. This sombre catalogue is relieved by a Dr. Life, a Dr. Strength, and a Dr. Joy.

It is said that the Empress Eugénie has become very nervous and discontented with her surroundings at Chiselhurst. The exiled imperial family live in perfect seclusion, and the household arrangements are modest and economical. Yet the financial resources of Napoleon must be ample for the future needs of his family.

Charles Dickens was a charming letter-writer, as letters which are from time to time made public assure us more and more fully. In a letter to Professor Felton he tells, in his peculiar style, the following story of "Dando:"

"Perhaps you don't know who Dando was. He was an oyster-eater, my dear Felton. He used to go into oyster-shops, without a farthing of money, and stand at the counter eating natives until the man who opened them grew pale, cast down his knife, staggered backward, struck his white forehead with his open hand, and cried, 'You are Dando!' He has been known to eat twenty dozen at one sitting, and would have eaten forty if the truth had not flashed upon the shop-keeper. For these offenses he was constantly committed to the house of correction. During his last imprisonment he was taken ill, got worse and worse, and at last began knocking violent double-knocks at death's door. The doctor stood beside his bed, with his fingers on his pulse. 'He is going,' says the doctor. 'I see it in his eye. There is only one thing that would keep life in him for another hour, and that is—oysters.' They were immediately brought. Dando swallowed eight, and feebly took a ninth. He held it in his mouth and looked round the bed strangely. 'Not a bad one, is it?' says the doctor. The patient shook his head, rubbed his trembling hand upon his stomach, bolted the oyster, and fell back dead. They buried him in the prison yard, and paved his grave with oyster-shells."

An English gentleman, while driving through the Central Park one fine May afternoon, declared that he had visited all the fashionable parks and pleasure-grounds of the world, but that he had seen nothing equal to the New York Central Park for variety of charms. Other parks may possess some special excellence which makes them noted; but the harmonious and beautiful variety in ours contents our citizens, and makes them proud of it.

A clergyman who was recently discoursing upon the alarming increase of intemperance astonished his audience by exclaiming, "A young man in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sunday while I was preaching the Gospel in a beastly state of intoxication." Moral: clergymen should study grammar.

Here is something for women to reflect upon: "Why do you oppose the giving of the ballot to women?" asked a lady the other evening of a confirmed bachelor.

"Excuse me, madam," replied he, "but I have not sufficient confidence in their capacity to conduct government affairs."

"What evidence of their mental inferiority to mankind can you adduce?" queried the lady.

"A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frightful way in which they put up their back hair."

During the months spent by Professor Huntington and his party on Mount Washington, about thirty-five different persons visited the summit, several of them being so much entertained by the excursion as to make a second visit. Two Dartmouth students, who were led by their love of adventure and the pursuit of science to investigate these upper regions in term time, without obtaining permission to absent themselves from college, were "rusticated" on their return—which must have put a damper upon their fondness for scientific study.

Although the history of the old Louvre is somewhat obscure, it is believed to have been commenced by Philip Augustus in the thirteenth century. The tower of the Louvre was used as a state-prison at that time. But Francis I. rebuilt it, commencing in reality the Louvre of the present age. Improvements were made by Henry II. and Louis XIV., and later by Napoleon Bonaparte and Louis Napoleon. It has been considered as superior in artistic design and execution to any other building in Paris. Its famous colonnade, known as the Colonnade du Louvre, and built by Louis XIV., was considered one of the masterpieces of the age. It consisted of twenty-eight double Corinthian columns, the façade being 525 feet in length. The idea of connecting the Tuileries with the old Louvre by the new Louvre originated with the first Napoleon; but political events prevented him from accomplishing this, and it was left for his nephew to carry out his design. The entire palace, with the Tuileries, covered about sixty acres of ground. The library of the Louvre, which was formerly the private library of Louis Philippe, comprised nearly 90,000 volumes. The museum of the Louvre has long been celebrated for its exceeding rare and valuable collection of paintings, sculptures, and antiquities of various kinds. Its painting gallery has been esteemed the finest in the world, considering both the quality and the number of rare masterpieces there collected.

The inauguration of the Mont Cenis Tunnel is announced to take place in July.

A rumor exists in London that the Royal Mint is soon to be transferred to the Thames Embankment. This is objected to by the press and the people on the ground that although it is a great and important institution of state, it is none the less a huge factory, and its chimneys send forth unpleasant and unwholesome exhalations, quite out of place on the beautiful river-side promenade. We do not know whether the objections of Londoners will avail any more than numerous similar objections which for years past have been made by citizens of New York concerning nuisances.

The palace of the Tuileries was commenced in 1564 by Catherine de Medicis. It has been the scene of many a riotous demonstration during the revolutions of Paris. More than one sovereign has been forcibly ejected from it. It was the official residence of the First Consul. After the Restoration Charles X. and the royal family lived there. In 1830 the mob entered and drove out the king. It was the residence of Louis Philippe until the revolution of 1848. In 1849 it was occupied as a gallery for the exhibition of paintings; after that time, until the flight of the Empress Eugénie, it was the city residence of the imperial family. Many of its apartments were very magnificent.

Chili has been visited with two earthquakes more violent than any which have been experienced there for twenty years. Fortunately there was no loss of life, but many accidents occurred, and buildings were thrown down and otherwise damaged. In Valparaiso the streets were instantly filled with terror-stricken people, who were in such a state of excitement that the utmost confusion prevailed, and every one seemed to have lost his presence of mind.

The physicians attending on Victor Emanuel recommend a long sojourn in Sicily as beneficial to his health. He is now building a villa in the environs of Palermo.

The style of observing frequent anniversaries of weddings, as a sort of "gift enterprise," is, happily, less fashionable than it was a few years ago. Such occasions are always pleasant to be remembered in the family circle; and when they come to be the fiftieth or seventy-fifth anniversary, some more extensive recognition of them is agreeable and appropriate. But when it is deemed necessary to invite all friends and acquaintances to a special visit every fifth year, the whole matter degenerates into a mere begging contrivance, which is repulsive to sensitive and delicate-minded persons. What wonder that it is repulsive, when the custom becomes reduced to such a programme as the following? We mistake in saying *reduced—swollen* would be the appropriate term. First anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, silver; thirtieth anniversary, cotton; thirty-fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woolen; forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, golden; seventy-fifth anniversary, diamond. Moreover, this list can not be quite complete, for a "paper wedding" comes in somewhere, and we think we have heard of still other kinds not mentioned.

A writer in *Home and Health*, in speaking of the emergencies which often arise in the family, calling for household help from the husband, says:

"I can not tell why it should be any more degrading, even for a man of culture, to make fires, sweep the parlor carpet, do the washing or cooking, or even wash dishes, than it is for his cultured wife to do the same things; nor why it is not just as honorable for him to help her thus about any work for which his nerve and muscle is more adequate as it is for her to indite his letters and attend to his business in his absence or illness, or to read Latin and Greek to him if his eyes should fail him in time of need. The acme of attainment in this direction is that when all men and women are allowed to follow the pursuits for which they find themselves best adapted, those shall be considered the most accomplished lords and ladies of creation who shall be able most readily to adapt themselves to the circumstances in which they may be placed, and *do* what is needed."

Chinamen in Sacramento are selling their long queues for three dollars apiece. Sacred as is this appendage, money is valued more by them. The tails are to be made into chignons, or something of the kind, in which form they will be better appreciated by Americans.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BROILED PORK-STEAK.—The tenderloin is by far the nicest part, but any lean, white meat is very good. Split the steak, so as to allow its cooking through without burning or drying, and broil it slowly. When ready to turn over dip it into a gravy of hot water, butter, pepper, and salt, which should be kept hot on a dish; after this baste and turn it frequently. It takes about twenty minutes to broil a good-sized piece thoroughly. If it is not convenient to cook it on a gridiron, baking it in a dripping-pan and basting it often is almost as good.

CHICKEN SALAD.—The chickens should be well fatted ones of a medium size (not overgrown), and the flesh delicate and white. Cook them in the morning, using the water they were boiled in for soup, omitting all seasoning until the fowls have been taken out. When entirely *cold*, cut in pieces the size you wish (having previously removed the skin), and place in a cool, dry cellar until wanted. If the meat inclines to dry, throw over it a clean cloth slightly dampened in cold water. Having selected the finest, whitest heads of celery, cut it the size desired. The best "fancy cooks" do not *mince* it, but have both the celery and chicken in pieces about an inch long and half as thick. When ready, put the celery between clean, sweet cloths to make it perfectly dry, and then prepare your dressing as follows: To a pair of chickens allow three-quarters of a bottle of the freshest, sweetest salad-oil you can find, two scant table-spoonfuls of the best Durham mustard, the yolks of two raw eggs, and of ten or twelve hard-boiled ones. To prepare the hard-boiled eggs put them in a saucepan of cold water over a hot fire, and let them boil as hard as they can for ten minutes; longer will not hurt them; cool them by plunging into cold water, and remove the shells. Break the raw eggs, dropping the yolks into a large dish, and stir the same way for about ten minutes; then slowly add the mustard; mix it in well; then add a tea-spoonful of the best vinegar, and when this is incorporated, add the oil a drop at a time, stirring it all the while, and always the same way. Into the hard-boiled yolks, which have been well smoothed and mashed, mix lightly about a tea-cupful of vinegar, and pour slowly into the first preparation, mixing as lightly as possible with a fork. Season the chicken and celery with salt and pepper to taste, and pour on the dressing. It should not be allowed to stand long after mixing. In cold weather, if set where it is too cold, the ingredients of the mixture will separate and ruin it. Chickens or turkeys fattened on mush-and-milk, and kept in a dark and not too cold place while fattening, make the nicest, whitest meat imaginable.

RICE MERINGUE.—One cupful of carefully sorted rice, boiled in water until it is soft; when done, drain it so as to remove all the water; cool it, and add one quart of new milk, the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, three table-spoonfuls of white sugar, and a little nutmeg; pour into a baking-dish, and bake about half an hour. Let it get cold; beat the whites of the eggs, add two table-spoonfuls of sugar, flavor with lemon or vanilla, drop or spread it over the pudding, and slightly brown it in the oven.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Bake sponge-cake batter in a flat, square pan so that it will be about an inch in thickness when done. Let it cool, and cut it in pieces about three inches square. Slice and butter it, and lay the pieces back as they were before you split them. Make a custard with four eggs and a quart of new milk, flavor and sweeten to taste; it is very nice if you use almond flavor in the cake and lemon or vanilla in the custard. Lay the slices in a baking-dish so that when the custard is poured over them it will be nearly full. Bake half an hour.

PUFF OMELET.—Beat well the whites of three and the yolks of six eggs until they are light. Mix together a tea-cupful of new milk or cream, a table-spoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste; pour this on the yolks and whites that have been beaten together. In a pan melt a piece of butter; when it is hot, pour in the mixture and set the pan in a hot oven; when it seems to thicken up, pour on the three whites saved out, and which have been beaten light; return it to the oven and let it brown. Slip it out on a dish so that the top part may remain up.

A very nice way of boiling eggs is to put them in a saucepan of *cold* water, place it on a hot part of the stove, and take them out when the water boils. It is said they are more delicate this way than when put right into boiling water. If they are not sufficiently cooked by the time the water boils, they can be left in a minute or so longer.

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Ladies' Summer Hats and Bonnets, Figs. 1–14.

Figs. 8 and 6.—ITALIAN STRAW HAT. The trimming of this hat consists of black lace, bows, loops and ends of black velvet ribbon, a black ostrich feather, and a tuft of white azaleas, with long hanging grasses, at the right side of the hat. Fig. 6, on page 372, shows the hat without the trimming.

Figs. 9 and 2.—NEAPOLITAN BONNET. The trimming of this bonnet, which is of light gray Neapolitan braid, consists of black lace, black ostrich feathers, and a dark red rose. Ribbons of dark gray gros grain, trimmed with pipings of light gray gros grain and black lace, as shown by the illustration. For this may be substituted

Fig. 9.—NEAPOLITAN BONNET.—[See Fig. 2, Page 372.]

narrower ribbons without trimming, which are sewed on the bonnet and tied in a bow at the back under the chignon. Fig. 2, page 372, shows the bonnet without trimming.

Figs. 10 and 1.—TULLE AND LACE HAT. This hat of black lace is trimmed with gathered black lace, black gros grain ribbon, black ostrich feathers, and a dark red flower with long drooping sprays. For the frame cut of a double layer of black stiff lace from Figs. 27–30, Supplement, each one piece. Sew up the pleats indicated on Fig. 28, join all parts according to the corresponding figures, sew covered wire to the frame as shown by the illustration, and as indicated on the pattern, and bind the frame all around with black gros grain, at the same time fastening a piece of covered wire. Finally, cover the hat with black figured tulle, line it, and trim as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 12.—ENGLISH STRAW BONNET WITH REVE [See Fig. 3, Page 372.]

Figs. 11 and 5.—CRAPE BONNET. This bonnet is of light brown crape, and is trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with lace, brown gros grain ribbon, and brown flowers and leaves. Brown gros grain strings. For the frame cut of a double layer of stiff lace from Figs. 24–26, Supplement, each one piece, sew a piece of covered wire to each piece along the outer edge and along the dotted line given, join the parts according to the corresponding figures, and bind the bonnet all around with gros grain two-fifths of an inch wide. Finally, cover the frame smoothly with a three or four fold layer of crape, and sew on the puffs of plain crape and the trimming. Fig. 5, page 372, shows a straw bonnet of the shape of the bonnet shown by Fig. 11.

Figs. 12 and 3.—ENGLISH STRAW BONNET. WITH REVERS. This bonnet is of white English straw. The revers are bound with narrow black velvet. The trimming for the bonnet consists of

Fig. 8.—ITALIAN STRAW HAT.—[See Fig. 6, Page 372.]

Fig. 11.—CRAPE BONNET.—[See Fig. 5, Page 372.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 24–26.

Fig. 14.—FLORENTINE STRAW HAT.—[See Fig. 7, Page 372.]

LADIES' SUMMER BONNETS.

black lace, black velvet ribbon, and grape leaves with grapes. Black velvet strings. Fig. 3, page 372, shows the latter untrimmed.

Figs. 13 and 4.—CRAPE AND LACE BONNET. This bonnet of violet crape is trimmed with violet lace, velvet, and gros grain ribbon. For the frame cut of white stiff lace one piece from Fig. 31, Supplement, sew up the pleats in this piece, edge it with covered wire, and bind it with violet gros grain. Cover the frame smoothly with a threefold layer of violet crape, and then with puffs of crape, as shown by the illustration. At the front edge of the bonnet sew a row of violet lace turned upward, and two rows turned downward, as shown by the illustration, and cover the seams made by doing this with a bias strip of violet velvet a little

Fig. 10.—TULLE AND LACE HAT.—[For Frame see Fig. 1, Page 372.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 27–30.

narrower toward the ends than at the middle. Sew lace on the back edge of the bonnet, and finish with the remaining trimming as shown by the illustration. At the front, at the under corners of the bonnet, sew on long gros grain strings, which tie under the chignon.

Figs. 14 and 7.—FLORENTINE STRAW HAT. This Florentine straw hat is trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with light and dark brown gros grain ribbons wound around each other. At the right side of the hat are several loops of light ribbon, and at the back a long and short end of darker ribbon. At the middle of the hat is a tuft of brown leaves and grasses, and along the inside of the hat is set a row of black lace. Fig. 7, page 372, shows the hat untrimmed.

Fig. 13.—CRAPE AND LACE BONNET.—[For Frame see Fig. 4, Page 372.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 31.

Walking or Traveling Suit (Dress with Mantelet).

See Illustration on page 377.

THIS traveling suit consists of a dress and mantelet. Box-pleated ruffles and piping form the trimming. To make the mantelet, cut of the material and lining from Figs. 32, 33, and 35, Supplement, each two pieces, and from Fig. 34 one piece, having previously joined the piece turned down in Supplement on Fig. 32. After running the material and lining together, join the pieces, Figs. 32–35, according to the corresponding figures, and cut a slit at the middle of the back along the double line on Fig. 34. Face the outer edge of the mantelet and the slit with a strip of silk an inch and three-quarters wide, and trim it with ruffles and piping as shown by the illustration. Sew the back on Fig. 33 from 3 to ● along the straight line given; and to the under side of Fig. 34, at the end of the waist, set a belt, which is closed under the front. Finally, sew hooks and eyes to the corners indicated by * on Fig. 35. In adjusting the mantelet, the fronts are crossed at the middle of the front, and the basque part is closed at the middle of the back under the back. The first illustration shows the mantelet made of ladies' cloth, and the second of the material of the dress.

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THE POPULAR NAMES OF PLANTS.

THIS subject is one of much interest, as it throws a great deal of light upon ethnology, philology, the manners and customs of our ancestors, and similar matters relating to the history of our race.

Many of the popular names of plants are derived from the doctrine of *signatures*, or signs and significances applied to the plant, or to some part of it, which betokened, as our forefathers believed, the uses to which the Creator intended it should be applied. According to this doctrine, the Lungwort (*Pulmonaria officinalis*) must be a specific for tuberculous lungs, because its spotted leaves were supposed to resemble lungs thus diseased; the seeds of the Gromwell (*Lithospermum officinale*) must be good for the gravel, because they are hard and stony; the roots of Scrophularia for scrofulous glands, because its knotty and tuberous roots resemble certain forms of scrofula; and so with numerous other plants. An old writer, speaking of the Garlic, says: "The seed of the garlic is black; it darkens the eyes with blackness and obscurity. This is to be understood of healthy eyes. But those which are dull, through vicious humidity, from these garlic drives that viciousness away. The tunic of garlic is ruddy; it expels blood. It has a hollow stock; and it helps affections of the windpipe." In this extract we not only have a recognition of the doctrine of signatures, but also of Hahnemann's doctrine of "similia similibus," etc., in the contrary effects produced by the garlic upon healthy and diseased eyes.

ORGANDY DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see description in Supplemen

LINEN DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 52–55.

NANSOOK DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

In the English name of Bed-straw, given to the *Galium verum* of the botanists, we have an allusion to one of the domestic economies of the olden time, when its soft, puffy, floculent stems were used as bedding, even by the upper classes; and from this use came the expression, "in the straw," as applied to ladies in their confinement.

PERCALE DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

WALKING OR TRAVELING SUIT (DRESS WITH MANTELET). FRONT AND BACK.

For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 32–36.

PIQUÉ DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 47–51.

The name Belladonna, or Fair Lady, is applied to the Deadly Nightshade, or *Atropa belladonna* of the botanists, because its berries were used by the Italian ladies as a cosmetic—a use to which, if report be true, it is still put in the form of extract of belladonna, taken to give brilliancy to the eye and enlargement of the pupil.

The name of Forget-me-not, as applied to the pretty blue Myosotis, is of modern application, having been given to the plant since the beginning of the present century. Formerly it was applied to the *Ajuga chamæpitys*, or Ground-Pine of the English, on account of the nauseous taste of the plant, which it is hard to get rid of after tasting it. In this sense it was also applied by the French and the Netherlanders; but the Danes applied the name to the *Veronica chamædrys*, referring to the blossoms falling off easily.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 40–42.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 40–42.

The names Maiden-hair and Maid's-hair have been applied to three different plants; the first to a species of Fern, on account of its fine, hair-like stems; and also by the Dutch to the Bog Asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragum*), because it was said to be used by young girls to give their hair a golden tint; maid's-hair was applied to the *Galium verum*, or bed-straw, because its soft, yellow stems resembled the hair of maidens "made yellowe with lye," a fashion still in vogue among us.

Meadow-sweet, applied to the *Spirea ulmaria* of our gardens, is a corruption from Mead-wort, the flowers of the plant having been used to mix with mead to give it the flavor of certain wines; it was also, in like manner, used to give flavor to beer and other drinks.

The Nettle derives its name from *net*, a form of the Indo-European verb *ne*, to spin or sew; our word *needle* being derived from the same source. In former times the fibres of the nettle were used by the Germanic and Scandinavian nations to make thread and twine, but it has been since superseded by flax and hemp, whose names import that they were introduced among the northern nations from the south. It is a curious fact that the now much talked of Ramé grass, a fibre plant, is allied to the nettle family, and is a native of Northern India.

LINEN DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 43–46.

The name Primrose, as applied to the *Primula auricula* of the botanists, was not originally applied to that plant, but to the Daisy (*Bellis perennis*). Formerly it was written pryme rolles, or primerole, because "it beareth the first flouer in *pryme tyme*." The word primerole is an abbreviation of the French *primeverole*, and this comes from the Italian *primaverola*, a diminutive of *primavera*; hence *fiore di primavera*, or the first flower of spring. This being a foreign word, it was soon transformed into *prime rolles*, and again into *primrose*, although neither the Primula nor the Bellis has the remotest similarity to the rose.

The name Snowdrop, as applied to the pretty *Galanthus nivalis*, has not reference, as is generally understood, to its resemblance to a flake of snow, or to its piercing the snow in the early spring season, but to the large pendants or drops worn as ear-rings or hangings to brooches by the ladies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The name Gillyflower, formerly spelled gilofre and gyllofer, is a curious example of the changes a word undergoes in being transferred from one language to another. Originally it was, in Latin, *caryophyllum*, a word compounded from two Greek words, *karyon*, a nut, and *phyllon*, a leaf, in allusion, no doubt, to the nutmeg odor of the flowers. From *caryophyllum* it became, in Italian, *garofano*, from thence, into French, *giroflée*, and finally, in English, through *gilofre* and *gyllofer* into our modern *gillyflower*. This name was originally given to the Carnation, which was called Clove Gillyflower; it was afterward applied to the Wall-flower, as the Wall Gillyflower; and lastly to the Stock, as the Stock Gillyflower; the word stock being prefixed to distinguish it from the Clove Gillyflower, because the stem and branches resembled the stock or stem of a tree or shrub. In connection with this the name carnation has no reference or derivation from the Latin *carnis*, as relating to its color, but is a misspelling of coronation, the flowers being formerly used in making coronæ, or chaplets.

The name Yarrow, as applied to the Achillea, is another instance of similar transformation; it comes from two Greek words, *hiera-botane*, signifying holy herb. In the northern languages *hi* is replaced by *y* or *j*, the latter in German having the sound of the former; hence *hiera* becomes *jera*, and, to express our English-Germanic pronunciation, *yarrow*, in the same way as Hieronymus becomes Jerome.

Bleeding-heart and Heart's-ease were names applied in former times to the Wall-flower, and not, as now, to the Dielytra and the Pansy; these names were given to the Wall-flower on account of its being used as a medicine "for the passions of the heart." It was also called the Bloody Warrior, on account of its petals being tinged with crimson.

The Blessed Thistle (*Carduus marianus*) is so called from an ancient legend that its virtues, medicinally, were owing to the milk of

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the Virgin Mary having fallen upon its leaves when nursing the infant Jesus.

The Pansy, or Paunce, is supposed to derive its name from the French *pensee*, thought, from its habit of hanging its head and half hiding its face. But, aside from this, the flower has always had an amatory significance, for what reason we can not divine, and from this significance has received a great number of quaint names, such as "Kiss me at the garden gate;" "Jump up and kiss me;" "Kiss me ere I rise;" "Cull me," an abbreviation of "Cuddle me to you;" "Live in idleness;" "Love in idleness," an abbreviation of the line of an old song, "To live and love in idleness," and this, perhaps, from "love in idle," which, in its old literal sense, meant "in vain"—"love in idle pances," or in "vain thoughts;" "Tittle my fancy;" "Pink of my John;" and numerous others. It was called "Herb Trinity," and "Three faces under a hood," because of its three colors combined in one flower; also "Flamy," or "Flame-flower," on account of its color; and, by some confusion of names, "Heart's-ease," a name properly belonging to the Wall-flower.

In going through the whole list of the popular names of plants we find that they all have their derivation or significance from similar sources to those above indicated; but, unfortunately, the names are so often indiscriminately applied that it is difficult to readily ascertain the plant intended. For instance, the name "Wandering Jew" is applied to four or five different and distinct plants, and it is for this reason that, where precision of nomenclature is desired, we have to fall back upon the, to many uncouth, names given by the botanists.

Generally speaking, our American names are the same as the English; some are derived from the Indian names, and others have direct reference to the medical, useful, or other qualities of the plants.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

TOWARD the close of the fourth decade of the present century there was well known in Venice one of those large and ancient palaces on the Canal Grande, close to the Piazetta—the Palazzo Wetzlar, the proprietress of which was not only popular in Venice, but, through her family relations, enjoyed a European, almost a world-wide, celebrity. At that period the Baroness Wetzlar was already a matron of commanding figure—not very tall, and rather corpulent—with finely cut features, a Maria Theresa head, and presenting, on the whole, a most imposing appearance. Her dark hair was sprinkled with gray, and always very plainly arranged under a lace cap, which fringed her smooth, marble-like brow. Her large eyes revealed in their depth a world of intellect and enthusiastic fire; but in their tender melancholy could be read the traces of long and patient suffering. Her majestic form was always dressed in black satin or velvet, closely fitting the outlines of her handsome figure, and tightly banding her white neck. No other colors, no other stuffs, and no more freedom in style, had she admitted for many years. She might be said to have been always in mourning.

There were two curious things about this remarkable lady—two rings: one, with a large and brilliant diamond setting, worn upon the thumb of her left hand; the other, a small, thin, plain circlet of gold, which seemed to have almost grown into the flesh of the tip of the little finger of the same hand. The woman we have thus minutely described had a son, who was the early rival of Franz Liszt—who, next to him, was the greatest pianist and most celebrated virtuoso of his time: she was the mother of Sigismund Thalberg. The Baroness Wetzlar made no secret of her illegitimate happiness; she was proud of her celebrated son. In the church register in which the birth of Thalberg is recorded her name appears as that of his mother, that of Count Dietrichstein as his father. Some have said that Thalberg was of ignoble blood; that he sprang from a washer-woman; that even in her mind there were doubts of his paternity. Not so; he was of patrician origin. Family relations—matters of little interest at this time to the public, and which should not be exposed—had prevented the legitimate union of the two persons whose high talents and devoted love seemed to specially adapt them to each other—the mother and father of Thalberg.

On the 7th of January, 1812, the Baroness Wetzlar gave birth to a son, who, at the baptismal font, received the name of Sigismund. He was not allowed to bear the name and coat of arms of his father, but his parents gave to him the name of Thalberg. The etymology of this name is indicative of truly maternal tenderness.

"Let this child be a peaceful valley (*thal*), where I may henceforth conceal my holy, still, and home-like happiness; but let it also be a mountain (*berg*), upon which my pride and my greatest love shall be high enthroned, which in its greatness may surpass all the vain spirit of caste prejudice which now intervenes between him and me."

Such were the words which the Baroness spoke to the father of her child when she gave to the latter the name of Thalberg.

The faithful mother kept her word, and Providence sustained her in her noble maternal mission. Her son's talents became evident at an early day; and how great was the triumph of the fond mother when she discovered his wonderful musical genius! Now, at length, peace, happiness, and pride returned to her heart. The poor child, scion of two old and glorious aristocratic families, was doomed to walk through the world without a name; but fortune held in store for him ample compensation in the proud title he was destined to obtain in that struggle which was to cover his head with glory. Instead of the coronet of his ancestors, which was not to crown his head, Apollo wreathed his brow with ever-blooming laurels—a happy exchange.

As the Baroness at first had only lived for the education and development of her child, so she lived afterward only in her pride in his glory. She was a finished musician—an especially accomplished pianiste. She played from memory all the compositions of her son. A high *étagère* beside her piano contained all his works, arranged in the order of their publication, and above them appeared a splendid wreath of green enamel surrounding a marble bust of him.

This salon, the treasure-house of the evidences of her love, was her favorite abode. Here she received the whole aristocratic world of Venice, which, from the Viceroy down, was always only too glad to pay its homage to her. All eminent foreigners who came to Venice sought to obtain an introduction at the Palazzo Wetzlar; and a constant flood of artistic celebrities was sent to the Baroness by her eminent son, with cordial letters from him. In this manner the salon Wetzlar acquired an almost European celebrity; and there was but one other—that of Emile de Girardin, in Paris—which, so far as cosmopolitan interests were concerned, was superior to the receptions of the Baroness Wetzlar.

The romance of the whole life of this loyal mother was embodied in those two rings before referred to. The manner in which she wore them was striking, for it is certainly unusual to see upon a delicate female hand a ring on the tip of the little finger and another on the thumb. The smaller of those two rings was symbolical of the first chapter of her secret love-romance. The Count, in the first happiness of their love, had placed it upon the slender finger of her whom he loved so well. It may be unpoetical to say that the fair Baroness increased in the amplitude of her physical proportions, as well as in amiability and mind, with the advance of years; but it is true, nevertheless. The little ring soon became too small for the finger upon which it was first worn; but the lady was averse to parting with this souvenir of her youthful joy, and so it advanced gradually to the tip of the little finger, the last point of the hand upon which it could be placed, and there she carried it with her to the grave.

The large ring with the diamond setting, upon her thumb, bore witness to the satisfied pride of her tireless and solicitous maternal love. It was to her the token that her highest happiness had been accomplished, the dearest wish of her heart realized—that her beloved son had achieved a great and celebrated name. When Thalberg played for the first time in public the talented youth received this precious token as an especial encouragement from the Empress of Austria. The grateful son, his face radiant with joy, brought to his happy and proud mother this proof of his first triumph; but the large ring fitted only the thumb of the delicate lady's hand. "There it shall remain all my life long," exclaimed the Baroness, smiling through her tears; and her reverence for this first imperial present made to her "poor nameless son" prompted her to resist all persuasion to have the ring made smaller, that it might fit another finger.

And thus the Baroness Wetzlar to the last day of her life wore on her hand those two rings, her sweetest remembrancers of her first love and her first maternal pride. How rich a harvest still remained for the latter to reap is well known.

Thalberg, in his time, next to Liszt, was the most popular virtuoso, and his compositions were the favorite pieces of all pianists, and upon all concert programmes. He was the first composer who made fashionable the fantasies which, for so long a time, predominated in the realm of salon and concert music. There was scarce any modern opera from which Thalberg did not compile a pleasant pot-pourri of the most favorite airs, combining them with effective variations, and a brilliant ensemble. The same elegance and brilliancy which were peculiar to Thalberg's compositions were also peculiar to his style of performing, his manners, and his whole appearance. He had a genuine Dietrichstein face, with a proud aquiline nose, a finely moulded chin, and gentle but, withal, haughty eyes. His form was elegant and symmetrical in the highest degree; his small feet and small, well-kept hands completed a thoroughly aristocratic ensemble. He wore small blonde whiskers, which charmingly framed his fine oval face, and were in perfect keeping with his always careful toilette and gentlemanly manners.

Thalberg's mode of performance upon the piano was a specialty with himself, an exception to all rules, exactly as his whole life and position were. He was an exceedingly amiable man, not only in conversation, but in mode of thought and in his action toward others. This gentleness exemplified itself even in his style of play. One of the most remarkable traits of his character was his equanimity and truly aristocratic nonchalance. The following episode in his life illustrates admirably some of his peculiar characteristics.

The Countess Esterhazy, a great lover of music, and in whose salon the aristocratic world of Vienna always enjoyed the most charming performances of the best virtuosi, had requested Thalberg to get up for her an especially interesting programme for a soirée. On the morning of the appointed day I happened to pay a visit to Thalberg, who was stretching himself lazily in his bed. All at once he exclaimed:

"*Sac à papier!* To-night the soirée at Esterhazy's will take place; and I am afraid the others, like myself, have forgotten their promises."

"What promises? and what others?" I asked.

"Oh, I promised the Countess Esterhazy something particularly attractive for to-night's soirée—a programme of compositions that had never been heard before, and which were to be written expressly for her concert. Now I had told her I would write for this occasion a *fantaisie* on the 'Prophet,' and forgot all about it. I apprehend Donizetti and Servais have been equally forgetful of their promises. I am exceedingly sorry, for it—"

"Oh," I said, "you can easily remedy the evil. Order your carriage and drive to both of them."

"I have no time, you see; I must compose my 'Prophet' *fantaisie*. But you—you have nothing to do, and you can help me. *Allons*, my friend, drive quickly to those two fellows, whom I know to be late risers, and whom, I am sure, you will find in bed yet. Urge Servais to write at once something for to-night; then gallop to Donizetti, and do not leave him until he gives you the manuscript of the song he has promised to compose. Take that song to Mlle. Lutzer, who promised me to sing it to-night; in short, arrange every thing as well as you can, and then come back. By that time I shall have finished my 'Prophet' *fantaisie*, and then we will take a ride through the Prater."

A few minutes afterward I was at Servais's hotel. Thalberg's prediction proved only too true. Servais, who was then at the zenith of his glory, and who charmed the whole world with the magic notes he drew from his violoncello, was still in bed. After hearing the message I had been instructed to convey to him the celebrated virtuoso burst into loud laughter and exclaimed:

"*Scélérat de Thalberg!* he thinks that every body is as lazy as he is himself. See here, my friend."

So saying, he took from his knees several sheets of music-paper, upon which he had scrawled with his lead-pencil. "I have been at work for the past two hours—it is true in my warm little nest, where I like best to write—and I have just finished my composition. *Allons!* let us try it right away."

At the next moment the tall, muscular form of the great artist stood before me in the most primitive négligé. He seized his instrument and drove me to the piano. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme. What would the ladies, who especially adored the great Servais, have said if they had beheld him whose careful way of dressing was truly remarkable in his present condition—with hardly any thing on his body, his long brown hair hanging disheveled round his head, his mustache and goatee in any thing but good order, a cigar in his mouth, and the violoncello between his bare legs! And in this situation he played with the fervor of a true maestro his new composition, which was one of the best he had ever written, and which afterward became so celebrated under the name "La Romanesca." How often his bow touched my back in order to make me keep better time, so that I might not disturb the flow of his enthusiasm, I do not know. But, under the circumstances, it was no wonder that I did not accompany him very well; for, with all my admiration for his beautiful composition, I could not help laughing at his singular appearance.

At last the strange concert was over, and I hastened to Donizetti. He was also yet in his bed, which he hardly ever left before noon if he had not to go to a rehearsal. His bed was surrounded by half a dozen gentlemen, mostly members of the Italian opera, who smoked cigars and filled the room with so much smoke that I could hardly see any thing in it.

I had been acquainted with him before, and he introduced me to the gentlemen with a playful remark; but his good-humor disappeared as soon as I informed him of the mission on which I had come to him.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" he exclaimed. "I have forgotten all about to-night's concert. Thalberg might have reminded me of it before; but then—it makes no difference."

With these words Donizetti jumped out of his bed, wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, and went to a table which was covered with manuscripts of poems which the authors had sent to him with the request to set them to music. Finally he seemed to have found what he had been looking for. He glanced over the sheet of paper and exclaimed: "This will do; it is 'L'Addio.' Wait a few moments, my friend. It will not last long."

And now Donizetti went to his desk, and while six men, loquacious Italians at that, were singing, talking, and laughing in the same room, and making a truly dreadful noise, the great maestro quietly composed his song, adding now and then a remark to the conversation and answering questions. Fifteen minutes afterward he handed me the composition, and said:

"Take that to Mlle. Lutzer. I shall call on her this afternoon and rehearse it with her, and to-night I shall accompany her myself on the piano."

Such was the origin of one of the most delightful and celebrated airs which Donizetti ever wrote. The poor composer was in the habit of working under such trying circumstances, and there is but little doubt that this habit, in conjunction with his somewhat dissolute life, brought on that mental disease which cut short his brilliant and promising career.

When I returned to Thalberg, the third composition, whose glory dates from that day, was nearly completed; and his "Prophet" *fantaisie*, which he had written in less than two hours, was for a long time a favorite piece on all concert programmes.

In 1857 Thalberg made a tour through the United States, where he was received with warm applause, and, as a critic says, made us wonder whether he had not touched the utmost possibility of the piano.

After his mother's death he retired from public life. He married a daughter of Lablache, the celebrated singer, and purchased a farm in the neighborhood of Naples, where he died a few weeks ago.

(Continued from No. 21, page 332.)

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

By Miss BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. GRANGER IS INTERESTED.

When Clarissa went to the great drawing-room dressed for dinner, she found Lizzie Fermor talking to a young lady whom she at once guessed to be Miss Granger. Nor was she allowed to remain in any doubt of the fact; for the lively Lizzie beckoned her to the window by which they were seated, and introduced the two young ladies to each other.

"Miss Granger and I are quite old friends," she said, "and I mean you to like each other very much."

Miss Granger bowed stiffly, but pledged herself to nothing. She was a tall young woman of about two-and-twenty, with very little of the tender grace of girlhood about her; a young woman who, by right of a stately carriage and a pair of handsome shoulders, might have been called fine-looking. Her features were not unlike her father's; and those eyes and eyebrows of Daniel Granger's, which would have looked so well under a judicial wig, were reproduced in a modified degree in the countenance of his daughter. She had what would be generally called a fine complexion, fair and florid; and her hair, of which she had an abundant quantity, was of an insipid light brown, and the straightest Clarissa had ever seen. Altogether, she was a young lady who, invested with all the extraneous charms of her father's wealth, would no doubt be described as attractive, and even handsome. She was dressed well, with a costly simplicity, in a dark blue corded silk, relieved by a bertha of old point lace, and the whiteness of her full firm throat was agreeably set off by a broad band of black velvet, from which there hung a Maltese cross of large rubies.

The two young ladies went on with their talk, which was chiefly of gayeties they had each assisted at since their last meeting, and people they had met.

Clarissa, being quite unable to assist in this conversation, looked on meekly, a little interested in Miss Granger, who was, like herself, an only daughter, and about whose relations with her father she had begun to wonder. Was he very fond of this only child, and in this, as in all else, unlike her own father? He had spoken of her that afternoon several times, and had even praised her, but somewhat coldly, and with a practical, matter-of-course air, almost as Mr. Lovel might have spoken of his daughter if constrained to talk of her in society.

Miss Granger said a good deal about the great people she had met that year. They seemed all to be more or less the elect of the earth; but she pulled herself up once or twice to protest that she cared very little for society; she was happier when employed with her schools and poor people—*that* was her real element.

"One feels all the other thing to be so purposeless and hollow," she said, sententiously. "After a round of dinners and dances and operas and concerts in London I always have a kind of guilty feeling. So much time wasted, and nothing to show for it. And really my poor are improving so wonderfully. If you could see my cottages, Miss Fermor!" (She did not say, "their cottages.") "I give a prize for the cleanest floors and windows, an illuminated ticket for the neatest garden beds. I don't suppose you could get a sprig of groundsel for love or money in Arden village. I have actually to cultivate it in a corner of the kitchen-garden for my canaries. I give another prize at Christmas for the most economical household management, accorded to the family which has dined oftenest without meat in the course of the year; and I give a premium of one per cent. upon all investments in the Holborough savings-bank—one and a half in the case of widows; a complete suit of clothes to every woman who has attended morning and evening service without missing one Sunday in the year—the consequence of which has been to put a total stop to cooking on the day of rest. I don't believe you could come across so much as a hot potato on a Sunday in one of my cottages."

"And do the husbands like the cold dinners?" Miss Fermor asked, rather flippantly.

"I should hope that spiritual advantage would prevail over temporal luxury even in their half-awakened minds," replied Miss Granger. "I have never inquired about their feelings on the subject. I did, indeed, hear that the village baker, who had driven a profitable trade every Sunday morning before my improvements, made some most insolent comments upon what I had done. But I trust I can rise superior to the impertinence of a village baker. However, you must come to Arden and see my cottages, and judge for yourself; and if you could only know the benighted state in which I found these poor creatures—"

Lizzie Fermor glanced toward Clarissa, and then gave a little warning look, which had the effect of stopping Miss Granger's disquisition.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lovel," she said; "I forgot that I was talking of your own old parish. But you were a mere child, I believe, when you left the Court, and, of course, could not be capable of effecting much improvement."

"We were too poor to do much or to give prizes," Clarissa answered; "but we gave what we could, and—and I think the people were fond of us."

Miss Granger looked as if this last fact were very wide from the question.

"I have never studied how to make the people

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fond of me," she said. "My constant effort has been to make them improve themselves and their own condition. All my plans are based upon that principle. 'If you want a new gown, cloak, and bonnet at Christmas,' I tell the women, 'you must earn them by unfailing attendance at church. If you wish to obtain the money gift I wish to give you, you must first show me something saved by your own economy and self-sacrifice.' To my children I hold out similar inducements—a prize for the largest amount of plain needle-work, every stitch of which I make it my duty to examine through a magnifying-glass, a prize for scrupulous neatness in dress, and for Scripture knowledge. I have children in my Sunday-schools who can answer any question upon the Old Testament history from Genesis to Chronicles."

Clarissa gave a faint sigh, almost appalled by these wonders. She remembered the girls' Sunday-school in her early girlhood, and her own poor little efforts at instruction, in the course of which she had seldom carried her pupils out of the Garden of Eden, or been able to get over the rivers that watered that Paradise, as described by the juvenile inhabitants of Arden, without little stifled bursts of laughter on her own part; while in the very midst of her most earnest endeavors she was apt to find her brother Austin standing behind her, tempting the juvenile mind by the surreptitious offer of apples or walnuts. The attempts at teaching generally ended in merry laughter and the distribution of nuts and apples, with humble apologies to the professional schoolmistresses for so useless an intrusion.

Miss Granger had no time to enlarge farther upon her manifold improvements before dinner, to which she was escorted by one of the officers from Steepleton, the nearest garrison town, who happened to be dining there that day, and was very glad to get an innings with the great heiress. The master of Arden Court had the honor of escorting Lady Laura; but from his post at the head of the long table he looked more than once to that remote spot where Clarissa sat, not far from his daughter. My lady saw those curious glances, and was delighted to see them. They might mean nothing, of course; but to that sanguine spirit they seemed an augury of success for the scheme which had been for a long time hatching in the matron's busy brain.

"What do you think of my pet, Mr. Granger?" she asked, presently.

Mr. Granger glanced at the ground near my lady's chair with rather a puzzled look, half expecting to see a Maltese spaniel or a flossy-haired Skye terrier standing on his hind-legs.

"What do you think of my pet and protégée, Miss Lovel?"

"Miss Lovel? Well, upon my word, Lady Laura, I am so poor a judge of the merits of young ladies in a general way; but she really appears a very amiable young person."

"And is she not lovely?" asked Lady Laura, contemplating the distant Clarissa in a dreamy way through her double eyeglass. "I think it is the sweetest face I ever saw."

"She is certainly very pretty," admitted Mr. Granger. "I was struck by her appearance this afternoon in the library. I suppose there is something really out of the common in her face, for I am generally the most unobservant of men in such matters."

"Out of the common!" exclaimed Lady Laura. "My dear Sir, it is such a face as you do not see twice in a lifetime. Madame Récamier must have been something like that, I should fancy—a woman who could attract the eyes of all the people in the Champ de Mars, and divide public attention with Napoleon!"

Mr. Granger did not seem interested in the rather abstract question of Clarissa's possible likeness to Madame Récamier.

"She is certainly very pretty," he repeated, in a meditative manner; and stared so long and vacantly at a fricandeau which a footman was just offering him that any less well-trained attendant must have left him in embarrassment.

The next few days were enlivened by a good deal of talk about the ball, in which event Miss Granger did not seem to take a very keen interest.

"I go to balls, of course," she said; "one is obliged to do so, for it would seem so ungracious to refuse one's friends' invitations; but I really do not care for them. They are all alike, and the rooms are always hot."

"I don't think you will be able to say that here," replied Miss Fermor. "Lady Laura's arrangements are always admirable; and there is to be an impromptu conservatory under canvas the whole length of the terrace, in front of the grand saloon where we are to dance, so that the six windows can be open all the evening."

"Then I dare say it will be a cold night," said Miss Granger, who was not prone to admire other people's cleverness. "I generally find that it is so when people take special precautions against heat."

Clarissa naturally found herself thrown a good deal into Sophia Granger's society; but though they worked and drove and walked together, and played croquet, and acted in the same charades, it is doubtful whether there was really much more sympathy between these two than between Clarissa and Lady Geraldine. There was perhaps less; for Clarissa Lovel had been interested in Geraldine Challoner, and she was not in the faintest degree interested in Miss Granger. The cold and shining surface of that young lady's character emitted no galvanic spark. It was impossible to deny that she was wise and accomplished; that she did every thing well that she attempted; that, although obviously conscious of her own supreme advantages as the heiress to a great fortune, she was benignly indulgent to the less blessed among her sex: it was impossible to deny all this; and yet it was not any more easy to get on with Sophia Granger than with Lady Geraldine.

One day, after luncheon, when a bevy of girls were grouped round the piano in the billiard-room, Lizzie Fermor—who indulged in the wildest latitude of discourse—was audacious enough to ask Miss Granger how she would like her father to marry again.

The faultless Sophia elevated her well-marked eyebrows with a look of astonishment that ought to have frozen Miss Fermor. The eyebrows were as hard and as neatly penciled as the shading in Miss Granger's landscapes.

"Marry again!" she repeated—"papa! If you knew him better, Miss Fermor, you would never speculate upon such a thing. Papa will never marry again."

"Has he promised you that?" asked the irrepressible Lizzie.

"I do not require any promise from him. I know him too well to have the slightest doubt upon the subject. Papa might have married brilliantly, again and again, since I was a little thing." (It was rather difficult to fancy Miss Granger a "little thing" in any stage of her existence.) "But nothing has ever been more remote from his ideas than a second marriage. I have heard people regret it."

"*You* have not regretted it, of course."

"I hope I know my duty too well to wish to stand between papa and his happiness. If it had been for his happiness to marry—a person of a suitable age and position, of course—I should not have considered my own feelings in the matter."

"Well, I suppose not," replied Lizzie, rather doubtfully; "still it is nice to have one's father all to one's self—to say nothing of being an heiress. And the worst of the business is, that when a widower of your papa's age does take it into his head to marry, he is apt to fall in love with some chit of a girl."

Miss Granger stared at the speaker with a gaze as stony as Antigone herself could have turned upon any impious jester who had hinted that Œdipus, in his blindness and banishment, was groping for some frivolous successor to Jocasta.

"My father in love with a girl!" she exclaimed. "What a very false idea you must have formed of his character, Miss Fermor, when you can suggest such an utter absurdity!"

"But, you see, I wasn't speaking of Mr. Granger, only of widowers in general. I have seen several marriages of that kind—men of forty or fifty throwing themselves away, I suppose one ought to say, upon girls scarcely out of their teens. In some cases the marriage seems to turn out well enough; but, of course, one does sometimes hear of things not going on quite happily."

Miss Granger was grave and meditative after this—perhaps half disposed to suspect Elizabeth Fermor of some lurking design on her father. She had been seated at the piano during this conversation, and now resumed her playing—executing a sonata of Beethoven's with faultless precision and the highest form of taught expression; so much emphasis upon each note—a careful *rallentando* here, a gradual *crescendo* there; nothing careless or slapdash from the first bar to the last. She would play the same piece a hundred times without varying the performance by a hair's-breadth. Nor did she affect any thing but classical music. She was one of those young ladies who, when asked for a waltz or a polka, freeze the impudent demander by replying that they play no dance music—nothing more frivolous than Mozart.

The day for the ball came, but there was no George Fairfax. Lady Geraldine had arrived at the Castle on the evening before the festival, bringing an excellent account of her father's health. He had been cheered by her visit, and was altogether so much improved that his doctors would have given him permission to come down to Yorkshire for his daughter's wedding. It was only his own valetudinarian habits and extreme dread of fatigue which had prevented Lady Geraldine bringing him down in triumph.

Lady Laura was loudly indignant at Mr. Fairfax's non-appearance; and for the first time Clarissa heard Lady Geraldine defend her lover with some natural and womanly air of proprietorship.

"After pledging his word to me as he did!" exclaimed my lady, when it had come to luncheon-time, and there were still no signs of the delinquent's return.

"But really, Laura, there is no reason he should not keep his word," Geraldine answered, with her serene air. "You know men like to do these things in a desperate kind of way—as if they were winning a race. I dare say he has made his plans so as not to leave himself more than half an hour's margin, and will reach the Castle just in time to dress."

"That is all very well; but I don't call that keeping his promise to me—to come rushing into the place just as we are beginning to dance, after traveling all night, perhaps, and knocking himself up in all sorts of ways, and with no more animation or vivacity left in him than a man who is walking in his sleep. Besides, he ought to consider our anxiety."

"Your anxiety, if you please, Laura. I am not anxious. I can not see that George's appearance at the ball is a matter of such vital importance."

"But, my dear Geraldine, it would seem so strange for him to be away. People would wonder so."

"Let them wonder," Lady Geraldine replied, with a little haughty backward movement of her head, which was natural to her.

Among the cases and packages which had been perpetually arriving from London during the last week or so there was one light deal box, which Lady Laura's second maid brought to Clarissa's room one morning with her mistress's love. The box contained the airiest and most girlish of ball-dresses, all cloud-like white tulle, and the most entrancing wreath of wild roses and hawthorn—such a wreath as never before had crowned Miss Lovel's bright brown hair. Of course there was the usual amount of thanks and kissing and raptures.

"I am responsible to your father for your looking your best, you see, Clary," Lady Laura said, laughing; "and I mean you to make quite a sensation to-night. The muslin you meant to wear is very pretty, and will do for some smaller occasion; but to-night is a field-night. Be sure you come to me when you are dressed. I shall be in my own rooms till the people begin to arrive; and I want to see you when Fosset has put her finishing touches to your dress."

Clarissa promised to present herself before her kind patroness. She was really pleased with her dress, and sincerely grateful to the giver. Lady Laura was a person from whom it was easy to accept benefits. There was something bounteous and expansive in her nature, and her own pleasure in the transaction made it impossible for any but the most churlish recipient to feel otherwise than pleased.

CHAPTER XIII.

OPEN TREASON.

THE ball began, and without the assistance of Mr. Fairfax—much to my lady's indignation. She was scarcely consoled by the praises and compliments she received on the subject of her arrangements and decorations: but these laudations were so unanimous and so gratifying that she did at last forget Mr. Fairfax's defection in the delight of such perfect success.

The Duke—the one sovereign magnate of that district—a tall, grand-looking old man with white hair, even deigned to be pleased and surprised by what she had done.

"But then you have such a splendid platform to work upon," he said. "I don't think we have a place in Yorkshire that can compare with Hale. You had your decorators from London, of course?"

"No, indeed, your Grace," replied my lady, sparkling with delighted pride; "and if there is any thing I can boast of, it is that. Fred wanted me to send for London people, and have the thing done in their wholesale manner—put myself entirely into their hands, give them *carte blanche*, and so on; so that, till the whole business was finished, I shouldn't have known what the place was to be like; but that is just the kind of arrangement I detest. So I sent for one of my Holborough men, told him my ideas, gave him a few preliminary sketches, and after a good many consultations and discussions we arrived at our present notion. 'Abolish every glimmer of gas,' I said, 'and give me plenty of flowers and wax-candles. The rest is mere matter of detail.'"

Every thing was successful; Miss Granger's prophecy of cold weather was happily unfulfilled. The night was unusually still and sultry, a broad harvest-moon steeping terraces and gardens in tender, mellow light; not a breath to stir the wealth of blossoms, or to flutter the draperies of the many windows, all wide open to the warm night—a night of summer at the beginning of autumn.

Clarissa found herself in great request for the dances, and danced more than she had done since the days of her school-girl waltzes and polkas in the play-room at Belforet. It was about an hour after the dancing had begun, when Lady Laura brought her no less a partner than Mr. Granger, who had walked a solemn quadrille or two with a stately dowager, and whose request was very surprising to Clarissa. She had one set of quadrilles, however, unappropriated on her card, and expressed herself at Mr. Granger's disposal for that particular dance, and then tripped away, to be whirled round the great room by one of her military partners.

Daniel Granger stood among the loungers at one end of the room, watching that aerial revolving figure. Yes, Lady Laura was right; she was very lovely. In all his life he had never before paid much heed to female loveliness, any more than to the grandeurs and splendors of nature, or any thing beyond the narrow boundary of his own successful commonplace existence. But in this girl's face there was something that attracted his attention, and dwelt in his memory when he was away from her; perhaps, after all, it was the result of her position rather than her beauty. It was natural that he should be interested in her, poor child; and he had robbed her of her home, or it would seem so to her, no doubt; and she had let him see that she set an exaggerated value on that lost home, that she clung to it with a morbid sentimentality.

"I should not wonder if she hates me," he said to himself.

He had never thought as much about her father, but then, certainly, he had never been brought into such close contact with her father.

He waited quietly for that appointed quadrille, declining a dance in which Lady Laura would have enlisted him, and keeping a close watch upon Clarissa during the interval. What a gay butterfly creature she seemed to-night! He could scarcely fancy this was the same girl who had spoken so mournfully of her lost home in the library that afternoon. He looked from her to his daughter for a moment, comparing the two: Sophia resplendent in pink areophane and pearls, and showing herself not above the pleasures of a polka; eminently a fine young woman, but oh, of what a different clay from that other one!

Once Miss Fermor, passing the rich man on the arm of her partner, surprised the watchful gray eyes with a new look in them—a look that was neither cold nor stern.

"So, my gentleman," thought the lively Lizzie, "is it that way your fancies are drifting? It was I you suspected of dangerous designs the other day, Miss Granger. Take care your papa doesn't fall into a deeper pitfall. I should like to see him marry again, if it were only to take down that great pink creature's insolence." Whereby it will be seen that Miss Granger was not quite so popular among her contemporaries as, in the serenity of her self-possessed soul, she was wont to imagine herself.

The quadrille began presently, and Clarissa walked through its serious mazes with the man whom she was apt to consider the enemy of her race. She could not help wondering a little to find herself in this position, and her replies to Mr. Granger's commonplace remarks were somewhat mechanical.

Once he contrived to bring the conversation round to Arden Court.

"It would give me so much pleasure to see you there as my daughter's guest," he said, in a warmer tone than was usual to him; "and I really think you would be interested in her parish work. She has done wonders in a small way."

"I have no doubt. You are very kind," faltered Clarissa; "but I do not the least understand how to manage people as Miss Granger does, and I could not bear to come to the Court. I was so happy there with my brother; and now that he is gone, and that I am forbidden even to mention his name, the associations of the place would be too painful."

Mr. Granger grew suddenly grave and silent.

"Yes, there was that business about the brother," he thought to himself; "a bad business, no doubt, or the father would never have turned him out of doors—something very queer, perhaps. A strange set these Lovels, evidently. The father a spendthrift, the son perhaps something worse."

And then he looked down at Clarissa, and thought again how lovely she was, and pitied her for her beauty and her helplessness—the daughter of such a father, the sister of such a brother.

"But she will marry well, of course," he said to himself, just as George Fairfax had done; "all these young fellows seem tremendously struck by her. I suppose she is the prettiest girl in the room. She will make a good match, I dare say, and get out of her father's hands. It must be a dreary life for her in that cottage, with a selfish, disappointed man."

The night waned, and there was no George Fairfax. Lady Geraldine bore herself bravely, and danced a good deal more than she would have done had there not been appearances to be kept up. She had to answer a great many questions about her lover, and she answered all with supreme frankness. He was away in Scotland with some bachelor friends, enjoying himself, no doubt. He had promised to be with them to-night, and had broken his promise; that was all—she was not afraid of any accident.

"I dare say he found the first of the grouse-shooting too attractive," she said, coolly.

After supper, while the most determined of the waltzers were still spinning round to a brisk *deux temps* of Charles d'Albert's, Clarissa was fain to tell the last of her partners she could dance no more.

"I am not tired of the ball," she said; "I like looking on, but I really can't dance another step. Do go and get some one else for this waltz; I know you are dying to dance it."

This was to the devoted Captain Westleigh, a person with whom Miss Lovel always felt very much at home.

"With you," he answered, tenderly. "But if you mean to sit down, I am at your service. I would not desert you for worlds. And you really are looking a little pale. Shall we find some pleasanter place? That inner room looks deliciously cool."

He offered his arm to Clarissa, and they walked slowly away toward a small room at the end of the saloon; a room which Lady Laura had arranged with an artful eye to effect, leaving it almost in shadow. There were only a few wax-candles glimmering here and there among the cool, dark foliage of the ferns and pitcher-plants that filled every niche and corner, and the moonlight shone full into the room through a wide window that opened upon a stone balcony a few feet above the terrace.

"If I am left alone with her for five minutes, I am sure I shall propose," Captain Westleigh thought, on beholding the soft, secluded aspect of this apartment, which was untenanted when he and Clarissa entered it.

She sank down upon a sofa near the window, more thoroughly tired than she had confessed. This long night's dancing and excitement was quite a new thing to her. It was nearly over now, and the reaction was coming, bringing with it that vague sense of hopelessness and disappointment which had so grown upon her of late. She had abandoned herself fully to the enchantment of the ball, almost losing the sense of her own identity in that brilliant scene. But self-consciousness came back to her now, and she remembered that she was Clarissa Lovel, for whom life was at best a dreary business.

"Can I get you any thing?" asked the Captain, alarmed by her pallor.

"Thanks; you are very kind. If it would not be too much trouble—I know the refreshment-room is a long way off—but I should be glad of a little water."

"I'll get some directly. But I really am afraid you are ill," said the Captain, looking at her anxiously, scarcely liking to leave her for fear she should faint before he came back.

"No, indeed, I am not ill—only very tired.

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If you'll let me rest here a little without talking."

She half closed her eyes. There was a dizziness in her head very much like the preliminary stage of fainting.

"My dear Miss Lovel, I should be a wretch to bore you. I'll go for the water this moment."

He hurried away. Clarissa gave a long, weary sigh, and that painful dizziness passed off in some degree. All she wanted was air, she thought, if there had been any air to be got that sultry night. She rose from the sofa presently, and went out upon the balcony. Below her was the river; not a ripple upon the water, not a breath stirring the rushes on the banks. Between the balcony and the river there was a broad battlemented walk, and in the embrasures where cannon had once been there were great stone vases of geraniums and dwarf roses, which seemed only masses of dark foliage in the moonlight.

The Captain was some little time gone for that glass of water. Clarissa had forgotten him and his errand as she sat upon a bench in the balcony with her elbow leaning on the broad stone ledge, looking down at the water and thinking of her own life—thinking what it might have been if every thing in the world had been different.

A sudden step on the walk below startled her, and a low voice said,

"I would I were a glove upon that hand, that I might kiss that cheek."

She knew the voice directly, but was not less startled at hearing it just then. The step came near her, and in the next moment a dark figure had swung itself lightly upward from the path below, and George Fairfax was seated on the angle of the massive balustrade.

"Juliet!" he said, in the same low voice; "what put it into your head to play Juliet to-night? As if you were not dangerous enough without that."

"Mr. Fairfax, how could you startle me so? Lady Laura has been expecting you all the evening."

"I suppose so. But you don't imagine I've been hiding in the garden all the evening, like the man in Tennyson's 'Maud?' I strained heaven and earth to be here in time; but there was a breakdown between Edinburgh and Carlisle. Nothing very serious: an engine-driver knocked about a little, and a few passengers shaken and bruised more or less: but I escaped unscathed, and had to cool my impatience for half a dozen hours at a dingy little station where there was no refreshment for body or mind but a brown jug of tepid water and a big Bible. There I staid till I was picked up by the night mail and here I am. I think I shall stand absolved by my lady when she reads the account of my perils in to-morrow's papers. People are just going away, I suppose. It would be useless for me to dress and put in an appearance now."

"I think Lady Laura would be glad to see you. She has been very anxious, I know."

"Her sisterly cares shall cease before she goes to sleep to-night. She shall be informed that I am in the house; and I will make my peace to-morrow morning."

He did not go away, however, and Clarissa began to feel that there was something embarrassing in her position. He had stepped lightly across the balustrade, and had seated himself very near her, looking down at her face.

"Clarissa, do you know what has happened to me since I have been away from this place?"

She looked up at him with an alarmed expression. It was the first time he had ever uttered her Christian name, but his tone was so serious as to make that a minor question.

"You can not guess, I suppose," he went on. "I have made a discovery—a most perplexing, most calamitous discovery."

"What is that?"

"I have found out that I love you."

Her hand was lying on the broad stone ledge. He took it in his firm grasp, and held it as he went on:

"Yes, Clarissa; I had my doubts before I went away, but thought I was master of myself in this, as I have been in other things, and fancied myself strong enough to strangle the serpent. But it would not be strangled, Clarissa; it has wound itself about my heart, and here I sit by your side dishonored in my own sight, come what may—bound to one woman and loving another with all my soul—yes, with all my soul. What am I to do?"

"Your duty," Clarissa answered, in a low, steady voice.

Her heart was beating so violently that she wondered at her power to utter those two words. What was it that she felt—anger, indignation? Alas! no. Pride, delight, rapture, stirred that undisciplined heart. She knew now what was wanted to make her life bright and happy; she knew now that she had loved George Fairfax almost from the first. And her own duty—the duty she was bound in honor to perform—what was that? Upon that question she had not a moment's doubt. Her duty was to resign him without a murmur; never to let him know that he had touched her heart. Even after having done this there would be much left to her—the knowledge that he had loved her.

"My duty! what is that?" he asked, in a hoarse, hard voice. "To carry out my word to Geraldine, whatsoever misery it may bring upon both of us? I am not one of those saints who think of every body's happiness before their own, Clarissa. I am very human, with all humanity's selfishness. I want to be happy. I want a wife for whom I can feel something more than a cold, well-bred liking. I did not think that it was in me to feel more than that. I thought I had outlived my capacity for loving, wasted the strength of my heart's youth on worthless fancies, spent all my patrimony of affection; but the light shines on me again, and I thank God that it is so. Yes, Clarissa, come what may, I thank my God that I am not so old a man in heart and feeling as I thought myself."

Clarissa tried to stem the current of his talk, with her heart still beating stormily, but with an outward semblance of exceeding calmness.

"I must not hear you talk in this wild way, Mr. Fairfax," she said. "I feel as if I had been guilty of a sin against Lady Geraldine in having listened so long. But I can not for a moment think you are in earnest."

"Do not play the Jesuit, Clarissa. You *know* that I am in earnest."

"Then the railway accident must have turned your brain, and I can only hope that to-morrow morning will restore your reason."

"Well, I am mad, if you like—madly in love with you. What am I to do? If, with some show of decency, I can recover my liberty—by an appeal to Lady Geraldine's generosity, for instance—believe me, I shall not break her heart; our mutual regard is the calmest, coolest sentiment possible—if I can get myself free from this engagement, will you be my wife, Clarissa?"

"No; a thousand times no!"

"You don't care for me, then? The madness is all on my side?"

"The madness—if you are really in earnest, and not carrying on some absurd jest—is all on your side."

"Well, that seems hard. I was vain enough to think otherwise. I thought so strong a feeling on one side could not coexist with perfect indifference on the other. I fancied there was something like predestination in this, and that my wandering, unwedded soul had met its other half—it's an old Greek notion, you know, that men and women were made in pairs—but I was miserably mistaken, I suppose. How many lovers have you rejected since you left school, Miss Lovel?" he asked, with a short, bitter laugh.

"Geraldine herself could not have given me my quietus more coldly." He was evidently wounded to the quick, being a creature spoiled by easy conquests, and would have gone on, perhaps, in the same angry strain, but there was a light step on the floor within, and Lady Laura Armstrong came quickly toward the balcony.

"My dearest Clary, Captain Westleigh tells me that you are quite knocked up—" she began; and then, recognizing the belated traveler, cried out, "George Fairfax! Is it possible?"

"George Fairfax, my dear Lady Laura, and not quite so base a delinquent as he seems. I must plead guilty to pushing matters to the last limit; but I made my plans to be here at seven o'clock this evening, and should inevitably have arrived at that hour but for a smash between Edinburgh and Carlisle."

"An accident! Were you hurt?"

"Not so much as shaken; but the breakdown lost me half a dozen hours. We were stuck for no end of time at a dingy little station whose name I forget, and when I did reach Carlisle it was too late for any train to bring me on except the night mail, which does not stop at Holborough. I had to post from York, and arrived about ten minutes ago—too late for any thing except to prove to you that I did make heroic efforts to keep my word."

"And how, in goodness name, did you get here, to this room, without my seeing you?"

"From the garden. Finding myself too late to make an appearance in the ball-room, I prowled round the premises, listening to the sounds of revelry within; and then seeing Miss Lovel alone here—playing Juliet without a Romeo—I made so bold as to accost her, and charge her with a message for you."

"You are amazingly considerate; but I really can not forgive you for having deferred your return to the last moment. You have quite spoiled Geraldine's evening, to say nothing of the odd look your absence must have to our friends. I shall tell her you have arrived, and I suppose that is all I can do. You must want some supper, by-the-bye. You'll find plenty of people in the dining-room."

"No, thanks; I had some cold chicken and coffee at Carlisle. I'll ring for a soda-and-brandy when I get to my own room, and that's all I shall do to-night. Good-night, Lady Laura—good-night, Miss Lovel."

He dropped lightly across the balcony and vanished. Lady Laura stood in the window for a few moments in a meditative mood, and then, looking up suddenly, said:

"Oh, by-the-bye, Clarissa, I came to fetch you for another dance, the last quadrille, if you feel well enough to dance it. Mr. Granger wants you for a partner."

"I don't think I can dance any more, Lady Laura. I refused Captain Westleigh the last waltz."

"Yes, but a quadrille is different. However, if you are really tired, I must tell Mr. Granger so. What was George Fairfax saying to you just now? You both looked prodigiously serious."

"I really don't know—I forget—it was nothing very particular," Clarissa answered, conscious that she was blushing, and confused by that consciousness.

Lady Laura looked at her with a sharp, scrutinizing glance.

"I think it would have been better taste on George's part if he had taken care to relieve my sister's anxiety directly he arrived, instead of acting the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.' I must go back to Mr. Granger with your refusal, Clarissa. Oh, here comes Captain Westleigh with some water."

The Captain did appear at this very moment carrying a glass of that beverage, much to Clarissa's relief, for a tête-à-tête with Lady Laura was very embarrassing to her just now.

"My dear Miss Lovel, you must think me an utter barbarian," exclaimed the Captain; "but you really can't conceive the difficulties I've had to overcome. It seemed as if there wasn't a drop of iced water to be had in the Castle. If you wanted Strasburg pies or barley-sugar temples, I could have brought you them by cartloads. Moselle and marsachino are the merest drugs in the market; but not a creature could I persuade to get me this glass of water. Of course the fellows all said, 'Yes, Sir;' and then went off and forgot all about me. And even when I had got my prize I was waylaid by thirsty dowagers, who wanted to rob me of it. It was like searching for the Northwest Passage."

Lady Laura had departed by this time. Clarissa drank some of the water, and took the Captain's arm to return to the ball-room, which was beginning to look a little empty. On the threshold of the great saloon they met Mr. Granger.

"I am so sorry to hear you are not well, Miss Lovel," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Granger, but I am really not ill—only too tired to dance any more."

"So Lady Laura tells me—very much to my regret. I had hoped for the honor of dancing this quadrille with you."

"If you knew how rarely Mr. Granger dances, you'd consider yourself rather distinguished, I think, Miss Lovel," said the Captain, laughing.

"Well, no, I don't often dance," replied Mr. Granger, with a shade of confusion in his manner; "but really such a ball as this quite inspires a man—and Lady Laura was good enough to wish me to dance."

He remained by Clarissa's side as they walked back through the rooms. They were near the door when Miss Granger met them, looking as cold and prim in her pink crepe and pearls as if she had that moment emerged from her dressing-room.

"Do you know how late it is, papa?" she asked, contemplating her parent with severe eyes.

"Well, no, one does not think of time upon such an occasion as this. I suppose it is late; but it would not do for us if the household to desert before the rest of the company."

"I was thinking of saying good-night," answered Miss Granger. "I don't suppose any one would miss me, or you either, papa, if we slipped away quietly; and I am sure you will have one of your headaches to-morrow morning."

There is no weapon so useful in the hands of a dutiful child as some chronic complaint of its parent. A certain nervous headache from which Mr. Granger suffered now and then served the fair Sophia as a kind of rod for his correction on occasions.

"I am not tired, my dear."

"Oh, papa, I know your constitution better than you do yourself. Poor Lady Laura, how worn out she must be!"

"Lady Laura has been doing wonders all the evening," said Captain Westleigh. "She has been as ubiquitous as Richmond at Bosworth, and she has the talent of never seeming tired."

Clarissa took the first opportunity of saying good-night. If so important a person as the heiress of Arden Court could depart and not leave a void in the assembly, there could be assuredly no fear that she would be missed. Mr. Granger shook hands with her for the first time in his life as he wished her good-night, and then stood in the door-way watching her receding figure till it was beyond his ken.

"I like your friend Miss Lovel, Sophia," he said to his daughter, presently.

"Miss Lovel is hardly a friend of mine, papa," replied that young lady, somewhat sharply. "I am not in the habit of making sudden friendships, and I have not known Miss Lovel a week. Besides which, she is not the kind of girl I care for."

"Why not?" asked her father, bluntly.

"One can scarcely explain that kind of thing. She is too frivolous for me to get on very well with her. She takes no real interest in my poor, in spite of her connection with Arden, or in church music. I think she hardly knows one *Te Deum* from another."

"She is rather a nice girl, though," said the Captain, who would fain be loyal to Clarissa, yet for whom the good opinion of such an heiress as Miss Granger could not be a matter of indifference—there was always the chance that she might take a fancy to him, as he put it to his brother officers, and what a lucky hit that would be! "She's a nice girl," he repeated, "and uncommonly pretty."

"I was not discussing her looks, Captain Westleigh," replied Miss Granger, with some asperity; "I was talking of her ideas and tastes, which are quite different from mine. I am sorry you let Lady Laura persuade you to dance with a girl like that, papa. You may have offended old friends, who would fancy they had a prior claim on your attention."

Mr. Granger laughed at this reproof.

"I didn't think a quadrille was such a serious matter, Sophy," he said. "And then, you see, when a man of my age does make a fool of himself, he likes to have the prettiest girl in the room for his partner."

Miss Granger made an involuntary wry face, as if she had been eating something nasty. Mr. Granger gave a great yawn, and, as the rooms by this time were almost empty, made his way to Lady Laura in order to offer his congratulations upon her triumph before retiring to rest.

For once in a way, the vivacious chatelaine of Hale Castle was almost cross.

"Do you really think the ball has gone off well?" she asked, incredulously. "It seems to me to have been an elaborate failure." She was thinking of those two whom she had surprised tête-à-tête in the balcony, and wondering what George Fairfax could have been saying to produce Clarissa's confusion. Clarissa was her protégée, and she was responsible to her sister Geraldine for any mischief brought about by her favorite.

"I WOULD I WERE A GLOVE UPON THAT HAND."

A WANT SUPPLIED.

"A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 28, desiring to marry, and debarred by circumstances from mingling in ladies' society, is anxious to form the acquaintance (with a view to matrimony) of a young lady of suitable age and position. All communications strictly confidential. Address A. B., *Herald* office."

Who is not familiar with this sort of thing? Slightly varying in form, and with different initials appended, it appears every day in the columns of our papers.

Sometimes we see at a glance that the intention is fraudulent; at other times we doubt; again, the application is obviously genuine and truthful. We are forced to conceive that there may be, nay, that there actually are, persons who, finding it impossible to furnish themselves with suitable wives and husbands from among their acquaintance, appeal in good faith to the public for aid in the search. Comical and preposterous as the fact seems, there it is, and there is no escaping it.

That the difficulty is not confined to our own land is witnessed by the recent appearance in London of *The Matrimonial News*, a "weekly journal devoted to the promotion of marriage and conjugal felicity." "Civilization," says the editor, in a preliminary address to the public —"civilization, combined with the cold formalities of society and the rules of etiquette, imposes such restrictions on the sexes that there are thousands of marriageable men and women of all ages, capable of making each other happy, who never have a chance of meeting, either in town or country; therefore the desirability of having some organ through which ladies and gentlemen aspiring to marriage can be honorably brought into communication is too obvious to need demonstration. As we are resolved to devote our best energies to advance the interests and happiness of our readers and correspondents, we feel sure that *The Matrimonial News* will meet with a generous support."

Which assurance seems amply justified, as within the first year of its establishment the advertisements in the *News* amount to some thousands. But the advertising is but a small part of the advantage accruing to this thrice-lucky editor. He receives the real names and addresses (in confidence) of parties "wishing to correspond," and puts them in communication—for a fee. Another fee (five shillings) is paid for "personal consultation." (Who could grudge this moderate sum for an interview with the man of Destiny?) Twelve stamps must be inclosed in return for a sibylline leaf sent by post. And all introductions are given on the understanding that, should marriage be the result of acquaintance, *each* of the high contracting parties pays a fee within (oh, sagacious editor!) "*one month* after the wedding." No marrying in haste, and refusing to pay at leisure. No returning the goods to the firm of "Matrimonial News & Company." Its enterprising conductor knows better than that, and secures what the estimable Mr. Trapbois calls "a con-sid-e-ra-tion" ere the honey-moon has waned to a starved crescent, to be presently eclipsed in utter darkness.

But turn we to the advertisements. Here is a "Mohammedan general of high rank and large fortune, aged 44," desirous of an English wife of birth, beauty, education, and a turn for living in a fine palace. "No fortune required," which is unusually liberal, most of the gentlemen applying to the *News* being frankly explicit on the necessity of money. Perhaps 1268, who is a "widow under 30, with a soul for music, and a deeply sympathetic nature," may turn out the not impossible she; or 1404, "an orphan, considered handsome." 1418, "an artist, aged 27, dark, handsome, highly connected, and of very gentle, manly manners, who feels the winter evenings dull without a partner," is more exacting in his demands. He not only requires a "dot" of £200 a year, but the lady of his choice must be young, beautiful, and possessed of the figure of Venus. As the figure of Venus is rare nowadays, especially in England, the land of eighteen-inch waists, we fear poor 1418 may sigh in vain. "Katie, widow of a clergyman, aged 29 (but looks younger)," announces herself as possessed of a warm, loving, and faithful heart, a nice house with good furniture, and £500. She is extremely musical, and none but real gentlemen need apply. "Katie" is not alone in looking younger than her age. All the ladies over twenty-five look so, and most of them are "considered pretty," two or three sincere souls only writing themselves down as "plain." The gentlemen to a man are good-looking. Even one "Bachelor of family and fortune, aged 85," who advertises under the numerals 1332, claims to be the proprietor of a "fine figure, black eyes, florid complexion, thick, silvery-white hair, and excellent teeth." This venerable man wishes a wife under thirty, amiable, intellectual, a thorough musician and vocalist, *very* pretty, fair, and possessed of beautiful hands and feet;" but he moderately adds that fortune is no object, as happiness alone is what he seeks.

"Ernest," who possesses true humility of soul, declines to state any facts respecting his personal appearance. His "photo," he remarks, "will speak for itself." Poor "Alice Stanley," on the other hand, who is "a servant living in a nobleman's house," lays no claim to good looks. Her aspirations are for a "steady working-man—a carpenter preferred." (Query, why?) The carpenter must, however, be tall—middle-sized carpenters need not apply.

Widowers abound. Some of them confess to two, some to three, some to five children. The fuller the quiver, the louder grows their appeal for some lady with an independent income of her own, to whom the devotion of a grateful heart would be *all*.

1265 seems to be popular. In the *Matrimonial News* bearing date February 4 there are no less than five applicants for the honor of her correspondence. One of them is a youthful baronet with £8000 a year from landed estate. Why society should have snubbed so estimable a young man, until he was driven to this fatal step, we know not. Our American mind can hardly compass the notion of a young baronet with £8000 a year going begging in this way. It is truly distressing. May 1265 prove balm for his woes!

But time would fail us to write of "Maud" and "Agnes;" of "Incognita," who is sure of proving "a congenial companion;" of 1376, who "does not object to a widow," even, provided she brings £150 or £200 to set him up in business as a pork-butcher; of the "widow of a military officer, aged 34," who confesses to a "dreadful cavity in her heart," which she wishes to fill; and the "Bachelor with small salary, who seeks the kind indulgence of ladies with independent incomes, single, or widows under 40" (how many not stated). We may not even linger with the "independent gentleman, florid, full beard and mustache," who is "desirous of replacing ties severed by long residence abroad," and so wishes a wife of "means, ability, refinement, and excellent constitution." We will not even pause to penetrate the meaning of the elegant euphuism couched in the sentence, nor to drop a tear over the juvenile sorrows of 1442, an officer who thinks that "with the exception" (at present) "of the beard," he may suit the requirements of the much-admired 1265. We will but call the attention of our readers to this valuable sheet, and leave them, trusting that in the march of events some emulous soul may be found to endow America with a similar paper, where ladies over 33 (but considerably younger in appearance), and gentlemen anxious to secure by fair means a timely capital for the pork-packing business, may find their field and their opportunity, and a well-fed Cupid flap hilariously his sempiternal wings.

SHOWING THE NAUGHTY BABY HER FACE IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ZINC GREEN.

AN excellent quality of zinc green, it is said, can be prepared by stirring into a sufficient quantity of water five parts of oxide of zinc and one part of dry sulphate of cobalt. The solution is then to be dried and exposed to a red heat, which results in the production of a dark green powder. If we use ten parts of the oxide of zinc and one part of the salt of cobalt, the product is a dark grass green color; with twice the percentage of the oxide of zinc it becomes a light grass green. Of the different tints the light grass green is the most esteemed, since it is well adapted to replace the dangerous Schweinfurt, or arsenic green, and because it takes a good hold upon whitewash, which is not the case with the green cinnabar prepared by mixing together Berlin blue and chrome yellow.

SPECKLED FABRICS.

THE manufacture of fabrics in which minute specks of one color are seen on a dark ground is becoming very common, this result being generally produced by the introduction of a silken thread. The same effect, however, is now accomplished, and in some cases much more readily, without weaving in the dots, by a different arrangement. The speckles themselves are applied by the help of a sprinkling apparatus which divides the oil color very finely and sprinkles it over the cloth. The apparatus consists of a tin box, closed everywhere excepting on the front side. The oil color is placed upon the bottom of the box, and into this is immersed a small, rotating, cylindrical brush, which lies parallel to the open side of the box, and can be turned by means of a crank. The bristles of the brush in rotating, after being saturated with the oil color, strike against a small bar, and throw out the oil-color dust in very fine drops. On the back side

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of the box is a handle by which it is held in the left hand, while the right turns the crank. In this way the dust-rain of any desirable color can be directed over the cloth spread out on a table. If two colors are desired it is only necessary to sprinkle the cloth first with one, and then with the other.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Q. J.—Any responsible jeweler will attend to having hair jewelry made. It is proper to travel in a crape hat and shawl. Get a sacque with basque back made of black silk and entirely covered with English crape as an out-door garment with any dress.

MILTON.—We do not club with other magazines, but several do with us.—Henri Lefebvre is a pseudonym of Edouard Laboulaye, and is used as such on the title-page of "Paris en Amérique," a translation of which was published a few years ago by Scribner & Co.

FANCHON.—Halloween, or the vigil of All-Saints, is the night of the 31st of October. The 1st of November is All-Saints, and the 2d All-Souls day.

TOM.—Unless you have stipulated otherwise, your MS. becomes the property of the journal that has purchased it, and you have no right to sell it again to a book-publisher. MS. left open at the ends and marked *Author's MS.* can be sent through the mails under newspaper postage.

MRS. E. C. F., OF CHESTER.—We can not send the pattern of Traveling Suit, as you neglected to say to what State it should be sent. This pattern is appropriate for a dress to be worn at church and in the afternoon as well as when traveling. Your sample is leno, and should be trimmed with bias bands of black silk and fringe.

A. T. W.—Trim with passementerie and fringe, or lace.

GERMANIA.—We think that you will find the writings of Fritz Reuter at the German book-stores, but can not tell you the price.—Ivanhoe is pronounced I'van-ho.—Thanks for your kind appreciation.

MILLIE D.—At the School of Design for Women, in the Cooper Institute, you can receive gratuitous instruction in drawing and painting. You had better address the principal for details.

MINNIE.—Get French kid buttoned boots for walking and driving; Marie Antoinette slippers and Oxford ties for the house. Brass heels are not much worn. Metallic heels painted black are worn by those who wear down their heels. Your parasol will answer for ordinary occasions. The most stylish parasol for church and calling is of white or light-colored silk with lace cover and white ivory handle.

E. T. C.—We think it prettier to make the polonaise of light brown trimmed with darker brown, and the skirt dark trimmed with itself.

HELEN M. B.—Your sample is Japanese poplin, and will not wear well enough to justify expensive trimming. Folds or pleatings of the same will answer. Use it for a house dress with basque and demi-train. Get a light quality of blue silk and make ruffles on the white and blue grenadine.

MARION.—We merely gave as the experience of a correspondent that camphor would turn mink lighter. The best furriers, however, commend the use of camphor for preserving all furs. Make white Marseilles suit by Short-Sacque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. The same will answer for your gray dress. Black silk over-skirts will not be so much worn as black under-skirts with light over dresses.

JOHNA.—We have recently answered your questions about gold-fish.

LUCY LONG.—Don't marry a man simply because he has money and you have none. Money gained in this way will only be a curse to you. If, as you say, he loves you devotedly, while you only respect and esteem him, tell him so frankly, and wait for the esteem to ripen into affection before taking an irrevocable step.

MRS. F. R. A.—If your guest receives a call from a person who is a stranger to you, but to whom it is desirable to extend the hospitalities of the house, you should present yourself, but not if you have reason to suppose that the caller has private business to transact. The guest in such cases will usually give her hostess the cue. It is difficult to prescribe an invariable rule; you must be guided by circumstances.

MRS. A. M. B.—You did not give us your name, therefore we can not send the pattern ordered until we hear from you.—The vest-casaque is fashionable this spring. Neck-ties are worn with collars, and are worn on all occasions but when in full evening dress. Get gray cashmere for your sacque if you can match your dress—if not, get black. Your silk sample will not wear well. It would look well under grenadine. Your idea about the muslin dress is good. Barége is very little worn here; but all thin colored goods are worn over colored skirts, and the basque and sleeves are lined with the same.

JENNIE K.—Buff, brown, or gray linen suits with postilion-basque and upper skirt may be ordered from the furnishing houses you mention for prices ranging from $15 to $25. A polonaise of linen instead of the basque and upper skirt would be pretty, and you could wear it with your brown poplin for traveling.

M.—A small watch-pocket is made in a seam below the waist on basques, and a long opera chain passing around the neck holds the watch. The right-hand side is most convenient for button-holes.

MRS. N. F. R.—Kilting is pleats all turned one way, made in the manner described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. IV.

MRS. I. S. R. T.—White duchesse lace, peeping from beneath black grenadine ruffles, is seen on stylish suits.

C. A. M.—Buff linen or buff pongee, with darker brown trimming, would be stylish for you.

N. Y.—The postilion-basque suit pattern, the short-sacque suit, and the apron-polonaise are all used for Victoria lawn suits. Trim with side pleatings.

INQUISITIVE.—It will take about twenty yards of narrow summer silk for a suit *not* trimmed with itself. A regular roundabout of linen is pretty for a boy of nine years.

LIDA.—Very young ladies *do* carry parasols with lace covers. Marie Antoinette slippers are only fit for the house. The loose linen waists will be worn. See New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. IV.

EDITH DINSMORE.—Get Valenciennes lace for your over-skirt; but we can not guess at the quantity, as we know nothing of the shape of the skirt.

CONSTANT READER.—For traveling dresses read *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. IV. The pattern sent you will answer for Victoria lawn basques.

MAUDE.—Simply line the waist and face the skirt of your dress.

C. E. H.—Beatrice Cenci is pronounced *Be-a-tre'chy Chen'chy.*

A. H.—We have an index for each volume of the *Bazar*, and will send them on receipt of postage.

PICNIC BEVERAGE.

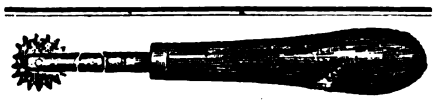
PYLE'S LEMONIZED SUGAR makes delicious Lemonade without Sugar or Lemons. No other has secured general confidence as to being wholesome. Sold by Grocers every where. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington Street, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

To tighten the hair in the scalp and keep it from falling off, use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

FEMALE COMPLAINTS should be cured, as they often can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O.K. SOAP

CHEAPEST, because the best. Speaks for itself on trial. Sold by Grocers every where. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington Street, N. Y.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

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POUDRE DE FEUILLES DE ROSE.
Sold by all Druggists.
Special Representatives for United States,
EDWARDES & RUSSELL,
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DIAMOND D MOHAIR.

It is an old maxim that a good article is always the cheapest in the end, and to nothing does this more fully apply than alpaca. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible for the consumer to know a good make from a bad one till worn, and the only safe course to pursue is to purchase a make that is known and guaranteed to wear well. The Diamond Mohair is one of the honest old original makes that first rendered the fabric popular for their brilliancy, color, and lasting qualities, and are as well made now as they were twenty years ago.

Retailers say they are difficult to introduce at first, ladies preferring heavier and more leathery goods. But these goods are warranted double warp, and are as heavy as an alpaca can honestly be made. The leathery goods are produced by elastic dressing and an undue quantity of cotton, and, of course, they soon get fuzzy, crease and wrinkle easily, and lose their color, and the dress is done.

The Diamond Mohairs, made only from the best alpaca yarn, are naturally brilliant, and will not lose their brilliancy; springy, and will not crease; and, having no dressing in them, are not injured by water.

Observe the brand, and do not be persuaded to take any other till you have tried these goods once, and you will find you have a handsome dress that will remain handsome.

Now to be had from nearly all first-class retailers.
Sole importers, N. B. FALCONER & CO.

$250 A Month easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples, *free.* S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

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138 and 140 Fulton Street, New York.

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SPRING OVERCOATS, $5, $10. | SUITS, $10, $15. | BOYS' SUITS, $5, $8.
SPRING OVERCOATS, $15, $20. | SUITS, $20, $30. | BOYS' SUITS, $10, $12.
SPRING OVERCOATS, $25, $30. | SUITS, $40, $50. | BOYS' SUITS, $15, $20.

ORDERS by LETTER PROMPTLY FILLED. FREEMAN & BURR'S SYSTEM FOR SELF-MEASURE enables parties in any part of the country to order Clothing from them with the certainty of receiving the most PERFECT FIT attainable.

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RULES FOR SELF-MEASURE, Samples of Goods, Price-List, and Fashion-Plate SENT FREE on application.

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We claim for WALTHAM WATCHES more points of excellence than are found in those of any other manufacture. This is especially the case with those made for ladies' use. In their construction every care is taken to insure correct performance, and, although of small size, they are remarkably substantial; in this respect they essentially differ from the great majority of small foreign watches, which are so slightly made that their use, as time-keepers, must be very short and limited. The gold cases for these watches are of great variety, from the perfectly plain to the most elaborately ornamented. Every taste and purse can be suited. An examination of our assortment, which is by far the largest in the country, is respectfully solicited, and to those at a distance we will send our Illustrated Catalogue, on application by mail or otherwise. Please state that you saw this notice in *Harper's Bazar.*

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JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,
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Ladies' Riding Hats a Specialty.

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$375 A MONTH—Horse and outfit furnished. Address NOVELTY CO., Saco, Maine.

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SILKS,

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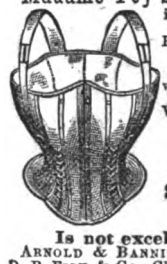

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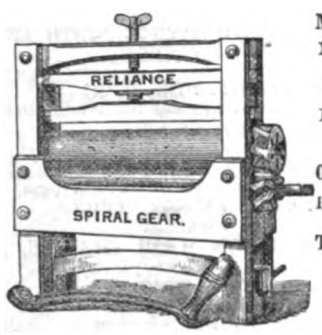

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FACETIÆ.

On a certain occasion the counsel took some exception to the ruling of the Court on some point, and a dispute arose.

"If the Court please," said the counsel, "I wish to refer to this book for a moment," and at the same time picked up a volume.

"There is no referring to any book," exclaimed the Court, angrily. "I have decided the p'int."

"But, your Honor—" persisted the attorney.

"Now, I don't want to hear any thing on the subject," yelled the Court. "I tell you again that I have decided the p'int."

"I know that," was the rejoinder, "I am satisfied of that; but this is a volume of Blackstone. I am certain he differs with your Honor, and I only wanted to show you what a fool Blackstone was."

"Ah, indeed," exclaimed the Court, "now you begin to talk."

DEADLY WEAPONS—Gin slings.

ON THE TRAIL—Luxuriant whiskers.

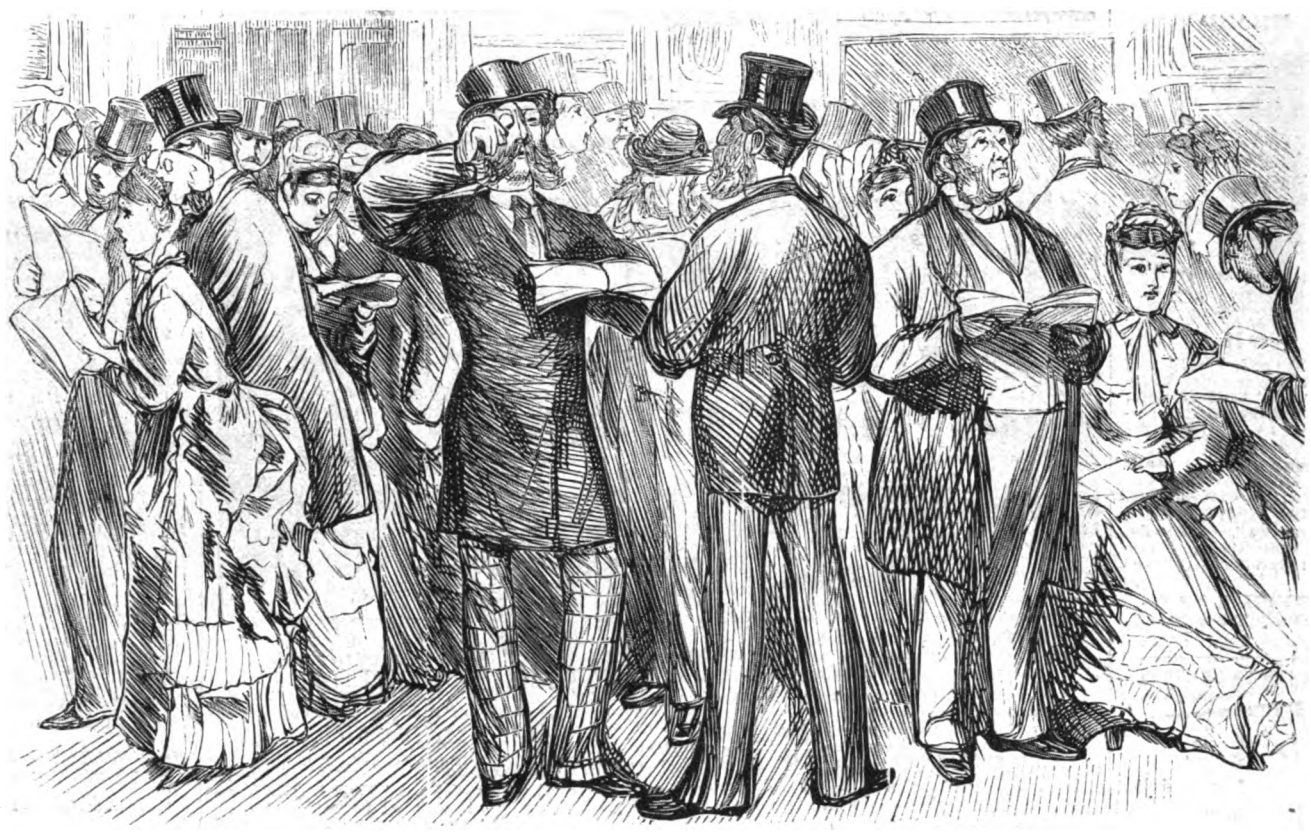
WOMAN'S KINGDOM—A milliner's shop.

A MELANCHOLY WALK—Going down hill.

PROMPT AND PRACTICAL.

STRANGER. "My good man, can you tell me the nearest way to the Central Park?"

CABBY. "Jist inside the cab here, Sir."



UNPREJUDICED!

SWELL (*at the N. A. Exhibition*). "Haw! 've you any ide-aw what Fellaw's Pictu-ars we're to Admi-are this ye-ar?"

At a recent session of one of the courts of South Carolina an entire negro jury was impaneled. A case was brought before them, the witnesses examined, and the attorneys made their respective arguments. The judge, after laying down the law, and recapitulating the testimony, gave the papers into the hands of the foreman, a rather intelligent-looking darkey, with instructions, as soon as they found a verdict, to bring it in without fail. Thirty minutes or more elapsed, when the jury returned, headed by the foreman, and stood before the judge. As the foreman appeared to hesitate, the judge inquired,

"Mr. Foreman, have you found a verdict?"

"No, massa judge, we habn't found 'em, no how," replied the ebony juryman.

"It's a very plain case," said the judge.

"Can't help it, massa; couldn't see it," replied ebony again.

"On what grounds?" inquired the judge.

"We don't look in de groun's, massa judge," replied the foreman; "de ossifer did not take us out into de groun's; bu' he took us into a room and locked us in, and told us when we found de verdic' he would leabe us out; so we begun to find de verdic', and search ebery nook, corner, and crevis, and ebery ting dat was in dat room, but we found no verdic'—no, nuffin ob de kind dar."

EARLY TRAINING—Leaving town by the morning express.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

GRANDMA TO GRANDPA. "Have you heard that strange story about Miss Simpkins's Elopement?"

LITTLE PRECOCIOUS. "Oh, I know all about that."

GRANDMA. "Indeed! I should like to know what it is that you *don't* know."

LITTLE P. "Well, then I'll tell you—I don't know my Lessons for to-morrow!"

QUERIES—À LA CARTE.

When is a card-player a shabby individual?—When he's a *shuffler*.

What game should ladies refuse to play?—Old Maid.

What game are tailors addicted to?—Cribbage.

What game should Irishmen play?—Whis(h)t.

What game do rogues study?—Beggar-my-neighbor.

When is a card-player like a lawyer?—When he *follows suit*.

When is a card-player like a wealthy fox-hunter?—When he keeps his *pack*.

Where are card-players most at home?—At *Deal*.

When is a card-player not a mercenary man?—When he prefers a *spade* to a *diamond*.

Why should a card-player reside in Fifth Avenue?—Because he is partial to *clubs*.

In what game should you have a lady as partner?—Quadrille.

What game is most suitable for soldiers?—Piquet.

What game should a sleepy tailor play?—Snip-snap-snorum.

What game is bad for the eyes?—Blind all-fours.

What game is most like marriage?—Lottery.

What game did our remote ancestors (if we may believe Mr. Darwin) play?—All-fours.

What game is most suitable for fruiterers?—Quinse.

What game should merchants play cautiously?—Speculation.

What game should be played in a singing saloon?—Casino.

What game includes mothers-in-law and other incumbrances?—Connections.

What game would be useful in Pittsburg?—Sift-smoke.

What game tends most to the unity of nations?—Commerce.

What game are all the ladies advocates of?—Matrimony.

A NEW STYLE.

NURSE. "Why, what can you have been doing to your dolly, Miss Alice?"

MISS ALICE. "Oh, it's only because I'm tired of long hair, and I've done it like pa with a hole at the top."

THE REASON WHY.

To what bird may a bride be most appropriately compared?—A *ring* dove.

Of what great French general does a bag-merchant's stock remind you?—*Saxe*.

When is a disconsolate red deer like a baker?—When he needs his doe.

Why is a new hat like a blow?—Because it is *felt*.

Why is a troublesome tooth like a portion of land?—Because it's an acher.

THE CHEAPEST AND LONGEST CONVEYANCE—A train of thought.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

MEEK LITTLE COUNTRY LADY. "How long can I wear that sort of Hat, do you think?"

MILLINER. "Well, Ma'am, *in Town* it will be quite old-fashioned by the end of the season. Of course, *in the Country*, a New York Hat will look well for a long time!"

FLOWERY LANGUAGE

MR. SPARSNIP. "Bless me, you look quite Floral, I declare!"

MR. PODGE. "I don't know about Floor-all, Mr. S., but I think I could Floor a good many Slim 'Uns."

MARRIAGE NOT AT ALL À LA MODE.

This touching scene represents the Devotion of the Good Husband waiting up for the Wife of his Bosom, whom, with the greatest possible difficulty he has persuaded to seek in Society a Little Relaxation from her arduous Household Duties. A good deal of this sort of thing goes on, does it not?

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 25.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pretty and useful suit can be worn by girls from two to eight years old, and is well adapted to any kind of material. It consists of a bias skirt, a blouse-waist, and a princesse over dress buttoned behind. The pattern is cut from a model kindly furnished us by the well-known child's dress-maker, Madame H. Walter Frese. One illustration shows the suit made of bishop's lawn, trimmed with a side-pleated flounce, and belted in with a sash, and worn by a girl eight years old. A second illustration represents it made of ribbed piqué, and worn without a sash by a child two years old. The bust measure is taken by passing a tape *straight* around the body, under the arms. The pattern is graded, in seven sizes, from 19 to 25 inches, bust measure, to fit children from two to eight years old.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises three articles, viz.: princesse over dress, blouse-waist, and four-gored skirt.

CHILD'S PRINCESSE OVER DRESS.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, front gore, back, side gore for the back, and sleeve. The sleeves in the back and front side gores extend to the shoulder seam. The front is whole, and is cut with a point at the bottom of the skirt. The back is left open from the neck to the waist, and is closed with buttons and button-holes. The extra fullness at the waist is laid in a box-pleat at the back turned under, and two side pleats turned outward. The perforations show where to baste the shoulder seams and seams under the arm, and where to put the trimming across the front, over the shoulder, and across the back. An outlet of an inch is given for the shoulder seams and seams under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams. Half an inch is allowed for the hem. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child two years old, 2 yards.

Extra for ruffle, ½ yard.

GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN) AND LADIES' MOURNING AND WALKING DRESSES.

[Cut Paper Pattern of Girl's Princesse Suit, graded to fit Girls from Two to Eight Years old, in seven Sizes, from 19 to 25 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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Number of buttons, 8.

Add one-eighth of a yard for each additional year of age.

CHILD'S BLOUSE-WAIST.—This pattern is in two pieces—front and back. It is whole in the front, and is closed in the back with buttons and button-holes. The perforations show where to sew on the tape to run in the shirr at the waist, and where to baste the shoulder seams and the seams under the arms. The sleeve given for the princesse over dress serves also for the blouse-waist. The skirt is fastened on the waist with four buttons—one at the middle of the front, one under each arm, and one at the middle of the back. As the child grows, the skirt may be let down by lowering the shirr.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child two years old, 1 yard.

Number of buttons, 8.

Add one-sixteenth of a yard for each additional year of age.

CHILD'S FOUR-GORED SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces—half of front gore, side gore, and half of back breadth. The skirt is pleated at the top. The pattern is notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. Pay no attention to the grain of the paper. Lengthen or shorten the skirt at the bottom, taking care to preserve the shape. Lay a pleat about an inch deep at the top on each side of the seams except at the middle of the back, where there are two pleats, and set the skirt into a double belt, which is furnished with button-holes for fastening it to the blouse-waist.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for girl two years old, 1½ yards.

Extra for ruffles, 1⅛ yards.

Add a quarter of a yard for each additional year of age.

JUNE.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

JUNE comes tripping over the meadow,
Light of foot as the wind itself;
And wherever she passes, flowers and grasses
Blossom, evoked by this gracious elf.

Roses that fain would dream on longer,
Folded deep in a perfumed sleep,
Can not gainsay her, but needs must obey her,
And into the summer sunlight creep.

Lilies, a throng so still and stately,
Like saints who in peace their souls possess,
Come following after, nor fail to ingraft her
With the incense of their saintliness.

Harebells yearly blazon her praises,
Columbines gather her honey up,
Sweet-ferns thicken, and grasses quicken,
While sunbeams are brimming the laurel-cup.

She laughs in the brooks and breathes in the flowers,
Speaks the language of finch and jay;
Freshens the earth with sun-pierced showers,
And drifts like a dream away.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the beautiful Girls' Princesse Suit on the first page of our present Number. Cut Paper Patterns of this Suit are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure. For complete list of Cut Paper Patterns see Advertisement on page* 399.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a choice variety of patterns and illustrations of Boys' and Girls' Gymnastic Dresses; Ladies' Piqué, Percale, Linen, Foulard, and Organdy Suits; Fichu-Collars, Garden Hats, Summer Hoods, Lingerie, etc., etc.*

TOO NICE.

WE have all heard of the story of the foolish Midas, whose wish, that every thing he touched might be turned into gold, was gratified. He soon repented, as we learn, of the fatal generosity of the gods when the very bread and meat changed at his lips to the precious metal. That Midas's ears finally grew into those of an ass was the fit termination, and not the most incredible part, of his history.

We can discover among us some of the descendants of Midas without even a look at their ears. Their asinine propensities are enough to point them out, without any other indication of their race. We may pass by, for the present, the more characteristic of their kind, and examine some of the less marked specimens.

It is wonderful how people systematically deprive themselves of many of the enjoyments and comforts of life by turning things which are intended for use into mere articles of finery. There surely can be nothing more Midas-like han this practice, which often prevails to such an extent as to convert the utmost abundance into total destitution. Labor is performed and money spent without stint, and yet with no other result than restricted ease and diminished comfort.

You can trace the practice every where, throughout all the course of daily life. It is visible in the dwelling, the furniture, the books, the equipage, the clothes. Most people, in our large cities at least, have bigger and finer houses than they can well use, take care of, or pay for; and daily living in a house without ever feeling at home is of all wretchedness the most wretched. The furniture, moreover, is often too nice for use, the carpet too delicate to be trod by the common boot, and chairs and sofas of too choice a stuff for close proximity with the every-day coat and gown. The best room in the house is thus not seldom made the worst for the family, for every member regards it as he might a chamber of horrors, into which he does not put his foot without fear and trembling.

There is many a man who keeps a carriage too fine for use, and dreads every time he rides in it the approach of a shower or a dirt-cart. At night he is forced to submit to the democratic street car or omnibus, for darkness conceals and endangers the finery of his own equipage.

There are some who boast of their libraries, and yet live themselves, and keep others, in ignorance, because their books are too nice for use. Their gilt edges and choice bindings are only safe under glass, lock and key; so they remain sealed to the curious, and might as well be so many *dummies* of wood, such as, in fact, are occasionally found filling up the vacant places of the shelves in the book-cases of grand libraries.

There are a thousand ways in which the clothes originally, without doubt, intended for comfort and protection, are turned into sources of annoyance and danger. Obedience to fashion and a desire for show have metamorphosed the essential coverings of the body into so many corporeal tortures. The hard-bound beaver hat and chignon, the spider-waist and tight-bodied coat, the pinching boot and high-heeled shoe, are but a few of the various instruments of suffering which men and women have contrived to make out of the simplest articles of clothing. Human and civilized though such people pretend to be, it is not difficult to discern through all their artifices of dress the asses' ears of the Midas breed. Whatever might be useful they turn by their touch into the showy and inconvenient.

Children even, in spite of the earnest supplications of nature, are not spared this absurd and cruel process of transforming the useful into the showy. The desire for display is apparent in their education, their manners, their dress, and daily walks. Is the purpose of most of the so-called accomplishments of the girls' school to produce useful or showy women? Are the mincing ways and tricks of behavior so carefully inculcated intended to make children genteel, as it is called, or amiable? Is the dress of a kind or a make suitable for freedom of movement, so essential to the healthy development of the young, or adapted only to the stiffness of formal presentation to company? Are the promenades of the starched and bedizened child for the promotion of its health, or the gratification of a mother's vanity and love of display? While we commend to all propriety of conduct and delicacy of taste, we would warn them against being *too nice*.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Flowers upon Graves.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I saw you marching in the procession on Decoration-day, and I had just been reading in an Alabama newspaper the story of the decoration there. Surely it is a happy coincidence that the occasion and the season are harmonious; for it is a festival of memory and of hope, and the tender and gentle thoughts with which we recall the dead are best symbolized by flowers and the renewing year. There is no holiday more beautiful than this. It is our All-saints Day; and I remember, in other countries, how pleasant the annual visit to the cemeteries upon that day always was. The faithful go then and pray among the graves. They come nearer to the dead by that special service. And, since in the Christian faith the doctrine of the Resurrection is so cardinal and supreme, it is peculiarly fit that the ties which connect those whom death only separates, not severs, should be kept perpetually fresh by constant association. The old grave-yard, bare and sad, was in a sense unchristian when compared with the careful and blooming garden which the cemetery has now become. And whatever draws us often to the ground in which they lie who have "gone into a world of light" draws our thoughts more tenderly into the same realm, and binds us all more affectionately together.

Indeed, whatever associates death with beauty robs it of so much of its terror. Of course, dear Harry, nothing can rob it of its sorrow. In hours of high thought, in moments of exaltation, the soul exclaims, "O Death! where is thy sting?" But in the daily course of life, while we may endure its blow falling upon those most dear to us, we can never escape its shadow, until at last, to many who have loved and lost, the other life becomes just what old Vaughan calls it, "a world of light," in contrast with this. It pleases the heart, therefore, to symbolize it so. And if on some of these brilliant early summer mornings you had gone over to Greenwood, and had stood on its southern slopes under the blooming dogwood, looking over the bright green lawns to the horizon of sparkling sea, hearing the robins and the thrushes, and seeing the roses trailing and blooming among the graves, you would have felt that Nature herself, gracious and benign, had given the hint for Decoration-day.

As you walk about in the sunny silence of the cemetery it is touching to observe how the hint has been followed. You find upon one side the most costly monument, upon which time and money and labor have been equally lavished and lost. The result is a huge deformity to the eye, and to the mind the painful sense of utter waste and extravagance. But a little longer thought sometimes reveals the real feeling which takes so cumbrous and absurd an expression. There may be the sincerest grief without the least taste, and with the utmost extravagance of expense in its expression. Great emotion refuses a Procrustean standard. You think, perhaps, when you see a tasteless monumental pile, that the builder feigns a grief, and you murmur that true sorrow is modest and retiring. So sometimes it is, and so sometimes it is not. Greens, the rich speculator, who began as a match-boy, and who lives now in splendor on Murray Hill, loses his wife, the dearly beloved of his toiling youth and prosperous manhood. Childless, forlorn, what is his money good for but to help him tell the sorrow that wrings his heart? Toward that expression he can supply only the feeling and the money. But he is still himself. His standards are vulgar and external. It seems to him mean that his wife should have a small monument or a mere head-stone, and the rest follows. That tasteless pile of carved marble shows, therefore, a grief as sincere as any which stone commemorates. It is Greens's way of throwing flowers upon the grave. If they seem to you artificial and tawdry, the feeling is not so: that is as fresh and sweet as May flowers.

And close by is a little mound on which is the smallest of head-stones and always a rose-bud lying. No parent whose home is loud with children's voices passes it without a throb of sympathy. What little child lies here? What noble boy "born for the future, to the future lost?" What darling girl, in whom all life became lovelier? Often they are a weariness—they are always a care—the children who are the glory and delight of life and love. But when one goes from us in all the first rosy bloom of hope and promise; when the soul is all sweetness and generosity, and as yet no sour suspicion intrudes; when the child is still ductile, dependent, yet conscious of his powers, and wooed by the illimitable possibilities of life—the sense of loss is plainly so intense that the observer can only wonder whether it can ever be assuaged. Yet even then, dear Harry, I have remarked how vividly every fond word and look, every little way and sign of promise, are recalled. The desolate heart is refreshed by the remembrance, as the hot earth in the darkness of night by the dew; and all the sweet and comfortable memories are like flowers strewn upon a grave. Nature again with soft suggestion is tenderly healing the sudden wound; and this little rose-bud upon the grave is but the token of that rose of remembrance which blooms perennial in the stricken heart.

And how universal the instinct is! The old saying, "Nothing but good of the dead," is the result of the feeling that decorates the graves with flowers. If it be weakness or sin that marred a man, the tongue and the pen are stayed when they begin to speak above his tomb. I observed in the newspapers recently a notice of the death of a man who has done much fatal wrong, perverting the thoughtless, and coercing the weak. Untold suffering and sorrow may fairly be ascribed to him—a man whose name was for some time mentioned only with loathing. All the wrong he tried to do he could not accomplish; but all that he did, also, will never be known. His public career inspired no admiration, his private character no confidence or respect. Foiled and soured, he died like a surly beast at bay. But no harsh word was spoken when his death was announced. Even his most resolute opponents spared him. And that very silence was tenderness. It was a flower thrown upon his grave.

I do not defend it, my dear Harry, but I observe the instinct. It is not fair, always, to be silent at such graves; but I think that nature provides. If a man has been successful in his offenses, and dies crowned with his own crime, the truth is very likely to be spoken. But if he fails or falls before his death, there is a feeling that the crime has been condoned by fate, and that human censure is needless. Then there is the excess in the other direction—the formal eulogy of the mean, the selfish, the false, which is often enough heard. "Where be all the bad people buried?" How full the graveyards are of affectionate husbands—who abused their wives; of devoted wives—who deceived their husbands; of obedient children—who broke their parents' hearts! What misers figure upon tombstones as public benefactors! What scoundrels were full of Christian virtues! What selfish rascals walked humbly with their God! Why should tombstones lie? And why should eulogists lie like tombstones? A poor fellow drinks himself to death. God pity him; it was hereditary weakness; it was disease. But he died a drunkard. Say nothing upon his tombstone, or in your eulogy, then, or tell the fact. Let silence be the flowers you scatter, or decorate his grave with truth.

Yet Mr. Rural lately asked me if it was not monstrous that somebody should say that a great man was in the habit of drinking to drunkenness, or had other lamentable habits. Would he, then, paint Cromwell without his warts, and Washington as the Apollo? What we wish to know of a great man is the truth. It is no service to give me a reflex of my own idolatry. Is my idolatry justifiable? is what I wish to know. If Shakespeare gambled, if he had two wives, if he were mean to a proverb, if he were a notorious coward, shall we not be told of it lest our admiration of Shakespeare be disturbed? Dr. Franklin is a famous man—the most striking in our early Revolutionary history. But the Doctor loved a majority, if he did wear a Republican costume at the court of Louis; and he was something of a Lothario, if he did snatch the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants. Yet the same nature which hastens to cover the murderer's tomb with the emerald green of grass, and to tune the voices of meadow-larks above it, struggles to clothe the good Doctor's memory with a kind of spotless sanctity, so intent is she to decorate graves with flowers.

It is the same kind instinct which gives Mr. Froude's picture of Henry the Eighth its popularity. He has partially reversed the verdict of history, which is probably the truth in regard to that king. He sustains with plausible rhetoric a theory of state justification of Henry's matrimonial career. He was not a debauchee resolved to gratify his wishes; he was a king politically and philosophically intent upon the succession. Poor Anne Boleyn's name must be smirched that a man who had her head chopped off and instantly married another woman may figure as a great ruler! Suppose she were guilty, was he innocent? Yet it is so grateful to the human heart that so conspicuous a criminal should seem to be less guilty, that Froude's Henry has the benefit of an enormous doubt, which would certainly never be given to the historical Defender of the Faith.

My dear Harry, I do not quarrel with this tendency to decorate graves with flowers. Only, if we feel no wrath with the dead, we need not confound them in one commendation. Pericles says that the whole earth is the mausoleum of the illustrious dead, and surely every summer is Nature's Decoration-day. We must remember, indeed, dear boy, but for warning, not for wrath. Knowing our own weakness and the frequent folly of human nature, we may be grateful even to those whose lives show us what to avoid. Rosemary for fond remembrance we drop upon one grave; rue for our own repentance upon another. And upon the graves in our own hearts and memories, over the dead hopes and passions and delights in our own lives, how tenderly we scatter flowers! And, my dear Harry, if our own crudities and follies, when they are gone, are covered with so soft a shroud of kind forgetfulness, shall not the same instinct teach us to be charitable toward those that yet flourish in our companions? For charity is the Everlasting, the Immortelle, and whether it fall upon the dead or upon the living, it makes every day in the year a Decoration-day.

Your faithful friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHILD'S PRINCESSE SUIT.

THE child's princesse suit illustrated on our first page, and of which a cut paper pattern is given, is said by mothers to be the most available dress ever designed for growing children; and it is certainly among the prettiest. The objection is made to plain Gabrielles that a child soon outgrows, and there is no way of lengthening them. The princesse suit has all the beauty and easy fit of the Gabrielle in its over dress, together with the advantage of being worn over a gored skirt that may be lengthened at the top. Gabrielles are also rather narrow in the skirt for the present fashion; our model has a stylish gored skirt, with front gored width, two side gores, and a full back breadth. This skirt is sewed to a belt, that should have a lining provided with button-holes, to be fastened to the child's under-waist, or else to a linen blouse, with which it forms, without the over dress, a cool and simple dress for the house. The front width is sewed to the belt without fullness; the remaining widths are very fully gathered, as this gives a more bouffant effect than pleats. Gored skirts of piqué, linen, or other washing goods should not be hemmed, but faced with a two-inch bias strip of the material, or of soft white muslin. This facing is usually concealed by ruffles or other trimmings, but does not disfigure the skirt if visible, as it should be made to fit smoothly

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If the edge of the skirt is scalloped and braided in the elaborate fashion now in vogue, this facing would be too wide, and a soft twilled tape should be used instead to face the intricate points and scallops. It is well to turn in at the top of the dress two or three inches of the skirt, to provide for lengthening.

The princesse over dress, with waist and upper skirt in one piece, may be worn with or without a sash. It is shaped similar to the upper part of a Gabrielle, with the addition of postillion pleats behind, to give the fullness that is now required. These pleats necessitate a seam between the waist and skirt of the back form. A single pleat is laid each side of the back seam, and a placket-hole is left about a finger deep. This seam at the waist should not be left "raw," but should be covered and strengthened by a facing. The front of this over dress is much shorter than the back, and is pointed in the pattern given; but by way of variety it may be straight or rounded. The buttons fasten the waist only, extending to the sash. The sleeves are coat-shaped usually. A little turned-over collar, slit up in the back and front, finishes the garment. This pretty little over dress may be used in many ways. Aside from being a stylish over dress for girls from two to eight years old, and even older, it is worn by boys of two or three years; and mothers say it is the best model for that useful article, a high-necked apron, that can be found in these days of elaborately dressed children.

The dress on the smallest child in our illustration is of corded piqué, trimmed with two needle-worked ruffles, each three inches deep, set upon the skirt, and the gathers concealed by a row of piqué braid a third of an inch wide. The price of such a dress for a child of six or seven years is $10. The dress with kilt-pleated skirt is of white bishop's lawn or soft nansook, made by the same pattern; but for variety's sake the under-skirt is cut off two-eighths of a yard below the belt in the front width, sloping a little longer behind, and is finished out to the proper length by a kilt-pleated flounce, which in this instance is three-eighths deep. There are three and a half widths of wide nansook in the flounce, sewed to the top piece in inch-wide pleats, and ironed flatly the full depth of the flounce. The lower edge has a hem about an inch wide. The over dress is trimmed with a pleating a finger deep, held down by an inch-wide band of Hamburg insertion stitched on an inch below the top, leaving a standing pleated ruffle above. The over dress should be long enough to conceal the top of the kilt flounce on the skirt. Such a dress costs $12.

The suit, as represented in our engraving, is appropriate either for the house or street. We give also a blouse-waist pattern, to which the skirt may be buttoned to form a house dress. It is a bad plan to gather children's blouses to a belt, as they are apt to tear them when raising the arms suddenly; hence our pattern is cut long enough to pass over the hips and be held at the waist by a drawing-string. As the child grows taller the shirred case for the drawing-string may be placed lower to lengthen the waist. A button should be placed in the shirrs in the front, behind, and on each side, and corresponding button-holes in the belt of the dress skirt. When these blouses are tucked or box-pleated the tucking or box-pleating should be done in plain widths, and the blouse blocked out afterward by the pattern.

The most useful dresses in a little girl's summer outfit are, of course, the washing dresses of piqué, nansook, and buff, white, or brown linen. After these one or two dressy costumes of silk or grenadine are often provided; but the fabrics that may be renewed every week by the laundress are far more serviceable, and may be made sufficiently dressy by lace and embroidery for any child. Soft nansook is prettier for children than the stiff bishop's lawn that is so easily rumpled. It is best to put very little starch in children's outside dresses, but their muslin petticoats may be starched very stiffly.

Among the piqués imported at a child's outfitting house the favorite repped pattern is beautified by having small embroidered figures—a star, leaf, or compass pattern—scattered about at intervals over the body of the garment; others have the four breadths of the skirt embroidered in a robe design, or a pretty border. As this adds greatly to the expense, mothers imitate it by making similar figures with star braid at intervals all over the dress. Designers stamp these when arranging the trimming on the dress after the little garment is made.

Embroidery on the material, insertions of needle-work, ruffles, and, above all, braiding, are the trimmings for children's piqué dresses. Braiding around insertions of needle-work is much used. Very rich trimming is made in this way without much labor. A strip of cambric insertion six inches long, and pointed at each end, is let into each width of the skirt; the edges are concealed by piqué braid, and a fanciful pattern is wrought about it in star braid. Two or three different widths of braid, some feather-edged, others with raised scroll pattern and the star braid, are all used to complete one design; plain soutache is not effective. The design outlines fern leaves, tulips, or other large flowers, and, though looking very rich, does not require to be heavy, because it is soon filled up by the wide braids used. Among the details a few tendrils added by long stitches of embroidery cotton enhance the beauty of the pattern; the edge is cut in deep scallops, faced on the wrong side with tape, and finished with a lace-like edge sold for this purpose. The over dress we illustrate is sometimes braided over the shoulder seams and down nearly to the border. Ruffles are the prettiest trimming for girls' dresses, but braiding is so rich, so substantial, and so easily done, that mothers use it for boys and girls alike. Open-worked guipure embroidery is also very effective both as ruffles and insertion.

Another pretty novelty among the importations is buff linen dresses, embroidered with dotted borders in white and scarlet. These make up beautifully. Plainer buff and brown linens, for school or traveling, are made in the princesse fashion, and trimmed with brown worsted braid. Three or four rows border the skirts, while a single row follows the seam of the side form of the over dress, passing over the shoulders. Other substantial linens are plain Gabrielles, or else the body is a box-pleated blouse, with skirt and over-skirt trimmed with a row of side pleats edged by the merest scallop of Hamburg work.

Very wide sash ribbons, tied behind with long, loose loops, will continue to be worn by children. The newest are in solid colors, with a narrow fringe all around. The sailor hat is universally worn. It answers for school and for dress, is worn by girls of every size, by ladies and boys alike. The newest shape has a wider brim, slightly turned up, as if before a stiff breeze. The brim is bound with black, blue, or brown ribbon, and a band surrounds the crown. $3 buys a pretty one.

SUITS FOR SMALL BOYS.

The prettiest kilt suit for boys of four years not yet in trowsers has a skirt made of three straight widths of piqué buttoned by six large pearl buttons on the left side. From two to three eighths of the front is sewed to the belt without fullness, while all the rest of the skirt is in pleats all turned one way, or else in six or eight large box-pleats. The plain front is richly braided, and a braided vine goes up each box-pleat. The jacket is loose, fastened only at the throat, hanging open to show the shirt front, and cut to form a square tab in each front, with three tabs behind. Square pocket flaps, richly braided, are placed in front. A little fanciful vest is usually added, but is too warm for summer. $14 is the price of such a suit of piqué. When made of thick brown linen it is trimmed with brown braid.

Pretty little jackets of brown corduroy, slashed and faced with silk an inch wide, are worn on cool mornings by little boys. Pretty jackets of blue flannel and of twilled cloth richly braided are also shown.

For information received thanks are due Madame H. WALTER FRESH; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

Ladies' Mourning and Walking Dresses.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—LIGHT MOURNING DRESS OF BLACK SILK. Round skirt trimmed with a deep gathered flounce surmounted by three satin rolls and a scalloped silk heading. High-necked basque-vest, with the same trimming. Long casaque, very open, with coat sleeves, and trimmed with satin rolls and a scalloped heading. Frill of black silk grenadine round the neck and wrists. Black ribbon bow in the hair.

Fig. 2.—Under-skirt of green and white striped foulard, trimmed with a deep bias flounce headed with a ruche of green foulard. High waist of the same material, with half-tight sleeves, closed at the wrist with a band of green foulard and a lace frill. Over dress of green foulard, cut square in front, with flowing sleeves, and trimmed with ruches of the same. Green pongee parasol, lined with white. Rice straw Marie Stuart bonnet, trimmed with pink roses, with black velvet and lace strings.

PERSONAL.

DR. JOHN B. GILMAN, some time of Chicago, having been a good surgeon to German soldiers during the war, has received from Kaiser WILLIAM the decoration of the Iron Cross.

—Mr. WILLIAM J. M'ALPINE, formerly State Engineer of New York, sailed last week for Austria, whither he was called by the government to examine and report on the removal of obstructions in the Danube. Mr. M'ALPINE is one of the most distinguished of American engineers, and has constructed or been consulted with on most of the great engineering achievements of the country—the great dock of the navy-yard at Brooklyn, the water-works of our cities, and most of our great suspension-bridges.

—When Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL sets himself regularly down to turn the faucet and draw off from the tank of his imagination a few measures of poetry, he carefully gets out of the ordinary tailor-shop toggery, inserts himself in the dressing-gown of genius, pulls gently on a sweet smoking-cap, and,

"With fragrant and serene cigar,
Pressed satisfactorily betwixt his lips,"

goes at it—for so much per page.

—This ditty has resulted from a nuptial contract recently entered into by Mr. EBENEZER SWEET and Miss JANE LEMON:

"How happily extremes do meet
In JANE and EBENEZER;
She's from sour turned to sweet,
And he's a lemon-squeezer."

—The Hon. JOHN PRENTISS, of Keene, New Hampshire, aged ninety-three, is said to be the oldest Mason living in the United States, having traveled the rugged road and received his degrees in 1807.

—PAULINE LUCCA has consented to sing for one month at the Italian opera in London, for the beggarly sum of $4500; thence to St. Petersburg, where she will sing in another month's performances for $4200. She has a very high-priced but very marketable voice.

—No wonder that Dr. VAUGHAN, late head-master of Harrow, has twice refused a bishopric, the mastership being worth $30,000 a year; Eton the same, with a large residence; Rugby about $20,000. We have no such endowments; perhaps it is not desirable we should have. Let the bequests go to the schools.

—Miss ROSA BENSON, daughter of Lieutenant BENSON, of the United States Revenue Service, is said to be developing marvelous musical powers in Milan, Italy, where she is studying under an eminent master. She is refined, intelligent, and beautiful; her voice a clear soprano.

—MORTIMER JONES, resident in a feeble town in Illinois, having, as a citizen, asserted and acted upon his right to play croquet twenty-four hours after the death of his wife, and his fellow-citizens taking the opposite view to the extent of tarring and feathering him—these things, we say, *being so*, MORTIMER has brought the matter before a jury to ascertain in a regular way whether they *can be so*. Things are to be adjudicated.

—The marriage contract of the Bride of Lammermoor has quite lately been discovered at St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, in Scotland. It bears four signatures: the bridegroom's (DAVID DUNBAR), the bride's (JANE DALRYMPLE), the bridegroom's father (BALDOON), and the bride's father (JAMES DALRYMPLE). A *fac-simile* has been taken of the document, which is to be included in the centenary editions of the Waverley Novels. There is a little tremor, it is said, in the bride's signature.

—There are now three Baptist missionaries in Italy—Mr. WATT and Dr. COATS in Rome, and Mr. CLARKE in La Spezzia. The expenses are defrayed by individual contributions, not by the Society.

—WILLIAM A. PARKER, of Boston, a soldier of the war of 1812, made application for a pension under the new law recently passed by Congress, and the two witnesses necessary to legalize the application were found in Messrs. CROCKER & BREWSTER, the well-known publishers, who visited Mr. PARKER at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, while on duty in the United States service nearly fifty-seven years ago. A remarkable circumstance that, after so many years, they were enabled to testify to the identity of the applicant.

—The ex-Empress of France has with genuine kind-heartedness adopted the little son of Madame BONNE, the well-known French milliner, who was so brutally murdered recently in Paris by the National Guards. He is now at Chiselhurst.

—Miss REBECCA WRIGHT, of Winchester, Virginia, employed in the Treasury at Washington, was married a few days since to WILLIAM BONSAL, of Cecil, Maryland. REBECCA is the little Quaker lady who told SHERIDAN about JUBAL EARLY'S movements in September, 1864, by which he sent Mr. EARLY whirling down the valley; for which SHERIDAN gave her a watch, and the government a place.

—Colonel ROSSEL, who recently held an important command in Paris, shows us that the proverbial politeness of the French is yet maintained under circumstances where politeness is not the order of the day. On being deprived of his command he wrote an explanatory note, which concluded with the following, "And I have the honor to demand of you a cell in Mazas." This noble Frenchman embraced an early opportunity of running away.

—The minutest of those whom war has exiled from France is the "Princess" FELICIE, who is now on view in London for a small cash consideration. She is a pure dwarf, the smallest ever exhibited in that capital—one beside whom MINNIE WARREN is a giantess. She is now in her ninth year, measures less than nineteen inches in height, and weighs just six pounds; is of perfect symmetry in limb and feature, and altogether a pleasing and gentle child.

—The Rev. ASA BULLARD has been gathering facts and figures to refute the saying that ministers' sons and deacons' daughters are more irreligious than others. Massachusetts and Connecticut furnished the field. In 448 ministers' and deacons' families there were 2101 children over fifteen years of age, of whom 1414 were hopefully pious, 93 were in the ministry or fitting for it, and only 34 dissipated; and all the remaining children, with very few exceptions, were respectable and useful citizens. Mr. BULLARD challenges a comparison with these figures on the part of any other class or profession among parents.

—It is among the disgustful incidents to the ROTHSCHILD family that they have lost some sixty or seventy millions of dollars by the Franco-German war. They all believed at first that France would win; but two weeks after the Germans crossed the Rhine they saw their mistake, and made other investments, but not in time to get whole.

—Mr. JOHN HARDY, of Springfield, Massachusetts, had the hardihood to set a hen of the Brahma species on twenty-five eggs. After a long pull she came off with two-and-thirty chicks. So much for henergy in an eggcellent cause.

—And in this wise, on the 16th ult., were married, in church, at Columbus, Prince VON LYNAR and Miss MAY PARSONS: In front of Bishop M'ILVAINE, who did the service, the two stood, Miss PARSONS apparently much at her ease, while the Prince was visibly embarrassed. His hat he continued to hold even after the solemn words of the service had begun to be read, and occasional glances over his shoulder toward the audience showed that the position was quite new to him. His responses were distinctly given, though the words were marked by a strong German accent. In the latter part of the ceremony a change was made from the usual forms, both parties exchanging rings, in accordance with an old German custom. The benediction pronounced, the Prince and Princess VON LYNAR turned at once, and while from the organ there rolled the rich measures of MENDELSSOHN'S Wedding March, from "Athalie," they walked quickly down the aisle, and the simple, unostentatious wedding was over.

—The last surviving Revolutionary pensioner is D. F. BATEMAN, who resides in Cattaraugus County, New York, and, although a tottering warrior, has still strength enough left to draw his $500 pension with perfect regularity.

—Dr. HALL, who makes so capital and useful a *Journal of Health*, has encountered a vigorous Alabama editor, who opposes the doctor's advice that husband and wife should sleep in separate rooms; for, saith the vigorous Alabama editor, "Dr. HALL can sleep when and where he chooses, but as for me, *I* intend to sleep where I can defend my wife against rats and all other nocturnal foes as long as I have got one to defend." Sound!

—The oldest actress on record was a Mrs. FRYER, an Irishwoman, who died in 1747, at the age of 117 years. In 1720, when she was 90 years old, she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, in London, and acted the part of the old grandmother, in a farce called the "Half-Pay Officer." In the bills it was mentioned, "The part of Lady Richleve to be performed by Peg Fryer, who has not appeared on the stage these fifty years."

—ROGERS'S bronze statue of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, intended for Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is now on its way to this country. It is to be placed on a granite pedestal, and the entire structure will be thirty-three feet high, conspicuously placed, and visible both on entering and leaving the Park. It is valued at $30,000.

—Could any thing be more out of the ordinary way than that ACHILLES PUGH, a Quaker of Waynesville, Ohio, should fit up and furnish at his own expense a neat little chapel in that village for the use of the Episcopalians? All that hath he done.

—Mr. ANSEL GAMMON, of New Vineyard, Maine, has twelve sons and four daughters, weighing 3140 pounds. The boys average 195 and the girls 200 pounds. (All gammon!)

—Miss BURDETT COUTTS, recently made a peeress, has given more money to charitable objects than any person who has ever lived—the amount being over $25,000,000. Her present fortune is estimated at $50,000,000, most of which, it is intimated, will be bequeathed to institutions of a benevolent character.

—The Rev. CHARLES CLEVELAND attains this present month to the one hundredth year of his age. He is a city missionary in Boston, and attributes his good health and extreme longevity to the regularity of his habits and the simplicity of his food. Always goes to bed before ten, and rises before the sun throughout the year; drinks water, tastes no spirituous liquors, and as for tobacco—faugh! His constitution and by-laws, therefore, need no amendment, and rules of order and resolutions are superfluous.

—One of the most painstaking, as well as cleverest, men of France, ALEXANDRE DUMAS, was a model penman. LEVY, his publisher, has preserved all the manuscripts of that writer, and had them superbly bound. They look as if written by a teacher of penmanship. He hardly ever changed a word in his manuscript, and used to say laughingly to his friends that as soon as people should get tired of reading his books he would open a school for penmanship.

—The Duke of Edinburgh is compelled to rough it on $60,000 a year, not counting his naval pay and allowances.

—Lord Amberley, who has anxieties as to the too rapid growth of families in England, and who "cal'lates," as the Yankee saith, that three children are as many as it is desirable to have in a house, is brought to account by the London *Court Journal*, which says the practice of the nobility, including Lord A. himself, is quite the other way; that the Duke of Abercorn is the father of fourteen children; the Earl of Abergavenny, eleven, the last two being twins; the Earl of Abingdon, nine; the Earl of Albemarle, five, while his father had fifteen; Earl of Amherst, twelve; Marquis of Anglesey, nine, and his father eighteen; Duke of Argyll, twelve; Earl of Ashburnham, eleven, and his father seventeen, by two marriages; Earl of Bessborough, fourteen; Viscount Bridgeport, thirteen; Marquis of Bristol, ten; Earl of Buckingham, by two marriages, fifteen; Earl of Carlisle, twelve; Earl of Chichester, seven, and his father ten; Earl of Clarendon, eight, and his father ten; Baron Clifford, twelve, the last two being twins; Baron Clonbrock, seventeen; Earl of Dartmouth, seven, and his father seventeen, by two marriages; Earl of Durham, eleven, numbers nine and ten being twins; Baron Ebury, eleven, the last two being twins; Marquis of Exeter, ten, and his father ten; Earl Fortescue, fourteen; Earl Grey, nene, but his father fifteen; Earl Howe, thirteen; and so on throughout the list. It is to be remarked that the present generation of the nobility is by no means so prolific as was the preceding one. Twins abounded in GEORGE the Fourth's time.

—Col. WILLIAM SCHOULER, of Boston, who for thirty years past has mixed as much and as familiarly with the leading men of the country as any man of the time, and who is one of the most agreeable men and pleasantest *raconteurs* in the republic, relates the following reminiscence of JOHN C. CALHOUN: "Some time before 1840 Mr. CALHOUN wrote to Mr. LAWRENCE that he had been adding to his landed estates, and would like to obtain a loan of $10,000 or $15,000 in Boston, where money was more plenty than in South Carolina, and the rate of interest not so high, for the payment of which he would give his notes and a mortgage upon his estate, which would be ample security. Mr. LAWRENCE said he consulted Mr. NATHAN APPLETON and one or two other wealthy citizens of Boston upon the subject, and it was agreed to raise the money for him, and take no security for the repayment but his own note. Mr. LAWRENCE informed Mr. CALHOUN of the arrangement which he had made, and expressed his gratification that it was in the power of himself and a few of his friends to do a kindness to one so distinguished, whose life had been devoted to the service of his country. Mr. CALHOUN immediately wrote back, declining the offer, and withdrawing his original request. He said it did not agree with his sense of propriety to accept a loan upon such terms; that in the discharge of his public duties he did not wish to be embarrassed by a sense of obligation to any one."

—Of all the BONAPARTES, Prince NAPOLEON appears to be the only one who had the good sense to anticipate the "rainy day," and make due fiscal preparation for it. His estate in Switzerland he has sold for $350,000, which, with other income-producing assets, will enable him to live quite like a gentleman in a fine new house he has just purchased in London. Prince N. was enterprising enough to save the choicest furniture, pictures, and objects of art that once glittered at Meudon and the Palais Royal.

—The eccentricities of kings, from HEROD to him of the Cannibal Islands—are they not written in the books? A fresher and odder peculiarity is that of ex-King GEORGE of Hanover, who surpasses even CHARLES V. in his eccentricities. He not only regards himself as fitted for death, but believes he is actually dead. One of his favorite amusements is to walk about the house in a shroud, and to sleep at night in a coffin, which he declares softer than a bed of eider-down.

—Rev. WILLIAM B. W. HOWE, rector of St. Philip's Church, Charleston, has been elected Assistant Bishop of P. E. Church in South Carolina.

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Netted and Crochet Tidy, Figs. 1–4.

THE centre, squares, and edging of this tidy are worked in netted guipure, and the close part in ribbed crochet. Begin the tidy with the middle star, and, with cotton No. 40, make a foundation of 8 st. (stitches). Work the 1st round over a mesh three-fifths of an inch in circumference, always going forward.—On each foundation st. 2 st. 2d round.—Always alternately on the next st. of the preceding round 1 st., on the following (widened) st. 2 st. 3d–9th rounds.—1 st. on each st. of the preceding round, on each widened st., however, 2 st. By doing this eight triangular sections are formed; work these sections each separately to a point in rounds going backward and forward, working 2 st. off together with 1 st. at the end of each round. In working off the 2 st. in the last round, no new st. should be formed. After all the points are completed in this manner, draw the foundation st. closely together, fasten the thread, and cut it off. Then work the star in point de toile and point de reprise as shown by the illustration. The squares of the tidy are worked in straight netting with the same material. Each of these squares counts 15 holes in a square, and is worked in point de toile, point de reprise, and point d'esprit, as shown by Fig. 2. The star and the squares are joined by means of a crochet strip, as shown by the illustration. To do this, crochet with twisted crochet cotton No. 40 on the outer edge of the star the 1st round.—On each netted st. 4 sc. (single crochet), on the st. at the point of each point, however, 4 sc., 3 ch. (chain stitch), 4 sc. Begin the round at the hollow between two points; at the end of the round fasten to the first st. with 1 sl. (slip stitch). 2d round.—1 ch., turn the work, pass over the last st. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round, on the 3 ch. at the point of the point, however, 2 sc., 3 ch., 2 sc.; in each hollow pass over 2 st. with 1 ch. At the end of the round fasten to the ch. with 1 sl. Work 28 rounds more like the round just described, going backward and forward, but in these rounds always pass over 3 st. (1 sc., 1 ch., 1 sc.) between every two points. In working the 28th round, fasten the netted squares on as shown by the illustration, passing the needle at the same time through the edge stitches of the squares. Finish the tidy round the edge with netted guipure edging. Figs. 4 and 5 give two suitable designs for this. The edging must, of course, be worked with the same material that is used for the squares. Figs. 2–4 show the square, as well as the edging, worked with finer material.

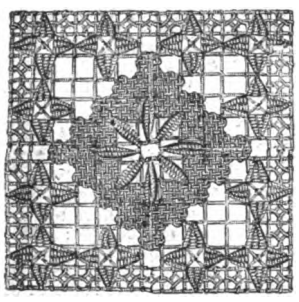


Fig. 2.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR TIDY.

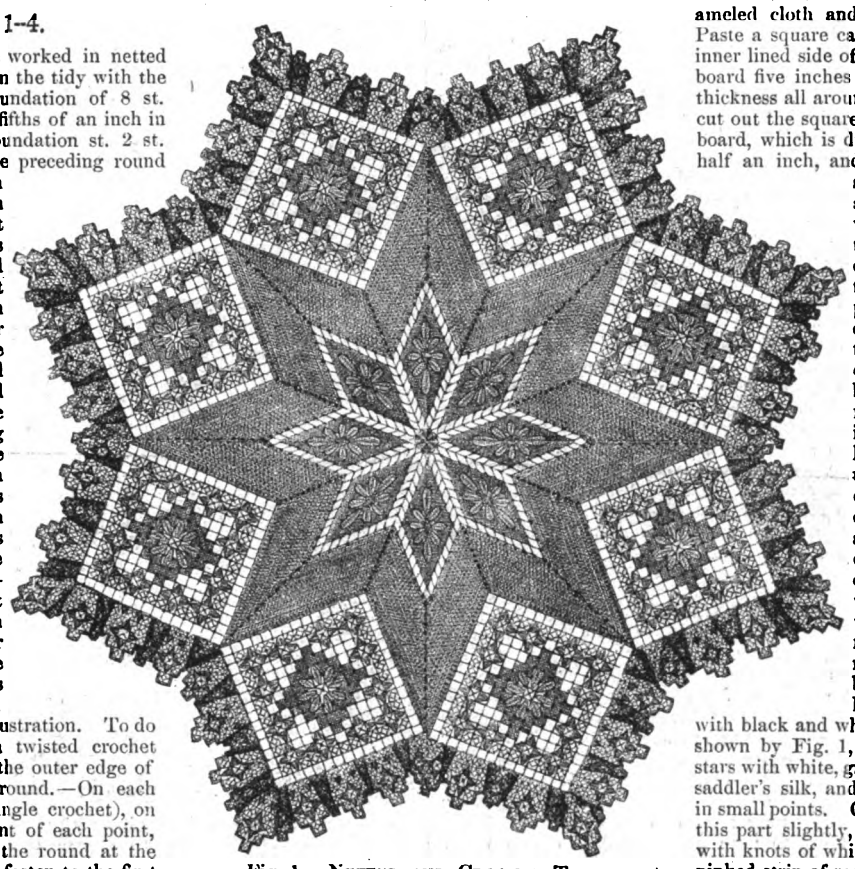


Fig. 1.—NETTED AND CROCHET TIDY.

Sewing-Case with Pincushion, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS sewing-case is made of black enameled cloth and red flannel, and furnished on the inside with bands to hold scissors, needle-case, papers of needles, etc., and also with a needle-book of flannel and a covered box for thread, silk, etc. A pincushion is set on the cover of the box. At the middle of the cushion is a hollow for the thimble. The outer and inner sides of the sewing-case are ornamented, as shown by the illustrations, in point Russe embroidery. To make the sewing-case cut, first, a strip of black enameled cloth seventeen inches and a half long and five inches and a half wide, and a piece of red flannel of the same size. Baste the flannel on the under side of the enameled cloth, and backstitch the double material on the outside half an inch from the edge with two rows of stitching one-eighth of an inch apart, worked in blue and corn-colored saddler's silk, in such a manner that the colors alternate, as is shown by the illustration. Cut out the enameled cloth and lining at the outer edge in small pinked scallops. Paste a square card-board box, four inches large, in the middle of the inner lined side of the sewing-case. For this box take a piece of card-board five inches and a quarter square, cut this through one-half its thickness all around at a distance of half an inch from the outer edges, cut out the square parts half an inch large at each corner of the card-board, which is divided off by these incisions, bend the edges upward half an inch, and sew the ends together at the corners with a few stitches. Then cover the edge of the box on the outside with a strip of red flannel four-fifths of an inch wide and pinked at one (the under) side, and sew this to the edge of the box in herring-bone stitch with corn-colored and blue silk, as shown by Fig. 1. Cover the inner side of the box with white glazed paper, paste the box on the sewing-case, and fasten the points of the edge of the cover with a knot of white silk on the lining of the sewing-case without passing the needle through the enameled cloth. The cover of the box is made in a manner similar to the box itself, only somewhat larger. Furnish the upper side of the cover with a cushion of cotton batting with a hollow in the middle, and cover this cushion, in connection with the edge of the cover, with red flannel; the latter must previously have been ornamented in herring-bone stitch with black and white saddler's silk, as shown by Fig. 1, and in point Russe stars with white, green, yellow, and blue saddler's silk, and cut the outer edge in small points. Gather the corners of this part slightly, and ornament them with knots of white silk. Furnish the side edges of the cover with a pinked strip of red flannel, as shown by Fig. 1, which is four-fifths of an inch wide in the middle, and sloped toward the ends to two-fifths of an inch. On each point of this strip work a knot with white silk, fastening the strips at the same time. These knots are worked all around in the hollow of the cushion. Fasten one side of the cover to one side of the box by means of silk ribbons. Sew a square piece of red flannel four inches and three-quarters large, and cut in points round the edge, on one end of the sewing-case in herring-bone stitch with white silk, as shown by Fig. 1. At the edge which comes on the end of the sewing-case this part is cut out in pinked scallops and ornamented in herring-bone stitch; this edge is not fastened on the lining of the sewing-case. Sew through the lining and flannel part at the same time with knots of white silk, so as to form separate divisions for papers of needles, etc., as shown by Fig. 1; and furnish the flannel part, as shown by the illustration, with separate bands of red flannel, which are cut out in points, and are intended to hold scissors, needle-case, etc. At a distance of four inches and three-quarters from the other end of the sewing-case, sew a piece of white silk ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide on the lining in herring-bone stitch; the ends of this ribbon project over the sides of the sewing-case six inches, and serve to fasten the needle-book. For the latter cut two pieces of red flannel each four inches and a half wide and eight inches and three-quarters long, cut each part in small points around the edge, and ornament it in herring-bone stitch with white silk. Lay these pieces together, and join them along the middle with chain stitches of white silk; then at the ends of this seam, at a distance of four-fifths of an inch from each side of the flannel pieces, cut a crosswise slit half an inch long. Work these slits in button-hole stitch with white silk. Finally, pass the ends of the ribbon through the slits of the needle-book, as shown by the illustration, and tie them in a bow.

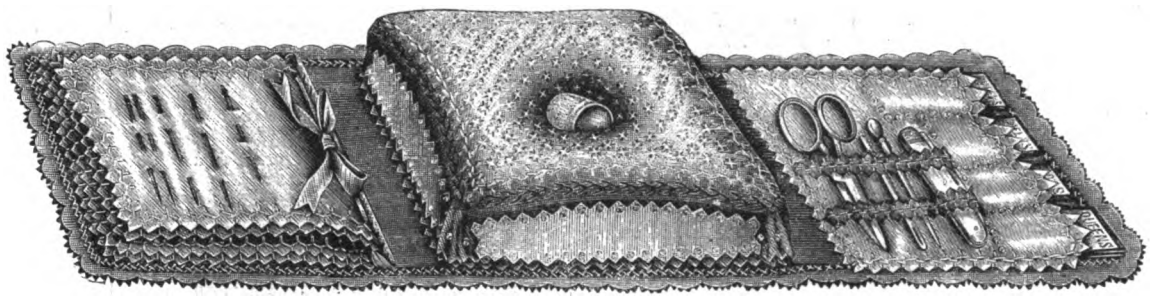


Fig. 1.—SEWING-CASE WITH PINCUSHION.—OPEN.

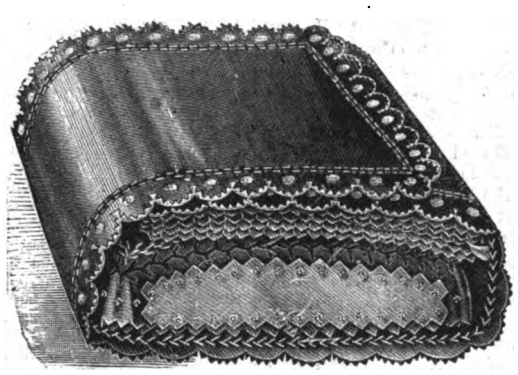


Fig. 2.—SEWING-CASE WITH PINCUSHION. CLOSED.

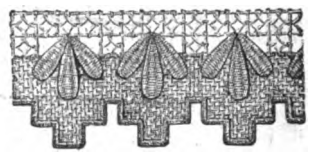


Fig. 3.—NETTED GUIPURE EDGING FOR TIDY.

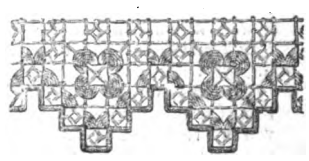
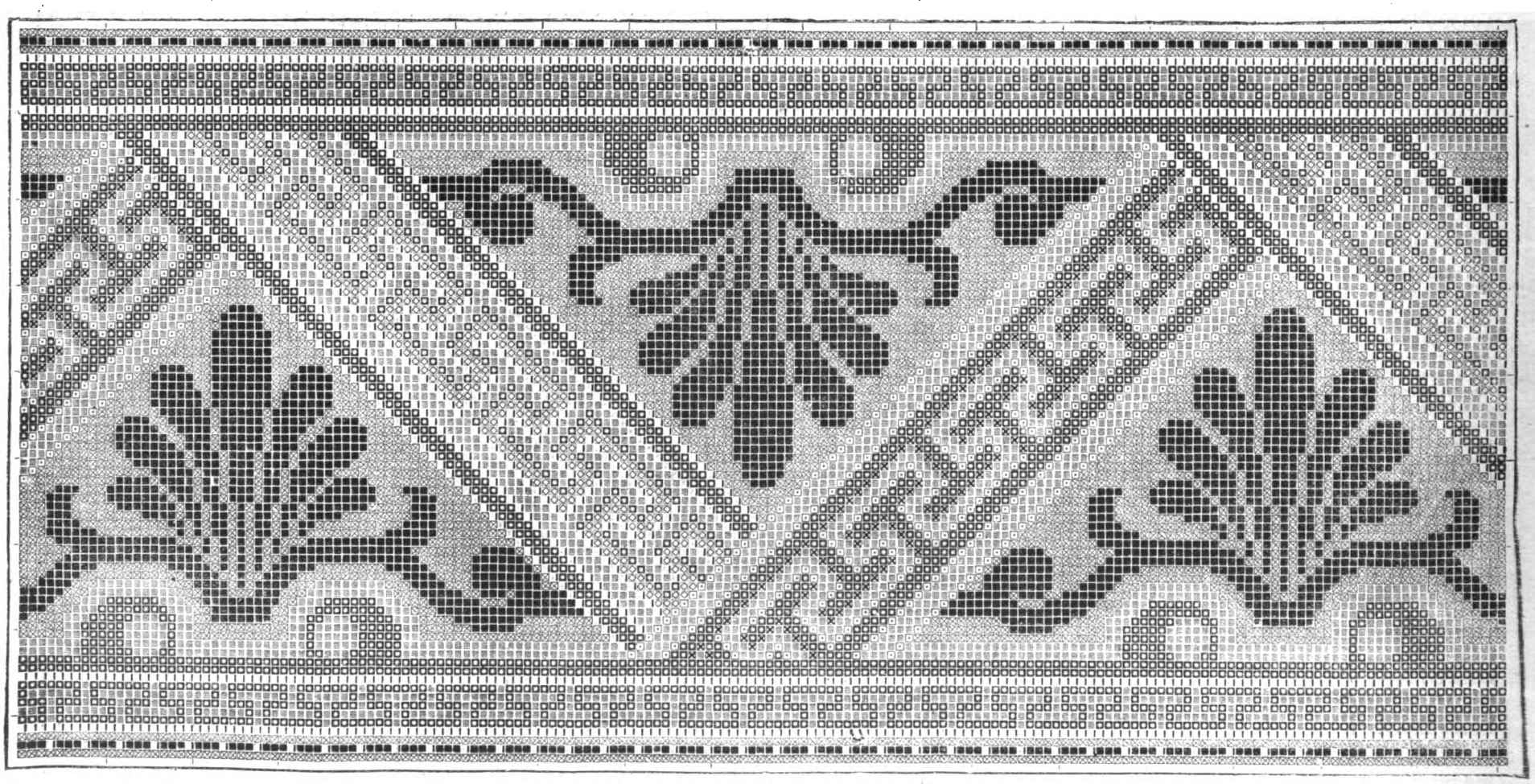


Fig. 4.—NETTED GUIPURE EDGING FOR TIDY.



TAPESTRY BORDER FOR CHAIRS, RUGS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ▪ Dark Green; ⊠ Light Green; ✕ Black; □ 1st (darkest), ▪ 2d, ⊡ 3d, ⊙ 4th, ı 5th (lightest), Fawn (3d and 5th silk).

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Tapestry Border for Chairs, Rugs, etc.

See Illustration on page 388.

THIS border is suitable for ornamenting easy-chairs, rugs, carpets set together of strips of tapestry and plush, etc. It is worked on canvas in cross stitch, with zephyr worsted and filling silk, in the colors given in the description of symbols, or any other that may be desired.

Traveling Pillow.

THIS three-cornered cushion is designed especially for traveling, and is arranged so that it may either be hung over the back of the seat by the cords fastened to the upper corner, or pinned to the cushion of the carriage or car. It is made of purple muslin, filled with feathers. The ends are furnished with a puffing of red silk, and the cushion is covered with fine white linen. The ends of the linen cover are cut in points two inches and a quarter deep, and worked in button-hole stitch; buttons and loops are set on the ends of these points to fasten the cover securely on the cushion. The centre of the linen cover is ornamented with an embroidered vignette, suitable designs for which may be found in the last number of the *Bazar*. Red silk cords with tassels complete the cushion. The original is eighteen inches long at the under straight edge, and measures twelve inches and four-fifths from the middle of this edge to the upper point. It may, of course, be made of any size; and curled hair, sea-moss, or elastic sponge may be substituted for feathers.

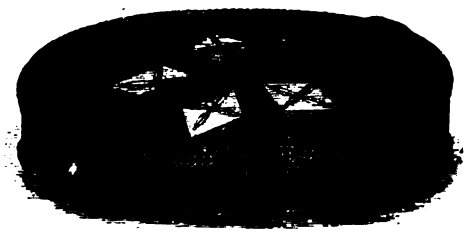
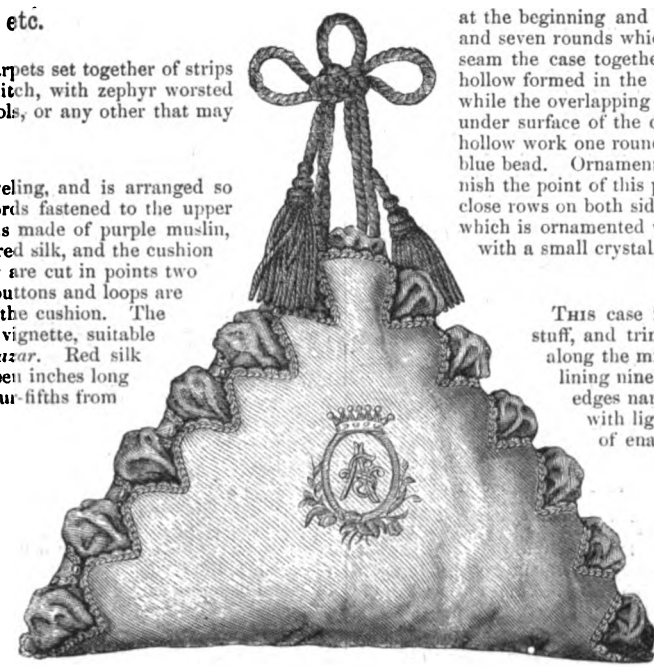


Fig. 1.—TRAVELING MIRROR.—CLOSED.



TRAVELING PILLOW.

Traveling Mirror, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS round mirror is five inches and three-fifths in diameter, and is set in a case of corresponding shape, so that it may be opened out as shown by Fig. 2, and inclosed in the case as shown by Fig. 1. The case is made of pasteboard covered with green cloth and black enameled cloth, and is ornamented with embroidery in green saddler's silk. Cut four round pieces of pasteboard five inches and three-fifths in diameter, and cover each of these pieces on both sides with shirting. Cover two of these parts on one side first with green cloth, and then with black enameled cloth, and cut out the latter in the middle in the design shown by Fig. 1. Along the edges of the design figures thus formed button-hole stitch the edges of the enameled cloth in green saddler's silk with the underlayer of cloth, and work point Russe stars between the design figures with the same silk. Furnish one side of the third piece of pasteboard with thin wadding and green cloth; then lay this piece on one of the pieces previously covered in such a manner that the sides covered with shirting come on each other, and button-hole stitch the pieces together around the edge with green silk. Finally, to the outer edge of these pieces, which form the bottom of the case, sew a narrow pasteboard rim to the side covered only with cloth; this rim is covered on one (the outer) side with enameled cloth, and on the other side with cloth. The edges of both covers are button-hole stitched together with green silk. On one side of the fourth piece of pasteboard covered only with shirting lay the mirror, and fasten the latter by means of a flat edge of green cloth four-fifths of an inch wide, which is laid double over a thin interlining of wadding. This edge must be made to fit the shape of the mirror. Button-hole stitch the double material together at the outer and inner edge, and ornament the upper layer with point Russe embroidery in green silk, as shown by Fig. 2, and the inner edge with green silk cord. Button-hole stitch the outer edge of the edge thus completed to the outer edge of the piece of pasteboard furnished with a mirror, join this part with the still remaining piece of pasteboard so that both sides covered with shirting come on the inside, and cover the seam with silk cord. Sew silk cord also to the under edge of the case. Cover a flat wooden mesh (netting mesh) four inches and four-fifths long and two-fifths of an inch wide with black enameled cloth on both sides, button-hole stitch the edges of this cover (which must project two-fifths of an inch at both ends of the mesh) together on both sides, and sew that part of the cover which projects at one end of the mesh down to the under side of the mirror, as shown by Fig. 1, and the other projecting end to the upper edge of the case. By means of this mesh the mirror is opened out as shown by Fig. 2. Finally, set a button and elastic loop on the mirror and case for fastening it together, as shown by the illustration, Fig. 1.

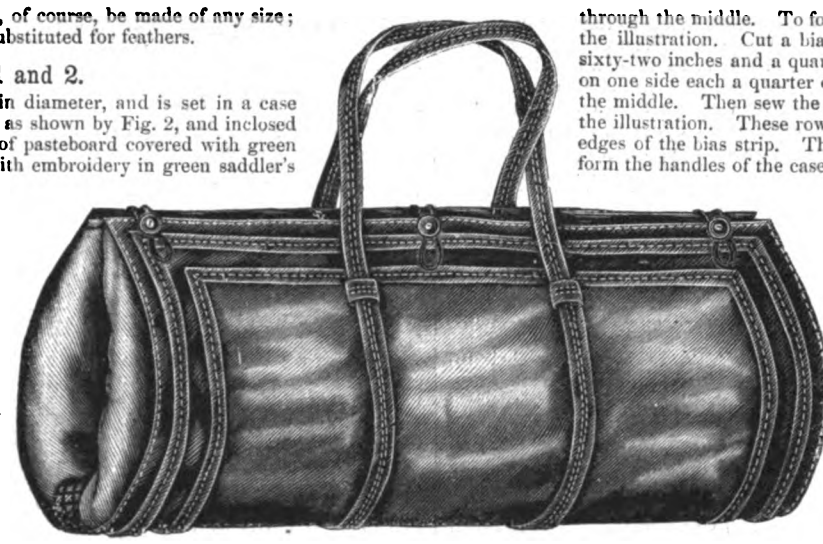


Fig. 1.—TRAVELING SHAWL CASE.—CLOSED.

Fig. 2.—TRAVELING MIRROR.—OPEN.

Crochet Case for Pocket Comb.

THIS case is worked in single crochet with white twisted crochet cotton, small crystal beads, and blue beads. First string the beads on the working thread, alternating two blue and two crystal beads. When the requisite number is strung on (take up only one crystal bead at the end) make a foundation of 38 stitches with the working thread, without paying any attention to the beads, close the foundation in a ring with one slip stitch, and on this foundation work 46 rounds of single crochet; before working each single crochet take up one bead; the beads must come on the outer side of the work (the under side of the stitches). Now follow 17 rounds worked in the foregoing design, but not in the round; the thread must, therefore, be cut off at the end of each of the rounds. In the first of these rounds (47th) pay no attention to the last five stitches of the preceding round, and also in the 48th round take no notice of the two stitches before and after the five stitches of the preceding round referred to; the 49th, 50th, and 51st rounds are likewise narrowed two stitches each at the beginning and end. Next follow five rounds of the same number of stitches, and seven rounds which are narrowed one stitch each at the beginning and end. Overseam the case together at the under edge; in doing this it is to be observed that the hollow formed in the 47th–51st rounds forms the top of the upper surface of the case, while the overlapping piece worked in the last 12 rounds must be a continuation of the under surface of the case. On the edge stitches along the overlapping piece and the hollow work one round of single crochet; in working each of these stitches take up one blue bead. Ornament the overlapping piece with small scallops of blue beads, and furnish the point of this part with a small loop and tassel for closing. Sew blue beads in close rows on both sides of the case, and trim it in a similar manner at the under end, which is ornamented with small bead scallops. Furnish the upper surface of the case with a small crystal button.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET TRAVELING, CARRIAGE, OR CRADLE AFGHAN.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET TRAVELING, CARRIAGE, OR CRADLE AFGHAN.

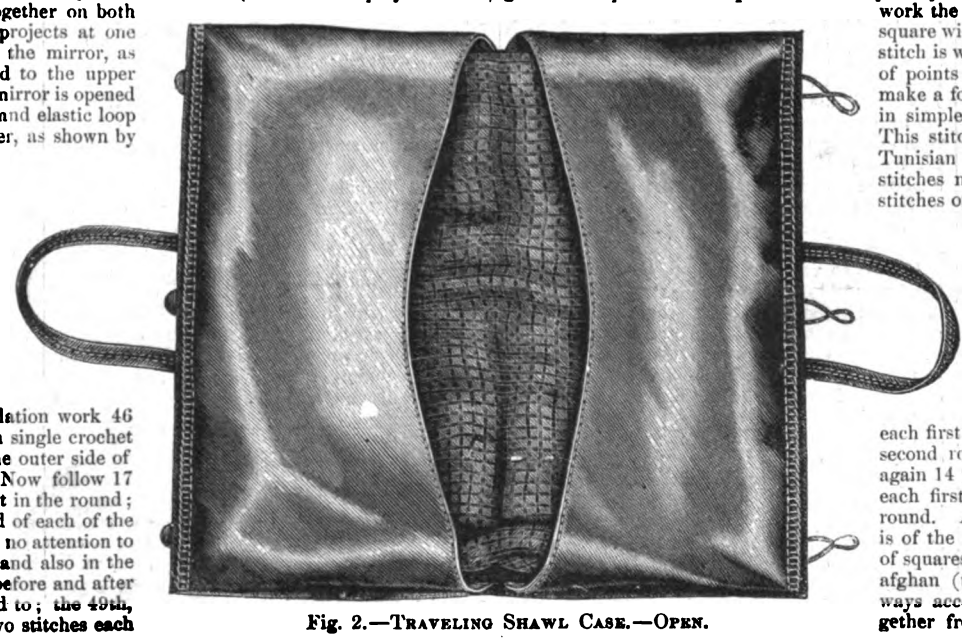


Fig. 2.—TRAVELING SHAWL CASE.—OPEN.

Traveling Shawl Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS case is made of dark brown enameled cloth, lined with black twilled stuff, and trimmed with bias strips of enameled cloth, which are stitched on along the middle with lighter brown silk. Cut a piece of enameled cloth and lining nineteen inches square. Lay the outside on the lining, turn down the edges narrow on the inside, quilt them on the outside along the outer edge with light brown silk, and trim the piece around the edge with bias strips of enameled cloth a quarter of an inch wide each, which are stitched through the middle. To form the corners, lay the bias strips in pleats, as shown by the illustration. Cut a bias strip of enameled cloth an inch and a half wide and sixty-two inches and a quarter long, join this at the ends, and baste the sides over on one side each a quarter of an inch wide, so that the edges come on each other at the middle. Then sew the strip on the case with two rows of stitching as shown by the illustration. These rows of stitching serve at the same time to fasten the folded edges of the bias strip. The ends of the strip, which project equally at both sides, form the handles of the case. Small bands of enameled cloth are fastened under the handles, as shown by the illustration. Furnish the inner side of the case thus far completed with two bags of enameled cloth and black twilled stuff, as shown by Fig. 2. For each of these bags cut of the materials referred to each one piece nine inches wide and twenty-one inches and a half long, and cut these pieces out toward the middle on one side. Stitch the material and lining together, and sew the bags on the case as shown by the illustration; in doing this lay the ends of the bags in a pleat. Finally, furnish the case with buttons and loops of elastic cord for closing.

CROCHET CASE FOR POCKET COMB.

Crochet Traveling, Carriage, or Cradle Afghans, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This afghan, of which the illustration shows a section reduced in size, is worked with two shades of green tapestry worsted in Tunisian (Victoria) and wave crochet stitch. It consists of separate strips of points, which are joined with strips of connected squares. The strips of squares are ornamented in cross stitch embroidery. The afghan is edged with a fringe of green tapestry worsted in two shades. Work the strips of squares with the lighter worsted as follows: On a foundation of 3 ch. (chain stitch) work 12 pr. (pattern rows) in the simple Tunisian stitch; at the end of the first round of these 12 pr., however, widen one stitch, taking up one stitch of the last vein of the horizontal row of slip stitches of the preceding pattern row before working the last stitch. At the end of the second round of each pr. widen one stitch also, working 1 ch. there, so that the first stitch at the beginning of the following pr. may be taken up from the first vertical vein of stitches of the preceding pr. Now work 1 pr. without changing the number of stitches, then 12 pr., in which narrow one stitch each at both sides of the square. To do this, work off together as one stitch the first two and the last two vertical veins of stitches at the beginning and at the end of the second round of each pr.; in the first round of the following pr. take up one stitch only of each two stitches worked off together. Repeat these 25 pr. until the strip of squares is of the length desired for the afghan. Then work the design figure shown by the illustration on each square with dark green worsted in cross stitch; each cross stitch is worked on one crochet stitch. Crochet the strips of points in wave stitch with the darker worsted. First make a foundation of 12 stitches, and on this work 1 pr. in simple Tunisian stitch, then 13 pr. in wave stitch. This stitch is worked in a manner similar to the simple Tunisian stitch, only in the first round of each pr. the stitches must not be taken up from the vertical veins of stitches on the right side of the work, but from the vertical veins of stitches on the under side of the work, so that the horizontal row of slip stitches of the pr. previously worked projects to the right side of the work. Narrow one stitch at the end of the first round of each of these 14 pr., and widen one stitch at the end of each second round. This narrowing and widening are done in the same way as in the strips of squares. * Now follow 14 pr. in wave stitch, in which widen one stitch each at the end of each first round, and narrow one stitch at the end of each second round, again as in the strips of squares; then again 14 pr., in which narrow one stitch at the end of each first round, and widen at the end of each second round. Always repeat from * until the strip of points is of the requisite length. After making as many strips of squares and points as are required for the width of the afghan (these strips must be commenced in different ways according to the illustration), work the strips together from the right side with dark green worsted in

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single crochet, at the same time passing the needle through the edge alternately at greater or less depth. Finally, fasten single strands of light and dark green worsted to the afghan for fringe (see illustration).

Fig. 2.—This afghan is worked with coarse carpet yarn of three shades of brown in Tunisian crochet stitch, and is ornamented in cross stitch embroidery with the lightest and darkest brown worsted. The afghan is edged with fringe of dark brown worsted. First work the foundation of the afghan, and then the border which surrounds the foundation. The foundation consists of separate strips, which are crocheted with the lighter and the medium brown worsted so that squares are formed. Begin the first strip with the darker worsted with a foundation of 18 stitches, and on this work 16 pr. without changing the number of stitches. This forms the first square. After working the last pr. cut off the working thread, lay on the lighter worsted, and with this also work 16 pr. Work alternately one dark and one light square in this manner until the strip is of the length desired for the foundation of the afghan. A dark square must form the end of the strip. The remaining strips are worked in a similar manner, alternately one strip beginning and ending with a dark square, the other strip beginning and ending with a light square, so that afterward, on joining the strips, the squares are alternate. This joining is done with the crochet needle, but *without* working thread, in the following manner: Lay the two strips to be joined side by side, pass the crochet needle through the first edge stitch of one strip, draw the first edge stitch of the second strip through the edge stitch on the needle; then draw the following edge stitch of the first strip through the stitch on the needle, then the next edge stitch of the other strip, and so on. When both strips are joined in this manner, drop the last stitch from the needle, and sew it on with a few stitches. For the border at the outer edge of the afghan work four strips with the darkest brown worsted, first the two strips for the upper and under ends of the afghan. For each of these two strips make a foundation as long as the foundation of the afghan is wide, and on this work 18 pr. without changing the number of stitches, then join the two strips with the ends of the foundation in the manner described. Now work the two strips for the sides of the afghan; for each of these make a foundation of 20 stitches, and on this work as many pr. as are required for the length of the strip. These strips are joined with the foundation in the manner above referred to. Where the strips of the border meet they are sewed together on the under side, so that the joining shows as little as possible. Finally, finish the afghan with embroidery, as shown by the illustration, and edge it with fringe.

Designs for braiding Dresses, Covers, Cushions, etc., Figs. 1–17.

See Illustrations on page 396.

THESE designs consist of borders and corner figures, which are especially suited for ornamenting children's dresses, sacques, paletots, talmas, etc. They are worked with braid or fine cord, or else in chain stitch embroidery with black silk, split zephyr worsted, or red yarn. For cloth, cashmere, satin, or gros grain, silk soutache, silk cord, and chain stitch embroidery with saddler's silk are used. These designs may also be employed for ornamenting sofa cushions, afghans, etc. It may be observed that the corner figure marked 13 matches best with the border 1, the corner figure 14 with the border 10, the corner figure 15 with the border 12, the corner figure 16 with the borders 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, and the corner figure 17 with the borders 5 and 9.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MORNING AFTER.

THE day after the ball was a broken, straggling kind of day, after the usual manner of the to-morrow that succeeds a festival. Hale Castle was full to overflowing with guests who, having been invited to spend one night, were pressed to stay longer. The men spent their afternoon for the most part in the billiard-room, after a late, lingering luncheon, at which there was a good deal of pleasant gossip. The women sat together in groups in the drawing-room, pretending to work, but all desperately idle. It was a fine afternoon, but no one cared for walking or driving. A few youthful enthusiasts did, indeed, get up a game at croquet, but even this soul-enthralling sport was pursued with a certain listlessness.

Mr. Fairfax and Lady Geraldine walked in the garden, the lady looking superbly handsome in a dark blue velvet hat and jacket, trimmed with some pale silvery fur. To all appearance a perfect harmony prevailed between them. Clarissa, sitting alone in an oriel at the end of the drawing-room, watched them with weary eyes and a dull load at her heart, wondering about them perpetually, with a new pain mixed with her wonder.

If she could only have gone home, she thought to herself, what a refuge the dull quiet of her lonely life would have been! She had not slept five minutes since the festival of last night, but had lain, tossing wearily from side to side, thinking of what George Fairfax had said to her—thinking of what might have been and could never be, and then praying that she might do her duty—that she might have strength to keep firmly to the right if he should try to tempt her again.

He would scarcely do that, she thought. That wild, desperate talk of last night was perhaps the merest folly—a caprice of the moment, the shallowest rodomontade, which he would be angry with himself for having spoken. She told herself that this was so; but she knew now, as she had not known before last night, that she had given this man her heart.

It would be a hard thing to remain at Hale to perform her part in the grand ceremonial of the marriage, and yet keep her guilty secret hidden from every eye; above all, from his whom it most concerned. But there seemed no possibility of escape from this ordeal, unless she were to be really ill, and excused on that ground. She sat in the oriel that afternoon, wondering whether a painful headache, the natural result of her sleeplessness and hyperactivity of brain, might not be the beginning of some serious illness—a fever, perhaps, which would strike her down for a time, and make an end of all her difficulties.

She had been sitting in the window for a long time quite alone, looking out at the sunny garden and those two figures passing and repassing upon an elevated terrace, with such an appearance of being absorbed in each other's talk, and all-sufficient for each other's happiness. It seemed to Clarissa that she had never seen them so united before. Had he been laughing at her last night? she asked herself, indignantly; was that balcony scene a practical joke? He had been describing it to Lady Geraldine perhaps this afternoon, and the two had been laughing together at her credulity. She was in so bitter a mood just now that she was almost ready to believe this.

She had been sitting thus a long time, tormented by her own thoughts, and hearing the commonplace chatter of those cheerful groups, now loud, now low, without the faintest feeling of interest, when a heavy step sounded on the floor near her, and looking suddenly up, she saw Mr. Granger approaching her solitary retreat. The cushioned seat in the oriel, the ample curtains falling on either side of her, had made a refuge in which she felt herself alone, and she was not a little vexed to find her retreat discovered.

The master of Arden Court drew a chair toward the oriel, and seated himself deliberately, with an evident intention of remaining. Clarissa was obliged to answer his courteous inquiries about her health, to admit her headache as an excuse for the heaviness of her eyes, and then to go on talking about any thing he chose to speak of. He did not talk stupidly by any means, but rather stiffly, and with the air of a man to whom friendly converse with a young lady was quite a new thing. He spoke to her a good deal about the Court and its surroundings—which seemed to her a cruel kindness and an error in taste—and appeared anxious to interest her in all his improvements.

"You really must come and see the place, Miss Lovel," he said. "I shall be deeply wounded if you refuse."

"I will come if you wish it," Clarissa answered, meekly; "but you can not imagine how painful the sight of the dear old house will be to me."

"A little painful just for the first time, perhaps. But that sort of feeling will soon wear off. You will come, then? That is settled. I want to win your father's friendship if I can, and I look to you to put me in the right way of doing so."

"You are very good; but papa is so reserved—eccentric, I suppose most people would call him—and he lives shut up in himself, as it were. I have never known him make a new friend. Even my uncle Oliver and he seem scarcely more than acquaintances; and yet I know my uncle would do any thing to serve us, and I believe papa knows it too."

"We must trust to time to break down that reserve, Miss Lovel," Mr. Granger returned, cheerily; "and you will come to see us at the Court—that is understood. I want you to inspect Sophia's schools, and sewing classes, and cooking classes, and goodness knows what. There are plenty of the people who remember you, and will be delighted to welcome you among them. I have heard them say how kind you were to them before you went abroad."

"I had so little money," said Clarissa, "I could do hardly any thing."

"But, after all, money is not every thing with that class of people. No doubt they like it better than any thing in the present moment; but as soon as it is gone they forget it, and are not apt to be grateful for substantial benefits in the past. But past kindness they do remember. Even in my own experience I have known men who have been ungrateful for large pecuniary benefits, and yet have cherished the memory of some small kindness; a mere friendly word, perhaps, spoken at some peculiar moment in their lives. No, Miss Lovel, you will not find yourself forgotten at Arden."

He was so very earnest in this assurance that Clarissa could not help feeling that he meant to do her a kindness. She was ashamed of her unworthy prejudice against him, and roused herself with a great effort from her abstraction, in order to talk and listen to Mr. Granger with all due courtesy. Nor had she any farther opportunity of watching those two figures pacing backward and forward upon the terrace; for Mr. Granger contrived to occupy her attention till the bell rang, and afforded her the usual excuse of hurrying away to dress.

She was one of the last to return to the drawing-room, and to her surprise found Mr. Granger by her side, offering his arm in his stately way when the procession began to file off to the dining-room, oblivious of the claims which my lady's matronly guests might have upon him.

Throughout that evening Mr. Granger was more or less by Clarissa's side. His daughter, perceiving this with a scarcely concealed astonishment, turned a deaf ear to the designing compliments of Captain Westleigh (who told himself that a fellow might just as well go in for a good thing as not when he got a chance), and came across the room to take part in her parent's conversation. She even tried to lure him away on some pretense or other; but this was vain. He seemed rooted to his chair by Clarissa's side—she listlessly turning over a folio volume of steel plates, he pointing out landscapes and scenes which had been familiar to him in his continental rambles, and remarking upon them in a somewhat disjointed fashion—"Marathon, yes—rather flat, isn't it? But the mountains make a fine background. We went there with guides one day, when I was a young man. The Acropolis—hum! ha!—very fine ruins, but a most inconvenient place to get at. Would you like to see Greece, Miss Lovel?"

Clarissa gave a little sigh—half pain, half rapture. What chance had she of ever treading that illustrious soil, of ever emerging from the narrow bondage of her dull life? She glanced across the room to the distant spot where Lady Geraldine and George Fairfax sat playing chess. *He* had been there. She remembered his pleasant talk of his wanderings on the night of their railroad journey.

"Who would not like to see Greece?" she said.

"Yes, of course," Mr. Granger answered, in his most prosaic way. "It's a country that ought to be remarkably interesting; but unless one is very well up in its history, one is apt to look at every thing in a vague, uncertain sort of manner. A mountain here, and a temple there—and then the guides and that kind of people contrive to vulgarize every thing somehow; and then there is always an alarm about brigands, to say nothing of the badness of the inns. I really think you would be disappointed in Greece, Miss Lovel."

"Let me keep my dream," Clarissa answered, rather sadly; "I am never likely to see the reality."

"You can not be sure of that; at your age all the world is before you."

"You have read Grote, of course, Miss Lovel?" said Miss Granger, who had read every book which a young lady ought to have read, and who rather prided herself upon the solid nature of her studies.

"Yes, I have read a good deal of Grote," Clarissa replied, meekly.

Miss Granger looked at her as if she rather doubted this assertion, and would like to have come down upon her with some puzzling question about the Archons or the Areopagus, but thought better of it, and asked her father if he had been talking to Mr. Purdew.

Mr. Purdew was a landed gentleman of some standing, whose estate lay near Arden Court, and who had come with his wife and daughters to Lady Laura's ball.

"He is sitting over there, near the piano," added Sophia; "I expected to find you enjoying a chat with him."

"I had my chat with Purdew after luncheon," answered Mr. Granger; and then he went on turning the leaves for Clarissa with a solemn air, and occasionally pointing out to her some noted feature in a landscape or city. His daughter stared at him in supreme astonishment. She had seen him conventionally polite to young ladies before to-night, but this was something more than conventional politeness. He kept his place all the evening, and all that Sophia could do was to keep her place also.

When Clarissa was lighting her candle at a table in the corridor, Mr. Fairfax came up to her for the first time since the previous night.

"I congratulate you on your conquest, Miss Lovel," he said, in a low voice.

She looked up at him with a pale, startled face, for she had not known that he was near her till his voice sounded close in her ear. "I don't understand you," she stammered.

"Oh, of course not; young ladies never can understand that sort of thing. But I understand it very well, and it throws a pretty clear light upon our interview last night. I wasn't quite prepared for such wise counsel as you gave me then. I can see now whence came the strength of your wisdom. It is a victory worth achieving, Miss Lovel. It means Arden Court.—Yes, that's a very good portrait, isn't it?" he went on in a louder key, as a little cluster of ladies came toward the table; "a genuine Sir Joshua, I believe."

And then came the usual good-nights, and Clarissa went away to her room with those words in her ears, "It means Arden Court."

Could he be cruel enough to think so despicably of her as this? Could he suppose that she wanted to attract the attention of a man old enough to be her father, only because he was rich and the master of the home she loved? The fact is that Mr. Fairfax—not too good or high-principled a man at the best of times, and yet accounting himself an honorable gentleman—was angry with himself and the whole world, most especially angry with Clarissa, because she had shown herself strong where he had thought to find her weak. Never before had his vanity been so deeply wounded. He had half resolved to sacrifice himself for this girl—and behold, she cared nothing for him!

CHAPTER XV.

CHIEFLY PATERNAL.

THE preparations for the wedding went on. Clarissa's headache did not develop into a fever, and she had no excuse for flying from Hale Castle. Her father, who had written Lady Laura Armstrong several courteous little notes expressing his gratitude for her goodness to his child, surprised Miss Lovel very much by appearing at the Castle one fine afternoon to make a personal acknowledgment of his gratitude. He consented to remain to dinner, though protesting that he had not dined away from home—except at his brother-in-law's—for a space of years.

"I am a confirmed recluse, my dear Lady Laura, a worn-out old bookworm, with no better idea of enjoyment than a good fire and a favorite author," he said; "and I really feel myself quite unfitted for civilized society. But you have a knack at commanding, and to hear is to obey; so if you insist upon it, and will pardon my morning dress, I remain."

Mr. Lovel's morning dress was a suit of rather clerical-looking black from a fashionable West End tailor—a costume that would scarcely outrage the proprieties of a patrician dinner-table.

"Clarissa shall show you the gardens between this and dinner-time," exclaimed Lady Laura. "It's an age since you've seen them, and I want to know your opinion of my improvements. Besides, you must have so much to say to her."

Clarissa blushed, remembering how very little her father ever had to say to her of a confidential nature, but declared that she would be very pleased to show him the gardens; so, after a little more talk with my lady, they set out together.

"Well, Clary," Mr. Lovel began, with his kindest air, "you are making a long stay of it."

"Too long, papa. I should be so glad to come home. Pray don't think me ungrateful to Lady Laura; she is all goodness; but I am so tired of this kind of life, and I do so long for the quiet of home."

"Tired of this kind of life! Did ever any one hear of such a girl! I really think there are some people who would be tired of Paradise. Why, child, it is the making of you to be here! If I were as rich as—as that fellow Granger, for instance; hang Crœsus! I couldn't give you a better chance. You must stay here as long as that good-natured Lady Laura likes to have you; and I hope you'll have booked a rich husband before you come home. I shall be very much disappointed if you haven't."

"I wish you would not talk in that way, papa; nothing would ever induce me to marry for money."

"*For* money; no, I suppose not," replied Mr. Lovel, testily; "but you might marry a man *with* money. There's no reason that a rich man should be inferior to the rest of his species. I don't find any thing so remarkably agreeable in poor men."

"I am not likely to marry foolishly, papa, or to offend you in that way," Clarissa answered, with a kind of quiet firmness, which her father inwardly execrated as "infernal obstinacy;" "but no money in the world would be the faintest temptation to me."

"Humph! Wait till some Yorkshire squire offers you a thousand a year pin-money; you'll change your tone then, I should hope. Have you seen any thing of that fellow Granger, by-the-way?"

"I have seen a good deal of Mr. and Miss Granger, papa. They have been staying here for a fortnight, and are here now."

"You don't say so? Then I shall be linked into an intimacy with the fellow. Well, it is best to be neighborly, perhaps. And how do you like Mr. Granger?"

"He is not a particularly unpleasant person, papa; rather stiff and matter-of-fact, but not ungentlemanly; and he has been especially polite to me, as if he pitied me for having lost Arden."

In a general way Mr. Lovel would have been inclined to protest against being pitied, either in his own person or that of his belongings, by such a man as Daniel Granger. But in his present humor it was not displeasing to him to find that the owner of Arden Court had been especially polite to Clarissa.

"Then he is really a nice fellow, this Granger, eh, Clary?" he said, airily.

"I did not say nice, papa."

"No, but civil and good-natured, and that kind of thing. Do you know, I hear nothing but praises of him about Arden; and he is really doing wonders for the place. Looking at his work with an unjaundiced mind, it is impossible to deny that. And then his wealth!—something enormous, they tell me. How do you like the daughter, by-the-way?"

This question Mr. Lovel asked with something of a wry face, as if the existence of Daniel Granger's daughter was not a pleasing circumstance in his mind.

"Not very particularly, papa. She is very good, I dare say, and seems anxious to do good among the poor; and she is clever and accomplished, but she is not a winning person. I don't think I could ever get on with her very well."

"That's a pity, since you are such near neighbors."

"But you have always avoided any acquaintance with the Grangers, papa," Clarissa said, wonderingly.

"Yes, yes, naturally. I have shrunk from knowing people who have turned me out of house and home, as it were. But that sort of thing must come to an end sooner or later. I don't want to appear prejudiced or churlish; and, in short, though I may never care to cross that threshold, there is no reason Miss Granger and you should not be friendly. You have no one at Arden of your own age to associate with, and a companion of that kind might be useful. Has the girl much influence with her father, do you think?"

"She is not a girl, papa; she is a young woman. I don't suppose she is more than three or four and twenty, but no one would ever think of calling Miss Granger a girl."

"You haven't answered my question."

"I scarcely know how to answer it. Mr. Granger seems kind to his daughter, and she

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talks as if she had a great deal of influence over him; but one does not see much of people's real feelings in a great house like this. It is 'company' all day long. I dare say Mr. and Miss Granger are very fond of one another, but—but—they are not as much to each other as I should like you and me to be, papa," Clarissa added with a sudden boldness.

Mr. Lovel coughed, as if something had stuck in his throat.

"My dear child, I have every wish to treat you fairly—affectionately, that is to say," he replied, after that little nervous cough; "but I am not a man given to sentiment, you see, and there are circumstances in my life which go far to excuse a certain coldness. So long as you do not ask too much of me—in the way of sentiment, I mean—we shall get on very well, as we have done since your return from school. I have had every reason to be satisfied."

This was not much, but Clarissa was grateful even for so little.

"Thank you, papa," she said, in a low voice; "I have been very anxious to please you."

"Yes, my dear, and I hope—nay, am sure—that your future conduct will give me the same cause for satisfaction; that you will act wisely, and settle the more difficult questions of life like a woman of sense and resolution. There are difficult questions to be solved in every woman's life, you know, Clary; and woe betide the one who lets her heart get the better of her head!"

Clarissa did not quite understand the drift of this remark, but her father dismissed the subject in his lightest manner before she could express her bewilderment.

"That's quite enough serious talk, my dear," he said; "and now give me the *carte du pays*. Who is here besides these Grangers? and what little social comedies are being enacted? Your letters, though very nice and dutiful, are not quite up to the Horace Walpole standard, and have not enlightened me very much about the state of things."

Clarissa ran over the names of the Castle guests. There was one which she felt would be difficult to pronounce, but it must needs come at last. She wound up her list with it: "And—and there is Lady Geraldine Challoner, and the gentleman she is going to marry—Mr. Fairfax."

To her extreme surprise the name seemed to awaken some unwonted emotion in her father's breast.

"Fairfax!" he exclaimed; "what Fairfax is that? You didn't tell me whom Lady Geraldine was to marry when you told me you were to officiate as bride-maid. Who is this Mr. Fairfax?"

"He has been in the army, papa, and has sold out. He is the heir to some great estate called Lyvedon, which he is to inherit from an uncle."

"*His* son!" muttered Mr. Lovel.

"Do you know Mr. Fairfax, papa?"

"No, I do not know this young man. But I have known others—members of the same family—and have a good reason for hating his name. He comes of a false, unprincipled race. I am sorry for Lady Geraldine."

"He may not have inherited the faults of his family, papa."

"May not!" echoed Mr. Lovel, contemptuously; "or may. I fancy these vices run in the blood, child, and pass from father to son more surely than a landed estate. To lie and betray came natural to the man I knew. Great Heaven! I can see his false smile at this moment."

This was said in a low voice—not to Clarissa, but to himself—a half-involuntary exclamation. He turned impatiently presently, and walked hurriedly back toward the Castle.

"Let us go in," he said. "That name of Fairfax has set my teeth on edge."

"But you will not be uncivil to Mr. Fairfax, papa?" Clarissa asked, anxiously.

"Uncivil to him! No, of course not. The man is Lady Laura's guest, and a stranger to me; why should I be uncivil to him?"

Nor would it have been possible to imagine, by-and-by, when Mr. Lovel and George Fairfax were introduced to each other, that the name of the younger man was in any manner unpleasant to the elder. Clarissa's father had evidently made up his mind to be agreeable, and was eminently successful in the attempt. At the dinner-table he was really brilliant, and it was a wonder to every one that a man who led a life of seclusion could shine forth all at once with more than the success of a professed diner-out. But it was to Mr. Granger that Marmaduke Lovel was most particularly gracious. He seemed eager to atone, on this one occasion, for all former coldness toward the purchaser of his estate. Nor was Daniel Granger slow to take advantage of his urbane humor. For some reason or other that gentleman was keenly desirous of acquiring Mr. Lovel's friendship. It might be the commoner's slavish worship of ancient race, it might be some deeper reason, that influenced him, but about the fact itself there could be no doubt. The master of Arden was eager to place his coverts, his park, his library, his hot-houses, his picture-gallery—every thing that he possessed—at the feet of his ruined neighbor. Yet even in his eagerness to confer these benefits there was some show of delicacy, and he was careful not to outrage the fallen man's dignity.

Mr. Lovel listened and bowed and smiled; pledged himself to nothing; waved off every offer with an airy grace that was all his own. A prime minister, courted by some wealthy place-hunter, could not have had a loftier air; and yet he contrived to make Mr. Granger feel that this was the inauguration of a friendship between them; that he consented to the throwing down of those barriers which had kept them apart hitherto.

"For myself, I am a hermit by profession," he said; "but I am anxious that my daughter should have friends, and I do not think she could have a more accomplished or agreeable companion than Miss Granger."

He glanced toward that young lady with a smile—almost a triumphant smile—as he said this. She had been seated next him at dinner, and he had paid her considerable attention—attention which had not been received by her with quite that air of gratification which Mr. Lovel's graceful compliments were apt to cause. He was not angry with her, however. He contemplated her with a gentle indulgence, as an interesting study in human nature.

"Well, Mr. Lovel," said Lady Laura, in a confidential tone, when he was wishing her good-night, "what do you think of Mr. Granger now?"

"I think he is a very excellent fellow, my dear Lady Laura, and that I am to blame for having been so prejudiced against him."

"I am so glad to hear you say that!" cried my lady, eagerly. She had drawn him a little way apart from the rest of her visitors, out of ear-shot of the animated groups of talkers clustered here and there. "And now I want to know if you have made any great discovery?" she asked, looking at him triumphantly.

He responded to the look with a most innocent stare.

"A discovery, my dearest Lady Laura—you mystify me. What discovery is there for me to make, except that Hale Castle is the most delightful place to visit?—and that fact I knew beforehand, knowing its mistress."

"But is it possible that you have seen nothing—guessed nothing? And I should have supposed you such a keen observer—such a profound judge of human nature."

"One does not enlarge one's knowledge of human nature buried among books as I have been. But, seriously, Lady Laura, what is the answer to the enigma—what ought I to have guessed or seen?"

"Why, that Daniel Granger is desperately in love with your daughter."

"With Clarissa! Impossible! Why, the man is old enough to be her father."

"Now, my dear Mr. Lovel, you know that is *no* reason against it. I tell you the thing is certain—palpable to any one who has had some experience of such matters, as I have. I wanted to bring this about; I had set my heart upon it before Clarissa came here, but I did not think it would be accomplished so easily. There is no doubt about his feelings, Mr. Lovel; I know the man thoroughly, and I never saw him pay any woman attention before. Perhaps the poor fellow is scarcely conscious of his own infatuation yet, but the fact is no less certain. He has betrayed himself to me ever so many times by little speeches he has let fall about our dear Clary. I think even the daughter begins to see it."

"And what then, my kind friend?" asked Mr. Lovel, with an air of supreme indifference. "Suppose this fancy of yours to be correct, do you think Clarissa would marry the man?"

"I do not think she would be so foolish as to refuse him," Lady Laura answered, quickly, "unless there were some previous infatuation on her side."

"You need have no apprehension of that," returned Mr. Lovel, sharply. "Clarissa has never had the opportunity for so much as a flirtation."

Lady Laura remembered that scene in the balcony with a doubtful feeling.

"I hope she would have some regard for her own interest," she said, thoughtfully. "And if such an opportunity as this were to present itself—as I feel very sure it will—I hope your influence would be exerted on the right side."

"My dear Lady Laura, my influence should be exercised in any manner you desired," replied Mr. Lovel, eagerly. "You have been so good to that poor friendless girl that you have a kind of right to dispose of her fate. Heaven forbid that I should interfere with any plans you may have formed on her behalf, except to promote them!"

"It is so good of you to say that. I really am so fond of my dear Clary, and it would so please me to see her make a great marriage, such as this would be. If Mr. Granger were not a good man, if it were a mere question of money, I would not urge it for a moment; but he really is in every way unexceptionable; and if you will give me your permission to use my influence with Clary—"

"My dear Lady Laura, as a woman, as a mother, you are the fittest judge of what is best for the girl. I leave her in your hands with entire confidence; and if you bring this marriage about, I shall say Providence has been good to us. Yes, I confess I should like to see my daughter mistress of Arden Court."

Almost as he spoke there arose before him a vision of what his own position would be if this thing should come to pass. Was it really worth wishing for at best? Never again could he be master of the home of his forefathers. An honored visitor, perhaps, or a tolerated inmate—that was all. Still it would be something to have his daughter married to a rich man. He had a growing, almost desperate, need of some wealthy friend who should stretch out a saving hand between him and his fast-accumulating difficulties; and who so fitted for this office as a son-in-law? Yes, upon the whole, the thing was worth wishing for.

He bade Lady Laura good-night, declaring that this brief glimpse of the civilized world had been strangely agreeable to him. He even promised to dine at the Castle again before long, and so departed, after kissing his daughter almost affectionately, in a better humor with himself and mankind than had been common to him lately.

"So that is young Fairfax," he said to himself, as he jogged slowly homeward in the Arden fly—the single vehicle of that kind at the disposal of the village gentility—"so that is the son of Temple Fairfax. There is a look of his father in his eyes, but not that look of wicked power in his face that there was in the Colonel's—not that thorough stamp of a bold, bad man. It will come, I suppose, in good time."

USEFUL RECIPES.

CANNED TOMATOES that are purchased from the canning factories are generally so little cooked, and in such large pieces, that a delightful breakfast dish may be made from them. Drain off all the liquor, and, having a small piece of butter melted in a dripping-pan, put in the pieces, place into a hot oven or on top of the stove, and let them fry a few minutes; season, and, if liked, add cream to them when you take them from the fire. Do not have too much butter in the pan, or they will be greasy.

A VERY NICE WAY OF COOKING EGGS is to break them in a saucer, one at a time, being careful to keep the yolk from breaking and running. Have ready in a dripping-pan some boiling water or milk; into this slide the eggs, letting them cook until set; take them up with a skimmer and place them in a dish, putting a little butter, salt, and pepper over them, or place them on buttered toast.

VELVET CREAM.—One coffee-cupful of wine, two-thirds of a box of COX'S gelatine dissolved in one pint of water, one coffee-cupful of sugar; set the mixture over the fire and let it come to a boil, strain it through a flannel bag; when it is nearly cold, add a pint of good rich cream; beat all well together and put into a mould.

SPANISH CREAM.—Place over the fire in a perfectly clean saucepan three pints of milk; in it put one ounce of COX'S gelatine, and let it boil slowly until dissolved; add three-quarters of a pound of best white sugar; take it from the fire, and add six beaten eggs, stirring it all the time, and adding the eggs slowly. Put it on the stove again, and let it thicken, all the time stirring; add flavoring to suit; let it cool a little; give one good beat, and pour it into the moulds. In this and the preceding recipe a little milk should be put into the moulds, rinse it round, and then pour it out: it keeps the "cream" from adhering and losing its form.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

LESS than two years ago a thrill of horror went through the length and breadth of our country at the sickening details of the "Avondale calamity." Again from the Pennsylvania coal regions has come the cry of anguish from scarce-rescued miners, and from the frantic widows and orphans of the suffocated dead. This time, also, the massacre of at least twenty unfortunate men was caused by the shaft taking fire; and there being only *one* shaft, the sole avenue of escape was made impassable, and all ventilation stopped. Immured in this dreadful sepulchre, the smoke from the burning timber and the deadly gases from the coal constantly accumulating, the thirty-seven Pittston miners, helpless and horror-stricken, awaited their fate. That any of this number were rescued from that deep, dark pit was due to the eager efforts made in their behalf. But who can realize the horror of that under-ground waiting for death, or the sudden shock of anguish falling, as in an instant, upon wives and children? There seems to be no doubt in any candid mind that miners, who are by necessity exposed to many dangers, should at least have the protection which *two* shafts would give them. The experiment of one opening only for ventilation, and for escape in time of danger, has been tried long enough—lives enough have been sacrificed to cause the public to demand that the law enforce protective measures.

The obstacles to be overcome in destroying the Column Vendôme were so great that the workmen employed on it predicted the ruin of the contractor who engaged to overthrow it. The terms promised were $7000, with a deduction of $100 a day for every day it was left standing after May 5; consequently $1100 were deducted from the amount agreed upon. The column was shattered to pieces in its fall, but the pedestal, which has always been considered the most admirable portion of the monument, remained standing.

As an illustration of the accuracy of newspaper details, it may be mentioned that one correspondent from Paris writes that the Column Vendôme broke into three pieces in falling. Another asserts that by its fall the column was shattered into "ten thousand atoms." There is only the insignificant discrepancy of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pieces, which is of no account whatever, and readers can take their choice.

The corner-stone of the new Capitol at Albany will be laid on June 24, with appropriate ceremonies.

The scenery on the American side of Niagara Falls has been much injured, it is said, by the proprietors of the land, who have been during the winter cutting down grand old trees, and selling the timber for fire-wood.

One evening, a week or two ago, a couple of drunken loafers entered a Brooklyn car and behaved in an outrageous manner, insulting to every one. The passengers were terrified, especially the ladies; and the conductor, who was not formidable in size, could neither make them behave nor leave the car. He looked anxiously for a police officer, but, of course, none appeared on the street. A new actor, however, did appear in the scene. A black-eyed gentleman (who was afterward ascertained to be one of Brooklyn's best detectives) quietly ordered the most insulting of the pair to get out of the car. The rough refused, whereupon the gentleman seized him, and by main force dragged him out of the car and deposited him in the middle of the street, while his comrade immediately followed him, to the delight and *relief* of every body. One of the passengers remarked, "Had Foster been served in this way, Putnam would be living to-day."

By the destruction of the Palais du Quai D'Orsay France has lost official records of national importance, as well as productions of artistic skill, which can not be restored. This magnificent building was begun in the time of Napoleon I., but not fully completed until the reign of Louis Philippe. The edifice consisted of four magnificent buildings, surrounding a vast court, and two wings inclosing two smaller courts. Toward the river the front presented a long line of windows, formed by nineteen arches, separated by Tuscan columns, above which was a series of the Ionic order, and over this a mixed Corinthian attic, crowned with an elaborate battlement. The interior of this grand edifice was on a scale commensurate with the administrative offices of a great empire. The walls of the staircases were ornamented with allegorical paintings. On the first story was the Hall of Audience for the Court of Accounts, which was decorated with paintings by eminent artists. The ground-floor, facing the river, was appropriated to the sittings of the Council of State. The Hall of the Pas Perdus, on this floor, was an elegant square apartment, in which four Doric columns sustained a balustrade opening into a vestibule of the upper story. There were five other halls, magnificently adorned, and containing portraits and pictures of great excellence. On the ground-floor was, also, the *Salle des Séances Administratives*, a saloon of great splendor, decorated with twenty Corinthian columns of white marble, with gilt capitals, and portraits of eminent Frenchmen. The coned ceiling was richly gilt in compartments, and contained five emblematical paintings. The palace cost $2,400,000.

An exchange states that the Boston artists have established a club, but that women are excluded from it, the reason assigned being that if women are admitted to the privileges of the club the men can not smoke!

About fifteen years ago a curious contract was made between a Miss Evans and a Mr. Cooper, which has resulted in a novel lawsuit in Chenango County. It seems from the newspaper accounts that Mr. Cooper agreed to give Miss Evans one ewe lamb and its increase until she was twenty-one years of age, in consideration of a gold watch-key. The suit was brought to recover the sheep or its equivalent. The evidence showed that the increase was to be in ewe lambs, and that the natural increase of a flock of sheep would double every year. According to this estimate, Miss Susie would have at the end of fifteen years 16,064 ewe lambs, which, at $4 per head, would amount to $64,256. The justice heard the evidence, and, like a wise man, reserved his judgment. What the final result of the suit is has not yet been reported.

Honesty is so rare that a Binghamton merchant was amazed the other day by a woman who came into his store to pay a debt of fourteen dollars which had been contracted twelve years ago. The debt had been given up as bad long before, but the woman paid it quietly, remarking that she had not found it convenient to settle it before.

The 30th of May was a great strawberry day. In order to make it as obvious that this is truth as it is that it is not poetry, we have only to mention that on that day 208,000 quarts of strawberries were received off the Delaware Railroad for the New York and Philadelphia markets. Also 48,000 quarts were sent from Baltimore to New York. This is said to be the largest amount ever shipped northward in a single day.

A most violent rain and hail storm interrupted the heated term which oppressed us before May had departed. In some sections of the country it caused great destruction of property, the fierce wind and the vivid, blinding lightning combining to do injury to forest and field, as well as to houses and cattle. There were many miraculous escapes from death. A new school-house in Rondout, on the Hudson, was struck by lightning. Five hundred children were gathered in it, and nearly every child was affected more or less, being for a moment almost paralyzed. They soon recovered from this, but a panic ensued, which only the presence of mind of the teachers prevented from resulting in a calamity. A lady in the same town, while leaning from the window of her residence, was struck by lightning, but, fortunately, it expended its fury on her back hair, scattering chignon and hair-pins in every direction; but she herself was unhurt, though stunned by the shock.

"*The court-martial has ordered the use of the mitrailleuse in case of wholesale executions.*" There is something fearful in such a telegram as this coming from blood-stained, mangled Paris, even though it may have deserved its fate. Through what deep seas of blood are the once gay Parisians passing!

"Shelling" a city is attended with horrible details, of which general descriptions fail to convey any adequate idea. The mention of a few of the many tragical instances which occurred some time ago in Paris may show the necessary condition of the people during such military operations. A cook crossed the Avenue de la Grande Armée to get meat at a butcher's, when a shell struck him, killing him instantly. The butcher and wife were so terrified that they ran shrieking from their stall. Presently the wife of the dead man, alarmed at his long absence, went to see what had become of him. When she saw him lying lifeless on the floor, she gave a heart-rending scream, but immediately went to the door for help. At the threshold a musket ball struck her ankle, and she fell helpless, and lay, uncared for, many hours. A certain house was destroyed by a bomb-shell, and every one in it killed except one young man, who saved his life by clinging to the walls above the narrow ledge whereon his feet rested. It was some time before assistance came. He was crazy when removed. He lingered a few weeks, cowering with abject terror at the abyss which to his mind's eye constantly yawned at his feet, and then death relieved his sufferings. Some of the escapes reported are almost miraculous. A shell fell in a nursery full of children, and lodged under the cradle in which were three children playing. It lay where it lodged, without bursting. Another shell fell into a chamber where a man and his wife were sleeping. The walls were rent asunder, the furniture shattered, and even the bed torn in pieces, but the terrified couple escaped without injury. The effect of such shocks, however, is often disastrous to the nervous system.

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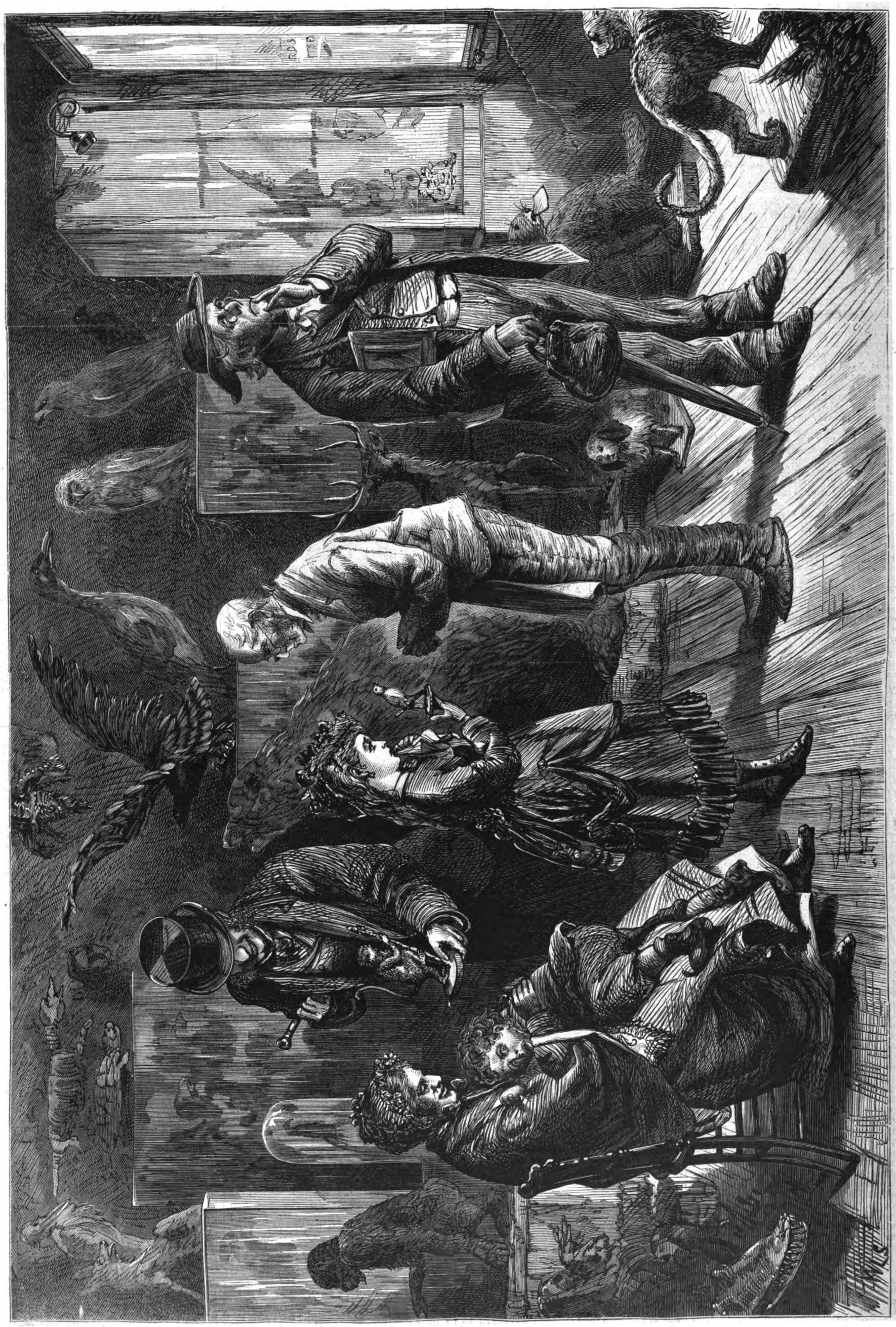

A VISIT TO THE TAXIDERMIST.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, FROM A SKETCH BY M. WOOLF.—[SEE PAGE 394.]

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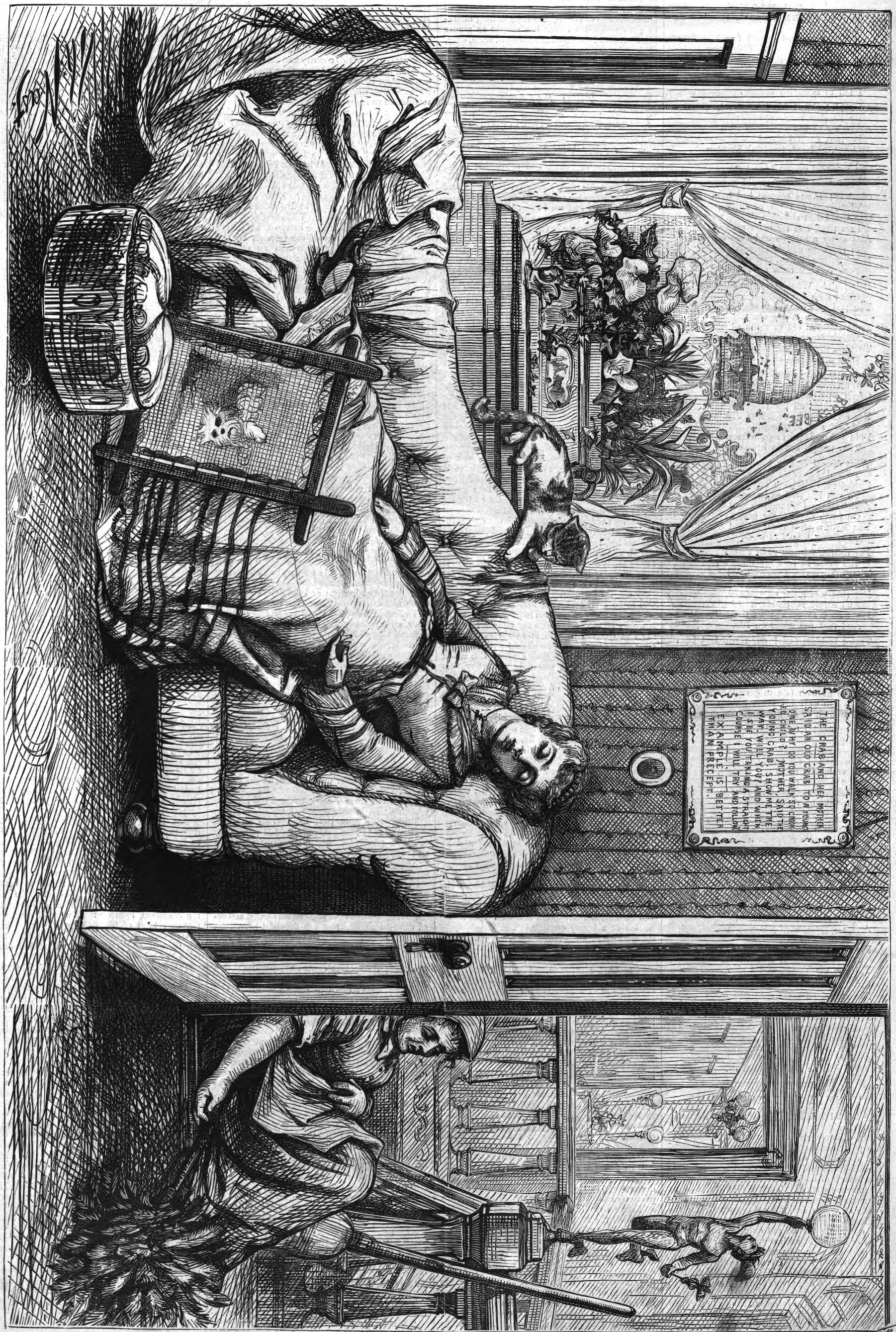

LIKE MISTRESS LIKE MAID.

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ON AN APPLE.

MYSTERIOUS fruit! thy ruddy round
Sets frolic fancy flying.
Half hid in orchard-grass I found
Thee fallen. Day was dying;
Laura had left me there alone,
My parting kiss refusing;
And, since all joy with her had flown,
I fell to mumpish musing.

An apple! Well, 'tis juicy-sweet,
By Phœbus rarely roasted;
A lovelier or more luscious treat
Pomona never boasted.
And yet, and yet, one can't forget—
The painful thought *will* slip in—
The mischief mortal kind have met
From such another pippin.

Oh, Eve! if you content had been
With pear, or plum, or cherry,
Our world had shown a different scene—
Less mad, and far more merry.
And many a sermon had been spared
In churches and in chapels,
If we, your children, had not shared
Your luckless taste for apples.

Fair fruit! What strange, malignant fate
Links with your mellow glory
The perils of our fallen state,
The sadness of our story,
From those of old in captured Troy,
Whom Paris brought to sorrow,
To him, the orchard-robbing boy,
Who dreads his birch to-morrow?

How many souls associate
With *you* their trips and trials,
Of all on whom despotic fate
Has voided all her phials!
Eve and Œnone, Jack and Jill,
Myself, and Menelaus,
Find you a Dead Sea mockery still,
That tempts but to betray us.

What dismal destiny bestowed
Your dower of disaster?
Swift-footed Atalanta owed
To you her lord and master.
And Tell, and Tantalus—good lack!
On earth or with the gods,
You have a most distinguished knack
Of setting things at odds.

Per contra, fairness must forbid
The muse to be quite mute on
The little service once you did
To good Sir Isaac Newton.
But that was quite exceptional,
And surely is, beside, a
Right poor set-off against the Fall,
And that sad scene on Ida.

Thrice luckless fruit! our world had been
Far better off without you;
Ribstone or russet, red or green,
There's some ill spell about you.
Mankind perchance had sager grown,
More fit with fate to grapple,
Had earth or Eden never known
A woman or an apple.

So grumbled I, when lo! a pair
Of pouting lips were proffered;
And—taken somewhat unaware—
I welcomed what they offered.
And verily 'tis wondrous strange,
And passing explanation,
The mighty metamorphic change
Wrought by that osculation.

Said Laura: "*You*'re a silly goose,
Because a girl's capricious,
To whelm with eloquent abuse
A pippin so delicious.
And that old sneer at Mother Eve
Is worse than stale—it's shabby;
My poor old Bertie, I believe
You're growing tart and crabby."

Quoth I: "Sun-stinted fruit will lose
The sweetness of its savor,
And I grow sour if you refuse
The sunshine of your favor.
I'm sweet as drops from Hybla's hive
If you but smile; so *do*, love.
You are my Venus, and I give
The apple unto you, love."

She smiled—a more seductive smile
Ne'er came from Cytherea—
But thought my pseudo-classic style
A most absurd idea.
She would not take the apple—she
Was no pert pagan Venus;
And so, to save more words, d'ye see,
We ate the fruit between us.

A VISIT TO THE TAXIDERMIST.

A TAXIDERMIST'S shop is a museum in miniature. Here may be seen stuffed birds, animals, and reptiles of all kinds, from the polar bears and seals, designed for zoological collections, down to the pet canaries and poodles embalmed for sentimental owners. This last branch of business forms a large part of the taxidermist's trade. They also preserve great numbers of birds for ladies' bonnets, many thousands of which are put up every year for the milliners. The taxidermist must be a bit of an artist withal; for he not only has to stuff the bird or animal in such a manner as to preserve its proportions, but he must mount and pose it naturally, and supply it with glass eyes of the color and expression of life. It is said that of all animals the dog is one of the most difficult to prepare satisfactorily. In the pretty picture on page 392 the little girl seems to belong to the class of mourners above referred to. She is gazing tearfully at the bird in her hand, evidently trying to trace in its rigid form some resemblance to her lost favorite; while her little brother kicks and screams in his mother's lap, frightened out of his wits at the sight of the grinning monkey with which his father has sought to amuse him. Around the room stuffed owls, seals, deer, eagles, dogs, etc., give evidence of the taxidermist's art, and excite the interest and curiosity of visitors.

TWO BALLS.

THERE were three Misses Grosgrain when Martin Miller was a clerk in the drug store of Pill & Powder. They were pretty girls enough, and Nature had made amends for what fortune denied them, by superadding all the beauty and freshness of youth, and something more, which, together with their airs and graces, greatly impressed Martin's young imaginations, and carried them captive. They had an invalid mother at that time, and used often to drop into the store to have prescriptions made up, for toilette articles, or perfumery. Once Martin ventured to present Miss Georgianna with a vial of attar of roses, which so far won her good-will that she invited him to the house to play cribbage with the girls, as Miss Georgianna had her own particular young man, with whom she played a far more interesting game.

Evelyn and Louise, though allowing themselves to be flattered by the admiration of young Miller, yet held their heads very high, and hoped to make matches among the professions and the old families. However, Martin, being an unsuspicious soul, found the first evening in their society so sweet that he was fain to repeat the dangerous experiment, bringing often a bunch of flowers or a bundle of sweetmeats, in order to make his welcome sure; and the girls themselves were too fond of having the neighbors see such a smart-looking young man frequenting the house, so long as they did not know he was only a druggist's clerk, to make it other than pleasant for him; not that they would think of marrying a druggist's clerk, though he was very well to while away the time, to intoxicate with their charms, till a more desirable *parti* should appear. One day when there was to be a grand May-day ball, Martin bought tickets and went up to the Grosgrains', and invited Miss Evelyn and Miss Louise to accompany him. Georgianna was already invited by her Mr. Pewter, and Martin had repeatedly heard them both say that they would thank their stars for a chance to go, though they had by no means intended it as a hint to him, having very different escorts in view. When he broached the subject, however, they exchanged glances and hesitated. What was to be done? Young Mr. Bondholder, just returned from the European tour, was to be there; it would be too bad to lose the chance of meeting and dancing with him; at the same time, what would he think if he should find that they were escorted by a druggist's clerk? But *would* he know? Yes; it was only yesterday that they had met Mr. Bondholder in at Pill & Powder's taking a glass of soda, and had been invited to share that pleasure. What was to prevent him from recognizing the youth who served them? Still, if they should decline, what might they not lose? How much one evening, nay, one dance, had been known to bring about! What delicious whispers, what hand-clasps, what glances might be exchanged in the whirl of galop or Lancers! What infinite and happy possibilities were involved in the mazes of that ball!

"Thanks, Martin," spoke Louise; "if we can find any thing to wear we shall be delighted to go."

"An unexpected pleasure," sighed Evelyn. "Ah, that my godmother were here to change my old tarlatan into a new muslin!"

"Then I will call for you at nine;" and he went away happy as a king, and dreamed all night of polkaing round the world with Evelyn in his arms.

When the evening arrived he attired himself in new broadcloth, procured for the occasion, and hired the best carriage at Hay & Straw's stables, and rung at the Grosgrain bell with keen anticipation of a happy evening. The bell was answered by a slipshod house-maid, who briefly informed him that the young ladies had decided not to attend the ball that night, but had not been able to send him word. Martin turned away from the door without speaking; indeed, the maid told Miss Evelyn afterward that he bore it quite mild like. She had evidently counted upon a scene. But the blow had stunned him; he was like one walking in a dream. He discharged the carriage, and, regardless of his best broadcloth and thin shoes, paced up and down the pavement before the house, with no definite purpose in mind, but as if chained to the spot, till late in the evening, when, pausing under a lamp-post, he saw a carriage drive up to the Grosgrain door, and a gentleman whom he knew to be wealthy and well-born assist Evelyn and Louise to alight therefrom. They had been to some famous concert of the season. "Oh, the music was simply divine," Louise was saying; "I never enjoyed any thing more in my life."

"And you, Miss Evelyn?" asked Max Dole.

"I thank you for it."

Then the door closed upon them, and Max Dole drove away, leaving Martin under the lamp-post, perfectly restored to his senses. He went home and slept soundly, and did not dream of polkaing round the world with Evelyn in his arms.

The next time that Evelyn and Louise dropped in at the drug store Martin made no allusion to the ball, but served them as graciously as ever, and accepted their blundering apologies with compassionate amiability. But he did not drop their acquaintance. He went to play cribbage with them of an evening, now and then, though not so frequently as once; he sent fruit and flowers to the invalid mother on rare occasions; and one day he emerged from the chrysalis of a druggist's clerk into a partnership with the firm of Pulsifer & Co., chemists, and later into professorship of chemistry at a neighboring college. But Rome was not built in a day; neither were Martin's fortunes. Some years had elapsed since the little affair of the ball, and Evelyn and Louise were still the Misses Grosgrain, when the Prince of Wales came to this country and set every body dancing and feasting. When they read the announcement of his arrival in the evening papers, little did they dream that he brought a charming retribution in his wake.

"I met Professor Miller down in town this morning," said Louise on that same evening in which she had read of the Prince's arrival; "it seemed so funny to call him any thing but Martin. Heyday! I think he had a weakness for you, Eve; if it hadn't been for that ball, eh? But how could we guess that a poor druggist's clerk would ever blossom into a great chemist, condescending to the aristocracy? Dear me, what fools girls are! One needs to live twice in order to know how to live once. What if one of us—I think it was you, Eve—bartered a lifetime among the aristocracies of the intellect for the sake of our miserable pride and an evening passed with Senator Dole's son and heir! for I'm sure I would never have given up a ball for a concert if it hadn't tickled my vanity to be seen in the society of one of the *élite*."

"Don't talk about it," said Evelyn; "I've been ashamed to look Martin Miller in the face ever since. It makes my blood run cold to remember it. To be sure, we were young and giddy, with nobody to advise us; I hope he makes that allowance, or what *must* he think of us?"

"We didn't very much care what he thought of us then."

"Didn't we? *I* cared so much that it spoiled all the music for me; it made a perfect discord of the Fifth Symphony. But of course the pride of all the Grosgrains must look higher than a druggist's clerk; and it was, as you say, a great temptation to sweep into Music Hall with Max Dole, particularly as Elinor Heed intimated that he would invite her, without doubt. It was very silly, but I wanted her to see whom he *did* invite!"

"They are going to give the Prince a ball here," said Louise. "I wonder if we shall go?"

"Who do you think will invite us?"

"Nobody; but can't one be permitted to build a castle or two?"

"If one fancies that style of architecture. I don't see how you can make bricks without straw, though. And then isn't it customary to sit down and count the cost? As for me, I should prefer love in a cottage."

So the time wore on; and the Prince of Wales came, and every body turned out to stare at him, and climbed house-tops and trees and garden-posts, and rented windows at fabulous prices, and received him with open arms—and mouths. Every body, too, was concerting as to what should be worn at the grand ball, and the modistes were worn to a shadow in consequence. Eve and Louise met their friends going in and coming out of Holbrook's, of Madame Walther's, of Goodness-knows-who's, and they appeared to be lost in a fog of tulle and illusion and blonde, while those who were not trying on furbelows at the dress-makers' were pinching their feet into Cinderella's slippers at the shoe-makers'. And every where they were confronted with the question, "Are you not going to the ball?" as if the courses of the stars and orbits of the comets depended upon whether one danced with the Prince or not.

But at last there came a triumphant moment when they could answer, "Yes, we *are* going to the ball. Mr. Max Dole has invited us. We shall appear in blue and gold, and in pale pink. Madame Gore is to make our dresses. They will cost us more than we can afford, to be sure. We shall have to pinch in the housekeeping after it; but nobody knows when we shall get another chance to dance with royalty, not to speak of Mr. Max Dole, and one *must* make hay while the sun shines."

So they worked over their toilettes, and matched difficult shades, and got dreadful headaches for their pains; and found that their arms were not so plump as they had used to be; that their collar-bones had acquired a disagreeable habit of obtruding themselves upon public notice; that blue and pale pink were not so becoming as they had once been; and that one's hair had a disobliging tendency to become scant just when an abundance was most fashionable.

They even went so far as to engage a hair-dresser to make the best of the remnant; and after spending a couple of hours before the mirror, they were ready and radiant at the appointed time, waiting for the carriage and Mr. Max Dole. But carriages rolled up and stopped "over the way," and carriages rolled down and away without a feint of delaying at the Grosgrain door. A dozen times Louise drew aside the curtains and peered into the darkness at shadows and cross-lights, and a dozen times she turned away in vexation of spirit, and paced the hall and parlor like a weary sentinel, lest sitting down should crush the delicate butterfly attire and set a fold or drapery awry, exchanging smiles with Evelyn at the absurdity of the scene as they passed each other in their promenade, or paused before the glass to adjust a curl or ribbon.

So the minutes dragged themselves away. The flowers in Evelyn's bouquet and in Louise's hair were beginning to droop and die. Louise wondered what blessed mortal was floating with the Prince through enchanted circles of the waltz, and regretting her lost partners; while Eve had thrown herself into a chair, forgetful of appearances, forgetful of every thing but that this was the measure she had meted out to Martin Miller.

Twelve o'clock! How the bells blazoned it! "I think we had better go to bed," said Eve.

"What's the good?" objected Louise. "I shall lie awake till sunrise. I am too angry to sleep. Hark! There he is. 'And so, dear Sir, you've come at last. I thought you'd come no more. I've waited with my bonnet on from one till half past four,'" she sang, gayly changing her tune, shaking out the waves of her blue tulle for the last time, settling the bracelets upon her arms, pulling out a curl, conjuring a smile to hover about the vexed lips. As for Eve, she never moved till her tired eyes took in the face and figure, not of Max Dole, but of Professor Martin Miller, standing in the door-way and bowing from one to the other, with a rose in his button-hole.

"I am afraid," he was saying, "that you have been put to great vexation and trouble by Mr. Dole's delay; but, believe me, it was unavoidable. Mr. Dole has had a slight difficulty with his creditors, which has obliged him to transfer to me the pleasure of attending you to the ball, if you will allow it. The fact is, he was just stepping into his carriage when the officer claimed his attention. He immediately dispatched a messenger to me, knowing that I am a friend of your family; but as I was dining out of town the boy had some difficulty in finding me; my carriage also met with an accident on the way, which detained me still longer. I hope you will overlook the delay; it must have been exceedingly tedious. Miss Louise, Miss Evelyn, shall I have the happiness of conducting you to the carriage?"

Evelyn half rose from her seat and fell back, the color flickering and fading in her face, the eyes heavy with trembling tears. "Mr. Miller," she said, "I am ashamed to go."

"Oh, it is not too late, I assure you; they come and go at all hours at such places."

"I am ashamed to go," she repeated. "I ought not accept your kindness. I do not deserve it! I do not deserve it!"

"Miss Evelyn!"

"There, do not pretend that you have forgotten about it; I never can. I forfeited the pleasure of going any where with you long ago. You can not have forgiven such wicked rudeness. I hate to think how, under all your kindness, you must despise me in spite of yourself."

"Despise you! I never thought of such a thing. Excuse me for saying, at *that* time, I merely believed that I had been mistaken in you; that I had admired a shadow, excellences that had no existence; lost myself in worship before the curve of the brow, the tint of the cheek, thinking that they were types of the spirit within"—his eyes seeking hers—"and was punished for my presumption. What right had a druggist's clerk to love you?"

"Oh, he had the best right in the world!" cried Evelyn; "the best right in the world!"

"And the professor?" asked Louise, folding up her shawl, reluctantly, in the background; "and the professor?"

"The professor has never been able to outgrow the druggist clerk's infatuation. Shall he begin now? It shall be as you say. Do you love him, Eve, ever so little?"

"'Now all men besides are to me like shadows. I love you!'"

And they did not dance with the Prince, but lived happily ever after.

THE ARGAND BURNER.

THE following interesting article on this useful and familiar household convenience is from "Light," the new volume of the series on popular science by Jacob Abbott, just published by Harper & Brothers:

The only light for the streets of cities in Europe two or three hundred years ago was furnished by great flaming and smoking torches carried in the hand. The darkness at night, of course, afforded great facilities for the commission of all kinds of crime; and robberies, murders, and assassinations increased to such a degree that the government of Paris at one time organized a guard of armed men to patrol the streets in search of the criminals, lighting their way, of course, by the only kind of illumination they then knew how to produce, viz., that of blazing and smoking torches, which the linkman carried before them in his hand.

The true remedy for this state of things was to dispel the darkness which occasioned it by devising some way to increase the brightness of the light which could be given by a flame, and then lighting the streets by placing a fixed burner of this increased brightness at every corner.

The first method of attempting to do this was by means of a reflector placed behind the flame, so as to throw all that part of the sphere of light issuing from the flame which would naturally go back toward the wall, where it was not wanted, forward into the street. But very soon the attention of scientific men began to be turned to the question whether the intensity of the light itself could not be increased by increasing the intensity of the heat produced, and then promoting the rapidity of the combustion by a more complete and rapid supply of oxygen. There would evidently be a double advantage in this, for, by furnishing a full supply of oxygen, all the carbon would be consumed, instead of being allowed in part to escape unconsumed as smoke, and then, moreover, the particles which were consumed would be raised to a higher intensity of heat, and so would become more highly luminous.

Now, in the case of an ordinary fire of wood or of coal, the way to increase the supply of oxygen is to blow it with the bellows; that is, to send in, by means of the bellows, a rapid current of air containing the necessary oxygen. But it is a curious circumstance that, while the blowing of a solid fire makes it burn all the brighter, blowing the flame of a candle puts it out. What is the reason of this?

Fully to understand the reason, it must be ob-

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served that blowing a fire has three different effects upon it—first, to supply oxygen to it, and so make it burn faster; secondly, to cool it; and, thirdly, by its mechanical impulse, to *blow the burning fuel away*. In the case of the blacksmith's forge only the first of these effects is produced to any considerable extent. The current of air supplies oxygen to increase the combustion, which greatly increases the heat. It brings coolness too, and so prevents the heat from becoming as great as it would be if the bellows could blow hot air instead of cold; but the influence of the greater supply of oxygen in promoting the combustion is vastly greater in increasing the heat than the cooling effect, even in the coldest winter day, is in diminishing it. And as to the third effect, the coals being solid and comparatively heavy, the current of air is not strong enough to blow them away.

If, however, we imagine that the blast was so powerful as to blow the coals from the forge all over the blacksmith's shop, the fire would be put out by it at once—that is, as soon as the individual coals had time to go out in their new places, scattered over the bench and floor. If the coals were very small, this would be very soon; and if we imagine each one of them to be no larger than a particle of dust, the extinguishment would be almost instantaneous.

This is precisely what happens when we blow out a candle. The flame is a burning or incandescent gas, with extremely minute particles of solid carbon, infinitely finer than any visible dust, pervading it. When you blow it, therefore, with a strong puff of air, the whole incandescent gaseous mass is blown away, and is instantly cooled below the point of combustion; in other words, it goes out.

If there is at the time, however, a portion of the *wick* incandescent, as there usually is, that, as it can not be blown away, remains burning, and the more you blow upon it the brighter it glows, until, as fast as successive portions of it become loosened and driven off, the incandescent mass is diminished; and as the coolness of the blast prevents the combustion from extending itself to portions below, the wick, as well as the flame, is soon entirely extinguished.

So much for the philosophy of blowing out a candle.

In view of these facts and explanations it is easy to understand that one way, at least, of attempting to increase the light given out by any flame is to continue some mode of increasing the supply of oxygen for it *without dispersing or scattering the burning materials;* in other words, of "blowing" the candle or fire without blowing it out.

It was a Swiss inventor named Argand who first contrived to do this, and the contrivance which he devised is called the Argand burner to this day.

But, in order that you may clearly understand the principles of his invention, I must first say there are two ways of "blowing" fires in furnaces and forges—one by *driving in* the current of air by the force of propulsion below, and the other by *drawing* it in by the force of exhaustion in the chimney above.

The former is effected by means of bellows, and sometimes by another contrivance, called a fan-blower, by either of which a strong blast is forced into the fire at the grate. In some furnaces, where a very great heat is required, the air is heated before it is driven into the furnace, so that the full effect of the additional supply of oxygen may be secured without any diminution being caused by the coolness of the current of air.

The latter of the modes above mentioned—that is, the drawing of air in by the force of exhaustion in the chimney above—is effected by making the chimney very tall. The air within the chimney, being heated, is light and buoyant, and, of course, the taller the chimney the more buoyancy there is, and the greater the draft—that is, the faster the air is "drawn in," as we usually express it, though the real mode of operation is that the pressure of the atmosphere above the fire being taken off, in part, by the buoyancy of the hot air in the chimney, the air is *forced in* to the fire by the atmospheric pressure which acts on the orifice below.

Now Argand's plan was to furnish the increased supply of oxygen to the fire in the flame of the lamp or candle by "drawing it in" from below by means of a chimney, and he also conceived the thought of bringing in the current in the *middle of the flame* instead of around the outside of it.

Argand, as has already been said, was a Swiss. He was of quite humble origin, but he received a scientific education, and in the earlier part of his life he was engaged very successfully in the southern part of France in connection with industrial occupations, in which his scientific knowledge, and especially his knowledge of chemistry, were of great service.

His attention was called while thus employed to the subject of light, especially for use in manufacturing and other such establishments; for in those days—near the close of the last century—there was nothing in use for artificial light but such naked, smoking, and flickering flames as are given out by common lampe, torches, and flambeaux. His knowledge of chemistry showed him that the reason why the flames were not bright was the scantiness of the supply of air, which could only reach the flame on the outside. It had been discovered some time previously that an ordinary flame was hollow—being bright only on the outer surface of it—as, of course, it must be, as in the case of such a flame there is no access to the air within.

So Argand set himself at work to contrive a way by which to admit air to the centre of the flame; and after a great many experiments and a great deal of contrivance, he succeeded in producing a cylindrical wick which was to be inclosed between two concentric tubes, with an opening at the bottom of the inner tube for a supply of air. He also provided suitable mechanism for raising and lowering the wick, and fitted a sheet-iron chimney over it to increase the draught up through the inner tube.

He made his chimney of sheet-iron, because in those days they had no means of making glass chimneys that would stand so great a heat without breaking. Of course it was necessary to place the chimney so that the lower edge of it should be just above the upper edge of the flame, in order that the light might not be intercepted.

Not long after this the glass-makers contrived to make glass chimneys which would stand great heat, provided they were heated gradually, and then Argand's invention was complete.

But the invention, great as its value has proved to be for mankind, was the source to the unhappy inventor of it of nothing but trouble and sorrow. He became involved in disputes and lawsuits with other men, especially with a Frenchman, whose name is spelled Quinquet, and is pronounced, as nearly as can be represented by English symbols, *Kaingkay*. Quinquet, it would seem, drew Argand's idea from him in conversation, or, at least, obtained such glimpses of it as enabled him to produce a lamp of the same character; and he harassed and thwarted Argand in all his attempts to obtain what would correspond to a *patent right* to it at the present day. Argand went to England, and there was more successful. His invention was adopted in that country, and was recognized as his, and the contrivance is called the Argand burner there and in America to this day. But in France the name of Quinquet finally carried the day, and a lamp there, with a burner on this principle, is always called a Quinquet.

Argand was worn out, mind and body, by his long-continued disappointments and troubles, and when he was only a little past middle life he returned to the home of his childhood in Switzerland, poor, disheartened, and miserable, and died in the imbecility and wretchedness of a premature old age.

And now, nearly a century since his death, they who understand these facts, after they have been reading for an hour in the evening by the bright light which his simple and beautiful contrivance has given them, sometimes pay a brief tribute to his memory by observing for a moment in silence the brilliant and beautiful effect produced by the double current of air, intensified in its action by the draft of the chimney, and then saying to themselves, "Poor Argand!"

LIVING IN GERMANY.

EDUCATION—ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

NO American would be willing to sacrifice the education of his children for any inducement a foreign country might offer of economical comfort and luxury. If it were his purpose only to eat, drink, clothe, house, and amuse himself at the lowest possible cost, he could find in the southern parts of the Continent, in the less frequented regions of Spain, Austria, and Italy, more material enjoyment at less price than elsewhere in Europe.

It is not only the cheap living, but the supposed advantages which Germany offers for education, that is attracting to it so many of our flitting folks. It would be poor economy indeed to be guided in the choice of teachers for the young by motives only of saving; and while descanting on the smallness of the bills and fees of German schools and colleges, it must not be inferred that these are their chief commendations. The thoroughness of the scholarship of Germany, and the practical excellence of its methods of instruction, are too well recognized to admit of question.

Heidelberg, the seat of a famous university, which naturally gives tone to the whole place, is pre-eminently an educational town. Abounding in professors and teachers of all kinds, it offers every possible facility for learning. We doubt whether there is a branch of knowledge for the pursuit of which competent instructors can not be found in Heidelberg.

The study of the languages is so extensively and thoroughly pursued that it can be said, without exaggeration, there is not one, either ancient or modern, of which there is not an accomplished master in Heidelberg. A Japanese student, who could not speak a word of German, met without difficulty on his arrival a teacher able to converse with him, and give him lessons through the medium of his own tongue. There is hardly one of its many educated men who is not able to express himself with facility in two modern languages at least in addition to his own. There are dozens of Germans in Heidelberg who can not only speak French and English with fluency, but write them with accuracy and elegance. These languages are regarded as essential branches of study in every school, and they are pursued so thoroughly that the pupils learn to speak them intelligibly without opportunity of visiting the countries where they are spoken. An American or Englishman, surprised to hear the words of his own tongue coming so glibly from the mouths of almost every shop-girl or waiter, often exclaims, "How well you speak English!" and asks, "Where did you learn it?" The common answer is, "At school."

The learning of the famous university town is by no means of a purely scholastic character. The natural sciences are pursued to a great extent, and with a success of which the names of Helmholz, Bunsen, and Kirchoff—all professors at Heidelberg—are world-renowned illustrations. Political economy, modern history, international law, and science in its application to agriculture and the arts of manufacture, are fully recognized in accordance with the modern views of education, and a practical bias is observable in all instruction, whether elementary or advanced.

One of the most characteristic features of Germany, to be observed every where in the streets and on the road-sides, is the school-boy. He goes not "creeping like snail, unwillingly to school," but hurrying eagerly forward to his daily duty, with the *schulranzen*—the knapsack which holds his books—strapped to his back. You can see in him the material, already in the full process of organization, of the solid German citizen-soldier whose steady onward push the world has found so irresistible. During school-hours it is impossible to find in the streets a straggling child, except of the youngest age. The little bouquet dealers and *brezel* boys are no longer invoking your stray *kreutzers*, but, laying aside for the time their baskets of small wares, are plying diligently their pens and slate-pencils under the eye of the school-master. The habit of going to school in Germany is so fixed that no child of the proper age seems to think any more of going without his daily lessons than his daily meals.

In addition to the public elementary schools, there is a great variety of excellent private ones. To these the thriving trades-people and the more prosperous citizens send their children; and it is such American parents residing in Germany would probably prefer. They are by no means what we sometimes call in the United States select schools, from which the children of people of moderate circumstances are excluded by exorbitant charges. Their prices are so low as to come within the means of all but those who are either wholly or partially dependent upon the state for the support of their families. A social equality prevails in these private schools, which appears eminently favorable to a common tone of elevation and sympathy among all classes. The children of the baker, butcher, professor, and magistrate mingle together as comrades, and American republicans will not, of course, object to this.

These elementary private schools profess only to be preparatory to the lyceum or gymnasium. Pupils are received at six years, and kept until ten, at which age they are admitted, if found competent, to the higher academies. The studies are, of course, elementary, and consist chiefly of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, a little French, music, and gymnastic exercises. The charge varies from two to three dollars a quarter.

Girls', or ladies' schools, as perhaps we are expected in America to call them, are, especially when under the control, as is not uncommon, of thoroughly educated men, equally good with those for boys. The charges of the most expensive of these, which are by no means necessarily the best, amount to only thirty-two dollars a year for instruction in all branches with the exception of music and dancing. Lessons on the piano are given at the small rate of thirty-two cents each, and the annual rent of the instrument is but twenty dollars. The price of a dancing lesson is ten cents! Private instruction of all varieties, and of the best, can be had at equally moderate charges. The most distinguished teachers seldom ask as much as forty cents a lesson.

As one of the main objects of American parents in going abroad is to give their children the opportunity of learning the languages, they will find that the surest means of effecting this is not to have them taught at home, but to send them to school, for the young acquire more readily a foreign tongue from the prattle of their comrades than the lessons of their masters.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

"SUCH a bargain, love!" cried Mrs. Ponder, joyously, to her husband.

"A bargain?" Mr. Ponder was used to the word; he didn't like it; he had paid dearly for it; he was tired of paying for it. He laid down his book and asked, "What will you do with it?" "It" was a large handsome wardrobe, with looking-glass doors and extensive drawers and fittings.

"Do with it? Oh, I can do fifty things with it," said the lady.

"But you probably will not do more than one; what will that be?" he asked.

She mused a moment, and suggested the best bedroom. Mr. Ponder remarked that it had a wardrobe.

"Yes, and so has ours, and so has the chintz room; but I could put this into the best room, and put the one there now into ours, and ours into your dressing-room," she remarked, thinking the last concession would win his heart to her bargain.

But the inexorable Mr. Ponder said he had a wardrobe now in his dressing-room which quite satisfied him. In vain the lady suggested various views in which her new purchase might be considered as a valuable investment; he simply replied to each of them that "it was not wanted."

"Well, really, to think of letting this slip out of one's fingers, at such a price! it would have been wasteful, quite wasteful, *I* consider," said the lady, who was too used to battles over her bargains to be easily daunted.

"Pardon me," replied her husband; "the waste lies in buying it. Intrinsically it may be worth a hundred dollars, as you say; but since you don't want it, I maintain, instead of being worth the ten dollars you paid for it, it is not worth ten cents to us."

"Depend on it, Mr. Ponder, it's absurdly cheap, and an immense bargain!" she cried, replying (like a woman) not to his statement, but to his opposition to her act and deed.

"My dear," he said, resuming his book, "I repeat, the price may be low, but, not being wanted, it is worth *nil* to us."

A little pouting, a little frowning, a few sentiments, half thought, half spoken, signifying that "some people were very hard to please," "some people were very inconsistent," that "it was enough to deprive any one of spirit and energy to be so continually thwarted and blamed when praise was deserved," accompanied the beautiful bargain to its settled home in the best bedroom, and Mrs. Ponder stood before it with a sorrowful sort of enjoyment, wishing her husband had a more liberal spirit. Mr. Ponder, thinking he had been a little hard on her, followed her up to the best bedroom, and paid a complimentary tribute to her taste.

"Oh, I knew you *must* admire it!" she said, with animation. "See—what drawers! and look, what lovely deep shelves! and these private drawers! and such room for hanging dresses! Oh, it will hold oceans!"

Mr. Ponder was going to say he was glad that the Pacific and broad Atlantic were not likely to be put up to auction, but having only just made peace he abstained from his joke; and very soon Mrs. Ponder's bargain became rather a care to her.

They seldom used the best bedroom. The wardrobe now in her room was capacious enough for her attic; she was sorry that ten months at least out of the twelve the beautiful convenient bargain should be useless. Suddenly a bright thought struck her; it was just the thing to hold spare linen; but then she had two noble linen chests already. This was soon managed; they should be converted into store chests, and the linen should immediately travel to the wardrobe!

This was excellent management, and all the morning Mr. Ponder heard nothing of his wife; but in the afternoon she said, "I am going to Repp's, dear, with Mrs. Smith; she tells me there is to be a sale of linen—house linen, just such as I want—and it will be marvelously cheap; so I won't lose the opportunity."

"House linen!" exclaimed Mr. Ponder; "surely we can not be in want of that" (remembering as he did the stock of homespun and fine damasks that his good old mother had bequeathed to him in the two linen chests).

"Of course, dear, I don't mean to say we actually want it at this present moment; but linen, like all other things, wears out, and no good manager allows her stock to run down," said Mrs. Ponder, who had a large space yet left in her last bargain which she thought would look well filled up with damasks.

Mr. Ponder happened to be at the hall door when his wife returned from the sale in a coach laden with articles of various kinds. He assisted her to alight, and, rather against her inward wish, watched the packages carried into the house.

"Linen?" he asked, looking at an open hamper of jars and bottles.

"No, dear; I found it was a general sale, and things being almost given away (there being little company there), I couldn't resist buying these fifty-cent bottles of sauce for eight cents, and pickles the same."

"But you and I never eat pickles?" said Mr. Ponder.

"No, but other people do, and it's nice to have them," said the lady, who destined them for her store chests.

"Linen?" again inquired Mr. Ponder, pointing to a huge, greasy-looking, rough box.

"No, that is soap; I have got it at one-third, almost, of the price; and soap is always the better for keeping."

So is money, thought her husband; but he contented himself with saying that he would settle the soap on her in his will as part of her share of his property, for he was sure, unless they not only washed at home, but took in washing, they could never use that quantity.

"Well, my dear, I have bought nothing but useful things," retorted the lady, angrily; "we certainly can not do without soap."

"Linen?" inquired Mr. Ponder, as the last installment came in, his wife following with anxious vigilance.

"No, Mr. Ponder, it is *not* linen," she cried, defiantly; "it is two dozen of old china plates that will just make up my set. I was delighted to see them; I despaired of ever being able to get any."

"What are they for—dinner plates?"

"Dinner!" said the lady; "they are so tender, the touch of a knife would break them."

"What *use* will you put them to, then?"

"Use? don't I tell you, they make up an imperfect set, which, being imperfect, was worth little, but now—"

"Would go for a very good bargain at Repp's," suggested Mr. Ponder.

His wife did not stay to argue; she went off with her bales to see them stowed in proper quarters, and found the work sufficient to occupy her till bed-time.

Every now and then Mrs. Ponder is for a day invisible to her friends, unavailable to her family, and uncomfortable to herself, because she has to dust and wash precious articles that she dare not intrust even to her parlor-maid; and when they are washed and dusted, they are put back on the shelves till they want washing again.

Mr. Ponder, who had received with his wife the brilliant reputation of her being a first-rate manager, wishes he had been so happy as to light on a second or even a third rate, for his experience of "first-rate management" is that it leads to very little comfort and very great expense. When he is complimented by outside observers on "what a capital manager Mrs. Ponder is," he thinks to himself that she manages to spend a great deal of money, and he wishes in his heart that she knew the secret of "managing to do without." He sometimes tells her that they will have to take another house for her accumulations of linen they will never use, home-made wines that will go down to their heirs and assigns as vinegar, preserves that are fretting away all their sweetness, and pickles that are drying up their vinegar; and as to furniture, he only wishes he could get a day at Repp's to sell at half their cost "the bargains that just cost nothing!"

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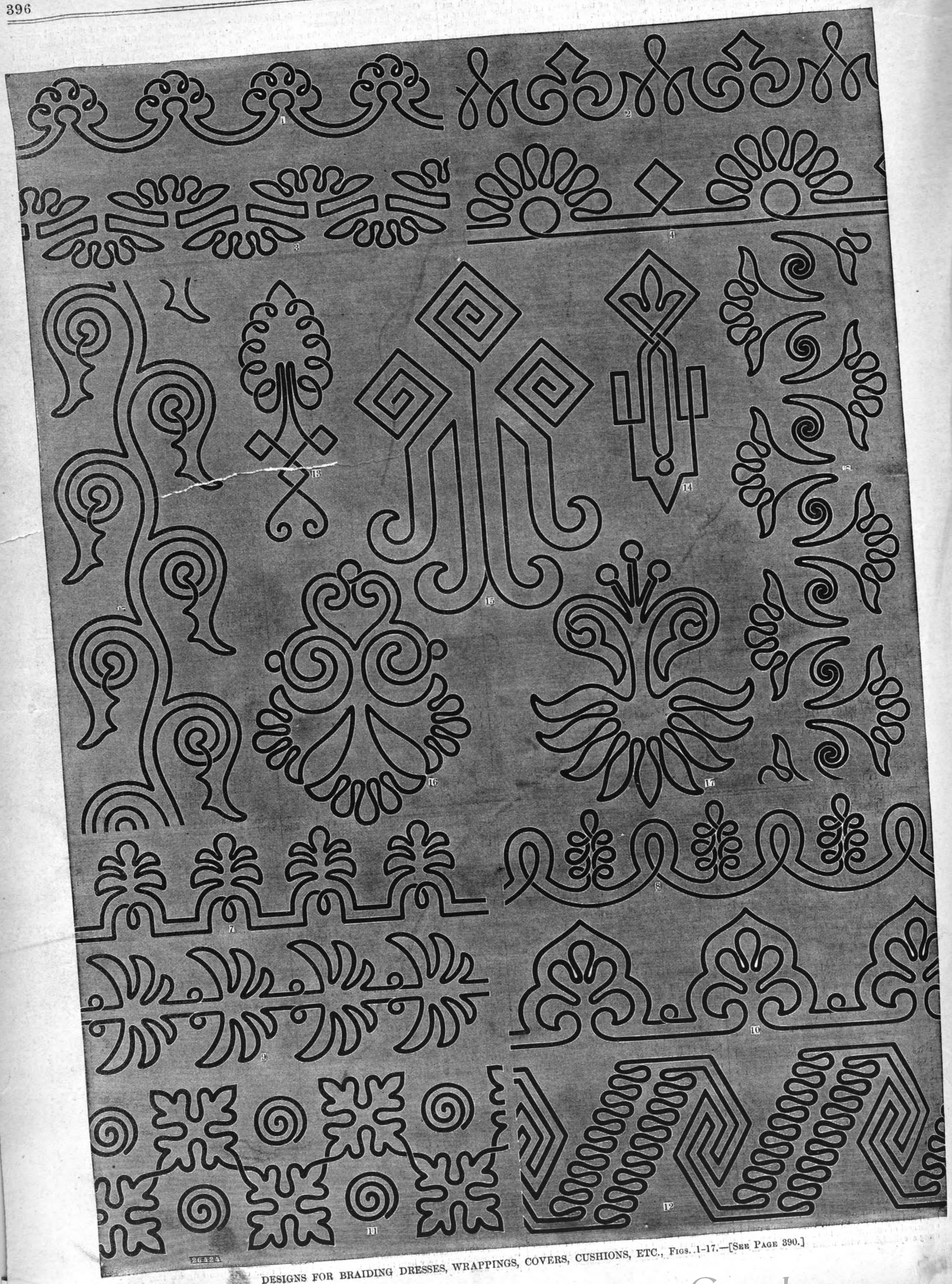

DESIGNS FOR BRAIDING DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, COVERS, CUSHIONS, ETC., FIGS. 1-17.—[SEE PAGE 390.]

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MUNICH CORRESPONDENCE.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

AMONG the great capitals of civilized Europe Munich ranks second only as a repository of art treasures. Here noble buildings have been erected for collections of paintings of ancient and modern schools, instead of consigning them, as in many cities, to a portion of some disused government building, very unsuitable for art purposes. It is, I presume, very generally known that this city owes its present importance as an art centre to the exertions of the late king, Louis I., grandfather of the reigning sovereign, who, being himself a poet and man of taste, made the study of art his favorite pursuit from early youth. This noble work was begun by the king while yet crown prince, and his first great enterprise was to form a collection of sculpture entirely at his own expense. For this he erected an elegant building of white marble, called the Glyptothek, designed by Klenze, the great architect of Munich.

Standing in the Schiller Platz with your face to the setting sun, and looking down the spacious Brienner Strasse, a graceful picture meets the eye. At the extreme limits of the city, and striding the street, is the shining marble Propylæen (a beautiful gate), and to the right, all white and shadowy, rises like a cloud-castle the airy outlines, the symmetrical columns, of the Glyptothek—

"A thing of beauty."

Of what this charming representation of Grecian architecture contains I now scarce can speak. Ah! would that every art lover could traverse these magnificent halls! Here are statues as old as the fame of Praxiteles—groups recumbent, groups defiant, figures in every conceivable attitude. There are river divinities, and dryads of the wood. There are sleeping fauns and grinning satyrs, warrior heroes and menacing gods, statues of Roman emperors and busts of Grecian stoics—some beautiful, all interesting. Various is their state of preservation—some defaced, some dismembered, many in all the wonderful perfection with which they came from the hand of the master centuries on centuries ago.

But the dearest-prized treasure of the Glyptothek is not the famous Barberini Faun, nor the exquisite figure of Niobe's son crouching before Apollo's fatal arrow. Art lover and archæologist will find their supremest delight in the Ægina marbles; and our little Bavaria may well be proud of having acquired them. Purchased for six thousand pounds by King Louis I., when crown prince, a messenger from the British Museum with an offer of eight thousand pounds arrived in Ægina just too late to succeed in his mission.

THE GLYPTOTHEK.

For those who have not yet visited Munich I will observe that these celebrated antiques were discovered buried in the island of Ægina in 1811. They consist of several striking groups representing the battles of the Greeks and Trojans presided over by Minerva, and are supposed to have once adorned a temple of Jupiter. The great Thorwaldsen has restored all missing hands and feet, and grouped them as he imagined they must have stood in the days of their glory.

Grander, more spacious, and infinitely more pleasing to me is the Pinacothek, or picture-gallery. Think of twelve hundred and seventy paintings chosen from various art collections! A residence of six months here has been too limited to satisfy my love for these gems of the different schools.

And, first, the corridor, with its frescoes in imitation of the Loggie of the Vatican, is interesting, although the work of modern artists. The designs are all by the great Peter Cornelius, and executed by his pupils. The subjects—scenes from the lives of the early Italian and German painters—are touchingly poetic.

THE PINACOTHEK.

These picture-stories commence with the life of Cimabue, the father of modern painting, as Vasari styles him. He was born in Florence, in the early part of the thirteenth century, and a very naughty boy he grew up, for we hear of his neglecting his studies, and spoiling all his school-books by drawing upon them quaint figures—men, animals, and inanimate things—and this at a time when books were rather expensive playthings.

This fresco represents Cimabue's most celebrated work—a Madonna and infant Jesus—which he painted for the chapel of the Ruccellai, in the church of Santa Maria Novella. As this figure was larger than any which had been previously executed, the Florentines were very impatient to see it, but Cimabue refused to gratify them. When completed it was carried with great pomp from the painter's house to the church, accompanied by bands of music, the chief magistrates of Florence, and crowds of enthusiastic people. This picture still adorns the church of Santa Maria Novella. The Madonna is very stiff, and the drapery would ruin the reputation of a modern artist; but there is in it a depth of feeling, a grandeur of expression, which more than compensate for any want of technical perfection. Still he broke away somewhat from the old Byzantine models, and this departure was the commencement of a new era in painting. This is his epitaph:

"Cimabue thought himself master of the field of painting;
While living he was so. Now he holds his place among the stars of heaven."

Then follows Giotto,

"Tracing his idle fancies on the ground."

"The shepherd boy,

Fra Angelico, the artist-monk, who never painted for money, and was called after his death the "Blessed Brother," is seen refusing a bishopric. Masaccio, Perugino, and Signorelli are also shown at various epochs of their lives, and the great Leonardo is pictured dying in the arms of Francis I. of France. Correggio, Titian, and Michael Angelo fill the remainder of the twelve Italian compartments, and the thirteenth, where German and Italian art meet, is consecrated to the divinest of painters—Raphael.

The continuation of the corridor is devoted to German artists, commencing with "Master Gerard," who built, or at least *commenced*, the cathedral of Cologne. Then follow William of Cologne, a celebrated German painter of the fourteenth century, and John Van Eyck, the discoverer of oil-painting, Hans Hemling, Van Leyden, Hans Holbein, Albrecht Dürer, Rembrandt, and finally Rubens.

In the gallery proper there are several Mucillos, all glowing with the inspiration of Spain; a number of paintings by Velasquez, and many interesting works by Spanish artists not so generally known. France, too, is represented by Poussin, Le Sueur, with his religious pictures, and Claude Lorraine, of *paysage* celebrity. Lebrun, too, is here. Chief in interest among his works is his portrait of the beautiful La Vallière. This was painted in the decadence of her love-life. There is no smile upon that once bewitching face; contrition has wrought the change. Sorrowing are all the delicate lines of those lovely features. The artist has appropriately represented her as a forsaken, repentant Magdalen. She holds a prayer-book in her hand, and seems absorbed in devotion.

Italy has sent her varied host. Not only the soft skies of the South, its scented groves and flowering landscapes, have lent their charm—not only the picturesque people, with their impulsive, poetic passions, have aided the artist, but the broad-spread Church, with her legends and shadowy traditions, her majestic rites and pompous spectacles, her silent cloisters where

"Heavenly contemplation ever dwells,"

her devout worship, her mysteries and vivid faith, here "communion of saints" and adoration of the Virgin, have been a never-failing source of inspiration.

Almost every Italian artist, from Giotto to Raphael, is represented in the Pinacothek by a Madonna. Fra Filippo has painted an Annunciation, which receives from the crusty Vasari the commendation that the angel Gabriel looks as though *really* sent from heaven. Fra Filippo is a contemporary of his brother monk, Fra Angelico; but I regret to say that he does not possess the beautiful moral qualities that distinguish "Fra Beato."

Very different is the third of this cloistered trio, Fra Bartolomeo, the friend and almost rival of Raphael. Irreproachable in his character, his paintings are distinguished by the sentiment of holiness. Little is known of his childdays, and of his youth not much more. His devotion to his art was second only to his religious enthusiasm; but when, at a later age, he became acquainted with the great reformer Savonarola, he was persuaded by that stern preacher to burn all of the exquisite productions of his pencil. Bartolomeo was for a time a most devoted follower of the great Dominican, but his gentle spirit did not fit him for a martyr, and when his master's dark days arrived he proved a second Peter. With desperate fear he hid himself, vowing if his life were spared to become a monk; and when finally he ventured to leave his concealment, it was only to enter the convent to which Savonarola had once belonged. For four years *Fra* Bartolomeo, as he was now styled, refused to resume his painting. Savonarola's denouncement of his beloved art still affected him, and he resisted all of his superior's kind entreaties; but when finally *commanded* to take up his pencil his conscience would not allow him to break his vow of obedience. Raphael, when in Florence visited him, and then commenced that warm friendship that lasted during the lifetime of Fra Bartolomeo.

This old artist has only one picture in the Pinacothek—a Madonna and Child of great loveliness. Of a Madonna of his in Lucca a great English art critic says that it "combines the merits of Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt and Rubens." Artists of a later date must thank Fra Bartolomeo for the invention of the *lay figure*.

Bernardino Luini, Leonardo da Vinci's most noted pupil, and gracefully termed the "Raphael of Milan," has several pictures here. One that I thought especially charming in conceit represents the infant Jesus, to whom the little St. John, kneeling, presents a flower.

Of the more resplendent art glories, Titian, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Raphael, etc., there are a sufficient number of their works here to dazzle the eyes of any picture enthusiast. There are five Titians, and as many more accredited to him, but doubtful. Here is his portrait of Charles V., which he came to Augsburg to paint by command of the emperor. While there occurred the oft-told incident of Titian dropping his pencil, which was handed to him by Charles. At Titian's remonstrance Charles replied, "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar."

Among the number of Raphael's works here are two of his Madonnas—one very celebrated, the "Madonna del Tempi." A marvel of marvels, that of the hundred and twenty Madonnas that Raphael painted there should be such variety. Only in the chaste maternal loveliness is there a resemblance.

There is one room entirely devoted to my old favorite, Rubens. The whole story of Marie de Medicis is told by his pencil, commencing with her education. Mercury, Apollo, and Minerva are her teachers. Then follow her marriage to Henry IV., her reception as Queen of France, and various incidents and episodes in her regal life. There are eighteen of these pictures, which were subsequently enlarged, and are now in the Louvre.

His famous "Last Judgment," a work terrible to naughty people, is conspicuous in another room. He and one of his wives occupy a place in the picture, and neither appear at all alarmed by the situation.

Those two women-persecuted art saints, Hans Holbein and Albrecht Dürer, are well represented in this gallery. The St. Barbara of Holbein is very charming. I marvel that a man so afflicted by a scolding wife should depict a woman so lovely.

Dürer's portrait of Joseph Fugger, the great patrician of Augsburg, is interesting to those who are familiar with the history of the Fugger family. The head of this celebrated house was styled Sir Anthony the Rich, a grand man, who entertained emperors and kings, and could afford to burn a loan of two millions of florins that he held against Charles V., after he had banqueted him.

C.

COMPOSITION FOR WATER-PROOFING.

THIRTY grains of gum arabic are first dissolved in 250 grains of water. To this are added 30 grains of the spirits of wine of commerce; 300 grains of sulphate of alumina, of potash, or of soda are then to be ground in a mortar to a fine powder, and to this is added, little by little, the gummy solution mentioned above. The whole is kneaded togeth-

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er and moulded into blocks or cakes ready for use. To apply water-repellent compositions such as above described to fabrics to render them water-proof, the composition is to be dissolved in water. If the solution is to be used for treating woolen fabrics, the composition is dissolved in about 150 times its weight of water; if for cottons, in about 100 times its weight; and if for linens or silks, in about 75 times its weight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. E. AND K. M.—We can not give you the information you desire.

A YOUNG MAN'S MOTHER.—If a lady refuses to accompany a gentleman to a concert, he is at perfect liberty to invite another; and we can not see why the first one should feel in the least aggrieved thereat.

IGNORANCE.—A gentleman offers his arm to a lady in the evening immediately on leaving the door. In the daytime she only takes it when they are engaged.—As to asking your pastor to read or pray with you, it depends very much on the circumstances under which the clerical call is made. A clergyman when calling as an ordinary visitor should be treated as such.

DULL EYES.—Regular hours and plenty of cold water and exercise are the best things we know of to brighten your eyes. We can not undertake to pass judgment on the comparative beauty of sparkling and dreamy eyes; each must decide according to his taste. As to your habit of blushing, which is by no means a bad one, we can only advise you to cultivate self-possession by thinking as little as possible about yourself.

ELLA AND ANNA.—When a lady accompanies a gentleman on a ride, she should be the first to signify her readiness to set out and to return; and should express her appreciation of the pleasure she has enjoyed in terms less formal than thanks. On returning from an evening party she may invite her escort to call at some future time; but the lateness of the hour will usually preclude an invitation to enter the same evening.

BAZAR READER.—You did right to leave your card for the lady who was engaged when you called; but should wait for the call to be returned before repeating the visit, and certainly should not call on her reception day when she had omitted, it would seem purposely, to invite you. You should not, of course, have left a card for the lady who had quitted the city.

MRS. GRANT.—You can have your switch dyed nicely by a hair-dresser. It is said that a large part of the hair imported is dyed, and that hair-dressers themselves can not tell the difference until they make it up, when the color comes off slightly on the hands.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—See answer in last paper to "Tom."

MRS. R.—"Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" will give you just the information you desire about the best and most economical method of living in Germany. We also advise you to read the series of papers on the same subject now in course of publication in the *Bazar*, and which contain many useful hints to persons going abroad.

B. K.—"Carpet-Bagger" is one of a host of contemptuous epithets that have sprung from the ill feeling generated by the late war. It would seem innocent enough in itself; for we know no reason why it should not be as reputable to travel with a carpet-bag as a trunk.—As to the examples of bad and good grammar between which you ask us to decide, we can only refer you to the first good English grammar at hand, as we have no time to waste in giving elementary lessons.

GRACE.—If your affianced lover treats you with indifference, and gives you reason to suspect that he loves you no longer, it is both your right and your duty to call on him for an explanation. It would be very wrong to marry him with such a suspicion. At the same time, we do not think that you ought to ride and flirt with other gentlemen pending the explanation. Retaliation is the worst possible line of conduct in such a case. Try a little plain speaking instead.

STATE-HOUSE.—The pattern of China crape paletot, with funnel-shaped Watteau fold behind, is given in cashmere in Fig. 18 *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. IV.

MRS. P. C.—We do not furnish samples or buy goods for our readers.

MRS. J. S. N.—Your brown sample would look well with three shaded ruches, the upper one light cuir-color, but not white.

MISS M. S. E.—A yard of crape will suffice.

MRS. R. G.—There is no change in pleating and gathering skirts. Flounces, bands, and fringe are the trimmings used.

MRS. W. W. R.—Fold your material down the centre, and lay the front of the apron-polonaise pattern upon it, then add pieces at each side to fill out the pattern. Open the front as far down as is necessary, face it, and button up. The apron is not separate from the waist. Lay the trimming on in the square design shown in the picture.

MRS. A. W. M.—Your sample will answer for the polonaise suit admirably. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. IV.

MERCY G.—Trim your poplin with silk. Wear a straw gypsy trimmed with ribbon of becoming color. Skirts ruffled to the waist in front are much worn.

MRS. G. A. M'V.—Make your percale wrapper a Gabrielle with deep flounce.

E. M'C.—A postilion-basque, with demi-trained skirt, is all you can make of your twelve yards.

MRS. E. R.—Trim your blue poplin with silk bands of the same shade and fringe. Make by pattern sent you.

ALISE.—A collar is best on a linen duster. You can trim it up the front.

MRS. J. A.—The gray polonaise will not need a waist beneath it, and is more stylish than ever. A white gypsy with black gros grain trimming will suit with all the costumes you have mentioned. Shorten your checked silk, and wear a Swiss muslin polonaise or a black lace sacque with it. Leave your white lawn skirt as it is, and make a new polonaise for it. Black silk skirts under light over dresses will still be worn; but there should be ruffles of black grenadine on the silk skirt worn with an over dress of grenadine.

FANCHON.—Your sample will look well made in a postilion-basque suit by pattern sent you. We would suggest silk of the same shade for trimming. An apron-polonaise suit of your striped silk would be very beautiful.

WILDWOOD.—The only thing you can do to modernize your suit is to make as long a basque as your material will permit, unless you can match it, and make a polonaise. The skirt need not be altered.

M.—As you are in very light mourning you can wear black and white striped cambric, and dresses like the sample. The apron-polonaise will continue in fashion.

MRS. L. M. H.—Bands of alpaca and ruffles of the same trim alpaca suits. Bias ruffles of Japanese silk piped with silk of a darker shade are pretty.

A MINISTER'S WIFE.—Your white ruffles should be bound with green. Do not trim at the top of sleeves.

EMILY B.—The apron-polonaise will be handsome for a mourning suit. Trim with bias bands or side pleatings of the material.

VANPOST PACK.—It would be proper to wear a white apron-polonaise to church in your village.

JACQUITA.—A polonaise and flounced skirt is the prettiest design for a percale suit. The gypsy is decidedly fashionable.—We can not tell you "what will certainly remove moles," and think you had better not trifle with them, or you may make something dangerous.

C. K. S.—Get a Swiss muslin basque and upper skirt to wear with your summer dresses, or else a polonaise of sheer bishop's lawn. Trim with pleated ruffles of the material.

MISS INQUIRER.—Blouse-waists gathered to a belt are called French waists. The same name is given to the loose back and tight front corsage worn now with imported suits.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Trim your grenadine with ruffles and ruches of the same.

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.—The white muslin pleatings under fringe are the flat kilt pleats ironed to lie all one way, and should be the width of the fringe. You can buy them ready made.

MILLINER.—Scarcely any two bonnets are worn precisely alike, as there is such a variety of shapes, and so many ways of dressing the hair.

R. D.—Twelve yards of linen are not enough for the postilion-basque suit. You will require at least sixteen yards of your wide linen. Trim with ruffles and bias bands of linen.

NELLIE R.—Be guided by your husband's wishes and your own feeling in the matter.

MISS A. J.—We can not answer by mail.

DURING the fierce heats of summer there is no greater luxury than *Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar*, to which we call the attention of our readers.

It is deliciously refreshing, and its tonic and balsamic properties impart a healthy coolness to the skin which at this season can not be too much appreciated.

It is most effectual in instantly counteracting the irritating and disfiguring effects of musquito bites, and the most painful headache will be speedily relieved by binding round the head a handkerchief saturated with this Vinegar mixed with an equal quantity of water. Its delicate and invigorating perfume is a splendid corrective for the lassitude and feeling of general debility produced by the tropical heat of summer.—[*Com.*]

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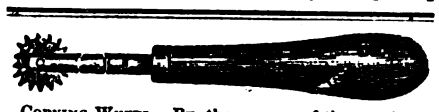
WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will cure CONSUMPTION. Try it!—[*Com.*]



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The Best Dressing
For the beard and whiskers, also for the hair of the head, is
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PRESERVED LIME-JUICE PREPARATIONS,
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Will be sent by Mail.
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At $1 50 per yard; reduced from $1 75.
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And all styles of British and French Dress Goods at
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FACETIÆ.

A YOUNG man wants to know what business he had better go into that will enable him to occupy a high position in society. Let him try the roofing business—in that trade a smart man will soon get to the top of the ladder.

A lady, in a philosophical mood, asked a male friend how it happened that boys got all their bad traits from their fathers.

"I don't know," was the reply; "but perhaps it would help us to answer if we could find out where the girls get their blemishes from."

"Oh," replied the *fair* metaphysician, "they all come from their *grandfathers!*"

A SORRY PLIGHT.—The man who would have a finger in the pie thought he had got his hand in, but instead of that he managed to put his foot into it. He has now not a leg to stand on, and, being thrown off his balance, has utterly lost his footing in society. He is out at elbows besides, and all respectable members of the community keep him at arms-length.

HOW TO CALCULATE AGE.—A gentleman one day indiscreetly asked a lady how old she was. "Let me see. I was eighteen when I was married, and my husband was thirty; now he is twice thirty, and that is sixty; so, of course, I am twice eighteen, that is thirty-six."

An Irishman calls his sweetheart honey because she is bee-loved.

SIMPLE ADDITION.

NEW GOVERNESS. "Why are you Staring so intently, Blanche dear?"
BLANCHE. "I was trying to count the Freckles on your face, Miss Sandypole, but I can't!"

REAL MOURNING—Invisible black.

AN UNPLEASANT SORT OF ARITHMETIC—Divisions among families.

WATER TRUISM.—Every drop in the sea of life imagines itself an ocean.

A man who cuts his heirs off with a shilling need not necessarily use a silver razor.

An honest banker sometimes fails in making money, but a dishonest one makes money by failing.

A PARADOX.—Do you wish to get up with the lark? Then go to bed without it.

Some people argue—very logically, too—it is impossible to keep your word if you give it.

A contented mind is a continual feast. Yes, perhaps; but there are men—gastrophilistic parties—who read it that a continual feast is the best way of getting a contented mind.

A country merchant, who wanted two tailor's irons several years ago, ordered them of a firm of hardware merchants in the city. He first wrote this order: "Please send me two tailor's gooses." Thinking that this was not grammar, he destroyed it and wrote this one: "Please send me two tailor's geese." Upon reflection he destroyed this one also, for fear he should receive live geese. He thought over the matter till he was very much worried, and at last, in a moment of desperation, he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly posted: "Messrs. So-and-so: Please send me one tailor's goose, and, hang it, send me another!"

A POSITIVE FACT.

VICTIM (*inspecting his negative*). "H'm! very good. But d'ye think my Hair has come out well?"

LATEST RAILWAY MARVEL.

GENT. "I say, Conductor, when does the Next Train start?"
IRISH CONDUCTOR. "The Nixt Train! Sure the Nixt Train has Gone, tin minutes ago!"

A MERE BLIND—A sunshade.

EXTREMES MEET.—People who come to high words frequently indulge in low expressions.

When is a soldier not half a soldier?—When he's in quarters.

At a circulating library in Washington a lady inquired for "Corn and Cheese." They found out she wanted "Cord and Creese."

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

"Brother Smith, what does this mean?"

"What does what mean?"

"Bringing a nigger to this church."

"The pew is my own."

"Your own! Is that any reason why you should insult the congregation?"

"But he is intelligent and well educated."

"Who cares for that? He is a nigger."

"But he is a friend of mine."

"What of that? Must you therefore insult the whole congregation?"

"But he is a Christian, and belongs to the same denomination."

"What do I care for that? Let him go and worship with his fellow-niggers."

"But he is worth five million dollars," said the merchant.

"Worth what?"

"Five million dollars."

"Worth five million dollars! Jerusalem! Brother Smith, introduce me."

Some years ago, as a Scotch clergyman was walking one summer afternoon, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old parson. Walking briskly up to him, they asked him if he could tell them the color of the devil's wig. The worthy clergyman, surveying them attentively for a few seconds, made the following reply:

"Truly, here is a most surprising case—two men have served a master all the days of their life, and can't tell the color of his wig!"

A gentleman recently being about to pay his doctor's bill, said: "Well, doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all my neighbors' children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford to deduct ten per cent. from the amount of my bill for the increase of business we gave you." This reminds us of a man not far away from Berkshire, whose daughter having died after a severe illness, and left a large quantity of medicine untaken, the father called at the drug store and wanted to know if the druggist wouldn't take it back in part payment of his bill.

Mr. Howles was once appealed to as arbitrator in a quarrel between two individuals, supposed to be a husband and wife. Each accused the other, and both *justified themselves*. After hearing them he gave his decision in these wise and remarkable words: "Let the innocent forgive the guilty."

DESCENT OF FASHION.

YOUNG SHARP. "Jessy, dear, I have heard you say the Alexandra limp is all the fashion."

JESSICA. "Yes, dear, so it is."

YOUNG SHARP (*a fast lad, who has read a Darwinian article in his fishing journal*). "Then are the ladies who perform the Alexandra limp descendants of the *limp*-ets?"

JESSICA (*indignant*). "You naughty lad."

[*Rushes off in despair.*

A LOVE-STORY: DON'T BE TOO HASTY.—We were nearing a small skirt of woods, the horses at their best speed. I had determined in my own mind that when we reached a particular spot I would "pop" the question, and so I did, but—would you believe me?—she said *no*. Just as the word escaped her lips, I purposely ran the sleigh over a stump. Out we went—she to cool herself in the snow, and I to counteract the damage she had given my affections. Her first words after getting in the sleigh were, "Excuse me, Sir; I wished to tell you to *notice* the stump." My wife often refers to the sleigh-ride, but to this day she believes it was an accident.

WHOLLY IN ERROR.

FIRST GROOM. "I say, Bill, I've bought a watch—look here!"

SECOND DITTO. "Ah! Jeweled?"

FIRST DITTO. "Jeweled—what d'ye mean?"

SECOND DITTO. "Has it got any holes in it?"

FIRST DITTO. "Holes in it! Why, ye fool, it's a new un!"

YOU DON'T CATCH OLD BIRDS WITH CHAFF.

COOK. "Oh, it's from your pa, is it, Master Tom? Well, the telegraph may be very wonderful, but it don't take me in, and if that's your pa's writing, I'll eat my head."

"Now, my boy," said the committee-man, "if I had a mince-pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak up loud, loud, so that all can hear."

"The plate," shouted the boy.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

INGENUOUS YOUTH (*whispers*). "I see you constantly stand on One Leg in Church. May I ask why?"
INGENIOUS MAIDEN (*whispers*). "You may. It is to Save my Croquet Foot."

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Summer Hood with Cape, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS hood with cape is made of white cashmere, and is trimmed with crimped white silk fringe and bows of white gros grain ribbon. First join Figs. 1ª and 1ᵇ of the Supplement along the line cut across according to the corresponding figures (see Figs. 1ª and 1ᵇ, which are shown reduced to one-sixteenth of original size), and join the piece turned down in Supplement on Fig. 2; then cut from each of these patterns one piece of white cashmere. Sew up Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ, and 2 each from 1 to 2, face the two parts thus joined along the outer edge, and also along the slits, with a strip of white lustring an inch and a quarter wide, and arrange the hood at the front edge in a pleat, bringing ×e on ●e. Lay the back of Figs. 1ª and 1ᵇ in pleats at both sides of the middle of the back, bringing ×a on ●a, ×b on ●b, ×c on ●c, and ×d on ●d. Lay the upper edge of Fig. 2 also in two pleats, bringing × on ●; join Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ, and 2 from 1 to 3, and cover this seam on the inside with a straight strip of lustring and on the outside with a bow. Finally, sew on the remaining trimming as shown by the illustrations, and set hooks and eyes on the hood at the places marked ∗ on Fig. 1ª to close the hood. The seam made by sewing on the hook is also covered by a bow.

COLORING ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

A FRENCH chemist has lately suggested what he considers an excellent method for coloring artificial flowers. For this purpose he selects colors of different tints, soluble in water, and mixes them with a clean mucilaginous gum, and then pours this out upon highly polished square glass tablets of several inches in diameter.

Fig. 1.—SUMMER HOOD WITH CAPE.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ, and 2.

Fig. 2.—SUMMER HOOD WITH CAPE.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ, and 2.

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The layer must be put on uniformly, and the tablets exposed for a time to a well-heated stove. The gummy mucilage dries rapidly into a thin polished plate, which afterward separates from the glass and falls off. It may then be reduced to a powder possessing any required degree of fineness, the result obtained being remarkable for its permanency and transparency. The sheets obtained with aniline colors are considered especially beautiful. The tincture of curcuma, combined with a solution of soda, gives a beautiful chestnut; a solution of alcohol and curcuma with fuchsia, a beautiful scarlet-red; and with aniline blue, a handsome greenish-yellow.

THE CLOVER FIELD.

WANDER with the wild wind, go the wide world over,
Where's a sight so lovely as a field of clover?
When 'tis in its purple prime,
Just before the morning time;
When the summer air is sweetest, and the bobolinks are singing,
And on every other dewy top a honey-bee is swinging;
Colored like the blushing cloud, the sunset hanging over,
Fragrant as—what's half as sweet as is a field of clover?

Hither, thither, flitting, restless as a swallow,
Seeking what is fairest, Pleasure's beck'ning follow;
Crested palm-trees towering high,
Lakes where starry lilies lie;
Stately woods and sunny vineyards, hill-sides robed in blooming heather,
Orange groves where fruit and blossoms hang upon the boughs together:
See the best the world can show to a world-wide rover,
Can you find a sweeter sight than a field of clover?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ The brilliant serial novel, "LORD KILGOBBIN," by CHARLES LEVER, author of "That Boy of Norcott's," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 17, 1871.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern, with illustrations, of a Child's Gabrielle Dress and Walking Coat, graded to fit Children from six months to four years old, will be published with our next Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain patterns and illustrations of a rich variety of Ladies' and Children's Summer Dresses, Sacques, Basques, Jackets, Mantelets, Fichus, Garden Hats, Traveling Bags, Salad Baskets, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.*

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement on page 415 of this Number, containing the complete list of the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Labels.

MY DEAR LUCY,—I was strolling in the Park the other morning, when I saw something in which I know that you, as a young mother, will be peculiarly interested. A group of three pretty children were playing, in charge of a nurse, and upon each of them was a large and legible placard upon which was written, "This child has the whooping-cough." I smiled to think of the thoughtful parent who had taken that care—a mother so motherly that she was tenderly mindful of other children than her own, and a Christian so true that she did to other parents what she would have them do to her. It was the golden rule in practice, and in a quite unexpected illustration. I never saw precisely that kind of care before. It seems not to have occurred to other mothers or fathers. But could there be any thing more reasonable! How much sorrow and suffering that simple little care would have prevented! How many lives are shadowed forever in which that little thought would have kept the sun brightly shining!

You go out for a day's pleasure with Harry, for instance, and you take the baby. It is very warm, and Harry insists that you must get into the car, although it is very crowded; and there is a pretty, cooing little man in the arms of a mother or of a nurse, who makes room for you. You look in the bright little face, and you no more suspect mischief than you suspect worms in a rose-bud. The children prattle and play together, and breathe each other's breath, and by-and-by you get out, and the cooing little man, who is full of the poison of whooping-cough, for instance, and who has innocently infected your darling, goes upon his way. Or it is some other child with some other illness sent out to walk, but without a warning to other children, and the contagion spreads. It is true, dear Lucy, that your child must have various diseases, and that you can not by never so much care guard her from all evil influences; but you need not expose her. It is true that she will probably fall down stairs several times; but you need not, therefore, push her down.

The mother who labeled her children whom I saw in the Park was not foolish, certainly, because she did what she could to spare the children of other mothers. On the other hand, there is nothing more foolish than the feeling that because children must have mumps and other diseases—even the terrible scarlet fever—nothing need be done to defend them. It is the maddest and most criminal fatalism. It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto him by whom the offense cometh. This was the obscure yet wise saying which repeated itself in my mind as I saw the little victims of the whooping-cough, and blessed the kind mother who would save your children and spare your heart, my dear Lucy. It was curious to observe how every body looked at the labeled children as they ran along. Mothers and nurses, who the moment before were lingering along, languid convoys of their pretty fleets hung with gay streamers, suddenly braced up, closed around their charges, and swept them off to the safety of distance. It was a pretty parody of the terrible yellow fever van, or the hospital carriage, before which every body retires in fear and awe. Indeed, such candid truth-telling as those whooping-cough labels is not often to be found in the Central Park or elsewhere.

It was the most striking incident that I have observed in my recent rambles; and as I turned into a more retired path, with my thoughts still dwelling upon those children, I remarked a figure moving on before me, which I soon recognized as Mr. Gregory Grind. He was unexceptionably dressed, as usual, and he carried a little cane, and walked briskly, bowing politely to his friends. A loiterer joined me, and after a little conversation said that he saw Mr. Grind before us, and spoke of him as a most exemplary and respectable personage. I asked him if he had remarked the labeled children, and he answered, with the same feeling that I had, that he had seen them, and that the mother ought to have her statue in gold erected in the Park by the penny subscription of all other fond mothers. He proceeded to remind me of the mischief that the poor darlings might occasion if they were turned into public resorts unlabeled. Their loveliness and innocence, he added, would both win and deceive. The labels were practical humanity.

He left me; and still Mr. Grind walked on before me. As I watched him, my dear Lucy, I confess that I could not help asking whether loveliness and innocence were the only things in the Park likely to deceive, and whether the public would not be the gainer if some of us older people were labeled as those dear children were. The boys, upon April-Fool's Day, sometimes pin a descriptive placard to the most dignified skirts. I have seen a reverend bishop sedately promenading upon that terrible day with a paper pinned behind him, on which was conspicuously written, "April-fool." The good man proceeded, serenely unconscious, truly modest and gentle, yet inevitably ridiculous. So I have seen a lady who wished to be very fine, and who was willing to be very mean, airily promenading, wrapped in a shawl which she intended every body should believe to be costly camel's-hair. But she had forgotten to remove the label, which legibly announced from the edge of the garment, "Warranted cheap at ten dollars."

These, however, were random shots, although the last was very effective and suggestive, and the first, had the paper been pinned to another gentleman's skirts, would have been ludicrously appropriate. But how, I asked myself, if Mr. Grind were labeled truthfully, like the children? Why would it not be an equal public service to put upon that comely coat a large and legible label, stating, "This is a mean man?" It would save him and all others a great deal of trouble. The young fellow who is suddenly cornered, and who needs only a kind, helping hand for a little while, would waste no time upon Mr. Grind. The poor woman whose rent is not ready would not try to persuade her labeled landlord that it was not her fault, but would march meekly out of the house. Men of generous thoughts and lives would seek their friends elsewhere. As the sweet faces and lovely ways of the children who were labeled as victims of the whooping-cough would not entice mothers to let other children play with them, so the label of "mean man" would teach the rest of us that good clothes and politeness and general respectability may cover moral disease. Mr. Gregory Grind would be left very much to himself, and as it would be the most disagreeable society in the world, he would be stimulated to fit himself for better associations by ceasing to deserve the label.

But when I sat in church the following Sunday, and with no ill intention found myself observing some of my neighbors, I discovered, to my great amazement, that a great many of them were already labeled as legibly as the dear victims of the cough. There was one lady, for instance, whose silks, and laces, and feathers, and flounces, and rings, and bracelets, and necklace, whose whole dress and all her movement, were a label printed in the largest possible letters. Not only the saints looking down upon her, but the poor little sinners looking up at her, could not help reading it, as if every letter had been especially emphasized, "Vain and vulgar." It was one of the costliest labels I ever saw. The legend was woven in the superbest silk, and threaded in the airiest lace, and jeweled in diamonds and rubies; and they only made it the more conspicuously legible—"Vain and vulgar." Yes, and even people who can not read, but who can, nevertheless, feel and perceive, if they had seen that label would have had a positive consciousness of its meaning, and in their way would have known it to mean "vain and vulgar."

And as I was meditating upon this fact my attention was attracted by Mr. Gregory Grind, who sat where a side light fell full upon his face; and then I saw that Nature was much wiser than I, and had already labeled him. His face was very smoothly shaven, and his hair was carefully brushed, and his clothes were spotless; but as I looked in his face I read the label distinctly—"This is a mean man." The typography seemed to be a kind of short-hand character. It was made up of lines and marks, some of them almost invisible; but their significance was as plain as that of the whooping-cough label. And just beyond him I saw a figure modestly dressed—a young woman with clear eyes, and a sweet face full of feeling and intelligence. There was a nameless grace in her aspect, a tasteful propriety in her whole appearance, which were most winning. And as I gazed at her it suddenly occurred to me that she too was labeled, and that I was reading, in the most unmistakable letters, "Modest, intelligent, and lovely." If the words had been printed in large red characters all over her dress they would have been no more legible. I was conscious that whoever saw this label would be refreshed and charmed, as when the sailor sees the light-house that shines at the harbor's mouth. And when I asked who she was, do you think that I was surprised, dear Lucy, to hear that she was the thoughtful, tender, and wise mother who had labeled her children in the Park?

So we are all labeled, my dear young friend, upon this great journey; and the labels are all legible to the eyes that can read. And those who can not read, I say, can sometimes feel the meaning. The celebrated Dr. Fell was revealed in this manner. The person who disliked him could not read, apparently; he could not state what the difficulty with the doctor was; but he was perfectly sure of it:

> "For this I know, and know full well,
> I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

We might have supposed it. If human mothers are so thoughtful, the great mother, Nature, is not likely to be less so. But her skill is subtle. Upon the persons of men she does not always hang even her finest labels in comeliness and strength. How often, in the bowed frame, in the melancholy eyes, she writes, "This is my worthiest!" And upon the figures of women, dear Lucy, it is not always with color and form, but with a beauty that only the soul can see—with a plain face often, and with awkward motions—that she says, "This is my best." Thus you see that the label of whooping-cough which the mother put upon her children was a label of true mother which the angels hung upon her.

Your friend always,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

A "NEW DEPARTURE."

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE world knows nothing of its greatest men, and sometimes one is tempted to think the world knows nothing of its greatest events—does not, at least, know that they are its greatest. Here we have all of us been at work ever since we were born, preaching and praying, sending out missionaries, establishing Sunday-schools and week-day schools, writing books, editing *Bazars*, in season and out of season trying to lift the world up to a higher plane, and usher in the golden year. Every now and then we would fain hearten ourselves by reporting progress—such a pitiful little progress as it is—such a one-sided, limping, bedraggled little progress! So many years and so much money we have spent on China, and so many converts we count up to show for it—a mere handful of wheat in a granary of chaff—and say nothing at all of the fact that when the Chinese come to our shores we beat them and bruise them and send them away empty, and which, oh! which is the converted and which the to-be-converted nation? So many churches lifting their spires to heaven; but oh! the generations old over whom no church-bell tolled! and oh! the generations young that never hear the church-bell rung! No, the world's growth in grace is like the boy's growth in stature. Eye hath not seen it nor ear heard it. You look at it, and it is the same yesterday and to-day and forever, for all your measuring. But look away, go about your business, and by-and-by, lo! the boy has taken a leap upward, the world has taken a start onward, and we are all indeed moving to the golden year.

Teaching and preaching are good, though we can not see the world clarify under them from day to day; but to-day, on this annus mirabilis, this dies alba, before our very eyes the blood-red blossoms of war bloom into the white lilies of peace; and we go on our way and call it the Treaty of Washington, and talk about the High Joints—that is, you city folk do; but we in the country are so glad that we do not mind if the canker-worms are eating up our apple-trees and the drought devouring our tender plants. We call it the treaty of peace on earth, good-will to man. We call it the Highest Joint that ever was fashioned in this world; for it not only joins two nations in friendship and kindred advancement, but it joins all the forces of common-sense, common blood, common interest, against brute violence and unreined passion and reckless destruction. We do not so much reckon on the nature of the treaty, but we think the existence of such a treaty one of the great landmarks of time, as distinct and significant a historic event as the Reformation of LUTHER or the Revolution of WILLIAM. If there had been a persecution, a pageant, a wild mob, a great army, a grand battle, how should we have rung the bells over this reconciliation! But the Son of Man only came eating and drinking, quietly, socially, without parade, with singular modesty; and there were even not wanting those who spoke scornfully of gluttons and wine-bibbers. And so the treaty was made before the war instead of after the war; and so the sword rusts in the scabbard, and the powder gathers dampness, and the plowshare refreshes the weary earth; husbands are saved to their wives and sons to their mothers, and the work is peaceful upbuilding instead of bloody overthrow. What hath God wrought? It has taken centuries to reach this point, but we have reached it at last. Out of the sea of blood and fire that threatens to ingulf a sister nation rises this cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and its promise is the healing of all the nations. War between England and America can never, it would seem, arise after this. Dining and dancing for six weeks on a foreign shore is hard work, but it is not so hard as marching and countermarching, fighting and bivouacking, for six months; and if your dining party is only six or eight strong, and your fighting party is six or eight hundred thousand, the difference in expense is very considerable. England and America have tried both ways, and if at any time hereafter they prefer bullets to billets, they deserve to be shot, and may every shot hit the mark till both nations are exterminated!

And if England and America refuse to fight, what nation in Christendom can long live by the sword? Already the wounded Prussian and French privates lying in hospital side by side discover a common character, an identical interest, and ask why they fight—an impertinent question, which their ancestors would never have thought of. Let them have added to their moral consciousness the sight of two nations adjusting their relations as two men adjust theirs, and bayonets will presently begin to think effectively and refuse to budge. Nations have hitherto settled their quarrels like bullies with fists. The two kindred nations have set the example of behaving like gentlemen, and it must be irresistible.

The fact is just there: John Bull is a gentleman. He is all sorts of wrong-headed and bullet-headed, arrogant and stupid and blundering often, given to dogmas and dogmatism, and turning into enemies those who never meant to be any thing but friends. But somewhere in him lies the instinct of the gentleman, and in an emergency it is very apt to come to the surface. A gentleman may be carried away by the passion of the hour, or deceived by superficial resemblances, and make great and disastrous blunders; but to see that they are blunders, to offer honorable reparation and apology, in the face of possible misconstruction by the narrow and the unmannerly, yet in such a way as to win respect and admiration from the high-minded—this is the prerogative of the gentleman. Yes, Old England, we hated you and rated you soundly during the war, and you deserved it; at least there was enough of you deserving it to warrant our doing our best that way; and we hated you up and down, for the side that you loved you did not help, though the other side you hurt. But by taking the initiative in this new line of treaty-making, by organizing before the world a High Court of Claims, wherein reason and right shall be arbiters instead of thew and brawn, you have done humanity such signal service as would blot out a darker record than yours. You have kindled such a fire as, by God's grace, shall never be put out. Now if America would only add to her superstructure of brilliancy your substructure of solidity, she would be such a nation as even you would stand on your dignified tiptoes to stare at.

The geologists tell us nowadays that there never were any great convulsions to mark the epochs, but that age succeeded age as imperceptibly and gently as the moments of to-day. Astronomers soothe away our dread of comets by telling us that a comet's tail is one that no man can tell, and we may any day be rushing through it and nobody know. No doubt it is true in all

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the ways of life. On a pleasant May morning, with flowers and music and mirth, we passed unaware out of the old red sandstone, out of the dueling, the prize-fighting, the fisticuff period, into the gentle epoch, the golden year, the holy Sabbath of the world.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THIN DRESSES.

GRENADINE and Chambery gauze are the most stylish materials for thin dresses. The first is for street and day wear, the last for the house and for evening. Striped grenadine, all black, a thick satin-finished stripe nearly an inch wide alternating with a stripe of small-meshed grenadine, is in favor with ladies of fashion. Polonaises of this fabric are made to wear over black silk skirts flounced with the striped goods. These are among the most elegant costumes of the season. As they are worn both in the house and street, modistes make the skirts long enough behind to train about a fourth of a yard when in the house, and arrange loops on the seams and in the centre of the widths to fasten over buttons on the belt, by which to shorten the skirt for walking. The loops are concealed by the over-skirt, and should be near together, or the skirt will droop in scallops in the spaces between.

The counters are filled with cheap grenadines marked as low as twenty-five cents a yard, of which very tasteful dresses may be made for the house; but the fabric is flimsy, and soon becomes limp if exposed to the dampness of the street. They are black, with white, blue, green, or écru stripes, and when made up over an old silk dyed black, look very well, cost but little, and help to keep down laundry bills. The prettiest have a slightly trained skirt with two narrow bias flounces, hemmed, gathered, and placed below a broad flounce. The over-skirt is deep, with an apron front and bouffant back. The waist is a négligé box-pleated blouse with half-flowing sleeves. There is a box-pleat down the centre of the front, with two on each side and three in the back. Tom Thumb fringe of the two colors in the dress edge the pleats. The neck is heart-shaped, and a flat pleating of white net or muslin surrounds it, and is basted inside the sleeves. A gros grain belt without a sash bow confines it at the waist. This blouse is becoming to slender waists; but fleshy ladies prefer a short basque made over a silk lining.

Silks good enough for skirts to wear under grenadine may be bought at $1 15 a yard. They are full, lustrous black, and measure twenty-two or twenty-four inches in width.

Chambery gauzes, in the pale tea-rose, China pink, mauve, Nile green, and sky blue tints, are shown for dinner and evening dresses at summer parties. They have narrow satin twilled stripes of the same shade, are about three-fourths of a yard wide, and cost $1 75 a yard. White gauze is most effectively used as parts of dinner costumes. A model dress has a skirt of Nile green silk with three graduated flounces of white Chambery gauze, each sewed on with a bias fold of silk. The Marguerite polonaise is of the white striped gauze, open and pointed in front, bunched high up on the hips, edged with white fringe and green ruches, and caught up in the back by three lengthwise bows of green and white gros grain. Another, for a brunette, is of palest écru gauze, striped, over silk of the same shade. A single deep-pleated flounce of gauze trims the skirt. There is an over-skirt of gauze, and a basque made over silk, cut square-necked in front and back, and with a square Louis XIV. vest of the silk, buttoned, and edged with gauze pleating. This stylish dress will be worn with pink coral ornaments.

Among lawns, the linen lawns—cool, thin, and wiry—are much used: but the French lawns, all cotton, so popular at the South, are seldom worn here. Of these light linens, so delightful for midsummer wear, the prettiest have pencil stripes of black, brown, or scarlet on white, or else large dots at wide intervals. They cost from 25 to 35 cents a yard. They should be made with two skirts and a little jacket, or else a sailor blouse with great box-pleats, a sailor collar, and full coat sleeve with deep, square cuff. Side-pleated ruffles trim the skirts. These sailor blouses of thick linen striped with a color, or of plain Irish linen, or else the palest buff, are greatly worn in the morning with a black silk skirt and over-skirt. They are especially pretty in the house, and are often seen in the street on ladies taking their morning "constitutional" walk, or shopping in the coolest part of the day. Sometimes, to make this toilette more suitable for the street, a black lace sacque is added. Wide-brimmed Leghorn hat and sun umbrella, either white, blue, or plum-color, fill up the picture.

A new importation of nansook morning robes shows some original designs. One style is a loose Gabrielle, open and rounded down the front to disclose a petticoat trimmed with Hamburg insertion and Valenciennes lace. Insertion extends up the seams of the Gabrielle, the sleeves are open, and the garment may be worn with or without a sash. Price $38. A flowing robe de chambre has a Pompadour square yoke covered with embroidery and edged with lace. The skirt and waist in one are gathered into the yoke, and so shaped that they will hang gracefully. Price $40.

SUMMER MANTLES.

New mantles and mantelets with sleeves are being introduced for evening and carriage wraps, and to wear on the sea-shore. Algerienne in alternate stripes of satin and wool is used for this purpose, also soft white cashmeres with gay fringed borders, while very elegant ball cloaks are of China crape and lace, and even of rose or blue silk under white organdy. A novelty reported from abroad is called the Anderlon mantelet. One model is of black China crape edged with black lace. The front is a round mantle, the back is a casaque with a hood, the sleeves are wide and open to the shoulder. Insertions of Valenciennes and bias bands of black gros grain form the hood. A mantelet of white crape is trimmed with black velvet and feather fringe; another, of violet crape, is lightly embroidered with gold. A *sortie du bal* is of white organdy, lined with rose-colored silk, trimmed with tassel fringe and passementerie. The hood is deeply pointed, and ornamented with bows with floating ends. Similar bows fasten the front.

FANS.

The newest fans have long sticks in the centre, with short ones on each side, forming a horse-shoe shape when opened; others have sticks of different lengths, making deep vandykes at the top, but neither shape is as pretty as the old regular half circle. The fan most used, serving for plain and dressy occasions alike, is made of yellow ivory sticks, highly polished, either plain or carved, strung together by a narrow ribbon. The fan for brides and for full dress is of white satin and point lace, mounted on pearl sticks. Pompadour fans, to accompany the pretty afternoon costumes of summer, have sticks of white enameled wood mounted with rose, blue, or white silk cut in leaf shape, with a Watteau scene painted on each leaf. Violet-wood fans, breathing forth a delicious odor, are quaintly carved, and ornamented with the monogram of the owner. Another fragrant fan, and a most substantial one for excursions, traveling, etc., is of Russian leather, dark maroon, with a line of gilt on each stick: price $9. Such fans have cord and gimp strings for fastening them to the belt on the right side. Small Japanese and fancy straw fans, and the inevitable palm leaf, form acceptable articles of furniture—shall we say?—in summer parlors.

GLOVES.

Palest primrose buff is the leading color in the new stock of gloves, and next in proportion is pale gray with a lavender cast—a shade especially pretty with black toilettes. Gloves fastened by but one button are seldom seen on well-dressed ladies. Long-wristed gloves, the wrist piece cut in one with the glove instead of being a separate band, are preferred. Those fastened by two or three buttons are most used in the daytime. From four to six buttons are on evening gloves. Those without fancy stitching on the back are in best taste. The best quality of kid gloves, fastened by two buttons, cost $2 50 a pair, and each additional fastening adds twenty-five cents.

SUMMER SHOES.

French heels are entirely out of fashion for walking shoes. We have said this before, but repeat it now for the benefit of Western correspondents who have written us on the subject. The fashionable shoe for the street is a French kid buttoned boot, measuring seven or seven and a half inches from the top of the back seam to the heel-tap, with toes medium rounded, and thick heels slightly curved, yet broad at the bottom, and an inch and a quarter high. The ornamentation is a light stitching of white silk, zigzag or in fence rows. Two rows of this stitching are around the vamp of the boot and up the instep seams. The button-holes are worked with white, and the scalloped top of the boot is overcast to match. Price $9.

The effort to revive side-laced boots failed. Ladies who have the bad taste to wear fancy boots have box toes, heels an inch and a half high, and elaborate ornaments of patent leather in appliqué, stitched with white. These are usually laced on the side, and cost $10. Fan or tasseled stitching is passée.

Now that dress skirts are lengthened, ladies are beginning to wear low buskins for carriage shoes, and when shopping in the morning, or for country wear, but they are not, and probably never will be, adopted for general use in city streets. The prettiest buskin, called the Newport tie, is shaped like the low shoe gentlemen wear, with a tongue-piece on the instep and the sides tied over it. Made of Grisons kid, with white zigzag stitching, they cost $5 50. The price ranges, according to material and style, from $4 50 to $10. A similar buskin, more fancifully decorated, is called the croquet shoe.

House slippers still retain the Marie Antoinette shape, with pointed back, French heels, and long oval rosette.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN, and VIRFOLET; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and E. A. BROOKS.

PERSONAL.

MISS FANNY BUTLER, daughter of PIERCE BUTLER and FANNY KEMBLE, has just gone to her mother, in London, there to marry the Hon. Mr. LEIGH, a gentleman of good position. During the matrimonial infelicities between Mr. and Mrs. B. this daughter remained with the father, though often visiting the mother. At Mr. B.'s death she inherited a handsome estate, in which was included a rice plantation in South Carolina. With a female friend as companion she spent all her winters on it, often not seeing the face of a white person but that of her friend during the entire winter. Last year Mr. LEIGH, traveling in this country, and anxious to visit a well-conducted rice plantation, went to hers; and, as a sequel to that visit, she has gone to London to "change her local habitation and her name."

—The potentates of the Old World are making sure about the pecuniary future. Following the example of LOUIS NAPOLEON, King VICTOR EMANUEL, though king of a poor people, is one of the richest of monarchs, having a fortune of twenty millions of dollars; and to while away the hours goes to some one of his twenty palaces, and goes a-riding on one of his seven hundred blood-horses.

—It is gratifying to one's national pride to learn from the London *Court Journal* that "Miss NEWBOLD, of the United States, was remarked for her beauty and elegance at one of the Queen's recent drawing-rooms at Buckingham Palace."

—Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is having a fresh burst of popularity in Europe, three different translations of the Rural Abode of our Uncle Thomas having just made their appearance in Berlin.

—It went all abroad in the newspapers recently that Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE had been appointed a justice of the peace in Boston, but up to June 3, 1871, that accomplished woman had not been commissioned.

—We copy, without vouching for its accuracy, a report that when Mr. BEECHER was in the country last summer he lost his hat, and found it a week afterward in the barn where he had left it, but with four eggs in it. Mr. B. had just written a eulogy on the Hen. Why shouldn't the Hen re-ward Beecher?

—Mr. SUMNER will have his little anecdote. When one of the *Tribune* correspondents told the Senate he was bound in honor to keep the secret of his obtaining the treaty, Mr. SUMNER remarked that he wished the Senate could be screwed up to a similar point of honor. A palpable hit!

—While diamonds are increasing in value, pearls seem to be somewhat depreciated. The famous pearl necklace bridal gift of the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE to the Princess ANNA MURAT has been sold in London for 90,000 francs. Its original cost was 300,000 francs.

—"Master FRANK LINCOLN, the youngest son of the late President LINCOLN," is announced by the Bellevue (Ohio) *Gazette* to lecture in that village.

—The property of Mrs. FAIR, recently decided to have been guilty of some illegal informality in San Francisco, is said to be quite respectable—that is to say, government bonds to the amount of $40,000, six city lots, two Derringer pistols, and three revolvers.

—RULLOFF's brain was weighed by the Binghamton doctors, and proved to be almost unprecedentedly large, weighing fifty-nine ounces. The brain of DANIEL WEBSTER weighed sixty-four ounces; that of CUVIER sixty-five ounces, which is the largest ever weighed. The head measured twenty-four and a half inches around the brow, and the skull was found to be the thickest ever known, it being in most places half an inch thick, and nowhere less than three-eighths of an inch. It required three-quarters of an hour to saw around the skull, and before the surgeons got through, it is said, they began to think it was solid! The scalp is represented as being found to be as thick and tough as a rhinoceros's hide. The cords in his neck were as heavy and strong as those of an ox

—Mr. MENDEL, a cotton-broker in Manchester, is one of the most liberal patrons of art in England. His stud surpasses that of many of the nobility; while the jewels belonging to Mrs. M. are said to excel the famous gems of the Countess of Dudley.

—Since the organization of the Roman Catholic Church there have been but thirteen popes who have lived to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their first mass. These were:

Gregory XII.	died	1417	aged 99
John XXII.	"	1419	" 81
Paul III.	"	1549	" 81
Paul IV.	"	1559	" 83
Innocent X.	"	1655	" 83
Clement X.	"	1676	" 86
Innocent XII.	"	1700	" 85
Benedict XIII.	"	1730	" 81
Clement XII.	"	1740	" 88
Benedict XIV.	"	1758	" 83

Pius VI., Pius VII., and Gregory XVI.

—When ROSSINI was presented by the city of Paris with the charming villa of Passy he caused his wines to be transported thither. They were celebrated throughout Europe, being mainly the gift of sovereigns, or those whose vineyards have the greatest reputation among connoisseurs. During the Prussian occupation of Passy the house of the old composer and its contents were held inviolate, but when they left the Mobiles replaced them: the look of the bottles was too much for them, and they reveled in the contents of the cellar. "It must have been carried away; it can not ALL have been drunk!" exclaimed Madame ROSSINI, on her return. "Indeed, the scoundrels drank every drop," exclaimed the concierge; "and, moreover, complained that it was poor stuff—not a single drop of *petit bleu* among the whole lot!"

—Another stupendous honor hovers over the country! The Emperor of Brazil, after completing his European tour, will sail from London to New York, and after gazing benignly upon the general get-up of things here, will move in imperial style to Washington, and pay a visit of state to the President of the United States.

—Captain HALL, who is about to show in the waters of New York, in command of the *Polaris*, in which he proposes to go Arctic-ing, is a gentleman who, in height, talls up above the average man. He is of that fat, plump, round, oily make which should characterize the Federal explorist, and he will certainly ferret out things up around the pole in a way that will cheer the cockles of the heart of the American scientist, and settle things that have bothered the geographers.

—The wife of General VON MOLTKE is an Englishwoman, the daughter of his sister's husband from a former marriage of the latter. MOLTKE passed several years at Constantinople, where he wrote to his sister letters which so interested the young step-daughter of the latter that she entered into a correspondence with him, and married him a few years afterward.

—Much has been said and sung of the personal appearance and manner of RUSKIN—"the sweet, angelic face," and all that; but a gentleman who has recently been favored with a private view says the real RUSKIN is one of the plainest men he ever saw. And as if to intensify nature, his manner of wearing his hair, and his rudely fitting dress, only emphasized the natural want of charms. RUSKIN's face has neither fineness of feature nor winning expression. His eye, it is true, is large and eloquent, but not enough so to offset the rest of his face. He read a paper to a few friends that evening—not with much eloquence, but with a jerky, unnatural flinging out of the words, quite unlike the flow of a good American reader. But the charm was underneath, in the thought itself, which, like every thing of RUSKIN's, was original, paradoxical, stimulating. The paper was afterward printed, and forms the first half of his "Sesame and Lilies." He is a good American-hater, lives in great seclusion on Denmark Hill, one of the suburbs of London, princely in his generosities, gracious to all young art students who seek his advice, and, with all his feudal tendencies, incontestably one of the noblest spirits of our age.

—The funeral of THALBERG, at Naples, was an imposing ceremonial. Two military bands joined in the procession, and the orations delivered over the grave are said to have moved the mourners to tears.

—It is among the curious things incident to the present condition of affairs in Italy that the most influential writers connected with the press are Jews. The patriarch of Italian journalism, GIACOMO DINA, editor of the Florence *Opinione*, is a Jew. The ablest of the Liberal editors in Rome is EDWARD ARB, a Jew. CARLO LEVI, editor of the *Nuova Roma*, is a Jew. The most accomplished critics of *belles-lettres*—ALESSANDRO D'ANCONA, of Pisa, and LUIGI CAMERINI, of Milan, are Jews; and these are only a few among the distinguished Jewish writers for the Italian press.

—A Russian nobleman, who received his degrees from the universities of St. Petersburg and Heidelberg as a thorough student of jurisprudence, and who can read, write, and speak the Russian, German, French, Italian, English, Latin, and Greek languages, advertises in a Hartford paper for a position as coachman. To any gentleman who owns imported stock, this gentlemanly and accomplished exile would be an acquisition.

—Hon. JOHN PRENTISS KEENE is not, after all, the oldest Mason in New Hampshire. He is antedated a year by one BENONI PECK, Esq., who has been an active member of the order since 1806.

—A sister of IDA LEWIS—AGNES by name—is winning laurels in California by her remarkable performances as a farmeress, especially in the manœuvre of plowing. Plowing is her forte. Yet she is only sixteen.

—The result of sudden joy is thus exemplified: Mrs. ANNIE BREED, of Norwich, Connecticut, died recently and left $20,000 to a faithful servant, ABBY NILKEY, for twenty years of devotion. The domestic was so delighted with the legacy that she died of excess of felicity in less than two weeks.

—Mr. JAMES GRANT, formerly editor of the London *Morning Advertiser*, is about to cause agitation among the newspaper men of the British monarchy by the early publication of his new history of the newspaper press. It will contain revelations more or less interesting to the journalists of both hemispheres.

—The Princess MARGUERITE, wife of the eldest son of the King of Italy, is pronounced by a newspaper correspondent to be the "whitest woman" he has ever seen; also that she is passionately fond of the theatre, and so artless and lovely in manner that she fascinates all who approach her.

—General SICKLES, it is said, is soon to be married to a young and beautiful Spanish lady. Gen. S. has received from the President leave to be absent from his post for three months. During that period he will travel on the Continent, accompanied by his mother and daughter.

—Never was young man happier than the Crown Prince of Holland, who has been to St. Petersburg, and, more to the purpose, has been accepted as the future husband of the Czar's youngest daughter.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY expresses the opinion that the University College, London, is much better as an institution of learning than either Oxford or Cambridge, and that it is so regarded by the ablest men of England. The heads that conduct the intellectual every-day work of Great Britain receive their instruction and are moulded at the London University.

—The American citizen does not contemplate WASHINGTON as a dancer, yet in the second volume of the "Life of Nathaniel Greene," just published, is a letter from General GREENE stating that he had attended a ball where WASHINGTON danced three hours with Mrs. GREENE "without once sitting down." He also says that "at the most gloomy period of the Revolutionary struggle grand luxury prevailed in New York and Philadelphia."

—Miss PHŒBE COUZINS, who graduated last month from the St. Louis University Law School, attended a reception given to the faculty by Dr. WALKER, at which all sorts of pleasant things were said, all sorts of presents made, to Miss COUZINS—Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON going so far as to donate the herewith verses:

For PHŒBE COUZINS in wig and gown
There's coming riches and renown.
With her own raven hair for a wig,
And her gown even short and trig,
May this pupil of KENT and CHITTY
Be wise and good as she is witty:
While her fees ne'er exceed what her client expects,
May she never have causes without effects.

—That was an assemblage of men of mark at the funeral of Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, at Westminster Abbey, a month ago. Among the pall-bearers were the Duke of Devonshire, Duc DE BROGLIE, Sir CHARLES LYELL, General SABINE, Professor AIRY, Sir HENRY HOLLAND, and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. There were also present Professors TYNDALL, HUXLEY, OWEN, SYLVESTER, STOKES, and ADAMS, Sir C. WHEATSTONE, Mr. LOCKYER, and Dr. CARPENTER. The body was laid near the tomb of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

—The present year marks the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the banking house of the ROTHSCHILDS.

—ABNER NEWTON, who died recently in Middletown, Connecticut, was doubtless the oldest printer and editor in that State. He was seventy-five. He entered the profession at twenty-one, and continued at it to the period of his decease. He was the first editor in the State to employ female compositors, and first also to teach the trade to a colored man.

—Elder EVANS, of Lebanon, deeming it of some importance that a correct notion of the theology of the Shakers should be diffused throughout the community, is preparing his autobiography, in which he will give account of the "trillers" of England.

—King JOHN of England was the first to use the word "we" as a royal syllable. It was in the year 1190.

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Knitted and Crochet Insertion for Lingerie, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET INSERTION. To make this insertion knit, first, the middle strip with a double thread of white embroidery cotton, No. 40, and two very coarse steel knitting-needles, as follows: Make a foundation of 2 st. (stitches), throw the working thread over the still free needle of the right hand once, and purl the two foundation stitches together; * now turn the work, throw the working thread over the free needle of the right hand once, and purl the st. and thread thrown over on the other needle together. Repeat from * until the strip is of the requisite length, then cast off. Now crochet with tatting cotton, No. 100, on the loops at both sides of the knitted strip each one round of cross double crochet, between the two upper veins of each cross double crochet always three chain stitches (see illustration).

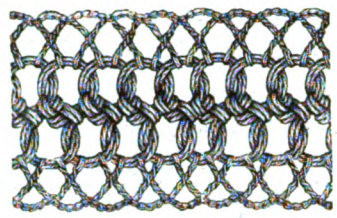


Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE.

Fig. 1.—MEDALLION FOR ALBUM COVERS, PORT-FOLIOS, ETC.

Fig. 2.—KNITTED INSERTION. Knit the middle strip of this insertion like the middle strip of the insertion Fig. 1, but with triple instead of double thread. Then take up the loops at each side of the strip on a fine knitting-needle, and, with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80, knit three rounds, going backward and forward, as follows: 1st round.—On each loop knit one stitch plain and one stitch purled. 2d and 3d rounds.—One stitch knit plain on each stitch of the preceding round. Now follows one round more all knit plain with simple embroidery cotton, then cast off loosely.

Medallions for Album Covers, Port-Folios, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE medallions, in colored embroidery, are worked in application, half-polka, and satin stitch embroidery. For the foundation, take cloth, velvet, or gros grain of the color desired, and work the application work with cloth, velvet, and pieces of silk in colors which contrast with the foundation. The half-polka stitch, satin stitch, and point Russe embroidery are worked with saddler's silk of various colors.

Curtain Bands, Figs. 1-3.

THE curtain band of which Fig. 1 shows a full-sized half section, and which is seen reduced in size in Fig. 2, page 405, is made of white woven cotton cord in braid-work. Transfer the design, half of which is given in Fig. 1, in full size to paper, baste on three pieces of cord lying flat next each other, following the lines of the design, and braid the coils of the cord as shown by the same illustration. Pass two single pieces of cord along the still free line of the design through the coils already fastened, knot the ends of both cords together at the ends of the curtain band, where they project ten inches, and furnish them, as shown by Fig. 2, each with a crochet and braided tassel. Tassels suitable for this are given in Figs. 8–12, No. 9, *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. IV.

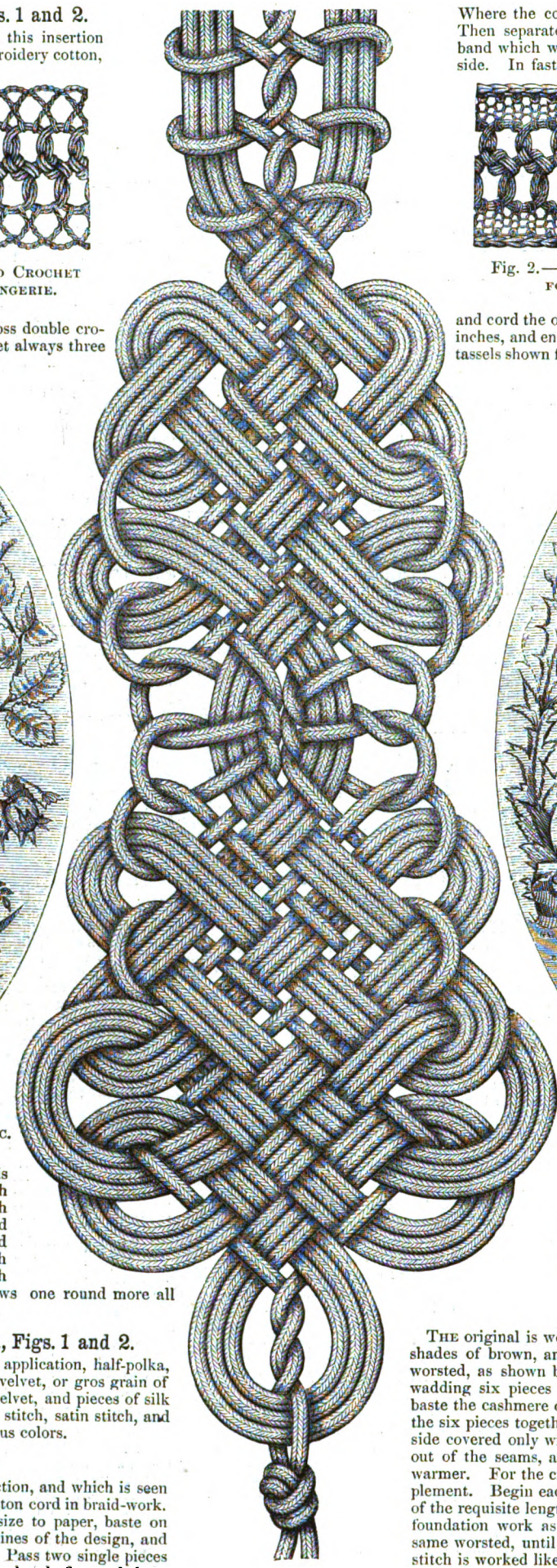


Fig. 1.—HALF OF CORD CURTAIN BAND.—[See Fig. 2, Page 405.]

Where the coils cross or meet, they are joined by means of a few stitches. Then separate the braiding from the foundation. The side of the curtain band which was turned outside in working it is now regarded as the under side. In fastening the curtain band around the curtain, tie the ends of the cord in a bow, as shown by Fig. 2. Fig. 3 shows a curtain band suitable for colored curtains. This is worked in cross stitch on canvas, according to the pattern, one-half of which is given in Fig. 46, Supplement; Figs. 47 and 48 show two suitable designs for the embroidery. The description of symbols under the designs names the colors of the worsted and silk. Of course the colors selected must be in harmony with the color of the curtain. Line the curtain band with muslin of a suitable color, and cord the outer edge. At the ends of the curtain band the cord projects ten inches, and ends in a tassel. Tie the cords in a bow as shown by Fig. 3. The tassels shown for the coffee-warmer, p. 405, may also be used for curtain bands.

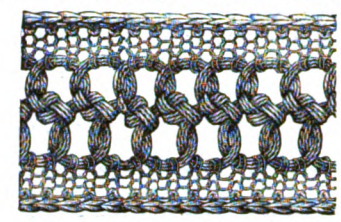


Fig. 2.—KNITTED INSERTION FOR LINGERIE.

Fig. 2.—MEDALLION FOR ALBUM COVERS, PORT-FOLIOS, ETC.

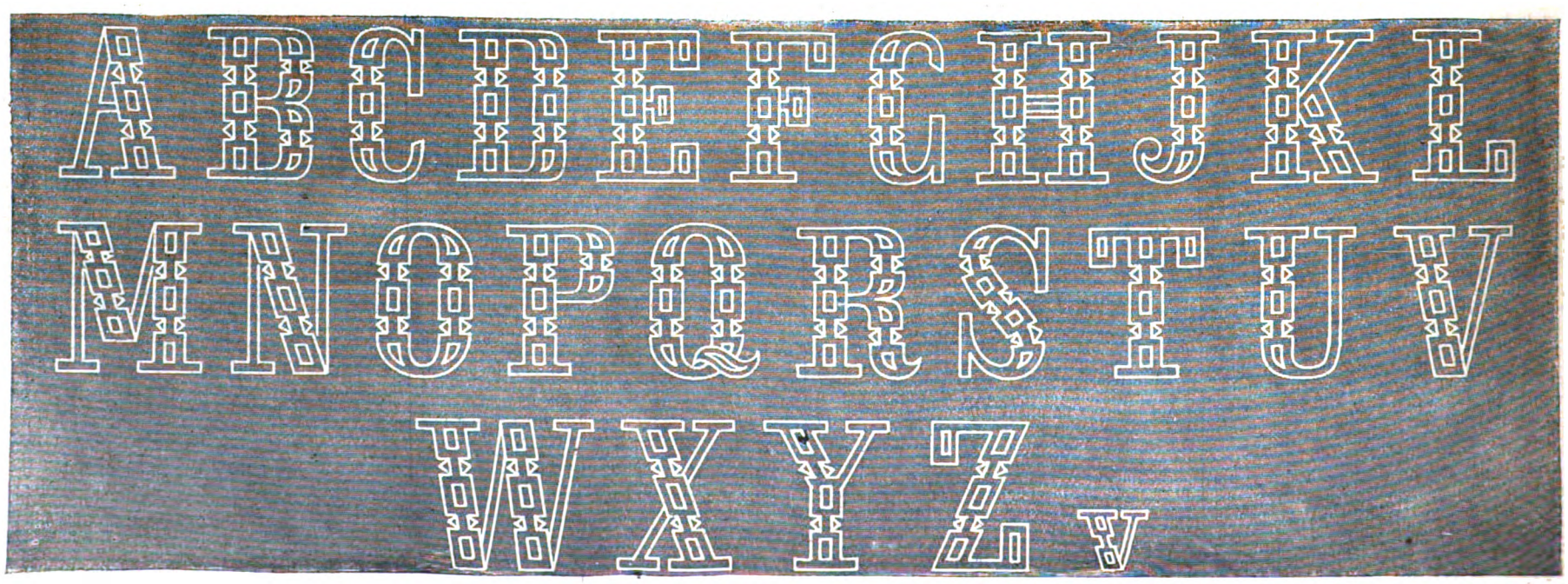
Alphabet for marking Lingerie.

THE letters of this alphabet may be used for marking handkerchiefs, bed-linen, towels, table-cloths, napkins, etc. The letters may be worked in point Russe, diagonal half-polka stitch, or back stitch embroidery, with embroidery cotton, red worsted, or black silk.

Coffee-Warmer, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 405.

THE original is worked in Tunisian loop crochet stitch with double zephyr in two shades of brown, and is ornamented with crocheted cord and tassels of the same worsted, as shown by Fig. 1. Cut of a double layer of net, brown cashmere, and wadding six pieces from Fig. 23, Supplement; lay the wadding between the net, baste the cashmere on one side of the latter, and quilt the whole in diamonds. Sew the six pieces together at the side edges, so that the edges of the seams come on the side covered only with net (the outer side) of the coffee-warmer, draw the wadding out of the seams, and run the material together at the under edge of the coffee-warmer. For the crochet cover work six pieces in the shape given by Fig. 23, Supplement. Begin each part at the under edge as marked on Fig. 23 with a foundation of the requisite length (23 stitches in the original) with the lighter worsted. On this foundation work as many pattern rows in the crochet stitch referred to, with the same worsted, until the straight line given on Fig. 23 is reached. The loop crochet stitch is worked like the simple Tunisian (Victoria or afghan) stitch, only, after the second round of each pattern row, after every two stitches, work one loop of seven chain stitches; these loops must alternate in the following pattern rows: thus the loops must be formed alternately in one pattern row before casting off each second following stitch, in the following pattern row after casting off each second following



ALPHABET FOR MARKING LINGERIE.—HALF-POLKA AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

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stitch. Widen at the side edges of the work corresponding to the shape of the pattern. Work the part from the straight line given on Fig. 23 to the upper point with the darker worsted in a similar manner; in working this part first widen, and then narrow at both sides of the work, in order to give it the shape of the pattern. When the six parts are thus completed, sew them together on the under side, cover the joining seams with twisted cord of the lighter worsted, and sew on bows of similar cord and tassels, as shown by the illustration. Make the tassels in the following manner: Take a ruler, or a strip of pasteboard, two inches and two-fifths wide, wind the light brown worsted around it from forty to fifty times, tie the loops thus formed firmly together at one end, take them off the ruler, and run the thread with which the loops have been tied through between the layers of loops to the other end of the loops, draw it tight and sew the loops together there, fastening them at the same time to the end of the cord which is to be ornamented with the tassel. A wooden mould covered with light brown worsted forms the head of the tassel; instead of the wooden mould, one of pasteboard may be used for the head of the tassel; this mould is then covered with worsted as shown by Fig. 2, which shows the tassel in full size. Draw the cover thus far completed over the lining part, sew it on the latter, and furnish the cover at the middle of the top with the rosette and cord loop shown by Fig. 1. For this rosette work with the lighter worsted a foundation of twelve stitches, close this in a ring, and then crochet the first round.—On each foundation stitch 1 dc. (double crochet; three chain stitches instead of the first dc.), after each dc. two chain stitches. 2d round.—1 dc. on each stitch of the first round. Finally, take up two loops from each stitch of the second round, work one chain stitch after forming each loop, and stretch the loop on the needle to a length of two inches and two-fifths. When the loops are worked in this manner all along the outer edge of the rosette, fasten the working thread and cut the loops. Make a foundation of twelve stitches with the darker worsted, close it in a ring, and on this work two rounds of single crochet, widening in such a manner that the part neither gathers nor puckers. Work a round of loops all around this part for the fringe. Crochet over a pasteboard ring, large enough to cover the single crochet part of the darker rosette, with light brown worsted in single crochet, and run the ends of a cord loop two inches and two-fifths long first through a wooden ring covered with light brown worsted, and then through the pasteboard ring described and the two rosettes. Finally, fasten both ends of the loop in the middle of the coffee-warmer as shown by Fig. 1; the covered wooden ring is also fastened to the cord loop with a few stitches. Instead of the tassel shown by Fig. 2, that given in Fig. 3 may be used. The under part of the latter is worked with light brown worsted in the shape of a worsted ball; the head of the tassel is made of pasteboard in the shape given by the illustration, covered with light brown worsted, afterward with a web of dark brown split zephyr worsted.

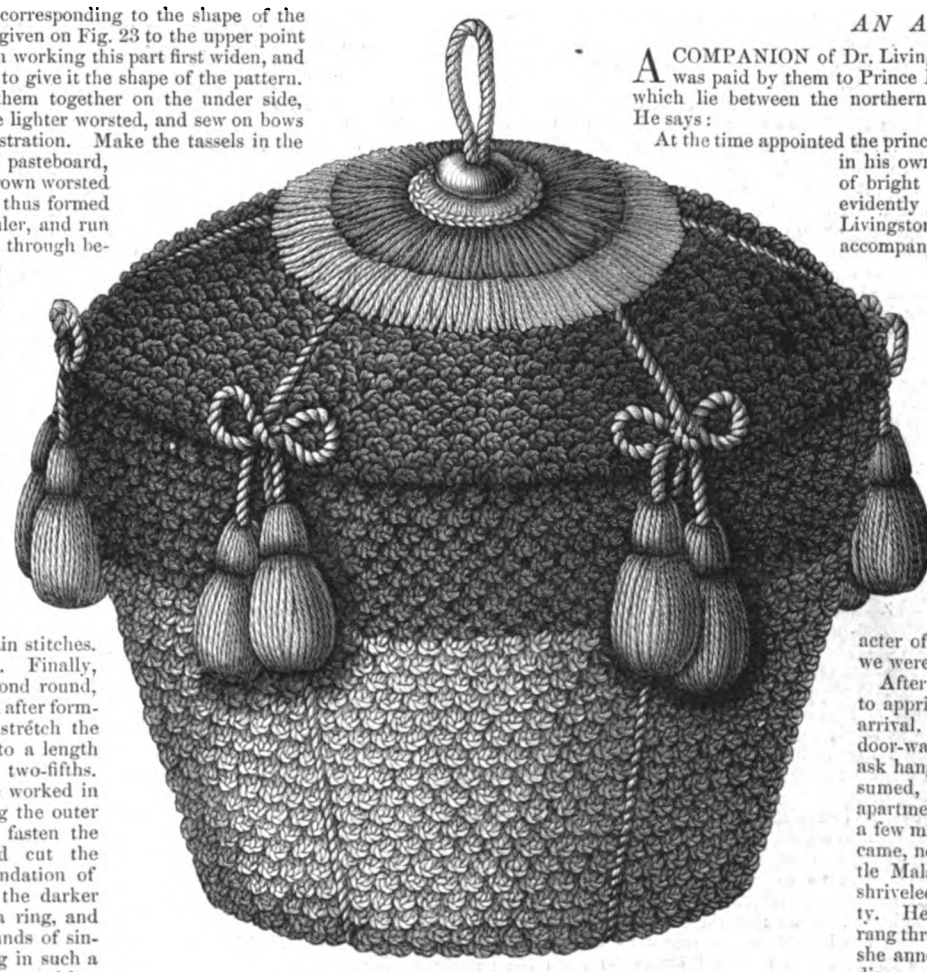

Fig. 1.—CROCHET COFFEE-WARMER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 23.

Fig. 2.
CORD CURTAIN BAND.
[See Fig. 1, Page 404.]

Fig. 3.—TAPESTRY CURTAIN BAND.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 46-48.

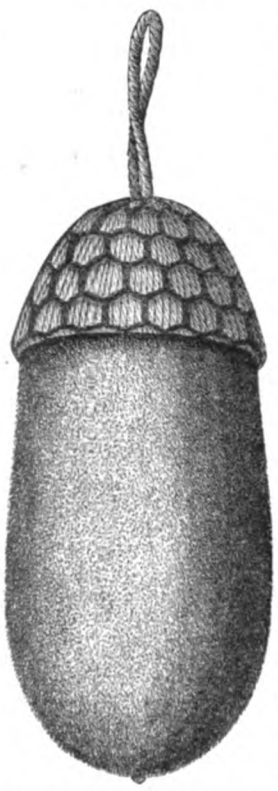

Fig. 3.—WORSTED TASSEL FOR COFFEE-WARMER AND CURTAIN BAND.—FULL SIZE.

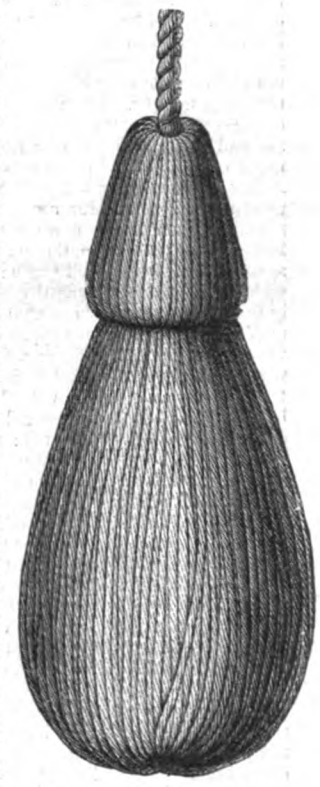

Fig. 2.—WORSTED TASSEL FOR COFFEE-WARMER. FULL SIZE.

Netted Cover for Circular Stand.

FOR the foundation of this cover work a square piece of straight netting, which is 209 squares (netting holes) long and broad. Then work the white parts of the design with cotton or glazed yarn in point de reprise, the darker parts in point de toile; the black squares remain free. The last row of squares at both straight outer edges of the illustration form the middle of the design. Round off the corners of the cover, work the outer edge in button-hole stitch, and sew fringe or lace to the under side. The design may also be worked in crochet or tapestry work. For the former crochet for the open-work foundation alternately one double crochet, two chain stitches; for the close squares of the design work the requisite number of double crochets without chain stitch interval. If the design is worked in tapestry for covering sofa-pillows, etc., the embroidery must be worked in three different shades.

QUARTER SECTION OF NETTED COVER FOR CIRCULAR STAND.

AN AFRICAN HAREM.

A COMPANION of Dr. Livingstone gives an interesting account of a visit which was paid by them to Prince Mahomet, of Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, which lie between the northern extreme of Madagascar and the African coast. He says:

At the time appointed the prince came off to the ship in order to take us on shore in his own boat. He was arrayed in a magnificent dress of bright blue silk, ornamented with gold-lace, and he was evidently in a delightful state of self-consciousness. Dr. Livingstone, two other gentlemen, and myself were ready to accompany him.

The prince's establishment consisted of a group of buildings surrounded by a wall of stone. One of the houses was much larger than the rest, and to this we were taken. After passing through a desolate-looking anteroom we entered an apartment about forty feet square; but though its proportions were noble, its appearance was not attractive. The furniture was scanty, mean, and much worn; the chintz that covered the couches was faded, and the glasses that hung on the whitewashed walls were, with one exception, cracked; the floor was uncarpeted. This was the prince's own apartment, and this probably accounted for the poverty of its appearance. Each wife has her own chamber; and as the greater part of her dowry is expended upon the decorating and furnishing of it, the prince's room probably afforded no fair indication of the character of his whole establishment. Here it was, however, we were to have audience of the ladies.

After inviting us to be seated the prince left us, in order to apprise his wives of our arrival. He went out by a door-way covered by a damask hanging, which, we presumed, led to the ladies' apartments. He returned in a few minutes, and with him came, not a wife, but a little Malay woman, old and shriveled, but full of vivacity. Her sharp, shrill voice rang through the room when she announced that the ladies would soon appear. She was evidently the janitress of the harem, and the prince seemed to be much in awe of her. She was born at Cape Town, but had many years ago married a Johanna man. She spoke English very imperfectly, but Dutch like a Dutchlander; and when she found that Dr. Livingstone could speak that language, her pleasure was so demonstrative I thought she would have embraced him. It seemed greatly to cheer her old heart to hear once more that most ugly of all languages. She asked a multiplicity of questions about Cape Town. She rattled away at the highest pitch of her voice until her excitement fairly broke her down; then she seemed to recollect herself, and, with a kind of chuckle, said, "Now I will send in the ladies," and ran off with quite a youthful agility. After she had retired, the prince, who was evidently excited and somewhat nervous, said, "My wives say I must tell you of a little custom we have whenever strangers are introduced to them. When they come in, they will each one of them come to each of you, and you will have to go through a little ceremony each of you with each of them. Oh, it is not much; it is not what you think," he continued, with a shrewd smile. "It is only this: each of them will hold in her hand a little bit of bread, and each of you will break off a small piece from each and eat it. That done, we are friends—always friends."

We expressed gratification and ready compliance. The ladies not appearing, he disappeared behind the curtain again, but quickly returned. The curtain was then withdrawn, and, standing in a row on either side of the passage, we saw a number of little slave-girls, some of whom were very gayly dressed. Then there came from a room at the end of the passage a stout lady about twenty-five years of age, whose face was only saved from being commonplace by her large and really beautiful eyes. Her appearance as she entered the room was dazzling. The bodice of her dress was of

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cloth of gold; the short skirt was of Indian muslin, elaborately worked with gold and silver thread; her drawers were of the same material, and similarly ornamented. Her naked feet were slipped into richly adorned sandals, and on her head she wore a purple velvet fez-shaped cap, that was refulgent with gold-lace and jewels. Round her waist she had a jeweled zone, and round her neck "jewels of silver and jewels of gold" were multiplied in a barbarous profusion; she had rings on all her fingers; she wore bracelets, armlets, and anklets of gold; and her ears were strangely decorated, for not only were the lower lobes perforated, but the rim of each ear was pierced in several places, and instead of one jeweled drop, each ear sustained four or five. The first effect produced on me by this profuse display of personal ornamentation was amazement, and then the absurdity of it appeared so great that it was difficult to refrain from laughter. Yet we could not help being pleased with the woman who had taken so much pains with herself to please us; and when she came forward to shake hands, which she did rather awkwardly, we bowed our lowest and smiled our sweetest. To her succeeded a tall, finely built, very handsome woman, of about twenty years of age. Her figure was perfect, the grace of her carriage was faultless, and her large black eyes were so lustrous they seemed to flash light. With the first lady the richness of costume was most prominent, but with this woman the beauty of her person far outshone the magnificence of her attire. She was dressed and ornamented, with some slight variation, like unto her sister-wife, to whom, indeed, she was really sister; for the prince informed us that they were the children not only of the same father, but by the same mother. She moved toward us like a queen—self-possessed and gracious; and though she had not the manner of a European lady, the mode of her hand-shaking was unimpeachable. A few moments elapsed before the third wife presented herself. Her appearance was insignificant, her features expressionless; her eyes lacked lustre; her form, though not angular, was spare and destitute of all grace; her movements were awkward; and though dressed not less grandly than the others, her costume appeared far less resplendent. The prince appeared to feel that we were conscious of her defects, for, as she turned from us after the usual salutation, he exclaimed, "Oh, she is a very tame wife!" (These ladies, be it said, did not understand English.) The curtain over the door-way fell; no other lady appeared. To our look of inquiry the prince replied, "That is all. I have but three wives—only three. If I had as many as my birth entitles me to, I should have twelve—as many as the king; but the French have my island, and so I am only a poor devil with but three wives!"

The introductions ended, the senior lady came forward and held out to us what looked like a thin slice of gingerbread, from which we each broke off a small portion and ate it. It was abominable to the taste; a vile compound of bad oil, Indian corn meal, and sweets. The ladies then seated themselves on a couch opposite to that on which we sat; and we were instructing the prince to convey to them our thanks for the great honor they had done us in granting this interview, and an unbounded admiration of themselves, when, by all that is shocking, we discovered that they chewed betel-nut! For right and left, with a volume, a precision, and a force that a Yankee might have envied, they began to relieve themselves of the consequences of this abominable habit. Up to this point all had seemed consistent with the place and the occasion; but this was a feature in the romance of the harem that I had not looked for. However, we expressed our gratification; and our sentiments being made known to the ladies, they showered upon us smiles and pleasant glances. At this juncture the prince's mother entered the room. She was a very fat, very dirty, but very cheerful old woman. Her dress was a simple robe of brown cotton without ornament of any kind. The prince rose as she entered and led her to a seat; his manner in doing this was most respectful and almost affectionate. He told us that she was a very religious woman, had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and was regarded as a saint. She showed us a gold watch which she had received from the East India Company in acknowledgment of her kindness to certain English ladies and children, the passengers of one of the Company's ships that had been wrecked on the reef that runs around Johanna. She took them into her house and entertained them for weeks, and from them obtained the knowledge she possessed of the English language.

Our conversation with this old lady was interrupted by the entrance into the room of three African slave-girls, who were very prettily attired in vestments of many colors. Two of them carried silver trays, the contents of which were hidden from our eyes by veils of white muslin; the third was laden with sherbet. At an indication from the chief wife the sherbet-bearer approached and knelt before us, and continued kneeling until we had emptied our glasses and replaced them on the tray. Then one bearing a veiled tray went up to the ladies, and knelt before them. Upon the veil being removed we saw four bouquets, composed of the blossom of a sweet-scented shrub that had been sewn on to a piece of calico cut into the shape of a heart. She who had the pre-eminence with the ladies took a bouquet and looked and smiled at Dr. Livingstone, who went up to her and received it from her hands, and then gallantly fastened it on to the breast of his coat. We were each similarly favored. Then the third girl approached with her burden, and upon the veil being removed, we found that it consisted of four mouthfuls of betel-nut, wrapped in the leaf with which it is masticated. Again a pleasant smile and a sunny glance brought us to the ladies, and we each received our portion of betel-nut. But what were we to do with it? We had disposed of the bouquets satisfactorily, but the betel-nut puzzled us. Was it intended for use or for show? The prince explained that as it was the custom of the English to offer wine to their guests, so was it the custom of his people to offer betel-nut; and when offered, as in the present instance, by a lady, it could not be refused or taken away untasted. After which explanation, we, of course, expressed ourselves delighted to do what was expected of us; but before we had put the objectionable morsel into our mouths, the ladies volunteered to flavor it with a preparation of lime, which they keep by them in small silver boxes, and which gives to it an additional pungency. This the prince declared was not only a delicate attention, but a great honor also; inasmuch as in days gone by only those who had achieved the renown which the pilgrimage to Mecca gave were permitted to take their betel-nut flavored with lime. The thing itself was not offensive to the palate; it tasted something like nutmeg, and it caused an excitement of the glands which was far from being unpleasant, but it made expectoration a necessity. Despite the example of the ladies I strove against doing as they did, but in vain; I was compelled to relieve my mouth or choke. My companions were in the same predicament, and the position became so ludicrous that laughter long and loud was the result. The ladies ascertaining the cause of our mirth laughed also, and we quickly became a very merry party. They told us that the use of betel-nut ought to be general; that it cheered the spirits, allayed pain; that without it fasting was impossible, as it assuaged hunger; that it quieted the restless, and soothed the temper; that it gave rest to the weary and sleep to the sleepless; that, in fact, it made all who used it happy, and should be used, therefore, by every body. The repulsive consequences of its use were as nothing. And we were advised to take a quantity of betel-nuts to England, in order that the English might experience the benefits of its rare qualities. Then the young ladies sought information upon the social and domestic life of English women, and were much amused by our replies; and one of them remarked that it must be very dull to be the only wife of any man—they preferred their own arrangements.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

In the heart of the long bare uplands
It lies like a river of green,
And the trees each slope descending
Leave a flowery sward between:

A flowery path for the children,
With the oak and the thorn on high;
Coverts to tempt the boldest,
And shelter-spots for the shy.

Come, Love, to the happy valley,
Where the turf slopes smooth and dry;
At our feet the laughing children,
Above the laughing sky.

Life has no hour more golden
Than thus on the grassy slope,
While we blend the age of reason
With the dearer age of hope.

For childhood is of the valley,
Havened from tempest and heat,
With flowers beyond its grasping,
And flowers beneath its feet.

Mid-age has the long bare uplands,
Bare to the heat and the rain:
Come, Love, to the happy valley,
Children with children again.

THE OLD PLUM-TREE.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"I always loved a fine plum-tree," said the old gentleman, sitting down on the opposite garden bench. "I always longed to own one. And though I came back to this village with another object than to sit beneath this tower of flowers again, yet I could have begged admission to your pleasure-ground for that alone."

He was a handsome, stately gentleman, though long since past the period of his prime. His teeth were still fresh and sparkling, his lips firm and fine; and though wrinkles here and there scored his smoothly shaven face, and though the heavy eyebrows were white as fleece, yet the dark eyes had a certain fire in them, and there was apparent in all his bearing that spirit of undying youth which gives to so many of the old a charm not even possessed by youth itself. He wore on his head a black velvet skull-cap, round whose edges little silver curls fringed themselves picturesquely; and a long cloak—more on his arm than his shoulder—while it gave grace to his figure, told of the liabilities of advancing age.

This personage had, an hour or two before, been seen down the elm-shadowed street of the village alighting at the inn from the coach that once a day lumbered through the place; and now, strolling leisurely up the way, after his rest at the inn, he had paused at the garden gate, surveying the pleasant scene where neighbors' children tumbled together on the fresh-grown turf, watched by a lady whose gray hair was folded away from a sweet, pale face beneath a black lace cap, the lower part of which fell down round her shoulders like a nun's cape.

It was an unusual day for the time of the year; a week of sunshine had already withdrawn all superfluous moisture from the sod, and now this afternoon, with its southerly wind blowing up blue hazes from the woods and meadows, had warmed the air so that no one staid within-doors who had grass-plot or piazza without; and all at once—it seemed as if by the stroke of a wand—the fruit trees had burst the spell of bareness and clothed themselves in bloom, till the whole land was an orchard, billowy with waves of blushing snow.

The stranger had gazed a few moments at the children, who were nowise disconcerted by his neighborhood, and then, with a courteous motion of his hand to the lady, had requested and taken for granted permission to enter the open gate-way, and at the first step had been saluted by the children, who always recognize their friends, with a pelting of cowslip-balls, which he was fain to welcome and return, before passing to the mistress of the garden with some light sentence about the noisy music of the children's laughter.

"Who is ever annoyed by such a sound?" he said. "Not you, my dear madam, I am sure. Who is ever annoyed by the cheerful hubbub of the birds? And the children—"

"Give us our youth again, Sir," said the lady, with a second glance; for there was something in the stranger's face and voice that lent her a vague trouble of remembrance; she could not have told you what.

"There are things in this quaint old garden that exercise such enchantment far more potently for me than they," said the old gentleman. "It is that tree, for one. I always loved an old plum-tree," said he, seating himself uninvited on the rustic bench. "I always longed to own one. And though I came back to this village with another object than merely to sit beneath this tower of flowers again, yet I could have begged admission to your pleasure-ground for that alone; since they told me at the gossiping inn—where they are as familiar with every one's intimate affairs, it seems, as they used to be half a hundred years ago, or less—that this tree was still alive, and that Miss Mabel Vaunce was still its guardian," with an obeisance of lofty kind: "begged admission," he continued, "not to play with any children, or admire them better on one side the gate than the other, but just to see the plum-tree bursting into bloom, as it used to do every spring of my boyhood."

The lady had looked quickly up and then down again, the color came and went on her withered cheek, and a sad smile flitted across her lips and was gone, ere she answered, "I am glad it still lives to give you pleasure, then," and began to look at him more intently than before.

"I thank you," said he. "I thank you. It is a pleasure; as innocent and simple a one as the pleasures of the old are fain to be. But, in truth, where can you find a rarer? When this plum-tree blooms, a flush, a cloud of snow, it is the first act in the whole drama of the year. Ah! once its blooming was for me the first act in a very different drama."

Miss Mabel had turned a little away again; her cheek was very pale, her eyes were downcast—beautiful, soft dove's eyes they were—whether a chord of ancient pain thrilled to these words, or whether some strange premonition warned her of what her unnamed guest was about to say.

"Can it be," she cried, in a tremulous, eager voice, penetrating to the heart—"can it be—"

"I see," he interrupted her, "that the tree has meaning for you as well as me. Pardon me. And let me tell you why it is one of the precious monuments of the past to me. A tough old tree, the plum-tree; nothing but teak and heart of oak can rival it: it will be shaking its bloom and putting on its purple still when you and I are dust and ashes, Mabel."

The lady looked up suddenly once more and bent forward, a thousand thoughts and feelings, apparently, chasing across her face, as cloud-shadows and sunbeams sweep over a field of clover. The stranger gave her a searching glance from those powerful eyes of his, and, as she would have sprang to her feet, his gesture quieted and detained her again to listen.

"I was twenty years old then," said he. "It is almost half a century ago. The blood of youth is hot; its current brooks no obstacles, its impatience no delay. And certainly she was beautiful. No poet ever dreamed of greater beauty than hers, no painter ever painted it—the dark lustre of the eye; the rose upon the cheek; the hair, where just a shadow lay upon the gold; the radiant smile! For forty years and over I have but had to close my eyes to bring that perfect face like a picture before them. As beautiful in its own way now. Only seventeen then, but a woman, with all a woman's dignity and strength beneath her girlish grace. Well, well! You can see that I loved her, madam. I am unwed to-day for her sake. We were neighbors, as they say; our gardens joined; we made love as children across the hedge; we deposited our notes and keepsakes in the hollow of the plum-tree that stood on the dividing line. It is in the middle of the garden now, for the hedge is gone, since, when my father died, it was discovered that his place was mortgaged to the neighbor; and though the payment was long overdue, the kindly neighbor had let the matter alone till the days should be more prosperous with the man whose days were suddenly no more. I was alone in the world, and my tears made my way dark and dim. But then I remembered that she loved me, and a glory would seem to illuminate it. I was penniless too; but what was that to youth and hope and daring? I felt myself rich with all the bounty of her love. My neighbor, moreover, had cared for my future; he had secured me a situation in a house at Hong-Kong; and when he told me of it, time was an affair of moment, and I was to sail the next day. I was in a consternation, not that it gave me no time for preparation, but that I had no time to make my darling ready for my departure. But perhaps I weary you? This long-drawn story—" And he paused till she lifted her white face, and, with a sigh that was half a sob, bade him go on.

"She had been gone from home a month," said he, after a moment more, in which he was gazing not at her, but on the ground, "and was to return that day. On the spot, with all the fire and fervor of my heart, I told her father—the kindly neighbor who was making my fortune for me—how his daughter and I stood with one another. I thought he had known it long ago; but he had seen only two children playing together, and had forgotten that the years were making them man and woman. He smiled. 'It is a boy's dream,' said he.

"'Oh, it is the whole of life!' I answered him.

"'Nay, nay,' he said; 'I have pledged my daughter's hand, so far as I have authority, to my friend;' and he spoke of a man I knew—a noble fellow, I believe he was. 'I must use all effort to redeem my pledge,' said he; 'and I must command you, by your dead father's memory, and by my friendship for him, to make no effort to see my daughter before you sail; to speak to her no syllable of this romantic nonsense, whose meaning you are yet too young fully to comprehend!'

"But I refused to give the promise. How could I, fresh struck and quivering? 'Then,' said he, 'you hurt me to the quick, for you oblige me to refuse to my friend's son the hospitality of my house. I will meet you at the coach-office to-morrow morning, but till then my threshold is forbidden you to cross.' Nor could I blame him. Who is there would have given the treasure he possessed to a beggar such as I? Ah, madam, forgive me for pouring out this story unbidden, this effusion, this license I have no right to take. But indeed I had my purpose in it. And do not think me quite the garrulous old fool I seem. I am back in my own land for the first time in almost fifty years, seeing the faces of my race, hearing its language. The sound of my voice is good to me, here in this garden, beneath the shadow of this snowy plum-tree. Some of its boughs are dead, I see; the little hollow has become a great rent. Well, a portion of our own selves is dead also. And then, when a beggar comes before you, he has always the story that you must hear, you know."

He waited a little while, his head thrown back while he looked steadily up the great blossoming dome of the tree, with the blue pavement of heaven glinting through; and Miss Mabel, sure that he was no longer looking at her, perhaps no longer thinking of her, gazed at him herself again, till all at once an image that was he and yet another swam before her eyes, and the tears burst forth and flooded all the gentle face that years ago had been stamped with the imprint of grief—a grief whose memory had strangely and distantly grown to be something like a joy.

"But you went?" said she, hoarsely, calling him back with the words.

"Ah! Yes, I went. But not till I had seen her come home, rosy and laughing and lovely; had waited in the garden in vain for her to come running down the long pleached alley on the other side of the hedge, as she used to do—a glorious shadow in the sunset splendor streaming through; and at last in a despair had written her, folded the letter in a leathern wallet which we kept for such purpose, and inclosed that again in the little japanned box within the hollow of the plum-tree, that was rocking with a wild, high wind. In my letter I told her," said he, as a hasty flush overspread his hearer's face, while her brown eyes opened in a wistful sort of surprise and bewilderment, "of my fate, of the fate proposed for her. I pleaded for her faith till I could return to claim her. I vowed her mine. And I begged her, if she loved me, if she meant never to swerve, if she was mine for time and for eternity, as I was hers, to assure me of it once again, and for the last time, by setting her light in the little latticed niche that night, that I might see it and take heart of grace, and make my vows again before it, as before a shrine. But that night," said the old man, "the house was dark, the latticed window never showed a spark. Ah! ah! in youth the blood is like a running flame, which it needs the tears of middle life, the snows of age, to extinguish! But perhaps all this is fond and foolish at my years—at yours. Yet there are but a dozen words more, and then 'the rest is silence.'

"It was morning, and I had not slept. I knew I had no choice but to go. And then it was, indeed, the quickest way to her—to her and all the future so close at heart for me by day and night. I sat down to gather the papers in my father's desk together. As I turned them over suddenly the world shrunk into ashes before me; I was myself a burning flame. I had touched papers that but for sudden death would have been destroyed—evidence that my father had been saved from ruin, from more than ruin, from black disgrace, by his neighbor. And as I sat trembling with them in my hand, that neighbor entered. He saw then that I knew all. 'I can not wonder,' cried I, 'that you will not trust your child with one in whose blood creep crime and shame! Oh no; a thousand times no! And see, I owe you so much; I will not owe you all the rest. I will make you the sacrifice; I will give her up.' I sprang through the open door; I ran to the old plum-tree; I put in my hand to learn if she had taken my letter, to withdraw it myself. The place was empty. An adder reared its tiny head and fangs instead. Then she also knew it; she had had my letter; she had refused to give the sign at the latticed niche; she severed our futures herself! What matter was it what became of me! There was no time to lose. They came for me from the coach-office. I was away. Presently the round side of the earth was between us. I tried to forget. I tried to hate. As well try to cease breathing and yet live! Once, when the longing of a year grew unbearable, I wrote to her, and waited. A year afterward my letter, which had been inclosed to her father, was returned to me, unopened, but folded in a kind and friendly letter from himself. I said to myself that it was enough; I would think of that side of the world

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no more. By-and-by one came from the place, and said my patron, the old neighbor, was about to marry his daughter to—the person of whom he had spoken with me. For a season, then, passion ran riot in these veins. My heart swelled, indeed, as if it would burst. I was wild with longing and envy and hate and love. I engaged a passage back to my home. I would break in on their scheme; I would destroy it; I would destroy them; I would have my own! Furious hopes—but the hopes of forty years ago. And suddenly I was prostrate with the fever of the climate, that left me half destroyed myself; and when I was able again to reason, I said, 'To what end? She is at peace. She is happy. Her own act renounced me. She has forgotten that romance of her childhood and youth. She obeys her father. Why should I go home and shatter all that, bring about discord and grief and pain? And it seems I could not, if I would. Nay, would I, if I could, seal her lot beneath the stamp of so fiery and undisciplined a nature as my own? He is a better man than I. Let me suffer by myself.' And I did—for forty years and over. Day after day, year after year, I loved her none the less. I said to myself, 'She is another man's wife.' But my love was purified from dross, till at length she grew to be to me like the creature of a beautiful dream. And then, at last, came one again from that part of the world where I had left her—the second one in all those years—and I learned that when the time of trial came she had refused to obey her father's command and wish; that the father had long since gone to his rest; that the village fancied—no matter what; that she was still Mabel Vaunce. And the next steamer brought me from sea to sea, till I am at her side. Mabel—?"

But for answer to all that one word said and pleaded, Miss Mabel had started from her seat, had run down the alley once more like a girl, and, flushed and fevered now, was pulling away the moss and brambles from the old plum-tree's hollow, where some birds were building their nest—was thrusting in her hand as she used to do when the hollow was hardly more than the size of the little hand. But it was a different hollow now; her whole arm could disappear in it. What did she care for worms or adders or fluttering birds? Her hand was stirring in the soft powder of débris that had cushioned the place, deepened by the rents of one night's high wind nearly half a hundred years ago—was groping, finding, re-appearing. She held a little worn and rusty japanned box; she had forced it open, unwound a blistered leathern wallet, and had seized the semblance of a letter whose superscription was half illegible with time and damp and rottenness. And then she came slowly back to the old man's side. Happy old Miss Mabel! As she unfolded the sheet, yellow and mouldy, and falling to pieces with the kiss of the fresh air, as her hand shook with it, as her head sank upon it, it was not of the old man before her that she thought at all. Who was he? What was he now to her? A dim shadow in her light. For her part, she was young again—she held a message from the lover of her youth!

But when she had read the letter through, as she might, and its shreds had fluttered from her fingers, the stranger gently took the hand in his.

"Mabel," said he, "we have foregone our youth; should we sacrifice our age? It is true that marriage can not be for us the union of delight and all dear hopes that once it would have been. But it can be peaceful rest in one another's smiles. Believe me, I shall not be less tender of you because my hair is gray and your step is feeble. I shall love you all the better, dear, for the bliss that we have lost out of our lives. Mabel, because we missed the flood of the tide is it any reason that we should not drop down together on the ebb?"

And as Miss Mabel's tears fell on the hand he kissed in such a stately fashion, through their mist the old man seemed to her indeed the lover she had lost; and though the autumn season of her life, with all its frosts and chills, was well-nigh spent, and the hoary winter coming on, its air seemed all at once to be full of Indian summer sunshine. The plum-tree towered and rustled overhead, in itself a wilderness of bloom; the building birds flew in and out of the boughs; the sweet May weather breathed about them a breath of hope and cheer that stirred the pulse; and there in the old garden their age took on a gilding from their youth, and the lives that had been two became one—because love is immortal, and to love all times and seasons and years are the same.

GOLD-FISH.

IT is so pleasant to have bright little living things to caress and to pet that, even in a house where there are baby children, it is quite easy and natural to widen the home circle, so as to include some of Nature's tinier nurslings.

Such happy objects as birds and flowers and innocent animals vie with human beings in their plea to be loving and to be loved, and the manifold claims do not conflict; for the law of affection is so liberally ordained that in its house of many mansions for every new guest a new guest-chamber opens; and "the more the merrier" is the motto of every sunshiny heart.

Having our pets, we must know how to pet them. We must understand something of their nature and their tastes, so as to adapt our attentions appropriately, and not fall into the error of that Parisian young lady who, having enjoyed her new carriage and horses all day in driving from one place of refreshment to another, was told at last that the horses were hungry. "Poor things! is it really possible?" she exclaimed; and, in all the poignant realization of compassion, immediately sent her *ice-cream* to them.

We must know something, too, about certain characteristic boundaries of "Enough," so that our defenseless treasures shall not be killed with kindness. "A little wholesome neglect" is applicable to the proper management of all the lesser varieties of pets, as well as to the paragon of animals.

Our sensitive Augusta was presented with a gold-fish—one only, because the glass globe in which it was confined was not capable of holding sufficient water to sustain a companion. The globe was hung in the midst of an ivy-arched *jardinière;* and nothing could be more charming than the effect of this beaming little liquid world shining through the fairy fern-trees of the miniature wild-wood.

The swift circuits of the fish, who darted like a jeweled wand from point to point, gave to his crystal zone quite an air of enchantment; and his two twinkling black eyes and industrious velvet-lipped mouth seemed never weary of exploring. The globe, too, caught bright reflections, and told the story of the room in a quaintly pictured fable.

Every day, in order to renew the water in the vase, it was necessary, temporarily, to remove the fish; and for this exciting transfer Augusta's nerves had not the steadiness. Her slender white fingers trembled at the very thought of seizing the slippery morsel. Her school-boy brothers, however, were only too happy to be intrusted, in turn, with the delicate office; and their rough little brown hands had not the slightest compunction in pulling poor "Flannery"—as they called him—out of one water into another.

The helpless wight accommodated himself to the operation bravely; dashed into the cold gulf without a murmur, and flashed about the big basin like a miracle of joy. He had a way of swallowing whatever his open mouth encountered; and then, if the mouthful proved distasteful, of flinging it contemptuously far out of his jaws. This trick the boys delighted to encourage; and they strewed atoms of straw into the water on purpose to tease their small mountebank into a more frequent performance of "the whale and Jonah."

For a while all went well. But suddenly Augusta noticed a row of black spots upon the shining sides of her "dear, darling gold-fish." These spots gradually enlarged; around his eyes came ominous dark rings. She fancied he grew thinner, and had a melancholy expression; and she began to inquire, anxiously, "How shall I keep him from dying?" "Perhaps," some one suggested, "you ought to feed him with something." But when she asked the men who sold gold-fish, "What do you give your fishes to eat?" they all answered, "Nothing but water."

Her brothers laughed at her fears; said the black spots were the nature of the 'cute beastie; and all the jolly big gold-fish in Central Park had lots of them. And they wagered, with their usual arithmetical prudence in such matters, "ten thousand million dollars" that little "Flannery" would live as long as Uncle Jake's gold-fish—a model thriver, who had been for three years the jovial occupant of a sumptuous water-plant aquarium—the delight of observant acquaintances, and the adoration of his humble companions, a meditative regiment of snails, and its solemn corporal, a tadpole.

But Augusta was not to be comforted. One night the moonlight shone into her chamber, and she could see within the gleaming globe the tiny gold-fish plodding away at his endless curves, and now and then darting frantically to the surface. "They may say what they like," she sighed; "I can *feel* that little thing suffering."

Surely enough, the imprisoned pet had suffered! On the morrow all was over with poor "Flannery." A dark speck floated on the water, dull as lead, motionless, its pretty wiles quite forgotten, and like nothing so little in the world as a sunny wand of enchantment, or any thing bright, or happy, or living.

A victim, not to cruelty, but to ignorance! To begin with, the globe was too small—too small for any live thing over an inch in length that ever cared to stretch itself from one perpetual routined curve into a little straightforwardness and freedom. Uncle Jake's gold-fish had a habitation ten times his own length, besides romantic ins and outs, fashioned for his daily windings by arches of sparkling rock, and bowers of blooming water-plants. He had, too, the inspiring glances of his kindly companions to encourage his career. No wonder his shadow never grew less!

Poor "Flannery" had one stem of water-plant when he was first put into his globe; but when this was nibbled away no one thought to replace it. All the green reflections necessary to give a pretty effect to the vase were furnished by the fernery in which it was hung. Yet gold-fish *love* water-weeds. They enjoy the purity that these growing plants give to the water; they like their umbrage as tents and parasols to shield them from the intense rays of the sun; and they are nourished by the leaves.

They are fond of red-stemmed "starwort;" and "milfoil," that changes its winter leaf so daintily to summer flowers; and "anacharis," with pale stem and oval leaf; and grassy "balisneria," that harbors minute water-snails; and "water-pennywort" or hornwort (*Hydrocotyle*), and floating grains of the duck-weed (*Lemna phyrhyza*). All these plants can easily be procured from the fresh-water ponds where golden carp are reared, and where they build their leafy nests and exercise, amidst the floating bowers of this familiar foliage, those parental affections for which their special tribe is exceptionally famed.

Wheaten bread, finely crumbled, they will eat also, and the yolks of eggs boiled hard and powdered. But nothing coarse or prickling should be dropped into the globe. The sticks and straws that "Flannery" so funnily flung away tore his delicate mouth and hurt him sorely. As for the rough hands of the school-boy brothers, they were instruments of torture. Those dark spots on his tender sides and the rings of pain around his eyes all came from *bruises.* He should have been lifted gently in a cup or a little linen net. A perfectly calm and smooth hand, holding water in the hollow of its palm, might, perhaps, avoid giving pain; but the Chinese, who are very successful in their treatment of water pets, say that contact of the hand is sooner or later fatal to gold-fish.

And the water in the globes should not be changed too often. Three times a week in summer is sufficient, in winter twice; and in aquariums where plants are growing freely the needed change is far more seldom. Very *cold* water makes the gold-fish shudder. They inherit from their ancestry of the Chinese lake—Tche Kiang—certain proclivities that require their tiny zone to be at least *temperate.* And they are not averse to *torrid,* as has been proven by mill-ponds in England, where the nature of the manufactory engendered an artificial heat, and their stock of gold-fish, at a temperature of 80°, thrived and multiplied incalculably.

Delight in these gentle and glittering pets is derived from the Orient. The Chinese and Japanese have in every house an aquarium, and they tame the gold-fish to answer whistles and pet names. The Romans cultivated them enthusiastically. One Roman emperor was surnamed "Aurelius" for his love of gold-fish. In Portugal they were introduced early, escaping, it is said, from a vessel of Chinese cargo, and from Lisbon were carried to France and England, and eventually to America.

But the most beautiful gold-fish are still peculiar to China. One naturalist describes eighty varieties of the most graceful shape, and not shining only with silver and jet and red bronze and gold, but sparkling with the colors of jewels—topaz and sapphire and rubies and pearls.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Boston school committee to whom was referred the matter of making Saturday a holiday in the Latin School, and thus decreasing the hours of study demanded, have come to the conclusion that ample time for relaxation is afforded the pupils under the present system. The average amount of time the boys study out of school is only two hours and six minutes! Moreover, on questioning parents, a large proportion do not feel *sure* that their children are injured by hard study, and do not care to have Saturday a holiday. We wonder how many of those parents considered the matter in a physiological point of view, and how many only thought, "What a noise there will be in the house on Saturdays if John and James are at home all day long!" If Boston children grow pale and sickly, will not the parents have to share the responsibility with the school committee?

It seems that the committee referred to considered it better to distribute the studies through six days in the week rather than to crowd them into five. Possibly. But does not the difficulty lie farther back? We confess to having a strong sympathy with the views of the superintendent of the public schools in Maine, who is courageous enough to demand that sundry mathematical conundrums and puzzles, and useless memorizing of hard names, be eradicated from the course of common-school study; that all be taught the really common branches thoroughly, but that the overstimulating of tender brains, which so often results in sickness and death, be avoided. The children of the present day are forced into learning too much, and too early, from books. Their pale faces and weary looks often plead for them that their bodies may have time to grow.

Apropos of schools and their management, the town of Ithaca appears to be yet in the dark ages of barbarism. Otherwise, why should a schoolmaster be suffered, for a trifling fault, to inflict an unmerciful flagellation on a little girl of eight years old? The strap used left her back inflamed and discolored. In extenuation of his treatment the master told the mother of the child that "he whipped the child so hard because she screamed!"

A lady sends a request to a Washington paper that it will advertise for one hundred and fifty young men of all shapes and sizes, to form a gaping crowd to stand at the door-ways when evening assemblies are dismissed, to stare at the ladies and make remarks about their persons and dress. We think this branch of business must have been advertised largely before—it is so very flourishing.

Most bright boys will remind their fathers of the trout-fishing season by a request for a five-jointed fishing-rod. Judicious paternals will give heed to the demand. To those who demur to the request, a gentle intimation may be given that a wise man once said, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," and that doubtless this was the kind of rod to which he referred. At any rate, it generally makes a boy good and happy, for a while at least.

The "Primitive Methodists" of London and vicinity recently held a great camp-meeting in Talltrees Meadows. It is seven years since so large a gathering of this character has been held in London.

A German writer informs us that a great variety of colors and dyes can be readily obtained from common plants, the method consisting principally in boiling them in water so as to produce a strong decoction. For instance: the well-known huckleberry or blueberry, when boiled down, with an addition of a little alum and a solution of copperas, will develop an excellent blue color. The same treatment, with a solution of nut-galls, produces a clean, dark brown tint; while, with alum, verdigris, and sal ammoniac, various shades of purple and red can be obtained. The fruit of the elder will also produce a blue color when treated with alum. The privet boiled in a solution of salt will furnish an excellent color, while the overripe berries yield a scarlet-red. The seeds of the common burning-bush, when treated with sal ammoniac, produce a beautiful purple-red; while the juice of the currant, pressed out and mixed with a solution of alum, will furnish a bright red color. The bark treated in the same way produces a brown. Yellow can be obtained from the bark of the apple-tree, the box, the ash, the buckthorn, the poplar, elm, etc., when boiled in water and treated with alum. A lively green is furnished by the broom-corn, and brownish-green by the genista.

A young girl about fifteen years old, and an orphan, recently committed suicide in this city under peculiarly sad circumstances. She was an interesting, intelligent girl, but one day yielded to temptation and purloined a bit of silk from the room of a lady living in the same house with her, and with it trimmed a hat. The loss of the silk was discovered, and the girl confessed her fault and begged forgiveness, and also entreated that her uncle, with whom she lived, might not be informed of what she had done. But the lady deemed it her duty to resist the appeal, and said she should tell her uncle. The poor girl went from her overwhelmed with shame and terror. Nothing more was seen of her until—in the evening—she was found dead in her bed, having shot herself through the heart with a pistol which she had taken from her uncle's trunk.

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"

The voice is frequently an index of the mind. Temper has an effect upon tone, and habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate an unpleasing quality to the voice, noticeable both in speaking and in singing. To all, and particularly to women, an agreeable voice is a very desirable endowment.

The sculptor Powers seems not to have been always successful in collecting his debts. In his studio in Florence are three plaster busts on which are written in full the names of the owners, and below the words, "Put into marble and sent home, but never paid for." It is the custom of Mr. Powers to retain many of his works in plaster, and thus his studio is one of the most interesting in Florence.

In Venice there is a little newspaper published every Sunday, entitled *La Donna.* It is edited by a lady, Signora Gualberta Alaide Beccari, and among its contributors are several well-known ladies.

Santa Clara Valley, in California, contains a strawberry plantation of about three hundred acres, which is irrigated by artesian wells. The best fields of vines in California yield, in their third and fourth year, from four to six thousand pounds of strawberries per acre. We say pounds, for in California, as might well be the custom elsewhere, fruit is sold by weight. The wholesale price of strawberries in San Francisco about the middle of May was five cents a pound, and from sixty to seventy thousand pounds were received every day. The strawberries are mostly grown on shares by Chinamen, and as the vines produce nothing the first year, the land owner supplies necessaries to the cultivators on credit. It is estimated that the profit to the owner of the ground from this crop amounts to $100 an acre.

June is the month of roses—and never is our charming Central Park more lovely than when this favorite flower is in abundant blossom. The so-called "Bank of Roses," when in full bloom, is a beautiful sight, and of itself will amply repay any visitor. The largest rose-bush known is said to be a white banksia, in the Marine Garden at London. It was donated in 1812. Its numerous branches, some of which measure eighteen inches in circumference, cover an immense wall to a width of nearly sixty feet, and at times, in early spring, as many as fifty thousand flowers have been counted on this queen of all roses. An ancient rose-bush, supposed to be the oldest in existence, is trained upon one side of the cathedral of Hildesheim, in Germany. The root is buried under the crypt, the stem is a foot thick, and half a dozen branches nearly cover the eastern side of the church, bearing countless flowers in summer. Its age is unknown, but documents exist which prove that a Bishop Hezilo, nearly a thousand years ago, protected it by a stone roof, which is still extant.

"An Autobiography of Satan," by an English clergyman, is announced. "The History of the Devil" was written years ago by Daniel De Foe.

The famous German novelist, Berthold Auerbach, has dropped light subjects, and turned his attention to political matters.

The publisher of the Moscow *Gazette* has offered 10,000 rubles for the best novel, written either in Russian, German, or French, upon a Russian subject.

There grows on some of the Western prairies a "compass plant," so called because it has been alleged to possess a remarkable property of directing its leaves north and south to such a degree that the points of the compass can readily be determined from their examination. This statement has been contradicted by some travelers, who have been able to detect no such tendency in the leaves. This discrepancy has been recently reconciled by the discovery that the peculiarity is only appreciable in the young plants when they first come up, since after becoming larger they are moved out of their place by wind and rain, and unable to regain their original position.

One evening at Booth's Theatre, when Richelieu (Edwin Booth) had uttered the words, "France, my mistress, my wedded wife, who shall proclaim divorce 'twixt thee and me?" a deep voice from the audience replied, "Chicago!" Considerable audible smiling followed.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "Making people happy is neither a small nor an unimportant business. As I regard good-nature as one of the richest fruits of Christianity, so I regard the making of people round us happy as one of the best manifestations of that Christian disposition which we are commanded to wear as a garment."

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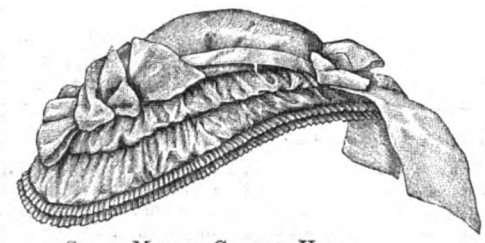
Cambric Garden Hat.

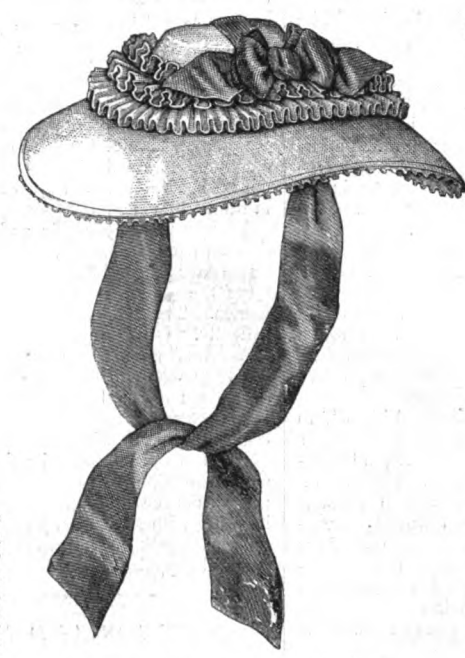
THIS garden hat is made of a square piece of white cambric twenty-six inches long and wide, and is trimmed with pink silk ribbon. Cut, first, for the crown, of a double layer of stiff lace, one piece eight inches and three-quarters wide and ten inches and a half long; lay one end of this piece in a pleat half an inch deep at a distance of two inches and a half from each side. Sew covered wire along the outer edge of the stiff lace crown, and two inches and a half from it, and bind it with a strip of Swiss muslin. On the crown thus formed arrange the cambric part, which is hemmed on the edge half an inch wide (the pleated end of the crown forms the back edge). Lay the cambric part on the crown so that one corner of it projects over the front edge of the crown six inches and a half; turn down this corner on the under side of the crown, and fasten it there with a few stitches. Then turn down the side edges of the piece of material on the under side of the crown, and arrange them in triangular pleats, which are fastened at the front corners of the crown, and, six inches and a half from these, to the side edge of the crown. Then arrange the material at the middle of the back, at a distance of fourteen inches and a half from the back (the under) corner, in four pleats four-fifths of an inch deep, facing each other, the outer folds of which must be an inch and a quarter apart. Set a pink silk ribbon sixteen inches long and two inches and a half wide on each of the two side corners of the piece of material. These ribbons are tied in a bow at the middle of the back of the hat above the pleats there, as shown by the illustration. Finally, furnish the hat with strings, which are fastened on the inside of the crown at a distance of two inches and a half from the side edge, and five inches and a quarter from the front edge of the crown.

CAMBRIC GARDEN HAT.



SWISS MUSLIN GARDEN HAT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 43 and 44.



SWISS MUSLIN GARDEN HAT.

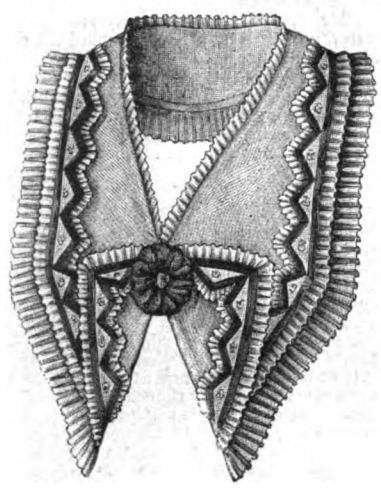
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 41 and 42.

FIGURED SWISS MUSLIN GARDEN HAT.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XVII., Fig. 45.

Swiss Muslin Fichu-Collar with Frills.

THIS collar is made of Swiss muslin, trimmed with box-pleated frills of the same material an inch and a half, three-quarters, and half an inch wide, application needle-work figures, pipings, and a rosette of pink crêpe de Chine. To make the collar, cut of Swiss muslin one piece from Fig. 21, Supplement. Lay the front of this piece along each dotted line in a fold, by which the revers are formed. Sew on the trimming as shown by the illustration. The revers are sewed on the foundation with a few stitches.



SWISS MUSLIN FICHU-COLLAR WITH FRILLS.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 21.

Swiss Muslin Fichu-Collar with Ribbon Trimming.

TO make this collar, which is usually worn with dresses with heart-shaped necks, cut one piece of Swiss muslin from Fig. 22, Supplement. Trim the edge of this piece with a strip of French embroidery two inches and a half wide, and the neck with a strip of the same three-quarters of an inch wide. Trim the collar also with black velvet ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide, as shown by the illustration. At the front of the collar set a bow and ends of the same ribbon.

SWISS MUSLIN FICHU-COLLAR WITH RIBBON TRIMMING.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 22.

Ladies' House and Evening Dresses, Figs. 1–3.

Fig. 1. — FOULARD DRESS WITH SQUARE-NECKED BASQUE. This dress is made of white and blue striped foulard, trimmed with bias strips of blue silk piped on both sides. The neck, basque, and sleeves are trimmed with a side-pleated strip of foulard. Chemisette and sleeves of Swiss muslin and embroidery. Hat of English straw braid, trimmed with blue gros grain ribbon and blue flowers. Blue parasol lined with white.

Fig. 2.—LOW-NECKED SILK DRESS WITH SWISS MUSLIN BASQUE. This dress is made of lavender silk, over which is worn a Swiss muslin basque trimmed with Swiss muslin insertion and side-pleated Swiss muslin ruffles. Lavender silk bow. To make the basque cut of Swiss muslin two pieces each from Figs. 16 and 17, Supplement, from Figs. 18 and 19 one piece each, and the sleeves from Fig. 20, observing the deviating contour of the under part of the sleeve. Sew up the darts in the fronts, face the front edge of the fronts with a strip of Swiss muslin an inch and a quarter wide, and join Figs. 16–19 according to the corresponding figures. The upper edge of the basque skirt (Fig. 18) must first have been arranged in pleats, bringing × on ●. Make a narrow hem on the bottom of the basque and along the slits, cord the neck with Swiss muslin, and sew on the trimming as shown by the illustration; cut away the material of the basque under the insertion, and fasten the edges carefully. Sew up the sleeves from 43 to 44, and from 45 to 46, face the bottom and the slit with a strip of Swiss muslin half an inch wide, set on the trimming, lay the top in pleats, bringing × on ●, and sew them into the corded armholes according to the corresponding figures. Buttons and buttonholes close the basque. Set a lavender

Fig. 1.—FOULARD DRESS WITH SQUARE-NECKED BASQUE.

Fig. 2.—LOW-NECKED SILK DRESS WITH SWISS MUSLIN BASQUE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16–20.

Fig. 3.—GRENADINE DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT AND HIGH BASQUE.

LADIES' HOUSE AND VISITING DRESSES.

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silk bow over the seam at the bottom of the back, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—GRENADINE DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT AND HIGH BASQUE. This dress has a vest of Japanese silk, and is trimmed with piping of the material and gray silk fringe. A bow of red silk ribbon is set at the neck.

REST.

THERE comes a time in a man's life when he looks out for pauses and periods of rest. There is a time when a man is overflowing with energy. He both finds work and makes work.

GYMNASTIC SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 24–27.

He cuts down trees in the forest of difficulty. He fights with windmills. He sketches out a programme which it would take several lifetimes to encompass. He puts no limit to his energies or his range of possibilities. By-and-by a man finds that his sphere is strictly limited and defined. He seeks to curtail rather than extend his engagements. He no longer thinks that he can know every body and go every where, but recognizes that in fact he can, comparatively, only know few persons and go to a few places. He understands small economies of time and circumstances. He appreciates the *laissez faire*. He has a growing opinion in favor of holidays. Instead of being always busy, he appreciates pauses from business. He studies to be quiet. He begins to think that speech is silvern and silence is golden. He appreciates rest.

GYMNASTIC SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 30

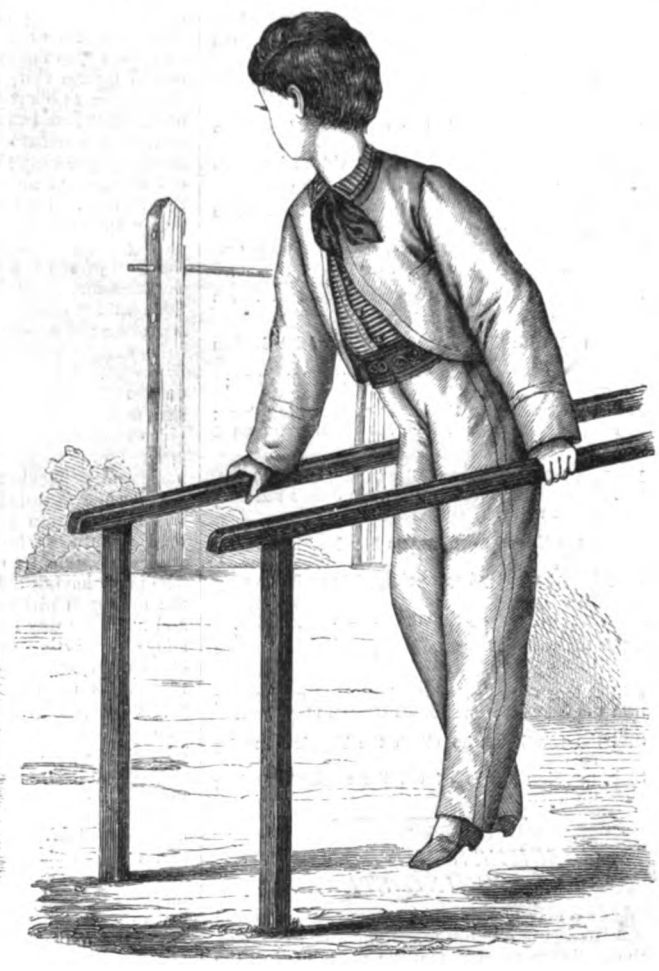
The taste for rest grows with our growth in wisdom. A child can not understand it. When a child is told that his father or mother wants to be quiet, the sentence is a wonderment to him. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck says that, when she was a child of six, her parents taught her to fold her hands and be quiet for half an hour. This valuable art might be taught at our schools, even if charged for as an extra. The taste for quiet and thoughtfulness ought to be developed as much as any other taste. Rest is an investment for action. All mere friction—friction and nothing more—is waste and loss. The wasted sparkle and glitter might have been consolidated into the diamond. There is a balance and equipoise in nature, and any caloric that is uselessly given off is a deduction from the sum of vital heat. In rest you recuperate from fatigue, and you also store up force for action. The prophet is sent into the wilderness before he begins his mission amidst cities. In the lives of various great men you will find periods in which they seemed condemned to inactivity. But they were merely couchant for a spring. In fact, I have known energetic men who, in very quiet times, ask themselves for what special work they are reserved, and are firm in the belief that their rest simply means that there will assuredly be a strain upon their energies. And they find that thus it comes to pass.

There are all kinds of ways for economizing rest. And just in proportion as a man realizes the preciousness of effort and of work, as he would desire not to lead a feeble life of ineffectual aims, so far will he be jealous of useless effort, and desire to spare himself all friction and controversy. Life is too short for quarreling and for a lot of other things as well. As far as possible let there be no waste in life, as there is none in nature. There are many ways in which a man may achieve a masterly inactivity. You may be silent when others speak. You may be solitary when others are in company. You may refuse to see people in the morning. You may always have a cigar or a novel after dinner. You may resolve never to do any work after the curfew-bell. You will insist that your space of life shall have park and flowers as well as pavement and cabbage-garden. You will beware of sudden abnormal effort, relying rather on steady, careful work. Rest is a true element in good workmanship. Of course rest is mainly for the sake of work. A wise man will rather wear out than rust out, considering that he must work while it is day, and that there is all eternity wherein to rest. But still we may have "a central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation," a restfulness of heart which sweetens work and alone makes it prosperous. A cynical statesman once said that life would be very tolerable if it were not for its amusements; but amusement implies rest, and without rest life would be intolerable—impossible. A wise man will lay it up as treasure and economize its stores.

GYMNASTIC SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 28 and 29.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 34 and 35.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 36–40.



GYMNASTIC SUIT FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

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SUMMER FLOWERS.

See illustration on page 412.

WHEN skies are bright, and Nature's face
Of sadness knows no shadow,
And Summer's hand is clear to trace
In woodland and in meadow;
What time the long-lost summer sun
Laughs on the laughing hours—
Hinted by Spring ere spring was done—
We pluck the summer flowers.

Or culled in garden's rich parterre,
Or by the hedge-row wild,
Where cultured fragrance steeps the air,
Or where, by breezes mild
Nurtured spontaneous, Summer's store
Fulfills the pledge of Spring,
We search the flowery treasure o'er
Which summer bounties bring.

Those summer flowers, where'er they be,
In wild or tutored places,
Are sweet; but ah, more sweet to see
Are yonder summer faces!
And summer flowers, from out their bed
When plucked by girlish hand,
Show best encircling girlish head
Within their odorous band.

Then gather flowers while yet you may;
Life's opening sweetness cherish,
Ere age shall shadow youth's glad day,
Ere life's one summer perish.
Ah me! you merry girlish crew,
Your laughter speeds the hours;
Your flowers are very fair, but you
Are summer's choicest flowers.

THE LEGEND OF RHOSBERRY TOPPING.

See illustration on page 412.

DREAM had warned and seer had spoke of Northumbria's heir:
"Count his birthdays one by one, of the fifth beware!"

Chance, disease, or traitor's blow—what, no prophet said:
Heavy hung the mystic doom o'er the bright baby head.

Fair upon the Yorkshire moors glowed the 8th of June—
Five years would Prince Oswy count at the stroke of noon.

High on lofty Rhosberry sat the nurse and child;
Princess Gerda's trusty guards round its base defiled.

Bright the sun on Cleveland rose, gilding hills and dales;
Rich the uplands swept away on to Richmond's vales.

O'er Guisboro's lordly towers rose Upleatham's height;
Beyond, the glorious Northern sea lay in living light.

Down the hill-side from the crags rang the shout of joy,
As 'mid rocks and heather blooms sprang the happy boy.

True and keen the soldiers watched; rough and tender jest,
Swore no harm could touch the babe on the Topping's crest.

At her Priory at Mount Grace, Princess Gerda prayed—
All her care could do was done—"Mary Mother, aid."

On the counted hours crept; the anxious vigil done,
Over Easby's crimsoned moor sinks the ling'ring sun.

"Call the boy. What, ho, my Prince!" through the summer gloaming
Rose the Northman's ringing hail, "Lo, the Princess coming."

"What! he hears not! Call once more." With a growing dread,
Fast and far up hill and holt cnecht and captain sped.

Low voice steady, dark eye fixed, white lip set like stone,
Speechless in her presage dark, Gerda led them on.

High on lofty Rhosberry the false guardian slept;
Just below a tiny beck through green fern leaves crept.

It danced with lily blossoms, with violet leaflets played;
It sighed around a baby face, amid its eddies laid;

It kissed the rosy lips, the bright curls floating there;
It sang its dirge above him, the widow's treasured heir.

Dead on lofty Rhosberry—silent, dead, and cold:
Out from fair Kirkleatham's towers June's sad midnight tolled.

Where the Esk's brown waters blend with the fatal beck,
They laid the pretty boy to sleep, fair craft for early wreck.

To Mount Grace's Priory the pale Princess went;
There the crushed life wore away, prayer and penance spent.

Still at lone Osmotherley stands the old gray cross;
Still the hamlet's name recalls Gerda's bitter loss.

Still the travelers who climb the Topping's rocky side
Sigh, recalling where of old the mother's darling died.

FISCHER'S METHOD OF BLEACHING STRAW.

A METHOD of bleaching straw, which is said to secure a result much superior to that of the ordinary processes, while not affecting the firmness of the material in the slightest degree, consists in placing the straw in question in tubs of whitewood, and pouring hot water upon it, and allowing it to remain twenty-four hours, after which the water is to be poured off. The straw is then to be boiled for three hours in a copper vessel in a lye prepared by adding one pound of soda to one quart of water, and from time to time replacing the water which escapes in steam without interrupting the boiling. The solution is then allowed to cool, and the straw again placed in the tub and covered with cold water, which is poured off after it has become of a yellow color. Then fresh water is to be used in the same manner several times until the water seems clear. The straw is again to be boiled in a solution half as strong as the original one, and then removed, and boiling water poured over it in a tub, which is allowed to cool, and cold water again poured upon it. This operation is to be repeated from time to time for three days. After this the straw is to be covered with a solution of chloride of lime or chloride of sodium, the vessel closed and left for twenty-four to thirty-six hours, or longer, until the straw becomes completely bleached. The liquid need not be thrown away, but can be used for the earlier processes of the preparation of other quantities of straw. The straw thus prepared acquires a peculiar and rather persistent smell, which can, however, be removed by placing it in water in which a little sulphate of soda has been dissolved, and then rinsing it off with fresh water.

DUTCH MARRIAGES.

IS it possible that even the young of the sober-minded Dutchmen fall in love? Young people do fall in love in the customary manner, and the swain makes his offer without any intermediary assistance. A marriage of convenience is an unheard-of thing. Consent of parents, however, is necessary, for without it the marriage of persons, even up to the age of thirty, may be declared absolutely null and void; but any one who is more than twenty-one has a legal means of bringing a recalcitrant parent to reason. When all that delightful private arrangement has been made, and consent of parents obtained, the engagement soon gets abroad, and the young couple have to go in company to make calls upon his friends and her friends. The proverbial slip 'twixt cup and lip is not unknown in Holland as elsewhere; nevertheless, this system of making formal engaged calls certainly does tend to prevent a rupture upon slight grounds; for it is a matter of no small embarrassment to call upon the same people a second time and ceremoniously introduce sweetheart number two! It is held to be part of a lover's duties to accompany his mistress to parties and balls, and also his right and pleasure to take her to theatres and concerts unaccompanied by a chaperon; but he is seldom asked to pay a visit in the same house with her for more than the day. Lovers always choose the house and buy the furniture together during the courtship. When the time comes the two go together alone to the town-hall for the "aanteekening" or betrothal. This is merely a public notice of the intention to marry, and is given in writing. The notice is then put into a kind of box, protected by brass wire, and placed for some time in a conspicuous part of the hall. Bans are also published in church. A runaway match is held to be thoroughly disgraceful, is accomplished with difficulty, and seldom attempted. Friends now, in place of wedding-cards, receive by post a lithographed document announcing the aanteekening. On the first Sunday afternoon subsequent to this the bruid and bruidgom, who are thus called in the interval between the aanteekening and the wedding-day, hold a grand reception in the drawing-room of the father of the bruid. A sofa, sometimes gayly decorated with flowers and evergreens, being occupied by the two; the bruid's relations range themselves at his right hand, the bruidgom's at hers. The bruid wears her wedding-dress, veil, and orange wreath on this occasion, and the company generally are in gala costume. Visitors then, when announced, march up between the two opposite lines of relations, and make pretty speeches to the happy pair, and, after having intrusted themselves for a short time to the care of the bruidsmeisjes, who, dressed for the occasion, show the presents, placed upon a table at the other end of the room, and offer hippocras and sweets called "bruidssuikers," and cake, make a rapid departure, and are succeeded by others. The wedding commonly takes place on the Thursday week after reception Sunday, and during the interval balls and parties are given in honor of the young couple. On the appointed day of the wedding-party bruid and bruidgom, going alone in the first carriage, make first for the town-hall. The burgomaster marries them, makes a little speech, and receives their signatures; to all this there must be four witnesses. Then to church in the same order. The party having assembled in a sort of vestry, the bruidgom gives his right arm to the bruid, and leads the way to the chancel (reserved nowadays for marriages only) or to the body of the church in front of the pulpit. Here the pair seat themselves upon a central sofa, and relations range themselves as at the aanteekening reception. The ceremony is simple, the couple being already married. After a hymn has been sung they merely have to acknowledge the fact of marriage in answer to the clergyman, and having advanced to two kneeling-chairs ready placed a few steps in front, receive a blessing from him and a short exhortation. No ring is used, but one is sometimes worn subsequently. The new husband then gives his left arm to his wife and leads the way home again. The wedding breakfast is a small affair, attended by very near relations only, and the happy pair slip off without adieux as soon as possible. The wedding dress is never worn again in its original state. Settlements seem to be in full accord with the Code Napoleon.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

LORD CALDERWOOD IS THE CAUSE OF INCONVENIENCE.

THE preparations for the wedding went on gayly, and whatever inclination to revolt may have lurked in George Fairfax's breast, he made no sign. Since his insolent address that night in the corridor he had scarcely spoken to Clarissa; but he kept a furtive watch upon her, notwithstanding, and she knew it, and sickened under it as under an evil influence. He was very angry with her—she was fully conscious of that—unjustifiably, unreasonably angry. More than once, when Mr. Granger was especially attentive, she had encountered a withering glance from those dark gray eyes; and she had been weak enough, wicked enough, perhaps, to try and make him perceive that Mr. Granger's attentions were in no way pleasant to her. She could bear any thing better than that he should think her capable of courting this man's admiration.

While this silent struggle was going on, and the date of the marriage growing nearer and nearer, Mr. Granger's attentions became daily more marked. It was impossible even for Clarissa, preoccupied as she was by those other thoughts, to doubt that he admired her with something more than common admiration. Miss Granger's evident uneasiness and anger were in themselves sufficient to give emphasis to this fact. That young lady, mistress of herself as she was upon most occasions, found the present state of things too much for her endurance. For the last ten years of her life, ever since she was a precocious damsel of twelve, brought to a premature state of cultivation by an expensive forcing apparatus of governesses and masters, she had been in the habit of assuring herself and her confidantes that her father would never marry again. She had a very keen sense of the importance of wealth, and from that tender age of twelve or so upward she had been fully aware of the diminution her own position would undergo in the event of a second marriage, and the advent of a son to the house of Granger. Governesses and maid-servants had perhaps impressed this upon her at some still earlier stage of her existence; but from this time upward she had needed nothing to remind her of the fact, and she had watched her father with an unwearying vigilance.

More than once, strong-minded and practical as he was, she had seen him in danger. Attractive widows and dashing spinsters had marked him for their prey, and he had seemed not quite adamant; but the hour of peril had passed, and the widow or the spinster had gone her way, with all her munitions of war expended, and Daniel Granger still unscathed. This time it was very different. Mr. Granger showed an interest in Clarissa which he had never before exhibited in any member of her sex since he wooed and won the first Mrs. Granger; and as his marriage had been by no means a romantic affair, but rather a prudential arrangement made and entered upon by Daniel Granger the elder, iron-master, of Sheffield, on the one part, and Thomas Talloway, cotton-spinner, of Manchester, on the other part, it is doubtful whether Miss Sophy Talloway had ever in her antenuptial days engrossed so much of his attention.

Having no one else at Hale to whom she could venture to unbosom herself, Miss Granger was fain to make a confidante of her maid, although she did not, as a general rule, affect familiarity with servants. This maid, who was a mature damsel of five-and-thirty or upward, and a most estimable Church-of-England person, had been with Miss Granger for a great many years; had curled her hair for her when she wore it in a crop, and even remembered her in her last edition of pinafores. Some degree of familiarity therefore might be excused, and the formal Sophia would now and then expand a little in her intercourse with Warman.

One night, a very little while before Lady Geraldine's wedding-day, the cautious Warman, while brushing Miss Granger's long, straight, light brown hair, ventured to suggest that her mistress looked out of spirits. Had she said that Sophia looked excessively cross she would scarcely have been beside the mark.

"Well, Warman," Miss Granger replied, in rather a shrewish tone, "I *am* out of spirits. I have been very much annoyed this evening by papa's attentions to—by the designing conduct of a young lady here."

"I think I can guess who the young lady is, miss," Warman answered, shrewdly.

"Oh, I suppose so," cried Sophia, giving her head an angry jerk, which almost sent the brush out of her abigail's hand: "servants know every thing."

"Well, you see, miss, servants have eyes and ears, and they can't very well help using them. People think we're inquisitive and prying if we venture to see things going on under our very noses; and so hypocrisy gets to be almost part of a servant's education, and what people call a good servant is a smooth-faced creature that pretends to see nothing and to understand nothing. But my principles won't allow of my stooping to that sort of thing, Miss Granger, and what I think I say. I know my duty as a servant, and I know the value of my own immortal soul as a human being."

"How you do preach, Warman! Who wants you to be a hypocrite?" exclaimed Sophia, impatiently. "It's always provoking to hear that one's affairs have been talked over by a herd of servants; but I suppose it's inevitable. And pray what have they been saying about papa?"

"Well, miss, I've heard a good deal of talk of one kind and another. You see your papa is looked upon as a great gentleman in the county, and people will talk about him. There's Norris, Lady Laura's own footman, who's a good deal in the drawing-room—really a very intelligent, well-brought-up young man, and, I am happy to say, *not* a dissenter. Norris takes a good deal of notice of what's going on, and he has made a good many remarks upon your par's attention to Miss Lovel. Looking at the position of the parties, you see, miss, it would be such a curious thing if it were to be brought round for that young lady to be mistress of Arden Court."

"Good gracious me, Warman!" cried Sophia, aghast; "you don't suppose that papa would marry again?"

"Well, I can't really say, miss. But when a gentleman of your par's age pays so much attention to a lady young enough to be his daughter, it generally ends that way."

There was evidently no consolation to be obtained from Warman, nor was that astute handmaiden to be betrayed into any expression of opinion against Miss Lovel. It seemed to her more than probable that Clarissa Lovel might come before long to reign over the household at Arden, and the all-powerful Sophia sink to a minor position. Strong language of any kind was, therefore, likely to be dangerous. Hannah Warman valued her place, which was a good one, and would perhaps be still better under a more impulsive and generous mistress. The safest thing, therefore, was to close the conversation with one of those pious platitudes which Warman had always at her command.

"Whatever may happen, miss, we are in the hands of Providence," she said, solemnly; "and let us trust that things will be so regulated as to work for the good of our immortal souls. No one can go through life without trials, miss, and perhaps yours may be coming upon you now; but we know that such chastisements are intended for our benefit."

Sophia Granger had encouraged this kind of talk from the lips of Warman and other humble disciples too often to be able to object to it just now; but her temper was by no means improved by this conversation, and she dismissed her maid presently with a very cool good-night.

On the third day before the wedding George Fairfax's mother arrived at the Castle, in order to assist in this important event in her son's life. Clarissa contemplated this lady with a peculiar interest, and was not a little wounded by the strange coldness with which Mrs. Fairfax greeted her upon her being introduced by Lady Laura to the new arrival. This coldness was all the more striking on account of the perfect urbanity of Mrs. Fairfax's manners in a general way, and a certain winning gentleness which distinguished her on most occasions. It seemed to Clarissa as if she recoiled with something like aversion at the sound of her name.

"Miss Lovel of Arden Court, I believe?" she said, looking at Lady Laura.

"Yes; my dear Clarissa is the only daughter of the gentleman who, till lately, was owner of Arden Court. It has passed into other hands now."

"I beg your pardon. I did not know there had been any change."

And then Mrs. Fairfax continued her previous conversation with Lady Laura, as if anxious to have done with the subject of Miss Lovel.

Nor in the three days before the wedding did she take any farther notice of Clarissa; a neglect the girl felt keenly; all the more so because she was interested in spite of herself in this pale, faded lady of sixty, who still bore the traces of great beauty, and who carried herself with the grace of a queen. She had that air *du faubourg* which we hear of in the duchesses and marchionesses of a departed era in Parisian society—a serene and tranquil elegance which never tries to be elegant, a perfect self-possession which never degenerates into insolence.

In a party so large as that now assembled at Hale, this tacit avoidance of one person could scarcely be called a rudeness. It might so easily be accidental. Clarissa felt it, nevertheless, and felt somehow that it was not accidental. Though she could never be any thing to George Fairfax, though all possibility even of friendship was at an end between them, she would have liked to gain his mother's regard. It was an idle wish, perhaps, but scarcely an unnatural one.

She watched Mrs. Fairfax and Lady Geraldine together. The affection between those two was very evident. Never did the younger lady appear to greater advantage than in her intercourse with her future mother-in-law. All pride and coldness vanished in that society, and Geraldine Challoner became genial and womanly.

"She has played her cards well," Barbara Fermor said, maliciously. "It is the mother who has brought about this marriage."

If Mrs. Fairfax showed herself coldly disposed toward Clarissa, there was plenty of warmth on the parts of the Ladies Emily and Louisa, who arrived at the castle about the same time, and at once took a fancy to their sister's protégée.

"Laura has told us so much about you, Miss Lovel," said Lady Louisa, "and we mean to be very fond of you, if you will allow us; and, oh, please my we call you Clarissa? It is such a *sweet* name!"

Both these ladies had passed that fearful turning-point in woman's life, her thirtieth birthday, and had become only more gushing and enthusiastic with increasing years. They were very much like Lady Laura, had all her easy good-nature and liveliness, and were more or less afraid of the stately Geraldine.

"Do you know, we are quite glad she is going to be married at last," Lady Emily said in a

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confidential tone to Clarissa; "for she has kept up a kind of frigid atmosphere at home that I really believe has helped to frighten away all our admirers. Men of the present day don't like that kind of thing. It went out of fashion in England with King Charles I., I think, and in France with Louis XIV. You know how badly the royal household behaved coming home from his funeral, laughing and talking and all that. I believe it arose from their relief at thinking that the king of forms and ceremonies was dead. We always have our nicest little parties — kettle-drums, and suppers after the opera, and all that sort of thing—when Geraldine is away; for we can do any thing with papa."

The great day came, and the heavens were propitious. A fine, clear September day, with a cold wind and a warm sun. A day upon which the diaphanous costumes of the bride-maids might be a shade too airy; but not a stern or cruel day, to tinge their young noses with a frosty hue, or blow the crinkles out of their luxuriant hair.

The bride-maids were the Ladies Emily and Louisa Challoner, the two Misses Fermor, Miss Granger, and Clarissa, six in all; a moderation which Lady Laura was inclined to boast of as a kind of Spartan simplicity. They were all to be dressed alike, in white, with bonnets that seemed composed of waxen-looking white heather, and tremulous harebells, and with blue sashes to match the harebells. The dresses were Lady Laura's inspiration. They had come to her almost in her sleep, she declared, when she had well-nigh despaired of realizing her vague desires; and Clarissa's costume was, like the ball-dress, a present from her benefactress.

The nine-o'clock breakfast—a meal that began at nine and rarely ended till eleven—was hurried over in the most uncomfortable and desultory manner on this eventful morning. The principals in the great drama did not appear at all, and Clarissa and Miss Granger were the only two bride-maids who could spare half an hour from the cares of the toilette. The rest breakfasted in the seclusion of their several apartments, with their hair in crimping-pins. Miss Granger was too perfect a being to crinkle her hair, or to waste three hours on dressing, even for a wedding. Lady Laura showed herself among her guests, for a quarter of an hour or so, in a semi-hysterical flutter; *so* anxious that every thing should go off well, *so* fearful that something might happen, she knew not what, to throw the machinery of her arrangements out of gear.

"I suppose it's only a natural feeling on such an occasion as this," she said, "but I really do feel as if something were going to happen. Things have gone on so smoothly up to this morning—no disappointments from milliners, no stupid mistakes on the part of those railway people—every thing has gone upon velvet; and, now it is coming to the crisis, I am quite nervous."

Of course every one declared that this was perfectly natural, and recommended his or her favorite specific—a few drops of sal-volatile—a liqueur-glass of dry Curaçoa—red lavender—chlorodyne—and so on; and then Lady Laura laughed and called herself absurd, and hurried away to array herself in a pearl-colored silk, half smothered by puffings of pale pink areophane and Brussels lace flounces; a dress that was all pearly gray and rose and white, like the sky at early morning.

Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Granger, with some military men and country squires, took their breakfast as calmly as if a wedding were part of the daily business of life. Miss Granger exhibited a polite indifference about the great event; Clarissa was pale and nervous, not able to give much attention to Daniel Granger, who had contrived to sit next her that morning, and talked to her a good deal, with an apparent unconsciousness of the severe gaze of his daughter, who sat exactly opposite to him. She had a feeling as if she had been acting a part in a tragedy, the end whereof was near at hand.

She was glad to make her toilette an excuse for leaving Mr. Granger; but once in the sanctuary of her own room, she sat down in an absent manner, and made no attempt to begin dressing. Fosset, the maid, found her there at a quarter past ten o'clock—the ceremony was to take place at eleven—and gave a cry of horror at seeing the toilette uncommenced.

"Good gracious me, miss! what have you been thinking of? Your hair not begun nor nothing! I've been almost torn to bits with one and another—Miss Fermor's maid bothering for long hair-pins and narrow black ribbon; and Jane Roberts—Lady Emily Challoner's maid—who really never has any thing handy, wanting half the things out of my work-box—or I should have been with you ever so long ago. My lady would be in a way if you were late."

"I think my hair will do very well as it is, Fosset," Clarissa said, listlessly.

"Lor', no, miss; not in that dowdy way. It don't half show it off."

Clarissa seated herself before the dressing-table with an air of resignation rather than interest, and the expeditious Fosset began her work. It was done very speedily—that wealth of hair was so easy to dress; there was no artful manipulation of long hair-pins and black ribbon needed to unite borrowed tresses with real ones. The dress was put on, and Clarissa was invited to look at herself in the cheval-glass.

"I do wish you had a bit more color in your cheeks to-day, miss," Fosset said, with rather a vexed air. "Not that I'd recommend you any of their vinegar rouges, or ineffaceable blooms, or any thing of that kind. But I don't think I ever saw you look so pale. One would think *you* were going to be married, instead of Lady Geraldine. *She's* as cool as a cucumber this morning, Sarah Thompson told me just now. You can't put *her* out easily."

The carriages were driving up to the great door by this time. It was about twenty minutes to eleven, and in ten minutes more the procession would be starting. Hale church was within five minutes' drive of the Castle.

Clarissa went fluttering down to the drawing-room, where she supposed people would assemble. There was no one there but Mr. Granger, who was stalking up and down the spacious room, dressed in the newest and stiffest of coats and waistcoats, and looking as if he were going to assist at a private hanging. Miss Lovel felt almost inclined to run away at sight of him. The man seemed to pursue her somehow; and since that night when George Fairfax had offered her his mocking congratulations Mr. Granger's attentions had been particularly repugnant to her.

She could not draw back, however, without positive rudeness, and it was only a question of five minutes; so she went in, and entered upon an interesting little conversation about the weather. It was still fine; there was no appearance of rain; a most auspicious day, really; and so on—from Mr. Granger; to which novel remarks Clarissa assented meekly.

"There are people who attach a good deal of significance to that kind of thing," he said, presently. "For my own part, if I were going to be married to the woman I loved, I should care little how black the sky above us might be. That sounds rather romantic for me, doesn't it? A man of fifty has no right to feel like that."

This he said with a half-bitter laugh. Clarissa was spared the trouble of answering by the entrance of more bride-maids—Lady Louisa Challoner and Miss Granger—with three of the military men, who wore hot-house flowers in their button-holes, and were altogether arrayed like the lilies of the field, but who had rather the air of considering this marriage business a tiresome interruption to the partridge-shooting.

"I suppose we are going to start directly," cried Lady Louisa, who was a fluttering creature of three-and-thirty, always eager to flit from one scene to another. "If we don't, I really think we shall be late; and there is some dreadful law, isn't there, to prevent people being married after eleven o'clock?"

"After twelve," Mr. Granger answered, in his matter-of-fact way. "Lady Geraldine has ample margin for delay."

"But why not after twelve?" asked Lady Louisa, with a childish air: "why not in the afternoon or evening, if one liked? What can be the use of such a ridiculous law? One might as well live in Russia."

She fluttered to one of the windows and looked out.

"There are all the carriages. How well the men look! Laura must have spent a fortune in white ribbon and gloves for them. And the horses, dear things!"—a woman of Lady Louisa's stamp is generally enthusiastic about horses, it is such a safe thing—"they look as if they knew it was a wedding. Oh, good gracious!"

"What is the matter, Lady Louisa?"

"A man from the railway, with a telegram—yes, I am sure it's a telegram! Do you know, I have such a horror of telegrams! I always fancy they mean illness—or death—or something dreadful. Very absurd of me, isn't it? And I dare say this is only a message about some delayed parcel, or some one who was to be here and can't come, or something of that kind."

The room was full of idle people by this time. Every one went to the open window and stared down at the man who had brought the telegram. He had given his message, and was standing on the broad flight of steps before the Castle door, waiting for the return of the official who had taken it. Whether the electric wires had brought the tidings of some great calamity or a milliner's apology for a delayed bonnet it was impossible to guess. The messenger stood there, stolid and impenetrable, and there was nothing to be divined from his aspect.

But presently, while a vague anxiety possessed almost every one present, there came from the staircase without a sudden cry of woe—a woman's shriek, long and shrill—a cry as ominous as the banshee's wail itself. There was a rush to the door, and the women crowded out in a distracted way. Lady Laura was fainting in her husband's arms, and George Fairfax was standing near her reading a telegram.

People had not long to wait for the evil news. Lord Calderwood had been seized with a paralytic stroke—his third attack—at ten o'clock the previous night, and had expired at half past eight that morning. There could be no wedding that day—nor for many days and weeks to come.

"Oh, Geraldine, my poor Geraldine, let me go to her!" cried Lady Laura, disengaging herself from her husband's arms, and rushing up stairs. Mr. Armstrong hurried after her.

"Laura, my sweet girl, don't agitate yourself; consider yourself," he cried, and followed, with Lady Louisa sobbing and wailing behind him. Geraldine had not left her room yet. The ill news was to find her on the threshold, calm and lovely in the splendor of her bridal dress.

CHAPTER XVII.

"'TIS DEEPEST WINTER IN LORD TIMON'S PURSE."

BEFORE nightfall—before the evening which was to have been enlivened by a dinner-party and a carpet-dance, and while bride and bridegroom should have been speeding southward to that noble Kentish mansion which his uncle had lent George Fairfax—before the rooks flew homeward across the woods beyond Hale—there had been a general flight from the Castle. People were anxious to leave the mourners alone with their grief, and even the most intimate felt more or less in the way, though Mr. Armstrong entreated that there might be no hurry, no inconvenience for any one.

"Poor Laura won't be fit to be seen for a day or two," he said, "and, of course, I shall have to go up to town for the funeral; but that need make no difference. Hale is large enough for every one, and it will be a comfort to her by-and-by to find her friends round her."

Through all that dreary day Lady Laura wandered about her morning-room, alternately sobbing and talking of her father to those chosen friends with whom she held little interviews. Her sisters Louisa and Emily were with her for the greater part of the time, echoing her lamentations like a feeble chorus. Geraldine kept her room, and would see no one—not even him who was to have been her bridegroom, and who might have supposed that he had the chiefest right to console her in this sudden affliction.

Clarissa spent more than an hour with Lady Laura, listening with a tender interest to her praises of the departed. It seemed as if no elderly nobleman—more or less impecunious for the last twenty years of his life—had ever supported such a load of virtues as Lord Calderwood had carried with him to the grave. To praise him inordinately was the only consolation his three daughters could find in the first fervor of their grief. Time was when they had been apt to confess to one another that papa was occasionally rather "trying," a vague expression which scarcely involved a lapse of filial duty on the part of the grumbler. But to hear them to-day one would have supposed that they had never been tried; that life with Lord Calderwood in a small house in Chapel Street, Mayfair, had been altogether a halcyon existence.

Clarissa listened reverently, believing implicitly in the merits of the newly lost, and did her best to console her kind friend during the hour Mr. Armstrong allowed her to spend with Lady Laura. At the end of that time he came and solemnly fetched her away, after a pathetic farewell.

"You must come to me again, Clary, and very, very soon," said my lady, embracing her. "I only wish Fred would let you stay with me now. You would be a great comfort."

"My dearest Lady Laura, it is better not. You have your sisters."

"Yes, they are very good; but I wanted you to stay, Clary. I had such plans for you. Oh, by-the-bye, the Grangers will be going back to-day, I suppose. Why should they not take you with them in their great traveling carriage?—Frederick, will you arrange for the Grangers to take Clarissa home?" cried Lady Laura to her husband, who was hovering near the door. In the midst of her grief my lady brightened a little with the idea of managing something, even so small a matter as this.

"Of course, my dear," replied the affectionate Fred. "Granger shall take Miss Lovel home. And now I must positively hurry her away; all this talk and excitement is so bad for you."

"I must see the Fermors before they go. You'll let me see the Fermors, Fred?"

"Well, well, I'll bring them just to say good-by—that's all.—Come along, Miss Lovel."

Clarissa followed him along the corridors.

"Oh, if you please, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "I did not like to worry Lady Laura, but I would so much rather go home alone in a fly."

"Nonsense! the Grangers can take you. You could have Laura's brougham, of course; but if she wants you to go with the Grangers, you must go. Her word is law, and she's sure to ask me about it by-and-by. She's a wonderful woman; thinks of every thing."

They met Mr. and Miss Granger presently, dressed for the journey.

"Oh, if you please, Granger, I want you to take Miss Lovel home in your carriage. You've plenty of room, I know."

Sophia looked as if she would have liked to say that there was no room, but her father's face quite flushed with pleasure.

"I shall be only too happy," he said, "if Miss Lovel will trust herself to our care."

"And perhaps you'll explain to her father what has happened, and how sorry we are to lose her, and so on."

"Certainly, my dear Armstrong. I shall make a point of seeing Mr. Lovel in order to do so."

So Clarissa had a seat in Mr. Granger's luxurious carriage, the proprietor whereof sat opposite to her, admiring the pale patrician face, and wondering a little what that charm was which made it seem to him more beautiful than any other countenance he had ever looked upon. They did not talk much, Mr. Granger only making a few stereotyped remarks about the uncertainties of this life, or occasionally pointing out some feature of the landscape to Clarissa. The horses went at a splendid pace. Their owner would have preferred a slower transit.

"Remember, Miss Lovel," he said, as they approached the village of Arden, "you have promised to come and see us."

"You are very good; but I go out so little; and papa is always averse to my visiting."

"But he can't be that any more after allowing you to stay at the Castle, or he will offend commoner folks, like Sophy and me, by his exclusiveness. Besides, he told me he wished Sophy and you to be good friends. I am sure he will let you come to us. When shall it be? Shall we say to-morrow, before luncheon—at twelve or one, say? I will show you what I've done for the house in the morning, and Sophy can take you over her schools and cottages in the afternoon."

Sophia Granger made no attempt to second this proposition; but her father was so eager and decisive that it seemed quite impossible for Clarissa to say no.

"If papa will let me come," she said, doubtfully.

"Oh, I am quite sure he will not refuse after what he was good enough to say to me," replied Mr. Granger; "and if he does not feel equal to going about with us in the morning, I hope we shall be able to persuade him to come to dinner."

They were at the little rustic gate before Mill Cottage by this time. How small the place looked after Hale Castle! but not without a prettiness of its own. The Virginia creeper was reddening on the wall; the casement windows open to the air and sunshine. Ponto ran out directly the gate was opened—first to bark at the carriage, and then to leap joyously about Clarissa, overpowering her with a fond canine welcome.

"You will come in with us, Sophia?" asked her father, when he had alighted and handed Clarissa out of the carriage.

"I think not, papa. You can't want me; and this dreadful morning has given me a wretched headache."

"I thought there was something amiss. It would be more respectful to Mr. Lovel for you to come in. I dare say he'll excuse you, however, when he hears you are ill."

Clarissa held out her hand, which Miss Granger took with an almost obvious reluctance; and the two young ladies said "Good-by" to each other without a word from Sophia about the engagement for the next day.

They found Mr. Lovel in his favorite sitting-room; not dreaming over a Greek play or a volume of Bentley, as it was his custom to do, but seriously engaged with a number of open letters and papers scattered on the writing-table before him—papers that looked alarmingly like tradesmen's bills. He was taken by surprise on the entrance of Clarissa and her companion, and swept the papers into an open drawer with rather a nervous hand.

"My dear Clarissa, this is quite unexpected!—How do you do, Mr. Granger? How very good of you to bring my little girl over to see me! Will you take that chair by the window? I was deep in a file of accounts when you came in. A man must examine his affairs sometimes, however small his household may be. Well, Clary, what news of our kind friends at the Castle? Why, bless my soul, this is the wedding-day, isn't it? I had quite forgotten the date. Has any thing happened?"

"Yes, papa; there has been a great misfortune, and the wedding is put off."

Between them Mr. Granger and Clarissa explained the state of affairs at the Castle. Mr. Lovel seemed really shocked by the intelligence of the Earl's death.

"Poor Calderwood! He and I were great friends thirty years ago. I suppose it's nearly twenty since I last saw him. He was one of the handsomest men I ever knew—Lady Geraldine takes after him—and when he was in the diplomatic service had really a very brilliant career before him; but he missed it somehow. Had always rather a frivolous mind, I fancy, and a want of perseverance. Poor Calderwood! And so he is gone! How old could he have been? Not much over sixty, I believe. I'll look into Debrett presently."

As soon as he could decently do so after this Mr. Granger urged his invitation for the next day.

"Oh, certainly, by all means. Clary shall come to you as early as you like. It will be a great relief for her from the dullness of this place. And—well—yes, if you insist upon it, I'll join you at dinner. But you see what a perfect recluse I am. There will be no one else, I suppose?"

"You have only to say that you wish it, and there shall be no one else," Mr. Granger answered, courteously.

Never had he been so anxious to propitiate any one. People had courted him more or less all his life; and here he was almost suing for the acquaintance of this broken-down spendthrift—a man whom he had secretly despised until now.

On this assurance Mr. Lovel consented to dine with his neighbor for the first time; and Mr. Granger, having no excuse for farther lingering, took his departure, remembering all at once that he had such a thing as a daughter waiting for him in the carriage outside.

He went, and Clarissa took up the thread of her old life just where she had dropped it. Her father was by no means so gracious or agreeable to-day as he had been during his brief visit to Hale Castle. He took out his tradesmen's letters and bills when Mr. Granger was gone, and went on with his examination of them, groaning aloud now and then, or sometimes stopping to rest his head on his hands, with a dreary, long-drawn sigh. Clarissa would have been very glad to offer her sympathy, to utter some word of comfort, but there was something in her father's aspect which forbade any injudicious approach. She sat by the open window with a book in her hand, but not reading, waiting patiently in the hope that he would share his troubles with her by-and-by.

He went on with his work for about an hour, and then tied the papers in a bundle with a hasty, impatient air.

"Arithmetic is no use in such a case as mine," he said; "no man can make fifty pounds pay a hundred. I suppose it must end in the bankruptcy court. It will be only our last humiliation—the culminating disgrace."

"The bankruptcy court! Oh, papa!" cried Clarissa, piteously.

She had a very vague idea as to what bankruptcy meant, but felt that it was something unutterably shameful—the next thing to a criminal offense.

"Better men than I have gone through it," Mr. Lovel went on, with a sigh, and without the faintest notice of his daughter's dismay; "but I couldn't stand Arden and Holborough after that degradation. I must go abroad, to some dull old town in the south of France, where I could have my books and decent wine, and where, as regards

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every thing else, I should be in a living grave."

"But they would never make you bankrupt, surely, papa!" Clarissa exclaimed, in the same piteous tone.

"*They* would never make me bankrupt!" echoed her father, fretfully. "What do you mean by *they?* You talk like a baby, Clarissa. Do you suppose that tradesmen and bankers and bill-discounters would have more mercy upon me than upon other people? They may give me more time than they would give another man, perhaps, because they know I have some pride of race, and would coin my heart's blood rather than adopt expedients that other men make light of; but when they know there is no more to be got out of me they will do their worst. It is only a question of time."

"Are you very much in debt, papa?" Clarissa asked, timidly, anticipating a rebuff.

"No; that is the most confounded part of the business. My liabilities only amount to a few pitiful hundreds. When I sold Arden—and I did not do that till I was obliged, you may believe—the bulk of the purchase-money went to the mortgagees. With the residue—a paltry sum—I bought myself an annuity: a transaction which I was able to conclude upon better terms than most men of my age, on account of my precarious health, and to which I was most strongly urged by my legal advisers. On this I have existed, or tried to exist, ever since; but the income has not been sufficient even for the maintenance of this narrow household. If I lived in a garret, I must live like a gentleman, and should be always at the mercy of my servants. These are honest enough, I dare say, but I have no power of checking my expenditure. And then I had your schooling to pay for—no small amount, I assure you."

"THERE WAS A RUSH TO THE DOOR."

"Thank Heaven that is over, papa. And now, if you would only let me go out as a governess, I might be some help to you instead of a burden."

"There's time enough to think of that. You are not much of a burden to me at present. I don't suppose you add many pounds a year to the expenses of this house. And if I have to face the inevitable, and see my name in the *Gazette*, we must begin life again upon a smaller scale, and in a cheaper place—some out-of-the-way corner of France or Belgium. The governess notion will keep till I am dead. You can always be of some use to me as a companion, if you choose."

This was quite a concession. Clarissa came over to her father's chair, and laid her hand caressingly upon his shoulder.

"My dear father," she said, in a low, sweet voice, "you make me almost happy in spite of our troubles. I wish for nothing better than to stay with you always. And by-and-by, if we have to live abroad, where you need not be so particular about our name, I may be able to help you a little—by means of art or music—without leaving home. I think I could be happy any where with you, papa, if you would only love me a little."

That appeal touched a heart not easily moved. Marmaduke Lovel put his hand—such a slender, feminine hand—into his daughter's with an affectionate pressure.

"Poor child!" he said, sadly. "It would be hard if I couldn't love you a little. But you were born under an evil star, Clarissa, and hitherto perhaps I have tried to shut my heart against you. I won't do that any more. Whatever affection is in me to give shall be yours. God knows I have no reason to withhold it, nor any other creature on this earth on whom to bestow it. God knows it is a new thing for me to have my love sued for."

There was a melancholy in his tone which touched his daughter deeply. He seemed to have struck the key-note of his life in those few words: a disappointed, unsuccessful life; a youth in which there had been some hidden cause for the ungenial temper of his middle age.

It was nearly six o'clock by this time, and Clarissa strolled into the garden with her father while the table was being laid for dinner. There were faint glimpses of red and yellow here and there among the woods around Arden Court, but it still seemed summer-time. The late roses were in full bloom in Mr. Lovel's fertile garden, the rosy apples were brightening in the orchard, the plums purpling on a crumbling old red-brick wall that bounded the narrow patch of kitchen-garden. Yes, even after Hale Castle, the place seemed pretty; and a pang went through Clarissa's heart as she thought that this, too, they might have to leave; even this humble home was not secure to them.

Father and daughter dined together very pleasantly. Clarissa had been made quite happy by her father's unwonted tenderness, and Mr. Lovel was in tolerable spirits in spite of that dreary afternoon's labor, that hopeless task of trying to find out some elastic quality in pounds, shillings, and pence.

SUMMER FLOWERS.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 410.]

THE LEGEND OF RHOSBERRY TOPPING.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 410.]

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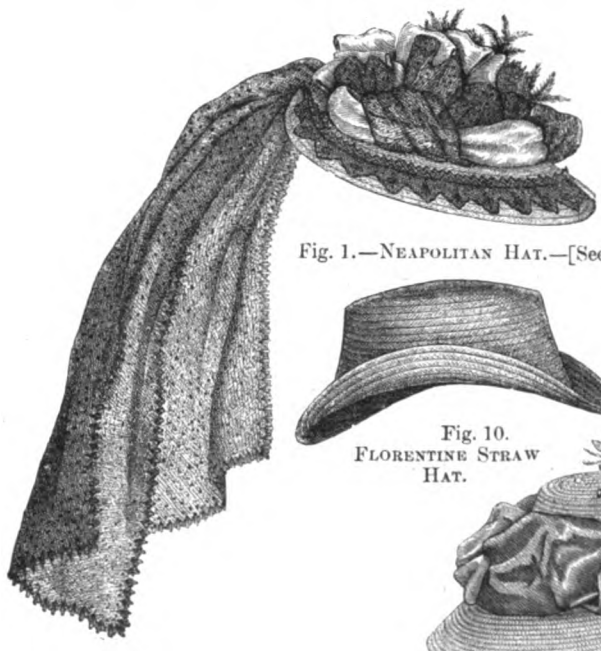

Fig. 1.—NEAPOLITAN HAT.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 8.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT.

Fig. 3.—FLORENTINE STRAW HAT.

Fig. 10.
FLORENTINE STRAW HAT.

Fig. 9.—ENGLISH STRAW PAMELA HAT.

Fig. 11.—BRUSSELS STRAW HAT

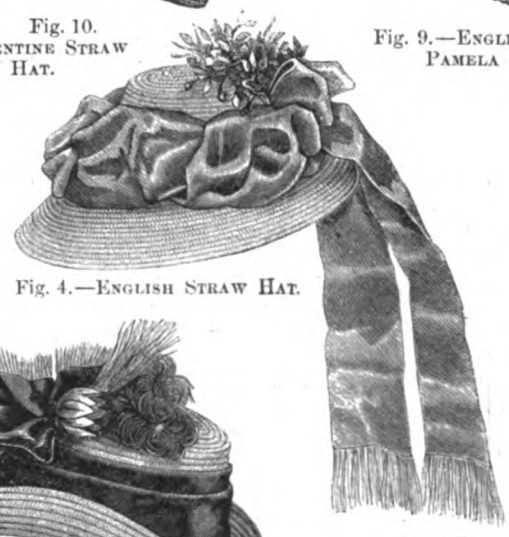

Fig. 4.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT.

Fig. 5.—NEAPOLITAN HAT.

Figs. 8-12 are untrimmed.

Fig. 8. — YELLOW ENGLISH STRAW HAT.

Fig. 9. — YELLOW ENGLISH STRAW PAMELA HAT.

Fig. 10. — FLORENTINE STRAW HAT.

Fig. 11.—BRUSSELS STRAW HAT.

Fig. 12. — LIGHT BROWN ENGLISH STRAW HAT.

Ladies' Straw Hats.

THESE hats are of light and dark English straw, Brussels, Italian straw, Neapolitan, etc. The trimming consists of gros grain ribbon, tulle, velvet, lace, gauze, flowers, feathers, etc.

Figs. 1 and 2.—WHITE NEAPOLITAN HAT, trimmed with black lace, black figured tulle, bias strips and bows of blue gros grain, and a tuft of corn-poppies with wheat. A black elastic braid holds the hat in place. Fig. 2 shows the hat untrimmed.

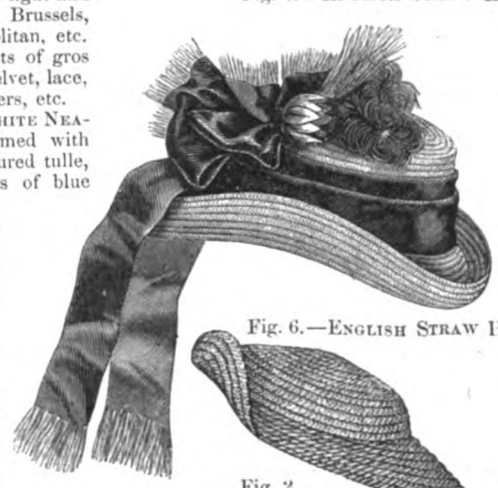

Fig. 6.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT.

Fig. 2.
NEAPOLITAN HAT.
[See Fig. 1.]

Fig. 3.—FLORENTINE STRAW HAT, bound with black velvet. The trimming consists of corn-colored gros grain ribbon two inches and a half wide, and corn-colored silk gauze, which is partly arranged in puffs and partly falls at the back in a scarf three-quarters of a yard wide and a yard long. The bottom of this scarf is hemmed an inch and a quarter wide. Tuft of red, white, and yellow wild roses.

Fig. 4. — YELLOW ENGLISH STRAW HAT. The trimming consists of green gros grain ribbon three inches and a quarter wide, and a strip of green silk gauze of the same width, wound together as shown by the illustration, a bow of gauze and gros grain ribbon with long fringed ends, and a tuft of green grasses and daisies.

PIQUÉ WALKING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—BLACK NEAPOLITAN HAT, trimmed with black velvet ribbon two inches wide, black ostrich feathers, and a long drooping spray of poppies, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 6. — BLACK ENGLISH STRAW HAT, trimmed with black gros grain ribbon, heron feathers, ostrich feathers, and red flowers.

Fig. 7.—BROWN ENGLISH STRAW HAT WITH REVERS. The edge of this hat is bound with brown velvet, and the revers are covered with the same. The remaining trimming consists of a twisted bias strip, and of bows with ends of brown velvet, trimmed with brown silk fringe and brown ostrich feather. A black silk elastic ribbon serves to hold the hat in place.

Fig. 7.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT WITH REVERS.

Fig. 12.
ENGLISH STRAW HAT.

PERCALE WALKING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 11 and 12.

LINEN WALKING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 9 and 10.

ÉCRU ORGANDY WALKING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 13-15.

LINEN WALKING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3-8.

SNAKES IN IRELAND.

SOMEBODY once wrote a book upon popular errors. We do not know whether it passed through many editions—in fact, we doubt it; for some popular errors which have held ground from time immemorial seem as firmly set as ever. There are some pleasing delusions which people love to cling to, and the correction of them, like the proverbial good advice of friends, is generally thrown away. With reference to the well-known tradition among the Irish peasants, that serpents can not exist in Ireland, a correspondent informs us of the unfortunate fact that not only do serpents and frogs manage to exist in Ireland, but, worse still, that they absolutely swarm, the latter especially, in the country districts—notably in the County Dublin and Queen's County. It is commonly supposed that if any adventurous spirit took the trouble to introduce a few of the reptiles, he would find it labor lost.

But as the snakes are there, and old authorities maintain that Ireland was free from them until comparatively recent times, the fact remains that *somebody* must have imported them. One account gives it out that they were first propagated from spawn introduced as an experiment in 1696 by a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; another, that a gentleman imported a number of vipers from England into Wexford about the year 1797, but that they died immediately after. In the summer of 1831, however, a gentleman, by way of experiment, brought a few pairs of the common snake from Scotland, and placed them in a plantation at Milecross, near Newtownards; and the readiness with which they multiplied was more alarming than pleasant. A late marquis, well known in his day for his strange freaks, is said to have tried the same experiment on his own estates, but with no success. May not, after all, the idea of St.

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Patrick's prohibition of snakes in the Green Isle be traced to the association of the serpent with the Evil One, and to the success which his Reverence had in reforming the vices of his barbarian disciples?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

XENIA.—Rimmel's Toilette Vinegar is an admirable cosmetic for summer use. It produces a refreshing effect when thrown into a bath, and is an excellent remedy for headache—and some say for mosquito bites; though we must say that the specimens of these worthy insects that we have known have contrived to leave a sting in their wounds that naught but time could thoroughly eradicate.

LADY'S MAID.—Such a treasure as you must be invaluable in a household. Your only failing seems to be a limited acquaintance with Lindley Murray, which, as Truthful James, Mrs. Brown, and other modern writers prove, is no bar to success in literature. As for your young lady, with her $200 worth of torturing boots and shoes, we can only advise her to sell them at auction, and try two inches more of leather as a remedy for swollen feet. Complaisant boot-makers usually make their wares to suit their customers; and much-abused Dame Fashion has to bear the blame of silly women's caprices.

MARY.—You had better consult a bird-fancier about cutting your canary's nails. His tottering may arise from weakness. Give him stale bread and milk and hard-boiled egg, and if he is constipated, mix a drop of sweet-oil with his food. It may be well to grease the bottom of his feet with sweet-oil, which you can easily do by putting it on his perches, or in your hand if he is tame enough to perch on your finger.

FLORA.—Of course the guest makes the first call within a week after a party.

BUNNY.—If you even suspect that you are *de trop* in the presence of your friend and her cavalier, you should absent yourself as often as you can on some pretext that is easily found.—Your letters were addressed rightly; if you received no answer, it was probably because Mr. Bonner, who must be a busy man, had none to give.

J. H. B.—In binding the *Weekly* the Supplements and maps should follow the numbers to which they belong.

U. L.—There are various theories in vogue concerning the origin of the alphabet. Historians generally ascribe it to the Phœnicians or Chaldeans. Some claim for it a greater antiquity, and claim that it was invented by Noah or his sons.

MRS. W. W. T.—Explicit instructions in guipure and netting have been given from time to time in our columns.

NELLIE.—It is only necessary to address your letter to *The Aldine*, New York city.

C. H.—We think it would be perfectly proper for a young lady to go to a ball or party "without the consent, permission, or even knowledge of her betrothed, who lives in another city," supposing, as we do, that betrothal does not confer the right of ownership, and also that if they love each other well enough to marry, neither will desire to do any thing to which the other has well-founded objections.

H. A. T.—Not having the gift of second-sight, we do not venture to decide in advance whether you will succeed or fail as a story-writer. But with your versatile talents, which fit you to be cook or kitchen-maid at a pinch, you have the consolation of knowing that there is something to fall back upon if your MSS. are returned to you by unappreciative editors.

JULIA.—Make a Swiss muslin polonaise, or else a long Swiss upper skirt and postilion, trimmed with a pleated ruffle of the same, edged, if you choose, with Valenciennes. This will make your light silk stylish for small parties. You might also put pleated Swiss flounces on the silk skirt.

MAGGIE.—Taffeta silk like your sample will *not* make a handsome silk suit, but is precisely the fabric for using under grenadine. Grenadine basques are lined throughout with silk—skirt, sleeves, and all. Ruffles of grenadine are bias, and hemmed on the outside, with a fold in the hem. A pleated ruffle alternating with a gathered ruffle is effective. Half-flowing sleeves like the pattern sent you do not require a coat sleeve beneath, but open under-sleeves of pleated muslin ruffles edged with Valenciennes. You *must* have a cape for your linen overall. Try again to match the linen.

ADDIE W.—Put bias bands on your under-skirt that you will use as an over-skirt also. Many imported suits retain the short upper skirt.

MRS. L. C.—A polonaise and single skirt, trimmed with bias bands of black silk stitched on with white, is the best design for your suit of black and white plaid.

H. L.—Make your summer silk by the pattern of Postilion-Basque Walking Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., and use the tiniest piping fold of blue silk to edge the bands and ruffles.—Clytie was the daughter of Oceanus, and was changed into the plant heliotrope.

MRS. E. M.—Trim your dark serge with bias bands of black silk and fringe.

SYN SAXON.—Make ruffles a finger deep, bias, and alternately pleated and gathered, for trimming your light alpaca.

MRS. DR. C.—Trim the white organdy with pleatings of the same, and the grass-cloth with bias bands and ruffles.

JENNIE G.—Make dress with basque, long over skirt, and short under-skirt, trimmed with darker brown silk bands and fringe. Put two narrow flounces, with a wider one above, on the lower skirt.

H. R. K.—About nine yards of linen three-fourths of a yard wide are required for a linen overall. Simply hem it or stitch on a bias band of linen.

E. S.—Grenadine dresses are described at length in *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. IV. Basques are more stylish than sacques. Plain bias bands and a ruffle, or a little lace or fringe, will trim a black silk sacque prettily.

MRS. J. M. J.—Your sample is ottoman velours.

ADMIRER OF THE BAZAR.—The Postilion-Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., is very pretty for grenadine. It is not necessary to head all the ruffles. Hem the lower edge, let them overlap, and put a bias band of the same to head the group. Make a baby's Marseilles cloak with two large capes trimmed with a muslin ruffle slightly embroidered.

MRS. S. T.—Your pongee poplin is a good color and fabric. Make it by pattern of Short-Sacque Walking Suit, and trim with bias bands of brown silk and ruffles. Brown straw gypsy, with darker brown gros grain ribbon and tea-roses. Black velvet is not pretty on alpaca—the materials do not seem appropriate. Striped shawls are worn in the simplest manner—merely folded in half like a scarf, and drawn tightly around the shoulders.

H.—A light quality of Irish linen is used for suits.

MRS. J. W.—For French waists read reply in last number to "Miss Inquirer." Kilt pleats are side pleats—that is, all turned one way and ironed flatly. Black silk basques continue in fashion, also white over dresses with colored skirts.

MARY.—We do not give addresses in this column.

LEONORA B.—As you must consider expense, we advise a handsome traveling dress that can be used for the ceremony also. Lyons poplin of exquisite new colors is sold at Stewart's for $1 25 a yard. Get a tea-color, or a cuir or gray; make with a long polonaise, and trim with alternate ruffles of silk and poplin. The undressed silks are also handsome for the same purpose.

M. M.—A sleeveless basque of black silk is more stylish than a fichu of silk would be. This, with an over-skirt, would look well with any dress.

M. C.—It is admissible to wear a white polonaise with colored skirts. Corsages are cut very high at the throat for street suits, very low for the house.

JENNIE S.—A basque and over-skirt like your dotted Swiss sample would look well over colored and black dresses, but do not trim your grenadine with it; let it be entirely black. Japanese poplin is mixed silk and linen.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The pattern of shoulder braces for a girl of fourteen in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. III., will probably be suitable for a lady also.

W. E. B.—Have your parlor walls tinted a pale French gray or delicate green, with gilt cornice around the ceiling. A rose-tinted mauve will be handsome with your crimson-draped room. In the hall have oak panels with dark walnut mouldings. There is no charge for advice in this column.

A. E. AND D.—Gray or brown English mohair, made by the pattern of Traveling Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. IV., trimmed with bias silk and fringe on cape and polonaise, and ruffles on the skirt, is handsome for traveling in May and June. The grenadine you describe would be very pretty. A light silk with Swiss ruffles and over dress is pretty for concerts. The best English mohairs are 75 cents for single width goods, $1 25 for double fold.

IF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER from the dull stupidity that meets us every where in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.—[*Com.*]

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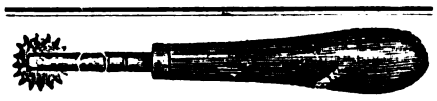

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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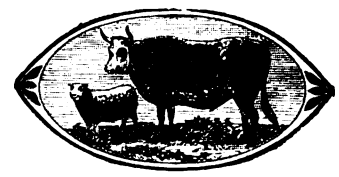

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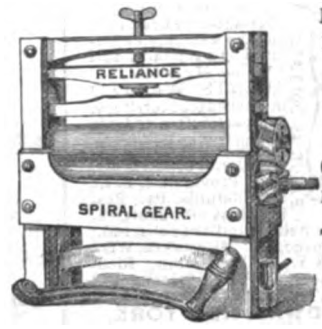

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FACETIÆ.

A COUNTRY preacher holding forth one very sultry day in a small hall was much annoyed by those who kept dropping in after the service had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. He bore the vexation with Job-like patience, but at length, being fairly exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, for goodness sake let that door be open. I believe if I was preaching in a bottle you would put the cork in!"

EDUCATIONAL.—"Do you believe in the rod as an instrument of discipline?" asked a mother of a schoolteacher in Nevada, to whom she had taken her unruly son. "No, madam." "Oh, I'm so glad! What do you substitute for it?" "The revolver, madam." (*Exeunt mother and unruly son.*)

A young doctor, on being asked to contribute toward inclosing and ornamenting the village cemetery, very coolly remarked that if he filled it he thought he should do his part.

Can a man eating dates be said to consume time?

The most celebrated wits and *bon vivants* of the day graced the dinner-table of the late Dr. Kitchener, and, *inter alia*, the late George Colman, who was an especial favorite. His interpolation of a little monosyllable in a written admonition which the doctor caused to be placed on the mantel-piece of the dining-parlor will never be forgotten, and was the origin of such a drinking bout as was seldom permitted under his roof. The caution ran thus: "Come at seven, go at eleven." Colman briefly altered the sense of it; for upon the doctor's attention being directed to the card he read, to his astonishment: "Come at seven, *go it* at eleven," which the guests did, and the claret was punished accordingly.

NOT TO BE BEATEN.

"*My* Mamma's got the *Shiningest* hair in all Brooklyn."
"*My* Mamma's got the *Curlingest* hair in all New York."
"*My* Mamma's got the *Longest* hair in all America."
"*My* Mamma's got the *Thickest* hair in all the whole World."
"*My* Mamma can *Sit* on *her* hair."
"*My Mamma can take hers Off!*"

HOW TO MANAGE HIM.

"How shall you manage your husband?"
I will tell you, my dear, if I can.
He is really a wonderful creature,
That troublesome animal—man.
Yes, really a wonderful creature,
Inconsistent and queer;
But you'll soon know the secret by learning
The *modus operandi*, my dear.

If he stays out too late in the evening,
Partaking of supper and wine,
Don't prove him a base fabricator,
When he comes, by asking the time.
For he surely will tell you the town clock
But a moment before rang out one—
When it struck he had "counted it over
Just three times before it had done."

And then if his hat, in the morning,
Is smaller by far than his head,
Don't hint by merest allusion
That his lordship went tipsy to bed,
But rather regard the occurrence
A phenomenon puzzling, queer,
With a strange look of mystification
In your eyes, if he's watching, my dear.

And don't fail to sew on his buttons,
And mend all his clothing with care;
Don't tease him for money for shopping;
Don't frown when he acts like a bear;
Don't tell him too often, my deary,
That your head is aching with pain,
Lest he whispers, way down in his bosom,
"Oh, I wish I was single again!"

Don't tell him that Mary, the house-maid,
And Ann, the obstreperous cook,
Refuse to receive your suggestions
With even so much as a look;
Don't tell how very annoying
You so often found it to be
To be told to "get out of the kitchen,
And don't come a-botherin' of me!"

But always seem cheerful and happy,
And always look pleasant and gay;
Than a frown there is nothing more potent
In driving one's husband away.
And thus you must ever keep striving;
You'll find it an excellent plan;
But whatever you do, dear, remember
That your husband is only a man.

A gentleman in Essex called on a shoe-dealer a few days since, and purchased a pair of shoes for his boy. The shoe-dealer took the shoes for the purpose of rasping off the pegs inside, when the purchaser objected. "Because," said he, "if the pegs are cut off the boy runs all over town, and the shoes will not last him three weeks."

"HA! HA! THE WOOIN' O'T!"—*Old Song.*

YOUNG MISTRESS (*gravely; she had seen an affectionate parting at the garden gate*). "I see you've got a Young Man, Jane!"
JANE (*apologetically*). "Only walked out with him Once, Mum!"
MISTRESS. "Oh, but I thought I Saw—didn't you—didn't he—take a Kiss, Jane?"
JANE. "Oh, Mum, only as a Friend, Mum!"

"I wish I was a ghost; blamed if I don't," said a sweep, as he was soliloquizing in the cold, the other morning; "they goes wherever they please, toll free; they don't owe nobody nothin', and that's a comfort. Whoever heard tell of a man who had a bill against a ghost? Nobody. They never buy clothes and wittles, nor has to stand shivering in the cold till Sally lets 'em in."

Johnny was telling his ma how he was going to dress and show off when he was a man. His ma asked, "Johnny, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?" "Well, I'll get married, and lodge with my wife's pa."

At the sitting of a County Court the other day a plaintiff was told he was "nonsuited." At this he became nonplused; and the meaning being explained to him, he at last appeared to comprehend it, and thus expressed his translation of the term: "Oh! no go, you mean."

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have the whole day before him?

A startling event recently took place in a church where the clergyman adopts rather a strange style of admonition. Speaking of the devil going about like a roaring lion, he said Satan was every where in the world—in the camp, in the court, in the theatre, in the private houses; and rising with his subject, he said, "He is in this church at this very moment;" upon which a sharp cry was raised by a little boy in a pew belonging to one of the leading families in the congregation. "Aunty, aunty," he shouted, "take me out, take me out! I want to get away." And aunty had to take him out, the boy rushing in terror from the church, not having the heart to stay any longer under the same roof with a personage of whom he had formed so terrible an idea.

SOME MUSICAL DEFINITIONS.

A theological student sent the following as his contribution to the festival of a church choir:

What is a slur?—Almost any remark that one singer makes about another.

What is a rest?—Going out of the choir for refreshments during the sermon time.

What is singing with an understanding?—Marking time on the floor with your foot.

What is a symphony?—Flirting with the soprano singer behind the organ.

What is a staccato movement?—Leaving the choir in a huff when one is dissatisfied with the organist.

What is a swell?—A professor of music who pretends to know all about the science while he can not conceal his ignorance.

What is a turn?—When one singer is discharged to make room for another.

How do you produce a discord?—By praising one lady's singing at the expense of a rival, who overhears you.

What is a pause?—When the organ-boy gets asleep when the choir is ready to sing.

What is a flat?—A singer who supposes himself or herself indispensable to the success of the choir.

NOT PARTICULAR.

One of our residents found something offensive in his last dozen eggs, and took the dealer to task.

"What is the matter with them?" asked that individual.

"They ain't good," was the reply.

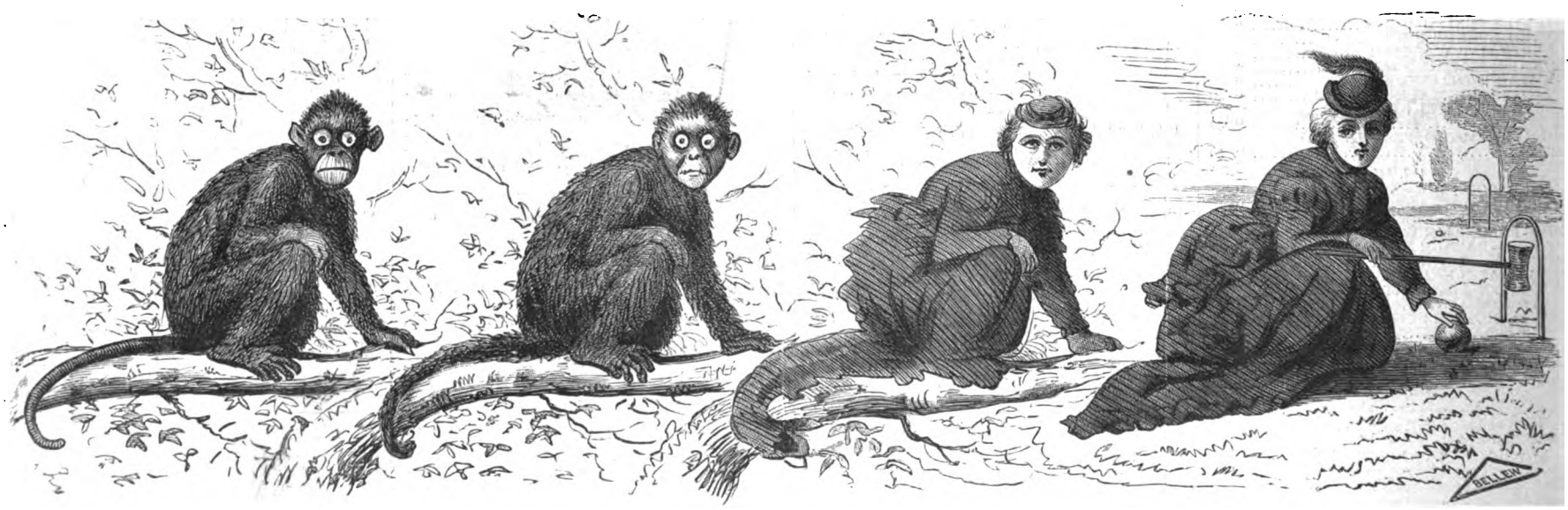
"Well, that isn't to be wondered at," was the apologetic rejoinder. "Hens are so drove now they ain't expected to be as particular as usual!"

"I'll give you the slip," as the gardener said when he promised a friend a cutting.

A WOFUL TALE.

The man who was over head and ears in love, but who has had his nose put out of joint, is afraid to face the world because he thinks the eyes of Europe are upon him, and that society will browbeat him and cast it in his teeth. As the organ of a large and respectable portion of the body politic, we assure him that his misfortune is not in every body's mouth, and advise him to put a bold face on the matter—to be, in fact, a little cheeky—and he will soon find himself able to hold up his head again with the best of us with unblushing effrontery. If he has an eye to the future he must see that it would be a great oversight to take a short-sighted view of things, and retire from the public gaze.

The rising generation "age" rapidly. A mature specimen, eight years old, was hunting around the police station for a stray father the other night. "You see," he remarked, with filial exultation, "the guv'ner's a little wild yet, but he'll grow out of it!"



DARWIN'S ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 27.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN) AND LADIES' SUMMER DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 419.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of Gabrielle Dress and Walking Coat, graded to fit Children from Six Months to Four Years old, in six Sizes, from 16 to 21 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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SYMPATHY.

AN angel who had never felt,
But often, pitying, heard of grief,
A weeping mortal once beheld,
And longed to give to him relief.
"Poor child of earth!" he gently said,
"The bliss I know I fain would share;
Come, leave this narrow, pilgrim path,
And soar with me through purer air;
We'll stay our flight where lilies bloom,
Unfading, by celestial springs."
"Oh, leave me! hence!" the mortal cried;
"Why mock me with my want of wings?"

Love's willing ministers, the pain
We seek to cure we first must feel;
And Sorrow's self must teach us how
The wounds that Sorrow gives to heal.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ The brilliant serial novel, "LORD KILGOBBIN," by CHARLES LEVER, author of "That Boy of Norcott's," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 17, 1871.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Child's Gabrielle Dress and Walking Coat on our first page, graded to fit Children from six months to four years old, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure. For complete list of Cut Paper Patterns see Advertisement on page 431 of the present Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain patterns and illustrations of a rich variety of Ladies' and Children's Summer Dresses, Sacques, Basques, Jackets, Mantelets, Fichus, Garden Hats, Traveling Bags, Salad Baskets, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.*

POLITENESS AT HOME.

THERE are many who seem to think that good manners are only for company, to be put on, like the best suit of clothes, when going out, and laid aside when at home. Newness is more or less essential to the elegance of a fine coat or a silk gown, and the less they are worn the more they may attract. Politeness, however, is adherent to the person, and daily wear is essential to its perfection. Its grace and ease, like the sleekness and flexibility of the skin, come from constant exercise. Stiffness and roughness are the sure results of inactivity.

Politeness can not be assumed at will. To be polite abroad we must be polite at home. And are not good manners, which are universally acknowledged to be essential to the pleasure and refinement of society, equally important to the grace and comfort of home?

Affection can do wonders, but with all its power it often fails to prevent those collisions of opposing opinions, tempers, and interests which result from the divergent dispositions of the members of most households. Contradictory as it may seem, it is a fact that the most affectionate families are often the most discordant. The warmth of temperament which engenders mutual intensity of love not seldom breaks forth into passionate ebullitions of a different kind. It must be acknowledged, however, that ardent as may be the original family affection, it is in great danger of being smothered by these not infrequent bursts of temper.

We do not wish to depreciate the influence of the various religious and moral checks, so persistently applied by pious and worthy people in their attempts to control domestic discord, but we would commend to them family politeness as a humble but serviceable aid.

A certain ceremoniousness is found to be essential to prevent familiarity of intercourse among men of the world from degenerating into contempt. The same, we think, would be no less useful in the daily and intimate contact of the members of the same family.

There is no reason that we know of that those formalities and ceremonies which are found so effective in making the polite men and women of society agreeable should not be adopted in the family with a like result. There is unquestionably a courtesy of the heart of more value than the outward forms, but these are essential as reminders of the obligations of that. The mere semblance of politeness, even without its reality, serves at least to establish a formal decorum which conduces to the comfort and grace of mutual intercourse, whether in society or the family, by checking every open demonstration of rudeness. The ill-tempered and malevolent are often prevented from disturbing the common harmony and kindliness of feeling by the restraints of ceremony; and the effect, we believe, would be no less good in the family than it has proved to be in society.

We would urge upon all a strict regard, at home as well as abroad, to the various forms and ceremonies by which polite people regulate their relations toward each other. Why should a gentleman, for example, who scorns to remain covered in the company of a stranger, whom he respects merely because she is a lady, keep on his hat in the presence of his wife, whom he knows and loves? Why should a woman who makes the most courteous acknowledgment of the slightest favor from one she hardly knows refuse to say a polite word in return for the kindness of her constant companion?

We would have wives and husbands in their ordinary intercourse as polite toward each other as are other gentlemen and ladies. It is, however, so far from being so in most cases that one of the surest indications of the marriage of a couple is their mutual disregard of the forms and ceremonies of politeness. There is a story told of a pair who had concealed their union successfully until the lady, having accidentally dropped her handkerchief, and the gentleman neglecting to pick it up, the company at once concluded, and justly, that they were married.

We believe that a more enduring affection between husband and wife, a greater reverence on the part of children to their parents, and forbearance toward each other, would be the result of more *politeness at home.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Summer Friends.

MY DEAR PAUL,—I hope that you have been able to take a holiday in this early summer weather, and that you have had some delightful Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle to visit in the country, among the roses and the superbly blossoming shrubs. For I have been to pass a day or two with my Mrs. Margery, and I shall remember it as if it had been an entire summer. If you young fellows read Mrs. Browning's poetry, you will remember "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and its musical descriptions of life at a fine country place in England. How hard it is to think that a generation has passed since that poem was written, and that Bertram and Lady Geraldine are already grandparents! They are, and they are not. For at Mrs. Margery's there was a handsome, shy youth, who used sometimes to read to us in the mornings as we sat in the shadow of the tulip-trees upon the lawn, the ladies working in pretty ways, the gentlemen stretched idly out—all breathing the fresh air that blew over the river; and although the young fellow did not directly look at her, I knew that he was thinking of Mrs. Margery's younger sister, and reading to her alone, and not to the rest of us.

One afternoon, when every body had gone to drive or to sail, I was sauntering in a retired part of the garden, and heard a voice reading. I recognized the voice and the words. It was our Bertram of the mornings, and he was reading "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" aloud. I suspected who his listener might be; but I stole softly away; and at tea, when every body was telling the tale of the afternoon, and some one asked the younger sister where she had been, she answered carelessly that she had only been loitering about the garden. I looked, without exciting attention, at Bertram; but that wily poet seemed to hear nothing, and to be as unconcerned as if he were alone in his chamber. Indeed, I think that I felt more guilty than any body, and I clumsily said, "Oh yes, and I've been in the garden too." I wonder if my tone or look expressed any thing? For the younger sister seemed to be very much less careless as she heard me, and Master Bertram immediately lost his unconcerned air.

The next morning, as we were sitting upon the lawn, Mrs. Margery observed that the blossoms of the weigela were falling, and said, ruefully, as a breeze shook a noble shrub and scattered the flowers, "Summer friends! summer friends!"

"Yes," said Silverly, "like the hummingbirds in the lilacs."

"Or the girls at Saratoga and Newport," added Balder. "They are the most evanescent summer friends; fair as the flowers, and as fleeting."

There was a chorus of laughter.

"Balder is confiding this morning," said Rita.

"Mere sympathy," he answered; "my withers are unwrung. But 'twas an old humor of mine to see the stricken deer go weep, the hart ungalled play, notwithstanding."

"What is a summer friend?" asked the younger sister.

"One who loves and leaves," replied Balder.

"When are you going down?" I asked Bertram, for I saw that they were all playing with fire.

"When I grant him leave of absence," said Mrs. Margery, quickly.

The younger sister's cheek flushed as if the fire were about to burst out in flame. But Bertram said, quietly.

"Summer friends are the best of all. We are surrounded by them now. The sky infinitely rosy and tender, those June clouds that are floating in it, that soft line of green hills far over the river, this perfect air, this beautiful lawn, the roses, the honeysuckles, the deutzias, the rhododendrons, the thick, clean-leaved tulip-trees, the singing-birds, those marvelous strawberries which John there is carrying in for lunch—these are but a few of that concourse of summer friends of which you lightly speak. Have you any better to show? Hark! there is Robert o' Lincoln rollicking in melody beyond the hedge. He poises a moment upon the very crest of perfect summer, trills his joy, and is gone. Ah! fickle and fleeting summer friend! And here comes a drift of down upon the air. It is only another of the evanescent company. But what is this? The down was a seed, do you say, which springs into that plant perpetually flowering? And the song is in memory a constant inspiration? Why, you flouters of summer friends, listen!" And the shy Bertram, who had amazed us all by this voluble discourse, opened the volume which he held, and read us Longfellow's little poem:

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

"I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

"Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

Of course I, who had heard that afternoon reading in the retired part of the garden, and who, as an old man, am not suspected of seeing and hearing with shrewdness, casually glanced at the younger sister, as Bertram read this poem. By a curious coincidence, I saw that as he ended his eyes also took the same direction. But, by the most remarkable of coincidences, her eyes met his upon the way, and mine instantly withdrew. The party dispersed to re-assemble at dinner, and I strolled off to the woods by the river.

Have summer friends, then, been always so cruelly maligned by the proverb which makes them so fair but so fickle? A man, for instance, is born poor, and he struggles on among the backs and cold shoulders and sharp elbows of other people, until by mere chance he pulls up a little sapling by the road-side, which he had grasped to help him along, and lo! a silver mine, and he the owner. As to a magnet, the faces turn to it that would never turn toward him, and instead of elbows pushing him aside, he suddenly finds outstretched hands of homage before him. Such signs of respect, such vows of fidelity, such offers of aid, and murmurs of sympathy, he has never heard. The world is a new world. It is full of pleasant faces, of agreeable manners, of courteous consideration. He never suspected himself to be clever, but applause shows him that he has newly become witty. He was never eloquent, but he observes that people hang upon his words. Nobody ever cared for his opinion, but he is consulted upon all sides. His name was of no value, but it is now essential to every public appeal. Yet he is the very same man who lived among the backs and cold shoulders of his neighbors, and nothing has happened except that by no skill of his own he has found a silver mine.

Or it is Thersites, who is not honored, but who is resolved to write Honorable before his name. Early and late he is busily studying the weaknesses and interests of his neighbors. The wise smile, the lofty sneer; but Thersites bullies the caucus, buys the convention, and contracts for the district, and when the vote is counted it is the Honorable Thersites who leads the poll. There are feasts and honors of every kind. His name, too, is sought, and his tongue is discovered to be eloquent. He is mentioned among the most honorable. The newspapers praise him, and men and women who would have scorned his acquaintance bow before him in the splendor of his own house, and are chronicled as courtiers at his levee. Yet he, too, is the same narrow, ignorant, crafty man. Nothing is changed, except that he has bought an honor dishonorably.

This is only homage to success, you say, perhaps, my dear Paul; these are only illustrations of the results of chance or of design, and the friends who fawn upon good fortune are only summer wasps that light upon sugar. They are true summer friends. They are spawned by the heat, and they will die with the first frost. Butterflies flickering in the sun, they are but insects following the law of their little life. Yes, dear Paul; but I grudge the name. I think that the shy Bertram, who so suddenly found a voice, was right. If there were only wasps and butterflies in summer, then the parasites of mere good fortune or success should be called summer friends and welcome. But if the wasp sucks the fruit and stings and flies, here is the honey-bee. First the flower comes—an apple-blossom—odorous and beautiful, delighting the senses, inspiring the imagination, making me happy and better if it only bloomed. But I see its sure processes, its unfailing law, its perfect cycle—first the seed, then the plant, the tree, the flower, the fruit, the seed, and so perpetually. That very bough, the flower of a week, perfumes the air so that the orchard has a climate of its own. And if that were all, I say, enough; that is a summer friend. But, therefore, a friend all the year.

And here booms the bee, another summer friend. But while his busy buzzing is the very voice of summer, which ceases with its flowers, he is building a secret June in his hive, storing a golden tropic for me when the heats are passed. Yonder spins your wasp; but hark to my wood-thrush, to my oriole! Are they less summer friends? And as surely as the bee hives honey to outlast the year, so that song stores my mind with happy thoughts, immortal as I. The tender bloom of those distant hills, like the deep lustre of the grapes by-and-by, shall fade with the fading year; but does it pass as the parasites pass when good fortune goes? These are all my summer friends, and the robin and cat-bird. I shall not hear them with my ears when December comes. But I shall hear them with my heart all my life long. They are summer friends; but why should you call by their name the most trivial of human beings?

"You are right," I said to Bertram, as we all met at evening upon the moon-lighted piazza over the river; "you are right; and summer friends are the surest and most constant of all."

There was a laughing chorus again, for nothing had been said since the morning about our conversation. Bertram smiled, and said that he was glad of one convert. I looked at the younger sister, and thought that possibly there might be more than one. But nothing more was said, and presently she went to the piano; and while we sat upon the enchanted piazza, old and young, looking out over the river, and dreaming and hoping and remembering, she played gently and sang tender, moonlight songs—songs "full of old sadness that lives in my soul." The next morning I came away. Mrs. Margery was waiting in her pony wagon to carry me to the train, when I came out to say good-by to the pleasant circle. "Farewell, summer friends!" I said, laughing, as I went down the steps. But the younger sister left Bertram's side, by whom she was standing, and, putting her arm in mine, she whispered, "Good-by, dear Mr. Bachelor; but all summer friends don't love and leave."

"What!" said I, looking up to Bertram, who still stood upon the piazza; "are you going to stay?"

He nodded a smiling yes.

"God bless you, my dear May," I whispered to her in return. "Summer friends are the surest of all!"

And, my dear Paul, the more I think of it, the surer I am.

Your summer friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHILD'S WALKING COAT AND GABRIELLE.

THE Gabrielle Dress and Walking Coat illustrated on our first page form the house and street dress of children from the time they are put into short clothes until they are three or four years of age, when there begins to be a difference between the dress of boys and girls. The walking coat is worn quite long, reaching to the ankles, by children of six months, but much shorter by older children; consequently it is not outgrown during its three or four years of use. For the present season it is made of piqué richly braided and embroidered; for the winter, cashmere, merino, and plaid flannels are lined warmly and braided. The shape is simply that of the old-time pelisse. The fronts of the waist are plain, the back is loose, and held by drawing-strings that tie beneath the front. The skirt has a sloped seam on the sides, with a plain breadth behind, very slightly fulled to the waist, as the drawing-strings gather the skirt sufficiently. The circular skirts once used for these coats are not worn now. The trimming extends around the skirt and up the fronts, the waist only being buttoned. The cape is round and deep enough to fall half the length of the skirt. Sleeves are coat-shaped. A small collar is used for boys, a larger one for girls. The rich braiding, inserted needle-work, and embroidered ruffles described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. IV., are used on these garments.

The Gabrielle dress is cut to fit almost smoothly over the under-clothes, and may be worn loose, or confined at the waist by a wide sash ribbon tied behind in a large looped bow with short ends. Piqué Gabrielles have Hamburg insertions let in the seams that pass over the shoulders, extending down the back and front, or else a vine of braiding follows these seams, ending with an ornamental figure half-way down the skirt. A rich border of braiding or two needle-worked ruffles then surround the skirt. French nansook Gabrielles have Valenciennes insertions and narrow pleated frills. Sometimes a little Pompadour square or a yoke is formed of the insertion in lengthwise bands, alternating with puffs or rows of tucks. Pure white is always prettiest for children's dresses, but many mothers use the striped linen—white, with bold black, brown, blue, or coral stripes for boys' Gabrielles, as they have a jaunty, boyish look. Bias bands of solid-colored percale and colored bindings are the trimmings. Serviceable Gabrielles for traveling

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and for nursery wear are made of brown undressed linen, strong and thick, yet cool. The skirts of these are faced two inches deep, and two rows of darker brown worsted braid—such as is used for binding dress skirts—are stitched straight around over the facing; a third row above these passes up the shoulder seams, back and front. Paler buff linens are embroidered with white, or trimmed with ruffles of white cambric needle-worked. The furnishing houses are stocked with colored linen Gabrielles braided by machinery. These are inexpensive, but the trimming is so showy and coarse-looking that few mothers like to see it on their little ones. $1 75 to $2 25 is charged for such Gabrielles.

Yoked slips with full skirts—the yoke high-necked, sleeves long, and the skirt straight—are also made for children just in short clothes. These are often the long robes first worn by the infant shortened to walking length. Low-necked and short-sleeved dresses are seldom seen on children except when arrayed for some grand occasion.

Mothers can fashion an excellent dress for growing girls by changing slightly the Princesse Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. IV. The waist is Gabrielle shape, made by cutting off the over dress pattern three inches below the taper, and omitting the postilion pleats. Cut the skirt by pattern furnished with the Princesse Suit, fasten to a belt, and button on to the Gabrielle waist, allowing the three added inches to be concealed beneath the skirt. Next season, when the child has grown taller, the waist is lengthened by means of these three inches. The Gabrielle is fitted so loosely about the shoulders that it will remain broad enough; and a cuff or ruffle will lengthen the sleeve. A little upper-skirt is worn with such dresses. The princesse over dress has lately been made up in pink or blue silk, low in the neck, and with shoulder-straps instead of sleeves, and worn over white muslin dresses. Silk ruches or ruffles are the trimmings.

A cunning little sun-hat of brown linen, starched, without rattans, is made for children to wear in the country. It consists of two circular pieces: the lower one, forming the brim, has a piece taken out of one side to make it scoop, and is buttoned together; the crown piece is a scalloped circle buttoned to the top of the brim. Strings tie it down at the sides in cottage fashion. It is very simple, coquettishly pretty, and as easily laundried as a pocket-handkerchief. $1 75 or $2 is the price.

Flowing hair slightly crimped, or waved, rather, with the front drawn straight back and hanging in a plaited tress down the centre, is the prettiest fashion for small children. All-white hats, either of Leghorn with white gros-grain ribbon and ostrich tips, or else of shirred Swiss muslin, are most in favor for dress. The sailor hat of white or brown straw is for ordinary occasions. Lovely little gypsy bonnets are of dotted Swiss muslin, edged with Valenciennes and lined with blue silk: $5 is the price.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Black cashmere round capes are destined to replace the cashmere sacques that have become too generally worn to be in favor with ladies of exclusive tastes. The handsomest model was sent over by Worth. It is a double talma of black cashmere. The lower cape falls a finger length below the waist; the upper is several inches shorter, and has a Watteau fold behind. Passementerie and fringe edge each cape and the collar. A cord with tassels ties it. The mantle hangs open from the throat. Gracefully worn on a cool morning over a black silk suit, this forms a most distinguished-looking garment. When paletots are worn as extra wraps, those of pale gray cashmere or drap d'été, richly braided and fringed, are preferred to black cashmere jackets. Black silk sacques are out of favor at present. Black lace sacques are very fashionable, and llama lace is worn, especially with black suits. All new lace sacques have flowing sleeves, and are of simple sailor shape, or else slightly fitted to fall in with the figure.

The outfits for the watering-places present some beautiful novelties. An elegant garment, destined for Long Branch, is a polonaise of white lustrous pongee, elaborately draped in the Marguerite fashion, trimmed with black Chantilly lace and many bows of black velvet ribbon. This is to be worn over a black silk or velvet skirt as a carriage costume. In the same wardrobe is a black grenadine with demi-trained skirt. The three front breadths have a tablier of many crescent-shaped folds of pale mauve silk. The back breadths have six gathered lapping flounces, bias, and widely bound with mauve silk. An over-skirt with three ruffles is in the back only, leaving the front breadths uncovered. The basque has a Louis Fourteenth vest of mauve silk, and a pleated postilion showing revers of mauve. A suit of nut brown silk has a polonaise with box-pleats arranged on the waist in a way very becoming to slender figures.

The first choice at present is to trim silks and other rich suit materials with themselves. The most undefined stripes and the pin-head checks that used to require black velvet and lace to give them character, as the modistes say, have now intricate pleatings and ruffles entirely of the self material. This is a reaction from the shaded trimmings that have become common, and are not pretty unless the shades are more nicely blended than those one sees daily.

In preparing outfits for the summer, modistes say that the dresses most often ordered are, first, a black grenadine with demi-train for the house; a grenadine suit for the street, a costume with nut brown silk skirt and polonaise of écru pongee or foulard; a striped silk that will serve for the house or carriage, and is usually black and white; a gray mohair with self trimmings for traveling; and white dresses suitable for morning, noon, and evening. Thus we see that black, écru, gray, and white are the prevailing colors.

An elegant and simple way of flouncing grenadines, mohairs, and the light wool fabrics is a single kilt pleating three-eighths of a yard deep, cut straight, hemmed top and bottom, and pressed—not sewed—in inch-wide pleats. A row of stitching an inch below the top fastens this to the skirt, and a second row of stitching fastens it again half-way between the first row and the edge of the flounce. That part of the flounce below the second stitching hangs loosely like a ruffle.

White lawn cravats and lace jabots arranged in shell-like curves are worn with Louis Fourteenth vests, copying closely the costume of le Grand Monarque.

A stylish material for summer suits is the new Tussore linen, a wiry goods, sheer yet strong, and as cool as the real India fabrics. It is in nut brown, the dark tea-color now in vogue, the popular absinthe, or greenish-gray, and the serviceable dust-color that does not soil easily. The buff tints are not found. Plain Tussore linen is 35 cents a yard; with a striped or fringed edge it is 37½ cents. Ladies are having suits of this made in the coolest way possible, viz., with pleated blouse-waist, simple long over-skirt, fringed or edged with a bias fold, and a kilt flounce like that described above.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; VIRFOLET; and WALTER-FRESE; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

See Illustration on first page.

THIS pretty suit may be worn equally well by boys and girls from six months to four years old. It consists of a Gabrielle dress, which may be either high or low necked, and a walking coat, with a cape and collar that can be worn separately. Two illustrations show the walking coat made of white braided piqué, and worn by a boy three years old, and the Gabrielle dress, made of the same material, and worn by a girl two years old. The suit may be made of any kind of fabric, and is equally well adapted for summer and winter wear.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises two articles—Gabrielle dress and walking coat, and is graded in six sizes, to fit children from six months to four years old. The average sizes are, respectively, for six months, 16 inches; one year, 17 inches; eighteen months, 18 inches; two years, 19 inches; three years, 20 inches; and four years, 21 inches.

GABRIELLE DRESS.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, front gore, back, side gore for the back, and sleeve. The seams in the back and front side gores extend to the shoulder seam. The front and back should be laid on the fold of the cloth to prevent making a seam. Cut an opening in the back from the neck to about four inches below the waist line, and face it for the buttons and button-holes. Lap the left side over the right, and tack it firmly at the bottom of the opening. Place the longest seam of the sleeve at the notch in the armhole, and hold it toward you when sewing it in. Baste up and try on wrong side out before sewing; and if the garment needs alteration, take up more or less in the seams. Lengthen or shorten the skirt at the bottom, being careful to preserve the shape. The perforations show where to cut out for a low neck, if required. The parts are all notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams, and an inch for a hem on the bottom.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child six months old, 1¾ yards.

Allow one-eighth of a yard more for each size to 18 inches, and a quarter of a yard for each of the larger sizes.

WALKING COAT WITH CAPE.—This pattern is in seven pieces—front and back of waist, front and back of skirt, sleeve, cape, and collar. The waist is whole in the back, and is fitted loosely. The skirt is cut without a seam in the back, and has bias seams at the side. It is gathered at the top in the back between the seams, and is sewed to the waist. The back of the waist is shirred at the waist line between the seams under the arm, and is tied in front under the waist. The front is closed the whole length with buttons and button-holes. The coat and cape are finished separately at the neck, and can be worn separately or together. The cape is finished at the neck with a small collar. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams, and an inch for hems on the front and bottom.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child six months old, 2 yards.

Number of buttons, 8.

Allow a quarter of a yard more for each size to 18 inches, and three-eighths for each of the larger sizes.

Ladies' Summer Dresses.

Fig. 1.—ÉCRU MOHAIR DRESS, TRIMMED WITH BLACK VELVET BANDS AND BOWS. Over-skirt open in front, and cut in large pointed scallops. Basque-waist cut in points, and trimmed with velvet outlining a vest. Linen and guipure collar and under-sleeves.

Fig. 2.—Lilac silk under-skirt, trimmed with six rows of lilac velvet. White alpaca over-skirt, looped at the sides and in the middle of the back, and bordered with three bands of lilac silk. White alpaca half-fitting double-breasted sacque, slashed at the sides and in the back, with revers and collar of lilac silk and lilac silk buttons. Half-pagoda sleeves with mousquetaire cuffs. Rice-straw hat. White pongee parasol, lined with lilac.

Fig. 3.—Under-skirt of rose-colored silk. Over-skirt of white muslin in five pieces, the front forming a round tablier, and trimmed with a pleated flounce edged at the bottom with narrow lace and surmounted by insertion underlaid with rose-colored ribbon, and an upright frill of narrow lace. The sides of the skirt form deep points, and fall nearly plain; the back pieces also form deep points, and are bouffant and gathered up, the outer edges being fastened to the pieces at the sides. Postilion-basque of white muslin, with open sleeves, heart-shaped in front, and trimmed like the over-skirt. Rose-colored ribbon sash and bows. White chip hat, trimmed with lace, ostrich feathers, and flowers.

PERSONAL.

MR. ROBERT T. LINCOLN, eldest son of the late President, has won the esteem of the people of Illinois by his persistent refusal to accept political office, and his devotion to the practice of his profession as a lawyer. He is now about twenty-five years of age, and has the reputation in Chicago of being an excellent manager, a shrewd and capable lawyer, and systematic man of business. Those who know him best predict for him an eminent position at the bar.

—MR. WALTER GRINNELL, late admiral in the Japanese navy, but who retired and made a tour into Eastern Mantchuria and Corea, penetrating a country almost unknown, has recently delivered before the New York Geographical Society a very interesting address about that region. He says the population of Corea is about 6,000,000. It is an independent empire, but sends annual tribute to China. There are eight provinces, each with a separate government. The climate is magnificent.

—We citizens of the republic of the U. S. sometimes take occasion to state, in a mild way, that the subjects of the British crown have to pay somewhat dearly for the maintenance of scions of the royal house. But a gentleman who has bent a few of his intellectual forces to the subject says that every four years, at the Presidential election, not less than $2,000,000 is expended for party purposes, to say nothing of the enormous demands made upon politicians and office-holders to sustain party organizations. The British placeman has none of this swindle to submit to; hence boasteth he the superiority of British institutions.

—The Rev. Dr. SUNDERLAND, of Washington, one of the recent Board of Examiners at West Point, preached the ante-graduating sermon to the cadets, in which, after some good advice and plain talk, he warned them "not to run away with the idea that they are the tremendous fellows their friends and themselves may think them to be." There was a little something in that.

—The friends of the exact sciences will feel a thrill of pleasure when they are told that Mr. JONATHAN MORGAN, of Portland, Maine, is about to deliver a series of lectures, in which he will utterly refute and smash the principles of Newtonian philosophy. He expresses the bold opinion that he has the ability to cut up Sir ISAAC as he would "a grub worm." The Mr. JONATHAN MORGAN who proposes to do this is now ninety-three years old (nearly par), and for eight and sixty years has bent his energies to the awful mysteries of Free and Accepted Masonry.

—BRIGHAM YOUNG, with hair nicely oiled, in ringlets, and falling around his heavy neck, hair and beard luxuriant, and but little turned in color, his manner all bland, soothes mankind with seignorial hospitality—at least that is the way a Chicago *Tribune* letter-writer puts it down.

—When Mr. SEWARD reached Alexandria he was received with almost royal honors by the representatives of the Khedive, and a palace provided for his use while he remains a visitor. He is going to take a little run to Palestine, and thence to Constantinople. There will be very high jinks when he gets to hobnobbing with the Sultan.

—Sir JOHN HERSCHEL, at the time of his death, was the oldest senior wrangler of the University of Cambridge, having attained that distinction in 1813. He is succeeded by Sir J. SHAW LEFEVRE, the clerk of the Parliaments, who became a senior wrangler in 1818.

—LOUIS NAPOLEON has purchased Hooton Hall, the late residence of R. C. NAYLOR, Esq. Some years ago, when Prince NAPOLEON, he was a guest at Hooton Hall, and before his departure expressed his appreciation of it, and intimated that he would like to reside there. Fortune, or misfortune, has favored his wishes.

—The salary of President ELLIOT, of Harvard College, is $3200; the cook at the Parker House receives $4000: which suggests, says the Boston *Traveler*, that there are more men fitted for the presidential chair of colleges than are capable of taking charge of the kitchen of a first-class hotel.

—Miss ALCOTT, during her recent visit in London, was tea-partied by Miss JEAN INGELOW, to which divers and sundry literary celebrities, Yankee and British, were invited. Miss A. has got home in peace and Concord.

—The writer of "Ginx's Baby," which has had so much success in England and here, is a young London lawyer, only thirty-two years old, named EDWARD JENKINS, son of a Presbyterian clergyman in Montreal.

—M. JULES FERRY, it is supposed, will be the embassador of the new French government to Washington.

—It is one of those odd little incidents of which "society" people take note, in London, and which affords a delightful topic of talk, that recently, when in town, the Marquis of Bute dined with DISRAELI; which indicates that his lordship does not feel particularly heart-broken at the manner in which he has been heroed as "Lothair."

—Commodore VANDERBILT, being pecuniarily able, is taking things comfortably, spending most of his time at home, or driving some of his fast horses on "the lane."

—Merit will win its way: Mr. E. E. STRAZNICKY has been appointed chief librarian of the Astor Library. For fourteen years he has been connected with the institution; and so perfect is his knowledge of its contents that he is said to know the name and position of every book in the library. Another gentleman of fine literary acquirements is among the assistant librarians, Mr. FREDERICK SAUNDERS, author of "Salad for the Social," "Salad for the Solitary," "Mosaics," and other dainty works. These gentlemen save a world of time to visitors—they tell you precisely what books you want, what they contain, and give you a good start in your work.

—M. FELIX PYAT, the Communist leader, is an educated man, of tall and imposing appearance, gentlemanly in manner, and a scholar in his literary work. Actors know him as a writer for the stage, and journalists are familiar with his exaggerated phrases and heated metaphors. For more than forty years he has written against monarchy and for democratic socialism. In England, where he lived so long, he scandalized every one by the audacity with which he defended the right to assassinate the Emperor. It was strange to look at that man, and remember his mildness in the field of literature. No one member of the Commune has done such mischief.

—The most determined people in the world are sometimes the most disappointed. There was JOHN BECRAFT, for instance, of South Bend, Indiana, where our Mr. COLFAX lives, who attempted to commit suicide by quaffing an ounce of laudanum. On being asked the reason for the act, he replied: "Business is business. I wish to meet General JACKSON by four o'clock this afternoon, and I am going to see him." A stomach-pump broke the engagement.

—On a recent Thursday, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Dr. ALEXANDER NELSON, of Albany, and Miss ELIZABETH CLAPP were joined in holy wedlock. The bridal procession was headed by little children, who, during the service, formed in beautiful array around the pulpit, which was profusely adorned with flowers. Prior to the ceremony the groom coolly sent for a "todd"—Dr. TODD—famous Dr. TODD—to perform the marriage service.

—Father CLEVELAND, of Boston, touched ninety-nine on Tuesday, the 20th ult.—only one per cent. under par. On the Sunday following he preached, morning and evening, in the Seamen's Bethel.

—Like his Majesty of Monaco and certain German Grand Dukes, the Emperor of China makes a pretty thing of the licenses to gambling houses—Pekin paying him $200,000 per annum, and the other cities of the Central Flowery Kingdom not less than $3,000,000.

—Mr. E. A. SOTHERN, the famous "Lord Dundreary," has entered into an engagement with Messrs. JARRETT & PALMER to play at Niblo's, commencing next October.

—An imposing presence is not the "style" of the Count de Chambord. He is described as large, fleshy, and awkward, with a "diluted look in the eyes," a soft smile, and a full beard on his face. Of his wife we are told that "her luminous hair, high forehead, dreamy, thoughtful eyes, prominent nose, beautifully expressive mouth, and slenderness of person indicate a queenly, aspiring being."

—BYRON M. PICKETT, the sculptor of the MORSE statue, like HIRAM POWERS, E. D. PALMER, and HENRY KIRKE BROWNE, is a self-taught artist. He is a native of Jordan, Onondaga County, New York, and had "a hard road to travel" in the early years of his profession. The MORSE statue is in all respects a first-class production. Since its completion he is said to have received orders amounting to $50,000.

—The Library building on Fifth Avenue near Seventy-first street, for which New York is to be indebted to the munificent liberality of Mr. JAMES LENOX, will soon begin to rear its stately proportions. The foundation is already completed.

—Since Mrs. GAINES won her lawsuit, and thus became the richest woman in America, she has been fallen in love with in a very violent manner by a little army of swains. But she is sixty-four, and sixty-four does not gush at matrimony. In her opinion the departed General GAINES was the very best man that ever lived; never did an evil deed; never thought one. Lady GAINES is racy in conversation, tells anecdotes, and laughs as loud and as long as any woman of her years and income ought to laugh.

—Among other interesting announcements made at a meeting of the Geographical Society a few evenings since, Judge CHARLES P. DALY stated that there was a gentleman present, M. PAVVI, who intended to make an expedition to the north pole at his own expense. He would proceed from New York to San Francisco, and thence to Siberia. He proposes to go out in a boat of peculiar structure, and travel the ice with a hardy crew, and when he reaches open water to construct his boat, which is made of India rubber. It is capable of carrying a weight of 10,000 pounds, and can be stowed away in a barrel.

—The interviewer has captured General SHERIDAN, and pumped him thoroughly about what he saw and did during his campaign with the German army. He says that the Emperor WILLIAM is a fine old gentleman and a good general, possessing personal courage and bravery in an extraordinary degree. "At Gravelotte I saw him in the thickest of the fire." So far from being an instrument of BISMARCK'S, he has a firm will of his own, which he maintains in spite of the chancellor. BISMARCK is by far the greatest man in Europe, and a first-rate soldier. The Crown Prince is a true soldier, and always where he ought to be in battle.

—M. THIERS is not too popular with his literary brethren. MICHELET calls him a strong mediocrity, a superb commonplace. ALEXANDRE DUMAS says he thinks admirably, but executes horribly. GAUTIER says his rhetoric is as free from faults as his government is full of them. HOUSSAYE confesses, if his measures were as wise as his sentences are graceful, he would be one of the first statesmen of his time; and adds that in politics THIERS learns nothing, and forgets nothing.

—Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD has purchased, for fifty thousand dollars, one-third of the New York *Evening Mail*. Under the editorial management of Major BUNDY the *Mail* has become one of the brightest and most entertaining of our evening papers, and having passed safely through the infantile period of journalism, has entered fairly upon manhood, and with its unexceptionable habits, sound constitution, good by-laws, and excellent rules of order, bids fair to attain an enviable newspaper longevity.

—For first-class rotation *in* office commend us to Charleston, South Carolina. Since the United States became independent that city has had but three postmasters—THOMAS BACOT, appointed by WASHINGTON; ANDREW HUGER, appointed by JACKSON; and the present incumbent, appointed by GRANT.

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ITALIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SONCHOU.]

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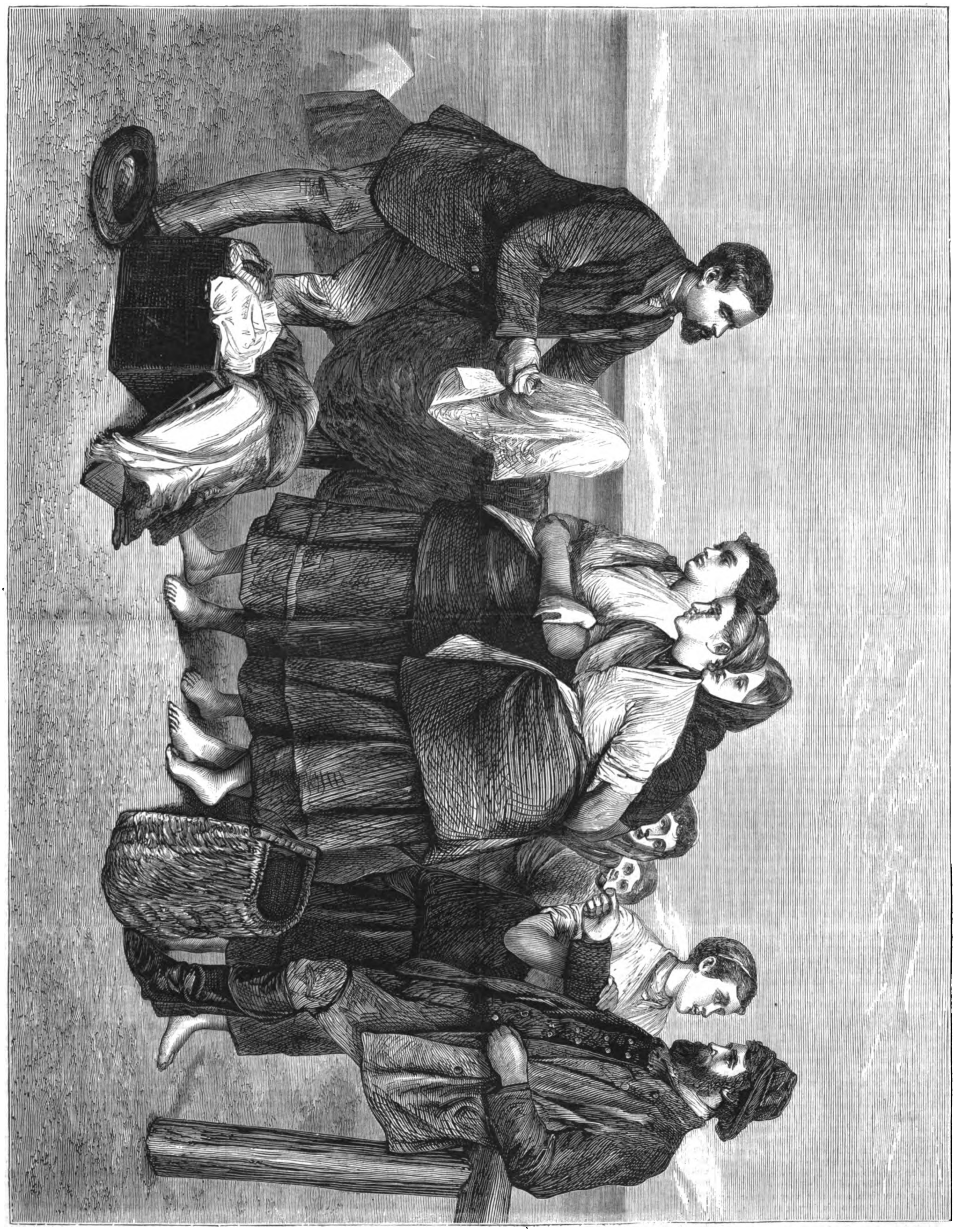
THE PEDDLER.

THE peddler here displaying his wares to the bonny English fish-wives is not of the conventional type—a rollicking, sly, unprincipled Autolycus, who will insinuate a shawl upon an unwilling customer with a joke or a fib, or find out a customer's weak places with flattery well laid on—but a quiet, sober, "douce, honest man," whose very appearance is against all imposition. He stands waiting, apparently in silence, as though the quality of his goods needed no encomiums from him, while the women inspect his haberdashery with all the deliberation which such a solemn proceeding requires, and mentally calculate how much they may expect to beat him down. The sturdy fisherman completes the composition and the story. He is the prototype of a town-bred husband suffering the martyrdom of shopping, as he stands patiently awaiting the end of the haggling.



THE PEDDLER.

BIRTHS IN HOLLAND.

WHEN a Dutch baby is born a notification of the fact is at once sent round to all friends, and even to tradesmen and dependents; in the case of people of wealth who can afford the luxury of men-servants, these are the messengers, wearing white gloves in honor of the auspicious event. Each day, for two or three weeks after the confinement, a paper bulletin is placed on the door-post, or inside of the glass above the door, to the effect that mevrouw and the baby are going on well. It is nevertheless considered proper, and indeed expected, that friends should call and make inquiries and leave cards, and that pretty constantly. But all these bulletins and inquiries cease when the mevrouw holds her kramvisiten, or boudoir reception, for married ladies only. On this occasion the baby, dressed in the height of prevailing fashion, and wearing a beautiful long white veil, is brought in by the monthly nurse, who expects to receive a gratuity from each visitor, a perquisite always considered in engaging her. And it may not be out of place to mention that it is only of late years that the ancient institution of midwives has begun to fail in favor of male accoucheurs, who formerly were and well-born, was almost *in extremis;* and then, whatever might be their theoretical knowledge, their services, from want of practical skill, were commonly of no great advantage. The fashion is changing now. The kramvisiters are presented with caudle, and a plate with cinnamon cake is handed round. It is customary during this pe-

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riod to send out to young lady friends little packets of caraway-seed comfits, which are sprinkled upon bread-and-butter, and thus eaten to the health of the new baby.

THE ROSE OF KENMARE.

A SONG BY SHIEL DHUV.

I've been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lassies have made me feel quare;
But there's no use denyin'.
No girl I've set eye on
Could compate wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kinmare.

CHORUS.

Oh, where can her like be found?
Nowhere the counthry round
Spins at her wheel
Daughther as thrue,
Sets in the reel
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
wittier,
purtier colleen than you,
Rose, aroo!

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft silver moonshine
Neck and arm of the colleen complately eclipse;
Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants sthraight as Carn Tual,*
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-swate lips.
Oh, where, etc.

Did your eyes ever follow
The wings of the swallow
Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow field glance?
For if not ye've no notion
Of the exquisite motion
Of her swate little feet as they dart in the dance.
Oh, where, etc.

If y' inquire why the nightingale
Still shuns the invitin' gale
That wafts every song-bird but her to the wesht,
Faix she knows, I suppose,
Ould Kinmare has a Rose
That would sing anny bulbul to sleep in her nesht.
Oh, where, etc.

Whin her voice gives the warnin'
For the milkin' in the mornin'
Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes runnin' to her pail;
The lambs play about her,
And the small bonneenst snout her,
Whilsht their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.
Oh, where, etc.

Whin at noon from our labor
We draw neighbor wid neighbor
From the hate of the sun to the shilther of the tree,
Wid spudst fresh from the bilin'
And new milk you come smilin',
All the boys' hearts beguilin,' alanah machree!
Oh, where, etc.

But there's one swater hour
Whin the hot day is o'er
And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
And she sittin' in the middle,
Whin she's guessed Larry's riddle
Cries, "Now for your fiddle, Shiel Dhuv, Shiel Dhuv."
Oh, where, etc.

HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER.

BY MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have."

I DON'T suppose there are many people nowadays who remember Hugh Damer. Not that I would imply that he existed at a period beyond the memory of middle-aged mankind. The time that I am writing of is barely fifteen years old. But the memories of men are short, and every decade sees the rise and fall of new heroes. The career of a man of the world is not much longer than the reign of those later Cæsars who were polished off so quickly in the days when Rome was going down hill and the Roman Empire a nice little lot to be put up to auction. Picture to yourself, says De Quincey, any man going home to dinner with *that* little lot in his pocket!

So I say, advisedly, that perhaps there are few nowadays who care to remember the brief summer-time of Hugh Damer's life; and yet he was a great man in his time—that is to say, great in certain circles—and made his mark after a certain fashion.

We were contemporaries at Oxford, but not of the same college. I was a Baliol man, Damer was at Christ-church; but we were fast friends notwithstanding. I think Hugh indulged freely in every kind of dissipation fashionable at that period; but he never got into any vulgar scrapes—no painting chapel doors a bright scarlet, or nailing up an obnoxious don's oak, or any thing of that kind; and in spite of wine parties without number, hunting all through the season, not a little high play late of nights "under the rose," and various other amusements of a somewhat uproarious order, Hugh contrived to distinguish himself in athletics, and to take his degree in a very creditable manner. When or how he read no one could ever discover, but it was said that he could do without sleep for a fortnight at a time, and that very often after shutting his door upon his friends at two A.M., he would tie a wet towel round his head and go in for divinity till early chapel, where he made his appearance fresh as a rose after his matutinal shower-bath.

He was blessed with a superb constitution, and a marvelous capacity for work or pleasure. He was, indeed, a man who could scarcely help living hard and fast—a man to whom any monotonous or sluggish form of existence would have been simply unendurable. In appearance he was a splendid fellow—tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, and chestnut-haired, with a sunny look in his face that was, for most people, irresistible. He had the air of a man who must needs command fortune—win the race of life in a canter: indeed, it was almost impossible to associate the idea of trouble or sorrow of any kind with Hugh Damer.

After leaving Oxford I lost sight of my friend for some years. I went to the bar, and my own life was a great deal too busy for the perpetual frivolities of the fashionable world. I saw nothing of Hugh, but I heard of him—heard of him as one of the most distinguished among the gilded youth of that day. He was of a good old Yorkshire family, and had a large fortune, which, according to the report of his friends, had come to him unfettered at his majority. People told me that he was spending this royally, and, at the rate he was living, it could not be expected to hold out long.

"He's a fine, capital fellow—a first-rate fellow," one of these prudent observers said to me; "but there never was much stay in him. He does every thing too fast—runs away with the race for the first half mile, and comes in nowhere at the finish. People are afraid of him somehow. He might have doubled his fortune by a brilliant marriage more than once; but he lost his chance, dished himself by some mad folly that no man but he would have dreamed of. He's a dangerous fellow, and women feel it, and can't bring themselves to trust him."

Thus argued our common friend, with a serious countenance, and a deprecatory elevation of the shoulders. I was sorry to hear such an opinion of Damer, for I liked him with all my heart, and had hoped in a brilliant future for him.

It was not very long after this, just at the close of the London season, when I came across my old friend quite unexpectedly at a West End club, of which I was a member, but whose gorgeous saloons my shadow rarely darkened. I was a busy man and a prosperous withal, my prosperity entirely dependent upon unremitting industry.

A late August twilight was closing in, and the lamps were glimmering here and there in the shadowy streets. The fashionable quarter of the town had a dreary look, the great rooms of the club a palpable air of desolation.

I went into the reading-room; there was only one man there, and he rose from one of the luxurious arm-chairs and threw down a periodical with an audible groan as I entered. Suddenly he started, stared at me with all his might, and came striding across the room to me, and in the next moment both my hands were in the muscular grip of Hugh Damer.

"My dear Norris, my dear old friend," he cried, in his loud, hearty way, "I am so rejoiced to see you—so glad, upon my soul, now—I can't tell you how glad. I have been wishing to come across you for the last half dozen years."

"And yet you knew where to find me all the time, Hugh; and the Temple, if remote from the civilized regions of the West, is not a pilgrimage utterly beyond the capacity of friendship."

"Hit away, old chap. I deserve the reproach. But, you see, I knew you were always busy—heard of you from every one as devoted to your profession, a perfect slave to it, in fact, and I am such an idle beggar, what could I do but bore you if I came? And then one's life goes so fast somehow. I declare to you, Fred, I have seldom had an hour that I could call my own since I left Oxford. I seem to have existed in a whirlpool, an actual maelstrom spinning me round and round, and sucking me down in spite of myself. And now tell me all your news, dear boy; what you have been doing, and what you are going to do, and all the rest of it."

We sat down opposite each other at a little table in one of the windows, and by the faint gray light of the fading day I saw that my friend was not looking by any means as well as I should have wished to see him look. The handsome face was wan and haggard, and there were lines about the eyes and mouth that should scarcely have appeared in so young a countenance.

"I'm afraid you've been ill, Hugh," I said to him by-and-by. "You seem to have lost that perennial bloom for which you were renowned at Oxford."

"Ill! Oh no," he answered, carelessly. "I've not been ill—worried a little occasionally, that's all. But now listen to me, Fred, old fellow, and if you wish to preserve my regard you must fall into my way of thinking; and I assure you that regard of mine is a very deep feeling, though it's rather backward in showing itself. Now you own to having a clear fortnight before you after the last of this month, in which you may kick up your heels and dispose of yourself as it seems fit to you, without let or hinderance to your prospects of wearing silk by-and-by. And you talk of devoting your leisure to certain nameless cads of your acquaintance—of the genus swell, I suppose—who have got a moor down somewhere in the North, and want you to go and assist them in the murder of innocent grouse. Throw over the unknown cads, dear old boy, and come down to me. September is a great time for us Yorkshire men. I can give you no end of partridges; and my place is only fifteen miles from Doncaster. Come to Churleigh Wood, Fred, and spend your holiday with an old friend. I shall consider it an especial favor if you say 'Yes'—and—and it may be the last time I shall be able to ask you."

"What do you mean by that, Hugh?" I demanded, alarmed by the sudden gravity of his tone.

"Never mind what I mean, Fred. Life is full of changes. The present is all a man can call his own, and so, *Carpe diem*. Come, dear boy; is it to be yes or no?"

"I should be a churl if I said 'No,' when you flatter me by seeming really anxious to have me," I answered; "so the gentlemen unknown, who are really very good fellows in their way, shall go overboard, and I'll inflict my society upon you for the first fortnight in September. Shall you be alone at Churleigh?"

"Alone?" He laughed aloud at the absurdity of the notion, and I was very glad to hear the old frank laugh again. "Alone, Fred! Why, I have never been alone in my own house since I became master of it. We're sure of a houseful; some nice people, of course, and perhaps a few nasty ones; but you'll put up with the bores for the sake of friendship."

"I am not afraid of meeting bores at Churleigh," I answered. "There is not much affinity between you and that species, I think, Damer."

"There is one of my guests I fancy you will like," he said, musingly, and with a tender smile lighting up his haggard face.

"A lady, Hugh? Your face tells me that!"

"Yes, a lady; but I will say no more till you have seen her."

We parted soon after this, I promising to be with my friend on the 1st. He had occasion to go down to the old place some days earlier, in order to be ready for possible arrivals.

CHAPTER II.

"What's to be thought of him? Does the rumor hold for true that he's so full of gold?"

THE weather was lovely, the country looking very fair in the subdued glory of early autumn, as the express rattled me down to Doncaster. Here a dog-cart and fast-trotting roan waited to convey me to Churleigh, where I arrived just in time to hear the dressing-bell ring out cheerily from an open bell tower, after an hour and a half's spin through a rich pastoral country.

The house was an old one, a sombre, red-brick pile of masonry of the Tudor period, with a wide moat, where carp and dace flashed through the deep, dusky water, under the shadow of great yews; a rare, old-fashioned place, with noble gardens set in a wide expanse of level meadow land, that might have been fairly called a park. Within, the dark oak paneling and ponderous furniture, quaint old cabinets and bureaus, buffets and chests of carved ebony and chestnut wood, oak, and walnut, had a delightful old-world aspect. There were rare old tapestries, too, silk-embroidered hangings, chairs and sofas in ancient worsted-work, which testified to the industry of past generations of feminine Damers. Every thing bore the fashion of an age that was gone, and there was a sombre charm about the place which was, to my mind, perfect in its way. I told Hugh how much I liked his birth-place, and praised the taste which had preserved its original character. He sighed heavily as he answered me. "Yes," he said, moodily, "it's a dear old place, and I am weak enough to love it. I can remember sitting at my mother's feet in some of these old rooms, or on her knees, with her arms round me, many a quiet twilight when my father was away in London. There was a great love between us two, and nothing that she cared for has been touched since she died. Her favorite flowers still grow in the garden—homely, old-fashioned flowers, that my gardeners would like to do away with—though it is fifteen years since her hand gathered one of them. Yes, I have need to love Churleigh, Fred. God forgive me!"

His tone alarmed me. There was such a depth of bitterness and self-reproach in his utterance of those last words.

"Hugh," I said, eagerly, "there is something wrong with you. I am sure of it. I saw the change in your face that night we met at the club. Why won't you trust me, dear boy? You call me your friend. Tell me the worst, Hugh. What is it that has gone wrong?"

"Every thing," he answered, with a groan. "It's the old story, Fred—the old story of the rake's progress. Only a modern version, you know, with a little less vice than there is in Hogarth's renowned panorama, but every whit as much folly. Yes, Fred, congratulate me upon my fair old home—the roof-tree that has sheltered my race for a dozen generations, the house my mother loved. Give me joy of a birth-place which an English gentleman may be fairly proud to call his own. The man who sweeps the crossing at the corner of Pall Mall has about as much right to call himself master of Churleigh as I have. It is all a miserable *simulacrum*, Fred; a mockery and a delusion. I don't say that the footmen and grooms are bailiffs in disguise, but they might just as well be that. It would make the case no worse."

"Then you are ruined, Hugh?"

"Irretrievably."

"In Heaven's name, how has it all gone—your fortune? It was a large one, wasn't it?"

"A very fair inheritance, though my father was somewhat wild in his day, and spent a good deal. How has it gone, Fred? Who knows? I the least of all mortal men. It has gone—*somehow*. I have lived much too fast to count the cost of life. I don't think there has been much wasted on actual vice, unless you call gambling vicious; but it has all gone. I drove a four-in-hand for two or three seasons, and that kind of thing leads to a good deal of outlay in the way of Richmond dinners and diamond bracelets—there are some people you can hardly ask to dinner without introducing a diamond bracelet as an element of the dessert—and I have had a weakness for steam-yachts; but those are minor details. I have enjoyed a curious sequence of ill luck upon the turf for the last two years. *That* may have something to do with it."

"I should think it rather likely," I answered, hopelessly. "But is there no chance of redemption, Hugh? A rich marriage, for instance?"

"No, Fred, I am not base enough for that. I couldn't offer my ruined fortunes to a rich woman. I couldn't sink to the position of a dependent on my wife. If I were in love with a penniless girl I wouldn't mind asking her to share my poverty. There is always something that a man can do. I might emigrate, and devote my energies to cattle-breeding far away in the bush. Unhappily, the only woman I care for is burdened with a large fortune—a fortune that must needs make an impassable barrier between herself and me."

"But, my dear boy, this is Quixotic folly. If the lady cares for you, why should you not redeem your fortunes by means of her wealth? It is a woman's proudest privilege to make that kind of sacrifice."

"And a man's deepest degradation to accept it. No, Fred, it can't be done. Beyond which, even were I sordid enough to desire such a thing, the lady is not her own mistress. She has a father, who would never forgive her for an imprudent marriage. No, Fred, I am done for—bar one remote contingency."

"And what is that?" I asked, anxiously.

"The success of my book for the Leger week. I stand to win something enormous—something that would set me on my legs again—give me a fresh start in life, in short. With that sum at my command I could pay off my most pressing engagements, clear this place of its mortgages, and, with a few years of retirement and economy, drift back into a very comfortable income. In that case I should not fear to ask Laura Dashwood to be my wife."

"Laura Dashwood! A very charming name."

"Yes, and a still more charming girl. However, you will see her to-morrow. She is only a manufacturer's daughter, I must tell you. George Dashwood is a self-made man—one of the richest men in Yorkshire, and a trifle pompous on the score of his money or his success. But he is not a bad fellow, by any means. And Laura is the dearest girl in England, to my mind."

"Of course. An only daughter, I presume?"

"An only child. I wish with all my heart she had half a score of brothers and sisters. But I suppose we'd better get back to the others now, old fellow."

It was late on the evening of my arrival. Lights were shining from a score of open windows, and the mingled sounds of music and laughter rang out upon the tranquil September night. Damer and I had wandered away from the house when the men left the dining-room, and had enjoyed this confidential talk as we strolled with our cigars on the broad gravel-walk by the side of the moat.

The house was almost full already. There was a Belgravian matron, with two pretty, stylish-looking daughters, a stately husband, who was a baronet and a member of Parliament, devoted to the conservative interests, and seldom opening his mouth in a conversational way except to talk politics; there were a good many young men, all more or less of the turf, turfy; and there was a county matron, with three rosy-cheeked daughters devoted to croquet. There were a clergyman and his wife, from the neighborhood—very pleasant people, with nothing stilted or unduly professional about them, both vicar and vicar's wife past masters of loose croquet, the vicar playing a severely mathematical game; and there was a young squire, of sporting tendencies, whose estate lay some forty miles off, and whose income was said to be something like fifteen thousand a year; a frank, blue-eyed young man, with a predilection for gorgeous neckties, and a loud, jolly laugh.

The Dashwoods were to arrive early next day. I heard the county people speak of them once or twice in the course of the evening with that languid tone of indulgence with which it is the fashion to talk of those who are received into a world which fancies itself above them.

"The Dashwoods visit a great deal," Mrs. Melton, the county matron, said to me. "They are received every where, though I believe he began life quite as a working-man. And people really like them. Mr. Dashwood is very fond of society, and entertains people at his own place in a most sumptuous manner. I have never been there myself, but some people like that kind of thing. Rather a florid style of hospitality, you know. These newly rich people are apt to err in that direction."

CHAPTER III.

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

I WAS curious to see Miss Dashwood, after what Hugh had told me, and was really concerned about my friend's difficulties. The book for the Leger did not inspire me with much hope, for I had a rooted abhorrence of the turf. But I did hope something from Damer's attachment to Miss Dashwood, and I thought my friend's fortunes might be mended by such a marriage without derogation to his honor. If the lady had wealth, Hugh had at least a good old name wherewith to endow her, and a position in the county which must needs be a considerable elevation for the manufacturer's daughter. It did not seem to me that the alliance would be an unequal one.

I was on the terrace, in front of the house, when the Dashwoods arrived at noon next day, and I saw the young lady alight from her carriage. She was very pretty, very graceful, and elegant too, manufacturer's daughter though she was. She was fair, with a radiant bloom and the loveliest blue eyes I ever beheld; not gray, or any one of those numerous vague tints which pass for blue, but a real azure—the perfect blue of a summer sky or a forget-me-not blossom. Nor was their color the greatest charm of Miss Dashwood's eyes. That lay in their expression

* Carn Tual. The highest peak of Macgillicuddy Reeks, as seen from the town of Kenmare, presents a strong resemblance to a Grecian nose.

† Young pigs.

‡ Potatoes.

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—the innocent, girlish trustfulness, the sunny brightness of eyes that had never tried to hide or simulate an emotion. She was very young—eighteen, I should say, at most—and had a bewitching youthfulness and freshness of manner. I did not wonder that Hugh Damer loved her.

They came along the terrace, Miss Dashwood leaning on her father's arm, Hugh walking by her side. It was their first visit to Churleigh, and the manufacturer was eager to explore the house and grounds. Hugh lost no time in presenting me to his friends, and I accompanied them round the blooming gardens, where all the bright early autumn flowers grew luxuriantly, and through the ancient paneled rooms, and corridors and galleries lined with dingy old pictures.

Mr. Dashwood appeared delighted with every thing he saw, and exhibited no small amount of intelligence and good taste.

"Now this is the kind of thing I like," he said, heartily; "this is something like a house. A man can fancy this a home. That's the worst of a new place—let a man spend what money he will upon it, it looks only so much bricks and timber. Money won't buy the home look, and no architect knows how to give it. Now there's my house at Dedham—a very fine house in its way, I dare say; and so it ought to be, considering what it has cost me; but at its best it looks like a public institution; and I've no doubt strangers who see it from the train put it down for an asylum for idiots or lunatics, or something of that kind. It's cold and stony and cheerless, somehow, though it's warmed with hot-water pipes from garret to cellar, and there isn't a modern invention in the way of comfort or luxury that has been omitted. Yet the place gives me the shivers whenever Laura and I happen to be alone there; and I am never comfortable unless we've got a houseful of people. Now I could live in a corner of this place and feel myself snug and cozy. There's that cedar-wood parlor, for instance, with the blue-tiled fire-place—a man might spend his life there."

"You really like Churleigh, then, Mr. Dashwood?" said Hugh, smiling a little at the manufacturer's enthusiasm, but not with a joyous smile.

"Like it! I should think I do, indeed. If there were only such a place as this in the market, Dedham Park would soon be to let on lease."

"You may have Churleigh itself if you like," Hugh said, with an indifferent air. "A place nearer London would suit me much better. I should scarcely care to sell the old house to a stranger, but to a friend it's a different thing."

"What, Mr. Damer!" Laura Dashwood exclaimed, wonderingly; "you would really sell a house that has been in your family so long?"

"Why not, Miss Dashwood, if this particular member of my family doesn't happen to want it?"

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Damer?" asked George Dashwood.

"Entirely so."

"And you will sell the place as it stands—pictures and old oak cabinets, tapestries and hangings complete?"

"As it stands—with every stick and every rag."

He sighed, and his face darkened for a moment. Perhaps he was thinking that among those "rags" there were draperies which his mother's hands had embellished.

"Well, Sir," said the manufacturer, with an air of undisguised elation, "I can only say that when you have quite made up your mind to sell you have but to name your price, and George Dashwood is your purchaser. I don't think there'll be much bargaining between us."

I asked Hugh afterward what made him talk of selling Churleigh.

"Why, you see, dear boy, if things go against me in the Leger week, I should have to part with the old place, and to do it quickly, in order to meet my engagements; so I thought it would be wise to take advantage of Dashwood's fancy. Besides, if Churleigh must go, I would rather sell it to him than to any one else. There'd be a kind of mournful pleasure in fancying Laura happy in the home of my childhood—happy with a husband, perhaps, and a brood of children. I can fancy her walking in the dear old gardens, or sitting under the cedar, yonder, with the little ones at her knees—while I am a lonely, battered exile, fighting the battle of life somewhere beyond the sea. It's hard, isn't it, Fred? But it isn't inevitable yet. Who knows that the Leger won't bring me a small fortune? No man's ill luck can go on forever, and I've been losing steadily for the last two years."

"I wish you had something better than the turf to trust to for your deliverance, Hugh," I said. "I wish you would confide in Miss Dashwood's love and her father's generosity. He seems to be a man capable of taking a liberal view of things."

He shook his head gloomily.

"No, Fred; it isn't possible for a Damer to become a dependent upon his wife."

After this I heard no more of my friend's troubles. He gave himself up utterly to the delight of Laura Dashwood's society, and seemed to enjoy life with a reckless, boisterous kind of happiness in that brief ten days of bright autumnal weather—a season in which there still remained much of the warmth and glory of summer.

Churleigh was a very pleasant house to stay in—the servants numerous and well trained, the cool, shadowy gardens delicious at all times, the billiard and smoking rooms the perfection of comfort, and the old-world air of the place a perpetual soothing influence, which gave a vague, indescribable charm to every thing. But for me there was a sadness brooding over all things, and I could not but remember how speedily this fair heritage might pass into the keeping of a stranger.

Many times during those gay, idle days, for every one of which some new pleasure was devised by the master of Churleigh, I saw a cloud upon Hugh Damer's brow; but it was only a transient shadow; and however gloomy his thoughts may have been in those fitful moments of care, Laura Dashwood had the power to chase the dark shadow from the face I knew so well. Hugh's high spirits were noticed and admired by every one. It was impossible not to enjoy life in his company, people said; his gayety was infectious.

"That fellow can never have known a care in his life," one of his friends remarked to me; "and yet I never knew a man drop his money more persistently than he did last year. But then, you see, the fellow is so confoundedly rich."

We had picnics and water parties; carpet dances night after night in the long, low drawing-room, with the six French windows set wide open, and the scent of the flowers, and all the cool, dewy odors of the night wafted in upon us as we danced. We had moonlit waltzes on the lawn sometimes, when it was very pleasant to see Miss Dashwood's aerial form revolving in the strong grasp of Hugh Damer's powerful arm, and to hear her musical laughter ring out upon the still night air. What a delicious life, if it could have gone on forever!

"Yes, Fred, if it could only go on forever," Hugh said to me on the night before the first race day, as we stood together on the deserted lawn, where we had been dancing till after midnight, while the servants were extinguishing the lights in the drawing-room one by one. "But to-morrow will see the beginning of the end, I dare say, unless my luck changes. There was a time when I thought it must change—that fortune must take a sudden turn in my favor. But, somehow, as the hour draws near, I have a feeling that my fate is fixed; that there is no such thing as a turn of the tide for me; that the river of life can only drift me one way—steadily down to the dark sea of ruin!"

"That's all nonsense, old fellow," I answered, cheerily. "Mind you, I am the last of men to hope much from the fortune of the turf; but still there is no reason why you should not be a winner for once in a way."

"No reason, perhaps, Fred; but I have a rooted conviction that my ill luck will pursue me to the last. I have been too happy in that sweet girl's society—madly, recklessly happy. O God! old friend, where shall I be in a week's time?"

His tone went to my heart. I could see his face in the moonlight, deadly pale, and the lips working convulsively.

"Let the worst come to the worst, Hugh, you will face misfortune like a man. I am sure of that."

"Face it like a man! That means to drag on the remnant of one's days somehow; to turn adventurer and live by one's wits, or to descend to gentlemanly beggary and live upon one's friends. Of course it is unmanly to blow out one's brains and make a clean finish of it; and yet that's the most convenient end for one's self and society."

"For God's sake, Hugh Damer, don't let me hear you talk like that!"

"It is wicked, I suppose. But then, you see, the whole course of my life has been wicked. If my mother could have known what that life was to be when she nursed me through my childish illnesses, and prayed all night long for the passing of the danger, don't you think that she would rather I had died in her arms a child, innocent, untarnished, than that I should live to be what I am?"

"It is never too late to mend, Hugh. With such a wife as Miss Dashwood you might become as good a man as your mother ever hoped you might be in her fondest dreams of your future."

"I might—I might, with such a wife. Yes, Fred; but that is too bright a fate for me. I had my chance, and lost it. If I had known Laura Dashwood sooner, perhaps. But it's the idlest folly to talk of what might have been; and to-morrow 'makes me or unmakes me quite.' Come, light up another regalia, Fred, and we'll have no more of this dreary talk."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A MOST touching incident is told in connection with one of the victims of the Pittston coal-mine disaster. He was a Welshman, and had been in this country about seven months. On the morning of the day of that dreadful catastrophe he had taken his breakfast as usual, and his wife prepared his dinner, and set the pail by his side. For some time he sat wrapped in thought, his arms folded, and a deep melancholy apparently brooding over him. He was aroused from his reverie by his wife telling him that his dinner was ready, and that he would be late, as the bell had rung. He started to his feet, and, gazing upon her for a moment with a look full of tenderness, said, "If I should not come back alive, would you be in such a hurry getting me out?" The wife answered "No," but remarked that "if he was going at all, it was time he was gone." He lifted his pail without saying a word, and, after kissing his wife, kissed the four little children, who were playing on the doorstep. When he had gone about fifty yards from his home he returned, and again kissed his wife and children. His wife noticed that he was the victim of the gloomiest forebodings, and was about to entreat him not to go to work if he apprehended any danger. But hope and courage and the pressing necessities of their family overcame her intention. She stood in the door, however, and watched him on his way to the fatal pit. When at the point where he turned out of her sight he paused, and, seeing his wife, waved with his hand a last adieu, and immediately disappeared. He had parted with his loved ones forever. When, later in the day, the alarm of fire was sounded, the wife remembered her husband's gloomy demeanor in the morning, and, looking out toward the flames, she exclaimed, "The West Pittston breaker is on fire, and my husband is lost!" She rushed immediately to the scene of disaster, and waited in dreadful expectancy until her husband was brought up—alive. Hope revived in her breast. But, alas! in vain were all the care and tenderness she and others could bestow. She was soon a widow, and her children fatherless.

In addition to the new and handsome railroad dépôt which has been erected at Saratoga, another improvement will be noticed at that fashionable summer resort. The public drives have been made really attractive—that to the race-course and Moon's Lake having been extended in width to one hundred and sixty feet, with double track, with three rows of trees, one being in the middle. This will doubtless be one of the most beautiful drives in the country, and will be known as the Union Avenue, or Saratoga Boulevard. A supply of pure water has also been brought into town from Excelsior Lake, a few miles distant.

There is in Maryland a manufacturing establishment which is prepared to make six thousand peach baskets a day. This indicates the expectation of plenty of peaches. Every spring the peach crop is "ruined," *according to report*, but about midsummer the ruins are seen in a fine state of preservation.

In connection with the new Fine Art School of University College, London, there are to be six scholarships for proficiency in drawing, painting, and sculpture; and these scholarships are open to be competed for by women. The scholarships are of the annual value of £50, and are tenable for three years. In competition the young women will be on an equal footing with the young men, and if successful will be expected to continue their studies regularly and enthusiastically.

The brother of the great Beethoven desired to distinguish himself from his lawless relative, and with some self-gratulation signed his name, on one occasion, "—— von Beethoven, Land-owner." The immortal composer retorted with, "Ludwig von Beethoven, Brain-owner."

It is estimated that the opium trade in India will net $40,000,000 next year.

The employment, with favorable results, of the new remedy for cancer—cundurango—in the case of a lady relative of one of our most distinguished and popular public men has drawn both professional and public attention strongly to the specific. It consists in a drink made by boiling the wood of a South American tree, known as the cundurango, and the circumstances of the discovery are thus narrated: An Indian laborer had suffered terribly from the insidious steps of an internal cancer, and his wife, feeling that his cure was impossible, and desiring to relieve his great agony, determined to mix a decoction of the fruit of the cundurango—which is said to be an active poison—with his food; but not having the fruit, she administered a 'ecoction of the wood itself, and to her surprise her husband began to rally. She continued the lotion from day to day, in increasing quantities, and his entire recovery was the result. Dr. Bliss, of Washington, who has given special attention to the subject, is understood to have become convinced of the valuable properties of the remedy. Other physicians are of a contrary opinion; have claimed that if it be thoroughly tried, under proper guards against illusion, its worthlessness will be demonstrated. The Interior Department has designated a ward in Columbia Hospital for the purpose of testing the new cure, while the Medical Society of the District of Columbia has appointed a commission of five physicians to apply the test. Surely all will unite in hoping that the results of the investigation may give mankind an available cure for this most terrible complaint.

One of the curiosities of nature is a wonderful cave in Decorah, Iowa, formed by a vertical fissure in the face of the cliff of limestone that is part of the bank of the Upper Iowa River. It is about one hundred feet deep, from two to eight feet wide, and varies a good deal in height. In the winter the cave is free from ice, but upon the approach of hot weather the ice begins to accumulate, and solid, hard, and dry cakes incrust the sides and bottom of the cave. When the weather is hottest the cave is most abundantly stored with ice. Such a cave would be popular in every town, and would quite monopolize the business of the ice-dealers.

The excessive mortality in all large cities of children under five years of age indicates general ignorance concerning proper nourishment, pure air, and suitable clothing for the little ones. It is one of the most important questions of the age how there can be a more universal understanding and application of the first principles of hygiene in the bringing up of the young in all classes of society. The building of spacious and well-arranged tenement-houses in salubrious localities would sensibly diminish infant mortality. Damp, close, sunless rooms sap the life from youthful veins.

One hundred keno players were arrested the other night in St. Louis. The city authorities seem determined to break up the business.

A distressing scene is reported to have occurred at a wedding in Iowa recently. After the ceremony had been solemnized the guests, about two hundred in number, partook of elegantly served refreshments. Before the close of the evening festivities the visitors, one after another, betrayed illness, until the strong suspicion arose that the company had been poisoned. The bride and groom became ill, and were taken to their room. Every physician in the city was summoned, but as many of these were at the feast, they were also ill, and unable to even properly attend to themselves. What was a few minutes before a scene of joy was changed to one of almost death-like despair. The victims were removed to their homes, and groans and moaning were heard in almost every household. The pain and sickness were almost beyond description. Within the two days following the assemblage 147 persons had undergone agonies worse almost than death, and a number of others were becoming ill. Investigation indicated that the cause of the illness was in the ingredients of the ice-cream. In freezing it the confectioner used a copper refrigerator lined with tin. When the refrigerator was afterward examined a greasy substance was found on the sides—undoubtedly verdigris. The confectioner had no idea, however, that the refrigerator had not been properly cleansed, for he partook of the ice-cream himself, and was among those who were rendered sick.

Willard's Hotel, in Washington, is to be dismantled, and the national metropolis will thereby lose one of its most noted establishments for popular accommodation. There are few hotels in the country which have a history like this one. For the last ten years it has been closely connected with the history of the country; and if its old walls and corridors would only tell one-half of what they have heard and witnessed, the volume would be indeed an interesting one. During the war it was the head-quarters of the army *not* in the field, and of generous contractors willing and anxious to serve their country. Pope's dispatches and orders, headed "Head-quarters in the Saddle," were written in a quiet parlor in Willard's overlooking the avenue. M'Clellan, too, cut a magnificent dash there for some time. His body-guard was the most splendid array that American general ever had. Fifty or a hundred men, mounted on coal-black horses, composed it while he was in Washington; and the sight of them, drawn up around the hotel, with flashing swords, formed a scene not easily forgotten. An enormous fortune was made at Willard's during the war by the gentlemen by whom it was conducted; but lately, as the lease under which it was held drew to a close, it has fallen into an inferior condition, and into consequent unpopularity.

One of the most successful agents for the preservation of meat is paraffine. It melts at the low temperature of 110° Fahr., and hence articles of food can be immersed in a bath of the melted paraffine, and thus covered with a coating impervious to air and nearly all re-agents. Pure paraffine resembles spermaceti, is free from odor and taste, and is one of the most stable substances known.

The Parisians consider it an important and significant fact that "Punch and Judy" has reappeared in their city.

The police officers of Versailles have received a most curious album. It is the complete series of the photographic portraits of the members of the Commune, and of all the leaders of the revolt. Each portrait is accompanied by a most detailed *signalement*. It is asserted that a copy of this album has been sent to all the commissaries of police round Paris, and to the officers detached with the staffs by the "Grand Provost."

What will come next? The "best imitation" of real hair is said to be now made from linen thread. It appears that hair can be made from almost any thing.

Prussia is avowedly the country where regular revaccination is most generally practiced, the law making the precaution obligatory on every person, and the authorities conscientiously watching over its performance. As a natural result, cases of small-pox are very rare. It has, however, been objected there, as here, that lymph is scarce. To make the most of such lymph as there is, government has tried its application mixed with glycerine, and the result has been so successful as to lead to a public recommendation of the mixture to official vaccinating surgeons.

While every trade in Paris has been almost annihilated during the war, that of spurious autographs seems, on the contrary, to have considerably increased, and a regular commerce is being carried on in "original" letters purporting to be in the handwriting of the Emperor Napoleon, or of the Empress Eugénie, or Prince Napoleon. These are distributed all over Germany, and eagerly bought up by collectors to serve as illustrations of French history previous to the war. A large bundle of these letters and documents, which had found their way to Brussels, has been intrusted for examination as to their authenticity to the Abbé Michon, the greatest connoisseur in handwriting now in existence.

Taking for a text, "He never spoke an unkind word to his wife," an exchange remarks: Do the doctors know that half the wives in the world die of negative kindness? "He never spoke an unkind word to his wife." Yes, but did he remember, now and then, to speak a kind one? Did he have any sympathy for her bodily or mental ails? Or was he blind and deaf to both, treating them with that cutting indifference which in time chills the most loving heart, and silences its throbs forever?

It is not often that wild beasts fall into the hands of dentists. But an unfortunate lion has just had a troublesome tooth extracted by a professional man of Glasgow. We should think, however, that the dentist to whom such a task was assigned was the more unfortunate creature of the two. In this case the patient was well lassoed. When he was somewhat exhausted by struggles to free himself, the doctor mounted on a tub in front of the cage. A piece of wood was placed to the lion's mouth, and at once the beast made a snap. Then a pitchfork was held up, and, placed in the mouth, kept it open, while the inside was thoroughly washed. Afterward the doctor, pushing his arm between the bars into the lion's mouth, and running his hand over the teeth, found the loose grinder. A terrible struggle ensued. The lion plunged more vigorously and howled more frightfully than ever, tossing his head from side to side, and at times forcing his hinder as well as his front paws against the bars. But ultimately the doctor triumphed over all difficulties and dangers, and by means of powerful forceps extracted the loose tooth, which was found broken and diseased near the root. When the task had been completed the lion sank down completely exhausted, and while he lay steady and quiet the doctor cut the flesh over the jaw, and found the bone severely injured, if not broken. It was, however, deemed inexpedient to subject the beast to another operation.

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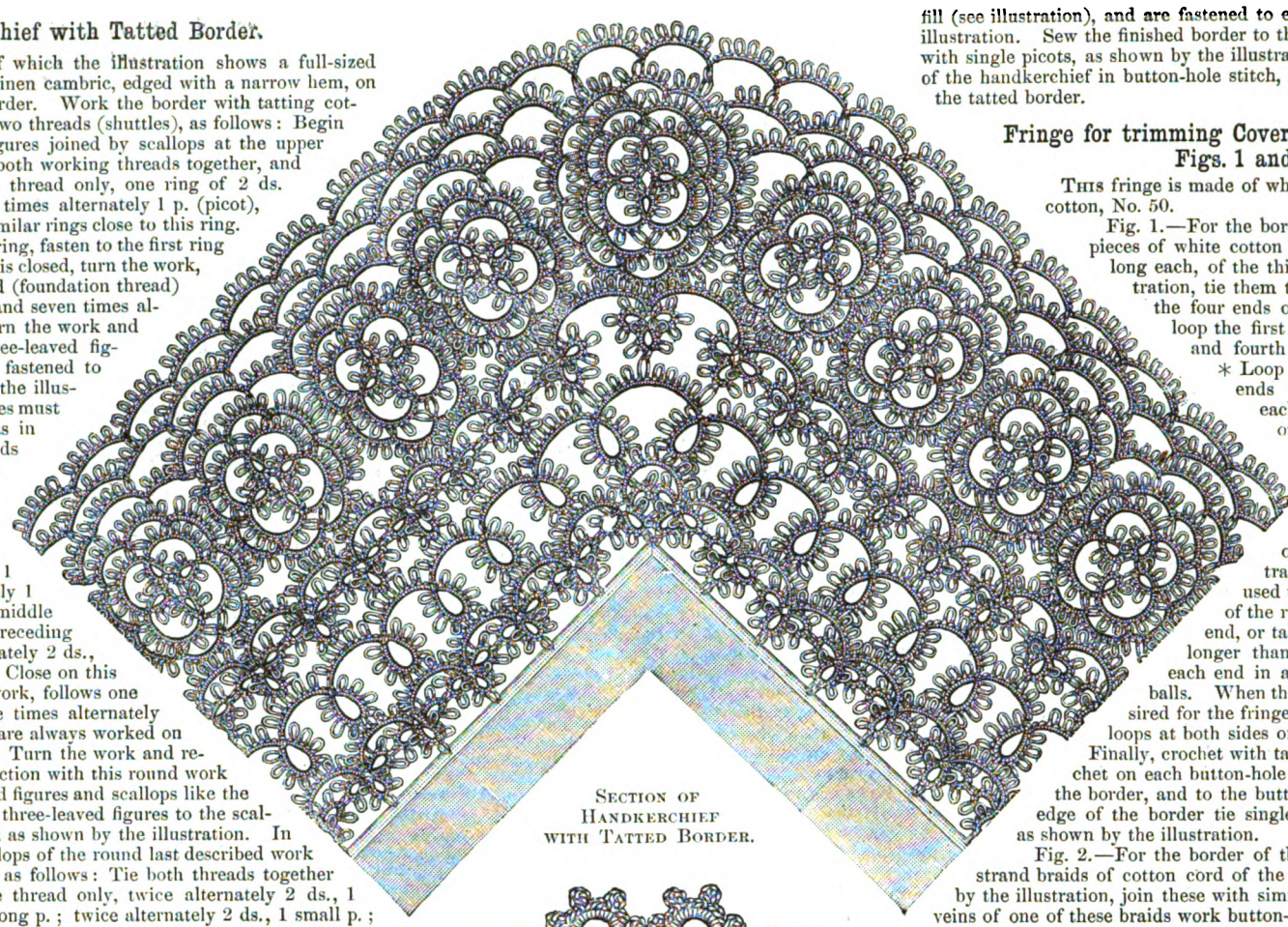
Handkerchief with Tatted Border.

THIS handkerchief, of which the illustration shows a full-sized section, is made of fine linen cambric, edged with a narrow hem, on which is set a tatted border. Work the border with tatting cotton, No. 120, and with two threads (shuttles), as follows: Begin with the three-leaved figures joined by scallops at the upper edge of the border, tie both working threads together, and work, first, ∗ with one thread only, one ring of 2 ds. (double stitch), and five times alternately 1 p. (picot), 2 ds.; work two more similar rings close to this ring. After working the third ring, fasten to the first ring where its row of stitches is closed, turn the work, and on the second thread (foundation thread) work a scallop of 2 ds. and seven times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; turn the work and repeat from ∗; the three-leaved figures, however, must be fastened to each other as shown by the illustration. The corner figures must also be formed in this, as in each of the following rounds of the border, as shown by the illustration. To do this, tie both working threads together, ∗ work, first, with one thread only, one ring of 1 ds., four times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; fasten to the middle p. of a scallop of the preceding round, four times alternately 2 ds., 1 p.; then one more ds. Close on this ring, after turning the work, follows one scallop of 2 ds. and five times alternately 1 p., 2 ds. (the scallops are always worked on the foundation thread). Turn the work and repeat from ∗. In connection with this round work one round of three-leaved figures and scallops like the first round. Fasten the three-leaved figures to the scallops of the second round as shown by the illustration. In connection with the scallops of the round last described work a row of single rosettes as follows: Tie both threads together and first work, with one thread only, twice alternately 2 ds., 1 small p., then 2 ds., 1 long p.; twice alternately 2 ds., 1 small p.; fill (see illustration), and are fastened to each other as shown by the illustration. Sew the finished border to the hem of the handkerchief with single picots, as shown by the illustration, or else work the edge of the handkerchief in button-hole stitch, at the same time fastening the tatted border.



SECTION OF HANDKERCHIEF WITH TATTED BORDER.

Fringe for trimming Coverlets, Curtains, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS fringe is made of white cotton cord and tatting cotton, No. 50.

Fig. 1.—For the border of this fringe take two pieces of white cotton cord two yards and a half long each, of the thickness shown by the illustration, tie them together in the middle, lay the four ends of cord flatly together, and loop the first and third and the second and fourth ends around each other. ∗ Loop one (the middle) of the two ends previously wound around each other around the outer of the other two ends, then loop the other two ends also around each other, and repeat from ∗. The two middle cords must always cross each other as shown by the illustration. When the cord is used up, sew a new piece of cord of the requisite length to each cord end, or take two pieces of cord much longer than those described, wind up each end in a ball, and work with these balls. When the border is of the length desired for the fringe, work a row of button-hole loops at both sides of the border with the cord. Finally, crochet with tatting cotton one single crochet on each button-hole loop on the upper edge of the border, and to the button-hole loops at the under edge of the border tie single strands of tatting cotton as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—For the border of this fringe make two three-strand braids of cotton cord of the requisite length, as shown by the illustration, join these with similar cord, and on the outer veins of one of these braids work button-hole loops of cord. Then

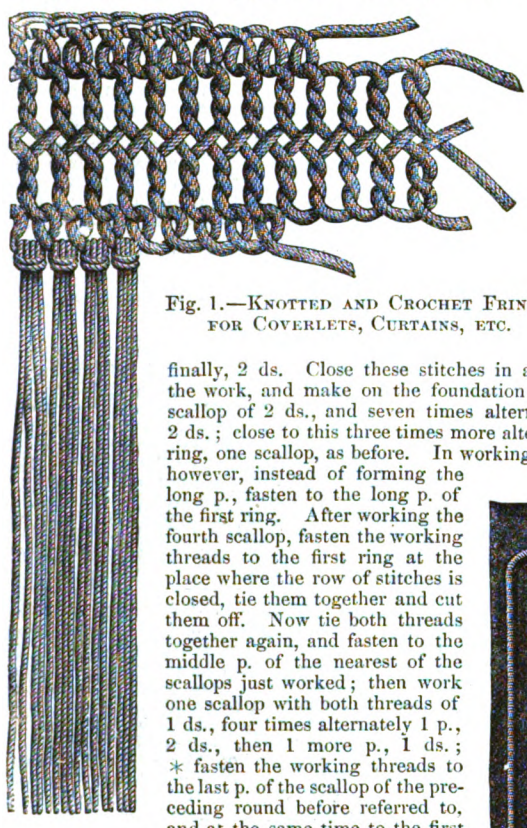
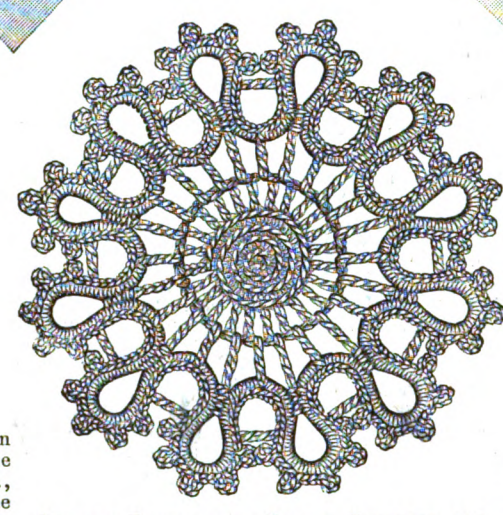


Fig. 1.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERLETS, CURTAINS, ETC.

finally, 2 ds. Close these stitches in a ring, turn the work, and make on the foundation thread one scallop of 2 ds., and seven times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; close to this three times more alternately one ring, one scallop, as before. In working each ring, however, instead of forming the long p., fasten to the long p. of the first ring. After working the fourth scallop, fasten the working threads to the first ring at the place where the row of stitches is closed, tie them together and cut them off. Now tie both threads together again, and fasten to the middle p. of the nearest of the scallops just worked; then work one scallop with both threads of 1 ds., four times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 more p., 1 ds.; ∗ fasten the working threads to the last p. of the scallop of the preceding round before referred to, and at the same time to the first p. of the following scallop, so that both p. are held together (see illustration). Work a scallop as before, fasten to the middle p. of the scallop of the preceding round last referred to, work another scallop, and repeat from ∗. At the end of the round fasten the working threads to the same p. as at the beginning of the round, tie them together and cut them off. In working the last round of each rosette, fasten the latter to each other as shown by the illustration, and to the scallops of the third round of the border. Finally, work in connection with the rosettes three rounds more of alternated scallops as shown by the illustration; these scallops count more or less double knots and p., according to the intervals which they are to



CROCHET ROSETTE FOR COVERS, LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 2.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERLETS, CURTAINS, ETC.

crochet with tatting cotton on each outer vein of the upper braid (upper edge of the border) three single crochet, and to each button-hole loop at the under edge of the border tie a strand of tatting cotton (see illustration).

Crochet Rosette for Covers, Lingerie, etc.

THIS rosette may be used for trimming lingerie or for setting covers together, according to the size of the cotton used in working it. The original is crocheted with tatting cotton, No. 60. Begin the rosette at the middle with a foundation of 3 st. (stitches), close this in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and on it work three rounds of sc. (single crochet), widening in such a manner that the crochet part neither fulls up nor puckers. At the end of the third round work 1 sl.; this round must count 24 stitches including the sl. referred to. 4th round.—1 dc. (double crochet) on each st. of the preceding round (instead of the first dc., work three chain stitches), after each dc. 1 ch. (chain stitch) follows. At the end of the round work 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch., which counted as first dc. 5th round.—1 sc. on the first ch. of the preceding round, 21 ch. (the first four of the latter count as short treble crochet), 3 sl. on the 7th, 6th, and 5th of the 21 ch. (counting from the beginning), this forms a ch. loop. Then work ∗ 2 ch., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the next ch. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 stc. on the following ch., 17 ch., and, going back-

Fig. 1.—MEDALLION FOR CIGAR-CASES, ETC. COLORED EMBROIDERY.

COVER FOR PRAYER-BOOKS, BIBLES, ETC.—APPLICATION AND SILVER EMBROIDERY.

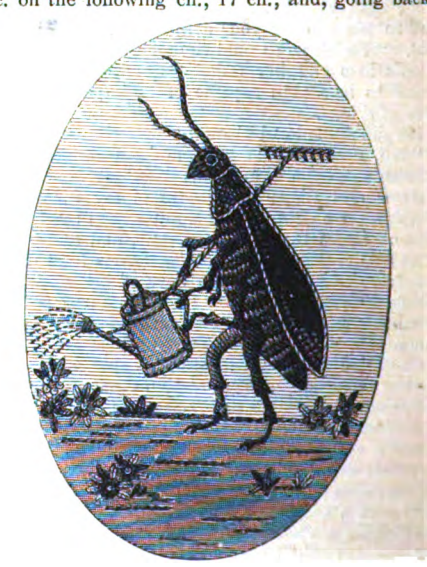


Fig. 2.—MEDALLION FOR CIGAR-CASES, ETC. COLORED EMBROIDERY.

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ward, 3 sl. on the first three of the 17 ch., so that a ch. loop is again formed. Repeat from *. Finally, fasten to the fourth of the 21 ch. worked at the beginning of the round with 1 sl. 6th round.—* 3 sc. on the first 3 ch. of the next loop (these are the same 3 ch. on which the 3 sl. have previously been worked), 18 sc. on the following 14 ch., but after working the 3d, 6th, 9th, 12th, and 15th sc., work one picot of 4 ch. and 1 sl. on the last worked sc.; besides this, after working the 16th sc., work 1 stc. on the 7th ch. of the following loop (the first 3 ch. of the loop on which the 3 sl. have been crocheted are also counted). After working the 18th sc., work 3 sc. on the next 3 sl. of the preceding round, then 3 sc. on each of the next two ch. scallops. Repeat from *. At the end of the round fasten to the first st. of the same round with 1 sl.; fasten the thread and cut it off. If the rosettes are to be joined, work smaller square-like rosettes to fill the free spaces between the rosettes sewed together, as follows: 6 ch., one picot of 4 ch. and 1 sl. in the first of the 4 ch., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the first of the 6 ch., then again twice alternately one scallop of 2 ch., 1 p., and 2 ch., 1 dc. on the first of the 6 ch.; now one scallop again as before, 1 sl. on the fourth of the 6 ch. worked at the beginning of the rosette (counting from the beginning). 2d round.—3 ch., which count as 1 dc., three times alternately one scallop of 9 ch., 1 dc. on the following dc. of the preceding round; finally, 9 ch., and fasten to the third of the 3 ch. worked at the beginning of the round with 1 sl. 3d round.—12 sc. on each scallop of 9 ch.; after the 3d, 6th, and 9th sc. of each scallop always 1 p. of 4 ch. and 1 sl. on the sc. previously worked. This completes the rosette. The rosettes may be set together for tidies.

Fig. 3.—BRAIDED CHIGNON.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 1.—BRAIDED CHIGNON WITH HEAD-DRESS OF RIBBON AND FEATHERS.—FRONT. [See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 4.—BRAIDED CHIGNON.—BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]

AND FEATHERS. The front hair is arranged over crêpes; it is combed upward at the middle of the front, while at the sides it rests on the forehead, as shown by the illustration. The chignon is formed of puffs, curls pinned on, and three-strand braids (see Fig. 2). The head-dress is made of wide red velvet ribbon, white ostrich feathers, and coarse gold cord. Tortoise-shell side-combs.

Figs. 3 and 4.—BRAIDED CHIGNON. The front hair is partly combed upward over crêpes at the sides, and partly tied in a knot as shown by the illustration; this knot rests on a crimped strand of hair, which is set on like a diadem. Chignon of three-strand braids, arranged as shown by Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.—CRIMPED CHIGNON WITH CURLS. The crimped back hair is combed up over crêpes. Several short curls fall on the forehead. The crimped back hair is arranged in a chignon, over which fall a bunch of curls of different lengths. One long curl falls at the left side.

Fig. 6.—PUFFED CHIGNON WITH CURLS. The crimped front hair is parted in the middle and falls over the forehead. The ends are arranged with the back hair in puffs and a knot. Several curls fall at the left side.

Fig. 7.—CHIGNON IN PUFFS AND BOWS. The chignon consists of several bows of hair arranged over crêpes. The crimped front hair is combed upward as shown by the illustration; at the middle of the front several short puffs are pinned on, which are edged by a longer puff set on crosswise (see illustration).

Figs. 8 and 9.—ROPED CHIGNON. The crimped front hair is arranged over crêpes, and falls over the forehead at the front, while at the sides it is combed back. The back hair is parted in the middle; each half is parted, together with the ends of the front hair, in two strands of equal thickness, which are then wound loosely around each other. These roped strands are crossed at the middle of the back, and wound around the head like a wreath, so as to fall loosely on the neck, as shown by Fig. 9. They also cover the place where a chignon is pinned on. This chignon consists of a bandeau of crimped hair passed through a tortoise-shell comb, as seen by the illustration.

Fig. 10.—CHIGNON OF CURLS AND FLOWERS. The front hair is combed up over crêpes, and the back hair is arranged in long and short curls trimmed with sprays of forget-me-nots.

Medallions for Cigar-Cases, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 424.

THESE medallions, in application, satin, point Russe, and knotted stitch, are worked on a foundation of silk, satin, velvet, or leather, with coarse or fine silk of various colors. The illustrations show the manner of executing the embroidery.

Cover for Prayer-Books, Bibles, etc.

See illustration on page 424.

THIS cover is made of violet gros grain and velvet, and is ornamented in silver and satin stitch embroidery with violet saddler's silk. If the embroidery is desired for the cover of a larger book, enlarge the foundation all around. The embroidery may be worked either on both or one cover. Cut both parts of the cover and the back in one piece of violet gros grain of the requisite size, paste the velvet on this part with gum arabic, as shown by the illustration (the velvet is cut for both parts of the cover in one piece, and extends along the back of the book), and transfer the design to the foundation. The leaves, stems, and vines are worked in satin and half-polka stitch with silver thread, the blossoms partly with silver bullion and partly with silver thread in satin stitch, half-polka stitch, and point Russe. The darker point Russe stitches which surround the corolla of the blossoms are worked with violet saddler's silk, as are also the darker leaves and stems of the middle design figure. Instead of silver thread and silver bullion, gold thread and gold bullion may be used. Directions for gold and silver embroidery are given in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 29, Vol. II.

Fig. 5.—CRIMPED CHIGNON WITH CURLS.

Fig. 6.—PUFFED CHIGNON WITH CURLS.

Fig. 2.—BRAIDED CHIGNON WITH HEAD-DRESS OF RIBBON AND FEATHERS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]

Fig. 7.—HAIR PUFFED AND IN BOWS.

Fig. 10.—CURLED CHIGNON WITH FLOWERS.

Fig. 8.—ROPED CHIGNON.—SIDE.—[See Fig. 9.]

Fig. 9.—ROPED CHIGNON.—BACK. [See Fig. 8.]

Hair Dressing, Figs. 1–10.

THESE coiffures may be made with the natural hair alone, or with the assistance of false braids, curls, etc., according to the thickness of the natural hair.

Figs. 1 and 2.—BRAIDED CHIGNON WITH HEAD-DRESS OF RIBBON

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

ON a tour round the northwest coast of Ireland, through districts unknown to me, and where I was unknown, I met with a striking instance of the double readiness often found in the poorer peasantry—readiness of will, and ingenious readiness to find a way to carry out that will when means seem to be wanting.

The following amusing adventure occurred to me in another part of Ireland. A car was hired to carry four passengers, one of whom was a very large, heavy man. The driver, on helping him up on the side of the Irish car, said, "Sir, plase to sit aisy on this side, for she has a tinder spring." Every thing that has wheels is "she"—a mill, a watch, a carriage, etc.

But to return to our tour. In a wild, mountainous part one of our springs suddenly gave way, which, indeed, did not imply any *tinderness* in the said member of our vehicle, for the occasion fully justified the breach. But this was little comfort to a party, chiefly ladies, miles from a forge or from any place where one could hope for means to repair.

A close inspection of the mountain-sides revealed at last a cabin built of turf, roofed with heather, about a quarter of a mile off.

Little as I could hope to find there, I had no better way than to trudge across the intervening bog to this habitation. There was no one there except a young woman and three or four little children. On hearing of our misfortune she sympathized heartily in the hopelessness of our condition. "For," said she, "what would we have here

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that would help the likes?" I said if we had a cord and a piece of wood we could tie up the spring, so as to get on to our journey's end. "But," she said, "for bits of wood, sure there's not a scarcer article in this place. There's not a bush, let alone a tree, for miles, and not a cord I have in the world." Looking up as she said this, her eye glistened joyfully, and she cried out, "And why would I tell a lie? Sure enough I have a cord for you;" and suiting her action to her word, she seized a knife, and with a spring cut a line that stretched across the cabin, which was hung with two or three articles of dress drying.

"There now," said she, "there's half the work; maybe we'll make off the rest too." So, encouraged by her success, she cast her eyes about, saying, "A bit of wood; oh, a bit of wood?" Suddenly she shouted, "Ay!" and turning up the one chair in the house, she with her naked heel thrust out the crazy wooden seat, and held up one of the little boards of which it was made, shouting, "There it's."

At this moment a man came in, and looking with bewilderment at his wife, cried, "Jinny, woman, is it mad ye are, dear? What are ye at, woman, tearing and smashing?"

"No, dear, I am n't mad, but just getting the gentleman a bit of wood to mend his carriage."

I explained; and he said, "Ogh, Jinny, you're a foolish woman; sure that bit of old dale wood wouldn't hold over the first big jog on the road. It's oak it 'll take to hold it."

"And where would I get oak wood?" replied she. "Sure if I had it I'd give it with all the joy in life."

"Where would you get it," said he, "but where it's to be had?" and before I could stop him he had taken hold of a little barrel, half full of butter, and he tore a stave out of the side. It was exactly the thing, but I could not but be sorry to see the little vessel they were filling for market thus broken. The wife cried out, "Oh!" which he echoed before I could speak, adding, "Oh, Jinny, sure Tim the cooper will be here to-morrow to make some tubs for the wee still-house" (where illicit whisky is made), "and he'll clap in a stave in no time at all. Come, your honor, and we'll see what we can do."

I staid behind to give the woman some money, but she drew back and said, "What's that for?" and on my representing to her what I meant, she exclaimed, "What! wouldn't you give that much help to a creature in such black need without you'd be paid for it? No, thank you, Sir."

It was said with dignity, and I could only heartily thank her.

The man handily helped to bind up the broken spring, which carried us two days' rough traveling. He was as steady as the wife in repulsing any gift more than hearty thanks.

ANACREONTIC.

OH, if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my love a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it!

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses!

But should she clinch her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters!

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her with kisses!

A VERY NATURAL FLOWER.

WHEN Marian Kane asked me to go to St. Bo's with her, and spend a day at her sister's house, I said, "Yes, with all my heart." And then it came over me, with a kind of mental shiver, that I had nothing to wear under the eyes of a person so intensely fashionable as Mrs. Ayr.

"Oh, I know that look," said Marian; "it means *old clothes*. I've seen it before on your face. Julian Ayr saw you in church, and said you had the head of the Queen of Sheba; so you ought to be satisfied, and not hanker after her dresses too."

"There's no comfort in looking like a queen if one can not have the purple and fine linen. You will have to go without me," I said, hopelessly, as the difficulties began to heap themselves more and more in my way as I thought of them.

"But you accepted my invitation."

"The spirit is willing enough, but the gloves and boots and hat are weak."

"Never mind; you could not pay my sister a greater compliment than to dress your plainest, and let her look prettier than you do."

Then Marian took her elbows off the gate, where she had been arguing the matter, and went her way.

When I went in mother was poring over one of my father's old sermons. She says there are none like them preached in these days. When I told her my troubles she said the sermon just fitted my case. The text was Agur's petition, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," and the application was very hard on unreasonable desires.

"I know it has been the fashion in all ages to admire that prayer in theory," I said, desperately; "but I can sympathize better with that poor creature who prayed 'for food and raiment—and pretty good clothes.' I really think that two-thirds of my waking thoughts have been given to my clothes since I can remember. I never could sit or walk naturally for fear of exposing a patch or a darn, or a breadth that was upside down."

Seeing my reckless state of mind, mother came speedily down from the heights to which the sermon had raised her, and began to calculate ways and means for accomplishing my journey to St. Bo's. She has amazing "faculty"—which means a talent for making something out of nothing.

"There's that black silk that the parish gave me while your dear father was alive. I've always meant you to have it." I went up stairs to get it, and the clouds began to show a silver lining directly.

It was a black silk of the deadest sort, and proved none the worse for its long imprisonment in a dark closet. Mother is "a fine figure of a woman," as Joe Gargery would have said, and a complete suit was soon educed from its many breadths. We trimmed it with folds made from a black satin bonnet (of the era when a bonnet was worthy of the name) nearly as good as new, and a vest of the same material that my father wore at his wedding. The two matched so well that it was almost a special providence. How that bonnet did hold out—the widow's cruse of oil was nothing to it!—and the vest, too; only the pockets rather interfered.

If one is doomed to a single gown, by all means let it be black silk; it satisfies attention, but does not challenge it. Mine was very pretty when it was done, albeit no dress-maker had touched it. So far as the dress was concerned, my soul had rest.

My summer hat had been a sort of sundown, bought for use, without more than half an eye to ornament. Clearly it would not do for St. Bo's; so mother bought a frame, and retired with it into the best room. I had no misgivings, and sat on the front-door step reading "Lothair" (I like to read about fearfully rich people, who have no use for "faculty") till she should come out again.

"Will it do?" said mother, holding up the hat, which she had fashioned out of inspiration and a bit of Swiss muslin.

"It's lovely as far as it goes," I said, as gratefully as I could.

"How much farther would you like it to go?"

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps as far as a bunch of moss-rose buds that I saw in Miss Stiffen's window; but you certainly were a milliner in some previous state of existence. I wonder if there was much to choose between that and being a poor minister's wife in this."

"Speaking of the flower," said mother (and shutting me up with a tender smile that she kept for my father's memory), "it is probably too dear for us, and the hat will look better absolutely plain than with a cheap flower."

"Oh dear, yes; they will think I am a Quakeress, or a Sister of Charity; but what am I to do for gloves? I have only the white cotton ones that have been washed twice."

Mother went to her china cupboard (it was too small to be called a closet), and reaching far into it, took a dingy-looking bill out of the tea-pot.

"You haven't found Captain Kidd's treasure, have you, mother?"

"No, it's a little money that I have been saving for a rainy day."

"But this will be spending it on a fair day."

"Never mind; a lady's gloves are her centre of dress. You had better buy pearl-color."

I went out later and bought the gloves, and they fitted so perfectly that I became almost reconciled to the severe simplicity of the hat; but it certainly did look more like an old lady's morning cap than any thing else. I picked a few cinnamon roses and stuck them in for a minute, and even that was better than nothing; but cinnamon roses soon fade, and the least little wilt about the edges would betray them. In the small hours of the night it occurred to me to use a spray of lilies of the valley, which Marian Kane had given me when she learned to make wax-flowers; and so soothing was this bright idea that I knew nothing more till mother waked me in time for the early train.

Marian Kane looked lovely in a dark blue silk suit, and a blue hat with a long feather that matched it perfectly, and brought out the shining gold-color of a great bunch of curls on the back of her head. When she told me the price of those curls it almost took my breath away: it would have clothed *me* from head to foot for half a year at least. I had only two big braids of brown hair that went round my head twice; but, such as they were, they had never grown on any head but my own. I had been very proud of them before the fashion came about of wearing such heaps of false hair; and then, of course, my glory was tarnished, because every one seemed to share it.

Marian's looked as if it were cut out of whole cloth, with plenty left; indeed, her father had so much money that he scarcely knew what to do with it; while mother and I lived on a property so small that the interest of it was scarcely visible to the naked eye.

"Mother," I whispered at the last minute, "do I look skimped, after all? Do you see old bonnet and vest written all over me? If you 'make believe very much,' perhaps you could pass a disinterested judgment on me for once—that is, see me as others do."

"I love you too much for that," said mother. "Here is your hat."

"Oh, how perfect! where did you get it?"

"Look close," said mother, under her breath. Shaded a little by a fold of lace there lay on the front of the hat a glorious japonica half bloomed out, with its red heart plainly seen, and bedded on two broad satiny-green leaves.

Mother had cut it off, the only one on her plant; and she had even taken the precaution to put a wire through the brittle stem, as the florists do.

She had watched that bud as if it had been a baby, and now to sacrifice it to my vanity! Why did not Sancho Panza bless the man that invented mothers!

I made a rush at her, but she evaded me. "Remember that you have on your best gown, and it is old-fashioned to be demonstrative."

"What are you thinking of?" said Marian, as mother looked from her to me with an amused smile.

"Only this: Ethel and I have been working hard for a week to make ready for one day. I hope when she comes home to-night the day will have paid her for it. Her father always quoted a bit of Latin at such times; it meant, in English, 'The mountain travailed and brought forth—a mouse.'"

"It may be the great day of my life," I said, as we shut the gate. "I am going to seek my fortune."

Mother sent after me some sort of a "God-speed," but I was too far off to hear it.

"You do look wonderfully nice," said Marian, in her warm-hearted way. "And where under the canopy did your mother find that splendid flower? I would give half my kingdom if I could wear scarlet things; but I can only range from indigo to violet."

She bent over the hat for half a second, and I thought she would read the flower's secret; but happily the lace deluded her. The day was intensely warm; but nothing can dry the dew of youth. I had been in St. Bo's before on shopping raids; but now there were no bundles to look after, and no reiterated disappointments because the prettiest things always cost the most.

Now I was to spend a whole day in a brown-stone house, on a broad street, with a grassy little park and fountain in it. Mrs. Ayr was to me rather an awful person, who wore her hair always crimped and curled and braided as if life were a perpetual party to her, and all her dresses were best dresses. She came down to us when we had been shown into a parlor subdued to a "dim religious light" with three sets of curtains. She wore a white piqué wrapper ("braided to death," Marian said), and a Roman sash that to me would have been a joy forever. She was much less formidable in her own house, or possibly my own consciousness of being well dressed upheld me; but her little girl was too fearfully and wonderfully arrayed to be rashly spoken to; her long wavy hair and the dozen infinitesimal ruffles on her tiny skirt removed her out of the pale of childhood.

"Don't climb into that chair, Natalie," said Mrs. Ayr, sharply.

"It's a new one, isn't it?" asked Marian.

"Yes; Mr. Ayr bought two of them at an auction of famous old furniture. That one and the one Miss Ethel is in came out of the boudoir of Marie Antoinette, a queen of—of France, I think. I don't exactly remember what she was famous for. I haven't had time to look it up in the history."

I started up as if I had been sitting on an altar without knowing it. If I saw "only this and nothing more," it was worth coming to St. Bo's for. The very chair on which the loveliest and most ill-used of women may have thrown herself to collect her thoughts, and brace her courage for the imprisonment which was to end in a shameful death!

"You are quite pale," said Mrs. Ayr. "I assure you her ghost has not appeared to us yet. Perhaps you can tell me her story: I have so little time to look into books."

I told her the history as well as I could, and she thanked me gracefully, and forgot it within five minutes, I have no doubt.

Then it was time for luncheon, and I knew at once why Mrs. Ayr had no time to read. I could not but fall in love with the amber-colored cloth, the creamy chocolate, the dainty perfection of the food, and the silent deftness of the girl who waited. Mrs. Ayr was a perfect housekeeper. Almost all that chapter about the virtuous woman, expounded to the prophet Lemuel by his mother, would apply to her. Doubtless her husband's heart rested in her, and every button was in its right place when he sat in the gates; but, after all, what was the use of buying chairs out of Marie Antoinette's boudoir for a wife who never found time to learn what she was famous for?

Of course I did not say these ungrateful things to my hostess, nor even to Marian. I only pondered them in my heart.

In the afternoon Mrs. Ayr took us to drive in her barouche, and I sat on the back seat with her, because I was the greater stranger. Her multitudinous ruffles hid my skirts entirely, but I was willing to be only a bust for the time. Once she frightened me by putting on her eye-glass to look at my japonica (but I fancied she could see better without the glass). She said it must have come from Paris, it was so perfect. I could not be too thankful that I had not put in the wax-flowers, for the heat was intense, and would certainly have melted the lilies and leaves into one greenish lump. When we returned it was nearly time for our train, if we were to go home that night. We went in to say last words, and at the same moment Natalie Ayr leaned too far over the stair-rail to welcome us, and fell sheer down a good many feet, striking the lowest stair with a terrible thud. The poor little thing was stunned for an instant, and hung limp on Marian's arm. "She's dead," screamed Mrs. Ayr, and fainted away; for which absurdity I could have beaten her, and I fear I did pour on water very much as if she were a house on fire.

Natalie came to consciousness before her mother, and told us where to go for the family physician.

When I came back with him Mrs. Ayr begged me piteously to go for her husband. It was a hard thing to ask of a girl utterly strange to the city streets. If she had prefaced it by the slightest apology, I could not have had courage enough to go, but she was perfectly certain that no necessity could be like hers. Marian must hold the child while she bemoaned herself; and I was to take a horse-car which would take me nearly to No. 13 Babel Street, where was Mr. Ayr's office. It was all plain sailing till I found myself in a big building, with long corridors and many doors, and the doors stood open, so that it was often difficult to read the names without being stared at unmercifully. At last it was "J. & J. Ayr," and I went in, full of courage.

A young man sat at a desk writing, and was not at all in a hurry to look up. "Is Mr. Ayr in?" I asked, meekly, for my courage, like Bob Acres's, had oozed out of my fingers' ends before I had crossed the room.

"Yes."

"Can I see him?" still more meekly.

Then he looked at me for the first time, and offered his chair with a politeness that was more overwhelming than his neglect.

"I am Mr. Ayr," he said, with a bow so graceful that I felt myself growing more countrified every minute.

"But you can not be Mr. John Ayr. I want to see *him*."

"Why not?"

"Because he is married, and—"

"How can you tell that I am not married, unless you have second-sight?"

He was the handsomest man I had ever seen. I could have stood there talking nonsense to him forever, but this was not my errand.

"Mr. Ayr's little girl has had a dreadful fall, and he is very much wanted at home."

"Poor little Natalie! What an unlucky baby she is! Her father is gone out of town for the afternoon. If you will take a seat here for half an hour I will go back with you to my brother's house. The way is rather blind."

"Oh no, thank you; I won't trouble you;" and I went out quickly. I must have turned the wrong way at the very door, for I came round to the same building after a long detour, and was covered with confusion to meet Mr. Ayr just coming out.

"So you came back, after all. I knew you would get lost. You have the look of being easily bewildered in a crowd, and you would not dare for your life to ask any stranger to direct you."

"You are mistaken, because I asked two people to show me the way."

"One, I've no doubt, was a blind man holding out shoe-strings, and the other a child as innocent as yourself. You have a rare capacity for getting lost. I see it in your face."

"Just as I saw that you were not married."

"But are you certain you did see it? Remember, I have not confirmed your guess. There may be, this minute, a little woman sitting in her bay-window straining her eyes for my coming."

"I can not imagine her."

"*I* have imagined her often. But how these people knock you about! Take my arm, and you will get on much more easily."

It was very smooth sailing after that, and the walk grew delightful.

"Are you in a hurry?" he said, as we paused before the window of a picture-shop. "Mrs. Ayr must have reached the comfortable stage of her hysterics by this time, and Marian will manage her better without you. Let us go in and see the pictures."

"If you are sure that the 'little woman in the bay-window' will not be angry."

"I will answer for her. Whatever other qualities she has, I have always imagined her with a saintly temper."

And so we strolled from picture to picture, and a wonderfully short half hour was gone before I knew it.

"Oh, I am sure we ought to go on our way now," I said.

"I am very willing to go on *our* way," said Mr. Ayr, with a lingering glance, that the "little woman in the bay-window," if she had existed in the flesh, would certainly have resented.

It was wonderful how fast we got on toward friendship in that long summer afternoon. As we sat together in the horse-car, still in a crowd, I ventured to look sideways at him once or twice, to read what manner of man he was.

"Well," he said, turning sharp round in the midst of my scrutiny, "what do you make of it?"

I felt myself blush vividly.

"You have no idea what a brilliant reflection is cast on your cheek by the flower in your hat," he went on.

When I stepped off the car it started too soon, and I fell forward on the hand that he put out to assist me; but it was a strong hand, and easily kept me from falling further. As I recovered myself two petals of the japonica fell on his sleeve. He looked at them curiously, and rubbed them between thumb and finger.

"That is the most natural flower I ever saw worn," he said, with a comical glance at my disturbed face. I knew I must make a clean breast of it now, for my secret was betrayed at last.

"Oh, Mr. Ayr, please don't tell any one. Marian and her sister both think it is artificial. The hat was so plain, you know; and when Marian asked me to come here with her I had no time to buy a flower—I mean I could not afford one—and so mother put on the japonica and shaded it with the lace, just for one day."

"You did not propose to delude any body, only you wanted to look pretty for one day?"

"Yes. I know it was silly, but don't ridicule it before Mrs. Ayr."

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"Not for worlds; your secret is safe with me. The flower is not more natural than the little girl who wears it."

He said this as we were going up the steps, and Mrs. Ayr received us with effusion. The doctor had been there and gone, and Natalie's hurt was trifling. I could not see Mrs. Ayr with her brother-in-law and Marian five minutes without perceiving that she had it strongly in mind to bring about a match between them. I must have been very tired and excited by the day's adventures, for her efforts to interest them in each other exasperated me to the last degree. Marian herself was not in the plot. Her manner to Mr. Ayr was perfectly easy and genial.

"Julian, did you ever see so becoming a suit as Marian's?" said Mrs. Ayr when Marian was out of the room for a moment.

"Not more than one or two, I think;" and he gave a mere suspicion of a glance at me. "But, do you know, Marian somehow reminded me of one of those little books bound in blue and gold that Brummell & Hunt used to publish; the blue suit for the covers, and the golden curls for the gilt scroll-work on the back."

"I am not sure that you mean to be complimentary," said Mrs. Ayr.

"Neither am I, but Marian will give me the benefit of the doubt."

"We are to stay here all night, and go home in the morning," said Marian, coming into the room.

"I shall be very happy," I said, trying to be simply polite, with a thrill of delight at the idea of seeing more of Mr. Ayr.

Then my eyes fell on that unlucky hat. If two petals had fallen out of the japonica already, what would be left of it in the morning? My vanity would find me out at last, and how utterly disgusted Mrs. Ayr would look, after committing herself to its Parisian origin!

"I'm afraid my mother will expect me," I stammered. "If there is a night train I believe I ought to go home."

"Don't let her go, I beg," said Mr. Ayr. "If you do, the consequences will never cease to haunt you. She has been lost once already this afternoon."

I took up my hat, with the least little beseeching look at Mr. Ayr not to oppose my going. He answered it with a smile that might mean a dozen things, but not one in favor of my departure.

He went away in a few minutes, promising to come again in the evening.

"Don't fail to come," urged Mrs. Ayr; "'tis so seldom we have Marian with us."

He smiled again, with a little lift in his eyebrows; and then Marian took me up to the exquisite room in which we were to sleep.

Mrs. Ayr was certainly a wonderful housekeeper, but I fancied that Mr. Julian Ayr would prefer a wife whose soul sometimes rose above the embroidery on her pillow-shams.

"How do you like him?" said Marian, eagerly.

"Pretty well," I said, stooping to unbutton my boots.

"Only pretty well! I thought he would be precisely the man that you would rave over."

"Did you?"

"Indeed I did. I meant you should meet him some time at our house. I wonder what *would* suit you if he is not handsome and good enough?"

"Mrs. Ayr seems anxious that he should suit *you*."

"Oh, I know. One can always read her like an open book. But Julian and I have talked it all over; and when I run away with my true-love—as I believe I shall be forced to do, sooner or later—she will disinherit me for a year at least."

This was a blessed relief to my foolish heart, and I looked twenty questions at least at Marian.

"Your face is just the shape of an interrogation point," she said; "but Julian Ayr is not the answer to it. If you hadn't said 'pretty well' with such pretense of indifference when I asked you how you liked him, you should have had my secret."

Then she went down stairs, and left me to dream a little dream by myself. Mr. Ayr came again soon after the tedious dinner had dragged itself away, and brightened us all with his light-hearted way of making talk.

Late in the evening he declared that the moonlight was irresistible, and Marian and I must walk out with him, if only for a few blocks.

Mrs. Ayr favored the idea warmly, only asking me, with solicitude, if I were not too tired by my afternoon adventure. Tired! On the contrary, I felt as if wings had suddenly sprouted out of my heels, like the little statue of Mercury on the centre-table.

Not that the moonlight was quite what Mr. Ayr's fancy had pictured it; in fact, I don't think we saw the moon at all. We walked up and down, talking a little, but oftener silent, and once or twice I am sure Mr. Ayr gave the hand that rested in his arm the faintest possible pressure.

When we came back Marian ran up the steps, and pretended to fumble at the night-latch with an imaginary key, while Mr. Ayr paused at the foot, and gave me a small paper box.

"Are you sure it is for me?"

"Quite."

"Thank you."

"You are thanking me in the dark. Wait till you see what it is, and thank me when you see me again."

"That may be a long time, perhaps."

"I hope it will seem long to you. Good-night now; I will not come in."

He moved away slowly as his brother opened the hall door, and Marian and I passed from the dewy darkness into the too-bright hall.

"How brilliant your cheeks are!" said Mrs. Ayr, with a tone implying that I should make a nice, rosy milkmaid. "The country air gives such a color."

"Was it country air or Julian Ayr?" whispered Marian.

I made my escape up stairs in a few minutes to examine my treasure. It was a small flat box, and inside, wrapped in wet cotton, was another red japonica on two satin-green leaves, the exact image of the one on my hat, which was growing brown along the edges.

The thoughtfulness that had prompted this gift put a halo around Mr. Ayr's head at once. I could think of nothing else, sleeping or waking, and was so absent-minded in my leave-taking next morning that Mrs. Ayr's eyebrows went up at least half an inch.

She had not more than half approved of me from the first. A bird of the air must have carried my treason.

"How very fresh the japonica looks!" was mother's first greeting. "Did you take it off and put it in water overnight?"

"No. Mr. Ayr found it out by chance, and gave me another. I mean Mr. Julian Ayr. Did you ever see him?"

"Once, at Mr. Kane's. I thought him rather supercilious and disposed to treat people who live in the country as if they were mullen stalks."

"Oh no; you must be thinking of some other. He is the most delightful man I ever met, the handsomest, the kindest, the—" I came to a sudden stand-still under mother's surprised eyes, and the eulogy was not resumed till long after.

In just a week Mr. Ayr found some business to call him to our village, and came to call on me with Marian. When Marian had enticed mother into the garden to look at an extraordinary lily, Mr. Ayr began to walk up and down the room, and came close to me.

"Was it long?" he said, with a sober sort of smile. It flashed upon me that he meant the time since I had seen him in St. Bo's.

"Not very, because my life is so smooth that my day in the city made a big ripple for me to think of."

"I know girls, whose ideas are as artificial as their flowers, who would have made me a different answer. If I come here again next week, will any one be glad to see me?"

"Oh yes, indeed, *I* shall be very glad."

"Then I will come;" and he covered my hand with his own ever so lightly, and drew it away suddenly as if he had put it down by mistake. He was sitting listlessly in his former place when the others came back, and soon went away with Marian.

"Do you suppose they are engaged?" said mother.

"No, ma'am."

"Why not? It would be an excellent match, and suit every body."

I thought I knew one, and perhaps two, whom it would not suit at all.

"Well, that's one reason against it. These matches which are excellent in every body's eyes never come about. If Adam and Eve had had any bride-maids, one would have said, 'How could she marry *him!*' and the other, 'How could he marry *her!*'"

"We shall see," said mother, oracularly.

"I am so happy!" I said, after a pause.

"How long since?" said mother.

"Half an hour or so. You were in the garden when the fit came on."

I wanted her to ask questions, but she only looked wistfully at me, and said, as she got up to make her nightly round of fastening doors and windows,

"You must remember that when you are happy you are on the top of a hill; you can't move either way without going down."

"Before you were a milliner you must certainly have been the oracle at Delphi, and said wise things sitting on a three-legged stool. But, speaking of hills, there's now and then one with a big table-land on the top, where one can walk a long time without going down."

"May yours be one of that sort!" said mother.

"Amen," said I.

Mr. Ayr, or Julian, as I soon learned to call him, came again the next week, and the next, all through the glowing summer.

We were walking up and down our little garden (and a very little one it was, so that the turn came often, but he did not seem to mind it) one night, lit only with stars.

"This must be my last visit for several weeks. The early train is to be taken off, and our busy time is coming on just now," said Julian.

I caught my breath. How could I live so long without him when his visits were become like my daily bread! But I had nothing to say.

"Will you not say you are sorry?"

I am not the crying sort of woman, as a rule; but this had come too suddenly, and before I knew it the tears rolled down my face and fell on his hand.

"You have said it, little one. You can never take back such an answer as that. Now promise me that you will spend these weeks not in making tucks and ruffles, and growing pale with fine stitching; but keep out of doors, and lay up a store of health for city living, so that when I come again—"

"Are you quite sure where that long sentence is going to lead you?"

I interrupted him, I think, only to prolong that blessed minute.

"Where did it leave off?"

"You said when you came again—"

"Oh yes! When I come again you must be ready to go with me to the pleasantest house I can find, with a bay-window in it, and sit there every afternoon looking for me. Will that be a hard life?"

"Not if you come home early."

I did not tell my mother any more than this of our walk in the garden, and she was quite satisfied.

Of course I promised every thing that Julian asked; but I made a mental reservation about the ruffles and tucks. He had to be argued out of another idea on which he had set his masculine heart—that I should wear red japonicas at my wedding. Such an innovation would have shocked Mrs. John Ayr too much.

CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, *June*, 1871.

DEAR BAZAR,—Our friends, the special correspondents, before they left, at the close of the session in which they triumphed over the "privileges" of the Senate, announced that, as every body who was any body was about to go away for the summer, the metropolis would be virtually dead until next December. Never was there a greater mistake; and it is only now, relieved from the artificial excitement caused by the political effervescence of Congress, that Washington City really appears to advantage.

It was Jules Janin, I think, who described Paris in the summer as a fête by daylight. Certainly Washington, so dreary and often so dusty during the winter, is now charming. The luxuriant shade trees shelter the straight streets with their benevolent shadows, partially conceal the many insignificant houses, and make all pedestrians grateful to Jefferson, who first planted them. Then there are the public grounds and gardens, filled with foliage and rare flowers, and musical with the falling waters of fountains. Nor must I forget the hundreds of private gardens, especially rich in roses, which flourish admirably well here, as if it were their native soil.

The immediate environs of Washington are even more delightful in the summer than the city itself. There are the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, with miles of winding carriage roads, shrubbery, flower beds, and rustic work, which the old veterans keep in exquisite order, and thereby keep themselves from rusting out. The drive along the banks of Rock Creek is equal to the most picturesque park in Europe, not excepting Fontainebleau, and Mr. Corcoran's estate surpasses the Petit Trianon. The grounds of the Jesuits' College at Georgetown are pleasantly pathed, and Great Britain has no estate more favored by nature than "Kalorama," where Joel Barlow wrote poetry, while his protégé, Robert Fulton, made models of steamboats, and tested them in the neighboring mill-pond. And then there is "Arlington," which overlooks the whole city, as if its sleeping army of those who died that the republic might live were ready at a signal to spring to arms again, if necessary, to defend the capital. The flower garden, which was the pride of Mrs. Lee when her husband was loyal to the flag under which he had been educated, is now fringed with the white head-stones of Union officers who fell in battle.

Then there is the broad Potomac—the "River of Swans," as the Indians called it—which is alive every pleasant evening with the barges of the boat clubs, trim yachts which never float in salt-water, and tiny steam-cutters from the navy-yard. Steamboats, with bands of music, convey pleasure-parties to the dancing pavilions erected on different points of land, where it is cool enough to dance "till broad daylight;" and every morning there is a cargo of patriotic pilgrims taken to Mount Vernon, which the ladies of America now own, and which they are fast restoring to its pristine condition, when Washington superintended its management.

Up the river are the Falls of the Potomac, not wanting in picturesque grandeur, but especially attractive to anglers. Mr. Webster used not only to frequently catch fish there, but he enjoyed cooking them, although he used to sigh because it was impossible to concoct a chowder with shad or rock-fish or black bass. But a freshly caught shad, split open and nailed flat on a seasoned bit of oak board, can be deliciously cooked—like a johnny-cake—before a large wood fire. "Planked shad," they call it on the Potomac.

But while there is a deal of rational *al fresco* enjoyment hereabout during the summer, there is also a vast amount of steady pen-work performed. The labors of the department clerks, often interrupted by Congressional calls for information during the winter, are now unceasing, and the accounts of Uncle Sam are posted up, his letters are filed, and full reports are made of what all in his service are about.

How the public service is changing! Ten years ago, when the exigencies of the war made it necessary for the government to issue "postage currency," as it was then called, a few ladies were employed in the Treasury Department to cut apart the printed sheets of paper change. In a year or more, men being wanted in the field, a few women were employed in the same department as copyists. Governor Andrew, that most tender-hearted yet lion-like of State chief magistrates, visiting the agency which he had established here that the brave boys from the Bay State might be cared for when sick or wounded, conceived the idea of employing a female clerk to write to their mothers, or wives, or children, or sweethearts; and Mrs. Thomas for seven years faithfully discharged that duty with rare discretion. No man could have written such letters as she wrote, filled with the little details about loved ones so desired at lonely homes, and encouraging hopes of recovery, or gently conveying the saddest tidings. And in due time female clerks found their way every where, except into the State Department (where treaties are not kept *secret*) and into the clerical rooms of Congress. In the Congressional Library a lady is one of the best of the excellent and obliging clerical force.

Now there must be five hundred or more ladies in Washington who are in the public service, and many of them do more work than any of the men in the bureaus in which they toil. But the "lords of creation" have, until recently, drawn on an average double the pay given their female co-laborers. This wrong is to be remedied under an act of Congress, which permits the promotion of women as well as men, provided they can pass satisfactory examinations. Already have four of the ladies in the Bureau of Internal Revenue been before the examining board of the Treasury Department, and passed satisfactory examinations; and it is recorded of one of them (Mrs. Little, originally from Massachusetts) that she answered correctly *every question* asked her, which is more than has ever been said of any man examined by this board. Henceforth let it be hoped that a woman who writes thirty pages a day will receive as much, if not more, than a man who only writes eight or ten.

As for our *beau monde*, they have migrated to fashionable watering-places, either to enjoy seabathing or to drink mineral water, but in either case to display wonderful attire. Lady Thornton sails for England on the 24th, with her boy and two girls, but will return in the fall, and hopes to pass the summer of '72 at the quiet retreat near Newburyport where she was last summer. Madame De Catacazy no longer dazzles us with her blonde beauty, as there is a coldness, if not a rupture, between the Russian legation and the Department of State, which will sadly interfere with the pleasures of the prince during his coming visit, if not reconciled. Madame Gerolt will soon leave us, as her husband has been recalled by Bismarck, after having represented Prussia here a quarter of a century. One of the Misses Gerolt was married not long ago to the chargé d'affaires of Greece, and the other, who displays a strong desire for monastic life, will remain here as a *pensionnaire* in a convent. Madame De Treilhard, the accomplished American wife of the French minister, is nursing him devotedly, and hopes that his reason may soon be restored, with his health. And as for the other ladies of the diplomatic corps, you will find them chronicled in the reports of society at fashionable resorts.

Although our *haute noblesse* is away, the cheery matrons and blooming misses *s'amuse*, nevertheless. In addition to the water excursions above mentioned, there are private theatricals, fruit festivals, and garden concerts, with a deal of quiet promenading and sitting on porches—in the old Knickerbocker style—until late in the night. All of which is very enjoyable.

RACONTEUR.

USEFUL RECIPES.

VEAL HASH.—This makes a most delightful supper dish. Choose a shin of veal with about three pounds of meat on it. Boil it in as small a quantity of water as you well can, so that when done there shall be nearly one quart left. It should be boiled the day before it is wanted, so that it may become perfectly cold. When the meat seems entirely done, take it out, laying it away from the air, but *not* wrapping it in a cloth; save all the liquor in a separate dish. The next day cut the meat off, make it very fine, but not quite so fine as mince-meat; about half an hour before you wish to send it to table put it over the fire in a covered stew-pan with the liquor; have ready about half a pint of drawn butter (hot), and eight or ten hard-boiled eggs; remove the shells; save out two; mince the rest, and add to the meat, etc. Take off the fire at once, season with salt, Cayenne pepper, and a small quantity of black pepper, and, if desired, a very little wine. Cut in slices the two eggs, and, after the meat has been placed in the dish for table, garnish with them. It should be sent hot to table.

In making pastry the flour should be well sifted, and the butter carefully washed, so as to free it from salt. For very rich crust a pound of butter to the same quantity of flour is the rule. No pie-crust, no matter how carefully prepared and nice the ingredients, will be as light as it should be if mixed in a warm room. A nice, large, smooth piece of zinc, securely fastened to a board, makes an excellent "pie-crust board." It is easier cleaned than marble, and not liable to be broken. As little time should elapse between mixing and baking the crust as possible; and after baking set it in a cool, dry place—never in a cellar. Use ice-water for mixing, and be careful not to get too much in. Mix the salt, flour, and water well together with a knife, until it will adhere, but not stick, to the board. Knead it well with the hands until it seems free from lumps, and well mixed; then make a cake of it, and just in the middle put the butter, which should be in a round ball; bring the dough up all around it, and let it cover the butter on top too; then with the rolling-pin roll *from* you until you have a long, narrow roll; take the end farthest from you, and lay it over on the roll about the length of your finger; then take hold of this fold and make another, not by turning it over toward you, but drawing the whole roll along until it folds under the same length as the one on top. When it is all folded roll it out again, not being discouraged if the butter sticks to the pin; scrape it off. Roll this way four or five times, or until the paste seems flaky, and the butter not in lumps, but rather in layers. One great secret is to roll *from* you, never toward you; and do not slam your pin on the crust, but work it gently, and you will soon find practice will give you just the right touch for it. Many persons use lard and butter mixed; some contend that lard alone makes a richer, lighter crust. We prefer butter alone. Do not put it into an oven too hot, or the crust will be blackened, and will not rise; and if not hot enough it will be sodden. It is always best to try a small piece before you put in the whole. When the outside of the pastry is done, and it does not seem done all through, put a piece of writing-paper on top, which will prevent burning. In fruit pies, that are apt to boil over, when the bottom crust is in the pie-dish, and just before you put on the second, moisten the edge of the former with cold water, or flour and water mixed; then pinch the edges of the two crusts well together, make plenty of air-holes, and there will be no further trouble.

A very nice way of using preserved plums, or preserves of any kind, is to line the pie-dish with paste, put the upper crust on directly, set it in the oven, and when nearly done take it out; with a sharp knife take off the upper crust, put in the fruit, replace the crust, and return it to the oven for about ten minutes, or until the crust is done.

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THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.—[SEE PAGE 429.]

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THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

See Illustration on page 428.

THE fine portrait from which the accompanying picture was engraved was painted by Bernhard Plockhorst, and sent by the Empress of Germany to Versailles as a Christmas gift to her husband last winter, when he was installed there in the palace of Louis the Great.

The Empress Augusta was born at Weimar, September 30, 1811, and was the daughter of Duke Charles of Saxony, the friend and protector of Goethe, Schiller, and many other of Germany's greatest men. In 1829 she married Prince William of Prussia, the second son of King Frederick William III. In 1861, on the death of Frederick William IV., she ascended the throne of Prussia with her husband, for whom ten years have sufficed to restore the German Empire. Queen Augusta is greatly beloved by her subjects; and is famed for her talents, benevolence, and piety. For a detailed account of her romantic marriage and subsequent career we refer our readers to the interesting sketch published in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 12, Vol. II.

INVALIDISM.

THERE is nothing so well calculated to impress us, or perhaps, more truly, depress us, with a sense of our personal insignificance and utter imbecility, both physical and mental, as a severe attack of illness. In a moment, and often without warning, the constitution, at all times rather a shaky structure, is sapped, mined, and exploded to the very foundations; the muscles relax and wither up like elastic bands, and become for all wonted purposes useless; the face loses its glow and the limbs their color, while the blood scarcely manages to trickle round its long daily course; the eyes shrivel up into little dead beads, or stare unmeaningly from the sockets; while, keeping pace with this rapid decay of the outward bulwarks, the inner defenses soon admit of a breach being effected, and the mind aches and suffers, throbs and groans, with scarcely less vehemence than the body. In fact, to combat illness successfully is a far more difficult thing than to face death. In his encounters with death man is frequently well matched: if a soldier, he marches out in all the fullness and pride of his strength, with his drums beating, colors flying, loins girded, and all the senses excited to a sufficient pitch to enable him, if called upon, to grapple the devil himself by the beard; if a sailor, his previous life, which is always a compound of risk, wreck, and hardship, puts him in a still better position to face the great enemy of mankind; if his avocation be naturally a peaceful one—if, for instance, he is a philosopher or statesman, or candidate for the Humane Society's medal, he still has a motive strong enough to induce him to wish to die with distinction. And hence we have many fine death-bed speeches, or, at any rate, speeches which were intended to be such. People felt up to the occasion; they saw that nothing in life would now so well become them as the leaving of it; death had to be faced once and for all—then let him be met, as he should be by all true men, "*sans peur et sans reproche*." If the man be a martyr, no torture will have been so sweet to him as the *coup de grâce* of his enemies, which settles him just as he has pronounced his blessing; if a statesman, no short-lived triumph over the honorable gentleman opposite, no brilliant after-dinner oration, will have equaled in its soothing qualities this last effort at effect to which he braces himself.

Yes, in the case of death this is all very well, and to make a celebrated death-bed speech may be worth dying for; but who ever did or said any thing remarkable when suffering from the mumps or lumbago? Imagine Marcus Tullius with a cold, or Mark Antony with a bilious attack! What an absence of romance and impossibility of scenic effect! How worthless under any of the above-mentioned circumstances do all human motives and inducements at once become! Not absolutely powerless, perhaps—for then the world would never have reached its present state of existence, since we are never without such ailments—but still so entirely trimmed and shorn of their adornments, trappings, and finery that they produce such a sensation in the human victim as one might conceive would be caused by a Christmas-tree without its presents, or fire-works let off by daylight, rather than that glow of zeal and spontaneous enthusiasm which necessarily belongs to and supports all men of action and heroes.

It is then that all high-sounding names, such as fame, glory, patriotism, are bereft of their talismanic charms, and become mere dwarfs in our estimation, while the pettinesses and minor incidents of life are exaggerated out of all proportion by the fog of our distempers. Philosophy either deserts us altogether, or plays Judas for the enemy in disguise; whispering in our ear that we are but mortal; that the greatest effort of man is but as a drop in the ocean; that we may sow, but shall not reap, and so on, till we eagerly listen to the arguments we have often refuted, and surrender ourselves with an easy conscience to the doctors and an easy-chair. Imagination confines itself to the distorted pictures of our misery, and sensation conveys to us pain instead of pleasure, or strange and unwelcome feelings hitherto unknown to us. We know that we are being gradually transformed into something our nature shrinks from; but there we lie, helpless as in a hideous nightmare, overwhelmed by a fate whose steady approach we are distinctly conscious of, but utterly unable to avert.

And then comes the crisis—the turning-point which decides whether we are to be men or dummies. Most men have passed through such a crisis, and know its horrors and its hopes, its excitement, its terrible uncertainty. One way or the other the matter settles itself—we either join "the regulars," the distinguished army of invalids, certificated by a courteous and affable M.D., or else "in native worth and honor clad, with beauty, courage, strength adorned," we leave our sofas and our medicine-bottles, our salts and our slippers, and wake, as it were, from a long and inexplicable sleep. We revel in our cold tub and our pipe, and wonder what could have persuaded us ever to leave them off. A feeling of insolent bravado is apt to possess us as we gaze on what we are and what we were. And how we loathe our philosophy, which misled us in our hour of weakness, and now with brazen face returns in the hour of triumph to trumpet in our ear the old watch-words of fame, honor, and success, and to assure us that she had never forsaken us! We well know that she did, and that she is as fickle as Fortune and false as Torquata; but being in good-humor with all the world, we can afford to forgive her, and flatter her accordingly.

Then, too, we are warmly greeted by the friends who come to visit us in our troubles, and still more warmly by the numerous portion who did not. Once more we meet our doctor without remembering even that we have a pulse, and pass the chemist's window without a shudder; once more we seem to breathe the air of freedom. True, our satisfaction is not altogether unalloyed with a dash of bitterness—for Jones has been promoted over our head in the service, or Robinson has obtained the appointment which had been promised to ourselves; and we feel, moreover, that we are not humored and petted at home as we were, and are again regarded rather as an incumbrance than an ornament of the family circle. But these are matters which do not affect us keenly; there is stuff in us which our friends do not yet appreciate; aware of our own virtues, we wrap ourselves in them as in a cloak, and determine that before long the world shall know us in our true colors. And so, brimming over partly with a sense of superiority and partly with the consciousness of revived energies, we bid farewell to invalidism, and again take up our position in the great battle of life.

A DELICATE QUESTION.

NOTABLE SLEEPERS.

SLEEP is nearly as great a puzzle as ever it was. Much has been discovered concerning the bodily peculiarities manifested during this portion of our existence; but all whose opinions are best worth listening to admit that they are only on the threshold of the subject yet. Why, for instance, can some men maintain their bodily and mental vigor with so small an amount of sleep as falls to their share? Lord Brougham and many other great statesmen and lawyers are known to have been content with a marvelously small quantity of sleep. Frederick the Great is said to have allowed himself only five hours; John Hunter, five hours; General Elliot, the hero of Gibraltar, four hours; while Wellington, during the Peninsular war, had still less.

How, on the other hand, to account for the cormorant sleepers? De Moivre, the mathematician, could (though it is to be hoped he did not) sleep twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Quin, the actor, sometimes slept for twenty-four hours at a stretch. Doctor Reid, the metaphysician, could so manage that one potent meal, followed by one long and sound sleep, would last him for two days. Old Parr slept away his later days almost entirely. In the middle of the last century a young Frenchwoman, at Toulouse, had, for half a year, fits of lengthened sleep, varying from three to thirteen days each. About the same time a girl at Newcastle-on-Tyne slept fourteen weeks without waking, and the waking process occupied three days to complete.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOE-MAKER.—"Heels as high as possible" are not worn either in-doors or out by sensible and tasteful women. French heels are scarcely ever seen now. An inch and a quarter or a half heel is now worn. We can not promise positively that we will illustrate shoes soon, though we may do so.

A YOUNG MATRON.—The caps worn by French nurses are suitable for waitresses.

KATHRINA.—Make a solid lavender silk vest to your striped silk basque, and trim the skirt and over-skirt with lavender ruffles. A Swiss muslin polonaise will be pretty with your striped silk, or else a basque and over-skirt. We *have* cut paper patterns suitable for either.

MRS. J. A. C.—Use pattern of short-sacque with basque back already sent you for cutting your China crape paletot. Line throughout with thin lining silk, either black, white, or lavender. Kilt pleats are flat pleats all turned one way.

CONSTANCE.—It is a matter of taste whether a lady of forty years should wear her hair in natural hanging curls. You say it is becoming; but would it not be even more becoming if dressed somewhat in accordance with the fashion of the day—with a small chatelaine, and her curls falling over it, the front in short fluffy curls?

MRS. M. B. B.—A black grenadine over silk would be suitable for second mourning. Read directions in New York Fashions of present number.

BESSIE.—Make your Hernani by hints given for grenadine suits in New York Fashions. Trim your black and white poplin with bias silk bands.—We can not advise you what to do with moth patches and moles, except to let them alone.

MABEL.—It *is* very difficult to obtain a situation as copyist, and we believe the remuneration is poor.

S. T.—We do not give away cut paper patterns. An advertisement in the *Bazar* will explain to you that they are sold for twenty-five cents a suit pattern.

EDNA K.—Your sample of chalé is pretty and stylish. Kilt pleats are all folded one way, and are sometimes fastened at the top and bottom, though not always. A parasol with white lining is suitable for light mourning, but those for deep mourning are lined with black. Many ladies still wear round hats, and they will continue to be worn, but are no longer dressy-looking.

MADEMOISELLE.—Light mohairs and poplins striped with white are used for summer balmorals. White suits will be worn to church and on the street. They do not need a colored skirt of silk. Make blue sacque by the sacque pattern with Short-Sacque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV.—Throw a bouquet and a card of thanks to serenaders when you can not invite them in.

GENEVA.—Ten or twelve yards of narrow summer silk are required for a polonaise.—There are French scourers here who clean silk beautifully.

MRS. L. R. A.—Make a single skirt and polonaise by the Apron-Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV. You will have to trim with bias bands or passementerie and lace, as you have but fourteen yards.

LOIS.—A gored demi-train and postilion-basque is the best you can do with your brown silk, unless you buy lighter silk for a polonaise. Can you not match your piqué, and make a new over-skirt in the present style?

MRS. B. F. S.—We can not give you addresses here. Any one of the furnishing houses quoted in our columns will furnish the white dress. What do you mean by "knowing the seams?"

K.—Your plaid sample will look well made by the pattern sent you, and trimmed with black braid.

MRS. B. C.—The furnishing houses will not give patterns of clothing.—The infant's baskets advertised for $5 have probably nothing but pockets and cushions in them. The best advice we can give you about purchasing is to send at once to the houses that we quote in the New York Fashions. We believe them to be reliable, though we do not hold ourselves responsible for them.

CONSTANCE.—Polonaises and basques with long over-skirts are both worn. Short over-skirts are the fashion abroad. Side-pleatings are held down by a row of stitching, or else a tiny narrow band stitched on an inch below the top. Each edge is hemmed. The back breadths of dress skirts are gathered.

MRS. A. C. M'A.—The pattern of Peasant-Basque Costume was sent you. We have no cut paper pattern of trained over-skirt.

FOREST MAIDS.—A young lady should, of course, pay a gentleman visitor the attentions you suggest, such as offering him the best chair, and taking his hat when there is no hat-rack. He should precede her when entering church, and find her a seat.

LOUISE W.—Bias bands of the material stitched down the front and around the skirt above the hem are pretty on calico wrappers. Bias ruffles on striped calicoes are pretty.

E. A. K.—We have said repeatedly that we can not reply by mail.—Your long net veil should be five-eighths or three-fourths of a yard wide and about a yard long. Get a brown straw gypsy bonnet, or round hat trimmed with two shades of brown ribbon.

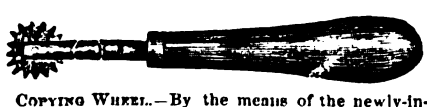
MRS. M. G.—Soak your colored cambric for fifteen minutes, before washing, in a pail of water in which a tea-spoonful of sugar of lead has been dissolved.—Make the girl's suits by cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. IV. Make a bishop's lawn sacque and over-skirt to wear over your striped dress.

CARRIE L.—Trim your Japanese silk with bias bands of black silk and fringe.

WHEN you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer prevents the hair from falling off. Use it.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will cure CONSUMPTION. Try it!—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ELGIN WATCHES.

FOR SALE BY ALL JEWELERS.

The Elgin Illustrated Almanac for 1871, and A. D. Richardson's Illustrated Article on "Ancient and Modern Time-Keepers," sent free upon application to NATIONAL (ELGIN) WATCH CO., 127 & 129 Lake St., CHICAGO, or No. 1 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

PROTECTOR FRUIT JARS

AVOID THE HOT WORK OF PRESERVING.

Our Jars can be CLOSED MANY TIMES MORE RAPIDLY and Opened More Readily than any other. The lids are but one piece, and may be used many times, and fit any of our Jars.

CHEAPER PRICES ARE ADDITIONAL ADVANTAGE.

TIN TOPS are the MOST RELIABLE, and, not being in contact with, they can not injure the fruit.

ASK FOR

PROTECTOR JARS.

If the nearest storekeeper can not supply, write for circular and prices. We allow LIBERAL DISCOUNT to cover expense.

COHANSEY GLASS MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
No. 26 S. SEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Manufacturers of Fruit Jars, Window Glass, Bottles, and Vials.

It has the delicate and refreshing fragrance of genuine Farina Cologne Water, and is indispensable to the Toilet of every Lady or Gentleman. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in PERFUMERY.

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FOR $1, a Pair of PARIS KID GLOVES, any color, shade, or size; 2 buttons, 25 cts. extra.
For $1—The latest style Ladies' Lace Collar.
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For $1—The Ladies' Nilsson Silk Tie.
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Will be sent by Mail.
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Get the Best.

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HAVE NOW READY

Gauze Underwear,

HOSIERY, GLOVES,

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ENGLISH UMBRELLAS,

SUSPENDERS,

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Shirts, Collars, Cuffs,

DRAWERS,

AND ARE MAKING ADDITIONS DAILY FROM THEIR

WORKROOMS

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Each Case containing One Bottle of

OLD PALE BRANDY,	HOLLAND GIN,
OLD RYE WHISKY,	OLD PALE SHERRY,
FINE OLD PORT,	OLD BOURBON.

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FAR SUPERIOR TO any EAU DE COLOGNE for *TOILET AND SANITARY PURPOSES.*

In warm weather it will allay the baneful effects of perspiration, and impart a delightful coolness to the skin.

One drop will counteract all the irritating effects of Musquito Bites.

It will relieve in a short time the most painful headache.

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ARE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Because, being made of the best materials, and every part being finished in the most perfect manner, they will run with great precision, and will not stop or run irregular, as is the case with other Watches.

We desire to increase the sale of these reliable timepieces, and have reduced the prices much lower than formerly.

Silver Hunting Watches, - - - - - - - - **$15**
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We send single Watches to any place by express, with the bill to collect on delivery, and we give the purchaser the privilege of opening the package and examining the Watch before paying, and if, after it is taken and paid for, it should not prove satisfactory, we will exchange it or

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We have sent thousands of these Watches by express, and to every section of the country, and by our improved method of packing they will go safely to any distance. Persons living in the distant States and Territories can save from 50 to 100 per cent. by buying from us.

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When you write for a price-list please state that you saw this in HARPER'S BAZAR. Address, in full,

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BARRY'S HAIR DYE

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THE "A. T. STEWART" FAMILY SILK,
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The celebrated Ponson's "Alcazar" and Bonnet's
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BLACK SILKS,
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Complete with every requisite, ready made, and to order at short notice, and at MODERATE PRICES.
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DRESS GOODS,
Of the latest styles and fabrics, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, prior to taking our semi-annual inventory. An inspection of our stock will be found well worthy the attention of purchasers.

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A Great Offer.—Every lady desiring an Elliptic Sewing Machine can buy one and pay for it in work furnished at her own home. The Machine will be sent from the Principal Office, No. 543 Broadway, New York, or may be selected from any Branch Office in the United States. Industrious women will find the work profitable, and in a few weeks earn enough to pay for the Machine. On receipt of three cents, circulars, &c., will be sent. On receipt of 20 cents (*which is to pay cost*), circulars and specimens of work will be sent to any address in the United States. Address, giving full Name, Town, County, and State, ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE, 543 Broadway, New York.

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HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE-JUICE PILLS, and
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This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying, and invigorating medicines. "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla," and "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Grape-Juice Pills," are the best and most reliable.

One bottle of "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wine-glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage.

The "Grape-Juice Pill" is composed of Fluid Extract of Catawba Grape-Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, &c. "Helmbold's Grape-Juice Pill" is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation. Safe for and taken by children. No nausea; no griping pains; but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation. Two bottles of the "Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla" and one bottle of the "Grape-Juice Pills" are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, costiveness, and irregularities; and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor, and new life. The "Catawba Grape Pills" are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing. All of H. T. Helmbold's preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all on their own merits. Prepared by

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THE EASIEST WAY IS BEST.

To send fire and sword through the bowels of the land would be scarcely more cruel than it is to tear and wreck the delicate and sensitive membranes and tissues of the discharging organs with a convulsing purgative. No medicinal preparation at present known so completely, permanently, and painlessly relieves constipation as

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These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

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Vol. III.

POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	No.	26
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FACETIÆ.

A NERVOUS person said that he hated being called upon to make a speech at a public dinner, because "getting on his legs always sent him off his head."

"Bob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw."

"Don't say so—what is it?"

"A tree that never sprouts, and becomes smaller the older it grows."

"Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?"

"From California."

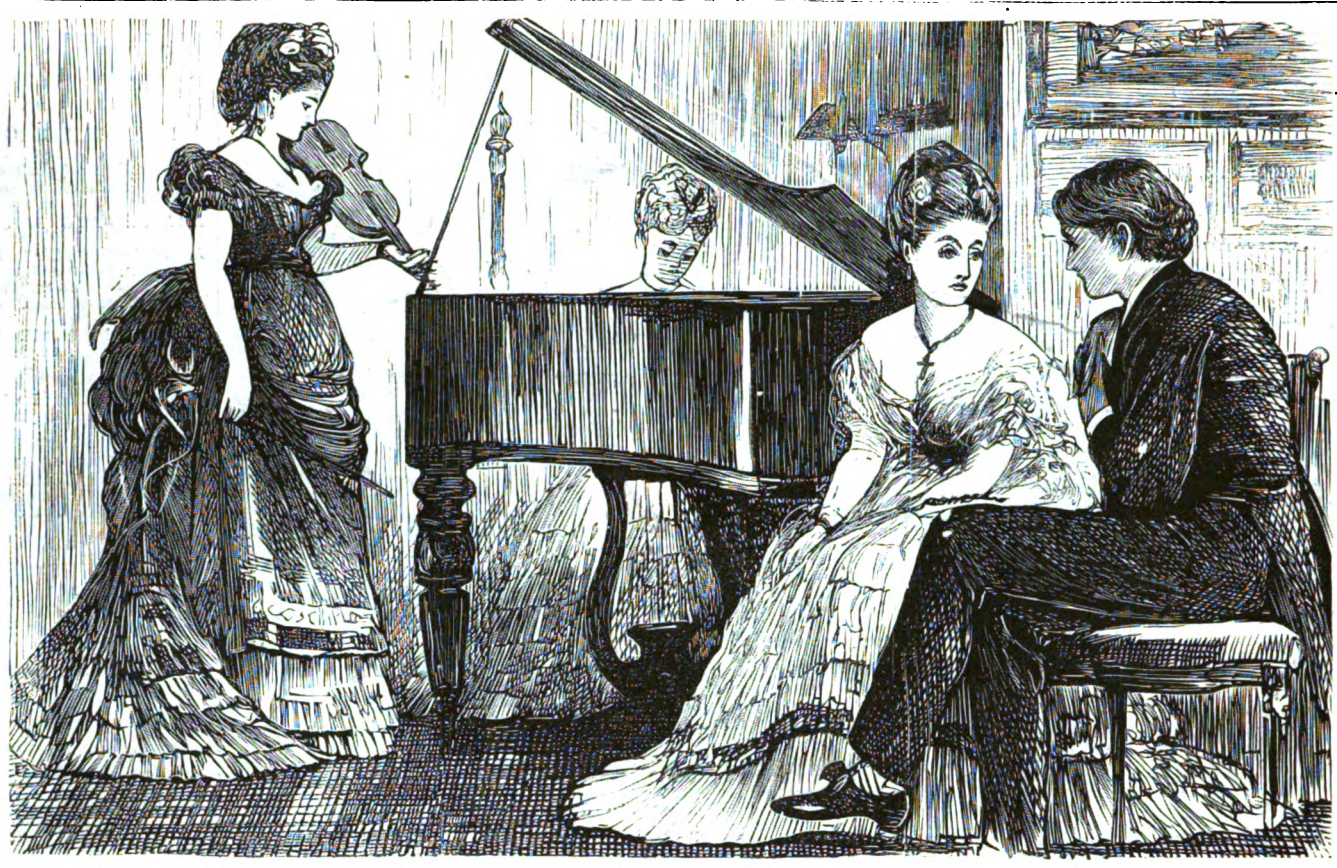
"What is the name of it?"

"Axle-tree—it once belonged to a California omnibus."

AN AWAKENER.—The Rev. J. H. K—— was, several years since, pastor of a church in the country. During his sermon on a hot summer Sunday morning Brother Austin, one of the official members of the church, fell fast asleep. Mr. K—— suddenly paused, and called out, "Brother Austin, will you please open the window there a little? Physicians say it is very unhealthy to sleep in a close room."

A female lecturer says: "Get married, young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millennium, for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you, you blockheads?"

SISTERLY AFFECTION.—With big tears in her eyes, a sweet little girl of five summers asked, "Will dear little brother Johnny die to-night, mother?" And when she was assured the doctor thought not, she continued, while sobs choked her utterance, "Poor Johnny, I hoped he would, 'cause then I could have his little white-handled knife and fork."



PLAYING ON FEELINGS.

ENTHUSIASTIC MAIDEN. "Oh, Mr. Lovell, I'd sooner be a Violinist than any thing in the world. Wouldn't *You?*"
MODEST YOUTH. "Well. If *You* were the Violinist, I think I'd—a—sooner be the *Violin.*"

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION—THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

TEMPERATE PARENT (*introducing his son to the district schoolmaster*). "Oh, Mr. Tompkins, Sir—please Sir—I would partic'larly request you to abstain from teaching my little Jonadab here to work sums in ale or beer or spirit measures, as he's been brought up a stric' teetotaler, and j'ined the band of 'ope."

THE SWEETS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

(*Depicted by a Man of Feeling.*)

'Tis sweet at summer eve to rove
When brightly shines each twinkling star,
And, strolling through the silent grove,
Calmly to smoke a good cigar.

'Tis sweet upon the flowery mead
To see the tender lambkins play,
With pensive eye to watch them feed,
And note how plump to roast are they.

'Tis sweet the fallow deer to view,
Couched 'mid the fern in tranquil group;
'Tis sweet to hear the turtle's coo,
And meditate on turtle soup.

'Tis sweet, from cares domestic free,
While wandering by the streamlet's side,
The speckled trout or perch to see,
And think how nice they would be, fried.

'Tis sweet to mark the plover's flight,
Lone on the moor, its nest despoiled,
And with prospective mental sight
To contemplate its eggs hard boiled.

'Tis sweet, beside the murmuring rill,
The scented violet to smell;
Yet may a perfume sweeter still
Attend the welcome dinner-bell.

WHAT HE DID NOT WANT.

A kind-hearted little spouse, bonneted and shawled, very recently appeared at the door of a room where her good-natured liege lord was about to indulge in a comfortable snooze.

"My dear, I am going shopping. What shall I bring to comfort you?"

"I don't think of any thing I want particularly just now. Come and kiss me. I will tell you, however, what I don't want you to bring me."

"What is it, pray?"

"Pray don't bring me in debt."

ECONOMY.—A writer mentions certain fuel-saving inventions as follows: "I have seen a boiler advertised which saves forty-three per cent. of fuel, a valve which saves twenty-five per cent., a governor which saves fifteen per cent., a grate which saves twelve per cent., and a lubricator which saves six per cent. Total, 101 per cent. Combining all these improvements, an engine would run itself, and produce a balance of fuel for culinary purposes."

Why is a mouse like a load of hay?—Because the cat 'll eat it.

The moon furnishes the first instance on record of trust. She shines with borrowed light.

What effect do flouring-mills have upon a town?—Make it flour-ish.

Some men will pump you to any extent if you only give them a handle.

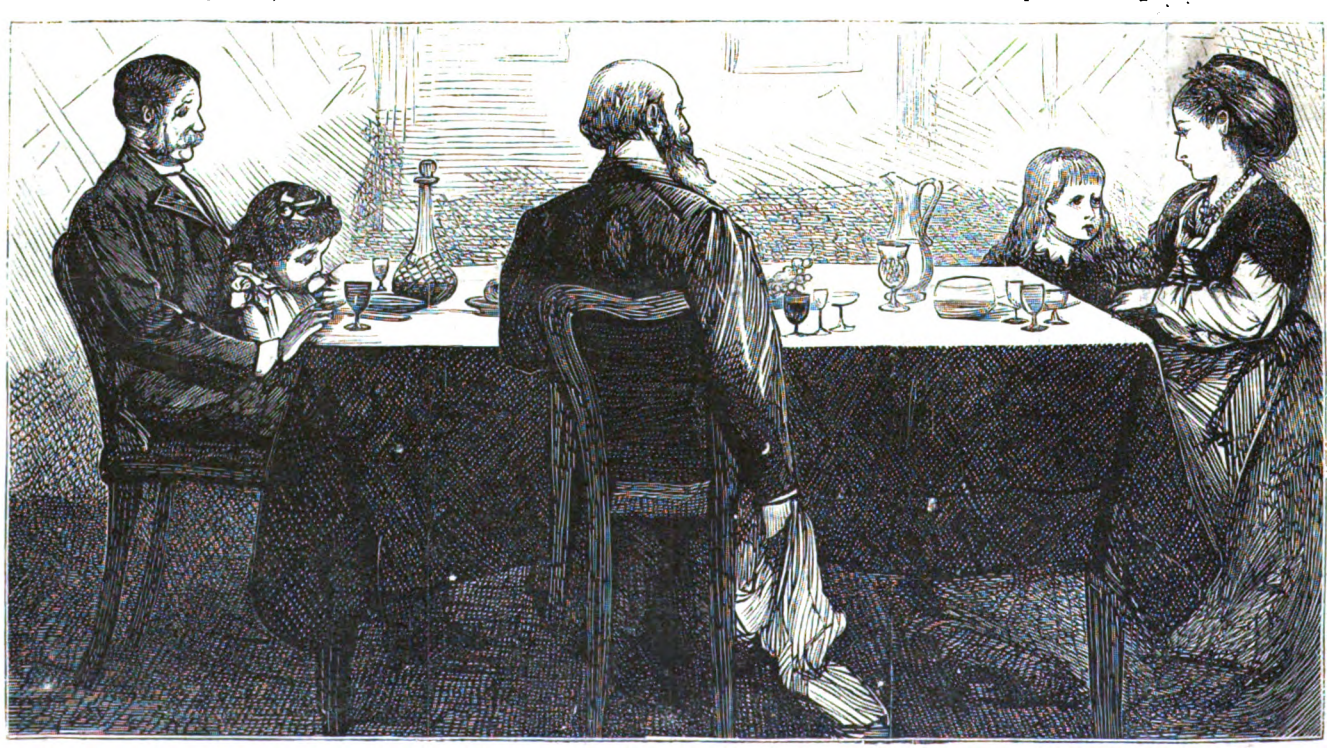
A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses. She had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot.

A sign in a Western city announces, "Boots Blacked Inside."

WANTS.—Wanted, a boot for the foot of the stairs, a handkerchief for the nose of a pair of bellows, a key to undo a box on the ears, some water to wash the face of the earth in, a hat to fit the head of the class, table-covers for the railway time-tables, a spectacle for the eyes of the potato, a stocking for a leg of mutton, and a pair of legs for the breeches of promise.

COMPLIMENTARY.

PORTER (*about the dog*). "Yes, Sir, aw got him in Brooklyn, yonder. An', Doctor, aw's goin' t' ax ye hev y' ony objection tiv us Namin' him efther Ye?"
YOUNG MEDICAL MAN (*rather pleased*). "Oh dear, no, by all means. Don't know about the Compliment, though; he's not a Beauty to look at."
PORTER. "Mebbees not, Doctor. But—Smash!—mun, He's a Beggar to Kill!"



DROP THAT!

BERTIE. "Give me a Little Drop of Wine, Mamma."
MAMMA. "My dear, it is taking *Little* Drops, as Children, that makes People take too much when they are Grown Up."
BERTIE (*logically*). "Well, then, give me a *Big* Drop. I like it."

COINING A WORD.—A correspondent wants to know of what metal "hush-money" is made. Need we remind him that "silence is golden?"

An attendant at Mount Vernon, not long since, found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly, with her handkerchief at her eyes. He stepped up to her and said,

"Are you in trouble, madam?"

"No, Sir!" she sobbed.

"I saw you weeping."

"Ah!" said she, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the Father of his Country?"

"Oh, indeed, madam," said he, "that's it! The tomb's over yonder. This is the ice-house."

"What do you do for a living?" asked a farmer of a sturdy vagabond who came begging at his house.

"Well, nothing much, except traveling around," said the fellow.

"You look as though you are good at that," responded the farmer.

"Well, yes, I'm pretty good at traveling."

"Then," said the farmer, opening the door, "let's see you travel."

Good potatoes and corn have their eyes and ears about them.

A young man in Connecticut who has recently become engaged is in great dismay because it has occurred to him that contracts made on Sunday are not binding.

What is the difference between an auction and seasickness?—One is the sale. And why do physicians have a greater horror of the sea than any body else?—Because they are more liable to *see sickness.*

Why should new levies go to war early in the year?—Because all green things begin to shoot in the spring.

WICKEDNESS.—The bachelor looks out for No. 1; the married man for No. 2.

TO YOUNG LADIES.—If you open your heart to your lover, ten to one a kiss will be the first prisoner to fly out.

All tailors are not cowards. There is one we know of who has many a time faced a dozen regimental coats without flinching.

We are told that "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

One of our contributors has just returned from Canton. He speaks broken China very prettily.

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

An acquaintance of a certain Scotch bailie made a grievous complaint to him one day on the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in that wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these croakings, for his industry had realized a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that his ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business.

"Not in this country," his friend repeated.

"Weel, then," said the bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way weel in Australia."

"Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case ance in a day, but if there is business there, mae folk are there than can get a share o't."

"Weel, it may be true what you say," rejoined the bailie, "but ye might gang further; ye might gang up into the interior."

"There's nae body there," said the grumbler, "but kangaroos."

The worthy magistrate, concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages among whom a careful peddler might make indifferent good bargains, replied,

"Weel-a-weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as guid as anither man's?"

ENEMIES.

"Whisky is your greatest enemy."

"But," said Mr. Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?"

"Oh yes, Jones, but it don't say we are to swallow them."

THE BEST HE COULD.

A doctor who was arrested because his patient died has been acquitted on the ground that he did the best he could, giving all the medicines he knew the names of. He put in a plea that he never insured a case when he took it.

ARTISTS IN MUSIC AND DRAWING—Mosquitoes.

APROPOS.—Most of the wounded by bomb-shells are mortarly hurt.

WATERING-PLACES THAT REMAIN OPEN ALL WINTER—The mouths of milk-cans.

It is a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the skies by its beams.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FISHERMAN AND A SCHOOLBOY—The one baits his hook, and the other hates his book.

An artist is not as strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

When a person says he wouldn't give a fig for a thing, does he speak *figuratively?*

"Good-morning, Smith; you look sleepy."

"Yes," replied Smith, "I was up all night."

"Up where?"

"Up stairs in bed."

A lady who had a great horror of tobacco got into a railroad carriage the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor,

"Do you chew tobacco, Sir?"

"No, madam, I don't," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you want one."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 28.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

White Cashmere Summer Hood.

THE edge of this hood is trimmed with black lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and with a bias strip of white cashmere of the same width. A pleated piece is sewed on at the middle of the top of the hood; this pleating is made of a strip of cashmere three inches and three-quarters wide, edged on one side with lace and a bias strip, arranged in side pleats at the other side and sloped off from the middle toward both ends to a width of two inches and a half. To make the hood, cut of cashmere one piece from Fig. 6, Supplement, after joining on the piece turned down. Pleat the front edge of this piece, bringing × on ●, and sew the trimming on the edge of the hood, at the same time fastening down the edge of the material. Sew the pleated piece on the hood along the middle line given from the front edge of the hood to ×; the edges of the pleating which meet are covered with a bias strip. Set a cashmere bow on the middle of the front as shown by the illustration; a similar bow with ends covers the end of the pleating at the back. The ends of the bow are trimmed with lace.

WHITE CASHMERE SUMMER HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 6.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED SWISS MUSLIN FICHU.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 18 and 19.

Embroidered Swiss Muslin Fichu, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS fichu is made of white pleated Swiss muslin. White lace two inches and three-quarters of an inch wide and needle-work Swiss muslin insertion three-quarters of an inch wide form the trimming. To make the fichu, cut of Swiss muslin two pieces from Fig. 18, Supplement, having previously joined on the piece turned down in the Supplement, and one piece from Fig. 19. Join the back and fronts according to the corresponding figures; sew the pleated Swiss muslin on the foundation; trim the fichu as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern; and cut away the material under the needle-work and under the pleated Swiss muslin. In adjusting the fichu, cross the fronts and tie the ends at the back, as shown by the illustration. Black velvet ribbon with medallion, tied around the neck, with long ends behind.

SWISS MUSLIN FICHU WITH RIBBON TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 20.

Swiss Muslin Fichu with Ribbon Trimming.

THIS white pleated Swiss muslin fichu is trimmed with a side-pleated frill of the material, black velvet ribbon, and a black velvet bow. To make the fichu, cut two pieces of Swiss muslin from Fig. 20, Supplement; cover these pieces with pleated Swiss muslin, join them at the middle of the back from 28 to 29, edge the fichu with the frill, and cover the seam made by doing this with velvet ribbon. A bow finishes the front of the fichu. Finally, cut away the Swiss muslin foundation under the pleated Swiss muslin.

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED SWISS MUSLIN FICHU.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 18 and 19.

HOW THE UTOPIANS DISCOUNTENANCED LUXURY.

THE Utopians, Sir Thomas More tells us, were resolved to destroy the taste for gold, silver, jewels, luxury, and fashion; to do away with all the lingering traits of barbarism. They made their commonest vessels and utensils of gold and silver, and used glass or earthenware on their tables; the precious metals were seen only in kitchens and outhouses. They made heavy chains of them to bind their convicts, and when they wished to mark out any member of the community as infamous and unfit to associate with his fellows, they hung great rings of gold in his ears, rings of gold on his fingers, rich chains of gold about his neck, a band of gold about his head, and possibly a diamond breastpin on his tunic. He was then set to work on the public roads. "And thus," says the accurate chronicler, "those metals for which all other nations labor, suffer, and sin, were looked upon as worthless and contemptible by the wise Utopians."

Diamonds and pearls they gathered sometimes by chance, and cut and polished them. They then used them to deck their young children, and to serve them for playthings. The young Utopians were at first delighted with the glittering stones. But when they came to years of discretion, and saw that none but children or convicts wore such cheap ornaments, they threw aside their diamonds with their other toys, and would no more wear them than play with marbles or puppets. Only the infamous who had plundered the public treasury or defrauded their neighbors were condemned to glitter in precious stones, and to be marked out by their profusion of worthless decorations.

Once the embassadors from a distant land came to Utopia. They were barbarians, unacquainted with the

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simple habits of civilization, and they hoped to dazzle and overawe the plain republicans by their gay clothing and gorgeous robes. The poor, silly Utopians, they believed, would be filled with natural admiration. So the three embassadors from Amaurote, followed by one hundred servants all clad in silks of various colors, made a triumphal entry into the quiet city, amidst an immense throng of spectators. Never was there a more agreeable comedy. The embassadors, each a great noble in his own land, wore robes of cloth of gold, with great chains of gold hanging from their necks and ears; with brooches, and a tiara of gold upon their caps, set with countless pearls and diamonds; and had, in fact, put on the very livery to which the Utopians condemned their convicts. It would have done a man's heart good, says our narrator, to have seen how proudly they displayed their peacock's feathers, and how lofty became their carriage when they compared their own gallant apparel with the poor raiment of the Utopians.

All the people had swarmed into the streets. They at once took the embassadors for convicts or slaves, and saluted only the plainly dressed servants of the train. They wondered why Amaurote should have sent a deputation of madmen or idiots to confer with them upon important business. Even the children were amused at their folly. "Loke, mother," said one acute young Utopian, "how great a lubber doth yet wear peerles and precious stoones, as though he were a litel child stil. But the mother—yea, and that also in good earnest—Peace, sone, saithe she, I thinke he be some of the ambassadours' fooles." It does not seem, however, that the Utopian ideas had much influence upon their contemporaries, and the courts of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth persisted in wearing the most costly attire.

MERIDIANS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN, on the breast of the mysterious rivers
That die upon the desert, the first ray,
Stealing across long levels, smites and quivers
Upon a folded lotus, far away,
As the still stream slides, like an under day,
Thousands flash open, scattering perfumes rare,
And waxen white with worshipful display
Strike statue-stiff the sudden traveler there,
Enchantment on the tide and magic in the air—

Then, in remoter regions of the west,
Noon soaring o'er the other countries, still
The great rivers lapse in grayness, rest
Swathes the ancient forest, swathes the hill;
The wild flower sleeps whose silent dews distill
Upon the long, slow wind that every where
Sweeps through the shadow of great darkness, till
Some dreaming cloud high up in heaven grows fair,
And blooms and flames, and all the splendid day is there!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ The brilliant serial novel, "LORD KILGOBBIN," by CHARLES LEVER, author of "That Boy of Norcott's," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 17, 1871.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern, with illustration, of Boys' Knee Breeches, Vest, and Jacket, graded to fit Boys from four to nine years old, will be published with our next Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a rich variety of patterns and illustrations of Ladies' Summer Suits, Mantelets, Jackets, Blouses, Wrappers, Caps, etc.; Children's Suits, Walking Coats, and Aprons; Bathing Slippers, Caps, Sachels, etc.; Belt Pockets, Skipping-Ropes, Grace Hoops, Battledoors, etc., etc.*

CHANGE OF PLACE.

THE American is the most migratory of all the varieties of the human animal. The very fact of his coming from remote regions, across a wide ocean, to this new land, proves him to have possessed a disposition to wander singularly distinguished from the more sedentary habits of the race from which he sprung. With this inclination to rove he reached a continent of almost boundless extent and variety, and finding unchecked freedom of movement, and ceaseless provocatives to curiosity and enterprise, his early bias was so strengthened that his tendency seems to have become permanently migratory.

In the earlier periods of our country a people with a restless desire for change of place might have served an essential part in the economy of this new world. They were necessary perhaps with their habits of shifting about to prepare the land for quiet occupation. As they moved on and on they cut down forests, dried up morasses, drove savage beasts from their lairs, and still more savage men from their hiding-places, and thus, pushing further and further away the dangers to health and life, gave increased security and happiness to the fixed homes of civilized communities. Some have doubted, however, and among them no less a personage than the philosophic MILL, whether this eagerness of our people to diffuse themselves over the whole breadth of the American continent has been favorable to their civilization. Extensiveness of dominion and immensity of wealth are not essential to the highest welfare of a nation. The United States especially, as it has no dangerous neighbors to fear, does not need to hasten the development of its resources of riches and material power. A gradual growth, during which each part has opportunity to unfold itself to its full extent without being encroached upon by the excessive spreading of another, is more favorable not only to beauty, but vigor. This is equally true of the plant, the individual, and the nation.

The disposition to migrate of the early American seems to have impressed upon his descendants a hereditary tendency in the same direction. The instinct, as with some lower animals, remains, while the object has ceased to exist. There is nothing so characteristic of our countrymen as their frequent change of place, with no other motive than the love of change. It is seldom that an American continues to live in the house of his father, however it may be associated with the endearments of family affection and the happiness of his childhood and youth. He does not, in fact, long remain in his own house, though it may be in every respect adapted to his comfort, convenience, and means. He flits on every May-day to a new residence, and, to give variety even to change, occasionally makes in the course of the year a complete circuit of the hotels. This constant movement is, in many respects, much more injurious to the interests of a family than is generally supposed. The attachment to home, which has so powerful an influence upon the character of the young, is greatly weakened by a perpetual shifting of the objects associated with their early habits and affections. The old house and the familiar furniture are inseparably bound up in the memory of the child with his recollections of domestic love, reverence, and happiness. They are the mnemonics of the heart, with which it is not safe to dispense.

The love of change makes the American a great traveler, and traveling has certainly its advantages. Most of our countrymen, however, from their impatience of rest, lose much of the benefit of travel. They go with all the available speed of the steamship and railway across seas and continents, with no other object apparently than to return at an equally rapid rate of movement. Their first inquiry on getting to a place is how to get out of it, and no object in a foreign country seems to interest them so much as the finger-post. This kind of traveling may serve as a distraction to the listless idler, wearied with *ennui*, or to the self-tormenting hypochondriac, absorbed with his own fancied ailments; but it is useless for any other purpose. It is not the travel which Lord BACON says "in the younger sort is a part of education, in the elder a part of experience."

This quick change of place, so characteristic of our traveling fellow-citizens, is not only profitless to the old, but harmful to the young. If parents are disposed to make whirligigs of themselves, and keep spinning all over the surface of the globe, and find the motion agreeable, there is no reason why they should not be permitted to indulge in it to their own satisfaction and the amusement of the world. The caprice is costly, but cost is nothing to the American; and it so blinds the eyes that he does not see, but he is seen, which is every thing to him. Children, however, want more or less fixedness of position for that regularity of discipline essential to a healthy development of mind and body.

We can hardly conceive any thing more fatal to the best interests of children than the not uncommon practice of parents traveling constantly about with them. They are, no doubt, benefited, as their elders, by an occasional change of place. Their perceptive powers are awakened by new scenes and objects of interest; but it is seldom necessary greatly to widen the field of observation of an inexperienced child. His horizon need not extend much beyond the walls of the nursery and the fence of the garden, with an occasional stretch into the fields and country on a holiday excursion. Most young children, while dragged along by their fashionable parents over the grand routes of the world, are bored with "sights" of all kinds, and are amused with precisely the same objects as they would find at home. They will turn from Niagara to dabble in a puddle, and prefer the sight of a hay-cock, with a chance for a romp, to a vision of the *Jungfrau* in all its glory.

The ill effects of traveling upon children are, obviously, their necessary withdrawal from the steady discipline of the school, the excessive indulgence in the luxuries of the hotel tables, the association with the miscellaneous company of travelers of all kinds, the pampering of their worst appetites by servants and people of every sort, eager to ingratiate themselves with their parents, the excitements to which they are exposed, and the desultory habits which are the certain results of a constant *change of place*.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Improbing Pastures.

MY DEAR SOLON,—I met John Naps the other afternoon as I was walking up Broadway, and he asked me to pass the next Sunday with him at his house in the country. I gladly consented, although it is very easy to fancy a harder fate than that of passing the summer in my rooms, with thick walls and various bachelor comforts, and with my grounds of the Central Park not very far away, and with my band playing two or three times a week, while I sit in the shade, and the owners of fine carriages and fleet horses drive by me for my amusement. Indeed, I am often very grateful to rich strangers for the pains they take to entertain me. Yesterday I encountered Mr. Brummel, who had evidently been devoting a great deal of thought and anxiety to the shape of his coat and trowsers, and the color and fold of his scarf, and the hue and fit of his gloves, and to whom I am indebted for the prettiest and completest specimen of the coxcomb and fop that I have seen for a long time. Mr. Brummel had taken elaborate care to show me exactly how a gentleman ought not to be dressed, and the lesson was both entertaining and instructive.

There are other friends who spare no expense for my pleasure in yachts and horses. It is really touching to observe how freely they spend time and money to furnish me with a pretty spectacle of neat wagons flying along smooth roads, or of graceful vessels skimming the bay. Their self-sacrificing generosity puts me to the blush; for I know that they can not see how beautiful their boats are, and they are so engaged in driving their horses that they can think of nothing else. All the beauty of the spectacle is for me, who pay nothing, who have no care whatever, and who have only to sit comfortably in the shade and look. I have no anxiety about the health of my horses or the rigging of my vessel, because I own none. I am not torn with jealous fear lest my neighbor's *Curlew* should outsail my own *Lapwing*; for, whether *Lapwing* or *Curlew* be ahead, the scene is as fair to my eye, and my mind is at rest. I live in perpetual gratitude to my kind friends, most of them personally unknown to me, who provide this constant and delightful entertainment, and who spare me the slightest sense of responsibility, even of enjoyment, by not knowing whether I enjoy or not.

John Naps is not precisely one of this great multitude of benefactors, because he was evidently very anxious that I should enjoy his beautiful little place, and, indeed, who could help enjoying it? To a great many it is, of course, what the fast horses and fine carriages and yachts are to me; that is, it is a pleasure imparted without his consciousness. For I have no doubt there is many a passenger along the dusty road who has been, as it were, roughly thrust out by the high blank fences and dead-walls around many noble country places, and who comes upon the bordering shrubbery and pretty green and flowery glimpses of John Naps's place as to a warm personal welcome and a salutation of sympathy after a stern rebuff. And yet the glimpses which the place gives to every wayfarer do not destroy its seclusion. As with a person of urbane aspect, even strangers receive a pleasant impression; but it is only those who are admitted to his intimacy who know how good he is.

John Naps is not a rich man, and his place is small; but he says that a man who has an acre in the country may seem to be sole proprietor, and have all the advantage to the eye, of a boundless estate. His neighbor's line is very near him, and his own house is not far from the high-road. But when you have passed his gate and have advanced a few steps, and look around and behind, you seem to be already deep in the most sylvan retirement. He has so skillfully planted trees and shrubs, and so deftly turned his paths, that, favored a little by nature, which has given him two or three fine trees, the mass of foliage is toward the high-road, and a neat hedge is trimmed so as to open to his windows and piazza the spacious lawns and picturesque groves of his neighbor. By a jugglery as honest as it is cheap and beautiful the domain of John Naps is immense, while he pays taxes only upon an acre or two. Then, when you look more closely, you see that his own immediate grounds are laid out with such breadth that nothing irritates your eye or mind. They are not cut up, nor are they geometrically artificial. He has not great sweeps of lawn; but there is a long sloping piece of grass near the house, and that he mows and dresses so that it is the prettiest turf I know. There is not ground enough for a flower garden, so he has one or two borders with a few choice plants and superb shrubs in groups at the proper points. His place is his care. John Naps works at it a little every day. Before six in the morning I heard him with his hand-mower, and there are two or three hours of work in the evening. And when once you have such a little place in order, to keep it in order is not a great, if a constant, care.

After dinner I sat upon the piazza and enjoyed every sound and every sight. I told him how delightful every thing was. He smiled, and said that it was all due to training. "When I came here, twenty years ago," he continued, "this pretty place was a pasture, with those few trees. It was mere material. Nature had furnished earth, and a little variety of surface, and the trees, and if I were to have a pretty home I must furnish the rest. I learned here, as every where else, that nature only supplies the material; she does not work it up. This place of mine, which, of course, I think with you, is exceedingly pretty—indeed, I should be ashamed if it were not—is, therefore, only a pasture plus a man. Nature gives the crayon and the canvas; the man draws the picture. And I often think, Mr. Bachelor, that what is true of my little place is true every where—that the man is indispensable if you would transform a pasture into a place."

John Naps, you know, is often considered to be a whimsical man; but there is sometimes a great deal of sense in his whimsies. For as he said this, and then relapsed into smoking, with a meditative eye, brooding upon his grounds, I thought of his wife, who was unfortunately not at home. She is one of the most delightful persons you could see—full of sweetness and grace and thoughtfulness and knowledge. Yet she deals with all the imperfections that I am told every housekeeper encounters. Her "help" comes from the same offices with all other. The appliances of her kitchen and chambers are not different from those which are most familiar. But somehow the kitchen is peaceful. The most delightful dinners come out of it; not expensive nor in any way extravagant, but delicious, and in every sense most tasteful. And the same order reigns throughout this happy Warsaw. You look into one of the chambers, and you do not see *ormolu* nor curtains of costly lace, but you do see neatness, order, and exquisite taste; and, above all, that nameless grace which we call *comme il faut*—the essential, the as-it-should-be, according to some subtile spiritual perception of the fitness of things. Thus Mrs. John Naps's household is a pasture plus a woman. Nature furnishes her the ordinary material, but she elaborates it within the house as John does outside.

There is another lady's household which I could mention, and which is an illustration of nature untrained. I forbear to mention the name, because I presume your own consciousness may supply it. When you enter the house there is the fatal air of confusion and untidiness. Nothing is in its place, and very many things are exactly where they should not be. There are very costly and very shabby pieces of furniture cheek by jowl. The muslin curtains are a little dirty and very much tumbled. There is fringe partially detached. There are even shreds of cloth and paper scattered upon the carpet. The chairs are a little rickety upon their legs. They are all slight symptoms, but they are fatal. And when dinner comes the joint is too rare, or it is burned, the potatoes are watery, the cauliflower is hard, the spinach is stringy, the salt is a lump, there are spots upon the cloth; the whole feast is distasteful, although it is as costly as Mrs. Naps's, and composed of the same material, and served in quite as expensive a service; and the cook and the waiter are not upon lower wages. And this characteristic pervades the whole house. It is a musical instrument ajar, every where rattling and discordant, while one little turn of the screw would bring all into tone and harmony. It is the pasture overgrown with moss and brambles and twitch-grass. It is the mere material of nature—the pasture without the man.

I go on and find that the principle is universal. There are those who insist that nothing is necessary but what they call nature. Nothing, they contend, so bad as artificiality. True; but then nothing so indefinable as nature. For instance, learning is artificial. We don't know the alphabet nor addition by nature. We must be taught—that is, our faculties must be trained. Why not apply the same principle to manners? I hear the manners of Oriana censured as not being natural, yet I find them exceedingly charming. They are the result of training, indeed; but training has greatly improved, or, if you prefer, developed nature. Bruscha, on the

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contrary, is a child of nature. When I draw my chair near to hers, and we become interested in conversation, she does not hesitate—in her earnestness—to put her feet upon my chair, and to fling herself backward, roaring with laughter, when she is pleased. Her voice is loud. She contradicts me flatly; she puts her arms akimbo; she scratches her head; she thrusts out her foot. These are purely natural manners; but do you not think that they would be improved by a little training? If they were more artificial, as we call it, would they not be more truly delightful? Is not a lady who has carefully trained herself to speak low, to govern her movements gracefully, to dress with a thoughtful regard to taste and beauty, a hundredfold more pleasing than the excellent daughter of nature whom I have described? She, indeed, is the mere material that nature offers; she is the pasture wholly unimproved.

Nor do I admit, my dear Solon, that the wild pasture which John Naps bought twenty years ago is more truly nature than the beautiful place which his taste and skill have made of it. His wife is not only natural, but natural in an infinitely pleasanter way than the hoyden or the wild woman of whom I spoke. The diamond burnished and set is not less a natural product than the diamond in the mine. Training clears away the refuse, the dross, the blur, and leaves the essence purified. Cultivation develops a higher nature. It is the art which transforms the block of marble into the statue. The person who declines to cultivate pleasing manners because they are artificial might as wisely refuse to cultivate his mind because he would not interfere with nature. If John Naps had been of that opinion, that lovely home of his would be a pasture to-day. He might ask a cow to pass Sunday in it, but I don't see why he should ask me.

Yours, dear Solon,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CAMBRIC AND CALICO DRESSES.

HOW shall we make calico and cambric dresses prettily? is the inquiry of many correspondents. The answer is easily given, as some of the most tasteful costumes both for house and street are made of these simple fabrics, and are, withal, so plainly made that they are not a terror to the laundress. In the first place, much depends upon the goods selected. The preference is for American cambrics of the various brands sold for 25 cents a yard, and the finer soft-finished cambrics, said to be imported. After these are the linen lawns at 25 or 30 cents, prized by many for their sheerness, while others object to them for the same reason; and lastly, the ordinary prints at 15 cents a yard. In pattern the fancy just now is decidedly for stripes, and these, to make up effectively, must be distinct and uniform, not of irregular widths. Black lines on white grounds are most used; then blue or brown. Undressed cambrics with soft gray grounds make up well, and do not soil readily; green and lavender do not seem to be in favor. For ladies who think themselves too tall for stripes there are polka dots, dashes, diamonds, and Maltese crosses. These small figures look best when set at wide intervals. The cheapest prints are found this season in as good style as the finest cambrics.

The purchase made, the dress is fashioned into a costume that serves alike for the house, and for morning walks in town or country. The most prevalent style has a box-pleated blouse-waist, or shirt, as it is now called, an upper and a lower skirt. The shirt requires two and a half yards of wide cambric. Tear off a width for each front, and a third width for the back, making them a finger longer than a belted blouse would be, as a drawing-string is used instead of a belt, and the ends of the waist are concealed beneath the skirt. Three box-pleats, each an inch and a half wide, are laid perpendicularly on one front, two such pleats and a hem on the other. The box-pleat that forms the centre of the fronts is stitched on each edge like that on gentlemen's shirt fronts; the other pleats are merely sewed in the centre, and should be raised by the laundress after ironing. When pleated the shirt is cut out by a blouse-waist pattern, allowing it a trifle larger about the shoulders and armholes, as the shirt is more négligé than an ordinary blouse. The sleeves are ample, coat-shape, slightly gathered to a square cuff that is a finger deep, fastened on the outside of the wrist by three buttons. The collar is sailor shape, or else a standing band with pointed front. The buttons are of white linen, pearl, or else moulds covered with the material. The upper skirt is quite long, with an apron-front width slightly gored, a side gore, and one or two full back breadths, as the wearer prefers it more or less bouffant. A drawing-string the entire length of the second side seam draws it up high on the hips, and drapes it, with the assistance of a few pleats behind. The edge is bordered with a bias band two inches wide, or else is cut in Greek squares or points, and bound with percale the color of the stripe. The lower skirt has two such bands set above the hem.

A costume of this kind, worn by a young blonde, is of blue striped cambric, with the sailor collar, the cuffs, belt, and bias bands of solid blue cambric. A white straw sailor hat, with blue ribbon band and long streamers, was worn with it. Ladies who are too stout for full pleated waists cut a plain blouse, and stitch on bias bands to simulate pleats. Ruffles detract from these simple dresses, but a flat pleating on the lower skirts looks well when the stripes are very fine.

Ladies who have a nut brown silk skirt, or one of black silk, can vary their toilettes inexpensively by wearing over them pleated shirts of linen lawn, buff linen, batiste, or striped cambric. For instance, with a dark brown silk skirt with two gathered flounces we have seen an upper skirt and shirt of white linen lawn with fine lines of brown. The box-pleats of the shirt were bound with brown braid (finest alpaca braid), as were the cuffs and collar; a bias band around the upper skirt was piped with brown; large brown buttons looped the over-skirt and buttoned the shirt, and the belt was brown belt ribbon. The hat was white English straw trimmed with brown gros grain and ostrich tufts. A buff linen skirt and over-skirt, with under-skirt of brown silk, forms a pretty traveling dress. White Victoria lawn over dresses made in this way are worn over black silk, and the fancy for pleated waists is so great that fine grenadine is also gotten up after this plan. Shirts of white linen striped with black, such as is sold for 75 cents a yard, are worn with two skirts of black silk or of alpaca, and also with gray skirts. The neck-tie is a black lace barb or a sailor knot of black silk cut on the bias.

A regular polonaise costume is the next device for washing fabrics, but is rather elaborate. Both the polonaises found among our cut paper patterns are used as models for these suits, and also the Marguerite polonaise lately described. A stylish costume prepared for Newport is a Marguerite polonaise of white linen striped with black, worn either with a black silk skirt or with one of the linen trimmed with kilt pleating. The polonaise is exquisitely draped simply by a drawing-string in the seam that can be loosened when the garment is washed. The edge is vandyked and corded with black linen. The entire front is buttoned by large flat buttons of white linen with a black embroidered centre.

A novelty this season is the Yosemite cloth for polonaises. It is a sort of cretonne, with thickly twilled stripes as glossy as satin, is very durable, and is in white, buff, and gray. The polonaise is trimmed with fringe or lace of the color of the goods. It is looped on the sides with bows of black velvet, and worn over a brown or black silk skirt. Suits of heavy undressed linen, dark brown or gray, are made with a Marguerite polonaise and a skirt of the same. Broad kilt pleating extends up the skirt far enough to give the effect of a skirt made entirely of pleats.

At the Fordham races some leaders of fashion wore "Dolly Varden" costumes of the gay cretonnes lately described. One worn by a brunette was a buff ground, with large chintz figures of brilliant colors, made with a polonaise trimmed with écru lace and black velvet; others had black or white grounds, with gay-colored flowers and palm leaves. The polonaise had revers in front, was without drapery behind, and was trimmed with white duchesse lace and Swiss muslin pleatings. Wide-brimmed Leghorn hats were worn with cretonne suits.

For wrappers of wash goods there are several designs, the best of which is the slightly loose Gabrielle, worn with a belt or without it. Two or three narrow ruffles are used to trim these wrappers, instead of the wide Spanish flounce extending down from the knee. The cut paper pattern of a gored wrapper, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., may be used as a model for calico wrappers by omitting the fullness added in the back breadths. Watteau wrappers are still worn, but they are rather complicated for home manufacture, and are heavy-looking for summer fabrics.

REFRIGERANTS.

Among their very useful stock the furnishing houses show a variety of refrigerants most desirable at this season. First there is a cabinet refrigerator, called the Zero milk, wine, and water cooler. It is small enough to be portable, will hold fruits, butter, etc., and is most useful in sick-rooms, offices, the nursery, or for families who board. The cost is from $15 to $25. Still smaller than this is the Saratoga cooler, with a reservoir for ice at the bottom, and a shelf above for a bottle of wine: price $8 or $10. The Newport cooler is larger, with a provision chamber below and an ice tank above. The Niagara is the newest of the miniature refrigerators. It has a drawer behind for holding the ice. Another late improvement is the Congress cooler, round and high like an ordinary water cooler, but with a separate apartment for ice. This economizes the ice, and the water is free from its impurities, yet cold enough to be healthful. There is also a basin at the top for fruit or wine. There are five sizes of the Congress; the first, holding four gallons, costs $8; the largest contains twelve gallons, and is $24.

One of the best refrigerators for family use has also the suggestive name of Zero. This is constructed on an excellent plan. The ice is placed in the centre, separate from all the other chambers, that no hot air may reach it to thaw it; nor can it communicate to the provision apartments the moist air that promotes decay. A wine and water cooler is attached to this refrigerator. In grained oak these cost from $20 to $55. Very handsome ones in black-walnut are from $50 to $75.

Newly patented freezers do away with much of the apparatus and labor formerly required for making ice-cream. The simple freezer has a wooden pail for the ice and salt with an inner cylinder for cream. Turning a crank one way makes the cylinder revolve in the ice, while by turning it in the opposite direction the beater dashes the cream, and a scraper removes the frozen cream from the sides of the tin. Thus the cream is frozen far more rapidly and smoothly than if the cylinder were stationary.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; WILSON & GREGG; E. D. BASSFORD; and A. M. LESLEY.

PERSONAL.

MR. HIRAM SIBLEY, of Rochester, a gentleman who, at an early day, seeing the prospective value of the electric telegraph, invested liberally, and thereby became possessed of many shekels of gold, has given Cornell University $10,000 for the equipment of the department of civil mechanical engineering. Another gift of $30,000 to the college has just been made, from a source not yet announced.

—The Duke of Argyll has plunged into the autograph business—going so far as to pay $5000 to an intellectual Dutchman for a choice lot of people who made some stir in the world in the sixteenth century.

—The Princess SALM-SALM has offered 5000 francs for the body of her late husband, who was killed in a cavalry charge at the battle of Gravelotte. The Princess was originally a ballet-dancer in this country, but on entering the holy estate of wedlock became one of the best of wives, and contributed largely to her husband's prosperity. During our late "misunderstanding" the Prince was an officer in the brigade of General SICKLES.

—MARY ANN MORSE, who died in Natick, Massachusetts, nine years ago, left certain assets for a public library in that town. The amount realized and now available for that purpose is about $40,000.

—WESTON is a man of whom it may be rightly said he is "known by his walk rather than by his conversation." His recent feat of tramping 400 miles in less than five days, without resorting to the use of any stimulants whatever, is a point which the advocates of total abstinence can and ought to make special use of.

—In the Book Concern case Rev. Dr. CARLTON testified, the report says "very reluctantly," that he was a director in the Shoe and Leather Bank, in the Home Life-Insurance Company, and in an oil company, an alderman in Elizabeth City, trustee of a church in the same place, and trustee of the Genesee College. Judge REYNOLDS proposed to inquire further into his secular pursuits, but CARLTON declined to answer, as he did not want his private affairs "pried into." Nevertheless, doctor, the Methodist public will pry into them. They will ask whether, with such a multiplicity of occupations, you can give the necessary attention to the publishing interests of the Church?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—The editor of the Boston *Post*, one of the most fascinating of men, quotes as follows: "The newest charm is in the form of a compass, and about the size of a cent;" and adds the remark that "the oldest charm is in the form of an encompass, and about the sighs of assent."

—General SPINNER, Treasurer of the U. S., has gone abroad in quest of health, though it is hardly to be expected that he will ever get entirely over the effects of that signature of his. When in London, a few weeks ago, he called on the ROTHSCHILDS, and, after waiting an hour or more in the antechamber, took his 'at and left. He was soon overtaken by a clerk, who apologized in behalf of the firm, saying that they didn't know who he was, and that if he would return he would be at once ushered into the presence. The General declined, and remarked to the young man that the ROTHSCHILDS could go to—a place that is really quite low down—quite low.

—In gathering from journals published in every section of the country the material from which this department of the *Bazar* is prepared we are struck with the number of extremely aged persons living in the North, South, East, and West. No particular region seems to enjoy a pre-eminence for longevity. In Portland, Maine, resides Mrs. ANNA PLACE, who has attained to 102 years. She is the widow of a Revolutionary soldier who served throughout the war, and she now receives a pension from the government. Her mental and physical faculties are perfect. The strange thing about the old lady is that she does not believe in an existence beyond the grave.

—To say that the handwriting of Mr. GREELEY rivals in grace and elegance the lines of the engraver would be conspicuously inexact. It is not surprising, therefore, that in writing an allusion to "ANNA DICKINSON'S lecture on Joan of Arc," the compositor set it up, "Any Dutchman can't play a jew's-harp."

—Professor AGASSIZ proposes fresh explorations in the field of science. In company with Dr. HILL, the former president of Harvard College, he will go around Cape Horn in the new Coast Survey vessel just launched at Wilmington, and which is intended to make a detailed survey of the Pacific coast of the United States.

—LOUIS NAPOLEON has had in London, since the surrender of Sedan, a newspaper organ called *La Situation*. It approves the destruction of M. THIERS'S house by the Communists, who, by-the-way, to render more imposing the lesson involved in the fall of the Column of Vendôme, burned at the foot of the fallen monument M. THIERS'S "History of the Consulate and the Empire."

—Lord BROUGHAM'S second volume, soon to be published by the HARPERS, will be largely devoted to the affairs of Queen CAROLINE (wife of the Prince Regent) and her trial. His lordship was the principal counsel for the lady.

—Although every newspaper in the land has had more or less to say about the vast fortune of Mrs. General GAINES, none has stated the figures. It has finally been ascertained that that which she claims is assessed on the tax-books as being of the value of about $20,000,000.

—It did not use to be greatly the fashion for the nobility to fraternize socially with simple talent, but that sort of thing is coming in, judging from a cablegram, which says that on June 15 the Duke of Argyll, Marquis of Lorne, Princess LOUISE, Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, and others attended the reception of the American artist BRADFORD at the Langham Hotel.

—General CLUSERET, for whose existence the Versaillists deemed there was no further necessity, was not a Frenchman, after all, some say, but an Irishman, educated for a priest, and a bad Irishman at that. Being in Italy at the time of the Garibaldian expedition, he plunged into that. While in this country he was generally in some sort of debatable business, and was in the Fenian troubles in Ireland before he went over to join in with the Communists. He was always a turbulent style of man.

—Among the princesses of Europe the Empress of Russia and the Princess FREDERICK CHARLES are the best painters, the Princess of Wales the best pianist, the Queen of Holland the best poet and author, the Empress of Germany the best conversationalist, the Empress of Austria the best-looking, and the Queen of Denmark the best housewife.

—The *fiancé* of Miss NILSSON, M. ROUZAND, is a modest, manly, intelligent young gentleman, a broker in Paris before the war between France and Germany, and during the siege did duty on the ramparts of the city. With its fall and the rise of the Commune, the commercial marts of London attracted him thither; but there was another attraction here, and he came, and it is said will engage in business in New York. His other engagement with the charming *cantatrice* is a little matter which they talk over between themselves.

—MAZZINI says that when the ex-Emperor NAPOLEON permitted the "Marseillaise" to be sung at the breaking out of the war with Prussia, the fire of the words departed, and the spirit of the hymn was lost forever.

—When JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, the poet, was last in Rome a mendicant monk met him in the Corso one day, and asked for a contribution to repair a monastery. "You should not ask me for aid," remarked LOWELL, "for I am a heretic." "That makes no difference," replied the astute friar; "your money is orthodox." The poet appreciated the witticism, and donated.

—Sir THOMAS HARPER, a former Lord Mayor of London, "cast his bread upon the waters" in this wise: In his will he devised that the rental from two fields in Bloomsbury should be devoted to the education of poor boys in Bedfordshire. At the time of the bequest the value of the land was $200 a year. Now it is $400,000, and at the end of the present lease will be about $800,000.

—HENRI ROCHEFORT, by the recent death of his father, has become a marquis. The old gentleman was the exact opposite of his son in politics, and died in penury. The mother of the present marquis was a well-known pastry-cook, named MOREL. And of such is the nobility of France!

—Mrs. J. MEREDITH READ, wife of the United States consul-general at Paris, was in Paris during the recent bombardment, and was so frightened that she hid in a closet in the rear of her residence after the front part of the house had been shelled to pieces. (Mrs. READ was a Miss PUMPELLY, of Albany; and a very intelligent and charming lady she is.)

—The Duke of Edinburgh is to wed the Princess THYRA, the youngest daughter of the King of Denmark. He is not what may be called a first-class, estimable young man. On the contrary, he is said to accept valuable presents and make cheap ones, and to do various things quite too naughty to be printed in this column. He is heir-apparent to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and it is understood that the S.-C.-G.'s have a poor opinion of the young man.

—Of Marshal M'MAHON, who is just now the object of so much interest in Paris, this is told: When a colonel he had an altercation, on parade, with an officer, whom he threatened. The latter drew a pistol, took deliberate aim, and fired. Fortunately the cap snapped. Without the least fear, the cool and impassible M'MAHON said, "Give that man fifteen days, *salle de police, for having his arms out of order.*"

—Colonel HAMLEY, the author of the "Battle of Dorking," is a man who has written a few fairish novels, and who was a great friend of the South during our troubles. They tell this story of that officer and General FRANCIS C. BARLOW: The latter was in England after his brilliant campaign with GRANT in 1864, and was received with great attention by London society. Dining one day at the same table with Colonel HAMLEY, the Britisher chose to consider the young Yankee general who sat by his side as a parvenu, and did not recognize him. But not long after, at a great review at Aldershott, the astonished HAMLEY saw BARLOW sitting among British generals and ministers and even dukes, and treated with great respect; and the next time he met the young American at dinner he was more than civil—he was effusive, he was gushing. But BARLOW was as blind then as HAMLEY had been before; he looked over the poor Colonel, and on either side of him, but he did not see him.

—A correspondent of the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*, writes as follows of what he has seen of Recorder HACKETT'S precision as a shot: "I was on board the yacht *Dauntless* on a late yachting cruise. Mr. BENNETT was in command, with four invited guests, among whom were Recorder HACKETT, of New York, and Mr. JOHN G. HECKSHER, of Newport. While at sea, and a heavy swell on, I saw Mr. HECKSHER take a clam-shell and hold it between his forefinger and thumb, and stand at twenty-two yards, or sixty-six feet, from the Recorder, who had in his hands a Ballard rifle; and I heard Mr. BENNETT give the word to the Recorder—one, two, three—who then fired, and I saw the clam-shell break in numberless pieces, fragments striking Mr. HECKSHER on the hand and neck, just drawing blood. I then saw Mr. BENNETT'S valet hold a cork-screw in his hand, and at the same distance, and at the word, saw the Recorder shoot it out of his hand. I also saw the Recorder kill a poke, flying, with his rifle, at seventy-one yards, nearly cutting his neck off, at Cobb's Island, Virginia, and afterward saw him shoot two gulls on the wing. These feats were witnessed by upward of twenty persons." Thus much for the correspondent. The writer of this has seen Judge HACKETT, after dinner, and by the light of a candle, shoot through the centre of an apple, held in the hand of a servant, at a distance of fifteen feet, and afterward has seen him snuff out the candle with a shot, at the same distance, without touching the lower half of the unburned wick or touching the spermaceti.

—The Duke of Brunswick has the unhappiness to own so many diamonds, and is so anxious for their safety, that he keeps them guarded day and night, and frequently starts from his sleep, dreaming he has been robbed. The possession of his precious stones is such a fearful responsibility that he has little rest and no peace. In his will he has bequeathed all his diamonds, estimated to be worth $2,000,000 or $3,000,000, to the late Prince Imperial.

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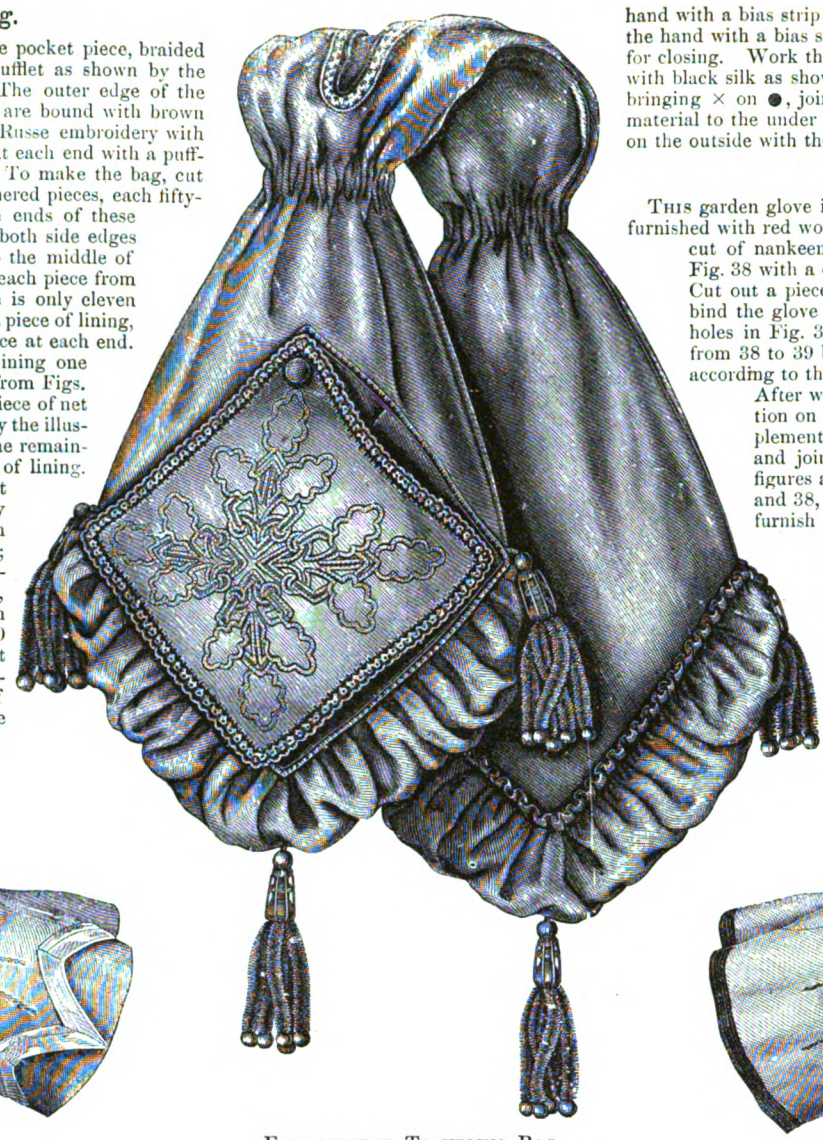
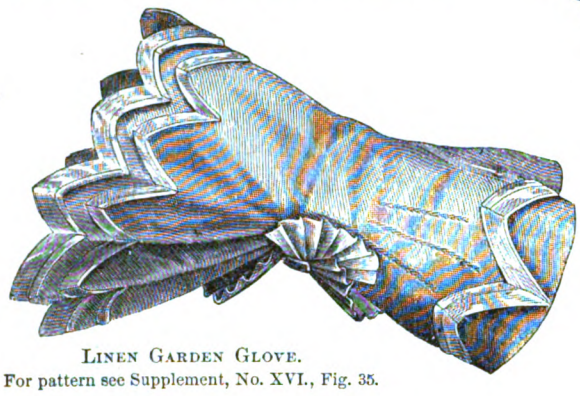
Embroidered Traveling Bag.

THIS bag is made of brown woolen reps. A square pocket piece, braided with brown worsted braid, and furnished with a soufflet as shown by the illustration, is sewed on at each end of the bag. The outer edge of the pocket pieces and the slit at the middle of the bag are bound with brown worsted braid; this binding is ornamented in point Russe embroidery with brown silk in two shades. The bag is also trimmed at each end with a puffing of the material and with brown worsted tassels. To make the bag, cut of the material and brown muslin lining two four-cornered pieces, each fifty-four inches long and sixteen inches wide. Cut the ends of these pieces in a point, sloping off the material there from both side edges at a distance of six inches from the lower corners to the middle of the ends; and also slope off the lengthwise sides of each piece from the ends toward the middle, so that the width there is only eleven inches and three-fifths. Sew each cashmere piece on a piece of lining, and furnish one of the lined pieces with a pocket piece at each end. For each pocket piece cut of material and muslin lining one piece from Fig. 39, Supplement, and two pieces each from Figs. 40 and 41. Baste the cashmere piece, Fig. 39, on a piece of net of a corresponding size, and braid this piece as shown by the illustration. Sew the piece thus ornamented, as well as the remaining pieces of material, on the corresponding pieces of lining. Face one side and one end of Fig. 39 with a straight strip of the material an inch and one-fifth wide. Lay the soufflet pieces, Figs. 40 and 41, in a fold along each dotted line indicated, so that the material comes inside; sew through the double material, at a distance of three-tenths of an inch from the fold, in a back stitch seam, and join both pieces of Fig. 41 from 45 to 46 and from 46 to 47. Also join each piece of Fig. 41 with Fig. 40 from 41 to 42 and from 42 to 43. Sew the soufflet pieces thus joined to the pocket piece, Fig. 39, according to the corresponding figures; the still free edge of Fig. 40, however, must be faced with a strip of the material. Bind the pocket pieces, and at the same time the edges of the soufflets, all around with light brown worsted braid three-fifths of an inch wide, and ornament this binding with point Russe embroidery as shown by the illustration. The point Russe scallops at the outer edge are worked closely in button-hole stitch. Sew the still free side of the soufflets on one end of the upper part of the bag. Having sewed a similar pocket on the other end of this part also, cut a slit fourteen inches and two-fifths long in the middle of the bag, sew light worsted braid along the slit, ornament the braid in point Russe (see illustration), and bind the edges of the slit with dark brown worsted braid. Join both sides of the top of the bag with the under part with a cording of woolen reps. Join both parts of the bag at the pointed ends by a strip of muslin of the requisite length and four inches and four-fifths wide, and cover the latter on the outside with a puffing of woolen reps. This puffing consists of a straight strip forty-six inches long, six inches and four-fifths wide at the middle, and sloped off at both sides toward the ends to a width of two inches. Gather one side of the strip in the requisite manner, so that a heading two-fifths of an inch wide is formed there; the other side of the strip is arranged in box-pleats two-fifths of an inch wide. Cover the seam made by sewing on the box-pleated side of the puffing with dark brown worsted braid three-fifths of an inch wide, and ornament the latter in point Russe. Finally, sew through the double material of the bag, at a distance of two inches from each end of the slit, all around for a shirr, and run a piece of elastic braid eleven inches and one-fifth long, the ends of which are joined through each shirr. Sew on the tassel as shown by the illustration.



EMBROIDERED TRAVELING BAG.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 39-41.



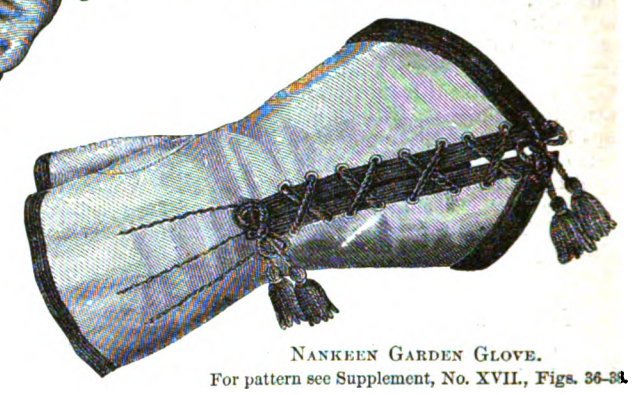
LINEN GARDEN GLOVE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 35.

Linen Garden Glove.

THIS glove is made of gray linen cut in points at the bottom, and trimmed with bias strips and a fan-shaped bow of the material. To make the glove, cut one piece from Fig. 35, Supplement, and cut the thumb piece from Fig. 37, No. XVII., of the present Supplement. Sew up the pleat marked on the hand, and cut the slits marked on the pattern. Trim the hand as shown by the illustration, and partly marked on the pattern, sew it up from 32 to 33 and from 34 to 35, and sew in the thumb piece. Cover the joining seam between the thumb and the hand with a bias strip of the material. Face the slit on the under surface of the hand with a bias strip, and furnish this part with a button and button-hole for closing. Work the seams on the upper surface of the hand in point Russe with black silk as shown by the illustration. Arrange the gauntlet in pleats, bringing × on ●, join it with the hand along the slit, and sew a strip of the material to the under side. Cover the joined edges of the gauntlet and hand on the outside with the bow above mentioned.

Nankeen Garden Glove.

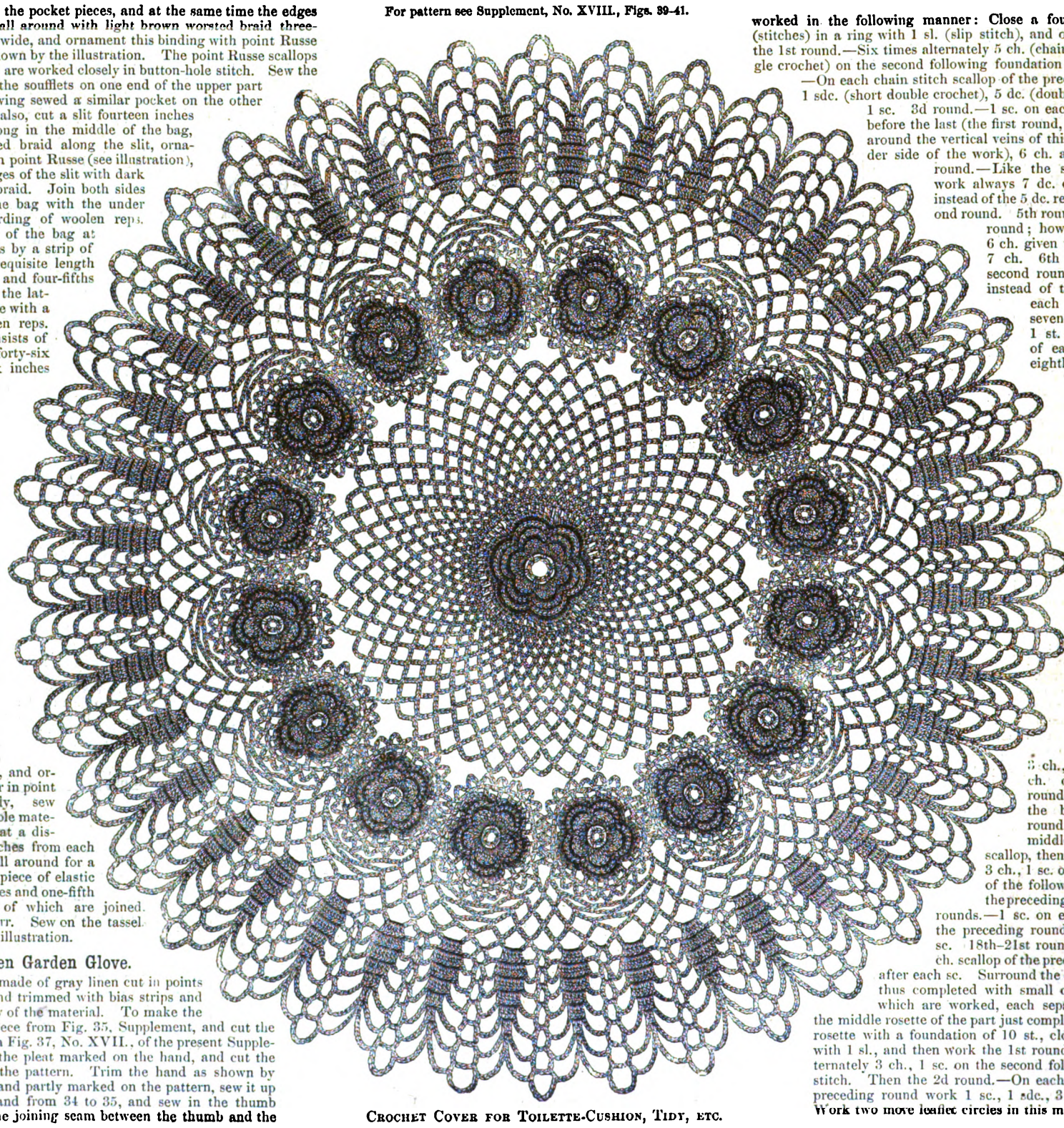
THIS garden glove is made of nankeen, bound with red worsted braid, and furnished with red worsted cord and red worsted tassels. To make the glove, cut of nankeen one piece each from Figs. 36–38, Supplement—from Fig. 38 with a double layer of material and an interlining of stiff linen. Cut out a piece for the thumb in Fig. 36 along the contour marked, bind the glove parts before joining them with braid, and work eyelet-holes in Fig. 38 as shown by the illustration. Join the thumb piece from 38 to 39 by means of a back stitch seam, and sew it to the hand, according to the corresponding figures, with a double back stitch seam. After working the half-polka stitch rows shown by the illustration on the hand, along the straight lines given on Fig. 36, Supplement, sew it up from 36 to 37 by means of a double seam, and join it with the gauntlet according to the corresponding figures and signs. Cut a slit along the double line on Figs. 36 and 38, bind the edges of this slit narrowly with red braid, and furnish the glove with a button and button-hole for closing. Finally, run cord through the eyelet-holes in such a manner that the cord crosses between every two eyelet-holes, as shown by the illustration, and furnish the glove with bows of red cord and red worsted tassels.



NANKEEN GARDEN GLOVE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 36–38.

Crochet Cover for Cushion, Tidy, etc.

THIS design is suitable for toilette-cushion covers, tidies, etc., according to the size of the cotton used in working it. The original is worked with tatting cotton, No. 100. Begin at the middle rosette, which is worked in the following manner: Close a foundation of 12 st. (stitches) in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and on this ring crochet the 1st round.—Six times alternately 5 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. (single crochet) on the second following foundation stitch. 2d round.—On each chain stitch scallop of the preceding round 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 5 dc. (double crochet), 1 sdc., 1 sc. 3d round.—1 sc. on each sc. of the round before the last (the first round, passing the needle around the vertical veins of this round on the under side of the work), 6 ch. after each sc. 4th round.—Like the second round, but work always 7 dc. on the ch. scallops instead of the 5 dc. referred to in the second round. 5th round.—Like the third round; however, instead of the 6 ch. given there, always work 7 ch. 6th round.—Like the second round; but work 9 dc. instead of the 5 dc. Enlarge each ch. scallop of the seventh round again by 1 st.; increase the dc. of each scallop of the eighth round by 2 dc. For the remainder, these two rounds are worked in the foregoing manner. 9th round.—Always alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the two upper veins of each second following st. of the 8th round; instead of the first ch. at the beginning of the round, work 4 ch.; the first three of these count as 1 dc.; at the end of the round fasten to the third of the 3 ch. counting as 1 dc. with 1 sl. 10th round.—Always alternately 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. of the preceding round. 11th round.—At the beginning of this round work sl. to the middle of the next ch. scallop, then always alternately 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle stitch of the following ch. scallop of the preceding round. 12th–17th rounds.—1 sc. on each ch. scallop of the preceding round, 5 ch. after each sc. 18th–21st rounds.—1 sc. on each ch. scallop of the preceding round, 7 ch. after each sc. Surround the centre of the cover thus completed with small crocheted rosettes, which are worked, each separately, similar to the middle rosette of the part just completed. Begin each rosette with a foundation of 10 st., close these in a ring with 1 sl., and then work the 1st round.—Five times alternately 3 ch., 1 sc. on the second following foundation stitch. Then the 2d round.—On each ch. scallop of the preceding round work 1 sc., 1 sdc., 3 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc. Work two more leaflet circles in this manner; in the first



CROCHET COVER FOR TOILETTE-CUSHION, TIDY, ETC.

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round of the first of these two circles, however, work 5 ch. for each leaflet; in the following round work on each 5 ch. 1 sc., 1 sdc., 5 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc.; enlarge the leaflets of the third circle in the same proportion. 7th round.—On each leaflet of the sixth round work 5 dc. as shown by the illustration, 1 ch. after each dc.; work 3 ch. instead of the first dc. At the end of the round fasten to the third of the 3 ch. with 1 sl. 8th round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next ch. of the preceding round, 5 ch. In working this round, fasten the rosettes to each other, as shown by the illustration, with 1 sl. each, and to the completed centre of the cover also. Work five rounds of alternating ch. scallops, as shown by the illustration, on the outer edge of the rosette circle thus joined with the completed centre; each of these scallops counts 7 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle stitch of a ch. scallop of the preceding round. 6th round.—Work 2 dc. divided by 3 ch. on the same ch. scallop on which the last sc. of the preceding round has been worked (in this, as well as in the following rounds, work 3 ch. instead of the first dc.), * 3 ch., 5 dc. on the following ch. scallop of the preceding round, 3 ch., 2 dc. divided by 3 ch. on the following ch. scallop, and repeat from *. At the end of this, as well as of each of the following rounds, fasten to the third of the 3 ch. that count as first dc. of the round with 1 sl., and work sl. to the middle of the following ch. scallop. 7th round.—2 dc. divided by 3 ch. on the first ch. scallop (this is the same scallop on the first stitches of which sl. have been worked), * 4 ch., 10 dc. (these are worked on the 1 ch. before the next 5 dc. of the preceding round, on the following 5 dc. and the 1 ch. after the 5 dc. referred to), working always 2 dc. on each of the 2 ch. and on the middle dc. of the 5 dc., 4 ch., 2 dc. divided by 3 ch. on the ch. scallop between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, and repeat from *. 8th round.—* 2 dc. divided by 4 ch. on the ch. scallop between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 5 ch., 8 dc. on the middle 8 dc. of the next 10 dc. of the preceding round, 5 ch., and repeat from *. 9th round.—* 2 dc. divided by 4 ch. on the ch. scallops between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 6 ch., 6 dc. on the six middle dc. of the 8 dc. of the preceding round, 6 ch., and repeat from *. 10th round.—* 2 dc. divided by 5 ch. on the ch. scallop between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 7 ch., 4 dc. on the middle 4 dc. of the next 6 dc. of the preceding round, 7 ch., and repeat from *. 11th round.—* 2 dc. divided by 8 ch. on the ch. scallop between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 8 ch., 2 dc. on the two middle dc. of the next 4 dc. of the preceding round, 8 ch., and repeat from *. 12th round.—* 2 dc. divided by 9 ch. on the ch. scallop between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 9 ch., 1 dc. on the next 2 dc. of the preceding round (to do this, pass the needle through the two upper veins which meet of both stitches, so that the 1 dc. of the 12th round comes on the middle of the 2 dc. referred to), 9 ch., and repeat from *.

PLAIN AND PLEATED ORGANDY SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7-10.

CAMBRIC SACQUE WITH LACE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 11.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN MANTELET WITH HOOD. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5*, 5*-2.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN HALF-FITTING SACQUE. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 17.

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN MANTELET WITH HOOD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5*, 5*-3.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN SACQUE.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 13-15.

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN SACQUE. BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 12-16.

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN HALF-FITTING SACQUE.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 17.

BAD DECORATION.

A BUNCH of roses or a lap-dog painted in a slovenly way on the black japan of a coal-scuttle is as inappropriate a piece of decoration as ever was devised, and would spoil instead of improving the best-contrived coal-scuttle. Yet it is undoubtedly one of the most successful ideas in the whole range of our art manufactures, for there is hardly a drawing-room where there is not some such elegant work of art to be seen. It is not difficult to trace the source of this particular form of bad decoration; it arises entirely from a somewhat vulgar feeling, hidden in the depths of our hearts, that there is something rather common-looking in a coal-scuttle which makes it suitable enough for a kitchen, but out of place in a drawing-room; hence the introduction of the roses and the lap-dog, varied occasionally by a picture of a church by moonlight, is considered to give great elegance to what would otherwise be rather an objectionable piece of furniture. Now as a good fire is one of the glories of our rooms, I can not see that a coal-scuttle is much out of place in them, even if we are obliged to have a black and unsightly object; nor do I see that, when left in its simple, undecorated condition, it is necessarily so unsightly. It is a piece of furniture like another, and has its own inconspicuous place in the chimney-corner; and if it is not an object we should single out for our admiration, it, at all events, does not obtrude itself on our gaze. But when it comes to be decorated with bad painting and tawdry gilding it forces itself upon our notice as though it were some kind of elegant vase for holding pot-pourri. Fortunately, however, for those who like and can afford handsome furniture, there is a most simple way of making a coal-scuttle a really decorative object in the most appropriate manner, and that is by making it of copper or brass and keeping it polished. Moreover, an admirably appropriate form of decoration might be applied (the idea is not my own, for I have seen it done once in imitation of an old brass pail) by embossing the metal of which they are made with a kind of *repoussé* work. This might be very effective; but it requires a real artist to do it well, and such are not easily to be found who will devote their energies to the beautifying of so humble an object. This instance of a painted coal-scuttle may, for all I know, be trite enough with writers on the revival of good art; but I have chosen it on account of its being an extreme case of inappropriate decoration. This incongruity which I have dwelt upon—this disconnection of ideas between coals and roses or churches by moonlight—is not the only cause of the inappropriateness of that form of decoration as applied to objects of such ordinary use in our houses. We will suppose some suitable subject to be chosen for its embellishment; let us say a landscape representing the mouth of a coal-pit.

EMBROIDERED CAMBRIC SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 12.

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE MANTELET WITH LACE TRIMMING.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 3.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET WITH LACE TRIMMING. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 2.—POULT DE SOIE SACQUE. FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 1.—POULT DE SOIE SACQUE.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.

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If this landscape were well painted by a good artist, every one, I think, would agree that it was quite out of place on any thing so subject to rough usage as our coal-box; *à fortiori*, if it is badly done, it is still more out of place, for bad work has no business to be done at all; so that even if the roses and lap-dog were appropriate in one sense, they would not be in another; they have no place on a coal-scuttle if well done, still less if they are ill done. I can, indeed, imagine a kind of painting which would be suitable, where the things represented would be so simply and conventionally treated as to require only a skillful and intelligent workman to do the painting—a man not necessarily fitted for a higher kind of decorative art—such painting as we see in Oriental lacquer-work: indeed, this simple form of decorative painting is the origin of all our modern japan-work (witness the name); but the treatment of it has by this time become entirely debased. The incessant craving for novelty has led our workmen far away from the original idea, so that they imagine a bad imitation of a water-color drawing or a chromo-lithograph to be better than the broad and simple effects to be got with sober color and subdued gilding. Nothing but the name of this kind of work remains, and we must go back to the fountain-head if we wish to recover the spirit of the original.

HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"Fill the can and fill the cup:
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again."

We went to the races in great style, Hugh Damer driving a drag, with the majority of his masculine guests on the roof, and a merry party of ladies inside; Mr. Dashwood traveling in his handsome barouche with Laura, the county matron, and one of her daughters—Laura a vision of loveliness, in some cloudy costume of mauve and white, under a big white silk umbrella. Arrived on the course, Hugh posted both vehicles in an admirable position for seeing the race, and then speedily disappeared with the squire and a good many of his friends. I, to whom the things of the turf were utterly indifferent, remained with the ladies, but was not the less anxious for him whose fortune depended so much on the hazards of the day.

I knew nothing of Damer's engagements—what horses he had backed, or how the numerous events of the day were likely to affect him; but I heard from several quarters that the running was of an unexpected character, calculated to cause disappointment to the majority.

Hugh came to us several times in the course of the day, and, though he talked and laughed with Miss Dashwood and the rest, and might have seemed to a casual observer to be in excellent spirits, I saw that in his face which boded ill for the issue of the day. He drank a great deal of brandy and soda—drank with a feverish eagerness; but I noticed that he ate nothing all through the day. I secured a seat on the box for the return journey, anxious to know the worst, and at once.

"Well, Hugh?" I asked, in a low voice, when we were clear of the crowd, and bowling rapidly along a smooth high-road bordered with noble old timber.

"Well, Fred, I told you about that rooted conviction of mine. It was pretty correct—that's all."

"Then the day has been a bad one?"

"About as bad as it could be."

"But there's to-morrow," I said, with a faint attempt at hopefulness.

"Yes; and my luck will be about the same to-morrow that it has been to-day, I have no doubt. Did you ever see any thing like the running to-day? No man can stand against such a collapse as that. Ptarmigan won the Chester as easily as these four bays of mine could win a race against a coster-monger's donkey, and to-day he let himself be passed by a plater. If I didn't know the character of his stable, I could swear the brute had been got at."

"Was the day good for the ring or the public?"

"Oh, the book-men get the best of it, of course. None of the favorites won."

"Were you unfortunate in every thing?" I asked.

"Yes, every thing. You don't know the trouble it cost me to make my book, Fred. It was a great combination, which *might* have made my fortune—the last venture of a desperate man, who wanted to redeem all by one great coup. But I have no further faith in it now. The campaign has opened with defeat. To-day has been my Moscow; to-morrow will be Waterloo."

I tried to cheer him, in a few low words. I don't think there was any thing but gloom and bitterness in his mind, but he had that natural pride which shrinks from the revelation of misfortune. He roused himself with an effort, and talked loudly and cheerily all the way home, and I doubt if any one upon the drag except myself suspected that he had been a heavy loser by that day's work.

And by-and-by at the composite meal, half dinner and half supper, which awaited us at Churleigh—a sumptuous banquet in its way, at which the men drank deep of Badminton and Moselle cup in huge silver tankards of the Georgian era, while the ladies sipped tea and coffee, or trifled with a glass of Cliquot—the gayest at the long oak table was the host, who led every peal of laughter, and said the best things that were uttered that night. We sat long and late, the ladies only retiring at midnight, Miss Dashwood declaring, as she bade her host good-night, that she had never in her life spent so delightful a day. "I was always fond of races," she said, with a deprecating air; "I suppose it is a pernicious taste that is natural to a Yorkshire woman, but I never enjoyed any thing as much as the racing to-day."

"I hope it is not the last by a great many that you will spend at Churleigh Wood," Hugh said, with a strange smile.

Late as it was when our party broke up that night, Hugh Damer and Mr. Dashwood were closeted together in the library for a full hour after the rest had gone to their rooms. I heard their voices as they wished each other good-night on the stairs, and heard my friend's step as he walked slowly and heavily along the corridor leading to his own quarters. It was not like his accustomed footfall, and I knew that interview in the library must have been an unpleasant one.

"You've sold Churleigh Wood, Hugh," I said to him, as we drove to the races next day.

"Yes, old fellow, the deed is done. The old place is gone from me for ever and ever. There was no time to lose. I may want the money before the week is out. The manufacturer was very liberal; has paid me a splendid price for his fancy; and the place is gone—and Laura's children will play under the oaks I used to climb fifteen years ago."

"God grant they may be your children as well as Laura's," I said. "I can not bear to think your birth-place is quite gone from you."

"Rather hard lines, wasn't it? But a man must reap what he has sown, Fred, and I have scattered the evil seed with a free hand. I don't deserve any thing better."

The next day was the Leger. That clean, airy little town, which is, in its normal condition, one of the quietest and dullest in England, brimmed over with human life, and rang loud with the buzz and clamor of innumerable tongues. This great autumnal meeting is the saturnalia of the North, and, looking at it from the outside, a pleasant festival enough; but I contemplated that noisy gathering with a jaundiced eye, and my heart sickened as I thought how the day might end for Hugh Damer.

I was too anxious to remain with the ladies to-day, though Laura Dashwood, in a fresh toilette of pale blue and a dainty bonnet that was all forget-me-nots—as if that floral reminder were needed!—who could forget Laura, once having known her?—was lovely and fascinating enough to have held any man not bitten by the second passion of the turf bound like a slave to the wheels of her barouche. I was very uneasy about my friend, and followed him every where, with the air of a meek Pylades dancing attendance on a very fiery Orestes—into the ring, into the paddock, and out into the pleasant stretch of turf on the other side of the course to see the horses take their show-off canter.

"There she goes!" he cried; "Baron Von Bourse's Jezebel: the bay yonder with the small head—green body and pink sleeves. I wonder how many men's hearts she carries at her hoofs! My future depends on her, Norris. I saw her win the Guineas. I'd put every sixpence I could stand upon Pasteboard—the bony gray that had been winning every thing in the autumn—and she flew by him like a bird. Look at her, old boy! By Jove, she's a clipper! Isn't it a graceful action? There was a confounded lot of rain last night, and the ground's heavier than I like to see it. But I think she must win—there's nothing that can touch her, to my mind."

"Not Conjuror, your great Yorkshire horse?"

"Conjuror is as fat as a pig."

"There's a brute yonder—with the jockey in black and crimson—that I hardly like the look of, Hugh," I said, doubtfully. "He's got a splendid stride. See what a lot of ground he covers!"

"That!" cried Hugh, contemptuously; "a rawboned beast that never won a race in his life, unless it was some pettifogging plate at the Curragh."

We posted ourselves about a quarter of a mile from the stand, just outside the phalanx of carriages, drags, wagonettes, barouches, family omnibuses, landaus, Whitechapel carts, and the rest—posted ourselves at a point from which we could get a very fair view of the finish, Hugh standing on an old cask, looming gigantic above the rails; I just in front of his knees. There was a cold, dead weight at my breast as the flag dropped and the hoarse, clamorous cry arose,

"They're off!"

The start was beautiful. For the first quarter of a mile you might have covered the field with a table-cloth. Then some obscure animal got away, and began to make the running. Then half a dozen more crept after him; then the favorite, Jezebel, shot forward to the front, and took a lead which she held steadily till she was within something less than half a mile of the judge's chair.

"She wins!" roared that mighty chorus; "the mare wins!"

Hugh Damer clapped his hand on my shoulder—such a muscular grip—it felt like a hand in an iron glove.

"God bless her!" he cried—not impiously, I hope; "she has saved Churleigh."

Alas! too soon had they cheered the victor. That rawboned plater of which Damer had spoken so scornfully came tearing over the heavy ground, with a thud upon the turf that was like distant thunder, and gained on the graceful Jezebel. There was cart-horse blood in him, I believe—nothing thorough-bred could have pounded over the clay like that.

I looked up at Damer. O God! what a white, agonized face I saw—fixed and rigid—with the eyes glaring at the winner.

"Good-by, Churleigh," he cried, with a choking sound, that was half laugh, half sob. "That brute has ridden away with my birth-place and my wife. The ring has got the day, old fellow. There'll be boasting and rejoicing in the tents of Kedar to-night. Come along, old chap. Let's go back to the women and hear their pretty baby-talk about its being such a splendid race—and, oh, please, which is the Leger, Mr. Damer; is it an épergne or a tankard, and may we go and see it?"

He put his arm in mine and dragged me off, after he had given that feeble cask a kick that sent it spinning into space. This hollow-hearted gayety which he put on seemed to me very piteous. I think I would rather have seen him cast himself prone upon the turf and weep aloud.

On this last night I had contrived to secure the seat beside him as we drove home, and once more, and in the same spot, I asked him the question I had asked at the end of the first day,

"Well, Hugh?"

"It's all over, dear boy. I am done for."

"Quite ruined, Hugh?"

"Past all possibility of redemption."

"It can't surely be so bad as that," I said. "Let me help you. I am better off than you give me credit for being, I dare say. I can do something at the worst."

"No, no, my dear fellow. Any thing you lent me would only be a drop in the ocean. It's like you to make the offer, but it would be letting you in for a loss without doing me any good. I must make the best settlement I can with my creditors, and then—"

He paused, and I waited in vain for the end of that sentence.

"And then what, Hugh?" I asked, anxiously.

"Who knows? Who knows what becomes of all the men who go to the dogs? They go across the seas somewhere, I suppose, and drop out of the knowledge of the circle they have lived in. Any thing is better than the chance of being met in Oxford Street by an old acquaintance, out at elbows, and with boots that are in themselves a history."

"Then you mean that you will emigrate?"

"I mean nothing at present—except to make the best settlement of my debts that I can."

"Hugh Damer, give me your honor as a gentleman that you will do nothing rash."

"Rash! you mean that I mustn't make a sudden end of a worthless life. Don't be afraid, Fred; men have a weak way of clinging to existence, let it be ever so troublesome. Life is a habit, you see, and sometimes a very bad habit, but it's not one of which a man can easily cure himself. I shall go on living, depend upon it, somehow."

"And remember, Hugh, how many men have to face the world without a sixpence, to trust in their own talents alone for success. And you have powers so much above the ruck. You are young enough to begin life again."

"At thirty, Fred, and after living at the rate I have lived! I doubt it. But don't waste any thought upon my future, dear boy—I'm not worth it."

My heart bled for him as we drove up the long avenue leading to Churleigh, and I saw the old Tudor mansion, with its many-shaped windows flashing brightness upon the autumn night. Within there was the glow and warmth of fires, welcome even at this early season. The flash and glitter of rare old glass and silver on the long dining-table, and withal that air of mingled repose and grandeur only to be found to perfection in an old house, where every object has the grace and charm of an age that has gone by.

The Dashwoods and all the rest of the guests were to leave next day; but at Hugh's earnest request the manufacturer consented to stay till the following Monday morning.

"Let us have one quiet Sunday together," my poor friend pleaded, glancing from George Dashwood to his daughter, who stood a little way apart, watching him, with parted, faintly tremulous lips, and a somewhat richer bloom than usual on her cheeks: "just one quiet Sunday. You see the house has been so full of people that I have really been scarcely able to enjoy your society—and we are something more than ordinary acquaintances. We are friends, are we not? and I should like for us to have just one quiet day together."

"Friends! yes, I should think we are," the manufacturer answered, heartily; "and I hope we shall pass many days together. However, as you make such a point of Sunday, why, we'll stay; you don't mind, do you, Laura?" She shook her head, with a gracious smile and a still deeper blush, and then bent down to caress a favorite pointer of Hugh's.

"I shall be glad to have a walk round the grounds and a little serious talk with you, Damer," her father went on. "There are some alterations I think of making, and I should like your opinion about them."

"Alterations!" cried Laura; "surely you wouldn't change any thing where all is so perfect!"

Hugh gave her a grateful look—only one brief glance, but it expressed a great deal, I thought.

CHAPTER V.

"Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word farewell."

I TRIED to get away on Saturday, thinking that my friend would like to be quite alone with the Dashwoods, but it was no use; Hugh was determined that I should stay to the last. So I staid, and I believe I was of some value in engrossing the manufacturer's society, and listening patiently to a good deal of talk about trades-unionism and the manner in which commercial England was digging her own grave, while Hugh and Laura strolled side by side among the shady paths of the shrubberies, and on the broad sunny walk beside the moat, making a poor pretense of being intensely interested in the fish that glanced to and fro under the dark, still water, or in the showy groups of geraniums on the sloping bank.

I knew that they were happy—that it was a halcyon Sabbath for Hugh Damer, though he was forbidden to speak the words that must have risen so often to his lips.

We went to the old church, just beyond the gates of Churleigh Wood, in the morning; and Laura sat under the white marble tablet that recorded the virtues of Hugh Damer's dead mother, while all about and around us were effigies of departed and heroic Damers, who had worn sword or gown in the good days that were gone.

That peaceful Sunday came to a close at last, and I thought at nightfall that there was a look of sadness, and even disappointment, in Laura's expressive face. Perhaps she had expected something more from Hugh Damer than those airy nothings, those graceful compliments, which had been his tribute to her that day.

The Dashwoods left very early next morning, and I, who was to depart half an hour later, was present at their departure. I saw a sad, wistful look in Laura's face as she wished my friend good-by.

"There shall be no change in this place that *I* can help, Mr. Damer," she said, gently; "be sure of that."

"You are an angel of kindness, Miss Dashwood; and I am almost happy that my old home should pass into your hands."

"And yet it was a strange caprice to sell it," she said, wonderingly.

"A caprice—yes; but you see it is the nature of men to be fickle."

"And I suppose you are like the rest of your species," she answered, with a faint sigh. "There are some family portraits, by-the-bye, that you will wish to keep, of course," she added, shyly. "They shall be sent to you when you are settled."

"You are all goodness. I will ask for them—when I am settled."

"Come, Laura," cried Mr. Dashwood; "are you going to keep Damer there forever with your chatter? Remember that I have an appointment at Dedham at two. Good-by, Damer; be sure that this place will always be your home whenever you like to come to it."

"A thousand thanks. Good-by—good-by, Miss Dashwood."

And so those two parted, with not so much as a farewell pressure of the hands to betray Hugh Damer's love.

"God bless her!" he said, softly, after he had stood for some minutes silently watching the carriage as it drove along the broad road that circled the gardens, and disappeared in the avenue leading to the gates; "God bless her fair young face! She's the sweetest girl that ever I looked upon; and I think she could have loved me, if I had been free to ask for her love."

"Think she could have loved you!" I echoed, indignantly: "why, I know that she loves you, and that you have almost broken her innocent heart by not speaking out like a man. If you had only made a clean breast of it yesterday, when you and she were meandering about the gardens in an obvious state of mutual spooniness, you might have had every thing comfortably settled with old Dashwood this morning."

"No, Fred, it's impossible—I am a beggar."

I had no time to argue the case just then. The dog-cart was waiting to drive me to Doncaster in time for the up train. I begged Hugh to come straight to me when he came to London, which I expected him to do speedily; to make my quarters his home whenever he was in town; and to trust me fully in honor of our friendship, which meant nothing if it did not mean a real confidence in each other. He promised to do this, shook my hands heartily, and hurried me off to the dog-cart. My last backward glance showed me the tall figure standing alone upon the broad gravel path by the moat, in the beloved home which was his no longer.

He never came to me; my anxious and laborious inquiries about him resulted only in the vaguest possible information. No one, either in London or at Churleigh Wood, could give me any definite account of his whereabouts. There was a general impression that he had gone abroad, but no one could say where. He had settled his affairs in a speedy but satisfactory manner, paid all his racing debts in full, and some other creditors, made a composition with others, and so on. Every one spoke well of him and wished him well; but no one could set my mind at ease as to his fate.

I remembered that wild talk of his about making an easy end of all his difficulties with a pistol, and for a long time I was haunted by a dreadful fear. I watched the newspapers for accounts of nameless suicides; I visited dead-houses to look upon hapless creatures found drowned, and unclaimed by the living; I put myself in communication with the police. Happily nothing came of all this; and I began to hope that Hugh Damer had indeed gone to seek his fortunes in a newer and wilder world.

CHAPTER VI.

"And now those vivid hours are gone:
Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart."

FIVE years went by, and I had heard nothing of Damer. Every autumn I had made a point of spending a week or a fortnight at the pretty rustic village near the gates of Churleigh Wood. Every year I fancied that I should obtain some tidings of my friend; every year I became more attached to the place. I had excellent lodgings in the pretty, picturesque abode of a farmer's widow, half cottage, half villa, and my annual visit had become quite an institution.

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I had grown very intimate with the Dashwoods in the course of these yearly holidays, and the manufacturer had given me many hospitable invitations to make Churleigh my head-quarters. This I did not care to do. The place was too closely associated with my lost friend for it to seem natural to me as a home without him. But it was impossible altogether to resist Mr. Dashwood's friendly advances, and little by little I became a frequent visitor at the noble old house. Laura was still unmarried; no children's voices had yet awakened the echoes of the sombre oak-paneled galleries. Hugh's fancy picture of the fair young mother sitting under the cedar with her babies round her had not been realized. She was no less lovely than when I first beheld her as Hugh Damer's guest; but her beauty had a pensive shadow upon it in these latter days, I fancied; and I wondered whether she still cherished the memory of him who had once been master of Churleigh Wood. Her father told me that she had rejected many suitors, and declined more than one eligible alliance.

"It's rather hard upon me, you see," Mr. Dashwood said, plaintively; "for I am getting old and shaky, and I should like to see my little girl married to an honest man and established in a good position before I go off the hooks. She'll have a good bit of money when I'm gone; and a young woman with money is a fair mark for every adventurer."

"I think Miss Dashwood is too wise to become the prey of an adventurer," I replied; "her pure mind would never mistake pinchbeck for gold."

"Yes, she is a good girl," the father answered, with a sigh; "but I should like to see her married."

"To a man of equal fortune to her own, I suppose?" I said, anxious to find out how the land might have lain for my friend Damer, had he made Miss Dashwood an offer.

"Well, yes," the manufacturer answered, meditatively. "You see, if a man is poor, it's difficult to get rid of the notion that he's more or less of a fortune-hunter. I should like my daughter to marry a man whose means placed him beyond that suspicion."

"Ah!" I thought. "Then there would have been no chance for Damer."

When I went to Churleigh Wood next autumn there was no cheery, loud-voiced host to bid me welcome. George Dashwood lay in a newly built vault, near the resting-place of the Damers, and a handsome monument in the old church bore the record of his homely virtues. He had been dead nearly a year, carried off suddenly, in full health and vigor, as it seemed, by a stroke of apoplexy.

Miss Dashwood had been abroad for the greater part of the time since her father's death, the woman at the lodge told me; but she was at Churleigh now, fondly welcomed by the poor of the district, to whom she had ever been a generous friend. She was more devoted to them even than of old, the woman told me, seeing no company, and giving the best part of her life to works of charity and benevolence.

I called upon her on the day after my arrival, and found her calm and serenely lovely in her sombre mourning robes. She had a widowed aunt living with her, a sister of Mr. Dashwood's—a homely matron, who had been a small farmer's wife, and whose existence had been spent in the quiet atmosphere of a rural homestead—an honest, kindly soul, who spoke a broad Yorkshire *patois*, that was almost like a foreign language to me, and to whom Laura seemed warmly attached.

We talked much of her dead father, and my hearty praises of him seemed to touch Miss Dashwood keenly.

"You will dine with us before you leave the village, I hope, Mr. Norris," she said, when I was taking my departure. "We are only two solitary women, and can not offer you a very lively evening; but I know you are fond of the old house."

I accepted the invitation, and dined at Churleigh on the following evening. The curate of the old church, a rather insipid young man, with ritualistic proclivities, had been asked to meet me. We were a very quiet party of four, but there was no dullness for me in that tranquil evening. There was a tender charm in Laura Dashwood's society which I had never found in that of any other woman; and the refinement of all her surroundings seemed more marked now that her father's somewhat *bourgeoise* figure was missing from the picture.

We dined in the cedar parlor, and adjourned for our dessert to the library—a noble old room of octagonal shape, large and lofty, with four wide, high windows opening upon a flower garden, which had always been sacred to the châtelaines of Churleigh. It was a sultry evening, and the four windows were all open; the little lawn beyond them steeped in a tender, silvery moonlight; the semicircle of trees that shut us in from the outer world rising dark and high against a cloudless heaven.

On such an evening one has a natural aversion to artificial light; so, by general desire, there was only one lamp lighted in the library—a moderator, with a large opaque globe and a dark green velvet shade, which stood on an oaken table in a remote corner of the room.

Miss Dashwood officiated by-and-by with her own fair hands at a pretty little oval tea-table by one of the open windows, and we drank our fragrant orange-pekoe flavored beverage out of old egg-shell china tea-cups without handles, in a very home-like and friendly fashion. After tea Mrs. Pollard, the farmer's widow, retired to a shady corner, where, I think, she indulged in a placid slumber, while the curate withdrew to the lamp-lit table, and amused himself turning over a port-folio of photographs collected by Laura during her late travels.

Miss Dashwood and I were thus left alone at our open window. She was seated in a meditative attitude looking dreamily out at the moonlit lawn, and for some time I could see that she bore her part in our conversation in a half-mechanical manner, and that her thoughts were very far away. This became so obvious to me after a little while that I left off talking altogether at last, and we sat in silence, both of us looking out at that tranquil garden, so fair in the solemn hush of the warm September night.

"Do you know what anniversary this is?" she asked me, by-and-by, in a sudden way that almost startled me.

"An anniversary?"

"Yes, the fifteenth—the date of the St. Leger which we saw run with your friend Mr. Damer. You—you have not heard of him lately, I suppose?" she asked, timidly. I doubt whether, in the broad light of day, she would have found courage to ask me that question. Certainly she had never asked it so directly before.

"I have had no tidings whatever of or from him, in all the five years that have gone by since that day."

"Do you think he is dead?" she asked, her voice trembling a little.

"Well, no; I can't bring myself to believe that. You know the proverb about bad news. I think if any thing had happened to cut short his career I should have heard of it somehow. I know he had almost made up his mind to emigrate—try his luck in the colonies, and so on."

"I fear he was quite ruined when he sold papa this place?"

"Yes, it was all over with him when he brought his mind to *that* sacrifice."

"And I thought him hard-hearted for parting with his birth-place. How unjust I was!"

"Indeed, Miss Dashwood, I do not believe you were disposed to be ungenerous to him."

"Ungenerous! No; he would not have found me ungenerous, if he would only have trusted me."

Her tone was unspeakably tender as she pronounced those few last words.

"There was no one more anxious than I that he should trust you," I said, "for I knew how dearly he loved you."

"Loved me! And you knew that?"

"Yes. I knew that he loved you with all his heart and soul. But he was too proud to offer himself to you in his beggary."

She made no remark upon this. I, too, was silent, for I knew that she was thinking of my friend; knew, as I had known from the first, that she loved him.

Presently, with a suddenness that startled both of us, there came a shadow athwart the moonlight—the tall, gaunt figure of a man—a figure which seemed at once strange and yet familiar to me, and the sight of which set my heart throbbing violently.

He came across the moonlit lawn, and stood facing the window where we sat. Laura Dashwood rose to her feet, looking at him intently, very pale in the moonlight.

"Good evening, Miss Dashwood," he said, in a low voice, and with that quiet ease of manner which some men would carry with them to the pillory or the block. "Is there any welcome at Churleigh Wood for a wanderer and an outcast?"

"Mr. Damer!" she cried, and I could hear the rapture in the faint yet eager cry.

"Hugh, dear old Hugh!"

I had clasped his hands in mine. How thin and wasted the once muscular fingers felt as I grasped them!

"Why, what is this, dear boy? you are as pale as a ghost," I exclaimed, as Hugh Damer dropped heavily into a chair.

"I have been very ill on the passage home—intermittent fever or something of that kind—there was no doctor on board ship; but the skipper physicked me in a rough-and-ready fashion of his own, and at one time he gave little hope that I should ever see the old country again. However, I pulled through somehow. I have rather a strong will, you know, Fred, and I grappled with grim death hand to hand. I wanted so to come home!"

"After five years, Hugh," I said. "Why not in all those five years?"

"I had a purpose to accomplish, and I waited till it was accomplished. When that was done the homesickness grew upon me like a kind of madness. I overworked myself, perhaps, a little toward the end of my exile, I was so eager to return, to look upon Churleigh Wood once more. But I had not been on board the vessel three days before I was struck down by this wretched fever; and till within a week of our landing I was not able to drag myself on deck. We only reached Liverpool this afternoon, and I have pushed across country as fast as the railways would let me, wasting most wearisome intervals at out-of-the-way junctions, and altogether enduring a prolonged trial of human patience. Thank God, I am here at last! Miss Dashwood—Laura—there was something I would have given the world to say to you on that last happy Sunday we spent in this house—something I dared not tell you then. I have come from the other side of the world to say it now."

When this secret was told I know not, but I know that we finished the evening very pleasantly, weak as Hugh Damer still was. He went home to share my lodgings with me, and my landlady and I nursed him between us, and made a strong man of him in a very short time. This being done, I was fain to return to the busy world, and leave my old friend in possession of my quarters.

Two months afterward, in the gray, misty November, there was a quiet wedding in the old church among the effigies of departed Damers, and the fair young mistress of Churleigh Wood took the name of its old masters.

"Well, darling," Hugh said to his bride, as they stood in the old Gothic porch waiting for the carriage that was to convey them on the first stage of their honey-moon journey, "I suppose you think you have married a pauper?"

"I know that I have married the only man I ever loved, Hugh," she answered, in her low, tender voice, "and that is all I have ever thought of."

"Then I am happy to tell you that he is also one of the richest men in Sydney, my pet," Hugh answered, smiling down upon the fair face. "I went away to redeem my fortune and return to you, Laura, or to remain away forever. There were no half measures for me. I was a speculator, and a desperate one—for my case was desperate—but an honest one always, dear; and fortune favored me. I used to fancy that your influence protected and succored me. There seemed a kind of magic in my success, and the day came at last when I won the great prize, and was master of a fortune that I might fairly ask you to share. Only it was pleasant for me to defer telling you this till you had taken me for better for worse, sweet one, and to know that you would have taken me penniless."

What need I tell after this? When the happy sound of wedding-bells rings out upon the air, one can generally guess the end of the story; although there are those who do come to grief, and ruin worse than death, after marriage.

Those two of whom I have written were very happy; no cloud came athwart their sunshine; and I have seen Laura sitting under the big cedar, with her children round her, and Hugh Damer lying at her feet among his babies—not a lonely exile, wandering far away, broken-hearted, as he had fancied himself doomed to wander when he made the picture.

Churleigh opens its hospitable door to me every autumn. The old master of the Glendown Hunt has gone to that quiet rest from which even the deep-mouthed voices of his favorites are not loud enough to waken him, and Hugh Damer has been elected, by the popular voice of the neighborhood, into that honorable position. He hunts about six times a week, gives hunting breakfasts that are banquets of an almost Gargantuan character, and I go down for a run with him now and then, with my portmanteau stuffed full of briefs—not one of which I look at during my holiday.

Often, on autumnal evenings, pacing up and down by the moat, enjoying the social weed, in a kind of half silence that is pleasanter than talk, we drop out a word or two about that unforgotten Leger.

"It was much better to win the race by your own pluck and industry than by the swiftness of Jezebel's heels, wasn't it, Hugh?" I said once.

"Well, I don't know, old fellow," he answered, in his careless way. "I lost five years of paradise, and had to work like a galley-slave among our friends in the Antipodes. But I suppose it makes a better moral."

THE CHEMIST ON THE HEARTH.

LITERALLY on the hearth-stone, which, if it exists in a modern home, wants freshening and cleaning when fires are put out for the season. Marble hearths are discolored by nearly every substance that approaches them, from pine kindlings, with pitch oozing from them, to the poisonous gases of coal smoke and fender rust. It is surprising that otherwise careful housekeepers will allow a fine white mantel and hearth to rival those of a country store in stains and rustiness. Wash the marble first with warm water and soap to remove the grease; then apply oil of vitriol for ink and iron stains, washing it off as soon as the spots disappear. Spots and discolorations made by burning soft coal, if not of long duration, so as to penetrate deep into the marble, may be eaten off with acid. But, if thoroughly smoked, there is no better resource than to call in the plasterer, who will mix a thin stucco of marble dust, and give the whole a pure white coating without gloss. The polish may be given by varnishing the stucco, when dry, with a solution of what is called water-glass. This is the silicate of soda—sold cheap enough at the large chemical warehouses in New York. For its many and convenient uses this substance deserves to be widely known. It is produced by fusing fine flint sand with hydrate of soda, the silicate thus formed dissolving readily in water to any thickness from that of putty to a sirup-like varnish. When applied to solid substances the carbonic acid of the atmosphere decomposes it, taking up the soda, and leaving the silica in a hard, shining coat, water and fire proof. It is applied either to plaster, wood, or stone, both outside and inside a house. The only care to be observed in its application is to give it time to dry thoroughly before allowing it to get wet in any way, or it will be streaked. For treating marble floors, hearths, tables, and statuettes it will be found valuable.

Soap-stone hearths in kitchens should not be suffered to lose their freshness and grow slippery with grease. When first laid either coat them with two or three layers of water-glass, or oil them with boiled linseed-oil, which will prevent spots from showing. This, if you wish to save work; but for those who like a clean, pure slab of stone under their feet, with the same face it wore when first sawed, a little trouble will not be regarded. To remove spots of grease, spread them with a paste of soda and quicklime, leaving it to dry, and washing off when it carries the spots with it. Then spread the whole hearth with powdered freestone mixed with water, and let that dry. When brushed off, with a stiff brush, it leaves the soap-stone fresh as if just cut. The freestone may be saved for future use. Nor will we disdain to look at the zinc or tin hearths, which, by-the-way, ought always to be bound on the edge with a double strip by the tinner. The worst spotted sheet may be quickly brightened by rubbing with a brush dipped in kerosene and fine wood-ashes. But these should only remain on the briefest time, or they will eat off the tin as well as the spots.

The plated knobs or mouldings about a house may be easily cleaned with a mixture of half an ounce of precipitated chalk with the same quantity each of alcohol and ammonia. Wet every part with this, and when dry brush it off and rub with flannel. This is very good for cleaning spoons and plate. Worn plated goods are much improved by rubbing with this mixture: fifteen grains of nitrate of silver, thirty grains of cyanide of potassium, half an ounce of Paris white, and four ounces of water. Shake well before using. This is very poisonous, and must not be used on table-ware.

The family are moving into a new house, perhaps, and the floors are dingy and discolored enough to drive a good housekeeper well-nigh distraught. Remove all the crusted dirt with sand, then mop the floor with a strong lye, washed off with hot water. Before the floor is quite dry moisten it with very dilute hydrochloric acid, and then spread with a thin paste of hypochlorite of lime. Let this remain overnight, and wash off in the morning.

If you know what a clean floor is, you will see it then—every board showing white as milk; and it is well if any one is allowed to step into that kitchen till the immaculate splendor is somewhat subdued. Having such a floor once, people naturally want to keep it so. This may be done by coating it at once with water-glass as thick as varnish, first filling all the cracks with a putty of water-glass and gypsum. Four coats of this soluble glass will form a hard, durable coat, not affected by heat or by wear, and bright as if it were lacquered. There is economy of labor in using the silicate solution, for it does not need to be renewed year by year. If color is desired, mineral paint is added to the second coat, and the last is ground off, and one coat of oil laid on. This is some trouble; but remember it will last six or eight years, and save endless fatigue in scrubbing, retouching and drying.

Lest you think I have water (-glass) on the brain, nothing shall be said here about washing the walls with it, though good authorities pronounce it an excellent application both inside and out, and it promises to meet the long-felt want of a glaze for walls that can be washed like porcelain. But every family wants to know how to take spots out of wall-paper. Bread crumbs? No, thank you, unless for pencil marks. Moisten fresh, dry calcined magnesia with pure benzole, and cork it for use. Rub this on fresh grease spots, and they will flee at once. If they are of long standing, spread the paste on the spot and leave it till the benzole evaporates, then remove the mass carefully with a paper-knife, so as not to scratch the surface, and brush the magnesia away with a nice dry brush. With this preparation paper, parchment, ivory, kid, silk, and woolen can be cleaned so as to look like new. Wash fabrics that will bear it with water to remove the last of the magnesia. Silk and wall-paper should be sponged with ether.

After cleaning the wall, attention is directed to the prints and engravings which hang upon it. How I wish I had known years ago the secret of treating soiled pictures with ozone! In moving to the West our boxes were wet, and all the lovely lithographs and engravings which were to gladden the sitting-room were spoiled. Well, those pets of engravings are past saving; but other people may have discolored, stained, or mildewed pictures which they can save by using some pains. The articles needed are a large glass flask with wide neck, or a glass jar with cork cover, a piece of platinum wire, and a bit of phosphorus half an inch thick and three inches long. Be careful to handle the phosphorus only under water, for it may take fire by a moment's exposure. Have a pint or two of water heated to 86 degrees, suspend the phosphorus at the bottom of the jar by a string, and pour in the water till the stick of phosphorous is half covered, cork the vessel loosely and put it in a cool but not cold place about eighteen hours. This process develops the ozone. Roll up the prints or papers to be bleached, and hang them by a platinum wire in the flask, first moistening the picture. Prints brown with age or soiled with coffee are cleaned by a day's treatment. Longer time is required for ink stains. When bleached, rinse the paper in pure water till all the phosphoric acid is out, and press it between blotting-paper in a screw press if possible. Otherwise, when nearly dry, put it between leaves of white printing-paper and iron with a hot flat-iron. This restores all documents, wood-cuts, and prints, and makes them as white as new.

WHITENING FLANNEL.

IT is said that flannel which has become yellow by age may be restored to its original whiteness by the use of a solution of one and a half pounds of white Marseilles soap in fifty pounds of soft river-water, to which is added two-thirds of an ounce of spirit of sal ammoniac, and the whole thoroughly mixed. The flannel is to be immersed in this solution and well stirred around, and afterward washed off in pure water.

The same result may also, it is said, be obtained still more quickly by immersing the flannel for an hour in a dilute solution of acid sulphate of soda, and then stirring in dilute hydrochloric acid in the proportion of one part of acid to fifty of water. The vessel is then to be covered over and allowed to remain for a quarter of an hour, when the articles are to be removed and thoroughly washed.

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Figs. 1 and 2.—Suit for Elderly Lady. Back and Front.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XL, Figs. 21a, 21b, and 22.

Fig. 3.—Foulard Dress with High Basque.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Suit for Girl from 2 to 4 Years old.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 23-25.

Fig. 5.—Suit for Boy from 4 to 6 Years old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—Percale Walking Suit.
For description see Supplement.

Figs. 19 and 20.—Piqué Walking Suit.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Swiss Muslin Dress with Over-Skirt and Heart-shaped Neck.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—Dress for Girl from
For description see Suppl

[*Group in Background.*]
Fig. 18.—Dress for Girl under 2 Years
For description see Supplement.

LADIES' AND CHILDRE

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10.—Suit for Elderly Lady.—Front and Back.
and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 26 and 27.

Fig. 13.—Nurse's Suit.
For description see Supplement.

Figs. 15 and 16.—Écru Foulard Dress with Over-Skirt and Basque.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 31–34.

Figs. 11 and 12.—Walking Suit for Young Girl.
Back and Front.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 28–30.

Fig. 14.—Infant's Robe.
For description see Supplement.

5 old.

17.—Dress with Over-Skirt and Square-necked Basque.
For description see Supplement.

:R SUITS, FIGS. 1–20.

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A NURSERY RHYME FOR BIG FOLKS.

Nor only the little toddlers,
Perched high on papa's toe,
Bound for a ride to London town,
On childish journeys go—
For we all go up, up, up,
And all go down, down, down-y,
And all go backward and forward,
And all go round, round, round-y.

Still do we reach for sunbeams,
And learn the rattle's trick.
The great big watch of Father Time—
How we love to hear it tick!

To pat a cake for our Tommy,
And pat a cake for ourself—
For that alone we labor and strive,
And hoard up our golden pelf.

This little pig goes to market;
That little pig stays at home;
And we all cry "Wee!" for our mammy
Wherever we chance to roam.

When Jack and Jill go up the hill
To fetch their pail o' water,
As sure as Jack comes tumbling down
Poor Jill comes tumbling arter.

We seek our bed with Sleepyhead,
We stay a while with Slow;
And fill the pot with Greedy, glad
To sup before we go.

Jack Horners in their corners still
Do ply their busy thumb,
And, "What a big boy!" we always cry
Whenever we see the plum.

And, "Who comes here?" cries Trouble;
Lo! 'tis a grenadier,
With the sorrow of millions with him,
Seeking his pot o' beer.

Concerning the house that Jack built
Our knowledge we exalt;
But oh, for cats to kill the rats
That eat our treasured malt!

Our wise men into brambles
Still jump with might and main;
And those who go to sea in bowls
Rarely come back again.

And don't some hearts, deploring
The things that gnaw and harrow,
Let fall the wheelbarrow, wife and all,
When lanes are rough and narrow?

Ah yes! the old rhymes suit us
As well as ever they did;
For the gist of our lives, from first to last,
Is under their jingle hid—
As we all go up, up, up,
And all go down, down, down-y,
And all go backward and forward,
And all go round, round, round-y.

HOW DOLLY "DECLARED HER INDEPENDENCE."

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY.

DOLLY ELTON was going to be married; so her step-mother said, and the sewing-woman, and the girls who expected to "stand up" with her. So said Horace De Wint, to whom she was engaged; and Dolly herself, though she said little, did not contradict, and preserved that silence which gives consent. But as time crept on, bringing nearer and nearer the inevitable day, dark misgivings began to afflict Dolly's secret soul as to whether she was.

There were the twelve pairs of sheets, to be sure, and the snowy pillow-cases to match, stored away in the big press. There, too, were tablecloths, napkins, towels, all duly hemmed by Mrs. Elton, whose fingers did full duty by her husband's daughter, whatever might be said of her heart. The bureau in the keeping-room chamber was crammed with cotton and cambric, goodly piles in all stages of fabrication from the initial web to the last ruffle. In the closet, hung on pegs, the gowns, finished and unfinished, dainty, rustling, half-sentient creations, prophesying a happy life, which they were meant to adorn. They frightened Dolly. She never stopped to stroke or caress their folds as another girl might do. All these things seemed to bind her somehow. They had given trouble—they had cost so much! Like accusing witnesses, they rose and testified against her whenever throbs of revolt shook her poor little frame. It was

"Warp of wool and woof of silk"

against human freedom; and slight and intangible as are the threads of custom and of circumstance, many another maiden besides our Dolly has struggled in their mesh, and found them stronger than cable of iron and link of steel.

Did she ever love Horace? This question she asked herself over and over again on wakeful nights, without getting a satisfactory reply. But a year ago, when their engagement took place, no such doubt disturbed her. Fresh from the law-school and the great city which Dolly had never seen, there was something fascinating in the immediate and devoted attention paid her by the clever young lawyer. He had a nice house and comfortable income, magnified into wealth by village report, and was considered "splendid" by all the girls; good-looking, too, or she thought so then. Dolly knew little of love or lovers. Horace was the first who ever came wooing to her pretty feet, and the upper surface of her heart was touched by his affection, his compliments, and by the silky sweet voice which uttered them, and the thousand-and-one tributes—he brought flowers, bonbons, verses—the tinsel small-change of city society, but ranking as virgin gold in remoter districts. Vanity, triumph, romance, all were enlisted in his favor; and when the decisive moment came Dolly said "Yes," gayly as a bird, and took the utmost pleasure in her diamond ring and her congratulations. "It was real nice to be engaged," she mentioned to her girl friends.

This was a year ago—"when she was young," as she pathetically thought to herself—though, poor child, she was barely eighteen now. Only a year! But it had done the work of ten in forming Dolly Elton. For the first few weeks all went smoothly. Walks, drives, moonlight whisperings—every thing was *en règle*. There were the usual jokes and jests, and the squire and Mrs. Elton sat in the "other room," and left the parlor to the lovers of evenings. But somehow they did not grow together. Horace, now that his prize was won, began to show a truer self; and a certain exacting littleness which was a part of his nature came into view. Relying on the sweetness of temper which he was pleased to style Dolly's chief attraction, he indulged in various small tyrannies; was captious, snappish when tired or vexed, not angry—that open and generous passion was beyond him—but surly and sharp. Disagreeable things came easily from his lips when his will was crossed; and though he always made up afterward with caresses and presents, Dolly learned to dread these moods, and to meet them with a feeling which was half dislike and half contempt. And, as we all know, when contempt even so much as peeps in at the door, love is pretty sure to make post-haste for the window. The two can not abide together.

Dolly's temper *was* a sweet one; but it was capable of indignation and of wrath deep and glowing. The girl had grown since the day when, at his bidding, she put her childish hand into Horace De Wint's. She was growing, and to grow; a deep, rich womanhood was to be hers, and already she rebelled at imprisonment. "A mighty keel needs the sea," says the proverb; and, like some stately vessel launched in shallow waters, Dolly drifted on, now grounding on the shoals, now grazing the confines of the meaner nature which encompassed hers, hearing afar off a beckoning roar, half recognized, which told of fresh and limitless freedom, but ignorant how to attain thereto. It is so easy to drift.

One point of issue between the two was "obedience," on which Horace, an anticipatory tyrant, was fond of descanting. He was a devout believer in certain stringent sentences of St. Paul, which he was wont to quote to the exclusion of other Scripture.

"The husband is the head of the wife," he would say; "you know that, don't you, Dolly?"

"I have heard you say so a good many times, Horace; but I don't know exactly what it means."

"Means, my dear child! Why, it is one of the commandments!"

"Which? The thirteenth or the fourteenth?"

"Dolly, don't be disputatious. All Scripture is commandment, as obligatory to the conscience as if recorded on the tables of stone."

"Indeed! Then I'll trouble you to step out into the back yard."

"Why?"

"While I collect some boys and a few brickbats. You broke the Sabbath most flagrantly day before yesterday; and there is a 'commandment' for all respectable persons to assemble and stone you to death."

"Broke the Sabbath! How? I should like to know."

"First, you cut that great fagot of grape-vine to make my rustic stand with. That was clearly against the law. And then you *would* scramble those eggs over the lamp for tea—another penal offense."

"Dolly," cried Horace, red with anger, "it is unworthy of you to quibble in this way. I say nothing of the bad taste you evince, but when you know more of the world you will find that few things are considered so unbecoming in a woman as making fun of sacred things. Of course these Sabbath observances are obsolete."

"So is assuming 'headship' over your wife with a stick," retorted Dolly. "But" (speaking quickly to avert the rising storm), "seriously, Horace, I would like to know what you understand by those texts in the Epistles. Just how far do you regard the husband as the head of the wife, and she in subjection to him?"

"From the beginning to the end," replied Horace, stammering with eagerness. "It is plainly meant that there should be but one authority in a house, and that lodged in the man. No married life can be happy where this is not clearly understood at the outset. It is God's decree that the husband's will should prevail."

"But how if the wife is the 'better man,' and her will the strongest?"

"That can never be the case."

"Oh, Horace! Think of Mrs. Gale, with her drunken husband, bringing up six children, managing the farm, and keeping him out of mischief all she can! Suppose his 'will' was left to obtain. Think of poor, timid Mr. Puffit, and that splendid wife of his, who borrowed his revolver, and scared away the burglars when he was afraid to get out of bed! Think of Edna Allen and Phil: who would dream of comparing them? Think of—"

"Dolly," cried Horace, appalled, "what *has* come over you? I never heard you go on so before. Your ideas are strong-minded, and would revolutionize every thing. I hate them; they are utterly repulsive to me. Pray let me never hear you speak so again."

Dolly's lip curled. Horace stalked off with a magisterial air. How much longer could this state of things last?

It was late June. The wedding was definitely fixed for September, and Mrs. Elton, being emphatically what is termed "a forehanded person," all preparations were in an advanced state. Dolly wrung her hands as she thought of the things that were done or doing to equip her for—wretchedness! Yes, it began to seem to her like that. She thought and thought, and saw no way out of it. To face her parents with all those "things" staring her in the face, and announce that she was tired of her engagement and disgusted with Horace, seemed impossible. Besides, when Horace was out of sight his irritating ways were in part forgotten, and the sweet-tempered girl, reminding herself of her promise, of her duty, of his affection for her, could half cheat herself into believing it a sin to waver. Nothing but some sharp and sudden shock could bring about the crisis. At last it came.

It had been the custom from time immemorial in the village of P—— that the great and glorious Fourth should be celebrated by a grand picnic. Every body went, and every body liked to go. This year the day proved unusually favorable: warm, but not too warm; bright, but not too bright.

Dolly, of course, had Horace for escort. On the way out one of their many disputes arose, and its effect lasted through the morning, Dolly being pale and silent, and Horace specially savage and disputatious.

Every thing was done and attempted that befits a picnic. There was the usual speech-making and love-making, the children let off crackers in a distant retreat, lemons were squeezed and salad compounded, tea and coffee heated over a camp-fire, and pretty flirting groups gathered flowers to deck the meal. At last all was ready, and the party assembled about the white cloth spread temptingly on the green grass, flickering leaf shadows from above checkering its whiteness, and garlands and wreaths of wild-wood and blossoms ornamenting every dish.

Horace had not recovered his equanimity. He was short and crusty to every one, and more than once addressed Dolly in a way which created general surprise.

"I declare, Mr. De Wint!" said plain-spoken little Alice Lee, at last. "That's the third time you've said, 'Dolly, give me this,' 'Dolly, give me that,' without a 'please' or a 'thank you.' I wouldn't stand it if I were she."

"Dolly is almost my wife, you see, Miss Alice," replied Horace, calmly.

"But you are none the less polite to her on that account, I hope," retorted Alice.

"Excuse me. Politeness is not, in my opinion, exactly the proper relation between a man and his wife. A wife is part of a man's self. He cares for her as for himself—checking, guarding, attending to her best interests; but as for common civilities and attentions, the couple have got beyond those."

"Oh my!" said Alice, making large eyes of astonishment.

"I differ from you entirely, Mr. De Wint," remarked a married lady on the other side of the table. "Good manners and the most delicate attention to the forms of courtesy are, it seems to me, more important between married people than any others. There are inevitable rubs enough in life without adding to them little rudenesses, which in their very nature do more to alienate and separate friends than many larger things."

"*Friends*—yes; but husbands and wives—"

"Husbands and wives don't get on very well unless they are friends," went on the lady, with a smile. "And not friends only; they should be comrades, partners in the best sense of the word, and, above all, *lovers*—a relation which cements all these other relations and makes them possible."

"That is the high-romantic view," sneered Horace, who was in his ugliest vein. "In my opinion all this talk about comrades and partnership is most injurious to the real interests of society. How *can* husbands and wives stand to each other in such light, when the Bible plainly declares that the husband is to be the head of all things, the wife only the hand? A true wife will ask no will of her own. In love and reverence she accepts her husband's as law. He is the master, made so by God, and resistance to his wish should be regarded by her as absolute impiety."

"Your view would frighten most women out of matrimony."

"No true woman," went on Horace, who had fairly donned his moralizing cap. "A true woman *prefers* to be under authority. 'He for God only; she for God in him,' the poet tells us. And when I say to Dolly, Miss Lee, 'Do this,' without the prefix of 'please,' it is because she is to be a part of myself. We can dispense with such forms, and Dolly understands and accepts this view of the case."

With burning cheeks and drooping eyes Dolly had listened to this discussion, yet at this climax she raised them. Blazing with scornful wrath, she fixed them full on Horace, who, suddenly roused from his peroration, experienced an apprehensive thrill down his spine; and her voice, low and intense, smote the silence like a blow.

"I do not! And since you have chosen to make this public exhibition of your creed, Horace, I demand the right to make mine equally plain. Your assumption of authority I deny. I have a will, which God gave me to use and keep. I refuse to lay it down for any one to trample upon. My soul, my life, belong to me. I should defy a tyrant wherever I met him, most of all by my own fireside. To prevent any such extremity, here is your ring. I will *never* be your wife!"

So saying, she drew off the diamond and laid it before him. Then, suddenly paling, she dropped her face in her hands, and, springing up, darted from the table.

It were vain to tell the confusion worse confounded that ensued. Horace, speechless with mortification and alarm, sought in vain for his refractory bride. She was gone; and the picnic party made haste to follow, brimful of wonderment over this astounding scene.

The general verdict seemed to be, "Served him right." Young men quizzed Horace, old folks shook their heads, and the universal stir and amusement was so galling that he was glad to invent "business" elsewhere, and get away for a few months till the thing should be forgotten. Dolly had a hard fight at home; but the squire took her part on hearing a full version of the story, and she came off conqueror and at peace.

At peace, but not the same Dolly. There are some escapes which leave their scars for a lifetime. Bruised and bleeding, though saved, she flung herself desperately on the safe shore of her home life, and for long lay pale and exhausted on the strand, neither knowing nor caring what was beyond.

But youth has wonderful recuperation. Our Dolly's womanhood begins to bloom afresh, and there may yet be use for all those stacks of superfluous household gear over which Mrs. Elton daily sighs.

Horace has come back to his business, a sadder and a wiser man. The future will show how thoroughly he has learned that hard lesson which, expressed in the words of the immortal Mrs. Glass, was sent him last Valentine's-day by saucy Alice Lee—"First catch your turbot."

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

BESIDES suits proper, in which the wrapping is like the dress, talmas and mantelets with hoods are worn, made of white challie with white satin stripes, and trimmed invariably with white Angora fringe. The mantelets, the ends of which fall loosely in front, are always adjusted in the back, even for elderly ladies. Sometimes, but rarely, instead of the fringe trimming, a flounce is used of the same material (challie), edged with white silk braid, and set on with a heading. These wrappings, whatever may be their shape, are worn with all kinds of dresses—silk, light worsted fabrics, jaconet, and even white muslin. They are very convenient where the dress has no wrapping to match it.

A great many wrappings are made this season of black cashmere. There is nothing new about them as far as the material is concerned; their novelty consists in the black soutache embroidery, which covers the garment entirely, being put on not as formerly on the edges and seams, but over the whole fabric; like the jet beads that were worn thus a few seasons ago. This kind of trimming is strikingly effective, being both rich and plain; moreover, it gives consistency to the cashmere, which is always a little too soft.

Apart from these two styles of garments, which may be worn with dresses of all kinds, the wrapping is invariably like the dress.

As to dresses, the greater part are still made with double skirts. The over-skirt is draped elaborately, simply, or not at all, to suit the taste. The under-skirt is generally trimmed with a rather deep flounce, slightly gathered, and surmounted by one or three bias folds. The over-skirt is trimmed with three bias folds alone.

The following pretty dress may serve as a model of this style:

The suit is made of plain violet foulard. The under-skirt is trimmed with a flounce of the same material fourteen inches wide, veiled by another flounce of the same width, made of black silk gauze, and edged with very narrow black crimped silk fringe. The over-skirt is not draped, but hollowed out on the sides (under each arm) in such a manner as to be shorter under the arms than in the front and back, and is trimmed with three bias folds of black silk gauze, each of which is edged on the bottom with narrow black crimped silk fringe, like that on the flounce of the under-skirt. Casaque-waist, tight-fitting, with very long basques in the back, forming three large pleats; this waist is trimmed with two bias folds of black silk gauze, edged with fringe. Flowing sleeves, trimmed with a flounce of the material, covered by another of black silk gauze, like that on the skirt, surmounted by two bias folds. Round hat of black silk gauze, trimmed with a cluster of violet wistaria and a black feather. Scarf veil of violet gauze twisted round the hat, and fastened to the left shoulder with a knot of black ribbon.

This dress can be copied in any shade; it is extremely elegant in light silver gray silk, with flounces and folds of white silk gauze.

Besides flounces, the trimming most in vogue is composed of rolls set on in uneven numbers, from three to nine or eleven, in such a manner as entirely to cover the under-skirt. In general, even in the latter case, a narrow pleated ruche is set under the first roll (that on the lower edge). When the trimming consists of three rolls only, a ruche is set under both the upper and lower roll; but in this case the upper ruche is set on upright, in an inverse direction to the lower one. Even when the under-skirt is entirely covered with rolls the upper one has but three and two ruches, as I have just described.

For light dresses, both of wash goods and those that are made of thin fabrics that do not wash, the following method of draping is employed: a pretty colored ribbon, matching the dress in color, is fastened to the middle of the skirt in the back; another similar ribbon is set underneath the skirt, just below the first one; similar ribbons are arranged in the same manner under each arm; and the ribbons are tied together as high as may be desired, but always so as to loop the skirt more at the sides than in the back. It is an invariable canon of good taste,

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which should never be neglected if one wishes to be gracefully dressed, that garments of all kinds, whether under-skirts, over-skirts, or wrappings, should be, or seem to be, longer in the back than the front; and for this reason we hesitate to return to mantelets with front tabs longer than the back of the garment.

As to bonnets, they are no larger than they have been for several seasons; but a narrow brim is putting forth in front and a little cape behind; it is certain that both will grow; already we see timidly peeping forth under the narrow brim a little ruche of black or white tulle, according to the color of the bonnet, edged with narrow lace; and we can confidently predict a near-approaching day when the fronts of bonnets will encircle the face instead of leaving it absolutely bare. It is probable, however, that this reformation will not be wrought before winter, when reason, the temperature, and fashion will finally harmonize. Reason and the temperature both prescribe that the head as well as the body should be protected from the cold, but fashion decides differently; and hitherto fashion has prevailed over her rivals. But as fashion exists only on condition of perpetual transformation, she is about to become reasonable solely for the sake of change.

Many round hats are still made of crêpe de Chine, black or colored silk gauze, and black tulle and lace. Straw hats are generally trimmed with dark flowers and ribbons. The veils most in vogue are large and square; they are worn so as to cover the hat, with one point falling in front over the face, and the other over the chignon. The two points at the sides are crossed over that in the back and fastened with a jet pin. These large square veils are worn both with round hats and bonnets, and are made of dotted black tulle, edged with narrow, medium, or very wide lace, according to taste.

Lingerie seems inclined to depart from the simplicity which has prevailed therein of late. It is true that plain linen collars and cuffs are still seen, but only very early in the morning; as soon as one begins to dress at all for the day, more ornate ones are worn: for instance, the collar and cuffs are still of linen, but bordered with a strip of nansook, embroidered and scalloped, which is laid on flat and fastened at the corners. The old-fashioned English embroidery, with open-work designs, has also regained high favor; it is even used to trim light worsted fabrics, especially light gray delaine. This is worked on bands of white nansook three-quarters of an inch or an inch in width, and these bands are set on the edges and seams of the over-skirt and wrapping. They also often accompany a trimming composed of flounces made of the same material as the dress, in which case they are set on under the edge of the heading of the flounces, projecting therefrom the width of the embroidery. English embroidery is also much used for white percale dresses, and for little girls' and boys' dresses of all kinds.

Soutache is also re-appearing on all garments, but is chiefly used color upon color, thus producing an elegant and chaste effect.

Black silk is worn more than ever. The following costume will serve as a model:

Black silk dress with trained skirt. The front breadth is trimmed *en tablier* with a scalloped flounce of black silk, the scallops being underlaid with narrow white guipure. Above this flounce is set a ruche of the same silk, scalloped and also underlaid with guipure; and so on to the waist, from the bottom of the dress. A large scarf of black crêpe de Chine is gathered around the waist at the sides, and almost flat in front; this scarf is edged with white guipure, on which is set black fringe a little narrower than the guipure. The ends of the scarf are knotted behind near the bottom of the dress. At the back of the waist is a bouffant pouf or postilion, trimmed like the scarf, and made of the same material. Waist open, square in front, and trimmed with white guipure and black fringe. Flowing sleeves reaching to the elbow.

Many dresses are also made of silk, trimmed with cashmere of the same color, the cashmere being used for flounces and bias folds. The under-skirt of the suit is trimmed with a flounce of cashmere, and the over-skirt with three bias folds of the same cashmere bound with satin of the same color as the cashmere and silk used for the suit. This combination is extremely pretty in dark or light gray, brown or violet. Scarcely any other colors than these are worn, indeed, unless it may be écru, which is seen principally in linen and organdy.

Waists are still made generally with basques, thus abolishing the voluminous belts of wide ribbon. But these ribbons appear in another place; they serve to adorn the sides of the looped over-skirts. Large sashes are still worn with dresses of jaconet, muslin, and all fabrics, in general, which are too thin to admit of basque-waists.

Many suits are also composed of two or even three shades. The following is an example: Under-skirt of dark gray mohair, trimmed on the bottom with flat pleating twenty-four inches wide. Over-skirt of a lighter shade of mohair, falling straight, without being draped, and cut on the bottom in sharp points, edged with a bias fold of silk of the same shade as the under-skirt. Plain high waist of the same color and material as the under-skirt, furnished with basque-skirts plain on the hips, and cut on the bottom in sharp points, which are edged with silk like those of the over-skirt. The waist is trimmed with bias folds of the same silk, which simulate a corselet, the upper edge of which describes sharp points like those on the basque. Half-flowing sleeves, with epaulets and cuffs cut in sharp points. A little paletot is worn with this suit, the bottom of which is cut in points, and edged with silk like those of the dress.

As usual, many foulard dresses are worn this summer. Large patterns are appearing again, and the styles call to mind the time of Louis XVI. — demi-trained dresses, square-necked waists with white muslin fichus pleated inside, sleeves coming just below the elbow, and the whole trimmed with ruches *à la vieille*. The dress has a flounce which stops on each side of the front breadth to form a tablier; this is outlined by a rather wide ruche, which surmounts the flounce all around the skirt, and extends up each side of the front breadth to the waist, which is pointed in front, and terminates in a basque at the back.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

MORE THAN HONEST.

THE character of Irishmen is too much judged of from those details which most commonly meet the public eye, which, for the greater part, are pictures of the worst part of the Irish population, and, when not portraying crime and violence, represent the Irishman as a ridiculous, improvident, blundering booby.

No doubt there are too many criminals and a sufficiency of folly among them; but I am sure there is, notwithstanding many adverse circumstances, a very considerable proportion of high and holy feeling and of self-denying, active virtue, as well as of thrifty industry. And if Paddy is often comical, he is quite as frequently romantically chivalrous in the degree which comes within his reach; and if this can only show itself in small matters in a small way of life, yet these small matters, like straws in the air, show which way the wind blows, perhaps more surely than greater things which imply more preparation and premeditation.

Before the famine of 1846 and the following years there was already a considerable flow of emigration to America; but few well-to-do people went then. It was chiefly young men and women, sons and daughters of poor families. It often happened that means were raised with difficulty enough for one of a numerous family to pay a passage to America, and on such and similar pleas I was often asked to lend the price of a passage, to be repaid by the emigrant.

I often lent the required sum—then only three or four pounds. They sailed in small sailing ships from every little port, and with very inadequate arrangements for their welfare.

Contrary to what might perhaps be expected, these poor people generally sent me back the sum lent within a year, and the exceptions, I am ashamed to say, were the very persons of whom I had felt most secure—very decidedly of a class looked on as more respectable; while the poorer and less esteemed absolutely never failed me—and they were many. They were also, for the most part, persons over whose families or relations here I had no power, as they were tenants or cotters on other people's estates.

Among these was a very large and a very poor family. The eldest daughter was sent for by a relative who had emigrated some time before, and who paid her passage to New York. She dreaded going alone, and succeeded in getting a loan from me sufficient to pay a brother's passage, which was duly repaid within the year.

The next year the same family, hearing of situations for two more of their number, borrowed the greater part of two passages, which again was repaid within the promised time.

Not very long after this another brother borrowed the price of his passage.

But a year passed and no return came. And a second year likewise.

In the course of the third year his brother came to me and brought the repayment (I think three pounds ten shillings).

I asked him if his brother had sent any thing to help his old mother, or to assist another to go to New York. He said he had not—not a farthing.

"Where is your brother now?" I asked.

"I don't know where he is, it's so long since he wrote."

And saying this, he suddenly stopped and colored.

"Why," said I, "how long is it since you heard from him?"

He stammered and hesitated, and said he did not know.

"Is it more than a month?"

"Oh yes."

"Is it three?"

No answer.

"Is it six?"

No answer.

"Is it a year?"

"No, Sir, it's not a year."

"Come now, tell me, how long is it."

"Well, Sir, I got the letter in November."

"And this is September. How is this? Why did you not bring me the money as soon as you got it?"

He colored more, and said, confusedly, "I couldn't come with it any sooner."

"Nonsense," said I. "You could not come four or five miles? Now I see what it is; you have used the money your brother sent to repay his debt, and you have traded upon it some way. As it happens, you have succeeded; but if you had lost your speculation, how would it have been? Your brother would have been supposed by me to have broken faith and neglected to fulfill his promise. Is it not so?"

"No, Sir; I never would let my brother's promise to you be broken."

"Then how is it? Why were you so long?"

"I couldn't help it."

The poor fellow was greatly confused. But his flushed cheek changed to pale when I said:

"Now you did not intend, I see, to be quite dishonest, as you have at last brought me the money; but you have not spoken the truth. Have you your brother's letter? Was that it out of which you took the bank-notes?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Let me see it."

"I can't let you see it."

"Why not, if all you say is true?"

"No, I can't—I can't show it."

"Well, then, I must think it would make you appear more of a rogue than I thought you. You may go; but you are the first of your family that has given me reason to suspect your truth or honesty."

He turned and went slowly, and, as I thought, sullenly. I stood for a minute and watched him. He stopped, took the letter out of his pocket, opened it, looked at it; then looking round and seeing me still there, he returned slowly, and coming up to me, he thrust the letter into my hand, saying:

"There! you can read it. I would never have let you see it only I know he couldn't bear that you'd think me a rogue or a liar. He'd rather you would know all than that."

The letter was to this purpose:

"DEAR BROTHER,—I suppose you all thought me dead when you were so long without hearing of me. I was very near it. I met with an accident and broke some of my bones before I was three months in America, and I have been in the hospital ever since. They say I will be months yet before I am fit to work. I was hoping to send you some help before this time, but you see how it is. The greatest burden on my mind is the money Mr. Hamilton lent me to pay my passage. It ought to have been paid long ago. So, brother, as soon as you have set the potatoes on mother's little place, go somewhere where money is to be earned, and get as much as will pay the gentleman, and take it to him, but don't let him know a word but that I sent it, as I made a promise to do."

Was it not grand—the confidence of the injured brother in his brother at home, and the worthiness of that confidence in the other? This, I think, actually throws the high sense of honesty into the shade, bright as that is also.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AMONG a large class of sensible persons the once prevalent feeling has passed away that either fashion or comfort demands a prolonged absence from the city during the summer. It is not disreputable to remain in the metropolis in July and August; although we have known of those who, being unable to leave the city, have attempted to give a deserted appearance to their houses, entering them stealthily after nightfall, or hiding themselves carefully within during the day, to escape the disgrace of being "in town." Individuals, however, have learned by experience that when three-fourths of the family have fled countryward the house is cooler, the rooms larger, and many home comforts peculiarly available. It is certainly true that for the majority of adults the comfortable home rooms, the abundance of Croton, good gas-light, and plenty of ice and ice-cream are to be preferred during the "heated term" to the stifled, ill-furnished rooms frequently occupied at fashionably crowded summer resorts. *Children* should have country air and plain country living whenever it can be provided for them; and these are useful to every body. But a reform is demanded; and the foolish fashion of whole families migrating to stylish watering-places, only to be packed closely in little rooms, whence they issue periodically, dressed artistically for exhibition, should be abandoned by sensible persons. Let those who can, and who choose, seek changes of air and scene in the summer, but let them go where they can find genuine comfort. And those who are kept by business or pleasure in the city will doubtless obtain rest at home, and fresh air in our fine parks to an extent which is seldom understood.

The *Polaris*, which is expected to convey Captain Hall and his companions to the region of perpetual ice, is heated by steam. One of the boilers is arranged to use whale-oil for fuel. The officers' cabin is neatly fitted up. The berths are hung with lilac rep curtains. A parlor organ, black-walnut table, and chairs are the principal furniture. The captain's cabin is in the centre of the ship. When in winter-quarters the whole upper deck will be inclosed, and the entire ship fitted up as a fortress against the cold.

There is nothing like having at hand in sickness just the right kind of medicine. A lady of Bloomington, Illinois, attributes her recovery from severe illness to the use of a box of beads, taken by mistake for pills.

A certain American college, having voted through its trustees to admit women to its educational privileges, has become alarmed on learning that the girls in a well-known institution consume daily two barrels of flour, five barrels of potatoes, one barrel of coffee, one barrel of soup, 260 pounds of poultry, 180 pounds of roast beef, 200 quarts of milk, 160 quarts of ice-cream, and 800 eggs.

Only one American vessel passed through the Suez Canal in 1870. The whole number that went through was 461, of which 319 were British and 75 French.

Thérèse Gambardella, a girl of thirteen, has been discovered in Vienna, and is instanced as a splendid illustration of the Darwinian theory. She is enveloped in a hairy covering, even her forehead being overgrown with fur-like hair. Her head resembles that of a monkey, so also her jaws and teeth, and she is as restless and agile as one of the amusing specimens found in museums. Such is the report.

Not a single volume was saved from the Louvre Library—so say correspondents from Paris. But all the other great libraries of Paris, with the exception of that of the Hôtel de Ville, have been preserved. It is somewhat singular that both of the libraries which have been destroyed contained many books donated by Americans. Some years ago Mr. Mottley, an American who had long resided in Paris, left to the emperor the whole of his valuable collection of books. These were placed in the Louvre Library, which was not open to the public, and there they remained almost totally unknown, even by Mr. Mottley's own countrymen. A large recess at one end of the library contained Mr. Mottley's collection, in the centre of which was a handsome marble bust of the donor. Besides Mr. Mottley's books the Louvre Library had recently acquired a very complete collection of editions of Petrarch, and works relating to the life of that poet. There was also a collection of paintings on vellum by Redouté, one of the most celebrated painters of flowers that France has ever produced. The library of the Hôtel de Ville contained about 6000 volumes which had been presented by different States of the Union. It was also rich in works relating to the history of Paris and the cities of France in general. Many important manuscripts had, under the empire, been removed from the Hôtel de Ville and placed in other libraries, where they are now in safety.

Vitality will sometimes remain in a bit of wood an incredibly long time. Not long ago a Boston lady, having occasion to use a support for an ivy plant which she was raising in a pot, took an old grape-vine cane and thrust it into the earth. Some time afterward, wishing to remove the ivy, she pulled up the old cane, and found to her astonishment that it had sent out shoots and was making vigorous efforts to root itself by the side of the ivy. This bit of grape-vine had been used for a long time as a cane, and for years which no one in the family could number had been lying about the house.

The Agricultural Society of Breslau, Germany, offers a prize of $700 in gold for the steam-plow apparatus which will work best at trials to be made on the farms near that city this summer.

The Atlantic cable of 1866 has now been so repaired that it is in a better condition than it ever was before. Ninety miles of heavy new cable has been laid, from the point where the splice was made with the submerged portion direct to Newfoundland, across the most rocky and dangerous section of the whole distance from Heart's Content to Valentia. The cable of 1865 has also been repaired, so that now all three of the submarine telegraph lines are in working order.

In the first annual report of the Fire Department of the city of New York, horses receive an honorable mention. Over one hundred and eighty belong to the Department, and these, being systematically groomed, fed, and exercised, have proved equal to the hardships of the service, and have also retained their good looks. Horses placed in the Department soon become familiar with their duties, recognizing the alarm signal, entering into the excitement of rapid preparation, and taking their places, when harnessed, at the pole or in the shafts, with but little assistance, within from twelve to twenty seconds after the signal sound.

An old-fashioned pound—at least we infer it to be of the ancient style—has been re-established in Washington. At the close of the first day of his duties the new pound-master had collected cattle enough to stock a farm.

We are informed by a reliable exchange that a woman has been lecturing in a Minnesota village on the evil consequences of the use of "corsets, tobacco, and whisky," with such effect that every man in town has left off wearing corsets, and most of the women have quit chewing tobacco and drinking whisky.

Feodor Kanika is a Russian pretender who professes to be in direct communication with the Deity, and to have been appointed to prepare an earthly "paradise" for his followers. No poor people, however, can gain admittance to this paradise, for it is necessary to pay five thousand rubles before one becomes a member of the sect, after which various premiums are demanded as a condition of promotion. The fund thus accumulated is, according to the statutes of the society, to be employed in the conquest of Constantinople, which the founder predicts will take place on the emperor's birthday (the 29th of April) in the year 1873.

The wife and children of that wild adventurer, Dombrowski, are in London. It is related of the general that when intercession was made to him for Mlle. Darboy, the archbishop's sister, he promised to do all that he could for her, but that he was surrounded by a set of ruthless ruffians who would not listen to reason. "I know that I must die," he said, "for these men will not follow me, though I have taught them to fear me. I care not, for my wife and children are in safety in London." When he had obtained the order for the liberation of Mlle. Darboy he said to the person to whom he delivered it, "Get the lady away directly, for if these savages catch her they will devour her with their other prey."

There is good promise of an immense peach crop this year. The strawberry season was never so long continued, and the markets are filled with various kinds of ripe fruit. The year has thus far been remarkable in respect to fruit.

At the recent commencement of Vassar College the Baccalaureate degree was conferred upon twenty-one young ladies. It was also stated by President Raymond that the members of the alumni were anxious that the degree of Master should be bestowed on deserving past-graduates, and at a late meeting of the Board having the matter under consideration the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That graduates who shall have pursued a two years' course of study, submitted to and approved by the faculty, shall have passed satisfactorily a thorough examination in the same, and shall have presented a commendable dissertation on some literary or scientific subject, shall be entitled to the Master's degree.

Resolved, That candidates for the Master's degree present themselves for examination on the Wednesday preceding commencement, and send in their dissertation three weeks before commencement.

Resolved, That graduates of Vassar College who pursue studies as resident graduates, in preparing themselves for the examination presented to candidates for the degree of *Artium Magister*, be exempt from the payment of the regular fee for tuition.

"Mary's Little Lamb" must be "tired out." Besides, it has been very ill used; and if it continues to be tormented by so many cruel lines we hope the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" will interfere. The poor little thing should have a chance to rest.

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THE OGRE COURTING.

IN days when ogres were still the terror of certain districts there was one who had long kept a whole neighborhood in fear without any one daring to dispute his tyranny.

By thefts and exactions, by heavy ransoms from merchants too old and tough to be eaten, in one way and another, the ogre had become very rich; and although those who knew could tell of huge cellars full of gold and jewels, and yards and barns groaning with the weight of stolen goods, the richer he grew the more anxious and covetous he became. Moreover, day by day he added to his stores; for though (like most ogres) he was as stupid as he was strong, no one had ever been found, by force or fraud, to get the better of him.

What he took from the people was not their heaviest grievance. Even to be killed and eaten by him was not the chance they thought of most. A man can die but once; and if he is a sailor a shark may eat him, which is not so much better than being devoured by an ogre. No, that was not the worst. The worst was this—he would keep getting married. And as he liked little wives, all the short women lived in fear and dread. And as his wives always died very soon, he was constantly courting fresh ones.

Some said he ate his wives; some said he tormented, and others that he only worked them to death. Every body knew it was not a desirable match, and yet there was not a father who dare refuse his daughter if she were asked for. The ogre only cared for two things in a woman—he liked her to be little, and a good housewife.

Now it was when the ogre had just lost his twenty-fourth wife (within the memory of man) that these two qualities were eminently united in the person of the smallest and most notable woman of the district, the daughter of a certain poor farmer. He was so poor that he could not afford properly to dower his daughter, who had in consequence remained single beyond her first youth. Every body felt sure that Managing Molly must now be married to the ogre. The tall girls stretched themselves till they looked like May-poles, and said, "Poor thing!" The slatterns gossiped from house to house, the heels of their shoes clacking as they went, and cried that this was what came of being too thrifty.

And sure enough, in due time, the giant widower came to the farmer as he was in the field looking over his crops, and proposed for Molly there and then. The farmer was so much put out that he did not know what he said in reply, either when he was saying it or afterward, when his friends asked about it. But he remembered that the ogre had invited himself to sup at the farm that day week.

Managing Molly did not distress herself at the news.

"Do what I bid you, and say as I say," said she to her father; "and if the ogre does not change his mind, at any rate you shall not come empty-handed out of the business."

By his daughter's desire the farmer now procured her a large number of hares, and a barrel of white wine, which expenses completely emptied his slender stocking. Molly herself went round to all her neighbors, and borrowed a lot of new household linen, with which she filled the kitchen shelves.

On the day of the ogre's visit she made a delicious and savory stew with the hares in the biggest pickling tub, and the wine-barrel was set on a bench near the table.

When the ogre came Molly served up the stew, and the ogre sat down to sup, his head just touching the kitchen rafters. The stew was perfect, and there was plenty of it. For what Molly and her father ate was hardly to be counted in the tubful. The ogre was very much pleased, and said, politely:

"I'm afraid, my dear, that you have been put to great trouble and expense on my account. I have a large appetite, and like to sup well."

"Don't mention it, Sir," said Molly. "The fewer rats the more corn. How do *you* cook them?"

"Not one of all the extravagant hussies I have had as wives ever cooked them at all," said the ogre; and he thought to himself, "Such a stew out of rats! What frugality! What a housewife!—I suppose you spin?" he inquired.

Molly held out her hand, in which was a linen towel made from the last month's spinnings, and said, "All that came off my wheel last month."

AT THE LETTER-BOX.

But as her hand was toward the shelves, the ogre thought that all the linen he saw there was from thread of her spinning; and his admiration grew every moment.

When he broached the wine he was no less pleased, for it was of the best.

"This, at any rate, must have cost you a great deal, neighbor," said he, drinking the farmer's health as Molly left the room.

"I don't know that rotten apples could be better used," said the farmer; "but I leave all that to Molly. Do you brew at home?"

"We give *our* rotten apples to the pigs," growled the ogre. "But things will be better ordered when she is my wife."

The ogre was now in great haste to conclude the match, and asked what dowry the farmer would give his daughter.

"I should never dream of giving a dowry with Molly," said the farmer, boldly. "Whoever gets her gets dowry enough. On the contrary, I shall expect a good round sum from the man who deprives me of her. Our wealthiest farmer is just widowed, and therefore sure to be in a hurry for marriage. He has an eye to the main chance, and would not grudge to pay well for such a wife, I'll warrant."

"I am no churl myself," said the ogre, who was anxious to secure his thrifty bride at any price; and he named a large sum of money, thinking, "We shall live on rats henceforward, and the beef and mutton will soon cover the dowry."

"Double that, and we'll see," said the farmer, stoutly. But the ogre became angry, and cried:

"What are you thinking of, man? Who is to hinder my carrying your lass off without 'with your leave' or 'by your leave,' dowry or none?"

"How little you know her!" said the farmer. "She is so firm that she would be cut to pieces sooner than give you any benefit of her thrift unless you dealt fairly in the matter."

"Well, well," said the ogre, "let us meet each other." And he named a sum larger than he at first proposed and less than the farmer had asked. This the farmer agreed to, as it was enough to make him prosperous for life.

"Bring it in a sack to-morrow morning," said he to the ogre, "and then you can speak to Molly; she's gone to bed now."

The next morning, accordingly, the ogre appeared, carrying the dowry in a sack, and Molly came to meet him.

"There are two things," said she, "I would ask of any lover of mine—a new farm-house, built as I should direct, with a view to economy, and a feather-bed of fresh goose feathers, filled when the old woman plucks her geese. If I don't sleep well I can not work well."

"That is better than asking for finery," thought the ogre; "and, after all, the house will be my own." So to save the expense of labor he built it himself, and worked hard day after day, under Molly's orders, till winter came. Then it was finished.

"Now for the feather-bed," said Molly. "I'll make the ticking, and when the old woman plucks her geese I'll let you know."

When it snows they say the old woman up yonder is plucking her geese, and so at the first snow-storm Molly sent for the ogre.

"Now you see the feathers falling," said she, "so fill the bed."

"How am I to catch them?" cried the ogre.

"Stupid! don't you see them lying there in a heap?" cried Molly. "Get a shovel, and set to work."

The ogre accordingly carried in shovelfuls of snow to the bed, but as it melted as fast as he put it in his labor never seemed done. Toward night the room got so cold that the snow would not melt, and now the bed was soon filled.

Molly hastily covered it with sheets and blankets, and said:

"Pray, rest here to-night, and tell me if the bed is not comfort itself. To-morrow we will be married."

So the tired ogre lay down on the bed he had filled, but, do what he would, he could not get warm.

"The sheets must be damp," said he; and in the morning he woke with such horrible pains in his bones that he could hardly move, and half the bed had melted away. "It's no use," he groaned; "she's a very managing woman, but to sleep on such a bed would be the death of me." And he went off home as quickly as he could, before Managing Molly could call upon him to be married; for she was so managing that he was more than half afraid of her already.

When Molly found that he had gone she sent the farmer after him.

"What does he want?" cried the ogre when they told him the farmer was at the door.

"He says the bride is waiting for you," was the reply.

"Tell him I'm too ill to be married," said the ogre.

But the messenger soon returned.

"He says she wants to know what you will give her to make up for the disappointment."

"She's got the dowry, and the farm, and the feather-bed," groaned the ogre. "What more does she want?"

But again the messenger returned.

"She says you've pressed the feather-bed flat, and she wants some more goose feathers."

"There are geese enough in the yard," yelled the ogre. "Let him drive them home; and if he has another word to say, put him down to roast."

The farmer, who overheard this order, lost no time in taking his leave, and as he passed through the yard he drove home as fine a flock of geese as you will see on a common.

It is said that the ogre never recovered from the effects of sleeping on the old woman's feathers, and was less powerful than before.

As for Managing Molly, being now well dowered, she had no lack of offers of marriage, and was soon mated to her mind.

REMOVAL OF MOULD FROM LINEN.—Spots of mould on fabrics can, it is said, be removed from cotton or linen by first rubbing them over with butter, and afterward applying potassa moistened with a little water, and then rubbing the spot, when all traces of it will disappear.

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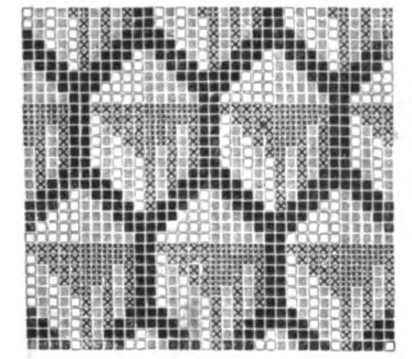
Knitted and Reed Salad Rinser.

THIS salad rinser is knitted, always going forward, with coarse gray thread and coarse white knitting cotton, on five wooden knitting-needles, and is furnished with hoops of Spanish reeds. At the upper edge of the salad rinser is a handle covered with thread and knitting cotton. Begin the knitted work at the middle of the bottom, and with single gray thread make a foundation of 16 st. (stitches), close these in a ring, and then work with gray double thread two rounds, all knit plain, leaving the number of stitches unchanged. Now lay on the white cotton, and with this work the 3d and 4th rounds.—All purled. 5th round.—Always alternately purl two together, throw the thread over twice. 6th round.—All purled; work four stitches on every two threads thrown over—one of these stitches knit plain, one purled, one knit plain, and one purled. 7th round.—All purled without widening. 8th–14th rounds.—With gray thread, all knit plain. 15th–19th rounds.—With white cotton, like the 3d–7th rounds, but in the 18th round work, instead of 4 st., only 3 st. on every two threads thrown over; one of these st. knit plain, 1 st. purled, and 1 st. knit plain. 20th–26th rounds.—With gray thread, all knit plain. 27th–31st rounds.—With white cotton, like the 3d–7th rounds, but in the 29th round throw the thread over once only, instead of twice; in the 30th round work only one stitch on each thread thrown over, so that the number of stitches is unchanged. 32d–38th rounds.—With gray thread, all knit plain. Now again lay on the white cotton, and work the 39th–41st rounds all purled, the 42d round as follows: * Purl two together, purl two together, throw the thread over twice, and repeat from *. 43d round.—All purled; on every two threads thrown over work 1 st. knit plain, 1 st. purled. 44th round.—* Purl 2 st. together, throw the thread over twice, purl 2 st. together, and repeat from *. 45th round.—Like the 43d round. 46th and 47th rounds.—Like the 42d and 43d rounds; but in the 47th round, instead of working 2 st. only on every two threads thrown over, work 3 st.: 1 st. plain, 1 st. purled, and 1 st. plain. 48th round.—All purled. 49th–55th rounds.—With gray thread, all knit plain. 56th–60th rounds.—With white cotton, like the 27th–31st rounds. 61st–67th rounds.—With gray thread, all knit plain. 68th–77th rounds.—With white cotton, like the 39th–48th rounds. 78th–84th rounds.—With gray thread, all knit plain. 85th–89th rounds.—With white cotton, like the 27th–31st rounds; then cast off. Work a row of scallops on the upper edge of the salad rinser with gray cord. Then pass a Spanish reed thirty-seven inches and one-fifth long through the holes of the 29th round; slope off the ends of this reed, and tie them over each other to a length of two inches and four-fifths, so that the reed is closed in a ring. A reed forty-six inches long, closed in a similar manner, is passed through the holes of the 58th round; and a reed thirty-seven inches and one-fifth long through the holes of the 87th round. Furnish the upper edge of the salad rinser with a handle, as shown by the illustration; this handle consists of two pieces of Spanish reeds twenty inches long each, which are joined by covering them with gray thread and white cotton, as shown by the illustration. The handle is fastened to the salad rinser by means of gray thread.



TAPESTRY FOUNDATION FOR SLIPPERS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Green; ⊠ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ▪ 3d, □ 4th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

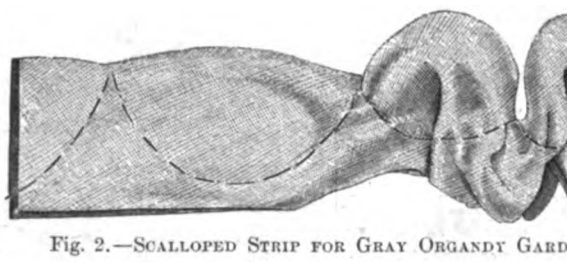


Fig. 2.—SCALLOPED STRIP FOR GRAY ORGANDY GARDEN HAT.

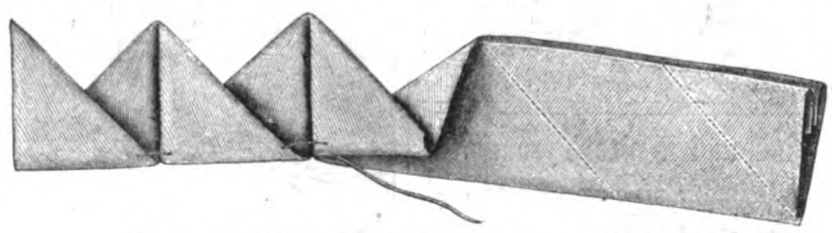


Fig. 3.—POINTED STRIP FOR BUFF ORGANDY GARDEN HAT.

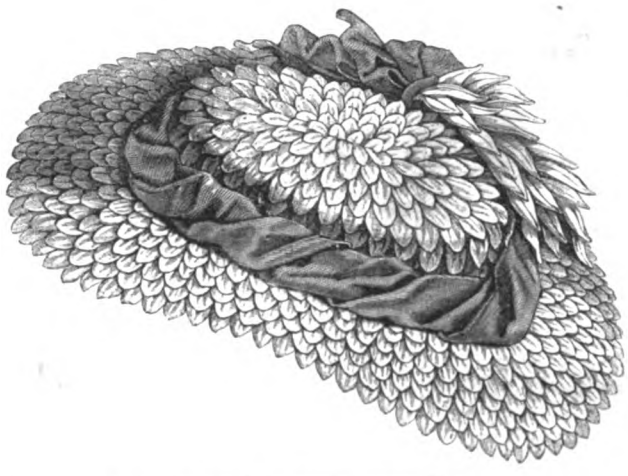


Fig. 1.—GRAY ORGANDY GARDEN HAT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 45–47.

Fig. 3.—WHEAT FOR GRAY ORGANDY GARDEN HAT.

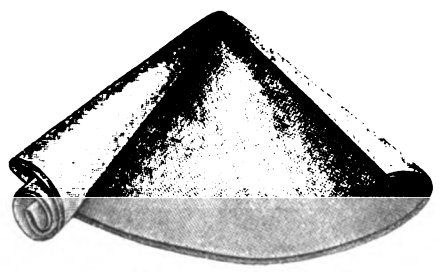


Fig. 4.—MANNER OF MAKING WHEAT FOR GARDEN HAT.

KNITTED AND REED SALAD RINSER.

Tapestry Foundation for Slippers, etc.

THIS foundation is suitable for shoes, pockets, sewing-weights, pincushions, etc.; it is worked in cross stitch on canvas, with worsted and silk, in the colors given in the description of symbols.

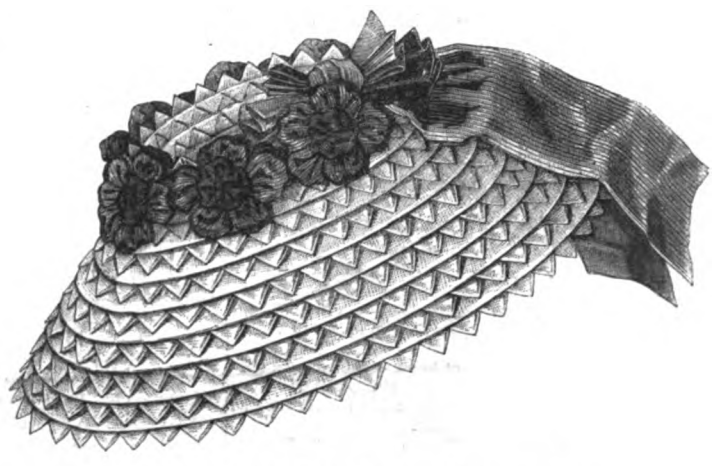


Fig. 1.—BUFF ORGANDY GARDEN HAT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 42–44.

Corner of Tapestry Border for Covers, Cushions, Rugs, etc.

THIS border is worked in cross stitch on canvas with zephyr worsted and filling silk. Use coarse or fine canvas, according to the purpose for which the border is intended. The colors are given in the description of symbols.

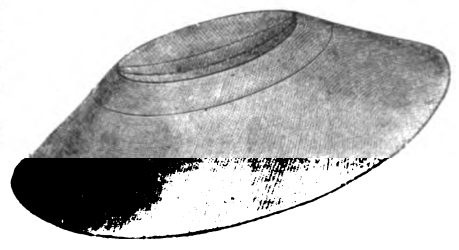


Fig. 2.—FRAME OF BUFF ORGANDY GARDEN HAT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 42–44.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

NOTHING is easier, if we are not very particular about the accuracy of our judgment, than to judge; and this holds good with respect to nations no less than to individuals. There is a tempting facility in providing one's self, so to speak, with a set of little mental pigeon-holes, in which we can stow away, neatly ticketed, our opinions concerning the several branches of the great human family. We can pull out at pleasure the puppet that represents, say, a Russian, and make him dance in most approved Muscovite fashion. There can be no mistake; for is he not a Russian, and have we not had him in our catalogue, duly classed and numbered, for many a day? So with the French. We know all about the French. A Frenchman, as every body is aware, is a being light of heart and supple of spine, a sort of human butterfly, gay, polite, and, I am afraid, frivolous, all bows and grins and good-humor. An Englishman, ah! he comes out of quite another sized pigeon-hole, and capers to a different and less lively tune. He is a grotesque and eccentric personage, who invariably realizes enormous fortunes by exporting little penknives, who drinks raw rum, suffers from spleen, and has red whiskers of fabulous proportions. His wife and daughters still, in defiance of the tyranny of fashion, wear green veils and preposterous bonnets of Dunstable straw, and have front teeth of alarming length and prominence.

The truth, often unwelcome, is that a clear and sharp distinction between the qualities of different nations is, from its nature, hopeless. We can not draw a hard and fast line that shall rigidly separate, like a well-defined frontier, the characteristics of one group of nations from those of another. Black men and white, red men and brown, have so much in common that the points of resemblance very much outnumber those of contrast. Not only were there heroes before Agamemnon, but in far-away parts of the earth, and among races reputed barbarous, no doubt there existed in Homer's days of eld as much valor, wisdom, and merciful self-restraint as did honor to the bravest and the wisest in that memorable leaguer before Troy. Still we are not all alike, not stamped

CORNER OF TAPESTRY BORDER FOR COVERS, CUSHIONS, RUGS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Green; ■ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d (lightest), Reddish-Brown; ▪ Red; ⊠ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d, ▪ 3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk); ■ Black.

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with the wearisome uniformity of so many newly minted shillings. Men and women are really as various as the coins in some numismatist's collection, where in the same drawers lie the antique doubloon, the "broad piece," so many pieces of which buccaneering Drake brought home to Plymouth, and the glossy napoleon, where the Spanish gold ounce, or the massive mohur of Mogul coinage, jostles the oblong gold itzebues of Japan, or the queer white platinum eagles, worth ever so many rubles apiece, which bear the stamp of the Czar Nicholas. There are subtile distinctions worth remembering between the inhabitants of different provinces. There are more salient features in the national character of those whom alien speech and creed, whom seas and mountains, keep asunder.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LUTHERANNA.—As you have been wearing deep mourning for a year, you can wear a white crape, or an organdy dress trimmed with many flat pleatings, at the wedding of your friend. Black tulle over silk is worn for evening dress by ladies who object to white toilettes.

MRS. M. S. D.—We do not know where you can obtain the shadow pictures like the cutting sent us.—The Apron-Polonaise pattern sent you has the effect of a French waist with an over-skirt.

MRS. G.—It is *not* absolutely necessary to flounce your grenadine. It will be very pretty made as you suggest.

B. R.—You did not inclose the samples about which you ask information.—Crumb-cloths should be taken up after every meal, though many persons do not remove them so often.—Any florist will advise you about the flowers for your bay-window.—Linen casaques may be made by the Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., or by the polonaise in No. 44, Vol. III. They will be much used this summer, and are very stylish when worn over silk.

MRS. H. M'F.—Trim your brown poplin with ruffles of the same headed by bias silk bands of darker brown. Hints for making and trimming the cut paper pattern suits are always given in the *Bazar* which they accompany. Let your child's dress come half-way between the knee and ankle. Use dark brown worsted braid for trimming child's buff linen. The low Gabrielle and sacque will be suitable, also the little dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. IV. Read New York Fashions accompanying that number for hints about children's clothes.

F. E. N.—It will take eight or nine yards of linen three-fourths of a yard wide to make a linen duster by the Water-proof Cloak Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV.

F. A. W.—Straw gypsy bonnets, English turbans, and broad-brimmed flats are the fashionable head coverings. Read New York Fashions in *Bazar* No. 24, Vol. IV., for further information.—"General Average" was published in *Harper's Monthly* for June. We can not republish it in the *Bazar*.

MRS. W. E. H.—The Short-Sacque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV., will suit you.—A lady's own delicacy is the only guide we know of for such matters.

MARCIA.—It is useless to complain of inattention to letters addressed to this column. We reply at our earliest convenience, and can not do better.—A yard and a quarter of cashmere will make your hood. For your suit use Traveling Dress Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. IV. For your organdy basque and train you will require from six to eight yards, according to the amount of side-pleated ruffles you put on it.

MAGUS.—Get Banting's book on corpulency, and follow his method for reducing flesh.

MRS. C. A. M'F.—We know nothing of the fluting sticks you mention. The most stylish ruffling is kilting, or flat pleats all ironed one way.

A. W. S.—Make your black poplin dress a demi-train and basque trimmed with ruffles of the same. For the green poplin suit use cut paper pattern of the Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV.

B. AND P.—The white checked sample should be made a short suit, with over-skirt and sacque, like that in the Short-Sacque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Trim with plain muslin pleated ruffles.

INTERROGATORY.—The pattern of Postilion-Basque Suit sent you is appropriate for your blue striped silk. Trim with ruffles edged with narrow blue and white fringe. The same basque will answer for day and evening. Peasant basques, like that in Peasant Basque Walking Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 34, Vol. III., are much worn. A New York modiste would use white silk of as good quality as your striped sample for lining the basque, but white twilled muslin or linen will answer. The gray pongee will look well made by Traveling Dress Suit pattern in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. IV.

H. C.—Your gray sample is not Irish poplin, but very poor Japanese poplin. Trim it inexpensively with bands of the same, piped with black silk, and take care to keep it dry, as water ruins it. A basque and demi-trained house dress would be the best plan for making it. The black stuff will make a pretty apron-polonaise, trimmed with narrow silk ruches.

L. L. W.—Your sample is not the grenadine now fashionable for dresses, but there is no better way of making it than over a tight silk lining. The silk sample is called Armure silk.

MRS. W. L.—Giaour is pronounced as if spelled djiur.—If you choose you can gather the back breadths of the burnouse over-skirt instead of letting them hang, though the last plan is very stylish. This will not require any other change in the over-skirt. A sacque of piqué with embroidered ruffle will be pretty for your little girl of three years.

A PERPLEXED MOTHER.—A gored or bias skirt, or a straight skirt of three widths, plain in front, the rest in kilt or box pleats extending all the length of the skirt, is worn by boys of three, with linen shirt waists, in the house, and jackets to match the skirts for the street. We give cut paper patterns of children's clothing. White or buff corded piqué and linen are the fashionable materials for such suits.

MRS. C. M. G.—Your ideas about the darts in the postilion and the skirt breadths are all right.

MRS. A. M.—Your hand should not rest on the table when eating.—Your white alpaca suit will be pretty for church any where but in a city.

SUSAN.—Make your organdy with two skirts, ruffled, and a basque, or else a French waist—that is, a full blouse, or infant's waist, gathered to a belt.

DOLLIE.—Read answer above to "Susan." Another French waist has two darts in front, while the back is broad, and held by a gathering string.

MISS D. L. S. failed to send her bust measure; consequently we can not send pattern.

MRS. H. J. H.—Your pretty piqué will look best made by the Short-Sacque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV., and trimmed with bias bands of the same, piped with purple percale, or else pleatings of the piqué or of white muslin.

IMPORTANT FOR LADIES TO KNOW.

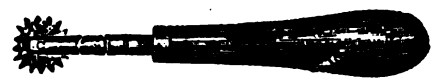
THEY can clean all kinds of Clothing, either silk, woolen, or cotton, Kid Gloves, Point Lace, etc., perfectly by using *Fragrant Sapoliene*. It removes Paint, Grease, Tar, etc., instantly, without the least injury to the finest fabric, is as clear as water, no trouble to use, dries instantly, and leaves a rich perfume. Sold by all Druggists. —[*Com.*]

THOSE WHO SUFFER from nervous irritations, itching uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines the health, and the constitutional vigor will return.—[*Com.*]

LUXURY, Health, Economy insured by using *Dooley's Yeast Powder*. Elegant light Rolls, Biscuits, etc., prepared in ten minutes. Dépôt, 69 New St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer cleanses the head from dandruff. Give it a trial.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will cure CONSUMPTION. Try it!—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by *Druggists every where.*

It has the delicate and refreshing fragrance of genuine Farina Cologne Water, and is indispensable to the Toilet of every Lady or Gentleman. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in PERFUMERY.

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FOR $1, a Pair of PARIS KID GLOVES, any color, shade, or size; 2 buttons, 25 cts. extra.
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For $1—A Lady's Lace Handkerchief.
For $1—The latest style Lace Veil.
For $1—The Ladies' Nilsson Silk Tie.
For $1—A Lady's Silk Sash.
Will be sent by Mail.
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WARREN WARD & CO., Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in **EVERY VARIETY of FURNITURE** for City and Country Residences,
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Write for Catalogue of 600 pieces—mailed free.

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MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S new society novel, with character illustrations, will be ready July 1st. Price $1 50. Sent by mail, postpaid, by the publishers,
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CARBOLIC HEALING COMPOUND C. S. SALVE

Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box.
JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor,
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WANTED—AGENTS ($20 per day), to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
FAR SUPERIOR TO any EAU DE COLOGNE for *TOILET AND SANITARY PURPOSES.*

In warm weather it will allay the baneful effects of perspiration, and impart a delightful coolness to the skin.
One drop will counteract all the irritating effects of Musquito Bites.
It will relieve in a short time the most painful headache.
Special Representatives for the United States,
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HAVE NOW READY
Gauze Underwear,
HOSIERY, GLOVES,
Elegant Neckwear,
ENGLISH UMBRELLAS,
SUSPENDERS,
BATHING SUITS,
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs,
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IS A PURE
BLACK TEA,
with the *Green-Tea Flavor*. Warranted to suit all tastes. *For sale every where.* And for sale wholesale only by the **Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.,** 8 Church St., N. Y. P. O. Box **5506.**
Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.

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WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY OF $30 PER WEEK and Expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

$375 A MONTH—Horse and outfit furnished. Address NOVELTY CO., Saco, Maine.

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EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN
LADIES' READY-MADE SUITS,
DRESSES, &c.,
from $3 50 each upward.

Silk and Cloth CLOAKS, Embroidered Cashmere JACKETS, SACQUES, POLONAISES, &c.

Handsome quality LADIES' SKIRTS, 9 tucks, 75 cents each and upward.

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WEDDING TROUSSEAUX, INFANTS' WARDROBES, CHILDREN'S Braided Linen and Pique DRESSES, $1 50 each and upward.

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Genuine Tassore Cloths for Suits, 25 cents per yard.
Figured and Striped Linen Lawns, in great variety.

SUN-SHADES, PARASOLS, AND UMBRELLAS, in great variety and at Low Prices.

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Will offer the balance of their Paris and City made Silk Mantles, of the latest designs, at a still further reduction, previous to taking their half-yearly inventory.
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EMBROIDERED HOUSE JACKETS, THREAD-LACE AND LLAMA-LACE SHAWLS, JACKETS, &c., &c., at equally low prices.

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Complete with every requisite, ready made, and to order at short notice, and at MODERATE PRICES.
N. B.—BRIDAL OUTFITS A SPECIALTY.

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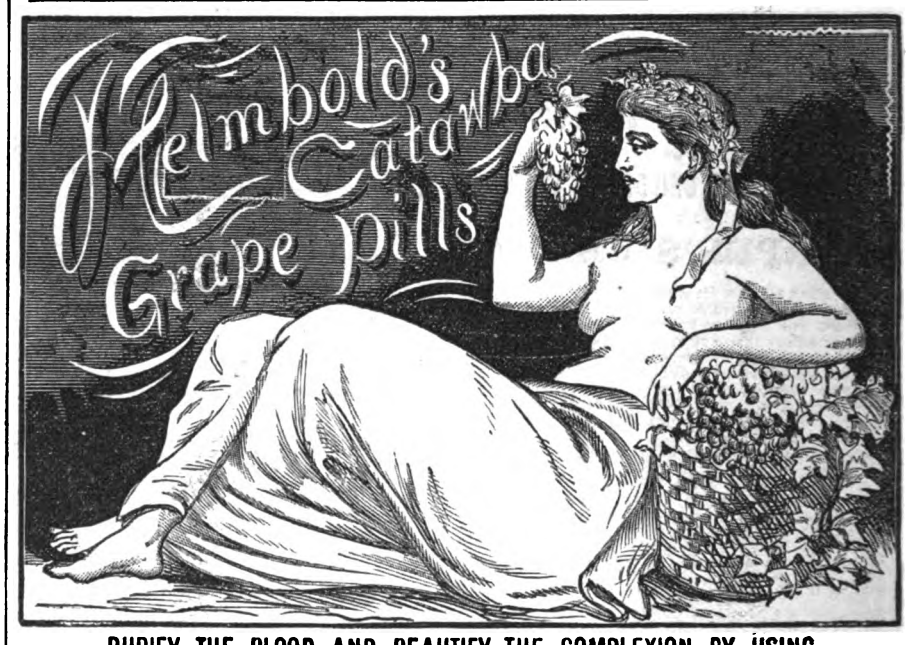

PURIFY THE BLOOD AND BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION BY USING
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE-JUICE PILLS, and
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This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying, and invigorating medicines. "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla," and "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Grape-Juice Pills," are the best and most reliable.

One bottle of "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wine-glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage.

The "Grape-Juice Pill" is composed of Fluid Extract of Catawba Grape-Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, &c. "Helmbold's Grape-Juice Pill" is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation. Safe for and taken by children. No nausea; no griping pains; but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation. Two bottles of the "Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla" and one bottle of the "Grape-Juice Pills" are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, costiveness, and irregularities; and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor, and new life. The "Catawba Grape Pills" are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing. All of H. T. Helmbold's preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all on their own merits. Prepared by

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It is true and not strange that the prominent brands of alpacas which have appeared of late years have lost all their temporary popularity. The reasons are evident: first, the importers relied on a name or ticket to sell the goods, without regard to intrinsic worth; and, second, the various brands (whose name is legion) were wanting in all the qualities that go to make the Diamond (D) Mohair, the only alpaca of which any lady should make a dress. The Diamond (D) Mohairs are made of pure lustre yarns, and always retain their brilliancy and color. They do not crease or wrinkle as common alpacas do, and are to be had of the leading retailers in the United States.

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We claim for WALTHAM WATCHES more points of excellence than are found in those of any other manufacture. This is especially the case with those made for ladies' use. In their construction every care is taken to insure correct performance, and, although of small size, they are remarkably substantial; in this respect they essentially differ from the great majority of small foreign watches, which are so slightly made that their use, as time-keepers, must be very short and limited. The gold cases for these watches are of great variety, from the perfectly plain to the most elaborately ornamented. Every taste and purse can be suited. An examination of our assortment, which is by far the largest in the country, is respectfully solicited, and to those at a distance we will send our Illustrated Catalogue, on application by mail or otherwise. Please state that you saw this notice in *Harper's Bazar*.

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OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
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These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. III.

POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	No.	26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	"	30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	32
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Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	"	1
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LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	"	11
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SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT	"	21
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	"	23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	"	25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	"	27

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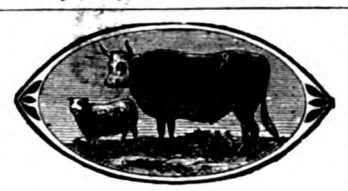
Use none but  THE BEST!!!

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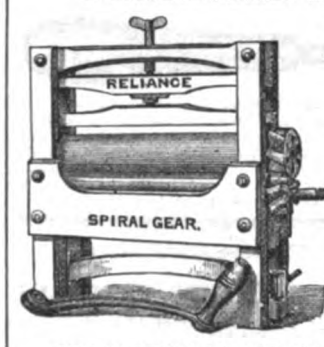

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FACETIÆ.

WHY is the tenth of a dime like the Apostle John?—Because it is one cent.

A TOAST.—Here's to the three ages—eng-age, marri-age, and dot-age.

An impatient Irishman called to his wife: "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had none since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day." This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock with "Come, Mary, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!"

THE MO(U)RNING AIR—The "Dead March."

Some young men are a little partial to blue-eyed maidens. Others like dark-eyed lasses. But the mon*eyed* girls have the most admirers.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT—Babies.

"It is a curious fact," says an entomologist, "that it is the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor would say that it is not at all curious.

NOT A MISS—A pretty widow.

MARRIAGE NOT AT ALL À LA MODE.

This Picture represents the Happy Husband taking out his own Baby in his own Perambulator, to the Admiration of all the Ladies of the Neighborhood, married and otherwise. We trust that the Example may be followed more extensively than it has been.

A WELCOME.

I hail the spring
With gladsome shout;
For each green thing
Begins to sprout.
The frost is past,
The skies are clear;
We feel at last
That spring is here.

The winter through
I've hankered much
For taturs new,
Green pease, and such.
In vain! Because
Just then, you know,
By Nature's laws,
They do not grow.

I don't much care,
The truth to tell,
For cowslip fair
And snow-drop bell;
For pale primrose
Or bluebell sweet—
For things like those
One can not eat.

I'll just point out
What pleases us—
The Brussels sprout,
Asparagus,
The early pea,
The taturs new.
Give these to me—
The flowers take you.

SLEIGHT OF HAND—Refusing an "offer."

HALF A SOVEREIGN—The Prince of Wales.

CARGO EXTRAORDINARY.—A vessel arrived at New York on the 11th ult. having on board a hundred cases of cigars, and two cases of measles.

AT THE ACADEMY.

YOUNG LADY (*indignant*). "Now I told you, Papa, this wasn't the Fashionable Hour. We'll have Nothing but these Horrid Pictures to look at until the People come!"

MALAPROPOS.

"Please, Sir, you're afther forgittin' your Umberil!"

ANOTHER SMART FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

Neighbor S—— is a blacksmith; he has a little four-year-old. S—— was at work at his forge the other day making harrow-teeth, and had about thirty piled up beside the anvil, when Bub came in, and stood watching the job.

"Pa, what's them?"

"Those are harrow-teeth, sonny."

S—— worked away, not noticing the boy until he heard a laugh, when he looked up, and heard him exclaim to himself, "Ho, ho! what an awful big mouf!"

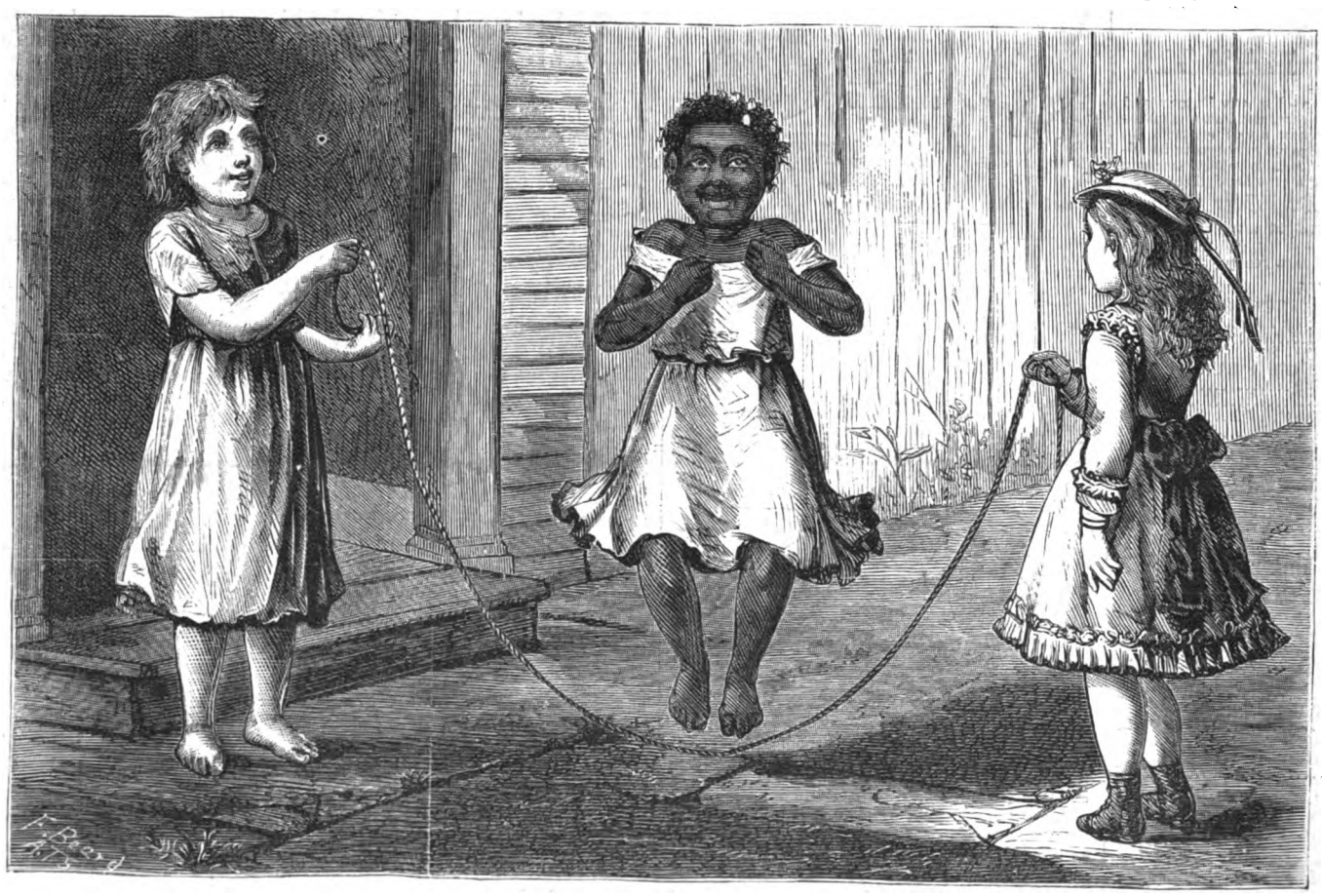
PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY BY A MUZZY METALLICIAN—A four in the hand is worth two in a buggy.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit-wrapper?

READY MONEY—Quicksilver.

A CRYING SIN—Taking babies to the play.

PATHETIC.—A Norwich authority tells a pathetic little story about a pigeon which became fastened by a long string hanging from its leg to a telegraph-wire. Two or three cruel boys wanted to throw stones at it; but a kind gentleman, telling them not to hurt the poor bird, got a ladder, and carefully unwound the string, and put the frightened, fluttering little creature tenderly into his bosom while he descended. The next evening he remarked that it had made a much nicer pie than he expected.



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"The Sixth Tumbler; or, Time the Toddy was Done," by the author of "The Seventh Vial; or, the Time of Trouble Begun."

The complaint misers generally die of is tightness of the chest.

HOW TO SERVE A DINNER—Eat it.

Some fishes' existence is ova before it commences.

RAPID CONSUMPTION—Bolting one's food.

A COMPANION OF THE BATH—A sponge.

CAKES.—Those who are compelled to "hurry up their cakes" may find the following variety, prepared for various callings, convenient to select from: The best cake for prize-fighters, pound cake; the most suitable for carpenters, plane cake; the most relished by loafers, sponge cake; the most palatable to boatmen, current cake; the most acceptable to hangmen, drop cake; the best for farmers, seed cake; the kind indulged in by surgeons, cup cake; the most healthy for plumbers, plumb cake; the debtor's cake, short cake; the gardener's cake, the hoe cake; the one for summer use, the cake of ice; the one for discount, an oat cake; a cake not enjoyed by any one, a stomach ache.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 29.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS stylish suit consists of knee-breeches, vest, and jacket, of dark blue cassimere, ornamented with black silk braid, as shown by the illustration. The suit is graded to fit boys from four to nine years old, in six sizes, from 21 to 26 inches, bust measure. The size is taken in the usual manner—by passing a tape measure straight around the body under the arms.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises three articles, viz.: knee-breeches, vest, and jacket.

KNEE-BREECHES.—This pattern is in three pieces, viz.: front, back, and false belt. The notch on the outside seam of the front shows where to put in the pocket. The lap on the outer edge of the back turns in for the pocket facing. The breeches extend three inches below the knee, and are lengthened or shortened at the bottom, care being taken to preserve the shape. They are finished at the top with binding, and have a false belt sewed underneath with six button-holes, to button to a blouse-waist under the vest. They can be worn with suspenders if preferred. A quarter of an inch is allowed on the pattern for seams, and three-quarters of an inch for a hem on the bottom.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for boy four years old, 1¼ yards.

Braid, 9 yards.

Buttons, 10.

VEST.—This pattern is in two pieces—front and back. The perforations show where to put in the pockets and to sew on the buttons.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for vest front, for boy four years old, ½ yard.

Silesia for back, ½ yard.

Cambric for lining, ¾ yard.

Braid, 2½ yards.

Buttons, 6.

JACKET.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, sleeve, pocket, and tab. The jacket closes at the neck with a tab and buttons, and has a seam in the middle of the back. The perforations show where to put on the facing in front, and also where to sew in the pocket, and the form and size of the under part of the sleeve. In sewing in the sleeve, place the longest seam at the notch in the back, letting the hollow come at the lowest part of the armhole, under the arm. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams in the pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for boy four years old, 1⅜ yards.

Lining, farmer's satin, 1⅜ yards.

Braid, 11 yards.

Buttons, 2.

Quantity of cloth for whole suit, for boy four years old, 3⅛ yards.

Braid, 22½ yards.

Buttons, 12.

A quarter of a yard more should be added for each size.

Ladies' Summer Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN. The skirt is trimmed with a very deep gathered flounce, surmounted by a puffing of white tarla-

BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN), AND LADIES' SUMMER TOILETTES.

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tan, through which pink ribbon is run. Louis XV. under-waist of tarlatan, with basques in the front and back, and duchesse sleeves. An elegant basquine of white muslin completes the costume; this is open in front, so as to show the pleating of the under-waist, and is edged with white tarlatan puffing and pink ribbon, and fastened with two pink ribbon bows. The sleeves of the basquine are slashed on the inside of the arm, and finished with flounces like the duchesse sleeves. The skirt of the basquine forms the tunic, and opens over the under-waist; it is trimmed to match the rest, and looped in three places with pink ribbon bows with fringed ends. Black velvet ribbon with medallion on the neck. Wreath of roses, buds, and leaves gracefully twined among the frizzed hair.

Fig. 2.—Under-skirt of blue silk, with a silver sheen, trimmed with a deep box-pleated flounce. A blue button is set in the middle of each pleat, and thus forms a heading. High vest corsage, with close sleeves. Over dress of white mohair, with rounded tunic, looped very high from the sides in the back; and little jacket opening over the blue vest corsage, with pagoda sleeves. Muslin and lace lingerie. Rice-straw hat, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with blonde and wild flowers.

Fig. 3.—SUIT OF PEARL GRAY SILK. The under-skirt is trimmed with a wide flounce surmounted with two rows of lace of the same color, and three bias folds. Over-skirt open in front, where it terminates in a point, and looped only at the sides, and trimmed with folds and lace. High basque-waist, trimmed like the over-skirt. Muslin and lace Henri III. frill. Straw hat, trimmed with black velvet loops, lace, and grasses, with black velvet strings.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

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☞ The brilliant serial novel, "LORD KILGOBBIN," by CHARLES LEVER, author of "That Boy of Norcott's," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 17, 1871.

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the Boys' Suit of Knee-Breeches, Vest, and Jacket on the first page of our present Number. Cut Paper Patterns of this Suit are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure. For complete list of Cut Paper Patterns see Advertisement on page 463.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a rich variety of patterns and illustrations of Ladies' Summer Suits, Mantelets, Jackets, Blouses, Wrappers, Caps, etc.; Children's Suits, Walking Coats, and Aprons; Bathing Slippers, Caps, Sachels, etc.; Belt Pockets, Skipping-Ropes, Grace Hoops, Battledoors, etc., etc.*

"OUR EXTRAVAGANT GIRLS!"

IT is quite edifying to hear our clergy and public and private lecturers hold forth on the extravagance of the young ladies of modern society as being a hinderance to matrimony. Our young men are not slow to take the cue and make that extravagance a scape-goat for their own sins.

The fact is that in all well-regulated families and all well-mannered communities it is properly considered not the right thing for any man to pass the line of thirty and be still unmarried. Some good reason must be known, and no poor reason can exist which is not pathetic. Every bachelor is, therefore, unfortunate or criminal. He must find an excuse which has at least the semblance of a reason. It gladdens him to find some one else on whom he can lay the blame.

It is an old masculine trick. "The woman that Thou gavest me," was Adam's impertinent reply to his Maker. "The woman Thou hast not given me," is the modern bachelor's reply. The unmarried men say that no man on a salary, or with a moderate income, can support a wife who has had the training in reckless expenditure which modern mothers give their daughters, and modern fathers allow.

There are a few things the *Bazar* thinks quite worthy the attention of those gentlemen.

One is that the men are as extravagant as the women, although the vice in them appears in a different form. It is a knowledge that the combined expenditures of two extravagant people can not be sustained by the young gentleman's exchequer in its present state which deters him from marrying. Take any one of the chief clerks in our large establishments, who are on salaries quite equal to the expenditure of large families in New York twenty years ago. Let him tell you whether, in order to enjoy the dignity and happiness of a well-married man, he is willing to relinquish *his* extravagances. If he assert that he has none, let him endure a little catechism. How much have you spent during the last year for wine, game suppers, cigars, theatres, carriage rides, extra fine clothes, extra fine chambers, and fifty other things that a man can be a man without? Will not every one of them be obliged to "own up" to at least one-tenth of his income thus wasted? If invested and nursed, to what might it not amount in ten years, from the day he was twenty until the day he was thirty?

Would he be willing to abandon these extravagances for the love and companionship of a fine woman? How can he venture to say that any woman who loved him would not be quite as ready to make a sacrifice of her extravagances to have his life-long devotion? If he say he is willing, she may be as ready to express her willingness. If he say "no," how can he find fault with her?

Let such young men take another view of the case.

These young ladies who are living in such a costly style have fathers that can afford it. The fathers have made their fortunes, and now choose to expend large portions of their great incomes on their daughters. Why do our young men regard only that class of young women? There are girls who are not extravagant, girls who are working for their living, making money, and saving it too. Let young men seek them.

Why should the clerks of Mr. STEWART, or Messrs. ARNOLD & CONSTABLE, confine their views of matrimony to the circle of young ladies whose fathers are prosperous merchants or millionaires? There are just as beautiful and virtuous young ladies working in all those establishments, lovely and lovable, industrious and economical, intelligent and educated, having no bad habits to unlearn. Let the young men look for mates there. They have no right to look elsewhere. Why should a young man demand of his father-in-law a wife and a fortune at the same time?

We are beginning to lose patience with this cry that the extravagance of young ladies is a hinderance to matrimony. We bore it patiently for a while, because it is true that in the race of vanity our young ladies have brought a reproach on the sex, and we would gladly do all in our power to correct this evil; but it is not fair to lay the whole blame on one which rightly belongs to two. There is something to be said on the other side, and we have ventured in this article to say a very little of it: and now we "pause for a reply."

ACTIVITY OF CHILDREN.

ALL inaction is insupportable to a well-constituted child. Mobility is his characteristic from infancy. The first breath of air ruffles his face and arouses his lungs to an excessive activity, demonstrated by a constant succession of loud cries, which are, however, by no means indicative of suffering. His limbs soon show an equal liveliness of action, and he begins his struggle with existence with such a paying out of blows and kicks as promises well for his chance of winning the prizes of life. With these certain indications of the requirements of the child's nature, is it not surprising that they are not only frequently unheeded, but even resisted?

American mothers are, we believe, somewhat in advance, in the treatment of their infants, of the German peasant and Indian squaw. The free-born citizen of our country is not forced to pass through the cocoon state of the *papoose* or *wickelkind* before being fledged with those wings of the American eagle which we all appropriate sooner or later. If he were, it may be doubted whether his future flight would be as extensive as he flatters himself it is to be.

The German is smothered in a pillow during his infancy, and so wound round and fastened into it that, wriggle as he may to escape the torture, like a chained and scorching martyr at the stake, he is forced to suffer. That the Teuton, in spite of this early ordeal, attains that vigor of growth which he forces the whole world to recognize, is proof of a marvelous strength of natural constitution. There is, however, with all the abundance of good qualities possessed by our German brethren, a wonderful lack, we fancy, of those elements which are generally supposed to constitute personal beauty. They frequently show irregularities of feature, distortions of limb, stunting of stature, and deformities of person to an extent which can only be attributed to their early state of *wickelkind*.

American mothers are fortunately not subjected to any claim of such absurd traditional customs. They are free to treat their children according to the indications of nature. They, however, not seldom refuse to follow these unerring guides, and take some devious course into which fashion or indolence has enticed them.

The various nurse-saving machines, or substitutes for the eyes, hands, and arms of the mother or attendant, are successful, no doubt, in their purpose of saving labor, but it may be questioned whether they are always of equal efficacy in promoting the infant's good. The various go-carts and safety-chairs, by means of which the youngest children can be left without the superintendence of any one secure from danger, may be condemned without hesitation. Their use implies a physical restraint and an isolation which are repugnant to the infant's nature, and fatal to a healthy development both of mind and body. The baby's carriage may be occasionally serviceable, as it will extend the opportunities for giving the child the benefits of the open air, but it should not, by any means, be used as a constant substitute for the nurse's arms. It is often only a movable bed, in which the baby, muffled up and tucked in, lies the whole time asleep, or in a half-torpid state. The child requires the motion of the walk of its bearer to give due exercise to its limbs, and the liveliness of her company to supply the necessary animation to its spirits.

We need hardly recur to our oft-repeated admonition, to avoid checking the natural and necessary mobility of the child by any superfinery of dress. The young should never be balked of a run and jump, a tumble and toss, or other healthful impulse or action, by any gewgaws in which a mother's vanity may delight. In attempting to adorn she only shackles them. The greatest possible play should be given to the natural *activity of children.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Early Greens.

MY DEAR MORTIMER,—Socrates still prefers to deal at the Fulton Market. He agrees that it is at a very inconvenient distance, and that it is, upon the whole, considered as a market in the metropolis of the Western continent, a disgrace to civilization. But he insists that the supplies are of the best, and he says that it is one of the very few romantic remains of the older city, when it was still convenient and delightful. I am glad that any body finds the Fulton Market romantic. It shows how ingenious Nature is, and how she produces pleasure from the most unpromising sources. The process by which she distills a romantic emotion from Fulton Market must be akin to that which extracts vitality for the most delicate plants from manure. But I know that Socrates sincerely means what he says, for I have seen him loitering about the old pile, sauntering among parsnips and onions, and anon sounds and tongues, and barrels and baskets of fruit, and slabs of game, and boxes of butter and cheese.

"I can't make up my mind," he said to me one day, when I met him meditating in the old market, "whether, if I were a starving man, I should wish to come here or not. I am not clear whether the sight of so much and so various food would merely exasperate me into despair, or tend to satisfy and soothe. It is really a very curious and interesting question." And he drifted reflectively away from me, and disappeared behind a huge barricade of hams.

Another day I met him in the same odorous passages, and he had the same aspect of musing regard for every thing around him. It was pleasant to contrast his air of leisurely meditation with the hurried, bustling, eager look and movement of the throng who came in to lunch at Dorlon's or some other of the little temples in which the sacrifice of the oyster is forever offered up. These gentlemen emerged from the temple with solemn face and rapid gait, picking their teeth hurriedly, briskly paying their little scot, and darting around the slippery corners and up the slimy steps of the pile that Socrates finds so romantic; and if they casually cast a swift glance upon him in passing, they evidently thought him a thief, a fool, or a lunatic. His eyes were listlessly following them over masses of beets and lettuce and dandelions as I said to him that I was glad to see that spring greens had come. "Yes," he answered, with his eyes still fixed upon the rapidly retiring groups; "they come, and they never go." I was in some doubt whether he had heard my question or was answering it, but he seemed to be fully conscious of it.

As we still stood in the market a party of lively country people approached us, chatting loudly and gayly, and looking at every thing with pleased excitement. They had evidently come to the market as one of the queer sights of the city. Perhaps they had heard that if they would know what a metropolitan saddle-rock stew is, they must perform the due rites in the temple of Dorlon. But, however that may be, they moved laughingly along, and found plenty of pleasure, whether they were seeking it or not. There were bright-faced children with them, neatly dressed, and frolicking about the piles of food, playing hide-and-seek among the vegetables and barrels of mysterious contents. "The spring greens come, I say, and they never go," said Socrates, as he watched the country cousins, and as if resuming our conversation. He is an eccentric man, just what the syndic of the city used to call a philosopher, and he has such an inveterate habit of generalizing that I am not always sure that I comprehend him. "Spring greens?" I replied, interrogatively. "Just so," he said, gravely, looking at the country party which turned out of sight; "I said spring greens."

I am not the busiest man in town, as you perhaps know, my dear young friend; but I could not pass the whole day in Fulton Market even in such suggestive society; so I told Socrates that I was obliged to go. "Notes to pay, I suppose," he remarked, in the same sententious way. Of course I could not help smiling at that, for I doubt if I ever paid a note at a bank in my life. "Or money to deposit before three," he continued, seeing that the note-paying theory was unfounded. "Can't a man be obliged to go any where but to a bank?" I asked him, laughingly, as I turned to go. As he raised his hand to shake mine, he looked at me steadily, and said, although I could see no sly humor in his eyes, "Remember, I said that spring greens are always coming, and they never go. They are called poor things and truck; but the poor we have with us always."

This remarkable benediction sent me meditating out of the market. Was there some hidden wisdom in this talk of Socrates's? Did it contain some of the fruit of his reflections in the old market? While other people came to buy meat and vegetables and oysters, did he get some mysterious spiritual food from the miscellaneous old rat-trap, as the profane called it? Had he the gift of transmuting "truck" into truth, and "garden sarce" into wisdom? Then a sudden light of conviction shone into my mind. "Am I spring greens?" I slowly asked myself. "Were the country people spring greens? What are spring greens? *Who* are spring greens?" I am sure that I do not know that Socrates meant any such thing; but he might have meant it, for, in a very evident sense, spring greens never do go. And as I passed slowly along the street the truth became constantly clearer to me.

I stopped at a bookstore, seeing a pretty, new volume in the window, upon which I read "Poems." Now I can not deny a tenderness of feeling and curiosity toward all volumes of new poetry. It is as with fresh pictures in a gallery. So much hope and ambition and dreaming are in them! So much more than the eye can see, or the mind readily measure! They are the little leaf-like boats with a taper which Moore says that the girls set afloat upon the Ganges. And they drift and drift upon the dark, solemn current, which, I suppose, symbolizes life or destiny. And if the little glimmering spark goes out, then hope dies, and their hearts break, for they shall love, but love unhappily. But if the flame flickers, still burning, out of sight, they are happy, for even so bright shall their love and life be. I look at the little volume of the shy youth or maid, and I know that it is that leaf-borne taper. What yearning eyes watch to see it float undimmed into flame! How the future, life, happiness, all, depend upon the prosperous voyage! If it sinks, how much goes down with it! There are modest books upon my shelves, full of music and sweetness, unheard, forgotten; and as I think of what might have been had they been successful and the beginnings of great careers, they seem to me rosy remnants of a phenix egg, from which, indeed, the incomparable bird might have sprung, but from which nothing came, and which is only a dry chip now.

I opened the volume which I had taken up. I read the verses, and turned the pages, and laid it gently down. Then I slipped softly out into the street again, and walked thoughtfully on. I understood Socrates now. Spring greens forever come, and never go. They are a mild and pleasant food. But they will not keep. They must be eaten to-day. There is no to-morrow for them.

In the evening I went, according to my promise, to the Commencement exercises of the Atlantic and Pacific University. That is another of the pleasant sights of the city, and I should think that Socrates might find as much satisfaction in it as in the Fulton Market. The great hall was crowded with spectators, parents, sisters, and brothers, and sweethearts and friends. They were all lightly and gayly dressed, and fanning and murmuring and smiling; each little group, proud of one of the heroes that would soon appear, eager to applaud every word and to fling flowers at his feet. It was a pretty and inspiring sight; and when the first youth advanced amidst tremulous plaudits, and made his bow, and spoke his oration, forget-

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ting every thing that he meant to have remembered, excepting the mere words—forgetting the impressive inflections of the voice that he had so carefully practiced—the graceful and expressive gestures which had been the study of a month—forgetting, in his becoming and bashful confusion, where she sat whom he intended to consider his sole audience—I could but smile inwardly as I thought of the proud senior who yesterday, in his own consciousness, walked upon the top of the world, the maturest of men—and lo! to-day the mere appearance vanished, and once more I beheld early greens, and reflected upon the wisdom of the Fulton Market philosopher.

But it is by no means altogether a matter of the season. I have seen early greens, as we call them, sadly belated—early greens in August and September. And the spectacle is not confined to the markets. There is a neighbor of Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle, Plancus, whom perhaps you know. Forty years ago that man was, so to say, among the very earliest of the greens. And he has never ceased to be so. I meet him in the country or in the city, and I see the same early spring hue. His chief care is that part of his appearance which the tailor makes; and the simple satisfaction which he derives from the shape of his trowsers and the fit of his coat, and his conformity to the latest fashion in cravats and collars and shirt bosoms, is like that of a boy of eighteen (if there are any such), or the senior whom I remarked at the Commencement. Or, again, sometimes even in the pulpit I observe something that reminds me of that pathetic volume of spring verses. For some preacher, old or young in years as may happen, will so speak and behave as to be undeniably but a dish of spring greens, the very mildest of all possible refreshments.

But the prettiest form of it is a group at the watering-places, composed of some of those wise youths of twenty and twenty-four, who know every thing, and who are so painfully interested in their clothes, and of those fresh innocent girls in muslin and other people's hair, who waltz perfectly, and have "style." I am the bald-headed old fellow in the corner, if they did but know it, who watch them with a mind full of tender and lovely memories, yet who, as he sees them moving and sitting and standing about the huge hotel parlor, seems to himself to be in the old Fulton Market, looking, with the sententious Socrates, at the heaps of beets and parsnips and dandelions and spinach, and who, I suppose, may be sometimes heard unconsciously murmuring as he gazes, "Spring greens! spring greens!"

It is a beautiful illustration of the doctrine of correspondences—a doctrine, indeed, which is capable of infinite application and suggestion. And this especial one has been so serviceable to me that I mean to go oftener to the Fulton Market for the chance of meeting my philosophic vagabond and friend—a vagabond like his namesake, and a philosopher like Jaques.

Your friend, dear Mortimer,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE simple and tasteful suit represented on our first page is appropriate for boys just getting into trowsers; and suits of the same style are worn by their older brothers of eight or nine years. It fits easily in the English fashion, and is a good model of the sensible loose clothing now adopted for boys, instead of the tight-fitting, constrained garments lately worn.

The knee-breeches fall just below the knee, are simply hemmed at the bottom or else lined with an inch-wide facing, and are broad enough for the foot to pass through; consequently the opening at the side is dispensed with, the seam is closed to the end, and the buttons are set on for ornament merely. There is not a particle of fullness about the waist of the knee-breeches. They are cut to fit the figure snugly, and are bound at the top with black galloon, a soft twilled silk braid, and the same binding usually passes down the outside seams of the legs. Instead of being gathered to a separate waistband, they are fitted snugly to the figure, and a false band of thick linen, doubled, is stitched inside, and furnished with button-holes to fasten them to a blouse shirt waist, with which the suit should always be worn. The engraving shows the manner of trimming. Wide galloon and narrow soutache are combined on fanciful suits, or else two rows of wider braid doubled, as if for binding, are passed up the outside of the leg. Mothers will find that the plain knee-breeches are easier made than the Zouave pantaloons, and when well fitted are more trim and jaunty-looking, displaying the graceful limbs of the child, instead of concealing them, as full, baggy knickerbockers do. They are so popular just now that they are provided even with the négligé sailor suits.

Next comes the vest—a garment that delights the hearts of "little men." This may be merely a false vest buttoned inside the jacket fronts; but a regular waistcoat is a feature this season, and is often seen on boys who are still wearing kilt skirts. For chubby little fellows the false vest is advised. It is made by sloping away half the front of the pattern given, and buttoning the remainder about two inches back of the fronts of the jacket. The vest given in our model is without a collar. It is pointed at the throat low enough to show the shirt collar and neck-tie, is bound and lightly braided, is cut in two sharp points below, and fastened by lasting buttons set very near together.

The jacket fits loosely, descends just below the waist, and may be worn without the vest, if preferred, the pleated front of the shirt showing instead. Made of light summer cloth, it is unlined, the edges bound, and the seams felled in the way usual for cloth. For the house, in warm weather, the vest and jacket may be dispensed with, and a pretty suit formed alone of the linen shirt and knee-breeches.

Dark blue and blue-black fabrics are the first choice for boys' dressy suits; the gray, so universally worn for several seasons, is now chosen more for utility than style. Blue-tinted cloths of light quality, a yard and a half wide, are sold for $2 50 a yard. These are smooth faced, but with little gloss. Navy blue flannels of single width are $1 a yard and upward. Those at $1 are good enough for ordinary sea-side suits, though finer flannels and cloth are now made up in the négligé sailor fashion. Gray cassimeres, soft, substantial, and of shades that do not soil easily, are shown for every-day suits. Single width, they are $1 a yard. Among washing goods white duck is much used for these suits, and also for kilt suits. It is rather heavy, however, for small boys, and is difficult to iron well; hence mothers prefer thick repped piqués, either buff or white. A substantial gray and brown fabric, dark enough for service, is called linen drilling, though containing a good deal of cotton. It is 35 cents a yard, and makes good suits for school. Thick brown linen, strong enough, though without the desirable twill, is 45 cents. Real linen drilling, in narrow stripes of black or brown on white, or else white stripes on gray or buff grounds, is 75 cents a yard. Some patterns have a fanciful stripe near the selvedge for trimming, though a border of this sort detracts from the beauty of the suit.

Very reasonable prices are asked at the furnishing houses for suits made of the striped drilling just mentioned. Those for boys from four to nine years cost only $4 50 or $5. They have knee-breeches trimmed with two rows of white washing braid up the outside seam, and three large pearl buttons on the knee. The blouse is of the simple sailor shape without the sailor collar. The broad pleat in front is braided, and the belt is fastened on by straps of braid in the seams under the arm.

Long white stockings, gartered above the knee, or held up by elastics attached to a belt, are worn with knee-breeches. The black gaiter is buttoned high above the ankle, showing a space of white stocking at the top. A low shoe, called the Newport tie, like that lately described for ladies, is also worn by small boys. Striped stockings, the stripes going around the leg, and laced Balmoral shoes, are worn with sailor suits.

HATS AND HINTS FOR GENTLEMEN.

A straw hat just introduced for gentlemen is called De Grey and Ripon, and copies a London model. It has a round Derby crown, and is shown with a rolling brim for those to whom such are becoming—gentlemen *do* consider the becoming—or with a stiff brim made of the straw doubled. Those of dark gray straw, with lighter band and binding, are thought to have an especially English air; white, black, and brown straws are also shown. The finest, of Dunstable straw, cost $15, the coarsest $6, and there are intermediate grades. The straw hat most prevalent on the sidewalk is of the sailor shape. Those made of light split straw, with the brim rolled slightly, are $5. The coarse-looking Mackinaw straws of ample sailor shape are chosen for yachting and the races: price $3 50. In felt and cassimere hats bluish-pearl and gray tints are in favor. There is an effort to revive the picturesque Tyrolese hat. Its tapering crown, dented on top, and its rolled brim are prettily brought out in fine gray felt with lighter binding and band; black trimmings give this hat a coarse look: $5 or $6 is the price. Very light hats of bamboo cloth, linen, and of square-meshed canvas in natural unbleached buff tints, are shown for midsummer wear in the country. They are made with a crown of several gores and stiff brim. The price is from $3 to $4.

Imported canes are slender, natural sticks of the black or white thorn. A pretty one may be had for $2. English umbrellas, of brown or black silk, with many narrow gores, have sticks similar to those used for canes. Gentlemen's furnishing houses also display ladies' umbrellas with carnelian-tipped handles, or with knobs of yellow ivory. A chain is provided for attaching them to the belt when not in use.

VARIETIES FOR LADIES.

A pretty fancy for the warm days is a neck-tie of black dotted net, a trifle wider than the ordinary bias silk tie, the ends straight, and finished with a narrow hem. This is exceedingly becoming with the cambric and linen toilettes worn in the early part of the day. It is passed under the points of the collar, and tied in a bow, or fastened by a brooch.

A novelty in neck-ties is a reminiscence of the Roman scarf so popular last year. The broad bars of the Roman ribbon are retained, but the brilliant Roman colors give way to the pale Watteau tints now in favor. For instance, stripes of the delicate Nile green with tea-rose are associated, or mauve with salmon, China pink with buff. These are admirable with black or white toilettes.

The cambric shirts for ladies, described in last week's *Bazar*, are now sold at the furnishing houses for $2 50 or $2 75 each. A pleated shirt and over-skirt of gray linen, worn over a black silk skirt, makes a stylish and inexpensive traveling dress for the present season. A large black sash may be worn with it, or simply a belt ribbon. The Tussore linens make up well in the same way. A hat of the linen, tied down at the sides with black velvet ribbon, completes the costume.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. BROOKS BROTHERS; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and D. D. YOUMANS.

PERSONAL.

DOUGLAS JERROLD was paid twenty-five dollars for that famous one-line witticism: "Advice to people about to marry.—Don't."

—The editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* has the hardihood to say that Mr. WOODWARD, who was the principal operator in the recent Rock Island affair, was "the little man around *the corner*."

—Mr. J. P. KILBRETH, who has been appointed to examine the books of the Methodist Book Concern, was formerly a prominent citizen of Cincinnati, but removed to this city on becoming assignee of the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company.

—Mrs. MYRA BRADWELL, who has studied law for fourteen years, and is now editor of the Chicago *Legal News*, the only legal journal of any value in the West, is a lady of medium height, with fine, regular, sensitive features, an intelligent and womanly face, and black hair and black, expressive eyes. She is a woman who is excellently well informed upon the current events of the day, is a superior conversationist, and while she takes a fine rank as a legal thinker, she is no less successful in the direction of being an excellent mother and a thoroughly estimable lady.

—The Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE is writing a story to be read, instead of a lecture, before the lyceums. It is called "He Did his Level Best." Mark Twain has some poetry on that topic:

"If he'd a reg'lar task to do,
He never took no rest;
Or if 'twas off and on—the same—
He done his level best.

"Whate'er this man was set to do
He done it with a zest;
No matter *what* his contract was,
He'd do his level best."

So will Rev. HALE.

—Prince ARTHUR having attained his majority, the ministry will submit to Parliament a proposition to make him an annual allowance, which, according to precedent, will be $75,000 a year. Prince ALBERT impressed upon his children the duty of saving up a little something every year against a rainy day; and just now the public weather abroad seems to be charged with considerable electricity.

—KOSSUTH has again entered the holy estate of matrimony, his wife being the daughter of a Swiss gentleman. KOSSUTH is now sixty-nine, and it will be twenty years in November since he sailed for this country. He commenced getting into trouble and going to jails and such places in 1839, and has been in some sort of difficulty ever since.

—The reason why SYLVANUS COBB, Jun., confines himself to writing for the periodicals is because the legitimate function of a Cob is to produce a cereal. That is the remark of a gentleman kept by the Danbury *News* to take charge of the wag department for Fairfield County, Connecticut.

—Dr. HALL, in his *Journal of Health*, says the best medicines in the world in the cure of disease are warmth, rest, cleanliness, and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" as long as they can move a foot; and sometimes they succeed, but oftener the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the first indispensable steps to a sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all beasts and birds to quietude and rest the very moment disease or wounds assail the system.

—The Emperor of Austria, following the example of Kaiser WILLIAM in elevating BISMARCK to the rank of prince, has announced his purpose to elevate VON BEUST, his Prime Minister, to the rank of prince. VON BEUST has many enemies at the Viennese court, but the Emperor properly estimates the capacity of his minister, and not only stands by him, but has an affection for him.

—Dr. C. C. COX, President of the Board of Health of Washington, has the option of a salary of $8000 a year as editor of a new independent daily paper soon to be started in this city, the capital stock of which is said to be already subscribed and paid up.

—GUIZOT, now old, infirm, and confined to his bed, dictates to his daughter, who is his amanuensis, sometimes for eight or ten hours at a time.

—MAGGIE MITCHELL, now the wife of Mr. PADDOCK, a merchant, is in more than easy circumstances, having some three hundred thousand dollars invested, and a good house in this city. Her little daughter, now two years old, is appropriately named FANCHON.

—A young woman of Salt Lake, one of the many Misses YOUNG, was recently spoken to by her father, BRIGHAM, in reference to a proposal of marriage from a well-to-do merchant of that place. The young woman, with some degree of spunk, replied: "I have no objection to marrying; in fact, I should rather like to do so, and the more the better. I am willing to marry a dozen husbands if you will let me select them myself, but I will never put up with a piece of a man."

—Mr. BRADFORD, the American artist, has achieved another artistic and social success in London. A few evenings since he delivered a lecture before the Royal Institution (Lord LINDSAY presiding), upon Greenland, Ice, and the Esquimaux. A large number of the nobility were present, and heartily congratulated the speaker on his success.

—Rev. HENRY BOEHM, the oldest itinerant minister of the Methodist Church (older than PETER CARTWRIGHT), reached his ninety-seventh birthday a few days since. He preached his first sermon seventy-two years ago.

—A Wisconsin lady, Miss TERRY, has reached the excessive age of one hundred and four, which has caused it to be said—of course by a newspaper man—that she is an ancient mys-tery. Maine boasts an older woman still, Mrs. BERTHA FOSTER, who is over one hundred and seven years old. Since her one-hundredth birthday she has both spun and knit. For one pair of stockings knit since that time she has received five dollars. She has been able to read until within a few years, and to walk quite well until very recently, when she fell, and has since been obliged to keep her bed. She still retains her mental faculties to a remarkable degree, considering her age.

—The Boston *Post*, with the gravity characteristic of that journal, mentions the fact that a resident of one of the border towns of Massachusetts, one DUSENBERRY, undertook to correct an offending cow, but with such indifferent success that his family, numbering about a dozen, subsequently went Dusenberrying.

—A young New Yorker, son of a Wall Street man, traveling in Europe, landed recently in Rome, and thought he would do PIUS IX. the honor of a call. He was last on the line of those presented, but, instead of conforming to usage on such occasions, neither bent the knee nor kissed the hand, but seized his Holiness by the hand and gave it a hearty shake. There was general consternation at this. The Pope promptly recovered his perpendicular, shook his finger roguishly at the youth, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "You are from New York, I presume, young man?" "I *am* a New Yorker," was the reply. "I thought so," said the pontiff, as he passed on, intimating that a New Yorker was quite daring enough for any thing. When questioned how he dared do such a thing, Young America replied: "Dare do it? I shook hands with General GRANT and General SCOTT, and why should I not shake hands with the Pope, as with any other eminent man?"

—Among the opulent notabilities of California are CHARLES CROCKER, vice-president of the Central Pacific Railroad, worth $6,000,000; his brother, E. B., worth $1,000,000. BEN HALLADAY, Oregon railroad man and silver-miner, $3,000,000. Ex-Senator GWIN, $3,000,000. Colonel JACK HAYS, ex-Texan ranger, $300,000. These men own country residences near San Francisco that throw our country places entirely in the shade. They are built of wood, but in dimensions, appointments, and surroundings equal any dwellings in the world, and some are almost royal palaces. Some of these astounding persons do nothing but talk California, and tell people how to make money. They have nothing to sell themselves, but know a man who has.

—It has been ascertained that AUGUSTE MAQUET is the author of one of the most sensational and successful works of fiction ever published in France, called "The Memoirs of the Sanson Family, or Seven Generations of Executioners." It was written at the suggestion of the elder DUMAS, and has had a sale of 700,000 copies.

—This of the Princess PAULINE DE METTERNICH, who now lives at Vienna, and who, during the war, devoted her whole time and energy to collecting funds for the suffering French. Early one morning she sent one of her footmen with the list of contributions to Mr. O——, a wealthy banker, who at the time was yet in bed. The list is presented to the nabob on a silver tray. He looks at it and hands it back, yawning and saying, "Oh! if the Princess herself had come, I should have subscribed five thousand florins." Early on the following morning the banker was awakened again, and a closely veiled lady was ushered into his presence. She removed her veil, and the astonished banker saw that his fair visitor was no other than the Princess DE METTERNICH. "You told my servant yesterday," she said to him, "you would subscribe five thousand florins if I would call on you myself. Here I am, and here is the list." There was no help for it. The banker had to subscribe the sum, and the Princess left rejoicing.

—BISMARCK signed the treaty of peace between France and Prussia with a unique gold pen made expressly for that purpose and presented to him. It is a perfect imitation of a goose-quill, incrusted with diamonds. B. preserves the pen in his possession. The goose-quill with which the black mark was drawn around the famous "Expunging Resolutions" on the journal of the United States Senate was for a long time preserved in the family of Senator THOMAS H. BENTON, and some one has carefully kept the pen with which Mr. LINCOLN signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

—ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *fils*, assisted at a grand dinner given in Paris before the siege, and was particularly witty and satirical. In the course of the conversation he happened to allude to a rather delicate subject concerning one of his best friends. The latter called on him the following day and mildly remonstrated. "Mon cher, you are very witty, I confess, and your talent in that line is known; but, really, you are not obliging, and I am sure you would sacrifice your best friend for the sake of a good joke." "Most assuredly," answered Dumas; "friends pass away, but good sayings live forever."

—Mrs. HENRY WOOD, the English novelist, is reputed to have realized $100,000 by the copyright of her sensational stories. At first she could hardly induce a publisher to read her manuscripts.

—An aged HOPKINS, of Mississippi, having got on comfortably for ninety years, waxed wrathy a few days since, and became blasphemous, simply because his laundress sent home his shirt buttoned. In attempting to put it on he pulled till the button broke and the linen tore. This was too much, so he took his old shot-gun, placed the muzzle under his chin, and blazed away. The result was that a portion of his skull and a few of his brains were dissociated from the subordinate part of his carcass, and friends came in and laid him out. He should have worn studs.

—There were some fine points in the character of old Commodore TATNALL, who has recently deceased at the age of seventy-six. In the attacks on Tampico, Panuco, and Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war, he commanded the steamer *Spitfire*, and did some very clever work. In June, '59, when in command of the East India squadron, while observing in a chartered steamer the attack of the British forces upon the Peiho forts, he towed the boats containing the reserves into action when the English were on the point of being defeated. This course, though a breach of neutrality, was generally approved in the United States. Afterward, in an open barge, he passed through the very hottest fire to visit Admiral HOPE, who had been wounded.

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Crochet and other Suspenders, Figs. 1–7.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET SUSPENDERS. These suspenders consist of two bands each twenty-four inches long and an inch and three-quarters wide, which are worked in sc. (single crochet) over elastic braid with gray, black, and white saddler's silk, or silk twist. Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section. For each band work with the gray silk a chain stitch foundation twenty-four inches long, and on this work over the elastic braid interlining 17 rounds sc.; work the first and second rounds with gray silk, and the third and fourth rounds with black and white silk, working alternately 2 st. (stitch) with the black and 2 st. with the white silk. In changing the colors, work off the last st. of one color with the color of the following 2 st., and carry the thread not in use further on the under side of the work until it is required. The white st. of the fourth round must always come on the black st. of the third round. Work the 5th–13th rounds with gray silk, the 14th and 15th rounds like the 3d and 4th rounds, and the 16th and 17th rounds with gray silk. Then join the bands diagonally at one crosswise edge so as to form a point, trim off the edges of the seam slightly, and sew two gray linen straps, each eight inches long and an inch and a quarter wide, to the under side of the points. These straps must previously have been joined diagonally, so as to form a point, and in sewing on the straps this point must be turned upward, while that of the suspenders must be turned downward, and all the edges of the seams must come on the inside between the two (see illustration). Round off the under edge of the linen straps, bind them all around with gray silk ribbon, and furnish each with a button-hole as shown by the illustration. Run the still free end of each crochet band through a steel buckle of the requisite size, to each side of which a short gray linen tab, bound with gray silk ribbon, is fastened. Run the end of each band through a slide of the requisite size, then slip up the buckle about eight inches and the slide four inches, hem down the end of the band on the under side, pass it around the still free middle bar of the buckle, and sew it fast to this. By means of these buckles the bands may be lengthened or shortened at pleasure. Finally, join with each slide two gray linen button-hole straps, as shown by Fig. 1. For each two straps take two pieces of gray drilling nine inches and a half long and three-quarters of an inch wide, round off one end, furnish them with button-holes, and bind with gray silk ribbon. Then lay the two straps together so that the rounded ends come on each other, and run them through the slide. Sew the straight end of one strap to the under side of the other strap two inches and a half from the rounded end of the latter, and in the same manner join the straight end of this strap with the rounded end of the first strap, so that the straps cross each other as shown by the illustration. This completes the suspenders.

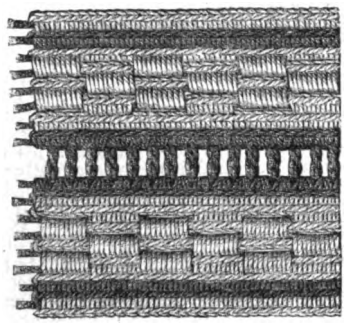


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF CROCHET SUSPENDERS.—FULL SIZE.

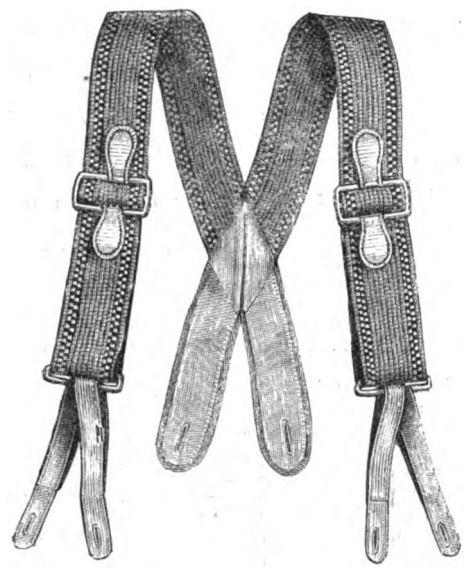


Fig. 1.—CROCHET SUSPENDERS.

Fig. 4.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERED PIQUÉ SUSPENDERS.—FULL SIZE.

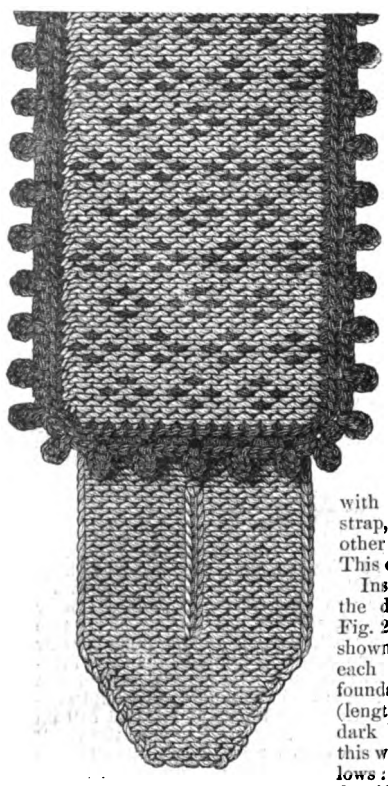


Fig. 6.—SECTION OF KNITTED SUSPENDERS.—FULL SIZE.

Instead of working the bands in the design above described (see Fig. 2), they may be worked in that shown by Fig. 3. For this begin each band at the middle with a foundation of the requisite length (length of the band) worked with dark brown saddler's silk, and on this work with the same silk as follows: 1st round.—Alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 1 ch. (chain stitch), and pass over one foundation stitch with the latter. 2d round (this and all the other rounds are worked over an interlining of fine black silk elastic braid).—2 sc. on each ch. of the preceding round, working them over the elastic interlining. Take light brown silk and work the 3d round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round. 4th round.—Always alternately 5 sc., 5 ch.; with the latter pass over 5 st. of the preceding round. Along each 5 ch. the elastic braid is left free. 6th and 7th rounds.—Like the 5th round; but in the 7th round work 5 sc. instead of 5 ch. on the corresponding 5 sc. of the preceding round. 8th round.—With dark brown silk work 1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round. 9th round.—With light brown silk, 1 sc. on each sc. of the preceding round. This completes one half of the band, including the open-work strip. Work the other half on the foundation st. on the other side of the open-work strip, working the 2d–9th rounds. Instead of silk, gray linen thread, or woolen or cotton thread, may be used for working the suspenders.

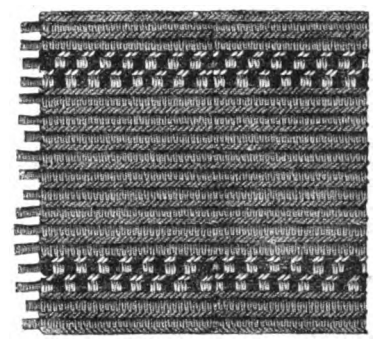


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CROCHET SUSPENDERS.—FULL SIZE.

Instead of crocheting the suspenders, they may be made of various kinds of material, or of wide elastic braid. Fig. 4 shows a full-sized section of suspenders made of white corded piqué lined with shirting. The piqué is embroidered with red embroidery cotton in knotted and back stitch, in the design shown by the illustration. The outer edge of the suspenders is bound with red worsted braid, and ornamented with herring-bone stitch worked with red cotton. Fig. 5 shows a section of suspenders made of gray elastic braid, which is embroidered in cross stitch with two shades of violet saddler's silk.

Fig. 6 shows a full-sized section of knitted suspenders, which are worked with white cotton and two knitting-needles entirely in purl stitch, always going backward and forward, and in such a manner that they form a double layer, which is joined at the sides. Begin the suspenders at the under edge of the back button-hole strap with a foundation of 10 st., and on this work as follows: 1st round.—Sl. (that is, slip 1 st.), then alternately 1 p. (purl), sl.; slip the st. as if they were to be purled, always letting the working thread come in front of the st. slipped. Work the following 19 rounds like the first round, but always knit off the sl. (excepting the first st. of each round) of the preceding round, and sl. the st. knit off in the preceding round. Besides this, widen 1 st. at the end of each round, so that the strap grows gradually wider. Work four rounds without changing the number of st. In the 25th round, which must count 28 st., divide the st. in halves, and on the first 14 st. work 26 rounds as before, always going backward and forward, and without changing the number of st. Leave the st. of the 26th round unnoticed, take up the 14 st. previously left unnoticed on a separate needle, lay on the thread anew, and on these 14 st. work 26 rounds without widening; in this manner the button-hole is formed. Work 16 rounds on all the st. (28) as before, but at the end of the last four rounds widen 1 st., so that the band, which is now begun, counts 32 st. On these work as before until the band (not including the button-hole straps) is of the requisite length (the original measures 30 inches in length). In the upper layer of the suspenders form the figures shown by the illustration. To do this lay on red worsted at the beginning of the 3d round, * pass it in front of the third following st. to be slipped, passing it from the back to the front, sl. the st. above mentioned, knit

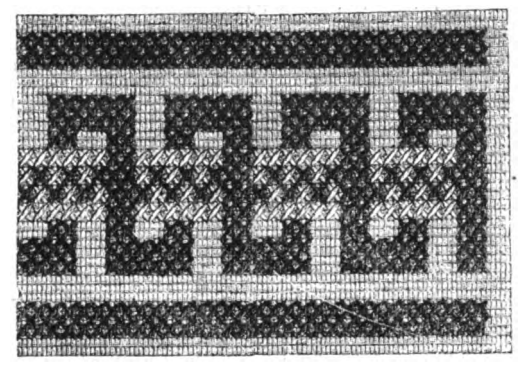


Fig. 5.—SECTION OF ELASTIC SUSPENDERS EMBROIDERED IN CROSS STITCH.—FULL SIZE.

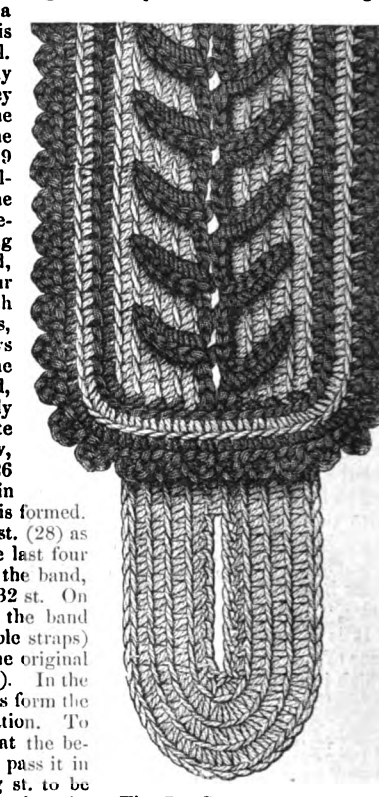
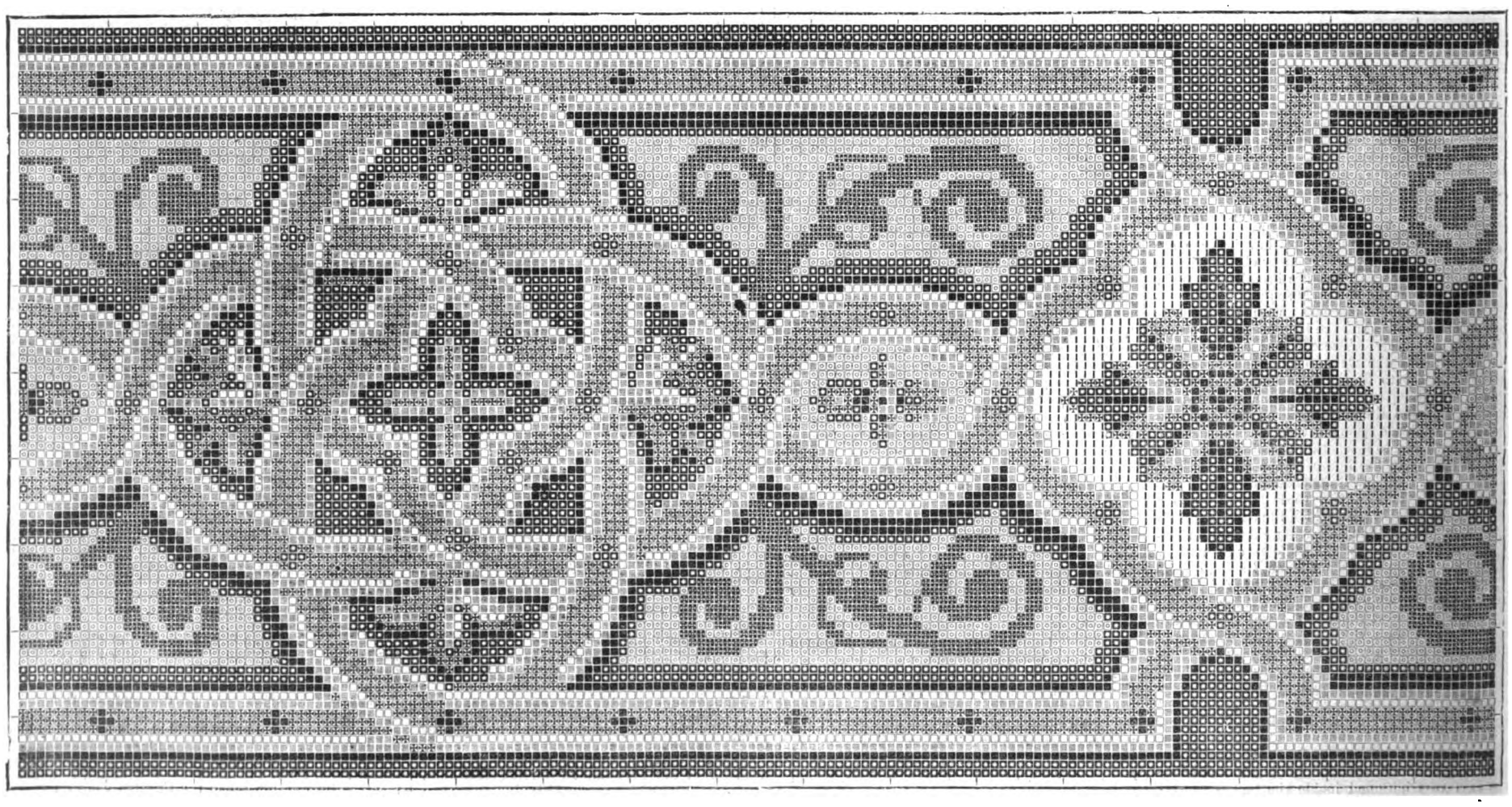


Fig. 7.—SECTION OF CROCHET SUSPENDERS.—FULL SIZE.



TAPESTRY BORDER FOR CHAIRS, RUGS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ⧇ Light Green; ■ Dark Green; ■ 1st (darkest), ◘ 2d, ▪ 3d, ▪ 4th, ▫ 5th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk); ⁞ White.

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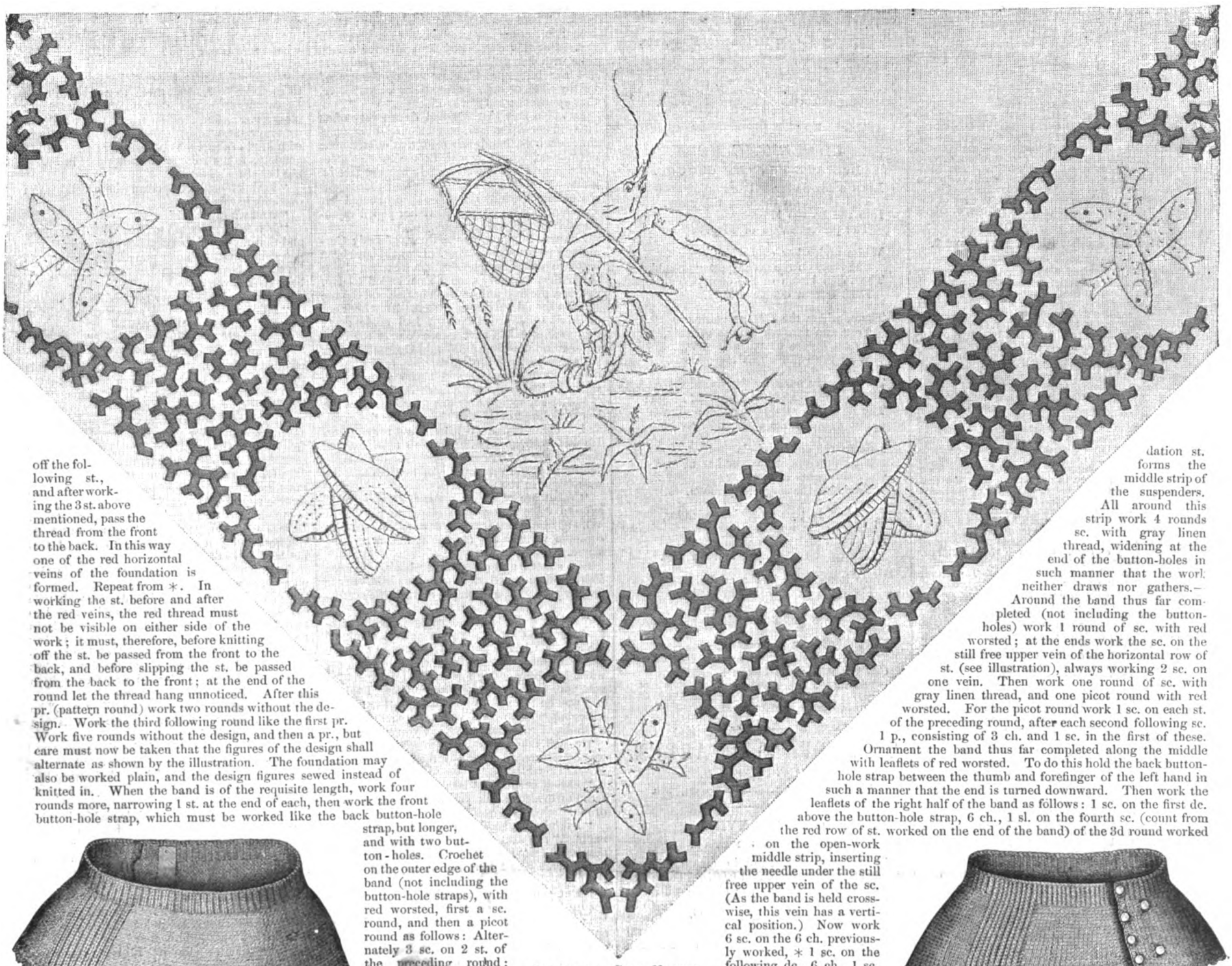
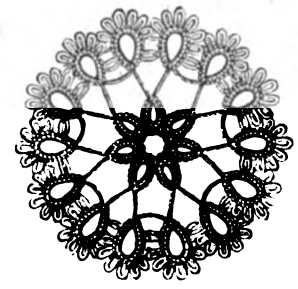


DESIGN FOR CRAB NAPKIN.

off the following st., and after working the 3 st. above mentioned, pass the thread from the front to the back. In this way one of the red horizontal veins of the foundation is formed. Repeat from *. In working the st. before and after the red veins, the red thread must not be visible on either side of the work; it must, therefore, before knitting off the st. be passed from the front to the back, and before slipping the st. be passed from the back to the front; at the end of the round let the thread hang unnoticed. After this pr. (pattern round) work two rounds without the design. Work the third following round like the first pr. Work five rounds without the design, and then a pr., but care must now be taken that the figures of the design shall alternate as shown by the illustration. The foundation may also be worked plain, and the design figures sewed instead of knitted in. When the band is of the requisite length, work four rounds more, narrowing 1 st. at the end of each, then work the front button-hole strap, which must be worked like the back button-hole strap, but longer, and with two button-holes. Crochet on the outer edge of the band (not including the button-hole straps), with red worsted, first a sc. round, and then a picot round as follows: Alternately 3 sc. on 2 st. of the preceding round; then 1 p. consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. in the first of the 5 ch.; with the p. pass over 1 st. of the preceding round.

Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET GIRDLE.—FRONT.

Fig. 7 shows a section of suspenders worked with gray linen twist and red worsted, together with the back button-hole strap. For each half of the suspenders and the button-hole straps work with coarse gray linen a ch. foundation a yard long, and on this work as follows: 1st round.—10 ch., with this pass over 9 foundation st., 6 sc. on the following 6 foundation st., now always alternately 1 ch., 1 dc.; pass over 1 foundation st. with the latter. On the last 20 foundation st. work 1 ch., pass over 1 foundation st., 5 sc. on the following 5 foundation st., 9 ch., pass over 9 foundation st., and on the last 5 foundation st. work 5 sc.; now work 19 ch., and fasten with 1 sl. to the last foundation st. on the other side of it. The round worked on the foundation st. forms the middle strip of the suspenders. All around this strip work 4 rounds sc. with gray linen thread, widening at the end of the button-holes in such manner that the work neither draws nor gathers.—Around the band thus far completed (not including the button-holes) work 1 round of sc. with red worsted; at the ends work the sc. on the still free upper vein of the horizontal row of st. (see illustration), always working 2 sc. on one vein. Then work one round of sc. with gray linen thread, and one picot round with red worsted. For the picot round work 1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round, after each second following sc. 1 p., consisting of 3 ch. and 1 sc. in the first of these. Ornament the band thus far completed along the middle with leaflets of red worsted. To do this hold the back button-hole strap between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand in such a manner that the end is turned downward. Then work the leaflets of the right half of the band as follows: 1 sc. on the first dc. above the button-hole strap, 6 ch., 1 sl. on the fourth sc. (count from the red row of st. worked on the end of the band) of the 3d round worked on the open-work middle strip, inserting the needle under the still free upper vein of the sc. (As the band is held crosswise, this vein has a vertical position.) Now work 6 sc. on the 6 ch. previously worked, * 1 sc. on the following dc., 6 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following sl. of the 3d round above referred to, 6 sc. on the 6 ch., and repeat from *. After completing the last leaflet at the other end of the band work 1 sc. on the following dc., 2 ch., 2 sc. on the following (last) free dc. of the middle strip. Take the front button-hole strap between the thumb and forefinger, so that the end of the strap is turned downward, and crochet the leaflets of the other half of the band as follows: 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following dc. on which 1 sc. has already been worked, 6 ch., 1 sl. on the fourth following st. of the 3d round of this half (inserting the needle under the free upper vein), 6 sc. on the 6 ch., 1 sc. on the following dc., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following dc., 6 ch., 1 sl. on the fourth following st. of the 3d round referred to, 6 sc. on the 6 ch., and continue in this manner. In the same way rifle straps, shawl straps, etc., may be worked over an interlining of twine.



TATTED ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

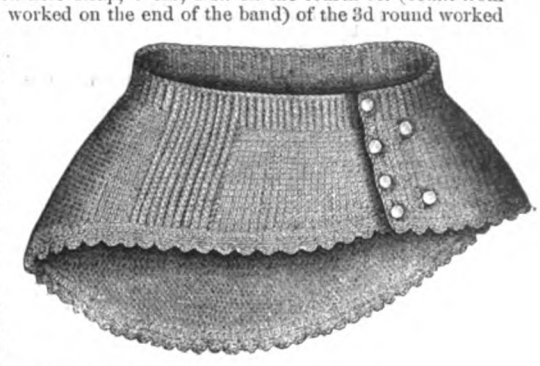
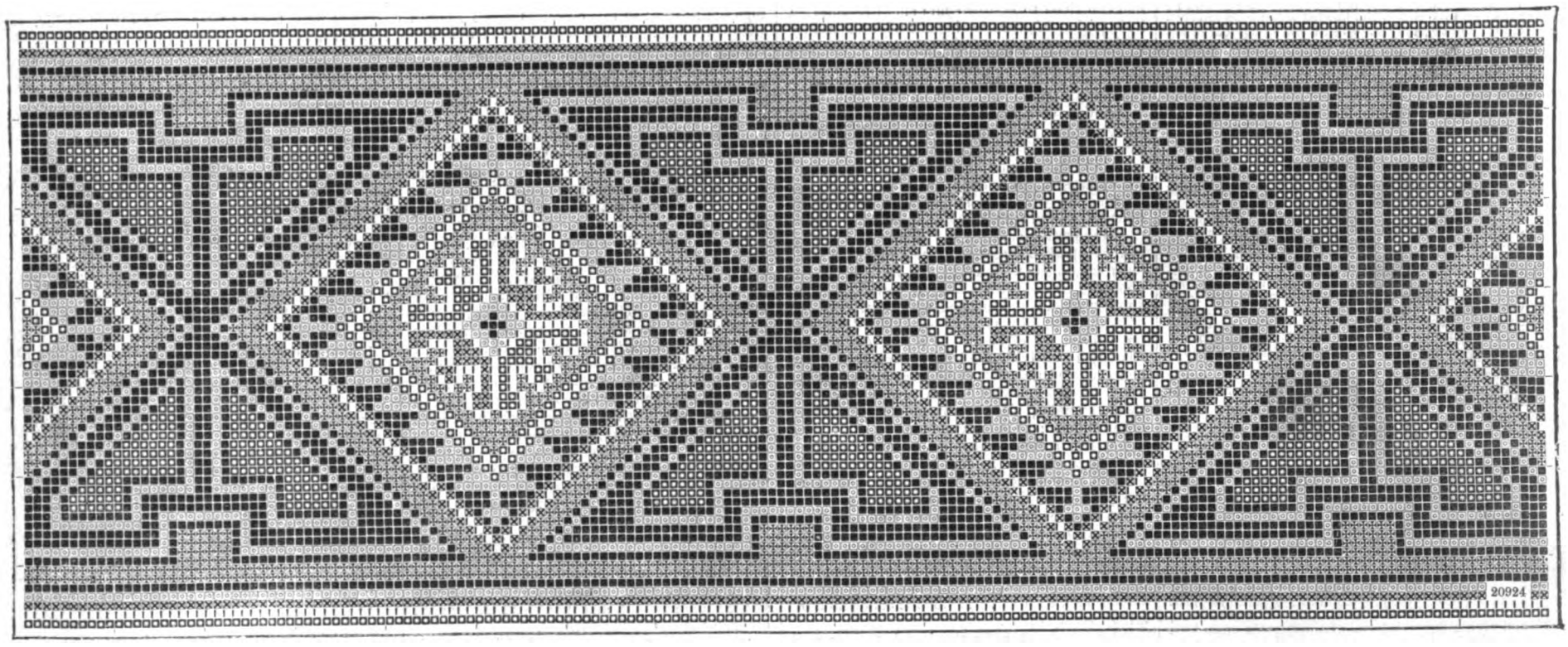


Fig. 2.—KNITTED AND CROCHET GIRDLE.—BACK.



TAPESTRY BORDER FOR CHAIRS, RUGS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ! White; ◘ Blue; ▩ Green; ⊠ Red; ⍁ Yellow (the last silk).

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Tapestry Border for Chairs, Rugs, etc.

See illustration on page 452.

THIS design is worked in the common cross stitch with zephyr worsted and filling silk on canvas, in the colors given in the description of symbols. This border may be joined with strips of plush to cover sofas, fauteuils, etc., or for rugs.

Design for Crab Napkin.

See illustration on page 453.

WORK the design with red cotton on a piece of linen. First transfer the design to the linen (the line on the illustration shows how far the fourth part of the design extends), and then work the fish and shells at the outer edge, and the figure in the corner in point Russe embroidery and diagonal half-polka stitch. The coral-like figures of the border are worked in satin stitch in the original; they may, however, also be worked in quilted stitch or point Russe. The outer edge of the napkin may either be hemmed, raveled out, or edged with fringe.

Knitted and Crochet Girdle, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 453.

THIS girdle is worked with pink knitting cotton, partly in Tunisian (Victoria) crochet stitch and partly knitted. Crochet first the front and then the two back parts, each separately, as follows: begin the front at one side edge with a foundation of 30 st. (stitches), and on this work 9 pr. (pattern rows) in the crochet stitch referred to; at the beginning of the 1st round of the 3d, 5th, 7th, and 9th pr. (under edge of the girdle) widen 1 st. each; this is done by working 1 ch. (chain stitch) each at the end of the 2d round of the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th pr., so that the first vertical st. in each following pr. may be taken up from the first vertical vein of stitches of the preceding pr. Shorten the 10th (inserted) pr. by 8 st. at the upper edge of the girdle, and by 7 st. at the under edge. The shortening at the upper edge of the girdle is done in working the 1st round of the relative pr., by leaving the last 8 st. of the preceding pr. unnoticed; at the under edge of the girdle the shortening is done in the 2d round of the pr., by leaving the 7 st. on the needle unnoticed, thus not casting them off. Work the 11th pr. in connection with the 7 st. left on the needle on all the st. of the 10th round, and on the following st. of the 9th round, which were left unnoticed. 12th to 15th pr. on the whole row of st., but at the beginning of the 12th, 14th, and 15th pr. (the under edge of the girdle) widen 1 st. each. The 16th pr. is shortened at the upper and under edge of the girdle by 7 st. each. Work the 17th to 21st pr. over the whole row of st. again, but at the beginning of the 18th and 20th pr. widen 1 st. each. The 22d pr. is shortened at the under edge of the girdle by 5 st. and at the upper edge by 6 st. 23d to 27th pr. on the whole row of st., but widen 1 st. each at the beginning of the 24th and 26th pr. The 28th pr. is shortened by 5 st. each at the upper and under edge of the girdle. 29th to 33d pr. on the whole row of st., but widen 1 st. each at the beginning of the 29th, 31st, and 33d pr. The 34th pr. is shortened at the upper edge of the girdle by 5 st., and at the under edge by 4 st. 35th and 36th pr. over the whole row of st. This completes one-half of the front; work the second half like the first half in connection with the latter, but in reversed succession of the pr.; besides this, in working this half, narrow at the under edge of the girdle in the same proportion that the widening was previously done in. For the right back piece of the girdle make a foundation of 34 st., beginning at the back edge, and on this foundation crochet 10 pr., leaving the number of st. unchanged. At the beginning of the following (the 11th) pr. work 1 sl. (slip stitch) on each of the first 6 vertical veins of st. of the preceding pr.; then take up one loop from each of the following 13 veins of st., and work 1 sl. on each of the remaining 5 vertical veins of st.; now work 6 ch. (the latter form a button-hole), cast off the following 13 st., work 5 ch., and fasten to the 1st sl. at the beginning of the pr. with 1 sl. Now work 20 pr. on the whole row of st.; in the 1st of these 20 pr. take up one loop each from the 5 ch. at the side edge of the work, and from the first 5 ch. of the 6 ch. at the other end of the work, so that the pr. counts 25 st. all together. In the 5th, 9th, 13th, 18th, and 19th of the 20 pr. widen 1 st. each at the beginning of each 1st round (the under edge of the girdle). Begin the second back piece from the side edge with a foundation of 30 st., and on this work 31 pr.; at the beginning of the 1st round of the 2d, 3d, 8th, 12th, and 16th pr. narrow 1 st. each. Finally crochet 1 sl. on each vertical vein of stitches of the 31st round. For the side pieces of the girdle, which are knitted in rounds, going backward and forward, with two medium-sized steel knitting-needles, make a foundation of 36 st. (the under edge), and on this knit as many rounds in simple ribbed design, alternately 2 st. knit plain, 2 st. purled, until the part is as long as the side edge of the crocheted front (58 rounds in the original). Work the edge st. of one side edge of a knitted part together with the side edge of the crocheted front from the under side by means of single crochet, so that the foundation st. of the knitted part form the under edge of the girdle, while the st. still on the needle of the last round form a straight line with the upper edge of the front. Join the still free side edge of each knitted part with the side edge of the corresponding back part in a similar manner. Take up the edge st. at the upper edge of the front and of each back part on separate knitting-needles; not only the vertical edge stitch of each pr., however, but also the horizontal edge st., so that 2 st. may be knitted on each pr. Now knit on all these edge stitches, and at the same time on the stitches of the last round of the side pieces, 16 rounds, going backward and forward. In the ribbed design of the side pieces, always alternately 2 st. knit plain, 2 st. purled; but at the beginning of the 1st round care should be taken that the ribs of the knitted side pieces are continued without a break. After working the 16th round cast off each 2 st. of one rib together as 1 st. Work 3 rounds of single crochet, going backward and forward, on the under edge of the girdle. In doing this always pass the needle through both upper veins of each st. The second round is continued also along the back edge of the right back; but along the latter form four button-holes at regular intervals, working 4 ch. at the relative place, and passing over three edge stitches. In the 3d round work 4 sc. on each ch. scallop of the back edge, and on each sc. there work 1 sc. Finally crochet 1 picot round on the under edge of the girdle. Each picot consists of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of the 5 ch. After working each picot, work 1 sc. on the third following stitch of the preceding round. Finally sew a large linen button behind each of the two button-holes formed in the 11th pr. of the right back; furnish the back edge of the left back of the girdle with two crocheted button-loops corresponding to the two buttons referred to, and furnish this part with four buttons, at a distance of three inches and one-fifth from the back edge; in order to fasten the buttons well this part must be faced there with a strip of flannel. In buttoning the girdle the back pieces overlap and underlap each other about three inches and one-fifth wide. In adjusting the girdle draw the button-loops of the left back piece through the two button-holes of the right back piece to the outside and over the buttons behind the button-holes.

Tatted Rosette for Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on page 453.

THIS rosette is worked with tatting cotton No. 80, with one thread (shuttle). Begin at one of the middle rings, working 8 ds. (double stitch—that is, 1 stitch right, 1 stitch left), 1 p. (picot) three-tenths of an inch long, 8 ds., and close this row of stitches in a ring; * turn the work after an interval of three-tenths of an inch of thread, work one of the outer rings of 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., 6 times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; then again 1 p., 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds.; after a thread interval of three-tenths of an inch work one ring like the preceding one; instead of forming the first p. in this ring, however, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring. Turn the work, and after a thread interval of three-tenths of an inch work 1 ring of 8 ds., fasten to p. of the 1st ring, 8 ds. Repeat from *, fastening all the outer rings to each other as shown by the illustration. After working the last outer ring fasten the working thread, after an interval of three-tenths of an inch, to the first outer ring there, at the closing of stitches, and cut it off.

Tapestry Border for Chairs, Rugs, etc.

See illustration on page 453.

THIS border is worked in cross stitch with filling silk and zephyr worsted. It is suitable for bordering carpets, for window cushions, chairs, sofas, etc. The colors are given in the description of symbols.

UNDER THE MOON.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

LIKE a lily-flower uplifted
Full blown on the blue tide-sway,
Into the heaven blossoms
The perfect moon of May.

White under her own white glory
She sees, on the green young ground,
The fallen bloom of the cherry
Drift over a double mound.

There, where the cottage chimneys
Peer dim through a mist of trees,
They sat by the hearth at evening,
With the child about their knees.

Three empty seats by the fireside,
Two graves 'neath the orchard bough:
The dead are at rest together;
But where is the living now?

Pale in the smoky circle
That fain would shadow her noon,
Over the lights of the city
Trembles the large May moon.

But blind to that searching splendor,
Deaf to the riotous street,
He lies in a drunken slumber—
The child that played at their feet.

Were it not well, in the cradle,
Long since the babe had died?
Had the little head-stone risen
Those two green mounds beside?

Nay, this is not the ending,
O child of their love and prayer!
God's moon is one in the heavens,
His mercy every where.

(Continued from No. 26, page 412.)

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOMETHING FATAL.

AT seven o'clock Mr. Lovel composed himself for his after-dinner nap, and Clarissa, being free to dispose of herself as she pleased till about nine, at which hour the tea-tray was wont to be brought into the parlor, put on her hat and went out into the village. It would be daylight till nearly eight, and moonlight after that, for the moon rose early, as Miss Lovel remembered. She had a fancy to look at the familiar old place again—the quiet village street, with its three or four primitive shops, and single inn lying back a little from the road, and with a flock of pigeons and other feathered creatures always on the patch of grass before it; the low, white-walled cottages, in which there were only friendly faces for her. That suggestion of a foreign home had made her native village newly dear to her.

She had not held much intercourse with these Arden people since her coming home. The sense of her inability to help them in any substantial way had kept her aloof from them. She had not the gift of preaching, or of laying down the laws of domestic economy, whereby she might have made counsel and admonition serve instead of gold or silver. Being able to give them nothing, she felt herself better out of the way; but there were two or three households upon which she had contrived to bestow some small benefits—a little packet of groceries bought with her scanty pocket-money, a jar of good soup that she had coaxed her father's housekeeper to make, and so on—and in which her visits had been very welcome.

All was very quiet this evening. Clarissa went through the village without meeting any one she knew. The gate of the church-yard stood open, and Arden church-yard was a favorite spot with Clarissa. A solemn old place, shadowed by funereal yews and spreading cedars, which must have been trees of some importance before the Hanoverian succession. There was a narrow foot-path between two rows of tall, quaint old tombstones, with skulls and cross-bones cut upon the moss-grown stone; a path leading to another gate, which opened upon a wide patch of heath skirted by a scanty fir wood. This was the wildest bit of landscape about Arden, and Clarissa loved it with all an artist's love. She had sketched that belt of fir-trees under almost every condition—with the evening sun behind them, standing blackly out against the warm crimson light; or later, when the day had left no more than a faint opal glimmer in the western sky; later still, in the fair summer moonlight, or on a blusterous autumn afternoon, tossed by the pitiless wind. There was a poetry in the scene that seemed to inspire her pencil, and yet she could never quite satisfy herself. In short, she was not Turner; and that wood and sky needed the pencil of a Turner to translate them fully. This evening she had brought her pocket sketch-book with her. It was the companion of all her lonely walks.

She sat down upon the low boundary wall of the church-yard, close by the rustic wooden gate through which she had come, facing the heath and the fir wood, and took out her sketch-book. There was always something new; inexhaustible Nature had ever some fresh lesson for her. But this evening she sat idle for a long time with her pencil in her hand; and when at last she began to draw it was no feature of heathy ridge or dark fir wood, but a man's face, that appeared upon the leaf.

It was a face that she had drawn very often lately in her idle moods, half unconsciously sometimes—a bold, handsome face, that offered none of those difficulties by which some countenances baffle the skill of a painter. It was the face of a man of whom she had told herself that it was a sin even to think; but the face haunted her somehow, and it seemed as if her pencil reproduced it in spite of herself.

She was thinking, as she drew, of Lady Geraldine's postponed wedding. It would have been better that the marriage should have taken place; better that the story should have ended to-day, and that the frail link between herself and George Fairfax should have been broken. That accident of Lord Calderwood's death had made every thing more or less uncertain. Would the marriage ever take place? Would George Fairfax, with ample leisure for deliberation, hold himself bound by his promise, and marry a woman to whom he had confessed himself indifferent?

She was brooding over this question when she heard the thud of a horse's hoofs upon the grass, and, looking up, saw a man riding toward her. He was leaning across his horse's head, looking down at her in the next moment—a dark figure shutting out the waving line of fir-trees and the warm light in the western sky.

"What are you doing there, Miss Lovel?" asked a voice that went straight to her heart. Who shall say that it was deeper or sweeter than common voices? but for her it had a thrilling sound.

She started and dropped her book. George Fairfax dismounted, tied his horse's bridle to the church-yard gate, and picked up the little sketch-book.

"My portrait!" he cried, recognizing the carelessly penciled head. "Then you *do* think of me a little, Clarissa! Do you know that I have been prowling about Arden for the last two hours, waiting and watching for you? I have ridden past your father's cottage twenty times, I think, and was on the point of giving up all hope and galloping back to Hale, when I caught sight of a familiar figure from that road yonder."

He had taken a knife from his pocket, and was deliberately cutting out the leaf from Miss Lovel's sketch-book.

"I shall keep this, Clarissa—this one blessed scrap of evidence that you do sometimes think of me."

"I think of a good many people in the same manner," she said, smiling, with recovered self-possession. "I have very few acquaintance whose likenesses I have not attempted in some fashion."

"But you have attempted mine very often," he answered, looking over the leaves of the book. "Yes, here is my profile among bits of foliage, and scroll-work, and all the vagabond thoughts of your artistic brain. You shall not snub me, Clarissa. You *do* think of me—not as I think of you, perhaps, by day and night, but enough for my encouragement, almost enough for my happiness. Good Heavens, how angry I have been with you during the last few weeks!"

"What right had you to be angry with me, Mr. Fairfax?"

"The sublime right of loving you. To my mind that constitutes a kind of moral ownership. And to see you flirting with that fellow Granger, and yet have to hold my peace! But, thank God, all pretenses are done with. I recognize the event of to-day as an interposition of Providence. As soon as I can decently do so I shall tell Lady Geraldine the truth."

"You will not break your engagement—at such a time—when she has double need of your love?" cried Clarissa, indignantly.

She saw the situation from the woman's point of view, and it was of Geraldine Challoner's feelings she thought at this crisis. George Fairfax weighed nothing in the scale against that sorrowing daughter. And yet she loved him.

"My love she never had, and never can have; nor do I believe that honor compels me to make myself miserable for life. Of course I shall not disturb her in the hour of her grief by any talk about our intended marriage; but, so soon as I can do so with kindness, I shall let her know the real state of my feelings. She is too generous to exact any sacrifice from me."

"And you will make her miserable for life, perhaps?"

"I am not afraid of that. I tell you, Clarissa, it is not in her cold, proud nature to care much for any man. We can invent some story to account for the rupture which will save her womanly pride. The world can be told that it is she who has broken the engagement. All that will be easily settled. Poor Lord Calderwood! Don't imagine that I am not heartily sorry for him; he was always a good friend to me; but his death has been most opportune. It has saved me, Clarissa. But for that I should have been a married man this night, a bound slave for evermore. You can never conceive the gloomy, dogged spirit in which I was going to my doom. Thank God, the release came; and here, sitting by your side, a free man, I feel how bitter a bondage I have escaped."

He put his arm round Clarissa, and tried to draw her toward him; but she released herself from him with a quick, proud movement, and rose from her seat on the low wall. He rose at the same moment, and they stood facing each other in the darkening twilight.

"And what then, Mr. Fairfax?" she said, trembling a little, but looking him steadily in the face, nevertheless. "When you have behaved like a traitor, and broken your engagement, what then?"

"What then? Is there any possible doubt what must come then? You will be my wife, Clarissa!"

"You think that I would be an accomplice in such cruelty? You think that I could be so basely ungrateful to Lady Laura, my first friend? Yes, Mr. Fairfax, the first friend I ever had, except my aunt, whose friendship has always seemed a kind of duty. You think that after all her goodness to me I could have any part in breaking her sister's heart?"

"I think there is one person whose feelings you overlook in this."

"And who is that?"

"Myself. You seem to forget that I love you, and that my happiness depends upon you. Are you going to stand upon punctilio, Clarissa, and break my heart because Laura Armstrong has been civil to you?"

Clarissa smiled—a very mournful smile.

"I do not believe you are so dreadfully in earnest," she said. "If I did—"

"If you did, what then, Clarissa?"

"It might be different. I might be foolish enough, wicked enough— But I am sure that this folly of yours is no more than a passing fancy. You will go away and forget all about me. You would be very sorry by-and-by if I were weak enough to take you at your word; just as sorry as you are now for your engagement to Lady Geraldine. Come, Mr. Fairfax, let us both be sensible, if we can, and let there be an end of this folly for evermore between us. Good-night; I must go home. It is half past eight o'clock, and at nine papa has his tea."

"You shall go home in time to pour out Mr. Lovel's tea; but you shall hear me out first, Clarissa, and you shall confess to me. I will not be kept in the dark."

And then he urged his cause, passionately, eloquently, or with that which seemed eloquence to the girl of nineteen, who heard him, with pale cheeks and fast-throbbing heart, and yet tried to seem unmoved. Plead as he might, he could win no admission from her. It was only in her eyes, which could not look denial, on her tremulous lips, which could not simulate coldness, that he read her secret. There he saw enough to make him happy and triumphant.

"Say what you please, my pitiless one," he cried at last; "in less than three months you shall be my wife!"

The church clock chimed the three-quarters. He had no excuse for keeping her any longer.

"Come, then, Clarissa," he said, drawing her hand through his arm; "let me see you to your father's door."

"But your horse—you can't leave him here?"

"Yes, I can. I don't suppose any one will steal him in a quarter of an hour or so; and I dare say we shall meet some village urchin whom I can send to take care of him."

"There is no occasion. I am quite accustomed to walk about Arden alone."

"Not at this hour. I have detained you, and am bound to see you safely lodged."

"But if papa should hear—"

"He shall hear nothing. I'll leave you within a few yards of his gate."

It was no use for her to protest; so they went back to within half a dozen paces of Mill Cottage arm in arm, not talking very much, but dangerously happy in each other's company.

"I shall see you again very soon, Clarissa," George Fairfax said. And then he asked her to tell him her favorite walks; but this she refused to do.

"No matter. I shall find you out in spite of your obstinacy. And remember, child, you owe nothing to Laura Armstrong, except the sort of kindness she would show to any pretty girl of good family. You are as necessary to her as the orchids on her dinner-table. I don't deny that she is a warm-hearted little woman, with a great deal that is good in her—just the right sort of woman to dispense a large fortune. But I shall make matters all right in that quarter, and at once."

They were now as near Mill Cottage as Mr. Fairfax considered it prudent to go. He stopped, released Clarissa's hand from his arm, only to lift it to his lips and kiss it—the tremulous little ungloved hand which had been sketching his profile when he surprised her, half an hour before, on the church-yard wall.

There was not a creature on the road before them as they stood thus in the moonlight; but, in spite of this appearance of security, they were not unobserved. A pair of angry eyes watched them from across a clipped holly hedge in front of the cottage—the eyes of Marmaduke Lovel, who had ventured out in the soft September night to smoke his after-dinner cigar.

"Good-night, Clarissa," said George Fairfax; "I shall see you again very soon."

"No, no; I don't wish to see you. No good can come of our seeing each other."

"You will see me, whether you wish or not. Good-night. There is nine striking. You will be in time to pour out papa's tea."

He let go the little hand, which he had held till now, and went away. When Clarissa came to the gate she found it open, and her father standing by it. She drew back with a guilty start.

"Pray come in," said Mr. Lovel, in his most ceremonious tone. "I am very glad that a happy accident has enabled me to become familiar with your new habits. Have you learned to give clandestine meetings to your lovers at Hale Castle? Have I to thank Lady Laura for this novel development of your character?"

"I don't know what you mean, papa. I was sitting in the church-yard just now, sketching, when Mr. Fairfax rode up to me. He stopped, talking a little, and then insisted on seeing me home. That is all."

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"That is all. And so it was George Fairfax—the bridegroom that was to have been—who kissed your hand just now in that lover-like fashion. Pray come in-doors; I think this is a business that requires to be discussed between us quietly."

"Believe me, you have no reason to be angry, papa," pleaded Clarissa; "nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than the idea of meeting Mr. Fairfax to-night."

"I have heard that kind of denial before, and know what it is worth," answered her father, coldly. "And pray, if he did not come here to meet you, may I ask what motive brought Mr. Fairfax to Arden to-night? His proper place would have been at Hale Castle, I should have supposed."

"I don't know, papa. He may have come to Arden for a ride. Every thing is in confusion at the Castle. I scarcely think he would be wanted there."

"You scarcely think! And you encourage him to follow you here—this man who was to have been married to Lady Geraldine Challoner to-day—and you let him kiss your hand, and part from you with the air of a lover. I am ashamed of you, Clarissa. This business is odious enough in itself to provoke the anger of any father, if there were not circumstances in the past to make it trebly hateful to me."

They had passed in at the open window by this time, and were standing in the lamp-lit parlor, which had a pretty air of home comfort, with its delicate tea-service and quaintly shaped silver urn. Mr. Lovel sank into his arm-chair with a faint groan, and, looking at him in the full light of the lamp, Clarissa saw that he was deadly pale.

"Do you know that the father of that man was my deadliest foe?" he exclaimed.

"How should I know that, papa?"

"How should you know it!—no. But that you should choose that man for your secret lover! One would think there was some hereditary curse upon your mother's race, binding her and hers with that hateful name. I tell you, Clarissa, that if there had been no such creature as Temple Fairfax, my life might have been as bright a one as any man need hope for. I owe every misery of my existence to that man."

"Did he injure you so deeply, papa?"

"He did me the worst wrong that one man can do to another. He came between me and the woman I loved; he stole your mother's heart from me, Clarissa, and imbittered both our lives."

He stopped, and covered his face with his hand. Clarissa could see that the hand trembled. She had never seen her father so moved before. She, too, was deeply moved. She drew a chair close to him, and sat down by his side, but dared not speak.

"It is just as well that you should hear the story from me," he said, after a long pause. "You may hear hints and whispers about it from other people by-and-by, perhaps, if you go more into society; for it was known to several. It is best you should know the truth. It is a common story enough in the history of the world; but whenever it happens it is enough to make the misery of one man's life. I was not always what you have known me, Clarissa—a worn-out machine, dawdling away the remnant of a wasted existence. I once had hopes and passions like the rest of mankind—perhaps more ardent than the most. Your mother was the loveliest and most fascinating woman I ever met, and from the hour of our first meeting I had but one thought—how I should win her for my wife. It was not a prudent marriage. She was my equal by birth; but she was the daughter of a ruined spendthrift, and had learned extravagance and recklessness in her very nursery. She thought me much richer than I was, and I did not care to undeceive her. Later, when we were married, and I could see that her extravagant habits were hastening my ruin, I was still too much a moral coward to tell her the naked truth. I could not bear to come between her and caprices that seemed a natural accompaniment to her charms. I was weakness itself in all that concerned her."

"And she loved you, papa?" said Clarissa, softly. "I am sure she must have loved you."

"That is a question that I have never answered with any satisfaction to myself. I thought she loved me. She liked me well enough, I believe, till that man crossed her path, and might have learned to like me better as she grew older and wiser, and rose above the slavery of frivolous pleasures. But in the most evil hour of her life she met Temple Fairfax, and from that hour her heart was turned from me. We were traveling, trying to recover from the expenses of the Court and a house perpetually full of my wife's set; and it was at Florence that we first encountered the Colonel. He had just returned from India, had been doing great things there, and was considered rather a distinguished person in Florentine society. I need not stop to describe him. His son is like him. He and I became friends, and met almost daily. It was not till a year afterward that I knew how pitiful a dupe of this man's treachery I had been from the very first. We were still in Italy when I made my first discovery; it was one that let in the light upon *his* character, but did not seriously involve my wife. We fought, and I was wounded. When I recovered I brought my wife home to Arden. Our year's retrenchment had left me poorer than when I left home. Your mother's beauty was a luxury not to be maintained more cheaply at Florence than in Yorkshire."

There was another pause, and then Marmaduke Lovel went on, in the same bitter tone:

"Within a short time of our return your brother was born. There are things that I can not even hint to you, Clarissa; but there have been times when the shadow of that man has come between me and my children. Passion has made me unjust. I know that in her worst sin against my love—for I went on loving her to the last—your mother remained what the world calls innocent. But years after I had believed there was an end of all communion between those two I discovered letters, even stolen meetings—rare, I confess, and never without witnesses, but no less a treason against me. Colonel Fairfax had friends at Holborough, by whose aid he contrived to see my wife. That he urged her to leave me I know, and that she was steadfast in her refusal to do me that last wrong. But I know, too, that she loved him. I have read the confession of that which she called her 'madness' under her own hand."

"Oh, papa, papa, how sad! how dreadful!"

"Soon after your birth she began to fade. From my heart I believe it was this struggle between passion and the last remnant of honor that killed her. I need not tell you the details of my discoveries, some of them made not very long before her death. They led to bitter scenes between us; but I thank God I did believe her protestations of innocence, and that I kept her under my own roof. There were others not so merciful. Colonel Fairfax's wife was told of his devotion to mine at Florence, and the duel which ended our acquaintance. She found out something of his subsequent meetings with your mother, and her jealousy brought about a separation. It was managed quietly enough, but not without scandal; and nothing but my determination to maintain my wife's position could have saved her from utter disgrace. Yes, Clarissa, I loved her to the last; but the misery of that last year was something that no words can tell. She died in my arms, and in her latest hour of consciousness thanked me for what she called my generosity. I went straight from her funeral to London, with a bundle of letters in my pocket, to find Temple Fairfax. What might have happened between us, had we met, I can scarcely guess; but there were no scruples on my side. Fortune favored him, however; he had sailed for India a few weeks before in command of his regiment. I had some thoughts of following him even there, but abandoned the notion. My wrongs would keep. I waited for his return, but that never happened. He was killed in Afghanistan, and carried to his Indian grave the reputation of one of the worst men and best soldiers who ever bore the king's commission."

This was all. To speak of these things had profoundly agitated Marmaduke Lovel: but a sudden impulse had moved this man, who was apt to be so silent about himself and his own feelings, and he had been in a manner constrained to tell this story.

"You can understand now, I suppose, Clarissa," he said, coldly, after another pause, "why this young man, George Fairfax, is hateful to me."

"Yes, papa. It is only natural that you should be prejudiced against him. Does he know, do you think—" She faltered and stopped, with a bitter sense of shame.

"Does he know what?"

"About the past?"

"Of course he must know. Do you suppose his mother has not told him her grievances?"

Clarissa remembered Mrs. Fairfax's cold manner, and understood the reason of that tacit avoidance which had wounded her so deeply. She, too, no doubt, was hateful; as hateful to the injured wife of Colonel Fairfax as his son could be to her father.

"And now, Clarissa," said Mr. Lovel, "remember that any acquaintance between you and George Fairfax is most repugnant to me. I have told you this story in order that there may be no possibility of any mistake between us. God only knows what it costs a man to open old wounds as I have opened mine to-night. Only this afternoon you affected a considerable regard for me, which I promised to return to the best of my power. All that is a dead letter if you hold any communion with this man. Choose him for your friend, and renounce me for your father. You can not have both."

"He is not my friend, papa; he is nothing to me. Even if there were no such thing as this prejudice on your part, I am not so dishonorable as to forget that Mr. Fairfax is engaged to Lady Geraldine."

"And you promise that there shall be no more meetings, no repetition of the kind of thing I saw to-night?"

"I promise, papa, that of my own free-will I will never see him again. Our meeting to-night was entirely accidental."

"On your part, perhaps; but was it so on his?"

"I can not tell that, papa."

Mr. Lovel felt himself obliged to be satisfied with this answer. It seemed to him a hard thing that the son of his enemy should arise thus to torment him—an accident that might have tempted a superstitious man to think that an evil fate brooded over his house: and Marmaduke Lovel's mind, being by no means strongly influenced by belief, was more or less tainted with superstition. Looked at from any point of view, it was too provoking that this man should cross Clarissa's pathway at the very moment when it was all-important to her destiny that her heart should be untouched, her fancy unfettered.

"If nothing comes of this Granger business, I shall take her abroad," Mr. Lovel said to himself; "any thing to get her out of the way of a Fairfax."

He drank his tea in silence, meditating upon that little scene in the moonlight, and stealing a look at his daughter every now and then, as she sat opposite to him pretending to read. He could see that the open book was the merest pretense, and that Clarissa was profoundly agitated. Was it her mother's story that had moved her so deeply, or that other, newer story which George Fairfax might have been whispering to her just now in the lonely moonlit road? Mr. Lovel was disturbed by this question, but did not care to seek any farther explanation from his daughter. There are some subjects that will not bear discussion.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Parisians, with characteristic elasticity, are rising from the ruins of their city, and shaking off the gloom which has overshadowed them. Citizens are returning in great numbers—many, it is true, to find their homes desolated; but the Parisians do not let trouble rest heavily upon them, and they will soon make other homes for themselves. Fearful as have been the scenes of the past months—the very memory of which would seem to us like ever-haunting ghosts—there is already, it is said, some manifest return to the fashion and gayety of former times. With a hopefulness almost strange even in the versatile Parisians, they look away from the past to the future. Yet we may fancy how many sad and desolated hearts bleed in secret over the ruin of what has been so dear to them—mothers, wives, and children bereft of *all*.

From Paris come numerous items of interest concerning the present aspect of affairs, from which we select only a few: Ten thousand laborers are employed in removing barricades, and in cleansing Paris and removing obstacles in the thoroughfares.—According to an estimate the destruction of property in Paris, including houses, furniture, securities, works of art, etc., amounted to £32,000,000. Merchandise to the value of £24,000,000 is also said to have been destroyed.—Workmen have already commenced to clear away the ruins of the Palais Royal, and to search in the dreadful mass of rubbish for metal objects which may be utilized. Pieces of glass are seen blended into strange figures from the heat. Stones became vitrified, and visitors to the spot are shown very peculiar amalgamations of metal, lime, shot, and porcelain.—One hundred and sixteen thousand muskets have been collected in one quarter of Paris.—The treasures of art in the Hôtel Cluny have escaped damage, and the building itself is only slightly injured.—The most valuable paintings of the Louvre are in the arsenal at Brest. Rubens's works are uninjured. The Venus de Milo is buried, and it is said that only three people in Paris know where it is secreted.

An English journal thinks that New York purchasers of diamonds are very difficult to suit. It states that the finest diamonds sold in Europe of late years have found their way to the United States, and that many gems highly regarded in France have been rejected by American commissioners.

An officer stationed at Fort Brady, Michigan, gives, in a private letter, a little sketch of the village of Sault St. Marie, which may interest those of our readers who have little idea of the social aspects of this far-away place. Sault St. Marie is situated on each side of the St. Mary's River, at the entrance to Lake Superior. The writer says:

"The village on the other side seems the pleasantest, probably because it is more distant; then, too, the green trees and the river in the foreground add much to its beauty. As a rule, all houses more than one story or a story and a half are public buildings. The inhabitants on both sides are mostly Indians, half-breeds, and traders of the Jewish persuasion. Just outside the reservation, or, as is claimed by the government, upon the reservation, is a convent, and it is quite romantic to be awakened early in the morning by the ringing of the bells calling the devout sisters to matins. This is a very ordinary frame building, with a very large bell attached. The great event of the place is the arrival of a boat. As soon as the deep, sonorous whistle is heard all the town turns out, and Indians, half-breeds, and dogs run down to the dock to meet it. It is amusing to look down the solitary street and watch the change. In a moment all work is abandoned, and the unwashed and uncivilized appear in droves where all was quiet as the grave. The dogs fight, and the half-breeds gabble, and make all sorts of ridiculous motions with their hands. The falls are just above, and are visible from my windows. The water falls from twelve to fifteen feet within a distance of a quarter of a mile, but the descent is gradual over rocks and stones, and is not very imposing. It resembles the rapids just above Niagara Falls. In the winter the mails are brought twice a week by dog trains from Marquette, eighty-five miles distant, which connects by rail with Detroit. Whatever isothermal circle Sault St. Marie may be in, it is sufficient to send the mercury down to twenty-five or thirty degrees below zero, where it remains all winter."

A law case which has puzzled two learned courts in Ireland, lately, turned on the identity of a parrot. Two maiden ladies living near Dublin had each a gray parrot, and each parrot had a red tail. Both ladies lost their precious birds about the same time. One gray parrot with a red tail was discovered in the neighborhood, and, of course, each of the bereaved spinsters claimed it as her own. Miss Plunkett first obtained possession of the feathered warbler; but Miss Farelly declared, with the shrillness of desperation, that Poll belonged to her, and brought suit for the recovery of her property. Neither of the two courts to which the cause was carried found itself able to determine whether the bird exhibited was the one lost by the plaintiff, or that belonging to the defendant—whether it was Polly Plunkett or Polly Farelly. And so the case was dismissed, and Miss Plunkett kept the bird. But we venture to say that before American lawyers would have let such a cause go out of court they would have cross-examined the parrot.

There are seventeen Japanese students connected with Rutgers College, at New Brunswick. At the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, there are also several students, among whom is, practically, the uncle of the reigning Mikado—a Japanese prince of royal blood. We doubt whether it will be of much service to our readers to know the names of these Japanese; but here are a few as a specimen: Azuma, Takahiko, Foozimori, Shuitziro, Ikagawa, Motoi, Magome, Tameske, Takato, Shioji, Yangimoto, Naotaro.

Not long ago the young Japanese prince above referred to, who is heir-apparent to the imperial throne, was so unfortunate as to be attacked with measles. The fact was telegraphed to Japan, and created much alarm for a time, as this disease is very fatal in that country. Fortunately the prince has recovered.

The majority of the guests at Niagara Falls are, thus far, from the Southern States.—Newport will be made more comfortable this season than usual, in consequence of a city ordinance which has been passed to protect passengers landing from steamboats and railroads from the annoyance which hackmen generally feel authorized to inflict.—It is estimated that there will be three or four thousand more visitors at Long Branch this season than there were last.—Saratoga will feel comparatively safe from the perils of fire this year, thanks to the introduction of new water-works into the village.

A "winged porcupine," about an inch in length, is the latest entomological discovery in New Jersey. It has wings, beneath which are concealed a number of quills half an inch long. If any one interferes with this specimen it shoots out these splinters, which bury themselves in the flesh, causing an irritation like the bite of a mosquito.

Some one who bewails the increasing tendency to fashionable display and expenditure at weddings predicts that the day is not far distant when fence-posters will appear in the following style:

"GRANDEST NUPTIAL OF THE SEASON.—The lovely —— to the manly ——. Several novelties never before presented. New music, new dresses, new properties. Tickets, $1; reserved seats (middle aisle), 50 cents extra. N.B.—All persons occupying reserved seats are assured that their full names will be mentioned in the society papers."

In the mean time, however, persons of moderate views will find sensible suggestions, and fresh yet not too costly styles and patterns of wedding gear, in the pages of the *Bazar*.

One of the severest cases of personal affliction lately recorded is that of a Mr. Hawley, baggage-master at the railway dépôt in Springfield. While getting out a heavy trunk from the baggage car of a newly arrived train he was thrown down by the concussion of the backward-coming engine hitting the train, and in falling with his trunk hit another heavy trunk; this fell on his back, paralyzing his body and legs, and rendering him completely helpless. On his way to his home in New Hartford he was informed of the sudden death of his wife. The poor woman dropped on hearing, by telegraph, of her husband's misfortune, and died immediately. And a few days after his arrival at home he witnessed the death of his child.

There are at least a dozen persons in England engaged in the manufacture of sermons—so says a writer in *St. Paul's Magazine*. The terms vary with the quality of the article supplied; but about twenty-five dollars, gold, would secure to a country parson a supply of needful sermons without any wear and tear of brains. A regular church-goer in an English village is of opinion that the general stock of sermons possessed by the vicar has been preached forty-eight times, or has made forty-eight revolutions, and that they are already far advanced in the forty-ninth cycle. He believes them to have been written about seventy-five years ago.

They have a mild way of dealing with thieves in West Virginia. A newspaper published in that section of the country prints the following advertisement: "If the lady (?) who has been using my coal for the past few months will please call upon the next neighbor for her future supply, she will much oblige, as my stock is about exhausted."

An amusing sensation scene, not in the programme, recently occurred at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, England. The curtain was raised for Mr. Toole to address the Court, *in re* Bardell against Pickwick, when the whole of the jury mysteriously disappeared, their box suddenly giving way and ingulfing the good men and true. At first the vast audience who crowded every part of the theatre were silent, fearing some dreadful accident had occurred; but as the unlucky jurymen rapidly reappeared unhurt, though looking very foolish, they broke out into a perfect hurricane of laughter, which lasted several minutes. The curtain had to be dropped to allow the jury to be boxed again, and when Mr. Toole began his address he provoked another burst of risibility by alluding to the jury as "that worthy body of steadfast and immovable men."

Twenty years ago a Boston tailor retired from business on account of failing health. For a few years past he had suffered much from dizziness. A short time ago a surgeon discovered and extracted from his body a common-sized needle, with double thread four inches in length attached. As he had used no needle of the kind for twenty years, the surgeon supposed he must have swallowed it anterior to that period, and is of the opinion that the working of the needle and thread through the system caused the dizziness. Since the operation the patient feels greatly relieved, and is improving in health.

The funds in the public offices in Paris were secured by an ingenious stratagem on the part of the Versailles government. These funds, amounting to $15,000,000 in specie, bonds, and bank-bills, were placed in a wagon used for conveying bread and potatoes from the charity hospital to the alms-house at Issy. The evening before this vehicle passed through the Issy gate a similar one was sent by the hospital manager on trial, and to disarm suspicion. The guard allowed it to pass, while at the same time the driver secured a pass for the next day, written in the usual unofficial style of the Commune. Next day the wagon containing the treasure, hidden under sacks of potatoes and loaves of bread, arrived at the same gate, and was stopped despite the written order. The guard who gave the pass was away, and his successor would not respect it. He proceeded to inspect the wagon, and having overturned some of the sacks was about to remove those which covered the treasure, when a lieutenant who commanded the post arrived, and called out, "I know all about that cart; let it pass." The vehicle passed out. An hour and a half later the $15,000,000 was safe in Versailles. The same evening the Commune learned all, and proclaimed that they were robbed. They sent orders to Issy to arrest the manager of the hospice, but he had followed the millions which he had helped to secure.

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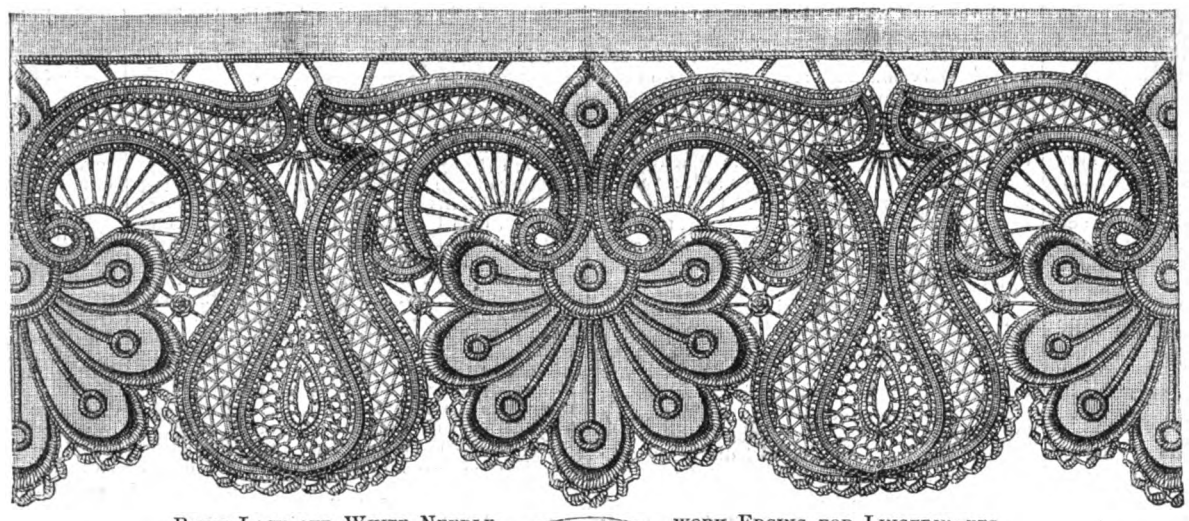
Point Lace and White Needle-work Edging for Lingerie, etc.

THIS edging may be used for ornamenting covers, lingerie, handkerchiefs, etc. Transfer the design to linen, work the requisite number of figures in white embroidery, baste them on the linen, and on the latter sew point lace braid, following the lines of the design. Where the point lace braid intersects the outer edge of the white embroidery figures, it must be fastened by a few stitches. In order to form the corners, lay the braid in a small pleat at each place required. Work in lace stitch as shown by the illustration, and make the picots at the outer edge. We would call the attention of any of our subscribers that may be unacquainted with the manner of working in point lace stitch to the directions for point lace embroidery given in Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 11, Vol. III. This lace is button-hole stitched to the edge of the material to be trimmed; short button-hole stitch bars are also worked between the button-hole stitched edge and the lace (see illustration).



POINT LACE AND WHITE NEEDLE-WORK EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Tapestry Designs for Covers of Pincushions, Emery Cushions, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE designs, of which the illustrations show one-quarter, are worked in cross stitch on canvas with zephyr worsted and filling silk. The description of symbols shows the colors to be used.

Embroidery Design for Cigar-Cases, Card-Cases, etc.

See illustration on page 457.

THIS design makes a very pretty cover for cigar-cases, needle-books, card-cases, etc. The foundation is of light brown leather. The principal lines of the design are worked with figured brown silk cord, which is sewed on with fine brown silk of the same shade; the short cross lines are worked with black silk twist, and edged with gold thread, while the knots between are worked with green silk. The figure on each side of the design is worked in satin stitch with green silk twist, and edged with gold thread; the little figure in the middle is worked in the same manner. The embroidery may, of course, be worked on velvet, cloth, or silk.

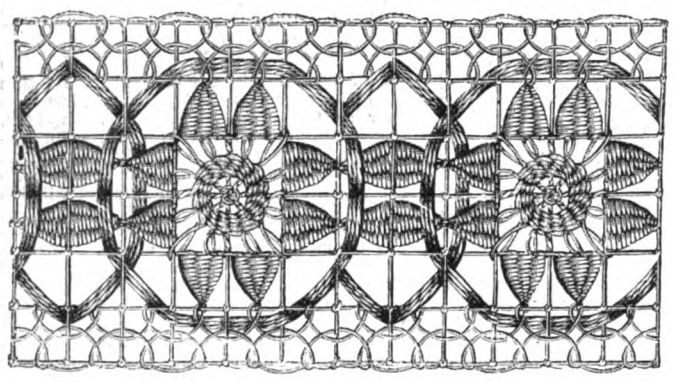


Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION FOR COVERS, PILLOW-SLIPS, ETC.

MEDALLION FOR PORTE-MONNAIES, CIGAR-CASES, ETC. COLORED EMBROIDERY.

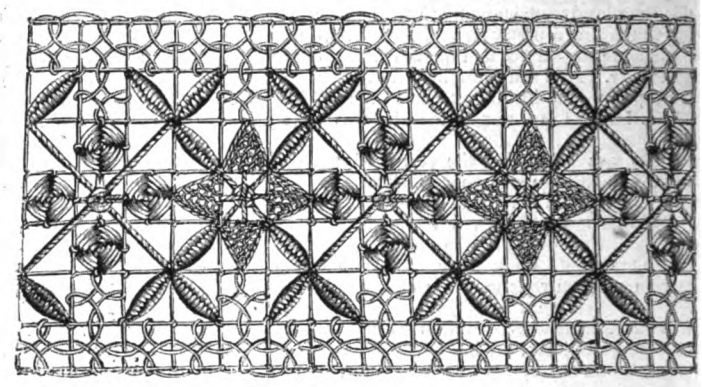


Fig. 2.—NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION FOR COVERS, PILLOW-SLIPS, ETC.

Netted Guipure Insertion for Covers, Pillow-Slips, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS insertion, which is suitable for trimming the above-named articles, as well as linen, is worked in straight netting with medium-sized thread on a netting mesh seven-tenths of an inch in circumference. The netted foundation of the border, Fig. 1, is then worked, as shown by the illustration, in point d'esprit and point de reprise, ornamented with wheels, and darned with glazed-cotton. The netted foundation of the border, Fig. 2, is also worked in point d'esprit and point de reprise; the triangular figures of the design are worked in button-hole stitch and ornamented with wheels.

Medallion for Porte-Monnaies, Cigar-Cases, etc. Colored Embroidery.

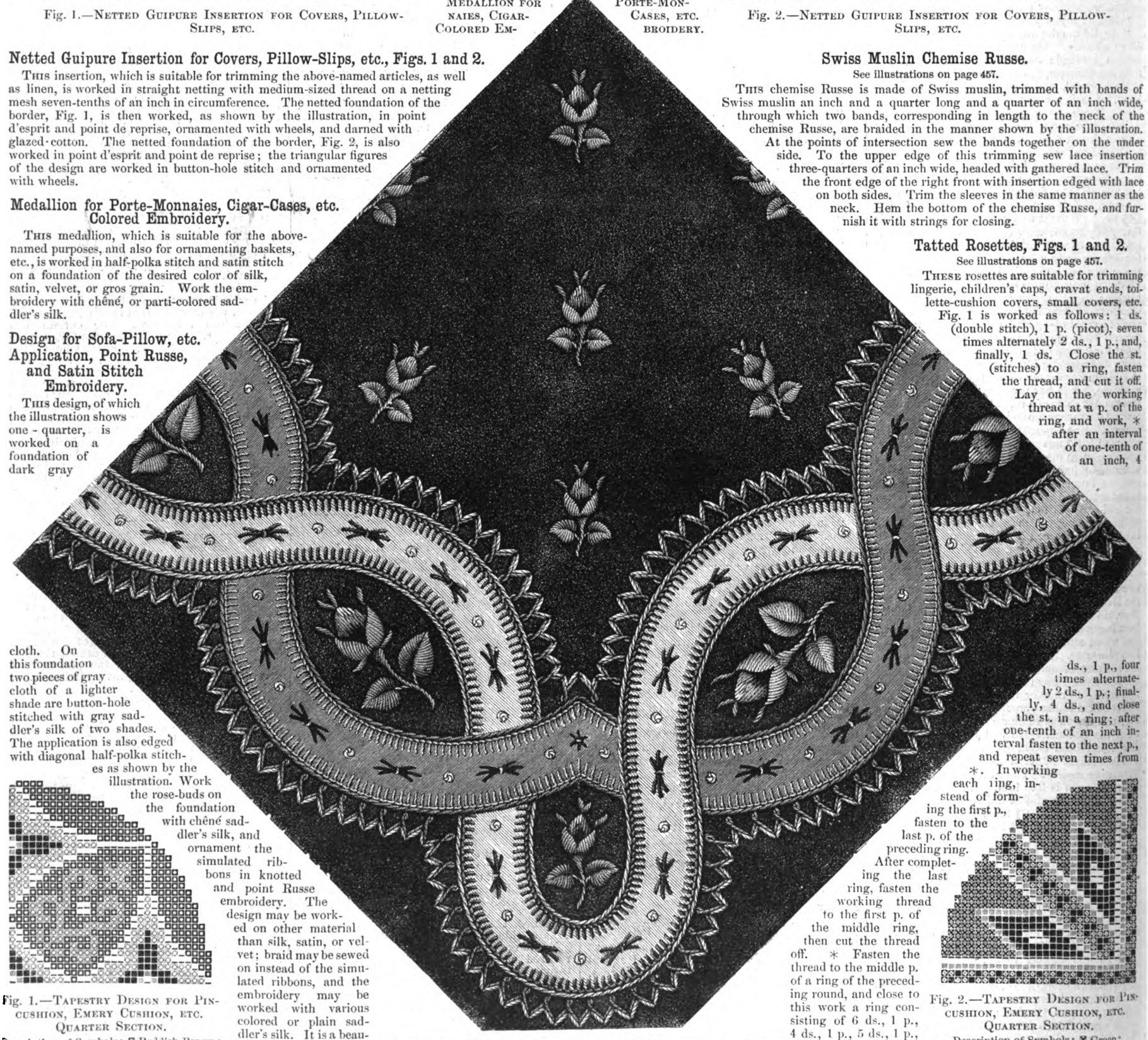
THIS medallion, which is suitable for the above-named purposes, and also for ornamenting baskets, etc., is worked in half-polka stitch and satin stitch on a foundation of the desired color of silk, satin, velvet, or gros grain. Work the embroidery with chêné, or parti-colored saddler's silk.

Design for Sofa-Pillow, etc. Application, Point Russe, and Satin Stitch Embroidery.

THIS design, of which the illustration shows one-quarter, is worked on a foundation of dark gray cloth. On this foundation two pieces of gray cloth of a lighter shade are button-hole stitched with gray saddler's silk of two shades. The application is also edged with diagonal half-polka stitches as shown by the illustration. Work the rose-buds on the foundation with chêné saddler's silk, and ornament the simulated ribbons in knotted and point Russe embroidery. The design may be worked on other material than silk, satin, or velvet; braid may be sewed on instead of the simulated ribbons, and the embroidery may be worked with various colored or plain saddler's silk. It is a beautiful pattern for a sofa-pillow or footstool.

Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR PINCUSHION, EMERY CUSHION, ETC. QUARTER SECTION.

Description of Symbols: ◻ Reddish-Brown; ■ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d, ▩ 3d, – 4th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).



DESIGN FOR COVER OF SOFA-PILLOW, ETC.—QUARTER SECTION. APPLICATION, POINT RUSSE, AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Swiss Muslin Chemise Russe.

See illustrations on page 457.

THIS chemise Russe is made of Swiss muslin, trimmed with bands of Swiss muslin an inch and a quarter long and a quarter of an inch wide, through which two bands, corresponding in length to the neck of the chemise Russe, are braided in the manner shown by the illustration. At the points of intersection sew the bands together on the under side. To the upper edge of this trimming sew lace insertion three-quarters of an inch wide, headed with gathered lace. Trim the front edge of the right front with insertion edged with lace on both sides. Trim the sleeves in the same manner as the neck. Hem the bottom of the chemise Russe, and furnish it with strings for closing.

Tatted Rosettes, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 457.

THESE rosettes are suitable for trimming lingerie, children's caps, cravat ends, toilette-cushion covers, small covers, etc. Fig. 1 is worked as follows: 1 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), seven times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., and, finally, 1 ds. Close the st. (stitches) to a ring, fasten the thread, and cut it off. Lay on the working thread at a p. of the ring, and work, * after an interval of one-tenth of an inch, 4 ds., 1 p., four times alternately 2 ds., 1 p.; finally, 4 ds., and close the st. in a ring; after one-tenth of an inch interval fasten to the next p., and repeat seven times from *. In working each ring, instead of forming the first p., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring. After completing the last ring, fasten the working thread to the first p. of the middle ring, then cut the thread off. * Fasten the thread to the middle p. of a ring of the preceding round, and close to this work a ring consisting of 6 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; close the st. in a ring, fasten to the

Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR PINCUSHION, EMERY CUSHION, ETC. QUARTER SECTION.

Description of Symbols: ⊠ Green; ■ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d, ▩ 3d, – 4th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

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same p. as before, and close to the ring just worked work a ring as follows: 4 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 5 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; close the st. to a ring, and fasten to the same p. as before. Fasten the thread and cut it off. Repeat from *, but in working the first ring of every figure, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring. * Now work one consisting of 7 ds., 1 p., three times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., and, finally, 7 ds.; close to this work a ring consisting of 4 ds., 1 p., twice alternately 2 ds., 1 p.; 2 ds., fasten to the still free p. of a ring of the preceding round, 4 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; close to this ring work a ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., fasten to the still free p. of the next ring of the preceding round, three times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., finally, 4 ds., and then fasten to the first of the three rings. Work, after two-fifths of an inch interval, + one ring of 4 ds., 1 p., six times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., finally, 4 ds. After one-tenth of an inch interval fasten the thread to the first p. of the ring first worked; and, after one-tenth of an inch interval, repeat four times from +; but in working each ring, instead of forming the first p., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, and after working the last ring, fasten to the first ring after two-fifths of an inch interval (see illustration). Fasten the thread and cut it off. Repeat seven times from *, but fasten each successive figure to the one preceding it in the manner shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—For this rosette work with medium-sized cotton a ring of 1 ds., 1 p., seven times alternately 3 ds., 1 p., finally, 2 ds.; fasten the thread and cut it off. Fasten the thread to a p. of the ring just worked, and work * after one-tenth of an inch interval, 4 ds., 1 p., six times alternately 2 ds., 1 p.; finally, 4 ds. Close the st. in a ring, and, after one-tenth of an inch interval, fasten to the next p. of the first ring. Repeat from *, but in working each succeeding ring, instead of forming the first p., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring. After completing the round, fasten to the first p. of the middle ring. Now follows a row of four-leaved figures. Work each of these figures as follows: One ring of 4 ds., 1 p., four times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 4 ds. Close to this ring work three similar rings, but fasten one of these rings to the middle ring as shown by the illustration. In working each figure, fasten the same to

EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR CIGAR-CASES, CARD-CASES, ETC.

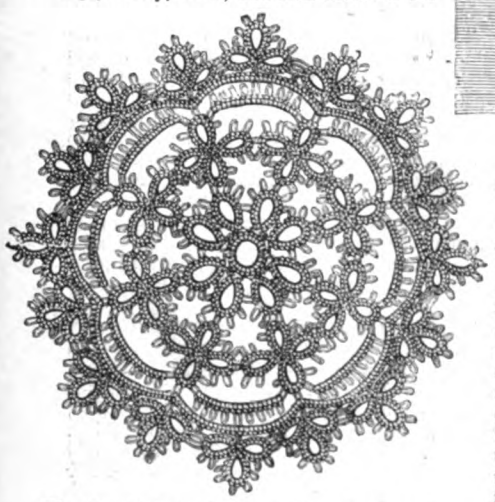

Fig. 2.—TATTED ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, CAPS, CRAVAT ENDS, ETC.

SWISS MUSLIN CHEMISE RUSSE.

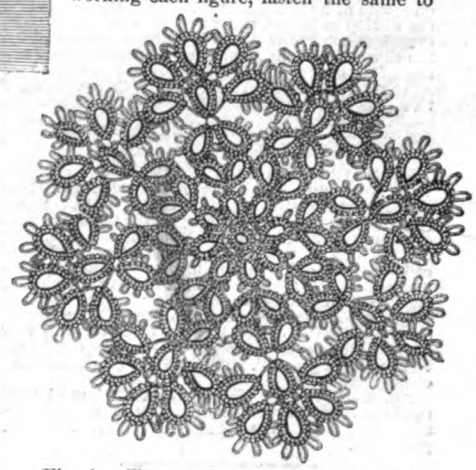

Fig. 1.—TATTED ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, CAPS, CRAVAT ENDS, ETC.

LADIES' HOUSE AND WALKING DRESSES.

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a ring of the preceding round and to the figure previously worked as shown by the illustration. Work the next round with two threads as follows: Tie the foundation and working threads together, fasten them to a four-leaved figure, and work over the insertion thread 1 ds., 1 p., 8 times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 1 ds., fasten the threads to the p. of a ring of the next four-leaved figure, and cut them off. Work similar scallops between the remaining four-leaved figures (see illustration). Work the following rounds with two threads also. Fasten the threads to the middle p. of a ring of a four-leaved figure and work * after one-tenth of an inch interval with one thread only, a three-leaved figure as follows: First a ring of 6 ds., 1 p., three times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 5 ds.; close to this work a ring consisting of 5 ds., 1 p., four times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 5 ds.; close to this work a ring of 5 ds., 1 p., three times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 6 ds. After completing the third ring fasten to the first ring there, where it is closed, and after one-tenth of an inch interval fasten to the same p. of the four-leaved figure, and over the foundation thread work 8 ds., fasten to the last p. of the last ring of the three-leaved figure, 7 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop of the preceding round, and work, after one-tenth of an inch interval, with *one* thread only a three-leaved figure as before, which must be fastened to the three-leaved figure first worked in the manner shown by the illustration. After one-tenth of an inch interval fasten to the same p. of the scallop as before, work 7 ds. over the foundation thread, fasten to the three-leaved figure as shown by the illustration, 8 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the ring of the next four-leaved figure, and repeat from *. At the end of the round fasten to the first p. fastened to.

Ladies' House and Walking Dresses.

See illustration on page 457.

Fig. 1.—GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED FOULARD DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT AND HEART-SHAPED BASQUE. The skirt is trimmed with a gathered flounce of the material; the seam made by setting on the flounce is covered by a ruche of green silk. A similar trimming and crimped white silk fringe is set on the over-skirt and basque. Swiss muslin and lace chemisette and under-sleeves. English straw hat trimmed with black velvet and white flowers.

Fig. 2.—PEARL GRAY ALPACA DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT AND HEART-SHAPED BASQUE, trimmed with ruffles and bias strips of the material, a gray silk braiding, and pearl gray silk fringe. Swiss muslin and lace chemisette.

Fig. 3.—FROU FROU POPLIN DRESS, trimmed with ruffles of fawn-colored material in two shades. Swiss muslin and lace chemisette and under-sleeves. Scotch plaid sash.

TWO LITTLE WORDS.

IF—BUT: paltry their worth—
Mere little words, you say?
Ah, friend of mine, they will rule the earth
Till the last man passes away!
The good they'll hold,
The bad enfold;
They'll conquer the strong and baffle the wise,
And stand at the heart of every surprise
From now till the Judgment-day.

If—but: warily fraught,
Often, as gentle as dew,
Gather and shine in a yearning thought,
Reflecting the heavenly blue.
Their ins and outs,
Their shades and doubts,
Lend to the grace of their clinging hold:
Rise! gird your soul with a valor bold,
Lest your very life they undo.

If—but: plausible pair!
Dangerous snares they cast,
Poisoning faith in a mental despair,
Or tangling advance with the past.
Shall this be so?
As God reigns, no!
Watchful in time, let us make them ours;
Strong by our strength, slaves of our powers,
Conquered and ruled at last!

SHIRTS VERSUS *WIVES.*

FIVE years had passed since Fred Lattimer and his wife Daisy had commenced life together, and so far they had lived in the utmost harmony.

She was an ambitious little woman, not in the sorosistical sense, but that she might please her husband, and make a happy home for him and the children. To carry out such an ambition is to be very unselfish and self-sacrificing. In spite of her many cares, Daisy was a bright and happy little wife; her husband was as the apple of her eye, and she was a gleam of sunshine to him. She managed her children with wisdom, and superintended her household prudently; she sang lullabys to quiet the baby, and clicked the sewing-machine when he slept; all the household sewing passed through her nimble fingers, and, in addition to all this, she made Fred's shirts! Every spring half a dozen linen, and every fall as many new cotton shirts, were, after being beautifully done up by Bridget, laid in Fred's bureau drawer.

Daisy liked to do this for Fred, and Fred was very proud of his wife's dainty workmanship.

At the gate of every paradise lingers a serpent, and there was one here, troubled and exasperated at the sight of so much domestic happiness; and I now proceed to chronicle his attempt to destroy it.

Fred was standing one morning before the glass adjusting his collar, and was noticing, with satisfaction, the satin-like smoothness of his shirt bosom. The demon of the shirt thought this a good time to commence his operations, so, perching on his shoulder, he whispered softly in his ear, "Don't you think your collar *pulls just a little* in the neck?" Fred started as the suggestion took form in his mind. "I do believe it does," he said to himself, "really. I wonder I never noticed that before. Yes, that certainly is very bad. Daisy must see to this at once." Then, raising his voice, he called to his wife, who was in the next room, "Daisy dear, come here a minute, won't you?"

"Yes, Fred," she replied; "just as soon as I get the baby out of his bath."

"There," whispered the demon; "that baby always comes first with her."

"That's so," acquiesced the husband. "Come, Daisy, can't you hurry up?" he called again, so impatiently that, wondering at his unwonted humor, she hurriedly wiped the pearly drops from baby's beautiful limbs, and, throwing a blanket over him, she laid him on the bed, and ran in, wiping her hands as she went on the baby's towel.

"Daisy," said her husband, "just look at this shirt of mine, won't you? It pulls me a little here in the neck. I think if you could manage to raise it a trifle in the back, it would make it looser here in front;" and he pulled impatiently at the offending garment as he spoke. As Daisy did not answer, he continued, "I think that all it wants is a gore or something in the back." Fred might as well have said a flounce, for all he knew about the merits or nature of either; but he liked to speak of gores and biases to show his *perfect familiarity* with the technicalities of sewing—the words have such a martial, manly sound, and it was his delight to suggest them as general remedies for all mistakes of the needle.

"I suppose," said Daisy, thoughtfully, "that I can rip off the band, and piece the shirt up in the back. But isn't it a pity to have it altered when it seems such a good fit?"

"A good fit!" repeated Fred; "why, I don't know what you can be thinking about, to say that. It don't fit me well at all."

"Why, Fred, how you do talk!" her little mouth puckering up the least bit in the world at his unusual tone. "I always thought you were satisfied with your shirts."

"So I have been," retorted Fred; "but can't a fellow grow? That's just the way with you women; you think there can be no improvement in any thing you do. *I* believe in progress. I am sure it won't hurt you to take these few stitches to please me, will it?"

"Oh no, Fred," said his wife; "I'll do it some time to-day. But there's the baby crying; I must run and dress him."

Fred took off the shirt, and marked with a pencil the width of a seam higher, which was all he thought it would need. The next one he put on had the same fault.

"The whole half dozen will have to be altered, of course," said the demon. "Daisy is so systematic that if there is a fault in one you will find it in all."

So Fred called out to his wife that he would leave the shirts lying on the bed, and that she might as well alter them all, and make one job of it.

After the baby had gone to sleep that morning the little wife sat down with the six shirts before her, and after several hours of unremitting industry the *few stitches* were completed, and the desired alteration made.

"Did you do my shirts to-day, Daisy?" was the first salutation of her husband as he came home at night.

"Oh yes, Fred," said she, kissing him; "and I hope now you will find them all right."

"Very well," said Fred; "I'll try one on after tea, and see."

After praising his wife's light biscuit, eating a whole beefsteak, and drinking three cups of coffee, he went to his room to try on the shirts, the demon following closely at his heels. Soon Fred's vexed voice brought Daisy to his side. "This won't do at all!" he exclaimed; "see what a bunch there is here in the back."

"That," she replied, "is the seam where I pieced it up; besides, when it was made higher in the back, it was a little longer than the band; so I held it in a little."

"Well," said Fred, angrily, "I won't have that great bunch in my back, I can tell you; the band must be made longer, if necessary."

"Then they won't fit your collars," she said.

"No matter," replied Fred; "I can't wear them this way;" and he looked cross and felt cross. He was already too much in the power of the demon to be polite to his wife.

"Can't you do these to-night?" said he, after a long silence. "I really want my shirts."

Poor Daisy! she was *so* tired; besides, there were all the button-holes in little Tommy's new pants, which she had promised him for his birthday, to-morrow, to be worked that evening. But after a moment's hesitation she said, as cheerfully as she could:

"Well, yes, if you'll give me the exact length you want the bands I will cut them out and baste them to-night, and sew them on with the machine in the morning."

"That's a dear," said Fred; "and I'll try them on and see if they are all right before you sew them."

Fred was in the habit of reading the paper to his wife while she sewed in the evening; but to-night, after he had cut out a paper measure for his shirt-band, he was so tired, and his shirt *pulled so*, that he couldn't read; besides, he wished that Daisy wouldn't sew evenings.

"Why," whispered the demon, "can't she leave the baby and her sewing and come down into the balcony and talk to you? Of course, to-night, she must do those shirts, but usually she is about some woman's nonsense or other."

Fred listened approvingly, and the demon perched on the balcony rail and chuckled at his success.

Daisy sat alone in her pretty sitting-room adjoining the nursery, and worked. A great cloud overshadowed her heart; but she loved her husband too well to believe that *he* had any thing to do with it, and she wondered what made her feel so tired and discouraged.

"Poor Fred!" she said to herself; "he must be tired too, for he hasn't read a word to me to-night. I hope he won't fall asleep on the balcony and catch cold."

The demon, now having thoroughly demoralized Fred, came up and sat on the back of her chair, and watched her a while draw the threads in the linen. Then he said, softly:

"Poor child! it is too bad to do such unnecessary work. Don't you find Fred's handkerchief when he loses it? Don't you brush his coat and part his back hair? Don't you listen when he reads to you those tiresome political speeches? Don't you always have what he likes for dinner? Are you not an accomplished housekeeper, a devoted mother, and a model wife? And he forgets all this in his vexation about a paltry shirt!"

Daisy wearily put aside the demon; but she could not help thinking that there was some truth in what he had said.

Just as she had finished the last button-hole in Tommy's pants Fred came up stairs.

"Well, Daisy," said he, so fretfully as to make the demon grin all over, "you are *very* sociable to-night."

"Why, Fred, I have been wondering all the evening why you didn't come up and talk to me; but I suppose, dear, you were too tired, weren't you?"—*he* doing nothing but pet the demon, while *she*, sewing away with a stitch in her side and a pain in her heart, was finding excuses for him.

"Of course I was," said her husband. "And now, if you have done my shirts, I wish you would put up your everlasting sewing."

"Oh, I am afraid he is going to have softening of the brain," she thought, "he has acted so strangely all day."

He, again, never noticing the tired red spot on her cheek, and she magnifying this exhibition of a selfish temper into the symptoms of a fatal disease.

Fred tried on one of the shirts. "Now Daisy," said he, "this is really too bad; you've got this band too large. Don't you see how loose and baggy it is?"

Daisy was going to say, "No, I really don't see" (for the difference between this one and the one she had taken off was just *one-eighth of an inch*); but the demon suggested again softening of the brain. So she said nothing, but gazed rather blankly into Fred's face.

"I do wish you wouldn't look at me in such a stupid manner when I want you to suggest any improvement," said her husband.

The little woman felt a big lump rise up in her throat, but she only replied,

"I really don't know what improvement to suggest."

"You'll have to make them a sixteenth of an inch smaller," said Fred. "Here, I'll measure my collars and mark them with my pencil."

So he went into the nursery, and measured and marked until long after midnight; and when he had completed his task to his own satisfaction, Daisy had, in spite of all her efforts to keep awake, fallen asleep upon her pillow.

"There," said the demon; "you see she takes no interest whatever in this matter, or she wouldn't go to sleep." So, without thinking of the tiresome day his wife had passed through, or of the sympathy and companionship he had failed to give her, or of the mental shock she had suffered, when a suspicion crossed her mind that the support of the strong and loving nature upon which she had learned to depend had been partially withdrawn from her, thinking only of the *pull* in that shirt, and connecting Daisy with it as being somehow the cause, he turned out the gas and crawled into bed.

And the baleful demon spread abroad his ebon wings wider and broader over the horizon of their happiness.

Having once commenced to find misfits and faults, they seemed to multiply daily, and for a time Daisy's hands were full of business.

Fred took the matter at last into his own hands, insisting that he should plan, and his wife should sew according to his direction. True, when a shirt was taken up on the shoulders and sewed in under the arms, the proportions of the garment lost their ease and grace.

Shirt after shirt being shorn of its amplitude, was found to be too diminutive for Fred's stalwart form, and could not be worn without confining his arms in a most uncomfortable manner, or would allow him no liberty of motion without first splitting up the back. To remedy this Fred put his ingenuity to the test in devising intricate and wonderful "pieces," "gores," and "diamonds," calculated and cut with mathematical accuracy, with which he puzzled poor, simple little Daisy, who knew nothing of angles or geometrical construction, insisting that she should sew them into positions at once novel and original; for Fred was guided by no precedent—he ignored all the laws of needle-work, and paid not the slightest regard to his wife's faint protest against his innovations. So she settled down into a calm, automatic obedience, and, regardless of material or garment, she pinned and basted and sewed according to his order; but all to no purpose—*his shirts would not fit!*

Thus matters were growing worse with the Lattimers, and the demon grew more and more jubilant every day.

About this time Mrs. Deacon Weston came with her knitting to spend the afternoon with her little friend.

Mrs. Weston was a kind, motherly sort of a woman, and was always welcome among the young people. Daisy determined to ask her for the pattern of the deacon's shirts, and begin all over again, and perhaps with a little of the old lady's experience she might do better in future. So after she had ensconced Mrs. Weston in the easiest chair, at the pleasantest window of the pretty sitting-room, she brought out her sewing and sat by her side.

"Making shirts, eh, Daisy?" said Mrs. Weston, looking intently at the little wife's work over the tops of her spectacles. "Why, what a funny shape!"

"Do you think so?" said Daisy, timidly. "I was going to ask you if you hadn't a nice pattern to lend me, for I don't seem to succeed very well of late."

"Oh, my dear child, I haven't made the deacon's shirts for many a long year. It is my candid opinion that no woman *can* make her husband's shirts to his satisfaction; if she can she may be assured that he is not long for this world. The only quarrel the deacon and I ever had was about this very thing. You have no idea how many incompatibilities and uncongenialities this subject brought up; and if I had not set down my foot just when I did, we should have been subjects to have delighted the most rabid divorce agent."

Encouraged by these words, Daisy told her friend of her attempts and failures; and that she might see the extent to which the thing had gone, she opened a closet door, and brought out a pile of abnormal garments, which were clipped and pieced into such shapes as to render it impossible for a human being to wear them. These she laid in Mrs. Weston's lap. The old lady laid down her knitting, and turned them over with an air of curious interest. Then laying her head back in her chair, she laughed until the tears rolled down her fat cheeks and dimmed her spectacles. Taking them off with one hand, she was polishing them on a sleeve of one of the deformities with the other, when she caught sight of Daisy's perplexed face.

"I know what you have gone through," she said. "Every married woman comes to this sooner or later. I, too, have my relics of the shirt war. Now I am going to give you some advice. Don't do any more of this kind of work. Put all these in the rag-bag, and let Fred have his shirts made in future by men who make it their special business. I have seen enough to know that if this goes on much longer, you will jeopardize and perhaps ruin your chance of future happiness."

Daisy went on with her sewing, and said nothing in reply; but a new purpose was born in her soul.

The very next time she attempted to carry out one of Fred's original improvements it was, as usual, not a success. Fred lost his temper, and rolling the shirt into a bundle, he pitched it across the room, and exclaimed, petulantly, "There's no use to try; I can't wear the thing, and it's all your fault, Daisy. I never yet knew a woman who had brains enough to make any thing fit for a man to wear."

Then Daisy's pretty, soft black eyes flashed, and she came and stood beside him.

"Frederic," said she, "I've tried hard enough to please you in this matter, but now I solemnly protest against doing it any more. In future you must get your shirts made by some one else. I shall lose the pleasure I have had in doing something for you, but you will be better pleased, and we shall both be happier."

After a short but spirited and decisive battle the matter was settled, and after that Fred had his shirts made in the city.

To say that he found no fault after this, or that the shirt-makers always succeeded in getting a perfect fit, would not be true; but other men seemed satisfied, and he felt that he must be; besides, he found that no *man* would follow his erratic orders with the submission of a wife.

And so, discomfited and disappointed, the demon of the shirt folded up his black plumage, and unwillingly crossed the threshold of their door, leaving Daisy and Fred to come back to their old life again.

Several years after, when this episode in their life was almost forgotten, Fred was one day rummaging over some old trunks, when he came upon a pile of linen shirts.

"I wonder why these are put away here," he said to himself; "they look as if I might wear them." Accordingly he brought them down, and proceeded to try one on.

"Why, Daisy, what shirts are these?" said he to his wife. "See this one, how beautifully it fits me. Now *this* is something like; why, it is perfect!"

"Those," said Daisy, with a slight twinkle of triumph in her eye, "are the ones you had before you commenced *your alterations*."

"You don't say so," said Fred, turning over the rest; "I wonder what could have been the matter with them. I'll take one down to-morrow to Muslin & Sons, and they shall keep it in future as a pattern."

And Fred's kiss of contrition obliterated the last trace of this sentence, that once had been rudely graven on her heart: "*I never yet knew a woman who had brains enough to make any thing fit for a man to wear.*"

VASSAR COLLEGE.

WE attended the Commencement exercises of Vassar College for young women, at Poughkeepsie, on the 21st of June. We were not there to report the proceedings, of the intellectual character of which we might, with truth, speak in words of highest praise; and so we will only notice some of the more salient points of excellence in the college itself.

This was the sixth Commencement. Those who have regularly attended the ceremonies declare that they have noted every year a decided progress in the working of the college toward perfection, and the evidences of its vast power and influence for good in society as an instrument in the development of character into perfect fullness according to the best ideals.

The professors and their families live in houses under the college roof, and exert a most salutary social influence upon the students by their daily life of harmony and good neighborhood. Out of this, and the delightful methods of culture found in the college in the highest degree of perfection, has been created a most remarkable attachment of the graduates to the institution. There were at the late Commencement between seventy and eighty of the alumni as guests of the college. Among them was one of the class of 1868, with her husband, and her sweet babe a year old. The latter was the recipient of a silver cup from that class.

It is one of the glories of Vassar College that it makes no distinction in salary or position be-

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tween its masculine and feminine professors. The two of the latter sex—Miss Mitchell, the head of the Department of Astronomy, and Miss Avery at the head of the Department of Physiology and Hygiene, and the resident physician of the college—receive each the same salary as the professors of the opposite sex. In this Vassar College acts in perfect accordance with the grand aim of the founder of the institution, namely, *the elevation of woman.*

The Museum of Natural History, arranged and classified for educational purposes, is rapidly increasing in importance. It is now equal, in a scientific point of view, to that of any college in the country. It has nearly a complete collection of specimens of North American birds, and a very large number of those of Central and South American birds. The time is doubtless nigh when every kind of bird known on the entire American continent, North, Central, and South, will be represented there. The collection contains at least fifty specimens not to be found in the British Museum. The collections of the department have already acquired a transatlantic reputation. Two eminent English scientists have recently asked for the loan of specimens to figure in their monographs. The cabinets of ornithology and mineralogy are known to naturalists as models of their kind.

The Art Department is assuming an aspect of great importance as an educator. The founder purchased a choice gallery of pictures in oil and water-colors, and drawings, mostly of the cabinet size, so convenient for copying, at a cost of $20,000, and presented it to the college. Included in the purchase was an art library, which, it is believed, has no equal in this country. Last year some fine plaster casts of statues, busts, and reliefs from the establishment of M. Venni, in Frankfort, Germany, were added to the collection; also a set of autotypes, or fac-similes, printed in permanent colors, of original drawings and etchings by Albert Dürer, Lucas Van Leyden, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. Orders are about to be sent to the celebrated establishment of Anderson, in Rome, for a large collection of magnificent photographs of specimens of ancient and modern art, by which the progress of the arts of design may be traced through all the periods and vicissitudes of their history. These specimens will be subjectively and chronologically arranged, classified, and labeled, so that the student may study the subject intelligently without a master. But the professor in charge will, in conversation and stated lectures, explain the technicalities and the significance of the different objects of art represented, and their relations to the history, literature, and civilization of the peoples whose languages the student may be taught in another department of the college. By this method the learner must incidentally acquire a vast amount of useful knowledge lying outside the realm of art, and have the memory of it fixed by the co-instruction of the eye, which seldom forgets. Among the gems of the art collection are four water-color drawings by Turner, which were purchased in Europe some years ago by the Rev. Dr. Magoon, and which are notable as being the only works of this distinguished artist, with the exception of two small sketches, in this country. One of these, the Pass of St. Bernard, which includes some dogs drawn by Landseer, is the missing illustration to Rogers's Italy, which Ruskin wished to repurchase when collecting those drawings, and received answer from Dr. Magoon that nothing short of a war with England would obtain it, but that the rest of the pictures would one by one follow the pioneer to America. Another of the drawings was made for Sir Walter Scott. They are remarkable for delicacy and harmony of color, and belong to Turner's best period.

The Philosophical Department is thoroughly equipped, and the able professor in charge has so arranged his implements and materials that the students have every facility afforded them that may be found in the best scientific schools. Professor Morse has just made a most interesting donation to this department. It is claimed that the first really successful daguerreotypes made on this continent were produced by him. These he carefully preserved, and the whole collection constitutes the donation referred to, and is the property of Vassar College, of whose board of trustees Professor Morse is a member.

The equipment of the Department of Astronomy is also complete. The observatory is one of the best in the country. The defining powers of its great telescope are said to be equal to those of any instrument of its kind in existence. The professor in charge has published in the *American Journal of Science and Art*, for June, 1871, an account, with illustrations, of her observations of changes on the surface of Jupiter that may be seen by few telescopes in the world.

The practical operations of the Department of Physiology and Health, presided over by Miss Avery, the resident physician of the college, seem to be directed with great skill. During the six years of the college existence, and her administration of this department, not a single death has occurred among the students, whose average number in attendance has been about three hundred and fifty. A hearse has been upon the college grounds only three times since the institution was opened, in 1865. These occasions were the conveying away of the remains of the founder, and the father of Professor Mitchell, both over seventy-five years of age, and of Miss Lyman, the lady principal, in whose system were the seeds of consumption when she came there.

Arrangements have just been made with the Western Union Telegraph Company for the establishment of a station in the college building, by which the students and their friends abroad may have instantaneous communication with each other, when necessary. This is an advantage hardly to be overestimated.

The Musical Department is managed by Professor F. L. Ritter with great ability. It maintains a very high standard of classical music, and gives evidence of cultured taste. At the Commencement the Philharmonic Society of the college rendered difficult compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, and Chopin with great skill and effectiveness.

We will only add that the trustees of the institution are ever ready to make the most liberal provision of means for maintaining for Vassar College the highest position among the educational establishments of the world, so that within its walls young women (there is no limit to the age of students over fifteen years) may have every advantage for learning that may be found in any college or university for young men in this country or in Europe. We are induced to speak so highly of this school from testimony and observation because of the very great importance to our country of such an institution for the thorough education of young women, the prospective mothers of future custodians of the highest interests of our republic.

LIVING IN GERMANY.

HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

IN Heidelberg and, in fact, the other university towns, as well as the metropolitan cities of Germany, there are facilities for the education of all, from the youngest to the most advanced. Thoroughness and fullness of study, together with inexpensiveness of cost, are characteristic of all the schools and institutions of learning. There is none of that American impatience to finish the education, as it is termed—to bound with our national elasticity of temperament from science to science, with a bare touch of each, which leaves no lasting impression—and burst at once into life, with an undiminished velocity, perhaps, but certainly with not much increased weight.

The Germans are deliberate in most things, but above all in the instruction of their youth. Elementary education, which is ordinarily presumed to be completed in the United States at the age of fifteen or sixteen, or even fourteen, is not over in Germany before eighteen or nineteen. A child is seldom taught systematically until he is seven years old. He is then placed at the primary school, where he is kept until he has made sufficient progress to be received into the lyceum or gymnasium. This is ordinarily at the age of nine or ten, or thereabout. He now enters upon the course of the higher school—called, as it may be, lyceum or gymnasium—which, if followed throughout and regularly, lasts nine years. The German thus does not complete his school education before the advanced age of eighteen or nineteen. His acquirements are, indeed, much more extensive and substantial than those of our self-confident striplings on leaving school, but they are, nevertheless, regarded as quite elementary. The instruction of the gymnasium, in fact, is superior, and equal in range to that of the American colleges, though without the pretension of teaching the abstract studies ostentatiously set down in their hypocritical curricula, but never pursued.

The studies of the gymnasium or lyceum are full and various. The teaching of the languages—ancient and modern—geography and history, arithmetic and mathematics, with their practical applications, drawing and music, is thorough. The youth who has passed creditably through the lyceum is generally a good classical, French, and English scholar, a competent accountant, and is well grounded in the elementary principles of science and philosophy. He thus is ready for the technical study and discipline necessary to all the higher occupations and professions. From the lyceum he goes, according to his future destination, directly to the manufactory, the banking or counting house, the office of the engineer or studio of the architect, or to the university to fit himself for the scientific or learned professions. With this liberal basis of acquirement it is not surprising that the Germans are taking the lead every where in trade, commerce, art, science, and learning.

There is nothing to debar the poorest inhabitant of Germany from the privileges of the gymnasium or lyceum. The cost of tuition is less than two dollars and a half a quarter! The time, indeed, required for a full course limits its benefits to those whose parents are sufficiently thriving to spare them from active labor for so long a period; but the sons of the most needy at an early age are able to avail themselves of some of its advantages. All foreign residents in Germany who study the best interests of their children will not fail to send them to a gymnasium.

The University of Heidelberg confers degrees in philosophy, embracing languages, literature, and science; in medicine, law, and divinity; and supplies the most ample and efficient means for the acquisition of the knowledge necessary to obtain them. The German student generally passes four or five years at the university; but its honors are accessible to all who, after the payment of a hundred dollars, can give proof, on examination, of deserving them, without the exaction of preliminary attendance upon the lectures. These are open to all on matriculating and paying the required fees. The charge of matriculation is eight dollars, and for a course of lectures of six months, from five to eight. For instruction in the laboratories attached to the scientific departments the price is sixteen dollars for the half year. Bunsen, the great chemist, besides his didactic course of chemistry, personally superintends the practical studies of his pupils, who, attracted by his widely extended reputation, throng in large numbers his laboratory. This offers, probably, the best opportunities in the world for the practical study of chemical analysis in all its varieties. With the rapid development of late, in the United States, of its mineralogical and metallurgical resources, there has been a sudden and great demand for mining engineers, metallurgists, assayers, and chemical analysts. This has consequently led many of our most enterprising and intelligent youth to the pursuit of chemistry and its kindred studies. The United States, we are proud to say, has a numerous and creditable representation in the Bunsen Laboratory. Helmholz, the greatest of living philosophers, whose last word, we regret to say, has been spoken from his familiar rostrum at Heidelberg—for he has gone, tempted by metropolitan rewards and honors, to Berlin—also superintended a practical course of study in his department. This, no doubt, will be continued by his successor. Kirchoff, the Professor of Physics, who divides with his distinguished coadjutor, Bunsen, the honors of that greatest revelation of modern science, the *spectrum analysis*, is among the most successful of the theoretical and practical teachers in the university.

The law department, illustrated by the famous names of Mittermaur and Vangeron, still deservedly attracts crowds of scholars from all parts of the world. The school of medicine, though sustained by the venerable reputation of the aged but energetic anatomist, Arnold, and competent associates, has not been able to withstand the competition of the metropolitan schools of Vienna and Berlin. As for the theological department, it is puzzling to discover its *raison d'être*—why it should exist; for even the divines hardly resist the prevailing German disbelief, and the most earnest of them, like Schenkel, seem not to oppose, but only strive with more and more perplexity to reconcile it with orthodoxy.

The student at Heidelberg, though he may be tempted as elsewhere to an unnecessary freedom of expense, can live well, with full enjoyment of all the privileges of the university, for five hundred dollars a year. His room costs him only from about a dollar to a dollar and a half a week, his day's dinner, at the usual students' boarding-houses, twenty-five cents, and he can dine at the best hotels for eight dollars a month. His two other meals together will not amount to more than the price of his dinner. Clothes are, at most, half as expensive as in the United States; and his *menus plaisirs*—small pleasures—though a very extensible commodity every where, can be kept within as narrow a limit of cost in Heidelberg as in any place we know.

SEA-WEEDS.

IN marine botany sea-weeds are called *Algæ*—a name which is applied to the vegetable kingdom of the waters. There is no sea from the poles to the equator free from them, though they abound on some shores much more than on others.

Specimens can be easily collected as soon as the tide ebbs, and the finest species are usually found in pools among the rocks. Those which grow on the rocks are invariably the most perfect, and great care should be taken to procure the entire plant, taking with it the roots or tendrils which hold it to the stone. As a general rule these plants change color if allowed to remain exposed to sun or rain; so the sooner they are gathered and dried the handsomer they are. The autumnal storms usually wash inshore very beautiful specimens of the three different classes of sea-weeds, and in October the handsomest varieties can be procured. Attention should be paid to the locality in which they are found; and be sure to note whether they are left by the receding tide, or are growing to the rocks.

When collected, prepare them directly, using water well salted, as fresh water dims the bright lines of those belonging to the *Rhodospermæ*, or second class.

Place the sea-weeds in a large shallow dish; cut drawing-paper to the requisite size, and slip it under the plant. Use a good-sized camel's-hair brush to spread out the minute fibres; if a pin is used it breaks the tiny filaments, and does not give as graceful an appearance to the branches. Then lift the paper carefully, in a slanting position, so that the water may run off. Lay the slips of paper thus prepared upon some flat surface, and let them dry for five minutes. Then place a sheet of common blotting-paper over each plant; upon that lay a piece of soft cambric without sizing, or a bit of old linen, then another sheet of blotting-paper. Thus arranged, the sheets must be laid between two pieces of stiff pasteboard, or book-binder's board, and subjected to heavy pressure. Every day the blotting-paper and cloth should be removed, dried, and replaced; and any specimens that are thoroughly dried can be carefully laid aside to be labeled and dated. They can be gummed into a scrap-book, or arranged as drawings are often secured, by cutting four slits, one in each corner of the page, and inserting the pasteboard between the openings. By so doing they can be taken out without injury to the book, and better specimens inserted. To keep them from fading they can be brushed over with "map" varnish, a colorless preparation; or one can make a varnish by dissolving small lumps of gum-mastic in spirits of turpentine. This makes them retain their original color for years.

When they are all collected and prepared, we must attend to their classification.

Harvey, in his "Manual of British Algæ," gives three distinct classes. The first is *Melanospermæ*, or the olive green species—the Greek word signifying *black* and *seed*, for on exposure to the air they grow black, and are of a woody substance and of a fibrous texture. To this species belong the "black beads" so frequently collected by visitors on the coasts of the Atlantic.

There are six families in this class of sea-weeds. Some of these species afford succulent food; and one species in China forms an important article of commerce. A tenacious glue is extracted by continued boiling, and the Chinese use it in manufacturing lanterns; it is also formed into window-shades.

One variety, called *Padina pavonia*, resembles the expanded tail of the peacock, and is very beautiful. It is plentiful in tropical seas, but its northern limit is on the southern coast of England. On our shores it is never found. In Scotland there is found a species of this class, from which knife-handles are made. It is called *Laminaria digitata*, and thus prepared it can hardly be distinguished from horn.

The second class is styled *Rhodospermæ*. All of these sea-weeds are of a rose red, purple, or reddish-brown hue. Their colorings are as perfect as those of flowers. Some of the species grow in brightly shaded fronds brilliant as ribbons; others are fine and soft as hair, possessing rosy red tresses; while some reflect the colors of the rainbow in their bright waving plumes. All the twenty-seven families of this class, with their numerous branches, are very beautiful. They are plentifully scattered on the Atlantic coast, and on the Pacific they are especially lovely. A wreath of shaded sea-weeds of this species is "a joy forever." *Callithamion roseum* is delicately tinged, and contrasts well with the grass green varieties. Moss-rose buds can be formed from the different colors of the second and third classes. The third class is called *Chlorospermæ* or the grass green genus. Under this head are comprised all the sea-weeds of a bright green hue. They do not equal in beauty the second class, nor can they boast of the utility of the first class, yet they possess many attractions. They embrace twenty-two families, and are scattered all over the world. Some of them are of a glutinous character, and must be dried, and not pressed, after being brushed out on the paper. There are others that will not adhere to it, and require a little isinglass dissolved in whisky to attach them.

The handsomest and richest specimens of this class are found in the lowest tide pools. *Ulva linga* is a beautiful specimen of this genus; its emerald green plumes are found from the Baltic to our Atlantic shores. The limits of this article give us no space to describe all the wonders contained in sea-weeds. A microscope is needed to unfold to us their rare beauties.

"It seems as if these wondrous plants had thought
And power to choose out places for their growth;
As if they sought to bless the homeliest haunts,
And clothe the rock with beauty; bidding men
Passing, perchance in haste, to pause, and think
Of Him who made them, and look scorn no longer
On lowlier ones, whom the Most High hath placed
In fitting stations."

USEFUL RECIPES.

COCOA-NUT PUDDING.—To one and a half pints of grated cocoa-nut add one pint of new milk, two cupfuls of sweet cream, and four eggs—the yolks and whites beaten separately—two tea-spoonfuls of melted butter, two crackers rolled fine; sweeten to taste.

A very nice plain mixture for cocoa-nut pudding, suitable for "every-day life," is made by making a blanc-mange of one quart of milk and four table-spoonfuls of corn starch; while hot, melt a small piece of butter in it; let it cool, and add the yolks of six eggs, sugar to taste, and about a tea-cupful of grated cocoa-nut, then the beaten whites. Both this and the preceding require the pie-dishes lined with puff paste, and then the mixture poured in, baking in a rather quick oven three-quarters of an hour.

PLAIN PLUM PUDDING.—A very nice one for "every-day" use can be made by breaking into small pieces a stale loaf of baker's bread, letting it soak in milk until it has absorbed all it will, draining it off thoroughly, and working out all the milk you can with the spoon. If you have any beef suet add a little, but it will do very nicely without. Then stir in half a tea-cupful of molasses, half a pound of brown sugar, the same quantity of stoned raisins, a quarter of a pound of currants rolled in flour, and a few pieces of citron if you have it. Boil in either a mould or pudding-bag the same time you would an ordinary plum pudding the same size. Eat with wine sauce.

RICE-FLOUR PUDDING.—Put on to boil one quart of milk; mix in a bowl a little over half a pound of ground rice with enough milk to make it smooth; when the milk in the stew-pan comes to a boil, add the rice, and let it bubble once; take it off the stove, and stir in, until melted, a quarter of a pound of butter; let it get cold; then add a scant gill of cream or new milk, half a pound of best white sugar, a very little lemon peel finely shredded, nutmeg to taste, yolks of five eggs well beaten in, and then the beaten whites. It can now be either used for puddings in pie-dishes lined with thin puff paste, or baked in a pudding-dish well greased, sending it to table hot, and eating with sauce. Or, line a pudding-dish with puff paste rolled thin, and bake a light brown.

APPLE PUDDING.—Select juicy apples that are a little acid. Pare, core, and cut them into small pieces; when you have about three pints, put them on to cook. Let them stew until entirely done; take them off the stove, mash them well, and add a lump of butter about the size of a small egg, sugar to taste, and a very little cinnamon; when cold, beat in three eggs. Butter the sides and bottom of a deep baking-dish; strew in bread crumbs until the bottom is covered to the thickness of about an inch; then about half the depth of the stewed apples, a thin layer of crumbs, the rest of the apples, and another thick layer of crumbs: set it in the oven to bake, which, if quick, will take about half an hour. Just before taking it out sift white sugar over the top; put it in the hottest part of the stove to brown a minute or two. Either eat cold with cream, or hot with a sauce.

A NICE OMELET FOR BREAKFAST.—Beat two eggs, yolks and whites together, in a bowl until very light. In a cup put one tea-spoonful of corn starch; add slowly a scant half tea-cupful of milk (new milk is best); when well stirred and smooth, pour this over the eggs, and beat all well together for a few minutes; a little chopped parsley can be added if wished. Cook as other omelets. In making any kind of omelet salt and pepper should not be added until sent to table; and to have them perfectly light and not *tough*, the ingredients must be well and quickly beaten with the fork. The quantity given for this omelet is enough for three persons.

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THE FOURTH OF JULY.

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A LOVER'S DEVICE.

A YOUNG gentleman in Amsterdam had been a year or two ago paying his addresses, without success, to a young lady. The father of the maiden was altogether obdurate, and could not be induced to favor the suit; but the swain had observed certain symptoms which led him to believe that his attentions were not wholly unacceptable to the lady. When the festival of St. Nicholas approached some waggish friends proposed a plan of offering his hand and heart, the drollery of which might possibly soften the unwilling father and assure the lady of the entire devotion of his person.

On the eve of St. Nicholas a long and rather narrow box, with some holes in the lid, was conveyed to the house of Mynheer ——, addressed to Jufvrouw with the swain's compliments, in addition to which, without the latter's knowledge, the facetious friends had painted in large letters, "een dikke vrijer," a fat lover. The box arrived at the usual five o'clock dinner-hour, and the daughter seeing the box in the hall, and reading the address, wished at once to open it. But her father, who perhaps smelled a rat, and knew better than his daughter the possible humors of the day, said, "No, let us have dinner first, and meanwhile have the box brought into the dining-room." With some trouble the box was removed there by the maids. Dinner dragged its slow length along, was artfully protracted, and the opening of the box kept in abeyance until it was almost time to go to bed. Then the hammer was missing, the screw-driver could not be found, and at lass the opening of the wonderful box put off until next morning. "Goede nacht; slaap goed;" all departed save Mynheer ——, the father. With bed-candle in hand, he went to the box, listened carefully for a moment or two, and then, giving the box a slight kick, proceeded no moralize aloud, "What a fool that little donkey of a fellow is to suppose I will ever let him have my daughter! I wonder what he has sent her. What can these little holes be for? Ah! here is one of mevrouw's knitting-needles—let us poke one in and see if we can make out."

"For God's sake, don't," said a stifled voice from the box, "or you will poke my eye out!"

"Bless me, who's this? What can it be?"

"I am Mynheer F——," said the voice; "for Heaven's sake, let me out; I can't stand it much longer."

"Will you promise never to speak to my daughter again if I do?"

"No, I won't; I'll die first."

"Very well, then—good-night."

"Don't be so inhuman; I shall be dead in another hour."

"Will you promise?"

"No," said the voice in the box, more faintly; "never."

"Well," rejoined the father, kicking the box, "if you have not done for her more than most sweethearts would, you have certainly got into less."

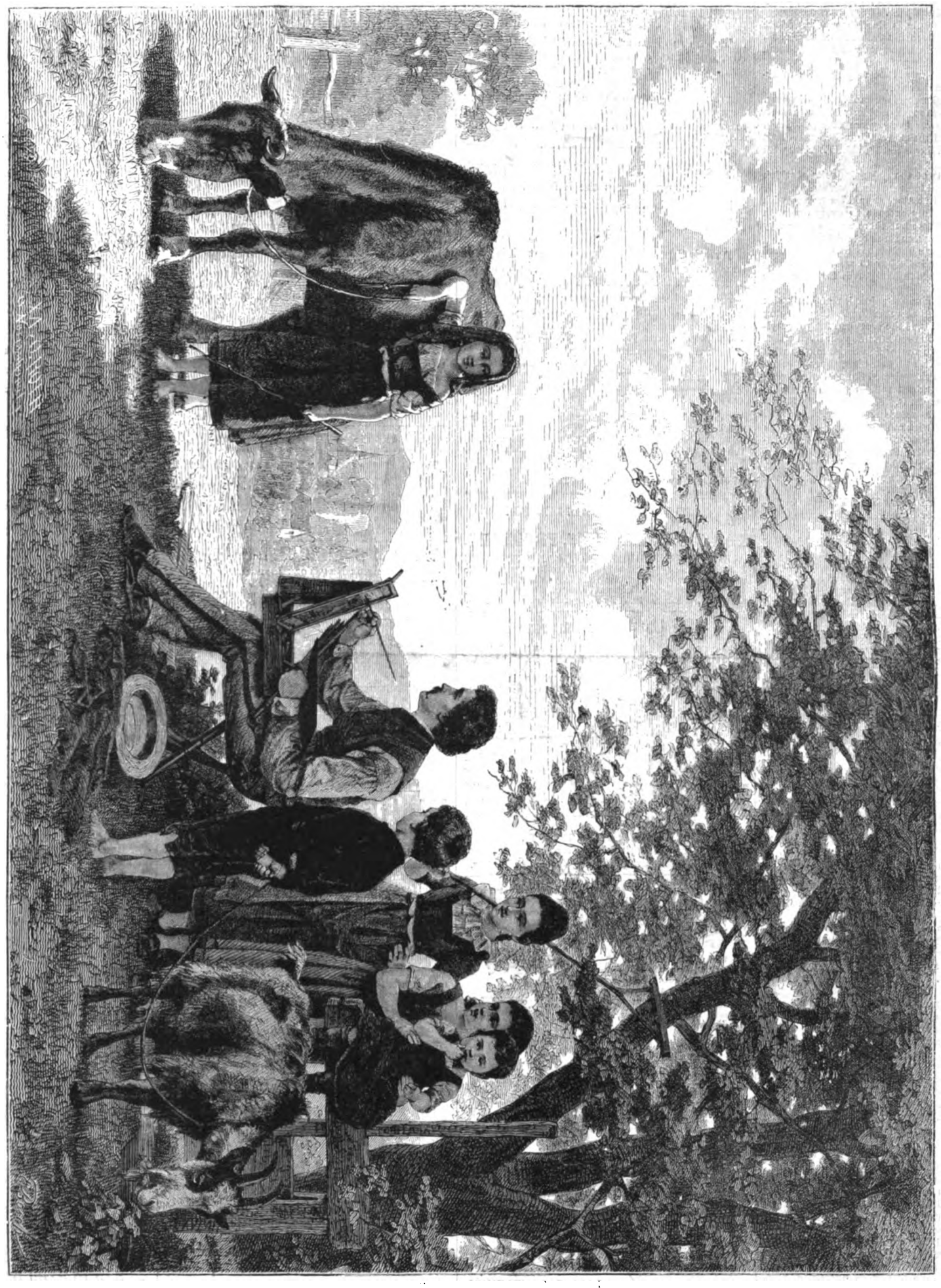
"Well, you are a brave little soul. I'll let you out."

Sly father took out screw-driver and hammer from his own pocket, where they had been lost, and let out the poor lover's very cramped, but plump and comely person.

"Now I am a free man," said the latter, in a somewhat weak voice, "I give my free promise, as you have saved my life, not to speak to your daughter again without your permission."

Small wit on the one side, and diplomatic gratitude on the other, made them so well pleased that they shook hands and parted such good friends that F—— soon after overcame Mynheer ——'s repugnance to the match, and, before the next St. Nicholas, won the lady too, thanks to his ingenious device.

SKETCHING FROM NATURE.



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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MINNIE.—Make your striped percale, if intended for a suit, by Short-Sacque Suit pattern; if for a house dress, by wrapper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV.

MRS. W. H. M.—For your white muslin make a demi-train, over-skirt, and basque. Trim with flat pleatings, a band of wide black velvet ribbon, and bows at intervals. Make your striped grenadine by cut paper pattern of Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. Trim with bias ruffles of the same.

NELLIE.—Any house-furnishing store will supply you with fluting-irons. We do not give addresses in this column.

MRS. L. E. B.—Trim your black grenadine with bias ruffles of the same, gathered, and, if you choose, a very narrow edging of pointed lace.

ZENOBIA.—Your sample is English poplin. Make by Traveling Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. IV., and trim with bias bands of the same and fringe.—We know nothing of your previous letters.

DELA.—Your shawl would be very suitable to arrange in the way you describe.

MRS. E. W. N.—Polonaise is pronounced po-lo-*naze*.

ALMEDIA.—When we speak of elderly ladies we mean those considerably over forty years of age.—Get a black grenadine, and make by Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV. Trim with ruffles of the same.

KITTY G.—Any one of the polonaise suits of which patterns are given will look well in black alpaca.

M. B. G.—A clerk in a store should be treated with the courtesy that a lady extends to every one with whom she has relations; but there need not be very ceremonious salutations, as these retard business.

MRS. C. B. H.—Make a buff piqué suit, Gabrielle, and long sacque for your little boy to travel in. White straw turban. Get lisle-thread gloves for your little daughter.

SIBINE KARIUS.—An apron-polonaise of black silk with ruffled skirt, and Swiss muslin pleatings peeping from beneath the ruffles, is the best plan for your stylish black silk suit. You need not line your linen waist.

MRS. F. G. G.—Make the bride's Swiss muslin with a train, long over-skirt, and half-high, square-necked basque, trimmed with side-pleated flounces edged with Valenciennes. One trained muslin petticoat and a short one is enough under it. Make pongee by Short-Sacque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV.

AGNES I. C.—Use Swiss muslin instead of tarlatan for your commencement dress, and make by directions given above to "Mrs. F. G. G."

S. A. M.—The beaver mohair is a lighter quality, and more silky-looking than alpaca. We prefer the mohair for the present season.

YOUNG MOTHER.—Read New York Fashions in *Bazar* No. 26, Vol. IV., for directions about your child's clothes.

HUBBY.—Get gray English mohair or pongee for your traveling suit, and trim with bias silk bands and fringe. Baste oil-silk inside your dress lining. Many ladies wear a linen shoulder cover, shaped like a yoke, with strings to tie down under the arms.—There are salves sold for bunions; but we fear there is little help for them, as they are enlarged bones. As tight shoes produce them, loose shoes may relieve them.

MISS ELLA M. C.—Cut and trim your green silk by pattern of Pointed Waist Suit. The black silk will look well made by Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., trimmed with ruffles and lace. The Postilion-Basque Suit pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., is what you want for the striped silk.

MRS. B. H.—Your blue sample is very worthless Japanese poplin. Trim it with blue velvet ribbon, though it is scarcely worth it. Your French gray silk will look well with Swiss muslin pleatings on the skirt, and worn under a Swiss polonaise. The piqué braid like your sample is still used.

MRS. W.—Read reply above to "Mrs. F. G. G."

A READER.—Get a Swiss muslin polonaise to wear over your checked silk.

MRS. C. R. G.—The Gabrielle and walking coat in *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. IV., will best suit boys of two or three years. Piqué sacques, short and loose, with seams under the arms and on the shoulders, trimmed with an embroidered cambric ruffle, are worn by children. Corduroy or ladies' cloth is used if a thick garment is required.

MRS. G. S.—We do not furnish addresses in this column.—We give a cut paper pattern of little boys' suit in this number.

A. PHILLIPS.—For shoes read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 26, Vol. IV. Wear your hair in flowing braids, with curls between. Trim your silk with pleatings of Swiss muslin; your satin with white lace.

MRS. E. J. A.—The "Bazar Book of Decorum" costs $1, and is sent, prepaid, from this office.

N. P. T.—Your sample would look very pretty trimmed with white lace, or with pleatings of Swiss muslin.

MISS H. P. Z.—Put bias bands of the same, edged with black braid, on the flannel boating dress, and straight pleatings on the linen.

B. S. P.—We can not decide which is the best model for cutting dresses. The *Bazar* uses its own plan, explained in *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. II.

MISS JULIA B.—Trim your green silk with bias bands of the same, fringe, and ruffles.

C. F. M.—Piqués are made with basques or with short sacques. Bias bands, braid, and pleated muslin frills are the trimming. Flat bands of solid-colored silk, or ruffles of the same, or black velvet ribbon and fringe, trim Japanese silks. A pleating of the same, or a bias fold, should trim your linen polonaise.

MATTIE.—Read directions in New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 25 and 27 for hints about children's dresses.

M. K. J.—Read answer just given "Mattie."—It *is* polite to express pleasure at your friend's visit.

FANNY.—We can not suggest any change in your organdy and grenadine, as they are suitably made for the house, and the material is not appropriate for the street. Put Swiss muslin pleatings inside your sleeves.

GUITAR.—In presenting your strange friend to your hostess you should introduce the stranger to the hostess, and not *vice versa*.

S. GRANT.—We have attended to your request. The address was correct as given you. We think the designs you want have been furnished in back numbers of the *Bazar*.

MRS. S. J. C.—Your subscription for three months was received April 29, and the paper sent you at once and regularly.

MARGUERITE.—We have never given the pattern of the marguerite polonaise. The linen overall pattern is that of Water-proof Cloak in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV.

BAZAR WORSHIPER.—Your linen suit would scarcely be warm enough to wear to Niagara. Your silk with a linen overall would be more comfortable.

A. W. V.—Seven yards of ladies' cloth will make you a plain riding habit. Water-proof cloth and thick alpaca are also used. Black, dark green, and blue are the fashionable colors.

MRS. R. P. W.—*Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., contains the cut and description of the wrapper pattern.

M. C.—Loop the poplin skirt by pleats in the side seam. The ruffle extends up the back of the blue over-skirt. Black lawn should be made with a box-pleated blouse-waist, and should be worn over black.

MRS. HELEN C. B.—Modistes here would make your organdies with a polonaise and ruffled skirt, your striped percale by the Short-Sacque Suit pattern, and your polka-dotted percale by the wrapper pattern sent you.—Thanks for your appreciative letter.

MISS M. O.—We do not procure samples for our readers.

IMPORTANT FOR LADIES TO KNOW.

THEY can clean all kinds of Clothing, either silk, woolen, or cotton, Kid Gloves, Point Lace, etc., perfectly by using *Fragrant Sapoliene*. It removes Paint, Grease, Tar, etc., instantly, without the least injury to the finest fabric, is as clear as water, no trouble to use, dries instantly, and leaves a rich perfume. Sold by all Druggists.—[*Com.*]

THE use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer not only restores the hair to its natural color, but gives it a soft and healthy look.—[*Com.*]

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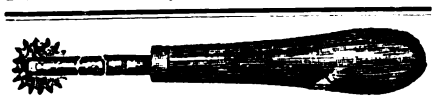
To have elegant, light Biscuits, Rolls, Buckwheat Cakes, Fruit Dumplings, etc., you should use *Dooley's Yeast Powder*. Ask your Grocer for it.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by *Druggists every where.*

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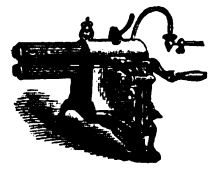

This machine is heated with GAS by attaching a rubber tube to any gas-burner and connecting with the machine. Where gas is not used, a spirit lamp is provided. It dispenses with the heating-irons, tongs, and ashes so annoying in other machines. *It saves one-half the time spent in passing the heaters to and from the fire.*

This machine received the first and only premium and medal at the late Fair of the American Institute, in 1870. Manufactured by

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FOR $1, a Pair of PARIS KID GLOVES, any color, shade, or size; 2 buttons, 25 cts. extra.
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For $1—The Ladies' Nilsson Silk Tie.
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NO FEAR OF A RELAPSE.
Thousands who suffer from chronic constipation dare not take the ordinary purgatives, because the short relief they afford is followed by still more terrible constriction and a general aggravation of the disease. For these the mild laxative, corrective, and tonic operation of
TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT
is literally the one thing needful. Almost imperceptibly, and without any griping pain, it restores the natural peristaltic action of the bowels, while it tones their membranous lining, and thus prevents a return of the constriction when the laxative action of the agreeable and ebullient draught has subsided.
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We claim for WALTHAM WATCHES more points of excellence than are found in those of any other manufacture. This is especially the case with those made for ladies' use. In their construction every care is taken to insure correct performance, and, although of small size, they are remarkably substantial; in this respect they essentially differ from the great majority of small foreign watches, which are so slightly made that their use, as time-keepers, must be very short and limited. The gold cases for these watches are of great variety, from the perfectly plain to the most elaborately ornamented. Every taste and purse can be suited. An examination of our assortment, which is by far the largest in the country, is respectfully solicited, and to those at a distance we will send our Illustrated Catalogue, on application by mail or otherwise. Please state that you saw this notice in *Harper's Bazar*.

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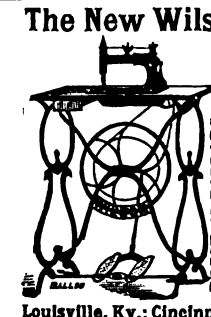

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POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	No.	26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	"	30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	"	38
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SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	"	1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	"	5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	"	11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	15
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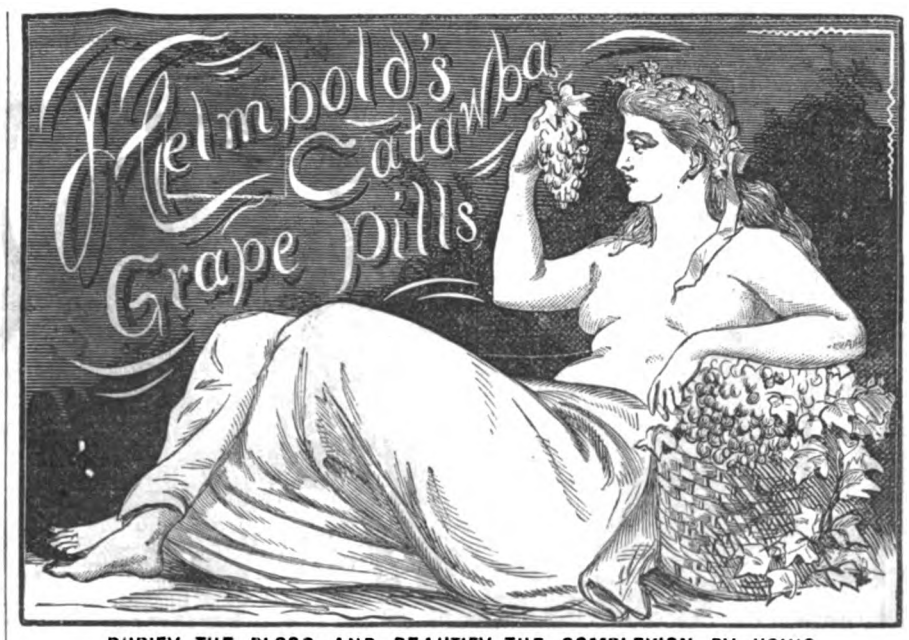

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FACETIÆ.

TALL gentlemen should beware of the habit of kissing little ladies, as it might in time make them round-shouldered.

COMING TO GRIEF—Meeting trouble half-way.

A swimming-master may sometimes be said to be literally immersed in business.

HEAD GARDENERS—Artificial florists.

One of our modern poets has the following fine line: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came and left its traces there!" What became of the remainder of the harness he does not state.

A CURIOUS CASE.—The gentleman whose countenance fell on hearing of the loss of his property is beginning to pick up a bit, and hopes soon to put a good face on it.

A hard-set Illinois thief recently stole the lightning-rod off a church.

THE WORST THING OUT—Out of temper.

THE BEST THING OUT—Out of debt.

A French doctor has written a life of the devil, including his subject's essays on political economy and what he knows about warming.

In some recent discussion societies they debated strange questions. The last was, "What is the difference between the 'Bridge of Sighs' and the size of a bridge?" The next is to be, "The difference between a fac-simile and a sick family."

FLIPPANCY.

CAPTAIN JINKS. "Who is the Benevolent-looking Gentleman just coming in?"
MRS. MALAPERT. "Mrs. Witherington Mildeu, the famous Advocate for Women's Rights."
CAPTAIN JINKS. "Ha, ha! Very Good! But I mean the *Little* Man, with the Velvet Collar."
MRS. MALAPERT. "Oh, I beg your pardon—that's her Husband! He's a most Lady-like Person, and considered rather Pretty."

A curious story is told of three young candidates for a Scottish ministry. The first one put upon his trial, while putting on his robes, happened to descry an ancient-looking, well-worn roll of paper, which proved to be a sermon upon the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." Seeing that the old sermon was much better than his new one, the aspirant to pulpit honors took possession of it, delivered it as his own, and then returned it to its old resting-place. The sermon was a good one, and pleased the hearers, although they would have preferred one delivered without book. Great was their astonishment the following Sunday when preacher No. 2 treated them with the same sermon from the same text; but it was too much for Scottish patience when a third minister, falling into the same trap, commenced his sermon by announcing that "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents;" and one old woman relieved the feelings of her fellow-sufferers by exclaiming: "De'il dwell him! Is he never gaun to flit?"

THE GREAT ANNUAL QUERY—Where do you expect to go to?

Spurgeon thinks some ministers would make good martyrs—they are so dry they would burn well.

A ROUND SUM—$0.

A short time ago a lady and gentleman were married very quietly in the country, and proceeded in their carriage to spend the honey-moon among the lakes, the gentleman giving strict orders to his Irish footman on no account to state to inquirers that they were newly married. When leaving the first inn on the road the happy couple were much astonished and annoyed to find the servants all assembled, and, pointing to the gentleman, mysteriously exclaiming, "That's him! that's the man!" On reaching the next stage the indignant master told his servant he had divulged what he had impressed upon him as a secret, and that he had told the servants at the last inn they were a newly married couple.

"Be jabers, an' it's not true, yer honor," replied the servant; "I tould the whole kit that yer honor and yer honor's lady (God bless her!) wouldn't be married yet for a fortnight!"

For a specimen of logical consecution of ideas we venture to commend this from a school-boy's composition: "Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and as they had never seen a steamboat, they were frightened."

HEARTLESS PILLAGE.

MARY ANN. "Ain't that a sweetly elegant Chignon, Jemima?"
JEMIMA. "And not Dear, neither, Mary Ann; the Stuffin's all out of Missus's Heasy-Chair." [*Poor Missus, with her Back, too!*

PLEASURES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

A member of the Arkansas Legislature, who goes for economy in public expenditure, in speaking on an extravagant appropriation, indignantly exclaimed: "Gentlemen, talk about 'adequate compensation of public servants.' Why, Sir, during the late war I was in thirty-seven battles, was wounded thirteen times in the cause of the South, and the entire pay I received was $30 in Confederate money, every cent of which I gave for one glass of old rye whisky!"

A fellow was told that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink a quarter of a yard.

"Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

A negro once gave the following toast: "De Gubernor of our State. He come in wid very little opposition; he go out wid none at all."

This is the latest contribution to piscatorial study by the Board of Education: *Question*—What is the cause of the saltness of the water of the ocean? *Answer*—The cod-fish.

A rich man sent to call a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse, and said, "Do you eat well?"

"Yes," said the patient.

"Do you sleep well?"

"I do."

"Then," said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away all that!"

So like them, except the candor.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a vessel?—Because it is a little forward of the main hatch.

A gentleman from Boston on a visit to his friend in the country, speaking of the times, observed that his wife had lately expended $50 for a habit. His friend replied,

"Here, in the country, we don't allow our wives to *get into such habits.*"

If a man has carroty hair and a turnup nose, with a radish complexion, must he necessarily have vegetable marrows in his bones?

"John, why wilt thou do so?" said a substantial Quaker merchant to Johnny, a negro in his employ, whom he found before a magistrate, and that not for the first time, charged with stealing. "Why wilt thou do so, thou foolish man? Thou always gets caught!"

"Why, massa," says Johnny, "I don't get caught half the time."

VERY UNKIND.

INFURIATED COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE SMITH GUARD. "Hi, there; get away, you madman—get away from the target!"

EASY-MINDED LUNATIC. "Hold on, guv'nor, I ain't as mad as I look. I was here all day yesterday, and found it much the safest place in the field."

COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

DUGALD. "Did ye hear that Sawney M'Nab was ta'en up for stealin' a coo?"

DONALD. "Hoot, toot, the stipit bodie! Could he no bocht it an' no paid for 't?"

A swooning woman can't be handled, says a German philosopher. You may hold an eel, a pickpocket, a pickle, or a politician, but a woman—nohow. Take a sample home and try.

THE BUTTERFLY WAS "A LADY."

"At times methinks my soul hath wings;
At times it loves to crawl."—*Old Ballad.*

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 30.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' Breakfast and Dress Caps, Figs. 1–10.

THE caps shown by Figs. 1–10 are just as diverse in form, material, and colors as are the purposes for which they are intended; they are designed for breakfast, day, and evening wear, according to the material and trimming used, and may be varied to suit the individual taste.

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN CAP. This cap is trimmed with gathered Swiss muslin strips, which are worked in button-hole stitch; the upper strip is set on with a heading. The two strips are turned up at the front like a diadem, while at the back they form drooping ends. Under the diadem a ruche of black velvet ribbon rests on the hair. Black velvet strings are tied under the chignon.

Fig. 2.—WHITE TULLE CAP. The round crown is surrounded by a puffing underlaid with light blue ribbon. Blonde and insertion loops are set at the outer edge of the cap. A row of narrow blonde edges the pendent tulle ends at the back. A blue ribbon rosette with ends is set at the side of the cap.

Fig. 3.—SWISS MUSLIN BREAKFAST CAP. Cut a round crown of white Swiss muslin ten inches and a half in diameter, gather it, and wire the edge. (The width of the crown and wire must be regulated to suit the head.) The trimming consists of a strip of Swiss muslin seventy-three inches and three-quarters long, trimmed with narrow lace; this strip is three inches and three-quarters wide at its widest part, above the ear, while toward the back it is sloped to a width of one inch and three-quarters, and toward the front to a width of one inch. This Swiss muslin strip is box-pleated, and set on the crown, the seam being covered by a twisted cherry-colored ribbon, with a bow at the front. The strings consist of straight Swiss muslin strips twenty-eight inches long and eight inches wide; these are trimmed with lace, laid in two deep pleats at the top, and, thus reduced to a width of three inches and three-quarters, are set on the cap.

Fig. 4.—SWISS MUSLIN CAP. This cap has a closely pleated round crown thirteen inches and three-quarters in diameter. It is made like Fig. 3. The Swiss muslin strip forming the trimming is side-pleated. Green ribbon trimming.

Fig. 5.—PLAIN SWISS MUSLIN CAP. Round crown fifteen inches and a quarter in diameter, pleated, so as to elevate it slightly like a hood. The trimming consists of plain hemmed Swiss muslin strips two inches wide and forty-four inches long, which are set on in box-pleats. The chignon is covered by a Swiss muslin veil fourteen inches long and fifteen inches and a quarter wide, which is trimmed like the cap, and rounded off at the corners. A pink silk ribbon, with a bow, is set at the right side of the cap. Descriptions of the remaining caps are given in the Supplement.

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN CAP.

Fig. 2.—WHITE TULLE CAP.

Fig. 7.—FIGURED SWISS MUSLIN CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 71.

Fig. 3.—SWISS MUSLIN BREAKFAST CAP.

Fig. 6.—TULLE AND LACE DRESS CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Fig. 72.

Fig. 8.—TULLE AND LACE CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 66.

Fig. 5.—SWISS MUSLIN CAP.

Fig. 9.—LACE CAP WITH CHERRY RIBBON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 68–70.

Fig. 10.—TULLE AND LACE CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 67.

Fig. 4.—SWISS MUSLIN CAP.

LADIES' BREAKFAST AND DRESS CAPS, FIGS. 1–10.

BEST POWDER FOR POLISHING GLASS.

ACCORDING to the London *Engineer*, the best powder for polishing glass or metals is probably that used by Lord Rosse in preparing the mirror of his great telescope. This is prepared by extracting the peroxide of iron from a solution of pure sulphate of iron by precipitating it by means of ammonia. The deposit is washed, pressed until almost dry, and then brought to a dull red heat, just visible in the dark. The only points of importance are in reference to the purity of the sulphate of iron, the use of ammonia in considerable excess, and the taking care not to allow the heat above that just indicated. The resulting powder should be a pale red, slightly tinged with yellow.

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FIRE-FLIES.

SEE the air filling near by and afar—
A shadowy host—how brilliant they are!

Silently flitting, spark upon spark,
Gemming the willows out in the dark;

Waking the night in a twinkling surprise,
Making the starlight pale where they rise;

Snowing soft fire-flakes into the grass,
Lighting the face of each daisy they pass;

Dancing like jewels high up in the pines,
Or drowsily poised on the low-swinging vines;

Startling the darkness, over and over,
Where the sly pimpernel kisses the clover;

Suddenly setting their tapers around,
Now on the fences, now on the ground,

Now on the bushes and tree-tops, and then
Pitching them far into darkness again;

There like a shooting-star, slowly on wing,
Here like the flash of a dowager's ring;

Playing their pranks of living and dying
All in an instant, merrily flying;

Setting the dark, croaking hollows agleam,
Spangling the gloom of the ghoul-haunted stream;

Sweet in their gentleness, daring, and cheer,
No depth too dark for them, no place too drear;

They pulse and they sparkle, they glimmer and glow,
Teaching a lesson wherever they go:

Ever in gentle souls shineth a light—
Trusting it ever, no gloom can affright.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

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☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a rich assortment of Summer Suits for Ladies and Children; Blouse-Waists, Fichus, Fichu-Collars, Aprons, Corsets, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Mocking-Birds.

MY DEAR JACK,—Perhaps you think that I interpret too liberally both the word manners and the word road. But a preacher may make his text mean what he chooses, and an author has the same liberty with his title. Indeed, I know of little advice which, taken literally, is less effective than to stick to the text. The adviser means always his view of the text; and it is very possible that he may be wholly unable to perceive the subtile relation between the text and the improvement upon which the preacher is most intent. The most imaginative and poetic minds move so swiftly, and take so much for granted in those who listen, that the logic of their action is unperceived. A lantern in the hand of a man who by its aid finds the straightest path through the marsh seems a mere dancing will-o'-the-wisp to the spectator. There are men whose conversation is like a swarm of fire-flies in a meadow on a summer night. It seems to be mere erratic glitter, but it is really intentional and connected motion. So, if you can not always see at once what the preacher is "driving at," it is not necessary to suppose that he does not know himself.

So with the connection between a book and its title. It is often fanciful; sometimes, as the author acknowledges, it is forced. But titles have sometimes a purpose unrelated to the thing entitled. Thus I have known titles to books which were meant not to describe the subject, but only to pique curiosity. Leigh Hunt has an amusing paper upon titles in his "Indicator," I think, in which he recounts the utter absurdity which might be made to do duty for the purpose. Then there is another kind, which is not grotesque, and does not appeal to the sense of humor, but which excites other and pleasing emotions. A famous and successful publisher once told me that two things were indispensable to the "average" story, as he called it: one is an agreeable title, and the other is an agreeable end. And he related some curious and interesting anecdotes of books which had been saved by changing the title or the catastrophe. A kind, domestic title he thought of great service. It conjures pleasing images. It awakens an expectation which the imagination illuminates. "Make the reader cry as much as you will," said the shrewd counselor, "but don't leave him crying."

I am not troubled, therefore, when you do not at once see the connection between my text and my sermon. Perhaps my object is merely to leave you wondering why I did not say this or that good thing which the subject so obviously suggested, or to push aside the curtain at the door of the cathedral, as it were, and usher you into the vast coolness and dimness where you can loiter and meditate at will, with a feeling of gratitude, possibly, to the janitor. Why may I not strike the key upon a tuning-fork, as in the old country choirs, and leave all the sweet melodies and the rich harmonies to you gentlemen and ladies with the trained and beautiful voices? Indeed, my dear Jack, that is all that I can do, and I often think if the writer who sets the key with his pen instead of the tuning-fork could but follow a little the myriad thoughts and fancies which spring in the mind of his readers, he would be confounded and abashed. That is a consequence and a reward so incalculable that I understand what the same sagacious publisher meant when he said to a young author, "what you want is fame, not money." I suppose that the young fellow was not so sure of that, and he probably thought that the publisher was only intent upon making a good bargain for himself. But I can see that he had another purpose. He honored the hope and enthusiasm of the author. He knew that if the work succeeded—that is, made his name known—it would be an added inspiration to further effort. But if he had said that the book might give the author a little money, but no fame, he would have dashed those eager and soaring hopes to the ground. Fame was literally capital for that young man. It would put money in his purse.

You see that this letter is an illustration of what I have been saying about texts, for certainly I have not stuck very close to mine. I am writing to you upon the subject of mocking-birds; and as I sit and listen to my little feathered neighbor at the window whistling and warbling, I feel somehow as if he had bewitched me with his own nature, so that I seem to be writing of one thing when I am really thinking of another, just as he seems to be a thrush or a robin, while he is really a very different bird. This is what is called a Southern mocking-bird that I hear; but we have a Northern brother of his, the cat-bird, who is most lively and noisy through the early summer in the deep shady thickets along winding streams. There is a dell at Mrs. Honeysuckle's where I often sit with a book entirely alone, and this practical joker warbles and scolds all the morning in the trees over me. He is a terrible little Hector, and scolds more angrily and absurdly than all his feathered kind. But he suddenly becomes good-natured, and pours out the songs of all the birds as freshly and cheerily as if he were somebody else continually. He always seems to me like the wall in the story in the "Arabian Nights" from which flowed the wine you wished. You had but to tap it and turn the faucet, and lo! your heart's desire. And so my lively warbler stops his harsh, petulant strain, and says to me, "Will you have canary?" and out ripples the delicate trill of Mrs. Margery's bird at her window, and delights me as if it were, indeed, canary wine in song. "Will you have the hermit-thrush?" and the cool, clear notes of that gurgling sweetness seem to drip over me.

He goes from one to another; and if I can see his little head, it bobs at me "What d' ye think o' that?" and if I could discern his eyes, I know that they would wink at me like those of Robin Goodfellow. Yet admirable and amusing as it is, it is so because I know it to be imitation. It is a monologue by the old Matthews. Now he is an old woman, now a baby, a Frenchman, and then a Chinaman. It is exquisitely entertaining, but it is Matthews all the time. We know that it is not an old woman, infirm and begging, or we should pity her with all our hearts; we should not laugh more heartily the older and weaker we saw her to be. And so with this feathered ventriloquist. I know that it is my little cat-bird all the time; and therefore the more inimitable his imitation, the more perfect the illusion, the greater the pleasure, because I know that it is not Mrs. Margery's bird escaped, nor a wood-thrush, nor any other bird than the doughty little Hector of the spray.

But it is not every mocking-bird that gives us that unalloyed delight, and it is a pity, because there is no more common bird. One came to see me yesterday, and I was certainly amused, but not in the same way as with the cat-bird. If you know Hortensius, and have heard him speak, you have heard a charming orator, and you have remarked what the French might call a distinguished personality or individuality. He is emphatically himself. He has tones of voice, movements of the head and hands, an action of the body, forms of expression—in one word, and in the sense in which I use the word in these letters, he has an individual manner. It was young Echo who came to see me yesterday; but if you had been in the next room you would have been sure that it was Hortensius. Echo greatly admires him, and I agree with him. But his admiration has consumed him. It seems to have eaten away himself. He bends his head, he raises his hand, he modulates his voice, he moves his body, he rounds his phrases, in the exact tone and with precisely the manner of Hortensius. It is so striking and ludicrous that nothing he says seems to be of importance or arrests your attention, because it is but a faint echo of what Hortensius would say. You feel irresistibly that if this were a person who had any force of his own, any thoughts, any opinions, any individual character, he could not be so wholly overpowered by another individuality. His own voice is probably only a petulant scold; but if we want to hear Hortensius we will go to him. Yet Echo is but a single specimen; and there is a very large family of Hortensian mocking-birds.

Another class you know if you know Plato. The philosopher is serene and simple and thoughtful. He has also a hundred characteristic tones and ways. They belong to him, as we say; by which we mean only that he is wholly unaffected. Grave, contemplative, with a subtile and sweet humor, he is one of the men who make us love and respect our common humanity more. And have you never remarked the Platonic mocking-birds—the little Platos? I observe, but in silence, scores and scores of them. They have all of Plato but that which makes him Plato. They are Plato as you would be Shakespeare if you smoothed your hair and trimmed your mustache like the bust. They are Plato as the wax figure in the palace at Berlin, covered with the old clothes of the king, is Frederick the Great. The features and form are well moulded, and the clothes are his own. Instead of saying in their own way what they themselves think, the little Platos imitate Plato's way of saying what they think Plato might think. The result is infinitely funny in itself; but it is certainly contemptible for the little Platos. My little Hector of the bough is a bird only, and he plays the part of other birds perfectly. But here is a human being, and all that he does is to try to be another human being imperfectly. Now a daw is very well, but a daw as a peacock is absurd. Elia is not Shakespeare. But Elia trying to write like Shakespeare would end in Elia supremely ridiculous. I do not mean that all the little Platos could be distinguished; but they could be honest and respectable individuals instead of poor imitations.

And my neighbor's mocking-bird reminds me also of the family of the same kind of bird, which sing not in cages, but in books. Once a nightingale came into the Honeysuckle dell, and the grove was ravished with his song. He flew away, but still for many and many a day the dell rang with his sweet singing. The little Hectors, forgetting to scold, cared only to repeat and prolong the wondrous music. And if we could not have the nightingale, we were glad enough to have the mocking-bird. So now and then a great singer comes, and the heart of the world listens and responds. He touches all the stops, and "draws an angel down." And while he is still singing, on every side the mocking-birds begin. Often they are mistaken for the singer. Those who have not heard the song are enchanted with the imitation. There is many a little Hector, whose name I will mention to you privately, who passes for a very pretty nightingale. I go into the bookstore or the library, and I look at those piles of poetry—many of the books of to-day, of yesterday—and I am relieved to know that we need not read them. My neighbor's mocking-bird in the gilded cage is pleasant to hear; but if I hear a nightingale in the garden I should not heed the mocking-bird—no, nor a grove of mocking-birds. As for us, dear Jack, you and I can not be Hortensius or Plato in one way, but we can in another. We can be precisely like them in being ourselves.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

UNNATURAL PROTECTORS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THERE is a kind of woman whose character one could never evolve from his moral consciousness, and whose existence in this country one could never credit except on unimpeachable testimony. These women are so radically different from the genius of the place and the age, so entirely aside from the line of our national development, both in its strength and its weakness, that I am not sure but we ought to cherish them as a sort of *memento mori*—a needed reminder that human nature is the same in all ages and countries, and that, though we pride ourselves on our independence and energy, there is a latent indolence or passivity in the blood, which occasionally shows itself, and which may at any time burst out—perhaps it would be more appropriate to say creep out—and reduce us to the undignified, unresisting subordination of the "effete despotisms" of the Old World.

I mean women who by death or disability are deprived of their natural guardians—who have to choose between taking care of themselves and being taken care of by persons on whom they have no claim, and who choose the latter. The natural guardians of a woman are her father and husband. They, of their own free-will and choice, assumed her life, and it is their shame if they do not, or their misfortune if they can not, provide for her. But nobody else is her natural guardian. Upon no one else has she an unspoken claim. Into no other home than theirs has she an undisputed right to enter, and no other doors is it impossible justly to close against her.

A father dies, leaving his family penniless. It is a wrong thing to do, but men will sometimes do it. We should all think it selfish and unmanly for the sons to go on their way and leave the daughters to go on theirs unhelped. It is, happily, a sight we seldom do see. I often wonder at the bravery, fidelity, and delicacy with which boys assume a burden devolved upon them often through what was nothing more or less than the improvidence or incapacity of their fathers. They "fight the bitter fight for two," or three, or a dozen without taking on airs, simply because it is the thing to do, and never imagine themselves heroic. But just as disgraceful as it would be for boys to neglect their sisters is it for sisters supinely to permit themselves to be a burden upon their brothers. A sister has no such claim upon her brother as it is ever safe to presume on. She can not, after arriving at maturity, be honorably supported by him unless at his expressed and perfectly untrammeled desire. Even then the connection may not be free from embarrassment. I can hardly conceive of a case in which independence would not be preferable. For a time the common support may not be onerous, and the common home may be delightful. But by-and-by the brother forms new attachments, and his marriage puts a new face on matters. He must either maintain two establishments, which he may be far from able to do, or he must have wife and sister in the same; and very few houses were ever built large enough for such an arrangement. Men and their wives, sisters, and mothers may all be saints; but when the code of laws regarding married women is perfected it will be a State-prison offense for a man ever to propose to his wife, *in esse* or *in posse*, to live in the family with his female relatives. If his wife propose it, or they invite and she accept, that is her own affair; but for a man to arrange it, and call that providing for his wife, is a part of the naïve and touching blindness which distinguishes men in their conduct of delicate domestic affairs. A girl must then be in some sense cast off by her brother, or she must be a superfluous member of his household, and uncertain at any time whether she may not be a burdensome and undesired one. The time may come when she will be needed and summoned; but how much better for her to be self-sustaining from the beginning, and be summoned! This does not necessarily involve isolation or even separation from her brother; but it does involve a partnership whose benefit shall be reciprocal, and in whose existence both shall have a power of choice.

There are women who will rest, or at least exist, upon weaker ties than these; who will depend for support on the merest shadow of a claim; who, strange as it may seem, appear to think that it is more unladylike to work than it is to endure an obligation. They fondly imagine themselves to be decayed gentlefolk, and that their narrow, straitened, useless life allies them to the English nobility; so they deny themselves society, amusement, travel, all largeness of life. They shut themselves in dingy rooms, ever growing dingier; live in dressing-sacques, from which they emerge only on rare state occasions; devote all their powers to making elegant garments out of shabby ones, and very likely succeed; expend in the struggle to live respectably on the allowance furnished by some grudging relative an amount of time, industry, ingenuity, and perseverance which, wisely directed, would secure an ample income—and find their one consolation in the reflection that they are ladies. But a lady would rather dig ditches and die in the last one than live on charity. A gentlewoman is decayed beyond all tradition of past grandeur and all hope of future resuscitation before she can levy contributions on reluctant connections—become the recipient of unwilling bounty. No occupation is so menial as beggary, and no beggary is so mean as indirect beggary.

Sometimes these women may be found clinging together, and sometimes they at-

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tach themselves singly to other households, and occupy an undefined and always unhandsome position. Few sights are more pitiable. "Anxious and aimless," bitter but repressed, without natural play of the faculties or freedom of choice, dependent upon the will and perhaps the caprice of men who do not love them, and who partially despise them, with their good qualities depreciated and their faults magnified, their greatest virtue an enforced patience, and the tenderest feeling they excite a half-contemptuous pity, they tread their dreary way from a youth without spirit to an old age without respect.

To be obliged to support herself is a woman's misfortune.

To shift the obligation from her own shoulders to those of another is her fault.

The best place for a woman is in the home that wants her.

The worst place is in the home that does not want her.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BATHING DRESSES.

THE bathing season brings with it inquiries about bathing dresses. The polonaise over dress is in vogue this year—a slight change from the yoke blouses of last season. This polonaise is a very simple garment, a sort of long sacque, belted, made with a straight width and gores behind, and two front widths sloped on the sides. It extends just below the knee, has a broad sailor collar, or else a pelerine cape deep enough to cover the bust; coat sleeves, and a belt of the material held on by straps of the trimming on the seams under the arms. The trowsers are of the regular Turkish shape, straight, full, buttoned on the sides, and closed at the ankle by a band or an elastic in the hem. The polonaise suit is especially commended when flannel is used. The cape does away with the objection that a plain polonaise did not conceal the body sufficiently. Box-pleated shirt waists, made in the manner described for cambric dresses, look well in light serges and moreen; but the pleats render them too heavy when made of flannel. A regular over-skirt, looped and draped in the most approved manner, is attached to a belt and worn with the pleated shirt. The third style is the yoke blouse, the yoke square or pointed, the body and skirt in three full widths, or else cut off and gathered to a belt, the waist drooping over the belt in Garibaldi fashion. Imported suits are more fancifully gotten up than those made to order at our furnishing houses. They have jaunty little paletots or else postilion-basques, and are often low at the throat, with short sleeves. The plainer garments described above are preferred here.

Flannel, either plain or twilled, is the material most used, as it is substantial and does not fade. But the wiry summer serges are commended for bathing dresses, as they do not cling very closely to the figure even when dripping with water. Navy blue is the favorite color, as it has a jaunty nautical look; after this comes cadet gray, shepherd's check in black and white, or else the gay Highland plaids. The prettiest flannel suit shown has a polonaise of navy blue, trimmed with two rows of white cotton tape stitched down flatly as a border and outlining a yoke. The deep sailor collar has a white star on each shoulder, or else the monogram of the wearer is wrought in white; large gutta-percha buttons down the front. The price is $8 50 without the monogram. A gray flannel suit with yoke blouse is braided with white soutache in a Greek design on the outside seams of the trowsers, on the yoke, belt, and cuffs: price $9. A flannel suit of shepherd's check has a border of blue braid; and another, of gray, is trimmed with black and scarlet braid in Rob Roy plaid. Some very plain flannel suits of coarse quality are sold as low as $4 50 or $5. The fanciest costumes are of white moreen or stiff serge trimmed with blue braid. These soil easily, and cost $8 50. For the same price are gray, scarlet, and deep blue serge suits, that will prove more serviceable.

The best bathing shoes are high buskins of thick unbleached cotton duck, with cork soles. They are bound and tied with checked worsted braid, and cost $1. A sort of Manilla sandal, to be strapped on the foot, is sold for the same price. A skull-cap of oil-silk to protect the hair from salt-water is also marked $1. It is merely a round piece like the invisible nets worn on the hair, with a band of rubber run in the hem. More fanciful caps are trimmed with quillings of scarlet or blue braid. Some unique designs for these caps are shown in engravings on another page. A fall at the back like a Havelock, to protect the neck from the sun while in the water, is very useful. Ladies who do not fear the effects of salt-water on the hair wear loose and flowing tresses, and tie on a broad-brimmed hat of coarse straw. Bags of Manilla hemp, thicker and closer wrought than those formerly used, are shown for carrying bathing dresses: 75 cents to $1.

The bathing suits worn by gentlemen are of gray or sailor blue flannel, made like a student's blouse, with a shirt yoke, a belt set in, and a skirt to the knee. They are less trimmed than those for ladies, and cost $8.

TRAVELERS' ARTICLES.

Various contrivances of use to the summer tourist are shown in the fancy stores. Substantial brown canvas and the russet-colored Russia leather, pretty and fragrant, are fashioned into many convenient articles, and secured with bands and lock of Viennese gilt. Dealers say that the Russia leather goods of next season are to be black; but these will look like ordinary leather, and will scarcely supersede the handsome brownish-red now in vogue. First on the list of indispensables is a canvas necessaire for carrying combs, brushes, and other toilette articles, keeping them separate from the other contents of trunk or bag. It is in two sizes, worth $4 50 or $6 50. Shawl straps of Russia leather, gilt mounted, are provided with handles when carried by ladies; with a long strap to pass over the shoulder for gentlemen. The first cost $2 75 to $3 50; the last cost $3 25 to $4. There is a quantity of str ps to these, enough to enwrap parcels, books, papers, water-proof, etc., thus almost doing the service of a sachel on short trips. Russia leather folios lined with russet silk are fitted with pockets for paper and envelopes; small, compact, and stiff enough to write upon, they are all that a lady needs in the way of a writing-desk when traveling: from $6 50 to $8 50 is the price. Canvas folios bound with Russia leather are $5 to $7. To accompany these folios is the travelers' inkstand, also of the odorous leather, with spring fastening, and an inside cap of gilt, making it doubly secure: it is brought out in three sizes, costing from $1 20 to $2. A pretty stand, circular, about a foot long and two or three inches broad, has an inkstand in one end, and is provided with places for writing materials: price $7 50.

Another tourists' case, of finer Russia leather, has pockets for holding paper and envelopes, is fitted with pen-box and inkstand, and will open out as a folio for writing on the lap: this is in various sizes, costing from $10 50 to $30. Still another writing-case for travelers is rolling, and may be made into a small space and confined with strap and buckle: furnished with pen, pencil, paper-knife, scissors, inkstand, and blotter, it costs $15. A journal for recording incidents of travel has pages the size of commercial note paper, and is bound in russet or in black leather. It has gilt corners, a plate on which the owner's name is to be engraved, and—item of value—a gilt clasp, fastened by a key. Flexible cases of Russia leather for holding a pack of cards are shown for gentlemen who while away the hours of travel with whist and euchre: price $2.

Among novelties for ladies is a Russia leather belt with a pendant for carrying an umbrella slashed to the side like a sword: price $3 75. The chatelaine bag of leather, attached to a belt of the same, was introduced last year in the pale brown leather then fashionable; it is now shown in russet-color, and is worn in the city on morning shopping tours, as well as for country excursions: price $8 to $12. A pretty and useful novelty is a chain of fine Viennese gilt, supplied with a hook that fastens it to the belt of any dress, while a ring at the other end holds the fan or umbrella: these cost from $3 50 to $4 50 each.

STATIONERY.

Tinted writing-paper and visiting cards are restored to favor. These are not of the deep, coarse hues that once offended taste, but are faintest tints, mere shadows of color, so delicate and soft that they are approved by fastidious people who had protested against any paper but that of immaculate whiteness. Palest rose and lavender are preferred by ladies; also the empress tint, as stationers call the Nile green—that lovely shade, at once both blue and green, adopted by Eugénie in opposition to the vulgar yellowish Metternich green. The tint fades into white near the edges, forming a slight line of border around the paper. Two sizes of paper, the note and letter sheet, furnish a lady's escritoire. These are of slender shape, twice as long as their breadth, so that when doubled across the centre they will fit the square envelopes now used. Ladies select thicker French paper than that formerly seen, in new designs of waved tracery over the whole sheet, with double parallel lines too faintly traced to hamper the writer, and wide enough apart to permit the large, angular hand that women of fashion now affect.

The number and street of city residences is now engraved on the right-hand side of note sheets, just above where the date is written. The name of a country-seat is engraved in rustic letters, as "The Willows," Irvington; and stationery thus marked is placed in chambers for the use of guests.

Monograms have attained perfection in quaintly combined antique letters daintily colored in the centre, the edges boldly raised and gilded as a border. The colors contrast prettily with the tint of the paper; the pale empress paper has a monogram of black and gilt, or of turquoise blue; monograms or crests of French gray and gilt or deep violet and gold are on pale lavender. Cipher monograms on white paper are in intricate devices of two shades of blue, or a French gray letter is wrought on one of lapis blue, each letter with raised gilt edge, or else pale buff is combined with scarlet and gold. Another fancy is a dark background shaped like a shield, made of finest lines of gilt or crimson, with the letters of white in bold relief, the merest line of color finishing their edges. For those who do not use monograms stationers stamp gratis the letter of the family name, raised, in exquisite colors, with the desirable line of gilt as a border. Young ladies have their first names stamped on paper and envelopes—a pretty fashion, provided the name is pretty. Rosa is shown in old English text on dainty rose-colored paper, Maud and Blanche in bright blue on white.

Blue-tinted paper, substantial and business-like, is in favor with gentlemen. Their monograms are larger and usually less fanciful than those designed for ladies.

Visiting cards are of thick Bristol-board without enamel, and tinted to match note paper, each lady selecting a tint, and using it as her own until it becomes associated with her. Cards are long and narrow, those for ladies being larger than the English card used by gentlemen. The name engraved in script is preferred to old English letters at present. Ladies who have regular reception days in each week have the day engraved on the left-hand corner, the name of their hotel, country-seat, or number and street of city residence on the right-hand corner. Engravers usually charge $1 50 for a hundred cards ready for use. The lady has her own plate, or else pays an extra sum for it.

Stationers have devised a good plan for marking family libraries. A slip of paper has engraved upon it the crest of the house, with the family name below, and is pasted in each book. If the book belongs to any one member of the family, his or her name is engraved in full in antique letters. These are printed by the thousand at a small cost.

The new idea for marking clothing and household linen is to stamp them with the monogram of the lady of the house in indelible ink. The letters are cut on wood, and the die, with ink and all necessaries, is furnished for $5.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; UNION ADAMS; and KIRBY & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. ORANGE JUDD has added his name to the roll of public benefactors by giving to the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, a magnificent Hall of Natural Science, which he has built at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars.

—London has a fresh sensation in Mlle. MIRAMON, who has achieved a greater success than any light soprano who has appeared in London since the *debut* of NILSSON. The papers are positively gushing about her. NILSSON, meanwhile, is pursuing the even tenor and soprano of her way at our watering-places, gaining strength for her operatic campaign next fall.

—One of the notable features of the late Commencement at Harvard was the delivery of the Latin Salutatory by CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE. This BONAPARTE is of the Baltimore family. The papers do not speak of it as any thing above the ordinary level of such performances. It is something, however, that a BONAPARTE should have been selected for what is always a college event of importance.

—Mr. HORACE CAPRON, who resigns the office of Commissioner of Agriculture, to go to Japan, where he is to be the chief of the agricultural and mineral department of the government, can well afford to do so, as he is to receive a salary of $30,000 a year, and facilities to live in a Japan casy style. He will show them what *he* "knows about farming."

—A fine "old buck" has recently deceased at East Conneaut, Ohio. His name was BUCK. After building a house and furnishing it nicely, he proceeded to create his own rib and person a woman by allowing his hair to grow long, and by purchasing a complete wardrobe of female attire. From that time forward, when "at home," he designated himself as Miss BUCK, and never appeared in another character, unless some one called, as was sometimes the case, and asked for Mr. BUCK. He had a great variety of costly dresses such as are worn by females, as well as male attire.

—Miss M. E. DYOTT owns and edits a bright little paper at New Rochelle, New York, called the *Pioneer*. She is about eighteen, petite, neat figure, bright eyes, talented, business tact, and all that. Besides being editor, she is publisher, foreman, compositor, pressman, book-keeper, cashier, mail-clerk, and also fills several other positions of responsibility about the institution. She is assisted by two boy type-setters. She has conducted the paper for about two years, or since she became an orphan. The printing-office is one half of her cottage in Church Street, the other half being her home.

—"Lothair," the Marquis of Bute, the richest of England's nobility with perhaps a single exception, is about to wed, having, in honeyed words, persuaded Miss FOX, a niece of Lady HOLLAND, to "change her local habitation and her name." She is said to be a lady of rare beauty and accomplishments.

—It is announced, with becoming diffidence, that Miss HOSMER is soon to leave Rome for Vienna to pay a visit to Lady Bloomfield, wife of the English embassador; thence to England to see Lady Ashburton and Lady Alford. Think of that!

—They tried to induce General M'CLELLAN to receive a serenade from a militia company last week at Orange, New Jersey. He said he had ceased to be martial, and that military honors would be unsuited to his position as a private gentleman.

—A lady who saw much of the DICKENS family twenty-nine years ago, when DICKENS was thirty years old, has been writing about them in the *Englishwoman's Magazine*. Of the wife she says: "A great deal of amusement was excited by Mrs. CHARLES DICKENS perpetrating the most absurd puns, which she did with a charming expression of innocence and deprecation of her husband's wrath, while he tore his hair and writhed as if convulsed with agony. He used to pretend to be utterly disgusted, although he could neither resist laughter at the puns nor at the pretty comic *moue* she made (with eyes turned up till little but the whites was visible) after launching forth one of these absurdities."

—Mrs. YELVERTON (now Lady Avonmore), who has made this country her residence, has in press a volume in which several well-known characters will figure. She has recently completed a volume of travels, shortly to be published in England, and is now engaged on a novel, in which is to be embraced the story of her life.

—What a young woman can do is shown in the case of Miss ESTHA GREATBATCH, who has just passed a great batch of examinations at the second special examination for women at the university at London. She stood first in French and in harmony and counterpoint; also took the second prize at the examination which followed Professor GUTHRIE's lectures on Physics at the London Institute in February, 1870; and, out of seventy-four candidates, the prize for the examination in physical geography which followed Professor HUXLEY's lectures on that subject in 1869. In 1868 Miss GREATBATCH passed as a Junior with first-class honors, and gained a prize for mathematics at the Cambridge Local Examination. In December, 1870, she passed as a Senior with first-class honors, gaining the MILL-TAYLOR scholarship and a prize for political economy. Miss GREATBATCH did not take up the MILLS-TAYLOR scholarship, which can only be held at Cambridge. She is a pupil of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, where she has received her whole education.

—Senator SCHURZ enters the lecture field this fall. He has refused tempting offers by a lyceum agent to deliver three hundred discourses on Mormonism, preferring to select his own themes and talk in his own way.

—Mike ROGERS, the poet, Mr. GROTE, the historian, who died recently, was a banker. He was an advocate of popular rights and of the progressive movement in England toward substantial republicanism. His financial experience and association with men in active business was very valuable to him in his literary work. In person Mr. GROTE was a grave and venerable old gentleman, of average height, slightly bent, with gray hair, a smooth face, a remarkably broad forehead, and peculiarly winning manners. He was seventy-seven, and had long been in infirm health.

—Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE, president of Cornell University, has done himself the honor to add to his previous munificent gifts to that institution $50,000—$20,000 for a library, the remainder for a house for the president.

—The most superb of the toilettes worn at a recent drawing-room reception of the Queen at Buckingham Palace was that of Lady Poltimore, which attracted interest from the fact that the magnificent *point d'Alençon* veil her ladyship wore was worn by MARIE ANTOINETTE on the occasion of her marriage to LOUIS XVI. It is regarded as a relic of special eminence and of very high figure.

—WILLIAM THAW, Esq., a wealthy gentleman of Pennsylvania, being melted to good deeds, has given $100,000 to the Western University of Pennsylvania, whereby Mr. THAW frees the institution from debt.

—The Rev. Mr. BESKOW, who is the WARD BEECHER of Stockholm, draws immense crowds; and yet he is said to have but one sermon, which he presents in a thousand different forms. He is known there as the kaleidoscopic clergyman.

—Mr. WOODWARD, the gentleman who figured so conspicuously in the Rock Island corner some three weeks ago, is a man of small stature, about forty years of age, dark complexion, reticent, doing nearly all his business through some twenty or thirty brokers, and having one place as his head-quarters. Outside "the street" he is given to works of piety and benevolence, being a prominent Churchman, taking special interest in Sunday-schools, and a liberal giver to the various organizations connected with the Episcopal Church.

—There is considerable talk of Prince NAPOLEON's coming over to spend a portion of his time, and perhaps settle down, among us. If he does, we must all turn to and give him a lift.

—How those old musical composers did continue to live on in Paris!—AUBER, eighty-nine; CHERUBINI, eighty-two; GOSSEC, ninety-six; MONSIGNY, eighty-eight.

—Mrs. and Mr. S. M. SMITH have returned. They started from Boston three years ago for a long and leisurely journey in their carriage. They traveled twelve thousand miles by horses, and thirty thousand by steam, saddle, and canoe in the far West and in Mexico. Visited every place of importance in the countries through which they meandered. Figure $25,000.

—Prince BISMARCK has given to Mrs. B. the table on which the Versailles treaty was signed.

—The Congregationalists of Plymouth Church have captured an ABBOTT—not a mitred one, but a lady of that name, whom Miss KELLOGG ferreted out among the Hoosiers and brought to New York, where her fine voice could be heard and appreciated. Last Sunday night, after service, Mr. BEECHER and some three hundred Puritans who had cunningly found out what was going on remained and heard Miss A. sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth" and other pieces, each of which showed her to have great voice and decided dramatic talent of expression.

—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE writes to a lady here that she is so overwhelmed with business that for eighteen years she has never had, but twice, a week's holiday, and is and has been a prisoner in her room for years.

—Of the worthy or worthless Mr. WORTH, the noted man-milliner of Paris, a correspondent writes: "Embassadors' wives and court ladies used to go and take tea with the fellow, and dispute the honor of filling his cup or putting sugar into it. I once went into his shop—a sort of drawing-room hung round with dresses; I found him lolling on a chair, his legs crossed before the fire. Around him were a bevy of women, some pretty, some ugly, listening to his observations with the rapt attention of the disciples of a sage. He called them up before him like school-girls, and after inspecting them, praised or blamed their dresses. One, a pretty young girl, found favor in his eyes, and he told her that he must dream and meditate several days over her, in order to find the inspiration to make a gown worthy of her. 'Why do you wear these ugly gloves?' he said to another; 'never let me see you in gloves of that color again.' She was a very grand lady, but she slipped off her gloves and put them in her pocket with a guilty look. When there was going to be a ball at court ladies used to go down on their knees to him to make them beautiful. For some time he declined to dress any longer the wife of a great imperial dignitary, who had not been sufficiently humble toward him. She came to him in tears, but he was obdurate, and he only consented at last to make a gown for her on the condition that she would put it on for the first time in his shop. The Empress, who dealt with him, sent to tell him that if he did not abate his prices she would leave him. 'You can not,' he replied; and, in fact, she could not, for she stood by him to the last. A morning dress by this artist, worth in reality about four pounds, cost thirty pounds; an evening dress, tawdry with flounces, ribbons, and bad lace, could not be had under seventy pounds. There are about thirty shops in Paris where, as at this man-milliner's, the goods are not better than elsewhere, the [illegible] value. They are patronized by fools with more money than wits, and chiefly by foreign fools."

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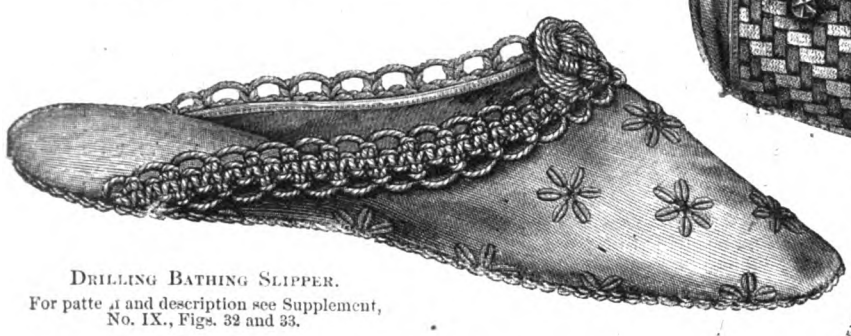
Bag for Bathing Clothes.

THIS bag, which is intended to hold bathing clothes, is furnished with a covering, which is made in braid-work with worsted braid in two shades of brown half an inch wide. The bag is lined with gray carriage leather, and furnished with soufflets of dark brown cashmere. Cut of black muslin one piece from Fig. 59, Supplement, having previously joined on the piece turned down. Stretch the dark brown worsted braid, which is cut in separate pieces, on the muslin. The length of the bag must be observed in making each piece of braid, as these pieces are set on in close succession, and are fastened on the muslin at the ends by a few stitches. Run the light brown braid through the foundation thus formed, beginning at the upper straight edge of the bag; in doing this, alternately take up two dark brown pieces of braid and pass over the next two pieces. To obtain the design shown by the illustration take up only the first piece of braid at the beginning of the second row instead of the first two pieces of dark brown braid; at the beginning of the third row, however, pass over the first two pieces of dark brown braid. The manner of continuing the work is then shown by the illustration and by the three completed rows of braid. The light brown pieces of braid are also fastened on the muslin at the ends with a few stitches. After the braided foundation is finished, sew through it with long stitches of dark brown silk, following the direction of the slanting dark brown rows. Line this part of the bag with gray carriage leather, and cut of the latter and of dark brown cashmere two pieces each from Fig. 60, Supplement. The under edge of each soufflet is gathered from : to *, and overseamed to the bag according to the corresponding figures. Bind the outer edge of the bag with braid, furnish it with buttons and elastic cord loops, and also with tassels and coarse woolen cords, which form the handles of the bag.

BAG FOR BATHING CLOTHES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 59 and 60.



DRILLING BATHING SLIPPER.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 32 and 33.

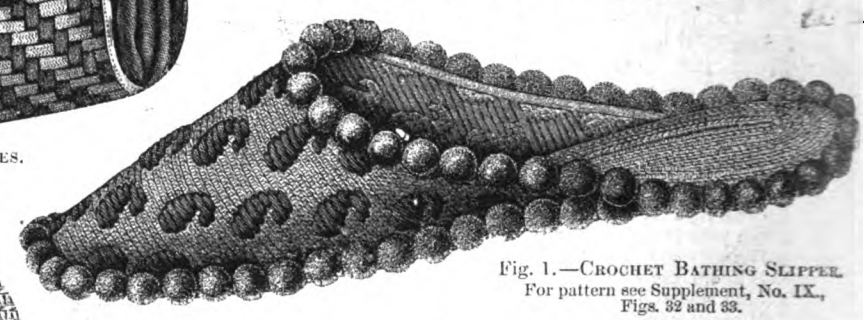


Fig. 1.—CROCHET BATHING SLIPPER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 32 and 33.

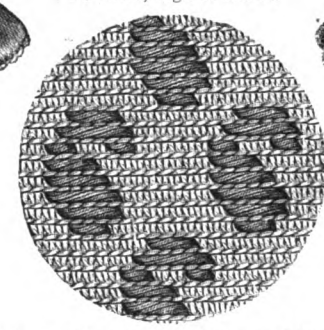


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CROCHET-WORK FOR BATHING SLIPPER.—FULL SIZE.

Squares for setting together Covers, etc., Figs. 1–4.

THESE squares are partly worked in netted guipure and partly in white embroidery, according to the relative illustrations. They may be used for the purpose above referred to as well as for covering toilette cushions.

Crochet Bib, Figs. 1–4.

See illustrations on page 469.

THIS bib is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 60, and is edged with crochet lace. Fig. 61, Supplement, gives the pattern for half of the bib. To obtain this shape, widen or narrow at the outer edge. Begin the bib at the lower extremity of the point at the right of the front with a foundation of 2 st. (stitches), and on this crochet, according to the shape of the pattern, the 1st–5th rounds.—Sc. (single crochet); it is to be observed, however, that the thread must be laid on anew at each round. The foundation is begun in the 6th round. Each foundation figure consists of four loops (see illustration, Fig. 2, which shows a full-sized section of the crocheted foundation). In forming each loop, pass the needle, instead of working the next st., through the corresponding st. of the 2d round; draw the working thread up in a loop from the under side to the outside, and work 1 sc. on the next st. of the 5th round; in doing this, fasten the loop at the same time. The loops are repeated in this round after an interval of 11 st. each. 7th round.—Sc. For the remainder, work the foundation as shown by Fig. 2. For the lace at the outer edge of the bib (see Fig. 3), crochet on a foundation the 1st round.—Dc. (double crochet). 2d round.—1 sc. on the first dc. of the preceding round, then always alternately 9 ch. (chain stitch) and 1 sc. on the fourth following dc. 3d round.—1 sc. each on the 2d, 3d, and 4th ch. of the preceding round, * 2 sc. divided by 1 ch. on the following st., 1 sc. on each of the following 3 ch., pass over 3 st. (these st. are the next sc. of the preceding round and the ch. before and after this sc.), 1 sc. each on the next 3 ch., and repeat from *. 4th round.—1 sc. each on the 2d, 3d, and 4th sc. of the preceding round, * 2 sc. divided by 1 ch. on the next ch., 1 sc. each on the following 3 st., and repeat from *. 5th round.—1 dc. on the ch. at the

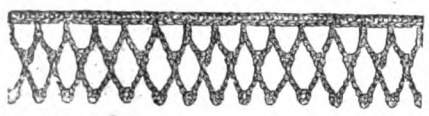


Fig. 4.—CROCHET EDGING FOR BIB.
[See Page 469.]

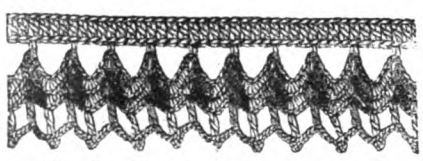


Fig. 3.—CROCHET EDGING FOR BIB.
[See Page 469.]

CHENILLE EMBROIDERY FOR GRENADINE BLOUSE.
[See Page 473.]

CHENILLE EMBROIDERY FOR GRENADINE BLOUSES AND SUITS.
[See P. 472 and 473.]

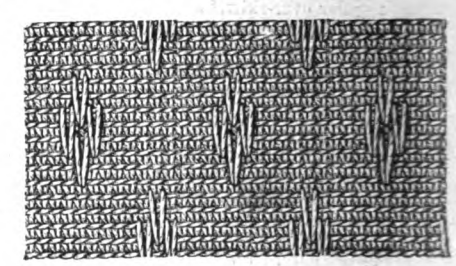
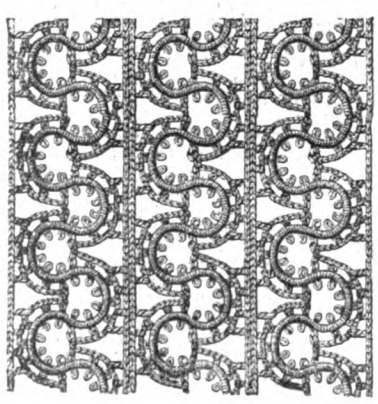


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CROCHET FOUNDATION OF BIB.—[See Page 469.]

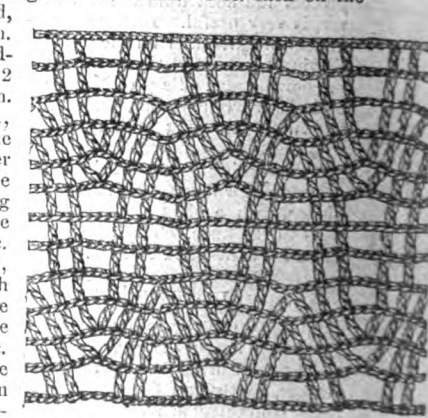
Crochet Bathing Slipper, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE front of this slipper is worked in single crochet with white Saxony wool, at the same time inserting red zephyr worsted in a palm-leaf design. A cork sole, covered on the inner side with wadding, is covered with a crochet sole of white Saxony wool, corresponding to the shape of the sole of the slipper. Red worsted balls, sewed on in close succession, form the trimming of the slipper. Fig. 33, Supplement, gives the pattern of the front, and Fig. 32 gives that of the sole. Begin the front of the slipper at the toe with a foundation of the requisite length (21 stitches in the original), and on this work sc. (single crochet), always from right to left (thus the thread must be laid on anew at the beginning of each round). Besides this widen at the beginning and end of each round corresponding to the shape of the pattern; in working the 1st stitch of each round lay on a red worsted thread, which is passed partly along the under side and partly along the outside of the work, in order to form the design. In the second round this thread is first passed along the under side, then to the outside before working the first of the three middle stitches of the round. Now work the three middle stitches referred to without paying any attention to the red thread, then again pass the red thread on the under side, and crochet the remaining stitches of the round. The red thread must be fastened in working the last of these stitches. The third round is worked in a similar manner, but in order to form the design, the red worsted thread must be passed to the outside before the five middle stitches of the round, and to the under side after the five middle stitches. In the fourth round pass the red worsted thread to the outside before the five middle stitches of the round, work 6 sc. with white worsted, and then pass the red thread on the under side. The whole front piece of the slipper is worked in this manner, observing the illustration, Fig. 2, which shows a full-sized section of the crochet-work. The cork sole, which must be of the shape given by Fig. 32, Supplement, is first covered on one side with wadding, and then with the crochet sole, which is worked in single crochet with white Saxony wool. Join the sole with the front piece according to the corresponding figures, bind the latter along its free edge with red worsted braid, and trim the slipper with small red worsted balls as shown by the illustration.



SECTION OF MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET BLOUSE.—FULL SIZE.—[See Page 469.]

SQUARES FOR SETTING TOGETHER COVERS, ETC., FIGS. 1–4.



SECTION OF CROCHET FOUNDATION OF SUMMER HOOD.—FULL SIZE.—[See Page 472.]

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point of the next point, one picot of 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the dc., 3 ch., 1 dc. on one of the st. in the next hollow of the point, 3 ch., and repeat from ∗. Finally, work the belt pieces, which are an inch wide and six inches long, in sc., and fasten them to the bib from : to ∗ and from × to ●. The lace shown by Fig. 4 may be used instead of Fig. 3; it is crocheted as shown by the illustration.

Mignardise and Crochet Blouse, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE insertion which is sewed together to make this blouse is crocheted with fine white mignardise and twisted crochet cotton. The illustration, Fig. 2, page 468, shows a full-sized section of the joined insertion. Work the insertion as follows: On the loops at one side of the mignardise the 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on each of the next six loops, after each sc. 3 ch. (chain stitch), ∗ 1 sc. on the following loop, 1 sc. on the seventh following loop (thus passing over six loops), 3 ch., 1 sc. on each of the following five loops, after each sc. 3 ch. Repeat from ∗. 2d round.—1 dc. (double crochet) each on the second, third, fourth, and fifth ch. scallops of the next mignardise scallop of the preceding round, 2 ch. each after the first, second, and third dc., and 4 ch. after the fourth dc.; the first and last ch. scallop of each mignardise scallop is thus left unnoticed. These two rounds are also worked on the loops at the other side of the mignardise, but the design must now be transposed; the sc. must, therefore, always be worked on the seven loops opposite every six loops that have been passed over at the other side of the mignardise. Overhand the insertion together on the wrong side, observing the shape of the blouse. The pattern for the back and fronts of the blouse are given by Figs. 7 and 8, No. III., Supplement. The sleeves are made from the sleeve pattern given by Fig. 34, No. XV., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. IV., No. 28. Join the blouse in the usual manner, cover the seams on the wrong side with a narrow piece of linen tape, and trim the blouse as shown by the illustration; the trimming consists of insertion edged with lace on both sides. For the lace, crochet on the loops at both sides, of mignardise of the requisite length, one round each like the first round of the insertion. On this round work on the upper side of the lace one round as follows: ∗ 1 sc. on the third ch. of the first ch. scallop of the next mignardise scallop, one picot (of 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of the 3 ch.), five times alternately 1 sc. on the third following st. of the preceding round, one picot; then 1 sc. on the third following st. of the preceding round, and repeat from ∗. On the under side of the lace crochet, first, one round like the second round of the insertion, and then an open-work double crochet round. It is to be observed that the lace must be continued along the neck. Run black or colored velvet ribbon, one-fifth of an inch wide, through the blouse as shown by the illustration, and bind the bottom with Swiss muslin half an inch wide. Buttons and button-loops close the blouse.

PIQUÉ BIB.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 62–65.

OILED-SILK BATHING CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 55–57.

SHIRTING UNDER-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 46–50.

Fig. 1.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET BLOUSE.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

ORIENTAL THRIFT.

THRIFT is so much of an heir-loom with some nations, and a prudent propensity to save is so intimately interwoven in their natures, that on this point, at any rate, there appears to be a radical difference between them and their neighbors. Perhaps of all the races the most thrifty—employing the word in its true sense—are the Chinese and Hindoos. Thrift is a word of very wide interpretation. It does not mean, as the root principle and guiding star of those whose beacon it is, mere stoical abnegation of the good things of life. The essence of true thrift is to make the most out of such material as comes to hand; to waste nothing, to toss away nothing; not to neglect what might be valuable adjuncts to the essentials of our sustenance; to be careful, thoughtful managers of whatever we have to manage. The two great Eastern races are our masters in this respect. They have so very many mouths to feed that they must husband all their resources. Every spoonful of rice, whether produced by the garden culture of China, or by the ruder tillage of India, is eagerly snatched at; every onion, every gourd, is pressed into the service of man. Instead of bird's-nesting, the urchins of the hamlet catch small fish, or gather roots and berries. The large and constant demand for food stimulates its supply to the highest pitch. Waste and lavishness, except on the occasion of a wedding-feast or of some red-letter day in the Buddhist or Brahminical calendar, are unknown. To a Hindoo audience in particular, the parable of Dives and Lazarus would not come home as an illustration of familiar every-day life. The rich man of their experience does not care to fare sumptuously every day. He may be, and probably is, a mighty merchant prince and colossal money-lender. His villa at Garden Reach, or his mansion in Benares, very likely swarms with miscellaneous dependents, and the costliest London-made furniture may encumber his ill-arranged saloons. Yet this Baboo, who annually defrauds the Indian income-tax collectors to an extent which surpasses all the evasions of the British shuffler, and whose whim it sometimes is to offer to the upper ten hundred of local European society balls of unparalleled splendor, is any thing but self-indulgent. Those who partake of his grandiose hospitality seldom care to think, in the midst of those floods of iced Champagne, and tables piled with every dainty, how very sparely and plainly their entertainer is contented to subsist. A handful of rice and a few yards of cotton cloth are the simple requirements in the way of food and raiment. His poorest servants and hangers-on are as delicately nourished as he, their master and lord. They have pulse and vegetable curry, a little oil wherewith to anoint themselves, a little ghee and a pinch of salt, and so has the founder of the feast. The Dives of Bengal lives almost as temperately as an anchorite. The Pole is a born prodigal. Thrift, in his eyes, is something ignoble, and saving a mark of meanness. He will feast and glitter to-day, at the risk of laying up for himself a succession of hungry and miserable morrows. But then he has hope. That bright, illusive residuum at the bottom of Pandora's box of horrors has been thoroughly domiciled in poor Poland. The whole gifted nation, so clever and so indolent, so winning of manner and so unstable of purpose, seems always possessed by a Micawberish fancy that something delightful is about to turn up. Never mind mortgages and debt; never mind the bad husbandry that keeps the soil sterile, or the lack of forethought which fills the pastures with stunted cattle and raw-boned, ragged sheep. What matter if the peasant be over head and ears in the books of the Jewish brandy-seller, and if every roof be ruinous and every field weed-grown? Something is sure to happen. A salt-mine will be found, perhaps, or a factory will be built, or a war will come that will clear off old scores, and fill our purses in some inexplicably convenient way. So let us have out the crazy old carriage, and the shaggy, half-broken horses, and drive along the sandy roads to somebody's château, that we may dine and dance and conjure dull care away by the potent charms of generous Hungarian wine and the wild Magyar waltz. The Poland of our day must be in some respects very like the Ireland of the Edgeworths—generous and chivalric, but unthrifty and improvident.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET BIB.
[See Page 468.]
For pattern see Suppl., No. XX., Fig. 61.

DUTCH FUNERALS.

WHEN mynheer dies the body is at once removed from the chamber of death into another room, generally the dining-room, or one of the chief rooms of the house, the blinds are drawn close up to the *top*, and the shutters completely closed, so that the house looks, and is intended to look, empty: the soul of the house is gone. The notary is immediately sent for, and seals are put by him without delay upon every article or room he may think proper to select. Next comes the aansprecher, a very noticeable person in Amsterdam and the large towns, and a relic of by-gone times, probably the ancient feudal herald. (Mutes and nodding plumes, and all the various trappings and frippery of our own funerals, are without doubt heraldic and feudal in their origin.) A herald he certainly is, and of woe, for it is his duty, taking a list of friends and acquaintances, to go round to all with a message in set form to the effect that Mynheer So-and-so (next follow his titles, dignities, and offices) is dead. Every body then puts on some sign of mourning, and goes that very day, the day of death, to the house, where the family sit in the drawing-room ready to receive condolences. Is it possible to imagine any more trying formality for all to go through? Yet there the bereaved ones remain, in the house of death, in the darkened chamber, compelled to display their grief in the presence of all their friends, and to say a few words to each in answer to their expressions of sympathy and grief. Even a little toddling thing of four or five will march up to mevrouw and utter its little set speech about "sad loss," which is certain to produce a fresh outburst of grief and tears. To crown all, any visitor can ask—is even expected to ask—for a last view of the dead body of their friend as it lies in a sort of state in the shell. The funeral is always

BATHING CAP WITH RUCHE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 58.

Fig. 1.—LADY'S MORNING OR HOUSE DRESS.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—LADY'S MORNING OR HOUSE DRESS.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

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an expensive affair. Many aansprechers, occasionally forty or fifty, seem to be required. Undertakers' coaches are there without end, and friends send their empty carriages to swell the state, as with ourselves. Ladies wear very deep crape and long veils. The widow's veil reaches to her feet for the first few weeks; she wears no cap, but her mourning, with a gradually shortening veil, lasts two years. A gentleman in deep mourning is expected to go about at all hours for six weeks in black, with a dress tail-coat and white neck-tie.

A LOVE-SONG OF SORRENTO.

COME away to the shade of the citron grove,
Carina!
To hear the voice of the brooding dove,
Carina!
Her soft throat swells as she tells her love
To her tender mate in the myrtle above,
And their tremulous pinions responsive move,
Cara! Carina!

Ah! Love is sweet as the spring is sweet,
Carina!
For me thou makest the spring complete,
Carina!
The young wind bloweth unto thy feet
A drift of flowers thy steps to meet,
And the wounded blossoms perfume the heat,
Cara! Carina!

They are tokens for only a bride to wear,
Carina!
Yet I would crown thee if I might dare,
Carina!
Ah! shy and sweet and tender and rare,
Put away from thine eyes thy shining hair
Nay, now, have I startled thee unaware?
Cara! Carina!

My heart is lying across thy way,
Carina!
As thou crushest the flowers, wilt thou crush it—say,
Carina?
Or, sadder yet, wilt thou let it stay
Where it is lying, well away,
All on this pleasant morning in May?
Cara! Carina!

My beautiful flower of flowers! No,
Carina!
Thou wilt not scorn it nor crush it so,
Carina!
One true little word before we go;
Close—nestle close—and whisper low—
Low while the faint south breezes blow,
Cara! Carina!

Thou'lt wear nothing but white when we are wed,
Carina!
Thou'lt have orange blossoms about thy head,
Carina!
The maidens shall string them on silver thread;
On a rose-leaf carpet thou shalt tread,
While the bride-blush maketh thy beauty red,
Cara! Carina!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

(Continued from No. 28, page 359.)

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XI.

THE climaxes of life come only occasionally. When borne upon the height of them we think we can endure any thing; all beside them seem so small. But when they are over, and we have sunk back into the level of every-day life, it is different. The sword-stroke we hardly felt; the daily pin-pricks drive us wild. It is sure to be so; we can not help it.

At first Hannah thought she could. After that Sunday morning she and Bernard talked no more together—why should they? Their minds were quite made up that both love and marriage were lawful to them—if attainable. But seeing that an immediate union was impossible, and a separation almost equally so, they spoke of neither again, but tacitly determined to go on living together as before—in no way like lovers, but as like brother and sister as was practicable—both for their own sakes, and for the sake of outward eyes.

This decided, Hannah thought her way would be clear. It was only a question of time and patient waiting. Any year the Bill might be passed, and their marriage made possible. In the mean time it was no worse than a long engagement; better, perhaps, since they had the daily comfort of one another's society. At least Hannah felt it so, and was cheerful and content. What Bernard felt he did not say; but he was not always content; often very dull, irritable, and desponding. At such times Hannah had great patience with him—the patience which had now the additional strength of knowing that it was to be exercised for life.

It was most needed, she found, after he had been to the Moat House, whither, according to her wish, he steadily went, and went alone. Had she been his wife, or even openly his betrothed, she might, spite of all she had said, have resented this, but now what could she resent? She had no rights to urge. So she submitted. As to what passed on these visits she asked no questions, and he gave no information. She never saw Bernard's people now, except on Sundays, with the distance of a dozen pews between them. Young Mrs. Melville still called, punctiliously and pointedly, leaving her pair of grays standing outside the gate; but she excused herself from asking Hannah to the Grange, because if the girls were there it would be so very awkward.

"And the girls are always there," added she, querulously. "I can't call my house my own—or my husband's either. Hannah, when you marry you'll be thankful that you've got no sisters."

Hannah smiled. She saw that of the real truth of her position with regard to Mr. Rivers Adeline guessed nothing. It was best so.

As weeks passed another change gradually came. Invitations—the fear of which had sometimes perplexed her, for how should she meet the Moat House family even upon neutral ground?—almost totally ceased. Her neighbors left off calling—that is, her grand neighbors; the humbler ones still sought her; but she fancied she read in their eyes a painful curiosity, a still more painful compassion, especially when they met her and Bernard together—a chance which occurred but seldom now. For he, too, seemed to have a nervous dread of being seen with her, and avoided her so much that she would often have thought he had forgotten every word that had passed between them save for the constant mindfulness, the continual watchful care which a man never shows except to the one woman he loves best in the world.

Yet sometimes even having so much made the weak heart crave for a little, a very little, more; just a word or two of love; an evening now and then of their old frank intercourse, so safe and free. But neither ever came. Bernard seemed to make it a point of honor that whatever people chose to say, they should be given no data upon which to come to the smallest conclusion. Within, as without the house, all the world might have heard every word he said to Miss Thelluson.

Whatever suspicion was whispered about the village, it rose to no open scandal. Every body came to church as usual, and no one applied to Mr. Rivers's bishop to restrain him from preaching because he retained as his housekeeper a lady whom the law persisted in regarding as his sister. But the contradiction was that in spite of her being counted his "sister," people did talk, and would talk; and, of course, the sharpest lash of their tongues fell, not upon the man, but upon the woman.

Slowly, slowly Hannah became aware that every servant in the house, every family in the parish, kept an eye upon her, observing, condemning, sympathizing, defending—all by turns—but never leaving her alone, till she felt like the poor camel in the desert, whose dying gaze sees in the horizon that faint black line coming nearer and nearer—the vultures which are to pick her bones. She would have gone frantic sometimes, brave woman as she was, in the utter impossibility of fighting against the intangible wrong, had it not been for the child.

Rosie became not only her darling but her friend. She had now almost no other companion, and wanted none. All grown-up people seemed worldly and shallow, dull and cold, compared to the pure little soul, fresh out of heaven, which heaven itself had sent to comfort her. As Rosie's English increased they two held long conversations together, very monosyllabic, certainly, and upon the simplest of topics—"bow-wows," "gee-gees," and so on—yet quite comprehensible and equally interesting to both. For is not a growing soul the most interesting and lovely, as well as most solemn sight, in all this world? Hannah sometimes stood in awe and wonder at the intelligence of the little woman not yet three years old.

They two understood one another perfectly, and loved one another as even real mother and child do not always love. For never in all her little life had Rosie heard a harsher word than, "Oh, Rosie, Tannie so sorry!" which sufficed to melt her at once into the most contrite tears. Pure contrition, with no fear of punishment—for she had never been punished. To her innocent, happy heart no harmless joy had ever been denied, no promise ever broken. She knew that, and rested in her little ark of love as content and safe as a nautilus in its shell, swimming over the troubled waters of poor Tannie's lot like a visible angel of consolation.

Day by day that lot was growing more hard to bear, until at last chance brought it to a climax.

One forenoon, just before Mr. Rivers was going out, there drove up to the House on the Hill a pretty pony carriage and pair of grays, and out of it stepped a little, bright, active, pretty woman—the Countess of Dunsmore.

"I knew I should surprise you," cried she, kissing Hannah on both cheeks, and telling her how well she was looking; which she was, in the sudden pleasure of the meeting. "But I wanted to surprise you. We are visiting at Highwood Park; Mr. Rivers and I met your sisters there at dinner, you know, and promised to come and see them; but of course I came to see Miss Thelluson first. Well, my dear, and how are you? And how is your pet Rosie?"

The little Rosie answered for herself, being so greatly attracted by Lady Dunsmore's ermine tails, and, perhaps, by her sweet motherly face, that she made friends with her immediately. But Hannah was nervous—agitated. She knew exactly the expression of that quick dark eye, which saw every thing and saw through every thing, whether or not the lady mentioned the result of that observation.

Bernard, too, was a little constrained. He knew Lady Dunsmore slightly, and evidently was not aware that Hannah knew her so well; for Hannah was not apt to boast of her friends, especially when they happened to have titles. Yet the sight of her warmed her heart, and she had hundreds of questions to ask about her old pupils, and endless reminiscences of her old life with them—so peaceful and contented. Yet would she have had it back rather than the life now? No!—unhesitatingly no!

She felt this, when, having put the blithe little countess in her carriage, Bernard returned. He walked heavily down the garden in deep thought.

"A charming person, Lady Dunsmore, and a warm, steady friend of yours, Hannah."

"Yes, she was always kind to me."

"Kinder than others have been since," said Mr. Rivers, sighing. "Would you like to go and pay her the long visit she asks for?"

"No."

"And what shall you do about that invitation she brought you, to go with my sisters to dine at Highwood Park?"

"What can I do except not go? To explain is impossible."

"Yes." After a moment's thought Mr. Rivers went on: "Hannah, may I say a word? Evidently my people have been quite silent to Lady Dunsmore about you; she expected to meet you at the Moat House. They perhaps are sorry, and would be glad of an opportunity to atone. May I speak to them?"

"Stop a minute. What shall you say? For I will have nothing said that would humiliate me."

Bernard looked tenderly at the flushed face. "My love, any man humiliates himself who for a moment allows the woman he has chosen to be lightly esteemed. Be satisfied; I shall keep up your dignity as if it were my own; for it is my own."

"Thank you." But there was only pride, no sweetness, in the words. They made him turn back at once.

"Oh, Hannah, how long is this state of things to last? How can we bear it if it lasts very long?"

She replied nothing.

"Sometimes I ask myself, why should we bear it, when our consciences are satisfied, when the merest legal form stands between us and our happiness? You do not feel the suspense as I do; I see that; but do you know it sometimes almost drives me mad that I can not marry you?"

His agitation was so extreme that Hannah was frightened, both for his sake and lest any servant should come in and find them thus. Oh, the misery of that false life they led! oh, the humiliation of concealment!

"Why should all the world be happy but me? Why should that foolish old Morecamb— But I forget; I never told you he was going to be married. I tell you nothing; I never have a chance of an hour's quiet talk with you."

"Why not? It would make me much happier."

Those pure, sad, beseeching eyes—he turned away from them; he could not bear them.

"Don't ask me. I dare not. If I saw much of you I would not answer for myself. I might"—he laughed—"I might even horrify you by asking you to go abroad and get married, as old Mr. Melville did. But I will not; no, I will not. And if I would, you would not consent?"

"No."

"I was sure of it. One might as well attempt to move the monument as Hannah Thelluson after she had once said no."

His manner was so rough, so reckless, that it pained her almost more than any thing she had yet experienced. Was their forced, unnatural kind of life injuring him? And if so, ought it to continue? And if it must be ended, was not she the one to do it?

"Bernard," she said, "will you come home to-night?"—for it was now not the rule, but the rare exception, his staying with her of evenings—"then we will have one of our old talks together, and perhaps we may settle something; or feel, when we look them calmly in the face, that things are not so dreadful as they seem. Now go. Hark! there is Rosie calling over the staircase for papa."

He had a real fatherly heart now—this young man, from whom, in his full flush of youth, life's best blessing, a wife's love, was first taken, and then tantalizingly denied. He snatched at the joys still left to him, and clasping his little girl in his arms, pressed his hot forehead upon Rosie's breast.

But all that day his words and tones rang warningly through Hannah's heart. This could not last—it was against human nature. So much, yet so little as they were to one another. They *must* be more—or less. Should she leave him; for a time, perhaps? or should she go quite away? She knew not what to do; nor what to say when he should come home to her to-night, and appeal to her, with the innocent, half-child-like expression his face sometimes wore, for comfort, counsel. How could she give either? She needed both herself.

And when their formal dinner was over, and they sat together in their pleasant drawing-room, with the yellow twilight glimmering outside—for summer was coming back again, the third summer since Rosa died—life seemed to Hannah so hard, so hard!

She gave him his tea almost in silence, and then he proposed a stroll in the garden, up and down the front walk, which was in full view of the house. Into the sheltered green alley—the "lovers' walk"—these two poor lovers never went; never dared to go.

But such happiness as they could get they took, and Hannah had risen to fetch her shawl, when they saw entering the gate the last apparition they expected to see—Lady Rivers. For months she had not crossed their threshold. But then—Hannah would have been more than mortal not to have remembered this—it had been crossed that morning by the Countess of Dunsmore.

Lady Rivers was by no means a stupid woman. Her faculty for discovering which way the wind blew, and trimming her sails accordingly, amounted to absolute genius. Not being thin-skinned herself, she never looked for that weakness in others; so had under all circumstances the most enviable coolness and self-possession. The graceful air with which she entered by the French window, kissed Bernard in motherly greeting, and shook hands with Miss Thelluson as if she had seen her only the day before, was most inimitable.

"How comfortable you look here! it is quite a pleasure to see you. May I ask for a cup of tea? your tea used always to be so good, Miss Thelluson. And you had a visit from Lady Dunsmore? So had we afterward. What a charming person she is; and a great friend of yours, I understand."

Hannah assented.

"I must congratulate you; for a lady, especially a single lady, is always judged by her choice of friends."

"I did not choose Lady Dunsmore for my friend; I was her governess."

"Indeed! Anyhow, she has evidently a great regard for you. By-the-bye, does she know any thing of the—the little uncomfortableness between us lately, which, as I came to say to-night, is, I trust, entirely a thing of the past. Don't speak, Bernard. In fact, this visit is not meant for you. I came over to tell Miss Thelluson of something which—as Mr. Morecamb was the cause of difference between her and me" (Hannah opened her eyes)—"will, I trust, heal it. He is engaged to be married to my eldest daughter."

Hannah offered the customary good wishes.

"It is indeed a most suitable marriage, and we are quite pleased at it. So now, my dear, let by-gones be by-gones. Will you come with Bernard to meet Lady Dunsmore at dinner on Friday?"

Never was there a more composed putting of the saddle upon the wrong horse, ignoring every thing that it was advisable to ignore, for the sake of convenience. And many a woman, prudent and worldly wise, would have accepted it as such. But, unfortunately, Hannah was not a prudent woman. Against certain meannesses her spirit revolted with a fierceness that slipped all self-control.

She glanced toward Bernard, but his eyes were turned away; he had the moody, uncomfortable look of a man dragged unwillingly into women's wars. Thrown back upon herself, alone, quite alone, pride whispered that she must act as if she were alone, as if his love were all a dream, and she once more the solitary, independent Hannah Thelluson, who, forlorn as she was, had always been able till now to hold her own—had never yet experienced an insult or submitted tamely to an injury. She would not now.

"I thank you, Lady Rivers, for the trouble you have taken, but it will be quite impossible for me to accept your invitation."

Lady Rivers looked amazed. That any concession she made should not be joyfully received—that any invitation to the Moat House should not be accepted with avidity: the thing was ridiculous. She paused a moment, as if doubting she had heard aright, and then appealed to Bernard.

"Pray assure Miss Thelluson that she need not hesitate. I have watched her narrowly of late, and have quite got over any little prejudices I might have had. I and the girls will be delighted to see her. Do persuade her to come with you."

"Excuse me, but I always leave Miss Thelluson to decide for herself."

The cold voice, the indifferent manner, though she knew both were advisable and inevitable, smote Hannah to the core. That bitter position of love and no love, ties and no ties, seemed to degrade her almost as if she had been really the vile thing that some people thought her.

"Mr. Rivers is right," she said; "I must decide for myself. You wished my visits to you to cease; I acquiesced. It will not be quite so easy to resume them. As Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law and housekeeper I shall always be happy to see you in his house; but I fear you must excuse my coming to yours. Let us dismiss the subject. Shall I offer you a cup of tea?"

Her manner, gentle as it was, implied a resolution strong enough to surprise even Bernard. For Lady Rivers, she colored, even beneath her delicate rouge; but she was too prudent to take offense.

"Thank you. Your tea, as I said, is always excellent; and perhaps when we have more attractions to offer you we may yet see you at the Moat House. In the mean time I hope, Bernard, that Miss Thelluson's absence will not necessitate yours?"

And she looked hard at him, determined to find out how he felt in the matter, and to penetrate, if possible, the exact relations between the two.

It was a critical moment. Most men—even the best of them—are, morally, very great cowards, and Bernard was no exception to the rule. Besides, Hannah was not his wife or his betrothed; she had not even called herself his friend; she had given him no rights over her, asked no protection from him. What could he do or say? Irresolute, he looked from one to the other, excessively uncomfortable, when Hannah came to the rescue.

"Of course my brother-in-law will go without me: we are quite independent in our proceedings. And he will explain to Lady Dunsmore—the utmost it is necessary to explain, as I never talk of my private affairs to any body—that I do not pay many visits. I had rather stay at home with my little girl. That will be perfectly true," she added, her lips slightly quivering. "I prefer Rosie's company to any body's. She loves me."

Bernard started up, and then, fearful of having committed himself, sat down again. Lady Rivers, though evidently vexed, was equal to the situation, and met it with a dignified indifference.

"Pray please yourself, Miss Thelluson; no doubt you act upon your own good reasons. You are, I always understood, a lady who never changes her mind; but if you should do so, we shall be glad to see you." And then she passed over the matter, as too trivial to bear further discussion, and conversed in the most amiable man-

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ner for another half hour. Finally, with a benign "Good-evening, Miss Thelluson; I am sure Lady Dunsmore will be much disappointed at not seeing you," she terminated the visit as if it had been any ordinary call.

Hannah was not surprised. It was the fashion of the Rivers family not to see any thing they did not wish to see. The only thing that vexed her was about Bernard. He had said nothing—absolutely nothing—except telling her, when he took his hat to accompany his step-mother home, that he would be back immediately. Was he displeased with her? Did he think she had acted ill? Had she done so? Was it her duty to submit to every thing for his sake? Surely not. He had no right to expect it. Was it because she loved him that she felt so bitterly angry with him?

Yet when, sooner than she had expected, he returned, and threw himself into his chair, pale and dejected, like a man tied and bound by fate, who sees no way to free himself, the anger melted, the pity revived. He too suffered—they suffered alike. Why should they reproach one another?

"So you have had your way, Hannah." Yes, there was reproach in the tone. "Are you quite sure you were right in what you have done?"

"Quite sure; at least, that unless I were some other than myself, I could not have done differently."

And then they sat silent, in stiff coldness, until the last ray of amber twilight had faded out of the room. What a pretty room it was!—just the place to be happy in; for friends or lovers, or husband and wife, to sit and dream together in the quiet gloaming, which all happy people love—which is so dreadful to the restless or the miserable.

"We should have rung for lights," said Bernard, pulling violently at the bell. "You know I hate the dark."

And when lights came they saw one another's faces—his burning crimson, hers pale and in tears.

"Oh, Hannah, Hannah, how miserable we are! As I said, if this goes on much longer, how shall we bear it?"

"I do not know." Then, steeling herself against both anger and pain, "Bernard," she said, "what did you wish me to do? Your family have no claim upon me, nor I upon them. We are, as things stand, mere strangers. Are they to throw me off and pick me up again when and how they choose? Am I to submit to it?"

"I did not ask you."

"No, but you looked it. You would have liked me to go to the Moat House."

"Yes. I wish you to be friends with them. I want them to love you."

"They do not love me; they only receive me on sufferance, and I will go nowhere on sufferance. I can live alone. I want no society; but where I do go I want to be loved, I want to be respected. Oh, Bernard!" and she looked piteously in his face, "sometimes I am tempted to say, with you, if this lasts long, how shall I ever bear it?"

"How shall I bear it? It is harder for me than you."

"Perhaps. But you forget it was your doing, not mine."

And then both drew back, appalled at the sharpness of their words—at the bitterness of these mutual recriminations.

Bernard held out his hand. "Forgive me. You are right. It was I who brought all this trouble upon you, and now I have not strength to meet it—either for you or for myself. I am so miserable that it makes me wicked. Something must be done. What shall it be?"

"What, indeed?"

"Hannah, decide. Don't look at me in that dead silence. Speak out, for I can bear it no longer. Shall we part? Or—will you marry me at once?"

He could have hardly known what he was saying, or else, in his despair, any thing seemed possible to him. Not to her. She was very gentle. She did not even draw away her hands which he had grasped: she scarcely seemed to recognize the insult he was unwittingly offering her. She only answered, sorrowfully, yet without the slightest indecision, "We will part."

Three little words—but they brought Bernard to his senses immediately. He fell on his knees before her, and passionately begged her forgiveness.

"But you do not know what I suffer. Inwardly, outwardly—life is one long torment. At the Moat House I have no peace. They talk at me—and at you; they try every means of worming out my secret from me. But they shall not. I will hide it at all costs. People may guess what they like, but we are safe so long as they know nothing. God help me! I talk as if we were committing a deadly sin, when my love of you is the best thing—the only good thing in me." He looked up at Hannah, and ground his teeth. "It is an accursed law," he said; "a law made only for fools or sinners; and yet it may suffice to blast both our lives."

"No," Hannah answered, "nothing could do that—except ourselves."

"A commonplace truth!" and Bernard laughed bitterly.

"It is God's truth, though; His right and wrong are much simpler than man's."

"What is right and what is wrong? for I am growing so mad I hardly know. Show me—preach to me: I used to tell you you could preach better than the clergyman. Only love me, Hannah—if there is any love in that pale, pure face of yours. Sometimes I think there is none."

"None—oh, Bernard, none?"

For a minute she stooped over him; for a minute he felt that she had not a stone for a heart. And then the strong, firm, righteous will of the woman who, however deeply loving, could die, but would not do wrong, forced itself upon him, lulling passion itself into a temporary calm. He leaned his head against her; he sobbed upon her arm like a child; and she soothed him almost as if he had been a child.

"Listen to me," she said. "We must endure—there is no help for it. It is a cruel, unjust law, but it is the law, and while it exists we can not break it. I could not twist my conscience in any possible way so as to persuade myself to break it. No form of marriage could ever make me legally your wife."

"Not in England. Out of England it could."

"But then—as soon as we came back to England, what should I be? And if, in the years to come— Oh Bernard, it is impossible, impossible."

She said no more than that—how could she? But she felt it so intensely that, had it been necessary, she would have smothered down all natural shame, and said out to him—as solemnly as if it had been a vow before God—her determination never, for any personal happiness of her own, to entail upon innocent children the curse of a tainted name.

"I understand," Bernard replied, humbly. "Forgive me; I ought never to have said a word about our marrying. It must not be. I must go on my way alone to the end."

"Not quite alone—oh, not quite alone."

But, as if more afraid of her tenderness than of her coldness, Bernard rose, and began walking about the room.

"You must decide—as I said; for my own judgment altogether fails me. We can not go on living as we do: some change must be thought of; but I can not tell what it should be."

"Why need it be?" said Hannah, timidly. "Can we not continue as we are?"

"No." A fierce, abrupt, undeniable No.

"Then—I had better go away." He looked so terrified that she hastily added, "Only for a time, of course; till the bitterness between you and your people softens; till we can see our way a little. It must be made plain to us some day; I believe it always is to those who have innocent hearts."

And as she sat, her hands folded on her lap, pale and sad as she looked, there was such a sweet composure in her aspect that Bernard stopped and gazed—gazed till the peace was reflected on his own.

"You are a saint, and I am—only a man; a very wretched man sometimes. Think for me—tell me what I ought to do."

Hannah paused a little, and then suggested that he should, for a few weeks or so, part with Rosie and herself, and let them go, as Lady Dunsmore had earnestly wished, to pay her a visit in London.

"Did she say so?" said Bernard, with sensitive fear. "Do you think she said it with any meaning—that she has any idea concerning us?"

"You need not be afraid even if she had," was the rather proud answer. Alas! how quick they were growing to take offense, even at one another. Yes, it was best to part. "I mean," Hannah added, "that, even if she guessed any thing, it would not signify. I shall confess nothing; and I have often heard her say that a secret accidentally discovered ought to be held just as if it had never been discovered at all. Be satisfied—neither Lady Dunsmore nor I shall betray you, even to one another."

And for a moment Hannah thought with comfort that this good woman was her friend—had grown more and more such as absence discovered to both their mutual worth. It would be a relief after the long strain to rest upon this genial feminine companionship—this warm and kindly heart.

"She will treat me like a friend, too—not like her old governess, if you are uneasy about that. Or, if you like it better, I shall be received less as poor Hannah Thelluson than as Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law and Rosie's aunt. I am to go about with her every where—she made me quite understand that. A strange, changed life for me; but my life is all so strange."

And Hannah sighed. She felt as if she had let her oars go, and were drifted about involuntarily, she knew not whither, hardly caring whether she should ever touch land; and if she did, whether it would be as a living woman or a creature so broken down and battered that she could neither enjoy nor suffer any more. Who could tell? Fate must decide.

Mr. Rivers listened to her silently, but full of thought—thoughts which, perhaps she could not have followed had she tried. He was a very good man, but he was also a man of the world; he would not have been a Rivers else. He saw at once the advantage of Lady Dunsmore's countenance—not merely because she happened to be a marquis's daughter and an earl's wife, but because in any society she was the sort of person whose friendship was valued and valuable. Was it human nature, or only masculine nature, that, dearly as he loved Hannah, Bernard unconsciously prized her the more because she was prized by such a woman as the Countess of Dunsmore?

"Go, then," he said. "I will not hinder you. Pay your visit; you will be happy; and it will in many ways be a good thing." Then with a nervous eagerness that, in spite of her reason, pained Hannah acutely, "When does she want you? How soon can you start?"

"Any day, since you are so glad to get rid of me."

"Oh, Hannah!"

They stood side by side, these two lovers, between whom was a barrier slight and invisible as glass, yet as impossible to be broken through without sore danger and pain. They could not break it; they dared not.

"Things are hard for us—very hard," said Bernard, almost in a groan. "We shall be better apart, at least for a time. I meant to have gone away myself to-morrow; but if you will go instead—"

"I can not to-morrow. I will as soon as I can."

"Thank you."

She did not sob, though her throat was choking; she only prayed. Dimly she understood what he was suffering; but she knew he suffered very much. She knew, too, that however strangely it came out, in bitterness, anger, neglect, still the love was there, burning with the intensity of a smothered fire—all the more for being suppressed. The strength which one, at least, of them must have, she only cried to Heaven for—and gained.

"Good-by," she said; "for we shall not talk thus together again. It is better not."

"I know it is. But you love me: I need not doubt that?"

"Yes, I love you," she whispered. "Whatever happens, remember that; and oh! keep me in your heart till death."

"I will," he said; and snatching her close, held her there, tight and fast. For one minute only; then letting her go, he bade her once more "Good-night and good-by," and went away.

Three days after, Miss Thelluson, the child, and the nurse started for London together, Mr. Rivers himself seeing them off from the railway.

Rosie was in an ecstasy of delight—to be "going in a puff-puff with Tannie" being to the little maid the crown of all human felicity. She kept pulling at her papa's hand, and telling him over and over again of her bliss; and every time he stopped and listened, but scarcely answered a word. Grace, too, looked glad to go. Easterham, with James Dixon still hovering about, was a cruel place for her to live in. Hannah only looked grave and pale; but she smiled whenever her little girl smiled; and to the one or two persons who spoke to her at the railway station, where, of course, they were known to every body, she spoke also in her usual gentle way.

Only when Mr. Rivers kissed Rosie, saying, "Papa will miss his little girl," and then turning, shook hands with her silently, Hannah grew deadly pale for a minute. That was all. The train moved off, and she saw him walking back, solitary, to his empty house.

Life has many anguishes; but perhaps the sharpest of all is an anguish of which nobody knows.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE prospective visit of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil to this country awakens special interest in details concerning Brazil itself. It is an empire of modern date, having become an independent state in 1822, during the reign of Dom Pedro I., father of the present Emperor. The Brazilian royal family descends in the direct male line from the house of Braganza, the female line of which is now ruling over Portugal. The royal family of Portugal took refuge in Brazil in 1807, and in 1815 the "colony" was elevated to the rank of a kingdom. On the return of the Portuguese court to Europe in 1821, a national congress assembled at Rio de Janeiro, and on May 13, 1822, chose Dom Pedro, eldest son of King John VI. of Portugal, as "Perpetual Protector" of Brazil. This protectorship was changed into empire in September of the same year. Dom Pedro having become unpopular during the latter years of his reign, abdicated his throne in 1831 in favor of his only son, then a child five years old. During his boyhood the empire was racked with civil wars, but on his majority being proclaimed, at the age of fifteen, a period of peace and prosperity commenced for Brazil. The young sovereign showed wonderful prudence and ability; and maturer years have proved Dom Pedro II. to be a monarch of enlightened mind, cultivated and progressive. He has been unsparing in his efforts to raise his country to a high and hopeful condition. Slavery still exists in Brazil, but its days are probably numbered; and a government measure is now under consideration by the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies which has for its object the gradual emancipation of slaves and the compensation of masters.

Ocean Foam is the very appropriate name of a Cape May newspaper. Whether certain Illinois journals which display the startling cognomens of *Hawk's Eye*, *Owl's Call*, and *Turkey Wing* are equally felicitous we will not venture to say.

A curiosity of the last century is on exhibition at a New York drug store—namely, a check drawn by Aaron Burr on the Bank of New York in 1792.

In consequence of the urgent entreaty of the Crown Princess Victoria, the Emperor William has determined to appoint the widows of the soldiers slain in the late war against France to all vacancies in the public libraries.

A collection was recently taken up in a Presbyterian church at Philadelphia for the novel object of purchasing a horse for an ill-paid missionary in Iowa, who, now that he is to be mounted, will be able to do twice as much work as before.

The little girls will thank Mrs. Craik—better known as Miss Mulock—for giving them such a charming volume as "Little Sunshine's Holiday." Written in a style at once simple and beautiful, and represented to be the truthful experience of a little girl taken to enjoy a holiday trip, the little folks will find it peculiarly attractive. This is the first of a series of volumes, to be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, which Mrs. Craik has undertaken to prepare for girls of all ages. No one could be better fitted for such a task; and from her preface we perceive she has entered upon it with genuine interest. In closing, she says: "I was once a girl myself, and I have a little girl of my own. I think that both mothers and girls may trust me that I will do my best."

The public thoroughfares of this city seem to grow more and more unsafe. A few days ago a lady applied for surgical treatment for a wound received under the following mysterious circumstances. She was passing the corner of Grand and Lewis streets on her way to the Williamsburg ferry, when she heard a report like that of a pistol, and felt something strike her dress. She was not at the time aware of being wounded, but while on board the ferry-boat discovered that she had been hurt and was losing blood. On probing the wound the surgeon found that a bullet had passed through her thigh, narrowly escaping the femoral artery. The young lady disavowed all knowledge of the cause of the shooting.

A new list of abbreviations should be added to the spelling-books. A package marked "1 box Tom Cats," recently received by a Cleveland merchant, was discovered to mean a box of tomato catsup; but all merchants might not have been investigating enough to find out this fact.

The *Evening Mail* regards it as the most astonishing event since the discovery of America, and a sure sign that the millennium is at hand, that our local Jehus have formed a Low Fare Association, agreeing not to charge more than fifty cents for a single passenger and trunk to any part of the city. It will indeed be amazing if one can trust to such an agreement being faithfully fulfilled. Time will show.

A new version of "Enoch Arden" has appeared in Freeport, Long Island. Twenty-seven years ago a young man married a belle of that village. As the newly wedded pair had the good wishes of the entire community, the wedding-day was made a half-holiday by the simple villagers. The young husband followed the sea for a livelihood, but he did not prosper, and finally, when the gold fever broke out, he sought the new El Dorado. His wife was yet young, and with his two children struggled on. A few letters were at first received, but soon they failed to arrive, and his wife gave him up for lost. A short time ago Freeport had a genuine sensation in the arrival of the long-lost one; but it brought sadness to the heart of his once wife, for she had found a new husband and a father for her children. The husband, however, found no fault, and accrediting the unpleasantness to his own unmanliness, instead of recriminations, settled a considerable fortune on his two children, and suddenly left the neighborhood.

Pistols and candles do not always agree. A Tennessee youth went to bed leaving a burning candle and a loaded pistol on the table. The dripping sperm set fire to the table, the table ignited the pistol, the barrels began to explode, and when the young man awoke he was nearly burned, smothered, and shot to death. His pillow received the balls and saved his head.

Report says that the Empress Eugénie is in treaty for the sale of her diamonds, which are valued at £320,000.

The galleries of the Louvre have been reopened to the public on Sunday.

We recommend the people in the far-famed "South of France" to migrate hither. Great cold prevails there. The inhabitants are shivering. Our July weather would remove that difficulty very speedily.

The Princess Royal of Prussia is said to be engaged on a work entitled "Female Labor in Germany," the object of which is the enlightenment of the British public with regard to the resources of female workers in her adopted country, and the suggestion of the same domestic activity among the women and girls of the working classes in England. Her Royal Highness has made herself highly popular in Berlin by her attention to the education of the poor.

The Paris *Figaro* estimates the value of the building materials alone, in the public edifices and other property destroyed in Paris, at fifty-two million dollars. This, of course, makes no allowance for artistic value and historical association. An army of a hundred thousand men must be employed for five years to replace the lost structures. The *Figaro* says of the men who have wrought this destruction: "The Tyrtæuses of the revolutionary Commune have declared a hundred times that they would triumph or be buried under the ruins of Paris. They have but half kept their word. They left their disciples, their admirers, their fanatics, to be buried, while, far from seeking a death in which there would have been some degree of grandeur, they themselves took advantage of the tumult caused by the conflagration to steal away in all sorts of disguises from danger and punishment. Yet men can be found to plead extenuating circumstances in their favor, and to talk of indulgence, amnesty, and pardon. But if the sight of the smoking ruins were not enough to put away all idea of clemency, we need only think of the men in whose hands the ringleaders put the incendiary torch, and who have perished, crushed by the ruins or shot in platoons along the crumbling walls. What was only just for the obscure accomplices can not be too much for the real authors of the crimes. Future indulgence would imply the condemnation of past severity, and would be giving encouragement to future criminals."

The deaths from small-pox in London are reported to be over two hundred a week. Familiarity has, to a great extent, brought about its proverbial result—contempt for danger: so say local papers.

About twenty stores have been opened on Bellevue Avenue, Newport, just for the gay season. The merchants are mostly from out of town. Bellevue Avenue, with its macadamized road and fine villas, is one of the most pleasant drives in the country. The avenue proper is two miles in length, and the extension, built three years ago, is nine miles long. A more splendid ocean drive can scarcely be found.

An exchange asserts that the white-looking, cheap sponges sold on the streets are dangerous to health; that in many cases they have done service at hospitals in contagious diseases, and that the cleansing process has only been partial. The chlorine used in cleaning them gives the attractive white appearance; but dark sponges are safer and stronger.

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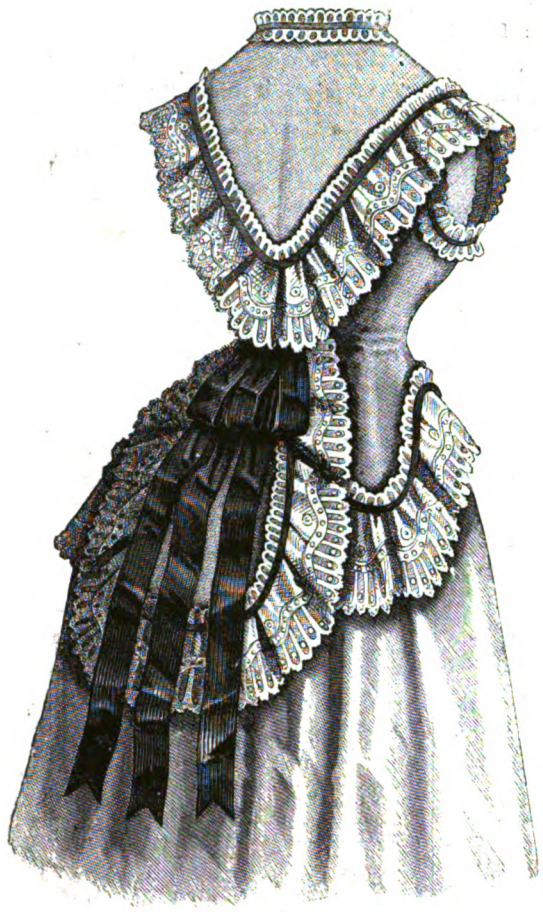
Crochet Shawl worn as a Summer Hood.

THE shawl from which this hood is arranged is crocheted with fine white split zephyr worsted in the design shown by the illustration on page 468, and is edged with a ruffle worked in a similar manner, and also with bows of pink silk ribbon an inch and a half wide, as shown by the illustration. The foundation of the shawl is thirty-two inches square. Begin with a foundation thirty-two inches long, and on this crochet as many rounds in the design shown by the illustration on page 468 until the foundation is as long as it is broad. For the ruffle on the edge make a foundation which must be longer by one-half than the circumference of the foundation. On this foundation work 30 rounds in the foundation design, and on the stitches of the last round work the following edging: 1st round of lace.—Slip stitches up to the next 4 ch. (chain stitch) of the last round, * 9 ch., and, going backward, one single crochet on the 8th of the 9 ch. (thus passing over the 9th ch.), three times alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) each on the second following ch., then 1 ch.; pass over the next 4 st. (stitch) of the preceding round with the point thus formed, 10 slip stitches on the following 10 st., and repeat from *. 2d round.—1 dc. on the first slip stitch of the preceding round, 1 dc. on the second of the next ch.; these two dc. are not each worked off separately, but together; * then 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following ch. of the point (this is the same ch. on whose other vein 1 dc. has already been worked), 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following ch. of the point, 1 ch., 2 dc. divided by 1 ch. on the st. at the extremity of the point, 3 ch., 2 dc. divided by 1 ch. on the same st. on which the preceding 2 dc. have been worked; now, going forward at the other side of the point, 1 ch., and twice alternately 1 dc. each on the following dc. of the point, 1 ch., then 1 dc.; this, however, is not worked off alone, but together with the following dc., which must be worked on the fourth of the ten slip stitches of the preceding round; 1 ch., 1 dc. on the third following slip stitch of the preceding round, 1 dc. on the second of the 9 ch. of the following point; the 2 dc. last worked are not worked off each separately, but together. Repeat from *. Work similar edging on the foundation stitches at the other side of the strip. Gather the strip, at a distance of an inch from one side, to fit the size of the shawl, and set on the ruffle thus formed; the ruffle must be gathered more closely at the corners of the shawl. The shawl thus completed is now doubled, so that it forms a triangle, with the lower half projecting four-fifths of an inch beyond the upper one, then lay the front edge (the fold) of the shawl over on the right side about two inches wide, and arrange the shawl at the middle at a distance of nine inches and three-quarters from the front edge, in a box-pleat two inches wide. Turn the back corner (double layer of the shawl) over on the outside, so that the point of the ruffle overlaps the front edge of the shawl, as shown by the illustration. Lay the corners, which are folded on the outside, in a pleat, so that the ruffles meet, and trim the hood thus arranged with pink bows as shown by the illustration. The head-dress thus formed is extremely becoming, somewhat resembling a Mary Stuart cap, and will be found very convenient, especially at the sea-side.



SWISS MUSLIN FICHU WITH LACE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3-6.

EMBROIDERED GRENADINE BLOUSE-WAIST.
[See illustration, page 468.]
For pattern see description in Supplement.

CROCHET SHAWL WORN AS A SUMMER HOOD.
[See illustration, page 468.]

SWISS MUSLIN FICHU WITH RIBBON TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. I., Figs. 1a, 1b, and 2.

GRENADINE BLOUSE-WAIST WITH CHENILLE EMBROIDERY.
[See illustration, page 468.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 7-9.

FIGURED LACE JACKET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 51-54.

FIGURED LACE BLOUSE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 10.

PRECIOUS STONES.

SHAKSPEARE, in his celebrated lines on Anne Hathaway, enumerates the "Orient list"—

"The diamond, topaz, amethyste,
The emerald mild, the ruby gaye"—

and to these must be added the sapphire. With the exception of the diamond, these gems are known by the name of corundum stones, and are also, with that exception, the hardest among the mineral products of nature.

As the diamond is pure crystallized carbon, so the corundum stones are pure crystallized clay. The green, violet, and yellow corundum stones are distinguished as the Oriental emerald, amethyst, and topaz, the true emerald, amethyst, and topaz being distinct minerals. Adamantine spar is a common kind of corundum; and emery, so extensively used in polishing glass and other fine surfaces, is of the same nature.

All the corundum stones are found in greatest abundance in Asia, hence the epithet *Orient* gems. The finest rubies are still procured from India, though others of an inferior kind are found in Bohemia. Many rubies, rudely cut and imperfectly polished, are seen in antique jewelry. Though they occur set as rings, they are seldom engraved, owing to the excessively hard nature of the stone. The ruby or carbuncle figures extensively both in Oriental romance and medieval superstition. It was supposed to give light in the dark, and in the time of the learned Camillus Leonardus—physician to Cæsar Borgia—was endowed in the popular belief with many wonderful virtues. It was an antidote to poison; and if the wearer were threatened with misfortune the stone lost its crimson glow, and

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turned dark; when the evil was passed or averted, it resumed its pristine color.

Pale sapphires may be rendered entirely colorless by exposure to intense heat; they thus also acquire great brilliancy, and are sometimes passed off as diamonds. There are several intaglios engraved on these white sapphires that were at one time believed to be on the more precious gem. The sapphire, as well as the ruby, was formerly considered as an antidote to poison, and a preservative against infection. Dioscorides says that the sapphire, inclosed in a box with a spider, "kills her suddenly, such is his power over her poison." According to Solinus, "this is the gem that feels the air and sympathizes with the heavens, and does not shine equally if the sky be cloudy or bright."

DRESS WITH PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 18–25.

The true emerald, instead of being pure clay like the corundum stones, has a mixture of flint and glucine, besides small portions of iron and lime. According to some chemists, its beautiful grass-green color is attributable to the oxide of chrome; others refer it to the carburet of hydrogen, similar to the chlorophyle, which is the coloring matter in leaves of plants.

APRON FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

No other gem is so liable to flaws and defects as the emerald; even the smallest Peruvian stone scarcely escapes one flaw, if not more. This is so much the case that a perfect specimen is looked upon with suspicion, for no gem has been more thoroughly imitated.—This liability to defect renders emeralds extremely various in price.

The Orientals have a great veneration for the emerald to this day; they believe that it has the power of endowing the wearer with courage, and of averting the plague. By the ancients it was supposed to be beneficial to the eyesight. Nero is said to have watched the gladiatorial combats by means of their reflection in an emerald. Theophrastus mentions the custom of wearing an emerald set in a ring, and refers it to the idea that occasionally casting the eyes upon it was refreshing to the sight; and ancient gem engravers were in the habit of keeping one of these stones by them, to turn to when their eyes were strained by the minuteness of their work.

If a large emerald be held so as to reflect the light, it will appear as if it were silvered at the back; and its plane being brought to a particular angle with the ray of light, its green disappears, and it precisely resembles a fragment of looking-glass. It is the only gem susceptible of this change.

On the conquest of Peru the Spaniards obtained possession of an immense emerald, something of the shape and nearly the size of an ostrich egg. This was supposed by the Peruvians to be the abode of the goddess Esmeralda. The priests persuaded the people that no offerings were so acceptable to this goddess as her own children, and on holy-days quantities of emeralds were brought into the temple by her worshipers. It is said that the Spaniards found many hundred-weight of these jewels. Cortéz presented one hundred-weight to the king; and when he married, among other valuable gifts to his bride were emeralds cut into various forms; one of these, carved as a rose, so much excited the envy of the queen as to cause the imprudent Cortéz to lose his favor at court.

Fig. 2.—PIQUÉ WALKING COAT FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

Fig. 1.—PIQUÉ WALKING COAT FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 11–17.

PIQUÉ DRESS WITH SACQUE FOR BOY FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 26–29.

The topaz is harder than the emerald, and in this respect ranks next to the sapphire. It consists of about one-half clay, one-third flint, and the remainder fluoric acid. The topaz varies in tint from pale yellow to orange. The yellow topaz, by burning, may be changed into an agreeable pinkish hue, and is in this state much admired. Some of the topaz stones found in Brazil are white; these, when polished, are almost as brilliant as white sapphire, and receive the name of *nova minas*, or nova mina diamonds.

A few blue topazes have been found as beautiful in color as the sapphire, only not so hard. The true topaz is found in Brazil, and in Bohemia, Saxony, and other parts of Germany. It was believed by the ancients to have the same property as the ruby, that of giving light in the dark, and was thought to lose its color in the presence of poison.

The amethyst is the least hard among those stones properly termed jewels. It is crystallized flint, its beautiful violet color being due to the presence of iron and manganese. The Oriental amethyst is extremely rare; previous to the French revolution, Monsieur D'Augny, a wealthy financier, was the only private person known to possess a specimen. The real amethyst resembles the Oriental gem, or violet corundum stone, only in color. It is frequently found in masses, some large enough to allow of drinking cups being carved out of the solid piece. These cups were believed, both in ancient times and in the Middle Ages, to counteract the intoxicating power of the wine. The amethyst was also thought to dispel sleep and sharpen the intellect. A fine, clear,

APRON FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30 and 31.

GRENADINE SUIT WITH OVER DRESS.

[See illustration on page 468.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 39–43.

BRAIDED CASHMERE MANTELET.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 44 and 45.

GAUZE GRENADINE SUIT WITH CHENILLE EMBROIDERY.

For description see Supplement.

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deep-colored amethyst is the proper stone for a bishop's ring. The amethyst is a favorite stone with engravers; intaglios of all ages are found carved in this gem. Even Egyptian and Etruscan scarabei in amethyst are not uncommon. The most precious set of amethysts in existence is a necklace that belonged to Queen Charlotte; it is valued at £2000. According to strict etiquette, this is the only precious stone it is allowable to wear while in mourning.

MY LOVE.

I WONDER does she recall
The night when first I met her:
I was standing there in the hall,
Thinking 'twould be much better
To go and smoke a cigar
In my own little rooms close by
Than to stand and gaze afar
On the big rooms I couldn't get nigh.

Tenderly some, some gravely,
Were chatting in groups and pairs,
While she and her mother bravely
Were struggling to get up stairs.
She turned, and I saw her face—
Only an instant she turned—
And I fell that instant from grace,
And forgot all that I had learned.

I wonder did she remark
Me standing there as she passed,
Or know that into the dark
A ray from her eye had passed?
We were not so far asunder
As she passed along the hall—
What a fool I must be to wonder!
She never saw me at all.

MY FIRST DINNER-PARTY.

"MABEL," said my aunt to me as I sat at my work in the bay-window, ever and anon letting it drop idly in my lap to gaze out at the beautiful carriages and gayly dressed people that passed to and fro beneath my eyes—"Mabel, my cold is really too bad to allow of my going to Mrs. Dalton's to-night, so I have written her a note to say you will take my place, in case she should not know of any other substitute. It would never do to have an empty chair at a dinner-party, and it would be but a poor compliment to ask any one as late as the same day."

"But, aunt, I have no fit dress to wear; and, besides, I shouldn't know how to behave. I have never been at a dinner-party in my life."

"All the more reason you should not let slip so unusual a chance," said my aunt, authoritatively. "It is one of the privileges of your visit to me that you get a glimpse at least of society."

Now my aunt thought a great deal of society, and of her place in it, and, I believe, considered that the dreary months I spent with her at Britson were quite repaid by the advantages to be derived from her reflected glory. As, however, I left a cheerful home in the country and young brothers and sisters for the grand but unhomelike apartments of my formidable aunt at Britson, I am afraid I did not look upon my advantages in the right light.

But I was a poor clergyman's daughter, and consequently, it is hardly necessary to add, one of a numerous family—I being the eldest of the thirteen. For this reason, I suppose, I had always been the one selected to go and stay with Aunt Neville whenever a peremptory summons had come to my mother (her niece) to send one of the children to her. We all—mother included—stood in some awe of Aunt Neville; she had such a commanding presence, dressed so handsomely, and moved in such high circles—compared, that is, with our very limited one. She was apt to be somewhat imperious too, when thwarted, though most kind and genial in a general way. No wonder, with her warm heart and open-handed hospitality, she was a universal favorite. Her very peculiarities, her hot partisanship, her strong prejudices and hearty likes and dislikes, all added, I think, to her popularity.

As for myself, I both loved and feared her, but could not throw off the feeling of restraint and shyness which continually harassed me in her company, especially when any of her numerous visitors were present. I was not "come out," being barely seventeen, and was, therefore, treated as a child on all occasions of ceremony, never appearing at my aunt's table when she had friends with her, and usually left in the carriage when I went with her making calls. Thus it was no wonder that this sudden idea of going alone to a dinner-party nearly took away my breath. But my aunt was not to be withstood when she spoke in that authoritative tone. The most I could do was to repeat my first objection, namely, the want of a dress.

"Nonsense, child!" said my aunt. "Summers shall see to that. A muslin frock can be soon got ready, and I will lend you my necklace and chaplet of pearls. But mind you are ready punctually at a quarter to seven. I shall order a cab for you; it is not worth while to take out the horses for so short a distance."

"Where does Mrs. Dalton live?" I asked.

"Let me see," replied my aunt; "the address must be on her note. She is an old friend of mine, but has only lately come to Britson, so that I have not found her out yet. Ah! here in good time comes her reply. I will let you keep the address."

So saying, she glanced over the note given her, and then handed it to me. I grasped it eagerly, as a criminal might a queen's pardon. Surely it would contain a release. But no; it ran as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. NEVILLE,—Though deeply grieved to lose so valuable an addition to our party as yourself, we shall be very pleased to see your young niece, and only wish you could both come to us. We shall be almost entirely a family gathering; therefore she need not fear a formal dinner-party. I subjoin my address, as there are other Daltons living also in Cumberland Street, who do not belong at all to us. Bid your niece, therefore, be particular as to the number. Yours sincerely, EMILY DALTON."

The note was so kind and friendly that I felt somewhat relieved, and listened attentively to a long story my aunt had to tell me about her friends.

"Mrs. Dalton is a sweet woman, who has been sorely tried," she said. "Her husband is dead, and her eldest son—a fine, handsome fellow—had a sun-stroke when he was with his regiment in India, and has never been the same since. I don't mean that he is mad; but at times he is very peculiar, and has to be humored in his queer fancies. He will probably dine with you; so I tell you this that you may not appear surprised at any thing he may say or do."

Dear me! here was another and quite unexpected cause of fear. Not fear of any harm to myself, but a great dread lest I should not acquit myself properly under these trying circumstances. A first dinner-party in itself was bad enough, but going all alone, and to a house where one must be continually on the watch not to offend by word or look the peculiarities of a sun-stricken host, or the feelings of a sensitive mother, was overwhelming. However, there was no help for it, my aunt's anger being still more to be dreaded than even this ordeal.

By a quarter to seven, precisely, I came into my aunt's apartment for approval and last directions.

"Yes, Mabel, you look very well indeed. Your features are good, your hair glossy, your eyes a good color, and your dress in excellent taste; it wants but the indescribable air and bearing acquired by mingling in good society to make you a very passable young lady. But pray hold up your head when you enter the room, and speak out bravely when you are spoken to. And, above all things, remember what I told you of the son, and don't lose the paper with the number of the house."

Nervously I fumbled in my pocket to ascertain with renewed certainty that the note which I had just put there had not taken to itself wings and flown away. I had repeated the number of the house to myself at least twenty times, but at the last moment had snatched Mrs. Dalton's letter, as I thought, from my dressing-table, lest by any unforeseen accident my memory might prove treacherous.

The cab was at the door, and I in it the next moment, whirling away past brilliant shop windows and grand mansions ablaze with light, till I felt bewildered with the dazzling splendor of Britson by gas-light, and by the novelty of my present position.

My thoughts went back to my country home and our few Christmas parties there, when Willie and Fred and Kitty and I would be bundled up in warm wraps, and drive off in father's old-fashioned four-wheel through dark lanes to the house of a neighboring clergyman, or to the next town, where some of our young friends lived. I recollected how mischievous Willie had tormented us on more than one occasion by pulling up suddenly our jog-trot steed, and suggesting that it was the wrong day, or that we had come to the wrong house. Surely my evil genius led my thoughts into this train, for suddenly a panic took me. I tried in vain to remember whether 18 or 8 was the number of Mrs. Dalton's—*my* Mrs. Dalton's—abode. With trembling fingers I drew the note from my pocket. At this juncture the driver pulled up.

"Cumberland Street, miss; what number, please?"

How I applauded myself for my forethought in bringing the letter! Otherwise I had been utterly lost. The note was in my hand, the gaslight was as bright as day, but the letters seemed to swim before my eyes, as—horror of horrors!—I recognized Kitty's school-girl scrawl in the place of Mrs. Dalton's elegant handwriting. I had carelessly left her note, too, on my table that morning, and in my hurry had seized the wrong one.

"What number did you say, miss?" The cabman was at the door, impatient to be quit of his charge.

"I—I don't know," I stammered.

"Be you only out for a drive, then?" suggested the man, with a grin, which made me shiver, and determine not to be laughed at by him at any rate.

"I wish to be set down at Mrs. Dalton's," I said, "but am not sure of the number; it is 18 or 8, I think."

The man rubbed his forehead as he said, "Mrs. Dalton? I guess I know her house; 'tain't 18 nor 8, but 28."

"But there are two Mrs. Daltons," I urged; "and I am almost sure it is one of those numbers."

"Well, we've passed 8, and I know it ain't that house, 'cause Dr. Bethamy hangs out there; but we'll try 18 if you like, my lady, and if that ain't right, you just trust to me."

I had begun to think the man very impertinent before, but seeing my real distress, I suppose, his tone had been kind as he ended his remark, and I was fain to look upon him as a friend, and take his advice. A grand powdered footman answered the door at No. 18. Mrs. Dalton did *not* live there; the only lady of that name he knew of resided at No. 28, and had a dinner-party to-night, he knew, as his master was going. This information, elicited by my loquacious driver from the stiff footman, seemed decisive. I told the man to drive on and deposit me at No. 28.

Yes, Mrs. Dalton resided there. The two grand footmen looked askance at my homely driver and conveyance, but, on my alighting in evening attire, duly admitted me into a brilliantly lighted hall. Thence an elderly lady, as she seemed to me, conducted me up the broad staircase to a spacious boudoir, where a bright fire burned. I should certainly have taken this lady, in her rustling black silk and distinguished coiffure, for my hostess had she not addressed me thus as she ushered me into the comfortable apartment:

"My mistress will be so pleased to hear you are come, Miss Mabel; she was afraid you would not arrive in time. But, perhaps, as you are rather early, you will excuse her not being quite ready to receive you, and will make yourself comfortable here while I take her the good news."

I signified my glad assent. I would willingly have remained where I was all night.

I ensconced myself in a delicious arm-chair, rested my feet on the polished fender, and began to ponder my situation. There were two things that struck me as rather odd. First, that I should be greeted by my proper name in a house totally strange to me; second, that my hostess should have had such fears of my not being in time. Very probably my aunt had spoken of me as "Mabel" in her note, which would explain the first mystery; but surely she would not have been so unkind as to betray to a stranger my failing of unpunctuality, against which she herself was very irate.

I had plenty of time for my surmises, till at length, getting tired of them, I turned to a bookcase by my side, and, taking down the nearest volume, was quickly buried in "Jane Eyre." We never read novels at home—not that we were forbidden, but that we were utterly out of the way of them—therefore it is no wonder that, with such an introduction to the land of romance, I was completely spell-bound, and had forgotten entirely where I was or what was before me, till suddenly aroused by the silver tones of the clock on the mantel-piece striking eight, and at the same moment by the turning of the handle of the door and the entrance of the grandest lady I had ever seen.

On she came toward me, in her trailing black velvet robe, glittering with diamonds, and I shrank back farther into my arm-chair, feeling all power to speak or move taken from me by this splendid apparition. A very handsome woman she was—I saw that at a glance—and a very haughty one besides. Never have I seen any thing to equal the fire of her dark eyes, the poise of her queenly head, and the proud curve of her short upper lip. No wonder I trembled before her.

"So you are Mabel?" she said, with a look of surprise, I thought, on her handsome face. "You are not at all the young lady I expected to see from your aunt's description; but no doubt this deception was one of her little pleasantries," she concluded, with a scornful smile.

I had risen by this time, and extended my hand to return her greeting, feeling renewed discomfort from these unpleasant revelations. To think of my aunt going out of her way to make a joke of her shy niece by giving her friend so untrue an impression of her! Surely she might have spared me this mortification.

But I had no time for vexing thoughts, as my hostess, saying, "We must become better acquainted after dinner, as it is time we were in the drawing-room to receive our guests," swept out of the apartment, I following her along a wide corridor into a grand saloon aglow with many lights, which, by numerous mirrors, were reflected beyond my powers of counting. Never before had I seen such splendor. My eyes were quite dazzled, and it was not until we had reached the farther end of the gorgeously furnished room that I perceived we were not the sole occupants of it.

Lounging on a couch by the blazing fire, in an attitude of supreme *négligé*, reclined a very handsome man in evening costume. Here then, doubtless, was my particular *bête noire*, the sun-stricken son. I felt a great pity for him—which took away some of my fear—as I thought of one so beautiful being so afflicted.

But my ordeal began at once. After eying me curiously for a moment he sprang from his seat, and, holding out his hand to me, made exactly the same remark as his mother had done, though in a much more hearty tone:

"So you are Mabel?"

Was there any thing so very odd in my being myself that it should cause both such surprise? I began to think that not the son only, but the whole household, must be mad, from the respectable housekeeper upward.

"Yes, I am," I said, not knowing what other reply to make.

"And how did you leave the old lady?" pursued my strange questioner, with a merry look in his eyes. "Not a little grumpy, I expect, at having to let you come?"

I felt very nervous at being left alone with this peculiar individual, Mrs. Dalton having moved off to another part of the room to welcome the fast-coming guests. What cause was there for merriment? I could see none; so answered as grave as a judge,

"She has a bad cold, thank you; and she very much wished me to come."

"Did she, though? What an unaccountable old hypocrite! Keeping you under lock and key all this while, and then, when we wouldn't stand it any longer, pretending that you came by her wish!"

I began to feel dreadfully alarmed. A perfect stranger talking to me like this, and speaking of my much-respected aunt as an "old hypocrite!" Certainly he must be much madder than she had supposed. His next remark was still worse.

"You must call me Harry, mind. I am glad enough to be 'Sir Harry Dalton' to the rest of the world, but I am plain Harry to you. I have set you the example, you see, by calling you Mabel at starting."

"Not plain Harry to any one, I'm sure," said a gayly dressed lady, who came up at that moment.

"Ah, Lady Dacre! I have been languishing for your appearance this half hour. But where is your lord and master?"

"Sir Walter has been down in the country, and out with the hounds again, and has returned to town *hors de combat*."

"What! another fall?"

"Yes; and a bad one this time."

"Poor fellow, he is unlucky!" said Sir Harry, with more appearance of concern than Sir Walter's wife had shown. "Where was it this time?"

"Oh, he was staying at the Hathertons', near Selby," she replied, carelessly, arousing my interest at once by the mention of my own village home, and of our grand squire.

"Selby?" said Sir Harry. (I call him "Sir Harry," as every one else did, with a desire, as I supposed, to humor him in his fancy.) "I ought to know that name. Ah, I have it! my old tutor at Oxford has the living. He was a fellow of Baliol, and the best man that ever lived. But I fancy, poor fellow, he sacrificed himself on the matrimonial altar, and is now weighed to the earth by a quiverful of children. It passes my understanding why people can't let well alone in this wearisome world."

"You are an incorrigible flirt, Sir Harry; I have no hope of you," said the lady, laughing. "But madam will not leave you in peace much longer, I suspect, now that you've come into the title. I thought I heard that the young heiress was to be had here on trial. It would be well if the money and the title were united again."

"Hush!" said Sir Harry, in a vexed tone. And I thought he glanced anxiously at me as he said it. But what was all their gossip to me? I was but one of that quiverful weighing down my poor father's head, and absurdly out of place among all these grand people.

I supposed, however, that he thought Lady Dacre's frivolity shocked me, which it certainly did; for he left her, and coming to my side, said,

"You must not heed any thing Lady Dacre says, Mabel; she is a regular chatterbox."

"I think she seems very heartless," I replied; "but that is no business of mine."

At this moment our hostess came up to us, and said to her son,

"Harry, you must take in Lady Falkner, remember."

"Excuse me, mother; I mean to take Mabel, instead; it is her right, as the greatest stranger."

"How can you be so absurd?" said his mother, contemptuously. "Mabel is but a child, and will not wish, I am sure, to push herself forward so conspicuously. Besides, as her coming was doubtful, I had made my arrangements without her. You will not object, Mabel, to go down the last with me, will you?"

"Oh no; I had much rather," I answered, eagerly, only longing to be as far as possible from the strange Sir Harry.

"You are exceedingly complimentary, my fair coz," said he; "but I am accustomed to have my own way. So, mother, we will make a compromise; I will take down Mabel and Lady Falkner too."

"I wish I might stay up here while you have dinner; I am not at all hungry," said I, making one more effort to save myself.

"Certainly, if you prefer it," said Mrs. Dalton. "I dare say you are fatigued after your journey."

"Nonsense, mother!" interposed her son; "fatigued with the distance the length of an ell! Ah, here in good time is dinner announced. Lady Falkner, may I have the honor? Come, Mabel."

And before I had time to make farther objection my hand was drawn within his arm, and I was descending the broad staircase, trembling with fear, by the side of this six-foot Apollo, while on his other arm leaned the grand old dowager, sweeping the stairs with her trailing moiré antique.

I had already been so astonished at the splendor of all I had seen that it seemed as if nothing farther could astonish me. But when I entered the dining-saloon, and my eyes rested on the long table, glittering with silver, gorgeous with fruit and flowers of the rarest; when I saw the galaxy of footmen; and when, during the repast, dish after dish was brought me in startling rapidity, all my former bewilderment seemed as nothing, and I could only conclude that Aladdin's genius had been at work, and that this was the veritable feast prepared for the Princess Badroulboudour, of which I had read in my one book of fairy stories at home. Happily for me, my host was pretty well occupied with the dowager, who proved to be a very talkative old lady; so I was left for a time in peace, and had drifted completely away into fairy-land, till suddenly recalled by the melodious tones of the mad Sir Harry.

"A penny for your thoughts, my fair cousin. Apparently you prefer them to your dinner; you absolutely eat nothing."

Determined to try and break through the spell of unreality that surrounded me, I looked up into his face, and said, with a feeling of compunction for contradicting his brain-sick fancies, "I am very sorry, but I am no relation of yours."

"What! you won't own me, then? That is hard, when I am so anxious we should be friends. I suspect somebody has been poisoning your mind against me: the mischievous old aunt, perchance."

Here was a puzzling position. I could not tell a lie; but it might be dangerous to anger him. How clever he was, too, to divine the truth at once! However, I had often heard that crazy people were particularly cunning. He was waiting for my reply, and I felt the tell-tale blush spread over my face. It was no good delaying; I must say something; so, feeling confused, I hung my head, and said, as gently as I could,

"I am very sorry for you—indeed I am. It is your misfortune, not your fault."

"So you believe all the tales that old crone tells you?" he asked, angrily.

I looked up at him for a moment, and noting the angry flash of his dark eyes and the flush on

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his brow, began to fear that I had unintentionally aroused the violent part of his nature, and that if I were not careful there would be a scene. What could I say to soothe him?

"You must not look like that; you frighten me," I said at last. "I did not mean to offend you."

"Offend me? Pshaw!" he answered, in the same irate tone; "that is not the footing on which we should stand. But you are rather a severe monitor, Miss Mabel, for one so young; and, to tell the truth, I have not been accustomed to either reproof or pity heretofore."

"Haven't you? How sad!" I said. "People like you are more to be pitied than any one else, I think."

"Really," he exclaimed, raising his handsome eyebrows, "that is a new view of my case. I am generally considered rather an object of envy than pity, considering the many unlucky mortals there are in this wearisome world. I suspect my former tutor, Hugh Spencer, for instance, would gladly change places with me."

"Oh no, I'm sure he wouldn't!" I exclaimed, eagerly, thinking of my dear clear-headed father in his cozy though humble vicarage.

"So you think the picture I drew of him just now an enviable one? Matrimony on £300 a year and a house full of children!"

"Yes," said I, transported in thought to my cheerful home; "the happiest in the world."

There was an amused smile on his face as he said,

"I am glad to hear my cousin's views of life so clearly expressed."

What there was to be amused at I could not tell, and was heartily glad that the dowager put in a remark at this juncture, and engrossed the attention of my most inexplicable host for the remainder of the ladies' sojourn at the table.

How relieved I felt when the door closed behind us, and I was once more free from the mingled fear and fascination I felt under the gaze of those handsome dark eyes of Sir Harry's.

I had, however, another ordeal to go through of a different kind. It was my first experience of ladies' after-dinner talk. And when I heard how they pulled their friends to pieces, and when I observed more than one eye-glass fixed for a leisurely stare at poor me, and heard Lady Dacre say in an audible whisper to my hostess, "She is a very ordinary-looking school-miss; not at all what I expected from Sir Harry's description," and Mrs. Dalton's reply, "Yes, indeed; one could not hope for much from the training of such a one as her old aunt, but I certainly did expect something a little more *comme il faut*"—when, as I was saying, I heard and saw all this, my heart sank within me, and I almost longed for the support of the eccentric Sir Harry.

To think of there being such cruelty and treachery in the world! Here was my aunt's particular friend speaking of her with utter contempt and scorn; and here was the lady who had expressed herself so kindly and warmly in inviting me to her house, treating me not only with supreme indifference, but with uncalled-for rudeness! If these were the manners of high life, I preferred the low life to which I was accustomed. Vexation and indignation were almost getting the better of me, and I longed to go away somewhere by myself, where I could indulge in a good cry.

Chancing to raise my eyes at this juncture, I observed by the handsome clock on the mantelpiece that it was only five minutes to eleven. Hastily I rose, and approaching Mrs. Dalton with all my remaining courage, said,

"If you please, ma'am, may I go now? I ordered my cab at half past ten. And my aunt likes early hours."

"Your aunt!" exclaimed my hostess, in unmistakable amazement. "What! could she not trust you to us without following you up like this? It is a poor compliment, I must confess."

Not knowing what reply to make to this peculiar remark, which made me wonder whether poor Sir Harry's eccentricity might not have been in part inherited, I only urged my former request for leave to depart.

Mrs. Dalton, turning from me with an expression of contempt on her handsome face, said,

"Early hours are doubtless best suited for school-girls—Johnstone" (turning to a footman), "inquire if a cab is in waiting."

The reply was quickly brought. A cab had come half an hour ago, but had been sent away, as it was a mistake, the name of the lady being quite a strange one. The driver had been very obstinate, and would not take no for an answer for a long time, but had at last been got rid of.

This was almost too much for me. The rebellious tears would well into my eyes; and the gentlemen entering at this moment, Mrs. Dalton turned from me with a gesture of impatience, saying to her son,

"I leave Mabel to you, Sir Harry. Perhaps you understand homesick children better than I do."

So saying, she swept away to another part of the room.

Sir Harry, seeing my tears fall fast, with gentle kindness put my hand within his arm, and led me from the room, and across the corridor to the pretty boudoir where I had spent my one peaceful hour that evening. Arrived there, he placed me in the arm-chair aforesaid, and standing with his back to the fire, looking down upon poor woe-begone me, asked,

"What is it that troubles you, Mabel? I fear madam has been disagreeable; but you mustn't mind her. She is very proud, you know, and expected to find you one of her own sort, I fancy, from your aunt's description; so I suppose she is disappointed, and riled besides at the old lady's take-in."

"I can't think how my aunt could be so unkind," I said, "as to make such a joke of me, when she knew how I hated coming, too."

"Then it was against your will you came?" he asked, in a surprised tone.

"Oh yes," I said; "I would never have come if my aunt had not wished it so much. I knew it would be dreadful; but it has been much worse than I expected."

All this time I was trying to wipe away and keep back my tears, and had nearly succeeded; the familiar arm-chair, the sight of the volume of "Jane Eyre" by my side, the gentle tones of Sir Harry, all helping to calm me. Suddenly it struck me that my last remark was a very ungrateful one. So, looking up at my host, and trying to smile through my tears, I said,

"I'm afraid I must appear very rude and thankless; for, indeed, *you* have been very good to me, and yet it was you I dreaded the most. But really I must be going now. Will you send for a cab for me? They have sent away the one I ordered."

"Going!" he exclaimed, in a tone of still greater surprise than his mother's, when I had made to her the like suggestion: "where are you going, child? Surely we have not so utterly disgusted you that you must actually run away from us!"

"I am going home to my aunt," I said.

"Your aunt! Is she in Britson, then?"

"Yes, of course; how else should I be here?" I said, feeling more sorry than ever for poor Sir Harry. He had been so kind and sensible in his care for me in my trouble that but a minute ago I had been tempted to believe he must be quite right, after all. And now, alas! had come a fresh proof to the contrary.

Eager to get away before his mind should become still farther obscured, I rose, and putting on my cloak, which I had left here, said, "I know you will add to your other kindnesses by doing as I ask."

He seemed quite disturbed and agitated as he said, "This is, indeed, a painful surprise. I had hoped we should have become better acquainted on the morrow. For believe me, Mabel, what seems to have been a disappointment to my mother has been quite the reverse to me. I had rather dreaded your coming, expecting one of the dashing, flashing, young-lady tribe with whom I have been quite bored. You can not think what a refreshment it is to come upon a simple, truth-speaking girl like yourself. May I hope that in time you will grow to dislike us less?"

"I don't dislike *you* now," I said. "And I sha'n't bear any ill feeling to Mrs. Dalton when once I have quitted her house. Only I trust I may never have to enter it again."

"Mabel, what are you saying?" exclaimed poor Sir Harry, in a state of great excitement. "After all these years of separation, when, at last, my duty and inclination point to the same end, when a nobler and happier life is opening out before me, is my mother's pride, your aunt's prejudice, to mar all this? I declare you will drive me mad if you go on in this way."

His cheeks were flushed, his eyes flashing. I had never seen any one look so handsome before. But dreading that if I staid any longer what he feared might really come to pass, I rushed from the room, down the broad stairs, and into the hall. Here my good genius attended me for once. The door was open, and a fashionably dressed young lady, with bold black eyes and imperious mien, was alighting from a fly which stood at the door. Quick as lightning, I darted by her and into the cab, bidding the driver deposit me as soon as possible at "No. 6 Marlborough Buildings."

"No. 6 Marlborough Buildings," I heard the footman repeat to the driver as he closed the cab door; and oh—joy of joys!—I was safe once more, whirling along the deserted streets, and at liberty to indulge myself at last in a hearty cry.

"You are late, Mabel," was my aunt's first greeting. She had been sitting up for me, and had become somewhat impatient.

"Yes, aunt," was all I said. I had no heart for explanations left; my only desire was to get away by myself.

"Well, good-night, child. I suppose it turned out better than you expected, as you were so loath to come away?"

"Oh no; a great deal worse," was all I said. I felt too indignant with my aunt to stand parleying with her. So, with a cold "good-night," I retired.

How I dreamed that night, to be sure! a succession of confused pictures, of gorgeous feasts, and hair-breadth escapes. At one time I was a miserable, half-starved school-girl, like poor Jane Eyre, pursued by a virago in black velvet personified by Mrs. Dalton, from whose clutches I was delivered by a knight remarkably like Sir Harry, till he, too, turned out to be a monster in disguise, from whom I fled wildly, and awoke all in a tremble.

I came down late to breakfast next morning, and found my aunt warming her feet by the fire, and perusing the Britson *Morning Herald*.

"There was a really grand dinner-party given in Cumberland Street last night, Mabel," said she. "Your entertainment would have been but a Cinderella's feast in comparison."

"I am sure there could not have been a grander party than the one I was at," said I.

My aunt smiled as she replied, in a patronizing tone,

"It is natural you should think so, Mabel, considering the society you are accustomed to. But just listen to this list of names. My friend Mrs. Dalton does things fairly well, but she could hardly muster names like these among her friends. They are the tip-top *élite* of Britson."

And my aunt began to read:

"Among the guests were the Dowager Lady Falkner, Lady Dacre, etc."

I heard no more. My knife and fork fell from my hands. The room seemed to be going round with me. My aunt's sharp tones, as she turned and eyed me askance over her spectacles, brought me to my senses. Why, Mabel, what ails you, child? You look as white as a ghost."

"Oh, aunt, wasn't it the right house?"

"Are you dreaming, child? I was not speaking of any house, but merely reading an account of the grand dinner-party given by the Honorable Mrs. Dalton to celebrate her son's coming to the title. He is Sir Harry Dalton now, of Dalton Priors, a fine estate not half an hour from Britson; and his distant cousin, Miss Mabel Dalton, only child of the late baronet and inheritor of all his funded property, who has been jealously guarded by an old aunt from any contact with this branch of the family heretofore, came to Britson for the occasion, and the *on dit* is that we shall soon have another marriage in high life. There! I declare the *Herald* is quite entertaining this morning. But, Mabel, what *is* the matter? I must send for Dr. Venn. I believe my friend's Champagne has affected your head."

For I had staggered toward her, and seizing the paper from her hands, had glanced eagerly at the account of the hateful party, to see if the number of the Honorable Mrs. Dalton's residence could possibly be any other than 28. But no, there was no hope for me. Conspicuously stood out the figures, "No 28 Cumberland Street."

"Oh, aunt," I said, "that was my party! I thought the son was mad, as you told me, when he called me cousin; but I was the idiot, you see, and he was sane. Oh dear! what can I do?" And I wrung my hands in despair.

My aunt did not attempt to comfort me. She worked herself into a towering passion. "If there is one thing I abhor above every thing else, it is to be made a laughing-stock!" she cried. "How could I guess that you were such an utter goose, such a born idiot!" and so forth. My aunt was wont to use forcible language when aroused.

But it was all one to me. She could not make me feel the horror of what I had done more than I did of my own accord. There were so many aggravations of my misery; all I had said to Sir Harry of pitying him, and of the stories I had heard of him; the impossibility there seemed to be of clearing myself from the charge of imposture, now that, on looking back, I saw there had been so many things which should have undeceived me. My only real excuse—that I thought my host mad—would seem but a poor one. I gave a detailed account of the evening to my aunt, which only increased her vexation.

"Can't any thing be done, aunt?" I asked, in despair, as I finished my miserable narration.

"I, at least, shall not move in the affair," said my aunt, "and submit myself to the taunts of the haughty Mrs. Dalton. You may go and eat humble pie if you will."

I had never known my aunt so unfeeling before. The fact was, this affair touched her to the quick, affecting as it did her weak point—her love of popularity and her deference to the opinions of society. What miserable days those were that followed! I can smile at the remembrance now, but it was no smiling matter at the time. I dared not go out lest I might meet any one who had been present on that fatal evening. And yet I dared not sit with my aunt, for every ring made me quake; and, besides, I could not face even any of her friends. So I shut myself up in my room, trying to engross my thoughts with the embroidering of a little frock I was doing for the baby, and longing intensely for the time when I might return to my own dear country home. As days passed away without our hearing any thing farther of the affair I began to grow a little calmer, and was sitting sewing at my bedroom window with some degree of comfort one afternoon about a week after my unlucky début, when it was all dispelled by a resounding knock, which somehow made my heart jump with a presentiment of evil, and which was quickly followed by a message sent me from my aunt, saying Sir Harry Dalton had called and asked for me, and that she desired I would come into the drawing-room.

"Tell her I can't, Jane," I answered.

The servant departed, but returned with a still more urgent message.

"Mrs. Neville particularly wishes you to come in, miss."

"Say I am sorry to disoblige her, but I don't feel equal to it," I answered.

Jane looked astonished at my unwonted resistance to my aunt's authority; but, seeing I was determined, went her way. A long time I listened, in breathless suspense, till at last I heard the hall door shut, and breathed freely once more. My aunt was very angry, as I expected, but I was resolved that no power on earth should induce me to face Sir Harry again. She was full of his praises; he was so handsome, so courteous, so full of sorrow for my distress, and so anxious to assure me that he fully understood the mistake.

"In fact, Mabel, I consider you are most fortunate in having fallen into such good hands. Of course I had to explain matters, and he indulged in a hearty laugh when he heard that you looked upon him as rather wrong in his head, but said that fully explained every thing; and he is now only anxious to assure you how completely he is satisfied with my explanations. It seems, too, that your father is an old college friend of his, and on that account also he is desirous to renew your acquaintance. He will call again to-morrow, and then I really hope you will no longer act like a shy, missish school-girl."

So spoke my aunt. But it was no good; even her stinging taunt failed to move me. I *could not* face Sir Harry. The more kind and considerate he was, the more hateful my conduct appeared to me. How I wished I had not given my address till safe out of the precincts of Cumberland Street! That officious footman must have remembered and reported my whereabouts to his master.

Sir Harry came again next day, and repeated his visits several times during the ensuing fortnight, and I remained a closer prisoner than ever to my room; till at last the unwonted confinement, and the continual worry from my aunt's scoldings and my own torturing reflections, began to tell upon my health. I had nervous headaches, lost my appetite, and began to look very woe-begone. Then my aunt grew frightened, and sent for Dr. Venn, and he, to my intense delight, ordered me home for rest and change of air.

Oh, how gladly I welcomed the dear old muddy roads and bare hedge-rows as Willie drove me along them from the station in our old-fashioned car! How safe I felt in my father's arms! how cheerful and content sitting with my mother over the fire, with baby on my lap, and four or five other small urchins sitting down on the hearth-rug around us, while Kitty made the tea as gravely as though she were forty instead of fourteen, and the boys fought over the honor of carrying my baggage up stairs! There was no lack of appetite that night; we made the brown loaf and pats of butter disappear with startling rapidity. There were no worrying dreams as I laid my head on my pillow, and fell asleep between the lavender-scented sheets.

Why is it we can not keep content with such simple pleasures? On that first night they seemed all-sufficing; but as days and weeks flew by, and I settled into the routine of the old life—teaching the little ones, mending their clothes, living, in short, the life of the eldest of a quiverful—my thoughts began to turn back to the past. I often caught myself wondering whether the "marriage in high life" had yet taken place, and feeling it rather sad—as I reflected on Sir Harry's kind consideration for me, and especially on the words he had spoken to me in the boudoir—that *I* had not been born a rich heiress, like my namesake. I tried to recall the glimpse I had of the face of the lady in whose fly I had escaped; doubtless she was the intended bride.

It was a bright morning in February; the crocuses were peeping above the ground, the snowdrops were hanging their modest heads. Winter seemed gone for a while, as it often does in the valentine month, to return again with fiercer blast than ever in blustering March.

My father had been very much absorbed all breakfast-time in a long epistle, which seemed of grave and interesting import, and ever and anon as he read I thought he glanced at me. At last he folded it and put it in his pocket, saying,

"Mamma, I am expecting an old friend of mine here to-day on business, and I shall ask him to dine with us; see there is a tidy dinner. And you, Mabel, dress yourself and the little ones in your Sunday best. I want my old friend to see us at our bravest."

The coming of a visitor was a great event, so very retired was the life we led; so we all were kept busy to obey our father's behest. I sent the little ones to forage for moss, and arranged a pretty centre vase with snow-drops and crocuses. My mother brought out her best china and plate; and with our rosy-cheeked apples and tall pears we made a nice little dessert, to the great delight of the small fry. They were all ready decked in Sunday suits, and the whole thirteen were assembled awaiting the honored guest. Punctually as the clock struck one we heard the swing of the garden gate, and the hearty tones of father's voice, as he said,

"So you like my church and surroundings! Now I am going to introduce you to the quiverful which so excites your pity for your old friend."

The next moment my father entered the room, and who should follow but Sir Harry Dalton, looking more handsome than ever in his *négligé* shooting dress, and with a beaming smile on his fine face.

"This is my wife, Dalton, and here are my olive-branches," said my father: "a comely set, I think, and not so badly behaved as they might be, but tyrants at bread-and-butter—eh, Freddy?"

Freddy, be it remarked, was the joke of the family; being nearly as broad as he was high, we generally called him "the fat boy."

Sir Harry courteously addressed my mother; and then, turning to me, and pitying, I suppose, my blushing confusion, said,

"It is a shame, Miss Mabel, to steal a march upon you in your own house, is it not? May I hope for forgiveness?"

He held out his hand as he spoke, and I placed my trembling fingers within it, and somehow in the warm grasp he gave them my fears disappeared, and I felt our misunderstanding was at an end.

What a day that was for us all! From baby Bertie up to mischievous Willie, to say nothing of shamefaced Mabel, we were all enraptured with our guest—so full of fun and frolic with the boys, of earnest talk with father, of polite attention to mamma and us girls. Surely there never was so knightly a knight before! He was staying at the Hathertons', he told us; and I could not refrain from glancing at his face as he said so, recalling the former occasion on which I had heard him mention that name; but the bitterness had gone out of the remembrance, and I could now return the merry smile I detected there.

But I must not prose on any longer; I have spun my yarn too long as it is. Suffice it to say that there came a time for serious talk, when Sir Harry told me that the influence I had begun to exercise over him on that *lucky* evening, when I told him I pitied instead of admired him, had been working ever since; that he hoped he had begun to live a less idle, useless life; and that if I would come and help him he hoped he might one day claim, instead of my pity, my esteem. I need scarcely say what answer I gave, but will sign myself instead,

MABEL DALTON.

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Hoops, Hoop-Sticks, Balls, Bats, Skipping-Ropes, etc., Figs. 1–13.

Figs. 1–4.—HOOP OF SPANISH CANE COVERED WITH CORD. This hoop is thirty-nine inches in circumference. It is made of Spanish cane, as seen in Fig. 2, which shows a full-sized section of the hoop, and covered in knot-work with gray twine and red woolen cord. Before beginning the knot-work bore a small hole through the cane with a fine gimlet; through this hole pass a piece of twine from sixty to eighty inches long, and a piece of red woolen cord of the same length, in such a manner that the ends of each cord project from the hole to an even length;

CHILD'S CORDED PIQUÉ SACHEL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Figs. 76 and 77.

CHILD'S EMBROIDERED LEATHER SACHEL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 73–75.

CHILD'S SILK SACHEL.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 36 and 37.

CHILD'S CLOTH SACHEL.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 34 and 35.

and work seven double knots with picots. Continue in this manner until the hoop is covered closely. As soon as the cords are used up in the course of the work sew new pieces of cord and twine to each end. Finally, fasten the ends of the cord carefully, and cut them off. Instead of ornamenting the hoop in the manner just described, it may be covered with red woolen cord only, as shown by Fig. 3. To do this, bore holes through the cane at intervals of an inch and a half each; pass the red cord through one of these holes, so that the ends are even in length; work four double knots; arrange each piece of cord in a flat knot, as shown by the illustration; pass both pieces of cord through the next hole of the hoop crosswise; again work four double knots, and continue in this manner until the hoop is closely covered. Finally, fasten the ends of the cord and cut them off. Fig. 4 shows a crochet trimming for the hoop, which is laced on the latter by means of gray cord or twine, as shown by the illustration. For this trimming work with red zephyr worsted a foundation corresponding to the circumference of the hoop; on this foundation work a round of open-work double crochet, as shown by Fig. 4; and on both sides of this round work one round of chain stitch scallops. Lace this trimming on the hoop with gray cord or twine in the following manner: First draw the cord through a hole in the cane; then pass the two ends of cord up from the under side, through the trimming strip, before the next double crochet (see illustration); cross the ends of the cord over the double crochet there, passing the end marked *a* to the under side at the place marked ×, and the end marked *b* in a similar manner at the place marked ●. Then cross both pieces of cord at the under side of the cane, and continue in this manner until the cane hoop is covered by the trimming. The trimming is sewed together at the ends.

Fig. 3.—MANNER OF COVERING CANE FOR HOOP, FIG. 1.

Figs. 5 and 6 show two hoop-sticks. Each of these sticks consists of a piece of Spanish cane thirty inches long and an inch and a quarter in circumference. To make the stick shown by Fig. 6 bore a hole through the cane at a distance of an inch and three-quarters from one end, then make a similar hole at a distance of five inches from the first hole, and pass the two ends of a piece of finer cane nine inches and a quarter long through both holes, so that the ends project about three-quarters of an inch from the holes. Cover the handle thus formed as shown by Fig. 2, and fasten the handle on the stick at the same time by means of the cords. Furnish the stick with a knotted bow of red woolen cord and red woolen tassels. For the handle of the stick shown by Fig. 5 wind wadding around one end of the cane to a length of six inches so that the part thus covered is three inches and three-quarters in circumference at the middle, while toward the ends it is slightly pointed. Furnish this end with a cover, which is loosely worked in ribbed crochet with gray twisted thread; then fasten the upper and under end of the crochet cover with twine, and stretch a piece of red woolen cord between every two ribs of the crochet part; the ends of this cord are also tied on the stick. Slide a red woolen ball on the upper and under ends of the handle; fasten them, and ornament the handle with red woolen cord and two red woolen tassels (see illustration).

Figs. 7 and 8.—BALLS OF CARRIAGE LEATHER AND KNOT-WORK. For each of these balls cut eight pieces of red carriage leather from Fig. 38, Supplement, and sew the sides of these pieces together on the under side. Before sewing the last joining seam turn over the ball thus far completed; stuff it closely with curled hair or moss, and overhand the two unconnected edges together on the right side. Sew a round piece of carriage leather an inch in diameter at the centre of the top and bottom of the ball shown by Fig. 7, in order to cover the numerous seams at the ends of the joined pieces of leather. Cover the seam made by sewing on each of these round pieces with a brass ring of the requisite size, which is covered with sixteen double knots of gray cord or twine. These double knots are worked with the assistance of a bodkin in the manner of the double knots shown by Fig. 9. Join both rings, and cover the ball with gray cord or twine at the same time; to do this pass the cord, with the assistance of a bodkin, underneath the horizontal vein of a double knot of one ring, fasten the end of the cord there, then pass the cord up from the under side through the corresponding double knot of the other ring, * and down through the next double knot of the same ring. Now pass the cord through the next double knot of the ring first referred to, and back again, passing it up from the under side through the same double knot of the second ring through which it has previously been passed. Repeat from * until the ball is covered all around, as shown by the illustration. It is to be observed also that one cord bar should alternately come on the joining seam between two pieces of leather, and the other cord bar on the middle of a piece of leather. Wind cord horizontally around the middle of the ball about twenty times, and braid red woolen cord through these horizontal windings, and at the same time through the vertical cord bars that intersect the windings, as shown by the illustration. For the cover of the ball shown by Fig. 8 cover a brass ring an inch and three-quarters in circumference with sixteen double knots of gray cord or twine, so that the ring is covered closely, and the cord is left loose for a loop between every two double knots. The double knots are worked with a bodkin as shown by Fig. 9, which shows a full-sized section of the worked cover. Lay the ring thus completed on the centre of the top of the ball, then work ten rounds as shown by Fig. 9, always going forward. The 10th round completes one-half of the cover. Work the second half on another brass ring in a similar manner, then draw both halves over the ball, and sew the joining threads of each half that meet together with a piece of gray cord; cover this cord with button-hole stitches of the same cord.

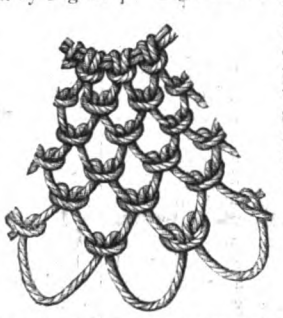

Fig. 9.—MANNER OF KNOTTING COVER OF BALL, FIG. 8.

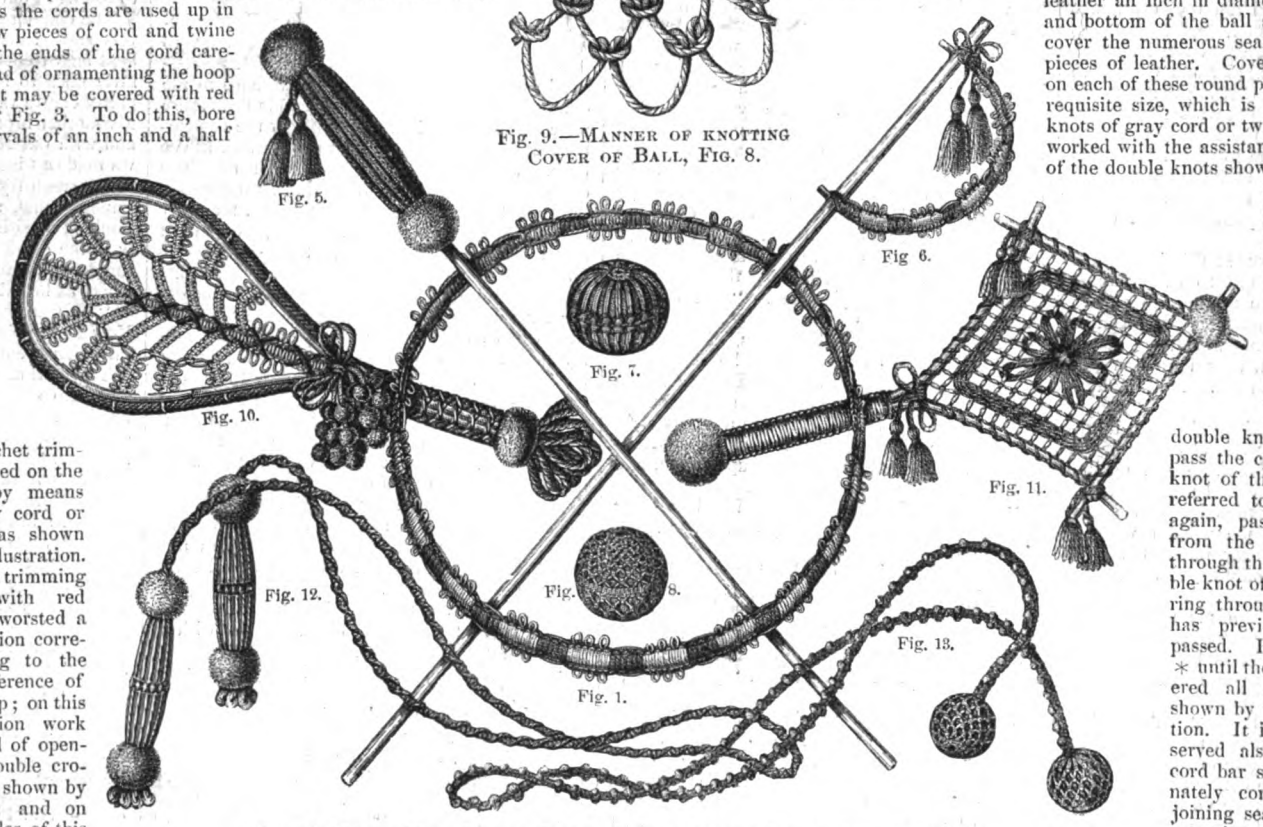

Fig. 5. Fig. 6. Fig. 7. Fig. 10. Fig. 11. Fig. 8. Fig. 12. Fig. 13. Fig. 1.

CHILD'S HOOP, HOOP-STICKS, BALLS, BATS, SKIPPING-ROPES, ETC., FIGS. 1–13.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 38.

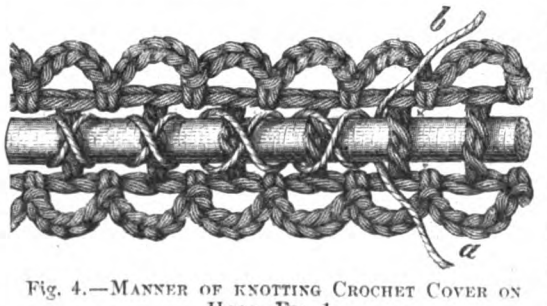

Fig. 4.—MANNER OF KNOTTING CROCHET COVER ON HOOP, FIG. 1.

Fig. 2.—MANNER OF COVERING CANE FOR HOOP, FIG. 1.

Fig. 10.—BAT OF SPANISH CANE AND KNOT-WORK. To make this bat take a piece of Spanish cane thirty-five inches and a quarter long, and a piece of coarse red woolen cord of the same length. Bore holes through the cane, first through the middle and then toward both sides at intervals of an inch and three-quarters each, so that there are five holes at regular intervals at each side of the hole through the middle

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of the cane. Bore holes also through the cane at a distance of half an inch, three inches and a quarter, and six inches from each end; then bend the cane in the shape given by the illustration, and tie the ends of the cane that lie next each other together with a coarse piece of thread, which is passed through each of the three holes, after which the ends are tied together. Lay the red woolen cord on the cane thus formed in such a manner that it is closely connected with the outer edge of the cane. The cord is fastened on the handle with cord, as shown by Fig. 10, and is sewed on with red silk, which is passed through the holes in the handle. The cord is fastened on the cane at the top by passing a piece of cord forty inches long around the red cord like a loop, so that the ends of the gray cord project to an equal distance; pass these ends down to the under side through the hole at the middle of the cane, and draw them tight. Fasten the red cord in a similar manner at the following five holes to the right and left side of the hole at the middle of the cane. The projecting ends of the cord serve to make the knot-work. Begin the latter with the two ends of cord of the middle hole; lay on a new piece of cord forty inches long, fastening it like a loop around the corresponding gray cord between the cane and the woolen cord. Lay the four ends of cord flat next each other, and with the two outer jecting ends of every two bars together with the ends of the middle bar, and on these ends work five double knots in connection with the five double knots of the middle bar previously worked. When all the bars are thus knotted to the middle bar work twenty double knots with picots on the still free cord ends of the middle bar; tie the under end of the middle bar on the handle, and cut off the projecting ends of cord. Finally, stretch red woolen cord crosswise on the middle bar, and wind such woolen cord several times around the under end of the bar; the ends of this cord are ornamented with tassels of red worsted braid and worsted balls. A larger red worsted ball is passed on the under end of the handle, where also loops of red woolen cord are set on (see illustration).

Fig. 11.—SPANISH CANE AND NETTED BAT. To make this bat take two bars of Spanish cane each eight inches long, and two bars each thirteen inches long; cut out a piece half an inch wide and one quarter of an inch deep in the shorter bars at a distance of an inch from each end; lay the two bars on each other where the pieces are cut out, and tie them together. Cut out a piece at one end of each of the longer bars in a similar manner; then always tie one of these bars together with the free end of one of the shorter bars, so that the bars come on each other where the pieces are cut out. Pierce the free pass the piece of cord at the left over the rope crosswise, so that a loop is formed at the left side of the rope; lay the right cord in a vertical direction over the left cord, which projects at the right side and underneath the rope through the loop at the left side. Draw both cords tight, and repeat from * until the rope, with the exception of a piece of eight inches from the other end, is covered with the cord. Fasten the free ends of the red cord, and cover the stitches made by fastening the cord at both ends of the rope with a large red worsted ball. For the handles of the rope cut two pieces of pasteboard, each four inches and a half wide and six inches long. Roll up each of these strips in the shape of a tube, four inches and a half long, the inside of which is about four-fifths of an inch in diameter; paste down the outer edge of pasteboard, and cover the tube with wadding (the layer of wadding must be thickest at the middle of the tube), and finally with red cashmere. Stretch gray cord at regular intervals lengthwise on the handles, and wind the same cord crosswise around the handles six times, so that the windings lie close to each other; fasten the beginning and end of the cord, and hold these cross windings together with cross stitches of red zephyr worsted. Pass the handles thus completed on the ends of the rope, and fasten a red worsted ball to each end. Finally, untwist each. Now lay these worsted ball ends on the under and upper surface of the double rope, and execute the knot-work in the manner indicated, so that always three double knots come between every two worsted balls.

THE GIANTS' WEDDING.

OUR illustration represents the late marriage at St. Martin's Church, Trafalgar Square, London, of Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, a Kentuckian, who is said to have served in the Confederate army, and who is eight feet high, and weighs four hundred pounds, and Miss Anna Hanen Swann, of Nova Scotia, who is some inches taller than the captain, and of about the same weight. The bride and bridegroom were attended each by their friends, among whom, it may be remarked, were the twin negro girls, Christine and Millie, who are linked together by a freak of nature, like the Siamese twins, and who usually hold their public levées with the giant and giantess. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. Rupert Cochrane, of St. George's, Hanover Square. A number of privileged persons witnessed the ceremony, and there was a crowd of people outside. The proceedings were conducted with perfect order and regularity, and the happy couple withdrew, having duly signed their

THE GIANTS' WEDDING.

cords work ten double knots with picots, as shown by Fig. 2; the two remaining cords serve as a foundation; a bar of double knots is thus formed. Lay a piece of cord forty inches long in a similar manner on each of the remaining cords passed through the cane, and then with every four ends of cord work a bar of double knots with picots; these bars are graduated in length; the first three bars to the right and left of the middle bar also count ten double knots each, the following bar at both sides counts eight double knots each, and the last bar six double knots each. Divide each four ends of cord into two and two ends, and with two ends of one part and two ends of the part next this part work bars of double knots, but *without* picots (see Fig. 10). The two bars under the middle bar first worked count seven double knots each. The eight projecting ends of cord of these two bars are held together; the six middle ends are used for a foundation, over which five double knots without picots are worked with the remaining two cords. The bars at the right and left of the middle bar count nine double knots each; the projecting cord ends of these two bars are held together with the cord ends of the middle bar, and with the two outer cords five double knots are worked on all the remaining cord ends of the middle bar. With each four remaining cords work in a similar manner separate bars of double knots graduated in length (see Fig. 10); hold the proends of the longer bars at a distance of half an inch and five inches and a quarter from the ends, and tie these ends together by means of thread, which has previously been passed through the corresponding holes of the bars. On the handle thus formed work double knots (without picots) with cord, as shown by Fig. 2; pass a large red worsted ball on the under end of the handle, and fasten it there. Now work with a double thread of twisted gray thread on a netting mesh four-fifths of an inch in circumference a piece of straight netting thirteen diamonds (net holes) square, and lace it on the cane frame by means of red woolen cord (see Fig. 11). Finally, work the netted piece in the design shown by the illustration with red zephyr worsted in point de reprise, and ornament the bat, as shown by the illustration with loops of red woolen cord and small woolen tassels, and with a red worsted ball at the upper point.

Figs. 12 and 13.—SKIPPING-ROPES COVERED WITH WOOLEN CORD. To make the jumping-rope shown by Fig. 13 take a rope about eighty inches long, which must be covered with red woolen cord in the following manner: At a distance of eight inches from one end of the rope fasten two long pieces of red woolen cord, each of which is wound up in a ball (pay no attention to the end of the rope referred to), and then lay one of the pieces of red cord at the left of the rope and the other piece at the right. * Now the ends of the rope, lay the separate strands in a small loop each, fasten them in this position, and sew on the worsted ball which has previously been passed on there so that the under ends of the loops are covered. In doing this, however, it is to be observed that the handles between the worsted balls must be movable. For the skipping-rope shown by Fig. 13 take two thin pieces of rope, each eighty inches long, which are laid flatly next each other, and furnished with one ball each at their joined ends. For each of these balls cut a round piece of muslin six inches in diameter; gather it all around the outer edge, and stuff it closely with curled hair; then draw the gathering thread tight, and fasten it. Cover the balls thus far completed with red cashmere, or with a crochet cover of red worsted; then cover them in knot-work with cord, as shown by Fig. 9. The joining threads between the double knots of the last round are gathered closely on a piece of cord. When the balls are fastened carefully on the double rope, cover the latter with double knots of red woolen cord, as shown by Fig. 2, but without the picots. Before executing the knot-work, work two ends of small connected red worsted balls, each eighty inches long, with a double thread of gray thread (this forms the knot-thread) and a strand of red zephyr worsted in the usual manner, so that the worsted balls are repeated at intervals of an inch and one-fifth

names on the parish register like any other newly married couple of private folks. The ceremony is thus described by an English witness: The hour fixed for the solemnity was eleven A.M.; and the affair having got wind, there was, long before the momentous question was put by the priest, a goodly company of those spectators to whom any kind of wedding is always gratifying, and a monster wedding a joy forever. At a quarter to eleven exactly the bridegroom arrived and walked composedly up to the altar. He did not wear the uniform of that corps of Anakim in which he is understood to hold a captain's commission, but was in ordinary dress, if we except an exceedingly blue tie. At 10.50 loud whispers, succeeded by a dead silence, announced the approach of the bride, who, pale of face, and clad in a few acres of "white samite, mystic, wonderful," and with her veil thrown back, moved as majestically as her peculiar circumstances or circumferences admit of, up the nave, and stood in front of her affianced husband, and looked down upon him from her superior eminence with the ghastly smile proper to the occasion. She had been preceded by the "two-headed nightingale combination," whose misfortune naturally caused a buzz of comment and much hilarity. The service was read amid a reverential scene of whispering, giggling, and climbing over pews; and when it was over, the usual signing of names appeared to occupy much more

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than the legitimate time. As the reason could not be the length of the names, which by no means corresponds with that of the owners, one is driven to the conclusion that children of Anakim, like some other great folks, find writing a laborious and difficult operation. At last, however, the pair of Titans emerged from the vestry, and strode arm in arm, followed by the sympathizing "combination," and accompanied by the strains of the "Wedding March," to meet the plaudits of the outside crowd. At a quarter past eleven all was over.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. W. H. M.—You will not be able to make a full suit of your five yards of wide goods. We advise instead a postilion-basque and upper skirt of your material, worn over a black or maroon silk skirt.

MRS. L. B.—It is not necessary to put a waist and sleeves beneath the misses' polonaise.

MRS. C. L. S. C.—Black velvet will trim your sample prettily. We do not write special and private directions on the patterns.

L. S.—The pelerine is the cape. If you mean the skirt of the polonaise instead; we advise you not to line it.

FLETA.—As your acquaintance is so "slite," by all means let the gentleman begin the correspondence.

A CONSTANT READER.—Use fine whiting for cleaning a silver watch; then polish with chamois skin.—The middle syllable, *rep*, is accented in Parepa. Reichstadt is pronounced as if spelled Rish'stat.

N. A. D.—Velvet is still worn around the neck, though not as universally as formerly. Black lace sacques or points are worn over white muslin.

INEZ D.—For calico suits read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV.

AGATHE.—Strips of tucked Swiss muslin will look well inserted in an apron-polonaise of Swiss. As you did not send your bust measure, we select a pattern of the average size—thirty-six inches.

SABRA P.—If your grenadine ruffles are straight, pleat them; if bias, gather them. We can not give extra directions on the cut paper patterns, but will gladly do so in this column.

ANNIE W.—Linen overalls are made by the cut paper pattern of the Water-proof Cloak illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV.

M. G.—There is fullness added to each of the back pieces of the marguerite polonaise, but not to the front.

OSHKOSH.—You can remodel your blue silk by the apron-polonaise pattern, trimming with black lace insertion, and using a blue cambric skirt beneath faced with the silk. The postilion-basque suit is the model for your check silk. Trim with narrow black and white fringe. Use your pleasure about lining the silk skirt. It is not so generally done as formerly.

M. W. C.—Make your tarlatan the high box-pleated waist described in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV., and trim the edge of each pleat with Tom Thumb fringe, or else have a regular postilion-basque over a silk lining. Trim your blue silk with white muslin pleatings, and wear with a Swiss polonaise. The short over-skirt may be in fashion next season. Get a black and white striped silk, and make by Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV. Put bands of brown silk on the dress like sample.

CLARISSA DE B.—The quotation, "The evil that men do lives after them," etc., is from Antony's funeral oration over Julius Cæsar.

TENNESSEE.—The card which you have sent up is sufficient introduction in calling upon strangers.—Let the bill be sent to your room at a hotel.—The second fork at the dinner-table is intended for fish.—An over-skirt may be simulated with trimming. A gray or Frou Frou suit will look well with your white straw gypsy trimmed with green.—Your other questions have been answered in our columns.

INQUISITIVENESS.—You would certainly be taking a great liberty in sending a present to a lady, whether with or without your name, unless you were assured that it would be well received.

E.—We presume that the child who is awaiting our decision as to whether he shall be flogged or not will be grateful for the delay which has prevented our answering sooner. Since your wrath has had time to cool, we advise you to intermit the punishment. All rules have exceptions; and there may be children whom nothing but corporal punishment can awe; but we think that such cases are few, and that, as a rule, the rod excites more angry passions than it subdues.

B. C. D.—The exquisite little Scotch song, "The Land o' the Leal," was written by Lady Nairn.

N. L.—We have already published in the *Bazar* a fine portrait and sketch of the Empress Eugénie, and can not repeat it.

C. G. E.—You can easily inform your distant friends of your marriage by sending them your card.

N. B.—There are several good French and Spanish journals published in the United States; but we can not recommend one above another.

V. BUELL.—The tragical story of Charlotte Temple belongs to the early part of the present century, and may be found in our public libraries. The house where she lived is still standing.

SUPERSTITION.—We do not think you need hesitate to be married in a dress you have worn before. The only evil that is likely to accrue from it is having one dress less in your wardrobe than if you had purchased a new one for the occasion. Still it is quite natural to wish to begin this new life with a fresh wardrobe; and we would not discourage trousseaux for those who can afford them.

TRIBULATION.—We do not believe that an Episcopal clergyman would consent to change the prescribed ritual of his Church to oblige your stammering friend, who fears she can not fluently repeat her part of the marriage-service. But she must take courage in the thought that the few words spoken by the low-voiced bride are seldom heard; that the most self-possessed often stammer over these portentous words; and that if this is the only impediment to her love its course must run smoother than it is generally reputed to do.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—Eidolon is a Greek word from *eido*, to see. It means *an appearance*, sometimes *an apparition*, and generally indicates an illusive phenomenon.

MRS. M. P.—Work the second half of the design precisely like the first one.

M. G.—Address an elderly lady as "Dear Madam."—You should send a written regret in the usual form when unable to attend a wedding.—It is both safe and proper for a middle-aged lady, possessed of ordinary discretion, to travel alone in Europe.

BETTIE G.—We do not furnish samples or make purchases for our readers.

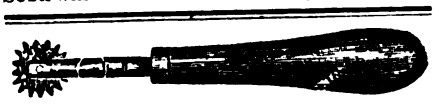
A. A. G.—We would gladly tell you how to earn money enough to educate yourself if we could, but this is beyond our power. The sale of home-made is would be a slow way. Why not continue your study of drawing till you are able to make salable sketches?

NETTIE T. W.—You had better consult a physician. We can not advise in such a case.

NEITHER failing teeth nor the peeping wrinkles of time so forcibly tell of advancing years as your gray hair. AYER'S VIGOR restores its color, and makes your appearance more agreeable to others as well as yourself. With fresh, luxuriant hair, the infirmities of age are far less noticeable.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer cures gray hair by causing it to return to its youthful color and vigor.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will cure CONSUMPTION. Try it!—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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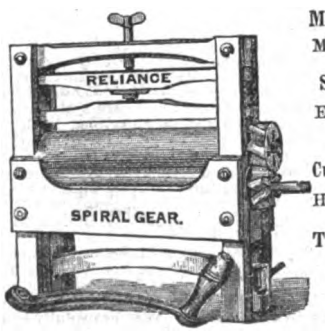

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A HELPING HAND WANTED.—As a rule we disapprove of corporal punishment, but at this season of the year we should not be sorry if every poor child could get a good blow in the fresh air.

A debating society is discussing the following question: "When Adam and Eve partook of the tree of knowledge, did they study the higher branches?"

THE FOUR SEASONS—Mustard, salt, pepper, and vinegar.

A man writes to say he only backed one horse in his life, and that was into a shop window.

WEEDS GROW APACE.—If, says a contemporary, Brigham Young wore an additional "weed" on his hat every time he lost a wife or mother-in-law, it is estimated his hat would have to be twenty-seven feet high. "He'd be a weedower with a vengeance," remarks a Scotch friend.

Why are paviors like good hens?—Because they are always laying eggs-actly.

A SOVEREIGN BET—Queen Elizabeth.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses—she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot!

A DOGMA.—A dog weighing only four ounces was sold the other day for $250. These toy dogs are like tax gatherers—the less we see of them the better.

Why are sheep the least moral of the animals?—Because they *gambol* in their youth, spend much of their time on *the turf*, many of them are *blacklegs*, and they all get *fleeced* at last.

BIRDS *v.* THORNS.—If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, it is no less true that a thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

"I don't want to die and go to heaven," remarked a little girl, laying down her book; "but if God would let down a rope, I think I should like it."

HAIR-SPLITTING.—Why cut your own heir off with a shilling when you can get a barber to cut your hair off for you and shampoo you into the bargain for that very moderate sum?

The editor of an Eastern paper having received a bank-note detector, returns thanks, and modestly asks for some bank-notes upon which to test its accuracy.

BADLY BEATEN—Carpets just now.

We understand that the following contents of a most valuable museum, belonging to a late well-known member of the Antiquarian Society, will soon be offered for sale:

The pebbles which Demosthenes held in his mouth when he practiced oratory.

One of the flies which was killed by Domitian.

A lock of the hair which strung the bows at the siege of Carthage.

A fragment of Penelope's web.

A piece of the cake which was watched by King Alfred (very much burned).

A bone of the lamprey which killed Henry I.

A bottle of the Malmesbury in which the Duke of Clarence was drowned.

Some of the gunpowder which was to have been used at the Gunpowder Plot.

A piece of the tart with which Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned (very stale).

Part of the rope which hung Guy Fawkes.

Branch of the tree which came from Birnam Wood to Dunsinane.

A feather from the bed in which Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, was smothered at Calais.

A bit of the iron mask.

A card from the pack with which Charles VI. amused himself in the Bastile.

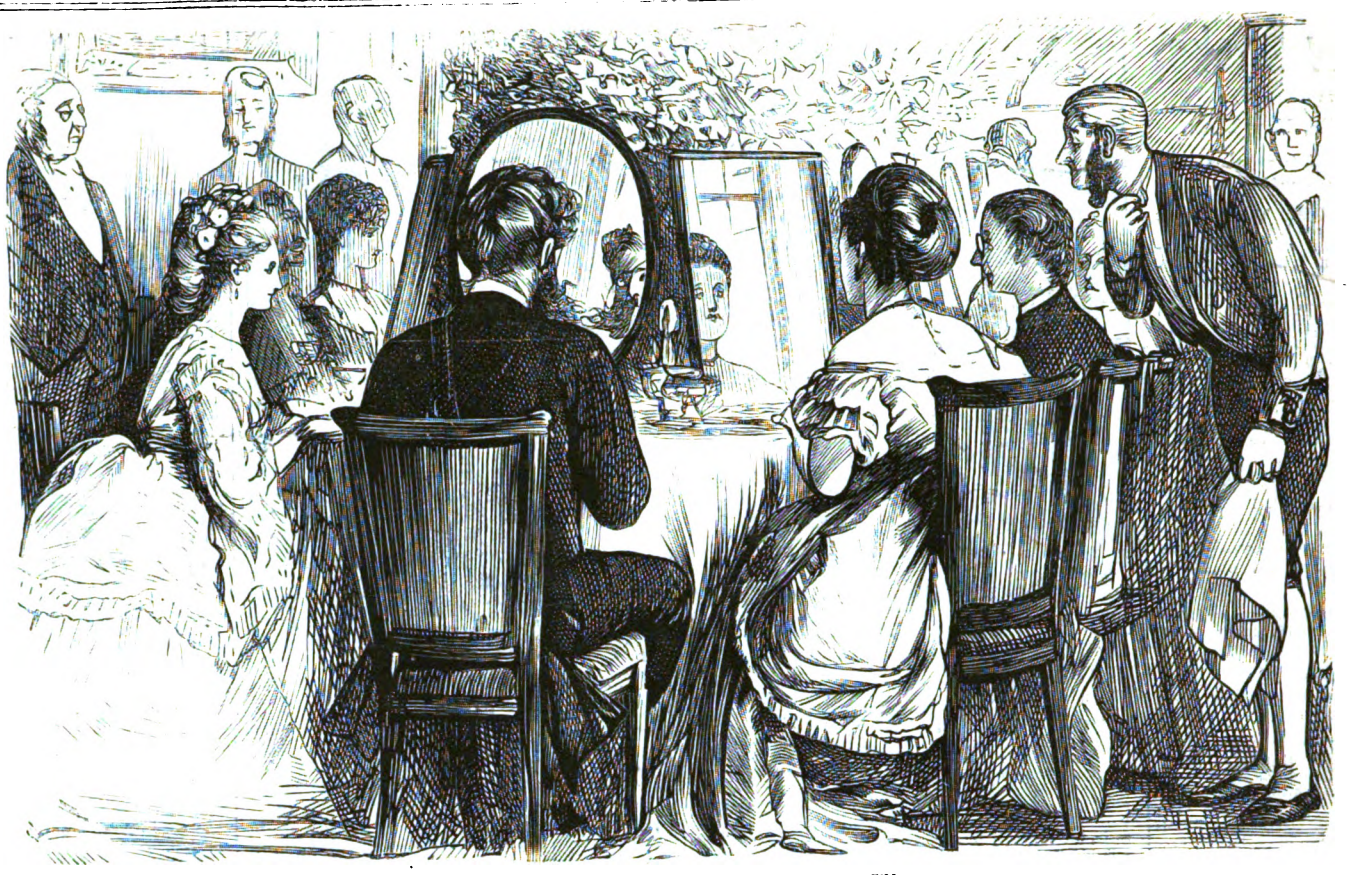
A cinder from the Great Fire in London.

Part of Sir Walter Raleigh's first cigar.

The spider's web which was watched by Sir Robert Bruce when he decided the fate of Scotland.

The fly liberated by Uncle Toby when he said, "There is room enough in the world for you and me."

The apple which struck Sir Isaac Newton when he discovered the laws of gravity.



NOVEL IDEA FOR A STIFF DINNER-PARTY.

EVERY GUEST PROVIDED WITH SOMETHING SO EXQUISITELY PLEASANT TO LOOK AT THAT BOREDOM IS IMPOSSIBLE, AND FORCED CONVERSATION UNNECESSARY.

UNCLE (*just from India, to Bessie*). "Ah, I don't suppose you know who *I* am?" BESSIE. "I've seen you before, though!"

UNCLE. "I don't know how you could do that! Where did you see me?" BESSIE. "At the Menagerie."

"NOT LIKE HIS APPEARANCE TO THE SIR ROGER TICHBORNE OF FIFTEEN YEARS AGO! THAT'S NO PROOF AGAINST HIM. WHY, SIR, I HAD NOT SEEN MY OWN DAUGHTER—SAY FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS—I'M HANGED IF I SHOULD KNOW HER NOW. THERE!"

THE FEMALE DICTIONARY.

In this valuable work the signification of a word is given in feminine sense, as under:

Marriage—The only habit to which women are constant.

Lover—Any young man but a brother-in-law.

Clergyman—One alternative of a lover.

Brother—The other alternative.

Honey-moon—A wife's opportunity.

Horrid, Hideous—Terms of admiration elicited by the sight of a lovely face any where but in the looking-glass.

Nice, Dear—Expressions of delight at any thing, from a baby to a barrel-organ.

Appetite—A monstrous abortion, which is stifled in the kitchen that it may not exist during dinner.

Wrinkle—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

Husband—A person who writes checks, and dresses as his wife directs.

Duck (*in ornithology*)—A trussed bridegroom, with his giblets under his arm.

Brute—A domestic endearment for a husband.

BEGINNING LIFE.—The remark of a contemporary, that many of our successful lawyers commenced life as preachers, is gracefully corrected by one of the legal gentlemen referred to, who begs leave to state that he began life as an infant.

The story of a lazy schoolboy, who spelled Andrew Jackson "&dru Jaxon," has been equaled by a student who wished to mark half a dozen new shirts. He marked the first "John Jones," and the rest "do."

LIGHT.

A lady buying a pound of tea, the merchant said he would send it home.

"Oh no," said she; "it is not inconvenient, as it is light."

"Why," said he, "it is as light as I could possibly make it."

A delighted hearer observed of a very brilliant talker that the flash of his wit was followed close by the peal of applause.

The sweetest thing in earrings is an aquarium of rock-crystal filled with water, in which swim small whales, lobsters, and shrimps.

THE LAST THING IN DOMESTICS.

LADY. "Can you wash and iron?"

DOMESTIC. "Oh, yes, 'm; but your place wouldn't suit me unless you knocked off wearing them long holland dresses of a morning."

Can a ship with two owners be called a partnership?

You'd better look out for your hoss's feet above here, mister," said a ragged boy to a Reading traveler.

"Why?" said the gentleman, nervously pulling up.

"Cos there's a fork in the road there," was the candid reply.

THE BEST SEA-WEED—A cigar on the beach.

CONUNDRUMS FOR THE CURIOUS.

What have you to expect at a hotel?—Inn attention.

Why is the sun like a good loaf?—Because it is light when it rises.

What is that which is so brittle that if you named it you are sure to break it?—Silence.

What is it that goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet never moves?—The road.

What does a grocer do with all his things before he sells them?—Gives them a weigh.

What drink should sailors be fond of?—Port.

Why should the Speaker of the House wear spectacles?—Because so many attempts are made to "catch his eye."

Why is Mr. Disraeli always greeted with the sight of his last novel in the House of Commons?—Because he can not take his seat without seeing Lowe there ("Lothair").

What is the difference between an egg-shell and a physician?—One is MT, and the other is M.D.

When is a member of Congress like a dying sinner?—When he dreads approaching dissolution.

What drink is suitable for gardeners?—Shrub.

Which is the most appropriate drink for fops?—Spruce.

When is a theatrical manager like an astronomer?—When he discovers a new "star."

Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight?—Because they are daughters of Eve.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 31.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pretty suit can be made of any material, and is equally well adapted to all seasons. It is graded in six sizes, from 21 to 26 inches, bust measure, to fit boys from four to nine years old. The size is taken by passing a tape measure tolerably tight straight under the arms entirely around the body.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit consists of three pieces—blouse, knickerbockers, and shirt-waist.

BLOUSE.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, back, sleeve, collar, pocket, and belt. The perforations show where to sew on the pockets and the braid simulating a pocket on the breast, and the shape of the under part of the sleeve. Place the longest seam of the sleeve at the notch in the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Join the collar to the neck with the centre placed at the middle of the back, sew with the seam on the outside, and turn it over on the right side to cover the seam. Close the front with four buttons and button-holes. Fasten the belt with one button. Put three buttons on the outer seam of the sleeve at the wrist, about an inch and a half apart. In making the suit of cloth with a nap, take care that the nap runs downward toward the bottom of the garment. If the sleeves are too long or short, add to or take off an equal quantity at the bottom and top, always keeping the same shape. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for boy four years old, 1¾ yards.

Braid for two rows, 1 piece.

Number of buttons, 11.

KNICKERBOCKERS.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and belt. The waistband is cut on, and a false belt is sewed underneath with six button-holes, to button to the shirt-waist. The pocket is sewed between the notches at the outside seam. The band at the bottom of the legs is cut on, and can be fastened with a button and button-hole on the outer seam, or drawn to the leg with an elastic. Sew the facing on the width of the band, and stitch one row on the entire edge and one the width of the band on the right side. A quarter of an inch is allowed for all seams in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for boy four years old, 1¼ yards.

Number of buttons, 7.

SHIRT-WAIST.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, plain coat sleeve, and belt. Gather the waist at each side of the fronts and back, sew on the belt, and close the front with small buttons and button-holes.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for boy four years old, seven-eighths of a yard.

Number of buttons, 6.

A quarter of a yard for the whole suit must be added for each year of age.

Ladies' Summer Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—EVENING DRESS OF LIGHT GREEN SILK, trimmed on the bottom with a flounce of English point a quarter of a yard wide, surmounted by moss fringe and two bias folds of the color of the dress. Over-skirt of white silk gauze with satin stripes, looped at the sides by ribbon bows with fringed ends, which are connected with the belt by a ribbon band. The

BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN), AND LADIES' SUMMER TOILETTES.

[*Cut Paper Patterns of entire Suit of Blouse, Shirt-Waist, and Knickerbockers, to fit Boys from Four to Nine Years old, in six Sizes, from 21 to 26 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.*]

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over-skirt is trimmed like the under-skirt, with English point six inches wide, moss fringe, and bias folds. Low white gauze waist, over green silk, trimmed like the skirt. Short puffed sleeves. Sash of wide green ribbon, tied behind in a large bow with fringed ends.

Fig. 2.—MOURNING WRAPPER OF WHITE FOULARD DOTTED WITH BLACK. The trimming forms the tablier, and is continued around the skirt; it consists of a flounce with a heading and a ruche of lavender silk. A similar ruche simulates a square cape, and forms the sleeve trimming. The loose waist is confined by a sash of lavender silk. Straw hat, trimmed with lavender ruche and feather.

Fig. 3.—MOURNING WALKING DRESS.—Under-skirt trimmed with very deep side pleating. Over-skirt of faille, trimmed with guipure. Corsage with flat basque, covering the pouf of the over-skirt. The sleeve trimming is put on so as to form double sleeves; the guipure follows the outline of the sleeve, which forms two deep pleats at the elbow, confined by a faille bow. Black straw bonnet, with feathers and a long crape veil.

Fig. 4.—WALKING DRESS OF ÉCRU SULTANE, trimmed with five gathered flounces each three inches wide, headed with pleatings and folds. Long over-skirt, rounded in front and draped at the sides, and edged with a pleating held by a fold in the middle. Basque-waist, rounded in front, with a slashed postilion behind. Open sleeves. Straw bonnet, covered with puffings and ruches of lilac crape, and a feather of the same color.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ The brilliant serial novel, "LORD KILGOBBIN," by CHARLES LEVER, author of "That Boy of Norcott's," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 17, 1871.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Boy's Suit, on the first page of the present Number, consisting of Blouse, Shirt-Waist, and Knickerbockers, and graded to fit Boys from four to nine years old, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid, by mail, by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure. For complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 495.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a rich assortment of Summer Suits for Ladies and Children; Blouse-Waists, Fichus, Fichu-Collars, Aprons, Corsets, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Talking without Speaking.

MY DEAR GERALD,—On one of these warm afternoons I was dining at Delmonico's with Claude, and as we sat chatting at the window afterward, looking upon the ceaseless crowd that poured along the Avenue, and remarking to each other that every body was out of town, Claude said, suddenly, "Every body but old Buzzard—and there he goes!" Mr. Buzzard, indeed, was there, and he was sauntering slowly along the shady side of the street, a text, as it were, presenting itself in every aspect, and soliciting improvement. Our eyes followed him, and it was certainly not surprising that Claude presently remarked that in his opinion Mr. Buzzard, taking him all in all, was a very disagreeable man. He watched him silently for a moment, and laughed quietly to himself.

"I never see Buzzard," he continued, "without remembering the little story of him and his old school-fellow and perhaps college-mate, Batt." And Claude smiled again, as if in confidence with himself.

"The story is this," he resumed: "I was one day sitting with Chitty in his law office when Buzzard came in, and after talking some time he went out, and met Batt coming in. They exchanged a few cheerful commonplaces and parted. Batt was evidently full of desire to say something besides the special business upon which he came, and when he had disposed of that he remarked that he had met Buzzard going out. 'He is a very talented man,' said Batt, 'and we were old school-fellows, but he is certainly the most intolerable human being I ever encountered.' He seemed to be really relieved by this discharge of opinion, and presently departed, quite pacified. But when, a few days afterward, Buzzard dropped in again, and remarked to Chitty that as he was going out upon his previous visit he had met Batt coming in, and then added, with great warmth, that Batt was a good fellow, but that he was unquestionably the most intolerable of men, Chitty smiled politely, and, of course, did not dare to catch my eye. The truth is," said Claude, "the two gentlemen had very accurately described each other."

By this time Mr. Buzzard was out of sight; and as Claude had been speaking I had been thinking of an incident of the same general character, of which Dodo was the hero. How accomplished he is we all know; and, indeed, he is, upon many important subjects, an authority; but he is often criticised in the same manner that Messieurs Buzzard and Batt criticised each other. One day four friends of mine agreed to dine together, and the condition of the feast was that each one should bring, as his contribution to the general entertainment, the most disagreeable man he knew in town. The day arrived, and the guests. Indeed, the scene of the feast was the same Delmonico's at which I was sitting with Claude. The first guest entered alone. The second came alone, and the two, explaining to each other, remarked that the most disagreeable man they knew in town had a previous engagement. Then came the third, and said to Numbers One and Two that the most disagreeable man he knew had promised to dine with somebody else. None of them had mentioned the name of the gentleman whom they had hoped to bring. But when the door opened and Number Four entered with Dodo, Numbers One, Two, and Three simultaneously whispered to each other, "He's brought my man!"

When one of them told me this absurd story I said to myself, "How much does Dodo suspect from their manner toward him that they think him the most disagreeable man in town? Would he have consented to dine with Number Four if he had known what Number Four thought of him? And if he did not know, was Four's manner truthful?" I do not remember that I answered the question satisfactorily to myself; but it occurred to me as I sat at the window with Claude, and to my surprise I suddenly saw Mr. Buzzard coming into the room. Claude rose to meet him as he advanced. The words which Claude had just spoken were still in my mind as I observed the greeting, and I said to myself, "If my young friend Claude receives one of the most disagreeable of men in this courteous and cordial way, how would he receive one of the most agreeable?" Mr. Buzzard sat for some time, talking and laughing; and when he had taken his coffee and had withdrawn I asked Claude whether he supposed that Mr. Buzzard knew what he thought of him.

"I have certainly never told him," he replied, laughing; "and I don't believe that he would wish me to tell him."

"But haven't you told him that you think him a very pleasant fellow?" asked I.

"Most emphatically, never!" answered Claude. "The truth is, that I never spoke to him upon the subject."

"Doesn't manner speak as loud as words, my boy? And could a man whom you treat as I have just seen you treat Mr. Buzzard suppose that you thought him very disagreeable?" I said.

"But surely, dear Mr. Bachelor," rejoined Claude, "you don't think it desirable that we should all mutually express an opinion of each other? Human society would come to an end. If I should say to Jack when he comes to see me that I wish him, first of all, to understand that I think him a dreadful bore, and to Edgar that I consider him very superficial, and to Hugh that my mature opinion of him is that he is a fool, to Karl that he is the most conceited of men, and to Harry that he is a time-server and treacherous, and if every body else should do the same, we should be at war, and human intercourse would become intolerable."

"Then, in your opinion, our manners must lie?" I said to him.

"Certainly not," he answered, "because nobody supposes that my bowing to him or speaking politely to him implies approval of all that he is or does."

This little passage led me to reflect upon the general subject of manners. We speak of fine manners; we praise courtesy and elegance and refinement of manner. We say that a man's manners are good or bad; that a woman's manners are captivating; and the more curious students of the subject declare that the perfection of manner is to persuade the person addressed that he absorbs all the interest and the attention of the speaker. Then there are the other questions: Are manners independent of character? May a scoundrel be a person of truly fine manners? Is manner only a form of external address; and is it, therefore, just as fine when it is wholly false? May a bad man have good manners? And may the sincerest and most benevolent manners be bad manners?

I suppose, dear Gerald, that we must answer all these last questions in the affirmative. Fra Diavolo's manners may be very good, and Dr. Johnson's were undeniably bad. Good men may be rude and coarse and contemptuous in their intercourse with others, and it is of the very essence of superior scoundrelism to be sleek and smooth and feline. You know, I suppose, Mew, the great statesman. Now his objects are wholly selfish, and his parts are really contemptible; but his manners are so gentle and gracious and persuasive that he may be said to slip along upon the oil that he exudes. Yet his manners, if fine, are undeniably false—that is to say, they imply and intend to imply what is not true. When you go to him to ask for an office for your friend Scritch, who has been always so faithful, and has done such hard work in the great political campaign, Mr. Mew receives you as if you were the one person for whom his soul had been pining, and listens to you as if now at last wisdom had descended incarnate. And when you come to Scritch and Scritch's claim, and Scritch's services to the party, Mr. Mew's manner gives you distinctly to understand that nothing would so fully express his views of Scritch and his services and claims as the toast, with the name changed, offered by a professor at the young University of Virginia to Lafayette upon his last visit to this country: "The apple of our heart's eye—Scritch."

Mr. Mew's manner says to you, in the plainest way, that of all men Scritch is the man. Words could not express it more distinctly; and when he says, softly pressing your hand in parting, that he will do all that he can do for Scritch, not for his own claims and services only, great as they are, but for the respect which he, Mew, entertains for you, you go off flattered and pleased, you foolish fellow, and write Scritch that he is about as sure of the place as he can be of any thing, while Mr. Mew slips around to the proper authority and insists that the appointment shall be instantly made out, not for Scritch but for Scratch, who has been Mew's man all the time.

Mr. Mew's manner produces upon you, my dear Gerald, precisely the kind of impression that Claude's did upon Mr. Buzzard, although in a different degree. Mew persuades you that he thinks very highly of you, and would, therefore, gladly do what you wish; and Claude's certainly persuades Mr. Buzzard that Claude has a very kindly feeling for him. I know people who say to others that they think me a great bore; and it is, I know, often the misfortune of age to become so. But the manner of the same persons says to me that I am quite an agreeable old fellow. Can there be no discrimination in manner? Must we say equally to all persons that we love and respect them without end? No, my boy, that is not at all necessary; but neither need we attempt to express exactly the shade of regard that we entertain. Manner can not be a meter sensitive as the thermometer to every change, every fluctuation of temperature.

And even were this practicable, it is not desirable. For how superficial our knowledge of each other is! If my manner shows, as inevitably it will, to a man whom I wholly distrust that I do not confide in him, yet its very cold courtesy also says that he is human, and that my judgment is very fallible. I am not false if, while I am not ardent, I show that I acknowledge our common humanity. Then a man may be very disagreeable to me who is not dishonorable, and for whom I have no moral antipathy. Certainly I ought not to persuade him that it is pleasant for me to see him, and therefore if I feel as strongly as Claude expressed himself of Mr. Buzzard, I should not greet him as I would greet you. But universal courtesy of manner is but the recognition of a common humanity. Forçat, whom I believe to be a rascal, came smiling up to me at Mrs. Fringe's raspberry party the other day and put out his hand; I nodded politely, but I did not take his hand. His object was to compel me to tell a lie by my manner, and I declined. I hope that I always shall decline, and that all of my young friends, dear Gerald, will do likewise.

Your old friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

SERVICEABLE CLUBBING.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

HE setteth the solitary in families. Sometimes. And sometimes he does not. Why, then, do not the solitary set themselves in families? There are so few women who ever think of keeping house and making a home for themselves and a centre of social life for their circle unless they are married. Of course it is a great deal easier to set up and keep up an establishment with a man at the fore—if he is the right sort of man. The right sort of man is one who knows instinctively when to be an active partner and when to be a silent partner; who goes to the front when there is money to be earned for the home, and to the rear when it is to be spent; who provides and enjoys a bountiful table, but is sweet-tempered, cheerful, and consoling in an emergency; who is main-stay and head centre of the family, but who shows it only in constant providence and tender watchfulness—a man of whose comfort and taste every one else thinks first, but who thinks of it himself least and last. Such a man is a real help in housekeeping. But suppose a man is ignorant or incapable, has small knack in getting on, never is suited with his situation, but leaves a good one in search of a better, and finds none; refuses a salary of a thousand a year because his "family can't live on a thousand dollars," and so they live on nothing; does not know what to do with money when he gets it, but fritters it away in trifling expenditures and foolish investments, while his family lack comfort in the present and security for the future; or suppose he is thrifty but fretful, exacting, imperious, capricious, selfish—*is* he a help over the hard places in housekeeping? If a man can, in case of distress, put on a door-knob, mend a broken pane of glass, hang a picture, tack down a carpet, entertain a guest, eat stale bread and like it when the stove won't draw and the biscuit won't bake, he is pleasant to have about, and far better than nobody; but the chances are large that he can not mend the knob, and will forget to call a carpenter, and may lower over the "slim breakfast;" so that his failure to put in an appearance need not be fatal to an establishment. But if a girl is left, the one ungathered rose upon the family tree, she goes to live with her married sister or brother, and, ten to one, becomes merged in the family, and presently loses all distinct individuality of position or influence.

So the teachers in a city, and the clerks and the shop-girls, and all unmarried and self-supporting or independent women, live in boarding-houses or in families, often finding it difficult to secure an agreeable home, and often dwelling in a place and a manner that preclude every idea of home, and really deprive them of a large part of the social power to which their character and ability entitle them.

Suppose, now, four young gentlewomen who have been left each with a slender income, quite insufficient for *gentle* housekeeping, but sufficient for a respectable maintenance in the proffered home of a brother or brother-in-law, without further help from him than such proffer affords. Suppose that, instead of accepting these offers and becoming superfluous members of other families—assistants possibly, but not indispensable, and always subordinate—these four should unite their forces. Four insufficient incomes may combine into one sufficient not only for comfort but for elegance. The cost of housekeeping for four women is very far from being four times the cost of housekeeping for one. In many respects it would not be perceptibly increased. One woman, for instance, would need one servant; and by distributing the light and agreeable but time-and-care-needing parts of the house-work among themselves, four women could do perfectly well with one servant. Even their association can be so guarded that there shall be no necessity for undue or undesired intimacy, and liking shall be its only measure. Each one's share of superintendence and service can be rigidly prescribed and observed. The dining-room and parlor are the only common ground. In their own rooms they are as secluded and supreme as if their souls were like stars, and dwelt apart. In the drawing-room they are harmonious and hospitable. To the outside world they are householders, a family, a unit. They may receive and entertain; they have standing, a local habitation, and a name. To themselves they are themseves—free, self-possessed, self-acting. It needs only a certain power of adaptation—a certain similarity, or rather harmony, of taste and purpose—to begin with, and then a moderate amount of Christian forbearance, of intelligent allowance, and, above all, scrupulous and invariable good-breeding. But there is no situation in life in which good-breeding is not indispensable to happiness and character; while in point of forbearance and adaptation they would not need to exercise half as much as if they were married. The strain upon patience and temper would be far less than in marriage; and though, justly enough, the happiness arising from the alliance might be less intense and perfect, it would be far greater than from a tame and spiritless life of perpetual subordination or perpetual self-denial.

Or suppose the four gentlewomen supplement or supply their income by teaching or by some other form of remunerative work. Each earns five hundred dollars a year. Five hundred dollars a year would keep no house, but four five hundreds would keep one respectably and comfortably. By systematic arrangement four friends, one would think, might live together in a coziness and even a luxury unattainable at any boarding-house which their means could command, with a pride of self-direction and independence which would be impossible for them in any

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other family, and at a cost really less than their united expenses in a separate life. They would purchase comfort and supervision at a less price than discomfort and subordination. They would spend their money for exactly what they wanted, and of whatever economy they chose to exercise themselves would reap the fruits.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS.

THE suit of blouse, shirt-waist, and knickerbocker trowsers shown on our first page is the négligé every-day suit worn at all seasons of the year by boys from four to nine years of age. The blouse is of the simplest construction, having merely seams under the arms and on the shoulders. All blouses are made quite short at present, those for a boy of seven years extending only about a finger-length and a half below the natural taper of the waist. The belt is a separate piece of the material bound on each edge with braid, and attached to the blouse by a strap of the binding sewed on each seam under the arms, and buttoned in front. It is the fancy to wear the belt very low, giving a long-waisted and easy appearance to the costume. The pockets are on the inside, with a flap showing just below the belt. The breast pocket is usually a sham. In the illustration given a large sailor collar is added, with a white star embroidered in the corners; the collar is used on all materials, but the nautical ornaments only with blue and white suits that are worn in the summer.

The knickerbockers are not the baggy-looking garments that were once worn in imitation of Zouave trowsers. All fullness at the top and the wide Zouave belt are dispensed with. The trowsers are shaped to fit the figure, and are supplied with an inner waistband having button-holes to fasten it to a white shirt-waist. The legs are made two inches longer than knee-breeches, and are not so much sloped about the knee. An elastic band is placed in the hem, and worn just above the calf of the leg, allowing the trowsers to droop merely enough to hide the hem. These are far more trim and graceful than the knickerbockers formerly worn. Plain white and striped linens or cambric are used for the shirt-waists, of which a pattern is given.

For summer wear blue twilled flannel is the fabric most used for these suits, especially when gotten up in sailor fashion, like that in our illustration. This flannel, three-quarters of a yard wide, is now sold for 75 cents a yard, and some very good qualities are marked as low as 50 cents a yard. These suits have bindings, and straight lines of black and white braid. Much trimming is incongruous with their négligé design. Dressy suits of white duck, trimmed with blue or with white braid, are also seen. Serviceable suits for school are of heavy gray and brown linens, with or without bindings or any trimming. Fall and winter suits are now being made by this pattern at the furnishing stores. The materials are gray Cheviots and heavier cassimere, warmly lined throughout.

The low shoe called both the Oxford and the Newport tie is in favor for small boys. Long stockings are most worn with knickerbockers, though it is not unusual to see short socks, just reaching above the buttoned gaiters, leaving the plump limbs bare below the calf.

CHINTZ SILKS AND PERCALES.

Lyons silks, gauzes, and percales of the latest manufacture revive the chintz designs worn by our grandmothers. The grounds are gray, dove-color, or light buff, sprinkled with bouquets of flowers in their natural tints, bluets, and field poppies, mixed with wheat ears. The French percales are the cretonnes that we have already described. Chintz silks are made up in antique fashion, with flounced over-skirts draped above kilt-pleated skirts of solid-colored silk matching the ground of the over-skirt. Worn with this is a fichu of folds of clear white lawn or of tulle, or else a chemisette of folds is disclosed by the pointed or square opening now seen with vest fronts.

An elegant Chambery gauze dress, just sent out from a Parisian house, is white with a chintz stripe at intervals. The corsage has a postilion-basque, with a novelty in the shape of a vest front that has the neck cut low and square, showing a chemisette of folds of white tulle arranged in shawl fashion. The sleeves are half-flowing, with an inner pleating of tulle and lace. There is no over-skirt, but a demi-train with seven narrow pleated flounces. Cunning little bows of chintz ribbon are set at intervals down the two front seams on each side. This is intended for a dinner dress at Newport. Accompanying it is an elegant morning dress to be worn by a brunette. It is of palest écru foulard, made open in front, a Watteau fold behind, a slight train, half-flowing sleeves, and bordered all around by a Swiss muslin pleating edged with Valenciennes, and headed by a band of black velvet.

A third dress offers a suggestion to correspondents who ask for a new way to trim white alpaca. This was not the pearl-tinged, poor-looking white, but a soft, creamy tint, and the trimming was bindings of palest Nile green gros grain on flounces of the alpaca deeply scalloped. A single wide flounce was on the lower skirt, a narrow ruffle on the short upper skirt, while the basque and sleeves were merely scalloped.

RIDING HABITS.

The most stylish habit for the country at this season is of poussière, or dust-colored cloth. The fabric is that light quality of ladies' cloth, scarcely heavier than opera flannel. The habit is made with a postilion-basque, square behind, with pointed front, and the trimming often outlines a vest. A bias band of heavily repped silk of a darker shade is the trimming, with a curled line of soutache braid above it. The skirt has four widths, all sloped near the top, except the back width, which is straight and full, and is attached to a belt by deep French gathers. A jockey cap is made at the hatters' of scraps of cloth left from the habit.

Black and invisible green continue to be the favorite colors for habits worn in the city. High-crowned hats of gray or brown straw, trimmed with gauze of the same color, are worn during the warm months. English beaver hats, for equestriennes, have long scarf-veils of white gauze twisted around the crown and hanging over the left shoulder. Soft white Panama hats, like those worn by gentlemen, are also shown for ladies. They are trimmed with a velvet band and a white ostrich plume.

APPLIQUÉ EMBROIDERY, ETC.

Medallions of the finest French needle-work are sold for ornamenting linen and Valenciennes lace garments. This appliqué, or transferred embroidery, is greatly in vogue also for marking handkerchiefs, the initials of the name being sewed in one corner of the broad hem now seen on all pocket-handkerchiefs. The letters are large Roman capitals, and each one costs 35 cents. Exquisitely wrought letters of point lace—the finest round point—are also shown for marking fans of satin or silk, or for inserting in the corner of a linen cambric handkerchief bordered with point lace. These are leaning Italic capitals with a vine entwined around them.

Square-meshed guipure net, in frames, for making tidies, and the materials for making the point lace work taught in our columns, are now to be found in many fancy stores.

Fanciful collars and wristbands are just introduced of the guipure embroidery in vogue for trimming white goods. They are usually edged with Valenciennes. Duchesse lace is the fashionable lace for trimming evening dresses of white muslin; but it looks coarse after washing, and can never render Valenciennes unpopular.

CASHMERE WRAPS.

Garments of braided cashmere will be a feature in fall attire, and ladies are devoting their summer leisure to ornamenting them. Polonaises and the Watteau mantle, with either one cape or two, are the first choice in shape, though many ladies adhere to the négligé paletot, making it closer fitting, however, than those of last winter. The garment is cut by a modiste, and the pattern for braiding is stamped upon each piece separately, that it may be braided before it is made up into a large, unwieldy garment. Narrowest soutache of finest silk is used for braiding, and the design is so close that when finished it looks like very rich embroidery. Fern leaves and a Greek border are the favorite designs. Gray cashmere is braided with darker gray, light brown with nut brown, black with black, except for house jackets, when the jardinière braids of many colors are used.

VARIETIES.

Black lace mittens are said to be coming into fashion again, and are already seen on the promenade. They display a fair hand to advantage, and are certainly far more comfortable than kid gloves for midsummer wear. They can be bought very reasonably at present, but will be far more expensive next season.

Another revival, pleasant at this writing, is the close, high way of arranging the hair that has been adopted by many ladies of fashion. Instead of chatelaine braids drooping low on the neck, hair-dressers make the old-fashioned French twist high on the back of the head, and coil braids of three-plaited tresses around it. A braided coronet passes over the front. This gives the head a classic shape, and is cooler and more cleanly than the chatelaine.

A new hat, called the Roland, is masculine-looking, but stylish. It is of English straw, with a high, square crown shaped like the beavers worn with riding habits. The rolling brim curves slightly in front and back. Black velvet and an ostrich feather are the trimmings.

For information received thanks are due Madame DIXDEN; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; BROOKS BROTHERS; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

KATE FIELD is good enough to inform the public of a good thing said by one of the merchant princes of Chicago: An Eastern man was commending the services of a young Philadelphian to the Chicago tradesman. "He comes of a very good family. His grandfather was a very distinguished man," said the man of the East. "Was he?" replied the man of Chicago. "That's of no account with us. There's less daddyism here than in any part of the United States. What's he himself?" "Daddyism" is good, and should forthwith be incorporated in Webster and Walker.

—Mr. ODO RUSSELL has been appointed British embassador to Berlin. He is a successful diplomat, wary and wily, firm while appearing to yield, and has already matched heads with BISMARCK during the residence of B. at Versailles.

—JAMES SAVAGE is the oldest man living who has been a Fourth of July orator in Boston. He spoke his piece in 1811.

—It is said that the Empress EUGÉNIE is negotiating for the sale of her diamonds, which are valued at $1,600,000.

—The HOWE family are to have a general jubilation at South Framingham, Massachusetts, on the 21st of August. Hon. JOSEPH HOWE, Secretary of State for the Dominion of Canada, will deliver the oration. There will be doings, also, by Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, Judge HOWE, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, Senator HOWE, of Wisconsin, Dr. S. G. HOWE, of Boston, Colonel F. E. HOWE, of New York, and much other HOWE. Poems, speeches, dinner, and frequent quotations of "Howe is this for," etc., etc.; "Howe doth the little busy bee," etc.; "Howe sharper than a serpent's thanks it is to have a toothless child," will be the order of the day.

—Mr. TENNYSON is said to have given the final painstaking and polish to the poem which he is known to have taken so much time to compose, and it is soon to be published in London by Mr. STRAHAN. It will be promptly republished here by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—Baron WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, the poet's younger grandson, is about to print privately a work giving the result of his continued research as to the ecclesiastical history of Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

—It is talked of in Washington, in circles that are likely to be quite well informed, that the Marquis of Lorne and Princess LOUISE will come to the United States this autumn. They will spend some time in Canada, then visit New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and arrive in Washington about the time of the visit of the Russian prince, ALEXIS.

—ROBERT HOUDIN, the celebrated French conjuror, died recently in France. He invented many ingenious machines, for which he received prize medals. In 1845 he began his public career as a conjuror, and for seven years amused the Parisians at his hall in the Palais Royal. The government sent him in 1856 to Algiers, in order that he might enlighten the Arabs on the pretended miracles of their marabouts. He wrote several interesting books.

—General MAGRUDER is buried in the Masonic portion of the cemetery at Houston, Texas, the only thing to indicate the spot being a simple board at the head of the grave, on which are two lines written with a pencil, "J. B. MAGRUDER, Lieutenant-General C. S. Army." When "I' the North," in the olden time, General M. was an especial favorite in society. Where are now the old friends who have so often partaken of his bountiful hospitality?

—The Washington *Capital* speaks of CALEB CUSHING as one of the most remarkable men of the day, who, without official position, is yet a power. It states that for the last three years no important state paper has been written, or move made, or diplomatic agent selected, without calling in the aid or advice of this remarkable man. He reminds one more of a European statesman, one of that sort who accumulates years and information without age, and up to the last moment of a long career is as valuable to his country as in the prime of manhood.

—Formerly the players were termed "Her Majesty's Servants." Now, as we hear by the last steamer, her Majesty's children have taken to the "sock and buskin," by taking part in a dramatic entertainment to raise funds to build a monument to Sir WALTER SCOTT. They played, we learn, parts from the Waverley Novels, and "the house" netted twenty-five hundred dollars. The players were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess CHRISTIAN, Marquis of Lorne and Mrs. Lorne, Prince TECK, and Prince ARTHUR. The performance is supposed to have been beyond criticism, as no mention of it is made in the British journals.

—Mr. JOHN W. GARRETT, who, with Commodore VANDERBILT and THOMAS A. SCOTT, may be classed among the railroad monarchs of this country, is described by a Washington interviewer as a short, plump individual, of Pickwickian amplitude at the waistband, with an overplus of neck, topping a modest black tie, a bulbous forehead, bald head fringed with white hair and tufts of white side whiskers, and a round face, to which a peculiarly child-like innocence is given by a colorless Greeleyan complexion and mild blue eyes. Not a face likely to belong to a hard, resolute, railroad potentate, if there is any truth in physiognomy. Mr. GARRETT is fifty-one years old, looks seventy at the roof of his head and thirty in the face. Like GREELEY, whom he resembles in face, he does not smoke, chew, or drink. He has the reputation of being affable and singularly even-tempered under all the fret and strain of his varied and wide-spread business operations.

—It was recently stated in Parliament, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that Mr. WILLIAM STUART, as the heir of WILLIAM PENN, received from the government an annuity of $20,000. The pension was granted in 1790, when it was discovered that he had lost property valued at $2,500,000 by adhering to the British interests during the war of independence. Mr. PITT and Mr. FOX both agreed upon this, though many members at that time considered that the annuity should be $25,000.

—Mr. GEORGE W. M'CULLOM, of this city, impelled thereto by a fine sense of the fitness of things, has given $12,000 to the Appleton Academy in Mount Vernon, New Hampshire, and contemplates increasing the gift to $50,000. The name of the academy has been changed to the "M'Cullom Institute." The trustees can at that rate afford to keep changing the name.

—Notwithstanding that Mr. GROTE, the historian, was born with the traditional spoon of silver in his mouth, he had, in spite, to work his way to fame against as many hinderances as most of those who have no advantages of wealth and position. The future historian of Greece had not even the ordinary advantages of the classical education of that time, but was perched at a high desk in the family counting-house. He taught himself Greek in the intervals of business, but, like a wise man, he accepted his fate, worked hard at what was set before him, made himself an excellent man of business, and waited quietly until he became his own master and had made his own fortune. He bore the reputation, half a century ago, of being a first-rate financier, but it is as a historian that he will be remembered. His great work has been reproduced in this country in twelve volumes by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—Miss CORDELIA JANE HODGESON, the last English connection of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, died the other day at Preston, England, at the age of seventy-eight.

—Mr. BRADFORD, the American painter, seems to have captured the nobility and gentry and the art connoisseurs of England. He has suddenly become the fashion, and his rooms at the Langham Hotel are daily visited by distinguished people, who greatly admire his paintings of arctic scenery. So much interested by them was Sir RODERICK MURCHISON that he called attention to them in his annual address before the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. BRADFORD'S large painting, "Summer in the Arctic Regions," has been purchased by Mr. ASHBURY, of the Royal Yacht Club, and placed in a conspicuous place for exhibition.

—Senator GRIMES, of Iowa, gives an annual prize to that member of the Senior class of Dartmouth College who makes the most general improvement during his college course. This year it has been awarded to WALTER M. PARKER, of Manchester, New Hampshire. Mr. GRIMES has also provided for two perpetual scholarships in Dartmouth, one in the name of his wife and one in his own, to be given to such worthy poor young men as the faculty may select.

—The French Duc DE POLIGNAC, who did a little rough rebel raiding in Texas during the war, and who at the suggestion of Mr. J. DAVIS invested $82,000 in Virginia State bonds of rebel issue, can't get his money, and proposes to sue. It is to be feared that that duc will never get that money.

—Dr. T. M. COAN, whose contributions to *Harper's Magazine* and various other periodicals, as well as to the leading daily papers of New York, have been received with favor, is announced by the *Independent* as having been installed in charge of the literary department of that paper. Dr. COAN has a special aptitude for the duties of his new position, and will prove a valuable accession to the staff of our contemporary.

—Miss NETTIE POWER HOUSTON, the daughter of the late General SAM HOUSTON, contributes gracefully written and clever articles to the Southern press.

—The late Mr. HALL, father of the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, is the author of a little work entitled "The Sinner's Friend," of which 1,850,000 copies have been printed. It has been republished in this country, and translated into twenty-nine foreign languages.

—There was good Mr. and Mrs. CALLENDER, of Delaware; they were quite sure the end of the world was at hand. What did they do but sew themselves up in white garments and mount the wood-shed to await the trump-blowing of GABRIEL. Before the ascension took place, however, Mrs. C. began a rapid descent, and "slode" from the shed to the ground, followed by the husband. As soon as they get over the contusions they will, like Mrs. Chick, make another effort.

—In the Louisville *Courier-Journal* we find the following pleasant notice of a Southern lady, who may fairly be called a heroine: "General GORDON, of Georgia, and his wife are at the Galt House. General GORDON rose rapidly and high in Confederate confidence, but his wife is as remarkable in military annals as many a heroine of olden story. She, with her two boys, in a barouche, followed the army of her husband, and she was never a hinderance or an embarrassment to his movements. At Winchester, in the valley of Virginia, when, for the first time, his troops fell back before vastly superior numbers, she, who was supposed by her husband to be many miles in the rear, happened to be in the town, and saw the critical condition of the Confederate cause. She descended from the carriage, and amidst the rush of the retreating men, the bursting of shells, and the whiz of bullets, seized hold of the very person of soldiers and turned them back to the fight. Her resolution, coolness, and heroic spirit rallied hundreds and returned them to her husband in the front. The incident was known all over Virginia at the time and in the army."

—The life of the ex-Emperor of France at Chiselhurst is thus described by one who has the privilege of knowing the social doings there: "During the forenoon all is silent in the mansion. The Empress, after prayers, breakfasts with the Prince Imperial, who then walks out in the park for a short time, the rule of resuming his studies in the morning being broken through during the indisposition of the Emperor, to whom the society of his son is the chief solace of his exile. The Prince remains with his father during the whole process of the toilette, then assists at his late breakfast, which, contrary to the custom of the Tuileries, is taken alone. The boy has cheered and soothed the bodily pain and mental agony of the Emperor, who is sometimes seen to smile as the former recounts his experiences of England and the English, and offers judgment according to his lights concerning the habits of French boys as compared with those of England. When the Emperor leaves his own apartment the Prince Imperial repairs to his studies. But his Majesty declares that already the glory of the day is over, although he feels the necessity of the separation for a while. The morning's report of the state of Paris is still furnished by Pietri, but is never once alluded to. What has struck the friends of the imperial family most of all is the comparative solitude in which each of its members seeks to live. There is something touching in the solitary walk taken by the Emperor up and down the avenue, leaning on his cane, and stopping every now and then to remove the pebbles from his path, according to the habit of all men engaged in deep thought. His Majesty has grown much fatter since his arrival at Chiselhurst. But he walks with far more ease than on his first arrival in England, and now only requires the arm of a friend to help him up the steps of the hall door of the mansion."

—The sentiment that inspired the excellent Dr. ISAAC WATTS to write that beautiful hymn commencing,

"Life is a *shad-oh!* how it flies!"

has also animated the excellent SETH GREEN (or SHADRACH GREEN) to devote himself to transwatering little shads to an unaccountable extent. In fact, he has done nothing but water the stock of the Shad Co. these four years. In 1867 he put a few millions of juvenile shad into the Connecticut River at Holyoke, and last year the catch was larger than at any season for twenty years past. Mr. GREEN has just gone to California to stock the Sacramento River with young shad, having recently done the same thing for the waters of Virginia. Well may he exclaim,

"What shadroes we are, and what shadroes we pursue!"

—The degree of indigency to which some of the prelates of the Established Church of England and Ireland have been reduced should excite the deepest sympathy. There is poor Dr. TRENCH, for instance, who was made Archbishop of Dublin in 1864; he declares that the annual income of his bishopric has been a paltry $55,000, and claims from the Church Commissioners, as his commutation-money, $550,000.

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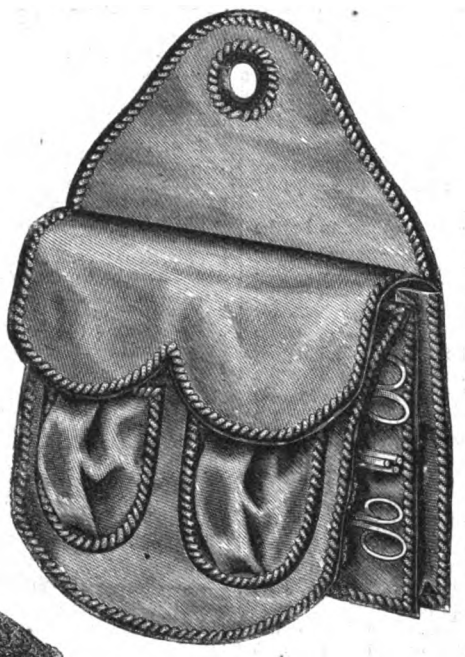
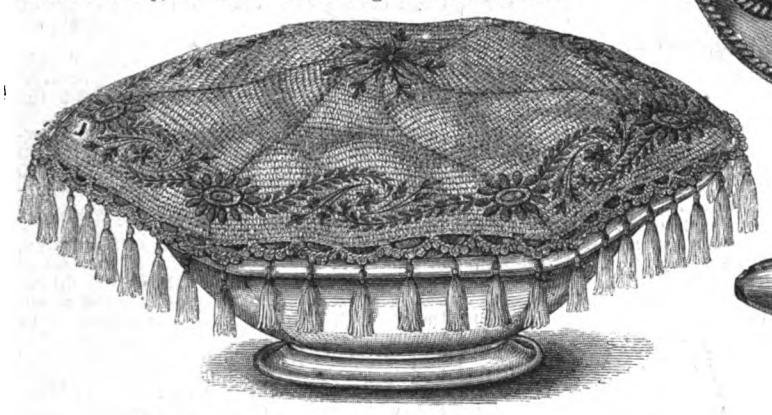
Ironing Bag.

THIS bag is intended to hold the various utensils used in ironing, such as wax, starch, fluting-irons, etc. It is made of gray carriage leather, bound with brown carriage leather, and ornamented with brown scalloped braid. For the back of the bag cut a four-cornered piece of pasteboard twelve inches and a half wide and thirteen inches and three-quarters high, and round off the upper edge of this piece as shown by the illustration. Cover both sides of the pasteboard smoothly with carriage leather, and join this piece with a pocket by means of a soufflet. The pocket is made of card-board and carriage leather, eight inches high, and corresponding in width to the back of the bag. Two bands of carriage leather of the requisite length, and an inch and one-quarter wide, and furnished with a binding, are sewed on the front side of this pocket; these bands are intended to hold fluting-irons (see illustration). Join the upper edge of this pocket by means of a binding with a piece of carriage leather ten inches and a half long and twelve inches and a half wide, which is rounded off at the bottom as shown by the illustration, and furnished with two small pockets; then fasten the flap, which is cut out in two scallops at the under edge and furnished with a binding, to the back of the bag as shown by the illustration. In order to cover the stitches of the bindings, sew on brown serpentine braid along the inner edge of the binding, as shown by the illustration. Fasten this braid by means of cross stitches with brown zephyr worsted, at the same time surrounding the stitches that fasten the binding. To hang up the bag, make a circular hole at the middle of the top, and sew in a brass ring with brown worsted.



IRONING BAG.



CROCHET COVER FOR BOILED EGGS, POTATOES, ETC.

Crochet Cover for Boiled Eggs, Potatoes, etc.

THIS cover, which is designed to keep eggs and vegetables warm when served, is worked in single crochet with fine white knitting cotton, ornamented with embroidery in twisted stitch and diagonal half-polka stitch, and edged with lace and small tassels. The under side of the cover is furnished with a crochet lining of white cotton, corresponding to the shape of the cover. Begin the cover at the middle with a foundation of 6 st. (stitch), close these in a ring with one slip stitch, and then work the 1st round.—2 sc. (single crochet) on each foundation st. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the first st., 2 sc. on the following st. of the preceding round; in working the sc. always pass the needle through the two upper veins of each st. 3d round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round; always 2 st., however, on the second of every 2 st. worked on 1 st. Work the 4th–64th rounds like the 3d round. 65th round.—Always alternately 2 sc. on the next 2 st., one scallop of five picots (each picot consists of five chain stitches and 1 sc. on the first of the five chain stitches), passing over 6 st. of the preceding round with the picot scallop; at the corners formed by the widening work always 3 sc. instead of each 2 sc. Sew a small white cotton tassel to the middle picot of each picot scallop (see illustration). The cover is now ornamented in twisted stitch and diagonal half-polka stitch with white knitting cotton, as shown by the illustration. The lining for the cover is worked in a similar manner in single crochet, always going forward, also widening six times by 1 st. in each round, just as in working the cover; in working the single crochet, however, the needle is passed through one upper vein only of each st. of the preceding round instead of through the two upper veins. When the lining is as large as the cover, sew it on the under side of the latter.

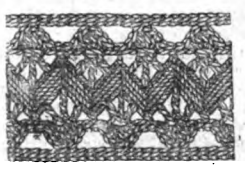
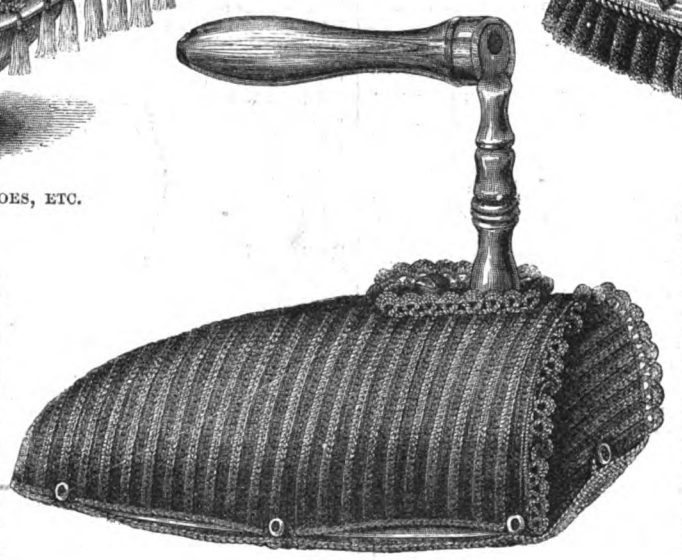
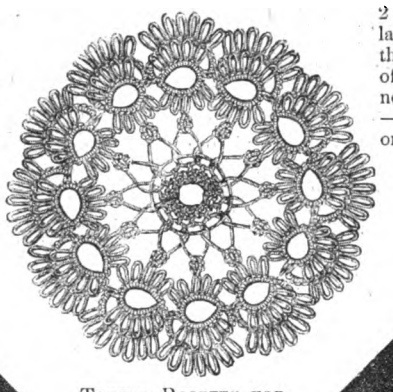


Fig. 1.—CROCHET AND SERPENTINE BRAID INSERTION.



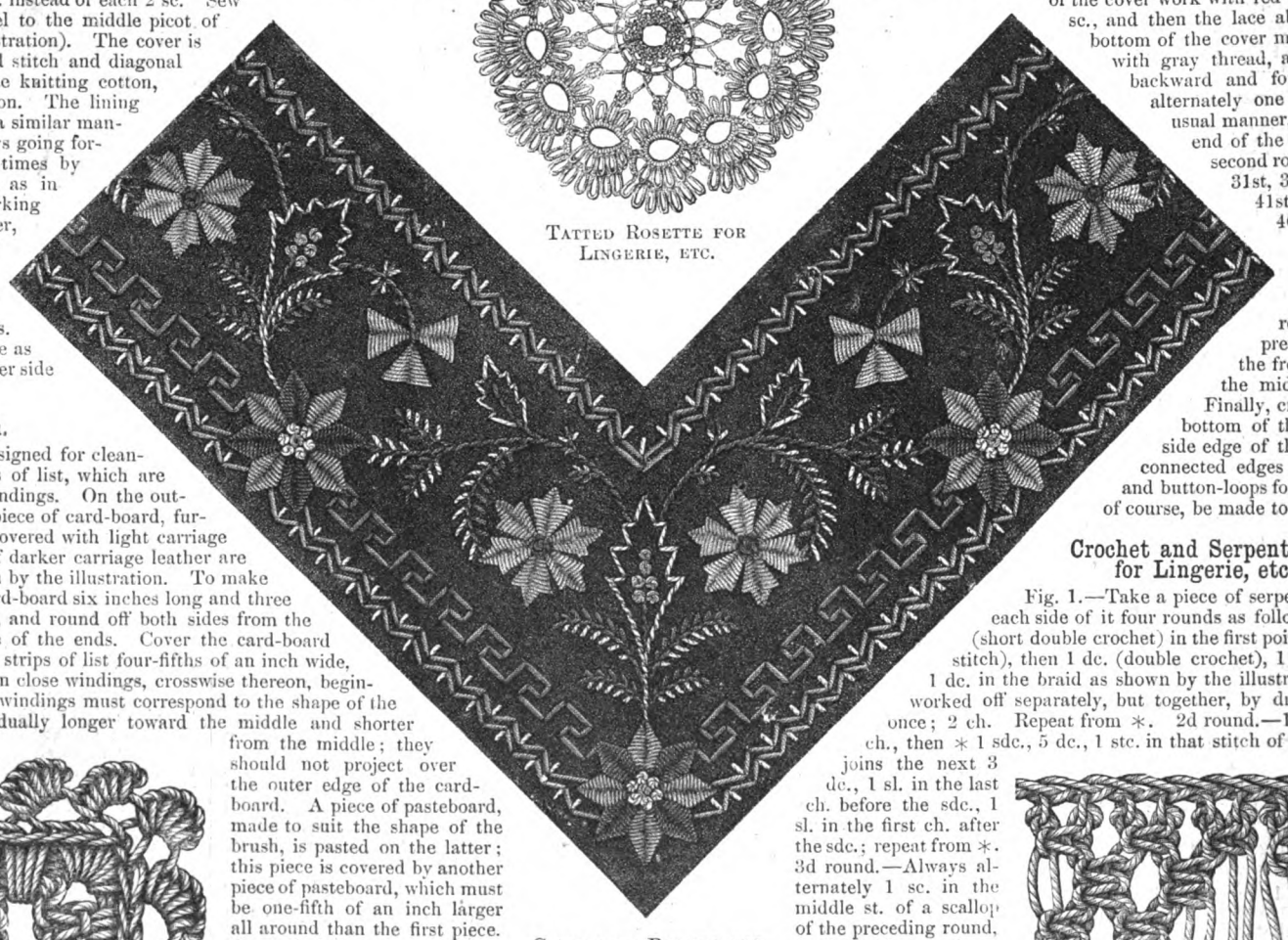
CROCHET COVER FOR FLAT-IRON.



TATTED ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Silk Brush.

THIS brush, which is designed for cleaning silk, is made of strips of list, which are sewed together in close windings. On the outside of the brush is set a piece of card-board, furnished with an edge and covered with light carriage leather, on which pieces of darker carriage leather are pasted in the design shown by the illustration. To make the brush, cut a piece of card-board six inches long and three inches and a quarter wide, and round off both sides from the middle toward the middle of the ends. Cover the card-board with gray muslin, and sew strips of list four-fifths of an inch wide, which are folded together in close windings, crosswise thereon, beginning at one point. These windings must correspond to the shape of the card-board, becoming gradually longer toward the middle and shorter from the middle; they should not project over the outer edge of the card-board. A piece of pasteboard, made to suit the shape of the brush, is pasted on the latter; this piece is covered by another piece of pasteboard, which must be one-fifth of an inch larger all around than the first piece. Cover the larger piece with gray muslin, then paste a piece of light brown carriage leather on the upper surface of the larger piece of pasteboard, and button-hole stitch the two together around the edge with brown silk. Join the outer edge of this part with a pasteboard edge two-fifths of an inch high, covered with light carriage leather, and edge it all around with brown silk cord. On the edge and on the upper surface of the brush paste separate figures, made of dark brown carriage leather in the design shown by the illustration, and cover the joining seam between the top and the edge with brown silk cord.



CORNER OF BORDER FOR CUSHIONS, COVERS, ETC. COLORED EMBROIDERY.

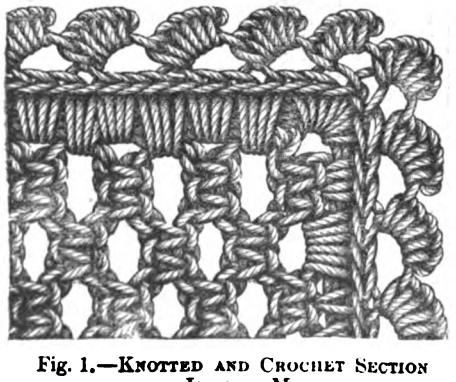
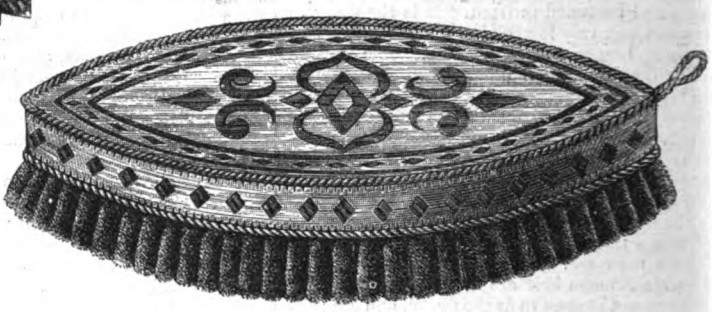


Fig. 1.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET SECTION OF IRONING MAT.

Crochet Cover for Flat-Iron.

THIS cover is worked with gray twisted thread and red (Turkish) cotton of the same size, in single crochet in ribbed crochet stitch. Work the top, bottom, and back piece each separately, and crochet or sew them together. For the top, which is begun at the front point, work with gray thread a foundation of 31 st. (stitches), and on this work, going backward and forward, two rounds in ribbed crochet, widening 2 st., however, in the middle of the second round, working 3 st. on the middle st. of the preceding round. At the end of the second round work 1 ch. (chain stitch), lay on the red thread, and with this work two rounds in ribbed crochet; widen 2 st. at the middle of the second red round. Work a gray rib, then thirteen times more alternately one red, one gray rib; widen 2 st. as before in the second round of each rib. Now work on the first, then also on the last 39 st. of the last round, one red rib each and five times alternately one gray, one red rib, not changing the number of stitches. Lay on the gray thread and work first on the 39 st. of the last rib one round in the usual manner, then, going forward, 7 ch. and one round on the 39 st. of the last rib of the part previously crocheted, so that both parts are now joined by the ch. On this whole row of stitches work one more gray round, then four times alternately one red, one gray rib. Work the back part of the cover on the st. of the last round, always passing the needle through the back vein of the two upper veins of each st., as follows: Work with red cotton first one round on the thirteen middle st. of the round referred to, 1 ch., turn the work and work 1 sc. on each sc. of the preceding round, 3 sc. on the following 3 st. Then lay on the gray thread, work 1 ch., and, going backward on the row of stitches, 1 sc. on each sc. of the preceding round, 3 sc. on the following 3 st. Now follows 1 ch., turn the work, 1 sc. on each sc. of the preceding round, 3 sc. on the following 3 st. In this manner work six times more alternately one red, one gray rib; then follows one more red rib and one round of gray thread. At the end of the fifth round (the first round of the second gray rib) work 3 st. on the next 3 st. as usual; at the end of the 6th and 7th rounds, 2 st. each; of the 8th and 9th rounds, 3 st. each; of the 10th and 11th rounds, 2 st. each; of the 12th and 13th rounds, 3 st. each; of the 14th and 15th rounds, 2 st. each; of the 16th and 17th rounds, 3 st. each; of the 18th–31st rounds, 2 st. each. On the front vein of the st. of the last round of the upper part of the cover work the following edging with red cotton: 1st round of lace.—Always alternately 2 dc. (double crochet) divided by 3 ch. on the next st. of the round referred to, 1 ch.; with this pass over 2 st. 2d round.—* 5 dc. on the 3 ch. between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on the next 1 ch. between 2 dc. Repeat from *. On the opening at the top of the cover work with red cotton, first, one round of sc., and then the lace above referred to. For the bottom of the cover make a foundation of 40 st. with gray thread, and on this crochet, going backward and forward, twenty-three times alternately one gray, one red rib in the usual manner, but widen 1 st. each at the end of the first and at the end of the second rounds of the 7th, 10th, 25th, 31st, 34th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, and 46th ribs. Now crochet around the bottom, excepting the foundation st., also along the under edge of the top, one round of sc. with gray thread; previous to this, however, fold the front point of the top through the middle, and sew it together. Finally, crochet one side edge of the bottom of the cover together with one side edge of the top, and furnish the unconnected edges of the cover with buttons and button-loops for closing. The cover must, of course, be made to suit the shape of the iron.



SILK BRUSH.

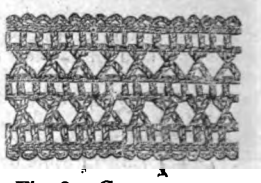


Fig. 2.—CROCHET AND SERPENTINE BRAID INSERTION.

Crochet and Serpentine Braid Insertion for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—Take a piece of serpentine braid and crochet on each side of it four rounds as follows: 1st round.—* 1 sdc. (short double crochet) in the first point of the braid, 2 ch. (chain stitch), then 1 dc. (double crochet), 1 stc. (short treble crochet), 1 dc. in the braid as shown by the illustration; these 3 dc. are not worked off separately, but together, by drawing the thread through once; 2 ch. Repeat from *. 2d round.—1 sl. (slip stitch) in the first ch., then * 1 sdc., 5 dc., 1 stc. in that stitch of the preceding round which joins the next 3 dc., 1 sl. in the last ch. before the sdc., 1 sl. in the first ch. after the sdc.; repeat from *. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. in the middle st. of a scallop of the preceding round, 5 ch. 4th round.—1 sc. on every st.

Fig. 2.—Make a foundation of ch.; on this work one round of open-work dc., on each side of this work six rounds in the manner shown by the illustration. The veins of each cdc. (cross double crochet) are divided by 2 ch. and 2 st. After each round of dc. work a round of sl.

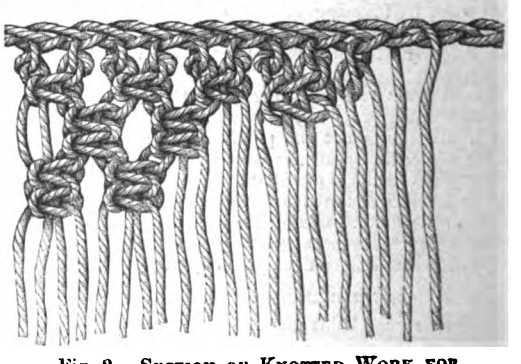


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF KNOTTED WORK FOR IRONING MAT.

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Tatted Rosette.

See illustration on page 484.

WORK with tatting cotton, No. 80, beginning at the outer edge of the rosette, which is worked with two threads (shuttles). Tie both threads together, and work with one thread only * one ring of 3 ds. (double stitch; that is, one stitch right, one stitch left), 1 p. (picot), four times alternately 2 ds., 1 p.; 3 ds., 1 short p., 3 ds., four times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then again 1 p., 3 ds. Close the row of stitches in a ring. In close connection with this ring work on the foundation thread one scallop of 4 ds., 1 p., six times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 4 ds.; fasten the thread to the short p. of the ring first worked, and repeat from * eleven times more. In working the last ring, instead of forming the short p., fasten to the first ring, where its row of stitches is closed. After finishing the last scallop, fasten the threads and cut them off. Now work the rings in between the rosette with one thread as follows: * 3 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the half which is turned to the inside of the next ring, 3 ds.; after a thread interval of three-fifths of an inch, repeat from *, always going forward. The beginning and end of the thread are fastened and cut off. Twist the joining threads of the small rings as shown by the illustration, and pass thread through them. Finally, work the lace stitches at the middle of the rosette, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN AND SATIN CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN AND VALENCIENNES CRAVAT BOW.

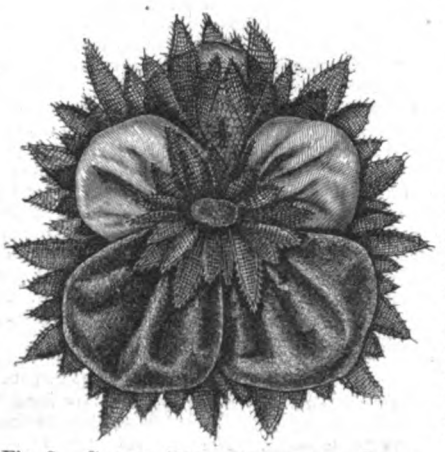

Fig. 3.—CRAVAT BOW SIMULATING A PANSY.

Corner of Border for Cushions, Covers, etc.

See illustration on page 484.

THIS border is not only suitable for the above-named purposes, but also for ornamenting articles of dress, such as jackets, talmas, etc. For the foundation take cloth, satin, silk, or velvet, and embroider with saddler's silk in colors which correspond or contrast with the colors of the foundation.

Cravats and Bows for the Hair, Figs. 1-13.

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN AND VALENCIENNES CRAVAT BOW. This bow is made of Swiss muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace two inches and a half wide, a half rosette of narrower Valenciennes lace, and an embroidery figure. Arrange the bow as shown by the illustration.

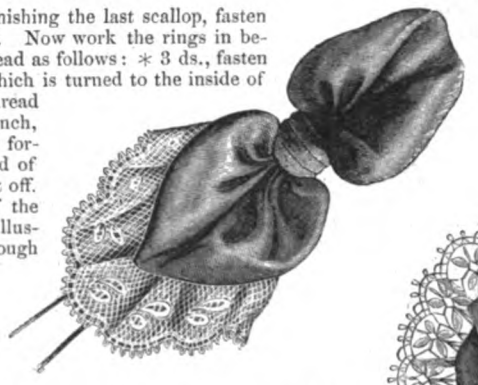

Fig. 7.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE BOW FOR THE HAIR.

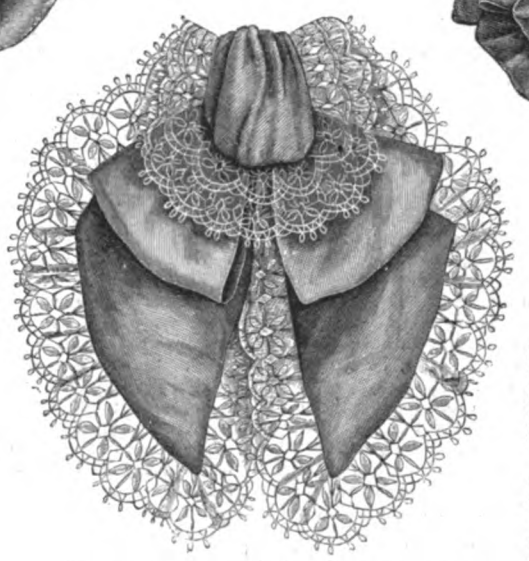

Fig 4.—CRÊPE DE CHINE CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 11.—GROS GRAIN RIBBON BOW FOR THE HAIR IN TWO SHADES.

Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN AND SATIN CRAVAT BOW. This bow is made of Swiss muslin, violet satin, and violet velvet ribbon; it is trimmed with white lace three-quarters of an inch wide. The Swiss muslin ends are made of two side-pleated Swiss muslin strips edged with lace, each three inches wide and nine inches and three-quarters long. The satin strips are nine inches and one-quarter long and two inches and three-quarters wide each; they are sloped off at one end to a width of an inch and a quarter, and are edged with lace on the other end and laid in fan pleats. The seam made by sewing these pieces, as well as the velvet ribbon loops, on the stiff lace foundation, is covered by a knot of Swiss muslin and lace.

Fig. 3.—CRAVAT BOW SIMULATING A PANSY. This cravat bow is made of violet velvet, violet satin, and black lace. The darker leaves are of violet velvet; they are each three inches long and three inches and three-quarters wide, and are laid in a fold at the upper edge, and pleated closely at the bottom. The lighter (satin) leaves are made in a similar manner; they must, however, be somewhat smaller than the velvet leaves. To the middle of the bow fasten a button covered with violet velvet and surrounded with lace. A row of wider lace is set all around the bow on the under side.

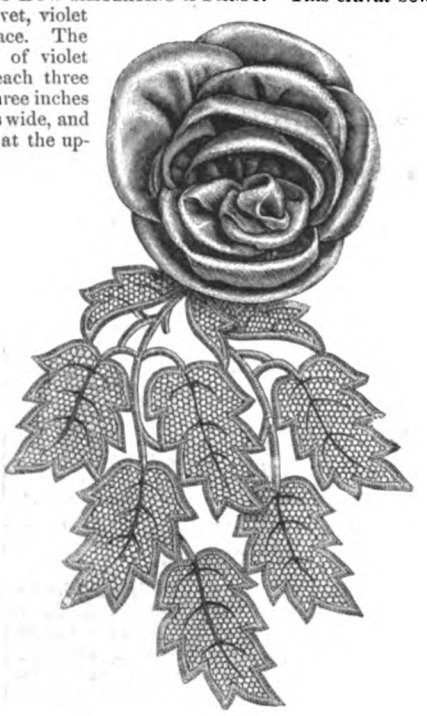

Fig. 9.—CRAVAT BOW SIMULATING A ROSE.

Fig. 4.—CRÊPE DE CHINE CRAVAT BOW. This cravat bow is made of pink crêpe de Chine, and is trimmed with white lace an inch wide.

Fig. 5.—SILK RIBBON CRAVAT BOW. This bow of pink silk ribbon an inch and a half wide is trimmed with white lace an inch and three-quarters wide and embroidery figures. For the bow cut two straight pieces of stiff lace each four inches and a quarter long and two inches and a quarter wide. These pieces are rounded off from the middle at the bottom toward the upper edge, so that they are only an inch and three-quarters wide at the latter; the outer edge, excepting the top, is bordered with lace. On these pieces sew the side-pleated silk ribbon, loops and ends, and embroidery figures, as shown by the illustration.

Figs. 6 and 7.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT AND HAIR BOWS. These

Ironing Mat, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 484.

THIS mat, which is designed for rubbing flat-irons, is made in knot-work with gray twisted twine. The original is six inches wide and twelve inches long; the mat may, however, be worked larger or smaller, according to the size of the iron. Crochet with gray twine a foundation as long as the width of the cover is desired, pin this foundation to a sewing-weight, and tie a piece of twine 80 inches long on each foundation stitch, so that the ends project equally from the stitch (see Fig. 2, which shows how to make the knot-work). Knot each four ends of twine together as shown by the illustration. This is most readily done by laying the ends flatly side by side, lay the left outer end to the right, so that it rests on the two middle ends (the latter form the foundation), and forms a loop at the left side. Pass the right outer end in a vertical direction over the left end of twine, which projects at the right of the foundation, then below the foundation through the loop at the left side; now draw both ends of the cord tight, and then work a similar knot, but now lay the right outer piece of twine to the left over the foundation, then finish the knot in the manner already described. Two such knots form a double knot. After working this double knot, work a second double knot in a similar manner. Then divide each four ends into twos, and then again work two double knots with each two ends of one knot strand and each two ends of the next strand; the ends previously used for the foundation are now used in working the knots, and the other two ends serve for a foundation. In this manner work alternate double knots, observing illustration, Fig. 2, until the mat is of the requisite length. Then work with twine one round of single crochet all around the mat, at the same time finishing off the projecting ends of twine. Finally, work a row of picots with twine at the outer edge of the mat. Each picot consists of a larger button-hole stitch on which five small button-hole stitches are worked in close succession (see illustration).

Fig. 5.—SILK RIBBON CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 6.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.—[See Fig. 7.]

Fig. 8.—GROS GRAIN RIBBON AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 10.—GROS GRAIN RIBBON CRAVAT BOW IN TWO SHADES.

Fig. 12.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND VALENCIENNES CRAVAT BOW.

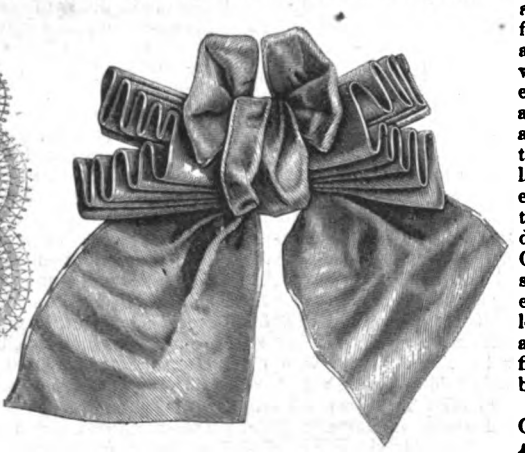

Fig. 13.—SATIN RIBBON AND SILK CRAVAT BOW.

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bows are made of blue crêpe de Chine, and Valenciennes lace an inch and a quarter wide. For the larger leaf of the cravat bow, which rests on the lace, cut a bias strip of crêpe de Chine five inches and a quarter wide and eleven inches and a quarter long; double it through the middle, slope the open side toward the ends to a width of an inch and a quarter, and lay it in fan pleats, letting the pleats face each other at the middle. The upper leaves are arranged similarly, as shown by the illustration. These leaves are set on a stiff lace foundation, on which the ends, made as shown by the illustration, and a piece of tulle edged with lace an inch and a quarter wide, have first been sewn. The hair bow is arranged in a similar manner, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 8.—GROS GRAIN RIBBON AND LACE CRAVAT BOW. This cravat bow, of maroon gros grain ribbon and white Valenciennes lace two inches wide, is arranged on a stiff lace foundation as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 9.—CRAVAT BOW SIMULATING A ROSE. This rose is made of pink organdy in two shades; the leaves and stems are worked in button-hole and half-polka stitch with fine embroidery cotton on a double layer of tulle lined with Swiss muslin. Set the rose on a stiff lace foundation an inch and three-quarters in diameter. The leaves in the middle are of the darker material.

Figs. 10 and 11.—CRAVAT AND HAIR BOWS OF GROS GRAIN RIBBON IN TWO SHADES. These bows are made of gros grain ribbon in two shades of brown. The illustrations plainly show the shades and the arrangement of the bows. The lighter colored loops are all pleated fan-shape.

Fig. 12.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND VALENCIENNES CRAVAT BOW. This bow is made of purple crêpe de Chine trimmed with Valenciennes lace two inches and a half wide. For the bow cut a bias piece of crêpe de Chine eight inches wide and twelve inches long, cut out a piece four inches deep at the under end, so that two points are formed, edge the sides and the under pointed end with lace, and finally gather the sides and the middle closely, so that two puffs are formed, as shown by the illustration. Sew these puffs on a stiff lace foundation.

Fig. 13.—SATIN RIBBON AND SILK CRAVAT BOW. This bow is made of pink satin ribbon and silk of the same color. To make the bow cut two bias strips of pink silk each four inches wide and seventeen inches and three-quarters long. Double each of these strips through the middle, and arrange them in fan-shaped pleats, as shown by the illustration, so that the box-pleat formed at the middle of each piece is the shortest, and the remaining pleats are graduated in length. Finally, fasten the pieces thus pleated, as well as the loops and ends of satin ribbon, on a stiff lace foundation, and cover the seam with a knot of satin ribbon.

PEARLS OF THE OCEAN.

PEARLS of the ocean, the dark or the fair,
Choose as you wish, they are each of them there:
With tresses of jet, or with tresses of gold;
With shyest of eyes, or with saucy and bold.

Pearls of the ocean, fresh from the sea,
Brilliant with merriment, sparkling with glee;
Ah! who is the jeweler fated to fit
Such pearls in a mounting—gold ring to wit?

Pearl of the ocean, soft, fair, and bright;
Pearl of the ocean, dark as the night:
You each have admirers, either is prized,
The fair fondly loved, the dark idolized.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XII.

As we walk along, staggering under some heavy burden, or bleeding with some unseen wound, how often do the small perplexities of life catch at us unawares, like briers, and vex us sore. Hannah, as she felt herself borne fast away from Easterham, conscious of a sense half of relief and half of bitter loss, was conscious, too, of a ridiculously small thing which had not occurred to her till now, and which she would never have cared for on her own account, but she did on Bernard's. This was, How would Lady Dunsmore manage to receive back in her household, as an equal and familiar friend, her *ci-devant* governess? Not that Miss Thelluson had ever been treated in the way governesses are said to be treated, though it is usually their own fault; but she had, of course, taken her position, both with guests and servants, simply as the governess, and never sought to alter it. But this position Rosie's aunt and Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law could no longer suitably hold. As the cab drove up to the old family mansion in Mayfair which she knew so well, Hannah felt a sense of uncomfortableness for which she was almost angry with herself.

But it was needless. Lady Dunsmore had that true nobility which, discovering the same in others, recognizes it at once, and acts accordingly. The slight difficulty which an inferior woman might have bungled over, she, with her gracious, graceful frankness, solved at once.

"You will establish Miss Thelluson and her niece in the blue rooms," said she to the housekeeper, who, seeing who the arrival was, came forward with a pleased but patronizing air. "And see that every thing is made comfortable for the child and nurse, and that my friend here shall feel as much at home as if she were in her own house."

"Certainly, my lady." And the wise old woman slipped quietly behind her back the hand she was extending to Miss Thelluson, till Miss Thelluson took and shook it cordially, then, courtesying, Mrs. Rhodes followed her respectfully to the blue rooms, which, as every body knew, being in communication with the countess's, were never assigned but to her favorite guests.

Thus, domestically, the critical point was settled at once. Socially, too, with equal decision.

"My friend, Miss Thelluson," said Lady Dunsmore, introducing her at once to two ladies, aunts of Lord Dunsmore, who were in the drawing-room, and whom Hannah knew well enough, as they her, by sight. "We are so glad to have her back among us, with her little niece. She will be such a welcome visitor, and my little girls will perfectly spoil the child, if only for her sake: they were so fond of Miss Thelluson."

And when, to prove this, Lady Blanche and Lady Mary came in leading little Rosie between them, and clung lovingly round their old governess's neck, Hannah felt perfectly happy—ay, even though Bernard was far away; and the remembrance of him striding forlornly to his deserted home, came across her like a painful, reproachful vision. And yet it was not unnatural. The transition from perplexity to peace, from suspicion to tender respect, from indifference or coldness to warm, welcoming love, was very sweet. Not until the strain was taken off her did Hannah feel how terrible it had been.

When Lady Dunsmore, as if to prove decisively the future relation in which they were to stand, came into her room before dinner, and sitting down in her white dressing-gown before the hearth—where aunt and niece were arranging together a beautiful Noah's ark—put her hand on Miss Thelluson's shoulder, saying, "My dear, I hope you will make yourself quite happy with us," Hannah very nearly broke down.

The countess stooped and began caressing the child, making solemn inquiries of her as to Noah and Mrs. Noah, their sons and sons' wives, and arranging them in a dignified procession across the rug.

"What a happy-looking little woman she is—this Rosie! And I hope her auntie is happy too? As happy as she expected to be?"

Hannah's self-control was sorely tested. This year past she had lived in an atmosphere of mingled bliss and torment, of passionate love and equally passionate coldness; been exposed to alternations of calm civility and rudeness almost approaching unkindness; but it was long since any one—any woman—had spoken to her in that frank, affectionate tone. She felt that Lady Dunsmore understood her; and when two good women once do this they have a key to one another's hearts such as no man, be he ever so dear, can quite get hold of.

As Hannah laid her cheek against the pretty soft hand—none the less soft that its grasp was firm, and none the less pretty that it sparkled with diamonds—the tears came stealing down, and with them was near stealing out that secret which all the taunts in the world would never have forced from her.

But it must not be. It would compromise not herself alone. She knew well—she had long made up her mind to the fact—that unless Bernard and she could be legally married, the relations between them must be kept strictly between their two selves. The world might guess as it chose, accuse as it chose, but not one confirmatory word must it get out of either of them. Out of her, certainly, it never should.

Therefore she looked steadily up into her friend's face. "Yes; my little girl makes me very happy. You were right in once saying that a woman is only half a woman till she has a child. Of her own, you meant; but it is true even if not her own. I have found it to be so. I have almost forgotten I am not Rosie's mother."

And then, aware of a keen inquisitiveness in Lady Dunsmore's look, Hannah blushed violently.

The countess dropped down again beside Noah's ark, and occupied herself, to Rosie's intense delight, in making a bridge over which all the animals could pass out, till the child and her new playfellow became the best of friends.

"Rosie is not much like her father, I think; and yet she has a look of him—his bright, merry look, such as he had before his trouble came. Is he getting over it at all? It is now a good while since your poor sister died."

"Rosie's age tells it—nearly three years."

"That is a long time for a man to mourn nowadays. But"—checking herself—"I always thought Mr. Rivers very faithful-hearted, constant in his friendships, and, therefore, in his loves; and knowing how forlorn a man is who has once been married, I, for one, should never blame him if he made a second choice."

Hannah was silent; then seeing Lady Dunsmore paused for some acquiescence, she gave it in one or two meaningless words.

"And meantime, I conclude, you remain at Easterham. Your brother-in-law evidently appreciates your society, and the blessing you are to his little girl. He said as much to me. He told me he did not know what Rosie would have done without you, and that you and she are never to be parted. Is it so?"

"He has promised me that I shall have her always."

"Even in case of his second marriage? But I beg your pardon; I really have no right to be curious about Mr. Rivers's domestic arrangements—I know him too slightly; but yet I can not help taking an interest in him, for his own sake as well as for yours."

She pressed the hand she held, but asked no further questions—made no attempt whatever to find out what Hannah did not choose to tell. That noble confidence which exists among women oftener than they are given credit for—when each knows quite well the other's secret, but never betrays either to her friend or a stranger the silent, mutual trust—was henceforward established between the two. The moment Lady Dunsmore had closed the door, after talking a good while of Dunsmore topics, of her daughters, her husband, and a journey she wanted to take, only was hindered by Lord Dunsmore's determination to wait and vote for a bill that he greatly desired to see pass the House of Lords—"the Bill concerning deceased wives' sisters, in which you know he was always so interested"—Hannah felt certain that this sharp-witted little lady guessed her whole position as well as if she had told it. Also that she would keep the discovery herself, and aid in defending it from the outside world, as sacredly as if she had been pledged to inviolable secrecy, and bound by the honor of all the Dacres and Dunsmores.

With a sense of self-respect and self-contentedness greater than she had known for some time, Hannah dressed for dinner. Carefully, too; for Bernard's sake; since if the Countess guessed any thing, she would have liked her to feel that it was not so unnatural, Bernard's loving her. On his account she was glad to be held an honored guest—glad to be met cordially, and talked to with courteous attention at dinner-time by a man like the Earl of Dunsmore, who, though rumor said his wife had made him all that he was—had roused him from the *dolce far niente* life of an idle young nobleman into a hard-working man—was a person who in any rank of life would have been useful and esteemed. And he spoke of Bernard, whom he said he had met several times when in London, with warm regard.

This was sweet to her; and equally sweet was the unconscious contrast of coming back to her old haunts under new conditions and circumstances. Often, during some pause of silence, she secretly counted up her blessings—how rich she was, who had once been so poor. And when, at dessert, there stole in, hand-in-hand with little Lady Isabel, who had grown from a baby into a big girl since Miss Thelluson left, a certain white fairy in blue ribbons, who, looking round the dazzling room with a pretty bewilderedness, caught sight of one known face, and ran and hid her own lovingly in Tannie's lap, Tannie's heart leaped with joy. The child—her own child!—nothing and nobody could take that treasure from her. She and Bernard might never be married; weary of long waiting, he might give up loving her, and marry some one else; but he was a man of honor—he would always leave her the child.

"Rosie does you the greatest credit," said Lord Dunsmore, smiling at the little woman, and trying to win her—but vainly—from Tannie's arms. "She is a charming child."

Hannah laughed. "Then you will indorse the proverb about old maids' children?" said she.

Was it because he looked at her, or because of her own conscious heart, that one of those horrible sudden blushes came, and with it the sense of hypocrisy—of always bearing about with her a secret, which, sinless as she felt it was, every body might not consider so? For even this night, though the dinner-circle was small, Lord Dunsmore's known advocacy of the Bill caused it to be discussed on all sides, argued *pro* and *con* by friends and enemies, in a way that neither host nor hostess could repress without attracting attention. At length, perhaps out of wise kindness, they ceased trying to repress it; and Hannah heard the whole question of whether a man might or might not marry his deceased wife's sister argued out logically and theologically as she had never heard it before, together with all the legal chances for and against the Bill. She could not shut her ears—she dared not: for what to all these others was a mere question of social or political opinion, was to her a matter of life and death. So she sat quiet, keeping, by a strong effort, her countenance as still as a stone, and her voice, when she had to speak, just like that of any other dinner-table guest, who joined placidly, or carelessly, or combatively in the conversation that was going on. It was best so; best to buckle on at once the armor that, in all probability, she would have to wear through life.

Lord Dunsmore seemed hopeful of his cause. He had entered into it, unlike many others, from purely impersonal motives—from a simple sense of right and justice; and he had a strong faith, he said, that the right would conquer at last.

"Not," he added, laughing, "that I want to compel every man to marry his deceased wife's sister, as some people seem to think I do; I am sure I have not the slightest wish ever to marry mine! But I consider all restrictions upon marriage made by neither God nor nature a mistake and a wrong. And any law which creates a false and unnatural position between man and woman is an equal wrong. Let there be no shams. Let a man have his natural mother, sister, wife, but no anomalous relationships, which, pretending to all, are in reality none of the three."

"And," said Lady Dunsmore, mischievously, "such is the nature of man, that when all these pretty pretenses were broken down, and a man must either marry a lady or have nothing to say to her, I believe he would choose the latter course. You are such contradictory creatures, you men, that I suspect as soon as all of you might marry your wives' sisters you would none of you desire to do it! But, come, we ladies have had enough of the Marriages Bill, though every body must put up with it in this house; for when my husband gets a hobby he rides it to death. I ride with him, too, on this one," she added, as, stepping aside to let her matron guests pass into the drawing-room, she quietly, and without any apparent intention, took hold of Miss Thelluson's hand. There was something in the warm, firm clasp so sympathetic that, for very gratitude, Hannah could have wept.

The subject ended with the closing of the dining-room door; no one suspected for a moment that one guest present had a vital interest therein. The ladies gathered round the fire, and the countess, who was as popular and agreeable with her own sex as she was with gentlemen, began talking gayly of other things. And so Hannah's ordeal, from which no one could save her, from which it would have been dangerous to attempt to save her, passed by for the time being.

It was a very happy evening; not exactly a family evening—the public life the Dunsmores led precluded that—but with a great deal of familiness about it; more than Hannah had ever imagined could be, in the days when she sat aloof in her attic parlor, and spent her lonely evenings, empty of love, and feeling that love would never revisit her more. Now when she saw Lord Dunsmore speak caressingly to his wife, and watched one young couple slip away into the inner parlor—Lady Dunsmore had a proverbial faculty of allowing young people to fall in love at her house; not make a marriage, but really fall in love—Hannah remembered, with a strange leap of the heart, that her love-days, too, were to come—not past.

Yes, she had been loved—she was loved—even like these. She had felt once—just once—Bernard's arms close around her, and his kiss upon her mouth; and when, solemnly and tenderly rather than passionately, she thought of this—in the very house and among the very people where she had once been so lonely, yet not unblest or discontented in her loneliness—it seemed as if she could never be lonely any more.

When she quitted the drawing-room—coming out of the glitter and the show, yet not unreal or painful show, for there was heart-warmth beneath it all—and went back into her own room, Hannah was happy too.

For there, from a crib in the corner, came the soft breathing of "auntie's darling," who always slept beside her now. She had taken her during some slight illness of Grace's, and could not again relinquish the fond charge. It gave her such a sense of rest and peace and content—the mere consciousness of little Rosie asleep beside her—it seemed to drive away all the evil angels that sometimes haunted her, the regrets and despondencies over a lot that such a little more would have made quite perfect, and yet that little could not be—regrets all the sharper that they were not altogether for herself. For she had Rosie; and she was secretly, almost contritely, aware that Rosie was almost enough to make her happy. Not so with Bernard. As she sat over her pleasant fire she could have blamed herself for that peace of heart in which he could not share.

He had begged her to write to him regularly, and she had agreed; for she saw no reason why both should not take every comfort that fate allowed them. Yet when she sat down she knew not what to say. How was she to write to him—as her brother, her friend, her betrothed? He was all three, and yet neither; and he might never be any thing else.

She dropped her pen, and fell into deep thought. Putting herself entirely aside, was it right to allow Bernard, a young man in the prime of his days, to bind himself by an uncertain bond, which debarred him from the natural joys of life, and exposed him to the continual torment of hope deferred, which to a woman would be hard enough, but to a man was all but unendurable?

Now that she was away from Easterham—escaped from the nightmare-like influence of the life, half bliss, half torture, which she had led there—she tried to feel in this new place like a new person, and to judge her own position calmly, as if it had been that of some one else. She thought over, deliberately, every word she had heard from Lord Dunsmore and others that night, and tried to count what reasonable chances there were of the only thing which would ever make her Bernard's wife—the passing of the Bill they had talked about. Vain speculation, as hundreds in this land know only too well. The result was, that instead of the letter she had meant to write, she sat down and wrote another: such a one as many a woman has written, too, with bleeding heart and streaming eyes, though the words may have been calm and cold. She implored him for his own sake to consider whether he could not conquer his ill-fated love for herself, and find among the many charming girls he was always meeting some one whom he could love and marry, and be happy.

"I only want you to be happy," she wrote. "I shall never blame you—never tell any human being you once cared for me. And you will think of me tenderly still—as you do of my sister Rosa. And you will leave me Rosa's child?"

Then she planned, in her clear, common-sense way, how this was to be managed; how he was to pay her a yearly sum—she would refuse nothing—for the maintenance of her niece, whom she would herself educate, perhaps abroad, which would make an ostensible reason for the separation.

"She will comfort me for all I lose, more than you think. She will be a bit of her mother and of you always beside me; and your letting me take care of her will be almost equivalent to your taking care of me, as you wanted to do, but my hard fate would not allow it."

And then all she was resigning rushed back upon Hannah's mind—the sweetness of being loved, the tenfold sweetness of loving.

"Oh, my Bernard, my Bernard!" she sobbed, and thought if she could once again, for only one minute, have her arms round his neck, and her head on his shoulder, the giving him up would be less hard. And she wondered how she could have been so thoughtlessly happy an hour ago, when things were in exactly the same position as now, only she saw them in a different light. Hers was one of those bitter destinies, in which the aspect of circumstances, often even of duties, changed every hour.

Still re-reading her letter, she felt it must go, just as it was. It was right he should know her exact mind, and be set free to act as was best for himself. She finished and sealed it; but she wept over it very much—so much that her child heard her.

A little white ghost with rosy cheeks peeped

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over the crib side, and stared, half-frightened, round the unfamiliar room.

"Rosie wake up! Tannie tying! Then Rosie ty too." Then came a little wail—"Tannie take her, in Tannie own arms!"

No resisting that. All love-anguish, love-yearning, fled far away; and Hannah half forgot Bernard in her innocent passion for Bernard's child.

The letter went, but it brought no answer back. At first Hannah scarcely expected one. He would naturally take time to consider his decision, and she had put it to him as an absolute decision, proposing that, after this event, neither she nor Rosie should go back to Easterham. If he was to be free, the sooner he was free the better. Suspense was sore, as she knew.

A letter of his had crossed hers, written at the very hour she wrote, but in oh! such a different tone—a real love-letter, out of the deepest heart of an impulsive man, to whom nothing seems impossible. How hard, how cruel must hers have seemed! Still, she was glad she had written it. More and more the misery of a woman who feels that her love is not a blessing but a misfortune to her lover forced itself upon Hannah's mind. Through all the present pleasantness of her life—her long idle mornings with her darling, her afternoons with Lady Dunsmore, shopping, visiting, or enjoying that charming companionship which was fast growing into the deliberate friendship of middle age, often firmer than that of youth—through all this came the remembrance of Bernard, not as a joy, as at first, but an actual pain.

For his silence continued: nay, seemed to be intentionally maintained. He forwarded her letters in blank envelopes, without a single word. Was he offended? Had she, in her very love, struck him so hard that he could not forgive the blow?

"I hope your brother-in-law is well," Lady Dunsmore would say, courteously looking away while Hannah opened the daily letter, at first with a trembling anxiety, afterward with a stolid patience that expected nothing. "We shall be delighted to see him here. And tell him he ought to come soon, or his little girl will forget him. Three weeks is a long trial of memory at her age."

"Oh, Rosie will not forget papa. And he is busy—very busy in his parish." For Hannah could not bear he should be thought to neglect his child.

Yet how explain that she could not deliver the message, could not write to him or ask him to come? His possible coming was the greatest dread she had. Apart from him she could be stern and prudent; but she knew if he stood before her, with his winning looks and ways—his sisters sometimes declared that from babyhood nobody ever could say no to Bernard—all her wisdom would melt away in utter tenderness.

By-and-by the fear or the hope—it seemed a strange mixture of both—came true. One day, returning from a drive, leaving Lady Dunsmore behind somewhere, she was told there was a gentleman waiting for her.

"Papa! papa! Dat papa's stick!" shrieked Rosie, in an ecstasy, as her sharp young eyes caught sight of it in the hall.

Hannah's heart stood still; but she must go on; the child dragged her. And Rosie, springing into papa's arms, was a shield to her aunt greater than she knew.

Mr. Rivers kissed his little girl fondly. Then, wasting no time in sentiment, the butterfly creature struggled down from him, and offered him a dilapidated toy.

"Rosie's horse broken—papa mend it."

"Papa wishes he could mend it, with a few other broken things!" said Mr. Rivers, bitterly, till, seeing Rosie's pitiful face, he added, "Never mind, my little woman; papa will try. Go with Grace, and I will come and see Rosie presently."

And so he shut the door upon nurse and child, in a way that made Hannah see clearly he was determined to speak with her alone. But his first words were haughty and cold.

"I suppose it is scarcely necessary for me to apologize for coming to see my daughter? I had likewise another errand in London—Adeline is here, consulting a doctor. She has been worse of late."

"I am very sorry."

Then he burst out: "You seem to be sorry for every body in the world—except me! How could you write me that letter? As if my fate were not hard enough before, but you must go and make it harder."

"I wished to lighten it."

"How? By telling me to go and marry some one else? What sort of creature do you think a man must be—more, what sort of creature is he likely to grow to—who loves one woman and marries another? For I love you. You may not be young, or beautiful, or clever. I sometimes wonder what there is about you that makes me love you. I fight against my love with every argument in my power. But there it is, and it will not be beaten down. I will marry you, Hannah, if I can. If not, I will have as much of you—your help, your companionship—as ever I can. When are you coming home?"

"Home?"

"I say it is home: it must be. Where else should you go to? I can not be parted from my daughter. Rosie can not be parted from you. For Rosie's sake, my house must be your home."

"What shall I do?" said Hannah, wringing her hands. "What shall I do?"

She thought she had made her meaning plain enough; but here was the work all to do over again. If she had ever doubted Bernard's loving her, she had no doubt of it now. It was one of those mysterious attractions, quite independent of external charms, and deepened by every influence that daily intimacy can exercise. She fully believed him when he said, as he kept saying over and over again, that if he did not marry her he would never marry any other woman. And was she to bid him go away, and never see her more? This, when their love was no unholy love, when it trenched upon no natural rights, when no living soul could be harmed by it, and many benefited, as well as they themselves?

Hannah could not do it. All her resolutions melted into air, and she let him see that it was so. Anyhow, he saw his power, and used it. With a hungry heart he clasped and kissed her.

"Now we are friends again. I have been hating you for days, but I'll forgive you now. You will not write me any more such letters? We will try not to quarrel again."

"Quarrel! oh, Bernard!" and then she made him let her go, insisting that they must be friends, and only friends, just now.

"Perhaps you are right. I beg your pardon. Only let me hold your hand."

And so they sat together, silent, for ever so long, till both had recovered from their agitation. Hannah made him tell her about Adeline, who was fast declining, nobody quite saw why; but they thought some London doctor might find it out. And Adeline herself was eager to come.

"Chiefly, I think, because you are here. She wants you, she says. She will not have any of her own sisters to nurse her; to Bertha especially she has taken a violent dislike, only we don't mind the fancies of an invalid. I brought Adeline up to town myself. Her husband had some business to attend to; but he comes up with Bertha to-morrow."

"He should have come with his wife to-day;" and then Hannah stopped herself. Of what use was it to open the family eyes to an impossible and therefore imaginary wrong? What good would it do? probably much harm. Yet her heart ached for unfortunate Adeline.

She suggested going at once to see her, for Bernard had left her close at hand, in one of those dreary lodgings which seem chiefly occupied by invalids, the most of London fashionable physicians living in streets hard by. Their patients come to be near them, settling down for a few weeks in these sad rooms to recover or to die, as fate might choose.

"Yes, do let me go," repeated Hannah. "Shall I fetch Rosie to play with papa while I leave a message for Lady Dunsmore?"

When she came back with the child in her arms Bernard told her she looked quite her old self again. So did he. And she was glad to throw the shield of their former peaceful, simple life over the strong passion that she perceived in him, and felt more and more in herself—the smothered, silent tragedy which might imbitter all their coming days.

And yet when she found herself walking with him in the safe loneliness of Regent Street crowds, Hannah was not unhappy. Her long want of him had made him terribly dear. He, too, appeared to snatch at the present moment with a wild avidity.

"Only to be together—together," said he, as he drew her arm through his and kept it there. And the love thus cruelly suppressed seemed to both a thing compared to which all young people's love—young people who can woo and marry like the rest of the world—was pale and colorless. Theirs resistance had but strengthened, because it was only a struggle against circumstance: unmingled with any conscience stings, like as of those who fight against some sinful passion. But their passion, though legally forbidden, was morally pure and free from blame.

So they walked on together; content, accepting the joy of the hour, making gay remarks, and peeping into shop windows, in a childish sort of way, till they reached the gloomy house where Bernard's sister lay. Then they forgot themselves and thought only of her.

Adeline was greatly changed. Never very pretty, now she was actually plain. There was a sickly ghastliness about her, a nervous, fretful look, which might be either mental or physical—probably was a combination of both. Not a pleasant wife for a man to come home to; and young Mr. Melville, who was a mere ordinary country squire, without any tastes beyond hunting, shooting, and fishing, was a little to be pitied too. Still men must take their wives, as women their husbands, for better for worse.

"I am very ill, you see, Miss Thelluson," said the invalid, stretching out a weary hand. "It was very kind of Bernard to take all this trouble to bring me up to a London doctor, but I don't think it will do any good."

Hannah uttered some meaningless hope, but faintly, for she saw death in the girl's face. She was only a girl still, and yet in some ways it was the face of an old woman. The smothered pangs of half a lifetime seemed written there.

"I bring good news," said Bernard, cheerfully. "I found a letter in the hall saying that Herbert will be here to-morrow, possibly even to-night."

Adeline looked up eagerly.

"To-night! And any body with him?"

"Bertha, I believe. Her mother insisted she should come."

A miserable fire flashed in the poor sunken eyes.

"She shall not come! I will not have her! I want no sisters; my maid is nurse enough. Besides, it is all a sham, a wretched sham. Bertha has no notion of nursing any body!"

"I think you are mistaken, dear," said Bernard, soothingly. "Hannah, what do you say? Ought not her sister to be with her?"

Hannah dropped her eyes; and yet she felt the miserable girl was watching her with an eagerness actually painful, as if trying to find out how much she guessed of her dreary secret; which, weak and silly as she was in most things, poor Adeline had evidently kept with a bravery worthy of a better cause.

"I see no use in Bertha's coming," said she again, with a great effort at self-control. "I know her better than Hannah does. She is no companion to an invalid; she hates sickness. She will be always with Herbert, not with me. I heard them planning Rotten Row in the morning and theatres every night. They are strong and healthy and lively, while I—"

The poor young wife burst into tears.

"I will stay beside her," whispered Hannah to Bernard. "Go you away."

After he was gone Adeline burst out hysterically: "Keep her away from me! the sight of her will drive me wild. Keep them all away from me, or I shall betray myself—I know I shall. And then they will all laugh at me, and say it is ridiculous nonsense; as perhaps it is. You see" —clutching Hannah's hand—"she is by law his sister too. He couldn't marry her, not if I were dead twenty times over. Sometimes I wish he could, and then they dared not go on as they do. I could turn her out of the house, like any other strange woman who was stealing my husband's heart from me."

Hannah made no answer; tried to seem as if she did not hear. Incurable griefs are sometimes best let alone; but this of Adeline's, having once burst its bonds, would not be let alone.

"Tell me," she said, grasping Hannah's hand —"you are a good woman; you will tell me true—is it all nonsense my feeling this as I do? How would you feel if you were in my place? And if you were Bertha, would you do as she does? Would you try to make your sister's husband fond of you, as he ought not to be of any woman except his wife, and then say, 'Oh, it's all right, we're brother and sister?' But is it right? Hannah Thelluson, is it right? Suppose your sister had been living, how would it have been between you and Bernard?"

A startling way of putting the question, far more so than the questioner dreamed of. For a moment Hannah winced, and then her strong, clear common-sense, as well as her sense of justice, came to the rescue and righted her at once.

"You might as well ask how would it have been between me and any other woman's husband in whose house I happened to stay. Of course he would have been nothing to me—nothing whatever. I am not married," she added, smiling, "and I can not quite judge of married people's feelings. But I think if I ever loved a man well enough to be his wife, I should not be a jealous wife at all. Sister or friend might come about the house as much as he chose. I could trust him, for I could trust myself. I would be so much to him that he would never care for any body but me. That is, while living. When I was dead"—there Hannah paused, and tried solemnly to put herself in the place of a dead wife —of Bernard's dead wife viewing him tenderly from the celestial sphere—"if the same love for my sister or my friend, which would be his degradation in my lifetime, could be his blessing afterward, let him take it, and be blessed!"

Adeline looked astounded. But the hidden sore had been opened, the cleansing healing touch had been applied. There was a reasonableness in her expression as she replied:

"That is altogether a new notion of love. You might not feel so if you were married, or if you were really fond of any body. Now I was very fond of Herbert, even when I knew he liked Bertha. But when he liked me, and married me—seeing that it made him safe never to marry my sister—I thought I could not possibly be jealous again. No more I am, in one sense. They will never do any thing wrong. But there's a great deal short of doing wrong that breaks a wife's heart; and they have broken mine—they have broken mine."

Again rose up the feeble wail of the weak, affectionate soul, who yet had not the power to win or command affection. From sheer pity Hannah forbore to blame.

"Why not speak to them plainly?" suggested she at last. "Why not tell them they are making you unhappy?"

"And be laughed at for my pains, as a sickly, jealous-minded fool! Because he can't ever marry her—the law forbids that, you know. After I am dead he must choose somebody else, and she too, and nobody will blame them for any thing; and yet they have killed me."

"Hush—hush!" said Hannah; "that is not true, not right. You yourself allowed they meant no harm, and will never do any thing wrong."

"What *is* wrong?" cried poor Adeline, piteously. "I want my husband—his company, his care, his love; and I don't get him. He turns to somebody else. And I hate that somebody, even if she is my own sister. And I wish I could drive her out of the house—that I do! or shame her openly, as if she were any strange girl who dared come flirting with my husband. They're wicked women all of them, and they break the hearts of us poor wives."

There was a certain bitter truth under Adeline's frenzied fancies; but Hannah had no time to reply to either; for, while they were talking, there was a bustle outside. Gay, blooming, excited with her journey, Bertha Rivers burst in, Mr. Melville following her.

"So I am come, Addy dear, though you did'nt want me. But you'll be glad of me, I know. Why you're looking quite rosy again, isn't she Herbert?"

Rosy she was; for her cheeks burned like coals. But the husband, as he carelessly kissed her, never found it out; and Bertha, in her redundant health and exuberant spirits, never noticed the dead silence of her sister's welcome—the sullen way in which she turned her face to the wall, and left them to their chatter and their mirth.

It was the same all the evening; for Hannah, at Adeline's earnest request, had staid. Mrs. Melville scarcely spoke a word. Their plans were discussed, sometimes including her, sometimes not; but all were talked of freely before her. It never seemed to occur to any one—not even to Bernard—that Adeline was dying. And with that wonderful self-command which perhaps only the conscious approach of death could have given to so weak a nature, Adeline never betrayed, by look or word, the secret jealousy that, at any rate, had helped to sap her frail life away.

"Come and see me every day," she whispered when Miss Thelluson wished her good-by. "I'll try and remember what you said; but please forget every thing I said. Let nobody guess at it. I shall not trouble any of them very long."

Hannah walked home, strangely silent and sad, even though she was beside Bernard; and feeling, as one often is forced to feel, that other people's miseries would perhaps be worse to bear than one's own.

DREAMS.

AS a rule, dreams may be said to be in some sort of way or another the reproductions, caricatured, distorted, jumbled up, of our daily existence, and they may generally be traced to something, however unimportant or much forgotten, of what has been—in fact, that they are merely to our lives what the shadow on the wall is to the candle that burns on the table, and that they have no life or separate existence of their own. But there are dreams in which this is not the case—dreams that take the initiative, and after which the real life follows—dreams that distinctly, as the image in a mirror throws back the thing before it, show to the dreamer things that have not taken place, but are yet to come; and what can equal the surprise of that dreamer when, days or weeks or months afterward, suddenly, as such an event takes place, or such a remark is made, he remembers that he has once before in his life said and done, or seen and heard, all that is now going on—and it was in a dream?

But, naturally, as our dreams are not ticketed "This is a prophecy," or "This is merely a nightmare," we can not be expected to heed them, as in that case we should spend our time, like people who are afraid of beginning any work on Friday, or of sitting down thirteen to dinner, in an agony of fear, displacing all our plans and arrangements according to the bugbears of the night, and trembling for those who, refusing to do likewise, seem to be running into some hideous danger, against which they themselves, or we for them, had been "warned in a dream." Of course, just like presentiments, for one that comes true a thousand do not; so it is with dreams. Of the same nature as the dream prophetic are the dreams that lead to the discovery of lost things, dreamed, not by the person who either lost or placed them where they are found, as that would belong to dreams of memory, but by some third person, who seems in sleep suddenly to have been gifted with second-sight. It is this (almost a miracle, worked for no apparently greater object than the finding of an old shawl or a worthless umbrella, for these inspirations seldom or ever come about things of consequence) which is so unaccountable, and which seems to us poor mortals so objectless; and we ask peevishly why, at some great crisis in our lives, we were not given the power that, wasted on our old clothes, was so valueless, but which, had it been bestowed on us then, would have been so priceless.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BUTTERMILK GRIDDLE CAKES.—These are best made in the spring, when cows have fresh grass, and the buttermilk loses the bitter taste it gets in winter. To have the cakes light and in perfection, the buttermilk must not be strained, but should have the little particles of butter floating in it; but, if bought strained, it is best to cut a small piece of butter, about the size of a walnut, into very small bits, and put it to the milk. To a pint of buttermilk allow a scant half pint of clabbered milk; mix and put into the basin, stirring in flour enough to make a stiff batter; beat well, and until the lumps are all out; then add a tea-spoonful of salt, and a tea-spoonful of soda finely powdered and stirred into a scant gill of flour (the soda must be thoroughly mixed in); beat well into the batter; add enough buttermilk to make it of the consistency of buckwheat cakes. Have the griddle hot, and bake as other griddle cakes.

BUTTER that is made in early spring often has a disagreeable taste of garlic. To remedy this stir in a little vinegar to the cream before churning—about half a tea-cupful to a gallon of cream. This will remove all taste.

MUTTON.—In winter a leg of mutton should be frozen, slices cut off about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and cooked in a chafing-dish with a little butter; they must be turned frequently while cooking. Currant jelly is a great improvement.

ICED PASTRY.—Allow the white of one egg to each pie; beat to a very stiff froth; then, with a feather, spread a little of it over the pie, after baking and cooling; then a very little pulverized sugar; with a broad-bladed knife, dipped in water, spread over it the rest of the egg, and sprinkle thickly over all more sugar, and a little cold water to dissolve it, and place in the oven a few minutes to dry and crust over. Take out and cool.

DESSERT.—Take six or eight nice pippin apples, pare, core, and cut them in pieces; add a small quantity of water, and stew them until soft, watching them to see if more water is needed; but do not stir until done; when entirely soft, remove from the fire, strain through a colander, add a *very* small piece of butter, and let them get cold. In a glass dish arrange slices of sponge cake or lady-fingers, covering the bottom and sides; pour in enough wine to soak the cake at the bottom, and, a little at a time, enough to moisten that on the sides; if any is left that has not been absorbed, take it out with a spoon. Have ready small glasses of raspberry and quince jelly, put these on the cake in layers, so as to make the two colors appear to advantage. To the apples add sugar to taste, and stir lightly in the well-beaten whites of five eggs; pour this over the cake, etc., in the bowl. Cream can be eaten with it if wished; or a custard may be made with the yolks of the five eggs and three pints of milk.

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THE RUSTIC MIRROR.

LEGENDS OF THE CROSS.

WHEN Adam was far advanced in years, and at the point of death, he sent his son to the angel Michael, who kept the gate of Paradise, to pray for the oil of mercy, so that he could be healed. The angel answered that it could not be until fifty-five hundred years, but he gave Seth a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, bidding him plant it on Mount Lebanon, and that when it bore the fruit, his father should be healed. Seth planted the branch on his father's grave: it took root and grew, and from it were made Aaron's rod, and Moses's staff, with which he struck the rock and sweetened the waters of Marah. It also formed the pole on which the brazen serpent was lifted up, and the ark of the testimony. At last it came into the hands of Solomon, who used it in building his palace; but it continually resisted the efforts of the builders to adjust it. Now it was too long, and then again too short. The builders, being angry, then threw it into a marsh, so that it might serve as a bridge. The Queen of Sheba would not walk upon it, but adored it, and told Solomon that upon it should be suspended the man through whose death the kingdom should be destroyed. Solomon then had it buried deep in the ground, where afterward the Pool of Bethesda was dug, and from the virtues of this tree healing properties were imparted to the waters. Some say it was placed in the Temple by Solomon, and buried later. After it had been buried three hundred years it rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made of it the cross of our Saviour.

It is a widely spread tradition that the tree of the Fall was an apple-tree; so, of course, then, according to the legend, the cross would be of the same wood. One legend has it that the angel gave to Seth three pips like unto apple seeds, which would seem to favor this idea. In another legend, these three seeds grew into a cedar, a cypress, and a pine; but after a while their branches touched, and their several natures were united in a single tree. Again, in another legend, the cross of the Saviour was made of four kinds of wood—the stem being of cedar, the cross-beam of cypress, the piece on which the feet rested was of palm, and the piece which bore the superscription was of olive.

Another beautiful tradition is that the cross was made of the wood of the aspen, and ever since that time the leaves have not ceased to quiver, as if mute Nature were more in sympathy with her Maker than the cruel hands which nailed Him to the cross.

Another reason, however, is assigned for the tremulous motion of the aspen. Once when our Saviour went through a wood all the trees bowed down and adored him, but the proud aspen would not acknowledge him as her Lord and Master; and so ever from that time she has trembled, and must continue to do so.

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HOLIDAY FACES.

TRULY a pleasant theme. For weary mind and for jaded brain, for eyes oppressed with the persistently monotonous scenes of the dull annual round, for those who would fain turn for a while, however brief, from the prosaic to the poetic side of nature, can portrait gallery be more welcome than that which is implied to the visual sense in this brief phrase—yet phrase most eloquent notwithstanding—holiday faces? When young Brown, clerk in the great city house of Brown, Bullion, & Minto, ventures, one fine morning in June, to suggest to his stern old uncle in the severe sanctum of the back parlor that he would like to know when it would quite suit the convenience of the house for him, young Brown, to take his usual annual outing, old Brown is heard to observe, in a tone of sulkiness genuine or assumed, "Yes, I thought so! I knew the rascal had a holiday face on him!" The holiday face at once betrays itself. It is as certainly conspicuous as the holiday dress.

But *revenons à nos moutons;* in other words, to the special business of this particular paper on holiday faces. If you wish to know who is the owner of that pair of laughing eyes, whose head it is that is surmounted with that most piquant cap and feather, and over whose firmly set shoulders that torrent of golden hair falls down, you had better ask the Dowager Lady Doncaster. Or, on second thoughts, perhaps you had better not, for the question would not open up a particularly welcome set of reminiscences; and now that the *teterrima causa mali* has been in some degree toned down, it may be as well not to waken an ancient sorrow. That young lady happens to be the present Lady Doncaster, wife of the now Sir Henry, fifth baronet. True, she no longer wears the same somewhat rapid head-dress, and the merry face shows a little more trace than it does in the picture, which the intelligent reader may consult, of the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches. How did it all come about? Well, young Harry Doncaster was in company with his friend Jack Shepperton yachting about "the Wight," and the pair naturally enough made their head-quarters at Ryde. Ryde was full, very full, as indeed it always is during the regatta week. But when the regatta week was over Mr. Henry Doncaster still exhibited a hankering after the place. Mr. Shepperton was anxious to be off. They had arranged to do the western isles of Scotland, and they were to pick up some friends on the 20th of August at Glasgow. "Hang it all!" Mr. Shepperton would remark, "what on earth is the good of staying here any longer? Every body's off, and we look about as absurd as the last rose in summer or the last man in Rotten Row." But Mr. Doncaster still declared his intention of "waiting a bit," and vowed it was no good being in "a hurry." Mr. Doncaster was not much given to the luxury of reverie; and when Jack Shepperton caught his friend abstracted and meditative, he at once shrewdly concluded that there must be, as he expressively phrased it, "something up." One fine morning Mr. Shepperton was called up to London on business; he had long been anxious to exchange from the 254th into the 255th regiment, and now the opportunity had arrived unexpectedly and much sooner than he had hoped. "Shall be back again very soon, old man," said the son of Mars to the heir of the Doncaster baronetcy. "Keep yourself up, and don't give way to the blues." Mr. Shepperton was back very soon indeed; so soon, as a matter of fact, that he took Mr. Doncaster quite unawares, and stepped on the Ryde pier from the Portsea boat only two mornings after his departure. Mr. Doncaster was there, but not alone; he was seated under the awning which was spread at the extremity of that marine promenade unequaled in England, and close beside him was sitting a certain young lady, Miss Clara Ripples. Mr. Shepperton saw his friend, but, for reasons of his own, discovering that he himself was altogether unseen, determined not to precipitate a recognition. When the future baronet who had been basking in Miss Clara Ripples's very sunny smiles walked into the club that day for lunch, the first person that he saw was Jack Shepperton. This gentleman was determined to have it out with Mr. Doncaster, and as they smoked their first afternoon pipe he told his partner in the possession of the *Sea Fan*—that was the name of their yacht—that he knew now all about it.

"Ah, Harry, you're a sly old dog, but I've spotted you regularly. That's the way you employ the shining hours, and that's the reason why you think the Hebrides can wait, eh?"

Upon which Mr. Doncaster told, in the disjointed and incoherent manner common to young Englishmen when they are discussing what is very near to them, the old story. A very old one indeed. Miss Clara Ripples, the second daughter of Captain Ripples, R.N., had fairly ensnared the heart and captivated the affections of the stalwart ex-Guardsman.

"By George!" ejaculated Mr. Shepperton, "you don't mean to say that you are in earnest, Harry, and that you positively are going to go and do it?"

"Upon my soul I am!" was the emphatic and concise reply.

Whereat Mr. Shepperton gave a curious and prolonged whistle.

"Then," he said, "I can't say I envy you the breaking the intelligence to your respected parents."

Truth to tell, Mr. Doncaster scarcely envied himself; but his mind was made up; the daughter of the half-pay naval captain had won the day, and Harry Doncaster was booked. 'Tis a long story. The yachting tour to the Hebrides did not come off. A few days after the domestic atmosphere of Doncaster Grange was considerably ruffled by a certain letter from the heir-apparent to state that he had taken to himself a wife. The storm, however, was so violent that it could not last long. "That was one comfort," remarked Harry Doncaster, pulling his mustache. Nor did it last. Clara was decidedly liked when her illustrious parents-in-law—who, by-the-bye, had vowed never to admit her to their society—saw her; and shortly before he died Sir Henry Doncaster sent for her to bestow on her his benediction and his forgiveness. Our friend Harry is the present baronet, and little Clara Ripples is Lady Doncaster. And as good a wife she makes him as he ever had any right to expect to get. Some of Harry's friends say even better. As for the Dowager and her daughter-in-law, they understand each other, and have agreed to differ.

HOLIDAY FACES.

Holiday face No. 2, *vis-à-vis* to Lady Doncaster, *née* Miss Clara Ripples. When Mr. Verner died in—well, never mind the exact date—nobody for a moment supposed that his family were left otherwise than very handsomely off. Indeed, Mrs. Verner herself had not the least idea that her husband had at any time deviated from the safe and certain road of strict commercial prudence in any of his speculations. But when Mr. Verner's affairs came to be looked into it was discovered that, had his life been prolonged by a month, inevitable insolvency would have ensued. His death was indeed so very sudden, and the circumstances attending his death so exceptionally peculiar—"most peculiar, you know, my dear," some of Mrs. Verner's especially sympathetic friends remarked to each other—that rumors were not wanting to the effect that it would have been just possible to impugn the verdict of the jury, which was, as every one knows, "Death from natural causes." However this may be, within a week after her husband's death Mrs. Verner awoke to a full sense of the fact that she was utterly and irretrievably ruined. The villa at Sydenham had to be given up immediately. The widow's two sons at once accepted their position, and, after they had seen their mother placed beyond the reach of absolute want, sold their commissions and did the best thing that two plucky and able-bodied young Englishmen could—emigrated. Miss Verner remained with her mother. The pair had taken a little cottage in a very tranquil little angle of Cornwall; and there is more than one pedestrian who remembers that, of all the holiday faces which he saw on the occasion of his western walking tour some two or three years ago, none fixed itself so firmly in his memory as that which belonged to the daughter of the widow lady who lived in the little cottage a mile out of the fishing hamlet of Gissamevey. But the day which had robbed Mr. Verner of breath had limited the time which remained for his wife. Mrs. Verner never rallied from the blow; and less than a year from the time when Edith Verner found herself without a father she knew that she had no mother. Determined to choose any lot other than that of dependence on the bounty of friends or the charity of relations, Miss Verner embraced a position which is, in truth, the most dependent of all, and became a governess. Mrs. Flintville Ironstone, wife of the opulent head of the great Manchester firm of Ironstone, Cash, & Co., re-

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quired a few finishing strokes to be put upon the education of her only daughter, Ada—you may see her there exactly opposite Miss Verner. Would Miss Verner undertake the responsibilities of the post? Miss Verner did undertake them, and very gladly too. Mr. Ironstone had known her father, and Mrs. Ironstone was at one time a devoted friend of her mother's. Mrs. Ironstone had no fault of any kind to find with her daughter's governess—a trifle too fond of admiration, the good lady would remark: which meant that visitors to the Ironstone establishment occasionally concentrated their attention upon the governess, to the most unreasonable exclusion of the opulent manufacturer's heiress. But Ada Ironstone was a good-hearted little creature, and devoted to Edith.

Llandudno was a watering-place which the Ironstones, in common with other of their order, greatly affected; and to Llandudno Miss Verner proceeded with the Ironstone establishment only one year after she had left the little Cornish cottage in which she had seen so much of quiet happiness and borne so much of tranquil sorrow with her mother. What could it have been that brought a certain Mr. Glanville—Percy Glanville—that year to Llandudno? Twelve months since he had seen Edith Verner's sweet face when making a tour of the West of England, and he had never forgotten it. What could it have been that made him procure with such anxiety an introduction to the Ironstone *ménage*, and when procured make use of it so assiduously? "I'll lay you two to one," said one of Mr. Ironstone's junior business acquaintances, "that when Glanville leaves Llandudno there's an engagement in your establishment." But Mr. Ironstone did not trouble himself to book the bet, and merely ordered a second bottle of claret. He did, however, mention the remark of his guest to his wife, who determined that for the future she would make her observations. She was faithful to her word. There was no doubt about it. Mr. Glanville was at the house very frequently; and he used to meet Miss Ironstone, accompanied by Miss Verner, much more frequently in her daily rambles in the direction of the Great Orme's head than seemed absolutely necessary. One fine day Mrs. Ironstone intimated to her husband that something ought to be done. Mrs. Ironstone even gave her opinion to her lord and master—Mrs. Ironstone was not a lady possessed of much tact or even perception—that he should point-blank interrogate Mr. Glanville on the subject of his intentions. Now Mr. Ironstone, in his own parlance, "did not care about that sort of thing." However, he consented, and that same evening the wealthy manufacturer did put the fatal question to Percy Glanville.

"My intentions, Sir?" repeated that young gentleman. "Upon my soul, I don't know that they make much difference to you."

"Eh?" said Mr. Ironstone: "I assure you Ada's happiness is a great—"

"My dear Sir," replied Mr. Glanville, "I have a great esteem for your daughter, but I think there is some mistake. It is Miss Verner who has done me the honor to say that she will become my wife."

"The devil!" said Mr. Ironstone.

Percy declares that he shall never forget the expression of the Manchester magnate's face. "However," says Percy, when he tells, as he sometimes does, to a few of his most intimate friends the anecdote, "the old boy proved a brick of the first water; and as for Ada Ironstone, she was Edith's bride-maid, and is now my wife's best friend."

That, if you please—left-hand side, top—is a genuine holiday face in more senses than one: a face that has brought sunshine into many a dreary home, and gladness to many an aching heart. We rather think that it was at a pleasant little watering-place on the east coast of England that the Rev. Edward Oriel met Agnes Vanstone. He was emphatically the reverse of a marrying man, was the Rev. Edward. Plenty of caps had been set at him in Slocumb Pogis and its immediate vicinity, but without the slightest effect. The Slocumb Pogis gossips began to say that he had vowed perpetual celibacy. Yet Mr. Oriel was no fanatical ritualist. His allegiance to his Church was firm, because it was based not on emotion, but on principle; therefore it was not extravagant. The man worked like a horse. Maiden ladies prescribed him a course of early hours, heavy teas, and calves'-foot jelly. The squire of Slocumb Pogis told him he should stick to port; the doctor recommended cod-liver oil and change of air. The latter he certainly wanted, and he took it—after much delay and with considerable reluctance. The east coast watering-place already alluded to happened to be nearest his clerical charge, and thither, for that simple reason of proximity, he accordingly went. Very much, indeed, like a fish out of water did Mr. Oriel feel among the flâneurs, idlers, and fashionables of his holiday haunt. An old college chum, whom he casually met, introduced him to Mrs. Vanstone and her daughter, and the Rev. Edward's fate was as good as sealed. That simple holiday trip has made his—so the good man says—a holiday life. When Mr. Oriel returned to his duties at Slocumb Pogis it became generally rumored that the spinsters of the neighborhood might as well desist from their profitless enterprise of cap-setting. In other words, it was affirmed upon indisputable authority that Mr. Oriel was engaged. The rector of Slocumb, who had been a systematic absentee for the last ten years, probably commenced about this time to experience certain quailing of his ecclesiastical conscience for receiving an income of eight hundred per annum, in consideration of which he paid his curate one hundred, and himself did nothing nor ever came near his parish. It was, perhaps, also fortunate for his conscience that by the death of an aged aunt he came into possession of some twenty thousand pounds. Accordingly the rector of Slocumb Pogis decided on resigning his living, and strongly recommended to its patron Mr. Oriel as his successor. The same week that the Rev. Edward "read himself in" he married Agnes Vanstone. A good man took to himself a good wife, so say the poor of Slocumb Pogis parish; and we are more than disposed to think that the poor of Slocumb Pogis are right in their estimate.

Bonny Grace Anerly! that fair young face of yours has known more of sorrow than is often crowded into the life of a century. We will not lift the curtain upon all your griefs. In that seclusion which you have chosen you are troubled by no worldly anxieties. Yet, lost though you are to the eyes of all who knew and prized you, we will picture to ourselves your face as it was in the glad times that are gone—bright with merriment and smiles. We will dwell on it rather as it was than as it is. For us and to our fancy you shall still be not the life-saddened *religieuse* who shuns the world, and to whom the world is as if it was not, but the glad, sunny maiden who brought with her joy wherever she went. Who shall say that your choice is wrong? Earth ceased to have any charms for you when the terrible news of that accident upon that awful Alpine pass arrived. A father, a brother, and a lover—all whelmed in a sudden destruction. It was as a holiday face that *he* had first known yours—even as it shines forth in its patient and hopeful beauty upon us, to whom all that remains is your portrait and your memory.

"Holiday faces on Alpine passes,
Holiday faces on cockney Rhine;
And ever so many in flow'ring grasses
Which round the Devonshire lanes entwine.

"Holiday faces to Scarborough scramble,
And many are dreaming on Windermere;
But double as many in Jersey ramble,
And more than all are on Margate pier."

So sings an agreeable versifier, whose stanzas we may conveniently invoke to relieve us of such detailed descriptions as might be suitable in each one of these instances. But even thus there remains two more holiday faces at which we must glance. To us mentally revolving divers holiday pastimes from croquet to cricket, from dinners to dancing, there rises a delightful vision of a level sward covered with a company of nineteenth century Robin Hoods of both sexes, and some half dozen sets of targets ranged in order due. It is, in truth, the Midland Archery Ground of an eminent toxopholite club. An attractive spot, but dangerously seductive. Insensibly your admiration becomes attracted from the skill which the fair markswomen display to the fair markswomen themselves, till at last the admiration acquires a more particular character than ever, and centres itself in some special one of that picturesquely clad group. Kate Armstrong, we promise you, has fatally transfixed something else beside yonder target. She is as dead a shot at a heart as at the painted canvas, and there is more than one hopelessly sighing swain in the Midlands who bears painful evidence to the profound cunning with which she plies her art. Impressible young curates have gone down before her like nine-pins; she has turned away the affections of more than one elderly gentleman who boasts that at one past period of his existence he himself was no despicable shot; and, truth to tell, she is as proud of her powers with the bow and arrow which his mischievous mamma presented to Cupid as those with which she is duly supplied from Mr. Buchanan's. It is a great field-day with the Downshire toxopholites; it is pre-eminently a great field-day for Miss Kate Armstrong—something more than a field-day—of flirtation. Kate Armstrong wins the first prize of the meeting, and the prize for the best gold. But it is a report generally current among the toxopholites of Downshire that she wins something else. However this may be, in six weeks from the day which we have in mind Miss Kate Armstrong became Mrs. Lancewood. She lives now in a pretty little country house somewhere out Norwood way. Her drawing-room is mainly furnished with her archery prizes, and she frequently contrives to get an afternoon's shooting in the grounds of the Crystal Palace.

There is one face remaining—that in the very centre of this holiday constellation. We will not say much about it, except that its owner is as good as her features bespeak her—a fact which we ourselves happen to have the best possible opportunity of knowing better than most other people. Mr. Martin Tupper has informed us that he who rebuketh a wife rebuketh himself. Probably the same remark that is applicable to censure is applicable also to description.

CLARA BARTON IN STRASBURG AND PARIS.

MANY of our readers will remember Miss Clara Barton, who exerted herself so efficiently during the late war to identify the graves of the Union dead. Congress appropriated fifteen thousand dollars to aid her in the search, to which she contributed largely from her own resources; and her thoughtful care enabled many to pay the last honors to those whose fate would otherwise have remained forever unknown. We are permitted to copy from a private letter, addressed by her to a friend in this city, the graphic story of an equally useful work which she is doing in the wake of the war that has devastated Europe. Miss Barton writes:

For the first eight months I spent in Europe I can not say a satisfactory word. I was ill, and ill at ease, could find no good place, and had nothing pleasant to write to any one, and sent every letter under protest, feeling that I had no right to annoy my friends with my bundle of complaints, and that, on the whole, they would be more favored by my silence than my speech. From Geneva I went to the Mediterranean; from there back to Geneva; from there to Berne, and made me a pleasant little home enough, only that I was weak and nervous and restless and good for nothing; tried baths, etc., etc. Just then Prussia sounded the long roll, that Napoleon was attacking her camp, and although it was none of "my funeral," I could not remain quietly away. And the first I knew I was on my way to the field, even before there was a field. I was on my way to the Rhine before a gun was fired. I did not think I would take any part, but I would simply go and stand on the *edge of the field*, and see how the day went when *Europe* made wars. Haguenau was fought, and I stood on the edge of the field; and something more: I saw the helmets piled upon the ground as thickly as the potatoes which were trodden out by the warring feet; and for six weeks I staid between the lines and did my best, which, I fear, was never too well. Then I passed out one night among the sentries and made my way back to Switzerland. But there I found that the Grand Duchess of Baden had been telegraphing for me to come to her. And I turned back once more, and followed down the Rhine Valley to Carlsruhe, and passed my first evening with the Grand Duchess, who was establishing her hospitals, and wanted my opinions as an American. If I were to attempt to describe to you the noble, lovely woman she is, I should only fail; but you must imagine the sweetest and best person you have ever known. I remained here some six weeks, the guest of the ladies of the court, and visited most of the Badish hospitals, either in company with her Royal Highness or by her escort, and usually passed my evenings, after eight o'clock, with her alone. What treats of intellectual goodness they were! All this time the bombardment of Strasburg was going on, and I waited day by day for its fall. At length it came, and I turned my steps thither, while the black, orange, and red flags of Germany were pushing out in songs of triumph from every window and house-top from Carlsruhe to the Rhine. I need not tell you what it was to make my way through Prussian sentries, and enter the city with a victorious army on foot, over the fallen trees for miles—not an animal could pass—crossing the Rhine in a little row-boat with a trebly paid ferry-man. It is the same old story of moving in the wake of marching armies. But at length the close of a day of untold fatigue brought me into the desolated and ruined city. It was not so badly demolished as Atlanta when I first saw that; but it was bad enough. There were 20,000 persons that moment without shelter, living under boards leaned against the walls, and on the banks of the rivers, with neither food, fire, nor clothing, save the few rags in which they escaped from the flames of their burning buildings. They had lived in cellars half filled with stagnant water for almost three months, and consumption sat triumphant on countless brows and cheeks—mothers and children all the same. My first visit was to the civil hospital; and here was a sight truly strange even to me in the line of hospitals and wounds. Between two and three hundred *wounded women*, wounded with shell, worse than the same number of wounds I have ever seen in men; little boys and girls and babies, with feet and hands off, lying there as patiently, bravely, and uncomplainingly as I have ever seen brave, soldierly men. These were as well nursed and provided as one could expect under the circumstances; but how desolate! Nearly all had some of their family killed, some all; and the homes always destroyed, all lost, and left either to die, or go out when it was possible, friendless and bereft, to make a crippled way in a hard world. One feeble woman, brave, smiling, and cheerful, with both arms off at the shoulder, I remember. I passed the day among them, took every name and condition, and turned back to Carlsruhe and the Grand Duchess, and laid my sad list in her lap. Through the tears she asked me many things, and quietly we decided some; and the next morning I returned with a large delegation of ladies and gentlemen from the court, with a car load of clothing and food and money, and passed a day of general relief. Then I decided to return myself and see what I could do by remaining a little with these unhappy people; and taking from Carlsruhe a young and most delightful girl as an assistant, I did return, and commenced to go among and find the wants and clothe the poor shivering wretches about me.

Germany and Switzerland sent old clothes, and I purchased new, and had always something to bestow upon the hundreds who thronged my door every day. This was well for the first days, but directly I saw that this state of things must not continue; these people had not been beggars before, but self-sustaining. Now there was no hour of work for one of them; but if they begged through the winter, all pride would be crushed out, the children would have learned the habit, and beggars they would remain for evermore. Something must be done to find work for these women; their husbands had either been killed or were lying in German prisons, and many of them had from four to eight children. It seemed a hopeless task, and almost an insult to humanity to *ask* such a woman, living in the open street, with no fire in October, if she could *sew* for a living; but I did ask them, and got for reply that some could and others could not; but I determined to try them, and purchased some materials for dresses and other warm garments; and after eleven o'clock one chilly night, when the hard day's work was completed, I put the scissors into my cloth, and cut some dress skirts of good dark wool. The next day I gave one to make to a woman who thought she could do it. The next day she returned it *badly* done; and I kept her, had her take it all out, and make it over in my presence. Then I paid her, and kept the skirt for a sample for the others, and gave six more, which were better done. I paid these for the work, and gave the garments to others more wretched and ignorant than they, who could not sew. From this I cut sacques, petticoats, gave yarn to knit, and directly it came to be known among the women that they *could earn money*, and that I would *pay them*. This was a new idea, and they caught it. It was like a rope to a drowning man. And their demands for work became more pressing, and their appeals to me to save them and their children from *beggary* were stronger than ever had been their prayers for bread. I employed a young dress-maker, who cut continually, and gave to make the garments as soon as cut. I accepted between forty and fifty women. This was as much as I thought I could undertake without help. And I had sometimes small gifts of material from Germany. Always the number became more a question of possibility, the demands more pressing. I was alone with my young assistant. No American here, no one to aid or counsel me, but my conscience would not permit me to lay down such a work. I saw that the families of forty women, which comprised more than two hundred persons, were entirely held up from want, suffering, and beggary by my single thought and act. And always I hoped that some one would come and find me, and lay my work before our people. How often I took up my pen to do it myself, and laid it down again in disgust at telling *my own* story! I knew my work was good and true and practical, but how could I say so to all the world! This was before America had taken a step in aid of the sufferers of the war; but I knew well she would do so, and I felt the great necessity of having some plan in readiness for the wise and proper distribution of the charities which I knew she would eventually bestow.

I left my work, and traveled in the rain to Switzerland, clear to the coast of France, and back to the North Sea, attempting to rouse the American diplomatics *here* to form an *American organization* in aid of America at home, which would receive the supplies and means, and go personally over the fields of France, and use their means in a practical and American manner, as their own work, and do some credit to the nation. But they were all lazy or timid, and feared that some of the work would come upon *themselves;* and I could not accomplish my plan, but came down from Brussels to Metz the day of its surrender, and passed a few days there, and back to my work at Strasburg, discouraged with all but my own hands, which I knew would be faithful to me. I went on and on, until at Christmas the "Comité de Secours" of Strasburg, which had raised large sums of money, which they distributed in direct charity, began to observe the effect of my work, but not knowing me at all, supposed I had a large society of ladies, but decided to make an acquaintance if possible. This comité was composed of thirty or forty of the leading and most wealthy men of the city. They sent a deputation to visit my rooms, where they found myself and young assistant, with workers, materials, etc. They seemed astonished at the size of the affair, and asked me who was president of our society. I said we had none. Who was secretary? Again I said we kept our own accounts; and I passed the books over for inspection. They complimented them and the manner in which they were kept. I said they were accurate. But, puzzled by my replies, they waited a little, and asked who was our treasurer. I replied that, as we had no funds, we had no need of a treasurer. They were stupefied, but desired to call again next day; but this time with the urgent request that I would help them to organize something like my work in connection with theirs. They deplored the fact that they only made beggars of their own people, while a strange woman, unknown to all, should have come to hold them above it, and help them up to a moral elevation from which their system was daily casting them down, and that they had never seen this. They were humble, and acted like noble men, as they were, and not above receiving instruction—if one might call it so—from a *woman* and a *stranger*. I said I would help them, and directly enlarged my work to act in connection with them. They no longer permitted me to pay my bills for stuffs and work, and sent me such women as they found most needy. I enlarged my number of cutters to some eight or ten dress-makers and tailors; and from that time the number of working-women has increased to two hundred and seventy-five, who make about two thousand garments per week, of all sizes and kinds, for men, women, boys, girls, and babies, of the best and most serviceable material I can purchase for the wear of poor and working people. The work of a week is all received on Thursday afternoon. Each article is examined, and if not well done, returned to be better made, and the often ignorant woman taught how to do it. The work is well and handsomely done. They are all paid the ordinary price, and the amount given out is as nearly equal as possible. These women have large families: over nineteen hundred persons are sustained by the money paid from my table every week. All these would eat the bread of charity or go without were I to stop this work. Now they are industrious and self-supporting, and the garments which they make (nineteen hundred a week) are distributed among the poor who have lost all. They are each estimated at the real cost, and given as a part of the "secours" due the sufferers. More than ten thousand persons have been clothed by the work of my women since last October, not in old, worn-out, ill-fitting rags, which, while they covered, degraded; but new, strong, well-made, serviceable, and handsome garments, which one may wear and not feel like a beggar.

But in all this time my early fears have been realized, and my prophecies proved true. I have seen my country raise its funds for charity, with no one prepared to execute the charity.

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The sails have whitened the winter waves of the Atlantic; the ships have come and gone, some sold at a sacrifice to speculators before reaching their destination, because there was no one to receive them; and the gifts have been distributed without system, and, so far as one could clearly see, without especial result. Nothing has been done in a way to hold up or elevate the people of a sinking nation. And America, although she has given her thousands (and that through honest hands), has made no mark for herself, and done no one work in her own practical way. Nothing which will pass into history, nothing which makes her influence and character felt among other nations.

My proud heart has often wearied over this, often been sore, and often the nights have been long and restless. How I have longed for my countrymen and women to do something in this matter which others besides themselves could quote! If no more, I have longed for them to come.....and find *this American work* made ready to their hands, and take it up as *their own*, and spread its benefits out over wretched France. I would have given it to them with its months of buried toil, and its organization almost as perfect as the planets, and rejoiced to lose my own name in it for that of America. And how often within the last four months, when I have seen princes, princesses, and sovereigns, who have come far to see my work-rooms and copy from them—after standing for hours among my women as they brought and took their work—turn away with a shake of the head, exclaiming, "Only an *American* could have organized something like this," my heart has beat for a moment with pride for my nation, and fell again like lead when I remembered my poor self all alone in it, with not only no American near me, but not one American on the face of the earth knew that such a thing existed—that in it was not a dollar of American money but my own, not the weight of an American finger but mine. How small, isolated, and alone I felt!

June 9.—My work in Strasburg is finished, faithfully finished, I believe; and about ten days ago I filled eight enormous boxes and sent them on to Paris. Dorr took them as he left for home, and I followed next day, and have located myself in one of the most badly destroyed portions, and am clothing people as fast as possible. I think it a significant fact that the poor, mutilated, homeless, widowed women of Strasburg should have enabled me to take forward from the work of their hands 4000 garments, a gift to their suffering sisters in Paris; there is a deeper sentiment than mere matter of fact in that. That is as I would have had it all over France; and I would have had America to be the mainspring and conveyer of these good gifts to a struggling sister republic.

I must not attempt to tell you of this wretchedly destroyed city, or I shall let this poor letter lie another month upon my table. The fires are scarcely out in the vaults of the Tuileries; only the day before yesterday as I passed I saw the smoke curling slowly up from the piles of rubbish heaped within the blackened walls. I have now seen all the most important and heavily bombarded cities of this terrible war, and seen them all fresh in their misery, and done my little portion for each one. If I were a writer I should have something to write; if I were a speaker I should have something to tell; but alas! I can do neither well; so many do both so much, *so much*, better, that I dare not attempt to enter the lists with them. I can only wait afar and remember what I have lived through and witnessed, and leave to the gifted to describe to admiring readers and auditors what they themselves have only read and imagined. Many an audience will be held breathless by descriptions drawn from careful reading of the very scenes which I have witnessed and lived among: so goes the world.

WORTH WHILE FOR WOMEN TO KNOW.

"EVERY wise woman," says Solomon, "buildeth her house." But there are many wise or, at least, not foolish women nowadays who not only don't build or help to build their homes, but don't know how they should be done. If they understood some practical details of house-building there would be fewer slightly made, uncomfortable, inconvenient houses. Especially the finishing ought to be looked after by the mistress of a house. She knows what color of paint is going to wear well for nursery and dining-room, and how the pantry should be arranged. It is singular that women are so indifferent to occupations which touch their peculiar surroundings. We never hear of a woman architect, or indoor painter, or upholsterer. The consequence is that we have warped doors and furniture; blistering walnut paint; unhandy arrangements of stairs leading into bath-rooms (actually I have known a practical carpenter build his own house with the bath-room for a side passage); kitchens in the middle of the house, or in the next yard, either too close or too far off; narrow stairs; and sinks with the drain in the elevated end—blunders which vex a woman's soul from year's end to year's end, but which she never thinks of remedying by prevention, by applying herself to the correction of such details while her house is building. She ought to know as much about plaster and paint as she does about wall-paper and curtains; for it is much more important that the walls should be warm and dry, and the paint durable, than that her parlor should have French satin paper, and the bedrooms be finished off in Pompadour chintzes.

When the first rough coat of plaster is on the walls of a house, and the doors and window-casings up, a woman's province is ready for her oversight. If it suits her to have the work completed in the most economical manner possible, let the walls be washed with this sizing: Two pounds of glue in hot water, which is reduced with eight gallons of cold, and thickened with twelve pounds of whiting. This gives a smooth finish, which can be washed in cold water, instead of needing to be whitened every year. It is applied with a whitewash-brush, and forms a smooth coat to receive paper; or it may remain, for kitchens and servants' rooms, tinting it pale gray with a little cobalt. Where there is a suspicion of damp walls neither paper nor wash will last, and no application will be tolerable but a water-proof paint. For painting, a woman who is ambitious enough to attempt the work herself needs a low chair, supported by boards laid on trestle-work or benches, which may be changed for lower ones as she reaches the base of the wall. A paint-pot must be provided, which may be made of a white-lead can, with thick wire bail put in, and a hook attached to hang it on any convenient projection. A number 5 brush, partly worn, is best for inside work, as new brushes are too soft. When laying aside work, cover the paint in the can with cold water to keep the dust off, and hang the brushes in it so that the heads will be covered. In laying on paint dip the brush only an inch into the paint, and tap it once or twice against the sides to let surplus flakes fall off, then make straight strokes of the brush with the grain of the wood, not against it, drawing downward on vertical and from left to right on horizontal surfaces. Carry the brush off, not lift, at the end of each stroke. Make the first coat the lightest and thinnest one, stopping all cracks and holes with putty after it is dry. Paint all crevices, bevels, and beadings, before you do the flat surfaces next them, with a full brush. Work the paint well into the wood by passing the brush vigorously back and forth when each coat is on. For sashes and fine work use a number 4 brush, and carry it only one way, not back and forth. Protect glass in sashes, and walls at the side of mouldings, by tacking a strip of pasteboard several inches wide against the surface next the work to catch dashes of paint.

If spots of mildew or blisters appear on wall-paper in a room where steam does not penetrate, do not try to save the paper, but strip it off, and apply a delicate tint mixed with boiled linseed-oil, to every gallon of which a quarter of a pound of glue has been added, first softened by heat, with a very little water to prevent it from burning. Another more effectual coating is made of five pounds of rubber melted in a gallon of boiled linseed-oil. The mixture should be heated in a tin kettle suspended in boiling water, so that it will not take fire. Coat the wall with this, reducing, if necessary, by more oil, and paint or paper above it. One gallon of the preparation should coat fifty yards of surface, and never be penetrated by moisture. One gallon of the oil and glue requires twenty pounds of dry paint ground in it to give two coats to forty square yards of surface. Use nothing but boiled oil for inside work; the raw requires nearly a season to dry. A good drying oil is made by boiling one ounce of sugar of lead, and the same of sulphate of zinc, with two ounces each of litharge, red-lead, and umber, in a gallon of linseed-oil, till it will scorch a feather. White-lead gives the most body to paint, and is most durable, but turns yellow, and is apt to be mixed with inferior pigment. Zinc-white is the purest color. Three coats are desirable on inside work for lasting finish. The first is called the priming, and is the only coat in which oil should be used, for in the upper coats it is apt to turn yellow by exposure to the air. The cheapest priming is given by a coat of oil on which whiting is rubbed, filling all the pores of the wood with a thin putty, which preserves it well, and leaves a smooth surface for paint. A good common finish is given by mixing a second coat of zinc-white with enough oil to moisten it, and reducing with naphtha; then a third coat of zinc in naphtha, with one-third Dammar varnish. This gives the glossy white so dear to neat housewives. The most expensive and durable white finish is thus given: One coat of shellac varnish; four coats of pure zinc ground in oil and mixed with turpentine, each coat well dried, and the whole rubbed down with pumice; and finally two coats of French zinc in varnish. This is hard, shining, and fine as enamel.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

THE peculiarities of the school-master are generic. Knowing nothing of the world or the cares of business, the anxieties caused by the fluctuation of markets, or of professional rivalry, having but few associations as a rule among their equals, and their experience being very much confined to the little sphere which acknowledges them the undisputed monarch, how should they be other than consequential and dogmatic? We would also account for some of the idiosyncrasies of the teacher, inasmuch as, while the generation of children he has accompanied *passibus æquis* through their elementary curriculum go out into the world, free from the restraint which inthralled them while under tutors and governors, they pass under new conditions, and thenceforth have, in a measure, to take charge of themselves and acquire a new experience, he remains a child with their successors. "Hardly any thing," says a thoughtful writer, "is so fatal to continuous mental growth as constant contact with immature minds. It is the intellectual equivalent of keeping low company. A person whose life is passed among children or boys can hardly be expected to avoid the blunder of supposing that the superiority of which he is continually made conscious is absolute, and not relative. The feeling that he has to be constantly setting them an example is almost certain to delude him into the belief that he has an example to set, whereas, in fact, his knowledge of life is often little wider, while his conjectures about it are less lively, than those of his pupils. There is no one thing which it is more important for persons connected with education to remember than the truth that education is only a preparation for life, and that the life that lies beyond it is utterly unlike it, is very partially known to any one, and is in general particularly little known to themselves."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN these hot August days we look about for cool topics with which to refresh our readers. They are very scarce, to be sure—few to be had at any price within the boundaries of New York city. And the minds of most people lead them to a perpetual consultation of the thermometer on the hottest days, an incessant fanning, and a continual thinking, "Oh, how hot it is!"—all which tend to make one more uncomfortable, if not actually to increase the heat of the body. One of the most refreshing items we have read lately is an account of the intense cold experienced by the scientific party who spent last winter on Mount Washington. The details are given in the official report of their experiences and observations, which has just been issued. One of the company made the following record on a certain cool day:

"Find that I froze my fingers while sawing off a piece of pork for our 'Sunday baked beans;' was out only five minutes. It was like cutting into a block of gypsum to saw off that piece of pork....Our butter-tube stand in the outer room. This morning we cut a piece of butter for breakfast, using a chisel and hammer. It was like cutting into a stone."

Again he writes:

"The valleys are full of stratus clouds; charged with frost as they are, occasionally sweeping over the summit, they completely cover one in a moment—hair, beard, and clothing; when the face is exposed it feels like the touch of a hot iron. To breathe this frosty air is very unpleasant. A full inhalation causes a severe coughing fit."

We have doubts about the breath of "frosty air" being specially "unpleasant" this August day. What *is* unpleasant is the allusion to a "hot iron." When there is not a particle of air stirring it is rather invigorating to think of wind "howling, screeching, and roaring through the building," of its suddenly lulling away, and then as suddenly gathering strength to "blow as if it would hurl the house from the summit of the mount." We would be glad to explain fully to our readers how the scientific party managed to keep warm; but to do this it would be necessary to make sundry allusions to "red-hot stoves," and we think the effect might be injurious while midsummer is upon us.

The proposal made by one of the faculty of Williams College, Massachusetts, that women should be admitted as students into that institution, has excited general attention throughout the country. Amherst has also taken progressive steps. At a recent meeting of the trustees, after a protracted discussion, the question of the admission of women into the college was referred to a committee consisting of President Stearns, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and Rev. Dr. Paine, of Holden, who will thoroughly investigate the subject, and report in October.

During the dreadful days through which Paris has passed a little girl scarcely eight years old was arrested as she was in the act of throwing petroleum into a cellar. There is something very sad in the reply she made to some interrogatives, showing as it does to what extent the hands of little children wrought ruin in their own city. "Ah," said the child, "you will have enough to do if you want to take us all up, for there are 8000 of us, and some smaller than I am."

"The Beleaguered Cook" is the name of a curious specimen of literature which made its appearance during the siege of Paris. It treats of the culinary art under the limits imposed upon it by the siege.

The reconstruction of the house of M. Thiers, with the veranda, the hot-houses, and the gardens, will cost more than 850,000 francs; and lost furniture and the works of art destroyed come to about 300,000 francs. Total, 1,150,000 francs.

A delicate task it was to select from two thousand young ladies of Berlin one who should have the honor of presenting the golden laurel wreath and delivering the ode of welcome to the Emperor William upon his entrance into his capital. More than that number, however, made application for the position; and the one finally intrusted with the task was selected not only because of her great beauty, but also because she had distinguished herself during the war as a hospital nurse. The Emperor will hereafter take care of the lady, and in case of her marriage give her a dower of $5000.

Chignons, plaits, and curls may now be made of a most unobjectionable material—namely, *spun glass*. This is the very latest substitute for hair.

A "Boston party" visited the Nevada silver mines not many months ago. On coming out of the tunnel one of the gentlemen offered the guide—who chanced to be one of the principal owners of the mine—half a dollar for his trouble. The miner looked at the money a moment, and then, turning to the donor, said, "May I ask you how much you are estimated at home to be worth?"

"About twenty-five thousand dollars," replied the Bostonian.

"Well," said the miner, "I guess I won't take your half dollar; I made a quarter of a million here last month."

Kaulbach's famous cartoon of "The Great Reformation," for which its present owner paid $25,000, enjoys the honor of being rolled up and stowed away in one of the cotton mills at Fall River. The owner has been offered a larger sum than he gave for the cartoon, but refuses to sell at any price.

America may lose the honor so long claimed that maize, or Indian corn, is indigenous to its soil. It has lately been contested, and recent investigations of certain Chinese records are cited to prove that it was cultivated in China prior to the discovery of America. Chinese authors maintain that it came originally from countries west of China, and that it was introduced into that country long before the first arrival of the Portuguese in 1517.

It must be a peculiar aggravation to fall heir to $150,000 when in prison. Such, however, is the fate of an inmate of Auburn prison. The criminal's term there will soon expire; but then he will be tried on an indictment for robbery at Syracuse. So it is doubtful if he derives much pleasure from his wealth at present.

Writers on health must be careful how they recommend innovations which disturb domestic peace. A country editor, who carries concealed weapons, is searching for the writer who sent his wife a circular recommending that carpets should be taken up and beaten every month.

An exchange asserts that "forty women of all sexes" are enrolled in the Texas Female Suffrage Society.

A Portland man, by having his wits about him, and a plentiful supply of eggs, saved the life of his wife a week or two ago. She had swallowed a dose of corrosive sublimate by mistake, and the frightened neighbors had given her over for as good as dead, when her husband, fortunately returning home, promptly administered the whites of fifteen eggs, which completely neutralized the poison.

Samovar is the name given to a large sort of urn which adorns the Russian tea-table. In the centre of this urn is a tube, into which hot coal is introduced, which keeps the water constantly boiling. A strong infusion, nearly essence of tea, is made in a small tea-pot, a small quantity of which is poured into tumblers, and each guest adds water and sugar to his taste. The Russians say that tea which makes only a land voyage is much superior to that which passes over the sea.

Holland ladies, remarks a recent writer, do a great deal of house-work in the early morning, and throughout the day; they disdain to have done for them what they can do for themselves. Until "coffee-drinking," at twelve o'clock, a visitor must expect to see little of the ladies. The pickling and preserving, the preparation of fruit for the table, those mighty dishes of beans and pease, the side-dishes and other delicacies for the day, all bear signs of a delicate touch and a cultivated intelligence.

The following specimen of Chicago "personals" may afford a useful hint to editors of newspapers: "T. J. Falls was his name, And I shall not deny, With regard to the same, That he came from Shanghai, And he put up last night at the Sherman, Considerably close to the sky." And while touching upon poetical topics, we may as well show what a Western journalist succeeded in producing when he drew upon his memory for quotations about woman. It was this: "Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please; But seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace." Shades of Scott and Pope, defend us!

Some parents have a theory that children should not cry, and this theory they endeavor to carry out by striving to suppress in their young children the natural expression of pain by inculcating fortitude. Doubtless this is useful to a certain extent, and a definite distinction should be made between the crying that comes from pain and that which is the mere outburst of angry feeling. A French physician has published a lengthy essay on the advantages of groaning and crying in general. He contends that these are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and surgical operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If this is true parents may well show indulgence to their children in this respect, and allow nature to relieve from physical and mental pain.

What cures one person of some disease or difficulty will not always cure another who is apparently affected in the same way. Yet it is worth while to know remedies which have been successfully used, particularly in such a troublesome and fickle disturbance as neuralgia. A relieved New England gentleman says: "Take two large table-spoonfuls of Cologne, and two tea-spoonfuls of fine salt; mix them together in a small bottle. Every time you have any acute affection of the facial nerves, or neuralgia, simply breathe the fumes from the bottle through your nose, and you will be immediately relieved."

"The chest of a well-proportioned man has been known to expand three inches, by actual measurement, in as many weeks after arriving in Colorado." Such is the statement, though we did not measure the man. The air of Colorado Territory is pure and rare, partly owing to its great elevation above the level of the sea. One breathes faster and fuller in consequence, and the breathing apparatus is strengthened by exercise. That climate is considered excellent for bronchial and pulmonary diseases, though an invalid who seeks permanent restoration must abide there permanently.

Young writers for the public journals would do well to practice curtailing the beginning and end of each article they prepare after it is finished. No matter how necessary your introduction seems, or how beautiful your exordium, cut them off. This will leave the substance of what you have really got to say, which, after all, is what people want to read, and therefore what editors want to publish. An experienced editor says that almost every article presented by unpracticed writers to magazines, no matter how admirable the subject, drifts to leeward for one or two pages before the writer gets steerage-way on his thoughts, and the reader learns to what point the writer wants to sail.

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A STROLL ON SHINGLETON BEACH,

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IT was easy enough to see that the post-bag which had been just deposited upon the breakfast-table at Poynings had not brought any particularly welcome news. The intelligent domestic who came up within a few minutes of the arrival of the letters to ask at what hour the carriage should come round opined at once, and opined rightly, that something was wrong. The Rev. Mr. Poynings—the master of Poynings was a clergyman who considered that he had rendered sufficient service to his Church, and had now retired upon his laurels and his private means, which were more than considerable—found fault with the coffee. It was not drinkable, he said; and life without coffee was not, in the opinion of this reverend critic, worth having. Mrs. Poynings exhibited her general dissatisfaction with censuring the atmosphere. Such a June, she declared, she had never known. Mr. Poynings's footman—a shrewd observer—felt quite satisfied with himself that when his master condemned the mocha, and his mistress the climate, the true and real ground of grievance was something different from either. An open letter lay before Mr. Poynings, and an uncracked egg was on Mrs. Poynings's plate. Directly John, the footman, reached the servants' hall he put a leading question to the butler. "Arris, did ye see who the letter was from? Master's in a regular taking with something this morning; and I s'pect it's that post-bag." But the sagacious Harris could not explain why it should be the post-bag, for the only letters which it contained were, he declared, tradesmen's circulars, with one exception, and that was an envelope directed in a lady's hand, and was, he thought, from Miss Minna.

Nevertheless John was right and Harris was wrong. It was, as the penetrative footman had so shrewdly suspected, the post-bag which was the cause of the discomfiture in the breakfast-room. The coffee was, as usual, excellent, and as for the weather—well, it was not worse than in England June weather very often is. That envelope, directed in the feminine MS., from whom did it come?

Both Mr. and Mrs. Poynings, if they were favored with a very abundant share of the good things of this world, knew also not a little of this world's sorrows. Two sons, and two only, they had. Each had *gone wrong*, and each was now removed beyond the possibility of repairing his error on this side of the grave. Dick Poynings, whom his father hoped to see at least on the episcopal bench, achieved when he was at Oxford the reputation of being the best steeple-chase rider that the under-graduate world had ever known. But here the academical distinction of the young man ended. When he took his degree the only substantial evidence of university education that he took with him was a very pretty number of debts. They were all paid by Mr. Poynings, who went up to Oxford with his solicitor for the occasion, and whose outspoken opinions on the iniquity of encouraging mere boys to run into debt are still remembered by more than one tradesman on the Isis. Eventually Dick Poynings went to the Cape. His fate was not an unusual one. The hero of a hundred fights is run over and killed by a hansom cab; and the man who has returned home alive and unscathed by the most trying climate in the world by degrees succumbs to the slow poison of his friends' Champagne. Dick Poynings, who had braved the perils of endless steeple-chases on the most incurable of Oxford screws, was riding over some land which he had bought for farming purposes, when a dense fog came on: his horse stumbled and fell; the rider was precipitated against a stone, and was killed almost instantaneously. The end of Charles Poynings, the other son, was more tragic. The lad had always exhibited a penchant for play. One fine morning about ten years ago the body of a young Englishman was found in the Black Forest, near Baden, quite dead, with a bullet through his head. The young Englishman happened to be Mr. Charles Poynings. It was known that he had played heavily and lost seriously on the previous night. There would probably have been a scandal, but the pres... authorities hushed the matter up, and nobody ever knew any more about it, except, indeed, his father and mother. Now the effect of sorrow is to sour: the effect, that is, on every other temperament than the purely angelic; and sorrows are souring—it may seem strange, but it is very true—in exact proportion to the worldly prosperity of their victims. The death of their two sons had quite caused the gladness and joy of their parents' lives to be utterly extinguished.

No doubt there was wild blood in the Poynings' veins; but that was no consolation to the bereaved father and mother. It was a strange and perhaps unfortunate coincidence which gave them when their sorrow was darkest and most hopeless a new object for care and thought. Mr. Poynings's sister, Mrs. Temple, died, and, dying, left her only son, Harry Temple, to her brother's care. The charge was accepted with a certain sense of relief, and the boy became a kind of son to his uncle and aunt. But his subsequent career was far from satisfactory. He, too, showed himself to have inherited a dash of the Poynings blood. But there had been as yet nothing disastrous. He was in debt already, but that was a matter of course. He had left Oxford with a character that may not have been beyond reproach, but a character which was still the reverse of discreditable. But the worst of Harry Temple was that he would not settle down. Professionally a barrister, he was in reality a lounger, and he was nothing more. He betted a little and he played a little; he was popular and he was extravagant. But he was only five-and-twenty. Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Poynings expected of their nephew, toward whom their hearts yearned, more than they ought. They certainly expected more than the result justified.

"I can't understand it—upon my word of honor I can not," said Mr. Poynings, on the morning to which we have already alluded, taking up the letter contained in the envelope directed in the feminine MS.

"It is very bad indeed, very!" repeated Mrs. Poynings; "and yet it might have been worse. Do you not think, Richard, yourself that it might have been worse?"

"Worse!" echoed the old man, "can any thing be worse than black ingratitude such as this?"

We will just look at the letter which had given rise to these observations. Directed though the envelope was by a writer who was not Henry Temple, the communication which it contained was from that gentleman for all that. The writer prefaced his epistle by a statement to the effect that he was well aware that the news which he had to convey would surprise, and possibly pain, his uncle; that he (the writer) admitted fully and unreservedly that he had acted hastily, perhaps wrongly. Still he hoped for pardon. In a word, he had married. He had known the young lady for some little time, and he hoped that his uncle and aunt would accept her as niece.

"Astounding impudence," Mr. Poynings had murmured, when he came to this portion of the letter. "'Perfect lady,' of course. When a young scamp marries in haste the first girl he sees, of course she is a 'perfect lady,'" sneered Mr. Poynings.

But the sneer was misplaced. For Ethel Temple, who was last week Ethel Noblitt, was a lady in every sense of that word, though her mother had been an actress—she had gone to her rest when Ethel was scarcely three years old—and her father was a half-pay captain, the independence of whose life was only tempered by his impecuniosity.

By mutual and tacit consent scarcely another word was said that morning by Mr. or Mrs. Poynings on the subject of their nephew's letter.

"I suppose this is her writing," said the reverend master of Poynings, reading the envelope, which, as has been said, was not addressed by Mr. Henry Temple.

II.

Change of air, that was the necessity Mr. Poynings's medical man impressed upon his patient.

"My dear Sir, there must be complete and entire change of air. The sea would do you a world of good. Take my advice, Mr. Poynings, and go to Shingleton. It's just the climate to add twenty years to your life."

It was an odd thing that the letter which Mr. Henry Temple had addressed to his uncle, and which was still unanswered, was dated Shingleton. The medical recommendation was accepted and acted on; and in less than a week Mr. and Mrs. Poynings were installed at Shingleton.

A pretty spot, and one which has, as all the world knows, acquired a marvelous amount of popularity in an incredibly short time. Invalids repair to Shingleton for its invigorating breezes; young men and strong for its pleasant society, and its wonderful opportunity to the yachtsman. Shingleton is also especially favored by wedded couples who are in the full celebration of their honey-moons. There is enough of distraction to prevent Edwin becoming heartily *ennuyé* with Angelina. But not so much that he is tempted away prematurely from her side. For the wedded couple, fresh from the altar, complete solitude is an utter blunder. The face which would bore you in the desert acquires additional charm when set off by human accompaniments. If you decide upon spending a week at Shingleton this summer you will act wisely if you put up at the Mere Hotel. It overlooks the sea. Its arrangements are excellent. It is always full, but it is never crowded; mine host is obliging, and the waiters know their work. If you wish for seclusion you can have it; and if you wish for society, there is the table d'hôte, and most agreeable improvised dances are subsequently devised in the saloon. Mr. and Mrs. Poynings had sent on a servant to engage rooms, and by a lucky chance they were obtained. Not, however, those which exactly suited the somewhat whimsical temperament of the reverend gentleman. Mr. Poynings was placed on the drawing-room floor, and he would have preferred the ground. But the suite on the ground-floor, the waiter informed Mr. Poynings, was already occupied by a lady and gentleman—Mr. and Mrs. Temple.

A very agreeable little dinner-party was going on that night on the ground-floor at the Mere Hotel, in Mr. and Mrs. Temple's apartments. Henry Temple—for it was, in truth, he who had anticipated Mr. Poynings, and who was then staying with his bride at Shingleton—had met more than one old friend on the Shingleton beach. Frank Martyn was there, and Frank's two sisters, staying with their married sister—Mrs. Massareene; and Bob Kennedy had most unexpectedly turned up in Sir John Sutherland's yacht. Henry Temple, as he well might be, was most indisputably proud of his wife, and he had experienced no small satisfaction when he had introduced her that afternoon on the Shingleton beach to his friends. By a kind of intuition he knew at once from the reception accorded her that she was a success.

"No answer to the Poynings letter," thought Henry to himself: "rather bad, certainly; but it will, it must, be all right. Only wait till they see her. I'd give a thousand pounds—if I had it—could some chance bring my uncle and aunt to Shingleton."

Frank Martyn was an old college friend of Mr. Temple's, and the pair smoked a bachelor pipe *tête-à-tête* that evening after the little party was concluded. Frank had congratulated his quondam chum on the newly made Mrs. Temple.

"Yes, Frank," observed Mr. Temple, "she's as good as gold every inch of her. But that only makes me the more anxious. If my uncle takes it as I expect he will, I don't see how we are to exist. I have written to him, and he has answered me not a word. What, in Heaven's name, would you advise me to do?"

"See him, Harry, see him by all means, at once, and let him see her, and then all must be right." But the interview was that which of all things Mr. Temple dreaded.

Foolish! Yes, he had been foolish, no doubt, and wrong too. But it was too late to decide what would have been the proper course to pursue. He could only hope that the fair young creature whom he had made his wife might never have cause to repent the oath which she had plighted only a week since. Then there was the financial aspect of the question, and that was not re-assuring. The exchequer was already low, and Henry was by no means clear as to how its replenishment was to be managed. They had probably done wrong in going to Shingleton; and the Mere Hotel was pleasant, but not especially economical. These were the thoughts which occupied Mr. Henry Temple as he sank to sleep. But with the morning came light and hope and new happiness. It surely would, it must, be all right; and as Harry came from his dressing-room he kissed his wife, and said, "Courage, darling! I dare say to-day's post will bring us good news; and if it doesn't—well, I have a head and I have a hand."

Mr. Poynings's first night at the Mere Hotel, Shingleton, was not restful. "Mr. and Mrs. Temple" almost the very first names he heard in the place. Who were they? Well, the waiter's description left no doubt on that head. Photograph could not have been more faithful than the sketch given by the intelligent menial aforesaid of Mr. Poynings's nephew. The Mere Hotel waiter was loud in their praises. It was the old story,

"Hervey, the handsome, had wedded
The beautiful Molly Lepel."

When Mr. Poynings, the following morning, inquired whether Mr. and Mrs. Temple were in their rooms, he was informed that they had been gone out about an hour.

III.

It was pleasant to sit on Shingleton beach in that glorious July weather, pleasant to watch the waves idly advancing and receding on the sand, pleasant to see the children at play, pleasant to note the loungers as they strolled by, and pleasant to inhale the glorious breeze that came straight away over the Atlantic. Both Mr. and Mrs. Poynings, seated on a bench on Shingleton beach, observed all these things and enjoyed them. They said little, but there were more thoughts in the mind of each than were spoken. It was a scene full of animation, for the morning was bright, and Shingleton beach was covered with loungers. Mr. and Mrs. Poynings were both absorbed in thought, and beyond gazing abstractedly at the sea, paid little attention to external objects. By those who gossiped and promenaded along the shore, however, the pair were not unnoticed. Frank Martyn knew Mr. Poynings well; and great was his surprise on turning suddenly round—he was with his sister and the two Colchester girls—to see the uncle and aunt of his intimate friend seated a few yards off.

A STROLL ON SHINGLETON BEACH.

"Laura," he said to his sister, "look there! As I live that is Mr. Poynings, Temple's uncle, and his wife. And here is Harry himself. Now for the recognition!"

Very much occupied with each other did the newly wedded couple, to whom Mr. Martyn pointed, seem. Henry Temple and his wife it certainly was; and close beneath the very eyes of Mr. Poynings did the pair pass. It was the accents of a well-known voice that arrested Mr. Poynings's ear: "All will come right, child"—those were the words. He looked up, and he saw before him his nephew and his wife. "All will come right!" There was a look of tranquil and loving confidence on either's face which was very pleasant to note. As Mr. and Mrs. Poynings watched them, they both thought that they had never seen two people whose faces were eloquent of happiness so perfect. Henry Temple was forgiven from the first moment that Mr. and Mrs. Poynings knew that they were in the presence of Henry Temple and his wife.

A long ramble, past the merry groups on Shingleton beach, went the newly wedded couple. It was late in the afternoon when they returned to the Mere Hotel; and a note from Mr. Poynings lay on the table addressed to "Henry Temple, Esq." Yes, it had all come right, and the uncle was prepared to forgive his self-willed nephew, and to accept his newly found niece. In the interval, however, since breakfast, other good agencies than those of Mrs. Temple's bonny face had been at work for the nephew. Frank Martyn had had a long interview with Mr. Poynings, and Frank's powers as a special pleader on

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his friend's behalf were exercised with as much of effect as they were of energy.

Within five minutes of the receipt of the letter from Mr. Poynings Henry Temple was in his uncle's presence. What passed there we need not say. It is enough to know that one of the results between uncle and nephew was that Mrs. Temple was in a very little space of time in her uncle's presence—an accepted niece. As Harry himself had declared would be the case, "it had all come right;" and when Mr. Martyn, who had dined with the whole party, bade his friends, some hours subsequently, good-night, he was able to say that he had not taken too sanguine a view of matters on the day previous, and that as much as ever he could wish had come of the stroll on Shingleton beach.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS presents a strange aspect at this moment; one which it never has had before and never will have again. We do not mean its ruins—those sombre and appalling memorials of its dissensions. But, scarcely emerged from an era of fire and pillage, the brilliant city appears anew, glittering with precious stones and adorned with new fashions. The shops look more beautiful than ever, and are more than ever full of marvels of luxury and art. Plumed bonnets, fresh muslin dresses, sheeny gauzes, and sparkling jewels are displayed in the windows; while all the ladies seen in the streets are in black. As they pass they cast a melancholy glance at these temptations, and seem to say, "All this is not for us!"

Indeed, scarcely is Paris pacified when orders for every kind of luxury pour in from all corners of the earth. The workshops are re-opened and every one is busy. But all this magnificence is for strangers. The Parisian ladies will wear mourning for a long time to come. The theatres are crowded, but the spectators are foreigners and countrymen. Many fashionable women are here; many stars of the imperial court have returned; yet no equipages are seen in the streets, and the houses are all closed at eleven o'clock at night.

Princess Mathilde has quietly resumed possession of her villa at St. Gratian, near Paris. The belles of last season are recognized in the simplest toilettes. For instance, the other day I met the Marquise de Gallifet in a little Huguenot hat of black beaver, bound with velvet, and trimmed with a plain jet buckle, and a black silk dress, without paniers, and trimmed only with three flounces, separated by black velvet. A wrapping of embroidered black cashmere completed the costume, while a long flowing veil of black tulle half concealed the face of the most celebrated of the blonde marquises of the imperial reign.

It is curious to meet the Comte de Paris in a fiacre, and the Duc d'Angoulême on foot, with his umbrella under his arm, in plain citizen's dress, gazing at the pile of ruins which was once the Tuileries, the palace of their ancestors, with faces full of an emotion which showed that they had not forgotten France.

But to return to our subject, the fashions, of which our fair readers are doubtless impatient to hear. At the last ball of the Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House, all the dresses were from Paris, as they were at the marriage of Prince Paul Demidoff with the young Princess Trombetskoi. Two dresses at the Marlborough House ball were especially admired. One was of cloud blue tulle over blue taffetas, with a train of blue faille veiled with lace, and covered with a shower of snow-balls. Corsage of cloud blue tulle, with square basques behind, edged with a ruche interspersed with snow-balls. Sash tied at the side, and falling in long ends. The other dress was of white muslin over a trailing skirt of sky blue velvet, trimmed with two pleated flounces of sky blue faille, separated by wide Valenciennes lace. White muslin tunic opening over a blue velvet skirt, and edged with a fall of Valenciennes lace. The revers of the muslin tunic were caught together in the back with flat bows of blue velvet. Christina of Sweden corsage of sky blue velvet, with large basques in front, and of blue faille covered with white muslin in the back.

At the marriage of the Prince Demidoff the toilette of the Princess K——, which was charmingly original, attracted much notice. Fancy a long trained skirt of white faille, with a very deep flounce, striped with transverse bands of black velvet. Skirt of white crêpe de Chine trimmed with a narrow flounce of black lace, and a double flounce of Bruges lace caught up behind in paniers by several bows of black velvet, and a black velvet bow with long flowing ends at the left side. Black velvet corsage, with large Charles IX. basque in the back, edged with Bruges lace. A very small demi-corsage of white faille covers the black velvet one only in the back, and epaulets of Bruges lace are set on the sleeves, which are finished with large black velvet cuffs edged with Bruges lace.

The béret is the style of hat most in vogue just now for street wear. This invariably has a flat crown and a tulle ruche underneath, and is tied in front or under the chignon with gros grain ribbon strings. The béret, when worn too small, is very unbecoming, and is at best a trying style for any but very young girls. It looks like an infant's cap, with its tulle ruche encircling the face, and may be worn by a young girl of twenty, but is absurd on middle-aged women. It is trimmed in innumerable ways. Most commonly the crown is encircled with gros grain ribbon, and an aigrette of curled feathers is set at the side. When made of black straw one or two black falcon's plumes, that follow the curve of the crown, form the trimming. The béret is also made of crêpe de Chine, which is the only stuff permissible. As to round hats, all styles are seen, from the sailor hat, with low crown and flat brim, to the archduchess toquet, with high crown and turned-up brim, and large plumes falling over the hair. ¶It may be said of a round hat that, provided it is pretty, fashion authorizes every thing.

For the street the Marguerite of Navarre vest is universally worn. This is of black cashmere, with very deep basques, confined at the waist and loose in front, with very large sleeves. This vest must be banded with soutache to be elegant. It is embroidered with marguerites, stars, or corn-poppies, all in black, and is edged with black curled feathers and fine passementerie. The vest is lined with white silk.

Mantles formed of a double cape are made in the same style. Vests embroidered in colors, and trimmed with black point d'Argenton, laid on flat, or black guipure, and a ruche of Valenciennes, are worn in carriages. When these vests are made of colored cashmere they are embroidered in the same shade; but in this case the tunic must correspond. Chamois over a skirt of Cordova leather faille is in perfect taste.

At the Ascot races many plain colored muslin dresses, trimmed with Valenciennes ruches, were seen. These dresses are admirably suited to sailing and fishing parties. They are made in the style of the Louis XV. redingote, with a pouf behind and a tablier in front, and are trimmed with a profusion of ribbons and pinked silk ruches. They are very coquettish. The hat is often of the same muslin, trimmed with a lace ruche and flower at the side, and another just over the ear. A lady in one of these costumes looks like a little Bourbon marchioness risen from the dead; but, of course, she must be as young and fresh as the spring.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

THE GOOD OF IDLENESS.

I THINK we can always notice in a family group whether or not there is a good intellectual tone—much mental activity or not. You have the best opportunity for raising the general tone when young people are withdrawn from their special studies. Let nothing that I say be understood in the depreciation of idleness.. Idleness, pure and unmixed, is one of the greatest luxuries of human life. It also is a luxury peculiarly appropriate to the holiday season. On the same principle, I am very much in favor of lying in bed late of a morning. Theoretically I hold the latitudinarian principle, but practically I am a tolerably early riser. The more sleep you give the brain, the better quality does the brain become, and the better is the energy and harmonious play of the whole system. Sleep as much as you can, and, in consequence, as late as you can, but never lie in bed after you awake, "thinking," as you are sometimes pleased to term it. It is all a mistake. It is the worst kind of debauch—as bad as dram-taking. I do not believe that there is any real quality of thought in such morning reveries. Similarly of the delights of idleness, the pleasures of the Castle of Indolence, some qualifying language must be used. I know of no greater pleasure than to saunter about for a whole day with one's hands in one's pockets, and with a steady determination to think, wait, and do nothing at all. And let me tell you, courteous reader, that in order to do this with proper effect a man ought to be on tolerably good terms with his own conscience; otherwise some dark influences will begin to brew disquiet in his mind. But this idleness is a first-rate clarifying process. Without any settled, studious effort of the mind, the subjects which had troubled you will begin to take shape and form. All kind of matters, which had been waiting for a quiet hour of deliberation, will gradually, and almost without a conscious effort, be satisfactorily disposed of. Moreover, your idle day, to be perfectly idle and happy, must not be haunted by the corroding recollection that there is something to be done. Such idle days are as rare as happy days, of which the Caliph could only score up eleven; and it may be that the happy day and the idle day are synonymous. I know of no greater luxury than to wake up in the morning thinking that it is seven and finding that it is nine. I always calculate on a feeling of intense vitality for that day, and an extra amount of my very limited power of doing and enduring.

SEA-SIDE FANCIES.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. H. G.—Joan of Arc and Jeanne Darc are one and the same person. The latter is the correct orthography.—Decoration-day, or the 30th of May, is a legal holiday.—Napoleonic is an English word, and consequently not accented.

E. S. H.—Read the "Ugly Girl" articles in the *Bazar*. Mix glycerine with water before applying it to your skin.

A BOSTON GIRL.—Young ladies of eighteen or nineteen do not wear their hair flowing to the waist. Your other questions are too trivial to require an answer.

ETIQUETTE.—If you are acquainted with the persons whom your friend is visiting, you should inquire for them when calling on her. Otherwise, this is not necessary.

A SKEPTIC.—The advertiser in our columns whom you mention is not a man of straw, but a veritable personage. Probably he either did not receive your letter, or thought it of too little importance to answer.

SALLY AND MAGGIE.—We never heard the ill-fated Mary Stuart styled the Queen of Tears; but can imagine no more appropriate epithet for the beautiful, fascinating sovereign who met so hard a fate, and whose misfortunes did not end with her death, but were continued in the persecution of her memory.

EPISCOPALIAN.—"The little church around the corner" is the Church of the Transfiguration, in East Twenty-ninth Street, between Fifth and Madison avenues, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Houghton. It is one of the most picturesque edifices in New York.

BRUNETTE.—To make invisible or sympathetic ink take an ounce and a half of zaffer, or the residuum left after the sulphur, arsenic, and other volatile substances are expelled from cobalt by calcination; put it into a glass vessel with a long and narrow neck, and pour over it an ounce of strong nitrous acid diluted with five parts of water. Keep it in a warm place for ten or twelve hours, and then decant the clearest portion of the liquid. Having done this, pour about as much more of the diluted acid on what remains, which must be kept as long as before, and then be decanted and mixed with what was obtained by the first operation. All this being done, dissolve in the liquid two ounces of common salt, and the ink is ready for use. Write with a clean quill pen on white paper; and as long as the writing is exposed to the ordinary temperature of the air it is invisible. When the paper is heated at a fire or in the hot sun the characters will appear; but they become invisible again as soon as the paper cools.

L. T. B.—None but graduates of the New York city public schools can enter the city Normal School and College. The State Normal School at Albany is open to graduates from all parts of the State.

MICHIGAN GIRL.—We answer no questions about MSS. in this column.

ANNA.—Your plaid dress will look well made by pattern of Short-Sacque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Trim it with black velvet ribbon.

AN OLD MAID.—Wash goods—even thin Swiss muslins and organdy—are now made into basques without lining, but cut precisely as silks and poplins are.

JAMES.—Do not try to alter your short over-skirt. You can not do it very well, and next season it may be in fashion. The silk skirt under a grenadine suit serves merely as a petticoat, or else it has grenadine flounces high enough to conceal the silk. If you object to the expense of silk, use farmer's satin as a lining or a petticoat. An old silk dyed black will answer also.

B.—A lace or a piqué turban is suitable for a boy of six months. Make your empress cloth by cut paper pattern of Apron-Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV.—We do not feel ourselves at liberty to disclose the real name of an author who uses a *nom de plume*.

DOLLIE AND SUE.—Hats of Swiss muslin shirred on reeds, a Leghorn flat with China crape scarf, or an English turban of white straw or black Neapolitan trimmed with gros grain ribbon of a becoming color—any or all of these will answer for church wear in the country.

ITALIA.—Your sample is the poorest quality of Japanese poplin. We can't say what it costs, as it is peddled about the country at various prices. It is utterly worthless. Slippers and low buskins are worn at home at all hours of the day and evening.—You should consult the gentleman to whom you are engaged in regard to accepting attentions from other gentlemen.

FELICE.—With your silk dresses wear a pointed collar of Valenciennes or other lace, or else a linen collar trimmed with lace. Baste pleated Swiss muslin, either plain or edged with Valenciennes, inside your flowing sleeves. You can buy Swiss pleating ready made. Under-sleeves are too warm for summer. White lace sacques are appropriate over silk or grenadine dresses at receptions.

HENRY L.—Young gentlemen wear turned-down collars very low at the throat. Their neck-ties are solid colors or else stripes. White silk handkerchiefs are being used again.

S. J. B.—"Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" costs $7 50.

MRS. E. M. D.—Trim your black silk with lace; your purple with passementerie and fringe.

MOTHER.—Infants' outfits are often advertised in our columns. They cost, according to quality and quantity, from $75 to $200. For $75 you get half a dozen of each of the articles worn by an infant. They are plainly made, but in the neatest manner. Any furnishing house quoted in our New York Fashions will supply you.—We do not give addresses in this column.

R. M. O.—A plain basque, coat-sleeves, and a slightly gored skirt, untrimmed and just touching the floor, is the design for an old lady's silk dress.

STYLISH YOUNG LADY.—Your sample is not Irish poplin, but the poorest counterfeit of it. Make and trim it as plainly as possible, for the fabric does not justify expense.

L. C. M.—If you do not like the burnous drapery in the over-skirt, gather it all to the belt, though that fashion is very popular. Trim your Frou Frou brown dress with darker nut brown bands, bias, of silk, or else of a woolen stuff similar to sample. We can not change parts of patterns.

MRS. G. E.—The Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern sent you is prettily made up in a variety of fabrics both for morning and afternoon, house and street wear. Get piqué and striped percale, and make by wrapper pattern in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. Make a Swiss muslin polonaise by pattern sent you, and wear over a black or other silk for afternoon and evening. Buff or gray linen polonaises made similarly are worn over silk for morning and for traveling.

MARY G.—Your ideas of making and looping the grenadine over silk are good. Put two rows of ruffling or of side pleating on the grenadine. The corsage should be a basque of grenadine on silk, or else a box-pleated waist worn over a high black silk waist.

KITTIE.—Wear your thick long hair in two hanging braids, with water-fall curls between and a Pompadour roll in front. Make your stone-colored poplin suit by cut paper pattern of Apron-Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV. Trim with darker silk, not with blue. Wear bonnets for dress, hats for négligé. Trim your pink and white silk with pleated Swiss muslin ruffles alternating with others of the striped silk bias.

THE people have been so much imposed upon by several worthless Sarsaparillas that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and as worthy of the public confidence. Dr. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures when any thing can cure the diseases that require an alterative medicine.—[*Com.*]

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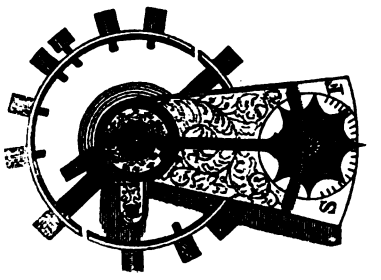

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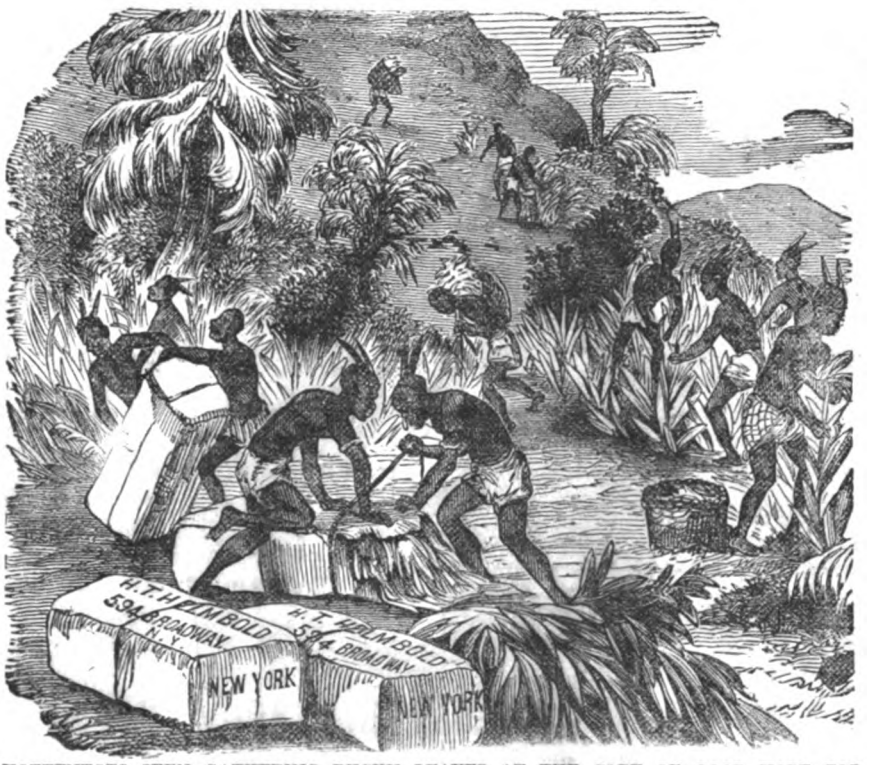

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FACETIÆ.

"DON'T a Quaker ever take off his hat to any one, Sir?"

"No, my boy, never."

"Then, Sir, if he don't take off his hat to a barber, how does he ever get his hair cut?"

HEIGHT OF AGGRAVATION.—Wet morning; bad street band in full blare before the house of literary man, writing an article and suffering from toothache; loud ring at the bell; servant, called off from a pressing domestic duty—making the beds, or minding the baby, or something of the sort—proceeds the whole length of the front garden to find at the gate one of the instrumentalists, who invites payment for the torture inflicted by himself and his fellow-fiends.

MAXIM.—Give a child a bat, and most likely it 'll bawl.

A good anecdote is told of a house-painter's son, who used the brush dextrously, but had acquired the habit of putting it on too thick. One day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish daubing, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flagellation. "There, you young rascal," he said, after performing his painful duty, "how do you like that?"

"Well, I don't know," whined the boy, in reply; "but it seems to me that you put it on a thunderin' sight thicker than I did."

Why is a hole in your shoe like harvesting operations?—Because it's reaparable.

A Baptist minister, living somewhere on the frontier of Missouri, was in the habit of saying to his family and to his church: "Friends, you need not take any unusual care of your lives; the moment of your death was writ before the foundation of the world, and you can not alter it." His wife observed, when he left on Saturday to meet one of his frontier missionary engagements, that he dressed the flint of his rifle with unusual care, put in dry powder, fresh tow, and took pains to make sure that the gun would go off in case he came upon an Indian. It struck her one day as she saw him in the saddle, with his rifle on his shoulder, that his conduct contradicted his teaching. "Yes," he replied, "to be sure, my dear, of course you are right, and that is a very proper view; but see here, my dear—now—really—suppose I should meet an Indian while I am gone, and his time had come, and I hadn't my rifle with me, what could he do? Yes, my dear, we must all contribute our part toward the fulfillment of the decrees of Providence."

A CLASSICAL QUESTION.—When you have to pay the piper, will the peppermint be the proper source—mint source—to apply to?

During a steam voyage on a sudden stoppage of the machinery considerable alarm took place, especially among the female passengers.

"What is the matter? What is the matter? For Heaven's sake tell me the worst!" exclaimed one more anxious than the rest.

After a short pause a hoarse voice replied, "Nothing, madam, nothing. Only the bottom of the vessel and the top of the earth are stuck together."

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN—Poor people!

A gentleman passing a country church while under repair observed to one of the workmen that he thought it would be an expensive job.

"Why, yes," replied he; "but, in my opinion, we shall accomplish what our parson has endeavored to do for the last thirty years in vain."

"What is that?" said the gentleman.

"Why, bring all the parish to repentance."

A SUGGESTION.

WHY SHOULD NOT PEOPLE AT EVENING PARTIES BE PROPERLY LABELED WITH A NUMBER IN SOME CONSPICUOUS BUT CONVENIENT PLACE, AND DESCRIBED IN A CATALOGUE, SO THAT ONE MIGHT KNOW WHO THEY WERE, AND ALL ABOUT THEM, WITHOUT TROUBLING THE HOST OR HOSTESS?"

A SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE

LUBBERLY BOY. "A."

MISTRESS. "Well, what next?"

LUBBERLY BOY. "B."

MISTRESS. "Go on—what next?"

LUBBERLY BOY. "Well, mum, I knaws the beggar boi soight, but I can't name 'un."

HOW TO BE HAPPY ON THE CHEAP—Go without your dinner, and see how happy you will be—when supper-time comes.

The following is the interesting way in which the scientific pursuits of Lord Walsingham are spoken of in a California paper: "Lord Walsingham, an accomplished bug-hunter, is in California, making a collection of insects and reptiles. He has already found a great number of nice little toadies."

QUERY.—Does a dumb man always keep his word?

An old gentleman of eighty married a young wife, and in due course of time was presented with a son. On the day of christening the nurse handed young master about, with the usual exclamation that he was the very image of his papa.

"Very like, indeed," said a lady: "he has no teeth."

SAD CHANGE.—One of the most amiable and gentle of men, who had hitherto borne the character of being the best of husbands, actually boasted the other evening to a friend who dropped in unexpectedly that he had that moment beaten his wife hollow. The unhappy lady was found close to a chess table.

Most lovers like to be alone—with their sweethearts, of course.

FIGHTING IT OUT ON THAT LINE.—A romantic pair, not more than a thousand miles from New York, were blessed with a number of daughters. The eldest was called Caro*line*, the second Made*line*, the third Eve*line*, the fourth Ange*line*, when lo! the fifth made its appearance, and no name could be found with the desired termination. At length mamma, who had been reading the fashions at Saratoga, pounced upon a name very popular there, and forthwith the baby was baptized *Crino*LINE.

A bad hat taken to an evening party frequently comes out as good as new.

A FRANK ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—It appears that the Commune announced that it would pay "two hundred thousand francs to whoever should bring M. Thiers into Paris alive!" The German papers point out that as Marshal M'Mahon has performed the task, he is entitled to the reward at the hands of the Commune. Does not the Marshal un-commune-ly wish he may get it! He won't expect to be treated to an example of Commune honesty.

Some husbands, though any thing but sharp, are awfully shrewed.

FASHIONABLE QUALITIES.—A lover, who was told by his friends that he had engaged to marry a fool, said to them that the girl he had chosen had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle: she had plenty of apathy, was tolerably illiterate, was brilliantly vain and fertilely capricious, acquiesced with every one, and diffused universal smiles.

When should a man look for a jest in a meadow?—In the present month, when he is pretty sure to find 'em mowin' it—(a mot in it).

FOLLY'S FANDANGO.

In youth's bright days—'twas long before
My dancing days were over!—
I voted work a horrid bore,
And idly lived in clover.
I danced as I shall never dance
Again, now wisdom's riper,
And capered on in ignorance
Of who should pay the piper.

I danced until the money flew
Out wildly from my pockets;
I danced till dull and sunken grew
My eyes within their sockets;
I danced until rheumatic gout
Was of each toe a griper—
And then it was I first found out
Who had to pay the piper.

I danced till I'd worn out my soles,
My stockings needed mending,
My coat and trowsers were in holes,
My very hat was rending.
I went to Friendship for a loan,
But Friendship proved a viper,
And I'd no money of my own
Wherewith to pay the piper.

I set my shoulder to the wheel;
I worked just like a nigger:
My heap through constant toil and zeal
By slow degrees grew bigger.
From off the slate of each old score
At last I was the wiper;
And now, you see, I dance no more—
Let others pay the piper!

A young man was requested by an old lady to read the newspaper for her. He took it up, and read as follows: "Last night yesterday morning, about one o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old bought a big custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping over it, broke his right ankle off above his left knee, and fell into a dry mill-pond and was drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers; a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying-pan, and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf-and-dumb man was talking to his Aunt Peter."

Whereupon the old lady, taking a long breath, exclaimed, "Du tell!"

A SCHOOL-BOY'S ASPIRATION.—"Oh, how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could always be playing!"

The fellow who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

A JOB'S COMFORTER.—Harry Greville, in the American war, was one of four who were doomed to decide by chance which of them should be put to death. The lot fell on Sir Charles Asgill, but he was eventually saved. On the night before his intended execution Greville was deputed to sit up with him and comfort him.

"Well," said one of his friends, "what did you say to keep up his spirits?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Greville; "I said pooh! pooh! never mind."

One ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow on the palm.

Soldiers in battle are not allowed to whistle to keep their courage up—that must be left to the bullets.

CONUNDRUMS FOR THE CURIOUS.

When is a penny like a hermit?—When it's a loan (alone).

When is a cat like a teapot?—When you're teasin' it (tea's in it).

Why is a bee like a donkey, I ax?—'Cause he's got an intimate knowledge of wax.

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of flats and sharps.

Why is the letter Y like a prodigal son?—Because it makes pa pay.

What man carries every thing before him?—The waiter.

When is a soldier not half a soldier?—When he's in quarters.

BLACK BALL.—A gentleman who has lately failed in his endeavor to obtain admission to a select club inquires if the Black Ball line of packets was established for the convenience of rejected candidates like himself, who may be anxious to hide their mortification in a foreign land.

It is a bad sign to see a Communist with his hat off at midnight explaining the theory and principles of true democracy—to a lamp-post.

A CAPITAL LETTER—One containing a remittance.

Women as telegraph operators have proved a great success. They send the electric spark right through a fellow.

NATURE'S TAILORING—A patato patch.

Some tailors would make excellent dragoons—they charge so.

A NOTE ON NATURAL HISTORY.—An entomologist states that it is the female mosquito that bites us. The cruel "insecks" belong to the fair sex, which reminds us that if man makes the laws, at any rate woman makes the language—bless her talkative tongue!—and so why is the mosquito's thirst for our blood called malevolent instead of femalevolent?

Call a spade a spade, yet you may call stockings hoes.

STATISTICS.—Of the 1001 young ladies who fainted last year 967 fell into the arms of gentlemen, two fell on the floor, and one into a water-butt.

The expression "A broth of a boy" originated with "Tickets for soup."

HINT TO MOTHERS.—Treat your baby kindly, but not *cordial*-ly.

Why are this year's pease like reluctant payers?—Because they're so backward in shelling out.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.—A chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him be of good cheer, "for in a short time," said he, "they will all come to light."

An apothecary who is continually troubled with the inquiry for the time was asked the other day, "Please, Sir, tell me what time it is."

"Why, I gave you the time not a minute ago," said the astonished apothecary.

"Yes, Sir," replied the lad; "but this is for another woman."

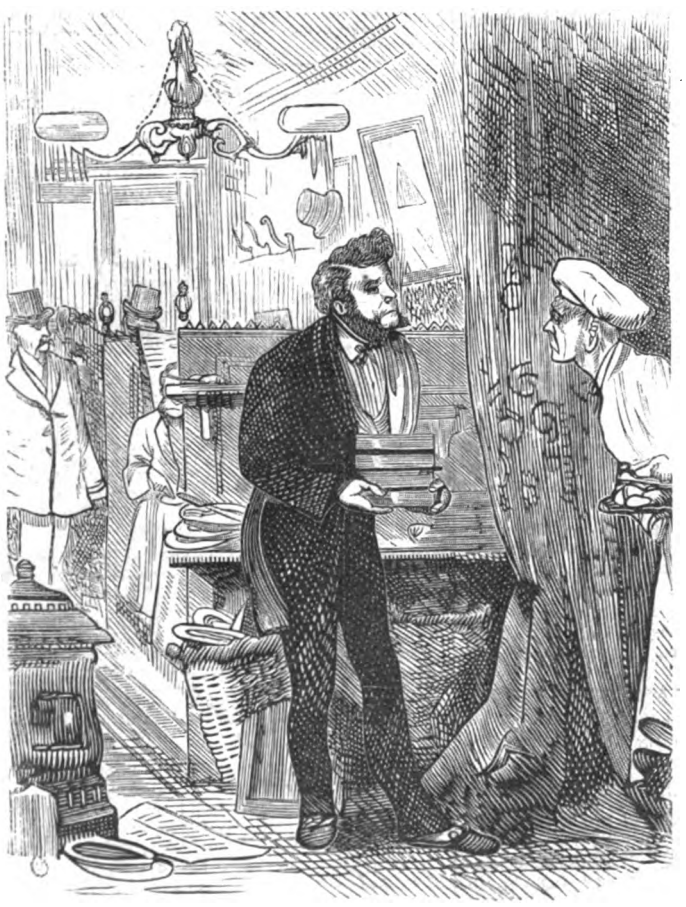
"Patty," a lady called to a little girl who was in the parlor, "did you tell your mother that I was here?"

"Yes, 'm," answered Patty, demurely.

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Oh, that dreadful woman again!'"

A young lady who was perfectly thunderstruck at hearing of her friend's engagement has since been provided with a lightning-rod.



UNCOMMON TATURS.

WAITER TO COOK. "George, Gent in No. 3 says as his Potatoes ain't good—says as they've all got Black Eyes in 'em."

GEORGE (*real name Patrick*). "Bedad, thin, it's no fault o' mine. Sure the Spalpeens have been Foightin' after I put 'em in the Pot!"

AND CABMAN NOT SO *VERY* WRONG.

IRISH AND IRATE CABBY. "What d' ye mane, Running fornenst the Horse's Head? If I had Knocked ye Down, an' Kilt ye, ye'd be Jumpin' up and Blamin' me."

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Bindery Bible House

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Ladies' and Children's Summer Dresses, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—HOUSE DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL. Gray cambric dress—skirt trimmed with a deep side-pleated flounce, waist and over-skirt with darker stripes. Swiss muslin chemisette.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. Gray piqué dress. Pleated cambric blouse with long sleeves.

Fig. 3.—LADY'S WALKING DRESS. Fawn-colored silk dress with heart-shaped basque. The bottom of the skirt is slashed as shown by the illustration, forming tabs, and is trimmed with bias strips, bows, and buttons of fawn-colored silk in a darker shade. The under-dress is made of darker silk. Instead of slashing the bottom of the skirt, triangular pieces of dark brown silk may be set on to simulate slits. The trimming of the basque consists of bias strips

Fig. 1.—HOUSE DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL. Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. Fig. 3.—LADY'S WALKING DRESS. Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. Fig. 5.—LADY'S WALKING DRESS.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUMMER DRESSES, FIGS. 1–5.

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and bows of dark brown silk and silk fringe of the color of the dress. Swiss muslin chemisette and sleeves, trimmed with gathered Swiss muslin ruffles. Brown straw hat, trimmed with brown velvet and feathers.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. Pink and white striped poplin dress. White cashmere under dress. Pink ribbon bow in the hair and at the bottom of the waist.

Fig. 5.—LADY'S WALKING DRESS. Dress of pearl gray barége. The deep flounce, bows, and bias strips on the under-skirt are all made of the material. The over-skirt is open at the front and very long at the back, and is trimmed with a bias strip of barége and silk fringe. The draped part of the skirt at the back ends in scarfs at the left side; the bottom of these scarfs is trimmed with fringe. The waist revers and the sleeve trimming are formed of bias strips; the sleeve trimming and the bow at the waist are also trimmed with fringe.

THE WIDOW.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE chamber of death is empty now;
And, two by two, the funeral train
Slowly under the hill's high brow
Winds out of sight in the willow lane:

Under the hill, through the meadow gate,
And up 'neath the orchard's flying snow,
To the grave whose narrow bounds await
The owner of all, a week ago.

There is not a cloud in the whole great sky;
The redolent air is soft as June;
And that early robin that flashes by
Is trying a snatch of his summer tune.

For, with every step on a fresher flower,
The feet of April are close on May.
Young life, in its first unshaken power,
Laughs out defiance of death to-day.

Under the weeds, for her widowhood meet,
The heart of a woman gives back again
In tremulous measure, beat by beat,
The swell of the freed earth's choral strain.

Year after year hath the constant Spring
The same sweet miracle wrought anew;
Yet only to-day the robins sing,
The grass is growing, the sky is blue;

For here, by an open grave, the late
Dim buds of hopes that have missed their bloom,
Loosened at length from a wintry weight,
Stir blindly out of their prison gloom.

Heavy the burden of griefs and fears
That sinks with the coffin down to dust!
The death in life of her loveless years,
The long oppression, the murdered trust.

Bury it deep, the bitter Past!
Cover her dead from her tearless sight!
The frozen midnight is gone at last,
And a new morn risen with life and light.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ The brilliant serial novel, "LORD KILGOBBIN," by CHARLES LEVER, author of "That Boy of Norcott's," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 17, 1871.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a Youth's Suit, consisting of English Walking Coat, Vest, and Pantaloons, and graded to fit Boys from eight to fifteen years old, will be published with our next Number. For complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 511.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain patterns and illustrations of a variety of Riding-Habits, Water-proof and Mohair Dusters; Linen, Silk, Poplin, Percale, and Foulard Dresses; Infants' Clothing, Children's Dresses, Jackets, Petticoats with and without Trains; Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

ECHOES.

THE marvelous sweetness of echoes is a phenomenon which has been often noticed. In mountainous regions—in some parts of the Alps, for instance—a few simple notes drawn from a shepherd's pipe are taken up and sent from hill to mount and from rock to cliff, and reduplicated and intertwined into the most enchanting melodies.

Such results can not be produced in a small room by any performer from any instrument. It is when one is making music out-doors and for others that Nature brings her arrangements into a powerful and musical orchestral following of a simple leadership. Then, out of five or six notes of the gamut evoked by an unscientific soul from a reed plainer than Pan's, she makes choirs of boys singing in a cathedral, companies of nuns chanting in a convent, and bugle calls, and all the highest capabilities of the organ, until the hearer listens in breathless delight, wondering whether it is heaven or earth that is thus set a-singing.

As in every thing else, there is a moral correspondence with the natural phenomenon. It is thus with all our speeches and all our deeds. We really have the least good of those things which we do entirely for ourselves, and the most pleasure of those things which we do for others. We seem almost utterly to fail to receive what we take to ourselves, and strangely incapable of impoverishing ourselves by giving to others. What we take we lose; what we give we gain. The whole social and spiritual world seems to have been constructed on the idea of echoes.

Down among men's most materialistic pursuits, mechanical labor, and the severities of trade life, this principle finds perpetual illustrations. The man who sets himself to the work of conducting a business, whether large or small, for his own special individual gain, soon finds that he is like the man who has carried his instrument into a small room, closely shut and strongly walled, that he may have all the music folded down upon his own ears. It soon grows dull, monotonous, and stale. The man who strives to make his business pecuniarily profitable to very many people is the outdoor musician, to whom echoes reply, reduplicating and multiplying his little capital many thousandfold. He grows most rich and most rapidly rich who most speedily sends pecuniary profits to the largest number of other operators.

The same holds good of our pleasures. There are none who have not had some experience of the dreariness of hunting pleasure for themselves. It is so toilsome, so unproductive, so unsatisfactory. So much so have men found it that we compromise by endeavoring to make the hunt socially, in groups, such as picnics and similar parties. But even then it is only a partial success.

Pleasure is like love, and love is

"Like Dian's kiss. Unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, and is not bought."

It is when we do not call it that pleasure comes. It flies the seeker, and seeks the worker. It is when we are least thoughtful of ourselves, and most intent on giving pleasure to others, that we find it coming to us. It is not our own music; it is an echo. We speak a word; it comes back whole sentences. We utter a note; from crag and scar it comes modulated and rhythmic, and the variations of the notes wrought into strains.

In our personal cares and troubles we seek the consolation of philosophy. The logic is sound. Our arguments ought to strengthen and comfort us, but somehow they do not. In our solitary chamber we grow heavier and more sorrowful, reasoning upon our youth and strength and elastic constitutions and troops of friends. Even those friends fail to make us happier. They come to comfort us, and go away brighter than when they came, but leaving us darker. Out of the darkness we go into busy life, hear of some stricken heart, and see some weak shoulder bending lower and lower under its burdens. We run to help the burden-bearer, and our own heavy hearts grow lighter. We speed away to cheer the stricken heart, and all our souls grow musical to our own sorrowful spirit, and we hear in our own words deeper and better things than the listener to whom they are addressed. Earth and heaven make musical echoes out of the utterances of our own hoarse voices.

Therefore let us go out under the open sky, among the grand mountains which were made for other things, but which make echoes, and whatever good, brave, kind word we speak to others shall return laden with emphasis of delight to our own souls. If we go selfishly, asking, "Do you love me?" the playful elfins of the echoes will begin their tantalizing begging of "Love me! love me!" But if a poor fainting heart lies at our feet, and we shower down tenderness in words, saying, "I love you," a thousand musical spirits of the air will peal their manifold assurances on our ears, each saying, in its own tone, "I love you! I love you! I love you!"

Let us waken the echoes.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of an Expensive Pleasure.

MY DEAR JOB,—I miss you from your accustomed haunts in the city, and I suppose, therefore, that you have flown to the hills or to the sea. Perhaps you think that you have left only heat and discomfort behind, and you fancy us parched and despairing in the desert of brick and stone. Spare your sympathy; for at this moment the softest of cool breezes blows over the paper upon which I write; and I smile as I think of those who walk under umbrellas by the glaring sea pitying the victims of the city. Yet I shall not conceal that I lately ran away for a few days, and stood by the loud-sounding sea, and looked across the great plain upon which no hedge nor fence severs us from Italy and Greece and all the lands of wonder and romance. It was at a great watering-place—a kind of resort that I had not seen for many years: since the days which my young friends are fond of calling the slow days of my youth, or the dull old times—as if any new times were so fresh and fair as those that I remember!

I was compelled, of course, to compare and contrast what I saw with what I remembered; and I wondered more than ever at the immense discomfort which we buy at an enormous price and call summer pleasure. Let me relate a few incidents, very familiar and very ludicrous, which will show you plainly, my dear Job, that I have been there. After a hot and dusty day in the cars we rolled into the sea-side village. Already I had seen from afar the huge card-paper palaces in which we were to lodge, with all the signs of a very short and very fierce season. Immediately the car was crowded with people pressing in to get seats for the station beyond, so that we had to fight vigorously to escape from the train before we were carried on. The struggle was very animated. I saw a great deal of ruin wrought upon the dresses of ladies; and you have never seen in a pig-sty at feeding time a more selfish contest than that of the gentlemen getting into the train to secure places. I wonder if we think that selfishness of the grossest kind is any more agreeable in traveling than under other circumstances in life. I observed one person, well dressed, and who evidently, as Thackeray used to say, thought no small beer of himself as a gentleman; but I assure you, my dear Job, that his conduct upon entering that car was precisely what it would have been, at a public table, if he had spread out his arms and had swept every thing that he could reach into his plate, and had bestowed his elbows literally upon all his neighbors.

The rule in traveling seems to be the sheerest selfishness; and we apparently think that the ordinary laws of decency and Christianity are unequal to the emergencies of a railroad train or a watering-place. It is really astonishing to remark how little real courtesy is observable under the various circumstances of travel. A person, for instance, occupies half of the seat in a car, and a mother enters with two children. She meekly inquires if the other place upon the seat is taken, and, depositing one child upon it, she pushes on to find another seat. How often does the Sybarite who has comfortably established himself by the window tell the mother to take the whole seat for herself and her children? Or the sun streams in upon the other side of a car on a dog-day morning, and, how often, my dear Job, do you rise, upon the shady side, and ask the lady or the elderly gentleman who is calmly boiling in the sunshine to take your more comfortable place? Indeed, there seems to be a feeling, an uneasy consciousness, that we are imposed upon if we do not secure all the best places and the best things for ourselves, instead of offering them to others. But I thought that courtesy was regard for others and sacrifice of self.

We pay an immense price, I say, for all this discomfort of summer travel. What rooms, for instance, they put us into! And what a constant and absurd consciousness a man has that he is being angled for by waiters and other cormorants and sea-side birds of prey! I struggle out of the car in which the fierce war of the succession is fought out, and I climb into an omnibus, in which my fellow-men sit near the door, so that they may be the first out and the first booked at the hotel. We are dragged through the street and dumped at the great gate of the caravansary. Then in procession we approach the office book and record our names, wistfully watching the urbane and gentlemanly clerk who is to allot us our cells. How warm is the greeting of some one who has the advantage of the clerkly acquaintance! How plainly the tone says that, of course, for such a friend there will be no exile to a back-room upon the fifth story! And here is the gentleman who drove the omnibus, awaiting his little fare. And here is the gentleman who has taken my umbrella and overcoat, and who will show me to my room. Alas! I knew not the gentlemanly and urbane warden, and the turnkey consigns me to a dreadful den.

There are a bed, and a wash-stand, and two small towels, and a bureau, and a chair. There is one window, and there is no view. The gentleman in attendance puts down the bag briskly, and begins to dust me with his broom. He dusts with a surprising agility and a kind of ridiculous cadence, thumping his wisp. How long did I think of stopping? He should like to wait upon me during my stay. His name is Borax, Sam Borax, and he is always sitting in the office; and, in fine, I discover that the time has arrived for a little outlay, and I place a small sum in Samuel's hand. He is very much obliged, and will bring a pitcher of ice-water immediately. He departs, and leaves the world to melancholy and to me. But he re-appears with his pitcher of water, and asks if there is any thing that I want. Any thing? Oh, Samuel Borax, every thing! A little sense of comfort, if you please, a chance of pleasure, a hope of escape from this doom! Samuel does not interpret my silence, and once more departs.

It is extremely entertaining to see how Sam Borax earns his money, and to observe what his idea of waiting upon me is. Every time I enter the house and proceed to my dreary quarters I have scarcely closed the door when I hear a knock. I open, and Sam appears with a pitcher of ice-water. During the day that I remain he brings me about five gallons of that liquid in relays. He is not daunted by the evident fact that I have not sipped a drop of his previous supplies, and he carries away the slopping pitcher as if I had drained it dry. As he leaves for the night he asks at what time I shall be stirring, and punctually at that time he is at the door. We exchange a few remarks about the pleasant morning, and he falls upon my clothes with his wisp. All the coats which he had severely dusted and hung up on the afternoon before, and which have been untouched since, he subjects to another severe dusting, and again hangs them up to await a subsequent wisping. It seems to me, as I watch Samuel Borax thrice slaying the slain, that the extremest under-clothes do not escape his dusting hand, and I wonder whether he will think it essential that my proper person be wisped before bathing.

As I emerge into the halls and upon the great piazzas of the house I see large numbers of persons who, like me, are enjoying themselves. They walk aimlessly up and down, or they smoke and look seriously at the ocean, or they are tilted up on two legs of their chairs reading yesterday's newspapers—squeezing them dry, as it were; every body with an air of intolerable ennui, and evidently delighted at the frequent passing of carriages in which drive the fashionable and the fair, duly arrayed to be stared at and to stare. A few of us stroll off in the heat with umbrellas, and meeting a boy with the morning papers from the city, we buy them for ten cents a copy. Groups of children are bathing in the surf, and a few nurses are parading with infants in their arms. I observe a very few gentlemen sitting in the shady corners of summer-houses over the sea, who, like me, are enjoying themselves at great expense.

By eleven o'clock we all begin to pull out our watches and think of dinner, which is yet three hours distant. There is a feeling of despair as to the disposition of that vast interval of time, and we move on a little further in the heat under our umbrellas. Then we turn and move homeward again. There are the same groups of smokers and tilted newspaper readers, who have an air of being very much obliged to us for coming in and furnishing them an object to look at. Happily, too, an omnibus with jaded passengers in rumpled dusters presently arrives, and we all gaze at them with intense interest. Then their luggage comes in a later wagon, and we are very grateful. We look over the old magazines and last week's illustrated papers at the news-stand, and we read the lists of arrivals in the hotel book, while Time, the snail, drops sound asleep.

I go to my room to pretend to dress for dinner, and Samuel Borax instantly appears with pitcher of ice-water number nine, and he proceeds to dust me vigorously. It is really an excitement of a more positive kind than seeing dusty passengers, or even contemplating their luggage. When he goes out I remark with pleasure that he has left part of his broom upon my floor, a trophy of his zeal. At dinner, mistrusting the water, I order a pint of sherry, at a rate which should speedily enrich the merchants of that particular brand, and I am at a great loss for food of any kind until I slip an amulet into the hand of my dusky servitor. But, my dear Job, I can not describe my day of pleasure in detail. Perhaps you recall similar feasts of joy in your own experience. When I appear to pay the little bill the amount strikes me as preposterous. "Why, no, Sir!" remarks the cashier. "There was the white wine, the juleps at night, the Congress-water in the morning, the bottle of sherry, and the Burgundy—"

"Yes, but I had only a pint of sherry."

The cashier assumed the air of a man who is tolerant of eccentricity, but at last consented to look, and discovered that I was right, and made a small deduction in his bill.

I have returned, my dear Job; my pleasuring of that kind is over for the summer. It was very expensive, but I am cheaply rid of it. And pray don't think, my young friend, as you saunter under your umbrella by the sea and long for dinner, that we who are comfortable and cool at home envy your sad and costly pleasures.

Your sincere friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MIDSUMMER TOILETTES.

THE season is at its height, and thinnest dresses are in order. French modistes have attained perfection in getting up fresh, tasteful, and inexpensive toilettes of organdy muslin. A solid color is selected for the costume, and the trimming is often in quaint contrast; for example, palest pink organdy is trimmed with golden brown, light Nile green with leaf brown, French gray with prune, écru with violet, and sky blue with black. Organdy, though a cotton fabric, is too frail to endure washing, but may be made to look well all season by being dampened and ironed occasionally. As the costume is not designed with reference to the laundry, modistes allow themselves the widest liberty in trimmings, using silk ruches, tarlatan puffs, and much black velvet ribbon. The belted polonaise, or else a close-fitting marguerite, with high white linen lining, half-flowing sleeves, and demi-train with many ruffles, is the prescribed style of making. The first model is of faint China pink. The slightly trained skirt has three side-pleated flounces separated by very full ruches of brown silk pinked out at the edges. The polonaise is long, simply hemmed on the edge, but trimmed down each side of the front with a silk ruche and Valenciennes lace. A ruche and wider lace are around the neck. Half-flowing sleeves, with deep-pleated frill falling on the wrist, edged with lace and headed by a ruche. A sash of brown gros grain is tied behind in wide loops, and lengthwise bows of the same loop the polonaise high on each side. This charming costume is intended for a house and carriage dress. It is becoming to brunettes who have but little color. More rosy brunettes should select an écru organdy with brown or lapis blue trimming. For blondes there is pale green organdy trimmed with tarlatan puffs of oak-color. An exquisite yet simple dress is of *ciel* blue. The demi-train has a wide flounce edged with white Bruges lace, the fullness held in broad box-pleats, separated by a bow and ends of black ribbon velvet. The polonaise has a border of velvet with lace on each side; velvet bows are down the entire front and on the elbows. A lace ruche around the neck. Sash of broad black velvet. With wild roses in her hair, the fair girl who wears this toilette makes a lovely picture of herself. If lace is too expensive, pleatings or puffs of white tarlatan may be substituted. Modistes sell simple costumes of organdy, white grounds with a black figure, trimmings of black velvet without lace, for $30. If made at home, the expense is of course far less.

Other organdy dresses have untrimmed skirts, as the breadths are now so slightly gored that the old fashion of hemming skirts is restored. The over-skirt is long, merely hemmed and draped by tapes beneath, or caught up by black velvet bows. The waist is a box-pleated blouse, with black velvet ribbon down the centre of each pleat. White Victoria lawn dresses made in this way, without the velvet, revive the old-time simplicity of white muslins, and are exceedingly pretty for young girls. The furnishing stores charge from $10 to $15 for such dresses.

A carriage dress worn at the sea-side by a young married lady is of sailor blue foulard. The skirt has five narrow overlapping flounces, each edged with white guipure, and the cluster headed by a festooned puffing of China crape. The long polonaise is China crape of the same blue, trimmed with puffs of the same and guipure. The neck is cut out square and filled in with diagonal folds of tulle. A walking suit has a skirt of absinthe silk with three flounces, and a polonaise of écru undressed silk.

Some very stylish toilettes are made of old-fashioned barége, and of grenadine of darkest brown shades. These are the most serviceable dresses of the season, as they do not show soil. They are warm, probably, but yet are a relief from the all-prevalent black grenadines.

WIDOW'S GRENADINES.

A dressy suit for a widow is made of smooth, small-meshed grenadine, with alternate scant ruffles of the material and English crape. The skirt is trimmed very high, and the polonaise is long and draped.

A grateful relief to the warmth of morning dresses is found in the chemises Russe of white organdy made for widows. These are perfectly plain, but of daintiest fabric—the blouse of organdy, buttoned to the throat with tiny thread buttons, the pointed collar and square turned-over cuffs of finest linen cambric, doubled without hem or tuck. This waist, with black skirts and a widow's cap of white lawn, is a comfortable dress, and so plain that the most fastidious can not carp at it.

HOW TO SHORTEN DEMI-TRAINS.

The slightly trained skirts worn in the house and carriage can be easily shortened for a promenade on the street. A loop of cord or a small ring must be sewed on the under side of the dress skirt in each back seam and in the centre of back widths. The side gores do not need to be shortened. A cord or tape is then passed through these loops, also through an eyelet-hole in the back seam of the side gore, and is tied outside of the skirt in front. The over-skirt hides the tapes in front, and the under-skirt is drawn up in a puff below the belt, that helps to give the stylish bouffant effect. To decide where to place the loops, measure the length of the train that hangs beyond walking-dress length, and put the loops half that distance below the belt.

INNOVATIONS IN COSTUMES.

Some innovations in costumes are announced by foreign correspondents. The corsage and skirt of dresses are of striped fabrics, with sleeves and over-skirt of solid color. Again, the entire basque and skirt are of silk, the over-skirt and mantelet of striped leno. Basques are also made of a material quite different from the rest of the costume; for example, a skirt and over-skirt of pearl gray cashmere, with a basque of claret-colored gros grain. Evening dresses are also made with bodices of a color in contrast with the skirt. Pink gros grain basques are worn with black Chambery gauze skirts, and turquoise blue silk basques with white muslin skirts. The effect is said to be very pretty. The basques are not low-necked, but are cut square and open in front, and are trimmed with a fringed-out silk ruche, and a tulle ruche inside.

The Gabrielle polonaise, fitting the waist perfectly, and very full in the skirt, yet with waist and skirt cut in one, is the fashionable over dress described by foreign correspondents. These differ but little from the Marguerite polonaise worn here. The edge of the garment is very little trimmed, having a double piping of thick cable cord or else a bias silk band for border. If a richer garment is desired, a basque is outlined by lace and passementerie. Bias bands of striped stuff, darker than the dress, are used for trimming suits. Cashmere skirts, to be worn with a variety of over dresses, are of solid color, and are no longer trimmed with flounces, but with many bias bands corded at each edge. Over-skirts made abroad are straight all around, without looping behind or on the sides.

DELAINE SUITS.

Delaine dresses, now so fashionable in Europe, are among the latest importations. They are intended for traveling, the sea-shore, and for early fall. The fabric is pure wool, fine, soft as cashmere, yet with round, distincts threads, like poplin, and has far better body than the delaines now in market. The dresses imported are ashes-of-roses, dust-color, and wood browns, with self-trimmings bound and piped with silk of the same shade. The prices range from $40 to $50.

FALL SILKS.

Silks for the fall trade are now exhibited in the shops to tempt strangers from the West and South who come to the city at this season. They have black grounds, with double stripes of two shades of a color. The stylish almond and darker wood brown are together in thickly repped stripes on a smooth black surface, turquoise and sapphire blue are associated, and emerald with bottle green. The silk is twenty-two inches wide, and worth the price, $2.

For $1 75 are repped stripes of a single color on black grounds, poncean, prune, gray, primrose, and dark green. White stripes on black are still very stylish, and will be in demand for autumn suits. At present they are sold for various prices from $1 a yard upward. The black and white check silks, that look so pretty when well made and trimmed with velvet, are as low as 95 cents.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and WILSON & GREIGG.

Knitting-work Bag with Netted Cover.

See Illustration on page 509.

THIS knitting-work bag is made of card-board covered with violet satin, over which is laid a cover of violet saddler's silk worked in diagonal netting; the netted cover is ornamented in the design shown by the illustration with violet chenille of a darker shade. A violet satin bag and violet silk cords, with tassels of chenille and saddler's silk, complete the bag. Cut five pieces of card-board from Fig. 57, Supplement; cover each of these pieces with net on both sides, and also with violet satin. Join the pieces from 30 to 31 each by means of overhand stitches; the first and fifth pieces, of course, are not joined, thus leaving an opening at the top of the bag. For the netted cover work a four-cornered piece of diagonal netting with violet saddler's silk on a mesh three-tenths of an inch in circumference. The width of this piece must be equal to the length of Fig. 57, Supplement (measuring from one point of the pattern to the opposite point), and the length must correspond with the length of the five joined pieces of card-board. Divide the piece lengthwise into five equal strips without cutting it, draw chenille through each strip in the design shown by the illustration, and sew the netted cover on the outside of the bag. The side edges of the cover must previously be cut out in points to suit the shape of the bag. Then ornament the bag at the upper edge, along the joining seams of the bag pieces and along the outer edge of the points, with chenille (see illustration), and join the extremities of the points similarly marked at the ends of the bag by means of a brass ring two inches in circumference, which is covered with single crochet of violet saddler's silk. Finally, sew a violet satin bag furnished with a shirr to the upper edge of the knitting-work bag, and furnish the latter with handles of coarse violet silk cord, which are ornamented with tassels as shown by the illustration. The seam made by sewing on these handles is covered by a satin button.

PERSONAL.

CAPTAIN HALL, of the *Polaris*, was the recipient of many presents pior to the departure of his expedition. One of these was a tin can carefully sealed, labeled "Not to be opened until the *Polaris* has reached the arctic seas." But on its passage to the Navy-yard, or being shipped, it met with an accident, and the secret leaked out. It was a can of patent axle-grease, with which Captain HALL or his survivors were affectionately requested by letter to lubricate the axle of this slow-going world, if found at the pole.

—Mr. ALVIN ADAMS, the founder of the Adams Express Company, is said to own the most expensive and beautiful country place in New England. It lies in Watertown, seven miles from Boston, and contains 150 acres. The grounds and farm are unsurpassed. The second floor of the house is on a level with the dome of the State-house in Boston, and from the tower can be seen twenty-six towns and cities. One of the features of the house is the art gallery, one of the best in the country. There is nothing in Boston equal to it. It costs $100,000 a year to keep up the place. So much for carrying parcels! Somebody once expressed the opinion that "Eve was created for *Adam's express company.*"

—Mr. WILLIAM STUART, a lineal descendant of WILLIAM PENN, is the present recipient of a pension of $20,000 per annum from the British government, and has been since 1790, when WILLIAM PITT, then Prime Minister, after conferring with Mr. FOX, leader of the opposition, asked Parliament to make that allowance, as "an inadequate compensation" for the loss of the territorial rights of the PENN family in Pennsylvania. In 1759 Dr. FRANKLIN drew up a curious paper, giving a minute calculation of the supposed worth of the proprietary estate, and made it $50,000,000. The sons of PENN favored the British side; hence the $20,000 pension. The Duke of Marlborough still draws $20,000 a year for services rendered to the nation by his ancestor in Queen ANNE'S time. The Marquis of Bath, the Marquis of Camden, and the Duke of Grafton are pensioners to the amount of $15,000 a year.

—The Misses SCHENCK made their *début* at the court ball a few days ago at Buckingham Palace. The *Court Journal* says that "the graceful costume of Miss JULIA SCHENCK was particularly noticed, and was composed of rich poult de soie, skin-color, cut *en train* in the LOUIS XV. style. It was trimmed with a profusion of ruches of illusion tulle of a shade deeper than the poult de soie, also with Spanish blonde, called blanc de lumière, and running through the blonde and tulle were several garlands of brown leaves, blush rose-buds, and blush roses."

—The Empress EUGENIE, on the occasion of the papal jubilee, is reported to have sent a letter of congratulation to the Pope, through Cardinal LUCIEN BONAPARTE, together with an offering of 100,000 francs in the name of the imperial family; which goes to show that the "imperial" or any family that can give in that style is not likely to suffer for the common necessities of life.

—Mr. DADD—that is the name, DADD—is the "dad" of nineteen children, of whom an Eastern man says there are eight pairs and three aces. Mrs. DADD threatens to draw the poker on any man who speaks of her little ones in that derisive manner.

—MARY EARNEST, who recently died in Michigan at the age of 109, up to the hour of her death believed that "the Lord had forgotten her and left her upon the earth."

—The late PETER B. PORTER, of Niagara Falls, bequeathed $5000 to the literary fund of Hamilton College, from which he graduated in 1826.

—The fine country-seat of Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD, on Long Island, has this peculiarity: throughout the grounds all the trees, rocks, and stones are embellished with scriptural quotations and verses of proverbs in conspicuous characters.

—A colossal statue of the late Lieutenant-General WINFIELD SCOTT, by LAUNT THOMPSON, is in such state as to give indication of a superior work of art. It represents the General as he appeared in his prime, at the close of the Mexican war.

—The Khedive of Egypt is so well satisfied with his American officers that he has declined the offer of several French officers who volunteered to enter his service.

—Miss LILLIE LELAND, daughter of Mr. WARREN LELAND, has just graduated from Rockland Institute with the highest honors. She had worn the Badge of Honor for four years in succession, the first time such a distinction had been achieved in twenty years, and which requires that the student shall not have missed a day, nor an hour, nor a lesson, nor in any way received a discredit mark during the entire year. Her valedictory is said to have been the best ever delivered before the Institute.

—Miss VIOLETTA COLVILLE, who had been a pupil of WERTELL, the educator of NILSSON, up to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, but since has been prosecuting her studies in Leipsic, Saxony, was recently very highly honored. At a musical matinée performance given at the mansion, at Weimar, of the Grand Duke of Altenberg, Miss VIOLETTA and her mother, Madame MARY PROVOST, were invited guests, among whom was the Abbé LISZT, the great pianist. Among the vocalists Miss VIOLETTA appeared, and after her first song the "great LISZT" was so much pleased that he volunteered to accompany her himself in subsequent efforts. We doubt if even PATTI or NILSSON have ever been more honored.

—Dover has recently lost one of its notable men, Mr. SAMUEL TUTTLE, at the age of eighty-three. He was lineally descended from JOHN TUTTLE, one of the earliest settlers of Dover, and the ancestor of a succession of substantial families of that name, who have lived for nearly two centuries and a half in the southern part of Dover. He lived on the easterly side of the Neck, a little below the site of the First Church, where he died in 1663. In the year 1642 the lands bounding on the "Three Creeks," so called, on the west side of Back River, were granted to him, and formed part of his farm at the time of his death, above two hundred years ago. The title and possession of this primitive estate have continued to his descendants bearing his surname down to the late SAMUEL TUTTLE, the owner and occupant of the same at his decease. Except the NUTE (originally *Newte*) family, no other resident on the west side of Back River can claim to have been in uninterrupted possession of the lands of the first emigrant ancestor of the family to this day.

—Colonel FORNEY concludes his last number of "Anecdotes of Public Men" by reminiscences of two noted *women*, FANNY WRIGHT and ANNIE ROYALL, the latter of whom died in Washington in 1854—the terror of politicians, especially of Congressmen. Her career was a rough one, and she seemed to live for the purpose of revenging her misfortunes upon others. She was a native of Virginia, and at an early age was stolen by the Indians, with whom she remained about fifteen years. Shortly after her release she married a Captain ROYALL, and removed to Alabama, where she learned to read and write, subsequently taking up her residence in Washington. She was present during the administrations of J. Q. ADAMS, JACKSON, VAN BUREN, TYLER, POLK, and FILLMORE. Her squibs were more remarkable for bitterness than for wit. She was a woman of great industry and astonishing memory; but at last she seemed to tire of a vocation which grew more and more unprofitable with better times and sweeter manners. There are no ANNIE ROYALLS now. Correspondence at Washington and elsewhere by ladies has become a profession, and some of the most attractive as well as the best-paid letter-writers at the capital are ladies.

—Albany has furnished another vocalist who is rapidly winning fame and fortune abroad—Miss EMMA ALBANI (formerly EMMA LA JEUNESSE), who has accepted an engagement at Covent Garden, London, for this and next season, at a salary of $12,000 a year. The late ISABELLA HINCKLEY (Madame SUSINI) was from Albany, and is remembered as a superior artiste and excellent woman.

—Mr. A. L. DENNIS, President of the New Jersey Railroad Company, has given $25,000 to found a public library in Newton, New Jersey. Thirty years ago Mr. DENNIS left Newton, his native village, to enter a printing-office in Newark. He is now a millionaire, and is mindful of the scenes of his boyhood.

—Acting on the theory that "the pen is mightier than the sword," the ex-Emperor of France is said to be the author of the vigorous editorials that have lately appeared in the *Situation*, the London organ of the BONAPARTES.

—The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston, who is regarded as the Paixhan gun of Episcopal pulpit orators in Boston, has declined the honor of a D.D., a title which seems to be disdained by the more brilliant preachers and scholars of the day. Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER has declined to receive several basketfuls of that sort of thing.

—Alluding to the statement that the Hon. A. H. STEPHENS has gained nine pounds in weight since he became an editor, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that when he weighed himself last he had one of his editorials in his pocket.

—VICTOR HUGO contemplates giving to the public "The History of the Year of Trouble." He probably does not propose to make it a dry narrative of events, with tables of killed and wounded, but rather to seize the strong dramatic points of the contest, and out of them make a thrilling and VICTOR HUGO-y book.

—So far as safety of assets is concerned, it is sometimes, in war, a good thing to be a woman. Take the case of Madame ERARD, the noted piano manufacturer, of Paris. During the Commune ascendency she had $1,000,000 worth of mahogany in her lumber-yard in that city, not a log of which was injured, notwithstanding the fires that burned all around it. Her fine residence at La Muette—for which the French government had once offered her $1,500,000—was also unharmed, General DOMBROWSKI, the Commune commander, having used it for his headquarters. In one of the closets of this house she had hidden away $45,000 in gold, and when she returned to her home she found it where she had left it.

—Among recent weddings in "high life" in England may be named that of the Hon. and Rev. JAMES WENTWORTH LEIGH and Miss FRANCES BUTLER, daughter of the late PIERCE BUTLER. The fair bride, who wore a rich white silk dress, handsomely trimmed with Brussels lace, was received at the entrance of the church by a lovely bevy of youthful bride-maids, viz., the Hon. AGNES LEIGH, Miss CAROLINE ADDERLEY, Miss WADSWORTH, Miss PRINGLE, Miss LOW, Miss LEVESON-GOWER, and Miss HENRIETTA CRAMM, who wore dresses of white tarlatan, the tablier skirts trimmed with a number of small flounces, and the trains looped back at intervals with bouquets of pink roses. Long tulle veils and chaplets of pink roses completed this becoming costume. Each young lady wore a handsome crystal locket, bearing the monogram of the bridegroom in colored enamels, crossed by a scroll on which was inscribed the Christian name of the bride, mounted in gold and enamel of a chaste design. The bride was given away by Admiral TURNER, of the United States Navy, and the service was impressively performed by the Ven. Lord Saye and Sele, Archdeacon of Hereford. Among the guests assembled on the occasion were Mrs. KEMBLE, the mother of the bride, Lord and Lady LEIGH and Hon. MARGARET LEIGH, Hon. Mr. LEIGH, Hon. Miss LEIGH, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. CHANDOS LEIGH, Lady Saye and Sele, Sir CHARLES and Hon. Lady ADDERLEY, and Miss ADDERLEY, Mr. and Hon. Mrs. LEVESON-GOWER, Lady ABINGER, Sir J. B. EAST, Hon. and Rev. C. and Mrs. TWISLETON, and Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, M.P.

—At the time when the Empress EUGÉNIE and the ladies of her court found it expedient to make a rapid exit from Paris, their dresses, especially those of glowing colors, were promptly stolen by the wives and friends of the Communist leaders, and hidden in the Rue Parmentier. Since the Commune has evaporated the apparel has been restored to its owners.

—One reason, and in Paris they say the principal one, why Monsieur LOYSON ("Father HYACINTHE") keeps writing letters to the Pope, is that his "new departure" is inspired by the probability of his soon taking to himself a wife, just as an earlier reformer did.

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF, formerly on the editorial staff of HARPER & BROTHERS, and for several years past managing editor of the *Evening Post*, has resigned that position, and retires, for the present, to his estate in New Jersey. Mr. NORDHOFF is one of the readiest and ablest journalists of the country, and will scarcely be able to resist the many tempting offers that will be made to him to re-enter the journalistic field. We understand that Mr. NORDHOFF is succeeded by Mr. CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

—Mr. CHARLES HALE, for six years past United States consul-general at Alexandria, has returned to Boston. Seldom has the country had a more thoroughly educated and competent consul than Mr. HALE.

—Mr. A. T. STEWART, it is intimated, has purchased the block of ground now occupied by the Harlem and New Haven Railroad companies as a passenger dépôt, and will in good time erect thereon another palace to be devoted to the diffusion of dry-goods. The block is bounded by Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets and Fourth and Madison avenues.

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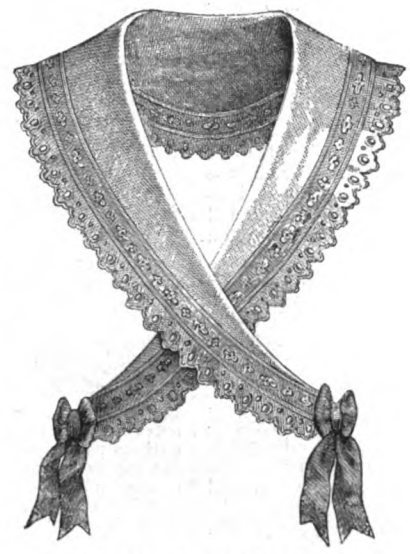
Crochet Corset for Girl from 1 to 3 Years old.

THIS corset is worked with white knitting cotton (Estremadura, No. 4) in sc. (single crochet) on a foundation thread of white dress cord. At the front of the corset at the top an overlapping piece is crocheted with finer knitting cotton in an open-work design, which may be fastened on the outside of the dress. To make the corset work, first, the middle strip, simulating a belt, on a foundation of 202 st. (stitches), and on this (in the original the latter is nineteen inches and three-fifths long), going backward and forward over a foundation thread of cord, work eighteen rounds of sc., passing the needle through both upper veins of each sc., besides this, work always 1 ch. (chain stitch) at the end of each round before turning the work for the new round. Pay no attention to this ch. in the following round. On one (the upper) lengthwise edge of this strip now work the upper part of the corset as follows: First make a foundation of 28 st., work, passing over the next foundation stitch, 1 sc. on each of the remaining 27 st. and on the foundation thread at the same time, then 1 sc. on each of the next 2 st. at the upper edge of the middle strip (beginning at one corner of the strip). Now turn the work and crochet on the foundation thread 1 sc. on each sc. of the preceding round, 1 ch. at the end of the round; then turn the work, and, going back, work one round of sc. on the foundation thread, always passing the needle through both upper veins of each sc., then 1 sc. on each of the next 2 sc. of the belt-like strip, and so on. In this manner work thirty-three rounds without changing the number of stitches. In this round, as well as in the course of the work, crochet after each eighth following round always 1 sc. on each 3, instead of each 2 st. of the belt-like strip. The 34th round is shortened 6 st. at the upper edge of the corset, and the 35th round is worked on the st. of the 34th round. The 36th and 38th rounds are shortened in the same way by 6 st. each. 39th–53d rounds without changing the number of st. 54th round.—8 sc. on the first 8 st. of the preceding round, 7 ch., pass over the last of these. 55th round.—14 sc. on the next 6 ch. and on the following 8 sc. The 56th and 58th rounds are lengthened by 6 st. each like the 54th round. 59th–63d rounds without changing the number of stitches. The 64th round is shortened at the upper edge of the corset by 1 st.; 65th–67th rounds without changing the number of st.; the 68th round is shortened at the upper edge of the corset by 1 st. 69th–71st rounds without changing the number of st. 72d round shortened 1 st. at the upper edge. The 73d round is shortened 6 st. at the under end, thus not reaching up to the middle strip. 74th round without changing the number of st. The 73d and 74th rounds form an inserted gore. 75th round on the st. of the preceding round and on the 6 st. of the 73d round that have previously been left unnoticed. 76th–90th rounds on the whole row of stitches; the 76th and 80th rounds, however, must be shortened at the upper edge of the corset 1 st. each. The 90th round completes one-half of the upper part of the corset; the second half is crocheted like the first half, but in a reversed succession of rounds. After completing the upper part of the corset, crochet the under part in a similar manner on the under lengthwise edge of the middle strip. To do this make a foundation of 21 st., pass over the first foundation st. and work 20 sc. on the remaining foundation st. and on the foundation thread at the same time, then 1 sc. on each of the next 2 st. of the middle strip, turn the work, 1 sc. on each sc. of the preceding round and on the foundation thread, and so on. The fastening to the middle strip is done in the same manner as in working the upper part of the corset. The 2d–33d rounds are worked with an unchanged number of stitches. In the 34th, 40th, 46th, 52d, 58th, 62d, 66th, and 70th rounds widen 1 st. each at the under edge of the corset. The 71st and 72d rounds form an inserted gore; to do this the 71st round is shortened by 10 st. at its under end (thus it does not reach to the middle strip), and the 72d round is worked on the st. of the 71st round. 73d round on the st. of the 72d round and on the 10 st. left unnoticed in the 71st round. 74th–90th rounds on the whole row of stitches; in the 74th and 78th rounds, however, widen 1 st. each at the under edge of the corset. The 90th round completes one-half of the under part; the second half is worked to suit the first half in the usual manner. In connection with the last round work one round of sc. all along the outer edge of the corset and on the foundation thread of cord; in working this round, form six button-holes at regular intervals on the right back edge of the corset, working the sc. on the foundation thread only at each relative place, passing over the corresponding piece of the back edge. The left back edge of the corset is furnished with the requisite buttons. On the upper and under edge of the corset work always alternately 1 sc., one picot of 5 ch. and one double crochet on the first of the 5 ch.; with each picot pass over the corresponding part of the corset edge. Crochet seven such picot rounds, going backward and forward from one corner to the other, for the overlapping piece at the front of the upper edge of the corset. In the first picot round of the overlapping piece work the sc., each on one of the free sc. of the round before the last. After working the last picot in this as well as in every following round, turn the work, crochet slip stitches to the middle of the picot referred to, then 1 sc. on it; now always alternately one picot, 1 sc. on the next picot. By crocheting in this manner the overlapping piece is sloped at the crosswise edges as shown by the illustration. For each shoulder make a foundation of 56 st., lay on the foundation thread of cord, and over this cord work 1 sc. on the second following foundation st., then 7 sc. on the cord only, with these pass over 6 foundation st., 1 sc. on each of the following 40 foundation st. and on the cord at the same time, 7 sc. on the cord only, with these pass over 6 foundation st., 1 sc. on the following foundation st. (this, as well as all the remaining st., are worked on the cord), 5 sc. on the following (the last) foundation st., then 1 sc. on each vein of stitches at the other side of the foundation, 5 sc. on the first st. at the other end of the foundation. On the part thus far completed, and on the foundation thread at the same time, work two more rounds in sc., widening in such a manner at the ends that the work neither fulls up nor puckers, then surround the part with a picot round. The shoulders thus far completed are buttoned to the corset as shown by the illustration; the buttons for this must be sewed to the upper edge of the corset at both sides of the armholes; the buttons for the front of the corset are sewed to the under side, and the buttons for the back of the corset are sewed on the outside.

TULLE AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 30.



EMBROIDERED SWISS MUSLIN FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 28.

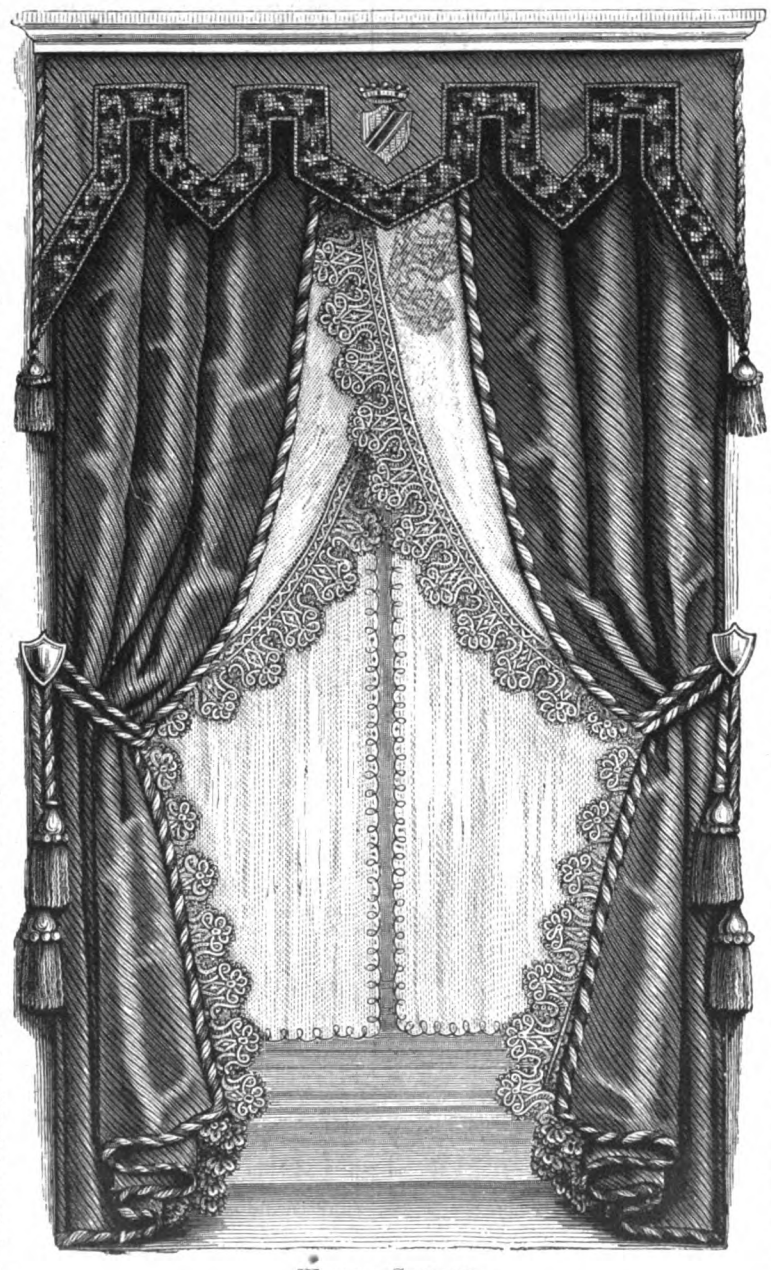
SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 29.

CORSET FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 58-60.

Window Curtains.

THE accompanying illustration shows a pretty arrangement of window curtains, which enables our readers to use the point lace embroidery, still so much in favor, also on Swiss muslin and lace curtains. The inner curtains, which are fastened close to the window, that reaches to the floor, are of plain white Swiss muslin; the outer edge of the latter is scalloped and button-hole stitched. The curtains underneath the darker curtains shown by the illustration are of the same material. The border at the outer edge of the Swiss muslin curtains is worked in point lace embroidery; it is joined with the Swiss muslin foundation by means of button-hole stitches. An illustration of this will be given in our next number, with a description of the manner of working. The darker curtains and the lambrequin are of colored silk reps. Cut the lambrequin from Fig. 54, Supplement (the two pieces turned down in Supplement, however, must previously be joined on this pattern), and trim the edge with a tapestry border, as shown by the illustration. This border is worked on a straight strip of canvas of the requisite length and breadth; this, however, must previously be laid in pleats to form the corners, or else only mark the pleats for the present with thread or with pencil marks, and sew them after finishing the embroidery, which, of course, must not be worked where the pleats are marked. Illustrations of suitable tapestry designs for ornamenting the lambrequin will be given in our next number. When the embroidered border is completed, it is sewed on the lambrequin. Furnish the lambrequin with a muslin lining, edge it at the sides with coarse silk cord (the cord at the sides of the border must be finer), and sew on the tassels as shown by the illustration. The curtain bands, which are ornamented with tassels, are made of coarse silk cord, which also edges the silk reps curtains.

TULLE AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 30.



WINDOW CURTAINS.
For pattern of Lambrequin see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 54.

Figured Tulle and Lace Fichu.

See illustration on page 501.

FOLD a piece of lace twenty-nine inches and a half square in the shape of a neckerchief, so that the upper corner lies at a distance of three inches and a quarter from the under. In order to form the pointed ends at the front set on each a piece of lace three inches and three-quarters long, which is sloped toward the piece turned down. The shawl is edged with lace two inches wide, which is set on plain all around excepting at the corners, where it must be gathered. Gather the shawl at the middle of the back and fasten it with a bow of black velvet ribbon. The shawl is pinned at the front in such a manner that the ends are crossed, and fall carelessly. A bow serves for closing.

Figured Lace Fichu-Scarf.

See illustration on page 501.

FOLD a straight strip of figured lace ninety-seven inches and three-quarters long and eighteen inches and a half wide the whole of its length, so that it is double and the under edge projects two inches. The scarf is smoothly edged all around with lace an inch wide, which is slightly gathered only where the scarf covers the bust and shoulders. The front of the scarf is gathered as shown by the illustration, and fastened by an agrafe. At the back of the shoulders draw up the gathers to the width of three inches and three-quarters, and baste them down. The scarf is tied loosely at the back, and is left to fall in long ends.

Figured Lace Fichu with Sleeves, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 501.

CROCHET CORSET FOR GIRL FORM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

THIS fichu with sleeves is made of black figured lace, trimmed with box-pleated ruches of silk ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, and with lace three inches and a quarter wide. Cut the fichu from Figs. 18 and 19, No. IX., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 28, Vol. IV.; the back and fronts, however, must be cut whole on the shoulders, the neck must be lower, and the ends must be even at the under edge. Set on the trimming as shown by the illustration. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 9, No. IV., of the present Supplement, but only to the straight line indicated at the bottom. After sewing up the sleeves, gather the bottom slightly, and trim the sleeves, as shown by the illustration, with a ruche of box-pleated ribbon and a fall of wide lace like that on the body of the fichu. The fichu may also be made of white tulle, trimmed with guipure, Valenciennes, or other lace edging, and with ruches of ribbon to match the color of the dress with which it is worn. Two illustrations give front and back views of the fichu as seen arranged on the figure.

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GERANIUMS.

THIS name, as popularly applied, is, botanically speaking, a misnomer—the plants commonly known under this name being Pelargoniums, or Stork's-bills, while Geraniums are Crane's-bills, and crodiums are Heron's-bills—names given to them from some fancied resemblance of the seed capsules to the beaks of these birds in each genus respectively. Gray enumerates five species of Geraniums and one of Erodium as being found indigenous in our Northern States; but Pelargoniums are strictly exotic, and, with but very few exceptions, are natives of the Cape of Good Hope. Botanists have of late years divided up the genus Pelargonium into several others, varying from each other in minor botanical characters. They have five or seven stamens, while Geraniums have ten stamens.

FIGURED LACE AND TULLE FICHU.

Pelargoniums are among the most beautiful plants we have for greenhouse decoration; for, apart from the sweet-scented varieties whose foliage is so indispensable in making up winter bouquets or intermixing with flowers for vases, the other sections are so beautiful in their foliage and flowers that no collection of greenhouse plants can be considered as complete which does not contain a large assortment of them. A few years since great attention was paid to the cultivation of the section with veined and spotted or blotched flowers, some of which rivaled prize pansies in size, beauty of form, and richness of color; but the passion for ribbon and bedding-out gardening turned the attention of amateurs and florists to the improvement of the Zonale, Horseshoe,

FIGURED LACE FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 27.

or Fish geraniums, as they were formerly called, and the result has been really marvelous. The size of the flowers, individually, and the truss of them, is now something extraordinary when compared with the flowers of ten or fifteen years ago. Flowers as large and nearly as round as a silver quarter of a dollar, and trusses hemispherical in shape, and six or more inches in diameter, being nothing uncommon; while in colors we have them pure white, striped, and all shades of red from the most delicate rose to the most vivid scarlet and the deepest and richest

FIGURED LACE FICHU-SCARF.

crimson. In foliage we have them laced with white, or with golden yellow, or splashed and zoned with green, white, brown, black, crimson, or gold, and in a few varieties all these colors may be found in each separate leaf. In habit we now have them of dwarf, stocky growth, entirely unlike the long-legged varieties of former times. In addition to all this improvement, we have within the past four or five years had a class of double-flowered varieties introduced, and they have within that time become so numerous that in the catalogue of one florist we find fifty-five varieties offered for sale. These double flowered varieties run through the same series of colors as the single-flowered; the flowers are very large and double, often in immense trusses of seven or eight inches in diameter, and very persistent, which renders them exceedingly desirable for bouquets, as many of the single varieties are quite fugacious.

A new class of Lilliputian Zonales has been introduced within the past two or three years. They have small leaves, a compact, dwarf growth, but vigorous, the flowers equaling the stronger-growing classes in size. The florists are exercising their wits in devising sufficiently distinctive names for this class; among them we find Baby-Boy, Tomtit, Little Gem, Little Dear, and names of similar import.

The well-known Ivy-leaved species has also yielded to the effects of cultivation and hybridizing with the Zonale class. The results are varieties with variegated foliage, as in the Zonales combined with the solid, thick, fleshy leaf of the Ivy-leaved class. The flowers have also been improved, approximating in size and colors to those of the Zonales.

Among the fancy or show varieties with blotched and spotted flowers

FIGURED LACE JACKET WITH BELT.
For description see Supplement.

a double white variety has been introduced this year; also four or five with the petals beautifully fringed on the edges, and a variety with striped flowers.

The cultivation of this tribe of plants is very easy and simple. They require plenty of light, water, and air, a season of rest, and rich soil. We use a compost of one-third or one-half two-years-rotted manure and one-half good fresh loam. About the middle of September we take the plants out of the pots, shake *all the earth* away from the roots, pruning them back a little, and pruning back the tops severely or closely, making cuttings of them if we wish to enlarge the stock. We then repot them with the compost, shaking and pressing it firmly about the roots. We keep them in a cool, airy part of the greenhouse until the days begin to lengthen considerably—that is, about the middle of January or begin-

FIGURED LACE FICHU WITH SLEEVES.—BACK.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

FIGURED LACE FICHU WITH SLEEVES.—FRONT.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

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ning of February—when we remove them to a warmer part of the house. They should not even then be kept too warm at night; from 45° to 50° is quite sufficient; if kept warmer they are apt to become drawn up. They should be kept as near the light as possible, and not be crowded together, as they like to have the air circulate freely around them; but draughts of cold air upon them are very detrimental. As they grow and commence blooming they should occasionally be watered with manure-water, or some horse droppings, broken up; or dry cow-manure may be put on the surface of the soil, which will supply a small proportion of fertilizing material every time that water is given to the plant. In June, when the weather becomes very warm, we place a saucer under each pot, and fill it with water in dry weather; for if the roots get dry the foliage wilts and becomes injured. In this way a succession of bloom is kept up, giving the greenhouse a gay appearance all summer. Of course air must be freely admitted, and it is desirable to shade the plants during the heat of the day, or from eleven to four o'clock.

The varieties are so numerous that it is difficult for us to say which are really the very best, and must therefore refer our readers to the catalogues of the most respectable florists, which give short descriptions of each, specifying the colors, habit of growth, markings of the foliage, and similar information, leaving our readers to make such selections as may be most in accordance with their own individual tastes as to color, etc.

THE SONG OF THE WAVES.

We are born of the infinite, measureless sea,
Children of laughter and tears:
Our chant rolls on eternally,
With its burden of hopes and fears;
We laugh as of old with our countless smile,
And the heart of man is glad the while.

We are ocean's offspring: the sea-god's will
We do at his bidding alway;
We sport in the sun, and our crests are still;
And the children as they play
By the gleaming marge of our mighty sire
Have never a thought of the sea-god's ire.

We laughingly carry on laughing breast
The delicate shallop above;
By our glittering spray the keel caressed
Can only tell of our love;
And the careless crew on their seaward path—
Little know they of the sea-god's wrath!

But stranger and sadder sights know we,
And sadder sounds do we hear:
The note of the strong man's agony;
Our waters the dead man's bier:
When ocean's heart is with wrath possessed,
Speed we our father's stern behest.

And a sadder song than tongue may tell
Could we sing of mortal woes;
Of our wrathful revel—the water's hell—
What time the death-wind blows.
When the spirit of death is upon the sea,
Death's fit instruments then are we.
By tempest maddened, or lulled in play,
The sea-god's bidding we do alway.

(Continued from No. 29, page 455.)

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

By Miss BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. GRANGER IS PRECIPITATE.

Clarissa had little sleep that night. The image of George Fairfax, and of that dead soldier whom she pictured darkly like him, haunted her all through the slow, silent hours. Her mother's story had touched her to the heart; but her sympathies were with her father. Here was a new reason why she should shut her heart against Lady Geraldine's lover, if any reason were wanted to strengthen that sense of honor which reigns supreme in a girl's unsullied soul. In her conviction as to what was right she never wavered. She felt herself very weak where this man was concerned—weak enough to love him in spite of reason and honor; but she did not doubt her power to keep that guilty secret, and to hide her weakness from George Fairfax.

She had almost forgotten her engagement at Arden Court when her father came down to his late breakfast, and found her sketching at a little table near the window, with the affectionate Ponto nestling close at her side.

"I thought you would be dressing for your visit by this time, Clary," he said, very graciously.

"My visit, papa? Oh yes, to the Court," she replied, with a faint sigh of resignation. "I had very nearly forgotten all about it. I was to be there between twelve and one, I think. I shall have plenty of time to give you your breakfast. It's not eleven yet."

"Be sure you dress yourself becomingly. I don't want you to appear at a disadvantage compared with the heiress."

"I'll put on my prettiest dress, if you like, papa; but I can't wear such silks and laces as Miss Granger wears."

"You will have such things some day, I dare say, and set them off better than Miss Granger. She is not a bad-looking young woman—good complexion, fine figure, and so on—but as stiff as a poker."

"I think she is mentally stiff, papa; she is a sort of person I could never get on with. How I wish you were coming with me this morning!"

"I couldn't manage it, Clarissa. The schools and the model villagers would be more than I could stand. But at your age you ought to be interested in that sort of thing; and you really ought to get on with Miss Granger."

It was half past twelve when Miss Lovel opened the gate leading into Arden Park—the first time that she had ever opened it, though she had stood so often leaning on that rustic boundary, and gazing into the well-known woodland, with fond, sad looks. There was an actual pain at her heart as she entered that unforgotten domain; and she felt angry with Daniel Granger for having forced this visit upon her.

"I suppose he is determined that we shall pay homage to his wealth, and admire his taste, and drink the bitter cup of humiliation to the very dregs. If he had any real delicacy of feeling, he would understand our reluctance to any intimacy with him."

While she was thinking of Mr. Granger in this unfriendly spirit a step sounded on the winding path before her, and, looking up, she perceived the subject of her thoughts coming quickly toward her. Was there ever such an intrusive man? She blushed rosy red with vexation.

He came to her, with his hat in his hand, looking very big and stiff and counting-house-like among the flickering shadows of forest trees; not an Arcadian figure by any means, but with a certain formal, business-like dignity about him, for all that: not a man to be ridiculed or despised.

"I am glad you have not forgotten your promise to come early, Miss Lovel," he said, in his strong, sonorous voice. "I was just walking over to the cottage to remind you. Sophia is quite ready to do the honors of her schools. But I shall not let her carry you off till after luncheon; I want to show you my improvements. I had set my heart on your seeing the Court for the first time—since its restoration—under my guidance."

"Pompous, insufferable *parvenu*," thought Clarissa, to whom this desire on Mr. Granger's part seemed only an odious eagerness to exhibit his wealth. She little knew how much sentiment there was involved in this wish of Daniel Granger's.

They came into the open part of the park presently, and she was fain to confess that whatever changes had been made—and the alterations here were not many—had been made with a perfect appreciation of the picturesque. Even the supreme neatness with which the grounds were now kept did not mar their beauty. Fairy-like young plantations of rare specimens of the coniferous tribe had arisen at every available point of the landscape wherever there had been barrenness before. Here and there the old timber had been thinned a little, always judiciously. No cockney freaks of fancy disfigured the scene. There were no sham ruins, no artificial water-falls poorly supplied with water, no Chinese pagodas, or Swiss cottages, or Gothic hermitages. At one point of the shrubbery, where the gloom of cypress and fir was deepest, they came suddenly on a Grecian temple, whose slender marble columns might have gleamed amidst the sacred groves of Diana; and this was the only indulgence Mr. Granger had allowed to an architect's fancy. Presently, at the end of a wide avenue, a broad alley of turf between two lines of unrivaled beeches, the first glimpse of the Court burst upon Clarissa's sight—unchanged and beautiful. A man must have been a Goth, indeed, who had altered the outward aspect of the place by a hair's breadth.

The house was surrounded by a moat, and there was a massive stone gate-way, of older date than the Court itself—though that was old—dividing a small, prim garden from the park; this gate-house was a noble piece of masonry, of the purest Gothic, rich with the mellow tint of age, and almost as perfect as in the days when some wandering companionship of masons gave the last stroke of their chisels to the delicate tracery of window and parapet.

The Court formed three sides of a quadrangle. A dear old place, lovable rather than magnificent, yet with all the grandeur of the Middle Ages; a place that might have stood a siege, perhaps, but had evidently been built for a home. The garden originally belonging to the house was simplicity itself, and covered scarcely an acre. All round the inner border of the moat there ran a broad terrace walk, divided by a low stone balustrade from a grassy bank that sloped down to the water. The square plot of ground before the house was laid out in quaint old flower beds, where the roses seemed, to Clarissa at least, to flourish as they flourished nowhere else. The rest of the garden consisted of lawn and flower beds, with more roses. There were no trees near the house, and the stables and out-offices, which made a massive pile of building, formed a background to the grave old Gothic mansion.

Without, at least, Mr. Granger had respected the past. Clarissa felt relieved by this moderation, and was inclined to think him a little less hateful. So far he had said nothing which could seem to betray a boastful spirit. He had watched her face and listened to her few remarks with a kind of deferential eagerness, as if it had been a matter of vital importance to him that she should approve what he had done. A steward, who had been intrusted with the conduct of alterations and renovations during the absence of his master, could scarcely have appeared more anxious as to the result of his operations. The great iron gates under the Gothic archway stood wide open, just as they had been wont to do in Mr. Lovel's time, and Clarissa and her companion passed into the quiet garden. How well she remembered the neglected air of the place when last she had seen it—the moss-grown walks, the duck-weed in the moat, the straggling rose-bushes: every thing out of order, from the broken weather-cock on one of the gate-way towers to the scraper by the half-glass door in one corner of the quadrangle, which had been used instead of the chief entrance! It seems natural to a man of decayed fortune to shut up his hall door and sneak in and out of his habitation by some obscure portal.

Now all was changed: a kind of antique primness, which had no taint of cockney stiffness, pervaded the scene. One might have expected to see Sir Thomas More or Lord Bacon emerge from the massive Gothic porch, and stroll with slow step and meditative aspect toward the stone sun-dial that stood in the centre of that square rose-garden. The whole place had an air of doublet and hose. It seemed older to Clarissa than when she had seen it last—older and yet newer, like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, restored, after a century of decay, to all its original grandeur.

The door under the porch stood open; but there were a couple of men in a sober livery waiting in the hall—footmen who had never been reared in those Yorkshire wilds—men with powdered hair, and the stamp of Grosvenor Square upon them. These flew to open inner doors, and Clarissa began with wonder to behold the new glories of the mansion. She followed Mr. Granger in silence through dining and billiard rooms, saloon and picture-gallery, boudoir and music-room, in all of which the Elizabethan air, the solemn grace of a departed age, had been maintained with a marvelous art. Money can do so much; above all where a man has no bigoted belief in his own taste or capacity, and will put his trust in the intelligence of artists by genius and profession. Daniel Granger had done this. He had said to an accomplished architect, "I give you the house of my choice; make it what it was in its best days. Improve wherever you can, but alter as little as possible; and, above all, no modernizing."

Empowered by this *carte blanche*, the architect had given his soul to dreams of medieval splendor, and had produced a place which, in its way, was faultless. No matter that some of the carved oak furniture was fresh from the chisel of the carver, while other things were the spoil of old Belgian churches; that the tapestry in one saloon was as old as the days of its designer, Boucher, and that in the adjoining chamber made on purpose for Arden Court at the Gobelins manufactory of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. No matter that the gilt leather hangings in one room had hung there in the reign of Charles I., while those in another were supplied by a West End upholsterer. Perfect taste had harmonized every detail; there was not so much as a footstool or a curtain that could have been called an anachronism. Clarissa looked at all these things with a strange sense of wandering somewhere in a dream. It was, and yet was not, her old home. There was nothing incongruous. The place scarcely seemed new to her, though every thing was altered. It was only as it ought to have been always.

She remembered the bare rooms, the scanty, shabby furniture of the Georgian era, the patches and glimpses of faded splendor here and there, the Bond Street prettinesses and fripperies in her mother's boudoir, which, even in her early girlhood, had grown tawdry and *rococo*, the old pictures rotting in their tarnished frames; every thing with that sordid air of poverty and decay upon it.

"Well, Miss Lovel," Daniel Granger said at last, when they had gone through all the chief rooms almost in silence, "do you approve of what has been done?"

"It is beautiful," Clarissa answered, "most beautiful; but—but it breaks my heart to see it!"

The words were wrung from her somehow. In the next moment she was ashamed of them—it seemed like the basest envy.

"Oh, pray, pray, do not think me mean or contemptible, Mr. Granger," she said; "it is not that I envy you your house; only it was my home so long, and I always felt its neglect so keenly; and to see it now so beautiful, as I could have only pictured it in my dreams, and even in them I could not fancy it so perfect!"

"It may be your home again, Clarissa, if you care to make it so," said Mr. Granger, coming very close to her, and with a sudden passion in his voice. "I little thought when I planned this place that it would one day seem worthless to me without one lovely mistress. It is all yours, Clarissa, if you will have it—and the heart of its master, who never thought that it was in his nature to feel what he feels for you."

He tried to take her hand; but she shrank away from him, trembling a little, and with a frightened look in her face.

"Mr. Granger, oh, pray, pray don't—"

"For God's sake don't tell me that this seems preposterous or hateful to you—that you can not value the love of a man old enough to be your father. You do not know what it is for a man of my age and my character to love for the first time. I had gone through life heart-whole, Clarissa, till I saw you. Between my wife and me there was never more than liking. She was a good woman, and I respected her, and we got on very well together. That was all. Clarissa, tell me that there is some hope. I ought not to have spoken so soon; I never meant to be such a fool—but the words came in spite of me. Oh, my dearest, don't crush me with a point-blank refusal. I know that all this must seem strange to you. Let it pass. Think no more of any thing I have said till you know me better—till you find my love is worth having. I believe I fell in love with you that first afternoon in the library at Hale. From that time forth your face haunted me like some beautiful picture—the loveliest thing I had ever seen, Clarissa!"

"I can not answer you, Mr. Granger," she said, in a broken voice. "You have shocked and surprised me so much, I—"

"Shocked and surprised you! That seems hard."

In that very moment it flashed upon her that this was what her father and Lady Laura Armstrong had wished to bring about. She was to win back the lost heritage of Arden Court—win it by the sacrifice of every natural feeling of her heart, by the barter of her very self.

How much more Mr. Granger might have said there is no knowing—for, once having spoken, a man is loath to leave such a subject as this unexhausted—but there came to Clarissa's relief the rustling sound of a stiff silk dress, announcing the advent of Miss Granger, who sailed toward them through a vista of splendid rooms, with a stately uncompromising air that did not argue the warmest possible welcome for her guest.

"I have been hunting for you every where, papa," she said, in an aggrieved tone. "Where have you been hiding Miss Lovel?"

And then she held out her hand and shook hands with Clarissa in the coldest manner in which it was possible for a human being to perform that ceremony. She looked at her father with watchful, suspicious eyes as he walked away to one of the windows, not caring that his daughter should see his face just at that moment. There was something, evidently, Sophia thought—something which it concerned her to discover.

CHAPTER XX.

MODEL VILLAGERS.

They went to luncheon in a secondary dining-room—a cozy little apartment which served pleasantly for all small gatherings, and had that social air so impossible in a spacious and grandiose banqueting-chamber—a perfect gem of a room, hung with gilt leather, relieved here and there by a choice picture in a frame of gold and ebony. Here the draperies were of a dark glowing crimson cut velvet, which the sunshine brightened into ruby. The only ornaments in this room were a pair of matchless Venetian girandoles on the mantel-piece, and a monster Pallissy dish, almost as elaborate in design as the shield of Achilles, on the oaken buffet.

The luncheon was not a very genial repast; Miss Granger maintained a stately sulkiness; Clarissa had not yet recovered from the agitation which Mr. Granger's most unexpected avowal had occasioned; and even the strong man himself felt his nerves shaken, and knew that he was at a disadvantage between the daughter who suspected him and the woman who had all but refused his hand. He did his utmost to seem at his ease; and to beguile his daughter into a more cordial bearing; but there was a gloom upon that little party of three which was palpably oppressive. It seemed in vain to struggle against that dismal influence. Mr. Granger felt relieved when, just at the close of the meal, his butler announced that Mr. Tillott was in the drawing-room. Mr. Tillott was a mild, inoffensive young man of High-Church tendencies, the curate of Arden.

"I asked Tillott to go round the schools with us this afternoon," Mr. Granger said to his daughter, in an explanatory tone. "I know what an interest he takes in the thing, and I thought it would be pleasanter."

"You are very kind, papa," Miss Granger replied, with implacable stiffness; "but I really don't see what we want with Mr. Tillott, or with you either. There's not the least reason that we should take you away from your usual occupations; and you are generally so busy of an afternoon. Miss Lovel and I can see every thing there is to be seen without any escort; and I have always heard you complain that my schools bored you."

"Well, perhaps I may have had rather an overdose of the philanthropic business occasionally, my dear," answered Mr. Granger, with a good-humored laugh. "However, I have set my heart upon seeing how all your improvements affect Miss Lovel. She has such a peculiar interest in the place, you see, and is so identified with the people. I thought you'd be pleased to have Tillott. He's really a good fellow, and you and he always seem to have so much to talk about."

On this they all repaired to the drawing-room, where Mr. Tillott, the curate, was sitting at a table, turning over the leaves of an illuminated psalter, and looking altogether as if he had just posed himself for a photograph.

To this mild young man Miss Granger was in a manner compelled to relax the austerity of her demeanor. She even smiled in a frosty way as she shook hands with him; but she had no less a sense of the fact that her father had out-manœuvred her, and that this invitation to Mr. Tillott was a crafty design whereby he intended to have Clarissa all to himself during that afternoon.

"I am sorry you could not come to luncheon with us, Tillott," said Mr. Granger, in his hearty way. "Or are you sure, by-the-bye, that you have taken luncheon? We can go back to the dining-room and hear the last news of the parish while you wash down some game pie with a glass or two of the old Madeira."

"Thanks, you are very good; but I never eat meat on Wednesdays or Fridays. I had a hard-boiled egg and some cocoa at half past seven this morning, and shall take nothing more till sunset. I had duties at Swanwick which detained me till within the last half hour, or I should have been very happy to have eaten a biscuit with you at your luncheon."

"Upon my word, Tillott, you are the most indefatigable of men; but I really wish you High-Church people had not such a fancy for starving yourselves. So much expenditure of brain power must involve a waste of the coarser material. Now, Sophy, if you and Miss Lovel are ready, we may as well start."

They went out into the sunny quadrangle, where the late roses were blooming with all their old luxuriance. How well Clarissa remembered them in those days when they had been the sole glory of the neglected place! In spite of Sophia, who tried her hardest to prevent the arrange-

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ment, Mr. Granger contrived that he and Clarissa should walk side by side, and that Mr. Tillott should completely absorb his daughter. This the curate was by no means indisposed to do; for, if the youthful saint had a weakness, it lay in the direction of vanity. He sincerely admired the serious qualities of Miss Granger's mind, and conceived that, blessed with such a woman and with the free use of her fortune, he might achieve a rare distinction for his labors in the fold, to say nothing of placing himself on the high-road to a bishopric. Nor was he inclined to think Miss Granger indifferent to his own merits, or that the conquest would be by any means an impossible one. It was a question of time, he thought; the sympathy between them was too strong not to take some higher development. He thought of St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal, and fancied himself intrusted with the full guidance of Miss Granger's superior mind.

They walked across the park to a small Gothic gate-way, which had been made since the close of Marmaduke Lovel's reign. Just outside this stood the new schools, also Gothic, and with that brand-new aspect against which architecture can do nothing. They would be picturesque, perhaps, ten years hence. To-day they had the odor of the architect's drawing-board.

Beyond the schools there were some twenty cottages, of the same modern Gothic, each habitation more or less borne down and in a manner extinguished by its porch and chimney. If the rooms had been in reasonable proportion to the chimneys, the cottages would have been mansions; but Gothic chimneys are pleasing objects, and the general effect was good. These twenty cottages formed the beginning of Mr. Granger's model village—a new Arden, which was to arise on this side of the Court. They were for the most part inhabited by gardeners and laborers more or less dependent on Arden Court, and it had been, therefore, an easy matter for Miss Granger to obtain a certain deference to her wishes from the tenants.

The inspection of the schools and cottages was rather a tedious business. Sophia would not let her companions off with an iota less than the whole thing. Her model pupils were trotted out and examined in the Scriptures—always in Kings and Chronicles—and evinced a familiarity with the ways of Jezebel and Rehoboam that made Clarissa blush at the thought of her own ignorance. Then there came an exhibition of plain needle-work, excruciatingly suggestive of impaired eyesight; then fancy-work, which Miss Granger contemplated with a doubtful air, as having a frivolous tendency; and then the schoolmistress's parlor and kitchen were shown, and displayed so extreme a neatness that made one wonder how she could ever venture to exist in them; and then the garden, where the heels of one's boots seemed a profanation; and then, the schools and school-houses being exhausted, there came the cottages.

How Clarissa's heart bled for the nice, clean motherly women who were made to go through their paces for Miss Granger's glorification, and were fain to confess that their housekeeping had been all a delusion and a snare till that young lady taught them domestic economy! How she pitied them as the severe Sophia led the way into sacred corners, and lifted the lids of coppers and dust-holes, and opened cupboard doors, and once, with an aspect of horror, detected an actual cobweb lurking in an angle of the whitewashed wall! Clarissa could not admire things too much, in order to do away with some of the bitterness of that microscopic survey. Then there was such cross-examination about church-going, and the short-comings of the absent husbands were so ruthlessly dragged into the light of day! The poor wives blushed to own that these had still a lurking desire for an occasional social evening at the Coach and Horses, in spite of the charms of a Gothic chimney and a porch that was massive enough for the dungeon of a medieval fortress. Miss Granger and the curate played into each other's hands, and between the two the model villagers underwent a kind of moral dissection. It was dreary work altogether; and Daniel Granger had been guilty of more than one yawn before it was all over, even though he had the new delight of being near Clarissa all the time. It was finished at last. One woman, who in her benighted state had known Miss Lovel, had shown herself touched by the sight of her.

"You never come anigh me now, miss," she said, tenderly, "though I've knowed you ever since you was a little girl; and it would do my heart good to see your sweet face here once in a way."

"You've better friends now, you see, Mrs. Rice," Clarissa answered, gently. "I could do so little for you. But I shall be pleased to look in upon you now and then."

"Do 'ee, now, miss; me and my master will be right down glad to see you. However kind new friends may be"—this was said with a conciliatory courtesy to Miss Granger—"we can't forget old friends. We haven't forgot your goodness when my boy Bill was laid up with the fever, miss, and how you sat beside his bed and read to him."

It was at this juncture that Sophia espied another cobweb, after which the little party left this, the last of the cottages, and walked back to the park, Daniel Granger still by Clarissa's side. He did not make the faintest allusion to that desperate avowal of the morning. He was, indeed, cruelly ashamed of his precipitation, feeling that he had gone the very way to ruin his cause. All that afternoon, while his daughter had been peering into coppers and washing-tubs and dust-holes, he had been meditating upon the absurdity of his conduct, and hating himself for his folly. He was not a man who suffered from a mean opinion of his own merits. On the contrary, in all the ordinary commerce of life, he fancied himself more than the equal of the best among his fellowmen. He had never wished himself other than what he was, or mistrusted his own judgment, or doubted that he, Daniel Granger, was a very important atom in the scheme of creation. But in this case it was different. He knew himself to be a grave, middle-aged man, with none of those attributes that might have qualified him to take a young woman's heart by storm; and as surely as he knew this, he also knew himself to be passionately in love. All the happiness of his future life depended on this girl who walked by his side, with her pale, calm face and deep hazel eyes. If she should refuse him, all would be finished for him. He had dreamed his dream, and life could never any more be what it had been for him. The days were past in which he himself had been all-sufficient for his own happiness. But, though he was angry with himself for that hasty betrayal of his feelings, he did not altogether despair. It is not easy to reduce a man of his age and character to the humble level of a despairing lover. He had so much to bestow, and could not separate himself in his own mind from those rich gifts of fortune which went along with him. No, there was every chance of ultimate success, he thought, in spite of his rashness of that morning. He had only to teach himself patience—to bide his time.

WATER-PROOF GLUE.

ONE ounce of gum-sandarac and one ounce of mastic are to be dissolved together in a pint of alcohol, to which an ounce of white turpentine is to be added. At the same time a very thick glue is to be kept ready, mixed with a little isinglass. The solution of the resins in alcohol is to be heated to boiling in a glue-pot, and the glue added gradually, with constant stirring, so as to render the whole mass homogeneous. After the mixture is strained through a cloth it is ready for use, and is to be applied hot. It dries quickly and becomes very hard, and surfaces of wood united by it do not separate when immersed in water.

SERVANTS IN HOLLAND.

THERE is no scarcity of excellent servants in Holland. Emigration thins the numbers of either sex but little; and as there are but few manufactures, the younger rustic females are not drained off for handiwork in the large towns. A girl, therefore, who longs to escape from the hard labor of field-work—for a heavy portion of this is done by females—considers herself fortunate indeed if some kindly disposed housekeeper should take her in and teach her some domestic work. Few servants are kept, and, indeed, there is not work enough for many. For, in the first place, the ladies of the house do a great deal of household work in the early morning, and throughout the day disdain to have done for them what they can do for themselves. You never hear an everlasting running up and down stairs and ringing of bells, and "bring this," and "go up to my room and fetch that," and "shut the window," and "put on some coals," which, after all, is nothing more than finding work for an otherwise ornamental servant, and a fanciful luxury for a lazy mistress. And, in the second place, the quantity of furniture in each room, though the rooms themselves are generally roomy and high, is by no means great, so that household work is readily done, even by a domestic who knows little more than how to rub and wipe. The house-maid, however, of a newly married couple has a rather hard berth of it for the first few months; for the top of the new dining-room table is sent to its purchaser in the rough, and has to be polished every morning for a couple of hours or so with linseed-oil and plenty of elbow grease. The effect in the end is glorious, and lasts forever. No plates, however hot, will dim its glories, and it continues to shine to the end of its existence, and, with little care, clear and bright as a mirror. And then, again, the last finish to household work is probably done by more delicate hands, for until "coffee-drinking," at twelve o'clock, a visitor must expect to see little of the ladies. The pickling and preserving, the preparation of fruit for the table, those mighty dishes of beans and pease, the side-dishes and other delicacies for the day, all bear signs of a delicate touch and a cultivated intelligence. In the season of shrimps, which, like the fish, are brought all alive and kicking to the house, the prettiest of fingers are employed for a couple of hours at least in preparing a dish which is surely never seen out of Holland. Fancy a twelve o'clock "coffee-drinking," when the centre of the table is occupied by a large dish with an elegant pyramid of a peck or so of ready-shelled shrimps, which you eat wholesale with a spoon! And very fine eating they are, too.

Actual wages are low: $25 or $30 a year for a plain cook or house-maid; but the national institution of "tips" supplements pretty fairly these low wages. Nobody thinks of going out-of-doors without a supply of half-gulden, to give as occasion may require; and occasions often do require, for a half-gulden at least is expected in return for any little service performed by your friends' servants other than that of simply opening the street-door. This is an arrangement so perfectly understood and acted upon by all, that people who see a great deal of company pay their servants smaller wages than do those who live more retired from the world. It should be known that all presents to servants are put into a general fund, which is equitably divided at definite intervals. By this custom cooks and other servants whom visitors have no opportunity of seeing, but whose services materially contribute to the comfort of his visit, participate in the donation given at the door or in the bedroom; but the coachman, who expects something if even you accompany your friend in his own carriage, keeps what he gets for his own pocket. The regular tariff of a half-gulden, which is very seldom exceeded—and no wonder, considering how often the tax is levied—makes the custom tolerable and even agreeable to the giver.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HOW *to keep cool* is a midsummer problem. Few solve it aright. While there are always some days during the season which are oppressively warm, and all suffer therefrom, the discomfort experienced in summer is much greater, in general, than need be if we better understood the art of keeping cool. Possibly a few simple hints may be useful. In January we eat as well to keep warm as to sustain strength; in July we naturally are warm enough without carbonaceous food, such as fat meats, sugar, molasses, butter, and articles containing starch. Therefore these things should be sparingly eaten, and their place supplied with cooling vegetables and fruits, some of which contain no carbon at all. Moreover, we need *less* food in summer than in winter. Half the people in the world drink too much in hot weather. We do not now refer to alcoholic beverages, it being pretty generally understood that they are heating to the blood. But one is no cooler to imbibe even a simple glass of ice-water every half hour on an August day. A moderate amount of drink is natural and useful, though ice-water should be used with care. Drinks containing some nutrition are best for warm weather, if any thing besides water is taken, so that the body may be strengthened to endure heat comfortably. If possible, avoid heating the blood by violent exercise, especially in the early part of the day. If you do, it will often take twenty-four hours to "cool off." Many persons recommend shutting windows and blinds early in the morning, thus excluding the hotter air of mid-day. Rooms are undoubtedly kept cooler thus, if occupied by only one or two persons; but a breeze is often more refreshing than still air, even though the former be several degrees warmer. Water applied to the wrists and temples, and allowed to evaporate, will cool the blood surprisingly; and a sponge bath of tepid water, taken before retiring at night, will often insure a comfortable sleep in a hot night. Exposure to the sun should, of course, be avoided as much as possible; but do not give up all employment because it is hot. Nothing so increases the discomfort of a warm day as devoting one's whole attention to thinking about it. The blood rises to the boiling point very speedily. So it does if you allow yourself to be vexed and fretted by the necessary friction of every-day life. Keep the mind calm and quiet, and it will go a great way toward keeping the body cool.

The road leading from the village of Catskill to the Mountain House is one of the finest mountain thoroughfares on the continent. It is kept free from stones, is hard and clean, and as free from dust as pure gravel can make it. Thus the three miles' ride is rendered not only comfortable, but delightful.

Lake Avenue, the well-known Saratoga drive, is this year subjected to a sprinkling, which only those who have encountered the fearful dust of past seasons can fully appreciate.

Amherst College has lately received as a gift from a Boston gentleman—George Howe, Esq.—a chime of bells for the new and elegant chapel which has been erected during the past season. These bells are a memorial of the patriot sons of Amherst College who lost their lives in the rebellion of 1861.

The young King of Bavaria is fully resolved to have a musical wife—so say the Munich gossips. Indeed, the story is that he has broken off several matrimonial engagements because he could not find a woman capable of admiring and appreciating Wagner's music sufficiently to suit him. His latest engagement with a German princess was chiefly founded on the circumstance that she dotes on the music of that composer as much as the King does himself.

A curious scrap of information has recently come to light, by which it appears that the impulse for the foundation of Harvard College was given by a woman. Lucy Downing, sister of John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts, was not unwilling herself to remove to New England, but she was unwilling that her son George should be unable to be well educated there. In 1636 she therefore wrote to her brother from England, soliciting that the boy be allowed to remain in England until he had finished his studies, or means be afforded for his perfecting himself in them in Massachusetts; adding that the news of suitable provision for this purpose "would make her go far nimbler to New England, if God should call her to it, than otherwise she should; and she believed a college would put no small life into the plantation." In October of that same year, 1636, at a meeting of the General Court of the Massachusetts Colony, it was agreed "to give four hundred pounds toward a school or college." So readily did the General Court answer the suggestion of this brilliant woman. Her son George was, in fact, one of the first nine graduates of Harvard in 1642, went to England, and became the minister of the Commonwealth to Holland.

An English writer advises young women to look favorably upon those engaged in agricultural pursuits, assigning as one reason that their "mother Eve married a gardener." He forgot to add that in consequence of the match the gardener lost his situation.

It is well to be "posted" in biblical and mythological knowledge. It often makes one appear to fine advantage in general society. One evening not long since, at a grand party, a young lady approached a matron with the exclamation, "Oh, my dear Mrs. H——, I am so glad to have found you. Have you seen that painting in the library—something about Io and Jupiter? Now who were Io and Jupiter?" Although somewhat surprised at the question, as the lady was a graduate of a first-class boarding-school, and the gentleman on whose arm she leaned a university student, Mrs. H—— proceeded to explain, and got as far as "Io was transformed by Jupiter into—" "Oh yes," interrupted the lady, with vivacity; "I know; into a pillar of salt! I knew I'd heard the story somewhere, only I couldn't recall it. Come, Jack, that's the Strauss waltz;" and they whirled away.

Chinese names are a curiosity to American readers. To us Li Po Tai and Chy Lung look very funny. But suppose some of our own names were printed thus: Da Vis and Gree Ley, Schuy Ler Col Fax and Val Lan Dig Ham. What then?

A writer, observant and piquant, who has recently visited the "Monumental City," remarks: "I saw 'the prettiest girl in Baltimore' twelve times in the course of that week, and there were twelve of her. Like the arithmetical little maiden in Wordsworth's ballad, she might have said, with only a more guileless looseness of enumeration, 'We are—as many as you *like*.'"

The United States stands in advance of any other country in regard to the dental profession. Who would suppose that there were 13,000 dentists in our country? But so it is. Our teeth are likely to have plenty of attention. But that attention costs a pretty little sum, since these 13,000 have an aggregate income of twenty millions of dollars. There are nine dental colleges in our country, from which 1807 persons have graduated, and seven dental periodicals, with an aggregate circulation of 12,900 copies.

Fishes are now put to a novel use. In Easton, Pennsylvania, a couple of fishes—sturgeons—have been taught to draw a small boat, which is shaped like a shell. They are harnessed by means of India rubber bands, and guided by a long pole, to which is fastened a sharp spike. They obey the suggestions given by this spike with great alacrity.

In Atlantic City the dryness of the air is wonderful for a sea-side town. The finest of starched fabrics can be worn, and bedding is as little affected by the moisture of the atmosphere as in inland places. At Newport heavy fogs are frequent, and lawns and linens hang straight and limp about the wearers.

Brooklyn is as fond of flowers as is New York. It expends more than a million of dollars annually for bouquets.

The philosophy of mosquito bites is thus cheerfully explained by an amiable *savant*. It will be read with *feeling* interest: The microscope reveals the fact that he carries a pair of scissors inside of his proboscis; the neatest and sharpest little cutting tools you ever saw. He gets his living by these. They are two delicate little blades, and are placed alongside each other. When he is ready to make a meal off of us he first buzzes around with those beautiful wings, and sings a pleasant little song. If we let him quietly settle down, he picks out a place on our skin which is just to his liking. He is very delicate about it. When he gets ready he puts his proboscis down, and pushes the little scissors out, and makes a neat cut, so that he can suck the blood out. Then he drinks as much blood as he wants, and is done his dinner. But he does not leave yet. He is going to pay his bill. He has taken our blood, and he will leave us something in exchange for it. He has the pay in his pocket, ready to squeeze out before he goes. It is poison, but that makes no difference to him. It is the best he has to give us. His poison pocket is at the head of his proboscis, and at the lower end of his proboscis he has another little pocket, into which he puts poison enough for one dose. This poison is so very powerful that a very little makes the place where the mosquito puts it very sore. It is not the bite or cut that the mosquito makes that hurts us, but the dropping of this powerful poison into our flesh.

Probably many of our citizens do not realize that, in addition to the Central Park, there are about twenty parks and squares which have during the year received the care of the present Department of Public Parks. These are the City Hall Park; Tompkins Square; Bowling Green; The Battery; Duane Street Park; Beach Street Triangle; a nameless little square at the foot of Canal Street; two on Sixth Avenue, corners of Thirty-second and Thirty-fourth streets; the parks upon Park Avenue over the Harlem Railroad Tunnel; the Triangle at Five Points; Washington, Union, and Madison squares; Reservoir Park; Christopher Street Triangle; Mount Morris Square; the great public square of Harlem; River-side, Morning-side, and High Bridge parks. Before the close of the present season the Department expects to complete improvements in other squares, and various triangles and odd pieces of ground will be converted into plots agreeable to the surrounding neighborhood. These green spots in our city will be breathing-places for the many who can not go into the country during the hot season.

It is related of Dr. Young that one day, while walking in his garden at Melwin, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterward married, a servant came to tell him that a gentleman had called to see him. "Tell him," said the doctor, "that I am too happily employed to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, a patron, and friend. As persuasion, however, had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other the left, and led him by the garden gate; when, finding resistance was vain, he bowed and laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

"Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
Like him I go, but yet to go am loath;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

The Germans left uninjured the château of the Marquis de Laplace, son of the illustrious astronomer, at Arcueil; but it was plundered by a band of robbers, supposed to be French Communists. The library, with all its rare books, souvenirs, and works of art, was almost entirely destroyed, and the original MS. of the "Mécanique Céleste" was thrown into the river near by, from which it was happily rescued.

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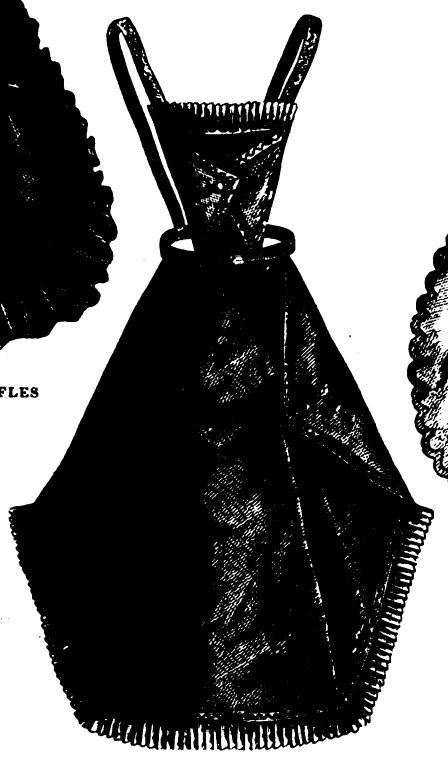
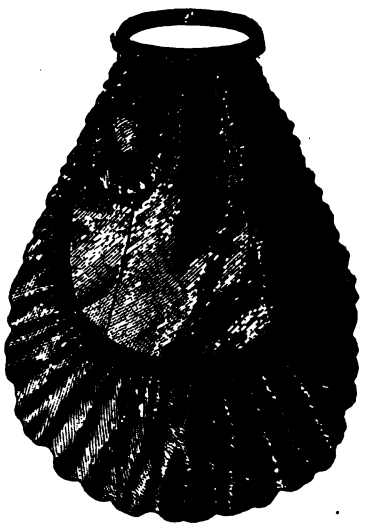
GROS GRAIN APRON WITH RUFFLES AND BOWS.
For pattern see description in Supplement.



APRON WITH REVERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 34-36.

APRON WITH JACKET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 50-53.

MUSLIN APRON WITH SOUTACHE EMBROIDERY.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 45-47.



ALPACA APRON WITH VELVET RIBBON TRIMMING.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

ROYAL INCOMES.

THE PAY OF SOVEREIGNS, AND THEIR INVESTMENTS.

A GLANCE at the comparative resources of the leading rulers of the Old World and the people they control, by which an exhibit is furnished touching the immense sums which flow into the coffers of the crowned heads of Europe and those of less rank, at the present day will be found interesting.

Alexander II. of Russia enjoys an income of $25,000 a day, or $8,250,000 per year, and his neighbor, upon whom he is casting envious glances, is not far behind him in pay, Abdul Aziz receiving $18,000 per day, or six millions annually; while the luckless adventurer of France before his downfall stood next on the list, at an income of $14,000 per day, or five millions per year. He has not made any income return since Sedan by which we can estimate his ability to meet expenses; but his investments during his prosperous days have probably saved him from abject poverty now or hereafter.

The Emperor of Germany, owing to recent successes, has probably secured for himself and numerous family an enlarged income. As King of Prussia he is down in the list as entitled only to $8210 per day, or three millions per year. Francis Joseph has an income of four millions annually. Victor Emanuel, at present the happy recipient of something less than three millions per year, will probably enjoy from "united Italy" a much larger stipend. The Queen of England is said to live on an income of two millions yearly.

The Prince of Wales has the net revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall and a salary of $16,000 as general in the army, which, with his royal allowances, make his income $625,000 per annum.

The salary of "Count" Bismarck is said to have been only $9000 per annum. As Prince he will probably enjoy a sum more in keeping with the valuable services he has afforded in the recent war.

Prince Alfred receives the sum of $100,000 a year; and the Duke of Cambridge had an allowance of $60,000, a salary of $30,000 as field-marshal, and one of $15,000 as colonel of the Fusileer Guards.

King Amadeus of Spain is paid $125,000 a month, which will barely mitigate the discomfort attendant upon wearing a crown bestowed in opposition to the will of his subjects.

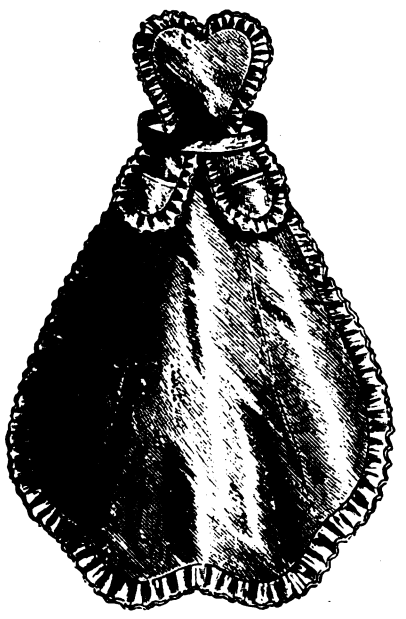
The Belgian king, Leopold, received a salary of only $250,000 per annum. At his death he nevertheless left a snug little fortune of $16,000,000, which shows that monarchs can be economical at times. He does not seem to have been mercenary; he only saved and invested his money, instead of spending it. When he became King of Belgium he resigned all the appointments he had held as the husband of the Princess Charlotte, amounting to $175,000 per year, which was so much saved to the people of England, retaining only a life-interest in the house of Claremont, which has been the residence of his father and mother in law, the ex King and Queen of France.

It must be borne in mind that, aside from the stipulated incomes of these rulers, they enjoy also many perquisites in the way of rental of estates, inheritances, etc. Queen Victoria is probably the most wealthy sovereign in Europe. She receives a large sum, spends little, and bestows less; has all her expenses paid, and her property is accumulating to an enormous amount. All her children are provided for by the state: and if she lives forty years longer, as she well may, coming of a long-lived family, she will die worth more millions than any one but a Rothschild could realize.

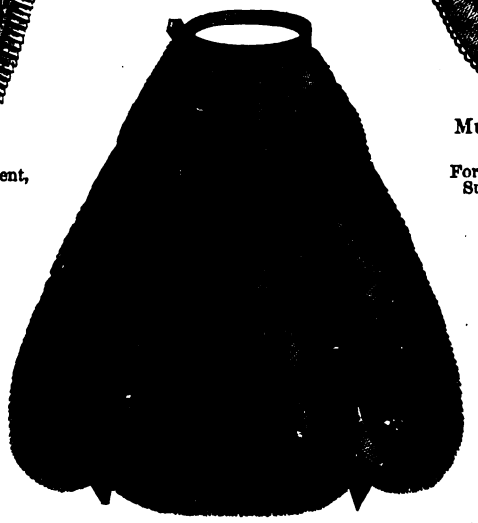
Some little time ago a man named Neeld, passing by all his relations, bequeathed to Queen Victoria $1,750,000, which was accepted by her. Such instances of extreme devotion to the "crown" are not rare. And it is said, in connection with this subject, that since the death of Prince Albert, who was remarkably saving, and who left the Queen all his accumulations, estimated at $5,000,000, there has been a total absence of any thing like extravagance on the part of the Queen.

The members of the English Parliament receive no pay; and the acceptance of such a post by a poor man is, of course, out of the question. And yet it is said that the cost of a seat in Parliament ranges from $5000 to $60,000, which expense is shared by the candidate and the constituents. Mr. Thackeray, for instance, stated that his unsuccessful contest for the comparatively small borough of Oxford cost him over £1000 sterling.

The English judges are liberally paid. The Lords Justices of Appeal, as well as the Masters of the Rolls, have equal to $30,000, and the Vice-Chancellors each $25,000; the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench has $40,000, and the other judges $25,000; the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas $35,000, and the other judges $25,000. The salary of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer is $35,000, and $25,000 to each of the barons of the court. Lord Monk, Gov-



CAMBRIC APRON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 43 and 44.



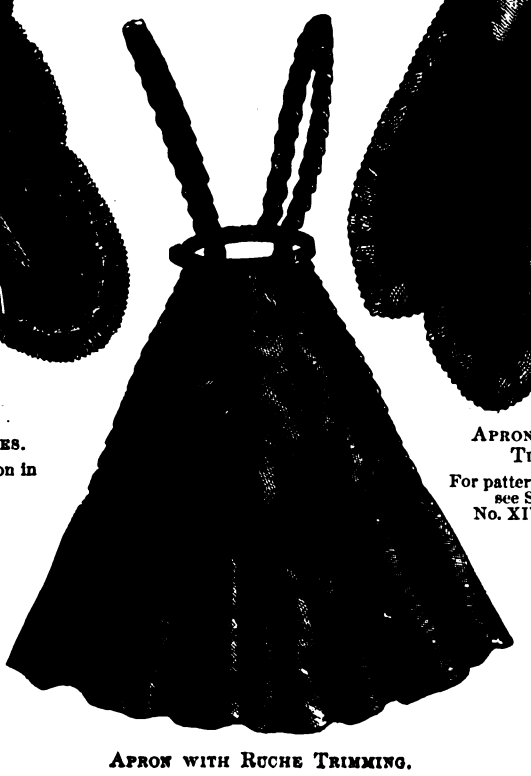
APRON WITH FRINGE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 40-42.

LINEN APRON.—[For pattern see description in Suppl.]

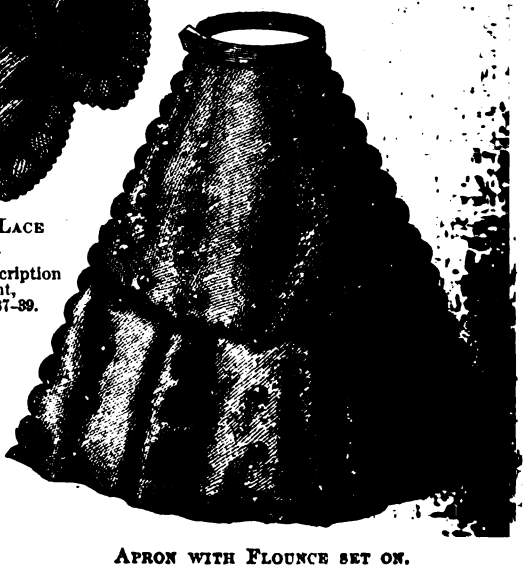
APRON WITH RUFFLES.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

APRON WITH LACE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 37-39.

GROS GRAIN APRON WITH EMBROIDERY.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XVIII., Figs. 48 and 49.



APRON WITH RUCHE TRIMMING.
For pattern see description in Supplement.



APRON WITH FLOUNCE SET ON.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

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GRENADINE WAIST WITH FICHU TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Fig. 1.

ernor of the new Dominion of Canada, receives for his services $50,000 a year, in gold.

An English newspaper recently asserted that "the clear annual income, or salary, of half the sovereigns of Europe does not amount to $23,455." Up to the commencement of the present century the richest sovereign family of Europe, excluding Russia, was the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine. They possessed, and still possess, enormous estates within the Austrian empire as private property, which, though mismanaged in most instances, produce over a million sterling per year.

Vastly superior to this property, though it can not be called private in every respect, is that of the reigning family of Russia. According to Baron von Haxthausen, more than a million square miles of cultivated land and forests, besides some two million square miles of uncultivated land, mountains and steppes, partly in European and partly in Asiatic Russia, belong directly to the Emperor, and are under his absolute control.

The real revenue derived from these possessions is unknown; but it is generally estimated that the expenditure of the Russian court, including the allowance paid to the numerous grand dukes and duchesses, can not be less than about three millions sterling a year. The rate of expenditure of the imperial family may be estimated from the recorded fact that when the late Empress-Dowager, the widow of Nicholas, went to Italy, in the summer of 1860, her suite comprised above two hundred persons, with an adequate number of horses and carriages, the cost of maintenance of which was calculated at the period by German newspapers at £3000 per diem. The coronation of Alexander II. at Moscow in September, 1856, is estimated, on like authority, to have cost above eight millions of rubles, or some £1,300,000.

These enormous fortunes of the imperial family of Russia, as well as of the house of Hapsburg, are gradually getting distributed through blood alliances. Many of the smaller German families, for instance, have greatly enriched themselves by their matrimonial connection with the reigning house of Russia. Czarina Catherine II., a princess of the house of Anhalt, made a present of most valuable domains in Southern Russia, comprising an area of about two hundred and thirty square miles, to her kinsfolk at home, the income of which they enjoy to the present day. It is this lavish liberality which has contributed not a little to the eagerness with which Russian alliances are sought after in Germany, and the consequent influence they exercise.

CHAMBERY GAUZE WAIST WITH FICHU TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 2.

EVENING DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 3-6.

farmers, and others mining adventurers. The shrewdest of them all, the late autocrat of the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, hit upon quite an original idea for making money. He established a large brewery and distillery, and forbade his subjects, under heavy penalties, to consume any other ale or spirits than those issued from the princely concern. In this way he is said to have acquired some considerable capital, which he invested in large estates in Bohemia and the grand duchies of Mecklenburg.

By recent computations made in Great Britain it is estimated that of the twenty million inhabitants of England and Wales nine millions are in receipt of an average yearly income of £35, which is a little less than two shillings a day; or, if we count one other person as dependent on each of these persons with a two-shilling daily income, we have eighteen millions, out of the twenty millions of English and Welch, living on a shilling a day. The disproportion between the income of the rich and the poor is as striking as the immense disparity in the numbers of the two classes. Eighteen millions live on a shilling a day, while the class who (with their dependents) possess yearly incomes of more than £300 have for their support £633 apiece, or about thirty-five shillings daily, and number over 400,000.

The exhibit of figures, according to recent English income returns, does not strike one as proportionate to the boasted wealth of the English people. Thus it appears that 332,431 persons pay income tax, and

PONGEE BASQUE-WAIST WITH SQUARE NECK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 10-15.

Leaving aside the wealth of the imperial house of Holstein-Gottorp, which can scarcely be called a private property, the richest sovereign family in Europe is commonly believed to be that of Austria, and next to it the house of Nassau-Orange, ruling the Netherlands. The riches of the latter family have been acquired almost entirely within the last few generations. When William VI. of Nassau-Orange was called, in 1815, to the throne of the Netherlands, which he afterward filled as William I., he was possessed of but a modest private fortune, which he increased enormously by investing it in commercial undertakings patronized by the government. Many of the German sovereigns have traded for the last half century in like manner, and with results largely profitable. Some ruling princes to this day are stock-jobbers, some cattle-dealers; some are

FOULARD PEASANT WAIST WITH BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7-9.

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the average income of each is equal to $1595. There are but 107 Englishmen who return over $250,000 per year; 1283 between $25,000 and $250,000; 627 between $20,000 and $25,000; 1438 between $15,000 and $20,000; 2204 between $10,000 and $15,000; and 7371 between $5000 and $10,000. An English paper, in an article commenting on American income returns, states that "Mr. Alexander T. Stewart's return of over four millions of dollars is probably the largest annual business income in the world;" and it adds that "if the Rothschilds, whose wealth is more that of a family than of individuals, are excepted, no uncrowned person has an income approaching Mr. Stewart's."

JENNIE'S FIRST ROMANCE.

DIMPLED arm of fairy grace,
Formed for tenderest embrace,
Holding for a moment's space
Pretty, dimpled, piquant face
Of little Jennie.

Such an arch, coquettish air
In her movements unaware,
That to prophesy I dare
Many hearts she will ensnare,
Bewitching Jennie.

Love of pleasing is an art
(Born, I think, of generous heart,
Little dreaming to impart
Pain by any careless dart)
Bequeathed to Jennie.

Pleasing, pleased—it happened so,
On the sea not long ago;
One, with manhood's years to show
For the six springs' tender glow
Of budding Jennie,

Played with her the deck upon.
Jennie, sparkling in the sun,
Acted "little wife;" a nun
Scarce more serious than the fun
Of earnest Jennie.

She all honest, he in play
(Truth is childhood's natural way);
So the fairy elf was gay,
Yielding to love's gentle sway,
Delighted Jennie!

Thus the happy days flew by,
Balanced betwixt bluest sky
And bold waves that terrify;
Yet fear never flashed her eye,
Courageous Jennie!

Pleasant greetings on the shore;
Sadder adieus scarcely o'er
Ere some radiant plan in store
Dried the eyes that dew-drops wore
Of buoyant Jennie.

What had she to do with tears?
What had she to do with fears?
Pain in pleasure disappears
As gay Hope the life-boat steers
Of trustful Jennie.

Many days have gone apace;
Why that cloud on Jennie's face?
Penitence for some disgrace,
Or what sorrow do we trace
In grieving Jennie?

He, her cavalier so gay,
Recreant proves, to her dismay;
Bitterly she rues the way
Lovers keep their vows in play,
Still constant Jennie.

Thoughtless man! what woes entail
On your sex through Jennie's wail:
Be ye sure she will not fail
To avenge this childish bale,
Remorseless Jennie!

Soon her womanhood will loom;
Soon full radiant roses bloom:
Have a care, ye bold ones whom
She will win to hapless doom,
All-conquering Jennie.

Yet deep tenderness I trace
Through and through that roguish face;
God's best grace, in fullest grace,
All the beauties interlace
Of gentle Jennie.

Glorious, though so immature!
Born with witchery to allure—
Queen of sirens!—yet be sure,
One all pure will keep her pure,
Ingenuous Jennie.

LOU'S BEGGAR.

CLARA VERNON, the cold, languid belle, was evidently impressed for once in her life, and that, too, by a perfect stranger. Not but that she knew his name, however; she found that out the very first evening she saw him at the opera, idly surveying stage and audience from the best box in the house. It was Hugh Blair, just returned from California, where he had been living for ten years, and dazzling rumor allotted him a gold mine for every year. Gold was not the only charm, however, if one might trust Miss Vernon's rhapsodies. He was not exactly handsome, she said, but something more than handsome; not exactly distinguished-looking, but something better than distinguished-looking; and he had an air of old-fashioned chivalry, and she did not believe he would pay silly compliments. She must certainly make his acquaintance; but how? Would he—oh, would he be at Mrs. Gale's Wednesday evening reception? She had been to see Mrs. Gale already, and easily prevailed on that lady to send him a card; and after that success she dropped in at Allie Stevens's to talk it all over. Allie was up stairs in her own room, nestled before a cozy fire, trying a new slipper stitch, while Lou Hallelyne held the pattern for her, and the two were chatting merrily.

Miss Vernon was not discomfited at finding Lou there, for Lou was a nice girl, and never tattled; so, after kissing them both, she took the easiest chair she could find, and held up her little Paris boots toward the fender.

"Where do you keep yourself, Lou Hallelyne?" she exclaimed. "Upon my word, I don't think I've seen you since that day in December when I wouldn't give you my old blue poplin for the mission-school. But you know I had to hand it over to Héloïse, or she would have left me on the spot, and there isn't her equal for dressing hair."

"Héloïse has more suits now than I!" said Lou, laughing, as she put by the slipper pattern, and rose.

"Lou, you sha'n't go!" exclaimed Allie, pulling her back into her chair. "If you don't keep your promise I won't do a thing for you. You see, Clara, Lou is the best company in the world, only you never can catch her, she is so busy. So I have learned a trick. She came round this morning to beg something for a sick woman, and I promised her my nice, warm old gray wrapper, if she would stay and talk with me for two hours. She couldn't resist the bait, and the time won't be up till noon. Now sit down and be good, Lou, and I'll give you a nice, soft old blanket-shawl!"

"But now, girls, about Mrs. Gale's party!" interrupted Clara, impatient of this by-play. "Who do you think is invited?" And then she ran off into an enthusiastic description of Hugh Blair's perfections, and how she *must* get acquainted with him; and would he go to the reception, did they think? For, as she concluded, pathetically, half the time these really splendid men didn't seem to care whether they were in society or not.

"Why, Harry knows him!" said Allie Stevens. "He was talking about him only last night, and how surprised he was to have him come walking into the studio all of a sudden."

"Harry knows him!" exclaimed Clara; "why, then he could make him go to the party with him, if you would only say one word. Will you ask him, Allie?"

"No," said Allie, laughing; "but you may ask him yourself. Come, girls, what do you say? Let's all go down to the studio and see Harry. He'll be ever so glad, and I want you to see a portrait he is painting of me. Come; you ought to patronize art a little, as well as parties and mission-schools!"

Harry Essex was engaged to Allie, and she was very proud of her artist lover, entering into all his day-dreams and ambitions, and flitting about him like a pet bird, with little songs and caresses, whenever she was in his studio.

On this particular morning he was full of a new subject which he had just sketched upon the canvas. It was to be a figure-piece—a real "composition," he said, for he was tired of smooth landscapes, and cows up to their knees in water, and trees, and ruins. In fact, the most successful bits he had ever painted had been sketches from life of saucy news-boys, ragged match-girls, and others of that ilk. This time he meant to attempt something more ambitious on a canvas six feet by four; and as rags are more picturesque than good clothes, the main figure was to be a beggar, and the most impressive beggar he could find a model for. For this ideal beggar Harry Essex had haunted the most miserable portions of the city, had watched the wretched throng that gathered garbage from the dust heaps and sewers, had chased every ragged garment he saw fluttering away in the distance; and yet he was not suited. He did not want a knave, nor an absolutely crushed and hopeless victim; his beggar, though a beggar, must be noble; must have a mute protest in his eyes against the wrongs of society, and yet be a very beggar for its smallest alms. The search had been in vain until to-day; but this very morning Harry Essex was satisfied, and sat at his canvas with a model before him as ragged, as noble, as sad, as utterly forlorn as heart could wish. Other pictures were huddled carelessly aside; even Allie's sunshiny face, still unfinished on its easel, was set away in a distant corner to smile at cobwebs, that all the room and all the light might be lavished on the beggar and the canvas.

"There, now, old fellow!" exclaimed Harry, when it was near noon, "I've got you splendidly sketched in; a mere outline, you know. There, don't get up; don't move; I'll wheel it round for you to see. I can fill up the rags and patches any time; but I want to get a little of your face now before we go to dinner, for fear I'll never catch the perfect expression again. I'm going to paint in your eyebrows, my boy; so keep still, and don't move a lash."

"Which I wish to remark, it is rather crampy business," said the beggar, with a slight laugh.

"Oh, don't laugh!" cried Harry, in dismay; "it takes the frown out of your brows. Do keep still! You know I'm no end obliged to you, and will be your debtor for life, and do as much for you over and over again, if you'll only sit for me. I never could capture such a splendid beggar before. There—look more pathetic, confound it; think of your starving family at home, and the mammon of unrighteousness, and every thing. There, *that's* it! Now don't stir."

And Harry plied his brush vigorously, gaining on his picture with every stroke. Time was precious, for models are restive and uncertain; and it was not with absolute delight that he heard, a few moments after, the click of dainty boot-heels on the stair, and then saw the door opened and his quiet invaded by—the three graces, he would have said, if he had been gladder to see them.

First came Allie, bright and sweet as a May morning, sure of her welcome. Then, peeping over her shoulder, was Lou Hallelyne's earnest little brunette face and brown eyes, full of pleased interest. Following these came Clara Vernon, the self-possessed and graceful beauty—the "fair one with the golden locks," as some called her—exquisitely attired, and half shrinking back on the threshold from the artistic confusion of the studio.

"What under heaven—" muttered Harry Essex, at this dazzling inroad; but he sprang up instantly, and greeted them with his usual bright, easy manner.

"I've brought the girls to see my picture, Harry," cried Allie at once. "And—oh! what have you put me over in that musty corner for? Bring me back into a good light this minute, Sir! And where are all your landscapes and match-girls and chimney-sweeps? Lou and Clara want to see them. And—oh, goodness, Harry! who's *that?*"

The last words were uttered in a startled whisper, as Allie for the first time caught sight of the ragged man who sat there, pathetic and defiant, with a huge bundle and knotted stick at his side.

"Beg pardon, miss," said the beggar, grimly, pulling his slouched hat lower on his forehead.

"It's only my model, young ladies," said Harry, his eyes sparkling with fun. "We painters have to keep queer company sometimes. I picked him up on the street this morning, and made him sit for my great beggar picture there. Splendid specimen, isn't he? Oh, I understand that look, Miss Lou; but I assure you he don't mind being talked about in the least. Unfortunate? Of course he is unfortunate, with a wife and six starving children! And now, Allie dear, you must let me be very rude, and leave you to do the honors of the pictures over there while I go back to my work. I must take a few more strokes anyhow, and not keep this poor devil any longer from his dinner than necessary."

And he fell to painting again, chuckling softly, while the girls flitted over to the other side of the room, turning pictures around to the light, and going into little raptures over every thing. Allie's portrait was pronounced "perfectly lovely."

"It flatters, of course; but then it ought to flatter," said Allie, sagely. "Portraits always ought to, for by-and-by you get old, and people forget how you used to look; and then it must be nice to point to your portrait and bid them see what you were."

"Oh, see this little garden corner!" exclaimed Lou; "and the morning-glory running over the trellis!"

"I like this better," said Clara, pausing before a lady in a balcony dropping her glove to a troubadour.

But while they laughed and chatted and admired, Lou Hallelyne's thoughts kept roving to the sad-eyed model, sitting motionless, while Harry painted. Lou's heart was always overflowing toward the poor and suffering, and she was a perfect little Lady Bountiful in her way. A wife and six starving children! Why, they must be seen to at once! Instinctively her hand went in search of her pocket-book. She whispered to Clara Vernon.

"My taste has never been educated to discriminate among beggars," Clara answered, with lofty coolness.

"Harry will look out for him," said Allie; "he is always good to poor people who are picturesque."

But, nevertheless, the six hungry children worked so upon Lou's heart that when they turned away from the pictures to cluster around Harry again she managed, in passing, to slip some money into the outstretched palm of the beggar, and was fairly thrilled by the flash of surprise that flew into his face, and his softly murmured thanks.

"You absurd child!" whispered Clara Vernon.

And now Harry Essex could do no more good work with his brush, he was so besieged with ringing, girlish voices, and bright faces close to his own.

"Oh, are these little soft, silvery bags full of paint?"

"Do you have to keep changing brushes? What are these old cloths for?"

"Oh, Harry, show them how you mix colors on the pallet!"

At last came *the* question, put in innocently among the others, like a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Mr. Essex, are you going to Mrs. Gale's party Wednesday evening?" asked Clara, with a beaming smile.

"Well, I don't know. It's rather of a bore; but I suppose I shall drop in before the evening is over, if Allie insists on it. Shall I, Allie?"

"Of course you will," said Allie. "And, Harry, Mrs. Gale has sent Mr. Hugh Blair a card—that friend of yours you were telling me about, you know. Can't you get him to go with you? We all want to see him so much."

"*You* don't want to flirt, eh, Allie?" asked Harry, demurely.

"No, but Lou does," retorted Allie, with a spice of mischief.

"I!" exclaimed Lou, flushing indignantly. "Why, I never even heard of the man till Clara mentioned him this morning!"

"Oh, it's Clara, then, our sweet icicle herself," said Harry, with a burst of laughter for which there seemed no occasion. Allie told him afterward it was the rudest thing she ever knew him to do, under all the circumstances. But Miss Vernon overlooked it.

"Never mind who it is," she said, with a coquettish smile. "Only make him come to the party with you, Mr. Essex."

"I will," said Harry, as if he were making a vow.

And then the girls really must go; their silken dresses rustled away, the gay vision of the graces vanished, their light laughter died on the ear, and Harry Essex and his model sat staring at each other.

"Oh, do forgive me, Hugh; do forgive me!" exclaimed Harry, going into convulsions of merriment at last. "I couldn't help it; it was too rich!"

"You rascal!" said the beggarman, straightening himself and throwing off his shabby hat. "When you first began I meant to knock you down as soon as we were alone; but I'll let you off now, for without your pranks I never should have known what an angel she was."

"Angel! Which? The blonde one?" asked Harry, in vague surprise.

"No; the brown one, bless her!" said his friend. And then he showed the money, and told the story of her ready kindness, while Harry went off again into delighted laughter.

"And I've lost my heart to that girl," said Hugh Blair, "and I'll go through floods and fire to win hers!"

"Ah, life, life!" sighed Harry. "A falls in love with B, and B with C, and so on to the end of the chapter. Well, Lou is a star of a girl, though every one don't find it out. And now come, my boy; fling off your rags, and get your clothes out of that closet, and we'll go to Parker's for a game dinner. Luckiest fancy I ever had in the world to make a beggar of you, comrade, with your weather-beaten face and inscrutable eyes!"

There was a brilliant throng at Mrs. Gale's reception on Wednesday evening, and conspicuous among the fair young beauties there was Clara Vernon, her blonde loveliness heightened by the costume of shimmering pale green silk she wore, overlaid with precious lace like delicate frost-work. But when Harry Essex came with his Californian hero, the eyes of the latter roved unsatisfied around the spacious parlors, till at last they caught sight of the "brown angel" in a distant window nook with Allie Stevens.

Lou Hallelyne went home that night with a new sensation. She always, in company, kept herself so closely to the quiet corners that few ever sought her out, or paid her much attention. And now this stranger, whom no one could help liking, had devoted himself to her the whole evening.

"I don't know but I am going to be just like other girls, after all," she thought, perplexed. "It certainly was very pleasant when he looked at me and spoke to me so."

The acquaintance progressed. Hugh Blair was no laggard, and before long he only awaited the right moment to tell the sweet old story to his "brown angel."

But Lou meanwhile had not forgotten the poor man who had interested her in the studio, and more than once she asked Harry Essex how his painting got on, and said how glad she would be to render any aid in her power to the unfortunate model and his family. Harry's eyes would sparkle at these inquiries; and at last he told her he had found the fellow very deserving, and that, if she pleased, the poor man would come to her the next morning to ask a favor.

So, on the next morning, Lou Hallelyne, full of gentle pity, sat waiting in the library; but when the door opened, and she turned, expecting to see her beggar, behold it was Hugh Blair, and he asked for her heart!

Few words are needed to end the story. Two happier people—two more kindly, charitable people—never lived than Hugh Blair and his wife. Their choicest wedding gift hangs on their parlor wall—Harry Essex's masterpiece, "The Beggar at the Gate."

BUTTERNUT JEWELRY.

FEW would believe that under the rough, dingy covering of the butternut there existed such a pleasing variety of graceful forms as are here, in part, represented. Although one may have seen the nut frequently, and perhaps have noticed the beautiful, curiously jagged surface of its shell, it is seldom realized that the forms of its interior are even more beautiful, and it is not until the nut is cut through longitudinally that this is readily seen. It is another singular fact that even though it be cut into five or six sections there are no two of them alike, each one varying with the gradual tapering of the cavities within. So hard is the shell of the nut that it may be divided into these parts with a common handsaw, its substance being nearly as hard as ebony, yet approaching cork in lightness. Cutting these sections and adapting them to the construction of jewelry is comparatively a new idea, and using the part sections by subdividing them a decidedly new one. This jewelry is within the reach of all; the smallest amount of ingenuity and taste will enable any one to design and produce most pleasing articles of this kind, and at no cost save that of patience.

To divide the nut, it should be held firmly in a vise, or any instrument which will securely hold it, and, as I have said, it can then be cut through with a saw. The sections should be about a fifth of an inch in thickness, to allow for the waste in polishing. When a sufficient number of them have been obtained, the following directions may be followed. As the saw has left the surface rough, it is necessary that it should be made smooth; first use coarse sand-paper, then fine, and finish with fine emery-paper. Wear the sections down to about the sixth of an inch in thickness. When this is done they are ready for the dye. This is made by dissolving in one quart of boiling water extract of logwood, a piece the size of a hen's-egg, together with one-half the quantity, or even less, of copperas. This should be kept warm. Suspend the pieces in the dye, and let them steep for a few hours; or, what is still better, let them boil for half an hour or more; and then, if not black

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enough, repeat the operation until they become of a rich, deep black. When taken from the dye they may be washed in warm water and laid on a piece of paper to dry. (Great care should be taken in handling the dye, as it is very powerful, and stains permanently whatever it comes in contact with.) The next process is the most difficult of all; but it only needs patience to perform it nicely. In order to join the pieces together it is necessary that small holes should be made in them. This has to be done with a red-hot needle; and, as the substance is very hard, it takes some little time to burn through. There is generally a slight projection on the edge, that often seems put there on purpose; and when such sections can be found the operation is rendered much more easy. When the holes are all made the pieces should be wired together after the manner of jewelry in general. Annealed iron wire is the best for this purpose; it should be of a size sufficiently small to allow it to pass twice through the same aperture, as this is needful in making the joints secure. Before joining, the parts should be polished by rubbing briskly on a piece of chamois, and the edges brushed with a dry, stiff brush. The gold rings may be obtained at nearly any jeweler's, either in solid or plated wire; the latter answers just as well, and is not as expensive, the cost for one pair not exceeding twenty-five or thirty cents.

Of the accompanying figures, Fig. 1 represents a design for a pin, consisting of two large sec-

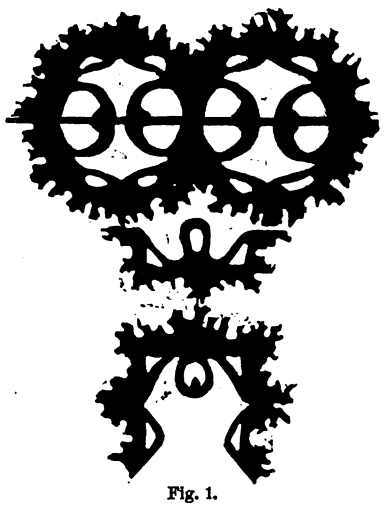

Fig. 1.

tions cut off and wired together on their inner edges, with two sub-sections suspended. Fig. 2 is an ear-ring to match the pin. Fig. 3 is composed of three parts, of which the upper two only

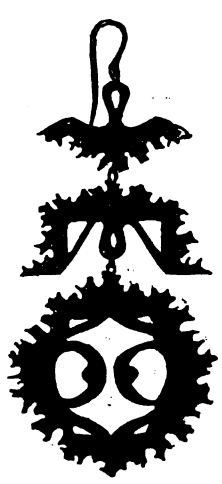

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

are butternut, the pendant being a cross section of a peach stone. There are numerous other designs, which will readily suggest themselves to an inventive imagination, and many much more complicated and beautiful than the ones here represented. It is not really necessary to dye them, they are pretty without; but they are generally considered more attractive in black.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

FASHION accurately reflects in its narrow sphere the conflicts, agitations, and experiments which appear in political, administrative, and social questions. We see all styles confounded, and can not yet clearly discern which will rise triumphant from the chaos. But something will arise from it; business has resumed its activity, and every one is setting to work anew with feverish energy.

For the moment there is a truce to invention, and we witness the transition from what has been to what will be. The general appearance of dress is, for the most part, what it was at this time last year, only trimmings are simplified and luxury is retrenched, without therefore encroaching on elegance. Crinoline is still worn, but very small; suits are still worn, but more plainly trimmed; round hats are still worn, but not flattened so completely on the nose; chignons are still worn, but not so voluminous; and we no longer see at all either chignons composed of floating curls, or short frizzes on the forehead, or long ringlets, so long, indeed, that an absent-minded person might mistake them for bell-pulls, and use them accordingly. At most, a single curl of moderate length is permitted behind the ear; and young ladies, both married and single, are seen already with their hair dressed in short, flat bandeaux, without any crêpe, terminating behind the ears in two very thick three-strand braids, which are wound around the head so as to form a diadem, and a moderate-sized chignon. This is paving the way for the simple coiffures, which can not fail to be in vogue next winter.

As to bonnets, they will be larger; they are already becoming so, indeed, thus proving that it was only the increased quantity of hair that restricted their size. Many have wide strings of ribbon or tulle edged with lace, and tied under the chin. Dark tints, black, brown, garnet, and violet, are most in favor this season for the trimming of white or yellow straw bonnets. Colored, gray, or brown straw bonnets are always trimmed with ribbons and feathers of the same color as the straw.

The best way to indicate the fashions is to describe a number of dresses. This I shall proceed to do.

Dress of very light violet foulard, almost lilac, trimmed with a wide gathered flounce. Above this flounce are two pleated ruches, each two and a half inches wide, set on upright. High, plain corsage, and almost tight sleeves, trimmed at the wrists with two pleated ruches, each an inch and a quarter wide. The skirt of the dress is not trained, of course, but round, and no longer than that of a walking suit. Over dress made of bands of black silk grenadine an inch and three-quarters wide, and separated by strips of black guipure insertion three-quarters of an inch wide, all arranged perpendicularly. This skirt is not draped, as over-skirts generally are, but falls straight; only it is shorter than the foulard under dress, and is edged with black guipure two and a half inches wide. The bottom of the guipure reaches the top of the upper ruche that forms the trimming of the under-skirt. High corsage of strips of grenadine and guipure insertion, opening from the neck to the waist over the foulard corsage, the opening being edged with black guipure four-fifths of an inch wide. The sleeves of the over-waist are very full; they are made of strips of grenadine and insertion, and are trimmed with guipure like that of the over dress. Belt of violet ribbon, elaborately embroidered with black on each side; a bunch of long violet and black loops is set at the back over the belt. In this suit the over dress takes the place of a wrapping. The same dress may be made by substituting ribbons of black silk or velvet for the bands of grenadine; or white may be used instead of black; white grenadine bands and white guipure insertion; or white muslin bands and Valenciennes or other lace insertion.

Dress of black silk, trimmed with a very wide pleated flounce of black worsted grenadine. This flounce is edged on the bottom with a white bias fold three-fifths of an inch wide, veiled with black guipure of the same width. Over dress of black grenadine, long enough to come just below the black silk flounce, and edged like this flounce with a narrow white bias fold, covered with black guipure. This skirt is slightly draped at each side, just back of the arms. High grenadine corsage over the black silk corsagé. Half-flowing grenadine sleeves, lined through with black silk. A grenadine scarf, edged with a narrow white fold covered with black guipure, serves as a wrapping; this scarf passes across the back without concealing the waist, crosses in front on the breast under a knot of violet velvet ribbon, and is tied behind at the bottom of the waist in a single knot without ends. White straw bonnet, trimmed with black lace, violet ribbons, and a violet feather.

Dress with three skirts of écru foulard. First skirt without trimming; second skirt shorter than the preceding; third skirt shorter than the second. The latter is cut in curves on the bottom, and edged with a narrow band of white nansook, ornamented with English embroidery. The bottom of this third skirt is caught up behind above the belt, and fastened by arranging it in a semicircular rosette, over which is placed a knot of écru foulard edged with a band of English embroidery. High, plain corsage, with short basques. Half-flowing sleeves, cut in scallops on the bottom, and edged with English embroidery. A short cape, scalloped on the bottom and edged with English embroidery, serves as a wrapping. Yellow straw round hat, trimmed with écru ribbon and bright red poppies.

Over-skirts are worn both very long and very short; the latter are the less graceful; indeed, very short over-skirts are becoming to but few persons; no one, however, can expect to dress becomingly who insists on wearing what other people do, regardless whether the style is suited to her face and figure. If the Parisians of all classes excel the whole world in the art of dressing well, as is generally admitted, it is because they know how to adapt the fashions to their own gracefulness or ungracefulness, beauty or ugliness, instead of adapting themselves to the fashion, whatever may be their face or figure. For instance, a Parisian, knowing that tight-fitting, closely clinging garments are the most unbecoming things imaginable for stout persons, when the fashion favors this style of wrappings, evades the difficulty instead of accepting what would render her ugly, and, if she is robust, wears them tight in the back and loose in front. It may be laid down as a general rule, without exception, that every thing loose-fitting, whether in dresses or wrappings, is alike becoming to women who are too stout or too thin, as it conceals both defects. Short over-skirts make stout figures look stouter, and thin figures look thinner, and should, therefore, be worn only by those of medium size. White, light écru, and light gray make persons look thicker; they are consequently suited to slender ladies, and should be avoided by those who are robust. Perpendicular stripes make one look thin, and horizontal stripes stout; they should, therefore, be chosen according to the figure. There are also many prejudices with respect to color which should be combated; it is generally thought that yellow is becoming to brunettes, and that the latter should avoid lilac, which is only suited to blondes. This is a mistake; yellow is suited only to fair brunettes, and is very unbecoming to those with a brown complexion, while lilac suits all complexions, even brown and yellow. The Parisian ladies know all these little secrets by instinct; they would probably be very much puzzled to analyze them, but they admirably understand how to put them in practice, to choose what suits them in the prevailing fashions, to avoid what is unbecoming, and even to make the most of what they have by transforming it in such a manner as to be always in vogue.

A number of fancy wrappings are in preparation for the watering-places and the sea-shore. These are mostly of white cashmere, and are large slashed paletots with very full sleeves. The trimming is composed of rich embroidery, richly executed with silk twist of the bright colors used for the patterns designated in Paris as cashmere designs. Silk fringe corresponding in color to the embroidery, and cords and tassels, complete the trimming; the latter are tied behind over the belt. These wrappings are worn with all kinds of dresses when the temperature renders an extra wrapping necessary. Much simpler wrappings are made for the same purpose of white cloth, embroidered with brown or black braid. These are loose paletots, hooded talmas, or else plain, short talmas without hoods. In the latter case the bottom of the talma is hollowed out in the back so as to form an arch, and a pointed or square hood is usually simulated with braid.

White muslin dresses are much worn; these are made with an over-skirt, either falling straight or looped. They are generally very simple, being trimmed with pleated flounces of the same muslin, though some are elaborately striped and trimmed with lace or guipure insertion and edging. One of these dresses, designed for a youthful bride, consists of an apple green silk skirt with low waist and short sleeves, over which is worn a white muslin skirt composed alternately of a strip of muslin two inches wide and Valenciennes insertion half an inch wide, and trimmed with a deep flounce of plain muslin, bordered with Valenciennes insertion and edging each an inch wide; tunic of plain white muslin, bordered with Valenciennes insertion and wide edging, and looped in the back with a large bow of apple green ribbon, which fastens the bottom of the tunic to the bottom of the high-necked muslin waist, trimmed with lace and insertion, which is worn over the silk one.

The silks in preparation at the Lyons factories are all in brown shades, from the darkest to the lightest. The newest brown is tinged with red, and called the tiger. It closely resembles the old Bismarck shade. Glacé silks will be much worn in the coming season. Passementerie seems destined to go out of fashion; the trimmings most in favor will be made of the material of the dress. For wrappings silk embroidery and braiding will take the lead of passementerie trimmings.

For summer dresses muslin and écru linen continue in favor. They are not trimmed with bands and folds as much as last season, but rather embroidered with white or maroon, and a very few with brown soutache.

Large Scotch plaid shawls are taking the place of the water-proof cloaks, which are convenient, I admit, but so ugly and ungraceful that we part with them without a sigh. The plaid shawls are brown and black, black and white, and green and dark blue. They are just as impermeable as water-proof, and are less sombre. They are in the shape of long circulars, with collars trimmed with fringe, and cover the dress entirely. They are rolled up and carried in a strap, like the old-fashioned water-proof.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

LIVING IN GERMANY.

AMUSEMENTS.

HEIDELBERG and, in fact, most of the German cities and towns, not excepting the metropolitan ones and capitals, are eminently, in the American sense, quiet places. Those habituated to the emotional agitation of our country, its quick social and political sensibilities, its fullness and publicity of event, and the fluctuations of a society the surface of which is ever disturbed by the shifting of its elements, will find European, and especially German, life torpid even to dullness.

There are few excitements, but many pleasures in Germany. This is especially true of Heidelberg and those kindred places where the economy of living and the facilities for education combine to render them desirable resorts for prudent American families. It will be fortunate for the older members if they have already so far resisted, by a timely discipline, the influence of the wild excitement of their own country as to submit readily to a tamer civilization. As for the younger, they will find in the out-door life of Germany, with its freedom and suggestions to move the limbs and awaken the senses, an endless source of animated pleasure as well as vigorous health. American children certainly enjoy themselves better in the quiet places of Europe than they do in the most stirring of their own country. The pleasure of a child is especially dependent upon liberty of movement, and this can be safely conceded to even the youngest almost any where in Germany. We have been in no town or city of that country which did not offer an easily accessible public park, garden, or rural suburb. There is, moreover, such a general habit of order and decorousness of demeanor, not to speak of the ever-present *gens-d'armes*, that out-door amusements can be enjoyed any where without risk, either physical or moral.

People who have some taste for science or literature will find in Heidelberg—and what we say is not only true of it, but many other German towns and cities—every inducement and facility for its cultivation. There are not only the regular lectures of the university, but frequent popular courses given by the professors. The college library opens its full treasures to every stranger whose fidelity to its regulations is guaranteed by his banker or some respectable citizen. The museums of natural history are large, and freely accessible without charge or fee of any kind. The Botanical Garden is within ten minutes of the most distant part of the town, and its shaded walks, arbors, and sweet-scented shrubs and flowers attract those even who are indifferent to the scientific interest of the labeled trees and plants. All the parks and neighboring grounds are, in fact, so many fields appropriated to science, for there is hardly a growing thing which does not bear its learned mark.

Heidelberg is not even devoid of the means of entertaining the mere idler. We should advise, however, no one to trust himself any where, in fact, but especially in the quiet towns of Germany, without some more or less serious object, or the illusion of one. He can not pass most of the day in a broker's office, for there is none, and find an endless topic of talk in his own and his neighbor's wealth, for the subject is never mentioned. There is, however, a club called the *Museum*, of which no reputable foreigner has the least difficulty in being elected a member. Here he will find all the principal newspapers of the world and chief reviews and periodicals, a supply of billiard-tables, bowling-alleys, card-rooms, and a café and restaurant. Clubs are supposed to be cheap luxuries every where, but in Heidelberg and most German towns they are reduced to a lowness of cost unapproached in any other part of the world that we, extensive traveler as we are, have ever visited. The *Museum* at Heidelberg demands no initiation fee, and makes an annual charge of only ten dollars! Refreshment of all kinds is at the extremely moderate prices prevailing in most German places of public resort.

Cafés and *bierhäuser* of course abound where people abide so little at home as the social Germans. These are cheerful places of resort, in which there is seldom wanting a full company of animated but never disorderly people. A true social equality prevails; and the peasant, taking his *mittagessen* of sausage and black bread from under his blouse, washes down the dry morsels with a *schoppen* of beer by the side of the portly burgomaster or venerable professor. There is always a group, go where you may, of students, with their varicolored caps, flaming badges, monstrous dogs, and infinite capacity for beer, to enliven the scene. The newspapers—of which there is generally an abundant supply—cards, dominoes, and billiards serve to prolong the intervals of eating and drinking; and a large part of the day is passed at the coffee or beer house by every inhabitant of the place. The cost of the ordinary articles of consumption seems ludicrously small to the American accustomed to the free demands upon his purse made at similar resorts in his own country. The capacious glass of beer at only two cents, the cup of coffee or pint of wine at four or six cents, and an hour of billiards for ten cents, permit the poorest and most saving freely to enjoy the privileges of the beer-houses and cafés. To these resorts there are generally attached gardens shaded with linden-trees, and more or less adorned with flower beds; and in the summer-time the freshness of the breeze, the coolness of the shade, and the fragrance of the blossoms give an increased flavor to the enjoyment of the beer and cigar. Women and children then oftener brighten the company with their cheerful presence.

The winter is short in Germany, and the length of the mild spring and summer, with the many inducements to out-door enjoyment afforded by the cheerful and healthful attractions of the public walks, parks, and gardens, brings with it no weariness to the most restless seeker after pleasure. Heidelberg is especially favored. There is a walk for each day of the week. The traveler—for every one visits this famous university town—need not be reminded of the glorious old castle and its magnificent hills of park and terrace, from which he has looked down with Thackeray upon the "Neckar running its bright course through that charming scene of peace and beauty." Again, the *Molkenkur* attracts us up the steep ascents, with its pretty Swiss cottage, and its look-out from the vine hills of the Odenwalk, over the Rhine and its broad valley, to the distant mountains of the Vosges. France was once, but is no longer, visible from this commanding summit. There is, besides, the *Wolfsbrunner*, the *Kaiserstuhl*, and the *Speyerhof*, all familiar places to the traveled European.

The German, who, with all his feeling for the æsthetics, is never insensible to the dietetics, will tell you, while descanting upon the picturesqueness and romance of these charming excursions, that there is a glass of beer at the end of every walk. And indeed there is, and worthy of greeting all thirsty travelers. There are delectable things for the hungry too. At the refectories of the castle and the rest you can always fare with that combination of the substantial and cheap specially provided for the fullness of German appetite and scantiness of German purse. There is hardly a day in midsummer when the hills are not echoing the orchestral music from bands placed here and there. There are open-air concerts at all these establishments frequently during each week, with the trifling charge of four or six cents for admission. On such occasions the whole population leaves the town to take its fill of a music in which it especially delights; and nothing can then be more cheerful than the walks and terraces of the castle or its rival resorts, crowded with holiday folks.

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A SKETCH IN THE MONKEY-HOUSE.

THE opinions of mankind concerning monkeys are pretty well known. Other animals, such as the dog and the elephant, may, in point of intellectual development, more nearly resemble the human species; but, with regard to physical similarity, the monkeys are unequaled in their likeness to men. Consequently a cage full of monkeys possesses an intensely human interest. We seem to see ourselves through the bars, bereft of speech, it is true, and furnished with tails, but in all other respects wonderfully human.

So much for what we think about monkeys; the next question is, what do monkeys think about us? Here in our picture are a number of ladies and children gazing into the monkeys' cage at the London Zoological Gardens. Is it not possible that the denizens of those cages, being by no means destitute of brains, may have some views of their own concerning their visitors? Can we not fancy that on some balmy summer morning, before the public are admitted to the gardens, some ancient patriarch of the race, hanging gracefully by his tail with his head downward, addresses his audience thus: "Fellow-citizens, the gates are still shut, and the men-monkeys have not arrived. Let us reserve our gymnastic performances till the period of nut-throwing approaches, and spend the interval in the improvement of our intellects. I propose, fellow-citizens, to deliver a brief lecture on the Development of Species. The monkey, of course, stands at the head of animated nature; but there are links in the great chain of creation, and the man-monkey forms one of these links. In viewing the man-monkey, my friends, you view, if I may venture to borrow a literary simile, a cheap and inferior edition of yourselves. Did I hear a chatter of disapprobation from the trapeze at the north end of the hall? Allow me to inform that gentleman in the trapeze, with the little green friend here reminds me, that hair, in the case of the female man-monkey, is very often borrowed from somebody else; for, the other day, my honorable friend in green with one skillful twitch removed the whole of a lady's chignon without hurting her a bit. It is almost painful to observe, in the case of an animal so nearly allied to ourselves, that this absence of a natural coat compels the unlucky men-monkeys to cover themselves with the wool of sheep and the webs of silk-worms. Even their feet are protected by bullock-hides, and their hands by goat-skins. But there is another point in which they show their inferiority still more decidedly. I allude to their entire deprivation of that invaluable prehensile organ commonly called a tail. Nevertheless, as we know that certain members of our own family are similarly destitute, I do not despair that, as the ages roll on, the man-monkey will be furnished with that spinal prolongation which to us seems as necessary as a pair of eyes. And now let me tell my younger friends why the man-monkey entraps us and cages us. It is that he may study our habits with a view to his further development. Heavy and clumsy though he be at present, the cultivation of athletic sports will indubitably add lightness and grace to his figure, and will gradually induce a tail to sprout."

The arrival of a batch of visitors here caused the venerable sage to descend from his perch with undignified alacrity, exclaiming — so a school-boy declared—"Prigs I first nut."

THE DARWINIAN THEORY—A SKETCH IN THE MONKEY-HOUSE OF THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

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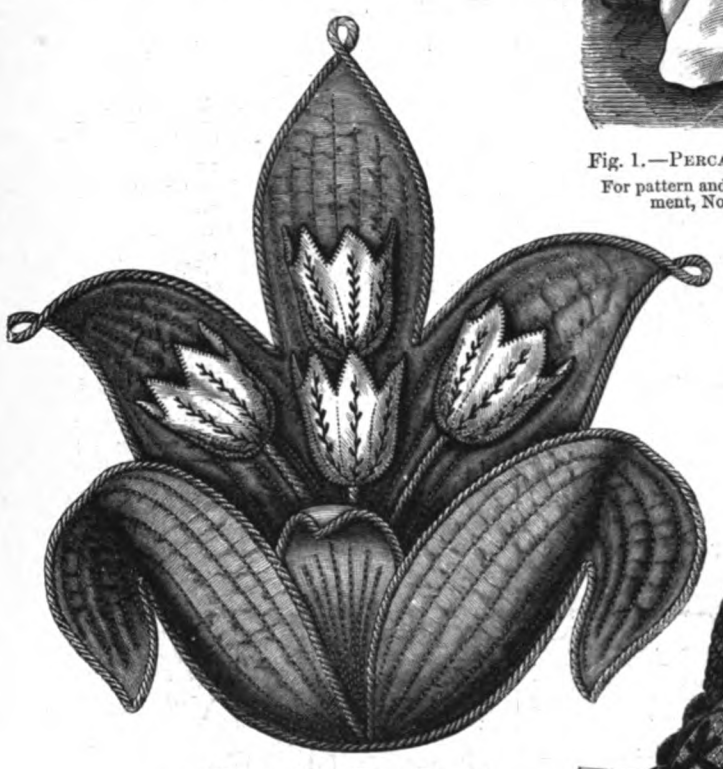
Woolen Reps Wall Pocket.

THIS convenient wall pocket, which is designed to be hung on the wall over the bed, simulates a bouquet of green leaves and white flowers, made of woolen reps or cashmere, with an interlining of wadding. The stitching may be done by machine or hand with saddler's silk of the color of the green reps. The wall pocket is also trimmed with green silk cord, as shown by the illustration. Cut from Fig. 31, Supplement, one piece of card-board, one piece of green reps, and one piece of green muslin, leaving four-fifths of an inch extra material all around the two latter pieces. For the larger pocket piece cut two pieces of green reps, with the same quantity of extra material all around, from Fig. 32, Supplement; one of these pieces forms the lining. These pieces are interlined with wadding laid between muslin. Baste the piece of reps intended for the back of the pocket on wadding, and stitch the pieces with green silk as shown by the illustration, simulating the veins of leaves. For each of the four small pockets cut two pieces of white reps from Fig. 33, Supplement; furnish these pieces with a thin interlining of wadding, and quilt and ornament them in herring-bone stitch with green silk, as shown by the illustration. Run the edges of the material together, button-hole stitch the edge of the pocket pieces with green silk, at the same time fastening each pocket piece to the cover of the back of the pocket as indicated on the pattern. The flower stems are simulated with green silk cord. After fastening the larger pocket piece on the cover of the back of the pocket according to the corresponding figures, baste the latter on the card-board, and cover the loose under side of the card-board with muslin. Finally, sew a row of green silk cord on the outer edge, at the same time fastening loops to the points of the leaves of the back, which serve to hang up the pocket.

Fig. 1.—PERCALE WALKING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 22–26.

Fig. 2.—POPLIN WALKING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16–21.



WOOLEN REPS WALL POCKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 31–33.

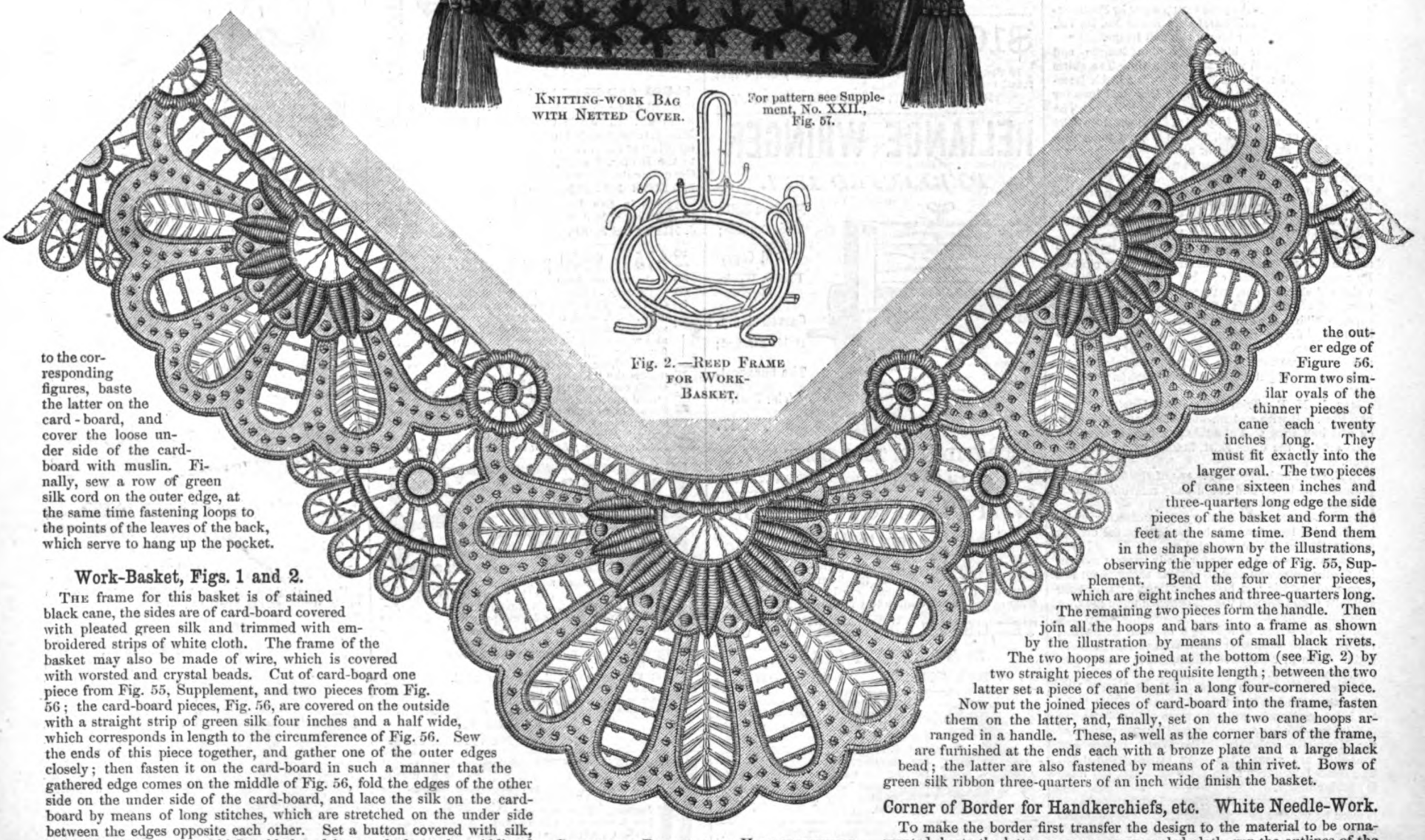
KNITTING-WORK BAG WITH NETTED COVER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 57.

Work-Basket, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE frame for this basket is of stained black cane, the sides are of card-board covered with pleated green silk and trimmed with embroidered strips of white cloth. The frame of the basket may also be made of wire, which is covered with worsted and crystal beads. Cut of card-board one piece from Fig. 55, Supplement, and two pieces from Fig. 56; the card-board pieces, Fig. 56, are covered on the outside with a straight strip of green silk four inches and a half wide, which corresponds in length to the circumference of Fig. 56. Sew the ends of this piece together, and gather one of the outer edges closely; then fasten it on the card-board in such a manner that the gathered edge comes on the middle of Fig. 56, fold the edges of the other side on the under side of the card-board, and lace the silk on the card-board by means of long stitches, which are stretched on the under side between the edges opposite each other. Set a button covered with silk, an inch in diameter, on which gold thread is stretched, on the middle of the side covered with silk, and sew on the trimming strips as shown by the illustration. The latter consists of two strips of white cloth each twenty inches long and four-fifths of an inch wide, which are pinked finely at both sides and ornamented in point Russe embroidery with saddler's silk of a different color. Both cloth strips are interwound at regular intervals, as shown by Fig. 1; at each intersecting point they are fastened by means of a small button, which is covered with woven green silk. Cover the under side of the card-board smoothly with green silk. The card-board piece, Fig. 55, is also covered at each end, from the upper edge to the straight line on the outside, with a gathered piece of silk. The middle free part between the lines (the bottom of the basket) is smoothly covered with silk. Then cover this piece of card-board smoothly with silk on the under side, and join Figs. 55 and 56 according to the corresponding figures. Sew on a row of green silk gimp half an inch wide along the seams and the upper edge. For the frame of the basket (see Fig. 2), cut of black stained Spanish cane a quarter of an inch in diameter two pieces each twenty inches long, four pieces each eight inches and three-quarters long, two pieces each sixteen inches and three-quarters long, and two pieces each fourteen inches and a half long. Cut of cane three-tenths of an inch in diameter two pieces each twenty-one inches and a quarter long. All of these pieces are soaked in boiling water, which makes them soft and flexible, so that they may be easily bent into the shape shown by Figs. 1 and 2. Slope the two thicker pieces of cane at the ends to a length of an inch and a quarter each, then bend each piece in an oval, and fasten the ends on each other by means of small rivets. The oval thus formed must correspond with the outer edge of Figure 56. Form two similar ovals of the thinner pieces of cane each twenty inches long. They must fit exactly into the larger oval. The two pieces of cane sixteen inches and three-quarters long edge the side pieces of the basket and form the feet at the same time. Bend them in the shape shown by the illustrations, observing the upper edge of Fig. 55, Supplement. Bend the four corner pieces, which are eight inches and three-quarters long. The remaining two pieces form the handle. Then join all the hoops and bars into a frame as shown by the illustration by means of small black rivets. The two hoops are joined at the bottom (see Fig. 2) by two straight pieces of the requisite length; between the two latter set a piece of cane bent in a long four-cornered piece. Now put the joined pieces of card-board into the frame, fasten them on the latter, and, finally, set on the two cane hoops arranged in a handle. These, as well as the corner bars of the frame, are furnished at the ends each with a bronze plate and a large black bead; the latter are also fastened by means of a thin rivet. Bows of green silk ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide finish the basket.

Fig. 1.—WORK-BASKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 55 and 56.

Fig. 2.—REED FRAME FOR WORK-BASKET.



CORNER OF BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, TIDIES, ETC.—WHITE NEEDLE-WORK.

Corner of Border for Handkerchiefs, etc. White Needle-Work.

To make the border first transfer the design to the material to be ornamented, baste the latter on paper or enameled cloth, run the outlines of the design with cotton, and work the button-hole stitch bars with picots; these

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bars must rest loosely on the foundation. Now work the parts in button-hole and knotted stitch as shown by the illustration. Where the button-hole edge should be wider and more raised underlay the outlines more thickly. Work the lace stitches, separate the embroidery from the underlayer, and cut away the foundation on the under side, and also cut away the projecting material at the scalloped outer edge.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAMPLE.—By all means make your linen lawn by directions given for box-pleated waists of cambric and calico dresses in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV. A narrow gathered ruffle is on the upper skirt, a wider flounce on the lower. The *Bazar* does not admire the dark brown linen trimmings on lighter linen. Bias bands of the same linen are far prettier, and, if you can afford it, linen fringe on the upper skirt. The box-pleated waist, or else a regular polonaise in the apron-polonaise shape, is commended for the buff suit. Wear black belt and gros grain sash with shirt-waists, but not with polonaise.

H. M. H.—Your sample is pongee. Make by pattern of Traveling Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. IV.

AUNTIE.—The cut paper patterns of children's clothing that we have already given will supply you with all the guides you need in dressing your nieces and nephews. For the girl of twelve use the misses' polonaise suit, the Gabrielle and walking dress will answer for the smallest boy and girl, and the knee-breeches suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. IV., will fit the boy of seven. The *Bazars* in which these suits are illustrated will furnish more lengthy suggestions about materials and making than we could possibly give in this column.

JACKSON.—Light pantaloons and dark coat are not worn as full dress; but they appear at many receptions where gentlemen are in full evening dress.

BROWN AND WHITE CHECK.—Gore your skirt sufficiently to get some broad pieces for making a false postilion-basque. This will improve your round waist.

CORA M.—Sashes are not tied in bows, but are long loops drawn over the belt, with short ends but little longer than the loops.

MINING TOWN.—Your sample is not real seersucker, but merely calico. The stripe, however, is stylish, and will make up prettily by directions given for calico dresses in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV. The figured grenadine is out of style. Get a solid black or a striped grenadine, and make by Postilion-Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV.

ZARAH H.—We do not believe you have been cheated in your silk. It seems to be all silk; but the *Bazar*, with all its experience, can not pronounce positively on the black silks now in market. The only test is in wearing them. Your sample certainly makes a good show for the money invested.

HATTIE.—A demi-train and basque is all you need of your gray dress. Trim with gray fringe and passementerie.

A CONSTANT READER.—Your sample is a poor imitation of Valenciennes lace, and not good enough for under-sleeves, etc. Plain muslins look better than figured over silk. Put a button in the seams and halfway between each seam of your skirt, and fasten to a tape strap and button-hole pendent from the belt of your skirt.

J. S. L.—The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand—that is, next the little finger.

MAUD.—Make your pretty écru linen by directions for cambric dresses in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV. Put a deep side pleating on the lower skirt, headed by a bias band. Linen fringe and a bias band trim the upper skirt. Make your silk a suit by Postilion-Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV.

KATRINE.—You can not wear a trained petticoat with a court train, because the court train is worn over a short dress skirt. Make your écru pongee by Postilion-Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. Trim with darker brown silk and fringe.

TENNESSEE.—Your black grenadine basque and sleeves can be lined with farmer's satin. The skirts are not lined, but should be worn over a black farmer's satin skirt. Make with slight train and loop for the street by buttons and straps near the top. The trimming you suggest is pretty. A linen over-skirt and sacque or shirt-waist, or else a linen polonaise, over a black skirt of silk or alpaca, is popular for a traveling suit. Sashes are worn with shirt-waists, but not with basques or polonaises.

MRS. S. J. C.—Gray linen is selected for new suits this summer, because almost every lady had a buff linen last year; but both are stylish. Make by hints in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV.

KATE AND ALICE.—The Gabrielle and walking coat are the best patterns for a child's first short clothes. By way of variety you can have yoke dresses—the waist and skirt in one, gathered to a yoke. Mothers often cut off the skirts of long robes for short yoke slips. Children are seldom seen in short-sleeved and low-necked dresses any more.

SUBSCRIBER.—White Swiss polonaises or over-skirts and sacques are worn over black silk or quiet colors, and are not thought too dressy for church in the country.

MRS. P. M. R.—Trim the apron-polonaise of your buff linen suit with an inch-wide bias band of the linen and buff fringe. Put a side pleating three fingers deep around the dress skirt, headed by a bias linen band.

B. N. G.—The bride-maid is one of the first to congratulate the bride, and she usually remains standing as during the ceremony.

OXELLE.—Gaze de Chambery, grenadine, or white muslin with lace, may all be used as bridal dresses when satin and silk are objected to.

DESOLATION.—It *is* proper for a lady to wear mourning for the lover who dies after their engagement has been made public and before marriage. "How long and how deep" she will wear it depends upon her own tastes and feelings.

MRS. G. G.—Your sample is a checked grenadine, and should be worn over black silk, or else farmer's satin. Trim with gathered ruffles, either wide or narrow, as you fancy.

MORRISETTA.—If two people really and truly love each other, the fact that the gentleman is three years the lady's junior will not cause them unhappiness.

WINNIE.—We have not given a cut paper pattern of the Marguerite polonaise. The Worth basque and over-skirt are among the most stylish worn now. The *Bazar* introduced them some time ago, but there is nothing newer.

X. Y. Z.—Black grenadine trimmed with crape bands is worn by widows in fresh mourning. The polonaise style is preferred. It should be made over farmer's satin, as it is less lustrous than silk.

M. A. G.—"Hannah" and "The Lovels of Arden" are not concluded. We publish them as soon as the advance sheets arrive.

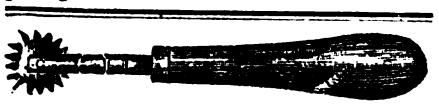
ADA N.—Make the dress like green sample by pattern of Traveling Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. IV., and trim with bias bands of the same and fringe.

MRS. S. H. S.—We can not recall the letter inclosing sample. A cut paper pattern of misses' suit has been sent you.

MRS. B. S. P.—Gabrielles of plaid flannel will be pretty for your boy's winter dresses.

CÆSAR covered his bald head and gray hair with a laurel crown. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR covers gray heads with the still more welcome locks of youth.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer removes scurf and all impurities from the scalp.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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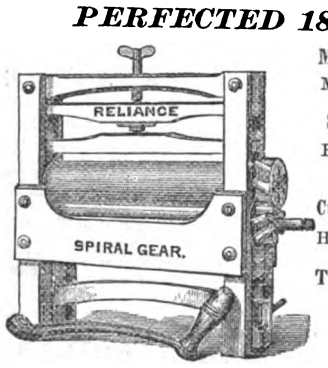

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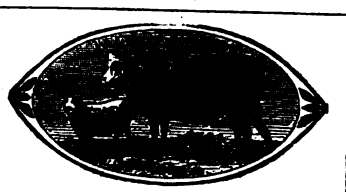

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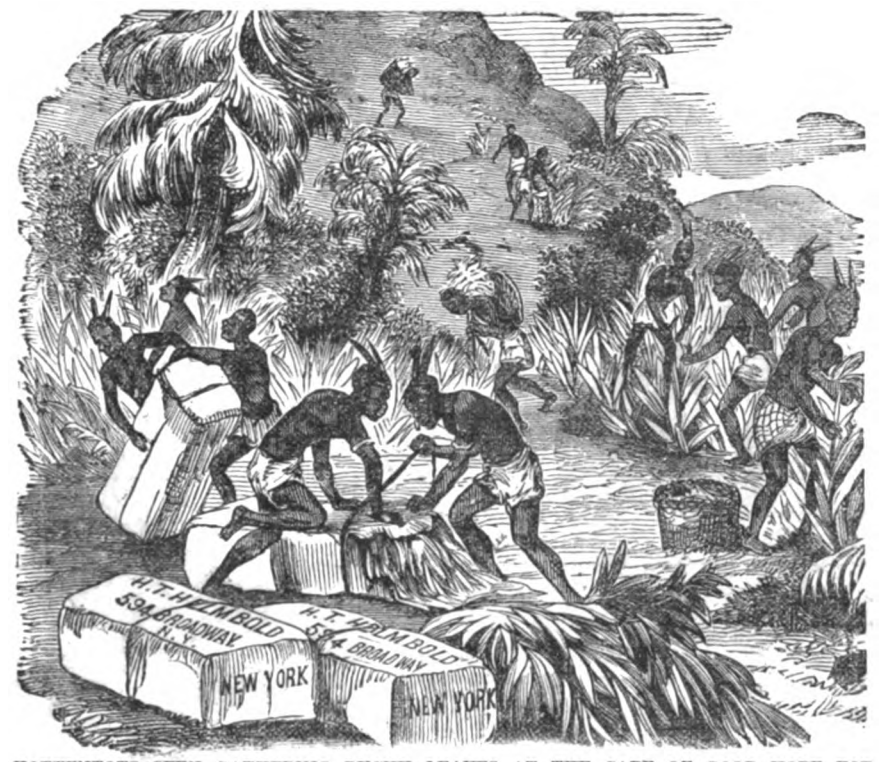

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The following is told of a young society gentleman who graduated from Harvard. On the examination in physics he was asked, "Mr. ——, what planets were known to the ancients?"

"Well, Sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter and" (after a pause), "I think, the earth, but I'm not quite certain."

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On a recent moonlight night a mother had the following observation made to her by her son, "It maun be a' nonsense, mither, about there being folk i' the moon."

"What way, my man?"

"Ou, because how could they crush themselves thegither when it's only half-moon?"

"Maybe the folk are like spy-glasses, and shut themselves in," said mamma, grinning.

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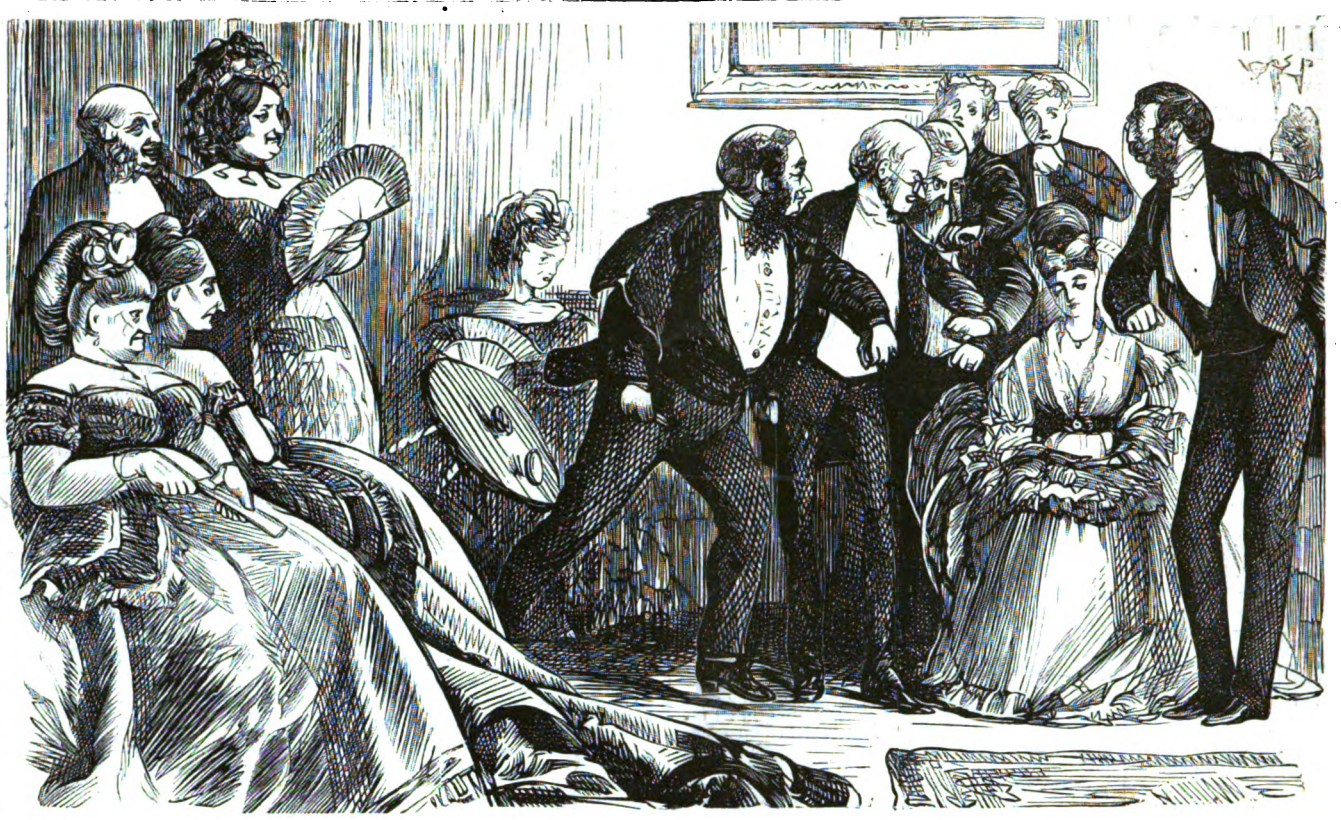
Consolation—I hereby give and bequeath.
Hope—Bill at six months.
Love—Soothing-sirup.
Youth—Gaudy neck-ties.
Truth—A horse-dealer.



AWKWARD SCENE AT A DINNER-PARTY.

UNCONVENTIONAL HOST (*who has completely forgotten his wife's instructions as to who was to pair off with whom*). "Oh—a—Dinner's Ready, Gentlemen. No Ceremony, I beg. Take down whom you Please!"

IT WAS VERY ELEGANT OF YOUNG WHATSHISNAME TO SO GRACEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE SALUTATION OF THE TWO YOUNG MISSES THINGEMBOB.

BUT WHY THE DICKENS DID HE NOT MANAGE TO KEEP CLEAR OF THE WHEELBARROW?

DREADFUL INCIDENT IN A RISING SUBURB.

CLASSICAL QUERIES.

Whether Hannibal really cut his way through the Alps, as it has been alleged, by pouring vinegar over them—whether he peppered them, or carried them by assault?

Whether Hebe was really the daughter of Jupiter and Juno; and if so, how could She-be?

Whether Hesiod, described as a very early Bœotian poet, was really so very early; and if so, at what hour did he generally turn out on a winter's morning?

Whether Homer, who wrote "Homeri Operi," ever heard any of his own operas performed?

Whether Mæcenas, so highly famed for his countenance of Virgil, ever drew the Latin poet's portrait?

Whether the Groves of Academus were on the site now occupied by the Groves of Blarney?

Whether the small band that accompanied Æneas on his wanderings in Italy was a quartette band, or whether, in consequence of the expected length of march, it was a band adapted for promenade concerts?

Whether the hundred hands of Briareus were ever known to strike at once?

Whether Cerberus, the dog who had three heads, found himself undecided when he wanted to wag his tail?

Whether Diana's partiality for the chase rendered her so chaste?

Whether the fact of the cynic Diogenes living in a tub caused him to try and make a butt of every one?

Whether the Dryads ever got wet?

The young lady whose feelings were "all worked up" has ordered a fresh supply.

An experienced dark nurse says: "It isn't much trouble to take care o' sick pussens; most on 'em don't want any thing, and if they do, they don't get it."

CONJUGAL REFLECTION.—A woman with two heads may be found to be attractive. But conceive, says Mr. Phunky, a wife having two tongues! Woe betide the husband who yields to her attractiveness.

WRESTLING EXTRAORDINARY.—Those who wish to keep Time will succeed by seizing him by the forelock rather than about the waste.

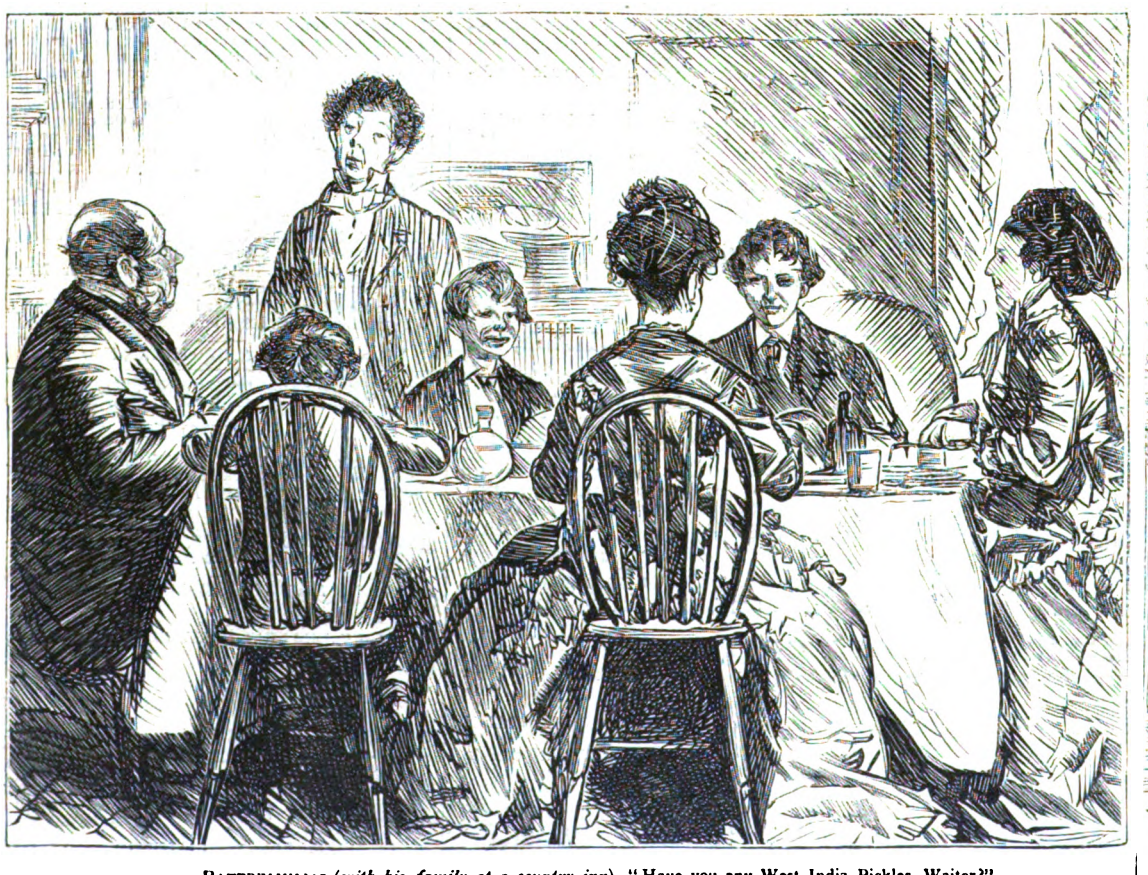
It has rained so hard at Milwaukee for four months that all the children born there are web-footed.

Why is buttermilk like something which never happened?—Because it hasn't a curd (occurred).

GROUND-BAIT—Advertisements on the pavement.

You can't get blood from a stone, but you can get money from a brick.

What is the difference between a rhododendron and a cold apple-dumpling? (Perfectly obvious, and yet nobody ever guesses it).—Why, of course, the one is a rhododendron, and the other is a cold apple-dumpling.



PATERFAMILIAS (*with his family at a country inn*). "Have you any West India Pickles, Waiter?"
PADDY. "We've not, Sor."
PATERFAMILIAS. "No Hot Pickles of any Description?"
PADDY. "No; shure they're all Cowld, Sor."

BOB. "I say, 'Arry, 'ow is it yer don't 'it it off with Tom Wright?"
'ARRY. "Well, yer see, he's such a Cad! He's always talkin' rot about Mental Culture, and that sorter thing, yer know, and yer never 'ear of 'is bein' in Debt, or gettin' Tight—or doin' any think Manly, yer see!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 33.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS elegant suit may be worn by youths from eight to fifteen years old, and is equally well adapted to summer, fall, and winter materials. In the original the pantaloons are of pearl gray, and the vest and coat of black summer cassimere. The pattern is graded, as usual, by the bust measure, which is taken in the ordinary way, by passing the tape measure around the body, under the jacket, close under the arms, and drawing it moderately tight. As, however, the length of the pantaloons may vary, before cutting the cloth care should be taken to measure the person, and adapt the pattern thereto. To measure for the length of leg of pantaloons, measure from the fork toward the ankle to the point which the pantaloons are desired to reach; then measure the pattern the same way, and lengthen or shorten it as much as may be required. In cutting, care should be taken to let the nap of the cloth run toward the bottom of the garment. Be very particular to put the pattern together by the notches. The suit is furnished in eight sizes, from 25 to 32 inches, bust measure, for youths from eight to fifteen years old.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises three articles, viz.: English walking coat, vest, and spring-bottom pantaloons.

ENGLISH WALKING COAT.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, sleeve, collar, and pocket welt. The perforations show where to put the buttons, breast pocket, cash pocket, and pocket on the hip. The perforations at the top of the sleeve show the form of the under part, and those on the collar where it should be creased and well shrunken in with a hot iron, so that it will fit to the neck. Roll the lapel to the top button-hole. Sew the sleeve with the longest seam to the notch in the back, the hollowing side to come to the lowest part of the armhole under the arm. Finish with a single row of stitching near the edge. Allowance is made for quarter-inch seams in this pattern. If the sleeves are too long or short, add to or take from the bottom and the top an equal amount, always keeping the same shape. The average length is given in the

YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN), AND LADIES' TOILETTES.

[Cut Paper Patterns of entire Suit of English Walking Coat, Vest, and Pantaloons, to fit Youths from Eight to Fifteen Years old, in eight Sizes, from 25 to 32 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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pattern, and this can easily be increased or lessened to suit exceptional cases.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for youth eight years old, 2¼ yards.

Farmer's satin for lining, 2¼ yards.

Buttons, 4.

Add one-eighth of a yard for each size.

VEST.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and collar. The perforations show where to put on the buttons and pockets, and where to crease the collar and shrink it in with a hot iron so as to make it fit well to the neck. Allowance for quarter-inch seams is made in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for youth eight years old, five-eighths of a yard.

Buttons, 4.

SPRING-BOTTOM PANTALOONS.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, back, waistband, back strap, fly, and facing under the fly for buttons. Place the pockets between the notches in the outside seam and the top, and face with a strip of the same material as the pantaloons. Put a piece of canvas four inches wide in the bottom for stiffening. The pantaloons should be shrunk at the bottom on the wrong side with a hot iron, so as to make them fit easily over the boots. Allowance is made in the pattern for quarter-inch seams, and an inch for facing at the bottom.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for youth eight years old, 1¾ yards.

Buttons, 11.

Add one-eighth of a yard for each size.

Ladies' Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—EVENING DRESS. This pretty toilette is designed for the country and watering-places. Dress of pearl gray Chambery gauze, trimmed on the bottom with a side-pleated flounce surmounted with wide white blonde, a narrow box-pleated flounce, and a ruche of rose de Chine silk. Very short over-skirt, forming points on each side, and surmounted with wide white blonde and narrow rose de Chine silk ruche. Low basque waist of rose de Chine silk veiled with pearl gray gauze.

Fig. 2.—SHORT WALKING DRESS of Havana brown foulard, trimmed with a darker shade of the same material. Over-skirt rounded and flat in front, and draped in a pouf behind, scalloped and edged with a darker shade. Waist with flat basques and coat sleeves, all ornamented with scalloped trimming of a darker shade. Wide linen collar with English embroidery. Maroon straw hat, trimmed to match the dress.

Fig. 3.—CARRIAGE DRESS. Dress of tiger brown silk, trimmed with pleatings arranged in sharp points. Half-fitting Moblot capote of lavender silk, edged with a ruffle of the same, with revers on the waist and skirt, pocket welts and facings of cherry silk.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In a few days we shall commence the publication, in HARPER'S WEEKLY, of the new serial story,

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

BY

WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

Mr. COLLINS stands in the foremost rank of living novelists, and the present story, which will be printed from advance sheets, is one of the most brilliant and fascinating efforts of his genius.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Youth's Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, graded to fit Youths from eight to fifteen years old, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount. For full list of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 527 of this Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain patterns and illustrations of a variety of Riding-Habits, Water-proof and Mohair Dusters; Linen, Silk, Poplin, Percale, and Foulard Dresses; Infants' Clothing, Children's Dresses, Jackets, Petticoats with and without Trains; Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

WOMAN'S WORK.

IN all the talk concerning the elevation of women from their present barbarism, of women's wages and women's work, it may be doubted if much serious consideration has been given to the amount of work and of intelligence that at present are absolutely required of every woman, simply as a woman, and independently of the trade, business, or profession in which she may be engaged.

We are perpetually being taunted with the perfections of our grandmothers, with their bread, their cake, their preserves, their cookery, and housewifery in general. No one seems to remember that we have invented since their day a score of new styles of bread; that where our grandmothers had half a dozen recipes for cake, and killed their husbands with the slow torture of black fruit-cake, a sort of *peine forte et dure*, lying, as it did, like a stone on the stomach—where they had an ignominious poverty, we have varied the disease with at least a hundred different and less guilty concoctions; while our endless list of preserves and jellies and canned delicacies, if they could but hear of them, would make the good people turn in their graves with longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But our grandmothers made their light bread, their rich cake, their tolerable sweetmeats; some of them did a little weaving, and a good deal of spinning; they made their husband's and their children's clothes, roping in the little ten-year-old daughters to the fine sewing; they ruled their servants with rods of iron; and that was all they were asked to do. Their accomplishments, with seldom exception of harpsichord or spinet, were confined to dancing and such simple embroideries as enabled them to mark their household linen plainly; they could read the Bible without much spelling, and they could sign their name to a deed after a fashion.

But look at their descendants. These are expected to leave school stored with an amount of information the mere catalogue of whose leading subjects would have dizzied the brains of their ancestresses with a consciousness of total imbecility. They must have such accomplishments as a certain amount of music, of drawing and painting, of acquaintance with at least two languages besides their own; they are expected to make no more of dancing than of walking, of embroidering and crocheting than of felling a seam; to be well acquainted with literature, with the topics of the day; to be able to give good reason for the faith, or want of faith, that is in them; to have, moreover, all the feminine graces that adorned their grandmothers; and when they marry, although it is understood that the servants, and not they, are to hold the rod of iron, they are expected to exhibit, whether they actually do exhibit or not, an orderly and admirable system of housekeeping according to the latest methods and appliances. To be sure, they have no loom to round their shoulders over, nor any spinning-wheel to flatten their thumbs, except in so far as their lots may be cast in the vast pandemonium of the deafening mills; but in their place there is the sewing-machine to weaken their ankles and bring on nameless diseases, with all the countless intricacies of tucks and bands it has originated; there is a patent sweeper, making about as much trouble as it saves; there is an egg-beater, claimed to revolutionize domestic life, and having which a woman would be a wretch to complain, but which, in the old country, has been worked to as good purpose, time out of mind, with a jack and string; and though there may be rubber wringers in the kitchen, there are ten articles now to one formerly to be wrung through them; and in spite of all the ameliorations of life to those who dwell in city houses—the description of which their grandmothers could only treat as a fairy tale, with the account of the gas and water and elevators and speaking-tubes and all the rest—in spite of these things and such as these a thousand new wants have arisen with them, and have become necessities, and made life not one iota less laborious now than in the good old days, "so called."

Meantime, those who live in the city houses are a small number at most, and the fortunate ladies of Beacon Street and Murray Hill and Michigan Avenue and the like must pass for mere nonentities in summing up the grand total of myriad wives and mothers over all the breadth of the land. These live in houses but little better than the preceding generations had, and something harder to keep clean; have but few more ingenious contrivances to supply their needs; have needs unknown to those who went before, and which the luxury of the age has painfully imposed upon them; while, at the same time, their chief duties are unaltered: babies are not born by machinery, nor brought up, any more than they were a hundred years ago; and even a nursing-bottle, bringing with superior qualities superior complications, requires twice the time and attention now that it did then. So that on the whole, since the old simplicity of life has vanished before the new conveniences, we find more work, if any thing, in every family, and can not declare that the present civilization has largely lightened the labors of woman, in whatever degree it may have refined and improved her mental being.

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done,"

says the threadbare adage, and so truly that the world recognizes it as an axiom as immortally fixed as that which declares a straight line to be the shortest distance between two points. Of course we do not speak of the few wealthy women lolling at their ease. As we said before, they are mere bubbles on the great tide of the average of women. We speak of that class of women each one of whom combines in her own person the office of wife, mother, housekeeper, servant, and any thing else unoccupied there may happen to be within the four walls where her husband has placed her. Take one day's routine from their lives, for example. In some rarely virtuous exceptions among them the husband rose and made the fires, and pottered round the house and yard, doing convenient little nothings, agreeable to have if done, but not much missed if undone; but more usually he turned for a last sweet snooze till his wife, having laid and kindled the fire and made ready the meal, summoned him to his smoking breakfast—the wife much preferring that course, on the whole, to the bother she would have to endure about her work in the constant criticism and suggestion of his better experience. We can assume, if we will, that his affections were warm and his temper perfect, and that he made the morning meal a delightful half hour to his family ere he went across the threshold, and the day's work began for him. He went to his business—possibly with a sense that things were going on by clock-work at home, not by handiwork, possibly with no sense at all about it—and his business was one solid thing about which and which only he was expected to have either knowledge or skill. He may be a book-keeper; he is occupied with his figures, and is not called upon to be a salesman. He may be a salesman, and he takes down and puts up the goods, and chaffers with the customers, and is not called upon to be a porter. He may be a merchant; all that is required is that he should know what to buy and where to sell. He may be a mechanic; he would be rated, if he attended to any thing more than his specialty, as Jack at all trades and good at none.

But his wife! Her first duty is to be a thorough domestic. She is to be a good scullion, or she is disgraced with floors ill scrubbed or pots and pans poorly scoured, with smoking lamps and rusty knives and greasy dishes; a good chamber-maid, for the family health will suffer if the beds and rooms are not neat and clean; a good house-maid, and know exactly where to throw tea leaves, how to sweep without making more dirt than she takes away, how to dust without smutching. She must be a good washer and ironer, for nobody knows better than she the rout that will be made over the shirts if they are not right to a particle, and in which if the starch is one grain too light they will be "limp as a rag," and if too heavy they will be stiff enough "to cut a man's ears off;" and nobody would be more vexed than she to have her husband go about with mortifying linen on; and nobody loves better than she to see her children march off to school in their spotless tiers. She must be a good nursery-maid, or else her children's bodies will be injured and their dispositions soured; perhaps, too, a few duties of the governess are to be thrown in, if, being ambitious for the little people's success, she hears the doubtful lesson before the school bell rings. She must be a good cook; it is both her duty and her policy, for she believes, with Bichât, that the epigastric ganglion of nerves is the brain of the emotions—or, in other words, that man is, like most animals, to be influenced through his stomach. What if the bread should be streaked, the pies not baked at the bottom, the fruit settled in the pudding, the potatoes waxy, the veal too rare, the beef too well done—would it not be ample cause for a divorce, or would it not be very likely to lead to one? With all this, since in this country she is "just as good as any body," she must be ready at any moment to lay aside the rôle of menial with her great apron, and, dress clean, collar straight, hair smooth, to answer the door bell, and greet the guest in the character of lady. And in all her duties she must have exercised a precision, skill, and calculation equal to any emergency or any calling. Then, too, the heavy work being well under way, she must be a complete seamstress; she must know how to seat her husband's worn trowsers and make her little boys' jackets as well as if she had been brought up a tailoress; she must fit the little girls' gowns as if she had been brought up a mantua-maker; she must trim their bonnets, if not her own, like a milliner; she must, in short, cut out and stitch together all the family garments, make caps and cloaks and muffs and mittens, represent, in fact, every trade in some measure except the shoe-maker's, thinking herself lucky and well used if now and then she does not have to cobble the shoes into the bargain! Nor, meanwhile, must she neglect any of the duties of the good mother. She must be ready to settle disputes, to make pleasure, to heal the sick, to give caresses, to answer distracting questions, to impart religious and other instruction, to bring her children up in the way they should go; and when her husband comes home, no matter how much the teething baby has fretted, the fire has refused to burn, the work has dragged at her soul, she must be the happy welcoming wife, a sunbeam in his house—and if she has sinned in one of these requirements, she has sinned in all. Not that husbands mean to be selfish or tyrannical or exacting, or do not love their wives with all their hearts, but that custom has established this order of things, and her own conscience and womanly love of approbation would destroy her if she did not do all as well as in her lay.

We confess that when we indulge in such a train of thought, and know such statements to be true, and that the odalisque of the harem has hardly a more absolute bondage than such women have, we are appalled with all it intimates and threatens. And we must declare that it behooves the race, wishing to be elevated, first to elevate its women out of such serfdom—to look about and find some remedy to a state of things universally accepted as the only state at present to be had. For ourselves, we are free to say that the surest help out of the darkness which we can see is in the adoption of the Cambridge plan of associated kitchens, furnishing hot meals and clean clothes to families at cost price, and leaving the mother of the family in her own house still, and with time to consider if the life she lives is worth the price of living.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Card-Playing.

MY DEAR JACK,—I was lately traveling by the train, and had taken a seat in the spacious and comfortable drawing-room car, gazing at the landscape and observing my fellow-passengers, when a gentleman entered, and, after looking about for a moment, and remarking that every body seemed to be engaged but me, he smiled, and said, courteously, "Would you like to take a hand at cards?" And he told me that a party in one of the little rooms, whose voices I had heard laughing and talking, needed only one person more to complete the proper number for a game. I thanked the gentleman, but I was compelled to tell him the truth, so I said, as politely as I could, "The fact is that I always drop asleep at cards." He looked at me suspiciously, as if he supposed me to be joking; but, as it is the truth, I did not betray any jesting intention, and the gentleman bowed and withdrew, blaming himself probably for not having foreseen that an old gentleman of my aspect was not likely to accept his invitation.

I saw him presently returning with a recruit whom he had found elsewhere; and for a long time afterward, as we were passing some of the finest scenery upon the continent, we could hear that loud and not merry laughter which proceeds from the card-table. But don't suppose, my dear Jack, that I am an enemy of cards. Like all other amusements, they are often very entertaining; but I have no passion for them, as many people seem to have. Sometimes I am fairly forced to take a hand at whist, when not to play would be to spoil the pleasure of three other persons. So I sit down, but with a sinking of the heart and sad misgivings. Your old whist-player, Mrs. Battle, for instance, is so terribly in earnest! The game is like the most solemn religious act. The silence and gravity in which it is played are awful. The deep sense of injury with which a bad play is regarded is too appalling for me; and when I seat myself with veterans at the whist-table I feel like an arrant impostor. I know that my excuses and deprecations are totally unavailing, and that they neither hear nor believe what I say. It is simply preposterous to them that a person should be so nonsensical as to insist that he does not like whist. You might as well tell the Duke of Clarence that you did not like Malmsey.

When the game begins I am in such an excited condition that I play second hand high, and lead trumps when I have no more, and throw out a whole series of the most positive but the most illusive signals to my partner. I am like the commander of a fortress who has lost his wits in the battle, and who allures his supporting army to destruction by false lights. At first I am overwhelmed with shame, and my conscious eyes avoid the stern virtue of Mrs. Battle's glance. But as the game proceeds, and the anarchy of my play becomes utterly hopeless, involving that unhappy lady in the shame of countless apparent blunders, compromising her very reputation as a wise and superior player, I grow reckless apace; I actually smile as I play at random; and I gaze blandly in her disturbed and indignant face as I frantically perpetrate every crime of misplay possible in the venerable game.

And if this excitement passes away under the sway of a more lenient partner than Mrs. Battle I become fatally drowsy. The silence and monotony of the game lull me irretriev-

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ably. My eyelids press together, my companions fade into spectres, my hand becomes lead, sweet oblivion steeps my senses, when the very silence arouses me, and I find that I have nodded, and that the game has stopped, every eye bent severely and with amazing and exasperating wakefulness upon me. Can you not imagine, my dear Jack, with what a sickly and vague smile I study my cards, profoundly unconscious both of what the last trick was, and of what my play should be? Indeed, on one occasion, which I can not recall even now without a certain terror, after resisting the sand-man with desperation, he suddenly emptied a load upon me, and I fell so sound asleep that my whole hand dropped upon the table, showing every card that I held, and, of course, bringing the solemn service to an abrupt close.

I thought of these things as I heard the sounds from the card-party in the car, and I knew that they were not playing whist. And as the train rolled on I thought of the little game, and of the cards, and of their various suits, until I found that I was musing upon the greater journey upon the road that we are all traveling; and Fate, or Destiny, or Life seemed to me to be playing with mankind as with a pack of cards, and all of us cast in some one of the suits. There is the suit of hearts—the emotional forces; the affections, sympathies, ambitions. There are clubs—brute strength, or, reflectively, intellectual power. The spades—what are they but industry? and the diamonds, but the force of money, the might of external splendor? I remembered the picture of the "Game of Life" by the German Retzsch—Mephistopheles playing a game of chess with a beautiful youth for his soul. But the game of life is played with cards rather.

You open your history, my dear Jack—that history in which I have no doubt that you read a chapter every day—and in the earliest ages the great game seems to be played with clubs. If the beginning were barbarism, which I do not assert, and which no man knows, it was the rule of force, of brutality. Does Homer recount traditions that were ever told, or is it an old tale of the poet, or of many poets, merely? "The great Achilles, whom I knew"—what is he but the king of clubs? or is he the ace and Hector king? It is still a game in which clubs were trumps, and he won most who was richest in that suit. The game is played with every suit, indeed, and trumps change with the constant deal. But when we come down to the epoch in which we hear the hermit Peter crying "God wills it! God wills it!" and Christian Europe pours into Asia to rescue the holy sepulchre, the civilized world is lifted upon a great emotion, religious fervor inspires all Christendom, and hearts are trumps. Still later, when this zeal has died away, and instead of Cologne Cathedral and religious temples, the palaces are built of Versailles and Marly—when the spirit of the age is symbolized in the glory of Louis the Fourteenth, and modern times begin—it is plain to see that it is hearts no longer, but diamonds, which are trumps. And in the world which the imagination sees, the Arcadia of the poets and of hope, the millennium of the prophet and the religious enthusiast, still the great game goes on; but men learn war no more; the spear is beaten into the pruning-hook, the sword into the plowshare: peace and industry and pastoral joy prevail, and spades are trumps.

So the great heroes are the picture-cards, the court-cards, of history. When Xerxes comes glittering and endless out of Persia into Greece, when Alexander is universal victor, when Julius Cæsar masters Rome, when all the great captains, to Napoleon Bonaparte, carve their names with their swords, they are all kings of clubs if their cause is humane, and knaves if it is not. The poets, the philosophers, the story-tellers, they are the kings and queens of hearts. From Homer to Hawthorne, they lead the precious suit to which all priests of the imagination belong, and of which our Shakespeare is the ace. Then the sober suit of spades, with all its honors: from Gutenberg to Morse, the great inventors, the direct benefactors, they are the kings and queens and aces of the honorable and millennial suit, and they only are the knaves who prostitute invention to base ends. And who, dear Jack, are the kings and queens of diamonds? Not rich men merely. Your father may have been a highwayman, and your fortune may be but the money that he stole. That is not a patent of regality, nor a kingship by the grace of God or of desert. If you will go with me about the city, into fine houses and into public offices, or to the gayest haunts of summer fashion—to Newport, to Saratoga, to Long Branch—I will show you the knaves of diamonds. And there with them, indeed, may be the kings and queens. But these are not they who wear the diamonds for their own display, but who light the way of others with their lustre. They are the rich who do not plate their own lives with gold, but cheer the world with their beneficence. They are the stewards of a divine bounty. Their diamonds are seen, not upon their shirt bosoms, but in great schools, in hospitals, in reading-rooms, in workshops, in lodging-houses, in thoughtful details of beneficence every where. They are the kings and queens of the splendid suit. When such large souls are in the hands of Destiny, diamonds are indeed trumps.

You see, my dear Jack, how the fancy spun itself in my mind as we rattled along, hour after hour, in the beautiful summer day, while the game went on in the car, and I heard from time to time the laugh of the players. I thought of the private lives I knew all around me in which this or the other suit was trumps. I do not blame the choice, if, indeed, it be not rather temperament. Here is Tom, whose soul is devoted to his game, in which diamonds are trumps. He sees every thing through them. He measures every thing by them. He secretly thinks that they will make home happy, and that without them it must be chilly and pinched. He supposes that every man is swayed by them at last, and that they are the indispensable good. Here is Will, who smiles at Tom, and who sets his hope upon position and public power. He gladly spurns the diamonds, if he can touch the hearts of men. And here Ned wonders at both, and finds his sole delight in rural seclusion and his spade; while Hal is happy in boating, hunting, leaping—a muscular Christian, a king of clubs.

So are we all distributed, dear Jack, each in his suit: so may life seem, in little or in large, a game of cards. I wonder if we could persuade Mrs. Battle and her friends at the whist-table to play the real game as earnestly as they do their little parody of it?

Yours, dear Jack,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE Youth's Suit, an illustration of which is given on our first page, consists of an English walking coat, vest, and pantaloons. It is worn by boys from nine to fifteen years of age. The coat is single-breasted, fits the figure easily, covers the hips well, and is made after the English fashion, with broad back, open below the waist, and an overlapping flap, side body seams very wide apart, and a button on each seam to define the waist. Broad pocket flaps are also used. Two buttons fasten the front. The collar rolls low, beginning at the upper button. The edges of the coat are turned in and a facing stitched on, or else the entire garment is bound with braid.

The vest is single-breasted, with a low collar. The pantaloons are easy-fitting, with considerable spring at the ankle, and are made to wear with suspenders, precisely like those worn by gentlemen.

Blue-black, blue, and dark green cloth are selected for dressy suits of this description, which can easily be made up from the cut paper pattern published. The entire suit of one fabric is usually bought, costing about $25 for sizes large enough for a boy of twelve years. A binding of silk braid, and fine lasting buttons, finish the coat without ornaments. A pretty suit for midsummer is made of the jacket of blue diagonal cloth with white pantaloons. Fine diagonal cloth costs from $6 to $7 a yard, and is a yard and a half wide. Smooth surface blue cloth, weighty enough for the present and for fall wear, costs from $2 50 to $4 a yard. Entire suits of white duck, and of the white washing cloth—a sort of twilled flannel—are made for the seaside. Every-day suits are of gray Cheviots or brown, or else black with irregular dashes of white. The furnishing houses are making gray cassimere suits for fall. Smoked pearl buttons are used with these. Heavy gray cassimeres cost $1 50 a yard; qualities weighty enough for the present season are sold for $1.

Shirts worn by boys of the ages under consideration have two or three pleats each side of the box-pleated centre. Straight turned-over collars and square cuffs complete them. Neck-ties are of narrow gros grain ribbon, or of grenadine—a scarf with pointed ends—and are tied in a bow or sailor's knot. Made-up ties and scarfs do not look well on boys.

The youth's overcoat in preparation for fall is called the King William. It is a sort of sleeveless sack, with a cape at the back only, but falling over the arm and hanging like a loose sleeve. It is stylish, and will be comfortable also, as it is doubled on the shoulders, where boys need most protection, as their vests have merely thin cambric backs.

HINTS TO LADIES.

Buyers for the wholesale houses, having returned from Europe, speak with authority of next season's styles. Neutral tints, quiet and distinguished-looking, and the dark cloth colors that are scarcely removed from black, will prevail. Black will be more worn than ever, as half Paris and Berlin are in mourning. Three shades of a single color will appear in many costumes. The preference for soft, flexible fabrics has incited manufacturers to bring out new goods that will drape gracefully, and prominent among these is faille cashmere, a combination of silk and very fine wool, made as soft as twilled cashmere, but richly repped, like velours. This is for over dresses, mantles, and trimming. Stripes are not so popular abroad as are bold checks and blocks, especially of black and white together. Solid colors are preferred above every thing.

BLACK SILK SUITS.

In midsummer autumn costumes are prepared. Suits of black silk to be worn in September have the Gabrielle polonaise, described last week, and a single skirt. The entire costume is silk, with pleatings of the same; no velvet, but fringe and passementerie. The polonaise skirt is shaped in various ways, sometimes much shorter behind, with long and broad apron front; again, very long behind, with the front falling open, or closed by buttons or bows. It is bordered by fringe and passementerie, and the latter outlines a vest on the front. Ornamental buttons fasten the front, and passementerie ornaments are on the sides and back of the skirt, where the fullness is massed. The dress skirt has a single wide flounce, straight, in narrowest side pleatings, hemmed top and bottom, and simply stitched on just below the top, and caught again half-way down the flounce, letting the fullness below hang loosely. A cashmere polonaise made in the fashion just described will be much worn with single skirts.

BLACK ALPACA AND CASHMERE.

The black alpaca, mohair, and cashmere suits worn in the intermediate season will show a repetition of the popular box-pleated waists, with a difference. Instead of five single box-pleats, we shall have in the back and front three very broad double box-pleats. These will look exceedingly well in alpaca; and the loose-shirred blouse or chemise Russe of which they are composed is so easily made that ladies who have a good-fitting blouse pattern will not need a dressmaker's assistance. Alpaca blouses should have a lining throughout of soft muslin, put in after the pleats have been stitched and the waist fitted. The shoulder seams must be very short, the neck high, and the sleeves coat-shape or half-flowing. The simple over-skirt is long, and caught up by tapes falling from the belt, with a button-hole in the end to fasten them to a button half-way down the skirt. This makes a graceful bouffant drapery. The under-skirt has a wide flounce, arranged in broad double box-pleats, with a button just below the top of each pleat and another half-way down the pleat. The flounce is loose below.

Mohair and cashmere waists and over-skirts, made like those just described, will be worn with silk skirts. If the garment is to be very rich, a velvet pleat, or one of heavy repped silk, will appear on each side of the box-pleats, instead of making double box-pleats of cashmere. A passementerie vine passing up the centre of the box-pleats is also very handsome. The over-skirt should then be trimmed with fringe and passementerie.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. BROOKS BROTHERS; A. T. STEWART & CO.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

PERSONAL.

THE Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER, member of Congress from the Tenth District (Westchester, Rockland, and Putnam counties), having at his bestowal a cadetship at West Point, caused it to be made known that he would give the appointment to the boy who in open competitive examination should prove himself best entitled to it. Some twenty lads accordingly assembled at White Plains last week, from different parts of the district, to compete for the honor. After an exhaustive examination, the young gentleman who proved himself most competent was Mr. WILLIAM H. DYKEMAN, a son of District-Attorney DYKEMAN, and to him the appointment was consequently given.

—The new president elect of Union College, the Rev. Dr. POTTER, performed a very courageous and gallant act a few days since at Fire Island. A young lady, while bathing in the surf, was so imprudent as to venture too far into, and was caught by a wave and carried out far beyond her depth. She was in imminent danger of being drowned, when the doctor swam out, rescued her and brought her safely to shore. A moment more and she must have perished.

—In "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson" we find the following allusion to the Prince of Wales, who, by chance, made the fourth person at a dinner given to JEFFERSON. "The Prince ate half a leg of mutton; did not taste of small dishes, because small; drank Champagne and Burgundy as small beer during dinner, and Bordeaux after dinner, as the rest of the company. Upon the whole, he ate as much as the other three, and drank about two bottles of wine without seeming to feel it. . . . He never associated with a man of sense. He has not a single idea of justice, morality, religion, or of the rights of men, or any anxiety for the opinion of the world. He carries that indifference for fame so far that he probably would not be hurt if he were to lose his throne, provided he could be assured of having always meat, horses, and women."

—Mrs. JULIA A. HOLMES has recently established at Washington a "women's printing-office," in which she proposes to instruct as many young ladies as possible in "the art preservative of arts." In connection with the composing-room is a stereotyping department, where the young ladies will be taught how to do it, it being a suitable and profitable employment for "heaven's last, best gift," etc., etc.

—When Colonel FORNEY'S "Reminiscences of Public Men" shall have reached their hundredth number they will appear in book form; and they will be the best "reminiscences" of the kind yet published by an American.

—The present wife of Mr. M. M. (Brick) POMEROY is said to be a granddaughter of JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

—Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY was the only surviving brother of Mrs. ALCOTT, the mother—or grandmother, just as you like it—of "Little Women."

—Princess DORA D'ISTRIA has been honored by the Greek Parliament with the title of Megia Politissa, or Great Citizen of Greece. The title has heretofore been conferred upon Lord BYRON, ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO, defender of Mesolonghi, and Admiral CONSTANTINE CANARIS, the latter being the only one of the three who still lives. The Princess has gained this distinction by her literary services, her beauty, and her accomplishments.

—Mr. EMANUEL B. HART, president of Mount Sinai Hospital, and his colleagues, were honorably conspicuous in their efforts in behalf of the wounded during the recent riots. Some thirty wounded were taken there on the afternoon of that terrible Wednesday, and treated with the greatest skill and kindness. Although a Hebrew hospital, it is open to persons of every race and creed. Under the liberal and philanthropic management of Mr. HART, Mount Sinai Hospital is commending itself to the highest place in the public esteem.

—The Baroness BURDETT COUTTS did one of her customary neat things recently by presenting to the clerks in the banking-house in which she is a partner the sum of $16,000.

—A dinner quite unique in character was recently given at the Crystal Palace, London, to the actors of the Comédie Française. The chair was occupied by Lord DUFFERIN, supported by Lords GRANVILLE, HOUGHTON, POWERSCOURT, Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, and others of the nobility, and by BOUCICAULT, TOM TAYLOR, AINSWORTH, WESTLAND MARSTON, and others celebrated in literature and art. Lord GRANVILLE made a speech *en vrai Parisien*, one point of which was that a cabinet council had actually been held one hour earlier than usual to enable his lordship to be present at the banquet. From such a man and such a minister the compliment was neat and notable.

—Rev. Dr. BENT, of Baltimore, has had a singular experience in Boston. He went to church, where he heard music that made him wonder how he got in without a ticket.

—JENNY LIND has added manuscript to music by becoming an authoress. She is said to be the author of a novel recently published at Stockholm, entitled "An Artist's Pilgrimage on Earth." The book contains so much information about her early career that it must have emanated either from herself or from one intimately acquainted with her.

—JOAQUIN MILLER, whose poem of "Kit Carson's Ride" was published and illustrated in *Harper's Weekly* of August 5, is now on a visit to his brother in Easton, Pennsylvania, where he is revising the proofs of a volume of poems which will soon be given to the public. At a dinner given to him in London by ROBERT BROWNING he electrified and delighted the company by reciting the "Heathen Chinee." What a comfort it is to have these new poets coming on among us!

—Mr. JOHN KELLUM, one of the eminent and most successful architects of New York, died a few days since at Hempstead, where he was engaged in managing the extensive enterprise of Mr. A. T. STEWART. He was the architect of Mr. STEWART'S store on Broadway and Tenth Street, the Women's Hotel in Fourth Avenue, the *Herald* building, H. B. CLAFLIN'S store, and many other large edifices. He had accumulated property valued at over a million of dollars by his profession, and was emphatically the architect of his own fortune.

—Among the personal items of interest in the English papers is one to the effect that the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. JOHN PENDER, and Mr. FOWLER, the eminent engineer, are about to purchase the Suez Canal for £6,000,000. The undertaking cost the French company £22,000,000.

—Miss CUSHMAN, should she continue to improve in health, will probably re-appear on the stage early in the autumn at BOOTH'S Theatre. She will appear in but one character—Queen Katherine, in "Henry VIII."—not intending to revive any of the other characters of her répertoire.

—The Rev. Dr. THOMAS, of Dayton, Ohio, must rejoice in that little boy of his who had been visiting at the house of a female relation, where he took some primary lessons in the history of the American Revolution, and how the Americans whipped the Britishers. The lad returned home full of his new subject, and at the tea-table said to his father, "Pa, be you a British?" "Yes, my son; I was born in England." "Well, we whipped you!" retorted the youngster.

—Mr. HALLAM TENNYSON, a son of the poet, has recently won one of the poetry prizes at Marlborough College.

—M. GUIZOT, who has been quite ill of late, has recovered his health, and thinks he may live to celebrate his one hundredth birthday. He was born in 1787. He walks daily from eight to ten miles, is a hearty eater, uses no glasses, and works nine hours. His home recreation consists in playing with his grandchildren and listening to the reading of DUMAS'S novels, of which he is very fond.

—Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts, who is enjoying a much-needed vacation abroad, has been received with much consideration in England and Germany. He writes home to a friend that while in England he was struck with the absence of inebriated persons in the public thoroughfares.

—The "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" with the lover of money have a curious illustration in the recent death of Dr. ANTHONY MINTNER, in Shelbina, Missouri. He left a will bequeathing $18,000 to his wife and children, and providing for the distribution of the rest of his estate. As his assets were not known to exceed about $14,000, some curiosity was felt to know how the provisions of the will were to be carried out. The executor, on examining Dr. MINTNER'S papers, found a memorandum telling where in the garden a number of pots would be found, containing money. On digging at the places indicated $9,000 in gold coin was found. It had been buried there during the rebellion.

—In manner following does the poet SAXE gibbet to the stare of a disgusted world a certain malefactor who had misrepresented him on the lady question. Mr. S. is now, as has been his wont or will for many seasons back, enjoying his *opium cum digitalis* at Saratoga. He saith:

"Apropos of the ladies, you must permit me to make a 'personal explanation' over my initials in flat contradiction of an interviewing correspondent of the New York *World*, writing from Saratoga, who says that the present writer declared in conversation that 'women have no merit whatever,' etc., etc., which derogatory remarks were never uttered by me, nor, indeed, by any man whose pride in his mother, his wife, and his daughters is as sincere and hearty as that of
"J. G. S."

—Should Mr. DISRAELI fail in his expectation of being restored to the premiership next winter, it is more than probable that he will make a visit to this country.

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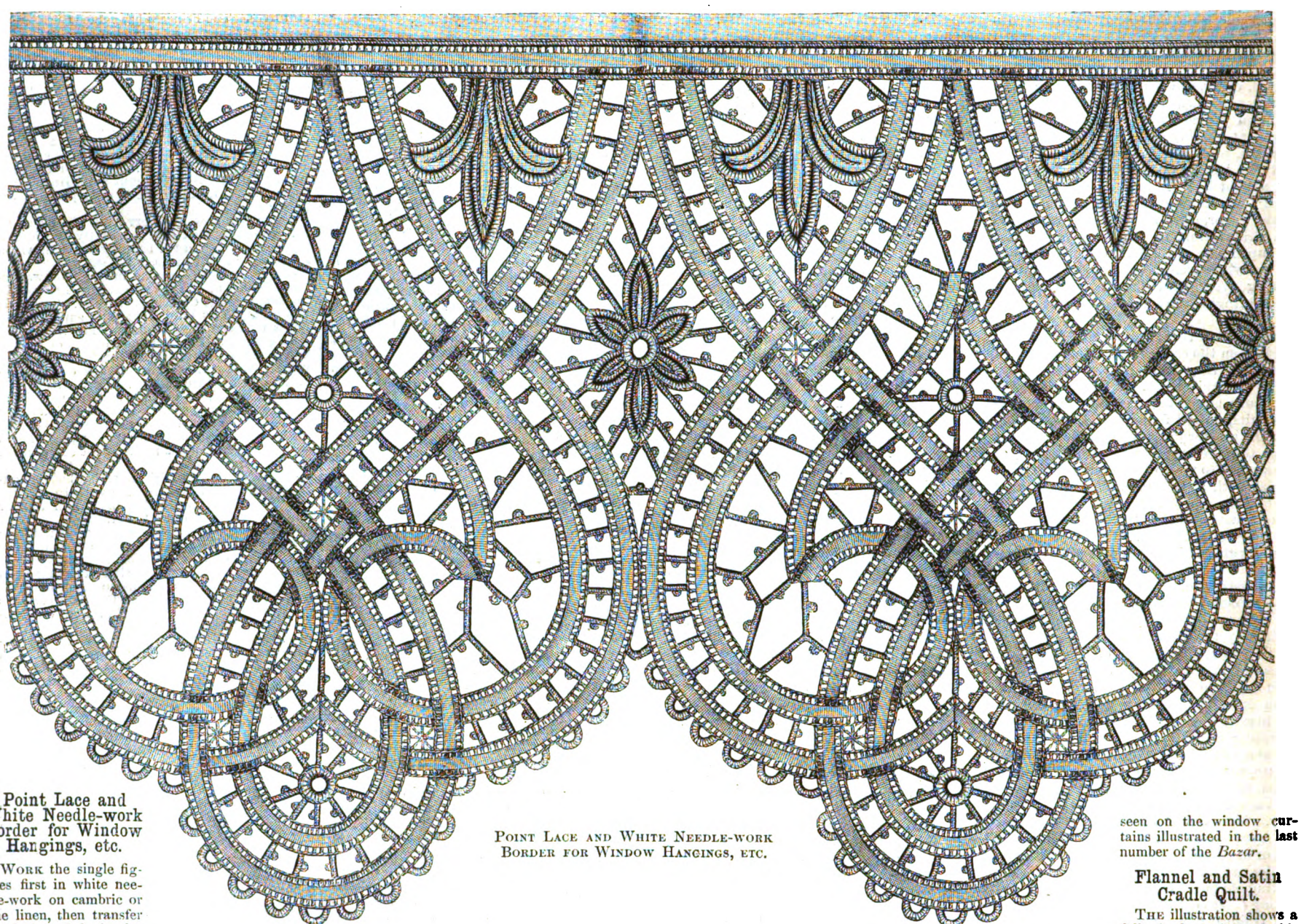


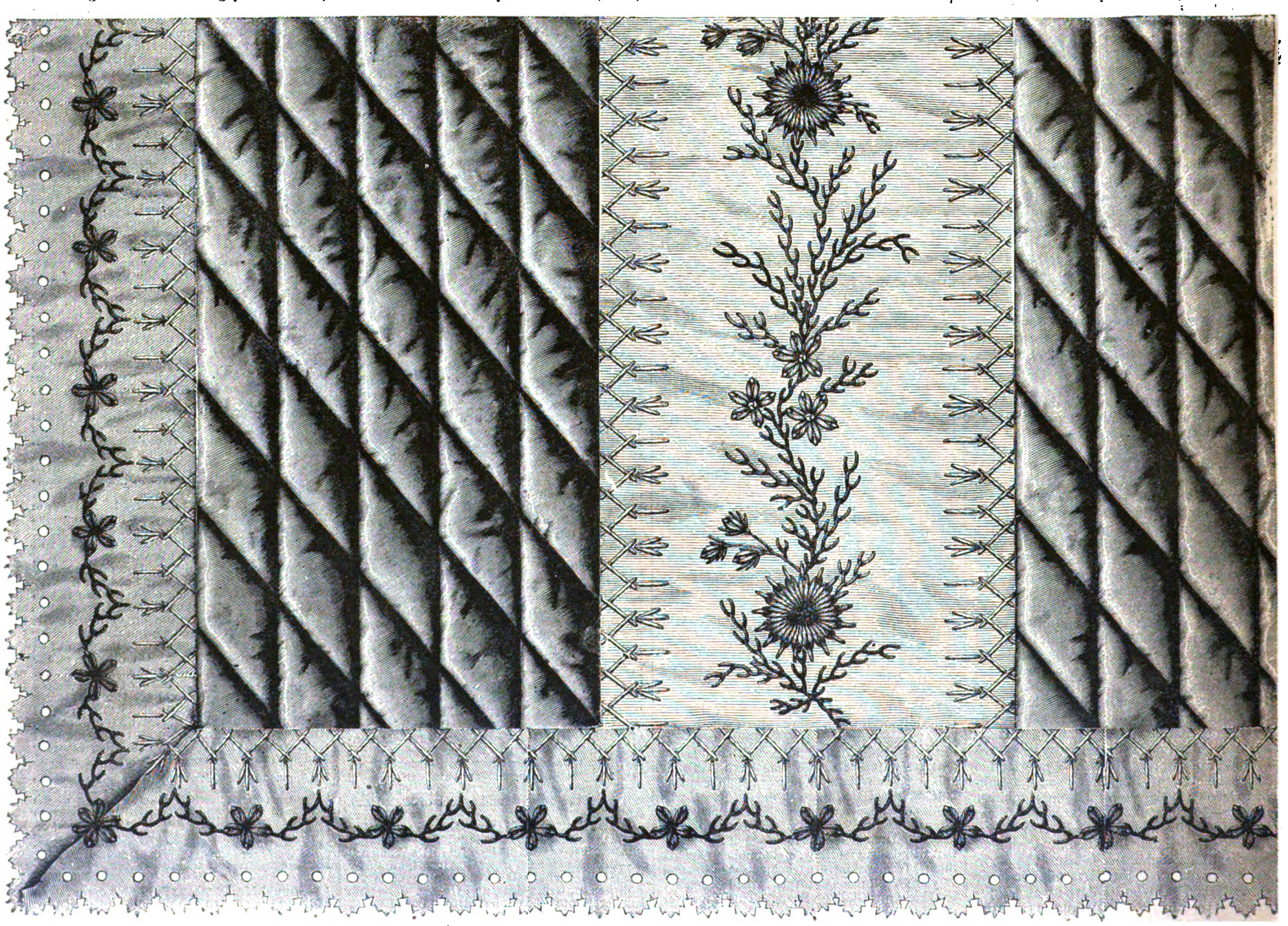
POINT LACE AND WHITE NEEDLE-WORK BORDER FOR WINDOW HANGINGS, ETC.

Point Lace and White Needle-work Border for Window Hangings, etc.

WORK the single figures first in white needle-work on cambric or fine linen, then transfer the design of the border to linen, and baste on the point lace braid and the needle-work figures, following the contours of the design. The intersecting points of the braid are fastened together with a few stitches. Work the button-hole stitch bars with picots, and the wheels as shown by the illustration, and button-hole stitch the scallops at the outer edge of the border. Button-hole stitch the border to the material to be ornamented. This border is seen on the window curtains illustrated in the last number of the *Bazar*.

Flannel and Satin Cradle Quilt.

THE illustration shows a full-sized section of this pretty quilt. For the quilted strips use satin, silk, cashmere, alpaca, woolen de laine, or any other material that may be desired; for the em-



FLANNEL AND SATIN CRADLE QUILT.

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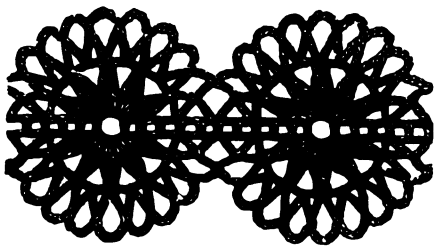
broidery on the flannel strips use silk, split worsted, or Saxony wool. In the original the quilted strips are of pink satin, interlined with thin cotton batting, and quilted with fine white silk. The flannel strips are embroidered with green and brown shaded saddler's silk and pink filling silk. With the latter the large and small flowers are worked in chain stitch and point Russe. The branches are worked in herring-bone stitch. The white flannel border which surrounds the quilt is embroidered in a similar manner; along the outer edge the border is pinked. In the original the satin strips are each four inches wide, and the flannel strips three inches and a quarter wide. The sides of the latter are fastened to the satin strips with a seam of cross stitch and point Russe worked with white silk (see illustration). Having lined the quilt with white flannel, fasten the border to the outer edge with a cross stitch seam and point Russe worked with white silk, and lay a pleat of the requisite size in each corner of the quilt. The surplus material of the pleat is cut away on the under side. These quilts can be made long or square. Embroidered strips of flannel and quilted strips of silk or merino joined in this manner may also be used as covers for cushions, chairs, etc.

Fig. 1.—MEDALLION FOR CARD-CASES, ETC.—COLORED EMBROIDERY.

Wall Pocket with Lambrequin.

THIS wall pocket is made of pasteboard, and is covered with dark brown cashmere on the outside and light brown cashmere on the inside. The trimming consists of lambrequin tabs of light brown cashmere, lined with brown muslin, and bound and trimmed with light brown silk braid. Light brown worsted cord and tassels and ruches of light brown silk ribbon complete the trimming. To make the pocket, cut for the back a piece of pasteboard sixteen inches and three-quarters long and nine inches and a quarter wide, which must be rounded off from the upper corners to the middle of the under edge. Cut the front of the pocket to correspond with the back, but an inch and three-quarters longer at the upper edge. At the rounded outer edge of the front cut slits three-quarters of an inch long at regular intervals, let the edges of the slits slightly overlap each other, and sew them on each other so that the rounded outer edges of the back and front correspond in length. Cover the front on the outside with the dark cashmere, and on the inside with the light cashmere; cover the back with the light cashmere on both sides. Overhand the rounded outer edges of the back and front together, and cover the seam with a dark brown worsted cord. Fasten to the front the lambrequin tabs, which are rounded at the under edge. The tabs are all four inches wide; the middle tab is nine inches long, and the others are graduated in length, as shown by the illustration. Bind the double material of each tab at the sides and rounded ends with dark brown silk braid three-quarters of an inch wide, and trim the tabs with dark brown silk braid a quarter of an inch wide as shown by the illustration. Overhand the straight sides together on the under side, and fasten the lambrequin thus formed to the upper edge of the front, laying the edge of the lambrequin over on the inside of the front three-quarters of an inch. Between the tabs set on the cord and tassels. Trim the inside of the top of the pocket with a ruche made of brown silk ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, letting the ruche project beyond the edge of the pocket half its width. Two brass rings, covered with brown silk, are fastened to the back of the pocket whereby to hang it up.

WALL POCKET WITH LAMBREQUIN.



CROCHET BORDER FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Medallions for Card-Cases, Cigar-Cases, etc., Figs. 1 and 2. Colored Embroidery

THESE medallions, which are also suitable for baskets, porte-monnaies, etc., are worked on cloth, silk, satin, velvet, or gros grain. They are worked in mosaic or dovetailed satin stitch, knotted and half-polka stitch, or point Russe with colored saddler's silk.

Crochet Border for Lingerie, etc.

THIS border is crocheted lengthwise with tatting cotton, No. 80. On a foundation of the requisite length work the 1st round.—Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 1 ch. (chain stitch), with the latter pass over 1 foundation stitch; after the sixth dc., however, not 1, but 2 ch. (with these pass over 2 st.), then, going forward, after each eleventh following dc. always 2 ch. also. 2d round.—4 ch., 1 dc. on the next dc., 1 dc. on the second following dc. of the preceding round; these 2 dc. are not worked off separately, but together; * 2 ch., 1 dc. on the same dc. on which the previous dc. has been worked, pass over 3 dc. of the preceding round, five leaflets on the next scallop of 2 ch., each of these leaflets consists of 3 tc. (treble crochet), which are not worked off separately, but all together; after each of the first four leaflets 3 ch., after the fifth leaflet 1 dc. on the fourth following dc. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the same dc. on which the previous dc. has been worked, and 1 dc. on the second following dc. of the preceding round; these 2 dc. are not worked off separately, but together; 7 ch., 1 dc. on the same dc. on which the previous dc. has been worked, and 1 dc. on the second following dc.; these 2 dc. are worked off together. Repeat from *. 3d round.—1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first of the 4 ch. at the beginning of the preceding round, 3 ch., * 1 stc. on the first of the next three leaflets, 1 stc. on the middle of the next 3 ch.; these 2 stc. are not worked off separately, but together; 7 ch., 1 stc. on the same ch. on which the previous stc. has been worked, and 1 stc. on the following leaflet; these 2 stc. are worked off together; 7 ch. After having crocheted in this manner eight times 2 stc. worked off together, and after each of the first seven of these stc. figures always 7 ch., work 3 ch., 1 sl. on the middle of the next 7 ch. of the preceding round, 3 ch., and repeat from *. Crochet three rounds just like those described also on the other side of the foundation stitches.

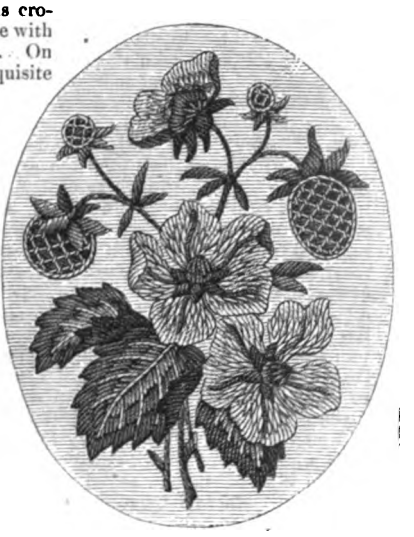


Fig. 2.—MEDALLION FOR CARD-CASES, ETC.—COLORED EMBROIDERY.

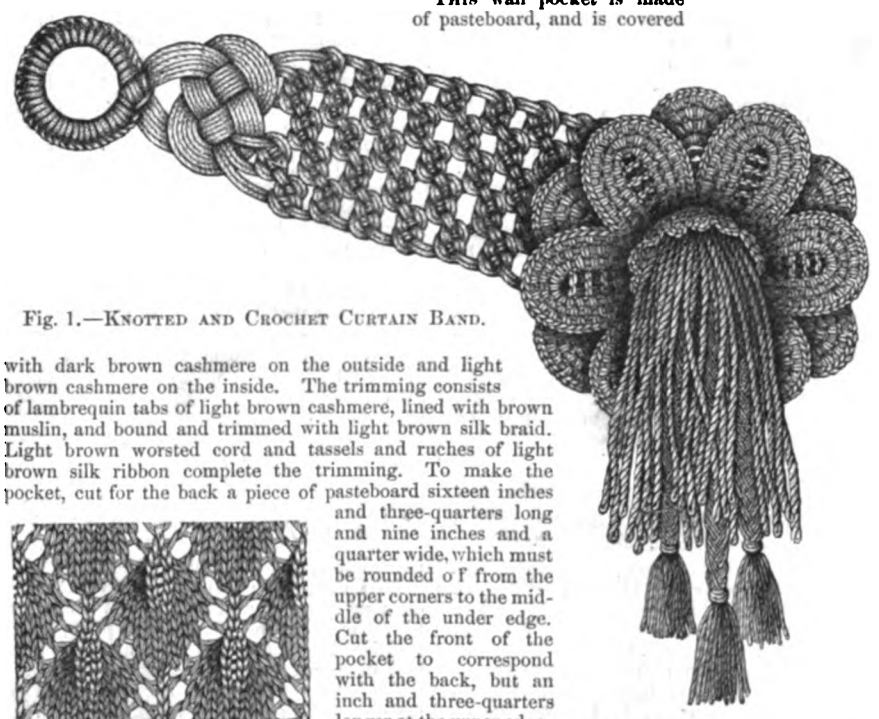


Fig. 1.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET CURTAIN BAND.

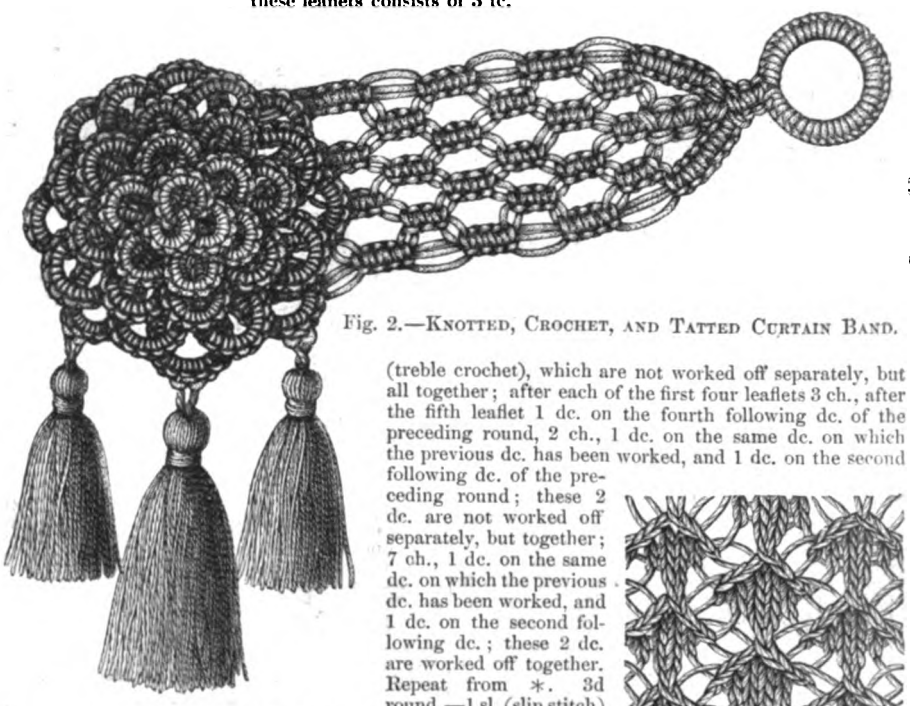


Fig. 2.—KNOTTED, CROCHET, AND TATTED CURTAIN BAND.

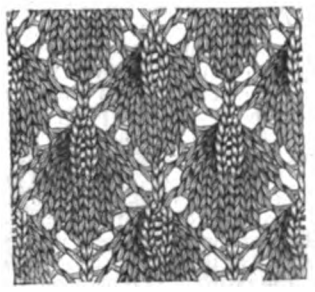


Fig. 1.—KNITTED DESIGN FOR CHILDREN'S JACKETS, CAPS, COVERS, ETC.

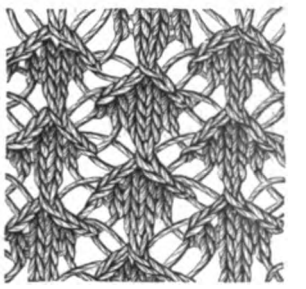


Fig. 2.—KNITTED DESIGN FOR CHILDREN'S JACKETS, CAPS, COVERS, ETC.

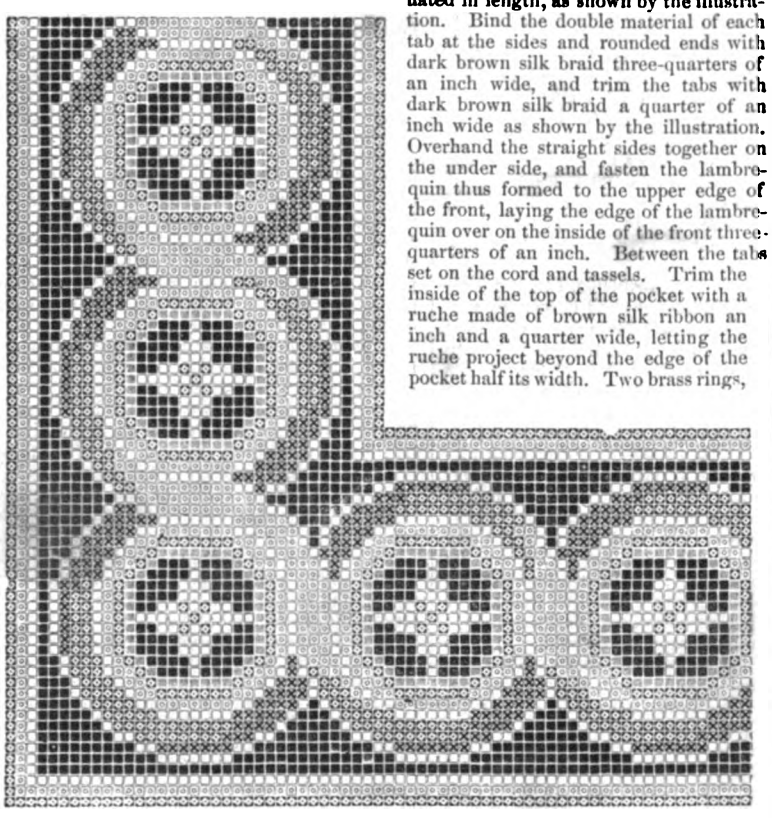
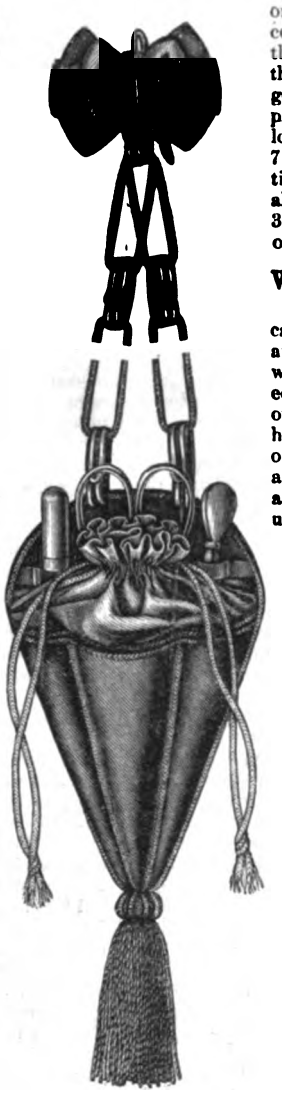


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF TAPESTRY BORDER FOR LAMBREQUINS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Green; ▪ Light Green; ▦ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d, ⧈ 3d, □ 4th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).



WORK-BAG TO BE WORN ON THE BELT.

Work-Bag to be worn on the Belt.

THIS work-bag consists of a piece of card-board five inches and a quarter long and three inches and three-quarters wide, which is pointed at the bottom and rounded at the upper corners. Cover this piece on both sides smoothly with brown silk, having first lined the piece coming on the outside with stiff net and furnished it with a band of the material half an inch wide, about three-fourths of an inch from the upper edge. Sew through this band crosswise several times, so as to form compartments, which serve to hold sewing utensils, such as scissors, needle-case, thimble, etc. For the front of the work-bag cut of brown silk taken double and stiff net interlining two pieces. One of

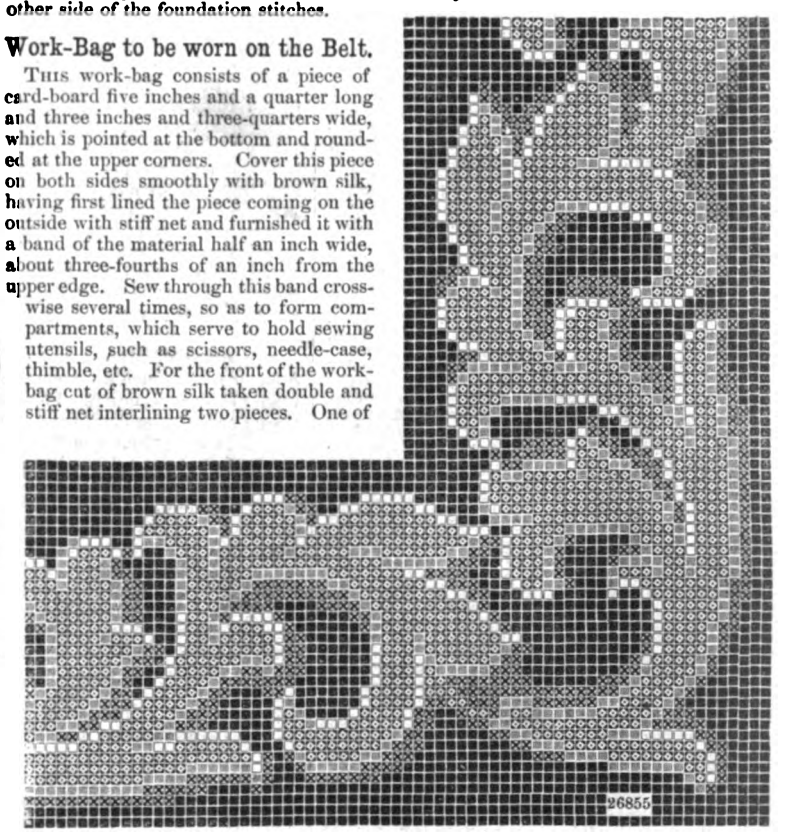


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF TAPESTRY BORDER FOR LAMBREQUINS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ▪ Light Green; ▦ Dark Green; ▦ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d, □ 3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

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these pieces must correspond in shape to the back of the work-bag, but must only reach from the under pointed edge to within an inch and a quarter of the upper rounded edge of the back, while the upper edge must be straight. The second piece is of the shape just described, but the upper straight edge must be three-quarters of an inch higher than the first piece. Having run the edges of the material together, draw two lines on the under side of the larger piece, which must reach from the under point to the upper edge, and be at equal distances from each other and the side edges. Lay the piece in a fold along each of these lines, overhand the folds on the under side, and trim them on the outside with gold braid a tenth of an inch wide as shown by the illustration. Run the outer edges of the smaller piece, join the two parts, and sew into them a brown silk bag nearly three inches deep. Three-quarters of an inch from the upper edge make a shirr, through which run crosswise two brown silk cords finished with tassels. Finally, sew the front thus prepared to the back of the bag, and cover the seam with gold braid, which must also extend around the rounded upper edge of the back. Finish the bottom of the bag with a tassel made of brown silk and gold braid. The bag depends from two chains, the top and bottom of which only are given in the illustration (the middle part being cut out). They consist of oval rings and bands. Each of the latter is made of a double strip of the material with a stiff interlining two inches long and half an inch wide, which is trimmed with gold braid as shown by the illustration, and sewed together. The bands are connected by oval rings of bonnet wire an inch and three-quarters long, covered with single crochet of brown silk. Each chain consists of three bands and three oval rings. The upper rings of the chains are joined by a band two inches long, which is made like the other bands, and trimmed with loops of brown silk ribbon. Furnish the under side of this bag with a hook of brown bonnet wire, and cover the seam with a piece of card-board covered with brown silk.

Knotted, Crochet, and Tatted Curtain Bands, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 517.

BOTH of these curtain bands are partly made in knot-work and partly in crochet-work; the curtain band Fig. 2 is also worked partly in tatting. The knot-work and tatting are worked with fine white woven cord, and the crochet-work with coarse white knitting cotton on a foundation thread of cord. The illustrations only show one-half of each curtain band with rosette.

Fig. 1.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET CURTAIN BAND. To make this curtain band work first the foundation for the flowers as follows: Wind one end of a piece of fine white woven cotton cord twice around a bar two inches and four-fifths in circumference, and on the ring thus formed crochet 16 to 18 times alternately 1 sc. (single crochet), 1 ch. (chain stitch). On the first round thus formed crochet 4 similar rounds, always going forward; the sc., however, must now be worked always on the ch., and at the same time on the cord, which is passed on for a foundation. Besides this, widen in such a manner that a flat round part is formed which neither gathers nor puckers. At the end of the fifth round crochet several sl. (slip stitches) without the cord foundation. To the outer edge at one side of this foundation knot 6 pieces of twisted white cord, each 48 inches long, in such a manner that both ends of each cord project equally from the relative stitch; it is to be observed also that two of the cords must come close together; at three-fifths of an inch distance from the latter cords knot one piece of cord to the right, and one piece of cord to the left of them; then again, after a distance of three-fifths of an inch each, knot one more piece of cord to each side. With these 12 ends of cord the knot-work is made. The latter consists of flat knots, which are worked like the knot shown by Fig. 3, page 132 of *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. IV., No. 9; work such a knot first with the 4 ends of cord to the right, and then work a similar knot with the 4 ends of cord to the left. After forming both knots divide each 4 ends of cord into twos, crôss both free middle cords, and work a knot with the two inner ends of cord of the left knot and the two nearest of the middle cords, then also work a knot with the two remaining middle cords and with the two inner cords of the knot to the right. Now again divide each 4 cords, and with each 2 cords of one part and the nearest 2 cords of the other part work one knot each; by doing this the knots are alternated. Continue in this manner until the knotted strip counts 8 knots at both sides, then divide the 12 projecting ends of cord into sixes, lay each 6 ends flat next each other, and with the twice 6 ends work a flat knot like the other knots. The cord windings of this knot must be joined with a few stitches so that each 6 cords lie flat beside each other. Now form a ring 4 inches in circumference of the ends of cord, sew them together in this position, and then cover them closely with button-hole stitches of woven cord. Now tie 6 pieces of cord, 48 inches long each, to the opposite side of the crochet foundation also, and with these work a knotted piece in the manner just described; this must also end in a ring. For the calyx of the flower crochet on the cord ring on which the 1st round of the foundation has been worked, always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 1 ch. (the dc. must always come between the st. of the 1st round). Now lay on the foundation cord, and on this and the st. of the preceding round work the second round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next ch., 1 ch. Third round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next ch., 2 ch., and, finally, the fourth round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next ch., then 1 picot of 5 ch., and 1 sc. on the first of the 5 ch.; this completes the calyx of the flower. For each petal make a foundation of 15 st. with knitting cotton, and on this crochet, going back and passing over the 4 last st., 5 times alternately 1 dc. on the next st., 1 ch., with the latter pass over 1 foundation st., then one more dc. on the next st. This open-work strip forms the middle of the petal. Now work 1 ch., turn the work, lay on the foundation cord, and on the strip crochet always alternately 1 sc., 1 ch., the sc. always on the ch. of the preceding round and on the cord foundation. At the point of the strip (the middle of the round) widen in such a manner that the work neither gathers nor puckers. At the end of the round work 1 ch., turn the work, and, going back, crochet 1 round like the preceding round, then 1 more round in a similar manner. When the requisite number of petals are worked sew them on the previously worked foundation as shown by the illustration, so that the edge of the calyx covers the seam made by sewing on the upper circle of leaves. Now fasten the stamens, which are 4 inches long, into the calyx; these stamens consist of woven cotton loops and several three-strand cotton braids; the latter are wound at the ends as shown by the illustration, and form a short thread strand there.

Fig. 2.—KNOTTED, CROCHET, AND TATTED CURTAIN BAND. To make this curtain band first crochet a round foundation, like the foundation of curtain band Fig. 1. Then tie 8 pieces of fine woven cotton cord, each 48 inches long, to one side of the crochet foundation; they must be at a distance of two-fifths of an inch each apart, and tied so that both ends of each cord project equally. With each 4 ends of cord next each other (2 of these serve for knotting, and the other 2 form the foundation) work, as shown by the illustration, alternate double-knot bars like those of the bat shown by Fig. 10, on page 476 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 30, Vol. IV. (see also design for ironing mat, Fig. 2, page 484, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 31, Vol. IV., which gives directions for working these double knots). When the knotted piece is long enough, work with the 4 outer ends of cord to the right, then also with the 4 outer ends of cord to the left, each one bar of double knots somewhat longer (see illustration), and with the remaining ends of cord work the middle double-knot bar as shown by the illustration; the latter plainly shows that two double cords are here used in knotting, the remaining four cords form the foundation. Finally, lay all the projecting ends of cord together in the shape of a ring, and on this ring work close button-hole stitches of similar cord. A similar knotted strip is also worked on the other side of the crochet foundation. Now work the rosette at the middle of the curtain band in tatting with woven cord. For the rosette work 5 circles of tatted rings graduated in size, the 3 under circles count 8 rings each, the fourth circle counts 6 rings, and the fifth (the upper) circle counts 3 rings only. Each ring of the under (the largest) circle consists of 20 double stitches, the rings of the following circle count 16 double stitches each, the rings of the third circle each 12, of the fourth circle each 10, and of the fifth circle each 8 double stitches; it is also to be observed that the rings of each circle are fastened to each other by means of a picot. Sew the rings on the crochet foundation as shown by the illustration, and tie white cotton tassels to the rosette.

Knitting Designs for Children's Jackets, Caps, Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 517.

Fig. 1.—For this design make a foundation divisible by 9, and on this work, going backward and forward, as follows: 1st round.—* 2 k. (*i. e.*, stitches knit plain), k. 2 together, sl. (slip), 1 k., and draw the slipped st. (stitch) over, 2 k., t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 k., t. t. o., and repeat from *. 2d round.—All purled, the threads thrown over are always worked off as st. Like this round all the rounds of the design denoted by even numbers are worked; we shall, therefore, make no further reference to them in the course of the work. 3d round.—1 k., * k. 2 together, sl., 1 k., draw the slipped st. over, 2 k., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 2 k. Repeat from *. 5th round.—* K. 2 together, sl., 1 k., draw the slipped st. over, 1 k., t. t. o., 2 k., on the following st. 1 k. and 1 p. (that is, st. purled), t. t. o., 1 k., and repeat from *. 7th round.—1 k., * sl., 1 k., draw the slipped st. over, t. t. o., 6 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, and repeat from *. 9th round.—* Sl., 1 k., the slipped st. drawn over, t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, sl., 1 k., the slipped st. drawn over, 2 k., t. t. o. Repeat from *. 11th round.—1 k., * t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, sl., 1 k., draw the slipped st. over, 2 k., t. t. o., 1 k., and repeat from *. 13th round.—2 k., * t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, sl., 1 k., the slipped st. drawn over, 1 k., t. t. o., 2 k., on the following st. 1 k. and 1 p. Repeat from *. 15th round.—3 k., * t. t. o., k. 2 together, sl., 1 k., the slipped st. drawn over, t. t. o., 6 k. Repeat from *. 17th round.—* Sl., 1 k., draw the slipped st. over, 2 k., t. t. o., sl., 1 k., draw the slipped st. over, t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, and repeat from *. With the assistance of this description the design may easily be continued, alternating it as before.

Fig. 2.—For this design make a foundation divisible by 8, and on this knit, going backward and forward, as follows: 1st round.—* T. t. o., p. 2 together, 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 p., and repeat from *. 2d round.—T. t. o., 2 k., * t. t. o., sl., 1 k., the slipped st. drawn over, 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. Repeat from *; at the end of the round work only 1 k. instead of 3. 3d round.—2 p., * t. t. o., p. 3 together, t. t. o., 5 p. Repeat from *; at the end of the round work 4 p. instead of 5. 4th round.—* 3 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together. Repeat from *; at the end of the round, after the last 2 st. knit together, work 1 more k. 5th round.—2 p., * t. t. o., 3 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p., p. 2 together. Repeat from *; at the end of the round, instead of the last 2 p. together, work 1 p. only. 6th round.—* Sl., k. 2 together, draw the slipped st. over, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o. Repeat from *; at the end of the round, after the last t. t. o., k. 2 together. 7th round.—* 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o. Repeat from *; at the end of the round, after the last t. t. o., work 1 p. 8th round.—2 k., * t. t. o., sl., 1 k., the slipped st. drawn over, 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. Repeat from *; at the end of the round work 2 k. only instead of 3. Continue the design with the assistance of this description and the illustration.

Corners of Tapestry Borders for Lambrequins, Cushions, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 517.

THESE borders are worked with zephyr worsted and filling silk in cross stitch on canvas. The description of symbols indicates the colors to be used. Both designs are suitable for ornamenting the lambrequin for the window curtains shown in the last number of the *Bazar*.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

A LAWYER'S office in summer-time is by no means an agreeable place of sojourn. There is a prevailing sense of dryness and a lack of verdure. The only greenness perceptible is in the conduct of the clients and in the green "ferret" with which the sheets of parchment are bound together. Pastoral influences, too, are altogether wanting. There are no "bleating flocks," nor any thing to suggest their existence, unless it be the skins which have been stripped from their backs and converted into the aforesaid parchment, in which sheep's clothing the ravening wolves of the profession are wont to disguise their meaning, if not themselves; the only fountains are ink fountains; and there are no trees except those genealogical growths which flourish under the culture of Garter and Clarencieux.

The office of Messrs. Catchem & Eatem, of Spiders Inn, formed no exception to the general truth of this description. I had been their bond-slave or managing clerk for some time, and was seated in my prison one fine afternoon during the month of June, 186–, bewailing my hard lot in the intervals of labor in a somewhat depressed frame of mind. I rather suspect that I must have fallen into a doze. I had been engaged for some time in making out a bill of costs against some unfortunate debtor whom we had been grinding in our legal mill, and I remember that I had been speculating upon the remarkable analogy existing between the bestial and human creations, and reflecting how precisely the tigers, wolves, snakes, and wasps in the former are repeated in the lawyers, bill-discounters, doctors, and old maids of the latter dispensation. The vastness of the subject was, I suppose, too much for me, and I had taken refuge from the problem in sleep, when I was suddenly aroused by the deep bass voice of my venerable superior, Mr. Catchem.

"Mr. Hopkins," said the voice, "I find that I shall be unable to go down to Dedborough to complete that purchase of Mr. Ponsonby's, and therefore you will have to go. The appointment for completion is at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, so that you must leave town by the 5.15 train to-morrow afternoon, and sleep at Dedborough, ready for the next morning. The purchase-money is paid into the London branch of Messrs. Musgrave's bank at Dedborough; you will therefore only have to take a check with you for the amount, and get it cashed in the morning, ready for the settlement. Come into my room to-morrow about four, and I will give you instructions. I am going across the square to Squeezem & Scrunchem's. Back in half an hour."

Exit Mr. Catchem, and up jumps Mr. Hopkins and executes a war-dance of a jubilant and triumphant description, indicative of his delight at the prospect before him. The sparrow outside my window flew away in great disorder, evidently astonished at the indecorum of my behavior, and only accustomed to the gravity of demeanor becoming an inn of court. Invigorated by this little interlude, I returned to my bill of costs, thinking that, after all, old Catchem was perhaps not quite so black as I had painted him. The point of view is every thing, and seen through the medium of my country excursion, even he appeared to lose several shades of darkness.

Business over for the day, I walked home to my lodgings in Lavender Crescent, Camberwell, still in the same state of exhilaration. "Jane," said I, bursting into the passage, "I am going into the country for a few days; will you come with me?"

"Lor, Mr. Hopkins, Sir," said Jane, "how can I? I couldn't leave missus and the 'ouse, even if you was kind enough to take me. Is any thing the matter, Sir? Oh, *don't*, Sir, please! You promised me you wouldn't." And Jane leaves my room with her cheeks considerably rouged, and a conviction, I think, that I have been taking something besides exercise.

After tea I packed a carpet-bag ready for my country excursion; and then, in order to get over the intervening time, I lighted the pipe of peace, and sat myself down in my easy-chair to read Lady Sappho Godiva's delightful "Flesh-worms," and to admire the gorgeous upholstery which is therein so minutely described, and, above all, the succulent morbidezza of the female portraits. I certainly found her "carnations," as painters call them, deliciously warm and juicy, and the scene-painting all that could be desired.

In the morning I arrayed myself with a degree of care befitting the importance of the occasion, and departed joyfully for town, having first taken an affectionate leave of Jane, whose faint "Don't!" sounded, I thought, much more like "Do!" The day dragged through at last, and punctually at four P.M. I knocked at Mr. Catchem's green-baize door, and was desired to enter.

"This is the conveyance, Mr. Hopkins," said that gentleman, "which you will see properly executed before you pay the purchase-money; and take care that all the title-deeds shown in the abstract are handed over to you at the same time. The money, as I told you, is at Messrs. Musgrave's bank in Dedborough, and here is a check for the amount, £4060. I can not cross the check, because you will have to pay in cash; so mind, if you please, that you are very careful of the check. The appointment for completion is at Mr. Upton's office, in Dedborough, on Thursday. This £10 note is for your own expenses, for which you will account to me on your return. Be very careful, if you please, and lose no time in getting off. Good-day."

I returned my venerable superior's adieu with great alacrity, and, shaking the dust of the office off my feet and my clothes, I hailed a passing hansom, and was soon gleefully bowling off to the Great Northern Railway. In my private capacity I need hardly say that I did not ride much in cabs; but on occasions like the present I felt that I represented the firm of C. & E., and was determined that their dignity and official status should suffer no abatement at my hands.

"Two bob, captain, please," said the jarvey, when I got out. I observe, by-the-way, that cabmen generally salute gentlemen of doubtful exterior as "captain," which I suppose is intended as a delicate compliment. I paid him at once "like a gentleman," as he was good enough to assure me; for, though I knew it was double his fare, I never haggle about the price when I am spending my employers' money. It is a kind of spoiling the Egyptians, in which, as in all revenge, there is, to use Lord Bacon's phrase, a sort of wild justice.

Acting upon the same principle, I took a first-class ticket to Dedborough, and ensconced myself in the most comfortable carriage I could find. I first paid a visit to the book-stall, to provide myself with some literature for possible contingencies. I made choice of a magazine containing a story called "Gustavus Snooks's Will," which promised some interest to a lawyer, as I have generally observed that such histories contain some very remarkable legal incidents, confirmatory of the old classical axiom that it is wiser in the cobbler to stick to his last. King Solomon's dictum that there is nothing new under the sun is conclusively disproved by the history in question; for in it I find the executors of a will signing the will as well as the testator, which I affirm to be an entire novelty.

I was lost in admiration at the boldness of this innovation, when the door of the carriage was opened, and a lady entered in deep mourning, and seated herself in an opposite division; soon afterward we got under way, and were joyfully rattling out of the smoke and noise of the great Babylon into the pure air of the country. My companion, though still apparently a mere girl, was dressed in widow's weeds, or rather in that most becoming modification of them which is now prevalent, and in which one single beading of white crape edging the black bonnet does duty for the hideous old widow's cap. So much as I could see of her, she was very pretty. Her complexion was perfectly pale, and she had large, deep gray eyes, which darkened in color at the outer edge of the iris, where it merged into the deep black fringe of the eyelash. Her mouth was hidden by the broad band of double crape which edged her veil; but her lovely brown hair was displayed by her mite of a bonnet, and was coiled in massive lustrous wreaths behind her beautiful head. She made no affectation of deep grief; but her eyes had that curious benumbed appearance which you sometimes see in an animal which is stricken with some great pain.

Sorrow always appears to me so sacred a thing that I felt no inclination to make any effort toward the usual acquaintance of fellow-travelers, and accordingly devoted myself to my book. But some trifling courtesy broke the ice between us, and it seemed that my companion was anxious to obtain some information about her journey. Was I going to Dedborough? and what time would the train get there? Could I tell her of any hotel at which she could stay for a short time? Would it be *very* expensive? She apologized for asking these questions by saying that she had lived for many years in France, and was entirely ignorant of England and its ways. Her beautiful eyes filled with tears as she spoke of France, and I could not help feeling for one so young who had suffered so much.

I gave her all the information I could upon the subject, and in return she told me some particulars of her story. She had lately come from Tours, where she had lost her husband after a year's marriage; and, being left almost penniless, her friends had persuaded her to seek for a situation as governess in England, instead of, as she would have preferred, in France. This place she had at length found, as she hoped, in the family of a gentleman living near Dedborough; she was to sleep at that town for one night, and to be fetched to the Cedars, her new home, in the morning. She feared an English hotel would be very costly after the French ones to which she was accustomed. Would there be a *salon* in which ladies could sit, or must she take her meal in her bedroom? All this she asked in the most natural, innocent, childish manner imaginable; and I could not help thinking what a very child she was, and how totally unfit to travel in England alone, with her confiding, winning way, and pretty half-foreign accent. I told her in reply that I intended to have a sitting-room for my own use (which, by-the-way, was a *very* sudden intention on my part), and that if she would brighten it with her presence during her evening meal, it would give me very sincere pleasure. She didn't know. *Might* she do so? Would it be quite *en règle* for a lady to do so? If she *really* might— I assured her that she need not be uneasy on that score; and I felt really glad that it was in my power to act in some sort as her protector. Duty is delightful when it assumes the form of taking a lovely girl-widow under one's protecting wing.

As I stepped on to the platform at Dedborough an inspector on duty inquired if my name were Hopkins. Wondering what prompted the question, I replied that it was; and having farther made me give the address of my firm in London, he handed me a telegram which had passed my train upon the wires, and which told me that the purchase would not be completed till the Friday morning, as the deeds were not ready for delivery to the purchaser. "By all means," said I to myself, "so much the better. I shall be delighted to have another day in the country. I will go over and see this old place which Mr. Ponsonby has bought." I have a special passion for old houses in the country. A good part of my boyhood was passed at one such, in "pleasant Hertfordshire," and in memory of it I love them all. Meanwhile I placed my companion and her traveling-bag in a cab, and drove with her to the Blue Crocodile, which was the house in Dedborough that I had been advised to stay at.

I found the hotel one of the pleasant, old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now, alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which the buxom landlady receives one as an old friend, and caters for one's comfort with kind solicitude. A great contrast to the "lady-manager" of the modern monster hotel, who sits in an inaccessible office, and is far too grand to take any interest in the welfare of the guests, whom she knows only as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in which their identity is lost may chance to be. My companion would have nothing but tea, and, seated at the tea-table, she looked more beautiful and child-like than ever.

It was a lovely summer evening, soft and balmy, and, sitting at an open window before a garden full of roses and mignonette, the air that filled the room was laden with their fragrance. The sun went down in glorious state—a crimson ball into a purple sea of mist. A river ran below the bottom of the garden, reflecting as in a glass the gorgeous colors of the western sky, while the plash of an occasional boat broke from time to time the stillness of the night. There was a piano in our room, and as I sat musing in the gloaming, my companion seated herself before it, and in absent mood struck a few chords. Gradually she seemed moved to more effort, and in a few minutes the plaintive strains of Mozart's "*Pro peccatis*" rose upon the air. The melancholy solemnity of the prayer seemed to harmonize with her state of sorrow, and she sang the words with heart-felt pathos. Like Rubini, she appeared to have "tears in her voice," which breathed the very spirit of passionate sorrow. I sat entranced in a dream of bliss. Each element of beauty seemed to heighten and enhance the rest—music never sounds so sweetly as at such a time—and as the voice of the singer—herself almost unseen—trembled forth into a flood of

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melody, I wished that I could sit and listen to it forever. What a life, I thought, encompassed by such sights and sounds and fragrance, compared to the wretched drudgery of my own!

All too soon it came to an end. My fellow-traveler soon closed the piano, and with a simple "good-night," left me to build what castles I might in her absence. She had left her handkerchief on the ground. I picked it up and pressed it to my lips, and as I did so I saw a beautifully embroidered "Marie" in one corner of it, which I thought a charming name. I kept it as long as I dared, and then rang for the chamber-maid to take it up to her. I sat for some time longer; but the glory was departed, and I was soon glad to follow her example, and to take what remembrance I could of my pleasure into dream-land with me.

In the morning I breakfasted alone, Madame De Fontanges (for that, I found, was her name) sending me her compliments, and saying that she preferred to take her coffee in her own room. I determined to make the most of my day; but first I placed my pocket-book, containing the important check, in my traveling-bag; and having carefully locked it, I locked the bag itself into one of the drawers of the wardrobe in my bedroom, and placed the key in my pocket. I had been debating with myself as to the safest manner of keeping this check, which was rather a cloud upon my happiness, and I deemed this the safest manner of taking care of it. Having got this matter off my mind, I applied myself vigorously to the breakfast before me, reveling in the golden butter and creamy milk of the country, after the manufactured articles of Lavender Crescent, where the butter was made of fat, and the milk chiefly supplied by the cow with the iron tail. Nor did I forget the more substantial items of eggs and bacon, deeming it advisable, with Major Dalgetty, to provender the garrison against possible sieges.

It was a charming morning, and as I started off to walk to "Foxholes," the place which our client had purchased, I couldn't help devoutly wishing that my lines had fallen in such pleasant places as the country around Dedborough. No one enjoys the country like a cockney, who is imprisoned in the smoke and stir of London. Every flower and blade of grass appeals to him with a force and vividness which the rustic never feels; and if he chance to have passed the happy hours of childhood amidst such scenes, they touch a chord in his heart which vibrates with delight. I found Foxholes was six or seven miles from Dedborough; so that I had abundant time to walk leisurely onward, resting from time to time to drink more deeply of the pure joys around me, and wandering from the pathway into any wood which took my fancy by the road-side.

By mid-day I reached the entrance to the house. It was a white gate, under tall, overarching elms, making a deep shade after the glare of the sun. Farther on the entrance road ran under some high pine-trees, whose deep black foliage made a still darker shade, broken and enlivened by the crimson gleams of their boles. Beside this wood spread a large sheet of water, all overgrown with superb water-lilies, whose leaves lay almost blistering in the hot sun, forming a dark green flooring, from which the bloom cups of ivory and gold sprang up in rich luxuriance; while water-spiders skated about on the surface from the beds of jointed reeds which fringed the sides of the lakelet, and great dragon-flies, of bronze and blue and crimson, hung suspended over it on gauzy wings, motionless for a moment, and then darting off with lightning speed. I was speculating upon the capabilities of the place for fishing, when a vain young frog, boastful of his strength, and desiring to exhibit it, sprang from the bank some three feet into the water, and again gathering up his legs, was plunging with glee through the bright green waters, when lo! the reeds by the bank were suddenly cleft asunder, a dark body shot out from the side, there was a flash of a great silver green side under the surface, and a "swirl" upon the top—and poor froggy had performed his last acrobatic feat, and his place would know him no more.

The grass around the water was deep in soft moss, into which my feet sank at every step. Thousands of grasshoppers—dark brown, drab, and pale sea green—were singing their joyful song, leaping high into the air, and falling heels over head in every direction. In the pine-trees was a wood-pigeon uttering "its long love-ditty," most melancholy but most beautiful of country sounds; proclaiming its undying passion for its wife, sitting close by upon her eggs, and stopping from time to time with a frightened sudden "hoo," when I walked upon the odorous pine needles beneath its nest.

The house was an old red brick building, not of the bright red which tells of Dutch William and Sir John Vanbrugh, but of an earlier date, stained with age and lichens, and overgrown with vines and jasmine. The old entrance door looked strong enough to resist a siege, studded all over with thick square iron bosses. I knocked, and was admitted into the great stone-flagged hall, a huge square room with a quadrangular black oaken staircase rising from it. The doors of entrance into the various rooms down stairs were all of dark mahogany, with the handles as high up as one's shoulder, and in the fire-places were the old-fashioned "dogs" for wood fires. A delightful place, I thought. How I should like to spend my days there! I left the house with lingering regret, after staying as long as I decently could, and wandered out again toward the great fruit garden, passing on my way a charming summer pavilion, built of the same red brick, through whose open door swallows were wheeling in and out, to and from their nests built high up the walls against the ceiling, twittering with joy (as well they might), and with their indigo blue backs glistening in the bright sunshine. From the peas in the fruit garden rose a flight of blackbirds and thrushes, while the harsh scream of a brilliant jay resounded through the summer air. What a paradise I thought it! I sat myself down upon a rustic seat close to a pond full of great fat carp, and watched them gasping at the surface of the water, and sucking down any unwary flies that came within their reach.

I was glad to rest after my walk, and I know of no place of rest so delightful as a garden:

"Some flow'rets of Eden we still inherit;"

and I do verily believe, for myself, that these paradisiacal flowers flourish most freely in country gardens. Sitting as I did, breathing the sweet fresh country air, soothed by the comfortable sounds from a rookery which stood behind the house, inhaling the fragrance of the masses of bright flowers, and basking in the blessed sun, my thoughts reverted to that happy time in the history of the world when a garden contained the whole of the human race; before the flaming sword had driven them forth, and the waving of that magic brand had drawn thorns and thistles out of the teeming soil. Having thoroughly rested myself, I set out leisurely upon my return journey, stopping to lunch at a road-side inn, which I had remarked some half mile back, upon the way. I had most thoroughly enjoyed my excursion so far; but such short holidays are clouded rather painfully by a sense of their evanescence.

I got back to Dedborough late in the afternoon, indulging a vague hope that my charming fellow-traveler might not have yet left; but, alas! I was doomed to disappointment, for my friend the waiter informed me, with cheerful alacrity, that Madame De Fontanges had left in her friend's carriage directly after lunch, leaving for me a message of compliments and grateful thanks. *Sic transit!*

My first care was to adjourn to my bedroom, to see after the safety of the all-important check. All safe I found it, and immediately transferred the pocket-book containing it to the breast pocket of my coat, as I did not intend to leave the house again until I went to attend the appointment for completion of the purchase. My sitting-room, I fancied, looked very desolate; but there was no help for it, and after dinner I was glad to adjourn to the coffee-room to lessen the feeling of loneliness.

Next morning I started off to complete the business which had brought me down; but first I called at Messrs. Musgrave's bank to cash the check, as we could not ask the vendor to take our check. On presenting the check at the counter, I fancied the cashier looked somewhat surprised, but that I attributed to the largeness of the amount for which it was drawn. After asking me one or two questions about it, he took the check into the private room of one of the partners, and in a few moments he returned and requested me to walk into Mr. Musgrave's room, as he wished to speak to me about it. I found the partner holding the check in his hand, and looking rather grave, and I began to fear that the bank was in a bad way, and that they were unable to meet the payment. The banker desired his clerk to leave; and having carefully closed the door, he asked me some questions as to the drawer of the check, where I had received it, and so on; which, of course, I had no difficulty in answering. Still he did not seem satisfied, and continued to question me in a manner which was fast making me angry, when the door opened, and a quiet, gentlemanly looking man of middle age entered the room and wished Mr. Musgrave "good-morning."

"This is the young man," said the banker to him, and proceeded to repeat my answers to the new-comer. By this time I was getting very uneasy, and asked Mr. Musgrave somewhat impatiently what was wrong about the check.

"Well, young man," said the new-comer, quietly, "the fact is, the genuine check was presented yesterday and cashed, and *this* is a forgery, for which I shall have to detain you until we have communicated with the drawer."

I was utterly stunned at this statement, and declared vehemently that it was impossible; that the check had never left my possession since it was handed over to me; and that the whole story was some villainous conspiracy to ruin me, or to avoid paying the money. The banker seemed somewhat nettled at this remark, and was beginning an angry reply, when the stranger stopped him, saying the less said the better. He then said that he was the superintendent of police at Dedborough, and that I must consider myself in custody; but if I would give my word to go quietly with him, no fuss or scandal need be made about it. I felt like a person in a dream. Could it really be possible that I was arrested on a charge of forgery? My head swam at the thought, and I sank fainting on a chair behind me. Mr. Musgrave, who seemed a humane, fatherly sort of man, appeared to be greatly shocked at the whole affair, and persuaded my custodian to let me have some wine before we left, which brought back my scattered senses. He then told me that the check had been presented about two o'clock on the previous day, and had been paid in notes all but the odd sixty pounds, which was cashed in gold. The person presenting it was a youngish man, with mustache and dark hair, who had answered with perfect correctness several questions about my employers which had been put to him to test his identity.

"And now, young man," said the police officer, "the less you say the better, because, you know, it will only be used against you. I must trouble you to come with me; but first I must take you back to your hotel to search your room."

By this time I was so entirely crushed by the whole affair that I seemed to have lost even the power of speech; and had he proposed to cut off my head there and then, I think I should hardly have offered any objection. I walked mechanically by his side through the streets of Dedborough, but they did not look like the same streets which I had passed through, full of hope and confidence, but a short half hour before. I fancied that every one we met looked askance at me, and that the guilt of the crime which I had not committed was branded like Cain's upon my brow. Was it really only half an hour since I had been free? It seemed an age ago. We passed a beggar—a wretched, half-starved object clad in dirty rags, with pallid face and eyes, out of which all hope had long since died—and how devoutly I longed to change places with him, if I could but have shaken off the incubus which oppressed me! All my old life rose in review before me. Where were the troubles which I had thought so heavy? Could it be possible that I had been unhappy ever before? The office in Spiders Inn seemed to me *now* to have been the very gate of heaven, and Lavender Crescent a dream of bliss. And Jane—would she, too, hear of me as a forger? My mind pictured her reading the account of my committal in the *Standard*, which her mistress indulged in, and which generally found its way into the kitchen after Mrs. Johnson had done with it up stairs. The very paragraph swam before my eyes. "The prisoner was a young man of shabby-genteel exterior, and appeared to feel his position very acutely. In answer to the worthy magistrate, he protested his innocence of the charge against him," etc., etc., in the stereotyped phraseology which meets our eyes from day to day, and which enables one half of the world to gloat over the miseries of the other, and to thank *their* God that they are "not as this publican."

"No. 21, Sir; yes, Sir, certainly. This way, if you please, Mr. Bracelet," said the obsequious chamber-maid of the Crocodile to the great man who had me in his gripe, preceding us up stairs to my bedroom. *My bedroom!* Where would be my *next* bedroom? I wondered. "This is the room, if you please, Sir," as she threw open the door of No. 21.

"Thanks, my dear; that 'll do—you needn't stay," to the girl, whose eyes were dilating with wonder to see what was coming next.

"This your bag, young man? Unlock it, please. Ah! clean collar, shaving-tackle, night-gown, socks—quite so. Any thing in this pocket? I *thought* so; silent matches, wax-candle, skeleton keys, blank checks. Yes, yes; *now* we shall do. We'll take this handy little bag with us, please."

Was that *my* bag! Was I dreaming? I rubbed my eyes with a vague hope that I might be in an accursed nightmare; but no! my vision remained the same, and there stood Mr. Superintendent Bracelet, prepared to attend me, with my bag in his hand, and a complacent, comfortable smile upon his face. By this time my faculty of surprise was utterly exhausted; and if he had again thrust his hand into my bag and pulled forth a snake or a dodo, it would have appeared to me the most natural thing in the world.

I begged him to grant me one favor, which was to telegraph to my employers in London before making any charge before a magistrate; and this he agreed to do. Meanwhile he conducted me to the police station in Dedborough, and left me to my own meditations, which were sorrowful enough. I flung myself down on the bench of my cell, hardly caring what should come next. I must have fallen, I suppose, into a troubled sleep, for it was past three o'clock when I was aroused by some one entering the room, and I found myself face to face with Mr. Catchem. His arrival gave me courage to tell my story minutely from the moment of my leaving London; and I was greatly relieved to find that he seemed to give credit to it, and that his anxiety was much more to recover the money than to bring home the crime to me.

He undertook to be responsible for my appearance, if required; and employed Mr. Bracelet to see if he could gain any trace of my too-fascinating fellow-traveler, whom he made me describe most minutely. We could learn nothing of any such person at Dedborough station; but on using the wires, we found that a lady answering to her description, with a gentleman, had taken tickets for Swindon by the 3.5 train of the previous day, from a station on a loop-line ten miles across the country from Dedborough. We, of course, proceeded by the first train to Swindon, and there again we got scent of the supposed fugitive as having alighted there and taken the first train across to Liverpool. This was hopeful news to me, and I breathed a sigh of relief at the possibility of success. No time was lost in following up the trail; and by ten o'clock that night we saw the forests of masts of the great western port tapering skyward out of the smoke and mist.

We learned that the American steamer *Albatross* had gone out with the flood tide two hours before, and drove in hot haste to the office of the company; but it was past business hours, and the office was closed. On we went still—found the lodgings of the cash clerk, and hunted him from them to a café chantant in the town, where he was vigorously applauding an imitation of Mademoiselle Schneider's Bulotte in "Barbe-Bleu." Rather sulky at first at the interruption, we found means to mollify him, and—

Yes, there were a lady and gentleman, who had secured berths only that morning—didn't seem particular whereabouts in the vessel, so that they could go.

"Widow?"

No, the lady was certainly not a widow. Young, pretty, and dressed in colors—blue, he thought. Gentleman tall, dark, with mustache. The name, he *thought*, was Colonel and Mrs. White, but couldn't be sure until he saw his book.

"Did they pay in notes?"

No, in gold; because he remembered thinking it strange that they should pay all gold. At nine o'clock in the morning the offices would be open, but he would be there, say, by 8.30.

This payment in gold was what we feared, and I began to suspect that, after all, they would slip through our fingers. The only thing to do was to search all through the hotels of the place, in the vague hope of finding their lair and getting some farther clew; but it was already past twelve, and this must be postponed till the morning. We accordingly adjourned to the Royal Swan for the night, Mr. Bracelet kindly locking me into my room—just for form's sake, as he considerately observed. For hours I could not close my eyes; but at last I fell into a confused sort of slumber, in which I saw that gentleman in widow's weeds singing the *Stabat Mater*, while the venerable Catchem, in Bulotte's high Norman cap and clanking *sabots*, danced an outrageous *cancan*, kicking up before and behind, like Ole Joe, with marvelous agility.

Early in the morning Mr. Bracelet sought the assistance of the local blood-hounds, with whose aid we commenced a systematic visitation of all the hotels in the place, each one taking a certain district. We met at luncheon to report progress—but, alas! there was nothing to report. No trace of our game could be hit upon, and I began to fear that we must have overrun the scent. One coffee-house of doubtful repute near the quay still remained to be explored; and here we found that a lady and gentleman *had* slept on the night in question.

"Did they pay their bill with a note?"

"Not they—no such luck. The bill were only 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the gent paid that out of a half squid. But what might be the matter, if not making too bold?"

The "matter" was soon explained, and I fancied from the woman's manner she was keeping something back.

"Well, what might it be worth to you to get hold o' some trace on 'em—say such a thing as a handkercher, now?"

"One pound—two— Well, *five* pounds, if it turned out to be a genuine article."

"Certingly, the lady had left one under her pillow—and a real beauty it was."

A real beauty, indeed! It was the very handkerchief, with the embroidered "Marie" in the corner, which I had seen Madame De Fontanges use at Dedborough. My heart leaped with delight to see that we had again hit the trail. How I blessed the woman for having kept it back as an addendum to her "little bill!"

Mr. Bracelet lost no time in working the wires of the cable, and desiring his brethren in New York to board the steamer before she touched land and secure our friends, sending them back by the first return packet. And the lightning soon flashed back their reply to assure us of their readiness to do so. I went back with my chief to the Royal Swan, worn out with the excitement, and glad to rest my weary limbs; but, before doing so, I humbly thanked the God of all mercy for my escape from the net which had been spread for me.

In less than four weeks' time the fugitives were brought back from New York, and safely deposited in the prison at Dedborough, and then the whole affair was explained.

A clerk of Messrs. C. & E.'s had been leaving their employ just about the time of my ill-fated journey; but, as it was in pursuance of the usual notice, it excited no suspicion. This lad (for he was but eighteen) had seen Marie de Fontanges, whose real name was Mary Fountain, at the Royal Pandemonium Music Hall in —— Street, where she was engaged as a singer, and here the siren had sung away the poor boy's heart and senses. He fell madly in love with her, and wanted to marry her; but Miss Fountain did not exactly see the use of that unless he had something to offer. She allowed him, however, to visit her at her lodgings near Leicester Square, and here she riveted his fetters more tightly, and gradually moulded him to her will. He told her every thing about the office affairs; and she it was who put it into his head to forge a copy of the check, and to supply her with all necessary details for carrying out her little scheme. They were then to have sailed for the New World together; but, of course, she took care to give him the slip, and went away with a former lover of her own class, who, in the intervals of his professional engagements, did also a little burglary; and he it was who had supplied her with the necessary tools for opening my bag, etc., and with the skeleton-keys which she had deposited therein, in order to cast suspicion upon me until she had made good her escape.

All but about £100 of the money was recovered; the three culprits were tried and convicted at the next assizes held at Dedborough, the heaviest sentence falling upon Mary Fountain, as she was the prime mover in the whole affair. My employers treated me with more kindness than I expected; but, of course, I could not expect to remain in their service.

I went back sadly to Lavender Crescent to pack up my effects and seek a cheaper lodging; and there Jane, dear good Jane, womanlike, spread the ægis of her protecting care over me—married me almost in spite of myself, spent all her little hoard in keeping us afloat till better days; and at length by the rhetoric of love persuaded her uncle, who is a market-gardener at Battersea, to try me as his book-keeper and salesman, which I have now been for nearly three years. The fresh air and freedom of the life suits me much better than a lawyer's office; and although my cousin Robert, who is a tallow-chandler's shopman, says I have married beneath me, I never regret the step which I have taken.

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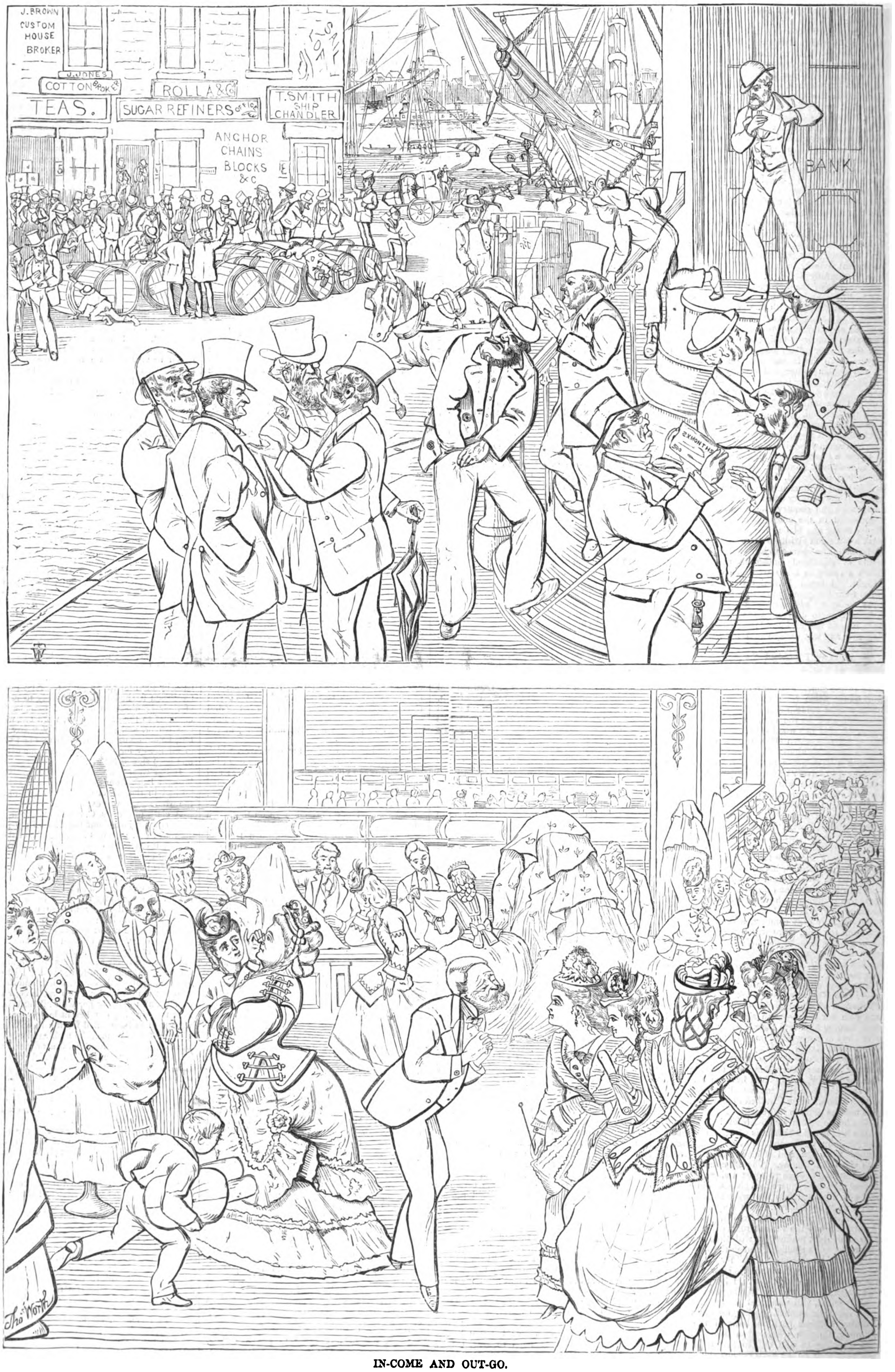

IN-COME AND OUT-GO.

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Tapestry Design for Cushions, Chairs, Foot-Stools, etc.

WORK this design with zephyr or castor wool on canvas of corresponding fineness, and in the colors designated in the illustration. One-quarter of the design is given.

QUARTER OF TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR CUSHIONS, CHAIRS, FOOT-STOOLS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ⠿ Violet; ⠻ Light Green; ■ 1st (darkest), ◘ 2d, ▫ 3d, ▪ 4th, □ 5th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk); ⊡ White.

Ladies' and Children's Bathing Costumes.

Fig. 1.—BLUE FLANNEL SUIT, trimmed with white braid, consisting of wide trowsers and short over dress open in revers at the front. Gray cotton duck slippers with cork soles.

Fig. 2.—CHILD'S BATHING SUIT OF LIGHT GRAY SERGE, trimmed with worsted braid as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—RED FLANNEL SWIMMING OR BATHING COSTUME, consisting of long trowsers closed above the ankles and high over dress trimmed with black braid. Black belt ribbon. Red trimmed hood.

Fig. 4.—GRAY FLANNEL SWIMMING OR BATHING SUIT. The trowsers are wide and rather short; the over dress is closed to the neck. Long white flannel bathing mantle with hood. The hair is tied back with red ribbon. Manilla slippers.

POMPEY'S PILLAR AND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

WITHOUT doubt the finest show in all Alexandria at the present day is Pompey's famous Pillar. I state this, I am aware, at no small risk of challenge from one or other of the army of sight-seekers and relic-hunters who annually swarm over Egypt, as did the locusts of old, and who, having a somewhat exalted opinion of their own estimate of the popular taste, are disposed to regard any difference of opinion which may happen to be entertained by others as little short of presumption. The most remarkable objects in the ancient city are reported to have been the pharos and the library. The former, which was one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," was the well-known tower or light-house, upon the site of which the present light-house stands. It was a square building of white marble, and is said to have cost 800 talents, which in Attic money is equal to £155,000 sterling, or double that sum if computed by the talent of Alexandria. The library, as well as the museum to which it was attached, was established by Ptolemy Soter, and was maintained at the public expense. Ptolemy the Second made important additions to it. At his death it is computed to have contained no less than 100,000 volumes, which number was increased by his successors to 700,000. But both these renowned monuments of ancient Alexandria have long since disappeared. Of all the ancient monuments of the once proud capital, the Pillar and the obelisks are the only ones remaining in good preservation; and of these the Pillar, as before stated, should be, as it invariably is, first visited. It is a magnificent shaft, exquisitely formed, and in a remarkable state of preservation. Less impressive than the Pyramids, it is nevertheless more striking. It stands on an eminence less than 2000 feet from the present city walls, and, towering far above all surrounding objects, is easily seen in approaching the city either by sea or land. We reached it after a few minutes' riding on the back of our favorite donkey Abraham "Linklum," which we had found contentedly chewing his cud just outside the hotel entrance. "Pompey's Pillar!" we cried. "Y'up!" cried the little donkey driver; and in less than a twinkling we were at the base of the mighty shaft.

Though universally called Pompey's Pillar, it is not easy to find upon what authority its title to be so called rests. From a literal translation of the inscription found on the Pillar, and copied by Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson and Mr. Salt, it would appear to have been erected by Publius, a prefect of Egypt, in honor of Diocletian, and intended to record the capture of the city by that monarch during the rebellion of Achilleus, A.D. 296. It consists of a capital, shaft, base, and pedestal, which last reposes on substructures of smaller blocks, once no doubt belonging to older monuments, and probably brought to Alexandria for the purpose.

A few years ago the prying curiosity of Europeans, added to the cupidity of their Arab guides and attendants, had well-nigh brought the grand old pillar down about their ears. By digging and picking out the cement that united these stones they had so weakened the foundation of the Pillar as to seriously endanger its safety. Fortunately the pasha heard of what was going on in time to order the holes to be stopped up, and thus averted the threatened calamity. The shaft is one solid block of granite, seventy-three feet high and thirty feet in circumference. The total height of the pillar is ninety-eight feet nine inches. The capital and pedestal have the appearance of being unfinished and of inferior workmanship, which is accounted for by the supposition that they are of a date subsequent to that of the shaft, and were added to it, at the period of its erection, in honor of the emperor.

My next visit was to the "Needles," and a pitiable plight I found them in. These relics originally stood at Heliopolis, whence they are reported to have been brought to Alexandria by one of the

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BATHING COSTUMES.

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Cæsars; but this probably is only another of the romantic fictions with which all the objects of interest in this ancient and tradition-mongering country are so plentifully surrounded. Only one of these "Needles" is standing now; the other, having been thrown down, was given by Mohammed Ali to the British, who secured it as a record of their success in Egypt. Upon maturer deliberation, however, it was decided to leave it; and it now remains half buried in sand and filth, a melancholy monument of blighted ambition and fallen greatness. The French, more enterprising and more appreciative, not only succeeded in carrying their obelisk away, but in transporting it safely to the Champs Elysées of Paris, where, notwithstanding the recent destruction by the Communists of the neighboring Tuileries, it still forms one of the most splendid monuments of that city.

IN AUGUST.

On the cliff the dying sunlight, gold and crimson,
pales away,
Merging all its rainbow splendor in the purple of the
bay;
Lengthening shadows greet the twilight, while the
Even's silver star,
Rising on the brow of heaven, shines the beacon-
light afar.

Bearded, red with kiss of autumn, yonder waves the
August corn;
Sinks the brown lark to his slumber till shall break
again the dawn;
'Neath the mallow leaf the beetle drowsy hums in
monotone;
On the medlar-tree the linnet sits and tunes his pipe
alone.

Ripening nuts hang thick in clusters; lovers stroll
beneath the boughs
In the gloaming, ne'er a witness save the glow-worm
to their vows.
Ah, the days of youth's sweet spring-tide! ah, the
days of Autumn bliss!
Winter hours come all too quickly—seize ye, then,
the joy of this.

Thus it is the glass turns ever—flow the sands of life
along:
Changing, changing, changing, changing, is the bur-
den of our song:
Even in birth the wailing infant draws its first faint
breath with pain;
Sink in painless sleep the aged—even in dying live
again.

HANDWRITING.

OF course *hand*-writing is meant. Where a man has the exceptional capability of writing with his toes he must be placed in a separate list. One's handwriting is interesting for this among other reasons: that many persons believe in the possibility of judging the mental character of a man from his calligraphy. It was Shenstone, if we remember rightly, who said, "Show me a man's handwriting and I will tell you his character." We can all of us say, each for himself, what kind of answer experience gives to this problem. We know harum-scarum men whose handwriting is small, neat, and careful; and slow, cautious, methodical men who write a large, bold, flowing hand. Ladies can hardly have any characteristic in this particular, seeing that the fashionable angular hand is pretty much alike in all.

Whether or not we can really determine a man's character by his handwriting, we can most certainly identify him by its means to a large degree. Not knowing a particular person, we may be able or unable to judge what sort of a man he is by looking at his handwriting; but knowing both him and his writing, we have a much better chance of determining whether a certain letter or document may safely be attributed to him; or, not knowing him at all, we may judge whether two pieces of writing are by the same hand. Of course the standard of comparison here is good composition expressed in perfect calligraphy; the greater the departure from this standard, the more chance there is of identifying the writer, seeing that the departure may be made in an almost infinite number of ways. Good handwriting is not so much attended to now as in past days. The old writing-masters took so much pride in their work as to claim for it a rank among the fine arts. What they could do in this way may be seen in the title-pages of costly books; a writing-master, or professed penman, wrote out the whole title-page in full size, and a copper-plate engraver then reproduced it.

Watch narrowly the habits of persons whom you know, in regard to peculiarities of calligraphy, and you will acquire much more power of identification than might at first appear attainable. The wits of the last century used to say that Sarah, Dutchess of Marlborough, carried her penuriousness to such a degree as to dispense with dotting her i's and crossing her t's in order to save ink; but this smart bit of scandal comes to nothing when tested by the fact that such omissions are frequent in letter-writing as a result of sheer carelessness. Making one sheet of paper serve for two by crossing the writing up and down as well as from left to right is often adopted in women's gossiping notes, though less frequently by men. It no doubt had its origin in the days when the postage of letters was charged per sheet instead of by weight, and was costly under any circumstances, especially for long distances; but why the plan should be adopted now that postage is so low and paper so cheap those must explain who indulge in it; at any rate, such a habit might tend to identify the writer of a particular letter. The same may be said of the use of the P.S. Jokes and skits without number have been pointed at fair letter-writers for their profuse use of postscripts; and theories have been advanced for explaining how it is that the most important part of a lady's letter often comes when the letter itself has been finished and signed with her name; but whatever fanciful explanations we may adopt, certain it is that some persons are more prone than others to this habit. Again, if one writer be more heedless than another, the fact is likely to show itself in omitted letters, or letters shaped like numerals—vices due to inattention, and not to real ignorance. Hence the well-known story of a merchant who bought up and transmitted no less than a ton of capers, having been misled by the careless way in which the word copper had been written by his correspondent. In proportion as a writer is liable to perpetrate little gaucheries of this kind, so will they form one among many means of guessing whether a particular letter is written by him. Another test is a want of attention to syntax in composition; the spelling and the grammar may be correct, but the arrangement of the phrases and clauses into a sentence may be wrong; and the sense may either become nonsense or be made obscure. The pronouns his, her, its, and their are awkward tools to use unless some circumspection be employed. A farmer, for instance, wrote to say that he and his neighbors were at a certain fair, and he added: "We had a splendid show of horned cattle. They were sorry you were not among them."

The experts, or decipherers, are constantly on the watch for these and other peculiarities, and the results are sometimes very striking. To prove that two documents were written by the same hand, coincidences must be shown to exist which can not be accidental; while, to prove that two documents were written by different hands, discrepancies must be pointed out which can not be accounted for by accident or disguise. Persons who wish to hide their handwriting, to make it seem as if written by some one else, generally resort to one of three methods, or two out of three, or all three—that is, to alter the slope, the size, or the fineness of the letters. But it is more difficult for a writer to maintain a disguise in their form; indeed, our practiced expert declares that he has never met with a writer who could do so and sustain a consistent and complete disguise throughout a piece of writing of moderate length.

The connecting links between the letters of a word, consisting usually of fine strokes either near the top or near the bottom, appear to furnish a great clew to the experts. The down-strokes can be altered or disguised with comparative ease; the fine up-strokes not so easily.

Besides the shape, size, fineness, slope, roundness, angularity, and connecting links of the letters in a word, and the mode of initializing first words and proper names, there is an almost infinite number of points of difference between the handwriting of different persons. Some differ from others in emphasizing their words by numerous capitals—a style which the imitators of Carlyle know something about; a much larger number underline the words to which they wish to draw attention; some make abundant use of single quotation marks, ' ', others of double, " ", although no actual quotation is given; some rely greatly on dashes, —, others on notes of admiration, !, others on parentheses, ( ); a few precise people try to observe the proper gradation of , ; : . in a sentence; some content themselves with commas and full stops alone; while others seem to think that punctuation is a meaningless formality. Other habits which persons more or less acquire, tending to associate them with a particular kind of handwriting, relate to the mode of arranging sentences into paragraphs; the mode of correcting mistakes or supplying omitted words; the tendency to spell certain words in an erroneous way; the abbreviation of words wherever possible, such as don't, won't, couldn't, tho', etc.; a tendency to make short work with all such terminal syllables as ing, ment, ation, ful; a habit of making all the down-strokes of the i, n, u, and m as nearly alike as possible, reducing such a word as minimum to fifteen similar down-strokes, etc. In writing letters, whether of business or friendship, men differ in these among other points: putting the date and place at the bottom instead of the top of the letter; omitting the address of the writer whenever possible; placing the day before the month in the date; writing the names of all the months at full length, and a multitude of others.

One's handwriting is, in fact, a part of one's self to a greater degree than most of us suppose.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHILE summer heat is driving thousands to pleasant sea-shore resorts and cool mountain retreats, from across the waters come reports of a conflict between the natives of Corea and the United States expedition sent thither. It was about the middle of May when the United States Asiatic fleet left Nangasaki, Japan, for a cruise in the Corean waters. The six steamers contained about 1400 persons—naval, diplomatic, artistic, and scientific—and they carried seventy-six guns. The main objects of this expedition were to make some treaty with the Corean government securing the humane treatment of American seamen who might be wrecked upon the shores of that country, to survey the Corean waters, and, if possible, to open peaceful intercourse with the people. Our fleet met with hostile demonstrations, and defended itself, as it was prepared to do—and the end is not yet. Corea, a vast peninsula northeast of China, is almost an unknown land, as intercourse with other countries has been interdicted to a very great extent by the Corean government, and the people appear to have no desire to form amicable relations with other nations. The population of Corea is estimated at ten millions. The country is divided into eight provinces, and is supposed to contain about three hundred and sixty towns and cities. The government is despotic. The natives have at various times barbarously treated sailors shipwrecked upon their shores, and the interests of humanity seemed to demand that some effort be made toward establishing friendly relations. The Coreans are believed to be intelligent and ingenious, and the country to possess valuable undeveloped resources.

The women of Germany have not been behind their fathers, husbands, and sons in rendering services to their country during the war. Three hundred and forty-nine women have received medals of honor from the Emperor William I. for valuable services rendered in the military hospitals during the war.

South Carolina has made a mistake in the management of its school funds. The children of the public schools of Charleston were dismissed a few weeks ago indefinitely. There was no money in the school treasury, and the hard-worked teachers were six months behind in receiving their pay.

Croquet meekly falls into the background, since fashionable ladies at Long Branch have been attacked by the "billiard mania." The disease rages fearfully; billiard parties are the style; from seven to nine o'clock the most approved time, after which come supper and dancing.

"Picking huckleberries" is an important and profitable business in Orange, Sullivan, and Ulster counties in this State, and in Pike and Monroe counties in Pennsylvania. The New York market is chiefly supplied from these localities, and thousands of bushels are shipped West. In some places the annual crop is so abundant that, notwithstanding the immense quantities gathered for the markets and for private use, hundreds of bushels are left upon the bushes to serve as food for the wild pigeons or to perish.

Our government is evidently determined to assist Captain Hall's expedition to the utmost. The United States ship *Congress* has sailed to the arctic regions with supplies for the *Polaris*. Her destination is the island of Disco, Greenland, where she will meet the *Polaris* with one thousand packages of supplies—coffee, sugar, flour, preserved meats, and vegetables; also a quantity of coal. The chaplain of the Senate of the United States, Rev. J. P. Newman, and his wife, have embraced this opportunity to make a summer excursion to Greenland.

Official statistics show that there are annually carried on the horse-railroads of this city over one hundred and thirty-six millions of passengers. In addition to this very many millions are carried in omnibuses and upon the Harlem, New Haven, and Hudson River railroads by steam-power, and by the five Harlem steamboats, which run continually throughout the day.

The Exhibition of Women's Work, opened last April in Florence under the patronage of the Princess Marguerite, has proved a very successful experiment. One interesting incident in connection with this exhibition was the giving of one of the prizes for lace to Madame Andri Bersani, a poor Venetian work-woman, who has discovered the stitch of the old Venetian point lace, which had been lost since the thirteenth century. This woman earned her living by mending old lace. After many trials in picking to pieces bits of the ancient fabric she found the lost stitch, and immediately she began to put it into practice, first in her mending, and afterward in making new pieces of the precious stuff. For the patterns she went to various artists, but none of them could assist her in imitating the old designs; and, alone and unaided, by infinite perseverance she at last succeeded in drawing the ancient patterns for herself. The Italian government has granted her the exclusive right of working in her discovery for fifteen years.

A genealogical maniac has just published in London "The Heraldry of Smith," a stately quarto, containing over two hundred and fifty distinct coats of arms borne by Smiths in Great Britain and Germany.

The Medical College of the New York Infirmary opens to women a thorough course of instruction in medical science. No woman who desires to fit herself to minister to the sick and suffering will fail, at this institution, to have the best opportunities and advantages which can be given to students. The plan of instruction designs to secure a gradation of studies through a three years' course. Lectures on hygiene, physiology, anatomy, and kindred subjects form an essential part of the course; clinical instruction is made prominent. The college, being connected with the infirmary, enables practice among several thousand patients, under proper regulations, to be used for the benefit of the students. Opportunity is also given to senior students to reside for a certain length of time in the infirmary, and to take part in the practical medical work. The liberal sentiment of New York has opened to women the lectures given in many of the city hospitals and dispensaries; so that those who desire to pursue special branches will find excellent opportunities. The fall term commences the 1st of October.

We may obtain some idea of the number of stitches now considered necessary to be put into garments from the fact that last year there were over half a million of sewing-machines manufactured in the United States.

France has busied itself in forming a vast society for the purpose of discouraging the purchase of articles manufactured in Germany.

Passing through Fulton Market any morning about this season, one is surprised at the immense quantity of water-melons exposed for sale. Some are of huge size, not a few are divided into sections or slices, and dealt out to passers-by for a trifling sum. The crop this year is larger than usual. The early melons come chiefly from the vicinity of Aiken, South Carolina, and Augusta, Georgia, whence they are sent to Savannah and Charleston for shipment. Later in the season Virginia and Maryland send in their crop, and finally New Jersey and Delaware increase the supply so much that the market is really overstocked.

The Emperor of Brazil is an early riser, and starts on his sight-seeing tour over London before most of the citizens are out of their beds. During the first ten days of his stay in London he probably saw more of that vast metropolis and its environs than the majority of its inhabitants have seen in their lives.

Parliament has taken up the condition of the children employed in the brick-yards of England, and proposes to extend to them the protection of the Factory acts. The moral and physical condition of the 30,000 young people, from the age of three and a half to seventeen, who toil in the brick-yards, is distressing. Some—even very young children—labor from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, carrying heavy loads on their heads. The English Factory acts now forbid the employment in regular mechanical labor of any child under eight years of age, and limit the number of hours which older children may work. A proposition has been made in Parliament to introduce a clause providing that no girl under the age of sixteen, and no boy under ten, should be employed in a brick-yard under any circumstances.

A Boston paper, devoted to the interests of dumb animals, became so enthusiastic upon the subject during the recent "heated term," that it called upon all humane truckmen to provide sun-bonnets for their horses.

An immense raft, 2200 feet long, containing 120,000 cubic feet of timber, recently passed through the draw-bridge at Rouse's Point, New York, and entered Lake Champlain. With the tow-line and steam tug-boat, it stretched along the water for half a mile. The timber was on its way to New York city from Ottawa, Canada.

Paris seems to be almost as gay as ever. Nearly all of the principal theatres are now open, and they are nightly crowded. The Parisians evidently desire to relax the strain on the nerves which they have undergone during the past months by a little innocent amusement. Amusement, however, is returning into its old familiar track—not always a good one. A London journal remarks, "The latest evidence shows that Paris under the republic is no more moral than Paris under the empire."

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

VERY FAR GONE.

IT was a little after six when they came to the gate-way of the Court, at which point Mr. Tillott made his adieux. Mr. Granger would have been very glad to ask him to dinner, had he not promised Mr. Lovel that they would be quite alone; so he made up for any apparent inhospitality toward the curate by a hearty invitation for the following Sunday.

There was nearly an hour and a half before dinner; but Sophia carried off her guest to her own rooms at once, for the revision of her toilette, and detained her in those upper regions until just before the ringing of the second bell, very much to the aggravation of Mr. Granger, who paced the long drawing-room in a dismal solitude, waiting for Mr. Lovel's arrival.

In her own rooms Miss Granger became a shade more gracious to Clarissa. The exhibition of her *sanctum sanctorum* was always pleasing to her. It was the primmest of apartments, half study, half office; and Sophia, one of whose proudest boasts was of her methodical habits, here displayed herself in full force. It seemed as if she had inherited all the commercial faculties of her father, and having no other outlet for this mercantile genius, was fain to expend her gifts upon the petty details of a woman's life. Never had Clarissa seen such a writing-table, with so many pigeon-holes for the classification of documents, and such ranges of drawers with Brahma locks. Miss Granger might have carried on a small banking business with less paraphernalia than she employed in the conduct of her housekeeping and philanthropy.

"I am my own housekeeper," she told Clarissa, triumphantly, "and know the consumption of this large establishment to an ounce. There is no stint of any thing, of course. The diet in the servants' hall is on the most liberal scale, but there is no waste. Every cinder produced in the house is sifted; every candle we burn has been in stock a twelvemonth. I could not pretend to teach my cottagers economy if I did not practice it myself. I rule every thing by the doctrine of averages—so much consumed in one month, so much necessarily required in another; and I reduce every thing to figures. Figures can not deceive, as I tell Mrs. Plumtree, my cook, when she shows me a result that I can not understand or accept. And there are my books."

Miss Granger waved her hand toward a row of most uncompromising-looking volumes of the ledger or day-book species. The delight which she displayed in these things was something curious to behold. Every small charity Miss Granger performed, every short-coming of the recipients thereof, was recorded in those inexorable volumes. She had a book for the record of the church-going, a book for the plain needle-work, and was wont to freeze the young blood of her school-children by telling them at the end of the year how many inches of cambric frilling they had hemmed, and how many times they had missed afternoon service. To them she appeared an awful supernatural creature—a kind of prophetess sent forth upon earth for their correction and abasement.

On a solid ecclesiastical-looking oak table in one of the windows Miss Granger had a row of brass-bound money-boxes, inscribed, "For the Home Mission," "For the Extra Curate Society," and so on—boxes into which Miss Granger's friends and visitors were expected to drop their mite. Clarissa felt that if she had been

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laden down with shillings she could not for her very life have approached those formidable boxes to drop one in under Miss Granger's ken; but, of course, this was a morbid fancy. On another table there were little piles of material for plain work, so prim, so square, so geometrically precise, that Clarissa thought the flannel itself looked cold—a hard, fibrous, cruel fabric, that could never be of use to mortal flesh except as an irritant.

Miss Granger's bedroom and dressing-room were like Miss Granger's morning-room. No frivolous medievalism here, no dainty upholsterer's work in many-colored woods, but solid mahogany, relieved by solemn draperies of drab damask in a style that the wise Sophia called unpretentious. The chief feature in one room was a sewing-machine that looked like a small church organ, and in the other a monster medicine chest, from the contents of which Miss Granger dealt out doses of her own concoction to her parishioners. Both of these objects she showed to Clarissa with pride, but the medicine chest was evidently the favorite.

Having improved the time after this manner till twenty minutes past seven, with a very brief interval devoted to the duties of the toilette, the two young ladies went down to the drawing-room, where the lamps were lighted, and Mr. Lovel just arrived.

That gentleman had the honor of taking Miss Granger in to dinner, and did his utmost to render himself agreeable to her in a quiet, undemonstrative way, and to take the gauge of her mental powers. She received his attentions graciously enough—indeed, it would not have been easy for any one to be ungracious to Marmaduke Lovel when he cared to please—but he could see very clearly that she suspected the state of affairs, and would be, to the last degree, antagonistic to his own and his daughter's interests. He saw how close a watch she kept upon her father all through the dinner, and how her attention was distracted every now and then when he was talking to Clarissa.

"It is only natural that she should set her face against the business," he said to himself: "no woman in her position could be expected to act otherwise; but it strikes me that Granger is not a man likely to be influenced by domestic opposition. He is the kind of man to take his own way, I fancy, in defiance of an opposing universe—a very difficult man to govern. He seems over head and ears in love, however, and it will be Clarissa's own fault if she doesn't do what she likes with him. Heaven grant she may prove reasonable! Most women would be enchanted with such an opportunity, but with a raw schoolgirl there is no knowing. And that fellow Fairfax's influence may work against us, in spite of her protestations last night."

This was the gist of Mr. Lovel's disjointed musings during the progress of the dinner; but he took care not to neglect Miss Granger even for a moment, and he gave her very little time to listen to her father's conversation with Clarissa.

The dinner ceremonial was performed in a manner which seemed perfection even to the fastidious taste of Marmaduke Lovel. There was not the faintest indication of ostentation. Daniel Granger's father had been rich before him; he had been born in the commercial purple, as it were, and none of these things were new to him. Before the Arden Court days he had occupied a handsome modern country house southward, near Doncaster. He had only expanded his style of living after the purchase of the Court—that was all. He had good taste, too, and a keen sense of the incongruous. He did not affect the orchids and frivolous floral decorations, the fragile fairy-like glass, with which Lady Laura Armstrong brightened her dinner-table; but, on the other hand, his plate, of which he exhibited no vulgar profusion, was in the highest art, the old Indian china dinner service scarcely less costly than solid silver, and the heavy diamond-cut glass, with gold emblazonment of crest and monogram, worthy to be exhibited behind the glazed doors of a cabinet. There was no such abomination as gas in the state chambers of Arden Court. Innumerable candles, in antique silver candelabra, gave a subdued brightness to the dining-room. More candles, in sconces against the walls, and two pairs of noble moderator lamps, on bronze and ormolu pedestals six feet high, lighted the drawing-room. In the halls and corridors there was the same soft glow of lamp-light. Only in kitchens and out-offices and stables was the gas permitted to blaze merrily for the illumination of cooks and scullions, grooms and helpers.

Miss Granger only lingered long enough to trifle with a cluster of purple hot-house grapes before giving the signal for withdrawal. Her father started up to open the dining-room door, with a little sudden sigh. He had had Clarissa all to himself throughout the dinner, and had been very happy, talking about things that were commonplace enough in themselves, but finding a perfect contentment in the fact that he was talking to her, that she listened to him and smiled upon him graciously, with a sweet self-possession that put him quite at his ease. She had recovered from that awkward scene of the morning, and had settled in her own mind that the business was rather absurd than serious. She had only to take care that Mr. Granger never had any second opportunity for indulging in such folly.

He held the door open as Clarissa and his daughter went out of the room—held it till that slim girlish figure had vanished at the end of the corridor—and then came back to his seat with another sigh.

"Very far gone!" Mr. Lovel thought, smiling ever so little, as he bent over his claret-glass, pretending to admire the color of the wine.

It was really wonderful. That vague dream which had grown out of Lady Laura's womanly hints, that pleasant phantom which she had conjured up in Mr. Lovel's mental vision a month or two ago, in the midsummer afternoon, had made itself into a reality so quickly as to astound a man too Horatian in his philosophy to be easily surprised. The fish was such a big one to be caught so easily—without any exercise of those subtle manœuvres and Machiavelian artifices in which the skillful angler delights—nay, to pounce open-eyed upon the hook, and swallow it bodily.

Mr. Granger filled his glass with such a nervous hand that half the claret he poured out ran upon the shining oak table. He wiped up the spilled wine clumsily enough, with a muttered denunciation of his own folly, and then made a feeble effort to talk about indifferent things.

It was no use; with every appearance of courtesy and interest, Mr. Lovel contrived *not* to help him. One subject after another fell flat: the state of the conservative party, the probability of a war—there is always the probability of war somewhere, according to after-dinner politicians—the aspect of the country politically and agriculturally, and so on. No, it was no use; Daniel Granger broke down altogether at last, and thought it best to unbosom himself.

"There is something that I think you have a right to know, Mr. Lovel," he said, in an awkward, hesitating way; "something which I should scarcely like you to learn from your daughter's lips, should she think it worth her while to mention it, before you have heard it from mine. The fact is, in plain English"—he was playing with his dessert-knife as he spoke, and seemed to be debating within himself whereabout upon the dining-table he should begin the carving of his name—"the fact is, I made an abject fool of myself this morning. I love your daughter—and told her so."

Mr. Lovel gave a slight start, the faintest perceptible movement, expressive of a gentle astonishment.

"I need hardly tell you that you have taken me entirely by surprise," he said, in his quietest tone.

"Of course not. People always are surprised when a man of my age presumes to fall in love with a beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty. If I were to marry some worn-out woman of fashion, some battered widow, steeped to the lips in the worst worldly experience, every one would call the match the most suitable thing possible. But if a man of fifty ventures to dream a brighter dream, he is condemned at once for a fool."

"Pardon me, my dear Granger; I have no idea of looking at things in that light. I only remark that you surprise me, as you no doubt surprised my daughter by any avowal you may have made this morning."

"Yes, and, I fear, disgusted her still more. I dare say I did my cause all the harm that it was possible to do it."

"I must own that you were precipitate," Mr. Lovel answered, with his quiet smile. He felt as if he had been talking to a school-boy. In his own words the man was so "very far gone."

"I shall know how to be more careful in future, if not wiser; but I suffered myself to be carried away by impulse this morning. It was altogether unworthy of—of my time of life." This was said rather bitterly. "Frankly, now, Mr. Lovel: if in the future I were able to gain some hold upon your daughter's affection—without that I would do nothing, no, so help me Heaven, however passionately I might love her; if I could—if, in spite of the difference of our ages, I could win her heart—would you be in any way antagonistic to such a marriage?"

"On the contrary, my dear Granger." Mr. Lovel had already something of the tone of a father-in-law. "Slight as our actual acquaintance has been, I think I know the estimable qualities of your character well enough from other sources to be able to say that such a marriage would be eminently pleasing to me. Nor is this all. I mean to be perfectly candid with you, Granger. My daughter and myself have both an almost romantic attachment to this place, and I freely own that it would be very delightful to me to see her mistress of her old home. But, at the same time, I give you my honor that nothing would induce me to govern her choice by the smallest exercise of parental influence. If you can win her, win her, and my best wishes shall go with your wooing; but I will utter no word to persuade her to be your wife."

"I respect you for that resolution. I think I should have asked you to be neutral, if you hadn't said as much. I couldn't stand the idea of a wife driven into my arms by fatherly coercion. I suppose such things are done in modern society. No; I must win my treasure myself, or not at all. I have every thing against me, no doubt, except a rival. There is no fear of *that*, is there, Lovel?"

"Not the slightest. Clarissa is a mere schoolgirl. Her visit to Lady Laura Armstrong was her first glimpse of the world. No, Granger, you have the field all before you. It must go hard with you if you do not emerge from the struggle as a conqueror. And you strike me as a man not given to succumb."

"I never yet set myself to do a thing which I didn't accomplish in the long run," answered Mr. Granger; "but then I never set myself to win a woman's heart. My wife and I came together easily enough—in the way of business, as I may say—and liked each other well enough, and I regretted her honestly when she was gone, poor soul! but that was all. I was never 'in love' till I knew your daughter; never understood the meaning of the phrase. Of all the accidents that might have happened to me, this is the most surprising to myself, believe me. I can never make an end of wondering at my own folly."

"I do not know why you should call it a folly. You are only in the very middle of a man's life; you have a fortune that exempts you from all care and labor, and, of course, at the same time, leaves you more or less without occupation. Your daughter will marry and leave you in a year or two, no doubt. Without some new tie, your future existence must needs be very empty."

"I have felt that; but only since I have loved your daughter."

This was all. The men came in with coffee, and put an end to all confidential converse; after which Mr. Granger seemed very glad to go back to the drawing-room, where Clarissa was playing a mazurka, while Sophia sat before a great frame, upon which some splendid achievement in Berlin wool work, that was to be the glory of an approaching charity bazar, was rapidly advancing toward completion. The design was a group of dogs, after Landseer, and Miss Granger was putting in the pert black nose of a Skye terrier as the gentlemen entered. The two ladies were as far apart as they well could be in the spacious room, and had altogether an inharmonious air, Mr. Granger thought; but then he was nervously anxious that these two should become friends.

He went straight to the piano, and seated himself near Clarissa, almost with the air of having a right to take that place.

"Pray, go on playing," he said; "that seems very pretty music. I am no judge, and I don't pretend to care for that classical music which every one talks about nowadays, but I know what pleases me."

The evening was not an especially gay one; but it seemed pleasant enough to Mr. Granger, and he found himself wondering at its brevity. He showed Clarissa some of his favorite pictures. His collection of modern art was a fine one—not large, but very perfect in its way, and he was delighted to see her appreciation of his treasures. Here at least was a point upon which they might sympathize. He had been a good deal worried by Sophia's obtuseness upon all artistic matters.

Mr. Lovel was not very sorry when the fly from the Arden inn was announced, and it was time to go home. The pictures were fine, no doubt, and the old house was beautiful in its restored splendor; but the whole business jarred upon Marmaduke Lovel's sensitive nerves just a little in spite of the sudden realization of that vague dream of his. This place might be his daughter's home, and he return to it, but not as its master. The day of his glory was gone. He was doubtful if he should even care to inhabit that house as his daughter's guest. He had to remind himself of the desperate condition of his own circumstances before he could feel duly grateful to Providence for his daughter's subjugation of Daniel Granger.

He was careful to utter no word about her conquest on the way home, or during the quarter of an hour Clarissa spent with him before going to her room.

"You look pale and tired, my child," he said, with a sympathetic air, turning over the leaves of a book as he spoke.

"The day was rather fatiguing, papa," his daughter answered, listlessly, "and Miss Granger is a tiring person. She is so strong-minded that she makes one feel weak and helpless by the mere force of contrast."

"Yes, she is a tiring person, certainly; but I think I had the worst of her at dinner and in the evening."

"But there was all the time before dinner, papa. She showed us her cottages—oh, how I pitied the poor people! though I dare say she is kind to them, in her way; but imagine any one coming in here and opening all our cupboards, and spying out cobwebs, and giving a little shriek at the discovery of a new loaf in our larder. She found out that one of her model cottagers had been eating new bread. She said it gave her quite a revulsion of feeling. And then when we went home she showed me her account-books and her medicine chest. It was very tiring."

"Poor child! and this young woman will have Arden Court some day—unless her father should marry again."

Clarissa's pale face flamed with sudden crimson.

"Which he is pretty sure to do, sooner or later," continued Mr. Lovel, with an absent, meditative air, as of a man who discusses the most indifferent subject possible. "I hope he may. It would be a pity for such a place to fall into such hands. She would make it a phalanstery, a nest for Dorcas societies and callow curates."

"But if she does good with her money, papa, what more could one wish?"

"I don't believe that she would do much good. There is a pinched, hard look about the lower part of her face which makes me fancy she is mean. I believe she would hoard her money, and make a great talk and fuss about nothing. Yes, I hope Granger will marry again. The house is very fine, isn't it, since its renovation?"

"It is superb, papa. Dearly as I loved the place, I did not think it could be made so beautiful."

"Yes, and every thing has been done in good taste, too," Mr. Lovel went on, in rather a querulous tone. "I did not expect to see that. But, of course, a man of that kind has only to put himself into the hands of a first-class architect, and if he is lucky enough to select an architect with an artistic mind, the thing is done. All the rest is merely a question of money. Good Heavens, what a shabby sordid hole this room looks, after the place we have come from!"

The room was not so bad as to merit that look of angry disgust with which Mr. Lovel surveyed it. Curtains and carpet were something the worse for wear, the old-fashioned furniture was a little sombre; but the rich binding of the books and a rare old bronze here and there redeemed it from commonness—poor jetsam and flotsam from the wreck of the great house, but enough to give some touch of elegance to meaner things.

"Oh, papa," Clarissa cried, reproachfully, "the room is very nice, and we have been peaceful and happy in it. I don't suppose all the splendor of Arden would have made us much happier. Those external things make so little difference."

She thought of those evenings at Hale Castle, when George Fairfax had abandoned her to pay duty to his betrothed, and of the desolation of spirit that had come upon her in the midst of those brilliant surroundings.

Her father paced the little room as if it had been a den, and answered her philosophic remonstrance with an exclamation of contempt.

"That's rank nonsense, Clarissa—copy-book morality, which nobody in his heart ever believes. External things make all the difference, except when a man is writhing in physical pain, perhaps. External things make the difference between a king and a beggar. Do you suppose that man Granger is no happier for the possession of Arden Court—of those pictures of his? Why, every time he looks at a Frith or a Millais he feels a little thrill of triumph, as he says to himself, 'And that is mine.' There is a sensuous delight in beautiful surroundings which will remain to a man whose heart is dead to every other form of pleasure. I suppose that is why the popes were such patrons of art in days gone by. It was the one legitimate delight left to them. Do you imagine it is no pleasure to dine every night as that man dines? no happiness to feel the sense of security about the future which he feels every morning? Great God, when I think of his position and of mine!"

Never before had he spoken so freely to his daughter; never had he so completely revealed the weakness of his mind.

She was sorry for him, and forbore to utter any of those feminine commonplaces by which she might have attempted to bring him to a better frame of mind. She had tact enough to divine that he was best left to himself—left to struggle out of this groveling state by some effort of his own, rather than to be dragged from the slough of despond by moral violence of hers.

He dismissed her presently with a brief goodnight; but lying awake nearly two hours afterward, she heard him pass her door on the way to his room. He too was wakeful, therefore, and full of care.

CHAPTER XXII.

TAKING THE PLEDGE.

CLARISSA had a visitor next day. She was clipping and trimming the late roses in the bright autumnal afternoon, when Lady Laura Armstrong's close carriage drove up to the gate, with my lady inside it, in deep mourning. The visit was unexpected, and startled Clarissa a little with a sensation that was not all pleasure. She could scarcely be otherwise than glad to see so kind a friend; but there were reasons why the advent of any one from Hale Castle should be somewhat painful to her. That meeting with George Fairfax by the church-yard had never been quite out of her mind since it happened. His looks and his words had haunted her perpetually, and now she was inclined to ascribe Lady Laura's coming to some influence of his. She had a guilty feeling, as if she had indeed tried to steal Lady Geraldine's lover.

Lady Laura greeted her with all the old cordiality, and there was a relief in that; and Clarissa's face, which had been very pale when she opened the gate to admit her visitor, brightened a little as my lady kissed her.

"My dear child, I am so glad to see you again!" exclaimed my lady. "I am not supposed to stir outside the Castle in all this dreary week. Poor papa is to be buried to-morrow. But I wanted so much to see you on a most important business; so I ordered the brougham and drove here, with the blinds down all the way, so that no one might see me; and I'm sure, Clary, you won't think that I feel papa's loss any less because I come to see you just now. But, I declare, you are looking as pale and wan as any of us at Hale. You have not recovered that dreadful shock yet."

"It was indeed a dreadful shock, dear Lady Laura," said Clarissa; and then in a less steady tone she went on: "Lady Geraldine is better, I hope?"

"Geraldine is what she always is, Clary—a marvel of calmness. And yet I know she feels this affliction very deeply. She was papa's favorite, you know, and had a most extraordinary influence over him. He was so proud of her, poor dear!"

"Won't you come into the house, Lady Laura?"

"By-and-by, just to pay my respects to your papa. But we'll stay in the garden for the present, please, dear. I have something most particular to say to you."

Clarissa's heart beat a little quicker. This most particular something was about George Fairfax; she felt very sure of that.

"I am going to be quite candid with you, Clary," Lady Laura began, presently, when they were in a narrow walk sheltered by hazel-bushes—the most secluded bit of the garden. "I shall treat you just as if you were a younger sister of my own. I think I have almost a right to do that, for I'm sure I love you as much as if you were my sister."

And here Lady Laura's plump little black-gloved hand squeezed Clarissa's tenderly.

"You have been all goodness to me," the girl answered; "I can never be too grateful to you."

"Nonsense, Clary; I will not have that word gratitude spoken between us. I only want you to understand that I am sincerely attached to you, and that I am the last person in the world to hold your happiness lightly. And now, dearest child, tell me the truth—you have seen George Fairfax since you left Hale?"

Clarissa flushed crimson. To be asked for the truth, as if, under any circumstances, she would have spoken any thing less than truth about George Fairfax! And yet that unwonted

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guilty feeling clung to her, and she was not a little ashamed to confess that she had seen him.

"Yes, Lady Laura."

"I thought so; I was sure of it. He came here on the very day you left—the day which was to have been his wedding-day."

"It was on that evening I saw him; but he did not come to this house. I was sitting outside the church-yard, sketching, when I saw him."

"He did not come to the house—no; but he came to Arden on purpose to see you," Lady Laura answered, eagerly. "I am sure of that."

Unhappily Clarissa could not deny the fact. He had told her only too plainly that he had come to Arden determined to see her.

"Now, Clary, let us be perfectly frank. Before my sister Geraldine came to Hale I told you that the attachment between her and George Fairfax was one of long standing, that I was sure her happiness was involved in the matter, and how rejoiced I was at the turn things had taken. I told you all this, Clary; but I did not tell you that in the years we had known him Mr. Fairfax had been wild and unsteady; that, while always more or less devoted to Geraldine, he had had attachments elsewhere—unacknowledged attachments of no very creditable nature; such affairs as one only hears of by a side-wind, as it were. How much Geraldine may have known of this I can not tell. I heard the scandals, naturally enough, through Fred; but she may have heard very little. I said nothing of this to you, Clarissa; it was not necessary that I should say any thing to depreciate the character of my future brother-in-law, and of a man I really liked."

"Of course not," faltered Clarissa.

"Of course not. I was only too happy to find that George had become a reformed person, and that he had declared himself so soon after the change in his fortunes. I was convinced that Geraldine loved him, and that she could only be really happy as his wife. I am convinced of that still; but I know that nothing on earth could induce her to marry him if she had the faintest doubt of his thorough devotion to herself."

"I hope that she may never have occasion to doubt that, Lady Laura," answered Clarissa. It was really all she could find to say under the circumstances.

"I hope not, and I think not, Clary. He has been attached to my sister so long—he proposed to her in such a deliberate manner—that I can scarcely imagine he would prove really inconstant. But I know that he is a slave to a pretty face, and fatally apt to be ruled by the impulse of the moment. It would be very hard now, Clary, if some transient fancy of that kind were to ruin the happiness of two lives—would it not, my dear?"

"It would be very hard."

"Oh, Clarissa, do pray be candid. You *must* understand what I mean. That wretched man has been making love to you?"

"You ought not to ask me such a question, Lady Laura," answered Clarissa, sorely perplexed by this straight attack. "You must know that I should respect Lady Geraldine's position—that I should be incapable of forgetting her claims upon Mr. Fairfax. Whatever he may have said to me has been the merest folly. He knows that I consider it in that light, and I have refused ever to see him again if I can possibly help it."

"That's right, dear!" cried Lady Laura, with a pleased look. "I knew that you would come out of this business well, in spite of every thing. Of course you can care nothing for this foolish fellow; but I know Geraldine's sensitive nature so well, and that if she had an inkling of this conduct of George's, the whole thing would be off forever—an attachment of many years' standing—think of that, Clary! Now I want you to promise me that, come what may, you will give Mr. Fairfax no encouragement. Without encouragement, this foolish fancy will die out very quickly. Of course, if it were possible you could care for him, I would not come here to ask you such a thing as this. You would have a right to consider your own happiness before my sister's. But as that is out of the question, and the man is almost a stranger to you—"

"Out of the question—almost a stranger." Clarissa remembered that night in the railway carriage, and it seemed to her as if she and George Fairfax had never been strangers.

"It is so easy for you to give me this promise. Tell me now, Clary dear, that you will not have any thing to say to him, if he should contrive to see you again."

"I will not, Lady Laura."

"Is that a promise, now, Clarissa?"

"A most sacred promise."

Laura Armstrong kissed her young friend in ratification of the vow.

"You are a dear, generous-minded girl," she said, "and I feel as if I had saved my sister's happiness by this bold course. And now tell me what you have been doing since you left us. Have you seen any thing more of the Grangers?"

Questioned thus, Clarissa was fain to give her friend some slight account of her day at Arden.

"It must have affected you very much to see the old place. Ah, Clary, it is you who ought to be mistress there, instead of Miss Granger!"

Clarissa blushed, remembering that awkward avowal of Daniel Granger's.

"I am not fit to be mistress of such a place," she said. "I could never manage things as Miss Granger does."

"Not in that petty way, perhaps. I should not care to see you keeping accounts and prying into grocery lists as she does. You would govern your house on a grander scale. I should like to see you the owner of a great house."

"That is a thing you are never likely to see, Lady Laura."

"I am not so sure of that. I have an idea that there is a great fortune lying at your feet, if you would only stoop to pick it up. But girls are so foolish; they never know what is really for their happiness; and if by any chance there should happen to be some passing folly, some fancy of the moment, to come between them and good fortune, every thing is lost."

She looked at Clarissa closely as she said this. The girl's face had been changing from red to pale throughout the interview. She was very pale now, but quite self-possessed, and had left off blushing. Had she not given her promise—pledged away her freedom of action with regard to George Fairfax—and thus made an end of every thing between them? She felt very calm, but she felt as if she had made a sacrifice. As for Daniel Granger, any reference to him and his admiration for her touched upon the regions of the absurd. Nothing—no friendly manœuvring of Lady Laura's, no selfish desires of her father's—could ever induce her to listen for a moment to any proposition from that quarter.

She asked her visitor to go into the house presently, in order to put an end to the conversation; and Lady Laura went in to say a few words to Mr. Lovel. They were very melancholy words—all about the dead and his innumerable virtues, which seemed really at this stage of his history to have been alloyed by no human frailty or short-coming. Mr. Lovel was sympathetic to the last degree, sighed in unison with his visitor, and brushed some stray drops of moisture from his own eyelids when Lady Laura wept. And then he went out to the carriage with my lady, and saw her drive away, with the blinds discreetly lowered as before.

"What did she come about, Clarissa?" he asked his daughter while they were going back to the house.

"Only to see me, papa."

"Only to see you! She must have had something very important to say to you, I should think, or she would scarcely have come at such a time."

He glanced at his daughter sharply as he said this, but did not question her farther, though he would have liked to do so. He had a shrewd suspicion that this visit of Lady Laura's bore some reference to George Fairfax. Had there been a row at the Castle, he wondered? and had my lady come to bully her protégée?

"I don't suppose they would show her much mercy if she stood in the way of their schemes," he said to himself. "His brother's death makes this young Fairfax a very decent match. The property must be worth five or six thousand a year—five or six thousand. I wonder what Daniel Granger's income is? Nearer fifty thousand than five, if I may believe what I have been told."

Mr. Granger and his daughter called at Mill Cottage next day; the fair Sophia with a somewhat unwilling aspect, though she was decently civil to Mr. and Miss Lovel. Her father had brought her to look at some of Clarissa's sketches, he told his friends.

"I want her to take more interest in landscape art, Mr. Lovel," he said, "and I think your daughter's example may inspire her. Miss Lovel seems to me to have a real genius for landscape. I saw some studies of ferns and under-wood that she had done at Hale—full of freedom and of feeling. Sophia doesn't draw badly, but she wants feeling."

The young lady thus coldly commended gave her head rather a supercilious toss as she replied.

"You must remember that I have higher duties than sketching, papa," she said; "I can not devote *all* my existence to ferns and blackberry-bushes."

"Oh yes, of course; you've your schools, and that kind of thing; but you might give more time to art than you do, especially if you left the management of the house more to Mrs. Plumtree. I think you waste time and energy upon details."

"I hope I know my duty as mistress of a large establishment, papa, and that I shall never feel the responsibility of administering a large income any less than I do at present. It would be a bad thing for you if I became careless of your interests in order to roam about sketching toad-stools and blackberry-bushes."

Mr. Granger looked as if he were rather doubtful upon this point, but it was evidently wisest not to push the discussion too far.

"A MOST SACRED PROMISE."

"Will you be so kind as to show us your portfolio, Miss Lovel?" he asked.

"Of course she will," answered her father, promptly; "she will only be too happy to exhibit her humble performances to Miss Granger. Bring your drawing-book, Clary."

Clarissa would have given the world to refuse. A drawing-book is in some measure a silent confidante. She did not know how far her random sketches—some of them mere vagabondage of the pencil, jotted down half unconsciously—might betray the secrets of her inner life to the cold eyes of Miss Granger.

"I'd better bring down my finished drawings, papa; those that were mounted for you at Belfôret," she said.

"Nonsense, child; Mr. Granger wants to see your rough sketches, not those stiff school-girl things, which I suppose were finished by your drawing-master. Bring that book you are always scribbling in. The girl has a kind of passion for art," said Mr. Lovel, rather fretfully; "she is seldom without a pencil in her hand. What are you looking for, Clarissa, in that owlish way? There's your book on that table."

He pointed to the volume—Clarissa's other self and perpetual companion—the very book she had been sketching in when George Fairfax surprised her by the church-yard wall. There was no help for it, no disobeying that imperious finger of her father's; so she brought the book and laid it meekly open before Sophia Granger.

The father and daughter turned over the leaves together. It was a book of "bits:" masses of foliage, bramble, and bird's nest: here the head of an animal, there the profile of a friend; anon a bit of still-life; a vase of flowers, with the arabesqued drapery of a curtain for a background; every where the evidence of artistic feeling and a practiced hand—every where a something much above a school-girl's art.

Miss Granger looked through the leaves with an icy air. She was obliged to say "Very pretty," or "Very clever," once in a way; but this cold phrase evidently cost her a severe effort. Not so her father. He was interested in every page, and criticised every thing with a real knowledge of what he was talking about, which made Clarissa feel that he was at least no pretender as to the love of art; that he was not a man who bought pictures merely because he was rich and it was the right thing to do.

They came presently to the pages Clarissa had covered at Hale Castle—bits of familiar landscape, glimpses of still-life in the Castle rooms, and lightly touched portraits of the Castle guests. There was one head that appeared very much oftener than others, and Clarissa felt herself blushing a deeper red every time Mr. Granger paused to contemplate this particular likeness.

He lingered longer over each of these sketches, with rather a puzzled air, and though the execution of these heads was very spirited, he forbore to praise.

"There is one face here that I see a good deal of, Miss Lovel," he said at last. "I think it is Mr. Fairfax, is it not?"

Clarissa looked at the profile of George Fairfax dubiously.

"Yes, I believe I meant that for Mr. Fairfax; his is a very easy face to draw; much easier than Lady Geraldine's, though her features are so regular. All my portraits of her are failures."

"I have only seen one attempt at Lady Geraldine's portrait in this book, Miss Lovel," said Sophia.

"I have some more on loose sheets of paper, somewhere; and then I generally destroy my failures if they are quite hopeless."

"Mr. Fairfax would be quite flattered if he could see how often you have sketched him," Sophia continued, blandly.

Clarissa thought of the leaf George Fairfax had cut out of her drawing-book; a recollection which did not serve to diminish her embarrassment.

"I dare say Mr. Fairfax is quite vain enough without any flattery of that kind," said Mr. Lovel. "And now that you have exhibited your rough sketches, you can bring those mounted drawings, if you like, Clarissa."

This was a signal for the closing of the book, which Clarissa felt was intended for her relief. She put the volume back upon the little side-table from which she had taken it, and ran up stairs to fetch her landscapes. These Miss Granger surveyed in the same cold, tolerant manner with which she had surveyed the sketch-book—the manner of a person who could have done much better in that line herself if she had cared to do any thing so frivolous.

After this Mr. Lovel and his daughter called at the Court; and the acquaintance between the two families being thus formally inaugurated by a dinner and a couple of morning calls, Mr. Granger came very often to the Cottage, unaccompanied by the inflexible Sophia, who began to feel that her father's infatuation was not to be lessened by any influence of hers, and that she might just as well let him take his own way. It was an odious, unexpected turn which events had taken; but there was no help for it. Her confidential maid, Hannah Warman, reminded her of that solemn truth whenever she ventured to touch upon this critical subject.

"If your pa was a young man, miss, or a man that had admired a great many ladies in his time, it would be quite different," said the astute Warman; "but never having took notice of any one before, and taking such particular notice of this young lady, makes it clear to any one that's got eyes. Depend upon it, miss, it won't be long before he'll make her an offer; and it isn't likely she'll refuse him—not with a ruined pa to urge her on!"

"I suppose not," said Sophia, disconsolately.

"And after all, miss, he might have made a worse choice. If he were to marry one of those manœuvring middle-aged widows we've met so often out visiting, you'd have had a regular step-mother, that would have taken every bit of power out of your hands, and treated you like a child. But Miss Lovel seems a very nice young lady, and, being so near your own age, will be quite a companion for you."

"I don't want such a companion. There is no sympathy between Miss Lovel and me; you ought to know that, Warman. Her tastes are the very reverse of mine in every way. It's not possible we can ever get on well together; and if papa marries her, I shall feel that he is quite lost to me. Besides, how could I ever have any feeling but contempt for a girl who would marry for money? and of course Miss Lovel could only marry papa for the sake of his money."

"It's done so often nowadays. And sometimes those matches turn out very well—better than some of the love-matches, I've heard say."

"It's no use discussing this hateful business, Warman," Miss Granger answered, haughtily. "Nothing could change my opinion."

And in this inflexible manner did Daniel Granger's daughter set her face against the woman he had chosen from among all other women for his wife. He felt that it was so, and that there would be a hard battle for him to fight in the future between these two influences; but no silent opposition of his daughter's could weaken his determination to win Clarissa Lovel, if she was to be won by him.

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HOME-COMING.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORA MAY.—The book you mention is a burlesque account of a real voyage. "Will Carleton" is not a *nom de plume*. George Sand is the literary name of Madame Dudevant. Gift weddings are gotten up by the couple whose anniversary is celebrated. They issue invitations engraved on wood, tin, etc., and courtesy requires that they should add, "No presents received," as the custom now is.—White waists, basques, and over-skirts are worn over dresses, or merely skirts, of any color. Black silk polonaises, not mere basques, are worn with colored skirts. Side curls are not worn. We can not tell you how to make your straight switch curl permanently.

CONSTANT READER OF BAZAR.—Your lace is a coarse imitation, not good enough to use on lingerie. The guipure square-meshed lace curtains in stripes, or else dotted Swiss muslin curtains with fluted ruffles, are both preferable to Nottingham lace curtains, though very fine Nottingham will answer for your well-furnished rooms.

DILEMMA.—Get dark gray mohair, trimmed with black silk bands, for a mourning traveling dress. Silk-faced gray serge is apt to cockle. Your grenadine, ruffled to the waist, and worn with a long basque or polonaise, will be very stylish.

ELSIE.—Perpendicular tucking is more used than bias tucking. Over-skirts and polonaise skirts of grenadine are not lined, but grenadine waists and sleeves are lined with silk. Tight basques of Victoria lawn are not lined.

MADGE AND ETTA.—The best thing to do with your last summer's poplin is to leave it as it is, and wear it draped over a black or brown silk skirt. Make coat or half-flowing or shirt sleeves for your percale dress. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV.

W. L. A.—Your pale blue silk will make a pretty carriage suit combined with darker blue or with gray. Polonaises with high lining are the style for organdy dresses.

MRS. JANE WALTON.—The *Bazar* is not a warm advocate of corsets, and can not advise you which to get to lace tightly.—To reduce your flesh without doing great harm get Banting's book, and follow its directions.

ALICE, JOE U., AND OTHERS.—All inquiries about treatment of the skin, cosmetics, etc., have been answered at length in the "Ugly Girl" papers, and we have not room for further replies on these subjects. *Bazars* containing those articles will be furnished for ten cents each number.

FRANCESCA.—Most elaborate vignettes are used to mark gentlemen's handkerchiefs, and are not thought effeminate. We do not furnish individual monograms.

BLONDE.—Read about white alpaca in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 31, Vol. IV. Make your black silk with demi-train and Worth basque and over-skirt. Trim with flounces and with lace over white muslin pleatings.

L. A. S.—Black-walnut mantels upholstered with reps require an experienced upholsterer to fashion them prettily, and this, we fear, would be too much expense for you. This upholstering is, however, sometimes done by housewives who have seen the mantels, but you would scarcely make a nice job of it from a description.

INTEREST.—Victoria lawn is the most stylish fabric for white suits. Rain spots Japanese silk and makes it flimsy.—A mantel clock, an easy-chair embroidered by the donor, a toilette set, a drop light, a work-table, a china tea set, a useful piece of silver, vases, spoons, a pretty chromo, a majolica pitcher—all these are useful gifts to a bride of moderate means.

MRS. J. M. S.—All the costumes lately given among our cut paper patterns are appropriate alike for the present and the fall season. Blue, gray, and white are the colors most worn by boys.

SUBSCRIBER.—Get bombazine and tamise cloth for mourning suits for fall. Trim the bombazine with folds of English crape; the tamise with folds of itself. Your alpaca would be more suitable trimmed with folds of dead black silk, but may be worn as it is. Plain jet or rubber jewelry is preferable to that of enamel for dress mourning. Wear white nansook dresses with box-pleated waists, black ribbon sash, and jet jewelry in the house in summer. Get a long English crape veil, and gather one end over your bonnet.

CLEVELAND.—Your sample is a light quality of black cashmere. Put kilt pleatings on the skirt, and make a polonaise trimmed with fringe and braiding, or else bias bands of black silk.

MRS. JONES.—Trim your green and white silk with bias green silk bands and fringe, or else Swiss muslin pleatings. Your ideas of making are very good, though court trains are not so fashionable as formerly. Get a white English straw or a chip bonnet with lavender ribbon and white daisies.

GAILIE.—We have said repeatedly that we will not recommend depilatories. To pluck out your superfluous hair, continuing to do so when it re-appears, is a tedious plan, but the only one we think safe.

VIC.—You could make a stylish suit by putting two bias scant flounces of dark brown silk on your skirt, and wearing it with a buff over dress of linen or pongee. Get nine yards of buff linen at twenty-five cents a yard, and make a box-pleated blouse and over-skirt by directions given for cambric dresses in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV. Put merely a bias fold around the over-skirt, or else add buff lace or fringe. Your sample is entirely out of fashion.—For visiting cards read *Bazar* No. 31, Vol. IV. The name should not be written diagonally on the card, but horizontally.

MATTIE.—Silk like your sample is not much worn, but would look very pretty with a long Swiss muslin over-skirt. A wide flounce on the silk skirt, headed by black velvet, would also improve it.

OHIO.—The Worth basque dress, or else the Apron-Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., would be pretty made in embroidered organdy. Use straight ruffles, hemmed and scant. Knots or bows of black velvet ribbon.

G.—The only address necessary for letters to be answered in this column is *Harper's Bazar*, New York city.

A. F. K.—Cadet midshipmen at the Naval Academy are officers of the government, and receive $500 and a ration per annum. It costs a successful candidate about $350 to procure the necessary outfit of uniform, etc., on entering the institution. The pay is sufficient to support the cadet during the full course, and to leave a small surplus at the expiration of the four years to procure the outfit necessary for an officer going to sea.

MISS C. S. M.—The *Bazar* in which the pattern sent you is illustrated contains the amount of goods necessary for the suit sent. About eighteen or twenty yards of ordinary width material are bought for a suit; but this depends, of course, on the trimming.

F. A. S.—We advise you not to line over-skirts. A large tournure should make the dress bouffant, and the fabric of the over-skirt should fall in graceful drapery, not stand out stiff with lining.

CAROLINE E.—Trim your Marseilles with white fringe and braid, or else with embroidered jaconet ruffles.

A. K.—The blue parasol will not be incongruous with pink and white or gray toilettes. Large blue umbrellas are worn by ladies with almost any costume. Your gray sample of crape barége will look prettiest beneath a white Swiss muslin polonaise; but one of black lace will also answer.

MAGGIE.—Use bias bands of green silk and knotted fringe of green and white for trimming the green dress, and ruffles of the fabric for the gray one.

OWYHEE.—Black twisted silk fringe, in thick bullion cords, will be prettier than llama fringe on your waterproof.

FRIEND.—From your description we think your grenadine is stylishly made, and not old-looking. Satin is not used for trimming, and passementerie and lace are often dispensed with, ruffles alone being used.

SIMPLE SIMON.—Tulle fichus are worn in the evening; Swiss muslin blouses in the afternoon. A pale rose-colored suit is pretty for country walks. Wear flowers in your hair in the house at any time of day, but they are not often worn at church or out-of-doors. Trained street suits should only be worn in a carriage.—A lady should thank a gentleman for the pleasure he has given her by escorting her to any place of amusement. It is possible for a lady to inform a gentleman without offense that she keeps early hours, and can not entertain him longer, as it is her hour for retiring.

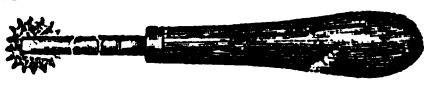
MRS. M. F.—With the assistance of a copying wheel the patterns are easily taken from the Supplement.

DAB AT FASHION.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 31, Vol. IV. The chatelaine braids will continue the prevailing style for some time.

MULTITUDES of people require an alterative, to restore the healthy action of their systems and correct the derangements that creep into it. Sarsaparillas were used and valued until several impositions were palmed off upon the public under this name. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is no imposition.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer prevents the hair from turning gray, and restores hair to its natural color.—[*Com.*]

To have elegant, light Biscuits, Rolls, Buckwheat Cakes, Fruit Dumplings, etc., you should use *Dooley's Yeast Powder*. Ask your Grocer for it.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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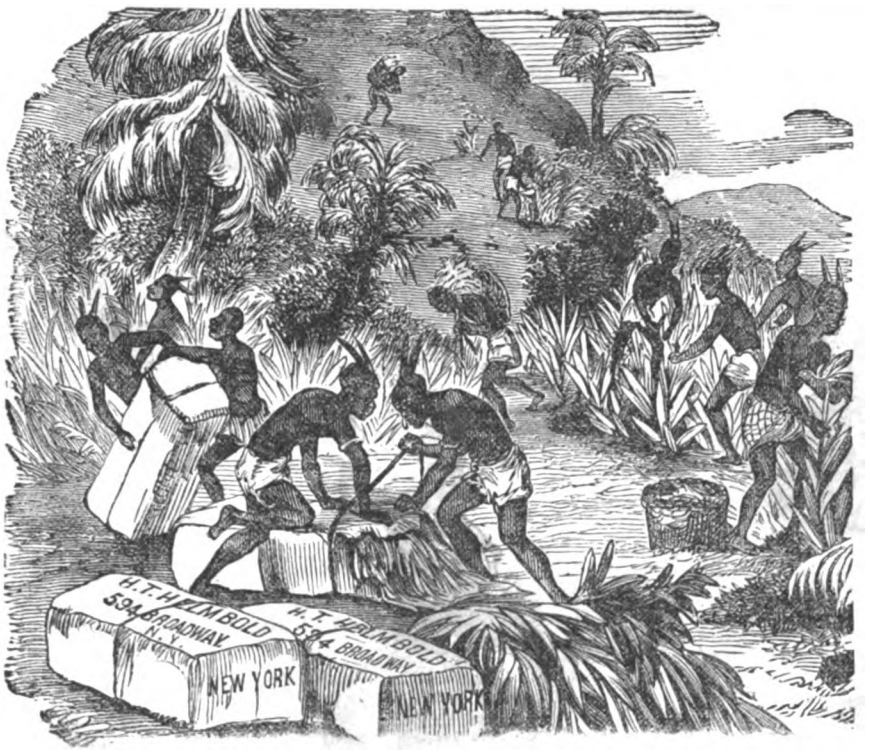

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WHY is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?—Because he is a sea-king what never did exist.

ECONOMY FOR LADIES.—If you want a morning wrapper to last forever never wear it out.

If you're asked to take an egg, and won't, is that an egg-ative reply?

THE POOR MAN'S STORY—The garret.

Some lawyers can't sleep. They lie on one side, and turn over and lie on the other.

The sailor who knew for a fact that there was a man in the moon had been to sea.

FRUITY AND POINTED.—The epicurean who made a dessert of the fruits of an enterprise picked his teeth with the point of a joke.

It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the querist.

An old Indian who had witnessed the effect of whisky for many years said a barrel labeled "whisky" contained a thousand songs and fifty fights.

THE BEST BAND TO ACCOMPANY A LADY VOCALIST—A hus-band.

Women do not talk more than men. They're listened to more, that is all.

Most people are glad to give their opinion. Lawyers usually sell theirs.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST—Your deposit in a savings-bank.

Curious to say, most horse-owners, when in difficulties, prefer their grays to their duns.

A young swell of our acquaintance is so dreadfully fastidious that he is even measured for his umbrella.

Ballet-girls and geese are the animals that can stand the longest on one leg.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.—Thresh your corn as much as you think necessary, but don't pull its ears off—that's brutal.

Why is it that Mount Vesuvius never sleeps?—Because it is always yawning.

Lots of young ladies don't know the names of their best friends; some do not even know what their own names may be a year hence.

MAXIMS FOR THE PRUDENT.—Never throw a stone at any one until you have looked to see whether there is a window behind, or you may pay dearly for your revenge. Never leave your hat in the passage unless it is a bad one. Never be executor to a will, as it is all liability, great trouble, and no profit. Never quarrel with your wife, as you will only have to make it up, and pay for the reconciliation. Never mention you have received a legacy, or some impertinent fellow will be asking you to stand a dinner. Never pay to see a balloon go up, as you can see it much better by remaining outside.

1. Philosophy.
2. Natural Philosophy.
3. Want of philosophy. "Drat it! missed him!"
4. The wild animal at bay.
5. "Got him!—No!"
6. The vigorous onslaught.
7. A struggle for life.
8. The overthrow. The escape!
9. Philosophy worsted by a fly. Wisdom smiles.

A Boston grocer, who excited the ire of one of his customers by presenting at his house his bill for goods rendered, was waited upon soon after by a daughter of the debtor, who said, "I wish you wouldn't come with that bill when father's at home; it makes him nervous to be dunned." The grocer apologized.

Young ladies suffering from a pane in the side may relieve it by wearing a sash.

A WRIT OF ATTACHMENT—A marriage-certificate.

THE FUTURE STATE—San Domingo.

GOOD ADVICE.

Treat the injuries you receive as if they were borrowed umbrellas. Do not think of returning them. Revenge is not a paying game.

Should the wife of your bosom fly into a rage (as ladies *will* occasionally), and hurl a torrent of vituperative eloquence at you, light a cigar, take a pinch of snuff, trim your nails, glance over the advertisements in yesterday's paper, sit still and smile—do any thing but reply to her. You will be pleased with the result, even though she should faint.

"Honesty is the best policy," as a general rule; but there are exceptions to every rule, and, when you can do so without fear of detection, you make exceptions to that one.

Never speak ill of any one who may be of the slightest service to you, no matter how much you may dislike him. He might hear of it.

Buy in the cheapest market. Sell in the dearest. The number of children the workmen employed by you may have is nothing to you. The number you have yourself is.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR HEAD CLEAR—Shave every hair off.

What part of speech is kissing?—A conjunction.

If Eve was not a Fenian, she was at least the first rib on man.

"Where are you going?" said a Scotch gentleman to a thief, whom he observed crawling through a hole in the hedge into his garden. "Back again," replied the thief, as he hurriedly retreated.

One of the boys at our printer's is a sad character. When at work he does nothing but make *pie;* when he's at home he makes away with it.

Some of those women who are most afraid of lightning have hearts of steel.

When a wife reigns, it seems natural that she should storm too. She generally does.

It's your tall fellows who are luckiest in love. The ladies are all in favor of Hy-men.

THE WAY TO COMMAND RESPECT AND PLENTY OF ROOM IN A CROWD—Carry a pot of paint in each hand.

The following is the copy of a bill posted on a wall in a country village, "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be taken at the door to defray expenses."

While a vendor of greens in Boston, last week, was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade, his poor old nag balked, and refused to budge an inch. The driver finally commenced belaboring the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window and exclaimed, "Have you no mercy?"

"No, ma'am," replied the peddler; "nothing but greens."

TO ARTISTS, COMEDIANS, AND OTHERS.

ANY ONE WHO WISHES TO STUDY THE TRUE DRAMATIC EXPRESSION OF THE TRAGIC MUSE IN THE ACT OF DRINKING THE LAST BITTER CUP OF DESPAIR TO THE VERY DREGS SHOULD WATCH A YOUNG MOTHER TEACHING THE ELEMENTS OF MUSIC TO HER FIRST-BORN.

A CRUEL DUCK.

GEORGE (*intending to ask his affianced to crown his hopes*). "Dearest Matilda, there's a subject that's nearest our Hearts—Would you think it too Soon—Might I hope that by the end of August this protracted Postponement—"

MATILDA. "Lor', Dear, do you mean the Tichborne Case? Oh, isn't it awful? It 'll be quite Dreadful when there's nothing in the Papers for Pa to Read!"

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PASTE FOR WALL-PAPER.

A NEW form of paste for attaching paper-hangings to walls, and one which, besides possessing the merit of cheapness, has the advantage of preventing the paper from separating or peeling off, is prepared by first softening eighteen pounds of finely powdered bole in water, and then draining off the surplus water from the mass. One and a quarter pounds of glue are next to be boiled into glue-water, and the bole and two pounds of gypsum are then stirred in, and the whole mass forced through a sieve by means of a brush. This is afterward diluted with water to the condition of a thin paste or dressing, when it is ready for use. This paste is not only much cheaper than the ordinary flour paste, but it has the advantage of adhering better to whitewashed surfaces, especially to walls that have been coated over several times, and

Fig. 1.—POULT DE SOIE EVENING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—FOULARD WALKING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-12.

Fig. 5.—ÉCRU LINEN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

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from which the coating has not been carefully removed. In some cases it is advisable, when putting fine paper on old walls, to coat them by means of this paste with a ground-paper, and to apply the paper-hanging itself to this with the ordinary paste.

CROQUET.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY.

How I rue the day when I played croquet!
That game with the traps of wire,
With the fancy mauls, and the rolling balls,
Lost me my heart's desire.
I'm beat by a blonde, that festive Hal
Called witching Jenny Lake,
Who wore more stripes on her balmoral
Than shone on the painted stake.

She played croquet with a winning way,
This damsel young and fair;
With a smile so cute, and a high-heeled boot,
And a rose in her floating hair;
Such trills of song, and such bursts of mirth,
All for my own sweet sake,
Till I thought a rainbow touched the earth
Where she stood by the painted stake.

I fell in love like a turtle-dove,
And cooed and wooed her well;
But I fell in hate at her croquet mate,
And called him a cheeky swell.
If he had not been, what did he mean
Such a liberty to take
As to steal a kiss, and insult the miss
Till she blushed like the painted stake?

Ah! the game's all up, and my bitter cup
Is filled by a frowning fate;
For at church to-day, so the papers say,
She married the man I hate.
For that beaming blonde in the balmoral,
For treacherous Jenny Lake,
With a heart of ire in a martyr-fire
I burn at the painted stake.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1871.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In a few days we shall commence the publication, in HARPER'S WEEKLY, of the new serial story,

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

BY

WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

Mr. COLLINS stands in the foremost rank of living novelists, and the present story, which will be printed from advance sheets, is one of the most brilliant and fascinating efforts of his genius.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of an Infant's Wardrobe, consisting of Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke, Slip, Night-Gown, Petticoat, and Shirt, will be published with our next Number. For full list of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 543 of this Number.*

THE CRIMP.

IS the crimp destroying our civilization? The question, which at the first instant sounds so simply absurd, was asked the other day, in a lively conversation, with great earnestness; and the answer was then and there declared so emphatically to be in the affirmative that a pitiful vision rose before the eye of those maidens at their sea-side and mountain resorts who invite each other into their rooms for a social crimp and a gossip of the day's events before retiring to the world of dreams, as unconscious of the great civic undermining of which they are guilty as are those ants who eat out the foundations of the South American cities.

The crimp, be it known to any pardonably ignorant reader, is the result of a curious compressing machine, a thing of night and mystery, consisting of long, pointed steel pins, round which the front hair is tightly wound close to the head and confined by a sliding clasp. The wearer of this little machine endures a broken sleep until she has discovered which phrenological development accommodates the pressure least painfully; she becomes a dangerous, not to say murderous, bedfellow; she is usually invisible to her acquaintances in the morning, or if seen then she is an unknown quantity at noon, and is supposed upon damp days to have no existence at all; she tears out by the roots the greater part of the tress committed to the steel embrace, and breaks off the remainder at a bristly length, which it takes the growth of a year or two to remedy. But she is in the fashion; and, when her toilette is made, her forehead is by daylight and lamp-light surrounded by a nimbus of threaded gold or a shadow of raveled darkness, so to say, that gives her whole face, be it ever so plain, an inexpressible softness almost amounting to beauty in itself, and well worth the sacrifice, if that were all the sacrifice. Indeed, nothing can be lovelier than any of these blooming young creatures in the blending and shadowing and other worshipful effect of the crimp, that, robbing all harshness from the outlines underneath that haze of hair, is to the flush of the cheek what the bloom is to the grape or the moss to the rose—

> "One shade the more, one ray the less,
> Had half impaired the nameless grace
> Which waves in every raven tress
> Or softly lightens o'er her face."

But when we see the same deific chevelure on the married matron, though its personal effect may be quite as charming, we are, nevertheless, conscious that a disenchanted husband has celebrated the oblation of his illusions and idealities with the awful rites and incantations of this new Medean process which has given his wife her lovely appearance of youth; and we are fain to remember the matrons of certain Eastern tribes, who, with the marriage-ring, are invested also with a horn and veil, or undergo a shortening and blackening of the teeth, or some other disfigurement or mutilation that shall kill vanity and self-seeking in the bud; and recalling, moreover, the legend of one of King Arthur's knights, who had the choice of his wife's seeming a beldam to himself by night and a beauty to the world by day, or the contrary, we might almost think the golden days had come again, and all the knights now had that privilege.

But in all seriousness, and apart from any extravagance, it is just here that the question of the crimp widens into one of broad domestic interest — one affecting not only the happiness of homes, but the existence of homes. Lucretia, a matron of that great middle class which makes our population, independently of the excrescences of the very rich or the very poor, must crimp her hair because Tarpeia crimps hers, and then because it is so beautifying. Beautifying to whose gaze? we might ask. Certainly not to her husband's, must be replied; for he is obliged to see a creature horned and knobbed as the sacred cow confront him during the greater part of his hours at home. Those hideous protuberances over each temple were the last things he saw ere turning down the light at night; they are the first that catch his eye at sunrise; they are stamped upon his departing retina as he leaves the house for his daily task. He must have his breakfast before he goes, of course; most likely there is no one but Lucretia to prepare it—Lucretia, whose culinary skill is doubtless all it should be. Tarquin's wife breakfasts in her room alone, or has some dainty device of lace and muslin to bind over her hair and hide its condition, or has a maid to crimp it freshly when needed, or wears her hat to table with false crimps sewed in; but Lucretia's lot in life is different. If Lucretia takes down her hair, and goes about her hot work, the hair will be as straight as flax in half an hour; besides, she has no time to take it down, to pick it out thread by thread, to shake it into place, to bind it with its necessary combs and ribbons. But then, if she is going to pour coffee with her head looking like a "hooraw's nest," a clean collar or any collar would be but a burlesque upon it. A sense of the eternal fitness of things restrains her from putting on a collar. If she had put on a collar she would have been ashamed of a soiled gown. As it is, you see, the crimp has reached down its filaments like the fibres of some subtile disease, and has corrupted all the economy of her household. If it were not for the crimp her hair would be smoothly brushed; she would have a bit of linen at her throat; her gown would be as clean as circumstances allowed; the children would be inviting, even if they made themselves so by scrubbing a polish on their rosy cheeks. But it would be ridiculous for Lucretia, in the light of her own example, to insist that the little ones should have neat pinafores, and faces or heads like any thing but mops and door-mats; and if the table is too well set, will it not be a travesty on those around it? Such household gods, we must needs confess, are unlikely to be so sacred as to prevent the bicker and quarrel, or so enticing that their proprietor should hasten home to them at night; and if he does not feel sick at heart and disgusted with his experience of domestic life, it is because the poverty of his imagination suggests nothing better. In how much he does his share of duty is not at present a subject of consideration. Something has always to be taken for granted.

Too much familiarity breeds contempt, runs the old maxim. Lucretia wrote it in her copy-book at school till its up strokes and down strokes should have been engraved upon her heart; but, neglecting the lesson, a stern teacher is to make her master it now. When the ugly chrysalis of the morning—which she was—becomes the brilliant butterfly of the afternoon, the processes are still too fresh in her husband's mind to be enrapturing. By-and-by, with the corroding work of days and months, he finds that the name of wife has lost its old spell. The girl he wooed is a memory; the woman he has won is something to make the best of. He misses all the romance out of marriage. If he is one sort of man he turns to the ale-shop and politics; if another, he finds a charmer in some place where he is never admitted except to find it charming, a place whose mistress never sees him in her crimping-pins.

But, after all, the crimp, be it said, is a mere figure of speech for the morning slattern, and the morning slattern is too frequent an apparition to be overlooked—is becoming, in fact, an element of our social being. Is it true that modern civilization demands so much from a woman that she can not keep herself attractive, her children clean, her house pleasant, and her food properly prepared unless there should be twenty-five hours in the twenty-four? In order to make home what it should be, and to keep husbands out of mischief, must the multitude of women settle into mere drudges, discontented and tired, indifferent to personal appearances, with minds vacant of improvement from book or newspaper, till, harassed and worn down and ungratified, they sink into their welcome graves? If this be so, it is time for a new crusade and a new emancipation of slaves. And in the light of certain statistics which tell us that the majority of young men no longer marry, see no attraction in the homes they come from to encourage them to assume the responsibilities of new ones, but content themselves with establishments where the rose-colored side is all they ever see, and from which, when grown distasteful, they can at any moment set themselves free — in this melancholy light, the sooner the deliverance comes the better, whether the slavery be that of men's appetites or women's follies.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Sea Bathing.

MY DEAR JOB,—So you were surprised and a little pained that I could go to the sea-side and remember only Sam Borax and certain petty annoyances when I returned. But who told you that I remembered only what I mentioned? I said, indeed, that there were groups of children bathing in the surf, but there were others who were not children who bathed also. But I confess there is something awful in sea bathing. The sense of committing yourself to that illimitable power even upon its mere edges is overwhelming. It seems as alive along the edges as any where. Those swelling breakers that plunge and slide sparkling up the beach, then draw back again with that hurrying, confused rattle of the shingle, as if the secret, monstrous force of the sea were striving to suck the earth into its depths, have sometimes an uncanny life to my eye and mind. The undertow that tugs at my venerable legs touches my imagination also. Good Heavens! whither? Mysterious and mighty force that pluckest so sturdily at my nether extremities, to what dim, dreadful, slimy abysses of sea-snakes and jellied monsters wouldst thou hale this puny victim?

The evil fancy passes, and then as the huge breakers roll upon me and rush far beyond, so that I seem swiftly drifting out to sea, it is the very benediction of health that I feel, and the strength and sweetness and coolness of the very brine permeates my frame. As I stand half submerged, shining, dripping, gasping, I jump up and down, I shout aloud. The exclamation is unintelligible, but if you were walking on the cliff and beheld what would seem to you a probably demented and certainly rather ridiculous elderly gentleman in the surf, and if for a moment you were the Finecar of fairy, you would hear him saying, "The ocean purifies me; I shall emerge a cleaner and a better man." Yet as I jump and shout and turn my eyes seaward I am confounded by reflecting that it is the same water which bears those distant ships that condescends to exhilarate me, and that the very element in which I stand stretches unchanged and without barrier to the isles of Greece, and softly laves the Polynesian shores.

My bath is inconceivably stimulating and invigorating. Heart, mind, and soul, as well as body, have shared in the inspiration, and as again I gaze shoreward, while breaker after breaker slides over my rounded opposing back, I observe a jaded citizen, whom I have often seen in the streets busily making his living, standing clad in his garments of the sea at the door of the bathing-house, and contemplating the water. How much of himself a man takes off with his clothes!—how much, at least, of the self that we know! Do you remember Thackeray's droll drawing of Louis the Fourteenth, the *Grand Monarque*, with his wig and lace and padding removed? What a tribute to the power of the human imagination, that a little embroidery and stuffing should be made by it the symbol of greatness! If Canute had sat upon the beach on one of those chairs from the bathing-house, and in the simple royal robes that Nature supplies to all of us, do you think the courtiers could possibly have suggested that the sea would retire at his bidding? Why, my dear Job, King Canute in extreme undress looked as I did when I was jumping and rejoicing in the water; and was I, or is my friend the jaded citizen in his garments of the sea at the door of his bathing-house yonder, an imposing figure?

But see! he is descending like a merman to his element. What would Broadway think of him now? And do you observe that, as he has always an air of owning the whole city when you meet him upon the pavement, he now steps across the gravel and the sand as if he were the proprietor of the ocean, and just about dipping into his private bath-tub? And now, lo! he quickens his pace, he runs; the inspiration seizes him also, and swiftly advancing, he joyfully plunges his head into the enormous billow, and emerges, beyond, a new creature. I have seen him often and often, but never before did he seem to me really to enjoy. He throws himself upon the water, and strikes out as if he were heading for the Azores or Madagascar. There is nothing except the shining plain between him and those far shores. The little bald-headed citizen, who came so tired from the city, seems the master of this awful force, which tugged mysteriously at my venerable legs, but which yields submissive to his lusty arms. And when he abandons the voyage to Madagascar, and turns once more to the nearer coast, how easily he reaches out his arms alternately, as if pulling himself ashore! He is refreshed and renewed. He is plainly the Antæus of the sea, and needs but to touch it to be restored to every power. I watch him with admiration, and I think with gratitude of the kind care that provides the ocean to quicken the weary sons of earth.

And do you see, my dear Job, this terrible ocean, which tears armadas to pieces and swallows vast hosts of men, which in its storms is the most pitiless and powerful of giants, now touches with gentle kisses the feet of those little children, who shout and dance as they feel its cool, moist lips, but who can not trust it despite its innocent play? They run in to their knees, and as the water slips up the sand they, too, seem to be slipping outward, and they hurry, gasping and terrified, to the shore. They meet the returning water, retiring under their feet and leaving them standing, bewildered, upon the firm black beach. They chase the retiring water-line, and once more fly as it turns to play with them. I am sure that I do not know how long I should have staid in the sea watching and thinking, fascinated and awe-struck, if I had not observed that the tide was rapidly falling. So I, too, emerged from my bath, and presently climbed the cliff, but did not walk away. I seated myself in one of the little houses, where I could still see the surf and yield to the power which still inthralled me.

The citizen was already gone, but from that moment I observed him wherever we met, and he was a new man. If he had arranged his affairs, and made his will, and packed his trunk, and, with many fond farewells, had gone at great expense to Europe, and after a tour of enchantments had returned, he could not have been more wholly renewed in health and spirits than he was by his daily ocean bath. His eye brightened, his cheek was ruddy-hued, his step was light, his blood was electrified, he seemed, as all people in good health seem, happy.

"What a pity," said his cousin to me, "that he can not take his ocean bath with him to town!"

"It would be a great pity if he could not," I answered.

"Yes," replied his cousin; "but Congress-water in bottles is not Congress-water from the spring."

The band struck up, and his cousin walked away. But I was very sure that we could all take the sea with us if we chose, and by no means in pails or in jugs. If that busy citizen, when his daily duties are done, would ask, as Goethe asked, for a great thought, if he would read only the great books which are the works of great genius, and if during the day he would trust himself to great and generous emotions and principles, he would be so perpetually refreshed that it would not occur to him to go to the sea-side, because he would feel as if he lived there, and dipped daily in the ocean. You see, my dear Job, that puddles of brackish and tepid water are never refreshing nor inspiring. But the books that so many of us read, and the range of thoughts and feelings to which we accustom ourselves, are, in comparison with the great books and the noble emotions, what the puddles are to the ocean. It is a very pitiful truth, but it is a truth, that what passes for worldly wisdom is suspicion and a mean

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opinion of other men. The counsel of the world to the young man is, "My son, believe that every body is selfish and wishes to get the better of you." Now a man could as reasonably live upon a diet of choke-cherries and expect to be well as live in such a faith and expect to be morally fresh and sound. Men are very much what you make them—that is to say, what you expect them to be, as Mr. Fiske says in his paper upon were-wolves, that those who acted like beasts came to believe that they were so. If you expect a man to be mean, he will probably seem to you to be so. For however generous he may really be, through your mask of mean expectation you can not discover it.

Now, my dear boy, if you will accustom your mind to liberal and lofty ideas, to a habit of seeing the best and not the worst in other people, in one word, to that mood which thinketh no evil, you will be sea-born every day. You will emerge from night and sleep as my citizen came from his bath, sweet and invigorated. Believe me, there is something very much worse than being cheated, and that is the feeling that every body wants to cheat you. And if you observe closely you will find that the happiest people of your acquaintance are not those who always make the sharpest bargains, and who always expect to be taken in if they are not on the alert, but those who deal unsuspiciously, and who care more for their own self-respect than for the kind of respectability that riches buy.

As there are books that we can never read without a sense of the limitless ocean, a feeling of infinite depth and power, an impression of entire refreshment and renewal, as if the cool salt billows had gone over us, so there are persons whose presence and influence are no less invigorating and inspiring. Like Venus, flower of the sea-spray, goddess of beauty and of love, so are they, in force and freshness, ocean-born. They bring with them the renewing breath, the odors blown from the spicy isles, the thought of strange and awful powers, the splendor and the calm, and the Gulf Stream pouring through the colder depths of sea a current of warmth as from the heart of the universe. Contact with them, my dear Job, is the best kind of sea bathing, for it makes us more and more like themselves. It was of such influences, open to all of us on every side, that I was thinking when I said that the citizen might carry his sea bathing to town. Try it, Job, and justify

Your friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL IMPORTATIONS.

FAILLE.

THE great warehouses down town are receiving new goods. Lyons silk imported for fall and winter is called faille. It is simply gros grain, soft and lustreless, with smaller cords than that of last year. Thick reps are objected to, as they break when folded, catch the dust easily, and soon become rusty. Black faille has rather less blue tinge than has been used of late, but is not yet a full deep black, and its lustre is very slight. The effort to bring glossy taffeta silk into fashion has again failed. For day dresses there are "cloth colors" so dark that they barely escape being black, while evening silks are as pale as possible without being white. In rich fabrics a sheet of solid color, clear, pure, and admirably brought out, is preferred to any design of figures. Silks of three tones of a color are imported for a single costume. Nicest gradations of shades are obtained by color artists in French manufactories by submitting the three pieces of silk to the same dye. The darkest silk is dyed first, then the color bath is weakened for the second shade, and still further weakened for the third. The tones then harmonize, and there is no danger of thrusting together a rosy brown and a yellow-brown, a bluish-gray and one with pink tints, the beauty of each being destroyed by the other.

Among the richest failles the first dark hue quoted for costumes is marine blue, of which three shades are furnished: the darkest is for the under-skirt of the costume, the lightest for the polonaise, and the intermediate shade will appear in the trimming. Then comes *noyer*, or walnut-color, rich sombre brown tints that will blend beautifully in winter suits; *cendres*, more severe than the soft ashes-of-rose shade formerly seen, is also in three tones; Russian gray, refined blue-gray shades—the first exceedingly dark, and the third as light as French gray; *tourterelle*, the familiar dove grays; *feutre*, or felt, a series of drab shades; *cinéraire*, lovely red-purple hues—the lightest like Humboldt purple, the darkest almost wine-color; Van Dyck, the dark oil brown beloved by the great artist; cypress, three darkest green shades, scarcely removed from black; of *lie*, well named for the lees of wine, there are but two shades (as the lighter verges on crimson, a third tint would be too red to be acceptable); prune blue, in favor with blondes, is mazarine tinged with gray; *scabieuse* is the rich dahlia-color introduced last winter; *fumée* is London smoke, the deepest gray, very *sérieux*, as the French say. There is no brilliancy to these shades, as they are made only in rich fabrics. *Noyer* and *cendres* are the colors that we fancy will best please fastidious tastes.

The pale tints for evening dresses are also brought out in harmonious shades, though seldom more than two tints are seen. *Indienne* is the delicate blue seen in Oriental fabrics; *sylphide* is faint gray without pearl shading; azalea is a pink lilac, so pale that it is almost white; *rose-frais* is like the inner petals of blush roses; the cool pink lavender, called peach-blow, is a most acceptable shade; newest lavenders are fairly tinged with blue; water green is as pale as the Nile shade without being overshadowed with gray; faille for wedding toilettes is a rich creamy white, instead of that made poor-looking by blue shading; tea-rose, pearl, and Frou Frou are repeated from last year.

Poult de soie antique, an unwatered moiré of rich double chain, far heavier than faille, is brought out in all the evening colors.

BROCADED FAILLE.

An elegant novelty is brocaded faille for over dresses to be worn with trains of plain faille. The evening colors just mentioned are brought out in this beautiful material. The ground matches the train in color, and the brocade is a Pompadour bouquet of many colors, or else shaded buds of one color. Two tints blend charmingly in this way. An India blue figure is most artistically wrought on a pearl ground; wood brown on Isabelle, a sort of flesh tint; lilac is on clear silver, and water green is on Isly, a new darker green. It is a matter of caprice about arranging broché costumes, as the train may be brocaded and the casaque plain, or the order may be reversed, but it is necessary that one hue prevails throughout.

LOW-PRICED SILKS.

Low-priced silks, to be sold as nearly as possible to a dollar a yard, have black grounds with double-shaded stripes in satin reps. Of these it is predicted that the brown stripes will be most fashionable, and the range of shades is very wide, beginning with pale blondine, salmon, maize, and continuing through bronze and marron (chestnut) to the Bismarck that met the eye every where a few seasons ago.

ARMURE SILKS.

Very rich armure silks are stylishly worn in Europe, but have not met with favor here. New patterns, called Renaissance armure, of intricate curved designs, may make it more popular. Elegant suits are fashioned of this in bronze, dove gray, and marine blue shades. Diamond armures, the pattern in tiniest diamonds, is shown in a few evening colors, rich *rose-frais*, water green, cerise, and batiste, the last a pale buff, the color of unbleached raw silk. For costumes there are armure reps of one color for the skirt, and striped armure of two harmonizing shades for the over dress.

CHEVIOTTES.

The novelty perhaps most worthy of notice is Cheviotte, a soft silk with heavy twill, like the diagonal ribs of the Scotch Cheviots worn by gentlemen. It is all pure silk, not highly dressed, drapes gracefully, and will doubtless make a most serviceable costume. It is designed for street suits, and rivals armure in popular favor abroad. Chocolate, wood, and bronze shades are brought out.

PEKIN.

Another novelty in expensive goods is called pékin. It has a satin ground of light shade, with darker stripes of velvet of very heavy pile. It costs $12 a yard, and is for parts of costumes, skirts probably, and for trimming. It is in the cloth shades only. A simpler fabric, also called pékin, a soft silk with satin stripes, is for overskirts of dinner dresses. The colors are Mexico blue, mouse gray, peach-blossom, lilac, and pale eglantine.

FAILLE CASHMERE.

The Oriental fabric called faille cashmere was mentioned last week. It is a thick repped stuff, silk alone appearing on the surface, but the cord is fine wool. It is too heavy for entire costumes, but will be used as upper skirts and polonaises over brocades and plain faille. The price is $10 a yard, the width fifty-six inches. It is imported in shades to match the other new goods, and in black and white.

LÉVANTINE.

The fancy for soft goods that drape gracefully has restored lévantine, a fabric dear to Quakers, and well known to fastidious ladies of the olden time. It is extremely soft, is all silk, of light quality, and has beneath its smooth surface an almost invisible twill. It is for entire costumes, and is in quiet dark colors, such as prune, deep-sea blue, myrtles, acanthe (like olive), and *ours*, or bear-color. Repped lévantine, the reps up and down like those of empress cloth, is also shown in dark colors.

MOSCOVITE.

Among corded fabrics is Moscovite, wide flat cords of satin surface on silk. This is highly appreciated abroad. Another is velvetine grisaille, alternate cords of black and white, forming a gray mixture. It is twenty-four inches wide, and will make elegant suits.

A new stuff for trimming wool costumes is a heavy reps of cotton and silk, the latter all thrown on the surface. It is black, with a ray of color matching the costume on which it appears.

PRICES.

All silks, and especially black silks, have advanced in price abroad, but there will probably be very little increase of price here, as most of next season's silks were ordered at war prices.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

A RACY correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, writing about past and present "goings on" at "MOON'S" at Saratoga, in answer to the question, "Who has given the biggest dinner here in twenty years?" replied: "Well, WATTS SHERMAN, of DUNCAN, SHERMAN, & Co.; thirty-six in the party, and cost $3000. Madame RUSH was one of the party. My wife was in her prime then, and, Lord! you ought to have seen that dinner—hot-house grapes, Johannisberger, Roman punch!—and MOON held up both hands like a great V, while his eyes hung out in a state of wondering bewilderment."

—Prince SCHEMIDZN INGOI arrived in this city on the 27th ult., having in charge twenty-nine young Japanese nobles, who came here to learn how to do it before endeavoring to do it in the State Department of Japan. The prince was educated in this country, is about thirty, speaks English perfectly, and enjoys in a high degree the confidence of the emperor.

—Among those who have recently deceased in this vicinity may be mentioned Mr. CHARLES DYKE, at East New York. Mr. DYKE was well known sixty-four years ago as assistant-engineer on FULTON'S steamer, the *Clermont*, which first steamed on the Hudson, from New York to Albany.

—A young American, Master WILLIS SHELTON, of New Haven, Connecticut, son of a gentleman of fortune, is now in England for the purpose of improving himself on the organ. His extraordinary ability has quite stirred up the people of Brighton, and he was about to proceed to London to show the pretenders in that metropolis what the capabilities of the instrument really are.

—The will of the late Marquis of Hertford, soon to be submitted for probate, excites a flutter of anxiety among the *haut ton* of London and Paris. It is known that the marquis bequeathed his personalty and his Irish estates, valued at $250,000 a year, to Mr. WALLACE, whose recent deeds of benevolence in Paris are worthy to be placed by those of PEABODY in London and the United States. Why this fortune should have been given to Mr. WALLACE is a mystery. Some say he is the marquis's son; others that he is the son of the late marquis's father, the Lord Steyne of THACKERAY'S "Vanity Fair." As heir of the personalty he comes into possession of many of the rarest pictures in Europe.

—President LINCOLN'S valuable gold-headed cane, given to him in 1851 by JOHN A. M'CLERNAND, and by Mr. LINCOLN'S family to the late Rev. Dr. SMITH, of Springfield, Illinois, has, in accordance with Mr. LINCOLN'S wishes, been given to JOHN BRIGHT. In Dr. SMITH'S will the following clause was inserted: "I give, devise, and bequeath unto JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., member of the British House of Commons, and to his heirs, the gold-mounted staff, or cane, which belonged to the deceased President LINCOLN of the United States, and presented to me by the deceased's widow and family as a mark of the President's respect, which staff is to be kept and used as an heir-loom in the family of the said JOHN BRIGHT, as a token of the esteem which the late President felt for him because of his unwearied zeal and defense of the United States in suppressing the civil rebellion of the Southern States."

—Mrs. D. P. BOWERS, the tragedienne, having refused $75,000 for her property on Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, proposes to buy a cottage at Long Branch, which is the home of many actors and actresses—some wealthy, others "well off," none poor. LESTER WALLACK, EDWIN BOOTH, Mr. M'VICKAR, and the husband of Mrs. HOEY are quite rich. JAMES W. WALLACK has a fine old mansion and seventy acres of land, worth at any moment $150,000 cash. F. S. CHANFRAU and EDWIN ADAMS have fine places, and are "forehanded" and thrifty. Also pleasant.

—Lord BROUGHAM, writing of his maternal grandmother, said he owed to her all his success in life; and he adds: "Remarkable for beauty, but far more for a masculine intellect and clear understanding, she instilled into me from my cradle the strongest desire for information, and the first principles of that persevering energy in the pursuit of every kind of knowledge which, more than any natural talents I may possess, has enabled me to stick to and to accomplish every task I ever undertook." So much for the worth and work of one strong-minded woman.

—The present legal adviser of the French legation at Washington is the Marquis of Chambrun, whose wife is a granddaughter of LAFAYETTE. He is soon coming North for a vacation, and if he will run up to Mount Vernon, Westchester County, on the New York and New Haven Railroad, he can be shown the house where his wife's patriotic grandpapa was introduced to the noble G. WASHINGTON.

—M. CAPOUL, who is to be the tenor of the NILSSON opera troupe, is said to have a voice very rich and well trained. He is, moreover, very handsome, and parts his hair in the middle, but his style is not effeminate. He has made a great sensation in "Faust" and in "Rigoletto." Since MARIO and TAMBERLIK have gone out CAPOUL promises to become the operatic tenor of Europe. He comes here in his early prime, not when his powers have begun to fade. Another new tenor for the NILSSON troupe is Mr. CHARLES LYALL, who has sung in Italian opera here with good success. Besides being a clever singer, Mr. LYALL is very skillful with his pencil. He has recently made a series of inimitably droll caricatures of all the leading singers of the day, giving their peculiarities of appearance in a pronounced but by no means offensive manner. PATTI is taken in her part of Caterina in "L'Etoile du Nord." LUCCA is a wonderful success in this series; and NILSSON'S sentimentality of style is so humorously exaggerated that its effect is irresistibly comic.

—Owing to the nefarious proceedings of his business manager, LISZT, the pianist, proposes to give concerts again in the various countries of Europe, and may, perhaps, come to the United States.

—We doubt if ever there was a more eccentric person than that man FARQUHAR M'KENZIE, a Scotchman, who died recently in Castleton, near Thurso. More than thirty years ago he took to his bed through religious excitement, and in course of time his body assumed such an abnormal condition that the slightest cold affected him in a most painful manner. The air had as far as possible to be excluded from his bed, his hands had to be kept gloved, and his only communication with friends who visited him was through a pane of glass fastened in the curtains. With all this he appeared to be quite in possession of his senses, and by many persons was regarded as a kind of oracle.

—The world at large may expect to hear from Newport often during the present season, judging from the number of newspaper writers and literary people at that resort. Fanny Fern (Mrs. PARTON) is boarding at friend MITCHELL'S, overlooking the sea, and sending pretty things about the "Emerald Isle" in her own inimitable style to the *Ledger*. Miss TUCKER, who writes about art in New York in the winter, is at the Ocean House for the summer, sending spicy things to the New York papers. Colonel HIGGINSON, that most petted of all authors by the ladies, puts his enthusiasm on paper, and does much for Newport. BRET HARTE saunters about town, evidently "laying off" at present. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON is down by the sea, occasionally contributing something about Newport to the city press. "H. H." (HELEN HUNT), of *Atlantic* fame, is in a quiet boarding-house, seeking rest and retirement. "Margery Deane" (Mrs. PITMAN) is doing the report for the *Evening Post*, and is seen daily on the avenue, driving a spirited pair of little black ponies. JULIA WARD HOWE is in a cottage of her own a few miles from the city. CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, Miss NILSSON, MARY CLEMMER AMES, and other lights, are spending August at that watering-place.

—The Princess FREDERICK CHARLES, of Prussia, laments the death of her parent, the late Duke of Anhalt. But she was not left indigent. Four million two hundred thousand dollars was the sum he bequeathed to her.

—It is worth while to "come of age" when one can do it as has just been done the other day in England, when the young Earl of Pembroke attained his majority. The earl represents the ancient and very distinguished Saxon family of the HERBERTS. He is quite delicate, having passed several years in Australia for the benefit of his health. No Earl of Pembroke has ever enjoyed such wealth as this young man, since, in addition to his broad acres—worth some $200,000 a year—in England, and the accumulations of his minority, he has a princely income from Ireland. This came about in a somewhat remarkable way. About forty years ago there lived at Mount Merrion, near Dublin, a certain eccentric Viscount Fitzwilliam. He had but one near relation, and this person unluckily offended him by some very trivial act—coming down late for dinner, or something as slight. Lord Fitzwilliam had, however, a distant cousin in the person of Lord Pembroke, grandfather of the present peer, and one day Lord Pembroke received a letter stating that his kinsman was ill, and besought his presence. Lord Pembroke replied that he could not then immediately leave England, but would come as soon as possible. Presently there came another letter from Ireland. Lord Fitzwilliam was dead, and had bequeathed to Lord Pembroke his estate, with remainder to the son of his (second) marriage, to the daughter of WORONZOW, the Russian embassador. This property comprises the Merrion Square and the most fashionable part of Dublin, and is worth $250,000 a year, without any fear of being shot.

—Note the energy with which Mrs. A. J. DUMWAY seizes her pen to write her introductory editorial in *The New Northwest*, an organ of public opinion which she has set in motion in Portland, Oregon:

"We have served a regular apprenticeship at working—washing, scrubbing, patching, darning, ironing, plain sewing, raising babies, milking, churning, and poultry-raising. We have kept boarders, taught school, taught music, written for the newspapers, made speeches, and carried on an extensive millinery and dress-making business. We can prove by the public that this work has been well done. Now, having reached the age of thirty-six, and having brought up a family of boys to set type, and a daughter to run the millinery store, we propose to edit and publish a newspaper; and we intend to establish it as one of the permanent institutions of the country."

—And in this wise did Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON, formerly of the *Independent*, comb out the "dander" from the brethren of the orthodox church in Peacham, Vermont. Last summer Mr. J. visited that home of his boyhood, and found a quarrel brewing among the elect. This pained Mr. J., and he resolved to bring about a reconciliation. Accordingly, he sought an opportunity to say a few kindly words to the congregation at the close of the afternoon service, in which he told them of his sorrow at the differences that had arisen, and promised them that if they would make an end of their strife, agree in employing a minister, and prepare their meeting-house to receive it, he would make them a present of a good organ. The proffer was received in the spirit in which it was made, the quarrel ceased, the church edifice has been repaired, the people have united in the choice of a minister, and an excellent organ, costing $1350, and abundantly answering the needs of the little church, will be put in the place prepared for it on the 1st of September. By this graceful and generous act Mr. JOHNSON has helped to preserve a Christian church from division and shame.

—Speaking of ladies whose thorough breeding and charm of manner impresses one at first sight, a recent writer says: "'Do what you will, you never can be so thorough a lady as I am,' was the impression made upon me by the sweet humility, the plain dress, the almost forlorn surroundings, of Mrs. CUSTIS, the former mistress of Arlington. It was more what she did *not* do, the absence of effort coupled with the desire to make you happy, the thorough breeding, the self-abnegation, the graceful dignity, that made this lady a duchess in her faded realm. Such breeding and such manners as hers are not within the reach of every one—they are partly natural gifts—but the virtues which led to them are to be cultivated by every body with some hope of success. Miss SEDGWICK was one of these wonderfully well-bred women. No woman in America was more famous than she in her prime, and she had much of the grace, with little of the formality, of those 'old-school' manners in which she must have been trained. Flattery never turned her head; she was humble and modest as a village girl, graceful and courtly as Madame De Sévigné. Her manner of introducing two persons has never been surpassed; she made them both feel honored and distinguished. Her attitude of listening was in itself a compliment, and to the very last she maintained a charm beyond beauty—the charm of perfect manners."

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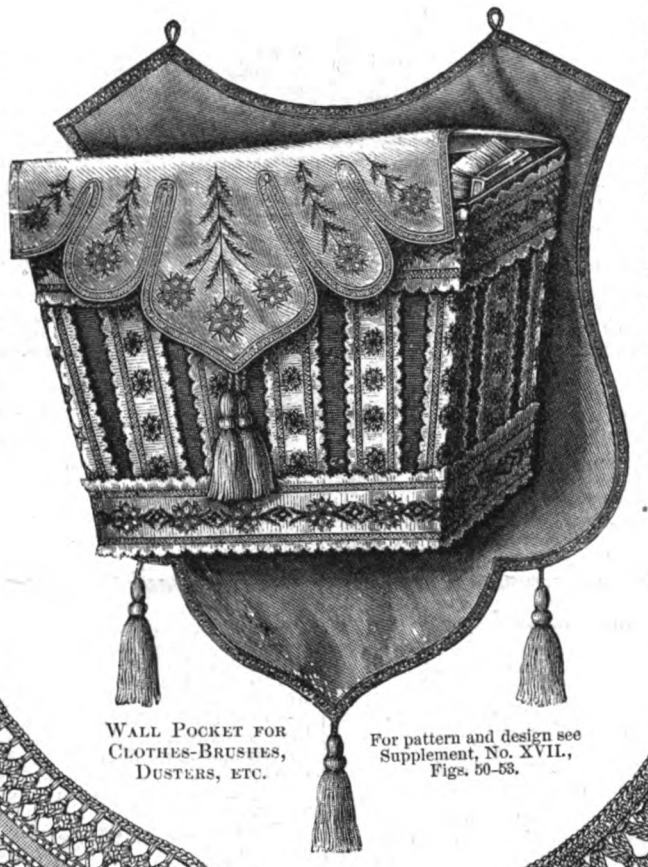
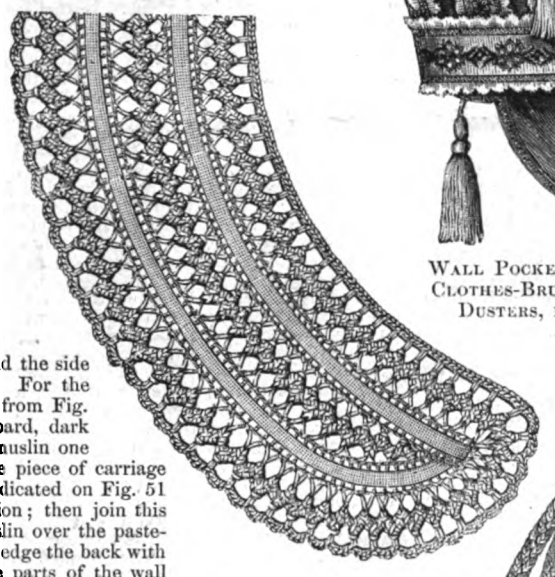
Wall Pocket for Clothes-Brushes, Dusters, etc.

THIS wall pocket will be found useful as a receptacle for clothes-brushes, dusters, ironing utensils, and various articles needed for daily family use. The material for the cover and the embroidery is chosen according to the purpose for which the wall pocket is designed. The original is made of pasteboard covered with carriage leather in two shades of gray, and ornamented in point Russe embroidery with Saxony wool of various colors. Cut, first, of pasteboard two four-cornered pieces each nine inches and three-quarters high, thirteen inches and a quarter wide at the top, and ten inches and three-quarters wide at the bottom; then two pieces for the sides each nine inches and three-quarters high and four inches and a half wide; and, finally, for the bottom one piece ten inches and three-quarters long and four inches and a half wide. These pieces are covered on the outside with dark gray carriage leather, and on the other side with gray muslin, and are then sewed together. Next ornament the front and the side pieces of the wall pocket, as shown by the illustration, with narrow strips of light gray carriage leather, which are pinked on both sides and ornamented with embroidery. Fig. 52, Supplement, gives part of a strip with design. The length of the strips is regulated to suit the depth of the wall pocket; the latter is ornamented at the upper and under edge with a wider strip; Fig. 53, Supplement, gives part of this strip. For the flap of the wall pocket cut of light gray carriage leather one piece from Fig. 51, Supplement, work the design indicated on the pattern on this piece, line it with muslin, and border the under scalloped edge and the side edges with fine gray cord. For the back of the wall pocket cut from Fig. 50, Supplement, of pasteboard, dark gray carriage leather, and muslin one piece each. Embroider the piece of carriage leather in point Russe as indicated on Fig. 51 and shown by the illustration; then join this piece with the piece of muslin over the pasteboard interlining. Finally, edge the back with fine gray cord, and sew the parts of the wall pocket previously joined on the back as partly indicated and shown by the illustration. Sew cord loops on the wall pocket to hang it up, and finish it with gray worsted tassels.



WALL POCKET FOR CLOTHES-BRUSHES, DUSTERS, ETC.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 50–53.



SECTION OF CHILD'S CROCHET GIMP AND POINT LACE COLLAR.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 56.

Child's Crochet Gimp and Point Lace Collar.

THIS collar is made of crochet gimp and point lace braid. The gimp is crocheted with tatting cotton, No. 60, like the gimp shown by Fig. 8, page 500, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 32, Vol. III. To make the collar, draw its shape, one half of which is given by Fig. 56, Supplement, in full size on paper; baste gimp on the latter around the outer edge and along the middle as shown by the illustration, baste point lace braid between the rows of gimp, and overseam the gimp and braid together with fine white cotton. Separate the collar from the foundation, and crochet around the collar one round of single crochet with tatting cotton, No. 80, working three single crochet each on every loop at the neck of the collar, and five single crochet each on the loops at the crosswise edges and at the under edge of the collar.

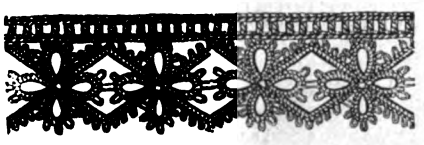


Fig. 1.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

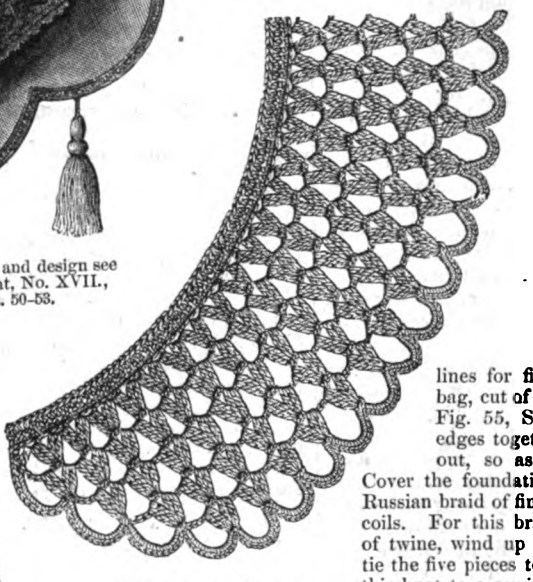
Fig. 1.—SECTION OF KNOTTED CLOTHES-LINE OF HEMPEN CORD AND TWINE.

Child's Crochet Collar.

THIS collar, of which the illustration shows a full-sized section, is crocheted lengthwise with tatting cotton, No. 80. Begin at the upper edge with a foundation divisible by four, which must suit the width of the neck, and, going back on this foundation, work the 1st round.—1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the fourth following foundation st. (stitch), * 5 ch. (chain stitch), 2 stc. on the same foundation st. on which the preceding stc. has been worked, and 2 stc. on the fourth following foundation st.; these 4 stc. are not worked off separately but together. Repeat from *. The end of this, as of every following round, must always correspond to the beginning of the round; besides this, the thread must be cut off at the end of each round. 2d round.—2 stc. on the first, * 2 stc. on the following ch. scallop of the preceding round; these 4 stc. are not worked off separately, but together; 7 ch., 2 stc. on the same ch. scallop on which the preceding 2 stc. have been worked, and repeat from *. 3d–5th rounds.—Like the 2d round; but instead of every 7 ch. of the 2d round, work always 9 ch. in the 3d round, 11 ch. in the 4th round, and 13 ch. in the 5th round. On the slanting crosswise sides of the collar (the projecting ends of thread at the crosswise sides must first be fastened) crochet 4 ch. scallops each as follows: 1 sc. (single crochet) on the first foundation st. at one end of the collar, 11 ch., 1 sc. on the first ch. scallop of the 2d round, 11 ch., 1 sc. on the first ch. scallop of the 3d round, 11 ch., 1 sc. on the first ch. scallop of the 4th round, 11 ch., 1 sc. on the st. with which the first 4 stc. of the 5th round are held together. Fasten the thread and cut it off. The ch. scallops having been commenced at the upper edge at both sides of the collar, the *right* side of the ch. scallops comes on the outside at one crosswise side of the collar, and the *left* side of the ch. scallops comes on the outside at the other crosswise side of the collar. Work closely in sc. on the ch. scallops at the ends and at the under edge of the collar, and on the upper edge of the collar (foundation st.) work two rounds of sc., going backward and forward. In the 2d round always pass the needle through both upper veins of each st. of the preceding round.

CLOTHES-LINE BAG.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 55.



SECTION OF CHILD'S CROCHET COLLAR.

Clothes-line Bag.

THIS bag is intended to hold fancy clothes-lines for fine linen. To make the bag, cut of stiff paper one piece from Fig. 55, Supplement, and sew the edges together along each piece cut out, so as to make a half globe. Cover the foundation thus prepared with a Russian braid of fine gray twine, sewed on in coils. For this braid take five long pieces of twine, wind up each piece in a ball, and tie the five pieces together at one end. Pin this knot to a sewing-weight, spread out the pieces of twine flat side by side, and work the braid, always alternately laying the outer piece of twine at the left once over the two next pieces of twine, then the outer piece of twine at the right once over the two next pieces of twine. Overseam this braid together in coils with fine gray thread on the paper foundation previously cut from Fig. 55, Supplement, beginning at the middle, and without passing the needle through the paper. When the part made of braid is of the exact shape of Fig. 55, cut off the braid, fasten the ends carefully, and draw the paper foundation out of the work. Now work a second piece with braid in a similar manner; this piece, however, must have a round hole at the middle four-fifths of an inch in diameter. To make this hole, lay the braid at the beginning of the work in a loop of the requisite size, and continue in the usual manner. Ornament each of these two pieces, in the design shown by the illustration, with red Saxony wool in twisted stitch; then join both pieces by a ring-shaped strip, two inches wide, of twine braids sewed together; the circumference of this strip must suit the outer edge of the hemispherical pieces. Cover the joining seams between the pieces each with a row of lace of red Saxony wool, which is crocheted in the following manner: On a foundation of red Saxony wool corresponding to the circumference of the hoop, and divisible by nine, work * one single crochet on the next foundation stitch, one chain stitch, pass over four foundation stitches, on the following foundation stitch seven times alternately one short treble crochet, one chain stitch, pass over four foundation stitches, and repeat from *. It is to be observed also that a slit nine inches and three-quarters long must be formed at the middle of the ring-shaped strip. In order to do this the two middle braids must not be joined at the relative place. Finally, furnish the bag with the two handles as shown by the illus-

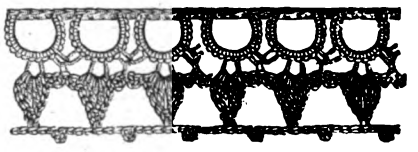


Fig. 2.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

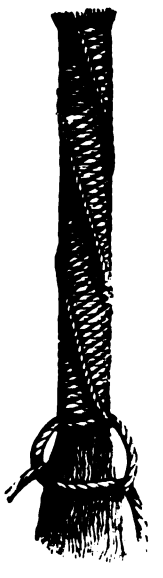


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF KNOTTED KNITTING COTTON CLOTHES-LINE.

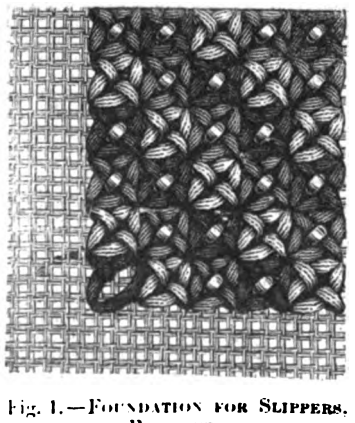
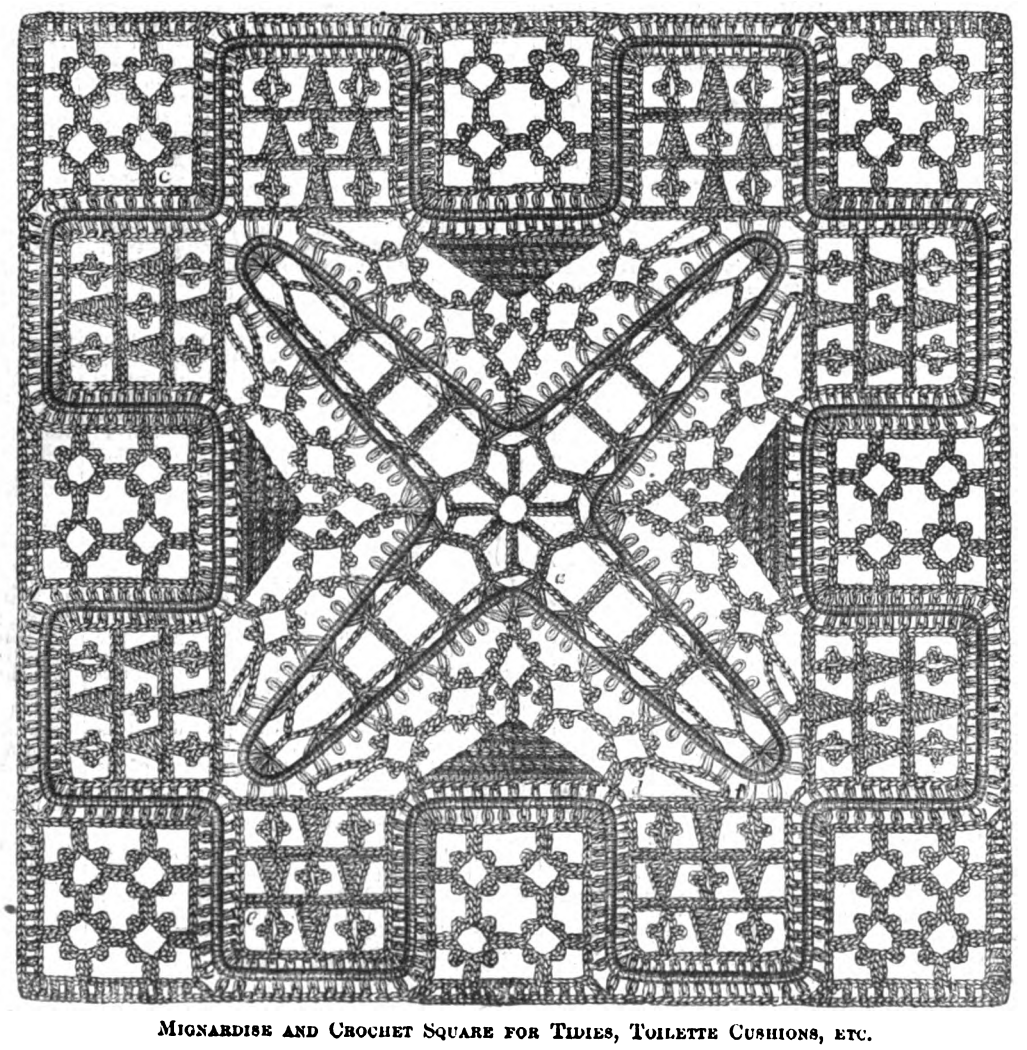


Fig. 1.—FOUNDATION FOR SLIPPERS, BAGS, ETC.



MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET SQUARE FOR TIDIES, TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC.

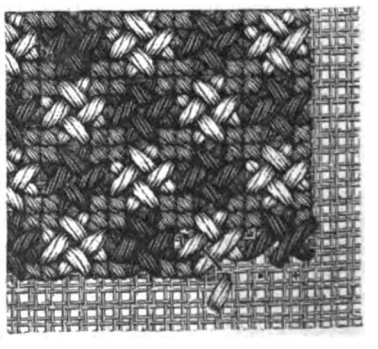


Fig. 2.—FOUNDATION FOR SLIPPERS, BAGS, ETC.

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tration; each of these consists of three Russian braids braided together. The seams made by setting on these handles are covered each by a dot-like figure, which is worked with red Saxony wool. For this figure make a foundation of ten stitches, pass over the last of the stitches, and on the remaining nine foundation stitches crochet as follows: 1 sdc. (short double crochet) and 1 dc. (double crochet) on the next stitch, 2 dc. on the following stitch, 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the next stitch, 2 stc. on the following st. (stitch), 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the following st., 2 stc. on the next st., 1 stc. on the following st., 2 dc. on the next st., 1 dc. and 1 sdc. on the last foundation st. At the middle of the slit fasten two pieces of red worsted ribbon, which serve to close the bag. The illustration shows one end of the clothes-line passed through the hole at the middle of one half of the bag. Two illustrations on the same page show two clothes-lines suitable for the bag.

INFANT'S PIQUÉ SLIP WITH SACQUE.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fancy Clothes-Lines for Fine Linen, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 532.

THE illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2, show each a section of two different lines for fine linen and the manner in which they are made.

Fig. 1.—This line consists of a piece of coarse hempen cord or fine rope, which is covered with fine gray twine. To make the line, wind a piece of fine twine several times around one end of the cord referred to, work four button-hole stitches far apart on these windings with twine which has been passed through a darning-needle or bodkin, and, going forward, work one button-hole stitch on each of the button-hole stitches previously worked, always passing the needle through the joining thread between every two button-hole stitches (see illustration). Continue in this manner until all of the cord is covered. Instead of making the line of hempen cord and twine, it can be made of coarse or fine white cotton cord.

Fig. 2.—To make this clothes-line, take a coarse strand of white knitting cotton of the requisite length, which is obtained by ripping up old knitted articles. Fasten the end of this strand to a sewing-weight, and then wind new coarse white knitting cotton several times around the end; in doing this it is to be observed that both ends of the cotton thread must hang down in even lengths from the place around which they are wound. Then cover the strand with the two projecting ends of thread as shown by the illustration. * To do this, lay the thread end at the left side from left to right over the foundation, so that it forms a loop at the left side of the foundation. Lay the other end of thread at the right side over the projecting end at the right of the foundation, then pass it on underneath the foundation through the thread loop at the left, and draw tight both threads. Repeat from * until the foundation is covered closely. When the foundation and knotting threads are used up, lay on a new foundation strand as well as a new piece of knotting thread.

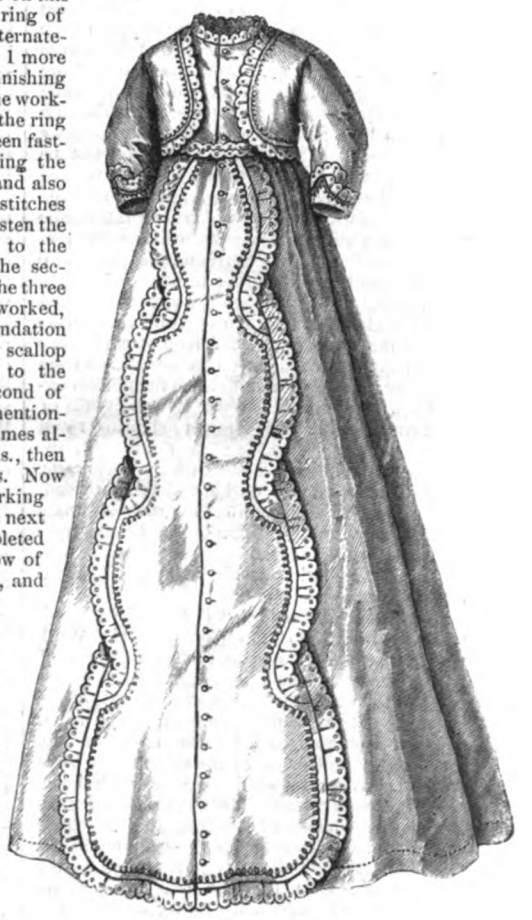
Tatted and Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 532.

THIS edging is worked with tatting cotton, No. 80, partly in tatting and partly in crochet.

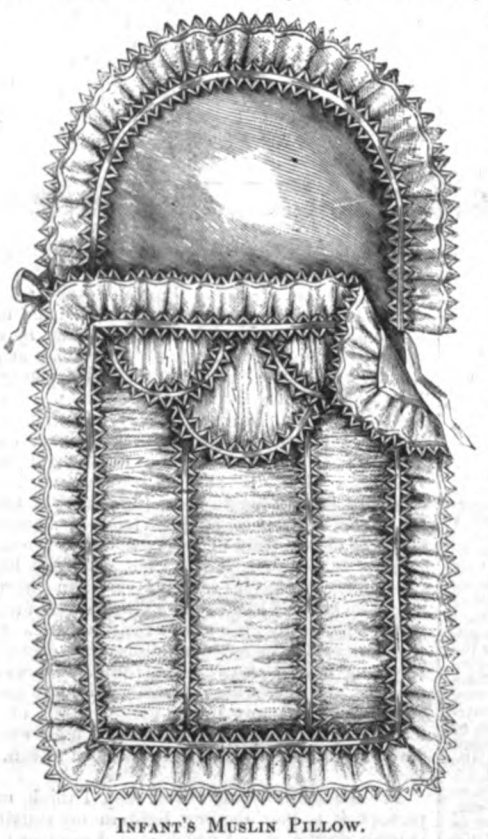
Fig. 1.—Work this edging with two threads (shuttles) as follows: First tie both threads together, then, with one thread only, work a ring of 4 ds. (double stitch; that is, one stitch right and one stitch left), six times alternately 1 p. (picot), 2 ds., then 1 more p. and 4 ds., * close to this ring work a scallop of 4 ds. on the foundation thread, fasten to the last p. of the ring previously worked, 2 ds., seven times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 more p., 4 ds. In connection with this scallop work with one thread only one ring as before, which, however, instead of forming the first p., is fastened to the last p. of the scallop previously worked. Repeat from *. This completes one-half of the edging, which is now held so that the rings and scallops are turned downward; then fasten the two working threads previously tied together to the last ring where the row of stitches are closed, and * work with one thread close to the ring mentioned one ring of 8 ds., twice alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 more p. and 8 ds., close on this ring follows one ring of 4 ds., six times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., and 1 more p., 8 ds. After finishing this ring, fasten the working thread first to the ring to which it had been fastened before working the last three rings, and also where the row of stitches is closed; then fasten the working threads to the thread between the second and third of the three rings previously worked, and on the foundation thread work one scallop of 4 ds., fasten to the last p. of the second of the three rings mentioned, 2 ds., seven times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 more p. and 4 ds. Now fasten the working threads to the next ring of the completed half where the row of stitches is closed, and repeat from *. In working the first of every 3 rings, however, instead of forming the middle p., fasten to the middle p. of the last of the three rings previously worked (see illustration); besides this, instead of forming the first p. in working the second of every three rings, fasten to the last p. of the scallop previously worked. On one lengthwise edge of the edging thus far completed crochet two rounds as follows: 1st round.—On the 3 middle p. of each ring and each scallop work 1 slip stitch each, after the first and second of every 3 slip stitches always 1 chain stitch, after every third slip stitch always 4 chain stitches. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 double crochet, 1 chain stitch, with the latter pass over one stitch of the preceding round.

INFANT'S CAMBRIC SLIP WITH SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 41–43.



INFANT'S PIQUÉ SLIP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 44 and 45.

INFANT'S CAMBRIC PILLOW.
For pattern see description in Supplement.



INFANT'S MUSLIN PILLOW.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 2.—To make this edging, work with one thread, first, a row of tatting rings as follows: 6 ds., twice alternately 1 p., 3 ds., then 1 more p., 6 ds. This row of stitches is closed in a ring to a thread interval of three-tenths of an inch; work a similar ring after an interval of thread of one-tenth of an inch, and so on. On one side of the work now crochet the 1st round.—* On the middle p. of the next ring 1 single crochet, 1 double crochet, 1 short treble crochet, 1 p. of 3 chain stitches and 1 single crochet on the first of the 3 chain stitches, 1 short treble crochet, 1 double crochet, 1 single crochet. Now work 1 p. as before, 1 single crochet on the next p. of the same ring and on the following p. of the next ring, so that these p. are held together, 1 p. as before, and repeat from *. 2d round.—* 1 single crochet on the middle of the next p. between 2 short treble crochet, 2 chain stitches, 1 p., 2 chain stitches, and repeat from *. Work closely in single crochet on the thread interval of every scallop and on the joining thread between every two scallops.

Tapestry Foundations for Slippers, Bags, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 532.

BOTH of these foundations are worked with double zephyr or tapestry worsted and filling silk on canvas; the foundation, Fig. 1, is ornamented also with beads.

Fig. 1.—This foundation is worked with double zephyr worsted and filling silk in three shades of green; the lightest stitches are worked with silk, the darker and darkest stitches with double zephyr worsted. Each foundation figure consists of two longer and two shorter stitches (each of the latter forms a kind of thread loop), and is worked on six lengthwise and six crosswise threads of the canvas. To make each figure, pass the working thread up through the canvas from the under side, then in a slanting direction from right to left, and at the same time from the upper side of the canvas to the under, so that the slanting stitch covers six

MUSLIN PETTICOAT WITH SHORT TRAIN.
For description see Supplement.

MUSLIN PETTICOAT WITHOUT TRAIN.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 23–27.

MUSLIN PETTICOAT WITH LONG TRAIN.
For description see Supplement.

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lengthwise and six crosswise threads of the canvas. Now pass the thread in a straight direction through the canvas from the under side at a distance of six canvas threads from the canvas hole just mentioned; the hole through which the thread has just been passed must be in the same line with the canvas hole first mentioned of the foundation figure, but at a distance of six canvas threads from the same. Now pass the working thread through underneath the slanting stitch, and from the upper to the under side back through the same hole through which it has previously been passed. (The thread now must not be drawn tight, so that the thread loop just formed remains loose.) Then work another slanting stitch as before, in doing which pass the needle through the same holes as in working the preceding slanting stitch. Surround this stitch also with a thread loop, in order to form which pass the working thread through the canvas hole that lies in a slanting direction opposite the canvas hole of the preceding thread loop at a distance of six lengthwise and six crosswise threads from the latter hole (see the unfinished foundation figure shown by Fig. 1). Work all the figures of the foundation like this figure in slanting rows, always alternately working one figure with the lightest, the following figure with the darker, the third figure with the darkest working thread. It is also to be observed that the rows alternate as shown by the illustration. The beads (crystal beads in the original) are sewed on the embroidered foundation as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—This foundation is worked with red, white, and black double zephyr worsted. Work with red zephyr worsted first small diamonds of four cross stitches each (every cross stitch covers two lengthwise and two crosswise threads of the canvas). These diamonds are worked in rows, and are separated each by four crosswise and four lengthwise threads of the canvas (see illustration). Work foundation figures with black and white zephyr worsted between the diamonds. Each figure consists of four long stitches, which are worked as shown by the illustration (see the two unfinished foundation figures shown by the illustration); work for each foundation figure one slanting stitch from the right side at the top to the left side at the bottom over six crosswise and six lengthwise threads of the canvas; then a similar stitch from the left side at the top to the right side at the bottom; now one stitch from the right side at the top to the left side at the bottom, as shown by the illustration. The ● next to the *dark* unfinished foundation figure shown by the illustration indicates the canvas hole through which the working thread must be passed from the upper to the under side in order to complete the third stitch; the × indicates the place where the working thread is passed from the under to the upper side of the canvas for the fourth stitch. Complete the fourth stitch, observing the unfinished light foundation figure shown by the illustration. To do this the thread must be passed over the third and under the first stitch; then through the relative canvas hole to the under side. The illustration plainly shows which foundation figures are worked with white, and which foundation figures are worked with black worsted.

Mignardise and Crochet Square for Tidies, Toilette Cushions, etc.

See illustration on page 532.

THIS square is worked in crochet and mignardise of the fineness shown by the pattern. Begin with the four points of the middle figure at the point marked *a* in the illustration. Work as follows: 1 sc. (single crochet) fastening together three loops of the mignardise, * 9 ch. (chain stitches), four times alternately 1 sc. in the next three loops and 5 ch., again 1 sc. in the following three loops, 3 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet), with which fasten the following five loops, 3 ch., 1 sc. in the next three loops, 5 ch., 1 sc. in the following three loops, 4 ch., fasten to the opposite sc., in doing which take the needle out of the stitch, put it through the opposite sc., and draw the dropped stitch through, after which crochet back over the row, excepting the first stitch, 3 sc., and after this 1 sc. in the sc. before the 4 ch., thus forming one of the small cross-bars within a point of the middle figure. Work after every 5 ch. and 1 sc. which join three loops of the mignardise three other such bars in the same manner, of which, however, the first must count six, the second eight, and the third eleven chain stitches, and the same number of single crochet stitches. This done, repeat from * three times; in making the last cross-bar crochet back on the chain stitch row only 5 ch., and work from here the middle star of the figure as follows: 18 ch., * fasten to the middle stitch of the next chain stitch scallop at the right, passing over the last stitch work back on the next 6 sc., then 7 ch., fasten to the next right-hand cross-bar, work back on the chain stitches 6 sc., work 7 ch., from * repeat twice, then work back on the last chain stitch row 6 sc., 6 sc. also in the remaining stitches of the 18 ch., and 5 sc. in the free chain stitches of the cross-bar from which the central star was begun. Sew the mignardise together and fasten the thread. Now form the Greek figure on the outer edge of the square, in doing which crochet a round on each side of the mignardise, in connection with which work the figures which form the ground between the line. We describe first the round which forms the outer edge. The beginning of this is designated by *b*. Work 1 sc. in a loop of the mignardise, 3 ch., 1 sc. in the next loop, nine times alternately 1 ch., 1 sc. in the following loop, twice 2 ch., after this 1 sc. in the next loop, nine times alternately 1 ch. and 1 sc. in the next following loop, then 1 sc., with which fasten the next two loops, 1 ch., twice alternately 1 sc. in the following loop, and 1 ch. We have now reached the corner marked *c* on the illustration, after which crochet for the star 4 ch., * 1 p. (picot) composed of 5 ch. and 1 sc. in the first of these 5 ch., 4 ch., fasten to the fifth chain between two loops of the mignardise at the right, 2 ch., 1 sc. in the second of the 4 ch., 1 ch., 1 p., + 6 ch., repeat once from * to +, in doing which, however, fasten to the fourth following ch. between two loops of the mignardise, then twice alternately 3 ch., 1 p., after this 1 ch., 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the fifth of the 6 ch., 2 ch., 1 sl. in the second of the 6 ch., 1 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sl. in the third of the 4 ch. crocheted at the beginning of the star, 2 ch., 1 sl. in the sc. worked in the loop of the mignardise before these 4 ch. The principal part of two stars are now ended; crochet next 1 ch., then 3 sc. each separated by a ch. in the next three loops of the mignardise, and after this work the two other stars in precisely the same manner as the first two, except that they must be joined at the proper place to the middle one of the 3 ch. between two picots; after the sl. which terminates the last star work 1 ch., 3 sc. each separated by a ch. in the next two loops of the mignardise, after this 9 ch., fastening to the middle one of the 3 ch. between two picots, 2 ch., 1 sl. in the seventh of the 9 ch., 11 ch., fasten to the middle one of the 3 ch. between two picots of the next star, 2 ch., 1 sl. in the ninth of the 11 ch., 13 ch., fasten to the middle one of the 3 ch. between the picots of the next star, 2 ch., 1 sl. in the eleventh of the 13 ch., 11 ch., fasten between the two picots of the next star, 2 ch., 1 sl. in the ninth of the 11 ch., 6 ch., 2 sl. in the 2 ch. on the next corner of the Greek figure, after this 2 ch. Now work back on the chain stitch row dc. (double crochet stitches) each separated by a ch., and begin anew from *b*, continuing till the requisite number of squares is completed, but in the middle square, after the stars are finished, instead of working the first 9, 11, and 13 ch., work the corner with ch. and sc., and fasten the stars while working on the mignardise. Next crochet on the other side of the mignardise from the point marked *d* to the point marked *e* in the illustration, always 1 ch. alternating with 1 sc. in a loop of the mignardise, in doing which work the corners in the same manner as before. From here work the figures within the square as follows: passing from left to right, * 11 ch., 1 sl. in the fifth from the last of these 11 ch., this forms a picot, 2 ch., fasten to the sc. in the sixth loop to the right, 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sl. in the fifth of the 11 ch., + again 11 ch., fasten to the third ch. between the loops to the right, returning on the last six of the 11 ch. work 2 1 sl., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 2 dc., 2 tc. (treble crochet), repeat once from * to +, in doing which fasten between the two picots in the manner shown by the illustration, then 4 ch., fasten as shown by the illustration, next returning from right to left 19 sc. which are worked partly in the chain stitches and partly around the veins of the last treble crochet stitches of the little point. After this crochet three times alternately 1 ch., 1 sl. in the next loop of the mignardise, and complete the figures of this square in the same manner as the preceding with the help of the pattern. Work also the other squares in the same manner. In working the last row of single crochet of each square fasten to the points of the middle figure of the square as shown by the illustration. Now work the close triangles which join the middle of each side of the border in ribbed crochet stitch with nine back and forward rounds single crochet. The first of these rounds counts twenty-one single crochet; at the last of each round always work three stitches in one. It now remains to join the central star with these triangles as follows: commence with 1 sl. at the point marked *f*, 2 ch., fasten to the first free mignardise loop of the central star, 1 ch., fasten to the next loop, 1 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., passing over two loops fasten the next two together with 1 sl., 1 ch., 1 sl. in the middle of the 3 ch., 1 p., 6 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., passing over two loops fasten the following two loops with 1 sl., and continue in the manner shown by the illustration. Having reached the next point of the star, work back on the row of chain stitches and picots just finished, fastening to the close ribbed triangle as shown by the pattern.

A RONDEAU.

At my last ball became I bounden thrall
To Love, and by Love's tender hands and small
Was taken, ere my heart was well aware,
In toils of gray eyes and warm golden hair,
Which graced a woman most divinely tall.

Nay, though I see a hundred times the fall
Of hopeful corn, and hear the cuckoo call,
I shall see none as her I saw so fair
At my last ball!
Who fills long nights with bitterness and gall—
Have I not cause, good cause, since all things pall
Before her beauty, for sad dreams and care?
Such sour fruit that sweet kiss from soft lips bare
For me, without one thought of harm at all,
At my last ball!

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

IT would be a very sweet and touching picture, I do not doubt, could I bring before your eyes my beloved and myself in the soft autumn haze of our tranquil life, sitting side by side, hand in hand, heart to heart, each bound to each by a strong and tender chord unknown in the hot and restless summer days when love was young. But, unfortunately for the truth of the picture, the lord of my existence, deplorably mussing the new dressing-gown our careful Olivia made for him with so much taste and forethought at Christmas time, is at this present writing stretched his full length upon the lounge at the far end of the room, puffing clouds of smoke, between the chapters of a very dull new novel, into the face of poor, patient Fido, who wags his tail and tries to look as if he liked it; and I have grown so stout of late—such a dumpling of a little mother, as my girls say in their impatience, when they, slender as young elms, with dresses very long behind and very short in front, tower over me, and moan that mamma is not more imposing in her happy maternity—so stout and fond of my chair by the fire, that you must e'en pardon us that sentiment has succumbed to comfort.

Yet the sentiment is not all lost, I think, or perhaps it is only the new light in my stately Olivia's deep eyes—of which eyes, I am fain to confess, I am myself half afraid—and all it tells that has set me to think of the old, old days when I was young as she, and my gray-bearded king over there was my own bonnie Prince Charlie—my bonnie Prince Charlie that I never half deserved, and to this day hardly know how I came to own.

If Olivia had known me in those old days, how she would have despised me! I heard her last night, with half a dozen words, one turn of her head—Olivia has *such* a well-set head, though I do say it!—and a motion of her hand, sweep all weak-minded, doll-baby women into outer darkness. She moved calmly on as if she had brushed all knowledge of such from her; but I winced a little, for I was a doll-baby girl, a kitteny little creature of the most condemned order five-and-twenty years ago. I was a little pretty, and if a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, what shall be said of a little prettiness? I was a very little pretty, and people petted me half unconsciously, while they looked at some grand face or some beautiful picture, forgetting me the instant after. But I did not know that they forgot me. I was a Dora, a Dot, a Ruth, a dear little angel in my own imagination, or would have been had I analyzed my fancies. I think I was born wicked, like Topsy, for I couldn't help purring just as I was about to scratch; but, not to be hard upon myself, I may say I did not often scratch, and when I did it was only a skin-breaker.

There was my dear and intimate friend Réné: she walked openly up to one who roused her anger, drew her sword in broad daylight, and struck so hard and pierced so deep I do not think the wounds she made were ever healed. Réné laughed at me, and I was dreadfully afraid of her, but we got on nicely together; you could always trust Réné to be honest and above-board; and I—well, mine were only scratches after all.

There were two cousins whose names, in law and by baptism, were the same, Charles Horton, but one was always called Charles and the other Charlie, until Réné and I one day named the first Don Carlos—I don't know why, unless that to us the name contained all grandeur and iciness, which was the way the bearer inclined—and the other Prince Charlie. Ah! it is easy to explain *that!* It was not that we were furious little Cavaliers, and followed the fortunes of the "ill-fated" but adorable Stuarts with all the ardor which romance has ever aroused in warm young hearts, making us sigh that we were not Flora—what was her name? I was never much of a reader, I don't like to disturb Prince Charlie, and Olivia would be so surprised at my ignorance—that Flora who guided the Chevalier, was it not, when he was obliged to return to France? But because, to one of us at least, he was all that a prince should be, and the "fated fairy prince" besides.

I knew Don Carlos first, and he was my first lover. The wickedness that was born in me might never have shown itself, or, at all events, come to such maturity, had it not been for him. To pretty much any very young girl, at all animated, lively, or inclined to sentiment, a tall man with dark eyes, heavy mustache, few words, and a deep voice to say them in, is a king, a hero, a conqueror; to a little woman eaten up with vanity and love of admiration, as many a little body had been before her, Don Carlos—that is, Charles Horton, Esquire—was a Julius Cæsar, an Alexander, a Rochester, all in one. He spoke to no one of us girls besides myself, and very little even to me, but therein, perhaps, lay his great charm; he may have been the first, he certainly was not the last, whom silence has made eloquent, and who was the most convincing when most reticent. He and Réné would salute each other with a grave solemnity which always made me think of the Middle Ages; and it was, I think, with an intuitive sense of the artistic that I would take the one little spark of intelligence which niggard nature had bestowed upon me out of my face, would pout my lips, and turn up my eyes—and a long way it was from them to his—with a fearlessness and a childishness that I am sure I thought irresistible, and, to show Réné how strong I was in the consciousness of power, I would rattle whatever came uppermost—or seemed to—until his gracious majesty, who was only gracious by comparison with himself, would so far unbend as to let his eyes rest on mine, or permit a word, perhaps, to drop from his dark mustache. Having achieved so great a triumph, my spirits would rise to their zenith, and a hundred new airs and graces seemed at my command.

Every day I gained courage, and oh! shall I ever forget the thrill of delight which came when once, in the presence of a dozen, I openly called him a "tease, a perfect plague, a horrid old nuisance;" and instead of the earth opening at our feet, as by the scared looks of all seemed to be expected, he, Don Carlos, bent his grim visage toward me, and—smiled? That smile was the seal of his abdication and my coronation. I was every thing to him after that which my natural wickedness, my inborn coquetry—which is a compound of vanity and deceit in a nature not sensitive, high-toned or much given to appreciate the nobility of others—my inordinate vanity, or the last novel I had read suggested: now grave and cold, now gently superior to all the sins of this wicked world; now a mere child, now a serious folly-rebuking woman; at one time sweetly exhorting, again teasingly obstinate; sometimes passionately loving, sometimes coldly unapproachable, and always conqueror; for if Don Carlos should remonstrate, which seldom occurred, for my lover's head was in the clouds, and he believed in all women, I could put my lips up to be kissed after the manner of a spoiled child, or I could walk abroad gently, softly, uncomplainingly, until the atmosphere was full of injured innocence, and my lover was at my feet again.

Bonnie Prince Charlie over there, shall I ask you if you remember when you came and drew me backward from the precipice over which I was bending—bending with the almost irresistible desire to spring over it to the running brook below?

But it was Prince Charlie who did it. I had Don Carlos's ring on my engagement finger, and Don Carlos in chains of love and bonds of honor that he would no more have dreamed of breaking than of moving the earth from its axis or the stars from their course, when he brought Prince Charlie to see me, and I saw and recognized, for the first time in my life, a *man*. Only this and nothing more. That which little boys dream they shall be when they grow up, and build castles on the hope; that which little girls are taught to reverence as the future of their rougher playfellows; that which thousands on thousands of all but inspired tongues and thousands on thousands of gifted pens have tried to describe; that which all the world so looks for that if it finds but one small portion, it exalts it to the skies, and crowns it with its laurel wreath of grandest words—KING, HERO, CONQUEROR!

We four naturally fell together. Réné and I were bosom friends, and they were cousins. It was Réné who first called him Prince Charlie, as I had called my lover Don Carlos. I don't think it would have occurred to me to name him any thing. Réné was a brilliant woman—a very brilliant woman, even when so young. Sometimes, when dear Olivia is happy, and has no care on her mind, she reminds me very much of my old friend; but with the same firm principles, with the same devotion to the right, Olivia and Réné are very unlike; *my* girl has a perfectly well-regulated mind, into which no thought of wrong-doing could ever enter an argument or excuse; but Réné was of hotter blood, and was less even-tempered. I should be pained, scared, to see on the face of one of my girls the proud, almost fierce expression I have seen on Réné's.

One such expression comes before me now. We four had been for a long time constantly in parties together, and naturally, as Don Carlos considered me his own rightful property, whom he was never for one instant to leave, it came about that Prince Charlie and Réné invariably made one couple. But he was not in love with her. I never thought that for an instant. I did not think he knew what love was in those days. How I did wish to bring the light, the real light, the lover's look, you know, into those deep blue eyes! Into how many expressionless faces—expressionless as stone walls as far as *that* was concerned—I had brought the living, loving fire, and they so surprised at themselves and its existence! And I did so want to try it on this grave, simple, brave, courteous man, who day after day quietly took my hand, gently named my name, smiled pleasantly at my words, but no more! I think I was bewitched to flirt with him, just one little, little hour, and half mad at Réné that she had not the power to do so. But something kept back my will. I could not really make up my mind to do it. I knew not why; and the one or two little arts I essayed as a sort of scout did not meet with any encouragement to try more; and yet he liked me, thoroughly liked me; I was sure of that. And, as I was saying, he was no more in love with Réné than with me; he might have been her pet brother, and my older, graver one. But it was of Réné's anger I was going to tell you which came toward the end of that merry summer, and was the beginning of our estrangement.

We were all acting in tableaux. I for peasants, shepherdesses, and the like; Réné for queens, Judiths, Junos, and such characters; Don Carlos grimly taking part, when he was not required to appear out of his natural character and usual dress; Prince Charlie every thing that was desired from a shepherd boy to a Spanish inquisitor: nothing ever came amiss to bonnie Prince Charlie. Don Carlos thought it all folly and childishness, but endured it for my sake. Prince Charlie enjoyed it all for its own sake, and the good and loveliness he drew from every thing. Réné and I were to be in one together as "The Rivals," and had spent hours of preparation together in order to carry out our parts with perfect success. Réné, you know, was not so very tall, though considerably higher up in the world than I, but she was not slender, and so gave the idea of being much larger than she really was. No one could be more imposing. Réné planned my dress, I hers; and, of course, my color was delicate blue, and hers glowing scarlet; her jewelry diamonds, mine pearls.

"The dress is easy enough," said Réné; "but I can never get the expression. You look so deliciously innocent that I have to look amused."

"Oh, the expression is not much," I said, "and it is sure to come at the last moment."

And so it did. "I think I shall have to put in some gentlemen," said Mrs. Gaines, who arranged us, just as we were in place waiting for the curtain to rise; and as our two gentlemen were standing near, she called to them, "I must put in some gentlemen; it will make more show, and help you to have more expression. Mr. Charlie, come and be Miss Carrie's lover."

"Shall I be her favored or her rejected lover?" he answered, coming to my side with his usual readiness to do all that was asked of him. Mrs. Gaines did not hear him, for she was placing Don Carlos in an attitude of earnest devotion, which his natural gravity made almost dejection and despair, beside Réné.

"Now throw your head a little back," said Mrs. Gaines to Réné, "and look up tenderly, as if you were saying something hard, yet loving too—

'I could not love you, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more'—

or some such thing. Do you understand, dear?"

For answer Réné instinctively obeyed, and the expression of her face the instant it became fixed would have been sublimely tender. But it did not become fixed; just as her eyes should have met his her face flushed, and she said, rather petulantly, "I don't see how my sending away my lover, because honor will not let him be mine, carries out the idea of 'The Rivals.' And, besides, Mr. Horton is dark, and so am I; he ought to be on Carrie's side, and Mr. Charlie with me."

"Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Gaines; "it doesn't make any difference about the meaning, if the picture has expression; and you can put so much feeling in your face. I saw it all, and I must have it *just* so. There is a romance in three volumes in such a glance as that would have been."

"Fix me," I said; "Réné will be ready by that time."

"You must be smiling; it will be such a pretty contrast, and I can call the whole picture something else—'Tragedy and Comedy,' perhaps, if Miss Réné looks so vexed. Here, Mr. Charlie, kneel at her feet. You, Miss Carrie, are about to give him the flower he has begged for so long; so you must look happy, Mr. Charlie; and you smiling and gracious, Miss Carrie."

We obeyed, and then, as we held our positions, I saw that he *could* look a little like a lover. Réné and I were standing side by side, our heads turned from each other toward the gentlemen, when I moved a little, surprised to hear Réné say, "I can not put on such a look!"

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and, not thinking that my words had meaning, I said, lightly, "No, one can not act what one feels." And then it was that, quicker than the lightning's flash, Réné turned her face to me with a look that, if it had not held me, turned me into stone almost, would have made me faint, so questioning, so proud, so denying, so defiant it was. Mrs. Gaines caught it, and before either could breathe the curtain went up, and we were compelled to remain so, our eyes riveted upon each other. Shouts of applause greeted this picture. Mrs. Gaines was in ecstasies. "You are perfect, Miss Réné," she said. "Had I not known it was acting, I should have been as frightened as poor little Miss Carrie looked. And you, gentlemen, your look of maze was delightful."

But Réné would take no more parts that night, nor would she speak to Don Carlos or me. I was surprised and bewildered; Prince Charlie alone seemed unaffected. I think, though, if any change was in him, he was a trifle sterner with Réné, more gentle to me, than ever before. I almost began to feel as if I had been wronged and he were protecting me, so gentle he became from that time out.

If, sometimes, my perfectly true Olivia tries me, as weak mortals sometimes are tried, by her manifold perfections, I forget all annoyances when I recall the time that followed this tableau party; and my heart rises up in praise and thanks that no struggle, no question even, of right or wrong can disturb the peaceful equanimity of her calm breast. Day after day, hour after hour, I was as one possessed to try my power upon Prince Charlie. I forgot to tease Don Carlos; my little arts seemed tame and silly; I would sit long hours almost, if I dare tell the truth, pretending that I was free, that I was not yet engaged to Don Carlos, that Prince Charlie was with me, and that I was trying my best to please him, and gradually I would succeed. Oftener and oftener, so it pleased my fancy to say, I would find his eyes resting on mine, and the love-light drawn nearer and nearer to the surface, until at last, in one broad glow of tenderness, it would make my own fall, and win the shy blushes of consent into my face. I seemed to know just how he would look and speak, although I had never seen, in reality, one glimmer of love in his eyes, nor heard one tender word from his lips. I seemed to know just how my own eyes would fall, my own face flush, and the broken words fall from my lips, eagerly seized by him, although no such scene had ever happened. For when Don Carlos said, "Miss Carrie, will you be my wife?" I had not lost my self-possession, and only *acted* shyness. I felt it was wrong for me to think of such things, and yet I thought of them. Réné was cross with me, and would not go with us, and the days were sultry, and, somehow, our party was duller than it had been when she was with us; then, too, as lovers are dull company to a third party, Prince Charlie began to stay away. I could not help being cross to grim Don Carlos when he turned up the lane alone; and, alas! I am afraid I watched oftener for Prince Charlie than for my plighted lover. I could not help noticing it myself, and was vexed at myself for it; but my heart rose to see him, and sank when he did not come, all the same. Réné was colder and colder every time we met, and I was sorely hurt, when one day Mrs. Gaines gave me a new light.

"Splendid girl, that Réné," she said, "but artful. Beware of her, you dear little unsuspecting thing! I hate to make trouble, but I do think some one should stand up for you; you are too sweet yourself to believe wrong of any one. Let me tell you a secret, Carrie, but you must never, never breathe a word of it—will you, dear? Least of all to Réné; she would persecute me to the ends of the earth. Listen, dear, do not be too shocked: it was no acting that night of the tableaux. There!"

"Do you mean she was really angry? I know she was."

"Do you know why?"

"Because I doubted her acting, I suppose. Réné likes to think she can do any thing she tries. But I did not mean any thing."

"Of course you did not, little pet. 'You builded better than you knew.' Why would Réné not send away Mr. Horton, because honor would not let him be hers? Why? Because she was not true and strong. I had seen from the first how it was with Réné, and I made her that opportunity that she might show Mr. Horton in play what she would do in reality, and she would not show him."

"Do you mean that Réné cares for Mr. Horton?"

"Yes, dear. There! it is out!"

I felt very magnanimous. "I will not stand in the way of her happiness," I said; "I will break my engagement this very night, if it pleases her."

"You noble, noble creature! You will do nothing of the kind. An engagement is an engagement. Mr. Horton is not the man to be turned from one girl to another. And you shall never break your heart for an intriguer like her!"

And so on. Then I threw Don Carlos and Réné together in spite of themselves; I watched as patiently as a cat for a mouse for one stolen glance, one equivocal word, but none came—not one. I was tenderness itself to Réné. I gave her a thousand hints that I would give my life, or whatever life contained for me, if only she wished it; and she heard me coldly, almost with contempt. I talked to Don Carlos of her womanly virtues as compared with my caprices. I spoke of ill-assorted marriages; how wrong it was to marry with a doubt on one's mind. I assured him a thousand times that I was unworthy of him, and he assured me that I was a thousand times too good for him, and called me noble and generous, and held me all the firmer. Yet he did not love me; not with the love I longed for, not with the love there was under the calm eyes of bonnie Prince Charlie.

So the hope—yes, it had grown to that—that I should be freed by others' act passed away, and I never contemplated doing it by my own. All the world knew how long Don Carlos had been my lover, and all the world would cry out against me if I broke our engagement. What could I answer? And then, to be an old maid perhaps—for I would marry no one but Prince Charlie, and he, of course, would side with his cousin; Réné would triumph; all the world would be against me! I could not do it, and yet my heart was like stone against Don Carlos. I got to hate his grim face, his slow, measured voice, his expressionless eyes; the touch of his hand sent cold shivers through all my frame, and his caresses, rare as they were, made me feel as if I were a maniac in chains.

All my world, that had been enthusiastic admirers of my "little ways," now lauded me to the skies for my quieter manners. "So womanly as you are growing every day!" they would exclaim. "Ah! we knew there was the true stuff in you for all your nonsense." And bonnie Prince Charlie gravely, in a deeper voice than ever he had used to me before, said much the same thing one day, and more: "My cousin will have the sweetest wife in the world," he said. "I may come to your home when I need to have my belief in all things brave and true renewed. One look at your face will be all I shall need."

And when he said this I felt what a miserable sham I was, and I could bear it no longer. I told Don Carlos I could not marry him. "Call me false, fickle, what you will; I can not keep my word," I said.

He did not call me false. It has been my punishment all through my life to be praised when I should be censured. "I think," said he, "you are truer than any of us, and braver than those of twice your pretension." His words humbled me still more. Réné and Prince Charlie both tried to make it up; but, once done, I was a new person, and loved my freedom as only a freed woman can. Prince Charlie, as I supposed, took Mr. Horton's part, and went away somewhere—nor ever even so much as sent a message to me for two long years. Of course Réné and Don Carlos, who were made for each other, drifted together, but rather shamefacedly. Réné struggled long, but at last came to me to implore forgiveness. "Yes," she murmured; "you say you did not love him—that is your generosity, to spare me. Forgive me, darling; you know I never showed it, though I was drawn to him from the very first; only I never dreamed what it meant until that night of the tableaux. But I can not be as generous as you, and deny it." So the world judges!

When Réné was married Prince Charlie came back. I was free to try to raise the love-light in his eyes, as I had longed to do of old; but I never used my freedom. I felt I needed all my strength to keep it out of my own. It came to his without effort of mine; and, just as I had dreamed in my dreams, when I had no right to dream, the glow of his love enveloped me around, and his eager lips gathered up my broken words.

"But Don Carlos was a far better fellow than I," Prince Charlie often says, "and if I had not come between you nothing would. I did not go away because I took sides with him, but because with the news of your act hope came, and with hope love sprang into life. If I had staid I should have tried to win you, and that would not have been fair to poor Charles."

"Poor Charles has the best of it, notwithstanding," I answer. "Réné is worth a dozen of me, a hundred of me."

"Nonsense! All the world says you were most noble to Réné, and that you are the most generous creature in the world."

And that the world may know the truth I have told my little story, for nothing frets me so much as the censure given to Réné and Don Carlos, and the idea that I was her innocent victim. The world does not always get things straight. Dear old Prince Charlie! My gray-bearded king is shaking off his drowsiness, and Olivia tells me it is time to dress for dinner. Olivia knows just when to tell us that; she is prompt to the minute. I was always a sad laggard. People say I have Olivia under excellent discipline.

CONFIDENCE IN PARENTS.

SOME fathers seem to think that when they have given their children a fine education and a good start in life they have fully done their duty, and nothing more is to be required of them. This is a mistake fertile in sorrowful consequences. There is no time so anxious and critical as those years of unwisdom and inexperience, as the few which precede the indiscreet time when we come to years of discretion. To the young man out in the world you must make home and holidays as cheerful and beloved as possible; that such should be the case is to a young woman the very life of her life. I like it not that the young man should settle all his plans in life, and do his wooing with his future bride, before he says one word to his father, and that the maiden should yield her assent unknown to her mother. Yet this will assuredly be the case unless you have won your son's confidence and intimacy and love. And these feelings will not come unless they are sought for and elicited. There is such a width of years between you, something so authoritative and magisterial about the parental character, that there is often a great shyness between father and son; but still that blessed relationship of fatherhood is something infinitely grander and deeper than all harsher and more formal associations. Where there are tried tenderness and sympathy there will be truest, deepest friendship between parent and child. It is this prudent, loving guidance that will give the son help in the most hazardous years of life, and which will come back on the father's heart in a flood of love and comfort.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE accounts which have recently come to us of the earthquake which visited the Philippine Islands last May indicate a most violent and extraordinary convulsion of nature. It will be remembered that these islands are situated in the Indian Archipelago, and are about twelve hundred in number, most of them being very small. For some months there had been indications of a severe earthquake in a succession of shocks, which opened large crevices in the earth. About the 1st of May a level plain near a small village on the island of Camiguin began gradually to subside, until the tops of the houses were level with the surface of the earth. This curious phenomenon attracted a great crowd of people. While they were watching it, suddenly terrific shocks shook the whole island; the earth was rent asunder; the plain fell in, ingulfing in a fiery grave one hundred and fifty persons; the plain became the crater of a volcano 1500 feet wide, from which issued smoke, ashes, stones, lava, and jets of fire. The forest took fire, and men and cattle fled in terror before the flames. According to the accounts, a more frightful spectacle has seldom been witnessed. Until lately Camiguin contained a population of about 26,000; now all the inhabitants have left the island. A range of mountains runs through the entire Philippine group, and these are mostly of volcanic formation. Manilla is the capital; a city of some importance, Manilla hemp taking its name from this place.

One of the most remarkable wills on record is that of Narcisse Pierrot, an eccentric Parisian, who must have been in a very cheerful state of mind when he executed the document. It reads as follows:

"It is my will that any one of my relatives who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited. He, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my hearse shall be hung with black cloth; but that, on the day of my burial, the hearse and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles, and fifes. All the musicians of Montgaillard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes, and minuets."

The number of adhesive stamps issued by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, was 411,663,888, representing in value $15,019,074.

The house in which the astronomer Kepler lived for many years is still standing in Grätz. Arrangements are now being made at Grätz for celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of Kepler's birth, which occurred on December 27, 1571. He was professor at the endowed Protestant school of Grätz from 1594 till 1600.

A correspondent at Newport seems to find there a charming state of society, and a pleasant, genial mode of life attainable. Yet he says that an abstract of the daily programme would read something like this: Dress, breakfast, promenade, undress, dress, bathe, dress, nap, dress, dinner, drive, dress, supper, promenade, undress, bed. Moreover, that this programme is rather paradoxical, as dress often means *undress*, and undress means dress. So a definition of the verb "to bathe" would often read, to scream, to make a loud noise, to shout aloud—the essential element of going into the water being deemed superfluous.

What a vast amount of money is smoked or chewed up! In Great Britain it is estimated that 41,000,000 pounds of tobacco were consumed in 1869, the latest year for which there are official returns. This gives an average consumption of about one pound and one-third for each inhabitant of the British Islands in a year. As women and children do not generally smoke or chew, the men who are addicted to these habits must divide the amount among themselves. In this city, during 1870, nearly 13,000,000 pounds of tobacco were sold, and more than 6,000,000 pounds besides were shipped to foreign ports—making a total of nearly 20,000,000 pounds as the transactions of one year in New York alone.

The sad record of deaths by accidental drowning which comes every summer has commenced. Pleasure parties in row-boats, and especially in sail-boats, might well learn lessons of carefulness from the records of the past.

Never, perhaps, has a more appalling tragedy burst upon our city than that which broke the stillness of a peaceful Sabbath on the 30th of July. The details of the explosion of the boiler of the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* have gone throughout the country; yet none but eye-witnesses can have any thing but a faint conception of the horror of the scenes—at the boat, in the streets, in houses and hospitals, where mangled, scalded masses of humanity writhed in unutterable agony. It was a sad sight to see the pallid dead, but infinitely more pitiful to see the anguish of men, women, and little children, who but a few moments before were in the height of joyous health and happiness. Some instances were heart-rending. Mothers, seriously injured, seemed to care nothing for themselves, but were suffering acutely in the pain of their little ones. A lady who had received a severe cut and burn on the face, when asked how she felt, said "it was nothing," but pointed to a pallet by her side, saying simply, "I suffer there." Lying on the pallet were two fine children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively six and eight years. They were scalded badly about the face and eyes. One of them was sleeping under the influence of an opiate, but the other seemed to suffer intense pain, and filled the room with his cries. Another mother could not find her child of four years old, and her boy, aged two, lay on the bed at the hospital, near her, badly scalded. Of her own injuries, which were severe, she thought little. There was no mother to be found for a little one a year old, who was burned, though not severely. It is impossible to even allude to some of the fearful events of that Sabbath afternoon; some particulars are too terrible to detail. Perhaps there are no injuries that give such agonizing suffering as those caused by scalding steam. Such a dreadful lesson as this has been would seem to insure the public against accidents from carelessness or negligence in the future. But who can tell?

Children imitate their elders, as is well known. It is not so clear that birds and beasts copy the virtues and vices of the human race, but there are indications enough pointing in this direction to render the subject an interesting one for naturalists to investigate. A while ago a brood of young goldfinches was found in a garden in Bedfordshire, England, and confined in a cage while still in the nest. The parent birds supplied food for their young, and they were thriving well. When nearly ready to fly the old birds discovered that their little ones were not to be allowed their freedom—that they were prisoners in the cage. Whether they considered death to be preferred to slavery, or whether they committed the crime from less worthy motives, is yet a problem; but one night the parents brought the young birds some poisonous seeds, and every one died.

A hair-dresser in this city takes some pride in exhibiting a double braid of pure white hair, weighing six ounces, and about twenty-six inches in length. It is really a curiosity, and the pretty little sum he asks for it makes one fancy it might be worth while to cultivate a similar article for the market. He is willing to part with this treasure for the modest sum of three thousand dollars. Gray hair has long been considered stylish; now it will be "all the rage."

The city is full of peaches—that luscious fruit, whose only fault is that it will not keep nice but a brief time. Hence we can not send from our abundance to distant friends, as we would gladly do, that they might taste and see how delicious is the flavor of a peach just in the prime of its ripeness. Even before the New Jersey peaches were sent in any quantities to the market, one morning ninety thousand baskets arrived in this city from Delaware. Estimate how many peaches this would give to each citizen of New York city, ye who bear in mind the result of the recent census, and then consider, with regret, how many basketfuls might remain over! Peach-dealers, however, are wary and skillful. They do not suffer the fruit to decay on their hands without an effort to dispose of it. Immense quantities are sent to Boston, as a glimpse into the hold of any Eastern steamer which takes freight will abundantly testify. From Boston they go still farther East, when the condition of the fruit admits of a longer journey.

Among curious inventions of the period is an apparatus by which the head and hair can be washed without wetting the face, neck or clothes. The process consists in adjusting a bottomless bath-tub with an India rubber rim to the head of a person sitting at ease in an arm-chair, so that the head forms the bottom of the bath. Another part of the apparatus is a ladies' hair-dryer, whereby the hair can be very speedily dried by means of air being fanned around it.

The monument to the late Secretary Stanton, which has just been erected in Oak Hill Cemetery, is made of silver-fringed granite from quarries near Concord, New Hampshire, and bears the simple inscription, "Edwin M. Stanton, born August 10, 1814, died December 24, 1869."

It is curious to contrast the present postal service, the extent of the routes, number of offices and postmasters, and the magnitude of the mail contracts with the scale on which the Post-office Department was originally organized in 1775. The first Postmaster-General (Benjamin Franklin) was directed by the act authorizing his appointment to form a line of posts from Falmouth (now Portland), Maine, to Savannah, Georgia, with cross posts where needful. To carry the mails riders were appointed for every twenty-five miles, to deliver from one to the other, and return to their starting-places, "they to travel day and night, and to be faithful men and true." The Postmaster-General originally received $1000 per annum, and a secretary and controller received $340 each. In November, 1776, authority was given to employ extra post-riders between the armies from their head-quarters to Philadelphia. In 1779 the salary of the Postmaster-General was increased to $2000. The entire force of the department at Washington, as late as 1799, consisted of the Postmaster-General, the Controller, the Surveyor, and a clerk.

On the finest site on the Bosphorus, two hundred and fifty feet above the water, and four hundred feet from it, stands the Robert College of Constantinople. This institution was chartered several years ago by the Legislature of this State, and a site was purchased in 1861, with assurances from the Turkish authorities that a building might be erected immediately. Obstacles, however, were interposed by the Turkish government, which have taken years to overcome. It was not until near the close of 1868 that permission to build was obtained; and on the following Fourth of July the corner-stone was laid by the American minister resident in Constantinople. The building was finished last May. It has a frontage on the Bosphorus of one hundred and thirteen feet, with sides one hundred and three feet deep, surrounding a spacious court. It is three stories above a high basement, surmounted by a Mansard roof and towers, and is built of blue limestone and light-colored sandstone. Nearly one hundred boys now lodge and board in the college, and there are thirty day scholars. From the applications which have been received, it is supposed that at the opening of the next term in September there will be about two hundred boarders, with a corresponding number of day scholars. Six American and seven or eight native teachers will be attached to this institution, whose design is to give a thorough collegiate education under Christian influences. The building cost about $60,000 in gold; and the property of the institution amounts to about $140,000, most of which was furnished through the liberality of C. R. Robert, of this city.

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Various Riding Habits, Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on page 537.

THE riding habits shown in the illustrations on page 537 may be made of heavy material—such as cloth, ladies' cloth, etc., or of lighter fabric, such as mohair, piqué, or gray or buff linen. The skirts of riding dresses are worn much shorter now than formerly; they are a yard and a half long, and from three yards and three-quarters to four yards wide. The front and side breadths are gored toward the top, so that the skirt hangs as smoothly as possible in the front. The back breadths are straight, and are arranged in deep pleats at the top, which are turned toward the back. The front and side breadths of the skirt, however, may also be cut straight at the sides. Face the bottom of the skirt with a strip of the material four inches wide, in which leaden bullets are sewed to weigh it down.

EMBROIDERED VELVET JACKET. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 38–40.

Fig. 1.—CLOTH RIDING HABIT. This riding habit is made of dark blue cloth. The fronts of the waist, which overlap as shown by the illustration, are folded over in revers, the back of the waist is furnished with small basques. For the waist cut of cloth and shirting lining two pieces each from Figs. 16 and 17, Supplement. Cut the collar of cloth from Fig. 18, Supplement. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 22, No. V., of the present Supplement. First baste the material on the lining, sew up the darts in the fronts, and join them with the back according to the corresponding figures, having first sewed up the back from 33 to 34. Face the under side of the basques with cloth, and fold them over in revers along the dotted lines given. Join the collar with the neck of the waist according to the corresponding figures, face the under side of the collar in one piece with the fronts, an inch and a quarter beyond the dotted line, with cloth, and also face the fronts with the same material. Fold the fronts and the collar over on the outside along the dotted line, bind the outer edge of the waist narrowly with black silk braid, and furnish it with buttons and button-holes. Fasten the basque revers by means of a button. Sew up the sleeves in the usual manner, face the bottom with a strip of silk an inch and three-quarters wide, and trim them as shown by the illustration, and sew them into the corded armholes after gathering each from * to :. Fine linen chemisette with collar. High hat of black silk felt, trimmed with a gray gauze veil.

LADIES'-CLOTH JACKET WITH CAPE.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

VELVET JACKET WITH BASQUE.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 35–37.

Fig. 2.—BRAIDED CLOTH RIDING HABIT. This riding habit is made of dark green cloth, braided with black woolen cord and furnished with jet buttons. Cut the waist from Figs. 10–18, No. V., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 32, Vol. IV.; the basques, however, are without the points indicated there. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 22, No. V., of the present Supplement. Black silk felt hat with black tulle and lace veil.

Fig. 3.—MOHAIR RIDING HABIT. This riding habit is made of gray mohair. The heart-shaped basque-waist is furnished with a gros grain binding of the same color and with gray buttons. To make the waist, cut of mohair and shirting lining two pieces each from Figs. 19, 20, and 22, Supplement; leave an inch and a quarter extra material at the front edge of Fig. 19, and cut one piece from Fig. 21. Baste the material on the lining, sew up the darts in the fronts, cut a slit along the double line, and hem the extra material down on the under side. At the middle of the back cut a slit from the under edge to * along the double line given, and join the back, side form, and fronts according to the corresponding figures. Arrange the back and side forms in pleats at the bottom of the waist, bringing each × on Figs. 20 and 21 on ● of Fig. 21. Bind the waist with gros grain three-quarters of an inch wide, and furnish the waist with hooks and eyes and buttons. The eyes are sewed on at the same time with a fly of the requisite length. Sew up the sleeves from 46 to 47, face them at the bottom with a strip of lustring an inch and three-quarters wide, bind them, and set them into the corded armholes, bringing 47 on 40 of the back, having first gathered them from * to :. Chemisette with lace frill. Blue cravat bow. Round straw hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and feathers. Hair brushed back, slightly crimped, and tied with a blue ribbon. Buff gauntlet gloves.

EMBROIDERED VELVET JACKET. BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 38–40.

LADIES'-CLOTH JACKET WITH CAPE.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.

VELVET JACKET WITH BASQUE.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 35–37.

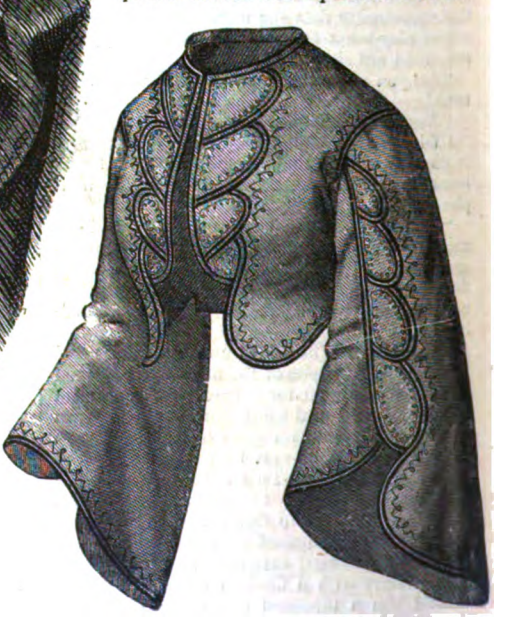
FLANNEL JACKET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 26*, 26*, and 26.

POPLIN DE LAINE DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30*, 30*–34.

LADIES'-CLOTH JACKET.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

IDLE PEOPLE.

IT is the habit to declaim against an idle life, and to assert that a man must do something. Of course he must; but there is a great deal to do in being idle. I am not speaking of foolish idlers. Believe me, a man with fair faculties and the power to be idle is sure to become superior to a man in business possessing similar faculties. First of all, the man who is allowed to do exactly as he likes pleases himself and is pleasant to others.



CASHMERE JACKET.
For description see Supplement.

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If he has a pretty wife, he takes time to look at her, and notices the bloom on her cheek and the wave of her hair. She naturally wishes to be seen to advantage, and comes down to breakfast, rather late it may be, but smiling and well dressed. The lazy man reads his paper slowly, as it should be read; he hails with delight the announcement of a new book, and talks of it to his wife; when he is gone to lounge at his club, she reads it, and is able to talk over its contents with him when he comes home. Idle people are the first to notice the budding green leaves, and heartily to welcome them; in fact, treasures of all kinds

BASQUE-WAIST WITH HEART-SHAPED NECK AND REVERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 54.

WATER-PROOF DUSTER.
For description see Supplement.

are heaped up for their special enjoyment, which they can leisurely admire. The world is theirs.

The man who can vary his pursuits, and has time for every thing—for himself, for his wife, for his children, for his friends—alone understands what it is to live. Why should we rush through existence at such a pace? Hurried people complain that they are not happy. They should stoop and pick up every crumb of happiness that lies in their way, instead of forever hastening forward and pining for what they have not. We should profit by the little we all possess; pause and enjoy it at rest. Man was never intended to be the mere machine he makes himself.

I have quite a tender feeling for idle people. Is not a cozy chat pleasant? Is not a lounge amusing? And a drive or a ride at all odd hours, and a nap when it is too hot, are not to be despised. I love the society of those who have no aim, who are contented to live, to gossip, and to be good-tempered. On the day when all men will be in business there will be no more artists, no more writers, no more clever people—no such useless beings.

The greed for money grows greater every day, and life never was so little enjoyed. Of old people walked through life with an easy step, traveled by short journeys, and spent their money in a careless way; still they found doing but little a most fascinating occupation, and it did not make them love life the less. People in these degenerate days plume themselves on being economical, and it is no longer the fashion to be regardless of money. Even the extravagant note down their expenses. What would a rich man of our day say if he were to see an enormous wood fire burning in his kitchen, apparently for no purpose, and, on inquiring the use of it, were to be told that the ashes were the cook's perquisites? Such an answer was given to a French duke of the last century, who only laughed at the reply. It may be taken for granted that he did not see his weekly bills. A house in which there is a good deal of waste is generally very comfortable. The mistress does not spoil her temper by thinking of the price of sugar, the servants are good-humored, the guests are always welcomed, and the poor are bid to eat and drink. Of course this is a very wicked state of things, but not the less a very pleasant one.

Rich men nowadays look out for wives who are good housekeepers. Of yore they wished only for a sweet face and a loving heart, and did not desire a bride to hang the key of the tea-chest to her waistband. No thought was taken as to whether the expenses were a dollar more or less, nor was inquiry made as to the disposal of yesterday's fare.

The practice of locking up and the hoarding of crumbs was taught us by business people. Society can not exist where they are in a majority. I do not say that they will not give dinners and balls, which may be numerous and magnificent; but still there is no society; there can be none when those who meet together have all the same train of thought, the same absorbing desire.

Society is impossible without idle people. It is they who constitute society's charm, because they live only for amusement, and make it an art to please and flatter; they have time to listen to the witty sayings, and to prepare the joke that will enliven the dinner-table; they may sit up till the small hours, and not be haunted with the thought of being forced to get up early the next morning. Idle people occasionally bore themselves, and therefore bend all their energies on the one thought of how they can best be amused. Business men, who always find the day too short, have no need of any thing to make it pass away; it slips through their hands, and only leaves them a little richer.

What then? Well, I make an earnest appeal to my readers not to lose the art of being idle. The idle man, remember, has time to be useful. He alone is a true member of society; he alone can be a loving and attentive husband and a watchful father; he alone can be an agreeable friend and a patient listener; he alone dresses well, flirts well; he alone will peruse these pages: and in him I confide.

MOHAIR DUSTER.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13-15.

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

THE noblest library of ancient times, and that which people have heard most about, was the Alexandrian Library, founded by Ptolemy Soter. The Ptolemies who succeeded enriched it by many valuable additions; and each of them adopted, it is said, some rather off-handed measures in the furtherance of the good work. All books imported into Egypt by foreigners were seized and sent to the Museum. Here they were transcribed by clerks appointed for the purpose. That done, the copies were delivered to the proprietors, and the originals were deposited in the library. The career of this famous library was always precarious. More than once it was plundered, or partially destroyed by fire, until it was at last utterly destroyed by the Saracens, under the caliph Omar, A.D. 642.

To show the wonderful extent of the Alexandrian Library, it may be mentioned that the volumes of parchment or papyrus were distributed to the four thousand baths of the city; and such was their incredible number that six months hardly sufficed to burn them. Amrou, the victorious general, was strongly opposed to such an act of wanton destruction; but the fanatical caliph was inexorable. "If," said he, "these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they do not, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." Next to the Alexandrian Library, that of Pergamus was most conspicuous, and, according to Plutarch, contained two hundred thousand volumes. This library was presented by Mark Antony to Cleopatra, as a nucleus for a new library at Alexandria. When Constantine the Great transferred the seat of his empire to Byzantium he ordered minute search to be made for any books that might perchance have escaped the fury of the pagan persecutor, Diocletian, and formed the whole into a library at Constantinople. The number of volumes was small in the beginning; but, being successively enlarged by later emperors, it was augmented to one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. Of these, however, more than one-half were burned by the command of Leo III., whose object was to destroy all the records and writings that might militate against his own ideas in favor of idolatry. In this library was deposited the only authentic

Fig. 1.—CLOTH RIDING HABIT. For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 16-18.
Fig. 2.—BRAIDED CLOTH RIDING HABIT. For pattern see description.
Fig. 3.—MOHAIR RIDING HABIT. For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 19-22.

LADIES' RIDING HABITS, FIGS. 1-3.

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copy of the Council of Nice. It is said also to have contained the poems of Homer, written in gold letters on the entrail of a serpent, together with a magnificent copy of the Four Gospels, bound in plates of gold and enriched with precious stones. All these, however, were lost in the fire. The ultimate fate of this library is a subject of much dispute. On the fall of Constantinople the learned men of Greece were dispersed over different parts of Western Europe. Mohammed, however, gave orders that the imperial library should be saved, and, according to some accounts, it was closely preserved in some apartments of the seraglio. Ultimately, it is said, Amurath II., in a fit of devotion, caused it to be destroyed. Others think that it fell into decay from ignorance or neglect. A curious discussion has arisen, however, as to whether the library of the sultan does not contain some valuable Latin and Greek manuscripts, the last remaining fragments of the library of Constantine. Tischendorf, writing in 1845, thinks that "the seraglio of the sultan conceals ancient and valuable MSS., though complete obscurity prevails as to their contents;" and he asks who, in our day, would have believed in the existence of "walled-up" libraries; yet a walled-up library was lately one of the mysteries of Cairo. We are afraid that Tischendorf is too sanguine; for the intimate relations of the Western powers with the Sublime Porte which have been brought about in recent years could hardly have failed to settle the long-mooted question.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

O ROSAMOND, thou fair and good,
And perfect flower of womanhood,
Thou royal rose of June,
Why didst thou droop before thy time?
Why wither in thy first sweet prime?
Why didst thou die so soon?

For looking backward through my tears
On thee, and on my wasted years,
I can not choose but say,
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
'Twere better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head—
Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
Upon life's lonely way—
Why didst thou vanish from our sight?
Could they not spare my little light
From heaven's unclouded day?

O friend so true, O friend so good—
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That gave youth all its charms—
What had I done, or what hadst thou,
That through this lonesome world till now
We walk with empty arms?

And yet, had this poor soul been fed
With all it loved and coveted—
Had life been always fair—
Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
Forever tremble there?

If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
That looks beyond the bounds of death,
And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled;

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
Then shall we hear our Lord
Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death;
Henceforth, according to thy faith,
Shall be thy faith's reward.

SUMMER DRINKS.

IS it not a want of appreciation that, while the Prince of Wales at his entertainments at Chiswick has a tent set apart for American drinks, so few of our housewives know how refreshing they are, or how they should be concocted? Persons should drink copiously in warm weather to keep up the flow of perspiration, which relieves the system and cools the surface. Advantage may be taken of this to add such stimulating and purifying ingredients as will counteract the effects of debilitating heat. We want to drink in summer instead of eating. Fruits and salads, the natural summer food, are largely composed of water to meet this demand. The complement of beverages at the command of families is usually limited to narcotic drinks—tea and coffee and lemonade, with wine and water for a special indulgence. Now, since every thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, a lady ought to set more variety of drinks, and of better composition, before her family and guests. What washy mixtures have we been invited to taste from the huge punch-bowl in the corner, whose ingredients were of vaguest import! The liquid was reddish, so we fancied there must be wine in it; and there were slices of lemon floating in it, so we believed in the acid flavor which strove with that of extra sweetness; but by far the controlling taste was that of Croton, Schuylkill, or Potomac, as the case might be. Had the hostess no sense of flavor, or did she consider her guests of too little account to prepare carefully for them? You can't eat a dry sandwich or drink tasteless punch in a person's house without undervaluing her capability or her hospitality afterward. By no means is this a plea for exhaustive entertainments or feasts in any oppressive sense; only, be the refreshment offered never so slight, it ought always to be the best of its kind. If you decide to have only creams and ices, see that they are nicely beaten and of different flavors. Almond and banana creams are most delicate, coffee and pine-apple are generally approved; so let vanilla and chocolate rest for a season. So with the claret cup and Roman punch.

To begin with the simplest beverage—LEMONADE. Grate the rind off the lemons, which should be rolled to make them easy to press. Put them under a small pastry-board or a slate, and roll them with it. A minute will do the work for a dozen. In the want of a silver lemon-squeezer a homely but helpful substitute may be found in a new clothes-pin, that will hold the slices and press them well. Lemonade is all the better for standing half an hour before drinking, for the sugar, acid, and wine—if used—to mix. Then strain, put in the ice, and serve in crystal pitchers. It is a poor affectation to serve lemonade from a punch-bowl. Travelers who may find themselves "twenty miles from a lemon" will do well to carry a little packet of citric acid to make a refreshing drink in case of slight illness, as nothing so readily averts sick headache and bilious disorders as to drink plenty of sour lemonade, for which citric drinks are the best substitutes, as they contain the acid of lemons and limes. The extract of lemon flavors such drinks so that they can not readily be told from the real juice of the fruit. Convenient lemon-sugars are prepared and sold ready for use. These substitutes, however, are recommended only in case of emergency; the fruit itself is the best.

PERRY is a delightful drink made from cherries, and the extract is prepared in this way to keep a year. To six pounds of cherries add a pint and a half of water; bruise, boil, and strain; then add three pounds of sugar; boil down till the liquid jellies. To prepare the drink, put a spoonful of jelly in a goblet of water; let it dissolve by standing ten minutes; stir and ice.

TEA PUNCH.—Infuse two ounces of hyson tea and an ounce of black in three quarts of boiling water. Add four pounds of loaf-sugar, citric acid and spirit of citron each six drams, and one pint of blackberry brandy. Mix well, and serve in porcelain cups.

BISHOP is the name of an old English and Continental drink which is a favorite with ladies, and recommended as a refreshing stomachic. A large quince is stuck full of cloves, and roasted before the fire till it is thoroughly soft. Pour a bottle of claret into a silver saucepan, with four ounces of honey and the rind of a lemon or bitter orange and the spiced quince. Heat these together, and you have a drink fit to be offered in solid goblet to a bishop or any prelate. This is a sumptuous beverage, only to be prepared and drank from silver, as iron or any other metal, at any stage of the performance, would spoil the whole.

CLARET CUP is so fashionable that in England the reputation of some ladies' hospitality depends on the quality of this alone. It is to be handed round in a great silver cup with two handles, and the guest grasps by both, and drinks deep, after which the brim is wiped by a clean napkin passed for the purpose through one of the handles. Doesn't this remind you of the old Knickerbocker ladies, who used to carry a napkin to church to wipe the goblet at communion after it had been passed to less august lips? In either case the custom is not to be disregarded. Claret cup is made with one bottle of claret to one—some say two—of soda or seltzer water; this to be well iced, and not put to the wine till the drink is wanted. Flavor the claret with four spoonfuls of powdered sugar, a little nutmeg, a small glass of maraschino, or two of sherry, and put a sprig of green borage in the cup, or tie a little bruised borage in a muslin bag. About half a pound of powdered ice will be required for this amount of cup.

CHAMPAGNE CUP is made with one bottle of Champagne to one of soda-water sweetened to taste, or not at all—the wine to be well iced before mixing, and a thick slice of cucumber put into it instead of borage.

REGENT'S PUNCH is made with a bottle of Champagne, a quarter of a pint of brandy, the juice of a lemon, a Seville orange, and a wine-glass of Martinique. With this mix a pint or more of a strong green tea, strained, and sirup or sugar to taste.

PUNCH À LA ROMAINE.—Take a quart of lemon ice, add the whites of three eggs well beaten with brandy till the ice liquefies, with water to taste. Then add a tea-cup of strong green tea, strained, and a little Champagne.

MILK PUNCH.—Pare six oranges and six lemons as thin as you can; grate them over with sugar to get out the flavor. Steep the peels in a bottle of brandy corked close twenty-four hours. Squeeze the fruit on two pounds of sugar, add four quarts of water and one of new milk boiling hot, stir the brandy into the whole, run through a jelly-bag till clear, bottle and cork close immediately. The finer the strainer is, the better the punch.

SHERBETS of various kinds are the juice of fruits or berries, mixed with half as much water and sweetened to taste, and filled with powdered ice. A good way to get the flavor of fruits for this purpose is to boil them and strain the juice, letting it stand till cold, and preparing with sugar and ice. These are always better five minutes after the ice is put in.

ICED TEA and COFFEE are made delicious with sugar and a spoonful of brandy to each cup. Lemon may be sliced in tea and orgeat added to coffee if one fancies. Blackberry or fruit brandy of any sort is delicious in coffee.

RAISIN WINE.—Boil as much water as you want for the wine, and allow it to become perfectly cold. This purifies it. Take eight pounds of Malaga raisins to each gallon of water, taking out only the large stalks. Put them in a sound sweet cask, putting in fruit and water alternately till the cask is full, pressing the raisins well down in it. Lay the bung lightly over. Stir the wine every day or two, keeping the cask full by adding water that has boiled and cooled. In six or seven weeks, when the fermentation has ceased, press in the bung firmly, and leave the wine untouched for twelve months. Draw it off at that time into a clean cask, and fine it with isinglass tied in a muslin bag and suspended in it. This is a good recipe for making wine for sacramental occasions.

GINGER LIQUEUR, excellent for stomach complaints, cramps, etc.—One ounce and a half of ginger, one pound and a half of black currants, one quart of white brandy, one pound of loaf-sugar. Let them stand together three or four days, and strain through a cloth. Dissolve a pound of double-refined loaf-sugar in a little boiling water, when cold mix it all together, strain through flannel, and bottle for use.

PUFFING.

THE origin of the popular catch-word "puffing" is curious. In France, at one time, the coiffure most in vogue was called a *pouf*. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horse-hair cushions, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the tastes and history of the wearer. The Duchess of Orleans, for example, on her first appearance at court after the birth of her son and heir, had on her pouf a representation, in gold and enamel, most beautifully executed, of a nursery. There was the cradle and the baby, the nurse, and a whole host of playthings. Madame D'Egmont, the Duke de Richelieu's daughter, after her father had taken Port Mahon, wore on her pouf a little diamond fortress, with sentinels keeping guard. Such is the origin of the word *puff*.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"HE'S SWEETEST FRIEND OR HARDEST FOE."

MR. GRANGER fell into the habit of strolling across his park, and dropping into the garden of Mill Cottage by that little gate across which Clarissa had so often contemplated the groves and shades of her lost home. He would drop in sometimes in the gloaming, and take a cup of tea in the bright lamp-lit parlor, where Mr. Lovel dawdled away life over Greek plays, Burton's "Anatomy," and Sir Thomas Brown—a humble apartment, which seemed pleasanter to Mr. Granger, under the dominion of that spell which bound him just now, than the most luxurious of his medieval chambers. Here he would talk politics with Mr. Lovel, who took a mild interest in the course of public affairs, and whose languid adherence to the Conservative party served to sustain discussion with Daniel Granger, who was a vigorous Liberal.

After tea the visitor generally asked for music; and Clarissa would play her favorite waltzes and mazurkas, while the two gentlemen went on with their conversation. There were not many points of sympathy between the two, perhaps. It is doubtful whether Daniel Granger had ever read a line of a Greek play since his attainment of manhood and independence, though he had been driven along the usual highway of the classics by expensive tutors, and had a dim remembrance of early drillings in Cæsar and Virgil. Burton he had certainly never looked into, nor any of those other English classics which were the delight of Marmaduke Lovel; so the subject of books was a dead letter between them. But they found enough to talk about somehow, and really seemed to get on very tolerably together. Mr. Granger was bent upon standing well with his poor neighbor; and Mr. Lovel appeared by no means displeased by the rapid growth of this acquaintance, from which he had so obstinately recoiled in the past. He took care, however, not to be demonstrative of his satisfaction, and allowed Mr. Granger to feel that at the best he was admitted to Mill Cottage on sufferance, under protest, as it were, and as a concession to his own wishes. Yet Mr. Lovel meant all this time that his daughter should be mistress of Arden Court, and that his debts should be paid and his future comfort provided for out of the ample purse of Daniel Granger.

"I shall go and live on the Continent," he thought, "when that is all settled. I could not exist as a hanger-on in the house that was once my own. I would find myself a *pied-à-terre* in Paris or Vienna, and finish life pleasantly enough among some of the friends I liked when I was young. Six or seven hundred a year would be opulence for a man of my habits in a place like Paris."

Little by little Clarissa came to accept those visits of Mr. Granger's as a common part of her daily life; but she had not the faintest notion that she was drifting into a position from which it would be difficult by-and-by to escape. He paid her no disagreeable attentions; he never alluded to that unfortunate declaration which she remembered with such a sense of its absurdity. It did not seem unreasonable to suppose that he came to Mill Cottage for no keener delight than a quiet chat with Mr. Lovel about the possibility of a coming war or the chances of a change in the ministry.

Clarissa had been home from Hale nearly six weeks, and she had neither heard nor seen any more of George Fairfax. So far there had been no temptation for the violation of that sacred pledge which she had given to Lady Laura Armstrong. His persistence did not amount to much evidently; his ardor was easily checked; he had sworn that night that she should see him, should listen to him, and six weeks had gone by without his having made the faintest attempt to approach her. It was best, of course, that it should be so—an unqualified blessing for the girl, whose determination to be true to herself and her duty was so deeply fixed; and yet she felt a little wounded, a little humiliated, as if she had been tricked by the common phrases of a general wooer—duped into giving something where nothing had been given to her.

"Lady Laura might well talk about his transient folly," she said to herself. "It has not lasted very long. She need scarcely have taken the trouble to be uneasy about it."

There had been one brief note for Clarissa from the mistress of Hale Castle, announcing her departure for Baden with Mr. Armstrong, who was going to shoot capercailzies in the Black Forest. Lady Geraldine, who was very much shaken by her father's death, was to go with them. There was not a word about Mr. Fairfax, and Clarissa had no idea as to his whereabouts. He had gone with the Baden party most likely, she told herself.

It was near the close of October. The days were free from rain or blusterous winds, but dull and gray. The leaves were falling silently in the woods about Arden, and the whole scene wore that aspect of subdued mournfulness which is pleasant enough to the light of heart, but very sad to those who mourn. Clarissa Lovel was not light-hearted. She had discovered of late that there was something wanting in her life. The days were longer and drearier than they used to be. Every day she awoke with a faint sense of expectation that was like an undefined hope; something would come to pass, something would happen to her before the day was done, to quicken the sluggish current of her life; and at nightfall, when the uneventful day had passed in its customary blankness, her heart would grow very heavy. Her father watched her somewhat anxiously at this crisis of her life, and was inwardly disturbed on perceiving her depression.

She went out into the garden alone one evening after dinner, as it was her wont to do almost every evening, leaving Mr. Lovel dozing luxuriously in his easy-chair by the fire—she went out alone in the chill gray dusk, and paced the familiar walks, between borders in which there were only pale autumnal flowers, chrysanthemums and China-asters of faint yellow and fainter purple. Even the garden looked melancholy in this wan light, Clarissa thought. She made the circuit of the small domain, walked up and down the path by the mill stream two or three times, and then went into the leafless orchard, where gnarled old trees cast black shadows, grim and misshapen, upon the close-cropped grass. A week-old moon had just risen, pale in the lessening twilight. The landscape had a cold, shadowy beauty of its own; but to-night every thing seemed wan and cheerless to Clarissa.

She was near the gate leading into Arden Park, when she heard a crackling of the dry leaves, the sound of an approaching footstep. It was Mr. Granger, of course. She gave a sigh of resignation. Another evening of the pattern which had grown so familiar to her that it seemed almost as if Mr. Granger must have been dropping in every evening all her life. The usual talk of public matters, the leaders in that day's *Times*, and so on. The usual request for a little music, the usual inquiries about her recent artistic studies. It was as monotonous as the lessons she had learned at Madame Marot's seminary.

"Is my life to go on like that for ever?" she asked herself.

The step came a little nearer. Surely it was lighter and quicker than Daniel Granger's—it had a sharp military sound; it was like a step she had learned to know very well in the gardens of Hale Castle.

"He is at Baden," she said to herself.

But the beating of her heart grew faster in spite of that tranquilizing assurance. She heard an unaccustomed hand trying the fastening of the gate, then a bolt withdrawn, the sharp light step upon the turf behind her, and in the next moment George Fairfax was by her side, among the weird shadows of the old orchard trees.

He tried to draw her toward him, with the air of an accepted lover.

"My darling!" he said, "I knew I should find you here. I had a fancy that you would be here, waiting for me in the pale moonlight."

Clarissa laughed—rather an artificial little laugh; but she felt the situation could only be treated lightly; and the foolish, passionate heart was beating so fast all the time, and the pale face might have told so much if the light of the new-risen moon had not been dim as yet.

"How long do you suppose I have been waiting at this spot for you, Mr. Fairfax?" she asked, lightly. "For six weeks?"

"Six weeks! Yes, it is six weeks since I saw you. It might be six years, if I were to measure the time by my own impatience. I have been at Nice, Clarissa, almost ever since that night we parted."

"At Nice! with Lady Laura and Lady Geraldine, I suppose. I thought they were going to Baden."

"They are at Baden; but I have not been with them. I left England with my mother, who had a very bad attack of her chronic asth-

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ma earlier than usual this year, and was ordered off to the South of France, where she is obliged to spend all her winters, poor soul. I went with her, and staid till she was set up again in some measure. I was really uneasy about her; and it was a good excuse for getting away from Hale."

Clarissa murmured some conventional expression of sympathy, but that was all.

"My darling," said George Fairfax, taking her cold hand in his—she tried to withdraw it, but it was powerless in that firm grasp—"my darling, you know why I have come here, and you know now why my coming has been so long delayed. I could not write to you. The Fates are against us, Clarissa, and I do not expect much favor from your father. So I feared that a letter might do us mischief, and put off every thing till I could come. I said a few words to Laura Armstrong before I left the Castle—not telling her very much, but giving her a strong hint of the truth. I don't think she'll be surprised by any thing I may do; and my letters to Geraldine have all been written to prepare the way for our parting. I know she will be generous; and if my position with regard to her is rather a despicable one, I have done all I could to make the best of it. I have not made things worse by deceit or double-dealing. I should have boldly asked for my freedom before this, but I hear such bad accounts of poor Geraldine, who seems to be dreadfully grieved by her father's loss, that I have put off all idea of any direct explanation for the present. I am not the less resolved, however, Clarissa."

Miss Lovel turned her face toward him for the first time, and looked at him with a proud, steady gaze. She had given her promise, and was not afraid that any thing, not even his tenderest, most passionate pleading, could ever tempt her to break it; but she knew more and more that she loved him—that it was his absence and silence which had made her life so blank, that his coming was the event she had waited and watched for day after day.

"Why should you break faith with Lady Geraldine?" she asked, calmly.

"Why! Because my bondage has been hateful to me ever since I came to Hale. Because there is only one woman I will have for my wife—and her name is Clarissa Lovel!"

"You had better keep your word, Mr. Fairfax. I was quite in earnest in what I said to you six weeks ago. Nothing in the world would ever induce me to have any part in your breach of faith. Why, even if I loved you—" (her voice trembled a little here, and George Fairfax repeated the words after her, "*Even* if you loved me")—"I could never trust you. How could I hope that, after having been so false to her, you could be true to me?"

"I never pretended to love Geraldine Challoner as I love you; I never professed any passionate devotion. We were friends of long standing, and our marriage seemed a suitable thing; that was all. I swear to you, Clarissa, I never pledged myself to more than that. And it was only when I came to know you that I found myself capable of more than that; that I made the glad discovery I had not wasted the whole of my heart upon the follies of my youth; that I could still love with force and fervor. It was a glad discovery, my dear one, in spite of the confusion that came with it. Clarissa, for pity's sake, be reasonable, and don't let any high-flown notion of duty mislead you in this business. Come what may, I shall never marry Lady Geraldine. All possibility of that is over. Take back those words, Clary, 'Even if I loved you.' Tell me that you do love me, as I have hoped and dreamed—as I dared to believe sometimes at Hale, when my wedding-day was so near that I seemed like some wretch bound to the wheel, for whom there is no possibility of escape. That is all over now, darling. To all intents and purposes I am free. Confess that you love me." This was said half tenderly, half imperiously—with the air of a conqueror accustomed to easy triumphs, an air which this man's experience had made natural to him. "Come, Clarissa, think how many miles I have traveled for the sake of this one stolen half hour. Don't be so inexorable."

He looked down at her with a smile on his face, not very much alarmed by her obduracy. It seemed to him only a new form of feminine eccentricity. Here was a woman who actually could resist him for ten minutes at a stretch—him, George Fairfax!

"I am very sorry you should have come so far. I am very sorry you should have taken so much trouble; it is quite wasted."

"Then you don't like me, Miss Lovel?" still half playfully—the thing was too impossible to be spoken of in any other tone. "For some reason or other I am obnoxious to you. Look me full in the face, and swear that you don't care a straw for me."

"I am not going to swear any thing so foolish. You are not obnoxious to me. I have no wish to forfeit your friendship; but I will not hear of any thing more than friendship from your lips."

"Why not?"

"For many reasons. In the first place, because there would be treason against Lady Geraldine in my listening to you."

"Put that delusion out of your mind. There would be no treason; all is over between Lady Geraldine and me."

"There are other reasons, connected with papa."

"Oh, your father is against me. Yes, that is only natural. Any more reasons, Clarissa?"

"One more."

"What is that?"

"I can not tell you."

"But I insist upon being told."

She tried her uttermost to avoid answering his questions; but he was persistent, and she admitted at last that she had promised not to listen to him.

"To whom was the promise given?"

"That is my secret."

"To your father?"

"That is my secret, Mr. Fairfax. You can not extort it from me. And now I must go back to papa, if you please, or he will be sending some one to look for me."

"And I shall be discovered in Mr. Capulet's orchard. Ten minutes more, Clarissa, and I vanish amidst the woods of Arden, through which I came like a poacher in order to steal upon you unawares by that little gate. And now, my darling, since we have wasted almost all our time in fencing with words, let us be reasonable. Promises such as you speak of are pledges given to the winds. They can not hold an hour against true love. Listen, Clary, listen."

And then came the pleading of a man only too well accustomed to plead—a man this time very much in earnest; words that seemed to Clarissa full of a strange eloquence; tones that went to her heart of hearts. But she had given her promise, and with her that promise meant something very sacred. She was firm to the last—firm even when those thrilling tones changed from love to anger, and at last grew more and more bitter, till they were as sharp as those wordy daggers which Hamlet the Dane sent home to his mother's guilty heart.

All that he said toward the end she scarcely knew, for there was a dizziness in her brain that confused her, and her chiefest fear was that she should drop fainting at his feet; but the last words of all struck upon her ear with a cruel distinctness, and were never forgotten.

"I am the merest fool and school-boy to take this matter so deeply to heart," he said, with a scornful laugh, "when the reason of my rejection is so self-evident. What I saw at Hale Castle might have taught me wisdom. Even with my improved prospects I am little better than a pauper compared to Daniel Granger. And I have heard you say that you would give all the world to win back Arden Court. I will stand aside, and make way for a wealthier suitor. Perhaps we may meet again some day, and I may not be so unfortunate as my father."

He was gone. Clarissa stood like a statue, with her hands clasped before her face. She heard the gate shut by a violent hand. He was gone in supreme anger, with scorn and insult upon his lips, believing her the basest of the base, the meanest of the mean, she told herself. The full significance of his last words she was unable to understand, but it seemed to her that they veiled a threat.

She was going back to the house slowly, tearless, but with something like despair in her heart, when she heard the orchard gate open again. He had come back, perhaps—returned to forgive and pity her. No, that was not his footstep; it was Mr. Granger, looking unspeakably ponderous and commonplace in the moonlight as he came across the shadowy grass toward her.

"I thought I saw a white dress among the trees," he said, holding out his hand to her for the usual greeting. "How deadly cold your hand is, Miss Lovel! Is it quite prudent of you to be out so late on such a chilly evening, and in that thin dress? I think I must ask your papa to lecture you."

"Pray don't, Mr. Granger; I am not in the habit of catching cold, and I am used to being in the gardens at all times and seasons. You are late."

"Yes; I have been at Holborough all day, and dined an hour later than usual. Your papa is quite well, I hope?"

"He is just the same as ever. He is always more or less of an invalid, you know."

They came in sight of the broad bay-window of the parlor at this moment, and the fire-light within revealed Mr. Lovel in a very comfortable aspect, fast asleep, with his pale aristocratic-looking face relieved by the crimson cushions of his capacious easy-chair, and the brown setter's head on his knee. There were some books on the table close to his chair, but it was evident that his studies since dinner had not been profound.

Clarissa and her companion went in at a half-glass door that opened into a small lobby next the parlor. She knew that to open the window at such an hour in the month of October was an unpardonable crime in her father's eyes. They went into the room very softly; but Mr. Lovel, who was a light sleeper, started up at their entrance, and declared with some show of surprise that he must have been indulging in a nap.

"I was reading a German critic on the Orestea," he said. "Those Germans are clever, but too much given to paradoxes. Ring the bell for tea, Clary. I didn't think we should see you to-night, Granger; you said you were going to a dinner at Sir Archer Taverham's."

"I was engaged to dine with Sir Archer; but I wrote him a note this morning excusing myself upon the plea of gout. I really had a few twinges last night, and I hate dinner-parties."

"I am glad you have so much wisdom. I don't think any man under a Talleyrand or an Alvanley can make a masculine dinner worth going to; and as for your mixed herds of men and women, every man past thirty knows that kind of thing to be an abomination."

The rosy-faced parlor-maid brought in the lamp and the tea-things, and Clarissa sat quietly down to perform her nightly duties. She took her seat in the full light of the lamp, with no evidence of emotion on her face, and poured out the tea, and listened and replied to Mr. Granger's commonplace remarks just the same as usual, though the sound of another voice was in her ear—the bitter, passionate sound of words that had been almost curses.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"IT MEANS ARDEN COURT."

THE time went by, and Daniel Granger pursued his wooing, his tacit undemonstrative courtship, with the quiet persistence of a man who meant to win. He came to Mill Cottage almost every evening throughout the late autumn and early winter months, and Clarissa was fain to endure his presence and to be civil to him. She had no ground for complaint, no opportunity for rebellion. His visits were not made ostensibly on her account, though friends, neighbors, and servants knew very well why he came, and had settled the whole business in their gossiping little coteries. Nor did he take upon himself the airs of a lover. He was biding his time, content to rejoice in the daily presence of the woman he loved; content to wait till custom should have created a tie between them, and till he could claim her for his wife by right of much patience and fidelity. He had an idea that no woman, pure and true as he believed this woman to be, could shut her heart against an honest man's love, if he were only patient and faithful, single-minded and unselfish, in his wooing.

George Fairfax kept his word. From the hour of that bitter parting he made no sign of his existence to Clarissa Lovel. The Armstrongs were still in Germany when December came, and people who had any claim upon Lady Laura's hospitality lamented loudly that there were to be no gayeties at the Castle this year. It was the second Christmas that the family had been absent. Mr. Fairfax was with them at Baden most likely, Clarissa thought; and she tried to hope that it was so.

Christmas came, and Miss Lovel had to assist at Miss Granger's triumphs. That young lady was in full force at this time of year, dealing out blankets of the shaggiest and most uncompromising textures—such coverings as might have suited the requirements of a sturdy Highlander or a stalwart bush-ranger sleeping in the open air, but seemed scarcely the pleasantest gifts for poor, feeble old women or asthmatic old men—and tickets representative of small donations in kind, such as a quart of split pease or a packet of prepared groats, with here and there the relief of a couple of ounces of tea. Against plums and currants and candied peel Miss Granger set her face, as verging on frivolity. The poor, who are always given to extravagance, would be sure to buy these for themselves: witness the mountain of currants embellished with little barrows of citron and orange-peel, and the moorland of plums adorned with arabesques of Jamaica ginger in the little holly-hung chandler's shop at Arden. Split pease and groats were real benefits, which would last when the indigestible delights of plum-pudding were over. Happily for the model villagers, Mr. Granger ordered a bullock and half a dozen tons of coals to be distributed among them, in a large, liberal way that was peculiar to him, without consulting his daughter as to the propriety of the proceeding. She was very busy with the beneficent work of providing her special protégées with the ugliest imaginable winter gowns and frocks. Clarissa, who was eager to contribute something to this good work, had wounded her fingers desperately in the manufacture of these implacable fabrics, which set her teeth on edge every time she touched them. Mr. Lovel would not even allow them to be in the room where he sat.

"If you must work at those unspeakably odious garments, Clarissa," he said, "for pity's sake do it out of my presence. Great Heavens! what cultivator of the Ugly could have invented those loathsome olive greens, or that revolting mud-color? evidently a study from the Thames at low water just above Battersea Bridge. And to think that the poor—to whom nature seems to have given a copyright in warts and wens and boils—should be made still more unattractive by such clothing as that! If you are ever rich, Clarissa, and take to benevolence, think of your landscape before you dress your poor. Give your old women and children scarlet cloaks and soft gray woolen petticoats, and gratify your men with an orange neckerchief now and then, to make a patch of color against your russet winter background."

There were dinner-parties at Arden Court that winter, to which Mr. Lovel consented to take his daughter, obnoxious as he had declared all such festivities to be to him. He went always as a concession to his host's desires, and took care to let Daniel Granger know that his going was an act of self-sacrifice; but he did go, and he gave his daughter a ten-pound note, as a free-will offering, for the purchase of a couple of new dresses.

Clarissa wondered not a little at the distinction with which her father and herself were treated by every one who met them at Mr. Granger's house. She did not know that a good deal of this attention was given to the future mistress of Arden Court, and that, in the eyes of county people and Holborough gentry alike, she stood in that position. She did not know that her destiny was a settled business in every one's mind except her own; that her aunt Oliver and the rector, quite as much as her father, looked upon her marriage with Daniel Granger as inevitable. Mr. Lovel had been careful not to alarm his daughter by any hint of his convictions. He was very well satisfied with the progress of affairs. Daniel Granger was too securely caught for there to be any room for fear of change on his part, and Daniel Granger's mode of carrying on the siege seemed to Mr. Lovel an excellent one. Whatever Clarissa's feelings might have been in the beginning, she must needs succumb before such admirable patience, such almost sublime devotion.

Christmas passed, and the new year and all festivities belonging to the season, and a dreary stretch of winter remained, bleak and ungenial, enlivened only by Christmas bills, the chill prelude of another year of struggle. Toward the end of January Marmaduke Lovel's health broke down all of a sudden. He was really ill, and very fretful in his illness. Those creditors of his became desperately pressing in their demands; almost every morning's post brought him a lawyer's letter; and, however prostrate he might feel, he was obliged to sit up for an hour or so in the day, resting his feverish head upon his hand, while he wrote diplomatic letters for the temporary pacification of impatient attorneys.

Poor Clarissa had a hard time of it in these days. Her father was a difficult patient, and that ever-present terror of insolvency, and all the pains and perils attendant thereupon, tormented her by day and kept her awake at night. Every ring at the cottage gate set her heart beating, and conjured up the vision of some brutal sheriff's officer, such as she had read of in modern romance. She nursed her father with extreme tenderness. He was not confined to his room for any length of time, but was weak and ill throughout the bleak wintry months, with a racking cough and a touch of low fever, lying prostrate for the greater part of the day on a sofa by the fire, and only brightening a little in the evening when Mr. Granger paid his accustomed visit. Clarissa tended him all through these melancholy days, when the rain beat against the windows, and the dull gray sky looked as if it would never more be illuminated by a gleam of sunshine—tended him with supreme patience, and made heroic efforts to cheer and sustain his spirits, though her own heart was very heavy. And so it came to pass that in these most trying days Daniel Granger repeated the avowal of his love, not urging his suit with any hazardous impatience, but offering to wait as long as Clarissa pleased for his sentence. And then, in the midst of the girl's distress at the renewal of this embarrassing declaration, her father spoke to her, and told her plainly that she was in all honor bound to become Mr. Granger's wife. She had suffered him to devote himself to her with a devotion rare in a man of his age and character. She had allowed the outer world to take the business for granted. It would be a cruel wrong done to this man if she were to draw back now and leave him in the lurch.

"Draw back, papa!" she cried, with unmitigated surprise and alarm; "but what have I ever done to give you or Mr. Granger or any one else the slightest justification for supposing I ever thought of him except as the most commonplace acquaintance?"

"That pretense of unconsciousness is the merest affectation, Clarissa. You must have known why Mr. Granger came here."

"I thought he came to see you, papa, just like any other acquaintance."

"Nonsense child; one man does not dance attendance upon another like that—crying off from important dinner-parties in order to drink tea with his neighbor, and that kind of thing. The case has been clear enough from the beginning, and you must have known how it was—especially as Granger made some declaration to you the first time you went to the Court. He told me what he had done in a most honorable manner. It is preposterous to pretend, after that, you could mistake his intentions. I have never worried you about the business; it seemed to me wisest and best to let matters take their natural course, and I am the last of men to play the domestic tyrant in order to force a rich husband upon my daughter; but I never for a moment doubted that you understood Mr. Granger's feelings, and were prepared to reward his patience."

"It can never be, papa," Clarissa said, decisively; "I would not commit such a sin as to marry a man I could not love. I am grateful to Mr. Granger, of course, and very sorry that he should think so much more of me than I deserve, but—"

"For God's sake don't preach," cried her father, fretfully. "You won't have him; that's enough. The only road there was to extrication from my difficulties is shut up. The sheriff's officers can come to-morrow. I'll write no more humbugging letters to those attorneys, trying to stave off the crisis. The sooner the crash comes the better; I can drag out the rest of my existence somehow in Bruges or Louvain. It is only a question of a year or two, I dare say."

The dreary sigh with which Mr. Lovel concluded this speech went to Clarissa's heart. It can scarcely be said that she loved him very dearly, but she pitied him very much. To his mind, no doubt, it seemed a hard thing that she should set her face against a change of fortune that would have insured ease and comfort for his declining years. She knew him weighed down by embarrassments which were very real—which had been known to her before Daniel Granger's appearance as a wooer. There was no pretense about the ruin that menaced them; and it was not strange that her father, who had been loath to move beyond the very outskirts of his lost domain, should shrink with a shuddering dread from exile in a dismal Belgian town.

After that one bitter speech and that one dreary sigh Mr. Lovel made no overt attempt to influence his daughter's decision. He had a more scientific style of game to play, and he knew how to play it. Peevish remonstrances might have availed nothing; threats or angry speeches might have only provoked a spirit of defiance. Mr. Lovel neither complained nor threatened; he simply collapsed. An air of settled misery fell upon him; an utter hopelessness, that was almost resignation, took possession of him. There was an unwonted gentleness in his manner to his daughter; he endured the miseries of weakness and prostration with unaccustomed patience; meekness pervaded all his words and actions, but it was the meekness of despair. And so—and so—this was how the

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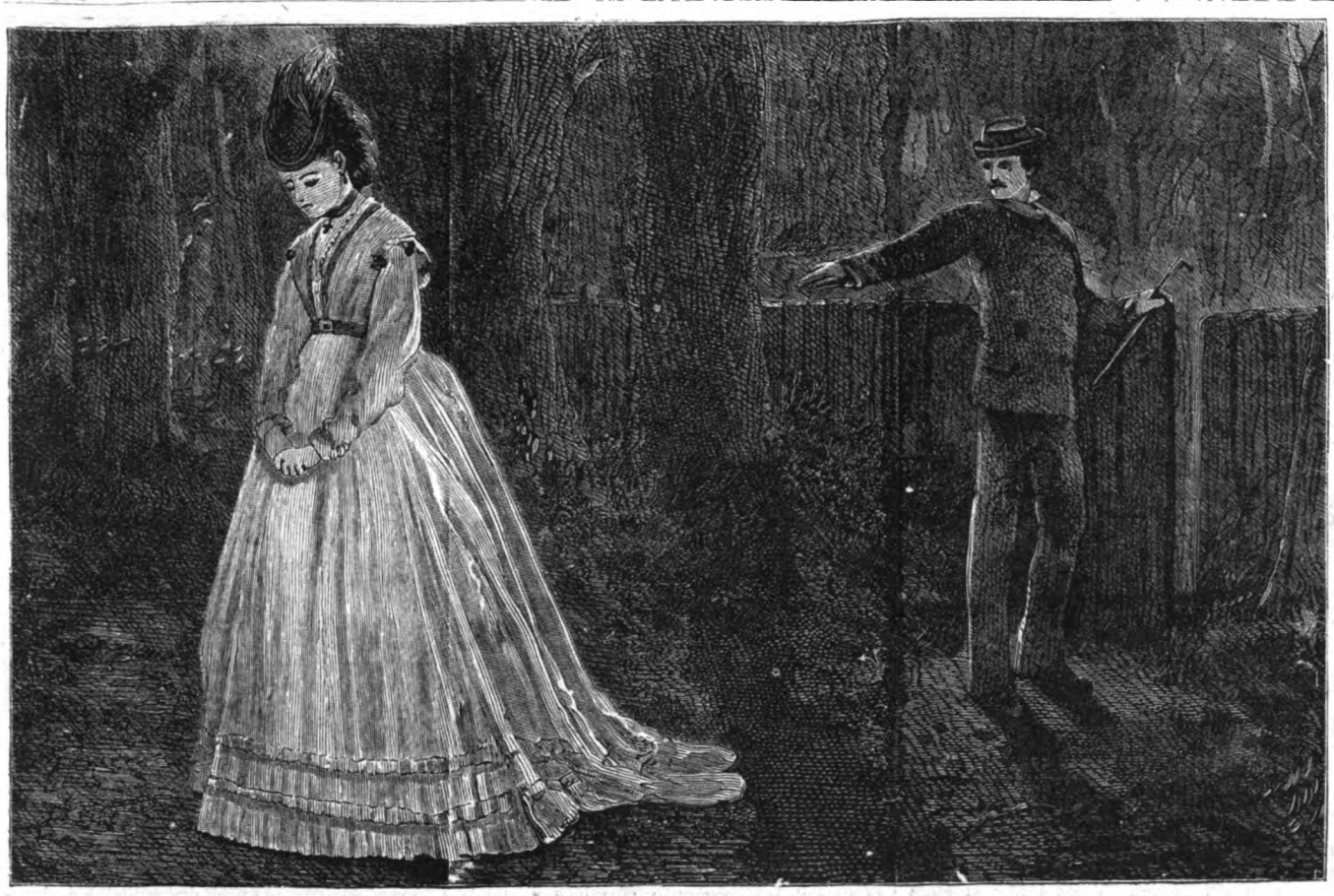

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.—"PERHAPS WE MAY MEET AGAIN SOME DAY."

familiar domestic drama came to be acted once more—the old, old story to be repeated. It was Robin Gray over again. If the cow was not stolen, the sheriff's officers were at the door, and, for lack of a broken arm, Marmaduke Lovel did not want piteous silent arguments. He was weak and ill and despairing, and, where threats or jesuitical pleadings would have availed little, his silence did much; until at last, after several long, weary weeks of indecision, during which Mr. Granger had come and gone every evening without making any allusion to his suit, there came one night when Clarissa fell on her knees by her father's sofa and told him that she could not endure the sight of his misery any longer, and that she was willing to be Daniel Granger's wife. Marmaduke Lovel put his feeble arms round his daughter's neck, and kissed her as he had never kissed her before; and then burst into tears, with his face hidden upon her shoulder.

"It was time, Clarissa," he said at last. "I could not have kept the brokers out another week. Granger has been offering to lend me money ever since he began to suspect my embarrassments, but I could not put myself under an obligation to him while I was uncertain of your intentions: it will be easy to accept his help now; and he has made most liberal proposals with regard to your marriage-settlements. Bear witness, Clary, that I never mentioned that till now. I have urged no sordid consideration upon you to bring about this match; although, God knows, it is the thing I desire most in this world."

"No, no, papa, I know that," sobbed Clarissa. And then the image of George Fairfax rose before her, and the memory of those bitter words, "It means Arden Court."

What would he think of her when he should come to hear that she was to be Daniel Granger's wife? It would seem a full confirmation of his basest suspicions. He would never know of her unavailing struggles to escape this doom—never guess her motives for making this sacrifice. He would think of her, in all the days to come, only as a woman who sold herself for the sake of a goodly heritage.

PHŒBE CARY.

IT seems but as yesterday when we laid Alice Cary down under the snow in Greenwood, and made loving record of her worthy graces in the *Bazar*. Now Phœbe has gone! "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." On Sunday, the 12th of February last, Alice Cary died; on Monday, the 31st of July, Phœbe died. Scarcely one-half of one of our little earthly years kept the sisters apart. They have been so much together in domestic, social, and literary companionship that hardly ever is one mentioned without recalling the other. There never was, probably, any thing so much like a spiritual Siamese twinship between sisters as that which existed between these two, and we can scarcely write of them apart.

Phœbe was born on her father's farm, eight miles from Cincinnati, in 1825, being five years younger than Alice. Here they spent their early years, and here, about the same time, they began writing for the press.

Phœbe's articles in the *National Era*, published at Washington, first attracted attention to her. For several years the sisters contented themselves with their contributions to periodicals, Phœbe writing much less than Alice. Their first venture in a volume is entitled "Poems by Alice and Phœbe Cary," which was published in 1850 at Philadelphia; but more than two-thirds of the poems were written by the elder sister.

In 1854 appeared, from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, a volume of Phœbe's, entitled "Poems and Parodies." Parodies are not generally entitled to a very honorable place in literature, and in later years Phœbe set little value on that part of this volume; but they show the vein of fun and humor that ran through her thoughts, and gave such a delightful vivacity to her conversation.

In 1868 Messrs. Hurd & Houghton published her latest volume, called "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love." This is altogether the most creditable of her productions. It contains the ripest fruits of her genius. She was collecting much that she has written since with a view to their publication in a volume, but the work was not completed when she was called away.

It ought to be mentioned that in the preface to the "Hymns for all Christians" (published also by Hurd & Houghton) Rev. Dr. Deems acknowledges the great help he had received from her in the compilation.

She wrote almost nothing in prose. So little was she accustomed to that species of composition that when called upon to prepare a sketch of her departed sister for the *Ladies' Repository* she said that she felt throughout the whole work a great difficulty, not only from the delicacy of the task, but also from her sense of awkwardness in attempting to write any thing in prose. And yet that last product of her pen shows her tact and talent in a remarkable degree, and has been greatly admired.

Phœbe had a good, clear, sound understanding, and was as little touched with maudlin sentiment as any woman we ever saw. She was plain in her tastes, and had always cultivated economical habits. She was free from affectations, her greatest embarrassment arising from her being known as a poet when she had no desire to be conspicuous. She was decidedly womanly in all things, and had a great dislike for any thing that seemed unwomanly in any of her sex, and felt that those whose work called them to be named by the public more frequently than their sisters should draw the veil of modesty more closely about them.

She was decided in many of her religious opinions, but liberal toward those with whom she could not agree. Her church-membership had been in Dr. Cheever's (Congregational) church, but the last years of her life she has communed with the "Church of the Strangers," of which, however, she never became a member, although in warm personal friendship with its pastor, Dr. Deems. She valued Christian character more than church-membership, and was as much at home with her friend the poet Whittier in the simple Quaker meeting-house as in churches whose ritual was elaborate. Many of her poems are deeply religious. One will probably be cherished as long as Christian sentiment shall be preserved in song. Several versions of it have appeared. We give that which she desired to be considered her last revision and authorized version.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly, the other side,
Break on a shore of light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think—

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

She told the writer that this hymn was composed one Sunday morning in 1852 after coming from church, and feeling depressed and lonely.

In another part of this number will be found what we consider a very fine poem, the latest production of hers sent to the *Bazar*, one of her very latest writings, and hitherto unpublished. It is the song of the dying swan, tender and sweet and beautiful.

We have said that the sisters were almost one. And yet in temperament and genius, as in person, they were greatly unlike. They were such independent characters that neither was imitator of the other.

No one can read Phœbe's poems without being struck with the strong good sense of them, with their bright and cheery temper, and with their entire hopefulness. And yet there is through them a passionate yearning for love. They are a real woman's poems. In them there is a resignation to the Divine allotments, whatever they may be. Sometimes there is a gleam of dramatic power, as in the poem entitled "Dead Love." Her favorite among her own productions, we believe, was "A Woman's Conclusions," in which is this stanza, following a picture of what her life might have been in wedded love, with children about her:

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my part as it is,
And let my future come as it will.

And this is the concluding stanza of the poem:

So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

In conversation her quickness at repartee and her unstinging but brilliant wit made her very charming. Sometimes it would be a succession of intellectual pyrotechnics for half an hour at a time. She had not large reverence; she quickly detected shams; she had a sharp sense of the ludicrous. This combination of qualities sometimes made her seem, to those who did not know her well, as wanting in the religious element; but her intimate friends knew how full she was of that love for God and that love for one's neighbors which make the groundwork of a real religious character. The Lord's Supper was to her the service which most touched and melted her. It so represented God's love for man and man's love for God that its celebration seemed always to her the tenderest reunion of earth and heaven. But there was no cant in her talk, and no sanctimony in her life.

She was the incarnation of health. We never saw another person who seemed to enjoy so much physical comfort. She scarcely knew what aches and pains and ailments were until her last sickness. Through all her sister Alice's trying illness Phœbe watched and waited and worked most courageously. And when the departure of Alice came she bore it with the most surprising cheerfulness, put on no mourning, opened the house, sunned the rooms, and lay down to sleep, as for weeks she had slept, in the room adjoining that where Alice had fought her last battle. And then, as soon as she could, she rose and girded herself for work, among other things beginning to prepare a new edition of all her sister's writings. But she changed rapidly. She grew gray in a few weeks; she seemed to lose heart; she sank down. The bow had been too tensely strained. She had never known sickness. What to most people would have been a confinement of a few weeks closed her career. She did not understand it. It was an incomprehensible thing to her. Sickness to her was death. When her pastor one day tried to rally her, laying out a plan for a country trip, and then a series of works to be undertaken, she said, most mournfully, "My dear friend, *my* work is done."

It was true. She went to Newport, being literally carried there. Few of her friends knew that she was gone. There, separated from the world, in great loneliness, this genial, lovely, wholesome soul went up to take her place in "the Father's house, where the many mansions be."

The departure of these sisters is a loss to American literature. The world of readers will miss them. But they were more than writers; they were lovable women, and many will miss their strains of musical thought; but some much more will miss their sweet companionship. But they have passed from Dreams to Realities.

PHŒBE CARY.

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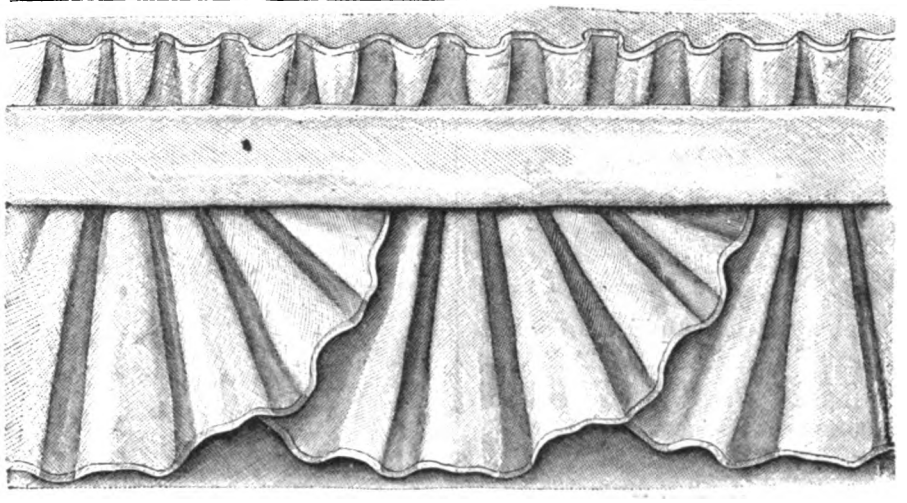

Fig. 1.—TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, DRESSES, ETC.

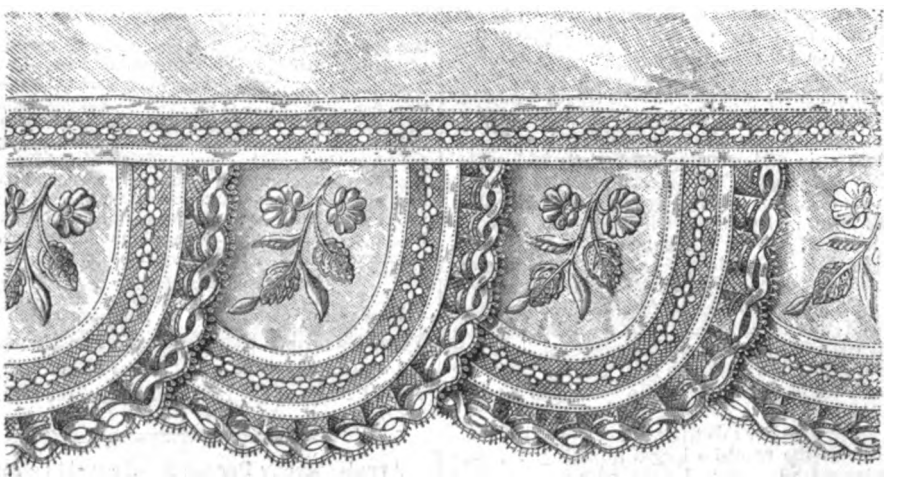

Fig. 2.—TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, DRESSES, ETC.

Trimmings for Petticoats, Dresses, etc., Figs. 1-7.

THESE trimmings are chiefly designed for white petticoats; they may, however, be used also for Swiss muslin, cambric, or nansook dresses. The trimming may, of course, be made of any width desired.

Fig. 1.—For this trimming cut the requisite number of pieces of muslin each eleven inches and a quarter long and three inches and three-quarters wide. Round off the under side of these pieces as shown by the illustration, hem them narrow; arrange the top in box-pleats, and sew them on the petticoat in such a manner that the pleated pieces overlap each other, as shown by the illustration. Now cut a straight piece of double muslin an inch and a quarter wide, and between this piece sew a box-pleated ruffle an inch and a quarter wide. Stitch the strip thus arranged on the petticoat at the upper and under edge, so that the under side of the strip covers the seam made by sewing on the pleated pieces, and the box-pleated ruffles remain free at the top.

Fig. 2.—For this trimming take a strip of cambric five inches and a quarter wide, cut the under side in scallops three inches and three-quarters wide and an inch and a quarter deep, and sew gathered white lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and lace insertion of the same width, on the cambric strip as shown by the illustration; the seam made by sewing on the latter is covered by bias strips of linen a quarter of an inch wide, which are set on with two rows of back stitching. At the upper side of the trimming strip insertion is also fastened on the foundation by means of strips of linen. The upper of these two bias strips serves at the same time to fasten the trimming on the petticoat. Now sew embroidery figures, that have been cut out of the foundation on which they are worked, on the trimming strip as shown by the illustration, and cut away the material under the insertion. Instead of working the trimming on a separate strip, it may also be worked on the bottom of the petticoat.

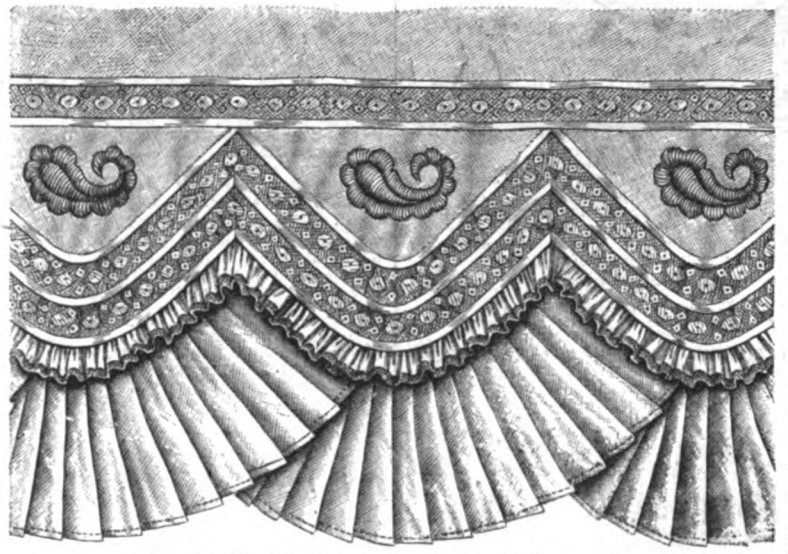

Fig. 3.—TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, DRESSES, ETC.

Fig. 3.—For this trimming a strip of cambric five inches and a quarter wide is required. Cut the under side of this strip in scallops five inches and three quarters wide and two inches and a half deep. Set a side-pleated cambric flounce four inches wide along each scallop; these flounces must overlap each other in the hollow between every two scallops. Sew a cambric ruffle three-quarters of an inch wide, edged with lace, and two rows of insertion of the same width above the flounce, as shown by the illustration. The seams made by sewing on the ruffle and the rows of insertion are covered by bias strips of linen a quarter of an inch wide. Separate application figures in white embroidery complete the trimming. At the upper side of the trimming strip a row of insertion is stitched on the cambric by means of narrow bias strips of linen. The upper of these two bias strips serves at the same time to fasten the trimming strip on the petticoat. Cut away the material underneath the rows of insertion, and fasten the edges carefully.

Fig. 4.—For this trimming cut a strip of the requisite length from Fig. 46, Supplement, trim the upper and under edge with a ruffle bordered with lace, and arrange the strip in pleats, bringing × on ●. On the middle of each point thus formed set a bias strip of linen four inches and a half long, pointed at one end and bordered all around with a ruffle edged with lace, as shown by the illustration. Stitch a bias strip of linen on the trimming strip in points, as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern.

Fig. 5.—For this trimming first set a side-pleated cambric ruffle, six inches wide, on the petticoat, then cut a cambric strip of the requisite length from Fig. 47, Supplement, trim the under edge with lace three-quarters of an inch wide, lace insertion of the same width, and bias strips of linen half an inch wide. Trim the upper edge of the strip with lace, gather it along the straight line indicated from each ∗ to ∶ to a width of an inch and a quarter, and cover each gathering thread with a bias strip of linen half an inch wide, which is pointed at both ends. In sewing on these bias strips, fasten the trimming strip on the side-pleated ruffle in such a manner that the ends of the points come on the under edge of the ruffle; the trimming must also be sewed on between the pleated parts by means of a bias strip.

Fig. 6.—This trimming is made of cambric, furnished with lace an inch wide, bias strips and medallions of piqué, and nar-

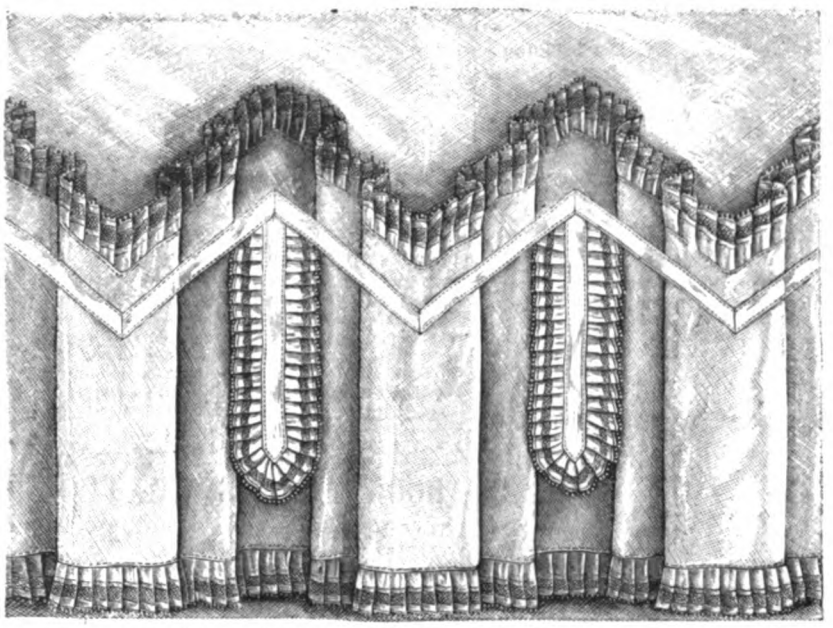

Fig. 4.—TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, DRESSES, ETC.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 46.

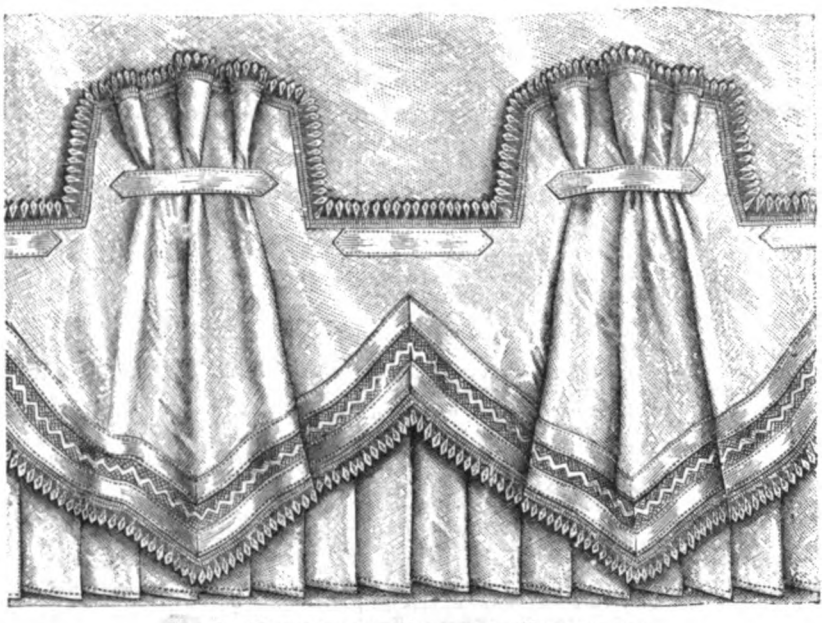

Fig. 5.—TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, DRESSES, ETC.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 47.

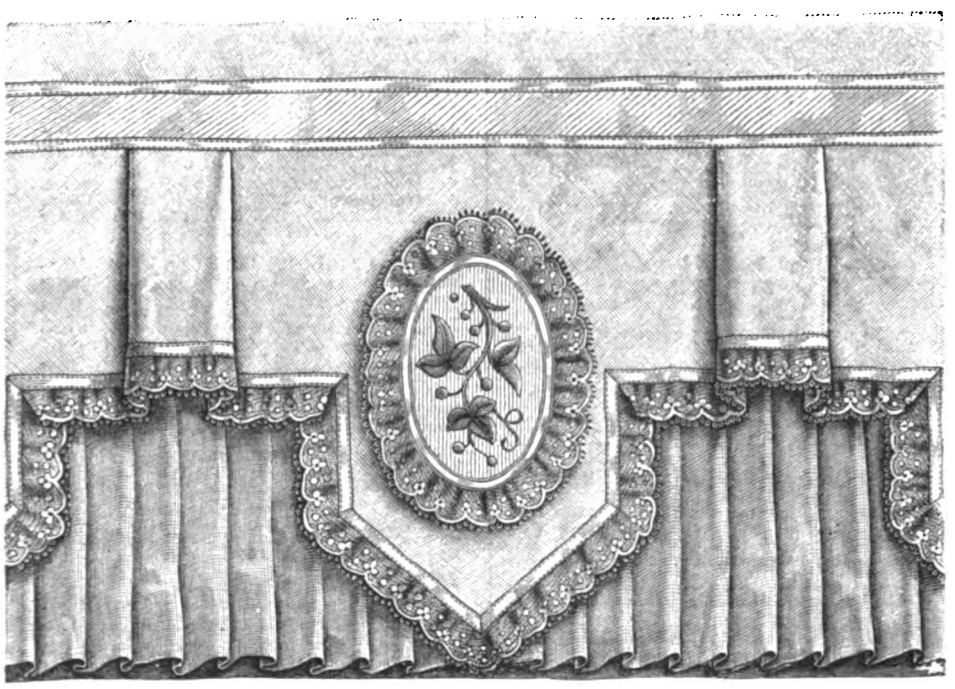

Fig. 6.—TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, DRESSES, ETC.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 48.

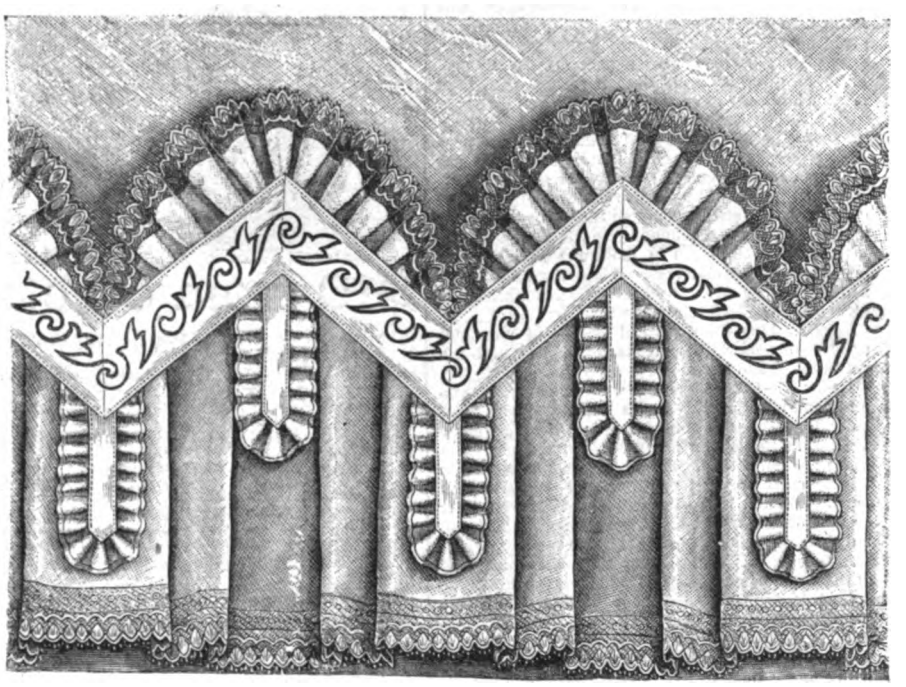

Fig. 7.—TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, DRESSES, ETC.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 49.

TRIMMINGS FOR PETTICOATS, DRESSES, ETC., FIGS. 1-7.

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row bias strips of linen. The medallions are ornamented in white embroidery as shown by the illustration. To make the trimming first furnish the petticoat with a side-pleated cambric ruffle four inches and a half wide. Then cut a strip of cambric of the requisite length from Fig. 48, Supplement, trim the under edge with lace, and cover the seam made by doing this with a bias strip of linen a quarter of an inch wide. Now set a medallion on each point, surround it with lace, fasten it also by means of a bias strip of linen, and pleat the trimming strip, bringing × on ●. Sew the trimming strip thus completed on the petticoat as shown by the illustration, so that the ends of the points of the strip reach to the bottom of the side-pleated ruffle. The seam made by sewing on the trimming strip is covered by a bias strip of piqué an inch and three-quarters wide; on both sides of the latter stitch a bias strip of linen a quarter of an inch wide.

Fig. 7.—For this trimming cut a strip of cambric of the requisite length from Fig. 49, Supplement, trim the under side with insertion and lace, and arrange the top in pleats, bringing × on ●. Sew on this bias strips of linen three inches and three-quarters long and half an inch wide, which are pointed at one end, and edged with a gathered cambric ruffle an inch wide. Each point of the trimming strip is edged with a cambric ruffle two inches and a half wide, which is sloped toward the sides, and bordered with lace at the upper side. The seam made by setting on these ruffles is covered by a bias strip of piqué an inch and three-quarters wide, which is arranged in points, and ornamented with white soutache as shown by the illustration.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAURA.—For riding habits read *Bazar* No. 31, Vol. IV. A cloth or water-proof traveling dress and a black silk suit are the most useful dresses you can have on your tour through Europe.

MARIE.—Read reply above to "Laura." Make the skirt of your white muslin bridal dress two yards long behind. Have an over-skirt and low or square-necked basque, and trim with Valenciennes or duchesse lace, insertion, and appliqué embroidery. If this is too expensive, use gathered or pleated flounces of the muslin edged with very narrow Valenciennes. The groom wears a full dress black suit. Short veils are not often worn by bride-maids.

S.—Read Riding Habits in *Bazar* No. 31, Vol. IV. They are not double-breasted at present.

NETTIE W.—For fifty cents you can buy a pinking-iron, or wedge, of any design you wish, either scallops or points. The block upon which the goods rests and the maul can be found at home. We can furnish you a *Bazar* containing patterns of an infant's wardrobe. Price ten cents.

DELIA.—It requires very little ingenuity to make the Worth basque high in the neck. We have given illustrations and patterns of chemisettes. We have no patterns of plain waist dresses other than those advertised. *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. II., will teach you all about plain waists, the manner of cutting, making, etc. Muslin under-sleeves are coat-shaped, with a broad pleated frill falling over the hand.

LUCILE.—The Worth basque dress is one of the prettiest designs for a Swiss suit. One broad flounce or from three to five narrow ruffles trim the lower skirt. You can wear a white under-waist beneath Swiss muslin, or, if you choose, a waist to match the silk under-skirt. Wear a belt to match the colored skirt. Both pleated and gathered Swiss ruffles are used. Black lace is only used on white tarlatan or organdy for evening dress, and is not very appropriate for a day suit. Make a box-pleated blouse, or else a basque of Swiss muslin. The sleeves are plain to the elbow; thence open and ruffled.

A WIDOW.—Do not dress your baby of twenty months in mourning for its father. Let it wear white altogether, with, if you insist upon it, black sashes and ribbons. Widows' veils are a yard and a half long, with a quarter of a yard of this length turned up for a hem.

"MAIDEN AUNT."—A reply to your letter has been crowded out until we fear it is too late to benefit you; but we have given many details of dress-making from week to week in our "New York Fashions" that have probably been useful to you. Your sample is appropriate for a church suit for a lady of forty-five. Make with basque and upper skirt or a polonaise. Line the lower skirt if you choose, but not the upper one. The best trimming is black velvet ribbon an inch and a half wide, and black fringe on basque and upper skirt; a wide flounce headed by velvet on the lower skirt. The *Bazar* uses its best endeavor to simplify costumes, to give "minute instructions," and to assist those who dress plainly and inexpensively to dress tastefully also. Much, however, is necessarily left to individual taste and the ingenuity of our readers.

H. M.—The samples of lace are both imitations. The white lace might be used under black lace on a black silk polonaise, or beneath grenadine or tulle ruffles on a black grenadine dress.—As an essentially American present to an English bride, you might send one of Rogers's statuettes, or an American chromo, or a handsomely bound volume by an American author.

W. W. F.—Gentlemen in mourning wear suits of lustreless diagonal cloth, and of black Cheviot in which a little white appears. Black neck-tie and black cassimere hat with elastic cloth band.

JENNIE.—Line the waist and sleeves of your buff pongee polonaise with white muslin. Trim with black velvet bands and bows.

LANOY E.—Get a black silk suit—one of gray cashmere and silk together—and a black cashmere polonaise, for your outfit in September. Do not get many dresses, as the season is an intermediate one, when styles are not settled. Brown will continue to be a leading color during the winter, and the pale-tinted pearl, pink, and blue silks will remain in vogue for evening dresses. Both bonnets and hats will be worn, but more bonnets than are seen in the summer.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Ladies wear their chatelaine pins at the throat or on the bosom, and their watches in the dress belt, or in a pocket made low down in the dart seam of basques.

MILLICENT.—Steep one ounce of walnut bark in twice as much water as will cover it, and set the color with alum—a lump as large as the end of the little finger. Add half the quantity of spirits of wine if you want a stimulating wash for the hair. The bark is sold by druggists.

UGLY GIRL, PINY WOODS.—A pale blue eye with a long white eyelash may be improved by taking plenty of exercise and excitement, which make the eye brilliant and deep in color. The lashes may be touched with a hair-pencil dipped in strong walnut juice, which is as harmless as any coloring. White hair and lashes show deficiency of iron in the system. Eat beefsteaks and drink Burgundy, or any generous native wine, and dance a great deal. Wear a linen girdle to support the frame if exercise tires you. Clear blue ribbons of a medium tint always lend a pleasing reflection to the eyes, and you will do well to wear them in your hair and at your throat. Orange, with a great deal of white tulle or muslin, also seems to render the tints of your style more decided by suggesting the violet tinge.

BEWARE of counterfeits in purchasing Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. The genuine has a private revenue stamp, three inches long, with a likeness of Dr. Hall upon it, over the cork. —[*Com.*]

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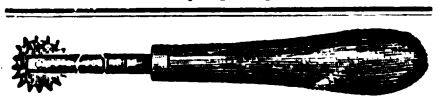

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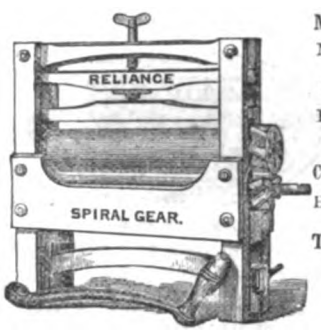

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FACETIÆ.

WHY is a wet day like one of the ancient monarchs of France?—Because it is rainy (Réné), of course.

A PRETTY PIECE OF WORK.—A certain party recently, not a hundred miles from ——, who took a thimbleful of gin, lost the *thread* of his argument, got in a *wax*, began to *reel*, didn't *cotton* to any body, went out *knitting* his brows. A policeman *eyed* him, and told him to *hook* it, and he got home completely *sewn up!*

A PRICKLY PAIR—A porcupine and a hedgehog.

"Vat you call dem tings vit long bills zat fly, and make a noise b-z-z-z?" said a Frenchman to us yesterday.

"Woodcock," we replied.

"*Eh bien!* I kil-lit, zis mornin' before breakfast, twenty-five woodcock."

"The deuce you did! Where did you find them?"

"In my *chambre à coucher.*"

"Twenty-five woodcocks in your bed-chamber? You must mean mosquitoes."

"*Eh bien!* zen I kil-lit *alors* twenty-five moschetos."

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN—A republic.

A BRAZIL NUT TO CRACK.—A good story is going the round of the diplomatic circles to the following effect: A gentleman who met the Emperor of Brazil in a Brompton omnibus asked his Majesty what the people of his country did in their leisure moments. The emperor (whose pronunciation of the English language is still defective) immediately replied, "Nutting!" We will not vouch for the truth of this story. In fact, were not the omnibus thrown in (evidently to give a tone of probability to the tale) we should scout the whole affair as a base and baseless fabrication.

Why are compositors very fortunate fellows?—Because they can 'set up' in business without a shilling of capital.

Why should Eve have considered Adam a very good husband?—Because he never spotted her curtains and carpets by smoking in the drawing-room, never flirted with other women, never asked for a latch-key, and never returned home at 1 A.M. intoxicated by overindulgence in pickled salmon.

A REGULAR COUP DE MAIN.

"I say, what's the reason that young coxcomb, Horace Mew, every time he talks to a lady seizes her hand?"

"Oh, it's only his familiar way of *holding* a conversation!"

SLEEPY PROBLEMS FROM THE SOUTH COAST.

What sort of a person is the "swell of the ocean" we have heard so much of?

Who makes the "bed of the ocean?" and, also, who lies upon it?

Why do sailors weigh the anchor every time they leave a port? and do they find it loses or gains?

Even in the matter of dress our doctor's taste is thoroughly professional—he prefers a "mixture."

"Very good, but rather pointed," as the cod-fish said when he swallowed the bait.

"What is your business?" said the magistrate at a police court the other morning to a prisoner.

"I'm an observationist, your worship."

"An observationist! What is that?"

"One who looks around in the daytime to see what he can steal at night, if it plea'se your worship."

It did not please his worship, and so he sent the observationist to the Penitentiary for sixty days.

THE TYRANNY OF MASTERS.

ANN TO 'LIZA. "Well, there, I *am* surprised at Misthir Smith 'avin' Seven Men 'ere at work, and not *one* Good-lookin' un among 'em. He did oughter be ashamed of 'isself."

DOMESTIC PATENTS.

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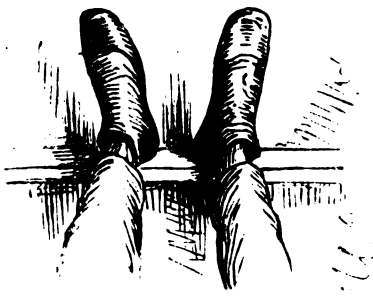

MANTEL ORNAMENTS.

FAMILY BROILERS.

TO POULTRY-KEEPER.—Is there any difference between a hen stealing and a cock robbin'?

The day to pick your wife is Choose-day. Wedens-day is the day to be married on, of course.

QUERY.—Do racing men ever keep running accounts at their bankers'?

The kangaroo is indeed a curious beast. He is generally most wide-awake when he's leaping.

PROVERBIAL.—Cleanliness is next to godliness, and it is soap that is next to charity.

A man who loses his dexter eye generally has a sinister look.

HODFELLOWS—Bricklayers' laborers.

What is it that goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet never moves?—The road.

Why may Adam be accounted the most fortunate of married men?—Because he never had to take his wife out shopping, to pay her milliner's bill, or to tolerate the visits and advice of his mother-in-law.

THE BEST HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS—The receipts on your tradesmen's bills.

Why is an empty cabin like a bird of the poultry class?—Because it is a chanticleer (shanty clear).

A thoughtful observer on women's rights comes to their defense very effectively as follows: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away, afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall, afraid to sail for fear the boat might upset; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is more riskful than all the others put together."

The question, "Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness?" would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky.

"Oh, Biddy," he replied, "it's a trate intirely to see two of your purty faces instead of one!"

A celebrated dandy was ordered by his physicians to follow a course of sea bathing at Dieppe. Arrived at that delightful bathing town, he ordered a machine and attendant, and went boldly into the water. He plunged in bravely, but in an instant after came up puffing and blowing.

"François," said he, "the sea smells detestably; it will poison me. Throw a little eau-de-Cologne into the water, or I shall be suffocated!"

"NATURAL SELECTION"—Choosing a wife.

HORTICULTURAL MEMS.

The horticulturist is always a good man. He who gives plenty of manure to his wall-fruit must be a benefactor of his peaches!

You are told that if you tread on a worm he may turn. With regard to caterpillars, if you *don't* tread on them they are certain to turn—to butterflies or moths.

There are places so productive that "if you tickle them with a hoe they will smile with a harvest." Of course the ho! hoe! is infectious. The rake is not so well tempered as the hoe; but then it is of no use if it can't show its teeth.

The early bird catches the worm, but you must go with a lantern after dark to find the slug-a-bed.

The new machines for cutting grass are of a shockingly humiliating tendency. We saw old Gravesire using one the other day when it was very warm; and we regret to say that although he is elderly, respectable, and eminently wealthy, the effect of the machine was to set him "mopping" as well as "mowing."

AN ACUTE OBSERVER.

PAPA (*log.*). "There, Mabel, Papa can't carry you another flight—his Head is splitting!"

MABEL. "Why, so it is, Papa. I see the crack."

AN OLD OFFENDER.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN (*eying his gardener suspiciously*). "Dear, dear me, Jeffries, this is too bad! After what I said to you Yesterday, I didn't think to find you—"

GARDENER. "You can't shay—hic—I wash Drunk Yesht'day, Sh—"

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN (*sternly*). "Are you Sober this Morning, Sir?"

GARDENER. "I'm shlightly Shober, Shir!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 35.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' and Children's Fall Toilettes.

Fig. 1. — Dress of gray poplin, with skirt trimmed with four flounces. Over-skirt with flat apron-front, slightly bouffant at the back, and trimmed with three flounces and a row of black velvet ribbon. Heart-shaped waist with long basques, trimmed in a similar manner, and finished with bows as shown by the illustration. Linen chemisette with black cravat.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. Skirt of red and gray striped silk. Over-skirt with low corsage of gray silk. High tucked linen chemisette with sleeves. Belt of the material of the skirt.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 8 YEARS OLD. Violet sultane skirt with deep side-pleated flounce. Black silk over-skirt. Pleated cambric blouse, with revers collar.

Fig. 4.—WALKING DRESS. White and blue striped foulard under dress. Over-skirt and basque-waist of white twilled foulard, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon. White straw hat, with white flowers and blue crêpe de Chine.

Fig. 5.—WALKING DRESS. Skirt of light maroon glacé silk, trimmed with side-pleated flounces, bias strips, and heavy fringe. Over dress with short train of dark maroon, heavy, dead-lustre gros grain, trimmed with velvet ribbon and gros grain bows of the same color. Swiss muslin chemisette, with a narrow frill in the neck.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FALL TOILETTES.

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RAINBOWS OF GOLD.

"If you can get to the foot of a rainbow before it fades away you will find a bushel of gold."—*Legend of Fairy Lore.*

WHEN I was a child I was solemnly told,
When the rainbow appeared in the sky,
That under its foot was a bushel of gold
That any could get would they try;
So I ran where the splendor came down to the ground,
But it fleeted as fast as I ran,
And with all of my search it was nothing I found;
Yet I'm doing the same as a man.

There's the rainbow of love, when affections are young,
The brightest, we think, of the lot;
We follow, to find it a thing of the tongue,
Or a foolish abstraction of thought.
There's the rainbow of fame, with its amaranth crown;
We chase it in emulous strife;
We reach where its foot so enticing came down,
And find—we have wasted a life.

Hope's rainbows are ever abroad in the air,
Alluring us fools to pursue;
We follow and follow, and find nothing there
Save a sprinkle of glittering dew.
Earth's rainbows of promise, so fair to the sight,
Are but fictions, at best, of the mind;
Their gleams give at most unsubstantial delight—
They fade and leave nothing behind.

Then what of the rainbow that gleams beyond death—
The promise hereafter? Who is there can tell
If, after the parting of body and breath,
He is sure under *that* rainbow all will be well?
Can be certain it is the last bow to allure,
The one that stoops down on the bushel of gold—
The gold *he* at last shall possess? Who is sure?
Alas! 'tis a secret we can not unfold.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2, we shall commence the publication of the new serial story,

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

BY

WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

Mr. COLLINS stands in the foremost rank of living novelists, and the present story, which will be printed from advance sheets, is one of the most brilliant and fascinating efforts of his genius.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Infant's Wardrobe, on page* 557, *comprising six articles, viz., Cloak with Hood, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. Dealers supplied on the usual terms. For complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement, page* 559.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a large variety of Ladies' Fall Dresses, Bonnets and Round Hats, Suits for Boys and Girls from four to fifteen years old, Bonnet Trimmings, Postilion Basques, Clothes-Bags, Watch-Cases, Music Portfolios, Necessaires, Crochet and Tatted Fringes, Tapestry Borders, etc., etc.*

THE PRESENT FASHION.

IF one supposes that the people of the earth are not gradually marching on toward a perfect development, and wishes to be assured that the age is really an advance upon all that have gone before, there is one thing whose inspection must convince him of the fact, trivial as we are wont to consider it, of immense importance to the race as it really is, in every moral and physical respect: we mean the prevailing fashion. And we claim that, in spite of all the absurdities and follies with which the rich and the idle have chosen to encumber it, the present manner of shaping and making feminine garments is altogether the best thing that has yet sprung from the brain of the modiste.

True, there is something to be said for the primitive garment of our earlier ancestresses, that wild-beast robe—the skin of "striped panther, lifting loosely to the air," in which Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER delights to drape his dusky heroines. Its simplicity was perfect, and it probably answered all purposes. But the preserve of panthers being in a measure exhausted, substitutes have been found necessary, and the fancy has been stimulated to their invention. When life forsook its first freedom, and men became the slaves of cities and women of inner courts, woven draperies had taken the place of the savage dress, and brooches and jewels did the service that eagles' beaks and claws had done. So long as women remained the mere ornaments of their masters' seclusion, and the streets were places unfit for them to tread, nothing could have been better than the long, flowing garment revealing all the outlines as it hid them; and the peplum and the veil, wrapped in which the women ventured beyond their gates as in a cloud of invisibility, still spread over them the shelter of home. And not all history can give us any lovelier picture than that of Helen when she went abroad and "shadowed her beauty in white veils."

But, as civilization ripened, and ribaldry and indecency retired from the public gaze to dark corners, and no reason remained why women should not use the thoroughfares, it may be that the necessity of the case modified the loose apparel, which, beautiful as we find it in the pictures of Pompeiian interiors, with its cool and flowing folds, must have been far from equally attractive when flapping round the feet, and caught up in one hand or the other and hitched along from step to step. And it is, probably, this modification to meet circumstances which has ever since given rise to the various fashions, or endeavors to attain something preferable to that which exists.

Without doubt these fashions have, from generation to generation, frequently been the exhibition of individual caprice; but, on the whole, they have steadily mounted from one degree of usefulness to another, the exaggerations of the first season fixing the fit medium of succeeding ones, till the present street costume leaves but little to be desired.

Look at the cumbersome dress of ELIZABETH'S day, the ruff, the buckram bodice, the vestments which, one after another, MARY STUART took off in making ready for the headsman—the fearful lacing and the torturing back-boards, the calashes and galoches of our great-grandmothers—and then look at any lady of our own era who follows the fashion without subserviency or indulgence in striking extremes, and you can have but one opinion as to the superior merit of the present ideas. We have now a short dress that just escapes the soiling of the street; a neatly fitting shoe, from whose thick sole the exceedingly minute heel has been discarded, leaving one merely high enough to lift the foot from the wet and the dust; the useless folds of the upper garment gathered out of the way, making a graceful outline at the hip; hair "which wantons with the love-sick air," worn more becomingly than ever before; a bonnet which shelters the top of the head from the sun and air exactly where shelter is needed, which the wind has left off loosening, and tormenting the temper thereby, and which no longer hides the face "down a Leghorn lane," with as unpleasant results as those attending the use of blinders on a horse; and a *tout ensemble* pleasing to the gaze of the beholder and comfortable to the body of the wearer.

Of course, like many other good things, these fashions are at the mercy of the user, susceptible of abuse, and receiving it at the hands of all those who have too much time, or too much money, or too little taste, to suffer them to retain their original quietness. It is in this way that they are made a reproach by the wilderness of trimming with which the milliner is suffered to overlay them, and by the thousand-and-one whimsical cuttings and slashings that they endure, and in all which time and substance are wasted, and a rivalry established dangerous to purse and to character. But such things bring their own remedy, since the dresses bristling with frillings and flutings will so soon tire the gaze and satiate the fancy that a reaction of soft unbroken outlines must follow; and if we are not driven to assume the nun's garb by sheer force of contrast, we shall have the mode as it was meant to be—a costume capable of infinite variety, and of adaptation without singularity to all figures and all tastes. Certainly a more alluring sight than one of the damsels of the day, in her lawns and laces, her skirts like the petals of a rose, her bright ribbons, her flying hair, could hardly gladden the eyes of men; and if, as we may hope, her heart and soul are clothed in raiment equally as fair, she well may gladden the eyes of angels too.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Musk.

DEAR BOB,—As I was rolling out of town in the train one morning this summer for a day's pleasuring—or, in my case, who enjoy so much in town, I suppose I ought to say change of pleasure—in the country, I seated myself in one of those very comfortable drawing-room cars, and as I proceeded to adjust my mind to the journey I perceived a very strong odor of musk. Perfumes are pleasant to me, and when I am aware of them I instantly feel myself to be in the neighborhood of some mariner freshly come home from the spice islands. I smell Java and Borneo and Sumatra. My mind is full of jungles and tigers and Malays, but so confusedly remote as not to be threatening or troublesome. Or if the odor be of a certain purity and pungency rather than richness, the scenery shifts in my mind to gardens in cooler zones, or to wild-wood dells, and a thousand fond associations fill my memory with beautiful pictures of the kind that all old gentlemen and old ladies, my dear Bob, contemplate with tenderness to the very last.

Having nothing in particular to do, I unfolded the morning paper, and then looked about me to see who it was that began the day with such a fine odor. I said that it was musk, or at least musky, and that is a perfume which, as you know, is so powerful that it is made the basis of others, and, by reason of the same power, is sometimes a little suspicious. I remember in my younger days the dapper little gentleman, so neat in his dress and so polite in his manner, who was book-keeper in an office to which I used to resort. But he was enveloped in an atmosphere of musk. I think the whole building was scented. The books of that house must smell like the rolls that swathed old mummies, and were steeped in odorous gums. It was always perplexing to me, I remember, that a man so small should, as it were, smell so immensely, and that so mild a man should be associated with any thing so powerful as that perfume. Now, Bob, it is a melancholy truth that the small, mild man was a shameful sinner in many ways. He was obliged to have recourse to powerful medicaments, and to destroy all trace of them he neutralized the odor which they might leave about him by unstinted use of that bullying musk.

The result was inevitable. Sin and musk are inextricably associated in my mind. I can not help fancying that sin has a musky smell, and the stronger the musk the more awful, it seems to me, the sin must be. When you have been smoking, my dear Bob, and presently seek the society of ladies, I have seen you gnawing orris root or chewing cachous. You wish to correct the rank tobacco fumes by a more agreeable breath. It is wise and courteous, but it is, nevertheless, suggestive. If you wished to conceal that you had been smoking, the device would not serve. The orris and the cachous say gayly to all the company, "We are hiding something," and every body knows what it is. Or, perhaps, it is only printing the fact of your tobacco habit in ornamental type. The perfume is only a blue and gold edition of the fume.

As I glanced around the car I saw that the odor proceeded from a large, dark-haired gentleman, who had that extremely conscious unconscious aspect which I remark very often upon my travels. Occasionally he took out his handkerchief and adjusted it a great deal more than was necessary for the very slight use to which he put it noseward, and it was evident that he was intentionally shaking out the invisible cloud of musk in which he concealed himself, like a magician in the smoke of his incantations, or a cuttle-fish in the inky mist which he generates to shield him from pursuit. Every body in the car, I am sure, perceived the prodigious scent, and some of the ladies, I observed, coughed a little and turned pale, as if they were ill; and one or two of the gentlemen stared and scowled and half snorted—a snort of impatience being, as I understand it, nasal profanity, or an oath of the nose. But the serenity of our high-smelling traveler was undisturbed, and he devoted himself to his paper with a most solemnly affected air of abstraction.

The scene reminded me ludicrously of a ceremonious dinner at which I was once present, and to which all the guests had been bidden to eat venison. The host warned us not to waste our appetites, nor to trifle with them upon unimportant dishes; and after due expectation and delay the great dish was served. But, my dear Bob, far off its coming did not shine, but was apparent. We were not vultures nor buzzards, and to eat the venison was impossible. But nothing could surpass the bland unconcern with which every body at table seemed to be unconscious of what was only too appallingly apparent. The host behaved well, and, after a form of offering the morsel which would have graced a banquet of condors, he winked at its swift disappearance, and we all chattered gayly, as if we had dined luxuriously and amply. Even so the dark-haired, musky gentleman in the car was, after a little while, blandly disregarded, although he was, I may say, appallingly apparent.

But when, at a convenient station, I stepped out to breathe the fresh air upon the platform, I passed a certain young lady, whose name I would certainly write in full if I did not know that it would cover your manly face, my dear Bob, with the most prickly blushes. It was an exquisite summer morning, and as I passed I looked at the paint and pasteboard battlements of the station-house, and said to her:

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses."

And even that summer air was sweeter for a faint and subtile scent; not sickly and cloying, but delicately fresh, as if a zephyr laden with the aroma of carnations had lost itself somewhere in the folds of that young lady's dress. This, also, was a perfume, but how different! This, too, was suggestive, like that overpowering musk; but I give you my word, dear Bob, nobody turned pale nor snorted.

Later in the day, when I had left the train, and it had rolled far and far away, I sat at the pleasantest of windows looking out over the river and across a garden which sloped riverward from the house. There were lawns and terraces and huge urns and vases overflowing with flowering vines, but I chiefly perceived the scent of roses, which grew in vast beds, and perfumed the wind that stole over the river as silently and swiftly as a lover, as Leander, say, to rest his head upon that Hero's fragrant bosom. The freshness and sweetness of that roseate air were inspiring. I really forgot my years and the infirmities proper to my age, and thought that no summer day had ever been so blissful. And, as I inhaled as well as beheld its beauty, I could not help reflecting upon the richness of life and experience that endowed the same thing with such infinitely various associations and suggestions. That overpowering musk in the morning, and that breath of carnation at mid-day, and now the rose-odor in the afternoon—how could any thing be more different in their effects—and yet they were all sweet perfumes!

And yet is it perfumes only of which what I thought is true? Are they not themselves symbols of our manners upon the road? I think that you know somebody, my dear Robert, who shows the utmost propriety of conduct, whose address is always bland and courteous, who never betrays impatience nor anger of any kind, but is as smooth as if his manners had been oiled and rubbed like the frame of a wrestler. His smile is ready and profuse. He is prompt and intelligent and thoughtful. He is always ready for the business or the play of the moment. He has his story to tell, his joke to crack, his song to sing. He has traveled and observed. He is humorous but not satirical, always well-dressed, hopeful, and cheerful. But for all that you do not like him. His manners are as irreproachably good as musk is undeniably sweet. But as that perfume is unpleasantly suggestive, so his manner is suspicious. It is too strong. There is too much musk here. Phew! And I can fancy you indulging in that nasal profanity which I remarked in the car.

But when I left the window over the rose-garden and descended to the parlor that opened upon the lawn, I met you know who, and as we walked out in that sunset and talked of a hundred things, I was aware of a manner which technically could not be described as more faultless than that of the somebody I have just mentioned, but which seemed to me as exquisite as the breath of the carnation I perceived in the morning. And when, later, Mrs. Margery came in, that queen of women, and with a superb grace and splendor which you can imagine may have been the natural manner of goddesses as we see them in the finest statues—some Diana when she loved Endymion, some calm-browed Ceres, some great-eyed Juno, some Venus of Milo—made every body happy, then it seemed to me that I perceived in another way the perfect perfume of that whole rose-garden.

It is something under the manner, you see, my dear young friend. There is a certain smoothness and finish which, when you have once known them to hide deceit and selfishness, are hateful, although, as manner merely, faultless. Musk is sweet. To me it is not in itself disagreeable. But it has become such a mask that when I perceive it I am alarmed, like a railway engineer when he runs over a torpedo. There is danger ahead. I smell it. And my experience is not peculiar—it is shared by very many. If I should perceive it when I am with you, I should instantly say that you had been drinking, or chewing opium, or taking some drug, or that at least you had done something that you knew was wrong, and that you were trying to conceal. Manner is a perfume. But perfumes, as we know, may be meant to put us off the scent. Let us be wary, therefore, my dear boy, I said to myself, as I returned to town, and choose for our use only those odors which are not liable to suspicion, but are such as that young lady whom you know, and whom I respect and love—at the proper distance—always uses.

Your friend, dear Bob,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

INFANT'S CLOTHING.

WE give this week illustrations, and will furnish cut paper patterns, of the most important articles of infants' clothing. The robe, day slip, gown, cloak, petticoat, and shirt are the garments that young mothers find most difficult of construction. Our cut paper patterns will simplify these henceforth, as they are complete in the smallest details. Patterns of all smaller articles, such as bibs, sacques, bands, etc., have

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been given from time to time in the Supplements.

DRESSES.

High-necked and long-sleeved dresses are most in favor at present for infants. This is a sensible fashion, as it dispenses with sacques, which are sometimes left off through carelessness, so that the child takes cold. However, there is usually found in an infant's outfit at least one dressy robe made with low neck, short sleeves, and more or less elaborate trimming, to be worn at the christening, or on occasions when baby is the centre of attraction. The material for this is fine mull, or else the thinnest French nansook. This robe measures a yard and a quarter in length, is about two yards wide, and consists of two straight breadths and a gored front, with body and skirt in one, shaped after the design given in our illustration. The back of the waist is fully gathered at the top and belt, the side is sloped out for the armhole, and the tiny sleeve, when properly set in, will shape the top straight around, displaying the plump, dimpled shoulders that square necks conceal. The belt does not pass over the front gore, but begins on each side of it, and is made of the trimming separate from the belt. The robe illustrated has puffs of nansook divided by Valenciennes insertion. The edges of the puffs are rolled and overseamed to the insertion. The laundress should fold the puff through the centre, iron and flute it as though it were a ruffle, and thus give when opened the effect of pleated marquise puffs. If real Valenciennes is too expensive, there is an Italian imitation with feathery edges, that copies real lace admirably, and costs but half as much. Hamburg insertion, like needle-work, though done by machinery, is also inexpensive. A third plan for those who have much time and little money is to unite the puffs by tucked bands, making five or six tiniest tucks in the centre, a space each side covered by feather stitching, and a hem to finish the edges. If a sash is used, it is tied on the left side of the front or back, according to fancy.

High yoke slips for every-day wear are the simplest and prettiest of baby dresses. Thicker nansook and dimity are the favorite fabrics for these. Linen lawns rumple too easily; cross-barred and striped muslins are old-fashioned. Colored dresses on babies are now unheard-of things. The yoke may be of the dress material, fitted smoothly over the shoulders, and surrounded by a ruffle or edging; or it may be formed entirely of lengthwise puffs, bands of insertion, tucks, or of Valenciennes medallions and needle-work. The two widths of the skirt are sometimes straight, sometimes sloped slightly toward the top, and are seven-eighths or a yard long. A two-inch hem, with trimming like that on the yoke inserted above it, finishes the skirt. The sleeves are coat-shaped. A wide ribbon sash, or one of the material, hemmed, is used. In the latter case a belt of insertion is put across the front, and long strings are sewed to it and tied behind. Shirrs and drawing-strings around the entire waist are also seen, but to our taste the dress is prettiest when hanging loose from the yoke, unconfined by belt or sash.

NIGHT-GOWN.

The gown pattern is merely a long sacque, buttoned behind or before, as the mother chooses. If buttoned behind, it serves also for a day dress in the nursery. Soft French percales, American cambric, and finest muslins of light quality are selected for night-gowns, and simple edgings for trimming.

Some of the newest day slips shown at the furnishing houses are combinations of our night-gown and yoke slip. The back has a yoke; the front is a sacque, smooth and plain, with lengthwise rows of insertion sewed in with feather stitching. This can be done easily, and will make variety in the outfit.

PETTICOATS.

Directions are unnecessary for making petticoats. Two straight widths of jaconet, or muslin, hemmed, ruffled, tucked, or trimmed with insertion, are gathered to a waistband of the material, doubled and passed straight around the body. A place for the arm may be hollowed out, but is not important. Frenchwomen prefer tapes to tie all such garments; buttons, and too often pins, are used here. Petticoats of gauze flannel for day wear are made by the same pattern. Plain flannels have an inch-wide hem turned up on the outside, held at the top by a row of feather or brier stitching, and bound on the edge with white lutestring ribbon. The waistband is linen doubled. More elaborate skirts have shallow scallops needle-worked, and rich soutache braiding or embroidery. The barrow-coat, or "pinning-blanket," used to inwrap the child's limbs on cold nights, is a single width of soft, thick flannel hemmed on three sides, with the fourth gathered to a waistband.

INFANTS' SHIRTS.

The shirt is a dainty little garment made of finest linen lawn, the old-fashioned kenting, and in many cases of sheer linen cambric. The rolling lapels and sleeves are trimmed with Valenciennes or tiniest ruffles. A hem finishes it below. The smallest, smoothest, softest seams should be seen on all infants' clothing, and especially on the shirts, that come next the tender flesh.

THE CLOAK.

The cloak used at all seasons is two large capes and a hood. White cloaks are preferred. For summer the material is repped piqué, and lately white lawn; in winter white merino is choosen for dress occasions, plaid flannels for greater warmth and ordinary use. Braiding, embroidery, and fringe are the trimmings for piqué and merino.

An easy and pretty fashion is to work polka dots at intervals over all the upper cape, and on all the visible parts of the lower. A vine of embroidery, or elaborate braiding in palm or fern leaves or medallions, then surrounds both capes, and fringe finishes the edges. The upper cape is often richly trimmed while the lower is perfectly plain. Merino cloaks are lined throughout with thin silk, and interlined with soft flannels. Wadding and quilting make these hang stiffly. French cloaks of Victoria lawn and of striped dimity have pleated lawn ruffles instead of fringe. Flannel cloaks are simply bound with ribbon of the color that appears in the plaid, or else they have a ruche of flannel notched or bound.

VARIETIES.

Turbans of Valenciennes lace and needle-work medallions are chosen for both boy and girl babies. These are almost too elaborate for inexperienced mothers to make, and they cost $10 or $15 ready made. For those who wish to attempt them pretty models and minute directions are given in former numbers of the *Bazar*. Soft fleecy wool knitted caps have also been illustrated. In lieu of these mothers make simple little cape bonnets of white lawn for summer, and of braided merino for winter.

Sacques are not so much used as formerly when all dresses were low in the neck. Finest cashmere sacques, richly braided and embroidered, are found at the furnishing stores. Berlin wool sacques are still softer, and are perfectly shaped.

A blanket or shawl, a square of merino or fine flannel, is added to all infants' wardrobes. Imported blankets are exquisitely needle-worked, and are far cheaper than those made here. They are invariably white, with a richly wrought vine and scallops around the square, and a thick cluster in one corner. Made of flannel, they cost $7; of merino, $8 to $9 50.

The best bibs for ordinary use are of white lawn, lined and slightly wadded, and quilted. These absorb moisture, and are far softer than piqué. The quilting is far apart, in double diamonds, a tiny figure is wrought in each diamond, and the entire edge of the bib is scalloped and overcast. Bibs to be worn outside handsome cloaks are made of Valenciennes insertion and needle-worked bands edged with lace. A three-cornered kerchief of linen cambric trimmed with fine lace is also used.

Flannel bands supplied at the furnishing houses are of doubled flannel, with a broad band of elastic inserted down the front. The ends of the flannel band are narrowed to wrap around the body by passing through a slit under each arm.

Woven Afghans for infants' carriages rival the knitted ones in beauty, are almost as soft, and cost about one-third as much; they are woven in bright Pompadour blue and rose stripes with white, and the brilliant flowers are embroidered by hand: $7 50 to $9 is the range of prices.

Pretty and inexpensive baskets for toilette articles have linings and ruffles of white dimity, the edges ornamented with feather stitching in blue zephyr wool. On the top of the basket is a ruche of Swiss muslin with rolled edges overwrought with blue wool. A simple design is wrought on the pockets, cushions, and centre of the basket. Finer trimmed baskets are lined with blue or rose silk under Swiss muslin or Valenciennes insertions.

An imported berceaunette, or cradle basket, has drapery and covers of pink silk beneath dotted Swiss muslin edged with duchesse lace: the price is $45. Still handsomer ones, made here, are swinging cradles, with canopies of blue silk covered by Swiss muslin pleatings and Valenciennes.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE London correspondent of the New Orleans *Times* went to Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon, a few weeks ago, to hear Dean STANLEY preach. The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, with their two little sons, were also there. As they advanced up the aisle the grand organ pealed forth the national hymn, "God save the Queen," and every body stood up. The Dean's sermon was from the Forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble," which, by-the-way, is the subject of the national hymn of the German people—"Ein feste burg ist unser Gott." The Dean closed his discourse very gracefully, by a repetition of his text in the German paraphrase, both in German and English, and then the verse was sung as an anthem by the choir. The effect was very fine.

—Miss STEBBINS has completed for the Central Park a bronze statue, "The Angel of the Croton," for the $150,000 fountain now in course of construction on those grounds.

—GEORGE SAND is said to be lying dangerously ill, and doubts are entertained of her recovery. She is breaking down under a load of anxiety concerning the future of France. It is not unlikely, if she recovers, that she will be elected to one of the vacant seats in the French Academy.

—Mr. P. T. BARNUM and General SCHOFIELD have purchased 30,000 acres of land in Colorado, including eleven miles on each side of the Huerfano River. They propose to be cattle-raisers, and to start the raising with one thousand animals of superior blood.

—The new Treasury bonds are to be ornamented with portraits of prominent statesmen deceased. The $50 bonds will have that of SILAS WRIGHT; the $100's, EDWIN M. STANTON; the $500's, THOMAS H. BENTON; the $1000's, ex-President HARRISON; the $5000's, ANSON BURLINGAME; the $10,000's, JOHN A. ANDREW.

—CHARLES BULLEN has just written the "Story of Count Bismarck's Life," in which occurs the following: "The value of a good cigar," said BISMARCK, as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, "is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Königgrätz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors in my mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances." "And what was the cause of your miscalculation?" "A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets, and found I had only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him, and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke."

—When the Rev. Mr. SEARS was settled in Wayland, Father ALLEN said to him that he also once preached there as a candidate, and should have been settled but for one little thing. "What was it, pray?" "Oh, the people didn't want me."

—Queen VICTORIA is noted for promptness and making good "time." She likes that quality in others, and has, therefore, given orders that the pulpit sand-glass, which indicates the length of time allowed for the sermon in the royal chapel, shall be measured for twenty minutes only, instead of an hour as formerly.

—It is reported, and is quite likely to be true, that JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Esq., editor of the *Herald*, has announced his intention to give $100,000 toward the completion of the new Roman Catholic cathedral in Fifth Avenue. Although not an ostentatious, Mr. BENNETT is a liberal, contributor to works of a religious and benevolent character.

—Miss HARRIET MARTINEAU, who is now sixty-nine, is in fair health this summer, though disabled from work. She lives in her charming retreat of "Ambleside," in the English lake country.

—The Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. MAGEE, is, next after Canon LIDDON, the sensation preacher of the Church of England. Recently Westminster Abbey was filled a full hour before the time of service to hear him on "The Intemperance of the Lower Orders." A Dissenting clergyman writes: "It was one of the most eloquent and impressive discourses I ever heard; the diction chaste and often surpassingly beautiful. It occupied a full hour in the delivery, and was given without notes, with great earnestness and freedom of action. It must, however, have been committed to memory, for no man could have extemporized such sentences."

—The "how to do it" of the Western pioneer is illustrated in the life and adventures of ELI STILSON, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, who "marched into the bowels of the land" twenty-four years ago with $2000, and started a little farm in a wilderness. He now has 1100 acres of as fine land as the eye can rest upon, worth $100,000. His house is small and neat; but his barn!—bless you! it is 600 feet long, and he keeps adding to it. He runs 1500 sheep, and cows and oxen innumerable; and is allowed to be about the best farmer in Wisconsin.

—Among the pretty and precious little things the late PHŒBE CARY used to show to her friends was a curious necklace, composed of stones, shells, bits of ivory, etc., contributed by those for whom she had a personal regard. Each one was of value in her eyes, as something of interest attached to it. Many of the stones were precious. Among the contributors were ROBERT DALE OWEN and Mr. WHITELAW REID, who furnished a little cube of "agate."

—Hon. A. H. STEPHENS is signalizing his accession to journalism by writing piquant paragraphs. One of his late squibs was five columns in length.

—Father MIEL, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, has joined the Episcopal Church, and been received into the diocese of Pennsylvania. He is said to be a gentleman of superior ability and culture, and was formerly one of the preachers in the Madeleine, Paris.

—It is announced that JULIAN HAWTHORNE, son of the novelist, is the original of Laurie, in Miss ALCOTT'S "Little Women."

—Mr. WILLIAM B. REED, an eminent member of the Philadelphia bar, who had been secured by the friends of ex-President BUCHANAN to prepare a life of that personage, has felt compelled by impaired health to relinquish the task. It will now be undertaken by Professor JAMES C. WELLING, of Annapolis, Maryland, formerly assistant editor to GALES & SEATON, of the old *National Intelligencer*. He is to receive $8000 for the work.

—Something strange about AUBER. No one seems to know how or where he was buried. At one time it was reported that his body was lost. At all events, he was buried not only without appropriate honors, but without any funeral ceremony whatsoever, and a commission has just been formed in Paris for arranging a mortuary service in memory of the great composer.

—Lord MACAULAY never wrote in haste, and revised every thing he wrote with the greatest nicety. His first rough draft was absolutely illegible from erasures and corrections. It was written on official foolscap, with the lines full an inch apart. This formed but the rough outline. Then began the work of amplification and revision, and when that was complete you could hardly find space on the page to stick a pin's point. PRESCOTT saw two or three of these pages of the manuscript of his history. "You have no conception," he says, "of the amount of labor that one of these sheets of foolscap represents." But this manuscript was never sent to the printer. It was copied out by MACAULAY in a hand almost as bold and legible as large pica. When in London he generally spent most of the morning in the reading-room of the British Museum, and his evenings at his desk. His favorite hours of work were those of the morning. But upon this point he "humored his disposition," like GREY. If the work palled him, he took up his hat and stick, and started off for a stroll, generally taking a book in his pocket when in the country. In London he varied this diversion by visiting the book-stalls to pick up rare or original editions of old books, or by strolling through the Seven Dials in search of ballads. He was as fond of these as Sir WALTER SCOTT, and spent the whole of one long vacation, it is said, in a stroll through the northern counties collecting a set. When living alone in the Albany, JEFFREY tells us that MACAULAY, like CHARLES DICKENS, often threw down his pen at midnight, and strolled out into the silent streets to walk about for two or three hours. He thought the silence and solitude of a great city favorable to meditation, and generally returned to his desk with a fresh stock of vivid and picturesque thoughts.

—When the British Queen gives a court breakfast the doings are something after this sort, according to the record of an American freeman who recently assisted at one: "On these occasions the Queen walks about very smiling and chipper, with a white cap that looks like a French bonne's over her head, and the widow's weeds a thought lightened by a suspicion here and there of white lace or crape. The breakfasts take place in the afternoon at four and a half o'clock, and the ladies attend in a costume gotten up expressly for the occasion. They gossip and chatter in groups on the sward, while the gentlemen, in uniform and stars and garters, quiz them in a highly aristocratic way, or discuss politics in the arbors. The little Princess of Wales, in particular, is very lively and popular on these occasions, and has a sprightly air, which neither the well-known propriety and haughtiness of her royal mamma nor the indifference of her big, lazy husband seem to have dampened."

—The Marquis of Bute is said to have determined upon running a line of steamers from Cardiff, South Wales, to this city. The indigent young man has recently, by a legal decision, been awarded property that brings him an additional $200,000 a year.

—It is suggested in some of the Pennsylvania papers that a very proper way of doing honor to the memory of THADDEUS STEVENS would be for the children in the common schools of the State to subscribe each a small sum for the erection of a monument. Mr. STEVENS, more than any man in Pennsylvania, was the one who organized and brought to its present admirable position the common school system of that State.

—The Paris *Journal* announces the death of old TAGLIONI, at the age of one hundred and two. He died at the villa of his granddaughter, Princess ALEXANDRE TROUBETZKOI, on the banks of the Lake of Como. During the late war one of his grandsons served in the Prussian and another in the French army.

—Bishop M'FARLAND, of Hartford, has been presented with a $20,000 residence by his congregation, and been assigned to the diocese of Hartford, recently erected from the see of Connecticut and Rhode Island.

—A few days since the ex-Emperor NAPOLEON, accompanied by Prince ACHILLE MURAT, met by appointment Colonel DUNCAN, of the United States, for the purpose of going to Erith, there to take an excursion upon the cigar-ship yacht of the Messrs. WINANS, of Baltimore. The party was a private one, consisting of the above-named and Mr. and Mrs. CLINTON WINANS and Mr. WALTER J. WINANS. The Emperor was greatly pleased with the novel vessel, and especially as he has always taken great interest in all American affairs. After spending several hours steaming up and down the Thames, the Emperor returned by the special train which had taken him down. The inhabitants of Erith, hearing of the Emperor's visit, turned out in great numbers to greet him, and gave him three hearty cheers.

—Prince ARTHUR, it is stated, has proposed to Lady ROSAMOND CHURCHILL, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough; and an Hon. Mr. CARRINGTON, brother of a Lord CARRINGTON, is engaged to a young American girl who has $15,000 a year. Curious, is it not, that Englishmen rave about and marry American girls (with money), while American gentlemen do not rave about English girls at all? Not the slightest.

—Senator HAMLIN attended a clam-bake in Portland a few days since, and between plates advocated the claims of the Transcontinental Railroad. Good clams.

—GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, occupies just now the attention of the English aristocracy. On the Fourth of July he spent the day with the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, excurted on the Thames, and dined at Greenwich. He is to spend a week with his Grace and her Grace at Stowe. On the 5th Mr. C. and party were dined by the Lord Mayor and lady, and about this time they are the guests of Mr. WALTER, of the London *Times*, at his great estate of Bearwood. Mr. WALTER and Mr. CHILDS have had warm personal relations for many years.

—When the Queen of Holland was in England she expressed to Dean STANLEY a desire to behold some of the noted literary lions. So the Dean gave a literary dinner, and, among others, invited Mr. LECKY, who pleased the Queen. And then the Queen invited him to visit her in Holland. And he went; and he met there a maid of honor to her Majesty, and became enamored of and "popped" to her, and they were married, and have ever since lived happily. She is very beautiful and cultivated. The Dutch ladies are generally beautiful and cultivated. They are not fat.

—The new editor of *Fraser's Magazine* is Dr. GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, an eminent linguist, and writer of unusual force and brilliancy. He married a daughter of the late Mr. DELANE, of the London *Times*, and has been one of the best writers on that paper.

—"Mother WILSON," of Canton, Maine, aged one hundred and five years, is said to be the oldest Methodist in this country, if not in the world. The *Bazar* knows of a man who is one hundred and seven. He is not a Methodist. He is a druggist.

—REGNIER retires from the Théâtre Français, after forty years' service, being one of the longest careers on record for an actor in the same house. His pension is 9000 francs a year.

—The wife of the Czarowitz of Russia, formerly the Princess DAGMAR, has had more reputation for personal charms than any other feminine member of the royal families of Europe, and probably deserves the place heretofore assigned to the Empress of Austria.

—Miss LILY PECKHAM, who has studied law in the office of her brothers in Milwaukee, has put out her sign in that city as "attorney at law." She desires her friends to discontinue the use of her pet name when a child, and to speak of her and address her hereafter by the name which her parents gave her at birth—ELIZABETH PECKHAM. She is right, and her request should be heeded.

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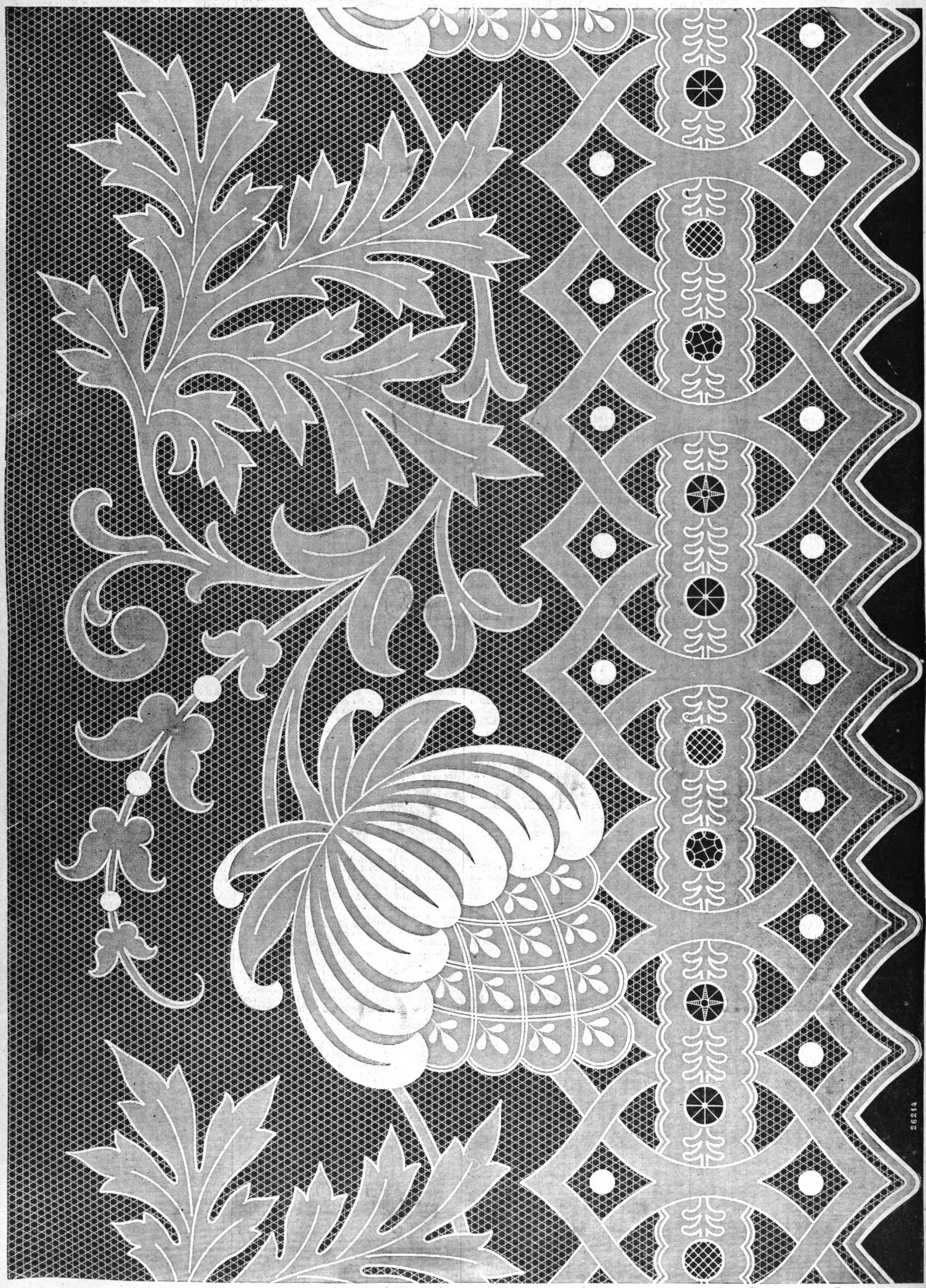

FIG. 2.—BORDER FOR CURTAINS, ALTAR COVERS, ETC.—[SEE FIG. 1, PAGE 549.]

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Border and Foundation Figure for Curtains, Altar Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS design is worked on lace covered with Swiss muslin, with embroidery cotton in half-polka, button-hole, and satin stitch embroidery. Some of the figures are also worked in lace stitch. After the embroidery is completed, cut away the Swiss muslin as shown by the illustration, following the contour of the design figures. The border may be worked on lace as well as on Swiss muslin curtains. For Swiss muslin curtains baste a strip of lace of the width of the border under one side of the curtains. Illustration, Fig. 1, shows a foundation figure suitable for the border. The full-page illustration, Fig. 2, shows the whole pattern.

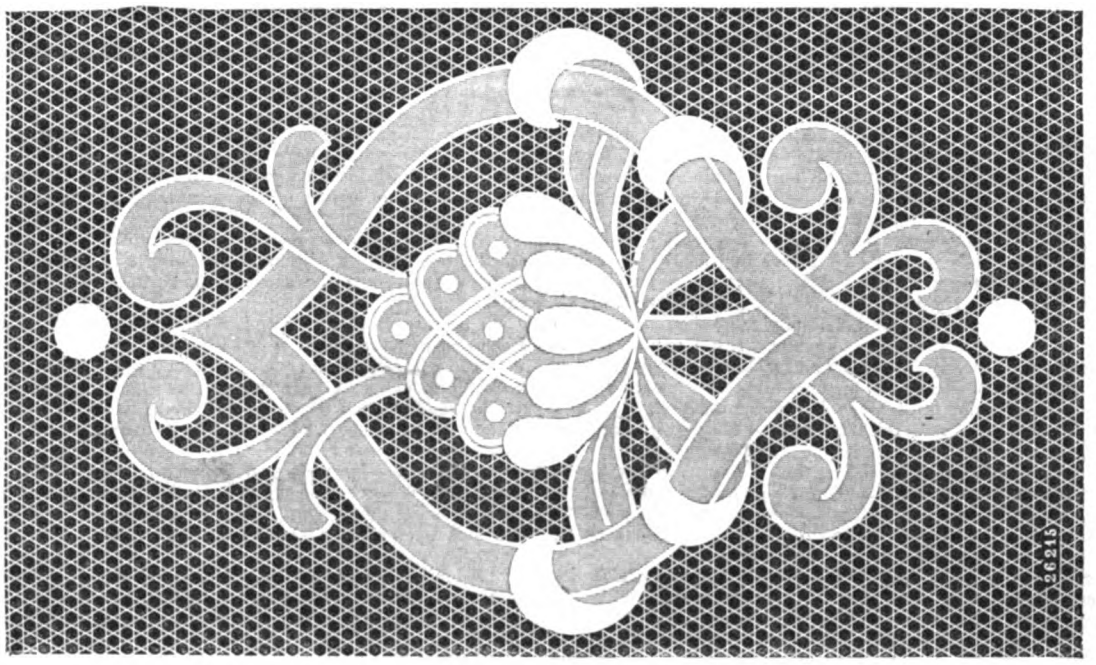
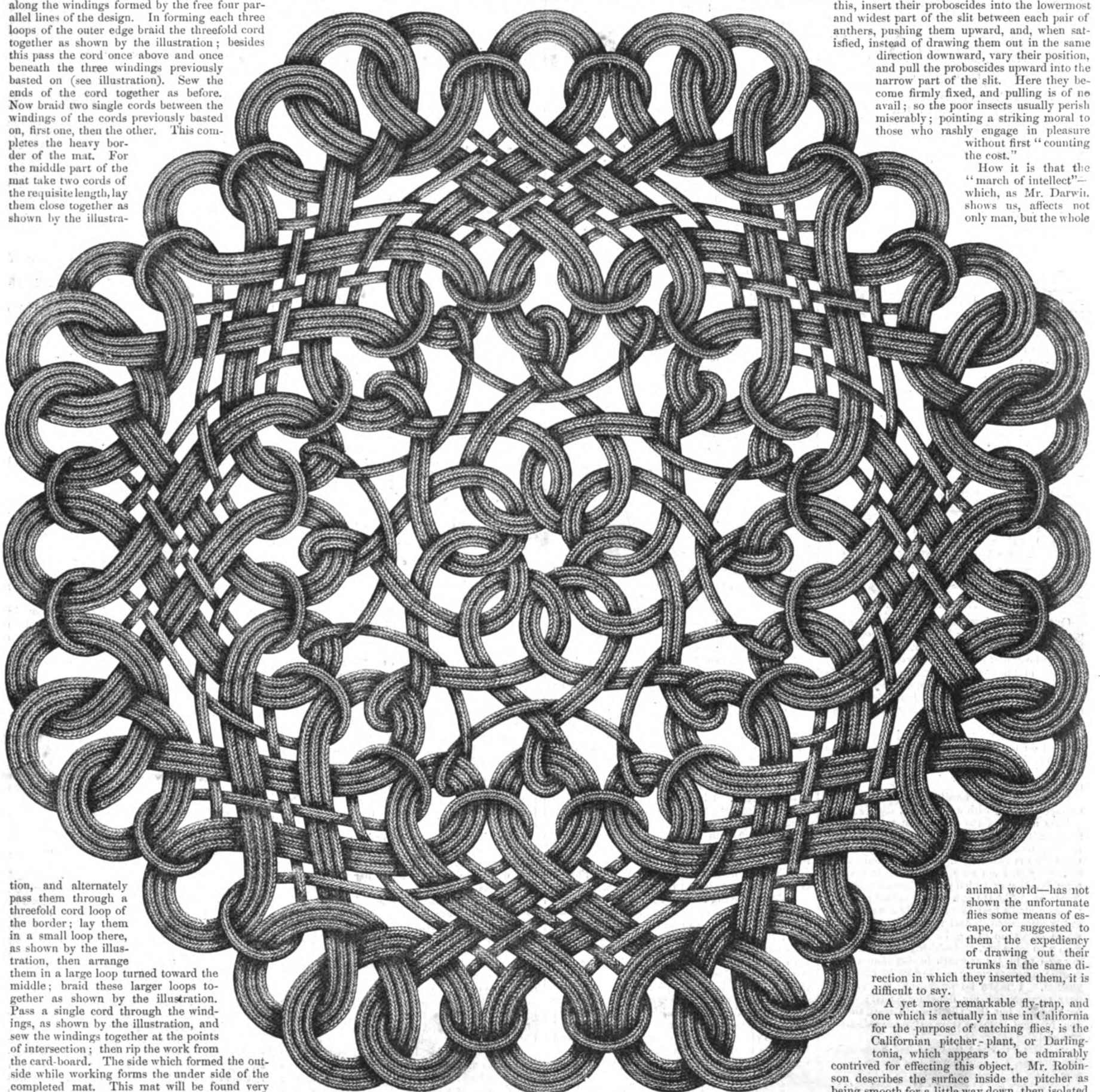


Fig. 1.—FOUNDATION FIGURE FOR CURTAINS, ALTAR COVERS, ETC.—[See Fig. 2, Page 548.]

Braided Cord Mat.

THIS mat is of white woven cord of the size shown by the illustration. Transfer the design to card-board or stiff paper, then baste three pieces of cord of the requisite length on this along the four parallel lines of the design, letting the cords come close together, and form alternately one loop turned toward the outer edge, and one loop turned toward the middle of the mat. The basting must be done with very long stitches, so that the cords which are afterward basted on may readily be passed between the layers of cord previously fastened on. Sew the beginning and end of the cord together as neatly as possible. Now baste on three cords along the windings formed by the free four parallel lines of the design. In forming each three loops of the outer edge braid the threefold cord together as shown by the illustration; besides this pass the cord once above and once beneath the three windings previously basted on (see illustration). Sew the ends of the cord together as before. Now braid two single cords between the windings of the cords previously basted on, first one, then the other. This completes the heavy border of the mat. For the middle part of the mat take two cords of the requisite length, lay them close together as shown by the illustration, and alternately pass them through a threefold cord loop of the border; lay them in a small loop there, as shown by the illustration, then arrange them in a large loop turned toward the middle; braid these larger loops together as shown by the illustration. Pass a single cord through the windings, as shown by the illustration, and sew the windings together at the points of intersection; then rip the work from the card-board. The side which formed the outside while working forms the under side of the completed mat. This mat will be found very serviceable, and can easily be varied so as to serve for numerous household purposes.



BRAIDED CORD MAT.—FULL SIZE.

PERILS FOR PESTS.

IT is well known that certain plants act as natural fly-traps, and cause the death of the unhappy insects who fall into their clutches. The Venus's fly-trap is familiar to most of us, either from books or from actual inspection; and the little sun-dews lie under the suspicion of a partiality for animal food. But it may not be so generally understood that certain ingenious persons have proposed to turn to practical account this peculiarity. Thunberg, indeed, tells us that at the Cape a species of Roridula, a plant allied to our sun-dews, is hung up in country houses for the purpose of catching flies. It was, however, reserved for a Belgian botanist to advocate the cultivation in our drawing-rooms of a plant which is handsome in itself, and an admirable fly-trap; but, with all due respect for the ingenuity of the suggestion, we doubt whether flowers to which struggling flies are attached, without any chance of escape, would be the most pleasant ornaments for a room. As we are told that a horticulturist at Liege grows it in large quantities, and that "une belle plante en pot" costs only a franc, we may suppose that the plan finds favor among our Belgian friends.

The plant is known to botanists as *Apocynum androsæmifolium*, or dog's-bane, and is common in many parts of the United States. It grows to the height of two feet, and bears very numerous pink bell-shaped flowers, in which is the remarkable arrangement which has caused the advocacy of the plant for fly-destroying purposes. Dr. Darwin, in the "Botanic Garden," gives an explanation of this which is scarcely correct; but Curtis, a year or two later, figured and described it very accurately. The five anthers converge into a kind of cone, meeting though not adhering at the top, and being below a slight distance apart. Inside these is the stigma, which exudes a viscid, honey-like liquid. The flies, attracted by this, insert their proboscides into the lowermost and widest part of the slit between each pair of anthers, pushing them upward, and, when satisfied, instead of drawing them out in the same direction downward, vary their position, and pull the proboscides upward into the narrow part of the slit. Here they become firmly fixed, and pulling is of no avail; so the poor insects usually perish miserably; pointing a striking moral to those who rashly engage in pleasure without first "counting the cost."

How it is that the "march of intellect"—which, as Mr. Darwin shows us, affects not only man, but the whole animal world—has not shown the unfortunate flies some means of escape, or suggested to them the expediency of drawing out their trunks in the same direction in which they inserted them, it is difficult to say.

A yet more remarkable fly-trap, and one which is actually in use in California for the purpose of catching flies, is the Californian pitcher-plant, or Darlingtonia, which appears to be admirably contrived for effecting this object. Mr. Robinson describes the surface inside the pitcher as being smooth for a little way down, then isolated hairs appear, and soon the chamber becomes densely lined with needle-like hairs, all pointing

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downward. These hairs are very slender, transparent, and about a quarter of an inch long, but have a needle-like rigidity, and are perfectly colorless. "The poor flies, moths, lady-birds, etc., seem to travel down these conveniently arranged stubbles, but none seem to turn back. The pitcher, which may be a couple of lines wide at the top, narrows very gradually, and at its base is about a line in diameter. Here, and for some little distance above this point, the vegetable needles of course converge, and the unhappy fly goes on till he finds his head against the firm thick bottom of the cell, and his rear against myriads of bayonets; and here he dies. Very small creatures fill up the narrow base, and above them larger ones densely pack themselves to death in the hope of fighting their way out." There is often a thick, reddish juice at the bottom of these pitchers, which may probably be attractive to insects; but whether any benefit accrues to the plant from their entrapment is not ascertained.

Lastly, so far as our present notice is concerned, a German writer has made the discovery that *Dracæna paniculata* kills flies, especially when the plant stands several feet from a window. The dead flies hang to the under side of the leaf, which shows a regard for tidiness highly creditable to them. On the whole, however, we do not think that any of our floral fly-traps are likely to come into general use, so we must for the present be content to endure philosophically the annual incursion of the small marauders.

THEN AND NOW.

SHE stood at the threshold at evening;
She was clad in her bridal dress;
She knew he was ready to greet her,
And she longed for his fond caress.

'Twas the robe she should wear on the morrow,
And she wanted her love to see
How fair was his chosen flower,
How beauteous his darling could be.

And Hope with her glittering finger
Bade her look to the life before,
And she smiled in the mirth of her spirit
As she stood at the study door.

Years passed, three short years of gladness,
And the stream of her young life flowed
Like the stream of a laughing rivulet
When the sunshine knows no cloud.

And again does she stand on the threshold,
Where she stood on that happy night;
But her eyes are no longer laughing,
Her dress is no longer white.

And the sorrow that plays o'er her features
Is as dark as the robe she wears,
And a wreath of undying flowers
To lay on the dead she bears.

For he never again shall greet her,
He shall rise to receive her no more;
The voice which she loved is silent
As she waits at the study door.

Then her step was so firm and eager,
It is *now* so subdued and slow;
Then 'twas he who had stooped to kiss her,
She must kneel to kiss him *now*.

But e'en so, with consoling finger,
Hope points to the life above,
Where beyond the dark night of sorrow
Is the dawn of eternal love.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

ONCE having given her promise, there was no such thing as drawing back for Clarissa, even had she been so minded. Mr. Lovel told the anxious lover that his fate was favorably decided, warning him at the same time that it would be well to refrain from any hazardous haste, and to maintain as far as possible that laudable patience and reserve which had distinguished his conduct up to this point.

"Clarissa is very young," said her father; "and I do not pretend to tell you that she is able to reciprocate, as fully as I might wish, the ardor of your attachment. One could hardly expect that all at once."

"No, one could hardly expect that," Mr. Granger echoed, with a faint sigh.

"As a man of the world, you would not, I am sure, my dear Granger, overlook the fact of the very wide difference in your ages, or expect more than is reasonable. Clarissa admires and esteems you, I am sure, and is deeply grateful for a devotion of which she declares herself undeserving. She is not a vain, frivolous girl, who thinks a man's best affection only a tribute due to her attractions. And there is a kind of love which grows up in a girl's heart for a sensible man who loves her, and which I believe with all my soul to be better worth having than the romantic nonsense young people take for the grand passion. I make no profession, you see, my dear Granger, on my daughter's part; but I have no fear but that Clarissa will learn to love you, in good time, as truly as you can desire to be loved."

"Unless I thought that she had some affection for me, I would never ask her to be my wife," said Mr. Granger.

"Wouldn't you?" thought Mr. Lovel. "My poor Granger, you are farther gone than you suppose!"

"You can give me your solemn assurance upon one point, eh, Lovel?" said the master of Arden Court, anxiously: "there is no one else in the case? Your daughter's heart is quite free? It is only a question as to whether I can win it?"

"Her heart is entirely free, and as pure as a child's. She is full of affection, poor girl, only yearning to find an outlet for it. She ought to make you a good wife, Daniel Granger. There is nothing against her doing so."

"God grant she may!" replied Mr. Granger, solemnly; "God knows how dearly I love her, and what a new thing this love is to me!"

He took heed of his future father-in-law's counsel, and said nothing more about his hopes to Clarissa just yet a while. It was only by an undefinable change in his manner—a deeper, graver tenderness in his tone—that she guessed her father must have told him her decision.

From this day forth all clouds vanished from the domestic sky at Mill Cottage. Mr. Lovel's debts were paid; no more threatening letters made his breakfast-table a terror to him; there were only agreeable-looking stamped documents in receipt of payment, with little apologetic notes, and entreaties for future favors.

Mr. Granger's proposals respecting a settlement were liberal, but, taking into consideration the amount of his wealth, not lavish. He offered to settle a thousand a year upon his wife—five hundred for her own use as pin-money, five hundred as an annuity for her father. He might as easily have given her three thousand, or six thousand, and it was for no lack of generous inclination that he held his hand; but he did not want to do any thing that might seem like buying his wife. Nor did Marmaduke Lovel give the faintest hint of a desire for larger concessions from his future son-in-law: he conducted the business with the lofty air of a man above the consideration of figures. Five hundred a year was not much to get from a man in Granger's position; but, added to his annuity of three hundred, it would make eight—a very decent income for a man who had only himself to provide for; and then, of course, there would be no possibility of his ever wanting money, with such a son-in-law to fall back upon.

Mr. Granger did not lose any time in making his daughter acquainted with the change that was about to befall her. He was quite prepared to find her adverse to his wishes, and quite prepared to defend his choice; and yet, little subject as he was to any kind of mental weakness, he did feel rather nervous as he cleared his throat from some imaginary huskiness before addressing Miss Granger.

It was after dinner, and the father and daughter were sitting alone in the small Gothic dining-room, sheltered from possible draughts by medieval screens of stamped leather and brazen scroll-work, and in a glowing atmosphere of mingled fire and lamp light, making a pretty cabinet-picture of home life, which might have pleased a Belgian painter.

"I think, Sophia," said Mr. Granger, after that preliminary throat-scraping—"I think, my dear, there is no occasion for me to tell you that there is a certain friend and neighbor of yours who is something more to me than the ordinary young ladies of your acquaintance."

Miss Granger seemed as if she were trying to swallow some hard substance—a knotty little bit of the pine-apple she had just been eating, perhaps—before she replied to this speech of her father's.

"I am sure, papa, I am quite at a loss to comprehend your meaning," she said at last. "I have no near neighbor whom I can call my friend, unless you mean Mrs. Patterly, the doctor's wife, who has taken such a warm interest in my clothing-club, and has such a beautiful mind altogether. But you would hardly call her a young lady."

"Patterly's wife! no, I should think not!" exclaimed Mr. Granger, impatiently. "I was speaking of Clarissa Lovel."

Miss Granger drew herself up suddenly, and pinched her lips together as if they were never to unclose again. She did open them, nevertheless, after a pause, to say, in an icy tone,

"Miss Lovel is my acquaintance, but not my friend."

"Why should she not be your friend? She is a very charming girl."

"Oh yes, I have no doubt of that, papa, from your point of view; that is to say, she is very pretty, and thinks a great deal of dress, and is quite ready to flirt with any one who likes to flirt with her—I am sure you must have seen that at Hale Castle—and fills her scrap-book with portraits of engaged men . witness all those drawings of Mr. Fairfax. I have no doubt she is just the kind of person gentlemen call charming; but she is no friend of mine, and she never will be."

"I am sorry to hear that," said her father, sternly; "for she is very likely to be your stepmother."

It was a death-blow, but one that Sophia Granger had anticipated for a long time.

"You are going to marry Miss Lovel, papa—a girl two years younger than I?"

"Yes, I am going to marry Miss Lovel, and I am very proud of her youth and beauty; but I do not admit her want of more solid charms than those, Sophia. I have watched her conduct as a daughter, and I have a most perfect faith in the goodness and purity of her heart."

"Oh, very well, papa. Of course you know what is best for your own happiness. It is not for me to presume to offer an opinion; I trust I have too clear a sense of duty for that." And here Miss Granger gave a sigh expressive of resignation under circumstances of profound affliction.

"I believe you have, Sophy," answered her father, kindly. "I believe that, however unwelcome this change may be to you at first—and I suppose it is only natural that it should be unwelcome—you will reconcile your mind to it fully when you discover that it is for my happiness. I am not ashamed to confess to you that I love Clarissa very fondly, and that I look forward to a happy future when she is my wife."

"I hope, papa, that your life has been not unhappy hitherto—that I have not in any manner failed in my duties as a daughter."

"Oh dear, no, child; of course not. That has nothing to do with the question."

"Will it—the marriage—be very soon, papa?" asked Miss Granger, with another gulp, as if there were still some obstructive substance in her throat.

"I hope so, Sophy. There is no reason, that I can see, why it should not be very soon."

"And will Mr. Lovel come to live with us?"

"I don't know; I have never contemplated such a possibility. I think Mr. Lovel is scarcely the kind of person who would care to live in another man's house."

"But this has been his own house, you see, papa, and will seem to belong to him again when his daughter is the mistress of it. I dare say he will look upon us as nothing more than interlopers."

"I don't think so, Sophia. Mr. Lovel is a gentleman, and a sensible man into the bargain. He is not likely to have any absurd ideas of that kind."

"I suppose he is very much pleased at having secured such a rich husband for his daughter," Miss Granger hazarded presently, with the air of saying something agreeable.

"Sophia!" exclaimed her father, angrily, "I must beg that the question of money may never be mooted in relation to Miss Lovel and myself, by you above all people. I dare say there may be men and women in the world malignant enough to say—mean enough to suppose—that this dear girl can only consent to marry me because I am a rich man. It is my happiness to know her to be much too noble to yield to any sordid consideration of that kind. It is my happiness to know that her father has done nothing to urge this marriage upon her. She gives herself to me of her own free-will, not hurried into decision by any undue persuasion of mine, and under no pressure from outer circumstances."

"I am very glad to hear it, papa. I think I should have broken my heart if I had seen you the dupe of a mercenary woman."

Mr. Granger got up from his seat with an impatient air, and began to pace the room. His daughter had said very little, but that little had been beyond measure irritating to him. It galled him to think that this marriage should seem to her an astonishing, perhaps even a preposterous thing. True that the woman he was going to marry was younger, by a year or two, than his own daughter. In his own mind there was so little sense of age that he could scarcely understand why the union should seem discordant. He was not quite fifty—an age which he had heard men call the very prime and meridian of life; and he felt himself younger now than he had ever been since he first assumed the cares of manhood—first grew grave with the responsibilities involved in the disposal of a great fortune. Was not this newly born love, this sudden awakening of a heart that had slumbered so long, a renewal of youth? Mr. Granger glanced at his own reflection in a glass over a buffet as he paced to and fro. The figure that he saw there bore no sign of age. It was a relief to him to discover that—a thing he had never thought of till that moment.

"Why should she not love me?" he asked himself. "Are youth and a handsome face the only high-road to a woman's heart? I can't believe it. Surely constancy and devotion must count for something. Is there another man in the world who would love her as well as I? who could say, at fifty years of age, This is my first love?"

"I am to give up the housekeeping, of course, papa, when you are married," Miss Granger said presently, with that subdued air of resignation in which she had wrapped herself as in a garment since her father's announcement.

"Give up the housekeeping!" he echoed, a little impatiently; "I don't see the necessity for that. Clarissa"—oh, how sweet it was to him to pronounce her name, and with that delicious sense of proprietorship!—"Clarissa is too young to care much for that sort of thing, dealing out groceries and keeping account-books, as you do. Very meritorious, I am sure, my dear, and no doubt useful. No, I don't suppose you'll be interfered with, Sophy. In all essentials you will still be mistress. If Clarissa is queen, you will be prime minister; and you know it is the minister who really pulls the strings. And I do hope that in time you two will get to love each other."

"I shall endeavor to do my duty, papa," Miss Granger answered, primly. "We can not command our feelings."

It was some feeble relief to her to learn that her grocery books, her day-books by double-entry, and all those other commercial volumes dear to her heart, were not to be taken away from her; that she was still to retain the petty powers she had held as the sole daughter of Daniel Granger's house and heart. But to resign her place at the head of her father's table, to see Clarissa courted and caressed, to find faltering allegiance perhaps even among her model poor—all these things would be very bitter, and in her heart Sophia Granger was angry with her father for a line of conduct which she considered the last stage of folly. She loved him after her own precise, well-regulated fashion—loved him as well as a creature so self-conscious could be expected to love; but she could not easily forgive him for an act which seemed, in some sort, a fraud upon herself. She had been brought up to believe herself his sole heiress, to look upon his second marriage as an utter impossibility. How often had she heard him ridicule the notion when it was suggested to him by some jocose acquaintance! and it did seem a very hard thing that she should be pushed all at once from this lofty stand-point and leveled to the very dust. There would be a new family, of course; a brood of sons and daughters to divide her heritage. Hannah Warman had suggested as much when discussing the probability of the marriage with that friendly candor and disposition to look at the darkest side of the picture which are apt to distinguish confidantes of her class.

"I am sure, papa," Miss Granger whimpered by-and-by, not quite able to refrain from some expression of ill temper, "I have scarcely had a pleasant evening since you have known the Lovels. You are always there, and it is very dull to be alone every night."

"It has been your own fault in some measure, Sophy. You might have had Clarissa here if you'd chosen to cultivate her friendship."

"Our inclinations are beyond our control, papa. Nothing but your express commands and a sense of duty would induce me to select Miss Lovel for a companion. There is no sympathy between us."

"Why should there not be? You can not think her unamiable, nor question her being highly accomplished."

"But it is not a question of playing, or singing, or painting, or talking foreign languages, papa. One selects a friend for higher qualities than those. There is Mary Anne Patterly, for instance, who can scarcely play the bass in a set of quadrilles, but whose admirable gifts and Christian character have endeared her to me. Miss Lovel is so frivolous. See how stupid and listless she seemed that day we took her over the schools and cottages. I don't believe she was really interested in any thing she saw. And, though she has been at home a year and a half, she has not once offered to take a class in either of the schools."

"I dare say she sees the schools are well officered, my dear, and doesn't like to interfere with your functions."

"No, papa, it is not that. She has no vocation for serious things. Her mind is essentially frivolous; you will discover that for yourself by-and-by. I speak in perfect candor, you know, papa. Whatever your feelings about Miss Lovel may be, I am above concealing mine. I believe I know my duty, but I can not stoop to hypocrisy."

"I suppose not. But I must say you might have taken this business in a pleasanter spirit, Sophia. I shall expect, however, to see you take more pains to overcome your prejudice against the young lady I have chosen for my wife; and I shall be rather slow to believe in your affection for myself unless it shows itself in that manner."

Miss Granger covered her face with her handkerchief, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, papa, papa, it only needed that! To think that any one's influence can make my father doubt my affection for him after all these years of duty and obedience!"

Mr. Granger muttered something about "duty" which was the very reverse of a blessing, and walked out of the room, leaving Sophia to her tears.

CHAPTER XXV.

WEDDING BELLS.

THERE was no reason why the marriage should not take place very soon. Mr. Granger said so; Mr. Lovel agreed with him, half reluctantly, as it were, and with the air of a man who is far from eager to precipitate events. There was no imaginable reason for delay.

Upon this point Mr. and Mrs. Oliver were as strong as Daniel Granger himself. A union in every way so propitious could not be too speedily made secure. Matthew Oliver was full of demonstrative congratulations now when he dined at Mill Cottage.

"Who would have guessed when I brought you home from the station that morning, and we drove through the park, that you were going to be mistress of it so soon, Clary?" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "Do you remember crying when you heard the place was sold? I do, poor child; I can see your piteous face at this moment. And now it is going to be yours again. Upon my word, Providence has been very good to you, Clarissa."

Providence had been very good to her. They all told her the same story. Among her few friends there was not one who seemed to suspect that this marriage might be a sacrifice; that in her heart of hearts there might be some image brighter than Daniel Granger's.

She found herself staring at these congratulatory friends in blank amazement sometimes, wondering that they should all look at this engagement of hers from the same point of view, all be so very certain of her happiness.

Had she not reason to be happy, however? There had been a time when she had talked and thought of her lost home almost as Adam and Eve may have done when yet newly expelled from Paradise, with the barren world in all its strangeness before them. Was it not something to win back this beloved dwelling-place—something to secure comfort for her father's age—to secure an income which might enable her to help her brother in the days to come? Nor was the man she had promised to marry obnoxious to her. He had done much toward winning her regard in the patient progress of his wooing. She believed him to be a good and honorable man, whose affection was something that a woman might be proud of having won—a man whom it would be a bitter thing to offend. She was clear-sighted enough to perceive his superiority to her father—his utter truthfulness and openness of character. She did feel just a little proud of his love. It was something to see this big, strong

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man, vigorous in mind as in body, reduced to so complete a bondage, yet not undignified even in his slavery.

What was it, then, which came between her and the happiness which that congratulatory chorus made so sure of? Only the image of the man she had loved—the man she had rejected for honor's sake that bleak October evening in the chilly moonlight, and whom she had never ceased to think of since that time. She knew that Daniel Granger was, in all likelihood, a better and a nobler man than George Fairfax; but the face that had been with her in the dimly lighted railway carriage, the friendly voice that had cheered her on the first night of her womanhood, were with her still.

More than once, since that wintry afternoon when Mr. Granger had claimed her as his own for the first time, taking her to his breast with a grave and solemn tenderness, and telling her that every hope and desire of his mind were centred in her, and that all his life to come would be devoted to securing her happiness—more than once since that day she had been tempted to tell her lover all the truth, and that there was a memory that came between her and her desire to give him a fitting return for his affection; but shame kept her silent. She did not know how to begin her confession. On that afternoon she had been strangely passive, like a creature stunned by some great surprise; and yet, after what she had said to her father, she expected every day that Mr. Granger would speak.

After a good deal of discussion among third parties, and an undeviatingly quiet urgency on the part of Mr. Granger himself, it was arranged that the wedding should take place at the end of May, and that Clarissa should see Switzerland in its brightest aspect. She had once expressed a longing for Alpine peaks and glaciers in her lover's presence, and he had from that moment determined that Switzerland should be the scene of his honey-moon. They would go there so early as to avoid the herd of autumnal wanderers. He knew the country, and could map out the fairest roads for their travels, the pleasantest resting-places for their repose. And if Clarissa cared to explore Italy afterward, and spend October and November in Rome, she could do so. All the world would be bright and new to him with her for his companion. He looked forward with boyish eagerness to revisiting scenes that he had fancied himself weary of until now. Yes; such a love as this was indeed a renewal of youth.

To all arrangements made on her behalf Clarissa was submissive. What could a girl not twenty urge against the will of a man like Daniel Granger, supported by such powerful allies as father and uncle and aunt and friends? She thanked him more warmly than usual when he proposed the Swiss tour. Yes; she had wished very much to see that country. Her brother had gone there on a walking expedition when he was little more than a boy, and had very narrowly escaped with his life from the perils of the road. She had some of his Alpine sketches, in a small port-folio of particular treasures, to this day.

Mrs. Oliver reveled in the business of the trousseau. Never since the extravagant days of her early youth had she enjoyed such a feast of millinery. To an aunt the provision of a wedding outfit is peculiarly delightful. She has all the pomp and authority of a parent, without a parent's responsibility. She stands *in loco parentis* with regard to every thing except the bill. No uneasy twinge disturbs her as the glistening silk glides through the shopman's hands, and ebbs and flows in billows of brightness on the counter. No demon of calculation comes between her and the genius of taste when the milliner suggests an extra flounce of Malines, or a pelerine of Honiton.

A trip to London, and a fortnight or so spent in West End shops, would have been very agreeable to Mrs. Oliver; but on mature reflection she convinced herself that to purchase her niece's trousseau in London would be a foolish waste of power. The glory to be obtained in Wigmore or Regent Street was a small thing compared with the *kudos* that would arise to her from the expenditure of a round sum of money among the simple traders of Holborough. Thus it was that Clarissa's wedding finery was all ordered at Brigson and Holder's, the great linen-drapers in Holborough market-place, and all made by Miss Mallow, the chief milliner and dress-maker of Holborough, who was in a flutter of excitement from the moment she received the order, and held little levees among her most important customers for the exhibition of Miss Lovel's silks and laces.

Toward the end of April there came a letter of congratulation from Lady Laura Armstrong, who was still in Germany: a very cordial and affectionate letter, telling Clarissa how the tidings of her engagement had just reached Baden; but not telling her how the news had come, and containing not a word of allusion to Lady Geraldine or George Fairfax.

"Now that every thing is so happily settled, Clary," wrote my lady, "without any finesse or diplomacy on my part, I don't mind telling you that I have had this idea in my head from the very first day I saw you. I wanted you to win back Arden Court, the place you love so dearly; and as Mr. Granger, to my mind, is a very charming person, nothing seemed more natural than that my wishes should be realized. But I really did not hope that matters would arrange themselves so easily and so speedily. A thousand good wishes, dear, both for yourself and your papa. We hope to spend the autumn at Hale, and I suppose I shall then have the pleasure of seeing you begin your reign as mistress of Arden Court. You must give a great many parties, and make yourself popular in the neighborhood at once. *Entre nous*, I think our friend Miss Granger is rather fond of power. It will be wise on your part to take your stand in the beginning of things, and then affairs are pretty sure to go pleasantly. Ever your affectionate

"LAURA ARMSTRONG."

Not a word about George Fairfax. Clarissa wondered where he was; whether he was still angry with her, or had forgotten her altogether. The latter seemed the more likely state of affairs. She wondered about him, and then reminded herself that she had no right even to wonder now. His was an image which must be blotted out of her life. She cut all those careless sketches out of her drawing-book. If it had only been as easy to tear the memory of him out of her mind!

The end of May came very quickly, and with it Clarissa's wedding-day. Before that day Miss Granger made a little formal address to her future step-mother—an address worded with studious humility—promising a strict preformance of duty on Miss Granger's part in their new relations.

This awful promise was rather alarming to Clarissa, in whose mind Sophia seemed one of those superior persons whom one is bound to respect and admire, yet against whom some evil spark of the old Adam in our degraded natures is ever ready to revolt.

"Pray don't talk of duty, my dear Sophia," she answered, in a shy, tremulous way, clinging a little closer to Mr. Granger's arm. It was at Mill Cottage that this conversation took place, a few days before the wedding. "There can scarcely be a question of duty between people of the same age, like you and me. But I hope we shall get to love each other more and more every day."

"Of course you will," cried Daniel Granger, heartily. "Why should you not love each other? If your tastes don't happen to be exactly the same just now, habitual intercourse will smooth down all that, and you'll find all manner of things in which you *can* sympathize. I've told Sophy that I don't suppose you'll interfere much with her housekeeping, Clarissa. That's rather a strong point with her, and I don't think it's much in your line."

Miss Granger tightened her thin lips with a little convulsive movement. This speech seemed to imply that Miss Lovel's was a loftier line than hers.

Clarissa remembered Lady Laura's warning, and felt that she might be doing wrong in surrendering the housekeeping. But then, on the other hand, she felt herself quite unable to cope with Miss Granger's account-books.

"I have never kept a large house," she said. "I should be very sorry to interfere."

"I was sure of it," exclaimed Mr. Granger; "and you will have more time to be my companion, Clarissa, if your brain is not muddled with groceries and butcher's-meat. You see, Sophia has such a peculiarly business-like mind."

"However humble my gifts may be, I have always endeavored to employ them for your benefit, papa," Miss Granger replied, with a frosty air.

She had come to dine at Mill Cottage for the first time since she had known of her father's engagement. She had come in deference to her father's express desire, and it was a hard thing for her to offer even this small tribute to Clarissa. It was a little family dinner—the Olivers, Mr. Padget, the rector of Arden, who was to assist cheery Matthew Oliver in tying the fatal knot, and Mr. and Miss Granger—a pleasant little party of seven, for whom Mr. Lovel's cook had prepared quite a model dinner. She had acquired a specialty for about half a dozen dishes which her master affected, and in the preparation of these could take her stand against the pampered matron who ruled Mr. Granger's kitchen at a stipend of seventy pounds a year, and whose subordinate and assistant had serious thoughts of launching herself upon the world as a professed cook by advertisement in the *Times*—"clear soups, entrées, ices, etc."

The wedding was to be a very quiet one. Mr. Lovel had expressed a strong desire that it should be so; and Mr. Granger's wishes in no way clashed with those of his father-in-law.

"I am a man of fallen fortunes," said Mr. Lovel, "and all Yorkshire knows my history. Any thing like pomp or publicity would be out of place in the marriage of my daughter. When she is your wife it will be different. Her position will be a very fine one; for she will have some of the oldest blood in the county, supported by abundance of money. The Lycians used to take their names from their mothers. I think, if you have a son, Granger, you ought to call him Lovel."

"I shall be proud to do so," answered Mr. Granger. "I am not likely to forget that my wife is my superior in social rank."

"A superiority that counts for very little when unsustained by hard cash, my dear Granger," returned Marmaduke Lovel, lightly. He was supremely content with the state of affairs, and had no wish to humiliate his son-in-law.

So the wedding was performed as simply as if Miss Lovel had been uniting her fortunes with those of some fledgeling of the curate species. There were only two bride-maids—Miss Granger, who performed the office with an unwilling heart; and Miss Pontifex, a flaxen-haired young lady of high family and no particular means, provided for the occasion by Mrs. Oliver, at whose house she and Clarissa had become acquainted. There was a breakfast, elegant enough in its way—for the Holborough confectioner had been put upon his mettle by Mrs. Oliver—served prettily in the cottage parlor. The sun shone brightly upon Mr. Granger's espousals. The village children lined the church-yard walk, and strewed spring flowers upon the path of bride and bridegroom—tender vernal blossoms which scarcely harmonized with Daniel Granger's stalwart presence and fifty years. Clarissa, very pale and still, with a strange, fixed look on her face, came out of the little church upon her husband's arm; and it seemed to her in that hour as if all the life before her was like an unknown country, hidden by dense mists and fogs, she had thought of it so little. This day, which was to make so great a change in her destiny, had come upon her almost unawares.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

TRAVELING is generally comfortable and agreeable in proportion to the good habits and temper of the traveler. If your trunk is but three-quarters packed when the express-man calls for it, and you crowd in your last articles while he is impatiently waiting at the door; if you are behindhand yourself, and reach boat or cars just at the moment of starting, and rush on board panting and heated—it is a bad beginning. Probably every thing will go wrong with you during the entire journey. If you are traveling for pleasure, take time for your packing, and time to reach wharf or station comfortably. It is not essential to go by the "most popular" and "fastest" route. Frequently that is the most uncomfortable. Choose a well-managed route which is not likely to be overcrowded. Then you will probably obtain good accommodations. It is surprising to notice how disagreeable persons can make themselves to their traveling companions. Some are merely selfish, others are positively rude. As an experiment, let one seek for the reactionary effect of trying to make others comfortable. What satisfaction can there be in bristling up with indignation if a stranger asks a question; or in looking upon all the children who happen to be in boat or car as if they had no business to be away from their homes? The other day we noticed a respectably dressed woman sitting in the saloon of one of the Sound steamers. Evidently she was unaccustomed to traveling. She addressed some question to a fretful-looking but stylishly dressed lady, but was immediately silenced by the supercilious stare which was the only reply she received. After an hour, when most of the fashionables were supping, she made a second venture. "I have paid five dollars for this," said she, showing her ticket; "is it right? You know better than I do." A glance at the ticket, one or two inquiries, and a simple assurance that it was "all right" were sufficient to satisfy the woman, who evidently could not read. She went her way, grateful and happy. If you will spend ten minutes in amusing that weary, restless child who sits before you in the car, you will be more than repaid by the grateful look that dawns upon the mother's face at the thought that her pet is not regarded as a nuisance. And it should not be too great a strain upon the courtesy of any traveler, when occupying a double seat in the cars, to make room for one who enters and looks anxiously for a vacant place. But how often we see a gentleman who has put his portmanteau in the outside seat—as much as to say "this is occupied"—while he sits on the inner seat reading his newspaper, and calmly oblivious of the fact that a dozen, who have paid for as good accommodations as himself, are searching for a seat; or a lady, who, having located sachel and shawl in the seat beside her, gazes steadfastly out of the window, until roused by a direct application for the seat. Then, most likely, she moves her luggage with an air indicative of discontent and injury. And we have seen a whole party of travelers occupying twice as many seats as they had paid for, with complaisance and, we had almost said, stupid indifference, while others were standing near them, unable to find seats. True politeness shows itself every where.

A project is under consideration for constructing a tunnel through the Sierra Nevada of sufficient size to admit of the passage of trains and a canal. This tunnel will save to the Pacific Railroad Company a distance of seven miles and an ascent and descent of 1000 feet, and make almost wholly unnecessary the use of snow sheds.

Point-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe, West Indies, is unfortunate. In 1843 the town was destroyed by an earthquake. The inhabitants, being in dread of another affliction of the same kind, rebuilt the town entirely of wood. On the 18th of July nearly the whole city was destroyed by fire, the work of an incendiary, and from twenty to thirty thousand persons rendered homeless.

The Bois de Boulogne, of Paris, is beginning to smile again. Wonders are being done in the way of planting trees to replace those cut down, and flower beds which had been trampled down by the soldiers and their horses are being laid out again by skillful gardeners.

Through the week following the terrible disaster on the ferry-boat *Westfield*, reports of additional deaths among those wounded reached us every day, until the number amounted to ninety-six; and even then the hospitals contained many burned and scalded patients whose lives were in danger.

The investigation of the United States inspectors into the cause of the explosion on the *Westfield*, and the general examination of ferry-boat boilers, will, we trust, at least secure the use of unpatched and strongly constructed boilers, and the employment of careful, skillful, intelligent engineers.

The "Helping-Hand Association" of this city, whose object is "to improve the condition of the women of our city by teaching them to help themselves by honest labor," reports four hundred women under instruction last year.

An exchange tells us of a remarkable woman living in Detroit, who recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday, and who "can knit socks in four languages, and repeat the commandments with one hand behind her back." Truly a wonderful woman, or the exchange referred to has a treasure of a type-setter.

There is a pleasant significance in the circumstance that the Sandwich Islanders have sent $2000 to the poor peasants of France who were ruined by the war.

It is not worth while for college boys to be too smart on returning home to spend their vacations. They may find their parents can compete with them, as did the youngster who, fresh from college, attempted to prove that two are equal to three. "Is not that one?" demanded he, oracularly, pointing to a roasted chicken on the table; "and is not that two?" pointing to another; "and do not one and two make three?"

Whereupon his father said, "Wife, you take one, and I'll take the other, and our smart boy can have the third for his dinner."

The largest railroad dépôt in the world, probably, is that recently completed in this city, and located between Forty-second and Forty-fifth streets, near Fourth Avenue. It is constructed of iron and glass, thus being entirely fire-proof, and is 692 feet long, 240 feet wide, and 121 feet high.

The reputation of Americans for republican simplicity suffers in consequence of the extravagance of a limited number. While the majority of American citizens are industrious and frugal, the lavish expenditures of the minority are too often regarded as an index to the character of the whole people. The fact that $18,000 in gold was paid to a lace house in Paris by the wife of a New England Senator for six and a half yards of point lace, which European sovereigns considered too expensive for them to wear, does not prove any thing in regard to the general habits and character of our citizens. There are instances enough, however, to indicate that those who indulge in reckless expenditures are usually those who have acquired their money rapidly and without much labor. Those who gain riches by steady, successful industry seldom throw away their gold. They know its value. They may be free-hearted and benevolent, but they do not waste what has cost them honest toil.

No less than five newspapers have been established in the new African Golconda. Many who went there hoping to pick up precious gems have abandoned diamond-digging for journalism.

It appears that serious difficulties exist in regard to the ventilation of the Mont Cenis Tunnel. Unless it can be improved travelers will scarcely be inclined to venture into it, as there is danger of suffocation from the smoke and heat.

An agricultural university is about to be established in Virginia, on the grounds of the old Randolph College, consisting of about three hundred and fifty acres. The expenses for board, tuition, and books will be about one hundred dollars a year, each student being expected to labor personally to aid in defraying the general expenditures.

Over 257,000 baskets of peaches were shipped from Wilmington to this city in a single week.

Some of the horrible reports concerning the famine in Persia have been contradicted by the Persian embassador. This is, indeed, good news, if true; for, according to accounts which had come to us previously, this famine seemed to be the most appalling one of modern times. But even if the more hideous details of worse than cannibalism among the wretched people are untrue, there is no doubt a lamentable scarcity of food in the central and southern provinces, and fearful suffering consequent upon it.

The *Morning Star* recently arrived at Honolulu, after a passage of 123 days, from Boston. This missionary ship was to leave Honolulu about the last of July, on a cruise of three or four months among the mission stations west of the Sandwich Islands. A number of missionaries to various parts of Micronesia sailed in her.

A Montreal audience recently brought a sensational performance to a summary termination. During some feats upon the flying trapeze one of two young girls fell, and sustained considerable injury. The father of the child subsequently forced her upon the stage, and attempted to make her take another leap. The indignant audience protested, and finally several gentlemen took possession of the stage, and the inhuman father was compelled to end the show.

We have often heard of a "Flirtation Walk" or a "Lovers' Lane" in some town or village; but only very lately were we aware that "Pop-the-question Avenue" is the name of a thoroughfare in Mishawaka. Does a simple promenade through it serve as an expression of the heart's desire, or are words necessary?

From the Alleghany Mountains comes a refreshingly cool account of the "midsummer heats" experienced by a fishing-party. The farther south they journeyed the colder it grew, and before reaching the camping-ground thin ice could be discerned in the mud-puddles in the roads. This under a July sun! They warmed their benumbed limbs by a fire, and crept under their blankets the first night. They thought to catch some trout for breakfast next morning, but found their pathway covered with snow, and met a native with something on his feet that resembled snow-shoes. The creature had heard of their arrival, and came to sell them a supply of those indispensable articles. From him they learned that if they wished to drop a line in the river, an axe would be necessary to cut a hole in the ice. The trout-party regret that they did not take with them sleigh-bells and skates, and propose bringing home a select assortment of snow-balls to corroborate their statements concerning the weather.

Somebody argues that polygamy and extravagance in dress are as incompatible as fire and water; and that with the increasing reign of fashion in Salt Lake City a "new revelation" will soon enable each woman to aspire to as much of a husband as she can find in one man. This argument seems to be founded on a current report that one of Brigham's young and stylish wives recently gave an order to a merchant to purchase for her in New York an expensive silk dress. The matter was privately laid before the President, who, instead of countermanding the order, increased it to include his entire matrimonial circle, making thirty silk dresses instead of one. This may answer with Brigham, who has money enough; but if the many wives of the poorer prophets begin to hanker after silk dresses there will be likely to be a break in the household.

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THE WEALD OF

THE WEALD OF SURREY.

"A country where, strictly speaking, only three things will grow well—grass and wheat and oak-trees."—WILLIAM COBBETT.

SOUND truth he spake, that sturdy Englishman
Who for Reform was rather in a hurry,
When he declared old Mother Nature's plan
Concerning that delightful Weald of Surrey,
Whose beauty here is sketched by no impostor,
But a consummate artist—Birket Foster.

The dear old woodland Weald: though time may rob it
Of antique furnaces of glass and iron,
Yet the three things which took the heart of Cobbett
Still its demesne most pleasantly environ.
The grass grows green, the fortunate wheat-ear quickens,
The mighty oak-tree with the centuries thickens.

Haste to that corner, jaded Londoner,
Weary of Fleet Street traffic, Pall Mall trifles,
Weary of party strife, of Fashion's stir,
Weary of Wimbledon and Snider rifles:
Wander throughout the *Folds** of that old Weald—
And taste the joys which simple pleasures yield.

You'll see the oaks and grass and glorious wheat;
You'll see of Surrey laborers the smartest;
You'll see delicious glades for pretty feet;
And you *may* see the dwelling of the Artist.
And if you take your sweetheart—it may cost her
A kiss or two, this sketch by Birket Foster.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

* Aldfold, Chiddingfold, Dunsfold, etc., ancient inclosures for cattle amidst the woods.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. VII.

THE summer heats, which make nature lovely, are the bane of most that is lovely in our fair-skinned Northern girls. Southern frames receive the glowing warmth, and grow paler and paler, because—giving a matter-of-fact explanation of a beautiful appearance—the surface of the skin is cooled by the perspiration, and the blood retreats to the central veins. The "shining pallor" which poets love on the faces of their favorite creations is the sign and effect of concentrated passion of any kind in a quick, electric nature. I disbelieved in the expression a long time, classing it with the "marble flush" and such freaks of novel nature; but the peculiar look has come under my eye more than once, and a very striking one it is, as if the light came from within—a lustrous, elevated expression, too ethereal and of the spirit to be called even high-bred. It is one of the refinements nature gives to her ideal pieces of humanity, and nothing coarse lurks in the creation of the one who presents it. The Southern pallor is quite different—a dead but clear olive, very admirable when the skin is fine. Northern paleness is relieved rather than disfigured by a few golden freckles. They are piquant rather than otherwise; and girls with the pure complexion which attends auburn, blonde, and brown hair ought to consider them as caprices of nature to blend the hues of bright, warm hair and snowy skin. When large, and almost as dark as the patches on the tiger-lily, every one will own them something to be rid of with dispatch. Freckles indicate an excess of iron in the blood, we are told, the sun acting on the particles in the skin as it does on indelible ink, bringing out the color. A very simple way of removing them is said to be as follows:

Take finely powdered nitre (saltpetre), and apply it to the freckles by the finger moistened with water and dipped in the powder. When perfectly done and judiciously repeated it will remove them effectually and without trouble.

An old English prescription for the skin is to take half a pint of skim-milk—so poor as to be blue—slice into it as much cucumber as it will cover, and let it stand an hour; then bathe the

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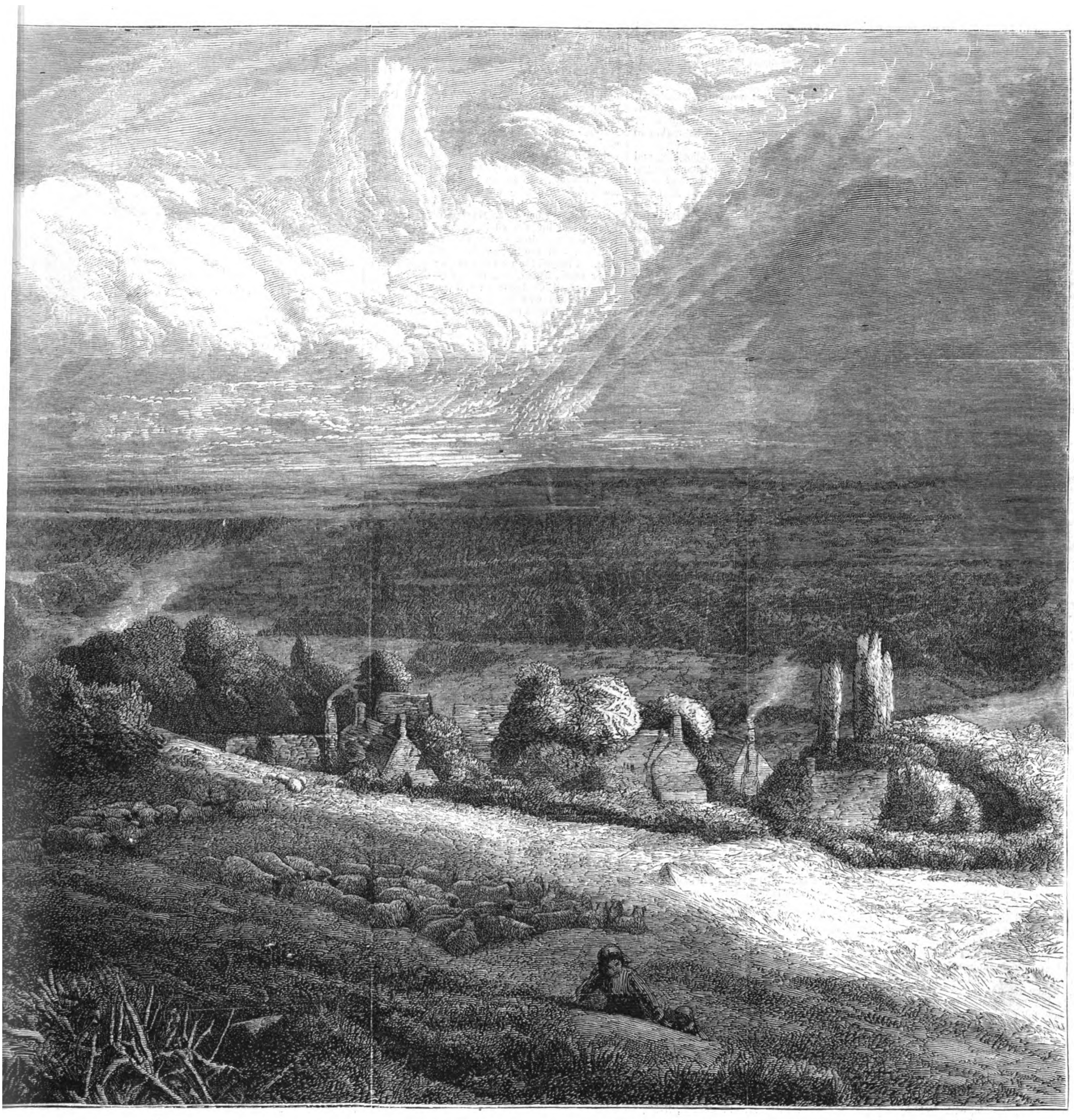

EY.—By Birket Foster.

them off with fair wa-
xtract is dry. The lat-
ıe growth of hair where
requently rubbed in. It
› apply it to high fore-

om exposure to the wind
:hting, trouble many la-
› know that an applica-
'cerine at night, washed
ap in the morning, will
: at the breakfast-table,
'omen who follow the
ıed. The simplest way
:ts of too free sun and
:casion to revenge them-
›wn them by the fair sex
face, throat, and arms
pure almond-oil before
recaution one may come
or a sail without a trace
:t too apt to follow these
made from almond-oil,
›out it, will answer every
se of buttermilk, which young ladies can hardly prefer as a cosmetic on account of its odor. A very delicate and effective preparation for rough skins, eruptive diseases, cuts, or ulcers is found in a mixture of one ounce of glycerine, half an ounce of rosemary, and twenty drops of carbolic acid. In those dreaded irritations of the skin occurring in summer, such as hives or prickly heat, this wash gives soothing relief. The carbolic acid at once neutralizes the poison of the blood, which causes the sore, purifies and disinfects the wound or blotch, and heals it rapidly. A solution of this acid in glycerine made much stronger, say fifty drops to an ounce of the glycerine, forms a protection from mosquitoes if applied at night. Though many people consider the remedy equal to the disease, constant use very soon reconciles one to the creosotic odor of the carbolic acid, especially if the pure crystallized form is used, which is far less overpowering in its fragrance than that commonly put up. Those who dislike it too much to use it at night will find the sting of the bites almost miraculously cured and the blotches removed by touching them with the mixture in the morning. This is penned with grateful recollection of its efficiency after the bites of Jersey mosquitoes a few nights ago. Babies and children should be touched with it to relieve the pain they feel from insect bites, but do not know how to express except by worrying. Two or three drops of attar of roses in the preparation disguises the smell so as to render it tolerable to human beings, though not so to mosquitoes.

Ladies who find that sea air turns their hair gray, or who are fearful of such a result, should keep it carefully oiled with some vegetable oil; not glycerine, as that combines with water too readily to protect the locks. The recipe for cold cream made with more of the almond-oil, so as to form a salve, is not a bad sea-dressing for the hair, and the spermaceti and wax render it less greasy than ordinary preparations. Animal pomades grow rancid, and make the head most unpleasant to touch and smell.

To restore the color to dark hair when it is lost through ill health or overstudy many preparations are given. But the fashionables to-day, with true taste, admire gray hair when in profusion, and deem it distinguished, especially when accompanied by dark eyes, to which the contrast adds a piercing lustre. But those who consider themselves defrauded of their natural tints may use this. Tincture acetate of iron, one ounce; water, one pint; glycerine, half an ounce; sulphuret of potassium, five grains. Mix well, and let the bottle remain uncovered to pass out the foul smell arising from the potassium. Afterward add a few drops of ambergris or attar of roses. Rub a little of this daily into the hair, and it will not only restore it to its original color, but benefit the health of the scalp.

Ladies are much troubled sometimes by the tendency of their hair to come out of crimp or curl while boating or horseback-riding. The only help for this is to apply the following bandoline before putting the hair in papers or irons. A quarter of an ounce of gum-tragacanth, one pint of rose-water, five drops of glycerine; mix and let stand overnight. If the tragacanth is not dissolved let it be half a day longer; if too thick, add more rose-water, and let it be for some hours. When it is a smooth solution, nearly as thin as glycerine, it is fit to use. This is excellent to make the hair curl. Moisten a lock of hair with it, not too wet, and brush round a warm curling-iron, or put up in papillotes. If the curl comes out harsh and stiff, brush it round a cold iron or curling-stick with a very little of the cosmetic used for keeping stray hair in place, or, better still, the cold cream salve mentioned above. As the recipe for the cold cream was given a long time ago, and ladies who read this article may not have seen it, another is added, of perhaps finer proportions. Oil of sweet almonds, five parts; spermaceti, three parts; white wax, half a part; attar of roses, three to five drops. Melt together in a shallow dish, set over hot water, so as not to heat too much, strain through a piece of muslin if it is not perfectly clear when melted, and as it begins to cool beat it with a silver spoon till quite cold and of a snowy whiteness. It is well to rub it smooth on a slab of marble or porcelain before putting it up in glass boxes to keep. For the hair use seven parts of almond-oil to the other proportions named. The secret of making fine cold cream lies in stirring and beating it well all the time it is cooling.

Those who have the misfortune to contract cutaneous disorders arising from exposure to the

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contact of the low and degraded—and charitable persons sometimes run narrow risks of this kind—or from scorbutic affections or the fumes of certain medicines, each and any of which are liable to produce roughness and inflammation of the skin, will be glad to know of a speedy and certain cure for their affliction. It is a wash of sulphurous acid (not sulphuric) diluted in the proportion of three parts of soft water to one of the acid, and used three or four times a day till relieved. I knew a young lady whose fine complexion was ruined by the fumes of medicine she administered to her grandmother, whom she tended with religious care; and, thinking there may be others in the like case, hasten to give this ready prescription. *Sub rosa*—all parasites on furniture, human beings, or pets are quickly destroyed by this application.

In answer to repeated inquiries, the writer would say that the walnut stain for skin or hair is made precisely like that for cloth, by boiling the bark—say an ounce to a pint of water—for an hour, slowly, and adding a lump of alum the size of a thimble to set the dye. Apply with a little brush, such as is used in water-colors, to the lashes and eyebrows, or with a sponge to the hair. Wrap the head in an old handkerchief when going to sleep, or the moisture of the hair may stain the pillow-cases. Also, the right proportion for ammonia in bathing is two tablespoonfuls of the strong spirit of ammonia in a basin of water, say two quarts and a half. This is far more efficacious to give a sweet and wholesome presence than perfumes, sachets, or the horrible musk powders which some ladies still have the strange taste to use.

"DARLING."

"DARLING!" He spoke it with a tone that drowned.
Deeps the word has, breathed between mothers' lips,
Other than when the quick dissyllable slips
From mouth to mouth of girl-friends who have found
Each other dear. "Darling"—the word was bound
About my child-neck by my father's arms,
Graved on my face by brothers, and had charms
Shaded as infinitely as the sea's one sound.

Yea! all within one compass!—But this word,
Whereof I lay the sweetness to my tongue,
And mimic the intonation as it stirred
My hair, is mellower than a deep song sung
In the deep night by mellowest-throated bird,
And not the old word, but one forever young!

MARIE OF VILLEFRANCHE.

IT was a cold, snowy day when I went to see Marie: the villagers had their heads tied up in brilliant-colored handkerchiefs, contrasting pleasantly with the white snow, and they shuffled quickly over their errands in their clanking sabots. There was a good deal of talk and laughter among them, but all the faces looked pinched and cold.

"Where did Marie la Veuve live?" I asked. All knew, and all were willing to show me the way; for "Marie was the village favorite," as one of the gossips explained to me. "She kept a silent tongue in her head; had been a good daughter, sister, and wife; was helpful to those in trouble, and joyful with those who rejoiced; but things were going badly with Marie since the birth of her fatherless child, and there was no hope of peace, and these *coquins de Prussiens* were eating up the land."

When I entered Marie's room she was lying on her bed, white and still, with a little swaddled bundle beside her. "This is my baby," she whispered, setting upright the little stiff image. The baby opened its dark eyes and looked at me with that entire want of speculation in its gaze common to its kind. Marie said no more, but her face was as speaking in interest as her child's was vacant; she took my hand and held it in both of hers. There was not silence in the room, however, for beside the bed stood the voluble little mother-in-law, telling me all the symptoms: how there was no milk for the little one, how feverish the mother was, what sleepless nights, what exhausting days. "The doctor says it is because there is trouble on the mind. Of course there is trouble, with the husband dead, shot down before the eyes of his brother, on the heights above Sedan, on that fatal day of August 31; of course there is trouble, with nothing to eat, and all the little savings going. Is it not all true, *ma mère?*" And the little old woman turned for corroboration to a bent figure sitting at the farther corner of the room, stretching out lean, long fingers toward the glow from the little stove.

"Yes, yes," murmured this other; "it is the war, famine, and fever that have done it all. I have just this and that," taking up the hem of her dress and petticoat; "just this and that; all gone. And then the smell of powder and blood!"

"Never mind her," said the other to me, apologetically; "her mind is gone, but she is Marie's mother, and in her day was the belle of the village; she married well, and had a farm of her own, plenty of linen, and three great *lits montés*. Marie was not the only child; there was another, a boy, humpbacked and of weak intellect, who showed no love for any one but Marie, and her whole life was devoted to him until he died. My son never laughed at him as the other village lads did, but would spend long hours in amusing him, and the boy was never stubborn or willful with Jacques. And then Marie married my son, and all the village said she might have done better; but a man who is gentle with children is sure to be gentle with women, and a son who is thoughtful for his mother is likely to make a good husband; and so I told Marie; and to Jacques I said, 'Never leave off asking her until you get her;' and in the end he did win her. And now he has died fighting for his country, and I am proud and satisfied, though I am not happy." The brave little woman paused here to lift the corner of her apron to the dim old eyes.

All this time Marie lay back upon her pillow, tearless and still. She was not a strikingly pretty woman, but there was a supplicating sadness in her large dark eyes, softly veiled by black lashes, and there was a wealth of sweetness and tenderness about the full, slightly compressed lips, that lent to her whole face a strange, fascinating interest.

Had this sweet, silent woman, I wondered, drifted unknowingly into matrimony? Was it "juxtaposition in fine?" or was it that deep, sensitive gratitude that grows so near akin to love in a woman's heart?

Jacques had not ridiculed the idiot boy, and she, so loving to her brother, and too young to sound the depths of such a sacrifice, had given herself to Jacques for recompense. And now trouble had come, and she had been near to death, and, as the woman said, all the little savings had gone. The case was bad, but Marie was not so downcast as I had expected. Perhaps she had at this moment forgotten much that she had suffered; perhaps, also, she was experiencing a great and undefined relief. What if there should dawn a new life for her, with health and her child!—a life without dreads, or suppressed wearinesses, or smothered incompatibilities. "If only I could live!" said the speaking eyes. So, at least, I read her story. Otherwise it might almost seem strange that she should wish for life, with nothing to look forward to but widowed loneliness. She and I had hardly uttered a word together, but, as she held my hand in hers, I felt arising between us a sudden sympathy that springs up between two people recognizing a spontaneous trust that needs no outward expression.

The door was now opened softly to admit a German soldier, one of those *coquins de Prussiens*, carrying an armful of small cut logs of wood. I had noticed him, as I came in, chopping them up in front of the door. He gave me a military salute as he passed on tiptoe to the little stove, where he began to replenish the dying flame, moving about silently and softly. There stood a little saucepan of milk on the hearth, which the women were neglecting; he moved it to a little distance from the fire, and, stirring it, saved it from being burned. He then opened a cupboard, and drew out a little packet of corn flour which I had sent to Marie the previous day. "Ah! I had forgotten," cried *la belle mère*, quickly drying her eyes, "she ought to have had that an hour ago. Go and get some water from the well, Heinrich, while I mix some in a cup." Heinrich reached her a cup and spoon from a shelf, and passed out as quietly as he had come in. He was a powerfully built man, with a great head, set rather clumsily on square, upright shoulders; there was a gentle dignity in his manner, and a good resolute expression in his deep gray eyes. One felt he was the reposeful element in that little household. The women had taken the part of requisitioning the enemy, and making full use of his kindly helpfulness, while he, the strong one, was being bullied, because of his strength, by the weak ones.

"Do you not think there is danger," whispered *la belle mère*, as she accompanied me to the door, "having that great Prussian in the house, with Marie so young?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, astonished.

"I don't say that he is not all that is *convenable*, and Marie is entirely engrossed with her baby; *mais après?* How long is it to last? I ask myself. When are these Germans to be sent away? Marie is a good woman, and he a good man, notwithstanding that he is our enemy. He has, too, such a way of doing things for me before I ask him, seeming to divine all we want. My Jacques was always willing, but not forethoughtful as this one is. I have nothing to complain of in Marie's conduct: she scolds him, and he never answers her back; and she sends him about, and he always goes. *Mais après?* In my day it was an impossible thing for a young man and woman to live together without falling in love, but the young are more reasonable now—at least, Marie, I know, is reasonable; she and Jacques were very different from me and my man. Who ever would have thought that I should grow to be an old woman, living on all alone?"

"I don't think you need anticipate any thing," I said; "Marie's baby is her great interest."

"If only he were like the rest of them, cruel and exacting, I should feel easier, and could complain," she muttered to herself, as she reentered the cottage.

On the following day I journeyed to a neighboring town, to pay a visit to an ambulance in which I had nursed during the troubled times that followed the capitulation of Sedan, and I almost forgot Marie's little household in the interest of renewing old acquaintances. As I arrived at the door of the well-known sombre-looking house, a young man hobbled up to me, and, seizing my hand, shook it heartily.

"Don't you know me?" he asked. "I am the one out of the five amputated that survived in that crowded little room. Look here; what a splendid support I have got!" He went on displaying a clean wooden stump strapped on to his shattered limb. "And this, too," pointing to a decoration on his breast. "Yes, I can hold up my head proudly among all these Prussian dogs, for I fought wildly for France; but to what use is it? What has come of it? We are betrayed, first by our Emperor, then by our generals; and even our women cringe and snigger to these loafing barbarians. Few Frenchmen can, like me, hold up their heads, and feel satisfied they have done their utmost for their country." And off stumped my quondam patient, followed by a little troop of *gamin* admirers.

"The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," thought I, as I watched the poor maimed lad limping about so gayly.

I found things in a progressive state inside the walls. The French came up to me, voluble and hearty, recognizing in me a friend whose pocket might possibly be filled with tobacco and cigars, if not the bearer of important news from the outer world. The Germans were silently dignified, and gloomily hopeless about their own recovery. "Could I write a brief poem to a distant lady-love?" "No." "Well, would I ask the doctor to prevail upon the cook to make some stronger soup?" "Yes, I would do that." "Had I by chance a cold sausage in my pocket?" "No; could I do any thing else?" I inquired. "Yes, madame might make some."

Some weeks after my return home from my visit, I went again to see Marie. I had heard she had been getting on well, and I found her up, and much better, with a new and brighter expression on her face. Her mother had just been discussing the advisability of retiring to bed; she had tired of her coffee-roasting and knitting, and the afternoon was gloomy and cold. I helped the tottering old woman into an inner room, where, in a sort of berth hollowed into the wall, she lay down and soon fell asleep. While I was with her the German, Heinrich, came in, and went straight up to Marie. "Why don't you tell her? You can trust her, and she might help us." I knew he meant me. "Speak, Marie," he went on, bending over her his great head, with the strong, short-cropped hair. He was all-powerful; Marie would have done any thing for him, and he knew it, and she knew that he knew it; and yet he was pleading and tender, and gentler than she was. Her eyes had fallen under his gaze, and her lips pressed themselves together; she had struck pettishly the great big hand that inclosed hers. It is only the strong and the great who are gentle; it is the weak who strike out cruelly and recklessly to save themselves from falling. I came out from the inner room, and sat down in the old mother's chair on the other side of the fire. Heinrich came and stood before me, erect and resolute. "Madame," he began, "I love this Frenchwoman, Marie of Villefranche, and I wish to marry her; but if we made our intentions known in the village, either she or I would be torn in pieces by the people, for at this hour there is no love lost between the despoiled and the despoilers. In loving Marie I do not forget my country, nor does she renounce hers. I only find that love, when it comes, triumphs over all other feelings and considerations. Could you not speak to the *curé* for us, and get him to marry us privately?" "But," I interrupted, "surely it is too short a time since the death of Marie's husband." "I have been in the house for months, and have to-day received marching orders," he put in. "And he has been every thing to me, and done every thing for me, and I can not bear it any longer," added Marie, in her low, passionate voice. Then the big man knelt down, and kissed and stroked the pale hands that held with effort her baby's weight.

On my way home that evening I called at the *curé's* house. I gave my name, and he came shuffling along the little garden walk, with sabots pulled over his shoes, so as to open the gate to me himself. We bowed and scraped to one another, and remarked on the depth of the snow as we made our way to his sanctum. In the centre of the room stood a writing-table covered with greasy-looking volumes, thin letter-paper, ink, and sand; there was an open fire-place filled with ashes, and two logs placed ready for lighting. The *curé* immediately stooped down and lit a match (though I protested), and the room was soon lighted with the sparkling flames. On the mantel-shelf stood small dusty images of the Madonna and the Crucifixion, balanced by a pipe and tobacco-pouch; a cupboard happened to be half open, and on its shelves were ranged flasks of various sauces and spices, and mouldy old bottles of sealed wines. He motioned me to a chair, and drew a little mat in front of it for my feet; and with his snuff-box in his hand, and his head meekly bowed down, he listened to my tale. It was a difficult story to tell, and I stuttered and stammered over it; but the priest was all attention. "That is all very right," he said, in a reassuring way; "there are much more complicated cases than that in the village. And so you think they should marry," he went on, lifting his sleepy eyes to mine.

"Yes, indeed I do; and any little expense Marie may incur I shall most gladly—"

"Of course; I understand," he interrupted, waving his hand in a deprecating way. "Poor Jacques! he could neither read nor write, but, as he said, that did not prevent him from serving his country. Well, we will try and arrange matters in a quiet way some time soon, and in the mean while Marie and this German must keep quiet and bide their time."

And then I rose, and he, bowing low, put on his sabots again, and accompanied me to the garden gate.

On the following day I called again at Marie's cottage. She expected me, and had put the little coffee-pot on the stove, and had sent Heinrich out to get some new bread for me, talking of every thing but the one subject nearest to her heart. She was looking charming, and was making a great effort to be energetic. I was being warmed by her hot coffee, and we were waiting for Heinrich and the bread, when the outer door opened, and a great gust of cold wind swept through the narrow passage. Marie was holding a saucepan over the fire; the pan shook and trembled, and I feared for the fate of the milk, as Marie turned her eyes, so full of lustrous light, to the door. I was feeling a little shut out, and aggrieved about the probable loss of the milk destined for my cup, as I noticed Marie's distraction, when—thud-thud came along the passage, and thud-thud echoed through the room. As I looked at her I saw that suddenly the love-lit eyes waned and paled, and from her clinched white lips came an agonized shriek. She staggered forward, and fell into her husband's arms.

"Marie, mignonne, c'est moi, regardes ton Jacques," and he tried to lift up the blanched face to his. "Ah! it was you who saved me," he went on, turning and recognizing me. "How much I owe to you! Figure to yourself, my Marie; a party of five were brought from the field; all had to undergo amputation, and I alone survived the surgeon's knife. I thought it was all up with me when I fell pierced by two balls, and with those riderless horses careering over me, and knew nothing more until I woke to find myself in an ambulance without my leg; and now I walk with my head as high as any of those *scélérats de Prussiens.*"

I looked round, bewildered, and saw Heinrich in the door-way; he stood like one petrified, holding the loaf of bread listlessly in his hand; his face and form seemed to shrink, and all strength appeared to have left him; he gave one despairing look at the bent head crowned with its glistening braids of black hair, and silently quitted the room.

I laid Marie upon her bed, and watched beside it for many miserable hours, while she passed out of one fainting fit into another. It was a totally different home-coming to what poor Jacques had anticipated; he had meant it to be a triumphal entry—an unexpected, unalloyed pleasure; instead of which it had only been a scene of consternation and distress. He found, however, a hearty welcome from all his neighbors, who, when Marie got better, came flocking in to express their congratulations.

I returned home that evening with a very heavy heart: on the road I met Heinrich. "I am going to try and get other quarters inside the town," he said to me as I came up to him. We walked together side by side, sadly and silently. A party of Prussian officers came riding joyously along the road; they were returning from scouring the country, on the pretense of an alarm from francs-tireurs. All were noisy, ruddy, and full of life: they looked curiously at my companion as he returned their military salute. Why should a conquering German look so downcast? they seemed to say. A little further on came rattling at full speed the feld-post, bristling with soldiers and bayonets, each cart driven by a sullen, scared-looking French peasant. As we passed them the men called out friendly greetings to Heinrich, but he did not raise his bent head, as with long, absent strides he waded through the snow. As we passed through the gates leading into the town, with all the bustle and confusion round us, he began abruptly to talk aloud his inmost thoughts.

"And how my mother will grieve for me!" he said. "I have written to her from time to time, telling her about my love for Marie, and she has so well understood: she has all a man's chivalry for women. At first she wrote, 'Do not give your heart to a Frenchwoman, my son,' but in her last letter she said, 'When the war is over, and if your life is spared, bring Marie, with her babe and the two old women, to our valley of the Wisperthal; the house is roomy, and with us there will be peace and plenty, and we shall together forget all that has been.' And now," he went on, flinging up his arms, "it is all like some wild dream that is past. You are tired,' he said, looking down at me with his kindly, penetrating eyes, "but you will sleep to-night and get rest, while I—I— My life now will be one long, restless night, when waking I find her not."

"You are a soldier; you can fight," I said, feeling more pity for Marie.

"Yes, I can do that," he said, laughing hoarsely.

Some days afterward I was in the door-way of a house opposite to that of Jacques, when my attention was attracted to a little crowd collected round his open door.

Two Uhlans had come riding down the street, and stopped to join Heinrich, who was mounting his horse and bidding farewell to his hosts. Jacques held out his hand and gave Heinrich a kindly shake, for the wounded Frenchman could afford to be polite to his enemy; the old mother had come tottering into the light, and while shading her eyes with her hand, was giving a long, earnest look at the departing guest. The bustling little mother-in-law was calling out her last farewell to Heinrich, who, though he was one of the detested invaders, had proved himself a helpful and kindly inmate. Marie was standing with her baby in her arms at an upper window; she was full in the light, not partly hidden, as a girl might be, looking her last on the man she loves. She was gazing down, with her Madonna face full of a high purpose and a calm serenity: the war within her had been sharp and fierce, but the struggle was over, and she had accepted her fate as God had willed it. She had come forward into the window to bring peace and encouragement to Heinrich.

There was a divine tranquillity about her whole bearing that struck him as he glanced up, with a sad, disturbed face, into the calm above him; he looked again, long and earnestly, and the shadow of a great grief seemed to pass away, and the drawn, hollow lines about his face softened into repose. She, out of the depths of her despair, had taught him that hard life-lesson, "*que la liberté est l'obéissance volontaire.*" We are not sent into the world to rest in the haven of a great love, to seek and win our individual happiness; love comes, as spring comes, to renew all life, to cover the hard, cold earth with softness and sweetness, to bring the tender buds to blossoming perfection, to fill the clear air with fragrance and light. What if the spring passes?

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—is there not the long summer of twilight and peace? Marie had loved, and her love had made her stronger and better; she had suffered, and the suffering had raised and purified her whole nature; she was going to "live the life," not as she had planned it for herself, but as fate had decreed it. The beauty of renunciation shone out of her clear eyes, and in the majesty of her figure there breathed the restful calm that follows upon the tumult of a storm subdued.

"They are not men; they are machines!" exclaimed a young girl, scornfully, as she moved away from the little group at the door. She had threaded a red ribbon through her ebon hair, and had lifted up her bright eyes laughingly to look into Heinrich's face. He was adjusting his long, glittering lance in the stirrup at the time, and had either not noticed her glance or had gazed at her vacantly with his dim, grieful eyes.

I stood and looked after the three figures, sitting square and upright on their powerful horses. As they passed out from the village street on to the straight highway, bordered with stately trees, whose frozen branches, entwining with one another, formed a trellised arch in long perspective, one heard the clank of the horses' hoofs far up the road. The scene, as I saw it, with the shadows of evening softening all harsh outlines, seemed like some dream-picture, bathed in the rose and amber light of a waning sun. There was no joyous rippling sound of running water; all the fountains were frozen dumb; thin clouds of vapory mist wreathed slowly up into the air from above the rough-hewn crosses that bordered the road-side, marking the resting-place of those killed fighting for their father-land. Heinrich turned to give one last look, and then the three horsemen passed out of sight.

Jacques crossed the street, and caught sight of Marie at the window. She smiled, and held up the laughing baby. Jacques's face became radiant, as he stood leaning on his crutches, watching the mother and child, and then limped quickly back again into the house. Then Marie leaned out for a moment, her whole face involuntarily changing as she looked for the last time into the misty distance, beginning, perhaps, to realize with something like despair the level dullness of her future daily life. It was a passionate farewell look—a helpless, wistful gaze: she was young and eager, with throbbing pulses and an aching heart, that revolted against the woman's relentless will. The child looked up into the altered face, its gleeful crowing changed to a little weak, scared cry. Marie started back, and, bending her head low over her baby, hushed its wailing sobs. And in the fading light I saw the indistinct outlines of Jacques's good-humored, meaningless face: he put his hand lightly on Marie's shoulder, and drew her into the room: he shut the window, and began to trim the evening lamp with his deft hands. And from behind the lamp I saw Marie's grand figure passing to and fro, as she hushed her child to sleep: there was silence in the room, and in the blessed stillness I knew that she would gain strength and calm — that peaceful calm that steals its way into a woman's soul when she holds in her firm arms the sacred burden of a sleeping child.

When the snow had melted, and the tender blades of grass had sprung out from the brown mould in the fields and hedges, and small buds had dotted the slender shoots of the trees, I went to bid farewell to the villagers of Villefranche. It may be in the coming years I shall see them again, in times of peace and plenty, when war is no longer devastating the rich gardens of the Ardennes, and fever and famine are passed away as a tale that is told. But never can I forget France as she appeared to me then, "beautiful amid her woes," her proud spirit unbroken, her faith in her old prestige unshaken, her children silently suffering in her cause: how bright, how patient, how proudly uncomplaining they were! how soft, how winning, how warm-hearted! what quick sensibilities, what flashes of keen humor, what dignity and grace! Are the French indeed so callous and frivolous?—these earnest, devoted husbands, these tender, helpful wives, supporting with their united, unwearied efforts large families of bright-eyed children? What a rich study were the faces of the old men and women! Life had not slipped idly past them; their old age was stored with rich memories. We wept for their sufferings, but no tears came from their eyes; they suffered in silence, waiting and hoping it was but a black cloud passing over the blue breadth of their sky: it would break and disperse, and France would appear from behind it brighter, greater, more glorious than before. So thought the simple peasants as they faced starvation in their ruined homes.

I found Marie's old mother sitting spinning outside the door, in the checkered sunlight. "And so you too are going, and Heinrich is gone; nothing is left—*c'est la guerre, c'est la guerre.*"

Within, Jacques was seated at a table, having a writing lesson; Marie stood at his elbow, guiding his pen.

"It is never too late to mend," said Jacques, as he rose to give me his chair. "I ought to know how to write. I ought to have written to Marie when I was away. She has told me all. I do not blame her; the fault was mine."

I put into his hand a letter that I had just received from an unknown correspondent, announcing the death of Heinrich, who had been shot at Orleans. When he was dying he asked his doctor to write me a few lines: "He wishes you to know that he is at rest, Marie, and that his last prayer was for happiness for you and Jacques."

Marie wept as she read the letter. Jacques drew her close to him, and sheltered the tear-stained face. "Marie," he said, gently, "I suffer such pain, such constant, gnawing pain, that I sometimes wish I, too, had been killed outright."

Marie quickly raised her head; the hot tears ceased to flow.

"No, dear Jacques; no, it is much better as it is."

She supported him to a couch, and, sitting down beside him, held his thin suffering hand in hers.

"When you touch me, Marie, the pain seems to pass away from me!"

"I am so glad!" she whispered, bending over him her wistful, smiling face.

I went out softly, I bade them no farewell; but as I left, I, too, like Heinrich, prayed that Marie and Jacques might be happy, with such happiness as God gives to those who do not question nor struggle against destiny, but work and wait, earning that long rest which is the end of life.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

See Illustration on page 556.

THE questioner is evidently awaiting with some anxiety the verdict of the capricious beauty on the pretty bracelet with which he hopes to win her favor. And the wistful, tender look in his eyes speaks of many questions deeper than this simple one, which he would fain ask did he meet with due encouragement. The costly trinket has been brought perhaps for an anniversary gift, or perhaps, again, for a peace-offering; but it is evident that its acceptance involves other issues than that of wearing it. The young girl, with her eyes so studiously averted from her lover's gaze, which they must meet on the way to the jewel cases, is somewhat at a loss what answer to give: whether to gladden the heart of the youth by approving his gift, or to decline it, with the contents of the unopened caskets, with thanks. But, as we like to see people happy, let us hope that she will raise her eyes with a look of pleased approbation, and that the golden circlet may symbolize a joyful future for the handsome pair.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

FOR the last fifteen years we have been living in Paris only for the present, without care for the future; now we are living only for the future, without care for the present; and as signs of the times always harmonize, in whatever sphere they may appear, and always assume an identical tendency corresponding with the general physiognomy of the epoch, we find the same characteristic trait in the domain of fashion—indifference to the present, and large preparation for the future. For three months past in France, and for some weeks longer, women have worn and will wear what they have, without making any change in the articles composing their dress; nevertheless, the work of renovation is going on, and the result will be that next winter will be essentially transitional, and we shall see the fusion in the fashions of the past with those of the future.

For instance, the winter wrappings will be composite in form. The paletot will fraternize with the talma, preserving a just medium between the very tight and the very loose garment. Velvet wrappings will be trimmed with lace ruches and edgings, and fringe will be used chiefly for cashmere. Many wrappings will be made of black or very dark blue cloth. Some will affect the military shape and ornaments, of course with moderation, and in the good taste which characterizes the *creators of fashion* in Paris; for this profession exists, as I shall presently explain. Cloth wrappings will be interlined with soft wool, and lined with light flannel of bright colors, which will form a very narrow binding all round the edge of the garment. I will describe one of these wrappings, which I have seen in preparation, as the detailed description will enable my readers better to understand the general features of the fashion which will prevail next season. Paletot of grayish-blue cloth, as dark as possible without being black, neither long nor short, tight-fitting nor loose, and slashed all around so as to form long basques. Lining of light grayish-blue flannel. The edge of the paletot was trimmed on the outside with a thick braiding of grayish-blue delaine of a medium shade between that of the paletot and that of the lining. Of course this braiding, otherwise called a flat galloon, trims the edge of the slashes. Along the upper edge of the braiding runs a very narrow piping of flannel of the same shade as the lining. It is proposed to reproduce the same combination in black cloth with red lining, black braid and red piping; but this color, so beautiful when used in moderation, has unfortunately fallen into disgrace since its identification with the Commune. Similar paletots will be made of brown cloth with a lining of écru flannel. and a braiding of brown delaine of a medium shade, surmounted by an écru piping.

Large casaques are also in preparation, either of cloth or velvet, adjusted in the back and loose in front; but the large bow in the back is no longer used. This has given way to small pleated basques, which seem to divide the casaque into two distinct parts, one of which is a skirt, and the other a paletot loose in front and tight-fitting behind. Many water-proofs will be made of Scotch plaid in dark colors, instead of the dismal and ugly water-proof cloth which has been so long in vogue. These will be made with a cape, and of a less ungraceful form than those of the past years. Large cashmere cloaks with capes are also talked of, but their advent is as yet uncertain.

As I said just now, there exists in Paris a certain class, very limited in number, of creators of fashion. Their names are unknown; their functions must remain hidden at the price of their success. It is their business to invent, to create; to have talent and genius in behalf of a few great dress-makers and a number of renowned dry-goods stores; for invention, even in the domain of fashion, does not fall to the lot of every one. These inventors work in summer for autumn, in autumn for winter, and so on. When their imagination has suggested to them five or six garments and as many styles of trimming, they sell the models thereof to the large furnishing houses. The *idea* of a new garment readily brings five hundred dollars. Once sold to a house, it can not be furnished by the inventor to any other party. Still more, should he be guilty of the indiscretion of showing his models in preparation to any one, he would lose his customers, and could no longer find a sale for his wares in the Paris market. Chance has made me acquainted with two of these creators of fashion. I shall never betray their secrets in France. I may, however, be permitted to avail myself of them elsewhere.

At this moment two pretty models are in preparation for the autumn season. One of these is a black silk fichu, entirely pleated and covering the bust. To this fichu are attached three extremely wide flounces of black lace, set one above another in such a manner as almost completely to cover the skirt of the dress. The other model is a casaque made of a point of black lace and nine yards of the same lace, uncut, like the point. Over the casaque is tied in the back a sash of black gros grain eight inches wide, and fringed at the ends. For the daytime and in full dress this casaque is worn over a silk or foulard dress with high neck and long sleeves, and for evening with low-necked and short-sleeved light silk dress.

The mixture of different stuffs of the same color, but of different fabric, producing contrasts of light and shade by the variety of reflection, constitutes a mine of happy effects, which will be worked next winter. For instance, dresses of faye, or demi-lustre silk, will be trimmed with velvet or satin of the same color, and velvet dresses with faye of a similar shade. One of the prettiest combinations of this sort is the following. Skirt of black faye, with a deep pleated flounce, surmounted by a black velvet band and a pleated heading; the band is edged on each side with a satin piping. Over-skirt of the same faye, with large pleats in the back. The fronts of the over-skirt are turned back and caught together behind under the pleats. The parts turned back, forming a kind of revers, are faced all the way through with black velvet edged with satin piping. The joining of the revers is covered by a large bow of black velvet cut from the piece and bound with satin. The waist, of faye, is trimmed with pleated ruffles. The basques, rather long and pleated, are lined with black velvet. The under edge of the basque at the back is caught up in the middle, and fastened to the bottom of the waist in such a manner as to form a sort of fan made by the black velvet lining of the basque. The sleeves have black velvet cuffs, bound with satin and edged with pleated ruffles of faye. The high waist has a large black velvet sailor collar finished like the cuffs.

Another much simpler but very pretty dress, designed for the demi-season, is composed of a slate gray silk skirt, trimmed with perpendicular bands of brown velvet ribbon, forming a kind of broad stripe. Over-skirt of brown cashmere, bordered with a pleated cashmere ruffle an inch and three-quarters wide, above which is set a band of slate gray velvet. Casaque-waist, with long pleated basques trimmed like the over-skirt. Sleeves furnished with cuffs of slate gray velvet, and trimmed with a pleated ruche of brown silk ribbon.

For the last assemblies of summer and the first of autumn many dresses are worn of plain light silk, trimmed with embroidered white muslin flounces. The effect is very pretty, but I prefer gauze muslin flounces, without embroidery or lace, and simply hemmed. A dress of this kind was sent yesterday to Mademoiselle De G——. The French watering-places are brilliant this year, for the reason that any native of France, whether man or woman, would think it a disgrace to go to any summer resort in Germany. No French artist would consent to be heard in Baden; our talent all remains in France. The toilette of Mademoiselle De G—— was composed of a skirt of very light silver gray silk, made with a train (the dress was designed for a large dinner-party), and trimmed with two wide flounces of very thin white gauze muslin, gathered and simply hemmed. Small pouf of silk like the dress, very bouffant on the hips, and trimmed with a gauze muslin flounce. Marie Antoinette waist, with a point in front and small pleated basques in the back, and very long waisted. The waist, with sleeves reaching only to the elbow, and trimmed with two gauze muslin ruffles, opened in front, square and very low, was high in the back. Inside the waist was a peasant fichu of gauze muslin, closely pleated, and quite high, like those seen in the portraits of Marie Antoinette. On the neck was worn a slender gold chain, bearing an anchor of dark blue enamel. The anchor now generally takes the place of the medallion, and symbolizes at once the gratitude of France for her brave navy and her firm hope in a brighter future. I can not describe the sober elegance of this airy and simple toilette. Another much richer dress was of Bengal rose silk, glacé with white, without trimming. The over-skirt and half-high waist, with half sleeves, were of white crêpe de Chine, trimmed with beautiful point d'Alençon, the richest of all laces. But, in spite of its costliness, this toilette was eclipsed by the one we have just described.

At this moment many white muslin dresses are seen with two skirts, bordered each with a chicorée ruche of brown, dark green, dark blue, or even black silk. The chicorée ruche is made of a strip pinked on each side and gathered in the middle. The wrapping at the same time forms the tunic, and is also of white muslin, long and loose, and looking like a long dressing sacque or wrapper. It is confined at the waist by a belt of the same color as the ruches, and is trimmed like those of the two skirts.

Bonnets are evidently about to experience a transformation. At this moment they are seen made of Pamela straw, neither very open nor very close, but with much larger brims than those of last year, and with ruches of illusion, as in olden times. There is little doubt that the winter bonnets will be, if not really large, yet large enough to protect the head from the weather. A few round hats of black lace are seen trimmed with a long Spanish net, like that of Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," made of black tulle and lace, and fastened to the left shoulder.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

USEFUL RECIPES.

FRITTERS.—Put over the fire a pint of new milk; into a pint of flour mix as much new milk as will make a stiff, smooth paste; when the milk in the stew-pan boils, stir in this paste very slowly, and stirring all the time to prevent its being lumpy; remove it from the hottest part of the fire to prevent scorching; when this is well mixed in, let it bubble once; take it off, and add the grated yellow rind of two lemons, and a little salt, and beat well for three or four minutes. Set it aside to cool; add a little of the lemon juice and the yolks of three or four eggs; beat all until light; then the beaten whites, stirred in lightly. Into the dripping-pan put three spoonfuls of fresh lard; when it gets hot drop in a spoonful of batter in a place. Let the fritters cook quickly, and when one side is brown, turn and brown the other; then put them in a colander and let them drain, but keep them in a hot place, that they may not cool. Sugar and cinnamon, with a little nutmeg, are very nice for sifting over them.

ALMOND PUDDING.—This makes a nice and very handsome dessert. Blanch three ounces of almonds, which can be procured shelled at any cake baker's or confectionery. When cold, rub them in a mortar until they are reduced to a paste, adding by degrees, to keep them from oiling, two table-spoonfuls of rose-water. Put over the fire one pint of new milk; with a quarter of a pound of pulverized sugar beat the yolks of six eggs until very light. As soon as the milk boils remove it from the fire, stir in the sugar and eggs, beating well all the time; last of all stir in the almonds, beating three or four minutes, and then set aside to cool. With the whip-churn (a fork will do, but the churn is easier and better) froth a quart of cream that has been well sweetened until it is stiff; remove the froth as it rises. In a glass dish arrange sponge cake, and spread raspberry jelly over the slices, both at bottom and sides. Over this pour the custard, and on top pile the whipped cream. It should not be made very long before it is wanted.

MUTTON STEW.—Cut the cold mutton into thin slices, taking care to remove the gristle, skin, or sinew that may adhere. The pieces taken off can be put by to make gravy or broth from. Put into a stew-pan the pieces wanted for a stew; pour over them a little gravy that has been boiled with a very little thyme and a few pepper-corns; add a few drops of essence of celery, or three or four celery heads can be boiled with the thyme in the gravy; let the meat warm slowly after adding the hot gravy. Just before sending the stew to table take out the meat, dredge a little flour into the liquor, let it simmer a few minutes, put back the meat, and allow it to heat up well.

CITRON PRESERVED, superior.—Select fine, perfect fruit; cut into slices about an inch wide and five inches long, having them as uniform in size as possible, as they make a much better appearance on the table. Put the slices of melon into a preserving kettle; cover them with water in which a small piece of alum has been dissolved, in about the proportion of eight pounds of the fruit to a piece of alum half the size of a hickory-nut; let the slices boil in this water until a straw will pass through them easily, but not until they fall in pieces and break up; drain them, and lay them in a broad vessel of cold water for twelve or fifteen hours, keeping them covered; then tie in a muslin bag (a thin one) one-quarter of a pound of strong race-ginger; boil it in three pints of clear rain-water until the water is highly flavored (more so than you think it should be); to every pound of fruit allow a pound of the very best loaf-sugar; take out the ginger and put in the sugar, letting it boil until it seems thick enough, and carefully removing all scum as it rises. Now add the juice of four large juicy lemons, and the citron, which has been well drained (if not the sirup will be too thin); slice very thinly, cutting all the way across, three fresh lemons, carefully remove the seeds, and put the slices in the kettle; let it simmer about half an hour; take it off the fire, and put the preserves in jars, not sealing up or covering until a day or two, that the watery particles may evaporate. When ready to seal, place a brandy paper on top.

A griddle for baking cakes should never be greased, as this destroys the delicate flavor of the cakes. Scour well with a cloth and sand, wash with hot suds, wipe dry, and just before baking rub with a coarse cloth and salt. It is not necessary to wash and scour it every time it is wanted: only once, to get all the grease out; but use the cloth and salt every time you put fresh cakes on, just as grease would be used.

FRIZZLED BEEF.—Shave off very thin slices of dried beef, not making the pieces too long; put into a stew-pan a tea-cupful of cold water, then the slices of beef; after it simmers a few minutes, add a small spoonful of butter; when this is melted take out the meat, putting it where it will keep hot; beat well the yolk of one egg, add slowly two table-spoonfuls of cream or milk, in which a tea-spoonful of flour has been stirred, and pour it into the boiling liquor, stirring to prevent curdling; salt and pepper to taste; when it has simmered a few minutes pour in half a tea-cupful of cream or new milk, and pour it over the meat.

TIN-WARE.—Every careful housekeeper is as particular with her "kitchen tins" as with her china; but the endless scouring with sand and soap that some think a part of the daily work only renders the tins dull and black, as the bright outer coat is soon taken off. It is much better to wash them in hot water, rubbing on soft soap thoroughly, rinsing them in boiling water, and wiping them dry; leave them a few minutes near the stove, where they will dry; not near enough, however, to melt them. All tin and iron utensils in kitchen use after washing and wiping should be allowed to dry near the fire, so that no moisture is left on them; there is then no rust to scour out, and your utensils are always ready for use.

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HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?—[SEE PAGE 555.]

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INFANT'S WARDROBE.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS infant's wardrobe will be found very useful to those of our readers who are continually applying to us for cut patterns of this kind. It comprises the six most prominent articles in an infant's outfit, viz.: cloak with hood, gored robe, yoke slip, night slip, petticoat, and shirt. But one size is furnished, which can be easily adjusted so as to suit all infants until they are old enough to put on short clothes. The patterns given are those most commonly used at this time.

INFANT'S GORED ROBE.

INFANT'S YOKE SLIP.

INFANT'S SHIRT.

INFANT'S NIGHT SLIP.

INFANT'S CLOAK WITH HOOD.

INFANT'S PETTICOAT.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN OF INFANT'S WARDROBE.

THIS pattern consists of six articles, viz.: cloak with hood, gored robe, yoke slip, night slip, petticoat, and shirt.

INFANT'S CLOAK WITH HOOD.—This pattern is in three pieces—cloak, cape, and hood. The perforations in the neck show where the darts are to be taken up to fit the neck. Allowance is made in the pattern for the hem in front. The back of the cloak, cape, and hood should be laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid making a seam. Gather the edge of the hood on an elastic cord, draw up the top to fit the neck of the cloak, and finish with a binding. This garment is very pretty made of white cashmere, with the cape elaborately embroidered with white silk and edged with fringe.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3½ yards.

INFANT'S GORED ROBE.—This pattern is in five pieces—gore for the front, back of waist, breadth for the side and back of skirt, sleeve, and belt. The waist and skirt are cut together in the front gore. The straight edge is laid on the fold of the cloth, as there is no seam in the front. Fold the cloth, lay the edge of the pattern that is not notched on the fold, and cut the length; open the material, and cut another piece of the exact size and length, and you will have the right width in the skirt—that is, two yards. Sew the two together, which will bring a seam in the middle of the back. Leave an opening of about six inches in the seam and hem it, gather the plain breadths at the top, and stitch on the belt. Gather the bottom of the waist, draw it up to correspond to the size of the belt, and stitch it on; then join it to the front gore according to the notches. Gather the top of the waist in the back and top of the sleeve, and finish it with a narrow binding. If the dress is made of cambric or French muslin, trim the front gore from top to bottom with puffs, separated by a band of lace, and graduated in width, the top ones being one-third the width of those at the bottom. Edge the front gore all around with narrow lace or a ruffle. Trim the bottom of the skirt with lace or a ruffle to match the front gore, surmounted with three rows of puffing separated with narrow lace. A double row of lace finishes the front puff. Trim the neck and bottom of the sleeve with lace. Make a belt of ribbon about four inches wide, laid in folds, and finish it on the right side with three ribbon sash ends, six or eight inches wide, and graduated in length—27, 21, and 14 inches long. Loop the sleeves with ribbon tied in bows. This makes a very handsome christening robe; it is suitable for all occasions, and may be made plainly or elaborately, according to the purpose for which it is required.

Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, 3½ yards.

Extra for puffing, 1½ yards.

Lace for trimming, 18 yards.

INFANT'S YOKE SLIP.—This pattern is in five pieces—front of yoke, back of yoke, sleeve, and front and back breadths of skirt. Gather the top of the body to fit the yoke, and sew them together with a very fine cord. Sew in the sleeve with the longest part to the notch in the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you in sewing. Finish the neck with a cord. Close the back to the waist with buttons and button-holes. Trim the bottom of the skirt, neck, and sleeves with lace or a narrow ruffle.

Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, 1½ yards.

Lace for trimming, 3¼ yards.

INFANT'S NIGHT SLIP.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and sleeve. Lay the straight edge of the three pieces on the fold of the cloth, to avoid making a seam. Cut an opening of about ten inches in the back and hem it. Hem the neck and run in a narrow bobbin. Gather the top of the sleeve, and place the seam at the notch in front of the armhole. Trim the neck and sleeves with narrow cambric edging.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 2½ yards.

Edging, 1 yard.

INFANT'S PETTICOAT.—This pattern is in two pieces—band and breadth for the skirt. The top of the band is cut out for the armhole. Cut two pieces the size of the breadth, sew them together, lay the top in small pleats, and sew it to the band, which is closed with two buttons and button-holes.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 1½ yards.

Cotton cloth for band, one-quarter of a yard.

INFANT'S SHIRT.—This pattern is open at the back, and is cut without a seam under the arm. The front, back, and shoulders are cut with revers. Sew the shoulder seams together, and set the sleeves into the armholes according to the notches, letting the upper corners of the sleeves lap over toward the front, and bringing the perforations even-

INFANT'S WARDROBE.

[Cut Paper Patterns of this entire Wardrobe, consisting of Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

Fig. 1.—ÉCRU PONGEE SUIT.—BACK.

Fig. 2.—ÉCRU PONGEE SUIT.—FRONT.

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ly together. Trim the sleeves and revers with edging.

Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, for half a dozen shirts, a yard and a half.

Edging for half a dozen shirts, 5 yards.

Écru Pongee Suit, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 557.

THIS suit is made of écru pongee, and consists of skirt, over-skirt, and heart-shaped basque-waist. The trimming is composed of gathered ruffles and ruches, rolls, rosettes, and bows of the material. The over-skirt is draped as shown by the illustration. Tucked Swiss muslin chemisette.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. Y.—If you are a careful reader of the *Bazar*, you must have seen many hints as to the harmony of colors, and their adaptability to different complexions. Indeed, we know of no book that will teach you as much about the art of dressing as a volume of the same *Bazar*.

V. F. C.—There are phonographic journals published, we believe, in the United States, but we can not give you their address.

SENEX.—The lady was bound in courtesy to reply to your letter asking permission to correspond with her. You certainly should not call unless you have reason to believe that she did not receive the letter.

J. A. J.—We have already published such an article as you call for. The books you mention may probably be found at the public libraries.

DONIZETTI.—Enceladus was one of the giants that warred against Jove. As he fled, worsted, from the contest Minerva flung the island of Sicily upon him. Being immortal, he could not die, and his struggles have caused ever since the eruptions of Mount Etna, according to the dictum of the classic poets.

CROQUET.—An umpire is not necessary in playing croquet, but it is requisite that you should decide in advance what rules shall govern the game, in order to prevent dispute. You should stand aside and watch your turn for playing, as by strict construction you can not call on any one to summon you. Balls with one, two, and three stripes of but two colors are better for this reason than several colors, which are easily forgotten. It is not necessary to play three games to decide which is victorious.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The Tunisian is the common Afghan stitch, well known to all crochet-workers. We have given full descriptions of stitches in our columns, and can not repeat them for individuals. To get the full benefit of the *Bazar* you should read it regularly.

CHRISTIE.—We have already given a sketch of Beatrice Cenci in answer to a previous correspondent. Read the paragraph above. "Sintram" was written by La Motte Fouqué, the author of "Undine."—You can wear the dress you describe.

S. A.—If your friend is very desirous of your company, he will not consider the fact that you were once too busy to ride with him a sufficient reason for never asking you again; and if he wishes to marry you, it is equally probable that he will signify this desire plainly enough to be understood.

V. D. P.—Young women that whistle, and young men with hats worn over one eye, or on the back of the head, would have very little chance of admission into refined society.

COLLEGIATE.—*Alma Mater* signifies *nourishing mother*, and is popularly used to designate the college at which one was educated. We believe that Cambridge, England, was the first university which received the name in this connection. As to your handwriting we can say nothing. Should we reply to all similar inquiries we must convert the *Bazar* into an oracle of chirography.

ALIDA.—We think your letter has been answered. Your sample is evidently good, pure silk, no matter of what brand. We can not estimate its value. Thirty yards is a small quantity for two suits. You will have to make plain skirts with a very simple polonaise. Eighteen or twenty yards are purchased for suits not thought elaborate.

C. S.—A plain deal table purchased of the carpenter, and simply draped with white muslin over cambric, is an easy plan for a toilette-table.

MRS. W.—The traveling suit pattern has been sent you. Your sample is Irish poplin, worth here about the price you paid for it. Make a polonaise and skirt with velvet bands for trimming.

R. Y.—Sleeves are not necessary in the water-proof cloak, but you can put them in beneath the cape if you choose.

E. N.—Arrange your hair in the Greek style described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. IV. Your sample is poplinette.

A. C.—The pleating on the over dress of child's princesse suit is narrow and in half-inch pleats. That on the dress skirt has simply a bias band stitched at the top.

MAY M. S.—A white muslin waist will look best beneath the polonaise. Pleated linen or nansook blouses are much worn now. Make your sample by princesse suit pattern, or by the polonaise suit for misses.

MRS. H. S. T.—The simplest turned-over collar of linen, doubled and slightly hollowed out about the back of the neck, is worn with boy's shirt-waist. The cuff is a square cuff like those of gentlemen's shirts, or else is doubled and turned back. Fasten the stocking elastics to the belt of the child's drawers by a button on each side.

ADMIRER.—Make your grenadine and buff lawn with box-pleated blouse, half-flowing sleeves, draped upper skirt, and a broad pleated flounce on the lower skirt. A single pleat on each seam of front and side gores holds the fullness of dress skirts; the straight back widths are in French gathers, made by a long stitch outside, and a short one between on the under side. The skirt is then overseamed to a belt.

CLAUDE.—Long braids are worn not only by girls of fourteen but by grown young ladies, so you do not need a more womanly way of wearing your hair. Your friend should read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. IV. Sailor collars are worn by girls of your age.

H. S. A.—We do not answer questions about MSS. in this column.

LAURA.—Buy a square striped shawl of soft wool repa. The princesse suit, with over dress buttoned behind, is exceedingly pretty for a girl of nine years.

MRS. M. E. M.—Your large plaid silk is out of fashion, and should be very plainly made, not to attract attention. Make a plain waist and skirt, and wear it under a polonaise of black silk or of white muslin.

FRIEND OF THE BAZAR.—Trim your Japanese silk with raveled silk ruches the color of the stripe in your sample. Rose-color will look well with it. Open front over-skirts are much worn.

JENNIE F.—We have no cut paper pattern of the Marguerite polonaise. It is a tight waist, extending in a plain short basque over the hips, and at the end of this basque the widths are widened to form a very full skirt.

ELIZA.—It is not convenient for us to publish "at full length the system for reducing flesh." The *Bazar* has already discussed this topic. Banting is not a Bostonian, but an Englishman. Any publisher will order his book for you.

L. A.—If you will give us your address and size the missing sacque will be sent you.

MISS D——N, DUNKIRK.—Should not think your case dyspepsia at all, but an accumulation of morbid secretions from living on too concentrated food. Eat coarse bread and farinaceous diet for a fortnight; sit in the sun as much as you can; take warm baths at night before going to bed, water at ninety-five degrees. You will not suffer from heat afterward, but feel the circulation equalized. Keep your head protected from the sun by a wet cloth inside your hat, besides the hat and parasol; then ride and walk in the sun as much as you can between eight and half past ten, mornings, and after three in the latter part of the day. Mild but thorough alteratives are recommended. Use no made gravies or rich food, especially pastry, for three months to come. Eat juicy meats, fruit, and carefully cooked vegetables. For the pain in the hip use warm baths, covering that side of the person. If a warm bath makes you faint, keep ice-water at hand to bathe the head plentifully and wet the heart. For catarrh hold your face in a basin of tepid water (seventy degrees), and snuff it up the nose. Try this ten minutes three times a day. Drink all you want, adding a little phosphoric acid to the water. This is harmless (*not* phosphorus), and tastes like lemonade if flavored a little, and checks too copious perspiration. Instead of stimulants at night, try hot foot-baths, with either cold or warm water to the head as you find agreeable.

MRS. L. J. B.—We can not tell you where to find the cases mentioned.

P. M. G.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 31, Vol. IV., for hints about a white alpaca dress.

BOSTON.—*Bazar* No. 13, Vol. II., contains the pattern and full directions for a Watteau wrapper. You can order it at this office. The embroidery should conceal the blue stamping of the design.—In marriages at home the bride usually enters the parlor with the groom. A single note sheet is all that is necessary for an invitation to a marriage at home.—Fifteen yards make a low-necked dress, with court train, simply trimmed.

MRS. I. B.—A white piqué dress is suitable for church for a lady of forty years. At this season comfort is more considered than any thing else in church costumes. Simple over dresses of white Victoria lawn, made polonaise style and trimmed with side pleatings, are suitable for ladies of any age.

PUELLA.—Pompadour front with chatelaine braids is the popular way of wearing the hair. Long ear-rings with many pendants, and hoops swinging in larger hoops, all made of Etruscan gold, are now fashionable.—Of course you should be polite enough to ask your friend into the house after he has escorted you home, unless the hour is too late.

CALIFORNICUS.—Your inquiry has been answered in New York Fashions.

YOUNG LADY.—Make your blue silk suit by cut paper pattern of Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. Trim with ruffles of the same, from beneath which peep pleated frills of Swiss muslin.

ADELIA.—At a quiet wedding where the bride wears her brown traveling dress she and the groom should wear very light brown or else pearl-colored kid gloves.

JANE.—Make your brown poplin with a polonaise and single skirt, trimmed with fringe and bias bands of poplin piped with heavy repped silk or velvet of the same or a darker shade.

MARGUERITE.—Read reply above to "Jennie F."

P. H.—Square pillows remain in fashion. Make plain muslin slips to cover your pillows, and for sleeping on at night if you choose, and spread over these in the daytime a "sham" of square linen, ruffled and tucked around the edge, with your monogram, or else very large intials, embroidered in the centre in ornamental letters.

AEA PAY.—Your sample is Japanese silk, worth very little, as are all mixtures of cotton with silk. Make it very inexpensively, and wear beneath a polonaise of Victoria lawn.—"Hannah" is published as soon as the advance sheets are received from abroad.

MRS. R. H.—A back number of the *Bazar* will furnish you patterns of ladies' under-clothing, directions for making, and designs for trimming. Closed drawers are most used now by ladies, and are not inconvenient. You can order *Bazar* from this office.

ELMA.—For cashmere wraps consult *Bazar* No. 30, Vol. IV. For your buff linen use the pleated blouse and long over-skirt. A polonaise and single skirt for alpaca.

THERE is no excuse for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. Ye muddy victims of bilious disease, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for yourselves.—[*Com.*]

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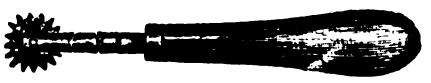
ASK your Grocer or Tea-Dealer for *Dooley's Yeast Powder*, the best baking powder for preparing Biscuits, Rolls, Bread, Griddle Cakes, Waffles, Pastry, etc.—[*Com.*]

"WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA enabled my wife to sleep quietly."—KIMBALL HADLEY, *Wardsboro', Vt.*



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SOLACE FOR SUFFERERS.—It used to be considered that the extraction of a tooth was no joke, at any rate to the patient. Let those who take a too serious view of this operation consider that it may be undergone beneath the influence of nitrous oxide, or laughing-gas.

Which would a young lady rather be—a dryad or a naiad?—A dryad, for then she would be a *woo'd* nymph.

THIS IS A FACT.—Musical Jones's doctor last week forbade him to eat pastry. Musical Jones simply responded to his medical man by singing, dolorously, "Good-by, sweet tart, good-by."

Ladies of the ballet are sometimes unkind to their fathers and mothers, but they are generally very fond of their grand *pas*.

UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.—That good-natured but exceedingly simple youth, Septimus Moddicombe, is suffering from the effects of rather a singular accident—an idea suddenly struck him.

A good many trades-people only give fifteen ounces to the pound—it is a *weigh* they have.

CLASSICAL TRUTH—*Inn* vino very trash.

A "LEADER"—A blind man's dog.

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A HANDY TUNE.—"Fortune." It is not common metre.

What grows bigger the more you contract it?—Debt.

What is the difference between one of George Eliot's novels and a picnic?—The one's a "Mill on the Floss," and the other's a fill on the moss.

"CASH ADVANCES"—Making up to a rich widow.

Some teetotalers would even prefer a watery grave to preservation in spirits.

LEVITY.—One point about some murderers is that they "take life" cheerfully.

THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL WATCH-WORDS—Tick.

A shilling dentist must be a man of low extraction.

THE CHURCH FOR AFFIANCED ONES—St. All Banns.

What is that which is full of holes, and yet holds water?—A sponge.

VERY SAD.—There have been more fashionable ladies dyed young this year than ever.

NUMERICALLY TRUE.—If a man doesn't take care of No. 1, he will soon have 0 to take care of.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?—Because it has to be ground before it is used.

There is something very amusing in the idea of what may be called the "fitness of things" in regard to snuff-taking, which occurred to an honest Highlander, a genuine lover of "sneeshin." At the door of the village hotel he observed, standing, a magnificent man, in full tartans, and noticed with much admiration the wide dimensions of his nostrils in a fine turned-up nose. He accosted him, and, as his most complimentary act, offered him his mull for a pinch. The stranger drew up, and rather haughtily said, "I never take snuff."

"Oh," said the other, "that's a peety, for there's grand accommodation!"

The following correspondence is said to have taken place between a merchant and one of his clients:

"Sir, your account has been standing for two years; I must have it settled immediately."

Answer—"Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a little."

"My little angel," asked a fond husband, "are you comfortable in your corner?"

"Yes, thanks."

"You do not feel the cold?"

"Not at all."

"Your window closes easily?"

"Very nicely, dear."

"Then come and take my place."

THE MOST SUITABLE WINDOW FOR A SINGLE LADY WHEN ON THE LOOK-OUT—A bow.

One of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration was "Woman; she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself!"

An old bachelor recently gave the following toast: "Woman—the morning-star of infancy, the day-star of manhood, and the evening-star of age. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at telescopic distances!"

"Will you do me a favor?" said a fast young man to a city swell.

"With pleasure. What is it?"

"I wish you to lend me five hundred dollars, Sir."

"Call at my counting-house." On arrival, "What security can you give me?" he asked.

"My own personal security."

"Very well, get in here," lifting up the lid of a large iron chest.

"Get in there!" exclaimed the fast youth, with astonishment; "what for?"

"Why, this is the place where I always keep my securities."

MOSSOO'S ABROAD AGAIN.

SCOTCH WAITRESS. "There's a Laddie doon the Stair wa'antin' tae see ye—"
MOSSOO. "A Lady! Mon Dieu! Say her to Give herself the Pain to sit down while I arrange my Toilette."

An unreasonable and somewhat misanthropic acquaintance remarks he has often heard the proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed;" but he says he can't see where the laugh comes in. He has a friend in need who is always borrowing money of him.

THE BEST WOOD FOR MAKING CRADLES—Rock maple.

RIGHT TACKS TO KNOCK ON THE HEAD—Income tacks.

A DOCTOR'S EPITAPH—"He saw them all out."

A man writes to say he only backed one horse in his life, and that was into a shop window.

What man carries every thing before him?—The waiter.

He that is hasty fishes in an empty pond.

A SEAMSTRESS'S EXCLAMATION—A-hem!

A couple of barristers engaged in a case were recently discussing the issue. "At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic, "we have justice on our side."

To which the older and warier counsel replied: "Quite true; but what we want is the chief justice on our side."

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA.

FIRST CUSTOMER. "Why, bless me, my man, the moon seems to have got two arms to-night!"

ITINERANT ASTRONOMER. "I shouldn't wonder, ma'am, if she had; and I'm pretty sure, if these 'ere other ladies and gents would pay their pennies to peep at her, she'd wave 'em with delight."

A Western railroad advertises that each train carries a coroner and six jurymen for the convenience of the passengers.

When the Hon. Mrs. Norton was applied to, on Hood's death, for a contribution to the fund then raised for his destitute widow, and headed by Sir Robert Peel with the munificent donation of £50, she promptly sent a liberal subscription, with the following lines:

"To cheer the widow's heart in her distress,
To make provision for the fatherless,
Is but a Christian's duty, and none should
Resist the heart-appeal of Widow Hood."

Poetry, punning, and piety, all of the genuine sort, are not often thus happily united.

An orator proposes to "grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of our Western prairies."

A householder, in filling up his census schedule, under the heading "Where born" described one of his children as "born in the parlor," and the other "up stairs."

In a small country town resides a clergyman who is the pastor of a small flock, who esteem him very highly, and whom he is fond of catechizing. A few days since, while taking a ramble through the village, he stopped at the house of one of his parishioners, and after the usual salutations had been exchanged, the conversation ran as follows:

"Well, Mrs. W——, can you tell me how Adam fell?"

The lady commenced to smile audibly, and finally replied, "Why, my dear doctor, you're not serious?"

"Very serious indeed," responded the doctor.

Mrs. W——, whose husband's name happens to be Adam, replied: "Well, well, you have it, doctor. You see, Adam went to climb over the fence the other night to go to Deacon M——'s for a bottle of whisky, when an oar lying on the ground took his foot. Over Adam fell, and barked his shin; and that's the whole truth of the matter."

THE "LADY" IN WAITING.

We once knew a clergyman who was so rigidly and frigidly literal and matter-of-fact that he was wholly incapable of entertaining or comprehending a metaphor of any kind whatever. He believed to his dying day that Shakspeare's mind was overstrained and confused by too intense application when he wrote that there be

"sermons in stones,
Books in the running brooks,
And good in every thing;"

and contended that it was perfectly plain that what he meant to say was that there be

"sermons in *books*,
Stones in the running brooks,
And good in every thing."

If love is blind, why is it that when a young man falls in love he is almost universally required "to see papa?"

A HEAVY BLOW FOR HIM!

LOTTIE. "Now, Mr. Spoonington, isn't it delightful? I wish you would sing us that Beautiful Song of yours, 'Blow, Gentle Gales!'"
OLD LADY (*slightly deaf, and only catching the last words*). "Gales! Blow! Oh, don't talk about it—we don't want none o' that!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

BOILS, CARBUNCLES, AND FELONS.

IT is with the body as the mind, that its small troubles are more hard to bear than its great afflictions. To meet physical pain and mental sorrow, in the fullness of their severity requiring all our courage, we prepare to receive their shocks with a resistance of nerve which greatly lessens the violence of the impression. When small annoyances assail us, we do not consider the occasion worthy of an effort of courage, and are apt to yield to them unresistingly. There is, moreover, a readier submission to the greater ills of body and mind because they are more or less inevitable, and compel our resignation to them as to fate. The lesser we believe to be unnecessary and remediable, and we therefore fret till we get rid of them. The former call into action our strength; the latter merely excite our irritability. We are patient under the weight of an iron crow-bar in the one case; we wriggle uneasily at the tickling of a straw in the other.

In bodily affliction there is, moreover, often this distinction between the great and small, that the former, by the prostration it produces, weakens sensibility to pain; while the impression of the latter, barely affecting the general vigor, is received by the senses in all their natural strength of feeling. Some of the least serious of diseases are excessively painful, as many of the gravest are the easiest endured. A harmless corn of the toe will wring the sufferer with agony, while a stroke of apoplexy will kill without an apparent smart.

There can not be a better illustration of our remarks than the common boil, which is the most painful and the least dangerous of bodily afflictions. It is of such little consequence generally that, were it not for the sake of relieving the excessive pain it always produces, we might leave it without treatment. This, moreover, should be of the simplest kind, and consist of nothing more than frequent bathing and poulticing with bread or flax-seed. Surgeons are not so fond as they used to be of plunging their lancets into the boil, and it may be generally left, without danger, to the usual gentle domestic treatment. When boils succeed each other rapidly they are either the causes or effects of a weakened constitution, which in either case should be strengthened by good nourishment, change of air, or by whatever else may tend to improve the general health.

The carbuncle, though it may be regarded as a variety of the boil, is a much more serious affection. They are often found in the same parts of the body, and hardly differ in their first appearance. The carbuncle, however, has a con-

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 10-14.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 50-52.

Fig. 6.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15-18.

Fig. 7.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 19-23.

Fig. 8.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 24-27.

SUITS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS FROM 4 TO 15 YEARS OLD, FIGS. 1-8.

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stant tendency to extend and harden, while the boil has a fixed limit, which it soon reaches, with an early disposition to soften, or *come to a head.* The carbuncle has a greater preference than the boil for the spine and back of the neck, and other parts where there is a natural scantiness of flesh; and much of its danger comes from its presence in such more vital parts. The treatment of the carbuncle should be in every respect like that of the boil; at any rate, "before the doctor comes," when on his arrival he may score it with a deep crucial incision, or leave it untouched, according to whether he belongs to the "carbuncle cutters or *non*-cutters," into which each school of surgery is now divided. A nourishing diet, however, and frequent poulticing are the only remedies to be employed by unprofessional persons.

The whitlow, or felon, is another common human affliction, of great torment, but comparatively little danger. Its more common form is the superficial fester of the finger about the nail or the pulpy extremity. The matter having been let out, poultices should be applied so long as any inflammation remains, when a little spermaceti ointment, spread upon a bit of old linen, may be put on.

The deep felon is a more serious affair, and generally requires, for proper treatment, the skill of a doctor. Before he arrives nothing is to be done beyond dipping the finger frequently into hot water, and applying a succession of poultices. It is often necessary to make a free cut down to the bone to let out the deeply seated matter, and prevent it from destroying all the tissues, soft and solid, of the part.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from September 2 to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern, accompanied with Illustration, of the favorite Marguerite Polonaise, for Ladies, graded to fit any figure, from 30 to 46 inches Bust Measure, will be published with our Next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns see Advertisement on page 575. Dealers supplied on the usual terms.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain Patterns and Illustrations of Ladies' Fall, Walking, and House Dresses, Wrappers, Over-Skirts, Sacques, Dressing Sacques, Chemises, Night-Gowns, Crinoline and Muslin Petticoats, Girls' and Boys' Suits, Wall Tidies, Paper Baskets, Point Lace Collars, Tatted, Crochet, and Netted Guipure Edgings, Insertions, Rosettes, etc., etc.*

REGIMEN OF TRAVEL.

PEOPLE who are more or less sick travel in search of health, and it is believed that they not infrequently succeed in their object. It is, however, not often found where they look for it. They can not catch it on the wing, as they suppose, in the foreign air, in the brisk mountain breeze of the Alps or the gentle zephyrs of Nice and Pau, draw it up from the wells of Ems and Vichy, or reach it by traversing oceans, and journeying to the most distant parts of the globe.

Climates, however various, and medicinal waters, be they what they may, have far less influence upon the health than is generally supposed. The efficacy of these is more or less adventitious. It is true that many an ailing person has seemed to breathe in with a foreign breeze and absorb from distant waters a vigor which native airs and springs were incapable of bestowing. The effect, however, is not easily traceable to any difference in the constituents of either. It is, in most cases, to be attributed to a change in the patient himself. He is a very different man abroad from what he is at home. His habits are necessarily changed. By the certain distractions of travel and its indispensable movements he is forced to a diversion of mind and an activity of body which his ordinary life of anxiety and sedentary labor forbids. This alone is motive enough to send those who can afford the expense from one end of the world to another; but they who are less fortunate in the possession of the means of travel may be consoled to know that by a due submission to the laws of health at home there is no necessity for undergoing the costly penalty of transportation abroad.

Travel, and we refer just now more especially to foreign travel, has its dangers as well as its benefits. Inexperienced travelers often commit mistakes which make them worse if they happen to be ill, and sick should they start on their journey in the full possession of health. One of the most common errors of such is, from want of knowledge, to disregard the diversity of character in the same seasons of different countries. They ought to be made aware of, and provide accordingly for the fact, that a midsummer in temperate Europe is by no means the same as one in the United States and Canada. Warm clothing, with its various textures of wool, shawls, cloaks, overcoats, jackets, muffs, collars of fur, and the several articles of clothing which are safely cast off in June, July, and August in the United States, are indispensable articles of wear in Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Northern Italy on many days and most nights of those months. The natives generally of those countries seldom abandon entirely their woolen suits, even during the summer solstice. They content themselves with temporarily throwing off their warmer overcoats and mantles, and wearing dresses, though always of wool, of somewhat lighter texture. A full suit of linen or cotton is seldom safe, or even comfortable, during any usual season in Europe. In the Highlands of Scotland, as among the mountains of Switzerland, travelers are glad, even after the hottest days of those regions, to meet with the warm welcome at night of a glowing fire in their bedrooms.

The moisture, moreover, of the climate of temperate Europe is so much greater than is found in most parts of the United States that it can not be safely unheeded. About the first need a traveler is reminded of on arriving in England, and, in fact, in France and Germany, is an umbrella, if he does not happen to have one; and this remains during his whole tour in Europe an article of almost daily and indispensable use. Not that it rains always in those countries; but no one can calculate with any certainty upon its not doing so on any fixed day. To guard against the effects of cold and moisture there are no better means than warm clothing; and experience advises a liberal use of woolen by the traveler during every season in temperate Europe. Colds and rheumatisms and more fatal ailments are the frequent results of the flimsiness of apparel which our migratory countrymen and countrywomen persist in retaining as the symbol of an American summer, however they may suffer from the reality of a European one.

Although we do not commend the Englishman for insisting upon Worcestershire sauce with every chop he takes in the shade of the Pyramids of Egypt, or the American who grumbles if he has not buckwheat cakes for his breakfast at the Grand Hôtel, we think that it is by no means well to change entirely and suddenly previous national habits of living. The traveler should not adopt without discrimination foreign modes of diet and regimen. It is not a sufficient reason for bolting *sauerkraut* by the plateful, and washing it down by scores of tall glasses of beer, merely because it is the custom of the country. It may be, and we have reason to believe that it is, a very bad custom, which, however, long practice has perhaps rendered less harmless to the natives of Germany than it certainly would be to an American novice. So, again, the free indulgence in wine in France is not necessarily proved to be beneficial to health and morals because every man and woman of that country drink their daily bottle of it. This is a custom, in its excess at least, which we believe the American traveler had better eschew, together with all other practices of foreign nations which can be avoided without offense, and are evidently unfavorable to the temperance and prudence essential to a judicious regimen of travel.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Fairy-Land.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,—Sitting in a car and looking out at the swiftly changing landscape, modulating like a symphony into constantly more beautiful and surprising strains, how often to our dreaming, musing eyes it loses the familiar aspect and becomes the scenery of fairy-land! Those softly rounded distant hills, so far away that they seem but a delicate mist meandering along the horizon, are they the rosy walls of a realm aerial? What loveliness and repose lie beyond them! What a perfect summer, unvexed by fierce heats or sudden chills! Are they the heights upon which Moses stood, and saw that

> "There everlasting spring abides,
> And never-fading flowers?"

And the nearer groves, the rich, peaceful meadows, the clear, still streams—are they not Claude's pictures? And where are the shepherds and nymphs, the pastoral society of that tranquil world, whose life is a dance under those drooping trees, and who pipe their innocent and happy loves loitering by the placid rills?

You do not need to have a fairy tale in your hand, nor to have read one last evening to the children, in order to see that you are traveling through fairy-land. The scene is inaccessible as that. There is a group of children sporting with a dog, there is a party playing croquet upon the lawn, there is a farmer plowing, there is a pasture with cattle—cliffs, woods, hills; but they are all pictures upon the air; they dissolve while you gaze, and you could as easily step into the palace of the Sleeping Princess as into yonder field. Every thing is familiar. They are all the most commonplace objects. But as you roll swiftly by they are enchanted. They are old friends in a new world. They are changelings for the better. As I see the plowman far away, but can not hear the creak of the yoke, nor the haw-gee of the driver, it is as strange and fairy-like, although most familiar, as the tracery upon Keats's Grecian urn. I say in my mind to the fairy plowman, as the poet says to the priest upon the urn,

> "To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
> Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies?"

It is going to fairy-land cheaply: but why should I be more surprised that the visionary realm of poetic repose arises from these most commonplace forms than that the delicate and fragrant flowers in the garden should spring from the refuse and manure which are placed there? It is only part of the perpetual magic. Here comes my old friend. What has changed him? He went away a boor, and he returns a cavalier. It is the same man—but surely he is different. Or do you know what a charm a mustache is? It may change a man as if a fairy godmother had waved her wand over him. When I came to Munich, upon the grand tour, it was with Alonzo and Frederick. Of all mustaches that of Alonzo was the most striking. What a firm, manly front it gave him! But at Munich he shaved. And in shaving off his mustache he shaved away his manliness. He went into his chamber bearded and vigorous. He came out a weakling. It was a kind of miracle; but the key was the hair over his mouth which had concealed the fatal weakness of that feature. Nothing else was changed, but Alonzo was another man. He was suddenly a stranger; for that mouth affected our judgment of every thing he said. What had seemed humorous had become weak.

A little touch of the same universal, inexplicable magic had transformed into fairy-land the landscape that I saw from the train. And it was but natural that, seeing that pleasant region without the car, I should turn to see if I could discover its denizens within. And I thought that I did. I am sure that I saw Beauty, and I am, at least, tolerably certain that I saw Beast. Indeed, I meet him rather too often upon my little excursions. But you shall be the judge—I mean, of the Beast, for I consider myself fully capable of deciding upon the other. She, at least, I am sure of, as I said. She sat, simply and prettily clad, smiling and graceful, sometimes reading a book, sometimes talking with a friend; and it was from accurate observation of her and her companions in all times and countries that Perrault, Countess d'Aulnoy, Laboulaye, and the other fairy historians have drawn their Graciosas and the rest of the fairy princesses.

Beside her sat Beast. He was dressed like the rest of us men in the car, only more finely. His clothes were all cut in the fashion, and he was decorated with gold and precious stones. But his face was heavy and gross, and his manners were surly. If Beauty spoke to him, he made a kind of careless grunt and went on reading his paper. If she smilingly persisted, he answered with peevish impatience, and shook his shoulders petulantly. He gradually seemed to me a great, hulking, crabbed, coarse brute. Except for fear of paining her by more plainly exposing him, I should certainly have taken advantage of my age to call him to account. For have not all travelers a profound interest in the Princess Beauty who deigns to travel with them? and is not an insult to her to be suppressed and punished like treason and rebellion? What right, I asked myself, has this big and bejeweled fellow to treat that lovely lady in this insolent and brutal way? Why may we not all insist that at least he shall behave politely to her in our presence?

And why, I continued, in my inaudible catechism, why do you, little Beauty, care for this Beast? What can possibly fascinate you in this dull figure? I watched her as I asked, and I saw her unfailing patience with him and her gentle courtesy. I saw the smiles which shone from her heavenly eyes into his cloddish face, and I turned for consolation to look at the fairy-land out of the window. There was some spell in the prospect which opened my mind to the answer to my own question. The better Ba[illegible]helor in me whispered to the thoughtless o[illegible] "[illegible]s who had so impatiently questioned the pr[illegible]incess. For I remembered that it was not the [illegible]hairy brute, but the handsome young prince [illegible] who was enchanted into that form whom Bea[illegible]uty loved; and I reflected that it was n[illegible]ence [illegible]t the unmannerly and coarse figure beside her. Er, but the grace and manly gentleness hidden u[illegible]nder it, that this fairy princess loved. And s[illegible] I came to pity the poor enchanted prince w[illegible]o was obliged to appear in this gross form co[illegible]ered with fashionable clothes and jewelry. It was no longer wonderful to me that she was so tender and gracious, for I knew that she pitied him for the horrible spell under which he lay, and from which she knew nothing but her love could deliver him. How often have we not seen Titania caressing the ass's ears of her beloved Bottom? But is it not a hundredfold more pathetic than comical? For my part, I am always reproved when I smile at that spectacle, for I know that Titania sees in that grotesque form what is manly and noble, which we can not.

So I found that I not only saw fairy-land that morning, but that I was in it. And of this I was the more convinced when I presently stepped out at a station where there were five minutes allowed for refreshments. I was really hungry, and there was a great crowd, and a very small space, and very little time and food. I was unfortunate in getting any thing to eat, but there was a great deal to see. Had I been so presumptuous as to doubt whether fairy-land were only to be seen, like a fading vision, from the window? I was again undeceived, for here were the companions of Ulysses after Circe's wand had touched them. They were crowding and pushing and, I think, grunting. I saw their paws in the dishes. I saw their chaps running with butter and gravy—in a word, with grease. I heard a roar as of a hundred feeding like one. The struggle was terrific, and I looked about for the enchantress, upon whose face I could fancy the smile of superb scorn with which she would say, "My only enchantment is to reveal them as they are!"

Just then I spied in a corner of the saloon a young woman upon one of the sofas, very poorly dressed, and looking dejectedly at the hopeless feast. Drawing near to her, I said that there seemed to be little chance for us in so short a time; and she turned upon me a face so rosy and lovely, and answered in a voice so sweet and low, and acknowledged my presence with a manner so simple and superior, that I was amazed, I begged to be allowed to get her something to eat. But she smiled as she shook her head, and answered no, because the bell would ring in a moment, and then we should have to go. She added, demurely, "I always have to go when the bell rings."

"What do you mean, my dear young lady?" I asked.

"Only that I live in the kitchen."

I gazed, astonished. "In the kitchen!"

Just then the bell did ring, and the gobbling, Circean crowd bustled back to the train. My young rosy-faced companion rose too, and hurried out.

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "In the kitchen? What do you mean? What's your name?"

She was just disappearing, and we were all in great confusion. But I felt at once who it must be, and I called out, "Cinderella?"

I could not exactly hear what she answered, if she did answer; but I saw the movement of her head, and it seemed to me to nod affirmatively. If any body is disposed to prove to me that I have not talked with Cinderella, he will have his labor for his pains. And now I remember that her shoes made a good deal of noise as she arose and moved away. Of course they did, because they were probably glass, which is conclusive proof that it was Cinderella.

Is it strange, then, that we can see fairy-land from the car window if we are living in it all the time? And this will explain to you, dear Eugenia, what you asked me the other day when I met you in the Ramble at the Central Park, and you suddenly said, "Is there any such person as Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle?" I answer by asking, Pray, is there no such person as the Fair One with Golden Locks, or Fortunatus, or Guinevere, or Ali Baba, or the Yellow Dwarf, or Zobeide? Pray, my dear madame, is there no such person as Desdemona, or Una, or Geneviève, or Evangeline, or Marianna in the Moated Grange? Is there no such person as Semiramis, or Isabella, or Elizabeth, or Anne Boleyn, or Lady Russell, or Moll Pitcher, or Florence Nightingale, or Maria Mitchell? Really I am astonished at such skepticism. You never asked that question about any of the women I have named; and that you asked it of Mrs. Margery only shows how poor a painter I am. I know it, dear lady, but too well; and I am

Your humble friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

NEW PLAIDS.

AMONG fall importations the plaids show novelties both in combinations of color and in fabrics. The tartans all re-appear, each hue and bar being accurate copies of the design originally adopted by each clan; but many handsome fancy plaids are brought out in quiet colors, with a view to meeting the prevailing taste for sober tints. A ground of deepest brown, gray, violet, sailor blue, or black distinguishes the new plaids. The irregular blocks and lines are of lighter shades of the foundation color, and light cross-bars of a bright contrasting hue relieve the sombreness of the whole. A walnut brown plaid, for instance, has three or four brown shadings, brightened by narrow bars of orange-color, crossing each other at wide intervals; plaids of dark gray shadings, like frescoes, are interlined with bright Mexico blue; a third, of rich violet tones, has pale écru bars; black lines traverse sailor blue plaids, while black and white combinations are warmed by scarlet or orange tracery. These are the newest, and promise to be "stylish;" but there are also the favorite green and crimson plaids, so comfortable-looking for children and young girls in mid-winter.

French importations furnish this year some new wool plaids. First is the plaid *sablé*, or sanded, a light all-wool fabric, that appears as if sprinkled with sand of many colors. Small irregular plaids of black and white with yellow, black with green, or scarlet with white, are admired in this stuff for children's wear. Plaid *matelassé*, woven to give the appearance of being quilted, is an all-wool double-width fabric, exceedingly rich and warm looking. Some of the handsomest fancy plaids are shown in this goods. Basket-woven plaid is similar to this, but the threads are intertwined in smaller clusters, forming pin-head checks and diamonds. *Satiné* plaid, an all-wool fabric with smooth, lustrous face like satin, represents all the clan tartans. Epingelines are heavy wool reps, with occasional silk bars. The mosaic plaids, woven in tiniest blocks, giving mosaic effects, are of lighter quality than the other wool fabrics. In these blue and deep violet lines intersect. Bold purple has lines of black and white; green, well shaded, has orange bars; and there is much black and white with buff.

FRENCH CASHMERE, ETC.

Cashmere will continue to be a favorite wool fabric for costumes. Experienced merchants are importing very dark cloth-colored cashmeres, three pieces of these to one of bright hues being the proportion shown in order-books. Prune or plum color will prevail, then myrtle green, walnut brown, London smoke, and sailor blue. The finest quality of cashmere is called Thibet cloth, measures forty-eight inches in width, and costs $3 50 a yard. Lighter qualities of cashmere in the choice shades just mentioned, and in many others besides, are $2 50 a yard, double fold. Striped cashmeres, intended for morning dresses solely, have black or olive grounds with gay Oriental stripe. These are preferred to pattern robes of cashmere that require much contriving to arrange in approved shape.

French satines are much better goods than the sleazy satines of last year, that soon lacked lustre and became flimsy. They have substantial body of wool so closely twilled on the surface as to produce fine lustre that promises to be permanent. Golden brown and navy blue are well brought out in this fabric, but choicest among the dark shades are the grave London smoke. Russian gray and a deep green, that the French call *gorge-de-pigeon*, the pigeon's neck in hue. Twenty-seven inches wide, it costs $1 25 a yard.

French merino is twilled on each side, while cashmere has only the outside twilled, with plain surface on the wrong side. All the old shades are seen in this familiar fabric, from palest rose, blue, and salmon for babies' sacques to the dark quiet colors of fashionable costumes.

Lyons poplins closely imitate the richest Irish poplins, and display a wide range of colors—among them eight shades of brown, six of wine-color, four grays, and numberless blues and greens.

The prettiest French calicoes have brown, maroon, or black grounds strewn with small hexagonal figures in the bright Roman colors. The usual cashmere stripes and palm leaves are also shown.

This catalogue of goods will show that the French still bear the palm for producing exquisite colors and soft, fine fabrics. The effect of the war is felt, however, in the increased price of all woolen goods made in France. These are 25 per cent. higher than last year's importations, and many show an advance of 33⅓ per cent.

ENGLISH FABRICS.

In plain goods are many English lustres, ranging in price from 50 cents to $1 a yard. Among these are silk warp Balermo poplins of light quality and very lustrous; mélange lustres in dark shades, slightly chiné, for 55 cents a yard; a new and pretty white and black crape cloth at 75 cents; cheap tartan lustres for 25 or 30 cents; Victoria poplin, black with hair stripes of color, similar to the cheap grenadine worn in the summer; black alpaca, with white stripes, suitable for half-mourning; and Japanese silks of every variety of plaid, stripe, and self-color. English satines are not nearly so good in quality or color as the French satines.

The calicoes are most satisfactory of all English goods. These prints, so well known for service, are no longer confined to double purples and browns dashed with white in "lightning-struck" patterns, but are shown in dainty colors and designs that will make charming morning dresses for household fairies. For brunettes there are black grounds with involved lines of clear buff, or bright cherry, while blondes select brown grounds with leafy stripes of blue or apple green. Two shades of brown are prettily combined, violet grounds have white tracery, a sailor blue ground has an effective marbled pattern in lighter blue, while white and black for mourning is in diagonal stripes like serge. These are near a yard wide, and worth 30 cents a yard.

CICILIAN CLOTH.

Cicilian cloth is a new black fabric. It is a lustrous mohair, a sort of basket-woven alpaca, but far softer than ordinary alpaca, and capable of being draped as gracefully as cashmere. It is a pure, full, deep black, a yard wide, without a centre fold, and costs from 65 cents upward.

WIDOW'S SILK.

Radzimir silk, or widow's silk, to be worn when bombazine and crape are being left off, is a lustreless silk of deepest black. It is as heavy as ottoman silk, but instead of being repped it has a smooth surface produced by an almost invisible twill. The price is $4 50 a yard. Black satin duchesse, fit for a dowager, is a thick-corded silk on one side, with the upper surface finished with satin gloss.

FALL SHAWLS.

Shawls of domestic manufacture are attractive this year, not alone by reason of their improved coloring, but because they cost only half as much as imported shawls very little superior to them. Square shawls folded double and worn in scarf fashion will prevail during the first cool months, long shawls for traveling and carriage in winter. The designs are not new, consisting of shaded stripes and plaids. Roman stripes, alternating with others of black, brown, or white, are bright and pretty for cool mornings. In soft wool these cost $6 for ample squares. Gay Scotch plaid squares are $4 50, if of American manufacture; from $6 upward if imported. The Leonora shawl—a good warm plaid, basket-woven, is $6. The Jacquard shawl, of soft white wool, with twill effects in color, is $6. Still handsomer are the ottoman repped shawls in reversible stripes of bright Roman colors, or in gray shaded stripes for old ladies and for traveling shawls. English repped shawls, called Anglo-Indian, have lovely stripes of warm Oriental hues. Many of the American plaids prove to be of most serviceable colors, not rubbing off or fading as German shawls do.

CLOTH AND CASHMERE WRAPS.

Fall wraps begin to arrive. Buyers say that prune-color and the deepest green cashmeres will rival the long-time favorite black this season, and dark gray and brown will be the popular colors for cloth garments. Cashmeres are almost covered by elaborate cording in braiding patterns, imitating Gothic designs of arches, high slender points and groups of line-like clustered columns—in fact, an architectural trimming! The round cord is far more effective than any flat braiding, and resembles rich passementerie when wrought in close patterns. Guipure lace and rich fringes edge such garments. Cloth wraps have velvet bands of a darker color than the cloth, much cording, and fringe. The barathea cloth, crinkled like crape and of the same fabric as cashmere, will also be popular for wraps.

HOUSE JACKETS.

Sleeveless Zouave jackets of rich dark colors—scarlet and black—are trimmed with intricate cordings of gilt, or jardinière embroidery in bright colors. These are for afternoon wear in the house.

VELVETS.

The first velvet wraps, to be donned early in the season, are jaunty jackets so closely fitted as to be basques, almost covered with cording, like the cashmeres above described. Guipure lace will be in vogue even more than last year; rich netted fringes and Gothic passementeries, with or without a little jet, are the trimmings.

The new velvet polonaises are simply elegant, and some will cost as high as $500 on account of their fine lace and cording or embroidery. Some of these have the Louis XIV. vest, with a long skirt hanging straight, without drapery, a Watteau box-pleat behind holding the fullness.

Other velvet cloaks are short circulars, the upper part richly embroidered, and the lower trimmed with two rows of pointed guipure lace.

OPERA CLOAKS.

An opera cloak of soft white cloth in raised diamond figures is circular, trimmed with two broad bands of blue velvet richly wrought with white floss. The hood is of blue velvet, and a rich blue and white fringe of tassels borders this lovely wrap. A second, still handsomer, is of white barathea, with Gothic cording of pale blue covering half its depth.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. JOHN SLIDELL, who has recently deceased in France, where he has resided since he departed, in company with Mr. MASON, from Fort Warren, became weary of life in Paris, rich as he was, and notwithstanding the distinguished circle in which he mingled. He had an ardent desire to lay his bones in America among his kindred. He was a suave, long-headed, cool-headed, persistent man, and though not known as a frequent or forcible speaker when in the Senate, was an adroit manager, and exercised great power with his political associates. He, more than any other man, influenced LOUIS NAPOLEON as against the United States during the rebellion.

—A gentleman who recently heard in London the celebrated Father IGNATIUS, (an Episcopal ritualist, whose remedy for the evils of the English Church is the re-establishment of the monastic orders), states that during the service Father IGNATIUS read a passage from St. PAUL with a clearness and emphasis one rarely hears. He led the singing himself. His sermon was on the sacrifice of the mass, and was an earnest, impassioned appeal, as personal as any revival preaching, and lightened by apt illustration, ready adaptation of argument, keen wit, and wide-stretching sympathy and fervor that had something magnetic in it. He reminds one of our Southern preachers in manner and matter. He wears the black dress of a Benedictine monk, is tall and spare, with sharp features, keen eyes, a voice of great flexibility and compass, and delicate, sensitive hands. Altogether a noteworthy man.

—Mr. NAPIER, the new colored cadet, has been dubbed "Lord Napier" by his fellow-cadets. He is a more amiable cadet than SMITH, and is much better liked by the pale faces at the Point: yet, beyond the requirements of the absolute rules of the Academy, there is no intercourse whatever between the two tints, and it is not only taken for granted by officers of the army, but by cadets, that it will be many years before there can be any social equality or cordiality in the army between the two races.

—After a contest in the courts, Mrs. HENRY A. WISE, Jun., has just received the full amount of the insurance, with interest and costs, on the life of her late husband, Rev. HENRY A. WISE, Jun., of Baltimore. The amount was about $23,000.

—Mrs. KALBFUS, of Baltimore, devised $125,000—about three-quarters of her entire estate—to the Humane Impartial Society and the Aged Woman's Home of that city.

—The Marquis of Lorne, on arriving in Montreal, some four weeks hence, will unveil the statue of Queen VICTORIA in that city.

—Prince ARTHUR is said to be the only male member of the royal family who is studious and really well grounded in his profession. He is more popular than his brother the Duke of Edinburgh, who is hard and close in money matters, or than the Prince of Wales, who never reads a book, knows nothing of pictures, has no taste for any thing literary or scientific, but who shoots a good deal, hunts a little, dines to any extent, smokes the largest cigars obtainable, and goes to the theatre whenever there is a new play. That is about the routine of his life.

—Governor PERHAM, of Maine, has for a son a lad of few years, but of expanded and practical ideas, especially on the subject of finance. A few days ago, while the Governor was transacting business with a State official, this young gentleman entered the presence, approached the "governor," and loudly asked him for some money. The Governor being busily engaged, and wishing to silence his boisterous demands, said to him, "My son, be quiet; I have no money." The little fellow placed himself in a theatrical attitude, with one foot advanced and arms akimbo, and, looking his father in the face, said, "Well, this is a pretty how-d'ye-do; Governor of Maine, and *no money!*" After which he commenced whistling, and left the room in apparent disgust and astonishment at the impecuniosity of a Governor.

—"ANNA DICKINSON" (we quote from a rough Chicago writer) "made $19,000 last winter flirting tears with jeweled hands into the front seats of the audiences she addressed in behalf of the downtrodden and destitute of her sex."

—The new prima-donna, who is just now sojourning at Saratoga—Madame LICHTMAY—has for a husband Baron VON DE GERAY, a gentleman of splendid physique, superior attainments, genial manners and address, and who is a major in the Hungarian Hussars.

—Mr. DANIEL DREW, who has endowed a college in New Jersey, is not only a devout and plucky Methodist, but believes in speculation and special providences: "Why," said he, "when I subscribed $10,000 for the church I had no idea where the money was coming from; but Providence was with me. I went down to Wall Street, got in with some of those smart fellows, and in less than six months I had skinned them out of $10,000 as slick as a whistle."

—Mr. SPURGEON has printed 1000 different sermons delivered by himself, 20,000,000 copies of which have been distributed in the English language alone. Some of them have been translated into most of the languages of Christendom. He recently told his congregation that each pulpit effort cost him at least forty-eight hours' pain.

—Ex-Senator YATES, of Illinois, has accepted an offer from the Literary Bureau of ten thousand dollars for fifty lectures, to be delivered next season.

—Mr. J. LOTHROP MOTLEY will return to this country some time during the present month, accompanied by Mrs. MOTLEY and his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

—BJORNSON, the novelist of Norway, was, at the outset of his literary career, obliged to publish most of his works at his own expense. He is now quite well off, receiving about $5000 a year from his copyrights, besides a comfortable salary as pastor of a village church near Drontheim.

—TIMOTHY TRIMM, formerly editor of the *Petit Journal*, a paper that once had a daily sale of 600,000 copies in Paris, recently died in that city. He was known as one of the liveliest small-talkers in Paris, and was reputed to have more acquaintance with all kinds of gossip than any man in France.

—General SHERMAN, in passing through Binghamton the other day, was, as usual, greeted by a large crowd. He stood upon a chair, and, after receiving three cheers, said "he was satisfied if the crowd was." And then he left for Scranton.

—The Princess MARY of Holland, who has just been married to the Prince of Wied, is five years older than her husband, she being thirty; but, as an offset, she brings him plenty of money, and is heiress to one of the largest fortunes in Europe. She was much courted by indigent princes, but would none of them, until one day, traveling, she met the Prince of Wied at a lunch, and then—she was gone. Clear case, at first sight. She is an excellent musician and an excellent cook. Made her own wedding-cake.

—The new Russian consul-general for this city, Mr. WALDEMAR DE BODISCO is a nephew of the late Baron DE BODISCO, formerly Russian minister. He was educated first at Georgetown, and afterward in Europe. For some years he has been first secretary of legation. His sister is the wife of BROOKE WILLIAMS, Esq., a large capitalist and banker, of Washington, the brother-in-law of the late Baron DE BODISCO, who married a Miss WILLIAMS about thirty years ago. The baroness is now the wife of Captain SCOTT, of the British army. The New York consulship is important, lucrative, and honorable, and its bestowal in this instance is an evidence of respect for the memory and gratitude for the labors of a very faithful and able servant.

—The WARD family, of Kentucky, is a family that, more than any other family enjoying the honor of that name, is frequently mentioned in the papers. Mrs. HUNT, known to society twenty years ago as SALLIE WARD, and afterward as Mrs. LAWRENCE, of Boston, invokes the law against one NEWCOMB to the extent of $300,000 for having been guilty of tergiversation in promising to lead her to the hymeneal altar and then respectfully declining. After her unfortunate marriage to Mr. LAWRENCE, and separation, she returned to Louisville and resumed her place in society there; but soon afterward her brother MATT murdered in cold blood a school-teacher named BUTLER, of which crime he was acquitted after a long and exciting trial, in which JOHN J. CRITTENDEN and other eminent Southern lawyers joined earnestly for his defense. From that time the misfortunes of the family rapidly culminated. The father and two or three brothers died, MATT was killed in a drunken brawl in Texas, the little property left was squandered, and the remaining daughters, notwithstanding their rare personal attractions, passed into the "sear and yellow leaf" unwedded and unsought. SALLIE, however, had the good or bad luck to marry again, her second husband being a Dr. HUNT, who drank to excess, and died suddenly not long after the marriage. Now she brings this suit against Mr. NEWCOMB, claiming damages to the amount of $300,000, sufficient to put the family on a very comfortable footing again—if she gets it.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. APPLETON, senior of the publishing house of D. APPLETON & Co., has ordered from one of the best painters of England a portrait of HERBERT SPENCER, which he proposes to give to the Century Club.

—Mr. GLADSTONE is not merely the notablest man in the public affairs of England, but he enjoys a distinction that is quite as great, in London at least—that of wearing the most shocking hat of any in Britain—a white hat too, and one, moreover, as shocking to the cultivated mind as the celebrated milk-white chapeau of Mr. GREELEY.

—The Empress EUGÉNIE assures people—positively—that from the bottom of her heart she "always loved the Emperor, but that it has increased daily, now that she sees him so calmly and resignedly accept every thing, even to the most infamous calumnies."

—Mrs. S. COLT, believing literature to be a suitable employment for the female mind, has nearly finished for publication a guide-book that will avoid the dry, arithmetical style common in such publications, and will be at the same time both accurate and funny—as good as a novel.

—Mr. J. W. DAVIDSON, author of "Living Writers of the South," is preparing a "Dictionary of Living and Dead Writers of the South."

—SHIRLEY BROOKS is now the managing editor of the London *Punch*.

—Secretary SEWARD and his traveling companions have so much recovered from the fatigue of Oriental journeying that they have concluded to pass the autumn and winter in rambling over Europe.

—Captain F. P. HILL, the first conductor who ever ran a train over the New Jersey Central Railroad, has so faithfully discharged his duty as to be pensioned at $1000 per annum, and relieved from all further work.

—Mrs. C. D. MOULTON, doubtless the finest musical amateur we have in the United States, is about to become a professional, Mr. MAX STRAKOSCH having engaged her for a series of concerts.

—The will of the late CHARLES HOSMER gives $25,000 to the Hartford Theological Institute, to be used in aid of poor young divinity students; $5000 to the Hartford Hospital; $2500 each to the American Tract Society and Board of Foreign Missions; and $2000 to local charities in Hartford.

—The Rev. Dr. LITTLEDALE, a ritualist of the most advanced type, is coming over from England to give a fresh start to the drooping spirits of that little branch of the Church. He will take a run through the Union, and after stirring up the faithful, will concentrate his energies upon Boston, and open the eyes of that people to the inutility of the Boston religion.

—Certain malicious Frenchmen having said that GAMBETTA had made a fortune by the war, a *Tribune* correspondent was sent to ferret out the truth. GAMBETTA refused to be interviewed. The correspondent found him living in a thin, cheap-looking way, in an apartment on the second floor of a dingy old house. A boy, half cook, half valet, took the card, and ushered the representative of public opinion into the dining-room, where he was received by GAMBETTA. And they talked; but not about the fortune. There were a few portraits in the room; one of MIRABEAU, whom GAMBETTA is said to resemble. He (GAMBETTA, not MIRABEAU) wore a black alpaca coat and vest and dark pantaloons. Couldn't have been dressed more simply.

—The Emperor of Brazil has determined upon the entire abolition of slavery in that country, and while at Rome will sign the decree ordering it to be carried into effect.

—JOHN TAYLOR & SONS, of England, having in their service fifty-six thousand men, are accordingly pronounced to be the greatest mining firm in the world.

—Lady MACDONALD, while in Washington during the stay of the High Commission, heard much said as to the probabilities of Secretary ROBESON's success in regard to Mrs. AULIFF. A number of persons were discussing the subject at a party, and Lady MACDONALD said she thought it would be a great pity for so brilliant a woman, one so calculated to adorn society, and particularly Washington society, to marry Mr. ROBESON, for in a short time, as things were in this country, he would merely be a New Jersey lawyer. Mrs. FRELINGHUYSEN, who heard the remark, said, "I assure you, Lady MACDONALD, there are worse positions in life than being a New Jersey lawyer."

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Watch-Case, Figs. 1–3.

THIS watch-case is easily made, and has a pretty effect. First cut the back of card-board from Fig. 59, Supplement, and cover one side of the card-board with black velvet. For the front of the case cut a piece of black satin eight inches long and five inches and three-quarters wide, turn down one side of the material on the wrong side two inches wide, and sew two strips of double card-board in the double layer of material thus formed—one strip at the upper edge, and one at a distance of four-fifths of an inch from the upper edge; each strip of card-board must be five inches and three-quarters long and a quarter of an inch wide, and, in sewing the strips in the material, the latter must be gathered to suit the length of the card-board strips. The under edge of the satin is gathered closely, and then fastened to the point of the back. The trimming for the front consists of three diamond-shaped pieces of card-board an inch and a half in size, which are covered with black velvet; on these pieces stretch fine silk soutache and saddler's silk of various bright colors, imitating Scotch plaid. Braid the soutache and saddler's silk together as shown by illustrations Figs. 2 and 3. The points of the diamonds thus ornamented are set together as shown by Fig. 1, and then sewed on the front of the case, at the same time sewing in small tassels of colored saddler's silk. A larger diamond, arranged in a similar manner, ornaments the back of the case, as shown by the illustration. Below this diamond sew a hook covered with black silk, for the watch; at the upper point set a ring, covered with silk of various colors, to hang up the case. Cover the under side of the back also with velvet, which is glued on with gum-arabic. Fasten a ring, covered with black silk and white soutache, to the under point of the watch-case; colored silk tassels are set in the soutache windings.

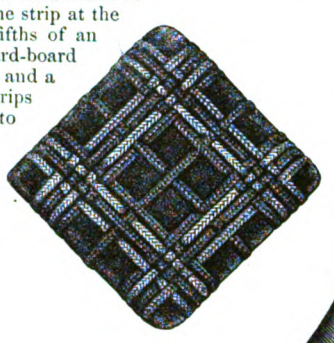

Fig. 2.—SQUARE FOR WATCH-CASE.

Fig. 1.—WATCH-CASE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 59.

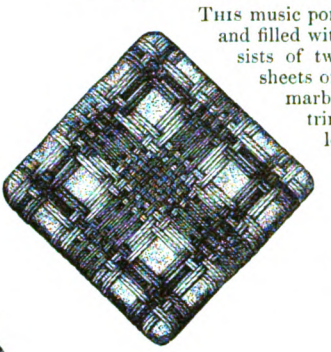

Fig. 3.—SQUARE FOR WATCH-CASE.

Carriage Leather Music Port-Folio, Figs. 1–4.

THIS music port-folio is designed to be laid on the piano, and filled with such music as is in daily use. It consists of two pockets for holding large and small sheets of music, and is made of card-board, brown marbled carriage leather, and brown silk, trimmed with flowers and leaves of carriage leather. To make the port-folio cut two pieces of card-board of the requisite size; the port-folio is best arranged so that it will hold two sheets of music lying lengthwise next each other. Cover one side of the pieces of card-board with carriage leather, and the other side with brown silk, overseaming the material together over the card-board; then bind the outer edge of each part of the port-folio with brown silk ribbon. Cut in a similar manner a smaller piece of card-board, carriage leather, and silk for the upper pocket, as shown by the illustration, join the three pieces of the port-folio, observing the illustration, by means of soufflets, and join the back lengthwise sides by means of a back composed of a double piece of brown silk and muslin interlining. The soufflets are also made of a piece of double brown silk and muslin interlining; the back crosswise edge of each piece is laid in three pleats that come on each other. The port-folio is ornamented with flowers, buds, and leaves cut separately of carriage leather from the patterns partly given. Each flower requires five leaves cut from Fig. 57, Supplement; each piece is folded on the under side, at the upper rounded edge, along the dotted line on Fig. 57, pleating the folded edge slightly and basting it down; the edge of the material at both sides is also folded down along the dotted lines given. Next lay two pleats at the under edge of each piece, bringing × on ●; these pleats are opened out sharply, so that the leaf is rounded. The seam made by joining every five leaves for a flower is covered by a button of the material, as shown by Fig. 4. For each bud cut the outside of the linen part with red silk, and in working each stitch fasten in the braid binding on the outer edge of the bottom. To close the dressing-case run two pieces of red cord through the eyelet-holes at the upper edge in opposite directions.

Dressing-Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS dressing-case, which is designed to hold toilette articles, such as brushes, combs, crimping-pins, hair-pins, etc., is especially adapted for traveling, as it can be easily packed into a trunk. Cut, first, a circular piece of gray linen twenty-one inches in diameter, on the latter sew pieces of red worsted braid five inches long each, as shown by the illustration, Fig. 1; these pieces must be two inches and three-quarters apart at the outer edge of the material, toward the middle of the latter, however, they are only an inch and a quarter apart; in the middle of the intervals thus formed work a row of herring-bone stitches with red split zephyr worsted, then sew on a piece of similar braid in the shape of a circle, covering the seam made by sewing on the short pieces of braid. Bind the outer edge of the material with wider braid. Make eyelet-holes at a distance of four-fifths of an inch from the outer edge on both sides of each row of herring-bone stitches; work the eyelet-holes with gray thread, and ornament the outer edge of the material with a row of points of gray thread, for which crochet alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) and one point on the worsted braid; the point consists of 5 chain stitches and 1 slip stitch on the third, 1 single crochet on the second, and 1 dc. on the first chain stitch. Cut for the dressing-case itself, which at the same time forms the bottom of the linen part, a circular piece of card-board ten inches and a half in diameter, and cover the upper side with oiled silk and the under side with muslin lining; then arrange various bands and pockets of oiled silk, which must previously be bound with red worsted braid, on the upper side of this part of the dressing-case, as shown by Fig. 2, and bind the latter with similar braid. Furnish the dressing-case with elastic cord loops to correspond to the buttons of the pockets; to do this run the ends of each piece of cord through the card-board, and sew them together on the under side. The bottom thus far completed is now fastened inside of the gray linen part in the following manner: Work a row of button-hole stitches on a circular piece two inches and a half in diameter, pleat the outer edge together closely, and wind a small piece of double carriage leather around it as shown by Fig. 2. For each of the leaves, finally, cut one piece from Fig. 58, Supplement, fold down the upper edge of the piece along the straight lines, and the side edges along the dotted lines, fasten the turned-down upper corner of the leaf, bringing ∗ on ∗, and lay two pleats at the under edge, bringing × on ●; these pleats are opened out sharply. In sewing on the flowers and leaves, pass the needle only through the silk binding of the port-folio; it is also to be observed that one leaflet always covers the seam made by sewing on the next one.

Fig. 1.—DRESSING-CASE.—OPEN.

Fig. 2.—DRESSING-CASE.—CLOSED.

Fig. 2.—BUD FOR MUSIC PORT-FOLIO.—FULL SIZE.

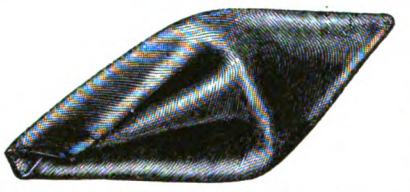

Fig. 3.—LEAF FOR MUSIC PORT-FOLIO. FULL SIZE.

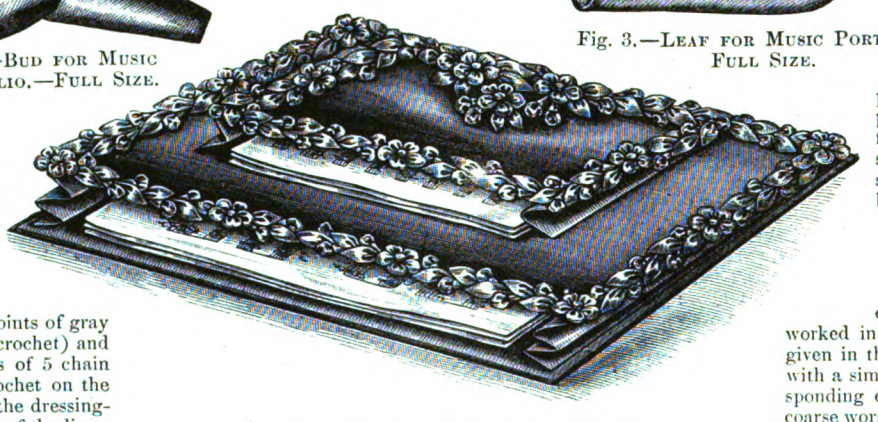

Fig. 1.—CARRIAGE LEATHER MUSIC PORT-FOLIO.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 57 and 58.

Corners of Tapestry Borders for Covers, Cushions, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are suitable for ornamenting covers, window ornaments, cushions, etc. They are worked in cross stitch with worsted and silk, in the colors given in the description of symbols, and are finished either with a similar foundation, or else set on material of a corresponding color. When worked on very coarse canvas with coarse worsted, these borders may also be used for rugs, mats, etc. The colors may be changed, care being taken to preserve the harmony.

Suit for Girl from 3 to 5 Years old.

See illustration on page 565.

DRESS and peasant waist with basque of gray cashmere, trimmed with folds three-quarters of an inch wide, which are corded with velvet. Striped percale blouse. White straw round hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and a tuft of daisies. Figs. 53–55, Supplement, give the pattern of the peasant waist. White linen revers collar and cuffs, trimmed with a narrow strip of black or brown percale stitched on.

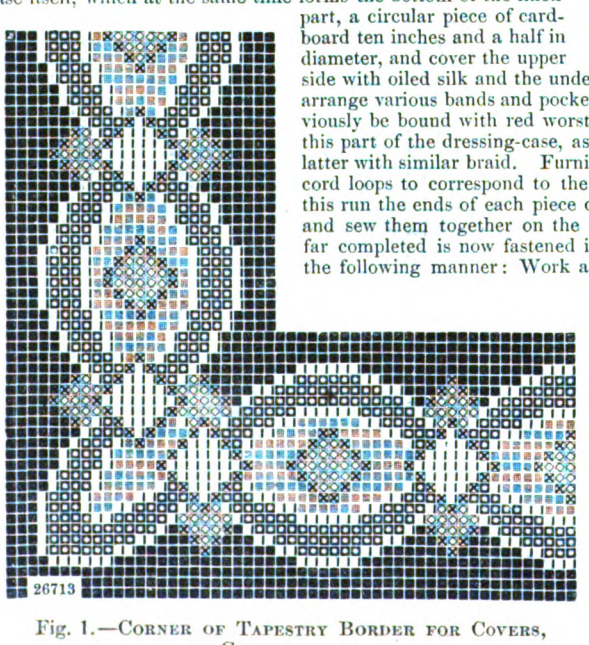

Fig. 1.—CORNER OF TAPESTRY BORDER FOR COVERS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ◘ Medium Green; ◘ Reddish-Brown; ▫ Red; ◘ 1st (darkest), ' 2d, ■ 3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

Fig. 4.—FLOWER FOR MUSIC PORT-FOLIO.—FULL SIZE.

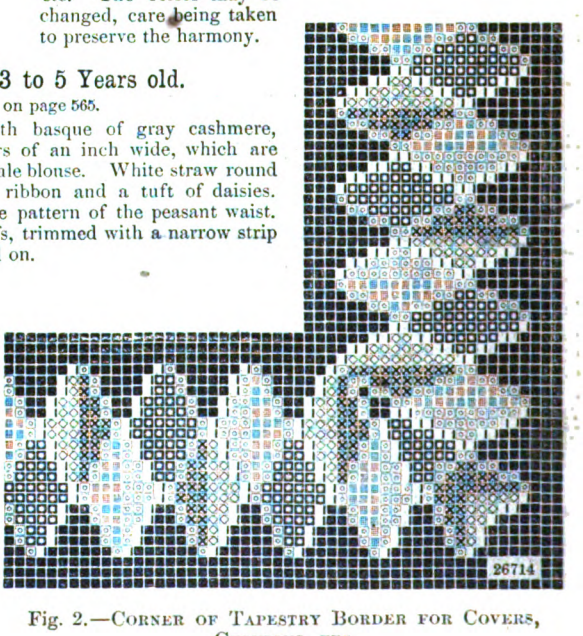

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF TAPESTRY BORDER FOR COVERS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ◘ Reddish-Brown; ◘ Blue; ◘ Light Green; ■ Dark Green; ▫ 1st (darkest), ◙ 2d, ' 3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

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Suit for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

BLUE poplin dress with high basque-waist and flowing sleeves, trimmed with blue gros grain and silk fringe of the same color. Linen collar, ornamented with guipure embroidery. Straw round hat, trimmed with velvet and flowers.

Suit for Girl from 7 to 9 Years old.

THIS suit consists of a double skirt and peasant waist of figured cambric; box-pleated ruffles of colored silk form the trimming. Blouse with sleeves of plain white Swiss muslin, furnished with lace insertion and embroidery. White English straw round hat, trimmed with a gauze veil and a spray of wild roses.

Bows for Slippers, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—Slipper bow of bronzed leather and brown ribbon an inch and a quarter wide. To make this bow, cut of leather one piece each from

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 53–55.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

Figs. 31–33, Supplement. Cut out in points the pieces cut from Figs. 31 and 32, as shown by the illustration, and lay Figs. 32 and 33 in pleats, as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern: the dotted lines form the outer folds and the straight lines the inner fold of the pleats; previous to this, however, cut a slit in Fig. 32 along the double line to ✕. First sew the ribbon loops on Fig. 31, and then the pieces cut from Figs. 32 and 33; the seam made by sewing on the latter is finally covered by a buckle, through which a leather strip is drawn.

Fig. 2.—Slipper bow of velvet and white lace. This bow is made of three overlapping leaves trimmed with lace, and set on a stiff lace foundation as shown by the illustration; the two lower leaves are cut of black silk, while the upper leaf, agrafe, projecting bow, and two small ends are made of black velvet. The bow is five inches and three-quarters long, and is four inches and a half wide at its widest place. The size of the bow, however, must correspond to the slipper.

Fig. 4.—WHITE SATIN RIBBON AND BLONDE SLIPPER BOW.

Fig. 2.—VELVET AND WHITE LACE SLIPPER BOW.

Fig. 3.—RIBBON SLIPPER BOW.

Fig. 5.—PATENT-LEATHER SLIPPER BOW.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 28–30.

Fig. 3.—Slipper bow of loops and ruches of silk ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide. The bow is set on an underlayer of stiff lace as shown by the illustration, and furnished with an agrafe consisting of patent-leather, ribbon, or a buckle.

Fig. 4.—Slipper bow of white satin ribbon and blonde. This bow is made of heavy two-inch-wide satin ribbon, which is edged at one side with box-pleated narrow white blonde. Arrange the bow as shown by the illustration, baste it on a stiff lace foundation, and finish it with a pearl buckle.

Fig. 5.—Slipper bow of patent-leather. A steel buckle is set on the middle of the bow. To make the latter, cut from Figs. 28–30, Supplement, one piece each. Pink the outer edge of these pieces, arrange Figs. 28 and 29 in pleats, bringing × on ●, and fasten them on a stiff lace foundation. Slide the buckle on the upper piece, Fig. 30, and set the latter on the foundation as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET FRINGE FOR CLOTHES-BAG.

Drilling and Crochet Clothes-Bag, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE under part of this clothes-bag is made of plain gray drilling, embroidered in point Russe embroidery with gray thread, and ornamented with red worsted crochet trimming. The upper part of the bag is crocheted with red worsted. For the under part cut of drilling five pieces from Fig. 56, Supplement. Bind the outer edge of each of these pieces with red worsted braid three-quarters of an inch wide, which is button-hole stitched on with red Saxony wool. For the medallion in each tab work with red zephyr worsted a foundation of 5 st. (stitches), close this in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and crochet on the foundation st. six times alternately 7 ch. (chain stitch) and 1 sc. (single crochet). At the end of the round work 1 sl. each on the first 3 st. of the next 7 ch. Now crochet on a brass ring three inches and a quarter in circumference, and at the same time on the first ch. scallop of the preceding round, 1 sc., 6 sc. on the ring only, ✳ 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round and on the ring, 6 sc. on the ring only, and repeat from ✳, going forward; fasten to the first sc. with 1 sl. at the end of the round. This ring forms the centre of the medallion. Surround this middle ring with a row of rings crocheted in the following manner: 3 ch., then work ✳ on a ring two inches and four-fifths in circumference 3 sc.; pass over 1 st., 3 sc. on the ring, and at the same time on the back upper vein of the 3 following st. of the middle ring; after the second sc. work 1 p. (picot) of 5 ch., then 3 sc. on the ring, 2 dc. (double crochet) separated by 1 ch. on the upper vein of the second following st. of the middle ring; in doing this the working thread must lie at the back of the ring. Repeat from ✳. At the end of the round, instead of working the last dc., fasten to the third of the 3 ch. first worked with 1 sl. Then work ✳ on the free part of the next ring 6 sc., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the p. formed by 5 ch. and on the ring at the same time, 6 sc. on the ring only, 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the p. and on the ring, 6 sc. on the ring, 1 stc. on the p. and on the ring, 6 sc. on the ring, then 1 sc. on the ch. between the 2 dc., and repeat from ✳. Fasten the thread at the end of the round and cut it off. Now lay the thread on anew and work ✳ 1 stc. on the seventh st. of the next ring, 3 ch., pass over 2 st. of the ring, 1 sc. each on the next 7 sc. of the ring, 3 ch., 1 stc. on the fourth following sc. of the ring, and repeat from ✳; at the end of the round fasten to the first stc. with 1 sl. In connection with this round work four rounds more in ribbed crochet; in these rounds, however, widen in such a manner that the work neither draws nor puckers. This completes the medallion. Now fasten it on the tab as indicated on the pattern by means of long button-hole stitches of red Saxony wool and with a cross seam of gray thread. For the remainder, ornament the tab as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern, with crochet gimp of red worsted, which is sewed on in point Russe with gray thread.—This gimp is crocheted like the gimp shown by Fig. 8 on page 500 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 32, Vol. III. Join all the tabs trimmed in this manner from their under point to ✳ with overhand stitches and trim the tabs along the binding in point Russe with gray thread. For the upper part of the bag make a foundation with red zephyr worsted, which must correspond in width to the under part (measuring below the hollow of the scallops), close the foundation in a ring, and on it

Fig. 1.—DRILLING AND CROCHET CLOTHES-BAG.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 56.

TATTED AND CROCHET FRINGE.

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work 15 rounds of cross double crochet; instead of the latter, simple ch. scallops may be worked also. In connection with these rounds, work three rounds in ribbed crochet with gray cotton. Now follows a row of rings, on which crochet in the manner shown by Fig. 2. The darker stitches shown by the illustration are worked with red worsted. On the upper edge of the rings work with gray cotton one round as follows: * 1 dc. on the seventh st. of the next ring, 2 ch., pass over 2 st. of the ring, 1 sc. each on the upper vein of the following 8 st. of the ring, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the third following st. of the ring. Repeat from *. On this round again work three rounds in ribbed crochet, then follows one round: 7 ch., the first five of these ch. count as dc., then always alternately 1 stc., 2 ch.; at the end of the round fasten to the fifth of the seven ch. first crocheted with 1 sl. Then work * 1 sc. on the next st. of the preceding round, 1 sdc. (short double crochet) on the next st., 1 dc. each on the following 4 st., 1 sdc. on the following st., 1 sc. on the following st., and repeat from *; fasten the thread at the end of the round and then work with red worsted * 1 sc. on the st. at the hollow of the points, 7 ch., and repeat from *. At the end of the round work sl. to the middle of the first ch. scallop, then follows one round of always alternately 7 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop. Like this last work 16 rounds more, then follows a border of points, which is worked with gray cotton like the border above the gray strip (see Fig. 2). Finally crochet on this point of the border one round with red worsted, always alternately 1 sc. on the st. at the hollow between two points, 7 ch. This completes the upper part of the bag. Now fasten to the first round of the close strip, as shown by Fig. 2, strands of gray thread of the requisite length, which are crossed and tied together as shown by the illustration. Then pass through the st. of the first round of the upper part and through the first open-work round above the close strip each one steel hoop thirty-two inches long, covered with worsted, lay the ends of each hoop on each other to a length of two inches and four-fifths, and fasten them. Now join the crochet part with the under part, which is ornamented at the point with a worsted ball and tassels as shown by the illustration. Through the upper edge of the crochet part run two pieces of red woolen cord, by means of which the bag is closed. Finally, fasten on the upper steel ring five double pieces of red cord, each twelve inches long, slide on a worsted ball, and fasten the pieces of cord to a brass ring five inches in circumference, which is covered with worsted.

Tatted and Crochet Fringe.

See Illustration on page 565.

THIS fringe, which is suitable for trimming covers, etc., is made of medium-sized white knitting cotton. For the first round work one row of rings as follows: * 1 ring of 3 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 6 ds., 1 p., twice 3 ds. separated by 1 p., 1 p., 2 ds. After a thread interval of two-fifths of an inch work a second ring of 3 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, four times 3 ds. separated by 1 p., 1 p., 3 ds. After a thread interval of two-fifths of an inch work 1 ring of 2 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, twice 3 ds. separated by 1 p., 1 p., 6 ds., 3 ds. After a thread interval of two-fifths of an inch repeat from *; instead of forming the first p. in each of the following rings, however, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring. 2d round.—* Fasten to the two p. opposite each other of the first and second rings of the preceding round, as shown by the illustration, 1 ring of 4 ds., 1 p., three times alternately 3 ds., 1 p.; then 2 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., two-fifths of an inch thread interval, 1 ring of 3 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 2 ds., 1 p., three times alternately 3 ds., 1 p., finally 4 ds.; fasten the thread and repeat from *, observing the illustration. 3d round.—Work one ring of 2 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., twice alternately 3 ds., 1 p.; 4 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., between each two rings of the preceding round, as shown by the illustration. Now turn the points thus formed downward, and for the upper edge of the border crochet two rounds as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 4 sc. (single crochet) on the joining thread between two rings, 1 sc. on the ring. 2d round.—1 sc., * take up one loop from the next sc. of the preceding round, 1 ch. (chain stitch), and work off both loops on the needle together; now take up one loop from the loop previously worked, and one loop from the following sc. of the preceding round, and then work off all the loops on the needle together, drawing the thread through once, 1 ch., and repeat from *. Now fasten to the picots of the middle ring, and to all the remaining picots, two threads each, which are doubled to half their length, and knot every 12 such threads together in one fringe strand.

NURSING AS A PROFESSION FOR LADIES.

THE want of remunerative occupations suitable for gentlewomen is, in these days, painfully felt and universally acknowledged, and fresh schemes are continually being started to remedy the evil. It has been proposed to throw open the learned professions to the competition of women, and to remove the various disabilities which keep the sex in a position of inferiority. But it appears that there is one department of activity peculiarly their own which they have hitherto failed to make the vantage-ground it might become. We refer to nursing.

Much has been written and said about nursing as a department of Christian benevolence, and all honor is due to those noble and compassionate women who have proved that love can dignify and consecrate the most repulsive tasks, and who have made the scourge of cholera and typhus the opportunity of carrying elevating and purifying influences into some of the foulest spots of our great cities. But their efforts do not meet the necessities of the particular case we are considering.

There is no reason why the rich should not obtain for money services which are freely bestowed upon the poor. Ladies will now take fees as doctors, but they will nurse only for charity. Why is this? It is because nursing is considered menial. But it is not: it is essentially a profession, and waits only for the right persons to practice it in order to take its proper rank. Surgery was counted menial a hundred and fifty years ago, and then the surgeons were servants to the physicians. But it was made a profession by a few men who saw what it was capable of becoming, and brought scientific knowledge to bear upon their practice. It needs now only a few qualified women to elevate nursing to the same rank.

If ladies would devote two or three years to thorough study, coupled with practical training, they might at the end of that time be equipped with a knowledge and experience which are not now to be had from nurses, but which are very much desired by medical men. Doctors, especially those whose large practice obliges their visits to be limited in time and infrequent, do feel the want of efficient and intelligent help in the sick-room; indeed, physicians say that the science of medicine will not be perfected until accurate and constant observations of all the stages of a disease are made and reported by some qualified individual. Who could do this so well as a trained nurse, whose general culture and education had quickened her powers of accurate observation and correct description?

Invalids of the upper classes would soon feel the advantage of being tended by a lady of refinement and scientific training, and would be willing to remunerate her services at such a rate as would in time repay the expenses of her preparatory study.

If there existed a class of nurses such as we have described, the fitting remuneration would soon be forthcoming. What will not men give for a little chance of lengthening out life? If once it were known to be worth while to secure such a skilled nurse, no money would be grudged her. Only ladies must make their services valuable before they can have the right to command their own terms.

Even the charitable aspect of the case is best met in this way: as medical capacity is better now than it would be if doctors acted only from charity, so will nursing become more efficient than if it were practiced only by amateurs. The things that are worst done are always those that are supposed to require no special training. Witness teaching, of which all are supposed to be capable, but which so few can do well.

We are often hearing of ladies who have ruined their health by trying, untrained, to nurse their friends. Many a wife and mother has continued night and day to watch by the sick-bed, who would gladly have taken proper rest had she been able to trust the nurse; and yet, with all her care, she has not succeeded in her conflict with disease as a more experienced person might have done. The crises of domestic sickness are those in which it is most necessary to guard against the undue encroachment of the feelings upon the judgment, and a stranger can often nurse really better than the fondest relative. Besides, there is often no occasion for the alabaster box of a delicate frame to be *broken* in order that the generous ointment of loving care may be poured out.

One objection has been raised to this scheme, namely, that such lady nurses would not be willing to do all that is required in a sick-room, and yet few would be disposed to employ two people to do the work which usually falls to the lot of one. To this we reply that the higher class of nurses would not be called in for a slight illness, while in severe cases the nurse's time and attention are so constantly required by the invalid that it is impossible for her to dispense with help. Besides, a nurse ought never to be overtired; it would, therefore, be undesirable for her to expend her valuable strength in doing work which could as well be left to the servants in the house. A lady who is a good nurse will never consider herself above rendering any service in the sick-room, any more than a medical man does in times of emergency; but, from the nature of the case, her work will usually be of the higher kind.

The demand for good nurses is already so great that the influence of this movement on the general condition of women would be immense—infinitely greater than having women doctors, who would always be few and would require wealth. Doctors, even after having passed through a long medical training, have very long to wait before their practice begins in any sense to pay, whereas nurses would very soon meet with employment. Their term of training, extending, perhaps, to two or three years, need not involve the expenditure of more than a thousand dollars—probably not so much—and as soon as ever they were ready for work they would find the work ready for them, and they would speedily be indemnified for the original outlay.

Were this scheme realized, its effects would be felt all through society; a legitimate ambition would be open to all, for nurses might well become rich; we should then have women drafted off from all manner of unsuitable occupations and brought to devote themselves to the one most congenial to them. Especially would the advantage be felt among educators; some of those who now become governesses, because they know of no other means of earning a livelihood befitting their station, will gladly devote themselves to the work for which nature or home experience may have fitted them, and in it may rise to a higher rank than any to which they would have attained as teachers. The demand for good nurses is really very great already; they now command what would by governesses be considered as good salaries, and are far oftener sought for than found.

Then, too, the general standard of nursing would be raised; the lower class of nurses, through working under such trained superiors, would become more efficient, and would always have before them the prospect of rising.

A collateral advantage of the practice of nursing as a profession would undoubtedly be felt, in that it would develop in one typical example the relation of men's and women's work to each other. Waiving the question whether woman might or might not be made capable, with man's advantages, of doing man's work, it surely will not be denied that a sphere of action would be preferable in which she would not have to compete with him, but in which her own peculiar endowments would give her a special advantage. And here is an opportunity for showing how a woman's work may complement man's in the true order of nature. Where does the character of the "helpmeet" come out so strikingly as in the sick-room, where the quick eye, the soft hand, the light step, and the ready ear second the wisdom of the physician, and execute his behests better than he himself could have imagined?

Besides these obvious advantages, it will, no doubt, be found, in the course of their scientific training, that women discover special aptitudes for particular branches of professional knowledge and practice, and the science of medicine itself will in time be benefited by the fruitful co-operation of the two orders of workers.

It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that if this experiment of mutual help succeeds, it may stimulate attempts in other departments of labor, which have hitherto been monopolized by the stronger sex, or which have been the objects of a rivalry tending to lower both the quality and the remuneration of the work done.

ONE SWALLOW MAKETH NOT A SUMMER.

DID she give a tender glance
When thy tongue refused to speak?
Let it not thy bliss enhance,
Nor for further glances seek:
One such look from maiden's eye
Is no pledge of constancy.

Did she call thee fond or dear,
Sitting dreamily alone?
Drive the echo from thine ear,
Be not tricked by one sweet tone:
One such whisper does not prove
That she yields thee all her love.

Did she heave a deep-drawn sigh
When thou bad'st a sad farewell?
Did a tear-drop dim her eye?
Yield not to the potent spell:
One such tear or ling'ring sigh
Proves not she will love for aye.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

COMING HOME.

THE leaves were yellowing in the park and woods round Arden Court, and the long avenue began to wear a somewhat dreary look, before Mr. Granger brought his young wife home. It was October again, and the weather bleaker and colder than one has a right to expect in October. Mr. Lovel was at Spa, recruiting his health with the soft air from the pine-clad hills, and leading a pleasant elderly bachelor existence at one of the best hotels in the bright little inland watering-place. The shutters were closed at Mill Cottage, and the pretty rustic dwelling was left in the care of the honest housekeeper and her handmaiden, the rosy-faced parlor-maid, who dusted master's books and hung linen draperies before master's book-cases with a pious awe.

Miss Granger had spent some part of her father's honey-moon in paying visits to those friends who were eager to have her, and who took this opportunity of showing special attention to the fallen heiress. The sense of her lost prestige was always upon her, however, and she was scarcely as grateful as she might have been for the courtesy she received. People seemed never weary of talking about her father's wife, whose sweetness and beauty and other interesting qualities Miss Granger found herself called upon to discuss continually. She did not bow the knee to the popular idol, however, but confessed with a charming candor that there was no great sympathy between her step-mother and herself.

"Her education has been so different from mine," she said, "that it is scarcely strange if all our tastes are different. But, of course, I shall do my duty toward her, and I hope and pray that she may make my father happy."

But Miss Granger did not waste all the summer months in visiting. She was more in her element at the Court. The model children in the new Arden poor-schools had rather a hard time of it during Mr. Granger's honey-moon, and were driven through Kings and Chronicles at a more severe pace than usual. The hardest and dryest facts in geography and grammar were pelted like summer hail upon their weak young brains, and a sterner demand was made every day upon their juvenile powers of calculation. This Miss Granger called giving them a solid foundation; but as the edifice destined to be erected upon this educational basis was generally of the humblest—a career of carpentering, or blacksmithing, or house-maiding, or plain-cooking for the most part—it is doubtful whether that accurate knowledge of the accusative case or the longitude of the Sandwich Islands which Miss Granger so resolutely insisted upon was ever of any great service to the grown-up scholar.

In these philanthropic labors she had always an ardent assistant in the person of Mr. Tillott, whose somewhat sandy head and florid complexion used to appear at the open door of the school-room very often when Sophia was teaching. He did really admire her with all sincerity and singleness of heart; describing her, in long confidential letters to his mother, as a woman possessed of every gift calculated to promote a man's advancement in this world and the next. He knew that her father's second marriage must needs make a considerable change in her position. There would be an heir, in all probability, and Sophia would no longer be the great heiress she had been. But she would be richly dowered, doubtless, come what might; and she was brought nearer to the aspirations of a curate by this reduction of her fortune.

Miss Granger accepted the curate's services and patronized him with a sublime unconsciousness of his aspirations. She had heard it whispered that his father had been a grocer, and that he had an elder brother who still carried on a prosperous colonial trade in the City. For any thing like retail trade Miss Granger had a profound contempt. She had all the pride of a parvenu, and all the narrowness of mind common to a woman who lives in a world of her own creation. So while Mr. Tillott flattered himself that he was making no slight impression upon her heart, Miss Granger regarded him as just a little above the head gardener and the certificated school-master.

October came, and the day appointed for the return of the master of Arden Court; rather a gloomy day, and one in a succession of wet and dismal days, with a dull gray sky that narrowed the prospect, and frequent showers of drizzling rain. Miss Granger had received numerous letters from her father during his travels—letters which were affectionate if brief; and longer epistles from Clarissa, describing their route and adventures. They had explored Switzerland thoroughly, and had spent the last month in Rome.

The interior of the old house looked all the brighter, perhaps, because of that dull sky and those dank, sodden woods without. Fires were blazing merrily in all the rooms; for, whatever Miss Granger's secret feelings might be, the servants were bent on showing allegiance to the new power, and on giving the house a gala aspect in honor of their master's return. The chief gardener, with a temporary indifference to his own interests, had stripped his hot-houses for the decoration of the rooms, and great vases of exotics made the atmosphere odorous, and contrasted pleasantly with the wintry fires.

Miss Granger sat in the principal drawing-room, with her embroidery-frame before her, and a group of Berlin-wool spaniels developing slowly under her industrious fingers, determined not to be flurried or disturbed by the bride's return. She sat at a respectful distance from the blazing logs, with a screen interposed carefully between her complexion and the fire, the very image of stiffness and propriety, with not one of her dull brown hairs ruffled, not a fold of her dark green silk dress disarranged.

The carriage was to meet the London express at Holborough station at half past four, and at a little before five Miss Granger heard the sound of wheels in the avenue. She did not even rise from her embroidery-frame to watch the approach of the carriage, but went on steadily, stitch by stitch, at the ear of a Blenheim spaniel. In a few minutes more she heard the clang of doors thrown open, then the wheels upon the gravel in the quadrangle, and then her father's voice, sonorous as of old. Even then she did not fly to welcome him, though her heart beat a little faster, and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"I am nothing to him now," she thought.

She began to lay aside her wools, however, and rose as the drawing-room door opened, to offer the travelers a stately welcome.

Clarissa was looking her loveliest—in violet silk, with a good deal of fur about her, and with an air of style and fashion which was new to her, Miss Granger thought. The two young women kissed each other in a formal way, and then Mr. Granger embraced his daughter with some show of affection.

"How lovely the dear old place looks!" cried Clarissa, as the one triumph and glory of her marriage came home to her mind: she was mistress of Arden Court. "Every thing is so warm and bright and cheerful; such an improvement upon foreign houses! What a feast of fires and flowers you have prepared to welcome us, Sophia!"

She wished to say something cordial to her step-daughter, and she did really believe that the festive aspect of the house was Miss Granger's work.

"I have not interfered with the servants' arrangements," that young lady replied, primly. "I hope you don't find so many exotics oppressive in these hot rooms. *I* do."

"Oh dear, no. They are so lovely," answered Clarissa, bending over a great oval dish of white waxen-looking blossoms, "one can scarcely have too many of them. Not if the perfume makes your head ache, however; in that case they had better be sent away at once."

But Miss Granger protested against this with an air of meek endurance, and the flowers were left undisturbed.

"Well, Sophy, what have you been doing with yourself all this time?" Mr. Granger asked, in a cheerful voice. "Gadding about finely, according to your letters."

"I spent a week with the Stapletons and ten days with the Trevors, and I went to Scarbor-

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ough with the Chesneys, as you expressed a wish that I should accept their invitation, papa," Miss Granger replied, dutifully; "but I really think I am happier at home."

"I am very glad to hear it, my dear, and I hope you'll find your home pleasanter than ever now.—So you like the look of the old house, do you, Clary?" he went on, turning to his wife; "and you don't think we've quite spoiled it by our renovation?"

"Oh no, indeed! There can be no doubt as to your improvements. And yet, do you know, I was so fond of the place that I am almost sorry to miss its old shabbiness—the faded curtains, and the queer Indian furniture which my great-uncle, Colonel Radnor, brought home from Bombay. I wonder what became of those curious old cabinets?"

"I dare say they are still extant in some lumber-room in the roof, my dear. Your father took very little of the old furniture away with him, and there was nothing sold. We'll explore the garrets some day, and look for your Indian cabinets.—Will you take Clarissa to her rooms, Sophy, and see what she thinks of our arrangements?"

Miss Granger would gladly have delegated this office to a servant; but her father's word was law; so she led the way to a suite of apartments which Daniel Granger had ordered to be prepared for his young wife, and which Clarissa had not yet been allowed to see. They had been kept as a pleasant surprise for her coming home.

Had she been a princess of the blood royal she could not have had finer rooms, or a more perfect taste in the arrangement of them. Money can do so much when the man who dispenses it has the art of intrusting the carrying out of his desires to the best workmen.

Clarissa was delighted with every thing, and really grateful for the generous affection which had done so much to gratify her.

"It is all a great deal too handsome," she said.

"I am glad you like the style in which they have carried out papa's ideas," replied Miss Granger; "for my own part, I like plainer furniture, and more room for one's work. But it is all a matter of taste."

They were in the boudoir, a perfect gem of a room, with satin-wood furniture and pale green silk hangings; its only ornaments a set of priceless Wedgwood vases in cream-color and white, and a few water-colored sketches by Turner and Creswick and Stanfield. The dressing-room opened out of this, and was furnished in the same style, with a dressing-table that was a marvel of art and splendor, the looking-glass in a frame of oxydized silver, between two monster jewel-cases of ebony and malachite, with oxydized silver mouldings. One entire side of this room was occupied by an inlaid maple wardrobe with seven doors, and Clarissa's monogram on all of them—a receptacle that might have contained the multifarious costumes of a Princess Metternich.

It would have been difficult for Clarissa not to be pleased with such tribute, ungracious not to have expressed her pleasure; so when Daniel Granger came presently to ask how she liked her rooms, she was not slow to give utterance to her admiration.

"You give me so much more than I deserve, Mr. Granger," she said, after having admired every thing; "I feel almost humiliated by your generosity."

"Clarissa," exclaimed her husband, putting his two hands upon her shoulders, and looking gravely down at her, "when will you remember that I have a Christian name? When am I to be something more to you than Mr. Granger?"

"You are all that is good to me—much too good," she faltered. "I will call you Daniel if you like. It is only a habit."

"It has such a cold sound, Clary. I know Daniel isn't a pretty name; but the elder sons of the Grangers have been Daniels for the last two centuries. We were stanch Puritans, you know, in the days of old Oliver, and Scriptural names became a fashion with us. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to dress for dinner. I'm very glad you like the rooms. Here are the keys of your jewel-cases; we must contrive to fill them by-and-by. You see I have no family diamonds to reset for you."

"You have given me more than enough jewelry already," said Clarissa. And, indeed, Mr. Granger had showered gifts upon her with a lavish hand during his brief courtship.

"Pshaw, child! only a few trinkets bought at random. I mean to fill those cases with something better. I'll go and change my coat. We dine half an hour earlier than usual to-day, Sophia tells me."

Mr. Granger retired to his dressing-room, on the other side of the spacious bed-chamber, perhaps the very plainest apartment in the house, for he was as simple in his habits as the great Duke of Wellington: a room with a monster bath on one side, and a battered oak office-desk on the other—a desk that had done duty for fifty years or so in an office at Leeds; in one corner a well-filled gun-stand, in another a rack of formidable-looking boots—boots that only a strong-minded man could wear.

When she was quite alone Clarissa sat down in one of the windows of her boudoir, and looked out at the park. How well she remembered the prospect! how often she had looked at it on just such darksome autumnal evenings long ago, when she was little more than a child! This very room had been her mother's dressing-room. She remembered it deserted and tenantless, the faded finery of the furniture growing dimmer and duller year by year. She had come here in an exploring mood sometimes when she was quite a child, but she never remembered the room having been put to any use; and as she had grown older it had come to have a haunted air, and she had touched the inanimate things with a sense of awe, wondering what her mother's life had been like in that room—trying to conjure up the living image of a lovely face, that was familiar to her from more than one picture in her father's possession.

She knew more about her mother's life now; knew that there had been a blight upon it, of which a bad, unscrupulous man had been the cause. And that man was the father of George Fairfax.

"Papa had reason to fear the son, having suffered so bitterly from the influence of the father," she said to herself; and then the face that she had first seen in the railway carriage shone before her once more, and her thoughts drifted away from Arden Court.

She remembered that promise which George Fairfax had made her—the promise that he would try and find out something about her brother Austin.

He had talked of hunting up a man who had been a close friend of the absent wanderer's; but it seemed as if he had made no effort to keep his word. After that angry farewell in the orchard Clarissa could, of course, expect no favor from him; but he might have done something before that. She longed so ardently to know her brother's fate, to find some means of communication with him, now that she was rich and able to help him in his exile. He was starving, perhaps, in a strange land, while she was surrounded by all this splendor, and had five hundred a year for pocket-money.

Her maid came in to light the candles, and remind her of the dinner hour, while she was still looking out at the darkening woods, growing blacker and blacker in the gathering gloom of that October evening. The maid was an honest country-bred young woman, selected for the office by Mrs. Oliver. She had accompanied her mistress on the honey-moon tour, and had been dazed and not a little terrified by the wonders of Swiss landscape and the grandeurs of fallen Rome.

"I've been listening for your bell ever so long, ma'am," said the girl; "you'll scarcely have time to dress."

There was time, however, for Mrs. Granger's toilette, which was not an elaborate one; and she was seated by the drawing-room fire talking to her husband when the second dinner-bell rang.

They were not a very lively party that evening. That old adage about three not being company went near to being verified in this particular case. The presence of any one so thoroughly unsympathetic as Sophia Granger was in itself sufficient to freeze any small circle. But although they did not talk much, Clarissa and her husband seemed to be on excellent terms. Sophia, who watched them closely during that initiatory evening, perceived this, and told herself that her father had not yet discovered the mistake which he had made. That he would make such a discovery sooner or later was her profound conviction. It was only a question of time when his eyes should be opened to the fact of his own folly.

Thus it was that Clarissa's new life began. She knew herself beloved by her husband with a quiet, unobtrusive affection, the depth and wide measure whereof had come home to her very often since her marriage with a sense of obligation that was almost a burden. She knew this, and knew that she could give but little in return for so much—the merest, coldest show of duty and obedience in recompense for all the love of this honest heart. If love had been a lesson to be learned, she would have taught it to herself, for she was not ungrateful, not unmindful of her obligations, or the vow that she had spoken in Arden church; but as this flower called love must spring spontaneous in the human breast, and is not commonly responsive to the efforts of the most zealous cultivator, Clarissa was fain to confess to herself after five months of wedded life that her heart was still barren, and that her husband was no more to her than he had been at the very first, when, for the redemption of her father's fortunes, she had consented to become his wife.

So the time went on, with much gayety in the way of feasting and company, at Arden Court, and a palpable dullness when there were no visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Granger went out a good deal, sometimes accompanied by Sophia, sometimes without her; and Clarissa was elected by the popular voice the most beautiful woman in that part of the country. The people who knew her talked of her so much that other people who had not met her were eager to see her, and made quite a favor of being introduced to her. If she knew of this herself, it gave her no concern; but it was a matter of no small pride to Daniel Granger that his young wife should be so much admired.

Was he quite happy, having won for himself the woman he loved, seeing her obedient, submissive, always ready to attend his pleasure, to be his companion when he wanted her company, with no inclination of her own which she was not willing to sacrifice at a moment's notice for his gratification? Was he quite happy in the triumph of his hopes? Well, not quite. He knew that his wife did not love him. It might come some day, perhaps, that affection for which he still dared to hope, but it had not come yet. He watched her face sometimes as she sat by his hearth on those quiet evenings when they were alone, and he knew that a light should have shone upon it that was not there. He would sigh sometimes as he read his newspaper by that domestic hearth, and his wife would wonder if he were troubled by any business cares—whether he were disturbed by any abnormal commotion among those stocks and consols or other mysterious elements of the financial world in which all rich men seemed more or less concerned. She did not ever venture to question him as to those occasional sighs; but she would bring the draught-board and place it at his elbow, and sit meekly down to be inevitably beaten at a game she hated, but for which Mr. Granger had a peculiar affection.

It will be seen, therefore, that Clarissa was at least a dutiful wife, anxious to give her husband every tribute that gratitude and a deep sense of obligation could suggest. Even Sophia Granger, always on the watch for some sign of weariness or short-coming, could discover no cause for complaint in her step-mother's conduct.

Mr. Lovel came back to Mill Cottage in December, much improved and renovated by the Belgian waters or the gayeties of the bright little pleasure place. The sense of having made an end of his difficulties, and being moored in a safe harbor for the rest of his life, may have done much toward giving him a new lease of existence. Whatever the cause may have been, he was most certainly an altered man, and his daughter rejoiced in the change. To her his manner was at once affectionate and deferential, as if there had been lurking in his breast some consciousness that she had sacrificed herself for his welfare. She felt this, and felt that her marriage had given her something more than Arden Court, if it had won for her her father's love. He spent some time at the Court, in deference to her wishes, during those dark winter months; and they fell back on their old readings, and the evenings seemed gayer and happier for the introduction of this intellectual element, which was not allowed to prevail to such an extent as to overpower the practical Daniel Granger.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PERHAPS those who are confined in the city during the midsummer months could find no more agreeable and instructive recreation for a holiday afternoon than a visit to the Museum of Natural History in the Central Park. The old Arsenal is quite transformed, and now large and handsome halls contain an extensive series of cases well adapted to exhibit objects of natural history. The whole collection is very valuable and of great variety, and none will experience a fresher pleasure in the examination of the specimens than the children, even though they puzzle in vain over some of the hard scientific names. But children and grown folks in general care more for things than for names; and here are insects, shells, minerals, fishes; snakes of every size; birds of every hue, from the tiny hummingbird—of which there are several hundred—to the tall flamingo and huge jabiru. The little folks will linger around the birds. The taxidermist has been skillful. There are about eleven thousand specimens, many of which are from the famous collection of Prince Maximilian. Then there are the mammalia. Many of these are arranged in striking groups, and attract much attention. One needs to visit the museum several times in order to examine its curiosities comfortably and thoroughly; yet a single tour through it will give a very good idea of its contents. The plants and flowers which are scattered about the building make a pleasant addition to this free exhibition. And then, outside of the museum, are the wild beasts, monkeys, etc., in their commodious dwellings, ready to exhibit themselves without solicitation to all spectators.

Although Walter Scott was born on the 15th of August, the observance of the centennial anniversary took place on August 9 in Edinburgh, the place of his nativity, and in some other Scottish towns. The day was anticipated partly in order that the British Association for the Advancement of Science, then in session in Edinburgh, might take part in the memorial celebration. The most noted men of the kingdom participated in the festivities. In other parts of Great Britain the 15th of August was observed.

Captain Ericsson, while measuring Mercury, incidentally ascertained the temperature of the sun. He states it at 4,060,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Let us be thankful we are no nearer to it in August, and not complain.

The municipal authorities of Trieste, Austria, have sent a letter of thanks and a purse of gold to Madame Regina Dal Cin, a skillful surgeon, who has performed one hundred and fifty successful operations at the city hospital in Trieste.

The most discreet young clergyman we have heard of lately hails from Boston. While out sailing the other day two ladies in a row-boat waved their handkerchiefs toward him. Being near enough to see that they were strangers to him, he straightway sailed away. Subsequently he learned from friends of the ladies that they had become too tired to row further, and wished to obtain assistance from him.

The Ninth Census will, as a late writer on the subject expresses it, "be a big thing." It is estimated that when completed it will fill three volumes of the size of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. The first volume will contain tables of the population, churches, schools and colleges, school attendance, libraries, newspapers, pauperism, and crime. The second volume will contain the tables of mortality and of age and sex, and statistics of the deaf and dumb, blind, insane, and idiotic. Volume third will contain the records of industry and wealth in the United States, and also tables of wealth, taxation, and general indebtedness; of agriculture, of manufacturing and mining industry and fisheries, and also the tables of occupations. The information contained in the census records has been very carefully edited, all important facts being classified and grouped together so that they can be easily found. The various tables will be most convenient and interesting to all who desire definite information concerning the population of the United States, and its financial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests. There was much delay in the issuing of the Eighth Census; but it is believed that the Ninth Census will be ready for the public before next New-Year's Day.

The monument which is to be erected in the Central Park in honor of Walter Scott will consist of a pedestal of granite weighing about forty tons, standing twelve feet high, and a figure of Scott in bronze, nine feet high, with his dog lying at his feet. The order for the work has been forwarded to Scotland. The sculptor is Steel, the same artist who made the famous figure in the Edinburgh monument.

It is stated that the music at the funeral of Miss Phœbe Cary was improvised by Señor Antonio L. Mora. Called upon at a late hour, and unprovided with music for the poet's own beautiful hymn, which it was the wish of her friends should be sung, he repaired to the church to find only two volunteers in the choir. During the address he wrote out music for the different parts in pencil, and handed them to the singers, who had the difficulty of adapting them to the words to overcome. The music and its execution have been universally praised.

What a crowning qualification is that which is set forth in the conclusion of an advertisement found in a London newspaper! Read and ponder:

"A barrister's daughter (thirty-five), healthy, good-tempered, and cheerful, desires a matronship; *is experienced in applying the birch rod.* Address," etc.

Dr. Hall is certainly correct in saying that the healthiest scent in the world is no scent at all, where the air is so pure that the breathing of it attracts no attention whatever; and the only perfect deodorizer is perfect cleanliness of person and premises. It is especially important in summer-time to put on clean clothing often; to wash the body every day; to go around and through the premises often, from cellar to attic, and allow no pile of dirt, dry or moist, no offal whatever, to remain for a single moment. Dampness should be especially guarded against; every room in a house should be thoroughly aired every sunshiny day, the earlier in the morning the better.

Raspberry jam is made by the ton at a place called Church's Landing, on the St. Mary's River, between Lake Huron and Lake Superior. An old settler who has partially civilized a colony of Ojibbeway Indians, without the aid of whisky, now employs them in gathering wild raspberries, which he converts into about twenty tons of jam every year, and exports it.

One thousand two hundred and fifty dollars will buy, in London, a "through ticket to go round the world."

Napoleon is recovering his health and spirits. On the occasion of his recent visit to Holly Lodge he seems to have been uncommonly jolly. The boys of Cholmondely College having attended to cheer him on his departure in the pouring rain, he turned round, laughingly, as he wrapped himself in his furred great-coat, and said, "How can you Englishmen grumble at this climate, and call it *variable?* Why, it has done nothing but rain all the summer!" A loud guffaw and another hearty cheer greeted his Majesty as the carriage drove off.

A broken-spirited man mournfully says, that the most humiliating domestic use a full-grown man can be put to is to be sent to the baker's for a "cent's worth of yeast." We should think so. But men usually want bread. How would it do for the complainant to learn to make his own yeast? Or he might hold the baby while his wife goes for the yeast. In these days, if women are to learn all the intricacies of political science, it is only a fair exchange for men to be allowed to learn all the intricacies of domestic science. A cent's worth of yeast is a very important thing; it will make light a whole batch of bread.

An exchange informs us that, under proper management, a bushel of peaches may be skinned in five minutes. Sal soda and water will accomplish the work; but a strong lye made of wood ashes is recommended. Bring the lye to the boiling-point, put in the peaches, and stir them gently until the skin begins to come off. Then throw them into a pail of cold water. Remove the skins, and pass them into another vessel of cold water, and thence to the preserving kettle, if you desire to can or preserve them whole. They should not remain in the boiling lye more than twelve or fifteen seconds.

An Indiana Agricultural Society, incited by a laudable desire to increase the number of native-born American voters in that State, has offered a premium of five dollars to the couple who will bring to the annual fair the greatest number of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Is not that an unreasonably small premium to offer in such an enterprise?

Watering-places should be careful and not circulate malicious reports. It interferes with the quiet pleasures of gentlemen who prefer remaining in the city; besides, it causes unnecessary traveling expenses. Only a little while ago there was a report at Newport that a French count had eloped with the wife of a New York gentleman. The news went to New York, and within twenty-four hours it is said that over a hundred desperate individuals came on suddenly to see their wives at the fashionable watering-place. How beautiful is conjugal confidence!

New Orleans has been free from yellow fever this season, although the weather there has been very warm. Indeed, for several years past that city has been comparatively exempt from this dreadful scourge, which has ravaged Buenos Ayres. This immunity is referred wholly to the enforcement of proper sanitary regulations in New Orleans. Buenos Ayres was in a most filthy condition when the fatal fever appeared, drainage having been utterly neglected. It is mentioned as proof of the infectious rather than the contagious character of the yellow fever that out of three hundred and sixty grave-diggers, who were almost constantly employed and overworked for weeks together in burying the dead, not a single one died with the fever. It has also been remarked that "the grave-yard was the healthiest location, and grave-digging the healthiest occupation in Buenos Ayres during the first four months of the present year," the cemetery being located outside of the infected district. Cholera is regarded as infectious rather than contagious.

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Fall Hats and Bonnets, Figs. 1–11.

See illustrations on page 569.

Fig. 1.—BLACK CRAPE ROUND HAT, with turned-up rim, trimmed with ruches and a fan-shaped bow of crape. Short crape veil, trimmed with narrow ruches.

Figs. 2 and 3.—GRAY CRAPE BONNET. This bonnet is trimmed with an oblong rosette and a long veil of the material, strings of gray silk ribbon four inches wide to tie under the chin. To make the bonnet, first cut the frame from Figs. 8 and 9, Supplement. Pleat the pieces cut from Figs. 8 and 9, bringing × on ●, wire the edge of Fig. 8, and join this piece, according to the corresponding figures, with the rim, which is sewed together from 15 to 16; wire the outer edge of the rim, and bend it in the shape given by the illustration, Fig. 3, which shows the frame for the bonnet. Cover the crown of the frame smoothly with several layers of crape; cover the rim on the inside and outside with smooth crape also, and then with gathered crape strips on the outside only. Bind the outer edge of the bonnet with a strip of crape several layers in thickness, and sew a row of gray lace to the inside of the rim. Finally, trim the bonnet as shown by the illustration, and furnish it with strings.

Figs. 4 and 5.—BLACK NEAPOLITAN HAT. The rim of the hat is lined with black poult de soie, and the revers are covered with the same material. The trimming consists of black feathers and black ribbon. Fig. 5 shows the hat untrimmed.

Fig. 6.—BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY. This bonnet is made of lilac silk, trimmed with gros grain ribbon in a darker shade and crimped silk fringe an inch and three-quarters wide. To make the bonnet, cut the rim, first, of a double layer of stiff lace from Fig. 6, Supplement. Wire the edge of this piece, cover the inside smoothly with silk, and the outside with gathered silk, and bind the edge with similar silk a quarter of an inch wide. For

GROS GRAIN MOURNING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–5.

CASHMERE SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

WALKING DRESS WITH LACE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 45–49.

and a half wide, a cluster of daisies, loops of black gros grain ribbon four inches wide, long hanging ends of similar ribbon, and a scarf of black tulle and lace.

VAGUE PEOPLE.

THE core of society is compact enough, made up as it is of those real doers of the world's work who are clear as to what they want, and who pursue a definite object with both meaning and method. But outside this solid nucleus lies a floating population of vague people; nebulous people; people without mental coherence or the power of intellectual growth; people without purpose, without aim, who drift with any current any where, making no attempt at conscious steering, and having no port to which they desire to steer; people who are emphatically loose in their mental hinges, and who can not be trusted with any office requiring distinct perception or exact execution; people to whom existence is something to be got through with as little trouble and as much pleasure as may be, but who have not the faintest idea that life contains a principle which each man ought to make clear to himself, and work out at any cost, and to which he ought to subordinate and harmonize all his faculties and his efforts. These vague people of nebulous minds compose the larger half of the world, and count for just so much dead-weight, which impedes or gives its inert strength to the active agents as it chances to be handled. They are the majority which votes in committees and all assemblies as they are influenced by the one or two clear-minded leaders who know what they are about, and who drive them like sheep by the mere force of a definite idea and a resolute will.

Yet if there is nothing on which vague people are clear, and if they are not difficult to influence as the "majority," there is much

ALPACA HOUSE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

on which they are positive as a matter of private conviction. In opposition to the exhortation to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us, they can give no reason for any thing they believe or fancy they believe. They are sure of the result, but the logical method by which that result has been reached is beyond their power to remember or understand. To argue with them is to spend labor and strength in vain, like trying to make ropes out of sea-sand. Beaten off at every point, they settle down again into the old vague, vapory *credo*, and it is like fighting with ghosts to attempt to convince them of a better way. They look at you helplessly, assent loosely to your propositions; but when you come to the necessary deduction, they double back in a vague assertion that they do not agree with you; they can not prove you wrong, but they are sure that they are right; and you know then that the collapse is hopeless. If this meant tenacity, it would be so far respectable, even though the conviction were erroneous; but it is the mere unimpressible fluidity of vagueness, the impossibility of giving shape and coherence to a floating fog or a formless haze. Vague as to the basis of their beliefs, they are vaguer still as to their facts. These, indeed, are like a ladder of which half the rungs are missing. They never remember a story, and they can not describe what they have seen. Of the first they are sure to lose the point and to entangle the thread; of the last they forget all the details, and confound both sequence and position. As to dates, they are as if lost in a wood when you require definite centuries, years, months; but they are great in the chronological generosity of "about," which is to them what the Middle Ages and Classic Times are to uncertain historians. It is as much as they can do to remember their own birthday; but they are never sure of their children's, and generally mix up names and ages in a manner that exasperates the young people like a personal insult.

With the best intentions in the world, they do infinite mischief. They detail what they think they have heard of their neighbors'

the crown of the bonnet cut of silk and tulle lining one piece from Fig. 7, Supplement. Baste the silk on the tulle, cut the slit indicated from the under edge to ∗, and run the material and lining together there, and at the under edge to 13; then sew a strip of the material, half an inch wide, to the under side, along the line indicated, from ∗ to 13 at both sides. Through the shirr thus formed run ribbons, which are fastened to the point indicated by 13, and passed out through the point indicated by ∗, and then tied together. Gather the crown from 12 to :, sew it on the rim according to the corresponding figures, and sew fringe on the under edge of Fig. 7 and along the slit. Finally, trim the bonnet with ribbon and bows as shown by the illustration, and sew a ruche of gathered silk tulle inside of the bonnet.

Figs. 7 and 8.—WHITE NEAPOLITAN BONNET, trimmed with light green silk ribbon and white feather. Fig. 8 shows the bonnet untrimmed.

Figs. 9 and 10.—BRUSSELS STRAW BONNET, trimmed with black silk ribbon, lace, and tulle scarf. At the side of the bonnet is an aigrette of changeable colored feathers. Fig. 10 shows the frame for the bonnet.

Fig. 11.—FLORENTINE STRAW ROUND HAT. This Florentine straw round hat consists of a round flat crown, the edge of which is wired and bent in the shape shown by the illustration. The seam made by sewing on the wire is covered by a row of black lace an inch wide, the edge of which projects over the outer edge of the hat. The trimming of the hat consists of lace two inches

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sayings and doings; but as they never detail any thing exactly, or twice alike, by the time they have told the story to half a dozen friends they have given currency to half a dozen different chimeras which never existed save in their own woolly imaginations. No repute is safe with them, even though they may be personally good-natured and anxious not to do any one harm; but they are so vague that they are always setting afloat exaggerations which are substantially falsehoods; and if you tell them the most innocent fact of any one you would not injure for worlds—say your own daughter or your dearest friend—they are sure to repeat it with additions and distortions, till they have made it into a Frankenstein, which no one now can subdue. Besides this mental haziness, which neither sees nor shapes a fact correctly, vague people are loose and unstable in their habits. They know nothing of punctuality at home or abroad; and you are never sure that you will not stumble on them at meal-times at what time soever you may call. But worse than this, your own meal-times, or any other times, are never safe from them. They float into your house uncertainly, vaguely, without purpose, with nothing to say and nothing to do, and for no reason that you can discover. And when they come they stay; and you can not for the life of you find out what they want or why they have come at all. They invade you at all times, in your busy hours, on your sacred days; and sit there in a chaotic kind of silence, or with vague talk that it tires your brains to bring to a focus; but they are too foggy to understand any thing like a delicate hint, and if you want to get rid of them you must risk a quarrel and effectively shoulder them out. They will be no loss. They are so much drift-weed in your life, and you can make no good of them for yourself or others. Even when they undertake to help you they do you more harm than good by the hazy way in which they understand and the inexactness with which they carry out your wishes. They volunteer to get you by favor the thing you want and can not find in the general way of business—say something of a peculiar shade of olive green—and they bring you in triumph a brilliant cobalt; they know the very animal you are looking for, they say, with a confidence that impresses you, and they send to your stable a gray horse to match your bay pony; and if you trust to their uncontrolled action in your affairs, you find yourself committed to responsibilities you can not meet, and brought to the verge of destruction. They do all this mischief not for want of good-will, but for want of definiteness of perception; and are as sorry as you are when they make "pi," and not a legible sheet. Their desire is good, but a vague desire to help is equal to no help at all, or even worse; it is a positive evil, and throws you wrong by just so much as it attempts to set you straight. They are as unsatisfactory if you try to help them. They are in evil case, and you are philanthropically anxious to assist them. You think that one vigorous push would lift the car of their fortunes out of the rut in which it has stuck, and you go to them with the benevolent design of lending your shoulders as the lever. You question them as to the central fact which they wish changed; for you know that in most cases misfortunes crystallise round one such evil centre, which being removed, the rest would go well. But your vague friends can tell you nothing. They point out this little superficial inconvenience, that small remediable annoyance, as the utmost they can do in the way of definiteness; but when you want to get to the core you find nothing but a cloudy complaint of general ill-will, or a universal run of untoward circumstances with which you can not grapple. To cut off the hydra's heads was difficult enough; but could even Hercules have decapitated the djinn who rose in a volume of smoke from the fisherman's jar? It is the same in matters of health. Only medical men know to the full the difficulty of dealing with vague people when it is necessary that they should be precise. They can localize no pain, define no sensations: if the doctor thinks he has caught hold of one leading symptom, it fades away as he tries to examine it; and, probe as he may, he comes to nothing more definite than a pervading sense of discomfort, which he must resolve into its causes as he best can. So with their suspicions—and vague people are often strangely suspicious and distrustful. They tell you in a loose kind of way that such or such a man is a rogue, such or such a woman no better than she should be. You ask them for their data—they have none; you suggest that they are mistaken, or at least that they should hold themselves as mistaken until they can prove the contrary, and you offer your version of the reputations aspersed; your vague friends listen to you amiably, then go back on their charge, and say, "I am sure of it"—which ends the conversation. They rely on their impression as other people rely on known facts, and a foggy belief is to them what a mathematical demonstration is to the exact.

In business matters they are simply maddening. They never have the necessary papers; they do not answer letters; they confuse your questions, and reply at random or not at all; and they forget all dates and details. When they go to their lawyer on business they leave certificates and drafts behind them locked up where no one can get at them; or if they send directions and the keys, they tell the servant to look for an oblong blue envelope in the right-hand drawer, when they ought to have said a square white parcel in the left. They give you vague commissions to execute, and you have to find your way in the fog to the best of your ability. They say they want something like something else you have never seen, and they can not give an address more exact than "somewhere in —— Street." They think the man's name is Baker, or something like that. Perhaps it is Flower; but the suggestion of ideas ought to be intelligible to you, and is quite near enough for them. They ask you to meet them when they come up to town, but they do not give you either the station or the train. You have to make a guess as near as you can, and when you reproach them they pay you the compliment of saying you are so clever it was not necessary for them to explain. If they have any friends out in Australia or India, they inquire of you, just returned, if you happened to meet them. When you ask where they were stationed they say they do not know; and when you suggest that Madras and Calcutta are not in the same Presidencies, that India is a large place, and Australia not quite like an English county, they look helples-

Fig. 1.—Black Crape Round Hat.

Fig. 11.—Florentine Straw Round Hat.

Fig. 4.—Black Neapolitan Hat.—[See Fig. 5.]

Fig. 3.—Frame of Gray Crape Bonnet Fig. 2.

Fig. 8.—Frame of White Neapolitan Bonnet, Fig. 7.

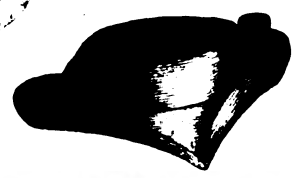

Fig. 10.—Frame of Brussels Straw Bonnet, Fig. 9.

Fig. 5.—Frame of Black Neapolitan Hat, Fig. 4.

Fig. 2.—Gray Crape Bonnet.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 8 and 9.

Fig. 9.—Brussels Straw Bonnet. [See Fig. 10.]

Fig. 7.—White Neapolitan Bonnet. [See Fig. 8.]

Fig. 6.—Bonnet for Elderly Lady.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 6 and 7.

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and bewildered, and drift away into the vague geography familiar to them—"somewhere in India," "somewhere in Australia," and "I thought you might have met them." For geography, like history, is one of the branches of the tree of knowledge they have never climbed, and of which the fruits are as though they were not. But apart from the personal discomforts to which vague people subject themselves and the absurdities of which they are guilty, one can not help speculating on the spiritual state of folks to whom nothing is precise, nothing definite, and no question of faith clearly thought out. To be sure, they may be great in the realm of conviction; but so is the African savage when he hears the ghosts of his ancestors pass howling in the woods; so is the Assassin of the Mountain, when he sees heaven open as he throws himself on the spears of his enemies in an ecstasy of faith to be realized by slaughter and suicide. Convictions based on imagination, unsupported by facts or proofs, are as worthless in a moral as in a logical point of view; but the vague have nothing better; and whether as politicians or as pietists, though they are warm partisans, they are but feeble advocates, fond of flourishing about large generalities, but impossible to pin to any point, and unable to defend any position. To those who must have something absolute and precise, however limited—one inch of firmly laid foundation on which to build up the remainder—it is a matter of more wonder than envy how the vague are content to live forever in a haze which has no clearness of outline, no definiteness of detail, and how they can make themselves happy in a name, calling their fog faith, and therewith counting themselves blessed.

WITH A WEDDING PRESENT.

SWEETEST maid in all the earth,
Though my love be little worth,
Yet I cast it at thy feet:
To be spurned by thee is sweet.

Heed it not, nor stoop to take
What I lavish for thy sake:
Scarcely cast on it thine eye:
Go thy way, and let it lie.

Oh, that in a living line
Were ten thousand loves like mine
Prostrate laid, that on them all
Thine unheeding foot might fall!

Go thy way, most sweet, most fair!
Tread us down, and do not spare!
Trample on our heads, for we
Only live to honor thee!

All along the love-paved road,
Lady, pass to thine abode.
Queen of loves, ascend thy throne,
Where thou wilt not sit alone.

Sweetest maid in all the earth,
Is my love too little worth
Even to be trampled on
As thou passest to thy throne?

SEEING THE WORLD.

"AND so you are really a-going?" asked Lucius, leaning over the gate, and gazing wistfully at Becky. "Well, I s'pose I must make up my mind ter bear it. If you'd given it up, and cared a sixpence for me, who cares so much for you, why we could 'a been married 'most any time. I'm building a house now that 'll be the smartest-looking one in the place when it's done. And I've got money in the bank, and four yoke of oxen afield! If— But it's no use talking. Ifs don't help a fellow out of trouble, seeing as you mean ter go any way!"

"Yes," said pretty Becky, in whose fair face the color had been coming and going while he spoke—"yes, I've made up my mind ter see the world a bit. I guess you'll get on without me; you won't die of it. I s'pose you'll be up ter see me off to-morrow?"

"I'm afeard it 'll be more pain than pleasure. It 'll be like seeing the last of you. It's as good, or as bad, as losing you forever. You'll be certain to take up with some of them mill bosses or flashy clerks that know how ter impose upon a country girl."

"Maybe I shall. At any rate I shall make a heap of money, and I'm bound ter see the world. I don't want ter spend all my days in the chimbly-corner, if other folks do. They say as how the smart girls make a matter of nine or ten dollars a week up ter the Blackwater mills."

"And pay their board out of it, and eat baker's trash, and spile their complexions, and lose their health, and throw the rest away on finery. I've seen them there mill girls, when I've bin up ter Blackwater with potatoes, tricked out like dolls in cheap nonsense, and I've thanked my stars that none of 'em didn't belong to me!"

"You can keep on thanking your stars, I guess. Of course I don't want ter disgrace you, and I'm bound ter go into the mills and see the world."

"'Tain't a good p'int of view, ter my eye; and I shouldn't call it a disgrace if you needed for ter go. It ain't going ter work that's disgrace, but it's a-using of your money fur show. However, it's none of my business; that's plain; though goodness knows I wish it was. Good-night, Becky; I'll see you ag'in in the morning."

"Good-night," said Becky, folding her arms like a statue of determination. "I've a good mind ter give you the slip fur your pains, Sir," she thought, "and git Ben ter take me over ter the railroad an hour earlier." And then she walked up to her mother's door, stripping the syringa-bushes as she went, and wondering what the great world outside Duffield was like, and if Lucius would really be ashamed of her going into the mill—a little trembling and uncertainty of herself withal at heart. But she did not ask Ben to help her give Lucius the slip next morning; she even delayed some time, tied a knot in her bonnet strings on purpose, because it would be necessary to untie it, and came near missing the train waiting till Lucius should please come and say good-by. But just as she was taking her seat beside Ben, Lucius appeared, took the reins out of Ben's hands, and drove her over to the station himself, a distance of three miles, and bought her ticket, checked her baggage and seated her, and wrung her hand.

"If you ever want any help, Becky," said he, "send for me." And then he turned away, sprang into the carriage, and drove off without looking back.

Becky shook the tears out of her eyes, and before the train had reached Blackwater she was beginning to feel as if home was a mighty pleasant place, and Lucius the best of company. She attempted to converse with a pretty woman at her elbow, who answered in monosyllables and felt for her watch. She asked the conductor if the next station was Blackwater, and couldn't hear his reply; she lost her ticket down a crack, and dropped her purse into the folds of her neighbor's gown, and brought suspicion upon herself in fumbling for it; and she got carried past Blackwater, and had to wait for the next train to return. Altogether, seeing the world did not begin nor promise favorably. However, she reached her destination at last—having lost her carpet-bag on the way—and the next morning took her place in the mill and went to work. But how unusual it all was to her! The noise and smell of the machinery made her head whirl, the heat drove her distracted, and the frolic and chatter of the girls were too much for human endurance. They made themselves merry about her, too. She could now and then catch their disjointed comments at her awkwardness and slowness—about her personal appearance.

"Yes, she's good enough complected, but—"

"But pug noses is good-natured."

"I don't like dimples, for my part; they look silly."

"And such an old-fashioned way of fixing her hair."

"But it's all her own."

"Yes, bought and paid for!"

What headaches and heart-aches poor Becky had before becoming acquainted with the ways of this world into which she had projected herself! How her bones ached at night! how her head burned all day with the heat, and her limbs trembled! But what delight when her wages came in! She kept her surplus funds in a little box at the bottom of her trunk, determined not to merit the name of spending for show and finery which Lucius had pointed out to her. The other girls, somehow, did not seem to fancy her; either she was too pretty to please them, too quiet to amuse them, or held herself unwittingly aloof—the result of a reserved nature, which is often misunderstood. She seldom went out with them evenings, or joked with the young men whom they knew, or sat in the boarding-house parlor and flirted out of the windows with opposite neighbors.

One day, when she was tending a loom, the new overseer came sauntering into the room, and, stopping near her, he said, "You've made a mistake quarter of a yard back there; take it all out."

"A quarter of a yard! Oh dear, it will take so long! Why didn't I see it before? Oh dear!" The overseer, who was a young and handsome man of his type—very dark, with large, keen eyes that might soften if they chose, a firm chin, and a love of a mustache, which lent expression to an otherwise expressionless mouth—the overseer turned himself about at sound of her voice, and faced her for a full minute.

"What's the matter?" asked Becky.

"I was thinking what a deuced pretty girl you are," he answered.

"That's none of your affair," said she, sharply, turning away and proceeding to take out her work.

"I don't know about that. Come, you don't find it so hard as you expected, pulling it out, eh? There! see, it comes out just as if that was part of the play. You'll put it in again straight enough in no time. Haven't been here long, have you?"

"Two months."

"How do you like?"

"I like the wages. There! you bother me; I could get along a heap faster without you. Is it necessary for you to overlook me?"

"Not necessary, but mighty pleasant." Becky laughed in spite of herself, and good-nature was established between them.

"Shall I go away?" he asked, after she had finished her laugh.

"If I didn't want you to go I dare say you'd be in a hurry; that's the contrary spirit of mankind."

"Is it? Then you are acquainted with mankind?"

"Not in Blackwater." He left her presently, and she heard one of the girls say to him, "What have you been fussing about that upstart for?"

"I've been scolding her for making a muss in her loom."

"I wish every body's scoldings were as pleasant," thought Becky.

"What did Dwight say to you, Beck?" asked the same damsel, as they were going home together.

"He told me to take out a heap of my work; and it was so warm, and I had such a headache, I felt ready to cry."

"Oh, you can't fool me. He said something else, I'll be bound, or you wouldn't hev blushed up so red, and your eyes would hev shot fire. I was watching of you."

"You'd better bin watching of your loom."

"But I didn't make a muss of it. I can do two things ter onst, if I ain't 'deuced pretty.'"

"Who said you wasn't?"

"No matter. I've got ears as well as eyes. Dwight is allus saying spooney things to the girls. He don't mean 'em. I knowed him afore he came in overseer."

"I don't know him at all," said Becky.

But somehow, when she remembered the handsome face that had changed a frown for a smile as it bent above her, she almost wished in her isolation that she did know him. However, he came into the room where she worked quite often after this, and never without delaying in her neighborhood for a chat; so that before the month was out they had got to be something like friends, and many thought something nearer. He would be often waiting about the entrance when she went home, and make some excuse to join her part of the way; and on Sundays he was sure to happen upon her either going to or coming from meeting, and drop her a few pleasant words that made the color deepen and the smile spring out like sunshine. And I greatly fear that Becky was beginning to think very seldom of Lucius, and very frequently of Dwight.

"How should you like living in Blackwater all your days, Becky?" he asked her one evening when they were prolonging their walk.

"I might like it if—"

"If the company was agreeable." And he touched the ring on the hand resting on his arm. "Somebody gave you that who wants to marry you?"

"How do you know *that?*" she asked, betraying herself.

"It's plain enough. I s'pose you're going to marry him—confound the fellow!—or you wouldn't wear his ring."

"Oh no!" cried Becky, feeling quite convinced just then that, come what would, she never could marry such a plain, homespun body as Lucius—"oh no; he said it would please him to see me wear it, and I wore it jest to quiet him."

"But it doesn't please me, Becky, to see you wear it."

"Then—then—I—won't wear it."

And when she had taken it off and secreted it in her pocket Dwight snatched the bare brown hand and kissed it.

"Send this ring back to the simple youth, won't you, Becky?" And Becky promised, but never found the heart to do it. "You'll never be contented to live in the backwoods again," said he; "and it's a burning shame to waste your sweetness on the desert air. You'd ought to marry somebody who lives in a growing place like this, and is getting to be somebody in it, and ride in your carriage and make a dash."

"Lucius don't approve—" began Becky, from the mere force of habit.

"Confound Lucius, whoever he is! Is that his name? What business is it of his? I say you're too pretty to marry a country bumpkin, and simmer away all your days in churning and scouring."

"What's that to you, Sir, who I marry?"

"It's a great deal to me, Becky."

"Who was that left you at the door?" asked one of the girls.

"It was a friend of mine," said Becky, confidently.

"Oh yes; you don't object ter going out evenings when you can git good company!"

"No; do you?"

"Perhaps you don't call us women-folks good company, though?"

"I have never said so."

"Have you seen Dwight to-day? The girls all say as how you and him's thick as can be. I'd keep my eyes open if I was you; he's one of them slippery sort as don't know their own mind. He courted a girl over ter Amherst as pretty as you be, and after she'd got most ready to be married he up and jilted her."

"Oh, I don't believe it," cried the unsophisticated Becky: "it isn't like him!"

"It's jest like him. He's mighty fond of good looks. Jest you catch a squint in your eyes, or break your nose or something, and see what his love amounts to."

"I hope I shan't do either," cried Becky, trembling before the dreadful picture that her companion was conjuring. "Why do you speak of such terrible things?"

"'Cause she wants Dwight herself!" spoke up another. And then Becky, fearing to hear further remarks upon her sweetheart, took her candle and went to bed.

She had quite a pretty sum of money laid by in her strong-box now, though, to be sure, she had indulged herself in more new ribbons and fallals than Lucius would have approved, or than she had intended, just to enhance her loveliness in Dwight's eyes; and of what earthly consequence was Lucius's approval compared with Dwight's admiration? Indeed, she forbore to think of the first, partly because the thought was like a stab, and partly because Dwight forced himself upon her most private thoughts, where she invested him with all the nobilities of soul which Lucius had taught her. She pleased herself with fancying how the neighbors would open their eyes when she should return home a bride on handsome Dwight's arm—a city gentleman! How the Spinach girls and the Cresses would envy her! Seeing the world, after all, wasn't such a bad thing; she quite forgot that the panorama was not over. Had she lived on in Duffield, she argued, there would have been nothing more ambitious for her to do than to marry Lucius and share his toils. But, of course, an overseer's wife would have a vastly different lot; she would not need to bring the water to wash her hands; and with such an exalted end in view it naturally became a matter of indifference whether she saved much of her wages or spent them in adornments befitting an overseer's sweetheart. In the mean time she enjoyed this view of the world which was full of light and shade, with a fair perspective to give it enchantment; it was so unlike the old, slow days at Duffield when she had only to put out her hand for the fruit just ready to drop—these excited, hopeful days, thrilling with possibility, and palpitating with uncertainty.

One day she came from the mill complaining of headache and pain in the back.

Doubtless it would be gone before morning; and she went early to bed to sleep it off; but the pains increased hourly, and by daylight she was so much worse that the landlady, Mrs. Flint, fearful of consequences, sent for a doctor.

"She's got the small-pox, madam," said he, in short metre, not stopping to adorn the simple fact.

"The small-pox! Oh, horrors! Don't call it the small-pox, doctor. It 'll spoil my business. Call it the fever, or the measles—any thing else!"

"I'm accustomed to call things by their right names, madam. It's the small-pox, and nothing more or less."

"Then she must go away. I can't have her here. It's as good as turning me and my family out of house and home inter the almshouse!"

"It would be simply murder to turn her out now. You can take your choice between that and the chance of catching the disease. I think there *is* a choice."

So Becky was allowed to stay, being removed to an attic room, the doors between which and the rest of the house being strongly barricaded, as if the small-pox was a visible besieging army, and no mortal but a young servant permitted to go near her, to do her a good turn, to fetch her food, and administer her medicines; and the little servant being half wild with terror herself, and weary with much household labor, performed her services at arm's-length, shaking like the ague, and slept in her chair between whiles. Moreover, the room was small and ill ventilated, with but one window, and the weather was warm, and the bed hard whereon she lay; and there was nobody to smooth the beautiful tangled hair, to wet the burning lips, to settle the pillows beneath the aching head, to encourage and sustain.

At this time the mill girls were busy talking over Becky's case within Dwight's hearing.

"The doctor says it's going plaguy hard with her."

"Where 'll her good looks be when she gits out?"

"She won't be able ter put on any more airs about 'em, I reckon!"

"I guess beaux 'll git scarce!"

"Nobody 'll be teasing her for her tin-type, I calkalate," giggled another.

"Them as has it won't know her."

"Poor thing, how hard it is!" moaned a good Samaritan; "if it wa'n't for my work daytimes, and mother's rheumatics, and the baby's measles, and gran'ther's cold, and the rest of the housework, I'd find time to go up and look after her a bit. Does Miss Flint take good care of her, think?"

"None to hurt—catch her. She's as scared as a crow; she's dripping with camfire and things ter keep it off; she smokes every body and every thing that comes down them stairs, and that ain't nobody but the doctor and little Drudge. If she gits well, it won't be Miss Flint's fault!"

"You're gossiping about somebody, girls?" said Dwight, coming down upon them like the wolf on the fold. The girls shut up like a trap-door, and fell to work silently. "What's the matter with Becky?" he pursued; "I don't see her round lately. Sick?"

"She's got the disease."

"The what?"

"The—the varioloid, I guess," not daring to tell the bald fact.

"Got it bad?"

"Miss Flint's Drudge says as how she's a sight to behold. I guess she won't be pretty to see when she gits out."

"No?" as if it were of the smallest consequence in the world, but fidgeting with his watch-chain, as if there was something on his mind. "I'm going up to Haddon to-night: the agent's took sick—great deal of sickness about—and I've got to do his work, and look after the cotton he's been bargaining for. Perhaps I sha'n't be back before Becky get's about. Some of you let her know." But nobody did let her know; nobody cared to ease her burden by a straw: only when, in a half delirium, she called him, the little Drudge said, who understood nothing of delirium, "He's gone to Haddon; I heerd the gals tell as how he'd gone a-purpose. The cotton's all an excuse, I guess: they said so; and they're real spiteful, and say he won't be coming a-courting of *you* no more. But I don't believe it. There! don't cry, Beck; somebody else 'll like you better'n him. I do. I ain't afeard of catching it no longer; I ain't got no fellow to lose, and Marm Flint wouldn't come a-near me, and I shouldn't hev ter hop and skip ter her tune. Oh dear!" But Nature fought bravely in Becky's cause, if nobody else did; and, when all is said and done, one had better have all the world against her than Dame Nature; and so one day Becky was out of danger, and soon she sat up and cried over her face in the glass, and plaited her wisp of hair that was left, to put the best foot forward; and presently she walked out, and the Pharisees passed by on the other side; and Mrs. Flint sent in her bill for board and nursing! It was so big that Becky couldn't believe the figures—and we know that figures won't lie—so big that she hunted out her old worn trunk from a closet under the eaves, where it had been stored during her illness, and opened her strong-box, only to find that some one had been before her! Upon being made to understand that Becky was unable to settle the

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bill, that she had endured so much fear and danger for nothing, that Becky would not be able to work for weeks yet, and that the mills were already supplied with more skillful hands, the exasperated Mrs. Flint quietly turned Becky out-of-doors to shirk for herself, and retained her clothing till she could ransom it. What do you suppose poor Becky thought of this new aspect of the world? With nothing but a change of raiment at her disposal, she went about from one boarding-house to another seeking rest for the sole of her foot; but when she was found to be the girl who had just got up from the small-pox "over ter Flint's," out of work and out of health, they shut the door in her face. All day long she wandered about the city offering herself as servant or nurse for a song, for her board, for nothing; but where were her recommendations: her haggard face, her sunken eyes, her mildewed skin, her ragged fringe of hair? No one wanted this creature of blight to blot their sunshine: she would frighten the children. Among so many homes there was no place for her.

The daylight faded and vanished, and the eternal stars came out from the immeasurable realms of space, and still Becky, worn and disheartened, benumbed with her troubles, paced up and down the narrow streets, shrinking away from the crowd of sweethearts, of which she had but yesterday made a part; slinking into a doorway when Dwight himself passed her, bending to another as he had bent to her so lately, smiling as she had seen him smile. Had he forgotten her so soon? Or was it, as the girls had said, that he loved only beauty, and hated misfortune? Had he ever cared for her? Would not love have recognized its other self under all the disguises of illness and disfigurement when they met face to face that first morning in which she had strength to go out, but when he had feigned not to see the welcome smile, the outstretched wasted hand? Was love a thing to be frightened by a shadow? Would Lucius have deserted her in her hour of need, as this other had done for whom she had forsaken Lucius? What bitter thoughts surged over her through that dark night, crouching in the door-way, and wrapping herself from the damp night air in her thin shawl! what visions of happy harvest days at home, of the warm affection she had slighted, of the beauty she might have retained, of a fireside and a home which she had surrendered just to see this world! And this was seeing the world! Where was the gilding and the perspective, the light and shade? Was this the wrong side, that it looked so dreary? And then sleep had compassion upon her, since no one else had, and hushed her troubles.

"Dear! dear!" cried a sweet voice, which awoke her, "if this poor thing ain't spent the night on the cold stones, and I in my comfortable bed! Why didn't you ask to be took in, child? Come in, and git a hot cup of coffee and a muffin, and tell me all about it." So Becky followed the good soul into the sunny breakfast-room and told her story.

"Bless me, if you ain't seen the world on it's worst side! And you live way over ter Duffield, and the other one's name's Lucius Giddings? Now never you worrit about gitting home; jest you sit down here and help me with my sewing. I do dress-making, you see, and I'll settle things for you. I have a knack. Why, you ain't good for nothing but ter be in your bed this minute."

"Oh no; if you've got any thing for me to do, oh, please let me be about it. If I can git money enough to pay Miss Flint and go back to Duffield I'll never leave it ag'in, if I *am* a laughing-stock to the young fellows and the neighbors."

"Don't worrit about them, child; them there marks won't last forever, and, I'll be bound, Lucius won't think the worse of you fur 'em."

"Lucius won't look at me."

"Then he won't see 'em; and it won't kill you to live an old maid, if it comes to that. I've survived it this twenty odd year, and—I don't go fur ter say it's the jolliest life to be led—it's sort of lonesome and vacant like, but you git used to it after a time."

"Do you?" said Becky, wondering how she should fancy living next door to Lucius and his possible wife, seeing them go in and out, and their children blossom about them, while she sat alone.

One morning the postmaster at Duffield met Lucius Giddings in the street, and pulled out a crumpled letter. "See here," said he, "I've been a-carrying this here letter round in my pocket fur a week, thinking to fall in with you. I knowed as how you'd hev no call ter come ter the office, and I'd no chance fur sending to you. But I can't jest make out where it's postmarked. I reckon it's from a lady."

From a lady! Then it could be from no one but Becky! He tore it open and read:

"MR. LUCIUS GIDDINGS,—I never see you in all my born days, and you never see me, and, what's more, I never heern tell of you till a week last Tuesday. You used to hev a liking onst for a young thing called Becky, who came to Blackwater to see the world. Well, she's not pretty any longer; she's pitted—that's the truth of it—and she's thin-looking; her eyes is sunk; her heart's 'most broke along of trouble. Now I want to tell the whole truth to you as a friend, you know. When she first come here she got a fancy for a flashy sort of chap, an overseer in the mill, as is up to breaking girls' hearts at random. Well, you see, she'd probably never hev thought of *him*, but he took a mighty great shine to her good looks; but that's over now, and he passes her like a stranger, along of her complect being gone, and she turned out into the street for having nothing to pay her way, and the money stole out of her box, and she too sick to work, and no work to do, when I happened upon her. But, after all, I know she hankers after her first love. Now if you're sure you ain't forgot her, and didn't jest love her pink and white complect and bright eyes, like that other one—if you're sure as shot that you'd be pleased with a plain wife as has got the nonsense clean out of her head a-seeing of the world—why, jest come over to Blackwater, and find a warm welcome at 17 Small Street. Otherwise, drop me a line, and I'll keep Becky till she's outgrowed her troubles. LIDDY LARK."

"Otherwise!" Lucius stopped for nothing more. He didn't take an instant to reflect; he knew himself too well to need that. He jumped upon the back of old Scud, and caught the train for Blackwater, and never paused till he rung at 17 Small Street.

Liddy Lark had stepped out, and left Becky to tend the door.

"How are you, Becky!" cried Lucius, taking the scarred apparition in his arms. "Why, you ain't so bad as she said. I'd 'a known you among a thousand. But then love, you know, makes a plain face to shine, and you'll never be plain to me, Becky, never, if you'll be my wife!"

"Oh, Lucius, you're jest saying it to please me. I can't never marry nobody while I'm such a scarecrow: and then you don't know the worst."

"I s'pose the worst is that other chap—the overseer. I don't care a straw for him. I won't ever speak of him, if you'll go back to Duffield with me."

And she went; but they never forgot Liddy Lark.

THE GIPSY'S GLASS.

CISSY THORNE was sitting at her toilette-table, skipping a novel, while her maid, Emma, brushed her long, thick, silky hair. Some people said it was false, because there was so much of it; other Christians were certain it must be dyed, seeing that it had that particular bright golden tint which is so often due to art; but Emma knew better. That exemplary girl took the same sort of pride in her mistress's hair that a good groom does in the coats of his master's horses, and was never tired of currying—I mean brushing it. Fortunately the young lady took an equal pleasure in her passive part of the performance, and so both were satisfied. When the spoiled beauty did not know what else to do, she went up to her room, took off her dress, and had her hair brushed; it was a lady-like substitute for smoking a pipe.

I wonder that Darwin has not instanced the pleasure we feel in being stroked the right way in favor of his last theory. I believe that Cissy was often very near purring, especially in thundery weather, when her hair crackled like an experiment.

"Well, Emma, did you go to the fair?" asked the brushee, laying down her book.

"Yes, miss, I did."

"And what did you see?"

"I saw a horsemanship, where they rode standing, and jumped through hoops—wonderful!"

"And did you go on one of the roundabouts that are worked by a steam-engine, which plays an organ?"

"No, miss!" replied Emma, with an emphasis.

"Do you know, Emma, I should like to, if no one saw."

"Lor, miss! they are crowded with such a low lot, they are."

"Low lots, as you call them, seem to have all the fun," said Cissy, with a half sigh. "And what else did you see?"

"I went to a—fortune-teller."

"No! In a tent?"

"There were little tents about, but it was a yellow cart I went into; not in the fair exactly, but in the clump, before you come to it. She's wonderful!"

"Is she, though? What did she say? Tell me," cried the excited Cissy, who was troubled with yearnings after the supernatural.

"She told me all sorts of things which she could not have known natural: a mole on my neck; how long I have been in service—"

"Yes, yes, but the future; did she say any thing about that?"

"She did more, miss, she showed it me."

"No!"

"In a round glass. As true as I am standing here I saw him plain."

"Your future husband?"

"As is to be; yes, miss."

The two girls had been playmates when very little, and there was much more familiarity between them than is customary with mistress and maid. So Emma had to enter into all the mysterious details of the cabalistic ceremony.

"What fun!" cried Cissy. "I should so like to go! I *will* go! The fortune-teller's caravan is not actually in the fair, you say; and there will not be many people about if we start early."

"Lor, miss, what will your pa and ma say?"

"I don't know; I'll do it first and ask them afterward, for fear they might object. We will go to-morrow morning, directly after breakfast, mind."

Mr. Thorne was a steward; I do not mean an official attached to a steam-packet, in charge of a china-shopful of white basins, but a manager of large estates in the country; a well-to-do man, who had a small property of his own, which he farmed in the most intelligent and neatest style, on the outskirts of the market-town of Littelun. Mrs. Thorne was plump, good-natured, and lazy, yet somewhat proud and sensitive; she fancied the county families were patronizing, and she would not be patronized.

Cissy was their only child, and they thought much of her, honestly believing that there never was such another baby—child—maiden. Of course the paragon was never sent to school, and her governesses were selected principally with reference to their power of appreciating her merits.

Nevertheless, she was very charming, and had two lovers; I do not mean mere admirers, but two men who were ready to marry her, if she would but choose one of them. But she could not quite make up her mind which of the brace to select.

"If this gypsy would only show me which I am to take, it would save me a world of trouble," she said to herself, with a smile; "but, of course, that is all nonsense. Yet if she did, I vow that I would be guided by it."

One aspirant was Pendil Frogmore, a landed proprietor in the neighborhood, very poor—for, though his rent-roll was a fair one, his debts were enormous—but very handsome and well set up. Indeed, he had been in the Blues; I don't mean in bad spirits, but a man in armor, commanding men in armor; and his wife would be undoubtedly *county*.

Charles Wilson was the name of the other; he was a young London solicitor, who had just been taken into a good firm, and was now on a visit to his mother, an Indian colonel's widow, who resided at Littelun. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Thorne were good friends; so all was smooth there. Mrs. Wilson had murmured, indeed, when she first saw her son's inclination,

"Would she be a companion for you, Charles? Would she be able to take an interest in the same things you did?"

"No, mother; and that is just what I want. I should hate a wife who was as clever as myself. But how can you fail to see her merits? She is such a very nice little party!"

"Par*tie*, Charley, par*tie:* how dreadfully bad your French accent is! I grant that she would not be a bad match for you from a worldly point of view."

Frogmore was the more handsome, Wilson the more pleasant. Really, if fate would settle the matter for her, it would save Cissy Thorne a world of trouble.

So the pretty bone of contention thought, as she started with her maid, Emma, for Littleun Hurst at 9 A.M.; for Mr. Thorne breakfasted early, and his daughter presided, Mrs. Thorne being a sluggard. Not a drum was heard, not a pandean note, as they stepped briskly along; the gingerbread husbands were covered up from the dust; the merry-go-rounds were still; the clown was darning his dress; the donkeys breakfasted frugally on each other's manes; the fire-eater was trying a diet of bacon, bread, and garlic, for a change. Business never commenced in the fair before the afternoon. But Miss Thorne's visit was not to the fair: to the right, some five hundred yards from the common, there was a clump of sparse trees, and sheltered beneath them stood one of those yellow huts on wheels which act so vividly upon the imaginations of village children. This was the abode of the sibyl, and the adventuresses turned aside toward it.

Emma went first up the steps, and tapped with the bright brass knocker; the door opened immediately, and a woman of the mystic race appeared—young, handsome as a Spaniard, though her splendid black hair was rather coarse, if you came to examine it too closely. Emma drew back, to let her mistress enter first.

"Walk in, my pretty lady!" said the gypsy. "Don't be afeared; I am quite alone here."

Although the fun of the fair did not commence till late in the day, it was evident that custom came betimes to the sibyl, for all traces of night disorder had disappeared from the miniature interior, which was spick and span, neat and clean; obviously prepared for visitors. The small apartment was still further reduced by a curtain, which ran on brass rings along a rod, inclosing a portion of the space.

The gypsy examined Cissy's hand, and began making shots—centres, though, most; bull's-eyes, some.

"You are an only child, and your father and mother would give you gold to eat if you wanted it; you had a bad illness four or five years ago; when a child you were in great peril from a dog." A lot more to the same effect, couched in vague language, but very correct. Cissy began to be sorry that she had come. "There's two gentlemen as is very sweet upon you, my pretty lady," continued the unpoetic sibyl. "If you marry one, you will be unhappy all your life; but if you take the other, you will be lucky, and live to be eighty, and ride in your carriage and pair all the time."

The idea of this very protracted drive rather amused Cissy, and that revived her courage. After all, the woman might have made inquiries about her on the chance of her coming.

"And how am I to know which of these gentlemen to choose?" she asked, in a bantering tone.

"Ah, that I can not tell, my lady; but you can look in the Magic Glass for yourself, and see if it shows you aught."

"Let me see it, then," said Cissy, bravely, though the feeling of creepiness began to return.

The gypsy said that Emma should leave the caravan. But Cissy would not have that; so a compromise was effected; the maid was blindfolded. Then the gypsy drew slides across the little windows on either side, producing a deep twilight. Then the curtain at the further end slowly parted, revealing a wall of black cloth, tightly stretched, in the centre of which was fixed a circular mirror about two feet in diameter, an' this gradually became luminous. Cissy's nervousness returned with increased force, and she grasped the hand of her blindfolded maid.

A table separated the girls from the mirror; and whether it was owing to the magic quality of the glass, or the angle at which it was placed, it did not reflect the figures standing opposite it. Indeed, it was more like ground glass than an ordinary mirror—ground glass with a feeble light behind it. Presently the surface became covered with ill-defined, shifting shadows, which gathered so thickly as to obscure the whole of it; and then it gradually cleared, and a head and shoulders grew upon it. It cleared a little more, and revealed—the undoubted face of Charles Wilson. Cissy stood aghast in awe-struck terror before this supernatural intimation, when suddenly, as she gazed, the face before her became convulsed with an expression of terrible agony. She uttered a little scream, and fainted.

Fresh air and cold water soon brought her to. She feed the gypsy, and started homeward.

"You seed him, miss?" inquired Emma.

"Yes; and I'll never marry any one else, if I die an old maid. But oh! what can that dreadful expression on his face foretell? I fear that some awful calamity will happen some day."

A not improbable dread. There was one consolation: fate and Cissy's wishes had hit it off nicely. Girls are queer things, and she had hardly known that she preferred Charley Wilson as much as she did.

In due time he offered, and was accepted; and they were married, and went for their honey-moon to the Lake of Como.

One evening Charles Wilson rowed his bride out in a very clumsy tub.

"How serious you are, Cissums!" he said, finding her less chatty than usual. "Did that bravo-looking beggar frighten you? Because his frowzy head shall be punched if he did."

"Oh no; oh, don't offend him!" cried the young wife. "I am sure he has got what the Italians call the Evil-eye."

"Has he? Well, never mind; the Americans have invented a potion which counteracts the effect."

"Really?"

"Yes; when we return I will get that gentleman from New York stopping at the hotel to concoct us an Eye-opener; that will make it all right."

"Oh, do!" cried Mrs. Wilson; and her husband paddled on. "I say, Cissums," he said, presently, resting on his oars, "don't think that I am finding fault, because you have not got any faults, so that would be absurd; but are you not rather superstitious?"

"And if I am, I have a right to be," said she.

"Ah! any particular experience?" And he wormed out of her the whole story.

"I am sorry I told you," she cried, when he burst out laughing. "You don't believe it! You had better call me a story-teller at once."

"Believe it, my dear! I am ready to swear to it. You did not see my ghost, though; you were looking at *me*. I was in a dreadfully confined position, and that thief of a gypsy was so long about her preliminaries that I got a horrible cramp in my right calf, and made a face which I thought would betray me."

The bride burst out crying.

"And you bribed my maid, and laid a plot with a common gypsy to deceive me, and nearly frightened me to death, and were laughing at me all the time—oh!" she sobbed.

"All's fair in love," said Wilson, sheepishly.

"It was unworthy of you!" she continued. "You have married me on false pretenses. I shall never feel the same toward you; I will never forgive you, never!"

But she did.

USEFUL RECIPES.

DELICIOUS PUDDING, for dessert.—To three pints of new milk put four sticks of fresh cinnamon, two blades of mace, one and a quarter pounds of the best raisins, stemmed and seeded; cover these tightly in the stew-pan, and simmer slowly for fifteen minutes; meanwhile beat very light the yolks of five eggs, adding slowly, when light, half a pound of pulverized loaf-sugar; make it as light and creamy as possible; when ready, strain the milk so as to leave out spice and raisins, but save the latter, as they are to be put in after a while; stir in the eggs and sugar when the milk boils, beating it until it simmers once; remove it from the fire, and when cold stir in a quarter of a pound of almonds that have been blanched and pounded in a mortar with a little rose-water; then the raisins that were boiled in the milk, half a pound of best citron cut into small, very thin slices, and, if liked, a small portion of preserved ginger cut thinly; mix all well together, add a quart of rich cream, stir till mixed nicely, and freeze as ice-cream. A "Turk's head" makes a very pretty mould for it.

RICE AND APPLE SOUFFLÉ.—Pick over carefully half a pound of the whitest rice; blanch it in boiling water; drain it well, and put it on to boil, with milk sufficient to cover it, a small piece of stick cinnamon, a little grated lemon peel, and a small portion of grated nutmeg; let it boil until the milk is absorbed; try the rice, and, if it is not cooked through, add a little more milk, and boil it longer; when it is ready to take up, remove the cinnamon, add sugar to make it not quite sweet enough; rub the white of an egg around the sides and bottom of a glass bowl; when the rice is cool, turn it into the dish, heaping it up at the sides until it reaches the top of the bowl, and is about an inch and a half thick at bottom and sides; the white of the egg makes it adhere to the bowl, and leaves a space for the marmalade. Egg the rice on the inside; pour in apple marmalade, or a fresh sauce from green apples, sweetened, and flavored with lemon; beat light the whites of three or four eggs, drop them on the top, as you would on floating island, a spoonful at a time; sift flour sugar on the top, and brown with a salamander or a shovel of coals. It may be eaten with sauce or a custard made from the yolks of the eggs and three pints of milk.

A very nice way of preparing apples, especially for children, is to select sweet ones, pare, quarter, and core them; if they are large apples cut them into eight pieces; set them in a tin pan free of grease, or a yellow baking dish, placed in the steamer over boiling water; put on the lid, and let them remain until a fork will pass through; keep the water boiling underneath all the time; eat cold, with rich milk or cream, and pulverized sugar sprinkled over them.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Dry in the oven stale bread enough to form, when rubbed, a pint of crumbs; when brittle roll it very fine. Pare, quarter, and core six large tart apples; then cut each quarter into four pieces, once lengthwise and once across. Beat well together, as for cake, butter the size of a small egg, one cupful of white sugar, the yolks of four eggs, three pints of milk, and a little cinnamon and nutmeg; add the bread crumbs, then the apples, and, pouring into a yellow baking dish, cook slowly from half to three-quarters of an hour. When cold, beat the whites with half a cupful of pulverized sugar. Either "set" in a hot oven for two or three minutes or with a salamander. Eat cold, with cream.

PARSNIPS.—Wash and scrape the largest, finest ones; boil them until tender in water in which a little salt has been put; let them get cold, slice and broil them on a gridiron on which butter has been rubbed to prevent their sticking.

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CROQUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IT is all very well to sing the invitation, "Come unto these yellow sands, and there take hands," when the purpose is to get up a dancing-party of nymphs in an airy open-air ball-room. But when a company of young people meet for the display of their neat hands and ankles in the amicable contest of a game at croquet they might find a more convenient piece of ground on terra firma than the margin of the much-murmuring and multitudinously smiling sea. The firm, dry, hard surface of the sand, a few hours after the ebb of the tide, may, perhaps, seem to present a smoother and cleaner expanse for the rolling ball, impelled by the mallet [illegible] ful hand, than the most delicately shaven [illegible] nify and [illegible] who have made [illegible] lawn in a private garden. The hoops or arches may here be stuck up more easily and with better promise of stability than in soil which is parched and baked by the heat of the summer sun. But when the tide is coming in, as it is bound to come in, regardless of the appointed place and time of their social sport, it is probable that these young ladies and gentlemen, if they have their minds wholly engrossed in the mixed pastime of croqueting and coquetting, will be surprised at the sudden dash of the bold little waves at their feet. Those lively children of the mighty ocean, which always look so animated and expressive that we could take them for living creatures, were not afraid to take liberties with King Canute, in a similar position on the shore. "What care these brawlers for the name of king?" Just as little do they care for the pleasure of Miss Lucy, or Cousin Betty, or the gallantry of Fred Pickleton, whose sister is timidly entreating him not to risk a drowning or a foot-wetting in his efforts to recover the ball. Let the game be adjourned, and let them take it up again on the turf of the downs, at the top of yonder cliff.

CROQUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

FEW maidens are better known in ballad lore than Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. They were living at the time of the last plague that ever devastated Scotland, A.D. 1645. Bessy was daughter of the laird of Kincaid; Mary, of the laird of Lednoch. At the last place, near Perth, Bessy was on a visit to Mary. The plague broke out in the neighborhood, and raged so fearfully that the young ladies built them a bower, about a quarter of a mile from the mansion, and there dwelt, apart from their family, but not from all human companionship. They were visited, and whatever they required was brought to them, by a swain who is said to have been equally deeply in love with both. Tradition says that death came of it. The lover with two mistresses brought the infection with him. The ladies caught the disease, died, and were buried near where the present mansion stands—a mansion the name of which has been changed from Lednoch to the more familiar Lynedoch. The gallant soldier who bore that name built a bower over the graves of a couple of whom we know nothing surely except that they lived and died.

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Crape Sprays for trimming Hats, Figs. 1–6.

THESE sprays are suitable for trimming hats and coiffures, and are made of crape of any color desired. The originals are of black crape and black beads, and are, therefore, most suitable for mourning bonnets.

Figs. 1–3.—SPRAY OF FLOWERS AND LEAVES. This spray consists of flowers and leaves of various sizes, which are made each of square-shaped pieces of crape of the requisite size and of covered flower wire. The larger flower, which is turned downward, as shown by Fig. 1, is composed of two circles of petals—the under circle consisting of eight petals, and the next of seven smaller ones. Each of the latter is formed of a piece of crape an inch and three-quarters square. Fold this piece of crape in a triangle, lay a piece of fine black flower wire, which must project half an inch at the ends, between the double material along the fold; bend this wire in the shape required for the leaf, at the same time rolling in the crape at the ends of the wire so that the ends come close together. For the manner of rolling the crape see illustration Fig. 4, page 445, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 28, Vol. IV., and the description belonging thereto. The petals for the next circle are made in a similar manner, but the pieces of crape must be two inches and a half square. Wind the finished petals together by means of flower wire, first joining the smaller calyx leaves with the black bugles and round beads, which are strung on wire simulating stamens (see illustration). In fastening on the following leaves it is to be observed that the calyx leaves must be slightly raised, and that all the leaves must alternate. Cover the windings of the wire with a bias strip of crape. The second larger flower turned upward on Fig. 1 is made in a similar manner. It consists of a circle of eight petals, which are each made of a piece of crape two inches and three-quarters square, and of two circular pieces of crape four inches and a half and three inches and three-quarters in diameter. Gather both pieces of crape closely all around, set the smaller piece of crape on the larger piece, furnish the centre with bead stamens, and around the latter and the crape pieces wind black silk in such a manner that a full puff is formed (see Fig. 2). On the calyx thus formed fasten the eight petals before referred to. Besides these two flowers there are two others, of which Fig. 2 shows one in full size; one flower is made of a crape puff and four of the larger petals, and a number of larger and smaller oblong leaves. Fig. 3 shows one of these oblong leaves in full size. To make these leaves, take pieces of crape three inches and a quarter, four inches, four inches and a half, and five inches and three-quarters square; bend the wire for these leaves in a sharp point at the middle, and bend the remaining part of the wire in the requisite shape, as shown by the illustration. Join all the flowers and leaves in a spray by means of wire and crape strips, with the assistance of the illustration.

Figs. 4–6.—SPRAY OF BERRIES AND LEAVES. This spray is formed of clusters of berries and acacia-like leaves. The leaves are made like the petals of the larger flowers (see Fig. 1). Fig. 5 shows one of these leaves in full size. Every nine to thirteen of these leaves are joined for one larger leaf, as shown by the illustration. Each berry consists of a piece of wadding, which is shaped like a ball, and covered with a piece of black lustring of the requisite size. The berry is then covered with a double piece of crape, and furnished with a wire stem. Fifteen of these berries form the large cluster, and three the small cluster. The berries are wound close together with wire and crape, and joined with the leaves in a spray.

POSTILION-BASQUE WITH LACE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 34.

GROS GRAIN POSTILION-BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 35 and 36.

Lady's Walking Suit.

BLACK silk dress with low waist and short sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with gathered flounces, which are set on with a heading. The over-skirt and high basque-waist with flowing sleeves are made of striped grenadine, trimmed with silk fringe and silk ruches.

Lady's House Dress.

THE skirt of this suit is made of pearl gray silk; the trimming consists of a side-pleated flounce and strips of the material pleated in a similar manner. The over-skirt and basque-waist are of pearl gray cashmere, trimmed with twisted silk fringe and with a braiding of gray silk cord. Fig. 60, Supplement, gives a design for braiding. Cut the waist from Figs. 1–5, No. I., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 20, Vol. IV., observing the illustration.

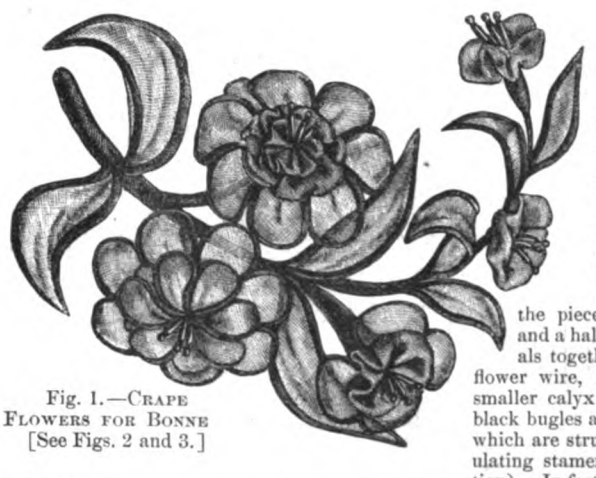


Fig. 1.—CRAPE FLOWERS FOR BONNE [See Figs. 2 and 3.]

WOMEN IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

NO more stupendous event than the first French revolution ever burst upon the world; and no event in the annals of the world was ever more largely influenced by women. The Pompadours and Du Barrys crushed out the prestige of the monarchy in their lascivious arms, and showed it to France as a thing vicious and effete, fit only to be swept into a bagnio. To deck them with jewels, to load them with luxuries, the last morsel of black bread was snatched from the peasant's mouth. Those Messalinas sowed the dragon's teeth. One generation of women worked at the causes: the next guided the effects. Much of the blood-thirsty delirium of men's minds was imparted by those sanguinary courtesans of whom Olympe and Théoringe were the types. Their influence permeated every phase of society—into the midnight orgie, into the political debate. They spoke at the club, they decided the fate of prisoners at the Tribunal, and were actually *worshiped* under the personification of Goddesses of Reason! Of the great influence exercised by pure women, Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland are conspicuous examples. Two women were at the bottom of Robespierre's fall: crazy old Catherine Théot and beautiful Thérèsa de Fontenoy. Catherine Théot was a French Joanna Southcott, who dimly shadowed forth in her doctrine that Robespierre was a Messiah! This gave his enemies a handle not only for ridicule but denunciation. They said he wished to raise himself to a godhead over the nation. Thérèsa was a Spanish lady, who, being in Toulon while Tallien was carrying out his terrible massacres, devoted herself to him, hoping by means of her love to win him from his cruelty, and decrease the number of his victims. When Robespierre heard that slaughter was growing languid at Toulon he ordered her arrest. She was condemned, and her death was fixed for the very day that saw Robespierre's fall. When Collot d'Herbois and other of the conspirators would fain have made a reconciliation with the tyrant, Tallien opposed it, and hastened his destruction to save his beloved Thérèsa. Over the lives of the blackest of the revolutionary heroes the sweet love of woman shed its softening influence: over Robespierre in Eléonore, over Desmoulins in Lucille, over Danton in both his wives, over Louvet in Lodoiska, over Tallien in Thérèsa, over even Marat in Albertine, over Hébert in the nun who broke her vows to God to follow him; the romance of love found a tender spot even in the inflexible heart of the fanatical St. Just. Of all the heroines of the revolution Madame Roland was infinitely the greatest. Not one of its leaders, not even perhaps Robespierre himself, exercised a larger influence over its destiny and tendencies.

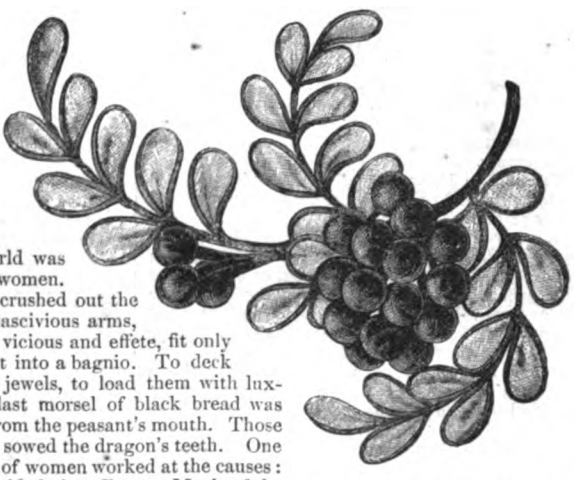
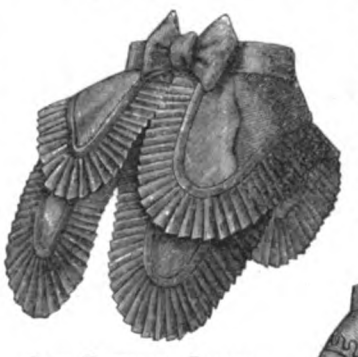


Fig. 4.—CRAPE BERRIES FOR BONNETS.—[See Figs. 5 and 6.]



SILK POSTILION-BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 37 and 38.

BRAIDED POSTILION-BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 42 and 43.

CRÊPE DE CHINE POSTILION-BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 39–41.

POPLIN POSTILION-BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 44.

LADY'S WALKING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—CRAPE FLOWER. [See Fig. 1.]

Fig. 5.—CRAPE LEAF. [See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 3.—CRAPE LEAF. [See Fig. 1.]

Fig. 6.—CRAPE BERRY.—[See Fig. 4.]

LADY'S HOUSE DRESS.
For pattern see description. For design see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 60.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EOLINE.—A white ostrich plume on a black hat will be very pretty with your riding-habit.—Bathe your face at night in the juice of limes.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—A bride wears her engagement-ring during the marriage ceremony.—Swiss muslin aprons are worn with very dark dresses.—It is taken for granted that your friends are welcome at the house where you are a guest; but it is only courteous to ask permission of your hostess before inviting gentlemen to call.

B. Z. H.—Half a dozen dresses well chosen will be sufficient for your fortnight at a fashionable sea-side resort: a striped summer silk, with skirt to train slightly in the house or carriage, and shortened for street wear; a black grenadine similarly made; a shaded brown suit for traveling and morning wear; the inevitable white suit; and a couple of evening dresses, will be enough. Some white shirt-waists should be added to wear with your silk and grenadine, and a polonaise of Swiss or of black silk will give variety to your costumes. If the dresses mentioned cost too much money, substitute an inexpensive organdy for the grenadine or silk. *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. IV., has descriptions of such suits. Of course it is admissible to wear the same dress more than once. There is less extravagant dressing than usual at watering-places this summer.

NELLIE AND MARY.—The *Bazar* has given several patterns for cashmere sacques, but the prettiest cut paper pattern is that accompanying the Short-Sacque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV. Soutache is narrow silk braid. Line your cashmere with farmer's satin, or any soft thin silk, or even a very thin flannel. It is sold at the trimming stores; the cashmere at regular dry-goods stores. The merchant in your town will order it for you. You will find the pattern of a Watteau mantle in the *Bazar*.

ALPACA SUIT.—Certainly a neat suit of black alpaca will be nice enough for hotel dinners on your trip. You will find many handsomer dresses at table with you, but also many as plain, and even plainer. At any rate, don't mar the pleasure of your tour by giving your husband the expense of a new suit.

EMMA.—Do not get Brussels net, but tulle, for your wedding veil. It is over three yards wide, and you must purchase a square. Polonaises will be worn this winter. Use the Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern for your poplin traveling dress. The Worth Basque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., will be a good model for your lavender silk dress.

LA PETITE.—Outside garments *are* often cut pointed in the neck. Trim your alpaca with itself, not with checked silk. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 33, Vol. IV., for hints about alpaca suits. Frou Frou brown will be greatly worn this fall and winter. Your ideas about a suit are good.

K. AND J. B.—Get black serge and tamise cloth dresses for best occasions; black alpaca for every day. A black straw turban with crape trimmings can be worn now and all winter.

GEORGIA.—Darker gray silk flounces and over-skirt will make your dress stylish. Pleatings of black Brussels net will be pretty on flounces.

A COUNTRY GIRL AND MRS. E. C. K.—We can not give addresses in this column.

CHESAMING.—Piqué is pronounced as if spelled pe-kay, accenting the last syllable. Your questions about cosmetics and dentifrices have been answered in the articles to "Ugly Girls."

MRS. J. F. B.—Your address as sent us is not sufficiently definite. Soutache is the narrow smooth silk braid ordinarily used for braiding.

NOW AND THEN.—Wear pearl gray, flesh tints, tea-rose, or palest buff kid gloves with your light blue cravat at a party.

MRS. E. O.—For fall fabrics read New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 33 and 34, Vol. IV. Braiding in embroidery patterns will be fashionable.

HABIT, if not necessity, make a Hair Dressing indispensable to many. The new "VIGOR" which Dr. AYER's laboratory issues is one of the most delightful we have ever used. It restores not only the color, but gloss and luxuriance to faded and gray hair.—[*Com.*]

SEND to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H., Proprietors of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, for a copy of their Treatise on the Hair. A valuable little book, free to all.—[*Com.*]

WASHINGTON IRVING, a great sufferer from Asthma, found relief in Whitcomb's Remedy.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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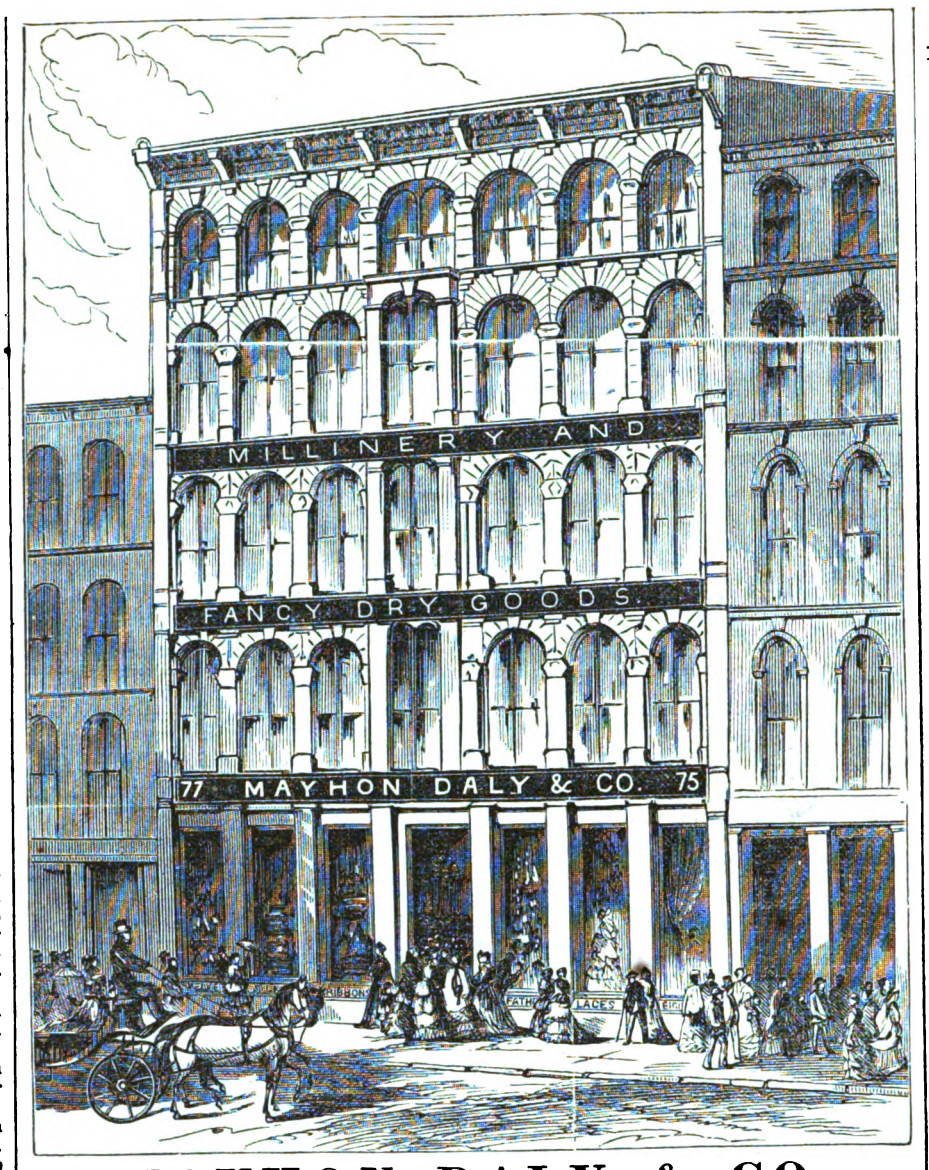

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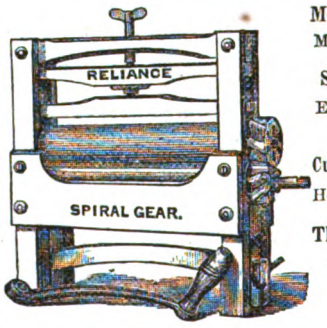

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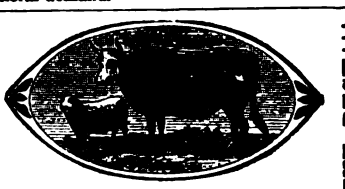

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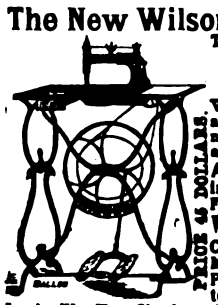

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THOROUGH.

HAIR-DRESSER (*to perspiring customer during the late Hot Weather*). "Hair Cut, Sir?"
STOUT PARTY (*falling into the chair, exhausted*). "Ye—"
HAIR-DRESSER. "Much Off, Sir?"
STOUT PARTY. "Phew! Cut it to the Bone!"

THE SLANG OF THE DAY.—(*Fragment of Fashionable Conversation.*)

YOUTH. "A—awful Hot, ain't it?"
MAIDEN. "Yes, awful!" (*Pause.*)
YOUTH. "A—awful Jolly Floor for Dancing, ain't it?"
MAIDEN. "Yes, awful!" (*Pause.*)
YOUTH. "A—a—awful Jolly Sad about poor Mrs. Flirtington, ain't it?"
MAIDEN. "Yes—quite too Awful—" (*And so forth.*)

FACETIÆ.

A DULUTH paper says one of the streams running into Lake Superior from the north is called "Temperance River," because it is the only one of all the tributaries of the lake that has no bar at the mouth of it.

FORCED POLITENESS—Bowing to circumstances.

What is lovely woman's favorite line in the dictionary?—The last word.

THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL-MASTER'S MOTTO—Semper hide 'em.

How on earth is it that, at a party, the guests grow thin after supper?

Dogs beat dentists—they insert natural teeth.

SUITABLE DRESS.—Persons should always dress to suit their figures. A humpbacked lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

A prudent man is like a pin—his head prevents him from going too far.

TROUBLED WATERS—Just now, soda, seltzer, and potassa.

When does a man feel girlish?—When he makes his maiden speech.

GREEN GAGES—Lovers' vows.

Well-re(a)d herrings ought to know a thing or two, oughtn't they?

MEMORY.

A Scottish clergyman thought his people were making rather an unconscionable objection to his using a manuscript in delivering a sermon. They urged, "What gars ye tak up your bit papers to the pu'pit?"

He replied that it was best, for really he could not remember his sermons, and must have his paper.

"Weel, weel, minister, then dinna expect that *we* can remember them."

SMOKE AND SENTIMENT.

I never smoked a cherished pipe,
Which pleased me with its choice, quaint make,
But when it had grown nearly ripe
In coloring, it was sure to break.

A BOOK FULL OF TITLE-PAGES—A Peerage.

If a miser lives next door to you, he must be a *near* neighbor.

AN EARLY SPRING—Jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

When do appearances lead you to suppose that a man runs the risk of being burned to death?—When he smokes.

FOOD FOR TOADIES—Sponge-cake.

To what country should a gentleman go in order to put the last touch of polish to his education?—To Finland, in order to get some Finnish.

HOW TO TEST THE WEIGHT OF A WALL—Scale it.

If you break your arm, don't use a gin-sling.

THERE'S A PULL IN THAT.—When the world's gold is denied to a man, and he owns but little of the silver, what wonder that he should seek a solace out of—the pewter?

Wheels go best when they are thoroughly *tired*.

A CURE FOR SULKS (FEMININE)—Silks.

What is that which he who has it not does not wish for, but he who has it would not part with for any money?—A bald head.

Why is a spider a good correspondent?—Because he drops a line by every post.

After the acquittal of a man in Cincinnati recently one of the jurymen rose and suggested that the acquitted be now recommended to the merciful consideration of the Court.

ONLY POOR.

"Are these people all indigent?" asked an elegant young lady, who was passing through the wards of the poor-house in her native town.

"Oh no, miss, nothing of the kind," answered the matron, who misapplied the term; "they are only poor."

A BAD POLICY—One that has run out.

What ought always to be up to the mark?—A bullet.

UNUTTERABLY.—A girl may be sure a man loves her unutterably when he sits in her presence an hour without speaking.

If wit is bad in age, what must it be in youth?

A LONG DRESS.—It is said of a fashionable lady who went to a party not long since that she arrived there about the first of the evening, but the last of her dress did not arrive until after twelve o'clock.

A MINER'S LAMENTATION—"Vein, vein, give ore!"

In Switzerland a milkmaid who is a good singer gets more salary than others, because under the influence of music cows "give down" better and more milk. An Orange County farmer is trying to hire Parepa Rosa and Kellogg to sing round his stump.

THE ORIGINAL QUEUE-KLUX—The Chinese.

"You are beautiful, and I adore you," said a gentleman to the belle of the evening.

"For my part, I hate you, and think you frightful," she retorted.

"I believe you, you frank girl. You do not tell polite falsehoods like me."

A bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a good deal of lying.

MODERN POLITENESS.

Question (*to be asked of the lady you adore*). What has been the brightest idea of the whole season?

Answer (*to be told her in a confidential whisper*). Your eye, dear!

GEORGINA'S JUBILEE.

The Pope, I am so glad to hear,
Because he is such an old dear,
Has lately held a jubilee;
The reason why applies to me.

Since he came to the papal throne
Just five-and-twenty years have flown.
They therefore say he has passed by
The years of Peter. So have I.

But then I haven't any more,
Because, you see, I'd none before;
That little difference there appears
Between my own and Peter's years.

With that distinction, to explain,
At Peter's years could I remain
Just like I am, how nice 'twould be!
I'd always keep a jubilee.

THE LAY OF THE LAND—Egg-plants.

"Well, Harry, do you love me?" said an ugly and not very agreeable friend of the family to the pet four-year-old.

"I know, but I can't tell," was the answer.

"But why not?"

"Because I should be whipped if I did," was the frank reply of the observing child, who had been taught by past experience that it was not always safe to tell the truth about his mamma's visitors.

Florida feeds her prisoners on ham and eggs, and every body is trying to get into jail.

John Ditto is the name of the *Buffalo City* engineer. His wife's name is Ditto, and the children are all Ditto. When he signs his name under that of somebody else, it is said to create some confusion at times.

What ailment may we look for on an oak?—A-corn.

"Why is it," said a teacher to a scape-grace, who had caused her much trouble by bad conduct, "you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?"

"Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

RATHER DOUBTFUL.

SERVANT. "Master Charles, you Naughty Child, you'll tumble right out o' Window directly, and Break your Neck, and then, perhaps, you'll be Satisfied."

WHICH IS WHICH?

MISTRESS. "Cook, do you know that when you came home last night you were very Intoxicated?"
COOK. "Why, lor, Mum, you was out yourself last night too—don't yer think as it was you as was a little bit Elewated?"

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who have ma...

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

IN compliance with the request of many of our readers we publish a cut paper pattern of the Marguerite Polonaise, which will continue to be a favorite garment during the coming season. This stylish polonaise may be made in suits, or of black velvet, cashmere, or other material differing from the dress. The original is a suit of pearl gray poplin delaine, trimmed with perpendicular strips and bows of black velvet. This garment is suitable for any kind of dress goods, and may be trimmed, of course, according to fancy. The illustration shows the front and back of the polonaise, arranged on two figures. The size is taken, as usual, by passing a tape measure around the body under the arms, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest. Nine sizes are furnished, in the even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises two articles—Marguerite polonaise and six-gored walking skirt.

MARGUERITE POLONAISE.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, side back, and sleeve. Only half the pattern is given. It is fitted to the figure by two darts on each side of the middle in front, and cross basque seams, side forms, and seams in the middle of the back, which extend below the waist line, thus forming a basque. The body and skirt are cut together; the extra fullness in the back and side back seams below the waist line is laid in small side pleats on the under side, and fastened at the points of the seams in a space of about an inch. Baste the seams according to the notches and perforations, and try on wrong side out. If alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. Sew the breadths of the skirt together, and pleat according to the perforations. The middle seam in the back is laid in two deep pleats, one overlapping the other. The side seams in the back of the skirt are laid in four overlapping pleats, all the pleats turning downward. To form the pleats bring the perforations evenly together. The ends of the points in the back and side seams are concealed by three bows and ends. The bottom of the skirt in the illustration is trimmed with bands of velvet an inch and a half wide and nine inches deep, set on six inches apart. The front is closed all the way down with buttons and button-holes, or velvet bows. The coat sleeve is sewed plainly into the armhole, and trimmed at the wrist with velvet to match the body. The perforations show where to baste the seams and darts in front, to lay the pleats in the skirt, and to sew the trimming on the front and back of the waist. The notches show how the pattern should be put together. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all the other seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8½ yards. Velvet for trimming, 7 yards. Buttons, 19.

SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern

LADY'S MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Marguerite Polonaise Walking Suit, graded to fit any Figure, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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is in four pieces—half of front gore, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Sew the breadths together according to the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. Trim the bottom with kilt pleating five-eighths of a yard deep, with a heading an inch and a half wide. A row of stitching fastens the pleating to the skirt. Velvet bands an inch and a half wide, and of the same length as the pleats, are sewed in the space between each pleat.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 6½ yards.
Extra for pleating, 5 yards.
Velvet, 12 yards.

Children's Dresses.

Fig. 1.—BLUE SILK DRESS, trimmed on the bottom with deep Russian pleats. Over dress of pearl-colored cashmere, consisting of low, square body, with long, close-fitting sleeves, short waist, with ribbon sash tied at the back in a bow, and short, square tunic skirt open on each side. White straw hat trimmed with field flowers and blue ribbon.

Fig. 2.—ROSE PINK AND GRAY STRIPED SILK DRESS, very short, showing the top of the boot. Rose pink silk tunic skirt, bordered with a narrow quilled flounce, round at the front, and fastened behind. Tyrolean hat, with cock's feather.

SONG.

WAKEN, birds, for the day is waking,
And the sky is a sea of light;
Waken, blossom, thy dreams forsaking,
Now 'tis no longer night.

Waken, heart, and sing to His praise
Who decrees that thou shouldst guess,
From the sacred blessing love brings always,
Of heaven's deep blessedness!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from September 2 to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Marguerite Polonaise Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 591 *of this Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain Patterns and Illustrations of Ladies' Fall Walking and House Dresses, Wrappers, Over-Skirts, Sacques, Dressing Sacques, Chemises, Night-Gowns, Crinoline and Muslin Petticoats, Girls' and Boys' Suits, Wall Tidies, Paper Baskets, Point Lace Collars, Tatted, Crochet, and Netted Guipure Edgings, Insertions, Rosettes, etc., etc.*

POCKET-MONEY.

IF such a generosity as that of Mrs. Primrose, who gave each of her girls a guinea to keep in her pocket, but with strict injunctions never to change it, would satisfy the greedy youngsters of our generation, their parents would not object to its exercise. The children, however, of these days are provoked by too many temptations to expense to be contented with being made the mere depositaries of money. They know too well the capabilities of a dollar to be satisfied with the ring and touch of it. It is not possible to keep the young in ignorance of that which fulfills so universal and important a function in the relations of the world as money. They must necessarily, from the earliest age, become more or less familiar with its power, and it is desirable that they should learn as soon as possible how to use it with discretion.

It is a prudent practice, we think, to give children a regular allowance of money. This, apart from the opportunity it supplies of gratifying their small and innocent desires, and thus adding to their happiness, affords parents and guardians periodical occasions for inculcating discretion in expenditure, and observing the effect.

When children are somewhat advanced in years it is well to make the allowances of money sufficiently large not only to pay for the innocent enjoyments which are permitted, but for various articles of need. They thus learn early to discriminate between necessary and unnecessary expenditure, and with the not infrequent good result of checking the latter.

Parents should be, within certain prudent limits, as generous in their allowances of money to children as their means will permit. Lord BACON says: "The illiberality of parents in allowance toward their children is a harmful error, and makes them base, acquaints them with shifts, makes them sort with mean company, and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty; and therefore the proof is best when men keep their authority toward their children, but not their purse."

The tendency of youth to excess must always be regarded as a reasonable motive for keeping the supply of pocket-money within moderate limits. No child should have the means of inordinate indulgence; and as his capacity of stomach for tarts and sweets is only to be checked by the emptiness of his purse, it becomes necessary to compensate for the boundlessness of the one by the smallness of the other.

A too-abundant supply of pocket-money to the petted offspring of wealth is sure to give them a superiority in their own estimation, and in that of their less prodigally supplied comrades, which is fatal to the sense of social equality which should prevail, especially among the young. The boy at school who has his pockets always full of money is sure to assume airs of importance, to which, unfortunately, his companions are little inclined to object. He and they are thus, from the earliest period, impressed with an undue estimate of the power and value of wealth. Nor is this the worst effect, for the worship which is received and paid is fatal both to the object and his adorers, making the one proud and overbearing, and the other mean and obsequious. Accordingly, in all well-regulated schools there should be established a sumptuary law restricting the supplies of pocket-money to the pupils to a moderate and uniform amount.

With the view of teaching children prudence and economy, parents often encourage them to save up their pence and shillings, and looking with especial favor upon the little misers as they drop into their sealed boxes and Lilliputian banks the weekly mite, foster in their offspring an undue love of money, and eagerness for its accumulation. The evil effect upon the young of hoarding may be counteracted by suggesting to them some useful purpose to which their accumulated treasures may be applied. Economy and discreet expenditure may thus be advantageously inculcated. Saving for mere saving, however, can not fail to awaken in a child a precocious love of money, which will be sure to ripen into the mature avarice of a Harpagon. All the teaching necessary to accumulate wealth and take care of it may be safely left to the example of this mercantile world of ours. Parents, therefore, need not be overanxious to give their children any elementary instruction upon the subject.

There is a negative advantage in the pocket-money system which has been proved in the course of a considerable experience in the discipline of children. The withholding of the regular allowance has been found, like the stoppage of the sailor's ration of grog, or the prisoner's supply of tobacco, an easily applicable and most effective means of punishment. We have known many a youngster, unterrified by the threats of the rod and the dark closet, however imminent, subdued at once by the least hint of the possibility of losing his pocket-money.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Certain Nuisance.

MY DEAR SAM,—I remember when I was a younger man how we Americans made sport of the manners of Englishmen. They could not enter a room, we said, without awkwardly tumbling over the chairs and sofas. They could not speak without stammering. They were ashamed of grace. They were afraid of superlatives. Nothing was finer than "jolly," and what was not jolly was "beastly." We insisted also that we observed the same dreary monotony in their dress. They all looked alike. They wore very heavy and clumsy shoes, and mixed cloths or tweeds, and blue or checked cravats. Their clothes were ill made, and seemed singularly in harmony with the general style of the men. In greeting they had no cordiality. They were shy and cold; children of the mist and the sea. Of all emotion they were apparently ashamed, and, as we thought, evidently distrusted the sincerity of the French and the Italians for no other reason than their astounding grimace and volubility.

Then we read in Willis's "Pencilings by the Way" that the rule of English society was "no sensation." The perfection of good-breeding was not to startle. The man who gesticulated in conversation, who used extravagant words, who drew the attention of the company by his manner or his expression, was, by common consent, eccentric, if not vulgar. Moreover, it was the very flower of courtesy not to say any thing beyond the general comprehension, nor to introduce topics upon which every body present might not have something to say. To startle by novelties of speculation, or by a flash of conversational pyrotechnics, was as ill-bred as to address your neighbor in French at the risk of exposing his ignorance. From all these facts we reasoned that whatever blessings civilization owes the British nation, fine manners and interesting society were not among them. And if we had been pressed, I suppose, we should have admitted that there was a people whose dress and deportment and manners were a happy combination of all that was best in the English and Continental styles; and upon further pressure regard for truth would have extorted the confession that the name of that felicitous folk was American.

It is certainly a very agreeable consciousness that we belong to the nation of the highest civilization, of the most renowned achievement, and of the finest manners. I often reflect upon this great truth when I behold my fellow-countrymen freely expectorating in a railway car; and I offer my condolence to the Englishman who, with his Shakespeare under his arm, shyly listens to the profuse and rhetorical Yankee whom a kind fate has sent for his enlightenment, and to whose energetic superlatives over the romantic beauty of the landscape the Briton returns for answer that it is indeed very jolly. The British "milor" was long the standing jest of the Continent for offensive superciliousness. But no Englishman ever patronized foreign countries and people with such superb condescension of pity as we, whom Providence has very properly placed at the head of countries and nations.

And yet I sometimes think that something may fairly be said for the poor islanders whose manners we have been considering. What is the root of that apparent insensibility to emotion, that wish to avoid a sensation? Kinglake, in "Eothen," tells a ludicrous story of the two Englishmen who passed upon the desert without speaking, because they had never been introduced. Leech draws, with exquisite humor, the Englishman at the Continental table eating his morning egg, scowling, silent, solitary, opposite the other Englishman eating *his* egg, solitary, silent, scowling. Indeed, what is the whole delightfully ludicrous series of Brown, Jones, and Robinson upon their travels but a prolonged laugh at these manners of the Englishman—his inability to accommodate himself to the situation, his awkwardness and indifference? But while I smile, my dear Sam, I am conscious of pitying sympathy. There is a gentle kindliness under the eccentricity of this grotesque dumb creature.

What do you suppose is the principle of saying and doing nothing to make a sensation? Is it not to suppress yourself, to prevent a man's thrusting his own personality upon the company? It is the desire to save the feelings of others. If you, for instance, my dear boy, were to ask a party to dine with you, and should then proceed to lavish upon us all your learning in every department, we should all be reduced to silence, overwhelmed with mortification at our ignorance. If you invite us to bathe upon your beach, is it not more generous and thoughtful to splash in the shallow water near the shore with us who can not swim rather than to strike out into the depths and buffet the huge billows for your own gratification? So when a man confines himself to the dissyllabic praise or censure of "jolly" and "beastly," he refrains from oppressing you with the rhetorical richness of phrase of which he is very possibly capable, and conversation is not crushed by the consciousness of inferiority upon one side.

Yes; and I think something may be said even for Milo, who had been separated for many and many a year from the friend of his youth, and who, one morning, when his hair was gray and his eyes were eased with glasses, was earnestly looking at the pictures in the Louvre. The friend of his youth, he, too, young no longer, but bald and with a grandchild at his side, suddenly saw Milo in the gallery, and, with what emotion we may imagine, touched him upon the shoulder. Milo turned, saw who it was, and saying, as if they had parted at breakfast, "Ah! how are you?" instantly pointed to something in the picture, and added, "Do you see how this drôle of a painter has thrown the light upon the monkey's whisker?" This was very different from what might have been expected of two Frenchmen or Italians. What embraces, what tears, what protestations, might not have accompanied the meeting of Alphonse and Victor, or of Giovanni and Calcedonio, after long years of separation! *Dio mio! Tiens donc!*—I think we can hear the profuse gurgling of intense exclamation.

But the reticence of the Englishman is his tribute to the unimportance of himself and his own emotions. Whatever happens, himself shall not be thrust forward. If the waiter at dinner upsets the tureen of mullagatawny or of turtle into his bosom, he will calmly use his pocket-handkerchief and continue the conversation. If, in the charge upon the battle-field, his legs are shot away, he will ask to be laid aside, that he may not impede the rest. Yet perhaps you think him the most self-sufficient of all men. More than we Yankees, dear Sam? It is true that he is always conscious of the signal flattering over his head, "England expects every man to do his duty;" and he asserts England with all his might and main. But when he restrains the flow of superlatives, and insists that there shall be no sensations in society, it is because of his fine instinct that nobody is of sufficient importance to concentrate attention upon himself.

And in manners that is a very valuable truth. There are people who do what they can to give their toothaches and headaches and heart-aches to others, and who apparently suppose that nothing is of such general interest as their individual pains and troubles. In the cars, where I hear the manners of Englishmen described and their reticence ridiculed, I also hear many fellow-passengers of that superior nation which Providence so evidently prefers confiding to each other and to every body in the vicinity how they "took sick" from eating cowcumbers and green corn, and thereupon we are all dragged through the minute history of their ails and woes. I have in this manner been the object of a myriad involuntary confidences. All day long we travel, and all day I am instructed upon the great points of my neighbors' appetites. When we arrive I know who can eat hot bread, and who can not bear doughnuts, and who likes his beef underdone, and whose nephew has the itch, and how often Lucy has been to the chiropodist during the last year, and who always has bad dreams after drinking cider, and who can never eat flapjacks without subsequent wind upon the stomach.

The British brother has a very clumsy way of evading the selfish obtrusion of himself in society, but the purpose is commendable. And after a day of my fellow-passengers' sanitary experiences I am sometimes almost persuaded that if we have nothing else to talk about than a bad dream we had better hold our tongues. And it is a safe rule for other topics than bad dreams. Every form of egotism and vanity inspires distrust. Hortensius is one of the purest of men, and his experience and counsel are most valuable. But he lives in such an atmosphere of flattery that he is like a god feeding upon incense. His conversation is a planetary system revolving around a huge central ego. Events and men are interesting to him only as they serve to illustrate him, his position, and his influence. The consequence is that many of the best and most intelligent persons refuse to believe that he is more than a wind-bag.

There is a foolish saying that if you don't blow your own trumpet nobody will; and still another, of the same significance, that the world takes a man at his own estimate, and if he slights himself he may expect to be slighted. But I have always observed that the most truly self-respecting men are the most modest. The more a man respects himself the less he will pretend to be what he is not, or to distort the impression of what he is. Some great men, indeed, have been very vain. Cicero was; Lord Chatham was. But the fact sticks to their memories like a spot to a fine old portrait. And it constantly exposes their greatness to suspicion. It is in this way, dear Sam, that I came gradually to look with more kindness upon the awkward British manner as an attempt to keep that intolerably vulgar self out of the room. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE MARGUERITE POLONAISE.

THE Marguerite Polonaise, illustrated on our first page, will be a stylish over dress for fall and winter suits. Our model is an improvement on the garment as introduced last spring, and is designed with reference to the soft yet heavy fabrics appropriate for cold weather. This polonaise will principally be made of the material of which the entire costume is composed; but it will also serve as a model for velvet cloaks, and is especially appropriate for the cashmere over dresses that will be worn with skirts of silk or other fabric. The popularity of this polonaise is insured from the fact that it is found becoming to stout and slender figures alike. Fleshy ladies claim that it adds nothing to their size, and small women find that it displays their slight figures advantageously. However, to wear this over dress well, a considerable tournure is necessary, giving the appearance of full round hips, and being large enough behind for the upper part of the skirt to fit over it smoothly.

The cut paper pattern will be found to fit the figure closely, with two darts in front; while the

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back is in four pieces, the centre pieces being almost as wide at the waist as the side forms are. Each piece, both back and front, is the full length of the garment, as the body and skirt are cut together, doing away with any seam around the waist and a belt. It is necessary that the upper part of the polonaise be fitted to perfection—as smoothly as any basque, in fact. To do this it must have a regular waist lining of twilled muslin or drilling (thick silk linings are most used here) extending down over the hips, back and front, stopping behind where the fullness is added in the skirt. Very flexible whalebones should be used, and those in the back seams should reach over the tournure, down to the bows shown in the engraving. The arrangement of the drapery, that looks elaborate though very simple, is explained elsewhere. Sometimes but two bows are used on the skirt, that in the centre being dispensed with by putting the fullness in a hollow pleat beneath the seam. Lengthwise bows with ends like those in the engraving are not obligatory. In their stead we often see rosettes of silk or velvet, or else rich passementerie ornaments, with pendent tassels or without, or even very large button-moulds covered with the velvet or silk used for trimming.

The perpendicular velvet bands on this costume form a simple and stylish trimming—a welcome relief amidst the flounces and furbelows that still abound. The bands on the polonaise are about two fingers long; those between the kilt pleats on the skirt are five-eighths of a yard. The waist trimming begins with a Watteau bow high up in the back, passes over to the front, where it outlines a vest, crosses the hips, and stops at the first bow behind. To continue this trimming across the back would destroy the effect of the polonaise, and make the garment look like a basque with a full over-skirt attached.

In the Marguerite suits now being prepared for winter two shades of the same color often appear, as a dark brown skirt with lighter brown polonaise; but it is more usual in ordinary woolen goods, such as satines, serge, merino, and empress cloth, to make the entire suit of one color, and trim with a darker shade of velvet or silk. Plum-color, gray, drab, and brown suits are made for the present intermediate season; darkest myrtle, marine blue, and black cashmeres and ladies' cloth for winter. A row of buttons or of bows at intervals is down the entire front of the polonaise. Our cut paper pattern is copied from a model seen at Wilson & Greigg's.

COATS AND VESTS.

Some of the newest over dresses hang without draping, are long, and so plain that they are called coats. They are modifications of the old-fashioned basquine, with additional fullness in proportion to their length. We shall give illustrations of these in an early number. The apron-polonaise, shaped precisely like that of which we furnish a cut paper pattern, is largely represented among the velvet cloaks just brought from Paris. The Louis XIV. polonaise, described last week, is similar to the Marie Antoinette coat, with a long straight skirt, pocket flaps, and a broad square vest. Others, again, are the regular Polish coat, from which the polonaise was originally named. These have revers in front, on the sides, and sleeves, and are richly trimmed with fur, usually of the blue or silver fox, or else the black marten fur worn last winter. A muff of velvet, with fur trimming, accompanies such polonaises, and milliners show a velvet cap with pointed gored crown and fur band to match this over dress.

The vivandière is a long coat of black velvet, richly trimmed with lace, fringe, and jet. A scarf of finest lace passes over the right shoulder and is knotted on the left side, whence it hangs like a sash.

Vests will be a leading feature on all basques and sacques, both for out-door and house dresses. They are quite broad, and are square or pointed below the waist, resembling the old Continental vest. Sometimes they are only simulated by plastrons of silk or velvet set smoothly on the basque front in vest shape, and trimmed at the outer edge. They give an appearance of breadth that is found to be very becoming.

MANTELETS.

The mantelets so fashionable in Europe are also imported. The front is a plain round talma, the back fits like a basque, and the sides hang like flowing sleeves. These are very handsome in black cashmere and lace, or in cuir-colored cloth with darker brown cording and fringe.

Merchants accustomed to catering to American tastes say that paletot wraps will be popular here for another season, while those who like novelty will wear round garments. A great many paletots have been brought from abroad. They are short, nearly tight-fitting, with vest fronts and postilion pleated backs. Fur bands, ostrich feather trimmings, velvet, cording, and fringe are their garniture.

FALL BONNETS.

The first bonnets imported show little that is novel. They retain the empire shapes, and are slightly larger than those of last season. The front is rolled just above the forehead, the sides fit the head snugly, while the crown is large, square, and high, and the trimmings are massed on the back of the crown to add to the appearance of height. There is but little face trimming, and that is usually of the material of the bonnet, though white ruches and flowers will be worn also. Velvet and royale are the fabrics used, with scarfs of bias faille, and of faille ribbons for trimming. The outlines of these velvet bonnets are as clearly defined as those of straw bonnets are, as the material is laid smoothly on the frame, without shirrs, puffs, or pleatings to complicate it, and simply trimmed with folds, cords, and binding.

Feathers will be abundantly used for trimming. Shaded ostrich tips, three in a cluster, very short and very much curled, are placed on the crown or arranged at the side to nod backward and forward. Large roses, with trailing vines and fall foliage, are the flowers shown. Clusters of autumn leaves of varied and often brilliant hues trim velvets of sober tints.

Velvet, royale, and faille—the three fashionable fabrics—appear in each bonnet. Thus velvet bonnets have pipings of royale, and folds of faille for trimming; or else the bonnet is made of royale, with velvet cords and faille folds. The handsomest bonnets have two or three shades of plum-color or of myrtle green that is almost black, or else the rich walnut brown tints are shown. These are to match suits of corresponding colors. Black velvet bonnets will still remain the choice of those who purchase but one bonnet a season. For young ladies black velvets will be enlivened by folds of lighter velvets (especially the new yellow-pink), with ostrich tips of corresponding shades. Long narrow strings of faille ribbon tie under the chin. The palest tints are shown in velvets and royale for evening bonnets. Among these are apricot, fisherman's green, fleur de pêche (pink with yellow shading), and turquoise blue, soft and lustreless, like the stone in its purity.

A handsome French bonnet presents a novelty in being trimmed with a contrasting color. The foundation is covered with turquoise blue velvet laid plainly on the frame, the front edge being simply bound with velvet. The trimming consists of turquoise ribbon and other ribbon of the beautiful scarabee color, which is a mixture of green with reddish-maroon. These contrasting ribbons are intertwined in a way that makes them look as if they lined each other. Long loops of each color are pendent behind, and turquoise ostrich tips nod over the crown. The long strings are of turquoise ribbon two inches wide. The velvet of the bonnet forms a shirred ruche across the forehead.

Another French hat is of plum-colored velvet, with four deep folds of faille of the same shade passing around the crown, the ends hanging behind. Ostrich tips are on the crown, and autumn leaves cluster on the left side.

A black velvet bonnet, shaped almost like a military cap with visor, has a cherry faille band around the crown, with black lace veiling the bright color, and jet ornaments dotting the band. Dark orange-shaded flowers appear on bonnets of all the favorite dark browns, myrtle green, and plum-color.

ROUND HATS.

There is a time for all things, and milliners insist that the time for round hats goes out with summer; nevertheless some very handsome ones are imported for winter. The crowns are invariably high and broad, but the brims are made to differ. Some have rolled brims in the English turban shape, and these are brought out in English straw with the brim r[illegible] with black velvet; others are turne[illegible] in the Continental fashion, wh[illegible] Roland, a high brigand shape, slopes to a point in back and front. The Polish hat of velvet and fur we have described above.

BALMORAL SKIRT.

A new felt skirt for a winter Balmoral is called the royal batswing. It is as soft as ladies' cloth, yet thick and warm; is seamless, but far wider than the felt skirts of two years ago. It is of Australian wool, manufactured in England, and is of such choice colors and designs that it might well serve for a skirt of a costume.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; JOHNSON, BURNS, & Co.; BALLARD, HALLEY, & Co.; and THOMPSON, LANGDON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

CURIOUS legal decision in England: women in that monarchy who can afford to keep a husband must be prepared to give their unfortunate partners an allowance when they determine to separate. This has just been decided in the case of MILNE *v.* MILNE, in which Mrs. MILNE, against whom a decree of divorce was allowed, was compelled to pay the aggrieved husband out of her separate estate an annual sum of $2500 toward the maintenance and education of the children.

—OLIVER CROMWELL is at last honored by a statue in London, his "counterfeit presentment" having been last month erected temporarily in Parliament Square, opposite the principal entrance to the House of Commons.

—Mr. GLADSTONE wrote a very nice letter to "my dear Dean RAMSEY," explaining why he could not join in the honors to Sir WALTER SCOTT in Edinburgh, closing with this: "A fortnight ago I visited TENNYSON, and found him possessed with all the sentiments about SCOTT which your celebration is meant to foster."

—HIRAM POWERS's marble statue of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, contracted for over thirty years ago by the city of New Orleans, is about to be shipped to its destination.

—The president of the Reading Railroad Company, Mr. GOWEN, receives the largest salary paid to any railway president in the United States—$30,000 per annum.

—Mr. H. D. ROLPH, of Stamford, Connecticut, has donated $90,000 toward the erection of a seminary in that place, to be under the auspices of the Methodist Church.

—The Rabbi ELKAN HERZMAN, of the Hebrew synagogue in Chicago, having committed the first-class turpitude of eating an ice-cream on a fast-day, was summarily ejected from his position by the lay Hebrews of the congregation. Whereupon Rabbi HERZMAN sues the trustees for ten thousand dollars damages. In his complaint he sets forth that he contracted with the congregation mentioned, through defendants, as its proper officers, to become their minister for one year, from May 1, 1871; that it was agreed that in no case should he withdraw from his office without the permission of the Board of Trustees of the congregation; and that, to the contrary of all this, and without notice, he was set upon by the defendants, who assaulted, beat, bruised, and ill-treated him, and forced and compelled him to desist from the performance of divine worship, contrary to the law and his will.

—Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN, Chief Justice of England, who has been appointed England's arbitrator under the Treaty of Washington, is entirely a self-made man. He is eminent as a jurist in the broadest meaning of the term, liberal in his views on political and social questions, an accomplished classical scholar, thoroughly versed in modern literature, with a strong love of justice and hatred of oppression and wrong. He has brushed away with a bold hand the technicalities which his predecessors had thrown around the administration of justice.

—What it is possible for a woman to do in the way of manual labor has been done by Mrs. SARAH SMITH, of Southington, Vermont. This hale and muscular dame has just celebrated her ninety-fifth birthday, which was made the occasion of a great feast to the old folks of the bailiwick, at which Mr. ISAAC BURRITT, brother of the "learned blacksmith," made a speech. Mrs. SMITH does her own work—including the milking and care of two cows, and the making of butter—and has three in the family; she boasts that, in her day, she has laid stone wall, and laid it well; and it is told of her that she pulled three-quarters of an acre of flax, and nursed an infant at the same time, in one day, and has raked and bound ten shocks of rye in one afternoon.

—Mr. CHARLES H. HASWELL, formerly Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the Navy Department, and now one of the prominent consulting engineers of the country, made this remarkable statement as a witness in the *Westfield* examination—viz., that "there are five hundred drivers of engines in the city of New York who would not have discharged their duty in the case of this vessel any better than the driver of the *Westfield*." Is there such a thing as a board who grant certificates or diplomas to engineers, or are we all at the mercy of pretenders?

—Greatly to the satisfaction of life-insurance men, longevity is coming into vogue in Indiana. Mrs. SARAH KNIGHT, of Salem, in that State, recently called about her death-bed her entire family, five sons—the youngest sixty-five, the eldest seventy-three—all of them grandfathers, who had never lost one of their children. She herself was ninety-four, and had not had a day's serious illness during her entire life. The KNIGHT family are known and admired of all people in the region round about for vigorous constitutions and great powers of endurance.

—It must have been consolatory to the ex-Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON, when he gave his recent *fête* at Chiselhurst, to receive pleasant telegrams from the Czar of Russia, the King of Sweden, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Portugal, the King of Holland, the Prince of Wales, and others. Kaiser WILLIAM did not send.

—The Commissioner of Pensions has just signed a renewal of a Mexican war pension to JAMES WILKNOR, which, in September, 1861, at the age of sixty-five, he forfeited to enlist as a [illegible] Company [illegible] First Pennsylvania [illegible] the oldest enlisted private that served in the late war. After serving fifteen months he was honorably discharged on account of disabilities arising from a severe gunshot wound received in the Mexican war sixteen years before. The veteran is now and has been for some time in the Blockley Almshouse, Philadelphia.

—For a man necessitated to entertain so much, Sir WALTER SCOTT had one pleasant and quite original peculiarity. When acting the host he would adroitly substitute the appearance for the reality of drinking. The decanter before him might appear to contain sherry; but MACBETH, his ponderous butler, had filled it with toast water.

—General SALEM TOWNE, who had the honor to command the United States forces at Dorchester Heights in the war of 1812, still survives, in good health, at Charlton Centre, Massachusetts. He was a corporal before he was a general, and this was the speech he made on that great event: "Fellow-soldiers! I had rather be a corporal in Captain STONE's company than a Director of France."

—M. ROCHEFORT felicitates himself on the fact of an older and better ancestry than any of the claimants of the French throne, a female ancestor having been married to the son of LOUIS VI.

—The late D. JACOBS, professor in the theological seminary at Gettysburg, is said to have suggested to General HOWARD, on the first day of the battle, the advantage of making a stand against the Confederate forces on Cemetery Hill.

—Colonel JEROME BONAPARTE, son of Prince JEROME BONAPARTE, has married Mrs. EDGAR, *née* Miss APPLETON, of Boston, granddaughter of DANIEL WEBSTER.

—Mlle. CATHERINE DE MONTALEMBERT, one of the five daughters of the late count, has just taken the veil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Laval, Mayence. One of the sisters had already entered on a religious life during the lifetime of her father, greatly to his regret.

—Mr. CLARK RUSSELL, a Briton, has been making a "Book of Authors"—a collection of criticisms, ana, mots, personal descriptions, etc., wholly referring to English men of letters in every age of English literature.

—General GARIBALDI is so reduced by illness as to be scarcely able to walk, and when able to leave his bed takes an airing in a small hand-car.

—A portrait of General THOMAS SUMTER, one of the defenders of Charleston, South Carolina, during the Revolution, is in the possession of that city. It was taken when he was ninety-eight.

—A pleasant alliteration in music and melody is found in the fact that it is also the first letter in the name of many eminent musical composers, ancient and modern: MARCELO, MONSIGNY, MENUL, MOZART, MARTINI, MERCADANTE, MONPON, MEYERBEER, MALIBRAN, MAYSEDER, MUSARD, MASINI, MENDELSSOHN, MOSCHELES, MARMET, etc.

—Authors nowadays would consider themselves poorly paid if obliged to accept for their literary labor the prices paid for works that have become immortal. We know that for "Paradise Lost" MILTON got five pounds, with five pounds for the second edition, and eight pounds afterward. DRYDEN, for his famous "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," received two hundred and fifty guineas in all—a pretty fair comparison, we think, even with modern times; while POPE, for his poem bearing the same name, and intended, although unsuccessfully, to rival DRYDEN's masterpiece, got only fifteen pounds. OLIVER GOLDSMITH, for his "Vicar of Wakefield," received sixty pounds. GAY, the author of the "Beggar's Opera," made one thousand pounds by his poems; while Lord BYRON—perhaps the most successful poet that ever lived—made fifteen thousand pounds by his works. For his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" Sir WALTER SCOTT received from CONSTABLE six hundred pounds, and for his "Marmion" one thousand and fifty pounds. THOMAS CAMPBELL'S "Pleasures of Hope" realized one thousand and fifty pounds, and his "Gertrude of Wyoming" sixteen hundred guineas. CRABBE received, for his poems, three thousand pounds from MURRAY. The "Irish Melodies" gave MOORE five hundred pounds a year.

—Mrs. CLEVELAND, the sister of HORACE GREELEY, is rapidly regaining her health among the Catskills. She will return to her city home in October, and, with her accomplished daughters, will probably continue during the winter those pleasant weekly literary and artistic reunions which have made her house so popular.

—JAMES RENFORTH, the English stroke oar in the international boat-race at New Brunswick, who was stricken with apoplexy in his boat at the turning-point of the race, was the son of a ferry-man on the Tyne, and was reputed to be the greatest single sculler ever known in England. He was only twenty-eight years old, and a magnificent type of the athlete, with a splendid muscular organization, a large, bull-dog sort of head, with hair rather short, brown, sleepy eyes, short chin whiskers, and a rather dull, unintellectual face—presenting the appearance of a man whose muscles had been developed at the expense of his brain. He must have been the exact counterpart of Geoffrey Delamayn, in WILKIE COLLINS's celebrated novel, "Man and Wife," even to the tragic end of his career, though we hope that his moral character bore no resemblance to that of COLLINS's handsome Hercules. It is rather strange that the wildest flights of fiction can never hope to exceed reality. For instance, the most marvelous scenes in Professor DE MILLE's marvelous "Cord and Creese" were drawn from life: the submarine explorations there described have now become almost as common as our daily walks abroad; and the ship-fever scenes, with their apparent deaths and resuscitations, were actually seen at Halifax some years ago during the pestilence there.

—Mrs. HENRY M. FIELD, the accomplished wife of the editor of the *Evangelist*, addressed the Laurel Hill Association, at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on their eighteenth anniversary, which was held on the 22d ult., with great éclat. Mrs. FIELD speaks eloquently and fluently, both in French and English. Her address on French literature last year at Vassar College was received with applause.

—The pleasant home of the CARY sisters in East Twentieth Street, having fallen to their brothers, who reside in the West, is to be dismantled and sold. New York will miss [illegible] whose hospitable doors always swung open to welcome congenial spirits. There is a dearth in this [illegible] where busy literary people can readily find each other, and enjoy that mental friction which is so inspiring to all persons of thought. Nevertheless a number still remain: Mrs. BOTTA, Mrs. FIELD, Mrs. BLODGETT, Mrs. YOUMANS, Mrs. CLEVELAND, and many others hold *salons*, where the *crème de la crème* of intellect may be found—those whose names, if not all enrolled among BROWN's upper ten thousand, will be remembered long after the society butterflies are forgotten.

—Mrs. STANTON, widow of the late Secretary of War, now resides in a fine mansion at Germantown, near Philadelphia. Her income from the STANTON fund is about $7000 a year.

—Madame SCHWARTZ, the Swedish novelist, whose books are coming into favor in this country, is fifty-two years old, and was born in a country town where her father was a merchant, but who died when she was a child. She was well instructed, and in her teens went to Stockholm to devote herself to the art of painting, where she married, in 1839, the celebrated physiologist, Professor SCHWARTZ. He was opposed to every artistic occupation, and long refused to allow his wife to come before the public as an author. Thus her first novel, the "Preface," appeared in Stockholm, 1854, under the initials "M. S. S." After the death of her husband (1858) she devoted her time entirely to literary productions, and has shown since that period a truly amazing productiveness. Her novels have been published simultaneously in several German translations. Since 1867 her works appear first in German, in the Library of Modern Romances of Foreign Countries (Berlin), and two years later in Swedish.

—When PIUS IX. was elected Pope his principal competitor was Cardinal LAMBRUSCHINI. The ballotings commenced on the 14th of June, and continued until the 16th. The conclave consisted of fifty-two cardinals. Thirty-three votes were requisite for an election. Of the three tellers appointed to open the ballots, which were deposited in the chalice on the altar, MASTAI FERRETTI was one, and he read the names in a loud voice. The most profound silence reigned; the eyes of fifty-one electors watched the lips of the reader. The name of MASTAI FERRETTI was read. No notice was taken of it. Again it was pronounced—one, two, fifteen times. All eyes were turned to him. Again the same name—twenty, thirty. As soon as it was pronounced the thirtieth time he sat down. He felt oppressed, and feared an epileptic attack. Cardinal FIESCHI, however, continued pronouncing his name with solemn emphasis, and when he pronounced it the thirty-third time Cardinal MASTAI FERRETTI fainted. The number increased to thirty-six. Soon afterward the Cardinal Vicar appeared on the balcony of the Quirinal, and announced to the expectant multitude: "I give you tidings of great joy. We have as Pope the Most Reverend and Eminent Lord JOHN MARY, Cardinal of the holy Roman Catholic Church, Bishop of Imola, who has assumed the name of PIUS IX." Extremely pale and timid, the Holy Father pronounced the papal blessing, the people kneeling.

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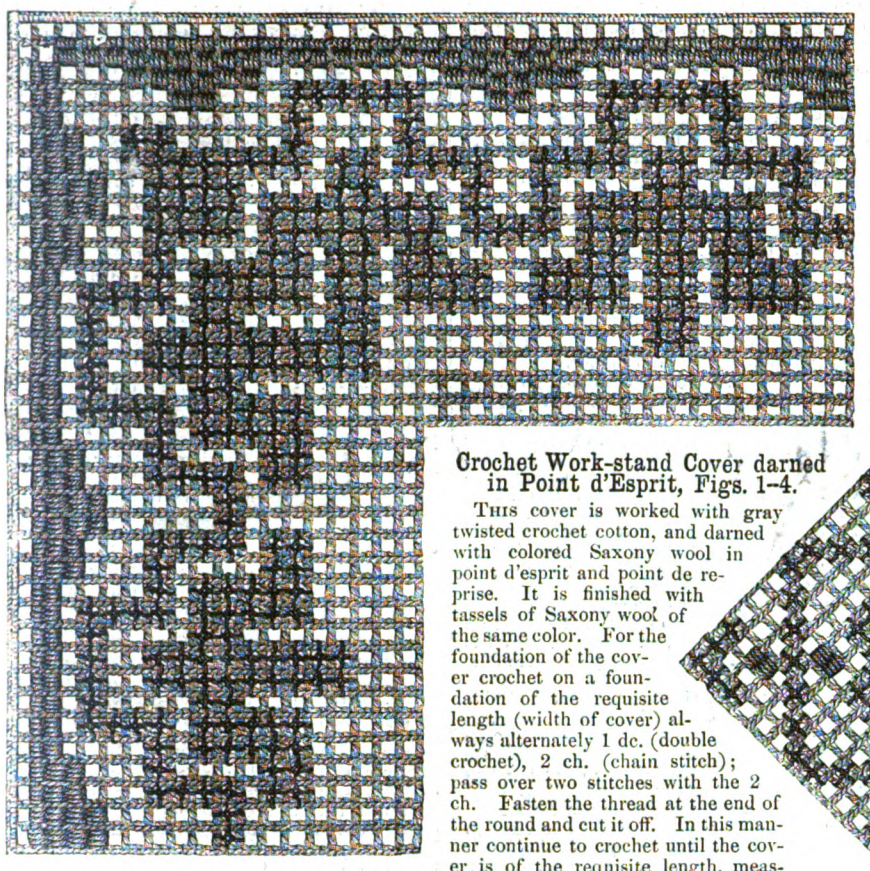


Fig. 2.—CROCHET BORDER DARNED IN POINT D'ESPRIT FOR STAND COVER.

Crochet Work-stand Cover darned in Point d'Esprit, Figs. 1–4.

THIS cover is worked with gray twisted crochet cotton, and darned with colored Saxony wool in point d'esprit and point de reprise. It is finished with tassels of Saxony wool of the same color. For the foundation of the cover crochet on a foundation of the requisite length (width of cover) always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 2 ch. (chain stitch); pass over two stitches with the 2 ch. Fasten the thread at the end of the round and cut it off. In this manner continue to crochet until the cover is of the requisite length, measuring from the end of one point to that of the opposite one. Now darn the cover in point d'esprit and point de reprise. The lambrequin on page 84 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 6, Vol. IV., gives the design for the points. Button-hole stitch the outer contour of the lambrequin points, and cut away the projecting material. Figs. 1 and 2 show the foundation and the border of the cover in full size. Instead of working the border Fig. 2, the one shown by Fig. 3 may be used; and for the lambrequin points, the design given for the Crochet Lambrequin, page 581, may be substituted. Finish the cover with tassels, as shown by the illustration. Instead of working the lambrequin points in one piece with the cover, they may also be worked separately, and afterward button-hole stitched to the cover. The cover may also be worked in netting and darned with glazed cotton.

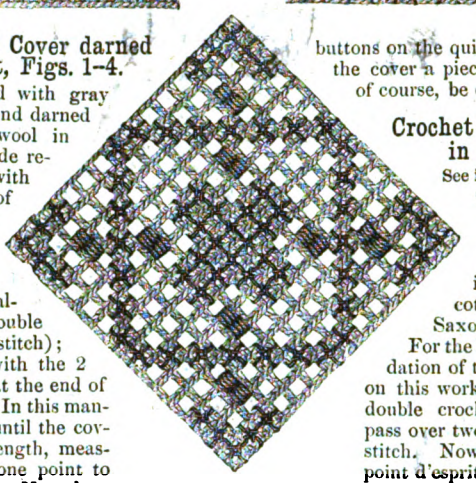


Fig. 1.—FOUNDATION FOR STAND COVER.

Cover for Quilt.

THIS cover, of which the illustration shows a full-sized section, is made of fine linen. The overlapping piece which rests on the quilt is cut out in points, and ornamented with embroidery of narrow linen tape and lace stitches. After transferring the design of the point to the linen, run on the tape, following the lines of the design, fasten the layers of tape together at the intersecting points without passing the needle through the linen, and work the lace stitches as shown by the illustration. When the requisite number of points is worked, join them with the cover by means of a stitched hem. Finally, work button-holes as shown by the illustration, and sew corresponding buttons on the quilt. For the corners of the cover a piece of the material must, of course, be cut out.

Crochet Lambrequin darned in Point d'Esprit.

See illustration on page 581.

THIS lambrequin is suitable for ornamenting covers for card-tables, work-stands, etc. It is crocheted with twisted cotton, and darned with Saxony wool in point d'esprit. For the lambrequin make a foundation of the requisite length, and on this work always alternately one double crochet, two chain stitch; pass over two stitches with the chain stitch. Now darn the lambrequin in point d'esprit, and button-hole stitch the outer edge. This lambrequin may also be worked in netting, and darned with glazed cotton, and used for tidies, covers, and other small articles, as may be desired. The design may be substituted for that given for the work-stand cover on this page.

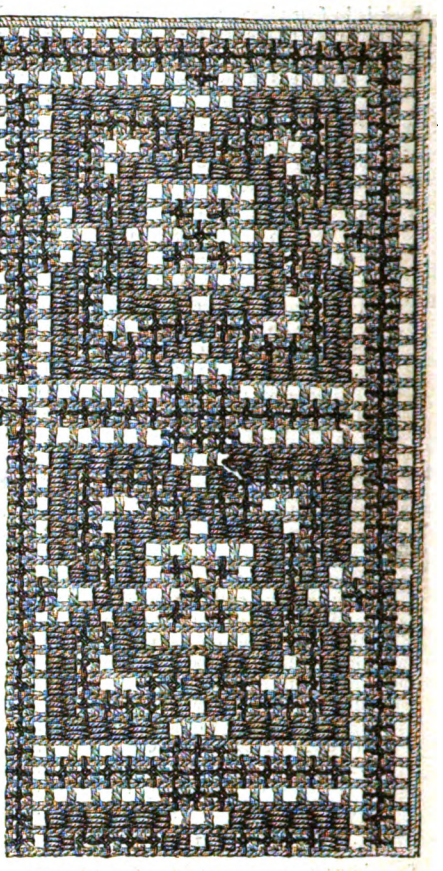


Fig. 3.—CROCHET BORDER DARNED IN POINT D'ESPRIT FOR STAND COVER.

Venetian Embroidery and Point Lace Insertion for Lingerie.

See illustration on page 581.

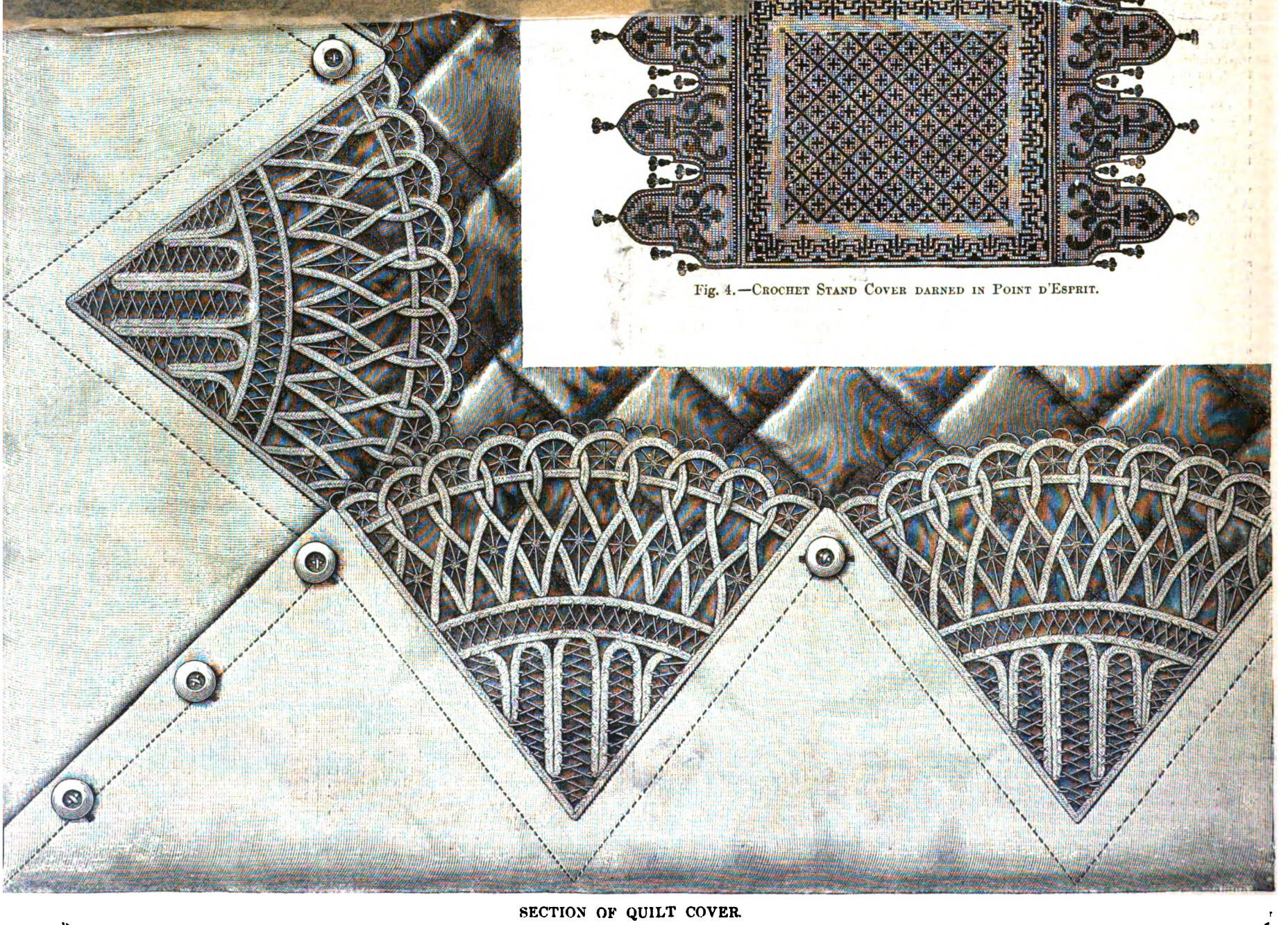
THIS design is worked on fine linen with embroidery cotton. For the button-hole stitch bars stretch thread bars with tatting cotton, and button-hole stitch these closely with thread; in working the button-hole stitch bars, however, the needle must not be passed through the foundation, but only through the edges which are to be joined by the button-hole stitch bars. Cut away the material underneath the button-hole stitch bars and underneath the design figures, which are to be filled with wheels.

Point Lace Edging for Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on page 581.

THIS edging is made of a piece of point lace braid of the requisite length, which, in basting on the linen, is laid in pleats at the under points of the leaves and at the upper edge, as shown by the illustration. Work the lace stitches with fine thread.

Fig. 4.—CROCHET STAND COVER DARNED IN POINT D'ESPRIT.



SECTION OF QUILT COVER.

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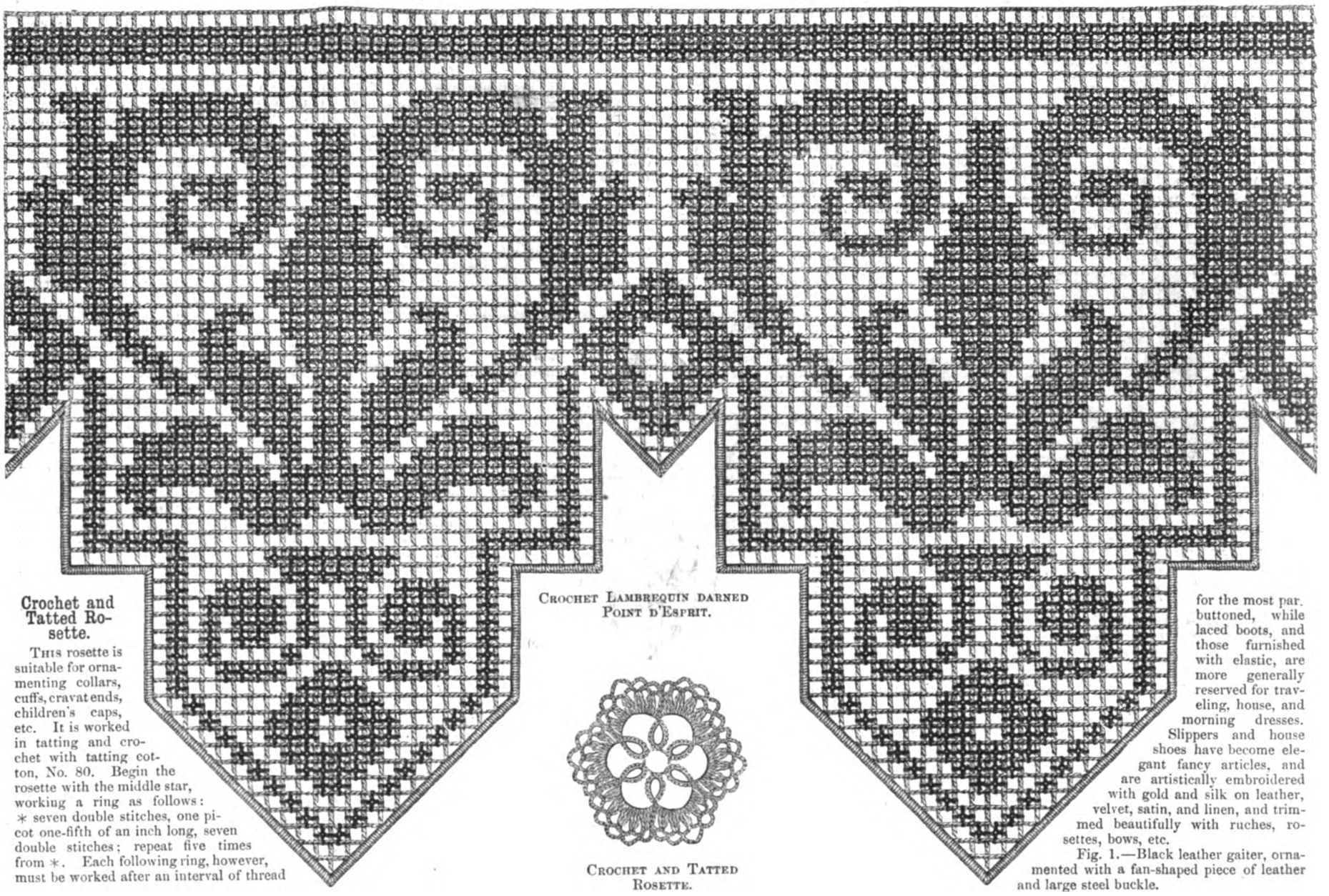
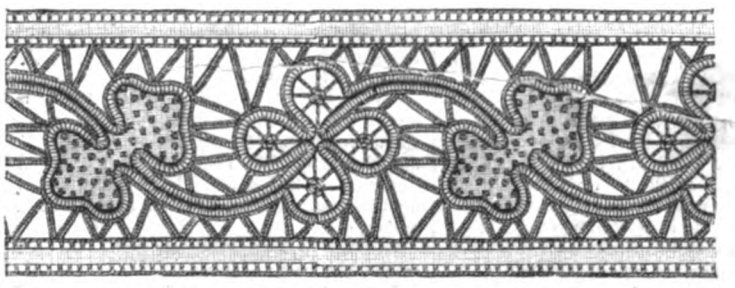


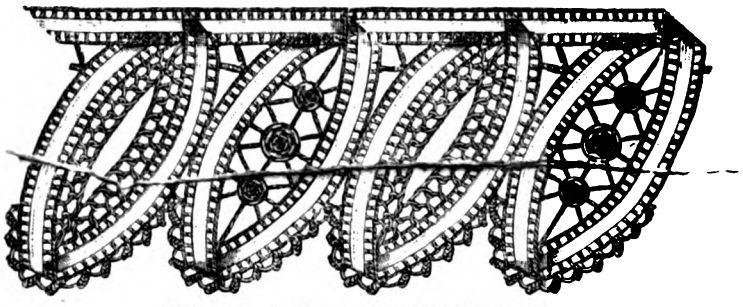
CROCHET LAMBREQUIN DARNED POINT D'ESPRIT.

Crochet and Tatted Rosette.

THIS rosette is suitable for ornamenting collars, cuffs, cravat ends, children's caps, etc. It is worked in tatting and crochet with tatting cotton, No. 80. Begin the rosette with the middle star, working a ring as follows: * seven double stitches, one picot one-fifth of an inch long, seven double stitches; repeat five times from *. Each following ring, however, must be worked after an interval of thread of three-fifths of an inch; also, instead of forming the picots, fasten each ring to the picot of the first ring. After completing the last ring, fasten the working thread to the first ring after an interval of thread of three-fifths of an inch, then fasten the thread and cut it off. Now crochet two rounds as follows: 1st round. —* On the next joining thread between two rings crochet five times alternately one dot of 3 stc. (short treble crochet), 4 ch. (chain stitch); the stc. are not worked off separately, but together; 1 sc. (single crochet) on the joining thread just worked on as well as on the following one, so that both joining threads are held together close to the ring by means of the sc., 4 ch., and repeat from *. Finally, fasten to the first dot of the round with one slip stitch, and crochet such to the middle of the next ch. scallop. 2d round. —On each ch. scallop of the preceding round 1 sc., then always 5 ch. In each hollow, however, the two ch. scallops that meet there must be held together by 1 sc.



VENETIAN EMBROIDERY AND POINT LACE INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



POINT LACE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Boots, Gaiters, and Slippers, Figs. 1–11.

THE short dresses now in vogue make the chaussure of great importance, not only for walking suits and evening toilettes, but also for the simpler traveling, house, and morning dresses. The shape of the Louis XV. boot, already adopted for the promenade last summer, has been somewhat changed; it is higher, especially at the front; the heels are less high and pointed, and the boot is thus rendered much more comfortable and serviceable. It is made of fine black or russet leather, and also of materials that harmonize with the dress. The bows that trim the boot are large, and are fastened with buckles or agrafes. Boots and gaiters of the same style for the street and promenade are for the most part buttoned, while laced boots, and those furnished with elastic, are more generally reserved for traveling, house, and morning dresses. Slippers and house shoes have become elegant fancy articles, and are artistically embroidered with gold and silk on leather, velvet, satin, and linen, and trimmed beautifully with ruches, rosettes, bows, etc.

Fig. 1.—Black leather gaiter, ornamented with a fan-shaped piece of leather and large steel buckle.

Fig. 1.—BLACK LEATHER GAITER.

Fig. 2.—BLACK KID BOOT.

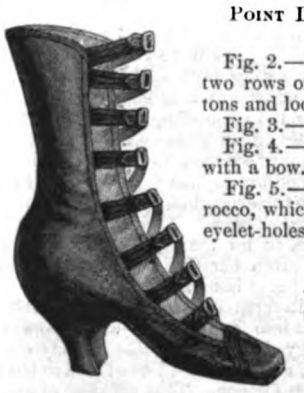


Fig. 3.—OPEN BOOT WITH KID BANDS.

Fig. 2.—Fine black kid boot, open at the front, and closed with two rows of kid points, the ends of which are furnished with buttons and loops.

Fig. 3.—Open boot closed with kid bands and small buckles.

Fig. 4.—Black French kid buttoned boot, finished on the top with a bow.

Fig. 5.—Black satin Française boot, trimmed with black morocco, which reaches up the front in revers, and strengthens the eyelet-holes.

Fig. 6.—Black kid boot with bow.

Fig. 7.—Kid gaiter embroidered with white silk, which simulates buttons. The gaiter, however, is made with elastic, in the Congress style.

Fig. 8.—Lady's riding boot of soft fine leather; the jockey top is trimmed with embroidery and tassels.

Fig. 9.—Satin slipper with bow of the same color.

Fig. 10.—Walking slipper with bow of black velvet and white lace.

Fig. 11.—Red morocco fancy slipper with gold embroidery, lined with white satin and trimmed with crimson ribbon.

Fig. 8.—RIDING BOOT WITH JOCKEY TOP.

Fig. 4.—BLACK FRENCH KID BOOT.

Fig. 6.—KID BOOT WITH RIBBON BOW.

Fig. 7.—EMBROIDERED KID BOOT.

Fig. 5.—SATIN FRANÇAISE BOOT.

Fig. 9.—SATIN SLIPPER.

Fig. 11.—RED MOROCCO FANCY SLIPPER.

Fig. 10.—WALKING SLIPPER.

GLASS EYES.

IT is said that Turkey, in those old, unregenerated days before Ottoman Banks and Hobart Pashas, used to indulge in "gouging," and to such an extent that a one-eyed Turk was as common a spectacle in Constantinople as a slashed-cheek student in the streets of Bonn and Heidelberg—the Turk with two eyes being at last such an optical affluence as to be regarded with envy.

Wisely foreseeing what a market might be opened, a speculator—of course they called him a Yankee—arrived at the port with a cargo of glass eyes of every possible shade of color, and with every imaginable expression. There were eyes of languishing softness, and with that gray-blue tint so popular down in Thessaly. And there were an endless variety of fierce and flashing orbs that a Maronite would gladly have

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taken in exchange for his own. There were cunning eyes to encounter the rogues in the bazar, and piercing eyes that could penetrate a yashmak and leave a blush on the cheek behind it. But above all these perfections of expression was one quality: these glass eyes were "warranted to see;" and the purchaser always obtained a guarantee, duly signed and authenticated, that for all purposes of vision his crystal orb would be the equal of his own.

The dissatisfaction of the public when it was found that the eyes failed in this one important point was great, and numerous reclamations were made to the vendor that his wares did not sustain their character. His reply was complete and convincing. Unless the nerves have accommodated themselves to the new optical machinery, vision is not effected; this, however, is a mere matter of time. When the eye has been worn six months, the owner will find it the best he possesses. Before three months, however, had elapsed the whole cargo was disposed of, and the speculator had tripped his anchor and left the Bosphorus forever.

BLACKBERRIES.

THE trees were flushed with red and gold,
As, in the warm September weather,
Among the country lanes we strolled,
And picked the blackberries together.

Standing among the russet-brown
And withered leaves that hid the roots,
I pulled the bramble branches down,
And watched her pluck and eat the fruits.

With tender, purple finger-tips,
That shunned the thorns with dainty skill,
She put them to her pouted lips,
And laughed, and looked more pretty still.

Her ringing tones awoke the air
To joyful echoes as she passed;
Each opening prospect seemed more fair,
Each lane more tempting, than the last.

And even now, when strolling through
The by-ways hedged with bush and bramble,
I pull a blackberry or two
In memory of that far-off ramble.

MISS PHIPPENY'S HEIR.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

POOR Miss Phippeny! Though why I should call her poor, when her bank account is thousands of times what mine is ever likely to be, is a question. She lives, too, on Fifth Avenue; she is a head-centre of charity; her fiat in the church is fate whenever she ventures to declare it; she has coaches and horses; she has a herd of servants. When I knew her she had plate—real old Golconda; she had laces spun from the very Virgin's Threads themselves, and Heaven only knew what else she had.

[illegible] to her; as, for instance, she had no husband, she had no child, she had no protector; she was at the mercy of the Bedouins encamped in the basement beneath and in the attic above her; and what made all this lacking the more emphatic was the counterbalance of a timidity that hardly dared call her soul her own after dark; of an affectionate heart, with no one on whom to lavish her affection; and of a tall and lean ungainly person, round which no lover had ever slipped an arm, and in whose bony embrace no child had ever voluntarily cuddled.

Miss Phippeny's house was certainly one of the handsomest brown stones on the avenue; the flight of steps at the entrance might have answered for a palace. There were immense rooms on both sides of the immense hall; the hall itself was paneled with a rose-colored marble, carved in floral bosses and projections, and was paved with tessellated jasper and serpentine, and the frescoes of the ceilings and the rich woods of the finishing were a delight to the eye.

But there, except for some deep-piled carpets and luxurious chairs and dark old book-cases, the pleasures of the interior of the house ended. The day the Phippenys had moved in the father had been brought home dead, and the mother, always of delicate nerves, had sunk under the stroke with an illness lapsing into idiocy; the carpets had been laid, the yellow satin curtains had been hung, the drawing-rooms had been used for the funeral, and had never been used again; the packing cases of costly furniture provided for the new house were brought in and ranged against the walls of the rooms unopened; no one could attend to their opening, with that illness of life or death on hand; and afterward, when the mother sat mumbling and grinning and crying, nobody had any more heart to do so, and there they stood. Nobody had the heart to take out the pictures that had hung in the old home, and they remained on the floor, tilted back against the white and gold wainscoting in their wooden cases, and, of course, nobody ever had the heart to go and buy new ones. Years had passed now since the piano had been opened, since the chamois leather had been drawn off the harp, since, indeed, any one but the house-maid had entered the great, lonesome rooms at all. One day Miss Phippeny had the boxes of books opened and the contents ranged on the library shelves, and in the library they lived, she and her mother—her mother sleeping in an anteroom behind the library, fitted up for a bedroom, while her nurse stretched herself out every night on a sofa-bedstead in the same room, and Miss Phippeny stalked up stairs to the first pair front, shivering at every step she took, creak of stairs or slam of doors, rattle of casement or rumble of chimney, and, after casting wild glances up and down the galleries, bolting herself into her own room. If callers came, they were first surveyed across the barrier of the chain, and then suffered to enter the reception-room next the entrance—a place half bay-window, in which the house-maid had trained some roses and ivies unrebuked to redeem its cheerlessness; and here Miss Phippeny, tall and thin, and moving silently in sables, received them. The calls were never long, and presently she returned to her mother and her wrapper; and at night the door was never opened, chain or no chain, till the visitor's name had been announced through the walnut.

The meals of the Phippenys were served in a room down stairs adjoining the great dining-room, whose chill and tarnished splendor would have been a mockery of the simple fare of the two forlorn creatures and the old nurse waiting on one of them. The safe in the great dining-room was crammed with plate—dishes whose mere vibration was music, salvers on whose rims the frosted flowers stood up as on a meadow where the hoar-frost has fallen, urns, tea-kettles, nests of dish-covers, gold-lined butter-boats and tureens and tankards, and all manner of fanciful splendors, that had been handed down from Phippeny to Phippeny for generations. The closets there were filled with china—old and ugly, rare and beautiful, Sèvres and Dresden—and cups out of which the yellow dragon of the Chinese dynasty might have invigorated himself. But Miss Phippeny dined and supped off delf under wire covers, and her mother was fed with a spoon from a bowl she liked because of its red butterflies and blue roses; and if any of their old friends—who had never quite forsaken them, perhaps through pity for their desolate lives, perhaps because people seldom do forsake millionaires—if any of them dropped in, a tray was passed around in hospitable wont, and though the wine there was in a precious decanter of Venetian crystal, a Phippeny heir-loom from time out of mind, yet the cake lay on a napkin in a wicker basket, and the nuts and fruits were in a crockery vegetable dish. In truth, every body said that paupers in a work-house were more comfortable and happy on their alms than the Phippenys were on their millions. Nevertheless there was something that did give Miss Phippeny unmitigated pleasure; for more than plate, or house, or stocks did she value the contents of a secret closet in her own room—gifts from friends on Christmases, Easters, and festivals in general. They were wealthy people themselves, all these friends, most of them relatives; and offerings of a ring for Matilda to-day, and a brooch another day, a cross on some particular day, and fans and trinkets on all sorts of days, had become customary, till her treasury was laden; partly because her father thought nothing too good for her, and never realized but what she was fair and sweet enough to carry off [illegible]

[illegible] attention to their ugly and awkward cousin. Some of these tokens were dear to her because she had loved the givers, and all because they were her own, and were relics of a youth as dead as many of the givers. Dear! She valued them like her soul; they were the history of her life, and her heart was locked up with them. Moreover, they were very precious intrinsically, a fact no Phippeny was likely to forget; for though this one spent a large income on charity, she knew the value of money as well as any of her tribe, and all their charity had been more the nature of sacrifice to the evil genius of poverty than of love to man. Miss Phippeny never wore these treasures, but she often took them out and looked at them. This emerald—a great, square stone, fit for the high-priest's breastplate, Tom had given her (her father's ward, brought up with her at home). Perhaps if he had not sunk on the ill-fated *Oceanica* that winter, just after he came into his property—who knows? Tom used to say things to her that nobody else had ever said, and Tom's will was found to have given her all his fortune. That necklace of diamonds was her father's gift when she came of age herself. Miss Phippeny remembered the day every time she took it up when her father came in and tipped up her chin and kissed her mouth as he hung the sparkling string round her throat, and there were as many tears in the box as diamonds whenever she shut it up.

This bracelet Nina Van Maull gave her when the two vowed eternal friendship; Nina was dead twenty years ago, but the great turquoises were as soft and blue and heavenly as her eyes were then. This locket, a mere crust of brilliants, held Cousin Harry's hair. These diamond bracelets were Aunt Matilda's bequest. These rings were funereal ones. This watch, whose case was a bed of sapphires, stopped at the very moment when brother Lawrence ceased to breathe. This cable of pearls Cousin Ralph twisted round her wrist the time after the waltz for which he engaged her and forgot to claim her: poor Ralph! he was dreadfully sorry next day—a handsome, dashing fellow then, but now the pearls were not so yellow as that bald skull of his, and cent. per cent. was written in wrinkles all about his face; and Miss Phippeny had thought whether, if she went to him and divided the half of her surplus with him, he would think he had enough to sit down and enjoy it. He was one of the railroad kings now, but she was sure that if he did not leave scheming and worrying soon he would end in an asylum, with half a dozen gold pieces for his playthings, as so many of the rich men were doing. Then there was her father's picture, and her mother's—a quaint little miniature, that—with its painted puffs and combs and laces, and impossibly blue eyes and rosy cheeks. But, though the jeweled backs of both were a wrought-work of splendor, it was not of that which Miss Phippeny thought in declaring that she would rather lose all she owned than those two little pictures: it was of her kingly old father, deified in her remembrance, and of the weary little mother down stairs in the library, stringing glass beads the whole day long. Sometimes Miss Phippeny closed her closet quickly when the fancy came that, if she did not take care, these things, instead of sacred symbols, would become nothing but glass beads to her, and she would not go near the place for weeks. No one would have imagined there was such a place there—a cell in the chimney side that opened with a spring. It was a miracle to many how Miss Phippeny's days passed without wearying her to death. But they did; and she was always looking eagerly forward to the next one, and rising with the sun to meet it. She took a drive in the morning, and did her shopping or made her calls. She never rode after the accident that caused her father's death till air and exercise were ordered for her mother; and now the oldest and staidest of coachmen was obliged to come in and go through the ceremony of having his breath tested every day, and after that the fat horses were not allowed to leave the decorum of a walk; the rest of the day she sat in the dreary library, stitching away for dear life on an altar-cloth for a chapel, or flannels for the church poor—she knew no other—picking up her mother's beads, or threading her needle, or making knots in her silk unmurmuringly, till dinner came; after dinner she sang her mother to sleep with nursery ballads in a cracked and piping voice; and then, the gas being lit and the shutters fastened, and the doors locked and double-locked, and the house inspected processionally with a brace of servants from top to bottom—Miss Phippeny, armed with a poker, leading the way, because, with all her timidity, she could not make another do what she would not herself—and the form of reading the evening paper aloud to her mother, who no longer knew A from ampersand, gone through with, after an instinctive shrinking from the breaking up of old habits, there came a little more stitching, the house prayers, the dreams; and at daybreak rising with the laborers again, to finish flower or scroll or seam, as if there were not enough days in her life for all she wished to do in them.

Yet Miss Phippeny was by no means satisfied, though she never made complaint. In spite of servants and acquaintances and altar-cloths she was lonely. She longed for something to love her intelligently. Her mother cared nothing for her any more, except to whimper to her if her gruel or her whey was wrong, just as she would whimper to the nurse. She could not keep a dog, though she would have been delighted to [illegible] have one lie of nights in the [illegible] always [illegible] than [illegible] dies [illegible]

[illegible] of the present imbecility might be owing to the past virus. Parrots bit, too, and their noise was maddening; canaries all seemed to die in that library; and even the house-girls, as soon as she had taken a fancy to them, began to be too topping for any thing. Poor Miss Phippeny! she would have taken one of the little foundlings home long since if the very idea of the thing had not been hooted by her whole round of gossips; and the Mordecai in her gate was the speech of people.

But all this even tenor of Miss Phippeny's life—the early rising, the stitching and shopping and stringing of beads, the processional safeguards at twilight, the satisfaction of bolts and bars and locks and chains at night, to-day the same as yesterday and to-morrow—all this was doomed to destruction, the fell fiend who wrought the havoc appearing in the person of a boy heard on the steps just as Miss Phippeny, with the house-maid, coachman, and poker, had finished her evening tour of the house, and was preparing to double-lock the door, see if the chain was right, shoot the bolts, and fetch the big bar across from side to side for the night.

Miss Phippeny paused, held a hand behind her ear, went on, listened, paused again.

"John," whispered she, "did you hear a noise?"

"The rats, mum," said the coachman.

"Hark! That's no rat."

"It's the wind in the chimbly, miss," said the glib house-maid.

"Wind? Oh no; there isn't a breath abroad to-night."

"Oh, miss," said the house-maid, reconnoitring through the key-hole, "it's only one of them beggar brats a-whining on the step."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Miss Phippeny, whose teeth had been chattering. "Well, I suppose he'll go away when he gets through. It's cold for him. How big is he, Ann? Only so high? Poor little mite! You don't imagine it's a—signal for any thing, or—a trap, do you, John? Perhaps you'd better send him off."

"Packing, miss!" said Ann.

"Could you open the door again, John? It's not very dark—"

"Not dark at all, mum; there's a moon the size of a cart-wheel."

And at that Miss Phippeny, taking the proper position, lifted her poker, ready for fatal descent on the offender's skull if he proved to be a fraud, while the coachman let down the bar, drew back the bolts, turned the great key, and, opening the door a crack, disclosed what might be called a bird's-eye view—for certainly one would suppose nothing but a bird's eye could have obtained a view through such an opening—of a morsel of a bare-headed and barefooted imp, crying fit to break his heart.

Miss Phippeny shuddered back a moment in dismay, gathering her skirts about her. She had never touched, she had never approached, an object of this class; all her charities had been on the grand abstract scale, where the giver recognized poverty but not the poor, and she had never seen a pauper in her life, to know him. But in a moment the shrinking had given way to pity. "Do you think it's safe to take him in, John?" she asked.

"He can't do no 'arm," said John, sublimely. And bidding Ann pull the child in, since she could not linger with the doors open at that hour, Miss Phippeny waited only to see the locks and bolts in place before following her guest and the house-maid into the dining-room. There she sat down and mournfully surveyed the ragged, abject little being standing before her, and with his fist in his eyes rubbing rolls of dirt off his knuckles and kneading them with his tears, only answering Miss Phippeny's questions with fresh wails, so that all to be made out of him was that he'd lost Jim, and hadn't any home, but had Jim and sometimes Bets, and didn't know what his name was, except they called him Jim's cub, and he was freezing, and he'd lost Jim!

"Oh dear, dear!" said Miss Phippeny. "This is deplorable. I just meant to give him a supper and something warm to wear, and send him home. No name—to think of it, in a Christian city—nor any home—and a piece of a shirt, and only part of a pair of trowsers!"

"Lor sakes-a day, miss, there's heaps of 'em, miss! A idle set as doesn't earn their salt, and doesn't have it! They just swarms. And all our thieves and murderers come out of 'em, like flies out of corruption, miss!"

"Oh, Ann! that is dreadful talk. Turn up the gas, Ann, and let me see him; he isn't bad-looking, Ann; he wouldn't be if he were clean!"

"Deary me, miss," said Ann, approaching and bending over him, though holding her skirts delicately back from any contact, "he's act'ally crawling!"

"Why, Ann! how you talk! he is as straight—"

"Oh my!" with a toss. "I mean—he's perfectly alive, miss!—creturs!"

"What!" cried Miss Phippeny. "A human being! Ann, it's incredible!"

"It's the truth, miss. If he was dead and buried this day twelvemonth, he couldn't be otherways."

"Monstrous!" said the amazed lady. "Oh, Ann, isn't it shocking? Isn't it too bad, Ann?"

"Yes, 'm; I'm sure it be."

"Well, then, take him to the lower bath-room at once, Ann. I won't ask you to do it," as she saw Ann fling back aghast, "but tell John to wash him and shave him thoroughly, [illegible] and down some of my mother's flannels [illegible] we can do better. I suppose [illegible] clothes in the shops that [illegible], Ann?"

[illegible] said Ann, utterly [illegible] with the other's innocence; "I should think so! There! get on!" to the boy; and closing the door behind her and her shuffling charge, who had apparently forgotten to cry in his bewilderment, but was now on the full blast again.

But before Miss Phippeny had been able to collect her scattered senses Ann re-appeared.

"Please, miss," said she, "the coachman says as he's very sorry to disoblige you, and he'd wash and shave the boy 's soon as not, only it wouldn't be best for the horses, he says. Horses is delicate, he says, and has to be humored, and—"

"I don't suppose, Ann," said her hesitating mistress, "that you could—"

"Oh, deary me, no, miss! I couldn't hold my stummick over him one minute; 'twouldn't be any use to try. I don't know what to do, miss, for the cook says she'd throw up her place fust."

"I'll do it myself, then, Ann," said Miss Phippeny, rising into heroism. "Bring me down a suit of my mother's flannels and that old dressing-gown of mine."

"Miss Phippeny! Well, I declare! Sooner 'n that— As if we were going to put up with such doings! Well, I'll see, miss. There! I'll put him in the tub. Though it ain't wholesome, that it ain't. To think you, Miss Phippeny—oh, my sakes a day!" and Ann left the room abruptly, and an hour afterward led into the library a ridiculous animated bundle that had an air of shame from its innermost to its outermost thread, and seated it on a stool at an awful distance from the three occupants of the place, Miss Phippeny, her sleeping mother, and the nurse.

"There, miss," said Ann. "I've scrabbed him so 't I don't think there's much of his first skin left; and I've burned his rags; and there isn't a spear of hair on his head, for it's shaved as clean as the back of your hand; and I held him and turned him under the spigot a good half hour, miss, though he squirmed and bit well—yes he did, miss; for I thought if the water didn't run away with him the—the—others—would; and I don't believe he ever was so clean and sweet before, or ever will be again!"

"Ann, you're a good girl," said Miss Phippeny; "and I'll make it all right with you."

Meanwhile the wretched little object of this charity sat sneezing and sniffling and panting, not half recovered from his cruel mercies, and following Ann's movements with round eyes of apprehension, and now and then clapping his hands in a terror upon the perfectly pink scalp of his rather large head, and bursting out in a lamentation, over his locks, perhaps, and the memory of his outrages.

"You can't do nothing with him, miss," said Ann. "He's a great, blubbering baby, he is, boo-hooing like a calf—"

"I ain't!" roared the little bundle then. "I don't! Godammer! She drownded me, she did! Hell!" roared this child of a Christian communi-

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ty. "She burned my close so 't Jim won't know me. She's made me as bald as a dam scalthead. Jim 'll give it to her, he will. Jim 'll black yer dam sarsy for ye! And put me in women's close!" cried the creature that an hour before had none, and preferred it. And then there came such an outburst of oaths from these infantile lips, that apparently could not articulate them plainly, so far exceeding the poor interjections already uttered that Miss Phippeny was forced to put her fingers in her ears, while Ann, for one instant throwing her apron over her head, in the next rushed for the blasphemer, and shook him till his teeth would have rattled in their sockets if he had but cut them all.

"Oh, Ann, it's dreadful! Oh, Mrs. Felch, did you ever hear any thing like it!" cried poor Miss Phippeny. "Oh, you poor child, you poor child!"

"Have you any idea," said the sepulchral voice of Mrs. Felch, the nurse, "where you'll go to? Didn't any one ever tell you of the lake of fire and brimstone where you'll lie, with the smoke of your torment going up forever?"

"Yes," cried Ann, "a real lake of fire and brimstone, where you'll burn—"

"Lemme go!" yelled the morsel, springing up, but stumbling over his wrappings and sprawling on the floor. "Lemme go! I'd ruther freeze, a dam sight! Call the p'lice— Oh, where's Jim, where's Jim!" And his cries woke the old lady, who immediately took it for granted that the house was in a light blaze, and proceeded to gather up her beads and threads and make for the door, requiring all Mrs. Felch's energy to convince her that the fire of which they spoke had not yet invaded the Fifth Avenue mansion.

But Miss Phippeny had darted to the boy's side, and had lifted him up, and was kneeling with her arm around him, wiping his face with her handkerchief. "There, there," said she, sweetly. "Good boys are safe enough, and you're going to be good; you didn't know it was naughty to talk so. Don't cry; you shall have some supper now, and new clothes to-morrow, and we'll try and find Jim. And you shall go to school, and we'll make a man of you yet;" and possibly won more by the kind tones than the words, the child looked up in her face, that still towered far above him, and hid his sobs on her shoulder. Then Miss Phippeny, moved by such confidence from the little rebel, led him solemnly down stairs to the remnants of a beefsteak pie and a cold custard, and afterward, with her own hands, put him to bed in the room prepared for him behind her own, sitting beside him till he was sound asleep, and touched to her heart by his ignorance of civilization and comfort, by his awe before the great snow-piled bed, by the rapture that swam over his face on being lifted and laid in its centre, with the satin-soft sheets and the eider-down coverlet falling all about him, and by the thoughts into which these simple facts led her. "You won't go 'way?" were his last words, still clutching her hand. "You'll stay here, and you'll keep her off? She 'most drownded me, she did!"

Miss Phippeny's preparations for her own slumber that night, after locking the door of her room, were portentous. To be sure, the child was the least atom of a child that ever found himself cast away upon the world; but then she had heard a portion of "Oliver Twist" read aloud, and she knew that little fellows might sometimes be put through window-panes to slip bolts and the like; and though in Miss Phippeny's eyes it was just as utterly out of the question that this mite could be a member of a gang of burglars as that he could be enchanted into this form to assume gigantic proportions and his own shape at midnight, yet his introduction into the household was an unusual thing, happening at an unusual hour, under unusual circumstances. He was a creature of the slums, a creation of their slime and sin. A phantom procession of crimes and wrongs had followed him into the place, and had aroused a train of timid thoughts as to improbable possibilities, and Miss Phippeny thought best to provide for all emergencies.

Having secured the entrance, she next turned her attention to the folding-doors by which her room communicated with the one where her protégé was sleeping. They had no fastening; but knotting the handles together with her garters, she wheeled a lounge against them, and set up a chair on the lounge, and some books on the chair, so that if one opened the doors the chair would fall backward and the books forward, with a crash; then, having made her hasty night toilette, she ranged a barricade of chairs around her bed, and scattered a dozen sheets from a pile of pious papers about the floor, in order that a terrifying crackling should announce any strange footfall; having then laid the poker within easy reach, and slipped under her pillow an open penknife with which to defend herself in last resort, though she would as soon have dared to wield a thunder-bolt, and having felt round in her closets, and opened the deep bureau drawers, and wound around her wrist the string connected with a watchman's rattle hanging just outside the window, she lowered the gas and sprang into bed, with a sincere conviction that some one had tried to catch her by the heel, and resigned herself, after many starts and turns, to dreams. Feverish dreams they were; for, mingling incoherently in her sleeping fancies her mother's consternation in the evening and her own thought in relation to the crackling of the papers on the floor, she awoke toward morning screaming "Fire!" with all her might, and pulling the string that sprung the watchman's rattle in such a manner as to bring a bevy of Dogberrys to the spot, whose sapience and whose separation she furtively observed through the shutter, a little alarmed lest, seeing her, they should see her curl-papers, and scared to the point of shivering to think that such an alarm and outcry could be made and the whole family sleep through it.

Miss Phippeny lay the rest of the night listening for thieves, and determining by what name her foundling was to be known; only to be very much disturbed in the morning when, having decided upon Reginald Theodorus, the bairn stoutly refused any thing of the sort, until, mollified by the new clothes which Ann brought in, and particularly by the boots with heels on them, he so far relented as to submit that they might call him after Jim; perhaps with a vague idea that the name might attract Jim's attention on the street. He had already imparted the information that Jim sold a paper which he called the "Daily Yell."

Frequent ablutions, wholesome food, open air exercise in the coach with the ladies, and occasional romps in the stable soon made a metamorphosis in the appearance of Master James—he had no surname, for Miss Phippeny was undecided as to whether she should bring him up as a son or a servant, and was awaiting the developments of a year. He did not grow any, except in the way of filling his clothes, but his hair did, and the big pink scalp was soon obscured, and by the spring-time was adorned with quite a curly and flaxen fleece. In that time, too, he had learned to read, to string Mrs. Phippeny's beads and thread her needle, to run a score of errands about the house, and to amuse himself in a gymnasium fitted up for him at the top of the house. He tore his clothes, and spilled his milk on them, and carried gingerbread and strings in his pockets, and lost his ball, and mislaid his top, and carried his marble in his cheek like any other boy. Once he had seen Jim, and the carriage was headed post-haste in Jim's direction, while Miss Phippeny held on the sides in a terror, but Jim disappeared down an alley, and her boy threw himself sobbing on the floor of the carriage; and another time he declared an old woman picking rags in the gutter, with a bag on her back and a hook in her hand, to be his Bets, although she proved to be somebody else, with similar results on his part. Such accomplishments as were his before entering the Phippeny mansion he had wisely learned to keep out of sight; but his mental ability was not small, and his skill in finding Miss Phippeny's purse, which she was always losing, was something remarkable. He had dropped the ornamentation of his language, which had so shocked his hearers on making his acquaintance, and though never very affectionate, yet he was so gay and willing and obliging as to be a favorite even with the critical Ann herself, though she frequently administered severe doses of morality to him on the principle of Mrs. Squeers's treacle processes. Mrs. Felch, indeed, had always looked upon him with disfavor, as something utterly out of place; and in the way of her duty, as far as in her lay, she did her best to make his life a burden to him. But to Miss Phippeny the boy every day grew nearer and dearer; he was on the point of just filling that void in her heart that had been so long waiting for some one. Often now when of an evening she sang her plaintive songs to her mother, and, taking the boy on her lap, felt his curly head nestling on her shoulder, it seemed to her that her cup of bliss was being brimmed at last. One day, however, Mrs. Felch rudely dashed this cup aside a moment, spilling some drops in the act.

"Did you know, miss," said she, "that our James is a hunchback? And if our Ann knew B from a broomstick, miss, she'd have found it out the night he came. But you can see it for yourself. I suppose the tailor thought you knew it. It's slight, to be sure. But it's there. Perhaps it would be better to say he was a dwarf. You may depend upon it, he's got his growth. He's twice the age he makes out to be—seven years old, indeed! If he ever sees seventeen again— Miss Phippeny," said Mrs. Felch, impressively, "that's an old head on young shoulders, and there you may stick a pin in!"

Poor Miss Phippeny hardly heard the close of these remarks, so amazed and hurt was she by the beginning. A hunchback—this object of her affection—and her own physician out of town, and she could trust no other. The Phippenys never went out of town. But it might be remedied yet, when Dr. Grey came back. It should be remedied if it took the whole of the Phippeny money to do it; for in spite of all it had not done for her, the good soul had an idea still that the Phippeny money could do every thing. When she put Master James to bed that night, she gently passed her hand about his neck, and ascertained the truth for herself, and burst into tears, and laid her face in the pillow beside his own while she sobbed; the effect of that incident upon the boy was singular; for, though he manifested no emotion at the moment, he was detected next day in an attempt to run away.

But when this interlude was forgotten and the boy forgiven—for Miss Phippeny was sure that he had penetrated the secret of her tears, and had run away to avoid giving her more pain—then Master James had firmer hold on his protector's affections than ever; and as the days went by, and the summer came, her mind was made up. Heaven had sent the child to her door; he should have her name legally given him, and he should be her heir. She would not speak of it as yet—her lawyer was away, and she did not wish to turn the boy's head—perhaps she never should speak of it till the last; but he should have a governess in the fall, and by-and-by a tutor, and then college and a profession—and he would marry, and his wife and his children would be delights and comforts to her; for, as to Mrs. Felch's notion regarding his back, the trouble there was indeed so slight that Miss Phippeny had not an idea of its being serious; and she fancied he had grown a little already, though that might be his new boots.

Of course then Miss Phippeny took her heir about with her wherever she went. Most of her friends were out of town, indeed, and her church was closed; but it seemed to her that the boy's life must be gay when compared with his old one. She frequently, in the warm weather, walked up and down the cool and splendid halls with him, telling him legends of the past and present grandeur of the Phippenys. She meant to make a thorough Phippeny of him; she wanted him to love every thing she did; and she had him up stairs in her room, at various times, showing him her father's miniature, and asking him if he would ever fancy the little old lady stringing her beads now in the library once was the fairy being of the other miniature; telling him of dear Tom and poor Harry, and warning him against the love of money, lest it made him like wretched Cousin Ralph.

"I suppose all them things are worth a good deal of money?" once said the urchin.

"Those things, James? Yes, I suppose so."

"Much as this house is?"

"Oh yes, indeed, and more. The Phippenys never have any thing but genuine."

"My! And this house ain't the beginning, Ann says, of all you've got."

"Why, James, what set you to thinking how much I had?"

"I wasn't. I was thinking why you had so much and old Bets hadn't nothing."

"Hadn't any thing, Jamie. I am going to try and find her, dear, and we'll make her comfortable. I suppose that is why I have so much—to do good with."

"You don't do good with these things."

"No; they do good to me," said Miss Phippeny. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," she said, softly.

"You never showed 'em all to me before."

"Didn't I? I don't take them out very often, Jamie," said she, closing the spring.

The boy went down stairs by-and-by. He looked into the great, dull drawing-rooms and shivered, though it was so warm. He went to the vestibule window, that opened noiselessly on the porch, and dropped out the kitten which he had brought into the house the day before, and watched her scrambling descent to the steps. "Old Bets always said Jim's cub could go where the cats go," said he, and then went down for a game of ball in the lower hall, and for a bowl of bread-and-milk in the dining-room, where Ann waited on him in the intervals of putting back in the safe of the great dining-room beyond the mass of ringing plate which had just undergone its yearly cleansing. "Ann, don't you think it's slow here?" said he, meditatively, at last, getting down and taking his bowl to the table in the great room.

"Slow, Master James?"

"Well," said he, apologetically, "you have more to eat, I know."

"More to eat?"

"But there's old Felch—"

"Who's old Felch now, Master James?"

"Don't you hate her, Ann?" said he, laying both arms along the table. "I do. I'd like to fill her mouth with that whiting and run straws up her nose! Old Bets is worth a dozen of her. I say, Ann, wouldn't it be high if one had all these things, and could get away with them where there warn't any Felch to make you sit and learn verses about Babylon and the Philistines and the fire and the worm? Guess I'll have some things to spring on Bets! 'They shall roar together like lions: they shall yell as lions' whelps,'" said he, suiting the action to the word.

"Hush now, hush, Master James! That puts me in mind. Mrs. Felch says you're to come right up and learn the last ten verses of the third chapter of Luke."

"I sha'n't, Ann! I ain't a-going to. I can't. Any body 'd be a bad boy. I got down to Cosam, which was the son of Elmodam, which was the son of somebody; and I won't learn another one. I told her so. They're all just like that. I'll swear just as true as she makes me! I'll make her hair stand right up straight." But the dialogue was cut short by Ann's locking the safe, in which the last piece was deposited, and throwing down the key while she seized his arm and dragged him bodily to Mrs. Felch's territory.

But fortune being with Master James, by the time he had comfortably repeated "which was the son of Jorim, which was the son of Matthat" a hundred times or more till the words had lost all significance, his nose somehow began a furious bleeding, and he was sent down stairs to Ann again. But the young gentleman staid down stairs only the single second necessary to snatch something off the table, and then hurried up the two flights. Miss Phippeny had just descended; the bleeding went as miraculously as it came, by-the-way, and he entered the chamber next his own, and remained there some five minutes, coming out with a great Turkish towel in his hand, with which he went into his own room, where he skipped about vigorously till Ann fetched him to spend the rest of the afternoon in tears over the nine concluding verses of the third chapter of Luke, and to leave them unlearned at last.

"You'd better kiss me good-night, Ann," said Master James, with a twinkle, as Ann rebuked him for his stupidity while putting out his gas. "Maybe I sha'n't be here in the morning. Old Felch says I'm so delicate I'm likely to pop off any time."

"Very like. I've heard of bad boys as died in their sleep," said Ann, tartly, "and had their part in fire and—"

"I know all about that now, Ann. But maybe I'll go where there isn't any of the fire and brimstone you're all so fond of. I guess Bets knows as much as you do; nobody ever heard of fire and brimstone where she is! I'd rather be back with Bets again than have to learn that chapter. So!"

"There, you go to sleep!" said Ann, slamming the door.

If Miss Phippeny had been listening that night, perhaps she might have heard again the same rats she heard on the bitter winter's night when Master James first came to her house. But she heard nothing; nor did any of the others hear a sound through the thickness of their dreams. No watchman saw a little figure slide down the way the kitten went, and slip from porch-shadow to porch-shadow in the summer midnight darkness; and if any old hag in the reeking purlieus of the town welcomed a little cad getting home before his pal from a job it had taken eight months to work out, no one on Fifth Avenue was the wiser. Only when Ann went up for Master James to come to breakfast, no Master James was to be found then or ever afterward, and no sign of his way of departure was visible except the open window over the porch, descending from which might have broken a cat's neck, as Mrs. Felch remarked.

"It's just as I said, Miss," said the worthy and astute Felch, as Miss Phippeny, in her stupor, felt for a seat. "An old head on young shoulders, if they were young. We've had a thief in the house. He's had all our bearings. He's a dwarf. He's been play-acting for eight months here. And now you just look to your valuables!"

Her valuables! All at once, with a new light on it, there flashed over Miss Phippeny the remembrance of her conversation of yesterday morning with Master James—the closet, the spring, the treasures. She flew to her room and threw open the recess, a smile irradiating her face one moment, for there were all the old shagreen cases just as she had left them. She opened them one by one, and one by one they were empty. Miss Phippeny's heir had taken possession; and except two mangled little pictures that relentingly came back to her by mail, torn from their settings, she saw none of her treasures again. While she stood there, open-mouthed, Ann came up in a shaking fright to announce that the safe in the big dining-room was wide open and with nothing in it; all the great plate ringing with silver vibrations, gold-lined vessels, salvers, urns, and covers gone, and nothing to tell the way they went but two kitchen spoons crossed on the sill of the open window through which they might have been passed to a confederate. "He must have had an accomplice waiting under that window every night for half a year," cried Mrs. Felch, following close on Ann. "And he's torn out the third chapter of Luke and taken it with him!"

Poor Miss Phippeny! all her gushing springs of kindness shrank to their source. If there is one object in the world which she detests, it is a boy. "Go away!" she cries to Cousin Ralph's son, or to the beggar that pulls her skirt. "Go away! You're all alike! Why, for mercy's sake, the world can't be kept going without boys—" And nobody would ever suppose that the withered and sour old spinster's voice was choked with tears for the loss of her own.

IN A CLUB.

WE do not feel bound to declare in what club, nor even in what city, our artist witnessed the rather free-and-easy scene depicted in the illustration on page 588, nor should it be understood as an example of the kind of life to be met with ordinarily in clubs. As a rule, very little drinking is done in the club-rooms of gentlemen, and any member who should allow himself to be overcome with liquor at the club would be requested to resign, in terms that would admit of no hesitation in taking that step.

We are not sure but that our artist may be in league with those ladies who, like Miss Frances Power Cobbe, advocate the establishment of mixed clubs, as a sort of compromise between the champions of women's clubs and those who maintain that such institutions would be a direct blow at the existing social system. This lady, with characteristic boldness, inquires:

"Why should there not be a club with two wings and a centre—one wing exclusively for men, the other exclusively for women—the centre containing the reading-room, the principal dining-room, and a drawing-room for both? Each wing, of course, would have its own entrance, and there would be no necessity for a misogynous gentleman even so much as to behold the shadow of a chignon, or a shy lady to catch sight of a chimney-pot hat, should either prefer to remain in his or her proper domain. On the other hand, for those who like society in common, who desire to learn masculine politics, or are not averse to the rather feminine gossip which, I imagine, is not wholly unknown in Pall Mall or the cover-side, the centre of the club-house would have chief attraction. Many husbands and fathers, I am sure, would be delighted if their wives and daughters could share with them the comforts of which now they partake alone; and, if such a club were once started, I have little doubt it would soon be extremely popular."

Pleasant and easy as this scheme appears to be in theory, there would, doubtless, be many practical obstacles in the way should any association attempt to carry it out; but we notice in one of our daily papers a suggestion which is really worthy of consideration. It is this: Large numbers of ladies reside in the environs of New York who come to the city frequently to shop and visit. If comfortable quarters could be arranged where they could rest, get refreshment, read all the journals and magazines, have their parcels sent, and enjoy other conveniences, an accommodation of great value would be furnished, and one that many persons would gladly use. Great care would have to be exercised in the arrangement of details; but we believe no insurmountable obstacles would be found in the way.

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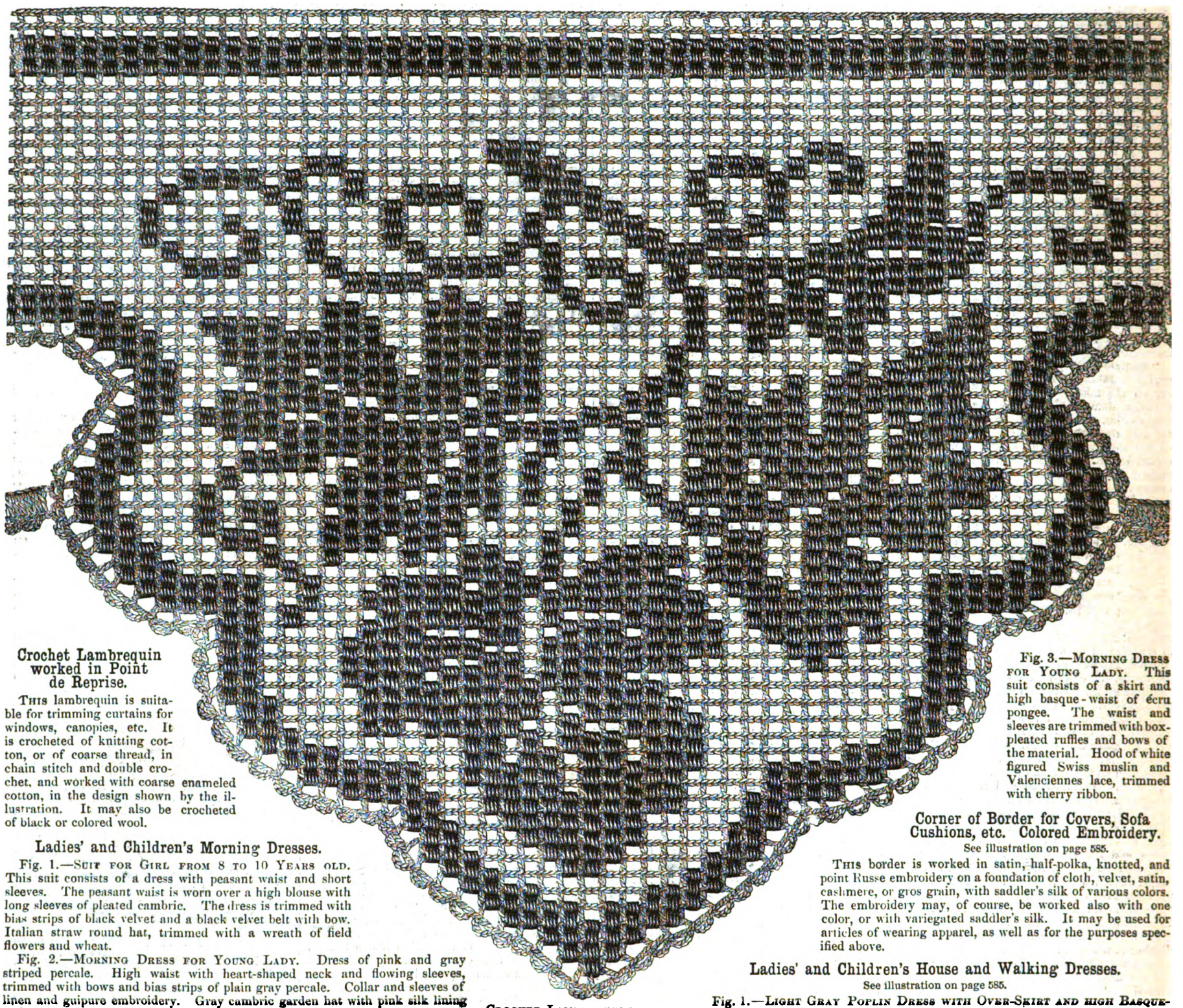

Crochet Lambrequin worked in Point de Reprise.

THIS lambrequin is suitable for trimming curtains for windows, canopies, etc. It is crocheted of knitting cotton, or of coarse thread, in chain stitch and double crochet, and worked with coarse enameled cotton, in the design shown by the illustration. It may also be crocheted of black or colored wool.

Ladies' and Children's Morning Dresses.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. This suit consists of a dress with peasant waist and short sleeves. The peasant waist is worn over a high blouse with long sleeves of pleated cambric. The dress is trimmed with bias strips of black velvet and a black velvet belt with bow. Italian straw round hat, trimmed with a wreath of field flowers and wheat.

Fig. 2.—MORNING DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY. Dress of pink and gray striped percale. High waist with heart-shaped neck and flowing sleeves, trimmed with bows and bias strips of plain gray percale. Collar and sleeves of linen and guipure embroidery. Gray cambric garden hat with pink silk lining and ruches of the material of the hat.

CROCHET LAMBREQUIN WORKED IN POINT DE REPRISE.

Fig. 3.—MORNING DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY. This suit consists of a skirt and high basque-waist of écru pongee. The waist and sleeves are trimmed with box-pleated ruffles and bows of the material. Hood of white figured Swiss muslin and Valenciennes lace, trimmed with cherry ribbon.

Corner of Border for Covers, Sofa Cushions, etc. Colored Embroidery.

See illustration on page 585.

THIS border is worked in satin, half-polka, knotted, and point Russe embroidery on a foundation of cloth, velvet, satin, cashmere, or gros grain, with saddler's silk of various colors. The embroidery may, of course, be worked also with one color, or with variegated saddler's silk. It may be used for articles of wearing apparel, as well as for the purposes specified above.

Ladies' and Children's House and Walking Dresses.

See illustration on page 585.

Fig. 1.—LIGHT GRAY POPLIN DRESS WITH OVER-SKIRT AND HIGH BASQUE-WAIST. The skirt is trimmed with flounces of the material, bows and folds of

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S MORNING DRESSES.

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dark gray gros grain, and braiding of dark gray silk cord. The over-skirt and basque-waist are trimmed in the same manner, and finished with silk fringe and revers. Black lace hat, trimmed with velvet ribbon.

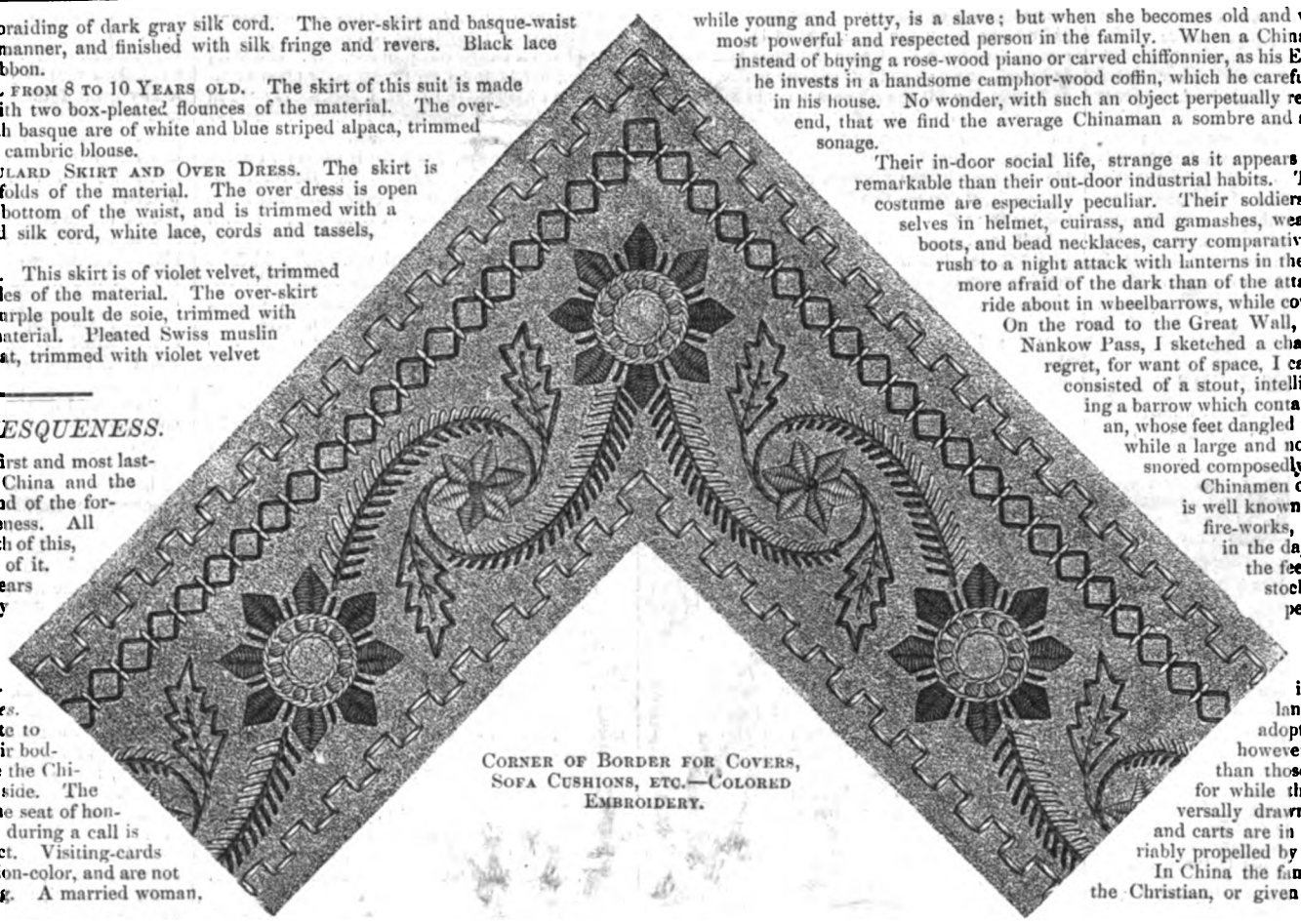
Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. The skirt of this suit is made of blue alpaca, trimmed with two box-pleated flounces of the material. The over-skirt and peasant waist with basque are of white and blue striped alpaca, trimmed with blue velvet. Pleated cambric blouse.

Fig. 3.—GRANITE FOULARD SKIRT AND OVER DRESS. The skirt is trimmed with ruffles and folds of the material. The over dress is open down the front from the bottom of the waist, and is trimmed with a braiding of granite-colored silk cord, white lace, cords and tassels, and bows of the material.

Fig. 4.—WALKING SUIT. This skirt is of violet velvet, trimmed with wide and narrow ruffles of the material. The over-skirt and basque-waist are of purple poult de soie, trimmed with ruffles and folds of the material. Pleated Swiss muslin chemisette. Neapolitan hat, trimmed with violet velvet and feathers.

CHINESE GROTESQUENESS.

UNDOUBTEDLY the first and most lasting impression which China and the Chinese convey to the mind of the foreigner is that of grotesqueness. All instinctively realize the truth of this, yet few know the reason of it. To Europeans China appears grotesque simply and solely because the customs and manners of the people are so opposite to our own. Socially no less than physically they are our *antipodes*. Their habits are as opposite to ours as the direction of their bodies. In getting on a horse the Chinese mount on the right side. The left-hand seat at table is the seat of honor, and to retain your hat during a call is esteemed a mark of respect. Visiting-cards are painted a bright vermilion-color, and are not unfrequently three feet long. A married woman, while young and pretty, is a slave; but when she becomes old and withered is frequently the most powerful and respected person in the family. When a Chinaman furnishes his house, instead of buying a rose-wood piano or carved chiffonnier, as his European brother would do, he invests in a handsome camphor-wood coffin, which he carefully keeps in the best place in his house. No wonder, with such an object perpetually reminding him of his latter end, that we find the average Chinaman a sombre and somewhat melancholy personage.



CORNER OF BORDER FOR COVERS, SOFA CUSHIONS, ETC.—COLORED EMBROIDERY.

Their in-door social life, strange as it appears to us, is, if possible, less remarkable than their out-door industrial habits. Their military customs and costume are especially peculiar. Their soldiers, instead of casing themselves in helmet, cuirass, and gamashes, wear quilted petticoats, satin boots, and bead necklaces, carry comparatively harmless weapons, and rush to a night attack with lanterns in their hands, being apparently more afraid of the dark than of the attack of the enemy. Ladies ride about in wheelbarrows, while cows are driven in carriages.

On the road to the Great Wall, between Peking and the Nankow Pass, I sketched a characteristic group, which I regret, for want of space, I can not reproduce here. It consisted of a stout, intelligent-looking cooly wheeling a barrow which contained a buxom young woman, whose feet dangled from one side of the wheel, while a large and not over savory smelling pig snored composedly on the other.

Chinamen of every class and grade, as is well known, are passionately fond of fire-works, but prefer to exhibit them in the daytime. While, in Europe, the feet of culprits are put in the stocks, among these strange people the stocks are hung round the neck.

China has long been famous for its canals and its wonderful system of inland navigation. The means adopted for land locomotion are, however, scarcely less peculiar than those in vogue on the water; for while their boats are almost universally drawn by men, their carriages and carts are in favorable weather as invariably propelled by sails.

In China the family name comes first, and the Christian, or given name, afterward. Their

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOUSE AND WALKING DRESSES.

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mourning color is white, instead of black as with us, and they mourn their parents three years. They resemble us in one thing, however, though they differ slightly in their method of showing it: they are fond of good living, and, indeed, are great epicures *in their way*. A Chinaman will not drink a drop of milk, but he will devour birds' nests, snails, and the fins of sharks with the keenest relish. Instead, however, of indulging in the discordant clatter of knives and forks so characteristic of an English dinner, they toss their meat into their mouths to a tune, every man keeping time with his chopsticks. The tune, however, is not generally either musical or provocative of appetite, and a Chinese dinner is usually a very tame affair.

HOW DID IT END?

'Tis a packet of letters, time-faded and worn,
Which have lain in a dusty corner neglected;
Undated, for lovers laugh time to scorn,
But signs of their age are soon detected,
For their spelling is bad and their grammar is weak,
And quaint are the phrases in which they speak:
They were written before you or I was born,
And we see an old love through their words reflected.

There's a mellow savor about each line,
Like the odor of rose leaves dried and time-rusted;
Like the rich bouquet of some choice old wine,
Which ripens and glows all mould-incrusted.
The times of patches and powdered tresses,
Of broidered coats and brocaded dresses,
Speak to us out of these letters of mine,
And tell how of old they loved and trusted.

"Sweetheart," he calls her—the fine old word
Rings tender and true in its Saxon simplicity—
He tells the old tale: how his heart is stirred,
Yet wavers and faints at its own felicity;
How he feared to speak and was nearly undone,
How he spoke at last and the fear was gone;
And now he is tender and now absurd,
As lovers will be who write not for publicity.

And how did it end? There is nothing to show.
The beginning only is here presented.
Did the love grow cold, and the lovers go
On their separate ways? or was bliss prevented,
As it sometimes is, by a cruel father?
Or, one proving false, did this love end rather
In wailing and passionate weeping? Ah, no!
Let us hope that they married and never repented.

Ladies' Fall Carriage and Visiting Dresses, Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on page 589.

FIG. 1.—Plain pearl gray gros grain skirt, without tunic, demi-trained, and trimmed on the bottom with a single flounce of black lace. Garnet velvet basque, with black lace sleeves, and edged with a double flounce of black lace in two widths. Garnet velvet and black lace bonnet.

FIG. 2.—Stone gray faille trained skirt, brocaded with small sprays of green leaves and lilac flowers. Mexican blue faille basque, scalloped on the bottom and in front, with half-flowing sleeves trimmed with deep ruffles of scalloped silk, and opening in front over a frilled cambric bosom. Leghorn bonnet trimmed with Mexican blue ribbon and flowers. Mexican blue parasol.

FIG. 3.—Tourterelle gray faille dress. Under-skirt trimmed in front with broad bands of sultane velvet and Capucine guipure lace. Over-skirt of the same material as the under-skirt, open in front, falling straight, and simply cut in points. Basque with long tabs in front, trimmed with velvet and lace like the skirt at the bottom. Sultane velvet fichu trimmed with Capucine lace. Sultane velvet bonnet trimmed with flowers of the different shades in the dress. Tourterelle gray parasol. This is a most effective toilette, the tints of which resemble the gorgeous autumnal foliage.

BERT'S MONOGRAM.

WE were just fairly established at Aunt Rebbie's for the summer, and I was waiting for Rob to come down on the evening train from the city, my hands folded in delicious idleness, with nothing to do but watch the evening shadows darken over the fields of blue timothy. Aunt Rebbie nodded over her knitting in the corner, while the kitten played with the ball of yarn, and Rite sat at the table slowly shading the Ural Mountains on the map she had drawn for the geography lesson at school next day. There were voices out on the veranda at the end where the trumpet-creeper grew thickest; and, moving my chair a little, I could see Bert Morley lounging lazily on a bench, with Miss Kate Devine, at a distance of about two feet of moonlight, entertaining him. Bert was smoking his cigar; but some girls seem to take pride in making a man free to do that after an hour's acquaintance, and Miss Devine was no prude. I smiled as I thought how becomingly she had arrayed herself that morning after she heard that Bert Morley was expected by stage, with rifle and fishing-tackle, to spend two weeks' vacation. She had previously confessed to me that she found the country horribly dull. And as for Bert, when he came, I fancied a look of not unpleasant surprise in his eyes as he bowed to Miss Devine, for he had heard of her in society, and he need not fear stupid evenings with a town belle, and no other man near for a rival.

"It is a case of diamond cut diamond," I said lightly to myself; and just then the step I had been listening for sounded on the walk, and I ran to meet Rob, who came in with his pockets full of magazines and papers, making me feel as if we were not in the country, after all.

Next morning Rob was off to the city again by six o'clock, and even earlier than that Bert Morley had betaken himself to the lake for a long forenoon of fishing. I heard him whistling as he went down the lane. Miss Devine and I met about nine o'clock at a delicious late breakfast; and as we sipped our creamy coffee together I gave her all the glances I could spare, admiring her little slippered feet, the dainty fluting on her white wrapper, her magnificent hair and long lashes, and her languid grace. Aunt Rebbie was busy in the kitchen, and Rite had gone off to school; so we two had all the cool part of the house to ourselves, reading a little, practicing a little, and talking a little. Miss Devine was very affable; but afterward, thinking it over, I tried in vain to recall any charm deeper than the charm of manner, of attitude, of glance, and inflection.

"But I am not very brilliant myself," I thought, humbly, "and, of course, she wouldn't shine out in full radiance on a little gray moth like me."

In the afternoon she put on a bewitching gypsy hat, and went strolling down the lane, while I wandered out among the raspberry-bushes, and stumbled upon Rite, who was there studying a long review lesson in history. I liked Rite—she was such a bright, honest little school-girl—so I sat down by her, and by-and-by took the book to hear her lesson. It was Roman history, and Rite recited in her own words, with original comments. I really felt, for the first time in my life, that I was getting a clear idea of the stately line of Cæsars. We had just got down to Constantine when there was the sound of laughing voices in the lane, and, looking over the raspberry-bushes, we saw Bert Morley and Kate Devine coming home. She had met him and turned back with him. He had had good luck, as the long string of fish he carried bore witness.

"Oh dear! I do think it is too bad," said Rite, with a frown. "So many pretty perch and mullet dragged out of the blue lake in an agony, just to make sport for a man!"

"And far below, in the coral grove,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,"

sang Bert, in triumphant tenor, as he came through the gate and laid down his trophies. "There was no coral grove, but I am sure these are the genuine purple mullet, Mrs. Hathaway; for look at the splendid colors!"

And he pointed to the flashes of red and purple on the still quivering scales. Kate Devine bent to examine them, with smiling admiration; but little Rite, turning her back in girlish disgust, walked away to the house. We had some of the mullet broiled for supper, but I am bound to say that their flavor did not equal their color; and when I saw the rest thrown carelessly away I wished, with Rite, that they were alive and happy again in the blue lake. But, dear me! when Rob came he entered right into Bert's enthusiasm, and wished *he* could have gone fishing all day too.

He had his chance the next morning, however, not being obliged to go to the city. He and Bert were off by dawn, with a big lunch in their basket, and singing like minstrels. The rest of us being left to our own devices, Kate Devine secluded herself to write letters, and I, most unexpectedly, got my treasure out of the day by discovering something new in Rite. I had taken a book, and was going across the fields to a picturesque old oak-tree that shaded a corner of the pasture. I kept along by the wall, carefully skirting the tall timothy, with its bluish-purple heads, so as not to spoil the mowing, when suddenly, nestled down in the grass, I came upon Rite; and she was making a sketch—the daintiest thing you ever saw! She had her sitters; and they were patient ones, all but one—a great blue dragon-fly, who soared uneasily just over the grass tops. But she had him already safely soaring in her sketch as natural as life. She was drawing a single clump of grass, with its feathery heads, a gold-belted spider weaving her web from stem to stem, and a patient caterpillar ineffectually climbing at the base.

"Oh, Rite, Rite!" I cried, watching her pencil, "how did you ever learn to do it?" For she was only a little fifteen-year-old school-girl, you know, going to a country district school.

She threw back her hair, and looked up.

"I suppose I take it from my father," she said, simply: "he was an artist." And then I remembered how Aunt Rebbie had told me of the poor artist who died young, and, quickly followed by his wife, had left this child an orphan. He had never attained to any eminence, but that there was something genuine in him was proved by this heritage of his child. She had had no training; her eyes and fingers seemed to travel right of themselves. The short of it was I took her over to the pasture with me, where she made me a drawing of my favorite gnarly old oak, with the empty crow's nest in it, and then another of the gray mossy rock behind us. I was in an ecstasy.

"I will make you my little comrade," I told her, "and you shall go with us in all our sails and rides, and make me gems of pictures to remember the summer by; and when Rob and I go to Europe we will take you to sketch us an album full of delights."

"I will go if you will take me," said little Rite, eye and cheek kindling.

It was past noon when we got back to the farm-house, and found the fishermen had returned. Rob was cleaning perch in a corner of the yard, but Bert and Miss Devine sat at ease in the veranda earnestly discussing monograms. It was when monograms were first the rage, and Bert had some pretty specimens in his note-book to show. He had made a few scrawling attempts to weave together his own initials, but in vain.

"I wish some one would design me a monogram," he exclaimed, laughing—"something really original and artistic, you know. Come, Miss Kate, isn't that the sort of thing you ladies are supposed to do? Make me a monogram, and I'll give you any thing you like."

"That's a dangerous promise, Sir!" she said, bending her lustrous eyes meaningly upon him.

"Can't help it," he replied, recklessly; "I'm perishing for a monogram. Take my name, my purse, my life, but give me a monogram! The truth is, Miss Kate, I believe it to be an impossible combination. Just listen, Bertram De Witt Morley! Who could ever make any thing of such a set of initials? Could you? I wish you could."

"I'm afraid I have not the power," said Miss Devine, with what sounded like a real sigh; but she made quite a show nevertheless of writing his full name down upon her ivory tablets.

I had stopped, with Rite, a few minutes to glance over the monograms; but just at this point Rob called, and we went to watch his amateur performances.

Two days after, as I was passing through the parlor, Bert Morley stopped me with a very pleased face, and said he had something pretty to show to me. It was a slip of paper with a monogram on it—his own, B. D. W. M.—as pretty and graceful a design as you can imagine. I can't really describe it, but perhaps you can compose it for yourselves out of these materials—two rustic bar-posts, with two bars slanting down and two in place, and then a perfect wealth of a running rose-vine twining in and out.

"Isn't it charming?" he asked; "and would you have thought it was in her to do it?"

"In whom?" I inquired.

"Why, Kate Devine, you know. I've been thinking her all along a mindless flirt; and here she puts me to shame with this pure dainty bit of fancy. How long it takes to find you women out! I am really beginning to like her now—I could hardly help liking any one with such a touch of grace in her as this shows."

"Don't be a rash boy, Bert," I said, warningly. "First impressions are often right, after all."

But a moment after he was looking all through the house for Kate Devine, to tempt her off with him for a delightful row upon the lake after water-lilies. Of course she went, in a bewitching boating costume, and came home three hours later wreathed with the beautiful white lilies, lustrous-eyed and stately as Helen of Troy.

She did not seem so much like a stately Helen, however, when toward twilight I heard her over the garden wall talking with Rite as I walked down the lane.

"—on the stair-way, after you had gone up with your arithmetic," she was saying (what could she mean?); "and now I want so very much to keep it."

"You may keep it and welcome," said Rite.

"And you won't tell any one?" pleaded Miss Devine, in an eager, anxious way: "you won't tell, if you happen to see it again, that it was yours—that is, that I did not do it myself, you know? And I will give you such a pretty gold set, with ear-rings, Rite."

"I don't want the set," said Rite, slowly. "I don't know what you mean, Miss Devine; but, of course, I shouldn't speak of the paper unless some one asked me."

By this time I had joined Rob, and was out of hearing.

After this Kate Devine was very gracious to Rite, and took unusual notice of her—except, indeed, when Rob and Bert were around. One sultry afternoon we three—Kate, Rite, and I—sat out under the shadiest apple-tree fanning ourselves, and now and then talking a little. Rite said she would like to be strong and brave, like Ida Pfeiffer, and go traveling all over the world.

"Alone?" asked Kate Devine, incredulously. "Would you leave love out? Now don't tell me, Rite, that you don't think of lovers and husbands just like other girls, for I sha'n't believe you!"

I was provoked at Kate for speaking so to the child; for what is the use of giving a girl fancies till they come of themselves? But Rite surprised me by having her ideas already formed; and, child that she was, let her heart's chords be played upon even by the careless hand, and respond sweet music.

"Yes, I do believe in love," she said, blushing and honest. "But I believe a lover ought to be brave and lofty and noble and like a stainless knight. And I should not think of looking for him, for he would be sure to find me."

"Then you are sure there is this wonderful 'he' somewhere for you on earth?" demanded Kate Devine, with a laugh.

"I don't know," said Rite, gravely; "but if there is, I pray to God every day to keep him good."

A little hush fell over us at this, and then Aunt Rebbie called Rite from the window, and away she ran.

"Was there ever such an odd little thing!" exclaimed Kate; and when, presently, Bert Morley joined us, languidly fanning himself with his palmetto, she told him as a good joke poor Rite's heart-speeches.

"What! that sunburned little school-girl!" ejaculated Bert. "Does she have fancies like that? Why, what a darling she is, just like Mrs. Browning's little Ellie, that had the swan's nest among the reeds! It used to be the dream of my youth to go roaming about till I found just such a love as that. But the world knocks the notions out of one. You and I have grown more practical, haven't we, Miss Kate?"

She smiled half absently.

"Oh, Bert!" I said, with sudden feeling, "don't throw away all the gold of your youth so lavishly."

"Perhaps there's a mint that keeps coining," he said, smiling at me; and then, starting up, "I believe I'll go to the woods! I can get two hours' gunning before supper."

"If we were at the sea-shore," said Kate Devine, "I would ask you to get me a gray gull's wing, Mr. Morley. I want one so much for my hat. But maybe you can find something else: if any great brilliant bird comes in sight, shoot him for me."

"I obey, lady fair!" said Bert, with a lowly bow; and then he was off for his rifle, and directly we saw him crossing the fields to the woods.

Just before sunset he returned, tired, flushed, and successful, with three beautiful red-winged blackbirds, lifeless and swinging in his hand. He laid one at Kate Devine's feet and one at mine.

"Oh, how gorgeous!" cried Kate, in a rapture. "Just the thing for my black hat! But you'll cut the wings off for me, won't you, Mr. Morley; for that I never could bear to do."

"Oh yes, I'll dissect it," he said, lightly, "and yours, too, Mrs. Hathaway." I had taken the poor dead bird up in my hands. I did not want the wings myself, but I remembered two sisters at home whose hearts they would rejoice; so I thanked him cordially.

"The other bird is for the little heart that dreams," said Bert. "School-girls like such things. Where *is* Rite?"

"Out at the back-door feeding the chickens," replied Aunt Rebbie, concisely.

We all went out there, and found her surrounded by her flock of downy pets. Bert made his offering of the red-winged blackbird, and explained. Rite took it in a sort of pitiful amaze, caressing the dead, drooping head. Then, as we waited for what she would say, to our surprise she burst into tears.

"Oh, how could you—how could you!" she sobbed. "He was so free and glad and happy up in the tree-tops. Put his pretty wings in my hat! No, indeed, he shan't be robbed of a single bright feather! I am going to bury him just as he is, out under some beautiful tree."

Bert colored, and Kate exclaimed, "Well!" as Rite stopped crying and walked off, carrying the bird in her hands.

"La, child," called Aunt Rebbie after her, "it ain't so bad as if it was a robin. Those pesky blackbirds eat the corn up as fast as it grows!"

But Bert followed Rite silently, looking like the knight of the rueful countenance, and I imagine he made his peace with her, and helped her dig the blackbird's grave; for when they came back the indignation had died out of her honest young eyes.

I was amused when Bert sought me out the next morning with a sort of eager interest, and told me that Rite was really one of the brightest little things that ever lived.

"She's sitting out on the door-step now," he said, "drawing a map of Greece for a school exercise, and it's a regular gem. Do come and see her, Mrs. Hathaway!"

I told him, with an air of superior knowledge, that I was aware of it all, and that if he would look through her atlas he would find it a perfect port-folio of sketches and bits of design more charming than maps. "Her father was an artist, you know," I concluded. Away he went at once to take possession of the atlas, and I followed, well pleased to see my little comrade get appreciation.

She took it very quietly—his delight over her slight pencil sketches: studies of old stumps, bits of gray wall, lichens, a bough with a bird's nest, a clump of violets. Suddenly, as he turned over the leaves, he came to something that made him start and change color. He looked up in a dazed sort of way.

"What's the matter, Bert?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he said, drawing a long breath; "only I felt just as if some one had struck me in the face! Did you draw this, Rite?"

"Yes," she said, simply. I looked over his shoulder and saw on the paper he held out the first rough design of the monogram Kate Devine had given him—less elaborate, but the same dainty fancy.

"Then perhaps you drew this too?" he remarked, taking the cherished monogram from his note-book.

"Yes," said Rite.

Miss Devine, impelled by merciless fate, came strolling toward us just at that moment in one of her prettiest morning dresses, her hands full of honeysuckle blossoms.

"Ah, what have we here?" she asked, lightly, as she joined us.

"Oh, a host of pretty things—and—monograms!" said Bert, looking her full in the face, with a cold brilliance in his eyes.

She saw what he meant, faltered, tried to laugh carelessly, but failed; and then, with some half-uttered word of apology or explanation, turned and left us, gliding away over the green grass again, dropping honeysuckles as she went.

Ah, how the wheels of life turn round, if we only wait a little while and watch!

A few days thereafter, when I drove Bert Morley in the light buggy over to the station, his vacation being ended, I said to him a little maliciously, "Miss Devine has been quite an acquisition to our society this summer, hasn't she?"

He looked round at me with an almost comical earnestness in his handsome face.

"I've got a new idea about some things, Mrs. Hathaway," he said. "I'm coming back here next summer, and next; and I am going to win little Rite's love by-and-by, if I can!"

"Then you must make yourself brave and lofty and noble and like a stainless knight," I said, quoting Rite's words. "Remember that, Bert!"

"That's the work I have set myself to do," he said, gravely; and I put faith in him.

That faith has been fully justified. Bert Morley is to-day a noble man, and a blessing to

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the world. And Rob and I smiled gladly in each other's faces when last evening we received a wedding invitation, with a monogram of dainty design and curious interweaving. You could read "Rite" in among the larger letters, if you looked sharp enough at each vine, tendril, and bud.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE king is dead! Long live the king! It was by these words that the end of the old reign and the beginning of the new one was formerly announced in France. In like manner we may say to-day, Fashion is dead! Long live fashion!

We are witnessing, in fact, the close of one world and the dawn of another, or, rather, its rejuvenation. Fashion, as we have beheld its workings for the last fifteen years, has seemed to take the place of an institution in France; but this has only been in seeming. It is, indeed, the collection, or, as one would say in the neo-scientific language now so much in vogue, the collectivity, of all the elegance, indolence, and riches of a country—the most exquisite and subtile expression of its civilization.

In countries which are not subject to those periodical convulsions which cause the wheel of fortune to revolve continually, endangering wealth, rank, and position, and to-day casting into obscurity those who were yesterday at the summit of fame, fashion becomes an institution in good earnest, with fixed foundations and traditions which can not lightly be set aside. But in France fashion knows neither past nor future; it is continually varying with the aspect of the times, and its changes bear a fantastic but nevertheless real resemblance to the political transformations which they accompany. Given the government, and you have the fashion; you may know the one by studying the other, and can prognosticate the future of the nation from the cut of its garments.

From this stand-point, to every acute observer the fashions must have presented an appalling horoscope during the empire. Never have there been seen, even in the most degraded epochs of the history of France, fashions and modes of life more devoid of refinement, more devoted to gross pleasures, more regardless of honor, more careless of scandal—more ill-bred, in a word—than under the Second Empire, which has just closed. Nameless men, adventurers from all countries, enriched by unscrupulous speculations, with the aid of a few French men and women of doubtful characters, have set the fashion in France for the last fifteen or eighteen years. An international fashion it might be called, preluding by its vices and scandals that International Society which deluged Paris with blood during the fatal reign of the Commune. Without morality, without education, without love of art, without traditions, without principles, what could imperial fashion do? It did what we have seen: it set the example for every kind of extravagance and folly; it lowered the intellectual standard of the country by degrading its standard of morality and showing itself brazenly and shamelessly materialistic, and planted the seed from whence sprung the brutal outbreak of the 18th of March, which was only the rude effort of all the lowest appetites of humanity toward satisfaction.

Among these leaders of fashion were seen neither the old nobility of France—save a few spendthrifts, burdened with debt, and who bought their release with their honor—nor the substantial citizens and merchants. It is from the latter elements that the fashions of the future will be reconstructed. The present office-holders and their families will form the nucleus thereof; and as they will no longer be chosen for the reason that their morals are easy and their intelligence mediocre, we may be sure that the outward appearances will be reputable, and the foundation honorable; as they will no longer be bribed ignoramuses, the arts will not be represented in their eyes by Offenbach's music and the paintings of artists who make nudity a specialty, and we shall see the elevation of that artistic standard the degradation of which in France is always accompanied with national disaster.

For the moment the leader of fashion is Madame Thiers, that "woman of great good sense and courage," according to the testimony borne her by her husband last year when the imperial police announced their intention of demolishing his house to punish him for opposing the war with Prussia. The official head-quarters of fashion are now at Versailles, where the graceful young matron, Madame Pothuan, who holds receptions at the Ministry of the Marine, attracts much attention. This lady is one of the most promising types of the coming fashions, inasmuch as she does not bear the faintest analogy with those of the past. Devoid of the silly vanity and affectation of hoydenish and pert manners that marked those "girls of the period" who, we hope, will soon be only a memory, Madame Pothuan is full of simple dignity and natural and sincere kindliness. In this she models after her husband, the admiral, and every one will admit that she could not have chosen a better example. The official circle, which is installed at Versailles for a few months, at least, will therefore give receptions, and set the tone for the coming season.

The new leaders of fashion will be recruited from among the nobility, the upper bourgeoisie, and the honorable financiers. The adventurers of all classes have had their day. They have this consolation; they can say, with General Fleury, "No matter; we had a good time while it lasted!" But it is certain that henceforth, having neither accomplices nor associates among those in high places, they will lose that protection and impunity which they have enjoyed for twenty years—almost a quarter of a century.

At this moment our future leaders of the fashion are to be found at the watering-places and seaports of France, as a matter of course. Henceforth Frenchmen will not go to German towns to spend their money, but will keep it to enrich their own country. The French artists, musicians, and actors having refused all engagements for Germany, Vichy, Biarritz, Dieppe, Mont Dor, and all the other beautiful sea-side places and hot springs which France possesses in such abundance, are crowded this year, a little to the detriment of Paris, which had hoped not to have any dull season. Indeed, it was at first the intention not to leave Paris this summer; but the war having laid waste the thousands of villas about the great city in which the bourgeoisie, merchants, and professional men had been accustomed to take refuge during the heated season, and the civil struggle having interrupted the work of repairs, it became necessary to go a little further, especially to the sea-shore. But it is certain that in a month Paris will see all her children home again, reinforced by the strangers who, before repairing to their winter residences, will wish to visit the great city and see the ruins caused by the incendiaries of the Commune. Foreigners are already in Paris in great numbers; the large hotels, such as the Hôtel du Louvre, are overflowing with them. But the true Paris season will be in September, for which time the theatres are reserving all their new pieces. The Gymnase announces a play by Alexandre Dumas *fils*, who is now Alexandre Dumas, since his father is no more. The Théâtre Français also has several pieces in rehearsal, among which is one by Emile Augier.

The literature of the day is wholly devoted to political and military questions. The tide is so irresistible that it hurries away every one, even those most averse by nature to this kind of thought. An anonymous pamphlet published at London under the title of "New Letters by Junius" has excited much attention. Rumor ascribes it to Alexandre Dumas, and as he has not contradicted it, rumor may be right. It is perhaps the most remarkable work of the times on this exciting question. It is firm, subtile, forcible, ingenious, and true; imbued with that internal truth which makes itself felt without being defined or proved. The book contains a series of contemporary portraits, the more remarkable inasmuch as they are drawn without passion, but with an accuracy which bespeaks a sort of second-sight of the soul.

Another writer, known hitherto only by sundry witty articles, published in what are called the *petits journaux* in opposition to the great political journals, Albert Wolf, has also attacked politics in a stout volume entitled "The Two Emperors," which, if not interesting and sincere, has at least the merit of adroitness. The author, a Prussian, who is this moment seeking to be naturalized in France, is forced by this very fact, and also perhaps by his character, to be two-faced. He might say, like the bat, I am a bird—see my wings; and a mouse—see my paws. The result is an ambiguous book, written in a manner to please the Germans, yet sprinkled with sentimentalities calculated to entrap the French, who, however, taught by experience, can not fail to discern the true meaning of the compliments paid them.

The races are rallying the fashionable world together. Those at Caen have been very brilliant, both through the value of the horses and that of the stakes. The owners of the studs having mutually agreed not to run their horses in Germany, the consequence has been that we have had more races than usual in France, continuing, at different places, through the whole summer.

The Orleans princes, who have patriotically held aloof from all political questions, are none the less destined by the force of circumstances to exercise a happy influence on the fortunes of their country. France, which has need of good examples after the demoralization of the last twenty years, can find none better than in this family, whose sons are all brave and whose daughters are all virtuous; and whatever may be the prejudices of the republicans, the Orleans princes will act on French society by the mere fact of their presence and lives. The Duc d'Aumale has regained possession of his estate at Chantilly, where he lives on a liberal scale on his private fortune, while announcing his intention never to set an example of the foolish extravagance to which France owes at least a part of her misfortunes—the extravagance of parvenues, the extravagance of adventurers, who, divining that they had no future, were determined at least to enjoy the present before it escaped their grasp.

Each of the Orleans princes is himself the father of a numerous, beautiful, and respectable family. This will create so many centres for the ensuing winter which will serve as models for French society. We can wish nothing better for all Frenchwomen than to imitate the virtues of the princesses of Orleans, so worthy, so modest, so charitable without ostentation; as we can wish nothing better for all Frenchmen than to have the respect for their parents, the love for their country, the bravery on the battle-field, and, in a word, the good qualities of which the princes of Orleans have given so many proofs.

A word, in conclusion, about the styles now in vogue. Paletots prevail, in spite of futile attempts to revive mantelets. Wrappings with sleeves must always be more convenient than those without them; and unless the mantelet can find means of annexing a pair of sleeves, it is almost certain of being thrown aside. Skirts and over-skirts are chiefly of the same color, or, at most, of different shades. Black is hardly ever worn over any thing but black of a different material. Flounces are varied with rouleaux of the material, covering the whole skirt.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THERE is something almost ludicrous in rushing away from the heat which is always supposed to envelop the city in midsummer, only to find yourself shivering with the cold in your chosen country resort. August, this year, may have been somewhat exceptional; and, of course, a bracing air is always expected in such a locality, for example, as the White Mountains, even in the hottest month. "We slept cold all night," said a friend, who recently lodged at the Tiptop House; "and when we mentioned the fact to our host, he suggested that we might need more bed-covering. Investigation showed that there were only *eight pairs* of blankets on our bed!" But blankets were comfortable during August in plenty of places far below the snow-clouds above Mount Washington—places where muslins lay unfolded, and warm wraps were essential. True, the sun shone blazing hot at mid-day; but when he sank behind the bright western clouds a chilliness came with the falling dew, and you shivered perceptibly. "Have a little fire in your room?" says your kind hostess. "A fire in August! not if I freeze!" you exclaim. But by-and-by you are glad to happen into the room of a good old lady who goes on the principle of having a fire when she is cold, and to toast your feet by her glowing coals. However, compensation for a little too much cold comes in the shape of the brightest, freshest, clearest of mornings, when a brisk walk or a long drive is a delightful luxury.

In Des Moines, Iowa, there is an energetic woman who has devoted her leisure hours since spring to the personal supervision of forty hives of bees. This season she will take out about twelve hundred pounds of honey, by which she will realize a pretty little sum.

A correspondent of the *Evening Mail* has discovered that, if fashionable women are foolish and frivolous, fashionable men do not always care to have their doings open as the day. She writes: "'Don't put me in the paper—my wife doesn't know I'm here,' says a gentleman, who has been chatting and laughing with 'yours truly' all the morning; and then learns, to his infinite terror, that she—dabbles in ink!"

The islands of the sea are experiencing divers calamities. In the Indian Archipelago there is a small island called Tagolanda, about fifty miles northeast of Celebes. Recently an outburst of the volcano of Ruwang was accompanied by a concussion of the sea, and a wave forty yards in height swept all the human beings, cattle, and horses from the island. The number of persons who perished is stated at 416.

When Sir Walter Scott left Abbotsford to take a tour, which, it was thought, might lengthen his life, he committed the care of his estate to a friend, who received written directions as to the keeping of the house, the books, and the garden. Many other details of instruction were given, among which was a characteristic one concerning his canine friends: "The dogs to be taken care of—especially to shut them up when there is any thing to quarrel about."

According to the census returns, there is one happy couple living in Ohio who have contributed eighteen children to the population of the State. The appropriate naming of such a flock must have been a tax upon the ingenuity of the parents. But they were equal to the emergency, as the following list of the names will indicate: Margaret, Alascus, Nelson, Aplinda, Almira, Serelzia, Alcina, Ellet, Eugene, Mase, Henry, Ruth, Syrenicus, Rebecca, Felarria, Florence, Landice, and Robert.

Caution and fear are by no means identical; nor is the person who uses careful preventives against disease the one who is most fearful when it stands at his door. Excessive fear will doubtless excite certain diseases; but a uniform observance of hygienic rules, in a temperate and nutritious diet, scrupulous cleanliness of person and premises, regular sleep and exercises, and the avoidance of excesses of every kind, will tend to ward off *all* diseases. Supposing, therefore, that any epidemic is impending, wisdom points to a quiet, systematic, and thorough attention to all those sanitary measures which, important always, then become imperative. An inactive fear is the grossest folly; indifference is equally folly. Cheerfulness, discretion, care, and cleanliness will create an atmosphere in which disease will not long linger.

During the investigation of the late explosion on the *Westfield* a valve-maker testified that the safety-valve was only one-fifth the proper size; and the "engineer" who patched the boiler owned that he had never learned the trade of a machinist.

New Jersey may subside; Boston takes the palm for the biggest and best mosquitoes. A reliable witness—*feelist*, we should say, since coining words is allowable in these days—says that they "sing like locomotives, and sting like the piercing of porcupine quills." A woman lately claimed admission to a Boston hospital on the ground that she had the small-pox. After a few days it was discovered that the eruptions were only mosquito bites. This circumstance, however, has a bright side, as it proves by inference that the "Hub" is a tolerably healthy place, since its physicians don't see small-pox often enough to know it.

Rockaway Beach is said to be "free from mosquitoes and other insect annoyances." What a blessed place it must be!

Lightning performs strange antics. A few days since it ran down the ridge-pole of a New Hampshire house, and, separating, tore one side of the building down, and demolished all the windows on the other side. A table was thrown down, a looking-glass smashed. Three persons were in the house; none were seriously injured, a slight singeing of the face and hair of a young lady being all the damage done to them. But one would suppose that if *fourteen* persons were in a house struck by lightning the escape of all of them would be little short of miraculous. It was an Albany house. But with the greatest dexterity the electricity passed down the stove-pipe, and, bursting out within two feet of a man and his wife, struck the wall, scattering the plaster over half a dozen children, splitting timbers, and making a big hole in the ground. Finally it departed, leaving to the frightened occupants of the house only smoke and a sulphurous smell.

"Howard Glyndon" writes that Toronto would be a paradise for our lady shoppers, as kid gloves with two buttons, and of the best make, are only $1 25 a pair. Dress stuffs, which in the States sell at 50 or 60 cents a yard, can be bought there at 20 and 25 cents. Button boots, made to order in the best style, are $5 and $6. Dress-makers charge only $4 and $5 for making an elaborately trimmed dress.

It must afford the French some slight satisfaction to have found it in their power to a small extent literally to repay the Germans in their own coin. The authorities at Strasburg witnessed with dismay the arrival of 18,000,000 francs in German silver pieces. This sum forms a collection of most of the money imported into France by the invading army. Finding the French gold and silver much cleaner and far more handy than their own, the Germans were naturally very ready to part with the latter; the desire of the French, on the other hand, to rid themselves at the earliest opportunity of the unpleasant souvenir can occasion as little surprise. Of course this mode of payment imposed upon the German commissioners the task of counting over the whole sum, whereas the simple process of weighing suffices for French money. The thickness and weight of German coins varying greatly in the same species, the use of the balance is quite out of the question. Possibly the inconvenience experienced in this instance may accelerate the adoption of a new coinage, uniform throughout the empire.

Within the last year Brooklyn has added 17,000 or 18,000 persons to her population, and built 2214 houses for their accommodation.

What is the use of having "railroad commissioners," when they conduct their examinations of the track in such a superficial manner that rotten timbers in a bridge are not discovered?—as was the case on the Maine Central Railroad—and therefrom an accident occurred.

Even youth does not protect royalty from official harangues. The young Prince Imperial of Austria has just made a tour through Bohemia, where he received the usual public attentions. On returning from one of the oratorical receptions, while passing along a shady and sequestered alley with his preceptor only, the latter asked him, "Well, monseigneur, do you like this promenade?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the prince: "trees at any rate do not make speeches."

Three magnificent white Russian horses have been purchased by the Germans in Moscow, at a cost of four thousand rubles in silver, and are intended as a present to Bismarck.

One day, not long since, the warden of Bellevue Hospital received from the ladies of the Flower Charity, of Yonkers, five hundred handsome bouquets for distribution through the various wards. The sick and friendless there will bless that Charity.

Hear a wail from the West:

"I have stopped the *Monthly*, *Weekly*, and *Bazar* in sheer self-defense. Not less than nineteen of my neighbors were constantly haunting me for them. Half a dozen times a day somebody came to the door for *Harper's*. I had no chance to read them myself. I could not do my house-work, nor attend to my children. I had no peace of my life. So I gave them up in desperation."

The "Lady of the Lake," the most popular of Walter Scott's poems, was a great pecuniary success. It was first published in 1810, and no less than 20,000 copies were sold within a year.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" A Boston physician says that four young girls, full of intelligence and promise, have been killed outright by the severity of the tasks imposed upon them in a high school in that vicinity. An article, apparently from a medical practitioner, which has appeared in a Hartford journal says that study, and hard study, promotes digestion, that it is favorable to high physical health, and not unfriendly to rosy cheeks and roundness of form, and all the functions for which God has designed woman in her peculiar sphere. It is not a difficult matter for careful, watchful parents to discover when their young daughters are overtasking their mental strength. But parents should give personal attention to the matter in each individual case, and not throw the responsibility on teachers. When the fresh, elastic spirits of youth begin to flag, there is danger ahead.

Rowing is, perhaps, the most favorite amusement of summer visitors at Lake George. On a pleasant moonlight evening that clear sheet of water presents a very animated scene—scores of boats flitting over its surface. As the shores about Lake George are full of historic interest, so almost every one of the 365 islands with which its waters are studded is crowned with a legend. There is one beautiful islet to which the name of "Tea Island" has been given; and this is the story concerning the origin of the name: Many years ago, before Lake George had been thoroughly explored, a party of ladies and gentlemen started from Ticonderoga on an excursion through it. The night overtook them; they were anxious and tired and hungry, and looked for some hospitable shore where they might pass the night. When they had almost given up hope of shelter on land they found themselves near an island. At once they landed. They sought something to eat. Nothing could they find except a paper package lying in a tin pan. This being examined, mysterious directions for cooking the contents of the package were found on the paper. These directions were implicitly followed, and plenty of warm *tea* soon restored the spirits of the party. In remembrance of this incident Tea Island received its name. A summer-house has been erected on the spot, and tea-parties are annually held there.

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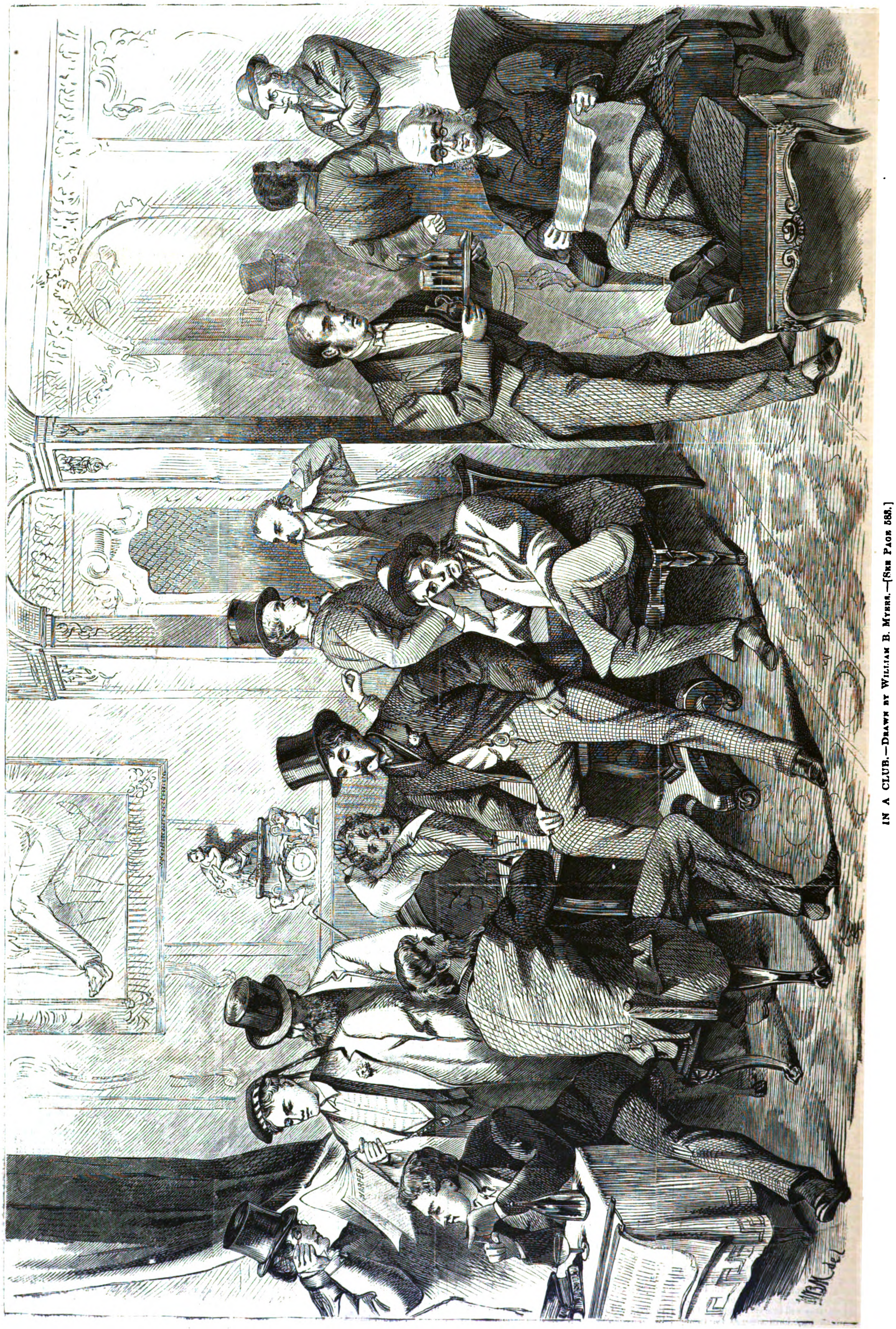

IN A CLUB.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM B. MYERS.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

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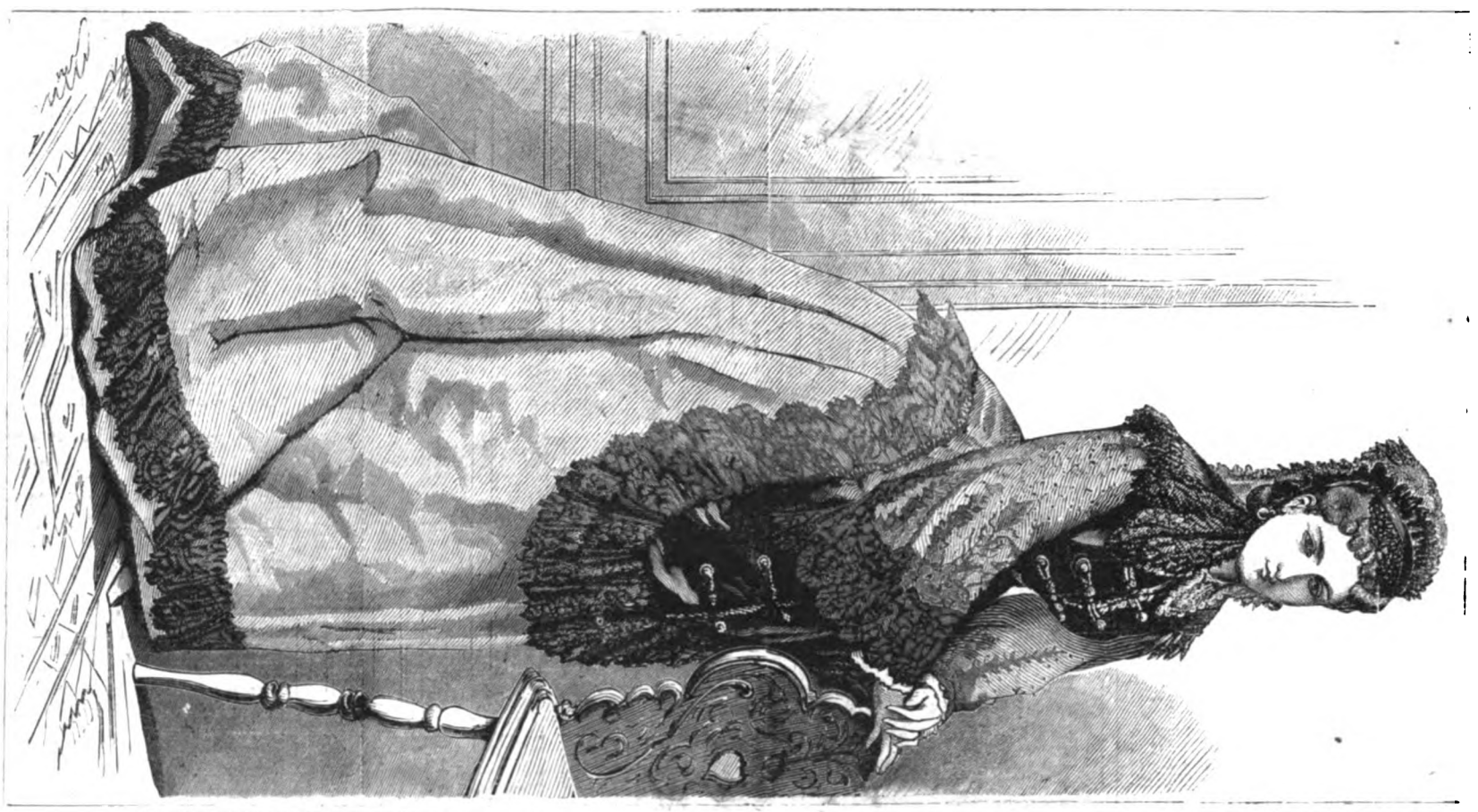

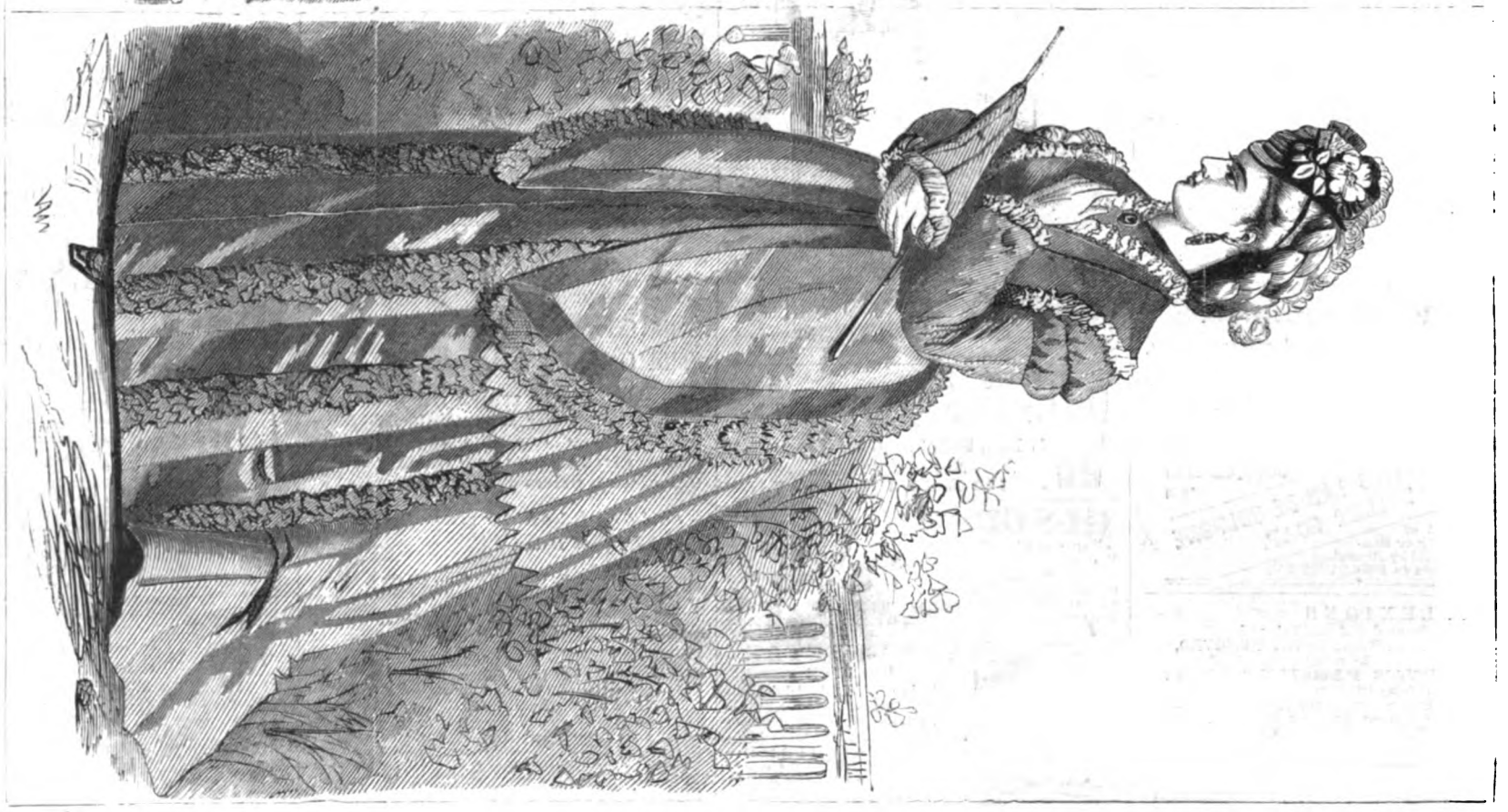

LADIES' FALL CARRIAGE AND VISITING DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 586.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTHUR.—It is a singular fact that Louis XIII. was the last ruler of France who was succeeded at his death by his son. Louis XIV. survived his son and grandson, and was succeeded by a younger son of the latter, the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XV. survived his son, and was succeeded by his grandson. Louis XVI. left a son behind him, who soon perished in prison. The son of Napoleon I., Duke of Reichstadt, died a colonel in the Austrian service. Louis XVIII., the brother of Louis XVI., was childless. Charles X. saw his son, the Duc de Berry, fall by the hand of an assassin, and his sole grandson, the Comte de Chambord, is now living in exile. The eldest son of Louis Philippe perished by accident during his father's lifetime, and his son, the Comte de Paris, is in private life. And now the last heir-apparent of France, the Prince Imperial, seems destined not to form an exception to the fatality which has doomed so many of his predecessors to die uncrowned.

F. B. W.—Get poplin or cashmere for traveling suit in September. For colors of this and church suit read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 34, Vol. IV. It is too soon to decide about your hat, but high-crowned turbans will probably be worn again. White silk at $2 50 or $3 a yard, with tulle pleatings, makes a very pretty dress. A cheap silk at 85 cents or $1 a yard will make most serviceable morning dresses. Trim your white alpaca with green silk, and make with box-pleated waist. For black silk suit read *Bazar* No. 33, Vol. IV. A black cashmere polonaise or double talma heavily braided will be the wrap to wear until you get a velvet cloak. An afternoon house and dinner dress should have a demi-train. It is safest to have your dress dyed black, or else dark bottle green.

WIDOW BEDOTTE.—Any loose sacque is a négligé paletot.

V. P.—The satin trimming is the only objectionable thing on your blue merino dress. Make a false postilion-basque of the merino, and belt it on. Use silk or velvet instead of satin cords.

MISS M. A. G. W.—You evidently do not understand that we do not prepare cut paper patterns of all the costumes illustrated in the *Bazar*, but merely of those mentioned in the list of cut paper patterns advertised in each number of the *Bazar*.

SEDALIA.—Bias bands of the cashmere or of lustreless silk are more appropriate trimming on a cashmere polonaise to be worn as mourning than worsted braiding would be.

MRS. BLUE BEARD.—The pattern of the Short-Sacque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. IV., is just what you want for cashmere. Trim with bias silk bands or ruffles. Embroidered black cashmere shawls will be worn by old ladies.

MRS. C. S.—Tucks, puffs, ruffles, crocheted lace, braiding, and embroidery are used for trimming pillow shams.

LILOH.—Trim your gros grain with ruffles of the same and lace; the blue Irish poplin with fringe and bias bands. Make the first a street suit with polonaise and single skirt; the last a demi-train and basque.

MRS. S. A. C.—On boys' shirt-waists put a turned-down collar made of narrow straight linen, doubled, and slightly sloped to fit the neck.

MRS. E. B.—Cashmere, poplin de laine, and serge will be worn this fall; also French merino.

ANGIE T.—Your sample is not Irish poplin, but the poorest Japanese. It does not wear well, gets flimsy, and water spots it. Make with a simple basque and over-skirt, trimmed plainly with folds of the same. Make brown Irish poplin with polonaise and single skirt.

J. T.—Chatelaine pins are worn to fasten the collar, or else lower down on the breast.

MRS. C. W.—Your address to this department is correct.

J. B.—Make your dress like gray sample with polonaise, cape, and skirt, by pattern of Traveling Dress Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. IV.

F. M. H.—We send the Worth Basque pattern, but return your remaining twenty-five cents, as we have no box-pleated blouse pattern. If you will send for *Bazar* with Supplement pattern of court train looped, you will have a model for altering your long train.

M. F. N.—The polonaise pattern sent you will remain in vogue during the winter.

M. E. B.—Get merino and cashmere for your little child's winter dresses.

GRAY hairs prevented, dandruff removed, the scalp cleansed, and the hair made to grow thick by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

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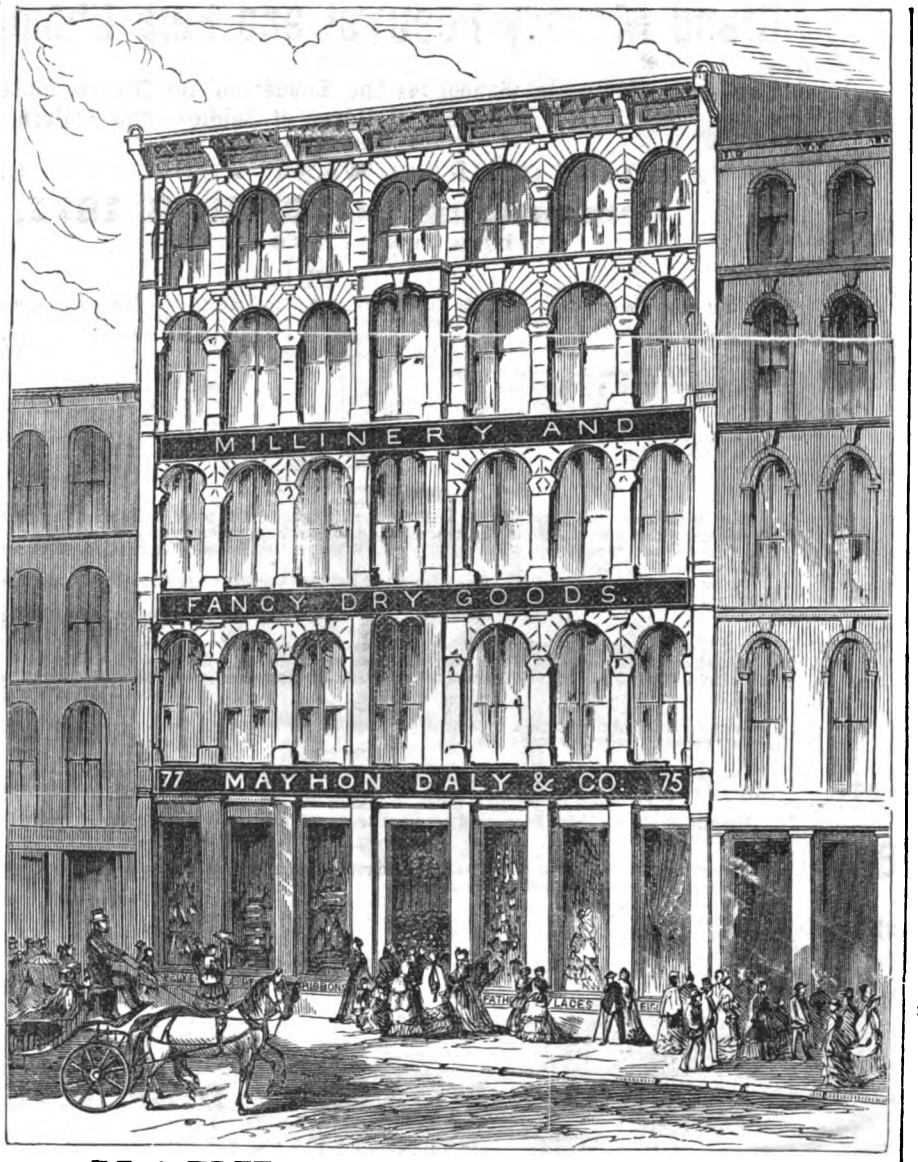

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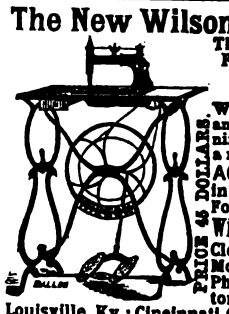

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TRAINED EVENING DRESS	"	38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	"	40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	"	46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	"	48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	"	1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	"	5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	"	11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	15
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Grand Military Festival and Fête Champêtre

IN AID OF

The Union Home and School for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute and Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors,

TO BE HELD AT

FASHION COURSE, WEST FLUSHING, L. I.,

Commencing OCTOBER 2, 1871,

AND TO CONTINUE TWO WEEKS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the Officers and Managers of the Union Home and School, ask the assistance of all benevolently disposed persons in aid of the institution under our charge. Through the kindness of Major-General Alexander Shaler, Hon. John H. White, Col. E. B. Lansing, George H. Purser, Benj. W. Hitchcock, and others, a grand Military Festival and Fête Champêtre has been arranged to be held in October next, and we earnestly invite the public to patronize and assist the undertaking.

Mrs. CHARLES P. DALY, President.
Mrs. VIRGINIA L. FARRAGUT, Vice-President.
Mrs. ALEX. SHALER, Vice-President.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. C. M. LYDIG.
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Mrs. GEORGE F. HOPPER.
Mrs. R. JOHNSON.
Mrs. J. J. VANDALSOM.
Mrs. L. H. ROWAN.

CARDS.

In view of the approaching Military Festival, the Flushing and Northside Railroad Company have made ample arrangements to run special trains solely for transporting passengers to and from West Flushing Station. Special excursion tickets will be printed for the trip, at the usual rate, 30 cents, at which regular passengers are now supplied.

Desiring to assist the charitable undertaking, our Railroad Company has decided to donate one-third of the gross receipts for these excursion tickets to the Home and School.

JOHN J. LOCKE, President F. and N. S. R. R. Co.

It will afford us much pleasure to assist you in your very charitable enterprise. We will furnish you, free of charge, for setting up, cartage, and removal, one of our four-pocket tables for the Champion Billiard Match to be played in aid of the Union Home and School for the Destitute and Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors.

PHELAN & COLLENDER.

Wishing to aid the enterprise, I cheerfully tender the services of my Company to perform at the Festival any afternoon the manager may designate.

JOSH HART, Manager Globe Theatre.

The Mutual Base-Ball Club of this city will be pleased to participate in any game or games to be played during the Fête Champetre.

ALEX. V. DAVIDSON, Secretary M. B. B. Club.

Desiring to aid the Union Home and School, I tender my services on the Tight-rope for the first week of the Festival free of charge.

HARRY LESLIE, the "Hero of Niagara."

Subscriptions of one dollar each for single admission tickets, and ten dollars each for season tickets (twelve admissions), can be mailed to the undersigned.

With the kind letters of approval already received, the promoters of the Festival feel sanguine that the undertaking will not only prove a pecuniary success, but that, as a testimonial benefit from the public, it will enlist a widespread interest, and be one of the most enjoyable series of entertainments ever given in this country.

BENJAMIN W. HITCHCOCK, General Manager,
Store, 29 Beekman Street, New York.

The Festival will be opened on **Monday, October 2, 1871,** at 10 A.M., at the celebrated Fashion Course, in West Flushing, L. I., and will continue (Sundays excepted) for two weeks. About September 1 a complete programme, with order of exercises and appointments for each day, will be advertised and distributed in circulars. For the present the management can only announce the following general outlines:

GRAND MILITARY DISPLAYS,

Which will be of a highly interesting character.

TROTTING.

First—Gentleman's Purse, for horses that have never beaten 3 minutes—$300 first horse; $50 second.
Second—Queen's County Purse, for horses that have never beaten 2:45—$300 for first; $75 second.
Third—Long Island Purse, for horses that have never beaten 2:35—$400 for first; $100 for second.
Fourth—Manhattan Purse, for horses that have never beaten 2:25—$500 for first horse; $200 for second.

BASE-BALL MATCHES,

For the Championship of America—Belts and Gold Medals, valued at $100 each. Clubs are invited to confer with the General Manager at once.

SPORTS OF THE CARNIVAL,

As displayed by fifty fantastical Knights, full of fun and frolic for the occasion.

FOOT RACE, Professionals,

For Championship Belt and $100. Entrance fee and season ticket, $10.

MASS FOOT RACE, Amateurs.

No professional runners allowed in this race. Open to all others. First Premium, Amateur's Belt and $100; second, $75; third, $50; fourth, $25. Entrance fee and five admission cards, $5.

LADIES' EQUESTRIAN RACE.

First Premium, $100 and Gold Medal; second, $50 and Gold Medal; third and fourth, each $25 and Silver Medal. Apply at Manager's office.

RIDING FOR DIAMOND RING.

Ring to be suspended over the track, in front of judge's stand—value $200. Entrance fee and two season tickets, $20.

BALLOON ASCENSIONS

Will be made many times daily, by an experienced aeronaut.

WALKING MATCHES,

For the Championship Belt and $100. Walkists should apply at once to General Manager.

BILLIARD MATCHES,

For Championship, Golden Cue, and $100. Application to General Manager.

PRIZE DANCING,

For Championship Belt and $100. Apply.

SKATING MATCH,

On Parlor Skates. Belt and $100. Apply.

DRUMMING MATCH,

For Championship and $100. Apply.

TIGHT-ROPE WALKING.

Champion Belt and $100. Apply.

YACHT RACE.

First time on land. Will be a great sensation and novelty.

SLOW RACE.

A novelty in this section. The slowest horse to win $100. Open to all. Entrance fee and season ticket, $10. Who has the slowest horse?

VELOCIPEDE RACE,

For Champion Belt and $100. Entrance fee and season ticket, $10.

INDUSTRIAL RACES, Trotting.

These one-mile races must be driven by the owners or employés engaged in their business. Horses to be those usually employed in such business. Entrance fees (in each case), with three season tickets, $30.

FARMERS' (2 Horse Bolster Wagon) TROT.

First Prize.....New Bolster Wagon, $200.
Second Prize.....New Harness, 50.

EXPRESSMEN'S RACE—Trot.

To light Express Wagon.....First Premium, New Wagon, $200.
To light Express Wagon.....Second Premium, Harness, 50.

BUTCHERS' RACE—Trot.

To Butcher's Cart.....First Premium, New Cart, $150.
To Butcher's Cart.....Second Premium, Harness, 50.

CARTMEN'S (2 Horse Truck) RACE—Trot.

First Premium, New Truck, $300.....Second Premium, Harness, $100

GROCERS' RACE—Trot.

First Premium, New Wagon, $200.....Second Premium, Harness, $50.

BAKERS' RACE—Trot.

First Premium, New Wagon, $200.....Second Premium, Harness, $50.

MULE RACE.

Under the saddle. One mile for $100. Entrance fee and season ticket, $10.

DONKEY RACE.

Under the saddle. One mile, $100. Entrance fee and season ticket, $10.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS

Will undoubtedly be added, and no pains spared to heighten the enjoyment. Ample preparations will be made for **DANCING THROUGHOUT THE DAY,** enlivened by the

MUSIC FROM QUADRILLE AND BRASS BANDS,

With most Excellent Refreshments at the Club House, and Lunches at Refreshment Stands.

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LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

OUR ATHLETIC CURATE (*who, with the young men of his parish, had been victorious in a great match the day before: please forgive him this once, only*). "He-ar endeth the First Innings!"

FACETIÆ.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, and then answers, the following riddle: What is the difference between the passion for chignons and a storm at sea?—One is a raging main, and the other a raging mania.

RINGDOVES—Newly married ladies.

Young ladies in New Haven are learning to play the violin. The idea of having four strings to their bow is fascinating.

MOTTO FOR AN ADVENTURER—"One touch of cash makes the whole world kin."

Apropos of wicked men: Why was Moses the wickedest man that ever lived?—Because he broke all the ten commandments at once.

A ROOTED SORROW—The toothache.

When a New York wine-merchant sells you "old port from the wood," does he inform you that the wood it comes from is logwood?

ENGAGED.—The party who was found hanging about a large dry-goods shop, and who explained his presence by saying he was in search of an engagement, met with one on the spot. It was short, sharp, and decisive.

Can a parlor in which spirit-rapping is carried on be called a tap-room?

A DOUGHNUT TO CRACK.—An ingenious baker accounts for the high price of his loaves by saying that he has it on the authority of an eminent naturalist that the dough belongs to the dear tribe.

According to the Articles of War, it is death to stop a cannon-ball. This ought to be altered.

OUR "FLOATING POPULATION"—In the surf at the sea-side.

Some folks with too much go in them go to the bad.

DELICATE HINT.—Some people have such a delicate way of hinting their meaning that it is not always readily taken, but others speak more plainly. We read of an old man the other day who was in the habit of going to bed promptly at nine o'clock; but, being kept up by company after that hour, he became sleepy. Finally, seeing the clock marked half past nine, he turned yawningly toward the partner of his joys, and said: "Wife, hadn't we better go to bed? These folks want to go home." It is hardly necessary to add that the aged couple were not kept out of bed long after that delicate hint.

"Our children will have an immense tax on their hands," said a gentleman.

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed an elderly lady. "What a blessing it is that we have nails on ours!"

Why is a man who marries an heiress a lover of music?—Because he marries *fortune*.

SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The Turkish embassador was at a public dinner with some of the magnates of the land. The President gave as a toast, in compliment to his Excellency, "The Sublime Porte and the Turkish embassador." The waiter echoed it down the table, "A supply of port for the Turkish embassador."

ADVICE TO ENGLISHMEN ABROAD.

Punch gives the following advice to English tourists. Some Americans might also study it to advantage:

Excepting for their money, English tourists are perhaps not highly valued on the Continent. We would, therefore, offer a few practical suggestions which, now that the tourist season has returned, will be found, no doubt, invaluable to Britons when abroad.

When you begin inspecting a foreign town or city, it is wise to stalk along the middle of the streets, and make facetious comments on whatever you think funny. Laugh loudly at queer names which you see above shop windows, especially if their owners, as is frequently the case, are lounging by the door-posts.

When you go into a church strut and stare about as though you were examining a picture exhibition. Display contemptuous pity for the worshipers assembled, and make in a loud voice whatever critical remarks you happen to think proper.

If, while you take your walks abroad, you encounter an unfledged and enthusiastic traveler who daringly attempts to enter into conversation with you, do your best to snub him in the recital of his exploits, and to render him dissatisfied with his most active feats. Interrupt his narrative with pitying exclamations, such as, "Ah, I see; you went by the wrong route!" or, "Oh, then you *just* missed *the* very finest point of view!" You may discover, very likely, he has seen much more than you have; but by judicious reticence you may conceal this awkward secret, and render him well-nigh as discontented as yourself.

When you are forced to start upon some mountain expedition, let every body learn what an early bird you are, and awaken them to take a lively interest in your movements. Stamp about your room in your very thickest boots, and if you have a friend who sleeps a few doors off, keep bellowing down the passage at the tip-top of your voice, although there may be invalids in plenty within ear-shot.

Should you gallantly be acting as a *courrier des dames*, mind that your lady friends are called an hour sooner than they need to be. A pleasant agitation will be thus caused near their bedrooms. They will amuse those sleeping next them with an incessant small-talk, and, as their maid will be dispatched on endless little errands, their door will be heard creaking and banging to incessantly, until they clatter down stairs.

When you come into a drawing-room or *salon de lecture*, make your triumphal entry with all the noise you can, so as to attract the general attention. Keep your hat upon your head, and glare fiercely at the quiet people who are reading, as though, like Gessler, you expected them to kneel down and pay homage to it.

Should your neighbor at the *table d'hôte* attempt to broach a conversation with you, turn your deaf ear, if you have one, to his insolent intrusion. If in kindliness of spirit he will still persist in talking, freeze the current of his speech by your iciness of manner, or else awe him into silence by your majesty of bearing.

If, despite your English efforts to remain an island, you find yourself invaded by aggressive foes to silence, strive to awe them by the mention of your friend Lord Snobly, or of any other nobleman with whom you may by accident have ever come in contact. For aught they care to know, you may be his lordship's hair-dresser; but the title of a lord is always pleasant hearing in the company of Britons, although benighted foreigners have not such respect for it.

In all hotels where service is included in the bill, be sure you always give a something extra to the servants. This leads them to expect it as a thing of course, and to be insolent to those who can't so well afford to give it.

When Edmund Kean appeared in London the entire town rapidly became excited about the new tragedian, concerning whom Lord Byron said "it was like reading Shakspeare by lightning;" and John Kemble, in company with several friends, went to see him. Richard III. was the character. John Kemble paid the most profound attention, without uttering any remark. After a time one of his friends ventured to say, in allusion to a peculiar huskiness that often gave a suppressed but rasping effect to Mr. Kean's voice, "Mr. Kemble, don't you think that he rather croaks it?"

"Yes," replied the sententious and magnanimous John; "but he croaks it as no other man can do."

A gentleman recently said to a physician, who objected to strong language, that he suffered the pains of the damned.

"What, already!" was the doctor's cool reply.

An old man of Aberdeen, who had been henpecked all his life, was visited on his death-bed by a clergyman. The old man appeared very indifferent, and the parson tried to arouse him by talking of the King of Terrors.

"Hoot, toot, mon, I'm no scaurt. The King o' Terrors! I've been living sax-and-thirty years with the queen o' them, and the king canna be muckle waur!"

QUERY.—Are sponges mostly found growing in truckle-beds?

The result of the first prize given for poetry by a board of education is the following scholastic production:

"I had a dreme—
I thought I was alone, alone;
Oh it did seme
So sad, away from home, from home!

"My head upon my hand
I lent, I lent;
My eyes upon the sand
I bent, I bent.

"I thort of other dase,
And things, and things;
Of happy, childish plase,
And strings, and strings."

Some people say that dark-haired women marry soonest. We differ: it is the *light-headed* ones.

POLITE SOORN.—A San Francisco editor thus addresses an Oakland brother: "You wallapus, you icthyodorulite, you bogus hammochrysos, you—you Oaklander!"

Good dogs lie down when you tell them; bad ones lie up and down generally.

Take away my first letter, I remain unchanged; take away my second letter, there is no apparent alteration in me; take away all my letters, and I still continue unaltered.—The letter-carrier.

Learned persons call a locust *Cicada septemdecim*, but it doesn't seem to be frightened.

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

AUNT. "Candidly, don't you think you've had enough, Ethel?"
ETHEL. "I may *Think* so, Aunty, but I don't *Feel* so!"

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

Rogers, the poet, related the following story: My old friend Maltby, the brother of the bishop, was a very absent-minded man. One day at Paris, in the Louvre, we were looking at the pictures, when a lady entered who spoke to me, and kept me some minutes in conversation. On rejoining Maltby, I said: "That was Mrs. ——. We have not met so long she had almost forgotten me, and asked me if my name was Rogers."

Maltby, still looking at the pictures, said, "And was it?"

Who was Richard the Third before he was "himself again?"

At a college examination the students were asked the meaning of the word "hypothesis." One candidate answered that it was "a machine for raising water." Another said it was "something that happened to a man after death."

A contemporary states that a lady sang at a concert who possessed "an extraordinary compass of voice;" for, on the occasion referred to, "she sang two duets for soprano and tenor."

Are good-looking women ever engaged as "plain" cooks?

At a meeting of a town council an alderman complained of the absence of a certain councilman.

"Sir," exclaimed a councilman, indignantly, "you ought to have made that complaint when he was present!"

A lobster never comes ashore without great risk of getting into hot water.

A good sitter is a pleasure to an artist. One at the shop door of a grocer has been utilized. The sitter is a cat, and around its neck the enterprising proprietor has hung a placard, with the announcement that "So-and-So's tea and coffee are unrivaled." To what base uses, pussy, we may come at last!

MADE TO SELL.

CUSTOMER. "I say—this Umbrella I bought here Last Week is all coming to Pieces!"
SHOPMAN. "Indeed, Sir You must have been taking it Out and getting it Wet, Sir, I think!"

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.

"Oh, Policewoman! that Person has been following me for several Blocks, and I'm afraid she's going to Speak to me!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 38.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Silk and Cashmere Walking Suit.

THE dress is made of purple silk, and trimmed with folds of violet silk. The over-skirt, basque, and basque-waist are of light gray cashmere; the trimming consists of lace insertion of the same color an inch and a quarter wide, and gray lace two inches wide. White straw round hat trimmed with ribbon and a spray of flowers. Violet silk parasol, lined with white lustring. Chemisette and sleeves of tucked Swiss muslin.

Poplin Walking Suit.

THIS walking suit consists of a dress and paletot, and is made of gray poplin. The trimming is composed of gray silk cord agrafes with tassels of the same color, and gray passementerie buttons. To make the paletot first join on the piece turned down in Supplement, Fig. 35^{b}; then join Figs. 35^{a} and 35^{b} along the line cut across according to the corresponding letters, and join Figs. 37^{a} and 37^{b} in a similar manner (see diagrams of Figs. 35^{a}, 35^{b} and 37^{a}, 37^{b}, which are reduced to one-sixteenth of full size). Cut of poplin and silk lining two pieces each from Figs. 35^{a}, 35^{b} and 37^{a}, 37^{b}, and cut the pocket welts from Fig. 36. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 41, No. XI., of the present Supplement. Baste the material on the lining, sew up the darts in the fronts, and join the latter with the back according to the corresponding figures, having first sewed up the back from 5 to 6. Run the material and lining together along the bottom and front, and cord the neck of the paletot. Work button-holes in the right front, and sew corresponding buttons on the left front. Fell the edges of the pocket welts together along the bottom and sides, work button-holes as shown by the illustration, and sew the pocket welts on the fronts along the straight line according to the corresponding figures. Sew buttons corresponding to the button-holes on the paletot, and sew the sleeves, which are trimmed as shown by the illustration, into the corded armholes. To drape the paletot fasten each point indicated by : on the point indicated by *, and finish with the agrafes with tassels.

POONAH-WORK.

ANOTHER name for this kind of fancy-work is Oriental tinting, it being an art borrowed from the Chinese. It is, in fact, a species of theorem-painting, by which various articles of furniture, such as tables, screens, port-folios, etc., may be ornamented very effectively even by persons who posess little knowledge of the painter's art. Flowers, fruit, butterflies, etc., may be copied in a very accurate manner. A piece of tracing-paper of a peculiar manufacture, which is sold at the artists' material shops as poonah-paper, is first laid on the object to be copied, and all the parts that are of one color are marked in outline upon it with a sharp-pointed pencil. The interior of this outline is then cut out, either with a sharp-pointed penknife or with little instruments made for such purposes, and to be had at the same shops. This forms theorem No. 1. Another piece of tracing-paper is then laid on, and all the parts of another color drawn carefully on that, and cut out in the same accurate manner; and so on until you have prepared as many theorems, or stencils, as you have colors in your picture. When all are done, the colors may be applied with a flat brush in the following manner. Begin with the principal theorem, and lay it flat down upon the article to be ornamented. Then pass the brush, charged with water-color or powder-paint slightly moistened with gum-water, carefully but firmly across the apertures, holding it in a perpendicular position. Do not paint *around*, but *across* the pattern, until you have obtained the proper outline. The shading is easily done, before you remove your pattern, by working it from the edges. If too much color is there, a drop of water will enable you to remove a little of it, and the brush itself can be washed. If the groundwork is white paper, a very little paint will be all you want to produce the required effect. As soon as the first application is dry, the second pattern may be laid on in its proper place, and the desired color put on through the apertures in precisely the same way. Wherever gold or bronze is called for it can be applied in this way: mix a small quantity of fine bronze powder in a drop or two of gum-water, and paint the place with it; then, before it is entirely dry, rub on more powder with a soft rag, continuing to rub until it is well polished.

The wings or bodies of brilliantly colored insects are sometimes ornamented with touches of gold or bronze. The rich dark specks on some are produced by lamp-black laid on afterward with a pencil. Antennæ of insects, as well as the minute and delicate streaks and marks, must be done with a fine

SILK AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT.

POPLIN WALKING SUIT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 35^{a}, 35^{b}–37^{a}, 37^{b}.

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camel's-hair or sable pencil after all the groundwork of the pattern is done.

The colors to be used are chromes for yellows; orange mineral or cadmium for orange; carmine, vermilion, or scarlet lake for reds; ultramarine for blue; same with carmine for purple; neutral tints for dark shades. In painting a bouquet of flowers in this manner a very good effect is produced by coloring the wings of a butterfly on both sides, then cutting them out carefully, and tinting the edges also. The body of the insect need only be painted on one side, and the wings must be bent so as to stand up when the body is gummed flat upon the paper. If this is done neatly, it will have a close resemblance to a natural butterfly resting upon a flower; and if the picture be framed in a deep frame, it will be still better.

If the theorems are washed or wiped after being used, they will answer very well to use again.

FICKLE.

HE asked me, when the meadows
Were waiting for the spring,
Upon my heart to wear his name,
Upon my hand his ring.
The snow upon the hill-sides
Was not so cold as I,
And half though I repented then.
"No!" was my curt reply.

He came again when roses
Were dreaming in the bud,
Till June should pour, to waken th
Her sunshine like a flood.
The roses were not sweeter
Than his dear words to me,
Yet, though it made the day grow dark,
My "Yes" a "No" would be.

Ah! if my love would seek me
This fitful autumn day,
When all the winds are sighing
For the summer gone away,
I'd wear for him the brightness
He wanted long ago!
The winds alone can hear me,
And they only answer, "No."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from September 2 to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of the new Louis XIV. Polonaise will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 607 *of the present Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a choice variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Fall Walking, House, and Evening Dresses; Corsets, Paniers, Children's Lingerie, Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

DOMESTIC LIFE.

SPEAKING of domestic life, how rarely one takes into consideration the whole complex nature of it, judging that it is an affair of pots and kettles, of eating and drinking, of lying down and rising, sweeping and dusting; and though, to be sure, these are the frame-work upon which it hangs, so to speak, they are not its essence. A domestic life is not necessarily one of drudgery, a perpetual devotion to the fire-god, a continual opening of oven doors and watching of boiling pots. It is, rather, a life of unity, in which each part is subservient to the whole, of which no part is mean and insignificant, since the whole being the science of living, and life a gift from God, it follows that no fraction of it is beneath our attention. It is the old story of the convertibility of things.

"The flowers of the meadow, little Isabel, to-day are blue flowers, and to-morrow will be honey." The labor of the present insures a future holiday; so the graceful amenities of the household—duties fitly performed—make up the sweetness of life; and how can those duties become graceful that are done in a spirit of protest? Let us believe that whatever our hands find to do is our own appointed work, selected from the beginning, be it homely scrubbing, or calculating eclipses and the orbits of planets, and then we shall forget to reproach circumstances and to work with the finger-tips. One-half the shabby housekeeping in the land results from the feeling that we were made for better things. If we were, life would show it. Circumstances never defy God's purposes. He is in the circumstance; and in all His worlds what better, what grander thing could He appoint us to do than to resolve the discords of domestic life into perfect harmony? To be sure, housekeeping reminds us somewhat of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, since for every wish granted one must *rub*—for so much work, so much reward; so many trials and reverses, so much experience funded for future use. Nothing is lost, since it is an affair which converts its own waste into profit, and fashions its failures into successes.

"I thought it was such a fine thing," said Laurette the other day, "to be married and have a house of one's own; but, oh dear! it is nothing but care, care, care. The servants are cross and incompetent; the children fret; the roast is overdone; the vegetables are underdone; the ironing drags; the whole thing is topsy-turvy. What fools girls are to get married!"

"And Laurence?" I mildly suggested.

"I could not endure so much for any one else; that is all."

And here lies the gist: love lightens the most difficult labors. What we would not, perhaps could not, do for ourselves we gladly do for another. That is no drudgery which helps to make the world agreeable to the beloved; and thus domestic life exists for the education of bodies for time and souls for eternity. It is no merely transient business, which we may perform in a slipshod manner, or even leave undone, and hear no more about. It is like the web in the weaver's loom, and bears witness to every inattention, to every shade of carelessness or indifference; or else it shows a pattern as sublime and splendid as the stars in their courses.

"It is very well to preach," says Laurette at my elbow; "but when Laurence is waiting for his breakfast, and must catch the train, and the fire won't burn, and the coffee refuses to boil, and the servants give warning, and baby bumps his head, where does the splendor come in? How can you resolve such chaos into harmony?" Well, I shall suppose that Laurence lends a helping hand; that because things are twisted he doesn't mean to make them worse by sulks and sarcasms on the incapacity of women; that every thing does not depend upon his catching this particular train; that he knows how to put up with discomfort for a season; how, even, to make a jest of it to serve at more successful repasts; in short, that domestic life is not simply the agonies and mistakes of one poor little body, but a partnership of interests and a sympathetic interchange of helpfulness and forbearance.

All the virtues, all the excellences, are the natural efflorescence of domestic life. There the elements of greatness combine and act—for one may be great in small issues, as all the world knows; there temperament moulds temperament, will meets will, and clashes or submits. It is the school of the world, from which we all graduate with more or less of honor, with more or less of high-mindedness and submission to high ideals, according as the school has been well governed, according as its practice and precepts have been noble, as it has furnished us models of pure benevolence, of sincere endeavor, of patient unselfishness.

There are some homes which seem pervaded with an atmosphere of repose; where domestic life is like a melody, worn old, perhaps, but associated with sweetest reminiscences. It may not be a wealthy home: it may merely afford "a genteel sufficiency," or even a shabby gentility; but the tune never loses tone or descends to discords. And there are other homes where it is one hurry and skurry from morning to night; where the china drops into fragments at a touch; where the bread is sour, the cake heavy, and every thing at loose ends; where plenty masquerades in the garb of poverty; where there is waste instead of economy; because their domestic life is a thing of low aims and petty ambitions, does not move equably toward order and happiness, and is unrelated to the suggestion that this life is but the human phase of the heavenly condition, where we shall form one harmonious family, moved by one aspiration, informed with never-failing love.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Painting Red.

MY DEAR PAUL,—I was invited the other day to the house of a gentleman who owns very costly and beautiful pictures, which are admirably arranged in a spacious gallery. The company was bidden for the afternoon, that the pictures might be seen by daylight, and it was very pleasant to reflect that so many persons were willing to turn aside from business before sunset and to devote themselves to recreation. As I was loitering along from picture to picture, passing the most successful talent and genius in review, I stopped before a portrait which was very remarkable. It was the picture of a man perhaps sixty years old, and whose costume indicated that he must have lived about as many years ago. The form was admirably drawn, and the color was very brilliant. Indeed, the fascination of the work lay in a deep red glow that suffused it—a hue very warm and very rich, but certainly unnatural. Whether the portrait were that of a poet, a banker, a bandit, a philosopher, or a beggar, I have no remembrance whatever. All that I recall is that marvelous redness which overspread the whole.

Presently I remarked other works evidently by the same artist, and in all the observable distinction was that extraordinary red. At length it became absurd. I gradually fancied the painter looking at every thing with eyes perpetually blood-shot, and perceiving nature tinged by that fatal veil of blood. There was the portrait of a lovely young woman, I remember—a belle of your grandmother's time, perhaps—and she too glared at us in a red glory. There was a boy—I suppose he is a grandfather now; but if he is the worthy patriarch of topers, he has no redder face than in his portrait. The hue that seemed to me at first very warm and very rich became detestable. It was a mere mannerism. Every thing was equally red. It caught the eye. At the first glance it suggested richness and beauty. One such picture might have passed as fine, but twenty of them together were ludicrous; and to think that every work of the artist was equally red was preposterous.

Yet the drawing was good; and I am told that the likenesses were excellent. But they were drowned in the deluge of red. I looked to find some judicious friend to whom I could impart my views upon the subject, and ask him if he were equally troubled and tortured by the garish color of the painter, who was evidently famous and fashionable, or there would not have been so many of his works collected in one gallery. Firmilian was close by me as I turned.

"I see that you are admiring these exquisite works," said he. "Yes, yes; splendid, sple-e-e-ndid! I was sure a man of your taste would be charmed. There's nothing like them. You see, he chooses the older costume, because it admits brilliant treatment. Yes, indeed; splendid, sple-e-e-ndid!"

I was rather confounded by this outburst. But it was instructive, for Firmilian is a man from whom you can always learn the fashion of the hour in every way. He can inform you accurately of the very latest style of cuff buttons and of the last theory of the aurora. So, when he had spoken, I knew that the red painter was the hero of the hour in his art.

"They are very brilliant, certainly," I answered; "but they are so very red."

Firmilian, however, began again with splendid! and magnificent! and I soon found that we made no progress. Red is bright, undoubtedly; but something else than red is necessary to splendor. Firmilian locked his arm in mine, and we moved on. As we passed from picture to picture I listened to him, and discovered that what was not exquisite was execrable. There were works in which, with great excellences, I observed, as I thought, positive defects; but to Firmilian they were be-you-tiful unconditionally. Others, again, evidently not great pictures, had yet undeniable beauty in parts; but Firmilian had no mercy. "Off with their heads!" Awful! atrocious! was the mildest form of objurgation.

Presently I began to perceive a singular feeling, as if I were walking and talking with the fiery red painter of whose works I have been speaking. Firmilian's conversation had the same unmitigated glow. There was no natural key, no moderation, no neutral tint. It was a blood-shot style, so to speak—crimson criticism; and at length I said to him,

"Firmilian, if you were a painter you would paint those unmitigatedly red pictures, for, my good fellow, you have been talking red pictures all this time."

He laughed, and, as the afternoon was warm, we stepped out of a window upon the balcony which overlooked a little lawn. There was a children's party gathered there, and the little people, clad in white muslin, were playing in the cool shadow of evergreens. Two or three of them had pretty red jackets, and, as they darted about, the brilliant flash of those little garments gayly lighted up the lovely picture. I pointed out to Firmilian the beautiful effect.

"Let your uncle remind you, my dear friend," said I, with a smile, "that if the grass and the trees and all the dresses of the children were scarlet or crimson, the effect would not be beautiful. It is the occasional dash of the positive red that makes it so."

Firmilian laughed, and rejoined with a shower of such extravagant adjectives that I have wholly forgotten what he said. There was no tone in his conversation, no play and harmony of color, and consequently no effect. It was a tornado of tremendous adjectives; and presently that becomes as unnatural and absurd as those red pictures. My dear Paul, red is a condiment, not a food. You may put as many red spots in your picture or in your conversation as you please, if you do not smear both of them with the pure pigment. And so in dress: you know the value and effect of a judicious red cravat or a brilliant waistcoat; but I am sure that your good taste would not permit you to wear a red coat and red trowsers and red shirt and red cap, as well as a red tie. Yet there are those who constantly do it. The painter of whom I have been speaking was one; Firmilian is another.

How we have all looked with admiration when Lucia enters a room—Lucia, who is renowned for toilettes. I don't say that it is a very high kind of renown; but in a day of such woful extravagance and mad display in dress the belle who is clad simply and tastefully, yet who remains a belle, is also a benefactor. I have seen her with a red flower twisted in her hair, or worn upon her bosom, or pinned upon her dress, or with a red ribbon so run into the dress that the effect was incomparable. But it was a flavor, a scent only. The effect was not in the dead-weight of color, but in the skillful contrast. My aunt Terrapin used to appear upon social occasions of great importance in what she supposed to be a costume of great splendor. It was a superb red velvet dress, with red feathers and streamers in her hair, and red coral ornaments and red slippers; and I assure you when this astounding figure entered a room, with my aunt Terrapin's arms, which were not attenuated, but rosy and motley to behold, the apparition was that of incarnate scarlet fever. Literally, it turned the whole company pale. But my little cousin Red Ridinghood, skimming across the fields and going into the dark wood, with her red cape and hood, was a benediction to the beholder.

The same principle is true in all the arts. I read the other day of a concert at which Jenny Lind sang, and the writer, with a pathos which I fully understood, said that he could not believe it was the famous singer. No wonder, if she did not seem to him the greatest of all singers, as once she was. Yet in her prime, twenty years ago, when the door opened at the back of the stage, and the fair-haired, robust young woman advanced quietly to the front of the platform, and dropping her hands before her, held them one over the other, and calmly and brightly surveyed the great audience while the prelude was played, the simplicity of her dress, the simplicity of her manner, a certain noble womanliness which, as she stood there, did not appeal for admiration and applause, but was the assertion of the conscious power to command—all impressed you like the blooming youthfulness of Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Often she had a carnation nosegay in her bosom—I have seen her hold red flowers in her hand; but the color, sparingly used, only deepened the impression; and when she sang, the same just instinct showed itself. The expression was perfect, the effect indescribable, because the deep glow of intense feeling was never affected.

You have heard Goldenlips, the orator, and of course you have remarked that he does not paint every thing monotonously red. His tone is colloquial, moderate, composed, and therefore his red touches tell. He is not pointless by trying to make every thing pointed; but when he rises from the general level of his speech to a height of pathos, or invective, or appeal, the effect is wonderful, because it is only occasional. But Brasslungs begins in a storm of fury; he pours out expletive upon expletive; every thing is divine or detestable; and before he has spoken for a quarter of an hour you are tired and vexed, and believe nothing that he says.

Is it otherwise in poetry? There is Mr. Swinburne, whose volumes I have seen in your hand, and who has many admirers. To me, I confess, his poetry is like the pictures of which I began by speaking. It is suffused by a fine, rich hue; it is glowingly red, and the eye is fascinated. But gradually every thing is seen to be red, and red equally. Every thing in his movement is *prestissimo, con fuoco.* But how can a man dine on red pepper? In the poetry that comes flowing down through centuries the color is that of life, in which the red is occasional, but does not predominate. And painting, or singing, or writing red is a trick easily learned. The stage manner, as it is called, the strut in movement, the catch of the voice, are illustrations of the red style. But, monotonously red as they are, they suggest nothing but rant and insincerity. Too much red always does that. Let us remember it, dear Paul. The manner of some men is as red as those pictures—full of the most extravagant professions and vehement declarations. Indeed, it is much too red. Let us think of it, Paul, you and your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SILKS.

SILKS imported for winter are not increased in price. On the contrary, at many large houses fine failles are 75 cents or $1 a yard less than last year's prices, and lower-priced goods show a reduction of 25 cents or 50 cents each yard. Choice dark shades of gros grain for suits and pale tints for evening dresses were $8 50 a yard last winter; this season handsomer goods called double-chain faille will be sold in the new hues for $7. These are the richest fabrics imported. Failles for costumes brought out in three well-graded shades are $6 50 a yard, and the same grades of color are shown in gros grain of a finer quality for $4. Silks of very fair quality are sold for $2 a yard, though not of the rare new colors. Black silks striped with two shades of a color, or with two contrasting colors, such as blue and gray or rose and gray, the stripes in repped satin, are from $2 to $3 a yard. At the same prices are very lovely gray, violet, plum, and blue silks with an armure stripe of black. These are for tasteful dresses for afternoon and dinner.

Faille cashmere, called at some houses cachemire Sicilian, is now found on the counters of retail shops. It has already been described as the fabric of cashmere—fine wool and silk—worked in reps like poplin, instead of the twill of cashmere. The shades match those of the rich failles, above which they are to serve as over dresses. The widest of these fabrics is $10 a yard; a lighter quality, not three-fourths of a yard wide, is $2 50.

LADIES' CLOTH.

Ladies' cloth for winter suits shows improved fabric and coloring. The material is more closely woven, but soft and not heavy. The exquisitely smooth surface has a demi-lustre. Vandyke brown and myrtle green are the colors most largely imported; navy blue is third in proportion; then wine-color. It is a yard and a half wide, costing from $2 50 to $3 50 a yard.

CLOAKINGS.

White cloth of pure lamb's-wool is imported for children's cloaks. It is a third of an inch thick, fleecy on the under side, smooth and lustreless on top, and as soft as cashmere. This is usual cloth width, and $7 a yard. The same fabric is also shown in several colors for wraps for ladies as well as children. Among these are dark plum, cypress green, sailor blue, pale leather-color, and clear French gray. Lighter cloths, only heavy enough for house jackets, are woven with heavy ribs, diagonal or lengthwise, in imitation of corduroy. These are shown in white, brown, gray, and scarlet. The design for making is a short half-fitting jacket, with a seam down the centre of the back and wide side bodies. The end of the garment is cut in bold Gothic points faced with velvet, and each point is finished by a tassel. The sleeves are flowing. The collar pointed back and front, with tassels on the points.

TWILLED WOOLEN GOODS.

The fancy for twilled goods has brought a variety of such fabrics into market. Drap de Paris is a fine, soft material with cashmere twill, but is all pure wool, and only three-fourths of a yard wide: price $1 10 a yard. Drap de Nice is simply a very heavy cashmere. This is also single width. Three qualities are shown, costing $1 50, $1 75, and $2 a yard. Drap d'été, called also drap de France, is still heavier, as thick as ladies' cloth, indeed, and is double width. This is a good material for sacques and mantles, as it has body enough to support the elaborate braiding now in vogue. It costs from $2 50 to $3 50 a yard. Cashmere serge is the old wiry English serge, with fine irregular twill, like cashmere, instead of the bold diagonal twill formerly seen in serge. It is single width, and worth from $1 10 a yard upward. Cashmere, pure and simple, is marked at lower prices than those quoted two weeks ago. Qualities heavy enough for over dresses cost only $1 75 a yard, double fold. Manufacturers have taken care to make these of shades matching the silk with which they are to be trimmed, and over which they will be worn. This was necessary, as the new shades are very peculiar. The quaint olive green, Vandyke brown, and other grave tints admit no contrast or variation of color, and can only be correctly used with different materials of the same shade. The gay striped cashmeres for morning dresses are $1 50 a yard, double fold, but scarcely a yard wide.

Wool armures woven in diamonds or crinkled reps are soft, flexible, and substantial stuffs for winter dresses. The invisible shades are brought out in this goods for 85 cents or $1 a yard. Venice cloth, a sort of striped armure, is a variation of these goods, costing about the same money. This is commended for young girls' and misses' dresses for school and home. The plum and green shades are especially pretty.

LINGERIE.

New linen collars for fall retain the pointed front so long worn; but, instead of having a standing band behind, they are turned down all around the neck, the fall at the back being separated from the front points. They are cut to fit very high, are buttoned close about the throat, and are sometimes worn quite above the dress neck, the chemisette or dress protector of white muslin that is now attached to all linen collars serving to fill up the interim. This chemisette is no longer narrow, but is made several inches deep. It makes the collar fit properly, and also prevents the dress lining from being soiled by the skin. These collars, called the princesse, are made of very fine linen, finished with a slightly pointed edge of embroidery. They are exceedingly dainty for morning and traveling costumes. The square cuffs made to match are very broad, and are sewed to a full under-sleeve, on which a broad puff is sometimes placed to fill out the full sleeves now worn. A princess set, collar and cuffs, costs $1 60.

Another new linen collar without trimming also turns down all around, is slightly pointed, and is shaped to fit the neck without rising on the sides. The plain collar is 15 cents. Tucking and embroidery will be the trimming for linen in preference to the much adulterated Valenciennes worn lately. More expensive linen sets have wider turned-down collars, almost in Byron shape, nearly covered with the most exquisite French needle-work. The embroidery is in heavily wrought designs, each rose leaf artistically shaded, and is far more substantial than the open eyeleted work done in England. These sets cost from $3 50 to $12. The pointed collar with standing back is still much used, especially when finished with narrow edging of pointed embroidery. The collar and cuffs cost $1 25 when well made. Similar sets in small sizes for misses are daintily put up in fancy boxes, costing from $1 to $2 50, according to the trimming.

Under-clothing comes under the head of lingerie, but there is little new to tell about it. Neatly made chemises of Wamsutta or of New York Mills muslin are sold for $2 without trimming, for $2 50 if a ruffle is added. The first are quite plain; but by the addition of a linen ruffle rolled and overseamed to the band, or else fine tatting or needle-work, they make a welcome addition to a winter outfit. The bands of the neck and puffed sleeves are of cotton tucked or corded. The upper part of the chemise is tucked lengthwise in yoke shape. Ladies will find chemises tucked in this way fit handsomely over the bust, and there is less strain on the band than when the body of the garment is gathered to it. Drawers tucked to match these plain chemises cost $1 50. Valenciennes lace and transferred embroidery in medallions are the trimmings with which trousseaux for fall weddings are now being made at the furnishing houses.

LACES.

Lace will be largely used for trimming silk and cashmere suits for the winter. Guipure lace is seen on many French garments, even those made by the fastidious French modistes. A velvet garment just sent over has guipure in new designs imitating Spanish blonde. The heading is rich passementerie, with jet ornaments. Guipure laces imported in trimming width—that is, from two to three and a half inches—is in Gothic designs, arched points, and lines like columns. It costs from $3 to $5 a yard for the finest qualities. The German guipures are far cheaper, and are excellent in their way, substantial, and of pretty patterns. Colored guipure laces, in brown and gray shades to match cashmeres, are also shown. The quality is good, and the price from $2 to $3 50 a yard. Black duchesse lace, so much worn abroad, was seen at a few houses last year, and will be very fashionable for velvet and cashmere this season. The novelty in Chantilly lace is the designs of shaded figures hitherto confined to mantles, but now seen in laces for garniture.

For lace collars, the large empress shape, with round back three or four inches deep, and pointed in front, is still fashionable. It is shown in point duchesse lace, point appliqué, and round point. A duchesse collar for $9 makes the best appearance for the money, and is preferable to one of point appliqué that would cost twice as much. The empress collar in round point costs $35 or $40.

English Honiton lace for trimming is now among the importations. This is a showy and substantial lace, and its designs furnish models for the French duchesse point. The latter, however, is so fine that it is preferred to the original.

HINTS ABOUT COSTUMES.

The Marguerite polonaise, or a similar garment with basquine back, is the principal feature of costumes in preparation at the furnishing houses. This polonaise is made in every fabric—cretonne, alpaca, cashmere, silk, and velvet. Black alpaca, cashmere, and striped silks are the standard costumes for the present intermediate season, and self-trimmings are invariably used on them. A succession of overlapping bias folds, with one or two ruffles below, is the arrangement. The folds should be interlined with crinoline. Another favorite fashion is a straight wide flounce in pleats stitched near the top and half-way down the flounce. Button-moulds covered with the dress material are set on the pleats. Sometimes the pleats are at wide intervals, with bows between.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and JAMES M'CREERY & Co.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR GILMAN, of Yale College, has been employed by the Secretary of the Interior to visit the various agricultural colleges in the Northern States, to collect information for the Department of the Interior.

—Mrs. HUME, who died recently in England, at the age of eighty-six, was the wife of the well-known economist, and the daughter of a gentleman of Virginia, named BURNLEY. JOSEPH HUME, who died in 1854, would, if he had lived until now, been ninety-four. It is now almost forgotten that he discovered in 1835 an Orange plot, which had for its object the setting aside of the present sovereign, and the substitution of the Duke of Cumberland.

—Through the kindness of a relative of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE we have come into possession of a curious document, namely, two additional verses of "Home, Sweet Home," which were addressed by the poet to his friend and kinswoman, Mrs. BATES, of London, whose husband was well known as a partner in the opulent house of BARING BROTHERS. The verses have the true ring of the familiar poem, and offer a pathetic contrast between the darling of fortune to whom they are addressed and the homeless wanderer, who sang the delights which he was never to know in strains that will live while the world lasts. Our readers will be interested in the lines, which have never before been published, and which we copy verbatim:

TO MRS. BATES, LONDON.

To *us*, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of Home still appears!
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh,
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home; there's no place like Home.

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow,
But *mine* has been checkered with many a woe;
Yet though different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home; there's no place like Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

—That peculiar poet, JOHN G. SAXE, found himself compelled to ask a brief loan of a candle a few evenings ago, at Saratoga, from a beautiful lady. The next A.M. she found under her door the ensuing:

You gave me a candle; I give you my thanks,
And add, as a compliment justly your due,
There is not a girl in these feminine ranks
Who could, if she would, hold a candle to you.

—Things have changed in England. At the SCOTT centennial in London Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON presided, with the Duke of Manchester and Lord Lytton as vice-presidents. In old times *Mister* DIXON would have occupied a seat somewhere lower down the table.

—The Rev. LOVICK PIERCE, D.D., father of Bishop PIERCE, and the oldest minister of the Methodist Church in the South, being now in the eighty-eighth year of his age and the sixty-sixth of his ministry, preached a sermon an hour long at Haynesville, Georgia, a week or two ago, against the extravagance of female dress.

—The venerable Dr. TYNG, of this city, preached recently in Newburyport, and made reference to the fact that he was baptized in that church seventy-one years ago, nineteen years later was confirmed there, and first partook of the communion.

—The Rev. FERDINAND FAITHFULL, father of Miss EMILY FAITHFULL, of the Victoria press, died recently in England, aged eighty-two.

—German women are rapidly getting into business life. In Brussels the sisters EVERBERT have the most extensive house in the world for the manufacture of fine lace. The wife of Dr. DE LA PIERRE, chief of the Dental College of Belgium, is her husband's partner and associate. All through Germany the wives of professional men are book-keepers for their husbands.

—Mr. CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, a poet and novelist of the last generation, is and for twenty years has been an inmate of an insane asylum in Pennsylvania. His "Greyslaer, a Romance of the Mohawk," is a charming fiction, the scenes of the story being laid in the beautiful Mohawk Valley. It is founded on the celebrated criminal trial of BEAUCHAMP for the murder of Colonel SHARPE, of Kentucky, blending facts connected with the border annals of New York with the story of love, and displays the powers of a master painter of human passions.

—Mr. CHARLES LANMAN, of Washington, author of that very useful book, the "Dictionary of Congress," has been appointed American secretary of the Japanese legation at Washington, and has entered upon his duties.

—Mr. WADE, the new British envoy to Pekin, is the author of a text-book for the use of Englishmen studying Chinese, which is conceded to be the best method of surmounting the great difficulties that have hitherto puzzled grammarians.

—The Rev. Dr. SPRING, of this city, has concluded the sixty-first year of his pastorate of the "Brick Church" in this city. He was present in the pulpit on the anniversary, and at the close of the sermon, by Rev. E. N. WHITE, of Buffalo, spoke for fifteen minutes on the great changes which had taken place in the religious world during his pastorate.

—The most pecunious man south of MASON and DIXON's line is Mr. JOHN HOPKINS. Mr. JOHN HOPKINS is worth $8,000,000, which he commenced to make many years ago in Baltimore as a small grocer. Now Mr. HOPKINS proposes to spend most of the $8,000,000 in the building and endowment of the John Hopkins University, on the outskirts of the city of Baltimore.

—That good Quaker, JOHN KING, was the first teetotaler in Great Britain, is now seventy-four years old, and living with his fourth wife. All the teetotalers in the British monarchy are about to put up a penny each for the venerable Friend with his fourth wife.

—Queen VICTORIA has made a baronet of Mr. WILLIAM WALLACE, the heir of the Marquis of Hertford, as a reward for the activity and liberality he displayed in taking care of the sick and wounded in Paris during its great trial.

—Canon KINGSLEY, author of "Westward Ho," is coming over to look at the Ho he wrote about so pleasantly.

—Mr. SAGE, of Wisconsin, a gentleman who has accumulated many coupons in the lumber trade, has given $250,000 for the erection of a college for women at Ithaca. He also offers another gift of $100,000, on several conditions, chief of which is that the attendance on religious services at chapel in the morning shall be compulsory.

—Colonel GEORGE CHESNEY is announced authoritatively in the London *Athenæum* as being the author of the "Battle of Dorking." Over 200,000 copies of this clever magazine article have been purchased, and a translation is now being made into French.

—JULIA WARD HOWE, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, FANNY FERN, JAMES PARTON, Colonel HIGGINSON, Colonel WARING, Mrs. WARING, and some others have organized themselves into a picnic club at Newport, which meets every week under the greenwood tree for recreation. No need of Champagne among such effervescing spirits!

—Madame JEANETTE POWER, one of the most eminent female naturalists of the day, has recently deceased in France. She was known as the discoverer of the secret of the manner in which the shell of the nautilus is formed, and her experiments upon the subject are among the most curious of the age. It is to Madame POWER that we owe, likewise, the invention of the aquarium. She was much esteemed in the scientific world, a member of most of the European academies of science, and held a grade of high distinction at the Academy of Brussels, and, withal, so truly feminine and simple-hearted that all this honor and glory was freely forgiven.

—Mlle. LOUISE MUHLBACH, the most popular of Prussian female novelists, is about to be appointed reader to the Crown Princess. She is one of the high moral writers of Germany—what they disdainfully speak of as giving "a pailful of warm water to the tumbler of the milk of human kindness," seeking thus to extinguish the glow of youthful genius.

—Lord Houghton, in a speech at the SCOTT centennial, speaking of Miss HOPE SCOTT, the sole survivor of the line, mentioned the kind of loneliness in which the names of all the great *littérateurs* stand. They have rarely left descendants. "We have no SHAKSPEARE, no MILTON, no BACON, no NEWTON, no POPE, no BYRON; Italy has no DANTE, no PETRARCH, no ARIOSTO, or ALFIERI; Germany has no GOETHE, no SCHILLER, no HEINE; France has no MONTAIGNE, no DESCARTES, no VOLTAIRE, no LAMARTINE. There is no descendant known of LUTHER, CALVIN, or JOHN KNOX. The fact is remarkable, and not favorable to the theory of an indefinite progress of humanity. The race of the very great does not multiply, while the race of the very little is as the sands of the sea."

—It is said that the Emperor WILLIAM is declining in strength on account of age, and that he can not long continue in his present position. Many of the stronger officials of Germany are known to be in favor of a republic, and public opinion tends surely, if slowly, to its establishment.

—The Methodist clergymen in the United States—18,000—are asked to give one dollar each toward erecting a monument to the memory of PHILIP EMBURY, the founder of Methodism in America.

—Despite the injunctions of his physician, Vice-President COLFAX has made a speech—a little one—to a Sunday-school at St. Paul, in which he stated that when a child of three years his mother took him to the infant class of a Sunday-school. Afterward he became a teacher, and taught twelve years. "One of the pleasant events of my life," remarked Mr. C., "is this: not long since a gentleman, now in the ministry, came to me and told me that it was through words spoken by me in teaching my class that he was led to join the ministry."

—For reasons not made known to the common world of Italy, VICTOR EMANUEL has formally announced his determination never to sleep at the Quirinal Palace. "Uneasy lies the head where sits a crown."

—Royalty has again made obeisance to art, the Prince of Wales, the Princess LOUISE, and the Marquis of Lorne having recently paid a visit to GUSTAVE DORÉ.

—Mr. JAMES PAGET, an eminent surgeon of England, has been knighted by the Queen in recognition of his professional merits.

—Hon. ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, who seems to be gradually feeling his way forward into public life, remarked recently to a newspaper man that his candidate for the Presidency is General HANCOCK, and that he will support GRANT rather than young Mr. ADAMS, Chief Justice CHASE, or any of the "new departure" Democrats.

—As though it were something to be proud of, it is sent through the papers that over $4,000,000 worth of diamonds were worn at Congress Hall, Saratoga, a few evenings since. Prominent among the ornamented were the wives of Commodore VANDERBILT, A. T. STEWART, Judge HILTON, POTTER PALMER, Mr. KENT, Judge GARVIN, General BAKER, and such.

—Mr. JOHN A. BROWN, of Philadelphia, gives $300,000 to the Presbyterian Hospital in that city, on condition that it shall be used exclusively for the support of the hospital, and not for buildings. Professor SANDERS gave the land and buildings.

—Speaking of the STANDISH celebration, the Boston *Post* emits the opinion that some of the speakers went Miles away from the subject.

—Professor MORLEY is writing a "First Sketch of English Literature, for Schools," to be published in November.

—Mr. GLADSTONE, the Premier of England, is about to give his daughter in marriage to the Rev. Mr. DUCKWORTH, lately tutor to Prince LEOPOLD, a great favorite at court, who has the merit of being a very good man, and the advantage of being considered very handsome. Should he retain the favor of Queen and minister, his chances of preferment are prime, and he is said to deserve it.

—The retirement in which Queen VICTORIA lives is not merely a freak on her part; it is, in a great measure, rendered imperative by the state of her health. She suffers very much from a kind of nervousness, which might very easily pass into a more serious malady under the strain of an exciting and fatiguing public life. She is also subject to giddiness and nausea when holding a levee, or in any other crowded assembly. The doctors recommend frequent change of air and a quiet life; and there can be no doubt that, considering the hereditary condition of the family, they have strong reasons for giving this advice in a very peremptory manner.

—Mr. FREDERICK KAPP, for many years a resident of this city, where he enjoyed the honors and the emoluments of certain valuable offices, has returned to his native Germany, and done himself the honor to write a book about us of more than common savagery.

—OLE BULL, the eminent violinist, is said to be hopelessly ill at his home in Maine. He first appeared in this country at the Park Theatre in this city in 1843. In 1845 he returned to Europe, revisiting this country again in 1851. In 1857 he again went back to Norway, and once more sought the United States four years ago, in the December of 1867. Since then he has married an American lady, and twice crossed the ocean, settling for the time being in Maine. He was born in Bergen, Norway, February 5, 1810, so that at present he is in his sixty-second year.

—The late Mr. WOODWARD, librarian to Queen VICTORIA, left a very full "Dictionary of Dates," compiled with special reference to the biographies of artists and men of letters, which is in press in London. It is to contain 1200 pages closely printed in double columns, and will be the most complete work of its kind.

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Lace and Point Lace Collar, Figs. 1–7.

THE illustration, Fig. 1, shows a collar of point lace braid worked on lace in imitation of the real point, which can be worn with the most elegant toilette. The collar is made of fine Brussels lace, lace insertion, and various kinds of figured point lace braid. To make the collar, transfer the whole design, one-half of which is given by Fig. 34, Supplement, to paper, and on this sew a piece of lace of a corresponding size. Baste the different kinds of point lace braid and the insertion, which Figs. 3–7, on page 597, show in full size, on the lace following the lines of the design, and observing the illustration, Fig. 1, and the full-sized section, Fig. 2, on page 597; in doing this the needle must not be passed through the paper foundation. Run the outlines of the stems and the small scattered flowers and dots (see Fig. 2) with fine thread, and button-hole stitch them closely; then separate the collar from the paper. Fasten the different arabesques, flowers, and leaves formed of point lace braid on the under side of the embroidery with button-hole stitches of fine thread; in doing this lay on a thread of coarse tatting cotton to surround each figure on the right side, and catch this thread in working the button-hole stitches. Cut away the lace underneath the figures formed of insertion. For the remainder, trim the collar as shown by the illustration with lace stitches, and on the outer scallops with small woven picots (see Fig. 5). The collar may be ornamented at the back and front with bows of colored ribbon, and the scallops at the neck underlaid with similar ribbon.

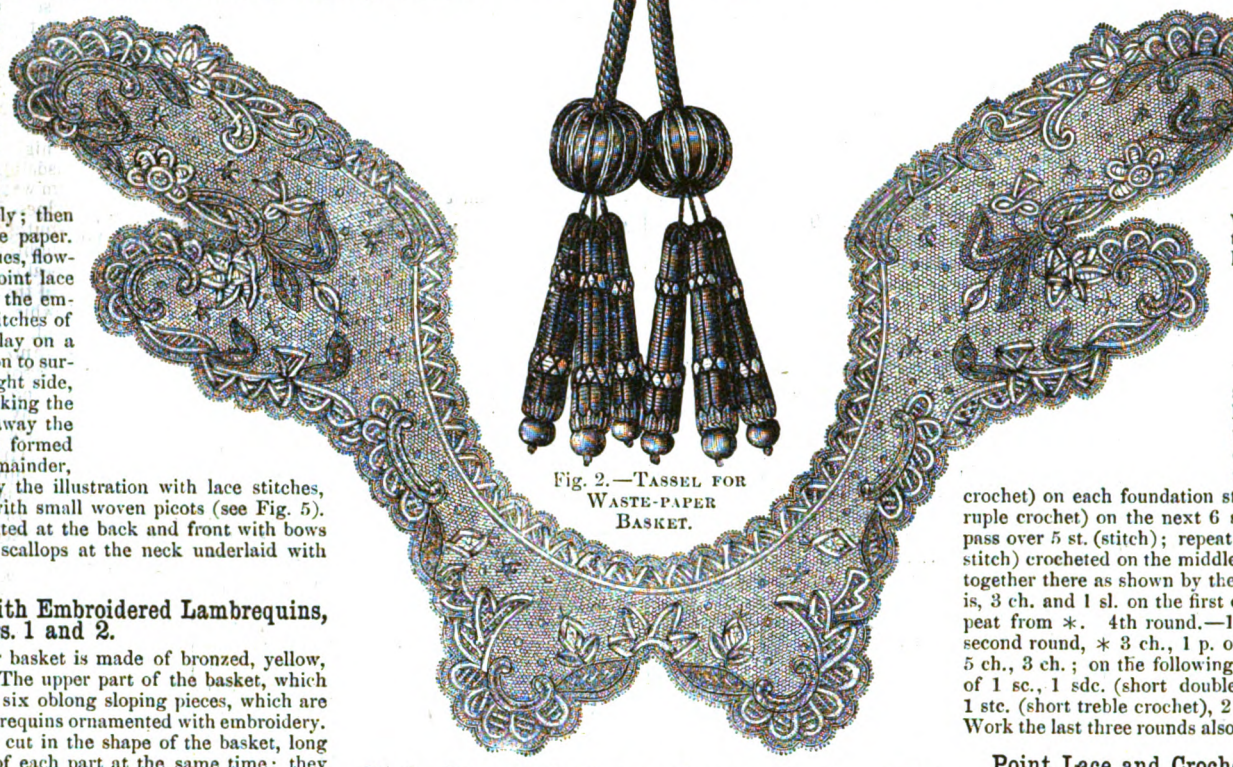


Fig. 1.—LACE AND POINT LACE COLLAR.—[See Page 597.]
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 34.

Waste-paper Basket with Embroidered Lambrequins, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS elegant waste-paper basket is made of bronzed, yellow, and black polished reeds. The upper part of the basket, which rests on a stand, consists of six oblong sloping pieces, which are trimmed with red cloth lambrequins ornamented with embroidery. These lambrequins must be cut in the shape of the basket, long enough to form the lining of each part at the same time; they are pinked all around, and trimmed on the edge with black velvet ribbon, which is edged on both sides with white silk soutache.

Fig. 1.—WASTE-PAPER BASKET WITH EMBROIDERED LAMBREQUINS.
For design see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 61 and 62.

On the overlapping piece of the lambrequin work the arabesque figure given by the design of Fig. 61, Supplement, with velvet ribbon and soutache. Trim the point of each lambrequin with a piece of woolen cord laid in three loops, the ends of which are ornamented each with a button covered with colored silk, and with three oblong grelots covered with the same material. A button made in a similar manner is fastened on the loops (see full-sized illustration, Fig. 2). For the form of the larger and smaller round buttons use turned wooden moulds; but for the oblong grelots use paper tubes, which are rolled together of a strip of paper an inch and three-quarters wide. The windings of the paper tube are pasted together with gum-arabic. The lambrequin at the under edge of the sloped part of the basket is also of red cloth; the points are edged with velvet ribbon and soutache, and the embroidery figure on each point is worked in chain stitch with black and white silk in the design given by Fig. 62, Supplement. The lambrequins may, of course, be set on a basket of a different shape by making them to suit the form of the basket.

Waste-paper Basket run with Colored Braid.

THIS waste-paper basket is made of polished black willow reeds, run with wide worsted braid of two bright contrasting colors, as shown by the illustration. It is to be observed that the pieces of braid are run alternately over and under the vertical bars of the basket. Knotted woolen fringe, which can be worked like either of the fringes shown by Figs. 1 and 2, page 424, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 27, Vol. IV., and two tassels of cut worsted balls, complete the trimming of the basket. We would remark that this trimming can be used for baskets of any shape desired, and is especially adapted to renovating worn-out baskets.

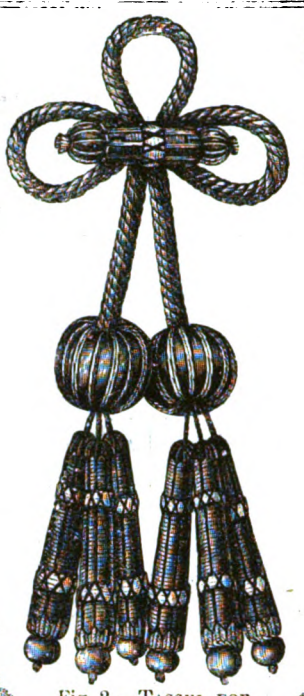


Fig. 2.—TASSEL FOR WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Point Lace Tidy, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS pretty little tidy is worked in point lace embroidery. Transfer the design on linen, as shown by Fig. 2, which gives a full-sized quarter section of the tidy, and sew on, first, the Swiss muslin pieces, as shown by Fig. 2, and afterward run on the point lace braid. Fasten the intersecting points of the braid together without passing the needle through the linen, and work in lace stitch with fine thread, as shown by the full-sized illustration. The point lace braid may also be sewed on a lace foundation, and the lace stitches worked on the lace, to save time and labor. On the point lace braid, which forms the outer edge of the tidy, work large and small button-hole stitched scallops.

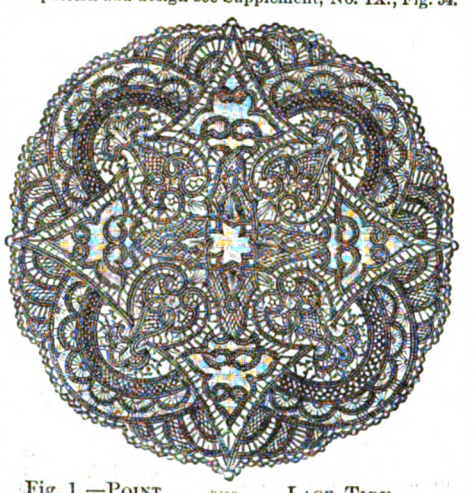


Fig. 1.—POINT LACE TIDY. REDUCED SIZE.

Crochet Insertion for Lingerie.

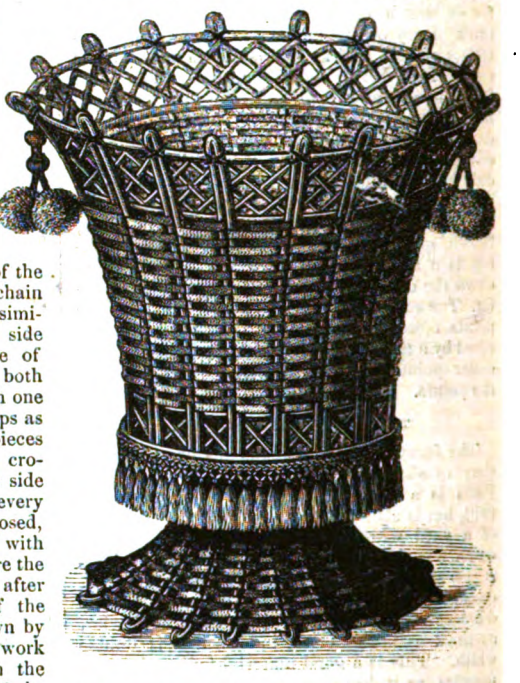
See illustration on page 597.

THE manner of working this insertion is very simple; it is worked lengthwise in two equal parts with twisted crochet cotton. On a foundation of the requisite length work for the 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on each foundation stitch. 2d round.—* 6 qc. (quadruple crochet) on the next 6 st., 6 ch. (chain stitch), with these pass over 5 st. (stitch); repeat from *. 3d round.—* 1 sl. (slip stitch) crocheted on the middle of the 6 qc., so that these are held together there as shown by the illustration, 2 ch., 1 p. (picot; that is, 3 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of the 3 ch.), 3 ch., 1 p., 2 ch.; repeat from *. 4th round.—1 sc. on the first of the 6 qc. of the second round, * 3 ch., 1 p. of 5 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of the 5 ch., 3 ch.; on the following 6 ch. of the second round one dot of 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 2 dc. (double crochet), 1 stc. (short treble crochet), 2 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc.; repeat from *. Work the last three rounds also on the other side of the foundation.

Point Lace and Crochet Insertion for Lingerie.

See illustrations on page 597.

POINT lace braid with holes woven in is required for making this insertion. Take two equal pieces of the length needed for the border, and with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80, work, first, on one side of one piece of braid always alternately 5 dc. (double crochet) on the first hole of the braid, 7 ch. (chain stitch). Work a similar round on one side of the other piece of braid, and join both pieces of braid with one round of ch. scallops as follows: Lay the pieces of braid with the crocheted rounds flat side by side, so that every 5 dc. are transposed, then crochet 1 sl. (slip stitch), with which surround the ch. before the 5 dc. of one and the ch. after the opposite 5 dc. of the other round, as shown by the illustration; * work 18 ch., 1 sl. on the fourth of the 18 ch., so that a loop is formed, then 3 ch., 1 sl., with which surround the ch. next to every 5 and 5 dc., as shown by the illustration; repeat from *. The loops formed of every 18 ch. must always lie in opposite directions. The pieces of point lace braid thus joined are next edged on both free sides with one round of tc. (treble crochet) and ch. each, as follows: * 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next loop of the joining round, and at the same time on the outer edge of the point lace braid (see illustration), 2 ch., twice alternately 3 tc. worked off together in one stitch on the next hole of the braid, 5 ch., then again 3 tc. worked off in one stitch on the same hole, 2 ch., and repeat from *.



WASTE-PAPER BASKET RUN WITH COLORED BRAID.

Tatted Edging.

See illustration on page 597.

THIS edging, if worked with very fine cotton, may be used for trimming lingerie; when worked with coarse cotton or knitting cotton, it is suitable for covers, window shades, etc. The edging is worked partly with one and partly with two threads (shuttles). Begin with the round forming the three-leaved figures and the first row of

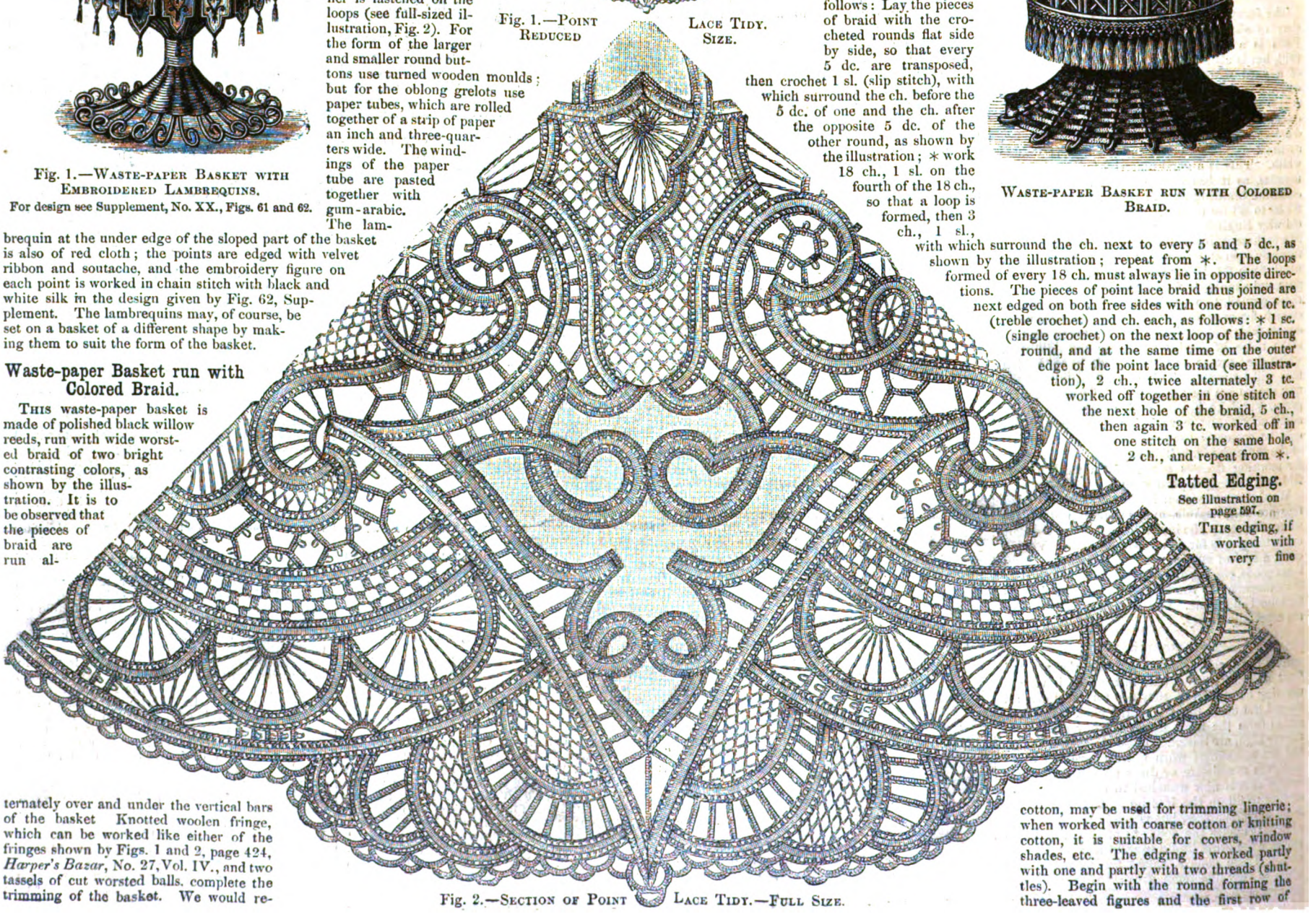


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF POINT LACE TIDY.—FULL SIZE.

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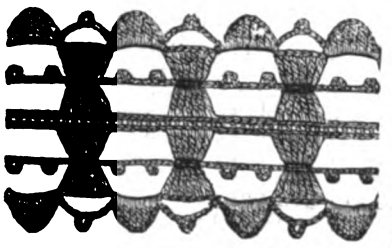
the small scallops, and work as follows: With one thread work a small ring of 4 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), 4 ds.; then fasten the second thread, which we will call the working thread, to the end of the first thread, which now serves for a foundation thread, turn the ring downward, and * on the foundation thread work 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; for the scallop nearest the small ring work 1 p., 6 ds., which form half the stem of the three-leaved figure. Turn the work so that the ring is again turned upward, and work with the foundation thread only, paying no attention to the other thread, first the inner ring of the first leaflet of 8 ds., 1 short p., 8 ds.; on this ring work a second ring of 6 ds., fasten to the p. of the small ring worked in the beginning, 6 ds., fasten to the short p. of the preceding ring, 1 p., 9 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., fasten to the thread interval at the joining point of the inner ring; this closes the first leaflet of the three-leaved figure. Now work two more such leaflets with the same thread in a similar manner, as shown by the illustration, then turn the three-leaved figure downward, and again work with both threads, taking the thread just used for a foundation, 6 ds., which form the second half of the stem, fasten to the p. before the 6 opposite ds. of the stem, then 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; turn this row of stitches, forming a small scallop, downward, and with the foundation thread only work a small ring of 4 ds., fasten to the last p. of the third leaflet of the figure, and 4 ds.; turn the figure downward, work with both threads one scallop of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., turn this scallop downward, work with the foundation thread only one ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., and repeat from * in the requisite length, fastening the side leaflets of the three-leaved figures together, observing the illustration. Next work for the upper edge of the lace three rounds of scallops, each with two threads; in the first and second of these three rounds each scallop counts 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., after each scallop fasten to the nearest p. at the middle of a scallop of the preceding round. The scallops of the third round consist each of 10 ds.; after each scallop fasten to the next p. of the preceding round. Finally, work the scallop round at the outer edge of the lace, which is also worked with 2 threads: * fasten these threads to the joining picot of two leaf figures, and on the foundation thread work nine times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 1 ds., fasten to the p. of the middle leaflet, and work 1 ds. and nine times alternately 1 p., 2 ds. Repeat from *.



CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE.

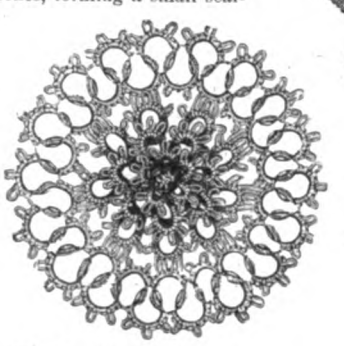
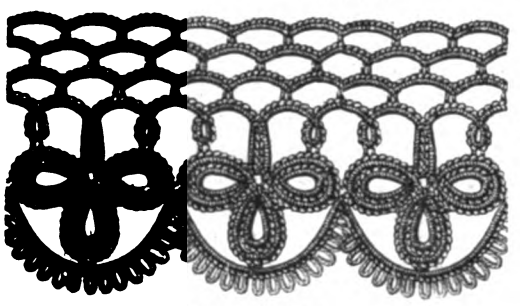


Fig. 1.—TATTED ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE.



TATTED EDGING.

Tatted Rosettes for Lingerie, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This rosette is worked of fine tatting cotton. For the centre work separate circles of connected rings, and sew these on each other in raised work. The first of these circles consists of three raised small rings; for each of the latter work 5 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 5 ds.; in working the third ring, instead of forming the p., fasten to the picots of the two rings previously worked, holding them together. Then tie the working thread to the projecting end of thread at the beginning of the work. In connection with this circle work a second circle of five rings that come close together; each of these rings counts 5 ds., 1 p., twice alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 5 ds. After finishing the last ring, tie the beginning and end of the thread together and fasten it. The third circle, to be worked separately, consists of seven rings, each ring of 5 ds., 1 p., four times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 5 ds. The fourth circle counts nine rings of the size of the rings of the preceding circle; these rings are separated from each other by a space of an eighth of an inch each. The outer edge of the rosette, which consists of two rows of semicircular scallops joined by Josephine knots, is worked in one round, but with three threads, two of which form each the foundation thread for one row of scallops. Commence this round with the inner row of scallops, to be joined with the rings of the fourth circle, and work first with two threads, using one for a foundation, * one scallop as follows: twice alternately 3 ds., 1 p., then 3 ds., turn this scallop downward, and with the working thread only work one Josephine knot of eight right stitches; now lay on the third thread, and on it work one scallop of the outer row of three times alternately 3 ds., 1 p., then 3 ds. Turn this scallop downward, and work with the working thread only one Josephine knot of eight right stitches, then close beside the scallop previously worked of the inner row, again using the foundation thread for a foundation, work one scallop of 9 ds., and fasten to the second and fourth picot between each 3 and 3 ds. of one ring of the fourth circle; now with the working thread only work one Josephine knot of eight right stitches, turn the work so that the scallop last worked is turned downward. On the foundation thread of the scallop of the outer row, and close to the latter, work a similar scallop of three times alternately 3 ds., 1 p., then 3 ds.; turn this scallop downward, work with the working thread only one Josephine knot of eight right stitches, and repeat from *. Finally, sew the separately worked circles on each other from the under side in raised work.

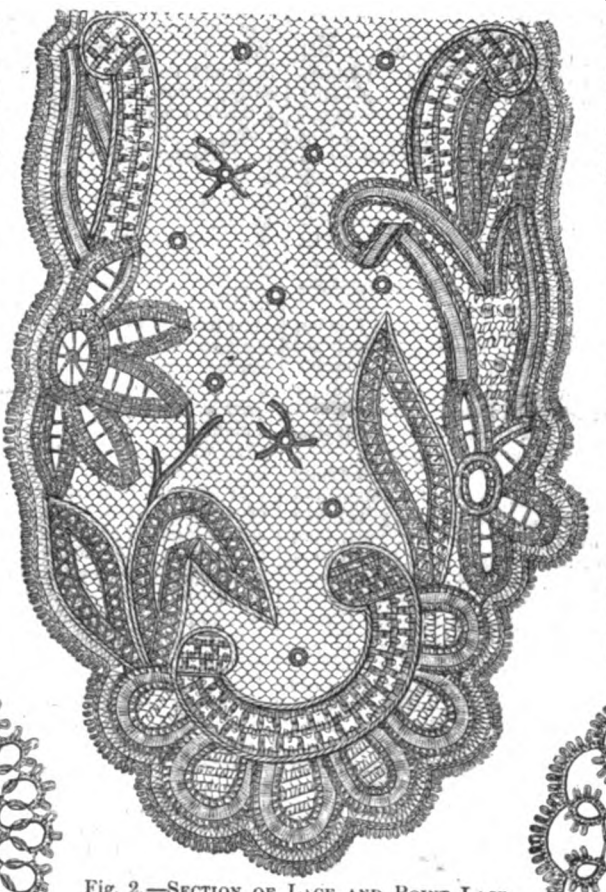
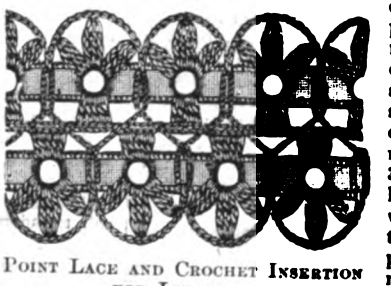


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF LACE AND POINT LACE COLLAR.—[See Page 596.]



POINT LACE AND CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE.

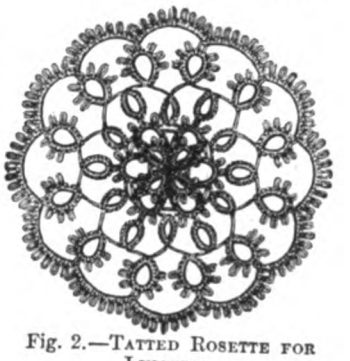
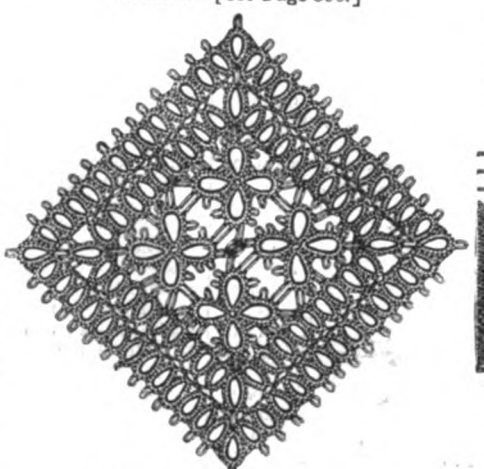


Fig. 2.—TATTED ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE.



TATTED SQUARE FOR LINGERIE.

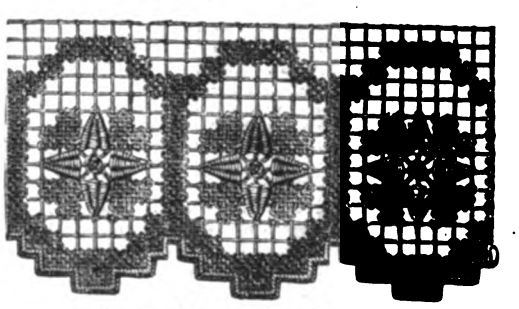


Fig. 2.—NETTED GUIPURE EDGING.

Fig. 2.—This rosette is worked with tatting cotton, No. 80. Work, first, for the four-leaved figure in the centre of the rosette, one ring of 8 ds. (double stitch; that is, one stitch right, one stitch left), six times alternately 1 p. (picot), 2 ds., then 1 more p., 3 ds. In connection with this ring work three more similar rings, but instead of forming the first p., always fasten each ring to the last p. of the preceding ring. Instead of forming the last p. in the last ring, fasten to the first p. of the first ring; then fasten the thread, turn the work, and work * 9 ds., four times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 more p., 9 ds. The picots at the sides, which serve for fastening, must be somewhat longer than the remaining picots. Close the row of stitches in a ring, then repeat five times from *. In working the following rings, fasten each, instead of forming the first p., to the last p. of the preceding ring. Besides this, fasten the ring on the four-leaved figure as shown by the illustration. After finishing the last ring, which, instead of forming the last p., is fastened to the first p. of the first ring, fasten the thread and cut it off. Now work * 9 ds., fasten to the six-leaved figure as shown by the illustration, 9 ds., close the row of stitches in a ring, then turn the work. After one-eighth of an inch space work a ring of 4 ds., six times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 more p., 4 ds.; turn the work, and, after one-eighth of an inch space, repeat from *, always going forward. After finishing the last ring, fasten the thread and cut it off. The last round is worked with two threads (shuttles). Tie both threads together, * fasten the working thread to the middle p. of the next ring, and on the foundation thread work one scallop of 2 ds., nine times alternately 1 p., 2 ds. Repeat from *, always going forward. After working the last scallop, fasten the threads and cut them off.

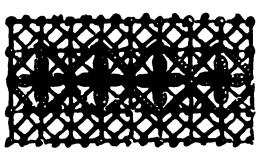
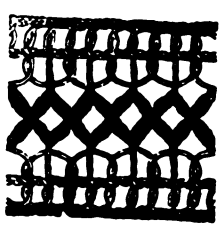


Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION.



KNITTED AND CROCHET INSERTION.

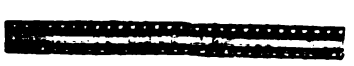
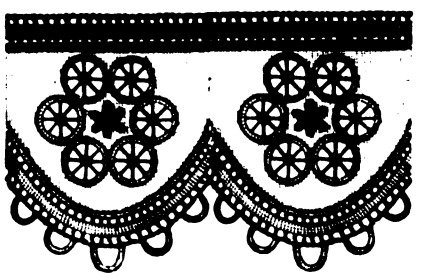


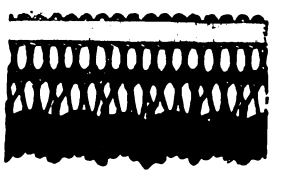
Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.



NEEDLE-WORK EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

Fig. 3.



POINT LACE AND CROCHET EDGING.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7

Figs. 3–7.—VARIOUS STYLES OF POINT LACE BRAID FOR COLLAR.—[See Page 596.]

Tatted Square for Lingerie.

THESE squares are suitable for ornamenting cravat ends, collars, etc., and are

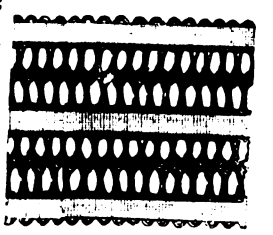


Fig. 2.—POINT LACE AND CROCHET GIMP FOUNDATION FOR CHEMISE YOKE.

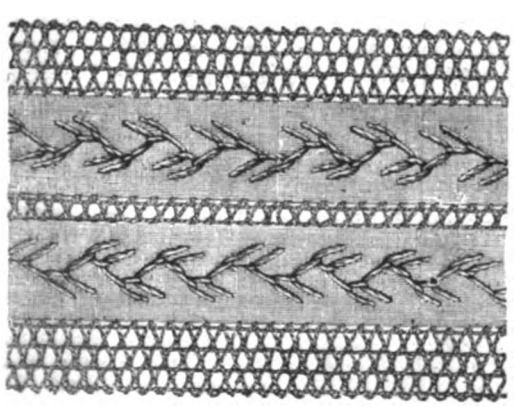
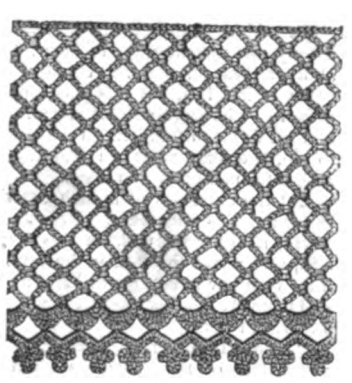
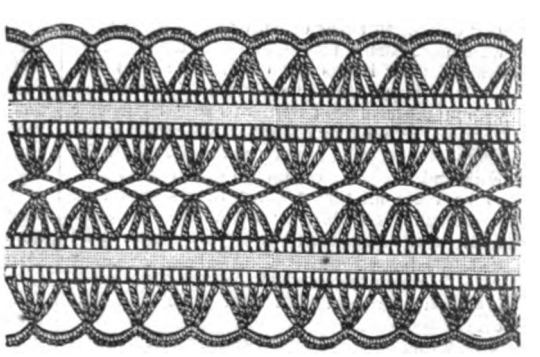


Fig. 3.—MUSLIN INSERTION AND HEM-STITCHED FOUNDATION FOR CHEMISE YOKE.



CROCHET EDGING WORKED CROSSWISE.

CROCHET INSERTION WORKED CROSSWISE.



POINT LACE AND CROCHET INSERTION.

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worked with fine or coarse tatting cotton, according to the purposes for which they are designed. Begin the square at the middle with one of the four-leaved figures, which are worked as shown by the illustration; in working the three remaining figures fasten to the corresponding picots of the figures already finished, observing the illustration. Work first the inner row of rings, which are fastened to each other as well as to the picots of the leaf figures, in the manner plainly shown by the illustration; between the rings there remains a space of an eighth of an inch. In working the second outer row of rings fasten each space between the rings to the space of the preceding row, as shown by the illustration. Finally, form a wheel in the middle of the square, braiding a thread of the cotton through the four picots that meet there.

(Continued from No. 31, page 487.)

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY DUNSMORE was a shrewd and far-seeing woman. She responded with the utmost civility to all Miss Bertha Rivers's advances, and planned no end of gayeties for her and Hannah, from which the Rivers family might plainly see—and she meant them to see—that she desired her friend Miss Thelluson's visit to be made as pleasant as possible.

But fate and Hannah's own will stood in the way. Adeline declined more rapidly than any one expected; and it soon became evident that she was never likely to quit those dull lodgings in Harley Street, except to be taken back to Easterham in the one peaceful way—as, however far off they died, it had always been the custom to carry home all the Riverses. Even Adeline herself seemed to understand this.

"I don't want to stir from here; it is too much trouble," she said one day to Hannah, now daily beside her. "But, afterward, tell them they may take me home. Not to the Grange—that never was home—but to the Moat House. Let them have me one night in the drawing-room there before they put me under the daisies. And let Bernard read the service over me. And—you may tell him and them all that I was not sorry to die—I did not mind it—I felt so tired!"

Nevertheless

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies;"

and that breast was, for Adeline, not her husband's, but Hannah's. Of any one else's nursing she testified such impatience—perhaps feeling instinctively that it was given more out of duty than love—that gradually both Mr. Melville and Bertha let her have her own way. Things ended in Miss Thelluson's spending most of her time, not in the Dunsmores' lively mansion, but in that dull drawing-room, from whence, except to her bedroom, Adeline was never moved.

"Do stay with her as much as you can," entreated Bernard, who ran up for a day to London as often as he could, but who still saw no more than brothers usually see—the mere outside of his sister's life. He knew she was doomed; but then the doctors had said Adeline was consumptive, and not likely to live to be old. "And she has had a happy life, married to a good fellow whom she was always fond of. Poor Adeline! And she has grown so much attached to you, Hannah. She says you are such a comfort to her!"

"I think I have rather a faculty for comforting sick people: perhaps because doing so comforts me."

But Hannah did not say—where was the use of saying?—that this comfort was to her not unneeded. The uncertainty of her present position; the daily self-suppression it entailed; nay, the daily hypocrisy—or what to her honest nature felt like such—were so painful that sometimes when Bernard appeared she did not know whether she were glad or sorry to see him. But every body else—even to the Dunsmores—seemed heartily glad. And no one seemed to have the slightest suspicion of any bond between Rosie's aunt and Rosie's father except little Rosie. Sometimes this was to her a relief—sometimes an inexpressible pain.

"Good-by, and God bless you for all your goodness to my sister," said Bernard one Saturday as he was going back to Easterham. "They will bless you one of these days," added he, tenderly—all he could say, for he and she were not alone. They seldom were alone now. Opportunities were so difficult to make; and when made, the fear of being broken in upon in their *tête-à-têtes* caused them to feel awkward and uncomfortable—at least Hannah did.

"Good-by," she responded, with a sad, inward smile at the phrase "one of these days." Did it mean when they should be married? But that day might never come, or come when they were quite elderly people, and hope deferred had drained their hearts dry of all but the merest dregs of love. And the picture of the woman who might have been Bernard's wife, happy and honored, accepted by his family, welcomed by his neighbors, reigning joyfully at the House on the Hill, and finally succeeding to the Moat House, to be there all that a Lady Rivers should be—presented itself bitterly to Hannah's imagination. She had taken from him the chance of all this, and more, and given him in return—what? A poor, weary heart, which, though it was bursting with love, could not utter more than that cold "good-by."

But when she had said it and returned to Adeline's bedside Hannah forgot the troubles of life in the solemnity of fast-advancing death.

"It is hard Bernard is obliged to go," the sick girl said, pitifully. "He likes to sit with me a little, I can see that. *They* do not, and therefore I don't want to have them. Besides, I can't have one of them without having both; and I won't have both. Nobody could expect it."

"No," said Hannah, feeling sorrowfully that it was useless to argue against what had grown almost into a monomania, though the poor sick girl had still self-control enough not to betray herself, except in incidental, half-intelligible words like these. Better leave it thus, and let her sorrow die with her—one of the heart-wounds which nobody avenges; one of the thefts for which nobody is punished.

At length, just in the middle of the London season, when, one summer morning, Mayfair lay in the passing lull between the closing of operas and theatres, and the breaking up of late balls, a cab thundered up to the Earl of Dunsmore's door. It was Mr. Melville coming to fetch Miss Thelluson to his wife. She was dying.

And then Hannah found out that the young man had some feeling. Full of strength and health himself, he had never really believed in Adeline's illness, still less her approaching death, till now, and it came upon him with a shock indescribable. Overwhelmed with grief, and something not unlike remorse, during the twelve hours she still lingered he never quitted her side. Careless as he had been to his living wife, to a wife really dying he was the tenderest husband in the world. So much so that she once turned to Hannah with a piteous face:

"Oh, if this could only last! Couldn't you make me well again?"

But she could not be made well again; and it might not have lasted, this late happiness which gave her peace in dying. Poor Adeline! it was better to die! And when Hannah watched the big fellow, now utterly subdued by the emotion of the hour, insist upon feeding his wife with every mouthful of her last food as tenderly as if she were a baby—sit supporting her on the bed, motionless for hours, till his limbs were all cramped and stiff—sadder than ever seemed the blind folly, perhaps begun in a mistake on both sides, which had ended in letting a poor heart first starve for love, and then grow poisoned with a nameless jealousy, until between the hunger and the poison it died.

For Adeline did die; but her death was peaceful, and it was in her husband's arms.

"He is fond of me, after all, you see," she whispered to Hannah in one of Herbert's momentary absences. "It was very foolish of me to be so jealous of Bertha. Perhaps I should not had it been a thing I could have spoken about. And don't speak of it now, please. Only, if he ever wants to do as his father did, and the law will allow it, tell him he may as well marry Bertha as any body: I shall not mind."

But to Bertha herself, although she kissed her in token of amity and farewell, Adeline said not a word. The secret wound, vainly plastered over, seemed to bleed even though she was dying.

Her end had come so suddenly at last that no one from Easterham had been sent for; and when Bernard arrived next morning at his accustomed hour, it was to find a shut-up house, and his sister "away." Then, in the shock of his first grief, Hannah found out, as she had never done before, how close, even with all their faults, was the tie which bound him to his own people. It touched her deeply; it made her love him better, and honor him more; and yet it frightened her. For there might come a time when he had to choose, deliberately and decisively, between the love of kindred and the love of her; and she foresaw now more clearly than ever how hard the struggle would be.

In the absorption of her close attendance upon Adeline she had heard little of what was going on in the outside world. Even "the bill"—the constant subject of discussion at Dunsmore House—had faded out of her mind, till such phrases as "read the first time," "read the second time," "very satisfactory majority," and so on, met her ear. Once they would have been mere meaningless forms of speech; now she listened intently, and tried hard to understand. She did understand so far as to learn that there was every probability this session of the bill's passing the Commons, and being carried up to the House of Lords, where, upon a certain night, a certain number of noblemen, some biased one way or other by party motives, and a proportion voting quite carelessly, without any strong feeling at all in the matter, would decide her happiness and Bernard's for life.

It was a crisis so hard, a suspense so terrible, that perhaps it was as well this grief came to dull it a little. Not entirely. Even amidst his sorrow for his sister, Hannah could detect a nervous restlessness in Mr. Rivers's every movement; and every day, too, he sought eagerly for the newspaper, and often his hands actually trembled as he took it up, and turned at once to the parliamentary notices. But he never said one word to Hannah, nor she to him; indeed, this time they were never alone at all.

Adeline was to be buried at home, and Mr. Melville begged that Hannah would accompany Bertha, and take her place, with his wife's sisters and his own, at the funeral. Lady Rivers, in a note, asked the same, adding a cordial invitation that she should stay at the Moat House. Hannah looked at Bernard.

"Yes, go," he said; "I wish it. They are very grateful to you for your goodness to her. And I want you," he continued, in a low tone, "to try to be one of us—which you may be before very long."

This was all; but Hannah felt forced to obey, even though it cost her the first parting from her child. Only a three days' parting, however, and Bernard seemed so glad that she should go.

She, too, as she sat with the other three mourners—one in each corner of the silent railway carriage—and watched the soft rain falling on the fields and reddening hedges, under which, here and there, appeared a dot of yellow, an early primrose, she was conscious in her heart of a throb of hope responding to the pulses of the spring; and once, suddenly looking up at Bernard, she fancied he felt it too. It was nature, human nature; and human passion, suppressed but never crushed, waking out of its long sleep, and crying unto God to bless it with a little happiness, even as he blesses the reviving earth with the beauty of the spring.

Miss Thelluson's welcome at the Moat House, mournful as it was, was kind; for they had all been touched by her kindness to the dead, and sorrow strikes the tenderest chord in every heart. She had never liked Bernard's people so well, or been drawn to them so much, as during that quiet evening when poor Adeline's coffin rested a night under the Moat House roof, or the day after, when, with all the family, she followed it to its last resting-place.

It was a curious sensation. To stand as one of them—these Riverses, whom she loved not, at best merely liked—well aware how little they had ever liked her, and how ignorant they were of the tie which bound her to them. Guiltless as she knew herself to be, she was not without a painful feeling of deception, that jarred terribly upon her proud and candid spirit. She scarcely said a word to Bernard, until he whispered, "Do speak to me now and then, or they will think it so strange." But even then her words were formal and few.

She had meant to leave on the third day, for she yearned to be back with her darling; but fate came between. Sir Austin, long an invalid, and almost a nonentity in the family, passed, the night after his daughter's funeral, suddenly and unawares, into the silent dignity of death. When Hannah came down next morning it was to find the Moat House plunged once more into that decent, decorous affliction which was all that could be expected of them under the circumstances.

They begged her to stay a little longer, and she staid. There was a good deal to be done, and the ladies soon found out how well Miss Thelluson could do it. Also, not being a relative, she could see the visitors, and retail to the family the wide-spread sympathy expressed for it at Easterham, and for many miles round. "You are such a comfort to us," they said; and Bernard, whom his father's death seemed to affect more deeply than Hannah had expected, said, in his entreating eyes, "You are such a comfort to me." So what could she do but stay?

A few days more, and the Rivers vault was again opened; and Miss Thelluson stood beside it, with all the Rivers family except the new Sir Austin, of whom nobody spoke except the Easterham lawyer, who lamented confidentially to Hannah that Mr. Rivers should be kept out of his title, though it could not be for more than a few years. The hapless elder brother, whose mind grew weaker and weaker every day, though his body was strong enough, might at any time have some fit that would carry him off, and prevent his being an incumbrance longer.

"And then," whispered the lawyer, "Mr. Rivers will be Sir Bernard; and what a fine position he will hold!—one of the finest in the county. What a pity he has no heir!—only an heiress. But of course he will now marry immediately. Indeed, he owes it to his family."

Hannah listened, as she was now learning to listen—teaching her poor, mobile, conscious face the hardness of marble: her heart, too, if possible; for these torments, so far from lessening, would increase day by day. How should she ever bear them? She sometimes did not know.

The family had just come out of the study, where the will had been read, and were settling down to that strange quiet evening known in most households, when, the dead having been taken away and buried out of sight, the living, with an awful sense of relief as well as of loss, try to return to their old ways—eat, drink, and talk as usual. But it was in vain; and after a silent dinner Bernard went back to the examination of papers in the study. Thence he presently sent a message for help.

"I suppose that means Miss Thelluson," said Bertha, with a half laugh, which Lady Rivers gravely extinguished.

"Go, my dear. I dare say your brother-in-law finds you more useful to him than any one else." So Hannah went.

Bernard was sitting—his head in his hands. It was a white, woe-begone face that he lifted up to Hannah.

"Thank you for coming. I thought perhaps you might. I wanted comfort."

Hannah said a few commonplace but gentle words.

"Oh no, it is not that. I am not sorry my poor old father is away. It was his time to go. And for me, there will be one less to fight against, one less to wound."

He said the latter words half inaudibly—evidently not meaning her to hear; but she did, at least some of them. A wild, bitter answer came to her lips, but this was not the time to utter it. She merely replied by an offer of help, and sat down to fulfill it. He showed her what to do, and they went on working silently together for nearly half an hour.

But the extremes of human emotion are not so far apart as they seem. Keen and real as the young man's grief was, he was a young man still, and when the woman he loved sat beside him, with her sweet, grave look, and her calm, still manner, another passion than grief began to stir within him.

"Hannah," he cried, seizing her hand, "are you happy or miserable—as I am? or, which seems most likely, have you no feeling at all?"

She looked up. It was not a face of stone.

"Put your work away—what does it matter? Talk to me, Hannah. Think how long it is since you and I have had a quiet word together."

"Can I help that?"

"No—nor I. We are both of us victims—tied and bound victims in the hands of fate. Sometimes I think she will get the better of us, and we shall both perish miserably."

"That is a very melancholy view to take of things," said Hannah, half smiling. "Let us hope it is not quite true."

"My bright, brave-hearted woman! If I had you always beside me, I should not go down. It is being alone that sinks a man to despair. Still, suspense is very hard."

And then he told her what she had not been before aware of—that the bill had safely passed the House of Commons; that Lord Dunsmore and other peers, a rather strong party, hoped even in the House of Lords, which had hitherto always thrown it out, to get this year a sufficient majority to carry it through and make it the law of the land.

"And then, Hannah, we can be married—married immediately."

He gasped rather than uttered the words. Passion resisted had conquered him with double force.

"But—your own people?"

"They like you now—appreciate you, even as Lady Dunsmore does." (He did not see, and Hannah had not the heart to suggest, that perhaps it was in consequence of that appreciation.) "Besides, whether or not, they must consent. They can not go against me. My father has left every thing in my hands. I am, to all intents and purposes, the head of the family. It is that which makes me so anxious. Should the bill not pass— But it shall pass!" he cried, impetuously, "and then no power on earth shall prevent me from marrying the woman I choose—and that is you!"

"Strange, strange!" murmured Hannah, half to herself, and dropped her conscious face, and felt more like a girl than she had done for many years. For she had no duties to think of; her child was away, there was only her lover beside her. Her lover, wooing her with a reality of love, a persistent earnestness, that no woman could either question or mistake.

"You are not quite colorless, I see, my white lily. You will not always shrink back when I want to take you to my heart? You will creep in there some day, and make it feel warm again, instead of cold and empty and lonely, as it is now. Hannah, how soon, supposing the bill passes this month—how soon will you let me marry you?"

They were standing together by the fire, and Bernard had just put his arm round her. She turned toward him; she could not help it; it was so sweet to be thus loved. Hand in hand and eye to eye they stood for the moment, yielding to present joy and future hope, absorbed in one another, thinking of nothing beyond themselves, seeing and hearing nothing—when the door opened, and Lady Rivers stood right in front of them.

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, and started back as if she had trod on a snake.

They started back too—these guilty-innocent lovers. Instinctively they separated from one another; and then Bernard recovered himself.

Vexatious as the crisis was—though he looked as if he would have cut off his hand rather than have had it happened—still, now that it had happened, he was too much of a man not to meet it, too much of a gentleman not to know how to meet it decorously. He moved back again to Hannah's side and took her hand.

"Well, Lady Rivers, had you any thing to say to me?"

"Well, Bernard Rivers, and what have you to say for yourself? And what has this—this young woman—to say for herself, I should like to know?"

"If you mean Miss Thelluson, her answer is as brief as my own must be. It is now many months since she promised to be my wife as soon as our marriage can be lawfully carried out. In the mean time we are friends—close friends; and, as you may have observed, we also consider ourselves engaged lovers.—Hannah, do not distress yourself; there is no need."

And in the face of his step-mother he put his protecting arm round her—she was trembling violently—and drew her head on his shoulder.

There are some people whom to master you must take by storm. Hold your own, and they will let you have it; perhaps even respect you the more; but show the slightest symptom of weakness, and they will trample you into the dust. Bernard knew perfectly well with whom he had to deal, and took his measures accordingly.

Lady Rivers, utterly astounded, less perhaps by the fact itself than by the cool way in which Bernard had taken its discovery, simply stood and stared.

"I never knew any thing so dreadful; never in all my life. Excuse my intrusion. The only thing I can do is to leave you immediately."

She turned and quitted the room, shutting the door after her. Then, left alone with him, Hannah sobbed out her bitter humiliation upon Bernard's breast.

He comforted her as well as he could, saying that this must have happened some day; perhaps it was as well it should happen now; and that he did not much care. Still it was evident he did care; that he was considerably annoyed.

"Of course it increases our perplexities much; for our secret is no longer our own. In her wrath and indignation she will blab it out to the whole community, unless, indeed, family pride ties her tongue. But, anyhow, we can not help ourselves; we must brave it out. Come with me, Hannah."

"Where?"

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"Into the next room, to face them all and tell the exact truth. Otherwise we may be overburdened with any quantity of lies. Come, my dear one. You are not afraid?"

"No." She had had all along a vague doubt that when it came to the point he would be ashamed of her and of his love for her. To find that he was not gave Hannah such comfort that she felt as if she could have walked barefoot over red-hot plowshares, like some slandered woman of the Middle Ages, if only she might find at the end of her terrible march Bernard's face looking at her as it looked now.

"Yes," she said, "I will come with you at once; for what is told must be told quickly. I can not stay another night in this house."

"You must, I fear," answered Bernard, gently, "Where would you go to? Not to mine?"

"Oh no, no; I can never go to your house any more."

And the cruel penalties of their position, the chains which bound them on all sides, began to be felt by both in a manner neither had ever felt before. To Hannah it seemed as if she were actually treading between those fiery plowshares, and she could not have steadied her steps but for Bernard's supporting hand.

She held to him, literally with the clinging grasp of a child, as they passed across the hall to where, in the fine old drawing-room, like a conclave of the Inquisition, the whole family were assembled.

Lady Rivers had evidently been explaining what she had just heard and seen. Astonishment was upon every face, and but for one accidental circumstance—the presence of Herbert Melville—there might have been a stronger feeling yet. But indecorum being the greatest dread, and prudence the principal characteristic, of the Riverses, they were obliged to restrain their wrath within the natural limits of an offended family which has just discovered that one of its members has made a matrimonial engagement without telling them any thing about it. Even Lady Rivers, with her widowed son-in-law standing by, was forced more than once to pause and alter her form of speech, dilating more on the wicked secrecy with which Bernard had planned his marriage than the sort of marriage he was about to make.

When the two culprits walked in, looking agitated enough, but still not exactly like culprits, she stopped.

"Let them speak for themselves, if they have the face to do it," cried she, dropping down in her chair, exhausted with vituperation. And then his sisters rushed to Bernard—some angry, some in tears—asking him how he could ever think of doing such a dreadful thing; with his father not yet cold in his grave—their poor, poor father, who would have shuddered at the thought of such a marriage.

It was a hard strait for a man to be in. That he felt it as acutely as so tender a heart could possibly feel was plain. He turned deadly pale; but still he never let go of Hannah's hand. She—for a moment she thought of breaking from him, and flying out of the house—any where—to the world's end—that she might save him from her and her fatal love. Then a wise resolution came—the determination, since he had chosen her, to stand by him to the last. By her child, too, for one implied both. Thinking of little Rosie, she was strong again, for no sense of guilt enfeebled her; all she was conscious of was misery—pure misery; and that was at least bearable. She sat down in the chair where Bernard had placed her, still holding him fast by the hand; the only being she had to hold to in the wide world now.

"Sisters," said he at last, speaking very quietly, but as firmly as he could, "what your mother has just found out I intended to have kept back from you till the law made my marriage possible. I knew how you would feel about it—as I felt myself once; but people's minds change."

"So it appears," said Lady Rivers, with a loud sneer. "Especially after living in the same house together—for months and months."

"Especially after living in the same house together, as you say," repeated Bernard, deliberately, though his cheek flamed furiously. "Living in a relation close enough to give us every opportunity of finding out one another's character, and of wishing the tie should be made closer still. I did not love her at first; not for a long time; but once loving her, I love her forever. What I do, I beg you all to understand, is done not hastily, but deliberately. Long before I ever said a word otherwise than brotherly to Miss Thelluson, or she had any suspicion of what my feelings were, my mind was made up. I shall marry her if I can, believing that, both for my own sake and my child's, it is the wisest second marriage I could make—and the most natural."

"Marry her! after living together as brother and sister—or whatever you choose to call it," cried Mrs. Morecamb. "Thomas dear, did you ever hear of any thing so shocking—so improper?"

"The law did not hold it improper," answered Bernard, in extreme irritation. "And, as I tell you, at first we had no idea of such a thing. It came upon me unawares. The law should not have placed me in such a position. But it will be broken soon, I trust. And until then you may all rest satisfied; Miss Thelluson will never again enter my house until she enters it as my wife. Then, sisters, whether you like her or not, you must pay her the respect due to a brother's wife, or else I am your brother no longer."

He had taken a high tone—it was wisest; but now he broke down a little. In that familiar home, with the familiar faces round him, two out of them just missing, and forever, it was hard to go against them all. And when—the gentlemen having prudently stepped out of the room—the women began sobbing and crying, lamenting over the terrible misfortune which had fallen on the family, things went very sore against Bernard.

"And supposing the bill you talk of does not pass, and you can not carry out this most unnatural, most indecent marriage," said Lady Rivers, "may I ask what you mean to do? To go abroad and get married there, as I hear some people do? though afterward, of course, they are never received in society again. Or, since ladies who can do such unlady-like things must have very easy consciences, perhaps Miss Thelluson will excuse your omitting the ceremony altogether."

Bernard sprang up furious. "If you had not been my father's wife, and my father only this day buried, you and I should never have exchanged another word as long as I lived. As it is, Lady Rivers, say one word more—one word against her—and you will find out how a man feels who sees the woman he loves insulted, even by his own relations. Sisters!"—he turned to them, almost entreatingly, as if in his natural flesh and blood he might hope to find some sympathy—"sisters, just hear me."

But they all turned away, including Bertha, whom poor Adeline had judged rightly as a mere coquette, and who evidently was not at all anxious that brothers-in-law, however convenient to flirt with, should be allowed to marry their deceased wives' sisters. She stood aloof, a pattern of propriety, beside the rest; and even made some sharp, ill-natured remark concerning Hannah, which Hannah heard, and lifted up reproachful eyes to the women whom she had been helping and comforting, and feeling affectionately to, all the week, but who now held themselves apart from her, as if she had been the wickedest creature living.

"You know that is untrue, Bertha. I was perfectly sincere in every word I uttered; but, as Mr. Rivers says, people's feelings change. I did not care for him in the least then—but I do now. And if he holds fast by me, I will hold fast by him in spite of you all."

Slowly, even mournfully, she said this; less like a confession of love than a confession of faith—the troth-plight which, being a righteous one, no human being has a right to break. They stood together—these two, terribly sad and painfully agitated, but still firm in their united strength—stood and faced their enemies.

For enemies, the bitterest any man can have—those of his own household—undoubtedly Bernard's sisters and their mother now were. It seemed hardly credible that this was the same family who, only a few hours ago, had wept together over the same open grave, and comforted one another in the same house of mourning. Now out of that house all solemnity, all tenderness had departed, and it became a house full of rancor, heart-burning, and strife.

Long the battle raged, and it was a very sore one. A family fight always must be. The combatants know so well each other's weak points. They can plant arrows between the joints of the armor, and inflict wounds from behind; wounds which take years to heal—if ever healed at all. Hannah could hardly have believed that any persons really attached to one another, as these were, could have said to one another so many bitter things within so short a time; such untrue things also, or such startling travesties of truth; such alterations of facts and misinterpretations of motives that she sometimes stood aghast and wondered if she had not altogether deceived herself as to right and wrong; and whether she were not the erring wretch they made her out to be. Only her—not him; they loved him; evidently they looked upon him as the innocent victim to her arts—the fly in the spider's web, glad of any generous kindred hand that would come and tear it down, and set him free. Unfortunate Bernard!

He bore it all for a good while—not, perhaps, seeing the whole drift of their arguments—till some chance speech opened his eyes. Then his man's pride rose up at once. He walked across the hearth, and once more took hold of Hannah's hand.

"You may say what you like about me; but if you say one word against her here, you shall repent it all your lives. Now this must end. I have heard all you have to say, and answered it. Sisters, look here. You may talk as much as you like, seeing you are my sisters, for ten minutes more"—and he laid his watch on the table, with that curious mixture of authority and good-humor which used to make them say Bernard could do any thing with any body. "After that you must stop. Every man's patience has its limits. I am the head of the house, and can marry whomsoever I choose; and I choose to marry Miss Thelluson, if I have to wait years and years. So, girls, you may as well make up your minds to it. Otherwise, when she is Lady Rivers—as one day she may be—you would find it a little awkward."

He half smiled as he spoke; perhaps he knew them well enough to feel sure that the practical rather than the sentimental side was the safest to take them on; perhaps, also, he felt that a smile was better than a furious word or a tear—and both were not far off, for his heart was tender as well as wroth; but the plan answered.

Lady Rivers gave the signal to retire. "For this night, Miss Thelluson, I suppose you will be glad to accept the shelter of our roof; but perhaps you may find it not inconvenient to leave us to-morrow. Until that desirable event, which Bernard seems so sure of, does take place, you will see at once that, with my unmarried daughters still under my charge—"

"It will be impossible for you to keep up any acquaintance with me," continued Hannah, calmly. "I quite understand. This good-night will be a permanent good-by to you all."

Lady Rivers bowed. But she was a prudent woman. It was a perfectly polite bow—as of a lady who was acting not so much of her own volition as from the painful pressure of circumstances.

Hannah rose, and tried to stand without shaking. Her heart was very full. The sense of shame or disgrace was not there—how could it be, with her conscience clear, and Bernard beside her?—but bitter regret was. She had been with his people so much of late that sorrow had drawn them closer to her than she had ever believed possible. Likewise they were his people, and she still tried to believe in the proverb that "blood is thicker than water."

"I have done you no harm—not one of you," she said, almost appealingly. "Nor your brother either. I only loved him. If we are ever married, I shall devote my life to him; if not, it is I that shall suffer. In any case, my life is sad enough. Do not be hard upon me, you that are all so happy."

And she half extended her hand.

But no one took it. Neither mother nor sisters gave one kind word to this motherless, sisterless woman, whom they knew perfectly well had done nothing wrong—only something foolish. But the foolishness of this world is sometimes higher than its wisdom.

"Good-night," said Bernard; "good-night, my dearest. You will find me waiting at the railway at eight o'clock to-morrow morning to take you direct to Lady Dunsmore's."

With a chivalric tenderness worthy of his old crusading ancestors—those good knights, pledged to Heaven to succor the distressed—he took Hannah by the rejected hand, kissed it before them all, led her to the door, and, closing it upon her, went back to his mother and sisters.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

COOKING and composing do not always harmonize. A genius for story-writing may not include a genius for dinner-getting. A very great musician was a most miserable housekeeper. Yet no one thinks it at all strange that Beethoven—in whose honor a grand musical festival was recently held at his birth-place on the Rhine—did not succeed as a cook. We laugh at his ludicrous failures, not because he failed, but because he attempted to do something "out of his sphere!" He was quite unfitted for the nice details of culinary matters, though the story is, that in a fit of angry dissatisfaction he discharged his housekeeper, and, declaring that cooking was not more difficult than composing, resolved to take care of his kitchen himself. Alas! he found that cooking, like other sublime arts, must be learned. Self-confident, he had invited guests to dinner. But at the appointed time nothing was ready, and Beethoven himself stood despairing in the midst of his kitchen pots and pans, fuming over his burned fingers and his far more seriously burned meat. The day following that remarkable dinner Beethoven, having concluded to devote his attention thereafter to music, recalled his cook. The moral is plain. All have not the same gifts. We do not expect a man to be excellent in a dozen different callings, but remember the adage, "A jack at all trades is good for none." But how with woman? If she sings charmingly, do we pardon her if she does not excel in plain sewing? If she knows how to express her thoughts in good language, is she not also expected to put her dinner upon the table in good style? If she keeps her house in order, does any body excuse her for not mending her boy's jacket? And if she *is* a first-class cook, a careful mother, and a neat housekeeper, does not some wise guest marvel that Mrs. B—— don't understand about the Corean expedition? Or, if she can talk and write intelligently upon the topics of the day, will not that same wise critic declare that wives and mothers should not delegate their duties to hired housekeepers?

An exchange states that Professor Hitchcock's geological surveying party have discovered one of the Twin Mountains, in New Hampshire, to be a solid mass of jasper.

That sudden going out of the gas one evening at Saratoga was an excellent idea. Sundry "sly flirtations" came to something definite in the confusion of darkness that followed. The exact number of engagements consequent has not yet been reported.

"A woman in love knows when her mind is made up; a man thinks he does"—so says—*a man* who knows, or "thinks he does."

"Explosions" are becoming amusements for the children. The latest invented toy is a small steamer, ingeniously constructed to explode by machinery, scattering the passengers in every direction.

Ice is more than abundant in New England. Ice-men on the Kennebec have only sold about one-third of their last winter's harvest.

Scott's manuscript was not in favor with the printers. He wrote in rapid, careless style, tossing it into the post without a second glance, and reserving all his corrections till he saw how it read in type. It is said that Dr. Lardner became half wild with the manuscript of his Scottish history. It was full of slips of the pen, of false grammar, of incomplete sentences, and of repetitions without end; and all these Scott corrected in his proofs, till the doctor, in sheer despair, had to set a clerk at work to copy out the manuscript and "make it read" before it was set.

We suppose it is almost a hopeless task to attempt to make adult persons more careful in the use of kerosene oil. Seldom, if ever, will an individual admit that he himself is careless. But perhaps the sad fate of poor little Matilda Rein may induce parents and others having the care of children to give them such instructions as will effectually prevent them from tampering with an article which is so often a dangerous explosive. Matilda was twelve years old, and was living in the family of a married sister in Port Jervis. One morning, about eleven o'clock, she kindled a fire in the kitchen preparatory to getting dinner. Her sister, who was in another part of the house, was startled, just before noon, by a tremendous report, which shook the entire house. Rushing into the kitchen, a horrible sight met her eyes. Her little sister was enveloped in a sheet of flame, uttering piercing and heart-rending screams, and running wildly about the room. She at once threw a piece of carpet about her, but before the fire was extinguished every vestige of clothing was burned off the unfortunate child, and her body from head to foot was one terrible blister. Her eyes were burned out, and the chords of her body contracted so that she was drawn up like a ball. A physician was summoned, but no human aid could benefit her. Notwithstanding her terrible condition, she lived in the most intense agony nearly three hours, when she died. No one saw what occasioned the explosion, but the ruptured kerosene can on the floor and the shattered stove showed plainly that she had attempted to hasten the progress of the fire by pouring the combustible stuff upon it.

A hotel in Cohoes has been christened the "Bret Harte House." We see it asserted that the decorations of the receiving-room of the House consist of a most charming and accurate delineation in fresco of that master-piece of Mr. Harte, the famed "Heathen Chinee."

Before the wedding, young ladies should introduce their pet dogs to their husbands that are to be. At a recent church wedding in London the bride's pet terrier obtained entrance in some way. When the groom administered the kiss the faithful animal seized him promptly.

According to one philosopher attached to the British Science Association, we are but improved monkeys; another traces man's pedigree back to the spawn of a fish; and a third is of the opinion that in some mysterious manner our ancestors were ejected from a wandering aerolite!

The "season" at sundry watering-places is over. Now comes a good time for those who have been staying at home to take a little trip. The rush being over, every thing will be more comfortable for all quiet-minded folks.

In Munich the government allows no couple to marry until it is assured that they possess the means of support. And it is not enough that the man is in good health, that he has a trade, and is a skillful workman; nor that the woman also is strong and willing to work. They must wait until they have actually earned enough to satisfy those in authority. The length to which this law, wise in its conception, is carried causes immense evil and sorrow.

A visitor to Peekskill a week or two ago saw, sitting on a window-sill of Henry Ward Beecher's country-seat, a Maltese cat, which he supposed to be the famous "Hoosier Cat," whose biography has been extensively read. Another chapter of that cat's biography would be appreciated. How does Tabby enjoy her Eastern life?

A touching occurrence has just taken place at the little village of Longburton, in Dorsetshire, England. The curate was engaged to marry the only child of the vicar. He was taken ill, and the marriage-service, at his earnest wish, was celebrated by special dispensation as he lay on his death-bed. The day after his burial was to have been that of his marriage. The wedding-cake, which had been provided, was cut at his funeral. The coffin, of polished oak, handsomely ornamented, was placed in the drawing-room, having upon it a purple and white pall, upon which was placed an exquisitely beautiful heart-shaped garland of lilies, orange blossoms, and other delicate flowers. In the centre was a small cross, similarly composed. The mourners wore white crape hat-bands, those who preceded the body white silk hat-bands, and all, including the bearers, white kid gloves. A hymn was sung in the church, and another in the church-yard after the coffin, with its floral ornaments, had been lowered into the grave.

Ireland seems in a fair way to educate her children. Last year there were in operation no less than 6806 public schools, with the names of 998,999 children on the lists, and an average daily attendance of 359,199 pupils.

At Hempstead Plains—Mr. A. T. Stewart's new city—there are fifty thousand trees growing finely on the various avenues and streets. A plot of ground containing about sixty acres is reserved near the great hotel for a park.

The exploration of ruins in the environs of Paris is fraught with sadness. The forests around Meudon are filled with articles of household furniture, thrown there by Prussians who occupied houses in the vicinity. Not long ago the following scene occurred in a ruined garden at Meudon. A group of ladies, armed with iron hooks like those used by the *chiffonniers* of Paris, were probing the rubbish left by the burning of the house which had stood there. Covered with dust and plaster, and stooping low beneath the scorching sun, they turned over each heap of débris with the utmost care. They had been searching thus for some time, when suddenly a loud cry proceeded from one of the ladies, who had drawn forth some object which must have been very precious in her eyes, for she sank upon a stone, overcome with emotion, and placing the treasure on her knees, rocked it to and fro, kissing it with fervor and sobbing aloud. The treasure thus brought to light was the charred and mutilated bust of a very little child. This being found, the ladies ceased their search, and walked in silence toward the road.

In Yeddo, the capital of Japan, it is estimated that there are over three thousand pupils who are receiving an English education.

The census of Japan shows a population of 34,785,951. The males exceed the females by about 400,000.

A mammoth whale recently [illegible] lation, and was strand[ed] near San Francisco.—FRONT. ing advant[ageously] sketched. See Supplement, No. XL., Figs. 39-41.

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Insertion and Edging, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 596.

dging are suitable for trimming lingerie, wrap- ach a strip of straight netting of suitable width. the netted strip on both sides in point d'esprit, ved figures in twisted stitch (point de minute) insertion as shown by the illustration, and work which threads resting loosely on the netted foun- hed previously, in button-hole or twisted stitch. ne larger part of the foundation in point de toile, in point de reprise, and button-hole stitch the he netted foundation underneath the button-hole

Lace and Crochet Edging.

See illustration on page 597.

this lace is formed of a row of linen point lace

MISE WITH EMBROIDERED YOKE.
cription see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 27-30.

worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80. chet gimp like that shown by Fig. 8 on page No. 32, Vol. III., and sew it to the point lace illustration. Then crochet on the other side as follows: 1st round.—1 sl. (slip stitch) on 2 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sl. on the next eye, xt eye of the which is work- e loop on the the next eye; und.—8 7 sc. e next 7 st. g round, 3 sc. as widening by he next 3 st.; 2d and 4th only; on the sc. worked on and work 3 sc. r, work 1 sc. on * 2 sc., sepa-

NIGHT-GOWN.
tion see Supplement, gs. 13-17.

'1 st., on the next l 1 sc. on the first 2 st., 1 sc. on the , 1 sc. on the third ch must come ey- r of a point, and 1 p., 1 sc. on the p., pass over 2 st., Work on the wrong r to keep the pleats right position, one dy 1 sc. on the sc. he hollow between

e and Crochet KE, Figs. 1-3.

on page 597.

ded in the e back; it chet gimp, point lace he manner et gimp is age 500 of 2, Vol. III. of linen one Supplement, e lace braid ...ertly round... and shown ...n sew the ...

LADY'S NIGHT-GOWN.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 8*, 9*-12.

LINEN NIGHT-CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 52.

NIGHT-CAP WITH EMBROIDERED STRIPS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 57-59.

NIGHT-CAP WITH RUCHE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 53 and 54.

CHEMISE WITH EMBROIDERY AND LACE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 31-33.

CAMBRIC DRESSING SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 6*, 6*, and 7.

MUSLIN DRESSING SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.

NIGHT-CAP WITH LACE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 55 and 56.

DIMITY NIGHT-GOWN.
For pattern and description see Supplement No. V., Figs. 18-22.

Needle-work Edging for Lingerie.

See illustration on page 597.

THIS needle-work edging, which is especially adapted for trimming underwaists and morning dresses, consists of a scalloped strip of Swiss muslin, on both sides of which a piece of point lace braid is button-hole stitched. The point lace braid at the under scalloped edge is bordered with loops in close button-hole stitch. The eyelet-holes, which are also button-hole stitched, are filled with small wheels worked with fine twisted cotton.

Crochet Edging worked Cross-Wise.

See illustration on page 597.

THIS edging is worked crosswise with twisted crochet cotton, No. 100. Make a foundation of 56 st. (stitches), and on this crochet the 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on the foundation st. before the last, then always alternately 8 ch. (chain stitch), with these pass over 4 foundation st., 1 sc. each on the following 2 foundation st., 12 ch. at the end of the round. Turn the work. 2d round.—2 sc. on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round, then always alternately 8 ch., 2 sc. on the next

braid and gimp together without passing the needle through the linen. Join the yoke thus formed along the middle at the front, and fasten the edges on the under side. The straight trimming strip for the sleeves is made in a similar manner. The illustration of Point Lace and Crochet Edging, Fig. 3, described in the previous article, shows a full-sized section of the lace. The yoke can also be made of the foundation shown by Fig. 3.

Knitted and Crochet Insertion.

See illustration on page 597.

THIS insertion is knitted and crocheted with tatting cotton, No. 60, and crochet cotton, No. 80. First work the open-work strips at the outer edge of the insertion as follows: For each strip work with tatting cotton and medium-sized steel knitting-needles a foundation of 2 st. (stitch), and on this work the 1st round.—Lay the thread on the needle, sl. 1 st. (that is, slip one stitch), 1 k. (knit plain), and draw the slipped stitch over; turn the work. 2d round.—Lay the thread on the

LADY'S CHEMISE OPEN ON THE SHOULDER.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 25-26.

needle, sl. 1 st., knit 1 st. from the thread thrown over of the preceding round, draw the sl. over, and turn the work. Continue in this manner. After working two such strips, crochet on the loops at one side of each strip always alternately 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the next eye, 2 ch. (chain stitch). On the loops at the other side of one strip crochet one round of leaflets as follows: * 1 sc. on the next two loops of the strip (pass the needle through each of these loops from the front, so that they appear to be wound around each other, as shown by the illustration), then twice alternately 5 ch. and 1 short treble crochet on the first of the ch.; repeat from *. On the free loops of the second knitted strip work a similar round, in doing this, however, crochet between every two leaves 1 sl., so as to come between every two leaves of the other strip, as shown by the illustration. The insertion may be made of coarser cotton to be used for borders for coverlets, pillow-slips, etc.

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ch. scallop, 12 ch. at the end of the round. Then turn the work. Like this last round work as many rounds as are required for the length of the edging. On the under edge of the lace work 1 round of scallops, inserting a strand of cotton of eight threads at the same time. For each scallop crochet on the thread foundation and on the ch. scallop at the same time 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 7 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the 7th st. of the next scallop of the preceding round, 5 ch. 2d round.—On each scallop of the preceding round work 5 sc., 3 p. (picots) each of 4 ch. and 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first of the 4 ch., then 5 sc. on the same scallop. On the upper edge of the lace work always alternately 1 sl. on the 5th st. of the next ch. scallop, 5 ch. This edging can, of course, be made in any width desired.

Crochet Insertion worked Crosswise.

See illustration on page 597.

This insertion is suitable for trimming lingerie, and is worked with fine or coarse twisted crochet cotton, according to the purpose for which it is designed. Make a foundation of 34 ch. (chain stitch), and, going backward on this, crochet the 1st round.—On the 8th and 9th stitches of the foundation (counting from the end) 1 dc. (double crochet) each, then * 1 leaflet as follows: 6 ch., 1 sc. (short treble crochet) on the second, 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the first of the 6 ch., and work these two stitches off together with a loop on the needle. With this leaflet pass over 4 foundation st. (stitch), 3 dc., separated each by 1 ch. and an interval of 1 st. on the next foundation st.; repeat once from *; 1 leaflet like the former, 2 dc. on the first two foundation st., 7 ch., and turn the work. 2d round.—2 dc. on the last two dc. of the preceding round, * 1 leaflet, 3 dc., separated each by 1 ch. on the ch. between and after the 3 dc. of the preceding round; repeat once from *; 1 leaflet, 2 dc. on the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 7 ch., and turn the work. Work in this manner, constantly repeating the 2d round, until the insertion is of the length desired. Then finish it with two rounds worked lengthwise on each side; for the first of these rounds work always alternately 1 sc. on each ch. scallop, and 5 ch.; for the second round work dc., separated each by 1 ch. and an interval of one stitch.

Point Lace and Crochet Insertion.

See illustration on page 597.

For this insertion take two pieces of point lace braid of the requisite length. On one side of each piece of braid crochet one round of always alternately 4 tc. (treble crochet), which are all worked off together, drawing the thread through once, and 7 ch. (chain stitch). Then lay the pieces of braid side by side so that the free edges come together, and join them with two rounds worked in a similar manner. For the first of these rounds work * 4 tc. worked off in 1 st. on the edge of the first piece of braid, 7 ch., 4 similar tc. on the edge of the other piece (observing the illustration), 7 ch., and repeat from *. In working the second of these rounds each ch. scallop of the preceding round must be crossed by crocheting after each 4 tc. always 3 ch., 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop of the preceding round, and 3 ch.

ÉCRU CRÊPE DE CHINE OVER-SKIRT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 46-47.

CASHMERE OVER-SKIRT.

ALGERIENNE OVER-SKIRT.

Cashmere Over-Skirt.

This over-skirt is of black cashmere, trimmed with black silk fringe and coarse black silk cord. To make the over-skirt slope off the front and both side breadths toward the top. For the back breadth cut a longer straight piece of the material. Both side edges of this piece are gathered and then joined with the side breadths. Gather the top of the over-skirt and set it into a binding of double material an inch wide. Trim the over-skirt as shown by the illustration, sew tabs trimmed in a similar manner to the sides of the over-skirt, and drape it with coarse silk cord.

Ecru Crêpe de Chine Over-Skirt.

This over-skirt is made of ecru crêpe de Chine, trimmed with a fold two inches wide, and lace of the same color two inches and a half and an inch wide. For the over-skirt cut from Figs. 44 and 47, Supplement, one piece each, and from Figs. 45 and 46 two pieces each. For the back under part cut two straight pieces, each twenty-six inches long and twenty-three inches wide, which are joined with each other at one side. Sew Figs. 44 and 45 together from 22 to 23, and Figs. 46 and 47 from 26 to 27, trim all the pieces as shown by the illustration, and arrange Figs. 45–47 in pleats, bringing each × on ●. Bind the side edge of Fig. 45 with a bias strip. Join Fig. 46 from 24 to 25 with the back under part of the over-skirt, gather the upper edge of the latter to suit the width of Figs. 46 and 47, and then sew the over-skirt into a binding of double material an inch wide, which is closed at the left side with hooks and eyes. In doing this the back of the over-skirt must overlap the side piece, Fig. 45, so that 24 comes on 24. Finally, fasten a string of the requisite length to each under corner of Fig. 45. In adjusting the over-skirt these strings are tied under the back breadth at the middle of the back.

Algerienne Over-Skirt.

OVER-SKIRT of black and white striped Algerienne. Black lace trimming. To make this over-skirt cut the back breadths straight, and arrange them in double box-pleats at the top. Slope off the front toward the top, pleat the sides of the front like the illustration, and join it with the back breadths. Basques, consisting of two bias pieces of material joined by lace insertion, are set on the back of the skirt. Trim the over-skirt as shown by the illustration, and sew the upper edge into a binding of double material an inch wide.

SILK OVER-SKIRT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 48-51.

HOW NATIONALITIES GROW OLD.

NATIONALITIES have a specialty as to how they grow old, and I believe in my heart Irishmen are not inferior in this respect to any. A Frenchman can not do it at all. In the first place, he will not accept the march of time, but resists it like an enemy he is determined to conquer; and by certain appliances of false whiskers and cosmetics, and a forced energy of spirit, and a supercharge of levity, he fancies that he has achieved the deception that has only succeeded with himself, and made others believe he is as young as he wishes to imagine himself. It is not easy to say how a German grows old, for he is never young. The beer-bemuddlement of centuries is in the blood of the race, and their very childhood is dreary, fog-surrounded, and misty. The gnarled complexity of their uncolloquial language impresses silence on a race who would need the impetuous ardor of the South to clear the barriers of their terrible compounds, and those rough gutturals that suffice to them for expressions of passion.

Italians grow old gracefully enough. They have less of the levity that offends us in the Frenchman, and though dignified, have none of that pomposity which an Englishman occasionally assumes, as though to make believe that it is a matter of choice and not of necessity that he is white-haired and large-waisted, solemn of gait and grave of utterance.

I am not sorry to be able to speak of the Irishman as of another nationality, and to say why I think he meets years in a better spirit than most men. First of all, that large stock of genuinity which supplied high spirits in youth subsides by time into a species of humoristic pleasantry, sufficiently dashed by fancy to be brilliant, and enough matured by experience to avoid the impertinence of levity. Few men go through life more enjoyably, and, in consequence, few men's experiences are less darkened by discouraging impressions of their neighbors, or by that distrust of humanity, in the man, which shows itself in great depression or melancholy.

Fig. 2.—TRICOT BEAVER SACQUE.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 38-41.

Fig. 1.—TRICOT BEAVER SACQUE.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 38-41.

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THE LILY-BUD.

I HADN'T seen their baby yet,
And I didn't dare to go;
For Andrew and me were at daggers' p'ints—
We'd quarreled about a hoe.
It was the most ridic'lous thing,
And neither one wa'n't right;
But he was a perfect mule, and I
Jest wouldn't give in a mite.

And so it went on, from week to week,
Till bimeby 'twas a year;
And the way we'd twisted and turned to keep
From speakin' was ruther queer.
We used to go through each other's fields,
A-drawin' coal or lime;
And now 'twas kind o' tormentin' work
To go round every time.

I was determined to stick it out,
And gloried in my pluck;
But I didn't seem to have, that year,
My usual run of luck.
The cattle died with a new disease,
And the bugs got into the wheat:
I swear, it comes ruther tough on a man
When he can't raise enough to eat!

Andrew he had his losses too;
Of course it wa'n't my fault;
But we kind o' suspected each other, you know,
Of throwin' pisened salt.
And all 'bout what? Jest nothin' at all:
I could punch myself for a fool;
But they say when the devil gets into a man
You needn't send him to school.

Huldy was all the sister I had,
And I loved her hearty enough
(Some love, like gold, is refined away,
But the purest is in the rough),
And when I heard of her little one,
Though I acted the reg'lar bear,
I'll be hanged if my heart didn't give me the lie
When I said I didn't care.

I forbid my Sue to go, even then;
But 'twa'n't of no consequence,
For I ketched her time and time agen
A-climbin' their medder fence.
I don't know why I didn't storm,
But I wouldn't pertend to see,
Although I was riled in the inner man,
And she know'd it as well as me.

Time passed on, and I heard her say
The child was amazin' cute.
"Any smarter 'n others?" I thought;
But I kept confounded mute.
I wa'n't to be trapped in that sort o' way,
And I buckled my wrath up tight;
And, woman-like, she understood,
And kind o' sighed at the sight.

From that very time—I can't explain—
But a feelin' got hold o' me
(If I'd seen the same in a woman, I'd said
'Twas pure curiosity),
A desperate longin' to see that child.
It bothered me in my sleep;
And, at last, I'll be blamed if I didn't go there
On the sly, and risk takin' a peep.

Andrew had gone, and Huldy was out
At work in her dairy yet;
And I tiptoed in as mean as a dog,
And lifted the skeeter net.
It lay with its sweet hands on its breast—
My! I can't give you no idee;
But it seemed like an angel from heaven had dropped
A lily-bud down to me.

I trembled all over: you see I forgot
That a man must be strong and brave;
And I thought of the one that years ago
I had follered away to her grave;
And while I was thinkin' it opened its eyes,
And reached out its arms, and smiled;
And I hugged it close, for I verily b'lieved
'Twas my own little angel child.

All of a sudden—I never knew how—
There was Andy and Huldy and Sue,
And the women were cryin' and kissin' me so
I was puzzled to see my way through;
When Andy spoke up, with a shake in his voice,
"Come, give us your hand, old boy;"
And we clinched with a grip that we'll never regret,
And there wasn't no end to the joy.

MY PROPHET.

"STAY to tea; do," said Aunt Desire, with that ridiculous hospitality of hers that would fain share her salt with every creature that comes to the house. "It's Sadi's birthday, and we ought to celebrate it in some way."

"Do you still count birthdays, Sadi?" said Mrs. Obenreiser.

"Certainly. This is the twenty-sixth."

"Hush, my dear, speak low. You look very young still; you need not own to more than twenty-two for some years."

"Why should I hide it?"

"One would think you desired nothing better than to be an old maid, staying at home all the time, rocking your mother's babies, and tying yourself down as if you were already a married woman, or never meant to be one."

"Perhaps I don't."

"That ain't natural. Of course you want to get married, but you never will unless you go half-way. I've been married twice, and nothing to boast of in the way of looks. I didn't run after the men; but if they wanted to find me, I did not wear out their patience looking for me. If a girl is an old maid, it's her own fault: that's my doctrine."

"I have never seen any one in this place that I like better than my brothers and sisters."

"Make visits, then. Go out of this place."

"But if I have no invitations—"

"Well, at least you could go huckleberrying into the next town."

I laughed, and yielded that point willingly. Aunt Desire had knit into the middle of her seam-needle by this time, and now laid down the stocking. She then took off her glasses, wiped them, and smoothed down her apron. As she never did but one thing at a time, these were well-known signs that she was about to give us "a piece of her mind."

"I'm an old maid, as every body knows, and perhaps my doctrine would not have so much weight as a woman's that had been married twice; but seventy years will gather some wisdom, if only by rubbing against people so long. My doctrine is that it is no use running round after a beau. You may get one that way, but he won't stick, or won't be good for any thing if he does. If a girl has a husband waiting for her any where in the world, he'll most likely find her sooner or later. The men who are best worth having don't look for their wives in public places, when they have on their best bibs and tuckers. They like to surprise a girl with a duster in her hand or a baby brother in her lap. It has more effect on them than fluttering a fan and making eyes at them all day."

"Men were more sensible in your young days," said Mrs. Obenreiser.

"Not a bit. They are always sensible enough if women don't spoil them."

"Do you think every woman can marry if she chooses, Aunt Desire?"

"To be sure. I should have married years ago if I had had time; but I was always so deep in other folks' troubles that I could not give my mind to it."

"Tell us about it," said Mrs. Obenreiser.

"What?" said Aunt Desire, with a touch of that complacence which every woman shows when she counts her scalps.

"The last offer."

"Oh, that was this winter, when I went to New Bedford. (Susan's children had the measles, and she sent for me.) Her husband's father lived with them, a fine old gentleman, smart as a cricket (only Susan says he does have the rheumatism awfully); and maybe he liked the way I tended the children, for he asked me all of a sudden one day to marry him. I confess that I thought for just a minute how nice my tombstone would look with 'Mrs. Desire So-and-So, beloved wife of So-and-So' on it; but then I thought of that worthy woman who lived with him so many years here, and perhaps is waiting for him now in the other world."

"What did you tell him, aunt?"

"I told him I would have had him in a minute, if he had only thought of it fifty years sooner."

"But you didn't know him so long ago, did you?"

"Oh yes, I did, and I had no thought of tombstones then." A rosy flush spread over Aunt Desire's sunken cheeks, and took at least twenty years from her age for one instant.

"Now tell us about the first offer," said Mrs. Obenreiser.

"That was the first—and last," said Aunt Desire, laughing at Mrs. Obenreiser's expectant face till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"You have proved my doctrine, that a girl does wrong to tie herself down through all her best years."

"No, I have only proved that every woman has at least one chance to marry."

"If Sadi's chance does not come till she is seventy, it might as well not come at all."

"I don't think so," said Aunt Desire, with a faint, sweet smile, that reminded me of the perfume of flowers long pressed in a book. "Let Sadi sit in her chimney-corner, and make smooth the way for my old feet and the little ones to tread. She is fitting herself to be a good woman, which is a better thing (because less selfish) than a good wife. Her lover will come some time."

"I wonder how he will look?" said I.

"If he is the right man," said Aunt Desire, "he should have light hair and blue eyes, because yours are black. He must be of a hopeful and sanguine temper, because you are inclined to look on the dark side."

"If he comes with a glass slipper in his hand, you will be the fairy godmother," said I.

"The prince did not come," said Mrs. Obenreiser, "till the godmother had taken Cinderella to the ball. He didn't see her first in her chimney-corner."

"O thou of little faith!" said Aunt Desire. "Sadi's lover is to be thrown from his horse, or more likely his carriage, in front of this house, and brought in on a board and laid at her feet. When he opens his eyes and looks into hers, full of sublime pity and sympathy—"

"The rest of this story is to be found in the next number," said I, suddenly, putting out Aunt Desire's prophetic fire. "Matrimony is the one god of women, and you are its prophet."

When Mrs. Obenreiser was gone, Aunt Desire sat a long time smiling over her knitting.

"Fifty years was a long time to wait," I said, after a while.

"I was not waiting at all. I was hard at work all the time. I had my little disappointment, and buried it decently, and from that time I took more interest in men's wives than in themselves. Those few pleasant weeks, when the sight of my wrinkled face began to stir up the embers of his old regard for me, were a sort of reward of merit—something to make a little glow in my heart when I thought of it, but it was a free gift from above, not asked for nor expected."

"Have you had a happy life, Aunt Desire?"

"Yes, Sadi. If I had it to do over again, I don't know that I would alter a single thread; but I suffered a good deal because of people like Mrs. Obenreiser—as you do, Sadi."

"I'm glad of it. I thought myself the only girl that ever was silly enough to mind it."

"All women mind it. It is a vulgar cruelty, that has driven many a girl into an unhappy marriage; but don't think of it. Go and cut the birthday cake, and, above all things, don't pity yourself. Remember what you read to me about Catherine II.—she was too proud to be unhappy."

"I am not unhappy!" I said, with some scorn.

"I know you are not now, but it is a very fascinating habit to fall into."

After the cake had been cut and eaten, and all the children laid away for the night, some thoughts came back to me that always made me blush. I did not need Mrs. Obenreiser to suggest that it was time for me to marry, if I meant to do so at all, only my own thought had not taken precisely that form. I hungered and thirsted for a love that should be wholly mine—not shared with a dozen others. I had enough to do in my orphaned family to occupy all my best years, but the sore spot, which Mrs. Obenreiser was always probing, was the fact that no one had ever shown the least sign of love to me out of my own kindred.

Aunt Desire's confession was my first intimation that other girls suffered in the same way. I had been so thoroughly ashamed of the feeling that I thought it must be something new under the sun. Continually I said to myself, at such times, "I don't want to marry; that isn't it at all; I only want somebody to say 'I love you' as if he meant it."

Even our little baby, four years old, had her little nettle ready to sting me.

"What is an old maid?" she asked one day.

"A happy woman," said Aunt Desire.

"Why?" asked I.

"'Cause I heard Tom tell Mr. Justin that Aunt Desire was an old maid, and you were going to be. I guess it's nice. I will be one too."

"How long do people keep up that sort of talk about a girl?" I said to Aunt Desire.

"They kept it up with me till I was about forty?"

"And I am twenty-six—only fourteen years!"

"Just the time that Jacob courted Rachel, and it seemed to him but one day, for the love that he bore her. I wonder how long it seemed to her? But you are prettier than I ever was. You may count on at least five years more."

We had a busy spring that year; the children seemed to have outgrown all their clothes in a body. They could not spare me five minutes in the day wherein to be disconsolate if my heart had been set upon it never so much. I went out for a walk the first warm day, and as I entered the gate on my return I saw an unusual commotion about the house. The front-door stood open, and the doctor was just going in, while the faces of neighbors appeared at different windows.

"Oh! what is it?" I asked, breathlessly.

"He has had his hand torn on the wheel, but it won't be fatal!"

"Who? Who?"

"Your brother Tom. He went into the factory, and was careless; that's all."

It was enough, I thought, as I rushed up stairs, and saw Aunt Desire with Tom's head in her lap, and the crushed hand held upright to stop the bleeding. The doctor was watching for the faintness to go off before beginning his work.

"I shall need two to help me," he said, "and the rest of you must go down stairs, and keep the house perfectly quiet."

"I was with him when it happened," said Mr. Justin. "Will you take me?"

"You'll do," said the doctor. "Now another." But the people had scattered at the first word, leaving Aunt Desire and me standing together.

"I want Sadi," said Tom, faintly.

"You look delicate," said the doctor. "It will need steady nerves."

"She ain't delicate," retorted Tom. "She's strong as a horse. I won't have any body else. You can stand it, can't you, Sadi?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Stand here, then, and hold the elbow still as death. If the boy keeps up that spirit, he'll live through this and a great deal more."

The first five minutes were easy enough; but when the red stream poured out in great gushes my own blood seemed to gather about my heart, and for half an instant my head swam.

"Steady!" said the doctor, in a warning tone.

"Look straight at me," said Mr. Justin; "don't look down at all."

We were both bending forward over the hand. I met his eyes as they were within a few inches of mine, and *clutched* them, so to speak, as if they were the anchor that held me to consciousness. It may have been hours, or only minutes, that I stood rigid in this way.

"Well done, Sadi," said the doctor at last; and I saw only a neat bundle of bandages at the end of Tom's arm, lying on a cushion.

While Mr. Justin was bathing Tom's head I went into the next room and leaned my face against the cool wall. A sudden rain of tears blinded me, and had the same effect as a shower upon overcharged air. In another minute I should have been ready to go through the same strain over again.

"You need not cry; he will do well," said Mr. Justin, speaking very gently beside me; "and you were braver than I thought a woman could be."

"I was not brave at all; I only strained my will; and this is the way I get over it. Women cry for a great many reasons besides grief."

"Do they? I know very little of their ways."

"I could not have gone through it but for your help. I thank you very much."

He smiled and held out his hand, giving mine a cordial shake, as if I were a man, somehow, to whom he had taken a fancy.

"I will come back in the evening, and watch with Tom." Then he went away, and I am afraid I thought far oftener in the next hour of the way that rare smile lighted up Mr. Justin's plain face than of poor Tom's trouble. For Mr. Justin's face was exceedingly plain: at first sight it seemed all of one color—hair, skin, eyes, and eyebrows of a uniform yellowish-gray, a second look detected the line between hair and forehead. A peculiarly well-shaped mouth and exquisite teeth were the only redeeming traits about it.

The rarity of his smile proved that he had no vanity.

Tom's hand had to be examined and rebandaged every day for many weeks. Mr. Justin assisted when he was in the house, which was very often, but sometimes Tom would have no one but myself. He exacted more attention than a baby.

One day we were both busy with him, when Mrs. Obenreiser was allowed to make her first call on our patient. After the first inquiries I saw the arch look that was so disagreeable to me gathering in her face, and tried to make my escape, but Tom held my hand, and would not let it go.

"Aunt Desire's prophecy almost came true; did it not, Sadi? only it was a brother instead of a lover that was brought in on a board and laid at your feet. What a pity!" said Mrs. Obenreiser.

"What's all that about?" said Tom, while Mr. Justin lifted his eyebrows.

"Some of Aunt Desire's nonsense; that's all," said I.

"But I want to know. Sadi needn't be having any lovers. I want her myself. Have you got a lover, Sadi?"

"No, no, Tom; don't be silly."

"Well, I knew nobody but women ever came to see you."

I felt rather than saw Mr. Justin's amusement at this home truth.

"Your aunt thinks that Sadi will get a husband just as quickly if she sits in the chimney-corner tending the baby and mending your stockings all the time as she would if she went about and enjoyed herself like other girls."

"I agree with Aunt Desire," said Mr. Justin.

"Oh, indeed! Perhaps you are like those very sensible men that she knew in her youth, who looked for nothing but solid qualities in their wives?"

"I hope so," said Mr. Justin, looking straight and serious into Mrs. Obenreiser's mocking face. I looked up at him gratefully, and his face grew suddenly bright with that rare smile. It was as if the sun had all at once flashed through red curtains into a dull, empty room. He looked absolutely handsome for the first time.

"Then Sadi would do for you excellently," said Mrs. Obenreiser.

"Come, now," said Tom, "that's going it a little too steep. Sadi hasn't been married twice, if you have, and she has some delicate feelings left."

Mrs. Obenreiser was going to be very angry, but Mr. Justin said, gently, "A sick boy has privileges," and the storm blew over.

I had become accustomed by this time to Mr. Justin's quiet way of always stepping into the breach at the critical moment. He spoke very little at any time, and usually to break some awkward pause in the conversation; but his mere presence in a room gave me a restful sense of security.

In spite of his own perfect self-possession, I could not meet him with quite the same freedom after Mrs. Obenreiser's call as I did before. Tom grew better, and Mr. Justin's visits became less frequent—the idea which had begun to suggest itself to my mind that part of them was meant for me was nipped in the bud. I blushed more than ever over my innermost thoughts. Two years before we had placed Tom in the counting-room of a factory in which Mr. Justin was book-keeper.

Tom had immediately conceived a boyish passion for him, and of course I had heard his praises every day. I had never met him, except for a brief introduction in the street, until Tom's accident made us intimate friends.

It seemed to me we must always be that, we had so many thoughts in common. I was not in love yet, or at least if I were, the feeling wore a different face from that which I had looked for.

"I haven't seen you for three days," said Tom to him, fretfully. "By-and-by you won't come at all. I have tired you out."

"No, my boy, you are better now, and I find I can not quite stand the night-work."

"Night-work! What do you mean?"

"Of course, if I spend so many hours here, I have to make it up some time."

"Oh, forgive me," said Tom; "I will never ask you to come again. Will *you*, Sadi?"

"Not unless he likes it," I stammered.

"I like it too well," said Mr. Justin, in a very low voice.

"What's that you said?" said Tom.

"Nothing worth repeating, Tom. I will come again soon," said Mr. Justin, and he went away at once.

A few minutes after I went into Aunt Desire's sitting-room, and found Mr. Justin standing on the hearth-rug before her in a very dejected attitude. For once his upright, cheerful mask (if it were one) seemed to have fallen away from him.

"I thought you were gone," said I, in some confusion.

"I thought so myself; but I needed some advice on a very knotty point, and as I passed your aunt's door she looked as if she could give it."

"Did you leave Tom alone? I will go to him," said Aunt Desire, leaving us alone in a barefaced way altogether unworthy of her principles.

"Oh dear!" I thought; "you are worse than Mrs. Obenreiser;" and it must have been five long minutes before Mr. Justin seemed to see the necessity of saying something. I made two or three careful speeches in the time, to which he paid no sort of attention.

"You are quite certain that you would not want me to come here unless it is my own wish to do so?" he said at last, in a very slow, formal way.

"Yes," I said, with a little trembling.

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"You have made up your mind to wait for that lover who is to be brought in on a board and laid at your feet?"

"That does not follow at all."

"Does it not?"

His eyes seemed to take a distinct color for once as I met them then, and he made a step forward.

"Oh, Sadi, you must come quick. Tom has been flouncing about, and the bandage is loose," said Nettie, the baby, rushing in between us, with mouth and eyes wide open.

I went at once to Tom, and heard Mr. Justin's step on the gravel-walk, and a click of the gate a moment after.

Well, at least, if he never came back again, I could live a long time on that strange look in his eyes, and the sudden movement, as if he had been tempted to take me in his arms.

I had not to wait long. He came again in the evening, and we sat with Tom as we had so often done before. With half a glance at me, he said he had found a letter at his office that afternoon which would call him out of town for a week, and perhaps a fortnight. After that Tom would not part with him till the last moment.

At ten o'clock I went down to the door with him, and he drew me out on the piazza. The still starlight somehow convinced me, as I felt the touch of Mr. Justin's arm, that I truly loved this plain man, and, if need be, I could wait fifty years for him to tell me of it.

"Sadi, I must ask you before I go away for an uncertain time."

"Oh, Mr. Justin, where are you going?" called out a little white figure that rose up suddenly from the end of the piazza. It was Nettie, in a single garment. "Don't let her scold me, Mr. Justin. It was so hot in bed I came out to cool myself, and when you opened the door I hid."

"I forgive you, if you go in now," I said.

"In a minute. Dick and Lucy are coming home from the party at ten, and mean to bring me some of the supper. There they are now."

"It is too true," said Mr. Justin, as the children approached the gate. "I may as well recognize the hand of fate, and say good-by, Sadi."

"Good-by," I said, putting a cold hand into his.

"Till I come back," and he went away, laughing. My pillow was just a little wet with disappointed tears that night, though both Nettie's arms were round my neck.

Before Mr. Justin came home Tom was certain that he was well enough to go to the factory; and after arguing with him two days I walked down with him, to keep him out of temptation by the way. I had my reward, for Tom's first question had elicited the fact of Mr. Justin's return. As I turned homeward I saw him afar off coming to meet me, and a few rods behind him walked Mrs. Obenreiser.

We did not speak at first; the gladness in his face was enough for me. He tried to take both my hands, but I whispered, "Mrs. Obenreiser is just behind you."

"Fate again! I have not a moment to lose. Sadi, will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"All right.—How do you do, Mrs. Obenreiser? I am charmed to see you."

"Are you, indeed? The symptoms looked as if you would not be charmed to see any one but Sadi just now."

"The symptoms have become certainties, Mrs. Obenreiser." And she was so much surprised that she went on her way, forgetting to congratulate us.

"I was a true prophet, after all," said Aunt Desire, as we walked into her sitting-room with conscious faces. "Sadi's lover came to her chimney-corner at last."

"But she had to leave it," said Mr. Justin, "or that lover could not have proposed to her without Nettie for a witness."

"That's no news," said Tom, when I delicately broached the subject of my engagement to him. "You began your courting the very day my hand was hurt."

And I believe Tom is right.

THE LUNCH-TABLE—COFFEE.

"WILL you take coffee?" says Mrs. Bloomendor, her white hand and hyacinth ring resting, like some rare embossing by Tiffany's bold designer, on the handle of the cafetière. We will go no farther to-day than to answer her question, though a poet passed the cup to a painter after her words.

Whether we will take coffee or not depends, first, on its native quality. You remember the little packets of ground coffee done up in tin-foil which shed such inspiring fragrance through the room when you were housekeeping in Paris. Subtler than Rimmel's extract of coffee for aristocratic handkerchiefs, sweeter than the breath of orange flowers, yet with an almond flavor, and a pungency that restored languid brains by its very aroma, this coffee left its traces on the air long afterward in a glorious vague reviving essence that not all the alyssum and jasmine in the window-boxes could conceal or overlay. But that was in Paris, and that fragrant coffee is no longer even a name to you, for you forgot to inquire its variety, and you can only surmise that it came from Nubian valleys and islands girt with sunshine in the same zone as Mocha, though not sharing its celebrity. You must make treaty with the Syrian monks if you want to lay hands on a small portion of the genuine Mocha, though novelists of the period seem to have customers for larger crops of this coffee than Mocha could grow in five years.

The finest coffee procured in this country is from the Dutch East Indies, and this is a small portion of the good coffee furnished. Cubans, who are known to be critical in matters of the table, prefer the best growth of Porto Rico for their cups, esteeming it for its fragrance and stimulating properties. We will not go far wrong in taking their judgment on this point, for they have palates dainty as humming-birds. Taking the verdict of national tastes, the Turkish coffee is the finest in the world, for the reason that the climate allows the bean to ripen on its stalk for years, and coffee always improves with age. Then comes Java, when well ripened; but that known as Old Government Java is a damaged article. The select coffee of Porto Rico may rank next; then Maracaybo and the Brazilian exports, always remembering that more in this country depends on the grade and condition of coffee than its variety. It deteriorates in carriage, because it absorbs readily any foreign odors, such as spice or spirits, which come near it. On shipboard or in warehouses coffee is thus affected, and the deterioration is most rapid if it has been browned. Fine qualities of the browned article should be put up in cases lined with tin-foil or oiled silk bags, the upper surface of the contents covered with a layer of coarse white sugar to keep the aroma from escaping when opened.

Many substances are mixed with coffee to cheapen, and occasionally, by persons of weak health, to weaken it. Roast carrots, pease, and rye are used for this purpose, and, as diluents, furnish the same color as coffee, and a taste which blends with it, but can never be used as substitutes, because they lack entirely its principle, caffeine. This gives to coffee its invigorating and aromatic qualities, the escape of which renders it worthless. But a substitute has been lately found in asparagus seeds, which contain a large amount of caffeine, and have an odor like that of the finest coffee. The pulp is washed from the seeds, which are roasted and prepared just like coffee. Doubtless it will not be long before asparagus beans are an article of commerce, but farmers and gardeners can furnish themselves with this desirable substitute the coming season.

Common coffee should always be washed when green to remove the copperas, in a solution of which it is often soaked by dealers to give it a fresh appearance. Three or four waters are sometimes found tinged with the yellow copperas stain, which is rank poison to human stomachs. Brown it as quickly as possible to a dark color, but stop short of burning. Light brown coffee gives a raw flavor to the drink, and burning makes it bitter. In the last minutes of browning add a few spoonfuls of powdered white sugar, which will melt, and coat each berry with a varnish which excludes the air and preserves all the aroma. Keep in bottles or small cans tightly corked to prevent its heating. Even in large quantities the dealer may secure his coffee from evaporation by the addition of sugar while browning. Grind your coffee as wanted, if you care to have every particle of its strength, and grind as fine as possible. In finely ground coffee you get all the strength, and get it at once, as you can not do even by long boiling. Coarsely ground coffee may be dried after using once and ground again; in making over one-third the strength will be found remaining.

There are two ways of making coffee—one of which depends simply on the vessel in which it is made for success; the other is the old-fashioned arrangement, which demands a little skill. For the latter the coffee must be prepared by mixing with cold water and the white of one egg till all is moistened—not wet, but merely damp; use as little egg as possible (it holds the strength of the grounds in it), but every particle must be moistened, or it will float in the coffee; pour on boiling water, and boil for three minutes; set it back where it will keep hot, but not boil, for five minutes, stirring the floating grounds in two or three times; pour out a cupful to rinse all the grains from the spout of the coffee-pot, and put it back again; add a cupful of cold water, which will precipitate the grounds at once; and serve.

The modern method of clearing coffee is by filtering the boiling water through the grounds, which are suspended in the pot in a wire or perforated cup. Half a dozen models of cafetières are seen in the shops, any one of which is inferior to the simple contrivance I will describe. This is a flannel bag with a wire run in the top to hold it open; the coffee fills this, and boiling water is poured through it—the beverage taken to the table when filtered. But this is awkward and slow compared to the homely fashion I have experimented on with the most satisfactory results. A strip of fine white Shaker flannel, quite full and thick, was torn into pieces a quarter of a yard square, and kept out of the dust, in the pantry, for use. One was scalded the first time of using, to take away the taste of wool, and the dry ground coffee tied up in it, and thrown into a pot of nearly boiling water and boiled for two minutes, the aroma kept in by a tin thimble fitted over the spout. This gave coffee that was a thing of beauty in its rich color and jewel clearness, and of a flavor to appease the exigent Parisian who handed his cup at the right of the table. Every day the sight of that coffee seemed to say that I had not lived in vain—that I had done something well. Observe, the water must not be boiling when poured on the coffee, or it will take a long time to extract the strength. Coffee made in this way will bear heating over, with a little fresh to add aroma, if a strong cup is desired in preference to nice flavor. And it is both economy and taste to boil the sugar in the pot, as it blends perfectly, giving all its sweetness when the cup is poured out. Two-thirds of a cup of coffee sugar boiled in, made two quarts of coffee sweet enough for people who usually added three spoonfuls of sugar to each cup, and the flavor was richer than when the sweetening was dissolved. Fresh cream, not more than eighteen hours old, should be used, as old cream gives its flavor to the coffee. The coffee should be kept just below the boiling-point on the table, and poured on the cream, which will be diffused through the cup by the time the cup is cooled enough to drink.

A delicate way of making a small quantity is to pour cold water on the pulp of egg and ground coffee, and let it stand five minutes just *at* the boiling-point, known by the slight simmer at the sides of the pot. This may be regulated by setting the pot in a vessel of boiling water and heating it there. Do not let coffee stand in a tin pot, as it extracts the taste of the metal.

CHINESE BARBERS.

THE Chinese from time immemorial have been accustomed to speak of all foreigners as "barbarians," while foreigners have retorted in the same uncomplimentary terms. As we have failed to discover any standard of civilization which shall apply with equal justice to both, it is quite impossible to decide on which side the point of accusation lies; but certainly if the *barber* be accepted as a model, and his operations as a specimen of the prevailing habits of the people, the Chinese may justly be styled the most *barberous* nation on earth.

They swarm over the land like the frogs of Egypt: north, south, east, and west throughout the immense empire they are every where met with. No Chinaman is his own barber; indeed, as the top of his head is usually the only part which requires his attention (for the beard of the Chinese does not give him much trouble) it would be a task fraught with too much danger to hazard the attempt of shaving himself. This, of course, gives employment to a vast number of persons. In Canton alone the number of barbers is computed at between seven and eight thousand, or an average of one to every forty inhabitants.

Both the practice of shaving and the style of "shop" in which the operation is performed vary in different sections of the country.

In all parts of the south of China the barbers are "ambulatory," each carrying his shop on his back, and performing his tonsorial art in the open street. In Peking and throughout the north, on the other hand, the barbers have shops which, as in the case with most other Chinese shops, are open to the street, but without counters, and ordinarily of very rude construction. The only ornamentation which they can be said to possess is a very questionable one in the eyes of foreigners, consisting generally of gross caricatures of foreigners and their habits. They are, however, furnished with chairs and small basin-stands. If the weather be hot, the chair or stool is placed just outside the threshold, and the operation of shaving is conducted in the open street.

"Shampooing" not unfrequently accompanies shaving, but in this, as in almost every thing else Chinese, the European practice is reversed, the "shampoo" preceding instead of following the application of the razor.

I submitted to the operation in Peking as an experiment, and have to this day a lively recollection of the performance. Stretched at full length on a bamboo seat or easy-chair, I was pummeled all over the body, but more particularly on the chest, legs, and arms, by a stout, brawny attendant with his partially closed fists, after the style once so popular at the "Hammam," till I was fain to cry *peccavi*. Sometimes the "douche" is administered, but only rarely.

The barber's outfit is simple, consisting of a good razor, which costs about threepence, a strop, which usually is nothing more than a strip of stontish calico cloth, costing a penny more.

The chief items of expense in this elaborate "kit" are the accessories. The metal basin and the bamboo pail underneath, and the pole surmounting all, which serves as the emblem of his craft, are, however, scarcely more expensive than the razor and strop; so that, on the whole, it does not cost very much to furnish a barber's shop in China. The tariff of charges of those engaged in this branch of industry is correspondingly low. Three "cash," equal to about half a farthing of British money, is the sum ordinarily asked for simply shaving the head. If the queue is plaited and interwoven with fresh silk, the scale of charge correspondingly rises. Shaving and braiding the queue, re-tailing a worn-out stump, and shampooing, constitute all the arts required of the barber. False mustaches and beards of a rude kind, such as are worn by actors in the public shows, are not made by his hands; and of making perukes and wigs, so much in vogue among the civilized nations of Europe, he is altogether ignorant. In fact, the Chinese gentleman is far from being so particular about his head as the English gentleman is about his beard: where the latter shaves at all, he usually shaves daily; if he dines out, he will often repeat the operation during the twenty-four hours. On the other hand, the majority of even the better classes in China shave but twice a week, and the laboring classes but once.

In the case of mourning, the law—or, rather, recognized custom, more powerful than law—is to permit the head to go unshaven for months, the precise time being regulated by the measure of relationship to the deceased. But as the thirteen months' exemption from shaving prescribed for the loss of either of one's parents, if rigidly enforced, would produce a crop of hair too exuberant for even Chinese society to endure, where strict regard for etiquette forbids the clean polish of the razor-blade, other expedients are brought into requisition to keep the stumps of the hair within due bounds.

Since the incoming of the Mantchou power, barbers' shops, primitive and simple as they are now, must have undergone a more marked change than those we are accustomed to see nearer home, for the native Chinese, till they received this badge of a foreign yoke, did not allow either knife or scissors to pass upon their head, but were the "long-haired race" which the Taeping insurgents are wishing to become. Previous to their subjection by the Tartars the fashion was to bind the long hair in a knot on the top of the head, and there to fasten it with a wooden or metal pin, as is often represented in the old pictures of the Ming dynasty. The art of hair-cutting as practiced in the West is as yet unknown to the Chinese barber. It is but rarely, therefore, that a foreigner calls in the aid of native skill. Only, indeed, when he assumes the garb of the country, and goes into the interior, does he find it necessary. This, indeed, forms the *coup de grace* to the foreigner's metamorphosis. The "tail" fastened on to the back hair deceives even the practiced eye of the native, and, as Mr. Fortune has dryly observed, "even the dogs cease to notice him."

In China no tonsorial art is required for the women's hair. They are invariably their own hair-dressers, and with their own nimble fingers give shape and substance to the "butterfly wings" and "tea-pot" embellishments which form to European eyes so striking a feature of the female *coiffure* in China.

My sketch of the barber and the peculiarities of his professional career would hardly be complete without some mention of his humble coworker, "the collector of refuse hair," who represents a very numerous class in China, who occupy about the same round of the social ladder as the *chiffonniers* of Paris and the rag and bone pickers of Paddington, only much more numerous, and, if the truth could be ascertained, much more miserable than they. Yet even the poor, abject picker up of refuse hair is not without interest to his fellow-mortals. Indeed, to many he is possessed of a very considerable interest. He, too, "has his friend at court," though dressed in uncouth garb, as befits his rank and station as court head-dresser. Even he may aspire to the dignity of hair-collector to the chief barber and tail-maker extraordinary to his Effulgent Majesty Ho-Ki-Po-Ki-Win-Ki-Wum, Emperor of all the Chinas. Through the instrumentality of the hair-worker and the maker of mustaches the contents of the ample wicker basket which he carries so gracefully at his back—the product of many a weary round and of many a long and painful search in remote and unsavory corners—have been introduced to better society, and after undergoing the combings, pickings and sortings, and various manipulations only possible at the hands of the painstaking and plodding Chinese, and after being exhibited in various shop windows for the admiration of the whole populace, will doubtless at last hang picturesquely from some Celestial's head.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CABBAGE.—Cabbages, to boil, should be cut into pieces about as large as a very small tea-cup (the flavor is much finer than when boiled whole, and they do not take so long to cook when cut up); cut again before dishing, and add a small piece of butter and salt.

Poultry that has been kept too long, and has an unpleasant smell, can be made fresh and good by putting powdered charcoal in a cloth, tying it up, and placing it inside the fowl for about two hours before cooking. If the cloth absorbs it readily, remove it, and put a fresh piece, with more charcoal in it, in the fowl. When the weather is warm, and poultry likely to spoil, as soon as the animal heat has left the fowl sprinkle powdered charcoal over it, to *prevent* its becoming tainted.

Cucumbers make a nice relish if sliced the long way, and fried as you do squash or egg-plant.

Limes are a most delicious preserve. They can be found at the confectioner's. They are generally in market during the summer. Lay them in salt and water strong enough to bear an egg, closely covering them until the warm weather is over. Cut them enough to get out all the seeds, and place in cold water for one day, changing the water often so as to remove all the salt. Boil in water (in which soda has been added in the proportion of one tea-spoonful to six quarts of water) till tender enough to put a straw through; then soak again in cold water one day, changing the water often. To each pound of fruit allow two and a half pounds of white sugar and three pints of water. Boil the sirup fifteen minutes, put the fruit in, cook five minutes, remove, put in jars; let the sirup cook fifteen minutes longer. They will keep any number of years. They may be purchased by the hundred. Four pounds in weight is about equal to two hundred limes.

MIXED PRESERVES.—Take equal quantities of peaches, apples, pears, and quinces, that have been pared, cored, and quartered, or, what is better, cut fine. To every six pounds of fruit allow one pint of water. Let them cook thoroughly, but not burn. Take out and mash well together. Clean the kettle, and put them back with half or three-quarters their weight in sugar, and let them cook very slowly two hours.

A GOOD RECIPE FOR YEAST.—For a small family take one ounce of dried hops and two quarts of water. Boil them fifteen minutes; add one quart of cold water, and let it boil for a few minutes; strain, and add half a pound of flour—putting the latter into a basin, and pouring on the water slowly to prevent its getting lumpy—one-quarter pound of brown sugar, one handful of fine salt. Let it stand three days, stirring it occasionally. Little bubbles will soon rise in it. When it ferments well, add six potatoes, which have been boiled, mashed, and run through a colander, making them as smooth as possible. This yeast will keep a long while, and has the advantage of not taking any yeast to start it with. It rises so quickly that a less quantity of it must be put in than of ordinary yeast.

BROWN SOAP.—The common brown soap is the very best thing with which to stop a mouse or rat hole. If you put a piece of wood in, or fill up with plaster, in a short time it is all out again. But soap they abhor, and if a piece is wedged in they will never trouble *that* place again.

GRAFTON CAKE (cheap and good).—One pint of flour, one-half pint of sugar, one table-spoonful of butter, one egg, two table-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of soda. Make a batter with the milk, having it quite thin. Bake at once.

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A RAID ON THE PANTRY.

THIS small foraging party is likely to make a successful raid, and secure a fair share of plunder. The little fellow, propped up by his elder sister's hands, has just come in sight of the promised land where the jam-pots lie, and the jubilant gleam of his face announces his delight as he telegraphs the discovery to his sister. The bold raiders seem as fearless of interruption and its consequences as does the white cat that is dozing in the corner. Indeed, such an interruption at the critical moment which the artist has depicted would probably result in bringing down both children and shelves, and would cause more damage among both sweetmeats and crockery than is likely to follow in the train of the juvenile pilferers. And as all faults carry at least part of their punishment within themselves, we may be sure that our young friends will not, in any case, escape scot-free, but will be pursued by an uneasy conscience, if not by indigestion, which will make them rue their raid on the pantry.

OPAL, TURQUOISE, AMBER, AND JET.

AMONG the substances belonging to the mineral kingdom known as precious stones, few have been held in greater estimation than the Opal. So much has this been the case that the epithet "precious" is used to designate the rarer kinds of this stone, there being several varieties. The opal is hydrated silica, and less hard even than the amethyst.

It is termed "pœderos" by the Greeks, and in Orphic poems is said to imitate the complexion of a lovely youth. Pliny says, "Of all precious stones it is opal that presents the greatest difficulties of description, it displaying at once the piercing fire of carbunculus, the purple brilliancy of amethystos, and the sea green of smaragdus, the whole blended together and refulgent with a brightness that is quite incredible."

This display of tints is owing to numerous minute and irregular fissures that traverse the stone in a certain direction, containing laminæ of air, that reflect rays of different intensity and various colors. But its structure causes it to be so fragile that an opal set in a ring has been known to split by holding the hand too close to the fire on a frosty day. It is also subject to deterioration; for if the fissures upon which its iridescence depends become choked up by dust or grease, its value is gone. The only way of restoring its beauty is by subjecting it to a certain amount of heat—a hazardous experiment with so brittle a stone.

Like most other gems known to the ancients, opals were originally imported from India; but they are now found extensively in Hungary, Mexico, Honduras, and other places. The finest and largest are discovered imbedded in porphyry, in the mines of Czernovitza, in Hungary. The largest opal known to the ancients was in the ring of Nonius, on account of which its possessor was proscribed by Marc Antony. It was of the size of a hazel-nut, and was valued at a sum equal to $100,000 of our money. When Nonius took to flight he carried nothing with him but this ring. "How marvelous," adds Pliny, "must have been the cruelty, how marvelous the luxurious passion of Antonius, thus to proscribe a man for the possession of a jewel! and no less marvelous must have been the obstinacy of Nonius, who could thus dote upon what had been the cause of his proscription." The largest opal known is in the imperial cabinet at Vienna; for this gem $250,000 have been offered and refused. The most beautiful was in possession of the Empress Josephine. It was named the "Burning of Troy," from the numerous red flames playing over its surface.

A belief in the talismanic properties of the opal was prevalent. The Turks are fully convinced that it comes from no earthly mine, but falls direct from heaven in the lightning. Marbodius relates that it confers the gift of invisibility upon the possessor, so that a thief wearing this gem might carry off his plunder in open day. The opal is incapable of being engraved as a signet; but cabalistic rings have been preserved where certain signs have been marked upon the opal; and one is mentioned as also having astrological figures carved upon the circle of gold.

The opal is never cut in facets, but always en cabochon. The polishing is a work of time and care, on account of the soft nature of the stone. So delicately has it to be handled that even the emery powder employed must be adoucie—namely, the emery which has been already used in polishing other gems, and thus deprived of its asperities.

Another opaque precious stone, also only used cut spherically, is the Turquoise. The real turquoise, called *de la vieille roche*, was originally found almost exclusively in Persia, and the Greeks only became acquainted with it through the spoils brought home after the Macedonian campaign, when goblets and dishes were exhibited, as well as armor, profusely decorated with this gem. The finest specimens were found in a mountain called Firuz-cos, about three days' journey from the Caspian Sea. The produce of this mine was claimed exclusively by the Shah; and though many of these turquoises found their way into the market, it was only through the embezzlement of the miners and directors. Chardin mentions that when he visited the royal treasury at Ispahan he saw stones in the rough piled high, like heaps of grain, in the chambers, while leather bags were filled with those already polished, to the weight of forty or fifty pounds each.

It is an interesting fact that, on the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, images were found among the Aztecs inlaid with turquoises in a manner precisely similar to that practiced by the Persians. Longolius mentions an Aztec mask shown to him by Grimvaldus, the envoy of Charles the Fifth to the Pope, the features of which were represented by turquoise, emerald, and green and red jasper, upon a ground of wood; the eyes were of red amber. The most singular thing is, that the mine from which these stones were taken was never discovered by the Spaniards, nor has the locality even yet been ascertained. The finest turquoises are still obtained from Nishapur; they are carried by Tartar and Persian merchants to the great fair of Nishni-Novgorod. They are also procured from Wady Maghara, in Arabia Petræa. Others have lately been obtained from a stratum of sandstone rock at the foot of Mount Sinai; but these, though at first of a remarkably rich azure, are liable to change and fade.

The Oriental turquoise (de la vieille roche) is a phosphate and a hydrate of alumina colored by copper. But there is a substance termed the Occidental turquoise, that is only petrified bone, colored by copper oxide or phosphate of iron. This, when first found, generally presents a mottled appearance; but by the application of heat the color is diffused evenly throughout the surface. It is this Occidental turquoise that is most frequently used for carving in cameo, or cavo, on account of its greater softness.

The turquoise in medieval times was supposed to be endowed with many wonderful properties. Boetius de Boot relates a number of sufficiently marvelous stories respecting this stone as coming within his own experience. "The turquoise is believed to strengthen the sight and spirits of the wearer," he says; "but its chief commendation is its protective influence against falls, which, as every body is assured, it takes upon itself, so that the wearer escapes all hurt—a property beyond the scope of reason. I can solemnly affirm that I always wear one in a ring, the nature of which I can never sufficiently admire."

He then proceeds to relate the manner in which he became possessed of this ring. A neighbor, who had been in the habit of wearing a turquoise ring of great beauty, died. His property was put up for sale, and the elder De Boot purchased this ring and presented it to his son. To the great disappointment of the latter, however, the gem had become pale and faded; so much so that, as he expresses it, he thought it scorn to wear so unsightly a gem, and took it to an engraver to have his coat of arms cut upon it. This done, he wore the turquoise ring as a signet. What was his surprise to find the stone gradually recovering its color, and that at the end of the month its azure hue was restored. But the wonder did not cease here: De Boot was traveling home to Bohemia from Padua, where he had been to take his doctor's degree, when, in the dark, his horse stumbled, and fell with his rider from a bank on to a road ten feet below. Neither horse nor rider was the worse, but when De Boot washed his hands the following morning he perceived that the turquoise was split in two. He had the larger half reset, and continued to wear it; when again he met with an accident which was like to have caused him a broken bone, and again the turquoise took the fracture upon itself, and had to be reset once more. After such proof who could doubt?

The turquoise has always been a favorite gem for the betrothal ring, the fashion having had its origin in the belief that the permanence of its hue would depend upon the constancy of the donor.

Of all the gem-like substances used for personal adornment, Amber is of the highest antiquity. It is mentioned by Homer, and is found introduced in the most ancient specimens of Etruscan jewelry. In the collection of the Prince of Canino was a necklace of choice Etruscan workmanship, having pendants in the form of scarabei of alternate sardonyx and amber. The Greeks termed amber electron, from Elector, one of the names of the sun-god. Among the Romans also this substance was greatly prized. Pliny tells us that a small figure carved in amber had been known to sell at a higher price than a living slave in vigorous health. In the time of Nero one of the equestrian order was sent to Germany by Julianus, the manager of the gladiatorial exhibitions, in order to procure a supply of this gem. He succeeded so well, and brought back such vast quantities, that the very nets that protected the podium against the wild beasts, the litters upon which the slain gladiators were carried away, and all the other articles used were studded with amber. Sir Thomas Browne also, in his "Urn Burial," mentions, among the contents of a Roman urn in the possession of Cardinal Farnese, not only jewels, but an ape in agate, and a grasshopper and an elephant carved in amber.

Great uncertainty prevailed among the ancients as to the nature of amber, and many were the legends to which this uncertainty gave rise. After Phaeton had been struck by lightning, his sisters, we are told, were changed to poplars, which every day shed their tears upon the banks of the Eridanus, and to these tears was given the name electron. Nicias says that it is a liquid produced by the rays of the sun; that these rays, at the moment of the sun's setting, striking with the greatest force upon the surface of the soil, leave upon it an unctuous sweat, which is carried off by the tides of the ocean, and thrown up on the shore of Germany. According to another author, there is a river "beyond India," the banks of which are frequented by birds called meleagrides; these, weeping the death of Meleager, allow their tears to drop into the stream, whereupon they are transformed to amber. A similar belief—that amber was produced by the tears of birds—prevailed among the Orientals. This is alluded to by Moore in "Lalla Rookh:"

> "Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
> That ever the sorrowing sea-birds have wept."

It was gradually, however, made manifest that amber was neither more nor less than a vegetable product—a kind of gum; hence it acquired the name succinum, by which it is now known in natural history. It was found that by boiling in turpentine it could be rendered plastic; and pieces were discovered in which insects, leaves of plants, and other foreign matter had become imbedded; proving that the amber must at one time have been in a liquid or semi-liquid state.

Wherever beds of lignite occur, amber is found; so that it is very generally diffused over the world. But the shores of the Baltic, between Memel and Königsberg, is the only district that supplies it in quantities. As much as four thousand pounds weight of amber yearly is said to be the average produce of that country. It is mostly found on the sea-shore, but in Prussia there are also mines. They are thus described: "First, at the surface of the earth, is formed a stratum of sand. Immediately under this sand is a bed of clay, filled with small flints. Under this clay is a stratum of black earth or turf filled with fossil wood, half decomposed and bituminous; this stratum is extended upon minerals, containing little metal except iron, which are consequently pyrites. Lastly, under this bed the amber is found scattered about in pieces, and sometimes accumulated in heaps." It is accounted for in the following manner: "The oils in the woody stratum have been impregnated by the acid contained in the clay of the upper stratum, which has descended by the filtration of water. This mixture of oil and acid has become bituminous; the most pure and liquid parts of this bitumen have descended on the mineral stratum, and in traversing it have become charged with particles of iron; and the result of this last combination is the formation of the amber which is found below."

In Shakspeare's time amber would seem to have been fashionable as an ornament, as he more than once alludes to it. When Petruchio promises to take Katherine on a visit to her father, he mentions "amber bracelets" among the "bravery" with which she is to be adorned. Among the artists of the Renaissance period it was chiefly used in the formation of jewel caskets, and such like elegant objects. It is still much valued in the East; but the chief market at present is China, where it is crushed into powder, and burned as incense. Mouth-pieces for cigars, beads, and other ornaments in this material are, however, extensively manufactured in the workshops of Dantzic, Hamburg, and elsewhere.

The electric properties of amber early attracted attention: it was also believed to be highly medicinal, and was said to have the power of detecting the presence of poison; "for then an appearance like the rainbow flies to and fro in the vessel, attended by the crackling of flame, and gives warning by this double indication." It is still supposed to possess certain virtues. The wearing an amber necklace, it is said, will keep off attacks of erysipelas; and it is also a preservative against sore throat, on account of the circle of electricity maintained, as well as from the warmth of the amber.

Jet (gagates) is of the same nature as amber, and is indeed frequently found in the same beds of lignite. It was valued by the ancients chiefly for its supposed virtues: mixed with wine it was thought a sovereign cure for toothache. It was also employed in divination. If it remained unconsumed in the fire, the desire of the interrogator would be accomplished.

Jet was used for ornamental purposes in Britain even before the Roman conquest; large rings of this material, that had served for bracelets and anklets, being frequently met with among ancient British remains. The Romans, however, soon learned to appreciate its sombre beauties. When the repairs of the Church of St. Gereon, at Cologne, were going on in 1846, two stone coffins were disinterred, in one of which a complete set of jet ornaments, supposed to have belonged to a priestess of Cybele, was discovered.

A RAID ON THE PANTRY.

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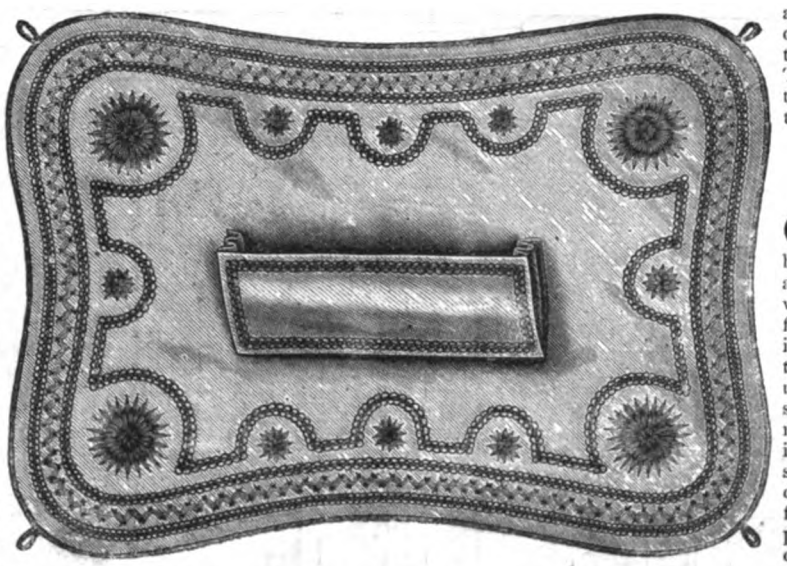
Carriage Leather Wall Tidy to hang over Wash-Stand.

THIS tidy is of brown carriage leather, embroidered in point Russe with brown worsted, and trimmed with crochet gimp of gray twisted cotton, No. 20. The pocket of the tidy serves to hold the soap, sponge, etc. To make the tidy, first transfer the design to a piece of carriage leather cut from Fig. 63, Supplement. The large rosettes are worked in the shape of a circle with brown worsted in three shades; for the smaller rosettes use two shades only. For the trimming simulating a cross seam, work, first, a row of long slanting chain stitches, and at the ends of each stitch work one cross stitch with the darker shade of worsted.—Between the double lines of the design sew on the gimp, which is worked like that shown by Fig. 8 on page 500, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 32, Vol. III. After finishing the embroidery make the pocket, which consists of a piece of carriage leather eleven inches and a quarter wide and five inches and three-quarters deep. Trim this piece at a distance of three-quarters of an inch from the outer edge with a row of similar gimp, line it with carriage leather, and sew a row of woolen cord to the outer edge, by means of which the joining seam of the soufflets with the pocket is covered at the same time. The soufflets consist of a double strip of carriage leather two inches wide and of a corresponding depth. Lay the pocket piece exactly on the middle of the tidy, and sew it on at the under edge. Lay the soufflets in one pleat each, so that the free edge projects an inch and a quarter over the pocket piece; pass this edge through a slit cut of the corresponding length in the tidy, and fasten it on the under side of the latter. Finally, line the tidy with carriage leather, and edge it with a row of coarse woolen cord, of which form one loop each at the four corners of the tidy to hang it up. This tidy will be found an excellent protection for the wall above the wash-stand, which it preserves from splashing.



CARRIAGE LEATHER WALL TIDY TO HANG OVER THE WASH-STAND.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 63.

MUSLIN AND CRINOLINE SKIRT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 42 and 43.

as shown by the illustration. After the embroidery is completed, cut away the Swiss muslin, following the contour of the design figures according to the illustration. The design given by Fig. 4 is partly worked in application, and partly in soutache embroidery. Instead of soutache, cord may also be used.

BLOOD-SUCKING BATS.

OLD authors relate terrible tales of the blood-sucking bats, telling us how Paraguayan plains are haunted by enormous creatures that attack poultry, cattle, mules, and horses—sitting upon the backs of their victims, and with their wings fanning them into insensibility, so that, all unchecked, they slake their horrid thirst, leaving holes in the skins of their dupes which afford convenient places for the deposit of insects' eggs. In this way the cattle introduced by the first European settlers were entirely destroyed. Ulloa describes Carthagena as having its streets after sunset covered with clouds of these dextrous bleeders of cattle. Azzara gives them credit for preferring insect food when it is to be got, but confesses they exercise what old Weller called "a strong power of suction" upon the necks, shoulders, and buttocks of domestic animals; while he had personal proof that they, sometimes at least, attacked man, four several times finding the ends of his toes bearing witness, in the shape of sundry small circular wounds, that the bats had visited his couch and drawn upon him for sustenance while he lay in blissful unconsciousness. Captain Stedman gives a more circumstantial account of his experience in the same way. Knowing by instinct, he says, that the person he intends to attack is in a sound slumber, the bat generally alights near the feet, where, while he keeps fanning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small, indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is consequently not painful. Yet through this orifice he contrives to suck the blood until he is obliged to disgorge; he then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging till he is scarcely able to fly; and the sufferer has been known to sleep from time to eternity. The captain found tobacco ashes the best remedy in his own case; and after washing the blood from his person and hammock, found small heaps of congealed blood all round the place where he had lain, on examining which the surgeon calculated he had lost twelve or fourteen ounces of blood during the night. A party of Americans going up the Amazon found one night's experience of the bat's blood-sucking capabilities quite as much as they cared to know. One of them awoke with a face like

CRINOLINE SKIRT.
For description see Supplement.

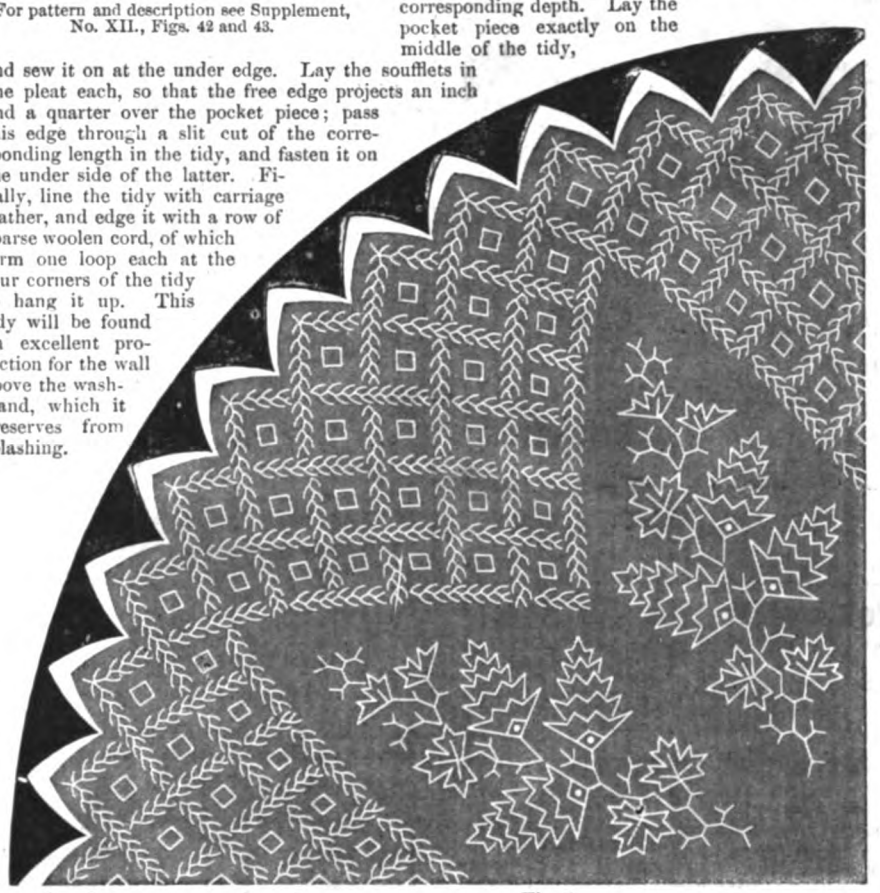


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

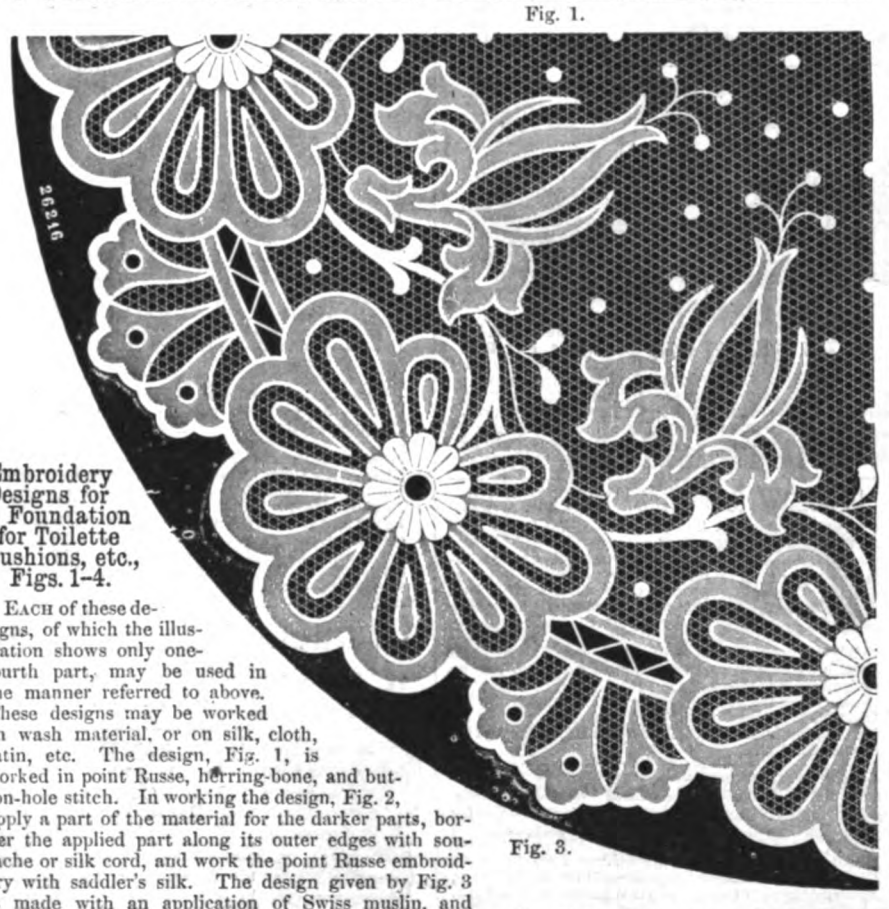


Fig. 3.

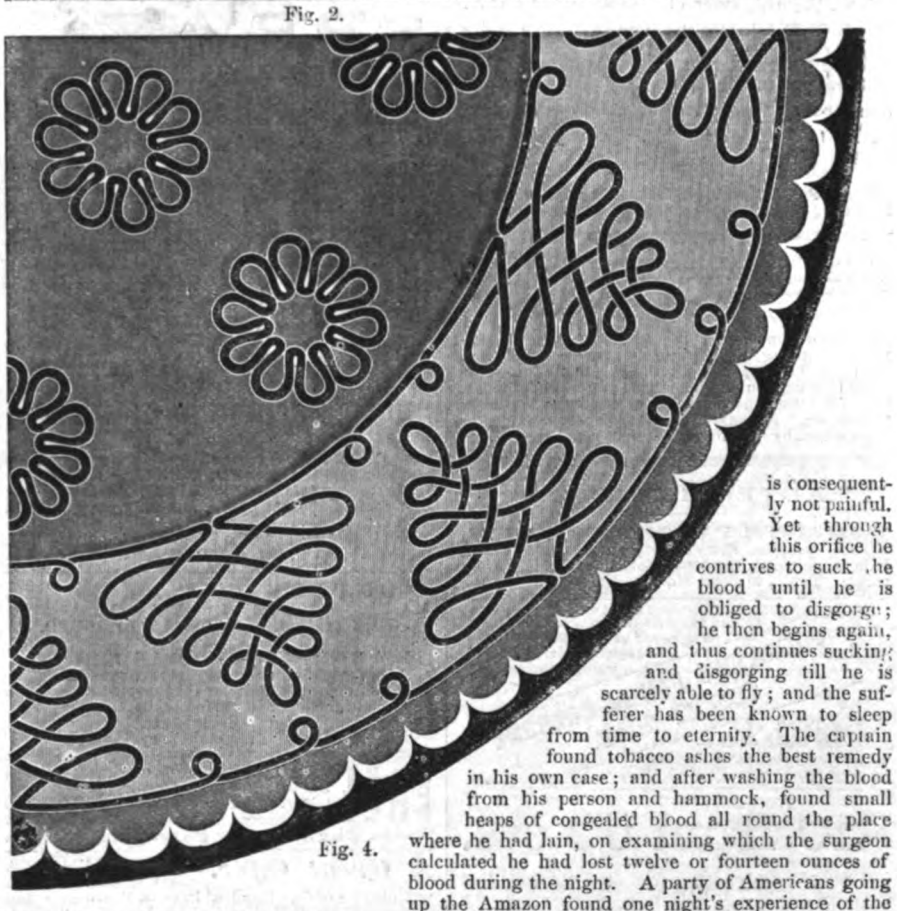


Fig. 4.

Figs. 1–4.—EMBROIDERY PATTERNS FOR MATS, TIDIES, TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC. POINT RUSSE, APPLICATION, CHAIN STITCH, AND SATIN STITCH.

Embroidery Designs for a Foundation for Toilette Cushions, etc., Figs. 1–4.

EACH of these designs, of which the illustration shows only one-fourth part, may be used in the manner referred to above. These designs may be worked on wash material, or on silk, cloth, satin, etc. The design, Fig. 1, is worked in point Russe, herring-bone, and button-hole stitch. In working the design, Fig. 2, apply a part of the material for the darker parts, border the applied part along its outer edges with soutache or silk cord, and work the point Russe embroidery with saddler's silk. The design given by Fig. 3 is made with an application of Swiss muslin, and worked in satin and ladder stitch on lace. Work eyelet-holes also between separate figures of the design,

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a corpse, his hammock and the floor beneath being saturated with blood, the flow of which was checked with great difficulty.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PIMS.—We fear there is not a tailor in New York who would be willing to send you the pattern of a gentleman's suit.—Thanks for your pleasant letter.

WOULD-BE FASHIONABLE.—Make your grenadine by polonaise pattern sent you, or else with box-pleated blouse, long over-skirt, and demi-train.

TATTING.—We know of no other instructions in tatting than are contained in the *Bazar*, and which you must see if you are a constant reader.

MYRRA.—Anteros was originally supposed by the ancients to be the deity who avenged slighted love. At a later date he was represented as the brother of Cupid, and constantly at war with him.

MRS. GENERAL A. G.—The butternut jewelry illustrated in our columns is not sold by any house, to our knowledge, but is manufactured by ingenious persons for their own use.—We never purchase goods on commission.

T. O. H.—We can not undertake to recommend any oculist or physician. Your family physician will give you the names of reliable persons in the profession; and all that we can advise you is to avoid quacks.

CONSTANCE.—We do not think that your friends need despise you for earning your livelihood in any honorable vocation, but are sorry that we can not assist you in this laudable effort. There are two or three good medical colleges for women in New York. The length of time required for graduation therein is from two to three years, according to the attainments possessed on entering. A good preliminary education is necessary. We do not think you would earn much money by the means you suggest. Why not fit yourself for a sick-nurse?

MRS. S. M. B.—For information about infant's clothing read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 35, Vol. IV.

CONSTANOR.—The apron-polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., is not open in front of skirt. You can order a cut paper pattern of this.

J. S.—Make your gray alpaca with an apron-polonaise like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV., and a single skirt. Trim with folds of the same. Your green poplin should have a basque and demi-train, with a deep flounce on the skirt, headed by bias velvet. Fringe edges the basque.

MRS. E. P. L.—Your sample of alpaca is a good black and of fair quality. We think the Buffalo brand one of the very best for service.

E. M.—You need not send for cut paper patterns that are not advertised in our list. We sent you a close-fitting postilion-basque. Your percale over-skirt will look well made by the same pattern, and should be trimmed with pleatings of the same.

DORA.—Make a polonaise of your new silk by pattern sent you, and put folds of the same shade on your skirt. The folds may be of velvet to make it richer.

MRS. M. SMITH.—We can not send you samples of our cut paper patterns. If you will buy *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. IV., you will find a picture of our suit for a girl of eight years; No. 27, Vol. IV., will show an illustration of cloak and dress for a boy of three years; and No. 29, Vol. IV., a suit for a boy of six.

KATE P.—No. 17, Vol. III., contains a pattern for gentleman's slipper, to be worked on canvas.

WOLVERINE.—Flat buttons of Roman gold are most worn as shirt studs by gentlemen. We do not believe there will be a change soon.

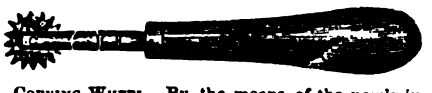
KATIE.—Point appliqué is pronounced as if the last word were written appli-kay, with an accent on the last syllable.

MRS. A. C. H.—Your sample is very fair silk for $2 a yard.

YE pimpled, blotched, and ulcerated victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.—[*Com.*]

THE State Assayer of Massachusetts (A. A. Hayes, M.D.), having made an analysis of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, reports it the best preparation for promoting healthy excretions of the scalp, increasing the growth and restoring the color of the hair.—[*Com.*]

AFTER SEA BATHING use Burnett's Kalliston to relieve the disagreeable action of salt water.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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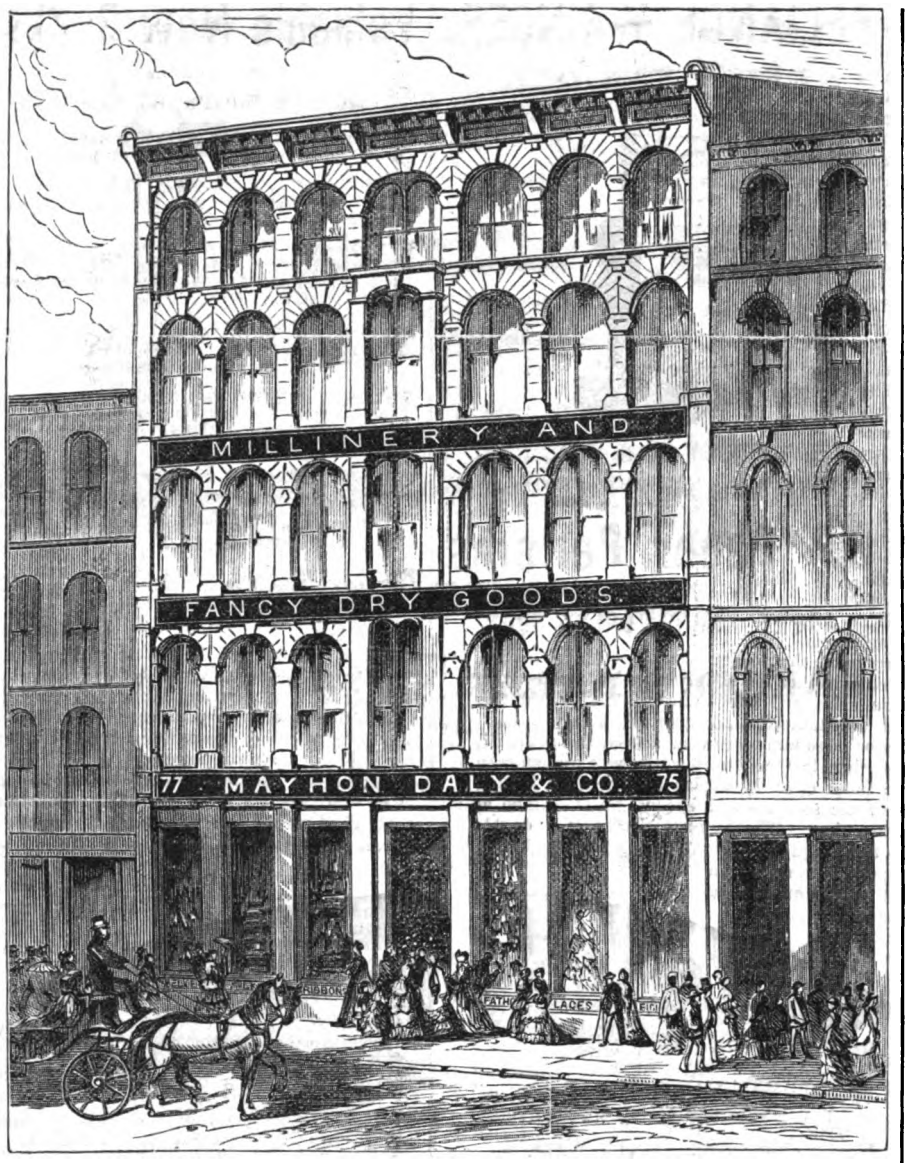
KEMLO'S Modern Watch Repairer's Guide. Price $1 25. A. WILLIAMS & Co., Publishers, Boston.



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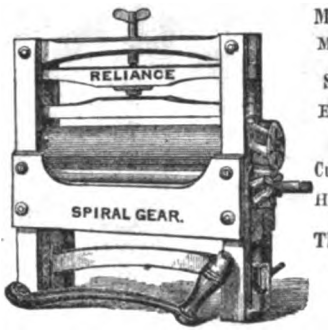

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TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	"	30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	"	38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	"	40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	"	46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	"	48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	"	1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	"	5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	"	11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	17
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FACETIÆ.

A NEWLY married man complains of the high price of "ducks." He says his wife recently paid for three of them—a duck of a bonnet, a duck of a dress, and a duck of a parasol.

NAUTICAL.—It is only a dishonest tar who would take a messmate's watch.

An amateur put the following question to a scholar in a country school: "How do you parse 'Mary milks the cow?'"

The last word was disposed of as follows, 'Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?"

"Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"

NEW SAINT.—Mrs. Partington declares that if she lives to be a hundred—and all her family detain a venerated age—she will certainly have a Saint 'Enery.

It has just been discovered that the story of William Tell and the apple was circumstantially told in an ancient Persian manuscript lately discovered in the library at Breslau. The authenticity of the Swiss Tell has been doubted. It is clear that he is a "story-Tell-er."

A fond parent often presents young hopeful with a watch at a time when he stands in far greater need of—a chain!

THE FATE OF FLOWERS—To be blowed.

Recently two persons traveling on the road to Gotham in a light wagon were smoking cigars, from the fire of which some straw at the bottom ignited. The flames soon drove them from their seats; and while they were busy in extinguishing the fire a countryman, who had been for some time following them on horseback, alighted to assist them.

"I have been watching the smoke for some time," said he.

"Why, then, did you not give us notice?" asked the travelers.

"Well," responded the rustic, "there are so many new-fangled notions nowadays, I thought you was going by steam."

A BAD THING FOR SMALL TRADESMEN TO BE OUT OF—Temper.

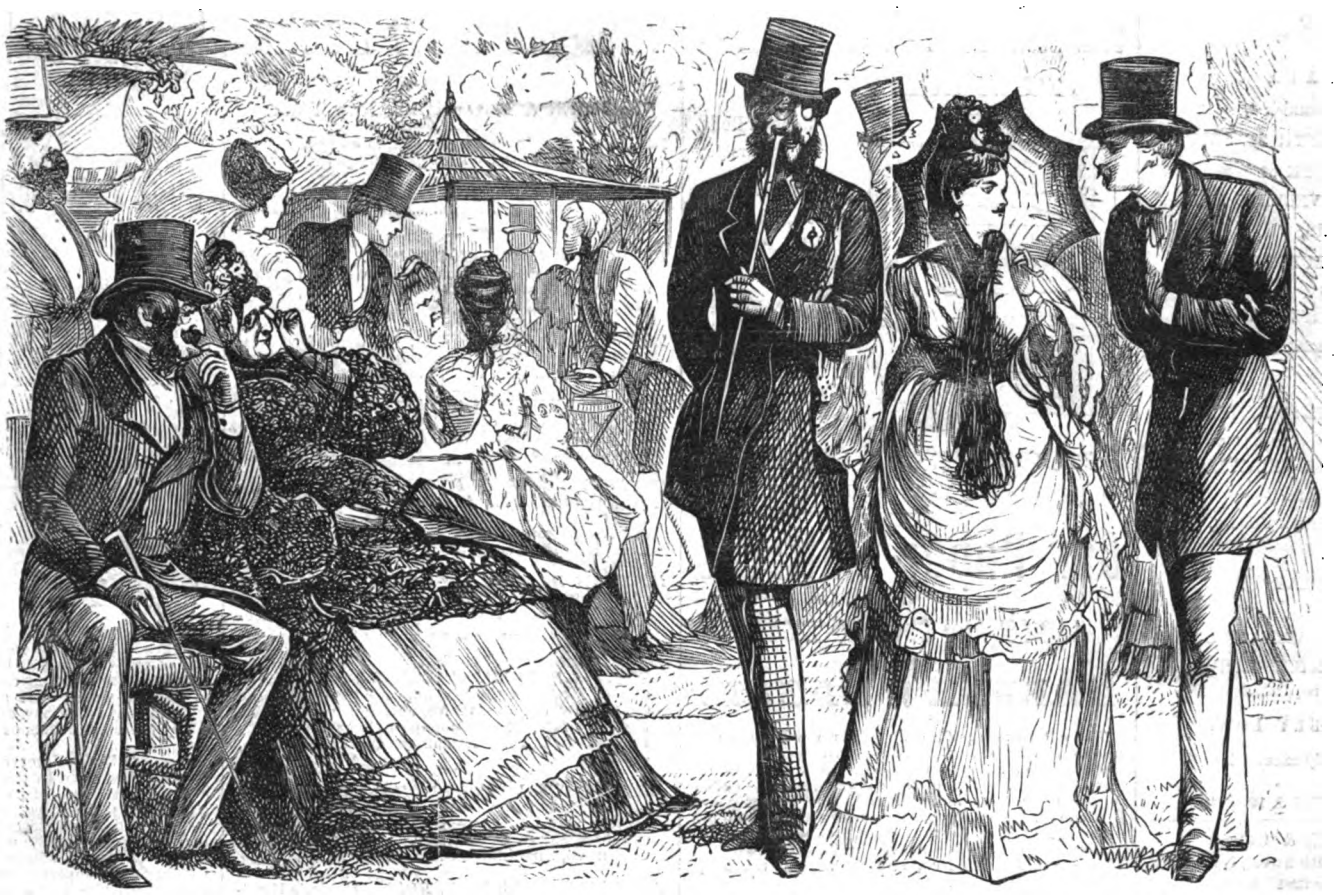
THE HEAT.

The pavements are all hissing hot, the sky above is brazen,
And every head's as good as dead the sun can set its rays on.
The lean, lank-looking skeletons go stalking pale and gloomy;
The fat, like red-hot frying-pans, send hotter fancies through me.
I wake from dreams of polar ice on which I've been a slider,
Like fishes dreaming of the sea and waking in the spider.

An editor who doesn't know much about farming suggests that for garden-making a cast iron back with a hinge in it would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.

Why is it vulgar to use a wooden platter for the loaf?—Why, of course, because it is so under-bred.

The following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a tombstone: "She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in the full hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of twenty-one years, seven months, and sixteen days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."



HIGHLY INTERESTING!

ELDERLY BELLE. "Oh, *that's* Mrs. Wellesley de Crespigny Brown, is it? Er—who *was* she?"
OLD BEAU. "She was a Miss Chichester de Ponsonby Jones."
ELDERLY BELLE. "Ah!—one of the Berkshire *Willoughby Digby Rigby* de Ponsonby Joneses, I suppose?"
OLD BEAU. "No, no, my dear Lady! One of the *Cholmondeley Chorley Hawley Crawley* de Ponsonby Joneses, you know."
ELDERLY BELLE. "You don't say so, Major!"

COMING CENTENARIES.

Arrangements are in progress for celebrating with becoming splendor, within the next few years or so, the following important centenaries:

The centenary of the benefactor to his race who first compounded claret-cup.

The centenary of the friend to humanity who invented the game of croquet.

The bicentenary of the eminent philanthropist who introduced the umbrella into this damp country.

The tercentenary of the distinguished poet to whom a long posterity is indebted for most of its nursery rhymes. The arrangements for this commemoration are in the hands of a children's committee, aided by a "mothers' meeting."

The centenary of the great confectioner who made the first ice.

The centenary of the mechanician, of world-wide fame, who invented perambulators. The Associated Nurse-maids of the United States have already formed an influential committee.

The bicentenary of Robinson Crusoe.

The centenary of that brave woman who had the courage to defy custom, prejudice, the usages of society, the reproaches of her sex, and the opposition of monthly nurses, and exhibit her baby *without a cap*.

(N.B.—Many years' notice will be given of the celebration of our own centenary.)

EARLY PEARL—A baby's tooth.

A country paper tells this story of a new boy in one of the Sunday-schools: "The precocious youth was asked who made the beautiful hills about them, and replied that he did not know, as his parents only moved into town the day before."

A PRETTY HOOD—Childhood.

A MORE EXPENSIVE HOOD—Womanhood.

The "Origin of Speeches" may often be traced to the "Veuve Clicquôt."

A FEW PLAIN FACTS.

Man's a fool!
When it's hot he wants it cool;
When it's cold he wants it hot:
Ne'er contented with his lot.

When it's dry,
He for showers is sure to sigh;
When—to meet his wish—it rains,
Of the wet the fool complains.

Hot or cold, or dry or wet,
Nothing suits that he can get:
I consider, as a rule,
Man's a fool!

A CURE FOR DISSIPATION—Stay-at-homeopathy.

At a certain hotel in Ohio a large mirror is placed at the entrance of the dining-hall, which is so constructed that you see yourself a thin, cadaverous, hungry person; but when you come out from the table and look again in the glass, your body is distended in the extremity of corpulency.

HOW TO GET A ROARING TRADE—Buy a menagerie.

Of eighty-three ladies who left a popular place of amusement one day lately only nine came out of the door looking in the direction they meant to pursue; the rest took half a dozen paces while they were looking the contrary way. A person paid to take notes so reported, and a heavy wager was won on it.

WALKING-STICKS—Promenading swells.

TRYING.

A gentleman having sent his man-servant to buy some lucifer-matches, said to him when he came back, "I hope, John, they are better than the last, which were good for nothing."

"Oh, these are excellent," replied John; "I have tried every one of them!"

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Ladies have lately been flooding us with small-talk upon this great matter. But we have looked in vain for a practical discussion of some branches of the subject wherewith ladies are especially well qualified to deal. For instance, we may specify such science as the following as being strictly social and eminently suitable for feminine harangues:

The science of obtaining a whole season's dinner invitations, and giving only cheap and early "evenings" in exchange.

The science of remaining in town half through the summer without ever losing caste among your fashionable friends through not being seen at fashionable watering-places.

The science of so hedging your bets at the races that you stand to win sufficient gloves to last you the whole season, and perhaps even to serve you for your next winter's campaign.

The science of inviting your second-best acquaintances to your second dance or dinner in such a way that they are not at all offended with you for omitting to include them with your first-rate friends.

The science of getting credit with your tradesmen for being far more worthy of it than you really are.

The science of so cleverly timing the arrival of your hack at a "swell" party that you appear to have come thither in the simultaneously arriving private brougham.

The science of procuring from mysteriously gifted people all kinds of concert, opera, and picture-show admissions as often as you want them.

The science of furbishing and befrilling your girls' last season's ball dresses so that the sharpest eyed and tongued of your feminine acquaintances fail to notice the economy, and publish their diverting comments on the fact.

The science of persuading a cross husband to dine upon cold mutton, and confess that he enjoys it.

The science of exalting yourself in fashionable esteem by somehow getting on such footing with some tremendous swell as enables you to greet him with a "How d' ye do?" whenever you may meet him.

The science of re-serving half the made dishes and sweets of your Wednesday's grand dinner in order to do duty at your Friday's family feed.

The science of procuring opera "stars" of the first magnitude to shine upon the company at your *soirées musicales* without having to pay them any thing more than a few compliments for their valuable aid.

The science, without seeming to sponge upon your friends, of getting carriages and footmen placed at your command whenever you require them.

The science of entrapping all the "lions" of the season to come and roar their loudest at your small and early evenings without your having the expense of entertaining them at feeding-time.

HOW TO OVERCOME YOUR SORROWS—Strike one of your own sighs.

A paper says that a team of horses, becoming frightened at the elevated railroad, ran away, and a policeman endeavored to stop them. The coach was broken, one horse nearly killed, and the officer badly hurt, "but the elevated railroad was uninjured."

Henry IV. of France being told by his gardener that there were several spots at Fontainebleau in which no vegetable would grow, requested him to transplant a bed of attorneys, for they would flourish any where.

PROVERBIAL PHOOLOSOPHY.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but Caleb was a still Balderstone.

"It's a poor heart that never rejoices," but there's a rich Heart Amid Loathin'.

"Mind your P's and Q's," but remember I've an O.

WHISKERANDOS AND TILBURINA.

COUSIN GUY AND MARY ARE LOOKING VERY INNOCENT, AND SITTING VERY FAR APART, WHEN EMILY COMES INTO THE ROOM. BUT NOW COMES GUY TO HAVE AN EAR-RING HANGING TO HIS WHISKER?

THE FAG-END OF A QUARREL.

STERN PARIENT. "Leave off that Noise Directly, Jack, you Naughty Boy! It's all over now, and Bertha's left off Crying these Ten Minutes."
JACK. "B-B-Bertha *began* Crying before *I* did! Boo hoo!"

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perfect, and herself an attractive object; in fact, she has only just become capable of enjoying and giving enjoyment in society; and so far from the young idiots who call her passée having any right to slurs in her regard, it is she who should be herself an arbiter of society, and have authority to pronounce whether or not they are in any sense fit to enter its charmed circles.

Indeed, it may well excite all the wonder that it does among Europeans that the young are here allowed to absorb all the enjoyments of our social life—the young, who have nothing but their youth or their beauty to give; whose minds and manners are almost totally untrained and insufficient; who are, indeed, objects of pleasure to the eye, and wherein they yield other pleasure or profit do so rather in a subsidiary way than in the main.

We do not wish to undervalue the element of innocence and freshness which the young bring, or are supposed to bring, with them; but we maintain that the virtue of years, with their knowledge of the world we live in, and their preparation for the world we hope to live in—their wisdom, their grace, and their charity—are of at least equal value, and deserve equal recognition in the places where men and women meet together; and we protest against the curving of the "contumelious lip" over the claims to courtesy and consideration of the woman beyond her girlhood; and we would beg to remind those who so flippantly deal her doom that the chosen companion of the great men of history, the friend, the lover, the one whom they have sought to enliven their hours and give rest to energies wearied with work, has not been the buxom belle with "all her blushing honors thick upon her," but, on the contrary, the object of their dread and their contempt, the passée girl.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Golden-Rods and Asters.

MY DEAR GRACE,—The summer is very beautiful; but are we not always pleased when the bright early September days come, with their cool air and their clear distances, and the landscape, lately the victim of passionate heats, is steadied with the tonic of autumn, the vital elixir? And how early the autumn shows itself! How soon the year begins to fall! Sometimes in July, even while we are panting in the sultriness, we see a yellow leaf, and know that the invisible autumn is already impatiently fingering the leaves, that October is eager to be in possession. By mid-August the golden-rods are flaming every where, and every kind of aster is dotting the dusk of the undergrowth with crisp stars of color. How affluent the season is! How profuse its supply of flowers! I walked the other day with Conrad, from whom nature seems to withhold no secret, and he told me the story of every tree and flower we saw, and of every bird we heard. The observations of science are as poetic as the speculations of the imagination. To walk and talk with a thoroughly informed man in the fields and woods is as inspiring as to read Shakespeare and Homer. The forms which have been merely a various mass, like printed letters to one who can not read, become instinct with the most delicate beauty, the most subtile suggestion.

To a man who has studied closely and observed faithfully the wild flowers are a calendar. He tells the time by blossoms. He begins with the trailing arbutus or trillium or houstonia, and ends only with the latest aster. Or he does not end at all, but hangs smilax and everlasting over his winter windows. The autumn flowers are trebly remarkable: they are very profuse, and brilliant, and scentless. They assert themselves to the eye more than those of the earlier season. Threading the shallow and shaded streams for trout you may find the splendid cardinal-flower, one of the richest of the wild blossoms; but it is choice, infrequent. Or in the moist meadow you may espy the coy arethusa, as gloomy Dis beheld Proserpina in the Sicilian vale. Or, if you know a spot that I know, you may even see a plantation of orchids (*Orchis grandiflora*), and raise your hat as to a congress of kings. But these are exceptional. You will not find a stream fringed for miles with cardinals, nor whole meadows purple with the arethusa, nor are there kings enough for many congresses. These are the jewels of the summer, worn now and then, here and there. But the lavish autumn gilds miles and miles of common highway with the gold and blue and white and purple of asters and solidago, and, a little later, with the fringed gentian, outpurpling the Tyrian dye.

Yet, if the plume of the golden-rod were as infrequent as the spike of the orchis, would it be more superb? If the delicate asters were as shy as the arethusa, would they be more prized in the finding? Perhaps so: but Conrad told me so much of these most common flowers that I was as interested as if they had all been choice exotics; and when he detailed the methods by which flowers that seemed hermetically sealed were multiplied—how an eager bee, seeking but a drop of honey, in getting it left an endless wealth of future flowers and honey behind—it seemed as if no study were so enticing and no knowledge so beautiful as that of flowers.

Yet the flowers themselves, with all their lovely history, are but symbols. As I take a country walk, meeting only some grave farmer, who nods to me as far away as if we were in different planets, or a gray rabbit, which peers at me and scuds to cover, I seem to myself to be again promenading the city street. That very rabbit I recognize as a friend in masquerade: the queer, shy, evasive Leander, who is as timorous and retiring as any hare. And if, climbing over the wall, I loiter down toward the brook, and observe the delicate and hardy lady's-traces, or the nodding and airy noli-me-tangere, I smile to recognize my familiar fellow-passengers of the city. There on the pond is the white water-lily. I like its learned name, *Nymphæa odorata*, but that also is no stranger. It is only the magnificent Aurelia whom I see daily driving in her chariot in the Park, ample, queenly, expanded, in luxurious repose. And, again plodding along the road, "who are these in bright array," this long, bright procession winding out of sight, these common golden-rods, these innumerable asters, but the infinite company of my fellow-travelers, who are sturdy, healthy, contented, and cheerfully commonplace?

This is all natural. Last June a friend in Oregon sent me some stones that had been taken out of the earth deep down in some mineral explorations, and upon those long-buried stones were landscape forms as plainly imprinted as if they had been indelibly painted or etched. Were they hints or studies or reminiscences of that vanished scenery? Surely it is no stranger that the familiar friends of to-day should be suggested to us by the flowers in solitary pastures than that the dim primordial landscape should be pictured on those long-hidden stones. And shall we be surprised if those friends, in turn, suggest the flowers? It is already autumn as I write to you, dear Grace, and our journey lies through the yellowing harvest fields. "The measured beat of the thresher's flail"—do you remember the noble thought of Goethe?—is heard on every side, and already the dahlias in the garden seem to fear the frost. I rise in the morning, if I am happily in the country, and before my bath I am baptized with the brilliant coolness of the air. There is a rose-diamond light; an exquisite transparency which invigorates and exhilarates, and before I come down to breakfast I seem to have shaken hands with Reginald, and to have heard his hearty, cheerful laugh, and to have been braced by that magnetic temperament—and yet the leaves of twenty autumns have fallen upon Reginald's grave.

I go to the door and step out, and the sweet September warmth, which is not withering, but inspiring, gathers me in an ample embrace, and seems to lay actual hands of benediction upon my head. It is a parent's blessing, which I shall never otherwise receive, but which is as familiar to me as if I felt it yesterday. And when after a morning of self-denial, doing my work, if I happen to have any, and wistfully turning my eyes to the great beneficent sunshine out-of-doors, which looks at me wonderingly through the windows, as if I were squandering a fortune in losing the day by staying in the house—when, after this morning, I go out for a walk, the maple-trees twinkle at me and the old locusts rustle, as if huge house-dogs wagged their welcoming tails, and I go bounding, my blood and my feet, until I find Placido, my contemporary and comrade.

He and Reginald and I were friends for many a year, and are no less so because Reginald is with us no longer. And as I walk by Placido's side, and hear his cheerful words, and feel the comfortable influence of his temperament—that steady, hearty, affectionate nature which is the happiest for itself and others—I seem to see what the profuse and sturdy golden-rods and asters around us remotely typify and suggest. When he comes to town they all come with him; and I am apt to think that those are very dull who, when Placido is by, do not hear the brook murmuring in the pasture, or see the bright and kindly autumnal flowers. Or, my dear Grace, have you never watched your grandmother, and remarked that that unostentatious and incessant self-sacrifice, that tireless patience, that noiseless care, that tender equanimity, are the bright flowers of her autumn, the golden-rods and asters that make her October so beautiful? In her younger years I could always see traces of these traits, but they were like those orchids and arethusas, only sometimes found. But now the kindness and the cheer are perpetual; they are not the shy and hidden treasures of a meadow, but the continuous beauty and charm of the highway.

I think, dear Grace, if it is not following a fancy too finely, that we can sometimes see the same flowering in genius. In later works of the same hand there is a certain uniform tranquillity of tone—a more pervasive gentleness and kindness and charity. Indeed, in these early autumnal days, in the wide-lying wealth of golden-rod and aster, old age seems itself a kind of benediction. How many of us secretly deplore the inevitable necessity! How many grudge to count the lapsing years, and reluctantly and sadly own to themselves that they are young no longer! With age come pains and sorrows, they think, disillusions and bereavements of every kind. The children grow up; their merry voices are heard no more; they marry and depart, and the home resumes the silence of the honey-moon—a silence, alas! without hope of being broken. With youth go love and ecstasy: the purple light, the bloom of dawn, the dream of the unimaginable future! But it is only youth that thinks so, dear Grace; for who have been the happiest human beings you have known?

Is the coy purple of the arethusa in the meadow more beautiful than that of the fringed gentian by the way? Is the gold of the dog-tooth violet in May more splendid than that of this universal golden-rod? That fiery passion, that proud disdain, that eager grasp of youth, are they more satisfactory than the contemplative repose, the charity, the sweet humor of a later day? Who, indeed, would have it always June, or always Indian summer? And who would supplant the flowers of May by those of September? Not you and I, dear Grace—you, who are wreathed with roses; I, who hold an aster. These autumn days, these tranquil splendors, these abundant flowers, plead for themselves. In September how perfect September seems! You, too, will discover it when you have left June behind. You pass the Cape of Good Hope, and all the way seems doubtful. But yet you are sailing straight to the Spice Islands. You glide under new constellations, as in traversing the year you pass among constantly changing flowers.

"There is no great and no small
To the God who loveth all;"

and the season of golden-rods and asters is as beautiful as that of lilies and roses.

Your affectionate friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

LADIES' WALKING AND DINNER DRESSES.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This new and stylish polonaise, with a Louis XIV. vest, is copied from a model recently imported from the celebrated Parisian dress-maker, Worth. The original is of heavy black gros grain, trimmed with two rows of double folds of the same, separated by passementerie gimp and deep black silk fringe. It is made with a vest, and with a Watteau fold in the back, in the manner more fully described in the description of the cut paper pattern and the article on New York Fashions. The skirt of the suit is of the same material as the polonaise, and is trimmed with flounces and folds. The polonaise may be made in suits, or of a different material from the skirt, such as velvet, cloth, or cashmere. The size is taken, as usual, by passing a tape measure entirely around the body, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust. Nine sizes are furnished, in the even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises two articles—Louis XIV. polonaise, and walking skirt.

LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, side piece, Watteau back, vest, sleeve, and pocket. Only half the pattern is given. The vest is sewed, with the front of the polonaise, into the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and is closely fitted with two darts, descending to the bottom at each side of the middle of the front and cross basque seams. The back is in three pieces, the middle forming a deep box-pleat or Watteau fold, which is confined at the waist line by a belt sewed under the fold, and fastened in front under the vest. The Watteau fold is formed by bringing the five lines of perforations evenly one on the other, from the neck to the waist line. The vest is closed with six buttons from the neck to the waist; below the waist it springs open as is seen in the illustration. Cut the middle of the back with the longest straight edge of the pattern laid on the fold of the cloth, to avoid making a seam, and join the pattern together by the notches, bringing the seams of the side piece in the back under the fold. Sew the flowing sleeve plain into the armhole. Trim the bottom of the sleeves and polonaise with two double bias folds and fringe. The perforations show where to baste the seams, to take up the darts and cross basque seams, to fold for the pleats, and to sew on the pockets.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 9 yards.
Quantity of fringe, 5½ yards.
Quantity of silk for folds, 1½ yards.
Buttons, 9.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is cut with a

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front gore, side gore, and three straight breadths for the back. Only half the pattern is given. The front and side gores are sewed plain on the belt. The back breadths are laid in box-pleats, and sewed to the belt in this wise. The front gore is trimmed the whole length with six flounces, laid in small kilt pleats, with a bias fold stitched about an inch from the top of each flounce to form a heading. The three lower flounces extend around the bottom of the skirt. Put the seams together by the notches. The front gore and middle of the back breadth are to be laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid making a seam.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

Extra for trimming, 4 yards.

Silk for folds, cut on the bias, ½ yard.

Fig. 2.—BROWN POPLIN WALKING SUIT. The skirt of this suit is trimmed with six bias folds. Over-skirt open in front, puffed at the back, and trimmed with two bias folds and fringe. Short single-breasted sacque, with flowing sleeves, trimmed with folds and fringe, and worn over a plain waist with close sleeves. Leghorn hat trimmed with brown ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 3.—PEARL GRAY SILK DINNER DRESS, trimmed with side-pleated flounces and bows of blue silk ribbon. Over-skirt draped at the side with ribbon bows. Basque-waist, heart-shaped in front, with flowing sleeves.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

LOUIS XIV. VEST-POLONAISE.

THE Louis XIV. Vest-Polonaise illustrated on our first page is one of the handsomest garments found among the importations. It is used as an over dress for suits, and is also brought out in velvet cloaks. It embraces some of the most important features of the new costumes—viz., the broad square vest, the straight skirt, and the flowing sleeve. The waist and skirt are cut together. The vest is joined to the waist at the shoulder seams, and darts in the front fit the garment closely to the figure. The vest falls six or eight inches below the waist, and is usually left open that length, though there are buttons and button-holes its entire length. At the back there is a double box-pleat, which differs from the Watteau fold in being sewed flatly from the neck to the waist, thence falling in a wide pleat below. The skirt is not draped or looped, but hangs straight and nearly plain all around—a plan to be commended for velvet, as the pleats and gathers of drapery deface its rich pile. Flowing or half-open sleeves are on all outside garments. Fringe or lace, with folds or passementerie, trim the lower edge of the polonaise and the sleeves; the folds only extend up the front. The pockets are nearly square—a trifle broader than their length—and are set on the outside. When this garment is made of cashmere or other woolen fabric the vest and trimming folds are usually of silk; when the polonaise is silk the vest is velvet; in velvet polonaises the vest is velvet also. Suits for winter made after this fashion will have an extra pair of coat sleeves, or will dispense altogether with the flowing sleeve. The dress skirt is usually trimmed with flat trimming, pleatings, or merely folds, and these extend across the front width that is disclosed by the open polonaise.

IMPORTED SUITS.

Fall suits have arrived from Paris and Berlin. Poplin de laine (a thick all-wool delaine), cashmere, poplin, and serge are the woolen fabrics. Walnut brown, plum-color, and deepest cypress green are the colors most seen.

There is no marked change in style; hence garments left from last season can be easily modernized. The polonaise, more or less ample, with or without drapery, prevails. The pretty Russian cape that accompanies it is its newest and most pleasing attribute. This cape falls just below the elbow, has shoulder seams, instead of being all in one piece, as the talma is, and has an upper cape half its size, which may be merely simulated by trimming, and is always open up the back. This wrap gives an appearance of breadth to narrow shoulders, and when flannel-lined will be a comfortable addition to winter suits. Another novel feature is a polonaise with basque back, not in postilion pleats, but plain, the back comprising but two pieces joined by a seam down the centre, and without side forms. This garment is only half long, and, like many other new polonaises, hangs straight around, without being shortened by pleats on the sides or in front. Still another fancy is polonaises of satin-striped woolen goods, worn over plain skirts of the same color, trimmed with narrow straight ruffles of the striped fabric. These are especially admired in Russian gray and dark Vandyck brown poplins.

The short convenient paletots with upper skirts are not yet relinquished. The newest paletots, instead of being slashed open in each seam, are cut in deep Gothic points, each form at the side and back making a single point. When closely fitted in the back a cape is also added for greater warmth. Some new upper skirts are buttoned down the back. They have an apron front, a side gore, and two back breadths that are pleated to lengthwise bands down the centre, whereon the buttons and holes appear.

An ornamental way of draping upper skirts is to place five or six buttons two inches apart halfway down the side and back seams, with loops under all but the top button, each loop passing over the button above it.

Flat bands, folds, and pleatings will be the trimmings most used; braiding and embroidery abound, and fur borders will be used in midwinter. For braiding the best plan is to cut a bias band of the fabric about two inches wide, line with stiff muslin, and braid it before sewing on the dress skirt. Three such bands are placed straight around the skirt, with a narrow pleating on the edge, or else they are used as headings to pleatings. A simple and effective design is three straight rows of braid, with a curled row on each side. Velvet and velveteen will also be much used for trimming during the coming season.

A graceful French suit is of dove gray poplin de laine, as soft as cashmere, but with thick lengthwise threads. On the skirt is a deep kilt pleating, straight, in inch-wide pleats, the edges hemmed and tacked on the under side to hold the pleats securely. An inch below the top is a bias band braided with narrow soutache (silk braid) of the same shade. The polonaise shows only a pointed basque in front, disclosing the entire front width of the skirt, which is elaborately braided. The basque back, with centre seam and no side form, is cut in Gothic points, from beneath which fall the two slightly looped widths that make the polonaise skirt. A walnut brown suit of the same style and fabric has no braiding, but plain bias bands, piped with narrower bands, heading three rows of side pleating, each a finger deep. Coat sleeves, with the trimming around the wrist and up the outer seam to the elbow. A pretty gray poplin has two straight gathered ruffles, widely faced with poplin of a lighter shade. The polonaise has a light bias band and fringe on the edge. A Russian cape finishes the suit. A bias fold and fringe trim the lower cape, the upper has only a fold.

The handsomest black silk suits seen are those made with the Marguerite polonaise. The edge of the polonaise is cut in deep Gothic points, three or four inches deep; the entire point is covered with black velvet, and a tassel droops in the space between the points. The skirt has two gathered flounces trimmed with velvet points and tassels. Suits made in the same way of plum-colored silk and of dove gray are being prepared for wedding trousseaux.

FLANNEL POLONAISES.

A new feature in fall costumes is a polonaise of flannel, to be worn over a black or brown silk skirt. The fine French flannel imported for these garments is printed in gay chintz figures, like the cretonnes of summer; the polonaise is in Marguerite shape; and the trimming is black velvet ribbon around the garment, with velvet bows up the front and on the back. For ladies of quiet tastes black and white striped flannel is used. The broad Marie Antoinette collar, large square cuff, and pocket flaps are of black velvet. Immense button-moulds, covered with velvet, fasten the front, and take the place of the bows behind.

Modistes are arranging the drapery of the Marguerite polonaise in a new way that dispenses with the bows. They cut off the skirt of the two breadths in the centre of the back just below the plain part, and sew it on in box-pleats, leaving an inch-wide frill at the top. This frill should first be lined with silk or velvet like the trimming, and should fall over slightly to show the facing.

VELVETS AND VELVETEENS.

Indications are that velvet suits will be the ultimatum of richness in winter costumes, and that there will be a return to the velveteens that lost favor last year because they were not imported in choice colors and quality. For handsome costumes there is a new velvet, with Lisle-thread back, that has a rich, lustrous pile, difficult to distinguish from the real silk velvets. It is in all the dark, invisible colors, Vandyck, and scabieuse, for $7 a yard. Rich Lyons velvets, for cloaks and costumes, are shown in dark shades and black for $16 a yard, measuring twenty-eight inches in width. The German velvets, all silk, but of light quality and narrow trimming width, ranging from sixteen to twenty inches, cost from $5 to $10 a yard. These are used for jackets and basques also. The German trimming velvet for which there is most demand is silk pile on cotton back. This costs from $2 to $6. Royale, or uncut velvet, is $4 50. Striped velvet and satin alternately is shown for petticoats beneath velvet over dresses. Velveteens in the dark, stylish colors, for costumes and for trimming, cost $2 and $2 50 a yard.

BLACK ALPACAS AND MOHAIRS.

Black alpaca, like black silk, is a standard fabric, suitable for all seasons, and is found in all qualities and at all prices, from 40 or 50 cents to $1 50 a yard. The buffalo alpaca, made of fine wool, and of a lustrous black, is worthy of special commendation. Still finer and more glossy are the pretty beaver mohair and sable brilliantine, fancifully named from the animals with which they are ticketed, and rivaling silk in appearance. The otter alpaca is a cheaper but substantial variety of the same kind of goods.

INDIA SHAWLS.

A reversible India shawl is seen this season. Ladies complain that thin cashmere centres of shawls are not warm enough across their shoulders, or strong enough to support heavily wrought borders. To obviate this the square centre is now made double, black cashmere on one side, scarlet on the other, giving variety as well as warmth. The handsomest reversible shawl shown is $400. Very little Magenta red appears in the new shawls, the preference being for quaint undecided colors that look faded by time. Scarlet centres are most often bought in bordered shawls, as they can be dyed black when the wearer tires of them. The striped India shawl, square or double, costing from $40 to $175, is an economical outlay of money, as it gives great warmth and never wears out. This is worn as a carriage and traveling wrap in New York, but Boston ladies are so fond of it that they wear it on more dressy occasions. Dealers call it the Boston shawl, as nine out of ten sold here are said to be for Boston people. The India scarfs worn so much last year instead of furs cost from $15 to $50.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.; WILSON & GREIGG; and PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MRS. ISAAC W. ENGLAND, wife of the publisher of the *Sun*, whose death took place in Norwalk, Connecticut, a few days since, is made the subject of a feeling obituary notice in the Norwalk *Gazette*, from which we quote the following: "Mrs. ENGLAND was a woman rarely endowed with all the home virtues, peculiarly unobtrusive and retiring, with heart and soul devoted to the welfare of her family; yet such was her amiability and sweetness of disposition that all who ever knew her were irresistibly charmed and attached to her by a sincere and lasting affection; so that to-day the family with whom she has made her home feel as sorely bereaved as if she were their kin and sister. Her beautiful life, and calm, patient facing of the king of terrors in firm Christian faith, must prove a source of sweetest consolation to husband and children, now so terribly stricken and bereaved."

—Alluding to the Russian minister, and to the rumor of his recall at the request of this government, the Washington *Republican* states, on the contrary, that M. CATACAZY will *not* be recalled, but will probably receive some mark of high approval from his government.

—Rev. Dr. MASON, of Newburyport, recently killed by the railway accident at Revere, was thoughtful enough some time since to have effected a $5000 insurance on his life.

—Mrs. LIZZIE STARK NEWELL, granddaughter of the hero of the battle of Bennington, has been spending a few days with some old friends. The old original "Green Mountaineer"—the STARK of Bennington—just before going into battle made a little stump-speech to his boys, which is thus paraphrased by HALLECK, in his poem entitled "Connecticut:"

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
"Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
For four pound eight and sevenpence per man
By England's king: a bargain, as is thought.
Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can;
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
Or Mary Stark's a widow." It was done.

—Mr. SAMPSON, of North Adams, Massachusetts, says that the "Heathen Chinee" shoemakers he took there a year ago have already saved him $40,000. They produce ten per cent. more work in a day than the trades' union men who proposed to take charge of his business.

—Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER, who has been spending a few days in this city, and enjoying himself at the clubs and with literary folk, proposes soon to visit California, thence to South America for the winter, and return to New York in the spring. In person Mr. MILLER is above the medium height, of fair complexion, with much brown hair, and full beard. His manner is extremely modest. Society he rather shuns than seeks, though he is by no means awkward, and his conversation is particularly bright and agreeable.

—Professor HITCHCOCK, who is making a tour of the agricultural colleges, and poking about into all sorts of things by direction of the Secretary of the Interior, has found some fine amethysts near the Passaconnaway slide. He considers Waterville the richest place in geology he has ever struck.

—LOUIS BLANC is thus described by a gentleman who recently had a private interview with him:...."So spoke *le petit bon homme*—something like a little monk: two small, piercing brown eyes; long black hair, combed back over his head; good, classical nose, thin lips, and a *tout ensemble* of a 'do and dare' character, which would ascend the tribune or—the guillotine."

—Mr. JOHN BIGELOW, formerly United States minister to France, and now residing with his family in Berlin, has published in London a pamphlet aiming to show that the French have nothing to hope from a monarchical form of government.

—Dr. DÖLLINGER is going to England for repose. The attentions paid to him at home are so troublesome that he can not stand them.

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE, only son of the novelist, is a civil engineer, but writes stories, and is so fond of it that he will probably make literature his profession. One of his recent tales shows the same tendency toward the mysterious and strange workings of the human mind that HAWTHORNE himself had so much of.

—The Rev. Dr. THRALL, rector of Emanuel Church, in this city, has deemed it the path of duty to dissociate himself from the Episcopal Church, and has requested Bishop POTTER to erase his name from the list of clergy. Dr. T. finds so many things in the Book of Common Prayer that he thinks not exactly the thing that he has determined to secede. His congregation go with him in the "new departure."

—The Rev. R. W. CHURCH, who has been appointed to the vacant Deanery of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is a gentleman of fine abilities and culture, having taken first-class honors at Oxford in 1836, and since then written various essays, etc. He is regarded as one of the best scholars in England.

—Princess ALICE, of Hesse-Darmstadt, a daughter of Queen VICTORIA, publishes a novel in a Hessian periodical. It is written in German, and entitled "Ways of Life." It describes social life in the higher classes of Southern Germany.

—It is said that Mrs. LINCOLN, since the death of her son "Tad," has been in failing health.

—Speaking of the Rev. Dr. GANNETT, killed in the late railway accident near Boston, the Boston *Transcript* says: "If ever a man lived who, in the rule of his own spirit, the sometimes hard task of self-discipline, the seeking for light, the asking for direction and help in devotion to the behests of duty, and duty alone—if ever a man lived whose endeavor was to hear his Master's voice and obey it as it fell on his own listening ear—such a man was this life-long, sincere, earnest, impassioned minister of the Gospel. Apart from all his many gifts and graces of intellect and heart—those that were of his nature and those that were of his ceaseless diligence—his conscientiousness will be ever remembered and emphasized as the central trait of his character—a trait so decided, so constantly on the alert, so keen and sensitive, that nothing hindered its manifestation, or could bend or bias it."

—Mr. DANIEL DREW, in company with other moneyed folk, proposes to build, and have in running order on the Hudson next summer, a steamer hotel, five hundred feet long, so buoyant, and with engines of such power, that she will be able to make twenty-eight miles an hour—leaving Albany for New York in the morning, and returning by 10 P.M., and furnishing to the weary traveler all the comforts of a happy home. With $600,000 they propose to do it.

—It is Miss PETTIBONE, of Maryland, who has bought a church for the Methodists, which she proposes to pay for by her needle. She has made the first payment, and has on hand four-and-twenty dresses, all in a row, made by her own hand without the aid of a machine, from the profits of which she expects to pay the second installment.

—The Rev. EDWARD PULLEN, an Oxford professor, author of "Dame Europa's School," has the additional happiness of having married Miss BRETA WATSON, of Burlington, New Jersey.

—Lieutenant FRED GRANT has made his first exploit as a civil engineer. BERHAND, a famous mountaineer and surveyor, led the young warrior out on the Colorado road from Clear Creek Cañon. The road is frightful; a misstep would be instant death. Lieutenant G. did the work admirably, and received the approving nod of the famous mountaineer.

—Mrs. CONWAY, who enjoys the unique distinction of being the only railroad contractress on the planet, is busily at work, with many laborers, upon her section of the Western Maryland Railroad. She is active and energetic at that sort of thing.

—King AMADEUS is on a sporting tour in the mountains of Aosta, where he has already killed a number of wild boars. The tame bores that hover about the court are permitted to survive.

—The Prince of the Asturias, son of Queen ISABELLA, was lately betrothed to MERCEDES, daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, in France, in presence of Queen ISABELLA and Queen CHRISTINA of Spain.

—Sir DUNCAN GIBB, at the recent meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, read a paper on "Centenarian Longevity," the result of observation on the cases of four centenarians known to himself. Of the four two were males, each 103 years of age; and two females, aged 101 and 102. Sir DUNCAN detailed the completeness of the breathing apparatus in all four, the good size of the chest, and the healthy condition of the heart, which was particularly free from fat and its compounds, so often the source of trouble to old persons. There was one appearance of the countenance in all, that imparted a sort of silvery expression, with apparently great toughness of the skin, which the author deemed an essential peculiarity in persons over ninety. The senses were in good order, except that of hearing in the case of one. None used tobacco in any form, and all had good teeth. The author, therefore, came to the conclusion that, in order to reach the age of one hundred years, not only must the constitution be a naturally good and healthy one, but all the great functions of life must be performed without any impediment. The author's final remark, however, ought not to be overlooked—namely, that he believed all centenarians were tired of life, however extraordinary it might appear, and were thankful when it pleased God to remove them from this world.

—Mrs. NATHAN BAKER, of Nodaway County, Missouri, has four pairs of twins. She is thirty-seven years old, and the mother of nineteen children—almost *two* "Baker's dozen."

—Mr. JAMES BROOKS writes to the *Express* of the cost of opera-going in Yeddo: "All now that can interest you of this hard day's work is the opera bill, thus made out on Japanese teapaper two feet long, which, being translated, reads thus:

TOKEI, 5 month, 13 day (June 29), 1871.

Six gin-rick-a shas (carriage riding for six	6 boos	$1 50
Singing-girls	1 rio and 3 boos	1 75
Dancing-girls	3 rio and 1 boos	3 25
Beer	1 boos	25
Fish (for coolies) and saki	2 rio and 1 boos	2 25
		$9 00

All the cost for six U. S. Yankees, six Yakonins (guards), and six coolies, including the horses and carriage riding."

—For more than forty years the Hon. JONAS C. HEARTT, of Troy, New York, has camped on Fire Island beach during the summer. He is one of the oldest and most estimable of Trojans, and has been its chief magistrate.

—We take it that the Rev. JOHN TODD, of Pittsfield, has attained to as much of philosophic cheerfulness and happiness as it is possible to attain in the State of Massachusetts, which is not saying much. An enterprising traveler in that State, having "marched into the bowels of the land" as far as P. "without impediment," thus describes the home of that divine: In one room is a well-stocked library with rare books, ancient and modern, in different languages. In the centre of the room is a rippling fountain, and articles of beauty from kindly donors, with relics of the war. In this study the hand of the owner is seen in elegant book-cases made by himself, beautiful picture-frames from his own workshop, and little adornments turned from his own lathe to adorn a room where so many hours of brain-work are expended. Directly opposite is another room of entirely different character. Here is the veritable "*Congregationalist* Lathe" procured from the proceeds of his contributions to that paper, and so most aptly named; while another lathe of great value, elegant, and beautiful, is greatly prized by the owner, who points out its various graces with the enthusiasm of a collector of gems. Here is a collection of saws and screws, and clamps and planes, and vises and gouges, and mandrels and other tools, that would confuse any but a born mechanician, while shelves of acids and chemicals for polishing, with delicate anvils and tools of great variety, are kept in perfect order. One of the lathes' appliances performs two thousand revolutions in a minute, and is as delicate and graceful in its movements as the sweep of a bird through the air. If a tool is wanted for special use, the fertile brain of the doctor invents it, and his skilled hand brings it out of the rudest elements. He has a great variety of beautiful woods from different parts of the world, and a steam-engine so petite and fairy-like as to call forth commendations from the dullest looker-on. Every thing is arranged so systematically that the owner could put his hand on any one of over a thousand tools in the dark.

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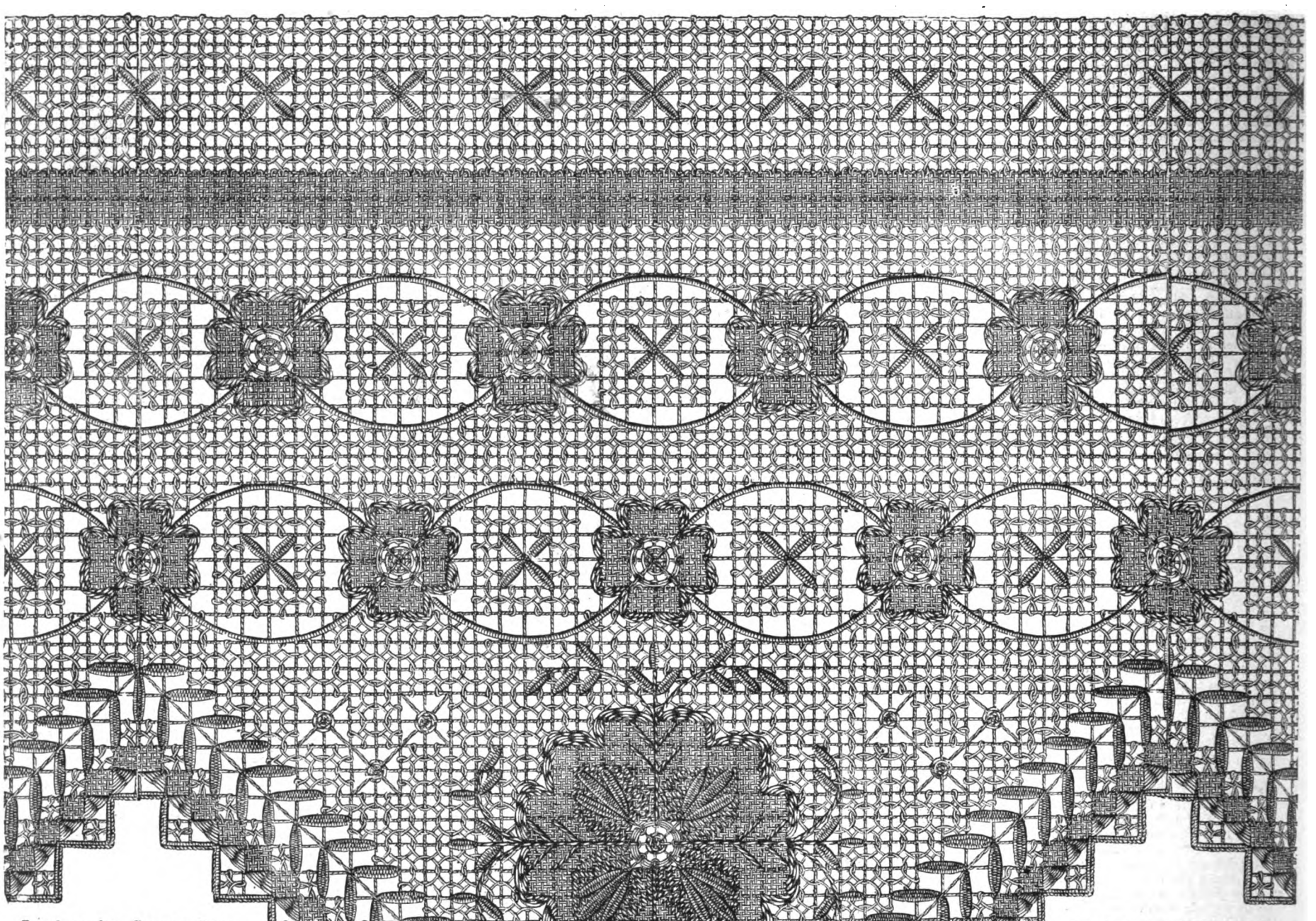

Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE LAMBREQUIN FOR CURTAINS, ETC.

Lambrequins, Corners, Insertions, Edgings, Squares, Rosettes, etc., in Netted Guipure, Point Lace, Venetian, and Guipure Embroidery, Figs. 1–15.

THE designs given herewith are executed in netted guipure, point lace, Venetian embroidery, and guipure embroidery, and may be used for a great variety of purposes.

Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE LAMBREQUIN. This lambrequin is especially suitable for window curtains, portières, brackets, shades, etc. For the foundation work with coarse linen thread, over a mesh three-fifths of an inch in circumference, a strip of the requisite length in straight netting, in the design shown by the illustration, in point de toile, point de reprise, and point d'esprit. Work also large and small wheels in the foundation. For each two rows of scallops in the middle of the foundation run a coarse thread, and cover this with close half-polka stitches. For the large flower in the point of the lambrequin work the foundation first in point de toile, and surround the outer edges of the figure with running stitches, as shown by the illustration. Work the part already embroidered in point de toile diagonally (see illustration), where the three-leaved figures shown by the illustration are afterward worked; then work the wheel, the three-leaved figures in point de reprise, and the stems in diagonal half-polka stitch. Work the outer edge of the foundation in points in button-hole stitch, and cut away the surplus material.

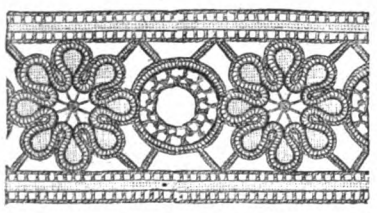

Fig. 2.—POINT LACE AND VENETIAN EMBROIDERY INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 2.—POINT LACE AND VENETIAN EMBROIDERY INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC. To work this insertion, transfer the design to a strip of linen of the requisite width, work, first, the flowers and the wheels in button-hole and lace stitch, baste a piece of point lace braid on each side of the embroidery, as shown by the illustration, and join this braid with the embroidery by means of short button-hole stitch bars (see illustration); where the braid intersects the embroidery join it with the latter, letting the stitches show as little as possible. Finally, cut away the linen foundation between the design figures and underneath the point lace braid as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC. For this insertion work in straight netting a foundation counting six squares in width over a mesh two-fifths of an inch in circumference. Work this foundation in point de toile, point de reprise, and point d'esprit in the manner shown by the illustration.

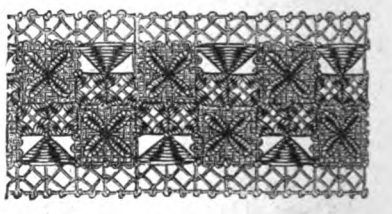

Fig. 3.—NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 4.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC. For the foundation of this rosette take very fine linen, cambric, or nansook, and embroider it in button-hole stitch in the design shown by the illustration. Underneath the button-hole stitch bars cut away the material.

Fig. 5.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR TIDIES, ETC.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY. This border is worked in Venetian embroidery on a foundation of fine linen. The various lace stitches are worked with linen thread in the manner shown by the illustration.

Fig. 6.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR TIDIES, ETC.—LACE RUN WITH LINEN FLOSS. The foundation of this border is white lace, which is worked with white linen floss in the design shown by the illustration. Work the outer edge of the border in button-hole stitch.

Figs. 7 and 8.—NETTED GUIPURE BORDERS FOR PILLOW-SLIPS, COVERLETS, ETC. Both borders are worked in straight netting, and afterward embroidered in point

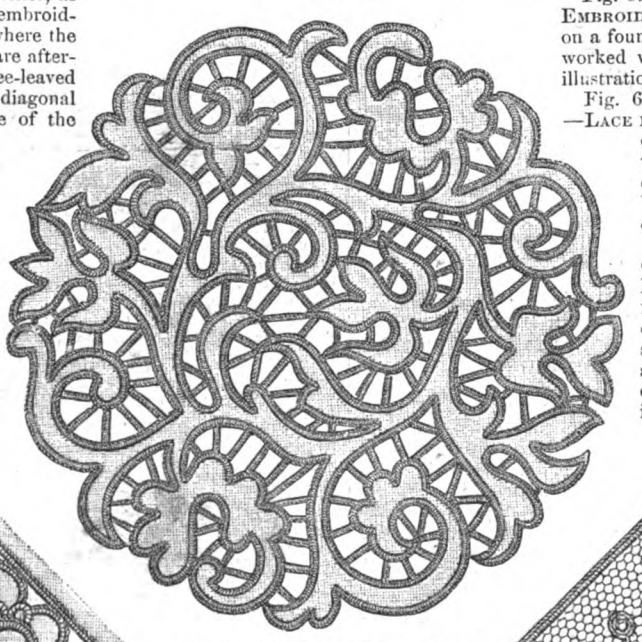

Fig. 4.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

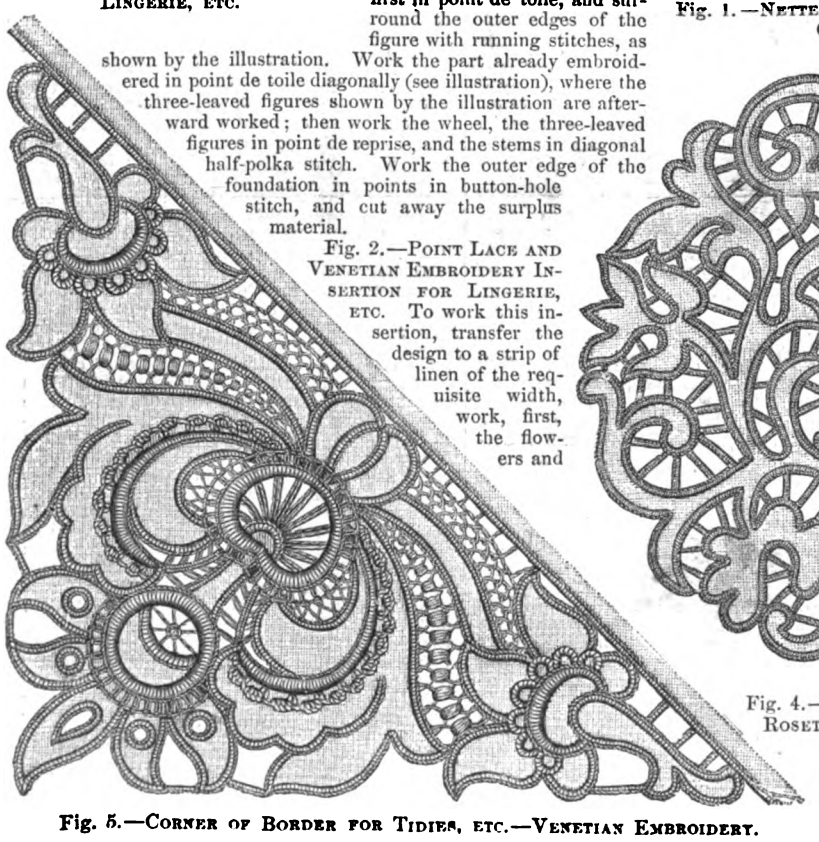

Fig. 5.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR TIDIES, ETC.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

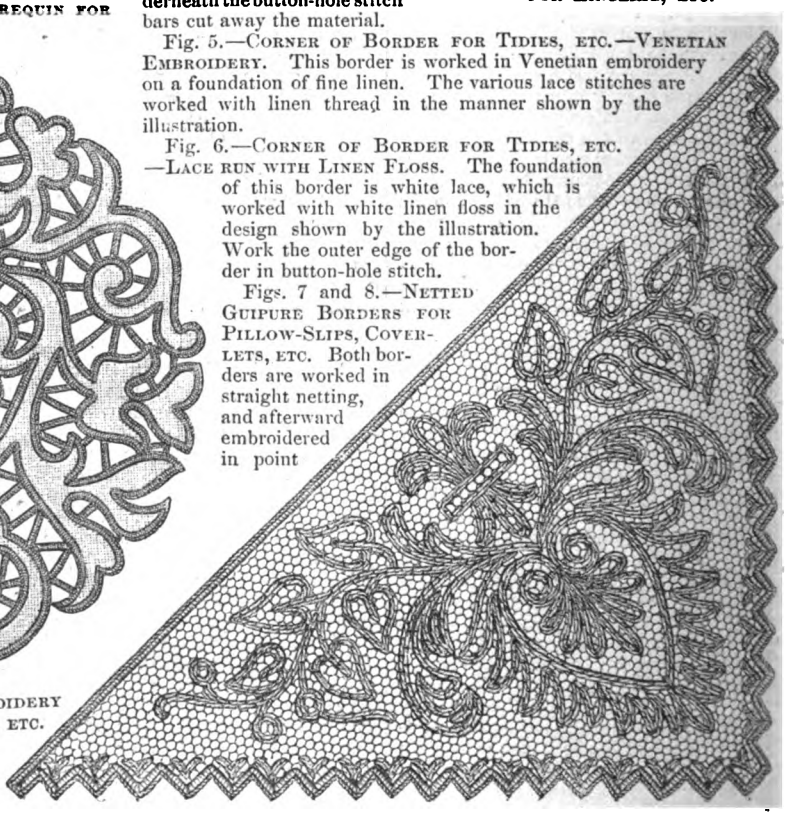

Fig. 6.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR TIDIES, ETC.—LACE RUN WITH LINEN FLOSS.

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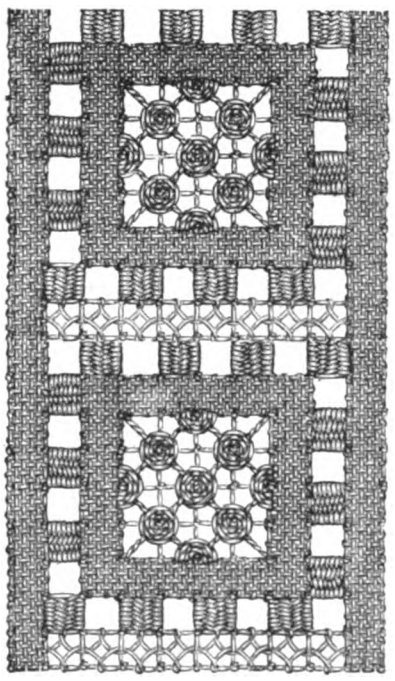

Fig. 7.—NETTED GUIPURE BORDER FOR PILLOW-SLIPS, COVERLETS, ETC.

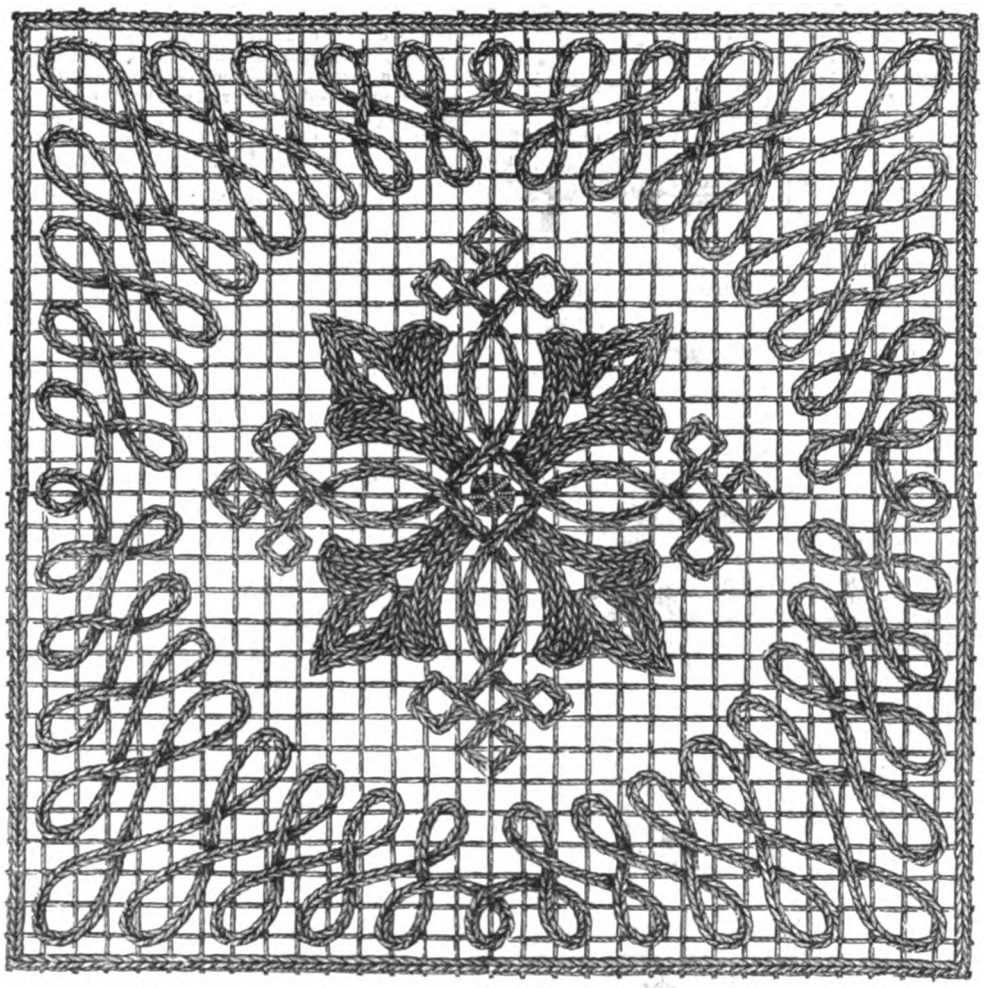

Fig. 9.—NETTED SQUARE WITH CHAIN STITCH FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC.

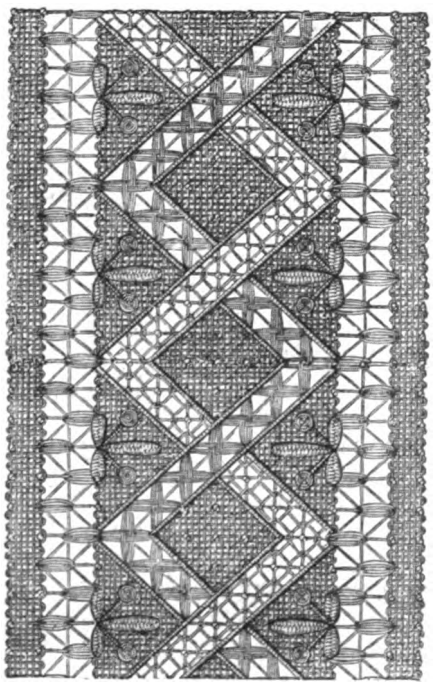

Fig. 8.—NETTED GUIPURE BORDER FOR PILLOW-SLIPS, COVERLETS, ETC.

d'esprit, point de toile, and point de reprise, and ornamented with wheels. For the straight lines and the stems run a coarse thread, and cover it with half-polka stitches, in doing which catch the threads of the foundation.

Fig. 9.—NETTED SQUARE ORNAMENTED WITH CHAIN STITCH EMBROIDERY. This square may be used as a cover for a toilette cushion, sewing-weight, etc., or several of them may be joined together to form a large cover. Work with coarse thread, over a mesh two-fifths of an inch in diameter, a square counting thirty squares (holes) each way. Stretch this foundation on cardboard, and ornament with chain stitch embroidery worked with coarse tatting cotton in the design shown by the illustration. The design must previously have been transferred to the cardboard.

Figs. 10 and 11.—NETTED GUIPURE EDGINGS FOR LINGERIE, ETC. For each of these edgings work a foundation of the requisite width in straight netting, and embroider them, in the designs shown by the illustration, in point de toile, point de reprise, and point d'esprit. Ornament with wheels. Button-hole stitch the outer edges in points, and cut away the surplus material. Work the pointed triangular figures shown by Fig. 11 in button-hole stitch.

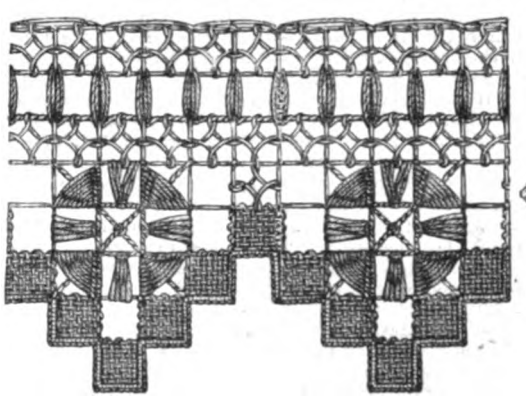

Fig. 10.—NETTED GUIPURE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

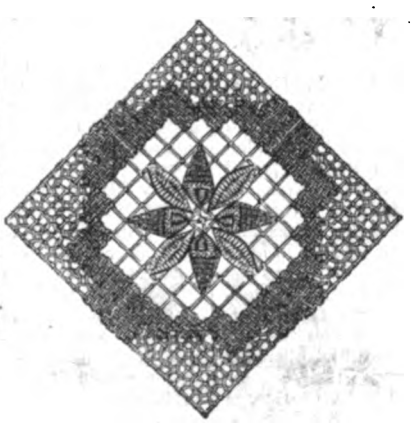

Fig. 12.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

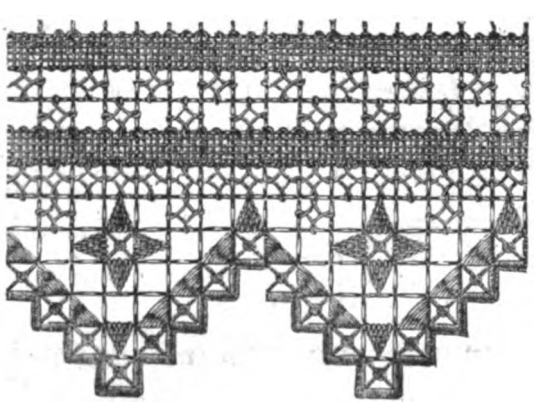

Fig. 11.—NETTED GUIPURE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 12.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR LINGERIE, ETC. The foundation of the square is made of straight netting, and it is afterward worked in point de toile, point d'esprit, and point de reprise. One-half of the pointed leaves are worked in button-hole stitch.

Figs. 13 and 14.—CORNERS OF BORDERS FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC., IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY. For the foundation of these borders take Swiss muslin, cambric, or any similar material, and on it work the embroidery with white embroidery cotton in satin and button-hole stitch, in doing which fasten at the same time the thread bars, which are stretched with tatting cotton in the manner shown by the illustration. In working Fig. 14, make small wheels. Cut away the material under the bars and wheels.

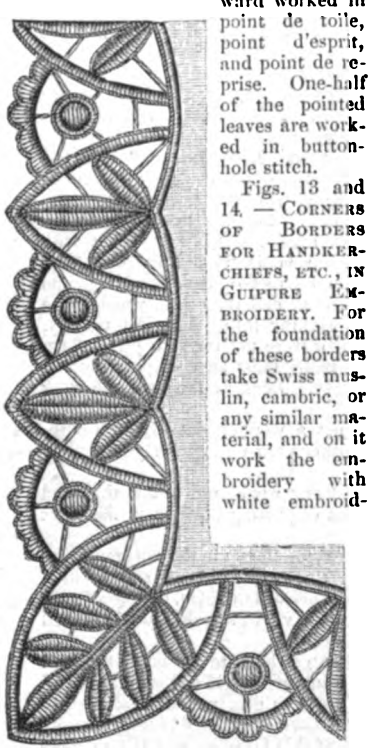

Fig. 13.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.—GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.

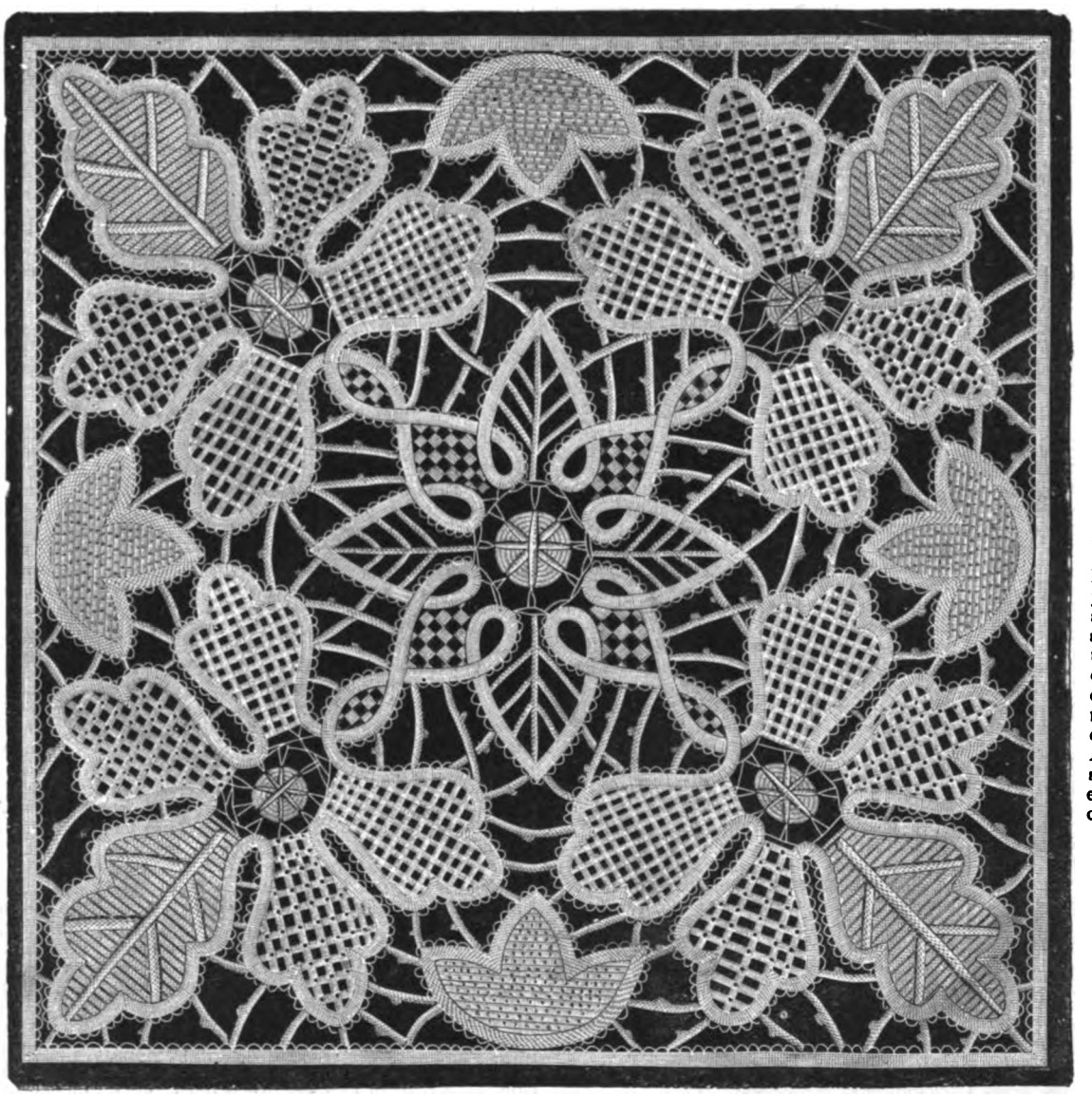

Fig. 15.—POINT LACE SQUARE FOR TOILETTE CUSHION COVER.

Fig. 15.—POINT LACE SQUARE FOR TOILETTE CUSHION COVER. For the edges of the figures baste on narrow point lace braid, and for the bars stretch fine guipure cord, which is ornamented with knots. Finally, fill out the design figures with various lace stitches worked with fine linen thread.

STANDING TREAT.

NO American custom occasions more genuine surprise and amusement among traveling foreigners than that which is known in our saloons as "treating," consisting in the entertainment of two or more with refreshments for which one volunteers to pay. It is a pure Americanism; all over the republic it is as common as in Europe it is unknown. The casual meeting of two men who have never before exchanged a word together is a signal for both to exclaim, "Come, let's have something!" and for both to go down in the nearest subterranean cavity below the sidewalk. The one who spoke first usually insists upon "paying the shot"—the word "shot" being a metaphorical reference to the deadly character of the substance usually taken into the stomach. If there is any thing more absurd than this habit, we are unable to put our finger upon it. Men do not always "treat" one another to car tickets because they happen to meet on the same seat. We never saw a man take out his pocket-book on encountering an acquaintance and say, "Ah, George! Delighted to see you! Do take a few postage stamps! It's my treat." A traveler may go all over the continent of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa without seeing any man except a Yankee offer to "treat;"

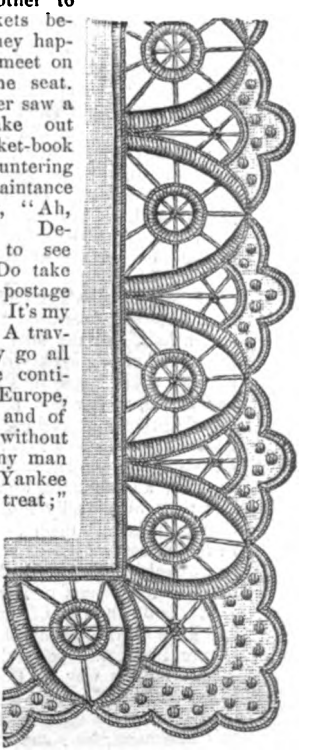

Fig. 14.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.—GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.

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and the Frenchmen are quite social enough, but when they turn into a café to sip their wine or brandied coffee together, each man pays for his own. They never go into each other's pocket-book in the sacred name of friendship. They would as soon think of transferring to each other their washer-woman's bill. The preposterous fashion of "treating" is *responsible for the terrible drunkenness in America.* It is, take it all in all, the most ridiculous, the most unreasonable, and the most pestilent custom that ever laid its tyrannical hand on civilized human beings.

AGNES.

I OPEN again the garden door,
When the flowers live their little time,
And I stand, as you used to stand before,
By the rose-bush in its prime;

And I pluck one bud from the laden stem;
"This is for you," I say;
Then I take a leaf from the glowing gem,
And fling the rest away.

Now why should I place this single leaf
Where my other treasures lie?
And why should I keep it like the grief
That is seen in a thoughtful eye?

I keep it because it was thus you stood
That summer afternoon,
Plucking a rose in your maiden mood,
And humming a low sweet tune—

Humming a low sweet tune alone,
And watching, with half a smile,
The fairy rose leaves that were strewn
Around your feet the while.

And I stood in the shade of the garden door,
And heard you at your song,
And saw the rich leaves downward pour,
As the low wind came along.

Now, when Death has plucked your life's sweet bud,
And your footsteps are heard no more,
I think it a joy to stand where you stood,
By the rose at the garden door.

So I creep in, as beneath a fear,
And pluck, with trembling hand,
A rose from the bush you held so dear,
Ere you went to the spirit-land.

And I take one leaf from the bud—no more—
And fling the rest away,
Then turn again to the garden door,
In the golden summer day;

And whisper, "The bud that I resign
Is thy clay to its own earth given;
But the leaf that I keep is that spirit of th
With its incense—all of heaven."

[Continued from No. 36, page 567.]

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE SEASON.

IN the spring Mr. Granger took his wife and daughter to London, where they spent a couple of months in Clarges Street, and saw a good deal of society in what may be called the upper range of middle-class life—rich merchants and successful professional men living in fine houses at the West End, enlivened with a sprinkling from the ranks of the baronetage and lesser nobility. In this circle Mr. Granger occupied rather a lofty standing, as the owner of one of the finest estates in Yorkshire, and of a fortune which the common love of the marvelous exalted into something fabulous. He found himself more popular than ever since his marriage, as the husband of one of the prettiest women who had appeared that season. So, during the two months of their London life, there was an almost unbroken succession of gayeties, and Mr. Granger found himself yearning for the repose of Arden Court sometimes, as he waited in a crowded ball-room while his wife and daughter danced their last quadrille. It pleased him that Clarissa should taste this particular pleasure-cup—that she should have every delight she had a right to expect as his wife; but it pleased him not the less when she frankly confessed to him one day that this brilliant round of parties and party-giving had very few charms for her, and that she would be glad to go back to Arden.

In London Clarissa met Lady Laura Armstrong; for the first time since that September afternoon in which she had promised that no arts of George Fairfax's should move her to listen to him. Lord Calderwood had been dead a year and a half, and my lady was resplendent once more, and giving weekly receptions in Mr. Armstrong's great house in Portland Place—a corner house, with about a quarter of a mile of drawing-rooms stretching back into one of the lateral streets. For Mr. and Mrs. Granger she gave a special dinner, with an evening party afterward; and she took up a good deal of Clarissa's time by friendly morning calls, and affectionate insistance upon Mrs. Granger's company in her afternoon drives and at her daily kettle-drums—drives and kettle-drums from which Miss Granger felt herself more or less excluded.

It was during one of these airings, when they had gone a little beyond the crowd and splendor of the Park, and were driving across Putney Heath on the way to Roehampton, where my lady had to make some call, that Clarissa heard the name of George Fairfax once more. Until this afternoon, by some strange accident, as it seemed, Lady Laura had never mentioned her sister's lover.

"I suppose you heard that it was all broken off?" she said, rather abruptly, and apropos to nothing particular.

"Broken off, Lady Laura?"

"I mean Geraldine's engagement. People are so fond of talking about those things! you must have heard, surely, Clary."

"No, indeed, I have heard nothing."

"That's very curious. It has been broken off ever so long—soon after poor papa's death, in fact. But you know what Geraldine is, so reserved—almost impenetrable, as one may say. I knew nothing of what had happened myself, till one day—months after the breach had occurred, it seems—when I made some allusion to Geraldine's marriage, she stopped me, in her cold, proud way, saying, 'It's just as well I should tell you that that affair is all off, Laura. Mr. Fairfax and I have wished each other good-by forever.' That's what I call a crushing blow for a sister, Clarissa. You know how I had set my heart upon that marriage."

"I am very sorry," faltered Clarissa. "They had quarreled, I suppose."

"Quarreled! oh dear, no; she had not seen him since she left Hale with Frederick and me, and they parted with every appearance of affection. No; there had been some letters between them, that was all. I have never been able to discover the actual cause of their parting. Geraldine refused to answer any questions in a most arbitrary manner. It is a hard thing, Clarissa; for I know that she loved him."

"And where is Lady Geraldine now?"

"At Hale, with my children. She has no regular home of her own now, you see, poor girl, and she did not care about another season in London—she has had enough of that kind of thing; so she begged me to let her stay at the Castle, and superintend the governesses, and amuse herself in her own way. Life is full of trouble, Clary!" and here the mistress of Hale Castle, and of some seventy thousand per annum, gave a despondent sigh.

"Have you seen Mr. Fairfax since you came from Germany?" asked Clarissa.

"Yes, I have met him once—some months ago. You may be sure that I was tolerably cool to him. He has been very little in society lately, and has been leading rather a wild life in Paris, I hear. A prudent marriage would have been his redemption; but I dare say it will end in his throwing himself away upon some worthless person."

It was a relief to Clarissa to hear that George Fairfax was in Paris, though that was very near. But in her ignorance of his whereabouts she had fancied him still nearer, and in all her London festivities had been tormented by a perpetual dread of meeting him. Many times even she had imagined that she saw his face across the crowd, and had been relieved to find it was only a face that bore some faint resemblance to his.

He had kept his word, then, so far as the breaking of his engagement to Geraldine Challoner. He had been more in earnest than Clarissa had believed. She thought that she was sorry for this; but it is doubtful whether the regretful feeling in her heart was really sorrow for Lady Geraldine. She thought of George Fairfax a good deal after this conversation with Lady Laura—alas, when had she ceased to think of him!—and all the splendors and pleasures of her married life seemed to her more than ever worthless. What a hopeless entanglement, what a dismal mistake, her existence was! Had she sold herself for these things—for Arden Court and a town house, and unlimited millinery? No: again and again she told herself she had married Daniel Granger for her father's sake, and perhaps a little from a desire to keep faith with Lady Laura. This marriage had seemed to her the only perfect fulfillment of her promise that nothing should induce her to marry George Fairfax. But the sacrifice had been useless, since he had broken his engagement to Geraldine Challoner.

Sophia Granger's lynx eyes perceived a change in her step-mother about this time. Clarissa had never appeared especially enraptured by the gayeties of fashionable London; but there had come upon her of late a languor and weariness of spirit, which she tried in vain to disguise by an assumed air of enjoyment. That simulated gayety deluded her husband, but it could not deceive Miss Granger.

"She is getting tired of her life already, even here where we have a perpetual round of amusements," Sophia said to herself. "What will she be when we go back to Yorkshire?"

The time was close at hand for the return to Arden, when the thing which Clarissa had feared came to pass, and the hazard of London life brought her face to face with George Fairfax.

The season was at its height, and the Grangers found every available hour of their existence engaged in visiting and receiving visitors. There were so many people whom Lady Laura insisted upon introducing to her dear Clarissa—there was so much in the way of party-giving that Lady Laura wanted her sweet Mrs. Granger to do. Now it was a morning concert of my lady's planning, at which weird and wonderful looking denizens of the Norseland—Poles, Hungarians, Danes, and Swedes—with unkempt hair and fierce, flashing eyes, performed upon every variety of native instrument, or sang wild national songs in some strange language—concerts to which Lady Laura brought herds of more or less fashionable people, all of whom were languishing to know that "sweet Mrs. Granger." My lady had taken pains to advertise her share in the manufacturer's marriage. Every one belonging to her set knew that the match was her contriving, and that Clarissa had to thank the mistress of Hale Castle for her millionaire husband. She was really proud of her protégée's success, and was never tired of praising her and "that admirable Granger."

That admirable Granger endured the accession of party-giving with very good grace. It pleased him to see his wife admired; it pleased him still more to see her happy; and he was single-minded enough to believe her increased volatility a symptom of increased happiness. Whatever undefined regrets and dim forebodings there might be lurking in the secret recesses of his own mind, he had no doubt of his wife's integrity—no fear of hidden perils in this ordeal of fashionable life.

She would come to love him in time, he said to himself, trusting as blindly in the power of time to work this wonder for him as Clarissa herself had trusted when she set herself to win her father's affection. He believed this, not so much because the thing was probable or feasible, as because he desired it with an intensity of feeling that blinded him to the force of hard facts. He, the man who had never made a false reckoning in the mathematics of business life, whose whole career was unmarred by a mistake, whose great successes had been the result of unrivaled coolness of brain and unerring foresight—he, the hard-headed, far-seeing man of the world—was simple as a child in this matter, which involved the greater hazard of his heart.

But while Clarissa's husband trusted her with such boundless confidence, Clarissa's step-daughter watched her with the vigilant eyes of prejudice, not to say hatred. That a young lady so well brought up as Miss Granger, so thoroughly grounded in Kings and Chronicles as she was wont to boast herself, and with an appreciation of the more abstruse points in the Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews that would have been invaluable to an under-graduate going in for his divinity examinations—for such a young lady to entertain the vulgar passion of hate seemed quite out of the question; but so far as a lady-like aversion may go, Miss Granger certainly went in relation to her step-mother. In this she was sustained by that model damsel, Hannah Warman, who, not having made much progress in Mrs. Granger's liking, had discovered that she could not "take to" that lady, and was always ready to dilate upon her short-comings whenever her mistress permitted. Sophia was capricious in this, sometimes listening eagerly, at other times suppressing Miss Warman with a high hand.

So Clarissa had, unawares, an enemy within her gates, and could turn neither to the right nor to the left without her motives for so turning becoming the subject of a close and profound scrutiny. It is hard to say what shape Miss Granger's doubts assumed. If put into the witness-box and subjected to the cross-examination of a popular queen's counsel, she would have found it very difficult to give a substance or a form to her suspicions. She could only have argued in a general way that Mrs. Granger was frivolous, and that any kind of wrong-doing might be expected from a person of such unstable character.

It was the beginning of June, and West End London was glorious with the brief brilliancy of the early summer. All the Mayfair balconies were bright with flowers, and the Mayfair knockers resounded perpetually under the hand of the archetypal Jeames. The weather was unusually warm—the most perfect weather for garden-parties, every one declared; and there were several of these *al fresco* assemblies inscribed in Mrs. Granger's visiting-book: one at Wimbledon; another as far afield as Henley-on-Thames, at a villa whose grounds sloped down to the river.

This Henley party was an affair in which Lady Laura Armstrong was particularly interested. It was given by a bachelor friend of her husband's, a fabulously rich stock-broker; and it was Lady Laura who had brought the proprietor of the villa to Clarges Street, and who had been instrumental in the getting-up of the fête.

"You must really give us some kind of party at your Henley place this year, Mr. Wooster," she said. "There is the regatta, now: I have positively not seen the Henley regatta for three years. The Putney business is all very well—supremely delightful, in short, while it lasts—but such a mere lightning flash of excitement. I like a long day's racing, such as one gets at Henley."

"Lady Laura ought to be aware that my house is at her disposal all the year round, and that she has only to signify her pleasure to her most devoted slave."

"Oh, that's all very well," replied my lady. "Of course I knew that if Frederick and I came down you would give us luncheon or dinner, and let us roam about the gardens as long as we liked. But that's not what I want. I want you to give a party on one of the race days, and invite all the nice people in London."

"Are there any nasty people on this side of Temple Bar, Lady Laura, before the closing of Parliament? I thought, in the season, every body was nice."

"You know what I mean, Sir. I want the really pleasant people. Half a dozen painters or so, and some of the nicest literary men—not the men who write the best books, but the men who talk cleverly; and, of course, a heap of musical people—they are always nice, except to one another. You must have marquees on the lawn for the luncheon—your house is too small for any thing more than tea and coffee; and for once let there be no such thing as croquet—that alone will give your party an air of originality. I suppose you had better put yourself entirely into Gunter's hands for the commissariat, and be sure you tell him you want novelty—no hackneyed ideas; sparkle and originality in every thing, from the eggs to the apples. I should ask you to give us a dance in the evening, with colored lamps, if that were practicable, but there is the coming back to town; and if we carried the business on to a breakfast next morning, some of the people might begin to be tired, and the women would look faded and limp. So I think we had better confine ourselves to a mere garden-party and luncheon, without any dancing," Lady Laura concluded, with a faint sigh.

"Will you send out the invitations, Lady Laura?"

"Oh no; I leave all that to you. You really know every body—or every body we need care about."

In this manner Mr. Wooster's party had been arranged, and to this party the Grangers were bidden. Even the serious Sophia was going; indeed, it is to be observed that this young lady joined in all mundane gayeties, under protest, as it were.

"I go out, my dear, but I never enjoy myself," she would say to a serious friend, as if that were a kind of merit. "Papa wishes me to go, and I have no desire to withdraw myself in any way from Mrs. Granger's amusements, however little sympathy there may be between us. I endeavor to do *my* duty, whatever the result may be."

Mr. Wooster did know a great many people. His abnormal wealth, and a certain amount of cleverness, had been his sole passport to society. Among Burke's "Landed Gentry" there was no trace of the Wooster family, nor had Mr. Wooster ever been heard to allude to a grandfather. He had begun stock-jobbing in the smallest way, but had at a very early stage of his career developed a remarkable genius for this kind of traffic. Those of his own set who had watched his steady ascent declared him to be a very remarkable man; and the denizens of the West End world, who knew nothing of stock-jobbing or stock-broking, were quite ready to receive him when he came to them laden with the gold of Ophir, and with a reputation of being something distinguished upon 'Change.

Time had begun to thin Mr. Wooster's flowing locks before he landed himself safely upon the shores of fashionable life, and Mr. Wooster's carefully trained mustache and whiskers had a purplish tinge that looked more like art than nature. He was short and stout, with a florid complexion, sharp black eyes, and a large aquiline nose, and considered himself eminently handsome. He dressed with elaborate splendor—"dressed for two," as some of his less gorgeous friends were wont to say—and was reputed to spend a small fortune annually in exotics for his button-hole, and dress boots.

His chief merits, in the estimation of the polite world, lay in the possession of a perfectly appointed town house, the villa at Henley, another villa at Cowes, and a couple of magnificent yachts. He was a perpetual giver of dinners, and spent his existence between the Stock Exchange and the dinner-table, devoting whatever mental force remained to him after his daily traffic to the study of menus, and the grave consideration of wine-lists. To dine with Wooster was one of the right things to do once or twice in the course of a season; and Wooster's steam-yacht was a pleasant place of rest and haven of safety for any juvenile member of the peerage who had been plunging heavily, and went in fear of the Bankruptcy Court.

So, on a brilliant June morning, the Grangers left the Great Western station by special train, and sped through the summer landscape to Henley. This garden-party at Mr. Wooster's villa was almost their last engagement. They were to return to Arden in two days, and Clarissa was very glad that it was so. That weariness of spirit which had seemed to her so strange in some of the young ladies at Hale Castle had come upon herself. She longed for Arden Court and perfect rest; and then she remembered, with something like a shudder, that there were people invited for the autumn, and that Lady Laura Armstrong had promised to spend a week with her dearest Clarissa.

"I want to put you into the way of managing that great house, Clary," said my lady, brimming over with good-nature and officiousness. "As to leaving the housekeeping in Miss Granger's hands, that's not to be dreamed of. It might do very well for the first six months—just to let her down gently, as it were—but from henceforth you must hold the reins yourself, Clary, and I'll teach you how to drive."

"But, dear Lady Laura, I don't want the trouble and responsibility of housekeeping. I would much rather leave all that in Sophy's hands," protested Clarissa. "You have no idea how clever she is. And I have my own rooms and my painting."

"Yes," exclaimed Lady Laura, "and you will mope yourself to death in your own rooms, with your painting, whenever you have no company in the house. You are not going to become a cipher, surely, Clarissa! What with Miss Granger's schools, and Miss Granger's clothing-club, and Miss Granger's premiums and prizes for this, that, and the other, you stand a fair chance of sinking into the veriest nobody, or you would if it were not for your pretty face. And then you really must have employment for your mind, Clary. Look at me; see the work I get through."

"But you are a wonder, dear Lady Laura, and I have neither your energy nor your industry."

Laura Armstrong would not admit this, and held to the idea of putting Clarissa in the right way.

"Wait till I come to you in the autumn," she said. And in that depression of spirit which had grown upon her of late, Mrs. Granger found it a hard thing to say that she should be rejoiced when that time came.

She wanted to get back to Arden Court, and was proud to think of herself as the mistress of the place she loved so dearly; but it seemed to her that an existence weighed down at once by the wisdom of Sophia Granger and the exuberant gayety of Lady Laura would be barely endurable. She sighed for Arden Court as she remembered it in her childhood—the dreamy quiet of the dull old house brightened only by her brother's presence; the perfect freedom of her

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own life, so different from the life whose every hour was subject to the claims of others.

She had changed very much since that visit to Hale Castle. Then all the pleasures of life were new to her—to-day they seemed all alike flat, stale, and unprofitable. She had been surfeited with splendors and pleasures since her marriage. The wealth which Daniel Granger so freely lavished upon her had rendered these things common all at once. She looked back, and wondered whether she had really ever longed for a new dress, and been gladdened by the possession of a five-pound note.

BOAZ AND RUTH.

See Illustration on page 621.

THE artist has beautifully illustrated the episode in the exquisite idyl of Ruth, where the fair Moabitess, overcome with the unexpected kindness of her rich kinsman, bows herself to the ground, clasping her sheaf to her breast, and exclaims, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" Boaz looks down benignly upon her, as he tells her how the report of her filial conduct has come to his ears, and moved him with sympathy for one of a race whom the Israelites have been wont to hold in scorn. The sequel of the story needs no rehearsal—how the proud Boaz was led to love the stranger damsel, and how from their union sprang the house of David and the pedigree of Christ.

Suits for Ladies and Children, Figs. 1–7.

See Illustrations on page 616.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. This dress with basque-waist is of white piqué; the skirt is trimmed on the bottom with three folds of buff piqué each two inches and two-fifths wide; belt and sash of similar material. The waist and basque are trimmed with white piqué ruffles, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. Trowsers, vest, and jacket are made of blue tricot beaver; the jacket is ornamented with a braiding of black soutache.

Fig. 3.—PURPLE CHEVIOTTE SUIT. The dress is made of purple cheviotte. The basque-waist, cut heart-shape in the front, is furnished with purple silk revers. Purple buttons and cord bands close the waist.

Fig. 4.—COLORED SILK DRESS WITH BROWN VELVET JACKET. The over-skirt is draped at the sides and trimmed with two gathered pinked ruffles, the upper one of which is set on with a heading. The sleeveless jacket is made of brown velvet lined with silk. The jacket can be cut from Figs. 35–37 of No. IX., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 34, Vol. IV.

Fig. 5.—GRAY CASHMERE WRAPPER. The skirt and waist of this wrapper are cut in one: the trimming consists of folds of darker gray gros grain two inches wide, which are edged on both sides with a piping of the material. The folds down the front form bands, which are closed by means of buttons and button-holes. White Swiss muslin cap, trimmed with lace and pink ribbon.

Fig. 6.—BLACK SILK SUIT. This dress consists of a double skirt and basque-waist; the over-skirt is draped at the sides and untrimmed, the skirt is trimmed with one wide and three narrow ruffles of the material. The basque-waist is also trimmed with ruffles.

Fig. 7.—STRIPED PÉKIN SUIT. The dress and paletot of this suit are made of gray and white striped pékin. A wide bias flounce is set on the skirt of the dress; the high waist is pointed in front, and has a short basque at the back. The waist may be cut from Figs. 1–4, No. I., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 34, Vol. IV. Cut the paletot from Figs. 35ª, 35ᵇ–37ª, 37ᵇ, No. X., Supplement, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 38, Vol. IV., observing the illustration; it must be cut four inches shorter than the pattern, as shown by the illustration.

Ladies' Walking, Carriage, and Evening Dresses, Figs. 1–3.

See Illustrations on page 617.

Fig. 1.—WALKING DRESS. Blue silk skirt, trimmed with six flounces of the material, cut in points and edged with black velvet, and separated by black velvet bands. Brown cashmere polonaise, with deep pelerine collar, trimmed with two widths of black velvet. Brown silk hat, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with trailing sprays of roses with brown leaves. Blue parasol, bordered with black velvet.

Fig. 2.—CARRIAGE DRESS. Rose-colored silk skirt, with a flounce of the material, surmounted by a wide pleated ruche of white organdy. White organdy over-skirt, with a flounce of the material surmounted with a ruche of rose-colored silk ribbon. Sleeveless jacket of rose-colored silk, trimmed with grelot fringe, worn over a waist with flowing sleeves of white organdy, trimmed with rose-colored ribbon. Leghorn straw hat, with rose-colored and white feathers. Pink parasol, with white ruffle. This also makes a tasteful opera toilette.

Fig. 3.—EVENING DRESS. Tea-rose silk skirt, with white organdy flounce, surmounted by a white organdy ruche with a black gros grain ribbon through the middle. White organdy over-skirt, richly embroidered on the edge, and looped in a graceful manner by a broad black gros grain ribbon, as shown by the illustration. This new and effective manner of looping is that which was recently described by our Paris correspondent, Madame Emmeline Raymond. Low basque-waist and short sleeves of tea-rose silk, trimmed with white organdy ruches and black ribbon. Tea-rose with leaves in the hair.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SEPTEMBER, with its shorter days and cooler nights, brings the commencement of that marvelous change of forest leaves which is one of autumn's choicest beauties. True, during August's sultry days we may catch a glimpse, here and there, of red and golden hues mingled with the forest green; but not until this mellow month does the glory begin to settle on tree and shrub with a rapidly increasing brilliancy. How lovely are the brightly tinted leaves, so delicately painted by Nature's master-hand! and no two alike. Nothing is more beautiful and wonderful than the progress of the change that overspreads field and forest, until the maple-trees gleam glorious and golden in the autumn sun, mingling their leaves with others yet brighter-hued. Now is the time to gather these brilliant leaves and press them. Tastefully arranged in vases, with pressed ferns and grasses, they will make the parlor or home sitting-room look gay when wintry winds are howling without. Some ladies varnish or oil the leaves after they are pressed; but this is not necessary. They will look well through one season if they are carefully pressed.

A woman was this year invited to furnish a commencement poem for the University of California. The poem was well suited to the occasion, and the reading by proxy was well done. In connection it may be mentioned that a man of wealth has made a donation to this university of pictures valued at $60,000.

Tourists who do not favor horseback riding can now drive through the Yosemite Valley in a carriage. The first invasion of a carriage into that spot was the latter part of July last. It was sent from Mariposa, packed on the backs of mules, and designed for the use of tourists.

He is safe, and will soon give an account of the result of his explorations. So says the British consul at Zanzibar. Of course we refer to Dr. Livingstone, whose whereabouts have so long caused anxious solicitude in the public mind. The public may feel compensated when it hears what the doctor has to say about Lake Tanganyika.

Some of the escapes from instant death in the recent disaster on the Eastern Railroad were almost miraculous. One man from Lynn, who had been on a vacation, was returning home with a friend, sitting on the same seat. His friend was instantly killed, while he was thrown to the top of the engine and held there pressed against the ceiling of the car. He remained in that position, unable to move, until the sides of the car were torn off, when he rolled down, the only injuries he sustained being those occasioned by the fall. A young man of Charlestown was sitting in the car a few minutes before the collision took place, and got up to give his seat to a young lady who was standing in the aisle. He went forward, and escaped without injury. When the dead were lifted out of the wreck he recognized one of the first bodies as that of the lady. Another passenger was sitting in the last seat of the rear car, and was looking out of the rear window as the engine of the express train came on. The cow-catcher, cutting like a keen blade into the car, threw the seat he occupied, and himself with it, some rods to the side of the track. He was tossed some distance into the air, and remembers catching a glimpse, before he reached the ground, of the name of the engine, illuminated by the glare of its lights. He escaped with only broken ribs. A boy, who was bruised and scalded, was standing on the platform of the rear car when he saw the head-light of the express train rounding a curve. With a scream he rushed inside the car, and knew no more till he found himself crawling out of the wreck.

A five-year-old boy lately fell from the window of a car on the Union Pacific Railroad, while the train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The youngster was picked up, and found very slightly injured. About the same time a train-boy on the Boston and Maine Railroad was struck by a switch-iron while carelessly swinging his body out of the door of a baggage car, the train meanwhile going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. He was thrown twenty-five feet before he landed, and then bounded twenty-five feet more, by actual measurement, and this time hit a fence and knocked off a board. The next day he was on duty as lively as ever.

There seems to have been a suspicion of danger among many of the passengers of that ill-fated train on the Eastern Railroad. Many expressed themselves as feeling uneasy, especially when it became known that the express was behind them. At Somerville, a whistle having been sounded, the windows were shoved up, and the passengers looked out. The conductor called out, "Please keep your seats; there is no danger." One lady said, "There is something wrong about the train—I know there is something going to happen." Another felt so uneasy that she left the car, and did not return.

Those who value happiness in married life had better not delay making confessions affecting character till *after* the ceremony. *Before* the knot is tied the revelation of many facts would leave either party free to reconsider the question of marriage. A young husband in Detroit, Michigan, was horrified on learning three days after his marriage that his bride, whom he had known for years, was a victim of kleptomania. She confessed to him that she could not resist the temptation to steal. He discovered that she had often taken things that were not of the slightest value to her; and not even in the first days of the honey-moon could she restrain the morbid propensity. An uncomfortable honey-moon that for the husband.

The "kangaroo flop," as it is aptly designated, gives the hands the appearance of being dislocated at the wrists. Graceful, very.

A girls' lodging-house has been opened in St. Mark's Place. The rooms are plainly furnished, but cheerful and airy. Board and lodging are provided for $1 50 per week, or meals are furnished at six cents, and lodging at the same price. Friendless girls who are destitute of funds may pay for their board by assisting in household duties until some other resource is open to them. This is designed as a temporary stopping-place, not a home, and for young girls only.

On Mount Vesuvius there is an astronomical observatory which was erected by the University of Naples at a cost of $60,000. This observatory is now in serious danger of being destroyed by the river of red-hot lava which is slowly flowing down the side of the mountain, and has nearly submerged the hill upon which it is built.

A wounded Communist was brought to the celebrated French surgeon Nélaton. After examining the man's injuries the doctor said to the Communist's wife, who was standing by with a very anxious face:

"Oh, this is not very serious. Your husband will be all right again in three months."

"Three months!" she cried, in despair; "that is terrible: then he can not be present at the pillage of the city!"

A reminiscence of Ollendorf, given by an exchange, affords recent students of Ollendorf's system a chance for a laugh. On the morning of his arrival in Montreal, Mr. P—— met in the dining-room of his hotel a gentleman who was unmistakably a Frenchman, and being in Canada, of course was Canadian. As they were sitting together at the table, Mr. P—— having mentally rubbed up his knowledge of the French language, addressed his companion thus:

"*Avez-vous le chapeau de mon frère?*"

The gentleman thus politely addressed bowed, smiled, and after a little hesitation, answered:

"*Non, monsieur; mais j'ai le fromage de votre sœur.*"

"*Eh bien,*" said Mr. P——, as he scratched his head for a moment. "*Otez-vous vos souliers et vos bas?*"

The other answered promptly, "*Je n'ôte ni les uns ni les autres.*"

"*Votre père,*" remarked Mr. P——, "*a-t-il la chandelle de votre oncle?*"

His companion remained silent for a minute or two, and then he said:

"I forget the French of the answer to that, but I know the English of it; it is, 'No, Sir; but he has the apples-of-the-ground-of-sugar of my mother-in-law.'"

When Mr. P—— discovered, after a little conversation in the vernacular, that his companion was a New York dry-goods clerk, he gave up the study of the French Canadian character and went on with his breakfast.

A little boy was dreadfully scalded by the late explosion of the *Ocean Wave* at Mobile. People gathered about him to offer help. The brave little fellow said, "Please do go and help those who are suffering more. I can wait. Don't let them startle my poor mother."

English papers speak of a "new way to pay old debts" having been discovered in Calcutta. We remember to have heard of the same method—slightly varied—having been practiced in places much nearer us than Calcutta. In the instance referred to a young man lodging with an elderly widow, finding it inconvenient to pay his rent and bills, persuaded her that he wished to marry her, and kept her waiting until he had concluded his business in Calcutta. At last the day was fixed. The would-be bride provided her own wedding *trousseau* and that of her husband elect, and went to church with her friends. It was a case of

"Lo! the bridegroom was not there,
Because he was away."

At the last moment the faithless youth escaped to Bombay, his bills unsettled, and his bride unwed. After waiting for him all day in church the lady and her friends returned home, and, it is to be hoped, solaced themselves with the wedding breakfast.

As sleep is the period for replenishing the system, for restoring the cells wasted by the nervous activity of the day—the period when the processes of digestion reach their final result, by identifying the new nutriment with the system in the place of the waste of the tissues—it follows that children need more sleep than grown persons. Many who might be plump, active, and happy, if given sleep sufficient, are flaccid and sallow, weary and fretful, because they do not sleep enough to allow the demand of the system for nutrition to be supplied. Children often feel it very hard that they are sent to bed early while the grown people sit up and enjoy themselves long after they are in bed. If any children chance to read this paragraph, to them we would say: You need more sleep than your parents, because you have to grow, and they do not. You need to use a good deal of the food you eat in growing larger and stronger; if you consume it all in activity you will not have enough to grow with. Therefore you ought to sleep a great deal, and let the body rest from exercise, if you would grow strong and healthy.

Take in a long breath before you attempt to ask where the Quoquinnapssakessosanagog House is located. Then, if you are not hopelessly choked, we will inform you that it is supposed to be somewhere in New Hampshire. We never ventured to pursue our investigations concerning it any farther.

At Rouen an interesting incident took place a short time ago on the occasion of a concert given by the Société d'Artistes. The news became known in the audience that Mlle. Levielli had fallen on the stairs of her hotel and broken her arm, and Mlle. Duguerret came forward to confirm the tidings, and to add that, although it was impossible for Mlle. Levielli to sing twice, as had been her intention, the courageous cantatrice had determined to sing one of her two songs—the beautiful berceuse from the "Africaine." The general feeling in the audience was the wish that the artiste should not make this effort, which might involve real danger; but the brave lady appeared nevertheless—her arm, which had been dressed with splints, in a broad sling—and was received with the warmest enthusiasm; and when she sang, with a voice fresh and clear as ever except for a slight, a very slight tremor, the applause, bearing the thanks that needed utterance, almost broke into her song, and redoubled at the close.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. S. R. A.—The Marguerite Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV., is the model for cashmere. Instead of velvet ribbon, use bias silk folds, gimp, and lace or fringe for trimming. Our short sacque pattern will be a handsome design for your water-proof suit.

CORA C.—Your sample is very similar to that used in the Marguerite Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV. Use that pattern, and trim with dark brown velvet.

ADA T.—We do not reply by mail. A cut representing our paper patterns is always given in the *Bazar* of corresponding number. The new Marguerite polonaise is the most stylish model for your alpaca, but our postilion-basque suit is more like your design. Velvet trimming and fringe will be worn again.

SICK CANARY.—If your bird has taken cold, which you can perceive from his difficult breathing, accompanied by the movement of the tail, a little Cayenne pepper sprinkled on bread so stale that the liquid part, which is injurious, is entirely evaporated, will warm him and make him right. If he shows signs of constipation, give him a few drops of sweet-oil. If his feathers are ruffled, and he is inclined to peck himself, he probably has mites, and unless relieved will soon pine and die. The most effectual means of eradicating these vermin is to hold a lighted candle to every part of the cage where the insect may be found. We have seen no better device for keeping the cage clean than the Excelsior cage mat, which is inexpensive, and which consists of several sheets of water-proof paper, which are removed one after another by opening the cage door.

PERPLEXITY.—House dresses will also be made with polonaises this fall. We can send you a back number of the *Bazar* with pattern and sketch of a dress with court train to be looped for the street. The Marguerite polonaise will be worn in-doors and out.

ANNIE.—Have your blue silk made a Worth Basque House Dress by cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. Trim with flounces of the same and your lace. Make the green silk by the postilion-basque suit pattern, with self-trimmings; the gray and black silks by the Marguerite polonaise, using your velvet and black lace on the latter. A white poplin or alpaca would also look well with a Worth basque. Use our traveling dress pattern for your gray poplin; trim it with black velvet, and wear a black velvet hat. When sending for the patterns you should order *Bazars* containing illustrations of each pattern. Each *Bazar* costs ten cents, and will give much more information than we can here in regard to trimmings, etc.

IOWA.—Your sample is mourning silk.

MARGUERITE.—Get plum-colored empress cloth for your fall traveling dress, and make by cut paper pattern of the Marguerite Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV. Plum-color, invisible green, and walnut brown will be leading colors.

MRS. J. O.—Make a polonaise of your pretty blue crape, trim with blue fringe and silk ruches, or with black velvet ribbon and bows, and wear with blue or black silk or white muslin skirt.

GRAZZIELLA.—A bound volume of the *Bazar* costs $7. The covers cost seventy-five cents, and a binder will charge about the same sum for putting them on.

L. A. N.—Get darkest green or navy blue French merino, and make a polonaise for your daughter to wear with her plaid skirts. Use the Misses' Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV.

CLO.—You will find illustrations of our cut paper patterns of infants' clothes in *Bazar* No. 35, Vol. IV. The set of six patterns, comprising all the important articles, costs 25 cents.

E. D. M.—You should send for our cut paper pattern of Water-proof Cloak illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV.—See answer to "Grazziella."

S. GREEN.—A solitaire diamond ring is preferred to a cluster of diamonds of equal value. $150 will buy a handsome ring.—We do not give addresses in this column.

S. E. C.—Trim your drab silk by design of the Marguerite Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV.

SUSIE AND C. C.—For models for black silk and alpaca read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 33, Vol. IV. Get white or pearl-colored Irish poplin, or else faille, for your gas-light dress.

S. E. H. AND OTHERS.—We do not give cut paper patterns of gentlemen's shirts or pantaloons, or of any garment other than those mentioned in our list of cut paper patterns.

QUEEN DIDO.—Antwerp silk is the highest priced silk in market. It has sold for $20 a yard until very lately, but may now be had for less. It is a yard and a half wide.

RETTA.—Make the box-pleating on your under-skirt nearly half a yard deep, and use button-moulds covered with the dress material. Put a bias fold and fringe, or merely a box-pleating a finger deep, on the over-skirt.

WESTERN GIRL.—Get brown empress cloth or black alpaca for a traveling dress, as you can not pay over 75 cents a yard. Make by the Marguerite Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV. Your sample is Irish poplin. Make with deep basque, velvet vest, and demi-train. Your plaid épingeline does not need altering.

COUNTRY GIRL.—Make an over-skirt of the narrower stripe like sample.

MARIA W. B.—Your sample is very excellent Japanese poplin. A *good* summer silk will wear well, and some such silks may be washed.

FLORENCE.—Make and trim your alpaca dress by hints given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 33, Vol. IV.—We do not give addresses here.—Read Fall Shawls, in *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. IV.

MRS. S. F. G.—Make a plain basque and slightly gored skirt of your plaid silk, and wear under a black polonaise in the street—without any over dress in the house.

MRS. T. S.—We have not illustrated feather stitch. It is the simple bias stitch so well known.

MRS. M. J. S.—Make your Hernani a Marguerite polonaise suit like that described and illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV. The cut paper pattern is 25 cents. Line the upper part of the polonaise with silk or with farmer's satin, and wear the skirt over a petticoat to match the lining. Trim the skirt with a box-pleated flounce, straight, hemmed on each edge, and stitched on an inch from the top, and also half-way down the flounce.

A SUBSCRIBER.—For invitations to the weddings of two sisters married at home use a note-sheet containing the invitation from the parents; then inclose two cards, each one bearing the name of a bride and groom. Wear chatelaine braids, finger puffs, and short front curls, with a chaplet of orange blossoms.

MRS. H. S.—Any fancy store will furnish you reeds for making baskets. We do not give addresses here.

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Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL, FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—CHEVIOTTE SUIT.

Fig. 4.—SILK DRESS WITH VELVET JACKET.

Fig. 5.—CASHMERE WRAPPER.

Fig. 6.—SILK SUIT.

Fig. 7.—STRIPED PÉKIN SUIT.

FIGS. 1–7.—SUITS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

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LADIES' WALKING, CARRIAGE, AND EVENING DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

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THE LAST OF MY LOVES.

EDIE is five years old;
Hair just that tint of gold
Shines in the leaflet's fold
Left in November;
Eyes of a turquoise blue;
Cheeks, roses dipped in dew;
Dimples, the sweetest two
I can remember.

I am of middle age,
Turning life's fiftieth page,
Weary of war men wage
'Gainst Time's advances.
Still the gray hairs will come,
"Stet nive candidum,"
My poor head bearing some
Ill-natured glances.

Day-dreams of youth are passed,
And I'm in love at last—
Edie's face holds me fast,
Bound in love's fetters—
Love that is shy of speech,
And all unknown to each
Friend, as I daily teach
Edith her letters.

Is it her wee face seems
Like that face known in dreams,
Flying when morning beams
Cold through the casement?
Once in the years at rest,
Pillowed upon my breast,
Then with sin half confessed
Bowed in abasement.

May a far fairer fate,
Darling, upon thee wait,
When to a girl's estate
Swift years have brought thee!
Then if a love be thine
Deemed like a dream divine,
Ask for this tale of mine,
Learned ere I taught thee.

Know that all words are vain,
Love but a pleasant pain,
I shall not kneel again;
All smiles are hollow.
Age has snowed all my brow;
I make my farewell bow;
Nor "semper arcum" now
"Tendit Apollo."

AN UTTER IMPOSSIBILITY.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT (MRS. ROSS-CHURCH),
AUTHOR OF "HER LORD AND MASTER," ETC.

IT was a Sunday afternoon in August—the time of all others when it is to be hoped that the recording angel is lenient toward frail human nature for feeling more sleepy than religious. Inside the whitewashed country church all was sunshine, languor, and heat, while the familiar form of the clergyman was becoming more and more indistinct to the heavy eyes which strove to look at him, and the dull ears, straining to listen, could hardly distinguish the monotonous hum of his voice from the buzz of the insects which had found their way into the sacred building. Of all the congregation, indeed, there seemed to be but one cool, collected, and wakeful person, and that one was a woman.

A delicate-looking woman, of about five or six and twenty, with a face that would grow very dear and very necessary to such as loved it—a quiet, thoughtful face, with sympathetic eyes, and a tenderly curved mouth, the smile of which was all the sweeter because it came so seldom. Robed in half-mourning, she sat in her pew alone, cool, calm, and composed. On the wall above the seat she occupied was a marble tablet, the gold and black letters of which set forth that it had been erected to the memory of John Hilton, Esquire, of Brooklands, in the parish of Hurstley, and of his daughter Edith, aged two years, whose deaths had occurred within a few months of each other, and whose bodies lay in the adjoining church-yard. As the service concluded, and the lady, rising from her seat, caught for a moment the name of "Edith" on the stone before her, a slight shudder ran through her frame, and a close observer might have seen her lip tremble; but the next minute she had sunk upon her knees, and hidden her face and her feelings from the gaze of man; and when she again resumed her seat, her look was as peaceful as before. But she seemed in no hurry to quit the church; for the crowd of men and women, old and young, fat and thin, had pushed each other down the aisle, and scattered far and wide, before her gray silk dress swept the length of the cocoa-nut matting, and appeared in the square, old-fashioned porch. But as she entered it a start, a flush on her pale cheek, and a look of intense pleasure lighting up her eyes showed that she had encountered a welcome surprise; and with an outstretched hand she advanced quickly to meet the figure of a gentleman evidently waiting for her.

"*You* here, Charley, after so many promises and so many delays! Why, what induced you to come to-day?"

Her words intimated that Sunday was not the day he should have chosen for his journey; but her looks said she was only too glad to see him there at all.

"I arrived in town yesterday," he replied, warmly returning the pressure of her hand; "and you know how I hate a Sunday in London, Beatrice; so I thought I would come on and spend it here. Besides, I want to speak to you."

He was a dark, handsome man, of about her own age, and usually appeared younger; but at the present moment there was an expression of perplexity or pain (it would have been difficult to decide which) upon his face that caused him to look the elder of the two. Yet, strange to say, the lady did not appear to notice the perturbation of his features, and her answer to his remark was given lightly.

"You don't want any more good advice, I hope, Charley, because you know you never take it; so it is only adding insult to injury to ask for it."

"Come, that's hardly fair, Beatrice," he answered, seriously. "I am sure I have always followed your advice when it was feasible, and been grateful for it when it was not. Your counsel and your sisterly affection have been the guiding-stars of my existence, and I was not aware that I had shown myself unmindful of them."

There appeared to be something in this last remark which grated on the lady's feelings, for her playful tone was quelled at once.

"My dear Charley, I was only joking. You know how ready I always am to give you the help of which I am capable. What is it that you wish to speak to me about?"

They had passed out of the church porch by this time, and she had turned into the path which led toward her home. But Charles Lennox placed his hand upon her arm and detained her.

"Stop, Beatrice! Don't go home just yet; it is cooler now. Let us take a little turn together in the church-yard."

"In the church-yard, Charley?" she asked, with surprise.

"Yes, in the church-yard," he repeated; "why not? I like to wander sometimes among the graves; they seem so quiet and so peaceful. Besides, I think I should like to tell you what I have to tell you—here."

She placed her arm within his as he spoke, and they turned toward the back of the church, and sauntered together down the narrow gravel-path which bordered the resting-places of the dead. For a few minutes they walked in silence: his heart seemed to be full, and hers was pondering on the coming revelation. When at last he spoke he did it so abruptly that his words seemed almost rough.

"Beatrice, I am going to be married."

"*Charley!*"

The arm linked within his slid suddenly from his hold, and the face she turned toward him bore a sickly, incredulous smile.

"It is true," he answered, with attempted unconcern, as he feigned to busy himself by flicking specks of dust off his attire with his cane. "I met her six weeks ago at the country house at which I have been staying; and as soon as ever it was a settled thing I ran down here, feeling not only that you have a kind of right to the first news, but that I should not feel quite happy or satisfied with myself until I had received your congratulations and approval."

"Thank you, Charley," she answered, in a voice which she hated for sounding so full of pain, and with lips which she despised for being so weak as to tremble. And then, when she had expressed her thanks for his consideration, it seemed as though neither of them could find any thing more to say on the subject; for they continued to walk side by side, but in complete silence.

For she could not congratulate her friend—not just yet; and she knew she had no right to reproach him, or even to feel hurt at his intelligence. For, many years before, a terrible scene had taken place between this man and this woman. They had fought a battle together—such a battle as is often fought in this world in secret and in tears; and they had achieved a victory, though not a bloodless one. Years before, when Beatrice Hilton had been a wife and mother, she had discovered to her horror, misery, and shame that her heart was no longer loyal to its rightful master, but had slipped, almost insensibly to herself, into the keeping of Charles Lennox. And then, when he had guessed her secret, and, emboldened by the fact, had dared to whisper that her affection for him was reciprocated, she had told him they must part forever. She had put away the temptation of his love, so dear to her, had turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and bravely and resolutely torn herself away from the dangerous pleasure of his companionship. But though she had done all this, she had not satisfied her uneasy conscience. She was not able, all at once, to wrench the unhallowed love from her repentant heart; and when the discovery of this fact was quickly followed by the deaths of her husband and her child, Beatrice Hilton had permitted remorse to take such strong possession of her breast that she refused to believe it could be right to indulge her affection for Charles Lennox, even though she had become free. She thought that refraining from the happiness within her grasp was some sort of expiation for having rashly desired to pluck that which was unlawful; and therefore, when Mr. Lennox, as soon after her bereavement as he thought proper, had urged her to become his wife, she had given him what would have appeared to any one but lovers a decided refusal, and affirmed she should content herself with friendship for him until her life ended. But then she had always had him for her friend—her close, intimate, inalienable friend; and while she adhered to her resolution of becoming nothing nearer to him, Mrs. Hilton had inwardly gloried in the knowledge that no other woman came between them.

Mr. Lennox being, on the strength of an independent income and an expected baronetcy, that social evil, an idle man, was a gentleman much addicted to getting into all manner of scrapes except pecuniary ones; and whenever he was in need of counsel or sympathy he had been in the habit of going straight to Beatrice Hilton for the aid which she loved to give him. Had she been called upon to analyze her feelings in the matter, she would hardly have maintained that she expected this pleasant brother-and-sisterly sort of intercourse to go on forever; yet it is equally true that she never anticipated its being cut short by marriage with any one, unless, indeed, it were herself. Her first impulse, therefore, on the receipt of Charles Lennox's intelligence, was that it must be untrue; her second, to reproach him with his perfidy; her third, to remember that she had refused to be his wife, and thereby resigned all right to question his proceedings; her last, to wonder why he had chosen to tell her of it there.

Why had he led her down the very path beside which lay the bodies of her husband and her child? why regulated his words so that at the same moment the news of his intended marriage left his lips the sacred name of "Edith" gleamed on her from the small white cross before them, and her eyes were resting on the summer flowers which decked her darling's grave?

Had he been doubtful with what feelings she might receive his intelligence—fearful lest in the privacy of her own home she might have been betrayed into words which it would have been like sacrilege to utter beside that sacred spot? At the mere thought a woman's pride began to surge and swell in Beatrice Hilton's breast, and the tone in which she replied to Mr. Lennox's next remark was masterly in its acted unconcern.

"I have taken you by surprise, Beatrice," he observed.

"Not at all, Charley, except so far as the immediate fact is concerned. I only wonder"—with a light laugh—"you did not tell me of it long ago. Of course I knew you would marry some day, and have often tried to picture your future wife to myself. I shall be curious to know if your *fiancée* comes up to my ideal. You must tell me all about her, and begin at the beginning. What is her name?"

"Well, her name is Miss Ashton—Louisa Ashton," replied Charles Lennox; who, although he was very much taken with his new fancy, would rather his old love had betrayed a little more concern at the news.

"Ashton! What, the Devonshire family?"

"Yes; she is a niece of the old judge."

"Very pretty, I suppose, Charley?"

"Oh yes, she's decidedly pretty."

"Quite your own style, I conclude: fair hair and blue eyes, like that charming little actress we saw at the Strand together last year, and of whose beauty you raved for three months afterward."

"Three days, or three hours, more likely," replied Mr. Lennox, unresponsively. "I don't think I'm much given to raving, Beatrice. I'm getting rather too old for that sort of thing now, to say nothing of the circumstances of my life having been calculated to knock all such nonsense out of me."

She knew that he alluded to the former episode of their unhappy love, of which he often spoke in like manner, and which for some years had been the means of making him very wild. For the first time a mighty doubt assailed her heart as to whether she had been justified in refusing to heal the wound she had inflicted; but the next moment she remembered that to think of that it was too late. She had driven him to another for comfort, and thenceforth she must be less to him than she had ever been before. A spasm passed over her face as the thought crossed her mind; but though she had so little power over her features, she had sufficient control over her voice to continue the conversation easily.

"You have not yet described Miss Ashton to me, Charley."

"Well, she is fair, then, as you anticipated; rather *mignonne*, and very young; too young for me, in truth, for she has only just completed her seventeenth year."

Another pang for the suffering creature by his side; for what circumstance can a woman who has passed her *première jeunesse* feel more than the fact of her lover bestowing his affections on a girl more than half a dozen years younger than herself?

"She is very fond of you, Charley?" was the next interrogation, whispered rather than said.

"Oh yes, I believe so; indeed, I am quite sure of it," was the answer, while a smile of secret self-satisfaction stole over the features of Charles Lennox, and he pulled down the ends of his heavy mustaches caressingly.

"And you love her, of course?"

"Of course, or I shouldn't think of marrying her—that is to say, she is a very charming little creature, Beatrice, and very much attached to myself; but if you imagine I can regard her or any woman with a tithe of the affection with which we—"

"Hush! oh, hush!" said Mrs. Hilton, earnestly, as she raised her hand. "That is past, Charley; please don't allude to it."

"I know it's past," he answered, ruefully; "you've given me good reason to believe that, Beatrice; but I was not aware that the more mention of it was so distasteful to you."

"It is as well not to speak of it, and especially now," she said, gently, pressing her hand over her heart meanwhile to deaden its pain. "When are you to be married, Charley?"

"In a month," he answered, rather sullenly.

He was by no means aware that he regretted what he had done; that he was sorry that from flirting for mere pastime he had been led on into making a declaration of marriage; but it was very patent to him that if the coming change in his circumstances made any change in his friendship with Beatrice Hilton, the game would not be worth the candle. He wished, or he thought he wished, since the other had refused him, to marry pretty Louisa Ashton, with her ravishing white skin and melting blue eyes; but he had no idea of not retaining his old flame in the character of chief friend, adviser, and confidante. She had been too much to him for too many years past to enable him to dispense easily with her now. In all his late thoughts respecting the future he had pictured to himself these two women associating with and loving one another; the youthful beauty and innocence of Louisa setting off Beatrice's maturer grace and power of intellect, and both of them trying to show affection for himself.

In pondering on his lot as the husband of Louisa Ashton he had yet never failed to think of Beatrice Hilton as his chief good. Louisa was to be his Pleasure, beaming with loveliness and wreathed in constant smiles; but the other woman was to be his Comfort, the one to whom he brought all his troubles, and from whom alone he expected to derive their balm. And mingled with this steady friendship was to have been a spice of the old leaven—nothing deleterious to his marital faith, but just sufficient to infuse a little excitement and interest to his bond with Beatrice. An occasional sigh for the past, perhaps; a stray allusion to the hopes *that were*, the bliss that *might have been*; and through her eyes, or the pressure of her hand, to receive the assurance that regret sometimes claimed her also for its own.

Charles Lennox had purposed for himself, in fact, an utter impossibility: to keep a sentimental friendship, bordering on love, alight in the bosom of one woman, while he took another—a younger and a fairer one—to his arms. In some friendships we must be all—or nothing. When he spoke sullenly on the subject of his approaching marriage, it was not, therefore, at the thought of what was before him, but because Mrs. Hilton declined to discuss that which was to be left behind. For some time after her last remark they again preserved silence, during which period Mr. Lennox employed himself in switching off the heads of the nettles and the other weeds which grew among the grass. Then he said, in a tone of disappointment,

"I expected more sympathy from you, Beatrice."

"More sympathy, Charley! In what way?" she demanded, raising her weary eyes to his face.

"Well, I thought that, considering all things, you would be glad to hear that at last I had a chance of happiness, in so far as the prospect of a wife and home of my own can give it me."

"And, oh, Charley, you can not think that I am *not* glad—as glad as I should be at any thing which promoted your welfare!"

"I thought that you would sympathize more with my feelings in the matter, considering what a friend you have been to me. You will always be my friend, Beatrice, will you not?"

"Always. I have promised it again and again."

"And will love my wife for my sake?"

"I hope so; no less than for her own. And I rejoice in every good thing which happens to you, dear friend; and shall pray night and morning that your wife may prove so great a blessing to you that you may never remember there was a time when life was otherwise than happy. Can I say more?"

He shook his head with a pleased smile, and then he took her hand and pressed it, and thanked her warmly for all that she had done for him, and promised still to do.

"But, Beatrice, there are tears upon your cheek. That hardly looks as if you thought my news was good news."

She had been fighting hard with these rebellious tears for several minutes past, yet they had conquered her; and now, as she shook them indignantly away, crimsoning beneath the knowledge that they had met his observation, the effort to appear altogether indifferent was too much for her, and in another moment she had broken down entirely.

"You should not have brought me by my baby's grave if you wished me to be cheerful," she sobbed, blushing for the subterfuge she was compelled to use to allay his consternation at her tears. "Oh, my poor Edith! my poor dead baby! How I wish I were at rest with her!"

"I am so sorry!" stammered Mr. Lennox. "I never thought—I quite forgot— What a careless fool you must think me, Beatrice! Poor dear little Edith! Of course I should not have brought you here. Let us go out by the farther gate; it is a longer way home, but we shall avoid passing by the grave again. I almost hoped you had overcome that grief, dear Beatrice; that you had gained courage to confess that the child has made a good exchange."

"Oh yes, I do—I know it!" sighed the mother; "but, Charley, you do not, you can not understand all that I feel." And when she reached Brooklands she cried for little Edith (if it were for little Edith that she cried) through the whole of the ensuing night.

Although at any moment he might have returned to Miss Ashton and her fascinations, Mr. Lennox did not appear disposed to quit Hurstley in a hurry, but lingered in the neighborhood, having his apartments at the village inn, and spending most of his time about the house and grounds of Brooklands. After a few days the reason of this conduct on his part became apparent.

"Where are you likely to settle after your marriage?" demanded Mrs. Hilton of him, after he had been torturing her for the best part of an hour by discussions on the subject of curtains and carpets, and the relative merits of walnut and rose-wood. For though Mr. Lennox had plenty of money, he had no fixed habitation. He was waiting to inherit that with the baronetcy.

"What do you think of Moorcroft?" he inquired, with a meaning smile. "I have already applied to Moss about it."

Moorcroft was the name of a house standing in its own grounds, and next to Brooklands, which had long been advertised to let on lease.

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"Charley, will that be advisable?" she inadvertently exclaimed.

"Advisable! Why not, Beatrice?"

"Because—because"—she was stammering now—"Miss Ashton may not like Hurstley, you know; it is so retired a place: she may find it dull."

"She has been used to the country all her life," returned Charles Lennox; "and if she had not, my wife must learn to like what I like. I have set my heart on getting Moorcroft, Beatrice. I have always intended, in the event of my marriage, to settle at Hurstley; for, with an establishment of my own to look after, I suppose I shall be compelled, in some measure, to abandon my dear old visits to Brooklands, and I can not entirely give up the pleasure of your company. I shall want your head to guide me still, Beatrice."

"You will have another adviser and counselor now, Charley," she said, gently.

He laughed with real amusement at the idea.

"You don't know Louey Ashton, or you wouldn't say that, Beatrice, by Jove! She is a dear little creature, very loving and affectionate, and all that sort of thing; but she's not exactly the sort of woman that a man would go to for advice."

At these words a thrill of pleasure ran through the breast of Mrs. Hilton—pleasure to think that she should still be the first in his esteem, if not in his affection; but the next moment she had rebuked her weakness with a sigh, and returned to the subject which they had in hand.

"But touching Moorcroft, Charley: pray think twice before you take the place. There is no society in Hurstley, remember. Beside the doctor's and the clergyman's wives, who is there fit to be the companion of a young girl reared as Miss Ashton has probably been?"

"There is yourself, Beatrice; and I desire no better companion for Louisa. I am sure you will get on admirably together, although there is little similarity between you. She is a child, of course, compared to you," he said, little recking the pain he inflicted on his hearer; "but a very lovable and companionable child all the same, and with a face to prove a passport through the world. You will be present at the wedding, Beatrice?"

"Oh no, no! don't ask me!" with a quick look of anguish unseen by Mr. Lennox. "Remember how seldom I go into society now, Charley."

"Well, that's true," he said, though gravely. "And, after all, I am not sure that I should like you to be there. It will be a very different sort of business to what I had looked forward to; and old remembrances are better left—"

"Are you sure that Moorcroft is not damp?" hurriedly interrupted Mrs. Hilton. "You know that it is in shocking repair."

"Moss has engaged to put all that to rights for me within the given time."

"Still, don't take it without due consideration. I am prepared to like your wife, Charley, and to be a friend to her, as I have been to you; but there are two sides to the question, and Miss Ashton may not like *me*."

"By Jove! if she doesn't!" exclaimed Charles Lennox, leaving his intended vengeance, too deep for words, to the imagination.

"But, even supposing that she does," persisted Mrs. Hilton, "I can not help thinking that you might find a livelier place than Hurstley to reside in, and a livelier companion for your wife than myself."

He looked annoyed and disappointed at her setting her face so determinately against his taking Moorcroft; but in this instance her persuasions were of no avail with him, and he appeared at Brooklands with a bright face, a couple of days afterward, to inform her that all preliminary matters were arranged, and the agent had promised that Moorcroft should be in thorough order before he returned from his wedding tour. He looked to herself, he added, affectionately, to see the interior of the house arranged as might appear most tasteful in her eyes; and he trusted that when he brought Louisa to the home she had adorned for her, the first sight they should see would be the figure of his dear friend upon the threshold, waiting to welcome them and wish them happiness. So he rattled on in the engrossing selfishness of his new attachment, and his "dear friend" promised all that he desired.

Her first impulse had been to refuse his request, for she felt as though the torture would be more than was required of her; but pride came to her aid, and pushed her weakness out of sight. And since she had been unable to prevent his taking Moorcroft (an event from which her instinct prophesied no increase of pleasure for either of them), she did not wish to refuse any assistance she could give him; and when he had taken his departure she derived a sad satisfaction in procuring every article of luxury and comfort which she thought might suit the taste or gratify the fancy of the coming bride.

It was two months before Mr. Lennox again visited Hurstley, and October was fast losing itself in November as the carriage containing the newly married couple dashed up to the porch of Moorcroft, and Beatrice, according to her friend's earnest request, came forward from a background of lighted lamps and blazing fires to bid them welcome home. It was an office which she would gladly have avoided, had she not been afraid that Charles Lennox would guess the reason of her refusal; but being there, she determined to be mistress of herself, though her usually pale face was flushed with excitement, and her manner was nervous and unsteady. Mr. Lennox was the first to alight; but he had little occasion to offer his assistance to the lissom figure which jumped out of the carriage after him, and which he had taken by the hand, and led into the drawing-room before Mrs. Hilton had time to reach the hall door.

"Beatrice, my dear friend," he said, earnestly, as he grasped her hand, "this is real kindness on your part." And then, turning to his wife, he continued, "Now, Mrs. Lennox, off with all these wraps, and prove I deserve a little credit for my choice;" and with playful roughness he unwound the warm shawl in which she was enveloped, and dragged the blushing girl forward beneath the bright lamp-light.

She was lovely—enchanting—almost perfect! Mrs. Hilton, sorely as she had tortured herself with imagining the various beauties of Charles Lennox's bride, had never dreamed she could be so fair a thing as this; and as she gazed at her she heaved a heavy inward sigh, and wondered no more that she herself had been forgotten.

In stature she was middle-sized; in figure, slight but rounded; in complexion, fair and rosy; but all this was nothing to her idealistic face, whence two large blue eyes, surmounting a piquant nose and curved red lips, gleamed out from beneath a nest of golden curls, which, in addition to the fashionable chevelure of the day, lay thickly about her forehead and the nape of her neck. She looked to Beatrice Hilton like some fancy portrait of a lovely girl, so rare and delicate and unearthly was her beauty; and after the first maddening stab of jealousy was past, her feeling was to take the childish figure in her arms, and beg of those wondering, star-like eyes to look upon her kindly. And the same impulse seemed to move Louisa Lennox. Her first glance at her husband's friend, of whom she had heard so much, was shy, and almost fearful, as though she expected to be criticised, and, perhaps, not approved of; but as she met the sad, subdued look of Beatrice Hilton, marked her half-mourning robes, and saw the faint smile which flickered on her mouth, all her timidity vanished; and withdrawing the hand which she had proffered, she ran up to her instead, and throwing her arms about her neck, laid her innocent lips to hers. Mrs. Hilton was taken by surprise; but all her womanly nature went out to meet that of the young creature who thus threw herself upon her friendship; and with a feeling of interest very different from that with which she had expected to welcome the wife of Charles Lennox, she clasped the girl to her bosom, and warmly returned her embrace.

Mr. Lennox, looking on at the meeting of the two women, already saw, as he imagined, the realization of his dream, and was delighted.

"Come, come!" he exclaimed, "that's right; thank you, Beatrice, ten thousand times. And now will you show my little wife to her own room, that she may prepare for the dinner which I hope is ready for us?"

Mrs. Hilton did not look at the speaker, but she held out her hand to the fair creature, whom she could scarcely yet regard as his wife, and led her from the apartment.

"I hope you will find every thing arranged to your liking," she said, as they entered the bedroom together. "I have done my best; but it is seldom that the tastes of two people entirely agree."

"Oh, I am sure it will all be very nice!" exclaimed the bride, whose voice, with a ring in it expressive of want of thought or ideas, was not so sweet as her person; "and I am sure it is uncommonly good of you to have taken so much trouble for us. Indeed, I told Charley a dozen times that he was very cool to ask it. But you can't think how glad I am, Mrs. Hilton, to find that you are not a bit like what I imagined. Charley quite frightened me, talking so much about your goodness and cleverness and sense; and I'm sure I thought, from his description, that you were quite an old woman."

"Did he tell you so?" the other asked, in a voice made tremulous by pain.

"Well, not exactly, perhaps; but he seems to have known you such a long time, and to think so much of all you do and say."

"He has known me during a great deal of sorrow," replied Beatrice Hilton, quietly, "and that ages a woman more than years."

"Ah, yes! your poor little baby and your husband. Charley told me all about them, too; and he says we must try and make up to you for all you have lost—that is to say, as far as our company can go. So that I hope we shall be great friends, Mrs. Hilton, and that you will very often come and dine and sit with us. Will you?"

"I don't know, my dear," said the elder woman, in a voice which rather restrained the other's eagerness. "I can not promise; I have lived now for some time alone, and I do not think I should care to break through my usual solitary habits."

Mentally she had writhed beneath the familiar mention of Mr. Lennox from Louisa's lips, but such pain was as nothing compared to the pang with which she now heard that he had already discussed her past sorrows and the remedy for them with his girlish bride.

The remedy! Good Heavens! was he going to offer to bind up her broken heart by the society of this child, and the sight of his own devotion to her? He must be made of stone or adamant himself, to fancy such a thing was possible! She could not help it; but Mrs. Lennox's proposition, though kindly made, seemed to close, instead of open, her heart farther to her; and it was in a constrained tone that she suggested that the dinner must be almost ready; upon which they descended together to the dining-room.

"Good-night!" said Beatrice Hilton, with forced gayety, as she advanced toward Charles Lennox. "I hope the dinner will be to your taste; but you have an excellent cook, and Mrs. Lennox will find she has but to order a thing to have it. Good-night to both of you!"

"You are not going!" he exclaimed, with real concern; "surely you will stay and dine with us!"

"Surely I will do no such thing, Charley! I am tired and sleepy; and I want nothing but a cup of tea at home—so please let me go."

"Oh no! you must not go—you must not, indeed. I quite reckoned on your spending the evening with us. I have a thousand things to say."

"Then you must say them to your wife, or keep them till to-morrow. I really am not in a fit state for being catechised to-night."

"Are you in earnest, Beatrice?" he reiterated, with a look of entreaty. "You will greatly disappoint me if you persist in going."

"Oh, nonsense!" she replied, with a light laugh; "you can do very well without me, and I am in no mind for any thing but bed this evening;" and with a final good-night to the bride, who stood regarding rather ruefully her husband's look of chagrin, Mrs. Hilton left the room.

She would have liked to stay with him; she, too, had a thousand things to say, which had bubbled up to the surface of her mind at the sight of her old friend; but she felt that she could not say them, she could not trust herself to say them, while that golden-haired apparition sat at the other end of the table and called him "Charley."

He would have accompanied her home; but she had provided against that contingency, for her carriage was waiting for her at the door; and once within its shelter, she threw herself back upon the dark cushions and gave way to a flood of bitter tears. She had done her duty; but would it ever become less hard to do it, and could she continue to dwell at Brooklands, with the chance of seeing him or her, or both of them, each hour of her life?

The next day she determined to spend by herself; and the morning and afternoon passed unmolested; but with the evening shadows in walked Mr. Lennox, eager to know the reason of her absence.

"Why have you not been over to see Louisa, Beatrice?"

"What! has she needed me?"

"Of course she has. Who would not need you? You might have helped her in a hundred ways."

"Did she tell you to say so?"

"No; but I know it. See how young she is."

"True; but she has plenty of experienced servants, who will not give her much trouble in housekeeping. She is best left to herself for the first few days. Have you dined yet?"

Yes, he had dined; but he volunteered to lounge by the fire while she took her solitary meal, and talked very much in the old style of all the things which interested them most. It was very delightful to her to see him there and hear him talk, and she had not the courage so early to tell him that he had better go home to his wife and his own fireside; but she knew that it must not become a habit with him, and therefore she made an early visit to Moorcroft on the following day, and offered to drive Mrs. Lennox out in her open carriage.

"Oh, Mrs. Hilton, I wish you had staid to dinner that first night when Charley asked you," exclaimed the bride, as soon as they found themselves alone (she looked still more lovely by day than by night, Beatrice thought, as she gazed on her peach-like complexion and liquid eyes); "for he was so dreadfully cross after you went; he was *so* put out about it that he hardly spoke a word all the evening."

"He was tired," suggested her companion.

"Oh no, indeed! he was cross. He says it doesn't feel natural to him to dine in Hurstley without you."

"Nothing will be more natural to him now than to dine with his wife," replied Mrs. Hilton, kindly.

But Louisa Lennox shook her head.

"I'm not clever, you know, Mrs. Hilton; I never was; and I can't talk sense like clever women. Charley says I was only made to look at."

"That's his nonsense," said Beatrice, as she watched the clouded face beside her. "He said that just to tease you; and you know you don't believe him."

"Oh, but I do! I shall never be a companion for him like you have been, Mrs. Hilton. I'm too young, I suppose, or too foolish. He said so before we had been married a fortnight;" and the information was accompanied by a light laugh, intended to cover the annoyance it had evidently caused.

"Then it was a great shame of him," returned Beatrice Hilton, indignantly.

And she felt indignant about it. Some one had been the means, by this marriage, of causing her a great pang; but it certainly was not this girl, who had married her lover almost in ignorance of the existence of such a person as herself. And at the thought that Louisa's happiness might be sacrificed in the matter as well as her own, all her sympathies were aroused, and she looked with new interest on the fair young face beside her, and resolved that, if need were, she would not shrink from pointing out his duty to Charles Lennox. So when, after the lapse of some weeks, she found that various hints were unavailing, and that he continued to appear at Brooklands whenever she was not at Moorcroft, she summoned up all her courage, and spoke boldly on the subject to him.

"Charley, why are you over here this evening? Louisa must be very lonely by herself."

"I might put a similar question, and say, why are you not at Moorcroft?"

"I do not see the point of that. Besides, I can not be always at Moorcroft. I have duties at home."

"Well, I don't want to keep you from your duties. Go on with them as you always used to do, and let me smoke in peace. I'm very happy."

"Yes; but, Charley," said Beatrice, gently, as she halted beside his chair, "you must remember that things are not as they used to be, and that your time is no longer your own to fritter away at Brooklands as you choose."

"My time not my own? I should like to know who the deuce's it is, then!"

"It belongs to your wife," she answered, firmly. "Your duty calls you in another direction, and you have no right to spend your evenings here while she sits alone at Moorcroft."

"Oh, she's happy enough! You don't know Louey yet, Beatrice. She's a perfect child, and amused with any nonsense."

"I know quite enough of her to be aware that she must feel your neglect, Charley. But even were it not so, I owe a duty to myself; and I must forbid your coming here in this familiar manner without your wife."

"The deuce!" he exclaimed, with real earnestness. "Do you mean, Beatrice, to condemn me to pass all my evenings at Moorcroft, without a soul to speak to?"

"You have Louisa."

"Pish!"

"It's no use talking in that way. You have married her, and must do what is right by her. At all events, I will not be the one to sanction your acting otherwise."

"I suppose you are tired of me; got a new friend, perhaps, and I am in the way. Is it so, Beatrice?"

The tears rushed to her eyes; but she would not let him see them, and turned away to gather strength before she answered him.

"That was not spoken like yourself, Charley. We have been friends, very close friends, for years, as you well know, and I hope we shall continue so till death. But I should not be your friend, if I aided you in doing what I know is wrong. So, once for all, come to Brooklands whenever you like, day or night my house is open to you; but when you come, you must bring Louisa also."

He grumbled for several minutes like a chidden child, and then he suddenly broke out, with a fierce oath:

"I wish to Heaven I had never been such a fool! When happiness was just within my grasp, to throw it all away for a mere face—a—"

"Charley!"

Her soft hand was laid upon his mouth, her sweet serious eyes gazed steadily into his own. The look and touch quieted him. He turned his head away and spoke no more.

"Go home now, Charley," she said, when her voice was again steady; "go home and make the best of what you find there; and the best is very sweet and very lovable, if you will but open your eyes and see it."

But Mr. Lennox did not choose to see it. Exiled, as he termed it, from the place with which he had expected to keep up his old relations, and scarcely ever seeing Beatrice Hilton except in the company of his wife, before whom he elected to believe it was impossible to converse on any rational subject, he became first gloomy, then morose, and finally quitted Moorcroft abruptly to pay a visit to some friends in London, and remained away for more than a month.

During that time Mrs. Hilton saw a great deal of his young wife; and the more she saw, the more she liked her. Louisa Lennox was not clever—there was no doubt of that; such extreme beauty as hers is seldom allied to mental power. But though childish and commonplace, she was, what her husband had designated her before their marriage, a "very lovable and companionable child," and the very manner in which she clung to Beatrice Hilton, and openly confessed her superiority, made the heart of the woman whom she had supplanted warm toward her, as though a daughter had claimed her sympathies. Beatrice Hilton had been terribly jealous of this girl; before she had seen her and Charles Lennox together she had imagined her beauty and his adoration of it, until she had felt ready to destroy herself for being so old and plain and grief-stricken as to have lost the power of charming him. But now she could be jealous no longer; and a great compassion for both of them—for her friend who had blighted his happiness, and the young girl whose happiness he was blighting—took the place of that feeling. She had been supplanted by a face, but it was only for a moment; and she saw that the reaction was causing a remorse on her lover's part almost inadequate to his crime. If Beatrice Hilton had been a dishonorable woman, she would have seized such an opportunity for reasserting her claim on Charles Lennox's heart; but she was not. She was all that is most pure and true and womanly; and far from such a desire arising in her, she grieved more for his disappointment than her own, and resolved to do every thing she could to cement the tie which should exist between the husband and his wife. Louisa was very affectionate and confidential with her during the time of Mr. Lennox's absence; but Beatrice could not help perceiving that while she regretted her own impotency to establish a claim on her husband's affections, she had evidently a strong suspicion that he had at some time felt more than friendship for the woman to whom she confided it.

"And I can't think, dear Mrs. Hilton," she would conclude, peering wistfully into her companion's face, "if Charley required so much in his wife, why he didn't tell me of it beforehand, or choose somebody else—somebody like yourself, for instance, who understands all his ways and wishes, and can talk to him on politics, or any of those dry subjects about which I understand nothing."

"And for not understanding which you are all the more charming," Mrs. Hilton would reply, with the blood suffusing her cheeks beneath Louisa's scrutiny. "Politics belong to men; a woman's vocation is to love and to look pretty."

"But Charley says that is all I can do, and that a doll can do as much," replied Mrs. Lennox, despondently. And then Mrs. Hilton looked down at her perfect features, and thought how

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And so she half dragged, half led him back to Brooklands with her, and had the satisfaction to see that the new interest awakened in his breast really gave some zest to his reconciliation with Louisa; while the wife, shallow as she was pretty, speedily forgot all her husband's previous assertions in the assurance of his penitence for them.

But as soon as sunshine was restored and they resettled at Moorcroft, Beatrice Hilton made up her mind to a great sacrifice, which she never could have consummated for any one less dear to her than Charles Lennox. And this was, to leave Brooklands. She had lived in it and loved it for years; there lay the bodies of her husband and her child, and there were clustered her tenderest recollections. Yet she felt that she was a stumbling-block in the way of Charles Lennox's perfect union with his wife; that, as long as she remained in their company, he would always be liable to compare Louisa unfavorably with herself; and that this might end by destroying all their peace of mind forever. And therefore she resolved that she would be the one to take the initiative, and leave them to themselves, as from the first she felt they ought to have been. She did not tell Mr. Lennox of her resolution, knowing beforehand the arguments with which he would attempt to weaken it; but she stole away from Brooklands on a visit to her relations, and the next thing he heard was that Mrs. Hilton was going abroad, and that the estate was to let for seven or fourteen years.

"HE DOESN'T LOVE ME; HE SAYS SO."

"You blame me," she wrote in answer to Charles Lennox's reproachful remonstrance on the subject, "for taking this step without consulting yourself; but forgive me, dear friend, for saying that you are the last person I could have spoken to upon the matter; for I feel you would have attempted to persuade me to act in a manner contrary to what I know to be wisest and most right. Depend upon it, that for Louisa, for you, and for myself, it is best that I should leave Brooklands; and that, when this first pain of separation is over, you will acknowledge the same. You have tried, Charley, to effect *an utter impossibility*—and that is, to make the tender relations which have so long subsisted between us compatible with the higher duties you have taken on yourself. You would have gone on trying to combine the two, until you had made us all miserable; perhaps—God only knows, we are so weak—even criminal. But I leave you with your wife, and entreat you, by the remembrance of our former love, to go hand in hand with me in this undertaking, and not make my sacrifice, which I frankly acknowledge to be such, of no avail. You ask for my future address; but that I can not tell you. I am fond of traveling; and hope to move about a good deal, and visit many places of which I have no present knowledge but by name. But a letter to my agents will always be forwarded to me as early as possible; and through them I hope often to hear that you and Louisa are well, both in body and mind." And then, with an earnest, heartfelt blessing, the letter concluded; and Charles Lennox had seen the last of Beatrice Hilton for many, many years.

* * * * * *

But not forever. There came a time when her noble sacrifice of self brought forth fruit with power to heal the trouble of her life. Five years afterward we find her in Brussels, gazing out of her apartment windows on the pleasant boulevards, and wondering, as she watches the stream of pedestrians and crowd of vehicles, what part she has in that gay company. Five years had not passed over her, as may well be credited, without leaving some traces of their flight; but lonely and void of sympathy as they had been, they had brought her no fresh trouble, and had proved less harassing than those which she had spent in the company of Charles Lennox and his wife. So that the face of Beatrice Hilton, as it looked thoughtfully out of the window, though not less subdued and quiet than it had been at Hurstley, was far more peaceful and at rest. She had traveled all over the Continent during her term of exile—having visited Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and France; and now, having just returned from a long tour in Holland, she was resting at Brussels, and debating whether she should take a trip to England before crossing the Pyrenees into Spain, as she intended to do. She wanted to see her own relations: and she very much longed to take a peep at her old friends, now Sir Charles and Lady Lennox, and the children, of whose advent she had heard with the greatest interest. She thought she might venture to visit them again now; five years was a long interval; mutual ties had sprung up to cement their conjugal affection, and Louisa's letters to herself never breathed any thing but a spirit of the most perfect contentment. Besides, she felt a great desire to see "Charley" in his proper position as master of the splendid estate, Frapperton Hall, which he had inherited with the title; and, in consequence of moving about, she had received no letters from them, or news from home, for several months past. Indeed, she had but just written to her agents, desiring them to forward her letters at once to Brussels; and as she sat at the window, she was calculating how soon they would arrive, and what a budget of news she should receive from that long interval of silence. A servant entered with a salver: was it possible the *facteur* had arrived? No; it was only a visiting-card; but it was past the hour for calling, she could see no one—so she said, as she took the card in her hand; but her mind soon altered as she read the name upon it—"Sir Charles Lennox." Heavens! was it possible he had found her out, and crossed expressly to see her! How kind, how good of him!

Her face flushed scarlet with pleasure and surprise; her hands trembled; her voice shook; she could hardly give the order for his admittance. And when the servant had descended with her answer, she flew to the first landing, and felt as though he never would accomplish the long flight of stairs which parted them.

"Charley!"

"Beatrice!"

With both hands outstretched, the friends greeted one another, and met with a firm warm clasp, while their eyes glowed with affection and delight. There was no recollection at that moment of the weary years which had separated them, nor of the woman who had come between them; but their thoughts leaped backward to the time when they were all in all to one another, and lover met lover on the landing of the staircase. But the glow faded, the transient bliss resolved itself into a calm pleasure; and then Mrs. Hilton led her guest into the sitting-room, and found words wherewith to welcome him.

"Charley, I am so pleased, so very pleased to see you again. I was only just thinking of England and the dear ones there. But what brings you to Brussels—not to see me, surely?"

"And would that be too great a thing to expect from me," he answered, gravely, "after all that has passed between us, Beatrice?"

She was vexed to find that, in the first moment of their reunion, he referred to that past which she trusted he had buried; and it was with a slight shade upon her face that she evaded his question by another—

"How did you leave Louisa and the children—well?"

He turned and gazed at her with open eyes.

"Have you not heard?"

Then she saw he was in mourning, and cried suddenly:

"Heard! heard what? No—tell me quickly! I have been traveling in Holland, and received no letters for the last six months."

"And I have been a widower for the same time."

"Oh, Charley! never—it *can not* be true!" There was no tone in her broken voice, no sign in the color fading from her face, but what betokened a fine and unmixed feeling of womanly compassion for the brevity of a life so surrounded by all that makes life precious. "Charley," she continued, weeping, "is it really possible? Tell me all about it. Where did it happen, and how?"

"It happened at Frapperton, two days after her confinement; and I lost the child also. I can not but believe to this day that it might have been prevented."

"And the little ones that are left! Oh, how sad, how mournful it seems to me!"

"Ay, poor little mortals! they need a mother's care terribly," he answered, gravely.

There was silence between them for a few minutes, and then she said:

"Did you come to tell me this, Charley?"

"Yes; I have been longing to come and tell it you ever since it occurred, but I could not procure your address. However, the agents sent it to me yesterday, and I started at once. You may fancy how I have needed you, Beatrice."

"Have you? It is a great comfort to know it, though I could have been but of little use."

"You would have been of all the use in the world: you would have been *every thing* to me, as you always were before my own folly alienated us from one another. Beatrice, you have but just heard this news, therefore it may seem early days to you for me to speak of what lies uppermost in my heart; but remember that I have been living alone for six months, without the opportunity of receiving the assurance of either your sympathy or affection. Louisa is gone, therefore I will not tell you now whether I loved her or not; but if I made the last years of her life happy, as I trust I did, it was entirely through your means. You left me, dear Beatrice, with a precious charge, something to fulfill for love of you, and I fulfilled it. Will you never give me any thing in return? May I not cherish a hope that some day, not too far in the future, you will come back with me to Frapperton Hall, and be a mother to my motherless children? Is that an utter impossibility? Don't think of me as I am, dearest; nor yet as I have been—idle, sensuous, and overbearing; but throw back your thoughts, if you can, to those days long past, when we loved and suffered together, and would rather have died together than be wrenched asunder as we were."

"Oh, Charley! there is no need—there is no need," she answered, amidst her tears. "You have always been the first and the dearest in the world to me."

He took her hand in his; he showered kisses on her eyes, her cheeks, her mouth—kisses which she had as little power as inclination to refuse.

"And I have missed all this!" he exclaimed, with strange wonder at his own short-sightedness. "I missed real happiness for years to gratify a passing fancy; though, God knows, the sudden opening of my eyes to what I had passed over was more than punishment for my fatuity. But you have promised, Beatrice, have you not, to bury the past with me, and to begin a new fresh life of love and happiness?"

Yes, she had promised it: her liquid eyes swimming in tears which gave no pain, her bosom gently heaving beneath the fullness of content, her hand which clung to his as if it never would let go—all spoke in silence more eloquent than words, and made her lover giddy in the prospect of renewed delight.

Beatrice Hilton had promised to be his, and in due course of time she kept her word.

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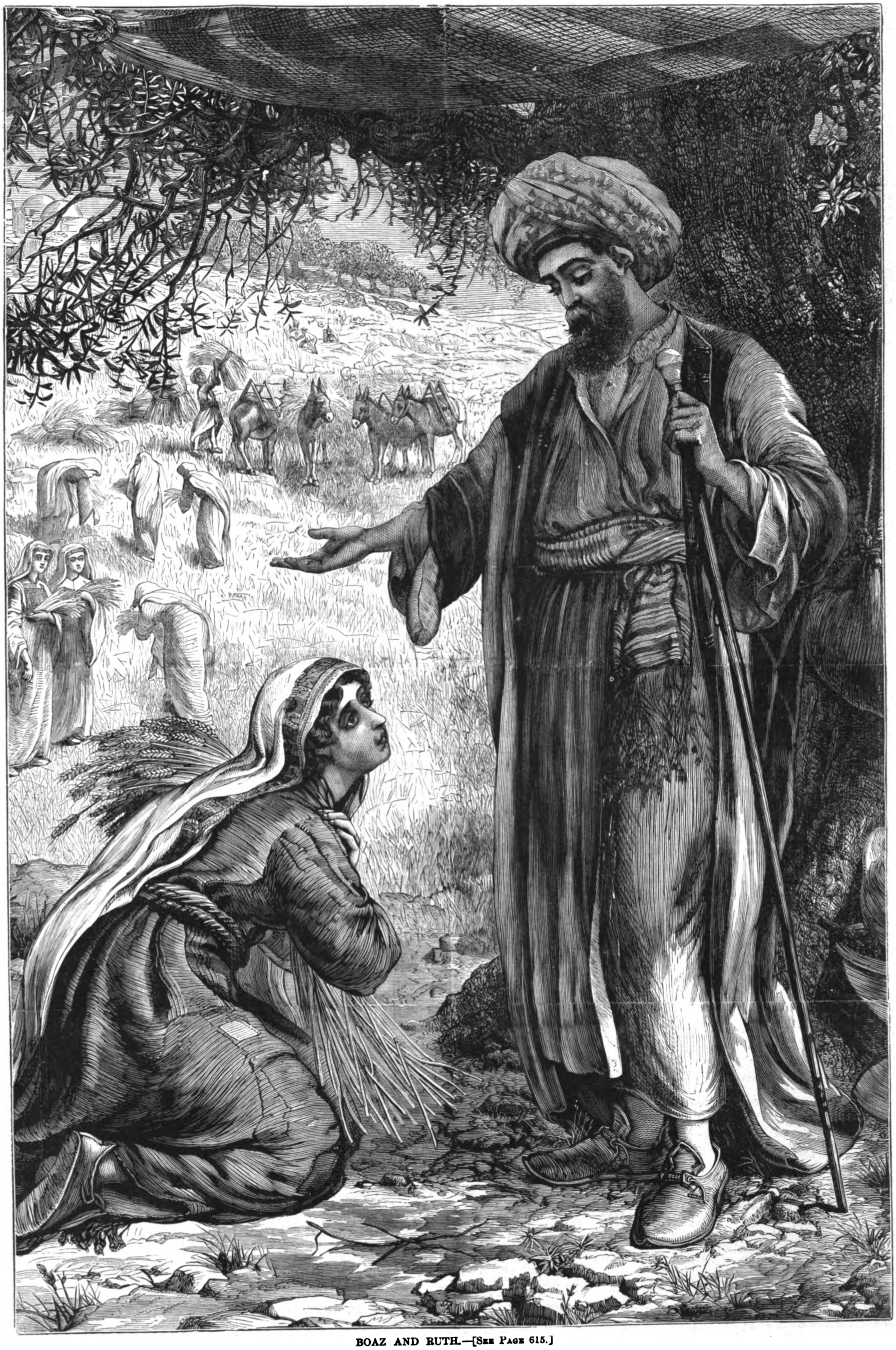

BOAZ AND RUTH.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

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ART GRAVITATING TO BERLIN.

ANOTHER of the European celebrities of art and science, HELMHOLTZ, the distinguished physiologist and professor of natural philosophy, until recently the bright particular star of the University of Heidelberg, has accepted the call tendered him to a professorship at the University of Berlin. The world is indebted to this ardent and diligent investigator for the invention of the Ophthalmoscope (*Speculum oculi*), an instrument by which the interior of the eye, and its condition, whether healthy or diseased, can be observed; also for the invention of the Tone Analyzer, an acoustical apparatus, by the use of which every sound can be scientifically analyzed, in its constituent or component parts, and the fullness, richness, or poverty of each tone determined.

This apparatus is fully described in HELMHOLTZ'S celebrated work, entitled *Ueber Ton Empfindungen* (On Sound Perception), a subject that has also specially engrossed the attention of Prof. TYNDALL, of London, who co-operates with HELMHOLTZ in this direction.

Our eminently scientific piano manufacturers, STEINWAY & SONS, have been continually employed with acoustical experiments, and these have led to the invention of an apparatus (patented Dec., 1867) designated by them "The Patent Resonator," which heightens the sensibility of the sounding-board to such an extent that numerous harmonic combination tones, hitherto unknown, are developed, which produce that unparalleled richness of tone that invariably characterizes the Steinway Piano.

Their further experiments culminated in the invention and application (in conjunction with their patent resonator) of "The Free Vibrating Bridge"—for the purpose of avoiding or suppressing all false combination tones—which was patented by them in 1869.

The Royal Academies of Berlin and Stockholm recognized at once the importance of the former invention, and by diplomas conferred academical honors upon the Messrs. STEINWAY, creating them honorary life members, while HELMHOLTZ was induced by these successes to order one of their Concert Grand Pianos for his acoustical experiments at the scientific institutions in Berlin. This is certainly *a great triumph for American Industrial Art*, and a rare distinction and high compliment for the Messrs. STEINWAY.

Professor HELMHOLTZ'S letter of acknowledgment to Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS is before us, and we translate it literally as follows:

BERLIN, *June* 9, 1871.

DEAR SIRS,—Herewith I beg you to accept my very best thanks for the superb Grand Piano which you have sent me, and which has safely arrived.

I am amazed at the prolonged vibration of its tones, by which the instrument becomes somewhat organlike; by the lightness and delicacy of the touch (considering its great volume of tone); and by the precise and perfect cessation of the tones which the dampers effect—an element so essential to distinctness in playing.

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With such an instrument as yours placed before me, *I must modify many of my formerly expressed views regarding pianos.* I hear frequently many harmonic combination tones, while such a long vibrating tone as that of your Grand Piano is much more sensitive to dissonances than that of ordinary instruments, the tones of which so quickly die away, etc., etc.

I regret not having had the pleasure of meeting Mr. WILLIAM STEINWAY here, but I still hope to make his personal acquaintance, as he promised my wife he would call again.

Once more, my very best thanks.

Yours, H. HELMHOLTZ.

To Messrs. STEINWAY & SON, New York, U. S.

[*Henry Ward Beecher—Christian Union.*]

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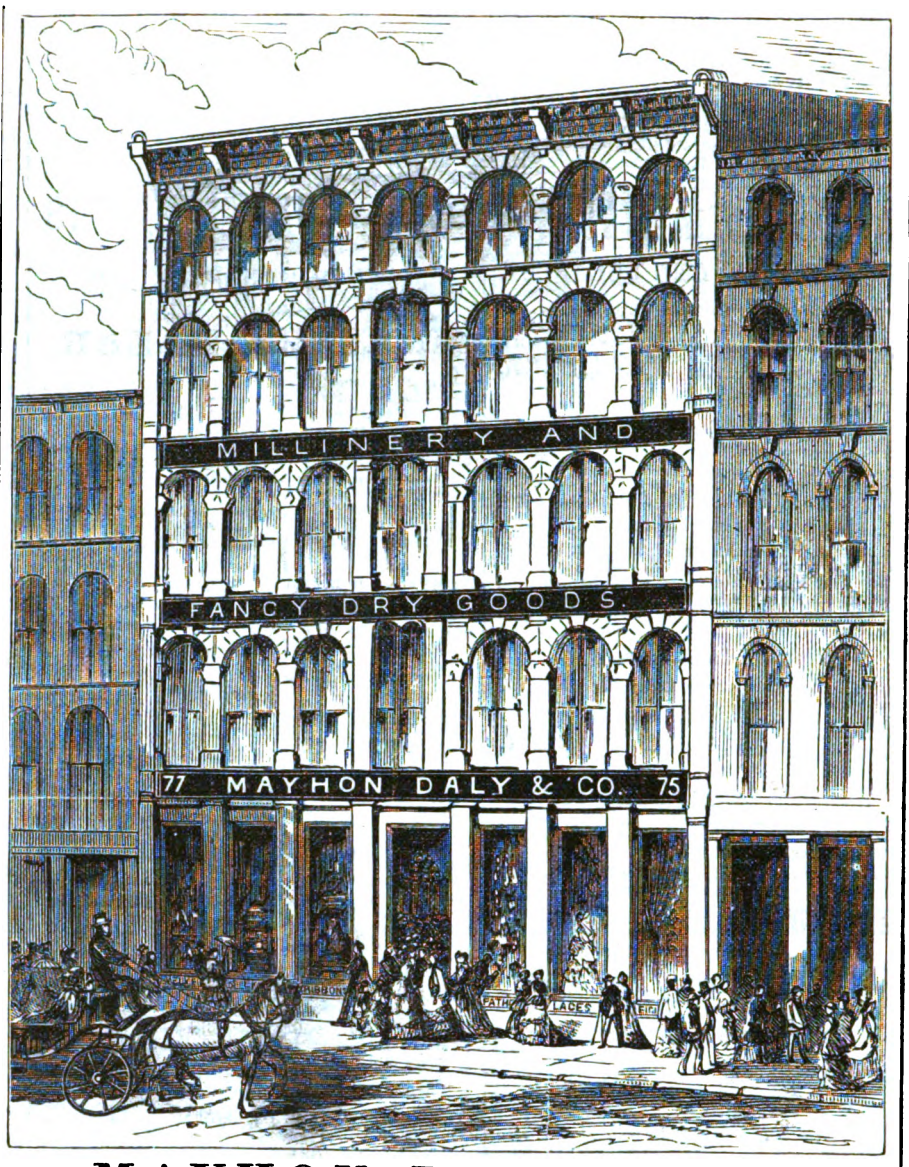

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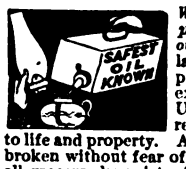

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LITTLE ANGLER (*to her refractory Bait*). "Keep Still, you tiresome little Thing! If you don't leave off Skriggling, I'll Throw you away, and take another!"

FACETIÆ.

THE Irish, rightly or wrongly, get credit for almost all the bulls that go the round of the papers. It was an Irishman who wanted to find a place where there was no death, that he might go and end his days there. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of Ireland, "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full!" It was an Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that "he left no children behind him except a brother, who was killed at the same time." It was an Irish coroner who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied sadly, "I can not tell. There are people dying this year that never died before." It was an Irish handbill that announced, with boundless liberality, in reference to a great political demonstration in the Rotunda, that "ladies, without distinction of sex, would be welcome."

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HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.—He stood on his head on the wild sea-shore, and joy was the cause of the act; for he felt as he never had felt before—insanely glad, in fact. And why? In that vessel that left the bay his mother-in-law had sailed to a tropical country far away, where tigers and snakes prevailed. And more than one of his creditors, too—those objects of constant dread—had taken berths in the ship *Curlew*, whose sails were so blithely spread. Oh! now he might look for a quiet life, which he never had known as yet ('tis true that he still possessed a wife, and was not quite out of debt). But he watched the vessel, this singular chap, o'er the waves, as she upped and downed; and he felt exactly as if "the edifice was crowned." Till over the blue horizon's edge she disappeared from view; then up he leaped on a chalky ledge, and danced like a kangaroo! And many and many a joyous lay he pealed o'er the sunset sea, till down with a "fizz" sank the orb of day, and then he went home to tea.

What religious sect do you expect to meet with at the sea-side?—The Sandy-main-ians, of course.

A Scotch minister recently told his neighbor that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous.

"Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbor.

"Aw, nae," said he, "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

The wisest of men must be totally out of his latitude — at the equator.

A man who has been arrested as a vagrant has protested that he had a regular trade or calling, viz., smoking glass for total eclipses of the sun; and, as these occur only a few times in a century, he was not to blame for being out of employment a good deal.

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Nearly all women like soldiers, and some would like a good offer, Sir.

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"Well, yes; I think it would be appropriate."

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY AN UNARTISTIC "SPOON."

Darling Grace, I know you love me;
I love you with love sincere:
Then by our love this question answer—
Why *do* you wear so much false hair?

White thy brow as artist's marble;
Worthy of a poet's song:
Take thy 'kerchief and brush from it
That hideous coat of *poudre blanc*.

Bright thine eyes as stars of even;
I see them now with love suffuse:
Mar not, sweet love, their glorious splendor—
Belladonna do not use.

Smooth thy cheeks as those of childhood,
And fair, no doubt, if fairly seen:
Then why with filthy *rouge* bedaub them?
Bloom of health should there be seen.

Tall thy form, my peerless treasure;
Straight it is as reed on end:
Disfigure not its fair proportions
By that hateful "Grecian bend."

Pretty feet thou hast, my loved one
(Nay, do not blush, thou charming imp):
But, in the name of all that's odious,
Why assume the "Alexandra limp?"

Press thy lips to mine, my darling;
Press I thus my lips to thine:
When next we meet, my heart's fond treasure,
Have on thy lips far less *carmine*.

Fashionable boot-makers can't always cure ladies' boots if they are bad; but they heel them.

A good many people take a sea-side view of things this time of year.

TO YOUNG CAMPAIGNERS.—If your tent is not waterproof, you should pitch it.

A manufacturer and vendor of quack medicines for rheumatism and the growth of hair combined recently wrote to a friend for a recommendation of his (the manufacturer's) "balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

"DEAR SIR,—The land composing this farm has hitherto been so poor that a Chinaman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes, and plant them edgeways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten-acre field surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the stones had entirely disappeared, and a neat wall encircled the field; the rails were split up into fire-wood, and piled up symmetrically in my back yard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckleberry swamp; two days saw it cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach-trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill-pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, drew grease out of a flint, and eventually drew a prize of $97 out of a defunct lottery."

IMPORTANT TO TEETOTALERS.—At the next temperance festival all members must appear in *pumps*. Water-*tight* boots will be objected to. No person with *glasses* will be admitted, and individuals with *bottle*-noses will be removed by the police. No person of the name of *Potts*, nor any member of the *bar*, will be eligible as stewards. Soda-water will be substituted for tea, as the latter beverage requires *brewing*—a process to which the association objects on principle.

A PARODY.

BY A BITTER-BITTEN.

How doth the little busy flea
Delight to lark and bite,
And make one's lodgings by the sea
Unbearable at night!

ADVICE TO PERSONS MEDITATING LAW—Keep your own counsel.

SEA-SIDE SCIENCE.

The more nautical the cut of the clothes, the more certain is their wearer to cut the nautical.

The ringing laugh of the sea-side bell is often appeal for a wedding-ring.

The swell at Newport is not always a swell in town: don't trust too much to a-pier-ances.

Always take your own cigars to a watering-place. Sea-weeds are not smokable.

Money is a great lever in the affairs of man; so great a leaver, some of us can never keep it.

Any two apples are alike if they are pared.

A PAPER THAT TAKES—A sheriff's warrant.

ALL SOUND, AND NOT SOUND.

A Scotch minister in a strange parish, wishing to know what his people thought of his preaching, questioned the sexton:

"What do they say of Mr. ——?" (his predecessor).

"Oh," said the sexton, "they say he is not sound!"

"What do they say of the new minister?" (himself).

"Oh," replied the sexton, "they say he's all sound!"

"THE THINKER AND THE WORKER."

GOVERNESS. "Now, May, you've got Two Things to Look after—"

MAY (*who is eminently practical*). "All right—Bandbox and Carpet-Bag!"

GOVERNESS. "And *you've Three* Things to take Care of, Charlie. Now what are they?"

CHARLIE (*a dreamy and absent boy*). "Three Things to take Care of? Oh!—Oh yes! The World, the Flesh, and the D——."

GOVERNESS. "What *are* you Talking of, Charlie?"

WANTED—

A tailor, who can cook his own goose, and make it catable.

A fish-monger, who has a good character from his last plaice.

A lawyer, who is willing to come on trial; terms of engagement brief.

A gardener, who understands his business in all its branches, to live in the house, but must not object to bedding out.

A gentleman, to get up a company; there must be no limit to his lie-ability.

A blacksmith; must be a clever forger, and free from vice, and who his *hand-will* turn to any thing. Those on strike only need apply.

A baker; must be an industrious, well-bred man, who can rise early. No loafers need apply.

A shoe-black; a boy of understanding and polish preferred; and as it is doubtful when and how long he may be required, must be willing to brush at a moment's notice.

Nothing is more charming than the popping of Champagne, except sometimes the popping of the question.

OH, RAPTURE!

(LITERATURE FOR THE SEASON.)

SYMPATHETIC WIFE (*reads*). "'Cut up a cold fowl into small joints; steep them in a basin with a little oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt drain them on a cloth; dish them up in a pyramidal form on a thick bed of seasoned shred lettuces; mask them all over smoothly with some white Mayonnaise sauce, No. 37; garnish round the base with a border of neatly cut quarters of hard-boiled eggs, the hearts of lettuces, olives, fillets of anchovies, or croutons of aspic jelly; ornament the top with a few sprigs of tarragon or chervil!' Oh, Algernon, Algernon, *isn't it sweet!*"

HUSBAND. "*Lovely*, my own! Begin again just where you mask them all over with the Mayonnaise sauce, you know, and *read slowly*."

THE WORST OF TWO STRINGS.

YOUNGER BROTHER. "What's the Matter, Mary? Are you Unhappy because neither of those Fellows you were Flirting with at Croquet yesterday Proposed to you?"

MARY. "Both did, Tom! And—*I said 'Yes' to the Wrong One!*"

A DOMESTIC REVELATION.

NICE BOY. "I'm jolly glad you're going to stop with us."

VISITOR. "Are you, Darling? Why so?"

NICE BOY. "'Cause we shall have Nice Dinners now."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 40.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' and Children's Suits, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—BLACK ALPACA DRESS, trimmed with a flounce, side-pleated ruffles, and folds of the material. The flounce, which is twelve inches wide, is set on the skirt, the seam being covered by a side-pleated ruffle three inches and a quarter wide; above this are three overlapping folds each two inches wide. The over-skirt is trimmed with a side-pleated ruffle of the same width and with two folds. To make the waist, cut of the material and muslin lining two pieces each from Figs. 1 and 2, Suppl., and one piece from Fig. 3; cut the sleeves from Fig. 4, observing the contour of the under part, and paying no attention to the straight line on Fig. 4. Baste the material on the lining, sew up the darts in the fronts, face the front edge of the right front with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide, and furnish the last with button-holes. Set on the front edge of the left front a double fly an inch and a quarter wide, which is furnished with buttons. Join the waist according to the corresponding figures, and face the bottom with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide, at the same time sewing in the side-pleated ruffle. Cord the neck of the waist. The folds are set on as shown by the illustration. Sew up the sleeves from 7 to 8, trim them as shown by the illustration, and sew them into the corded arm-holes according to the corresponding figures.

Fig. 2.—PIQUÉ DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. The basque-waist with short sleeves is cut square in the neck. The trimming for the dress is formed by two side-pleated ruffles of white piqué and a braiding of white soutache.

Fig. 3.—GRAY POPLIN SUIT, consisting of skirt and over dress, and bound with maroon-colored velvet. The over dress is cut heart-shaped in the front, and furnished with revers. Tucked cambric chemisette, with linen collar. Gray straw round hat, trimmed with gray velvet and long maroon-colored feather; gray veil.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. The skirt and high waist are made of white alpaca, and trimmed with bias strips of blue silk; the over dress with square peasant waist is of blue foulard, braided with blue silk cord. Bows of blue silk ribbon for the hair.

Fig. 5.—LAVENDER CHALLIE DRESS. This dress consists of a double skirt and high basque-waist, and is trimmed with side-pleated ruffles and ruches of the material. Lace barbe for the hair.

Fig. 1.—BLACK ALPACA DRESS. For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 2.—PIQUÉ DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—POPLIN SUIT.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 5.—CHALLIE DRESS.

FIGS. 1-5.—SUITS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

SHADOW LANDSCAPES FOR TRANSPARENT SCREENS.

LANDSCAPES that will appear like beautiful sepia drawings for screens may be made in the following manner: Select a design—say a landscape containing buildings, rocks, trees, etc.; draw it in outline, taking care to observe the perspective, and then cut it out very accurately, following all the details of the prominent objects. On the parts where the shadows fall paste pieces of paper varying in thickness according to the depth of the shadows required. Where only a slight shade is wanted put on thin letter-paper, and where the shadow is intended to be very deep use thick brown wrapping-paper. Around the mouldings of doors and windows paste narrow strips, which may be doubled in some parts until the required tone is obtained. Foliage, water, and clouds may be very effectively indicated by the same means, the shape of their shadows being cut out and pasted on as above directed; and where these shadows become deeper, other smaller pieces of paper are to be cut out and pasted on as before In order to study the effect as we proceed, one only has to hang it against a window or hold it before a lamp, and then lighten or darken as may be required. Not only the masses, but all the variations of light and shade may be produced, with nice gradations and soft blendings, as well as the abrupt projections of rocks and buildings.—The more distant the objects, the lighter should be the shadows, while those in the immediate foreground will be thick and quite opaque. A moonlight view may be produced very finely, and the moon itself should be cut entirely out of the paper that [illegible] the gr[illegible] of [illegible] sides?

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When all is done, a lining of white tissue-paper is to be pasted over the front, concealing all the design, and over this a glass, the whole being framed without the usual wooden back; this will allow the light to strike through it, and, if a ring be affixed, it will be conveniently hung up before the window of your sitting-room, and to those unacquainted with the method of its construction will be quite a marvel of beauty and ingenuity.

Smaller and still more simple designs will be very effective as panels for lamp-shades, to be used just as are the porcelain transparencies in the bronze or gilt frames. Even transom-windows, or side lights in a vestibule door, may be filled with such transparencies, being inclosed between two panes of glass, and thus safe from accident.

Should any prefer to have the picture slightly tinted, let the tissue-paper covering be of the desired color, and it will impart a corresponding tone to the whole.

LILAC CHAINS.

Let us make a necklace of the lilac flower—
The sun will not be setting yet for full an hour;
All that lilacs know of song and stars and showers
Shall be surely threaded on this chain of ours.

Beads of white and purple—pearls and amethyst—
Rains have dripped upon them, happy winds have kissed;
Slipping through our fingers on this pretty string,
Sha'n't we catch the magic of the early spring?

Catch the bluebird's whistle and the robin's cheer,
Catch the trick of blooming with the blooming year,
Catch the frolic spirit of the winds that bring
Over miles of country hints of blossoming?

Amber may be fragrant, so is sandal-wood,
But I wouldn't change them, even if I could:
Ah me! am I dreaming? Twenty years have passed
Since I strung a necklace of the lilacs last!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from September 2 to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a new and elegant Vest-Basque Walking Suit will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement in the last Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Fall Wrappings, Bonnets, House, Evening, and Walking Dresses, and Lingerie for Ladies and Children; new and tasteful Fancy Articles, etc., etc.*

SLIPSHOD.

"NO man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*." This is a fact to which every one, however careful of his dignity, must yield. He who puts on the royal robe, adjusts the judicial wig, or pulls off the military boot, necessarily beholds king, judge, and conqueror in more or less of the nakedness of humanity, and in his eyes the symbols, at least, of majesty, law, and command can not but lose much of their awe. The great MOLTKE, who still, even in these days of bearded heroes, shaves, can hardly present a heroic aspect to the barber who holds him by the nose, and beslobbers the portentous lines of his face with soap-suds.

Vain as may be the attempt to sustain the dignity of the person in the presence of those to whom closeness of intimacy reveals every weakness and defect, there is no reason for lessening ourselves in the eyes of the whole world by any unnecessary display of natural or acquired infirmity. We are all bound by the laws of decorum, the respect for self and others, to present ourselves with as graceful and becoming a mien as possible. Every one should feel it a duty to avoid lowering human nature even in its outward aspects. An unreserved disclosure of natural defect, a willful disobedience of the laws of taste, carelessness of the person, and negligence in its attire, are social offenses. The slattern in dress and slattern in manner alike degrade human dignity, and should be excluded from all decent company.

People should be careful not only to present a becoming exterior abroad, but at home. There are many who, while they lay great stress upon the duty of obedience to the laws of decorum in dress and behavior in formal society, are entirely careless of their attire and manners in the domestic circle. These attempts to assume the decorous on special occasions never succeed, and the habitual slattern and boor are soon detected under the fine dress and air of ceremony.

Familiarity does unquestionably beget contempt, if not checked and regulated by the formalities of polite society. Trifling as it seems in itself, mere negligence of dress is unquestionably a frequent cause of domestic unhappiness. When the richly attired bride degenerates into the slatternly wife, as too often happens, she loses her hold upon her husband's admiration, and consequently his affection. A fondness which has been awakened by outward charms is not always proof against an ugliness engendered by negligence and a disregard to appearances. The man, too, who at home allows himself to sink into a sloven, is in no less imminent danger of losing the regard of a fastidious woman, whose innate delicacy of refinement is sure to be shocked at any want of propriety in manner or nicety of dress.

Without requiring from the family the most rigorous observance of the formalities of attire and ceremony exacted from society, we doubt whether they can be entirely discarded with safety by husbands and wives, children, brothers and sisters, in their most intimate intercourse with each other. The forms of decorum, though they are but symbols, should not be undervalued, for they serve as reminders of the mutual consideration which they signify. The man who takes his seat at the family table in his shirt sleeves, reeking with the sweat of labor, is not necessarily devoid of respect for his wife; but the mere act of putting on a coat out of regard to her presence reminds himself of the duty of courtesy, and indicates to others his sense of it. All the outward manifestations of mutual regard—the uncovering of the head, the various salutations, the "good-morning" and "good-evening," the "good-by," the "welcome home," the "thanks" for this and that, the "please," "will you have the kindness?" and the thousand other expressions of politeness—are as essential to the comfort and grace of the intercourse of the family as of society.

The influence of these marks and outward signs of regard and courtesy is especially great upon children, in impressing upon them the duties of mutual forbearance, reverence for their parents, and consideration for others; for the young, it must be recollected, are only to be effectually taught, in the first instance, by what is objective or recognizable by their senses. A father who habitually keeps on his hat in the presence of his wife, or never utters a gentle word of courtesy to her, may repeat in vain the fifth commandment, with all its liberality of promise, to his children, if in his boorishness he shows no outward sign of honor to their mother.

No one questions the advantage of ceremonies and courtesies in all our relations with the world at large. "It is," says Lord BACON, "like perpetual letters commendatory to have good forms." To become masters of them we must acquire them early, and they are only effective and becoming in the service of those who have been long accustomed to their use. The ease which comes from habit is essential to their grace. The family is consequently the best school for the acquisition of these "good forms," as Lord BACON terms them, and we need hardly repeat that they are inconsistent with every thing that indicates in the mien or dress the least token of the *slipshod*.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Birth under a Lucky Star.

MY DEAR LEO,—As I sit quietly in my place and watch my fellow-passengers, hearing their conversation and seeing their conduct, I feel that if I were the fairy godmother invited to a child's christening, the gift that I should bring would be temperament. If you observe the grocer weighing sugar and salt, it is the last little whiff that he casts in which turns the scale. If you study the stream in which you are hoping and feeling for trout, it is a little stone or chance bough, a drift or a waif, which has turned its course. Temperament is indefinable and vague and shadowy, but it makes all the difference between happiness and unhappiness. I know a poet who has plenty of genius, whose song strengthens the heroic and consoles the afflicted and inspires the young, but he is personally a nuisance, and his coming to your house is an affliction. And we all know famous statesmen who will be magnificent figures a hundred years hence, but a wise man would run around the next corner rather than meet them. There are handsome and fascinating men, too, accomplished and distinguished, familiar to all of us, whose wives other women envy; but those wives are not happy. The handsome husband has not a happy temperament. That is all; but it is enough.

There are days in midsummer when the sky is clear and the fields are green and the flowers in blossom and the crops bask in the warm sun, and to the eye a benediction rests upon the world. But there is an uneasiness in the mind, a fateful feeling of storms and elemental fury, which destroys the deepest enjoyment. The temperament of the day is unsatisfactory. But in September, when the mid-glory of summer is past—when the leaves are a little sere and yellowing, and the fields are stripped of crops, and the pastures begin to fail, and there is a possibility of frost—there are often the most perfect days of the year both to the eye and the mind: full, rich, ripe, satisfactory days, which tranquilize yet exhilarate the pure mountain-tops of the year bathed in celestial elixir. It is the temperament of such days which explains them. You may meet them in October, in November—yes, in December sometimes, when every thing seems gone; but they have still that power of making you satisfied and happy: they are dearer than those days of summer in which every charm seemed concentrated.

Or in a friend's family how often I see two children, both apparently well and bright, and born to the same chances. One is cleverer than the other and more beautiful; but it is all in vain: every thing goes wrong with her. The other is neither very clever nor very beautiful, but every thing goes well with her. Their family resemblance is so marked that you would say one is a smile, the other a frown, upon the family face. The fond parent watches the smile. He sees it bringing sunshine every where, even irradiating and for a moment smoothing the frown. "That girl was born under a lucky star," he says. Yes—he is right. But

"The star that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

It is temperament, and it proves her of angelic lineage. She is of the line of Eos—a daughter of the dawn. Her sister has a darker ancestry, and comes from the house of clouds.

What else is the old fable and the ever-new truth of the traveler tried by the wind and sun? Boreas tugs at him, harries him, smites him, confuses him, enrages him; but he holds his cloak fast, and does not surrender. Then the sun shines upon him, soft, silent, persuasive, and every muscle relaxes, the very marrow is warmed, and his whole being yields. I am that traveler. I sit here in my corner, and somebody, wise, witty, famous, powerful, seats himself by me, and we talk all day; but with all his imposing force he can not lift the veil that hides the real me. And, again, some one comes who will make no mark, who will never be heard of, and every barrier between us is at once melted, and our mutual confidence flows together like meeting waters. I have told you, I think, or some other of my correspondents, that one evening, long ago, at the theatre, Sappho, the queen of wit, leaned over to me and whispered, with sparkling eyes, "What is it, dear Mr. Bachelor, that you find to admire in your friend Orlando? He seems to me the most commonplace of mortals."

"'Tis his ancestry that I admire," I answered.

"Why, of what family is he?"

"He is descended straight from Apollo," replied I: "he is all sunshine. There is no blood in his veins; it is all ichor."

I am afraid that Sappho thought I had been drinking. But it was the simple truth. Apollo was not more truly the Sun-God than Orlando.

The secret of a happy temperament is what we call good-humor. Is there any thing so invincible? The gusts of anger and pride and of every passion dash against us, and we merely resist. But we no more resist good-humor than a snow bank the April sun. Hostility melts; opposition trickles away. The great orator rises in wrath, and foams along his speech in tremendous invective; but his opponent, with one little sally of good-humor, turns the whole force of the indignant current away. So argument and reasoning are launched with power against a public wrong, but launched in vain, when suddenly a stroke of satirically truthful good-humor raises a laugh that annihilates the wrong. "Lillibullero," which my Uncle Toby whistled, was the song that sung King James out of three kingdoms. A song and a jest may be more terrible than an army and a navy, and a British minister may fear a good-humored laugh in *Punch* as much as an adverse vote in Parliament.

To be born under a lucky star is to be born good-humored; for to good-humor there is no ill luck. Orlando or any other invincibly good-humored man should be labeled, "All is grist that comes to this mill." A happy temperament is the eye that always sees the silver lining in the darkest cloud. If you remember Charles Lamb's Captain Jackson, you know what it is. The other day I went to my shelves for a book, and before my hand touched it my eye fell upon "Elia." There was a temperament! There was a heroism to which I always pay the episodical homage of reading a page when I encounter the book. (As if I did it for homage, and not for pleasure!) So I opened the book, and, happily, at Captain Jackson. I hope that nobody supposes there was no such person. The only doubt would be which of all the Captain Jacksons it is! "Wine we had none," says Elia, speaking of the half-Barmecide supper at the "cottage" of Captain Jackson, "nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember. 'British beverage,' he would say: 'push about, my boys; drink to your sweethearts, girls.' At every meagre draught a toast must ensue or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effects wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the centre, with beams of generous port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered without knowing whence, tipsy upon words, and reeled under the potency of his unperforming bacchanalian encouragements."

Here, you see, was temperament actually plucking the sting from poverty. Captain Jackson gave his guests at his spare table the sense of "feast-oppressed chargers." "Then sliding a slender ration of single Gloucester upon his wife's plate, or the daughters', he would convey the remanent rind into his own, with a merry quirk of 'the nearer the bone,' etc., declaring that he universally preferred the outside." There was a temperament that filled a whole house with sunshine and happiness. I am afraid, dear Leo, that you and I sometimes grumble if our beef is not done to a turn, or if our Champagne is not perfectly frappé in the dog-days. Let us think of Captain Jackson, and be shamed into silence. Why, when I think of my fellow-passengers who sulk and fret in houses full of comfort, and of luxury even, the Sybarites who chafe at the wrinkle in the rose leaf, or of those others whose salaries are small, and whose homes require all the more sweetness and forbearance to relieve the hard work of the young wife or the old one, but who snarl and snub whenever they darken their own doors, I am convinced that the American Tract Society could do no more useful act than to issue a few hundred thousands of copies of Elia's Captain Jackson for distribution gratis in the Fifth Avenue and other suffering parts of the country.

I know that temperament is of nature, and I understand the indignation of Hotspur, who declares that it is all very well for Sereno, whose blood never quickens, to exhort every body to calmness. "Gad, I have more devils to subdue every morning before breakfast than Sereno has seen in his whole life!" cries Hotspur: "it's very easy to be virtuous if you're never tempted." But if you are not born under a lucky star, you can acquire a great deal of its influence by steady resolution. We need not be fatalists because we acknowledge that some are born blue-eyed and some black. If you have heard Cecilia play the piano, you know what delightful melody it is. But know also that she was born with no ear for music and no facility in her fingers, but that she has achieved this excellence by vigorous resolution. If she had said, "Oh, I'm not made for music," she would have been tuneless all her life, and all this pleasure which she gives to others would have been unknown. It would have been as if Captain Jackson had said, "If I can have no cheese but single Gloucester, I'll make the worst of it, and not the best."

Now, seeing what happiness flowed from his temperament upon every body, if you are not born with one so happy, repair the defects of your fortune—don't aggravate them. When I crossed the ocean it was with my old friend Captain Taffrail. The captain was one of the unfortunates who awake cross, and who are always ill-humored until after breakfast. He used to come up on deck before that repast, when we passengers were all breathing the morning air; and whenever any one in a loud, cheerful, hearty tone exclaimed, "Good-morning, Captain Taffrail," the captain always bowed and responded politely, "Good-morning!" but then, turning his head, he whispered vehemently to himself through his clenched teeth, "Oh, h—!" The captain did his best. He could not change his temperament, but he could withstand some of its effects. Indeed, what are manners but good-humored behavior? In the "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," which has been just published, Pomona lately showed me something so apt to our subject that I will quote it, so that my sermon may leave a sweet taste in your mouth. Jefferson was President, and he writes from Washington to his grandson: "I have mentioned good-humor as one of the preservatives of our peace and tranquillity. It is among the most effectual, and its effect is so well imitated and aided, artificially, by politeness, that this also becomes an acquisition of first-rate value. In truth, politeness is artificial good-humor: it covers the natural want of it, and ends by

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rendering habitual a substitute nearly equivalent to the real virtue. It is the practice of sacrificing to those whom we meet in society all the little conveniences and preferences which will gratify them, and deprive us of nothing worth a moment's consideration."

President Jefferson pushes it a little further—further, indeed, than is necessary. But this is the very case in which you are to

"Assume a virtue, if you have it not."

Your friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

COSTUMES.

AMONG new costumes tight-fitting garments prevail. Paletots and round mantles are shown in abundance, but they are made of velvet, cloth, fur, or cashmere, not of the material of the suit, and are designed to wear with any costume of harmonious colors. This reduces the suit proper to the polonaise, or a basque and upper skirt. True, such garments have been worn a long while, but they meet the general need so well that modistes exercise their ingenuity in remodeling and varying them rather than in devising novelties. The newest polonaises are long, with close corsage without a belt. When basques and over-skirts are made, the skirt is not as long as those of polonaises. Indeed, French importations and the designs of leading modistes point to short over-skirts, but the long over-skirt of last year is so warm and comfortable that it will scarcely be abandoned this season.

Waists of French dresses are cut long, and are very high in the neck, a standing bias band half an inch wide being added to some, while others are merely corded. Shoulder seams are very short and high, defining the line of the shoulders. There is a seam down the centre of the back of all dresses, and two side bodies are seen in many, thus cutting the back in six separate pieces. The longest of the side forms goes into the armhole just below the elbow. Basques still prevail, though postilion pleating is not as universal as last year, many plain basques being fitted smoothly over the tournure. There is also a tendency to lengthen basques. Square and pointed vests are both worn, usually falling open below the waist. Many basques on which vests appear are not cut with separate vests, but the material of the trimming (of which vests are invariably made) is laid on the front of the basque to simulate a vest, and is bordered with trimming. For example, a rich Parisian suit is of peacock green and black silks combined. The skirt is of peacock silk, with diagonal pleatings of the same; the over-skirt of black silk is piped and faced with peacock silk, and edged with black passementerie and fringe; the black silk basque has a pointed vest of peacock silk laid on the front, and edged with passementerie. Buttons and button-holes finish the front of vests; basques without vests are often fastened by hooks and eyes, and ornamented with bows.

Sleeves are close-fitting coat shape, provided with broad, square cuffs, or else open up the outer seam nearly to the elbow, and trimmed up the opening. The half-flowing sleeve, with frill toward the wrist, is also retained. Wide flowing sleeves are only seen on outside garments.

Skirts are not changed in shape, but are now seldom lined, and are no longer finished with worsted braid around the bottom. They are faced to the knee with crinoline muslin, and the dress material is turned up at the edge for about two inches, and hemmed on the crinoline.

Fringe will be the trimming of the season. It is shown in every conceivable design, and arranged on every part of the dress, two rows often passing straight around the skirt, taking the place of flounces, and being headed like flounces by bias bands and folds. These fringes are often made by hand at the modistes', being many strands of thick Italian silk caught in the edge of a bias band, and tied in separate tassels. Again, there are richly embroidered velvet bands, or bias pieces of the dress material braided, the lower edge cut in deep Gothic points, to which is added a wide fringe, with rich heading netted in points to fill up the spaces between the velvet points. Although ruffles and flounces are still greatly used, there is at last a probability that flat trimmings will be considered most stylish and distinguished. Indeed, fringe embroidery, braiding, passementerie, and folds represent the trimmings most seen on French garments. Folds are deprived of their stiffness and made very attractive by placing them of two shades alternately, or of two materials. A pretty gray poplin suit is trimmed to the knee by four bias folds of two alternating shades, the folds overlapping, and the cluster finished at the top by a wide passementerie and fringe; a brown delaine skirt has velvet folds alternating with others of delaine, each fold edged by Tom Thumb fringe; An ashes-of-roses poplin has two bias bands of black velvet corded on the upper edge with gray velvet, while a row of tassel fringe (black) falls from below each band. Royale, or uncut velvet, is much used for folds, bands, piping, cuffs, collars, and vests on silk and fine woolen dresses. Few crochet or other fancy buttons are used; the preference is for large button-moulds covered with the material with which the dress is trimmed.

GLOVES.

French kid gloves are imported in shades to match the dark, invisible tints of winter costumes, and in rich purple and reddish-maroon for black suits. Quiet neutral tints are still the choice of refined tastes. Prettiest among these is a new soft shade called putty-color; ashes-of-roses is revived in eight shades; real violet-purple, with white stitching, is commended for plum-colored suits; and there is a wide range of pleasing grave shades, beginning with clear Quaker drab and ending in clear Vandyck brown. Drab, it should be remembered, is a brown shade, not gray; many people confound it with stone or slate color. London smoke is the darkest gray shown. Black kid will be greatly used, and a new idea among these is to have the stitching on the back and the welts at the wrist of a bright color. If this is too brilliant, then a colored line of broidery on the back between white stitching and white welts is chosen. Very handsome black gloves are wrought with gold thread in imitation of scalloped frills. Deep ultramarine blue, and the invisible green gloves that were sought after in vain last season, are now shown in abundance. For those who fancy brilliant colors fuchsia red and bright Magenta gloves are prepared; but the *Bazar* can not say a word in their favor.

Long-wristed gloves, with two or three buttons, or the demi-long, with a clasp and volante (or scalloped cuff), are the choice for street and church. Plain gloves without ornamental stitching are prettiest, but there is a tendency in favor of trimming The ordinary one-button glove costs $1 75; the demi-long and two buttons, $2 25; with three buttons, $2 75; four buttons, $3 25; with six, $3 75.

Evening gloves are rather deeper in tone than those of last season. Pearl, buff, salmon, and pale pink is the range of colors shown in numberless boxes of long gloves for full dress. These are entirely without stitching. The length of the glove depends upon the sleeve, and, withal, upon the beauty of the arm. Those with three buttons are long enough with Marie Antoinette sleeves frilled to the elbow. Six-button gloves, reaching almost to the elbow, are worn with short sleeves.

Tiniest so-called infants' gloves are shown in buff, gray, and brown, beautifully stitched and eyelcted. They cost $1 25; misses' larger sizes are $1 50; with two buttons, $2.

EVENING MANTLES AND HOODS.

The Russian cape in ottoman reps is shown for evening wraps. White and scarlet reps are most largely imported, trimmed with folds, braiding, and fringe. Black capes are richly embroidered in the Japanese work in bright colors.

Pretty hoods are made of squares of cashmere folded three-cornered like a shawl, fitted over the forehead by three box-pleats in the centre of the long side, tied under the chin by a cord and tassel, and fringed on the lower edges.

CORSETS.

The demand for colored corsets increases every winter, the prejudice against them giving way gradually as it did to Balmoral petticoats. Bright, warm-looking scarlet and gray merino are the colors most worn. These are beautifully made up in the comfortable glove-fitting shape; are prettily stitched with white floss, and furnished with the new "unbreakable busks." These busks are of strong yet flexible metal, with a double covering of gutta-percha, which so closely enwraps the metal that the corsets may be washed without danger of being stained by rust from the metal. Colored satin corsets, black, blue, and cherry, trimmed with white lace and embroidery, are shown for masquerading costumes. White satin corsets, filled with bones, and beautifully wrought with white, are for brides.

VARIETIES.

The rich gros grain ribbons seen at the importers' show two tones of a color, thus doing away with the use of two ribbons for trimming hats and bonnets in last year's fashion. The ribbon is about two and a half inches wide, two-thirds of its width being the darkest shade, the other third lighter. Paon green, ultramarine blue, pastile drab, prune, cypress green, and scabieuse are shown in two dark tints. The paler tints are shaded in the same proportion. Wider ribbons for sashes are shown also in two tones, among them olive brown, Vandyck brown, tan-color, garnet, and the darkest wine-color. Some stylish contrasts are also brought out in the same style of ribbons; for instance, prune and drab are seen together, brown and buff, gray and *chair* (a lovely flesh tint), and plum and *chair*. A well-selected stock of ribbons contains eighty shades of the fashionable colors. Watteau ribbons of pale tints in Roman bars are found in new combinations, such as green and flesh-color, pink and *chair*, blue and écru, apricot and Nile green, pink and blue, and pink with green. For the hair there are narrow double-faced ribbons, one side velvet, the other of satin. Soft lustreless finely corded gros grain ribbons are also shown for the hair, for neck-ties, and sashes. Wider ribbons for trimming bonnets are also double-faced.

Clerical-looking collars, with squares of linen in front, are stylish; but in order to be pretty they require more collar at the back than the straight standing band usually seen with them.

The black lace scarf so generally worn is prettily shaped at the furnishing houses by putting three or four pleats in the centre to make it lie smoothly on the shoulders. It is of dotted net folded nearly double, the under side deepest, pleated behind, and laid in flat pleats again where it meets on the breast. The whole scarf has an edge of lace. Made up of imitation netting, they cost $2 50.

New neck-ties have a band to pass around the neck, and a great carelessly puffed rosette in front with short fringed ends. They are made of faille ribbon of all the fashionable tints, and in Roman ribbons also.

Box-pleated blouses of woolen fabrics are shown at the furnishing houses. They are of gray, scarlet, or blue merino, or of fine flannel, or else of black cashmere, or even alpaca. They are for breakfast and house wear instead of jackets, and will serve a good purpose with double skirts of dresses whose bodies are worn out, or have gone out of fashion. Mothers will find them invaluable for growing girls. Three double box-pleats in front and back is the handsomest style; coat sleeve with square cuff and collar of black velvet. For stout figures a plain blouse is made, the pleats being simulated by bias bands piped at each edge with a color, such as tan, plum, or white. Plaid pipings enliven black waists worn by young girls with plaid skirts.

Cloth paletots are imported from Berlin for girls from three to twelve years of age. They are in gray, brown, and plum-colored shades, and are beautifully trimmed with velvet bands, fur, and elaborate cording in braiding designs. They cost from $13 to $22.

Water-proof dresses with plain waist fastening behind, coat sleeves, and over-skirt, are also shown for little girls. They are prettily lighted up by machine embroidery in gay colored silks—scarlet, green, or blue with white.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.; and AITKEN & MILLER.

PERSONAL.

PRECOCITY bases its claim to future greatness on the fact that FISHER AMES entered Harvard at the age of twelve, and EDWARD EVERETT at thirteen; Bishop HEBER translated "Phædrus" into English at seven; ANNA SEWARD repeated from memory the first three books of "Paradise Lost" at nine; and Lord BROUGHAM wrote on philosophy at eighteen.

—It is said of WALT WHITMAN that during the war he was a frequent visitor at the hospitals in and around Washington, bringing cheer and comfort to many a poor soldier. During this time he worked for the government for $100 a month, slept in a garret, ate frugally, wore mean clothes, and spent $70 a month for the sick soldiers.

—The Pope has sent a letter to M. THIERS congratulating him upon the continuance of his term of office.

—The Empress EUGÉNIE has gone to Spain for a couple of months, during which time the ex-Emperor will assuage his grief with such pleasures and comforts as are obtainable in Torquay.

—Mrs. LUCINDA STONE, of Michigan, who is traveling in Europe with a battalion of twenty-six young ladies, expresses delight with the young women who act as head clerks in the hotels in Ireland. Mrs. S. says they are quicker, more accurate, and understand questions much better than men.

—PASCHAL GROUSSET is not more eminent as a Communist than he is famous as a dandy. Paris has no daintier or better-dressed man. In gloves especially he develops great force. Since his arraignment he drapes his person with such care that the satirists on the Seine style him the perfumed and curled cut-throat of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

—Mrs. MARY E. DODGE, who writes pleasant things for *Hearth and Home*, is paid $3000 a year for that service. She is both clever and beautiful, and is educating two boys in a manner worthy the fame of their grandfather, the late Professor JAMES J. MAPES, one of the wittiest and most cultivated men of his day.

—The King of Burmah, animated by the spirit of the New England trader, has amazed the merchants of his kingdom by buying on three months' credit $45,000 worth of cotton goods, and is underselling the ordinary retailers.

—It is the agreeable custom of the Pope every year to send to some Catholic princess a golden rose. This year the recipient is the Queen of the Belgians.

—Mrs. ELIZABETH DONELSON, widow of the late Major ANDREW J. DONELSON, who was private secretary to General JACKSON, died in Tennessee on the 30th of August. Her first husband was LEWIS RANDOLPH, a grandson of THOMAS JEFFERSON.

—Count OTTO BISMARCK, son of the Prussian premier, is described as a tall young fellow, very much resembling an Englishman. He spent two years in England studying the English army organization, and afterward took lessons in diplomacy in Paris, where he was a frequent visitor at General DIX's receptions. He is master of five modern languages, and a great sportsman.

—Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, during the last few years, has found but two things to commend in the public press. One was the elaborate and able statement of the position of the Communists, from their point of view; and the next, of more recent date, is an approval of the New Jersey Railroad Company, which, during the last thirty-seven years, has transported over seventy millions of passengers, without loss of life or limb to any one inside the cars.

—The Prince of Wales is declared by a London letter-writer not to have read a book since he left college, and that he declares himself unable to keep awake over the cleverest novel more than five minutes at a time.

—The gossip in Washington diplomatic circles just now is about the Russian minister and "M. FISH," as the Russian representative amiably calls him. The difficulty has assumed such proportions that unless M. CATACAZY retires before the Grand Duke ALEXIS beams upon us, the President will kindly furnish M. CATACAZY his passports, and permit him gracefully to exude from the country.

—Colonel FORNEY's "Reminiscences of Public Men"—the best by far that have thus far appeared in this country—will be published in book form when they shall have reached their hundredth number.

—Professor SEELEY, author of that strong and wonderfully well-written book, "Ecce Homo," has completed the first volume of his edition of "Livy," which will soon be published.

—The gentleman known as the "Fat Contributor" of the Cincinnati *Commercial* comes to the rescue of that much-criticised woman, XANTIPPE. He estimates that it was useless for her to endeavor to please Mr. SOCRATES, and nonsense to get up a good dinner for him, as no one could tell when he would come home to eat it. He washed very rarely, and let his hair grow long, greatly to the disgust of XANTIPPE, who was a neat woman herself. So much wrapped up was he in philosophy that he would only half dress himself in the morning, and he appeared on the street so often in his stocking feet that the boys dubbed him "Old Soc."

—"The Battle of Dorking," of which Colonel GEORGE CHESNEY is now the admitted author, is about to be published in French with the title of "La Bataille de Dorking; Invasion des Prussiens en Angleterre," with a preface by M. CHARLES YRIARTE. The English "Dorking" has sold to the extent of 100,000 copies.

—At the EDGAR-BONAPARTE nuptials, celebrated on the 7th September in the Roman Catholic church at Newport, Rhode Island, by Father GRACE (pleasant name!), the bride, who is very beautiful, wore a traveling dress of gray silk and cashmere, and hat to correspond. She was given away by her uncle APPLETON, Mrs. JULIA F. ORMSTADT, her sister, being bride-maid, and Mr. CHARLES BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, brother of the groom, groomsman. Mrs. BONAPARTE is daughter of the late SAMUEL APPLETON and JULIA WEBSTER APPLETON, granddaughter of DANIEL WEBSTER, and widow of NEWBOLD EDGAR, who died in Paris in the spring of 1870. The groom is son of the late JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, grandson of JEROME BONAPARTE and Madame PATTERSON BONAPARTE, and grand-nephew of NAPOLEON I.

—WACHTEL, the eminentest of German tenors, has made his advent in this city, and is now singing in German opera at the Stadt Theatre. WACHTEL is out of his first youth, being forty-seven, yet well preserved; voice perfect, and of the purest as well as of the most robust quality. His start in life was as a conveyancer—that is to say, as a hack-driver, an occupation hereditary in the W. family; but having found out that he had a voice, he cultivated it until he became one of the best of actors and singers in Europe, and has kept on in the even tenor of operatic life ever since. London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin have indorsed him, and he now comes and begs New York to consummate his musical happiness.

—Alderman CAMPBELL, Lord Mayor of Dublin, did himself the honor to refuse a knighthood from the Lord Lieutenant when the royal princes were in Dublin. He is a grocer and wine merchant, and opulent.

—The congregation of the Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, when he preached in the stone church which stood where TIFFANY'S now stands, was not rich, and therefore let his salary run behind some $60,000. When the church was sold this was paid, principal and interest, and he now lives in a villa in New Jersey, and enjoys, as was once remarked by a druggist, his *opium cum digitalis*.

—In England quite recently a marriage took place which comes up to the highest point of romance. Some three years ago the Earl of Normanton died, leaving personalty valued at $3,500,000. He had two sons and one daughter, and in his will was a clause to the effect that he believed that happiness in this world was fully attainable only in the married state; that he regretted his second son was still single, and that unless he married by a certain given date he was only to enjoy a comfortable competence, whereas, if he would mate by the time named, he should have a handsome fortune. Up to a month ago there was apparently no sign that the young man would comply with the terms of his father's will; but, lo and behold! a few days since he "went and did it"—married a Tasmanian lady.

—Madame LOUISA MUHLBACH is giving herself to the study of English with great assiduity, in view of her approaching visit to this country. She proposes to lecture to the Germans and Gerwomen of the U. S.—a speculation that may turn out well, and may not. German folk are given to opera, ball, concert, and the salon de lager, but do not rave about lectures.

—Mr. WILL M. CARLETON has been engaged to edit the weekly edition of the Detroit *Tribune*, and will contribute his rural sketches hereafter to that paper.

—The late Duke of Argyll was "a fine old Scottish gentleman—one of the olden time," and not possessed of the proverbial thrift of his countrymen. On the contrary, he left the property much mortgaged. The present duke has, with commendable self-denial, paid off a good portion of it, so that the Marquis of Lorne will, in the ordinary course of nature, find himself master of a fine fortune.

—The foreign diplomatic world will soon be compelled to yield to American sway. There are few Continental embassies that are not ruled by American influence. The American belles have taken the place so long held by the English. The Comtesse de Gabriac was a Miss THALON, from the South; the Princess de Lynar, Miss MARY PARSONS, from Cleveland, Ohio; Miss DODGE is the wife of the Governor of Sedan; and the wife of Commander GAILLARD, who had the Communist prisoners in charge, is a lady from Boston. The Duc d'Aumale's secretary, M. LANGEL, is married to Miss CHAPMAN, daughter of Mrs. CHAPMAN of antislavery celebrity; and the American marriages at the imperial court are without number.

—Mr. J. EDGAR THOMPSON, who is to the Pennsylvania railroads what Commodore VANDERBILT is to the railroads of New York, is said to be one of the calmest and most persevering of men, always preserving silence himself, and making others talk without asking questions. An English capitalist, having business with the railway magnate, was told by a wag that THOMPSON liked to do all the talking, and the result was that in an interview of fifteen minutes not twenty words were spoken. When the Briton came out the wag inquired his opinion of the railway financier. "He seems to be an idiot," was the response. THOMPSON, questioned respecting the Englishman, expressed the opinion that he must be a Trappist.

—JOSEPH W. FOWLER, Esq., of Troy, proposes to erect on the grounds of Union College a new residence for the president elect, Dr. POTTER, who is his son-in-law. He has also added $10,000 to the college fund. The new residence is to become the property of the college.

—Uncle JEREMIAH GOFFIN, a disseminator of the truths of the Gospel among his colored brethren in New Orleans, recently put the question to certain dissatisfied converts in this wise: "What yer grumbling about? Yer all better off dan yer ever spected to be—dan ye ever deserved to be. Did yer tink when Massa LINKUM guv ye yer freedom he was gwine to buy tickets in de Louisiana State Lottery for you besides? Dat's what I want t' know?"

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Feather Duster, Figs. 1 and 2.

duster is made of white tissue-paper, cut in the shape of feathers, and furnished handle of strips of split cane, which are held together with a head of red carriage

Make the handle first by winding hyr worsted around twelve strips of ne, each twenty-four inches long. he strips of cane are wound firmly r, wind red worsted closely on one the handle thus formed to a length inches from the end. Bend the f cane over as shown by the illustra- them around the handle two inches half lower down, and wind them here with red worsted to a length inches. The ends of the canes are l on the under end of the handle, y must spread out somewhat, as by the illustration. To make the cut of double tissue-paper strips hes and three-quarters long and an d three-quarters wide, slitting the lges as shown by Fig. 2, and run red backward and forward through the of these strips. The head of red leather, taken double, is cut from Supplement, and is worked in point in the design given, with silk of the the cane; the scallops on the outer button-hole stitched. The head is d with buttons and button-holes, so nay easily be removed to replace the when worn out.

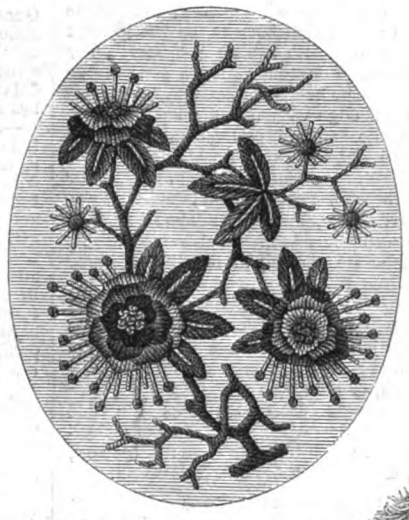


Fig. 1.—MEDALLION IN SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.

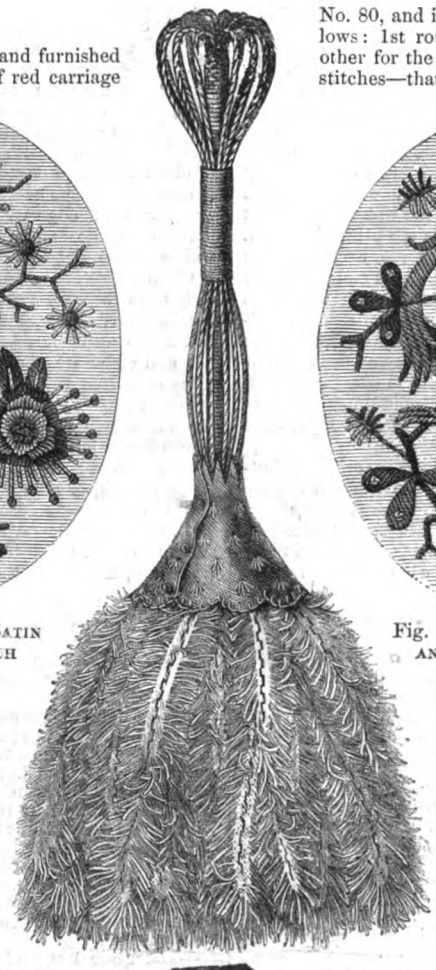


Fig. 1.—FEATHER DUSTER.—[See Page 629.]

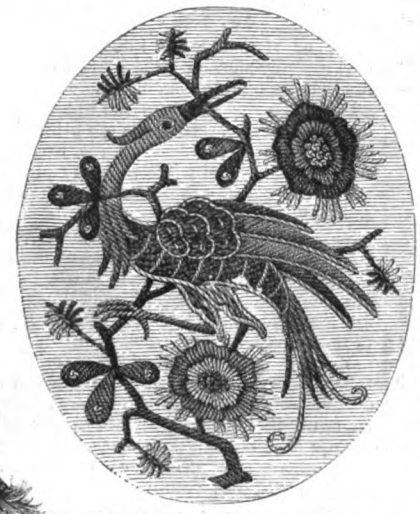
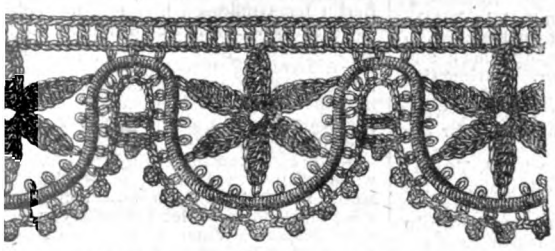


Fig. 2.—MEDALLION IN SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.

dallions in Satin and Half-polka Stitch Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

E medallions are especially adapted for ornamenting memorandum-



CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE EDGING.

ard-cases, cigar-cases, etc. They are worked with saddler's silk or dark silk cloth, velvet, or leather. On gray leather, em- in different shades of gray silk and gold thread has a pretty The two designs here given are worked in half-polka, and satin stitch, and in point Russe, as shown by the ions.

Crochet and Mignardise Edging.

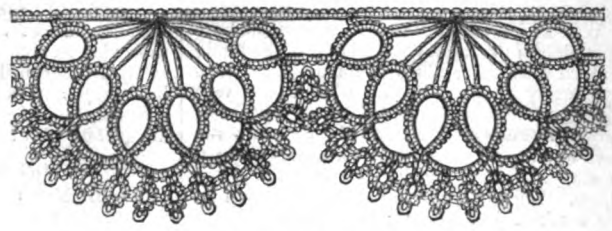
edging, which is suitable for trimming lingerie, ed with mignardise and twisted crochet cot- . 60. Work, first, the six-leaved figures ly; to do this, crochet, beginning at the * 8 ch. (chain stitch), going back- these and passing over the last, ngle crochet), 1 sdc. (short dou- het), 3 dc. (double crochet), sc. This forms a leaflet; ive times more from *, ten the thread. In these leaflets, how- sten the point of a loop of the lise as shown llustration. he requi- nber of gures is work on r side of the lise one round vs: * nine times ly 1 sc. on the next the mignardise, and p. (picot), 1 ch.; the p. of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the hese. Then twice alternate- on the next loop, and 3 ch.; en times alternately 1 sc. on the p, and 1 ch. Then 1 sc. on the fol- loop, 4 ch., fasten to the ch. opposite, ing back on the 4 ch.; this completes the first of the cross bands in the hollow be- tween two scallops; now crochet 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, 1 cross band like the for- mer, after the second sc. of the band 1 p. of 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of the 4 ch., and repeat from *. Finish the lace by working one round of ch. and one round of open-work dc. for the upper edge, observing the illustration.

Tatted Edging.

THIS edging is worked with tatting cotton, No. 80, and is used for trimming lingerie. It is worked with two threads (shuttles) as follows: 1st round.—Tie both threads, one of which serves for the foundation thread, the other for the working thread, together, and on the foundation thread work 3 ds. (double stitches—that is, 1 stitch right, 1 stitch left); turn these stitches downward, and work, * with one foundation thread only, thus paying no attention to the working thread, one ring of 6 ds., 1 short p. (picot), 6 ds., 1 p. two-fifths of an inch long, 6 ds., 1 short p., 6 ds. Turn the ring downward, and on the foundation thread 3 ds.; now, with the working thread only, make one small ring of three times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 2 ds.; now again on the foundation thread 3 ds., with the working thread only, one small ring like the former; this ring must be fastened to the preceding ring as shown by the illustration; on the foundation thread again 3 ds., and with the working thread only, one small ring like the preceding; turn the scallop thus formed downward with the three small rings, and repeat from *, always fastening to the last p. of the preceding ring. Continue the work, observing the illustration. In the second round, which consists only of one row of stitches worked on the foundation thread, fasten to the large rings of the first round, and hold every six of the long picots together.

Netted Guipure Square.

SQUARES of this kind are used for setting tidies together. They can be joined by means of netted guipure or crocheted insertion, or else with strips of colored silk, or brown or écru linen. These strips may be ornamented in simple point Russe embroidery. For the design of the square here given work, first, the plaid parts of the illustration in point de toile, darn the open-work foundation in point d'esprit, and work the closer strips, which rest on the plaid



TATTED EDGING.

parts in the middle figure of the square, and the remaining close figures shown by the illustration, in point de reprise. Work a wheel in the centre of the square.

Corners of Tapestry Borders, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are suitable for mats, cushions, covers, etc. They are worked on canvas in cross stitch embroidery. The colors are given by the description of symbols under the designs. For mats work the border on coarse canvas in Smyrna stitch (double cross stitch), and fill the centre with deer-skin, a plush foundation, or embroidery.

Canvas Bell Cover.

See illustration on page 629.

THIS bell cover is made of No. 4 single canvas, and steel springs an eighth of an inch wide, trimmed with red worsted braid. Cut eight pieces of equal size from Fig. 84, Supplement, and sew them together according to the corresponding signs. Furnish the cover on the inside along the seams with covered steel springs, which are bent in at the points indicated by : on Fig. 84, in order to obtain the shape of the bell cover. Sew the red braid on along the seams on the outside, first in loops, and then straight, ornament with beads along the middle of the loops, and set a steel spring half an inch wide, covered with red braid, on the under edge of the bell cover. This spring is sewed on with slanting stitches of black silk, and furnished underneath with a ruche of red worsted braid. Following the straight line partly indicated on the pattern, trim the bell cover with similar braid, on which sew a narrower steel spring similar to that on the under edge. Inside of the bell cover, covering the steel springs that meet at the point, set a round piece of pasteboard an inch in diameter, and covered with the material. Trim the outside of the point of the cover with a rosette of box-pleated red worsted braid, and on this rosette sew a ring of a narrow covered steel spring for a handle. In sewing on the ring pass the needle through

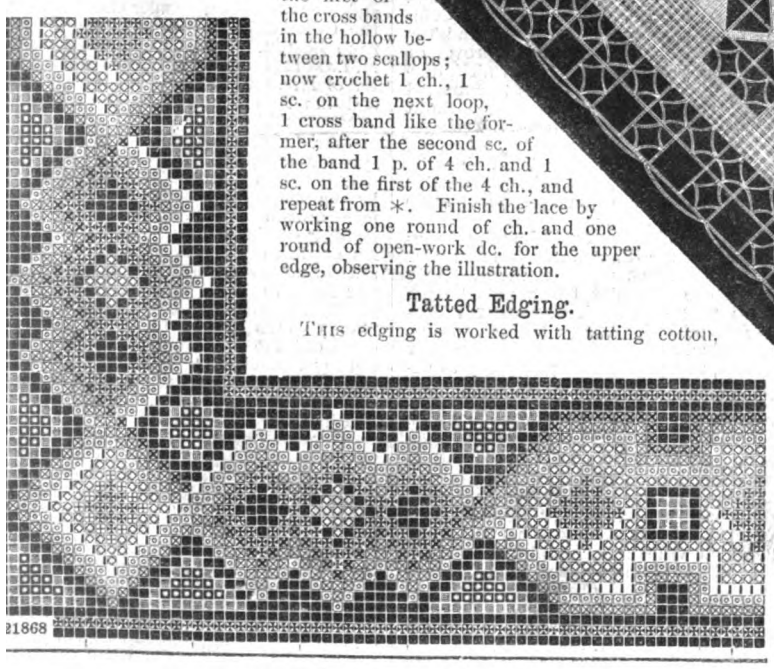


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Fig. 1.—CORNER OF TAPESTRY BORDER.
escription of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊡ Green; ▪ Gray; ⊡ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, Reddish-Brown; ■ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ⊞ 3d, ⁞ 4th (lightest). Fawn,

NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE.

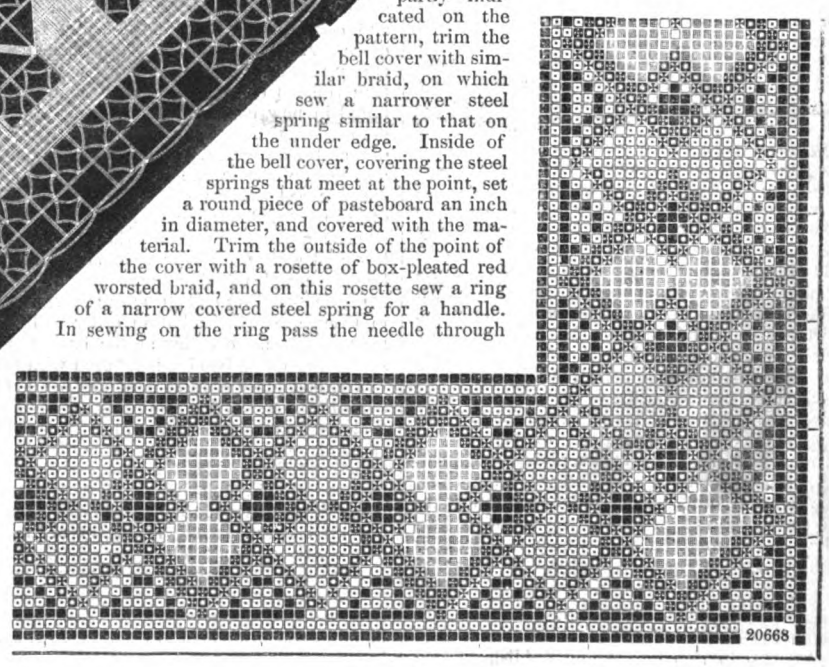

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Fig. 2.—CORNER OF TAPESTRY BORDER.
Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊡ Red; ▪ Green; ■ 1st, ⊡ 2d, ⊠ 3d, □ 4th, Fawn.

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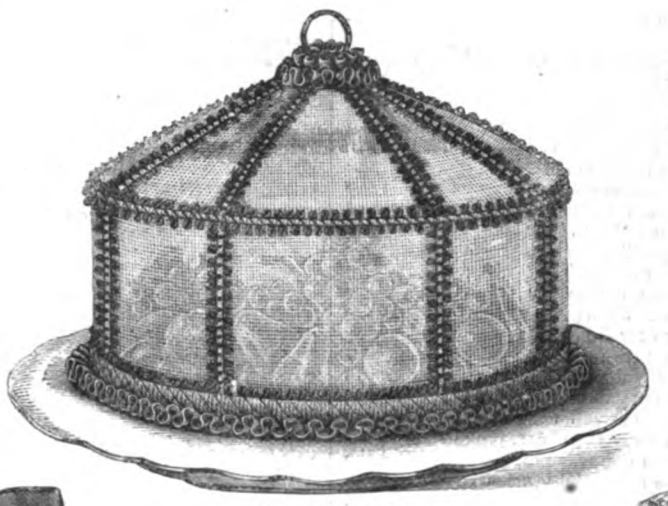
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 17.

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN RIBBON BOW FOR THE HAIR.



CANVAS BELL COVER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIV., Fig. 84.

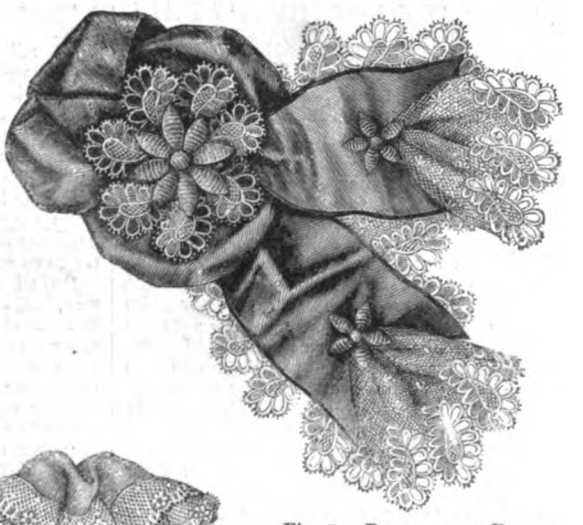


Fig. 5.—RIBBON AND BLONDE BOW FOR THE HAIR.

the piece of pasteboard on the inside of the bell cover.

Cravat Bows and Bows for the Hair, Figs. 1-5.

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN RIBBON BOW FOR THE HAIR. This bow is made of light blue gros grain ribbon. The ends, of different lengths, are fringed two inches and a half deep, as shown by the illustration. The seam made by setting on the ends is covered by a rosette of ribbon loops, trimmed with a tassel in the middle. To make this tassel take a piece of ribbon thirteen inches and a quarter long, cut off the woven edge on one side, and fringe out the ribbon until an edge a quarter of an inch wide only remains. Roll this edge together so as to form a tassel, and set it on the middle of the rosette.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN RIBBON AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 3.—VELVET RIBBON AND FRINGE CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 4.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 85.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN RIBBON AND LACE CRAVAT BOW. This bow is of two shades of violet gros grain ribbon and lace. The loops, the knot, and the two under ends are of the darkest shade of the ribbon; between this the lace is set on. The shorter ends are of the lighter shade, and are set on a stiff lace foundation, overlapping each other in fan shape.

STIFF LACE BUSTLE.

Fig. 3.—VELVET RIBBON AND FRINGE CRAVAT BOW. This cravat bow is made of black velvet ribbon and corn-colored fringe. Make the fringe of corn-colored gros grain ribbon forty-four inches long and two inches and a half wide. Cut off the woven edge on one side, and fringe it out so that only an edge a quarter of an inch wide remains. Cut the fringe thus formed in half, gather both pieces at the firm edge, and sew them on two pieces of stiff lace five inches and a quarter long and an inch and a quarter wide, each in coils as shown by the illustration. Between the coils set on loops of velvet ribbon. The seam made by sewing on the ends thus arranged is covered by two loops and a short piece of velvet ribbon cut in points. A band of velvet ribbon is finally set on the middle, as shown by the illustration.

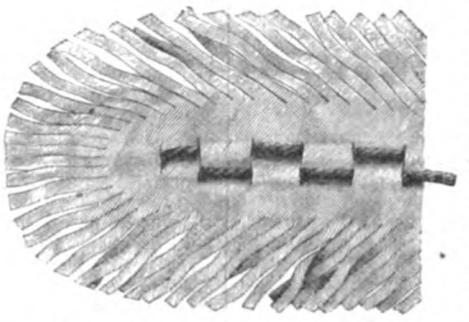


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF FEATHER DUSTER. FULL SIZE.—[See Page 628.]

Fig. 4.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT BOW. This bow is made of pink crêpe de Chine, trimmed with lace an inch and three-quarters wide. To make the bow cut one piece of crêpe de Chine from Fig. 85, Supplement; cut a slit in this piece to :, as indicated on the pattern, and edge it with lace an inch and three-quarters wide. Pleat both sides of this piece as shown by the illustration, bringing ×a on ●a and ×b on ●b on each half of the piece. Make two more pleats on the outer edge, bringing ×c on ●c and ×d on ●d. The upper edge of the material is folded over along the dotted line so that it forms a sort of revers. Sew the top together on the under side so that * of one half comes on * of the other half, thus forming a pleat on the outside.

Fig. 5.—RIBBON AND BLONDE BOW FOR THE HAIR. To make this bow take a piece of cherry gros grain ribbon twenty-four inches long and two inches wide. Tie this in a loose knot at the middle, which is fastened on the edge of a round piece of stiff lace two inches and three-quarters broad.—Lay the two ends of the ribbon on the stiff lace foundation in the shape of a diadem, and interloop them again; the ends are cut in points as shown by the illustration. Then take blonde two inches and three-quarters wide, gather it, and arrange it on the inside of the diadem of ribbon. The centre is ornamented with an embroidery figure. Edge the ends of the ribbon with similar blonde, as shown by the illustration, and trim them with smaller embroidery figures. Instead of embroidery figures, artificial flowers may be used.

Stiff Lace Bustle.

THIS bustle consists of four overlapping pieces, in the outer edges of which coarse cotton cord is hemmed. Cut of a double layer of stiff lace four pieces. The under piece is eleven inches and a quarter long and thirty-four inches wide. The upper pieces are cut two inches shorter and two inches narrower each than the under piece. Round off these four pieces at the under edge as shown by the illustration. Hem cord into the outer edges, the top excepted, baste the pieces on each other at the upper straight edge, sew them into the double material of a shirting binding an inch wide, and gather them by means of linen tape drawn through the binding. The ends of the tape are tied in front. This bustle can be washed easily.

CRINOLINE BUSTLE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 83.

Crinoline Bustle.

THIS bustle is made of crinoline, trimmed with ruffles and ruches of the material. Cut one piece from Fig. 83, Supplement. Edge this piece with a box-pleated ruffle four inches wide, which is sewed on so as to form a heading an inch and a quarter wide. Arrange the upper edge in two pleats, bringing × on ●. Cover the remainder of the bustle with ruches three inches and three-quarters wide, arranged in double box-pleats. The ruffle and ruches must previously have been bound with linen tape. Bind the upper edge of the bustle with shirting, and to the under side sew a small roll made of shirting, and filled with curled hair or elastic springs. Finish with strings of linen tape.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-10.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 11 and 12.

REMOVAL OF TATTOO MARKS FROM THE SKIN.

INQUIRY is frequently made for methods for the successful removal of tattoo marks in the skin. While these are generally asserted to be indelible, if produced by the insertion of some carbonaceous matter, a correspondent of the *Chemical News* says that, in one attempt, the marks disappeared after being first well rubbed with a salve of pure acetic acid and lard, then with a solution of potash, and finally with hydrochloric acid. For further details the inquirer is referred to Casper's "Hand-Book of Forensic Medicine," vol. i. p. 108.

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WHY LADY HORNBURY'S BALL WAS POSTPONED.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE."

COURT JOURNAL, April 12. "Lady Hornbury's ball on May 2 is unavoidably postponed."

"What is the matter?" said all the world and his wife. On this occasion the world and his wife were very easily satisfied. Sir John must have had another stroke, and Lady Hornbury would soon be the most beautiful widow in England of her age, while her daughter Edith would be one of the greatest heiresses. The male line was notoriously extinct. Sir John was a shrewd man of business, a little apt to be near, and the very last man in the world to enrich unnecessarily a successor to his house in the shape of a new husband for Lady Hornbury. The world and his wife were easily satisfied: one of the pleasantest houses in London would be closed that season, and of course Lady Hornbury could not go out in the present state of her husband's health. So said the world that week, but the world was astonished out of all propriety when it went into the Park next day to find Sir John—faultlessly dressed and as upright as if paralysis and he had never made acquaintance—riding his celebrated bay, with his faultlessly appointed groom quite a long way behind him—by no means close to him as he used to ride when Sir John was likely to have a seizure. The world, in short, was utterly puzzled; the more so when he answered that Lady Hornbury was perfectly well, but had been called suddenly from town on business, and would probably not appear for a considerable time. Sir John was a man who generally did his own business as well as his wife's, and it seemed very strange that he should be riding about so coolly in the Park, and Lady Hornbury gone away on business. Mystery was added to mystery when Hunter, of the dragoons, came on the scene and reported himself returning from the camp at Chalons, where he had been professionally examining the French cavalry: he said that he had met Lady Hornbury at the station at Calais, just getting into the Paris train. Here was a great mystery: Edith Hornbury was at school in Paris, and was to come out at the great ball now postponed. What on earth was the matter?

Sir John and Lady Hornbury were, deservedly, nearly the most popular people in London; they were wealthy, clever, kindly, and good-humored. He was much older than she, but she was absolutely devoted to him, and never left him for an instant in his very numerous illnesses, one of which had resulted in a very dangerous attack of paralysis. There was perfect confidence between them, although Sir John had hitherto left all matters relating to his daughter to the care of his wife, only asking from time to time how the girl was getting on. She was all that could be desired: discreet, beautiful, accomplished, and perfectly obedient in every thing—a most model young lady in every respect. Early in her life she had shown a will of her own, but it seemed to have been perfectly subdued by her parents' kindness and indulgence. An event which had taken place a year before this had shown her submission in the most remarkable way. She had been staying at a country house—her old aunt Hornbury's—where there was a large general society, and a style of living under the careless, good-humored old maid most conducive to mild flirtation, or, what the old lady called it, "the young people being happy together." The old lady, however, drew a pretty sharp line in these matters; and thinking that Edith's attention was a little too much engaged by a very handsome young fellow, a Mr. Holmsdale, wrote to her mother quietly, and Edith went very submissively home. Her mother never mentioned the matter to her, and all was perfectly secret, until, some months after, the maid who had been with her at her aunt's tremblingly told her that Miss Edith was corresponding with this Mr. Holmsdale, and handed her a letter, of which the following were the contents:

"SIR,—Once more I request you to cease this utter folly. I have unfortunately once told you that you are not indifferent to me, and for that one expression in a moment of weakness I am to be persecuted to death. You take your final answer, and further letters from you, Sir, will be instantly laid before my father."

"I think that our girl has behaved very well indeed," said Sir John, when his wife showed him the letter. "Deuced well. I wish my sister would keep her house in better order. The girl sha'n't go *there* again. I think we are very well out of it. Give me the letter."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Send it to him, addressed in my handwriting, with my name signed in the corner. I shall send it under cover to my sister: he. butler knows his address. Who is this Holmsdale?"

"I don't know. The villain!" exclaimed Lady Hornbury.

"We don't know that he is a villain, my dear," said Sir John: "he must be a gentleman, or my sister would never have had him to her house."

"A clandestine correspondence!" said Lady Hornbury, bridling.

"My dear, did we have no clandestine correspondence when I was a younger brother and a dragoon, with five hundred a year, and you a fine lady, with Lord Bumpster at your heels every where? Did not you tell me once that if your mother pressed on the match with him that you would run away with me on five hundred a year and your own fortune, and trust to my poor brother Tom to get us something? And you would have done it, my lady: come."

"I was very young and foolish," said Lady Hornbury.

"Well, and Edith is young and wise," said Sir John, kissing her. "Now the first thing to do is to turn that maid of Edith's out of the house."

"Why, we owe her much," said Lady Hornbury.

"I tell you that no right-thinking young woman would have betrayed a kind and gentle young mistress, like Edith, in a love affair," said the atrocious dragoon, Sir John. "What would you have said to your own maid in old times if she had done it to you?"

The *argumentum ad hominem* was a little too much for honest Lady Hornbury, and she had to laugh again. "But," she added, "if we send her away she will talk about the matter all over the town and country."

"Well, then, double her wages and let her stay," said Sir John; "but don't let me see her. And as for Edith, let her have change of scene; give her a year's school somewhere. Send her to Comtesse d'Aurilliac, at Paris; she can't come to any harm with that old dragon."

"My daughter will come to no harm any where," said Lady Hornbury, proudly.

"That I am quite sure of, my dear. But the society at the old lady's pension is very agreeable; none but the very best legitimist girls, and no followers allowed."

"I would not be vulgar, Sir John, if I were in your place," said the lady. "Will you *ever* forget the barracks?"

"You were very nearly knowing a good deal about them yourself, my lady, that night when you proposed to run away with me."

Lady Hornbury swept out of the room majestically, and left Sir John laughing. There was very little conversation between mother and daughter, for Edith found in a day or two, by an answer which came from Holmsdale, that her father and mother knew every thing. She was completely impassive in their hands; but apparently the Holmsdale wound had gone a little deeper than her mother had thought for. Edith spoke very little, and seemed cheerful at the thought of going to Paris. In a week she was with the Comtesse d'Aurilliac.

Every letter from the comtesse breathed delightful admiration for her charming and beautiful pupil. Since madame had been forced by the lamentable occurrences of the revolution (her two aunts perished in the September massacres) to take pupils, she had never had such a pupil as Edith. She was the admiration of every one who had seen her, and the brightest star in her little legitimist galaxy: every thing went perfectly well for three months, and Sir John and Lady Hornbury were delighted.

About this time there came to Sir John and Lady Hornbury a lumbering young nobleman of vast wealth, who was in some sort a connection of theirs; so near that they called him cousin. He called one morning to say that he was going to Paris, and to burden himself with any commission to Edith.

"I should like to see my old playmate very much," he said. "I was a lover of hers when we were in the school-room; I should like very much to see her once more, though I suppose she is getting too fine for me."

There was not the slightest objection to his seeing as much of his cousin as he chose, and Lady Hornbury wrote a note in her best French (Madame D'Aurilliac did not speak English, nor did Lord Lumberton speak French), whereby the Comtesse d'Aurilliac was requested to receive Lord Lumberton as one of their own family. The comtesse received him in French, and he responded in English: he staid on in Paris, and in two months the comtesse found it necessary to write to Lady Hornbury as follows:

"MADAME,—My Lord Lumberton's visits are extremely frequent here, and I should be very glad to know your instructions as regards them. I have not the least reason to believe that any thing has passed between milord and your beautiful daughter; but, at the same time, madame, I think that he thinks of her a little more than he does of my other young ladies, while she treats him with merely the kindness of a cousin. I observe that in our little family parties she prefers dancing with M. De Rocroy, a gentleman of the very highest refinement and introduction, until lately gentleman in waiting to his most Christian Majesty Henri V. at Frohsdorf (whom may the holy saints have in their keeping!); M. De Rocroy, however, appears as indifferent to her as she is to him. This feeling of Milord Lumberton's may ripen into an attachment, or it may not. I only await your instructions as to my management in this affair."

Lady Hornbury answered the letter at once before she went out, and, being in a hurry, wrote in English. What follows is a part of her letter:

"Both Sir John and I quite approve of Lord Lumberton's visits. Edith and he were cousins and playmates, and the matter is quite a family one."

Which madame, with the aid of a dictionary, translated to mean that the two families had agreed on a *mariage de convenance* in the French fashion.

The effect of this wonderful discovery on the part of madame was singularly delightful to Lord Lumberton, who was by this time honestly head over heels in love with his cousin; and also singularly and terribly disagreeable to poor Edith, who, for reasons of her own, was nearly out of her mind. Whenever Lord Lumberton came now he was left alone with her, Madame D'Aurilliac always quitting the room after a short time, with a far-seeing air, as though she was looking toward St. Petersburg to see if the ice was breaking up so as to allow of navigation; and the young ladies leaving also with that air of *espièglerie*, or archness, of which some Parisian ladies are mistresses, and which has occasioned more than one British islander, while suffering from the spleen, to long to throw his boots at their heads. Lumberton desired to do nothing of the kind; he was in love, and he liked it, though sometimes he would have wished when they were alone that he had something to say for himself. Edith, of course, knew that he loved her, and she had no dislike for him, but would chat with him over old times, about his sisters, his horses, his dogs, and such things, which helped him on wonderfully. Edith knew that some day or another he would speak, and she was quite ready for him. Good fellow as he was, she would as soon have married a chiffonnier. She never alluded to his attentions to her mother, and Madame D'Aurilliac only occasionally mentioned his presence at her house as a matter of form. So matters went on for months, until there came a cataclysm. Lady Hornbury received this letter:

"MADAME,—When I receive a viper into my bosom, or a snake into my house, what do I do? I expel that snake or that viper. Madame, I have discovered a snake in the form of your daughter's maid, Rose Dawson, and I have expelled her with ignominy, having first had her boxes searched by warrant from the Juge d'Instruction. Madame, we found four thousand francs in gold, which we could not retain, so she is gone free.

"My eyes, Madame, have long been directed in a certain quarter. I have now, in consequence of the revolution, to address my attention to the forming of young ladies. I have, therefore, an eye not readily deceived. I have noticed for a long time looks of intelligence pass between M. De Rocroy and your daughter's beautiful but wicked maid. I saw an intrigue, and I watched; last night they were in the shrubbery together for an hour, and at last I came on them as they were saying farewell. Him I banished my house at once, telling him that his sacred Majesty Henri V. (whom the Virgin and saints preserve till he comes to his own!) should hear of this violation of my hearth. Her I dispatched as you have heard. I have broken the truth to your sweet and gentle daughter, who has acquiesced, though with sorrow."

"I told you that girl was no good," said Sir John. "You had better send for her home and provide for her, or she will be talking about the Holmsdale business, with emendations and additions. I shall, if Lumberton ever says any thing to me about Edith, tell him the whole of that matter."

Lumberton spoke very shortly afterward. He spoke kindly, honestly, and tenderly. He said he would wait any time she chose, that she should come out and look round in the London world to see if there was any one she liked better, but that he would not take No as an answer now. He looked so noble and manly in his faith and honor that for one instant she felt inclined to confide every thing to him, but she felt a chill as she reflected that she was in France, and that a deadly duel would be the consequence. She had been ready for him very long, and she was ready for him now.

"Cousin," she said, "if you think that I do not love you and respect you for what you have said, you are very much mistaken; but I vow before Heaven that if you ever speak to me like this again I will take the veil."

"Edith!"

"Do you remember, in old times, my starving myself for a day because I was not allowed to go to Lady Maitland's children's ball?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"I will starve myself for good if you ever speak to me like this again. Now you must go; you must go at once."

"Never to meet again?"

"Never until you have given up all intention or hope of mentioning this subject to me."

"Then it is never," said the poor young gentleman. "Good-by, Edith." And so he went.

"I could have managed him in no other way," thought Edith, after he had gone. "Poor fellow! how happy he will make some good woman when he has forgotten me! He has gone up stairs to Madame D'Aurilliac to tell her. Well, madame, you will not be long in arriving, but it is to no purpose."

In fact, Madame D'Aurilliac arrived in about a quarter of an hour, with some crochet-work, smiling; and Edith's old will was roused, for she saw that the old Frenchwoman was going to play a game with her which a child of six years old could have seen through, and she was determined to beat madame's refined French fence by what madame would have called the British *boxe*.

"I have intruded, I am afraid," said madame, "but where, then, is Lord Lumberton?"

"I thought he was up stairs with you, madame," said Edith, looking straight at her.

"He was on the stairs, and I saw him just one instant. I thought he had come back."

"I thought I heard you wishing him good-night outside the door, madame, and telling him that you would put every thing right for him."

"Lovers' ears are quick," said madame, with a smile, which showed Edith that she had aroused the hereditary temper of the D'Aurilliacs: a notoriously bad one.

"There are no lovers' ears here, madame," said Edith. "It is useless to fence. You know as much as I can tell you. My cousin Lumberton proposed to me just now, and I have vowed that I would sooner take the veil or starve myself to death than see him again."

"Mademoiselle is doubtless aware that the match has been made up between the two families."

"That is utterly false," replied Edith.

"I have it in black and white in your mother's own hand," said the French school-mistress. And we must remember that she believed that she was speaking the truth and doing her duty.

"It is impossible!"

"But it is true, mademoiselle. It is very easy to see why it is true. In France it is said by English tellers of falsehood tha the majority of French ladies have attachments after they are married. It is false, at least with regard to the court of our Majesty of France, Henri V. (as for Orleanists, Bonapartists, Republicans, all things are possible with them). But the worst detractors of our country always say of French girls that they are carefully watched and guarded until they leave the cloister or the pension for an establishment. After that the lady superior or the lady of the pension is not considered answerable. The husband is answerable then, and that is the reason why French husbands are the most attentive of all."

"What is all this to me, madame?"

"Thus much, mademoiselle," replied Madame D'Aurilliac, glowering at her: "if I had known as much about you as I do now, I would never have admitted you into my house."

"What do you mean by that?" said Edith, turning deadly pale, but still perfectly courageous. She saw herself brought to bay with Madame D'Aurilliac, and determined to fight.

"If I had known before that there had been a scandal about you with that M. Holmsdale I would never have had you here. If it got abroad it would ruin me. Great Heaven, a clandestine correspondence!"

"Did my father and mother tell you this unhappy business!"

"It is quite true, then," said madame, taking up a missed stitch. "No, or I would never have had you here at all. It was your treacherous viper of a maid who told me, and gave me proofs in black and white, long after you came here, for five francs. I make inquiries of all young ladies. She is a wicked viper, that girl. You were so kind and so good to her, and she betrays you not once to your father, but twice to me. Is it true? But I know it is, for you lean against the wall."

Edith roused herself. "Madame," she said, "there was a complication with Mr. Holmsdale."

"Which now is in the possession of an infuriated maid-servant," hissed out Madame D'Aurilliac, "who may ruin the character of my establishment by telling your story. Come, mademoiselle, no more words! This match with Lord Lumberton is fixed on by your parents. I have told Lord Lumberton to call and renew his proposals in a week. If they are not answered satisfactorily then, I must take means to vindicate the honor of my establishment at whatever cost. Go to your room, mademoiselle."

On the 11th of April Lady Hornbury received the following telegram:

"D'Aurilliac, Rue St. Honoré, Paris, to Lady Hornbury, Portland Place, London. Come instantly. Frightful trouble about Edith."

"What on earth is the matter now?" said Sir John.

"I can't conceive," said Lady Hornbury. "Edith must be ill. I must hurry away. Put off the ball."

And so we have got round to the beginning of the story again.

We must, however, leave Lady Hornbury to go to Paris, and stay in London with Sir John for a short time. Sir John took his ride in the Park very comfortably in spite of Madame D'Aurilliac's telegram, he not believing that any thing very great was the matter. During his ride he met with an old friend, who inquired after his wife, and on being told that she was gone to Paris, asked Sir John to come and take dinner with him. Sir John declined, on the ground that his lawyer was coming to dine with him and to discuss very particular business. "Indeed," he said, "old Compton is so very urgent and mysterious that he makes me a trifle uneasy. His news is very disagreeable, because he says that he will only discuss it after dinner."

Sir John went home to dinner at six, the hour in which he delighted, but at which he never was allowed to dine when Lady Hornbury was at home. Mr. Compton was very punctual, but was evidently very serious, and before dinner was over Sir John had calculated his losses at about from ten to twenty thousand pounds. When the servants were out of the room, and Mr. Compton proposed business, that gentleman looked so very grave that Sir John thought he should be well out of it with fifty thousand.

"Now, frowner, how much is it?" said Sir John, laughing. "How much is it? Put a name to the figure, and have it over."

"Sir John, did you ever hear of your brother Sir Thomas's domestic life?"

"Yes," said Sir John.

"Do you remember a certain Marchioness de Toul?"

"And poor Tom's connection with her? Certainly. She left her husband for him, you know, and there was a fearful scandal. Tom fought the marquis, and was wounded; but he and the marchioness did not live long together after she was divorced from her husband. She was a violent and reckless woman, and became more violent and reckless after the loss of her good name. She died in a religious house at Amiens, and poor Tom broke his heart over her desertion of him, for, with all his faults, he was a most affectionate fellow. I knew my brother so well that I am perfectly sure that she left him through no fault of his. I feel certain he would have made her every reparation in his power. As you yourself know, three thousand a year was paid to her under his will out of the estates."

"I fear," said Mr. Compton, "that he had married her before she left him: in fact, I *know* it. She had a son in the convent. It would seem that she left with the lady superior at her death a packet which was not to be opened for twenty-four years. This trust was handed from one lady superior to another, and was opened last year only. It contains, according to the other party, the proofs of her marriage and of the birth of this boy, which the other party have verified and are prepared to bring into court to-morrow. The other party have a terrible case, and Watson & Hicks are about the most respectable and safe firm in London."

"Then I have never been Sir John Hornbury at all?" said Sir John, with a coolness which utterly astonished Mr. Compton.

"If their story is right," said Mr. Compton. "*We* have got to see about that."

"What became of this boy?"

"He was given over to the Jesuits, and was brought up at Stonyhurst. His mother provided for him partly with the nine thousand pounds which she had drawn from the estate in three years, and partly from her own property, which was a very good one. The Jesuits were honest stewards for the boy, according to Watson &

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Hicks, and although he refused to become a priest, the young man is pretty well off."

"Do you believe this story?"

Mr. Compton did not speak one word, but shook his head.

"Ruin?" said Sir John, quietly.

"It looks very much like it," said Mr. Compton. "I have been busy about the thing without troubling you, and I can not at present see that we have a leg to stand on. But I come to the strangest part of the whole story. This young man will make any compromise which you please on your own terms; will leave you in possession of the estates and title for your life; will do any thing you can suggest—on one condition."

"You amaze me. What is his condition?"

"The hand of Miss Edith."

"Like his impudence," exclaimed Sir John, "to ask Edith to marry him before she has seen him. Why, Compton," he went on, almost violently, "if Edith were to offer to save me by such an unnatural match I would refuse my consent in such terms as would render a renewal of the offer impossible. I would sooner live in a garret on bread than consent to such an arrangement. And Edith, my own daughter, do you think that she would degrade herself by marrying a man she did not love? You know her better, Compton."

"I do, Sir John, and I know you pretty well also. Of course, neither of you would consent for an instant: only—"

"We shall have nothing, then," said Sir John, "if this is true. My poor Mary! my poor Mary!"

"You will have Lady Hornbury's fortune, Sir John; five hundred a year."

"Ay, but he will want that. I must be three hundred thousand pounds in his debt."

"It is settled on herself."

"Ay, but I will make her give it to him—every penny: she never disobeyed me yet, and she will not now."

Mr. Compton looked at his old friend with eyes which were brightened with admiration. "And this," he thought, "is the man whom the world calls mean in money matters, and jealous of his young wife!" "Sir John," he continued, aloud, "I have something to tell you which will surprise you more than any thing, my dear old friend. This young man has told Watson in confidence, and Watson has told *me* in confidence, that he not only knows Miss Edith, but is absolutely certain that he gained her affections eight months ago, when she was staying with her aunt. Mr. Holmsdale says—"

"What!" cried Sir John.

"Mr. Holmsdale—by-the-bye, I forgot to tell you that the young gentleman who claims to be Sir Richard Hornbury goes by the name of Holmsdale, which the Jesuits gave him (they seem to have given him none of their evil ways, for he is behaving very well)—Mr. Holmsdale says that he is absolutely certain that his attentions would not be disagreeable to Miss Edith, and should his claim, on examination, be allowed by you, he asks you to put the question to the young lady herself."

"Why, Compton," said Sir John, solemnly, striking his hand on the table, "Lady Hornbury and I sent that young man to the right-about with a flea in his ear eight months ago. I believe Edith did care for him, though she behaved splendidly, Sir — nobly. Have you any idea whether he knew of this when he first knew my daughter?"

"Yes," said Mr. Compton; "as Watson pointed out to me, he had been to them about his claim before he ever saw her. His affection for her is utterly disinterested. When he got his dismissal from her he waited to see if he could see her again, and win her affections entirely without letting her know the fearful power in his hands. Watson says—and Watson knows young men pretty well—that Mr. Holmsdale will not move in the matter at all during your life unless Miss Edith marries some one else. That is Watson's opinion. I am of opinion that he might if he was to find a young lady more accessible than Miss Edith; but that is all guesswork. Has Miss Edith any predilections in another quarter?"

"That good ass Lumberton seems smitten," said Sir John, "but I don't think old D'Aurilliac has given him much chance. Good-night."

We must now leave Sir John to his own thoughts, and take flight to Paris, where the most terrible events were taking place. Lady Hornbury got to the Hôtel Meurice by two o'clock in the day, and by half past two she was in the salon of Madame D'Aurilliac, in the Rue St. Honoré, awaiting that lady's pleasure with deep anxiety. She had not asked for Edith, considering it wiser to see the duenna herself. It is worthy of note that Lady Hornbury had been thinking matters over, and had come to the conclusion that Edith was not ill. Having allayed her maternal fears on this point, without the least foundation, she had traveled on alone, and by thinking about her seasickness, the rumbling of the railway, and her postponed ball, she had arrived in Paris extremely cross; and was just nourishing a mortal hatred against Madame D'Aurilliac for having telegraphed instead of writing more fully, when that good lady entered the room in full war-paint and feathers, looking daggers. Lady Hornbury saw that there was going to be a fight, and determined that she would not be the last to begin it. The conversation was carried on in French, which was greatly to Madame D'Aurilliac's advantage. But then Lady Hornbury had a great advantage in not understanding the most stinging of madame's points, and so preserving a coolness which deserted that lady at one period of the conversation.

"How do you do, madame, and how is my daughter Edith? May I ask the reason of this mysterious telegram, and whether my daughter is ill?"

"I am not in the least degree aware of the state of your daughter's health, madame."

"Would you be kind enough to explain yourself, madame?"

"Certainly. Your daughter left here five days ago."

"And where is she gone, if you please?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Into Burgundy."

"With your leave, madame?"

"No, madame, without my knowledge. I have nourished a viper in my bosom which I was weak enough not to expel."

"If you allude to my daughter as a viper, madame, you forget *yourself*; and as for expelling her, she seems to have expelled *herself*. Are any further explanations convenient?"

"I have been most grossly deceived, yet I have borne every thing. Madame, when I took your daughter into my house, did you say a word about the clandestine correspondence with Holmsdale?"

"Certainly not," said Lady Hornbury. "It was no business of yours. And what you choose to call a clandestine correspondence was limited to a single letter from her, in which she forbade Mr. Holmsdale to speak to her."

"Madame, her late maid tells quite another story," said Madame D'Aurilliac.

"If madame chooses to believe the word of a discharged and most unprincipled servant in preference to mine, I can only pity madame. My daughter is incapable of a mean or underhanded action."

"I think that you will change your opinion of Madame Rocroy directly," said Madame D'Aurilliac.

"Madame Rocroy? I never heard of the woman," said Lady Hornbury.

"Your daughter Edith is now Madame Rocroy," said Madame D'Aurilliac. "She was married four days ago secretly at the Mairie of this arrondissement, and afterward at the Carmelite chapel in the Rue de Brissac, and at the Protestant church in the Rue d'Agues- "

Though Madame D'Aurilliac said this while she was looking straight into the eyes of Lady Hornbury, the Englishwoman never flinched or changed color. Her mouth was as dry as dust, and her heart going wildly, but she never moved a muscle before the Frenchwoman. "Not before her," she thought, "not before that woman."

"And who," she asked, "is the gentleman whom madame has selected for my son-in-law?"

"Madame is kind enough to throw the blame on me. I thank madame very much indeed for allowing me to admit a viper to my house, and then throwing the blame of what has happened on me."

"Now, my dear madame," said Lady Hornbury, who by this time had managed to moisten her dry mouth and get her heart a little quiet, "we do not want any more vipers, if you please; we have had vipers enough. I must ask you civilly to give me an account of this matter from beginning to end, first requesting you to give me your honor as a D'Aurilliac that my daughter was married as you say."

"Madame De Rocroy," said Madame D'Aurilliac, "has made a marriage which I should have recommended myself had it been sanctioned by your ladyship. M. De Rocroy is a gentleman in every way worthy of the best woman in France, and of fortune, not large, but good. He is a gentleman high in favor with his Majesty Henri V., as these jewels will show. It would seem that his Majesty condescended to take interest in the love affairs of M. De Rocroy, and knew what was going on, for these jewels have arrived only to-day from Frohsdorf as a bridal present for Madame Rocroy. Here are the jewels, my lady; perhaps you will take charge of them."

"Thank you," said Lady Hornbury, coolly. "I may as well take them until my daughter arrives in England. They are very fine jewels; indeed, I think I will wear them myself until my daughter, Madame— What name did you say?"

"Rocroy."

"—Ah! Rocroy—claims them. And now, my dear creature, how did all this come about? I am really dying to know."

"Insular wretch!" thought Madame D'Aurilliac; "she cares nothing for her daughter."

There was a wild, nearly bursting heart behind Lady Hornbury's broad bosom which told another tale, though; and one sentence was ringing in the ear of her mind continually: "It will kill John; it will kill John;" but she faced the Frenchwoman as though she had no fox under her tunic.

"In consequence of your directions with regard to the visits of Lord Lumberton as the fiancé of Miss Hornbury—"

"None such were given," said Lady Hornbury, interrupting.

"I beg madame's pardon. Here is madame's letter, in which you told me that his visits were a family affair."

"I wish I had written in French," said Lady Hornbury.

"I wish you had, madame. I suppose that with that letter in my hand I may be excused from blame."

"Go on with your tale, and we will talk about blame afterward," said Lady Hornbury, who felt a trifle guilty, though she would have died sooner than show it.

"In consequence of that letter I admitted Lord Lumberton's visits; nay, after I had discovered the affair Holmsdale, I encouraged them."

Lady Hornbury nodded, and sneezed in the most unconcerned manner, and said, "Go on, madame, for you begin to interest me."

"I encouraged his visits, knowing what I knew, and at last he proposed to her. She refused him with scorn, and he told me of it. I went to her and told her that in consequence of the affair Holmsdale she was destined to marry that young man by her parents' orders."

"Oh, you told her *that*, did you, madame?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Yes, madame; I considered that I was acting under your instructions, and I told her that. I told her that she must give Lord Lumberton a favorable answer in five days. On the second day after that she was gone, and at night the young Comte de Millefleurs came and told me all that had happened. He had acted as groomsman and his sister as bride-maid."

"How very nice of them!" said Lady Hornbury. "You have not got such a thing as a hair-pin, have you, countess? for I slept in the train last night, and my hair is coming down. Now about this young Millefleurs. He is quite respectable?"

"He is gentleman in waiting to his Majesty Henri V."

"Ah! we call him Comte de Chambord; I respect your prejudices; he will claim his title as King of France some day, and I wish he may get it." (This vulgarism was utterly lost on Madame D'Aurilliac.) "Well, madame, if you will send me a note of my daughter's expenses here to my hotel to-night, I will discharge it. May I ask, had you any suspicions of the attentions of M. De Rocroy toward my daughter?"

"Madame's memory is short. I thought that his attentions were directed to your daughter's maid, and so I discharged her: she was only the go-between subsidized by Rocroy."

"Ah! I see," said Lady Hornbury. "Well, madame, I suppose that neither of us has much cause to talk about this matter. I do not want to talk about it, and I should think you did not either. *You had better not.* If you hold your tongue, I will hold mine; if you speak, I will ruin you. You depend on your pension; and affairs of this kind, so grossly misconducted as this has been by you, would ruin a dozen pensions."

So Lady Hornbury got into her fiacre and went to the Hôtel Meurice after her great victory. Madame D'Aurilliac would have given a year's income had she seen her in her bedroom alone with her maid, an old friend, who had been her nurse in times gone by.

"Pinner," said Lady Hornbury, throwing herself in a chair, "I have borne up before that woman, but I am going to die."

"What is the matter, my lady?" said the maid, kneeling before her.

"I never can face Sir John. And oh, my Edith! my Edith! dearer than ever, why could you not have trusted your mother?"

"Is Miss Edith dead?" asked the frightened maid.

"No, Pinner; but she has married a Frenchman, and deceived us all. Oh, Madame D'Aurilliac, I will remember *you!*"

Pinner got her mistress to bed as soon as possible. Lady Hornbury wrote a letter to her daughter, poste restante, Dijon, full of tenderness and kindness, only regretting that Edith had not confided in her, and putting her entirely in the right about Lord Lumberton's attentions. "I will not conceal from you the fact, my darling, that we should have liked you to marry Lord Lumberton, but that old idiot, Madame D'Aurilliac, mistook every thing. As for this Rocroy of yours, give him a box on the ears for me, and tell him that I will give him another when I meet him."

This was the way that Lady Hornbury got out of the difficulty: was she a wise woman, or was she not? I think that she was wise. She said to Pinner before she cried herself to sleep, "She shall love me still, though that miserable old Frenchwoman made her distrust me. We must be off by the first train to Calais, and I must break it to Sir John. That woman D'Aurilliac will send in her bill to-night. Wait up and pay it. It will be ten thousand francs, or thereabouts. Don't haggle; I'll give her *her* receipt some day."

Sir John slept over Mr. Compton's astonishing communication, and he came to this conclusion, that it was in all probability perfectly true.

In the first place, it was obvious that Compton believed it, and Compton was the first solicitor in London. It was also obvious that Watson believed it, and Watson was the last man in the world to take up a case unless he was as good as certain. Compton *might* still find something not known as yet, but it seemed highly improbable. Sir John quietly acquiesced in the matter as far as he was concerned: the worst thing was the breaking it to his wife.

"How will she take it?" he repeated to himself a hundred times over. "There will be one explosion when I tell her the truth about Compton's story, and another when I order her to give up her fortune. I wonder how she will go through with it. Poor sweetheart, she has never seen trouble yet."

Here she was, late the next day, fresh from Paris with a new bonnet and a frank smile. "Now, John," she said, "you may kiss me, but if you rumple my bonnet you rumple two pound four, and so I warn you."

Sir John sat down and told her the whole matter, as Compton had related it, from beginning to end.

"Edith could make every thing straight for us," said he, in conclusion.

"How?"

"The claimant is that young man Holmsdale who was in love with Edith. He will never move in the matter during my lifetime if Edith marries him. He says that he has won her love, could the match be brought about. And, by-the-way, how is Edith, for I had forgotten to ask you?"

"Now this *is* checkmate!" said Lady Hornbury. "How is Edith? Why, Edith is as well as a bride can expect to be. Edith, living in that atmosphere of lies which every Frenchwoman carries about with her, has been frightened by old D'Aurilliac into running away with a French count. Edith is now Madame De Rocroy."

"Is he a gentleman?" asked Sir John.

"Oh yes; a man about Frohsdorf. By-the-bye, here are the jewels which the Comte de Chambord sent her."

"She might have done worse," said Sir John. "Has he money?"

"He has enough," said Lady Hornbury.

"Well, then, under the circumstances, we really must not grumble," said Sir John. "Now come, let us go down and meet old Compton."

Old Compton was waiting for them, and dinner was waiting for all three of them; but old Compton wanted a few words on business before they went into the dining-room.

"Sir John," he said, "you have, I suppose, put her ladyship in possession of the facts?"

"I have," said Sir John.

"My lady," said Mr. Compton, "I have been at work ever since I spoke to Sir John, and I have to tell your ladyship that we have not a leg to stand on; those Jesuits are good men of business."

"Well, we have prepared our minds. We are beggars."

"Sir John told you the terms of the compromise?"

"Yes," said Lady Hornbury, "but such a compromise happens to be impossible. My daughter Edith has married a Frenchman. She is now Madame De Rocroy."

"Madame De *what?*" shouted old Compton.

"Madame De Rocroy," said Lady Hornbury. "My daughter's husband's name is Richard de Rocroy."

"Have the goodness to bring me a glass of wine," said old Compton. "I am faint."

Lady Hornbury rang the bell violently, and not waiting for the footman, hurried Mr. Compton and Sir John into the dining-room, where she poured out a glass of wine.

"Don't you see what you have done?" said Mr. Compton, after he had drunk his wine.

"Not in the least," said Lady Hornbury.

"Don't you see that your daughter has married Holmsdale—the very man we wanted her to marry. This Holmsdale, whom I believe to be your nephew, always has taken the title of Rocroy in France. Your daughter has married her cousin, and we are uncommonly well out of it. Sir John, do you forget every thing when you forget that the family name of the De Touls was Rocroy?"

"I had completely forgotten it," said Sir John. And so they went to dinner, and discussed matters very quietly.

"How could this astounding result have come about?" said Sir John.

"It is perfectly plain to me now that we have to thank the folly and stupidity of the Comtesse d'Aurilliac for this," said Lady Hornbury. "She put things in a false light to Edith, and Edith was foolish enough to believe that we should force her into a marriage with Lumberton. Well, now, what do you say about my going to Dijon and taking Mr. Compton?"

"Or what do you say to my going to Dijon and taking Lady Hornbury?" said Mr. Compton.

"Well, you must fight it out on the way as to who is the commander-in-chief," said Sir John, "but you had better both go. Compton, you have full power to act for me with this man. I feel sure that I shall like him. Mary, my love, what do you say to dropping the title, and becoming Mrs. Hornbury?"

"I think, on the whole, that it would be the best thing to do for Edith's sake. The world will say some hard things of us, but we can laugh at that. However, nothing can be done until I have taken Mr. Compton to Dijon."

Edith had written a letter to her mother, which had crossed that lady's; she was therefore profoundly astonished, as she was sitting alone, deeply anxious, to see her mother come sailing into the room, and saying, "My sweet Edith, get me some tea. I am as tired as if I had walked all the way. Where is your cousin?"

"My cousin, mamma?"

"I should say your husband. Don't you know that you have married your cousin, and are Lady Hornbury? Come here and kiss me, you curious child. So he has never told you."

Meanwhile Mr. Compton and Edith's husband had been in conversation. At first that young gentleman refused emphatically to touch the estates, titles, or any thing else, save a decent allowance from Sir John. The most that he could be got to do was this: he was to be received as a nephew of Sir John's and heir to the baronetcy at Sir John's death, drawing such money as should be decided on from the estates. The marriage was to be immediately announced, and Sir John was at once to be told to do so.

"Now, my dear Sir, I want to ask you to do a certain thing very much."

"I will do it," said Richard Hornbury.

"*Go at once, to-morrow, to Frohsdorf*, and take your wife with you. You are pretty sure of a welcome there."

"*I* see," said the bridegroom, laughing.

People in London have got over the matter very easily. Sir John appeared in the Park on his famous horse, and told every body his own version of the affair. His daughter Edith had married her cousin Dick, abroad, and her mother had gone over to see her. The bride and bridegroom were staying with the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf: the jewels which the bride had received from the legitimist aristocracy were very handsome, monstrous handsome: the girl had won every body's heart over there.

The world was a little puzzled about this new nephew of Sir John's, and also rather amazed at the suddenness of the marriage; but there came half a dozen other things to wonder about, and so the postponement of Lady Hornbury's ball was soon forgotten.

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Pearl Gray Silk Walking Suit.

PEARL-COLORED silk dress with over-skirt and plain high waist. The draped over-skirt and the sleeves are trimmed with box-pleated ruffles of the material. Mantelet of steel blue gros grain, trimmed with a velvet border and bows of gros grain ribbon. Gray poult de soie bonnet, trimmed with feathers and gros grain ribbon of the same color. To make the mantelet, first join on the pieces turned down in Supplement on Figs. 45ª and 45ᵇ, and complete the pieces by joining them along the line cut across according to the corresponding letters in the shape of the diagrams, Figs. 45ª and 45ᵇ, which are reduced to one-sixteenth of full size. Then cut of gros grain and silk for the lining two pieces from Figs. 45ª and 45ᵇ. Sew up these pieces from 1 to 2 in the middle of the back, sew the shoulder pleats in the mantelet, fell the lining to the material along the front and bottom, and cord the neck. Cut a slit from × to : along the double line on Fig. 45ª, fell the material on the lining, and sew the trimming on the mantelet as shown by the illustration. Finish with hooks and eyes for closing.

Beaver Mohair Walking Suit.

THIS suit consists of a double skirt and basque-waist, and is made of black beaver mohair. The trimming is composed of bias strips of black velvet and twisted silk fringe. The velvet strips are cut out in scallops at the upper edge. Black Neapolitan bonnet, trimmed with feathers and flowers. To make the waist, cut of the material and muslin lining two pieces each from Figs. 46–48, Supplement, allowing an inch and a quarter extra material at the front edge of Fig. 46, and one piece from Fig. 49. Cut the sleeves from

BEAVER MOHAIR WALKING SUIT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 46–49.

Fig. 4 of No. I. of the present Supplement, but only to the straight line given on the pattern. Baste the material on the lining, sew up the darts in the fronts, hem down the extra material of the right front on the wrong side, and make the button-holes therein. The extra material on the left front is left for a fly, on which the buttons are sewed. When the waist has been joined according to the corresponding figures, cut a slit in the back from the bottom along the double line to *, and face the bottom of the waist, including the slit, with a bias strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide; the neck of the waist is corded. Sew on the trimming as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern. Sew up the sleeves, face the bottom with a strip of silk an inch and three-quarters wide, trim them as shown by the illustration, and sew them into the corded armholes.

Silk and Cashmere Walking Suit.

SKIRT of fawn-colored silk; over-skirt and basque-waist of cashmere of the same color. The skirt is trimmed with a puff seven inches and a quarter wide, and box-pleated silk ruches three inches and a quarter wide. A ruffle an inch and three-quarters wide, pleated in a similar manner and turned upward, is set on in connection with the upper ruche. The over-skirt and basque-waist are trimmed with folds of the material an inch and three-quarters wide. These folds are headed with silk piping. Fawn-colored crape bonnet, trimmed with roses.

Poult de Soie Evening Dress.

THE suit consists of a skirt, over-skirt, and pointed waist of violet poult de soie. The under-skirt is trimmed with three box-pleated ruches of the material five inches wide. The back breadths of the over-skirt are cut straight. Arrange the shorter front breadths as shown by the illustration. The waist, which

PEARL GRAY SILK WALKING SUIT
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 45ª and 45ᵇ.

POULT DE SOIE EVENING DRESS.

is heart-shaped and has a long point at the front, is cut from Figs. 1–3 of No. I. of the present Supplement, making the point somewhat longer. The small basque consists of a box-pleated strip of the material four inches wide, which is sloped off toward the front as shown by the illustration. Tight sleeves. Collar and cuffs of fine linen trimmed with lace.

Girls' and Ladies' Coiffures, Figs. 1–6.

See illustrations on page 633.

Fig. 1.—COIFFURE FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD. Part the hair from ear to ear and down through the middle. Tie the ends of the back hair together with a ribbon, and fasten them under the hair at the neck. The hair is then held together, as shown by the illustration, with a silk ribbon, which is tied in a bow. The front hair is combed up and fastened on the crown crosswise, so that the curled ends of the hair fall over the back hair. The bow is set on as illustrated.

Fig. 2.—COIFFURE FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. The hair is slightly waved, and parted from ear to ear and down the middle. The back hair is combed down. Each half of the front hair is combed up, a colored silk ribbon is then wound around each half, and the ends of the ribbon are tied in a bow. In order to prevent the front hair from falling, draw a strand of it tight toward the middle of the parting, so that the bow thus comes nearer the roots of the hair.

Fig. 3.—LADY'S COIFFURE. For this coiffure a small part of the front hair, parted in the middle, is partly combed down over two small crêpes at each side, and partly combed up and fastened above the ear for the present. A larger part of the front hair is combed down on each side over a thick crêpe; the ends of this are also left unnoticed for the present, and are pinned together

SILK AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT.

on the middle of the back of the head. Each half of the back hair parted in the middle is then combed up toward the side and joined with the smaller part of the front hair pinned above the ear, after which it is plaited in a loose braid over a three-strand crêpe. The end of the braid at the right side is fastened above the beginning of the braid at the left side. The left braid is fastened on the right braid, lower down, as shown by the illustration, and this point is covered with a bow of colored ribbon. The ends of the front hair previously left unnoticed are then arranged in the middle of the back of the head in a loop turned upward and a larger loop turned downward; to do this tie the hair tightly together with a narrow ribbon, and cover the latter with a bow of colored ribbon.

Fig. 4.—LADY'S COIFFURE. For this coiffure part the hair evenly from ear to ear. The back hair is parted once more in the middle of the back, and each half rolled up over a crêpe toward the middle; the two ends are fastened underneath the rolls. The under parts of the front hair directly above the ears are combed back smoothly, and the ends are fastened between the rolls of the back hair. Comb down the upper front hair on each side over two flat crêpes, so that it forms loose puffs; arrange the ends in curls, which are suffered to fall down the back. Of the remaining front hair, which must be short, form several tufts of small curls, and arrange them as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 5.—LADY'S COIFFURE. This coif-

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ture resembles Fig. 2 in its first detail. Divide the hair, which is parted in the middle, into two halves from ear to ear, comb the top of the front hair to the sides over crêpes, and brush the under part up smoothly. Comb up each half of the back hair toward the ear, join it there with the ends of the front hair, and part it in two strands, which are laid over two crêpes of equal length and wound around each other. The wound hair roll at the right side hangs low down the neck, and the end is fastened underneath the beginning of the left roll. The latter is wound around the head in the shape of a diadem, as shown by the illustration. Several tufts of long and short curls, arranged as shown by the illustration, complete the coiffure.

FIG. 1.—GIRL'S COIFFURE.

FIG. 6.—LADY'S COIFFURE. For this coiffure arrange the back hair in several long curls. The front hair is combed up over several small crêpes, and also arranged in curls, which fall over the curls at the back. A sprig of blackberries and several loops and ends of colored silk ribbon trim the coiffure as shown by the illustration.

FIG. 3.—LADY'S COIFFURE.

FIG. 2.—GIRL'S COIFFURE.

Manner of arranging Veil, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE illustrations allow a simple and becoming manner of arranging a veil made of a piece of lace three-quarters of a yard square. The centre of the veil is laid on the middle of the head, so that one corner covers the face and the opposite corner the neck. The corners that fall at the sides are held together by a jet agrafe on the middle of the back of the head. In arranging larger veils the corners are crossed and tied loosely, so that the veil falls comfortably on the face.

FIG. 2.—ARRANGEMENT OF VEIL.—BACK.

FIG. 4.—LADY'S COIFFURE.

FIG. 1.—ARRANGEMENT OF VEIL.—FRONT.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

THERE is something very attractive in what is transparent, pure, or white. What pretty descriptions have been given of mountain snows, of white roses, and lilies of the valley! We clothe our very angels in white robes, and look upon a diamond with singular complacency. What are all the colors of the rainbow or of the prism created for but to be blended into an all-absorbing whiteness? What is virtue but purity? what is vice but a stain? what is infancy but a white page without a blot? The Buddhists, it is known, have a special reverence for white quadrupeds. I have seen a white monkey honored with special attention. And white elephants have been the cause of many a war, and their possession more an object of envy than the conquest of territory or the transitory glories of the battle-field. In the money market a white elephant is almost beyond price. Ten thousand sovereigns would hardly represent their pecuniary value. A hair from their tail is worth a Jew's ransom. It was my good fortune to present to the First King of Siam (the Siamese have two kings, exercising supreme authority) presents with which I had been charged by my royal mistress. I received many presents in return; but the monarch placed in my hand a golden box, locked with a golden key, and he informed me the box contained a gift far more valuable than all the rest, and that was a few hairs of the white elephant. And perhaps it will be well to state why the white elephant is so specially reverenced.

Because it is believed that Buddha, the divine emanation from the Deity, most necessarily, in his multitudinous metamorphoses—or transmissions through all existences, and through millions of cons—delight to abide for some time in that grand incarnation of purity which is represented by the white elephant. While the bonzes teach that there is no spot in the heavens above, or the earth below, or the waters under the earth, which is not visited in the peregrinations of the divinity, whose every stage or step is toward purification, they hold that his tarrying may be longer in the white elephant than in any other abode, and that in the possession of the sacred creature they may possess the presence of Buddha himself. It is known that the Cingalese have been kept in subjection by the belief that their rulers have a tooth of Buddha in the temple of Kandy, and that on various tracks of the East impressions of the foot of Buddha are reverenced, and are the object of weary pilgrimages to places which can only be reached with difficulty; but with the white elephant some vague notion of a vital Buddha are associated, and there can be no doubt that the marvelous sagacity of the creature has served to strengthen their religious prejudices. Siamese are known to whisper their secrets into an elephant's ear, and to ask a solution of their perplexities by some sign or movement. And most assuredly there is more sense and reason in the worship of an intelligent beast than in that of stocks and stones, the work of man's hands.

And yet, after all, the white elephant is not white, nor any thing like it. It is of a coffee-color, not of unburned, but of burned coffee—a dull brownish-yellow, or yellowish-brown—white only by contrast with his darker brother. The last which reached Bangkok was caught in the woods. The king and court went a long way out into the country to meet him, and he was conducted with a grand procession, much pomp and music and flying banners, to the capital. There a grand mansion awaited him, and several of the leading nobility were appointed his custodians. The walls were painted to represent forests, no doubt to remind him of his native haunts, and to console him in his absence from them. All his wants were sedulously provided for, and in his "walks abroad," when "many poor he saw," he was escorted by music and equipage by costly vestments. His grandest and farthest promenades were to bathe in the river, when other elephants were in attendance, honored by being made auxiliaries to his grandeur. Now

DRESS CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15 and 16.

FIG. 5.—LADY'S COIFFURE.

FIG. 6.—LADY'S COIFFURE.

DRESS CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement No. IV., Figs. 13 and 14.

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and then the two sovereigns sought his presence, but I did not learn that his dignity condescended to oblige them with any special notice. But he wanted no addition to that dignity. Every thing associated with majesty and rank bore his image. A white elephant is the badge of distinction. The royal flags and seals, medals and moneys—on all sides the white elephant is the national emblem, as the cross among Christians, or the crescent among Turks; and the Siamese are prouder of it than Americans, Russians, Germans, or French are of their eagles, or Spaniards of the golden fleece. The Bourbon oriflamme, the British union-jack, show but faintly in the presence of the white elephant.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS is dispersed at this season over every corner of France. The sea-side resorts, watering-places, and country houses afford hospitality to the Parisians exiled from their homes by the fervid heat of summer; and Versailles, after a century of solitude, has regained an animation which it scarce knew with such intensity under Louis XIV. Versailles has witnessed, indeed, after the German invaders, the Assembly, and the council of war called to try the handful of criminals snatched from the fleeing Commune. It is also at Versailles that are found, if not the ministries, at least the ministers, and that M. Thiers every Sunday gives his little select dinner-parties, which never exceed twelve in number. It is at Versailles that the new fashions are put on trial; and if one does not take the trouble to study Versailles, he will no longer know Paris. Versailles is this year, as regards our political men and the interests that gravitate round them, both town and country.

Fashion has just invented a new shade, called *Paris en feu*—a reddish, petroleumish tint, with orange and brown veins running through it. But why should we be surprised at such a lugubrious fancy? Surprise is only possible where memory is lacking. Have we forgotten that in 1794 ladies wore their hair dressed *à la victime*—that is, cut short in the neck, as the executioner was wont to clip the locks of the condemned in the toilette for death? Were not miniature guillotines of gold and precious stones hung round the neck in the guise of ornaments? Oh, Frenchmen, Frenchmen! you are always the same—never disciplined by dangers, but laughing and jesting on every occasion.

Thus we deck ourselves with roses of the *Paris en feu* shade, and labor on all sides to prepare fashions for the coming winter. That which will be the most generally adopted will be the cape, of all dimensions, and, in the way of trimmings, soutache, which will be used color on color, or else of a contrasting shade, in which case the soutache will be cross stitched over with embroidery silk of the same color as the garment.

Corsages are almost all made with basques. When they are very long the bottom of the waist is marked at the back by a bow of ribbon or of the material without ends.

A favorite style of head-dress for the opera or demi-evening toilette is composed of a black lace scarf, gathered in the middle and trimmed with ruches around the part that is to rest on the head. Above and behind the ruches, forming a diadem, is set a large Alsace bow of black velvet. The ends of the scarf fall behind, separately, veiling the shoulders, and are joined in front under a velvet bow. This head-dress is readily improvised, and, adorned with a flower fastened on the side with a jet pin, is suitable for all dresses and all ages.

There seems to be a de[illegible] break loose from the flashy [illegible]ch France has been affected for [illegible] twenty years to return [illegible] and genuine in which [illegible]1848. At that [illegible]ch la[illegible]s, which furnish [illegible]ments for their toilettes [illegible]me and evening. It was [illegible]1852 that the fashion sprang [illegible] general of morning costumes [illegible]g from two to three hundred dollars each, half a score a month of which were needed for the dames of the empire. The end of all this was that in the moment of her peril France found herself without munitions and without an army. This ruinous and senseless luxury has disappeared, we hope forever; and now when ladies spend large sums for articles of dress it will be to buy what will last them a lifetime, and not be worn out in one or two mornings.

The elegant dames who were present at the sessions of the council of war assembled for the trial of the Communist prisoners wore dresses of crape. Yes, of real crape, in dark shades. Two of these dresses were so remarkably pretty that I shall describe them for the benefit of my readers. One was of brown silk, trimmed with three flounces of brown crape, pinked; brown crape over-skirt, trimmed with a flounce; high basque-waist of brown silk, covered with brown crape; brown crape scarf, draped over the front of the bust, and fastened with an agrafe, and then tied behind in a very loose knot. The second dress was of dark gray crape over silk of the same shade; each flounce was surmounted with a very narrow galloon of gray silk, ornamented with jet; jet jewelry composed of two bracelets fitted closely to the wrists; a large jet cross; and a jet diadem worn under the bonnet. I have noted these dresses, by-the-way, not only to describe them, but because in the coming winter crape will be worn on all occasions—at the opera, concert, evening receptions, and dinner-parties—in short, wherever low-necked dresses are not absolutely required, which will generally be the case at full dress balls, high or half-high crape dresses will be the prevailing fashion. Black crape especially will be the rage for demi-toilettes; this will be worn over black silk, satin, and velvet, but more particularly over satin, which is the best combination of the three. Black crape, satin, and jet produce a most harmonious effect. To take away the somewhat sombre aspect of the toilette the head-dress is composed of bright-colored flowers—pomegranate blossoms, roses, or fuchsias. Black or dark crape will also be used for flounces and over-skirts on silk and velvet dresses of the same shade.

Hitherto we have not gone beyond theatres and evening receptions. No one has ventured as yet to utter the word ball, and, in fact, it is supposed that there will not be much dancing next winter. But who can answer for a nation which rebounds the higher the harder it has been struck; which is ruined, and raises five billions of francs in six hours; and which has no government, yet undertakes works of reorganization before which the most stable governments would shrink appalled? We need be surprised at nothing—not even at seeing the Parisians dancing among the piles of ruins in their city, the work of the Commune and its accomplices.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AUTUMN—the transition period from hot to cold weather—with all its brilliant beauty and its soft, mellow days, is a time when certain kinds of malarious fevers are prevalent. Many theories have been advanced to account for the origin of these fevers. One, which has been recently suggested, is worthy of special consideration, because, if correct, the preventive against this class of disease is simple, and within reach of every individual. This theory is, in brief, that malaria is *chill;* and that warm clothing, particularly at night, and a fire, are safeguards. Whenever and wherever the days are hot and the nights cold it is likely to be unhealthy; and many malarious districts are noted for their extremes of daily heat and nightly cold. The *Christian Union*, in a lengthy article on this subject, gives many striking instances in proof of this theory. We mention one or two only, which will be sufficiently suggestive to the thoughtful.

The pestilential rocks at Hong-Kong, and those of the cataracts of the Orinoco, are hot as a furnace during the day; at night they become rapidly chilled by the excessive radiation. Near Payta, in Peru, the heat of the day is intense, but at sunset an icy wind—which is doubtless pure in itself—blows down from the Cordilleras, and causes a malaria so active that the most malignant fevers result. Amidst the malarious swamps of India a tribe of people called the Jevas spend much of their time, yet enjoy comparative immunity from disease. But experience has taught them to keep warm. They wear a thick, wadded garment at night, which completely covers the body, and when the Jeva is watching his nets and snares in the swamp he does not forget to have a fire in his boat. A physician—Dr. Oldham—while stationed amidst the jungles of India slept in the open air, close to the ground, during four months of the hot, rainy season. Not many, perhaps, would care to try such an experiment, especially if, like the doctor, they had previously suffered from malarious fever. But he contracted no fever this time, and his only precaution was to keep himself thoroughly warm, without the possibility of a chill. The late epidemic near Chicago was in many cases distinctly traced to [illegible] exposure to night air.

A rich American [illegible] a Paris paper, [illegible] ed to rebuild [illegible] at his own [illegible] on condi[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

ably placed in a recess among the greenery. She was more than usually depressed to-day, and no longer able to maintain that artificial vivacity by which she had contrived to conceal her depression. Her sin had found her out. The loveless union, entered upon so lightly, was beginning to weigh her down, as if the impalpable tie that bound her to her husband had been the iron chain that links a galley-slave to his companion.

"I have been very wicked," she said to herself; "and he is so good to me! If I could only teach myself to love him."

She knew now that the weakness which had made her so plastic a creature in her father's hands had been an injustice to her husband; that it was not herself only she had been bound to consider in this matter. It was one thing to fling away her own chances of happiness; but it was another thing to jeopardize the peace of the man she married.

She was meditating on these things with a hopeless sense of confusion—a sense that her married life was like some dreadful labyrinth, into which she had strayed unawares, and from which there was no hope of escape—when she was startled by an approaching footstep, and, looking up suddenly, saw George Fairfax coming slowly toward her, just as she had seen him in Marley Wood that summer day. How far away from her that day seemed now!

They had not met since that night in the orchard, nearly two years ago. She felt her face changing from pale to burning red, and then growing pale again. But by a great effort she was able to answer him in a steady voice presently when he spoke to her.

"What a happiness to see you again, my dear Mrs. Granger!" he said, in his lightest tone, dropping quietly down into the seat by her side. "I was told you were to be here to-day, or I should not have come—I am so heartily sick of all this kind of thing. But I really wanted to see you."

"You were not at the luncheon, were you?" asked Clarissa, feeling that she must say something, and not knowing what to say.

"No; I have only been here half an hour or so. I hunted for you among that gaping crowd by the river, and then began a circuit of the grounds. I have been lucky enough to find you without going very far. I have some news for you, Mrs. Granger."

"News for me?"

"Yes; about your brother—about Mr. Austin Lovel."

That name banished every other thought. She turned to the speaker eagerly.

"News of him—of my dear Austin? Oh, thank you a thousand times, Mr. Fairfax! Have you heard where he is and what he is doing? Pray, pray tell me quickly!" she said, tremulous with excitement.

"I have done more than that: I have seen him."

"In England—in London?" cried Clarissa, making a little movement as if she would have gone that moment to find him.

"No, not in England. Pray take things quietly, my dear Mrs. Granger. I have a good deal to tell you, if you will only listen calmly."

"Tell me first that my brother is well—and happy, and then I will listen patiently to every thing."

"I think I may venture to say that he is tolerably well; but his happiness is a fact I can not vouch for. If he does find himself in a condition so unusual to mankind, he is a very lucky fellow. I never met a man yet who owned to being happy; and my own experience of life has afforded me only some few brief hours of perfect happiness."

He looked at her with a smile that said as plainly as the plainest words, "And those were when I was with you, Clarissa."

She noticed neither the look nor the words that went before it. She was thinking of her brother, and of him only.

"But you have seen him," she said. "If he is not in England, he must be very near—in Paris perhaps. I heard you were in Paris."

"Yes; it was in Paris that I saw him."

"So near! Oh, thank God! I shall see my brother again. Tell me every thing about him, Mr. Fairfax—every thing."

"I will. It is best you should have a plain, unvarnished account. You remember the promise I made you at Hale? Well, I tried my utmost to keep that promise. I hunted up the man I spoke of—a man who had been an associate of your brother's; but, unluckily, he and Mr. Lovel had kept up no correspondence after your brother went abroad; in short, he could tell me nothing—not even where your brother went. He had only a vague idea that it was somewhere in Australia. So, you see, I was quite at a stand-still here. I made several attempts in other directions, but all with the same result; and at last I gave up all hope of ever being of any use to you in this business."

"You were very kind to take so much trouble."

"I felt quite ashamed of my failure; I feel almost as much ashamed of my success—for it was perfectly accidental. I was looking at some water-colored sketches in a friend's rooms in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré—sketches of military life, caricatures full of dash and humor, in a style that was quite out of the common way, and which yet seemed in some manner familiar to me. My friend saw that I admired the things. 'They are my latest acquisitions in the way of art,' he said; 'they are done by a poor fellow who lives in a shabby third floor near the Luxembourg—an Englishman called Austin. If you admire them so much, you might as well order a set of them. It would be almost an act of charity.' The name struck me at once—your brother's Christian name; and then I remembered that I had been shown some caricature portraits which he had done of his brother officers in the Fifty-first—things exactly in the style of the sketches I had been looking at. I asked for this Mr. Austin's address, and drove off at once to find him, with a few lines of introduction from my friend. 'The man is proud,' he said, 'though he carries his poverty lightly enough.'"

"Poor Austin!" sighed Clarissa.

"I need not weary you with minute details. I found this Mr. Austin, and at once recognized your brother, though he is much altered—very much altered. He did not know me until afterward, when I told him my name, and recalled our acquaintance. There was every sign of poverty: he looked worn and haggard; his clothes were shabby; his painting-room was the common sitting-room; his wife was seated by the open window patching a child's frock; his two children were playing about the room."

"He is married, then? I did not even know that."

"Yes, he is married; and I could see at a glance that an unequal marriage has been one among the causes of his ruin. The woman is well enough—pretty, with a kind of vulgar prettiness, and evidently fond of him. But such a marriage is moral death for any man. I contrived to get a little talk with him alone—told him of my acquaintance with you, and of the promise that I had made to you. His manner had been all gayety and lightness until then; but at the mention of your name he fairly broke down. 'Tell her that I have never ceased to love her,' he said; 'tell her there are times when I dare not think of her.'"

"He has not forgotten me, then? But pray go on; tell me every thing."

"There is not much more to tell. He gave me a brief sketch of his adventures since he sold out. Fortune had gone against him. He went to Melbourne soon after his marriage, which, he confessed, was the chief cause of his quarrel with his father; but in Melbourne, as in every other Australian city to which he pushed his way, he found art at a discount. It was the old story: the employers of labor wanted skilled mechanics or stalwart navigators; there was no field for a gentleman or a genius. Your brother and his wife just escaped starvation in the New World, and just contrived to pay their way back to the Old World. There were reasons why he should not show himself in England, or, in plainer words, creditors whom he did not care to face, not having passed through the purifying ordeal of the Bankruptcy Court. So he shipped himself and his family in a French vessel bound for Havre, and came straight on to Paris, where, he told me, he found it tolerably easy to get employment for his pencil. 'I give a few lessons,' he said, 'and work for a dealer; and by that means we just contrive to live. We dine every day, and I have a decent coat, though you don't happen to find me in it. I can only afford to wear it when I go to my pupils. It is from-hand-to-mouth work; and if any illness should strike me down, the wife and little ones must starve.'"

"Poor fellow! poor fellow! Did you tell him that I was rich—that I could help him?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Fairfax, with an unmistakable bitterness in his tone; "I told him that you had married the rich Mr. Granger."

"How can I best assist him?" asked Clarissa, eagerly. "Every penny I have in the world is at his disposal. I can give him three or four hundred a year. I have five hundred quite in my own control, and need not spend more than one. I have been rather extravagant since my marriage, and have not much money by me just now, but I shall economize from henceforward; and I do not mind asking Mr. Granger to help my brother."

"If you will condescend to take my advice, you will not do any thing of that kind. Even my small knowledge of your brother's character is sufficient to make me very certain that an appeal to Mr. Granger is just the very last thing to be attempted in this case."

"But why so? my husband is one of the most generous men in the world, I think."

"To you, perhaps, that is very natural. To a man of Mr. Granger's wealth a few thousands more or less are not worth consideration; but where there is a principle or a prejudice at stake, that kind of man is apt to tighten his purse-strings with a merciless hand. You would not like to run the risk of a refusal?"

"I do not think there is any fear of that."

"Possibly not; but there is your brother to be considered in this matter. Do you think it would be pleasant for him to know that his necessities were exposed to such a—to a brother-in-law whom he had never seen?"

"I do not know," said Clarissa, thoughtfully; "I fancied that he would be glad of any helping hand that would extricate him from his difficulties. I should be so glad to get those dreadful debts paid—to see him restored to his proper position in the world."

"My dear Mrs. Granger, it is better not to think of that. There is a kind of morass from which no man can be extricated. I believe your brother has sunk into that lower world of Bohemianism from which a man rarely cares to emerge. The denizens of that nethermost circle lose their liking for the upper air—can scarcely breathe it, in fact. No, upon my word, I would not try to rehabilitate him; least of all through the generosity of Mr. Granger."

"If I could only see him," said Clarissa, despondingly.

"I doubt whether he would come to England, even for the happiness of seeing you. If you were in Paris, now, I dare say it might be managed. We could bring about a meeting. But I feel quite sure that your brother would not care to make himself known to Mr. Granger, or to meet your father. There is a deadly feud between those two; and I should think it likely Mr. Lovel has prejudiced your husband against his son."

Clarissa was fain to admit that it was so. More than once she had ventured to speak of her brother to Daniel Granger, and on each occasion had quickly perceived that her husband had some fixed opinion about Austin, and was inclined to regard her love for him as an amiable weakness that should be as far as possible discouraged.

"Your father has told me the story of his disagreement with his son, my dear Clarissa," Daniel Granger had said, in his gravest tone, "and after what I have heard, I can but think it would be infinitely wise in you to forget that you ever had a brother."

This was hard; and Clarissa felt her husband's want of sympathy in this matter as keenly as she could have felt any overt act of unkindness.

"Will you give me Austin's address?" she asked, after a thoughtful pause. "I can write to him, at least, and send him some money, without consulting any one. I have about thirty pounds left of my last quarter's money, and even that may be of use to him."

"Most decidedly. The poor fellow told me he had been glad to get ten napoleons for half a dozen sketches—more than a fortnight's hard work. Would it not be better, by-the-way, for you to send your letter to me, and allow me to forward it to your brother? and if you would like to send him fifty pounds, or say a hundred, I shall be only too proud to be your banker."

Clarissa blushed crimson, remembering that scene in the orchard, and her baffled lover's menaces. Had he forgiven her altogether, and was this kind interest in her affairs an unconscious heaping of coals of fire on her head? Had he forgiven her so easily? Again she argued with herself, as she had so often argued before, that his love had never been more than a truant fancy, a transient folly, the merest vagabondage of an idle brain.

"You are very good," she said, with a tinge of hauteur; "but I could not think of borrowing money, even to help my brother. If you will kindly tell me the best method of remitting money to Paris."

Here, Mr. Fairfax said, there was a difficulty; it ought to be remitted through a banker, and Mrs. Granger might find this troublesome to arrange, unless she had an account of her own.

Clarissa said she had no account, but met the objection by suggesting bank-notes; and Mr. Fairfax was compelled to own that notes upon the Bank of England could be converted into French coin at any Parisian money-changer's.

He gave Clarissa the address, 13 Rue du Chevalier Bayard, near the Luxembourg.

"I will write to him to-night," she said, and then rose from the rustic bench among the laurels. "I think I must go and look for my husband now. I left him some time ago on account of a headache. I wanted to get away from the noise and confusion on the river bank."

"Is it wise to return to the noise and confusion so soon?" asked Mr. Fairfax, who had no idea of bringing this interview to so sudden a close.

He had been waiting for such a meeting for a long time; waiting with a kind of sullen patience, knowing that it must come, sooner or later, without any special effort of his; waiting with a strange mixture of feelings and sentiments—disappointed passion, wounded pride, mortified vanity, an angry sense of wrong that had been done to him by Clarissa's marriage, an eager desire to see her again, which was half a lover's yearning, half an enemy's lust of vengeance.

He was not a good man. Such a life as he had led is a life that no man can lead with impunity. To say that he might still be capable of a generous action or unselfish impulse, would be to say much for him, given the history of his manhood. A great preacher of to-day has declared that he could never believe the man who said he had never been tempted. For George Fairfax's life had been crowded with temptations, and he had not made even the feeblest stand against the tempter. He had been an eminently fortunate man in all the trifles which make up the sum of a frivolous existence; and though his successes had been for the most part small social triumphs, they had not been the less agreeable. He had never felt the sting of failure until he stood in the Yorkshire orchard that chill October evening, and pleaded in vain to Clarissa Lovel. She was little more than a school-girl, and she rejected him. It was as if Lauzun, after having played fast and loose with that eldest daughter of France who was afterward his wife, had been flouted by some milliner's apprentice, or made light of by an obscure little soubrette in Molière's troop of comedians. He had neither forgotten nor forgiven this slight, and mingled with that blind, unreasoning passion, which he had striven in vain to conquer, there was an ever-present sense of anger and wrong.

When Clarissa rose from the bench he rose too, and laid his hand lightly on her arm with a detaining gesture.

"If you knew how long I have been wishing for this meeting, you would not be so anxious to bring it to a close," he said, earnestly.

"It was very good of you to wish to tell me about poor Austin," she said, pretending to misunderstand him, "and I am really grateful. But I must not stay any longer away from my party."

"Clarissa—a thousand pardons!—Mrs. Granger" (there is no describing the expression he gave to the utterance of that last name—a veiled contempt and aversion that just stopped short of actual insolence because it seemed involuntary), "why are you so hard upon me? You have confessed that you wanted to escape the noise yonder, and yet to avoid me you would go back to that. Am I so utterly obnoxious to you?"

"You are not at all obnoxious to me; but I am really anxious to rejoin my party. My husband will begin to wonder what has become of me. Ah, there is my step-daughter coming to look for me."

Yes, there was Miss Granger, slowly advancing toward them. She had been quite in time to see George Fairfax's entreating gestures, his pleading air. She approached them with a countenance that would have been quite as appropriate to a genteel funeral—where any outward demonstration of grief would be in bad taste—as it was to Mr. Wooster's fête; a countenance expressive of a kind of dismal resignation to the burden of existence in a world that was unworthy of her.

"I was just coming back to the river, Sophia," Mrs. Granger said, not without some faint indications of embarrassment. "I'm afraid Mr.—I'm afraid Daniel must have been looking for me."

"Papa *has* been looking for you," Miss Granger replied, with unrelenting stiffness.—"How do you do, Mr. Fairfax?" shaking hands with him in a frigid manner.—"He quite lost the last race. When I saw that he was growing really anxious, I suggested that he should go one way and I the other in search of you. That is what brought me here."

It was as much as to say, "Pray understand that I have no personal interest in your movements."

"And yet I have not been so very long away," Clarissa said, with a deprecating smile.

"You may not have been conscious of the lapse of time. You have been long. You said you would go and rest for a quarter of an hour or so, and you have been resting more than an hour."

"I don't remember saying that; but you are always so correct, Sophia."

"I make a point of being exact in small things. We had better go round the garden to look for papa. Good-afternoon, Mr. Fairfax."

"Good-afternoon, Miss Granger."

George Fairfax shook hands with Clarissa.

"Good-by, Mrs. Granger."

That was all, but the words were accompanied by a look and a pressure of the hand that brought the warm blood into Clarissa's cheeks. She had made for herself that worst enemy a woman can have—a disappointed lover.

While they were shaking hands, Mr. Granger came in sight at the other end of the walk; so it was only natural that Mr. Fairfax, who had been tolerably intimate with him at Hale Castle, should advance to meet him. There were the usual salutations between the two men, exchanged with that stereotyped air of heartiness which seems common to Englishmen.

"I think we had better get home by the next train, Clarissa," said Mr. Granger: "five-fifty. I told them to have the brougham ready for us at Paddington from half past six."

"I am quite ready to go," Clarissa said.

"Your headache is better, I hope."

"Yes; I had almost forgotten it."

Miss Granger gave an audible sniff, which did not escape George Fairfax.

"What! suspicious already?" he said to himself.

"You may as well come and dine with us, Mr. Fairfax, if you have nothing better to do," said Mr. Granger, with his lofty air, as much as to say, "I suppose I ought to be civil to this young man."

"It is quite impossible that I could have anp thing better to do," replied Mr. Fairfax.

"In that case, if you will kindly give your arm to my daughter, we'll move off at once. I have wished Mr. Wooster good-afternoon on your part, Clary. I suppose we may as well walk to the station."

"If you please."

And in this manner they departed, Miss Granger just touching George Fairfax's coat sleeve with the tips of her carefully gloved fingers; Clarissa and her husband walking before them, arm in arm. Mr. Fairfax did his utmost to make himself agreeable during that short walk to the station; so much so that Sophia unbent considerably, and was good enough to inform him of her distaste for these frivolous pleasures, and of her wonder that other people could go on from year to year with an appearance of enjoyment.

"I really don't see what else one can do with one's life, Miss Granger," her companion answered, lightly. "Of course, if a man had the genius of a Beethoven, or a Goethe, or a Michael Angelo, or if he were 'a heaven-born general,' like Clive, it would be different; he would have some purpose and motive in his existence. But for the ruck of humanity, what can they do but enjoy life after their lights?"

If all the most noxious opinions of Voltaire and the rest of the Encyclopedists had been expressed in one sentence, Miss Granger could not have looked more horrified than she did on hearing this careless remark of Mr. Fairfax's.

She gave a little involuntary shudder, and wished that George Fairfax had been one of the model children, so that she might have set him to learn the first five chapters in the first book of Chronicles, and thus poured the light of what she called Biblical knowledge upon his benighted mind.

"I do not consider the destiny of a Michael Angelo or a Goethe to be envied," she said, solemnly. "Our lives are given us for something better than painting pictures or writing poems."

"Perhaps; and yet I have read somewhere that St. Luke was a painter, and painted the portrait of his great Master," returned George Fairfax.

"Read somewhere" was too vague a phrase for Miss Granger's approval.

"I am not one of those who set much value on tradition," she said, with increased severity.

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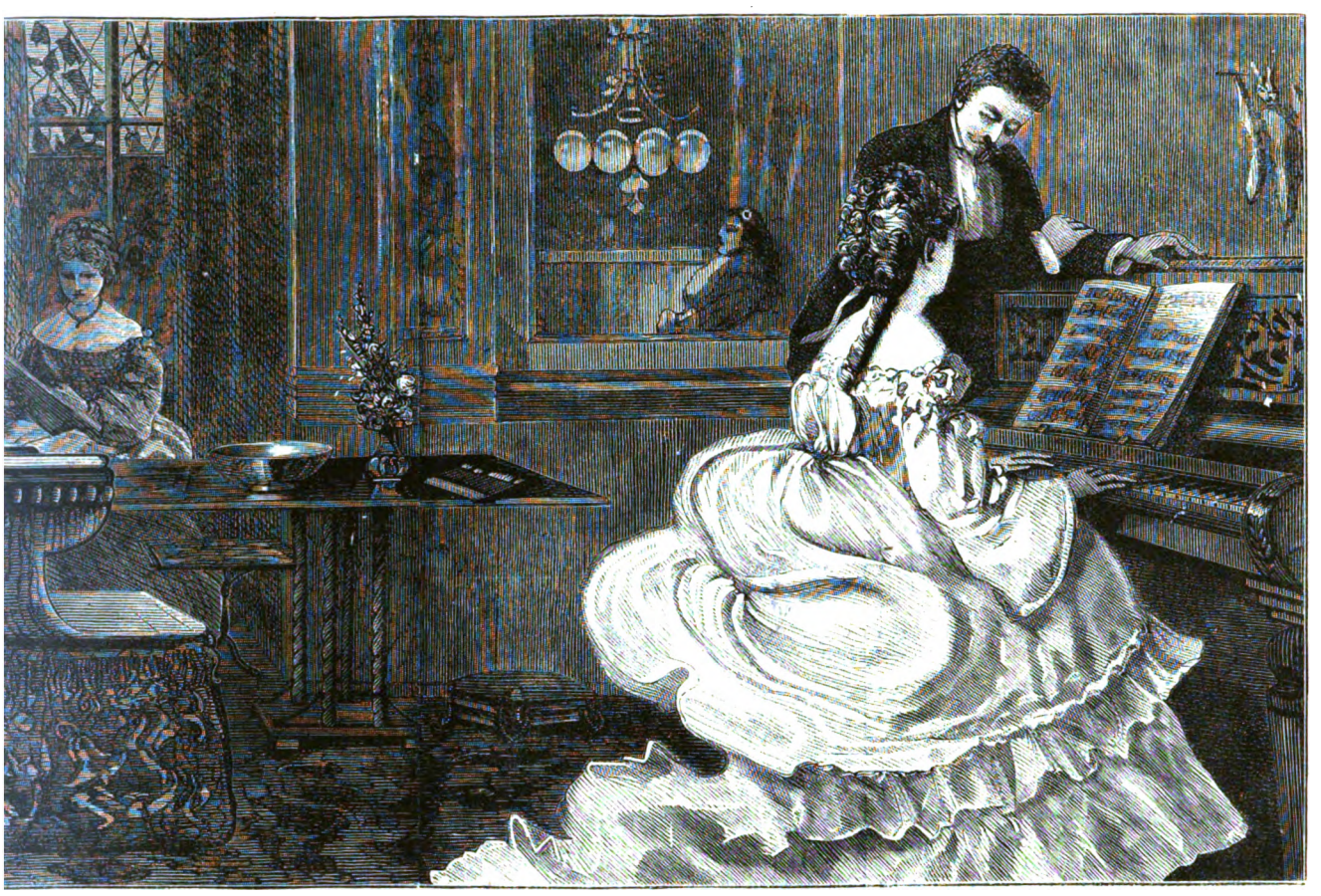

"HE HAD HIS OPPORTUNITY, AND HE KNEW HOW TO IMPROVE IT."

t has been the favorite armor of our adversa-s."

"Our adversaries?"

"Yes, Mr. Fairfax. Of ROME!"

Happily for George Fairfax they were by this ie very near the station. Mr. and Mrs. Gran- had walked before them, and Mr. Fairfax l been watching the tall, slender figure by the nufacturer's side, not ill pleased to perceive t those two found very little to say to each er during the walk. In the railway carriage, sently, he had the seat opposite Clarissa, and s able to talk to her as much as he liked; for . Granger, tired with staring after swift-flash- floats in the open sunshine, leaned his head k against the cushions and calmly slumbered. e situation reminded Mr. Fairfax of his first eting with Clarissa. But she was altered ce then: that charming air of girlish candor, ich he had found so fascinating, had now en place to a womanly self-possession that zzled him not a little. He could make no dway against that calm reserve, which was not ungracious. He felt that from first to t in this business he had been a fool. He l shown his cards in his anger, and Clarissa l taken alarm.

He was something less than a deliberate vil-n: but he loved her; he loved her, and until w fate had always given him the thing that cared for. Honest Daniel Granger, sleeping sleep of innocence, seemed to him nothing re than a gigantic stumbling-block in his way. was utterly reckless of consequences—of m done to others, above all—just as his fa- r had been before him. Clarissa's rejection l aroused all the worst attributes of his nature: obstinate will, a boundless contempt for any hu-n creature not exactly of his own stamp—for t prosperous trader, Daniel Granger, for in-nce—and a pride that verged upon the diabolic. So, during that brief express journey, he sat king gayly enough to Clarissa about the Pa-ian opera-houses, the last new plays at the nçais and the Odéon, the May races at Chan-y, and so on, yet hatching his grand scheme the while. It had taken no definite shape as , but it filled his mind none the less.

"Strange that this fellow, Granger, should have n civil," he said to himself. "But that kind man generally contrives to aid and abet his n destruction."

And then he glanced at this fellow, Granger, eping peacefully with his head in an angle of carriage, and made a contemptuous compar-n between himself and the millionaire. Mr. anger had been all very well in the abstract ore he became an obstacle in the path of orge Fairfax. But things were altered now, l Mr. Fairfax scrutinized him with the eyes an enemy.

The dinner in Clarges Street was a very quiet air. George Fairfax was the only visitor, and Grangers were "due" at an evening party. learned with considerable annoyance that y were to leave London at the end of that ek, whereby he could have little opportunity seeing Clarissa. He might have followed her wn to Yorkshire, certainly; but such a course uld have been open to remark; nor would it good taste for him to show himself in the ghborhood of Hale Castle while Geraldine alloner was there. He had an opportunity of king confidentially to Clarissa once after din-, when Mr. Granger, who had not fairly fin-ed his nap in the railway carriage, had retired a dusky corner of the drawing-room and sunk ew into slumber, and when Miss Granger med closely occupied in the manufacture of embroidered pincushion for a fancy fair. Ab-bing as the manipulation of chenille and ds might be, however, her work did not pre-t her keeping a tolerably sharp watch upon se two figures by the open piano: Clarissa with one hand wandering idly over the keys, playing some random passage, *pianissimo*, now and then; George Fairfax standing by the angle of the piano, bending down to talk to her with an extreme earnestness.

He had his opportunity, and he knew how to improve it. He was talking of her brother. That subject made a link between them that nothing else could have made. She forgot her distrust of George Fairfax when he spoke with friendly interest of Austin.

"Is the wife *very* vulgar?" Clarissa asked, when they had been talking some time.

"Not so especially vulgar. That sort of thing would be naturally toned down by her association with your brother. But she has an unmistakable air of Bohemianism; looks like a third-rate actress or dancer, in short; or perhaps an artist's model. I should not wonder if that were her position, by-the-way, when your brother fell in love with her. She is handsome still, though a little faded and worn by her troubles, poor soul! and seems fond of him."

"I am glad of that. How I should like to see him and the poor wife and the children—my brother's children! I have never had any children fond of me."

She thought of Austin in his natural position, as the heir of Arden Court, with his children playing in the old rooms—not as they were now, in the restored splendor of the Middle Ages, but as they had been in her childhood, sombre and faded, with here and there a remnant of former grandeur.

Mr. Granger woke presently, and George Fairfax wished them good-night.

"I hope we shall see you at the Court some day," Clarissa's husband said, with a kind of stately cordiality. "We can not offer you the numerous attractions of Hale Castle, but we have good shooting, and we generally have a houseful in September and October."

"I shall be most happy to make one of the houseful," Mr. Fairfax said, with a smile—that winning smile which had helped him to make so many friends, and which meant so little. He went away in a thoughtful spirit.

"Is she happy?" he asked himself. "She does not seem unhappy; but then women have such a marvelous power of repression or dissimulation one can never be sure of any thing about them. At Hale I could have sworn that she loved me. Could a girl of that age be absolutely mercenary, and be caught at once by the prospect of bringing down such big game as Daniel Granger? Has she sold herself for a fine house and a great fortune, and is she satisfied with the price? Surely no. She is not the sort of woman to be made happy by splendid furniture and fine dresses; no, nor by the common round of fashionable pleasures. There was sadness in her face when I came upon her unawares to-day. Yes, I am sure of that. But she has schooled herself to hide her feelings."

"I wonder you asked Mr. Fairfax to Arden, papa," said Miss Granger, when the visitor had departed.

"Why, my dear? He is a very pleasant young man; and I know he likes our part of the country. Besides, I suppose he will be a good deal at Hale this year, and that his marriage will come off before long. Lord Calderwood must have been dead a year."

"Lord Calderwood has been dead nearly two years," replied Miss Granger. "I fancy that the engagement between Mr. Fairfax and Lady Geraldine must have been broken off. If it were not so they would surely have been married before now. And I observed that Mr. Fairfax was not with Lady Laura to-day. I do not know how long he may have been in the gardens," Miss Granger added, with a suspicious glance at her step-mother, "but he certainly was not with Lady Laura during any part of the time."

Clarissa blushed when Lady Geraldine's engagement was spoken of. She felt as if she had been in some manner guilty in not having communicated the intelligence Lady Laura had given her. It seemed awkward to have to speak of it now.

"Yes," she said, with a very poor attempt at carelessness, "the engagement is broken off. Lady Laura told me so some time ago."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sophia. "How odd that you should not mention it!"

Daniel Granger looked first at his daughter, and then at his wife. There was something in this talk—a sort of semi-significance—that displeased him. What was George Fairfax, that either his wife or his daughter should be interested in him?

"Clarissa may not have thought the fact worth mentioning, my dear," he said, stiffly. "It is quite unimportant to us."

He waived the subject away, as he might have done if it had been some small operation in commerce altogether unworthy of his notice; but in his secret heart he kept the memory of his wife's embarrassed manner. He had not forgotten the port-folio of drawings among which the likeness of George Fairfax figured so prominently. It had seemed a small thing at the time—the merest accident; one head was as good to draw as another, and so on, he had told himself; but he knew now that his wife did not love him, and he wanted to know if she had ever loved any one else.

REFLECTIONS.

THE crystal lake is smooth outspread,
The sun is bright, the air is still:
Unmoved the lilies in their bed,
And scarce a ripple on the rill:
The lilies from their reedy nest
Their own selves in the waters see:
The slumbrous tide it tells of rest,
And tree looks down on mirrored tree.

And gracefully the swans glide on,
Where shines the sun or darkens shade.
And here the beams flash down upon
The checkered velvet of the glade.
And there she sits: upon the mere
Her eyes intently fixed before her:
What sees she in those waters clear,
What hears in breezes hov'ring o'er her?

My lady—what? A calm delight,
Like that of this unruffled day,
O'erspreads your features: to your sight
What pleasant shapes float onward, say?
Or what your thoughts as oft you gaze
On Nature's gladness and her joy?
Or, faintly seen through golden haze,
What fancies, say, your mind employ?

Or what reflections note you there
Upon the water's outspread face,
Or, doubtful 'twixt the gloom and glare,
What shapes fantastic can you trace?
The heaven, the trees, the sun's glad gleam
Yon swans that sail adown the rill,
Or, as they are, or mirrored, seem—
Are these the thoughts your fancies fill?

And yet, methinks, might I divine
What is it holds your pensive mind,
It is not these, I dare opine,
These images that I should find.
She waits for *him:* her fancy sees
One face upon the wavelet's tide;
She hears his voice in every breeze,
His presence even by her side.

REFLECTIONS.

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Drawers for Girl from 3 to 5 Years old.

THESE drawers of fine shirting are trimmed with needle-work insertion and a needle-work ruffle. Cut two pieces from Fig. 73, Supplement, observing the sloping contour of each front of the drawers. Gather the bottom of each leg and sew it on a needle-work binding twelve inches wide, the other side of which is edged with a gathered needle-work ruffle an inch and three-quarters wide, and cover the seams made by doing this with a strip of the material a quarter of an inch wide, which is stitched on at both edges. Sew up the legs from 60 to 61, and from there to the under edge of the needle-work ruffle, with a double seam; face each half of the drawers along the piece cut out with a bias strip of shirting half an inch wide, join the fronts of the drawers from 62 to 63 with overhand stitches, and at the under end of the seam work a button-hole stitch stay. Gather the top of the drawers, sew them into a double belt an inch and a half wide and of the length required; sew through the upper edge of this belt from the middle of each part of the drawers to the back edge for a shirr, through which run linen tape. Finish with a button-hole on the middle of the front, as shown by the illustration.

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 73.

Drawers for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

THESE drawers of fine shirting are tucked on the bottom and trimmed with needle-work. Cut two pieces from Fig. 74, Supplement, having previously joined on the piece turned down in Supplement, and observing the contour of the front of the drawers. Allow the extra material necessary for the tucks at the bottom of the drawers. Cut the belt of double shirting from Fig. 75, Supplement. After tucking the bottom of the drawers, and trimming them with needle-work, sew up each leg from 64 to 65 with a double seam, face the drawers along the piece cut out with a bias strip of the material three-quarters of an inch wide, and overhand the parts together from 66 to 67. Sew up the belt pieces from 66 to 68, join the double material along the upper edge, at the same time sewing in a cording. Gather the top of the drawers, and sew them into the double belt. Make a shirr through the latter along the straight line, and run tapes through it for tying the drawers.

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 74 and 75.

CHEMISE FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 56 and 57.

UNDER-DRAWERS FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 71 and 72.

tom with a bias strip of shirting half an inch wide, and stitch it on the right side. Set a bias strip an inch and three-quarters wide on the under side of the front as indicated on the pattern, and sew two rows of buttons on the corsets as shown by the illustration. Furnish the back with corresponding buttons and button-holes, and, finally, sew on the shoulder straps, which are stitched along the outer edge according to the corresponding figures.

Under-Waist for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

THIS waist is made of white coutil. It is trimmed on the upper edge and armholes with white thread lace, and furnished with buttons for fastening on the under-garments. Cut one piece from Fig. 76, Supplement, and two pieces from Fig. 77. Join the front and back pieces from 70 to 71 and from 72 to 73 with a double back stitch seam, turning down the edges toward each other very narrow. Face the outer edge of the waist and the armholes with a strip of shirting or linen an inch and a quarter wide at the under and back edges, and half an inch wide at the upper edge and along the armholes. Furnish the back of the waist with buttons and button-holes, and the under edge with three buttons, which serve for buttoning on the under-garments. Run linen tape through the hem on the upper edge, and trim the waist with thread lace, which is set on slightly gathered.

Corsets for Girl from 3 to 5 Years old.

THESE white corded piqué corsets are furnished with a double row of buttons, so as to lengthen or shorten the skirts as may be required. Cut one piece from Fig. 78, Supplement, and two pieces each from Figs. 79–82; in cutting from Fig. 82 the material must be taken double. Join the front with the back pieces each from 77 to 78 with a double back stitch seam, having previously set in the gores, and on the under side of the two back edges stitch a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide. Face the top and bot-

SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 58–64.

CORSETS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 78–82.

UNDER-WAIST FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 76 and 77.

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 54 and 55.

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 50–53.

THE "WATERS" AT GASTEIN.

I MUST record, says a correspondent, one of the latest effects of the waters at Bad-Gastein; only it was an awkward application—an assault on the nerves. I have told you that we all live in the mid-channel of a great water-fall. Exhausted nature, in the wreck of the frame of a man about London, arrived here yesterday with his valet. He had traveled "through," which means about a week. He went to bed, and told his servant not to call him on any account. He slept like a top, and when he awoke, his shutters being closed, it was dark as Nox or Erebus, or a negro minstrel, and he said, "By Jupiter Pluvius!"—he is a youth of classical tastes—"it rains a hot 'un," and so dozed off again, no doubt dreaming of the past dissipations of the idle-busy hours of a departed season, of bad things which came on and good things which did not come off. He woke again. "Confound the weather, worse than ever!" and so, being on the debtor side of the books of Somnus & Co., he paid in another little sleep as an installment, and thus went on till dinner-time next day. "Will not monsieur get up today?" asked the valet. "Get up! No; why should I get up, when it pours? God knows, bed is scarce

NIGHT-SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 65–70.

POPLIN CORSETS FOR STOUT LADIES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 31–36.

COUTIL CORSETS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 37–44.

ENGLISH LEATHER CORSETS.
For pattern and description see Supplement. No. VII., Figs. 18–24.

COUTIL CORSETS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 25–30.

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enough." "But, monsieur, it is the only really fine day that they have had this year." And so it was; our friend had kept his bed only because a water-fall was performing its set functions, and doing its duty in that state of life to which it had pleased a picturesque nature to call it. I confess that in this water-fall ville the first impulse when you wake is to put up your umbrella.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B.—Get a cashmere wrap, either a polonaise, sacque, or mantle.

F. V. M.—Make your black alpaca by Marguerite Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV.

A COUNTRY COUSIN.—Gore the front and sides of your lemon-colored silk, trim with pleatings of white Swiss muslin, and wear beneath an over-skirt and basque of Swiss. The vivid color will be much softened.

ROXANA.—A basque, coat sleeves, and single skirt is a good model for your twilled plaid. Do not make a sailor collar and cuffs to your woolen pleated blouse. Put two bias folds on your poplin over-skirt. See New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. IV., for cloth for sacque. A white alpaca or cashmere pleated waist would be very pretty.

ADA.—R. S. V. P. on invitations means, Reply soon if you please, and requires that you should write, accepting or declining the invitation.

"43."—A black cashmere polonaise made by the Marguerite Polonaise pattern in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV., or the same stuff in a box-pleated waist and an over-skirt, would answer with your silk.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—Make your lovely lavender silk with basque, upper skirt, and demi-train. Trim with darker velvet folds corded with white.—Select your piece of silver at the shop, have the bride's and groom's initials combined in a monogram and engraved upon it, and let the jeweler send it to the bride's house with your card the day before the wedding. About an inscription inside the case the jeweler will advise you.

R. A. R.—Make your black silk with Marguerite Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV.

WHITE NETS.—Satines will be worn this winter. Your proposed combination of gray and brown will be stylish. Black silk with muslin pleatings is suitable for a carriage and house dress, but was also worn in the streets during the summer. Your silk is well enough trimmed as it is. Do not make your velvet garment until the styles are more decided. Put gray folds on your brown ruffle. Grecian twist with braids around it and the chatelaine braids are both in fashion.

MRS. R. J. A.—Make white Victoria lawn waists in the pleated blouse style described in *Bazar* Nos. 26 and 28, Vol. IV., and wear with your summer double skirt dresses.

CHARLEY.—You are at liberty to use the convenient self-sealing envelopes in writing to a lady, though sealing-wax is more in accordance with the strict requirements of etiquette.

Q. R. V. ETIQUETTE.—A lady who has given a gentleman just cause of offense should undoubtedly apologize without waiting for him to insist on it. Twenty-two is the correct expression.—A steel and black suit, trimmed with the same, would be suitable for a widow after the first mourning is over. Make from the pattern of the Marguerite polonaise.

ALPHONSINE.—We regard all gift enterprises as doubtful, and advise you to save your money by letting them alone.—The gored wrapper pattern was duly sent you, and if not received was lost in the mails, for which we are not responsible.

MAINE.—Many novelists have made the Maid of Orleans the theme of story, but Bulwer was not one of them.

HARRIET.—Your parents ought to be better judges than we as to whether your lover will make a good husband, and we can only advise you to give heed to their counsel.

IOWA.—You need no special invitation to call on your friend while she has a visitor. Of course you are not expected to call on the latter unless she is likewise your acquaintance.

ST. LOUIS.—Three grown persons with three children might live comfortably in some of the small German towns on a thousand dollars a year. We can not tell you what the traveling expense would be. This would depend on the route you chose.

M. D.—Address all communications respecting MSS. to Harper & Brothers. We can not answer inquiries on this subject through the paper.

SLEEPING MADE EASY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, a good authority, says that a bed of heather is one of the greatest luxuries of nature. The writer goes into rhapsodies over its velvety softness, tells us how cool it is with a gusto which almost makes us wish we were mountaineers, and unctuously describes a night he himself had spent on a couch of nature's providing. Nature is surely a most indulgent mother, and no doubt the novelist was right when he said that it is a great luxury to stretch one's self at full length on the fragrant heath, with the whole world for a bedchamber and the sky for a spangled canopy to one's couch. But, unfortunately, we live in unromantic times, and most of us are compelled to invite "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," on those unpoetical arrangements called "bedsteads." Much, then, as we respect the opinion of the above gifted author, it must be confessed that he has only made us envy the favored individuals who have no trouble of mind as to what they shall sleep on; but as we are condemned to seek a substitute for this, the cheapest of all luxuries, the question naturally arises, where are we to find the next best thing on which to rest our wearied limbs? New England ingenuity answers this question to a nicety. Not even an open-air bed of heather affords the luxurious repose enjoyed by the use of the Woven Wire Mattress patented by the Woven Wire Mattress Co., of Hartford, Conn. It is the happy result of long-continued efforts to combine every element of luxury and utility, and is at once cool, invigorating, and luxurious. Being made of tempered wires interwoven, it is absolutely indestructible, and will last a lifetime. When we remember that cleanliness is the most important [illegible] an article of furniture of this kind, [illegible] n be cleaner than a *Woven Wire* [illegible] a long-desired result has be[illegible] py invention. The *Indep*[illegible] is life to all of us, and be the only wonder is that so many poor articles in this line are sold as long as a Wire Mattress can be procured. And, rather than not have one, we should prefer to economize in something else, and pay the slight additional expense of so perfect an article. But the Company need make no apology for the price; for, although the first cost is somewhat more than a common spring, these beds are *worth the money*, and much of the extra expense can be saved in the thin covering necessary. Then, too, they are warranted to be entirely exempt from repairs for five years. We certainly can not give our readers any better advice than to send to the Company for a bed, or buy one through their regular dealers."

THOSE of our readers who desire their hair to take the same color as when young should use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

BLONDE.—By dampening the face with cold water, after the first application of the SPRAY, and again rubbing dry with a towel, detection is absolutely defied.—[*Com.*]

WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY.—"Nothing so successful."—THEO. METCALF, *Apothecary, Boston.*

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JOCKEY CLUB,
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It has the delicate and refreshing fragrance of genuine Farina Cologne Water, and is indispensable to the Toilet of every Lady or Gentleman. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in PERFUMERY.

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Excelsior Waterproof Cage Mat
Keeps cages clean and free from vermin. 5 Packages sent on receipt of $1 00 and inside dimensions of cage (12 Mats in a Package). J. BECKER & Co., 1140 Broadway. Send stamp for circular. SCHENCK & CO., 269½ Pearl St., New York.

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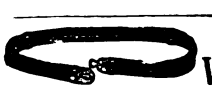

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Ventilated Garter,

This elegant Garter surpasses, in beauty and comfort, any thing of the kind ever worn. It is made of a double row of spiral spring wire, heavily plated with silver and gold, and so arranged as not to impede the free circulation of the blood, thus insuring warm feet, while it leaves the limbs unmarked. Samples mailed on receipt of 50c., $1 00, $1 25, or $1 50.
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$290 For first-class Pianos—Sent on trial—No Ag'ts. Address U. S. PIANO CO., 865 B'dway, N. Y.

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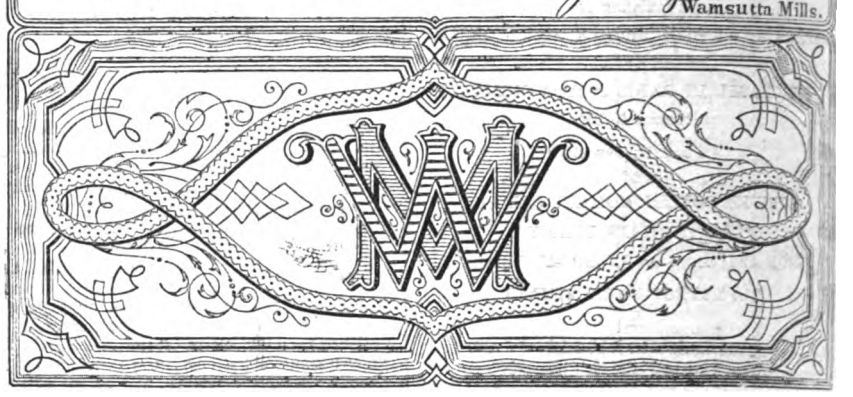
NEW BEDFORD, MASS., *June 1st,* 1867.
Thos. J. Bennett Jr. Agent Wamsutta Mills.



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The goods are of the full width represented, and not on a basis of 35 inches for a yard.

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The Agents for the sale of our goods to Jobbers and Wholesale Dealers are

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" " Boston, 38 Franklin Street.
CADBURY, THOMAS, & CO., Philadelphia, 221 Chestnut Street.
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WHAT SHALL WE SLEEP ON?

The attention of every reader who values "Life, Health, and Happiness" is called to the **ANSWER** to the important question as found in the wonderful and beautiful

WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS,

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MANUFACTURED BY THE
WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn.
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For Perfect Cleanliness, Perfect Comfort, and Perfect Durability,

The Company claims that this **Perfect Spring Bed without Springs** has **no rival.**

The Mattress consists of 8000 feet of 18½ wire, made into perfect coils, and at the same time interlocked by an ingenious process of Double Weaving, by which a fabric half an inch thick is formed, which, when it is stretched on its frame by machinery, forms a bed of remarkable elasticity and strength.

The Wire Mattress is a complete revolution of old ideas as to beds, being a **Perfect Sleeping Arrangement** in itself, with the addition of a blanket in warm weather. For ordinary use, however, a thin hair mattress is desirable; but this is the only covering necessary, and on this account the bed is the **CHEAPEST ARTICLE IN MARKET.**

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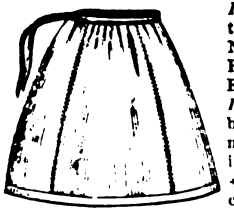
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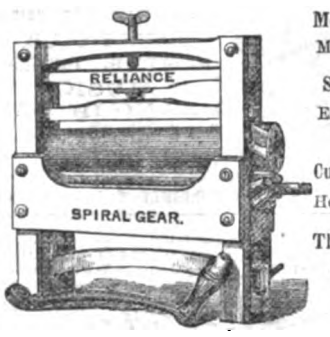

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☞ AFFIDAVIT.—W. G. Wilson, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the United States and England under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines. FRED. SMITH,
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FACETIÆ.

AN Irish gentleman, having a pair of new boots sent home to him, proceeded to try them on, but, after a great deal of labor and pulling and straining, till, from the blisters on his hands, he could no longer continue the violent exertion, he desisted, declaring that he perceived very clearly he should never get these boots on till he had worn them a day or two.

Are women nearer angels since they have worn high heels?

CHILDISH.—There is no happier season in life than that of childhood. A children's church has been established in Brooklyn under the auspices of a number of gentlemen. The services last about an hour, and are specially adapted for children and very young persons. One of our contributors, who "sits under" the Rev. Sicksti Minnits, says he wishes he were several young persons.

It is easier for a man to be engaged than to be engaging.

TRUE, O KING!—A paper says, "One of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is gold in its liquid state." The human eye in this vicinity would be satisfied if it could see any of the metal in a solid state.

Can a railway map be called a line engraving?

A girl, forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity, "Oh dear, no, Sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter!"

Women are born women; men are born boys, and have to grow up.

THAT DESOLATE LAD AGAIN.—The other day a town-crier not far from Manchester took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up its parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied, "Here's an orphan child, madam, and I'm trying to find its parents."

AUTUMN FASHIONS.—Large checks are in demand for autumn toilettes. A check for $5000, presented to Miss Bunny-nags by her father, has been much admired.

It only takes four letters to make love. They should be returned, though, when it is over.

A most excellent old lady up town is much exercised in mind to know how it is that a little quicksilver in a glass tube can indicate such awful hot weather by just rising an inch or two.

SEA-SIDE HATS—THIS SEASON.

The Latest Style—very light and airy and convenient, and all that sort of thing. Wants a Face to suit it, though. Remember this is only a Fancy Sketch.

This isn't a Bad Style, though, for some people. Built somewhat on the Extinguisher plan. Great facilities for keeping one's eye on any one.

A very Gushing Style, this—"awfully fetching," on the Pier, when a gentle breeze is on.

Ought to be put down at once. How is her Mamma, if she's on the off side, to see whether the deceitful little thing is reading her book or fixing the Captain?

HER LAST PLACE.

A girl called at the residence of a gentleman to apply for a place. The lady of the house asked for her reference.

"I have lived five years at my last place," said the girl; "if you want to know any more about me, ask Father Hawley."

The lady was favorably impressed with a girl who had lived five years without changing her place; but she concluded to call on Father Hawley.

"Do you know a girl named So-and-so?"

"Yes."

"She lived five years at her last place?"

"Yes."

All correct so far; but as the lady turned to go Father Hawley inquired,

"Do you know where her last place was?"

"No; she did not mention that."

"*It was in the State-prison!*"

GENERAL COURT—Waiting on half a dozen girls at the same time.

The following knotty question claims the attention of one or all of our legal debating societies, "If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety, to hold on or let go?"

IN EXTREMIS.—That man is indeed hard up who can not get credit even for good intentions.

He that can not eat any thing dressed in any way, at any time, out of any thing, and this under the sight of any dirt, the effect of any smell, the sound of any discord, and the feeling of any motion, had better not go to sea.

Why is there never any high tide on the French rivers?—Because the water is always *l'eau*.

An obituary goes thus: "Another stalwart tree fell last evening in its autumn prime in the person of Major J. W. Cullen, as unique and remarkable a character in his way as ever wrought out logarithmetically, and emarginated from the rugged latitudinarianism of the frontier."

Many people have something wrong with their hearts, and no wonder—how can your heart be right, if it's left?

A druggist has a tonic which he says will give its taker an appetite that will enable him to swallow an elephant. We will never swallow any of the tonic, because elephants are scarce hereabout, and we could not afford to buy one every week or two.

Why is a man who kicks out right and left like an ancient robber?—Because he's a freebooter.

If you should ever have the misfortune to "let the cat out of the bag," never try and stuff her back again. It is such a mistake! You only make—inevitably make—matters forty times worse.

...is, Mr. Tongs? You have not sent Home my Traveling Chignon yet!" ...n, Ma'am, I'm sure. But the Fact is, we have been so Busy makin' up our ...'Air."

WOMAN'S LOGIC.

"Because I'm in a hurry to-day, the gate of Union Square is shut."

"Because I particularly wanted it for the Fair, that provoking woman has not sent home my new bonnet."

"Because we've only cold mutton for dinner, Henry has chosen to bring a friend home with him."

"Because we've fixed to go and see the fire-works to-morrow, it's sure to rain."

"Because I wanted him to take me out for a walk, my husband was kept at that horrid office all the afternoon."

"Because I so wished to show him to Mrs. De Tankerville, baby has gone to sleep."

"Because I was 'a great figure,' and Mary cleaning the kitchen things and not fit to go to the door, the Fitz-Eustace Brownes called."

"Because Henry and I were all alone, and going to spend a cozy evening together, that dreadful bore, Joe Ramble, must drop in."

FISHES OUT OF WATER—Muscles in a lady's neck.

SOMETHING TO SHOOT.

"I say, boy, is there any thing to shoot around here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met.

"Well," replied the boy, "nothing just about here; but our school-master is just over the hill, cutting birch rods; you might walk up and pop him over."

QUERY.—Is the sea-board made of beech?

AN HEIR-LOOM.

MISTRESS. "That's a curious locket you have there, Jane."

JANE. "Yes, mim; it's a relict of my family."

MISTRESS. "A relict?"

JANE (*with solemnity*). "Yes, mim—a 'air-b'loon!"

A WAIST OF TIME—A stout old lady's.

"My dear," said a husband to his better half, after a quarrel, "you will never be permitted to go to heaven."

"Why not?"

"Because you will be wanted as a torment down below."

A SNUGGERY.

MOUNTAIN MISTS ARE PROVERBIALLY DISAGREEABLE, BUT MR. JENKINS DECLARES THEY ARE QUITE THE REVERSE.

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A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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LADIES' FALL TOILETTES.

Fig. 1.—VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). Fig. 2.—CRAPE AND SILK WALKING SUIT. Fig. 3.—SILK AND CASHMERE HOUSE DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Vest-Basque Walking Suit, graded to fit any Figure, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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will see the fields and way-sides illuminating the promise that seed-time and harvest shall not fail: trees festooned with apples, rosy or russet, pears hiving the sunshine, peaches blushing, plums gathering bloom and sweetness hour by hour, quinces betraying their neighborhood, and the full corn in the ear waving its ribbons.

And who does not hail the first blaze upon the hearth, and draw about it with a delightful sense of comfort, and watch it soaring up the chimney and sputtering over the back-log with as lively an interest as if it were the first fire ever kindled? and who is there but appreciates the cozy seclusion that descends with the early twilight, and calls for candles and drawn curtains at the tea-table, declining to invite all out-doors to the spectacle of homely happiness? The winds may threaten, the floods may clap their hands, the frosts may pinch and pucker, but are we not safe and well screened from harm beside our drift-wood fire and our drop-light? What charcoal sketches it affords! what half-remembered faces, met in our summer journeys, look out upon us! what mountain scenery flashes upon us and fades! And by-and-by the fierce autumnal gales swoop down upon the coast, strewing the beach with bits of wreck tangled among the sea-weed, stranding the five-fingers high and dry, while inland the leaves fall like rain before their might, and naked boughs tremble and sigh as if the dryads were bewailing their lost kingdom. There is a feeling of neighborliness growing upon one at this season; every body's "good-morning" is hearty and cordial; every body has returned from the beach or the mountains, and has a great deal to say, and is anxious to unravel her skein of small-talk; to relate how they washed their hands in the clouds at Mount Washington, and were moon-struck at Diana's Baths, and wondered that Nature permitted the existence of cascades, when every body knew that water-falls had gone out of fashion! Thenceforth shopping epidemics prevail, and toilettes catch hints from the autumn woods, and kindle into golden russets and scarlets: "In order to be in sympathy with the world," says Kate, who always looks at the bright side of things; "In order to 'make sunshine in a shady place,'" declares her sister, to whom autumn is a song in the minor key, a painting after REMBRANDT.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Haste and Speed.

MY DEAR HIRAM,—It seems as if I saw you only yesterday going up the side of the English steamer with what seemed a week's supply of clothing packed in your hand-bag, and here you are again with all Europe packed in your memory! When I met you yesterday, if I appeared to you to be unduly staring, it was only that as I looked into your eyes I remembered that since I had seen their good-humored twinkle they had looked upon Mont Blanc and the Staubbach and the dark horn of the Aar. It was because I thought they might be those fabled lakes in which the fascinated beholder sees the lost glory of a vanished world, and that I should trace in them the wonderful and lovely scenes which were visible to the eye of the traveler in the vanished world of my days of travel. This hand, I thought, as I took yours in mine, must have been laid upon the crumbling wall at the top of that tower in the Baths of Caracalla, near the walls of Rome, where we used to lie in the soft sunshine and look over the Campagna to the graceful outline of the Alban Mount; and have those very shoes, perhaps—for it seems from their appearance most probable—stumped along the Appian Way, and climbed to the Faulhorn and over the Gemmi?

But, my dear Hiram, it is only three months since you went away! You may have looked at many of these things, but have you seen them? You thought perhaps that the Black Forest was in Sicily, and that Lake Thrasymene was somewhere in Bavaria? No; not exactly. You have spent a great deal of money, but what have you bought? You can learn the geography of Europe at the district school at home; but to cross the ocean and travel about at enormous expense, and then return without even a correct geographical idea in your head—the more haste the worse speed. You have hurried insanely, but you have arrived nowhere. You are like a fellow-countryman whom long ago, when I made the grand tour, I met upon the Lake of Lucerne, and of whom you shall now hear the story.

I was loitering through Switzerland, and had been staying for several days at Lucerne, rambling among the mountains, paddling on the lake, and even passing three or four days upon the Righi. One morning I stepped upon the steamer to go to the other end of the lake, and, looking about among my fellow-passengers, I beheld at the bow of the boat a tall and rather thin gentleman smoking a cigar. He wore a black hat, a black satin waistcoat, black cravat, black trowsers, and patent-leather boots. I should have known him in Madagascar or in Greenland. It was my brother Jonathan. Stepping up to him, I said, "Good-morning!"

He turned, and looking both surprised and pleased, returned my salutation, and added, "But how did you know me?"

"How could I help knowing you?" I replied, but without directly answering.

Then he began, in the frankest manner, to tell me of his travels, smoking vehemently all the time. The steamer started, and he turned his back upon the scene, so interested was he in his own narration. "By George!" he said, "we left New York only five weeks ago, and we've done England, Ireland, and Scotland; run through France, and shot up into Denmark; and, of course, did Belgium and Holland; and have come up the Rhine, and been through Switzerland; and now we are putting for Italy over the Gothard. It's awful work, isn't it? Such lots of fleas, and such darned prices every where, and then the infernal lingo, and the money! By George! we whisk along at such a rate into a country and out of it that I don't have time to understand the currency; and I know we're horribly cheated, but I can't stop to find out and set things right; so I rush along, scolding and swearing—I vow I don't do any thing else—and my mind's all in a jumble. It has to be done, of course, but I shall be glad when it's all over."

I asked him where he should stop in Italy.

"Stop!" said he. "Gracious! we don't stop. We go."

"You'll see Florence and Venice, I suppose," added I; "and, of course, Rome?"

"Yes, I suppose Venice 'll have to be done, but," he said—and I thought with a brighter light in his eye, and an air of relief—"but not Rome."

"Not Rome!" I exclaimed.

"No; sha'n't have time. Must be home for the fall trade."

That thought apparently soothed him. He puffed musingly for a moment, and then said:

"No, I've reckoned it to a day; can't go to Rome."

The day was divine; the scene was Switzerland in its most romantic, historic, and beautiful region: but he looked at me instead of the mountains and the lake, puffed steadily, and seemed calmly to defy me to show him how he could possibly see Rome and be at home for the fall trade. I looked at the scene and said nothing. Suddenly he exclaimed, "My wife is aboard. I should like to introduce you, for she's dreadful lonely."

We rose and walked astern, and saw a lady clad in silk, with her eyes fixed listlessly upon the deck.

"Ma, this is a countryman of ours, and we've been talking together." Then, without inquiring my name or imparting his own, he comprehended his wife and me in a common nod, and said, looking at me, "My wife."

I bowed, and remarked that it was a beautiful day to be in so beautiful a spot. The lady raised a pair of weary eyes, and with evident utter carelessness of the scene, replied, "Yes; it's very pretty."

"And you're going to Italy?" I remarked, gayly, and with some enthusiasm.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the response, in a tone of resigned indifference.

"You find traveling a little fatiguing, do you not?" I asked. "If you will allow me to say so, you look a little tired."

"Tired?" exclaimed the lady, with sudden energy, "I should think I was. I am about tuckered out. He"—by which I understood her to mean my smoking companion—"he is driving the journey through, and he hasn't got much time; and so we drive and drive, and it's dreadful. I'm sleepy all the time. I've been asleep most of the way since we landed, because I can't be broke of my rest, and we have to travel nights."

"Do you travel in the night?" I asked.

"Oh yes. You see, he's got to be back in time for the fall trade, and if we don't put along we sha'n't see things."

All this was said with an unsmiling face, and a dry, weary voice, and without a glance at the great beauty of the scene around us. When she was not speaking she looked listlessly upon the deck, evidently in a highly drowsy state. Her whole aspect said so plainly,

"Leave, oh, leave me to repose,"

that I bowed and moved away with her husband.

"This is beautiful, isn't it?" said I to him.

He looked at the mountains and the water suspiciously, as he might look at the merchandise of a rival seeking to entrap him into an expression of preference; then, rubbing his nose, he replied, "It isn't so fine as Lake George."

"Lake George! Who is speaking of Lake George? That is a beautiful lake, certainly, but isn't this noble, grand?"

With the same wary look, as of a man who had named his very lowest price, from which under no circumstances would he recede, he merely repeated, "It isn't so fine as Lake George."

"But, my dear Sir," I said, "remember that this is Tell's country. There is the chapel; there he leaped ashore; and high up yonder is the mountain pasture, the alp, the field of Rütli, where the oath was sworn. We are in the very heart of the land of romantic tradition. It is for this that we come to Europe."

"Well, it isn't so fine as Lake George, and I don't see why a man should run down his own country only because he's abroad. The fact is, that I feel like standing up for it more than ever when I'm among foreigners. If they want to praise their own country, let 'em; but I sha'n't do it."

"But what did you come to Europe for?"

"Oh! every body has to do it. Every body comes, you know, and you don't want to have to keep saying you haven't been there. I want to see things as well as other folks, but I don't mean to own that they're better than ours at home."

He had lighted another cigar, and had the air of a man who was standing in the pass for his country, and would never yield. I had no thought of assailing his patriotism, and was sitting silently by him, when he said, slowly and inquiringly:

"Tell was the man—who—who—"

"Who shot the apple," said I.

"Oh yes—yes! Exactly! He shot the apple." And my friend shook his head with satisfaction, as if he had joined the broken thread of his reflections. Presently he resumed, colloquially:

"Exactly: Tell was the man who shot the apple—the apple; he shot the apple. Now it's queer, but I sort o' seem to forget about the apple."

I began, and, with the very scene of the tradition around us, I told the story. He listened, and looked several times toward the stern, where his wife was sitting. When the tale was ended he said that it all came back to him now, and if Ma hadn't been asleep he should have asked her to come and listen. "But she's awful tired, poor thing! and she'd better sleep," he compassionately added.

We drew in to the narrow part of the lake, from which the road ascends to the pass of the St. Gothard and over the Alps to Italy. What a land it is! What a perspective of delights and surprises! What a passing from glory to glory! There was the bustle upon the steamer that precedes landing. My friend went to awaken Ma, and to secure his bags and bundles. The boat stopped, and it was time to part.

"It's very lucky I met you," said my new friend, politely. "Good-by, and if ever you come home again, when you are in New York be sure to call. Good-by."

The weary-eyed lady gave me a flabby hand, and to my hope that she would not fatigue herself replied that she should be asleep as soon as they were in the diligence, but that she did not expect to be really rested until she reached home. We shook hands. "I hope you'll be in time for the fall trade," said I to the husband, as we parted. I watched them busily making way through the throng. At last they disappeared, and I never saw them again.

Yet is that true? Have I really never seen them again? My dear Hiram, they are my inseparable fellow-travelers. Upon all the seats around me I see the travelers who are making fierce haste, but without speed. They fly from Dan to Beersheba, but they sleep and scold and fret: they float in the shadow of Pilatus, and see the Alpine field of the men of Rütli and the chapel of William Tell; but they are suspiciously of opinion that Lake George is finer. Their object is not to see Rome or Naples—it is to get home in time for the fall trade. They make haste, but they do not get abroad. My dear Hiram, if you have but half an hour to read, don't begin Gibbon; and if you must be at home for the fall trade, don't try to run over the whole of Europe.

Yours,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE VEST-BASQUE COSTUME.

THE Vest-Basque costume, illustrated on our first page, is a stylish suit for the present demi-season, and, with an additional wrap, will be worn in midwinter. The simple drapery of the over-skirt renders this design as suitable for poplins and velours as for softer fabrics. The novelty of the basque is its jacket front with revers disclosing a vest with rounded front. The basque meets over the vest at the throat, slopes away gracefully, and at the waist is turned up to form a triangular revers. A collar pointed somewhat in the Shakspeare style is made of velvet or silk of the color of the trimming. The vest, fitted by darts, covers the entire front of the body, and is sewed in at the shoulders, arm-holes, and under the arms, holding the back of the corsage in position. It is buttoned from the throat to the point, but is often worn open below

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the waist. It is not sharply pointed, but curves to a point. The back of the basque has a seam down the centre; postilion pleats give added fullness under this seam and under that of the side form.

The graceful over-skirt is of medium length, with a gored front breadth, a side gore, and one or more straight breadths, according to the wearer's preference for straight or bouffant skirts. Tapes under the belt are tied to others on the skirt below, and catch up the skirt in the simple drapery shown in the engraving. The back of the skirt is left open at the bottom about a third of its length, and trimmed around the opening. The lower skirt is of comfortable walking length, which to our taste is just escaping the floor.

The trimming is a gathered flounce of the same and braiding in narrow soutache (plain silk braid), either of the same or a darker shade than the dress, or else black. Ladies' cloth, velours, poplin, empress cloth, merino, and delaine suits are made after this model. The subdued gray called London smoke is braided with black; sailor blue and cypress green also look well with black; brown requires a darker shade of brown.

BONNETS.

The display of bonnets at the leading milliners' confirms suggestions gathered at the wholesale houses. The shapes are the high empire gypsy, and a closer cottage shape coming down longer at the sides. They are larger than last season's bonnets, have very large crowns, broad head band, and a rolling front to display full face trimming. The effect, viewed from the sides and front, is very high; the back is drooping, finished by loops of ribbon that fall to the shoulders. The materials, a mixture of velvet, royale, and faille, cover the frame plainly; bindings, cords, or tiny folds define the outlines; two tones of a color, or else two materials of the same shade, appear in many bonnets, while others have charming contrasts, to be mentioned hereafter. Faille ribbon, either No. 12 or 16, is twisted around the head piece, falls in two loops behind, and forms strings over a yard long to tie under the chin.

The feature of the season in trimming is short ostrich feathers, two, and often three, being placed rampant on the crown; occasionally pompons, aigrettes, and ostrich tufts appear. Lace and flowers are no longer used in profusion, at least two-thirds of the bonnets depending upon feathers and ribbons alone for trimming. Ribbon is twisted, laid in folds, or made into rosettes, the latter taking the place of bows.

It remains a law of costumes that the bonnet must match the dress in color, or else be of black velvet, with feathers and faille trimmings of the shade of the dress. This brings colored velvets into vogue again. Black velvet, however, is still the midwinter bonnet. For elderly ladies jet diamonds of many carved facets, feathers, and pompons trim black velvet; for young faces it is made very lovely by association with faille facings and ostrich tips of palest becoming tints; for instance, one called the Louise is of black velvet, with palest pink faille quilled on the rolling front, and pink revers on the side, fastened back to a rosette on the crown. Two little pink ostrich tips complete the bonnet. Long black strings. Another youthful-looking bonnet of black velvet has delicate Nile green cording, hanging loops, and feathers. One of Virot's black velvets for an older lady has the velvet plain on the frame, with faille cords on every seam, faille ribbon folded around the head piece, roses with trailing buds behind, jet facets in front, black tulle ruche over the forehead, and the lace draperies at the side that passée faces can not well dispense with. Another black bonnet, the most costly of the season, marked $90, has for face trimming a band of finest black ostrich feathers, a rosette of black faille being placed on the right side amidst the soft feathers. The material is plain velvet; the trimming three pale pink tips and an aigrette. A long scarf of lace passes around the neck.

Among dark bonnets to match suits is a French model of olive brown. The soft crown, large enough for high-dressed hair to go inside it comfortably, is of olive faille: the smooth front is darker brown velvet; a faille scarf is carelessly folded around the head piece; brown ostrich feather with a dark-shaded wing at the side. Velvet strings. A cypress green velvet called the Peru has a soft pleated crown of Nile green faille: price $35. A plum-colored velvet from Virot's has pale blue strings, and blue ribbons knotted carelessly around the crown.

All bonnets for street and church are of the dark or black shades just mentioned. Dress bonnets for receptions, ceremonious visiting, and for opera are of the palest tints possible. Loveliest among these is a velvet of the new salmon pink, almost covered by a long ostrich feather, salmon shaded to brown: price $55. Royale bonnets of palish paon green, sky blue, and rose are shown, with faille ribbons and ostrich feathers of the same shade. A marvelously beautiful gypsy marked $85 is of pale rose velours, with a ruche of Malines (old-fashioned thread lace) around the crown, and a white marabout feather across the front.

Though contrary to the established rule of the season, some of the most distinguished-looking bonnets show contrasts in color. One of these colors must be that of the costume; the other, a gayer hue, matches the jewelry worn or the tie at the throat. Daintiest among these is the Edith, a soft shape, made like a baby's bonnet, without a frame. It is pale Indienne blue royale, with a ruche of Valenciennes lace on the front, and two ostrich feathers, one blue, the other faintest pink, on the crown. This is for receptions, to be worn with blue silk, or black velvet, with pink coral ornaments. The bonnet costs $50. A rose-colored velours veiled in rose tulle has loops of darkest leaf brown faille ribbon, with rose and brown tips. A pale *ciel* blue has merely a few brown leaves and tips for trimming. Indeed, brown is found in contrast with almost every shade. Red plum and blue plum are both found with blue facings, the lightest blue making prettiest contrast. The newest contrasts are pale blue with scarabee; garnet with lavender; chair, or flesh-color, a soft yellow-pink, with gray; dark green with Indienne blue; pink with brown; rose and plum color; cuir and violet.

ROUND HATS.

Regulation round hats have high, broad crowns, with rolled turban brim, or else pointed back and front, with only the sides rolled. A single broad band of bias velvet passes straight around the crown, and hangs behind; the brim is faced with velvet; ostrich tips nod over the crown from behind, or else a long plume, with the wing or shaded throat of a bird, ornaments the left side.

More dressy round hats are among the novelties brought out at the late openings. First is the Torreador, a high, soft-crowned turban, with closely rolled brim, and a large rosette on the left side, above which plumes nod over the crown. Most striking among these is one of Indienne blue velvet, with flesh-colored ribbon around the crown, and ostrich tips of the two colors: price $30. A most picturesque hat, called the Robespierre, attracts attention next. It is of black velvet, with a round crown, while the brim, much wider in front than behind, rolls upward above the forehead. A crimson rose-bud and leaves peer out from beneath the brim, and long cock's plumes ornament the left side. Price $60. Next this wicked-looking chapeau is the softest puffed-crown turban of black velvet, with a tiny rolled brim covered with pale blue plush; an ostrich band surrounds the crown. A similar shape, of cypress green velvet, has a band of peacock's feathers, with the eye of each feather showing; a rose-colored velvet turban has darkest brown cock's feathers; a cuir-colored velvet has facings of violet faille.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co., LORD & TAYLOR; and JAMES M'CREERY & Co.

LADIES' FALL TOILETTES.

See Illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This graceful French walking suit is of steel blue cashmere, prettily braided with black soutache, and trimmed with a ruffle and folds of the material. The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches bust measure. The size is taken by passing a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, across the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises three articles, viz.: vest-basque, over-skirt, and six-gored walking skirt.

VEST-BASQUE.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, side piece, back, vest front, sleeve, and collar. The vest is sewed with the front of the basque into the seams on the shoulder and under the arm, and is closely fitted with cross basque seams, and two darts at each side of the middle of the front. The lower edge is sloped from each seam under the arm at the waist line to a round point in front, and the basque is turned back on each side to form revers. The vest is closed the entire length with buttons and button-holes. The basque has one dart on each side in front, side backs, and a seam in the middle of the back. The side backs are cut with extra fullness at the waist line, and are laid in four small pleats on the under side. The neck is finished with a collar, as shown in the illustration, and closed at the throat with a bow. The half-flowing sleeve is sewed plainly into the armhole, and is left open at the bottom on the outer seam to the notch. Put the pattern together by the notches. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and the cross basque seams, and where to take up the darts in the front of the vest and basque, to turn back the skirt of the basque to form revers, and to cut out the under part of the sleeve. All seams are allowed, an outlet of an inch being given for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams. Baste up, and try on wrong side out before sewing.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4 yards.
Extra for trimming, 1½ yards.
Buttons, 10.

OVER-SKIRT.—This elegant apron-front over-skirt is remarkable for the gracefulness of its shape and drapery. The pattern is in three pieces—half of front, side gore, and half of back. The front is laid in one side pleat on each side of the middle, turning toward the back. The side gores and back breadths are gathered and sewed to the belt. Three tapes tacked to the belt—one in the middle, and two about two inches back of the seams of the side gores—and fastened to the perforations in the skirt, drape the garment gracefully. The middle tape is thirteen inches, and the side tapes each eight inches long. The back breadth is left open at the middle. Put the pattern together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4½ yards.
Extra for trimming, 2½ yards.

SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT. This pattern is cut with a front gore, two side gores, and a straight breadth for the back. Only half the pattern is given. Gather the back and one side gore and sew to the belt. Put the pattern together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.
Extra for trimming, 4 yards.

Fig. 2.—CRAPE AND SILK WALKING SUIT. This elegant combination is one of the kind lately described by Madame Emmeline Raymond as so much in vogue in Paris. Under-skirt of black silk, trimmed with folds and pleated ruches of black crape. Over-skirt of black crape, trimmed with two folds and a ruche of the same material, and draped at the back and sides. High waist, with long sleeves of black silk, covered with black crape, and trimmed with crape folds and ruches.

Fig. 3.—SILK AND CASHMERE HOUSE DRESS. Under-skirt of black silk, trimmed with folds of the material. Over-skirt and basque of light gray cashmere, trimmed with black silk folds and white lace covered with black lace.

PERSONAL.

MR. CYRUS H. M'CORMICK, the MOWING-machine man, after having given $75,000 to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Chicago, has within a few days past endowed the "C. H. M'Cormick Theological Chair" with $45,000, and added $15,000 to the three other chairs. May he *reap* a thousandfold the reward due to deeds so liberal!

—Mrs. A. D. RICHARDSON, dissociating books from stationery, has adopted the sale of the latter, in Chicago, as a means by which to obtain those necessaries and comforts of life which seem to be desiderated by the American female.

—Useless for the American belle to cast wistful glances at the coming Grand Duke. That young man is engaged to the Prussian Princess MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, nephew of the Emperor of Germany. That matter is settled.

—The TICHBORNE claimant is lion of largest mane in England, with long tail of followers wherever he goes. Managers of theatres invite him to accept boxes. Traders run him down; but it doesn't seem to trouble him. His face is fat and ruddy, and he is in continual good-humor. No restraint is placed upon his movements, but private detectives watch him as ye cat watcheth ye little mouse

—Mr. SMALLEY writes from London to the *Tribune* about the great strike, that it still continues, and that "it is useless to fight against the trades unions."

—ARISTARCHUS CHAMPION, of Rochester, died a few days since in that city at the age of ninety. Forty years ago he started a line of stages from Buffalo to Albany, called the "Pioneer Line." It was run in the interests of the temperance cause. Teetotal drivers were employed, and stops for refreshment were only made at temperance hotels. After a vigorous and partially successful opposition to the "Old Line," the project was abandoned; but the "Old Line" was soon jostled off by the locomotive.

—That man and poet, JOHN G. SAXE, has just commenced his annual parade before the lyceums of what is conventionally understood to be the West, having sixty engagements in that region. Sixty at $100 is $6000.

—Dr. PATTON, of Utica, at the recent anniversary of the Oneida Baptist Association, did this: A minister old enough to be gray, but with raven locks and beard, offered several resolutions touching questions of reform. Dr. PATTON saw no objection to them, but he wished the one on the use of tobacco might be followed by one deprecating the use of hair-dye.

—Persons of position, pecuniary as well as intellectual, have taken to the lathe. Rev. Dr. TODD, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has attained eminence as a turner, and we learn from one of "Barry Gray's" compositions that Mr. WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL, distinguished in the mercantile world, also emulates the fame of the Pittsfield divine.

—Mr. CORCORAN, of Washington, has added $100,000 more to the munificent gifts which are to carry his name to posterity in Washington. He sells a square of ground to the city for that sum, and then gives the money to the Art Gallery.

—HENRY YOUNG, Esq., of Sing Sing, has carried into execution a beautiful idea of his—that of endowing a professorship in the Union Theological Seminary at Hampden Sidney, Virginia, by the gift of $30,000.

—Long JOHN WENTWORTH, of Chicago, received a visit of sympathy a few days since from a reporter of that city. He was found to be suffering from several feet of lumbago.

—THIERS has dictated most of his works to a German named JACOB GROSCH, who has been his amanuensis for forty years.

—Elder EVANS, the Shaker, who is just now shaking up the curiosity-loving people of London, on being asked the other day which were the qualities most appreciated in the females at Lebanon, replied, "The woman who maketh a good pudding is always more valued by us than she who maketh a tart reply."

—The Bishop of Manchester, England, is a prelate whom we can approve to all lady readers of the *Bazar*. At a tea-party lately given to the employés of a railway at Bolton he concluded a speech as follows: "Might he venture to say, in all seriousness, one simple word to sweethearts? Let him ask them to make their sweethearting consistent with Christian purity here; do let him say, in the second place, girls, don't you take up with any young fellow just because he has a sprightly tongue or a dashing manner. If you don't think he is likely to make you a good husband, don't have him. Before you take to a young man, see that he is worth taking to. And he would say to the young men, don't be caught by the prettiest face or the smartest dress. Look out for a lass who will make you happy at home, and who, if she can not make the calico to sew on to the buttons, will know how to make a shirt and stitch the buttons on." (Applause.)

—LOUIS NAPOLEON'S horses, sixteen in number, have recently been sold at auction, and brought prices which Mr. BONNER, or Commodore VANDERBILT, or Mr. JEROME, or scores of men who air themselves on Harlem Lane, would regard as contemptible for a tolerable roadster. The whole lot brought only $7808—an average of $488. The best animal brought only $810. The French papers consider these as excellent prices. With us they would be regarded as the minimum.

—The gentlemen conspicuous for wealth in this city are becoming somewhat conspicuous for age, though all continue in the active pursuit of gold-getting. Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR is nearly seventy-eight; Mr. ALEXANDER T. STEWART, seventy; Mr. VANDERBILT, seventy-eight; DANIEL DREW, seventy-one; PETER COOPER, seventy-nine; GEORGE LAW, seventy-three. Acting upon the sound physiological maxim that agreeable occupation is promotive of longevity, they propose to wear out rather than rust out.

—Madame RISTORI, having few worlds left to conquer, proposes soon to delight the eyes of the people who dwell in the Danubian Principalities—Bucharest, Galatz, Odessa, and such. She continues in full force.

—Mr. CHARLES THOMAS, organist of a parish church in Rye, England, for sixty years, has been absent from his post only two Sundays in all that time.

—W. H. CUYLER HOSMER, one of the truest poets of Western New York, and one of the best men, has been appointed by Governor HOFFMAN county clerk in Livingston County, to fill a vacancy.

—Prince HUMBERT, heir to the throne of Italy, is traveling in Spain in incognito of the most comical sort. Recently when the train on which he was traveling reached Villalba the persons who expected him, among them his brother, naturally approached the first-class carriages; but instead of finding him here, the prince, in a striped shirt and sooty face and hands, stepped lightly from the locomotive, and threw himself upon the bosom of the King of Spain. The manœuvre was regarded in the light of *un grande chose*.

—Hon. JAMES BROOKS is writing to the *Express* very pleasant letters from Japan. A lady of his party, who was fortunate enough to gain admission to the boudoir of a Japanese lady, took stock of it as follows: Little or no furniture, no chairs, no bedstead—nothing but mats to sleep on. A toilette-box was on the floor, near the wall—about the only article of furniture in the room. In this box there were five drawers and two lacquer basins on top. In the top drawer of this box there was a metallic mirror, like our hand-glasses. In the second drawer she kept her powder, paint, wax, brush, tooth-powder and brush. Two little drawers came next; in one she had her false hair, and in the other fancy pins, gilt paper, and other fixings for her hair. In the lower drawer was her pillow, which is placed under the neck when sleeping on the mats, so as to prevent the hair from being rumpled. It is made of wood, and covered with paper on the top. The powder looks like starch, and when they use it they mix a little water with it, and rub it in like paste; and they have two brushes that they use to rub it off with. The paint looks green, and turns red when put on the lips and cheeks.

—Something more about BISMARCK, by a gentleman who has had the fortune to inspect his dwelling-place. The house is only one story high, and with only twelve windows, without shutters, on the street. Not the smallest architectural ornament is visible, and the whole front is whitewashed, which gives it a poor and indigent appearance. BISMARCK'S study is on the ground-floor—a square, low room, with a square table near the window, and a square elbow-chair of dark stamped leather before it. "I observed," he says, "that although the leather was well worn at the sides and elbows, the back was bright and new, showing plainly that it is not the owner's custom to lounge or lean his head against it. A deep mahogany book-case stands against the wall. I had the curiosity to run my eye along the shelves, and among the German books there placed, found HEPWORTH DIXON'S 'Young America,' and LECKEY'S 'Rationalism,' besides one or two English works of lesser note. Montaigne was there, one volume missing. A cheap Leyden edition of Rabelais, and, Heaven save the mark! four thin volumes in half-binding of Paul de Kock. Who would have thought it? the work of all others, 'La Pucelle de Belleville.' A square carpet lies under the square table, bearing evidence of being much rubbed by square-toed boots. There are no muslin curtains to the windows. The servant says that BISMARCK'S constant habit, when writing on serious matters, is to start suddenly up from the table, and, pen in hand, walk to the window, where he will stand and watch the passers-by, and even laugh outright at any comical figure that may pass in the street, then quietly return to the table and continue writing. It is thought that this habit is owing to sudden dimness of sight, but he has never owned to suffering from his eyes."

—Of Count BEUST, the premier of Austria, a biographer tells the following curious story: The father of the chancellor was so pleased at the birth of his child that he presented the nurse with a dozen bottles of the oldest Rhine wine in his cellar. The woman, who was an ignorant peasant, not knowing the proper use of the beverage, concluded it was for washing the infant. She accordingly used it for that purpose, and he almost died in consequence of the treatment; but when the nurse learned of the misunderstanding she at once predicted for her charge a great future. For a long time the little BEUST had to contend against great irritability of temper, produced by the bath.

—Sir WALTER SCOTT is said to have composed at Abbotsford in 1828, for a young clerical friend, two sermons, and now the Rev. ROBERT THOMPSON, an English clergyman, proposes shortly to preach those sermons, which are now very scarce—nearly out of print.

—VICTOR HUGO proposes again to satirize the French people in a book entitled "L'Armée Terrible," in which the work of the French army with the Germans, and its crowning glory with the Commune, are to be ridiculed and exposed.

—It is the common remark of persons who are familiar with court talk abroad that the Count de Paris is admitted to be the dullest by far of the Orleans princes. His favorite occupation is smoking strong cigars, drinking ale, and reading novels; he has no powers whatever as a conversationalist, and it is difficult for strangers to get more than "yes" and "no" out of him. His uncles, except old Nemours, who is not a brilliant man either, are thoroughly disgusted with him, and already, previous to the death of old Queen AMÉLIE, they were said to entertain very seriously the idea of forcing the count to abandon his claims as head of the Orleans dynasty. At all events, some time ago the Count de Paris was deprived by his relatives of his functions as administrator of the funds jointly belonging to the family. The leading Orleanists in France, too, well aware, as they are, that the count is an indolent and dull man, would by far prefer to see the Duke d'Aumale on the throne of France.

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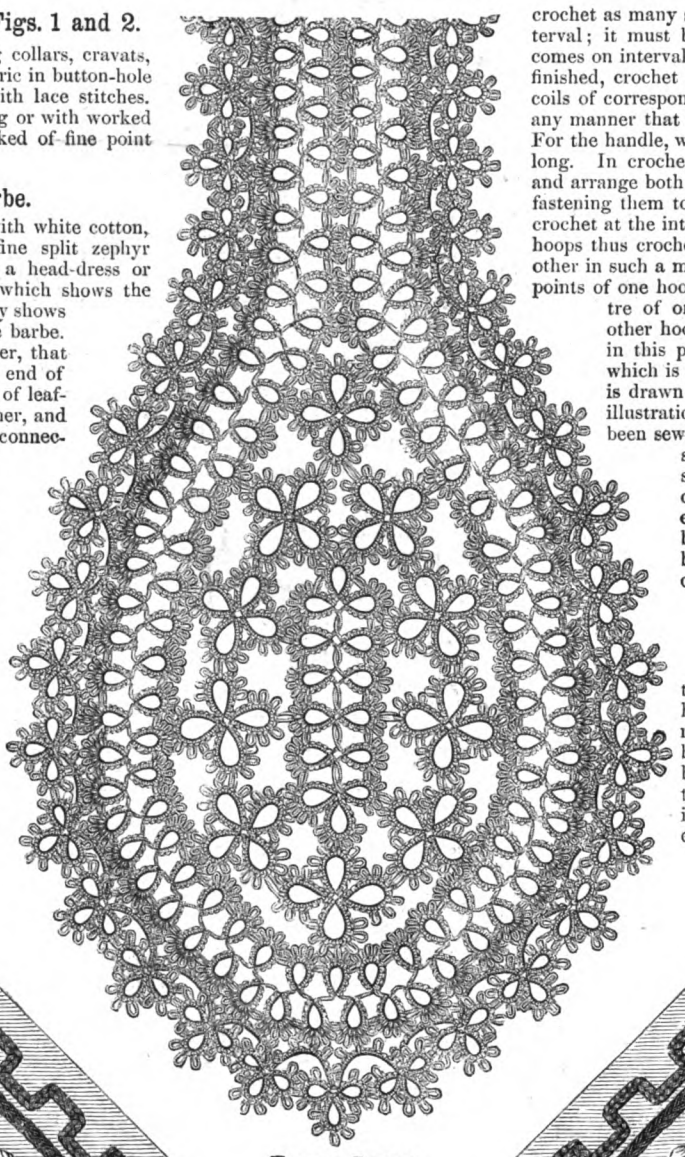
Tatted, Needle-work, and Point Lace Rosettes, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE pretty rosettes are especially adapted for trimming collars, cravats, etc. Work the rosette, Fig. 1, on fine Swiss muslin or cambric in button-hole and half-polka stitch, and fill the inner open-work parts with lace stitches. Edge the circle in the centre and the outer edge with tatting or with worked button-hole stitches and picots. The rosette, Fig. 2, is worked of fine point lace braid with button-hole and lace stitches.

Fig. 1.—NEEDLE-WORK AND TATTED ROSETTE.

Tatted Barbe.

THIS barbe is worked with white cotton, black saddler's silk, or fine split zephyr worsted, and is used for a head-dress or cravat. The illustration, which shows the lower end in full size, plainly shows the manner of working the barbe. It is to be observed, however, that for the middle part of the end of the barbe the oblong band of leaflets turned toward each other, and the four-leaved figures in connection with this, must be worked first. To make the band, first work the leaflets on one side with one shuttle as usual, and for the leaflets on the other wind the thread on a short netting needle, in order to ble to slip it through the joining thread of the finished ts, as shown by the illustration. The border of the , consisting of scallops and three-leaved figures, is d with two threads.



TATTED BARBE.

rner of Border for Table-Covers, Cashmere carfs, etc.—Application and Satin Stitch Embroidery.

THIS border is worked with bright colors on light

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ustration;
point Russe
or and with a
silk. The latter
titch edging of the
res, and for the inner
worked in darker col-
of these figures apply a
a contrasting color. The
manner of executing the re-

CORNER OF BORDER FOR TABLE-COVERS, CASHMERE SCARFS, ETC.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Work-Basket.

ion on page 645.

y designed for fancy-work or small toi-
d with a brush and soap and water. It
gle crochet and picots on a foundation of
of the basket are worked in connection.
and work in coil windings, which must
ow wider gradually, so that the basket is
e work is formed by the picots; the lat-
fasten the coils to each other. Crochet
and work one single crochet on each of
the next winding. The design formed
illustration. As the design in the bot-
ve corners, five picots must, of course,
beginning of the work also; each of
gle crochet. In the course of the work crochet as many single crochet between the picots as are necessary to fill the interval; it must be observed, however, that the same number of stitches also comes on intervals of the same size. When the crochet-work for the basket is finished, crochet in a similar manner for the stand of the latter on three cane coils of corresponding width, transposing the picots required for the joining in any manner that may be desired. Sew this stand to the bottom of the basket. For the handle, work in single crochet on two cane hoops each forty-eight inches long. In crocheting on the second half of each hoop bend it together in half, and arrange both halves in waved windings, fastening them together by means of single crochet at the intersecting points. The two hoops thus crocheted are then laid on each other in such a manner that the intersecting points of one hoop always come in the centre of one of the windings of the other hoop; in order to keep them in this position a blue silk ribbon, which is sewed to the first winding, is drawn through, as shown by the illustration. When the handle has been sewed to the basket, cover the seam with two bows of blue silk ribbon, and set a ruche of the same on the outer edge of the basket as shown by the illustration. The basket may also be bronzed, or covered with red varnish.

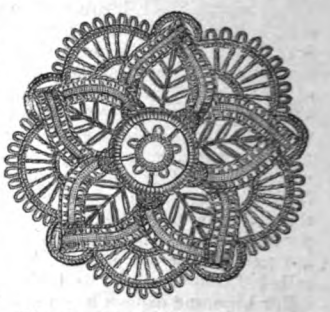

Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORK AND POINT LACE ROSETTE.

Corner of Border in Guipure Embroidery.

See illustration on page 645.

THIS border may be used for ornamenting handkerchiefs, tidies, etc. It is worked on cambric or Swiss muslin in button-hole and lace stitch in the manner that is familiar to our readers. Work the button-hole stitch bars before button-hole stitching the outer edges.

Poplin Walking Suit, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 645.

WALKING-suit of heavy Irish poplin in two shades of gray. A wide gathered flounce, cut in points, is set on the skirt, and the seam made by doing this is covered by two wide overlapping folds. The over-skirt, which is draped at the sides and the back, and the tight-fitting paletot with heart-shaped neck, are trimmed with plain bias strips cut in points, and folds, as shown by the illustration. The bias strips and folds are of a darker shade of the material. The front of the paletot is finished with trimming of the darker shade.

HOW MARRIAGES ARE MANAGED IN GERMANY.

THE *trousseau*, furnished by the bride's parents, consists chiefly of linen, both household and body linen, generally sufficient to last a lifetime, and adapted to the rank and means of the bride. Thus the rich mother buys what is best and finest in the shops, the less rich one buys up gradually, years before the occasion, good, strong, household linen, carefully kept in lavender, and cut up and sewed by the girl herself when her marriage is settled. The poorer classes do the same, beginning almost at the birth of the girl, and the peasant woman grows or buys her flax, spins it herself, and lays by a provision of strong linen, durable as sail-cloth, for her daughter, as her mother and grandmother did before her. Next the jewelry. This is invariably the present of the bridegroom. He presents to his betrothed the ornaments suited to the rank and station he intends to place her in. It is, therefore, always appropriate. The rich man presents his pearls and diamonds, the less rich one his pretty gold ornaments, the

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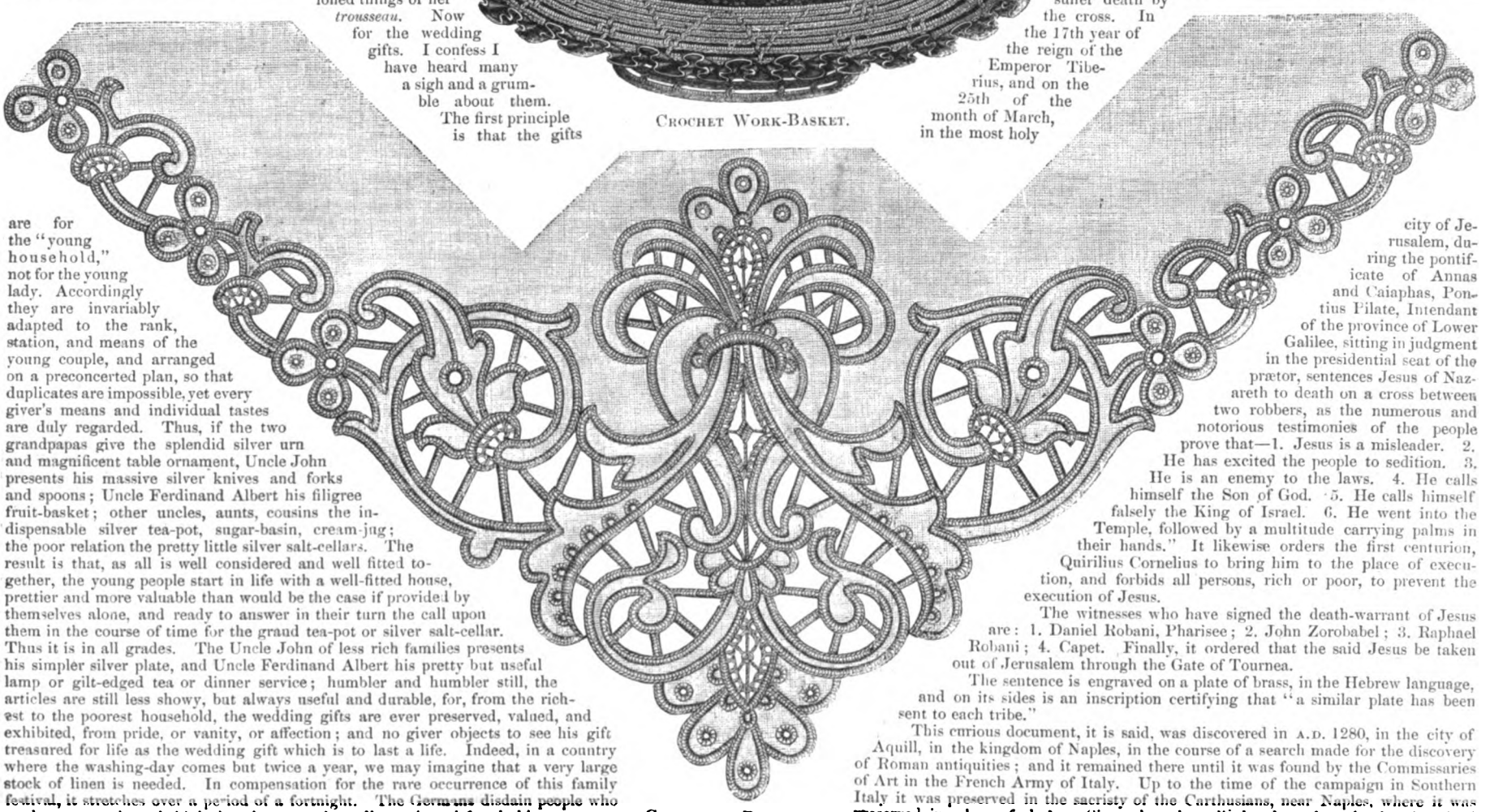
simple artisan his plain gold brooch with a lock of his hair at the back, to be worn by his loving wife solemnly on grand occasions to the end of her days, and at the end bequeathed affectionately to some loved individual as her best treasure. The wedding dress is likewise properly graduated. From the serviceable black silk of the artisan's wife it ascends through all shades of usefulness—brown, dark blue, gray, light gray, to the simple white taffetas, and the costly white moiré antique. This constitutes no class difference; every woman chooses naturally the sort of gown which her friends and relations have chosen in their turn, and the wedding gown, like the one chosen by the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, is as useful as any other article of the *trousseau*. Besides this, the prudent "middle-class" mother carefully puts into a little purse the pieces of gold provided by the "governor" for another pretty gown, and gives it to the bride for by-and-by, when it is wanted, when the wedding clothes are soiled, and the young matron does not wish to wear the old-fashioned things of her *trousseau*. Now for the wedding gifts. I confess I have heard many a sigh and a grumble about them. The first principle is that the gifts are for the "young household," not for the young lady. Accordingly they are invariably adapted to the rank, station, and means of the young couple, and arranged on a preconcerted plan, so that duplicates are impossible, yet every giver's means and individual tastes are duly regarded. Thus, if the two grandpapas give the splendid silver urn and magnificent table ornament, Uncle John presents his massive silver knives and forks and spoons; Uncle Ferdinand Albert his filigree fruit-basket; other uncles, aunts, cousins the indispensable silver tea-pot, sugar-basin, cream-jug; the poor relation the pretty little silver salt-cellars. The result is that, as all is well considered and well fitted together, the young people start in life with a well-fitted house, prettier and more valuable than would be the case if provided by themselves alone, and ready to answer in their turn the call upon them in the course of time for the grand tea-pot or silver salt-cellar. Thus it is in all grades. The Uncle John of less rich families presents his simpler silver plate, and Uncle Ferdinand Albert his pretty but useful lamp or gilt-edged tea or dinner service; humbler and humbler still, the articles are still less showy, but always useful and durable, for, from the richest to the poorest household, the wedding gifts are ever preserved, valued, and exhibited, from pride, or vanity, or affection; and no giver objects to see his gift treasured for life as the wedding gift which is to last a life. Indeed, in a country where the washing-day comes but twice a year, we may imagine that a very large stock of linen is needed. In compensation for the rare occurrence of this family festival, it stretches over a period of a fortnight. The Germans disdain people who wash every week, and think that they must be sadly straitened for clothing.

CROCHET WORK-BASKET.



CORNER OF BORDER IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.

THE SENTENCE OF PONTIUS PILATE.

WE have lately had submitted to us a newspaper paragraph, of uncertain date, headed, "A Curious Relic," and giving what ought, if genuine, to be a document of great and surpassing interest to every member of Christendom, recording, as it does, the actual sentence of death which was passed by Pontius Pilate, as the Roman Governor of Judæa, upon the Saviour of mankind. The cutting states that it is a "correct transcript of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been uttered by judicial lips in the annals of the world." It has appeared in the *Kolnische Zeitung;* but, apart from German papers, we do not know that it has ever appeared in an English form.

The sentence itself runs as follows:

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the 17th year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the prætor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove that—1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited the people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls himself the Son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6. He went into the Temple, followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands." It likewise orders the first centurion, Quirilius Cornelius to bring him to the place of execution, and forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the death-warrant of Jesus are: 1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee; 2. John Zorobabel; 3. Raphael Robani; 4. Capet. Finally, it ordered that the said Jesus be taken out of Jerusalem through the Gate of Tournea.

The sentence is engraved on a plate of brass, in the Hebrew language, and on its sides is an inscription certifying that "a similar plate has been sent to each tribe."

This curious document, it is said, was discovered in A.D. 1280, in the city of Aquill, in the kingdom of Naples, in the course of a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities; and it remained there until it was found by the Commissaries of Art in the French Army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was preserved in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained, by petition, leave that the plate might be kept by them, as an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the Commission of

Fig. 1.—POPLIN WALKING DRESS.—FRONT.

Fig. 2.—POPLIN WALKING DRESS.—BACK.

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F ARDEN.

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XIX.

ARDEN.

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ss, with loving mes-
ɪven for the wife who
She enclosed three
emained to her of a
oh, how bitterly she
travagances that had
so low a condition!
er she came to a stand-
stin to write to her, to
himself, his hopes, his
; when it came to the
tter from him she was
day of her married life
showing all her letters
, just as she had shown
had very rarely taken
ɜm, by-the-way. But
d his wife's letters, and
ld be submitted to him.
to reserve from him any
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ugh not given to secrecy,
n to be secret. After con-
she told her brother to
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The girl seemed a good,
Granger believed that she

Arden a day or two after-
nger returned with rapture
nander-in-chief of the mod-
rtinet ever struck more ter-
of rank and file than did this
the simple minds of her prize
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ad flourished and tin tea-ket-
ing her absence. There was
complaint, however, when she
ote of warning had been sound-
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ɜrubbing and cleaning in the
Arden—that particular Arden
ger had built for himself, and
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and titles, as in the case of Neb-
of Nabopolassar, King of Bab-
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he sound of the splashing of in-
of water, and the scrubbing of
ɔing-brushes; windows had been
highest degree of transparency;
ad been sand-papered until they
er; there had been quite a run
ɜe chandler for mottled soap and

rigorous inspection, Miss Granger
express her approval—not an un-
ɔval, by any means. Too much
have demoralized the Ardenites,
ɪe standard of perfection.
ɜe able to say that my papa's village
t village in England," she said;
e cleanest, but *the* cleanest. Why
ɪed the back of that tea-kettle to
. Binks? I'm afraid it's smoky.

Now there never need be a smoky kettle. Your place looks very nice, Mrs. Binks; but from the strong smell of soap, I fancy it must have been cleaned *very lately*. I hope you have not been neglecting things while I've been away. That sort of thing would militate against your obtaining my prize for domestic cleanliness next Christmas."

Mrs. Binks did not know what "militate" meant, unless it might be something in connection with the church militant, of which she had heard a great deal; but she was not a mild-tempered woman, and she grew very red in the face at this reproof.

"Well, miss, if to toil and scrub early and late, with a husband and five children to do for, and to keep the place pretty much as you see it now, though I don't say as it ain't a little extry, perhaps, in honor of your coming back—if that ain't hard work and cleanliness, and don't deserve a prize of two pound at the year's end, I don't know what do. It's hard-earned money, Miss Granger, when all's said and done."

Sophia turned the eyes of reproof upon Mrs. Binks.

"I did not think it was the money you cared for," she said; "I thought it was the honor you valued most."

She pointed to a card framed and glazed over the mantel-piece—a card upon which, with many flourishes and fat initial letters in red ink, the model school-master had recorded the fact that Mrs. Binks, at the preceding Christmas distributions, had obtained Miss Granger's annual reward for domestic cleanliness.

"Well, of course, miss, I set store by the card. It's nice to see one's name wrote out like that, and any strangers as chance to come in the summer-time, they takes notice; but to a hard-working man's wife two pound is a consideration. I'm sure I beg your parding humbly, miss, if I spoke a bit short just now; but it is trying, when one has worked hard, to have one's work found fault with."

"I am not aware that I found fault with your work, Mrs. Binks," Sophia replied, with supreme dignity; "I merely remarked that it appeared to have been done hastily. I don't approve of spasmodic industry."

And with this last crushing remark Miss Granger sailed out of the cottage, leaving the luckless Mrs. Binks to repent her presumption at leisure, and to feel that she had hazarded her hopes of Christmas bounties, and enhanced the chances of her detested rival of three doors off, Mrs. Trotter, a sanctimonious widow, with three superhuman children, who never had so much as a spot on their pinafores, and were far in advance of the young Binkses in Kings and Chronicles: indeed, the youngest Trotter had been familiar with all the works of Hezekiah before the eldest Binks had grasped the abstract idea of Saul.

For Clarissa the change to Arden Court was a pleasant one. That incessant succession of London gayeties had wearied her beyond measure. Here, for a little time before her visitors began to arrive, she lived her own life, dreaming away a morning over her sketch-book, or reading some newly published volume in a favorite thicket in the park. There was a good deal of time, of course, that she was obliged to devote to her husband, walking or driving or riding with him, in rather a ceremonial manner, almost as she might have done had she belonged to that charmed circle whose smallest walk or drive is recorded by obsequious chroniclers in every journal in the United Kingdom. Then came six brilliant weeks in July and August, when Arden Court was filled with visitors, and Clarissa began to feel how onerous are the duties of a châtelaine. She had not Lady Laura Armstrong's delight in managing a great house. She was sincerely anxious that her guests might be pleased, but a little overburdened by the responsibility of pleasing them. It was only after some experience that she found there was very little to be done, after all. With a skillful combination of elements, the result was sure to be agreeable. Morning after morning the cheerful faces gathered round the breakfast-table; and morning after morning vast supplies of dried salmon, fresh trout, grilled fowl, and raised pie—to say nothing of lighter provender in the way of omelets, new-laid eggs, hot buttered cakes of various descriptions, huge wedges of honey-comb, and jars of that Scotch marmalade so dear to the hearts of boating men—vanished like smoke before a whirlwind. Whatever troubles these nomads may have had were hidden in their hearts for the time being. A wise custom prevailed in Mr. Granger's establishment with regard to the morning letters, which were dealt out to each guest with his or her early cup of tea, and not kept back for public distribution, to the confusion of some luckless recipient, who feels it difficult to maintain an agreeable smirk upon his countenance while he reads that unless such or such an account is settled immediately, proceedings will be taken without delay.

Lady Laura came, as she had promised, and gave her dearest Clarissa lessons in the art of presiding over a large establishment, and did her utmost to oust Miss Granger from her position of authority in the giving out of stores and the ordering of grocery. This, however, was impossible. Sophia clung to her grocer's book as some unpopular monarch, tottering on his insecure throne, might cling to his sceptre. If she could not sit in the post of honor at her father's dinner-table, as she had sat so long, it was something to reign supreme in the store-room; if she found herself a secondary person in the drawing-room, and that unpunctilious callers were apt to forget the particular card due to her, she could at least hold on by the keys of those closets in which the superfine china services for Mr. Granger's great dinners were stored away, with chamois leather between all the plates and dishes. She had still the whip-hand of the housekeeper, and could ordain how many French plums and how many muscatel raisins were to be consumed in a given period. She could bring her powers of arithmetic to bear upon wax-candles, and torment the soul of the housekeeper by the precision of her calculations. She had an eye to the preserves; and if awakened suddenly in the dead of the night could have told, to a jar, how many pots of strawberry and raspberry and currant and greengage were ranged on the capacious shelves of that stronghold of her power, the store-room.

Even Lady Laura's diplomacy failed here. The genius of a Talleyrand would not have dislodged Miss Granger.

"I like to feel that I am of *some* use to papa," she remarked very often, with the air of a household Antigone. "He has new outlets for his money now, and it is more than ever my duty as a daughter to protect him from the wastefulness of servants. With all my care there are some things in my housekeeper's management which I don't understand. I'm sure what becomes of all the preserved ginger and crystallized apricots that I give out is a mystery that no one could fathom. Who ever eats preserved ginger? I have taken particular notice, and could never see any one doing it. The things are not eaten; *they disappear*."

Lady Laura suggested that, with such a fortune as Mr. Granger's, a little waste more or less was hardly worth thinking of.

"I can not admit that," Miss Granger replied, solemnly. "It is the abstract sinfulness of waste which I think of. An under-butler who begins by wasting preserved ginger may end by stealing his master's plate."

The summer went by. Picnics and boating parties, archery meetings and flower shows, and all the familiar round of country pleasures repeated themselves just as they had done at Hale Castle two years ago; and Clarissa wondered at the difference in her own mind which made these things so different. It was not that all capacity for enjoyment was dead in her. Youth is too bright a thing to be killed so easily. She could still delight in a lovely landscape, in exquisite flowers, in that art which she had loved from her childhood—she could still enjoy good music and pleasant society; but that keen sense of happiness which she had felt at Hale, that ardent appreciation of small pleasures, that eager looking forward to the future—these were gone. She lived in the present. To look back to the past was to recall the image of George Fairfax, who seemed somehow interwoven with all her girlhood; to look forward to the future was to set her face toward a land hidden in clouds and darkness. She had positively nothing to hope for.

Mr. Granger took life very calmly. He knew that his wife did not love him; and he was too proud a man to lay himself out to win her love, even if he had known how to set about a task so incongruous with the experience of his life. He was angry with himself for having ever been weak enough to think that this girlish creature—between whom and himself there stretched a gulf of thirty years—could by any possibility be beguiled into loving him. Of course she had married him for his money. There was not one among his guests who would not have thought him a fool for supposing that it could be otherwise, or for expecting more from her than a graceful fulfillment of the duties of her position.

He had little ground for complaint. She was gentle and obedient, deferential in her manner to him before society, amiable always; he only knew that she did not love him—that was all. But Daniel Granger was a proud man, and this knowledge was a bitter thing to him. There were hours in his life when he sat alone in his own room—that plainly furnished chamber which was half study, half dressing-room—withdrawing himself from his guests under pretense of having business letters to write to his people at Bradford and Leeds; sat with his open desk before him, and made no attempt to write; sat brooding over thoughts of his young wife, and regretting the folly of his marriage.

Was it true that she had never cared for any one else? He had her father's word for that; but he knew that Marmaduke Lovel was a selfish man, who would be likely enough to say any thing that would conduce to his own advantage. Had her heart been really true and pure when he won her for his wife? He remembered those sketches of George Fairfax in the port-folio; and one day when he was waiting for Clarissa in her morning-room he took the trouble to look over her drawings. There were many that he recollected having seen that day at Mill Cottage, but the portraits of Mr. Fairfax were all gone. He looked through the portfolio very carefully, but found none of those careless yet life-like sketches which had attracted the attention of Sophia Granger.

"She has destroyed them, I suppose," he said to himself; and the notion of her having done so annoyed him a little. He did not care to question her about them. There would have been an absurdity in that, he thought; as if it could matter to him whose face she chose for her unstudied sketches—mere vagabondage of the pencil.

Upon rare occasions Marmaduke Lovel consented to take a languid share in the festivities at Arden. But although he was very well pleased that his daughter should be mistress of the house that he had lost, he did not relish a secondary position in the halls of his forefathers; nor had the gayeties of the place any charm for him. He was glad to slip away quietly at the beginning of August, and to go back to Spa, where the waters agreed with his rheumatism—that convenient rheumatism which was an excuse for any thing he might choose to do.

As for his daughter, he washed his hands of all responsibility in connection with her. He felt as if he had provided for her in a most meritorious manner by the diplomacy which had brought about her marriage. Whether she was happy in her new life was a question which he had never asked himself; but if any one else had propounded such a question he would have replied unhesitatingly in the affirmative. Of course Clarissa was happy. Had she not secured for herself all the things that women most value? Could she not run riot in the pleasures for which women will imperil their souls? He remembered his own wife's extravagance, and he argued with himself that if she could have had a perennial supply of fine dresses and a perpetual round of amusement, she would speedily have forgotten Colonel Fairfax. It was the dullness of her life and the dismal oppressive atmosphere of poverty that had made her false.

So he went back to Spa, secure in the thought that he could make his home at Arden whenever he pleased. Perhaps at some remote period of old age, when his senses were growing dim, he might like to inhabit the familiar rooms, and feel no sting in the thought that he was a guest, and not the master. It would be rather pleasant to be carried to his grave from Arden Court, if any thing about a man's burial could be pleasant. He went back to Spa and led his own life, and in a considerable measure forgot that he had ever had a son and a daughter.

With September and October there came guests for the shooting, but George Fairfax was not among them. Mr. Granger had not renewed that careless invitation of his in Clarges Street. After supervising Clarissa's existence for two or three weeks, Lady Laura had returned to Hale, there to reign in all her glory. Mr. and Mrs. Granger dined at the Castle twice in the course of the autumn, and Clarissa saw Lady Geraldine for the first time since that fatal wedding-day.

There was little alteration in the fair, placid face. Geraldine Challoner was not a woman to wear the willow in any obvious manner. She was still coldly brilliant, with just a shade more bitterness, perhaps, in those little flashes of irony and cynicism which passed for wit. She talked rather more than of old, Clarissa thought; she was dressed more elaborately than in the days of her engagement to George Fairfax, and had altogether the air of a woman who means to shine in society. To Mrs. Granger she was polite, but as cold as was consistent with civility.

After a fortnight's slaughter of the pheasants there was a lull in the dissipations of Arden Court. Visitors departed, leaving Mr. Granger's gamekeepers with a plethora of sovereigns and half-sovereigns in their corduroy pockets, and serious thoughts of the Holborough Savings-bank, and Mr. Granger's chief butler with views that soared as high as Consols. All the twitter and cheerful confusion of many voices in the rooms and corridors of the grand old house dwindled and died away, until Mr. Granger was left alone with his wife and daughter. He was not sorry to see his visitors depart, though he was a man who, after his own fashion, was fond of society. But before the winter was over an event was to happen at Arden which rendered quiet indispensable.

Late in December, while the villagers were eating Mr. Granger's beef, and warming themselves before Mr. Granger's coals, and reaping the fruit of laborious days in the shape of Miss Granger's various premiums for humble virtue—while the park and woodland were wrapped in snow, and the Christmas bells were still ringing in the clear crisp air—God gave Clarissa a son: the first thing she had ever held in her arms which she could and might love with all her heart.

It was like some strange dream to her, this holy mystery of motherhood. She had not looked forward to the child's coming with any supreme pleasure, or supposed that her life would be altered by his advent. But from the moment she held him in her arms, a frail, helpless morsel of humanity, hardly visible to the uninitiated amidst his voluminous draperies of muslin, she felt herself on the threshold of a new existence. With him was born her future—it was a most complete realization of those sweet, wise words of the poet,

> "A child, more than all other gifts
> That earth can offer to declining man,
> Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts."

Mr. Granger was enraptured. For him, too, even more than for his wife, this baby represented the future. Often and often, after some brilliant stroke of business which swelled the figures upon the left side of his bank-book to an abnormal amount, he had felt a dismal sense of the extinction that must befall his glory by-and-by. There was no one but Sophia. She would inherit a fortune thrice as large as any woman need desire, and would in all likelihood marry, and give her wealth to fill the coffers of a stranger, whose name should wipe out the name of Granger—or preserve it in a half-and-half way in some inane compound, such as Granger-Smith, or Jones-Granger, extended afterward into Jones-Granger-Jones, or Granger-Smith-Granger.

Perhaps those wintry days that began the new year were the purest, happiest of Daniel Granger's life. He forgot that his wife did not love him. She seemed so much more his wife, seated opposite to him beside that quiet hearth, with her baby in her arms. She made such a lovely picture, bending over the child in her unconscious beauty. To sit and watch the two was an all-sufficient delight for him—sometimes withdrawing his mind from the present to weave the web of his boy's future.

"I shall send him to Westminster, Clary," he said—it was a long time, by-the-way, since he had called his wife Clary, though she herself was hardly aware of the fact. "I shall certainly send him to Westminster. A provincial public school is all very well—my father sent me to one—but it's not *quite* up to the mark. I should

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like him to be a good classical scholar, which I never was, though I was a decent mathematician. I used to do my Virgil with a crib—a translation, you know—and I never could get on with Greek. I managed to struggle through the New Testament, but stuck in the first book of Thucydides. What dreary work it was! I was glad when it was all over, and my father let me come into his office. But with this fellow it will be different. He will have no occasion to soil his hands with trade. He will be a country gentleman, and may distinguish himself in the House of Commons. Yes, Clary, there may be the material for a great man in him," Mr. Granger concluded, with an almost triumphant air, as he touched the soft little cheek, and peered curiously into the bright blue eyes. They were something like his own eyes, he thought; Clarissa's were hazel.

The mother drew the soft mass of muslin a little nearer to her heart. She did not care to think of her baby as a man, addressing a noisy constituency in Holborough market-place, nor even as a Westminster boy, intent upon Virgil and cricket, Euclid and foot-ball. She liked to think of him as he was now, and as he would be for the next few years—something soft and warm and loving that she could hold in her arms; beside whose bed she could watch and pray at night. Her future was bounded by the years of her son's childhood. She thought already, with a vague pang, of the time when he should go out into the world, and she be no longer necessary to him.

The day came when she looked back to that interval of perfect quiet—the dimly lighted rooms, the low wood fire, and her husband's figure seated by the hearth—with a bitter sense of regret. Daniel Granger was so good to her in those days—so entirely devoted, in a quiet, unobtrusive way—and she was so selfishly absorbed by the baby as to be almost unconscious of his goodness at the time. She was inclined to forget that the child belonged to any one but herself; indeed, had the question been brought home to her, she would have hardly liked to admit his father's claim upon him. He was her own—her treasure beyond all price—given to her by Heaven for her comfort and consolation.

Not the least among the tranquil pleasures of that period of retirement—which Clarissa spun out until the spring flowers were blooming in the meadows about Arden—was a comparative immunity from the society of Miss Granger. That young lady made a dutiful call upon her stepmother every morning, and offered a chilling forefinger—rather a strong-minded forefinger, with a considerable development of bone—to the infant. On the child not receiving this advance with rapture, Miss Granger was wont to observe that he was not so forward in taking notice as some of her model children; at which the young mother flamed up in defense of her darling, declaring that he *did* take notice, and that it was a shame to compare him to "nasty village children."

"The 'nasty village children' have immortal souls," Sophia replied, severely.

"So they may; but they don't take notice sooner than my baby. I would never believe that. He knows *me*, the precious darling;" and the little soft warm thing in voluminous muslin was kissed and squeezed almost to extinction.

Miss Granger was great upon the management of infancy, and was never tired of expounding her ideas to Clarissa. They were of a Spartan character, not calculated to make the period of babyhood a pleasant time to experience or to look back upon. Cold water and nauseous medicines formed a conspicuous part of the system, and where an ordinary nurse would have approached infancy with a sponge, Miss Granger suggested a flesh-brush. The hardest, most impracticable biscuits, the huskiest rusks, constituted Miss Granger's notion of infant food. She would have excluded milk as bilious, and would have forbidden sugar as a creator of acidity; and then, when the little victim was about one and a half, she would have seated it before the most dry-as-dust edition of the alphabet, and driven it triumphantly upon the first stage on the high-road to Kings and Chronicles.

Among the model villagers Miss Granger had ample opportunity of offering advice of this kind, and fondly believed that her counsel was acted upon. Obsequious matrons, with an eye to Christmas benefactions, pretended to profit by her wisdom; but it is doubtful whether the model infants were allowed to suffer from a practical exposition of her Spartan theories.

Clarissa had her own ideas about the heir of the Grangers. Not a crumpled rose leaf—had rose leaves been flying about just then—must roughen her darling's bed. The softest lawn, the downiest, most delicate woolens, were hardly good enough to wrap her treasure. She had solemn interviews with a regiment of nurses before she could discover a woman who seemed worthy to be guardian of this infant demigod; and Mr. Granger showed himself scarcely less weak. It almost seemed as if this boy was his first child. He had been a busy man when Sophia was born, too entirely occupied by the grave considerations of commerce to enter into the details of the nursery, and the sex of the child had been something of a disappointment to him. He was rich enough even then to desire an heir to his wealth. During the few remaining years of his first wife's life he had hoped for the coming of a son, but no son had been given to him. It was now, in his sober middle age, that the thing he had longed for was granted to him, and it seemed all the more precious because of the delay. So Daniel Granger was wont to sit and stare at the infant as if it had been something above the common clay of which infancy is made. He would gaze at it for an hour together, in a dumb rapture, fully believing it to be the most perfect object in creation; and about this child there sprung up between his wife and himself a sympathy that had never been before. Only deep in Clarissa's heart there was a vague jealousy. She would have liked her baby to be hers alone. The thought of his father's claim frightened her. In the time to come her child might grow to love his father better than her.

Finding her counsel rejected, Miss Granger would ask, in a meek voice, if she might be permitted to kiss the baby, and having chilled his young blood by the cool and healthy condition of her complexion, would depart with an air of long-suffering; and this morning visit being over, Clarissa was free of her for the rest of the day. Miss Granger had her "duties." She devoted her mornings to the regulation of the household, her afternoons to the drilling of the model villagers. In the evening she presided at her father's dinner, which seemed rather a chilling repast to Mr. Granger in the absence of that one beloved face. He would have liked to dine off a boiled fowl in his wife's room, or to have gone dinnerless, and shared Clarissa's tea and toast, and heard the latest wonders performed by the baby, but he was ashamed to betray so much weakness. So he dined in state with Sophia, and found it hard work to keep up a little commonplace conversation with her during the solemn meal—his heart being elsewhere all the time.

That phase of gloom and despondency through which his mind had passed during the summer that was gone had given place to brighter thoughts. A new dawn of hope had come for him with the birth of his child. He told himself again, as he had so often told himself in the past, that his wife would grow to love him—that time would bring him the fruition of his desires. In the mean while he was almost entirely happy in the possession of this new blessing. All his life was colored by the existence of this infant. He had a new zest in the dryest details of his position as the master of a great estate. He had bought some two thousand acres of neighboring land at different times since his purchase of Arden Court, and the estate, swollen by these large additions, was fast becoming one of the finest in the county. There was not a tree he planted in the beginning of this new year which he did not consider with reference to his boy; and he made extensive plantations on purpose that he might be able to point to them by-and-by and say, "These trees were planted the year my son was born." When he went round his stables he made a special survey of one particularly commodious loose-box which would do for his boy's pony. He fancied the little fellow trotting by his side across farms and moorlands, or deep into the woods to see the newly felled timber or to plan a fresh clearing.

It was a pleasant day-dream.

INDIAN SUMMER.

THAT short, delicious season between the frosts of October and the ice of late November is a feature peculiar to the climate of our country north of the thirty-ninth parallel, and especially in New England and the region around the great lakes. It was noticed by the early settlers in New England, in letters written to their friends at home. They were charmed by the strange, gorgeous beauty of the American forests, when the trees seemed shrouded in trailing banners dyed in the glories of Iris, that ushered in that delightsome season of warm, balmy air, which seemed to bless all nature with a soothing dreaminess and repose after the labor of producing and garnering earth's treasures had ceased. It is a season when the storms of the autumnal equinox are over; and sometimes two or three weeks of uninterrupted fine weather give quiet delight before the bitter cold and the rough blasts of winter come on.

This is the season which the Indians in the middle regions of the continent looked forward to with pleasure, for during its continuance they gathered in their winter store of fully ripened maize (which we call Indian corn), and their chief supply of flesh for use in the dreary months of deep snows. Then the lakes, small and great, are placid. Sometimes for days not a wavelet appears upon their bosoms, and navigation over long distances in bark canoes was and is perfectly safe.

The savages regarded this season as a gift of one of their most honored deities—the southwest wind personified—to whose sunny and fruitful land these more northerly tribes believed their souls would go after death. This was the Indian's real harvest-time, and for that reason the early settlers called it the Indian's summer.

So runs a legend of the Narragansets:

From Kontontowit's bright savannas,
Through which yellow streams are flowing,
Whence the southwest wind comes laden
With the scent of April blossoms,
Came the crow, as black as midnight,
With a grain of *corn* in one ear
And a *bean* borne in the other
(Of the two we make suc-co'-tash),
And with wisdom quickly taught us
How to plant the seeds, and gather
Harvests from them in the autumn,
After frosts had slain the flowers—
Golden-rod and sparkling aster.
In that most delicious season,
Warm, and bright, and all auspicious
For the fisherman and hunter,
All our winter's store is garnered:
'Tis our beauteous Autumn-Summer.

Decay is slow combustion. With this fact in hand, philosophers have plausibly accounted for the warmth of the Indian summer time on the borders of winter by assuming that the heat then evolved in the process of the decay of the forest leaves and other vegetation is produced by that decay.

In Europe a corresponding recurrence of summer weather in late autumn is styled St. Martin's Summer, from Martinmas, or St. Martin's Day, which falls on the 11th of November, and which is marked by the eating of roast goose in England, while in France it is kept as a kind of carnival.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE re-establishment of the household in the fall, after the return from the country, is attended with almost as many miseries as moving. The dust and dirt that accumulate in a house shut up, the number of articles broken and lost, the repairs that must be made before the domestic machinery can move on without friction, are things amazing. Then there are carpets to be replaced, new furniture wanted, and most likely the promised servants have failed to make an appearance. With such help as can be temporarily obtained it is difficult to get up breakfast, and dinner is an impossibility. The water-pipes leak, the range is broken, the supply of coal has not been put into the cellar. The household washing accumulates fearfully, and how is it to be done? The plumber does not keep his appointment, a mistake is made in the carpets, and the wrong furniture is sent home. "When will order come out of confusion?" thinks the weary housewife, as night finds her morning hopes frustrated through unfortunate circumstances and the delinquencies of others. No light task is hers, to rearrange and systematize the household in the face of combined misfortunes, and plenty of patience is requisite. A little of the same grace, also, will not come amiss to the husband; and he will find opportunity for the exercise of forbearance and consideration, until, all traces of summer absences having been obliterated, the breakfast-bell rings promptly, and the dinner is tastefully served.

Artists are returning to their studios with well-filled port-folios. The coming art season promises to be peculiarly attractive. Those who have a natural love of art, and those who desire to become more appreciative in regard to paintings of real excellence, will find pleasure and profit in making systematic examination of the artistic treasures which our city contains.

Mooschillock, in New Hampshire, and Mount Ascutney, in Vermont, are to be sites of scientific research during the coming winter. These sister elevations will doubtless enjoy comparing notes with Mount Washington.

Meteorological changes of many kinds have been noted in Kansas by those who have resided there several years. For example: ten or fifteen years ago few people kept umbrellas in Kansas, because "when it rained it poured," and the wind blew with such force that an umbrella could hardly be carried. The rains were indeed storms—severe but short, a heavy fall of rain occurring in a few hours. Now it is the universal testimony of all who have been there ten or more years that the rain-storms are less severe, and the rainy days more frequent, than of old.

Chicago has propounded a scheme of devoting all the fines imposed for criminal offenses to the establishment of a public library. If this is carried out, never was there such an extensive and valuable collection as Chicago will possess!

Medical men advise M. Thiers to take some repose; they assure him that it is indispensable. He has an affection in one eye, the result of continuous labor, especially by lamp-light. He is ordered to give up all night-work.

An imaginary catalogue of "treasures" about to be disinterred from the bed of the Tiber is given by *Punch* for the benefit of the curious of all countries. With eager eyes and bated breath the devotees of science and literature will examine these objects of historic interest—*when*, by careful dredging of the river's bed, they are brought to light. Among these valuables a prophetic eye sees one of the bucklers with which Tarpeia was crushed to death, to the inexpressible grief of her surviving relatives; the razor with which Tarquin (Tarquinius Priscus) cut through the whetstone; the foot-stool (much discolored by time and mud) thrown by Tullia at the head of her coachman, whom she was fined for assaulting; the stone chest containing the Sibylline books (the binding is in pretty good order, and the mystic characters have been deciphered—it will be a relief to the public mind to know that they appear to be nothing more than simple family recipes, culinary and medicinal); Lucretia's spinning-wheel (one or two of the spindles missing), and the poniard with which she committed suicide; Cincinnatus's plow; the beautifully carved ivory manger out of which Caligula's favorite hunter was in the habit of feeding, with some of the gilt oats still adhering to the bottom; Nero's fiddle (the strings gone); the Emperor Domitian's bodkin (the first chemists of Europe, after a most careful analysis, are strongly of opinion that the dark-colored stain is the blood of an enormous blue-bottle); Cornelia's jewels; jewelry supposed to have been worn by the Vestal Virgins; and the jaw-bone and teeth of a wolf (believed to have been the identical animal which nourished Romulus and Remus in the dawn of life).

The *Court Journal* remarks that it is just twelve months since a scheme was inaugurated for the completion of St. Paul's Cathedral, in accordance with the designs of its great architect. Subscriptions have been made to the amount of £37,000, but only £23,900 are at present available, and this is totally inadequate to the work to be done. Upon a rough estimate it is thought that £250,000 may be spent before the whole building can be called thoroughly complete. The committee propose at once to undertake the decoration of the roof and walls of the choir and apse, and to fill the dome with mosaic in the place of Thornhill's grisaille pictures. The cost of this work will be £35,000.

One of the recent additions to the Scott Exhibition in London is an original article on "Tales of a Landlord," contributed to the *Quarterly Review*. It is in the handwriting of Sir Walter Scott, and has been lent by Mr. Murray. The following are the opening sentences: "These tales belong obviously to a class of novels which we have already had occasion repeatedly to notice, and which have attracted the attention of the public in no common degree—we mean 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary;' and we have little hesitation to pronounce them either entirely or in a great measure the work of the same author. Why he should industriously endeavor to elude observation, by taking leave of us in one character and then suddenly popping out upon us in another, we can not pretend the cause, without knowing more of his personal reasons for preserving so strict an *incognito* than has hitherto come to our knowledge."

London has had a famous cat show; but now that the fashion is started, it may not stop short of New York. At any rate, Edinburgh has announced that a cat show will be held in that city next November.

It is stated that the Emperor of the French is in search of an autumn residence in Scotland, and that if he can find a suitable place in Perthshire or Inverness-shire, he will go north when the rest of "society" removes from London.

The Parisians are accused of changing the names of their streets every week—and the charge is not groundless.

A correspondent from Sault de St. Marie gives an amusing account of the ferry-boat accommodations in that rather primitive region. He says: "Our ferry-boats are all sail-boats, and the passengers consequently have no fear of patched boilers or unskillful engineers. Oh!—but I forgot one: I beg its pardon. A new line has commenced running within a few days. A little propeller, about the size of a ship's yawl, crosses the river whenever she can get a passenger, which is not often. The citizens seem suspicious of steam ferry-boats since the *Westfield* disaster, and prefer to patronize the old line of sail-boats. The engine takes up the largest part of the boat, and the cabin accommodations are very meagre. At the stern she carries a large British flag, and in front is a broad pennant, bearing the uncommon name of *Annie Smith*. I judge that she is not supplied with many of the recent improvements in machinery, from the fact that they run the bow of the boat up on the shore, while the propeller continues to revolve in the water until the steam is exhausted or the fire goes out. The whole thing reminds me of the steamboats which the Ravels used to hastily improvise on the stage, with coffee-kettles for boilers, old boots for smoke-stacks, and rudders of any thing else lying around which could be made available. I presume there is no danger of explosion at present, as the *Annie Smith* has just commenced running on this line."

The American Institute proposes at no distant day to erect a new industrial palace, which will take the place of the Rink, and be much more adequate for the exhibitions.

American dairymen and women are gaining experience and skill which will materially increase the amount of money brought into the country. During the month of August 263,600 boxes of American cheese were imported into England. It is sold cheaper than English cheese, and is considered equal to it in flavor and quality.

Supposed remedies for the ills of life abound, but many of them have never been sufficiently tested to be really valuable. A lady writes to the *Bazar:* "I wish 'Before the Doctor Comes' knew how excellent for a 'skin felon' the yolk of an egg is. I had one about three years ago which was intensely painful. I broke off the end of the egg-shell, pouring out a little of the white, and dipped my finger in what was left. Every six hours I changed for a fresh egg, the other one becoming unpleasant. In twenty-four hours the felon discharged: my finger is as straight as it ever was, and I can use it as before." An application so simple, which *has* proved efficacious, is certainly worthy of trial.

The latest rat story comes from an Illinois farmer, who was going out to his corn-crib the other morning, when he saw a large rat, with head erect, carrying a full-sized ear of corn in his mouth, while at the same time his tail was wrapped around another large ear, which he was dragging behind him.

Can you pronounce it? Here it is—Shonkyonhwenjenawcie—the name of a chief of the Six Nations.

The American chaplain at Paris, Rev. Mr. Lamson, has been made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the government of France. During the entire siege and the subsequent insurrection Mr. Lamson remained in Paris, and, with one English clergyman, faithfully discharged the pressing and multiform duties which the times made necessary to a Christian man and a clergyman in his position.

Correspondents from Paris say that every thing possible is being done to hide the wounds of the city. Of course in many cases this is impossible. No one can bring back the old Hôtel de Ville or the Tuileries, or replace at present—if at all—the broken column on its pedestal; but in the mean time the stone-masons and plasterers have been doing wonders. Hundreds of houses that a short time ago were pitted all over with marks of balls are smooth and even again. In the Place Vendôme scaffoldings are erected every where. The capitals of the pilasters have suffered much, but fresh stones are being put in. In the Place de la Concorde an army of workmen are employed at the fountain nearest the river, and along the whole line of the terrace of the Tuileries, where scarcely a stone of the balustrade was left standing. The obelisk of Luxor is standing in the midst of the damage unscathed. Some long vistas of ruins present a terrible appearance; others, like the Palais du Conseil d'Etat, look vast, grand, and calm, as if they were ruins a thousand years old.

From Persia come heart-sickening details. Famine and pestilence still rage; in Ispahan alone there have been 27,000 victims; the crops have been destroyed, and one-third of the population is annihilated.

It is estimated that in this great city there are seldom less than 10,000, and at certain seasons of the year as many as 15,000, unemployed persons. This number does not include the criminal class, but only those unfortunates who would labor honestly if they could find the opportunity.

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Dresses.

'H DOUBLE with a wide rrow ruffle l also with side, simu- the under ie material. e sides and and back, rial, which the waist. on bow for

RL FROM 2 formed of

The over-skirt is trimmed on the outer edge with a wide bias strip of the material of a darker shade, on both sides of which is set a row of narrow black guipure lace. Violet silk buttons, and silk cord trimming of the same color, simulating button loops, complete the trimming of the over-skirt. Neapolitan hat, trimmed with violet ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. Skirt of blue cashmere, trimmed with a wide side-pleated ruffle, and folds of black gros grain. Over-skirt and peasant waist of black and white striped silk, trimmed with folds of black gros grain. Belt with bow of the same. Tucked Swiss muslin under-waist. Florentine straw hat, trimmed with a spray of flowers and black silk ribbon.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FALL DRESSES.

rial, and nee- d sleeves are nuslin ruffle. bon.

SUIT. The with narrow over-skirt is The square- tucked Swiss material trim hat, trimmed d lace veil.

DRESS WITH ss is trimmed rial, and with larker shade. rf edged with to the scarf.

BRUISED REEDS.

AS none of us are perfect, all of us are in the habit of doing wrong; and some of us, at least, know what it is to feel remorse, though Darwin says we do not show it save in melodramas and novels. Others, unhappily, have consciences of such tough fibre they know nothing of either shame or repentance, but dance along the broad way of evil with as light a heart and as assured a step as if there was no such duty as repentance, no such possibility as breaking away from bad habits, and no such dangers as the quagmires and pitfalls into which they are continually falling head-foremost. But we have nothing to do at this time with the hardened sinners—only with those poor suffering souls, those bruised reeds, who have done wrong and who know it, who evil; willing to do right, and as certainly ending by doing wrong.

Now these are the people whom it is the most needful to forgive, and the most difficult. Though there are certain hard, rasping natures who never "get over" a fault, as they say, and who are continually twitting the wrong-doer with his past disgrace, yet, as a rule, people do forgive where there is repentance—at least the smaller faults; as for the larger, we do not make much provision for them in our reserve fund of mercy. Yet—within bounds, be it understood—society itself, that awful Rhadamanthus, becomes generous and mellowed by time, and lets the offender against its laws go through that curious process called "living down" the first bitter consequence of his fault; that is, if he lives it down in "a proper spirit," and makes it manifest by his future uprightness that he has risen erect and steady from his former condition of prostrate morality. But society understands nothing of remorse united with a weak resolve. Society can not read the heart; it can only translate the action—and for the most part it makes a mess at that, and repeats its lesson badly. All that large class of unwilling sinners, if we may use the term—people who do wrong by impulse or weakness, without mentally wishing or planning for it—sinners who have their sane and cleanly moments, when they abhor themselves, and only desire grace for an assured repentance, who make good resolutions, which they will only break under a stronger temptation, and to whom temptation is always stronger than their resolution—of them, poor feeble-minded beings, it has not a good word to say, not an indulgent motive to assign, not a kindly excuse to allege. It shakes its head and turns its back on them with disdain; they are incorrigible, it says, severely: it really must consider them as pitch, and refuse to soil its hands by touching them. They are bruised reeds, if you like; but, observes society, with its perfumed handkerchief to its nose nicely displayed, they are reeds which have a decidedly unpleasant odor, and, for its own part, it prefers patchouly. So the poor, weak, backsliding, or sinful souls are abandoned to themselves; and a mournful experience has shown us that this is just the worst guardianship into which the frail can lapse.

Patience is perhaps the rarest of all the virtues, and patience, with continually recurring moral obliquity, is the most difficult form of a difficult

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grace. Besides, people give things wrong names; they think they are careful for godliness when they are impatient with weakness, and that they palter with evil when they are merciful to sinners. A large section of pious people have taught themselves that to smite the sinful hip and thigh is a more praiseworthy action than to lift them up tenderly, and do what they can to cleanse and heal them. They are more zealous for the law than for love, and are not disinclined to offer up living sacrifices still. Again, we are more angry with the sins which hurt ourselves than with those which hurt only the sinner's own soul. A sin which brings social disgrace on the family is a more heinous offense than one which leaves the law of man intact, and simply breaks the law of God. A man—or worse, a woman—may drink, say, and so shame his or her house and name; straightway he or she is discarded from all piety, all pity, all love; but they who discard her may be false, mean, slanderous, selfish, careless whether they destroy any one's happiness or repute, living in a self-made nest of lies and cruelty, yet, because the world knows nothing, the sin counts for nothing, and the sinner loses no caste; while the poor, weak-headed, diseased disgracer is regarded as a moral Caliban, for whom an honest death would be too honorable a boon. But the whole difference lies between the known and the unknown, the world and God: the one is an offense unpardonable, shameful, and the offender is cast out as an unclean thing; the other—well, the Bible tells us to be merciful; and, after all, his fault does not dishonor his family.

The question of forgiveness is a grave one in a home. Children are often told that "a fault confessed is a fault half pardoned," and exhorted to make full and frank confession of all they do amiss. But though they are assured they shall not be punished, they are rarely allowed to go scot-free. They may not be put into the corner, cut off their cake, or denied any pleasures on hand; but they are rendered desperately uncomfortable all the same. At the best they have "made mamma so sorry," which saddens them, poor little creatures, and makes them feel that, if not punished in one way, they are in another. Now this is not saying that they should not be made to feel that they have done wrong when they have done so; but we can scarcely wonder if, with unconscious calculation, they risk the chance of detection and punishment against confession and being put under moral disgrace. If mamma were perhaps to explain to them why they had done so and so, and show them, if a mechanical offense, such as breaking the windows, etc., how it came about—if a moral sin, how mean and small and unnecessary it was—it would be better than that dreadful punishment to a sensitive child of "making mamma sorry," which is simply moral disgrace under another name. So, too, is it never wise to hurt the self-respect of a sinner, child or other. Self-respect is a grand antiseptic, and when that is gone all is gone. We once knew of a little child who had stolen a couple of figs off the dessert dish on the day of a dinner-party. The theft was discovered, and her father made her wear the figs on a string round her neck the whole evening, with full explanations why. We heard the story when the child had grown up to be a woman, and from her own lips; and she said that to this hour she suffered from the shame of that evening; it was burned into her, and made a wound ineffaceable for life. It was a tremendous punishment for the fault: the fault itself being in so young a child as she was—five years old only—one that might have been punished and reformed by milder measures. It seems to have been a mistake, judging from the bitterness with which the father's character was spoken of—she said she ceased to love him from that day; and, from the stern and loveless nature of the woman herself, it seemed to have cast out all softness from her. And though, to be sure, she stole no more figs, yet she had learned her lesson of keeping her fingers from wandering into the region of forbidden dainties at too severe cost. The policy of humiliation is a dangerous one at all times and on all occasions, and far more souls have been crushed by this than sins have been confirmed by overleniency. To destroy all self-respect is to destroy all healing power, and to prevent all possibility of a rebound. In dealing with the faulty, however hard we may be on the sin, we ought always to reserve a way of restoration to the sinner. We ought not to shut him out from the light of love, of pity, of human generosity, of friendly forgiveness. An outcast is a wild beast—no better; and the object of punishment is to reform. It is but a sorry exercise of strength to break the bruised reed: for our own part, we would rather bind it together, and strive to plant its roots deeper in the good soil. Loving virtue, we should also love humanity; hating sin, we should also be pitiful and very tender to the sinner; and our punishments should be made the means of reformation, and the mode by which health and virtue should be restored—never merely retributive or revengeful.

BRIDAL TOILETTE.

BRIDAL TOILETTE.

THIS artistic and graceful wedding toilette will afford valuable suggestions, now that the autumn bridal season is at its height. The under-skirt is of heavy white faille, trimmed on the bottom with two rows of deep silk fringe, set on in festoons, and surmounted with thick white silk cord, which forms a three-leaved figure at the top of each scallop. Court train of the same faille, edged with a single row of fringe and cord heading. High basque-waist, with a bow at the back, and flowing sleeves, trimmed likewise with cord and fringe. Long illusion veil, enveloping the whole figure, and set on with a wreath of orange blossoms. Bouquet of orange blossoms in the corsage.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE fashionable world of Paris is still out of town, at the baths and watering-places. The most brilliant of the former this season is Deauville, where the Queen of Spain is staying with all her suite. At Dieppe, which is usually the fashion, there are few notable personages; the only ones specially worthy our mention are the Countess Walewska and the lovely Countess de Béchardt, who was one of the stars last season at London, and whose magnificent equipage excited attention even in England—that land of splendid horses. At the Princess of Wales's receptions she, with Madame Emile de Girardin, was the most admired of the French belles.

Apropos of London, one of the chief topics of the day is the passion with which a beautiful American lady has inspired an English prince. Unhappily, the lady is married, and the prince as well, so that the attachment must be a platonic one.

There is less talk just now about the Orleans princes than there was at the time of their arrival in France. The Duke de Nemours is at the baths at Aix, with his two charming daughters, the princesses Blanche and Marguerite of Orleans. An amusing anecdote, which is really authentic, is told concerning the Duke de Chartres. The young prince served in the Army of the Loire during the war under the name of Lefort. He entered as a captain, and was afterward promoted to the rank of chief of squadron, and preserved his incognito so well that many of the young officers are ignorant to this day that they were the comrades of a prince of Orleans. The other day, at Versailles, the Duke de Chartres met the Count d'Imécourt, one of our young fashionables, and a rabid Legitimist. The count had just come from his château. "Hallo! is it you, Lefort?" cried he. "What are you doing here, you rascal? Come and take breakfast with me?" "With pleasure," answered the duke. They went down the street, arm in arm, chatting merrily together, till, on passing the door of a club-house, they saw a number of deputies, who rose hastily to bow to the duke.

"What! are you acquainted with those people?" said D'Imécourt. "Don't you know that they belong to the Orleanist crowd? If they are friends of yours, we may as well part."

"Oh! I know that they don't amount to much," rejoined the duke, "but one must be polite. They bowed to me, and I could do nothing else than return their salutes."

At this moment Edward Bocher, the great friend of the Orleans family, came up, hat in hand, with two young men.

"Monseigneur—" he began.

"What do you mean with your monseigneurs?" said D'Imécourt, laughing.

"Excuse me, count; I was not speaking to you, but to Monseigneur the Duke de Chartres."

The face of the Count d'Imécourt may be imagined. He was covered with confusion, and stammered out apologies. "Monseigneur, I did not know; I ask a thousand pardons!" "Tut! tut!" said the duke; "have done with all this ceremony, and let us go and eat our breakfast."

The marriage is announced of a young American lady, a great favorite in Parisian society, Miss Alice Filié. She is the sister of the Marquise Chasseloup-Laubat, and is to marry M. Hirsch, a rich Bavarian banker.

The most striking toilettes seen at Trouville and Deauville are composed of marquise gauze and striped linen, trimmed with ruches of the material. A toilette worn by the Countess de C—— at Trouville has a skirt of apricot faille, with festooned flounces of white silk, over-skirt of marquise gauze, forming four large points, edged with a ruching of gauze and white silk fringe. Corsage of apricot faille, covered with a basque-waist of marquise gauze, trimmed with white fringe and ruching. Broad apricot faille sash with white fringe.

The daughter of the Marquis San Gregorio, maid of honor to the Queen of Spain, wore a skirt of white taffetas under a demi-trained skirt of white striped linen. This over-skirt was trimmed with three pleated flounces, separated by ruches, and edged with narrow Valenciennes. Low corsage of white taffetas. Redingote of maroon taffetas. A ruche, interspersed with maroon bows, extended down the entire front. Wide ribbon sash, with alternate stripes of white silk and maroon velvet. Parabère toque, turned up behind, with a bow of maroon velvet, and a rose at the side. We must not forget a maroon velvet bow which was fixed on the left side of the corsage as a Watteau bow, and held in place by a diamond fleur-de-lis, the distinctive emblem of the partisans of the Prince of the Asturias. The same fleur-de-lis is also ostentatiously displayed by our French chàtelaines and young men of fashion, for it is reckoned in good taste, just now, to be a Legitimist.

The other day at the circus the cry was raised, "*Vive la République.*" A young fashionable, the Count de V——, cried "*Vive le Roi,*" whereupon General Niel, who stood close by, gave him a

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assumed its war-paint, and vowed that Molly should gain nothing by the invitation so skillfully angled for. Had she lived fifty-one years in a wicked world to be conquered now by a pretty-faced, slipshod puss, without habits, without "faculty," without any of the virtues requisite in Jim's future wife—a girl whose gloves ran to holes; whose collars, generally soiled about the bindings, were *always* pinned on crooked; whose hooks, eyes, buttons, shoe-strings, were all "which way;" whose top drawer was a caution to beholders; who couldn't sew, hated to dust, didn't care for flowers; who might as well have been born in San Domingo as New England, as far as the ideas in her silly head went; and—crowning sin of all—who "came of a bad stock," inheriting "slackness" and indolence from a long line of shiftless ancestors? No! if Aunt Mary could help it, "Jim Child wasn't going to marry a Pomfret."

This big, handsome, sweet-tempered Jim was, in truth, the very idol of his bright, breezy, old-maid aunt. He came into the world at a time, now long past, when the storm which shipwrecked her girlhood, and threw it high and dry on the rocks of spinsterdom, was at its height. No human help was so much to her in those days as the touch of the soft, unconscious baby fingers; and, with the passionate affection of a woman who feels herself doomed to be childless for evermore, she attached herself to her little nephew.

From that day to this he and his affairs had been the predominant interest of her life. She made his kites, covered his balls, knit his stockings. It was to Aunt Mary's ear that all his youthful sorrows and secrets were confided, and that kind safety-valve was still his refuge when the mighty cares of twenty-one required an outlet. "Her boy," she called him. To her mind he was not only beautiful, but "virtuousest, discreetest, best." And here was this prince, this paragon, this "entire and perfect chrysolite," proving himself mere man, after the stupid fashion of his sex, by slipping into the toils of a girl not worthy to darn his stockings, even if she had known how, which, considering her antecedents, seemed improbable! It should not be! Aunt Mary arrayed herself to the rescue.

Her first move was to "borrow" Grace Goodenow, the girl whom, with that infallible instinct which leads us to see the rights and wrongs of other people's love affairs more clearly than they do themselves, she had long ago selected as the wife Jim *ought* to want. But to "borrow" Grace was not an easy matter, Dr. Goodenow being strongly opposed to parties of pleasure and all that savored of frivolity and "philandering," against which vague and anomalous iniquity he was wont to frequently and strongly inveigh. A long morning of argument was the price paid for his concession. Aunt Mary had to face much discussion and reprobation; had to hear that the longing for salt-water, which she had incautiously alluded to as "natural," was an instinct shared with brute beasts, prairie wolves, savage bisons, who gallop miles to reach a "lick" and satisfy their appetites; she had to listen to a vast and erudite body of objection drawn from natural history and "Scripter," and, finally, only carried her point by stringent reference to Grace's thinness, paleness, want of appetite, and adroit allusion to an Aunt Esther, dead some twenty years before of consumption, and a rather hypothetical "Uncle Zack," who "kind of wasted away, and went out like the snuff of a candle." When the dominie, on mention of this worthy, began to hitch uneasily in his chair, she knew her cause was won; for, in spite of his big bow-wow manner, the good man was exceedingly sensitive and anxious about his only girl. So, seizing the moment with a woman's quickness, Aunt Mary began to dilate on the exceeding steadiness of the party, which she made out to be a sort of cross between a water-cure and a camp-meeting.

"I'm sure if you'd been with us last year, doctor, you would have felt gratified, as I did—really *gratified*—at all that went on. None of the boys ever went fishing or any thing till after prayers, which we had every morning regularly, with the reading of the Scriptures. It did really seem like an influence for good over the young, and I for one considered it a privilege to be there."

"Well, well," said the convinced dominie, "the child shall go. Perhaps she is not looking altogether as well as usual, and, as you say, the saline breezes may be beneficial to her health. Grace, you will be discreet and obedient, I am sure."

"I'll see that she is," cried Miss Child, elate with victory. "She shall sleep next me in the tent, and I'll keep as sharp an eye on her as if she were my own. Hey, Gracie, you'll behave yourself, and not fret even if I do speak severely at times?"

Grace laughed. The prospect did not seem very formidable to her. Every one knew "Aunt Mary," so called by half the girls in Dusenberry, and all young people at least loved her.

The intuitions of unselfish and genuine affection may generally be trusted. Grace was really the wife Jim Child needed, the Heaven-meant woman, the complement to his nature. But though his aunt divined this, though Grace, half unconscious, responded already to the instinctive attraction, the idea had not yet dawned upon Jim himself. The delicate, flower-like girl struck him as dim and colorless. Molly Pomfret, with her shallow prettiness and flighty little airs and graces, caught his eye and immature fancy a thousand times more. Not that he was in love with her; but he had begun to think himself so—a most dangerous first step. Now, for the first time, the two girls were to be contrasted side by side, and Aunt Mary's hopeful spirit prophesied good results. "Men are blind enough," she thought; "but nothing less than a born idiot could see my Grace and that Pomfret girl together for ten days and not find out the difference. If Jim really is such a goose, he deserves his fate."

So now this long-desired "salting-party" was really begun. There were the white tents, two for sleeping and one for cooking; there was the long, broad dining-table roofed with boughs, and the bough hut which sheltered the wagons; there, below the little knoll crowned with pine and cedar, loveliest of spots for encampment, lay the smooth beach, with its fringe of yeast-white foam, from which far away stretched the expanse of ineffable ocean blue. Long bars of pink cloud still lay on the horizon; eastward the fair, solemn moon slowly climbed the sky. It was the very scene on the thought of which Grace for a month past had smiled herself to sleep; but somehow, now that it was there visible, tangible, lying about her, the sense of disappointment came with it. A faint chill crept over her bright imaginings. "Something beautiful had vanished." Could it be because of that comfortable group below—Jim, Molly, and the mutual blanket shawl?

"It's pretty cool to-night, isn't it?" said jolly Mr. Child, emerging from the men's tent, where he had been helping his wife spread the beds. "You'd better wrap up, Gracie. Where are all the boys and girls?"

"Not far off, any of them," responded his sister. "Suppose you get them all together and have a good sing here on the knoll, James."

"A first-rate idea, Mary. Here, mother"—raising his voice—"tell the children to come out; we're going to sing."

Mrs. Child came at the call—a placid, happy woman, with sleepy, kitten-like eyes.

"Yes, pa, certainly. Sadie! Ann Eliza! Tom! Your pa wants you. You can quit the dishes; they'll do very well for to-night as they are. Squire Vose!—ah, here he is, with Esther and Mr. Grey. But where's Addie and Charley Hale? and where's Jim?"

"We are here, Mrs. Child," said Addie Vose's pleasant voice from a little way down the bank, where she was sitting with her lover. "We came a little further to see the sunset better."

"But where's Jim?"

"He's down there on the beach with Molly."

"Jim!" shouted his father.

"Ahoy!" came the answer.

"Come up; we are going to sing."

With infinite satisfaction Aunt Mary watched the distant bundle unroll, restore itself into component parts, approach. Jim and Molly came walking slowly, and carrying the shawl.

"What made you pick out such a damp corner to sit in?" asked that inconvenient little Tom.

"Well, I don't know," answered Jim, innocently. "Molly chose it. It *was* dampish, though."

At which speech his aunt Mary hugged herself.

Every body sang that night—Jim in hearty bass, his friend Charley Grey in tenor, Squire Vose with well-intentioned tones which resembled nothing so much as the squeaking of a rusty hinge, the girls in silvery treble—every body but Molly Pomfret. Molly was a little put out. "Two is company—more, trumpery," was emphatically her motto, and she by no means relished the interruption of the *tête-à-tête* beneath the blanket shawl. Aunt Mary noted the vexation in her face, and hugged herself again.

"That's right, dear," she thought. "Go on just so. Give Jim a taste of the pleasant look that will await *your* husband whenever any thing crosses your fancy. It's a very good lesson for him, and I hope he's taking notice."

So, by way of making sure he should, she leaned forward, and said, pleasantly, "What's the matter, Molly? Any thing gone wrong?"

"Nothing much," was the reply, with a pout. Jim caught the look, but, bless you! he didn't regard it as a pout. To his eyes it was merely an accident of the moonlight, or because Molly was catching cold; and he seized the offending shawl and wrapped it round his charmer with such devoted eagerness that his aunt could gladly have boxed his ears. Luckily, Molly was in the mood to take offense; so she shook the shawl off, and said, sharply,

"Don't! I don't want it! You're mussing me all up;" and Jim shrank back, rebuked.

"Row, brothers, row," "Tranquidillo," "Those evening Bells," and other time-honored favorites composed the répertoire of the Child family, and were heartily enjoyed and encored till a late hour. The concert wound up with "Coronation," that delight of all country church-goers. And it was then that Grace, left out in the more secular music, began to sing, and her clear, bird-like notes astonished every body who had never happened to sit near the parson's old pew on Sunday.

"Why, Grace, what a beautiful voice you've got!" said Jim, leaning forward to look at her.

She blushed with pleasure. "Do you think so?" she said, and smiled. The moonlight was upon her face, and brought out, as moonlight often does, a certain subtile inward beauty not so visible by day. She looked inexpressibly fair, sweet, and womanly just then. Something pathetic, too, blended in the expression. For the first time Jim thought to himself, "What a pretty girl Grace is growing to be!"

Aunt Mary meantime was regarding Molly. That dreadful moonlight! In the light of its revealing beams, half gleam, half shadow, the face of Jim's charmer altered almost to plainness. Certain hard lines became visible—the coquettish black eyes looked shallow and beady. Aunt Mary believed in moonlight, and nodded her head to some secret thought. "Yes, yes," she said; "I knew it. Pomfret all over, for all her pretty looks. Well, when I'm a man I'll pick *my* wife out in the evening!"

Molly's sulkiness had not quite melted next morning, and she woke in an ill humor. Her bed had been hard; she hated washing her face in a tin basin; the tiny looking-glass made her appear like a fright; and she couldn't do her hair. To her easy indolence these little discomforts were great and real; the pleasure-party wasn't pleasant; she was sorry she came, she declared. Sadie laughed at her, and that made it worse. Carelessly and crossly she slipped into her clothes, and emerged, pouting and untidy, with hair half brushed, to find Jim and his sister deep in the preparation of breakfast, the Vose girls fishing, and Grace, in fresh, dainty print and white apron, setting the table. The early dip in the sea, with which all the girls except sleep-loving Molly had indulged themselves, had tinged Grace's usually pale cheek with delicate pink. Her light brown hair shone in its glossy braids, her eyes were bright with exercise and pleasure; for to the quiet, shaded life of the old parsonage this first "outing" of Grace's was as Champagne after weak tea. Certainly the contrast between the two girls was not to her disadvantage. More than one marked it; and Aunt Mary said to herself, "Grace'll be a beauty one day, if the Lord ever lets the sun into her life—and so much the better for Jim."

"Come and help," shouted that young gentleman, delighted at the appearance of his charmer.

But Molly wouldn't. She hated cooking; she "didn't know where things were;" the dishes were hot; the pail hurt her wrist. She shrugged her little shoulders, and walked off under the trees alone. Jim looked after her, amazed.

"What's the matter?" he whispered to his sister as she passed him.

"Matter? Oh, with Molly, you mean? Nothing at all, I guess. She is almost always cross when she first wakes up," replied the plain-spoken Ann Eliza.

Disenchantment the first! Could this glum, dingy vision be the radiant little witch of last week? It seemed hardly possible.

Girls, take this advice: be as pretty as you can, or as ugly as you must; but, whatever else you are, be *neat*. There is nothing on the visible earth more unlovely than a slatternly woman. She does violence to nature. A tumbled, dishevelled rose-bud is no less an affront to the eye, while simple freshness and delicacy of appointment can of themselves almost beautify a plain person.

It had been easy enough for pretty Molly to run up stairs just as Jim swung the gate of afternoons, tumble off her soiled wrapper, twitch the curl-papers from her hair, and descend after half an hour's delay renovated, fluffed, smoothed to a presentable extent, with some rose or ribbon tucked bewitchingly into just the effective spot, and a smile and a twinkle which made all discrepancies of toilette invisible. The little points where ineradicable untidiness made itself visible to an experienced eye escaped Jim's notice completely, and but for this "salting-party" might have continued to escape it until the time when, too late for repentance, Mrs. Jim should have seated herself—a disreputable vision—opposite her astonished husband at his own breakfast-table. But meeting thus, day after day, and all day long, the habits of her life were too much for poor Molly. "What does it signify?"—that customary excuse—was uttered once and again over tumbled dress, soiled collar, tattered stockings, till even Jim's glamoured eyes became observant.

"Auntie," he said one day, as in a moment of confidence he leaned his handsome head on Miss Child's knee, "I thought the Pomfrets were well off."

"Well?" interrogatively.

"Well, they can't be, you know, for Molly don't seem to have nice things like the other girls. Don't you think they must have pretty hard times at home?"

"Jim," said Aunt Mary, solemnly, "I happen to know what Molly has to spend on her dress, and if you'll keep it a sacred secret, I will breathe it to you. Will you promise?"

"Yes."

"She spends exactly four hundred dollars a year."

"Is that a good deal?" asked ignorant Jim.

"And Grace Goodenow, Jim—Grace has exactly a hundred and fifty!"

Just then the girls passed slowly, side by side, bearing a freshly gathered basket of blueberries, Grace in simple, well-fitting gown of gray, a knot of blue under the white collar, a blue ribbon looping a shady hat over the burnished, perfectly braided hair; the other in mussy, tumbled white piqué, half the buttons off her boots, a crushed pink rose surmounting curls much in want of brushing, and soiled kid gloves! The contrast could hardly have been more marked even to an inexperienced eye.

"Whew!" said Jim.

From that day, as she in after-years declared, Aunt Mary dated her triumph. Not that Jim transferred his affections then and there to Grace. No! It was many months later that the event happened which filled all Dusenberry with excitement, and Dr. Goodenow's mind with unspeakable wonder that "that child" should be grown up enough to entertain the idea of such a thing for a moment. But from that time the spell of Jim's untidy little enchantress was broken. In vain did Molly seek to lure him back, even combing her curls for three days running. He would not return, comb she never so wisely. "Salting-parties were horrid," she from that time and forever after declared. She "never wanted to go to one again."

"And so they are," agreed Aunt Mary Child, "horrid for sham and slipshod. But if a young fellow wants to find out what a girl really has got in her, and how she does the little every-day things that are going to make his life comfortable or uncomfortable, and how she's going to look in the morning, or at times when she isn't fixed up just to catch his eye, I advise him to pick up a wife where my Jim found his—down at salt."

Which sensible advice we commend to all whom it may concern.

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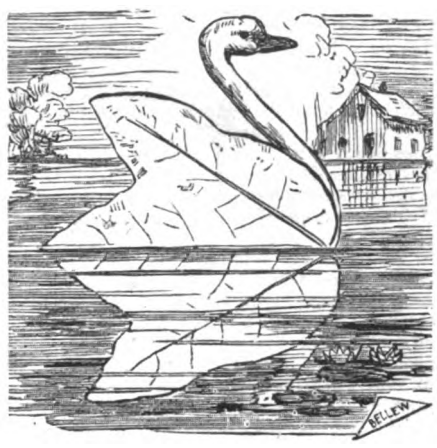
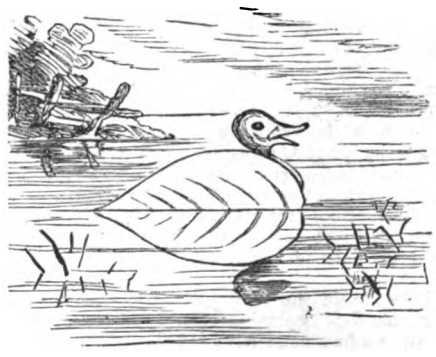
LEAF PICTURES.

LAST summer we were at the Wachusett Mountain, and there we met two ladies—one with blue eyes and the other with blue spectacles—mother and daughter. They were great hunters of ferns and fringed gentians, and such like game; but when the fall came round they turned their sporting powers to the bright red and yellow leaves of the forest trees, with which they did very many wondrous things: among others, they made pictures of birds, fishes, quadrupeds, and what not. One day we surprised the ladies in an autumnal confusion of dappled leaves. On the table were some sheets of Bristol-board, a bottle of gum-arabic, some iron paper-weights, a pen and ink, a box of water-colors, and a pair of scissors; of course no true woman could ever do any thing without the aid of a pair of scissors. Well, they were making the pictures, and this is the way they did it. One of the ladies took a leaf, wetted it on one side with a little gum, then laid it on a piece of Bristol-board, placed a weight upon it, and left it to dry. (We will assume the leaf to be a maple, and the object to be represented a swan floating on the water.) The leaf being dry and firmly gummed to the card-board, one of the ladies (the blue eyes, if we remember rightly, attended to the artistic part of the manufacture) ruled a clear pen-and-ink line straight through the leaf from stalk to apex, continuing the line on each side beyond the leaf some distance on to the card-board; this formed the line of the water. The artist then sketched in the neck and head of the swan, a few lines to represent water, a little landscape in the distance—and the maple leaf was transformed into a glowing swan with a glowing reflection. The whole thing, however, will be better understood by referring to the annexed cut. Indeed, the cut almost explains itself, and we half feel that we have been wasting words in making any explanation at all. So we will now proceed to enumerate some of the objects represented by our friends in leaf pictures.

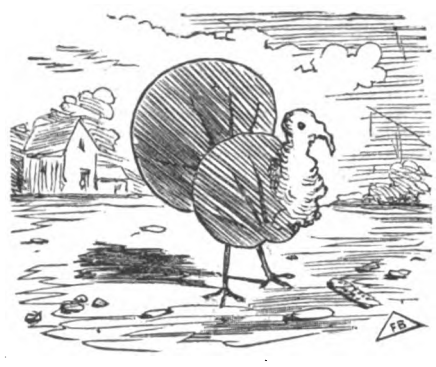


A swan, made from the leaf of the flower of the rose.

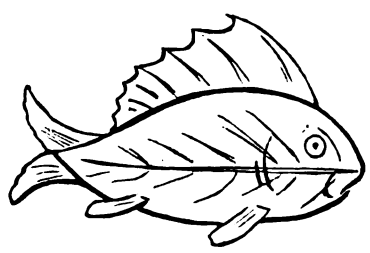


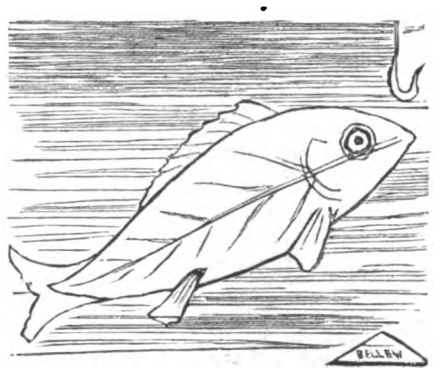
Duck, made from honeysuckle or rose leaf.

A duck of a woman, made from any oval leaf. In this case the features of the face are marked with pen and ink, or with color, on the leaf.

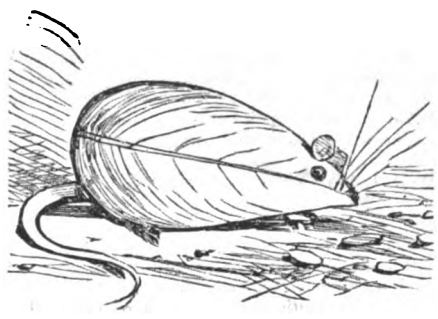


Turkey made of two clover leaves.





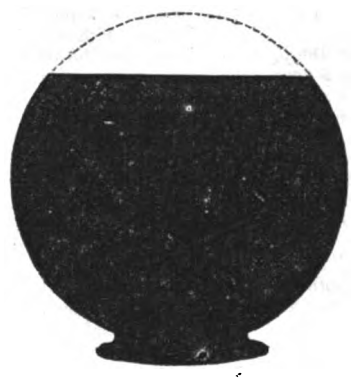
Two fishes made of sumac leaves.



Rat made of any small leaf of appropriate form.

We have spoken here merely of pen and ink being used to complete the form or fill in the accessories of the pictures, but many of the works of our friends were elaborately finished in water-color; in the case of the turkey, for example, its neck was touched in with bright crimson; in other cases the sky and water were painted blue and the trees green, and so on.

One of the prettiest of these ladies' productions represented a bowl of gold-fish, and was made in this wise. They first procured a piece of black paper, and cut from it a piece in this form, which they gummed on to a sheet of gray card-board, and with the aid of a little flake-white and a little Indian ink, filled out to the form of a fish-bowl—as may be seen in the annexed cut; on this they gummed a couple of gold-fish, made in the same way as those previously represented, and the picture was complete.



ARISTOLOGY.

ARISTOLOGY may be briefly defined as the science which provides for man his best meal in the best way. Now the very first question which occurs is, what time should this meal be eaten? Our ancestors dined at eleven, and there are still primitive folk in remote districts who dine at twelve. One has, however, become the recognized hour of laboring men and shop-keepers, and the like. But at such a time of day it can by no possibility be the noble meal which it ought to be; and my cordial wish for the man who is compelled to dine at one o'clock is that he may have a cozy supper at eight or nine. Civilization insists upon the late dinner, for reasons which have been put with eloquent logic by De Quincey in his essay on the "Casuistry of Roman Meals." "When business," he writes, "was moderate, dinner was allowed to divide and bisect it. When it swelled into that vast strife and agony, as one may call it, that boils along the tortured streets of modern London or other capitals, men began to see the necessity of an adequate counter-force to push against this overwhelming torrent, and thus maintain the equilibrium. Were it not for the soft relief of a six-o'clock dinner, the gentle demeanor succeeding to the boisterous hubbub of the day, the soft glowing lights, the wine, the intellectual conversation, life in London is now come to such a pass that in two years all nerves would sink before it. But for this periodic reaction, the modern business, which draws so cruelly on the brain and so little on the hands, would overthrow that organ in all but those of coarse organization. Dinner it is—meaning by dinner the whole complexity of attendant circumstances—which saves the modern brain-working man from going mad." Six o'clock was late when De Quincey wrote; it is now an early hour. But his theory is right. After a hard day's work, political, financial, literary, a man reaches that absolute sanctum, his dressing-room. He shuts out critics, opponents, bulls, and bears; he washes care away with his bath; he arrays himself in snowy linen, with mayhap a diamond or two on its surface, and possibly a floral gem in the lapel of his coat. The day's turmoil is forgotten in the atmosphere of the dining-room. White cloth, delicate porcelain, bright glass and silver, a glow of flowers, a ruddy tinge of wine, above all the well-contented looks of his friends, make him cheerful at once. He is ready to dine. The meal, if properly conceived and arranged, comes upon him with the gradual beauty of a symphony, each step leading easily to the next, and the end being perfection. Such a dinner demands the artistic accompaniment of charming conversation. In that colloquy there must be no argument; no politics, theology, Darwinism: only the *play* of intellect, the easy sparkle of wit, the best-natured gossip, the briefest anecdote, is permissible. Of course the ladies present are lovely and lively, and understand that most delightful of arts, scientific flirtation. This being so, dinner will fulfill its mission—to recuperate the exhausted brain, and make a man ready, after a reasonable amount of sleep, to do his next day's battle with the world. If he be wise, after a pleasant half hour amidst the music and flowers of the drawing-room, he will eschew billiards, cigars, and cognac, and find his way to bed before midnight. The best "night-cap," save in the coldest weather, is something effervescent—say a pint of dry Champagne.

Extremes meet; here is the bill of fare of a little dinner supposed to have been given by Alcibiades to Aristophanes and a few other gentlemen of Athens. If any body objects that the author of "The Birds" cut up Alcibiades rather savagely, and so they were unlikely to dine together, I can only ask him whether he has never dined with his bitterest enemy. But here is the *menu*, carefully translated from the choice Attic of the period:

Hors-d'œuvres. Tunny with cucumber, Aphritis anchovy with olives.

Poisson. Mullet of Hymettus.

Entrée. A young puppy.

Relevés. Wild boar stuffed with thrushes, beccaficoes, oysters, and periwinkles; a two-livered Bisaltian hare.

Rôts. Birds of the river Phasio; a porphyrion that has hanged itself; attagen.

Entremêts. Cheese-cake of milk, honey, and sesame; asafetida salad; Cydonian apples.

I regret to say there is no account of the wine.

And did those refined Athenians in the days of Pericles eat puppies? They did, and liked them. I suspect there are a good many edible things which we unwisely neglect. What can be more delicious than the hind-legs of frogs? With a glass of Chablis, what a nice light nutritive luncheon they would make on those hot midsummer days, when eating seems scarcely practicable! In the long green walls of Silchester, or any other ruined Roman city, you may find lots of the big snails that the *domini terrarum* imported when they occupied this out-of-the-way island. Why does nobody eat them now?

However, as I have said, extremes meet: here is the bill of fare of a December *dîner de siége* given by the Paris Jockey Club:

Hors-d'œuvres. Radishes, herring *mariné*, onions *à la Provençale*, slightly salt butter, gherkins, and olives.

First course. Soup of slightly salted horse, with vegetables; ass-flesh cutlets, with carrots; mule's liver *sauté aux champignons;* horse's lights, with white sauce; carp *à la matelot;* fried gudgeons; celery heads, with seasoning.

Second course. Quarter of a dog braised; leg of dog roasted; rats cooked upon the ashes; rat pie, with mushrooms; eel *à la broche;* salad of celery and small salad.

Dessert. Dutch cheese, apples, pears, marmalade *au Kirsch, gâteau d'Italie au fromage de Chester.*

This *menu* was composed by that renowned epicure, Baron Brisse, who, in days before the war, was wont to publish one daily in the *Liberté* for the guidance of *gourmets.* The erudite baron was wont to maintain that people who dined as he taught would never be in difficulties, but have as good an appetite on rent-days as on any other day in the year. Certes, it is something in favor of gastronomy that, amidst the supreme peril of Paris, Baron Brisse and his friends could cheerfully dine upon horse and dog and rat in the Chaussé d'Antin. It is an aristological triumph.

The Romans, as all men know, dined in their later days on a stupendous scale, and defied all the rules of aristology by their abominable excesses. When Cæsar visited Cicero at his villa the great orator writes to Atticus thus: "*Post horam viii. in balneum; tunc audivit de Mamurra; vultum non mutavit; unctus est; accubuit; ἐμετικὴν agebat.*" Mamurra was Cæsar's general of engineers, and also his master's chief associate in dissipation; and what he heard about him without change of countenance is supposed to have been the severe attack made upon him by the poet Catullus. The story is that Cæsar, instead of revenging himself on the poet, asked him to dinner. Modern autocrats are not always so forgiving. However, the important point in the extract is that Cæsar, in order to do justice to Cicero's dinner, took an emetic.

Still, they were moderate men in those days when compared with their successors; epicurism had not entirely degenerated into gluttony. Under the emperors Rome became the centre of all conceivable vices: all the rest of the world was taxed that its citizens, the *fœx Romuli*, might be idlers in the land. When Hadrian first saw Alexandria, a city of business, in which every body worked for his living, the spectacle amazed him. Alexandria and a myriad other cities worked that Rome might laze. The Roman's sole duty was to vote; he was made comfortable in order to secure his voting as the emperor desired. This is the natural issue of Cæsarism.

Poetry and aristology were never more pleasantly combined than at the Shakspeare dinner given in New York ten years ago. The bill of fare was perfect in both ways. Thus, after oysters on the half shell was underwritten,

"Sends
This treasure of an oyster;"

and this hint as to the appropriate beverage,

"Set a deep glass of Rhenish wine;"

Bermuda potatoes were ushered in with

"Let the sky rain potatoes....
From the still-vexed Bermoothes;"

veal sweet-breads,

"Veal, quoth the Dutchman—is not veal a calf?"

asparagus,

"Who comes so fast in silence of the night?"

boar's head,

"Like a full-acorned boar, a German one;"

tutti frutti ice-cream,

"Tut, tut, thou art all ice—thy kindness freezes;"

and the dessert most aptly terminates with

"Some aqua-vitæ, ho!"

The art of aristology approaches perfection when it thus combines with poetry and wit. I care less for the style of *menu* contrived for the dinner of the Paleontographic Society last April. What say you to having to choose between "Arnocopti herbei," "Pulluli sitotrephagroicicences," and "Anaticulæ pisochumizenses?" Apart from the difficulty of recognizing, thus disguised, lamb cutlets, spring chicken, ducks, and green pease, the Greek and Latin terms were barbarously mixed—an offense to the scholar as great as that to the gourmet if you mixed his port and sherry in one decanter. Moreover they called their *menu* "Scheda Prandii;" whereas *prandium* is not dinner at all, but a light matutinal snack.

I have already said a word or two as to the difficult art of dinner talk: reverting thereto, I may remark that aristological anecdote may fairly be introduced now and then. Nor, surely, is it *infra dignitate* to talk of wines and their culture, or to quote the gastronomic fancies of poets and humorists—Thackeray on *bouillebaisse*, Sala on caviar, Father Prout on eggs. You may relate how Baron Brisse indignantly rebuked the ignorant person who declared that mayonnaise was spelled with *yen*, observing that he talked of two distinct sauces—as in a mayennaise there is *velouté*, which does not occur in a mayonnaise. You may recall the palatal delicacy of the Count du Broussin, who could taste the mule's hoof in an *omelette aux champignons.* Mushrooms, be it known, are only perfect when crushed by the foot of a mule. You may tell of the terror of an Italian prince crossing the Alps, with his people, when a mule and its rider fell over a precipice. "The cook!" he exclaimed. "Holy Virgin! is it the cook?" "It is Don Prosdocimo, your excellency." "Only the chaplain: ah, the saints be praised!" If you are pathetic, there is the melancholy suicide of Vatel to narrate; if aphoristic, the aristologists of old have many a lucid laconism at your service. Here is one: "It is a popular error to say that where there is dinner for two, there is dinner enough for three; it ought to be, Where there is dinner for three, there is *perhaps* enough for two." With which wise saying I end my desultory paper, wishing the courteous reader good dinners and a healthy appetite thereto.

"Un poëme jamais ne valut un dîner:"

how much less an essay!

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MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

Of course, in the matter of marriage, we are all superstitious. Nearly everybody has a horseshoe or a bit of rabbit's foot about him, and would rather walk under a ladder than under the canopy of the marriage altar. Even the most skeptical of us, when we are about to be married, feel persuaded in our hearts that there is something in the old saying, "Marry in May, rue the day;" and during the past holiday season, for fear of the worst, we have all been careful to hide away our brooms, that not being the way to secure a happy married life.

But while we offer to the fates these trifling sacrifices, we are apt to forget the more important ones which they require of us. Thus, for instance, we are careful to have a thousand dollars in our pockets when we start for church, but we are apt to forget that the fates require that we should have a thousand dollars in our hearts when we start for home. Now, this is a superstition which we would like to see more generally observed. Of course, we do not mean that the thousand dollars in the heart should be in the form of bank-notes, or gold, or silver, or even of greenbacks, but that it should be in the form of love, and sympathy, and kindness, and forbearance, and all those other qualities which are worth more than money, and which, if they are not found in the heart of the husband, will make the home a very unhappy one for the wife. Of course, we do not mean that the husband should be the only one who is required to have a thousand dollars in his heart. The wife should have it there also, and should be careful to keep it there. Indeed, it is quite as important that she should have it there as that he should, for it is she who is the more likely to forget it. Many a man has had his heart broken by finding that his wife had left her thousand dollars at home, when she went out to spend the day with her mother, or to make a visit to her friends

silke and thread; the best edged with a small gold lace or twist, which being folded up in foure crosse foldes, so as the middle might be seene, gentlemen and others did usually weare them in their hats as favours of their loves and mistresses. Some cost sixpence apiece, some twelvepence, and the richest sixteenpence."

A gay procession formed a part of the humbler marriages. The bride was led to church between two boys, wearing bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves; and before her was carried a silver cup filled with wine, in which was a branch of gilded rosemary hung about with silk ribbons of all colors. Next came the musicians, and then the bride-maids, some bearing great bride-cakes, others garlands of gilded wheat; and thus they marched to church amidst the shouts and benedictions of the spectators.

The next old customs are those which are observed on the bride's departure from home. It was said to be in virtue of a Highland fashion that a new broom was thrown after Princess Louise as she left the Castle on her wedding-day; but otherwise it seems to me a very uncomplimentary proceeding to sweep the bridal couple away.

Rice and sugar I have myself often seen showered down on the "happy united" as emblems of abundance; but, unless done dexterously, the proud husband's brand-new coat and hat will have a dowry witness to his happiness not quite desirable.

The origin of throwing the old shoe is still enshrouded with mystery. Throwing the shoe in Kent is differently conducted from the general way. When the carriage starts with the "happy pair" the bride-maids are drawn up in a row, and the groomsmen in another. The old shoe is then thrown as far as possible, and the bride-maids run for it, the successful one being supposed to be the first to get married; the lucky one then throws the shoe at the groomsmen, the one who is hit by it also being supposed to be the first who will enter the bonds of wedlock. Urquhart, in "Pillars of Hercules," thinks that the custom of throwing the shoe arose from the usage in the East of bearing a slipper before the couple in token of the bride's subjection to her husband. If this be it, the brides of the period will grow restive, and refuse the salutation of the usual avalanche of old white satin shoes, as they don't mind loving, but they don't care for the subjection or obeying. Among the nobles in Germany it was formerly the custom for the bride, when she was conducted to the bride-chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the by-standers, which every one strove to catch, and whoever got it thought it an omen that they themselves would shortly be married.

It is rather remarkable that in Prussia, and perhaps in other parts of Central Europe, the throwing of broken crockery at doors is a regular practice at marriages. Lord Malmesbury, who in 1791 married a princess of that country as proxy for the Duke of York, tells us that the morning after the ceremonies a great heap of such rubbish was found at her royal highness's doors.

In Worcestershire there is a marriage-bell custom. Late in the evening on the day a marriage has been celebrated the ringers go to the church, and foretell on the great bell the number of children with which the marriage is to be blessed; and as many times as the clapper smites the bell, so many children will fill their quiver.

At Hope Church, in Derbyshire, it is the custom for the clerk to call aloud, while the couple are standing at the altar rails, "God speed the couple well!" and also at the publication of the bans.

At Cranbrook, in Kent, it is customary, instead of strewing the newly married couple's path with flowers, to strew it with emblems of the bridegroom's calling. Carpenters walk on shavings, butchers on skins of slaughtered sheep, the followers of St. Crispin are honored with leather parings, paper-hangers with slips of paper, blacksmiths with old iron, rusty nails, etc.

In some parts of Monmouthshire there is a most peculiar custom. The bride pays "the lads of the village" to meet her, after the sacred rite has been performed, with chains of hay and straw at the church-yard gate, and the happy pair are "then and there enchained."

In Scotland they used always to wash the bridegroom's feet before the marriage day, but this is now obsolete.

There is a Norfolk saying, "Be sure when you go to get married that you don't go in at one door and out at another, or you will always be unlucky." In Yorkshire the bride-cake is cut into little square pieces and thrown over the heads of the bridal pair, and the pieces picked up and drawn through the ring. Sometimes, though, the pieces are left for the crowd to scramble for.

The pieces of cake drawn through the ring should be done so nine times, and then rolled up in little packets and put under all the single ones' pillows at night, when they will be sure to dream of their future helpmates. In Scotland it is customary for the mother or nearest female relative of the bridegroom to attend at his house to receive the newly married pair. She is expected to meet them at the door with a currant bun, which she is to break over the head of the newly made wife before entering the house. It is considered very unlucky should the bun be broken by mistake over the head of any person but that of the bride.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

WE do not precisely know which of the actors in this pretty picture the artist means to designate as eating the forbidden fruit—the policeman who, neglectful of his duty, is talking to the pretty nurse-maid, or the nurse-maid who has quite forgotten her charge in listening to the tender words of her lover, or the goat that is attempting to munch the grasses and berries in baby's hat. The only one clearly free from blame is baby herself, whose eyes are distended with terror, and whose screams, let us hope, will soon call the maid to the rescue. It is evident that a critical moment has arrived, and that the victim in the cradle is about to make a sturdy resistance, which will have the effect of sending all the delinquents about their legitimate business.

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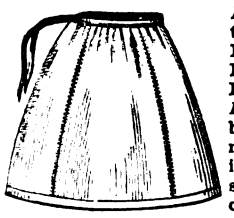

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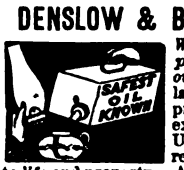

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AMERICAN BELLE. "Wa'al, no! You're spry enough at Hopping; but I guess you don't '*Bunch!*'"

[*Which, interpreted, means that Englishmen are sufficiently irreproachable as far as Dancing is concerned, but that they are not in the habit of giving Bouquets to their Partners.*

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THE LADY WHO *HAS!*

DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

Tom and Arthur have been rude to their Mamma. Mamma has complained to Papa, who is heard coming up stairs.

ARTHUR. "I say, Tom, here comes Papa—I shall pretend to be Asleep."
TOM. "I sha'n't—I shall get up and put Something *On*."

THE TABLES TURNED.

A youth in Iowa, who has a turn for practical joking, recently tried to impose upon an honest lager-beer vendor by leading a mule into his saloon, and taking him up to the bar as if for a drink. Mein Herr looked steadily at the pair for a few moments, as if collecting his stray wits, and then broke out as follows:

"See here, Vynce, I know vat dis is here—your own brudder—but he be one you call a minor. He ish too much young to drink his glass lager; it is not for the law in no place, nor not mit my saloon. He look like you; you may be one family, as you call it; but if you ever bring dat young brudder here again, I vill shust tell you old fadder jackass of you both. Now you shust go along mit yourself."

The young man and the mule went along, weeping as they went.

Facts should be put down in black and white; in another colored ink they might appear ink-red-ible.

UNREASONABLE.—A man whom we know is so keen in money matters that positively he refused to conclude the purchase of a house for 999 years because he could not have the odd year thrown in.

THE HAPPIEST PAIR.—Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with mamma; and Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

It is unreasonable to complain because your clock stops—it can not get on without a weight.

A young married woman in the country says she wishes she had a magic mirror to see how her husband amuses himself in her absence.

A soldier can not be even half a soldier if he is in quarters.

A CRACK SHOT.

DUFFERTON (*who is a good shot*). "Well, I could have sworn I hit the 'bull' that time."

OFFICER IN CHARGE (*Arching a look through his glass*). "No, but very near; you have killed the cow in the field to the left."

It does not follow because you bail a friend out that you need treat him like water.

A COOL HAND.

ACCOMMODATING CREDITOR. "How often must I climb three pairs of stairs before I get the amount of this little account?"

DEBTOR. "Do you think I am going to rent a place on the first floor to accommodate my creditors?"

It is a funny thing about a dentist that the more he stops the faster he gets on.

If three feet will make a yard, how many hands need you employ to build a washhouse in it?

A QUIET RETREAT.—One of the happiest places in the world must be Stornoway, the regular postal communication with that favored spot being but once a year. What a paradise it would be for those who are liable to twelve deliveries a day of letters, circulars, etc.

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LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THE accompanying illustration gives back and front views of this graceful and elegant wrapper. The first is shown of violet cashmere, trimmed with a wide box-pleated flounce of the material on the bottom, and a graduated pleating around the neck, simulating a collar, which is surmounted by a muslin frill. In the second figure, which gives a front view of the wrapper, it is made of black and white plaid flannel, closed all the way down the front with black velvet buttons, which also trim the half-flowing sleeves. A graduated scalloped strip of the material, bound with black velvet, is set with a black velvet strip on each side of the buttons, and extends around the neck. The pattern gives the wrapper without a flounce, and with perforations to show where to put on this trimming. The wrapper is cut in the princesse shape, with the waist and skirt in one piece, and has a double Watteau pleat behind, extending to the bottom, and loosely confined by a belt on the inside. It may be made of any material. The bust measure is taken in the usual manner, by passing a tape entirely around the body, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern is in six pieces—front, side piece, half of back, sleeve, cuff, and piece for trimming. Only half of the pattern is given. The fronts are cut with one dart on each side. The back is cut with side forms, and is laid in a double Watteau pleat in the middle. The trimming piece is sewed on each side of the buttons that close the wrapper from the bottom to the line of perforations on the waist, whence it passes over the shoulder and across the top of the Watteau pleat in the back, forming a small round collar. The half-flowing sleeve has a square cuff, trimmed to match the front. Cut the back with the straight edge of the pattern laid on the fold of the cloth, to avoid making a seam. Sew in the line of six perforations from the neck to the waist line, then open the pleat, and bring the five lines of three perforations evenly together, thus forming the double Watteau pleat. Cut the bias strip for trimming four inches wide at the bottom, and graduate the width, making it two inches wide at the middle of the back of the neck. The piece of trimming given in the pattern shows the width of the bottom scallops. The pattern is notched to prevent mistakes in putting it together. The perforations show where to baste the seams, to take up the darts, and to sew on the trimming from the waist, and how to lay the pleats.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 10 yards.
Extra for trimming, 1 yard.
Buttons, 24. Velvet, 24 yards.

LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.—BACK AND FRONT.

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Watteau Wrapper, graded to fit any Figure, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

FISH-SCALE FLOWERS.

SOME time ago the writer was present in a large Roman Catholic church on the occasion of some special festival. There were, as usual, grand floral decorations; and besides a profusion of natural flowers, there were also some very choice artificial specimens. Around the edge of the altar was seen an exquisite wreath of pure white glistening flowers, which seemed to be composed of mother-of-pearl, they were so brilliant and lustrous.

Upon drawing near to examine them at the close of the service, the secret of their manufacture was discovered, and a Sister of Charity, intrusted with the care of the altar, very civilly explained to me the method of producing such gorgeous ornaments out of such cheap and common articles as the scales of fish.—This wreath, she said, was made in a convent in France, where the art had been brought to such perfection that large prices were readily obtained for even a small wreath. She herself had learned to make them, and for a consideration the process was explained to me.

The fish scales (those of shad are best for the purpose) are to be spread out to dry without much washing, as that would remove the pearly lustre, and when dry they are to be lined with thin muslin gummed on to the under side; next wire each scale, which will form a flower petal, taking fine white covered wire, such as is used for wax-work. The stamens are made of white wax and waxed spool cotton, which are fastened to a lump of the same substance placed on the end of a stiff wire, just as

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heating rather than take the trouble to rebuke iniquity and require justice. We lament sometimes the growing power and deprecate the intolerable tyranny of railroad monopolies; but public opinion is all-powerful. Before an awakened public sentiment, an aroused public resolution, the railroad corporation bows down its head like a bulrush. When the Swampscot committee of five waited upon the president of the Eastern Railroad with a draft of suggestions and requests covering the most obvious dangers which now beset railway travel, the president gave his unqualified assent, and pledged immediate action on nearly all, and regarding the remainder promised the earliest practicable compliance. If the same committee, appointed by the same assembly of citizens, men of substance and influence, had waited upon the president a year ago and requested him to provide seats for all passengers, modern brakes, guards at the station and on the curves, and to banish kerosene and camphene from the cars, would he have failed to assent? But these defects existed long before the Pullman engine plunged into the fated car. We saw them and felt them, and went our way. Not till thirty-two human beings had been crushed to death before our eyes would we take the trouble to exercise the power we possessed just as surely, if not just as directly, as did engineers and directors. We are verily guilty concerning our brethren.

In all the suggestions for future safety I regret to see none regarding the means of heating cars. The winter is coming, and before long those little black imps which we call stoves will be set up, and turn into glowing, glowering red-hot fiends waiting to devour us. I never see one in a heated, poisonous coach but the shimmering thing seems to be sentient and savage, eager and gloating over the woe and death he holds in waiting for us. What do we gain by banishing kerosene for a few hours in the day, while all day and all night we carry a reservoir of fire which in five seconds can wrap us in flaming death, or in a horror for which death is the only outlet? Must it be so? Can not the ingenious American mind invent some way by which the trains shall be warmed by steam generated or water heated on the engine? Our stoves are abominable even when they are not diabolic. They produce an atmosphere unequal and intolerable. The feet are benumbed with cold and the head throbs with heat. Hot-water pipes, covered with rugs, running along the floor, make an equable and agreeable temperature, and, if their source could be securely lodged, would add nothing to the dangers of a collision; and yet through the whole country the wild train will go swaying,

"With hell in its heart and death in its hand,
Daring the doom of the Unknown Land."

How many railroad coaches must become chariots of fire, how many human beings must suffer the tortures of the Inquisition, without the moral support of dying for a cause, before we shall contrive a way out of the jaws of death?

We ought to strike while the iron is hot—if possible before it gets hot. Railroad managers no more wish harm to their passengers than do the passengers themselves. They are as good citizens, as upright, as well-meaning, as tender-hearted as we. But the price of safety is eternal vigilance. We have all been apathetic together. Now that we are aroused to a sense of past remissness and ever-present responsibility, now that those in authority are peculiarly open to suggestion and desirous of improvement, let us not demand, but devise and secure, every possible change that promises immunity, not to say comfort; and for one thing, let every stove be sunk forty fathoms deep rather than lift its horrid front in a railway carriage.

And let us all—men and women alike—remember that the safety and the morals of the community are the monopoly of no corporation, but are given in trust to every member of the community; and that where, out of regard to his own ease, he permits neglect or transgression to go unnoticed, he becomes a partner in the crime, and helps to demoralize the society which it is his duty to uplift.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Points of View.

MY DEAR LEONARD,—Coming into town by an early train the other morning, I admired for some time what I supposed to be a pretty little Gothic chapel upon one of the fine estates that skirt the river; and as I thought how charming a temple it was in which, as the old phrase was, to perform your devotions, and imagined with satisfaction the fervor of piety which consecrated it every week—or, indeed, every day (for the English nobility have prayers every day, and why not ours?)—I suddenly perceived that the pretty little temple was not a chapel, but an ice-house. The point of view was changed by the rapid movement of the train, and that explained the misapprehension. If I had turned away before the point of view changed, I should always have honestly believed the building to be a chapel, and there would have been a great many people who would have asked whether I were a fool or a knave that I could not distinguish a church from an ice-house. It would seldom occur to them that I was, after all, honest enough, but that the point of view explained the apparent mystery or folly.

I have always had a great deal of sympathy with Polonius, who is usually made half a clown upon the stage. The humorsome Hamlet calls his attention to a cloud that's almost in shape like a camel. The good old gentleman peers a moment, and agrees, by the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed. But what so fickle in form as a cloud? It changes while they gaze; and when the sad prince thinks it like a weasel, the sympathetic Mentor, with willing eyes, perceives that it is backed like a weasel. And as it visibly transforms itself, "like a whale," says young royalty, "very like a whale," echoes perceptive loyalty. My lord Polonius is censured as a time-serving old flatterer and fool because he sees in a cloud just what the prince sees. But what can not be seen in a cloud? 'Tis what the observer thinks it is. It is now a camel, and now a weasel, and now a whale, because the point of view constantly changes by the change of the cloud itself. The point of view offered is now a camel, and now a whale. At this moment it seems to be a pretty little Gothic chapel, the next moment it is an ice-house.

This is certainly one of the first lessons we learn in the story of the gold and silver shield. Sir Guy comes riding up, and swears the shield is gold. Sir Bevis will go to the death that it is silver. But just as they cross swords for God, their ladies, and the truth, each looks, and sees himself to be mistaken. Both are right, and both wrong. They fall upon each other's necks, not swords, and swear eternal friendship. Neither sulked; neither muttered under his breath, "It *was* gold," or "It *was* silver;" but both exclaimed, "Bee mee halidome! it was the point of view!" Those worthy knights were right. They had very nearly done each other to death for a difference of points of view. And the world in every direction is full of gallant gentlemen charging valiantly and tumbling each other in the dust, not for any real cause, but merely because of a difference in the point of view. "A neat Gothic chapel, if I die for it!" solemnly shouts one traveler. "Any fool can see it's an ice-house," courteously rejoins his opponent, as he lays his lance in rest; and they join in deadly battle, only to see, as both fall exhausted in wind and temper, that both are right and both wrong, and that it is only the point of view which has deceived them.

I think that we should save ourselves a good deal of friction, my dear Leonard, if upon our journey we constantly remembered how vital a difference may be produced by this little cause. If you are loitering down Fulton Street some bright autumn morning, you may see hanging in a shop window a portrait of General Sherman; and as you move leisurely along, it melts marvelously into a likeness of General Washington; and as you gaze, bewildered, it changes under your eyes into a picture of General Grant. To a curious traveler from Patagonia it would be as miraculous a picture as any that hangs in an Italian chapel. He would reverence the maker of such a marvel as divine. But the explanation is simple enough to us. It is, in a word, the point of view. If the old satyr had known that key of miracles, he would not have been wroth with the traveler who blew his hot soup to make it cool, and blew his cold hands to make them warm. The intelligent satyr would merely have remarked that it did not surprise him, because he understood the theory of points of view.

It is a theory, my dear Leonard, which would be very serviceable as a constant spring of charity, if we would always cherish it. Nothing, I know, is more exasperating than to remark the perversity of men. We see the thing correctly; why don't other people? Every sane man will admit that a chapel is a chapel, and an ice-house an ice-house. Why should any body be so obstinate or blind as not to see and own the difference? Then we fall into speculations upon the reason of such depravity. We invent and attribute a thousand evil motives. We explain the obstinacy by a theory which is fatal to honesty, and our generous minds are poisoned by corroding suspicion. But if our minds were a little more generous, they would not suspect. It is a very general habit, if we can not at once see a man's motive to be good, to suspect it to be bad. Even generosity, if we do not immediately comprehend it, we are very willing to sully with mean doubts. In an enemy's country every stranger is to be suspected; and we regard the world as the country of the enemy. Even the justice of Aristides irritates us. I don't know about so much justice, we loftily say: it looks suspicious; and we clap a black bean in the box.

I thought of this the other day when I was talking with a young friend about an old one. Senex is one of the men whom every body instinctively trusts and loves, and in whom it is not easy to find those flaws of weakness which are not infrequent in some other quarters that we might all name. Indeed, he is one of the men who justify human nature; and the failure of the rest may be forgiven to fate since he is so satisfactory. And yet, said Juvenis, as we spoke of him, he has a fatal weakness, which is painful in such a man. I was curious to know what it could be, and when I asked, Juvenis, to my dismay, replied that it was the weakness of all old and silly women! When I pressed him further he said that Senex was unwilling to tell his age. And is it not amazing, he added, that a man who seems in every other way to command our respect so absolutely, should be the victim of such a wretched weakness? I asked him if he were quite sure that it was a weakness, and he asked me in turn, and with astonishment, what else it could be. Juvenis was as sure that he saw a chapel as Sir Guy that he saw a golden shield. He would have sworn that the picture was a portrait of General Washington, and could not possibly be either General Grant or General Sherman.

I was very glad, therefore, to be able to tell him that if he would change his point of view, he would see something very different; and that if what he saw closely resembled a chapel, yet it was really an ice-house. For I told him that I had dined with Senex upon his birthday, only a week before, and that, as we sat talking at table, he smiled and said that he was always reluctant to tell his age—not because of any vanity of youth, which his gray hairs corrected, but because he felt how little he had to show for all the years he had lived. "Indeed," he said, "I feel like that unprofitable servant who hid his talent in the napkin—

'My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.'

I come out of the harvest field bearing no full, rich sheaf. I am ashamed to show so little for so much." Juvenis looked amazed and pained. "You see, my young friend," I said to him, "what you thought sheer vanity is pure humility. It is the difference of the point of view." And I continued, as if I had been his uncle, to warn him against insisting that the ice-house must be a chapel because it first seemed to him so.

Or why should we all feel that Methuselah wears a wig from low motives? There is unquestionably a prejudice against it. If the Right Reverend the Bishop should ascend the pulpit and reverently bow his head upon the desk enveloped in a margin of lawn, and the head should be covered with a wig—and we all knew it to be a wig—I fear that the emotions of the respectable congregation at St. Rainbow's would not be wholly reverent. Or if the great statesman and orator of our party should rise in Congress and proceed to shake a carefully adjusted wig at the crimes and fallacies of the opposition, I am afraid that the boys in the gallery would laugh. And whenever the statesman does rise to address his fellow-members I hope that he reflects what an enormous crowd of boys in the gallery is watching him closely, and how rudely they will laugh if he tries to pass off his curly wig for real hair.

There is certainly this prejudice against wigs. I wish the little ladies who are so fond of wearing them could understand it, and feel how the zeal and devotion with which they are worn make the wearers very ridiculous in the eyes of those whose respect they would gladly have. It is not difficult to understand the prejudice; for a wig is, from a very obvious point of view, a lie. It is a pretense of hair where there is only baldness; and there is a deep sense of injury when you discover that what you respected as a friend's natural crown is the clipping of somebody else's. There is wounded vanity in it, for who is not ashamed to be deceived by a wig? And what can it be but vanity upon the part of the wearer? If he has lost his hair, why should he be ashamed of it? Does he repine at the touch of nature or of time? Would he seem younger than he is—and for what dark purpose? Does he think that eyes of love can effectively languish from under a wig? Does he think that a wiggy lover can recite impassioned lines without ridicule? Would he leave with Dulcinea a lock of his wig at his departure?

Yes, a wig is vanity and deception from one point of view, but comfort and health from another. The old gentleman whom I remember in my youth, and who, to my infinite delight, used to leave his glove upon the top of his head during service in church, at last put on a wig, and was comfortable.

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its appearance forbade any suspicion of vanity, and he said, with profound contentment, "Why did I never think of a wig before?" It kept him comfortable, and saved him many a cold. The wig, my dear Leonard, was an ice-house upon the statesman's head, but it was a chapel upon the old gentleman's. The difference was the point of view. And it seems to me always wise and humane to inquire, whenever we are inclined to ridicule or suspect a motive, whether there may not be another point of view. How furiously we Christians rage together about doctrines, for instance; but it is the old contest of the gold and silver shield. In old times we burned each other, in the new times we revile each other—merely for a difference in the point of view. Hereafter, when I hear a man insist that his view is orthodox and my view heterodox, I shall remember that I mistook an ice-house for a religious temple, and be patient. Yours always,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE WATTEAU WRAPPER.

THE Watteau wrapper is the fashionable morning dress. It is a simple Gabrielle with a double box-pleat behind sewed closely to the waist, while a belt from beneath the pleat holds the sides and front in position. Cashmere, merino, and fine empress cloth are the fabrics for dressy wrappers, solid colors being preferred to stripes or figures; pressed flannel in broken plaids is selected for useful dressing-gowns. French gray, violet, white, and black cashmere wrappers are among the importations. The front widths are usually lined with soft, thin silk, the sides and back with paper muslin; if greater warmth is required, the entire garment is lined with merino of some dark, rich color. The lightest qualities of cashmere, costing $1 75 a yard, and the merinoes for $1 25, are purchased for these garments. Braiding in close patterns to resemble embroidery is the fashionable trimming. White is braided in a single bright color, crimson or pale blue being most admired; colored cashmeres are ornamented with braid of a darker shade; black is braided with white, or white and black mixed, or with gold, or in gay India colors. The front breadths, the sleeves, a collar, and pockets are often covered with braiding. A simple and stylish design is a pleated flounce like that in the engraving on the first page, headed by a bias band of cashmere an inch and a half wide, prettily braided. Most elaborate patterns are wrought on these bands, but they will look very pretty with merely three straight rows of soutache, with a curled row on each side of the straight rows. These bands should be lined with stiff foundation muslin. The appropriate trimming for flannel wrappers is that shown in the engraving, a bias piece scalloped on each edge and bound with braid. The buttons used are large moulds covered with the stuff of the dress, or with silk or velvet the shade of the trimming.

COSTUMES.

The French modistes have returned from Paris, and fastidious people who await the "openings" at these exclusive establishments are now able to decide upon winter costumes. Absolute novelties are few. The over-skirt and tight basque remain in vogue; and the polonaise, a combination of these two, is the rival over dress. A loose paletot, or the more stylish mantle, of velvet, cashmere, or cloth, is added for warmth.

BASQUES.

Basques of costumes show most capricious shapes, those with coat fronts being most prevalent. Sometimes the front of the basque is very long, and the back short to disclose the puffed over-skirt, while again the front is short, and long coat tails are formed behind. This garment is always short under the arms. We have already said that shoulder seams are exceedingly short; that dress fronts have two, or even three, short darts taken deeply to make a full bust; and that backs are usually provided with two side bodies, as in our Worth basque pattern. Sleeves are easy coat shape for the house; half-flowing, or the wide Oriental shape, for street garments.

OVER-SKIRTS.

The newest over-skirts are not so simply cut as were the straight skirts of last season. Fanciful revers are added on the sides, and the back breadths stand out like bats' wings. Apron fronts prevail, and these are in many cases exceedingly short. All over-skirts from Worth's and Pingat's have very long back breadths, short fronts, and are caught up high on the sides. Heavy cords and tassels, bows, buttons, and passementerie ornaments have much to do with the draping and trimming of new over-skirts. By adding these, and placing the side pleats of drapery further back, as in the Marguerite polonaise, our readers can modernize last year's dresses.

LOWER SKIRTS.

The dress skirt proper retains its former shape, with the fullness massed behind, the front absolutely plain, and the sides slightly gathered. Very handsome carriage dresses of rich silk and velvet drag on the floor four or five inches; but these dresses are not to be seen on the street, except as the wearer passes from her carriage to the house. Grace as well as decency requires that skirts of street suits should escape the ground. One deep straight flounce about twelve inches wide, edged with two or three narrow bias ruffles alternately of the dress goods and that of the trimming, is the prevaleut style on French dresses. The attempt to abolish flounces is again a failure. Ruches also remain in favor, and are especially pretty when made of straight silk laid in side pleats, and raveled on each edge. Fringe appears on every costume, no matter what other trimmings are used besides. The frail chenille fringe is much used on velvet.

POLONAISES.

The polonaises shown among the latest importations at the best houses are the Marguerite and the Louis XIV. polonaise with vest, as represented among our illustrations. A third style that meets especial favor is a combination of these. The front of this garment has the Louis XIV. vest rather longer than our model, and the back is the Marguerite, with the skirt caught up by two bows instead of three. The waist and sleeves of many polonaises are slightly wadded and quilted; others, again, are worn over quilted waists of thin black silk. Thus slenderness, it will be observed, is not stylish; all lacing is abandoned, and *en bon point* is really the fashion. Sloping shoulders, a long waist well rounded, and full hips are necessary items of the stylish figure of to-day.

CARRIAGE COSTUMES.

The most elegant costumes shown for visiting and carriage wear generally are partly velvet, partly faille, in the dark fashionable shades, such as olive brown, peacock green, plum-color, and finally black. Some of these suits have a velvet basque and skirt, with faille over-skirt, and alternate kilt pleats of velvet and faille on the lower skirt; others again have basque and skirt of faille, with vest, cuffs, bows, and ruffles of velvet. Worn with these are velvet paletots with immense sleeves, and similar jackets are also added to polonaise costumes. Wide passementerie and fringe, especially chenille fringe, are the trimmings. On black faille and velvet garments Alaska sable is fashionably used. An olive brown faille suit has a wide straight flounce with two narrow velvet ruffles on its lower edge, and standing ruffles above. The over-skirt, long behind, with apron fronts, has also a wide flounce cut in deep Gothic points, with wide netted fringe tied in the points. Faille basque, with velvet collar and cuffs, and a velvet paletot. A suit of peacock green has peacock's feathers down the front of the polonaise. Two shades of the faille appear in folds, and in lengthwise loops held by a ring of cord for trimming the skirt. Such costumes cost from $300 to $600 each; and as few ladies can afford more than one such dress a season, and that one soon becomes conspicuous on account of its color, careful purchasers still confine themselves to black costumes. These are extremely elegant this season by reason of the rich passementeries, velvet, lace, and fringe that ornament them. Among the handsomest is a blue-black faille skirt with narrow velvet side pleats on the edge, while overlapping these is a deep kilt pleating of faille, held down in two places by richest passementerie. The Louis XIV. polonaise of velvet has folds of the faille around the vest, rich fringe on the edge, passementerie ornaments loop the Marguerite back, and a wide Watteau bow and ends of faille is in the back.

EVENING AND DINNER DRESSES.

High basques, with Pompadour squares or heart-shaped necks, deep points in front, postilion backs, and half-long sleeves, are made up in faille and China crape for evening and dinner dresses. Décolletée waists are reserved for the thin fabrics of ball costumes. Folds of tulle and lace fill up the square or pointed openings at the throat. A Marie Antoinette collar of China crape the color of the dress, or else the most fanciful fichus or neckerchiefs of China crape with wide fringe, ornament the basques of such dresses. Crape bows are up the front of the corsage, on the sleeves, and sometimes behind; but these have no sash ends. Pointed fronts are not invariable, as many dresses with basque backs have round fronts finished with a belt of four folds and a bow. This belt is in front only, beginning at the seam under the arms. The back of such basques is formed of six pieces, two side forms on each side, and the centre piece is also divided. The antique sleeve is of simplest shape—straight, like a coat sleeve, cut off just above the elbow. The edge is then pointed, or scalloped, and bound, and a bow is placed at the elbow. There are no ruffles of silk, but two or three box-pleatings of tulle doubled and of lace are placed below. Over-skirts are of the faille of the dress, or of a thin China crape very slightly crinkled, or else a new gauze, half transparent, with square meshes like grenadine. When of crape they are the precise shade of the dress, and are trimmed with hand-made fringe, with wide netted heading made on the fabric like that seen in old-fashioned crape shawls; gauze over-skirts are the color of the dress, or else white delicately embroidered. In shape they are shorter in front and longer behind than upper skirts of street dresses, and when made of faille like the dress the back widths of the upper skirt become the back of the train also, as in court trains, four straight widths and one on each side turned back en revers being the number required. The under-skirt has then merely a front breadth and side gores. The last style is especially used for bridal dresses. Demi-trains half a yard longer than walking skirts are made by our best French modistes, but many imported dresses lie on the floor at least three-quarters of a yard. A wide flounce with narrow ruffles and ruches on the edge, or else cut in leaf shape and fringed, is the trimming for trains. A new feature on Worth's dresses represents appliqué trimming. The edge of silk upper skirts and of bands for heading flounces is cut in elaborate open designs; a fine chenille cord, either white or the color of the dress, outlines the figure, and thin white gauze fills up the opening.

These failles are of palest tints, only one shade appearing in the dress and its garniture, unless white gauze or lace is employed. Tea-rose, in its loveliest pink-yellow tinge, is the favorite. One such dress had a trained over-skirt, with wide revers untrimmed, two short aprons, much wrinkled across the front, and finished with fringe; a basque with antique sleeves, and tea-roses in front of the corsage. Another of the same shade has wide appliqué-work, with dark brown chenille cord outlining the figures; large tea-roses, deeply browned with trailing sprays of brown foliage—the sprays more than half a yard long—loop the left side, and hang like a sash behind. A Nile green silk has a fichu and over-skirt of China crape fringed. A *ciel* blue silk has three deep flounces and basque, with appliqué trimming. A rose-colored silk has pleated flounces edged with feathery blonde lace, and a white gauze over-skirt embroidered in colors. A lavender silk has gauze over dress and neckerchief of the same shade. A bridal dress has the front breadth covered with flounces ornamented in the new appliqué style, and a trained over-skirt forming a court train three yards long, with revers at the side; a bouquet and sprays of orange buds and blossoms is placed on the back of the postilion-basque, another is on the front of the corsage, a third forms a coronet over the veil, while smaller sprays trim the elbows of the antique sleeves, and catch up the veil at intervals. But one dress showed contrasting colors—a pale drab, with cherry-colored facings on bows and ruffles. A lovely tulle over dress, appropriate for bride-maids, is white, with rose petals scattered all over the dress, and the sides draped with roses and foliage.

For information received thanks are due Madame DIEDEN; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and JAMES M'CREERY & Co.

PERSONAL.

SENATOR WILSON heard SPURGEON, when in London, and came to the conclusion that his oratory was not remarkable, but that he was a rugged, strong man, of generous sympathies, trusting God, and was a power in the world, but not to be compared with BEECHER. Most of the preaching the Senator heard was poor stuff. He did not hear an oath in Ireland; was four days in Scotland, and not an oath heard there. "They are a very religious and a very hard-drinking people. They read a long chapter from the Bible, make a long prayer, take a stiff drink of whisky all around—father, mother, children, and babies—and then go to bed. There's a great deal of drunkenness in Scotland."

—The pecuniary value of the New York *Herald* may perhaps be estimated by a rumor in circulation, to the effect that Mr. MURAT HALSTED, a newspaper man of Cincinnati, has offered a fabulous sum for it, and that in 1866 a company of eleven gentlemen offered Mr. BENNETT $2,125,000 for the establishment, which was rejected. A million was offered and refused for the *Times*.

—The will of the late ARISTARCHUS CHAMPION, of Rochester, has been filed with the surrogate. The estate is valued at over a million. One-half of the whole estate is given to the American Bible Society (not the Baptist). The remainder, excepting a bequest of $1000, is given to the Presbyterian Society for Foreign Missions. The will is to be contested.

—Count ANDRASSY, Prime Minister of Hungary, while in exile in London supported himself by giving lessons on the guitar, and was often so poor as to suffer from hunger.

—Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER, member of Congress from the Westchester district, is said to have received the largest legal fee ever paid in this country—$100,000—for settling a long and strong controversy in relation to the bonds of a railroad corporation.

—General BRICE, the Haytien minister to France, has been twice hanged by the neck and twice the rope slipped. In three sieges he is said to have lived comfortably by eating the soles of his boots. (Fried sole.)

—Mrs. ELIZA B. BURNS, the editor and proprietor of the *American Journal of Phonography*, contends that the art of short-hand writing is admirably adapted for women, and that, with ordinary intelligence, it can be made available after eight months' study. Stenographic amanuenses of fair talent can easily earn from $600 to $1000 a year.

—Earl Spencer has presented the Marquis of Lorne with a Celtic vase of Irish manufacture, modeled by a Dublin silversmith after an antique cup found at Ardagh. The piece of workmanship is as purely Hibernian as may be—Irish wolf-dogs are interlaced on the lid, and Irish amethysts set round the body of the vessel. The inscription is in old Irish text, and the plinth is of Irish bog-oak.

—When Dr. GUTHRIE preached recently at Inverary Castle the Marquis of Lorne and wife were among the auditors. When they entered the church the congregation rose in a body. Thereupon the *Weekly Review* administers to them a severe rebuke for flunkyism.

—Commissioner DOUGLASS, of the Internal Revenue, has appointed a lady for his private secretary. Ditto the Controller of the Currency. No followers permitted.

—General ALFRED PLEASONTON has been elected president of the Terre Haute and Cincinnati Railway Company. The place is A Pleasantone, and the pay better than that of Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

—Pleasant neighbors has Mr. JAY COOKE at his country place near Philadelphia: among them RUSSELL SMITH and the venerable THOMAS SULLY, artists; LUCRETIA MOTT, FANNY KEMBLE, Rev. ROBERT BUCHANAN (brother of the late President), and Mrs. E. M. STANTON. Mr. COOKE has much fine stock (quadrupedal). His cows always give rich milk. He raises a few "bulls" for the "market," but no "bears."

—NAST'S new Comic Almanac, soon to be published by HARPER & BROTHERS, will contain about one hundred and fifty illustrations. Among the contributions are: Ye Gambolier, by JOHN HAY; Jane Bludsoe, of Natchez, by FRANK BELLEW; Aunt Jerusha, by S. S. CONANT; Ye True Story of Little Red Riding-Hood, by ALFRED MILLS; My Mother, by G. P. WEBSTER.

—General BIXIO, the ablest of GARIBALDI'S generals, except, perhaps, his own son RICCIOTTI, has surrendered his rank in the Italian army and his seat in the Senate, returned to his old career as a merchant-ship captain, and intends at fifty to commence a career in China and Japan. He takes a ship of his own.

—Miss CUSHMAN, who made her appearance at Booth's Theatre on Monday evening, September 25, commenced her public career in Boston on the 25th of March, 1830, at a concert. Under the superintendence of Mr. MAEDER she appeared as Countess Almaviva in the "Marriage of Figaro," at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, in April, 1835. Losing her voice, she determined upon tragedy, and in 1836 appeared as Lady Macbeth in the Bowery Theatre, thence to the Park Theatre as leading actress, and afterward as a "star" in the principal cities in the United States and Great Britain. For twenty years past she has resided mostly in Italy.

—LISZT asseverates upon his honor that he will go no more to Rome. The Pope fell asleep while the abbé was playing his latest fantasia to him.

—Mr. MARSHALL, the discoverer of gold in California, reaped no substantial reward for that which has given hundreds of millions to the world. He is now eking out a subsistence by lecturing on his life and adventures.

—A medallion of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, executed by MARGARET FOLEY, the American sculptress at Rome, is about to be placed in one of the recitation-rooms at Amherst College. Presented by an alumnus.

—MARIO, after that tremendous yet touching farewell forever from the operatic boards in London, where royalty and nobles assembled to do him honor, has concluded to sign an engagement for next year!

—The Rev. Mr. FINNEY has his view of the way some things should be done, and practices it. He has been settled *over* (not under) a congregation for thirty years, during which time he has neither asked nor received a cent of salary, living at his own expense, and independent of donations.

—The Count de Paris is one of the most inveterate letter-writers in Europe—at it all the while. A correspondent also of two or three journals in this country.

—Mr. P. S. GILMORE writes home that his interviews with the authorities in England lead him to believe that the government will acquiesce in his request that one of the best military bands may be permitted to come over and take part in GILMORE'S grand jubilation. The press approve.

—The successor of the lamented Professor MAHAN at West Point is Colonel PETER S. MICHIE, now Professor of Philosophy at the Academy. He graduated with honor eight years ago, and is a gentleman of superior abilities and culture.

—Mr. WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, expresses the opinion that the stealing of nearly a million of dollars by J. LEDYARD HODGE doesn't amount to much. It is only a little piece of Ledyard-demain.

—PATTI has been in Hombourg, singing before and at the especial request of the Emperor of Germany, who is a very great admirer of that small parcel of concentrated talents of all kinds—wit, sense, singing, languages, dancing, and conversation—which is called on the stage PATTI, among friends ADELINA, and in the *beau monde* La Marquise de Caux.

—The Rev. WILLIAM SHELTON, D.D., of Buffalo, has preached his forty-second anniversary sermon in St. Paul's Church. He went to Buffalo when it was a village. Now it is one of the largest cities in the Union. He has been longer continuously in one parish than any clergyman of Western New York.

—"Grace Greenwood," who is writing letters from the very far West to the *Times*, happened to meet Mr. and Mrs. S. S. COX. She says that every body out there seems to like every body, and Mr. COX says it reminds him of a friendly innkeeper at Alcantara, who, on hearing he was from New York, said, with generous effusion, "Ah, señor, I feel acquainted with you! I have a friend in Brazil!"

—ROCHEFORT goes into banishment, but probably not for long. France can hardly be considered as a permanent republic, and a new government would promptly seek the *éclat* of permitting his return.

—Miss HARRIET W. TERRY, a sister of Major-General TERRY, has been appointed lady principal of Vassar College. For many years she has had charge of a ladies' seminary in New Haven.

—The Rev. WILLIAM H. MILBURN, after a few years' service in the Episcopal Church, has rejoined the Methodist Church, and been readmitted to its ministry.

—Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE has finished, and is about to publish, the "prelude" to his unfinished poem, "Tristan and Iseult," itself a poem of some power, and several hundred lines long.

—At the funeral of Professor MAHAN, at West Point, were Secretary FISH, GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE, Professors WEIR, KENDRICK, and MICHIE, ROBERT P. PARROTT, and Generals RUGER and REID.

—Miss JOSIE MITCHELL is a courageous creature. Her relatives are rich. She, wishing to be rich, resolved to start out on her own account, and accordingly became a telegraph-operator, which supported her; but in two years an opulent kinsman faded away, and left her a legacy of $200,000.

—How is this? It is reported that King CHARLES of Sweden is about to marry a daughter of the King of Denmark. If so, there will be a new genealogical puzzle, for the King of Sweden's daughter is already married to the King of Denmark's son. The new bridegroom will therefore become his own daughter's brother-in-law, and the Danish Crown Prince will be the son-in-law of his own sister.

—Professor BENTLEY, recently deceased in England, was a noted botanist, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, one of the editors of the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, and sole proprietor and editor of *Temple Bar* magazine.

—A sister of the late EDWARD EVERETT and a cousin of JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE are said to be living as Sisters of Charity in New Orleans.

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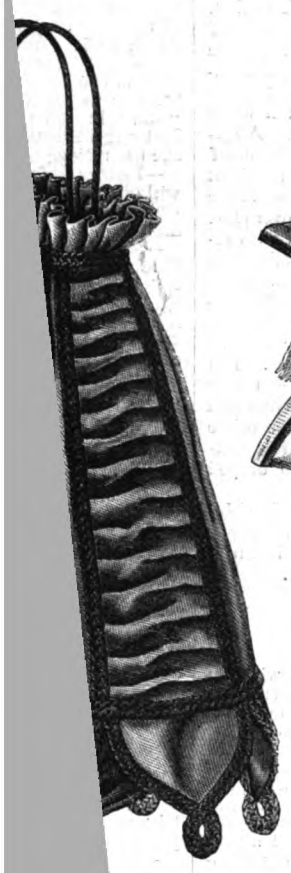
dered Cover, Figs. 1–3.

rown oak, with the back richly order, which ornaments the chair n, is worked in plush stitch on darker shades of brown worsted, ; this stitch is worked on round rder to work the plush stitch on is is basted on the cloth, and in dle is always passed through the ishing the embroidery, spread he under side; then draw the in the manner shown by Fig. 2. f the plush embroidery on cloth y in the work and partly drawn

Fig. 1.—CHAIR WITH EMBROIDERED COVER.



N BAG.

Brown Linen Clothes-pin Bag.

THIS clothes-pin bag is made of brown linen, and trimmed with a narrow braiding of red worsted cord. It is composed of eight separate oblong pieces and the bottom; the seam made by setting

aterial. The separate pieces of the The plain pieces are eleven inches nd three-quarters wide at the bot- the other pieces are cut each of four inches and three-quarters sloped off toward the top like s at both sides of the plain onsisting of a smooth round uarters in diameter, and the material thirty-three ches and a quarter wide, ely gathered at one side. red by a rosette of braid. wing on the bottom are alf wide and two inches erlap each other a quar- sew a hemmed strip an egular pleats. Fasten inside; through these

GROS GRAIN APRON.

the cut side ten inches long, and bind the bias edge so formed with a flannel strip an inch and a quarter wide. Work the edges in herring-bone or button-hole stitch with colored wool. Work the button-holes and sew on the buttons. Button according to the corresponding letters on the illustration.

rings pass two pieces of red worsted cord in opposite directions to close the bag. The braiding which trims the bag is made of four medium-sized pieces of red woolen cord.

Gros Grain Apron.

THIS pretty gored apron is trimmed along the sides of the middle breadth and on the bottom with narrow black velvet in the manner shown by the illustration. A hook and eye close the belt at the back.

Infant's Protector, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS protector is made of white flannel of the shape given by Fig. 2. It is buttoned in the manner shown by Fig. 1. Take a piece of flannel twenty-two inches square, cut off one corner in such a manner as to leave

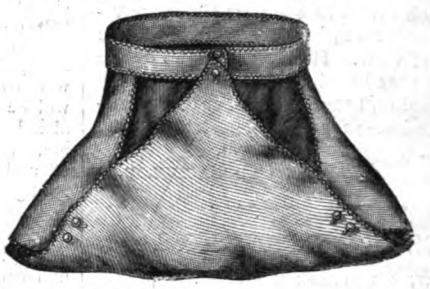


Fig. 1.—INFANT'S PROTECTOR.—BUTTONED.

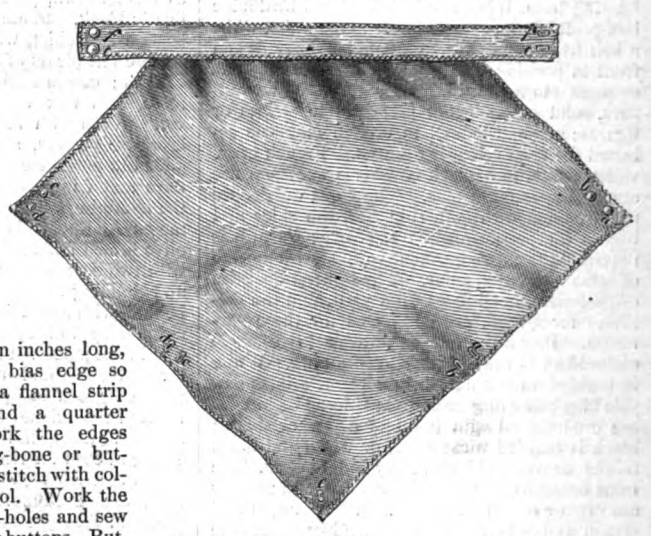


Fig. 2.—INFANT'S PROTECTOR.—OPENED.

FAULT-FINDING.

BY fault-finding we mean the habit of mind which sees faults only. Many people have a keen eye for blemishes, whether moral or physical, and are not careful to conceal their unfavorable impressions; but if they have at the same time as keen an eye for beauty and merit, and equal alacrity in acknowledging them when they see them, they are critically observant, but they are not fault-finders; for the fault-finder never observes when things go well, or look well, or are well done. A room may be furnished in perfect taste; but he only notices that a picture is hung a hair's breadth awry. A garden may be a blaze of colors; he contents himself with pointing out that such and such choice varieties are wanting. The gift of seeing beauty of any sort is not his. Order, harmony, propriety, take no conscious hold on certain perceptions. They pass them over as things of course, as the rule of nature. It is

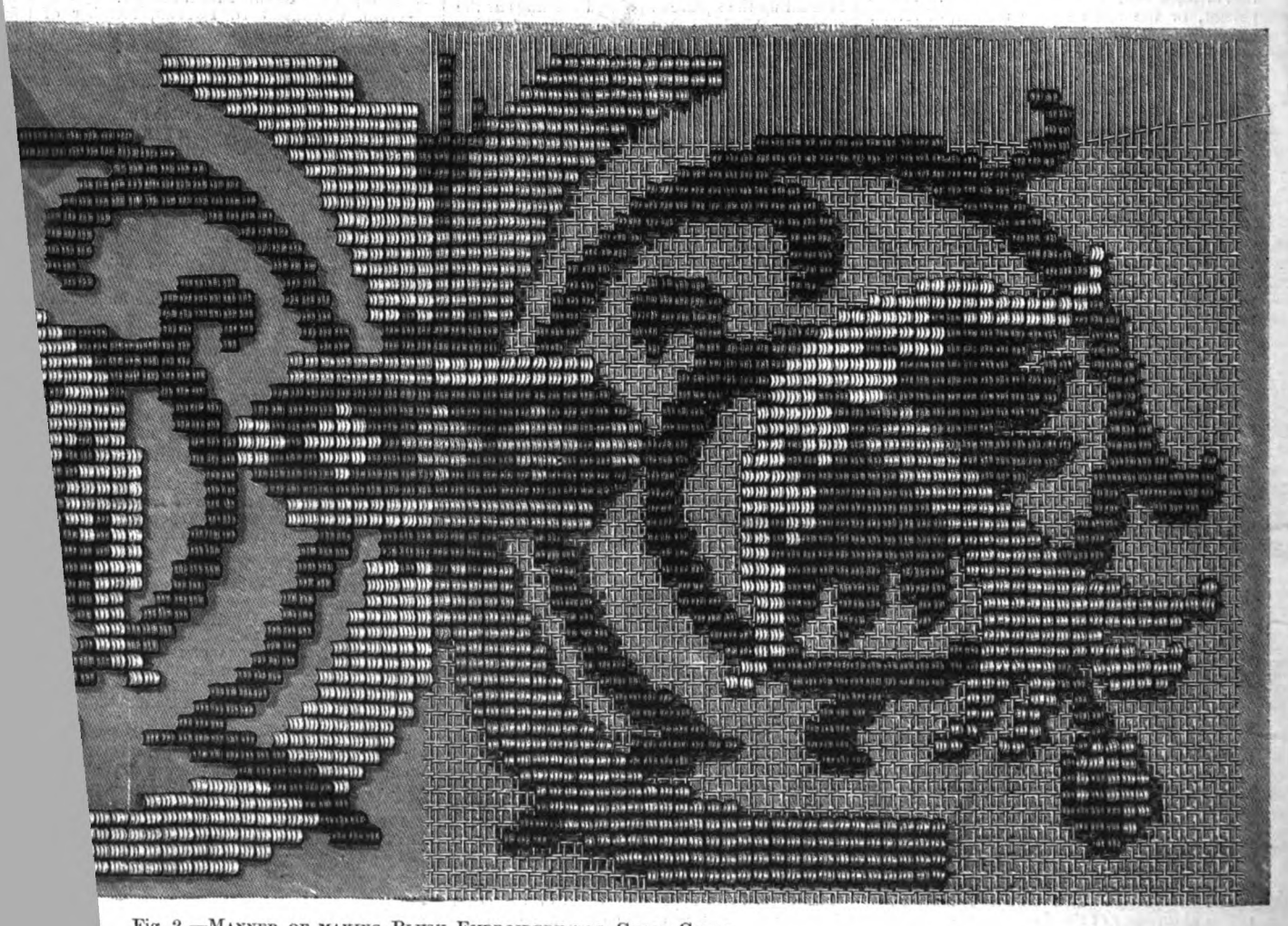


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING PLUSH EMBROIDERY FOR CHAIR COVER.

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only when the rule is reversed that attention is stimulated and the judgment called into exercise. Thus dull people are often fault-finders. The judgment must have some field for expression; few people pass through life neither praising nor blaming; but dullness must be exceptionally amiable when it spends itself on undiscerning praise, the most unambitious of all mental operations. There is a certain sharpness, however, which still more strongly stimulates to fault-finding—sharpness as opposed to imagination. The habit of picking holes is a great quickener of the lower intellect. Imagination is prone to the weakness of exaggerated praise, which no eloquence can save from humiliating retribution. But there is an impunity in fault-finding which imparts facility and daring; and as

> Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be,

the practiced hand searches for what he knows is there, if he is only clever enough to find it. The true fault-finder is necessarily an egotist; he views and judges things in relation to himself, as is the case with all defective sympathies, and, therefore, with the intelligences of a lower creation. There is no more persistent fault-finder than a clever house-dog. His life is one continual act of reprehension; he watches for some infringement of his manorial rights with a perky, pleased vigilance which is perfectly typical of humanity, and flies into a fury of protests on the smallest excuse—an approaching step, a distant bark, any remote sound or movement—with an abandonment which reminds us not seldom of the air and attitude of some Christian acquaintance. For the real fault-finder is as lost as Fido if there is nothing to bark at, and never looks so light or alert as when carping at some victim. This is the use to some old ladies of a companion, as keeping them alive and in vigor. It is not merely temper which instigates to a cruelty; it is an intellectual appetite craving its indulgence.

It is a notable characteristic of the fault-finder to treat every chance slip as a habitual practice, to treat the awkward exception as our rule. We like to think of our little errors as accidental; the fault-finder suspects a habit on the first perpetration, and holds it confirmed at the second, because he has not noticed and takes no count of the intermediate correctness and propriety which show the blunder to have been an accident. Nothing is more irritating to young people, or, indeed, to all of us so long as there is any body privileged to expose our weaknesses, than the conversion of a single offense into a noun of multitude by the accusation, "You have a way, a trick, a habit," "That is a very foolish trick of yours," when all that we are inclined to own to, and all of which the critic has distinct cognizance, is a solitary instance. Reproof has ten times the influence for good if the action is reprobated without reference to antecedents, not treated as a sample of the ordinary habit of life—unless, of course, it is the habit which is the distinct grievance. All this bears on the feeble and more feminine exhibitions of the fault-finding temper, where it is indulged rather as a cherished privilege than with any ulterior thought of effecting a change in the object of it. A decent woman of the poorer classes thinks she is showing her consciousness of the occasion and commending herself to her clergyman by keeping up in his presence a loud remonstrance with her children for every thing they are doing or not doing. It is evident by their demeanor that her words have no weight with them, but she has faith in the respectability of fault-finding quite apart from reliance on its efficacy. What the same class think of it when applied against them is not difficult to learn. Captious particularity is of all qualities most unpopular in superiors. What the negroes call *curiss* in master or mistress is rendered by *nasty* in some kitchen vocabularies; and in this sense the moderate, guarded commendation bestowed by a waiting damsel on the family she was quitting, that "the ladies was noways nasty," was estimated by its objects as a very flattering tribute to their amiability.

Fault-finders are of three temperaments—the peevish, the plaintive, and the unsympathizing; the peevish lavishing their discontent most willingly on the people about them, as thereby diffusing some share of their own annoyance; the plaintive exhaling in fretfulness against circumstances. In both cases lack of interests and employment is either at the bottom of the disease or largely contributes to it. Enjoyment of any sort, the recognition of good fortune, the detection of beauty, any kind of appreciation, demands an elasticity of spirits and intellectual activity of which they are not capable. "Take a fine lady," says an old writer, "who is of delicate frame, and you may observe, from the hour she rises, a certain weariness of all that passes about her. They are sick of such strange, frightful people that they meet; one is so awkward and another so disagreeable that it looks a penance to breathe the same air with them." It is, in fact, an inevitable consequence of languor, however caught or instilled, to find fault with something as the cause of one's uneasiness. And not only fine ladies, but fine gentlemen—and for the same cause, a pampered apathy which forbids all effort to get out of themselves—exercise all their ingenuity in finding fault. It is a fruitless undertaking, said Swift, "to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto whom it is impossible to please." All this is languor and satiety, real or affected. Sprightly fault-finding in man or woman is a more distinct mark of defective sympathy—defective either from nature, or ignorance, or interest in the subject handled. Literary criticism used to be unmitigated fault-finding. Nothing else was looked for by the common run of readers. All cleverness was expended, as a matter of course, in disparagement, savage or neatly turned, according to the critic's genius, and designed to gall the irritable nerves of the author, and so to impart pleasure to the reader, who was thus made fault-finder at second-hand. It answered a demand at a time when tenderness to an author was no more dreamed of than tenderness to bulls, or bears, or other baited animals; and ignorant readers enjoyed the spite of scarcely less ignorant writers with a general vague sense that they rose in the scale of wit when the wits by profession were detected in inaccuracy of trivial fact, defective rhyme, or the blunder, as in Tasso's case, of making an episode too interesting. A more generous style is now tolerated. Fulsome eulogy, indeed, is often substituted for it; but I fear that captious, carping criticism will never be out of vogue so long as there are readers—and there are many—who judge of the cleverness of a writer and critic solely by the keenness of his eye for slips and blemishes.

Among the fault-finders we must not fail to enumerate the people who take a great interest in their own faults, and a lively pleasure in discussing them. It might be assumed that, distasteful as the practice is to the world in general, like thus meeting with like, there would ensue a happy fusion. But experience does not find it so; in fact the repulsion is as great here as elsewhere, and the glib self-disparager gets out of the way of the fault-finder with as sharp an alacrity as the rest. The thing breaks down for want of a mutual understanding. The self-accuser invites inquiry into his faults, but the other party shows himself so utterly without perception when he attempts to name them that the subject loses its interest and becomes disagreeable. "I like to hear you express your sense of my defects," writes Margaret Fuller to a friend whom she had importuned to be faithful. "The word arrogance does not appear to me to be just, probably because I do not understand what you mean. But in due time I doubtless shall; for so repeatedly have you used it that it must stand for something real in my large, rich, yet irregular and unclarified nature. But though I like to hear you, as I say by myself, I return to my native bias, and feel as if there was plenty of room in the universe for my faults, and as if I could not spend time in thinking of them when so many things interest me more." This hits the nail on the head. The fault-finder has an unwilling audience, because each hearer has things that interest him more than the inevitable subject-matter of his communications. It is uniformity that makes him dull, even when enlarging to us on the faults of our

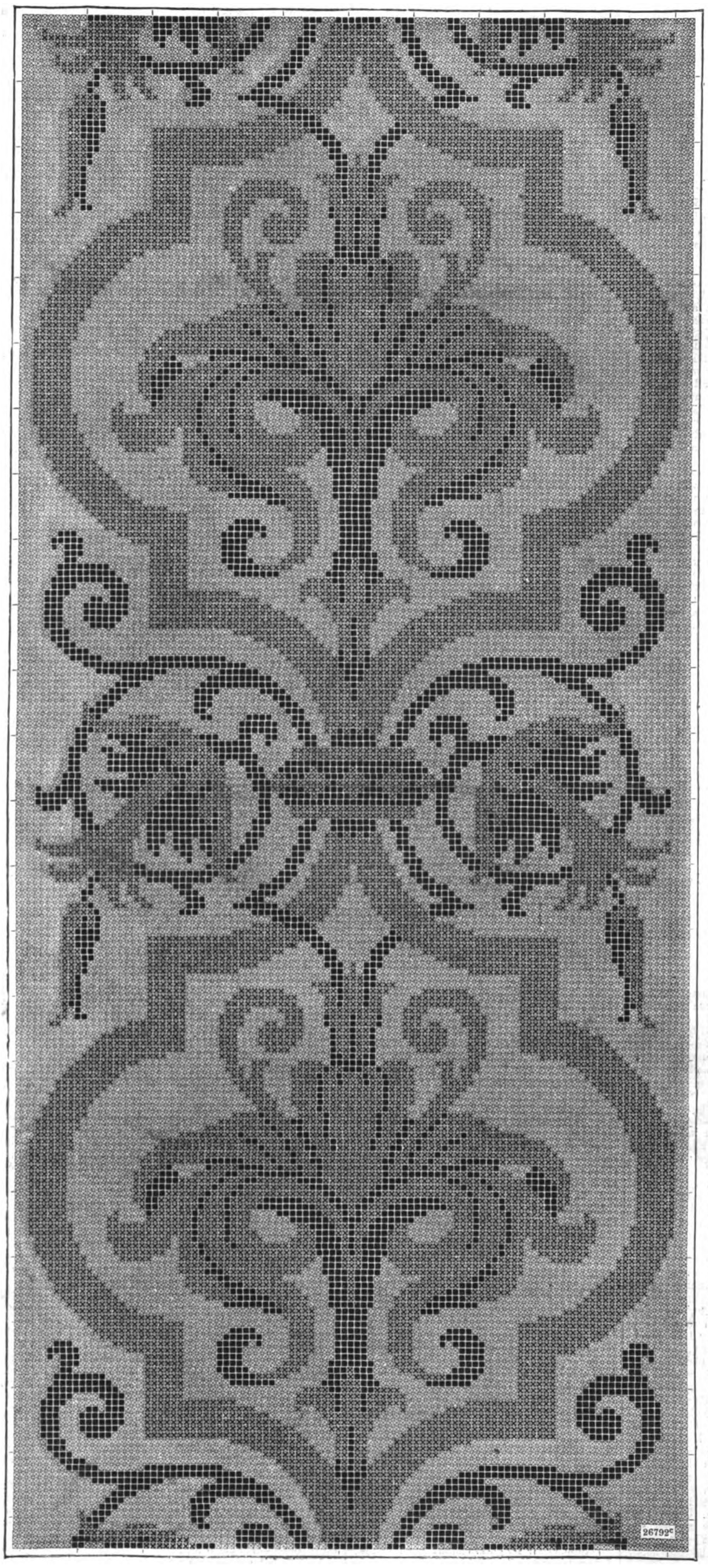

Fig. 3.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR CHAIR.

Description of Symbols: ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d, ⊠ 3d (lightest), Fawn.

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neighbors; he is dull, whatever his natural gifts —for there are quick wits that swamp themselves in this captious quagmire of universal disparagement—dull because he sees the dull side of things, and because he falls into a monotony of tone in treating them. Mere vituperation does not bring about this flatness. It does not "stop on picking work to dwell," but flames and goes out, and now and then praises if only for the sake of contrast. Hence we do not class Walter Savage Landor, the greatest vituperator of his age, among the fault-finders. His mere vivacity separates him from the fraternity.

OTTO OF ROSES.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

A PICTURESQUE old country house has a roomy, shady veranda, upon which the drawing-room windows open, overlooking a great, beautiful garden, full of flowers, shrubs, bushes, trees, and quiet little paths gliding about hither and thither: one of these runs nearly through the centre from end to end, passing by a quaint summer-house, half-way, and finally bringing you to the gate at the further extremity. In the summer evenings, sitting in the summer-house or on the wide veranda, a gentle, powerful fragrance rises and floats and is wafted here and there, until one is ready to believe that the soul has forsaken all her other senses, and centred herself in the nose. It is certainly true that some of the profoundest and most ineffaceable impressions received by our minds and hearts are implanted through the medium of the olfactories. After a long absence one might forget, in thinking of the garden, whether the hollyhocks were planted to the right or left, or the paths bordered with box or grass; but the marvelous fragrance, never!

No one appreciated the garden more than a young lady who once sat on the veranda with the last of a May day's sunshine falling brokenly through the leaves on her fantastic Nice hat and white dress delicately striped with green. To complete the picture with the touch of romance, a young man stood near her, though more completely in the shadow. One might easily imagine, at a little distance, that the young lady was ravishingly beautiful, and her companion superbly handsome, and both violently in love with one another. In reality, however, such was not precisely the case. The lady was not pretty, though one could not look in her gray eyes, with their Proserpine-like drowsiness of expression, and not experience a warm and kindly feeling for her. There was an air of innocence and inexperience—a certain child-like manner—observable in the working of her rosy and rather full lips, and in the piquant conformation of her eyebrows, always on the verge of becoming pathetic or appealing. This child-likeness was the more striking from the contrast of her womanly and beautifully moulded figure, and plump and tapering arms and fingers. Her hands were exquisitely formed, and soft as a petal of the sweetest flower in her garden. Her eyes seldom opened fully, but that only made them the more fascinating; and when they did come quite out from behind the lids, one always felt complimented, as on receiving a marked favor.

The young gentleman had little about him which could be called prepossessing. He was neither tall, nor especially well formed. His features were plain, and not very expressive, and his complexion was clouded by ill health. His friends spoke of him as a nice, quiet, good-hearted fellow, but apt to be slow and uninteresting. It was much better when he smiled: there was then something singularly beautiful in his expression. Unfortunately he smiled but seldom, and as soon as the smile had vanished, so also did the memory of its transient beauty, and one only observed that poor Otto now looked plainer than ever.

He held in his hands some sprouts of what appeared to be a species of brier, and this formed, at present, the subject of conversation.

"I thought, perhaps, you'd like it," said he, in his awkward way. "It is an Eastern rose, very beautiful and sweet: so I thought you ought to have it, you know." Having delivered himself thus far, he blushed in his own peculiar fashion—that is, his nose, which was rather large, became very red, and his eyes looked excessively ashamed of themselves. Why Otto blushed was always a problem to his acquaintances; perhaps in this particular instance, he felt guilty of some blundering attempt at a compliment. It is useless to conjecture, however: Nora always declared he was the most incomprehensible creature!

"Thank you ever so much, Otto," said she, letting her head fall languidly on to the back of her chair, thereby bringing her half-closed, dreamy eyes to bear upon the poor young man's nose. "I'll tell the gardener to plant it right under the window of the summer-house, so I can always smell it;" and she smiled compassionately at him, and thought, with a little self-admiring thrill, "How good I am to the old thing!"

The old thing thought so too. He was now terribly embarrassed and happy. He could not decide which leg it were better to stand on, and forgot whether he were putting on his gloves or removing them. He looked so distressed in his happiness that Nora observed it, and, after a moment's pathetic rumination, asked him if he wouldn't sit down and stay to tea. Instead of replying, he inquired incoherently whether she would think of him when she smelled it. And when, after a moment's comical bewilderment, she got the clew to his meaning, and assured him, with one of her distracting little blossoms of laughter, that of course she would, Otto dropped so suddenly into a chair that Nora gave a tiny scream, under the impression that he must have met with some dreadful accident. But it was only the fullness of the poor fellow's heart which had overbalanced his centre of gravity. He had been fiercely in love with Nora for ever so long, and in proportion as his love for her increased, so also did his awe. It is debatable whether he would not have died of fright had Nora accepted him; though this is premature, for she had not, as yet, been asked. But her unusual and unexpected graciousness this evening had not only floored the unfortunate Otto, as we have seen, but had inspired him with a wild hope and a desperate purpose, which blanched his cheek and made his hands and voice shake, but to which, with a short-sighted obstinacy peculiar to such creatures, he nevertheless clung. Before he departed that night he would confess his love, and ask her own in return. That was the purpose; and the hope—well, that was perhaps even wilder than Otto himself imagined.

It is but justice to Nora to say that she was totally unconscious of the impending catastrophe. She had known Otto so long that, although he had always been to her an ungraceful enigma, half amusing, half painful, she yet imagined that she knew him thoroughly, and was familiar with his every phase and development. And she felt so secure in being well acquainted with the enigma that she never dreamed of solving it. It is doubtful whether, under present conditions, she ever could have done so. But it was generally as great a stretch of virtue as she could make to avoid snubbing him, and patting herself on the back when she succeeded. Why unnecessarily torment herself about him?

She, on the other hand, was equally a riddle to Otto: with this difference, that in so far as she was a riddle, she was of Otto's own manufacture. For when a man asks himself how it is possible such a perfection as So-and-so should exist on earth, it is reasonable to conclude that the mystery is of his raising; the real question being not Why is she so? but Why do I think she is? So Nora was very far from being a mystery, other than as every young lady is one; but she was very lovable, and Otto wondered and worshiped, and became hot, uncomfortable, and ecstatic whenever they met.

The dreadful trial of supper was over at last, and the young people were again upon the veranda—Nora with a soft white cloud about her head in place of the Nice hat. George sat glowering at the gardener, who was digging over the predestined flower bed under the summer-house window in preparation for the morrow's planting. Then the late May darkness descended, the gardener drove his spade deep into the loam, and retired, leaving it there sticking upright, in mute protest at such neglect: it did not know what an important part it was to play presently. And Otto, fearing lest Nora should hear his heart beat if he kept quiet, turned upon her, and floundered into conversation.

"Miss Nora, do you know I'm going away to-morrow?"

Nora, for some time past, had been engaged in listening for Jerrold's step up the garden path, and wondering when Otto would leave. The real meaning of the latter's words did not at first strike her: she only received a general impression that he would remain where he was until the next day, and she therefore looked up at him with an irresistibly appealing, dismayed expression, and a bewitching droop of the corners of her mouth, all of which poor Otto instantly and lamentably misinterpreted. He believed it to be regret at his proposed departure for foreign parts, and hastened to modify, as follows:

"I meant, that is, if you don't care—no, if you *do* care, I needn't—I won't—I'll stay; but" —he gathered himself up for a tremendous effort —"I thought I'd go away, you know, if you didn't mind whether I went or not."

This was sufficiently involved, but Nora, with a young woman's instinct, began to divine the meaning from the very fact of the obscurity. Her predominant sensation was alarm, and a desire to put an end to the danger before it occurred. This is how she did it.

Leaning forward, she put her soft little hand on his arm, upturning to Otto's her face, with wide-open eyes, beautiful in the gloom, with the surrounding frame of soft cloud; and in this position proceeded so far in her remonstrance as to falter out in low, broken tones,

"Oh, Otto!"

That was sufficient: it was too much. Every thing, even the awkwardness and bashfulness of the man, was overmastered by the impetuous bursting forth of his passionate love. It raised him up upon its lofty waves, and he spoke in a kind of exalted delirium which, coming from him, had something almost of grandeur in it, as Nora long afterward remembered, but did not remark at the moment.

"Oh, Nora, is it true—can it be? Do you love me, my darling—my own darling? I've loved you so long, so tenderly—so tenderly and truly, my Nora! And I thought you never could love me—such a thing as I. You're so sweet and wonderful—so heavenly, darling!" Nora felt the ground slipping from beneath her feet: another moment and she would be carried away beyond reprieve. Otto's voice was so deep, and thrilling with the vibrations of his own heart, that Nora's was shaken too in her own despite. He had seized her hand, and was pressing it so that he hurt her, and she forced herself to be angry with him for that, knowing all the time he would have died any death to save her a moment's pain. But she felt the necessity of stemming the current at once, if ever, and with whatever came first to hand.

"Stop, Otto! let go my hand! you hurt me! I do not love you!"

It was done; but, after all, was it well done? Is it not possible that, had she yielded, she might have found a rich and unexpected happiness—an elixir of life instead of a poison? Her first impulse, a blind one, had been to resist, and with blind desperation she had carried it out; but it was the very force and rush of Otto's passion which had raised the barrier against itself. Had Nora been stronger, or Otto's power less—had she not felt herself subjected to a strength superior to her own, leaving her no choice between utter self-surrender and violent and irrational resistance—the result might have been far different and happier. Be that as it may, the time was past forever now.

For some minutes neither spoke, but Nora was panting and exhausted, while Otto was singularly quiet and calm. A battle of mighty import had been fought and lost; but though there was a loser, there was no winner: nay, to look at the two, it was the loser who bore the aspect of authority and command. The fierce thunder-storm of passion had cleared away, for a time at least, the clouds of false shame and awkwardness. The man appeared in his full height and dignity while the brief illumination lasted. When he spoke again he was master, and both felt it.

"I see how it was now. You will forgive me for my mistake; I never thought to have made such a one."

He paused, but Nora could not answer him, though she perhaps tried to. She only gazed dumbly at him with wide eyes.

"One favor I want to ask—that you will forget the clumsy, awkward creature that you have always associated with the thought of me. But if you have ever felt that underneath there might be another I, with something in it not unworthy even of you, or to love you, think of that once in a while, and in time perhaps you may come to believe the inner is the only real Otto, just as you would remember the perfume of a rose rather than the fading petals."

He waited a moment longer, then arose, descended the steps of the veranda, and the darkness obliterated him: a waft of sweet fragrance swept up from the place where he had vanished. Nora was strangely weak and faint; she felt as if a support had suddenly been withdrawn. She raised herself, in a sort of stound, and walked dizzily through the low, open window into the drawing-room. There she sank down on a sofa and cried bitterly. Jerrold was quite forgotten.

Otto walked down the long path, through the sweet-smelling flowers, toward the gate, but before he had reached the summer-house he heard a quick, active step approaching, and in another moment was face to face with a lithe, erect figure, which he knew at once was Jerrold. Otto had no reason to be attached to Jerrold, who always made fun of him, and this evening he was less than usually inclined to be annoyed. So he was proceeding to pass him without a word, but the latter caught him by the arm.

"That you, Otto? How do, old chap? Where 're you going in such a hurry?" questioned he, in his rapid, bantering way.

"I am going to leave the country," replied Otto. "Good-by!"

"Hullo! what's up? That's rather sudden, ain't it?"

"Well, what if it is?" said persecuted Otto, beginning to writhe in the misery of a slow wit fallen under the power of a quick one.

Jerrold stooped down and peered into Otto's shrinking face; then he cast a quick, comprehensive glance at the light in the drawing-room window. "Hanged if I don't believe you've been and done it!" he ejaculated. "Why, you little goose, you might have known she'd have jilted *you*, even if she hadn't been engaged to me. Besides, the girl hasn't such a thing as a heart about her, and never had."

These tremendous assertions silenced Otto for some moments. But the first announcement, bitter as it was, produced not such an impression upon him as the last.

"Why did she engage herself to you if she has no heart?" asked the poor, simple fellow; "and how can you love her if you believe that?"

At this exquisitely humorous speech (for so Mr. Jerrold considered it) he could not refrain from indulging in one of his peculiar silent contortions of merriment. Recovering himself promptly, as was his wont, a feeling of profound compassion for the dense ignorance of his friend came over him. He would enlighten him, by Jove! if such a blockhead were capable of receiving enlightenment.

"Well, see here, old fellow: seeing it's you, and that you're going to leave the country, I don't mind putting you up to a point or two. You take a young girl, with none too much brains, plenty of romantic notions, and money sufficient, and introduce her to a handsome young fellow, with lots of brass, a gift of the gab, and a hankering after cash, and you'll see it won't be long before they'll come to an understanding. D' you twig? Well, that's my case. She likes my looks, and the way I have of talking to her; and I'm sweet on her real estate and securities. So, you see, it's a deuced even thing. But as to love, and hearts, and all that," concluded Mr. Jerrold, airily, "pish!"

He had made this explanation to the benighted Otto in perfect sincerity and good faith, and with a laudable desire to initiate him into some of the facts (as he considered) of female human nature. But Otto was not appreciative. He even went so far as to be incredulous, and something more. Had Mr. Jerrold been enabled to see the expression of his face he probably would not have assumed so negligently graceful an attitude.

"You mean to say, then," said Otto, speaking slowly, and, by powerful effort, in a low tone, "that you're going to marry Nora for her money, caring nothing about *her*?"

Jerrold felt a justifiable pride in his pupil's progress. He clapped him on the shoulder. "Right for you, old chap!" cried he.

Otto paused a moment to gather strength and breath.

"You miserable, mercenary scoundrel, do you dare to pollute an angel like her with the association of any thing so false and degraded as you are?" and, rushing with clinched teeth at the young athlete, this puny lunatic struck him so furiously in the face that he staggered back on to a freshly dug flower bed under the summer-house window.

Jerrold had been so completely overcome by astonishment at Otto's unprecedented outburst that he had been quite unable to so much as endeavor to ward off his attack. But when he felt the sting of the blow he came to himself at once. The devil within him, never very far down in such men, was fully aroused. As he collected himself to strike Otto to the earth his foot came into contact with something hard and metallic, sticking upright in the ground. He put down his hand and felt the handle of a spade. The devil was jubilant then. The spade was snatched up, whirled aloft in the air, and then it came down, and struck with a sickening crash. Something fell darkly down in a loose heap. Jerrold now stood alone in the garden by the summer-house window. The triumphant devil, having performed his office, became invisible once more. But an immortal horror had taken its place.

There was no time to indulge in nervousness at present. There was something to be gotten rid of first: an ugly, loutish, senseless thing—not so very much of a thing; and yet, was the whole earth big enough to hide it? Singular what a difference a soul made! A few minutes ago, when this possessed one, how despised, insignificant, contemptible, it had appeared! Now, how awful it had become! how despotic, absolute, and tyrannical! Then, it might not cross his thoughts as often as once a year; now, it must dwell with him continually by day and by night, his closest, most secret companion, unforgetable and unavoidable. How strange! really it was quite funny.....Ah! who was that laughing? Come, come, my friend, let's to work, or you'll be nervous. A little exercise will be a good thing for you. How lucky the spade happened to be here! Pshaw! you fool, can't you talk straight? You meant to say, Lucky there's this nice, soft loam to bury him in: one can work so much quicker, and no chance of finding him.

How quiet every thing is! There, that's deep enough. In with it! How heavy, how still it lies! So it will lie across my soul forever. And yet, only a few minutes ago— My face is smarting still. Cover it up! cover it up!

Nora received no call that evening, nor did she miss it. Next morning, when the gardener came yawning to his work, there stood the spade stuck upright in the flower bed. The earth seemed in excellent condition, so he planted the sprouts of the Eastern rose, and prophesied they would flourish. And so they did, beyond all expectation. That bed under the summer-house window was the most fertile spot in the garden.

Jerrold and Nora were to be married in June. Nora had been unwell ever since the evening of her parting with Otto, and the day before her wedding she walked out for the first time into the garden, leaning on Jerrold's arm. She was more grave and thoughtful than her wont; but Jerrold seemed in better spirits than he had been of late. He laughed and rattled away with unwearіable gayety. The ethereal incense of the flowers floated all around them.

"Let us go into the summer-house and sit down," said Nora.

"No, no!" exclaimed Jerrold. "What! sit down in that damp place in your delicate condition? Nonsense! Come back into the house."

But Nora, when she took a whim, could be very obstinate. She declared she would go, damp or not. "I promised Otto when he went away that I'd sit at the window there and smell his roses. Poor fellow! I wonder where he is now?"

Jerrold laughed, but his face looked very much drawn and unnatural. He felt it was rather awkward. They entered the summer-house, sat down in the window, and looked out. There bloomed the rose-bush; but how glorious it was! Never had been seen so magnificent a shrub. The little sprout of brier in the brief time it had been in the earth had expanded and multiplied and sent forth leaves and twigs innumerable, and had, moreover, covered itself with the most wonderful roses. They danced and swayed gracefully on the topmost branches; they nestled and glowed lovingly among the green leaves below; they peeped rosily forth from every opening and interstice; they seemed to be continually bursting out into new life and beauty as you looked, and each fresh rose to condense into itself all the richness of its predecessors. And then the perfume! Ah! that was marvelous indeed. Nora leaned over the window-sill and inhaled it thirstily, as though it were the very breath of life. And as she did so the color flowed back to her pale cheeks, and her dreamy eyes opened and shone with a brilliancy quite unusual. Jerrold thought she had never been any thing like so fair before. For the first time he felt a new and strange movement in his heart, which he could not understand. No wonder: it was love.

"How sweet!" murmured Nora. "Poor Otto! I didn't deserve he should be so good to me. If he were here now, I'd thank him. Somehow it almost seems as if he *were* here. What an exquisite perfume! It makes me feel all well and strong again. I think there must be a human heart and soul in those roses."

"What stuff you're talking, Nora!" grumbled Jerrold, who had grown quite pale and restless during her rhapsody. "The smell seems to me very rank and unwholesome. I feel quite sick already."

Nora looked at him rather contemptuously. "It's because you're too earthy to appreciate it, then," she replied, coldly. Jerrold winced, and stared at her. It was the first time she ever had addressed him in that manner, but it was also the

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first time he would have minded whether she did or not.

"Go around and pluck me some of those buds," said Nora, after a while. "I'll wear them to-morrow. I never shall be able to get along without them, now that I know how sweet they are."

Jerrold dared not refuse; but as he stood by the rose-bush, and the powerful aroma enveloped him, he became faint, his head reeled, and he almost fell. "How clumsy you are!" pouted Nora. Then he mastered himself, and tore off some of the buds, and the blood fell from his fingers and dropped on his white coat. He started, and gave a cry of dismay, for it seemed to him the blood came from the broken stems of the roses. Nonsense. He had only pricked himself with a thorn. He gave the buds to Nora, who placed them in her bosom, and they walked back to the house; but she did not ask him for his arm, and somehow he did not venture to offer it to her. Yet she had loved him when he cared nothing for her.

The next afternoon was the wedding. Nora stood before her glass, whitely dressed, and looking strangely lovely. Certainly there was a beauty about her which had not been hers a month before. She was more delicate and refined; there was a faint, subdued seriousness in her manner; her eyes seemed deeper and more thoughtful.

"And now my roses!" said she. One she put in her hair, another in her bosom; but the third, most beautiful one, she held in her hand, continually inhaling the subtile fragrance. Thus adorned and fortified, she went down and stood with Jerrold before a minister. But it was whispered afterward that she did not seem to notice the bridegroom. When she made her vows she was looking down into the gloomy heart of the rose, as if it were to that she was pledging herself. As for Jerrold, his mood was singularly unequal and incoherent. Now, there would be an expression of almost feverish love and eagerness in his face; then, all at once, he would seem to blanch and quaver as if under the influence of some pestilential breath. Yet the only perfume perceptible in the room was the insidious sweetness exhaled by Nora's roses. Those who knew Jerrold best stared and shook their heads. A few weeks had worked much change in him.

The wedding being over, the young people were left to enjoy themselves in private with their roses. It was astonishing what an important element in affairs the latter had become. They were a part of every thing. In the daytime they met the eye at every turn, peeping from vases and baskets on the mantel-pieces and tables within-doors, and, stepping out on to the veranda, there was the great rose-bush down the garden, in a luxury of gorgeous blossoms; and at night, when the flowers were invisible, the aroma—trenchant yet delicate, penetrating yet impalpable—seemed to float on every breath of wind, or hang palpitating on the still air. Nora spent hours daily in the summer-house, gazing into the depths of the great roses, as if communing with some beloved spirit. Far down, amidst the thousand soft petals, lay a beautiful golden heart, from which the fragrance came. But the fascination seemed to Nora to lie deeper yet.

In her musings by the window the thought of Otto often came to her. The light promise she had made that the scent of the roses should recall him to her received a deep fulfillment. Involuntarily, also, was the parting favor he had asked her granted. His memory became more and more enveloped in a glorious, rose-colored halo, transfiguring him, and making him seem noble and beautiful. How clumsy and awkward, how homely, slow, and tiresome he had been, was forgotten. But she thought of his voice on that last night, when his outward imperfections had been concealed by the darkness, and she thrilled once more as the expressions of his mighty love recurred to her. What other human being had ever so loved or so spoken to her? She shivered as if a cold hand had grasped her heart; and then the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks, and dropped one by one into the rose she held: and straightway it offered up even a sweeter incense than before. Nora rested her head upon her arms on the window-sill, and closed her eyes. The roses seemed to turn toward her and watch her tenderly, and send forth their sweetness to encircle her as with a protecting arm. As the perception of outward things gradually faded, there grew upon her sleeping senses, in the place of the rose-bush, the semblance of a form she knew, and yet had never known. What had seemed the perfume of the flowers was the sweetness of his true and loving heart; and the petals symbolized the gentle, shrinking, delicately beautiful nature, through whose rough and ill-favored exterior her dim, narrow vision had never penetrated. She now saw clearly how slight and immaterial had been the veil, and bitterly lamented blindness, because the awakening had come too late. But at this a most beautiful smile dawned in Otto's eyes, and he regarded her with such a glance of love and happiness and assured hope that Nora awoke in a flutter of joy, and, raising her head, saw a figure, indistinct in the twilight, standing behind the rose-bush, looking at her.

"Otto?" she whispered; but it was Jerrold. She drew back, blushing, for he was her husband, and she had forgotten him.

"Otto is dead!" said Jerrold, sullenly. In another moment, perhaps, he would have confessed his crime; but Nora interrupted him, and the opportunity passed.

"Thank God for that!" said she. "I understand now the meaning of his smile." She never thought to question the fact of Otto's death, or Jerrold's knowledge of it; and he, when the momentary impulse was gone, trembled to think of the precipice over which he had so nearly fallen. Yet still he hovered about it.

"Why do you think of him?" he asked. "You never cared for him."

"Not while he lived, for then I never knew him. But he left these roses, and I recognize his spirit in them. They seem to spring from his very heart, and draw nourishment out of it. When I die, bury me beneath that bush."

Jerrold was horror-stricken at the ghastly meaning which her unconscious words bore to his conscious guilt. But he tried to laugh it off.

"When you die! Don't talk of dying yet. Why, we're hardly married yet. Do you care nothing about me?"

Nora hid her face in her hands. "God knows I loved you once; but it was when I loved only what I saw. There is a love which does not come through the eyes, and you can not get so near me but that will be nearer still."

Jerrold ground his teeth. "It is these cursed roses!" cried he. "You, whom I worship, and whose presence is my heaven, are so filled and impregnated with their deadly perfume that, spite of my love, to touch you is an agony almost too great to bear. Let me destroy them at once." And he stretched forth his hand to tear the bush from the ground, fancying thus to subvert the eternal laws of humanity. But Nora's pale, sad face and low voice arrested him. "They are more to me than my life," said she. "Tear them up if you will; but I can not long survive them." So Jerrold forbore, cursing himself and them.

But by-and-by cold winds began to sweep through the garden, and the roses shuddered, for their warm petals were shaken from them. Then a hope began to grow for Jerrold. Was it not possible that as winter came on, and the flowers gradually died out, Nora would imperceptibly become accustomed to their absence, and thus be gradually won to a renewed affection for him? So he watched them greedily as one after another fell. He did not realize that Nora was drooping likewise. She looked at him sometimes with a sad, pitying smile, as if understanding his vain hope. One day while thus observing him a sudden light came into her eyes, as of a new thought and purpose. From that time forward she began, though slowly, to recover. Her face often wore now an expression absolutely angelic.

Jerrold never knew how, when he was away, Nora stole down to the garden and gathered up the fallen rose leaves, and shook down those which were ready to fall, and, carrying them to her room, put them safely away together, intending when a sufficient quantity was accumulated to have the essence expressed, and keep it through the lonely winter, when the roses themselves were gone. Thus she hoped to linger through the dreary months which must elapse before the flowers could bloom again.

Accordingly, when the last of the roses had disappeared, Nora wore a little phial around her neck, in which was a single drop of aromatic liquid the color of gold. Around the phial a little label was affixed, on which was written in Nora's handwriting the sad, half-fanciful inscription, "Otto of Roses." A hundred times a day did she draw the precious little bottle from her bosom and inhale its fragrance; but never when Jerrold's eyes were upon her. He knew nothing of her treasure, but was ever and anon aware of something pervading the atmosphere which struck a sickening pain through his soul, and revived the memory of the fatal rose-bush. However, he saw the bare briers in the garden, and took courage. The roses were gone, and Nora, albeit delicate and fragile, was at least alive, and apparently independent of that influence which she had declared to be essential to her existence. Soon, Jerrold thought, would her normal health, strength, and light-heartedness return, fresh as of old, and a new life would begin for them, imbued with all the happiness of that love which he had never realized till now was vitally essential to the human heart.

But we can never erect an edifice of happiness upon a foundation of crime: the very effort to do so proves its own futility. Crime which looks forward to happiness is impenitent and blind to the only true means of deliverance. Never, while that nameless grave contained its awful secret, could Jerrold have cast its burden from his soul. Perhaps he deemed the education and refinement wrought in him by mental suffering and fear to be signs of a chastened spirit and loftier character. But there is a refinement which has nothing to do with what is good and pure, though it may bear strong traits of resemblance. And the coarsest and commonest brutality is safer and more wholesome than refinement such as that.

Jerrold was not allowed to prove this sad truth by the slow test of time. Coming one day unexpectedly into Nora's chamber he saw her lying on the couch, holding fast in her thin white hand a tiny phial, the fragrance of which she inhaled as she slept. He stooped down to examine it, read the writing on the label, and comprehended the whole affair at once. A lowering, evil expression settled upon Jerrold's face; he took hold of the phial to extricate it from his wife's grasp. Her eyes opened instantly, almost terrifying Jerrold with their stern regard. She clutched the phial as convulsively as if it indeed contained the elixir of her life. Then was the slumbering devil in Jerrold's soul once more aroused. It gleamed from his eyes, and hissed beneath his set teeth. He seized Nora's hand violently, and, wrenching it forcibly open, snatched the phial from her, dashed it to the floor, and ground it to atoms beneath his heel. As he did so an involuntary spasm shot through Nora's heart; the air was filled with the pungent and ethereal odor of the thousand roses which had united to form that single precious drop. Nora sank back upon the couch and fixed her eyes, grave and compassionate, yet with a deeper underlying joy, upon her husband. The burst of his fury was now gone, leaving him quaking and appalled. To recall the last few moments he would have given his life, he thought; but the devil, hidden within him, laughed secretly to itself, remembering to have heard a similar tale not so many months ago.

"My poor Jerrold," said Nora, "you have destroyed not me, but yourself. I should have gone with my roses; but feeling that I was your wife, and, as such, pledged to make your welfare my duty, I resolved to live if it were possible, and, as far as I could, to lighten and ennoble your life. To preserve my own I used this, the only efficient means. You, in your blind fury, have defeated my purpose and your own salvation."

Perhaps some mysterious poison had been embodied in the magic fragrance which had permeated Nora's being, and, owing either to its gradual effect, or perchance to her sudden deprivation of it, the life which had hung so long upon a thread received its final blow. Jerrold fell upon his knees and watched her in silent agony. Possibly, had he even at that last moment had courage or true repentance enough to confess the sin which dogged him, he might in a single instant have experienced happiness sufficient to recompense him for years of misery. But the moment—and with it the last opportunity—passed forever. Scarcely had the perfume of the roses vanished quite away from the chamber than Nora also had escaped, and gone to seek its source in the abiding place of every fragrant life that has existed since time began.

The poor unfortunate who could never follow her took the little that remained to him, and laid it beneath the rose-bush in the garden. He could do no more. No one is there now to tell whether the roses still bloom or not.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE admirers of Charles Dickens can not easily lose their interest in the fragmentary work whose conclusion was left, by the sudden death of the author, to the fanciful conjectures of each reader. While some bold hands have penned a *finale* deemed appropriate, there are few who would not prefer to receive the unfinished story as Dickens left it. It is pleasant to know, however, that the author had communicated some general outlines of the scheme of "Edwin Drood" to his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Collins, by whom the design of the illustrated title-page was made. Mr. Collins has revealed the sequel, so far as he knew it, to Mr. Daly, who has undertaken to dramatize the tale. It appears that Edwin Drood was never to reappear, he having been murdered by Jasper. Rosa, not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was to admit the sailor, Mr. Tartar, to supply his place. It was intended that Jasper himself should urge on the search after Edwin Drood, and the pursuit of his murderer, thus endeavoring to direct suspicion from himself to young Landless. This is indicated in the design on the right side of the cover, of the figures hurrying up the spiral staircase, emblematical of a pursuit. They are led on by Jasper, who points unconsciously to his own figure in the drawing at the head of the title. The female figure at the left of the cover reading the placard "Lost," is only intended to illustrate the doubt entertained by Rosa as to the fate of her lover, Drood. The group beneath it indicates the acceptance of another suitor. As to any thing further, it must be purely conjectural.

Rumors of a great "tidal wave," which early in October was to visit the coast of Virginia and the Carolinas, has filled the residents with consternation. Many fled to the interior when they first heard of the prophecy, which was said to have been made by Professor Agassiz. Even when assured that Agassiz never expressed any such opinion, their fright was not allayed. The "prophecy" was doubtless a newspaper invention.

Among the eminent naturalists of the day was Madame Jeannette Power, who recently died in France. She was known as the discoverer of the secret of the manner in which the shell of the nautilus is formed, and her experiments upon the subject are among the most curious of the age. It is to Madame Power that we owe, likewise, the invention of the aquarium. She was much esteemed in the scientific world, a member of most of the European academies of science, and held a grade of high distinction at the Academy of Brussels, and, withal, was so truly feminine and simple-hearted that all this honor and glory was freely given.

Compare the growth of public libraries in Italy with their increase in the United States. In 1870 Italy had twenty-eight public libraries, five of which are in Naples and three in Florence. During the last year the sum total of books added to all the libraries of Italy was but 11,706 volumes. Three American libraries—the New York Mercantile, the Boston Public, and the Library of Congress at Washington—have each added a larger number of books during the same time.

What is fame? A New Orleans paper speaks of Miss Olcott's "Little Men," and again in the same issue alludes to the books of Louisa McAlcott.

The real name of Walter Montgomery was Richard Tomlinson. He was born in Brooklyn, but educated in England, and made his first appearance on the stage in that country. He was noted for eccentric actions, and spent large sums of money in unwise charities. Since his death his friends have entertained many doubts as to his sanity.

It is now known that the art gems of the Louvre collection were removed for safety to Brest before the civil war. On the whole, but little injury has been done to the museums, and lovers of art have had much needless anxiety.

It is pleasant in these days which abound in novels merely sensational, or of positively injurious tendency, to meet with one both good and brilliant. "Eirene," by Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, is peculiarly vivid and graphic from the fact that the experiences of the civil war contained in it were wholly her own. She was the only Northern woman under fire at the battle of Harper's Ferry, or who witnessed the surrender of Maryland Heights. One chapter—the eighteenth—was originally written as a letter for the *Evening Post*, and appeared afterward in the London *Athenæum* under the title of "The Battle of Harper's Ferry, as a Woman saw it." It is easy to perceive that the author has interwoven in this story the real experiences of heart and soul.

About a year ago a wealthy lady residing near the Central Park made a voyage to China and Japan to see if the tea trade could not be so organized as to engage the mercantile ambition of American women. She has recently returned, bringing various reminiscences of her travels. Moreover, she has cargoes of tea on the way hither, and has it in mind to make a practical experiment when they arrive.

The Empress at the time of the declaration of war was engaged in the formation of a society to supply work at home for women, especially for young girls, who had been obliged to work on account of reverses of fortune. This work, rendered more necessary than ever after the disasters of France, is about to be recommenced, and the Empress, though in exile, has willingly become patroness of the society.

The English are complaining that they can not get "a good cup of tea." They accuse Russia and America of appropriating all the finest grades of tea, not leaving any for them.

A delightful mingling of graceful humor and touching pathos is found in "A Daughter of Heth," the latest work of William Black, who bears a high reputation as a novelist both in this country and in England, and is undoubtedly the best living delineator of Scottish scenery and character. This novel has already reached its sixth edition in London, and is there esteemed the most popular story since "Lothair." The scene is laid in the Lowlands of Scotland, and the pictures of life are drawn with a bold and artistic touch.

"L'Armée Terrible" is a new work in which Victor Hugo will describe the misfortunes of France. It is strange, by-the-way, that although Victor Hugo has realized a fortune of £80,000, he is haunted by the dread of poverty.

Cutting tunnels through high mountains is thought nothing of nowadays. Mont Cenis Tunnel having been successfully completed, a French engineer says that there is nothing to hinder a railway being made from Paris to Pekin.

Roseneath Castle is to be made by the Duke of Argyle the Scotch residence of her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. She took a great fancy to it during her sojourn in Scotland. The Princess, by-the-way, is rapidly winning favor with her husband's people. Her charming manners place every one at ease in her presence. At a recent ball given by the Duke of Argyle to his tenants, the Princess danced the Scotch reel with a small farmer, the oldest man on the estate, who conducted his genial and merry partner through the wonderful eccentricities of the Highland dance with the dignity and manners of a Lord Chesterfield.

A remarkable "haul" was that at Greenpoint the other day, when Captain Briggs, while drawing his net in the bay, inclosed thirty sharks. The largest one measured fourteen feet, and the smallest six feet. They were not at all docile, but tore the net terribly.

Liquor dealers in Ohio are forced to take some measures to protect themselves from prosecution under the State law giving damages to the wives of men who buy spirits. The Chilicothe *Register* contains a notice to the wives of intemperate men, asking them to leave the names of their husbands with the secretary of the Liquor Dealers' Association, and promising that no liquor shall be sold to those thus reported.

An English journal contains the following brisk advertisement: "Notice.—If my husband, who left Bristol four years ago, does not return within three months to his wife from this date, she intends to get married."

A story is told concerning a daughter of Sir Walter Scott to this effect: Sir Walter offered her the choice between a dowry of 100,000 francs or "Quentin Durward." She asked to read the MS., took it surreptitiously to a publisher, found that he would give her 120,000 francs, and dutifully and meekly told her father that she would rather have the MS. than the money. Sir Walter was deeply touched by this mark of filial devotion.

Gray's Peak—so named from Professor Gray, of Cambridge—one of the highest of the Rocky range, has really two peaks, one being 14,500 and the other 14,300 feet high. At the height of 11,500 feet the growth of trees stops with singular abruptness. Travelers who climb these mountains will enjoy the fun of struggling through snow-banks, even though it be midsummer.

"I hold," remarks a physician, "that thirty minutes should be spent at each meal, and spent, too, in chewing the food a good portion of the time, and not in continued putting in and swallowing; and in pleasant chat and laugh, instead of the continuance of the intense nervous pressure of the office or library. If you lay out to spend thirty minutes in this way at your meals, you may rest assured you will not eat too much, and what you do eat will be in the best condition for appropriation to the needs of your system."

A sensible old soldier is that who lives near Louisville. Whenever a quarrel with his wife is impending, he takes his tent and frying-pan and some provisions, and camps out until his wife hunts him up and effects a reconciliation.

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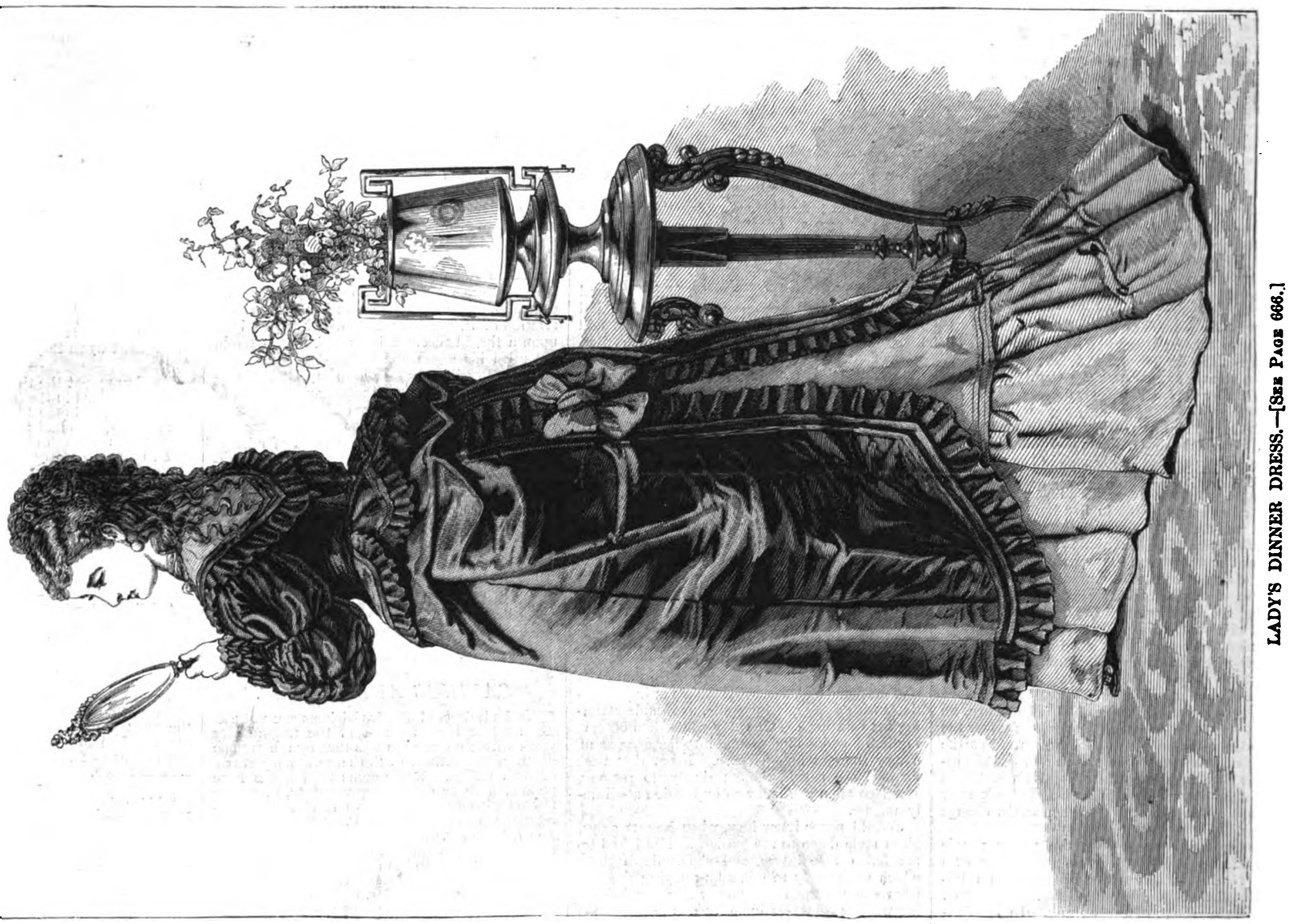

LADY'S DINNER DRESS.—[SEE PAGE 666.]

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOUSE DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 666.]

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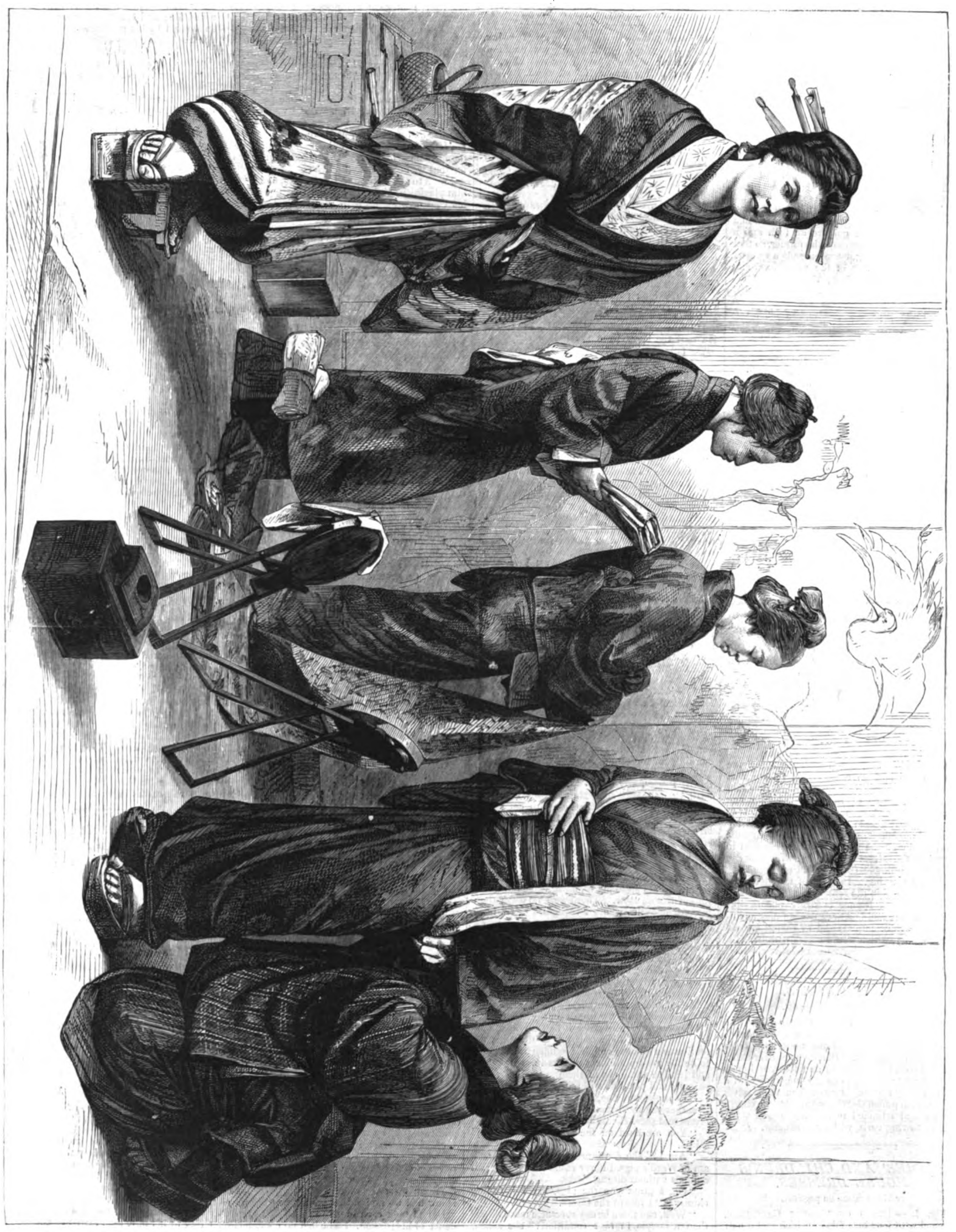
JAPANESE LADIES AT THEIR TOILETTE.

JAPANESE ladies at their toilette are not so very different from their European sisters. Fashion has of late years, either consciously or unconsciously, borrowed some of its ideas from the Land of the Rising Sun, as the Japanese fondly style their native country. The arrangement of the hair especially has a familiar aspect, and made of silken fabric, varying from the gauze for summer wear to the wadded quilts that can withstand the cutting blasts of winter. The women's dress is confined to their waists by a colored wrapper, also of silk, and long enough to wind in perhaps a dozen folds round their bodies. The reader will take note of the convenient mirrors on stands, and the toilette-box, well stocked with cosmetics, for artificial bloom is not unknown in Japan.



JAPANESE LADIES AT THEIR TOILETTE.

though we never saw any European fair one, even on the banks of the Rhine, who stuck so many big pins through her back tresses as the Japanese belle at the extreme left of the picture, it is quite possible that such an arrangement may ere long become the mode. With regard to the dress of the Japanese, a recent writer observes that the loose trowsers and "chimonos" —an outer garment like the mantle of the Jews —of the men and the robes of the women are

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEVER were fashion and politics more closely connected than in our times. Let the latter be disturbed, and the former instantly languishes, suspends its inventions, loses its originality, and sinks to a dead level. But let political affairs assume a settled aspect, and fashion at once resumes its activity, and seeks to rival its past triumphs by new creations. No sooner, therefore, had the proposition been adopted to intrust the power to M. Thiers, and thus insure to the country some stability of government, than the impulse felt in all the workshops of Paris extended to our modistes, who set to work with quickened zeal to devise costumes for the future season.

We know now definitely that dresses with three straight skirts will be worn next winter; but though we chronicle this fashion, we by no means approve of it. It is much less graceful than the draped tunics; in fact, a dress with three straight skirts is like a house with three stories, or a bureau with three drawers; a cumbrous piece of furniture, but not an airy and graceful toilette. In the laudable attempt to banish extravagance we hope that our reformers will not exclude grace; and certainly three-decked dresses can not be regarded as a reform in any direction. In this country of universal suffrage women are free, if not to vote, at least to modify the empire of fashion, and when there is one that seems ungraceful we shall exercise the right of voting against it.

By way of contrast we will describe an elegant costume which we saw the other day at the château of the Marquise de M——, and which was designed for fall receptions.

Skirt of black satin, neither short nor trained, but trailing a little in the back, and trimmed with a satin flounce, arranged in groups of three pleats, each group being separated from the following one by a tab of black velvet. With this skirt was worn a redingote of black cloth. Corsage pointed in front, and with pleated basques behind; above the basques was set a large bow of black velvet. Black velvet revers on the high waist. Sleeves almost tight, with black velvet cuffs. The skirt of the redingote was of

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black cloth, folded back on the hips, and thrown backward; the skirt was consequently entirely open in front, and long enough behind to reach the upper edge of the flounce of the satin skirt. The part of the cloth skirt that was folded back was faced with black velvet; the rest of the edge of the redingote was bordered with a narrow black velvet bias fold. The whole effect was plain almost to severity, but extremely elegant.

In general, the fashion this winter will take a stand between the two extremes. Dresses, with few exceptions, will neither be very short nor with very long trains; bonnets will neither be ridiculously small nor enormously large; wrappings will neither be extremely short nor excessively long, neither quite tight-fitting nor wholly loose. Almost all the cloth wrappings are braided with soutache; and the combination most preferred is color upon color, as we say in Paris; brown soutache on brown cloth, black on black, and so on.

Another pretty costume was composed of a skirt of deep blue faille, with a large redingote of black and white striped taffetas, cut with the waist and skirt in one, the waist being open halfway down, disclosing a blue plastron, and very full sleeves, worn over almost tight sleeves of blue faille. This redingote was open in front, and was trimmed on the edge in the following manner: Take black guipure edging an inch and a half wide, and white guipure an inch and a quarter wide; lay the latter on the former, so that the edge of the black guipure extends a quarter of an inch beyond that of the white lace, and gather them both together; then form of the whole a *coquillée* ruche—that is, set on spirally. The seam made by setting on this ruche is covered with a very narrow bias fold of black taffetas.

Among all the reforms for which we are striving, and which we hope to attain—which is not always the same thing—is one which is on the high-road to accomplishment, and at which all should rejoice. I mean the abolition of the hideous fashion called *maquillage* in the time of the empire. The people of that time were very logical. All had something to conceal; so, to cover up the truth, they painted their faces. This has wholly disappeared. Rouge and pearl powder for the complexion, blue pigment for the veins, and black for encircling the eyes—all this is abandoned to old fools who wear powder, believing that it will fill up and efface their wrinkles. Women show themselves to-day with the complexion that nature has given them—that is, with the only complexion that is in harmony with the color of their eyes and hair; and this hair is no longer dyed blonde or red, as in days of yore. These are not petty reforms, and should not be disdained as such. If they do not reach the height of those which win a world-wide fame, they are interesting signs of the times, and should not be overlooked by acute observers. Where deception prevails in trifles it will be found to rule in greater things; and where extravagance is the mainspring of fashion there is lack of judgment in politics, and ruin is not far off. We chronicle with pleasure the abandonment of all paints and the disgrace of all dyes.

If ennui is fatal to France, its health must be perfect. It has not time to take breath amidst the startling events that follow each other in quick succession, and anniversaries as dangerous to double as Cape Horn—the 15th of August, the 4th of September, the Communist trials, and other occasions when violent demonstrations were predicted by our alarmists, who, nevertheless, saw the epochs come and go quietly. It is true that there was a general feeling of indignation that the representatives of the wretches who had burned Paris and caused the slaughter of so many innocent people should have been let off so cheaply. But Paris is beginning to breathe anew. Though the whole population is clad in mourning, the streets are bustling with activity, and the indomitable courage and energy of the people are reviving. In spite of the Germans, the Commune, and the sentences pronounced on the Communists, France is rising phenix-like from her ashes, and is still capable of disappointing evil prognostications, and of saving herself and humanity, which would perish with her fall.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

DINNER DRESS.

See Illustration on page 664.

THE skirt of this elegant dinner dress is of cherry silk, trimmed with a deep flounce and two narrow folds of the material. High corsage of cherry silk. Black velvet over-skirt, trimmed with satin pleating and folds, and open in the back, where it is caught together with a bow of cherry ribbon. Low-necked black velvet basque, with puffed sleeves, worn over the cherry corsage, and trimmed to match the over-skirt. Hair in flowing curls, without ornament.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOUSE DRESSES.

See Illustration on page 664.

Fig. 1.—DRESS OF GARNET CASHMERE, trimmed with four bias folds an inch and a half wide, each ornamented with a fold of garnet satin. Over-skirt of the same cashmere, trimmed with a pleated flounce surmounted by three bias folds. This trimming is repeated higher up, and simulates a second over-skirt. Bows of black velvet drape the over-skirt on each side. Cashmere basque-waist with flowing sleeves, trimmed with ribbons and bows of black velvet. Three narrow folds and a ruche simulate a pointed collar.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL 7 YEARS OLD. Pleated skirt of blue cashmere. Over-skirt of striped blue and white poplin, trimmed with blue cashmere folds and bows.

Fig. 3.—SUIT OF OLIVE BROWN CASHMERE. Skirt trimmed with six bias folds of cashmere of the same color, but a darker shade, bound on each side with white. Over-skirt trimmed with two similar folds and woolen fringe. Basque-waist and flowing sleeves, trimmed with narrower folds and fringe. The same trimming simulates a sailor collar.

THE LIFE BOUQUET.

THE young flowers woke in the arms of Spring,
And Life knit a bright band round them—
Its woof was woven where Love was king,
And softly his meshes bound them.

And sweetly and fairly did they glow,
In spirit and seeming kin;
Alike as safe from the chill of woe
As the canker blight of sin.

So dreamed the hope: but the Summer came,
With his daring, passionate breath;
Withered and scorched in the beautiful flame,
Some bright buds shrank to death.

And Autumn came, with his cold gray eves,
His mornings bleak and dreary;
And they faded and fell, some more soft leaves,
Of the changing seasons weary.

"Alas, for my lovely flowers!" sighed Life,
As he gazed on the few remaining:
They were all unmeet for the toil and strife,
And the long path's lonely paining.

But Winter listened his bitter sigh;
He whispered hope and cheering;
He sent the snow from the hollow sky,
To fall where the leaves lay searing.

And under its covering, cold and sad,
The broken bands united;
And the flowers of Life new birthday had
In the land no death-winds blighted.

MY BIG BLUNDER.

AT the age of twenty-five the life of a London bachelor is seductive to a heathen imagination, but afterward it grows less pleasant to contemplate. One gets selfish, and a selfish man deteriorates rapidly. So it was a shock to me to brush a gray hair one morning out of my celibate whiskers. Abnormal? No: a careful investigation showed that there were more where that came from. I sat down, a brush in either hand, and contemplated. When I rose to complete my toilette I had determined to marry Sarah Hervy as soon as possible.

Sarah was a superior girl, there can be no doubt about that; men called her strong-minded, eccentric, and were rather afraid of her, not but what there were plenty of them ready to brave any danger there might be. She preferred historical, biographical, and even philosophical books to novels. She had found out a simple style of dress which suited her, and kept to it, only allowing such modifications as were necessary to avoid an appearance of affected indifference to the prevailing fashions. The instinct was a true one, for her principal beauty lay in a certain classical grace, a soft dignity, which I can not attempt to describe, but which would certainly have been marred by florid dressing.

Though I knew that other men had tried and failed, I felt fairly confident. "She has more head than heart," said Maurice, for example, "and it will take a clever fellow to get round her." Exactly; but I *was* a clever fellow (reader gasps)—in my own estimation. ("Oh, that is different!")

Very different, indeed, I have found it out since. But, to confess the truth, a more conceited coxcomb than your humble servant, at the time I am speaking of, never leaned over the rails of Rotten Row. There were no fewer than five young ladies whom I thought I could have for the asking, and Sarah Hervy was one of them. I was on very intimate terms with her, it was true; but directly I tried positive flirtation I found that she would not drop into my mouth quite so readily as I had anticipated. She was intelligent, friendly, lively, confidential even to a certain extent, but most difficult to make love to. For example, we were engaged one day in art criticism, counting the leaves on a Pre-Raphaelite ivy-bush to see whether it had a realistic allowance, when I took occasion to draw her attention to a spooney couple, intended by the artist to be the most prominent objects in the picture, and tried to make use of them. "What would painters and poets do without love?" I began.

"I can not imagine," said she: "how strange it is that the most unpleasant things in nature, lovers and pigs, should be so pleasing in art!"

"You are hard on the poor things, surely," said I.

"Am I?" she continued. "Well, fond as I am of Ward's pigs, I never could look at the real animals without disgust."

"Oh, I grant you the pigs," said I, feeling clumsy; "I meant the lovers."

"Well, can there be any spectacle more idiotic than a couple in *that* condition?" she asked, pointing to the picture.

"The question sounds cruel, coming from one so calculated to reduce a man to it."

"There!" she said, with a frown, and a petulant tapping of the foot; "that is the worst of being a girl; one can not talk freely without being suspected of fishing for compliments."

Of course I knew that Miss Sarah's sentiments would become modified when the right man turned up; but I was evidently not the right man—at present, at all events. She was not to be carried by assault, as I had hoped. I must attack according to the rules. Love must be disguised as friendship; flattery must be implied rather than expressed. Above all, I must maintain the opinion which I knew she had of my abilities; for she quite worshiped talent.

I learned the *Athenæum* by heart every Sunday. I did. My memory was wonderful in those days. And Miss Hervy, who did not see that journal, credited me with having read all the books, heard all the music, formed an independent judgment on the plays and pictures, mastered the astronomical, geological, philosophical discoveries chronicled in its pages from week to week.

My plans were disconcerted by the Hervys going out of town. Mr. Hervy was a director of a hundred boards; Mrs. Hervey was not Sarah's mother, but the second wife, with a tendency to bronchitis, which sent the family to a house they had near Ventnor when spring returned with all its sweets, east wind included, and the period of migration had now arrived. But I was not utterly checkmated, for I knew that my friend Freshet had a castle somewhere at the back of the Isle of Wight, and would be too glad to go there if he could get any fellow to stay with him, for that was his constant object.

I went to the club we both belong to, and found him playing at billiards, and smoking a pipe with his coat of arms on it in alt-relief. I said the pipe was coloring; I praised his game; I spoke of yachting, which he lived for, and promised to take a cruise with him. We dined together, and spoke of the castle, which turned out to be within a couple of miles of the Hervys' place. He asked me to go down there with him. I agreed. He said he would make up a party, and wrote to the housekeeper to get rooms ready that very evening. You might do any thing with Freshet if you knew how to play him.

I had known him at school and at college, poor fellow—yet why "poor fellow?" He was rich and happy; and if he had a vague, uneasy semi-consciousness at times that people were laughing at him, it did not seriously damage his self-complacency or his digestion. But one always says "poor fellow" of a good-natured man who is below the average in wits, and Freshet was certainly that. Three men besides myself agreed to be Freshet's guests, and I was somewhat annoyed to find that they were all admirers of the girl I had calculated on monopolizing. The reason was simple: Freshet had gone about asking all the men he knew, and only those who were attracted by the knowledge that the fair Sarah was in the neighborhood accepted the invitation. It was a case of natural selection. It did not promise to be a very cordial group. However, I flattered myself that my presence was much more injurious to their chances than theirs was to mine; and as each of them had probably arrived at a similar conclusion in his own favor, and as, moreover, we were all men of the world, and not Arcadians, we rubbed along very well together. We never alluded to the secret attraction which had drawn us individually to the castle, but pretended intense interest in the place and neighborhood. Were those cottagers Freshet's tenants? Was there really once a ditch and a draw-bridge? Was that pig-sty part of the old keep?

Chorus. "By Jove!"

On the morning after our arrival some one proposed a stroll over to Ventnor; some one else said, "By-the-bye, were not the Hervys at home?" It was then averred that Hervy was a "rattling good fellow" (which I take to mean one who has jingling materials in his pockets), and that it was a moral duty to look him up. So we called, and a queer game of courtship was started. Four competitors and only one prize, and no younger or elder sisters or other spinsters to divide our attentions and make things less awkward. What a pretty tournament we might have got up, if such things had not gone out of fashion!

And as if four lovers were not enough for one girl, our host took the Sarah fever very badly, to our great amusement; for when we were at home, and not occupied with whist or pool, we amused ourselves by mystifying Freshet; and his present passion, which seemed to us outrageous, formed a new subject for the exercise of our wits.

The fact was that I found myself a great deal less alone with Miss Hervy than I had been in London even, and my weekly cram of *Athenæum* was for the most part lost labor. Indeed, two of my old rivals showed country accomplishments which threw me somewhat in the background. One rode, and the other croqueted in a very superior manner; and though I did not fear lest such frivolities should make any real impression on so lofty an intelligence as Sarah's, I did not quite like the opportunities thus afforded to men who were undeniably among the cleverest of the fops who dangled about her. Prudence suggested that it would be well to spoil their little games when possible, even if I could not at the moment profit directly by the manœuvre; for, of course, I could not often interrupt a rival's *tête-à-tête* personally without a row. So, whenever Martingale's riding-lesson or Mallet's instruction in croquet appeared to be growing dangerously confidential, I set Freshet at them. The honest fellow had no notion that his guests were his rivals, and took each of us in turn into the confidence of his passion. So he had no compunction whatever in falling in with my views whenever I suggested that he should constitute himself an odious third. "It was nothing to Martingale or Mallet, but he was spoons in that quarter," he reasoned.

The others did not perceive my manœuvre or make reprisals, and as Freshet never took the initiative, I was left in peace when I managed in my turn to secure the ear of the fair Sarah.

"Why do you all laugh at Mr. Freshet?" she inquired on one of these occasions.

"I don't know. People always have," I answered. "He was the only child I ever heard of who practically attempted to catch birds by sprinkling salt on their tails."

"Did you see him?"

"No; the first time I ever witnessed his *naïveté* was later, when we were school-boys together, and watching the sale of a horse. The purchaser, after having stroked his legs down, etc., *secundum artem*, went to his mouth. 'Rising seven,' said the would-be seller.

"'Ay, all that,' replied the other.

"'How did he know the horse's age?' Freshet asked me; and I, being a country-bred lad, was so amused by his greenness that I replied, 'Did you not see the gray hairs about his nose?'

"'Oh!' said Freshet, quite contented.

"Presently afterward we met a gray.

"'What an old horse *that* must be!' cried Freshet."

"It was a perfectly natural deduction from the information you had given him," said Sarah, smiling.

"Perfectly; his blunders always are. That is what gives them their piquancy."

"I see," said she; "his nature is so trusting that no amount of experience can break him of placing confidence in his fellow-creatures. Well, perhaps he deserves to be laughed at."

It was evident that Sarah's kind heart did not approve of the flippant manner in which we were in the habit of treating the man whose hospitality we enjoyed, and I resolved not to quiz him again in her presence. And indeed, when I thought about it, I was ashamed of making a butt of him at all, and determined to discontinue the practice. And yet, so powerful is custom, I put the most cruel hoax possible upon him the very next day; for, bored by his praises of an object I could appreciate so much better, and irritated by professions of a love which seemed to burlesque my own, I told him that it was wonderful he was so blind as not to see his passion was returned.

As usual, he put implicit faith in my words; the idea of irony or "chaff" never occurred to him. "I should never have dreamed it!" he cried, grasping my hand. "What a thing it is to have a friend!"

He hurried off to the stables, and in five minutes I heard him cantering along the road. My heart smote me; I had no idea he would be so prompt. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and presently Martingale and Mallet, who were always late, came down to breakfast. "Where's Freshet?" asked Mallet.

"Gone to propose to Miss Hervy," said I, and they roared. Freshet, of all blockheads, to rush in where—hum—ha!—really intellectual beings feared to offer! We waited his reappearance as a gourmand watches the twisting of the Champagne wire. At lunch-time he arrived—his horse in a foam, his neck-tie twisted. He grasped my hand: I felt very guilty.

"Don't be excited, old fellow," I stammered; "I had no idea that you would rush off like that. If I was mistaken—"

"I'm your debtor for life! Congratulate me, you others: I have offered to Miss Hervy, and been accepted."

Chorus. "Accepted!"

"Yes. I should never have dared ask if it had not been for Penyolin."

I thought there must be a mistake, but there was not; and they were married in the June following, I acting as Freshet's best man. That was ten years ago. They are the happiest couple I ever knew, and so grateful to me! If ever you want to get any thing out of Mrs. Freshet, talk to her husband, and pretend to show deference to what he says: she will subscribe, safe.

EXTREMITIES.

THE HEAD AND HANDS.

MOTHER NATURE is continually turning out into the world specimens of her admirable workmanship complete in every part—astonishing little machines, with a resistless motive power beating inside, and five senses to keep watch and ward over the delicate mechanism, in comparison with which the most perfect steam-engine ever elaborated by man is mere child's play. These minute creations no sooner appear than they are ignominiously swathed in flannel, jealously guarded from the light of day, and buried beneath layers of blankets, as though their appearance was a disgrace tolerated from necessity, but at the same time rigorously concealed from the public gaze. As the months pass, existence demands air, and slowly the layers are removed, until the solemn little face is exposed, and two small mottled fists are allowed to escape from the bandages. But here indulgence stops, and through the long years of its pilgrimage upon earth the human animal is doomed to wear its wrappings as the beast wears its skin, with this difference only, that the beast peacefully enjoys his one unchangeable suit, while civilized man is obliged to dress and undress himself seven hundred and thirty times in the year, to say nothing of extra laws imposed by fashion, which swell the number up into the thousands, and fully explain the suicide of the Frenchman who shot himself because he was so tired of taking off and putting on his stockings. Submitting to his fate, man learns to endure his straitjacket, and defines himself as a clothes-bearing animal for the rest of his days. Grateful for the freedom of two of his extremities—his head and hands—he even wears his boots with resignation, plodding along his weary way, and occasionally relieving the monotony of his existence by investigations into the hidden mysteries of that dominant extremity, his brain.

The head, then, has been an object of interest since the earliest ages. It has been described, dissected, and generally extolled until man almost forgets that he has other extremities in the

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investigation of the laws of phrenology, physiognomy, facial æsthetics, or scalpel analysis, according to his varying taste. Four of the senses are lodged in the head, and undoubtedly it is an important portion of the human frame, as any one will find who tries to get along without it. But, by way of variety, can nothing be said of the humbler members, the hands and feet—those faithful servants who obey so implicitly the mandates of their ruler? Where would the civil engineer be if his hands mutinied under him? what would the general do if his foot-soldiers deserted the camp?

The hands, then, come first in order; and let us begin with a good, hearty hand-shake, the well-known sign of American nationality, and in itself an amusing test of character. Who ever saw a mean, niggardly man grasp his neighbor's hand, and shake it heartily with open good-will? No; with his dry fingers he doles out a miserly little clutch, clawing your skin with his nails, as though he hoped to hook some advantage out of you before letting go. A timid man hastily puts out his hand and just touches your fingers, nervously retreating as soon as possible, in evident relief. An irresolute man slowly slides his hand into yours, and just as you are expecting a firmer clasp the limp fingers drop away, and your hand closes on nothing. A nervous man, if he shakes hands at all, will squeeze your fingers like a vise: and a hypocrite, with his clammy palm, betrays his double purpose in his uncomfortably loose but at the same time tenacious hold, in which your hand can not find a firm abiding-place, but slips around in the dampness most unpleasantly.

In the matter of hand-shaking between the sexes, there is at times a subtile magnetism which accounts for many of the sudden fancies that take possession of our gentle sisters, to the bewilderment of their slow, prosaic relatives. A timid, irresolute, bashful way of shaking hands is secretly despised by these little hypocrites, whose sense of touch is delicately keen; and as they withdraw their slender palms they mentally consign the unfortunate stranger to the regions of pitying contempt, along with other worthy young men, who, for various equally trivial reasons, are riddled with ridicule through and through, and never know it. These fine distinctions in the science of palmistry are seldom applicable on the opposite side, because ladies are in the habit of shaking hands by rule in a conventional fashion, with no personality about it whatever; and so general is this practice that a young widow of our acquaintance once became a belle from no other quality than her way of shaking hands. Whether intentionally or not remains a secret, but, instead of standing off at arms-length and stiffly extending the tips of inanimate fingers, this dark-eyed little woman would walk up to a visitor, giving no sign of extending her arm until she was close upon him, and then, when only a few inches apart, the hand was graciously offered, and the frank, cordial grasp seemed to say, "I am sincerely glad to see you—*you* above all others!"

The hand is an index of the disposition; and although the pressure of outside circumstances may have modified the original characteristics, the hand shows what nature intended the person to be, and what he would be if left to take his own way. The artistic hand, for instance, with its extremely taper fingers and pink, almond-shaped nails, was never intended for work; and although you may find such hands toiling in the heaviest tasks, you may know that necessity or stern principle is forcing them along contrary to taste and inclination, and that if the outside pressure should cease they would instantly relax into happy indolence or a graceful trifling with æsthetics, such as painting flowers or cherub heads, playing fragments of dreamy music, turning the leaves of rare books, peeling a luscious peach, or holding up to the light a crystal glass with the red wine shining through the carved grape leaves on its border. Women with artistic fingers are apt to play with fancy-work, making little tableaux of their white hands and colored wool; but their normal condition is absolute indolence, sitting in an easy-chair arrayed in soft silken robes with their lovely helpless hands crossed upon their laps, perfect pictures of *dolce far niente*. Such women, if they have money, lead happy lives, generous in every thing but personal exertion, and generally considered models of amiability; if they are so unfortunate as to be poor, principle or affection may inspire them to work, but it will never come easily to them, and in spite of the best intentions they will remain inefficient to the last. The same may be said of men with extremely taper fingers: while rich they are charming members of society; but if poverty comes, woe to their wives! On them will fall all the burden and heat of the day.

Another variety is the plebeian hand, broad and short, with coarse large fingers, finished with stumpy ends, and round nails with no sign of the half-moon upon their thick white surface. These hands are made for work—not the skillful mechanism or deft manipulation of the higher crafts, but simply that active strength and indiscriminating energy that can wield a shovel or scrub a floor with unapproachable celerity, although they would pause helplessly before a cabinet-maker's tools or a sewing-machine. These are the hands that extend our railroads across the country, pile the bricks for our houses, and carry our mammoth trunks up into the fifth story of hotels; these are the hands that wash our clothes, scrub our floors, and build our fires; their hearty, good-natured, blundering owners are invaluable helpers in the land, and without their strength we should be but a puny nation. In democratic America the plebeian hand is often seen among the wealthy, but no amount of care is able to disguise its character. Pretty, rosy-cheeked girls, whose broad, plump hands have never been hardened by a moment's work, and whose short fingers sparkle with diamonds, may endeavor to appear elegantly languid like their taper-fingered companions, but in spite of themselves their true nature breaks out in a romp with their little brothers in the back-yard, or the zest with which, at a later day, they enter into a general house-cleaning. They are never so happy as when at work; and, to straighten out the tangles of the world, they ought to marry the taper-fingered men, for they have energy enough in their honest, good-natured souls to carry the graceful idlers along all the days of their life without a murmur or even a consciousness of the true state of the matrimonial team.

A third variety between the two already mentioned is what may be called the mechanical hand, large and well shaped, with firm, straight fingers and square, broad nails—the hand of the useful and successful worker in every department of life. When you see such a hand you know that it can do something; and although it may belong to the millionaire, you feel sure that if all his wealth should disappear in one night, by the next that hand would be successfully employed in some unaccustomed but naturally appropriate work; and if it should belong to a petted heiress, you know it could readily earn its living in some of the deft occupations of women, and enjoy it too right heartily. These are the hands of our best surgeons, who carry life and death in their fingers. These are the hands of our best artists; for although there are many fragmentary and spasmodic musicians and painters among the taper fingers, their genius is marred by their indolence, and the mechanical hand carries off their honors. These are the hands of the skillful craftsmen, the machinists and the engineers, who hold in their grasp the chained giant, and make him labor for the world. These are the hands of the practical man who, whatever may be his position or wealth, is not ashamed to mend a hinge, repair a clock, trim a church for Christmas, make a swing at a picnic, or even light a fire and cook the dinner if the servants have deserted and the wife is sick. Every nail such hands drive in holds, every parcel they tie up stays tied; in short, every thing they do they do it with their might, and therein lies the secret of their success.

Mixed in between these grand divisions are numerous composite hands partaking of the characteristics of all three, and denoting a mixture of the same qualities. Sometimes a family will preserve a particular mould for generation after generation, but usually a cross-breed alters the type, and the hands become conglomerate. The American hand, generally speaking, is small both in men and women, and, incased in a glove, presents quite a contrast by its delicacy to the English and Continental hand; but remove the glove, and the contrast is the other way—the imperfect shape and irregular fingers of the New World sinking into insignificance beside the statuesque outlines and shapely proportions of the Old World hand, large perhaps, but perfect enough for a sculptor's model. According to American ideas, the antique statues have hands too large for beauty, or, as a Manhattan belle once expressed it when looking at the Venus de Medici, "she must have worn sevens at least." The famous Venus of Milo is moulded on so majestic a scale that we can easily imagine the grand sweep of the noble arms and the rounded curve of the perfect hand in spite of the missing marble: a goddess, indeed! but where could she find a hand mighty enough to grasp hers? Certainly not among the men of the nineteenth century; her shapely fingers would crush their soft palms at the first grasp. The hand is a test of the artist, both sculptor and painter; he may succeed with the face, but in nine cases out of ten he puts in a conventional hand, as though it was a matter of no importance; whereas, in reality, every hand has an expression of its own as decided as that of the face, and should be as carefully copied. Why should the hand be idealized more than the face? and in portraits where truth is the object sought, why should all the hands be lies? To the eye of affection the hand is dear just as it is. A wife thinks the hand of her husband one of the dearest things on earth, hard-working though it be; and the lover cherishes for the fair little hand of his mistress a poetical tenderness worthy of the days of chivalry; he puts the ring on that slender third finger, and vows to love and protect his youthful bride; and although she grows old as time glides on, and the ring is worn to a mere thread, he still sees under the wrinkles that fair little hand that was laid so confidingly in his he is afraid to think how many years ago.

The ancient science of palmistry, although now out of fashion, has quite as much truth in its axioms as phrenology or physiognomy, and, to be just, quite as much nonsense. If the two lines which cross the palm horizontally run into each other on the thumb side, one is sure to be hanged, which it is a comfort to know; not that we have ever seen a hand where those two lines did run into each other, but we are still hopefully on the look-out. The line of life, too, is a versatile division, which changes its length with every change of gloves; and the line of poetry is entirely obliterated by harnessing a horse or sweeping a room. But, in spite of these discrepancies, there is something in the doctrine of the thumb. A large, long thumb denotes power, and all great men are said to have large thumbs, just as they are said to have large noses. If the thumb is long from the second joint to the end it denotes great obstinacy, or if you please, determination; and careful observation will show that this is generally true, as well as the converse proposition, that those who have this joint short are amiable and yielding. This buoy, showing the vicinity of the dreaded rock, may be useful to mariners about to launch their barks upon the unknown sea of matrimony. Stretch out your hands, ye gentle blondes; your thumbs betray you; for almost universally the second joint is long, and your innate obstinacy stands revealed. It is time the subject should be handled without gloves, and the truth proclaimed from the house-tops. Brunettes may blaze into fiery anger, and sparks may scintillate from their sharp speeches, but it is soon over; whereas, for steady, systematic, enduring obstinacy, give me a dove-eyed, low-voiced blonde. Grant is a blonde, and his famous saying, "I intend to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," is but a characteristic utterance of the temperament to which he belongs. His obstinacy won his battles. But, after all, it is only in the feminine hand that the length of the thumb becomes an important question. Men have so much obstinacy, any way, that the exact quantity more or less is of small interest. What do we care whether the water is thirty or thirty-one feet over our heads, provided we are to be drowned in it all the same? As people grow old their hands seem to acquire a general expression of the general character. Misers' fingers look like clutching claws; epicures have fat, pulpy fingers, luxurious in every motion; nervous, vacillating people play with the table ornaments, scribble on book margins, break paper-cutters, trifle with pieces of string, or beat tattoos upon their chair arms until steady-going old gentlemen, vexed in the profoundest depths of their orderly souls, rise in sudden wrath and leave the room. As a point of etiquette it is quite an art to manage the hands and keep them in graceful repose; in short, the science of good manners may be summed up in these words—to know how to keep still. The size of the hand is a matter of taste, although common-sense dictates that a man's hand should be large and a woman's small. When we see a man with little, puny fingers placing the wedding-ring upon a hand twice as large as his own, we feel the incongruity, although, no doubt, the sturdy wife will take good care of him; and there is no law to prevent little men from marrying large women, as they so often do. A small hand is out of place on a man, and one is afraid that in an emergency it will be found wanting; and if, in addition, it is soft and white, we immediately associate it with ribbons and tapes, pomatum and gorgeous neck-ties—the inevitable sweet William behind the counter. Red hands accompany youth; young persons scarcely ever have white hands—one of the few beauties belonging to the afternoon of life. Active young blood rushes to the surface, and growing youths gaze with despair at their beet-colored hands. Time alone can remedy the difficulty, unless it is caused by a tight armhole or tight lacing, in which case the scissors are prescribed.

The wrist belongs to the hand, because it can scarcely ever be concealed, in spite of the well-starched cuffs of the gentlemen, or the broad bracelets of the ladies. A beautiful wrist is a rare beauty, an ugly wrist a common defect. On a man the wrist should be strong, smooth, and not disfigured by visible tendons or knobs; on a woman the wrist should be small, round, and delicately veined inside, gradually increasing in size above; for no matter how small the wrist may be, it is not beautiful if there is nothing but wrist all the way up.

Gloves are a sign of the wearer's taste, and it is said you can always tell a lady by her gloves. However that may be, the study of gloves is amusing, from the four-buttoned lavender of the belle down to the white cotton glove of the negro waiter. Gentlemen, as a rule, scorn to fasten their gloves, and having souls above buttons, they consider the gaping corners a masculine prerogative. Ladies are apt to wear gloves that are too small, cramping their hands into an unnatural shape that would wound the sensitive eye of a sculptor, who knows that no hand was ever intended to look like a block of wood, the same size from top to bottom. When you see a lady under forty years of age whose gloves are so long that the empty tips flap loosely far beyond the ends of her fingers, and so large that the wrinkled kid envelopes her hand in shapeless folds, you may know she is without hope in the world. She may be busily employed, she may be an advocate for female suffrage, she may be rich, but, all the same, she is a desolate creature, caring little as regards her own personality for the present, and expecting nothing from the future. Give that forlorn palm a hearty shake, ye chivalrous-hearted brothers, say a kind word to the cheerless face, for those gloves are a sign that the last gleam of hope has departed, feminine vanity is dead, and all is over!

A CHINESE FUNERAL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE deceased was the wife of a Chinese doctor, and the funereal feast was spread upon tables placed in the open street. These tables were covered with all sorts of edibles, including pyramids of fruit and *whole* cooked and uncooked hogs.

The rose-wood coffin was at one end of the principal table, and beside it stood a man muttering Chinese words, and making a hideous noise with clashing cymbals. Twelve women with white cloths wrapped about their heads and faces walked round about the coffin; one of these women carried an infant with its head also enveloped with a white cloth. This infant, we believe, was the child of the deceased. The balconies of the houses on both sides of the narrow street were crowded with women in their strange head-dresses, looking on with smiling and cheerful faces, without any appearance of sadness, for all were paid mourners. After the display had been well exhibited, amidst much shouting, noise, and confusion, the hack-drivers and express-men drove through the crowd, and took the corpse, mourners, and feast to the grave-yard. When they arrived there the tables were again spread, as an offering to the spirit of the deceased, the women kneeling round, howling and making a great noise, in which the baby also joined; but whether it did so from fright caused by the fearful noise, or in response to a severe pinching, we can not decide, although we are inclined to think that it did so from the latter cause.

At the last each person received a pair of chop-sticks, which he partially burned and then stuck in the ground, and to each was given from a bag a small piece of paper containing money. The body was placed in the receiving vault; the tables and edibles were reloaded on the wagons, and the funeral procession returned home.

The bodies of the deceased are placed in the receiving vault to await the annual shipment back to China; for once a year a mandarin sends a vessel to California for this purpose, all the resident Chinese uniting, Masonic fashion, in paying the expense.

It has been stated in some of the newspapers that the door of the receiving vault used by the Chinese is splashed with blood; but this is not so. The door is simply covered with unsightly splashes of red wax, coming from the tapers burned in front of it. These are placed on little sticks, like small rocket sticks, and left swealing in the wind until burned up or blown out, and splashing the door with the melted wax.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO CLEANSE A BOTTLE OR CASTER CRUET THAT HAS CONTAINED SAUCE, ETC.—Any bottle, etc., can be cleaned by dropping in about a tea-spoonful of shot, and then putting in some warm suds, shaking up and down. Dry the shot for another time. If you have not shot on hand, a few small and smooth pebbles out of the garden alley will answer.

Bottles that have held rose-water should never be used for any flavoring extracts. The spirits are destroyed at once.

To remove the cork from a bottle when it has fallen in, take a strong piece of twine, passing it into the bottle double, holding the ends in your hand; slip it so that the string will be around the cork, which must be in a position to slip out. Draw the string gently, and the cork will come out with it.

In buying flour always look at the color. If it is white, with a slight straw-color tint in it, buy it; but refuse it if it is a bluish-white, or has small black specks in it. Then wet a little of it, and knead it between the fingers. If it works sticky, it is poor. Try it again by squeezing some of it in your hand. If it retains the shape given to it by the hand, it is a good sign.

TO RID A PLACE OF ANTS.—Have a large sponge; wash it well and squeeze dry, which will leave the cells wide open. Put it on a plate, and sprinkle some fine white sugar over it, not letting any go on the plate. The ants will soon collect upon the sponge. Dip it into scalding water, which will kill them at once. Squeeze out the water, and repeat until all are gone.

Peach kernels or rose leaves steeped in brandy make an agreeable flavor for puddings, cakes, etc.

APPLE FLOAT.—One pint of stewed apples; when cold, sweeten and flavor to taste. Just as you want to send to table, add the beaten whites of four eggs, lightly stirred into it. With cream this makes a nice dessert.

Apples stewed for sauce should be pared, cored, and put into cold water until they are ready to be cooked, to keep them from discoloring. Add a little water, putting them in a porcelain kettle or stew-pan. Cover them, and let them cook gently. Look at them often to see if they need more water, but do not stir them until they are done, or you will have them lumpy and rough; when soft, stir and mash, add a little butter, run through a colander, sweeten, and set away to get cold.

Make a nice crust, and line a bowl with it that has been well buttered; fill with sliced apples, and sugar enough to sweeten them, the peel and juice of one lemon. Cover with crust, pinch the edges together, flour a cloth and tie it around the top of the bowl very securely, so that it will not slip, and put into fast-boiling water; boil from one and a half to two hours, according to size, not letting it stop at all, and keeping it well covered with water. Eat with cream, or a sauce of butter and sugar.

APPLE SOUFFLET (very nice).—Stew the apples just as you do for sauce, adding a little lemon peel and juice, omitting the butter; lay them pretty high around the inside of a baking dish. Make a custard of the yolks of two eggs to one pint of milk; add a little cinnamon and sugar. Let it cool, and then pour it into the dish; beat the whites, and spread over the top, browning it a little in the oven. Sprinkle a small quantity of sugar over it: it will brown sooner. The apples should be about half an inch thick at the bottom and sides of the dish.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Pare, core, and stew ten apples in as little water as possible; season as sauce, putting in a very little butter. Put into a pudding-dish in a cool oven; add the beaten whites of four eggs as you would icing; sprinkle sugar on top, and brown. A little custard may be used, instead of apple, in cups, sweetening and flavoring it.

APPLE PUDDING (very good).—One quart of grated apples that have been pared but not cooked; add to it a quarter of a pound of melted butter, half a pound of white sugar, cinnamon or any spice that may be wished, yolks of eight eggs, beaten; then the beaten whites. Have the pie-dish lined with puff paste, fill up with the apple mixture, and bake as any other custard pie.

APPLE COBBLER WITHOUT CRUST.—Two pounds of pared, cored, and sliced apples. Put them into a pan that can be covered; add one pound white sugar, juice of three lemons, grated rind of half a lemon; cook two hours, put into a mould, and eat with cream. Delicious.

TAPIOCA PUDDING (delicious).—A quarter of a pound of tapioca; soak overnight; in the morning pour off, and put in one and a quarter quarts of boiling water; sweeten and flavor to taste. Take six or eight apples, tart ones, pare, core, and stand them in a baking dish; fill the middle with sugar and a little cinnamon, pour the tapioca over, and bake until the apples are done. Eat cold with cream. If preferred, the apples can be pared, cored, and cut smallish; put into the dish, and pour over the tapioca, baking until done. If you want to make it in a hurry, instead of soaking overnight, pour boiling water on in the morning, and stir until it looks like thin starch.

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WILL IT PAY?

MY girl is not in the least like Edith Lisle, but she greatly admires Edith, and is only too ready to defer to her always. I think Edith's success with her, and with others, is owing chiefly to her inches; she is nearly six feet in height, and is an exceedingly stately young person. I am never sorry when Maud perceives that she has ground for differing from her in opinion, or for criticising her in action. I hope I am not quite dead to the delight mortals feel when they see for an instant their ideal personified; but this headlong worship of young people for each other, charming as it may be in some of its aspects, is also most painful. We all know what comes of it in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

We stay at Dr. Lisle's when we are in town. I do not refer to the Rev. Dr. Lisle, but his brother. The doctor was my father's friend, and when they bought their house they assigned a room to me, which I was glad to furnish. There are also boarders in the house who are not transient. I went there with Maud on the day we visited Rag Fair, and was amused to hear Mrs. Markham say to Miss Traver, after dinner, when we went into the parlor,

"Now, my dear, let us have your report of the day."

Miss Traver is accustomed to this kind of catechising, and likes it, and I felt quite certain that, as she was in her usual good spirits, we should have something like a lively argument, which would be as beneficial to my girl as a lecture on mental philosophy or moral science. Miss Traver is quite handsome, and a belle in her circle. In speech she is rather reckless, and so inspires, I am inclined to think, a sort of "pleasing fear." Nobody knows what she will say on any subject; it is only evident that she will say the thing that is uppermost in her mind, and it will please, pain, or offend as happens. I have sometimes felt, though, that destitute as she appears of reticence and tact, she has really a more than usual share of each.

Mrs. Markham is a lady who has been compelled to look after her own affairs, having met, since the death of her husband, as she tells me, nobody whom she felt she could rely upon as she could upon herself. Whether she has reason to trust herself you may judge. She was left with property valued at fifty thousand dollars, and has multiplied that sum by four, and the doctor says that her investments are considered as safe as any that are made.

Miss Traver answered this lady:

"Went shopping; bought a camel's-hair shawl for a doll; drove in the Park—*drove*, mind; lunched at Delmonico's; am going to the opera."

While this answer was being made I could see Maud's eyes fixing into a kind of stare, which makes her look sometimes as if she had a "vision." At such moments I fancy the mists which lie around the horizon lift, and reveal to her an expanse of which she had not dreamed. Sometimes I feel that it would be worth all I have to give to be able to penetrate to the secret of her thoughts in such moments. I might then discover that this business I have undertaken is really less fearful than I sometimes feel it to be.

Edith Lisle stood by the piano, with her hand on a parcel which had been brought in while we were at dinner. She had eagerly opened it, and after a glance of satisfaction had turned from it again. I noticed now that her hand moved over the package nervously, as if she wanted to say something about it, yet doubted the wisdom of doing so.

"Nonsense about the doll. I believe the rest, though," she said.

Maud looked relieved. This was, apparently, just what she had been thinking.

"The doll is the truest part of the account," said Miss Traver; "though the rest of it is true enough. I went shopping with Mrs. Drake. Florence is going away to boarding-school."

"Florence Drake!" exclaimed Mrs. Markham. "Why, how old is the child? It seems but the other day I had her in my arms, a baby."

"She is ten," said Miss Traver.

"And going to boarding-school!"

"With her doll," answered Miss Traver.

"And her doll's camel's-hair shawl," added Edith, slowly.

"Any thing, I suppose, to get rid of a responsibility," said Mrs. Markham. "First, it was housekeeping that was too much for Mrs. Drake, and now it's the care of her child. I wonder she can take the trouble to breathe. Girls, I know how that woman began. Every thing was a bore. A fine republic we shall have in two or three generations, with such mothers managing our homes for us! Think of shopping like that! I would sooner put my purse into the hands of an idiot. If she were the daughter of a king—a born princess—there might be some excuse for her ignorance of what she might see and hear, and can't be forgiven for not seeing and hearing, the instant she steps outside her door. Fifty dollars on a doll!"

"Look at this sacque," said Edith; and she now opened the package lying on the piano. "I bought this for fifteen dollars, and it is to cover the nakedness of a living being. Look at it; it is for a minister's daughter—a girl twelve years old. Her father commissioned me to buy a garment for her."

We all examined the sacque. Maud was all admiration, and expressed more than she would have been likely to do but for the embarrassment and consciousness she exhibited at the moment when Edith began to speak of the country minister. Mrs. Markham said nothing until Edith asked her opinion, whereupon she once more examined the sacque, inside and out, and then pronounced her judgment.

"My dear Edith, if you paid fifteen dollars for that garment, you allowed yourself to be imposed upon. The material could not have cost five dollars—the labor less than two. With *Harper's Bazar*, or any other good pattern, for a guide, you might have saved the minister a great deal of money."

Miss Traver said, laughing, "Impossible! How could Edith have made such a mistake?"

Edith paid no attention to that remark, but very seriously addressed herself to Mrs. Markham: "Even if it is so, and I do not dispute it, you might as well expect me— How could I ever find time to run about looking for cheap material and women to do the work?"

"I don't say it was possible for you to do it," answered Mrs. Markham, "but that the same result might have been arrived at, at a very trifling cost, by a person who *had* the time. If I had a girl to educate," she added, as if she were addressing a roomful, "she should learn how to shop. I mean, she should have some knowledge of the real value of things.—Miss Jones, what do you think?"

"I think," I said, reminded of my text of the morning, from which I had preached to Maud at Rag Fair—"I think that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Women are obliged to shop, and the most of them have no prejudice against the occupation. They ought, then, to understand the value of things. It would pay."

"Very true," said Mrs. Markham; "it pays in the long run, and in the short run too, to do what one must do well, perfectly well. When I think of young men I know of, who are working for a moderate salary, and are considered eligible matches, and see how they marry and put their hard-earned money into the hands of girls who are as ignorant as children of what it ought to command in the market, and of what they ought to spend it on, I can't wonder that the newspapers are filled, as they are, with accounts of dishonorable business transactions. They say that women will purify politics. I would like to see them doing what they might to purify trade."

"I shall never go about beating down the prices of dealers," said Edith, with spirit.

"No," said Mrs. Markham, "I hope not; but you will acknowledge that it would be worth while to know what a thing is worth before you give your money for it. Believe me, it will pay you to know how to shop."

She did not mitigate this remark by the addition of a word. Edith folded her sacque, and said nothing; but she looked not altogether pleased. After Miss Traver had left the parlor she went out and did not come back again until Mrs. Markham had gone to her own room. Then she returned and devoted herself to Maud.

But that was not the last of the sacque. In the morning Mrs. Markham told me that Edith had made her say what she thought the garment was really worth, and she had told her about eight dollars, but not ten cents above that.

"Then they shall have it at that price!" exclaimed Edith. "They have no money to throw away. They shall not be the losers by me. As you say, I might have had the thing made in the house or out of it."

"There is good stuff there," said Mrs. Markham. "She can be made to see a thing, and she isn't lazy or selfish."

On the whole I was glad that Maud had heard this talk, although I knew that the precious X. in her pocket-book had been depreciated by it, and that it would be a long time before she could see again, as she had seen the night before, and all day, indeed, that it was a small fortune.

PRINCESS JOHANNA VON BISMARCK.

OUR readers will be interested in the accompanying striking portrait of Princess Bismarck, the wife of the statesman whom recent events have placed at the head of the world's diplomatists.

Johanna Friedrike Charlotte Eleanore von Bismarck—for by this long array of names was our heroine baptized, after the German fashion—was born April 11, 1824, of a noble Pomeranian family. Her father, Heinrich Ernst Jacob von

PRINCESS JOHANNA VON BISMARCK.

Puttkamer, of Viarthem, belonged to the ancient family of lords of the manor, Von Schlawe, Von Rugenwalde, and Counts of Newenburg and Tauchel, who, since the fourteenth century, have ranked among the most powerful of the Pomeranian nobles. Their present name, Puttkamer, is a corruption of their Polish official title, Podkomorzy, or under-chamberlain. Her mother, Littegarde von Glasenapp, of Reinfeld, was descended from one of the great Pomeranian families who, as proprietors of castles, maintained a superiority over the petty nobility.

Prince Bismarck first made the acquaintance of his wife at the house of his friend Moritz von Blankenburg, a well-known leader of the conservative party in the Prussian House of Delegates and the Diet. Their acquaintance became more intimate while on a journey to the Hartz, on which both accompanied the Blankenburgs. It was no easy matter for the "mad Bismarck," as he was then called in Pomerania, to obtain the hand of his chosen bride, whose parents yielded with difficulty to his entreaties. Shortly after the first German diet in which he began to take a stand as a political leader, on the 28th of July, 1847, Deichhauptmann von Bismarck-Schönhausen married Fräulein Johanna von Puttkamer. They went to Italy on their wedding tour, and then set up housekeeping in the old quiet stone mansion of the Bismarcks at Schönhausen, in their old provincial home. Here, where Bismarck himself was born, his first child and only daughter, Marie Elizabeth Johanna, was born on the 21st of August, 1848. Of his two sons, the elder, Herbert Nicolaus Heinrich Ferdinand, was born at Berlin on the 29th of December, 1849; and the younger, Wilhelm Otto Albrecht, at Frankfort-on-the-Main on the 1st of August, 1852.

Madame Bismarck is a thoroughly domestic woman. She accompanies her husband wherever he is called by his duties, and creates for him the home life which the great statesman loves so well, and in which he finds repose and refreshment from his labors. She is universally esteemed and loved, and may be regarded as a fine specimen of a model German wife and mother.

MUSHROOM CULTURE.

ALMOST every body is fond of this delicious esculent, but the mystery and trouble attached to the old system of cultivating it have deterred all but the best gardeners from attempting it; of late years the French have greatly simplified it, and their practice can be easily adopted by any one having a warm, dry cellar.

The main supply for the Paris markets is grown in the quarries at Montrouge, Frépillon, Méry-sur-Ouse, Sous-Bicêtre, Moulin de la Roche, and at Bagneaux. These quarries, from whence are taken the blocks of stone used for building purposes, are not open at the top, but resemble great mines, being from twenty to one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, and entered by perpendicular shafts, the mushrooms being grown on the floors of the chambers, galleries, and headings. This cultivation is carried on to such an extent that some cultivators have from ten to twenty miles of mushroom beds in these strange places. Large quantities, however, are grown in ordinary cellars where the temperature can be kept at about 50° Fahr., and all light and draughts of cold air can be excluded.

In growing them in cellars three modes of arrangement of the beds are adopted, one forming long beds on the floor, the second on shelves, and the third in tubs. We will first proceed to give directions for preparing the manure, and then give the modes of using it in these various ways.

In any open shed, or place where it can be protected from heavy rains, ordinary fresh horse manure, entirely free from rubbish of any kind, is to be made up into beds about two feet thick, or a little more, pressing it down with the fork as it is laid up, and then treading it down firmly; after being thoroughly watered it is again trodden down and left to ferment for eight or ten days; then it should be turned over and made into a similar bed again, placing the manure that was on the outside of the first bed in the centre of the second bed. In ten days or a fortnight it will be ready for use.

In making beds on the floor of the cellar the manure, prepared as above directed, should be laid up in ridges, either angular or of a semicircular shape, about twenty-six inches wide at the base and the same height in the centre. The manure should be firmly and closely laid, and if at the end of ten or twelve days it should indicate a temperature of about 76° Fahr., it may then be spawned. A greater temperature than this will destroy the spawn.

The spawn, which comes in the form of bricks, and can be had of any of our leading seedsmen, should be broken in pieces about the size of a hen's egg, and inserted an inch and a quarter deep in the bed, commencing on a line about six inches from the base, the holes being from twelve to fourteen inches apart on the row. Sometimes two rows of spawn are used, about seven inches apart; in this case the holes for the spawn should alternate with each other. After the spawn is inserted the holes are closed with manure firmly pressed over it. After eight or ten days the bed should be examined, to ascertain whether the spawn has taken, which may be known by its developing little white, thread-like filaments. If some of it has not started, then fresh pieces should be inserted. The bed should be now covered with a covering about an inch or two thick of good, fresh soil, screened through a coarse sieve.

After a few days the mushrooms will show themselves. They should be gathered every other day, not using a knife for this purpose, but pulling them with a slight twist of the hand, breaking them off in the soil. Any holes that may be made in gathering them should be filled up with fresh soil.

Shelves about three feet apart may be made one above another against the cellar wall, upon which to grow them; in this case the shelves are first covered with a layer of fresh soil two or three inches thick before the manure is put upon them; the bed is then prepared and treated as in the first case, being laid up anglewise against the wall.

In growing them in tubs—and this is the mode we would recommend to our readers—take any common barrel and saw it in halves crosswise. Bore four or five holes in the bottoms, and fill them two or three inches deep with fresh soil; then add the manure until the tub is half full; then place six or seven pieces of spawn upon it, and fill the tub full of manure, pressing it well down, and rounding it off dome-shaped. At the end of ten days examine it, and if the spawn has taken, cover it with an inch or two of soil, as in the case of the other beds.

The two main points to be attended to are that the temperature of the bed is at its proper height when the spawn is inserted, and that it should not be covered with soil until the spawn is well developed. The temperature of the atmosphere in the cellar should be kept as near 50° as possible, and all draughts of air and light

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avoided. Should the beds become dry, they may be watered by gently sprinkling them with water at blood-heat, or about 100°.

If the proper temperature can be maintained, the beds can be made at any season of the year. They will yield a crop for three or four weeks, and a smaller second crop can be had by adding a dressing about half an inch thick of fresh soil, beating it down moderately with a spade, and watering it with blood-warm water.

This system differs from the old modes in growing them entirely in the dark, not using any soil mixed with the manure, and using the manure as it comes from the stable, merely shaking out the longest litter. By growing them in the dark we also get rid of the trouble of keeping the beds covered three or four inches thick with straw or long litter, as was required under the old systems.

BRETON WOMEN AT A PARDON.

THERE is no part of France so interesting to a traveler of antiquarian proclivities as Brittany. In this sea-girt corner of the kingdom, remote from Paris and its vanities, the quaint dress, customs, and even language of the ancient Celts have been preserved with more or less fidelity to the present time. Here are found the Druidical monuments of Carnac, the finest remains extant of that strange people, who bequeathed so much of their spirit to modern France; and here the country seems peopled with memories of Cæsar and his legions. It was in Brittany that the decisive battle was fought which gave Gaul to the Romans, and which ceased only with the total destruction of the Breton fleet in the bay of Morbihan. The Bretons are still distinguished for the stern integrity, headstrong willfulness, and indomitable courage that signalized their Armorican ancestors. Their language so closely resembles the ancient Gaelic that they and the Welsh can readily understand each other. They are a deeply religious people, and cling to the traditions and observances of their sires as tenaciously as to their dress and tongue. Among the yearly religious festivals which they celebrate with great fervor are the Pardons, as they are called, of St. Anne of Auray, and of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, at Guingamp. The former is continued throughout the summer from Whitsuntide, but is at its height on the saint's day—St. Anne's Day—most especially cherished in that town, of which she is regarded as the patroness. The Pardon of Guingamp takes place on the Saturday before the first Sunday in July. It is attended by as many as 10,000 people of all classes, whole families coming together—men, women, and children—whole villages sending up the congregation of the parish church, with the clergy at their head, bearing crucifixes, caskets of relics, banners, garlands, and wax-candles—the last-mentioned for votive offerings given by the faithful. The picturesque dress both of the men and women will be remarked. The men wear their long hair, broad hats with velvet streamers, large stand-up collars, short jackets, and tight breeches, with embroidered leather belts and wooden shoes, and carry as pilgrims long staves in their hands. The women and girls, in their singularly shaped white caps, bright-colored bodices, shawl handkerchiefs, and brocaded silk aprons, look not less quaint and old-fashioned, as they stand with their huge candles, or their chaplets of flowers, by the way-side, around the consecrated fountain, or at the doors of the church.

BRETON WOMEN AT A PARDON.

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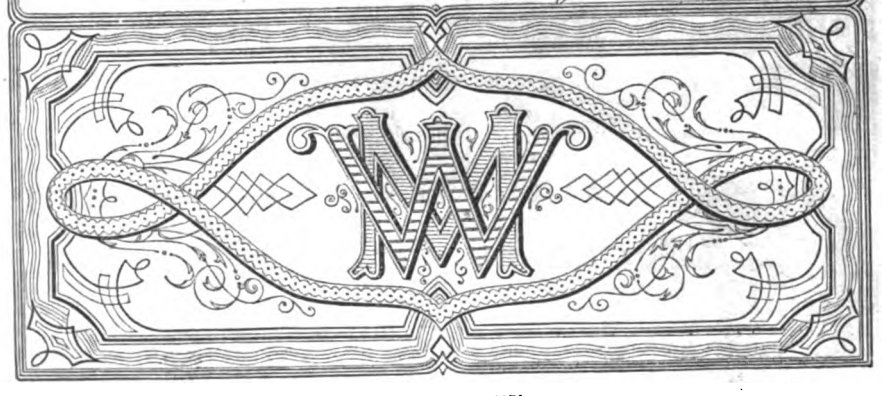
NEW BEDFORD, MASS., *June 1st, 1867.*

Thos. Bennett Jr. Agent Wamsutta Mills.



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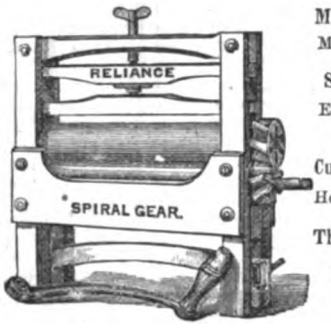

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"CANNY."

got Raw Whisky here!"
th while to bring Water. We can always find that as we go along—when we Want it."

GENT IN WANT OF A SITUATION (*bitterly*). "Call again To-morrow! What's the use? Here, I paid my Fee a Month ago, and walked here and 'ome again, a matter of Eight Miles each way, twice every blessed day since, bar Sundays, and yet you profess to find me Constant Employment!"
CLERK. "Well, don't you call that 'Constant Employment?'"

"HAPPY THOUGHT."

(*who had come down to see about the Bass Voice she had heard in the Kitchen—Policeman discovered*). "Oh, you Deceitful Girl, to say there was ! And after I'd given you distinctly to understand I didn't allow 'Followers;' and here, you haven't been here a Week—"
auks, M'm, it must be one o' the Follerers as the last Cook left be'ind 'er!"

AN ALARMING ACCIDENT.—A young gentleman of prepossessing exterior at a picnic the week before last had the misfortune to fall into a mistake. When extricated by a friend he was found to be senseless; but as that is his natural condition, no fears are entertained for his recovery. The mistake he fell into was that of making an offer to a married lady, whom he supposed to be single, so that his may be described as a singler escape.

Gardeners might not like to part with their gardens, though they are always ready to fork over their grounds.

Can an individual be said to be over head and ears in debt when he hasn't paid his hatter?

A gardener's wife made a pincushion out of a Spanish onion, but she found it brought the tears into her needles' eyes.

A CURIOUS ROOSTER.—California's latest curiosity is a rooster with two sets of legs, one on his back. When he is weary of standing in his natural position, it is gravely asserted, he turns a somersault, and walks off upside down; and when he takes a drink he immediately turns over, so as to swallow it the more easily. But it is in a free fight that he shows to the greatest advantage; for he is a terrible fighter, and when thus diverting himself looks like a revolving wheel, turning somersaults incessantly, and kicking in every direction.

"What's your Name?"

r."

ir."
hat does he Work at?"
he Corner by the Public 'Ouse!"

"HE, SHE, IT."

AUNTIE. "Well, Lucy, I suppose you're very pleased with the New Baby."
LUCY. "No, I ain't!"
AUNTIE. "It will be such a nice little Playfellow for you!"
LUCY. "How can it be a Play*fellow* when it's a Girl?"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 43.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Fall Hats and Bonnets, Figs. 1–8.

Figs. 1 and 5.—VELVET HAT. This hat of black velvet is trimmed with a black ostrich feather, and with velvet ribbon two inches and three inches and a quarter wide; the narrower velvet ribbon is box-pleated, and sewed on the outer edge of the hat. First cut the frame shown by Fig. 5, page 676, of a double layer of stiff lace from Figs. 91–93, Supplement. Join these pieces according to the corresponding figures, and wire the frame on the outer edge, along the seams, and as indicated on Fig. 92. Cover the outside of the frame smoothly with black velvet, and line the inside of the hat with black lustring. Trim the hat as shown by the illustration, and furnish it with an elastic band to keep it in place.

Figs. 2 and 6.—BROWN FELT BONNET. This bonnet is of the Pamela shape, and is bound with brown velvet. The trimming consists of brown gros grain ribbon four inches wide, and velvet flowers, wheat, and leaves, arranged as shown by the illustration. A ruche of white silk illusion is set inside of the bonnet. The illustration, Fig. 6, page 676, shows the bonnet without the trimming.

Figs. 3 and 7.—TULLE AND LACE BONNET. This bonnet is made of black figured tulle and black lace an inch and a quarter and three inches and a quarter wide. The trimming is composed of bows and

Fig. 2.—FELT BONNET.—[See Fig. 6, Page 676.]

ends of gros grain ribbon two inches and a half wide, and of a spray of ivy leaves and berries. To make the bonnet, cut the frame, of black stiff lace, from Figs. 94–97, Supplement. Join it according to the corresponding figures, and furnish it with covered wire. The illustration, Fig. 7, page 676, shows the frame. Cover the latter on the outside with a double layer of crape, and then with figured tulle. Arrange the middle of the scarf edged with lace in several pleats, and fasten it on the back edge of the bonnet. The manner of arranging the lace, ribbon, leaves, and berries is plainly shown by the illustration. Lining of black lustring.

Figs. 4 and 8.—BLACK FELT ROUND HAT. This hat is trimmed with velvet ribbon four inches wide, side-pleated gros grain, and a spray of roses. A row of black lace three-quarters of an inch wide is set on the outer edge of the hat. The illustration shows how to arrange the trimming. The illustration, Fig. 8, page 676, shows the hat untrimmed.

HEDGE CULTURE.

MR. M. L. SULLIVANT, the farmer-king of Illinois, whose agricultural domains were lately illustrated in *Harper's Weekly*, gives the following valuable instructions respecting the culture of Osage orange hedges as the result of practical experiment. He says that the best plan is first to soak the seed about thirty days in water, then plant in drills, the seeds to be about one inch apart and the rows eighteen inches apart. The ground should be rich sandy loam, and the plants should be carefully hoed and cultivated the first season. In the fall the plants should be taken up and tied in small bundles. The tops should be cut off to within six or eight inches of the yellow (root), and the bundles buried in the ground and protected through the winter. In the spring set the plants out in the hedge-rows about twelve inches apart. The rows should be graded up about a foot above the ordinary level of the ground. This can be done by throwing five or six plow furrows on each side—the dirt thrown inward. Care should be taken that no water can stand on the sides of the hedge-rows. Cross drains should be made to let the water off.

When the plants are about one and a half inches in diameter within a foot of the ground, the whole plant should be trimmed laterally and topped four feet high, and then the stalks should be bent down at an angle of twenty-two and a half degrees. The bending process can be facilitated by cutting the stalks on the opposite side from the direction they are to be bent about quarter their diameter. The tops can be fastened by intertwining the branches; the bent twigs will then shoot out innumerable branches laterally and upright, and then the process of trimming may begin, according to the taste and fancy of the owner. It should not be trimmed until it is four years old.

In our latitude (about 40½°), the branches are apt to be killed down about one-third of their growth every winter.

Fig. 1.—VELVET HAT.—[See Fig. 5, Page 676.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 91–93.

Fig. 4.—BLACK FELT ROUND HAT.—[See Fig. 8, Page 676.]

Fig. 3.—TULLE AND LACE BONNET.—[See Fig. 7, Page 676.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 94–97.

TO MAKE CHROMOS LOOK LIKE NATURE.

TAKE a game piece (birds are best), and, laying the picture flat upon a hard board, first proceed to cut the largest wing feathers close to the outlines, until each separate feather will stand out by itself. It is better to do this before the outside shape of the bird is cut. It may be very neatly done with a sharp penknife, and afterward a slightly curved shape may be imparted to the feathers, and, indeed, to the whole bird, by pressing the thumb nail firmly across the under side. Then it is to be laid upon a background of black velvet or velvet paper, and gummed down on the upper edges, leaving the lower ends of the wings open.

When perfectly firm, a small portion of raw cotton is very carefully pushed under the edges, until the desired shape is obtained, and the head and body of the bird are round and of a natural shape, the wings and feathers also standing out as if they were real plumage. When done, they are to be mounted in a deep frame, and at a little distance will look precisely like natural stuffed birds. Sometimes they are placed in passe-partout frames, with boxes or recess backs half an inch deep, having a slight space between the mat and the glass. The heads of the birds, being downward, are allowed to extend outside of the mat—a device greatly increasing the deceptive appearance.

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urn; to dream concerning the fate before it; o know that this atom now of a day's existence already inherits eternity!

The time is too bright, the success of the hing is too intoxicating, not to need the shading of the reflection of stiller moments, when the mother, lying and holding that iny hand in hers, feels that what she has become herself she has made this child; that where any sin has struck its dark tap-root nto her blood, that sin has gone to her child; hat wrong wishes, evil imaginings, selfish acts, now all come back to plague their inventor, and, more than that, to plague and log this precious spirit on its upward flight, till she expiates the faults of years in the apprehension and suffering of an hour.

Yet, in the ecstasy of the blissful season hat comes but once, such thoughts can have but brief duration; there is but little time o spare out of the happiness, out of the marvel, of this new being starting on its course like a new star. Death fled from the place a moment since; the great breath of life blew in there; and their hearts have just been set beating in time and tune with all humanity. Their hearts have caught the key-note of the lives before and the lives hat are to come; for certainly the childless must be aware that they drop out of the world like dead leaves, that they send no strength or vitality onward to the future; hey have no bond with it, no part in it, no right or room in the great and perfect race which one day shall blossom out of this; hey fall by the way, and are no more.

But that First Baby is a pledge and an assurance of perpetuity to its parents; it links hem, little creature that it is, with the destinies of the planet as nothing else can do; hey will live again in that child's life; and hey fancy that, carrying their noblest hopes and their best impulses into the new generation, with virtue and heroism of its own, it will glorify their passive and undeveloped traits into splendid deeds and vital charities —traits that have slumbered unstirred in hem as the seeds of oak and maple slumber beneath the shadow and density of dark primeval pine forests.

Well, little perambulators, as we look at you trundling on in the sunshine, we can not help thinking something of the same thoughts that your owners think concerning your laughing and cooing inmates. Your little wheels are wheels of fortune and wheels of time; you are chariots of history and of fame; the world waits upon you! And if those who guide you understand as much, and guide you well, calling health and wisdom to their side, it will not wait in vain.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Autumn Leaves.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I am very glad to see that you have returned safely to town, and I hope that your summer vacation has been of great service to you. I know how constantly you have been engaged in renewing your health and strength by an unintermitting course of billiards, brandy, tobacco, and gambling and dancing until two and three in the morning. These restoratives, with enormous dinners and plenty of Champagne and other gentlemanly liquors, are of the greatest benefit, I presume, for I observe that they are in the highest favor among those who go off for health and relaxation during the summer. Indeed, few spectacles are more gratifying or more suggestive of respect for human nature than the pursuit of health and refreshment at the watering-places—places, by-the-bye, at which water seems to be in very slight request. The total freedom from care and thought; the happy negligence of dress in which the ladies as well as the gentlemen indulge; the sweet forgetfulness of the obligations of society, and the absence of gossip and foolish display of every kind; the reasonable and moderate methods of life and enjoyment, and the tranquillity and elevation of soul which are always to be remarked at such resorts—show what a wise and simple folk we are.

Indeed, when I find myself for a happy day at Newport or Long Branch, or Saratoga or Sharon, or the Virginia Springs or Cape May, I feel that I have been suddenly thrown among guileless islanders in some distant sea, whose hearts are as pure as their lives are innocent. And when the tough matron of forty seasons says to me, in these autumn days as we meet in the street, "Dear Mr. Bachelor, it was so reviving at Newport, and I am so much better!" I can only remark, as I bow in reply, "Dear madame, it is not only a physical, but a mental and moral sanitarium." The matron smiles sweetly, as the well-bred always smile when they haven't the least idea of what you are saying, and trips away, nodding a farewell, as if she and were twenty and twenty-five, passing upon the beach with the other young people.

I met one of the matrons yesterday as I came down town, and as we exchanged these pretty civilities and parted, I remembered arriving at a watering-place, one day in the golden age, before the crowd had come, and finding there a philosopher who had arrived even earlier. After a few days the devotees of relaxation and rest began to appear: those who came, like my matron, to be revived after their arduous winter of dinners, balls, calls, and matinées—the lofty and reasonable business of their lives. My philosopher and I watched each arrival, and commented upon it; for that was part of the recreation which we had come to seek. We commented, he said, like happy spirits who had the start of others in entering paradise, and who watched with delight their opening eyes of wonder and joy as they ascended. But my philosopher was silent, and rubbed his nose. In the mornings we loitered into the bowling-alley, in the evenings we sat in the parlors and enjoyed the excitement of observing the other loiterers, until one day I heard him say, as he looked in at the door of the great hotel drawing-room and scanned the company, "Well, Bachelor, here are the same old flies booming about."

It was with something of the same feeling, I suppose, that I was oppressed a week or two ago when I went for a day to one of these pleasant spots where matrons are revived. It was already late in the autumn. The air was cool and clear—an exhilarating cordial to breathe—and the leaves upon the trees hung crisp in the yellowing light. They were of all brilliant colors, and were rapidly falling. Every slight puff of wind lifted a splendid tribute from the trees, and they fell softly, and were gathered in little piles by the road-side. Already the landscape began to wear the thin and shriveled aspect of late autumn, and the breeze had a conscious sadness in its tone, caused by the rustling of the dried leaves and boughs. It was pleasant but pensive weather; the more suggestive, I suppose, because of the contrast of the withering and forsaken scene with the gay bustle and brilliant throng of a month before. I had not seen them, but I knew that they had been there; and that, having obtained the repose and relaxation which their health required, they had all fled like a group of bright-plumed birds which the frost sends southward.

It was interesting to stroll along the paths lately so frequented, and curiosity led me to one of the great hotels. There were no parties arriving and departing; no porters pushing about with luggage; no handsome "teams" awaiting the descent of Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogen from the house; no groups of gentlemen of the kind peculiar to these reviving resorts, tilting in chairs and staring through their tobacco-smoke at the inspiring spectacle of the street. Nothing of all this was to be seen. But there were one or two vacant arm-chairs by the door, and as I entered the hall I saw one or two trunks, and felt as if I were watching the last spark expire from a burned piece of paper. I went toward the parlor. It was after the season, as my philosopher and I had been before the season at the time which I have mentioned, and I smiled faintly as I recalled his tone of weariness and satiety when he said, "The same old flies booming about." Reaching the parlor, I looked in.

You know those cheerful, home-like rooms and their modest decorations, and I merely recall them to your memory. This one was immense. There were sofas and lounges and easy-chairs, and here and there were a few matronly figures sitting upon them. I looked at one and at another, and to my amazement I recognized them. From under those morning head-dresses and those skillful structures of hair, old faces—I mean no reflection, but faces of old times—looked out at me. There was no doubt of it. These respectable dames, stranded, as it were, upon the lees of the season, were the belles of my boyhood. With that comfortable and ample figure of eld, my arms gallantly and respectfully embracing, had I danced in a vanished age; with that grandmother, who at the moment I looked was giving candy to calm a truculent grandchild, had I ridden in the summer twilight on the edge of the loud-sounding sea. I recalled the very words that she said, and how she looked as she said them; and there is no lithe and rosy-cheeked damsel caracoling in the Park today of a lovelier form and of more delicate beauty than then she was.

I stood and watched her now. The yellow October light filled the room, and as her eyes followed the grandchild whom she had soothed, they were gentle and tender. Her dress was subdued and decorous. Among the other figures in the room, she was the most winning. A bright, smiling, mature beauty seemed to me not less fascinating than the earlier charm that I remembered. The wind blew in at the great hall door, and wafted something against my feet. I looked down and saw a cluster of bright autumn leaves. It is not upon the maple and nut trees only that the autumn hangs its splendor, but upon the tree of human life also. Two youths approached, and, looking into the room, turned and walked away. "Nothing there but a few old ladies," said one, as they passed me. "Ladies!" I observed; "why, I can see nothing but a cluster of bright and beautiful autumn leaves."

Of course I need not have gone so far to find them, for they are visible every where. Yesterday I received a letter from the country, and my friend says that he wishes I could see the glory of the hills around him; and to-day I was in the Park, and wished that he could see the glory here. Nothing, indeed, is surer or more universal than autumn and its leaves. Last Sunday in church I fixed my eyes unconsciously upon Adonis, who sits near me, and I should probably have thought of nothing but the sermon, as usual, if there had not been a sudden glistening in the very heart of his beautiful whiskers that caught my attention, and upon closer observation I discovered a lock of white hair! Autumn leaves, you see; and I have remarked them upon other trees as early as August. It is the ripeness of the leaf, I am told, not the frost, that tints them so gorgeously, and it is a theory which I am inclined to believe. For I observe that in the sermons at Saint Rainbow's there is a cheerfulness of tone which has been steadily increasing.

To listen to our good rector formerly, and hear those tremendous discourses in which he rebuked us for our short-comings, and thundered in our ears that the depravity which we could not help would be the eternal death of us—to hear these things was like walking in the gloomy, chilly forests of the grim old Druids, where the thick masses of green leaves shut out the sunlight, and made a horrible dampness and darkness, in which human sacrifices were offered. But to hear the good man now preach one of his mellow, thoughtful discourses, full of charity and humanity, and divine sympathy and pity, is like walking in the same forest when the leaves are thickly matted no longer, and gloom and horror and human sacrifices have disappeared, and through the brilliant leaves of autumn the sunshine falls warm and golden, and all is so serenely cheerful that there is a constant sense of flowers and of singing birds. It is not exactly summer, but the air is full of the feeling of summer; and so the tender lights of feeling and hope in those sermons fall upon us like the benediction of autumn leaves.

And I see them, also, not in the words only, but in the deeds of generosity which often come with years. Age is cynical, we think, and is swept by sharp winds of distrust, like the autumn landscape. But when the busy time of making wood and ripening fruit is gone with the maple-tree over my favorite seat in the Park, it becomes a great benefactor, showering down the leaves, which we all carry home to fill it with brightness during the long winter. And what else is Mæcenas doing, who has given his active life to making a great fortune, and now, when his accumulation is ended, showers his golden gifts like leaves on every side? The laws of autumn are not peculiar to the trees, and autumn leaves elsewhere are as glowing and as beautiful as those upon the groves. This, I suppose, was what Eugenia meant the other day when I heard her say, in reply to the question why she did not have a vase of autumn leaves in her drawing-room, "Because I have grandpa."

Yours, my dear Arthur, always,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FRENCH modistes continue to display a bewildering variety of novelties. The anarchy of fashion, spoken of in another column by our Parisian correspondent, begins to be seen here. Each house has styles of its own, and fresh importations each week offer new suggestions in costumes, sometimes enlarging upon features previously introduced, in other cases flatly contradicting accepted facts. There never was a time when independence in dress was so admissible and individuality so possible. It is the province of the *Bazar* to describe the most attractive and useful styles at each establishment for the benefit of its readers, leaving them to choose for themselves the styles best suited to their figure and taste.

MANTLES OF COSTUMES.

The most important feature of stylish costumes is the mantle. As the season advances the preference for sleeveless wraps increases. There are still many paletots worn, as almost every lady has a sacque of some sort left from last year, but those who purchase new wraps are apt to select the more novel mantle. The popular fabric for these is French cashmere, but the more distinguished-looking are of the new camel's-hair, a fleecy woolen goods with coarse diagonal twill, as soft, thick, and warm as flannel. This rough-looking material is now the object of desire by lovers of novelty, who already begin to tire of the fine French cashmeres. It is made up in double round capes, or as a loose, sleeveless sacque, that falls low on the tournure, with an elbow cape above it, open and trimmed up the entire back. It is in dark gray, plum, brown, or black, is heavily braided with the

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same color or black; the edges are in Gothic points, fringed, and in some cases finished with French lace in Chantilly patterns, guipure having become too common. An upper skirt of medium length, braided and fringed, usually accompanies these mantles, and some modistes have extra material for a basque. Worn with a black or brown silk skirt, they make useful and stylish costumes for the promenade.

Another new material in Parisian mantles is a soft twilled silk, a sort of serge, heavier than Levantine. This goods is considered handsome enough for dress wraps, and is trimmed with velvet, fur, and fringe. The graceful design most used has a mantilla front of half long, square tabs, while the back is gored by two and sometimes three seams, making it fall slightly to the figure, with or without a belt, but with no suggestion of sleeves, as the baschlik has. The black marten or Alaska sable of last season is the fur used for a border, and thick chenille fringe falls below. A tiny muff is made of the goods, with a row of fur on each end.

These mantles are the novelties of the season, but the garments in general use are of black cashmere or cloth in double capes, the upper one open behind, or else a single talma with broad Watteau fold, belted underneath to form a sort of jacket back. The *Bazar* gave patterns of these wraps months ago, when they first appeared abroad. Elaborate braiding, in which some fine jet and embroidery are introduced, bias faille bands, and fringe, are the trimmings. A black mantle is preferred above colors, as it may be worn with various costumes. Colored cashmeres, and, in fact, all other wool costumes that require more than a simple basque or polonaise, are now provided with these capes. When the season demands it, flannel lining of deep blue or scarlet will be added for warmth.

Faille cashmere, the new repped fabric called by some Cachemire Cicilienne, is used for opera wraps. We have seen some lovely sacques of this goods. One of pale gray has white and gilt braiding, and a border of white fox fur; a darker gray has elaborate braiding of black in a palm leaf design; one of lavender has Oriental colors richly wrought upon it; a black garment is embroidered with gilt thread, and edged with black and gilt fringe.

Warm talmas, shown for carriage wraps, are of lamb's-wool cloth half an inch thick. On one side the cape is a solid color, gray, blue, or brown, while the reversed side is striped in that color and white. $12 to $15.

Long shawls for traveling are shown in thick, warm, twilled wool, in the fashionable plum-color, brown, and gray shades. They measure four yards in length, and cost $6.

NOVELTIES IN POLONAISES.

Most whimsical fashions are seen in polonaises. An effort is being made to transform them into coats or redingotes with plain straight hanging skirts, like the old-time basquine. The idea is sensible, but there is still a decided preference for the graceful drapery of the Marguerite and other full polonaises. A novelty among these, called a habit, is a simple long basquine with faille revers, and a long and wide Continental vest that has pockets in it. It has deep mousquetaire cuffs of faille, and horizontal rows of braid in military fashion. The buttons with which it is fastened are made of bomb-shells that were thrown into Paris during the siege. They are oxydized with silver, and cut in quaint devices.

A less conspicuous and most tasteful garment shown at several of the best houses is a Louis XIV. polonaise of the black twilled silk described above. The vest and cuffs are of black velvet, and the back of the garment is draped in the Marguerite style. The trimming is black marten fur and chenille fringe. The bows draping the skirt behind have long ends, each finished by a fur tail. With muff to match, the price is $240. It is to be worn with a black velvet skirt, or else faille, with fur bands heading the flounce. Another desirable garment is a camel's-hair polonaise richly embroidered. One model is of leaf brown, made in the Marguerite shape, with an embroidered border and fringe of the same shade. It is to be worn over a brown silk skirt trimmed with ruffles and folds.

Brocaded cashmere in palest buff, blue, and white is made into polonaises, and trimmed with black velvet bands, black lace, and Valenciennes. Black silk or velvet skirts are worn with these, making a fancy costume for dinner-parties. The cretonne polonaises in dark colors are worn to breakfast at hotels, and for morning promenades.

The popular polonaise worn by ladies who do not have many costumes, and who are not frantic after novelties, is a simple black cashmere in Marguerite shape, with folds of faille and fringe for trimming. At present these have but two bows behind—one draping each side form—the centre seam having merely a deep pleat just below the added fullness. The bows are lengthwise, with two standing loops, and the ends are half a yard long. They may be made of bias faille or of faille ribbon. The bows in front have short ends, and jet buckles are now mounted on all the bows of the garment. We have dwelt at length on these outside garments, that constitute the principal part of street dresses, for the benefit of ladies of moderate means, who seldom purchase entire suits of one fabric. With the aid of one such mantle and polonaise, a lady can give variety to her toilettes by having skirts of various colors.

CLOTH AND CHEVIOTTE SUITS.

Imported suits of cloth are of dark wine and plum color. They are made with plain short skirt, a simple over-skirt of medium length, a basque, and double capes. A thick cord, usually black, edges each skirt and cape, and the trimming is of cord almost as thick, put on in clusters of fancifully curled figures. These trim and jaunty suits are intended for walking dresses, and the skirts are therefore short enough to escape the ground. The best modistes protest against long skirts in the street. Frenchwomen, they say, are amazed to see Americans walking in long skirts that a Parisian only wears in her drawing-room, or, at most, in her carriage.

The new cheviotte suits—a Scotch twilled cloth that it is said will never wear out—are the novelty for traveling costumes. One designed for the Pacific Railroad trip is of drab, with brown silk ruffles, and the inevitable fringe. It is fashioned like cloth suits.

BLACK SILK SUITS.

The novelty in imported suits of black faille is trimming them with black marten (skunk) fur. The under-skirt has a wide straight flounce, ruffled, with bias velvet on the lower edge, and headed by a black marten band. The over-skirt, edged with fur, has an apron, and two straight separate widths hanging behind. The basque is of velvet, with silk vest, and cuffs bordered with fur. Correspondents ask how to trim lower skirts of silk dresses. The prevailing fashion is one straight flounce three or four fingers deep. If gathered, it has seven widths, and is edged with two narrow ruffles of bias velvet; if in side pleats, it has an inch-wide hem, with a bias velvet band above the hem. The most stylish heading is four or five bias folds, alternately velvet and silk, each an inch and a half wide, overlapping, and lined with foundation muslin; or else the folds are all silk, with the tiniest piping of bias velvet sewed in the lower edge. Other deep flounces have velvet almost as wide, cut in deep Gothic points, falling over the gathered flounce of silk. Three piping-cords finish the edge of some flounces.

TRAINED BLACK SILKS.

Black silks for the house have demi-trains and basques. The front of the skirt has three flounces; the upper skirt has a wrinkled apron front about half a yard deep, and falls long behind to form the train, dispensing with any skirt beneath. This train has no trimming, but a cord on the edge, covered with the silk of the dress. The basque is a round waist in front, with a belt and bows, the back is a deep postilion. Duchesse sleeves, with Malines lace at the wrist, and a Malines collar. Other basques represent vest fronts. The lower edge is corded, while a trimming of sharp points, beneath which is a frill of lace or of raveled silk, outlines a vest, and edges the basque behind. There is a great fancy this season for these small points neatly bound with a scant gathered frill of silk, or else a box-pleated ruffle showing in the interval between the points. Black lace over Valenciennes sometimes trims the points on black silk dresses worn in the house.

CAPRICES OF FASHION.

When sashes are just being willingly relinquished, a perverse effort is being made to restore them, or something similar in the way of scarf drapery. These are not simple ribbon bows and ends, worn at the back of a belt, but something more complicated. There is, first, a belt of four folds; then a width of silk is cut in two, lengthwise—ribbon is not wide enough—a bow is tied at the back of the folded belt, the ends are caught together again low down on the tournure, and a long streamer is then made to fall on each side of the figure—not behind. This unique arrangement may be graceful with long trained dresses, but we do not admire it worn with polonaises and short skirts.

Such a scarf sash accompanies one of the most remarkable dresses ever designed by Worth. This dress is an evening robe, made by private order, and illustrates some of the peculiarities that this designer of fashions is striving to introduce. It is faille of three colors—*ciel* blue, flesh-color, and rose. The front of the skirt is blue, with flounces of the same; the over-skirt, of flesh-color, has a short apron, and forms the train of the dress, as in court trains. On this train are fourteen flounces, in groups of two, reaching to the belt. The low waist is short and round—the body of flesh-color, the Grecian drapery of blue and white—and is finished by a rose-colored sash like that just described. The corsage bouquet has flowers in which these three colors enter, and is put high on the right side—not in front. Similar bouquets loop the upper skirt on each side.

Another such sash, also of pale rose faille, is shown on an elegant carriage costume of Vandyck brown velvet.

VARIETIES.

The newest bow for the throat is the Pompadour, made of folds of palest blue faille, showing inner facings of rose-color, and edged with finest Malines lace. This is to be worn with a black silk dress and Malines collar.

New veils are of clear net, not dotted as hitherto, with an appliqué edge, or sometimes with a frill of lace. The shape is plain over the face, hanging below the chin, and tied behind with streamers.

For the hair are two lengthwise bows of faille ribbon, black or colored, the bows close against each other, with two short ends hanging behind. The ribbon is an inch and a half wide. A tiny comb is underneath to fasten them on the hair, or else an elastic cord passes beneath the chignon. This double bow is placed just back of the Pompadour roll, and directly on top of the head.

New and dressy coiffures are made of Valenciennes ruches and a China crape scarf of pale pink, puffed to form a rosette, while lace streamers fall behind: price $22. A square of Malines has a Nile green rosette in the centre, with ends hanging. A third has a large bag crown of white tulle, with streamers of tucked organdy and Valenciennes; in front is a coronet ruche of lace and pink faille bows: price $15.

Parures for ball dresses are in innumerable vines of small flowers, and in hanging clusters to form fringe on the edge of upper skirts and berthas. A fringe of white acacias is on a *ciel* blue dress, partly faille, partly tulle. Sprays of pink marguerites and dwarf convolvuli are on a white tulle; the horse-chestnut in its half-opened burs, and with blossoms.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; VIRFOLET; and BERNHEIM; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

PEOPLE will have their little pleasantries about functionaries. Some one says that Professor PORTER is appropriately to take the head of the Yale (ale) brood (brewed) this month. The former president is now "ex," the new one may be regarded as double X. Notwithstanding the admixture of PORTER with Yale, it is understood that the former will make a pint of reform without any 'alf-and-'alf measures.

—In diplomatic circles at Washington, and among the quidnuncs at the clubs, it seems to be settled that M. DE TOCQUEVILLE, nephew of the famous author, will be embassador from France to the United States.

—Mrs. ROGERS, of Newport, Rhode Island, has given to the Redwood Library of that place a collection of rare books, valued at $3000, and a United States bond of $10,000, to be held under the name of the "Robert Rogers Memorial Fund," the interest of which only is to be expended for books.

—Mrs. IDA NORTH has been appointed State Librarian of Iowa.

—A neat spectacle, and very French, was enacted a few Sundays since in Paris: Mesdames THIERS and M'MAHON held plates for a collection at the Church of the Holy Trinity. The papers made quite a little rave about it, and ended by saying that Madame THIERS wore black, as usual, while Mrs. M'MAHON wore "a pretty white muslin dress."

—Emulous of the literary fame won by her husband's "Julius Cæsar," the Empress EUGÉNIE has written a history of MARY STUART, Queen of Scots, which has been translated into English by CHARLES DE FLANDRE, and will soon be published. The public will be curious to see how far religious and womanly sympathy has painted the beautiful queen who was beheaded by her enemies, and doubly beheaded by Mr. FROUDE.

—FRANCES VOUSTORY, of Memphis, has recovered $10,000 damages from a deceiving J. FLYNN, for breach of promise of marriage—the highest sum ever paid for that sort of thing in Tennessee.

—Under the new régime in Germany it has been determined by King WILLIAM to change the Prussian currency from silver to gold, and that a law for this purpose shall be passed at the next meeting of the North German Parliament. Gold is now being drawn from the Bank of England for that purpose.

—Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Boston, has recently obtained an old English clock made in London about 1600 especially for Governor JOHN WINTHROP, and sent to him while he was Colonial Governor of Massachusetts. It is still in running order, and has been placed among many other valuable relics, including family portraits which date back to 1400.

—The late Duke of Sussex told Mr. ADOLPHUS, in 1839, that till he was twenty-one his pocket-money never exceeded a guinea a week. When he was one-and-thirty an income of £2000 a year was allotted him. He was always in arrears and poor. Mr. ADOLPHUS said that if the bill had passed in 1791 giving the king's younger sons (perhaps two of them) high positions in the colonies, he (the Duke), for instance, might have been made Viceroy of Canada, with power to create a hereditary nobility and establish a church. The Duke seemed much struck with the idea, and said he thought such a measure, taken before his time, might have saved America.

—A. PARDEE, Esq., of Hazleton, Pennsylvania, has now given half a million of dollars to Lafayette College, his gift last week of two hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a building for the scientific department making this magnificent total. Mr. PARDEE is very modest in his munificence, but withal a gentleman of education and culture, the friend of the poor, of the church, and of every good work. Very retiring in his habits, he is yet beloved by all who know him.

—This pleasant "personal" is from the Concord *Monitor:* "WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, the Republican nominee for Governor of Massachusetts, and JOSEPH B. WALKER, of Concord, were classmates and room-mates at Yale College, graduating in the class of 1844. The eldest sons of these gentlemen are now classmates and room-mates at the same college."

—Madame DE LAVALETTE, daughter of M. BOUHER, is a woman of large spunk. Recently she bought a photograph of M. THIERS, placed it on a target, fired twelve shots at it, hit it three times, and exclaimed, "Now I am satisfied; I have finished my work of destruction!" The crowd cried, "It is M. ROUHER who ought to be served like that!" Then she scampered to her hotel.

—The Grand Vizier, recently deceased, is said to have been the most learned man in Turkey.

—The most opulent silver miner in the world is José CORRESCO, of Mexico. He owns several mines, from one of which alone he receives $200,000 per month.

—Mrs. HOWE, the mother of ELIAS, of sewing-machine fame, recently deceased at eighty.

—The Earl of Gainsborough's daughter, who married Mr. MURPHY, her father's organist, is a resident of New York, and a contributor to the *Catholic World*. Mr. MURPHY is organist at the Church of the Holy Innocents. The nuptial arrangement has proved a success.

—Bishop WHITEHOUSE, of Illinois, who has come prominently under the public gaze in consequence of his troubles with the Rev. Mr. CHENEY, is described as a man of about sixty-five, short, erect, quick, decisive. Levity has no place in his countenance. A man of great intellect and extensive learning, fluent and logical in debate or sermon, cool and commanding in all circumstances, a capitalist and an aristocrat—he is naturally separated from the masses—a monarch, rather than a shepherd. He lives in good style in one of an imposing row of marble fronts. He keeps a showy carriage, with liveried coachman and footman. Born to rule, the bishop does rule his diocese most thoroughly, and the individuality of his rectors seldom stems the tide of his overmastering authority. An illustration will show this. At one of the meetings of the Diocesan Convention a vexed question came up, in which the vote by acclamation was evidently against the bishop. "The negatives *seem* to have it," said the bishop, with a suppressed chuckle—that is the best word at hand. "Let us see how it will be on a standing vote." And on the standing vote, when the bishop's eye was on the action of each individual, the affirmative carried the day largely. Admirable as an executive, a disciplinarian, a logician, a preacher, and a scholar, Bishop WHITEHOUSE seems to be lacking in that liberality which characterizes the nineteenth century.

—The Rev. Mr. CHENEY, the bishop's "bad boy," is about thirty-five, of good height, solidly built, full faced, with light, mutton-chop whiskers, a sonorous voice, a pleasant countenance, and an energetic carriage. He is genial and easy of approach, and popular in the family circle; a fluent and at times eloquent speaker, abounding in metaphors, especially those relating to the ocean and ships. Mr. CHENEY, no doubt, is conscientious, although, perhaps, mistaken in the strenuousness with which he adheres to the omission of the word "regenerate;" and the persistent character of the man is illustrated in his speech before the Convention some three years ago, when he said that if he was read out of the Church for his heresy, he would climb to the top of a mountain and proclaim, "I am the Episcopal Church." He is the opposite of the bishop in respect to approachableness, liberality, and popularity; and whatever be the result of the diocesan attempt to close the doors of Christ Church against him, he is sure of a strong and faithful body of adherents, who will follow his fortunes and support his ministrations.

—The father of JAY COOKE was named ELEUTHEROS. He lost an office once (before printed ballots were in use), it is said, because not one voter in five could spell his name right. To make it easy for his boys in that respect, he named them PITT, JAY, and HENRY. Something still more simple occurred in the family of Mr. STICKNEY, of Ohio, whose name was CHERDOLAOMER. He thought that rather tough, so named his boys ONE, TWO, and THREE STICKNEY. His neighbor, Elder NEW, had a son and daughter, the first of whom he named SOMETHING, the second NOTHING. It expressed what was to him a simple fact; but it was inelegant.

—King AMADEUS has just returned to Madrid after a royal progress through Spain, and has added greatly to his popularity. He is an unpledged teetotaler, drinking neither wine nor spirits, though furnishing it to his guests. He is up at six in the morning, reads all the papers, breakfasts at ten, and dines at five. Never spends but an hour at table, no matter who is present. He gives away about $17,500 monthly in charities, and seems to be doing every thing that an intelligent, well-disposed young man can do to make himself acceptable to his people.

—Grace Greenwood calls a garden fenced in with cactus a prickly pear-a-dise.

—GASPARONI, the liberated brigand, recently visited the Pantheon, and contemplated it with satisfaction, saying it made him feel young again, for it looked exactly as it did forty-six years ago.

—Senator WILSON, summing up his foreign trip, says: "I was seventy-three days in Europe; traveled on land 5800 miles; saw a great deal; was up early and out late; enjoyed perfect health; and as it was probably my only visit—I don't like the ocean—I improved all my time, and had a great deal of enjoyment. I saw a great deal that we have not, and don't want, and a great deal that we have not, and need. I heard only three oaths while I was gone—once in London, once in Germany, and lastly by an American consul. The Americans are said to swear so much because of the influence of the climate; but there may be said to be no profanity there. There is no chewing of tobacco except among Americans. I didn't see a spittoon. Chewing tobacco is an awful vice, and kills as many men as drinking whisky. Every body drinks. You could put in this room all the teetotal men on the Continent. In France they drink beer and wine, and in Germany wine and beer. I saw some brandy drank in France, but they do not throw down a tumblerful, as we do here. At the cafés they draw about two and a half table-spoonfuls into a wine-glass, and it takes the drinker about an hour to dispose of that, sipping and talking, and then he shows no evil effects. I saw more drunken men in Switzerland than in France."

—The ingenuity of the Iowa youth is illustrated in the person of MARK WARD, aged fourteen, residing at Anamosa, who has constructed a sewing-machine with a jackknife, from pine boards and wires, that makes perfect stitches.

—Dr. HALL, of Washington, is one of the social celebrities of that metropolis. For many years he has been on terms of intimacy with national magnates. The Washington *Chronicle* says he attended General JACKSON on several occasions, though not his family physician. It is one of the doctor's peculiarities that he does not trouble himself with money matters, and is careless about collecting his fees. Once, however, during a temporary absence, his clerk made out some bills, and among others sent one to the President. On his return the doctor found a note from General JACKSON inclosing a check for the amount, deducting an old charge which had been called for and settled, and for which he held a receipt. The fact that the bill had been sent was not less a mortification to Dr. HALL than the error in the account itself. But on looking at the President's check he found that the General had forgotten to sign it! He therefore returned it, with the expression of his regret that the bill had been sent, and pointed out the General's omission. The check was duly signed and sent back, inclosed in a note with this remark:

DEAR DOCTOR,—The best of men is liable to mistakes. ANDREW JACKSON.

Dr. HALL testifies to the old hero's kindness to all his people, especially to his servants. Once, when the small-pox broke out among them, and nearly every body else fled, the President remained in the White House, and waited on black and white with unremitting attention.

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ıiding Patterns for Children's Dresses, Wrappings, etc., Figs. 1–5.

ESE designs are suitable for trimming children's dresses, jackets, hoods, etc., or be used for covers, etc. They are worked with soutache or fine braid, and may be worked in chain stitch or diagonal half-polka with silk or cotton, or else with the sewing-machine aid stitch.

th Slipper with Chain Stitch Embroidery.

IIS slipper is made of brown cloth, trimmed with stitch embroidery of corn-colored silk, and lined flannel. Cut the slipper of cloth from Fig. 54, Supent, which gives one-half of the pattern, and emer it in chain or braid stitch. Although the manner orking the slipper is very simple, the effect is exngly pretty.

Embroidered Java Canvas Tidy.

IIS tidy, which is seventeen inches square in the original, is made of Java can- n an open-work pattern, embroidered in point Russe with black embroidery silk, in twisted stitch (point de minute) with white Estremadura cotton. The founda-

Fig. 7.—FRAME OF TULLE AND LACE BONNET.

Fig. 5.—FRAME OF VELVET HAT.

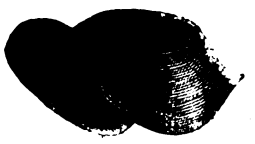


Fig. 6.—FELT BONNET. UNTRIMMED.

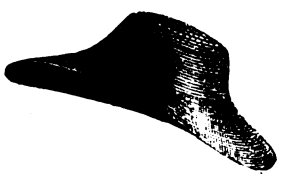


Fig. 8.—FELT HAT. UNTRIMMED.

shown by the illustration. Ornament the firm squares in the corners each with a cross stitch of black split zephyr worsted, and surround the white threads that cross each other circularly with white cotton. Finally, fringe out the tidy on the outer edge.

Needle-work and Point Lace Border.

See Illustration on page 677.

WORK this border on a foundation of white Swiss muslin or cambric in button-hole, half-polka, and diagonal half-polka stitch. Work button-hole stitch bars with picots between the figures, and cut away the material underneath the bars. The lace stitches are worked as shown by the illustration. The veins in the oblong leaflets are formed by two rows of button-hole stitches with picots, worked toward each other. The border may also be used as a lambrequin for trimming baskets, étagères, etc.; in this case, however, use heavy colored materials, such as cashmere, reps, etc., instead of white Swiss muslin, and work the embroidery with colored silk and braid. Cut away the material underneath the bars. This is a beautiful curtain border.

Fig. 1.—BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

of the tidy is formed of squares, each thirty double ıds in length and width, which are bordered, as shown ıe illustration, with point Russe embroidery of black to a depth of four threads, leaving free eight double ıds each in depth and width between the squares. n the foundation thus formed is of the size desired, the border in point Russe embroidery all around an interval of eight threads. Draw out eight lengththreads each between every two rows of squares, and n the threads left standing for the border by cutting t of the requisite size in each place where the single ıd is afterward slipped through the crosswise threads e material; the edges of these slits are turned down ıe under side and fastened carefully. Next run black thread through the crosswise threads of the material, own by the illustration. The black silk threads that each other between every four squares are surroundircularly with e cotton. Fi-, ornament squares and er in twisted h as shown by illustration, fringe out the erial on the r edge.

Fig. 1.—DESIGN FOR WALL POCKET.—[See Fig. 2, Page 677.]

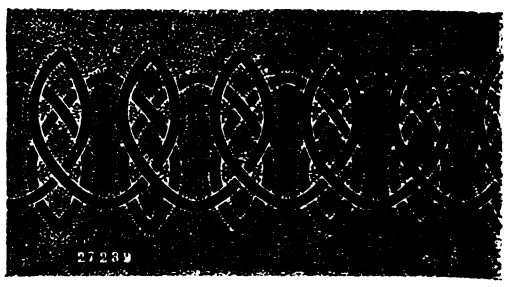


Fig. 2.—BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

Wall Pocket for Newspapers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See Illustration on page 677.

THIS wall pocket is made of card-board covered with brown silk, carriage leather, and watered paper, and trimmed with brown velvet of a darker shade, and with embroidery, and a silk cord and tassels. The illustration, Fig. 1, gives the design for the embroidery. To make the pocket, cut two circular pieces of card-board, each fourteen inches and a half in diameter, and cover the back surface of the piece intended for the back with carriage leather, and the front surface with watered paper, leaving free an edge an inch and three-quarters wide all around. Then cut the inner surface of ten inches and a half diameter out of the second piece of card-board for the front of the pocket. Cover the ring formed by doing this, which is intended for the outer cover of the back, smoothly with brown silk underlaid with wadding, or soft heavy woolen material. For the velvet trimming, cut of card-board first another ring of the same inner circumference; this, however, is only an inch and a quarter wide, and is cut out in thirty-two even scallops on the outer edge. Cover the outer side of this ring with brown velvet, surround the outline of the scallops with fine gold braid or coarse twisted gold thread, and paste it on the larger ring, observing the illustration. Now cover the middle piece, which has been cut out of the second piece of card-board. To do this, transfer the outline of Fig. 52, one-half of which is given in Supplement, to the card-board, cut of soft flannel sixteen separate leaf-shaped pieces from the outline of Fig. 52, and paste them on the card-board so as to correspond exactly with the drawing. Cover the surface with brown silk, the middle of which is ornamented with embroidery of brown silk in different shades and gold thread, as shown by the full-sized illustration, Fig. 1. Run the silk on the card-board, first, in a circle four inches and three-quarters in diameter, and then along the outline of each of the sixteen leaflets. Surround the leaflets, as shown by the illustration, with fine brown silk cord mixed with gold thread. The velvet trimming of this piece, one-half of which is given

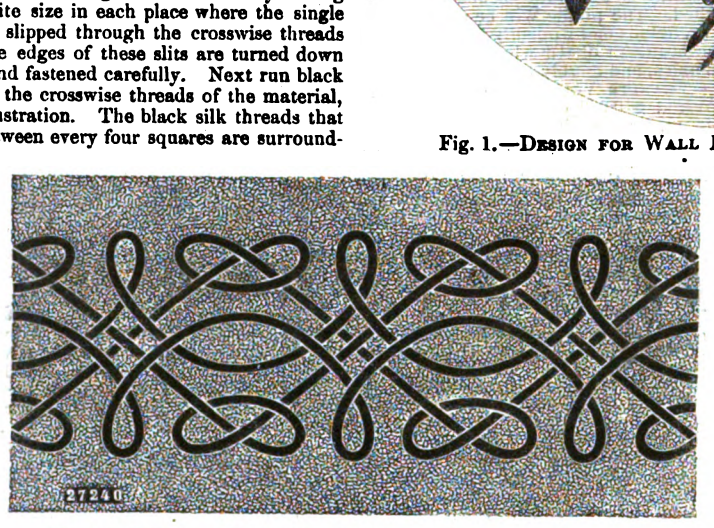


Fig. 3.—BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

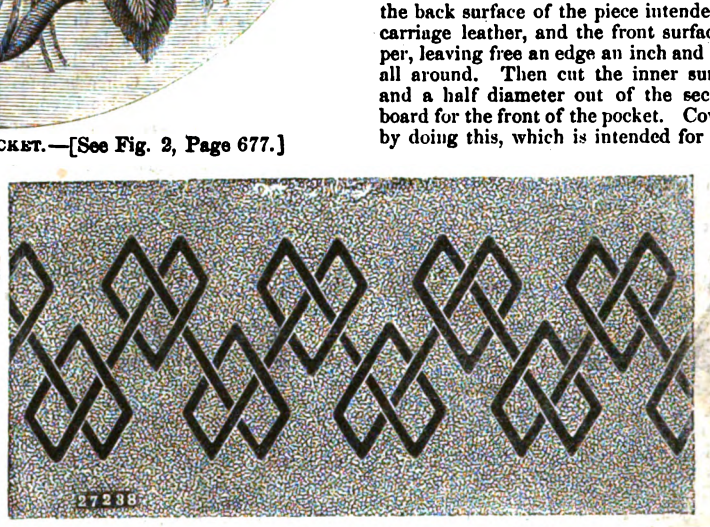
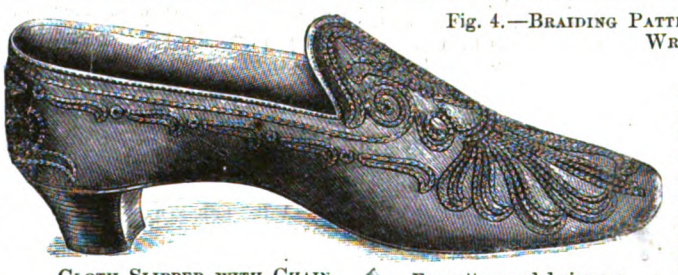


Fig. 4.—BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

ava Reps Tidy.

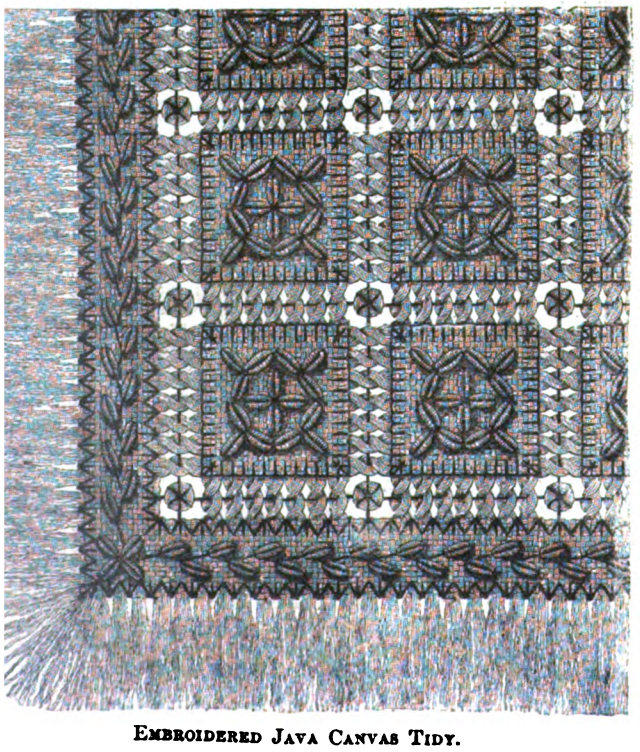
HIS tidy is e of Java reps. med with an -work border with embroidn point Russe herring-bone h, with black zephyr worst-

The original is seventeen inches square. Begin with the dation by working one of the foundation figures shown by llustration with black split zephyr worsted exactly on the lle of the foundation, and from there, at regular intervals, the remaining foundation figures until the foundation is e requisite size. The foundation is finished by point Russe ming, which must be edged all around with one of the ser threads of the fabric. The border consists of three -work and two close strips; the latter are trimmed with roidery in herring-bone stitch. The outer edge of the bor- is surrounded with point Russe embroidery. Edge the with a row of button-hole stitches after an interval of n threads. For each open-work strip draw out eight lengthwise threads, fasten the of the threads left standing for the outer edge in the manner described for the Embroidered Java Canvas Tidy, and through the crosswise threads run white threads as



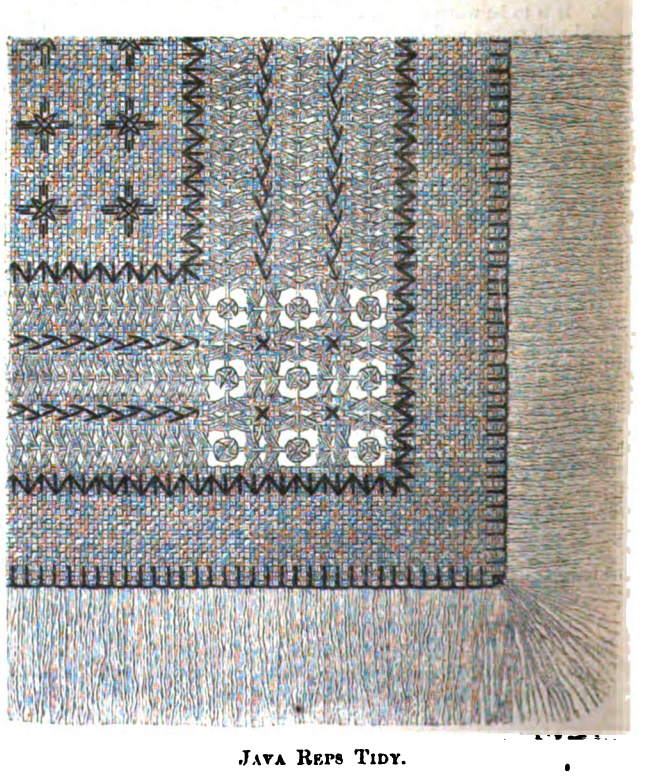
CLOTH SLIPPER WITH CHAIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 54.



EMBROIDERED JAVA CANVAS TIDY.

Fig. 5.—BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.



JAVA REPS TIDY.

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by Fig. 53, Supplement, is made in a manner similar to that on the outer edge, and is pasted on the front. The inner surface of the front is covered with watered paper. Join both pocket pieces with a soufflet, which consists of a bias strip of material and lining each eighteen inches and a half long and three inches and a quarter wide, which is sewed through lengthwise several times. One side of the soufflet is pasted to the front, and the other side to the back of the pocket. The two loops for hanging up the pocket are made of a double strip of silk three inches and a quarter long and three-quarters of an inch wide, which are sewed together over an interlining of carriage leather. Along the middle of these loops set a piece of brown velvet ribbon one-third of an inch wide, which is sewed on with slanting stitches of gold thread. Edge the sides of the loops with fine cord. Sew a brass ring covered with single crochet and picots of brown saddler's silk in one end of each loop. Then sew two similar rings on the edge intended to cover the back of the pocket, and in the middle of these rings fasten the rings previously made by means of cord, the ends of which are slid to the under side through a small hole bored in the card-board, and pasted there. Paste this edge on the back, and surround the outer edge with coarse cord. For the agrafe at the top cover a piece of card-board an inch and three-quarters square, scalloped as shown by the illustration, with silk and carriage leather, and in doing this fasten the free ends of the loops of the pocket at the same time. Surround this figure with fine cord, and trim it with velvet and gold braid, and with cord and tassels as shown by the illustration. Rings, covered in crochet-work, serve to hang up the pocket.

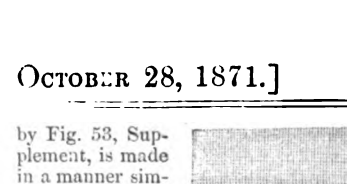


Fig. 1.—Crochet Edging for Lingerie.

Crochet Edgings for Lingerie, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This edging is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 60, and is suitable for trimming articles of linen, children's garments, etc. It can also be worked with black saddler's silk, and used for trimming jackets, paletots, cloaks, etc., instead of a passementerie border. To make the edging work the ring-shaped figures in connection in one round, as follows: * 16 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with one sc. (single crochet), and on the ring work 29 sc., then again on the ring, and passing the needle through the back veins of the stitches, work 2 sl. (slip stitch) on the next 2 st. (stitch), 2 sc. on the following 2 st., 3 ch., pass over 1 st., 1 sc. on the following st., nine times alternately 1 picot (4 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these) and 1 sc. on the second following st., 3 ch., pass over 1 st., 2 sc. and 2 sl. on the next 4 st. of the ring; 14 ch., and repeat from *; but in working every 3 ch. and the picots, fasten the rings to each other as shown by the illustration. The following round consists of sc. and 1 short treble crochet each on the joining point of two rings; of each 14 ch. the last 3 st., which lie back of each ring, are always left unnoticed, the 2 st. before the rings and the first 2 st. of each 14 ch. remain free likewise, and, by coming together, form a kind of short stem for each ring.

Fig. 2.—This edging is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80. First work a chain stitch foundation of the requisite length. This foundation must be worked very loose and even, for which purpose a coarse crochet needle should be used. For the remainder work with a needle to suit the size of the cotton: 1st round.—On each st. (stitch) of the foundation work 1 sc. (single crochet), in doing which pass the needle through the upper of the 2 veins of stitches. 2d round.—* 5 dc. (double crochet) on the next 5 sc., 3 ch. (chain stitch), pass over 2 st., one cross double crochet; to do this work 1 stc. (short treble crochet, throwing the thread over twice) on the following st., only half finish this stc., however, thus still keeping two loops and one thread thrown over on the needle; then work 1 dc. on the third following st., work it off together with one loop on the needle, finish the stc. with the other loop and thread thrown over, which are still on the needle, and finally crochet 3 ch. and 1 dc. on the middle of the stc. Then 3 ch., pass over 2 st., and repeat from *. 3d round.—* 3 dc. on the middle 3 of the 5 dc. of the preceding round, 3 ch., pass over 2 st., 1 dc. on the next st., 5 ch., pass over 7 st., 3 ch., pass over 2 st.; repeat from *. 4th round.—Always alternately 1 dc. on the second following st., and 1 ch. 5th round.—* 1 sc. on the next st., 1 ch., 1 picot (that is, 4 ch., and 1 sc. on the second, 1 sc. on the first of these 4 ch.); repeat from *. This last round forms the upper edge of the lace. For the outer scalloped edge work on the other side of the foundation, always passing the needle through the still free vein of each foundation stitch, the 1st round.—* 5 sc. on the 5 foundation stitches on which 5 dc. have been crocheted at the other side of the foundation, eight times alternately 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the next st., 3 ch., and repeat from *. 2d round.—* 1 sc. on the middle of the next 3 ch., eight times alternately 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle of the next 3 ch., then 1 ch., and repeat from *. The veins of the foundation stitches, which are stretched by crocheting on them again, form an open-work round. When worked with black silk or with fine Shetland wool, this edging is well adapted to wrappings.

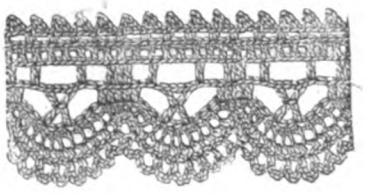
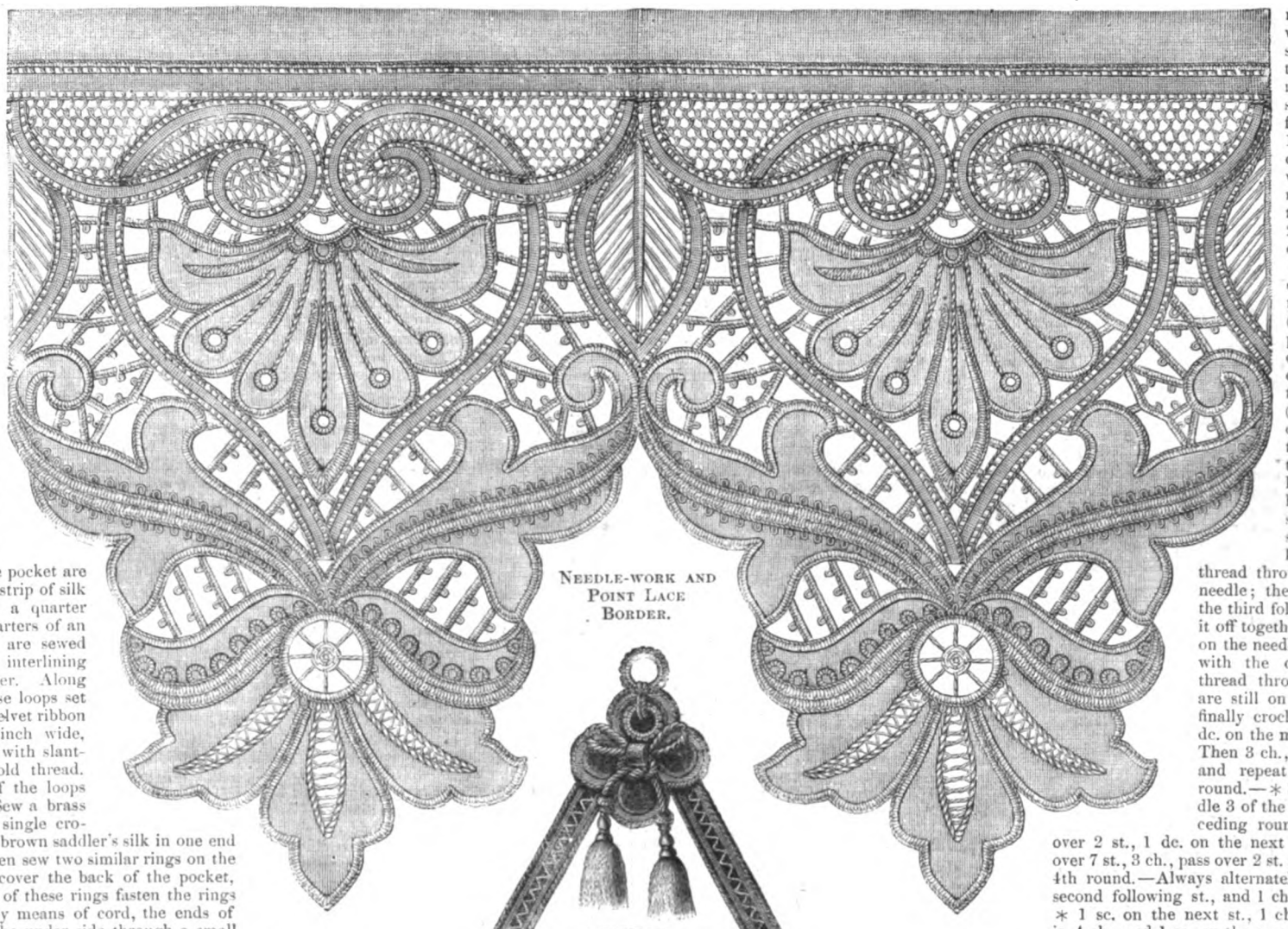


Fig. 2.—Crochet Edging for Lingerie.



Needle-work and Point Lace Border.

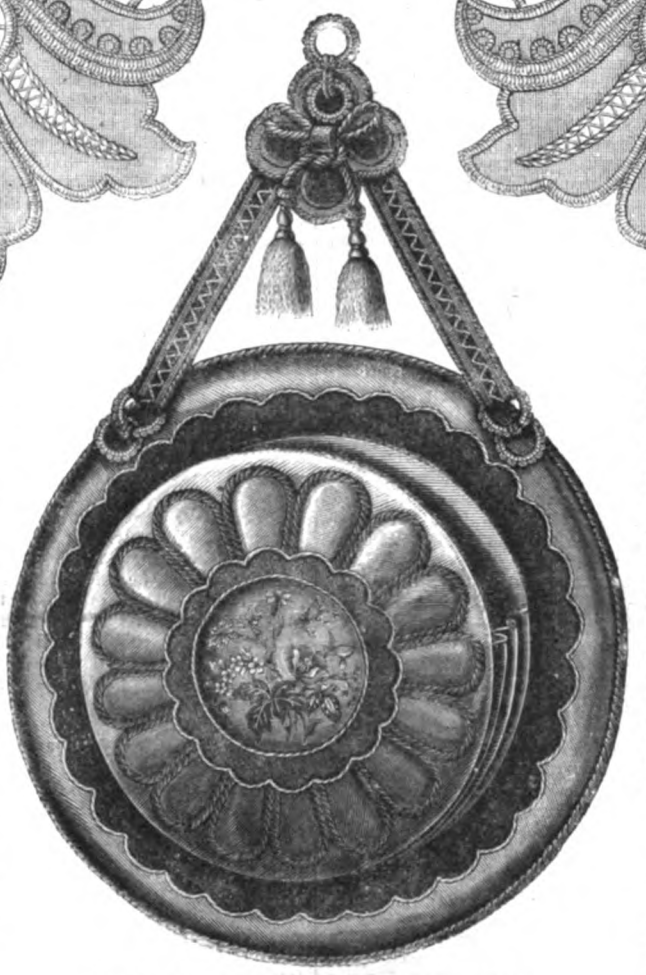
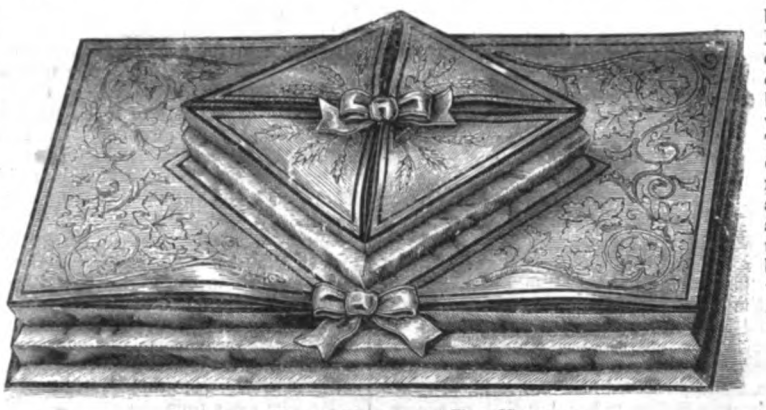


Fig. 2.—Wall Pocket for Newspapers, etc.
[See Fig. 1, Page 676.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 52 and 53.

Case for Table Mats, Tea Napkins, etc.

This case, designed to hold table mats, napkins, and such other table articles as are in daily use, is made of gray drilling or gray English linen, trimmed with braid and back stitch embroidery of maroon silk, and closed with bows of silk ribbon of a similar color. To make the case, cut of gray drilling and fine gray linen for the lining two pieces each twenty-one inches long and thirteen inches wide. In the four corners of one piece of drilling work the design given on Fig. 98, Supplement, in back stitch or half-polka stitch with saddler's silk, and sew on narrow silk braid or soutache as indicated on Fig. 98. Join each piece of drilling with one piece of linen over an interlining of card-board, and face the outer edge with silk or worsted braid in the width indicated on Fig. 98. For the upper pocket, which is intended to hold tea napkins, cut of drilling and linen four pieces each from Fig. 99, Supplement; ornament the pieces of drilling with embroidery and narrow braid in the design given on Fig. 99, and join each piece of drilling with one piece of linen over an interlining of card-board. Bind the outer edges with wide braid. The four corners indicated by *, which meet in the middle, are furnished with an eyelet-hole each, through which a ribbon is passed, which is tied in a bow. The



Case for Table Mats and Tea Napkins.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 98 and 99.

Fig. 1.—Corner of Border in Satin Stitch Embroidery for Album Covers, Port-Folios, etc.

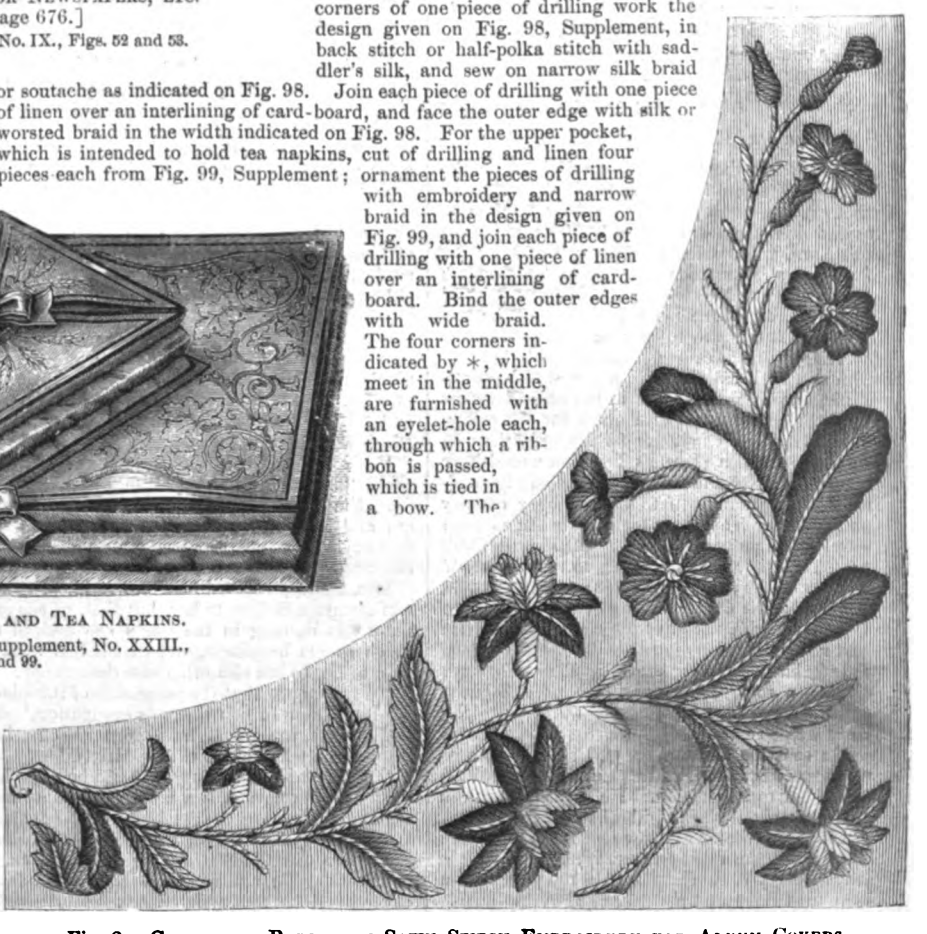


Fig. 2.—Corner of Border in Satin Stitch Embroidery for Album Covers, Port-Folios, etc.

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soufflet for this pocket consists of four strips of linen, each nine inches long and three inches and a quarter wide, which are joined at the ends with fine seams, and bound with wide braid on the sides. Fasten one side of the soufflet on the upper part of the case along the straight line indicated on Fig. 98 from : to :, passing the needle through the card-board. Overseam the free side of the soufflet to the four flaps of the smaller pocket. For the soufflet of the larger pocket cut of gray linen four strips, each four inches wide, two of which are twenty-one inches, and two thirteen inches long, and join each of the two longer strips with one of the shorter strips at the ends by means of a fine seam. Bind the sides with braid, and overseam the soufflet thus formed to the leaf intended for the bottom of the case. Sew the embroidered piece to the soufflet in a similar manner, but only on three sides; the fourth is left open for the table linen. For greater durability face the free side of the soufflet with a strip an inch and a quarter wide, made of gray linen over an interlining of card-board, and bound with braid; both ends of this strip are caught in sewing the soufflet and upper leaf together. The case is closed by two ribbons at the middle of the front of the soufflet and at the upper part of the case. The case is very pretty when made of a costlier material, such as silk, or silk reps, and ornamented in satin stitch embroidery.

THE DEAD SUMMER-TIME.

THE Autumn may come with her splendor,
Full-breasted, gold-wreathed, lips of red,
With largess of charms that may lend her
Grace richer than summer-tide sped.
Can her plenty, her pride, and her glories
Sweet summer-time make me forget?
Oh, sweet happy time, that no more is,
I cling to you, dwell on you yet!

Oh, that time when, day nestling in shadow,
The summer-light just growing dim,
Book in hand, by the marge of the meadow,
I thought of, I waited for him!
Ah, sweet was the rhyme—well I know it!
Was it epic or lyrical lay?—
Which helped me—and writ by what poet?—
To beguile the last moments of day!

The Summer, methinks, is a maiden
Light-hearted and gladsome in mien;
And Autumn, the heavily laden
With wealth, she comes on like a queen.
And Summer is all expectation,
And tremulous over with joy;
And Autumn she brings consummation,
But the pleasures achieved, soon they cloy!

They are fair, sun-lit stubble and fallow,
The woods' lustrous deepening hue;
But restore me the joys which you bore me,
O Summer, the hopeful and true!
Sweet to watch was the harvest's rich token,
Ere the work of the reaper was done;
Sweet, sweet were Love's promises, spoken
In the days of the Summer that's gone.

From Night we her beauties must borrow.
Night draws on as evening descends,
That tells us of tears and of sorrow
For friends, and the parting of friends.
Sweet Summer! all hope and all gladness,
Fit topic for soul-cheering rhyme,
Dispel for me Autumn its sadness,
Restore me the sweet summer-time!

(Continued from No. 41, page 647.)

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE NEAREST WAY TO CARLSRUHE.

A GREAT event befell George Fairfax in the spring of the new year. He received a summons to Lyvedon, and arrived there only in time to attend his uncle's death-bed. The old man died, and was buried in the tomb of his forefathers—a spacious vaulted chamber beneath Lyvedon church—and George Fairfax reigned in his stead. Since his brother's death he had known that this was to be, and had accepted the fact as a matter of course. His succession caused him very little elation. He was glad to have unlimited ready money, but, in the altered aspect of his life, he did not care much for the estate. With Geraldine Challoner for his wife, the possession of such a place as Lyvedon would have been very agreeable to him. He could have almost resigned himself to the ordinary country gentleman's life: to be a magnate in the county; to attend at petty sessions, and keep himself well posted in parochial questions; to make himself a terror to the soul of poachers; and to feel that his youth was over. But now it was different. He had no wife, nor any prospect of a wife. He had no definite plans for his future. For a long time he had been going altogether the wrong way; leading a roving, desultory kind of existence; living among men whose habits and principles were worse than his own.

He sent for his mother, and installed her as mistress of Lyvedon. The place and the position suited her to admiration. He spent a month in dawdling about the neighborhood, taking stock of his new possessions, now and then suggesting some alteration or improvement, but always too lazy to carry it out; strolling in the park with a couple of dogs and a cigar, or going fly-fishing along the bank of a little winding river; driving in an open carriage with his mother; yawning over a book or a newspaper all the evening, and then sitting up till late into the night writing letters which might just as easily have been written in the day. His manner made his mother anxious. Once, with a sigh, she ventured to say how much she regretted the breaking off his engagement to Lady Geraldine.

"You were so admirably adapted for each other," she said.

"Yes, mother, admirably adapted, no doubt; but, you see, we did not love each other." He felt a little pang of remorse as he said this, for it misgave him that Geraldine *had* loved him. "It would have been like those chestnut ponies you drive; they go very well together, and look superb, but they are always snapping at each other's heads. I don't mean to say that Geraldine and I would have quarreled—one might as well try to quarrel with a rock—but we shouldn't have got on. In short, I have a prejudice in favor of marrying a woman I could love."

"And yet I thought you were so much attached to her."

"I was—in the way of friendship. Her society had become a kind of habit with me. I do really like her, and shall always consider her one of the handsomest and cleverest women I know; but it was a mistake to ask her to marry me, and might have been a fatal one. You will say, of course, that a man ought not to make that kind of mistake. I quite agree with you there; but I made it, and I think it infinitely better to pull up even at an awkward point than to make two lives miserable."

Mrs. Fairfax sighed, and shook her head doubtfully.

"Oh, George, George, I'm afraid there was some newer fancy—some secret reason for your conduct to poor Geraldine," she said, in a reproachful tone.

"My dear mother, I have a dozen fancies in a month, and rarely know my own mind for a week at a stretch; but I do know that I never really loved Geraldine Challoner, and that it is better for me to be free from an ill-advised engagement."

Mrs. Fairfax did not venture to press the question any farther. She had her suspicions, and her suspicions pointed to Clarissa. But Clarissa now being married, and fairly out of the way, she had some faint hope that her son would return to his old allegiance, and that she might even yet have Geraldine Challoner for her daughter. In the mean time she was fain to be patient, and to refrain from any irritating persistence upon a subject that was very near to her heart.

So far as her own interests were concerned, it would have been a pleasant thing for Mrs. Fairfax that her son should remain a bachelor. The sovereignty of Lyvedon was a pure and perfect delight to her. The place was the home of her childhood; and there was not a thicket in the park or a flower bed in the garden that was not familiar and dear to her. Every corner of the sombre old rooms—in which the furniture had been unchanged for a century—had its tender associations. All the hopes and dreams of her long-vanished youth came back to her, faint and pale, like faded flowers shut in the leaves of a book. And in the event of her son's marriage she must, of course, resign all this—must make a new home for herself outside the walls of Lyvedon; for she was not a woman to accept a secondary place in any household. Considering the question merely from a selfish point of view, she had every reason to be satisfied with the existing state of things; but it was not of herself she thought. She saw her son restless and unsettled, and had a secret conviction that he was unhappy. There had been much in the history of his past life that had troubled her; and for his future her chief hope had been in the security of a judicious marriage. She was a woman of strong religious feeling, and had shed many bitter tears and prayed many prayers on account of this beloved son.

The beloved son in the mean while dawdled away life in a very unsatisfactory manner. He found the roads and lanes about Lyvedon remarkable for nothing but their dust. There were wild flowers, of course—possibly nightingales and that sort of thing; but he preferred such imported bouquets, grown on the flowery slopes of the Mediterranean, as he could procure to order at Covent Garden; and the song of nightingales in the dusky after-dinner time made him melancholy. The place was a fine old place, and it was undoubtedly a good thing to possess it; but George Fairfax had lived too wild a life to find happiness in the simple pleasures of a Kentish squire. So, after enduring the placid monotony of Lyvedon for a couple of months, he grew insufferably weary all at once, and told his mother that he was going to the Black Forest.

"It's too early to shoot caper-cailzies," he said; "but I dare say I shall find something to do. I'm nothing but a bore to you here, mother; and you can amuse yourself while I'm gone in carrying out any of the improvements we've discussed."

Mrs. Fairfax assured her son that his presence was always a delight to her, but that, of course, there was nothing in the world she desired so much as his happiness, and that it had been a pain to her to see him otherwise than happy.

"I had hoped that the possession of this place would have given you so much occupation," she said, "that you would have gone into Parliament and made a position for yourself."

"My dear mother, I never had any affection for politics, and, unless a man could be a modern Pitt, I don't see the use of that kind of thing. Every young Englishman turns his face toward the House of Commons, as the sunflower turns to the sun-god; and see what a charming level of mediocrity we enjoy in consequence thereof."

"Any thing that would occupy your mind, George," remonstrated Mrs. Fairfax.

"The question is, whether I have any mind to be occupied, mother," replied the young man, with a laugh. "I think the average modern intellect, when it knows its own capacity, rarely soars above billiards. That is a science; and what can a man be more than scientific?"

"It is so easy to laugh the subject down in that way, George," returned the mother, with a sigh; "but a man has duties to perform."

"Surely not a man with an estate like this, mother! I can never understand that talk about the duties of a rich man, except to pay his income tax properly. A fellow with a wife and children and no income to speak of has duties, of course—imprimis, the duty of working for his belongings; but what are the privileges of wealth, if one may not take life as one pleases?"

"Oh, George, George, I used to hope such great things of you!"

"The fond delusion common to maternity, my dearest mother. A brat learns his A B C a shade quicker than other children, or construes *Qui fit Mæcenas* with tolerable correctness, and straightway the doting mother thinks her lad is an embryo Canning. You should never have hoped any thing of me, except that I would love you dearly all my life. You have made that very easy to me."

Mr. Fairfax took his portmanteau and departed, leaving his servant to carry the rest of his luggage straight to Paris, and await his master's arrival at one of the hotels in the Rue de Rivoli. The master himself took a somewhat circuitous route, and began his journey to the Black Forest by going down to Holborough.

"I can take a steamer from Hull to Hamburg," he said to himself, "and push on from there to Carlsruhe."

He wanted to see Clarissa again. He knew that she was at Arden Court, and that Lady Laura Armstrong was not at Hale Castle. He wanted to see her; his ulterior views were of the vaguest; but that passionate yearning to see her, to hear the sweet winning voice, to look into the soft hazel eyes, was strong upon him. It was a year since the day he dined in Clarges Street; and in all that year he had done his uttermost to forget her, had hated himself for the weakness which made her still dearer to him than any other woman; and then, alike angry with her and with himself, had cried, with Wilmot, Earl of Rochester,

"Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love you."

He went up to London early one morning, and straight from London to Holborough, where he arrived late in the evening. He slept at the chief inn of the place; and in the golden summer noontide set out for Arden Court—not to make a formal visit, but rather to look about him in a somewhat furtive way. He did not care to make his advent known to Daniel Granger just yet; perhaps, indeed, he might find it expedient to avoid any revelation of himself to that gentleman. He wanted to find out all he could of Clarissa's habits, so that he might contrive an interview with her. He had seen the announcement of the baby's birth, and oh, what a bitter pang the commonplace paragraph had given him! Never before had the fact that she was another man's wife come home to him so keenly. He tried to put the subject out of his thoughts, to forget that there had been a son born to the house of Granger; but often in the dreary spring twilight, walking among the oaks of Lyvedon, he had said to himself, "*Her* child ought to have been heir to this place."

He went in at the lodge gate, and strolled idly into the park, not being at all clear as to how he was to bring about what he wanted. The weather was lovely—weather in which few people, untrammeled by necessity, would have cared to remain in-doors. There was just the chance that Mrs. Granger might be strolling in the park herself, and the still more remote contingency that she might be alone. He was quite prepared for the possibility of meeting her accompanied by the lynx-eyed Miss Granger, and was not a man to be thrown off his guard or taken at a disadvantage, come what might.

The place wore its fairest aspect: avenues of elms that had begun to grow when England was young; gigantic oaks dotted here and there upon the undulating open ground, reputed a thousand years old; bright young plantations of rare fir and pine that had a pert, crisp newness about them, like the air of a modern dandy; every where the appearance of that perfect care and culture which is the most conclusive evidence of unlimited wealth.

George Fairfax looked around him with a sigh. The scene he looked upon was very fair. It was not difficult to understand how dear association might have made so beautiful a spot to such a girl as Clarissa. She had told him she would give the world to win back her lost home; and she had given—something less than the world—only herself. "Paris is worth a mass," said the great Henry; and Clarissa's perjury was only one more of the many lies which men and women have told to compass their desires.

He kept away from the carriage-roads, loitering in the remoter regions of the park, and considering what he should do. He did not want to present himself at the Court as a formal visitor. In the first place, it would have been rather difficult to give any adequate reason for his presence in Holborough; and in the second, he had an unspeakable repugnance to any social intercourse with Clarissa's husband.

How he was ever to see her in the future, with that hideous hypocrisy of friendliness toward Daniel Granger, he knew not; but he knew that it would cost him dearly to take the hand of the man who had supplanted him.

He wandered on till he came to a dell where the ground was broken a good deal, and where the fern seemed to grow more luxuriantly than in any other part of the park. There was a glimpse of blue water at the bottom of the slope—a narrow strip of a streamlet running between swampy banks, where the forget-me-nots and pale water-plants ran riot. This verdant valley was sheltered by some of the oldest hawthorns George Fairfax had ever seen—very Methuselahs of trees, whose grim old trunks and crooked branches time had twisted into the queerest shapes, and whose massive boles and strange excrescences of limb were covered with the moss of past generations. It was such a valley as Gustave Doré would love to draw—a glimpse of wilderness in the midst of cultivation.

There were not wanted figures to brighten the landscape. A woman dressed in white sat under one of the hawthorns, with a baby on her lap; and a nurse-maid, in gayer raiment, stood by, looking down at the child.

How well George Fairfax remembered the slight, girlish figure, and the day when he had come upon it unawares in Marley Wood! He stood a few paces off, and listened to the soft, sweet voice.

Clarissa was talking to her baby in the unintelligible mother-language inspired by the occasion. A baby just able to smile at her, and coo and crow and chuckle in that peculiarly unctuous manner common to babies of amiable character—a fair, blue-eyed baby, big and bonny, with soft rings of flaxen hair upon his pink young head, and tender little arms that seemed meant for nothing so much as to be kissed.

After a good deal of that sweet baby-talk there was a little discussion between the mistress and maid, and then the child was wrapped up as carefully as if destruction were in the breath of the softest June zephyr. Mr. Fairfax was afraid the mother was going away with the child, and that his chance would be lost; but it was not so. The maid tripped off with the infant, after it had been brought back two or three times to be half smothered with kisses—kisses which it seemed to relish in its own peculiar way, opening its mouth to receive them, as if they had been something edible. The baby was carried away at last, and Clarissa took up a book and began to read.

George Fairfax waited till the maid had been gone about ten minutes, and then came slowly down the hollow to the spot where Clarissa was seated. The rustle of the fern startled her; she looked up, and saw him standing by her side. It was just a year since he had surprised her in Mr. Wooster's garden at Henley. She had thought of him very much in that time, but less since the birth of her boy. She turned very pale at sight of him; and when she tried to speak, the words would not come: her lips only moved tremulously.

"I hope I did not alarm you very much," he said, "by the suddenness of my appearance. I thought I heard your voice just now speaking to some one"—he had not the heart to mention her baby—"and came down here to look for you. What a charming spot it is!"

She had recovered her self-possession by this time, and was able to answer him quite calmly.

"Yes, it is pretty. It was a favorite spot of Austin's. I have at least a dozen sketches of it done by him. But I did not know you were in Yorkshire, Mr. Fairfax."

She wondered whether he was staying at Hale; and then it flashed upon her that there had been a reconciliation between him and Lady Geraldine.

"I have not been long in Yorkshire. I am merely here *en passant*, in short. My only excuse for approaching you lies in the fact that I have come to talk to you about your brother."

"About Austin!" exclaimed Clarissa, with a look of alarm. "There is nothing wrong—he is well, I hope?"

"Pray don't alarm yourself. Yes, he is tolerably well, I believe; and there is nothing wrong—nothing that need cause you any immediate concern, at least. I am going to Paris, and I thought you might be glad to send some message."

"You are very kind to think of that: yes, I shall be glad to send to him. He is not a good correspondent, and I get very anxious about him sometimes. What you said just now seemed to imply that there *was* something wrong. Pray be candid with me, Mr. Fairfax."

He did not answer her immediately; in fact, for the moment he scarcely was conscious of her words. He was looking at the beautiful face—looking at it with a repressed passion that was deeper and more real than any he had ever felt in his life. His thoughts wandered away from Austin Lovel. He was thinking what he would have given, what peril he would have dared, to call this woman his own. All this lower world seemed nothing to him when weighed against her; and in such a moment a man of his stamp rarely remembers any other world.

"There is something wrong," repeated Clarissa, with increasing anxiety. "I entreat you to tell me the truth!"

"Yes, there is something wrong," he answered, vaguely; and then, wrenching his mind away from those wild speculations as to what he would or would not do to win Daniel Granger's wife, he went on in another tone: "The truth is, my dear Mrs. Granger, I was in Paris last winter, and saw something of your brother's mode of life; and I can not say that I consider it a satisfactory one. You have sent him a good deal of money since I saw you last, I dare say? Pray understand that there is nothing intrusive or impertinent in my question. I only wish to be some use to you, if I can."

"I am sure of that. Yes, I have sent him what I could—about four hundred pounds—since last June; and he has been very grateful, poor fellow! He ought to know that he is welcome to every shilling I have. I could send him much more, of course, if I cared to ask my husband for money."

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"It is wiser to trust to your own resources. And I doubt if the command of much money would be a positive benefit to your brother. You have asked me to be candid, and I shall obey you, even at the hazard of giving you pain. There is a kind of constitutional weakness in your brother's nature. He is a man open to every influence, and not always governed by the best influences. I saw a good deal of him when I was last in Paris, and I saw him most in the fastest society; among people who petted him for the sake of his genius and vivacity, but who would turn their backs upon him to-morrow if he were no longer able to amuse them: the set into which an artist is so apt to fall when his home influences are not strong enough to keep him steady, and when he has that lurking disposition to Bohemianism which has been the bane of your brother's life. I speak entirely without reserve, you see."

"I am grateful to you for doing so. Poor Austin! if he had only chosen more wisely! But his wife is fond of him, you say?"

"Too fond of him, perhaps; for she is very much given to torment him with jealous outbreaks; and he is not a man to take that sort of thing pleasantly. She does not go into society with him; indeed, I doubt if half a dozen out of the people whom he lives among know that he has a wife. I found his social position considerably improved—thanks to your remittances, no doubt. He was still in the Rue du Chevalier Bayard—as, of course, you know—but had moved a stage lower down, and had furnished a painting-room in the stereotyped style—Flemish carved buffets, dingy tapestry from a passage behind the Rue Richelieu, and a sprinkling of bric-à-brac from the Quai Voltaire. The poor little woman and her children were banished; and he had a room full of visitors chattering round him while he painted. You know his wonderful facility. The atmosphere was cloudy with tobacco-smoke; and the men were drinking that abominable concoction of wormwood with which young France cultivates madness and early doom."

"It is not a pleasant picture," said Clarissa, with a profound sigh.

"No, my dear Mrs. Granger, but it is a faithful one. Mr. Lovel had won a certain reputation for his airy style of art, and was beginning to get better prices for his pictures; but I fancy he has a capacity for spending money, and an inability to save it, which would bring him always to the same level of comparative insolvency. I have known so many men like that; and a man who begins in that way so rarely ends in any other way."

"What am I to do!" exclaimed Clarissa, piteously. "What can I do to help him?"

"I am almost at a loss to suggest any thing. Perhaps if you were on the spot your influence might do something. I know he loves you, and is more moved by the mention of your name than by any sermon one could preach to him. But I suppose there is no chance of your being in Paris."

"I don't know. Mr. Granger talked some time ago of spending the autumn abroad, and asked me if I should like to see a New-Year's Day in Paris. I think, if I were to express a wish about it, he would take me there; and it would be such happiness to me to see Austin!" And then Mrs. Granger thought of her baby, and wondered whether the atmosphere of Paris would be favorable to that rare and beauteous blossom; whether the tops-and-bottoms of the French capital would agree with his tender digestive machinery; and if the cow-keepers of the Faubourg St. Honoré were an honest and unadulterating race. The very notion of taking the treasure away from his own nurseries, his own cow, his own goat-chaise, was enough to make her shudder.

"It would be the best chance for his redemption. A little womanly kindness and counsel from you to the wife might bring about a happier state of things in his home; and a man who can be happy at home is in a measure saved. It is hardly possible for your brother to mix much with the people among whom I saw him without injury to himself. They are people to whom dissipation is the very salt of life; people who breakfast at the Moulin Rouge at three o'clock in the afternoon, and eat ices at midnight to the music of the cascade in the Bois; people to be seen at every race-meeting; men who borrow money at seventy-five per cent. to pay for opera-boxes and dinners at the Café Riche, and who manage the rest of their existence on credit."

"But what could my influence do against such friends as these?" asked Clarissa, in a hopeless tone.

"Who can say? It might do wonders. I know your brother has a heart, and that you have power to touch it. Take my advice, Mrs. Granger, and try to be in Paris as soon as you can."

"I will," she answered, fervently. "I would do any thing to save him." She looked at her watch, and rose from the seat under the hawthorn. "It is nearly two o'clock," she said, "and I must go back to the house. You will come to luncheon, of course?"

"Thanks—no. I have an engagement that will take me back to the town immediately."

"But Mr. Granger will be surprised to hear that you have been here without calling upon him."

"Need Mr. Granger hear of my coming?" George Fairfax asked, in a low tone.

Clarissa flushed scarlet.

"I have no secrets from my husband, Mr. Fairfax," she said, "even about trifles."

"Ten thousand pardons! I scarcely want to make my presence here a secret; but, in short, I came solely to speak to you about a subject in which I know you were deeply interested, and I had not contemplated calling upon Mr. Granger."

They were walking slowly up the grassy slope as they talked; and after this there came a silence, during which Clarissa quickened her pace a little, George Fairfax keeping still by her side. Her heart beat faster than its wont; and she had a vague sense of danger in this man's presence—a sense of a net being woven round her, a lurking suspicion that this apparent interest in her brother veiled some deeper feeling.

They came out of the hollow, side by side, into a short arcade of flowering limes, at the end of which there was a broad sweep of open grass. A man on a deep-chested, strong-limbed gray horse was riding slowly toward them across the grass—Daniel Granger.

That picture of his wife walking in the little avenue of limes, with George Fairfax by her side, haunted Mr. Granger with a strange distinctness in days to come—the slight white-robed figure against the background of sun-lit greenery; the young man's handsome head, uncovered, and stooping a little as he spoke to his companion.

The master of Arden Court dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle as he came forward to meet Mr. Fairfax. The two men shook hands, but not very warmly. The encounter mystified Daniel Granger a little. It was strange to find a man he had supposed to be at the other end of England strolling in the park with his wife, and that man the one about whom he had had many a dreary half hour of brooding. He waited for an explanation, however, without any outward show of surprise. The business was simple and natural enough, no doubt, he told himself.

"Have you been to the house?" he asked: "I have been out all the morning."

"No; I was on my way there, when I came upon Mrs. Granger in the most romantic spot yonder. I felt that I was rather early for a morning call, even in the depth of the country, and had strolled out of the beaten path to get rid of an hour or so."

"I did not know you were in Yorkshire," said Mr. Granger, not in the most cordial tone. "You are staying at Hale, I suppose?"

"No; Lady Laura is away, you know."

"Ah—to be sure; I had forgotten."

"I am spending a few days with a bachelor friend in Holborough. I am off to Germany before the week is out."

Mr. Granger was not sorry to hear this. He was not jealous of George Fairfax. If any body had suggested the possibility of his entertaining such a sentiment, that person would have experienced the full force of Daniel Granger's resentment; but this was just the one man whom he fancied his wife might have cared for a little before her marriage. He was not a man given to petty jealousies; and of late, since the birth of his son, there had been growing up in his mind a sense of security in his wife's fidelity—her affection even. The union between them had seemed very perfect after the advent of the child; and the master of Arden Court felt almost as if there were nothing upon this earth left for him to desire. But he was a little puzzled by the presence of George Fairfax, nevertheless.

Holborough was a small place; and he began to speculate immediately upon the identity of this bachelor friend of Mr. Fairfax's. It was not a garrison town. The young men of the place were for the most part small professional men—half a dozen lawyers and doctors, two or three curates, a couple of bankers' sons, an auctioneer or two, ranking vaguely between the trading and professional classes, and the sons of tradesmen. Among them all Mr. Granger could remember no one likely to be a friend of George Fairfax. It might possibly be one of the curates; but it seemed scarcely probable that Mr. Fairfax would come two hundred and fifty miles to abide three days with a curate. Nor was it the season of partridges. There was no shooting to attract Mr. Fairfax to the neighborhood of Holborough. There was trout, certainly, to be found in abundance in brooks and river within a walk of the town; and Mr. Fairfax might be passionately fond of fly-fishing.

"You will come in and have some luncheon, of course?" Mr. Granger said, when they came to the gate-way, where George Fairfax pulled up, and began to wish them good-by. Not to ask the man to eat and drink would have seemed to him the most unnatural thing in the world.

"Thanks. I think I had better deny myself that pleasure," Mr. Fairfax said, doubtfully. "The day is getting on, and—and I have an engagement for the afternoon." ("Trout, no doubt," thought Mr. Granger.) "I have seen you—that is the grand point. I could not leave Yorkshire without paying my respects to you and Mrs. Granger."

"Do you leave so soon?"

"To-morrow, I think."

"A hurried journey for trout," thought Mr. Granger.

He insisted upon the visitor coming in to luncheon. George Fairfax was not very obdurate. It was so sweet to be near the woman he loved, and he had not the habit of refusing himself the things that were sweet to him. They went into the small dining-room. The luncheon-bell had rung a quarter of an hour ago, and Miss Granger was waiting for her parents, with an air of placid self-abnegation, by an open window.

There was a good deal of talk during luncheon, but the chief talker was George Fairfax. Clarissa was grave, and somewhat absent. She was thinking of her brother Austin, and the gloomy account of him which she had just heard. It was hardly a surprise to her. His letters had been few and far between, and they had not been hopeful, or, at the best, brightened by only a flash of hopefulness, which was more like bravado, now and then. His necessity for money, too, had seemed without limit. She was planning her campaign. Come what might, she must contrive some means of being in Paris before long. Mr. Fairfax was going on to Carlsruhe; that was an advantage; for something in his manner today had told her that he must always be more or less than her friend. She had a vague sense that his eagerness to establish a confidence between her and himself was a menace of danger to her.

"If I can only go to Austin myself," she thought, "there need be no intermediary."

Luncheon was over, and still Mr. Fairfax lingered—strangely indifferent to the waning of an afternoon which seemed peculiarly advantageous for fly-fishing, Mr. Granger thought. They went into the drawing-room, and Mr. Fairfax dawdled an hour away talking of Lyvedon, and giving a serio-comic description of himself in the novel character of a country gentleman. It was not till Mr. Granger had looked at his watch once or twice in a surreptitious manner, thinking of an engagement to meet his architect for the inspection of some dilapidated cottages on the newest part of his estate, that the visitor rose to depart. Daniel Granger had quite warmed to him by this time. His manner was so natural in its pleasant airiness: it was not easy to think there could be any lurking evil beneath such a show of candor.

"Can't you stay and dine with us?" asked Mr. Granger; "or will you go back to Holborough and fetch your friend? We shall be very glad to know him, if we don't know him already."

If a blush had been possible to George Fairfax, this friendly speech would have raised it; but the capacity had departed from him before he left Eton. He did feel ashamed of himself, nevertheless.

"You are more than good," he said; "but my friend seldom goes any where. Good-by."

He made his adieux with an agreeable abruptness, not caring to prolong the dinner question. Such men as he tell lies without stint upon occasion; but the men are few to whom it is actually congenial to lie. He was glad to get away even from the woman he loved, and the sense of shame was strong upon him as he departed.

If his mother, who was anxiously awaiting a letter from Paris or Carlsruhe, could have known of his presence here in this place, to which his father had come years ago to betray her! If she who loved him so fondly, and was so full of prayers and hopes for his future, could have seen him so utterly on the wrong road, what bitter shame and lamenting there would have been in the halls of Lyvedon that day—those deserted halls in which the lady sat alone among the sombre old-world grandeurs of oak and tapestry, and sighed for her absent son!

Instead of going straight back to the Holborough high-road, Mr. Fairfax struck across the woods by that path which led to the mill-stream and the orchard, where he had parted from Clarissa on that cheerless October night nearly three years ago. He knew that Mr. Lovel was away, and the cottage only tenanted by servants, and he had a fancy for looking at the place where he had been so angry and so miserable—the scene of that one rejection which had stung him to the very quick, the single humiliation of his successful career. It was only the morbid fancy of an idle man who had an afternoon to dispose of somehow.

Half-way between the Court and the cottage he heard the jingling of bells, and presently, flashing and gleaming among the trees, he saw a gayly-painted carriage drawn by a pair of goats, with plated harness that shone in the sun. Mixed with the joyous jingle of the bells, there came the sound of an infant's laughter. It was the baby taking his after-dinner airing, attended by a couple of nurses. A turn in the path brought George Fairfax and the heir of Arden face to face.

A sudden impulse seized him—a sudden impulse of tenderness for *her* child. He took the little bundle of rosy babyhood and lace and muslin in his arms, and kissed the soft little face as gently as a woman, and looked into the innocent blue eyes, dilated to an almost impossible extent in a wondering stare, with unspeakable love and melancholy in his own. Great Heaven! if Clarissa had been his wife, this child his son, what a happy man he might have been, what a new charm there would have been in the possession of a fine estate, what a new zest in life, the savor of which seemed to have departed altogether of late!

He put the little one back into his cushioned seat in the goat-chaise with supreme care and gentleness, not ruffling so much as a plume in his dainty white satin hat.

"A fine boy, Mrs. Nurse," he said, feeling in his waistcoat pocket for backsheesh; to which proposition the portly head-nurse, who had stared at him, aghast with horror, while he handled the infant, assented with enthusiasm.

"I never nursed a finer, Sir; and I was head-nurse to Lady Fitz-Lubin, which my lady had five boys, and not a girl between them; and Mrs. Granger does dote on him so. I never see a ma that wrapped up in her child."

Mr. Fairfax gave her half a sovereign, stooped down to kiss the baby again—it is doubtful if he had ever kissed a baby before—and then walked on, wondering at the new sensation. Such a little soft thing, that opened its mouth to be kissed, like a petted bird! And yet he contemplated a future in which he should come between Clarissa and this child; he could dream of a possibility which should make its mother's name a shame to this little one.

Mr. Granger kept his appointment with the architect, and came to the natural conclusion of a rich man upon the subject of dilapidated buildings. After inspecting the lapsided old cottages, with their deep, roomy chimneys, in which the farm-laborer loved to sit of a night, roasting his ponderous boots and smoking the pipe of meditation, and their impossible staircases, which seemed to have been designed with a deliberate view to the breaking of legs and endangerment of spines, Mr. Granger made a wry face, and ordered that rubbish to be swept away.

"You can build me half a dozen upon the New Arden design," he said; "red brick, with stone dressings; and be sure you put a tablet with the date in front of each."

He was thinking of his son, anxious that there should be some notable improvement, some new building every year, to mark the progress of his boy's existence.

The farm-laborers and their wives did not look so delighted as they might have been by this edict. These benighted souls liked the old cottages, lapsided as they were—liked the crooked staircase squeezed into a corner of the living-room below, the stuffy little dens above, with casement windows which only opened on one side, letting in the smallest modicum of air, and were not often opened at all. Cottages on the New Arden model meant stone floors below and open rafters above, thorough draughts every where, and, worst of all, they meant weekly inspection by Miss Granger. The free sons and daughters of Hickly-on-the-Hill—this little cluster of houses which formed a part of Mr. Granger's new estate—had rejoiced that they were not as the Ardenites; that they could revel in warmth and dirt, and eat liver and bacon for supper on a Saturday night, without any fear of being lectured for their extravagance by the omniscient Sophia on the following Monday, convicted of their guilt by the evidence of the grease in an unwashed frying-pan; that their children could sport on the hill-side in garments that were guiltless of strings; that, in short, they were outside the circle of Miss Granger's sympathies, and could live their own lives. But that sweet liberty was all over now: with the red brick and stone dressings would come the Draconian laws of New Arden; no more corners for the comfortable accumulation of dirt, no more delicious little cupboards for the stowing away of rubbish. Every thing was to be square and solid and stony. They heard Mr. Granger giving orders that the chimney was to be flush with the wall, and so on; the stove, an "Oxford front," warranted to hold not more than a pound and a half of coal; no recesses in which old age could sit and croon, no cozy nook for the cradle of infancy.

After this interview with the architect Mr. Granger rode home through Holborough. His way took him past that very hotel where George Fairfax was staying—the chief inn of the town, a fine old red brick building that filled nearly one side of the market-place.

It happened that just as Mr. Granger rode along the High Street, where there were some half a dozen stragglers visible upon a wide expanse of pavement, and one carriage waiting at the draper's, Mr. Fairfax walked up the broad steps of the hotel and entered—entered with the air of a man who lived there, Daniel Granger thought. And he had said that he was staying with a bachelor friend. Mr. Granger rode slowly past the principal part of the hotel to an archway at the end—an archway leading to livery-stables, where the hostler was lounging. He stopped opposite this archway, and beckoned the man over to him.

"There was a gentleman went into the hotel just now," he said; "did you see him?"

"Yes, Sir, I seed him. Mr. Fairfax; him as was to have married Lady Laura Armstrong's sister."

"Is he staying in the house, do you know?"

"Yes, Sir; came last night, down from London. Shall I take him your card, Sir?"

"No, thank you, Giles; I won't call upon him this afternoon. I only wanted to be sure. Good-day."

He rode on. What was the meaning of this lie which George Fairfax had told him? Had it any meaning which it behooved him to fathom? It was strange, at the least—strange enough to make Mr. Granger very uncomfortable as he rode slowly back to the Court.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ICED APPLES.—Pare and core one dozen large apples; fill with sugar, very little butter, and cinnamon; bake till nearly done; let them cool, and if you can without breaking, put on another dish; if not, pour off the juice; have some icing prepared, lay on top and sides, and set into the oven a minute or two to brown slightly; serve with cream.

QUINCE JELLY.—Slice the quinces without either paring or coring, put them in the preserving-kettle, and just cover with cold water; place over the fire and boil until entirely soft; remove from the stove, and strain off the liquor, and to every gallon allow three pounds of white sugar; boil it very fast until it becomes a stiff jelly.

ANOTHER.—Grate the fruit, and place, cores and all, on to boil. When it has boiled about five minutes, strain, and do it as quickly as possible, so it may not cool before it is returned to the fire. Measure, and allow to every pint of juice one pound of white sugar; let it boil very fast, and when it seems inclined to stiffen, remove, and put into jelly glasses.

Preserves, jellies, etc., should always be put into the glasses hot, and, to prevent cracking, under each glass as you are going to fill it put a large cloth wrung out of cold water, and folded until it is very thick.

YANKEE PONES.—When properly made and baked, these are delicious. The buttermilk should be rich, and not too sour. Allow to every pint one spoonful of soda, and three scant coffee-cupfuls of corn meal; put the soda in the basin, pulverize it well, and pour the buttermilk on; then the meal; add salt to taste. Taste a little of the batter, and if it seems sour, add more soda; have the griddle hot, put on the cakes with a spoon, making them round and about a quarter of an inch thick; when brown, turn, and bake the other side send to table hot. They should be split and buttered as muffins. This quantity makes fifteen or sixteen cakes. If liked, add a small quantity of molasses—about three table-spoonfuls—to the batter before baking.

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Fig. 1.—GRAY SULTANE SUIT.—BACK.
r pattern see Supplement, No. XL., Figs. 55 and 56.

Fig. 2.—GRAY SULTANE SUIT.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XL., Figs. 55 and 56.

tane Suit, Figs. 1 and 2.

tane consists of a double skirt and basque-
mmed with four wide folds of gros grain
o narrower folds of the same and gray lace
trim the over-skirt and basque-waist. Figs. 55 and 56, Supplement, give the pattern for the over-skirt. For the front and back of the over-skirt cut one piece each from Figs. 55 and 56, having previously joined on the piece turned down in Supplement on Fig. 55. Set on the trimming and pleat the top, bringing × on ●. For the scarfs on both sides, cut of the material two pieces each twenty-four inches long and twelve inches wide, round off the under edge as shown by the illustration, put on the trimming, lay the top in a deep pleat, and set both scarfs and over-skirt into a double belt, in doing which the back of the skirt must overlap the front at each side from 1 to 2. The scarfs must be fastened on at this place.

Corners of Borders in Satin Stitch Embroidery, for Album Covers, Port-Folios, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 677.

BOTH of these borders are worked on cloth, velvet, or heavy silk material, with silk of different colors in diagonal satin stitch, knotted stitch, and point Russe. Gimp of two colors is used for Fig. 2. The stems of the leaves and flowers are worked with gold thread and fastened with cross stitches of darker silk.—Gold bullion and gold thread may be used instead of silk of different colors.

Water-proof Cloak for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

See illustration on page 681.

THIS cloak of gray water-proof cloth is furnished with a cape and a small collar. Gray pearl buttons close the cloak, and similar buttons are set on the sleeves and pocket welts. Cut the cloak from Figs. 57–62, Supplement, join all the pieces according to the corresponding figures, face the edge of the cape and collar with a strip of silk, and the front and bottom of the cloak with a strip of water-proof, and sew pocket welts, an inch and a quarter wide and five inches long, on the fronts, as shown by the illustration. Finish the cloak with buttons and button-holes as shown by the illustration.

KING SUIT.
n see Supplement.

CATS.

CATS are held in great estimation in the East, and large prices are sometimes paid by native ladies for fine Persian specimens. In Cairo a sum of money was left in trust to feed poor cats, who daily receive their rations at the Mahkemah (law courts). Many animals have in Arabic a large number of names—more than 560, for instance, being applied to the lion. The following story, current among them, will illustrate this fact with reference to the cat. A Bedawi was out hunting one day, and caught a cat, but did not know what animal it could be. As he was carrying it along with him he met a man who said, "What are you going to do with that *sinnaur?*" Then another asked, "What is that *kutt* for?" A third called it *hirr;* and others styled it successively *dhayun*, *khaidà*, and *khaital*. So the Bedawi thought to himself this must be a very valuable animal, and took it to the market, where he offered it for sale at one hundred dirhems. At this the people laughed, and said, "Knowest thou not, O Bedawi, that it would be dear at half a

GREEN SILK EVENING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 63-65.

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dirhem?" He was enraged at having his dream of wealth thus rudely dispelled, and flung it away, exclaiming, "May thy house be ruined, thou beast of many names, but little worth!" The Arabs say that the occasion of the cat's first appearance was as follows: The inhabitants of the ark were much troubled with mice. Noah, in his perplexity, stroked the lion's nose and made him sneeze, whereupon a cat appeared, and cleared off the mice.

SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 66–71.

PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 72–74.

WATER-PROOF CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 57–62.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

SHALL we have a complete innovation? shall we simply return to the past? or shall we continue as at present? Such are the questions which are asked, as well in the domain of fashion as in the political world, more closely connected with each other than is generally supposed. When fashions are absurd, politics are mad; this always has been and always will be seen; and it may be affirmed that fashion, in France, is the barometer of politics, for it is that which indicates whether the weather is clear, threatening, or stormy.

Accustomed as I am to interpreting these mysterious characters which strike the eyes of all, and disclose their real meaning to but few, I confess that I am utterly at a loss how to decipher them in circumstances like these. Fashion at this moment takes no decisive stand, but hesitatingly gropes its way along, and finds itself, like Thiers, the President of a republic without having a republic over which to preside. Doubtless this very analogy is an additional confirmation of my doctrine, but it does not permit me to see beyond the present moment, while two years ago I could have predicted the dangers that were menacing France by studying the feminine toilette in all its details: the extravagantly long trains; the dresses composed of packages of costly stuffs and laces piled one above another; the edifices built up of false hair, powder, rouge, copper, glass, straw-work, and gilt jewelry—every thing, in a word, announced mad waste, and tes-

Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 42–51.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 75–81.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 82–87.

WALKING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–9.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 27–36.

WATER-PROOF CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 21–26.

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tified loudly of the troubled intellect and lack of mental equilibrium of the dominant and governing classes.

It is whispered that a return to the fashions of 1830 is proposed this winter. This would be a very significant symptom. The fashions of that time might very readily bring us back to other things of the same date. I have said, and repeat, that fashion and politics are so closely united that the first universally paves the way for the second. Indeed, if we return to the fashions of 1830, which are much less graceful, it must be owned, than those of the present day, it is because a powerful reactionary party is forming in favor of the institutions of that time. When fashion once takes a decided stand, it rapidly makes proselytes, as will be seen should the projected change become an accomplished fact; and as it needs a certain zeal to be willing to exchange an elegant style for an ungraceful one, from the number of persons who adopt the fashions of 1830, we may infer how many partisans there are of that régime.

The princesses of Orleans, who have not yet taken up their residence in Paris, but who are seen there often, are destined by the force of circumstances to lead the ton this winter; for the feminine portion of the official government of France is not in a condition to take this part of the direction of affairs. Madame Thiers is old and too grave, and has no young ladies in her family who could assume the leadership of fashion. This place, so important through the consequences that it involves, and the influence that it gives over all the innumerable merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen who minister to the wants of the French dames, as well as of the foreign ladies who always copy after the former, will naturally be filled by this numerous family, which numbers so many elegant and educated women and young girls, well-bred, in the true acceptation of the term, with manners as remote from the pert, fast manners of the girl of the period as from awkward shyness and chilling reserve. The Duc d'Aumale has purchased the magnificent mansion of M. Fould, in the Faubourg St. Honoré; and his brothers, nephews, and nieces will also live there this winter. In a few months we may expect to see Paris very interesting; but every thing is involved in the question, Shall we return to the fashions of 1830?

Two new colors have just been invented—*Ashes of Paris* and *Vendôme Column*. The first is a decided and handsome reddish-gray tint; the second is a bronze green. Here again fashion trenches on politics. Hats themselves, in fact, are nothing more than shakos, so high do they tower above the head in true military fashion; wrappings copy the sailor collar and trappings of the fusileers of the marine, in compliment to the French navy, which bore itself so valiantly during the war; and dresses, for the most part, are of cloth in the shades of blue worn by certain regiments that are gratefully remembered as the liberators of Paris. I might go on citing curious resemblances, but there is nothing in all this that enables me to predict the future. In two or three months at most we shall probably know on what to reckon.

The theatres are prospering. After having been so long deprived of them, it is pleasant once more to see the brilliant representations of the Comédie Française, where the artists resume their old repertory with a few new pieces. Here, in Molière's house, as it is proudly called, the most trifling details are studied with the utmost care, and every pains is taken to insure perfection. At this time last year I visited the Théâtre Française under the escort of Mademoiselle Favart and M. Coquelin. The finest ambulance in Paris had just been installed in the magnificent greenroom of the theatre, extending over the façade of the Rue de Richelieu. Mademoiselle Favart, the most charming of cicerones, showed me the linen, the hospital stores, the kitchen, and the beds, neatly ranged in rows, and said, with a sigh, "We shall nurse them all, both the French and the Germans. The last, poor fellows, will be even more to be pitied than our Frenchmen; they will be so far from home." "Yes," said M. Coquelin; "but we shall be bombarded; we shall be in the very centre of the fire." We both repulsed the idea indignantly. It seemed impossible that an enemy should turn his guns on such a Christian work; but we had yet to learn that war sets at naught all civilization and humanity.

It is curious to see the Théâtre Française in one year from that date restored to its original use, and more brilliant than ever, with receipts equaling, if they do not exceed, those of its palmiest days, and to jostle deputies, journalists, and authors in the same greenroom which only last winter was inhabited alone by suffering and death. And may we accept this as a presage that the tide of affairs has changed, and that a new France will arise from the darkness more blooming and prosperous than ever? God grant that it may be so!

A very significant sign of the times is this. A new and rather mediocre piece by M. Barrière was played the other evening at the theatre of the Palais-Royal. The dialogue contained sundry squibs, rather broad and indecorous, but such as used to be applauded often enough fifteen months ago. The audience hissed them down at once, and they were omitted in the second representation. This proves that public taste is changing, and that indecency will no longer be accepted on the Parisian stage. The carnival which has reigned in France for twenty years is over, we hope, and we have returned to habits of order and decorum.

One thing is decided in respect to fashion—namely, that trained dresses will not be worn at all in the daytime. They are provincial, unfashionable, condemned. Long trains are reserved for evening, and short suits will be universally adopted for the street. At most, demi-trains will be allowed for carriages.

Many redingotes, or long casaques, are seen, of cloth and velvet, without trimming or other ornament than an edge of velvet for cloth redingotes, and of satin or fur for velvet ones. Short, loose sacques will be reserved solely for negligée toilettes; they are never dressy, though very convenient, and for this reason may be considered, as it were, the *robes de chambre* of the street.

Cloth and velvet redingotes will be worn with moiré, faille, and satin dresses *of the same color*, for the use of two colors in a dress is more than ever avoided; the bonnet itself is made of two or three different shades to match the dress. An effort was made to reduce the gloves to the standard of uniformity, and to wear lilac gloves with lilac dresses, and so on, but the attempt proved a failure.

The article of jewelry most in vogue at this moment is the Alsace-Lorraine ring, composed of a wreath of ivy and myosotis, delicately wrought in gold, and holding the enameled escutcheons of the two provinces. Sleeve-buttons are made to match the ring.

One of the most original winter wrappings that we have seen is the pelerine-mantelet, which is made both in cashmere and in velvet. This is tight-fitting both in the front and back. The fronts are prolonged, forming long, square tabs. Over all is a pelerine or cape of the same stuff, which is sewed in at the neck and shoulders, and falls loosely from them, so as to show the tight-fitting fronts. This garment is trimmed with lace, guipure, and fringe.

The ungraceful water-proof cloaks are replaced by large circulars of water-proof cloth, long and full enough to envelop the whole figure; the top is laid in pleats and gathers, which are concealed under an embroidery of heavy black woolen braid. A sort of mantle of the same kind is made of Scotch plaid, with a border and fringe woven of the stuff; these are prettier, but less convenient and useful, than the former.

Soutache embroidery is found on every article of feminine wearing apparel—on over-skirts, waists, and sleeves; it entirely covers cloth wrappings, and white cashmere opera cloaks are braided all over with white silk soutache.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

TEN IN TEN, ONCE.

THAT was what Fred and I called the rule we had to use in ciphering out our life sums. It was after we had read Hale's charming story of "Ten Times One are Ten," where good was made to work out and increase and multiply. We had to work backward, at least it seemed so, when others could do so much and we so little.

We got thinking about it, especially when our friends the Royals, who lived near by, took Sarah and Mary Rush into their beautiful house and gave them a home. We had all been so sorry for the two girls! Sarah was an invalid needing care, and Mary an overworked teacher with an insufficient salary. So they were struggling along, orphans, with absolutely no other resource than Mary's ten dollars a week, which barely paid board. We all liked them, and all said how sorry we were, and that was the end of it; when suddenly Mrs. Royal, being disappointed about the coming of some expected guests, took the two lovely rooms she had prepared for them, made them lovelier yet, and then, driving out with her husband in their carriage, brought back the two Rush girls and installed them there. They should stay as long as they liked, the Royals said; and, indeed, every one felt that it was little likely Sarah ever would go away again till she went to her long, last home. I went over to see them, and found Mary Rush weeping for sheer relief and gratitude. I told Mrs. Royal her house seemed consecrated for what she had done.

When we first heard of it in our own little family, a neighbor telling the news, I looked at Fred, and he at me.

"Now why couldn't *we* have done that?" I exclaimed.

"We couldn't," he said, softly; and then I remembered how small our house was, with its one little spare room, often wanted by some passing guest, and how we had no servant, and how much of my time and strength it took to look out for our tricksome two-year-old.

"No, we couldn't," I echoed, more softly still. "But oh, it does seem as if we ought to do something in some way."

We talked it over a good deal after that, Fred and I; and for some time we could think of nothing more than the mission school, and carrying flowers, jelly, and little trifles to some sick people we knew. You see, our means were so small. Such shining, lovely charities as the Royals' seemed out of our reach. We could not take any poor, pining souls off on a glad journey to mountains or sea-shore; we could not put unexpected purses in poor widows' hands, nor pay for any struggling youth's education; we had not even a carriage to take invalids and neglected people out for lovely little drives. There was Fred hard at work all day in the office, and I at home busy as a bee from morning till night with the housekeeping, sewing, and Bertie. But there must be at least one little talent, hid away in our opportunities somewhere, that we could bring out and use in the Master's service.

At last we thought of something. I can remember almost the moment. We had such a good little supper that evening—light biscuit and butter, jelly, hot oysters, and remarkably good tea. Fred was tired and hungry, and enjoyed every thing. But when we had done, there still remained a goodly portion of oysters steaming in the dish, and plenty of every thing else.

"Pity we hadn't had company to tea," said Fred, reflectively.

"Oh dear!" said I, "if we had invited company, I should have had to bake all day, making cake and cookies and tarts, and all such things. That is why I never have tea-parties. I should be all tired out by the time the folks came."

"Just so," replied Fred. "Cake is a folderol, and dyspepsia attends tea-parties. But suppose, girlie, I had brought poor Nevins, our overworked clerk, home to supper with me, or suppose old Mrs. Wynn had been here, or one or two tired young teachers or seamstresses had dropped in, don't you think they would have heartily enjoyed just what we have had, and been all the better for it, and for one of our happy evenings in our little parlor?"

"Yes, indeed!" I cried, catching his idea in the instant. "Fred, you are a blessed boy. We'll do it."

And this was the origin of our Tuesday and Thursday evenings. There was no hard work or fuss about them at all. We just got up a good, relishable little supper, such as we might have had for ourselves, only more of it, and then called in whomsoever Providence threw in our way—sometimes not more than one, sometimes three or four. Fred often brought home poor, careworn Nevins, who starved at a fourth-rate boarding-house, and it heartened him up wonderfully. Now and then I had Kitty Lang to help me sew on Bertie's dresses, and told her to invite any three of the most tired sewing-girls she knew to come to tea and stay the evening. And wasn't it a pleasure to heap up those pale girls' plates with strengthening oysters and chicken, and see them sip delicious tea and chocolate! It fairly brought color into their poor faces. And then in the evening we had games, or I played some of my half-forgotten music, or Fred read poetry aloud to us all; and we coaxed some of the girls to read to us too. We found out in that way that one girl had a beautiful, clear, sympathetic voice for reading; and when I told Mrs. Royal about it, she found a delightful old lady who wanted just such a girl to go with her to the seashore for the whole summer, to be company for her and read to her. Now wasn't that a splendid thing to happen to that worn, delicate girl? and didn't one thing grow out of another beautifully? I don't know what we should have done without the Royals. They put a bright finishing touch on so many things!

Sometimes it was a few hard-working teachers we had; and then in the course of the evening Mrs. Royal and Mary Rush were pretty sure to come in upon us, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, bringing fruit or flowers, or a great dish of ice-cream; and so, one way or another, our little evenings were a great success. We had teachers pretty often: such young girls, many of them overtasked, and working for such small salaries—brain-work, too, the most exhausting of all. Do you know how many such teachers there are? Reckon them up in your own town; look at city statistics. As many times as I have done it, it always takes me by surprise. And then to think what numbers of applicants there are for every vacant situation! so many girls struggling for ways to support themselves! so many fainting by the way, like Sarah and Mary Rush!

Fred, keeping his eyes open, made the acquaintance of young clerks just beginning on meagre salaries, many of them strangers in the place, and with absolutely no society. It did them as much real good as any one, he argued, to get a taste of home pleasures; so I was never surprised, when our evenings came, to see Fred bringing in with him some bashful clerk or pale student. Then I began to want a romance; why couldn't some of our young clerks fall in love with some of our young teachers or seamstresses? But Fred laughed at the idea, begged me not to mix in sentiment with our little schemes of good, and desired to know what sort of figure poor young Stebbins, for instance, would cut, getting married to one of our bright young teachers, on six dollars a week!

One Tuesday, when I had Kitty Lang to sew, she told me she had invited a new friend to come to tea—not a sewing-girl nor a teacher; in fact, a girl with no business whatever.

"But that, we hope, won't last long," she added, between a sigh and a laugh. "Poor Fanny is trying so hard to get employment; but there is not a single vacancy among the school-teachers, and all the stores where girls clerk are full. She don't know which way to turn."

On inquiring more, Kitty told me that her new friend, Fanny Gray, was an English girl who came to this country with her parents three years before. They had both died soon after, and left her almost destitute. She succeeded in getting a few music-scholars, but earned barely enough to pay board; so after a while she went into a sewing-room and worked there a year, till she found her health was absolutely breaking down, and she had spirit enough left to renounce the needle, and declare her faith that there must be other work in the world a girl could do. Then she found her way to Foxborough, to the great straw-works, and found employment there, sewing braid and wiring hats. She had done well there while the busy season lasted, but now work was slack, and they had dismissed four-fifths of the girls. So she had drifted at last to our little town, with twenty dollars in her purse to keep her till she found something to do.

"And half of that is gone already," said Kitty, "and she has to pay three dollars a week for board. And oh! she is such a nice girl; and I thought maybe you or Mrs. Royal could find something for her."

Alas! not Mrs. Royal, and much less I, could command places for one tithe of the poor girls in our town seeking employment. I had heard of so many cases lately. But Kitty talked on and on, while she stitched at Bertie's blue dress, till by-and-by she had won my whole heart to an interest in her friend. She was so sweet and bright, yet with something sad about her—this was Kitty's description—and she could sing hymns so beautifully, and could do dainty lace-work; and she kept a journal, and she was ready to do any thing for a living, if it was to scrub door-steps; only this one thing—a sewing-girl—she would never again become.

"And I don't blame her!" said Kitty, and her words were accompanied by the little hacking cough which was troubling her of late.

I grew very curious to see this Fanny Gray, and when Kitty, looking from the window, exclaimed, "Here she comes!" and the bell rang, and I went to the door, it was with a real flutter of excitement that I welcomed the one who was destined to become my pet *protégée*. She had a brave, bonny face, this fair English girl, with soft, yellow hair, and not the usual blue eyes, but eyes of trusty brown—earnest, a little pathetic, maybe. I brought her in at once, and got her things off, and in five minutes more she was sitting in a little low chair playing with Bertie as if she felt at home. Fred came in directly, bringing Nevins, and I flew to set my table. We had one of the coziest little suppers imaginable, and Fred had gone to the extravagance of bananas, for which I pardoned him when Kitty Lang said she never tasted one before in her life, and how delicious they were!

After tea I opened the piano and played a little, preparatory to asking Fanny Gray to sing—for Kitty had said so much about her hymns. She made no apology when I entreated her, but said she knew little besides a few ballads and hymns. She had a sweet, powerful voice, with great expression; and Fred nodded his pleasure to me as she sat there playing her simple accompaniments and singing. She gave us some of the anthems from the prayer-book first, and then took up the dear old psalm:

"As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace."

Her voice rose in such pure, thrilling pathos, it seemed as if my heart stopped beating. Poor old Nevins bowed his head in his hands and wept. I suppose he knew well enough in his hard, drudging life what it was to feel like the hart panting for cooling streams.

There was a little pause after the psalm: I think we all had tears somewhere, in our hearts if not our eyes, and did not want to speak. Fanny Gray waited a moment, and then her voice took up that dear, beautiful hymn:

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here bring your anguish:
Earth hath no sorrows that Heaven can not heal."

When this was done she turned round from the instrument and faced us—the quiet, fair young English girl—once more. We all took her into our hearts from that evening.

But what could we find for her to do? No school wanted a teacher, no family a governess, no store a girl for clerk, no lawyer a copyist, no milliner a work-woman; and they had too many hands already, the foremen told me, at the hoop-skirt factory, the book-binderies, and the artificial-flower establishment. The season was dull, and labor a drug in the market. I puzzled my brain over Fanny Gray's case till Fred said, laughing, I would soon become perfect in the law of supply and demand, and the relation of capital to labor, and be able to talk with Ruskin or John Stuart Mill, and all the rest of the political economists. Meanwhile the weeks were slipping by, and with them Fanny's little store of money. At last, in desperation, I told her she could at least save her board-bill by coming to our house to stay till she found some employment, and perhaps she could help me a little about the house, enough to relieve her from obligation; but I could not offer to pay her any thing, because Fred and I had to practice economy, and did not feel able to hire. Well, the girl actually cried for joy at the offer, and came to us the very next morning; and I must say that during the few weeks she staid with me I enjoyed the very poetry of housekeeping. She knew how to do every thing, and had the neatest, deftest ways, and was perfectly splendid in taking care of Bertie. I told Fred that I believed Providence had never meant her to work in a store or factory, but had destined her to be a sunshiny little wife and housekeeper and mother.

On my first baking-day after she came she made me up the most delicious little cakes and tarts that I ever tasted. I told her jestingly she would be a treasure in a bakery; and, seizing the idea, she went out that afternoon without telling me her purpose, and when she came back, said she had found a baker on S—— Street who would engage her at fair wages if she could bring him some satisfactory specimens of fancy baking. The next day we held a high festival in the kitchen, and though I don't think much of cake generally, that day it presented itself to me as a fine art. If you could have seen the display on my shelves when the battle was won! Queen cakes, cocoa-nut drops, cheese cakes (which I had read of in English stories, but never tasted), jelly tarts and cream tarts, trifles and macaroons. My little pantry had never dreamed of such dainties. We selected the nicest-looking of each kind, and when I had borrowed two broad, shallow flower baskets of Mrs. Royal to lay them in, we started forth together to visit the baker. The moment I saw him I took a dislike to him. He did not seem to me like a nice man, and I did not like his manner toward Fanny. But he professed himself satisfied with the samples, and offered her good wages if she would come into the bakery. She would be expected to board in his family. Fanny looked at me as if seeking my opinion, when he named his terms. I took the responsibility of saying that

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she would like a few days to think the matter over and consult her friends. He showed a little bad spirit then, and said he supposed she applied for the place because she wanted it.

When we got home I told Fanny she must not go there; and I think she felt really relieved at my decision, though she had been so anxious to find employment that the failure of this little plan quite disheartened her.

But she had a bit of good luck that very evening. I had told the Royals about her, and Mr. Royal happening to drop in, ? by-and-by got Fanny to sing. He was very much pleased with the quality of her voice, said it was just the thing for a church, and asked her if she had ever sung in a choir.

"I used to do so before we left home," said Fanny, softly; and I fancied there were tears ready to start as she thought of her early village home.

"Very well," said Mr. Royal; "there is a little church, a sort of mission chapel, down town, in whose success I am interested. They need a leading soprano, and, as I have rather looked out for their music, I suppose I have as much right as any one to offer you an engagement. The salary is very small, but every little helps; and would you accept the position, Miss Gray, for a hundred dollars a year?"

"Indeed I would!" she exclaimed; "and be grateful for the chance. It will be a pleasure to me, as well as a great assistance."

So that was settled. I told Fanny she would have enough to clothe herself now; but she did not slacken her search for a steady employment. One day Mrs. Royal came in with a long face, and said she was going to lose her excellent nursery girl, Norah. The girl was to be married in a fortnight. She asked me if I knew any one trustworthy enough for the place.

"I don't consider taking care of children a menial employment," said Mrs. Royal, in her noble way. "If I had not so many duties, I should rejoice to give up my time to them myself. I hate to lose a single one of their sweet smiles and pretty attitudes and baby speeches. And I want to hire some one who looks at them in the same way I do—as priceless little treasures to be trained into good men and good women. You know I have fitted up a pretty little sleeping-room opening off the nursery, and to a person who really satisfied me I would give fifteen dollars a month."

Fanny Gray, who had just been getting Bertie to sleep on the sofa, rose at this, and came forward in her calm, modest way, but with a little tremble in her voice, and said:

"Would I do, Mrs. Royal? Would you take me? Mrs. Brown here will tell you how much I love little children."

"You are just the one, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Royal, getting up and kissing her. "And I'll confess that when I mentioned it just now I was in hopes you would hear me and take a fancy to the place. Perhaps I am partial to my own babies, but I do think it must be a great deal nicer and better to take care of them than to work all day in a heated factory, or stand from morning till night in a store—or even make cakes in a bakery!" She said this with an arch smile.

"A great deal better," said Fanny, sensibly. "I think it is happier work, and healthier and more inspiring."

"And you will sing them such sweet lullabies at night!" said Mrs. Royal, with motherly pleasure.

It was agreed, then, that Fanny should go to her in two weeks' time, when Norah left; and for those two weeks, of course, she would remain with me. I began to think Bertie and I would not know what to do without her. While Fanny had been with us, behind all her sweet usefulness and modest dignity, which pleased us so, there seemed always to lie a background of sadness. I had spoken of it to Fred, and said I was afraid she had some mental trouble.

"Oh no," he answered, cheerily; "it is only her anxiety about the future. As soon as she gets a good place, you will see her as merry as a lark."

The good place was found now, and a great deal of the shadow did certainly pass away. I thought Fred had been quite right when I heard her singing through the house, and telling Bertie the most bewitching, joyous little stories. But at twilight, or when she was singing hymns, or when she had been alone and I came upon her unawares, there was a touch of pathos lurking there still, a hint of tears, a look of patience, that went to my heart. I told Fred it seemed just like the way I felt, before we were married, when he had gone off on that long business voyage and I did not hear from him for months, and I believed Fanny had a lover somewhere.

"Nonsense, dear!" said Fred, kissing me. "You are the most romantic little woman on earth, and think more about love than Fanny does, I'll warrant!"

The next Thursday we were expecting Kitty Lang to tea, with two homesick girls she had discovered, who had come up from the country to learn the milliner's trade. Fanny and I flew around making preparations; for I meant to have a delicious chicken salad for supper, biscuit and coffee, and some of Fanny's wonderful cakes and tarts. Every thing came from the stove a perfect success. Bertie was good as a little cherub, and kept his white frock clean all day. Fanny and I finished every thing by three o'clock, and were congratulating ourselves, when suddenly the clouds began to gather, the wind rose to almost a hurricane, and in half an hour the rain was pouring down in torrents.

We said it might be only a shower that would pass off, and so kept hoping till half past five, when the skies seemed blacker than ever, and it was evidently setting in for a wild, stormy night.

"Do you suppose they will come?" I asked Fanny, thinking to myself how many weary blocks away Kitty Lang's boarding-house was.

Fanny shook her head.

"Kitty hasn't any overshoes, I know," she said, "and her umbrella is broken. I don't believe they will come."

And they did not come. We waited and waited, till at last I began to think even Fred himself would not get home, he was so late. But at seven I heard him rushing in at the hall door, and his voice telling some one where to set the umbrella.

"Oh, I hope he has brought Nevins!" I exclaimed, running out.

But it was not Nevins, nor any one I knew; only a red-haired, shrewd-looking boy about fourteen years old, who, Fred explained, had just been taken into the office as an errand-boy, with a chance to work his way up. And Fred added, with a smile, that the little fellow meant to be one of the firm yet.

I don't think I ever saw a smarter boy in my life—a perfect specimen of young America—wide awake, keen, not a bit afraid. If he had been six years older, Fred said afterward, he should not have thought of inviting so self-sufficient a young man to our "Thursday evenings." But, as it was, it was the very courage of the boy that won on his sympathy thinking of all the probable disappointments, temptations, and pitfalls that lay before the unconscious little fellow. His name was Roger. I left him in the sitting-room with Fanny, and hurried to boil my coffee, which I made none the less nice because we had only this little waif to share it with us.

And *didn't* he enjoy his supper! I have known hosts of boys in my day, but none with a better appetite than Roger! He thought the chicken salad "bully," and regarded Fanny's tarts with especial favor. He got acquainted with the utmost rapidity, and was very ready to tell all about himself, about his widowed mother, how they had lived, and about the bit of property that lay in the bank waiting for him to be twenty-one and go into business. He spoke cheerily of his position as errand-boy, saying,

"If I'm going to climb the ladder, I suppose the right place to begin is at the bottom!"

It rained harder than ever after tea; but we adjourned to the parlor, as usual, to entertain ourselves. Roger seemed pleased with every thing—played with Bertie, whom he called a "cunning little shaver," looked through the stereoscope, examined the albums, and finally sat down opposite Fanny. He seemed to take the greatest fancy to Fanny from the very first, and his eyes were wandering toward her continually. He found she was from England, and then he plied her with questions about what parts of it she had seen, in what county she had lived, and how long since she had left there. She was more amused at his curiosity than offended, and answered him fully, as one would tell stories of long ago to a child.

Fred sat reading his newspaper, and presently called our attention to a curious account, which he read aloud, of a returned soldier looking in vain for his only sister for years. She had heard he was dead, had married, and gone West. The name of her husband he could not learn, nor where she went; and so had searched and inquired throughout the country for three years, without finding any clew, till one day he met her face to face in a little village post-office in some remote part of Michigan.

This led to a conversation on the ways in which friends might be lost to each other, and Roger brightened up. He evidently had a story to tell.

"That is like what has happened to my brother," he said. "May I tell you about it, Sir?"

Fred laid down his paper indulgently to listen, I took my knitting, and Fanny, saddened maybe by the talk about her English home, sat with dreamy, sorrowful eyes, looking off into vacancy.

So Roger began: "You ought to see my brother Phil; he's a splendid fellow. He's only my half-brother, but I love him just as well. He don't look like me: he has black, curly hair, and is real handsome. He's a smart business fellow, too, and he is twenty-nine years old; but he don't get married, because he can't find the girl he's in love with, though he has hunted high and low. You see, the firm he worked for sent him to England three or four years ago to see to some agency, and there, in some little village, he fell in love on a Sunday with a girl that sung in the choir. You ought to hear him tell about her voice, and how pretty she was. He got acquainted, and saw her all he could, and found she was just as nice as he thought for, and he thinks she was beginning to like him a little; anyway, he at last made up his mind to propose to her the very next day, when a telegram came and took him off as quick as a wink to Liverpool; and from there he had to go to Edinburgh, and wait a good while about something; and then he was sent to Paris; and, one way and another, it was two months before he could get back to the village where the girl lived. And then he found that the old folks had taken a sudden notion, and sold out and gone to America, taking his 'little English daisy,' as he called her, without leaving any word or clew by which he could find them. He came back to New York as quick as ever he could, and made all sorts of inquiries, and advertised, but it wasn't any use. And he'd be just about heart-broken if he didn't keep hoping to find her some day. Every time he hears of such a family he hunts them up. He's away off in San Francisco now on business, and I expect he'll search California through before he leaves, thinking she may possibly be there. Isn't it too bad, Mr. Brown? I feel so sorry for him—she was such a nice, pretty girl. I should know her in a minute if I saw her: I am sure I should, for he has told me just how she looks, with smooth, golden hair, you know, and shining, dark brown eyes. I believe I've found her for him now!" he added, excitedly. For the last five minutes his eyes had been eagerly fixed on Fanny, and hers as eagerly on him, and now she turned away and burst into tears.

He sprang toward her. "Say!" he exclaimed. "Fanny Gray, aren't you my brother Phil's Fanny Gray?"

Of course she was! And wasn't it splendid? And didn't I have the romance I wanted to perfection? She, poor child, had thought, perhaps, after all, he did not care for her, because he had gone without speaking; and so she left no message, never dreaming but what he could find them easily enough in America if he wanted to. But she loved him with her whole heart; and that was why, when she realized how hopelessly they were lost to each other, the brooding, wistful, sad, Evangeline look came into her eyes and dwelt there.

A telegram sped to San Francisco the next day, and just as quick as the noble through-train on the Pacific Railroad could bring him, Philip Belton came. I liked him the moment I saw him; and oh! how proud and glad he looked when he had his "little English daisy" in his arms!

Well, of course he wanted to be married right away, and that broke up all the fine plan of Fanny's going to take care of the little Royal children. They had a quiet morning wedding in our parlor, with no guests but the Royals, and Mary Rush and Kitty Lang, and poor old Nevins. Phil's home was in another town, and there he took our Fanny; but I hear from them often, and they are always doing well and always happy. Said I not that Providence had meant Fanny to be a sunshiny little wife and housekeeper and mother!

"And now whom shall I get to take care of my little children?" wondered Mrs. Royal.

"I will!" said Kitty Lang, a flush of resolution coming into her pale face. "I used to think I couldn't do any thing but sew; but I am more sensible now, and know better; and if you will let me come, I will be glad and thankful!"

So poor Kitty found safe harbor at last, for they will never let her leave them. She is growing round and rosy. She never had so comfortable a room in her life before, she says, and she really feels that she is improving every day in mind and heart among those dear children.

Fred and I still keep up our Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and I hope a great many more good results will spring from them. After wishing in vain that we could do the great things that we can't, it is really an exquisite happiness to grow content, and begin to do all the little things that we can. Ones are as necessary as tens, and

"All service ranks the same with God!"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"MOSQUITOES," remarks a recent writer, "are a trifle smaller than a humming-bird, and as musical as a sewing-machine." This graphic description is pleasing or otherwise according to the way you view it. Perhaps your mind instantly reverts to the tiny flutterer who every morning while you lingered in the country came with wonderful regularity to extract the sweets from the flowers beneath your window, and whose bewildering movements you watched with delight. But if you have battled half the night with those huge, blood-thirsty creatures who retreat only to renew the attack with fresh vigor, who are never conquered till death, you will take no poetic view of the subject. There are few things more vexatious than to lie in bed, weary and sleepy, listening to mosquitoes warbling in the distance, and silently waiting the gradual approach of that hideous humming, hoping that when the song ceases a dextrous slap will end it forever. Alas! the blow falls on your defenseless face, and afar off you hear the note of victory. The mosquitoes of summer are bad enough, but the stalwart October veterans are renowned for ferocity. They enjoy a fight, and their bills pierce like Damascus steel. Nothing but the strongest and most carefully arranged net affords any protection. Then they spend the night in vain assaults upon the fortifications, uttering ceaseless notes of discomfiture and revenge.

During the recent trial in France of the women called *petroleuses* some small circumstances appeared which showed that, evil as they were, they were not the unmitigated fiends that popular imagination represented them. It was admitted that they were tools in the hands of men more guilty than themselves; that they had assisted in succoring the wounded; on the trial each sought to conceal the guilt of her companions; and during the prosecutor's speech three of them sank down sobbing pitifully. Some traces of good remained even in them.

The Wesleyan University of Middletown, Connecticut, opened with a Freshman class numbering fifty-one. There were no "Freshwomen," although the announcement had been made that they would be admitted on the same conditions as men.

In dress, colors should be harmonious and becoming. One tint should prevail, relieved by a contrasting tint. No amount of fashionable prestige can make an unbecoming color becoming. Nile green will turn some people into oranges, though twenty empresses ordain its adoption. Dress should supplement good points and correct bad ones, and what suits one person does not suit another, for that reason. Lines should be continuous, graceful, and feminine. It is better to look like a woman (if you happen to be one) than like any thing else—even a fashion plate! Ornament must be subordinate. To see a little woman adorned with an immense breastpin or an enormous pair of earrings is simply absurd. And, of course, only genuine jewels should be worn. Scrupulous neatness is essential in a woman's dress. Soiled gloves, collars, and cuffs, and shabby boots, indicate wrong habits. If one can not afford kid gloves and lace collars, wear cotton gloves and linen collars, only let them be clean and fit neatly. It has been said, with some truth, that individuality in dress is the rarest and yet the cheapest thing in the world. There is something very pleasant in connecting a certain color, some special fancy in dress, or an *individual* style of arranging the hair with a particular friend, provided she is tasteful. But it is surely very little worth one's while blindly to follow a prevailing style, regardless whether it is suitable and becoming. The word "stylish," as some one remarks, "has slain its thousands."

At the close of the investigation of the case of Miss Doolittle, who recently died from the effects of chloroform in a dentist's office in Brooklyn, the jury returned the following verdict: "That the deceased came to her death by the use of chloroform, producing paralysis, or stopping the action of the heart; and while we would exonerate the attending physician from any blame under the circumstances, we would urge the disuse of chloroform except in the most severe cases, which might require the agency of so powerful an anæsthetic."

The new census of 1870 is to be utilized by being incorporated in new editions of various gazetteers and books of reference.

Queen Victoria has of late years declined to receive books or presents of any kind, as a general thing. In rare cases, where gifts have been accepted, she has only ordered a formal acknowledgment. She lately made a notable exception to this rule, when a little volume was presented to her containing a full report of the speeches delivered at the banquet given in New York by Mr. Cyrus W. Field to her Britannic Majesty's Commissioners on the conclusion of the Treaty of Washington. The report was edited by a London literary man who happened to be present at the banquet. The queen took a great interest in the volume, and directed her secretary especially to return her thanks to Mr. Field.

Boston clergymen and their wives, as well as the public school teachers of that city, have been furnished with season tickets to the Citizens' Course of lectures by a benevolent gentleman.

Among the interesting apparatus on exhibition at the American Institute fair are a huge Ruhmkorf's coil, by which, with the connecting battery, a spark may be thrown a foot distant having three times the power necessary to destroy human life; a magnet weighing 1500 pounds, said to be the most powerful in the world; an admirably constructed working model of a marine engine, with feathering paddles, worked by compressed air; a model in brass of a torpedo of curious construction; a model of the celebrated Stevens Battery; and the works of the engine of the first steamer that sailed the waters of the Hudson. These contributions were all made by the Stevens Technological Institute of Hoboken.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise seems likely to have Bibles enough for her private and family use, although some of them come rather late as wedding presents. A few weeks ago an elegant copy of the Scriptures was given to the Princess "on the occasion of her marriage, by the Church of England Sunday-schools of the United Kingdom."

A vegetable wonder, in the form of a most extraordinary potato, is on exhibition in Castleton, Isle of Man. It has been dubbed "Miss Murphy, the real Irish Girl." It is of a blue color, and the head and body, eyes, nose, ear-rings, and chignon, are as perfect as possible. The limbs are well formed, and the figure carries in its arms a cluster of little potatoes.

Colporteurs are selling Testaments in the streets of Rome without molestation; and on the Corso a Bible Society has opened a shop.

Maine has already commenced raising a crop of ice. At Bangor last week ice was formed half an inch thick.

Persia is still suffering from a combination of horrors. In a single province 8000 persons have perished from famine; 40,000 of the inhabitants have been carried into slavery by the Afghans; insurrections prevail; inundations overspread the country, and the government is doing nothing.

Correspondents from Paris represent the condition of the female Communist prisoners as most forlorn. Every male prisoner has some one who brings him food or money, but hardly one woman in ten receives any visits. It has often been said that there is never a man so bad but what some woman believes in him. It is certain that there is no man so degraded but what some woman is willing to sacrifice herself to him, and to give him what comfort she can. But these miserable women seem utterly deserted. The men who know them, and for whom they have done so much, afford them no sympathy. When the men have money, they spend it on themselves. When the women have managed to conceal a little money, their only anxiety is as to how to convey it to the men to whom they wish to give it; and by these it is received without the slightest gratitude—often, indeed, with a grumble because it is not more. "Certainly," remarks one writing on this subject, "there are abysses of infamy into which women will fall; but in every abyss, however unfathomable, there is yet a lower depth, and in that depth one may generally find a man." It does appear often to be the case that the sufferings of women are less sympathized with than those of men, and that where retribution is dealt out to sinners of both sexes, it is the women on whom it falls heaviest.

An English invention is a novel description of water-proof paper, which may be grained or printed in an ornamental way, and be used for table covers and various other purposes.

Fifty thousand persons have left the port of Liverpool during the last three months—a fact which would indicate that restless discontent is prevailing among the masses in England.

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HE CELL OF E CENCI.

we see the painter Guido the ill-starred Beatrice en admitted to paint the a is still preserved in the ne, and which multiplied endered familiar to our s just finished the pic- ding on a shelf, and is and palette as he gazes sorrow-laden face which

GUIDO IN THE CELL OF BEATRICE CENCI.

for a political demon- to a simple token of re- n.

THIMBLES.

, the first mention we little household imple- kelton, a satirical En- ie early part of the six- sion makes sure of their ate, but they must have d accounted a luxury. Doubtless some of the gentry of those times were, as now, "fuller of vain desires than means to meet them," for our poet says:

"Some went so narrow
They laid to pledge they'r wharrow,
They'r rib-skin and they'r spindell,
They'r nedel and they'r *thimbel*."

In the list of wares taken to America by the party of gentlemen adventurers and merchants appointed by Sir Walter Raleigh, and to whom were granted large concessions under his patent, we find them, with other enumerated "means of traffic." "The 24 likewise we sold—bels—sheetes, and *thimbles*, and took two l's one ounce and a quarter of gold."

From the writings of Beaumont and Fletcher we learn that "a traveling tailor, by the mystery of his nedel and *thimble*, surveyed the fashions of the French and English."

Dryden, too, who died in 1701, alludes playfully to their form "Yes, and measure for measure, too, Sosia—that is, for a thimbleful of gold, a thimbleful of love!"

It is recorded that we are under obligations to the Dutch for the invention of thimbles; but after a time, in 1695, an establishment was set up in England by John Lofting, who, at Islington, near London, "making them of different metals, secured for himself a business of much profit."

They may have been fashioned with grace and elegance before, but we are sure that at this period they were made the subject of the graver's touch, and doubtless esteemed a gift worthy the acceptance of such as

"wrought right daintily
With fairy flosses and gay satin threads;"

for Pope, living at this time, mentions one, where,

"Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face,
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case."

Thimbles have been manufactured of bone, ivory, and porcelain, but only for ornamental purposes; where strength or force is required, those of silver, silver and steel, or brass have been selected. Great numbers are now made of rubber, moulded to shape, receiving at the regular thimble-manufactories the indentations necessary to completion. They are recommended for strength and durability, and if gold-leaf ornamentation is added, they must really be very pretty.

The process of MM. Rouy & Berthier, Paris, is much commended; but as their method of manufacture differs from that most approved in this country, it seems not best to go into detail respecting it. There are marked points of resemblance—strength, beauty, durability—for which due credit must be allowed; but we confess to a partiality for home manufactures, and have endeavored to investigate in a direction amply sufficient to give all needed information. In pursuance of this, note of introduction in hand, we visited a large thimble-manufacturing establishment, where intricacies were intelligently explained, and great latitude of observation and question kindly granted.

First, we were shown bars or lengths of silver about two inches wide and one-twenty-fourth of an inch in thickness. These had already, by several processes, been made sufficiently thin, and ready for the

Second step, by which a punch-press was made to cut from these thin strips pieces of regular form, about the size of a half dollar.

Thirdly. By machinery specially adapted the rim was turned up, an edge was formed, and the small "finger-hut," as the Germans call it, at this stage looked not unlike a shallow box-cover.

Another press now secures the peculiar tapering shape; the edge is now turned over and made fast, thus presenting a firm, cord-like border.

Another machine now receives it, and while the lathe is turning rapidly, the operator, sitting just in front, applying with his hand a delicate, mallet-shaped instrument, presently leaves upon the hitherto smooth surface the indentations, or, as one has prettily called them, "the dimples." Commencing at the top, the central dent is made, the radiations gradually increasing until "the roof" is finished. The same process applied to the upper part of the barrel of the thimble completes it as a protection from needle-heads.

Just at this point music was heard. No instrument seemed in sight, and looking inquiringly, I was assured by the gentlemanly proprietor that it was directly before me. "Sometimes," he added, "the notes are very clear; it depends much upon the rapidity of the motion. Where the rapidity is slight the tone is deep, almost guttural; as the velocity increases the tones become fainter, higher, sweeter. One artisan with us was such an adept in this movement that *two entire strains* could be brought out *distinctly* while he was indenting one thimble." Here, surely, were "strains of silvery sweetness," and "the poetry of motion."

Finishing and polishing now followed; and, if desired, the engraver plies his delicate art, bringing out in tender outline and dainty tracery fairy-like leaves and buds, minute castles, or heraldic devices. A blank is left for the monogram. Usually only gold thimbles are thus elaborately ornamented, but sometimes we find silver ones so adorned.

The "open-tops"—such as are used by tailoresses and needle-men—bear only a small proportion to the whole number brought into market.

From first to last each thimble passes through at least twenty different hands.

Sail-makers, and others doing heavy sewing, use, in lieu of these comfortable, bell-shaped

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tools, circular plates of cast iron, indented, or pitted, on the surface, called *palms*. They are fastened securely to the hand by straps.

At the establishment we visited gold and silver thimbles only are made —none "gold-lined," as by the Parisian firm mentioned, but wholly of the precious metal; and very beautiful and exquisitely finished were the scores of them brought out for inspection. The greater part of the silver ones were plain, for the every-day market.

There are, we learn, manufactories in Philadelphia and other cities; and in Connecticut, we are told, thimbles "are turned out by the bushel." They are a cheap article, and not, it is said, specially pleasant to the touch or reliable for use.

Swiss Muslin Fichu.

This fichu is made of white Swiss muslin, and trimmed with lace insertion, side-pleated strips, and a revers collar of fine linen. Cut of Swiss muslin one piece from Fig. 39, Supplement, and of a double layer of linen two pieces from Fig. 40, and one piece from Fig. 41. Trim the fichu with lace insertion as shown by the illustration, cut away the material underneath the insertion, and fasten the edges carefully. Then trim the outer edge with a side-pleated strip of Swiss muslin an inch and three-quarters wide, which is edged with narrow lace, and set on the linen collar and revers according to the corresponding figures. Finish with a colored silk bow in front.

Fig. 1.—Muslin, Insertion, and Lace Collar.—Front.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XIX., Fig. 89.

Insertion and Lace Fichu-Collar.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 90.

Fig. 2.—Muslin, Insertion, and Lace Collar.—Back.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XIX., Fig. 89.

Linen and Lace Collar.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 88.

Cambric Apron for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 15-19.

Cambric Apron for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old.

This white cambric apron is trimmed with needle-work insertion an inch wide and side-pleated strips of the material an inch and a quarter wide. Cut one piece each from Figs. 15 and 17, Supplement, and two pieces each from Figs. 16, 18, and 19; join the back and fronts according to the corresponding figures (in doing this pay no attention to the signs on the shoulders), make a hem an inch wide on the bottom, and edge the apron with a side-pleated cambric strip an inch and a quarter wide, covering the seam with the needle-work insertion. After facing the apron where the piece is cut out for the sleeves with a strip of the material half an inch wide, finish the pockets and trimming pieces with insertion and side-pleated strips, as shown by the illustration; sew the pieces on the apron according to the corresponding figures, and set a row of insertion on the neck. To fasten the tabs sew loops on the two points of the front of the trimming, and buttons on the upper edge of the pockets, and trim the apron with bows of narrow colored ribbon. Narrow silk ribbons serve to tie the apron.

Linen Apron for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old.

This gray linen apron is trimmed with tabs of the material and with a braiding of white soutache. Cut the apron from Figs. 15 and 16 of No. III. of the present Supplement, but only to the straight line indicated, without the shoulders. For the tabs, cut two pieces each from Fig. 20, Supplement, trim them with braiding as shown by the illustration, work the outer edge in button-hole stitch, and sew them on the apron according to the corresponding signs. The pattern of the design is given in the Supplement, but any of the braiding patterns illustrated on page 676 may be substituted for it. Black soutache may be used instead of white.

Swiss Muslin Fichu.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 39-41.

FREAKS OF MEMORY.

MEMORY is nearly as much a puzzle as ever. Why in some men memory should be strong and in others weak; why the memory should be stronger at one time than another; why the same man should have a strong memory for some subjects and a weak one for others; why illness should obliterate some subjects completely from the mind—are problems still undergoing patient and attentive scrutiny.

The memory for figures, or power of mental calculation, is well known to all of us, either by its presence or its absence. George Watson, the Sussex calculator, could tell the dates of every day since he was a child, and what he was doing on that day; he could show many other strange freaks of memory, but was a heavy, ignorant fellow generally, very vain of his one acquirement.

The memory of languages is quite a distinct faculty, so far as can be judged from recorded instances. Cardinal Mezzofanti appears to have had this faculty in a stronger degree than any other person that ever lived. While educating for the priesthood, he learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, French, German, and Swedish. As a professor at some of the Italian universities, he constantly added to his store, until at the age of forty-three he could read in twenty languages, and converse in eighteen. In 1841, when he was sixty-seven years old, he was as well acquainted with Portuguese, English, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, Magyar, Turkish, Irish, Welsh, Wallachian, Albanian, Bulgarian, Illyrian, Lettish, Lappish, as with the languages which he had first learned; while to Arabic he added Persian, Sanscrit, Koordish, Georgian, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, Chinese, Coptic, Ethiopic, Abyssinian, and other Asiatic and African tongues. At the time of his death, in 1849, Mezzofanti could write eloquently, and converse fluently, in more than seventy languages.

One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer hard work, a determination toward one particular achievement, without reference either to cultivation or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in humble life in regard to the Bible. An old beggarman at Stirling, known some forty years ago as Blind Alick, afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the Bible by heart; insomuch that, if a sentence were read to him, he could name book, chapter, and verse; or, if the book, chapter, and verse were named, he could give the exact words. A gentleman, to test him, repeated a verse, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy; Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage is to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied, "There is no such verse; that chapter has only eighty-nine verses."

There are no phenomena of memory more strange than those in which—usually through some illness, or some accidental injury to the brain—some particular facts or classes of facts baffle the recollection altogether. One

Linen Apron for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old.

For pattern and design see Suppl., No. IV., Fig. 20.

Fig. 1.—Velvet Paletot.—Front.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 10-14.

Crêpe de Chine and Lace Fichu.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Velvet Paletot.—Back.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 10-14.

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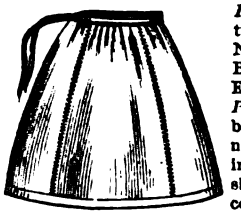

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☞ **AFFIDAVIT.**—W. G. Wilson, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the United States and England under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines. FRED. SMITH,
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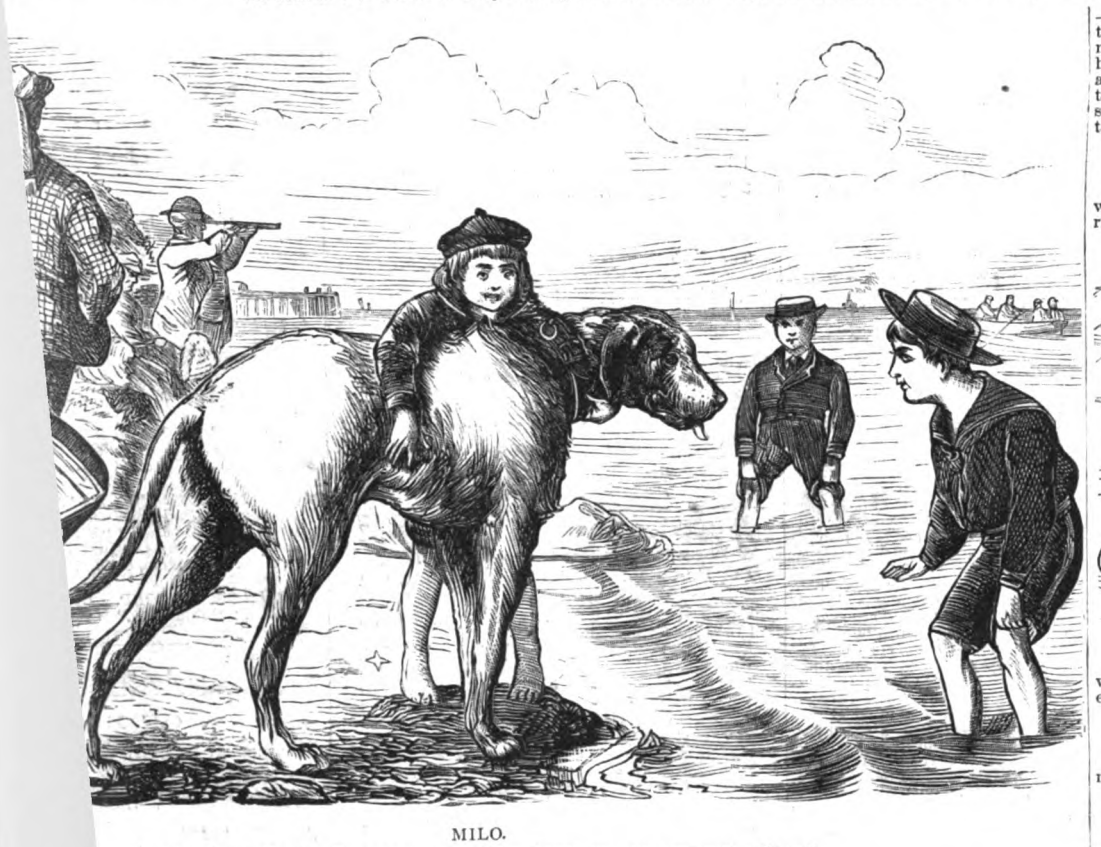
"PERILS OF THE DEEP."

UNPROTECTED FEMALE (*waking old Gent, who is not very well*). "Oh, Mister, would you find the Captain? I'm sure we're in Danger! I've been Watching the Man at the Wheel: he keeps turning it round first One Way, and then the Other, and evidently doesn't Know his own Mind!"



MILO.

"OH! HIE! FRED! COME, AND I'LL THROW ROVER IN, AND GIVE HIM A SWIM!"

A BOON TO INVALIDS.—We are happy to say that we have found out the only thing to take for the prevention of seasickness. We hasten to give our readers the benefit of it. It is a solemn vow never to go on the water. If this is kept carefully it will last for a lifetime, and is an infallible preventive.

Is it possible for a garret window to suffer room-attic panes?

If a duck goes into the water for divers reasons, does it come on land for sun-dry purposes?

Mr. Planché, in *London Society*, tells the following story of Sheridan Knowles: One day, in the country, he said to Abbott, with whom he had been acting: "My dear fellow, I'm off to-morrow. Can I take any letters for you?"

"You're very kind," answered Abbott; "but where are you going to?"

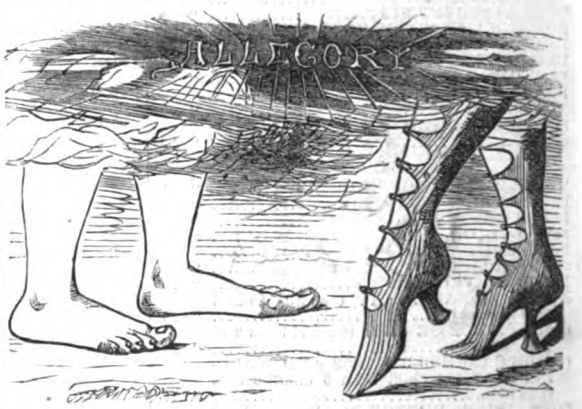
"I haven't made up my mind."

To become the lion of a party, it is not necessary to make a beast of one's self.

MAGNETIC INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—A commander in the royal mail service found his steamer some thirty miles out of her course. He could not account for the local attraction that had sent him so far out of the way. Instruments and calculations appeared equally faultless. Sorely troubled from having passed a sleepless, watchful night, the captain went on deck after breakfast. Seeing a lady sitting—as was her custom—and working near the binnacle, it occurred to him that probably her scissors were resting on the ledge of it. Detecting nothing of the sort, and bent on closer examination, he discovered that her chair had an iron frame. It also flashed across him that the lady's ample crinoline was extended by steel hoops. So, mustering all his faculties, he exclaimed, with as much forgiveness and as little reproach as possible, "Madame, you have, by your local attraction, drawn my ship some thirty miles from her course!"

When is a smile behind time?—When it's a little laughter.

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.—It is a curious but incontrovertible fact, that when a hirsute young gentleman pays his addresses to a lady, he invariably becomes hirsuter (her suitor).



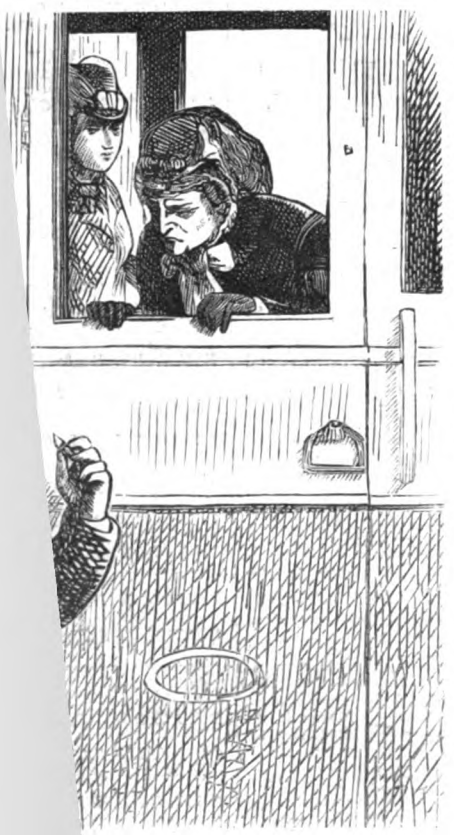
MUSICAL.—The editor of a country paper remarks that half the people who attend musical entertainments in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine."

MOTTO FOR A CAT-SHOW—"Come to the Scratch."

Why is the letter S like a sewing-machine?—Because it makes needles needless.

NO POINT TO SAILORS—A gale-a-day.

"You talk of your troubles, but yours is not such a hard case as mine," as the oyster said to the fisherman.



OW-FEELING.

do you allow Smoking in this Compartment?" if nane o' the Gentlemen object, ye can tak'

DIDN'T SEE IT.—A man has sued his barber for cutting off his mustache. He sues for exemplary damages; but the barber says he didn't see any mustache to speak of.

DARK AGES—Ladies' ages.

GOING DOWN.—Marry a poor girl, and she will go up with you; a rich one, and she'll go down with you.

SLIP-KNOTS—Lovers' ties.

One would suppose that the "luxury of woe" (wo!) is best appreciated by the tired cab-horse.

A DAY OF RECKONING—Saturday.

WORTH NOTING.—This is a good time of the year to collect autographs—of your creditors.

A PAIN OF GLASS—A headache.

Why are swells in Hindostan like poverty?—Because they're Indi-gents(ce).

JEU D'ESPRIT.—We are informed that the Rothschild family is about "to celebrate the centenary of the banking house to which it owes its fortune." Would it not be more correct to describe the celebration as a Jewbilee?

What weed does a gardener seldom object to see?—A cigar in his own mouth.

Why are lawyers like ivy?—Because the greater the ruin the more they cling.

We have heard that money is the root of all evil, but we have no objection to having a trunk of it.

THE WAY TO KEEP YOUR SILK UMBRELLA—Only lend your cotton one.

The man who gave a bit of his mind to another has since been punished for a breach of the piece.

A UNIVERSAL WANT—Want of money.

QUACK—A doctor whose science lies in his bill.

The following definition, which occurs in most abridgments of "Webster's Dictionary," must be extremely satisfactory and instructive to a foreigner who is studying our language: "*Cock*—Male bird; form of a hat; part of a gun; notch of an arrow; spout to draw beer; small heap of hay."

LOVE IS BLIND!

ISN'T IT ODD! CHARLIE HAS BEEN TRYING TO SHOW BESSIE THAT DISTANT VESSEL FOR SUCH A TIME, AND NEITHER OF THEM HAS DISCOVERED YET THAT THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN THE CAP OFF THE END OF THE TELESCOPE!

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 44.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Fig. 1.—Girl's Water-proof Cloak.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS useful and pretty cloak is cut in the form of a loose sacque, and is furnished with sleeves, cape, and hood. It may be made of any material—water-proof cloth, Scotch plaid, serge, or cashmere. Made of linen or light cloth for summer, it will be found an excellent duster. The pattern is graded to fit girls from five to fifteen years old, in eleven sizes, from 22 to 32 inches, bust measure. This measure is taken by passing a tape measure straight under the arms entirely around the body.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises the cloak, sleeves, cape, and hood. It is in eight pieces—front, back, cape, hood, sleeve, cuff, and two pocket welts. The back of the sacque, cape, and hood is cut without a seam. Baste up the cloak, and try it on wrong side out before sewing; if alterations are needed, take up more or less in the seams. Baste up the cape, and try it on over the cloak; if it does not fit well, take up more or less in the darts on the shoulders. Line the hood with silk, or the same material as the garment; make a shirr in it, an inch from the edge, for an elastic cord, draw it up sufficiently to make it conform to the body, and gather the neck; then join the cape and hood to the neck of the cloak, and finish with a narrow binding over the seam. The perforations show where to turn up for the fullness to form the hood. Sew the sleeve plainly into the armhole. Close the front all the way down with buttons and buttonholes; rubber buttons are the best, as they are the most durable. Three rows of Hercules or alpaca braid trim the bottom, and two rows the cape, sleeves, and pocket welts. The perforations show where to baste the seams, to take up the darts on the shoulder, and to sew on the pocket welts. Put the pattern together by the notches. An outlet of an inch is allowed for seams. The notches in front at the top and bottom show where to turn back for a hem. Make the cloak nearly as long as the dress, and add to or take from the bottom, keeping the same shape.

Quantity of material, 54 inches wide, for child five years old, 1¾ yards.

A quarter of a yard more is added for each size.

Quantity of braid, 8 yards.

Three-quarters of a yard more is added for each size.

Silk for hood, quarter of a yard.

Buttons, 2½ inches apart, for child five years old, 24.

Fig. 1.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 15 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). Fig. 2.—LADY'S HOUSE DRESS. Fig. 3.—LADY'S STREET DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Girl's Water-proof Cloak, graded to fit Girls from 5 to 15 Years old, from 22 to 32 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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he cause. Money marries money; and the laughters of these wealthy homes have some-hing pleasanter to do, to their thinking, than earning to cook, or to utilize raw energy in ther economies, which, perhaps, requires the greater ability. It is notorious that it is not he very rich nor the very poor who reduce ousekeeping to a science—the poor, having ittle or nothing to work with, being bad conomizers—but the middle class, to whom t has happened, by nice processes and care-ul experiments, to make both ends meet n their expenditures, so that at last it be-comes a positive pleasure to see how far one may stretch a certain sum of money, what elastic principle resides in gold or greenbacks, what beautiful results may be achieved by a slight outlay. Therefore I say to Spendthrift and company, if you wish for good housekeeping, by all means marry on a limited income, and afford your wife and children the opportunity of exercising their native skill; and as every power grows with use, before long there will be as great a supply of housekeepers as there is demand. Garnet declares that, for her part, she would prefer to marry on a salary, and be "just a little nipped," and be obliged to piece out the carpets every spring, darn the table-lin-en, turn the sheets, remodel her gowns—put-ting a back breadth in front, making a new waist of a gore; design her own bonnets out of bits of her wedding satin and illusion lace, fashion the boys' jackets from their fa-ther's coats, make Ruby's waistcoats from her old black silk, and cut and contrive to some purpose. "There would be genius in that," says she. "Any body can make an appearance with plenty; but it takes intel-lect to give scantiness the effect of breadth, to make a little go a great way. And then, one often knows a surer pleasure in going without a desired object than its possession could possibly bestow. The diamonds in the jewelers' cases are not half so dazzling as my imagination pictures them. If I were to bring them home, they would lose a great part of their charm. So I have my imagi-nation, which can turn out whole Golcondas at command, and the jeweler has his dia-monds, and we are both content." And this is one of the women whom Spendthrift is "too poor to marry"—Spendthrift, who buys so many suits that the moths take pity upon him, who wears only the costliest ties, whose linen is finer than silk, whose jewelry is of the richest and simplest pattern, whose gloves fit like another skin, whose perfum-ery is Parisian, whose cigars are the choicest importation, who dines at the most fashion-able restaurant, and whose tailor talks of retiring. No wonder Spendthrift and his friends are too poor to marry! But, my friend, when these things have had their day, and have lost their bloom; when purple and fine linen no longer satisfy your heart; when to be fashionable is not to be happy, and when the interest of your companions has strayed away from you to their own fire-sides; when pleasures have grown tame for want of an appreciative sharer; when travel is a bore, with no one to listen to your gush-ing, and call it eloquence and poetry; when nobody remembers your birthdays; when you have met with business reverses, and have felt the cold shoulder of the world—then, per-haps, you may decide that you are not "too poor to marry," after all. But the tardy boy was whipped at school, and that "not im-possible she" may have married old Bullion yesterday—mind, I don't defend her—for a home!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Blowing Up.

MY DEAR EUSTACE,—All travelers upon every road are compelled in these days to reflect upon the chances of blowing up; and I know a great many persons to whom the beginning of the shortest journey has become a very grave consideration. One gentleman of a serious turn proposes that over the door of every car should be printed in black letters the Dantean line, "Leave hope behind all ye who enter here"—a legend which would cheer the journey in a very lolorous manner. But notwithstanding the horrible disasters, which the railway man-agers call accidents, I observe that travelers seem entirely heedless of danger, or profound-ly resigned to the chances of blowing up, and of all other awful mishaps. Indeed, it is curious to remark how complacently a man darting along at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour will read of the various perils that attend traveling at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; while the pas-senger who would be most furious if any thing ill should happen, will pull out his watch and grumble at the rate at which the lightning express creeps along. Whether he is blown up or not for going too fast, he will have the happiness of blowing up the directors and superintendent, and conductor and engineer, for going too slow.

This sad fate of blowing up often befalls travelers upon the greater road where it is our business to observe manners. In the most unexpected and apparently causeless manner often the most placid of our fellow-passengers suddenly fly to pieces, as it were, explode before our very eyes, and disappear. How often do we not observe a comfortable, respectable, successful fellow-traveler, who lives in a fine house and drives a fine car-riage; who is quoted with deference as an authority upon many most important sub-jects; whose wife is the very queen of fash-ion, and whose daughters are apparently only waiting till their royal highnesses shall arrive, who will hasten to beg them in mar-riage; whose hands, indeed, seem to be the hands of Midas, that turn every thing to gold; whose house is Aladdin's palace, and whose estate seems to be Golconda; and suddenly the good man blows up, explodes into innumerable fragments, and is seen no more!

Where, for instance, is Puff? I remember him when every body bowed to him upon the street; when those who knew him said, with a kind of awe as he passed, "That is Puff;" and those who had never seen him responded, "Indeed, is that Puff?" At all great popular meetings for all great neu-tral purposes he was always president or one of the first vice-presidents; and when people saw his name they said, "It's all right—here's Puff." To new companies of every kind his name in the board of direction was invaluable. Savings-banks and trustees and guardians all invested the moment they saw his name. "If Puff thinks well of it," they said, "it is quite enough. One thousand shares, if you please, at the current rates." But one day, without any warning, Mr. Puff exploded. He blew up. "Old Puff's puffed out," said the rude and the unfeeling. It was, however, only a vulgar way of telling the truth. Nobody knew exactly what had hap-pened, nor why it had happened. There seemed to be no assets, as the commercial phrase is. The end was like that of a soap-bubble in the air. One moment there was a very pretty something sailing along with all the most solid objects perfectly reflected in it, and the next moment there was sim-ply nothing whatever—not a relic, not a trace. Even Puff's name disappeared. He was never again a vice-president or a direct-or. His house was sold and changed so that, like Aladdin's palace, it seemed actual-ly to have gone with him, an exhalation of the dawn.

The explanation in Puff's case, as in all such cases, is that he had too great a pressure of steam. The fast rate at which he lived re-quired what the vehement call a tremendous head of steam. But when it is a head so tre-mendous that it threatens explosion, it should be carefully watched and diminished. For blowing up is the end-all. If you steam to that degree, the very object for which you have steam is defeated and lost. Puff was the text of many private sermons of this kind which were preached at the clubs and other serious resorts after his explosion. Don't crowd steam, was the application of the afflictive event, which, it was hoped, would be blessed to many. I am not sure that the preaching did any good, but I am very sure that it should have been of the ut-most service. Upon the Mississippi River, in the old days, when turpentine and all kinds of furious breeders of flame and heat were thrown into the furnaces, and the rac-ing throng of steamers belching black smoke plowed and glared through the water and the night, the injunction not to crowd steam for fear of an explosion would not have been more needful than in the great city where Puff lived. But I believe that they still race and explode upon the Mississippi, and there are endless Puffs constantly blowing up upon the same course where his name was famous.

The force of the sermons which were preached upon the Puff text was, as I have intimated, that an overpressure of steam imperils your arrival; it endangers the very object that you are seeking. And among our fellow-travelers I observe that this truth holds. They not only frequently explode, like Puff, but they are constantly blowing each other up. It seems, indeed, as if they were under some persuasion that such a course would hasten their own arrival. When my uncle Hiram used to drop his tea-spoon into his cup and tip it over, which he did so con-stantly as utterly to destroy my aunt Janet's equanimity, he always turned suddenly upon his youngest son, who was the personification of all the tea-table virtues, and exclaimed, with a roguish light in his kind eyes, "Solon, you young rascal, if you do such a careless thing again, I'll send you straight to bed. Look at your mother!" It was impossible to scold him after that; and he always winked at me afterward, and said, "My boy, if you want to escape a blowing up, blow up somebody else first."

That is a practical philosophy of the truth of which I am not fully persuaded, but I know that there is a very general conviction that "a good blowing up" is of great serv-ice in the conduct of life. "What that boy wants," says some sagacious observer of a child whom he has never seen before, "is a rousing scolding." And after some of my aunt Janet's most vehement explosions of this kind—in which children, or servants, or shop-keepers, or even Uncle Hiram suffered—that shrewd philosopher would remark, with-out in the least restoring calmness or sweet-ness to my aunt's manner, "Nothing like a thunder-storm to clear the air, Bachelor, my boy. Whirlwinds are marvelous revivifiers." Then if he saw some saucy boy in the street, he threw up the window and exclaimed, "Come in here, you insolent little rascal, and be blown up!" Then to me, in an audi-ble whisper, "How majestic is the commo-tion of the elements!" But all his ribaldry did not disturb Aunt Janet's faith in the efficacy of a vigorous scolding, or blowing up, as she preferred to call it. "Hiram hasn't the spirit of a lamb's tail," she re-marked, sometimes, in the lull of some ex-plosion, as she saw him humorously looking at her. "I believe he would submit to any imposition whatever, and however disgrace-ful. It's infamous!"

In vain Uncle Hiram told his familiar sto-ry of blowing up the wrong man: my aunt would not be pacified. The truth was, that one day long ago, when they were living in the suburbs, a man imposed upon my uncle as a poor artist with a hungry wife and fam-ily; and after he had cordially sympathized with the stranger and given him generous relief, Uncle Hiram ascertained that his vis-itor was the most flagrant knave. But some time afterward, as he was sitting quietly in his room, another suppliant entered and be-gan the same tale of the wife and family; but Uncle Hiram, the mildest of men, sud-denly started up, and actually seizing the intruder by the collar, drew him to the door and put him out, angrily exclaiming, "By Jove! you can't do it twice, Sir. I've heard that gammon before." And he had scarcely slammed the door, which never be-fore shut in a suppliant's face, and seated himself again, than he suddenly perceived that he had made a ridiculous mistake, and had spent his wrath upon the wrong man! "The fact is, Bachelor," he said to me, "I don't blow up right. It isn't natural to me, as it is to your aunt Janet; and since that ridiculous failure, if I am tempted to begin, I am always so sure that I shall doubt at the very wrong moment whether I am blow-ing up the right man, that it is much wiser to leave the business to those who have a natural call to it."

From the day of that mistake, whenever Aunt Janet reproached him for hearing every body who came, he always replied, "My dear, a man who has so disgraced himself and his house can not do less than atone for his in-hospitality to every wayfarer." My uncle Hiram had the quaintest ideas. He really seemed to suppose that he had some duties toward other people! But he stoutly re-fused to smooth his own way with tempests. He had taken passage for Europe, and he and his wife and all the family were on the steamer waiting for the baggage, which he had sent two hours before he left his house, but which had not arrived even at the hour of starting. The condition of Aunt Janet can not be imagined, but Uncle Hiram was as bland as ever. At length the captain told him that the hour had arrived, and that the ship was delayed only for Uncle Hiram's baggage. My serene kinsman turned a beam-ing face upon his spouse, and, stating the ex-act case, asked whether they should go or stay. Aunt Janet replied that the question was too absurd, for how could they go with-out their baggage?

They descended from the ship, and Uncle Hiram calmly watched it slide slowly from the dock; and just as it reached the end of the pier the baggage appeared. The man who had it in charge jumped from his wagon and looked at my uncle in dismay. But the good man stepped up to him and asked qui-etly, "Where *have* you been?" The man answered that he had had time enough, but that his wife was very ill, and he had turn-ed aside to call the doctor, and when he pushed on again toward the steamer the street was so blocked that he could not reach the wharf earlier. As he ended he looked at my uncle, then burst into tears, and said, "If you'd only blow me up I could stand it; but I can't stand your kindness." The reply of my uncle was that he should go by the next steamer, and that he should expect the man to come for his baggage. He did so, and he reached the steamer in time.

I don't believe that the drayman was ever late again, and I do believe that he took a more charitable view of human nature. My aunt Janet always insisted that Uncle Hi-ram had failed in his duty; for she held him to be religiously bound to blow up the de-linquent. But Uncle Hiram said that he doubted if scolding and cursing and losing his temper would have been of any service. "Depend upon it, Janet," he said, "all the blowing up in the world would not have

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hastened our arrival in Europe, and I shouldn't have been half so sure that the baggage would arrive at the ship punctually." I confess, dear Eustace, that Uncle Hiram shook my faith in the virtue of scolding; and since in our journey there must be so many unavoidable and disastrous explosions of other kinds—since we are in constant peril of being blown up by fortune, by treachery, or by temperament—might we not wisely refuse to blow each other up?

Yours always,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MISSES' WATER-PROOF CLOAK.

AMERICAN water-proof, at $1 50 a yard, is the fabric most used for school-girls' water-proof cloaks, as they are too soon outgrown to justify the outlay of $3 a yard for finer English water-proof. Plaid water-proofs, especially blue and green plaids, are much used for children. To enliven the sombre black wrap, and also to make it warmer, the cape and sleeves should be lined with scarlet flannel. As the hood is often pressed against the face, a black silk lining is preferred for it. Our model, of which we give a cut paper pattern, is a simple loose sacque with side seams only, an elbow cape, coat sleeves, and hood. The cloak should be as long as the child's dress skirt, in order to protect it, but if much longer, will lap under the dress in a dowdy way. The edges may be simply hemmed, and three rows of braid placed above the hem; but a dressier trimming is to cut shallow scallops on the edge, bind them with braid, and extend the braid (sewed flatly) up between the scallops about two inches, then down again to the next scallop. This gives the effect of deep scallops. Use gutta-percha buttons, or else wooden moulds covered with water-proof.

SMALL FEATURES OF FASHION.

As there is no marked change in costumes this year, great attention is paid to small details, in order to give some appearance of novelty. A conspicuous feature is the revival of jet trimmings, so long predicted, and at last an accomplished fact. Very fine jet beads and short bugles are now attached to passementerie, braiding, and embroidery. In most cases they are sparingly used; but a few garments from the best French houses glisten with elaborate jets. These are of the dull cashmeres or heavy, dead black silks that need to be enlivened. Velvet garments that lay any claim to novelty have bands of black marten fur, or else Chantilly lace, not bought by the yard and sewed on the edge, but wrought in shape to suit the garment, such as slender Gothic points, leaves, cuffs, and collars. These are laid flatly on the velvet, that the beauty of the lace may be seen.

Experience suggests that fringe and passementerie, though fashionable on lower skirts, are not convenient, as they catch in every projection near the wearer; also that velvet does not trim cashmere well, as handsome velvets are of blue-black shades, while French cashmere is jet black.

White beads, dull chalk white, are used to embroider black velvet for trimming black silk dresses for the house. Scarfs, vest, revers collar, and cuffs are imported in sets for this purpose, also as garniture for cashmere mantles for carriage and opera wear, and for mounting India shawls.

Pleated Swiss muslin frills are again worn standing around the neck in Marie Stuart fashion. These soft clear muslin frills are exceedingly becoming when edged with Valenciennes or footing. A similar frill falls over the wrists from inside the sleeves.

Polonaises, basques, and, indeed, all wraps have some sort of a collar or large ruche around the neck, or a three-cornered kerchief or Watteau bow with streamers behind. If there is a velvet vest in front, the velvet is continued at the back like a round collar, nearly two fingers deep, and sewed down flatly on the garment. If a bias band simulates a vest in front, it forms a point behind with a Watteau bow attached, or else the ends lap over each other slightly, and are fringed. Two small round collars, richly trimmed, are on some French garments, while others have immense ruches of lace or raveled silk around the neck. The latter, with a Marie Stuart frill of muslin inside, is especially becoming to the delicate faces of American women. A fan bow is sometimes worn on the back of the corsage, made of a sort of three-cornered kerchief of silk; others have jabots of lace, thickly gathered, descending in a perfect cascade down the back. Thick cords of passementerie are imported in patterns for ornamenting the shoulders, bust, and back of basques, and for draping the sides of the skirt. Passementerie leaves and tassels are often used instead of bows for draping the Marguerite polonaise.

There is a fancy just now for veils of white net dotted thickly with black. They are of simplest shape, merely two or three eighths of the net passed straight across the front of the hat, and covering the face to the chin. They are generally becoming, and are very stylish when worn with a black velvet round hat and black costume.

Loose low-hanging chatelaine braids are fast being replaced by more classically arranged hair. A small knot is now worn, neither high nor low, but at the back of the head, and this knot consists of a French twist with braids (plaited of three tresses) wound around it. A good deal of frizzing, short fluffy hair, and the Pompadour roll are still worn here; but ladies just returned from abroad wear the front hair smooth above the forehead, and put it plainly behind the ears. A lock in front of each ear, called ear-locks, is thick, short, and trained to curve toward the ear.

New cravat bows, called the Alexis bow, are of satin of any and every color, edged with fur. Russian fancies, it is said, will be in order for the winter, and fur used in many ways.

Sleeveless Zouave jackets, like those worn a couple of years since, are shown for the house and for wearing beneath wraps instead of sontags. They are made of black, scarlet, or blue cashmere, with fanciful braiding and ball or tassel fringe, and will enliven breakfast costumes.

Box-pleated waists or blouses, with lengthwise bias bands imitating pleats, have become an important feature in home costumes. They are easily made, comfortable, are useful to wear with skirts that have outlasted the corsage belonging to them, and are capable of being made very dressy. Pretty ones for wearing with black silk skirts are of blue, écru, or scarlet cashmere, with two rows of narrow black velvet ribbon on the pleats, or else bias bands braided or embroidered in small figures or polka dots. Black and gray cashmere blouses of this kind are also worn in the street. Furnishing houses show white opera cloth blouses embroidered in colors on the pleats, and dressy ones of violet or other silk daintily embroidered in the same shade.

BLACK SUITS.

It was predicted this season, as it has been for several previous ones, that black suits would fall into disfavor; but as the season advances modistes have orders for six black suits in proportion to one of colors, and at present the majority of well-dressed women seen on the promenade, at church, matinées, and evening concerts, wear black suits, relieved only by a bright bow at the throat, an ostrich tip of the same shade on the bonnet, and gloves of lavender gray kid. This is the only costume that does not become hackneyed when the wearer has but a limited wardrobe, and, at the same time, no other better displays handsome materials purchased by the rich; indeed, many wealthy women have ordered two or three black suits this fall, varying them by using the many elegant black fabrics and garnitures now in vogue.

The black costume most worn in the present fall weather is of faille, with velvet trimmings, or else faille and cashmere combined. If of faille alone, it has a basque with velvet vest, and an over-skirt with very short and much-wrinkled apron, richly fringed, and a flounced skirt, or else folds and fringe together. The lower skirt in too many cases drags on the ground; but cleanliness forbids this, and the *Bazar* only mentions it to condemn it. If faille and cashmere are associated in the suit, the skirt is of faille, with a deep flounce almost to the knee, held in massive box-pleats separated by velvet bows; or else the flounce is scantily gathered, and edged top and bottom with two narrow ruffles of velvet or faille. The polonaise is cashmere, richly trimmed with passementerie or braiding inwrought with fine jet beads, longer than broad—short, tiny bugles, in fact. Willow fringe, bullion, netted fringe, or else guipure lace, edges the garment. Bows of faille ribbon are up the front, with a jet buckle in the centre of each bow. Deep square cuffs, with fringe or lace hanging from the lower edge, trim the sleeve, which is a Louis Quinze, a compromise between half-flowing and coat sleeves. Pleated Swiss muslin or lace falls over the wrist, and a ruffle of the same stands about the throat. A neck-tie of bias twilled silk passes around the neck, forms a bow in front, and its brightness is veiled by a black lace barbe, or else the all-prevalent black lace scarf is worn over it. The round hat, always in favor at this transition season, is of mixed black velvet and faille, with soft, puffed crown, and plenty of ostrich tips and pompons, mostly black, but having also a suggestion of the color worn around the neck. Tortoise-shell jewelry, large swinging hoops for ear-rings, and a shell necklace of chain links, with a monogram locket, pale gray kid gloves, and a blue or plum-colored parasol, very large, with walking-stick handle, complete the costume.

On cooler days there is added a double talma of black cashmere, or else a sacque without sleeves, but with a cape, having the effect of double capes. Jet, passementerie, fringe, and lace are lavishly used in ornamenting this garment, which finds its only rival in a cashmere paletot fitted in the back, loose front, cut in deep Gothic points, and so covered with braiding and embroidery that the original fabric is almost lost sight of. The camel's-hair mantles and serge polonaises with fur border, mentioned last week, will appear later in the season. Velvet polonaises will constitute the important feature of black suits for midwinter, and it is said those worn with faille skirts will be preferred to suits entirely of velvet. The beaver mohair, sable brilliantine, and other finer kinds of alpaca, trimmed with velvet or velveteen, also make beautiful black suits, little inferior in appearance to silk.

COLORED COSTUMES.

Some of the colored costumes received within the past week present novelties worthy of description. First is a lapis lazuli blue faille, with plain front of under-skirt, and four deep straight flounces behind reaching to the belt, and dispensing with an over-skirt. Two velvet ruffles of the same shade edge the flounces. In front is the apron of an over-skirt, fringed deeply, and gathered up in wrinkles until it is very short. The basque has a Louis XIV. vest of velvet and square velvet cuffs. Fine Malines lace at the throat and a cascade of lace down the front. This exquisite suit is for receptions and visiting, and should be worn with a Pompadour bonnet of pale blue royale and faintest rose-colored tips.

A velvet costume is of cypress green, almost black. Two box-pleated flounces trim the lower skirt; the velvet polonaise is embroidered and fringed, and a short mantle is trimmed similarly. The bonnet for this is of the velvet of the dress, relieved by faille pipings and tips of lightest Nile green.

A third is of cypress green faille. The skirt has a broad gathered flounce almost covered by velvet drapery of the same color, cut in deep Gothic points. Three alternate folds of velvet and faille head the flounce. The Marguerite polonaise is edged with folds and fringe. The bows draping the back have long streamers, one of velvet, the other faille, fringed at the end, and made to hang on the sides, not behind.

A prune-colored faille has an upper skirt of new design crossed in front, pointed at each side, with two straight breadths behind. The edge of this over-skirt is cut in small points, with two cords on the edge, and the interval discloses a scant ruffle of pale blue and of white silk, fringed at the edge. The basque is short, and it, with the deep flounce on the lower skirt, is pointed and ruffled also.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

DR. CHRONIK, of Chicago, a well-known Jewish rabbi, is forming a new congregation of Israelites, who will in their worship adopt the Berlin prayer-book, and observe the first day of the week as their Sabbath, instead of Saturday. Leading Israelites favor the movement.

—One of the most successful newspaper men in Europe is EMILE DE GIRARDIN, who boasts of having made two millions of dollars by the business. It injured his feelings, though, to lose two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in consequence of the war between France and Germany. He ran short that amount.

—Professor PECK, of West Point, expresses the belief that Professor MAHAN did not commit suicide, but fell overboard accidentally, in consequence of the carelessness of the boat hands in leaving the gangway rail open.

—Gen. WILLIAM H. M'CARTNEY, who writes those droll "Major Muldoon" letters in the *World*, and who commanded the First Massachusetts Battery during the difficulty, is preparing a lecture on the "Humors of the War," with which during the coming winter he will bring smiles to the face of the peoples.

—The saying, implying contempt, "He hasn't a soul above buttons," has had at least one practical refutation in the success in life of SAMUEL WILLISTON, of Massachusetts. While he was dragging along as a country store-keeper—his eyes having failed him while studying for the ministry—his wife bethought her that she could cover by hand the wooden buttons of the time, and thus earn an honest penny. From that they invented machinery, and then they built an immense factory, and then others, until now his factories are the largest in the world, and he is said to be worth $6,000,000. He has given $400,000 to East Hampton for a seminary and for churches, $200,000 to South Hadley Female Seminary, and $200,000 to Amherst College.

—As means to an end, Madame JANAUSCHEK exhibited her jewelry—valued at $80,000—in the window of a jeweler in Cincinnati; and then the people went to see her wear it in the play. The articles include gifts from various potentates, and a diamond worth $16,000 presented to her by the Czar of Russia.

—Professor GOLDWIN SMITH is in Toronto, where he proposes to deliver lectures to the Canadian youth attending the Toronto University.

—Miss ISABELLA BATEMAN, younger sister of *the* BATEMAN, has just made a decidedly successful *début* in London, in a new adaptation of George Sand's "La Petite Fadette."

—Mesdames JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, HORACE HOLDEN, WILLIAM H. OSBORNE, T. C. DOREMUS, WILLIAM E. DODGE, Jun., and Mrs. J. C. HOLDEN are endeavoring to place upon a permanent basis the new organization known as the "Association for Training Christian Workers," who propose "to go among the poor, the vicious, and the neglected, and by words and deeds of kindness, exhortation, and encouragement, to arouse their hope and their self-respect." Thirteen ladies have already volunteered for the work, and the projectors call upon good and generous people to lend the helping hand and the encouraging dollar.

—That Cadet SMITH, who seems to be in water more than tepid, has again given offense to the belles at West Point by distributing a lot of cadet buttons to his colored lady friends, which they exhibit in public. The white girls, disgusted, have dashed their buttons to the cold earth.

—These Americans are members of the Cobden Club, London: CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, EDWARD ATKINSON, GEORGE BANCROFT, RALPH WALDO EMERSON, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, H. W. LONGFELLOW, CHARLES SUMNER, and E. P. WHIPPLE.

—The exact figure paid to the Queen of England for every working-day in the year is $6510. And estimating that she may have to sign her name twenty times a day—say at $325 each—it does seem to be fair pay.

—There is a woman on exhibition in London who is perfectly enormous. Her name is CAROLINE HEENAN; she is twenty-two, weighs 560 pounds, measures seven feet around the body, twenty-six inches around the arm, and three feet six inches across the shoulders. Gracious! what an armful! It is said that this copious young person is handsome, pleasing, highly intelligent, and capable of sustaining great physical exertion.

—Two queens, twin sisters, now occupy the castle of Stolzenfels, well known to tourists on the Rhine. The castle was purchased as a ruin by the town of Coblentz, and presented to the late King FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. when crown prince, by whom it was restored at a great expense. It was bequeathed by the king to his widow, the Queen-Dowager of Prussia, who is now occupying this charming retreat; while her twin sister, the Queen of Saxony, and the king are on a visit to her. The late king entertained Queen VICTORIA very sumptuously here in 1845. It is probably little known that a personage still survives in the Prussian royal family who connects the present with an interesting past epoch. The step-mother of the Emperor of Germany lives. Fourteen years after the death of his ill-fated queen, the beautiful LOUISE, King FREDERICK WILLIAM III. contracted a morganatic marriage with a daughter of Count von Harrack, and created her Princess von Leignitz and Countess of Hohenzollern. This lady is now in her seventy-first year.

—HENRY ALDEN, who should not have done it, did commit suicide a few days ago in Gorham, Maine. He had a reasonable competence, a good farm, and, what was better, a good name, for he was a lineal descendant of that JOHN ALDEN who came over in the *Mayflower*, and who forms one of the principal characters in LONGFELLOW's poem of "Miles Standish's Courtship." But the poor man thought that he was going to the dogs pecuniarily, and so put out life's brief candle.

—LACHAUD, the great criminal lawyer of France, counts his professional gains at about 400,000 francs a year.

—Mr. JAMES GRANT, in his new work, just published in London, on the newspaper press, says that early in life Mr. DISRAELI edited a paper called the *Representative*.

—Senator FRELINGHUYSEN has the bump of inhabitiveness. He owns the land at Somerville on which his ancestors settled two hundred years ago. His country residence is there, and thence, from metropolitan Newark, he emanates for solitude and self-communion.

—One of the foremost scholars in England is said to be THOMAS ARNOLD, a brother of MATTHEW. He is the author of an excellent manual of poetry entitled, "From Chaucer to Wordsworth." His son THOMAS has taken nearly every prize at Rugby for a number of years, amounting in all to several hundred pounds; and his daughter has in her minority become distinguished among her friends for her literary culture, especially in Spanish literature. The "Chronicle of the Cid," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, indicates the remarkable ability of the young lady, for whom a career may be predicted in a direction in which few of her sex have hitherto achieved notable successes. It sometimes seems that talent is hereditary, if genius is not.

—General GEORGE L. HARTSUFF, who goes about with the weight of two bullets in his body—one received in Florida, the other at Antietam—has been retired on the full rank of Major-General on account of wounds received in the service. And now he intends to go to Europe for recreation.

—According to "Burleigh," the correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, the men famous in New York for business and wealth are always accessible to any persons who may have occasion to call upon them for any proper purpose. Thus "Mr. BEECHER, who has quite as much to do as most pastors, is accessible to any one, night or day. Trinity Church has an elegant room down town for her ministers. It is near the Astor House. Some one of the clergy is present daily to receive callers. The eminent lawyers of New York have regular office hours, and respond to every caller except when engaged in actual consultation. A. T. STEWART is hard to get at, but he is an exception to the New York merchants. CLAFLIN is found daily in his store. It is no use to seek for him in the counting-room. Ask for him as you enter, and the answer is, 'He is somewhere around.' He takes a personal supervision of the entire establishment. To a stranger he would be the last man in the house selected. Slightly stooping, with a rosy face, slouched hat, plain dress, he will probably be found sitting on a box talking to a Western merchant. WILLIAM E. DODGE is one of our largest and busiest merchants. With his trade, philanthropy, and religion he is fairly run down with visitors. Yet he sees every one in rotation, hears what is wanted, and then turns the parties over to his clerks. Just out of Broadway, on Prince Street, is the little den where the ASTORS do their gigantic business. The building is low, one story high, and looks like a country bank. On entering, a long row of desks is seen, occupying the entire room. Near the door are the clerks. Next is a desk occupied by WILLIAM B., Jun. Beyond him sits JOHN JACOB. Further on is the desk at which sits a well-preserved, light-haired, heavy-moulded man, with small, sleepy-looking eyes, and a decidedly German-looking face—and that is WILLIAM B. ASTOR himself. Quietness reigns within. A polite clerk steps up to you and asks, 'What is your business, Sir?' On receiving an answer the visitor is assigned to the special desk to which his business refers. All three of the ASTORS are open to an interview to any one who calls. While such men during business hours do not find it necessary to exclude themselves from the public, smaller men would do well to copy them, and not put on airs."

—The *Bazar* says ditto to the following sentence, once uttered by HORACE WALPOLE: "Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor yet thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures it is the cheapest."

—The living European monarchs now out of the business are: Prince GUSTAVUS VASA of Sweden; Count de Chambord of France; Duke CHARLES of Brunswick; Count de Paris, grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE; Duke ROBERT of Parma; Grand Duke FERDINAND of Tuscany; Duke FRANCIS of Modena; FRANCIS the Second of Naples; widow of OTHO of Greece; Duke ADOLPHUS of Nassau; King GEORGE of Hanover; the Elector of Hesse; Princess and Empress CARLOTTA of Mexico; Queen ISABELLA of Spain; and the Emperor NAPOLEON the Third and Empress EUGÉNIE of France.

—Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON, a gentleman who has peered into pretty nearly every quarter of the globe, gives it as the result of his observation that manners decline in regular order from East to West. The further east you go the greater suavity characterizes the people; the further west, the more regardless you find men of the feelings of others. In Europe, he found the best manners in Constantinople, the worst in London; in the whole world, the best at Cairo, the worst at Denver and Salt Lake. But he found ill-mannered communities prosperous. People do so want to make money!

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Fig. 1.—FELT HAT.

Fig. 2.—BLACK VELVET AND LACE BONNET.

Fig. 3.—VIOLET FAILLE AND BLACK LACE BONNET.

Fig. 4.—BLACK LACE BONNET.

Fig. 5.—MAROON FAILLE BONNET.

LADIES' WINTER HATS AND BONNETS.—[SEE PAGE 693.]

LADIES' HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 693.]

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BESIEGED AT MICHAELMAS.

PEOPLE sometimes wonder why the goose, though notoriously a bird possessed of singular acuteness, should be ordinarily regarded as the emblem of folly. The fact is that the goose resembles a certain peer of sporting celebrity, to whom an envious turfite was once heard to say, "You've got a great advantage over the rest of us, my lord, *because you look such a fool without being one.*" If this dictum does not apply to the wild goose, it most decidedly applies to his domestic brethren. As they stand on a common, hissing with outstretched necks, they look most unconscionable fools, though they are in reality something very much the reverse. Try and drive over one of these supposed fools, and you will find that, though he goes along cackling and waddling without paying the slightest apparent heed, he will take very good care that your wheels sha'n't touch him. Pass by a farm-yard at night, and though you may tread so lightly that the watch-dog slumbers on, the vigilant goose will assuredly give warning of your passage. Livy's story of the geese saving the Roman Capitol, though pooh-poohed by modern skeptics, is most likely founded on an actual fact. Then, again, the gander is a most attentive husband and father. When his wife is weary of sitting on the family nest, he quietly takes her place; and when the young brood is hatched, he keeps a watchful eye over their welfare. In these respects he differs widely from his comrade, the cock, who, though not devoid of a certain gallantry toward the fair sex—as, for example, when he summons the beauties of his harem to partake of a rich "find" of oats—yet scorns to assist in any of the nursery duties. It is, we suspect, the strongly developed philoprogenitiveness of the gander which causes the little maiden in our picture to be besieged at Michaelmas.

Papa Goose fancies that every wayfarer must necessarily covet his lovely goslings, and so he summons the whole tribe to the rescue. Sometimes they are not content with hissing, and we have seen a terrified nurse-maid in one of the parks run a hundred yards or more with an infuriated goose holding on by his bill to her skirt. She had unwittingly passed within a disrespectfully short distance of the family nest. Poor, irascible, kindly natured bird! We revenge ourselves on you for your scornful hissings by eating goose to a prodigious extent.

The custom of eating geese at Michaelmas is of ancient origin, and probably originated from the simple fact that stubble-geese were in perfection just at the time when the conclusion of harvest rendered a feast especially welcome. The fact that Queen Elizabeth was eating a goose when the news of the destruction of the Spanish Armada arrived no doubt popularized the habit, but it existed long before her reign. Nowadays the middle and upper classes live so luxuriously at all times that special feast-days are rather despised; while the poor man, who still enjoys the anticipation of roast goose, prefers his treat at Christmas. The anniversary of the saint falls, as is well known, on the 29th of September.

BESIEGED AT MICHAELMAS.

Ladies' Winter Hats and Bonnets.

See illustrations on page 692.

Fig. 1.—FELT HAT TRIMMED WITH MAROON FAILLE. A large bow with flowing ends behind. Two maroon feathers.

Fig. 2.—BLACK VELVET AND LACE HAT, edged with a narrow ruche of black silk. A scarf of black lace is twisted round the hat, and fastened with a large velvet bow, with ends falling over the back of the head.

Fig. 3.—VIOLET FAILLE AND BLACK LACE BONNET. A violet bow with four loops is set on the front, and a simple bow at the side. Violet faille strings tied under the chin. Fall of black lace behind. Violet feather.

Fig. 4.—BLACK LACE BONNET WITH A SCARF, FORMING STRINGS, trimmed with a yellow rose and leaves. Torsade of blue changeable ribbon, fastened by four jet agrafes in the form of a Maltese cross. A bow of the same color as the torsade is set on the back, with ends falling behind over the chignon.

Fig. 5.—MAROON FAILLE BONNET TRIMMED WITH BLACK LACE. Maroon bias folds, strings, and feather compose the remainder of the trimming.

Ladies' House and Street Dresses.

See illustration on page 692.

Fig. 1.—SKIRT OF LEAF BROWN POPLIN, trimmed with a flounce gathered in spaces of six inches, and edged and trimmed with revers and rows of garnet velvet. These gathered spaces are separated by a plain interval of two inches, which is trimmed longitudinally by four large velvet buttons. This flounce is headed with a velvet ribbon two inches wide. Poplin over-skirt, draped on the back, and trimmed with velvet revers, ribbon, and buttons, simulating a tablier.

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Vest-basque waist of the same poplin, trimmed with velvet revers and ribbons. Brown silk hat, trimmed with garnet velvet and shaded flowers. Green parasol.

Fig. 2.—DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT OF MODE GRAY FAILLE, trimmed on each side with three graduated passementerie ornaments, set between two rows of black guipure lace. Two smaller ornaments close the basque-waist, on which a round cape is simulated with guipure. Flowing sleeves, trimmed in a similar manner. Black velvet bow in the hair.

Fig. 3.—SHORT SKIRT OF TURQUOISE BLUE FAILLE, trimmed with a flounce and folds of the material. Over-skirt of the same, rounded in front, draped behind, and trimmed on the side with two sash ends. Pearl gray cashmere paletot, slashed behind, and trimmed with a fringed cashmere border. Black velvet hat, with black velvet ribbon and blue feathers.

SPEAKING EYES.

THE words of thy speech are silver;
But oh, it is purest gold,
That language all unspoken which
Thine eloquent eyes unfold.

Hereafter, sages tell us,
Shall be no need of speech;
In the cloudless realm beyond, our thoughts
Shall flash from each to each.

The child in its early childhood,
Its young and innocent days,
Speaks, ere it learns to lisp a word,
With its strange, far-looking gaze.

Thou hast kept that angel-language
Through life's advancing years;
Not alone when thine eyes are lit with joy,
Or brimming o'er with tears;

But in life's less strong emotions,
Its myriad sympathies,
I can read thy spirit's inmost thought
In a glance of those speaking eyes.

Ere yet thy troth was plighted,
In happy days of old,
I gathered the secret of thy love
By those tell-tale eyes out-told.

Bless them for their revealment!
The charm that never dies—
The treasure that shall outlast this world—
The speech of those loving eyes?

MAUD'S MISHAPS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PERHAPS you can tell us what Maud has been saved for—we all want to know. Something, it is to be presumed, although it seems absurd to presume that any particular providence can be in store for such a flibbertigibbet as she—as gay, as pretty, as irresponsible as any autumn leaf that goes flitting about on the will of the wind. But Nurse Burr says nobody could have had the haps and mishaps by flood and field that have befallen Maud, and all for nothing; and what Nurse Burr says in our house is law and gospel too. So at every fresh escape of Maud's we have that old prophecy over.

"She is reserved for an uncommon fate," says Nurse Burr.

"Yes," answers Aunt Maria, who is Nurse Burr's great rival in the house, "to die in her bed. That is an uncommon fate nowadays—what with your railroads and your steamboats and your powder-mills."

"Dear me, Miss Maria!" cries Nurse Burr, "they ain't my railroads!"

At any rate, whether she is reserved to die in her bed or in somebody else's, Maud's mishaps have reached such a pass that we all of us tremble a little to get on a wherry or cross a bridge with her; and as for going to Boston on the same train, we wonder at the benighted beings that attempt it! Was not Maud in the boat that terrible night when the mast broke and the sprit snapped and the rudder came off? Was not Maud in the carry-all the afternoon when the horse deliberately walked out of the shafts, after a piece of hard pulling, and left us to get home the best way we could? Was not Maud on the picnic when every body got drenched to the skin, and had little thunder-bolts printed off on their dresses? in the surf when the under-tow took us all out? Have we ever had a family disaster in which Maud has not been the pivot and starting-point, so to say? She is, in fact, a sort of scape-goat, we have come to believe; for it really seems as if the rest of us were to go through life scot-free, because her little vicarious shoulders bear all the ills that, in a just allotment, could be distributed among a given number of people; and certainly it would reverse the whole order of nature to have more than one such Jonah in a household; for all these adventures of hers that I am telling you are literally true.

It is several years ago that Maud began her accidental career, if I may call it so; and she might have made her *début* upon the world of items, had there been a reporter ready, in the act of falling into the fire from the arms of the young girl with whom she had been left for a single moment. Probably Maud knew it was for a single moment, and therefore hurried to take advantage of her opportunity and hurl herself headlong into the open fire-place, and among the glowing coals and embers of the forestick. To be sure, her little guardian had the presence of mind to haul her out by the skirts before she set up her own frightened howl; and when they ran to the rescue from the next room, expecting to find the child more dead than alive, Miss Maud crowed and cooed in their faces from under the shelter of the singed blanket which had protected her head, as if quite satisfied with the trick she had played on them.

After that, except for the usual casualties of swallowed buttons and cents and pins, without which none of us can grow up wholesomely, of bites and bumps and scalds and scratches, Maud made no further call upon her powers, but allowed them to ripen; and we did not have another serious alarm on her ladyship's account until she was well in her third year, when she was found on the edge of an uncurbed well, away in the low field, holding by her hands, her head down, her heels up, while she admired the little girl, red-cheeked, bright-eyed, and with elf-locks hanging round that dimpled face which was doubtless laughing up at her from the dark glass below. Some of the old German tribes, in the days before fences, had a custom of impressing the ancient landmarks upon the children of the new generation by taking them to the boundaries on certain occasions and soundly boxing their ears there. I suppose mamma remembered this tradition; and as the well was to remain there, and remain uncurbed, and Maud's life was to go on for the present in its neighborhood, she felt it necessary to stamp her memory with the fact of its being forbidden ground (if a well can be called ground at all), and, stepping softly down behind her, she laid hold of the pretty imp and used her slipper on the spot.

It was only a couple of evenings after this that again Miss Maud was nowhere to be found. The house and garden were searched for her in vain; she answered no calls, no bells. Mamma began to fear that, after all, the little water-maiden in the well had been too much for her; and one ran to the field, and one to the neighbors, and there was lifting of voices and wringing of hands, when Aunt Maria bethought her of the spy-glass; and, sweeping the horizon with it, there on the high-road, nearly a mile away, and just where it entered a great wood in which our uncles shot many a bear and wolf and catamount, she saw a little figure with flying hair, prancing along on a stick as gayly as the ladies in the "Faëry Queen" ever rode on their piebald ponies. Of course then old sorrel soon caught up with her and brought her home; but no one had the heart to punish the little runaway, when thinking of the night that would presently have fallen round her in that dark wood—a night to which there would have been no dawning in this world for her!

But that was a little matter to Maud; she could do a great deal better than that in her own line—earnest of which she gave us by falling through a trap-door shortly afterward, and when we made haste to pick up her broken bones, we found her actively engaged at the cider barrel, apparently ignorant that there was any thing uncommon in that method of going down cellar. Still, all children tumble down cellar, and think nothing of it; and the next alarm she gave us was of a different character. This was when her little cousin Sam, a youth of about five years, came to spend the afternoon with her. Sam had passed a barn-yard on his way, where some lambs and calves had been butchered, after the disgusting fashion of our civilized cannibalism, and it occurred to the young aspirant to the cleaver that this would be a fine game for the afternoon's play, and quite a novel one; and straightway on his arrival, finding a willing subject, he prepared to put his idea into practice.

It was by the merest chance that somebody looked out of the window in the course of the next half hour, and saw Maud, ready for any new sensation, lying with her neck stretched on a block of wood, and the blood-thirsty little Sam resting the sharp edge of the axe on it before giving as decisive a blow as his slender arm was able. Nobody had time to call attention to this miniature tableau of the death of Mary Queen of Scots. Only a series of shrieks, resounding within the house, stayed the stroke; and as Maud was snatched away from her executioner, it positively seemed as if the tyke knew what he was about, for he looked up with scared eyes, and stammering, "I—I didn't make the bleed come!" scampered home as fast as his fat little red-stockinged legs could carry him; and as he afterward ran away to sea, I should not be at all surprised if some whaler brought us home news that Sam had been promoted to be King of the Cannibal Islands.

It must have been not far from this time that one cool day I perceived that pungent, fragrant smell in the air, often perceptible in autumn days from the smoke of burning woods, or the bon-fires of stalks and vines about the fields; and just as I wondered what made it so strong, I heard Miss Maud, who was springing up and down like a little flame herself, crying, "Come out here! come out here! Got boofle fiyeh!" and I went out—with one bucket of water, and with another; for the sprite had collected the dry dead leaves in a heap beneath the projecting beams of one corner of the house, had helped herself to a lucifer-match, or rather Lucifer had helped her to one, and had lit her fire, and the century-old dwelling-house was blazing like a torch.

This, however, was perhaps more one of our own mishaps than Maud's, though, as Nurse Burr said, it was all pretty much of a muchness. It was on this occasion that, in answer to my reproaches, Maud uttered her famous sentence—aphorism, I might say, since it was accepted and adopted by the whole house and race for a sort of by-word—"How dickolus you is, miss, and besurd besides, and silly too!" What a pretty sight the imp was in her anger then, with her flashing gray eyes, her flushing cheeks, and her dark and rumpled hair, stamping that tiny foot while apostrophizing me!—the image of a little gypsy, said Nurse Burr; and quite as wild as a hawk, said Aunt Maria. I am afraid we used to irritate her after that just for the picture of it.

I believe Maud's next exploit was tumbling into Beaver Brook. They called it a brook; it was as deep as a river, and running rapidly toward some falls. Dancing across the plank that bridged it, in the effort to escape some instance of Aunt Maria's impartial justice, presently the ripples and eddies had dizzied her brain, and over she went; while a parcel of children rose out of the ground, to all appearance, as children have a way of doing, and ran along the banks like hens whose ducklings had taken to the water, only with a million times the uproar. Of course she was fished out, though not till she had twice sunk, and was quite unconscious. A lame gentleman, sitting some way down the stream, waded in and caught her gown on his crutch, as she rose for the last time and was sweeping by on the current, and she was brought to shore and brought to life. Maud always made the most of this mishap; and the number of wonderful rehearsals of the journeys her spirit made during that wet and unconscious time, which she sang and recited to her companions, would make material for librettos to a dozen of the supernatural and demoniacal kind of operas.

Maud had now had so many adventures that she could have afforded to rest on her laurels; and, indeed, a repetition of kindred feats would have become so monotonous that she must needs look about her for some means of infusing a new life into them. She was ten years old; and if this sort of thing was to go on, it was high time that she should tack a moral to it now, or put some of the spirit of the heroine, a dash of martyrdom and self-sacrifice, into the play.

I can not affirm that she had any deep-laid scheme of this nature already prepared to hand when she tripped down the alley at sunset for her pitcherful of yeast, whirling and twirling on tiptoe as she went, never doing any thing in a straight line. I can see her now just as she looked then, a slender and dark little thing, lithe as a reed, the wind in her lilac frock and the sunset on her cheek, while she swung a certain small china pitcher for which she had an intense admiration, and for which she knew mamma had the same, as it was almost the only heir-loom left in the family. "Full of vinegar," said Nurse Burr, watching her; and she probably had not lost any of it as she came tripping and trilling back again up the alley with her yeast, and, running across the street suddenly, found four great shining hoofs trampling her into the dust.

I really should think it must have been a terrific moment to the child—whom the military gentleman on horseback, loftily conversing with the heavens, had entirely failed to observe—when she felt that great black beast above her, rearing and plunging, and, in his efforts not to destroy her, tearing the clothes from her back. She was lifted into the house directly, a mass of rags and bruises—for her shoes had been cut off her feet, her hat had become straws, her frock was torn from her shoulders, and every garment on her rent to shreds. But in her hand, unbroken through all the coil, was the china pitcher. She had held it up, safe, even in the very instant when she saw those four great flashing hoops flying round her head, and the whole cent's worth of yeast was there, with not a drop of it spilled. "Well, that's the crowner!" cried Nurse Burr.

"It came near being crowner's quest," said Aunt Maria. "You naughty child! If you'd looked before you crossed the street, you might have saved all this trouble!"

"Real knock-down argument," said Nurse Burr, as the other swept from the room. "Saved the trouble! She saved the yeast! Well, it's just as well every body shouldn't go to crying over you, you bad thing"—kissing her distractedly, and then bursting out crying herself till the tears ran into the arnica. "I'm sure I thought the child was dead as Chelsea. What's she saved for?" she exclaimed, as she had exclaimed twenty times before. "I can't tell, if 'tain't something!"

Perhaps it was for her next, and, up to date, her final act. This took place one evening in the nursery, as the children were making ready for bed around the air-tight stove, which they had stuffed full of pine-knots, so that an enormous blaze was roaring through its funnel into the chimney, and in some places it was sparkling and red-hot. Miss Maud, in the freedom of her flannel night-gear, had been capering round the room, according to her wont, and having tired of her antics, had, after a brief absence, reappeared among her sisters, behind a broom, wrapped in a sheet, to signify to them that when ghosts walked it was time to be in bed—faint crows of chanticleer, muffled by the bed-clothes, making chorus to her drama out of the inner room, where Laurence was already snugly ensconced. Immediately the terrified group scattered, quite according to expectation, and immediately the kerosene lamp tipped over, not according to expectation. Goodness only knows why there was no explosion and no sudden whirlwind of fire filling the place; but by a blessed chance the flame blew out in falling, and only the gales of Araby the blest; rising round them in the darkness, told that the carpet was soaked in the inflammable oil. But at the very moment of the scattering, the tumult, and the jumping answerable therefor, the front legs of the air-tight stove dropped from their support, and the red-hot thing was on the point of falling forward upon the oil-soaked carpet, when Maud caught it between her two arms, and held the fiery monster from falling, with all its furious and raging heat, till Aunt Maria rushed up, summoned by the united screams, when the stove was replaced, and she was lifted away nearly fainting, but not till the hand and wrist of both arms had been burned nearly to the bone; and she wears the deep scars now—scars, it seems to me, more honorable than ever any soldier won in any battle of them all. At any rate, I can well imagine that to little Maud herself there are the flames of all the martyrs burning in them.

But here the record of Maud's mishaps pauses. It is to be presumed that the mishaps themselves will accompany her through life; yet whether she stumbles at the altar on her wedding-day, or falls off the Yosemite on her bridal tour, or sprains her ankles just as the prince asks her to dance, or meets with direr downfall yet, one thing is certain—however she falls, she will always fall on her feet. Still it is possible that all these promises of her youth are delusive, and she turns out as commonplace as the rest of us. There may be no more mishaps for her at all; for, beginning with fire and ending with fire, the circle may be said to be complete.

"But, Lor'!" says Nurse Burr, "you might as well expect the quicksilver not to rise in the glass as Maud not to get into mischief. Danger is a sort of shadow of hers. But to think," adds Nurse Burr—not regretfully, I am sure, for she loves the subject of her remark like a mother, but yet with a puzzled intonation over Maud's anachronism in coming so much too late—"but to think! all these happenings, and no harm done! Why, they'd 'a hung her for a witch two hundred years ago. What's all that to-do at the door, Aunt Maria?" asks Nurse Burr, suddenly turning about. "Lord bless my soul, if they ain't bringing that child in on a shutter!"

LIVING IN GERMANY.

AMERICAN INCOMPLIANCE.

WE repeat emphatically that, to receive the full benefits of living in Germany, it is necessary to conform more or less to its peculiarities. The American is apt to carry with him into foreign countries a self-assertion which is so marked as to have become a national characteristic. He is thus recognized every where as distinctly as if he wore a perpetual wrapper of stars and stripes. It is not only that he is ever ready, as he should be, to assert his claims to citizenship in a country of which he has reason to be proud, but he too often presumes upon its supposed expansibility of privilege. Independence at home he thinks entitles him to be "a chartered libertine" abroad. He thus scorns to pay that transient allegiance due from every traveler to the foreign land the hospitality and protection of which he is temporarily enjoying. He is often rudely impatient of the formalities and restraints which are, or are supposed to be, necessary to keep in check a people who have not learned self-control in self-government. Reflecting how imperfectly this lesson has been acquired even in his own country, with all the facilities its freedom from authoritative interference may give, he might surely reconcile himself to the more or less official peremptoriness which constrains in foreign countries individual caprice, but secures general order.

For example, the administration of the railways in Germany, which is certainly admirable in effecting the great results of exactness and safety in travel, is associated with a great variety of forms and regulations. These, with their barriers, their locked-up waiting and refreshment rooms, their peremptory orders to go here or go there, do this or do that, guarded and imposed by vigilant and resolute *gens-d'armes*, are, no doubt, vexatious to most American travelers. Permitted at home to move every where without constraint, with nothing but the faint warning, *Look out for the locomotive*, to protect them against the chances of a crushed limb or life, they may possibly be more cautious, but they are certainly less safe. The increased safety, even with the diminished cautiousness, which, when necessary, creates anxiety and destroys the pleasure of travel, is not dearly purchased, we think, by conforming to a few regulations, apparently arbitrary, but probably essential to the system. Whether so or not, we advise our countrymen not to attempt to assert their independence; for their willfulness will be sure to receive a check, and their comfort and respect as travelers a sensible diminution.

There are certain forms of ceremony and outward acts of courtesy with which the American, unaccustomed at home to bow his head to king or kaiser, refuses when abroad to comply. He is apt to regard all such as so many deductions from his own boasted equality. They by no means, however, imply a recognition of superiority, or an acknowledgment of inferiority. They are, on the continent of Europe, merely expressions, for the most part, of mutual courtesy. In Germany a much greater social equality prevails than in our republican land. We have, in spite of our political divergence from England, retained a great deal of the caste distinctions, in our manners at least, of that aristocratic country. The relations between the rulers and ruled, between the magistrate and citizen, the merchant and tradesman, the employer and workman, the master and servant, the rich and the poor, are in Germany much less indicative of social difference than with us. The ceremonious observances which universally exist are seldom regarded as tributes to rank, authority, or power. They are bestowed equally upon all. The master of the German hotel, who is the most flexible and varied of posture-masters, expects and receives from his own countrymen, whatever their rank, bow for bow, salutation for salutation. The veriest drudge of serving-girls, yet smutty with her labor, as she brings your polished boots, must have her claim to the title of *fräulein* (miss) distinctly recognized. All tradesmen and tradeswomen, servants and laborers, salute and are saluted—in Heidelberg at least. There is much that is wearisome, perhaps, in this constant bowing and scraping; but there is nothing in it indicating servility on the one hand or domination on the other; and we advise our countrymen not to insist too much upon their undoubted legal

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right to keep their hats on their heads, and retain their national perpendicular on all occasions.

There is another manner of self-assertion which is offensive to good taste every where, but more especially so in Europe. We allude to a habit which is particularly characteristic of American travelers—of making themselves conspicuous by their ostentatiously costly modes of dress and living. Many of our countrymen seem to move up and down the Continent for no other purpose than to jingle in the hearing of strangers the money in their pockets. If Americans are desirous of asserting their ability to buy expensive articles and pay enormously for them, they can be abundantly gratified in Germany, as elsewhere; but we need not say that this is fatal to all plans of economical living. Less of that show of money and pretension of indifference to its waste common to most Americans would secure them every where on the continent of Europe more consideration from the disinterested, and satisfaction from those who benefit by their expenditure.

DANCING AN IRISH JIG BEFORE ROYALTY.

See illustration on double page.

GLENDALOUGH is a pretty valley nestled amidst the Wicklow hills, celebrated for its round tower, raised in pagan times as an altar to the sun-god, and surrounded by seven old churches, the ruined relics of a later and a Christian age. Some way past these antiquities lies that lake over whose dark wavelets rises "the beetling rock," with the little cave half-way up its face, wherein the good St. Kevin sought refuge from the witchery of Kathleen's eyes. From the opposite shore ascends a richly wooded hill, where the dark foliage of the fir blends with the lighter shade of the feathery larch, while here and there peeps out a neat whitewashed cottage, with gay garden. On Saturday, August 5, there was a mighty bustle around the hotel at Glendalough, since it was rumored among the country folk that the "Seven Churches" were to be honored by a visit from royalty that day. Some rude extempore signs of welcome were raised by willing but inexperienced hands. A laurel arch spanned the gate-way of the hotel, while numerous bits of colored bunting fluttered about the gardens of the same. Close by, upon a slight eminence, was gathered a group of peasantry, watching to catch the first glimpse of "the royal cars." About half past twelve a dense cloud of dust and the sound of furious driving heralded the near approach of the august visitors. "Here they come! here they come!" is the cry; and in a few minutes, greeted by right hearty cheers, the carriages dash up, from whence alight the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Princess-Marchioness of Lorne, the Lord-Lieutenant, and the Countess Spencer, accompanied by a distinguished *suite* of lords and ladies. A great man that morning was Jem Bro', the well-known guide of Glendalough, habited in a long frieze coat, white corduroy knee-breeches, and black worsted stockings—the once prevalent but now almost extinct costume of the Irish peasant. A great man was Bro'—indeed, quite the Lord Mayor of "the churches" for the day; and as he strutted before the assembled people, many were the speculations as to the number of "goolden guineas" his services would gain for him. Nor did Bro' prove one whit unequal to the occasion. Under his guidance the royal party was led around the ruins and the tombs of the old church-yard, by the tall tower, by the magic cross, too, embraced by every fair lady desirous of being married happily and soon; and all the while, in his own quaint way, he narrated the legends, often the coinage of his own fertile fancy, which marked each sacred spot. After the royal party had lunched, a military band, judiciously stationed some distance away, struck up a lively strain, and then, with Bro's exertions, some of the lads who stood around were induced to dance in pairs together, and with no small difficulty two country girls were persuaded to join; but either their shyness, or rather, perhaps, their ill-becoming assumed stateliness, in some degree marred the performance. The dancing, however, did not pass off without causing some amusement. An ancient matron, of extremely goodly proportions, who styles herself "Kathleen," claiming to be the representative of St. Kevin's fair persecutor, presented herself upon the board, offering to exhibit her powers. And in downright earnest was the offer made; for Bro' being chosen as a partner, away the pair footed it with marvelous agility and skill, notwithstanding the physical obstacles, at all events, on the lady's side. In the evening, after a row on the lake, the royal party gathered round a tea-table, which, the evening proving so fine, was laid out upon the shore. While thus engaged an old country granny, one of the real old style, clad in long blue cloak, with coal-scuttle bonnet and crooked stick, whether moved by admiration of the "tay" or his Royal Highness it is left to conjecture, drew near to where the Prince of Wales was sitting. Instantly, to the unbounded delight of all her clan, the Prince presented her with one of those never-enough-to-be-wondered-at "goolden" chairs, handing her a cup of tea at the same time. It was quite a picture to see the old creature, who seemed thoroughly to appreciate her position, and freely chatted to the great ones about her, as if all her life accustomed to the presence of royalty. Not one solitary policeman or other official was present during the entire day, yet there was not a single instance by which the respectful order observed by the poor people was in any way disturbed. The beautiful illustration which we give represents the first part of the entertainment alluded to. In the foreground are seen the familiar faces of the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, and Prince Arthur, flanked by the numerous dignitaries of their train, while before them the sturdy guide and the handsome Irish girl, his partner, seem lost in the exhilaration of their national dance, and forgetful of the presence of royalty.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HEREAFTER the year 1871 will be marked in history as that in which occurred the great fire of Chicago, even as 1666 has been noted for the great fire in London. Exactly how large a loss of life and property is involved in the desolation which has fallen upon the Garden City may not be known for weeks, if, indeed, it is ever fully known; for Chicago was connected by thousands of fibres with every part of the country, and the suffering from this calamity falls every where. By the great fire in London 13,200 houses were destroyed, and 200,000 persons were forced to encamp in the open fields. In fact, five-sixths of the metropolis were laid in ruins. But London was not linked with the English nation in such intimate relations as Chicago is with our own country. And while the suffering involved in this last great fire is far more wide-spread, on the other hand the sympathy awakened and the aid tendered are infinitely more abounding. It is one of the benefits growing out of this dire calamity that the sympathies of the whole community are aroused. It is good for men and women to have their hearts stirred, and their warmer, better feelings drawn out. This event has touched the heart-depths of every one worthy to bear the impress of humanity. The rich have given of their abundance, the poor of their poverty. It is better than a sermon to read among the records of donations to Chicago, "A Poor Friend, 20 cents." No such spontaneous and lavish aid was tendered to London in 1666 as that which has flowed into the desolated Western city ever since the first knowledge of need was spread through the country. Such willing charity does honor to our age and to our country. From foreign countries, too, help is coming. England opens her hand. She remembers that in times of famine America has fed the starving in her dominions. Wide-spread calamities like this appalling conflagration open the heart of love and charity in all lands, and unclasp purses seldom loosened by ordinary benevolent calls.

Almost every great city in Europe is raising subscriptions to relieve the Chicago sufferers.

Why did Mrs. Stowe reveal this to the world? Why tell the history of many households by saying that a woman armed with sick headache, debility, nervousness, presentiments, and all sorts of imaginary and real ailments, is a walking armory of weapons of subjugation?

An exchange states that the eminent Dr. Hopkins is giving the Senior Class of Williams College lectures on the catechism. Several ladies, being desirous to attend these lectures, requested the privilege. Among these ladies were Dr. Hopkins's wife and the wife of President Chadbourne. But the gallant Senior Class said "*No.*"

A German chemist, Dr. Schwarz, gives a simple recipe, by which he says he has kept for eight days a piece of ice weighing six pounds: Put the ice into a deep dish, cover it with a plate, place the dish on a pillow stuffed with feathers, and carefully cover the top with another pillow, thus excluding the external air. Feathers are well-known non-conductors of heat, and thus ice is preserved from melting.

The completion of the European and North American Railway will secure uninterrupted rail communication between Bangor and St. John. Eventually this will turn the current of European travel from New York to Halifax by rail, and thence by steamer to Liverpool and other foreign ports.

A lady who has had the temerity to visit Tuckerman's Ravine, on Mount Washington, has communicated to the Boston *Journal* the difficulties she encountered in the excursion. These seem to have consisted chiefly in the opposition she met with from every one when it was known she meditated a trip regarded hazardous. She believes, however, that it is not only possible but safe for any lady possessing good health and a moderate amount of courage to take the walk through Tuckerman's Ravine. She, at least, accomplished it, and felt amply repaid by the magnificent views. She clothed herself in a short water-proof suit, and with thick walking boots and a bamboo staff fared much better than did a gentleman who accompanied her, who, having arrayed himself for his day's work in tight-fitting broadcloth pantaloons, returned with naught but a few rags fluttering in the breeze to proclaim the departed glory of his garments.

The pier of the Brooklyn Bridge has now reached a height of about fifty feet on the Long Island side, and the work is rapidly progressing. The caisson is being sunk on the New York side, but the work is very difficult because of the tides.

The great fire of Chicago broke out on Sunday evening—the fire of the day before having been extinguished. On the Tuesday following an order was received in Buffalo from a Chicago merchant for 250,000 bricks, to commence rebuilding—a good indication of Western enterprise.

What cupidity and baseness could be more shamefully contemptible than that which led fiends in human form, in the midst of the burning horrors of Chicago, to plunder, to rob helpless sufferers, and even to attempt to extend the disaster by incendiary acts? Such deeds make every one with a spark of humanity ashamed and indignant.

A magnificent gold service for the personal use of the Sultan of Turkey has recently been manufactured by goldsmiths in Manchester, England. The service consists of one soup plate, a large hash dish, five large dinner plates, and five dessert plates—all of solid 18-carat gold. They are of circular shape, perfectly plain in design, with the exception of the ornamented edges, and are of exquisite workmanship. There are also solid gold knives, spoons, and forks to match. The spoons and forks are of the thread and shell pattern. The total value of the service is £1200. It is interesting to know that a "large hash dish" is provided for the Sultan's use. This fact should reconcile the occupants of large boarding-houses to their situation.

Perhaps there never was a more remarkable sight than 50,000 or 75,000 men, women, and children fleeing for their lives from the burning streets of Chicago. The wooden pavement, taking fire, made a continuous sheet of flame for miles.

Along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad are millions of acres of rich government land which may be obtained under the provisions of the Free Homestead act. By this law every head of a family, widow, or unmarried person over the age of twenty-one years, may have eighty acres as a free gift if they will come and occupy the land. The emigration to Nebraska has been about sixty thousand since last March.

It shows a lack of consideration and good sense to keep a caller waiting in a too often dark and cheerless parlor for ten or twenty minutes while you dress yourself elaborately. If possible, receive your visitors promptly, and in any dress you may happen to have on, provided it be neat. Moreover, parlors always should be supplied with books, pictures, or something attractive to callers, so that they need not sit in gloomy idleness if they are forced to wait for you.

It would be interesting could we know in fuller details than have been given to the public the habits of life by which Jacob Fournais, that last "oldest man," reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and thirty-four years. That he came from Canada at the youthful age of seventy, and died a few weeks ago in Kansas City, we are informed. Also, that he was never sick, that he was neat in person, and liked quiet seclusion. Moreover, as he is said to have kept pipe and tobacco in his house, we conclude he smoked. But upon numerous other points physiologists will desire to be informed, as well as those who fancy that the *same* regimen will produce the same results in all cases. Did he drink coffee, or practice gymnastics before breakfast? Did he bathe twice a day, or only twice a week? Did he "never take a drop?" Did he eschew meat, and sleep with his window open in the dead of winter? And how many miles a day did he walk?

Physicians and shoe-makers say that scarcely any young lady who calls herself fashionable is free from corns, bunions, and enlarged joints on the feet. Even the feet of little girls are ruined by wearing wrongly constructed shoes. As a necessary consequence the gait is awkward. Let sensible women—especially now that fashion authorizes a low-heeled boot—release their feet from the harmful pressure resulting from too high heels, and resolve never to allow a foolish fashion again to make walking a misery.

Cod-liver oil butter *may* be as palatable as butter made from genuine cream, provided one does not know what he is eating. Perhaps that ingenious pharmaceutist thought so who has adopted the plan of administering cod-liver oil to his patients in the form of a condiment to bread. He also recommends mixing it with mustard, egg, and sundry other ingredients, for salad dressing. Every one to his liking. We should prefer our cod-liver oil in its original, unadulterate state, and our food distinct from medicine.

The Chinese visiting card is a huge sheet of scarlet paper, the name inscribed in large characters the better. There are several sizes of cards. That which is used on very [illegible] sessions is folded ten times, and to the [illegible] is written in the right-hand lower [illegible] edized the words, "Your stupid [illegible]," or "Your more than stupid [illegible] case may be), "bows his head and [illegible] pects." The depreciatory appellation is a favorite one, but there are other [illegible] self-designation. It is etiquette to [illegible] card to the visitor, it being presumably, too expensive for general distribution.

An English physician states that in a single year he, as coroner for Middlesex, held a hundred inquests on children found suffocated in bed by the sides of their mothers, and in nine cases out of ten he attributes these deaths to the gross ignorance of the mother with regard to the laws which govern the life of the child. Such ignorance seems amazing to those who realize that an infant's lungs require air, but indicates the necessity of teaching physiology to women of all classes, and of giving to young girls such hygienic instruction as is essential for the preservation of life and health.

Gardening is one of the best forms of out-door exercise for women. Within a few years past many country ladies have experienced the invigorating effect of employing a couple of hours every day in the lighter kinds of garden-work. We know a village where it is the *fashion* for ladies thus to occupy a part of their time. They do not cultivate fruits and vegetables for the market, but their own tables are bountifully supplied with strawberries, raspberries, currants, pears, apples, tomatoes, melons, and sundry [illegible]ables, all in their own season, and chi[illegible] of their own industry. A [illegible] springs up as to the size and [illegible] articles thus raised. The gardens present a peculiar appearance of neatness and bright [illegible] scattered and there give a most cheerful aspect.

The following characteristic anecdote is related of John Randolph: He was engaged to a beautiful Virginia girl, but was one day seen to leave her father's residence in unusual agitation. It appeared that the lady's father had proposed that Mr. Randolph should settle a sum of money upon the bride, whereupon the spirited lover remarked, "It is not my purpose to purchase. When I desire to purchase, I shall go to the cheapest market—I shall go to Africa."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NAOMI.—Heavy black gros grain dresses, lightened by white lace or muslin pleatings, are often worn in ball-rooms.

JANE.—Make your black silk by the Marguerite Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV.

B. R.—You do not need a white bonnet. Get a plum-colored silk suit trimmed with velvet, and have a bonnet to match of the silk and velvet.

CONSTANT READER.—Make a box-pleated habit shirt of scarlet or blue merino, or of flannel, for your daughter to wear with her plaid skirts left from last winter.

MISS M. J. M.—Your samples are blue Lyons poplin and black armure silk. Of course the dress skirt should be the darkest of the two shades of a suit.—A wife retains her husband's arm while walking up the aisle to a seat at a public entertainment, but there is no rule for unmarried people. Usually the gentleman precedes the lady and finds a seat for her.

F. C. E.—Make your blue silk by cut paper pattern of the Worth Basque Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. Your fringe will trim it stylishly.

JACINTA.—The polonaise costume is what you need. Use either the Marguerite or the Louis XIV. illustrated in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. IV. Make the vest and trimmings of velvet.

NELLIE N.—Get a plum-colored suit entirely of silk, or of cashmere over silk. Your gray silk suit with hat to match will be appropriate for you.

S. L. G.—We furnish no cut paper patterns but those set down in our advertised list.

TWO SISTERS.—In rugs the stripes should all be of the same pattern, alternating with plush stripes. The same is true of furniture, though ottoman reps is as satisfactory as plush. A single tapestry stripe down chairs is sufficient, but a sofa requires more stripes. Brown, green, or gray reps would suit you. Variety in the design of the tapestry stripe is preferable to having all the furniture of the same stripe.

MAY.—For hints about making a black silk suit consult *Bazar* No. 33, Vol. IV.

CARL'S MOTHER.—A long, simply shaped sacque with a deep round cape, all made of black velveteen or brown corduroy, with flannel lining, is the winter cloak for your boy. Get a black velvet turban or a brown one with a fur band.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Get a Marguerite polonaise of brown cashmere the same shade or lighter than your brown silk. Trim it with braiding and fringe, or silk folds or pleatings, and you will have a most stylish fall suit.

LIZZIE M. R.—We approve your taste in selecting your traveling suit, and do not think it too dark. Your idea of the lovely gray silk, velvet polonaise, etc., is also good. Use the Marguerite polonaise suit pattern for your blue, and the Worth basque pattern for your gray dress.

ADMIRER, OF MEADVILLE.—Direct to the firm you mention, Broadway, New York city. Tinted paper with colored initial costs $1 a quire, with envelopes marked to match.—You should make a party call, whether you attended the party or not.

LILLIE.—Keep your geraniums through the winter in as equable a temperature as possible, and water them when the earth in the pot seems to require it. We decline to answer your other questions.

MARY E. S.—We can not tell you, or the many others who ask our counsel on this subject, how to earn a livelihood for yourself and your children.

KEYSTONE STATE.—Are fish caught in a thunder-storm never good? and do the French remove the hearts of their monarchs and marshals before burial? We did not know it.

NANNIE AND JENNIE.—It is so manifestly impossible for us to commend special summer or winter resorts in this column that we are surprised at your question.

EARNEST.—An author who writes under an assumed name usually has confidence enough in his publishers to intrust them with his address. Your other questions are too trivial to answer.

E. N.—We don't know.

M. H. V.—The Marguerite polonaise pattern sent you is one of the best models for a black cashmere polonaise, and also for one of Swiss muslin to wear over your green silk. Arrange a ruffle or lace in vest shape on your corsage.

MISS C. H. L.—We can not give you addresses. Examine *Bazar* advertisements for the information you want.

MRS. G. V. L.—Make your gray suit by Marguerite polonaise pattern sent you, or by the Louis XIV. vest-polonaise, with vest and bias bands of black silk. A Watteau paletot is the model for your black gros grain. Trim with gimp and fringe.

MRS. H. S.—Twenty-five cents buy the whole set of patterns, six in number, for an infant's wardrobe. Any of the furnishing houses quoted in our columns will send you well-made clothing for infants. We do not reply by mail.

MRS. G. L. M.—We know of no New York dressmaker of repute who will do what you wish. We can not reply by mail.

MRS. KATE K.—The gray poplin will look best trimmed with velvet of the same shade. Make the silk by our Marguerite polonaise pattern, trimmed with pleatings of the same.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—A Watteau paletot of velvet will be handsome for winter.

E. R.—A mantle just imported is very similar to the Metternich. Black satin is not much worn at present.

W. H. C.—We furnish no patterns but those named in our advertised list.

MRS. T.—We have published designs for working letters on canvas.

DOROTHEA.—We have given many designs for slippers, and shall probably give more.

C. A. B.—Your sample is plaid serge, and would dye black. Make a double cape trimmed with fringe. The silk sample is not as good as the quality usually sold here for $3. The narrow flat silk braid called soutache, or else round cord, is used for braiding.

MRS. E. P. B.—Use the over-skirt pattern of the Vest-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. IV. Bias velvet and ribbon of the color of the dress are used.

F. A. F.—The kilt pleating is fastened top and bottom before it is sewed on, or else is stitched down afterward. Use alpaca folds, or else silk.

L. M. C.—The Marguerite polonaise pattern is suitable for both of your fabrics, and may be worn in-doors as well as out. Trim the gray with bias black silk bands; the grenadine with ruffles. Make pearl gray silk with demi-train and basque, trimmed with white lace.

MISS N. E. W.—Lengthwise bands of velvet may be sewed plainly on the skirt without kilt pleats.

L. T. G.—The *Bazar* advises that suit skirts should escape, not touch, the ground.

E. H. B.—Make a black silk suit with a polonaise, either the Marguerite or that with Louis XIV. vest. Get a black cashmere polonaise to wear with other skirts.

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DANCING AN IRISH JIG.

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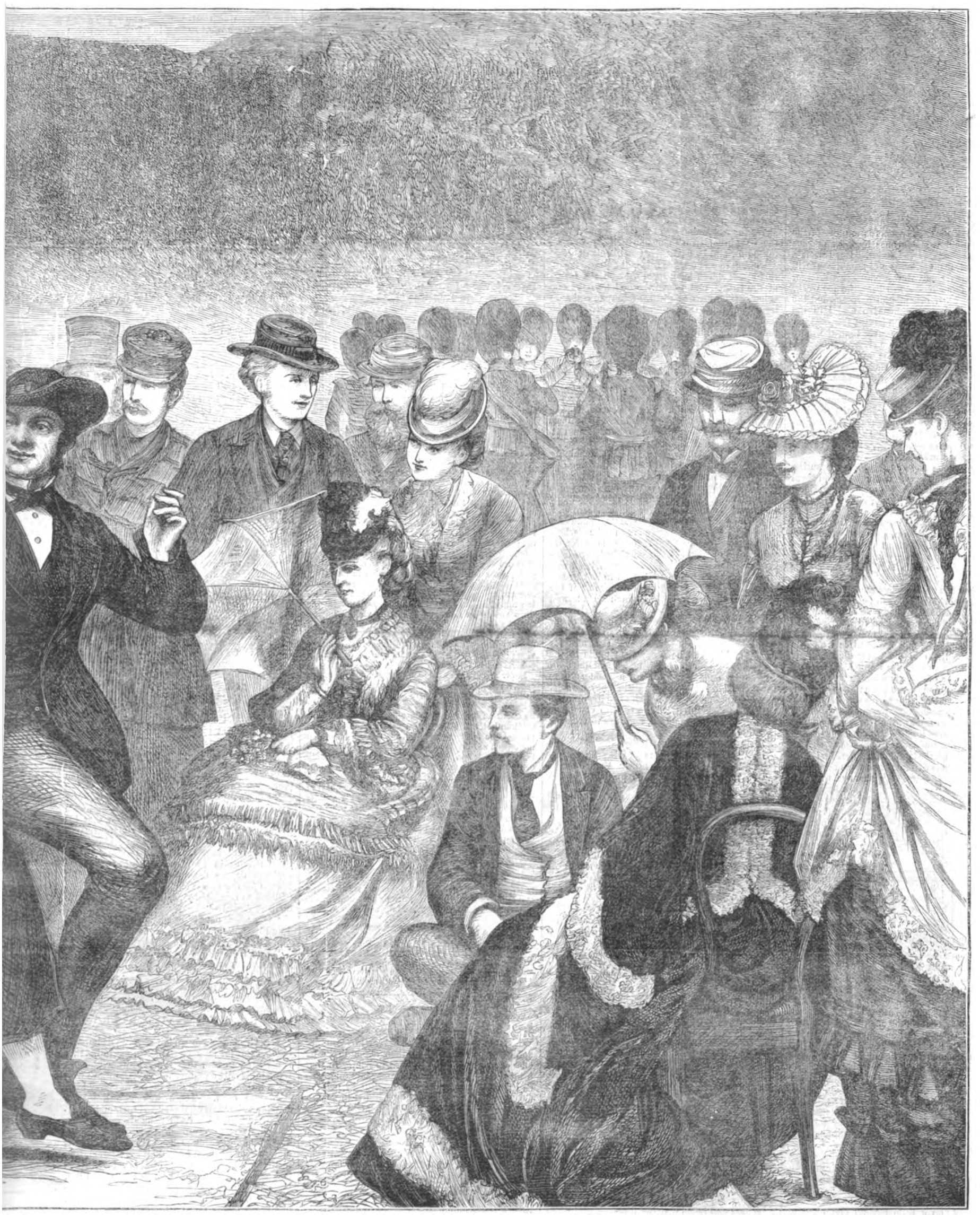

ROYALTY.—[See Page 695.]

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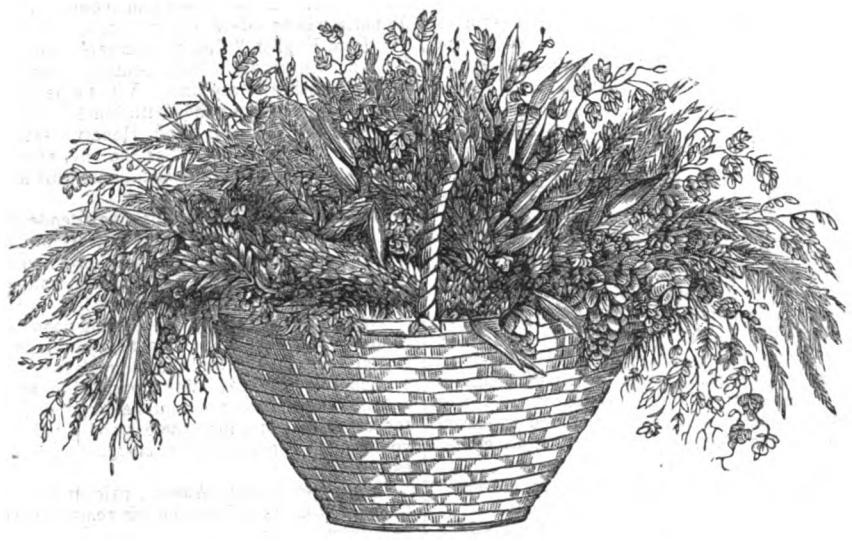


BASKET-MAKING.

THE art of making baskets is another of the useful and valuable ones by most persons considered unsuitable for ladies. But this is a mistake, as a little practice and experiment will show. Not only may they produce the different varieties of fancy baskets so beautiful for work, flowers, and other ornamental purposes, but the strong, substantial specimens so useful in the family may be readily manufactured from coarser materials, with even less trouble than the more delicate kinds and diminutive sizes.

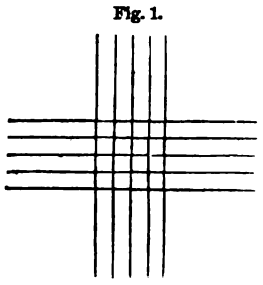
With ladies, the only part of the operation impracticable for them to undertake is the "getting out," or preparing of the splints. Some male friend, no doubt, can be found to do this, or they can be bought very cheaply from a basket-maker. In order to ascertain the required length, measure any basket near the size intended, from the top edge (outside) around and underneath to the opposite side, allowing several inches over for working.

Thus, to make a square basket measuring nine by nine inches across the bottom, and three and one-half in height, with spreading sides, have prepared ten thin splints of oak or ash wood (the latter rather preferable), each to be two feet long, and three-quarters of an inch wide; also fourteen narrow ones, each three feet nine inches in length, and about one-quarter of an inch wide; besides these, one or two long thin ones for the edge, and a stiff thick one for the handle.

First, the ends of the splints must be somewhat sharpened and shaven so as to be thin, and then should all be soaked well for several hours in warm water (if the water cools before you are ready to use them it will not matter); this will render them pliable, and easily to be bent into shape. Keep them in the water all the time, taking them out as they are wanted.

Now take five of the ten widest ones, and lay them side by side upon the table; then take out the sixth one, and weave it across the first five, by taking up and passing over the alternate splints; leave it near the centre of the row, and then take another and weave it across in like manner, covering and passing under the alternate ones, so as to form squares with the last splint. (See Fig. 1.) In this way the whole five must be woven across the first five, when the square bottom of the basket will be formed; be particular, however, that the ends of the splints on all the sides be as nearly even as possible, and that they be pulled closely together, so as to look compact. Now, if the wood has become dry, the centre or woven part may be laid in the water again, as the splints will be either brittle or altogether unmanageable if allowed to become dry. When well moistened, fold down the splints close to the edge of the weaving, laying them flat upon the bottom, but turning all the same way, toward the centre, and so as to form an even line along the square. Give a little blow with the hammer, so as to make the bend more certain; fold the opposite side toward the first, and so on with all four sides: this will cause them to stand upright to form the sides of the basket.

Fig. 1.



SPLINTS LAID IN PLACE TO COMMENCE THE BASKET.

If the sides are to be spreading, so as to form a very shallow basket, these side splints may be split with a knife down to where they fold upward from the bottom; but if straight-sided are preferred, they may be left broad.

Next take one of the narrow splints, which should be well moistened, and weave it around, leaving an inch or two at the end you begin with; draw the sides in an upright position as you interlace the splint, and when it is carried entirely around, go a little beyond and overlap, pushing in the ends so that they will be well secured and concealed under the upward splints. When this first lateral splint is in its place the others will be comparatively easy, and thus the whole twelve which are to build up the sides may be woven closely around; the shaping is to be done as these are being put in by spreading slightly the upright splints, in order to give the sides the desired spread.

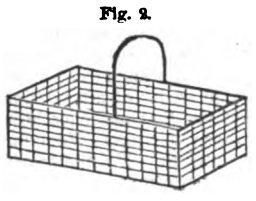
When the whole twelve are thus in place the edge is to be finished, and if the ends of the splints are dry, they must again be wet thoroughly; then cut them off about an inch and a half above the last lateral splint, and sharpen or shave them slightly; trim them down close above the top splint, and be particular how this is done.

Taking one at a time, if it come up *outside* of this upper splint, let it bend over on the inside of the basket, and weave the end into the one below. The next one will, of course, come up inside, and must therefore bend outward, and be tucked into the outer one below; in this way they will be finished off all round, alternately folding over either on the inside or outside.

The handle must next be prepared. First, cut it the proper length, allowing for the space where it is fastened inside. Make a notch about an inch and a half from the ends, they also being whittled down to a thin edge, and being of a thicker piece of wood, it will require a good soaking in hot water; while pliable it can be bent into shape, and the ends inserted between two splints inside of the basket.

When this is done, take the two remaining splints with the long thin one, and holding one on each side of the upper row, along the top of the basket, begin to wrap or twine the thin splint over the edge, bringing it through the upper row of interstices, and then over the treble row of splints, in and out, until the whole edge is strongly finished. The handle will be firmly held in its place by this means, if the notch is allowed to come below the rim just described. (See Fig. 2.)

Fig. 2.



THE BASKET COMPLETED.

These rules for basket-making will be a sufficient guide to the art; the one described will be a medium-sized, substantial one, and therefore a good style to learn on; but for the pretty little fancy baskets, use very thin and delicate white splints, and if a pattern is at hand it will be easy to count the number of splints required, and also to measure their length.

By coloring the splints before beginning the work with some staining material, such as extract of logwood, Vandyck brown, Venetian red, etc., a pretty variety may be produced in the fancy baskets.

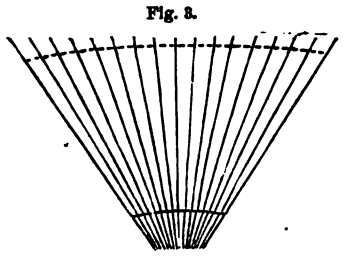
Baskets of another and rather different style, extremely delicate and graceful, are made from the white rye straws, and are beautiful for holding mosses, sea-weeds, dried grasses, etc.

Select perfect straws of new rye, and split them into fine splints; then separate the narrowest ones, which should not be thicker than crochet spool cotton. About twelve or fifteen will be sufficient for the purpose. The remainder should be rather broader, and as nearly as possible of equal width.

Lay them in a saucer of water for half an hour or more before you are ready to begin your basket. Now take a small piece of muslin—say five inches square—place the narrow straws, one at a time, on it, and sew the ends on to the muslin (along one edge) closely together. (See Fig. 3.)

When all are secured, spread out the straws over the muslin in a fan shape, and sew the other ends down in this position to the muslin, so as to look as represented in the cut.

Fig. 3.



SPLINTS ARRANGED FOR A BASKET OF STRAW.

Now, when this is done, take one of the broader splints and begin weaving it across, and when entirely through, pull it down as near as possible to the bottom row of stitching. Then another and another of the splints may be interlaced, alternating in basket fashion, until enough are woven to make the basket high enough to be well-proportioned.

These little straw splints dry very quickly, and therefore it will be necessary occasionally to lay the whole in water.

The basket may now be shaped and finished by trimming off the superfluous edges of the muslin, but allowing sufficient margin for turning in all around; then turn in the top, splints, muslin, and all, sew it down slightly by a few stitches on the under side, and afterward the sides and bottom in the same way, and tack it neatly on to the card-board with needle and thread, the stitches not being allowed to show on the right side.

The handle is formed of a broader splint of the straw, a narrow one with the wrong side turned outward being twined around it. One end of this handle is stitched to the card, and the other to the inside of the basket, so as, when finished, to look something like the cut at the commencement of this article.

The mosses, dried flowers, grasses, or seaweed may then be tastefully gummed into it, and arranged so as to fill it up well, and also to fall over the edge gracefully. When placed in a passe-partout frame, or in one having a convex glass, it will make a beautiful ornament for the parlor wall.

This is an excellent way of preserving mementos of noted places or travel, and when protected in this way from the air and dust, will last for many years.

MADRIGAL.

O DOVE, that dost bewail thy love
As I do mine,
Would that my woe could find the facile flow
Thou hast for thine!

In every wood I hear thy voice
In loud lament,
While I am fain to send the sounds of pain
To banishment.

Yet I divine thy heart and mine
Know the same grief;
But thine has utterance, while silent tears
Are my relief.

Let us divide our burdens, then:
Mourn thou for me;
And I, who am too proud to moan aloud,
Will weep for thee!

USEFUL RECIPES.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Stew the apples, run through a colander, flavor with lemon, and sweeten to the taste. To every quart of the apples, after cooking, allow five eggs; beat the whites very stiff, grease a piece of white paper very well with butter, place in a pan, pile the whites on the paper, and put into a hot oven, where they will brown in about three minutes; slip off the paper on the apples; eat cold with cream.

SPICED PLUMS.—Tie in a thin muslin bag one tablespoonful of cloves, the same quantity of allspice in the grain, and a small portion of cinnamon in the stick; put this with one pint of vinegar and three pounds of sugar in a porcelain saucepan to boil; after boiling a few minutes pour hot over six pounds of plums; for three successive mornings drain the vinegar off the fruit, boil, and pour over hot. Then put plums and all over the fire, give them a good boil, and, removing the bag of spice, bottle the fruit and liquor Peaches are very nice done in the same manner, only taking seven pounds of fruit instead of six.

LIGHT BISCUIT FOR TEA.—One quart of new milk, two eggs, a tea-cupful of yeast, a table-spoonful of lard, a little salt, and flour enough to make a stiff dough.

BEEFSTEAK WITH OYSTER SAUCE.—The steak should be about an inch thick, tender and juicy. Have the gridiron hot, and rub with a small piece of butter to prevent the meat sticking. Broil it carefully, and do not season until done; then lay in a dish, cover tightly, and keep it hot. In a very little juice stew twenty or thirty oysters; season, and add a little cream; pour hot over the steak, and serve.

For lemon-water ice a very good rule is one quart of water, juice of four lemons, and one and a quarter pounds of white sugar.

OMELET SOUFFLÉ.—Break the yolks of six fresh eggs into a basin, beat them until light, add a very small portion of lemon juice, grated lemon, nutmeg, and about half a tea-spoonful of sugar; beat well together, and mix in lightly five table-spoonfuls of cream. Place the omelet pan, with a small piece of butter, when melted, in a quick oven; pour in the eggs, and stir in lightly with a fork the well-beaten whites; let it cook a few minutes—not more than five or six—turn on the dish so that the bottom part is up, and send to table hot.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUSTIN.

LATE in the autumn of that year Mr. Granger and his household took up their abode in Paris. Clarissa had expressed a wish to winter in that brilliant city, and Daniel Granger had no greater desire than to please her. But in making any concession of this kind he did it in such a quiet, unobtrusive way that his wife was scarcely aware how entirely her wishes had been studied. He was too proud a man to parade his affection for her; he kept a check upon himself rather, and in a manner regulated his own conduct by the standard of hers. There was never any show of devotion on his part. The world might have taken them for a couple brought together by convenience, and making the best of their loveless union.

So, with regard to the gratification of her wishes, it seemed always that the thing which Clarissa desired happened to suit his own humor, rather than that he sacrificed all personal feeling for her pleasure. In this Parisian arrangement it had been so, and his wife had no idea that it was entirely on her account that Daniel Granger set up his tent in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

The fair Sophia had, however, a very shrewd suspicion of the fact, and for some weeks prior to the departure from Arden existed in a state of suppressed indignation which was not good for the model villagers; her powers of observation were, if possible, sharpened in the matter of cobwebs; her sense of smell intensified in relation to cabbage-water. Nor did she refrain from making herself eminently disagreeable to her step-mother.

"I should not have supposed you would so soon be tired of Arden Court," she remarked, pleasantly, during that dreary quarter of an hour after dinner which Mr. Granger and his wife and daughter were wont to pass in the contemplation of crystallized apricots and hot-house grapes, and the exchange of the baldest commonplaces in the way of conversation. Perhaps if Clarissa and her husband had been alone on such occasions, that air of ceremony might have vanished. The young wife might have drawn her chair a little nearer her husband's, and there might have been some pleasant talk about that inexhaustible source of wonder and delight, the baby. But with Miss Granger always at hand, the dessert was as ceremonious as if there had been a party of eighteen, and infinitely more dreary, lacking the cheery clatter and buzz of company. She ate five hot-house grapes, and sipped half a glass of claret, with as solemn an air as if she had been making a libation to the gods.

Mr. Granger looked up from his plate when his daughter made this remark about Arden, and glanced inquiringly at his wife, with a shadow of displeasure in his face. Yielding and indulgent as he had been to her, there was in his composition something of the stuff that makes a tyrant. His wife must love the things that he loved. It would have been intolerable to him to suppose that Mrs. Granger could grow weary of the house that he had beautified.

"I am not tired of the Court," Clarissa answered, with a sad smile. "There are too many recollections to make it dear to me."

Daniel Granger's face flushed ever so slightly at this speech. It was the past, then, and not the present, that rendered the place dear to her.

"I could never grow tired of Arden," she went on; "but I think it will be very nice to spend a winter in Paris."

"Lady Laura Armstrong has put that notion into your head, no doubt," said Miss Granger, with the faintest suspicion of a sneer. She was not very warmly attached to the lady of Hale Castle nowadays, regarding her as the chief promoter of Mr. Granger's marriage.

"Lady Laura has said that they enjoyed themselves very much in Paris the winter before last," Clarissa answered, frankly; "and has promised me plenty of introductions. She even promises that she and Mr. Armstrong will come over for a week or two while we are there."

"And poor Lady Geraldine Challoner?"

Miss Granger always exhibited a profound pity for Lady Geraldine, and never lost any opportunity of dwelling upon Mr. Fairfax's bad conduct.

"No; I don't suppose Lady Geraldine would go with them," Clarissa answered, coloring a little. The name of Geraldine Challoner was always painful to her. "She doesn't care about going any where."

"Perhaps she would not care to run the risk of meeting Mr. Fairfax," suggested Sophia.

Mr. Granger looked up again, with that shadow of displeasure upon his countenance.

"She would not be more likely to meet him in Paris than at Hale," replied Clarissa. "He has gone to Germany."

"Yes, for the autumn, he said. Depend upon it, he will spend the winter in Paris. I have always observed that those dissipated kind of men prefer Paris to London."

"I don't think you have any right to call Mr. Fairfax dissipated, Sophia," said her father, with an offended air; "and I don't think that his movements can be of the smallest consequence to you, nor those of the Hale Castle people either. Clarissa and I have determined to spend two or three months in Paris, and we are not in the slightest degree dependent upon our English friends for our enjoyment there. If you are disinclined to accompany us, and would rather remain at Arden—"

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Sophia, with an injured look, "don't say that; don't allow me to think I have grown quite indifferent to you."

"You have not grown indifferent to me; but I don't want to take you away from home against your wish."

"My wish is to be any where with you, papa; *any where*—even though you may feel me an incumbrance. I could endure the humiliation of feeling that, so long as I was allowed to remain with you."

Mr. Granger gave a sigh that was almost a groan, and, for perhaps the first time in his life, it occurred to him that it would be a pleasant thing if his only daughter were to fall in love with some fortunate youth, and desire to marry him. A curate even. There was Tillott. Why shouldn't she marry Tillott? He, Daniel Granger, would give his child a handsome portion, and they could go through life inspecting model cottages, and teaching village children the works and ways of all those wicked kings of Israel, who made groves and set up the idols of their heathen neighbors: a pure and virtuous and useful life, without question, if tempered with some consideration for the feelings of the model cottagers, and some mercy for the brains of the humble scholars.

In the interval between this little after-dinner scene and the departure from Arden Mr. Granger invited Mr. Tillott to dinner two or three times, and watched him with the eyes of anxiety as he conversed with Sophia. But although the curate was evidently eager to find favor in the sight of the damsel, the damsel herself showed no sign of weakness. Mr. Granger sighed, and told himself that the lamp of hope burned dimly in this quarter.

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"She really ought to marry," he said to himself. "A girl of her energetic, indefatigable nature would be a treasure to some man, and she is only wasting herself here. Perhaps in Paris we shall meet some one;" and then there arose before Mr. Granger the vision of some foreign adventurer seeking to entangle the wealthy English "meess" in his meshes. Paris might be a dangerous place; but with such a girl as Sophia, there could be no fear. She was a young woman who might be trusted to walk with unfaltering steps through the most tortuous pathways of this life, always directing herself aright, and coming in at the finish just at that very point at which a well-brought-up young person should arrive.

Mr. Granger made his Parisian arrangements on the large scale which became him as a landed gentleman of unlimited wealth. A first floor of some ten spacious rooms was selected in one of the brand-new stone mansions in a brand-new street in the fashionable faubourg; a house that seemed to have been built for the habitation of giants; a house made splendid by external decoration in carved stone-work, garlands of stone fruit and flowers, projecting lion-heads, caryatides, and so on; no gloomy *porte-cochère*, but a street door, through which a loaded drag might have been driven without damage to the hats of the outside passengers; a house glorified within by egg-and-dart mouldings, white enameled woodwork, and much gilding; but a house in which the winter wind howled as in a primeval forest, and which required to be supplied with supplementary padded crimson velvet doors before the spacious chambers could be made comfortable. Here Mr. Granger took up his abode, with ten of his Arden Court servants quartered on a floor above. The baby had a nursery looking into the broad, bare street, where some newly planted sticks of the sycamore species shivered in the northeast wind; and the baby took his matutinal airings in the Tuileries Gardens, and his afternoon drives in the Bois, while every movement of his infant existence was watched or directed by the tenderest of mothers. The chief nurse, who had lived with more fashionable mistresses, for whom the duties of the nursery were subordinate to the business of society, pronounced Mrs. Granger "fidgety;" a very sweet lady, but too fond of interfering about trifles, and not reposing boundless confidence in the experience of her nurse.

There were a good many English people in Paris this year whom the Grangers knew, and Lady Laura had insisted upon giving Clarissa introductions to some of her dearest friends among the old French nobility—people who had known Lord Calderwood in their days of exile—and more than one dearest friend among the newer lights of the Napoleonic firmament. Then there were a Russian princess and a Polish countess or so, whom Lady Laura had brought to Mrs. Granger's receptions in Clarges Street: so that Clarissa and her husband found themselves at once in the centre of a circle from the elegant dissipations whereof there was no escape. The pretty Mrs. Granger and the rich Mr. Granger were in request every where; nor was the stately Sophia neglected, although she took her share in all festivities with the familiar Sunday-school primness, and seemed to vivacious Gaul the very archetype of that representative young English lady who is always exclaiming "Shocking!" Even after her arrival in Paris, when she felt herself so very near him, after so many years of severance, Clarissa did not find it the easiest thing in the world to see her brother. Mr. and Mrs. Granger had only spent a couple of days in Paris during their honey-moon, and Daniel Granger planned a round of sight-seeing, in the way of churches, picture-galleries, and cemeteries, which fully occupied the first four or five days after their arrival. Clarissa was obliged to be deeply interested in all the details of Gothic architecture—to appreciate Ingres, to give her mind to Gérome—when her heart was yearning for that meeting which she had waited so long to compass. Mr. Granger, as an idle man, with no estate to manage—no new barns being built within his morning's ride, no dilapidated cottages to be swept away—was not easily to be got rid of. He devoted his days to showing his wife the glories of the splendid city, which he knew by heart himself, and admired sufficiently in a sober, business-like way. The evenings were mortgaged to society. Clarissa had been more than a week in Paris before she had a morning to herself; and even then there was Miss Granger to be disposed of, and Miss Granger's curiosity to be satisfied.

Mr. Granger had gone to breakfast at the Maison Dorée with a mercantile magnate from his own country—a solemn commercial breakfast, whereat all the airy trifles and dainty compositions of fish, flesh, and fowl with which the butterfly youth of France are nourished were to be set before unappreciative Britons. At ten o'clock Clarissa ordered her carriage. It was best to go in her own carriage, she thought, even at the risk of exciting the curiosity of servants. To send for a hired vehicle would have caused greater wonder; to walk alone was impossible; to walk with her nurse and child might have been considered eccentric.

She could not even take an airing, however, without some discussion with Miss Granger. That young lady was established in the drawing-room—the vast foreign chamber, which never looked like a home—illuminating a new set of Gothic texts for the adornment of her school. She sorely missed the occupation and importance afforded her by the model village. In Paris there was no one afraid of her; no humble matrons to quail as her severe eyes surveyed wall and ceiling, floor and surbase. And, being of a temperament which required perpetual employment, she was fain to fall back upon illumination, Berlin-wool work, and early morning practice of pianoforte music of the most strictly mathematical character. It was her boast that she had been thoroughly "grounded" in the science of harmony; but, although she could have given a reason for every interval in a sonata, her playing never sparkled into brilliancy nor melted into tenderness, and never had her prim, cold fingers found their way to a human soul.

"Are you going out so early?" this wise damsel asked, wonderingly, as Clarissa came into the drawing-room in her bonnet and shawl.

"Yes; it is such a fine morning, and I think baby will enjoy it. I have not had a drive with him since we have been here."

"No," replied Sophia: "you have only had papa. I shouldn't think he would be very much flattered if he heard you preferred baby."

"I did not say that I preferred baby, Sophia. What a habit you have of misrepresenting me!"

The nurse appeared at this moment, carrying the heir of the Grangers, gloriously arrayed in blue velvet, and looking fully conscious of his magnificence.

"But I do like to have a drive with my pet lamb, don't I, darling?" said the mother, stooping to kiss the plump, rosy cheek. And then there followed some low, confidential talk in the fond baby language peculiar to young mothers.

"I should have thought you would have been glad to get a morning alone for once in a way," remarked Sophia, coming over to the baby and giving him a stately kiss. She liked him tolerably well in her own way, and was not angry with him for having come into the world to oust her from her proud position as sole heiress to her father's wealth. The position had been very pleasant to her, and she had not seen it slip away from her without many a pang; but, however she might dislike Clarissa, she was not base enough to hate her father's child. If she could have had the sole care and management of him, physicked and dieted him after her own method, and developed the budding powers of his infant mind by her favorite forcing system—made a model villager of him, in short—she might have grown even to love him. But these privileges being forbidden to her—her wisdom being set at naught, and her counsel rejected—she could not help regarding Lovel Granger as more or less an injury.

"I should have thought you would have been glad of a morning at home, Clarissa," she repeated.

"Not such a fine morning as this, Sophy. It would be such a pity for baby to lose the sunshine; and I have really nothing to do."

"If I had known a little sooner that you were going, I would have gone with you," said Miss Granger.

Clarissa's countenance fell. She could not help that little troubled look, which told Miss Granger that her society would not have been welcome.

"You would have no objection to my coming with you, I suppose?" the fair Sophia said, sharply. "Baby is not quite a monopoly."

"Of course not. If you'll put on your things now, Sophia, I'll wait for you."

It was a hard thing for Clarissa to make the offer, when she had been waiting so anxiously for this opportunity of seeing her brother. To be in the same city with him, and not see him, was more painful than to be divided from him by half the earth, as she had been. It was harder still to have to plot and plan and stoop to falsehood in order to compass a meeting. But she remembered the stern, cold look in her husband's face when she had spoken of Austin, and she could not bring herself to degrade her brother by entreating Daniel Granger's indulgence for his past misdeeds, or Daniel Granger's interest in his future fortunes.

Happily Sophia had made elaborate preparations for the Gothic texts, and was not inclined to waste so much trouble.

"I have got my colors all ready," she said, "and have put every thing out, you see. No, I don't think I'll go to-day. But another time, if you'll be so kind as to let me know *beforehand*, I shall be pleased to go with my brother. I suppose you know there's an east wind to-day, by-the-bye."

The quarter whence the wind came was a subject about which Clarissa had never concerned herself. The sun was shining, and the sky was blue.

"We have plenty of wraps," she said; "and we can have the carriage closed if we are cold."

"It is not a day upon which *I* should take an infant out," Miss Granger murmured, dipping her brush in some Prussian blue; "but of course you know best."

"Oh, we shall take care of baby, depend upon it. Good-by, Sophy."

And Clarissa departed, anxious to avoid farther remonstrance on the part of her step-daughter. She told the coachman to drive to the Luxembourg Gardens, intending to leave the nurse and baby to promenade that favorite resort, while she made her way on foot to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard. She remembered that George Fairfax had described her brother's lodging as near the Luxembourg.

They drove through the gay Parisian streets, past the pillar in the Place Vendôme, and along the Rue de la Paix, all shining with jewelers' ware, and the Rue de Rivoli, where the chestnut-trees in the Gardens of the Tuileries were shedding their last leaves upon the pavement, past the airy tower of St. Jacques, and across the bridge into that unknown world on the other side of the Seine. The nurse, who had seen very little of that quarter of the town, wondered what obscure region she was traversing, and wondered still more when they alighted at the somewhat shabby-looking gardens.

"These are the Luxembourg Gardens," said Clarissa. "As you have been to the Tuileries every day, I thought it would be a change for you to come here."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Mrs. Brobson, the chief nurse, "but I don't think as these gardings is anyways equal to the Tooleries—nor to Regent's Park even. When I were in Paris with Lady Fitz-Lubin, we took the children to the Tooleries or the Bore de Boulong every day—but, law me! the Bore de Boulong were a poor place in those days to what it is now."

Clarissa took a couple of turns along one of the walks with Mrs. Brobson, and then, as they were going back toward the gate, she said, as carelessly as she could manage to say:

"There is a person living somewhere near here whom I want to see, Mrs. Brobson. I'll leave you and baby in the gardens for half an hour or so, while I go and pay my visit."

Mrs. Brobson stared. It was not an hour in the day when any lady she had ever served was wont to pay visits; and that Mrs. Granger of Arden Court should traverse a neighborhood of narrow streets and tall houses, on foot and alone, to call upon her acquaintance at eleven o'clock in the morning, seemed to her altogether inexplicable.

"You'll take the carriage, won't you, ma'am?" she said, with undisguised astonishment.

"No, I shall not want the carriage; it's very near. Be sure you keep baby warm, Mrs. Brobson."

Clarissa hurried out into the street. The landau, with its pair of Yorkshire-bred horses, was moving slowly up and down, to the admiration of juvenile Paris, which looked upon Mr. Granger's deep-chested, strong-limbed bays almost as a new order in the animal creation. Mrs. Granger felt that the eyes of coachman and footman were upon her as she turned the first corner, thinking of nothing, for the moment, but how to escape the watchfulness of her own servants. She walked a little way down the street, and then asked a sleepy-looking waiter, who was sweeping the threshold of a very dingy restaurant, to direct her to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard. It was *tout près*, the man said; only a turn to the right, at that corner yonder, and the next turning was the street she wanted. She thanked him, and hurried on, with her heart beating faster at every step. Austin might be out, she thought, and her trouble wasted; and there was no knowing when she might have another opportunity. Even if he were at home, their interview must needs be brief: there was the nurse waiting and wondering; the baby exposed to possible peril from east winds.

The Rue du Chevalier Bayard was a street of tall, gaunt houses that had seen better days—houses with *porte-cochères*, exaggerated iron knockers, and queer old lamps; dreary balconies on the first floor, with here and there a plaster vase containing some withered member of the palm tribe, or a faded orange-tree; every where and in every thing an air of dilapidation and decay; faded curtains, that had once been fine, flapping in the open windows; Venetian shutters going to ruin; and the only glimpse of brightness or domestic comfort confined to the humble parlor of the portress who kept watch and ward over one of the dismal mansions, and who had a bird-cage hanging in her window, an Angora cat sunning itself on the stone sill, and a row of scarlet geraniums in the little iron balcony.

But this model portress did not preside over the house inhabited by Austin Lovel. There Clarissa found only a little deaf old man, who grinned and shook his head helplessly when she questioned him, and shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the staircase—a cavernous stone staircase, with an odor as of newly opened graves. She went up to the first floor, past the *entresol*, where the earthy odor was subjugated by a powerful smell of cooking, in which garlic was the prevailing feature. One tall door on the first floor was painted a pale pink, and had still some dingy indications of former gilding upon its mouldings. On this pink door was inscribed the name of Mr. Austin, Painter.

Clarissa rang a bell, and a tawdry-looking French servant, with big ear-rings and a dirty muslin cap, came to answer her summons. Mr. Austin was at home; would madame please to enter? Madame, having replied in the affirmative, was shown into a small sitting-room, furnished with a heterogeneous collection of cabinets, tables, and sofas, every one of which bore the stamp of the broker's shop—things which had been graceful and pretty in their day, but from which the ormolu moulding had been knocked off here, and the inlaid wood chipped away there, and the tortoise-shell cracked in another place, until they seemed the very emblems of decay. It was as if they had been set up as perpetual monitors—monuments of man's fragility. "This is what life comes to," they said, in their silent fashion. This faded rubbish in buhl and marqueterie was useful enough to Mr. Lovel, however; and on his canvas the faded furniture glowed and sparkled with all its original brightness, fresh as the still-life of Meissonier. There were a child's toys scattered on the floor; and Clarissa heard a woman's voice talking to a child in an adjoining room, on the other side of a pair of tall pink folding-doors. Then she heard her brother's voice saying something to the servant; and at the sound she felt as if she must have fallen to the ground. Then one of the doors was opened, and a woman came in; a pretty, faded-looking woman, dressed in a light blue morning wrapper that might very well have been cleaner; a woman with a great deal of dyed hair in an untidy mass at the back of her head; a woman whom Clarissa felt it must be a difficult thing to like.

This was her brother's wife, of course. There was a boy of four or five years old clinging to his mother's gown, and Clarissa's heart yearned to the child. He had Austin's face. It would be easy to love *him*, she thought.

"Mr. Austin is in his paintin'-room, madame," said the wife, putting on a kind of company manner. "Did you wish to see him about a picture? Je parle très poo de Français, mais si—"

"I am English," Clarissa answered, smiling: "if you will kindly tell Mr. Austin a lady from England wishes to see him. What a dear little boy! May I shake hands with him?"

"Give the lady your hand, Henery," said the mother. "Not that one," as the boy, after the invariable custom of childhood, offered his left—"the right hand."

Clarissa took the sticky little paw tenderly in her pearl gray glove. To think that her brother, Austin Lovel, should have married a woman who could call her son "Henery," and who had such an unmistakable air of commonness!

The wife went back to the painting-room, and returned the next minute to beg the visitor to "step this way, if you please, ma'am." She opened one of the folding-doors wide as she spoke, and Clarissa went into a large room, at the other end of which there stood a tall, slim young man, in a short velvet coat, before a small easel.

It was her brother Austin; pale and a trifle haggard, too old in looks for his years, but very handsome—a masculine edition of Clarissa herself, in fact; the same delicate, clearly cut features; the same dark hazel eyes, shaded by long brown lashes tinged with gold. This was what Mrs. Granger saw in the broad noonday sunshine; while the painter, looking up from his easel, beheld a radiant creature approaching him, a woman in pale gray silk, that it would have been rapture to paint; a woman with one of the loveliest faces he had ever seen, crowned with a broad plait of dark brown hair, and some delicate structure of point lace and pink roses, called by courtesy a bonnet.

He laid down his mahl-stick and came to meet her, with a puzzled look in his face. Her beauty seemed familiar to him somehow, and yet he had no recollection of ever having seen her before. He saw the faded counterpart of that bright face every morning in his looking-glass.

She held out both her hands.

"Austin, don't you know me?"

He gave a cry of pleased surprise, and caught her in his arms.

"Clarissa!" he exclaimed; "why, my darling, how lovely you have grown! My dear little Clary! How well I remember the sweet young face, and the tears and kisses, and the slender little figure in its childish dress, that day your father carried you off to school! My own little Clary, what a happiness to see you! But you never told me that you were coming to Paris."

"No, dear, I kept that for a surprise. And are you really glad to see me, Austin?"

"Really glad! Is there any one in the world could make me gladder?"

"I am so happy to hear that. I was almost afraid you had half forgotten me. Your letters were so few and so short."

"Letters!" cried Austin Lovel, with a laugh. "I never was much of a hand at letter-writing; and then I hadn't any thing particularly pleasant to write about. You mustn't gauge my affection by the length of my letters, Clary. And then I have to work deucedly hard when I am at home, and have very little time for scribbling."

Clarissa glanced round the room while he was speaking. Every detail in her brother's surroundings had an interest for her. Here, as in the drawing-room, there was an untidy air about every thing—a want of harmony in all the arrangements. There were Flemish carved oak cabinets and big Japan vases; a mantel-piece draped with dusty crimson velvet, a broken Venetian glass above it, and a group of rusty-looking arms on each side; long limp amber curtains to the three tall windows, with festooned valances in an advanced stage of disarrangement and dilapidation. There were some logs burning on the hearth, a pot of chocolate simmering among the ashes, and breakfast laid for one person upon a little table by the fire—the remnant of a perigord-pie, flanked by a stone bottle of Curaçoa.

She looked at her brother with anxious, scrutinizing eyes. No, George Fairfax had not deceived her. He had the look of a man who was going the wrong way. There were premature lines across the forehead and about the dark, brilliant eyes; a nervous expression in the contracted lips. It was the face of a man who burns the candle of life at both ends. Late hours, anxiety, dissipation of all kinds, had set their fatal seal upon his countenance.

"Dear Austin, you are as handsome as ever; but I don't think you are looking well," she said, tenderly.

"Don't look so alarmed, my dear girl," he answered, lightly; "I am well enough—that is to say, I am never ill, never knock under, or strike work. There are men who go through life like that—never ill and never exactly well. I rarely get up in the morning without a headache; but I generally brighten considerably as the sun goes down. We move with a contrary motion, Helos and I."

"I am afraid you work too hard, and sit up too late."

"As to working hard, my dear, that is a necessity; and going out every night is another necessity. I get my commissions in society."

"But you must have a reputation by this time, Austin; and commissions would come to you, I should think, without your courting them."

"No, child; I have only a reputation *de salon;* I am only known in a certain set. And a man must live, you see. To a man himself that is the primary necessity. Your generosity set me on my legs last year, and tempted me to take this floor, and make a slight advance movement altogether. I thought better rooms would bring me better work—sitters for a new style of cabinet portraits, and so on. But so far the rooms have been comparatively a useless extravagance.

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Clarissa spoke of his wife presently.

"You must introduce me to her, Austin. She took me for a stranger just now, and I did not undeceive her."

"Yes, I'll introduce you. There's not much in common between you; but she'll be very proud of your acquaintance. She looks upon my relations as an exalted race of beings, and myself as a kind of fallen angel. You mustn't be too hard upon her, Clary, if she seems not quite the sort of woman you would have chosen for your sister-in-law. She has been a good wife to me, and she was a good daughter to her drunken old father, one of the greatest scamps in London, who used to get his bread—or rather his gin—by standing for Count Ugolino and Cardinal Wolsey, or any thing grim and gray and aquiline-nosed in the way of patriarchs. The girl Bessie was a model too in her time; and it was in Jack Redgrave's painting-room—the pre-Raphaelite fellow who paints fearfully-and-wonderfully-made women with red hair and angular arms—I first met her. Jack and I were great chums at that time—it was just after I sold out—and I used to paint at his rooms. I was going in for painting just then with a great spurt, having nothing but my brush to live upon. You can guess the rest. As Bessie was a very pretty girl, and neither she nor I had a sixpence wherewith to bless ourselves, of course we fell in love with each other. Poor little thing, how pretty she used to look in those days, standing on Jack's movable platform, with her hair falling loose about her face, and a heap of primroses held up in her petticoat!—such a patient, plaintive look in the sweet little mouth, as much as to say, 'I'm very tired of standing here; but I'm only a model, to be hired for eighteen pence an hour; go on smoking your cigars, and talking your slangy talk about the turf and the theatres, gentlemen. I count for nothing.' Poor little patient soul! she was so helpless and so friendless, Clary. I think my love for her was something like the compassion one feels for some young feeble bird that has fallen out of its nest. So we were married one morning; and for some time lived in lodgings at Putney, where I used to suffer considerable affliction from Count Ugolino and two bony boys, Bessie's brothers, who looked as if the count had been acting up to his character with too great a fidelity. Ugolino himself would come prowling out of a Saturday afternoon to borrow the wherewithal to pay his week's lodging, lest he should be cast out into the streets at nightfall; and it was a common thing for one of the bony boys to appear at breakfast-time with a duplicate of his father's coat, pledged overnight for drink, and without the means of redeeming which he could not pursue his honorable vocation. In short, I think it was as much the affliction of the Ugolino family as my own entanglements that drove me to seek my fortunes on the other side of the world."

Austin Lovel opened one of the doors, and called his wife.

"Come here, Bessie; I've a pleasant surprise for you."

Mrs. Lovel appeared quickly in answer to this summons. She had changed her morning dress for a purple silk, which was smartly trimmed, but by no means fresh; and she had dressed her hair, and refreshed her complexion by a liberal application of violet powder. She had a look which can only be described as "flashy"—a look that struck Clarissa unpleasantly in spite of herself.

Her expressions of surprise did not sound quite so natural as they might have done, for she had been listening at the folding-doors during a considerable part of the interview; but she seemed really delighted by Mrs. Granger's condescension, and she kissed that lady with much affection.

"I'm sure I do feel proud to know any relation of Austin's," she said, "and you most of all, who have been so kind to him. Heaven knows what would have become of us last winter if it hadn't been for your generosity."

Clarissa laid her hand upon Bessie Lovel's lips.

"You mustn't talk of generosity between my brother and me," she said: "all I have in the world is at his service. And now let me see my nephews, please; and then I must run away."

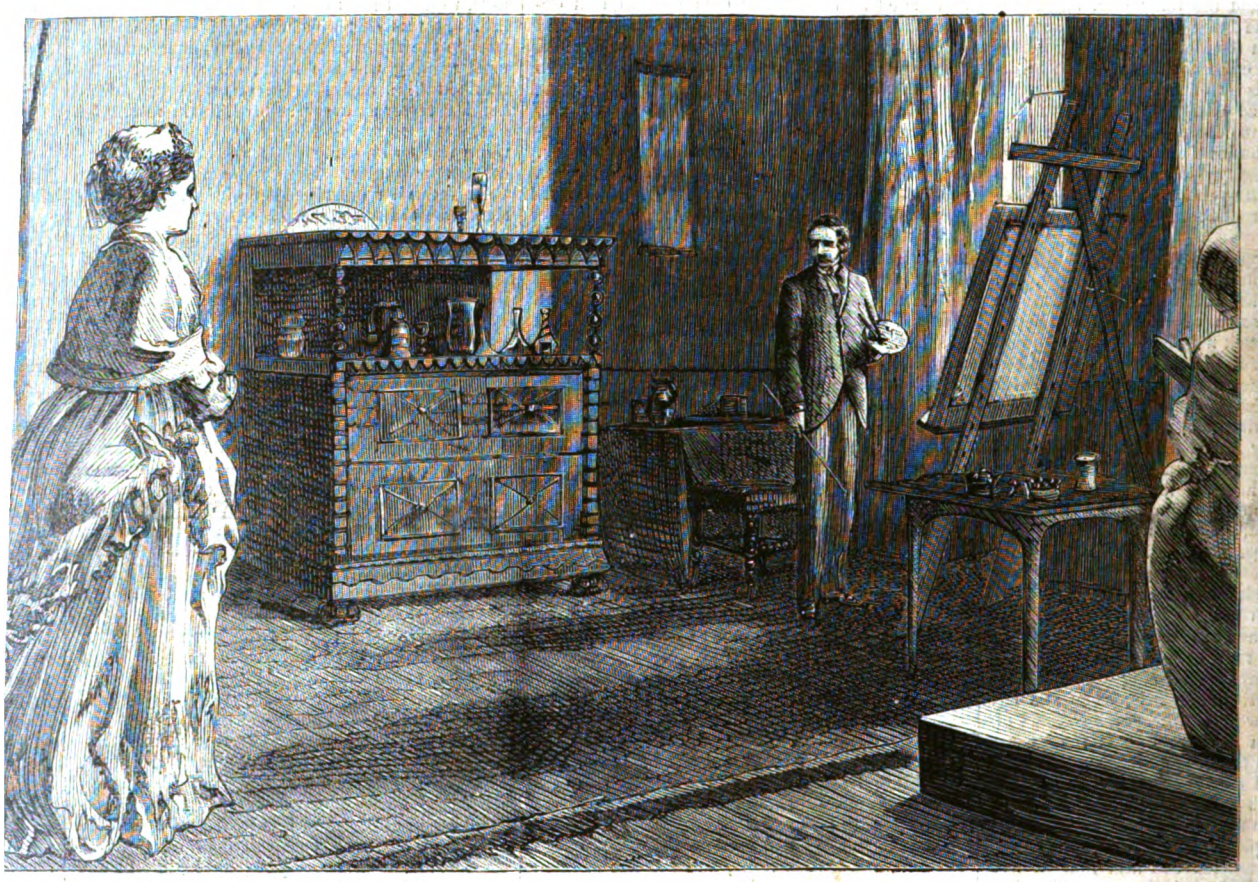
The nephews were produced; the boy Clarissa had seen, and another of smaller growth—pale-faced, bright-eyed little fellows. They too had been subjected to the infliction of soap and water and hair-brushes, clean pinafores, and so on, since Mrs. Granger's arrival.

She knelt down and kissed them both with real motherly tenderness, thinking of her own darling, and the difference between his fortunes and theirs; and then, after a warm caress, she slipped a napoleon into each little warm hand, "to buy toys," and rose to depart.

"I must hurry away now, Austin," she said; "but I shall come again very soon, if I may. Good-by, dear, and God bless you."

The embrace that followed was a very fervent one. It had been sweet to meet again after so many years, and it was hard to leave him so soon—to leave him with the conviction that his life was a wreck. But Clarissa had no time to linger. The thought of the baby in the Luxembourg Gardens had been distracting her for ever so long. These stolen meetings must needs be short.

She looked at her watch when she got back to the street, and found, to her horror, that she had been very nearly an hour away from the nurse and her charge. The carriage was waiting at the gate, and she had to encounter the full fire of her servants' gaze as she crossed the road and went into the gardens. Yes, there was the baby's blue velvet pelisse resplendent at the end of an avenue. Clarissa walked quickly to meet him.



THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.—"IT WAS HER BROTHER AUSTIN."

"My darling!" she cried. "Has he been waiting for his mamma? I hope he has not been tired of the gardens, nurse?"

"Yes, ma'am, he have been tired," replied Mrs. Brobson, with an outraged air. "There ain't much in these gardens to keep a baby of his age amused for an hour at a stretch; and in a east wind, too! It's right down cutting at that corner."

"Why didn't you take him home in the carriage, nurse? It would have been better than running any risk of his catching cold."

"What, and leave you without a conveyance, ma'am? I couldn't have done that!"

"I was detained longer than I expected to stay. Oh, by-the-bye, you need not mention to Miss Granger that I have been making a call. The people I have been to see are—are in humble circumstances; and I don't want her to know any thing about it."

"I hope I know my duty, ma'am," replied Mrs. Brobson, stiffly. That hour's parading in the gardens, without any relief from her subordinate, had soured her temper, and inclined her to look with unfavorable eyes upon the conduct of her mistress. Clarissa felt that she had excited the suspicion of her servant, and that all her future meetings with her brother would involve as much plotting and planning as would serve for the ripening of a political conspiracy.

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

See Illustration on page 701.

"COME to our mountains, and you will see that bears are still found there; and more, that our flocks do not suffer, and that the villagers are on the best of terms with their hairy neighbors. I know of one instance, at least, where Master Bruin was regularly installed as the friend of the family."

The speaker was a peasant of the Jura Mountains, who was rehearsing his adventures around the camping fire at night to a party of huntsmen, who had expressed themselves skeptical as to the existence of any wolves in Central Europe, apart from those that remained uneaten in the collection at the Jardin des Plantes. "A story! a story!" exclaimed the auditors, who scented in the old man's words a new tale.

"Yes, a true story, as can be proved by the whole country round," resumed the peasant, nothing loath. "I was living in a cottage in the heart of the Jura, far from any habitation, and surrounded by a few fields of potatoes, rye, and barley, beyond which the forest of dark pines formed a belt which extended up to the zone of the rhododendrons. What I am going to tell you happened years ago, in the first part of December. It had snowed all night and part of the morning; but I was obliged to go to the next town on business in spite of the weather. I lost no time, for I was anxious to be home before night. I had walked fast, for the sun was almost down, when suddenly, not a hundred steps from my cottage, I stopped short on seeing familiar tracks on the snow.

"'Well, well!' said I, 'here is a fellow who has nothing to eat at home, and has come to sponge on his neighbors. I shall not invite him to supper, that's certain.'

"You must think that there were in the house three boys, four girls, and my wife. I went into the house, and as soon as supper was over, while my wife was putting the youngsters to bed, I told her the story. My eldest boy heard me, and said, 'Father, perhaps that is the bear that has been prowling all the fall about the pasture. I have never seen him, but the cottager in the chalet above us has, and has warned me that he was after our cows.'

"This visit troubled me a little, not that there was any great danger, for our bears are not savage, but because the children might be frightened. So the next morning I looked again for the tracks, and found them close by the threshold of the door. I warned my wife to look after the little ones, and went to work. Three days passed without seeing any thing more of our visitor, when, you can judge of my astonishment, on opening the barn door to feed the cows, I saw on a bed of litter a bear apparently about two years old, gazing at me with his small eyes as calmly as if he had paid in advance for his lodging. I ran to the stable and seized a pitchfork, my gun being out of reach, for I was not quite sure of my lodger's good intentions. Not wishing to wake my family, who were still asleep, I took care to make no noise, and hastily looked round to see if the cattle were safe. Not only were they all there, but perfectly quiet, not seeming to suspect the neighbor who had passed the night so near them, though these beasts are so terrified at the presence of the wolves that they act as if they were mad when one is in the neighborhood.

"I returned to the barn with my pitchfork in my hand, and on turning the corner saw my lodger leisurely making his way toward the forest. Having no fire-arms, and, moreover, no cause of complaint against him except for his want of ceremony, I did not think fit to disturb him.

"As my wife trembled like a leaf at the very name of a bear, I did not say a word to her of the morning's adventure; but, wishing to carry my gun to the next town, I told my eldest boy, who was a stout lad, that I had seen the bear again about the house, but that he was a young one, and not dangerous. I returned at night, and, after supper, carefully locked all the doors. The next morning I had the satisfaction of finding that my lodger had passed the night elsewhere; but if he had not slept in his bed, it was only because he could not get in, for his tracks on the snow showed that he had several times made the circuit of the barn.

"The next day was a holiday. I told the children not to wander far from the house, and they passed the day playing in the fields under the care of their elder brother. At four o'clock they came home. We were all assembled in the kitchen; my wife was preparing supper, three of the older children were helping her, the others were playing around the stove, and I was seated at the corner of the fireside making a basket, when suddenly the door was gently pushed open, and in walked my lodger of the barn, the bear, in person. My wife, uttering a cry of terror, sprang to her feet, and let fall the basket of potatoes, which rolled on the ground; the children clung to my pantaloons; my eldest son did not stir, but seized a pruning-hook and looked at me,

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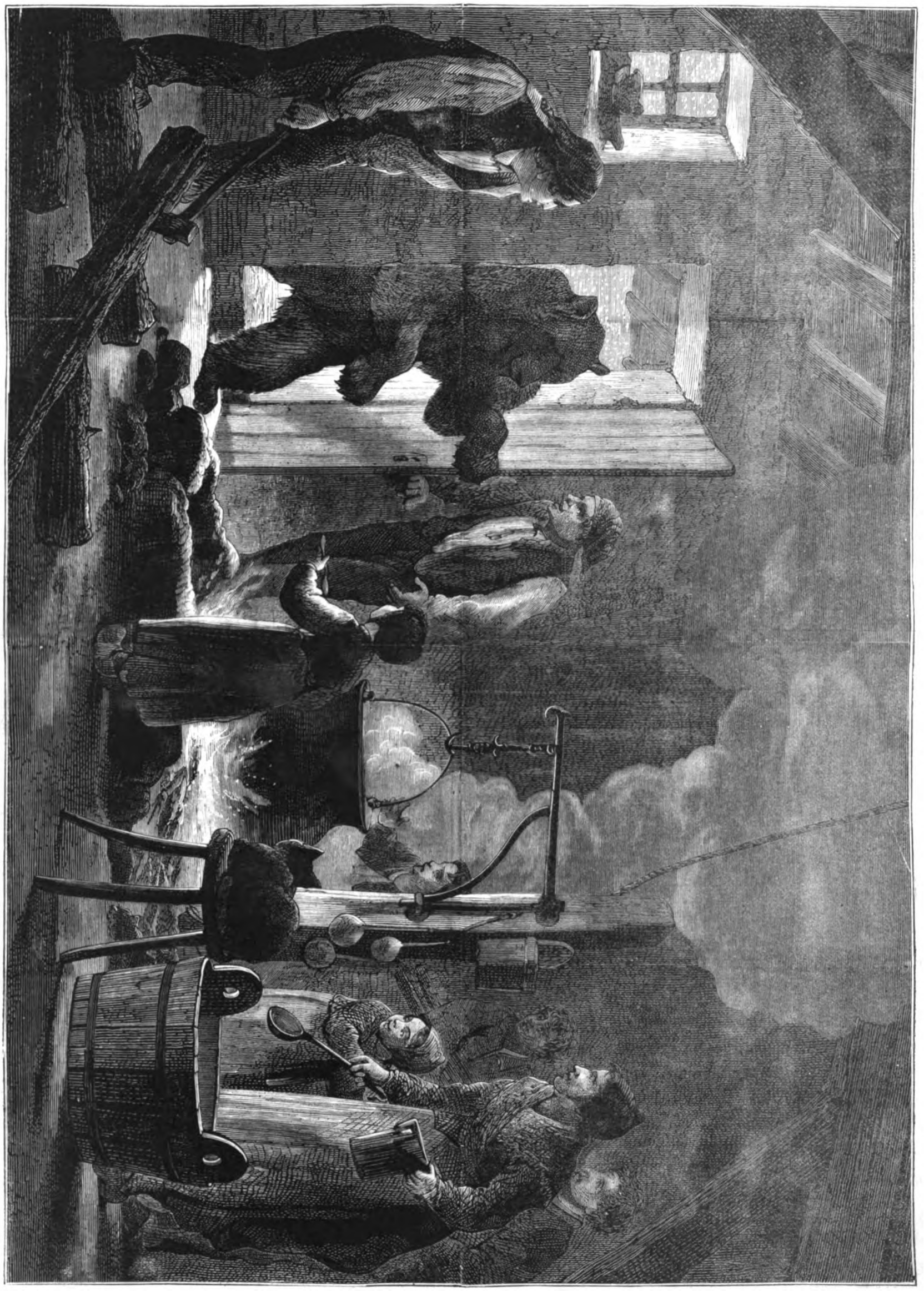
while I grasped a pick, which chanced to be within reach.

"For a few instants he looked around the room with more astonishment than ferocity; then, taking a step forward, he smelled of the potatoes that strewed the floor, took a single one, and ate it, looking at us with a satisfied air. Spying a door that opened into the entrance to the barn, he advanced to it, looked at the ladder that was planted there, considered it a few moments, and then slowly climbed and disappeared through the trap-door. I followed him noiselessly, and saw him carefully arranging the cut straw in the place which he had occupied two days before.

"The whole thing had happened so naturally, and the bear had shown himself so friendly and easily satisfied, seeing that he had contented himself with one potato, that we determined to let him alone; and at daybreak he set out for the forest, to return the next day punctually at four o'clock. This time we had put a piece of bread and some boiled potatoes near the door. He ate them with an air of great satisfaction, but not without first looking at us as if to ask leave; then climbed the ladder and went to his bed.

"From this time the bear continued our daily visitor through the whole winter, becoming every day more familiar, stopping and seating himself in the kitchen, where my wife and children became accustomed to see him without being afraid; then, after his modest supper, betaking himself to his bed in the barn. At the first fine spring weather he disappeared. My son saw him twice in the pasture. We thought that he never would return to us, and were sorry to lose him; but at the end of autumn, in a blinding snow-storm, we heard the kitchen door shake, and on opening it there stood our good bear, who was received, I had almost said, with open arms, and who seemed equally delighted to see us again. He sat down by the fireside, dried his paws, and, looking complacently at his steaming coat, seemed to say, 'This is famous! you are good people, and, for my part, I am an honest bear!'

"For several years he returned punctually, and all the people round about came to our house to make his acquaintance. When I went out he often followed me; or, if he saw me set out for the next village, he would go with me as far as the little bridge across the brook that formed the boundary of the forest, and wait there for me to return. He was the best of friends and companions, for he was not troublesome, never spoke ill of his neighbors, and took nothing but what was given him. One winter he did not appear; his place in the barn and at the fireside remained empty. We heard that a hunter had killed a bear near the little bridge across the brook, and the news filled us with sorrow, for we knew that it must be he whom we had all learned to regard as the friend of the family."



"THERE STOOD OUR GOOD BEAR, WHO WAS RECEIVED WITH OPEN ARMS."

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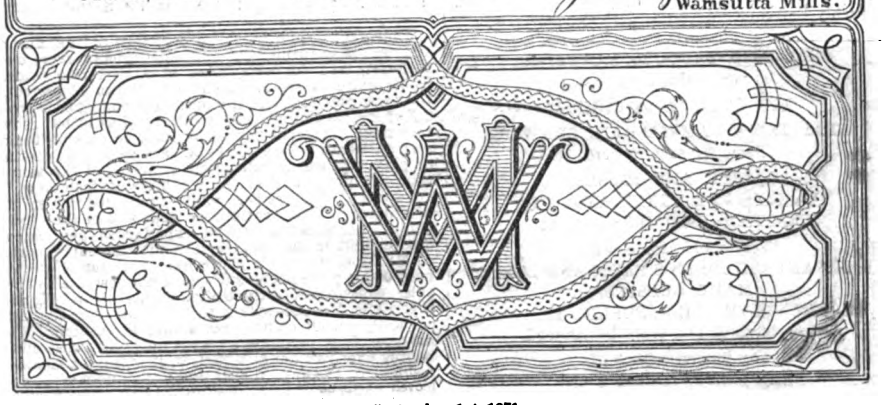

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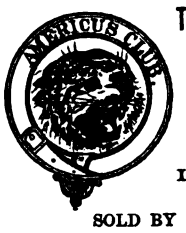

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☞ **AFFIDAVIT.**—W. G. Wilson, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the United States and England under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines.

FRED. SMITH,
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Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and Children of Both Sexes.

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JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the **Elliptic,** the other called the Wheeler & Wilson. The Elliptic Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being overfatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable guages for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

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BLACK TEA,
with the *Green-Tea Flavor.* Warranted to suit all tastes. *For sale every where.* And for sale wholesale only by the **Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.,** 8 Church St., N. Y. P. O. Box 5506. *Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.*

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TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	" 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	" 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	" 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	" 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	" 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 15
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LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT	" 21
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for Boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 37
LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 39
VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 43
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44

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Valuable New Books,

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LADIES' LUGGAGE.

ow, Parker, are you Sure you have got All? Twenty-four Packages, I think you told me?"
n despair). "And there *was* Twenty-four, Ma'am; but I've Counted Three Times over up to Twenty-three, and even *that* won't make Twenty-four!"

"Do you cast things here?" inquired a Yankee the other day, as he entered into a foundry and addressed the proprietor. "You cast all kinds of things in iron, eh?" was the next query.

"Certainly. Don't you see that it is our business?"

"Ah, well, *cast a shadow*, will you?"

He was cast out, and referred to a *brass foundry*.

Is a lamp at any time in a bad temper?—Yes; when it is put out.

The following notice is stuck up on a bridge in Denver, in Colorado: "No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time." This is concise and comprehensible. We should be inclined to append to it, "This notice, drawn up by more than a donkey, is to be pasted up at both ends of the bridge simultaneously at different times."

Is there any connection between a retailer of stale jokes and a stock-broker?—Yes; for they both deal in fun-dead property.

An examiner says that recently a candidate for government employ was given an essay upon the "Horse—his Uses to Man, and his Qualities." He wrote, "The horse is very diligent and rapacity; he knows his stables, and he knows his master, as well as any animal agoin'."

QUERY.—What is the circumference of the waste of time?

AN AWKWARD QUESTION.—Never wound any one's feelings unnecessarily. Respect all honest prejudices. For example, if, at supper, you have a lady under your charge whose principles you know to be decidedly teetotal, abstain from asking her whether she will take some tipsy-cake.

The extortions some of the
et her.

Mont Cenis Tunnel.

irds of the women in lunatic
rs. It would seem from this
d husbandman.

ocket.

ned coat: it has neither seam
rawl out of your trowsers.

eal (or any other) poultice? or,
sidered a sovereign remedy?

?—When they rest on their ores.

hter to oil her hair, and fainted
d, "Oh no, ma; it spoils the gen-

WOMAN—The essence of thyme.

ary notices we find in the Phila-
hree-year-old boy lament that—
ne is lonely,
to-day;
tle toady
ed away."
od.

keep is in the habit of recognizing
n it by its master. If he gives it a

ndle like a man getting off a horse?
ht.

ends its charms.

society.

NEAT THING IN COLLARS.

DESIGNED FOR THE GENT OF THE PERIOD.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

IMPROVED FROM MODERN AUTHORITIES.

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you,
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not like again;
But if men do and say to you
That which is neither kind nor true,
Take a good stick, and say to men,
"Don't say or do that same again."

THE MOST LIKELY THING TO BECOME A WOMAN—Why, a little girl.

OUR MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SIMPLE, guileless thing, aged fifty-two or thereabouts. In comfortable circumstances, with dark, flashing eyes. Wishes to correspond with a gentleman in an official capacity, with a not immoderate appetite. Address Editor, or whistle twice down area.

A CHILD of impulse—at present in trouble—would like to be provided for liberally. No objection to a widow in the public line, as he knows a good deal about bars. Address to Editor, or to Old Boston Road, large house on right, going north.

A FOREIGN nobleman, recently out at Elba, is anxious to meet with a comfortable home, with stimulating diet. Has the noblest sentiments, and wears paper collars. Carte with Editor.

A YOUNG and lovely creature, with several thousands. Golden hair, well educated and connected, lovable and rather jolly disposition. Has been vaccinated, and would make an affectionate wife. Strange to say, none of the above qualities have been observed by any one but the advertiser.

I AM young and handsome, bien élevé; use several languages as a rule, good and bad. Have been transported frequently, and enjoyed myself very much. The highest references from the Mayor—if he will give them.

THE "LAY" OF THE BURGLAR—"I know a bank."

THE "BIG INJIN" OF AMERICA—Ingenuity.

FRIENDS (ESPECIALLY PRACTICAL JOKERS).

gazed," he received every Post Apronfuls of Advertisers, and Letters (apparently) from enterprising Tradesmen, all over Town! The Annoyance, to one Nature, may be Imagined!

The following lines, which were sent us for publication in the *Bazar*, are quite worthy of the Poet of Sierra Flat, and so good that we can not withhold them from our readers, though we doubt whether they were intended for precisely this department:

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING THE DEVIL'S LAKE, WISCONSIN.

As I rode out one bright clear day
Some rocks and water to survey
At length we came to the lake shore
Where snakes were wont to rattle in days of yore

I was accompanied by two
By my dear mother and brother our cicerone through
But before arriving at the lake shore
We overtook some passengers more

They were the elite away from town
Clad in gray blue black or brown
And long with us they then did ride
To Minawaughkin by the lake side

And when our horses we did tether
Then to the lake all went together
Where we could see the surging waves
As they dashed long from cave to cave

Several canoes were laying by
And the wind and water so very high
That no one then did venture out
With hook or spear to catch the trout

The rocks lay piled all round so deep
Way up the bluffs so very steep
That a *grand* but *solemn* sight twas to behold
Such great *huge masses* up so bold

Twas up three hundred feet or more
Our eyes were stretched bove the lake shore
To take a view of yon *towering height*
Before departing from the sight

But whats remarkable no *inlet* to this lake as yet is found
Also no visible *outlet* above around or underground
And yet the water is so very pure and clear
Still not an *Indian* of the woods will *ever venture here*

This lake is three miles long and one mile wide
But *fathomless* in the middle and shallow at the sides
And the bluffs are dotted oer with pines
Hedged in as tight as wedges
Which look most beautifully
All scattered mong the ledges

HOW TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION—By *dint* of perseverance.

Why are books your best friends?—Because you can shut them up without offending them.

Which of the plagues of Egypt is most like a hat?—Darkness which may be felt.

SINCERE, IF NOT FLATTERING.

SCHOOL-MISTRESS. "Johnny, I'm Ashamed of you! When I was your Age I could Read as well as I do now!"

JOHNNY. "Aw! but yow'd a Defferent Taycher to wot we'm got!"

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A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Lady's Wrapper, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS wrapper is made of black poplin, with the back arranged in the Watteau style. The fronts, which simulate a colored under dress, are of purple poplin, richly trimmed with pleated Swiss muslin ruffles, which are bordered on the under edge with scalloped strips, and on the upper edge with pinked ruches of purple silk. The revers on both sides of the simulated under dress are of black poplin, lined with purple poplin; the tight under-sleeves are of purple poplin. The trimming for the revers consists of black passementerie buttons and crimped black silk fringe an inch and three-quarters wide; the sleeves are trimmed with Swiss muslin ruffles and a silk ruche. The over-sleeves are furnished with revers edged with black lace four inches and a half wide. Cut for the simulated under dress of purple poplin one piece from Fig. 1, Supplement, and two pieces from Fig. 2; these pieces must be lengthened as much as may be required in the direction of the arrow-heads. Having joined the pieces each from 1 to the under edge, face them with a strip of silk four inches wide, and set on the trimming. Lay several pleats at the top, bringing × on ●, and sew the skirt into a poplin belt of the same color. Cut the two fronts of the waist of purple poplin and lining from Fig. 3, and of a double layer of lining two pieces from Fig. 4 and one piece from Fig. 5. Face the fronts with a strip of the material, furnish them with buttons and button-holes, and join each front from 2 to 3 with a side form, and the latter with the back, each from 4 to 5. Lay a pleat in the back, as indicated on the pattern, and cover the back with purple poplin from the top to the straight line on Fig. 5. Cut of black poplin two pieces each from Figs. 6, 7, and 8, lengthening them as much as may be required in the direction of the arrow-heads. Sew up the pleats in the fronts, Fig. 6, and join Figs. 6–8 according to the corresponding figures. Sew up the seam in the back, and arrange the back in a double Watteau fold at the top, bringing × on ●, so that the dotted lines form the outer, and the straight lines the inner folds of the pleats. Baste the parts thus joined on the parts arranged from Figs. 2–5 according to the corresponding figures. The pieces of purple poplin cut from Fig. 2 are sewed each from * to the bottom at both sides to the under side of the pieces cut from Fig. 7. The seam made by sewing on the pleated part, Fig. 8, on the back, Fig. 5, is covered by a ruche of purple poplin lined with black poplin, which is set on as shown by the illustration, Fig. 1. For the revers cut of black and purple poplin, the latter for the lining, two pieces each from Fig. 9, in doing which join on the piece turned down in Supplement, and allow the extra material for the requisite length. Run the material and lining together, join the revers at the middle of the back according to the corresponding figures, furnish them with trimming, and sew them on the wrapper according to the figures and signs. Sew the neck of the wrapper into a double standing collar. Cut the tight under-sleeves from Fig. 68, No. XII., of the present Supplement, and cut the wide over-sleeves and the revers of black poplin from Figs. 10 and 11, the former in one piece, and observing the piece cut out for the under half of the sleeves. Sew up the sleeves from 11 to 12, join them, according to the corresponding figures and signs, with the revers, which have previously been covered with purple poplin on the upper edge to the straight line, trimmed with fringe, and sewed up from 13 to 14, and sew both the over-sleeves and tight sleeves into the armholes, bringing 12 of the sleeves on 12 of Fig. 8.

On the middle of the back, below the ruche, set a bow of purple silk ribbon with long ends. Two belt pieces fastened on the inside at the side seams serve to close the wrapper, and are finished by a ribbon bow with double loops and two ends in front. A similar bow is worn at the throat. Linen standing collar. Swiss muslin and Valenciennes breakfast cap.

Fig. 1.—LADY'S WRAPPER.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-11.

Fig. 2.—LADY'S WRAPPER.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-11.

LONGEVITY.

THE appliances of civilization and quiet and regular habits are the chief conditions of long life. We find from statistics, comparing the expectation of life at the age of sixty, given by various authorities, that in England agricultural laborers of that age, belonging to friendly societies, and hence sober, well-to-do men, stand first, and may expect to live nearly eighteen years longer, while confirmed drunkards stand last, with only half that chance of life. The females of the aristocracy come next to the laborers, with sixteen years and a half; the male members of the aristocracy next, with only fourteen and a half; clerks follow, with twelve and a half; men in Liverpool, with twelve; miners, with eleven and three-quarters; while sovereigns of all countries at sixty years of age have an expectation of a little less than eleven years of life. Distinguished men live a shorter time than less distinguished, on account of their harder work; married live longer than unmarried persons, on account, perhaps, of the measured tranquillity of connubial life; women longer than men, because they lead an easier life; and the clergy longer than other professional men, for the same reason.

From these facts it is not difficult to draw the lesson of longevity. After all, the prolonging of their own lives is not a thing about which men should take much thought; as long as they are careful not directly to shorten life, and careful to preserve health, longevity and centenarianism may well be left to take their own way. The celebrated Italian, Louis Cornaro, carefully weighing his egg and measuring his wine for his daily meals, refusing to allow matters of a disturbing nature to come under his attention, and taking a thousand precautions, all to enable his pitiful old frame to vegetate a few years the longer on the earth's face, is not a pleasing figure to contemplate. True it is that he who would save his life shall lose it; for the existence of such a being as Cornaro is not comparable day for day with that of an active man. When the element of intensity is taken into consideration, there is perhaps very

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til, in fact, there can be charity and patience on the one side perfectly developed, and faithfulness and honor on the other.

Certainly the poor peasant girl just landed from a sea-voyage, sick in body and sick at heart, is an object of the best compassion. She enters at once into a strange family, whose peculiarities are a terra incognita to her; she is shown her room, usually the worst and most cheerless and remote in the house; and is introduced to her duties. She is alone, of course—for we are not speaking of her condition in those wealthy households where a dozen divide the labor, but in the American home which thinks itself fortunate with a single maid-of-all-work; the faces around her, be they ever so kindly, are the faces of judges before whom she is conscious of being on trial; there is no sympathetic soul about to give her the reassuring word; she is lonesome with an ineffable loneliness; new to all her work; ignorant of the names of utensils, even of the use of scrubbing-brushes, since her floor at home was the hard earth; ignorant of the manners of the country, of the ways of the family, of the habits of comfortable life; ashamed of her ignorance; sensitive to rebuke; fearful of ridicule; laden with an accent difficult to comprehend, and finding, herself, the same difficulty with the accent of her employers; accustomed to such simple diet as oatmeal and buttermilk, but tempted by more savory dishes to the point of sickness, yet with the routine of work before her; dismally aloof with her terrors at night; and even if in some forgetful moment the song rises to her lips, memories of the cabin, the old mother, the fair, the pigs and the potato-patch, the earth and sky and sunshine of the old land, rising with it, till the apron flies over the head, and tears drown out the whole. If it were a maiden of our own nation thus transplanted, surely we should find her something to be pitied and indulged; and why any less because she is of another nation, one of the noblest in history, degraded now not through any temperament of its own, but through the tyranny of a harder and more selfish one, of which we proudly claim to be an offshoot? What wonder that she demands all her evenings out, the privileges of all the funerals, and every fast and festival of her Church? She is an exile; and only so she touches her people; and the Church takes to her the place of home—it is father and mother, friends and native land and heaven; and she has built for it, with the free offering of her work and wages, throughout the length and breadth of her banishment, fit shrines of stone and brick, of clustered column and springing arch and lofty tower, stained window and marble floor—the palaces of the poor.

Still it is not upon the romantic aspect of the case that the mistress can be all the time expected to look. With the maid it is more or less a matter of feeling, after all; with the mistress it is a matter of life and death. The bondage is a mutual one, indeed; the maid can escape from it the moment she earns sufficient money to take her home to the primitive freedom of County Clare or Tipperary; the mistress can only make fresh indentures with another representative of the same despotism. Her work must be done; she is herself unable to do it; she engages another to do it for a certain sum of money; the happiness of her marriage, the health of her family, and something of her reputation as a member of society largely depend upon having it done, and done well. Perhaps she would live upon toast and tea herself rather than have a rout about it, but her husband will not, and should not. Perhaps she would go without starched elegance forever, dear to her heart as her husband's admiration of her toilette may be, but his linen must be well laundried; what he pays for he has a right to; and while she is, in that regard, merely an agent of the transaction, of whom faithfulness is demanded, yet, as mistress of the house, she experiences, on her own account, the absolute necessity of its being well kept and in order.

If then, added to the hard duty of repressing the unrighteous but natural impatience with ignorance, rawness, or stupidity, she finds that she has to contend with a shirk, a slattern, a shrew, not to speak of the exceptionally worse; if she finds cuffs and collars tucked away in odd holes and corners, instead of being washed and ironed; finds precious glass and china broken, and no word told of it till the moment of its imperative need for use; finds forks in the swill, and spoons in the drain; sees the abstraction of tea and sugar and small wares for the benefit of unnumbered cousins boldly claimed as a rightful spoiling of the Egyptian, rather than as dishonesty; puts up with incapacity, and often with impertinence, month after month, only to be told on the week before expected illness or expected guests that she must look out for another specimen, because that one is going away—why, then, the mistress can not be altogether blamed for her declaration of war upon all the Bridgets that St. PATRICK left alive.

In fact, unless we do indeed invite the Chinese, we see but one rational help for the existing state of things in our families, and which shall work a recognition of mutual partnership out of the present mutual bondage. It is that the mistress, doing Christian duty, shall exert herself to make, as far as possible, a pleasant home for the stranger in her gates, treating her as a friend rather than as a slave, making her feel that her interests are no more to be put out of sight than those of any other member of the family, conducting toward her exactly as she would have the woman of some superior race and fortune conduct toward her own unskilled daughter in like case, making reproof gentle, commendation cordial, and work not beyond the strength; and that, on the other hand, the maid—remembering that rent, fuel, food, and wages have risen thrice in value, but that clothing, the only thing for which she has to expend money, remains at the original price, so that while her board costs her mistress three times as much as formerly, she receives in addition three times the wages without being obliged to spend any more—resolve at least upon not taking payment for work which she does not do, and, endeavoring to do the work faithfully, to agree to her mistress's right to have it done as she chooses, and to understand that the honor of her nation and of her religion is in some degree, however small, in her keeping, to cast lustre on by her honesty and industry; and that in the contract of service it is as much the interest of the mistress to be a good mistress as the servant to be a good servant. Till she does comprehend all this the trouble must renew itself each day, for every American woman would feel herself a free woman; but Bridget having, in the absence of others, control of the situation, is, like every ignorant person in authority, a tyrant.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Shadows.

MY DEAR FELIX,—I was recently in the country, and driving over the hills upon a very lonely road with my friend Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle. We stopped at a small house, brown with age, and of one story, and which seemed, like the houses in Switzerland, to have been built to resist heavy snows and long winters. Mrs. Margery went into the house to ask the mistress if she could knit some warm mittens for the little Honeysuckles—mittens to cover the wrist, and that would be comfortable in Lapland. The mistress said if mother would spin the yarn she would herself dye it and then knit the mittens, and mother, already past eighty, replied that she would gladly spin; and the bargain was made. I did not hear, indeed, what was said, for when Mrs. Margery went into the house I remained in the wagon. It was a solitary scene. There were two or three of the little brown houses clustered together. Around them lay stony pastures and smoother hay fields, and little groves of maples and oaks softened the bareness of the hill-side. The view was broad and beautiful. The hill sloped gradually to a stream, and beyond there were ranges of high hills, misty, far away. Just behind the house, upon the higher part of the hill, was a wood, which, as I sat in the wagon, with the little horse apparently dozing as he stood, sighed in the low breeze.

There was the enchantment of profound silence over all. Nothing disturbed the stillness but the occasional rustle of the trees or the whistle of a bird; and as I sat looking at the wood above and beyond the house, I observed how very black the shadows were. Daylight ended at the edge, and within, under and among the trees, all was mystery and gloom. I understood then all the old and the new romances, all the legends of fairy. My fascinated eyes waited to see elves peering out, and gnomes grinning over the rocks and from behind the trees; and hark! it was a hamadryad whose plaintive whisper died in the faint breeze, or a faun loitered among the mossy tree trunks. Once more I looked, and there was blank darkness only—undisturbed night among the trees. The road upon which the wagon stood in which I sat, the scant, stony pastures, and the old stone walls that divided them were, however, touched with some spell. The shadow of the wood had fallen upon me, and all was a little changed.

Mythology and fairy lore then begin in the shade. It is mystery that makes poetry. It is the shadow that touches the imagination. I turned to the little brown house upon which the late sunlight shone, but despite the sun I knew that the house and all the life in it somehow lay in the shadow. Was it therefore poetic? It certainly was, although the mistress and the mother would not have known what I meant if I had said so. Yet the whole scene was a poem, and could I have written it in music, you would have acknowledged it. Then, as I sat in the little wagon behind the dozing little horse, I observed that not only was there the dense dark shadow under the trees, but that in "the long light" of sunset the houses threw a shadow, and the trees, and the fences, and the little horse; and there was my shadow upon the grassy road-side; and I lifted the whip, and lo! a dark line upon the wall; and even the shrubs and the blades of grass had each a shadow.

Shadows! shadows! There are horrible streets in the cities—slums, they call them—narrow courts of high houses full of poor people huddled wretchedly together, filthy, starving, despairing: and there is constant chill. The sun never shines there. It seems as if a single ray of sunshine would bring infinite relief, but it does not come. There is universal shadow, and in the shade there are disease and crime and death. Yet I remember in Florence, at midsummer, how people stole spectrally along the thin strip of shade from the high houses as if they were walking a narrow plank of safety, and as if death lurked in the universal sunshine as in the wide ocean. In the slum the shadow was death; in the Italian city at midsummer it was life. And in the rich yellow days of late September Mrs. Margery's old uncle came to see her, and all the morning he sat on the south side of the barn, where a great flood of sunshine beat upon him; and looking at the house, he said that it needed to be brought out of the shadow of the trees and planted in the sun, which was his life. But a few weeks before I had talked with an omnibus driver sitting under a spacious umbrella. "Thank God for this shade," he said, "for the sun would be the death of me!"

So I came to see that there are what Robert Collyer, in his admirable discourse, calls healing and hurting shadows. Here and to-day the shade is a bane, but there and to-morrow it is a blessing. It is a bane when it preserves chilliness and dampness and the death that they breed, and a blessing when it tempers the fiery ray of Sirius. It is a hurting shadow in those old woods in which the sullen gnomes and horrid ogres are hid; but a shadow of healing from which the nymphs and dryads and lithe Undines spring. And if every object, even to the blade of grass, has its shadow, not less has every event and every person: and if you have watched closely, you may often see two shadows from the same object. When they are the shadows of events, one of them may sometimes be healing and the other hurting. When a little child of my dear friend Mrs. Margery died, the shade was so dark and cold that life itself seemed to be chilled, and unwholesome fancies and angry doubts, and almost hatred and despair, were bred of it, like the snakes and vermin and foulness that spawn in slimy gloom. But another shadow followed, sober and tender; and patience and tranquillity and faith blossomed in it like the violets and the sweet Solomon's-seal and the superb orchis in the soft shadow of woods. There is a shadow in which only Pluto and the realms and works of utter darkness are to be found; and there is another in which Diana, with the crescent of hope and beauty upon her forehead, flits superbly by.

Here is the great calamity in Chicago—the storm of fire that has devoured human life and wealth and consumed a city. Such immeasurable suffering and loss throw a shadow upon the whole country that seems only black and deadly. As in the old fable of winter, who raises his sceptre and waves it over the earth, and all that its shadow falls upon withers and dies, so it seemed that the small fortunes and livelihoods of widows and orphans far away in remote New England valleys, or on the shores of Southern rivers, must suddenly shrink and die as the shadow of the calamity reached them. A whole country arose one morning and said, as it looked out upon that desolating shadow, "How terrible!" and the next day it looked at the same great shadow and said, "How beautiful!" At the first glance it saw only the misery and sorrow, the gnomes and reptiles of the gloom; but with the second it beheld the tender sympathy, the holy charity, the eager succor, the cheery resolution, the noble character—the flowers and the good fairies that grow in the shade.

These are the two shadows which the same object casts according to the light thrown on them. And if you look back into history, and study the progress which has been made, always with struggling, often with suffering and blood, you will see the same double shadow—the shadow of beauty and the shadow of gloom: that in which the lofty Diana stands serene, and that of the cowering and gibbering imps and sprites of ill. There, for instance, is the old French revolution. From some points it seems only black, a funereal pall, a curse. If you think of the suffering in detail, the moral agony, the suspense, the terror, the tragedy of single households, the breaking of individual hearts—of such scenes as that of the picture representing the calling of the doomed to

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the guillotine from the great hall of the Abbey, or of the fate of Sidney Carton in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities"—it is almost beyond endurance. Men and women seem to have dwindled into fiends, and God himself to be withdrawn. But presently you see that while the first shadow is so black and apparently depthless, a shadow of grief and hurt, there is another, softer, healing shadow, in which you detect the wider justice, the great general gain, that have followed the awful convulsion.

And so, it seemed to me as I sat behind the dozing little mare, it is with persons as with events. We all cast a shadow, and we can not help it. But the shadow of some of us—of old Bloater, for instance—is it any thing but hurting? You go into his house, or he comes into yours, and suddenly it seems as if there were no god but him of the belly. Eating and drinking, and all that belongs to them, are the chief interest of Bloater. It is distressing, it is humiliating; it is a huge dripping sirloin, it is a hogshead of beer, that throws its preposterous shadow over you. The air reeks with fumes of fat. It is a suffocating shadow. Or there is Cynicus, polite, formal, icy. When he comes he offends no canon of good behavior, but it is like having the statue of the Commendatore in "Don Giovanni" come to visit you. It is a freezing, deadly shadow that he casts, with his cold courtesy and his calm supercilionsness. Then comes Aerio, and throws the exasperating, irritating shadow of his affectation and absurdity. You can always tell what the shadow is by hearing the general estimate of the man. Indeed, we do not know ourselves what shadow we cast, and we can perhaps only ascertain by hearing its effect described. I wonder if Julius and Juliana know what their shadow is? It is thrown from something of which they are probably unconscious; from the constant wrangling and querulousness and peevishness which they indulge when they are alone, and which, therefore, they can not escape when others are with them. I have been there to dine, and the shadow that fell upon the table soured and imbittered all the food. I believe there were fillets and croquettes and jellies and puddings, but I seemed to have dined upon soot and vinegar. It was because my host and hostess could not conceal their testy impatience at every little incident and over every little difference.

I came away very humbly, wishing to test my own shadow. In Hawthorne's beautiful and tragical story of "Rappacini's Daughter," the lover, trained to the fatal air of poison, breathes upon a swarm of summer insects, and they fall dead. He did not know it until he proved it. The poisonous breath he drew seemed to his lungs as soft as summer air. Perhaps our shadows seem so to ourselves. We know our good wishes, our pure resolves, and we deplore our weaknesses and failures, without being conscious that it is they which determine our influence. Juliana dresses herself with taste and care, and the colors of her toilette, her diamonds, and her laces all happily combine. But that little drop of ink, that grease spot, that torn end of lace—it is these, and not the silk and diamonds, that make the real effect of her display; and that is not of beauty, but of carelessness and suspicion. Dear Felix, you and I are not famous people, and our shadows do not chill or refresh nations; but they do affect the little nation, the little world, of our loves and friendships. Let us take constant care that it be a shadow of good fairies, not of gnomes—a shadow in which Diana lingers, and from which satyrs flee. Ours is a small shadow; but 'tis enough for the spot upon which the light of heaven throws it.

"The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

Your friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CASHMERE WRAPS.

THE wrappings donned with the first frosty days of autumn are made of the various cashmeres, either the single twilled, the barathea cashmere, with crinkles like crape, or else drap d'été, which is the heaviest of all cashmeres. These replace the black gros grain wraps once worn, and are always black, unless the dress is of colored cashmere, when the mantle should match it. The newest paletots have loose sacque fronts, with backs nearly fitted, and held in position by a belt underneath. The patterns in the present Supplement of the *Bazar* show all the newest designs for these garments; but the sacque which is most popular at the present moment is that with a Watteau fold in the back, made by a pattern given in our last spring's Supplement of wraps. Sacques that have not this Watteau fold are trimmed in some way straight up the back, requiring only an edge or border on the garment to complete it.

Next to sacques come the newer mantles, and these are now considered the most distinguished and stylish of all wraps. The favorite design presents two large round capes, and consists in many cases of two circles; but the better plan is to have a long, loose, sleeveless sacque, with deep talma cape above it, the garment having, when complete, the appearance of two capes. This very simple and graceful wrap can easily be made at home. The under sacque of the garment has seams under the arms only, and should be round and loose below that it may not crush a bouffant tournure, and for the same reason it must not be too long. From thirty-four to thirty-six inches is the length for ladies of medium height. For the present season the sacque without sleeves is preferred, but sleeves will be added later for warmth. The cape worn over this is a quarter of a yard shorter than the sacque, and is a simple talma, open up the entire back and trimmed all around. To be graceful it should slope away gradually from the throat, hanging open to display the buttoned-up front of the sacque beneath; its length should be so proportioned that it will not droop on the shoulders, and the backs, though separated, must not fall widely apart. A simple binding is worn around the neck; there is no collar, as it would look like a third cape. When made in drap d'été or other cashmere the trimming is fringe or guipure lace, with cording or passementerie studded with jet. Solid black trimmings are in best taste, but white and black mixed braiding, machine stitching, and fringe are much used. Three yards of double width cashmere are required for these wraps. At present they are not lined, but for winter they will require a lining of farmer's satin or Italian cloth, or else thin, soft flannel. Furnishing houses charge from $25 to $35 for these mantles, according to the trimmings used. With elaborate braiding and fine jets they cost much more.

CLOTH WRAPS.

New cloths have a diagonal twill like serge, and are as soft as cashmere; these, however, are only found in French garments, and can not be bought here by the yard. The cloths most sold are plain smooth beavers, soft, flexible, and fine, and the tricot beaver, with almost invisible twill. Plain beavers cost from $4 50 to $9 a yard; tricot, from $4 50 to $6. Black is most used; the only colors called for are invisible green, blue, and olive; and occasionally a dark prune and pale gray cloth wrap is made.

The double cape, or sacque with cape, described above, is much used for cloth, and more nearly fills the idea of a cloak than any cloth wrap lately worn. Rich, heavy bullion fringe of thickly twisted silk, or the crimped willow fringe, edges cloth capes; above the fringe are narrow folds of bias faille, or of velvet folded to the centre; or a two-inch band of velvet is studded with jet, and used as a heading for fringe. Passementerie and braiding, unless of heavy, thick patterns, do not look well on cloth. Hand-made trimmings of silk, such as pleatings, marquise puffs, and ruches, have gone out of fashion. The buttons most used are moulds covered with the material of the trimming. A new ornament of three heavy cords, as thick as a lady's finger, is arranged to swing from the shoulder, sometimes toward the centre of the back, while in other cases it begins at the throat and ends on the shoulder. Fortunately only one such ornament is used on a cloak, as they cost from $10 to $12.

Another mantle very handsome in cloth, and especially becoming to stout figures, is the Inverness, a round, sleeveless garment, with an upper cape in front only, the back left plain, or else ornamented in Watteau fashion. In bottle green cloth, with fringe and velvet folds for trimming, or else border of black marten fur, this is a very stylish cloak.

Cloth paletots are so convenient and jaunty that they will remain in favor. They are also most reasonable in price. Among those imported from Berlin are fine cloth jackets, slashed, and in Gothic points, with velvet collar and cuffs, made in the best manner, and sold for $18 or $20. Others of coarser cloth, though all wool, trimmed with fringe and velvet pipings, cost from $15 to $18. For very young ladies, misses, and children, there are jaunty jackets somewhat in sailor fashion, cut and made by a regular tailor. They have double-breasted fronts, with revers and close slashed back. The cloth is blue or black beaver, with revers and facing of thick black faille, piped only on one edge with white cloth. There are deep cuffs on the coat sleeves, a square pocket on one side, and brass buttons. Ladies' sizes cost $18; children's from $12 to $15.

VELVET GARMENTS.

Ponson's blue-black velvet, three-fourths of a yard wide, is the quality found most available for this season's garments. It costs from $11 to $15 a yard. The polonaise, the double cape, and the short paletot are all shown in velvet. A velvet polonaise is the most elegant over garment for completing winter costumes. The styles most popular are the Louis XIV. vest-polonaise, like our cut paper pattern, or the Marguerite polonaise elaborate with jet ornaments and lace, or else a combination of these two that we have already alluded to, having the vest front and Marguerit back. No satin appears on these velvets, only dead black faille enlivened by rich jet passementeries, lace, and fringe. Fur bands, especially the fox furs and black marten, and the tail tips of these furs are also used. The bell sleeve, half-flowing and open up to the elbow, and the wide coat sleeve with Louis Quinze cuff, are appropriate for these polonaises.

The double capes of velvet are much less expensive than polonaises, are graceful and stylish-looking, with the advantage, in addition, of not cutting the velvet in small pieces. A pretty velvet Inverness, with gimp and fringe, is sold for $75; a double cape, or a sacque with cape, for $85. Ladies who have velvet basquines, or loose sacques made two or three years ago, are modernizing them by adding a large talma, open only half-way up the back, and thus concealing that part of the velvet that has lost its lustre or become worn.

The short velvet paletots worn to complete suits that are partly velvet and partly faille are loose, cut in deep points, and trimmed to match the dress. When not made with reference to any special suit they are often so heavily wrought with braid, cording, or embroidery that the fabric of which they are made is almost lost sight of. The work on these makes them very expensive, and, as the fashions of trimming change rapidly, these jackets are only bought by ladies of wealth who have a new garment every season. The simplest velvet sacque has a loose front and basque back, with fullness added below the waist by a single box-pleat, or else one broad or two narrow folds are attached to the back of the neck, and droop like a Watteau pleat.

HOUSE JACKETS.

Bright and warm jackets for the house are made of flannel cloth of two or three red shades, scarlet, cherry, or crimson, braided with white worsted curled braid in Gothic patterns, and fringed or scalloped. White flannel cloth is braided with blue or scarlet, blue with white, and black with white or blue. The collar, cuffs, and a breast pocket are pointed in Gothic fashion. Price $10.

FUR CLOAKS.

The most comfortable garment for midwinter is a fur cloak. Seal will be most worn this year, and the shape is a loose double-breasted sacque, bordered with sea-otter or with beaver. The small round muff must be bordered also. Astrakhan cloaks are given a new effect by borders of another skin, such as fur seal or that of the Persian lamb. These are in fitted jackets, slashed in each seam, and cost from $90 to $120. In furs sold by the yard for trimming the black marten and fox skins will be preferred to mink, though they can never rival sable.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

THE Chicago fire was especially grievous on the book trade and the literary men of that city. Its book trade amounted to $3,000,000 per annum, such firms as the Western News Company, S. C. GRIGGS & Co., W. B. KEEN & COOK, doing an immense business. These three firms did business in adjoining stores—the finest "Booksellers' Row" in the world. It was not unusual to circulate from Chicago 10,000 copies of a subscription book. Chicago had many valuable public and private libraries—among the latter those of JOHN B. RICE, E. G. ASSAY, E. B. M'CAGG, HENRY L. MONROE, and PERRY H. SMITH. Mr. RICE'S library contained about five thousand volumes, including a Dibdin which cost $1800, and was the finest in the world.

—JOHN WOOL GRISWOLD, a grandson of the late General JOHN E. WOOL (a veteran United States officer), and son of JOHN A. GRISWOLD, of Troy (formerly a member of Congress, and Republican candidate for Governor of this State), has been admitted a partner in the firm of JOHN A. GRISWOLD & Co. Although born to wealth and position, he commenced his business career by going into his father's shops, and working at manual mechanical labor with the rest of the workmen—an example that may be emulated with honor and profit by other young gentlemen born with the traditional spoon of silver.

—One-third of the subscribers to the engravings of DORÉ'S paintings are American. The Doré Gallery, in London, is open all the year round. Immensely clever as he is, the more one sees of his work the less one believes in him as a really great artist; but he is a very great merchant, and looks like a Wall Street broker.

—Bishop WILBERFORCE, who is sometimes—indeed generally—called "Soapy Sam," has been in Scotland, and been much praised for having performed divine service in the Scotch Kirk. One critic is full of admiration at the performance of the bishop in his new character. The Scotch people who were present were mostly Presbyterians, and said that it was a "vera eedifying sarvice." Another critic, not quite pleased, says the "sarvice" was not recognized either by Anglicans or Presbyterians. It was neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, but a sort of religious "haggis."

—Among the especially notable people in diplomatic circles in Washington are Mr. and Madame DE GARCIA, the very finest-looking couple in that metropolis. Mr. DE GARCIA'S appearance is very striking, and his manners are as attractive as his personal appearance. Gentlemanly, modest, and sensible, he is evidently anxious to please for his own sake and for that of his government. Madame DE GARCIA is splendidly handsome. Large, soft, black eyes, rich, luxuriant hair, graceful and dignified in carriage, you would mark her immediately in the largest assemblage. A beautiful musician, and with considerable literary ability, she is a lady of no little consequence in society.

—Ex-Secretary SEWARD makes the consolatory remark, suggested by any amount of personal experience, that "Americans are the fashion now all over the world."

—If the spirit of GEORGE PEABODY could hover over London, it would see the families of 800 steady and industrious men now occupying the houses erected by his munificence.

—Colonel GREENE, or one of his administrators, successors, or assigns in the Boston *Post*, says that a Cincinnati widow lately advertised for "every Christian in the city" to send her ten cents. She realized twenty cents, indicating an unexpectedly large number of Christians in that city.

—The PRIME family are given to the doing of good works and the making of good books. Sixteen years ago Dr. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, the youthful veteran of the *Observer*, published "Travels in Europe and the East." A year later his younger brother, old Mr. WILLIAM C. PRIME, gave to the peoples those delightful books, "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia" and "Tent Life in the Holy Land;" and now the Rev. Dr. E. C. PRIME, another editor of the *Observer*, takes off his hat and presents to the intelligent people of the country "Around the World; or, Sketches of Travel through many Lands." Of course there are more PRIMES who will write more books.

—Des Moines, Iowa, is fortunate in having for its wealthiest citizen the Hon. B. ALLEN, whose last year's assessment was $1,140,000. He has *des moin-es*.

—Princess SALM-SALM has been appointed governess of the daughters of the Prussian Prince FREDERICK CHARLES.

—It has been reserved for Mrs. DICKS, of 39 Worcester Street, Boston, to achieve the wonderful feat of tallying one hundred years on the score of life, which she did on the 14th of October—an anniversary that has been looked forward to with much interest by a large number of friends and relatives. The dear old lady appeared very bright, recognizing her callers, and sending affectionate messages to those who could not be present.

—Miss ELIZABETH STUART, daughter of the late GILBERT STUART, has resided many years in Newport. She inherits her father's genius for the arts, and, without having devoted a lifetime to their pursuit, has executed a great number of paintings which are far beyond mediocrity. She has made several copies of her father's celebrated head of WASHINGTON, and her easel is seldom without a canvas on which is delineated either the face or a full-length copy of STUART'S original of WASHINGTON, which hangs in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

—The nobility are taking root in the United States. We hear that Mr. ALEXANDER, the famous farmer and stock-raiser of Illinois, is about to marry Miss FULLERTON, a member of an old landed family in Ohio. Although he has taken root in this country, Mr. ALEXANDER is Lord of the Manor of Airdrie; and the influential residents of Airdrie and that district have resolved to celebrate the event by presenting a congratulatory address and presentation. Although Mr. ALEXANDER, like a sensible man, prefers to live in America, he still retains his ancestral estate.

—At the laying of the corner-stone of the Boston Post-office a few days since, at which President GRANT assisted, Mrs. GRANT, remembering the services of the late Governor ANDREW, and that he was the first to plan the work which is now about to be finished, considerately invited his widow to be present and sit with her during the ceremonies of the day. Boston seemed to appreciate that bit of courtesy.

—The authoress of the well-known hymns, "Just as I am," "My God, my Father, while I stray," has recently died. She was the sister of the author of "Horæ Apocalypticæ," and of the Rev. HENRY ELLIOTT, and was related on the mother's side to the VENN family.

—A son of ROBERT COLLYER was to have been married at Chicago on the evening after the great fire, but the fire burned up church, furniture, etc. On Wednesday the wedding took place, the young bride being dressed in a calico gown, the only dress saved.

—This, about BENEDICT ARNOLD, from a Norwich, Connecticut, paper: "There was recently exhumed from the garret of an up-town mansion a curiosity of no little local as well as general antiquarian interest—namely, the veritable music-book which BENEDICT ARNOLD used and sung from when he was a young man and resident of this town. The book, now in possession of GURDON FORD, of Brooklyn, through presentation of DANIEL COIT, has ARNOLD'S name written in a bold, clear hand across the title-page; while the music (also manuscript) is written in part in ARNOLD'S hand, and a part, doubtless, by his mother. The latter was a good woman, and letters from her to her son are extant in which she exhorts him to flee temptation and live a godly and upright life."

—DANIEL HOME, the eminent spiritualist, is about to emanate from England and come hitherto to indulge in raps for general edification and pay.

—PUNDJEEB, eldest son of the Maharajah of Lahore, has just died in Paris, of hunger, in a lodging-house of the Rue de Vaugirard. This prince left his native country about fifty years ago in consequence of a serious offense against his father, one of whose wives he had seduced, and since that time he had led a miserable existence in the French capital. He was well known by sight to the neighbors, but the landlord alone could tell his history. He spoke rarely, and adopted the European costume only a few years ago.

—The memoirs of Madame PASTA are about to appear. They have never been written until now. It is said that an English lady living on the Lake of Como, who had always been a great admirer of the mighty *prima-donna*, had left in her will a handsome sum to PASTA'S daughter, Madame FERRANTÉ. This lady has just made over the sum as a free gift on condition of the "Memoirs" appearing at once. Strange to say, PASTA, although dead many years since, is not buried yet. Her coffin still remains standing on tressels in the chapel, at Bellagio, and the nuns of the convent gather round it every Friday evening and sing hymns. Sometimes these faint, harmonious voices, stealing through the grating of the chapel, float over the lake and fill the soul of the stranger with the deepest awe. "*E niente le monache di Pasta?*" is the answer of the boatmen to the inquiring gaze of the passenger.

—Mr. ODO RUSSELL, a clever and faithful diplomatic servant of the British government, has been gazetted as minister to Germany—a position for which his previous experience at Rome, in France, and Prussia admirably fit him.

—Emulating the example of Mr. PEABODY, Mr. HOLLOWAY, the famous purveyor of ointment and pills, intends to devote part of his enormous fortune to charitable purposes. He is looking for a site on which to found, at a cost of half a million pounds sterling, an institution that shall bear his name.

—A Roman correspondent writes that PIUS IX., availing himself of the infallibility of his decisions in such matters, has expressed a wish that his successor shall be elected by universal suffrage. He hopes by such a radical reform, which would be a return to the earliest age of the Church in Rome, to counteract the revolutionary principle which now tends to diminish the prestige and authority of the papacy. The realization of the scheme, it is thought, would not be so difficult as may at first appear.

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3.—BACK OF 0, PAGE 712.

Point Lace Collar.

To make this collar, first draw the outlines for the braid on linen or paper from the design given by Fig. 37, Supplement. Then sew on the point lace braid along the outlines with the aid of the illustration; for each scallop lay the braid in a fold at the corresponding place, which is also for the clover-leaf figures. Having on the braid in this manner, fasten it intersecting points without passing the through the foundation. Then fill ee spaces inside of the figures with lace stitches—the spaces e, those marked 2 in button-hole stitch, and those marked 3 paces marked 4 are worked in point d'Alençon with button- figures of the outer border are worked alternately in point lenciennes. The centre of each clover leaf is trimmed with e in point d'Angleterre, which may be repeated, if preferred, each scallop at the upper edge work a half rosette in point nd descriptions of these lace stitches are given in Supplement 'ol. III. Finally, edge the collar with narrow woven picots. here described may also be used.

Fig. 13.—FRONT OF FIG. 4, PAGE 712.

Fig. 12.—BACK OF FIG. 5, PAGE 712.

Fig. 15.—BACK OF FIG. 8, PAGE 712.

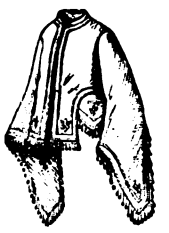


Fig. 14.—FRONT OF FIG. 11, PAGE 712.

Braided Barathea Jacket.

See illustration on p. 709.

THIS half-fitting jacket is of black barathea, interlined with net and lined with lustring. The jacket is trimmed with box-pleated black silk ruffles an inch wide, and richly braided with black silk cord. Before braiding, baste the material on net, sew the jacket together, and line after the braiding is finished.

Fig. 18.—FRONT OF FIG. 1, PAGE 712.

Fig. 19.—FRONT OF FIG. 9, PAGE 712.

Cashmere Jacket.

See illustration on page 709.

THIS jacket, which is short in front and finished with a small basque in the back, is of violet cashmere, trimmed with white silk cord and white silk fringe an inch wide. The jacket is lined with violet silk.

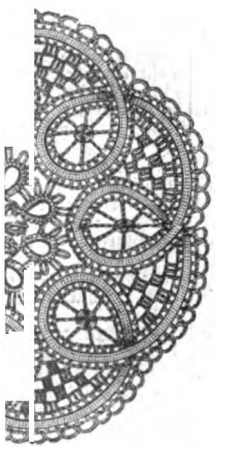
Crape Fichu.

See illustration on page 709.

THIS fichu is made of white crape, trimmed with white guipure lace and white silk fringe, which is knotted to the lace. Take a piece of crape half a yard square, and round off one corner slightly, then fold the fichu in a triangle as shown by the illustration, so that the under rounded corner projects two inches beyond the upper corner; edge the under part with lace two inches and a half wide, and the upper part with lace two inches wide; and in the wider lace knot white fringe of crimped or twisted silk. Lay the back of the fichu in small pleats at the top, as shown by the illustration.

Rosette for Lingerie, Caps, etc.

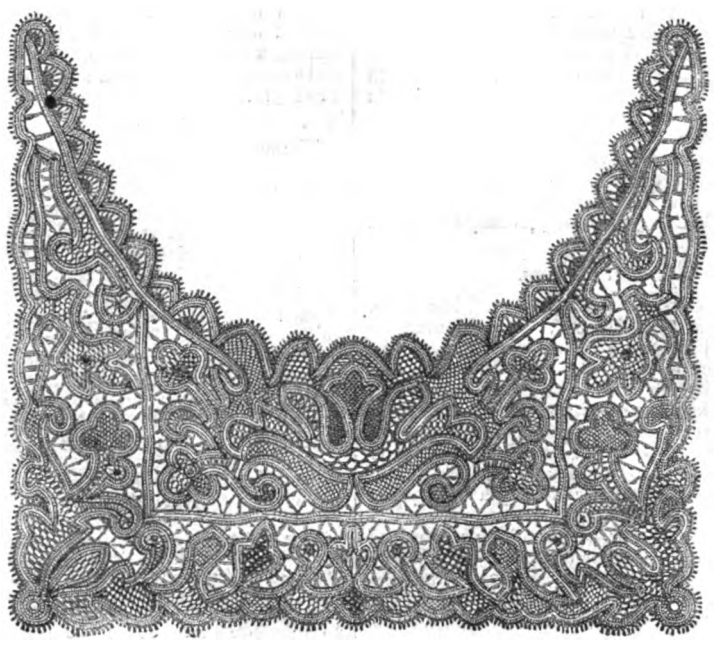
, an eight-leaved tatted figure ully observing the illustration. es of each separate leaflet of coarseness of the cotton; the e free space in the middle of at lace braid. Transfer the or leather, according to the e braid along the outlines. ss each other, and where two with several stitches without the foundation. Then work ie loops of the braid, and the e free spaces, and button-hole e. Finally, set on the tatted ation.



LACE ROSETTE.

Lingerie, Children's , etc.

with two threads (shuttles). centre, and work as follows: working thread only).—1 ds. t, 1 stitch. left), 1 p. (picot), ls., 1 p., finally, 1 more ds. a ring, fasten the thread, and ked with two threads).—Tie orking thread together, work ad, * fasten to a picot of the ation, 2 ds., 1 short p., 2 ds., sten to the last picot, then 2 together without cutting them ork, on the foundation thread ork, with the working thread p., 5 ds.; turn the work, on the foundation thread 3 ds., fasten to ling round, 3 ds., repeat from * to the end of the round; finally, 3 ether and cut them off. 4th round.—Tie the threads together again, and on the foundation thread work 2 ds., * fasten to a picot of the preceding round, 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; repeat from *; finally, 2 ds. 5th round.—When the threads have again been tied together, work on the foundation thread 5 ds., * fasten to a picot of the preceding round; with the working thread only, after a thread interval of an eighth of an inch, one ring of 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds., close to this two similar rings, fasten as shown by the illustration; then on the foundation thread 5 ds. Repeat from *. In working this round it is to be observed that, instead of forming the picot of each third ring, it must be fastened to the last picot of the preceding clover-leaf figure, at the same time turning the last figure; by doing this the threads are crossed as shown by the illustration. Besides this, at the end of the round fasten the first ring of the last clover-leaf figure to the first ring of the first clover leaf. 6th round (with both threads). —* Fasten to a picot between two leaflets of the preceding round, 9 ds. on the foundation thread, fasten to the picot of the next ad, 9 ds.; repeat from * to the end of the round, where the threads e illustration. This rosette makes a very pretty centre for an infant's aming any kind of fine lingerie.



POINT LACE COLLAR.

For design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 37.

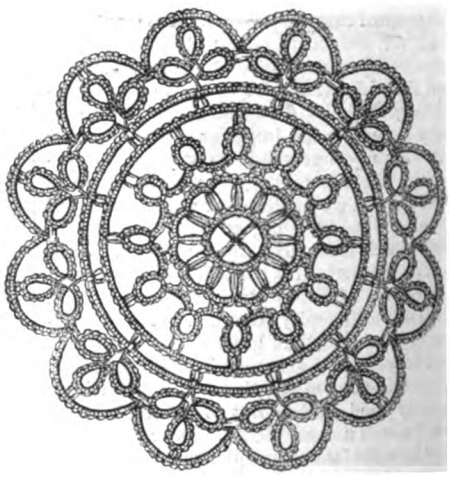
TOYS AS TEACHERS.

THE use of toys can not be insignificant, inasmuch as during many years of infancy, a child's mind dwells on the idea of play and playthings with greater interest and attention than on any other subject. Toys and playing are certainly a necessary part of the child's occupation; and therefore an appreciation of the most advantageous descriptions to suit the characters of different children, and the best way in which such toys may be used, are considerations worthy of the attention and thought of all who are really alive to the importance of the early training of the young. In fact, it is evident that toys must be considered as educational.

In saying that they should be educational, it is not intended that a child is to look upon his play as a lesson; for if he do so, it will altogether cease to be play. Nothing is more painful than to see a child without life and spirits, and that delight in playtime which is not only natural, but essential to its well-being. It is believed that nothing is worse than to encourage habits of too strict attention to books and lessons during the earliest years of life. If this be done, the bodily health is not kept in full vigor; and although it is possible for some little children of six or seven years to be taught a number of high-sounding subjects—even to be able to repeat strings of facts in geography, such as the lengths of rivers and the heights of mountains—it must be remembered that this is but the temporary addition of atoms to the memory, and is not the healthy development of the mind.

The primary use of toys to children is to keep them occupied. A mother thinks what her infant, even when only a few months old, requires to amuse him, and she selects a bright-colored bird, or a rattle, or something which it can feel, shake, and look at. An elder child complains of having nothing to do, and a toy or game is found, or a book of pictures or little stories, with which he may amuse himself. The great aim of all those who understand the bringing up of children is to keep them constantly engaged, and at the same time, though encouraging them to play as long as possible with one toy, yet to change and vary their occupations and amusements as soon as they show signs of mental fatigue or weariness. This constant employment is not only desirable for children, but is really essential for them; they must be doing something, and, as has been well remarked, even mischief is but misapplied energy. Toys are the natural instruments on which this energy and activity should be expended. It is the province of the toy-dealer to find objects for the exercise of their minds and fingers, just as much as for the baker to supply them with bread, or the shoe-maker with shoes. Children are essentially active in every sense, and toys can not properly be called toys at all if they are merely capable of being looked at, and do no more than amuse the eye for a few moments. This fact will often account for the peculiar way in which children take fancies to their toys. Of course, the glitter of a new thing, whatever it may be, lasts for some time; but it will be remarked how they generally return to some old plaything, long since bereft of its beauty, because they can *do something with it*. A broken doll, even with no legs and arms, may be dressed and handled as a baby; a horse without legs may be dragged about the floor, and so on; whereas, a new picture-book is soon put aside after the novelty of the illustrations is forgotten; and a very elaborate mechanical toy, too delicate even to be handled, is not cared much for after it has been exhibited a few times, and has ceased to be a novelty.

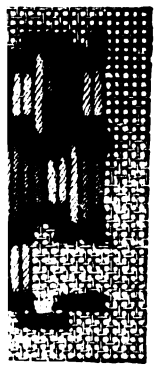
While carefully avoiding the mistake of making play a lesson, some few toys, if well selected, may impart a vast



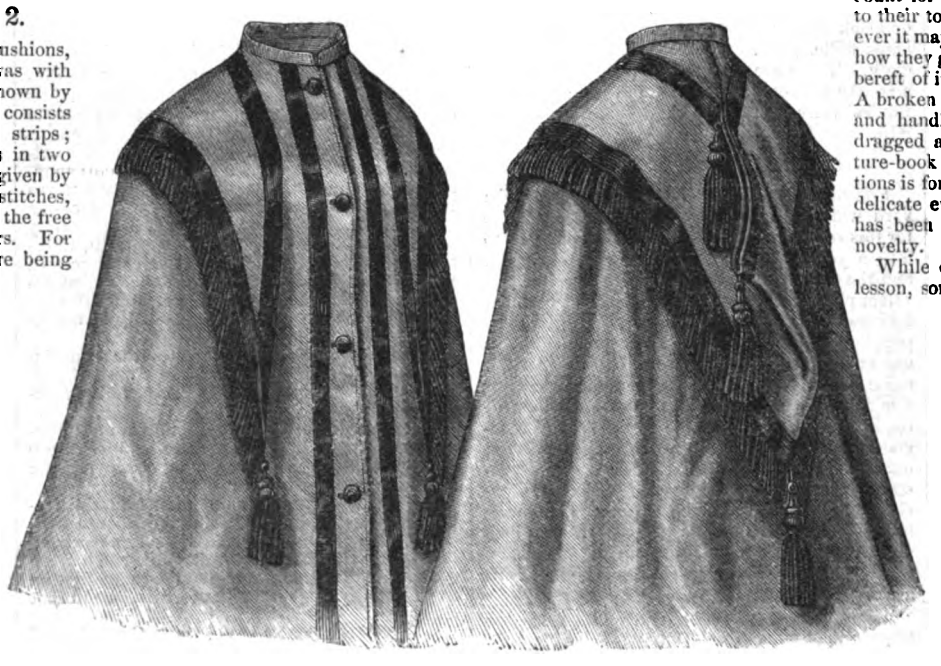
TATTED ROSETTE.

ons, Figs. 1 and 2.

used for slippers, cushions, ked on single canvas with colors, as plainly shown by n given by Fig. 1 consists dark cross stitch strips; long loose stitches in two . For the design given by ation in half cross stitches, ation, and then fill the free two different colors. For n also be used, care being colors.



UNDATION.



WATER-PROOF CLOAK.—FRONT AND BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 73.

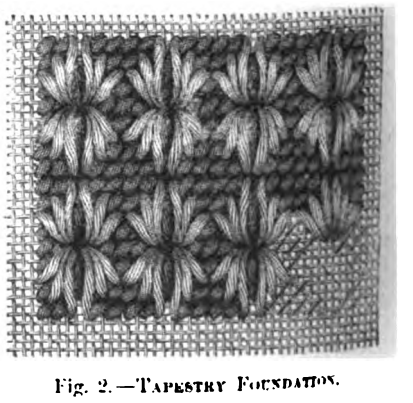


Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY FOUNDATION.

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amount of instruction, and that without the child having to undergo any undue mental strain. It would, of course, be undesirable to give a little boy five or six years old a direct lesson on the principles of the bridge and the use of the key-stone. Give him, however, a box of bricks capable of making a bridge, with the centring, and show him how to put it together. He will puzzle over it for days, try every sort of arrangement, and unwittingly become gradually and practically acquainted with some important mechanical laws. Again, a little model of a steam-engine made to work by gas or spirit, which may be bought for a few shillings, is a most attractive toy. Children will watch it for hours. They see the spirit poured in; they remark that it is made to boil, and soon has to be replenished; they notice the action of the valves, the piston, the crank, and all the parts. When they come to study the theoretical laws of steam and machines, half the difficulty of their first lessons vanishes. If, during his play, the child is so fortunate as to have a really educated nurse or mother, herself acquainted with the outlines of such general knowledge, the child's play may be made, by simple toys, far more educational and interesting than any set lesson, and the result of the instruction far more fixed on his mind than the simplest theoretical idea could ever be by any number of repetitions and learnings by heart.

EMBROIDERED BARATHEA JACKET.

JACKET WITH VELVET TRIMMING.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 64–68.

POPLIN SLEEVE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 74.

CRAPE FICHU.—FRONT.

SLEEVE WITH PLEATED TRIMMING.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

CASHMERE JACKET.

Reading may be taught entirely by means of the various games and toys with letters and words which are in common use. These toys depend for their interest and attraction on the way they are put before children. With one teacher, they are little better than a dry spelling-book; whereas, with another, the finding out of the different letters and the placing them together like a puzzle may interest a child for hours, during which the infant is learning to read and spell in the best possible manner, and in a way he is least likely to forget. The first four rules of arithmetic, again, may be taught almost entirely by means of cube bricks, and a great step made in the formidable multiplication table before the child is wearied out with the monotonous repetition of what too often seems to him an endless and meaningless list of figures. Writing is the only subject which, perhaps, requires more direct lesson-work. Even here, however, the "printing" letters used to teach reading may be copied on a slate, their shape learned, and, what is of still greater importance, the power of holding and guiding a pencil imparted, before the copy-book pot-hook and hanger has made writing an unpleasant and tedious task.

Not only in direct instruction, however, is the use of toys to be considered educational, but those playthings to which a child is accustomed have no small influence on his general tone of thought. To those who are naturally overquiet and studious those toys should be given which are likely to develop the physical powers, such as a rocking-horse, a cart requiring to be drawn about, a wheelbarrow, a set of gardening tools, a drum, and the like. It would be better to encourage such children in this description of plaything rather than to allow them constantly to amuse themselves, after the bent of their inclinations, with books, puzzles, and other sedentary amusements. For those full of life, and whom it is impossible to keep still for many minutes at a time, the occasional use of the quieter toys which are to be avoided in the former case is desirable. In France guns, swords, and miniature war implements are looked upon as almost the only playthings for a boy, and this national taste has undoubtedly had a considerable influence on the national character.

The dressing of dolls may be made a most pleasant mode of teaching a little girl to work. All girls are fond of dressing their own toy-babies, though they soon weary of hemming dusters. By making dolls' clothes exact miniatures of children's garments, so that they will take on and off, agreeable occupation in needle-work will be found for a little girl. The child will easily be made to take a pride in having all her doll's wardrobe as neat and well worked as she can; and good habits of care, neatness, and order may thus be inculcated. In this way, as has already been pointed out, play, and useful instruction, and training may be combined through the agency of toys. In watching a little girl play with her doll, an insight may often be obtained into the mode in which the child herself is being brought up. When young, we all imitate more or less the habits and manners of our elders; and in whichever way a child is seen using her doll, whether it be roughly, kindly, or gently, or by making a great fuss over its appearance, such as thinking chiefly of the fashion of its dress and ornaments, so may the characteristic features of the treatment that child herself receives at home be frequently inferred.

The cost of toys can not be taken as a guide to their usefulness or value. To a certain extent, as in all other articles, it is true that good things can not be had for nothing, but the most expensive playthings are by no means necessarily the best. Nothing is more desirable than to encourage children as much as possible to make some of their own toys; when they do this, it affords them immense pleasure and amusement. It should also be borne in mind that the fewer playthings a child has in use at the same time the better. Too many at once en-

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN DRESS.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 12–18.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN DRESS.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 12–18.

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courage restlessness and a continual want of change and variety, and prevent habits of attention and contentment being developed. The art of showing children how to play to the best advantage, to make toys, and, in short, to enjoy play as much as possible, though natural to some persons, is frequently wanting to a lamentable extent with many nurses, mothers, and teachers.

MARGARET.

THE deep seas sweep above thy namesake—"pearl,"
Yet far beneath them, in unbroken rest,
It maketh in the vast abyss its nest,
Heedless of all the crested waves that curl
Upon the surface. So, amid the whirl
Of madding crowds hast thou the skill to keep
A quiet bower for me, in the deep
True heart of one unswerving, constant girl.
The storm and tempest vex me. "Let them rave!"
I wear a more than monarch's diadem;
And in my coronet one only gem,
The pearl of price thy dear affection gave,
What time those happy words within the cave
Of consciousness resounded, "Thou art loved!"
And to my blest experience softly proved
One treasure in this world that shall outlive the grave.

(Continued from No. 38, page 599.)

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was the dreariest of wet March mornings, more like winter than spring, when they met at the station—those two whom, if all the eyes of Easterham had been on them, no one would ever have taken for lovers, so grave, so sad, so silent were they. The only attention Bernard paid to her was the common courtesy of any gentleman to a lady—any kind-hearted man to a suffering woman. For that Hannah did suffer was plain. To rise in the dull dawn of the morning, to breakfast alone, and steal away, unnoticed and uncared for by any member of the family, was outward humiliation enough; but it was nothing to the inward pain. No wonder that her eyes were heavy and sleepless, her face deadly white, and that even the village doctor, whom they met on the platform, noticed how very ill Miss Thelluson was looking.

"Yes; she was my sister's constant nurse, and has been helping us here through all our trouble," said Bernard, hastily. "She is very much worn out, and I am glad to be taking her back at once to her friend Lady Dunsmore."

Hannah recognized the prudence, and was grateful. Yet still that there should be this vital need for prudence, for circumspection, for worldly wisdom, was itself a kind of mute disgrace.

The doctor traveled up with them to London; so they had not one word together, Bernard and she, till they found themselves alone in the cab. Then he seized her hand.

"We have but five minutes, my love. Always my love! Remember that; and for my sake forgive all."

"I have nothing to forgive. Thinking as they do, they could scarcely act otherwise than as they do. But oh! it is hard. I was growing so fond of Easterham—of them too. And now I shall never see the Moat House or them again."

"Do not be too sure of that," said Bernard, passionately. "You may be back again ere many weeks. Back—in a character in which they must receive you."

And then he explained how he had seen in the day's newspapers that the bill was to be brought up to the House of Lords for the second reading that very night.

"The critical night. Lord Dunsmore has been expecting it for long. There will be a debate; still I know he hoped for a majority—small, indeed, but enough to carry it through; enough to save us. Oh, Hannah, if it were right to pray for such a thing—such a common, secular thing as a few votes more or less in Parliament—I, a clergyman, too."

He laughed, but his eye glittered with excitement. Hannah was almost frightened when she looked at him.

"I am glad the suspense will be ended to-night," he continued. "You see the trial is harder for me than for most; though, I believe, by Lord Dunsmore's account, that there are hundreds of men in England in my position—waiting till the bill shall pass. But then I am a 'city set on a hill,' like my house, as you used to say to me—a clergyman contemplating an act which is directly contrary to the canon-law, and in which my very bishop, I understand, is dead against me. I shall be excommunicated, of course—that is, suspended—except, by-the-bye, if my marriage ever takes place, it will be according to law; and then, whatever he thinks, the bishop can not suspend me. Oh, we care quite as much for the law as the Gospel, we clergymen!"

And he laughed again, and still continued rapidly talking in a way very unusual with him. Evidently the trial was becoming past his endurance; and now that there was added the home warfare—to which he never referred—things would be worse still. Suffering, they say, often changes a woman into an angel; but it is not so with men—generally quite the contrary. Hannah was so grieved that she hardly answered a word till they reached their destination.

"Stop a minute!" Bernard said. "I had meant to leave you here, and go—"

"Where?"

"Any where; it does not matter. But I can not do it. Oh, Hannah, keep me beside you! I am good then. Could you not invent some nice little falsehood for my staying?"

"Does it need a falsehood to excuse a father's coming to see his own child?" said Hannah, gravely.

"The child—always the child!" he cried. "You care for nobody else. I do believe you are marrying me—if ever we are married—solely for the sake of the child."

Hannah paused a minute before she answered. His declaration was not exactly true, yet there was some truth in it; and to deny truth is always dangerous. She laid her hand on his very tenderly—the tenderness of a love so baptized in sorrow that almost all earthly passion had been washed out of it.

"Bernard, if what you say were true—I do not allow that it is—but if it were, would it be a wicked thing? Would Rosie's mother, or need Rosie's father, be angry with me for it?"

"No, no!" And for the hundredth time, looking at the saintly patience of her face—a face in which, besides love, were written grief, and loss, and resignation—he learned patience too.

Lady Dunsmore had gone out, and might not be home till dinner-time; but had left a note for Miss Thelluson, in case she returned to-day, which the countess seemed to have expected.

"Why? Does she guess any thing, do you suppose?"

"Every thing, I believe," said Hannah. "But she has never breathed one syllable to me, and never will."

"Good, wise, generous woman! We must tell her all to-morrow."

But Hannah only sighed. She had little faith in "to-morrow." People whose lives have been very sunless gradually cease to believe in the sun.

It was a long, long day. They could hardly have got through it but for the child, who with her little imperative queenliness put aside both past and future, and compelled them to live in the present. Desperately in love as he was, Mr. Rivers had a father's heart, and the mother-heart in Hannah kept it alive. Also, after the domestic storms of the Moat House, there was something in the innocent peace of the baby-life—so absorbed in little things—which soothed them both. Men might have laughed, but angels would have smiled to see these two forlorn lovers, who dared not show their love, to whom one another's presence was always a painful restraint—often an actual dread—comforting one another a little in their mutual love of the child.

Lady Dunsmore smiled too when she saw them building houses of cards for Rosie on the nursery floor, and then blowing them down with the solemnest of faces; but after the smile she turned away with a tear. She had a heart—this brilliant little woman of the world.

Kissing Hannah, she said a few words of gentle condolence to Mr. Rivers.

"I did not wonder that Miss Thelluson was kept at the Moat House, she is such a help to every body in trouble; but I am glad you have brought her back now, and glad you have come to see your little girl. She would have forgotten papa soon. You will stay and dine? We have no guests, for Lord Dunsmore will be at the House. He speaks to-night, if the Marriage Bill comes on for the second reading, as we expect it will."

Bernard made some brief assent.

"See what it is to be a politician's wife," said the countess, turning to Hannah. "All this forenoon I have been acting as amateur whipper-in to get votes for our side. Lord Dunsmore is desperately anxious about it, but very hopeful of the result. He will come straight home with the news; so I shall be most grateful of your company, Mr. Rivers, to congratulate my husband if he wins—to condole if he fails. But as I said to my thane this morning, when I counseled him to go and murder, not King Law, but the tyrant Injustice—

> "'Screw your courage to the sticking-place,
> And we'll not fail.'"

She put the matter thus, with her consummate tact and delicate kindliness, chattering gayly on, and not waiting for any body to answer. And all day she kept them up with her gay, witty, continuous talk—a perpetual fountain of prettiness—never by word or look betraying that she guessed any thing, that any body had any anxiety except herself, for the result which this day must bring.

At dinner they were only three; but in the evening one or two people dropped in. Lord Dunsmore's house was always a sort of rendezvous to discuss what was going on in the House, especially when there was pending such a question as this, in which he was known to be strongly interested. His wife, too—her enemies called her a female politician; but even they acknowledged that she pursued her unfeminine *métier* in a most womanly way, and that it was chiefly for her lord's sake, in whose projects she joined heart and soul.

"No," she said, when all the comers and goers had left, and she sat waiting for Lord Dunsmore's return, trying in every way to make the time slip by for those other two, to whom she talked fast, but scarcely looked at them—"no; I hate the word party; I despise heartily those politicians who dare not think for themselves, but must vote as their leader bids them, just as much as I despise those feeble legislators who, as in this case, are afraid to do good lest evil might come—to break a bad law, lest good laws might some day be broken. If I were a man, the only question I should ever ask myself would be—is this right or wrong? That once clear, I would risk the rest."

"Would you?" cried Bernard, leaning forward, strongly excited. He had looked very ill all day—indeed, he had owned to Hannah that he was not well, and that before he went home he meant to consult a doctor; but he had the true masculine dislike to be pitied and sympathized with in his ailments, so she asked no more; only she watched him—his changing cheek, his nervous start at every opening of the door—with an anxiety she could not control.

And as, during a pause in his conversation with Lady Dunsmore, he turned and asked Hannah, rather irritably, "why she was so silent?" he little knew what a desperate resolve was forming in her mind, should certain combinations of circumstances force her to it—drive her into the carrying out of that principle, "All for love, and the world well lost." A resolve which no one would have expected possible for such a quiet woman as she.

Ten o'clock struck—eleven; it was near midnight.

"They are having a long debate; that looks well for our cause," said Lady Dunsmore; and then a carriage was heard to drive up, and Lord Dunsmore's foot—he was a large, heavy, ponderous man, not easily moved, physically or mentally, but firm as a rock after he did move—was distinctly audible coming up stairs.

His little bright wife flew to him. "Oh, tell us—I mean, tell me—in two words—"

But he had caught sight of the other two, and looked for the moment as if he wished himself miles and miles away. Still he went up and shook hands with them with a noble affectation of carelessness.

"Pardon. Lady Dunsmore is so anxious about me and my affairs. Well, my dear, there is, unluckily, no news. We have failed this time—beaten; but by the smallest majority yet. Hope on, hope ever! Next session we shall have converted those heretics, and be sure to get our bill through. If we fight on steadily, we shall carry our point at last."

"Of course we shall," cried the countess, with a choke in her throat. "No need to be downhearted. The right always wins. Cheer up, Dunsmore!"

And she patted him on the shoulder, never once turning her eyes—they glittered with tears, in spite of her gay tone—to the two behind her.

Hannah stood motionless. She had expected nothing, and was scarcely disappointed; but Bernard stepped forward excitedly.

"Yes, yes, the right always wins. And you made a brilliant speech, Lord Dunsmore. I—I—con—grat—"

An uncomfortable sound rose in his throat, as if he were struggling to articulate and could not. Then he dropped down, and there was the piteous sight of a strong man swooning dead away. Hannah, as she fell on her knees beside him and lifted his head, thought for the instant it was real death.

"It has killed him," she said, piteously. "He could not bear it—the suspense, I mean; and now— You understand?"

"Yes, I have understood it all along," said Lady Dunsmore, gently, and bade her husband lock the door, so as to prevent any one entering for a minute or two. "We will see after him ourselves. Look, he is reviving a little already!"

Bernard sighed. "Oh, Hannah!" he murmured, and stretched out his arms. She opened hers and took him into them, resting his head against her shoulder, so that he could breathe freer, then looked up to her two friends.

"You see how it is? We could not help it. And you do not think us wrong, I know."

"Wrong! Quite the contrary. And I always knew it would happen. Didn't I tell you so?"

That one little triumph—"I told you so!" The countess could not resist it; but after that she said no more—only helped Hannah, in the kindest and tenderest way, to restore the still half-conscious man. Bernard's illness, however, seemed rather more than an ordinary fainting-fit. When he recovered he wandered in his talk, and scarcely seemed to know where he was.

Then Hannah took at once the motherly part which seems natural to almost all women in cases of sickness—soothing him, tending him, and accepting for him all the arrangements which Lady Dunsmore immediately made, that he should remain in the house. Soon he was able to be half led, half carried, to his room.

"Is it all right, Hannah? You will see that it is all right?" said he, helplessly; and when she answered him in her quieting voice he seemed satisfied, and submitted patiently.

But she had to submit to harder things. When, hearing him call her, she mechanically rose to follow him, Lady Dunsmore detained her.

"Not you; my old housekeeper must be his nurse. Not you."

"But he wants me. He called me."

"Never mind. You can not go. What would the world say?"

Hannah blushed horribly, then answered, in a low, desperate voice, "I care nothing for the world. He is mine. You forget we are engaged; we were to have been married as soon as ever the law allowed. Nobody understands him as I do. Let me go."

"No," said her friend, firmly. "He will be taken every care of; but your care he can not have. For both your sakes, I will not allow it; the world is too wicked. And yet," she added, "the world has common-sense on its side. No man or woman, not related, ought to have been to one another what you and he have been, unless they could be married. You must accept things as they are. I am not cruel to you, but kind."

Hannah knew that. With a stolid patience she did accept her lot, submitting day after day, for a whole week, to the miserable suspense of only hearing second-hand tidings of Bernard's state, of having rights and no rights, of being neither wife nor sister, yet having to endure the agonizing anxiety of both. Not alone, either, in her pain—for Bernard continually sent messages for her to come to him, and Lady Dunsmore would not let her go.

"Cæsar's wife," she said, "must not even be suspected. You are under my protection, and I will protect you to the utmost of my power; but you must also protect yourself. You must give no handle to the bitter tongues which are already beginning to wag about you."

What tongues, she did not state; but Hannah knew. By the manner in which she had often heard other people talked of at the Moat House, she guessed well enough how the Moat House would now be talking of her. And the plan which, in the wretchedness of being parted from him, she had already matured, and intended to propose to Bernard as soon as he got well—namely, that, adhering to the letter of the law, and risking all misinterpretation, she should go back with him to Easterham, and resume her place as his sister and housekeeper—faded into thin air.

"You are right," said the countess, when they discussed, as they did openly now, the actual position of things, and what was the best course to take next. "Such a scheme would never do. The world would never believe in you or him. I can quite understand a woman, conscious of her own innocence, doing the most daring things; but there are things which she has no right to dare. No, my poor Hannah, if ever you are married, you must bring to your husband a spotless name; not a soul must be able to throw a stone at you. And there are those who would stone you to death if they could."

"I know that," said Hannah, sadly; "but perhaps they do not mean it. Don't tell *him;* he loves them."

So spoke she, and tried to believe the best—that circumstances were chiefly in fault, not individuals. But Lady Dunsmore was very angry, especially when, the ill-tidings about Bernard being necessarily sent to Easterham, Bertha and Mrs. Morecamb rushed up and bemoaned him, and exacted a promise from him that he would come home directly, and let himself be nursed at the Moat House by his own people. That day he did not ask for Hannah—not once.

She sat in her room, and saw nothing of him—saw almost nobody, except the child. She was painfully aware that every person in the house, servants included, guessed her exact position with regard to Mr. Rivers, and watched her with the eager curiosity with which almost all people, good and bad alike, follow a domestic tragedy of this sort—a something which can not be talked of openly, which has all the delightfulness of sin without its dangerous elements.

Thus, when Mr. Rivers at last came down to the drawing-room, Celestine, the countess's maid, ran into Miss Thelluson's room, with the substance of half a dozen French novels written in her face, to communicate the event; assuring mademoiselle that monsieur was looking so much better than any body expected, and she had heard him asking for her; and should she arrange mademoiselle's toilette to the best advantage before she went down stairs?

But, when really summoned, Hannah crept rather than walked to her lover's presence. There was no joy, no eagerness in her face—only a kind of dreamy thankfulness—until they were alone together, and then he called her to his side.

"Hannah, it was not of your own will that you forsook me?"

"No, no!"

"And you love me still? You will not give me up even after what has befallen us? You understand? For another year, at least, there is no hope of our being married."

"No."

"Isn't it sad and strange—sad and strange?" he continued, wistfully, as he lay on the sofa, she holding his hand, for he was very feeble still. "Here are we two, with every blessing under heaven—youth, health, freedom, money—nothing in the world to prevent our being happy; and yet happy we can not be. I see no way out of it. Do you?"

For a minute he looked as if he thought she might; but she shook her head, and kept her eyes down on the ground.

"Then the question is, what are we to do? I must go home directly, but it must be without you. Lady Dunsmore tells me so, and I think she is right."

"I think so too."

"And parting from you, I must also part from my child. You know I promised you I would never claim the child, and I shall keep my word, though I shall miss her sorely. Pretty little Rosie! Still, I give her up—to you."

"Thank you."

And then, looking at him, the thanks seemed cruel—he was so worn, so weak, so joyless; and it was such a joyless, empty life that he was going back to. He was so helpless, too—the kind of man who always wants a woman to take care of him—to whom marriage is, domestically, not merely a comfort but a necessity; and all his little weaknesses she knew—all his innocent wants she was accustomed to supply.

"Oh, you don't know how I have missed you!" said he, with an almost child-like complaining. "Home has not been like home since you went away. There was nobody to do any thing for me, or, when they did it, they did it wrong. Nobody like Hannah. When shall I have you back again?"

"When, indeed?"

"And now, when I was ill—when, once or twice, I thought I was dying, and could not get at you—it was so hard. Will you promise"—he lifted himself up, and clutched her hand tight—"promise faithfully that, if I am really dying, you will come to me, whatever the world says?"

"I will;" and he saw by her face that she would. "But you must not die," she added, desperately; "you must get well as fast as ever you can. You must take the utmost possible care of yourself, for Rosie's sake—and mine. Oh, Bernard! once I told you to part from me and go and marry another woman; but I could not do it now."

He smiled, and tried to draw her closer to him; but she glanced at the door and shrank away.

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"You don't care for me—you are afraid of caring for me," Bernard said, angrily.

"I! not care for you!"

She wept; and, overcome by the weakness of illness, he wept too. It was cruelly hard for them both—as hard as that most pathetic line in the ballad—

"We took but ae kiss, and we tore oursels away."

But that "ae kiss" of theirs had no sin in it—nothing but sorrow.

"Hannah," implored he, "do not forsake me again. If you knew what a lost creature I am without you—to die without you, or to live without you, is equally dreadful. Can nothing be done? Oh, my dearest! can nothing be done?"

His eyes were so sad, his looks so wan. Even this comparatively trifling illness, following the long mental strain which he must have undergone, had broken him down so completely that Hannah was terrified. There came upon her that mortal dread, which comes upon all who love, and was most natural in her, who had lived to see the grave close over all her nearest and dearest. What if, among all their cares, the one care they never contemplated were to happen? What if Bernard were to fall into ill health, to sicken and die, and she still parted from him? What if, instead of the long lonely years which both had feared so much, there should be allotted to one of them only a brief space of earthly life, was that space to be spent in separation? Would it not be better to clutch at the vanishing joy—to risk all things, and gain one another?

Under the agony of this fear, Hannah was near giving way, and whispering a word or two—offering that fatal sacrifice which, however he needs it and craves it, no woman has a right to make to any man, not even though it may be one which, as in this case, involves no moral guilt, and concerning which her own conscience may be at ease entirely. For the sacrifice is not hers alone. He too is involved in it. Nor he only; but the solemn rights of creatures yet unborn—innocent beings who can not plead and say, "Father, mother, why did you do this? why entail this misery upon us also?"

Whether, noble and pure woman as she was, the motherly heart in Hannah made her faintly hear those voices, with a solemn prevision that no woman ought ever to blush for or to set aside—who knows?—but she hesitated. She could not be the first to propose that marriage abroad which secured nothing at home. Besides, so long as the law was the law, it ought not to be broken.

While she hesitated, Bernard, who had lain silent and thoughtful, said suddenly, in a rather changed tone—the "worldly" tone which she had sometimes remarked in him, the faint reflex of what was so strong in the rest of his family:

"Perhaps, after all, my going back to my parish work alone will be the most prudent course; for I may soon have to make some change in it, and indeed in all my outward surroundings. The girls told me that poor Austin has had another series of fits, worse than ever before. Most likely I shall be Sir Bernard before very long."

He sighed—but it was not a heart-deep sigh; one could not expect it to be; and there was something in his look which corresponded to that tone which always jarred upon Hannah. No, "All for love, and the world well lost," was not the creed of any Rivers; if Bernard tried it, the loss would not be by him quite unfelt. Would it by any man brought up as he had been, and with the nobler half of him never developed at all till he fell in love with poor Rosa—till he afterward walked into love, deeply, deliberately, with such a woman as Hannah Thelluson?

Hannah left her passionate words unsaid, and continued their grave and anxious talk—listening to all the plans he made for her and Rosie, in which he showed the utmost thoughtfulness and tenderness. The most likely scheme, and one which Lady Dunsmore had herself suggested, was that, as the young Ladies Dacre were going to the sea-side for a little, Hannah should accompany them, or rather *chaperon* them, taking with her Rosie and Grace. This would be a quiet life, and yet not a life quite shut out of the world. No one could say she was "hiding."

"For you must not hide," Bernard argued; "we must not look as if we were ashamed of ourselves. And you must be somewhere where I can get at you—run down to see my child, of course, whenever it is practicable. Still, you are best a little out of the way too, and not going much into society, for the thing is sure to ooze out."

"How?"

"Oh, though my people pledged me to secrecy 'for the honor of the family,' I know what women's tongues are," said Bernard, bitterly. "Still they dare not say or do much, seeing I shall be Sir Bernard some time; and then— But however things end, I had rather, whatever may be the curiosity of the world about you, that it was not gratified; but that you lived a rather secluded life. It is best, especially considering how you stand with respect to my family."

"I comprehend you. Yes."

"Oh, Hannah, have I said any thing to wound you? But I am placed, as it were, between two fires. What can I do?"

"Nothing. Nor I. Fate is too much for us; we had better say good-by for a time. Give me the child and let me go."

And at the moment she felt as if she did not care where she went or what was done to her. It was all pain; nothing but pain. In her sad life all its natural delights seemed turned into bitterness.

Bernard seized her hands—"Tell me the whole truth. Tell me all that is in your mind about me, or against me—which is it?"

Another minute and she might have said, not at all the tender words that a while ago she had meant to say, but others quite opposite—words which might have placed an eternal barrier between her and the man she loved; who after all was only looking upon their position with a man's eyes—always harder and more worldly than a woman's.

But to save her the door opened, and there burst in, with a cry of delight, her Rosie—her "sunshiny child," as she often called her. The little thing, who had been with her papa every day for the last week, climbed upon him in an ecstasy, then turned to Hannah.

"Tannie too, Tannie too! Papa and Tannie kiss Rosie. Both together!"

It was going back to the old ways; childhood and age are alike in clinging to old ways and resisting the smallest change.

"You see," said Bernard, with a smile, "Rosie herself insists upon things being as they used to be—as they ought to be. Rosie herself delights in us 'both together.'"

Hannah said nothing; but, clasping her darling, she laid her weight of secret pain upon the unconscious, childish bosom which was already the receptacle and the comfort of half her woes.

"I will go any where, and do any thing that you and Lady Dunsmore think best, if I may only have Rosie with me. She'll come, I know?" And Hannah curled round her fingers the soft little ring of silky hair—baby hair which had never been cut, and which netted in its dainty meshes all her motherly heart. "Who loves poor Tannie? Who's Tannie's darling?"

"No—papa's darling," said the child, with a pretty waywardness, and then, relenting, came and laid her head in her aunt's lap, repeating words which Hannah had forgotten ever having said to her, only she often murmured her soul out over the little crib at night; and Rosie's observation was growing so sharp, and her memory so clear. "No—papa's darling; Tannie's blessing!" Then with a little silvery, mischievous laugh, "Blessed tild! Rosie blessed tild!"

Ay, she was a blessed child.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WE who are far removed from the scenes of desolation and suffering can have no adequate realization of the wide-spread ravages of the recent Western and Northwestern fires. Even the burning of Chicago, fearful as it was, seems overshadowed by the devastating forest and prairie conflagrations, which have swept away scores of villages, comparatively isolated, and far removed from easy channels of relief. Read this mournful list: Green Bay, Humboldt, Casco, Red River, Brussels, Rosiere, Robinsonville, Thirty Deames, Glenmore, Hubbard's Mill, Bersey Mill, New Franken, Oak Orchard, Coullard Bridge, Williamsonville, Menekaunee, Marinette, Birch Creek, Union Town, Peshtego, The Sugar Bush, Messiere, Dyckesville, Abnepee, Pierce, Kewaunee: nor are these by any means all the villages which in *Wisconsin alone* have been either wholly or in part destroyed by the Fire King. In Minnesota probably the area of destruction has been as great as in Wisconsin, and the destruction of houses and crops not less; in Michigan a vast section of country is laid in ruins. We know not whether the end is yet: reports come, as we write, of sweeping flames in Kansas. The mind is unable to take in the idea of hundreds, yes, thousands of miles of flaming field and forest, and turns away, fatigued, from the vast contemplation.

Singling out one instance, the summary fate of Peshtego, Wisconsin, shows the swift strides of the deadly foe. On the evening of Sunday, October 8—Chicago's fatal day—when the inhabitants of the peaceful village were just settling into repose, a rushing, roaring sound was heard in the distance. Like the mutterings of a storm it seemed, or the precursor of a fierce prairie wind. It grew louder, a deadly heat pervaded the air, blazing particles were whirled along by the driving wind. The terror-stricken inhabitants awoke to the knowledge that a relentless fire was rushing toward their homes. The scene of horror that followed can not be imagined, certainly not described. The flames were all around; there was no place of refuge except in the river. Those who were near enough waded in until the water reached their necks. In a few moments the entire village was a blazing sheet of flame. Several hundred—the exact number can not yet be known—perished by fire and water. Hundreds more, in other places, met a like dreadful death; and suffering thousands, bereft of every thing, appeal from their desolated forest and prairie homes to the ready charity of a generous Christian public.

Conflagrations become a part of the history of a country. Among the records of numerous well-remembered and more extensive fires may be noticed the destruction of single buildings of great value. In 1836 the General Post-office and Patent-office at Washington were destroyed, with 10,000 valuable models and numerous papers of great worth. In 1851 the Congressional Library, with 35,000 volumes and works of art, was burned. In 1846 the Theatre Royal in Quebec was consumed, and forty-seven persons perished. The establishment of Harper & Brothers was destroyed by fire in 1853; in 1854 the Metropolitan Ha. nd the Lafarge House; in 1858 the New York Crystal Palace; and the burning of the Academy of Music is fresh in the memories of all citizens.

The first severe snow-storm of the season in Wyoming Territory interfered seriously with the trains on the Pacific Railroad. The snow was three and four feet deep in some places, and there was a delay of twelve hours.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, who has passed through Mont Cenis Tunnel, says that, although the car windows were open, there was no perceptible difference between the air within and that without the tunnel, and no discomfort from steam or smoke. When the line is in full operation twenty minutes will be the average time allowed for the passage through the mountain—a distance of about eight miles.

There have been times within the last four months when fearful crimes seemed so rife among us that many good people almost lost faith in mankind. Let them modify their bad opinion in view of the fact that in less than ten days the Christian world gave over $5,000,000 to the suffering poor of Chicago.

The recent visit of President Grant and other distinguished public men to Bangor, Maine, was, as our readers are aware, to join in celebrating the opening of the European and North American Railway. By this important national enterprise Halifax and parts of the provinces are connected by rail with Bangor, Boston, New York, and the great railway centres of the country. When fully completed this railway is expected to be the means of reducing the time of passage between New York and London to six or seven days.

French and English authorities have quite recently renewed correspondence on the subject of a tunnel under the English Channel. Its practicability is now generally admitted, and the physical difficulties of piercing through the chalk are believed to be comparatively slight. As the Mont Cenis Tunnel has been relieved from trouble about ventilation, no insuperable difficulty is apprehended on that point. It is rumored that the work will be prosecuted by private enterprise. When that rough sea passage between Dover and Calais is superseded, and a passenger can go from London to Paris without changing cars, the pleasures of European travel will be greatly increased.

Fires of vast extent have been raging among the mountains of California.

The Chicago conflagration brought out the rhetoric of reporters. For example: "Eastward the fire journeyed with its fevered stride, eating like a withering canker through the vitals of the city." "The fire sacked with its cremating arms the corn-stored elevators." "Northward the hell-angel strode to the emporium of rich produce it was longing for. Now it hung around a bank, burst open its doors, shivered its windows, scorched through its roof, and toiled and burned its fiercest, till the great safe—ah, the safe!—had succumbed to its blasting, melting breath." Very likely the flames equaled the language in intensity; certainly it is not strange that in the high excitement of the hour burning words should be uttered.

The establishment of a continuous railway from London to Bombay is in contemplation by the British government. Existing lines of railway, and the Mont Cenis Tunnel to Trieste, will be used. Thence a line of railway is proposed through Austria, European and Asiatic Turkey, Persia, and Beloochistan to Kurachee, and so onward to Bombay. The total distance from London to Kurachee by such a route is 5311 miles by rail, and twenty-eight miles—the Straits of Dover—by sea. Of course, if the projected tunnel is built under the Channel, "through" carriages can be run. It is calculated that the journey could be made in five days, sixteen hours, forty-six minutes.

The burning of Chicago, on Sunday night and Monday, was followed by heavy rains on Tuesday. The fearful fires in Wisconsin, also, were mitigated by copious showers, which fell after a drought of more than two months. These events are regarded as strong confirmation of the famous theory that great fires always produce heavy rains. Confirmation, however, is not exactly proof—the much-needed rain might have fallen if there had been no great fires. At least we hope that fires will not always be necessary to draw water from the clouds.

The supposed "Fasting Girl" of Walton, England, has been found to subsist on food, like other people. Her appetite, to be sure, is poor; so she eats but little. The rumor that she had fasted for sixteen months originated with the public.

It was sad and touching to read in the Chicago papers which were issued a day or two after the fire the inquiries made by friends for the missing. A mother who had lost her baby; little children whose parents had disappeared; men who could find neither wife nor child; babies with no mother to claim them; wives husbandless; and brothers and sisters seeking to find each other. These are but specimens from the columns headed, "Persons Missing."

American history is rising in importance in the estimation of the learned. Cornell University has a Professor of American History—but it is the only one of the three hundred and sixty-nine colleges in our country which has ventured to make such an innovation.

There is a lady connected with the Boston Children's Mission who, within a year, has made 1561 visits to the poor, has trimmed 100 hats and bonnets, and cut out 551 garments. During the same time she has also made two journeys into another State, where she found homes for nineteen destitute children. There is missionary work every where for the willing-hearted and ready-handed.

Attention is already beginning to be directed to the total eclipse of the sun which will occur next December. The track of totality passes over parts of India, Ceylon, and Northern Australia. There are English government astronomers at Madras and Melbourne, and also an excellent observatory; consequently many useful observations will be made, even if England and America do not send out special expeditions.

The old German Cemetery in Chicago was devastated by the fire. Many lots were inclosed by wooden fences, which were, of course, consumed, and stone tablets were overturned and blackened beyond hope of recognition. One large receiving vault, said to have contained at least twenty dead bodies, was utterly destroyed, with its contents.

The faculty of Princeton College very properly have resolved to suppress "hazing;" and the alleged recent "revolt" arose from the suspension of certain Sophomores for "hazing" Freshmen. The so-called revolters had no sympathy from the upper classes, and the whole affair was a failure to raise a sedition. The Naval Academy at Annapolis has just dismissed five youths for "hazing." The example of Annapolis and Princeton may well be followed by all colleges, until this senseless, shameful practice is wholly abandoned.

How many persons have ever attempted to make any such computation as did Sydney Smith? According to his own calculation he ate and drank between his tenth and seventieth year forty-four wagon loads more than was good for him.

Experiments lately tried by skillful chemists establish the fact that certain articles, such as old wearing apparel, rags, and dried wood, are capable of generating spontaneous combustion. It is believed that numerous fires which have been thought the work of an incendiary originated from a rag which had been used with benzine for cleaning garments, or by the heat generated from articles of silk or cotton shut up in a close room.

USEFUL RECIPES.

NICE BREAKFAST RELISH.—Select ten or twelve medium-sized white potatoes, cook until done, drain them, and place on the stove with the lid off the saucepan until the moisture has evaporated. Shake the pan to prevent burning. Pare, mash, season, and add a little butter and hot milk, just as you do for table use. Make a paste of the mashed potatoes around the sides and bottom of a baking-dish; lay in slices of underdone meat until the dish is nearly full, pour gravy over, and, if wished, a little tomato or mushroom catsup; cover with mashed potato. Bake in an oven about half an hour, and serve hot.

CREAM SODA.—In a porcelain saucepan or small preserving-kettle put two quarts of water, three pounds of white sugar, and two and a half ounces of tartaric acid; place over the fire, and let it just come to a boil. Beat to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs, and add to the boiling water, etc. Let it boil just four minutes, *stirring constantly;* strain, and when cold add one teaspoonful of either lemon, pine-apple, or any flavoring essence that is desired; bottle it tightly. When wanted for use turn two table-spoonfuls of it into half a tumblerful of ice-water, and stir into it one-third of a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda; it foams very nicely, and is a very agreeable, refreshing beverage.

TO DRESS LOGGERHEAD.—Scald and scale it; cut it under the back leg large enough to admit the hand so as to draw it; wash clean, and sew up in a cloth, and put it on to boil, allowing two and a half hours, should it weigh six pounds; if the weight is greater it will take longer; turn often to prevent sticking to the bottom of the vessel. When done and cool, cut it in pieces, taking out all the bones. For the dressing allow to the six pounds weight before boiling eight hard-boiled eggs; separate the yolk and white, cutting the latter with the meat, and rubbing the yolk smoothly with a quarter of a pound of butter, one table-spoonful of flour; have boiling one pint of water, and into this stir the butter, flour, and egg that have been mixed, let it boil up once, and remove from the fire. It should be of the consistency of thick drawn butter. Place the meat in a pan, season to the taste with salt and pepper, and, if wished, a little mustard; add a small quantity of water, place over the fire, and stir it constantly until it is hot through; then add the drawn butter, and send to table as hot as can be. A tea-cupful of wine is a great improvement, but should not be added until taken from the fire and ready for table. The water in which the turtle is boiled should be kept boiling all the time it is cooking, and more water should be boiling in another vessel to fill up with. Should there be eggs in the turtle, boil separately in a cloth, and put in whole with the meat when seasoned and it is put over the fire to heat for the dressing.

CARAMELS (very nice).—Cream well together a quarter of a pound of chocolate, half a tea-cupful of butter, one tea-cupful of sugar, one tea-cupful of molasses; add one tea-cupful of sweet cream, and boil twenty minutes. Grease tin plates well with butter, pour in the hot mixture until the proper thickness; when nearly cold, with a greased knife mark off into small squares. In summer they must be placed on ice to harden, and in cold weather in a cool, airy place.

In preparing for a party one is often at a loss to know just how much to provide; imagining the outlay is moderate, and you make your own purchases for fifty or sixty persons, the following will be found sufficient: Ten pounds of fruit cake, eight pounds of lady cake, four pounds of fine mixed cake, two pounds of kisses or trifles, three dozen of oranges (for decoration), eight quarts, or four forms, of ice-cream, two two-quart forms of water-ice, ten pounds of grapes, eight chickens for salad, ten quarts of oysters, three quarts of jelly; if lemonade is desired, six dozen lemons will be required.

RICE LEMON PUDDING.—Put on to boil one quart of milk, and when it simmers stir in four table-spoonfuls of rice flour that has been moistened in a little milk; let it come to a boil, and remove from the fire; add one-quarter of a pound of butter, and when cool the yolks and beaten whites of four eggs, sugar to taste, and grated peel with the juice of two lemons having been added just before the eggs were put in; one wine-glassful of wine, put in the last thing, is also an improvement. This quantity makes four puddings.

CINNAMON JUMBLES.—Rub smoothly together one pound of butter, free from salt, and one and a half pounds of flour; the yolks of eight eggs, juice and a very little of the grated rind of one lemon, one ounce of stick cinnamon, ground and sifted; stir in one and a quarter pounds of sugar and the well-beaten whites of the eggs; roll out in sugar.

MARYLAND BISCUIT.—In two quarts of flour mix well one small tea-spoonful of soda, one tea-spoonful of salt, and the same of cream of tartar; cut well through it half a tea-cupful of butter, and add enough cold water to make a very stiff dough; work with the hands long and well; roll quite thin, cut into biscuit, prick often with a fork, and bake well.

INDIAN FLAPPERS.—Pour boiling water over one quart of Indian meal, using enough water to moisten the meal well; when cool, add the yolks of four eggs, salt to taste, and a small quantity of flour; thin to the proper consistency with milk, and add the beaten whites.

MUTTON.—Select a plump, compact leg of mutton, take out the bone, and fill the cavity with a dressing made of bread crumbs, a very little thyme, salt, pepper, and bits of butter; moisten with oyster juice, and add about half a pint of oysters to the quantity of dressing required for one leg of mutton. Sew it up and place in boiling water, having it completely immersed; boil slowly half an hour; then place in a dripping-pan, pouring over the meat a little of the liquor, basting frequently with it.

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LADIES' WINTER WRAPPINGS, FIGS. 1–19.

For p-

Fig. 2.—MANTLE WITH VELVET TRIMMING AND BRAIDING.
[For Front see Fig. 17, Page 708.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—PALETOT WITH HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 25–31.

Fig. 4.—TRICOT BEAVER PALETOT.
[For Front see Fig. 13, Page 708.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 19–24.

Fig. 5.—PALETOT WITH FUR TRIMMING.—[For Back see Fig. 12, Page 708.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—PALETOT WITH BOWS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 32–36.

Fig. 8.—BLACK CLOTH PALETOT.—[For Back see Fig. 15, Page 708.]
For description see Supplement.

—[For Front see Fig. 19, Page 708.]
e Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 46–52.

Fig. 10.
CLOTH PALETOT.
—[For Back see Fig. 16, Page 708.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 11.—CLOTH PALETOT.
[For Front see Fig. 14, Page 708.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 53–58.

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Winter Bonnets, Figs. 1-8.

Figs. 1 and 5.—GRAY FELT BONNET, bound with a bias strip of gray gros grain, and trimmed with wide black lace and a gray satin spray of blossoms with gray velvet leaves, to which a long drooping vine is joined in the back, and gray gros grain bows and strings. Set a row of narrow gray blonde along the outer edge on the inside of the bonnet.

Figs. 2 and 7.—BLACK VELVET BONNET, trimmed with velvet bows and black lace, a barbe of which falls over the chignon. A trailing spray of wild roses is set on the left side of the bonnet and twined with the lace barbe. Tulle and lace strings.

Figs. 3 and 6.—MAROON VELVET BONNET. Bows and strings of velvet ribbon of the same color. A maroon ostrich feather and a poppy complete the trimming. A puffing of white silk illusion is set inside of the bonnet along the edge.

Figs. 4 and 8.—DARK GREEN FELT BONNET. The front of the bonnet is trimmed with a side-pleated strip of velvet, edged with a narrow ruffle of the same material, on which are set two upright rows of black lace. On the left side of the bonnet is a velvet bow, and on the right side an olive spray and a scarf of illusion and lace, which falls over the back. Wide strips of illusion, edged with lace, and caught together with a scarf pin, serve for strings.

Fig. 1.—PALETOT FOR CHILD FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

Fig. 2.—PALETOT FOR CHILD FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 69-72.

MANTLE FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

THE LATER REVELATIONS OF POMPEII.

THE Bourbons have already been engaged for more than a hundred years, with long intervals of neglect, in the disinterment of Pompeii, and not more than two-fifths of the city have yet been laid bare. The first excavations were not only so rudely made that many slight and delicate articles were lost, but much else was either disfigured or stolen, from the carelessness with which the ruins were guarded. Within the last ten or fifteen years they have been so conducted as to destroy the least possible, and preserve the most possible. The Italian government can afford but sixty thousand francs a year (which, however, is very much more than the Bourbons expended) for the work, so that only from thirty to forty laborers can be steadily employed; but if the excavations advance slowly, they advance regularly, and save what they reveal. The ashes are now removed in horizontal sections, beginning at the top, and the walls can thus be strengthened as they are laid bare, preserving not only, in many cases, the arrangement of the upper chambers, but—what is of much more importance—the frescoes which adorned the rooms below. How many of these latter treasures have been stolen, wantonly destroyed, or lost by exposure to the weather we can only conjecture. Those which remain form a collection unique of its kind in the world, and of inestimable value for the insight which it gives us into ancient pictorial art.

FUR-LINED MANTLE FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 38-40.

The walls of Pompeii give us, by almost a miracle, certain knowledge of an art which may be said to have been known to us only by tradition. From the perishable nature of painting, even in fresco, its most durable form, the world could never have hoped to possess a single specimen of the pictorial art of the Greeks and Romans but for the singular chance (or design) by which they have been preserved. The value of the specimens already rescued is more than their artistic character. Not being portable, they were executed on the spot, and for the most part by local artists. Pompeii was but a third-rate city; it had nearly been destroyed by an earthquake ten years previous to its entombment, and the most of its frescoes must have been painted during that period of restoration. What we now possess can not, therefore, be considered as more than the ordinary art of the age; but it is none the less a basis of clear knowledge in regard to modes of painting, treatment of subjects, and skill in the various technicalities of the art.

Many fine pictures must have been lost by the action of the weather since the first private dwellings of Pompeii were opened. Others have been greatly damaged by neglect, while, incredible as it may seem, some were wantonly destroyed, in former years, because it was difficult or expensive to detach them from the walls! At present, every picture of value which is unearthed is carefully sawed from the walls, secured in a solid frame, and transported to the National Museum (formerly the *Museo Bourbonico*) at Naples. It is singular that Pompeii itself should not only have given the hint, but also the method, of transferring and preserving frescoes. In the Temple of Venus, adjoining the chief Forum of the city, there is still a picture to be seen in one of the chambers occupied by the priests—a fresco representing Bacchus pouring a goblet of wine over his panther, while he leans upon the shoulder of Silenus, who plays the lyre. A close inspection of this picture revealed the fact that it had been transferred from a former building, and was fastened in its place by iron clamps; and, further, that in making the transfer a space was left for the circulation of air at its back, in order to preserve it from possible injury from damp. The Pompeiian paintings are now arranged in the same manner on the walls of the Museum at Naples.

The pictures on these walls, including the decorative arabesques, and those which have been allowed to remain *in situ*, in the houses of Pompeii, will number nearly, if not quite, a thousand. In Naples they form a marvelous gallery of antique painting, which has not, and can not have, its like in the world.

The decorative painting of Pompeii has been so extensively copied that its colors and its forms are now tolerably well known, and I need not describe it in detail. Its chief characteristic is the employment of a broad, warm field of color—generally that which is now distinguished as "Pompeiian red"—with very gracefully and delicately drawn ornaments of vines, birds, and scroll-work, disposed in irregular panels. The object seems to have been, first,

MANTLE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 1.—FELT BONNET.—[See Fig. 5.]

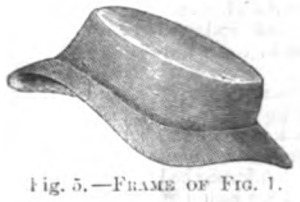

Fig. 5.—FRAME OF FIG. 1.

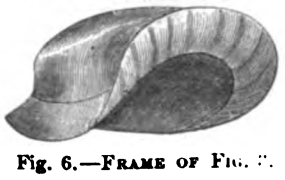

Fig. 6.—FRAME OF FIG. 3.

Fig. 2.—VELVET BONNET.—[See Fig. 7.]

Fig. 3.—VELVET BONNET.—[See Fig. 6.]

Fig. 4.—FELT BONNET.—[See Fig. 8.]

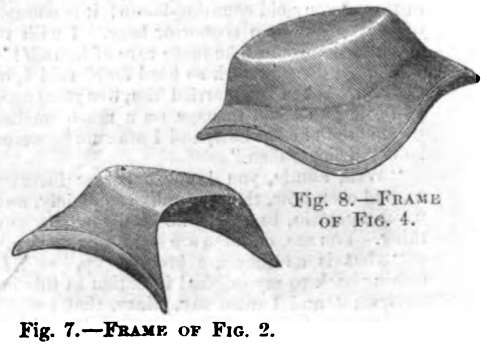

Fig. 8.—FRAME OF FIG. 4.

Fig. 7.—FRAME OF FIG. 2.

FIGS. 1-8.—LADIES' WINTER BONNETS.

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to cheer by the breadth and warmth of the ground-color, and then to pleasantly occupy the fancy with light, easily untangled labyrinths of form. Nothing could be better adapted for domestic architecture, and the wonder is that, having once been so generally employed, it was ever lost.

The department of still-life is most amply illustrated. Fish, birds, game, fruit, and even drinking vessels were the usual fresco decorations of dining-rooms, of eating-houses, and even in some cases of the kitchen itself. Landscapes, especially in combination with architecture, or as backgrounds to inferior figure-pieces, are also frequent. Genre pictures, the existence of which denotes a certain amount of development and taste, are by no means rare. Of portraits, there are few, if any, which profess to have that exclusive character; but there are many faces and figures which betray an individuality that could only have been derived from living models. Religious and mythical subjects are the most numerous, and represent the highest skill; repetitions of the same subjects enable us to determine how far their treatment was in accordance with conventional or traditional ideas (like that of saints and Holy Families in the Italian schools), and in what particular the individuality of the artist expressed itself. This, the highest field of painting, is, of course, the most interesting and important. Here we find the finest works, whether original or copies of older pictures.

One fact is worthy of notice. In hundreds of pictures, a single example of disagreeable, inharmonious color can scarcely be found. The instinct of the ancients, never equaled since their time in regard to form, appears to have been fully as true and delicate in regard to color. The common workman dealt in ruder effects, and was generally ignorant of the management of half-tints, which is so charming in the best pictures; but if he never triumphed, at least he never offended.

Our modern life is very barren of grace and beauty when contrasted with that of Pompeii, where the vulgarest wine-shop and the poorest abode of the mechanic had their ornamental frescoes. Here, too, is another remarkable evidence of the skill of the cheapest workman. Where the paintings are simple patterns or arabesque borders, they were never executed by means of cut-out models laid upon the plaster and painted through, but with the "free hand." The workman had a ruler and compass, but no more; and the slight differences in the repetition of the same forms in a border attest his dexterity even more than his want of it.

Painting and sculpture were necessities of all domestic or public life in Pompeii. Diomed, Marcus Lucretius, and Cornelius Rufus had their mosaic pavements, their marble and bronze statues, their grottoes of shells, and their illustrations of Homer; but the fuller and soap-boiler had also their terra-cotta heroes and deities, and the pictures of their profession on their walls. In the wine-shop and the eating-house the guests sat under panels of still-life which, no doubt, made their mouths water. It is as difficult to find an undecorated wall in Pompeii as to find one tastefully decorated in London. The town must have been a grand panorama of art, and every street, or arch, or atrium, or peristyle a harmonious picture. What, then, must have been Baiæ, and Capua, and the one supreme Rome?

TRIMMED DRESSES.

ONE morning, not many months ago, my niece, Mary Flamston, came to make her usual daily call, and brought, as was her custom, her two little children to receive kisses and sugar-plums from their affectionate auntie. I heard their voices the moment my hall door opened, and while their ruffles and bead trimmings rattled against the balusters as they ascended to my sitting-room, I concluded to speak to Mary at once on a subject which had long troubled my peace of mind. She and her sister Kate had, before their several marriages, lived in my house, and been educated and provided for as daughters; therefore they were assured of my affection, and whatever I might say to them was certain to be received in a spirit of kindness.

When my niece entered the room, however, she and her lovely children looking like exotics just picked in a forcing-house, I had not the heart to say at once what I intended, and our conversation fell into the ordinary channels.

"How is Fred?" said I at last, after a few moments of chitchat. "I met him yesterday going down to his business, and I can't say that he looks as flourishing as you do, Mary. The color that blooms perennially on your cheeks seems to have faded altogether from his. I wish he had as healthy a look as when he was a light-hearted young bachelor."

"I am sure I wish he had," said Mary, sobering down instantly; "but it's not my fault, aunt, that he hasn't. All day long working away in that gloomy old counting-house! it is enough to use up any man sooner or later. I wish to goodness he would take more care of himself!"

"What does he work so hard for?" said I, in reply. "When you married him, five years ago, you said you could manage on a much smaller income than he has now, and I am sure he never looked delicate then."

"Well, auntie, you know expenses increase so, and even now, though we live so plainly, and never entertain, Fred says he hardly puts by any thing. You see, children are so very expensive."

"That is as they are brought up," said I, coming back to my original intention in this interview; "and I must say, Mary, that I think money spent in the adornment of children is altogether thrown away. You and Kate were brought up without fluted flounces, embroidered petticoats, or French nurses, and I never met more healthy, happy, or pretty children in my life."

Mary blushed a little, and surveyed with complacency her two little daughters, who, arrayed in spotless white from crown to heel, were monuments of the seamstress's and laundress's skill.

"Well, you know it is the fashion now; every body does it; and, besides, Fred likes us all to be well and becomingly dressed."

"So do I, my dear, but *over*dress is not becoming to any one; and if it is the fashion, that is no reason why one should go beyond one's means to follow it."

"I don't go beyond our means, auntie," said Mary, looking a little hurt; "you know you never let us run in debt for any thing; and Fred pays my bills whenever they are presented; and they are not half so big as Kate's, either," she added, with a sigh. "Now *she* dresses beautifully."

"Well, my dear, Kate has married a very rich man, who can afford to indulge her; but you married for love, and expected to economize. Now, begging your pardon, I think, for your income, you dress more than Kate—certainly more expensively."

"Oh, Aunt Sara! and Kate has just bought a thousand-dollar camel's-hair, and my very handsomest did not cost more than two hundred and fifty!"

"No matter; it is fine enough for any lady to wear; and your husband denied himself his trip to the Adirondacks to purchase it. You ought to be perfectly contented."

"So I am, certainly; and I wouldn't have Kate's husband in place of my Fred for all her India shawls, of course; but, you see, it makes my things look so plain!"

I now took a survey of my niece's dress, and beheld a new gray poplin, trimmed with an immense number of folds, buttons, gimps, beads, and fringes. I counted out aloud five different kinds of adornment on the several parts of her walking suit. She is an amiable woman, and though she looked annoyed, she only laughed when I ended my scrutiny.

"Kate has no handsomer walking dress than this, I am certain; and I should be sorry to see her wear one more trimmed. The original fabric is hardly discernible."

"Well, trimming is every thing to a dress nowadays; and as I got it of Kate's dress-maker, I expect she will let me down easy as to the price. I am going to pay for it this morning."

"Then you may make up your mind to be mulcted a hundred dollars at least. Kate never gets off for less than that, she informed me, for a handsome, fully trimmed dress."

"It is a good deal to pay, auntie; but look at the fit of it; and, besides, it hangs like a real French dress behind. That is the beauty of Madame Plissé's cut. I had to have this one, whatever it might cost, and Fred said I was not to fret about the price."

"Exactly so; and he will only work the harder, and have a few more headaches to make up the difference between this and a dress made at home at one-tenth of the price."

"I hate dresses made at home, they look so dowdy," said Mary, with a slight toss of her head; "we've got the money to enjoy ourselves, and why should I not have what I want?"

"Simply because this money is bought with the health and life of your husband. When he married you you had nothing of your own whatever, and you laughed at me when I told you that you would not be able to have a great many things you were accustomed to. You had made up your mind to every sacrifice for Fred's sake. But look at it now. Fred has succeeded wonderfully in his business, and is making a large yearly income; but he has no time for rest or recreation, and his health is evidently suffering. What if he *can* manage to pay for all those things! It is wearing him out, and making him an old man before his time. Are you willing to give this price for your luxury? Look, now, at Emma and Lulu's dresses," I continued, waxing eloquent; "they are embroidered, they are fluted and ruffled, at an immense expense of labor and trouble, which will have to be paid for by some one; their sashes alone cost five dollars apiece, I am sure; and what does it all amount to? Somebody says, 'How beautifully Mrs. Flamston dresses her children!' and that is the whole of it."

"You don't want the children to go like little beggars?" said Mary, looking tearfully at her befrilled darlings, who were inspecting their blue kid shoes with immense satisfaction.

"No; nor is that necessary. It is only against the luxury of dress that I am inveighing. It is not the love of the comfortable and substantial that ruins Americans; it is the insidious taste that is creeping over us for finery, for decoration, and useless adornment. The icing on our cake is a perfect wonder of sugar architecture, and it is only when we cut the eatable itself that we find it often made with bad eggs, unstoned raisins, and second-class flour. Pardon this homely simile; but women are no wiser or cleverer for trimmed dresses—only vainer and more eager for admiration."

"Every body don't dress," said Mary at last, after a silence of some minutes. "There is my neighbor Mrs. Brown; she wears her clothes for ever and ever, and people say she is stingy. I don't believe she ever had a flounce to a dress in her life."

"Then," said I, "she must be the one woman I saw out in my morning walk to-day who wore a plain skirt. I noticed, to my disgust, that even the girls carrying their work back to the sewing-machine shops had paltry attempts at that sort of finery, spending their hardly earned money in common gimps and fringes, so as to imitate the richer class. I admire Mrs. Brown, who has strength of mind enough to resist the universal tendency, and go on her way independent of criticism. I do not believe she is miserly; her husband is somewhat richer than Fred, to be sure, but see how well her children are educated! She has no French *bonnes*, I admit, at enormous wages, with a bad accent and worse morals, to ruin them before they are out of the nursery, but they are admirably taught and thoroughly cared for in every way. Then Mrs. Brown gives largely to charities; that you will admit to be impossible with rich dressing and a moderate income in this expensive city. I happen to know that she denies herself to a great extent, so that neither her husband nor her children nor her outside duties shall suffer by her. We belong to the same charitable society, and Mrs. Brown, *in a plain dress*, is always the first to head the list for any needed subscription."

Mary rose, evidently much impressed by what I had said, and stood a few moments reflecting.

"I believe you are right about those dirty French nurses," she said, with a sigh. "Sophie, whom I thought a miracle of fidelity, has turned out a regular thief. She has taken my gold thimble, and my initial note-paper; and she goes to-day, to the delight of the whole family."

"And do be more careful of Fred," I said, as I kissed her for good-by; "I know you love him dearly, but spare him as much as you can. His youth is passed in toiling for you and the children; let him feel that he is getting ahead, and that his blood and brains are not exhausted to increase the hoards of Madame Plissé. I should like to go out as a missionary to proclaim against the wicked luxury of the age; but I can do little, though I begin with my nearest and dearest at home."

I saw nothing of Mary for some days, but I heard afterward from Kate that her bill had been double what she expected, and this, with the unlooked-for character of my remarks, kept her away from my quiet habitation longer than any thing else had ever done. However, I did not regret what I had said. The pale, pleasant face of Fred Flamston met me so frequently in my dreams that it haunted my waking moments, and I longed to impress his wife with the forebodings that arose ever in my mind. It was to Kate that I told all my fears, but she was more giddy than her sister, and while kissing away some briny drops that fell below my spectacles, she laughed at me for a croaker, and said that my fears would never be realized.

"And Molly looks sweetly when she is well-dressed," said the light-hearted young woman; "and who would not wish to see her so? Not I, surely."

"You ought not to wish her to dress any better than she can easily afford without strain on her husband's health. You, my dear Kate, would be doing a good action if you set her the example of simplicity, for it is your elegant wardrobe that is constantly a model for imitation in her eyes. Can not you make that sacrifice to sisterly affection? This constant talk, too, about new trimmings, the discussion of other people's jewels and cashmeres, this comparing of laces, is a lowering of the tone of conversation, and perfectly disgusting to sensible people. You and Mary never indulged in such themes when you lived in this quiet little home with me."

"No, dear auntie; but every thing is changed now. My husband is thirty years older than I, and we have no children. I dress to amuse myself and kill time."

"Yes, and kill other people's husbands, who are not as rich as your own! I think Fred needs a journey to Europe most cruelly. If Mary had been economical he would now be able to give up his business, at least until he recovered his usual health. If I were a young man entering life I would never marry any woman who was fond of dress, or who was incapable of practicing prudence or self-denial—no, not if she was as beautiful as Aphrodite herself."

"Fortunately for us, the men are not so wise," said Kate, laughing; "and as to Fred, we shall live to see him a fat old gentleman, with one of the largest bank accounts in the city!"

As if to prove the fallacy of this pleasant prophecy, a note was handed in from Mary, telling me that Mr. Flamston had been ill all night, and was so much worse this morning that my immediate presence was necessary.

Kate and I, shocked by the painful news, lost no time in hurrying to Mary's house, finding a mournful confirmation of my forebodings in the sight of two doctors' gigs at the door.

The family physician met me in the hall, and at my request turned back to give me his opinion of the case.

"It is a very sudden thing, certainly, to all outward appearance," he said; "but he has not been really well for more than a year. I met him only a month ago, and advised him to give up business, at least for some time, and try perfect rest; but he said it was impossible, he could not afford to be idle even for a day; and you see the consequences. His brain is overworked, and he may not now have strength to rally from the attack; but, humanly speaking, it might all have been averted."

"You think he may die, then?" said I, my heart sinking with the words that so truly echoed all my sad presentiments.

"I hope not, but his case is critical. It is a very hard blow to his wife, who is utterly unprepared. I never saw a more broken-hearted woman."

This was all the comfort I got. Fred became rapidly worse, and a few days more saw the end of that short life which he had spent in laboring for "the meat which perisheth," and the fading vanities of a faithless world.

Bitterly did my poor Mary lament her short-sightedness and folly; and although to society her husband's illness bore the name of a bilious fever, and the old family doctor called it a decided case of "typhus mitior," Mary and I are conscious that his death was the result of trimmed dresses.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IT is time to reconcile the contradictory statements which are put forth at this moment concerning the state of affairs in Paris. "Nothing has changed," say some; "this race is incorrigible. There is still the same luxury, the same expense, and the same extravagance; the greatest calamities that could befall a nation have made no impression on these reckless Frenchmen, who learn nothing and forget nothing." Others—that is, the ardent and impatient reformers, who confound their wishes with the reality, and expect to see their hopes take form at once, without considering how indispensable is time for all human works—say, "See what a change has taken place already! Formerly woolen stuffs were never seen; now nothing else is worn: the ladies who used to drag after them long dresses of satin and velvet, covered with costly lace, appear now in simple dresses made in the plainest style. The reformation that has been wrought in dress will soon be found in the government; for the disorders in the latter are always caused by the follies of the former."

So speak the two antagonistic schools, the pessimists and the optimists, and both are alike right and alike wrong. An artistic people like our own, a nation civilized to refinement in a country rich enough to support the most costly triumphs as well as the most terrible reverses, can not pass without a struggle from the luxury of the Lower Empire to Spartan simplicity. Elegance will always remain a want, a necessity, an unconscious manifestation even of its nature to this race devoted to grace; but luxury proper—that luxury which was considered indispensable even when there was no means of paying for it; that luxury which made its way into all households, to become there the corroding canker of fortune and conscience; that luxury, without disappearing at once, and without being destined indeed to vanish wholly—from the rule is becoming the exception. This is the truth on a subject which is important not alone to cosmopolitan frivolity, but also to the future of France.

The Parisians have discovered this year what they knew in olden times; namely, that there is nothing more dressy than woolen fabrics, or that drapes more gracefully and makes finer folds; consequently their little feet, always so deliciously *chaussée*, trip along the pavement peeping coquettishly from short suits of cashmere, cloth, or poplin de laine.

Black has become a uniform, and a person almost feels it necessary to apologize for being seen in any other color. Nevertheless, for this very reason, certain fastidious persons dissent from this monotony, and wear very dark blue-black cloth suits over a black silk skirt trimmed with flounces. A very pretty suit of this kind is composed of a skirt of dead-lustre black taffetas with an over-skirt of blue-black cloth. The bottom of the latter is cut in large scallops, which are bound with a broad strip of black gros grain, wide enough to extend a considerable distance above the edge. The waist, of the same material as the over-skirt, has deep basques, scalloped and bound with gros grain. Over the waist is worn a cape of the same cloth, likewise scalloped and bound, and extending just below the elbow. The same style is made up in bronze green, brown, and *cendres de Paris* gray cloth, but always with a black silk skirt.

The reaction against suits is felt most of all among the ancient nobility, designated in Paris by the name of the Faubourg Saint Germain. There are seen demi-trained dresses of superb fabrics, but without trimming, over which are worn rich India shawls in the olden fashion; but this style must be limited of necessity, and it remains to be seen whether it will be accepted.

The most elegant and richest woolen suits are composed of an over-skirt and waist of cashmere, entirely covered with embroidery of soutache of the same color as the cashmere; these are worn over a silk skirt of the same shade as the cashmere, trimmed with silk fringe to match the soutache.

The most sumptuous visiting costumes consist of a satin skirt, trimmed with a velvet flounce of the same color from ten to twelve inches wide, surmounted by three rather wide bias folds, the middle one of which is velvet, and the other two satin. Over this skirt is worn a polonaise of the same velvet as the flounce. The skirt of the polonaise is draped three times horizontally from the waist. Polonaises are made of any fabric—cashmere, cloth, etc.

We also see wrappings lined with cloth or with silk of a bright color; for instance, black lined with blue, violet, deep purple, or cherry. Revers of the collar and cuffs, and sometimes at the bottom, show the lining. The most original of these wrappings is a dark brown velveteen, lined with light orange cloth, and corded with white. This combination of three tints is very effective.

Almost all the new bonnets have capes and fronts; but they are not worn, like the bonnets of olden times, on the back of the head, but are set on the chignon, to which the cape is forced to conform, while the front is perched on the forehead. Certain bonnets, which look rather like opera head-dresses, are made of colored tulle, embroidered by hand with floss silk of the same shade. Others call to mind the Maintenon head-dress; they are composed of a large ruche of black lace, set upright in such a manner as to form a kind of diadem, and, of course, trimmed with bows and satin flowers. This kind of flowers is very much in favor; flowers and foliage of all sorts are made of satin, with shaded petals; these flowers are thought graver and more sub-

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stantial than the muslin flowers, which are so easily crumpled.

Evening dresses borrow their degree of elegance rather from the trimmings than the fabric employed; for instance, dresses are trimmed with ruches and flounces of tulle of the same color as the dress; that is, gray, lilac, or even black; bluish-gray is still very much in fashion, although it is neither pretty nor becoming, for there are very few colors that do not suffer from its proximity. Elegant mantles are being made for opera cloaks of white, gray, blue, and pink cashmere, embroidered with gold and silver; black soutache is often interlaced with this embroidery to preserve it from insipidity.

Young girls wear mixed toilettes, brightened by the assemblage of colors without being costly; for instance, a skirt of light green and white striped foulard is worn with a bright pink basque-waist, edged all round with a pinked ruche of pink silk; or the same pink waist with a blue and white or white skirt of linos or cashmere.

Paris is peopled anew, and its foreign population has also returned; we see, however, more English than Americans. As to the Germans, it being their habit to meditate and not to spend, their total disappearance has little effect on the trade of Paris, which has more orders than it can fill. For instance, the receipts of one store, the Magasin du Louvre, amounted to sixty thousand dollars more last month than in the corresponding month in the previous year. The nightly receipts of the theatres are larger than ever before: to cite only the Comédie Française, "Adrienne Lecouvreur" is yielding fourteen hundred dollars nightly; but the play is a great favorite, and is admirably represented by Mesdemoiselles Favart and Plessy. The Orleans princes and princesses visit the theatres frequently, and are always welcomed with an enthusiasm in which there seems mingled a feeling of remorse that the personages of the Lower Empire should ever have been placed above men and women of their pure lives. It is already known that they will live in Paris next winter, and that their hospitable doors will be open, if not to the songs of Theresa, at least to classic music; if not to witty doggerel, at least to true poetry; if not to operas bouffes, at least to healthy literature; if not to half-nude women, at least to all that is lofty and honorable in both hemispheres. How refreshing will be the contrast with the last twenty years!

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

RICARDO'S BENEFIT.

"RICARDO, THE CHAMPION ATHLETE OF EUROPE, IN HIS WONDER-INSPIRING EVOLUTIONS. RICARDO, THE UNEQUALED ACROBAT, IN HIS MARVELOUS, UNRIVALED PERFORMANCE ON THE VIBRATING WIRE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INFIRMARY OF THIS TOWN."

I read the glaring letters rather more thoughtfully than I would have cared to confess, but my eyes rested longest on the one large red line in the centre of the long poster:

"NINETTE, THE EQUESTRIAN QUEEN."

Did Ninette, the star of the Royal Cirque d'Afrique, ever stop, as I did, to read the words that were so familiar? Did she ever feel, as I did, a thrill of pride at seeing our two names the chief attractions in the list? Did she ever feel, as I did, that we two, who were connected so closely—

"Signor Ricardo," cried a gay, clear voice behind me, "does it feel like looking at yourself in a glass?"

I turned quickly to Ninette, the gladness of my heart shining in my eyes as I met hers. And well might my heart and eyes be glad to see Ninette. Ah! so plainly can I recall, as I write of her, the little figure beside which I walked so happily that day—that day, for the last time. The slight, small, supple form, whose every movement had a free, light grace which was like the unconscious grace of a little child. The bright, small face whose white skin never needed powder, and whose pink cheeks never needed paint. The big, blue, restless eyes, and the short fair curls which lay flat on the low white forehead. With the brilliant look of perfect health on her face—with the arch glance in her merry, mischievous eyes—with the tasteful, picturesque dress which she always chose, Ninette was a picture to gladden any heart indeed.

"I see it is a grand new programme on purpose for to-night's performance," I said, as we walked on; "and I see, too, that I am intended to eclipse you all."

"Or rather to eclipse yourself, Ricardo. You surely can not imagine it would be possible for you to eclipse the Equestrian Queen?"

As Ninette spoke we passed a high wall on which blazed a huge colored picture representing a girl in an unnatural costume, standing in an unnatural position on the neck of a most unnatural horse. I turned away my eyes, for this was supposed to be Ninette.

"What a look of repugnance, Ricardo!" she said, with her young, musical laugh. "Don't you think it like me?"

"As much like you," I answered, "as the bare, sanded circus ring is like a sunlit meadow of sweet flowers."

Looking at her as I spoke, I saw the color mount in her soft, bright cheeks. Not for a moment did I imagine that my words had called it there, and looking for the cause, I noticed that a gentleman who met us had raised his hat to Ninette with a long look of admiration. And then I walked on beside her still more thoughtfully.

"You seem very cross, Ricardo," said Ninette, presently, glancing coquettishly into my face; "I mean crosser even than usual."

"Who was that gentleman, Mademoiselle Ninette?"

"I'm not quite sure about his name," she answered, with cool slowness. "He is a captain in the militia here, and he admires the Equestrian Queen immensely."

"I suppose so."

"Yes; he admires me very much indeed," she continued, carelessly; "so he comes to every performance."

"It is well, Ninette, that you win admiration," I said, with quiet coldness; "you love it so dearly."

"Don't be grand, Ricardo," she laughed, saucily; "just because *you* do not win it—nor love it dearly. Why, of course I love admiration. Stars always do."

"Do they?" I said, my eyes full of it as I turned to read her brilliant face.

"The sort of admiration I like," answered Ninette, with complacency, "is Captain—oh, what shall I call him?—Captain Attendant's; it has a charming halo of mystery and romance about it. And the sort of admiration I don't care at all for is that I win from our own company: your own, Ricardo, for instance, wearies me beyond all words."

"You tell me this very often," I said, speaking unsteadily; "but I can not help its being yours through all."

"Why don't you give it to Josephine?" inquired Ninette, with nonchalance, "or to one of the other girls?"

"Such an idea is simply ridiculous," I answered, in passionate scorn. "My love was won from me before either you or I could prevent it; now it must be yours forever. You know this through all your treatment of me. Whether you are kind in this treatment, your own heart may tell you."

"Thank you, signor; but my own heart is very comfortable. I will not disturb it by unnecessary questioning. I wish you were as comfortable, for your own sake. How are you to get through your marvelous and unrivaled performance on the vibrating wire, O Champion Athlete, if you make yourself uneasy over trifles? Remember what is expected of you to-night. Monsieur says" (we always spoke of the manager as monsieur) "that every seat will be filled, and that we shall have a grand night. He almost seems provoked about it, because he reaps no benefit; but I say, if we *do* profess to aid the Infirmary, let our aid be worth accepting. I wish I was going to do something great in such a cause, Ricardo, as well as you."

"It was given me to do," I put in, sullenly: "I didn't offer."

"Never mind that. You will help in a good cause; and I should like (in the same cause) to have ridden as I learned to do in Morocco. I would have performed what monsieur announced there as my Moorish Feat, if he would have permitted it."

"Oh no!" I cried, quickly. "Never again, I trust, Ninette." For once I had seen Ninette make the daring leap, standing on one foot on Black Hawk's neck, and my heart beat with fear at the very mention of it now.

"Oh! I would," she laughed; "and yet I do believe I'm glad I'm not going to do it. I only feel I ought to have insisted upon it, for I expect monsieur merely waited for that. As it is, the chief honor of this benefit night devolves upon you, Signor Ricardo, and I am jealous."

"You know as well as I do, Ninette," I answered, rather hotly, "that you are always the one great attraction of the circus—monsieur knows it too—and that your name standing alone is a more powerful magnet to the public than mine is with all my feats emblazoned after it."

"Yes, I know it," she returned, laughing coolly. "Now, good-by. I'm going to drink tea with monsieur."

With a quick little nod she ran into the manager's lodgings, and I walked on to my own with my thoughts still full of her. How I loved her! So oddly, too, that sometimes my own love almost bewildered me; its persistency having no hope in it, yet its hopelessness having no despair. It was a love that never was moved by her indifference or scorn, and never weakened by her contempt. She was proud of her own beauty and of her power over us all, and she never attempted to hide this—never domineering over the female performers, who were all older and plainer than herself, but domineering most despotically over every male performer in the circus. But she did it so prettily and bewitchingly that I was not the only one who had laid his love at her feet to be trampled on at her girlish pleasure. I had but poor health even then, and this was one source of Ninette's merry sarcasm.

"The Champion Athlete has not an athletic appearance," she used to say. "I fear the signor is weak in every way." And then, with her eyes full of radiant health, she would demurely recommend me a winter in the South—just because the winter was coming on, and we were in the North. "I *must* laugh at you, Ricardo," she would sometimes say: "I get so dreadfully tired of you unless I turn you into ridicule."

And I knew that she spoke truth.

I was thinking, as I ever was, of this love of mine, and wondering how Ninette would choose to treat me to-night, when, with my great-coat over my performing dress, I entered the manager's anteroom. I was late, for I had not been well enough to hasten, and all the company had assembled, lounging or bustling about according to their appointed tasks.

"Late, O Monarch of the Vibrating Wire," said Ninette, as I hesitated before her, looking at her half enthralled and half amused. She was leaning against the table, in her crimson velvet habit—for she had no wonderful feats to perform to-night—the little crimson cap, with its white feather, set coquettishly on one side of her bright, fair curls.

"You look," she continued, saucily, "as if you had risen from a sick-bed to perform for the sick. How interesting!"

I moved into the dimly-lighted building which surrounded the tent, and looked in at the performance.

"The circus is crowded," Ninette whispered, as she sauntered out with me. "I hardly ever remember our having such a crowd, Ricardo."

"And I hope we never shall have it again," I panted, unbuttoning my coat. "The place is stifling."

"Oh, I hope we shall," she laughed, merrily; "I should like to see hundreds turned away from the doors, and no room left inside even for one child more."

Ah! Ninette, how soon you were to have your wish fulfilled!

"We shall have a splendid gift for the hospital," she continued; "but, Ricardo, what do you think? A clergyman here, who was going to have a service in his church on Sunday especially for the Infirmary, has declined to do so now because we have taken up its cause. He thinks—he says"—Ninette's voice was low and puzzled here, and her eyes angry—"he says if it will accept money earned—*so*, his conscience does not allow him to give it money from God's house. Why don't you answer?" she went on, impetuously, as I paused. "Why don't you say something angry?"

"It isn't worth speaking of," I replied, though I think my heart was as hot as her own. "It is only worth laughing over."

And then Ninette, looking searchingly into my face, did laugh her clear, happy laugh, though the puzzled look still shone in her bright, excited eyes.

"Yes, we shall send a worthy present to the hospital, I hope and trust and believe," she continued, slowly, "but our help is only to lower it—or, at least," she went on, as I tried to interrupt her in hasty dissent, "good men think so."

"One man—and who *ought* to be good," I put in, contemptuously.

"One man," she rejoined, the puzzled look deepening again, "speaking for many who think as he does, and who understand this as we can not. And yet—and yet—Ricardo, look at that mass of eager, expectant faces. Why do they come to see us, why do they encourage us, if we sin in what we do? Why doesn't the world show us so in the only way which there would be no withstanding? Does this thought bewilder you too, Ricardo?"

It had bewildered me many and many a time, but I could not tell her so, for the very shadow of the fear that this life in which we were so much together might be wrong made me shiver coldly. Her earnestness, which had been almost appealing, vanished suddenly. "Never mind," she said, with her quick laugh, tossing back the bright little head in its velvet cap; "all lives have their aching, troublesome moments, I suppose. There! they are waiting for your first feat and your greatest. Go on, signor, and prosper."

With her pleasant words in my ears, I went in amidst the deafening applause of the crowd, and, bowing slightly, walked coolly across the ring. I thought nothing of the mass of faces rising in rows, but I remembered that Ninette could see me, and that she had said I was helping in a good cause. I felt that I performed as I had hardly ever performed before, and the long applause was again and again renewed as I left the ring. What would Ninette say? Would she congratulate me? Passing through the dimly lighted building outside the tent, where the horses waited, I caught sight of two figures standing aside in the shadow—Ninette and the gentleman whom we had met that morning—talking low and earnestly. I had often noticed him in the circus, and noticed his evident admiration of Ninette (but then, did not every one gaze at her in admiration?); still I had never seen him out there among us before, and I started as I came up to them in the gloom. Ninette carelessly turned her eyes upon me for a moment, then went on talking—coquettishly and flippantly, it seemed to me. I took her horse from the man who was bringing it forward, and myself led it toward her.

"Are you ready, Mademoiselle Ninette?" I asked, my voice trembling against my will.

"Ready? Why?" she inquired, with slow contempt.

"Allow me—oh, pray allow me, mademoiselle," exclaimed the stranger, starting forward. And Ninette, smiling, put her foot into his hand.

Seating herself in the saddle with the utmost ease, she carelessly, as it seemed, backed Black Hawk against me. "Signor Ricardo," she said, haughtily, "is this the spot where the gentlemen of our company usually rest between their exercises in the ring?" An ironical answer rose to my lips, but I withheld the words.

"Stand back, if you please, signor. Must you always follow me, always haunt me? Stand back."

With a quick change of voice, and a bright shy smile, she bent to take her little gilded whip as the officer handed it to her.

"Thanks, Monsieur le Capitaine." And while she bent gracefully, and seemed to be only stroking the neck of the splendid black horse, she reined him in, skillfully and imperceptibly, until he touched my shoulder.

"Gently, gently, my hawk," she said, feigning utter unconsciousness of my presence, "would you fly too soon?" Then, with a most demure little face, she cantered through the opening in the canvas.

"A most proud and bewitching little Equestrian Queen," said the young officer, appearing much amused by my discomfiture; "but, like old Rome, I suppose you can well 'bear the pride of her of whom yourself are proud.'"

I turned away without answering; and for the first time Ninette performed without my eyes following her graceful motions. The strange gentleman moved to the opening into the tent, but when she rode back, flushed and triumphant after her success, he came forward again eagerly. She drew up her lissome little figure with a dash of odd pride, and turning Black Hawk rapidly aside, sprang to the ground unassisted. Her part was played for that night, and, while the loud clapping within was continued, she walked slowly out into the darkness, her long crimson habit over her arm, her little cap pushed from her bright, excited face, and her eyes raised to the young officer who walked beside her.

Thus I watched them going together under the awning out into the night, and then I went back to complete the "wonder-inspiring evolutions" which the crowd waited for, while my heart seemed breaking in its jealousy.

After that all is a burning confusion in my brain until one evening when I awoke to consciousness in the hospital for which I had been performing, and heard the physicians (who had seen me fall, and had attended pityingly upon me ever since) whisper that all would be well in time.

"Ricardo, dear fellow," said monsieur, coming forward softly, and bending to whisper to me, "thank God, all will be well. The worst is over."

I hardly knew when the knowledge dawned upon me or how; but as I lay there, my old companions clustering round me, I knew that I had performed among them for the last time. I knew that life had most wonderfully and mercifully been spared me, but that I should never walk again. I do not remember that the knowledge came with any sharp or bitter pain; I think it was a quiet, hopeless conviction from the first. They had given me a small room in the hospital to myself; partly to spare others the sight of my suffering; partly, perhaps, as monsieur said, because I had hurt myself in their cause.

So the days and nights passed on, and slowly, slowly brought me a little ease at last.

One morning monsieur, entering my room with a brighter face than usual, told me Ninette had come to see me. I felt the blood rush into my wan face as I took her little warm hand in both my own.

"Oh! you are so much better, Ricardo," she said, her small lips trembling a little as she looked at me. "We shall soon have you back in your place among us."

I shook my head slowly. "Never again, Ninette."

"Why?" she asked, in feigned astonishment.

"I shall never walk again any where, I think, Ninette; certainly not on the vibrating wire. I know I must be a—be lame all my life; and I'm trying, as I lie here, to get accustomed to the thought, and to feel prepared."

"No! no!" she cried, quickly. "Don't try to get accustomed to it, Ricardo. Try to think of getting well, and that will help you to do so."

"Will it? Then I will try," I answered, struggling with my sadness. "When do you leave here?"

"Leave here? Oh, I don't know. Not till you are well, I should think. Why, Ricardo," she added, as I smiled incredulously, "don't you know that to-night we are all going to perform for your benefit? You've not heard, you say? Why, what has monsieur found to talk to you about, then? for he talks to me of nothing else. I wish I could have brought you one of the enormous bills, headed 'Ricardo's Benefit,' in letters as large as myself. You always were fond of reading your own name in the bills, weren't you?"

"Yes—with yours," I answered, intently watching the bright face.

"Well, you would have seen mine too to-day in letters almost larger, for I am going to—ride."

"Of course," I answered, with a faint smile, while I wondered a little at the sudden change in her voice. "What audience would there be if you did not, Ninette?"

"None," she laughed. "You must wish me success before I go away. But here's monsieur come to dismiss me. I've been telling Signor Ricardo," she added, as the manager joined us, "various particulars of his benefit—how very willingly we all give our services, how all the town is patronizing us."

"And did she tell you," asked monsieur, with a pleased and excited look, "how I offered to double the price of admission if any one would promise a novelty? and how she herself immediately proposed to perform her Moorish Feat? I'll show you one of the handbills. Here it is. 'Mlle. Ninette, the Equestrian Queen, on her magnificent steed Black Hawk, will—'"

"Oh no, no! you must not let her," I exclaimed, in hasty fear. "Oh, monsieur, it is most rash and dangerous."

Monsieur smiled as he put the handbill back into his pocket, and Ninette rose with a vexed glance across at him.

"Do forbid her to do this," I cried again.

"Mlle. Ninette is such a superb horsewoman," the manager said, "that if she feels she can accomplish it safely and brilliantly, I feel it too. And it will make to-night's performance an unrivaled success. She has done it before, you know; and a gorgeous and unprecedented triumph it was."

"It is a willful risking of life," I faltered, the tears starting in my weakness. "I shall be miserable."

"I shall not," laughed monsieur, rising. "I have too much confidence in Ninette."

"Don't think about it at all, Ricardo," Ninette said, giving me her hand as she prepared to leave. "I should never have told you myself, because I know how invalids worry themselves about the safest and most trifling things. I have made up my mind to do it, and Black Hawk understands that same entirely."

"Oh! do not venture it, Ninette," I whisper-

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"RICARDO'S BENEFIT."

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nderly; "and I know it is
; it unnerves my heart and

hand. I think," she added, with a little sigh, "that every thing that comes naturally to us seems as if it was to be bad for us. Do you—do you remember what the clergyman here said when we performed for this hospital? Oh, I should so like to know if that could be true."

"*Can* it be true, dear, when our Father's mercy is as wide as heaven?"

"Hush, Ricardo!" she interrupted, with a quick breath; "you and I do not understand that kind of thing, and—we may be hoping without foundation. He said—said it and wrote it and published it—that no modest English girl would do what—I do; and that no noble and pure-minded man would make himself a spectacle, and willfully risk his life as—as you did. Oh, Ricardo, was it true?"

"No," I said, firmly and quietly.

"I know I've been thoughtless and flippant," she went on, very low; "I know I haven't tried as I might have tried to make my life noble; but I don't feel that my heart has been different from the hearts of modest English girls; and indeed — indeed — my life has been more full of temptation than that of any girl who has a quiet, guarded home."

She bent her head, and as I laid my weak fingers on the soft curls, one deep sob shook the little kneeling figure, but when she rose her eyes were very bright behind their glistening lashes. She did not say a word of farewell to me. With a strange, brave, struggling smile, which would have vanished with a word, she hesitated a moment; her cheeks flushing and her lips wistful. Then quite suddenly, with just the slight gesture with which she acknowledged the plaudits of the crowd, she left me.

I lay and listened as the carriages rolled past the Infirmary gates; and presently, across the river, I could hear our own band strike up merrily. I could follow in fancy the whole performance as I lay with the programme before me and the well-known airs to guide me. At last, with a quickened beating of my heart, I felt that the time was come for Ninette's appearance. I knew the very tune with which the band would greet her. Ah! there it was; but drowned almost in a loud, prolonged applause. Then — knowing she was performing—I lay there quivering in every limb.

It was just as one of the hospital physicians and a nurse came into my room, that a great shout rose on the other side of the river, and rolled joyously across to me. My blood burned in my veins.

"That is to greet her after her leap," I said, speaking aloud and rapidly in my intense relief. "Thank God, it is over!"

"I, too, am glad it is over," said the physician, gravely: "such a feat should never have been attempted."

"And yet every one is gone to see it," I answered, passionately, as the nurse turned my pillows. "Why did they encourage her?"

"Such things *would* be done in any case," he answered: "at least we judge so; though perhaps we do not try it; for certainly every one has gone to see this leap to-night; all our own household, like every one else's. Yet how can we help disapproving such a dangerous act, performed, too, by a young and beautiful girl, whose life must be one long temptation to display—if to nothing worse?"

"Listen!" I cried, in sudden terror, pushing away the nurse, and starting up with panting breath. "Did the band stop then—suddenly? Hark! it is all silent."

I remember faltering incoherent appeals to be taken to the circus; and I remember how they tried to soothe me, laying me back upon the bed, and drawing down the blind before my wild and staring eyes. But in that hush across the river I knew that I had had my death-blow.

They brought me no tidings for days. They kept me in darkness within and without. But when at last my brain was calm again, and my eyes had lost their restless fever, they told me some few particulars of that fearful night.

Ninette had performed her dauntless feat with perfect success. While she stood daintily upon his neck, Black Hawk took his leap smoothly and safely. But the astonished crowd had not been satisfied with this. With a persistent cry they had summoned her again, and summoned her in my name.

"As the seats for to-night have been taken at double price," she had said, laughingly, to monsieur, "I owe the audience a double appearance."

And so she had ridden in again triumphantly, and, springing lightly upon the neck of her horse, had prepared again for her wonderful leap.

Then came the hush—though no one ever could tell me exactly how it had occurred, some saying Ninette was unusually excited by her brilliant feat, and some that she was tired. She fell—fell with a light, sudden fall, which would not have hurt her, perhaps, but that her temple struck the boards which separated the front row of spectators from the ring.

Thank God that there had been no struggle! There was one deep red stain upon the soft, fair curls; but no anguish on the young, dead face when they lifted it so gently.

In the rare, sweet dreams which visit me as I lie here I always see Ninette just as I saw her first—just as I saw her last. And when I awake I am almost glad to see, in the faces round me, that the time is drawing very near when I shall see her once again.

MRS. CHARLES MOULTON.

TO those Americans who within the last eight years have visited Paris the name of Mrs. Charles Moulton will be familiar. Through her graces and beauty of person, and the superadded charm of a magnificent voice, she was distinguished among her own countrymen, courted by the elegant and refined society of the capital, and at the imperial court the ever-welcome and respected guest. The portrait of this lady we engrave in the present number. Mrs. Moulton is American by birth and education. She was a Miss Greenough, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and granddaughter of the late Judge S. P. P. Fay, of that place. She gave early indications of the possession of a remarkable voice. Reared with comfortable surroundings, no pains were spared to give her the earliest and best instruction attainable in Boston and New York. While yet very young she went to London, and studied under Garcia, who finally sent her, with a flattering letter, to the great Romani at Florence. At this time Miss Greenough married Mr. Moulton, of Paris. In the society of that city she had every opportunity of exhibiting her wonderful powers. The result was a marked success, not only among her cultivated auditors, but likewise with the great masters Rossini and Auber, both of whom took great delight in teaching her their favorite compositions.

While a resident of Paris Mrs. Moulton, accompanied by a relative, visited the celebrated Delsarte, renowned for his original method of teaching elocution and musical expression. Mrs. Moulton was told by Auber to approach Delsarte in the rôle of a novice, as one who sought elementary instruction in his art. She acted upon this suggestion, and introduced herself as a person of this description. "Mademoiselle," said he, "sing me a few bars, that I may judge of your method."

Mrs. Moulton seated herself at the piano, and had barely uttered half a dozen notes, when Delsarte detected the attempted pleasantry. "Stop, Mademoiselle. You have come here to make fun of me; you are no novice. Now if you will be pleased to act seriously it will give me pleasure to hear you sing." Whereupon Mrs. Moulton sang to him. At the conclusion of her first song Delsarte turned to the relative who accompanied Mrs. M., and said, "It is the greatest voice in the world!" Heretofore Mrs. Moulton's voice has been heard rarely but in social life. Circumstances have occurred inducing her to appear publicly in concert, and she made her first appearance in New York on the evening of October 16. Mrs. Moulton appears at the very maturity of her powers; fresh, young, and distinguée, with a voice whose richness, cultivation, and sympathetic tenderness win ready appreciation.

MRS. CHARLES MOULTON.

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Fig. 9.—SECTION OF BORDER, FIG. 8.

Irish Guipure Collar, Figs. 1–3.

THIS collar, which is made with twisted crochet cotton, No. 100, consists of separate crochet figures, which are partly worked together and partly joined by short button-hole stitch bars ornamented with picots. In doing this the illustration must be carefully observed. Each of the separate parts consists of a centre rosette, shown in full size by Fig. 2, of three five-cornered leaves (see Fig. 3), and of a coiled stem. These sections of each part are worked together, excepting the small raised rings in the centre of the rosettes and leaves, which are crocheted separately and then sewed on. Begin the work at the middle of a rosette as follows: A foundation of 6 st. (stitch) closed in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch); on this the 1st round.—10 sc. (single crochet); finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of the round. 2d round.—* 3 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. on the next sc. of the preceding round; repeat nine times from *. 3d round.—* 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next scallop of the preceding round formed of 3 ch.; repeat nine times from *; finally, 3 more ch. 4th round.—Always 4 sc. on each scallop of the preceding round. The 5th round consists of sc., which are worked on the back vein of each sc. of the preceding round, and on a foundation of medium-sized thread. This round must be broken at three points, observing the illustration, Fig. 1, from which points the leaves are crocheted as follows: 5 sl. on the foundation thread (these form the stem), a ring of 7 ch., on which work 7 sl.; this ring forms the centre of the leaf; then on the foundation thread 13 sl., going back on these, and passing over the last of the 13 sl., 11 sc., always passing the needle through the back veins of stitches; fasten to the ring formed of 7 st., going back again 11 sc., finally, again on the foundation thread 12 sc. This completes the first leaf. Begin the second by working 5 sc. over a foundation thread on the last 5 sc. of the preceding round, then 7 sl. on the thread only. Now, as shown by Fig. 3, work two rounds of ch. and sc., between which fasten to the ring in the middle, and, going back from the point of the leaf on the foundation thread, work one round of sc. on each st. of the preceding round. The third and fifth leaves are worked like the first, with this difference only, that instead of the first 5 sl., 5 sc. are worked on the last 5 sc. of the preceding round. The fourth leaf corresponds exactly with the second. After finishing the fifth leaf, crochet on the foundation thread 5 sc. on the 5 sl., which form the stem of the leaf, then continue the broken last round of sc. on the middle rosette. Work the two following leaves in a similar manner, and, finally, the coiled stem; the latter consists of a row of sl. and a row of single crochet, both worked on the foundation thread. The small raised rings in each centre are worked in the following manner: 6 ch. closed in a ring, and on these a close row of sl., then one more row of sc., with which surround the stitches of the first row. The separate parts are partly looped in working, and, partly joined afterward by short button-hole stitch bars ornamented with picots, as shown by Fig. 1. Besides this, work ch. scallops, on which sc. and picots are crocheted, between every two leaves on the outer edge of the collar. This design is an unusually pretty one, and is easily executed with the aid of the illustrations.

Fig. 1.—IRISH GUIPURE COLLAR.

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF IRISH GUIPURE COLLAR.

Fig. 3.—SECTION OF IRISH GUIPURE COLLAR.

Fig. 2.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.

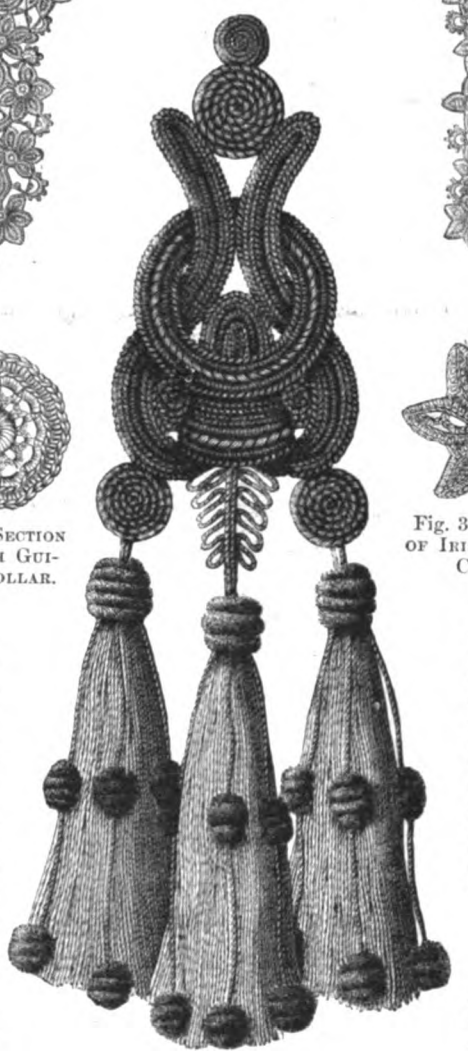

Fig. 1.—AGRAFE WITH TASSELS.

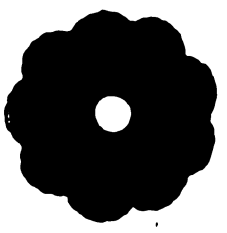

Fig. 11.—SECTION OF BORDER, FIG. 8.

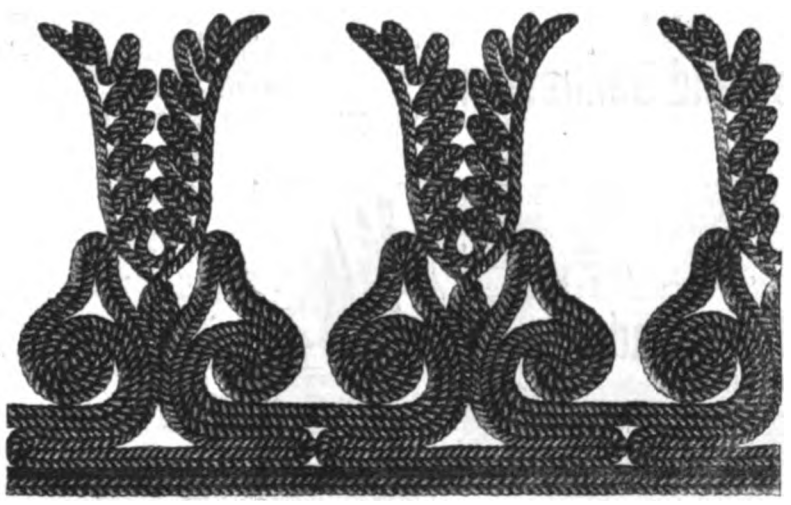

Fig. 4.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.

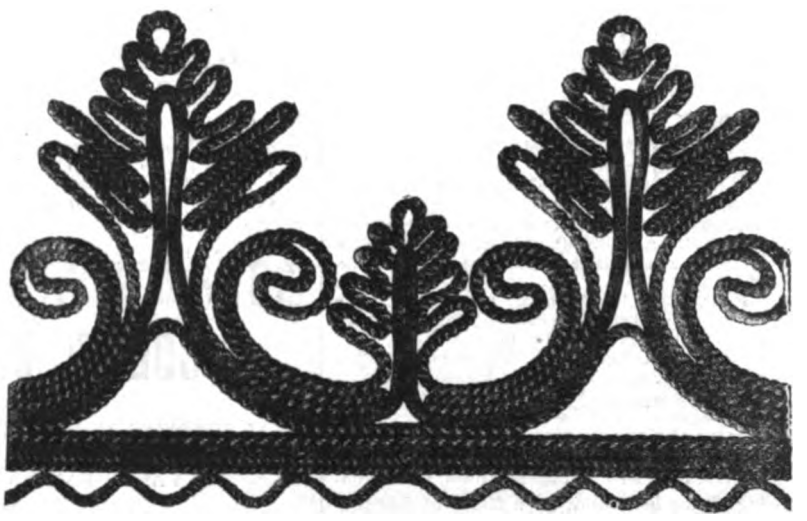

Fig. 5.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.

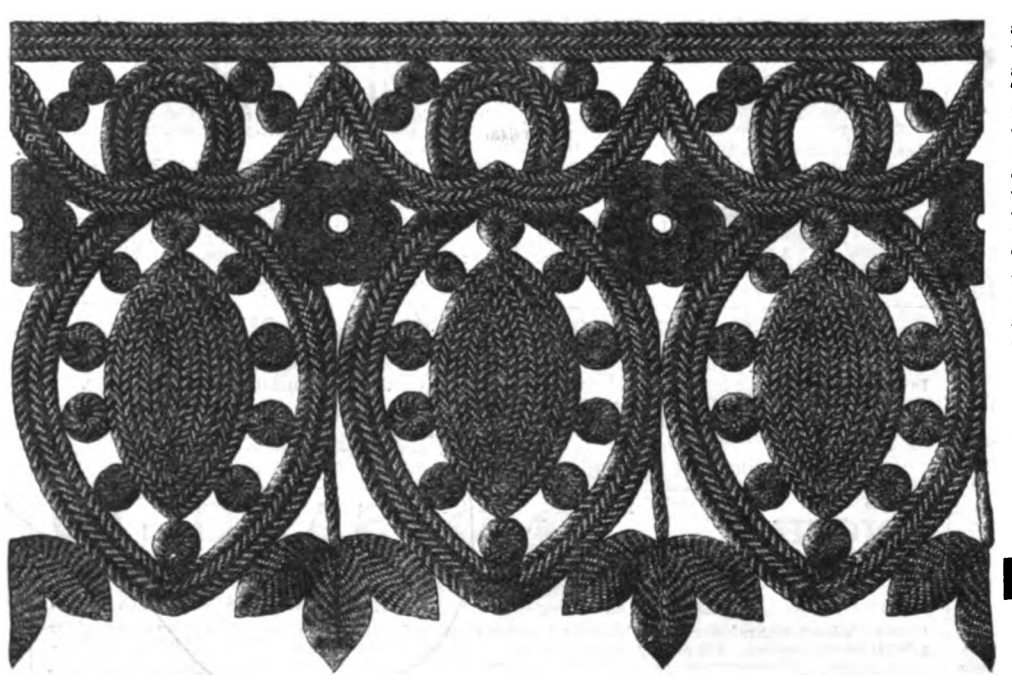

Fig. 8.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.—[See Figs. 9–11.]

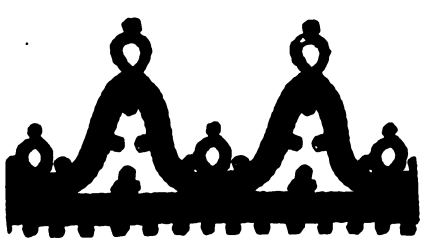

Fig. 6.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.

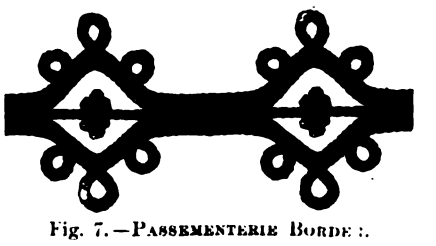

Fig. 7.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.

Passementerie Trimmings for Winter Wrappings, Figs. 1–11.

Fig. 1.—This agrafe with tassels, which is shown reduced to one-half of the full size, is made of black or colored silk soutache, gimp, and round cord, the latter of different sizes. The tassels are of coarse saddler's silk; the head of the tassels and the grelots are of floss silk.

Of the borders shown by Figs. 2–7, the first is all worked of fine silk round cord; for the borders, Figs. 3–5, use coarser cord and soutache; and Figs. 6 and 7 are worked with fine cord and black cut beads.

The arabesque figures of the border, Fig. 8, which is shown reduced to two-thirds of the full size, are of medium-sized round cord; the remaining figures are crocheted with saddler's silk, and sewed on the arabesques. Work the small dots each, beginning at the middle, with a foundation of four chain stitches, with four to five rounds of single crochet, always going forward from left to right, and increasing the number of stitches. Work the leaves shown in full size by Fig. 10 in a similar manner. The wrong side of the crochet-work forms the right side of the figures. Instead of these leaves, those shown by Fig. 9 may also be worked; they consist each of a chain stitch foundation, on which one round of single crochet from left to right is worked likewise; in doing this the shape of the leaf is formed at the same time, by winding the crocheted round in coils, as shown by the illustration, and fastening them together at the point and the stem of the leaf. For the rosette shown by Fig. 11 work, first, from the middle one ring of chain stitches and single crochet, then three leaf-circles of chain stitch scallops, as shown by the illustration, and on each of these work in single crochet and double crochet.

Fig. 10.—SECTION OF BORDER, FIG. 8.

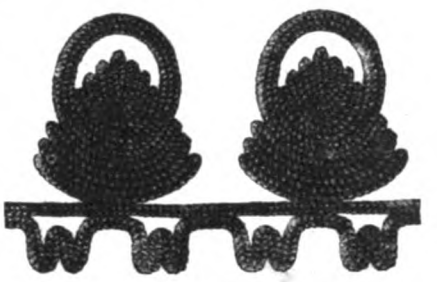

Fig. 3.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

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FIGS. 1–11.—PASSEMENTERIE TRIMMINGS FOR WINTER WRAPPINGS.

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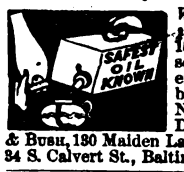

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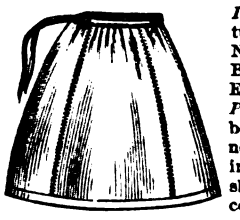

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1 Robe			7 00
1 Basket, furnished			5 00
6 Pairs Socks	@	62½	3 75
2 Cambric Skirts	@	1 50	3 00
2 " " Tucked	@	2 00	4 00
1 Calico Slip			1 50
1 "Eureka" Diaper			1 00
Set of Linen Diapers			2 00
1 Rubber Bib			50
2 Quilted Bibs	@	50	1 00
1 Lace Cap			3 50
			$75 00

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LORD & TAYLOR,

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☞ **FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.** ☜

☞ **SEE the prices at which four of the leading Sewing Machines are sold in the UNITED STATES, and ENGLAND.**

	Price in England.	In the U. S.
Wheeler & Wilson	**$45.00**	**$85.00**
New Singer	**32.50**	**65.00**
Elias Howe	**35.00**	**65.00**
Wilson Shuttle	**40.00**	**45.00**

The above Prices are for exactly the same classes of machines as sold in both Countries. There is scarcely any difference in the cost of material and labor in any of the above named machines.

☞ **AFFIDAVIT.**—W. G. Wilson, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the United States and England under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines. **FRED. SMITH,**
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga Co., O.

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INDIA SHAWLS,

RICH LACES,

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BEST

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The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. III.

POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT...No. 26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS..... " 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT..... " 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS..... " 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT..... " 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT..... " 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT..... " 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS..... " 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER..... " 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK..... " 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT..... " 21
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)..... " 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)..... " 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)..... " 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)..... " 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for Boy from 4 to 9 years old) " 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)..... " 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).. " 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 37
LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.. " 39
VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 41
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER..... " 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... " 44

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send **Bust Measure.** Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

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☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*

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THE CRUEL, CRAWLING SEA.

TERRIBLE BATHING-WOMAN. "I'll See you again To-morrow, my little Gentleman—"
SHIVERING BOY. "Y-e-e-es. But c-c-couldn't you p-p-put in a Pail of Warm Water, please?"

lays, at an
millions in

up, for it

who plant-
beds, and

May a man who is desirous of opening a wine and spirit store be fairly accused of a vaulting ambition?

When a man turns teetotaler does he necessarily acquire a pail complexion?

A COWARDLY ASSAULT—To beat a retreat.

What is the easiest way for a bad rider to show himself off?—To get on a spirited horse.

SARATOGA.

he fa-
drank

that

"And you really like to drink this dreadful Stuff? Why? Is it because you have been told *not* to do so?"

"Wife, I don't see how they send letters on them 'ere telegraph wires without tearin' them all into bits."

"They don't send the paper," said the wife, "they just send the writing in a fluid state."

Is it classically correct to describe Apollo's darts as the shafts of his chariot?

A QUERY FOR MOTHERS.—Why is a screaming baby like the goddess of morning?—Because it's a roarer (Aurora).

Because a man would fain leave well alone, is he therefore a pump?

It is a mistake to suppose that the sun is supported in the heavens by its beams.

A NOBLEMAN OF EXTRACTION.—Among the papers found at the Tuileries was a letter from a well-known dentist, who asked the title of baron, as sole remuneration for a successful operation performed in a month that calls itself August.

"What are you taking, Sir?" said the waiter.
"The air, my good friend."

An old army officer, writing from his post in Washington Territory, mentions this little incident: "In the State of Nevada strangers, and sometimes old settlers, are taken in and cheated in the most surprising manner by purchasing claims in ledges of rock, commonly known as quartz ledges. The sellers do not always keep truth on their side; hence there is frequent grumbling on the part of purchasers. A man who had been bitten in this way became very wroth, and recommended to the State authorities of Nevada that they should adopt the Irish flag as the coat of arms for the State.

"'Why should we do so?' inquired one of the officers.

"'Because,' replied the indignant purchaser of worthless rock, 'a shamrock and a *lyre* (liar) are the true symbols for your coat of arms.'"

Who pays the highest price for a home?—The woman who marries for one.

Gordon Cumming, the great lion-slayer, was telling Rogers one day how he once came unarmed upon a huge lion. "Thinking to scare him," said the hunter, "I ran toward him with all my might."

"Whereupon," said Rogers, "he ran away with all his main, I suppose."

"Exactly so," said Cumming.

What is the best kind of shooting in winter?—To have coals shot into your cellar.

A SWELL AMONG FLOWERS—A dandelion.

A lawyer, prosecuting a thief recently on circuit, remarked severely at him that "Opportunity makes the thief."

"Not always, Sir," replied the innocent. "I found a big anchor and chain cable on the pavement once, and didn't touch it; and there was nobody about, neither."

THE BEST PLACE FOR THE BLIND—The *sea*-side.

NOT CALLED FOR.—A clergyman once posted the following notice on the gate of his church: "Found—Two hats on my strawberry bed. The owners can have them by proving property." We don't believe the owners will call for them.

A DELICATE PARCEL TO BE FORWARDED BY RAIL—A young lady wrapped up in herself.

To judge from the following advertisement, the little "P——'s" must just now be in a very happy state of mind:

"BIRCH ROD.—Will any one inform me where I can purchase, or how to make, a birch rod. MRS. P——"

It is only in Germany where one finds the candles too long and the sheets too short; but what are the odds as long as you're happy?

RONG PLACE.
rch in Fifth Avenue.)
't do at all! We can See Nothing here!"

CHILL OCTOBER.

Winter's approaching,
Summer is done;
Darkness encroaching
Still on the sun,
Shrouded in vapors.
Mary, my lass—
Can't read the papers—
Light up the gas!

Ashen and sober,
Sullen and gray;
Just, "Chill October:
Millais, R.A."
Night 'gins down settle
Slowly in fog.
Mary!—the kettle!—
Make me some grog.

See, on the ceiling—
Cast by the fire,
Shadows revealing
Monsters so dire—
Crabs with huge nippers,
Beasts oddly formed!
Mary!—my slippers!
Have they been warmed?

How the winds mutter,
Whistle, and roar!
Shut every shutter,
Close every door!
Squirrel and dormouse
Sleep months away:
What fun enormous
Sleeping as they!

Such hibernating
Truly were nice!
No dreary waiting,
Winter, or ice.
Let the sheets air well,
Warm blankets bring!
Good Mary!—farewell!—
Call me next spring.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell?—When it's wrung for dinner.

"Come, sheer off," as the ram said to the man who was cutting off his wool.

"So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to her maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children."

"I would prefer that myself," was the quiet reply; "but where's the widower?"

A SUBJECT FOR TRIUMPH.

"What have you been Crying for, George?"

"'Coth Mamma wouldn't give me a Thpunge-Cake, 'coth I've got a Thrummach-Ache!"

"Ah ha! *I've* got a '*Punge*-Cake and a '*Tummach*-Ache *too!*"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 46.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN), AND LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of Gentleman's Dressing-Gown and Smoking-Cap, in twelve Sizes, from 28 to 50 Inches, Chest Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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dark gray gros grain, trimmed with a flounce edged with small square pieces of the material set on by one point, folds, and ruches. Cashmere casaque and basque-waist.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper.

☞ *Persons desiring to renew their Subscriptions to* HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient* BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTIONS. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

For Terms, etc., see Advertisement on page 735.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Gentleman's Dressing-Gown and Smoking-Cap, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Chest Measure. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 735. *Dealers supplied on the usual discount.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Knitted and Crocheted Shawls, Capes, Mantelets, Jackets, Sacques, Fichus, Hoods, Petticoats, Cuffs, Gloves, Shoes, etc.; Winter Street and House Dresses and Wrappings, etc., etc.*

FLIRTATION.

THE question arises, Where does flirtation end, and love begin? and how is one to know the real thing apart from the semblance? Is flirtation the symptom and love the disease? and how is sweet simplicity to know and make the distinction? Beauty comes from school into society. She has heard about this affair called love; she has read novels and poems that hinged upon it. Then it must be a divine reality; it must be the exponent of a passion of the soul. She has read, and imagined as well, the way in which it expresses itself. By-and-by she meets the Fairy Prince at some rout or summer resort; they exchange glances, they dance together, they walk on the beach or in the wood and sentimentalize; he repeats poetry, emphasized by stolen looks, and perhaps a pressure of the unresisting hand; he wears her ring upon his little finger, begs her photograph, or sketches her profile for himself, and embroiders his small-talk with sunbeams of the most delicate flattery. The long summer evenings grow brief, leaning upon his arm beneath the unreproving stars; they have so much to say to each other that they can never be too much alone; and yet, after all, they do not so much use words as speaking glances and hesitating caresses. Naturally Beauty reads a meaning in these things, slight in themselves if isolated, but significant through frequent repetition—the wrong meaning, if you please; but how do these tones and words, "a thought too tender," translate into the vernacular? Why this solicitude lest the night dews harm her? Is she more delicate than a flower? Why these lingering hand-clasps, this absorption in her society? If they mean any thing, it must be love; and she has perhaps never dreamed of that Dead Sea fruit called flirtation. One day the Fairy Prince makes a sentimental adieu, hopes to meet her again, kisses his hand from the door-way, and as the curtain falls the lights are shut off, and all is over. "*What* a flirtation you and the Fairy Prince have had!" cries Beauty's friends, who are skilled in the tactics.

"Then this was *only* a flirtation," sighs Beauty; "I should never have suspected it; but at least it will be convenient for the future to understand the nature of a flirtation!" And the next prince who comes that way will find her able to play her part and out-Herod Herod. But can no one be forearmed? Must every one shrivel in the fire in order to guess the nature of flame, in order to separate the dross from the precious metal? Yet suspicion is such a breach of courtesy; and don't both flirtation and intention wear the same general aspects, begin with the same blandishments, lead on through the same delightful labyrinths? Presently, to be sure, the path diverges; but who is wise enough to tell at the beginning which brings up at a blind alley, which "shows like a broken stair that winds round a ruined palace, and never will lead any where," or which pursues its way through flowers and sunshine to the hymeneal altar? What an outsider calls "just a little simple flirting in order to pass the time," may be the first chassèz in the grand minuet, or it may be only a dress rehearsal, a little balancing and bowing forward and back, ladies' chain, and cast-off; but who can predict of any of these posturings whether they are folderol or feeling?

"But, on the whole," I hear some one say, "flirtation is a pleasant pastime: if it were to go out of fashion, I'm afraid that society would lose much of its impetus: it sweetens commonplaces, and the silliest nothings become eloquence in its enchanted atmosphere. And though some should suffer in the game by reason of inexperience or sensitiveness, shall the many be sacrificed for the benefit of the few?" But is it not a sacrifice to be insincere? to say pretty things because they are pretty, not because they are true? to swear fealty with your eyes, and keep silent with your lips? Is it not a sacrifice of honesty of purpose, of single-heartedness? "You might, at least," cries Shallow, "allow a fellow a little fun. I suppose he mustn't look at a pretty face unless he's ready to propose; he mustn't go home with a girl, to save her; and it would be a sin to ask her to sail. I say, what's a fellow to do with his evenings and his odd moments?"

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle folks to do;" and Shallow might do worse than take the girls out on the river, provided he doesn't persuade any one that he is in love when he is merely amusing himself; for love is as dangerous a plaything as fire: it is more inflammable than nitro-glycerine; and many a man has married the wrong woman, simply because a foolish flirtation has carried him beyond the point of honorable retreat; and many a woman has worn a life-long scar because a fascinating youth preferred her for a brief season, and then forgot his preference.

There are some idle beings, no doubt, who pass their leisure in a perpetual carnival of flirtation, "no sooner off with the old love than they are on with the new;" who, having exhausted their acquaintances, turn their batteries upon total strangers met in traveling; people who flirt in the cars with Tom, Dick, and Harry—with the clerks over a counter—who flirt right and left, with gray-beards and school-boys, till silver hairs and crow's-feet threaten the finale. One might imagine that the griefs that weave a crown of thorns for us each as the years go on might clothe love with such divinity that it would seem sacrilege to counterfeit the blessed reality; but so long as men and women are given in marriage society will, doubtless, be spiced with flirtation, and sweethearts will be left in doubt whether the tender assurances of their Corydons—read in an eye-beam, in the embrace of clasping fingers, in the silent selection that announces itself by a tone, a smile, a gesture—are the expressions of the heart's aspiration, or the unhappy impulses of the moment.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Palimpsests.

MY DEAR EUSTACE,—The other day, after reading an interesting account of a palimpsest, I was taken by a friend to see some writing revealed by heat, and I walked afterward in the Park reflecting upon what I had read and seen. Perhaps you have forgotten that palimpsest is the name given to a manuscript upon which the original writing is covered by a later scripture; while invisible writing is produced by some acid, and reveals itself only when exposed to great warmth. When I saw it I remembered vaguely that, as a boy, I used to work similar miracles with lemon juice. It requires extraordinary skill to decipher the lower layer of writing upon the palimpsest, but it is sometimes done; and a little friendly heat has often betrayed the secret which was committed to blank paper. But how many unread palimpsests there must be in the world! What treasures of wit and wisdom are piled quite unsuspected upon the dusty shelves of old libraries! Yes, and under the written treasures that we see, what more precious treasures are hidden!

I raised my eyes, as I mused, and saw a palimpsest coming toward me. It was not of the usual form; indeed, it had the semblance of a man, and was, in fact, no other than Ignotus, who is one of the persons most familiar to every body in town. He saw me at the same moment, and accosted me in the most smiling manner; and was so glad to see me that I really felt ashamed of my apparent want of ardor in greeting him. As he spoke and smiled I could not help certain reflections, and I am very sorry if they were ungenerous. A habit of suspicion is not my fault, and I am notoriously easily deceived. But with my mind bent upon palimpsests and writing over other writing, I looked at his handsome coat and waistcoat, his clean linen and bright boots, and I wondered if under that well-starched bosom there might possibly be a ragged and unclean under-shirt, and if the socks under those boots required perchance any ministry of the darning needle! And still further my reckless mind pushed on and asked whether the personal cleanliness corresponded with the clean clothes and the bright boots.

For how often as boys and young men, and as travelers who hide no secrets from each other, have we not all learned that the outside wrapper of a man is of a costlier kind than the inside, and that a royal robe may be worn over a foul hair-cloth, or superb brocade over disease. Overwritten so fairly, I said to myself as I looked at Ignotus, what is written under? The outer and evident scripture is that of a pleasant, friendly, clean, and honest man. But the inner—what is that? If you ask me why I wondered, why I was not content to accept what I saw, I can not answer. I only know that a palimpsest is always suspected by the expert's eye, and that in many men there is something that challenges curiosity or suspicion, we know not why. Why did the philosopher gaze so steadfastly at the beautiful Lamia? Have philosophers no manners? I know not; but I know that philosopher had eyes that looked from his soul into hers.

And still, as Ignotus strolled and chattered at my side, a palimpsest which yet I could suspect or even know, although I might not read, I forgot the first aspect—the possible discrepancy between the under and the outer clothes—and began to perceive a still deeper and more subtile resemblance to the palimpsests in the Oriental libraries. For a drinking song, or a love song, or a passionate romance, may be written over a philosophical treatise—yes, and over a gospel. Even the exquisite story of Matthew might have been overwritten by the heresies that vexed the earlier church, and, on the other hand, a song of the Bacchantes by a martyr's confession. And so under the gay tone and ready smile of Ignotus I could feel rather than plainly comprehend a sneering cynicism, a cold distrust, until the air seemed bewitched, and I should not have been surprised to smell brimstone or to see a shadowy hoof in the place of one of those bright, dapper boots. When he spoke of certain men whom we all know and respect and love, there was a nameless insinuation of ill motives, a half-hinted doubt of honesty, a kind of contemptuous incredulity of their purpose and purity, which made me feel as if the neat boot had suddenly split and exposed a ragged sock, or as if the handsome coat had parted and revealed unclean linen. Ignotus is a palimpsest. His essential meanness and misanthropy are covered with the characters of gayety and courtesy. The first and deep scripture of his sordid and suspicious soul is overwritten by an appearance of frankness and geniality.

As he left me, and I walked on alone in the Park, I was like one of the old monks, who, strolling in the convent garden, reads a manuscript from the library, and thinking to pore in the placid sunshine and the sweet air over a written hymn or a recorded prayer, finds to his horror that beneath the fair characters that salute his eye there is a darker, a doubtful and disgusting writing, which forces itself through the other, and fills his mind with base and lascivious images. Then I understood the feeling of the philosopher of whom I spoke. Not the radiant beauty of the Lamia, nor the graceful motion, nor the gay wit, nor the brilliant gems and gorgeous robe, could conceal the loathsome serpent that lay coiled under all. Horrible palimpsest! It was a writing of human beauty; but the terrible eye saw steadily through all the familiar letters the fatal character of the snake. I was not deceived then, nor was it a mere whim of my preoccupied fancy that I saw a palimpsest in Ignotus, and that I could not help reading it.

But while I was thinking of the infinite variety and the mystery of all our fellow-travelers, I heard my name called quietly just as I was stepping into one of the pretty boats to take a turn upon the lake, and I recognized Colin, whom I had not seen for many a month. I am not sure that you know him, but you may have heard his name. Like Browning's Waring, he long ago gave all his old comrades the slip, and, like Milton's shepherd, has hied to fresh fields and pastures new. One by one his friends have turned away from him in wonder and sorrow. The things that once were dear to him, and precious to all the table round of his youthful peers, are now his jest and scorn. The high ideal, whose fading in the mind and heart is the dying out of the celestial glory with which we come into the world, seems for him as if it had never been. Often and often, unable to join in the chorus

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of censure, and equally unable to explain its occasion, have I wondered what mocking fate had seemingly touched with ice a heart so generous and warm, and chained to a scavenger's cart a steed born for the chariot of the sun.

He put out his hand, and I shook the hand of the old Colin whom I knew, and as I touched it I touched a thousand inspiring and tender associations. He smiled as freshly as ever, and chaffed, as you young men say, as gayly. He said that he should go with me upon the water; and there was no pause in the pleasant strain of his talk. As we glided out upon the pretty lake he joked and laughed, but seemed unwilling to pause lest I should ask some question, or say some word he did not care to hear. On he went ridiculing men and things, as if every thing were a jest, and character and life and death, honesty and purity and principle, were equally absurd. "The world owes us all a living," he said, "and why should we let knaves shove us to the wall? We must take things as they are, and fight fire with fire. Those who call others rascals are themselves rascally; and believe me, Bachelor, the wives of saints are not so sure of their husbands' sanctity. Good wine is made for those who can enjoy it, and I mean to have my quaff, and not let destiny be cheated, who did not mean me to be the under dog. 'Tis a jolly world, and men are fools who refuse to enjoy. I read my Horace still, good Bachelor, and use for my own pleasure and my own profit the men whom I despise as much as you, but who are no more despicable than those who despise them! I open my oyster of the world: vive la bagatelle!"

It was another palimpsest. One had left me in the Ramble, and another had joined me upon the lake. What has changed him so? has long been the question of Colin's friends. Good friends, he is not changed. That earlier hymn of faith and courage and aspiration is overwritten with this superficial bacchanal chorus, that is all. This is only what appears, and the grave and friendly naturally turn painfully away. But beneath are the old lines, indelible, the lines of youth and the fresh soul of man. The later does not obliterate the earlier script, although it may wholly conceal it. The song with which the reeling circle rings is read from the roll upon which the matin prayer is still perfectly inscribed, although unsuspected. My dear Eustace, be slow in utter censure as in wrath. Look into yourself and see how complex, how inconsistent, you are—yes, we all are. If we could be read through and through, if every character that lurks under every letter that is legible upon our surfaces were as plainly seen as those letters, with what a sorry set of palimpsests the great library of the world would seem to be stored! I do not ask you to pretend to enjoy the ribald joke as you do the hymn of an inward melody, but reflect only that beneath the joke the hymn is yet perfectly written.

I said that as I parted with Ignotus I remembered the old Greek philosopher who, under the human beauty, saw the deadly snake. Will you not be the American philosopher who, under the seeming snake, perceives the human nature? My dear Eustace, if Circe saw the gluttons of Ulysses to be swine, did not Beauty see the Beast to be a prince royal? They were both palimpsests: but in one the baser strain was overwritten with the better; in the other, the better with the baser. It was not a mere conceit, it was an intelligible sympathy with life, that made Burns—a costly palimpsest!—wish that auld Nickie-ben might tak' a thought and men'. Even he is not wholly bad. "The dear old devil not far off," says Emerson. And surely Milton's Satan is the proudest and truest Satan of all: a noble nature fallen—the celestial scripture overwritten with hate and scorn.

I have said nothing to-day of the invisible writing, dear Eustace: my mind and heart have been full enough with the palimpsests. Another time, if you care for it, we can see whether the writing that only shows in the heat is a writing with which we are familiar. My memory goes back to the turn upon the lake with Colin, and peers curiously at that palimpsest. There are old men, you know, who, taken captive in their childhood, live all their life among alien races speaking another tongue. Their own country and language are as if they had never been. But when death touches the old sojourner in a strange land which has become his own, his fading eyes see freshly and perfect his long-forgotten native home, and his failing tongue whispers the language that he did not know he knew. The gospel was all there, Eustace; it was only overwritten. The boy Colin that I knew is overwritten with the man Colin that I see. But the boy is there unchanged, and as the light of a nearer heaven shines upon him, he will appear. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

GENTLEMEN'S STYLES.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING-GOWNS.

THE wardrobe of most gentlemen contains some kind of a coat especially for in-door wear, called promiscuously a breakfast or smoking jacket, library sack, or dressing-gown. This garment is a favorite holiday gift from a lady to a gentleman, and its value is enhanced when it is the work of the donor's hands; hence we give a cut paper pattern of it to assist our readers in their preparations for the approaching gift season. Our design is the best model for all such garments—viz., a simple sack with a seam in the middle of the back. Those who prefer very jaunty short jackets must have them slightly shorter than that in our illustration, while regular dressing-gowns, or those for invalids, are a quarter of a yard longer, and worn with a cord and tassel. Thick English velveteen, either black, brown, or very dark green, is the fashionable fabric for smoking and billiard jackets. It costs $2 50 a yard, and four yards are required. Black velveteen sacks have the collar and cuffs of blue or scarlet silk, quilted in small diamonds, while a cord of the same color edges the garment and trims the pockets; for brown and green velveteen the facings are silk of the same shade. Tailors line the entire coat with farmer's satin or thin twilled silk, but all-wool delaine or opera flannel of the color of the silk facing is preferred by many. A thin sheet of wadding is placed about the shoulders, back and front. Velveteen in cashmere colors is shown for these jackets; also light qualities of ladies' cloth or light cassimere, either solid color or in small, broken plaids, of dark brown or gray shades. For regular dressing-gowns are figured cashmeres, empress cloths, and solid-colored merinoes of quiet, sober colors that need the relief of gay facings. The last cost $1 or $1 25 a yard. Some tartan gowns are made of heavy all-wool plaid, especially the dark blue and green Forty-second plaid, with bright scarlet facings and cord and tassel. Handsome brocaded silk gowns of India colors in cashmere designs cost from $40 to $75; velveteen jackets, made by a tailor, from $40 to $55; and dark plaid cassimere jackets, with collar and cuffs of scarlet or blue honey-comb cloth, are from $22 50 to $25.

BUSINESS SUITS.

Heavy, rough-looking fabrics and striped cassimeres are chosen for business suits, smooth cloths being reserved for more dressy occasions. Black and white together, or else stripes, are used. The stripe is merely a pencil line, or else of too faint a color to be conspicuous. The entire suit, coat, vest, and pantaloons, is made from the same piece. The coat is a short double-breasted pea-jacket, with square fronts; or, if this is considered too jaunty, a double-breasted Newmarket coat, with fronts well cut away and pockets with flaps. The vest may be either double-breasted, fastened by three buttons, or else single-breasted, buttoning very high, and without a collar. The pantaloons are easy-fitting, larger than those lately worn, and with considerable spring at the ankle. Such a suit, made to order of fine goods, costs $80; of Scotch goods, $70 or $75.

The overcoat worn with business suits is a medium long sack of heavy "Elysian," or else fur beaver. A new cloth for these coats is a velvet beaver with diagonal twill. Black or blue overcoats are most worn. Olives, blue mixtures, and various dark shades are provided for gay young men. The velvet collar and cuffs are of the same shade as the cloth.

SEMI-DRESS SUITS.

The semi-dress suit is worn when making calls, at church, concerts, matinées, and at any private entertainment, such as quiet weddings, dinners, and day receptions, where full dress is not *de rigueur*. The coat is black or blue broadcloth, double-breasted, and rather longer in the skirt than that worn last season. A vest of the same material as the coat is furnished with such suits, but a white vest is often worn instead. The pale lavender pantaloons are of thick cloth. This is the English suit about which correspondents so often inquire. The overcoat is an English surtout of plain dark beaver or Melton. Fashionably made overcoats, either fine fur beaver sacks, or the plain beaver surtouts, cost from $75 to $95.

FULL-DRESS SUITS.

For balls, large weddings, gay receptions, dinner-parties, and the opera, full-dress suits are required. These are usually of black broadcloth throughout, though white corded silk vests are adopted by many. There is no change in the shape of the swallow-tailed dress-coat. The vest is single-breasted, with rolling collar, very low cut, to display much of the shirt front. Pantaloons are quite close-fitting. The white neck-tie, almost invariably worn now for full-dress, is lawn or silk, folded about an inch wide, with daintily embroidered ends. It is passed around the neck and tied in a small bow. The collar is the English standing shape, almost meeting in front, with the tips of the points slightly turned over, as if done by accident, instead of being pressed down flatly. Very light drab or pale brown sacks are the full-dress overcoats. They are of fine thick cloth, with broad velvet collar and facing, and are lined throughout with twilled silk. They cost from $65 to $75. Gloves for the opera and full-dress concerts are palest lavender kid; white gloves are reserved for weddings, dancing parties, and other private entertainments.

HATS.

The silk hat, worn alike for semi-dress, promenading, and with business suits, is slightly lower, the height of the crown being six and an eighth inches. This crown is bell-shaped all around, hatters say, and the narrow brim, but two inches wide, is turned over very heavily on the sides, but is not much rolled. Price $9. The newest hat for business and general wear is the Grand Duke, of soft felt, with high square crown and narrow brim: price $5. This is taking the place of the Alpine, with sunken crown, which has become common. Stiff-crowned Derbys, with narrow brim, are also worn. The most stylish opera-hat is the English crush hat, of ribbed silk, shaped like a tall silk beaver, and provided with springs inside to make it crush flatly, that it may be carried under the arm in an opera-box or drawing-room: price $9 to $12 for hats of domestic manufacture. In lieu of these many gentlemen use soft hats or caps of light cloth, with the brims stiffened only by cords, so that they may be folded and thrust in the pocket. The fashionable fur caps will be seal-skin turbans, and black Persian lamb caps of various shapes.

Rolling collars of fur seal and of fine otter, fur seal vests, and dog-skin gloves with fur wristlets, are midwinter comforts displayed for gentlemen by the hatters and furriers.

JEWELRY.

Cameo jewelry, especially the sardonyx, with the carved figure showing a white layer of the stone, is in favor for gentlemen. The pins worn in the scarf are large oval medallions. Scarf rings have similar medallions of cameo. Studs are large buttons, rich and massive, but plain, with spiral fastenings. Sleeve-buttons are large and square. The new green-tinted gold is being worn by gentlemen.

In jet jewelry there are many new patterns, both for ladies and gentlemen. The real Whitby jet should always be selected, as it is much lighter and more comfortable to wear than any other kind. This is especially true as regards ladies' ear-rings.

For information received thanks are due, for gentlemen's fashions, to Messrs. W. R. BOWNE; BROOKS BROTHERS; DANIEL D. YOUMANS; and UNION ADAMS; and for jewelry to HOWARD & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. SYLVESTER MOWRY, who died a few days since in London, was a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, and served for some time in the army. He was one of the first to discover and make known to the public the auriferous wealth of Arizona, and was a frequent contributor to the press on subjects connected with the mineral resources of that region. A very interesting work of his—"Arizona and Sonora"—was published by HARPER & BROTHERS. He was a man of great persistence, of indomitable personal courage, generous to a fault, and was held in high esteem by the adventurous people of the Territory to which he was so greatly attached.

—It is only a few weeks since that in this column honorable mention was made of Mr. THEODORIC B. PRYOR, a son of General ROGER A. PRYOR. It is now a melancholy duty to announce his sudden decease by drowning. It was only a year ago that young Mr. PRYOR graduated at Princeton with higher honors than had ever before been won in that institution by the most distinguished of its alumni. After that he went to Cambridge, in England, where he won a high prize in mathematics. He was a very gifted and in every respect most admirable young gentleman, who gave promise of a brilliant future, and whose early and unexpected decease is far more than a mere domestic calamity.

—Colonel LEWIS W. WASHINGTON, recently deceased, possessed a valuable collection of relics of WASHINGTON, among which was an elegant sword from FREDERICK the Great, with the inscription, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

—Mr. JOHN R. THOMPSON, the poet, for many years editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and at present on the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*, is the New York correspondent of the London *Standard*. His letters to that journal are among the very best sent from New York to London.

—One seldom reads among religious notices a "personal" like this: "The Right Honorable the Earl of Kintore preached in St. Peter's Free Church, Dundee, on Sunday, from the text, 'A time to get, a time to lose, a time to keep, and a time to cast away.'"

—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, who was one of the JENNY LIND troupe in this country, has recently had conferred upon him, by the King of Portugal, the "Order of Christ." The Portuguese monarch is given to music, and plays the violoncello with royal vigor and skill. In the choicest morceaux of PETRELLI, and in "Old Rosin the Bow," he is equally felicitous.

—Notwithstanding the "short, sharp, decisive" way in which Judge M'KEAN is dealing with the polygamous people in his district, BRIGHAM YOUNG still maintains a steadfast faith in the imm-Utah-bility of Mormonism.

—Western humor was as lively as ever, even amidst the ruins of Chicago. Colonel WOOD has erected a rough board on the spot where his museum stood, on which is inscribed: "*Col. Wood's Museum. Standing-room only. R. Marsh, Treasurer.*" During the height of the fire Mrs. JOE JEFFERSON presented her husband with a child, and they are all right. Mrs. LANDER was at the Sherman House, and enacted the new rôle of portress by dragging away with her own hands her own trunk. Just beyond the Museum, and opposite the ruins of the Court-house, stood Bryan's Fidelity Safe Depository. The building was destroyed and the walls leveled; but within the ruins the vaults and their contents were found intact. The fact is announced on a small board, with rude lettering, as follows: "*Fidelity Safe Depository—all safe. Call and receive your money and deposits in perfect order.*" On a ruin in Madison Street is a sign reading, "*Owing to circumstances over which we had no control, we have removed.*"

—*Fifty* thousand dollars and expenses is the tempting offer made to Miss KELLOGG to go to California and sing for twenty-eight nights. When Artemus Ward received from a theatrical speculator in San Francisco a telegram asking, "What will you take for fifty nights?" the laughing philosopher telegraphed back, "Brandy and water."

—General SHERMAN is going to Europe to see how military folk do it. He proposes to peer into the armies of various countries, and see if he can find out any thing that will add to the efficiency of the mighty warriors of our own sanguinary establishment.

—Mrs. LLOYD, daughter-in-law of the Bristol County Court judge, has received $50,000 compensation from the Greek government for the murder of her husband by the brigands at Marathon.

—Colonel WHEELER, who succeeds Professor MAHAN as Professor of Engineering at West Point, is a young man who has seen much service, and stands among the foremost men of his corps. He is said to be a natural engineer; born with faculties which made it impossible that he should follow any other profession—uniting both scientific ability and learning with a gift of explaining what he knows to others that is pronounced to be unsurpassed.

—EDMOND ABOUT receives the largest salary at present paid to any French journalist—viz., eight thousand dollars a year. EMILE DE GIRARDIN receives five thousand dollars a year for writing daily one column of editorial matter in the *Liberté*.

—COTTA, of Stuttgart, has published a complete German translation of SPINOZA'S works, which is preceded by a very full life and critical estimate of that great retrospective thinker, from the pen of B. AUERBACH.

—Elongated JOHN WENTWORTH, of Chicago, was stopping at the Sherman House when the fire occurred. He put some things in carpet-bag and fled. He lost much building on La-salle Street, but has a couple of millions or so left on which to rough it.

—The Rev. WILLIAM BELL WHITE HOWE, recently consecrated Assistant Bishop of South Carolina, was classically known, when in college, as *Gulielmus Tintinnabulus Candidus Quomodo*—a pleasing name.

—Lord Lytton, whose "King Arthur" has been recently republished by HARPER & BROTHERS, is a tall, florid man, with a slight stoop in his back, and long grayish beard. He is an incessant smoker, indulging in the luxury of a Turkish pipe even when engaged in writing.

—It is quite probable that Mr. SOTHERN and Mr. JEFFERSON will soon appear together in New York at a dramatic performance to be given for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers. To the gentleman who suggested it Mr. SOTHERN promptly expressed the delight he would have in joining his old friend in so good a work. Mr. SOTHERN'S farewell performance in London at the Haymarket Theatre is spoken of in the London journals as being one of the most notable things of its kind ever witnessed in that metropolis—from one to five guineas being paid for seats, and every foot of standing-room being occupied, and the audience, including not merely rank and fashion, but the brightest intellectual men and women of the metropolis.

—Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL has begun in the *Army and Navy Gazette* the publication of his personal diary of the late war between France and Prussia.

—Fire does try people. Perhaps the principal sufferer, as he was the most indomitable builder, in Chicago, was POTTER PALMER. He went there many years ago, and, by the favor of A. T. STEWART, became the leading dry-goods merchant. During the war his gains were enormous, and he retired from active business at the close of it, placing his two salesmen, FIELD and LEITER, and his brother in his stead. He is a tall man, with reddish cropped whiskers and brown hair, weighing about 165 pounds, with a keen, shrewdish business face. Not long ago he married Miss HONORE, whose father was also a celebrated decorator of the city. She had been called the most lovely girl in the West, and was probably some twenty years his junior.

—That good Chinaman, Ah Sin, of San Francisco, without suggestion from any one, sent to the Chicago sufferers his check for $1000. Yet the wicked Christians of San Francisco are generally pestering the heathen Chinee, and trying to get him out of the country.

—One of the chattiest and most entertaining of those who write letters from New York to the provincial press is "Burleigh." In his latest screed to the Boston *Journal* he tells how the higher order of gentlemen and lady Christians of New York do not attend the fashionable places of worship. Saith he: "A run round among the churches of a pleasant Sunday afternoon, where the music is superb, and the repute of the preacher national, would astonish a stranger. One or two men secure a good afternoon audience. Dr. JOHN HALL has a large attendance. If it was known that Dr. ORMISTON was to preach, his house would be full after dinner. But nearly every other church in New York will be found nearly empty. The elegant chapel of Trinity Church, with full choral service, will be open to about fifty people. The marble and brown-stone Collegiate churches will have a hundred each. In Dr. ADAMS'S church, where a pew can not be had at any price, where the morning congregation is full twelve hundred, three hundred would be a large assembly. I looked in last Sunday at the new and very elegant Baptist church just thrown open on Park Avenue, with a large morning audience. Even the newness of the place and its attractions could secure but a small company to occupy the centre aisle. The gaping galleries, with seats for four hundred, contained twenty persons. Bishop SOUTHGATE is a very popular preacher. He has a fashionable congregation in a fashionable locality. The finest artists conduct his music. At a concert such performances would be cheap at fifty cents a ticket. Yet his afternoon congregation does not number a hundred, though every seat is free. Dr. PRENTICE, of the Church of the Covenant, is ranked as one of the best preachers of the city. No Presbyterian church in the State has so elegant a property. It is worth not less than a quarter of a million. His audience in the morning is large, rich, and fashionable. In the afternoon it is so sparse that it seems like boy's play to conduct service before such a handful. St. Thomas's Church, the most magnificent Episcopal church in New York, with music, under the lead of WARREN, that is unsurpassed, has an afternoon audience that must mortify the eloquent rector. These are specimens of the churches of our city."

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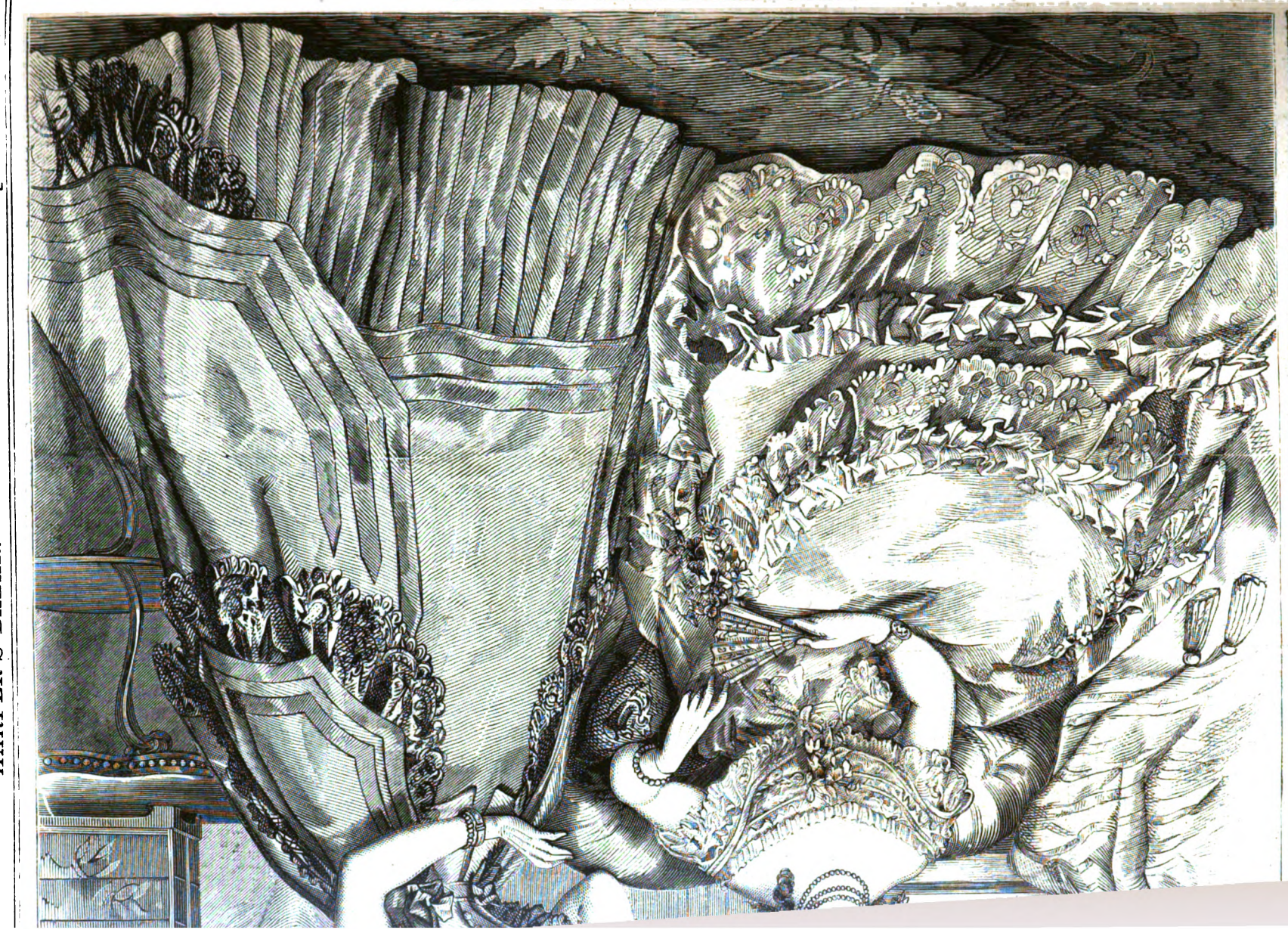
LADIES' EVENING TOILETTES.—[SEE PAGE 736.]



LADY'S VISITING TOILETTE.—[SEE PAGE 736.]

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Lady's Visiting Toilette.

See illustration on page 724.

THIS sumptuous toilette is composed of a demi-trained skirt of rich black velvet, trimmed round the bottom and up the front with two rows of deep violet silk, set on in straight bands with Gothic points at intervals of half a yard. A black velvet basque, with hanging and close sleeves, trimmed with violet silk to match the skirt, completes the costume. The distinguishing feature of the basque is the antique pleated standing collar of black velvet, edged with violet ribbon, which encircles the back of the neck, and under which is worn a jabot collar of fine lace, confined in front with an amethyst brooch. Black velvet bonnet, with violet silk ribbon and aigrette of black ostrich plumes. Straw-colored gloves.

The bias folds of the over-skirt extend up so as to pass over the shoulder. Sash with a bow on each side.

Ladies' Street and House Dresses.

Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN DRESS AND BASQUE. Demi-trained skirt without trimming. Deep basque, slashed in the back and at the sides, and trimmed with wide and narrow black guipure lace, a gros grain ruffle pleated through the middle, and a passementerie border. The seam made by sewing on the ruche is covered by a gros grain fold.

Fig. 2.—DARK BROWN GROS GRAIN DRESS, trimmed on the bottom with a wide side-pleated flounce. Loose sacque with mantle of brown beaver, trimmed with fringe of the same color and a passementerie border. Brown velvet bonnet, with black lace and brown feathers.

THE SPHINX.

MUTILATED, defaced by the lances and arrows of Arabs, whose religion teaches them to abhor all images of men or animals—mocked at by vulgar sight-seers and flippant travel-makers, some of whose own statements are rather less worthy of credence, or, at any rate, of study, than the very fables they deride—the Sphinx still reposes in the desert a majesty and a mystery.

The Egyptian Sphinx is the figure of an unwinged lion, the upper part of the head and body being human; it was frequently used to form avenues to temples and other sacred buildings.

The Greek Sphinx differs from the Egyptian in being winged, though retaining the lion's paws, and is frequently varied, both in form and attitude, according to the fancy of the sculptor or poet. Sometimes the face only is human, sometimes the upper part of the body also; occasionally the lion's claws are replaced by those of a vulture, and the wings of an eagle are added, or the tail of a serpent.

The Sphinx is almost invariably represented as a woman, and most of the legends respecting this mysterious monster bear out the supposition, though some authors treat of it as the Androsphinx, or man-headed Sphinx, and speak of it in the masculine gender. Herodotus says that the Egyptians had *also* their Androsphinges, half lion, half man. The most remarkable representation of the Egyptian Sphinx is that of Ghizeh, or El Geezeh, which stands to the east of, and is slightly smaller than the second Pyramid; and some say 125, some 188 feet in length. It is hewn out of a natural eminence of solid rock; the legs, however, are added in masonry, and some defects of shape are supplied in like manner. There are steps leading up its front to a sanctuary and tablets; but these are partially covered by the sand, which, as often as it is removed, is swept back by the wind, and speedily fills up the hollow. The head was formerly the only portion uncovered; but through the exertions and at the expense of some European gentlemen, much of the accumulation was cleared away. It is placed in the necropolis of Memphis, and is one of the most wonderful of all the strange monuments there. The nearest part of the desert was usually chosen as a burying-ground by the inhabitants and monarchs of Egyptian cities, and hence the situation of the Pyramids, or tombs of the kings.

Memphis, the city to which the necropolis appertained, was founded by the kings of Thebes, and soon eclipsed even the latter city with its hundred gates in splendor; but it declined after the founding of Alexandria, whither a large portion of its population migrated. Its remains stand on the western bank of the Nile, about ten miles from Cairo. The Sphinx had been sent into the neighborhood of Thebes by Juno, who wished to punish the family of Cadmus (its rulers). It proposed enigmas, and devoured the inhabitants if unable to explain them. In the midst of their consternation the Thebans were told by the oracle that the Sphinx would destroy herself as soon as one of the enigmas which she proposed was explained. In this enigma she asked what animal walked on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and three in the evening. Creon, King of Thebes, promised his crown and his sister Jocasta in marriage to any one who could deliver his country from the monster by solving the enigma. It was explained by

LADIES' STREET AND HOUSE DRESSES.

Ladies' Evening Toilettes.

See Illustrations on page 724.

Fig. 1.—White muslin trained skirt, trimmed with a flounce of white lace, set on plain, and surmounted by a white muslin ruche hemmed on each side and pleated through the middle. Over-skirt of white muslin, trimmed in the same manner, and draped at each side under a spray of pomegranate blossoms. Low waist, with a bertha forming basques, composed of puffings of white muslin and white lace. Pomegranate blossoms are worn at the waist and in the hair.

Fig. 2.—Trained skirt of very light lilac silk gauze, trimmed with a pleated flounce surmounted by two bias folds. Over-skirt open in front, and trimmed with three bias folds and a black lace flounce. Deep basque, trimmed like the over-skirt. Low waist, with basque in front.

Fig. 3.—GRAY MERINO WALKING SUIT. The skirt and the over-skirt, which is long in the back, are trimmed with ruffles and folds of the material, as shown by the illustration. The basque-waist, which is furnished with revers, is trimmed in a similar manner. Bonnet of gray velvet.

Fig. 4.—DRESS OF VIOLET SILK WITH A WIDE SIDE-PLEATED FLOUNCE. Black gros grain basque, trimmed with wide black guipure lace and grelot fringe, and entirely covered with braiding of black silk round cord.

Fig. 5.—WALKING SUIT OF GARNET POPLIN. The skirt is edged on the bottom with a side-pleated flounce headed by an upright ruffle and a row of narrow lace. The seam made by sewing on the ruffle and lace, as well as the flounce, is covered by a wide fold. The over-skirt and paletot are trimmed with a fold, lace, and ruffle.

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(Œdipus, who replied that man walked on his hands and feet when young, in the morning of life, at the noon of life walked erect, and in the evening of his days supported his limbs with a stick. The Sphinx no sooner heard this reply than she dashed her head against a rock, and immediately expired.

THE LIFE-LEDGER.

Our sufferings we reckon o'er
With skill minute and formal;
The cheerful ease that fills the score
We treat as merely normal.
Our list of ills, how full, how great!
We mourn our lot should fall so.
I wonder do we calculate
Our happinesses also?

Were it not best to keep account
Of all days, if of any?
Perhaps the dark ones might amount
To not so very many.
Men's looks are nigh as often gay
As sad, or even solemn:
Behold, my entry for to-day
Is in the "happy" column.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

CHAPTER XV.

Alone, in a foreign land, with only a child for company and a servant for protection—this, in the strange vicissitudes of Hannah's life, was her position now. Accidentally, rather than intentionally, for Lady Dunsmore had taken all care of her, and meant her to be met at Paris by Madame Arthenay, the lady to whom she sent her, and who, with herself, was the accomplice of Hannah's running away.

For she had literally "run away"—by not only the concurrence, but the compulsion of her faithful friend, who saw that the strain was growing too hard to bear. Living within reach of Bernard's visits, which were half a joy and half a dread, exposed to the continual gossip of Eastcrham—since, though the Moat House had entirely "cut" her, some of the other houses did not, but continued by letter a patronizing kindness most irritating—above all, suffering a painful inner warfare as to how far she was right in allowing Bernard to come and see her, since every time he came the cruel life of suspense he led seemed more and more to be making him—not merely wretched, but something worse; all these trials, in course of time, did their work upon even the strong heart and healthy frame of Hannah Thelluson.

"You are breaking down," said the countess, when one day toward the summer's end she came to take her young folks home. "This can not last. You must do as I once suggested—go quite away."

"I can not!" said Hannah, faintly smiling. "He would not let me." For she felt herself gradually succumbing to Bernard's impetuous will, and to the strength of a passion unto which impediments seemed to have given a force and persistency that had changed his whole character.

"Not let you go away? The tyrant! Men are all tyrants, you know. Very well. Then you must run away."

"He will follow me—as he once said he should—wherever I went."

"Indeed! Quite right of him. Still, as I object to tyranny, and as you will just now be much better without him than with him, I mean to help you to run away."

"But—the child!—he will miss her so. And I must have the child with me!"

"Of course. But do you think when a man is desperately in love he troubles himself much about a child? Hannah—my dear old goose! you will be a goose to the end of your days. Go and cackle over your little gosling, and leave me to manage every thing for you."

Hannah obeyed, for she had come to that pass when her energies, and even her volition, seemed to have left her. She submitted tacitly to the countess's plan, which was to send her quite out of England—to a distant French town, Avranches, not easily reached, being beyond the limits of railways—where resided a dear old friend of Lady Dunsmore's, of whom she had often talked to Hannah—one Madame Arthenay.

"She will be the best protection you could have, for she herself married her sister's husband, as is constantly done in France; so no need of concealment, my dear. I shall just tell her every thing. And you need not mind even if Mr. Rivers does swoop down upon you some day—after his fashion. But he can't—Avranches is too far off. Nor will I let him, if I can help it. I shall tell him he must leave you in peace, to regain your strength and quiet your nerves. Good-by now, and God bless you!"

The good countess, as she made this hurried farewell on board the French steamboat, left them. Almost before Hannah knew where she was, or what she had consented to, she found herself alone with Rosie and Grace. Lady Dunsmore did not say what deeper reason she had for thus effecting a temporary separation, sudden and complete, between the lovers, even though it involved what she called the "kidnapping" of little Rosie. Knowing the world, and the men therein, a good deal better than her friend did, she foreboded for Hannah a blow heavier than any yet. That hapless elder brother, the present Sir Austin, was said to be in a dying state; and for Sir Bernard Rivers of the Moat House, the last representative of so long a line, to contract an illegal marriage, in which his wife would be shut out of society, and his children held by law as illegitimate, was a sacrifice at which the most passionate lover might well hesitate. While, under these, or any circumstances, for him to doom himself for life to celibacy, was scarcely to be expected.

Lady Dunsmore had come to know Mr. Rivers pretty well by this time. She liked him extremely—as most women did—but her liking did not blind her to a conviction, founded on a certain Scotch proverb: "As the auld cock craws, the young cock learns"—that, when he was put to the crucial test, the world and his own family might be too strong for Sir Bernard. Therefore, on all accounts, she was glad at this time to get Hannah out of the way. But her plans, too hastily formed, somehow miscarried; for at Paris her two friends contrived to miss one another. When Miss Thelluson reached Avranches, it was to find Madame Arthenay away, and herself quite alone in that far-away place, with only Grace and the child.

At first this loneliness was almost pleasant. Ever since crossing the Channel she had felt lulled into a kind of stupor: the strange peace of those who have cut the cable between themselves and home, left all their burdens behind, and drifted away into what seems like "another and a better world." During her few days of traveling she had been conscious only of a sunshiny sky and smiling earth, of people moving about her with lively tongues and cheerful faces. Every thing was entirely new, for she had never been abroad before; and whether the land was France or Paradise did not much matter. She had her child beside her, and that was enough.

She had Grace too. Many a servant is in trouble almost better than a friend, because a servant is silent—Grace was, even to a fault. Trouble had hardened her sorely. Even when, a few months before, the last blow had fallen, the last tie was broken between her and Jem Dixon—for their child had died—poor Grace had said only, "It is best. My boy might have grown up to blame his mother for his existence." Words which, when Hannah heard, made her shiver in her inmost soul.

That the girl knew perfectly well her mistress's position with respect to Mr. Rivers, was evident. When he came, the nurse abstained from intruding upon them, and kept other intruders away, in a manner which, though not obnoxiously shown, occasionally touched, sometimes vexed, but always humiliated, Hannah. Still, in her sad circumstances, she was glad to have the protection of even this dumb watch-dog of a faithful servant.

Grace seemed greatly relieved when the sea rolled between them and England. "It would take a good bit of time and trouble for any body to come after us here," said she, as they climbed the steep hill on the top of which sits the lovely tower of Avranches, and looked back on the long line of straight road, miles upon miles, visible through the green, woody country, which they had traversed in driving from Granville. "It feels quite at the world's end; and, unless folk knew where we were, they might as well seek after a needle in a hay-rick. A good job too!" muttered she, with a glance at the worn face of her dear mistress, who faintly smiled.

"Nobody does know our whereabouts exactly, Grace. We have certainly done what I often in my youth used to long to do—run away, and left no address."

"I'm glad of it, ma'am. Then you'll have a good long rest."

She had, but in an unexpected way. They found Madame Arthenay absent, and her little house shut up.

"We must take refuge in the hotel," said Hannah, with a weary look. "It seems a pleasant place to lie down and rest in."

It was; and for a few hours she lingered about with Rosie in the inn garden—a green, shady, shut-in nook, with only a stray tourist or two sitting reading on its benches; full of long, low espaliers, heavy with Normandy pears. There were masses of brilliant autumn flowers, French and African marigolds, zinnias, and so on—treasures that the child kept innocently begging for, with a precocious enjoyment of the jingle of rhyme. "Give me pretty posie, to stick in Rosie 'ittle bosie!" Hannah roused herself once or twice, to answer her little girl, and explain that the flowers were not hers to gather, and that Rosie must be content with a stray daisy or two, for she never exacted blind obedience where she could find a reason intelligible to the little wakening soul. But when, after a tear or two, Rosie submitted to fate, and entreated Tannie to "come with Rosie find daisies—lots of daisies!" Aunt Hannah also succumbed.

"Tannie can't come; she must go to her bed, my darling. Poor Tannie is so tired."

And for the first time in her life she went to bed before the child, laying her head down on the pillow with a feeling as if it would be a comfort never to lift it up any more.

After these ensued days—three or four—of which she never liked to speak much afterward. She lay in a nervous fever, utterly helpless; and when, had it not been for the few words of French which Grace was able to recall—the Misses Melville having amused themselves once with teaching her—and the quickness, intelligence, and tender-heartedness of the inn-servants—good, simple Frenchwomen, with the true womanly nature which is the same all the world over—things would have gone hard with Hannah Thelluson.

More than once, vague and wandering as her thoughts were, she bitterly repented having "run away;" thereby snatching Rosie from her natural protector, and carrying her off into these strange lands, whence, perhaps, she might never be able to bring her back, but herself lie down to rise up no more. But by-and-by even this vain remorse vanished, and she was conscious of thinking about nothing beyond the roses on the chintz bed-curtains and the pattern of the paper-hangings—birds of paradise, with their sweeping tails; the angle which the opposite house made against the sky, the curious shape of its tiling, and the name of the *boutiquier* inscribed thereon, the first few letters of which were cut off by her window-ledge. So childish had her mind grown, so calmly receptive of all that happened, however extraordinary, that when one day a kind-looking, elderly lady came into her room, and began talking in broken English to Grace and the child, and to herself in the sweetest French she ever heard, Hannah accepted the fact at once, and took scarcely more than half a day to get quite accustomed to Madame Arthenay.

She was one of those women of whom France may boast so many, as unlike our English notion of a Frenchwoman as the caricatures of John Bull who strut about on the French stage are like a real Briton. Feminine, domestic—though, after having brought up two families, her sister's and her own, she now lived solitary in her pretty little nest of a house; a strict, almost stern Protestant; pure alike in act, and thoughts, and words—you would hardly have believed she was born in the same land or came of the same race as the women who figure in modern French novels, or who are met only too often in modern Parisian society. As Grace said of her after she had gone, "Ma'am, I don't care how often she comes to see you, or how long she stays. She doesn't bother me one bit. She's just like an Englishwoman."

—Which Madame Arthenay certainly was not, and would have smiled at the narrow-judging, left-handed compliment. But she was a noble type of the noblest bit of womanly nature, which is the same, or nearly the same, in all countries. No wonder Lady Dunsmore loved her, or that, as she prophesied, Hannah loved her too—in a shorter time than she could have thought it possible to love any stranger, and a foreigner likewise.

"Strangers and foreigners, so we each are to one another," said the French lady early one morning, after she had sat up all night with Hannah—to give Grace a rest. "And yet we do not feel so; do we? I think it is because we belong to the same kingdom—the kingdom of God."

For underneath all her gayety and lightness of heart, Madame Arthenay was a very religious woman—as, she told Hannah, "we Protestants" generally were; thoroughly domestic and home-loving likewise.

"It is a mistake to suppose that we French all fall in love with one another's wives and husbands, or that we compel our children to make cruel *mariages de convenance*, as you English fancy we do. My sister's was a love-marriage, like mine, and all my children's were. You would find us not so very different from yourselves, if you once came and settled among us. Suppose you were to try?"

So said she, looking kindly at her; but though, as both knew, she had been told every thing, this was the first time Madame Arthenay had made any allusion to Miss Thelluson's future or her own past. Besides, they did not talk very much, she speaking chiefly in French, which Hannah found it an effort to follow. But she loved to read the cosmopolitan language of the sweet eyes, to accept the good offices of the tender, skillful, useful hands. Years afterward, when all its bitterness, and pain, and terror had died out, the only thing she remembered about that forlorn illness in a far-away French town was the kindness of all the good French people about her, and especially of Madame Arthenay.

But when she was convalescent, Hannah's heart woke up from the stupor into which it had fallen. She wanted to get well all in a minute, that she might have back her little Rosie, who had been spirited away from her by those compassionate French mothers, and was turning into *une petite Française* as fast as possible. Above all, she craved for news from home: it was a fortnight now since she had had one word—one line. She did not wish—nay, she dreaded—to have a letter from Bernard; but she would have liked to hear of him—how he took the news of her flight, whether he was angry with her, and whether he missed his child. But no tidings came, and she did not want to write till she was better. Besides, Madame Arthenay took all the writing things away.

"You are my slave, my captive. Madame la Comtesse exacts it," said she, in her pretty French. "You are not to do a single thing, nor to stir out of your room until I give you leave, which will likely be to-morrow. And now I must bid you adieu, as I have a friend coming who will stay the whole day. Could you rest here quiet, do you think, and spare me an hour of Grace and Rosie? I should like to show my friend the little English rose."

Hannah promised vaguely, and was left alone—to study, as heretofore, the flowers on the chintz and the long-tailed birds on the wall. She was getting very weary of her imprisonment—she who had never before been confined to her room for a whole week. It was a lovely day; she knew that by the bit of intensely blue sky behind the house-tiles opposite, and the soft, sweet air that, together with the cheerful street noises of a foreign town, entered in at the open window. A longing to "rise up and walk" came over her—to go out and see what could be seen; above all, to catch a glimpse of that glorious view which she had noticed in coming up the hill—the sea view, with Mont St. Michel in the distance; that wonderful rock castle, dedicated to her favorite angel (in the days when she was a poetical young lady she always had a statue of him in her room), St. Michael, the angel of high places, the angel who fights against wrong.

It was a vagary, more like a school-girl than a grown woman; but Hannah could not help it. She felt she must go out—must feel the fresh air and sunshine, and try if she could walk, if there was any remnant of health and strength left in her; for she would need both so much.

She was already dressed, for she had insisted upon it. Searching for her bonnet and shawl, and smiling with a pathetic pleasure to find she really could walk pretty well—also wondering, with childish amusement, as to whether, if Grace met her, she would not take her for a ghost—Hannah stole down through the quiet hotel, and out into the street—that picturesque street of Avranches which leads toward the public gardens, and the spot where, within six square feet, is piled up the poor remnant of its once splendid cathedral.

Madame Arthenay had described it, and the various features of the town, during the gentle, flowing, unexciting conversation which she pertinaciously kept up by the invalid's bedside, so Hannah easily found her way thither; tottering a little at first, but soon drinking in the life-giving stimulus of that freshest, purest air, blowing on a hill-top from over the sea. All her life Hannah had loved high places; they feel nearer heaven somehow, and lift one above the petty pains and groveling pleasures of this mortal life. Even now, weak as she was, she was conscious of a sensation of pleasure as if her life were not all done. She wandered about, losing her way, and finding it again; or amusing herself by asking it of those kindly, courteous French folk, who, whenever they looked in her face, stopped and softened their voices as if they knew she had been ill and in trouble. One of them—a benign-looking old gentleman, taking the air with his old wife, just like an English Darby and Joan—civilly pointed out to her the Jardin des Plantes as being a charming place to walk in, where madame would find easy benches to repose herself upon, and a sea view, with Mont St. Michel in it, that was truly "magnifique." Madame's own beautiful island could furnish nothing finer. Hannah smiled, amused at the impossibility of passing for any thing but an Englishwoman, in spite of her careful French, and went thither.

It was a beautiful spot. Sick souls and weary bodies might well repose themselves there, after the advice of the good little fat Frenchman—how fat Frenchmen do grow sometimes! The fine air was soft as cream and strong as wine, and the cloudless sunshine lay round about like a flood; over land and sea—the undulating sweep of forest country on the right hand, and on the left the bay, with its solitary rock—fortress, prison, monastery—about which Madame Arthenay, in her charming small-talk, so fitted for a sick-room, had told stories without end.

Involuntarily, Hannah sat and thought of them now, and not of her own troubles; these seemed to have slipped away, as they often do in a short, sharp illness, and she woke refreshed, as after a night's sleep, able to assume again the burden of the day. Only she lay and meditated, as one does before rising, in a dreamy sort of way, in which her old dreams came back to her. Looking at that lonely rock, she called up the figure of her saint—the favorite St. Michael of her girlhood, with his head bent forward and his sweet mouth firmly set; his hands leaning on his sword, ready to fight, able even to avenge, but yet an angel always; and there came into her that saving strength of all beaten-down, broken-hearted creatures—the belief, alas! often so faint—that God does sometimes send his messengers to fight against wrong; not merely to succor, but absolutely to fight.

"No, I will not die—not quite yet," she said to herself, as in this far-distant nook of God's earth, which seemed to have His smile perpetually upon it, she thought of her own England, made homeless to her through trouble, and bitter with persecution. "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove! Here, perhaps, I might find rest; but still I will not die. They shall not kill me. They may take my character away—they may make him forsake me, as I dare say he will; but I have strength in my soul, nevertheless. And I will fight against their cruelty—I will protest to the last that I had a right to love him, a right to marry him; that it would have been the best thing for him, for me, and the child. Oh, my Bernard! there is a deal of the angel in you; but if there were more of the St. Michael—if, instead of submitting to wrong, you could take up your sword and hew it down— But you can not. I know, when the time comes, you will forsake me. But still—still—I shall have the child."

Thus sighed she; and then, determined to sigh no more, to complain no more, to any living creature, but to do her best to get health and strength of body and mind, Hannah rose up from the heap of stones where she had been sitting. With one fond look at that glorious picture which lay below her—earth, sea, and sky, equally beautiful, and blending together in the harmony which soothes one's soul into harmony too—she turned her steps homeward; that is, "chez elle," for to poor Hannah Thelluson there was not—would there ever be?—such a thing as home.

As she went, she saw a figure coming toward her, walking rapidly, and looking round as if searching for some one. Had it been possible—or, rather, had not the extreme improbability of such a thing made her stop a minute, and draw her hand across her eyes, to make sure that imagination was not playing her false—she should have said it was Bernard.

He saw her likewise; and the two ghosts—for strangely ghostly they both looked to one another's eyes—met.

"Hannah! how could you—"

"Bernard! oh, Bernard!"

She was so glad to see him—he could not help finding it out; nor did she try to hide it—she was too weak. She clung to his arm, her voice choking, her tears falling fast—tears of pure helplessness, and of joy also. He had not forsaken her.

"How could you run away in this manner? We have been searching for you—Madame Arthenay, Grace, and I—for hours."

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"Not quite hours," said she, smiling at last. "It was fully one o'clock when I left my room. Was that what you meant by my running away?" For she was half afraid of him, gentle as he seemed, and wished to have the worst over at once.

Bernard shook his head.

"I can not scold you now. I am only too happy to see you once again, my darling."

He had never called her so before; indeed, she was the sort of woman more to be honored and loved in a quiet, silent way, than fondled over with caressing words. Still, the tenderness was very sweet to have—sweeter because she felt so miserably weak.

"How did you find me out?" she said, as they walked up the town. And it seemed as if now, for the first time, they were free to walk together, with no cruel eyes upon them, no backbiting tongues pursuing them.

"How did I find you? Why, I tracked you like a Red Indian. Of course I should—to the world's end! What else did you expect, I wonder?"

Hannah hardly knew what she had expected—what feared. In truth, she was content to bask in the present, with a passionate eagerness of enjoyment which those only know who have given up the future hopelessly and entirely.

In the course of the day she grew so rapidly better that, when Bernard proposed going for an hour or two to the house of Madame Arthenay, she assented. He seemed quite at home there—"flirted" with the sweet old French lady in the most charming manner. He had been with her since yesterday, she said; and was indeed the "friend" to whom she wished to show the little English Rose.

"Monsieur speaks French like a Frenchman, as he ought, having been at school at Caen, he tells me, for two years. He does credit to his Norman blood."

Which Madame Arthenay evidently thought far superior to any thing Saxon, and that the great William had done us Britons the greatest possible honor in condescending to conquer us. But Hannah would not smile at the dear old lady, whom, she saw, Bernard liked extremely.

Soon they settled, amicably and gayly, to the most delicious of coffee and the feeblest of tea, in Madame Arthenay's cottage—a series of rooms all on the ground-floor, and all opening into one another and into the garden—salon, salle-à-manger, two bed-chambers, and a kitchen; half of which was covered by a sort of loft, up which the one servant—a faithful old soul, who could do any thing and put up with any thing—mounted of nights to her bed. A *ménage* essentially French, with not a fragment of wealth or show about it; but all was so pretty, so tasteful, so suitable. It felt like living in a bird's nest, with green leaves outside and moss within—a nest one could live in like the birds, as innocently and merrily—a veritable bit of Arcadia. Mr. Rivers said so.

"Ah, you should come and live among us," said Madame Arthenay. "In this our Normandy, though we may be a century behind you in civilization, I sometimes think we are a century nearer than you are to the long-past Golden Age. We lead simpler lives, we honor our fathers and mothers, and look after our children ourselves. Then, too, our servants are not held so wide apart from us as you hold yours. Old Jeanne, for instance, is quite a friend of mine."

"So is Grace," Hannah said.

"Ah, yes; poor Grace! she one day told me her story." And then, turning suddenly to Bernard, "I assure you, we are very good people here in Normandy. You might like us if you knew us. Monsieur Rivers, why not come among us and resume the old name, and be Monsieur De la Rivière?"

Bernard started, looked earnestly at her, to see if any deeper meaning lurked under her pleasantry.

"Take care," he said; "many a true word is spoken in jest." And then he suddenly changed the conversation and asked about an old Château de Saint Roque, which some one had told him was well worth seeing, and might be seen easily, as it was on sale.

"I know the present owner, a Lyons merchant, finds it dull. He bought it from the last propriétaire, to whom it had descended in a direct line, people say, ever since the Crusades; and—such a curious coincidence, monsieur—the family were named De la Rivière. Who knows but you may be revisiting the cradle of your ancestors? If Miss Thelluson is able, you ought certainly to go and see it."

Bernard assented, and all was soon arranged. He was in one of his happiest moods, Hannah saw. He, like herself, felt the influence of the sunshiny atmosphere, within and without, in this pleasant nook of pleasant France—the distance from home sorrows, the ease and freedom of intercourse with Madame Arthenay, who knew every thing and blamed nothing. When, next day, they all met, and drove together across the smiling country, amusing themselves with the big, blue-bloused Norman peasant, who kept cracking his long whip and conversing with his horses in shrill patois that resounded even above the jingle of their bells, Hannah thought she had seldom, in all the time they had known one another, seen him looking so gay.

Saint Roque was one of those châteaux of which there are many in Normandy, built about the time of the Crusades—half mansion, half fortress. It was situated in a little valley, almost English in its character, with sleepy cows basking in the meadows, and blackberries—such blackberries as little Rosie screamed at with delight, they were so large and fine—hanging on the hedges, and honeysuckle, sweet as English honeysuckle, perfuming every step of the road. Suddenly they came upon this miniature mediæval castle, with its four towers reflected in the deep clear water of the moat, which they crossed by a draw-bridge—and then were all at once carried from old romance to modern comfort, but picturesque still.

Hannah thought she had never seen a sweeter place. "I only wish I were rich and could buy it. I think I could live content here all my days," said she to the Lyons merchant's wife, whom Madame Arthenay knew, and who, with her black-eyed boy clinging to her gown, politely showed her every thing.

"Did you mean what you said?" whispered Bernard, eagerly. And then he drew back, and, without waiting for her answer, began talking to Madame Arthenay.

That night, when he took them safe to the hotel door, he detained Hannah, and asked her if she would not come round the garden with him in the moonlight.

"The air is soft as a summer night; it will do you no harm. We may have no better chance of talk, and I want to speak to you."

Yet for many minutes he said nothing. The night was so still, the garden so entirely deserted, that they seemed to have for once the world to themselves. In this far-away spot it felt as if they had left all the bitterness of their life behind them—as if they had a right to be lovers, and to treat one another as such. Bernard put his arm round her as they sat; and though there was a solemnity in his caresses and a tender sadness in her reception of them which marked them as people who had known sorrow, very different from boy and girl lovers, still love was very sweet—implying deep content, thankful rest.

"Hannah," he said at last, "I have never yet scolded you properly for your running away—with Lady Dunsmore aiding and abetting you. She would scarcely tell me where you were, until I hinted that, as a father, I had a right to get possession of my child. Why did you do such a thing? You must never do it again."

She laughed, but said nothing. In truth, they were both too happy for either anger or contrition.

"Dearest," he whispered, "we must be married. I shall never have any rest till you are wholly and lawfully mine."

"Oh, Bernard! if that could ever be!"

"It shall be. I have been talking to Madame Arthenay about it, as Lady Dunsmore charged me to do. She loves you well, Hannah; and the dear old French lady loves you too already. Every body loves you, and would like to see you happy."

"Happy!" And it seemed as if happiness would never come any nearer to her than now, when she sat as if in a dream, and watched the moon sailing over the sky, just as she had done in her girlhood and ever since, only now she was lonely no more, but deeply and faithfully loved; loving, too, as she never thought it was in her to love any man. "Happy! I am so happy now that I almost wish I could die."

"Hush!" Bernard said, with a shiver. "Come down from the clouds, my love, and listen to me—to my plain, rough common-sense, for two minutes."

Then he explained that the jest about his becoming Monsieur De la Rivière was not entirely a jest—that in talking with Madame Arthenay she had told him how, upon giving notice to the French government, and residing three years in France, he would become a naturalized French citizen, enjoying all the benefits of French laws, including that which, by obtaining a "dispensation"—seldom or never refused—legalizes marriage with a deceased wife's sister. And such a marriage, Madame Arthenay believed, being contracted by them in the character of French subjects, would be held legal any where, as her own had been.

A future, the bare chance of which made Hannah feel like a new creature. To be Bernard's happy, honored wife, Rosie's rightful mother; to enter joyfully upon that life which to every home-loving woman is the utmost craving of her nature; she could hardly believe it true, or that, if possible, it had not been thought of before—until a sadder thought occurred to her.

"What does 'naturalization' mean? Becoming a Frenchman?"

"Yes; also, that I must 'change my domicile,' as lawyers call it, publicly and permanently; let it be clearly known that I never mean to live in England again."

"Never again? That would involve giving up much. How much?"

"Every thing!" he answered, bitterly. "Home, friends, profession, position; all the ambitions I ever had in my life, and I have had some. Still," added he—was it tenderly or only kindly?—as if he feared he had hurt her, "still, Hannah, I should have you."

"Yes," said Hannah, and fell into deep thought.

How much is a woman to a man—say, the noblest woman to the best and truest man? How far can she replace to him every thing, supply every thing? A great deal, no doubt; and men in love say she can do all. But is it true? Does after-experience prove it true? And it must be remembered that in this case the woman's experience of the man was close, domestic—more like that which comes after marriage than before. She knew Mr. Rivers perfectly well as a brother before she ever thought of him as any thing else. Loving him, she loved him open-eyed, seeing all his weak as well as his strong points as clearly as he saw hers.

Hannah was neither an over-conceited nor an over-humble person. She knew perfectly well her own deserts and requirements—Bernard's too. She was well aware that the ties of home, of kindred, of old associations, were with him passionately strong. Also, that he was, as he said, an ambitious man—that the world had a larger place in his heart than it had ever had in hers. She began to tremble.

"Tell me," said she, "tell me the exact truth. Do you think you could do this? Would it not be a sacrifice so painful, so difficult, as to be almost impossible?"

"You are right," he answered, in a low voice, and turning his head away; "I fear it would be impossible."

Hannah knew it, and yet she wished he had not said it. To her, with her ideal of love, nothing, except sin, would ever have been found impossible.

They sat silent a while. Then Bernard, assuming a cheerful tone, continued—

"But, my dearest, there is a medium course. Why should we not, without being absolutely naturalized, take up our abode in France, where such marriages as ours are universally recognized? We might live here the greater part of the year, and only go to England occasionally. Even then we need not mingle in English society. The curate I have lately taken would be left in charge of my parish, so that I need scarcely ever go to Easterham."

"That means," said Hannah, slowly, "that you could never take me to Easterham. Our marriage, after all, would be like the other foreign marriages of which we have spoken, which at home are no marriages at all. Abroad, I might be held as your wife; in England, I should be only—"

"No, no, no!" broke in Bernard, impetuously, "do not wound me by the cruel word. It is not true. People could not be so harsh, so wicked. And if they were, why need we care, when our own consciences are satisfied? Oh, my love, my love, why can not we be happy? Is it not right to be happy in this short, sad life of ours, which may end at any time? Besides," and his voice altered so that Hannah scarcely knew it, "you are not aware what harm you are doing me. This suspense drives me nearly wild. I can settle to nothing, accomplish nothing. My life is wasting away. I am growing a worse man every day; more unworthy of you, of my child, of"—here he stopped and looked upward solemnly—"of her whom I never forget, my child's mother. Oh, Hannah, listen to me this once, this last time. Here, where it can so easily be done, marry me. For God's sake marry me—and at once!"

It was an awful struggle. Worse even than that which she had gone through when he was ill, and of which he never knew. The questions she had put to herself then she repeated now—arguing them over and over with a resolute will, that tried to judge every thing impartially, and not with relation to herself at all. Other arguments, too, came back upon her mind, arguments belonging to the great conflict of her youth, of which this one seemed to be such a cruel repetition—with a difference. For the marriage with her cousin would have risked only physical evils, but no moral suffering or social disgrace to any human being; while this marriage, which the law would never recognize as such, risked much more. All her father had then said to her—her dear dead father, so tender and wise—of the rights of the unborn generation, of the cruelty of entailing upon them the penalty of our joy, if that can be true joy which is so dearly bought—seemed to return word by word, and burn themselves into her brain. With Rosie even, it might one day be a difficulty—when the young grown-up girl came to discover that her father's wife was not really his wife, but only regarded as such out of courtesy or pity. And—what if Rosie should not always be the only child?

Sitting there, Hannah shuddered like a person in an ague; and then all feeling seemed to leave her, as if she were a dead woman, unconscious of the living arms that were trying to warm her into life.

"You are agitated, my own love!" Bernard whispered. "Take time; do not answer me quickly. Think it well over before you answer at all."

"I have thought it over," said she, looking mournfully in his face, and clinging to his hands, as those cling who know they are putting away from them every happiness of this world. "Not now only, but many a time before, I have asked myself the same question, and found the same answer. No, Bernard, for God's sake, as you say, which includes all other sakes, I will *not* marry you."

Perhaps they ought to have parted then and there—Hannah thought afterward it had been better if they had; kinder to him and to herself if she had fled away on the spot, nor remained to have to endure and to remember those bitter words which miserable people speak in haste, and which are so very hard to be forgotten afterward—words which are heard afterward like ghostly voices in the silence of separation, making one feel that a parting, if it must be, had better be like an execution—one blow, severing soul and body; then nothingness.

That nothingness, that quiet death, that absence of all sensation, which she had felt more than once in her life, after great anguish, would have been bliss itself to the feeling which came over her when, having pleaded his utmost, and reproached her his worst, Bernard rose up, to part from her in the soft moonlight of that pleasant garden, as those part who never mean to meet again.

"My wife you must be—or nothing," he had said, passionately, and she had answered with an icy conviction that it must be so—that it had best be so. "Yes, that is true—a wife or nothing." And then the lurking "devil" which we all have in us, liable to be roused on occasion, was roused, and she said a few words which, the next minute, she would have given worlds to have left unsaid. For the same minute there came to him, put into his hands by Madame Arthenay's Jeanne, a letter, an English letter, with a broad black edge.

Bernard took it with a start—not of sorrow exactly, but of shocked surprise.

"I must go home at once. In truth, I ought never to have left home, but I thought of nothing, remembered nothing, except you, Hannah. And this is how you have requited me."

"Hush, and read your letter."

She dared not look over his shoulder and read it with him—dared not even inquire what the sorrow was which she had now no right to share.

Nor did he tell it; but, folding up the letter, stood in deep thought for a minute or two, then turned to her coldly, as coldly as if she had been any stranger lady, to whom he gave the merest courtesy which ladyhood demanded from a gentleman—no more.

"I must beg you to make my excuses to Madame Arthenay, and tell her that I am summoned home—I can hardly say unexpectedly, and yet it feels so. Death always feels sudden at last."

He put his hand over his eyes, as if he were trying to realize something, to collect himself after some great shock. Hannah said a broken word or two of regret, but he repelled them at once.

"No; this death needs no condolence. It is no sorrow—if death ever is a sorrow so bitter as life, which I begin to doubt. But it alters every thing for me, and for Rosie. Poor Austin is gone—I am Sir Bernard Rivers."

Was there pride in his tone—that hard, bitter pride which so often creeps into a heart from which love has been ruthlessly driven? Hannah could not tell; but when they parted, as they did a few minutes after, coldly shaking hands like common acquaintances, she felt that it was really a parting, such a one as they had never had before; a separation of souls, which in all this world might never be united again.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A DASHING YOUNG DAMSEL.—There was no impropriety, *per se*, in giving a button-hole bouquet to a gentleman; but if the manner of presenting it was in keeping with the cognomen you have chosen, we think that it may have constituted an offense against good taste, to say the least.

V. D. P.—To square the circle is to find a square equal in area to the area of a given circle. This problem ranks with the philosopher's stone, perpetual motion, the elixir vitæ, and other secrets as yet beyond the reach of man, which the ancients spent their lives in vain efforts to discover, and which the moderns have wisely given up as insoluble.

BLUEBERRY.—It is impossible to do what you desire.

GRACE AND HONEY.—Halloween falls on the 31st of October, the vigil of All-Saints. We can refer you to no better authority than Burns's poem of this name for the superstitious observances practiced in connection therewith in Scotland, and which we have not room to catalogue here.

RACHEL.—Read the "Ugly Girl" articles published in the *Bazar* for advice about cosmetics.

LIZZIE.—Lyell's Student's Geology is published by Harper & Brothers, who will send it to your address on receipt of $2.

MIGNON.—In answer to your inquiries about the best method of piercing your ears, our first advice would be, Don't! But if you will mutilate yourself to satisfy the demands of a barbarous fashion, you can go to the jeweler, who will puncture the lobes of your ears with a sharp instrument, and insert a pair of slender gold rings to be worn until the ear is healed, which is the preferable way; or you can let some ancient dame run a darning needle through them in the old-time fashion, and afterward draw through the hole a silken thread, which will act as a seton for some weeks, and keep up a lively irritation, which may be good for weak eyes, but not for an indifferent temper. In the language of the showman, you pays your money and you takes your choice.

SCHOOL-GIRL.—Water-melon is usually served in slices and eaten with a fork; but connoisseurs say that the true way is to serve only the middle, with a spoon, leaving the rind on the plate on which it is brought to table. Callers should *always* send up their cards or names. Gentlemen usually keep their hats in their hands on making a call. This is an English custom; indeed, Englishmen cling to their hats with such tenacity that we have heard of cases where they have danced with them under their arm. A gentleman offers a lady his hand to assist her from the carriage. At table it is better to pass the cream and sugar to your guest than to help him yourself.

MAUD.—"Yours truly" is merely a conventional phrase, and has no deeper meaning, at the foot of a letter. A lady may accept a ring as a philopena present from a gentleman, it being simply the payment of a debt of honor, and involving no obligation. She should protest, however, against too costly a gift.

T. B. W. AND OTHERS.—We can not look up names in the city directories, and furnish no addresses to our correspondents in this column.

ELLIE.—You are not obliged to meet your gentlemen friends at the dépôt, though it is courteous to send a carriage for them if you have one at your disposal. Your friend should notify you of his safe return.

MRS. ROSE.—We consider Vassar College an excellent institution. A detailed account of it was published last summer in the *Bazar*.

LELIA.—We know of no book specially devoted to the question of the marriage of cousins. Such marriages are usually discouraged by physicians.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—A sketch and portrait of Carlotta Patti was published in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 41, Vol. II. She made her début at the New York Academy of Music in 1861. We think that her sister, Madame Strakosch, is still living.

A CLUB OF TWENTY.—It is impossible to reprint stories that have appeared in the *Bazar*. Our back numbers are electrotyped, and you can obtain as many copies of the particular story you mention as you wish for yourself and friends.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS.—The famous picture known as "La Joconde" is the portrait of Mona Lisa del Gioconda, the wife of a Florentine merchant, and was the work of Leonardo da Vinci. After Da Vinci's death it was purchased by Francis I. for 4000 gold crowns, or about $9000, an enormous sum in those days. It is now in the Louvre, where it is esteemed one of the choicest gems of the magnificent galleries, and is a great favorite with copyists.

MRS. W. R. R.—The Marguerite is the simplest of polonaises, and suitable for merino. A demi-train is half a yard longer than a short walking skirt. A court train pattern is in Supplement of *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. III. The skirt of your light silk need not be altered. Make a basque, and trim with lace, or passementerie and fringe.

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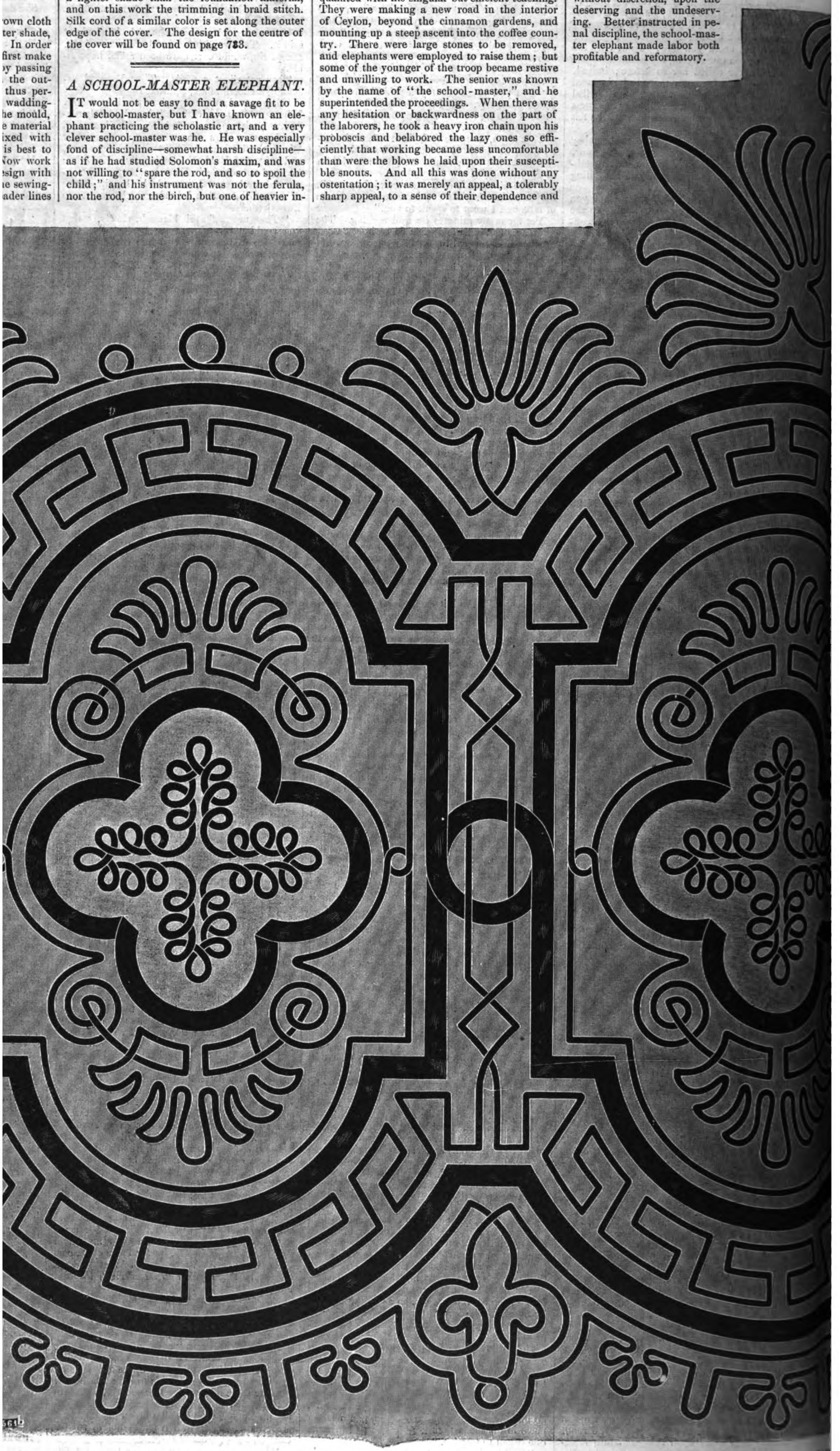
with braid or black velvet ribbon. For the inner quadruple rosette figures lay on silk reps of a lighter shade than the foundation material, and on this work the trimming in braid stitch. Silk cord of a similar color is set along the outer edge of the cover. The design for the centre of the cover will be found on page 783.

A SCHOOL-MASTER ELEPHANT.

IT would not be easy to find a savage fit to be a school-master, but I have known an elephant practicing the scholastic art, and a very clever school-master was he. He was especially fond of discipline—somewhat harsh discipline—as if he had studied Solomon's maxim, and was not willing to "spare the rod, and so to spoil the child;" and his instrument was not the ferula, nor the rod, nor the birch, but one of heavier infliction—namely, an iron chain. And the matter was in this wise, when I had occasion to be acquainted with his singular but efficient teaching. They were making a new road in the interior of Ceylon, beyond the cinnamon gardens, and mounting up a steep ascent into the coffee country. There were large stones to be removed, and elephants were employed to raise them; but some of the younger of the troop became restive and unwilling to work. The senior was known by the name of "the school-master," and he superintended the proceedings. When there was any hesitation or backwardness on the part of the laborers, he took a heavy iron chain upon his proboscis and belabored the lazy ones so efficiently that working became less uncomfortable than were the blows he laid upon their susceptible snouts. And all this was done without any ostentation; it was merely an appeal, a tolerably sharp appeal, to a sense of their dependence and their duty. Now I have seen punishments inflicted, almost without discretion, upon the deserving and the undeserving. Better instructed in penal discipline, the school-master elephant made labor both profitable and reformatory.



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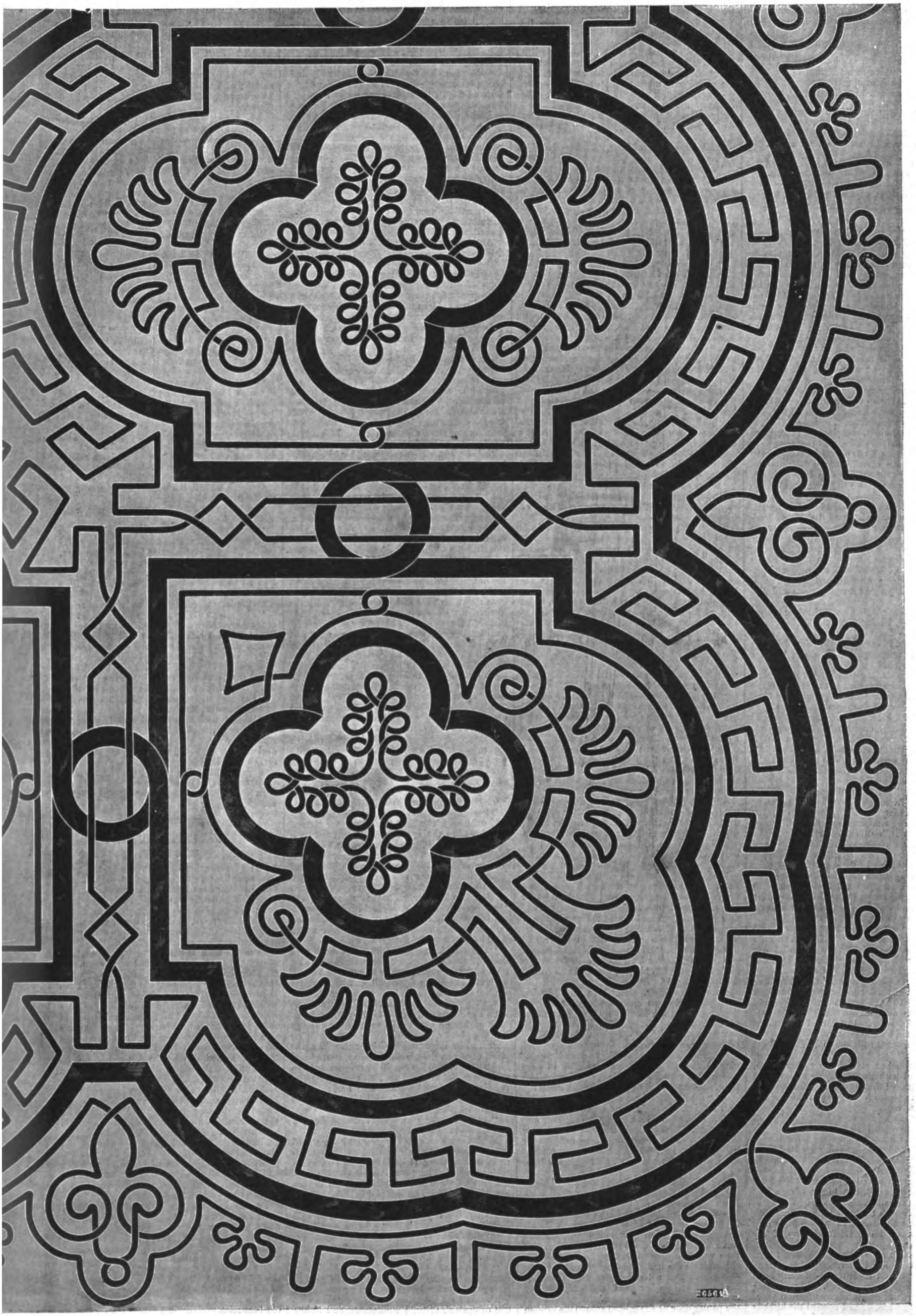

2.—BRAID AND SOUTACHE EMBROIDERY.

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IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THERE are roses of passionate sweetness
In the gardens under the hill,
Red-lipped and rich with the honey
That the brown bee sips at will.

Lightly their breath is blowing
Wherever the west wind flies,
A part of the breathing rapture
Of laughter and kisses and sighs.

But here, where the silence is perfect
As in undiscovered lands,
The lilies are blooming, like sainted souls,
With their gold harps in their hands.

And I think if the Lord at cool of day
Should again with his servants tread,
It is here that his feet would linger—
In this Garden of the Dead!

NABBY'S HUSBAND.

A KNOCK at the squire's door.

An eager "come in" from the squire, to whom any outside diversion is an inestimable boon, he having just reached that uncomfortable stage of masculine convalescence when life becomes a burden not only to the so-called "patient" himself, but also to those unlucky feminine relatives whose duty it is to officiate as his "ministering angels."

Mary, the servant, came in.

"Please, Mr. Hosley, there's a woman down stairs who says she must see you. She's been here before since you were sick, and now she won't take 'no' for an answer."

"Show her right up, Mary," said the squire, alertly, brightening up visibly, like the war-horse who scents the battle afar off. Not all the cozy comfort of his surroundings, the "Sleepy Hollowness" of his easy-chair, the pleasant pictures on the wall, the wood fire which, now that the wintry twilight was settling down over the bit of gray sky left visible by the curtains' heavy folds, danced and flashed all over the room in rosy shadows, could reconcile the squire to his enforced seclusion. Secretly he pined for his dingy old den of an office, and chafed at the doctor's restrictions, which as yet forbade all thought of business. But now the moral police force, represented by his wife and daughter, being luckily off duty, there was nothing to prevent his seeing this probable client.

"Show her up, Mary," said the squire, cheerfully, straightening himself, and assuming as much of legal dignity as dressing-gown and slippers permitted.

Mary disappeared. Presently the door opened again. "Why, Nabby," said the squire, "is it you? How do you do?"

"Yes, squire, it's me," said Nabby, dropping down with a heavy sigh into a chair; "and I don't do very well."

Nabby was a short, squarely built woman of fifty, with considerable gray in the coarse, black hair drawn stiffly and uncompromisingly back under a bonnet about five years out of date. She had sharp black eyes, and a resolute, go-ahead manner. Evidently a hard-working woman; yet in looking at her you could not help the conviction that something more than hard work had plowed the deep wrinkles which ran across and across her forehead, and threatened to lift her eyebrows up to her hair.

Nabby had lived with the squire's mother fifteen years—from the time when Mrs. Hosley took her in, a ten-year-old orphan, who was, as the good old lady sometimes expressed it, "more plague than profit," until she grew into the steady and reliable handmaiden, who finally, with every one's good wishes, married young Josiah Gould, and set up in the world for herself. Old Mrs. Hosley had long since gone to her reward, but the family still kept up a friendly interest in Nabby and her fortunes, the squire in particular being her "guide, philosopher, and friend" in all the emergencies of life.

"Why, what's the matter now, Nabby?" said the squire, good-naturedly. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, I *am*," said Nabby, emphatically, with a snap of her black eyes. "I'm sick to death of Josiah. I can't stan' it any longer, and I've come to talk with you about gittin' a divorce. You see he's ben a-growin' worse and worse now for a good while. I've kep' it to myself pretty much, because I was ashamed on't, and then I kep' hopin' he'd do better. I've talked and talked to him, and said and done every thing a woman could, but it seemed as if the more I talked the worse he grew."

The squire looked at Nabby's rather sharp, hard face, and perhaps was hardly so surprised as Nabby expected that Josiah had not been reformed by the vigorous "talking to" he had undoubtedly received.

"He grew more and more shif'less and good-for-nothin'," continued Nabby, "till, finally, he didn't do much but set round the kitchen fire, half boozy. If there's any thing I *hate*," burst out Nabby, "it's a man forever settin' round the house underfoot. And there I was a-takin' in washin', and a-slavin' early and late, to be kinder decent and forehanded, and him no better'n a dead man on my hands, so far as helpin' any was concerned. And so I told him, time and again. He worked just about enough to keep himself in drink. He knew he couldn't git any of my money for that.

"But I stood it all till about a fortnight ago. I'd been workin' hard all day helpin' Miss Barber clean house, and it seemed as if every bone in my body ached, I was so tired. I came along home, thinkin' how good my cup of tea 'd taste. The first thing I see, when I opened the kitchen door, was old Hank Slater settin' there in my rockin'-chair. He and Josiah were both drunk as—as *hogs*," said Nabby, slandering an innocent animal in her haste for a simile.

"They'd tracked the mud all over my clean floors. The cookin'-stove was jammed full of wood, roarin' like all possessed. I wonder they hadn't burned the house up before I got there. And they'd got my best tea-pot out to heat some water, and the water 'd all biled away, and the bottom come out. But the worst was to see my husband a-consortin' with such scum of the earth as that miserable, low-lived Hank Slater. I tell you, squire, I was *mad*. I just flung that kitchen door wide open, and sez I,

"'Git out of this house, Josiah Gould, and don't never let me see your face inside on't again.'

"Sez he, meek as Moses, 'Where shall I go to, Nabby?'

"Sez I, 'I don't care where you go to, so long's you don't come near me. I've always ben a respectable woman, and I don't want none of Hank Slater's friends round my house.'"

"Well?" queried the squire, as Nabby's narration came to a pause.

"Well," said Nabby, in rather a subdued tone, "he went off. And he hain't come back. And I want a divorce."

"Now, Nabby," remonstrated the squire, "you don't want a divorce. I know you better than that. You are not the woman to give Josiah up, and let him go to the bad, without a struggle. You feel a little vexed with him now, and I don't blame you. It is hard, very hard. But you know you took him 'for better or worse.' Do you think, yourself, it is quite right to break your contract because it proves the worse for you—because you are the strong one and he the weak one of the two? That don't strike me as good Bible doctrine, Nabby. 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and *not* to please ourselves,' you know."

"Well, I dunno," said Nabby, twisting the corner of her shawl dubiously. "I hadn't thought on't in that light, I must say. It's so aggravatin' to have such a man for a husband. Besides, I dunno's he'd come back now if I wanted him to."

"Hasn't he been back at all?"

"Why, yes, he did come once, for a pair of pantaloons. But I didn't take no notice of him."

"Now, Nabby, you may depend upon it, it wasn't the pantaloons he was after. He wanted to see if you wouldn't relent. If he comes again, be a little pleasant to him, and I'll warrant he will stay. Give him another chance, Nabby. Josiah isn't the worst fellow in the world, by any means. He has his redeeming traits, after all. I believe he will do better, if you will try to help him. You know Josiah is one that bears a good deal of encouragement, Nabby."

"Well, squire, I'll think it over. Anyhow, I'm obleeged to you. You talk so sorter comfortin' to a body. You're your mother's own son; just the same good heart. Would you be able to eat some of my cheese, squire?"

"Try me, and see, Nabby," said the squire, smilingly, not impervious to Nabby's compliments. Nabby made her exit just as Mrs. Hosley rushed in, full of wifely indignation that the squire had been allowed to see a "client."

Nabby's home was over at "the Corners," three miles from the village. She walked rapidly along in the fast-thickening darkness, with the steady, strong gait becoming the self-reliant woman that she was. Yet even her unimaginative nature was not proof against the depressing influence of the chilly, raw November evening. The wind whistled through the bare tree branches, which creaked and groaned mournfully, and waved wildly up and down in the dim light overhead. The wind seemed to cherish a special spite against Nabby. It blew her bonnet off and her hair into her eyes, struggled madly with her for her shawl, took her breath away, and firmly resisted her every step. Finally, it began to send spiteful dashes of cold rain-drops in her face—rain that seemed almost to freeze as it fell.

"Josiah used to come after me with an umbrella when I was caught out in the rain," thought Nabby. "He was always real kind and good to me, after all. I dunno's he ever give me a cross word in his life, even when he'd ben drinkin'."

Here the driving, sleety rain and piercing wind pounced down upon Nabby with renewed fierceness, hustling her madly around in fiendish glee.

"An awful night to be homeless, Nabby," something seemed to say.

"I don't care," said Nabby to herself, beginning to feel cross again and generally ill used as she grew wetter and colder. "It serves him right. He's made his bed, and he can lie in it."

At "the Corners," the light streaming cheerfully out into the night from other homes made Nabby's little house look particularly gloomy and uninviting. Nabby fumbled under the mat for the door-key, fumbled with stiffened fingers for the key-hole, and, finally succeeding in unlocking the door, felt her way in through the little entry.

There is always something "uncanny" about going alone at night into a dark and shut-up house. Even people of the best-regulated minds experience a vague suspicion of something behind them, a sense of possible ghostly hands about to clutch them in the darkness. Nabby was a woman, like Mrs. Edmund Sparkler, with "no nonsense about her;" but, nevertheless, a cheerful tale she had read only yesterday in the *Chronicle*, about a burglar and a lone woman, kept coming into her head, and she carefully avoided the thick blackness of the corners and the pantry door as she groped around the kitchen for a candle. Of course the fire had gone out.

"Two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head," Nabby might have been heard muttering out in the wood-house as she stooped painfully down picking up chips; by which oracular utterance I suspect she was thinking what a good supply of kindlings Josiah always kept on hand for her, and how much more comfortable it was in the old times coming home to a house bright with light and warmth and Josiah's welcome.

For Josiah cherished the most profound admiration for Nabby—an admiration not unmingled with awe. He thought her a most wonderful woman. She was just as beautiful to him now as in the old courting days, before the brightness and quickness of the black eyes had degenerated into sharpness, before the smiling mouth had acquired its hard, firmly set expression, before there were any wrinkles in the smooth forehead. People thought Nabby had done well in marrying Josiah Gould—a pleasant, good-natured young fellow that every one liked; a young mechanic, not very rich yet, it was true; but, with a good trade and such a wife as Nabby, there seemed nothing to prevent his figuring as "one of our first citizens."

Any body can be somebody in this country if they are only determined. But that was exactly the difficulty with Josiah. He never was determined about any thing. He fell into the habit of drinking because he lacked sufficient strength of will to avoid it. Then Nabby's sharp words, and his own miserable sense of meanness and self-contempt, of utter discouragement and despair, drove him lower and lower, and he sank down supinely into the Slough of Despond without effort or hope.

By a beautiful dispensation of Providence, whenever a poor, shiftless, good-for-nothing man is sent into our world, some active, go-ahead little woman is invariably fastened to him to tow him along through, and keep his head above water. It's for the best, of course. What would become of the poor fellow without her? At the same time, she sometimes finds it a little hard.

Nabby was ambitious and proud-spirited, willing to work hard, to save, to do her part—anxious to get on in the world and stand well among the neighbors. The fact, gradually realized, that in her husband she had no help, no support, only a drag and burden, and finally a disgrace, had been a disappointment imbittering her whole nature. To have a husband that no one respected, that even the boys around town called "Si Gould," was dreadful to Nabby. Perhaps it was hardly strange that she grew hard and bitter.

Meantime Nabby had succeeded in starting the fire, and having changed her dress, sat down to dry her feet until the tea-kettle boiled. But even the ruddy light and warmth with which the kitchen now glowed could not fend off the dreariness of the night. The rain "tapped with ghostly finger-tip upon the window-pane," and the wind howled and wailed around the house like the spirits of the lost pleading to be once more taken back into human life and warmth. Such a wind stirs in even the happiest heart a vague sense of loss, of change, of all that goes to make up the unsatisfactoriness of life. Dead sorrows creep forth from their graves on such nights, and stalk up and down the echoing chambers of the heart.

Nabby could not help wondering where Josiah was to-night. It was so lonely sitting there with no one to speak to, listening to the moaning wind, the creaking of the blinds, the loud ticking of the clock.

"And Thanksgivin' a-comin'," thought Nabby. "A pretty Thanksgivin' I shall have!"

The wind wailed and wailed, and Nabby thought and thought. The very fact of having "freed her mind" to the squire had relieved her long pent-up indignation, and now she felt more sad than angry. Up before her seemed to rise a picture of her life: the youthful dreams and hopes, the changes and disappointments, the love turned into wrangling. She even thought of Josiah with pity. For the first time she "put herself in his place," and realized how almost impossible it was for one of his weak nature to resist, unaided, the temptation which would cost a stronger will no effort.

"I'm afraid I've ben a little too sharp with Josiah," thought she. "I've sorter took it for granted I was a saint and he a sinner, and scolded him right along down hill. A nice saint I am! As proud and high-strung as Lucifer himself! Oh dear!" sighed Nabby; "a pretty mess I've made of living! If we could only go back and begin over again, seems to me things would go better."

Just then there was a faint noise, like the clicking of the door-latch. Nabby started and looked round. All was still again—no one visible. Yet Nabby could not rid herself of the impression that some one was near her, that odd sense we have of another's individuality near us though not present.

"There's some one hangin' round here, I know," said she to herself.

Nabby was one who always met things halfway. Accordingly, she walked to the outside door, and, opening it quickly, peered out into the darkness. There stood Josiah—wet, sheepish, sorry. Once he had started to go in, but his courage failing, he lingered in dubious hesitation on the door-step.

"Why don't you come in, Josiah?" said Nabby.

"I didn't know's you'd want me, Nabby," replied Josiah, with all the meekness becoming a returning prodigal.

"Want you? Of course I do," said Nabby, heartily. "Come right along in. I'm goin' to have griddle-cakes for supper, and you must tend 'em while I set the table." Griddle-cakes were one of Josiah's favorite weaknesses, and Nabby knew it.

Josiah came in. If he ever gets into heaven, probably his sensations will not be one whit more delightful than they were now, as from the bleakness and gloom of the night, the forlornness of his wretched wanderings, he came into the cozy brightness of the kitchen, and felt that he was home once more. How good the tea smelled! The fire roared and snapped, the tea-kettle boiled and bubbled and bobbed its lid up and down, and from the griddle the savory odor of the cakes ascended like a homely incense. Josiah's face, shining with mingled heat and happiness as he turned the griddle-cakes, was something worth seeing.

Nabby stepped briskly around getting supper ready. It seemed so pleasant to set the table for two again, to have some one to praise and appreciate her cooking. The November wind might howl its worst now. Its hold on Nabby was gone. In place of all the bitter sadness that had hung heavily around her heart was a warm feeling of happiness, of comfort and hope.

All the explanation they had was this: Josiah drew forth from under his shabby coat an exceedingly awkward and knobby bundle.

"I've bought something for you, Nabby," said he.

The "something," undone, proved to be a very handsome britannia tea-pot. That tea-pot must have known it was a peace-offering, with such preternatural brightness did it shine and glisten. Something in Nabby's eyes shone and glistened too, although she winked hard, and scorned the weakness of a pocket-handkerchief.

"Thank you, Josiah," she said; "it's a regular beauty, and I shall set lots by it."

Which, so long as they understood each other, was, perhaps, as well as if Josiah had made a long-worded speech of repentance and reformation, and Nabby another of forgiveness.

I wish I could say that Nabby never scolded Josiah again. But I can't. However, she "drew it mild," and there was a general understanding between them that this was only a sort of exercise made necessary by habit—a barking by no means involving biting. And Josiah was so accustomed to it that he would have missed it, and not felt natural without being wound up and set going for the day by Nabby.

One day, later in the winter, Nabby was washing for Mrs. Hosley.

"So you've taken Josiah back again, after all?" said Mrs. Hosley.

"Well, yes, I have," said Nabby, giving a last twist to the sheet she was wringing out. "Josiah mayn't be very much to brag of; but then, you see, he's my own, and all I've got. We're gittin' to be old folks, Josiah and me, and we may as well put up with each other the little while we've got to stay here."

"How has he been doing since he came back?"

"First-rate. He's walked as straight's a string ever sence. He's a good provider, now's he quit drinkin', and a master-hand for fixin' up things around the house, and makin' it comfortable. I tell you what 'tis, Miss Hosley, we've got to make 'lowances for folks in this world. We can't have 'em always jest to our mind. We've got to take 'em jest as they are, and make the best on't."

"I'm glad to see you so much happier and better contented, Nabby."

"Well, I used to fret and complain a good deal because things hadn't turned out as I expected 'em to; but lately I've thought a good deal about it all, and I've made up my mind that there's considerable comfort for every one in this world, after all. We mayn't git jest what we want, but we git somethin'."

In which piece of philosophy I believe Nabby was about right.

EXTREMITIES.

THE FEET.

THE feet are the slaves of the body, neglected and abused, and no emancipation proclamation has ever been issued in their favor. They run about patiently all day long, they carry hundreds of pounds avoirdupois, they endure intolerable stockings and blistering boots, they shiver in the snow, and plunge through the mud, while the patrician hands, incased in soft kid, lie at ease in fur-lined muffs and enjoy themselves. When the head and the hands were exempted from the law of bandages, consistency required that the other extremities, the feet, should have been included also; the unfortunate members would be far better off if freed from the thralldom of leather, and allowed to repose on cushions and mats while within the house, protected from the weather, when in the open air, by soft coverings of silk or wool and loose casings of rubber. There is no reason why the feet should not be as beautiful as the hands; and if custom left them bare their owners would take better care of them, and see that they were smooth, white, and well-kept, whereas now they are too frequently distorted out of shape, inflamed by the pressure of the shoe, and variously afflicted with ailments which have called into existence that well patronized artist, the chiropodist. Strip off the boots and shoes, apply gentle cosmetics, and this man's occupation will soon be gone, and the feet will become what nature intended them to be, beautiful, shapely members, such as are now only seen on canvas or in marble.

Custom having decreed that the feet should be clothed, we can not study their peculiarities and meaning as we can those of the hands, and our observations are limited to the boots and shoes which cover them, with the exception of such general characteristics as length, breadth, and the height of the instep. The Greek sculptors laid down the length of the foot as one-sixth of the height of the body, and most antique statues are moulded after this rule. Look at the old bass-relief designs, and notice the length of the feet. So spirited are the attitudes of the draped figures, and so superb the contours of

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the forms, that we never think of finding fault with the proportions, but fancy we see them walking lightly on their open sandals through the streets of Rome, or, farther still, through the classic cities of Greece. But step out of this legendary atmosphere, and bring our modern ideas to bear upon the forms before us, and the question immediately arises, which is correct, the ancient or the modern taste? Does any one suppose that if the Venus de Medici should come to the next ball, arrayed in the style of the period, she would be esteemed a beauty? Some one would be sure to remark upon the size of her waist, the breadth of her hands, but especially the length of her feet. No doubt Venus walked with the step of a goddess, light and elastic as air, on her shapely white feet; but if she had been obliged to wear a pair of nineteenth-century French-heeled boots of the fashionable length for a woman of her height, I fear she would have remained forever seated in her chariot, and her doves been in danger of overwork.

The natural breadth of the foot can be traced under the boot, although the stiff leather does its best to disguise it, and the height of the instep also can neither be hidden by a clumsy shoe nor imitated by the best shoe-maker in the land unless the natural arch is underneath. The old idea that a high instep betokens aristocratic descent arises from the fact that in the days of chivalry walking was considered plebeian, and the nobility were always mounted; being constantly on horseback, their arms and chests expanded and grew strong, but their feet remained inactive, and consequently small. On the other hand, the peasantry labored in the fields, and their feet, from hard labor and heavy burdens, grew broad and flat. Life on the Southern plantations before the war presented in many respects the same features as the times of feudalism; personal labor was considered a degradation, indolence was aristocratic, and, like the knights of old, the young men were constantly on horseback, with a similar physique. The Southern foot is small and high-arched, and Southern belles were wont to boast that water would run under their insteps. The experiment was often tried in boarding-school dormitories, to the discomfiture of Yankee maidens, who revenged themselves by pointing to their high white foreheads, with the sneering remark that they were not in the habit of carrying their brains in their heels! The difference in size between the Northern and Southern foot is, however, only noticeable when comparing extreme specimens, such as Boston and New Orleans, Omaha and Charleston; the Middle-State cities, such as Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and New York, show the two varieties blended into a common medium.

The boot or shoe of the present day has one radical fault: it is elegant, strong, and enduring, but, as a rule, it is too short. Let a person lay his foot down on a sheet of paper and mark its length; then let him allow a full inch for the forward pressure caused by the high heel, and order his boots made according to the measure. That is what Nature demands. But Fashion first puts on a stocking so short that the toes are curled up in the soft web; then comes a boot, broad enough, perhaps, but so deficient in length that it presses against the end of the foot; and what is the result? Enlarged, cramped, suffering joints, and a mincing gait, where each step is calculated, and elasticity impossible. A foot can endure a narrow boot far better than a short one, for the additional length at the end gives room for expansion in the proper direction; and, to a cultivated eye, a long, slender foot is far more beautiful than a short, broad one. The high heels now so much worn by ladies absolutely require an extra length in the boot. They are coquettish appendages, belonging to the era of powdered hair, black patches, and hooped skirts. But, besides being dangerous, they necessitate more or less of that painful attitude, the Grecian bend, which is nothing more than Nature's effort to preserve an equilibrium. Although the French heel is not seen among the sterner sex, their boots have a fault quite as important: the soles are too narrow. In a short walk no difficulty is experienced, but several hours' exercise is sure to bring discomfort. In the early hours of the rebellion, when the gallant Seventh Regiment, of New York city, volunteered for the defense of the capital, a day's march found them completely exhausted. Their courage was unflinching, their ardor glowing, their strength and health perfect; but—the soles of their boots were too narrow, and each step became a torment. They lay along the road-side; they captured a locomotive, and loaded themselves on to the platform cars; they marched barefoot; and they made raids into the neighboring villages and carried off the largest brogans they could find. The difficulty was soon remedied, but there were about a thousand pairs of city boots lying along the road that day, mementoes of the gallant journey which has since been so often described both in prose and verse, the March of the Seventh.

A few words on the principles of adaptation as applied to the coverings for our feet. Boots for both men and women are more generally becoming than slippers. They give a trim, firm outline to the foot, and convey an impression of elasticity and strength, whereas a slipper betrays all the defects, and is a hazardous experiment unless the foot is faultless. Even then fashion often disfigures it with huge bows and rosettes, which, although they may look piquant in front, are hideous monstrosities in profile view, and should be banished from civilized society. The most unbecoming chaussure is that species of embroidered slipper which young ladies are in the habit of presenting to their gentlemen friends—marvels of industry and clumsiness, hard to get on, uncomfortable when on, and almost impossible to get off. We say no more. Every man who reads these lines understands the subject, and if he is a favorite, his closet is full of the ungainly trophies which he never thinks of wearing, preferring the prosaic morocco to all the beaded canvas in the world; and if the heel piece is gone, so much the better.

A man's gait tells us something of his character: unless it is influenced by debility or local imperfection we can read much in his walk, and detect his disposition in his step. Notice, for instance, this person coming toward us; his feet wander along the sidewalk, now almost in the gutter, now rubbing against the fence, zigzag, back and forth, with no apparent purpose in the change; and you know he is an abstracted, impracticable individual even before you look at his face. Try to walk with him, and he is continually swaying against you; if there is one stone in the road he is sure to stumble over it, and if there is one mud-puddle he always walks into it. Here is another specimen coming quickly and firmly up the street, following a straight line with mathematical precision, turning in and out according to the exact necessities of the case, a direct purpose in every step. Such a man may have many faults, but exasperating procrastination is not among them. Look at these two deliberate feet advancing toward us, coming down heavily, heel first, slow and sure, they pound along, steadily advancing toward their destination, and you recognize the highly respectable plodder who sometimes wins the race by sheer force of slow obstinacy, like the tortoise in the old fable. Another variety is the bending gait, wily step, and studied motion, which betray the manœuvrer, and we can not help thinking that we see

"rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in his supple, sliding knee."

Put these four specimens in a drawing-room, and notice how they comport themselves. The plodder looks deliberately around the room, selects the locality he prefers, finds a comfortable chair, and plants himself there for the evening. The rapid walker enters quickly, goes straight up to the friends he best likes without circumlocution, says what he means without disguise, and then departs as quickly as he came. The supple gallant, who, as far as appearance goes, is the drawing-room favorite, glides in gracefully, meanders around among the company, drops a skillful hint here, a meaning look there, and accomplishes a vast amount of evolution with his snake-like feet. The absent-minded man blunders into the room, says the wrong things to the wrong persons, steps on all the ladies' dresses, scrapes the varnish off the furniture by his numerous collisions, and finally departs, stumbling over every intervening chair on his way to the door. Let no one say these differences are merely a matter of habit. They are valuable indications of the true character, for many a man, like Achilles, shows his real weakness only in his heels.

A woman's gait is apt to be the conventional step practiced by all, but yet the individual peculiarities will peep out occasionally. There is the trotting, the ambling, the mincing, the languid, the gliding, and the prancing gait—the latter being the general favorite. An observing Englishman remarked not long since, "The American ladies do not walk, they prance." And the expression was apt. In former days a great deal was written and said about the noiseless tread and gentle gliding step of the lovely Arabella; but *nous avons changé tout cela!* Arabella now comes sounding through the hall, her little boot-heels clicking on the stairs, and ringing over the pavement so that we hear her coming long before she turns the corner. Once in a while, in some old-fashioned village, we meet a fair vision of the past generation, who softly glides along the street with the willowy gait of her youth; but the gentle apparitions are rare, fading away before the onward march of the booted brigade, jaunty in jackets, natty in hats, and apparently quite forgetful of the old-time song, "Tread soft, for my heart lies under your feet, love."

On the stage the feet and the gait are important accessories to success. Many an actress, otherwise worthy of praise, is spoiled by a stilted stage stride, and many an actor renders himself ridiculous by a loping, awkward walk. One must not, however, criticise these members of the dramatic profession too severely, for often they are obliged by the limited capacity of the stage to perform miracles in the way of pedestrianism, such as a long walk for pleasure in a space of six by nine, or a sharply contested battle, with large armies on both sides, in a circumference of ten feet. There is in existence an opera called "Stradella," composed, no doubt, with good intentions, and containing some very sweet music. In one of the scenes four ruffians are sent to assassinate the hero, who is saying his prayers in a musical way at the foot-lights. But the prayer is long, the stage short, and the assassins are obliged to manœuvre in the background through twelve pages of variations, consuming twenty minutes to cross the intervening space of ten feet, and managing their approach so as only to reach their victim at the final amen. To do all this, and at the same time keep up the appearance of an advance, requires the sinuosity of a snake. The murderers cross and recross the stage in breathless, doubled-up positions, gaining the eighteenth part of an inch each time, glaring, gesticulating, panting, flourishing their weapons, and imposing silence upon each other in pantomime, until, in admiration of their strategy, one almost forgets to wonder why they are so long about it when two strides would end both the victim and the scene.

The ranks of American authors contain one man who stands alone on a plane by himself: powerfully intense, and at the same time exquisitely delicate, Nathaniel Hawthorne has no rival in his peculiar style. He left but few books behind him; but such books! Each one is a mine of wealth, containing characters drawn with the power of a charcoal outline, and finished with the perfection of a miniature in oils. Among his creations stands one so vividly brilliant that we all know her; Zenobia, in the "Blithedale Romance." A few phrases from Hawthorne's pen bearing upon our subject may fitly close this essay.

"Zenobia bade us welcome in a fine, frank, mellow voice, and gave each of us her hand, which was very soft and warm. Her hand was larger than most women would like to have, or than they could afford to have, though not a whit too large in proportion with the spacious plan of Zenobia's entire development. It did one good to see a fine intellect so fitly cased. She was, indeed, an admirable figure of a woman just on the hither verge of her richest maturity, so full of bloom, health, and vigor that a man might well have fallen in love with her for their sake only."

Again:

"After a brief pause at the window she turned away, exemplifying in the few steps that removed her out of sight that noble and beautiful motion which characterized her as much as any other personal charm. Not one woman in a thousand could move so admirably as Zenobia. Many women can sit gracefully; some can stand gracefully; but natural movement is the result and expression of the whole being, and can not be well and nobly performed unless responsive to something in the character. I used to think that music—light and airy, wild and passionate, or the full harmony of stately marches, in accordance with her varying mood—should have attended Zenobia's footsteps."

And at the end of the book, when the three men at midnight are on their way, with horror-stricken hearts, to the sluggish pool that covers the drowned woman, notice the careful touches of Hawthorne's description.

"I showed my companions where I had found the handkerchief, and pointed to two or three footsteps impressed into the clayey margin, and tending toward the water. Silas Foster thrust his face down close to these footsteps, and picked up a shoe that had escaped my observation, being half imbedded in the mud. 'There's a kid shoe that was never made on a Yankee last,' observed he. 'I know enough of shoe-maker's craft to tell that. French manufacture; and see, what a high instep! and how evenly she trod in it! There never was a woman that stepped handsomer in her shoes than Zenobia did.'"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MANY ladies take more pleasure in the few choice plants which brighten the parlor window during the winter months, than in all the abundance and variety of the summer garden. The special care which these house plants demand only enhances their value to those who love them, and regard them as living pets. Yet, while some persons seem to have the faculty of coaxing every growing thing into blossoming luxuriance, others have no success; every plant in their charge droops and dies, or, at best, it only grows, but never blooms. Those who are not adepts in the culture of plants would do well to select simple varieties, which will more readily repay their care than rarer and more delicate kinds. It should be remembered, also, that plants can not blossom all the time—a fact which disappoints many who do not consider about the matter. If your fuchsia has been flowering luxuriantly during the summer, it must rest afterward; but if in summer its growth is checked by watering it sparingly, and the flower-buds are nipped off as soon as they appear, when cold weather comes, if it is set in a sunny window and abundantly watered, it will probably blossom freely through the winter. The little insects which so frequently infest house plants are a great annoyance, and sometimes it is almost impossible to remove them. It is said that if sufficient fresh air is admitted to the room this difficulty will not exist. The roses in the gardens of the Shakers at New Lebanon are remarkable for their luxuriant foliage and fine blossoms. The gardener in charge attributes his success in cultivating them to the free use of salt as a top-dressing for the soil of the beds. The salt kills rose insects of every kind, and also improves the health and vigor of the plants.

By the prompt exertions of the special agent of the Post-office Department, all the mails in the Chicago post-office were rescued, with the exception of a small one which came over the Fort Wayne road, and, having been four hours behind time, no one knew any thing about it. About $60,000 worth of postage stamps were on hand, and, though not totally destroyed, were so badly charred as to render their use impossible.

It is an interesting botanical and chemical fact that there is a plant growing in the Neilgherry Hills, in India, which yields carbolic acid. It is reported by the medical officer of the district to be far superior in purity to the ordinary product of coal-tar. It is, however, more expensive than the mineral product, so that the discovery has no commercial value.

Another expedition to the polar sea is about being organized by the Russian Geographical Society—the special object of it being not merely to reach the north pole, but to select such a route as will afford the best opportunities for studying the geography, climate, and industrial conditions of the Siberian coasts. A preliminary expedition is to be sent out to reconnoitre the seas in the vicinity of Nova Zembla.

There were eighty-nine newspaper establishments destroyed in the conflagration of Chicago.

While the rich were freely giving their thousands to the sufferers in the Western States, a poor woman one day entered the Prince-street station-house, and asked whether contributions for Chicago were received there. On being told that they were, she said: "I'm a poor woman, and can give no money; but here are a dozen and a half woolen hoods which I made with my own hands. They will help to keep some poor creatures warm. May God help them!" She would not tell her name or address.

Chambers's Journal thinks it is a mistake to suppose that beef tea is nourishing and strengthening for feeble persons. It says, "Some few practitioners and chemists have long been aware of the fact, and now their view is confirmed by Dr. Marcet. There is no nourishment in beef tea. Mixed with solid food, it imparts a relish which promotes digestion; and the best solid food that can be mixed therewith is the beef from which it was made, reduced to a powder. In two, at least, of the London hospitals the mixing of powdered beef with the best tea has long been practiced; and there the patients get strong on beef-tea diet."

A greenhouse has been erected recently in connection with the Rivington-street Industrial School and Boys' Lodging-House, by the benevolence of certain gentlemen who believe in the elevating and refining influence of flowers. On the day when the greenhouse was publicly opened the children who attend the day school and the lads who make the lodge their nightly home were present in large numbers, as well as many ladies and gentlemen. The greenhouse was filled with beautiful plants. On a long table was displayed a large variety of plants, which, during the past year, have been distributed to the poor children of the neighborhood. These were returned for this occasion, so that those interested might see what care and attention had been given by their owners to the little plants which had brought light, beauty, and fragrance to their otherwise dreary homes.

On Mount Ranier, in Washington Territory, there is a glacier ten miles long by five wide. Many other glaciers are known to exist in America, and they may afford a new field for the investigations of scientific men.

The University of Michigan opened this year with about 1200 students, fifty of whom are young women. The usual examinations previous to admittance are dispensed with in the case of such students as present diplomas of graduation from either of five union schools in Michigan. A new building is in course of erection on the college campus, which will be four stories high, 140 feet deep, 350 feet long, and contain a hall with seating capacity for 3000 persons. Dr. Angel, the new president, is likely so to conduct this noble institution that it will win yet greater renown and added usefulness.

After every revolution in Paris there is a new designation of public ways. The Municipal Council has just decided that at this time eight changes, and no more, shall be allowed. By these changes the names of Napoleon, Eugénie, and other obnoxious personages will be expurgated from the names of certain avenues hitherto known by their familiar appellations.

Many treasures of literature, science, and art were completely destroyed by the Chicago fire, and can never be restored. In the destruction of the Historical Society rooms an extensive library was lost—the original Emancipation Proclamation, complete sets of files of Chicago newspapers, complete sets of Chicago battle-flags, the Healy Gallery of three hundred valuable paintings, Deihl's Hamlet, cartoons of the Prodigal Son, and Volk's bust of Lincoln, the only one for which Mr. Lincoln ever had a life sitting. The oil-paintings in the Opera-House, and Academy of Design art galleries, as well as choice private art collections, were also lost, and the valuable scientific collections in the Academy of Science. Probably there is not a good law library remaining in the city; and all the books belonging to the Library Association and the Young Men's Christian Association were destroyed.

Maine is sending granite for the construction of two of the largest bridges in the world—the East-river Bridge, and the railroad bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis.

Thoughts of Iceland generally send a shiver through the body—unless it happens to be midsummer. But this bleak country seems to be growing less inhabitable than ever; the winters are colder than formerly, the fisheries failing, and scarcely a tree can be found there. Of course the people can not live upon nothing; so they meditate migrating to more hospitable climes. It is proposed to establish an Icelandic colony in Wisconsin and Nebraska; and, by way of experiment, fifteen Icelanders have already gone to Detroit and Washington Islands, where, for the present, they will support themselves by fishing.

A call is made not only by some thoughtful and humane persons, but by the sparrows themselves every night, for more sheltering houses for these useful little creatures. The nights are growing colder, and the leaves on the trees fast diminishing.

Some passing record of the faithful cat belonging to the Chicago post-office seems not amiss. She had been once before burned out—so say her biographers—and was, therefore, in some measure prepared for this calamity. On the night of the fire the cat was present, and assisted to the best of her ability in the removal of valuables, though she did not go away herself. This is not an obituary, however; for a couple of days afterward, when the work of removing the safes was in progress, the tearing away of a portion of the ruin revealed the faithful public servant in a pail partially filled with water. She had rented this as temporary quarters, and apparently enjoyed the cool shelter which it afforded. From her position it appeared impossible that she could have gone away and returned after the fire, and so she may be set down as the only living being who passed Sunday night and Monday in the burned district.

Goethe says that one ought every day to hear a little song, to read a good poem, to see a fine picture, and, if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words.

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JUSTICE IN INDIA.

THIS engraving represents a scene in the street of a town in the northwest provinces, such as Allahabad or Mirzapoor. Fine, richly carved, stone-faced houses of wealthy natives stand beside poor mud hovels, and a mosque with tall minarets is seen in the background. between two policemen armed with sword and shield. The native head police officer stands relating the case. His secretary stands next to him with the report written, with his reed pen in his hand, and his writing-box held by a servant of the office, ready to write on a corner of the report the magistrate's orders. In the foreground, leaning against a projecting part of the basement somewhere, appear in the foreground, while a burkundanze stands in front holding the stolen property—armlets, bracelets, necklaces, etc.—found on the thief. An old woman and a young one appear alone on the earthen embankment in front of their house. Their position in life is not high, or they would not be seen in public and sitting on a bedstead.

AN UP-COUNTRY MAGISTRATE IN INDIA ADMINISTERING JUSTICE.

The magistrate rides out in the early morning to visit the scene of a disputed boundary, accompanied by a mounted policeman, who wears a red or green uniform and a dice-box-shaped hat. During his ride through the town a thief is brought before him who has just been caught in the act; his hands have been tied; he declares his innocence, imploring for mercy. He is held of a house, is a banker, merchant, or money-changer, on his way to his religious ablutions in the sacred Ganges. On his head is a muslin skull-cap in place of the orange & pink turban he wears in full dress. Behind him an old government pensioner is having the matter explained to him by a Mussulman. Two small boys, who have been to carry fruit, vegetables, or sweetmeats

THE FESTIVAL OF THE INFIORATA AT GENZANO.

THE only English flower-festival of which we have any knowledge was the well-dressing at the village of Tissington, in Derbyshire, where the decoration is produced by covering wooden frames, sufficiently large to face the front of the larger scale. Formerly it extended through the length of two streets; this year one only was made use of. A week or ten days before, the middle of the street, through its entire length, to the width of seven or eight yards probably, is carefully broken up or leveled, and covered with fine earth, which is then beaten down, rolled, and hardened into a perfectly smooth and solid village walls, with moist clay, into which are set the entire flowers, cut off close to the stem, side by side, like the tiny stones of the mosaic worker, according to a pattern drawn in outline on the clay beforehand from colored designs on paper, often of great beauty and elaboration, and similar to the page of an illuminated missal. At Genzano, however, the decoration is on a much

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surface, as of fine stone or marble. The street itself is gradually descending, perhaps five hundred yards in length, and being divided into squares, or oblongs, on each one of these is drawn in strong white outline the pattern or figure designed to be represented, whether heraldic devices, arabesque, architectural designs, diapered designs, or interlacing lines and scrolls. All this being clearly marked out, and in some cases the colors indicated, and the boundary on either side being drawn by a line of posts covered with evergreen, with evergreen chaplets hanging between, the work begins, the patterns and designs being filled in—wrought out rather—by the laying on of flower petals, thousands upon thousands, as a painter lays on colors broadly with his brush. Here a belt of pink rose leaves, there an immense central star, with rays as of prismatic colors, purple and scarlet and orange, blue and green—all flower petals, simply laid on in the mass, the edges clearly defined as by the painter or the weaver. Here will be a bow as of dark blue ribbon edged with gold; there an elaborate design on a creamy ground of scrolls and arabesques, like a lovely piece of Gobelin tapestry, in which the shading is so perfect that, but for your eyes beholding the work rise up before you, nothing would persuade you but that paint of some kind was used to produce the effect. But nature supplies the color, though in this matter of shading I believe that great use is made of minute seeds of various shades and tints, as of browns and greens, olive and gray. As regarded broad masses of full color there seemed no difficulty. The broom, which was in full flower, furnished its golden yellow; the red poppy, which is inconceivably abundant and brilliant in Italy, the intensest scarlet, to which, when the design required it, I observed that a deeper, almost black, tint was given by pressing the petals in the hand before laying them down; while of roses there was every variety of tint and shade, from full rose-pink to velvety crimson or tender maiden's blush. Blues and purples were the same, so were greens, in almost infinite variety, from bright grass to dull sage. Green half-tints, too, were perfect, with buffs and grays and creamy whites.

Of course, as the whole work is effected by the simply laying on of loose petals, it is of an evanescent character. If the wind rises, the perfect beauty of the work is marred, color becomes mixed with color, and the outline broken and irregular. Like fire-works, it is a vision of beauty, costing much trouble, care, and thought in the preparation, but gone in a moment. Formerly, when the exquisite flower carpets were laid down the whole length of two streets, the churches opened their doors, and a procession of priests, with banners, lighted tapers, and singing, marched along them, crushing their beauty and destroying their perfected workmanship, till, when they had passed over it, it was like the march of destroying locusts. Now, however, the royal prince and princess, attended by the Cesarini family, walked in simple style along the street, attended by a small crowd, and, entering a small balcony prepared for them in the centre of the street, gazed down upon its whole length and breadth, as we were doing, and, no doubt, admired it no less than we did. The greeting which they received was warm, but not enthusiastic. But we must remember that though these faithful papalini might be well pleased to see the prince, and especially the sweet-looking young princess, of whom they had heard so much, yet they would not forget that they both were excommunicated by the Holy Father, and that to this very festival which had brought them hither the Church had refused her blessing.

The flower-festival was over. The prince and princess and the ladies and gentlemen of their court were gone. The English and the American *forestieri* were going. That which had been produced with so much thought and loving care, for which, through the night and early morning, and late evenings of the preceding days, flowers had been gathered from woods and fields and hidden glens and wilderness places, and brought hither on asses and mules, in sacks and baskets, and picked and assorted with such artistic care, so that every separate color and shade and tint might be kept distinct, and which had been wrought with such elaboration into a work of beauty, to be gazed on for half an hour or so by the eyes of strangers, was now left to wither in the sun, to be blown away by the wind, to be trampled upon by children, and on the morrow, or the day after at most, heaped together as rubbish, or left to disfigure instead of beautifying the place. It was pitiable to think of.

As regards the festival of the *Infiorata*, I may add, in conclusion, a change is coming over all that pertains to the Church in Italy; and now that so great an innovation has been made as to celebrate this festival without its sanction, or without even the presence of a priest, it has lost its prestige in the minds of the papalini population. It has been held out of season, to gratify the new rulers, whom they regard as excommunicated robbers, and if it be continued, it will probably only be as a secular show; unless, indeed, the temporal power of the pope be re-established, which does not appear likely, it is the opinion of all that this year has seen the last *Infiorata*.

The evening was lovely, the nightingales sang in the woods, the ungathered flowers again greeted us as we rode on our way, now through the woods toward Marino, with peasant people, young men and maidens, blooming like flowers with their crimson and orange-colored headgear, and crowds of little lads going the same way likewise. One of our donkeys was unoccupied, and no less than three of these young urchins were perched upon his back, to the infinite amusement of all. So with laughter and merriment we proceeded onward till our road branched off from theirs. The little lads were unseated, and we turned our asses' heads in the direction of the Lake of Albano, on the edge of which stands a deserted villa of the Colonna family, and below it the remarkable old convent of Palazzuola. As ladies are not allowed to enter here, and our party being principally ladies, we were obliged to satisfy ourselves with looking down from the wild, overgrown terrace above upon the great roofs of this extensive building, on the tall bell-tower of which tufts of crimson snapdragon waved like a banner, and which is now a house of correction for refractory monks. We admired the long box alleys and broad walks of the stately old garden below, and remembered that here was discovered one of the most ancient Etruscan tombs, dating back nearly two hundred years before Christ.

DESIGN FOR CENTRE OF TABLE-COVER.—BRAID AND SOUTACHE EMBROIDERY.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

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NOW THE FASHION.
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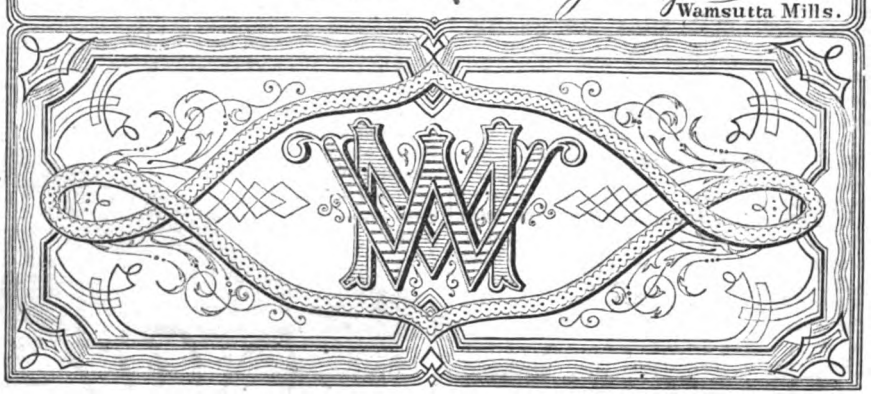
NEW BEDFORD, MASS., *June 1st*, 1867.

Thos. Bennett Jr. Agent Wamsutta Mills.



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8 Muslin Chemises	@ $2 00..	$6 00
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Also, A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
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The above Prices are for exactly the same classes of machines as sold in both Countries. There is scarcely any difference in the cost of material and labor in any of the above named machines.

☞ **AFFIDAVIT.—W. G. Wilson, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the United States and England under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines. FRED. SMITH,**
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga Co., O.

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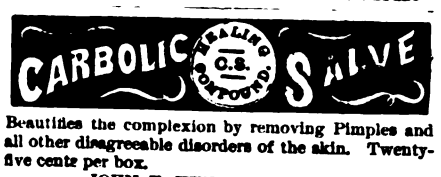

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Cut Paper Patterns,
For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschcowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschcowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

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TRAINED STREET SUIT	" 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	" 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	" 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 17
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"SAUCE FOR THE GANDER."

N'T ENJOY YOUR SUPPER, NOW YOU HAVE LOST YOUR GRUMBLE ABOUT TEN HOURS' WORK, GRUMBLE FOR ME, AS I'VE DONE FOURTEEN, AND AIN'T FINISHED YET."

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A SCOTCH ENTOMOLOGIST AND HIS GUEST.

There is a story, perhaps forgotten by all but men who were students at a certain college nearly thirty years ago, of an enthusiastic professor of entomology, not celebrated for his exercise of hospitality, who was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent pursuer of insects that he invited him to board and bed in his chambers. Next morning Dr. Macfly greeted his guest, "And how did ye sleep the nicht, Mester Beehemouth?"

"Not very well. A strange bed, perhaps. But—"

"Ah!" quoth the doctor, eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, doctor, I was."

"Just think of that! Bitten, war ye? Now can ye say it was any thing noteworthy that bit ye?—peculiar, eh?"

"Fleas, I think. But such chaps for biting I never saw in my life."

"I should think so, indeed" (with great glee). "They're Sicilian fleas. *I imported them myself.*"

A CROTCHET.—Musical instruction can not fail to be good, because it is sound education.

Are auctioneers naturally a forbidding class of men?

Mummies do not look as though they were in a hurry; yet it is certain that at first they must have been pressed for time.

TREATING A DISCUSSION.—A party of gentlemen in a liquor saloon, disputing whether the American system of treating, or the European system of not treating, was preferable, couldn't settle the matter by talking, and so they went to work testing the matter by practice. First each man took a drink by himself. Then each man invited a single friend to drink. After that each single friend returned the compliment. And finally each man in the party—there were six of them—asked all the rest to drink. When all that was accomplished, not a soul in the room could tell where the discussion originated or what it was about.

POETICAL.—Could this gentleman have been poetic? He has a favorite pig, which he has called Maud. His explanation is that he did so because she is continually "coming into the garden."

CUSTOMER (*to horse-dealer's boy*). "Sent this horse to show me, eh? Where did your master get him?"

BOY. "Don't know, Sir."

CUSTOMER. "Is he quiet in harness?"

BOY. "Don't know, Sir."

CUSTOMER. "Will your master warrant him sound?"

BOY. "Don't know, Sir."

CUSTOMER. "Confound it, boy, what did your master tell you to say to me about the horse?"

BOY. "He telled me to say, 'Don't know, Sir,' to every thing as you asked me!"

A country school-master who asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water," varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked, "What, then, do land and water make?"

To which came the immediate response, "Mud."

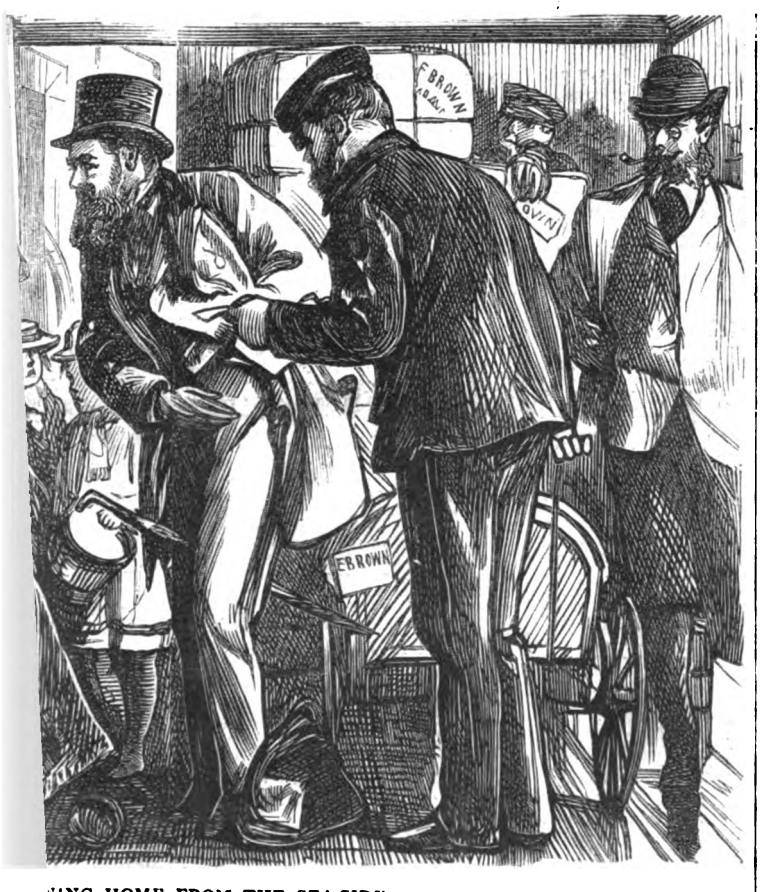
STEELING A MARCH.—A new drum has been invented, in which the head is made of steel instead of parchment. There is a fitness in this. Cold steel is more appropriate for so martial an instrument than the skin of the peaceful sheep.

ACTION!—An Alabama paper speaks of a colored orator as having "dislocated his shoulder in the peroration." He was evidently guilty of disjointed utterances.

If you were the wife of your grandmother's uncle's cousin's half-sister, what relation would you be to your uncle's grandfather's husband, and how many?

ECHO ANSWERS.—What does nature avoid?—A void.

"When a distinguished American dies," said a shrewd and sarcastic observer not long ago, "his admiring friends and countrymen immediately resolve to build him a magnificent monument, and then—they don't build it."



NING HOME FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

ho has a Face-Ache. Poor Materfamilias, who originated the Trip, is in despair at all the rfamilias endeavors to console her with the reflection that *he* knew how it would be; but althy place that, with Care and Doctoring, they *will soon be nearly as well as if they had emplating Paterfamilias and his little group. His interest is totally untinged with envy.*

INDIGESTION DELICATELY DESCRIBED.

MAMMA. "Where is your Pain, my Darling?"

EDITH. "Oh, just in that place where a Doll's Wax ends, and it goes all the way down to my Legs!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 47.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Frame-work Worsted Square Shawl worn as a Hood.

As full directions for making frame-work were given on page 36 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 3, Vol. IV., we presume that our lady readers are already familiar with it, and we shall, therefore, only refer to its principal features. The implements for this work consist of a common wooden board (not a frame, as the name of the work would indicate), a drawing-board or the top of a table may also be used, wire pins an inch and one-fifth long without a head, ruled frame paper, and a long tape-needle. The material used for frame-work consists of zephyr and split zephyr worsted and floss silk. The threads must first be stretched, and then worked together at the intersecting points. Before stretching the threads cut the pattern of the article to be worked; or if the latter has straight edges—as, for instance, a scarf or shawl—cut a piece of the corresponding size from the frame paper above referred to, which is furnished with vertical and horizontal lines that cross each other at right angles, as well as with diagonal lines. The diagonal lines cross the straight lines at their intersecting points. Fasten this piece of paper on the board by means of the wire pins, by driving the pins a quarter of an inch into the board on the outer edge of the paper at regular intervals, indicated by the lines. In doing this care must be taken that the pins stand exactly opposite each other on each two opposite sides of the pattern, and that the vertical lines run parallel with the middle line, in case there is such a line. As the threads are stretched more or less closely according to the pattern used, the pins must, of course, be driven in at lesser or greater distances from each other.

In stretching the threads two or more layers must be laid on each other, according to the design, always beginning with those threads which form the outside of the article, so that the threads for the under side are thus stretched last. The laying on of the stretching threads is done by means of one or more small loops, which are laid on one of the outer pins; in order to fasten the threads, and at the same time to furnish the finished parts with a firm outer edge, wind the threads several times on the pins, laying them alternately before and behind the pins (see illustration, Fig. 5, page 36, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 3, Vol. IV.) To work the stretched threads together, use the tape-needle and a long thread. Pass one-half of the needle through the next intersecting point underneath all the threads, lay the thread on the point of the needle as for a button-hole stitch, and draw the needle and thread through the loop thus formed until the latter is closed: in doing this, however, draw the part of the working thread before the loop tight with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. When the thread is used up, tie a new piece to the short end of the thread. On the stretching threads wound on the outer edge of the part work long button-hole stitches with the working thread. In making garments consisting of several pieces, work each part separately, and then sew the finished pieces together. Illustration, Fig. 6, page 749, belonging to Frame-work Half-fitting Jacket, page 748, and Figs. 1–14 on page 36 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 3, Vol. IV., will more plainly show the manner of executing this work.

The shawl worn as a hood, as shown by the accompanying illustration, is fifty inches square, and is worked with white zephyr worsted. The simple design of the foundation consists of rows of worsted balls. For these first stretch a worsted strand twelve threads thick in diagonal lines two-fifths of an inch apart in the direction from left to right, then from right to left. Over this strand stretch a double worsted thread, first in vertical and then in horizontal directions, upon which work all the layers of thread together firmly at the intersecting points. After taking the work from the pins cut through the worsted strands, without touching the remaining stretching threads, exactly in the middle between every two intersecting points. The balls thus formed are clipped round with the scissors. For the fringe, which is five inches deep, fasten in worsted strands nine inches and three-quarters long. In arranging the shawl fold it three-cornered, form a deep pleat on both sides of the middle of the front, cross the ends in front, and fasten the corners on the top of the head with a velvet bow, as shown by the illustration.

CROCHET SLEEVELESS JACHET.—[See Page 740.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 36 and 37.

FRAME-WORK WORSTED SQUARE SHAWL WORN AS A HOOD.

ALL-SOULS DAY.

DURING the whole of All-souls Day, the 2d of November, and on the evening that precedes it, the cemeteries in most Continental countries are crowded with visitors, availing themselves of the recurring anniversary to renew their sorrow and their prayers at the graves of their departed friends. Sex, age, grade, rank, and calling are disregarded: the nobleman, driven in his coach and attended by his servants, is there beside the tattered mendicant. It is true, one directs his steps toward the gorgeous monument of sculptured marble, while the other shuffles or creeps toward the *fosse commune*, there to single out one of the countless wooden crosses which marks his goal; but their object is common, their grief is common, and their devotions are common.

The rich man may take from the obsequious hands of the lackey who follows him a key, and unlock the door of the richly adorned chapel which covers the vault of his ancestors, and contains the remains of wife or child; he can shut himself in, and within those marble walls, which protect his privacy, he can indulge his grief and his contemplations; but the pauper, though kneeling beneath the canopy of heaven, is scarcely less alone. The common feeling which has brought together that vast multitude constitutes his security.

If we would see a new, a striking, and, we may add, a suggestive sight, we must stand on an eminence and take a survey of the whole cemetery. The effect of the countless crosses, bouquets, wreaths, and crowns in all their variegated brilliancy, and, as

CROCHET FICHU WITH BASQUE.—[See Fig. 13, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 35.

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the day shortens, the scattered taper lights and lamps distributed over the small gardens and inclosures, is imposing in the extreme, and offers a singular contrast to the normal aspect of this silent little city of chapels and monuments. In the centre of all this is reared the central cemetery cross on its turfy mound, which is thickly covered with crowns and wreaths—a united memorial to the departed, contributed by all who have been brought together to indulge a common feeling, perhaps the noblest of our nature—a typical expression of a simultaneous cry—the whispered voice of many faithful resounding that day in heaven—the golden link of hope and love between the living and the dead.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

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☞ *Persons desiring to renew their Subscriptions to* HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient* BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTIONS. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

For Terms, etc., see Advertisement on page 751.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a new and stylish Lady's House Dress, with Plain Waist, Apron-front Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement in our last Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a choice variety of Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Ladies' Evening Dresses, Redingotes, Jackets, Talmas, Paletots, Fichus, and Cravats; Children's Dresses and Wrappings; Fancy-work Articles for Holiday Gifts, Footstools, Chair Cushions, etc., etc.*

GOSSIP.

THE sojourner in great cities, returning to his native place, probably some country town of more or less importance, is almost always, we may say, at first amazed and then distressed by the tone of the daily conversation which awaits him. He has been accustomed—in Washington, for instance—to hear the nobler sort of politics discussed, politics that have sloughed off all their primary baseness of caucuses and frauds, and have risen into lofty altitudes; he has been preoccupied with measures and affairs of state; his mind has been illuminated with wide considerations of public good and of justice, the opening of new lands, the welfare of old races; or, in New York, he has been a part of immense enterprises, or has, at least, touched their outskirts; he has been a link in that golden chain of commerce which binds all the peoples of the earth together; or, in Boston, his talk and that of his neighbors has been of art and philosophy and music; or if it is not precisely such themes, in these or other places, which have kept his attention, it is themes of a similar magnitude.

He returns to his birth-place and the people whom he loves, only to find them taking

"The rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world;"

and he hears hardly any thing else mentioned than the peculiarities of this one, the peccadilloes of that one, the follies of the other, the characteristics, crimes, and clothes of all the rest—quite as if there were no absorbing interests, no enticing subjects or speculations, ready for the lips of these "heirs of all the ages." He finds the universe narrowing down on him like the man who saw his prison walls daily contracting to crush him; his world becomes a vacuum, his thoughts mere barrenness. "For the love of Heaven," he presently cries, "talk of things, and not persons!" What to him and what to them is the relation of Mrs. Grey's bonnet to the back of her head? Why shall he be glad or sorry that Mrs. Black's India shawl is discovered, after all, to be imitation? Does it afford him pleasure to be told that this entertaining gentleman starves his wife, that that one can well dispense his elegant hospitality when he cheated a widow and her orphans out of house and home in settling the estate? Why can he be not left to his enjoyment in admiring a handsome woman without being instructed in ghastly secrets of her toilette? Why must the innocence of youth, the loveliness of beauty, be perpetually spelled to him by hints of evil temper, of bad blood, of corrupt habits? Are lies a healthy diet? And since all these people are of the same human flesh and blood, are not such statements more likely to be false than true? And, whether false or true, are they able to help him on in life toward the goal of ambition, or of chosen work, or to the great task of making his own soul white for the searcher's eye? This simple village, that he supposed to be a minor Arcady, he would find peopled, if he could believe the half he heard, with a race of idiots, profligates, and peculators. His soul revolts within him. He asks if the charm of virtue, to and for itself alone, be strong enough to keep any one clean who knows that, let what will be done, slander shall follow it. And aware that presently, in the nature of things, the fangs must be in his own flesh, he either flies the place or drifts into deserving the worst.

We do not mean to say that gossip and scandal do not exist in the large cities, and sometimes in a more virulent form than the rural centres are capable of producing it; but better things are never beyond the reach of all their residents, and people there are kept alive to great thoughts if only by the yells of the newsboys in the streets.

In very truth, as we all know, wherever gossip is cherished, it degenerates into slander, becomes scandal, creates a relish for stronger meat, and no soul within its sound is safe. Has he the make and mien of a god? Yes. But he drinks. Is her benevolence a by-word? Yes. But charity covers a multitude of sins. Lovely? Yes. But then, you know, her mother— To every one, in short, is allowed that which is indisputable, and that only; and, as if human nature were in danger of too heavenly virtue, to every one a counterbalancing "but" that hides the latter end in darkness—a pregnant, sinister, and awful "but!" For no one is there any gilding of the lily allowed; the business is to soil, not to sweeten; to pull down, not to build up; to trample on, not to lift; to tear to pieces, not to heal and make whole.

There are instances of those who having endured great poverty or great worldly disaster, and failed to see God's providence in it, or to have faith that there was a providence in it even if unseen, in whom we can understand the source and meaning of such bitter feeling, and pity if not pardon it—pure envy though the feeling be, envy disguised under the mask of criticism or fastidiousness. But those who are warm in the sunshine of prosperity, and who yet fling their shafts of suspicion or affirmation into the lives and reputations of others, have certainly no claim to any regard or region but such as DANTE gave them. From what malignant spirits must their whispers come! What a poisonous place do they make the earth around them, as the dragons vomiting flame did in the old myths! What pleasure could they ever have in heaven, where the archangels are beyond the reach of their arrows!

It has been in our experience to know a woman, brilliant, beautiful, well-born, and good, beset by the voice of slander, hounded from her home, hounded to proud, innocent death, to death in the open streets of a great city; but to no one could this moral murder be traced, for the first rumors had risen like exhalations from the ground around her, the ascription of a wrong motive, the utterance of a presumed possibility, swelling and growing with a hue and cry till all the dogs were at her throat. Such things, they say, do not exist with the duello; but we deny it. In the one place we have the whispered and spoken insinuation; in the other, the shrug of the shoulder, the lifting of an eyelash, does the work as well. We have seen, too, a man who for twenty years lived under a ban that was a daily crucifixion, accused of setting the fires that ravaged his place of residence, and, although detectives and police proved him guiltless, never acquitted by the acquaintances who saw his pallor on the mornings after every fresh fire, his face knotted with suffering, his sensitive shrinking under the consciousness of their unceasing scrutiny. Why, when at length the confessed incendiary was found and punished, he did not drop down dead from the very rebound at thought of the new free life, the new skies under which he was to walk, the new faces he was to meet, could only have been because in his twenty years of torture he had learned how to despise any and all opinions that those faces could mirror. But how the men and women who had ruthlessly and thoughtlessly made his life a burden to him dared to meet his glance, is among the inscrutable mysteries. Yet we are sure that one place in the world, bubbling over "with gossip, scandal, and spite," has been purified even through fire. Well if all our households and villages were the same, though it required the humiliation of every creature who, in sewing-circle or reading-room, rolls the "sweet morsel under the tongue!"

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Invisible Writing.

MY DEAR MILO,—Writing last week to Eustace, I said that when I was a boy I used, with other boys, to work miracles with lemon juice by writing upon a certain kind of paper, which, however, showed none of the characters until it was exposed to heat. A similar plan of writing with invisible inks has often been useful in war and diplomacy—which is a war of wits; and I remember with what innocent eagerness I privately held to the fire pieces of blank paper which I had picked up, vaguely wondering whether some wonderful secret would not be revealed to me. I have not lost that habit, although now it takes a different form. It is not the writing, but the real significance of the writing which I now wait for and trust to warmth to reveal. Only yesterday I received a letter from an old friend, which, as I read it, was as blank as this surface upon which I am writing, although the paper was covered with words that were distinct and plain. It was grammatical, and the words were intelligible, and I could readily follow the obvious sense, but I was conscious that the meaning was hidden.

I reflected that my correspondent, an old friend, had called upon me some time before, and that in the press of many matters—which you can not imagine because you know me only as the most unoccupied of men, and yet, on the day when I am to pay the premium of my life-insurance, the event hurries and confuses me more than the myriad payments of a great business confuse its managers—I say that in the press of that day I was, perhaps, not so cordial as usual to my friend, and he had, probably, been a little hurt, and the hurt and the coldness showed themselves in the letter, entirely courteous, but not cordial, as is his wont. Indeed, the letter was like one of those beautiful May days in New England which, while the sun still shines and there is no cloud, are suddenly chilled by the east wind, so that the sun is a mockery, and the beauty of the landscape is like apples of Sodom: the form of summer is untouched, but the soul is fled.

So, as I held the letter to my heart, as it were, its real meaning appeared, and it was a manly and grieved protest against my supposed fickleness. The more my friendship warmed the letter, the more distinctly the invisible writing was revealed. I was like a general who receives a dispatch, in which, judging by the words, he seems to be informed that there is a full supply of bacon and molasses upon the way; but when he studies it carefully he perceives that the same letters spell different words, and that the real and chief significance of the dispatch is that his disaffection is suspected. My heart revealed the meaning of my friend's dispatch, and I wrote him accordingly. And how many a book is written with invisible ink in the same way! It is all a blank to a thousand patient plodders, but a blessing to the one who reads with interpreting warmth in his eyes. One of the common jests about Browning is that when his "Sordello" was published, Douglas Jerrold, who was ill in the country, and read all the new books from town, opened the poem eagerly and began to read. Presently his wife heard him calling, and hastening in, fearing to find him worse, he said to her, "My dear, will you read this, and tell me what you think of it?" And when, after a futile struggle, she replied that she could not understand a word of it, he exclaimed, energetically, "Thank God! for I thought I was losing my wits."

To a distinctively British mind "Sordello" was invisible writing. But I have known men and women who as they read it were transported to the Italy of the Middle Ages; the Italy to which the old Lombard cathedrals point; the Italy of mingled romance and crime, of barbarism and civilization; the age of Rudel and the troubadours; the time that we all so vaguely and inadequately conceive. They say that to read it is to lie dreaming under the shadow of cypresses upon a terrace in the Villa d'Este—to behold in the picturesque masquerade of an age remote the passions and the genius which are always the same, because they are those of human nature. More than old histories teach of those times, and of all times, these persons find in the poem of "Sordello." Jerrold would sneer or smile, as his mood chanced to be, that they gazed into the dark, and peopled the fog with their own fancies. But I should not wonder if the poem were an invisible writing which was truly blank to his cold eye, but which to their warm sympathy reveals an exquisite meaning. How often have I not heard some one read what seemed an idle rhyme with a tone of rollicking fun and a ludicrous ting-a-ling-ling! But when I read it a great fire seemed suddenly to blaze up in my heart, and the lines were full of the tenderest and most melancholy music. It is not that I am a great critic, or that I am gifted with profound insight, but only that on what seems to be a blank surface warmth reveals a writing full of significance.

I think we find this kind of writing elsewhere than on paper and in books. A young man or boy prefers one person among all those whom he is in the habit of seeing. With some persons he is painfully shy and awkward. He can not even command his grammar so as to speak correctly, and he seems to have nothing to say that is not contemptible. He burns and chafes inwardly, and to escape is to be relieved of an incubus of himself. Other persons silence him. He longs to speak; and if, indignant at the constraint, he bursts into words, it is only to regret it, and to doom himself to further silence. Others, again, make him volatile, extravagant, foolish. Like a tipsy man, he giggles and laughs hysterically, and says a hundred things which vainly he would unsay. Coarse jokes and foul innuendoes flow from his lips, and the youth is startled and ashamed of himself, which does not seem to be himself, but some foolish changeling. Then comes the person whom of all men the youth prefers. His coming is like that of the cool, serene, dewy morning after a night of fever and passion. Once more the world is created. Once more hope and faith and purity seem no bewildered estrays in the world, but the familiar facts of life. This person—for it may be either a man or a woman—quickens every noble pulse in the young man's heart. He is master of himself. It is easy for him to speak, and he is surprised by the thick-thronging thoughts that occur to him. Whatever is noble and generous seems to him best, and in that moment and in that presence he feels that he is truly himself. He is right, that glowing, blooming, beautiful youth—the youth in whom once more Apollo comes, and all heroes and holy men are possible. He is right; and when he believes and hopes and loves he is most himself. All that is the meaning of his being, and that is revealed upon the daily blank of his life by the warm and lofty and inspiring sympathy of the man whom his heart follows. That sympathy is the heat that reveals the invisible writing, and lo! it is a hymn of praise.

Do we not see the same truth illustrated among others of our fellow-passengers? One of the loveliest whom I have ever known was Lucy, and I think Wordsworth must have known another very like her, or he could never have been so fond of that simple name. Every body said that she was the most amiable little woman that was ever known, but nobody said much more. Always modest, attentive, obliging; the small duties of her life were all punctually done. Her parents were not rich; the family was large, and Lucy, the oldest child, was nurse and doctor and maid and cook and lady, and whomsoever else she was required to be. She was very comely, and in her dress and her manner there was nothing rude or careless or without taste. "Oh yes; sweet as sugar," said every body; "but as flavorless. She has no snap; no character: it is all monotonous goodness." She seemed a surface unsullied, indeed, but blank. And when I used to hear Melodio sing Moore's lines—

"Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand more calm and sage
The leaf must fill"—

I turned and looked at Lucy, who listened without the least sentimentality in her aspect, and I said to myself, half in despair, that she was that white page, and unwritten she would remain forever.

Now if we do not see any thing, the reason is not necessarily that there is nothing to be seen—it may be that we are blind. By-and-by Harry came into the village where Lucy lived, and where I was then living. We had all thought her a blank page; but was Memnon dumb because through the night he was a stone image, and did not fill the world with music until the dawn touched his lips? Was there nothing written upon the paper which the prisoner held in his hand because it seemed all a blank, until the warm sunshine revealed the writing that directed him how surely to escape? Harry came, and Lucy was an unwritten page no longer. Her very beauty deepened and was transfigured—"another, yet the same." All the character that had seemed to be only a possibility was at once a reality. Yesterday she was "a goody;" to-day wit, feeling, intelligence, were all positive and fascinating. The effect was most ludicrous. None of the young fellows had ever thought of being in love with Lucy, when suddenly Harry came, and every youth was jealous. The reason was plain enough. Harry brought love, and in that divine heat all the celestial writing that had been invisible in Lucy was revealed in immortal beauty. Love was the interpreter. For the first time she knew herself when love came, and we also knew her. Harry had wrought a miracle, but it was a miracle of every day.

The consciousness of this invisible writing makes one very patient of those who are called commonplace people. To a man who

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has once found a diamond in a dust heap, even dust is valuable for its possibilities; and he who, by holding it to the fire, has drawn from the blankest paper the precious secret inscribed upon it, respects all blank papers afterward. Wait till the commonplace is tried by sympathy, and you will see a thousand times what uncommon qualities that warmth of sympathy discloses. Sometimes, indeed, the revelation will be grotesque, like Charles Lamb's silent man, whose silence and dullness he had decided to be a blank full of the most significant invisible writing. But, warmed by the prospect of dumplings for dinner, the writing suddenly appeared, and it was only "Them's the jockeys for me!" But, on the other hand, let a mishap befall the train or the steamer by which you are traveling, and the man who seemed to you so blank will suddenly shine all over with heaven's own characters of coolness, energy, and wise intelligence. Remember Memnon and invisible writing, dear Milo, and be patient.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CROCHETED AND KNITTED GARMENTS.

WE illustrate this week many pretty and useful garments made of Berlin wool. The best black and white zephyr wool, either single or double, is sold for from 12 to 15 cents an ounce; split zephyr is 20 cents an ounce; four and eight fold wool of common colors is 20 cents; high, bright colors, and the new gas-light green, blue, and shaded wools, cost from 20 to 35 cents an ounce. The Saxony yarn, finer than single zephyr, but coarser than split zephyr, is used for fine knitting and embroidery on honey-comb canvas. It costs 30 cents an ounce.

Breakfast shawls are now crocheted in Afghan or Tunisian stitch, as this firm stitch is not easily drawn out of shape. The ground is usually chinchilla wool; the border is embroidered, or is shaded scarlet or blue, and is edged with fringe. They cost from $4 50 to $8. Fringe is added this season to most crocheted garments. Ladies' sleeveless jackets for the house, and to be worn beneath cloaks, are crocheted of double zephyr, and shaped to the figure as prettily as any basque, fashioned by darts and side forms: price $4 50. Slashed sacques for small children are of bright blue or cherry double zephyr, in Afghan stitch, with white border of single zephyr in shell stitch: price $3 25. Those for infants are of split zephyr. A soft, warm scarf, called the sea-foam scarf, is of white double zephyr, in knotted shell stitch: price $2 50. Smaller scarfs for children are in stocking stitch, twenty-four rows lengthwise of the scarf: these are $1. Hoods for baby girls have a white split zephyr veil covering them, overwrought with silk floss: these are $2 50. Plainer ones, in Afghan stitch, are $1 50. For boy babies are white turbans in thick Afghan stitch, edged with a scallop of color, and a band of swan's-down: $1 50. Infants' shirts of fine Saxony yarn, knitted in ribs, are $1 25 to $2. For children in short clothes are heavy overalls of white wool, a combination of drawers and leggings, to be worn outside the shoes: price $2 50.

EMBROIDERY.

Preparation for the approaching gift season begins to be seen in the fancy stores, where are sold designs for the embroidery on canvas now so much in vogue for ornamenting fanciful articles of furniture. Fine embroideries in wool and silk are now imported with the design done in quarter stitch—that is, four small stitches in the place of one cross stitch. The purchaser then fills out the background with double cross stitch, oblong stitch, or some other simple stitch that is easily and quickly done, and is heavy enough to throw the fine work of the design into relief. Pale blue and Nile green "fillings" are much used, as they match Pompadour furniture, and display effectively the designs of shaded autumn leaves, now wrought on cushions, screens, and pillows. Gobelin designs in the faint tints of tapestry require dark, rich backgrounds. Beaded pieces, of white beads shaded to gray, and enlivened by a few black and gilt beads, are not new, but are liked because they can have a background of any color to correspond with the color that prevails in the room. The long, loose satin stitch is showy, but frays easily.

The *pièce de résistance* with ladies given to embroidery is a banner screen to place before the grate. Tropical flowers and fruits, with beautifully shaded leaves, are the designs for these. Sometimes they are framed, as a picture, in bamboo or in gilt frames; but the latest fancy is for a standard of rose-wood, ebony, or gilt, from which the banner swings. The wooden standard costs from $7 50 to $15; large bamboo frames are $16. Light-screens, for shading the eyes when reading or sewing by gas-light, are useful and pretty. They may also be held in the hand as fire-screens, as the handle can be separated from the stand. The small banner, wrought in beadwork, costs $3; in satin stitch, $4; in fine quarter stitch, $5. One pretty design for $5 50 has the background traced in pale blue silk stitches, requiring only to be crossed to complete the picture. The material for filling is furnished with this. The stands for light-screens are of gilt, porcelain of various colors, and of bronze, and cost from $3 to $6.

A stripe for the centre of an Oriental chair is also a favorite piece of embroidery. Those most sold have the design begun in cross stitch. They cost from $8 to $20, with zephyr wool furnished for completing them. Persian designs are admired for these chairs. Narrower stripes are sometimes added each side of the wide stripe. These cost from $4 to $16. Narrow bands for shawl straps, and long enough for bell-ropes, cost from $2 25 to $4. For a sofa-pillow are designs commenced in cross stitch, with materials for finishing, costing from $2 to $15. Slippers for gentlemen are worked on canvas, kid, cloth, or velvet; for ladies are Persian designs on velvet. Lambrequin drapery for brackets is shown wrought in Egyptian designs of mummies and sphinxes, some costing $25. For rugs, sofa-pillows, bed and carriage rugs, the Persian patterns are selected. For chamber furniture there are towel racks in designs of shaded beads, costing $2 50; the wooden frame for the rack is from $1 to $5. Frames for hat racks for a bedroom cost from $2 to $10; a medallion contains a monogram or bouquet of flowers wrought by the giver. A new gift for gentlemen is a spring boot-jack with an embroidered foot-rest: price $6. Another boot-jack is quite a piece of furniture, having an embroidered screen front: price $20. A slipper-holder is a case to be hung on the wall for holding slippers. The frame of walnut costs from $2 to $6, and the wrought piece on canvas $5. Hair, clothes, and hat brushes of rose-wood and of yellow ivory have medallions to be filled by the embroidered monogram of the owner.

GUIPURE AND POINT LACE WORK.

The guipure and point lace work introduced in this country by the *Bazar* has grown into great favor. Ladies make at small expense many tasteful and pretty things of guipure net, such as tidies, covers for cushions, vestibule and window curtains formed of alternate blocks of Swiss muslin and net, pillow shams, coverlets, and infants' afghans, with colored quilted silk lining. There has been some difficulty in obtaining the materials, but they are now found at all the fancy stores. Squares of plain guipure net, with twenty-five or twenty-six stitches in a square, are sold for 15 cents. This net is handmade, and may be cut without raveling. If larger pieces are required, another net is darned to these. A single square, mounted in a frame ready for working, with the design of the lace darned in one corner for a pattern, and the linen thread for darning, costs $1 25 or $1 50. It is cheaper, however, to buy a box of nine squares, with one pattern commenced, three extra patterns, and darning linen, for $3 50. Single squares, finished and ready for mounting on colored satin cushions, or to use as tidies, cost from 50 cents to $4.

Point lace is much used for pillow-slips, bureau covers, tidies, etc. The braid for making it costs from $1 to $1 25 a piece, measuring from twelve to eighteen yards. The linen thread necessary is like that used for guipure lace, and costs 7 cents for a small ball, or 50 cents for a spool of 500 yards.

FURS.

Boas of fur are the fashionable choice this season, notwithstanding collars are far more comfortable. These boas vary in length from a mere neck-tie to those two yards long; a yard and a half or three-quarters is the favorite length. When made of fur having long fleece the boa is round; the shorter furs, such as mink and seal-skin, are usually flat boas. Muffs are small and round, and the handsomest are furnished with thick faille ribbon, in preference to tassels of passementerie or fur.

The novelty this winter is sets of silver or black fox. These are very rare, and are as costly as Russian sable. The long fur is light gray, with occasionally a longer hair tipped with silver. It is as soft and downy as marabout feathers, and almost as perishable. A small muff of it costs $250. This fur is now prized above any other for trimming velvet cloaks. A border of fox fur half an inch wide on the leather side, making a trimming nearly three inches wide, as the fleece is long, costs from $10 to $12 a yard.

The black marten fur, sometimes called Alaska sable, is still considered exceedingly stylish. A set of it of excellent quality, consisting of long round boa and small muff, may be had for $25; some handsomer specimens cost $30 or $40. This is the popular and inexpensive fur trimming for cloth, cashmere, silk, and velvet. In selecting this trimming readers are advised to buy that costing $3 or $4 a yard, instead of lower-priced qualities, made worthless by dyes, or so badly dressed that the odor of the animal is discovered when the fur is worn in a warm room. A single narrow fur border, showing only two or three inches on the right side, is more stylish than a broader one or a double row of fur.

There is nothing new to relate of sables. Mink, though not so universally worn as formerly, is still a most desirable fur. Medium sets of dark mink of good quality cost from $60 to $80, according to length of boa; choicest dark mink sets are $125. Coarse light mink is sold very low.

Evening sets of ermine are small round muffs and very long boas, often more than two yards in length, wound around the neck. Fine sets cost from $45 to $55, according to the length of the boa. Very fine chinchilla sets are also worn on dressy occasions: price $50.

A boa and muff of fur seal make an inexpensive and serviceable set that will be worn by young ladies and misses. The boa costs from $5 to $25, the muff from $12 to $20.

Fur sacques, the most comfortable of all cloaks, are short this year, measuring from twenty-four to twenty-six inches, and are made quite loose below, or else slashed to give room for a bouffant tournure. The newest have bell-shaped sleeves (half-flowing), but the close coat sleeve is generally preferred. The sacque most in favor is of velvet-like fur seal, not in its natural wood brown color, but that dyed a dark maroon shade. These are often bordered with other furs; but plain, untrimmed sacques, handsomely fitted, are in best taste. $75 is the lowest price for a sacque of good sound seal-skin, and this will not be of finest quality; handsomer qualities cost from $100 to $150. The various curly furs called Astrakhan are still worn in sacques. The reader is warned against buying these at very low prices, as those sold for $25 or $30 are apt to be of unsound leather that will not last a single winter. It is better economy to pay a reliable furrier $40 for an Astrakhan sacque that he will warrant to be of good, sound skins, though not of fine quality. $75 buys a handsome curled fur sacque, and many cost as high as $150 or $200. Sets of these black furs are usually preferred for deep mourning.

For children there are sets of squirrel lock, made of the sides of the Siberian squirrel. The tiny muff and boa cost from $5 to $7. Sacques of white cony are shown for children of from three to twelve years, and are also made for infants: these cost from $13 to $20.

Fur turbans for gentlemen have higher round crowns than those formerly worn. Made of seal, the fashionable fur for gentlemen, they cost from $12 to $15; Astrakhan turbans are $6. The seal-skin facing on the collar and cuffs of a gentleman's overcoat costs from $30 to $40.

Carriage robes of white arctic fox fur are still the choice for ladies' use: they cost from $100 to $125.

For information received thanks are due, for fancy-work, to Messrs. A. SELIG; and JOHNSON, BURNS, & Co.; and for furs, to Messrs. C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS; F. W. LASAK'S SON; and D. D. YOUMANS.

PERSONAL.

PRESIDENT GRANT, while at Bangor during the recent grand railway celebration, did honorable duty as the national kisser. The editor of the Portland *Tribune* happened to be so near him when he kissed the great bevy of Bangor girls at Norambega Hall that he could bear witness to the fact that it was not a feat of mere passive endurance. He met the gay beauties half-way. His face was as impassive as ever, but there was unmistakable fire in his eyes. The girls were those who represented the several States in the procession, and, of course, it was in their representative rather than their personal character that they were kissed. Still, if there had been one hundred States, we are convinced the President would have performed his whole duty in the premises.

—JOHN RUSKIN says: "Though I have kind invitations enough to visit America, I could not even for a couple of months live in a country so miserable as not to possess any castles."

—It was recently reported that the Empress EUGÉNIE had completed a new history of MARY Queen of Scots. The work, however, was actually written by Professor PETIT, of Beauvais. The Empress, who is of Scotch descent, has taken great interest in the preparation of the book, and has supplied some historical papers bearing on the subject, but is not otherwise responsible for the authorship. The French professor approached his task with a firm belief in the guilt of Queen MARY, but was compelled by the evidence he discovered to change his opinion, and the book is another vindication of her reputation.

—"Mrs. Partington" is delivering a lecture in all those funny little villages in New England, without any subject. It contains no "views."

—Mr. GEORGE VANDENHOFF has a new history of the exodus from Eden. One chapter is as follows: "The devil drove woman out of Paradise, but he could not drive Paradise out of woman."

—How odd that Miss MIRIAM COLE, authoress of "The Sutherlands" and other novels, should become a "Mrs. HARRIS!"—a Mrs. SIDNEY S. HARRIS, of this city. To that extent has she changed her "local habitation and her name."

—RUBINI is said to have discovered a splendid tenor, of the name of DEVILEIER, at Boulogne. The owner of this desirable voice is now having it cultivated under the auspices of the discoverer.

—A prominent clergyman of Ohio, the Rev. GEORGE BROWN, D.D., died last week at Springfield, at the age of eighty. He was formerly president of a college at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and had been a clergyman for fifty-six years.

—M. HANKE, the well-known banker, of Denmark, who lived many years in Paris, and owns a splendid residence on the Champs Elysées, was the chief counselor of the French Minister of Finance in conducting the heavy financial operations arising out of the German indemnity.

—THOMAS GADSDEN, a member of the historical old family of South Carolina GADSDENS, and once a prominent politician of that State, died last week, aged seventy-three.

—A London correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* intimates that Lord WALTER CAMPBELL, a brother of the Marquis of Lorne, is engaged to an American young lady of great personal attractions and considerable wealth, the daughter of a hotel proprietor in this city. Lord W. C. is third son of the Duke of Argyle, and is twenty-three years of age. He is, or was until recently, connected with an eminent mercantile house down town, and is said to display the proverbial aptitude and thrift of his countrymen.

—At present the ex-Emperor of France is compelled to rough it on an income of $25,000 a year; but when his wife realizes on her Spanish property it will be increased to $80,000.

—Madame MARIE SEEBACH has engaged to write fifty letters for the *Presse*, of Vienna, relating to what she saw and heard in this country.

—The Rev. JOEL S. EDWARDS, of Marshalltown, Tennessee, is said to have inherited a great estate in England. In 1772 ROBERT EDWARDS, his grandfather, leased to the crown a valuable piece of land for ninety-nine years. The lease expired on the 19th day of last July, and Mr. E. has received notice through BOARDMAN, BROWN, & WILLIAMS, of Marshalltown, that he, with thirty-four other persons, was heir to the estate, which has now reached the almost fabulous value of $82,000,000. Mr. EDWARDS is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having a charge in Grundy County, although his residence is in Marshalltown.

—Hon. RUSSELL GURNEY, Recorder of London, and now representing the British government at Washington on the Claims Commission, went to meeting at Mr. BEECHER'S church on the morning and evening of the last Sunday in October. Commodore ASHBURY ditto in the evening.

—Contrary to general opinion, the first husband of the late Madame GRISI is still alive. In order to convey property to her surviving daughters the signature of M. DE MELCY was lately obtained by the executors. The separation from his wife took place after his duel with Lord Castlereagh, some thirty-five years ago.

—Colonel CHESNEY'S famous bit of sarcasm, the "Battle of Dorking," has just entered upon the seven hundredth thousand of its sale.

—General MARMADUKE, famous during the war of the rebellion as one of the sanguinariest of Southern chieftains, has turned his sword into a plowshare, and is editor, perhaps a (plow)share proprietor, of an agricultural paper in St. Louis.

—LOUIS NAPOLEON has written, and AMYOT, of Paris, has just published, a work on the organization of the Prussian army. The Emperor is said to be at present engaged in composing a work on the reorganization of the French army.

—HOME, the noted spiritualist, has been married to a Russian lady of some social distinction, and is going to bring her to the United States. Our contributor, Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, says: "I have been at spiritual séances, but, sinner and skeptic that I am, I was never allowed to see any thing worth recording. But I have met Mr. HOME, and heard him recite poetry of a half-humorous, half-tragic kind, and I thought the performance admirable. HOME is rather a handsome, yellow-haired man, still quite young, with a quick, nervous manner, and a persuasive, penetrating eye. He is just the man to have female devotees. I believe he tried the stage without success; but in a drawing-room I never heard a more effective reader, or rather reciter, for he does not read."

—The Baroness de Rothschild supports, at Jerusalem, a school for the education of Jewish girls.

—Mr. SANTLEY, the chief attraction at the DOLBY concerts, is said to be admirable in opera, performing in Italian and Spanish, and in some parts being without a rival.

—Major A. G. CONSTABLE, the gentleman upon whom Chief Justice DALY devolved the care of taking the opulent Parsee merchant, BYRAMJEE BOMANJEE COLAH, to Bombay to be delivered to the jurisdiction of the courts of that country, is a son of the late Mr. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, the eminent publisher of Edinburgh, and the first publisher of the novels of Sir WALTER SCOTT. Major CONSTABLE was formerly in the army in India, and speaks the language of that country with fluency. It was by his efforts that the fortune of Mr. COLAH was preserved, and Judge DALY very properly confided to him the delicate and responsible duty of taking Mr. COLAH back to his friends.

—Russia has just produced a new tenor, who is pronounced to be the most wonderful singer the world has ever seen. His father, a rich proprietor of Kewno, wishing to prevent his son from following the bent of his inclination, and becoming a public performer, sent him to one of his distant estates to learn agriculture. Here he competed for the moujik's prize, which, in some parts of Russia, is awarded by ancient custom to the native singer who can approach the nearest in harmony and volubility to the nightingale. MIEROVITCH won the prize, and escaped to St. Petersburg. Here he suffered the greatest hardships, singing in the streets for a scanty living, and imitating the birds of his native province. Chance led him to sing one night before the hotel where Madame LUCCA was staying during her engagement at the opera. The prima-donna was enraptured. She sent for him, and, learning his history, supplied him with means to procure food and clothing, then sent him to RUBENSTEIN, who procured his admission to the Conservatoire, where he is studying manfully, and promises to become one of the first singers of the age.

—The Rev. ENOCH SANFORD, of Raynham, Massachusetts, an eminent clergyman, celebrated recently the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birth by planting an oak-tree and publishing a history of the town of Berkley, Massachusetts, the place where a century or so ago the people refused an organ, the gift of Bishop BERKELEY, in honor of whom the town was named. For many years Mr. SANFORD has occupied his leisure hours in calculating the movements of the heavenly bodies. It is stated that his astronomical calculations are accurate, and his eclipses come to time. He has also made it a practice every winter to read critically some such author as HOMER or XENOPHON. The Greek Testament is as familiar as the English version, and equally so is the patriotic literature of the early fathers of the Christian Church. His longevity is hereditary, and the oak-tree may have a chance to furnish shade to its planter. Mr. SANFORD'S grandfather was nearly one hundred years old when he died, and Mr. SANFORD still enjoys the health and vigor of a young man.

—MACDONALD says of one who suffered: "Patience had mossed her over, and made her warm, soft, and sweet."

—The personal history of JOHN ROGERS, whose brown statuettes have made him famous, may be concisely stated thus: He was born in Massachusetts. In early life he was a dry-goods clerk in Boston; then he learned the trade of machinist; but seeing a boy modeling figures in clay determined his vocation. In 1856, still being poor, and having no hope of supporting himself by modeling, he went West, and took charge of a machine-shop in Hannibal, Missouri. The financial crisis of the next year carried him to Chicago, where he was appointed clerk in the City Surveyor's office. While there he produced his first finished work, the "Checker-Players," which was very well received, and followed by the "Town Pump" and the "Slave Auction." Learning from an Italian the manner of making flexible moulds for casting forms, he went to New York, set up his studio, and prospered. ROGERS has produced about forty groups in all, and has sold some 50,000 copies of his works.

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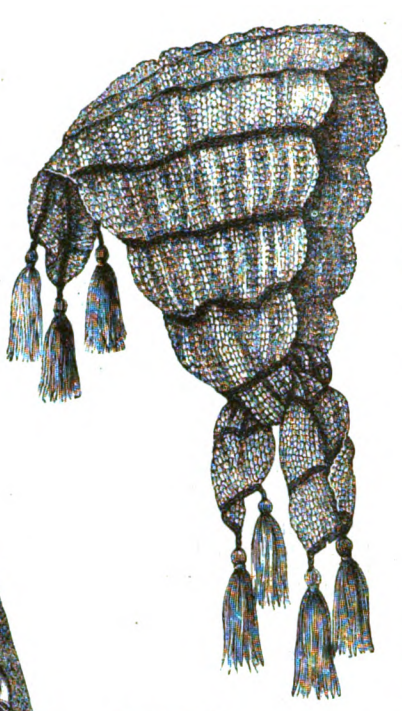
Knitted Fanchon.

THIS fanchon is knitted plain, in rounds going backward and forward, with blue split zephyr worsted and white Shetland wool, on fine steel and fine wooden knitting-needles. Begin with the blue split zephyr worsted, make a foundation of 20 st. (stitches) with steel knitting-needles, and knit six rounds. Then cut off the thread three-fifths of an inch from the last st., lay on the Shetland wool with a cross knot, and knit eighteen rounds with wooden knitting-needles, going backward and forward. Widen 1 st. at the end of every second round. Tie the blue worsted on in a similar manner, knit six rounds without widening, and again work with the white wool. After alternately working one close blue stripe and one looser white stripe (the latter is always widened in the manner described) eight times each, the fanchon has reached one-half of its size. Then work one blue stripe for the middle, and eight more white and eight blue stripes for the other



KNITTED FANCHON.

KNITTED AND CROCHET CAP TO WEAR UNDER THE BONNET.

with four white and four purple rounds in the manner described, but narrow in the last round of the third white stripe in the first and last three puffs; in the first two of these puffs narrow three times each from the edge, in the third puff twice, so that the number of stitches altogether is lessened by sixteen. From this it will be seen that in the fourth white stripe there are two puffs less, thus only nine puffs can be worked. Repeat the narrowing in the last round of the sixth, eighth, and tenth white stripes; as, however, the tenth white stripe counts only five puffs, narrow three times in each. In the eleventh white stripe narrow in the first and last puff three times each, gather the edge stitches at both sides of the knitted part on a needle, and with purple worsted knit four rounds plain, which form a ribbed stripe similar to that on the front edge, and must be knit together with this. Now edge the cap with a row of lace crocheted with simple white zephyr worsted in the following manner: 1st round.—

CROCHET MANTELET.—[See Page 741.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 6ª and 6ᵇ.

tight, ∗ 6 k. (knit plain); in order to work these very loosely, wind the thread on the needle three times for each; 2 k. very tight, throwing the thread over once. Repeat from ∗. Again k. the last 2 st. tightly. In a similar manner knit the second white round plain, the third purled in the same way, and the fourth knit plain again. These four rounds must form three purled rows on the right side. Now follow four rounds all worked tightly in purple worsted, which must all appear knit plain on the right side. Alternate regularly

CROCHET AND KNITTED MANTELET.
[See Page 741.]
For description see Supplement.

At the end of every second round of each white stripe, how-ne stitch is now narrowed, that is, the last two stitches are ether, so that in the last blue stripe 20 st. are again on the which are cast off after working the last round. Finally, fanchon on the middle of the back and the ends with tas-lue worsted.

ed and Crochet Cap to wear under the Bonnet.

ght, flexible cap for elderly ladies is designed to be worn bonnet. The original is worked with purple zephyr worst-ite split zephyr worsted; the latter forms puffed stripes, knit purled, and separated by narrow purple stripes knit-losely. For the front edge of the cap, on medium-sized ng-needles, make a foundation of 92 st. (stitches) with ted, and knit five rounds plain, going backward and forward. Then begin the first puffed stripe with double split zephyr worsted. Slip the first st., knit the following st. plain, drawing the thread

CROCHET JACKET WITH SHORT SLEEVES.
[See Figs. 3 and 14, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 16–20.

1 sc. (single crochet) on one of the purple edge stitches, ∗ 4 stc. (short treble crochet) on the second following edge st., 1 sc. on the second following edge st. Repeat from ∗. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. and 5 ch. (chain stitch), the sc. always between the middle 2 of the 4 stc. Finally, furnish the cap with purple silk ribbons for tying.

Knitted Lace for trimming Mantelets, etc.

See illustration on page 741.

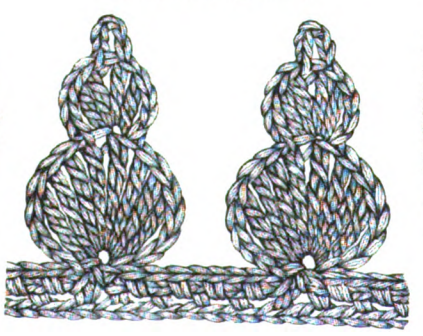
THIS lace, which is suitable for trimming mantelets, dresses, etc., such as the Crochet and Knitted Mantelet shown on this page, is worked with black Shetland wool and coarse steel knitting-needles. Make a foundation of 35 st. (stitches), and on this, always going backward and forward, first knit two rounds all plain. Then begin the pattern as follows: 1st round.—∗ 1 st. sl. (slipped), 3 k. (knit plain), k. 2 st. together, twice t. t. o. (thread thrown over), k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, twice t. t. o., twice k. 2 st. together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 st. together, 4 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together twice, t. t. o. twice, sl. 1 st., k. 2 st. to-

—BRAIDED TALMA.—FRONT.
escription see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7ª and 7ᵇ.

KNITTED CUFF.
For description see Supplement.

KNITTED AND CROCHET FRILL WITH JABOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 51–53.

KNITTED AND CROCHET CUFF.
For description see Supplement.



CROCHET TRIMMING FOR SLEEVELESS JACKET.—[See First Page.]

Fig. 2.—BRAIDED TALMA.—BACK.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7ª and 7ᵇ.

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gether, draw the sl. st. over. 2d round.—T. t. o. once, the remainder all knit plain; on the t. t. o. of the preceding round always 1 k., 1 p. (purled). Like this round all the following rounds denoted by even numbers are worked, we shall therefore make no further reference to them. It must be observed, however, that in order to form the points the thread is thrown over once each at the beginning of the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, and 12th rounds; in the 14th, 16th, 18th, and 20th rounds this t. t. o. is omitted. Again throw the thread over at the beginning of the 22d, 24th, 26th, 28th, 30th, and 32d rounds, but not in the 34th, 36th, 38th, and 40th rounds. 3d round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 8 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 3 k., work off the t. t. o. of the preceding round as st. 5th round.—1 st. sl., 3 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 4 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k. 7th round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together twice, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 9 k. 9th round.—1 st. sl., 3 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together twice, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 12 k. 11th round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 21 k. 13th round.—1 st. sl., 3 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 11 k., k. 3 st. together. 15th round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together twice, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 8 k., k. 2 st. together. 17th round.—1 st. sl., 3 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 2 k., k. 2 st. together. 19th round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 8 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 2 k., k. 2 st. together. 21st round.—1 st. sl., 3 k., 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 4 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 3 st. together. 23d round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 8 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 3 k. 25th round.—1 st. sl., 3 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 4 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 5 k., k. 2 st. together. 27th round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together twice, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 9 k. 29th round.—1 st. sl., 3 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 4 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k. 31st round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 15 k. 33d round.—1 st. sl., 3 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 11 k., k. 3 st. together. 35th round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 8 k., k. 2 st. together. 37th round.—1 st. sl., 3 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice 2 st. k. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 4 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 5 k., k. 2 st. together. 39th round.—1 st. sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 6 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, twice k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 8 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 2 k., k. 2 st. together, 8 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. twice, k. 2 st. together, 3 k., k. 2 st. together. This completes one pattern figure of the lace. Repeat from * until the lace is of the desired length.

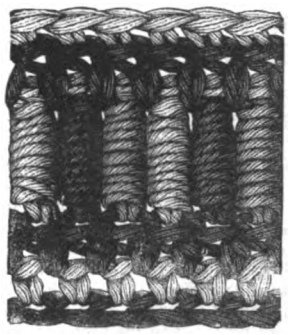


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF BORDER OF SLEEVELESS BASQUE.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET SLEEVELESS BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 30–34.

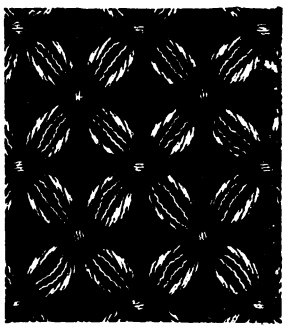
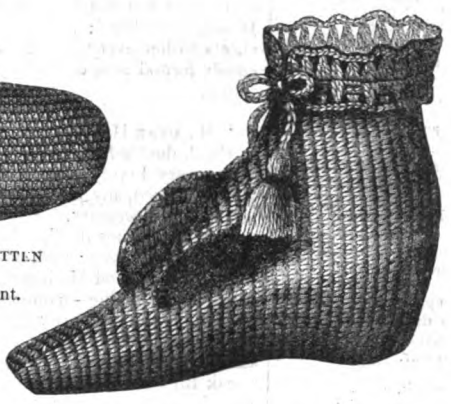


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF FOUNDATION OF FRAME-WORK CAPE.

KNITTED AND CROCHET OVERSHOE.
For description see Supplement.

KNITTED AND CROCHET MITTEN WITH OPEN CUFF.
For description see Supplement.



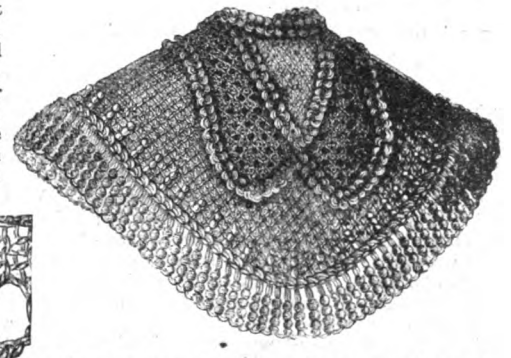
KNITTED AND CROCHET OVERSHOE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 47 and 48.

KNITTED PETTICOAT.
For description see Supplement.

Crochet Stitches, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This crochet stitch, which is used for the Crochet Mantelet shown on page 740, is a variation of the Tunisian crochet stitch (see illustration, Fig. 2, page 749), and may be used for a trimming, as well as for working capes, children's muffs, boas, foot-muffs, etc. After making the foundation, work an ordinary Tunisian pattern row of one round going forward and one round going backward. In the 2d pr. (pattern row) take up the stitches on the under side from the same veins of the foundation as in the 1st pr., so that this latter remains untouched, and forms a high rib or wave on the outside. Finish the 2d pr. by casting off, and work the 3d pr. again in the usual manner. In the 4th pr. work again as in the 2d, by passing the needle back of the 3d pr. through the stitches of the 2d pr., which appear on the under side like crosswise veins of stitches (see the stitch indicated by arrow-head on the illustration). Alternate regularly with this different manner of taking up the stitches, so that the waves or ribs are always separated by a common Tunisian pr. In taking up the stitches it must be observed throughout that the same number is preserved.

Fig. 2.—For this crochet stitch, which is that used for the Crochet and Knitted Mantelet shown on page 740, work, first, a Tunisian pr. also. In the first round of the 2d pr. take up the loops in a similar manner, but throw the thread over once between every two and two loops by laying the thread on the needle from the front toward the back. In the second round of this pr. cast off together two loops each, but cast off the thread thrown over separately.



FRAME-WORK CAPE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—[See Fig. 7, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 41.

In taking up the loops in the following pr., first lay the thread on the needle once from the front toward the back, then take up one loop from the next two loops cast off together, and one loop from the thread thrown over that lies before these loops (see the arrow-head shown by the illustration). Cast off in this round as in the preceding pr. The illustrations show the stitches in full size, and no difficulty will be found in working them with the aid of the descriptions. The stitches are those commonly used for afghans and similar articles.

Fig. 1.—FRAME-WORK CAPE FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 42.

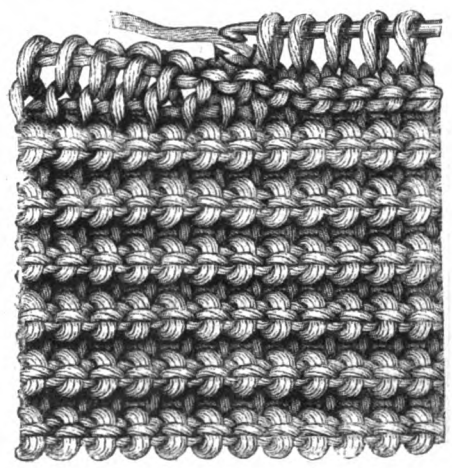
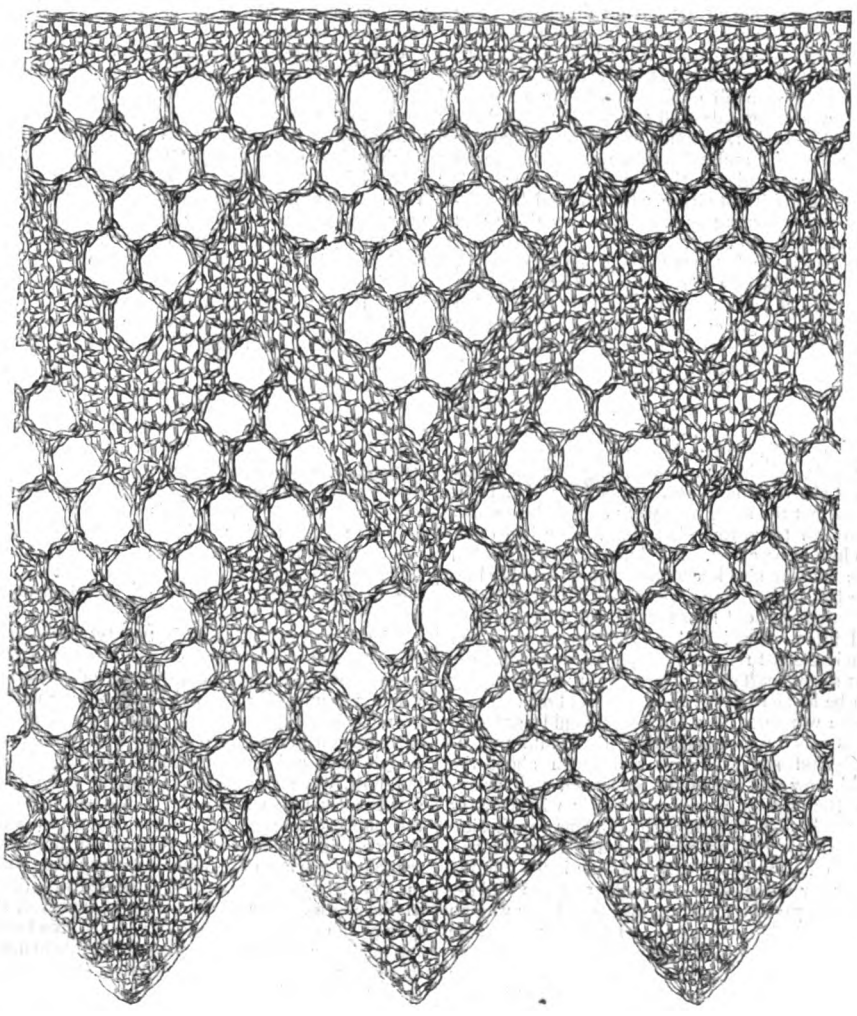


Fig. 1.—STITCH FOR CROCHET MANTELET. [See Page 740.]



KNITTED EDGING FOR CROCHET AND KNITTED MANTELET.—[See Page 740.]

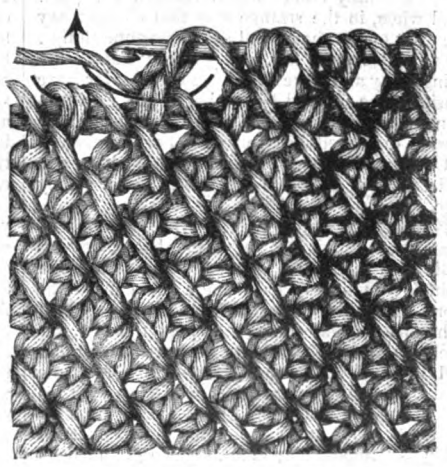


Fig. 2.—CROCHET STITCH FOR CROCHET AND KNITTED MANTELET.—[See Page 740.]

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HER HOROSCOPE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THAT spell-bound day when she was born
The Signs' great mistress ruled the morn,
And asked of the powers of earth and air
What they would give to make her fair.

"Skin like my light," said the moon, as she fled.
"I'll hide in her hair," the sunshine said.
"Little white teeth like pearls," said the sea.
Said the morning star, "Leave her eyes to me."

"And if," said the sea, "you must have more,
Suppose some day I should fling to shore
The wild free grace which far out and away
Wave tosses to wave in sun and spray?"

Sung the brook, as it babbled over the stones,
"You may put my music into her tones."
Sighed the wind, "From her temple only drop
One curl, there I'll flutter and never stop."

"Let me give her brow," said the twilight sky;
"I will fashion a forehead fair and high,
Fit to shelter pure thoughts and sweet."
Said the earth, "Let me make the way soft for her feet."

And the godmother, "Thank you, a thousand times—
Pleasant promises, tuneful as chimes;
We wouldn't be grasping—but all these things
Early or late will spread their wings."

"Then steadfast truth and sincerity,"
Said the noonday blue, "she shall have from me."
"I will make her heart for every guest
Warm with my sunset fires," said the west.

"Oh," murmured the deeps, "why didn't you say
You wanted a winged spirit in clay?
We can give her strength till she mount and see
The beauty and awe in infinity!"

And a landscape lapped in azure haze,
Where the south wind blows on autumn days,
Vowed on her future to employ
The depth of sorrow, the breadth of joy.

"I will wash her soul," said the summer rain,
"Free forever from soil and stain."
"She shall have our innocence," said the snows;
"My freshness," the dew on the way-side rose.

"Wait," whispered the heavily clustered vine;
"She must surely have a gift of mine:
Spirit, or sweetness, or tendrils' clasp
To those two little arms for a fervent grasp."

And at that the voices of every sprite
Proffered their treasures in sheer delight;
And no one could say who the givers were,
So happy the tumult, so glad the stir.

"I," added at last the motherly earth,
"Will make her the happiness of the hearth;
And if ever, grown weary, my rest she crave,
Some day the soft and forgetful grave."

"Hush!" cried the godmother—"hush, I pray!—
Such a blunder on such a day!
You always were an enormous clod:
Keep such presents under the sod;

"For she lives in the spring-time, she moves in the sun.
Smooth and bright may her pathway run,
As if on the colors sacred and seven—"
"It leads," said her guardian angel, "to heaven!"

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XVI.

"THIS is the end—the end of all."

So Hannah said to herself when Bernard had left, and she realized that they had truly parted—parted in anger and coldness, after many bitter words spoken on both sides. She repeated it, morning after morning, as days went wearily by; and no letter came—he who was always so punctual in writing. Evidently, then, he meant the parting to be final. He had thrust her entirely out of his new life, in which she could henceforward have no part or lot.

This, under the circumstances, was so inevitable that at first she scarcely blamed him. She only blamed herself for not having long ago foreseen that out of their utterly false position no good end could come—no end but that, indeed, which had come. She had lost him in every relation—as lover, as brother, even as friend. It was sure to be—sooner or later; and yet when the blow did fall, it was a very heavy one; and many times a day she bent under the weight of it in complete abandonment of sorrow.

Not for long, however; women with children can not afford to grieve for long. The very first morning, when she had to explain to Rosie that papa was gone away home, and would not come back again for a good while (she did it in Grace's presence, who opened wide eyes, but said nothing), there was something in the bright face of her "sunshiny child" which soothed her pain. And when, in the strange way that children say the most opportune as well as inopportune things, Rosie sidled up to her, whispering, "Tannie not going away and leave Rosie. Tannie never leave Rosie"—she clasped her to her breast in a passion of tenderness, which was only checked by Rosie's distressed discovery of "Tannie tying."

Of course Tannie immediately dried her eyes, and cried no more—in the child's sight, at any rate.

Nor in any body's sight, for she was one of those who find it not only best, but easiest, to "die and make no sign." Uncovering her wounds would only have made them bleed the more. Besides, what good would it have done? What help could come? Unless the law was altered, the only possibility of marriage for her and Bernard lay in that course which Madame Arthenay had suggested, and which he, with his strong English feeling, and the intensity of all his home affections and associations, had at once set aside as "impossible;" and, knowing him as she did, Hannah agreed that it was impossible. But she would not have him judged or criticised by others who knew him less than she. If there was one little sore place in her heart, she would plaster it over—hide it until it was healed.

Therefore, when Madame Arthenay came as usual, she delivered, in carefully planned phrases, the message Sir Bernard had left; and though the good old lady looked surprised, and evidently guessed—no woman with common womanly penetration could help guessing—that something painful had happened, still, as Hannah said nothing, she inquired nothing, but gave, with a tact and delicacy that won her new friend's love for her whole future life, the best sympathy that even old friends can give sometimes—the sympathy of silence.

They fell back into their old ways, and after a few days this brief, bright visit of Sir Bernard's might never have been, so completely did it cease to be spoken of. Sometimes, in the midst of her innocent play, little Rosie would make a passing reference to "papa," which Aunt Hannah answered with a heart that first leaped wildly, and then sank down, aching with a dull, continual pain. Evidently, not even for his child's sake would Sir Bernard write to her or have any thing to do with her. He had pushed out of his new and prosperous life not only her, but poor Rosie, whom he had left without asking for one good-by kiss. Even the father in him was destroyed by his wretched position with regard to herself, and would be more and more so as time went on. Perhaps it was better, even for that, that the end had come—that there could be no doubt as to their future relations any more.

She thought so—she forced herself to think so—when at last the long-expected letter arrived. It was very brief; and he used to write whole sheets to her every week! And upon its courteously formal tone could be put but one interpretation.

"MY DEAR HANNAH,—I send the usual monthly check doubled, that you and my daughter may have every luxury that Avranches affords, and which, indeed, my new circumstances make desirable and necessary.

"If you do not dislike the place, I should like you to winter there; and, with the friendship and protection of good Madame Arthenay, to try and make it your home—as much home as you can.

"I will say no more at present, being fully occupied with family affairs, and with others which time will disclose, but of which I do not wish to speak till they are more matured. In the mean time I remain always your sincere friend,

"BERNARD RIVERS."

That was all. No anger, no reproaches, no love. No, not a particle—of either lover's love or brother's love—of all that she had become so used to, gradually growing and growing, that how she should live on without it she did not know. Kind he was, kind and thoughtful still—it was his nature, he could not be otherwise—but all personal feeling seemed obliterated. It often happens so with men—at least Hannah had heard of such things—when thwarted passion suddenly cools down, like red-hot iron under a stream of water, and hardens into something totally unlike its old self, the impress of which it ever after retains. This is the only way of accounting for many things—especially for one thing which women can not understand—that sudden marriage after a disappointed love, which is so common and so fatal.

Evidently he could not forgive her; could not restore her to even her old sisterly place with him. He had dropped her as completely out of his life as a weed out of his garden, now only an incumbrance and a reproach.

Well, so it must be. Hannah wondered how she ever could have expected any thing else. She felt just a little sorry for herself—in a vague, abstract way—and fancied other people might be too, if they knew it all. Madame Arthenay, unto whom—to save all explanations—she gave Sir Bernard's letter (alas, all the world might have read it!)—Lady Dunsmore, whose correspondence was as regular and affectionate as ever, but who now never mentioned the name of Rivers; and, lastly, poor faithful Grace, who followed her mistress with yearning eyes, doing every thing that humble devotion could do to give her pleasure or to save her pain, but never saying one single word. These two Pariahs of society—as Hannah sometimes in her heart bitterly called herself and her servant—clung to one another with a silent trust which was a comfort to both.

But their greatest comfort was the child. Rosie flourished like a flower. Every day in her young life brought some new and wonderful development. That miraculous study of a growing human soul lay patent before Hannah every day, soothing, calming, and interesting her, till sometimes she became almost reconciled to her pain. It was not the sharp agony of youth—she was accustomed to sorrow—but this sorrow had come too late to be cured. She knew it would not kill her; but she also knew that it would last her life. She had been a long time in loving Bernard; but now that she did love him, it was with a depth and intensity which those only know to whom love is the last remnant of that *dolce primavera*—that sweet heart spring-time—after which nothing can be looked for but winter and old age.

She wondered how her years would pass—the years which would make little Rosie into a woman. And she wondered very much about the child, how she should be educated, and where. Sir Bernard only spoke of their wintering at Avranches—having no farther plans for Rosie's future; nor had he ever had any that Hannah knew of. He had seemed to take it for granted that they three—she, himself, and the child—would always be together, and that there was no need to decide any thing. In what manner he might wish his daughter—an important personage now, as Miss Rivers of the Moat House—to be brought up, Hannah had not the slightest idea.

However, one day, when they were driving through this smiling Norman country, where the long lines of poplars had not yet dropped a single leaf, and the quaint old trees of the endless apple orchards stood each with a glowing heap of dropped fruit round its feet, making Rosie clap her hands in delight, the little woman herself settled that question.

"Lots of apples! Rosie likes apples. Rosie stay here always, and get lots of apples."

A sentence which startled Hannah into deeper and more anxious thought than she had yet expended on her child's future. Truly her child's; she had now none of her own. She never for a moment deceived herself that to her happiness would ever come—that happiness which had fled from her all her life like a beautiful mirage. Only, by the mercy of God, she had been made—as she sometimes thought, with that bitter laugh that is akin to tears—a rugged old camel, who could bear endless burdens, endure weariness and hunger and thirst. The desert would be crossed some day, and she should lie down and rest.

But, in the mean time, would it be good for Rosie to remain in France, ignorant of her English ties—ignorant, above all, of her father, whom already, with the easy forgetfulness of her age, she seldom spoke about? What seemed at first a relief became to Hannah by-and-by a serious care.

Would she be quite right in binding Sir Bernard to the promise—which she knew he himself would never break—that Rosie should be with her always? In the years to come might not this deprive both father and daughter of the greatest blessing of their lives?

Hannah remembered—in the utter blotting out of hope it was now doubly sweet to remember—how tenderly she had loved her own father; how after her mother's death she had been his constant companion and friend, with a tie so close that even his disapproval of the attachment between her and Arthur could not break it. This tie—the love between father and eldest daughter—Rosie would in all human probability never know.

Then, too, around Bernard, so young a man still, would soon spring up not only new interests, but new ties. She tried to fancy him Sir Bernard Rivers, master of the Moat House—and what a noble master he would make!—beloved by all the country-side, bringing to it in due time a new Lady Rivers, fair and sweet as his first wife had been, and perhaps raising up in honor and happiness a numerous family—Rosie's brothers and sisters—to whom poor Rosie would be even less than she was to her father—a stranger, an interloper, unto whom the dear associations of kindred blood were only a name.

Forecasting all this, seeing it with a cruelly clear prevision, as the inevitable result of things, Hannah, even while she clasped her darling to her bosom, sometimes doubted whether hers were not a fatal love, which might one day overcloud, instead of brightening, the future of this her "sunshiny child."

"I may have to do it some time," she said to herself, not daring even in thought to particularize what "it" meant. "But I can't do it yet—not yet. My one blessing—the only bit of blessedness left me in this world!"

And night after night, when she lay listening to the soft breathing, thanking God that her treasure was still hers, close beside her, looking to her, and her alone, for the providing of every pleasure, the defense from every ill that the innocent young life could know, Hannah wetted her pillow with her tears.

"I can not do it; even if I ought, I can not," she moaned; and then let the struggle cease. She was not strong enough to struggle now. She rather let herself drift, without oar or sail, just where the waters carried her. Bitter waters they were, but she knew they were carrying her slowly and surely home.

In this dreamy state she remained during the whole of the brief, bright lull of the St. Martin's summer, which lasted longer than usual in Normandy this year, busying herself chiefly in planning pleasures for the two on whom life's burdens had either not yet fallen, or were near being laid down—the old lady and the child. With them, and Grace, she wandered every where near Avranches, and made herself familiar with every nook of this pleasant country, which Bernard in his letter had suggested she should try to substitute for "home." Well, what did it matter? It was little consequence where she and Rosie lived, so that they were far away from him. This must have been what he meant, and she accepted it as such.

With her usual habit of what he had sometimes called "horrid resignation," she had almost grown fond of the place, and even, in a sense, was happy in it, when one day there arose upon the strange, stupor-like peace of her daily life one of those sudden blasts of fate—like the equinoctial wind in which the St. Martin's summer ended—a storm noted in this neighborhood for years by the destruction which it had spread. Hannah never heard it spoken of afterward without recalling that particular day, and all that happened thereon.

The hurricane had lasted for twenty-four hours, and was still unabated, when, restless with staying in-doors, she went out—alone; of course—which was unusual; but any danger there might be must not happen to the child. For herself, she used once rather to enjoy danger, to exult in a high wind, as being something to fight against; but now, when she passed out of the town, and saw the desolation that a few hours had made—tall poplars, snapped like straws, lying prone at the road-side; apple orchards in which there was scarcely a tree not mutilated, and many were torn up completely by the roots—she ceased to delight in the storm. She battled with it, however, as long as she could, though it was almost like beating against a stone wall; and then, unable to fight more, she sank, exhausted, in the first sheltered corner she could find.

"How weak I must be growing!" said poor Hannah to herself; and, catching sight of her favorite Mont St. Michel, the solitary rock, with its castled crown, looking seaward over its long stretch of sandy bay, the tears sprang to her eyes. Alas! there was no St. Michael to fight for her—no strong archangel to unsheath his glittering sword in defense of right or in destruction of wrong. She was a lonely woman, with not a creature to defend her—neither father, brother, husband, nor lover. Also, she was powerless to defend herself; she knew—she felt—that her fighting days were all done. That ghostly gleam of love and hope which had brightened her life had passed away even like this St. Martin's summer, in storm and tempest, and would never come back any more.

Tired—so tired that she could scarcely crawl—Hannah retraced her steps, hastening them a little, as she found it was near post-time, and then smiling sadly at herself for so doing. What could the post bring her? Nothing, of course. Her last letter to Sir Bernard, a mere imitation of his own, acknowledging his money—which she had no conscience-stings about taking, for she spent it all upon Rosie—and agreeing to his proposal of their wintering at Avranches, had remained now three weeks unanswered. Better so, perhaps. Total silence was far less painful than such a correspondence.

There was one English letter—for Grace—which, as it bore the Easterham post-mark, she took to her herself, and lingered half involuntarily while it was opened and read.

"No bad news, I trust?"—for Grace had uttered an exclamation, and seemed a good deal disturbed. "No harm happened to—to any one belonging to you?"

For though Grace now seldom mentioned Jem Dixon's name, they both knew that he was still at Easterham, slowly drinking himself to death—partly, he declared, because, since Grace left him, he had such a wretched home. Continually there was the chance of hearing that he had come to some ill end, and Hannah was uncertain how much Grace might feel it, or whether, in that case, she would not desire to go back at once to her sister's children, for whom she had had so strong an affection.

"No, ma'am," she said, looking at Miss Thellusson half inquisitively, half compassionately, "it's no harm, so to speak, come to any body. It's only a wedding that they tell me of, a wedding I didn't expect, and I'm very sorry for it."

"Of some friend or relation of yours—and you don't quite like it, I see? Never mind, it may turn out better than you think; marriages sometimes do, I suppose."

A commonplace, absently uttered sentiment; but Hannah was often very absent now. Life and its interests seemed fading daily from her, as from people who are going to die, and from whom, mercifully perhaps, all the outer world gradually recedes, growing indistinct and colorless as at twilight time; but also calm—very calm. She could not rouse herself even into her old quick sympathy with other people's troubles, though she saw that Grace was very much troubled about this letter, and continued so all day. Once upon a time the kind mistress would have questioned her about it, but now she took no notice, not till the two were together in the nursery, sharing the little bit of innocent fun with which Rosie always concluded their day. For Rosie was the drollest little woman at her bed-time, playing such antics in her bath, and carrying on the most amusing conversation while she ate her supper, that neither aunt nor nurse could forbear laughing. But to-night it was different, and the sharp little eyes soon detected that.

"Look, Tannie," she whispered, mysteriously, "Dacie tying. Dacie hurt herself, p'raps. Poor Dacie tying."

And in truth Grace, who stood behind her mistress and the child, had just wiped her eyes upon the towel she held.

"No; I haven't hurt myself, and it isn't myself I'm crying for. Never mind me, Miss Rosie."

"But we do mind, don't we?" and Miss Thellusson put her hand kindly on the nurse's shoulder as she knelt. "You shall tell me all about it presently. In the mean time, don't vex yourself more than you can help. Nothing in life is worth grieving for very much—at least, I often think so." And Hannah sighed. "We have but to do our duty, and be as content as we can. Every thing is passing away—soon passing away."

Grace's tears fell only the faster. "It isn't myself, ma'am—oh, please don't think that! I am not unhappy now. You are so kind to me, and then I have Miss Rosie; but what vexes me is this wedding I've heard about, and how people will take it, and—"

"Oh, I dare say it will all come right soon," said Hannah, listlessly, rocking her little one in her arms, and feeling that love and lovers and weddings were things belonging to a phase of existence as far back as the world before the flood. "Who may the people be? Any body I know?"

Grace stopped a minute before she answered, and then said, dropping her eyes, "Is it possible, ma'am, that you don't know?"

"How should I know?"

"I thought—I have been thinking all day, surely he must have told you."

"Who told me?"

"Master—Sir Bernard. It's his wedding that my sister tells me about. Oh dear! oh dear!"

All the blood in Hannah's heart stood still. Had it not been for the unmistakable meaning of Grace's sorrow, and the necessity of self-command that it enforced, she might have fainted; but her strong will conquered. She did not "give way," as women call it, by any outward sign.

"Is Sir Bernard married? There must be some mistake. He would, as you say, certainly have told me."

"No; I didn't mean that he was exactly married, but that he is going to be. All the village

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says it. And to the last person I'd ever have thought he would marry—Miss Alice Melville."

"Hush!" said Hannah, glancing at the child; for Rosie, already growing a dangerous little person to speak before, was listening with all her eyes and ears. Happily, in the silence into which his name had fallen, she had not yet learned to identify "papa" with "Sir Bernard," so that as soon as she had got over her natural indignation at seeing aunt and nurse speaking of something which did not include her, who at this hour especially was always their sole object of attention, she curled sleepily down in Tannie's arms, a round little ball, with the pink toes sticking out from under the white night-gown—begging earnestly for "'Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,' just once, once more."

And Hannah sang it, without a mistake, which the small listener would have detected immediately—without a break in her voice either. For Grace also was listening—Grace, who might go back to Easterham any day, and tell Easterham any thing. Not that she thought Grace would, but she might. And now, above all, whatever Easterham guessed, it must never be given the slightest certainty that Sir Bernard had ever been aught to her except a brother-in-law.

Therefore Hannah laid Rosie peacefully in her crib, going through all the little ceremonies of tucking in and smoothing down, the "one, one more 'ittle song," and the "two tisses," which had been their mutual nightly delight for so long. Then she left her darling happy and at rest, and walked slowly down stairs, Grace following. Thankfully would she have fled away, and hidden herself any where out of sight, but this could not be. So she looked steadily in her servant's face.

"Now tell me all about this report concerning Sir Bernard."

It was a very natural and probable one, as reports go, and seemed to have been generally accepted at Easterham. The two were continually seen together at the Grange and the Moat House, and it was said they only waited for their mutual mourning to end, in order to fix their wedding-day. More especially as, many years ago, when they were mere boy and girl, they were supposed to have been fond of one another.

"She was fond of him, at any rate," Grace declared. "We servants all thought so when I lived at the Grange. She was a nice, pretty young lady, too. But she isn't young now, of course; not pretty either; only she is very, very good—capital about parish things, and so on; and the kindest heart in the world to poor folks' children. She was so kind to mine," added Grace, with a sob.

Hannah again laid her hands soothingly on her servant's shoulder, but with a strangely absent look.

"Not young—not pretty—only very good. She would make a good wife to him, no doubt."

"Yes," said Grace, hesitating. "Only—who'd ever have thought of master's wanting her? I didn't, I'm sure. Why, nice as she is, she isn't fit to hold a candle to—"

Hannah stopped her, terrified. "Hush, you forget yourself. Sir Bernard's servant has no right to discuss his future wife. You will displease me exceedingly if you say another word on the subject."

Had there been the slightest betrayal on Hannah's part, the poor nurse's heart would have overflowed. As it was, she was simply bewildered.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Thelluson. Us poor servants have no right, I suppose, to be sorry for our betters. But I was sorry many a time, because I thought—"

"Think nothing at all, say nothing at all, either to me or to any one. My sister has been dead three years; her husband is at perfect liberty to marry again as soon as he chooses. And he could hardly marry a better person than Miss Melville. I am—very glad."

"Are you?" said Grace, looking at her very earnestly. And then Hannah, driven to bay, and feeling the fierce necessity of the moment, looked back at Grace and, almost for the first time in her life, acted a lie.

"Certainly. Why should I not be glad of my brother-in-law's marriage?"

There was no answer, of course. Grace, completely puzzled, ventured no more; but putting the letter in her pocket, begged pardon once again, and, sighing, went away.

So far, then, Hannah was safe. She had borne the blow, nor allowed her servant to suspect what a death-blow it was; nay, she had even succeeded in concealing the fact that it had come upon her unawares. Poor innocent hypocrite! the lessons taught by the last bitter year and a half had not been lost upon her. But when Grace was gone she sat utterly paralyzed.

Over and over again she had repeated to herself that all was at an end between her and Bernard; but she had never contemplated such an end as this. So sudden, too—scarcely six weeks from the time she had parted from him—when he had been her ardent, despairing, desperate lover; furious because she would not sacrifice every thing for him, as he said he was ready to do for her. And now he was quite ready to marry another woman. Could it be true? Was it probable—possible?

Something in Hannah's secret heart whispered that it was; that his impulsiveness of temperament, his extreme affectionateness and corresponding need of affection, made a hasty marriage like this, to one whom he knew well, and who had always been fond of him, not incomprehensible even to her. And yet—and yet—

"He might have waited—just a little while; have mourned for me just for a few weeks—a few months—as he did for my poor Rosa."

And her tears dropped fast—fast; not the scalding tears of youth, but very bitter tears, nevertheless. She had loved him so well, had endured so much for him, had had such a bright dream of what she was to him. Could it have been only a dream? Would any other woman be just as dear to him as she? And though she did not faint, or shriek, or moan, or do any of those desperate things which tragic heroines are supposed to indulge in upon hearing of the marriage of their lovers; though she went to bed and slept, and rose next morning just as if nothing had happened, still Hannah felt that something had happened—something which would make the world look never quite the same as it looked yesterday.

That yesterday was the last day she crossed the threshold for two whole weeks. The doctor said she ought not to have gone out in the high wind; that, out of health as she was before, it had caught her in some way, affected her breathing, smitten her at her heart. At which Miss Thelluson smiled. She knew she was "smitten to the heart."

FLOWERING-SUNDAY.

ANNIVERSARIES kept in remembrance of the dead should touch a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the living—soon themselves to be numbered among them. Yet are there persons who, so far from finding in their recurrence calmness, peace, and consolation, dread them, as they shun all sights, sounds, thoughts, or words which in any way remind them of their own inevitable doom.

Yet surely, apart from the affection we owe to those we have lost, what can be more just than to spare them an occasional remembrance, and at the same time what more salutary than to snatch from the hours we so willingly devote to pleasure, and so readily accord to business, occasional times and seasons for the contemplation of our own daily approaching journey on the same untried road?

There are so many days in the course of the year consecrated to pleasure, to frivolity, to business, to all that interests, diverts, and profits the living, shall we grudge the dead one solitary anniversary in these times, when we are in such haste to set aside our weeds and strip off our mourning? For the most part, scarcely are the dead removed from our sight before they are forgotten. And yet they loved us well—nay, they love us still. The Book which can not err declares that "love is stronger than death," and the thought is dear to our hearts; it is by a spontaneous impulse that we believe in "the communion of saints."

To consecrate a special day, then, to the consideration of death is not only an act of justice, since it prompts us to pay our tribute of affection to the departed, but it is "greatly wise," as an exercise of self-discipline and forethought in behalf of our own best interests.

The Roman Catholic Church has preserved, among the other customs of the early Christians, that of practically reminding her children of the evanescence of their lives, in the simple and touching little ceremony of Ash-Wednesday, when men, women, and even little infants kneel before the altar, while the priest, signing each one on the forehead with the emblem of contrition and penance, recalls to him his mortality in the solemn words, "Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris."

The observance of All-Souls Day was maintained in England until the end of the sixteenth century, as appears by a council held at Oxford in 1622; but the usage of visiting the graves of departed friends on that day is now confined to the Continent.

There is, nevertheless, still a remote corner of the country where this pious custom has survived to our own times, and is followed with a fervor and a zeal as edifying as devout; the season, however, so far from corresponding with that of the ancient calendar, and fixed late in the autumn, is here chosen at early spring-tide. Both seem appropriate, and both are suggestive, but of an entirely different class of associations.

The annual frequenting of church-yards, and decking of graves on a prescribed day, are more or less strictly maintained in more than one part of Wales; but it is in Monmouthshire that it is carried out with real fervor and enthusiasm. Within that county and on its immediate borders "Flowering-Sunday" is still a festival celebrated alike by all classes; distinctions of rank and social position, as well as of religious belief, being forgotten in the presence of a common interest so absorbing.

The Sunday thus distinguished is that known to the Christian world as Palm-Sunday; and as it approaches the probabilities of favorable weather are weighed and canvassed with considerable anxiety; for, although a blue sky and genial temperature are naturally welcomed as a great boon, yet the pilgrimage is sure to be conscientiously performed by all who are not actually bedridden, whatever the state of the atmosphere.

So sacred, indeed, is deemed the duty which this day recalls that the light has scarcely dawned before—as if emulating the zeal of the holy women of old, who started "very early in the morning, on the first day of the week," to carry their sweet spices to the holy sepulchre—the bereaved of all classes and denominations, all ages and both sexes, may be seen leaving their homes, laden with the best and choicest flowers they can afford, and wending their way to the last resting-place of parents, spouse, brother, sister, or child, there to deposit the graceful and fragrant but evanescent token of their undying love, which continues to survive the grave.

Various are the devices with which the same sentiment inspires different minds: some may be observed sprinkling with flowers the graves of those they loved; others disposing them in vessels supplied with water, so as to keep them fresh as long as possible; some carry with them their tools, and plant the sod with shrubs or growing flowers; and those whose means admit of the expense are attended by their gardeners, bringing the choicest and most costly exotics. Often a poor man may be observed arranging pieces of looking-glass among his flowers, so as to double their effect; while many devote a loving labor to the cultivation of a beautiful little plant found only on the higher gradients of Monmouthshire, and called "snow of the mountain," answering to the *Edelweiss* of Tyrol. There is a simple and touching poetry in the instinct which suggests this emblem of fragrance and purity as an appropriate pall to mantle the turfy mound beneath which repose the remains of little children and young maidens; and the survivors tax their ingenuity to contrive the time of planting so that the white blossoms may appear in all their dazzling perfection on Flowering-Sunday; and often we may see in the midst of a grave a cross surrounded with lilies.

Not a church-yard throughout this part of ancient Gwent but bears its testimony to the fidelity of its people; and that of St. Mary's, Monmouth, one of the most picturesque and beautifully situated in Wales, is a perfect marvel of bloom: a stranger visiting this city, and unaware of the cause, would wonder at the sight of what might almost seem a horticultural competition within the sacred precincts.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AMONG the appalling tragedies wrought by swift-winged fires in Western woods and prairies the sad experience of many a solitary settler appeals to our sympathy in a peculiar manner. One case is mentioned by a Detroit journal, which, doubtless, is but a type of hundreds of others. About ten miles above Forestville, Michigan, lived a Mr. Kent, his wife, and two children. The fires had been running in the woods for months, and for ten days previous to the tragic incident we are about to mention the smoke had become very dense in the vicinity. Although Mr. Kent had reason to apprehend danger, he stood by his little property, hoping to preserve it. There was a considerable clearing around his house, and he believed the flames would not reach him. Moreover, he had plenty of water near by, and filled barrels and tubs, and placed them where they would be of service in extinguishing sparks. One dreadful night the roaring of the flames could be heard at the settler's house. No lamp was needed; the heavens were illuminated all around. Toward noon of the next day the flames appeared on the outskirts of Mr. Kent's farm. His children, two little girls, the youngest not a year old, were left in the house, and husband and wife repaired to the fire to try to beat it back. With any thing which would strike or smother they fought the advancing flames, and for a distance of twenty rods kept them in check. But while busy here the flames crept over the dry ground from other directions, unheeded and neglected. Fighting with all their strength, father and mother gave no heed to any thing but the fire before them, until they were at last startled by a scream from the house. Instinctively they felt that the flames had seized it, and rushed to the rescue of the children. Alas! the blinding smoke had settled thickly down. The distracted parents ran in every direction without finding the house. Suddenly, while they were groping in the dense smoke, the fall and crash of the roof told them their little ones had met an awful fate. "It made us crazy," said the anguished father, as he afterward related the terrible tale. But with a desperate grasp, knowing there remained but one thing to do, the husband caught hold of his wife, and plunging through fire and smoke, scarcely keeping ahead of the sheet of flame behind them, they at length reached the lake, five miles distant, scorched and bruised and childless.

The Western Female Seminary, Oxford, Ohio, which was completely destroyed by fire last April, has been rebuilt, and reopened recently with 150 scholars. The enterprise and zeal of the friends of this benevolent institution are worthy of commendation.

One-third of the citizens of the Hague, the political capital of Holland, are rich enough to live entirely on their incomes. This town is reported to be the wealthiest, for its population, in the world.

San Francisco, scarcely more than a barren waste twenty years ago, to-day contains 170,000 inhabitants.

The *Cornell Era* is not only edited, but printed, by the students of Cornell University. A complete printing establishment, with a large Hoe press driven by steam, forms a very useful accompaniment to the usual apparatus of a literary institution.

A good story is told in the *Swiss Times* of a native of Fribourg, who presented himself at the window of the post-office at Lausanne, and asked for an order of 100 francs. The clerk put the following usual questions to him:

"Who is the sender?"

"Jacques Mathieu."

"What is the name of the payee?"

"Jacques Mathieu, poste restante at Estavayer."

"Is he your brother?"

"No; it is myself."

"Do you mean to say that you are sending a post-office order to yourself at Estavayer?"

"Yes; I am going there."

"But why can't you take it yourself?"

"Ah, there it is," said the simple fellow; "you see, I know myself. If I were to take the money with me, the probability is that it would never reach Estavayer, while by sending it through the post-office I shall be sure to find it on my arrival, where I shall require it."

The Young Ladies' Christian Association is quietly doing a much-needed work for friendless and deserving young women. It undertakes to find for such employment and pleasant boarding places, offers them the use of a library, and endeavors in various ways to promote their physical, moral, and religious welfare. A fine-sewing department has been organized for the purpose of providing work for the class sought to be benefited, and is now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of fine sewing at the rooms, No. 64 Irving Place, corner of Eighteenth Street, where ladies' and children's under-garments, infants' wardrobes, etc., are kept for sale. The patronage of ladies interested in the objects of the association is solicited, and they are cordially invited to call and interest themselves in the work.

"How about my house?" asked an absent resident of Chicago, as, while hastening thither, he met a friend who had just left the burning city.

"Burned," was the laconic reply.

The next question consisted merely of a searching glance, and the answer was, "She's all right, at father's. We got your papers out of the safe this morning; they are all right too."

"Well," said the merchant, coolly, "when a man has his wife and his papers, what more does he want?"

The Crown Prince of Prussia declined last year the dedication of ninety-two books and fifteen works of art.

A species of beautiful pink coral has been discovered on the coast of Palmi, in Calabria. The local sailors have gathered a goodly quantity, and some blocks of an extraordinary size have been extracted.

Berlin is said to be crowded just now with teachers of the French language—the whole number being estimated at fifteen hundred.

A remarkable phenomenon lately occurred in the district of Telchefs, in Lithuania. Near the little town of Wromin was a lake about five miles long and three wide, which was noted for its abundance of fish. A few weeks since, during a perfect calm, the waters of this lake rose and were agitated as if by a violent tempest, while a strong sulphurous smell rising from them pervaded the locality. After two or three days this ebullition ceased, and the surface of the lake was covered with dead fish, some of which weighed two hundred pounds each. Fearing their decomposition would breed pestilence, the inhabitants of the neighboring village were called upon to collect them, and they were buried with a goodly covering of lime. Since then the lake began to sink, while the sulphurous odor increased daily, and the lake at the latest accounts had become nearly dry. It is supposed that the limestone and chalk bottom of the lake has given way, and the waters have sunk into a subterranean canal.

On the top of the unfinished tower of Strasburg Cathedral is a good-sized dwelling-house, occupied by several men, who have charge of the clock and bells. During the entire siege they remained up there, exposed every moment to the falling shells. They describe the period as one of fearful horror. When fragments of the outer decorations were knocked off, and fell with a crash to the pavement, they believed their hour had come. Yet they thought not of deserting their post. "It was our duty to stay up here," said one of the men, "and we staid."

The latest "fish story" is told of a young lady residing near Portree, Scotland, who, while dressing on the beach after bathing, observed a large fish swimming near the shore. Having read of the capture of several sharks on the coast lately, she felt slightly timid at first to encounter the monster, but resolved, shark or no shark, to make the attempt; so in she plunged, half dressed as she was, and after several efforts managed to grasp and land the fish, which weighed no less than thirty-five pounds, and proved to be a small specimen of the sun-fish—very rare in those waters.

Among the singular incidents of the siege of Paris may be mentioned the fact that three Wesleyan chapels were uninjured, while all other houses and public buildings in their vicinity were totally demolished.

Chicago opens a field for the skillful and faithful laborer. The *Tribune* of that city says that from five to six hundred additional brick and stone masons can find employment there through the winter at good wages. Also that two thousand carpenters can be employed there during the winter, and more than that number when spring comes. Skilled workers in the useful arts can always find enough to do, and at good wages. It is the unfaithful and unskillful laborer, in general, who has nothing to do. First-class work commands a first-class price; but it can not be expected that a poor quality of work will be equally remunerative.

Chicago is not burned up. While 18,000 houses have been swept away, 42,000 yet remain; and while 92,000 persons have been rendered homeless, an immense city of 245,000 persons has not been disturbed. The whole of the immense area of the West Division, with its miles of dwelling-houses, stores, school-houses, churches, and manufactories, is almost intact; while upon the South Side a great many fine residences yet remain, with splendid business blocks, churches, and innumerable manufacturing establishments.

The following comparative statements concerning the two great tunnels of the world are interesting: Mont Cenis Tunnel—length, 12,236 meters, or nearly eight miles; width, 26 feet 8 inches; height, 20 feet; cost, $13,000,000; time occupied in construction, nine years; number of workmen employed, about 2000. Hoosic Tunnel—length, 26,061 feet, or nearly five miles; width, 24 feet; height, 21 feet; cost, about $9,000,000; time of construction, when completed, nearly twenty years; number of workmen employed, about 700 at present, but much less during most of the time the work has been prosecuted. There is every reason to believe that the Hoosic Tunnel will be completed before March 15, 1874—the date named in the contract.

Switzerland has a very good supply of public libraries—no less than twenty-five, containing 920,520 volumes. In addition, there are 1629 popular and educational libraries, containing 687,939 volumes. The largest libraries are those of Zurich, with 100,000 volumes; Basle, with 95,000; Lucerne, with 80,000.

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HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 26-28.

HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 29.

Hood for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

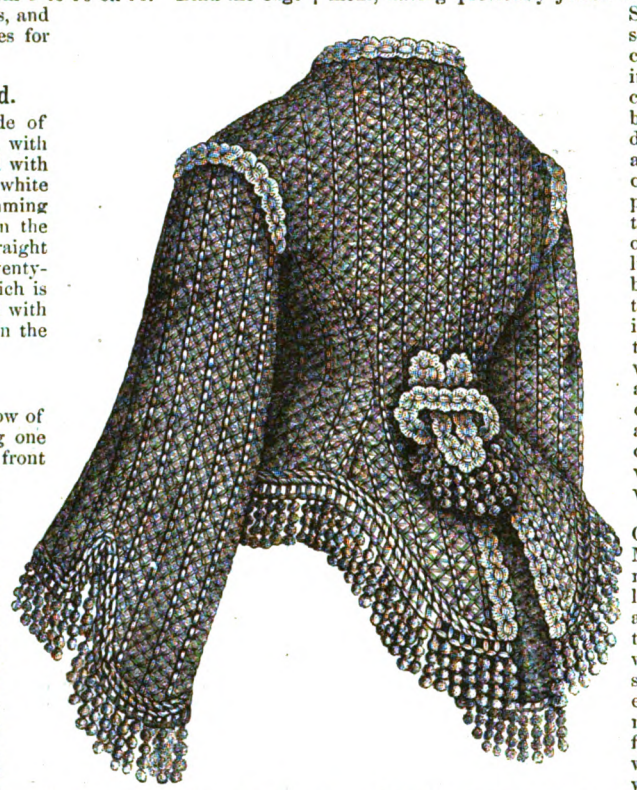
THIS hood of fine red flannel is bound with a strip of black gros grain three-quarters of an inch wide. Cut of a double layer of flannel one piece from Fig. 29, Supplement; run the flannel pieces ether, fold the material over so as to simulate revers ng the dotted line, and join both halves of the hood ng the dotted line from 10 to 11, and then also from o 12; sew the back pointed part of the hood on the ers-shaped part from 9 to 10 on 10. Bind the edge he hood and revers, and on hooks and eyes for ing.

Cashmere Hood.

THIS hood is made of cashmere, lined with ring and trimmed with nding and folds of white grain. The trimming e, which is set on the d, is made of a straight e of material twenty- it inches long, which is tion, and trimmed with . Sew ribbons on the l.

trimming and bow of er and silk lining one its marked on the front er the under side a quarter beyond the dotted line with gros grain, and fold the material over in a revers along the dotted line. Sew up the seams from 1 to 2, run the material and lining together on the outer edge, and trim the hood with black gros grain strips three-quarters of an inch on as shown by the illustration; the folds of gray gros grain are two inches and a half wide, and the lace three inches and a quarter and an inch and a quarter wide. The skirt of the dress is trimmed with gros grain folds; the over-skirt, draped on the sides, is untrimmed. Gray silk felt hat, with velvet revers, feathers, and ribbon bows.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET, trimmed with fringe six inches and a half wide, and a passementerie border, agrafes, and buttons. Cut two pieces from Figs. 1[a] and 1[b], Supplement, having previously joined the pieces turned down in Supplement on Fig. 1[b], and set both parts together according to the corresponding letters along the line cut across. Sew up the back from 1 to 2, sew the darts and shoulder pleats, and arrange the upper edge of the mantelet in a box-pleat, bringing × on ●; the dotted line indicates the outer fold and the straight line the inner fold of the box-pleat on each side of the mantelet. Cut the slits indicated on Fig. 1[a], and through these run a belt, which is closed above the fronts on the left side; a passementerie agrafe is set on the belt where it is closed. Set a similar agrafe on the right side of the belt. Set the neck of the mantelet into a double standing collar, and trim it as shown by the illustration; on the pleat in the middle of the back set a passementerie agrafe with tassels. Dress of fawn-colored gros grain, striped with velvet. Black velvet hat, trimmed with flowers.



FRAME-WORK WORSTED BASQUE.—[See Fig. 4, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 8-11.

Fig. 3.—BLACK GROS GRAIN MANTELET, trimmed with guipure lace five inches and three-quarters wide, and with guipure insertion two inches wide. The mantelet is half-fitting, and is wadded and lined with silk; the arrangement of the trimming is shown by the illustration; three large loops of gros grain, with long ends, are set on the back at the bottom of the waist. Violet silk dress with double skirt. Bonnet of violet velvet, trimmed with flowers.

Fig. 4.—BLACK VELVET PALETOT, trimmed with gros grain strips two inches wide, bows of the same material, and passementerie agrafes and tassels. Cut of velvet, wadding, and silk lining two pieces each from Figs. 2–4, Supplement, and the sleeves from Fig. 5, observing the outline of the under part. Lay the wadding between net, and quilt

Flannel Hood.

THIS hood of light gray flannel is trimmed with black velvet ribbon. It is cut in one piece from Fig. 24, Supplement. First arrange the flannel in pleats, bringing × on ● (the dotted line forms the outer fold of each pleat), then gather the material from the middle to ✳ on both sides. Trim the hood with velvet ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide as shown by the illustration, in doing which sew in the outer edge of the hood at the same time. Set a bow of velvet ribbon two inches wide, with ends, on the hood at the middle of the back. Hooks and eyes close the hood.

Ladies' Winter Wrappings, Figs. 1–7.

See illustrations on page 745.

Fig. 1.—POPLIN TIGHT-FITTING PALETOT, trimmed with folds, bows, and lace, and thinly wadded and lined with silk. The paletot is made of the material of the dress—gray poplin; the back basques are set under the back and side forms. The trimming is set

Fig. 2.—CROCHET FICHU.—BACK.
[See Figs. 9 and 10, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 21-23.

FLANNEL HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 24.

CLOTH HOOD.

TRICOT BEAVER HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 25.

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it with the silk lining in diamonds, then sew up the darts in the fronts, and baste the velvet on the quilting. Sew up the back from 7 to 8, and then join it with the side forms and fronts according to the corresponding figures; run the material and lining together along the outer ing 14 on 14 of the fronts, in doing which form a pleat. Buttons and cord loops close the paletot. Pearl gray gros grain dress with double skirt; the under-skirt is trimmed with a box-pleated ruffle, the over-skirt with fringe and a strip of gray velvet three inches and a quarter wide.

Black silk dress with side-pleated ruffles. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with feathers and ribbon strings.

Fig. 7.—CASHMERE MANTELET, wadded and lined with silk; gros grain folds and black lace eight inches wide form the trimming. A bow

HATS.

HATS are built up much like the body, composed of solids, semi-solids, of soft integument, of membranes, wool skin, of leather, strips of brown pasteboard. Hats have glue for blood,

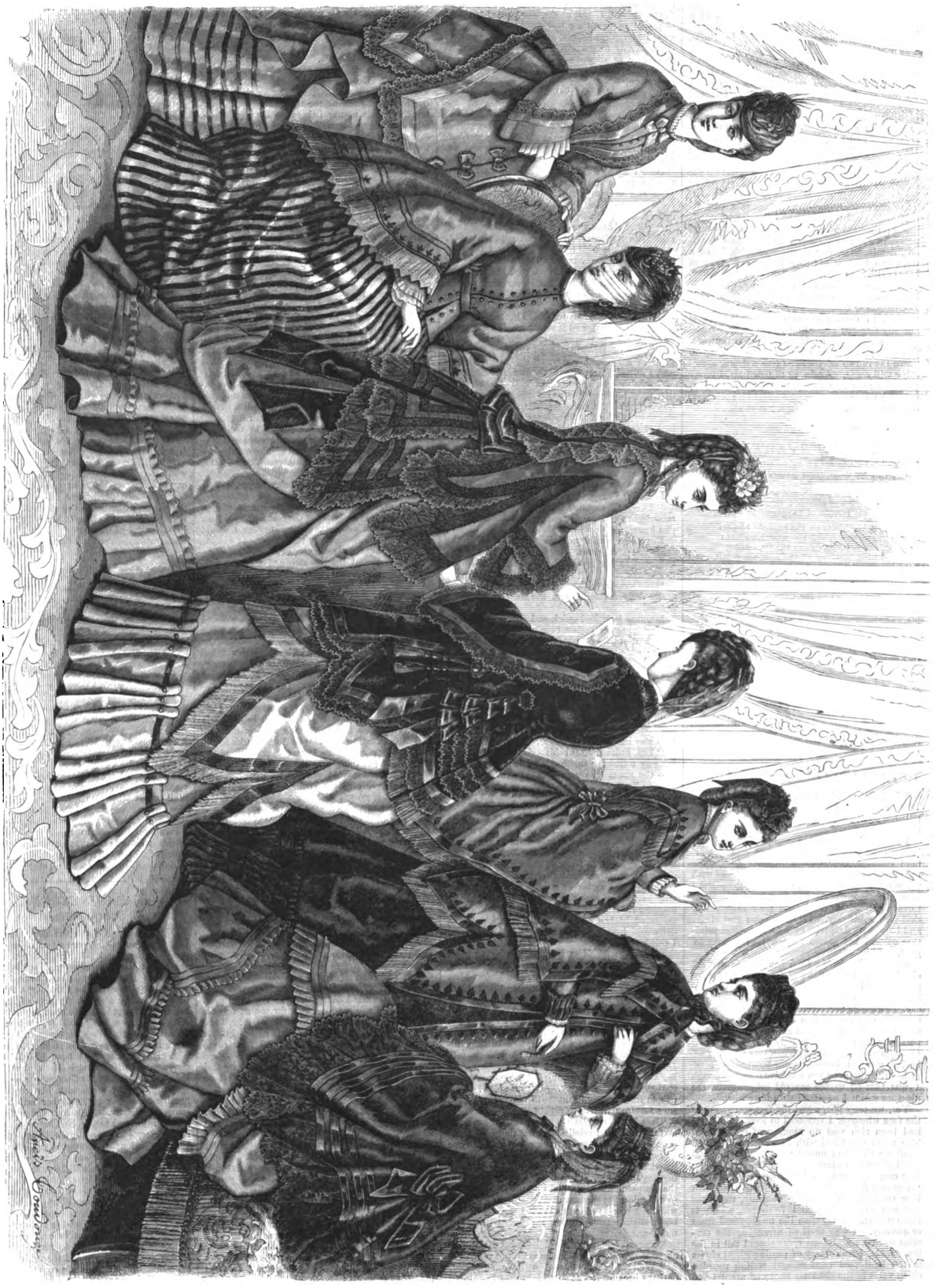

Fig. 1.—POPLIN TIGHT-FITTING PALETOT.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET. For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1a and 1b.

Fig. 3.—GROS GRAIN MANTELET.

Fig. 4.—VELVET PALETOT. For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 2, 5.

Fig. 5.—TRICOT BEAVER MANTELET.

Fig. 6.—CLOTH MANTELET WITH CAPE.

Fig. 7.—CASHMERE MANTELET.

ge, bind the neck of the paletot with a bias ip, and trim as shown by the illustration. w the upper parts of the sleeves on the un- r parts from 11 to 12 and from 13 to 14, n the material and lining together on the un- r edge, and trim as shown by the illustration; en set the sleeves into the armholes, bring-

Fig. 5.—SLATE-COLORED TRICOT BEAVER MANTELET, trimmed with gros grain folds, a passementerie border, and fringe of a darker shade.

Fig. 6.—STEEL BLUE CLOTH MANTELET WITH CAPE, trimmed with folds of black gros grain, silk fringe, and passementerie border.

of gros grain is set on the middle of the back; below this bow on the under side of the mantelet set a belt, which is closed under the mantelet in front. Gray silk dress with double skirt, trimmed with ruffles and folds. Bonnet of black velvet and black lace. Lace strings confined with a ribbon bow.

or a resinous liquefaction of some kind or other; carbonized deposit to stiffen; animal nap or silk like the cat's back, or short and smutty like the skin of a mole—burrowing incessantly under kitchen ranges, seemingly, to become the softer and the sootier. Hats have their impertinences, their vulgarities. Where is a more forlorn ob-

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ject than a hat after a heavy shower? Pulpy, porous does the hat become—a locomotive water-spout; nor does a greater wretch breathe than he who seems to appeal for help, but finds it not, from under a hat. Hats are heathen, dogmatical, *dogged;* fit rather for dogs than men; things to alarm; things to fire off from the mouth of a cannon, and to astonish an enemy with. What is more insupportable than the sauciness of a new hat paraded in your face? You feel ashamed or "small" at it, unless your own hat be brand-new. The new hat, all shine and "simper," as it were, on the head of your enemy—for every man is your enemy with a new hat—is an unwarrantable insult. Of this the wearers even seem conscious; for they are never at ease under a new hat, and they blush and fidget, as if they had got a great glorification on their head putting you down.

Hats are a prodigious generation. They increase and multiply, and they populate the earth. Hats are of all ages, sizes, and conditions. The reflection alone that there are millions of hats in the world will dismay. They are a cloud on the earth. There are hats large, languid, lawful, or legal; small and simple, broad and belligerent. They are serious, dignified, aldermanic, church-like, attorney-like, rotund, rhomboidal, or curvilinear; they are cusped and globular, puny and perky, insolent or somnolent, vinous and vicarious, domineering or "devil-may-carish." In a word—to borrow a figure from that game at cards called among the old-fashioned "all-fours"—hats hint of all and of every thing, of "high, low, Jack, and the game"—and the lame as well. Besides other wonders, we have found hats even musical in certain states of the wind—pipes adroitly fingered according to the stops. Some hats are sonorous, as, if you try upon the roof, you will, perhaps, have proof; or if you tap to prove the crown of your hat like a drum, something will come. Again, as to new hats, I never forgive a man that I may meet with a new hat, unless he makes to me the amplest apologies, due to me from his wearing a hat at all.

NATURE'S JEWELS.

THE orchard lands are all aglow with gems,
Rich perfumed gems, from Nature's casket strewn—
Pearls on the pear, on apple opals pink;
Rich rubies on the quince, and amethysts
Upon the peach and almond: fairer gems
Than light the sceptre of the proudest throne.

The scarlet blush sits on the queenly blooms
Of the pomegranate, and the whitening buds
Of April snow-showers flake the jargonelle;
Here the pink blossoms of the glorious peach,
Superb sultana, mingle with the flowers
Of the retiring tender apricot;
And there the quince her fragrant petals hides
Beneath the shadow of the damascene.

Showed ever iris in prismatic bow
More gorgeous mingling of a thousand hues
Than show the orchards? while the trellised wall
Glows 'neath the stars of yellow jessamine
In natural topaz, and the sapphire gleams
In heaven's unclouded ceiling purely blue?

Jewels, rich jewels, fair and sweet and rare,
Renewed from year to year; jewels all sweet,
That cost nor toiling days nor sleepless nights
For gold to purchase them; jewels on which
The humblest eye may gaze, the poor and rich
May both alike have share; gems which when dead
Leave a rich legacy of fruits to earth,
And with the spring reviving, bloom again!

OCTAVIA HADLEIGH'S STORY.

WHERE and how shall I begin it? Unlike Canning's knife-grinder, I *have* a story to tell; but to live a thing and to relate it are so different.

I wonder if the humble moth, safely sheltered beneath the protecting greenery of some household cabbage, ever feels a thrill of envy when the gorgeous butterfly, with wings all ablaze with velvety maroon and gold, alights close by him? If so, the moth must feel just as I felt when Cornelia Bydexter sat in our poor little parlor that November day, with her chains and rings, and looped-up draperies of cashmere, and primrose-colored kid gloves buttoned with links of gold.

It was rather hard; for I could remember the old days when Cornelia and I went to school together, and I wrote her compositions for her, and looked out the hard words in the French dictionary. There is no republic like a school, and Cornelia was thankful to be allowed to sit next to me then; and now she actually presumed to patronize me: no, not exactly that, either; for Cornelia Bydexter, notwithstanding her lack of brains, was an honest, warm-hearted sort of girl. But the poor are sensitive; and although I was pleased to see my old school-mate, the pleasure was not unmixed with bitterness.

Yes, we *were* poor; and the fact stared me in the face wherever I ventured to look. That we had been rich was no manner of consolation. The room was filled with ill-assorted relics of furniture that had once been splendid in rosewood shine and gleams of satin and brocatelle. The carpets, now worn threadbare, were of royal velvet and Axminster, and the whole apartment bore vestiges of that shabby gentility, that poor pretense of newness and freshness, which is more pathetic by far than the undisguised front of poverty. I was tired of arranging the curtains so that the darned spots should fall in the inner folds, I was weary of putting glued chairs in the least-used corners, and setting mended china vases in the shadowy nooks of mantel and table. Where was the use? Did not every body see through our miserable devices? We were poverty-stricken, and there was an end of it.

And yet poor papa sat there in that forlorn, second-rate little room like a viscount in his reception chamber. Dear papa! ever since his paralytic stroke he had seemed to believe in himself to a degree I could not possibly attain to, and to imagine that the world also put faith in him. Nor would we have had it otherwise. And dear mamma, who could not look aught else than a lady in spite of mended laces and oft-turned silks, never told him of the daily contests with unpaid butcher, dissatisfied baker, and clamorously insolent candlestick-maker! And Jeannette and I, just at the age when life ought—according to all we had read and heard—to wear its sunniest aspect, grew up in the shadow, crying softly to ourselves when it was bitterest to endure in silence—for it was a part of our domestic creed to keep all the disagreeables from poor papa.

"Yes," said papa, nodding his head as he sat in a gorgeous Turkish dressing-gown by the window, his slippered feet on an embroidered ottoman, and one white slender finger inserted between the pages of the book he had been reading all the morning—"yes, you are quite right, Miss Bydexter; Octavia *is* growing very pretty."

And I could feel myself blushing scarlet, between my delight at receiving a compliment from papa and my embarrassment at feeling all the family eyes—Miss Bydexter's included—turned upon me.

"It's a shame she should be shut up here!" said Miss Bydexter, in her soft soprano voice, "when all the world is getting ready to enjoy itself. Come, Octavia, what do you say to going with me to New York this winter?"

"Wife," said papa, loftily—somehow the manner was just as natural to him as the air he breathed—"why don't we send our little girl to New York? Miss Bydexter's kind offer ought not to be slighted, and it really would be a great advantage, socially speaking, to the child."

Visions of Broadway seen through the sunshine of a December day, of the Fifth Avenue and Central Park, Stewart's and Delmonico's, of brass bands and lighted ball-rooms, shot dizzily across my brain for the instant, as a hungry man dreams of unlimited food. I felt the burn of the kindling lights in my eyes as I looked from papa to mamma. And then common-sense, for a moment frightened off her throne, came back to me, and I knew how impracticable, not to say impossible, the plan was. But Jeannette uttered a little rapturous cry.

"Oh, Octavia, wouldn't it be nice! If we only had the money!"

"Yes—*if*," mamma answered, with that soft, moonlight sort of smile she has at times. "But you know, my dear—"

But papa would not allow her to finish the sentence. A deep, mahogany-colored flush mounted to his forehead, and I saw his brows meet darkly.

"If Octavia wishes," he said, "I can very easily draw a check upon the bank for her expenses."

Mamma breathed quick and short; Jeannette opened wide her honest blue eyes.

"It would be delightful!" said Miss Cornelia Bydexter, to whom one or two hundred dollars was no more than they would be to the lilies of the field, who "toil not, neither do they spin." And poor mamma, who knew very well that the hundred and fifty dollars at the bank were imperatively needed for the already over-due rent, skillfully engineered the conversation away from the rocks and shoals which portended the shipwreck of our domestic peace.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Bydexter, unconsciously following mamma's lead, and plunging into the great "service" channel. "I've been very badly treated; but servants are a thankless race. Louise has left me, the ungrateful thing! Forty dollars a month I was paying her, too."

"That is a great sum to pay," said mamma; and I knew the pang with which she was thinking that that was exactly the sum in which we were indebted to Dr. Mortimore. Not a large amount in itself, to be sure, but enough to make us shrink from encountering him. Had I not gone a good quarter of a mile out of my way, only yesterday, to avoid the necessity of passing his door? Alas! do the rich ever dream of the thousand barbed arrows of mortification which daily and hourly pierce the souls of the poor? I think not.

"Well," said Miss Bydexter, playing with the handle of her diamond-studded eye-glass, "she wasn't exactly a servant, you know, Mrs. Hadleigh: more of a companion. She read to me, and did my hair sweetly, and kept all my laces in such charming order. I shall never, never be able to replace Louise. I offered her fifty dollars to stay on with me, for I didn't know how on earth I was going to manage without her—just as I was going to New York, too. But she had got a pack of silly nonsense into her head about some young Frenchman or other that she wanted to marry. Marry, indeed! Such people haven't any business to marry, and I am sure Louise will live to repent it."

Thus Miss Cornelia Bydexter rattled on, quite certain that the trivialities of her daily life must possess deep interest for her auditors, for no one had ever ventured to tell the millionaire's daughter that she was a fool. I heard her without hearing, although I was listening all the time—the plan which had flashed into my head seemed so ridiculously visionary and yet so simple. And when she rose to take her leave I rose too, trembling slightly and clasping my hands nervously together.

"Papa," I began, "I—I have been thinking about it, and if you and mamma do not object—"

"Well?" Papa looked a little surprised, perhaps because it was so seldom that I ventured in his presence to express an opinion of my own.

"—I should so much like to go to New York with Cornelia!"

"You dear little thing!" said Miss Bydexter, smiling, and patting my hand with her mother-of-pearl-handled fan: "you will be exactly like a fairy princess."

Where the similarity existed nobody knew, nor did Miss Bydexter take the trouble to explain. She was accustomed to have people take her meaning for granted.

Mamma looked at me in a bewildered way, a soft reproach shining out of her eyes. I could read her face as if it were an open book. Before papa she dared not say out the truth: "We want the money for our rent! Oh, how can Octavia be so strangely forgetful of our household needs?"

"Very well," assented papa, in his grand Lord Chesterfield style. "Jeannette, bring me my desk. And fill that musty old standish with fresh ink. Do you hear, child?"

And while Jeannette, who knew that ink in our house was among the things that were, fluttered into the corner bakery to borrow a little out of the gray stone bottle that always stood on Mrs. Bailey's cash-desk, papa went on, talking loftily of the probable pleasures that I should enjoy in the great metropolis of the Western world.

"I am told that the coming season promises to be particularly brilliant in New York," said papa, graciously; "and I only wish, ladies"—with a stately bow toward Miss Bydexter, which would have done no discredit to "Deportment Turveydrop"—"that I was young enough to be your escort. Jeannette, you have been a long time bringing that ink; but nobody hurries themselves to perform *my* behests nowadays."

"Papa," pleaded poor Jeannette, turning red and white, "I went as quick as I could."

Papa did not notice her words, but with shaking hand, and many an unnecessary flourish, he drew the check for the last hundred and fifty dollars we had in the world until the next dividend day, six months off, should reinforce the fountain of Pactolus. And all to deceive Miss Bydexter, who wasn't deceived in the least.

"Here, my daughter," he said, folding it deliberately and handing it to me, while mamma looked on in breathless dismay, and Jeannette's eyes grew bigger and bluer than ever.

I followed Miss Bydexter down to the door, and the wheels of the big chocolate-colored Bydexter carriage were thundering off over the uneven pavement, when mamma came down also, looking pale and perturbed.

"Octavia, my daughter," she began, "how could you—"

"Hush, mamma!" I put my hands, with a little hysterical laugh, over the soft maternal lips. "Here is papa's check; do you suppose I would take it?"

"But," persisted mamma, looking, if possible, more bewildered than before, "I thought you were intent on going to New York?"

"So I am!"

"Then how—"

"Mamma, I am to have forty dollars a month. I am going as Cornelia's companion. Pshaw! why do I mince matters? I am going to be her *maid*, neither more nor less."

"Forty dollars a month." Mamma's faded eyes brightened. "But—Cornelia Bydexter's maid!" And her countenance fell again. I could not but smile.

"It will be no such terrible matter, after all, mamma. On the contrary, it will be fun. Cornelia is as good-natured as she can be, and you know very well I am an adept in hair-dressing and lace-mending and frill-fluting, thanks to the best of mammas, who knows every thing, and has taught her daughters the same!"

"But what would your papa say?" gasped mamma, hardly as yet realizing the conditions. I felt myself grow pale.

"Papa! But he must never know. We will keep our own counsel, mamma; you and I and Jeannette. All that he need be told is that I am going to New York with Cornelia Bydexter, and that is true enough."

And mamma took me lovingly into her arms.

"Octavia, ought we to ask this sacrifice from you?"

"Nobody asks it, mamma; it is my own free-will offering. And oh, mamma, I could not look Dr. Mortimore in the face when I remember that his bill has lain unpaid for six months!"

And mamma, also remembering this earnest and most incontrovertible of facts, had no more to say.

"It seems so strange!" said Miss Bydexter. "The idea of your being my maid, you dear little aristocratic-looking thing! And you used to write all my compositions for me at school, too! Dear, dear! only to think of it! Take care, Octavia, that bunch of curls comes in first under the braid, you know. And how came you ever to think of it?"

"Nonsense!" I cried, briskly. "The long and the short of it is that I want money and you do not—so don't let's say any more about it."

Papa talked vainglorioously of "my daughter in New York!" Poor papa! he had so little left to be vainglorious about. Mamma remained wisely silent, and Jeannette, who was addicted to hero-worship, firmly believed that her elder sister was the noblest girl in the world. While Dr. Mortimore—at least so I afterward heard—contracted his brows, and thought that people who could afford to send their daughters to pass a winter at the Grand Hotel might at least pay his very moderate bill.

The month of March was wearing itself away, and April sunshine was pencilling the sky with golden threads, interwoven with crystal lines of rain, when one day I astonished Dr. Mortimore by walking into his office. He looked up from his books in some surprise.

"Miss Hadleigh! I supposed you were in New York."

"I have returned with Miss Bydexter. Next week we go on to Washington."

Dr. Mortimore made no spoken answer, but there was a peculiar, inscrutable expression in his eyes. Was he thinking of mamma and Jeannette on the tread-mill of patient poverty at home? Was he fancying it a modern edition of Cinderella and the proud sisters? Involuntarily I spoke, with rising color and tremulous voice:

"You are entirely mistaken, Dr. Mortimore; but it is not my province to explain."

"I said nothing."

"But you looked a great deal."

"Please to interpret my looks," he said, with an amused face.

My cheeks burned, and I bit my lip to repress undignified anger. I laid down a pile of crisp, rustling bank-notes on the desk beside him.

"Be so kind as to receipt your bill, Sir."

He obeyed in silence, and I walked away, as he afterward told me, "with the air of an eighteen-year-old Semiramis." And—

[The rest of the MS. is in a bold, masculine handwriting, as different from Octavia Hadleigh's delicate up and down strokes as it is possible to imagine.]

—And, Octavia to the contrary notwithstanding, I shall take the liberty of finishing this confession after my own fashion.

I called that evening on Miss Bydexter. The fair Cornelia was jubilant.

"I never had a pleasanter season," she declared. "I haven't been *ennuyée* once. Octavia is such charming company."

"She is with you at present?"

"Oh yes. She's my maid, you know."

"Octavia Hadleigh!—your maid?"

I must have looked my astonishment, for I saw its reflex in Miss Bydexter's face.

"Why, to be sure. Didn't you know it?" And Miss Bydexter, who was no adherent to the theory that "silence is golden," poured out the whole story.

"Of course I wouldn't tell every one," she said, rather guiltily, as if remembering some hitherto forgotten charge of secrecy. "But I knew you would appreciate it—and she is *so* sweet, and they are *so* poor!"

"Is she at home?" I asked.

"No; she has gone around to her father's. But I expect her back every minute."

"I will go and meet her," said I. And I went accordingly, thinking, with a strange thrill at my heart, of that pompous, egotistic old father who sacrificed them all so regardlessly on the shrine of his selfish ease; and the pale, patient mother, and Octavia herself, the fairest and most dutiful of daughters. And I had believed her all this time to be a butterfly of fashion, forgetting utterly the piteous exigencies of her home.

When I first heard of her going to New York with Cornelia Bydexter I fully determined to put her away from my heart. Now I knew how impossible it would have been. I knew that I had loved her all the while I was "forgetting" so systematically. I met her in the rosy dusk, as stately as a princess, as beautiful as a flower.

"Octavia," I said, "I have misjudged you. Will you give me an opportunity to explain?"

"Certainly, Dr. Mortimore."

"But there is a question I should like you to answer first."

"What is it?"

"Will you be my wife, Octavia?" The question, asked in a lowered voice of intense suspense, was answered frankly, after a moment's hesitation.

"I will!"

I suppose I "explained" satisfactorily afterward, for Octavia understands all about it, but I really don't remember how or when it was done. But she is content, and that is enough.

Miss Bydexter had to look out for another "companion," and to this day old Mr. Hadleigh firmly believes that Octavia was one of the belles of New York society in the season of 186–.

And so she ought to have been.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE streets of Paris are almost impassable, clogged as they are at all hours by thousands of wagons loaded with bales and boxes reaching to the second story of the houses along the way. It is almost impossible to force an entrance into the stores, and the same thing is true of the theatres and other places of amusement. Decidedly Paris is on the road to convalescence. And such noise, such activity, such satisfaction on all faces, though sometimes this satisfaction has an ignoble origin. Foreigners, for instance, who crowd hither have been heard to exult in the downfall of that unrivaled city which has so long excited the envy of the whole world by her splendor, her artistic wealth, her exquisite taste, her inexhaustible wit, and her lavish and generous hospitality. This last virtue had degenerated into weakness. Nowhere was admission into society so easy as in the greater part of the Parisian salons. Strangers had the full freedom of the city; it was taken for granted that they were honorable and beyond reproach, and we eagerly did them the honors of the county, town, sea-ports, garrison towns, and archives without suspecting them of any possible evil designs. Suspicion without cause is not a trait of the French character, and it never occurred to us to see future enemies in our present guests. It has become necessary to retrench something of this generous trust, and there is reason to believe that French society in consequence will become a little more exclusive in future.

At this moment a struggle is going on between those who wish to break with the extravagance of the past and their rivals, who still cling to its follies, and are unwilling to learn wisdom from its teachings. But the general tendency is toward simplicity, in proof of which we quote a pretty dress which we have just seen, and which

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was designed for morning walks: Skirt of black alpaca, trimmed with nine folds, under the lower one of which was set a narrow pleated ruche of the same material. Black alpaca over-skirt, cut in large scallops on the bottom, and worked with black worsted, with no other trimming. High basque-waist of the same material, also scalloped and worked with worsted. For an outer garment, either a double cape of black cloth, a small paletot of black velveteen lined with fur, or a water-proof cloak may be worn with this suit, according to circumstances.

As to visiting dresses, the fashion fluctuates between the two classes of persons that we have mentioned. Those who wish to reform the fashions adopt demi-trained dresses with no other trimming, and wear with them either India shawls, folded three-cornered, as of old, or a handsome velvet wrapping, which forms at once the waist and over-skirt. On the other hand, those who are satisfied to take things as they are are preparing elaborate suits; skirt, draped over-skirt, and complicated waist of black velvet, richly embroidered with black soutache and silk galloon, with which they wear bonnets that call to mind the hats of the ex-grenadiers of the Imperial Guard. The first-named adopt a quieter style of bonnet, not so high, and with a sort of small cape and front, under which is seen a suspicion of a white illusion ruche.

Dinner and evening dresses are elegant, even when very plain. The beauty of evening dresses, as a rule, consists rather in the color than the costliness of the material used. A white, straw-color, light gray, blue, or pink dress, even of some inexpensive fabric, will be more effective in the evening than a dark velvet or satin. Light stuffs, therefore, such as foulard, crêpe de Chine, crape, or white Algérienne, with alternate satin and dead lustre stripes, will be much employed this season for evening toilettes. Cheap light silks will be trimmed with pleated flounces, ruches, and folds of white worsted grenadine, and even of white muslin, thus forming vaporous and elegant dresses, which will be far less expensive than heavy silks trimmed with rich lace, embroidery, or velvet.

The majority of the ball dresses will be made in the same style, with as much elegance and as little cost as possible. Instead of wearing tarlatan over silk, the latter will be worn over tarlatan. Large quantities of tarlatan have been manufactured, striped color upon color, white, citron, and other light shades; these will be used for under-skirts, with a profusion of trimmings, all of the inexpensive tarlatan; then over these skirts will be worn a silk tunic of the same or a harmonizing color. Much less material is needed for a tunic than an under-skirt. This tunic is made of faille, satin, or even of velvet. Over a white tarlatan skirt, for instance, is worn a tunic of pink faille, or of black velvet, trimmed with bright blue satin. The economy of this fashion is very evident; it demands neither a great quantity of costly material of the same color, nor even uniformity of hue, for not only can different fabrics be combined, but also contrasting colors. It is true that this style, above all others, requires the great discernment and correct taste which are found among our Parisian modistes, who possess the art of knowing how to stop in time—that is, precisely at the moment when the trimmings would be overloaded by the addition of a feather's weight, and when the varied colors harmonize exactly.

For several years past the stay in the country has been prolonged later and later; elegance is measured by the duration of this stay, and, provided that it were fashionable, the Parisians in high life would spend the winter in the woods and the summer in town. To know the fashions at the present time in Paris, it is necessary to be in the good graces of dress-makers obliging enough to permit one to inspect the contents of the trunks which they dispatch to châteaux all over France. This year, judging by the orders that they are filling, the stay in the country will be prolonged beyond any thing every known before. Invitations are out for the last fortnight in December in certain châteaux, and in one that I know a ball is to be given on New-Year's Eve. But we must forgive the young mistress of the house. She had been married but a week last year when her husband was forced to leave her, and shut himself up in Paris with the battalion of the Mobiles. For six months this bride of a week (she was scarcely eighteen) knew not whether she was a widow or her husband still living. During these six months she devoted herself to the sick and poor, nursing—not in name merely, but really—the small-pox patients of her village, where this terrible malady made fearful ravages, and only leaving her charges to go to church to pray. God listened to her prayers, and preserved her brave young husband. We can forgive her, therefore, for wishing to dance on New-Year's Eve. She is only eighteen!

I have seen a number of sketches that have been made for this ball, for the dresses are drawn in water-colors, to judge of the effect of the shades, before being made up. I will describe a few of the most striking of these for the benefit of my readers.

Dress of Prussian mauve faille, as light as possible, trimmed with white lace set on in irregular curves. Tunic, or rather cloud, of white tulle, trimmed with the same lace. This tunic, which is much longer in reality than the faille under-skirt, is draped, puffed, gathered, and, in short, diminished in the most ingenious manner, and trimmed with long branches of white clematis, looking like little stars. The same flowers in the hair, arranged as a wreath. Low waist and short sleeves. But as this dress is designed for a modest young lady, who would not appear in the décolletée costume of some of our modern dames, a compromise is effected by trimming the top of the waist with a sort of scarf of silk tulle, pleated under a small spray of clematis on each shoulder, in the middle of the front, and three times in the back; so that the waist has the appearance of being quite low without really being so.

Another dress has a skirt of citron tarlatan, trimmed the whole length with flounces pleated regularly like the petals of a dahlia. Tunic of bright garnet velvet, trimmed with bands of citron satin mixed with alternate rows of black and white lace. Low waist of the same velvet, worn over a high chemisette of pleated citron tarlatan edged with white lace. Under the short velvet sleeves are worn sleeves of citron tarlatan trimmed with pleated flounces. Three dahlias—one garnet, another citron, and the third garnet—were arranged as a diadem in the hair.

A third dress was of the palest gray faye, trimmed with pleated hemmed flounces of simple muslin. Tunic of the same muslin, hemmed on the bottom, and draped with large clusters of Bengal roses.

Another dress was of straw-colored faille, trimmed with flounces of white lace. Tunic of the same faille, edged with a fringe of white marabouts, and draped on each side by a large cluster of pink hydrangeas, mixed with white marabouts. Diadem, composed of white marabouts and hydrangea leaves, set on flat bandeaux, with the back hair braided, coiled, and mixed with a few curls.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE VALUE OF FICTION.

IT is interesting to mark the sudden rush with which the old Puritanical dislike for novels has collapsed, at last, in the present generation. It took a long time to destroy; but then it took a long time to grow. It sprang originally from a very pardonable protest against plays; this itself being due not so much to the dramatists of the Restoration, as to those of the later years of James I., the decadence of the Elizabethan drama. The suspicious hatred with which all works of imagination alike were regarded was strengthened by the free-and-easy morals of Smollett and Fielding, and not even lessened by the virtuous Richardson, who was looked upon as the single exception which proved the rule. And it went on spreading, till, like a vast cloud, it shut out altogether the sunshine of fancy and imagination from the dull homes of thousands, whose deadened thoughts turned upon themselves, and ate out their hearts in the gloom of a hopeless Calvinism, and a red brick-and-stucco civilization. There has been hard work to blow this cloud away, but it is done at last; and now, when not a single voice is lifted up against developing the imaginative faculty in men and women, we may perhaps ask ourselves what is likely to be the real gain to us from reading or writing works of fiction.

Unquestionably the chief gain is that it is good at times to get our minds away from ourselves. Life is mostly made up of little cares; in nine cases out of ten, cares arising from want of means; in the tenth case, often enough, from the spectre of some remote probability, conjured up by too much dwelling on contingencies. Little things become great things by being steadily looked at; and when society, change of scene, and lively companionship do not create a diversion, the mind may be, and often is, tortured almost to madness by imaginary horrors, the spectres of a morbid fancy. Consider the lives of most young girls in country towns. They should be painted of a dull gray color throughout, under a cloudy sky. Their recreations are principally lectures and croquet; they have an occasional dance; one or two of them marry; the rest settle down to a life which is one long repression of desires, till desires are killed outright. Desire of society; desire of change; desire of knowing the world, desire for that strange madness called love; desire of feeling, if only for once, the pulse quicken, and the blood course through the veins: all these have to be met in the face and sternly subdued, until, wearied with defeat, they rise no more. Into these lives comes the novel, like the dream of another world. Leaving the little narrow town, with its dreary street and woful monotony of emptiness, the mind travels far away to share in sorrows and joys alien to its own experiences—to feel the burst of life in action, and to smooth out its withered cheek to meet the kiss of love. Surely, if the novel were invented for no other purpose than to cheer the dull and purposeless lives of our women, it has done good work.

Consider, again, the fagged merchant, the barrister after a long term; worse, the physician when he gets a brief holiday: what is it not worth to him to sit idly and toy with the leaves of a novel, while the shadows shift on the hillsides, and the clouds chase each other on the sea? He is taken out from himself; while he is in another world, Nature, the restorer, is busily putting him to rights; and Imagination, the mesmerizer, charms him to sleep, to let the healing process go on.

This is fiction considered as an alterative. But it may be considered as a great educational power.

As dealing with different aspects of life, it teaches the nature of the world we live in. Ladies who read the *Bazar* do not often penetrate into the slums of the Five Points. Fagin and his tribe are as unknown to them as the Esquimaux. It is not, however, bad for ladies to know that such things exist. A knowledge of evil *quà* evil is not to be desired; but a knowledge of those forms of evil which can be remedied by money or self-denial is surely a good thing; and this the novel gives us. Moreover, if it is a good thing to know the different *kinds* of men and women there are—kinds which have as little affinity with one another as the Gibraltar monkey with the great gorilla; men and women who, if brought together, would have no one common topic of talk—these the novel shows us. And if it is a good thing to warn young men of the perils in their way, no sermons ever preached can have half the effect of the novel. Moreover, preachers of sermons have very seldom—certainly never since leaving college—encountered these perils. The novel sets them forth, giving them full dramatic effect. It shows the pitfall; the unwary youth hastening to take the fatal step; the ruin he brings on himself; the sorrow he brings on those who love him.

The so-called sensational novels generally turn upon some such catastrophe. Most of them show the downward progress of a character only weak at first, reckless at last. We see the man whose desires are beyond his means or his hopes, the struggles he undergoes to place himself in a better position, the temptation which prompts him by unlawful means to rise above his cares, his fall, and the infinitely greater cares that accompany it. In this class of novel we have, it is true, plenty of incident; but we have more—we have, condensed in a short space, and therefore intensified, all the sorrow and suffering that surround the fall of a man from his high estate of self-respect. Is it nothing to show to the world, in the most effective manner possible, that sin brings with it its own punishment, and that the most carefully protected secret of crime is liable to discovery by the simplest accident? The problem of suffering and sorrow is that which lies at the root of all novels: it forms the interest and pathos of every life. If a novel is but faithful to life, it can not but be wholesome in its effects, because it will be based on the great moral laws which govern the issues of life. I contend that a good "sensational" novel—honest and truthful, free from the false sensibility of the French school, the mawkish cant of the pietistic, the rubbish of the young-lady school—can produce, of itself, no harm. It is true that young ladies are more apt to laugh in church than to commit murders; but the novel is not written to warn ladies against murder. It is a record of men and women, the actual types of whom *do exist*, who belong to our own class of life, who elbow us in places of resort, and whose stories are sometimes narrated for the edification of the world in the newspapers, without the concomitant circumstances which explain or mitigate the guilt, and which may warn the reader. There never has been a time when the desire for what money will bring has been a more ready prompter to evil, or has called for more clear warning, than the present. Since the theatre has retired from the post of educator, for example, and the young men of the day decline to attend the gratuitous education by precept which is provided regularly every Sunday, it is surely a good thing that the novel should step in. Fiction has, farther, this advantage for the writer: suppose, by dint of contemplating a man's character, as shown in his letters, his writings, his talk, his daily bearing, an intending biographer arrives at the discovery of the kind of man his hero wished to be, or to be thought. This gives him a sort of key-note to his history. He can, by bringing out all those traits which belong to this side of his character, and suppressing all the rest, produce exactly the effect desired—at the expense of honesty. This is how all biographies, except Boswell's, seem to have been written. The writer describes his man as he thinks he wished to be considered. It does not at all follow that he *was* that kind of man; and presently facts are stated and theories broached which contradict the biographer from beginning to end.

Not so the novelist. He sees in A the rudimentary conception of a character which A—like his fellows, generally a weak sort of creature, who drifts—has not the power or the will to carry on. The novelist takes the character, and puts it into the person of an imaginary man who has the will, and he then follows it up to its legitimate consequences. Thus we get John Halifax (a beautiful life, which no biography could give us), Colonel Newcome, Frank Leigh, and a thousand creations which are as real to us as our brothers and sisters, whom we love twice as well, and who teach us ten times as much.

A great deal more might be said, but it suffices. Fiction lessens our anxieties by preventing that perpetual brooding which magnifies them; it brightens our real world by giving us an ideal one—more happy, more varied, more joyous, richer, and *fuller* than our own; it teaches us tolerance by showing us the different ways in which our fellows live; and it perpetually, under a thousand new forms, impresses the good old maxim, that the "only way to be happy is by the narrow road."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER.—Moiré antique and watered silk are no longer fashionable. The apron-polonaise continues in fashion; the Marguerite is the favorite of the season, and the stylish model for cashmere. Make your purple silk with demi-train, short over-skirt, and basque. Lace capes will still be worn over velvet garments.

ETTAH.—Wear a black cashmere polonaise with your colored dresses.

JENNIE.—Put corded silk collar and facings on your cloth cloak for mourning.

MRS. M. E. H.—Get all-wool plaids and merino for your little girl. Make by cut paper patterns of girls' dresses illustrated in *Bazar*. Many patterns of aprons have been given in Supplements.

JOHN M.—The copying wheel, sent from this office on receipt of 25 cents, is the only instrument we have for sale.

A TROUBLESOME FRIEND.—Put a Swiss muslin pleated flounce around your silk skirt, with black velvet bows for heading. Then make a Marguerite polonaise of Swiss muslin, with pleatings and bows for trimming.

MRS. P. B.—Directions for making skeleton leaves were given in *Bazar* No. 30, Vol. II. We do not answer by mail, or republish what we have once given.

MRS. F. T. H.—Your samples of lace are very fair German guipure. Use the vest-basque and over-skirt pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. IV., for your velveteen. Trim with a silk fold and fringe.

MISS S. J. L.—We know nothing of the model you mention.

MRS. E. C. M.—We do not send patterns until they are paid for, and we have no cut paper pattern for velvet cloak that will only require three yards. You will have to use one of the short sacque or double cape patterns given in the Supplement. Trim with fringe and passementerie, or else merely put a cord on the edge. We do not reply by mail.

C. J. F.—Your Marguerite pattern will do for a water-proof suit. Use no flounces, but put a thick cord in curled rows near the edge of skirt and polonaise, and cord and tassels instead of bows behind.

A VILLAGE GIRL.—Make a polonaise of black empress cloth to wear with your gray dress. The trimming is well enough.

MOLLIE.—For trimming lower skirts read New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 41 and 42, Vol. IV.

H. B.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. IV., for trained dresses.

MARY.—Back numbers of *Harper's Weekly* can be ordered from this office.

W. C.—"Harper's Hand-Book of Travel" will be useful to you.

D. G.—There is no fixed rule in this matter. Stationers say the groom pays for wedding-cards quite as often as the bride does; but the *Bazar's* idea is that the bride's parents would prefer to pay for invitations sent from their own house quite as naturally as for the cake they offer guests.

FRANCES L.—We do not know.

MRS. M.—Get a London smoke, empress, or Biarritz cloth suit, and make with Marguerite polonaise. Get gray merino for dressing-gown, and trim with cherry.

STOUT LADY.—We have no cut paper pattern for cloaks especially, but commend the Louis XIV. vest-polonaise or double-breasted sacque for that purpose.

MRS. C.—A serviceable suit for traveling in November would be ladies' cloth, made with Marguerite polonaise. For your little girl get a water-proof pelisse to wear over her ordinary dresses.

UGLY GIRL.—Ask for lettuce soap at any large drug store or perfumer's. It is 75 cents a cake, of the smallest size.

TILLIE VAN D.—Muriatic acid of 60 per cent. strength, diluted in twelve times as much water, will destroy superfluous hair. It *must* be used with great care, or it will burn the skin. Understand that we do not advise its use in any case. Your friend has a unique beauty in "the double charm of wedded brows," and will be very absurd to disturb them.

UGLY GIRL OF LEXINGTON.—Apply preparations for freckles as often a day as you like, leaving them till dry, and follow the process a week, or till the skin is clear.

DAISY.—Cosmetics have no influence on a "muggy" complexion. Brisk exercise and sunshine alone can do that any good. Dance, run, sweep, to put the blood in fast circulation. Keep out-of-doors three hours a day.

MILDRED.—Palafox was the Spanish general who conducted the siege of Saragossa against the Emperor Napoleon.—You will find a sketch of Mrs. Browning's life prefixed to her works.

DOT.—Indian ink is to be had at any artist's supply shop. Rub it with a few drops of water on a palette or saucer till thick enough for painting. It will wash off, however, and must be renewed daily. Apply with a small hair-pencil.

A FRIEND OF THE BAZAR.—The juice of cucumbers in skim-milk is said to promote the growth of hair where wanted. Sulphate of quinine improves its growth; if not dissolved in too strong an acid, it is harmless. So says medical authority.

T.—We know of no certain means of preserving your rare flower. You had better have it painted, or copied in wax.

GUPPY.—State Normal Schools are instituted for the training of teachers, and therefore it is only honorable that those who have profited by them should carry out their design; but we do not think that there is any obligation in the matter beyond a moral one, or that young ladies educated therein are bound to teach until they are married.

PRESTO.—A gentleman should not call on a lady socially without being invited to do so, or asking permission. In introductions always present the gentleman to the lady. Young girls wear their hair flowing both in the street and the house, but the style is essentially juvenile. An intimate acquaintance only can warrant a lady in exchanging pictures or corresponding with a gentleman.

SISSY.—Our patterns of tidies are like the sands of the sea-shore in number, as you must know if you have read the *Bazar* regularly since the beginning.—We can not undertake a commentary on the "Cryptogram," the meaning of which seems to us obvious enough for any one's comprehension.

T. F.—There are a number of second-hand bookstores in New York, among which Sabin's, Philes's, and J. W. Bouton's are the most prominent.

DEARBORN, ROGER, & CO.—In preparing MSS. for press write on one side of the paper only, numbering each written page in order, and send it *flat* by mail, for nothing is more vexatious to an editor than a rolled MS. Write legibly, with lines at a convenient distance apart. You can tack the pages together for better security. As you may not always be certain whether you are writing to a gentleman or a lady, "To the Editor of ——" would be a better form of address than "Mr. Editor." And do not expect a verdict by the following mail, as there may be scores before you with equal claims to attention.

MARY M'N. AND J. B. D.—We do not know the value of the coin in your possession. You had better consult a professional numismatist.

FRANK B. R.—You can probably dispose of your books through the booksellers mentioned in the answer to "T. F."

MISS G.—A mantle the shape of the pattern you send us is now considered stylish, and we advise you not to change it. We do not reply by mail.

HELEN.—Kilt pleats are cut straight, not bias, and do not require a foundation net lining unless the material is very thin.

LENA E. R.—We have not given the embroidery pattern you want. Any fancy store will prepare it for you. We do not give addresses here.

MRS. J. M. S.—We do not know where you can obtain the stamps mentioned.

H.—The soutache you want is merely narrow black silk braid. We do not know the quantity required.

ST. JOHNS.—P. P. C. on a card means *pour prendre congé*, or, to take leave.

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Knitted Loop Stitch.

THIS stitch, which is used for the Knitted Cape on this page, is shown by the illustration, Fig. 1, page 749. Knit, going backward and forward, with wooden needles, not too fine; make the foundation of the requisite length, and knit the 1st round plain. The 2d round is a loop round. In this round slip the first st. (stitch), pass the needle through the second st., loop the double thread on the needle, then again on the needle and at the same time on the forefinger of the right hand, then again on the needle, and draw the threefold st. through. In this manner work each of the st. next following as shown by the illustration, and knit off the last st. without a loop, so that there are two loop tassels less than the number of foundation st. Knit the 3d round plain; in doing this it is well to keep the loops of an even length by means of an inserted mesh. Then follows another loop round in the manner described, so that the loop rounds are thus always separated by one round knit plain.

Crochet Stitches.

THESE crochet stitches are shown by illustration, Figs. 2 and 3, page 749. The Tunisian crochet stitch, also called Victoria crochet stitch, which is shown by Fig. 2, is worked in rounds, going backward and forward, each two rounds forming one pattern row. On a foundation crochet the 1st round (from right to left).—On each st. (stitch) 1 st., which remains on the needle for a loop. 2d round (casting-off round, from left to right).—Each loop st. of the preceding round is cast off separately, throw the thread over as shown by Fig. 2, draw it through the next 2 st., and so on. In each repetition of the 1st round work the new loops of stitches on the vertical st. of the preceding round, always passing the needle through above the horizontal row of stitches.

KNITTED SHAWL WORN AS A MANTELET.—[See Fig. 8, Page 749.]
For arrangement of Mantelet and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 50.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET JACKET WITH BASQUE.—FRONT.
[See Figs. 11 and 12, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 43-46.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET JACKET WITH BASQUE.—BACK.
[See Figs. 11 and 12, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 43-46.

The crochet stitch, Fig. 3, is a variation of the stitch shown by Fig. 10 on the same page, and is only distinguished from the latter by the double and wave stitches, which do not run in straight lines, but are transposed. Thus, in order to form a double stitch, pass the needle through a wave stitch st. instead of a double stitch of the preceding pattern row, and from the double stitches always take up single stitches. This stitch is used for the Crochet Jacket with Short Sleeves shown on page 740.

Knitted Foundation for Shawls, Scarfs, etc.

THIS foundation, which is shown by illustration, Fig. 8, page 749, is especially adapted for shawls which are to be worn as mantelets, as shown by the illustration on this page. Knit the foundation with split zephyr worsted or Shetland wool and coarse steel or fine wooden knitting-needles, in rounds going backward and forward, as follows: Make a foundation corresponding to the size desired for the shawl; it must be divisible by 6, as the pattern figure, which is constantly repeated, requires six stitches; but for the close side edges of the knitted part cast on several st. (stitches) more. 1st round.—1 sl. (stitch slipped), 2 k. (stitches knit plain), * once t. t. o. (thread thrown over), k. 3 st. together (knit together), once t. t. o., 3 k., repeat from *, 3 k. at the end of the round. In the following rounds we shall make no further reference to repeating from *, which is a matter of course. 2d round.—1 sl., 2 p. (stitches purled), * once t. t. o., 1 p., once t. t. o., 5 p.; 4 p. at the end of the round. 3d round.—1 sl., 3 k., * once t. t. o., drop the thread thrown over of the preceding round from the needle, k. 1 crossed (knit crossed; that is, knit off the st. reversed), once t. t. o., drop the thread thrown over of the preceding round from the needle, 5 k.; 4 k. at the end of the round. 4th round.—1 sl., 3 p., * once t. t. o., drop the thread thrown over of the preceding round from the needle, 1 p. crossed, once t. t. o., drop the thread thrown over from the needle, 5 p.; 4 p. at the end of the round. 5th–10th rounds alternately like the 3d and 4th rounds. 11th round.—1 sl., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, * once t. t. o., drop the thread thrown over of the preceding round from the needle, 1 k. crossed, once t. t. o., drop the thread thrown over from the needle, k. 2 st. together, 1 k., k. 2 st. together; at the end of the round k. 2 st. together and 2 k. 12th round.—1 sl., p. 2 together, * t. t. o. once, 3 p., t. t. o. once, k. 3 st. together; at the end of the round k. 2 st. together and 1 p. 13th round.—1 sl., 1 k., * t. t. o. once, 1 sl., k. 2 st. together, draw the sl. over, t. t. o. once, k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. once, 1 k., 2 k. at the end of the round. 14th round.—1 sl., 1 p., *t. t. o. once, k. 2 st. together, 1 p., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o. once, 1 p.; at the end of the round 2 p. This completes one pattern figure of the foundation.

CROCHET FICHU WITH BELT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 49.

Crochet Border.

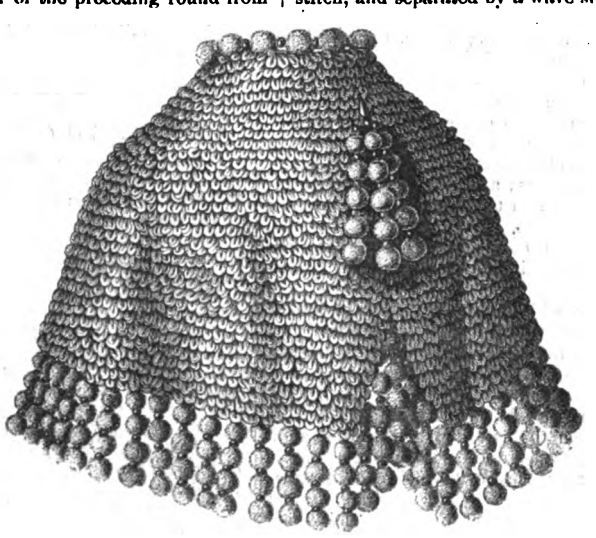
THIS border, which is shown by Fig. 10, page 749, and is used for the trimming of Crochet Fichu, page 744, is worked with black split zephyr worsted, and consists of insertion edged with lace. The lace and insertion may be worked separately or together. Make the foundation lengthwise, and for the insertion work the 1st round.—Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 2 ch. (chain stitch), with the latter pass over 2 foundation st. (stitch). 2d round.—Like the 1st round, the dc. always on the ch. of the preceding round. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet), 9 ch., with the latter pass over 5 st. 4th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the following ch. scallop, on the following 9 st. 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 2 dc., 3 stc. (short treble crochet), 2 dc., 1 sdc.; 1 sc. on the next st., 9 ch., and repeat from *. 5th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the 3 stc. of the preceding round, 5 ch.; 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 5 ch., and repeat from *. 6th round.—Always alternately 1 dc., 2 ch., with the latter pass over 2 st. of the preceding round.

For the lace, either make a separate foundation, or, if preferred, crochet, observing the illustration, Fig. 9, page 749, which shows a full-sized section of the insertion joined with the lace. 1st round.—1 sc. on the next foundation st., * 8 ch., pass over 2 dc., 1 sc. on the next foundation st., 15 ch., pass over 1 dc., 2 sc. separated by 17 ch. on the next 2 foundation st., 15 ch., pass over 1 dc., 1 sc. on the next foundation st., 8 ch., pass over 2 dc. Repeat from *. 2d round.—* On the first ch. scallop of the preceding round 1 sc., 6 ch., 1 sc. on each of the next 3 scallops, after the first 2 sc. 8 ch. each, after the third sc. 6 ch., 1 sc. on the next scallop 2 ch. Repeat from *. 3d round.—* 1 dc. on the first scallop consisting of 6 ch., 7 ch., 2 dc. on the following scallop, 9 ch., 2 dc. on the following scallop, 7 ch., 1 dc. each on the following two scallops, but without working any stitches between these dc. Repeat from *.

Crochet Stitch.

THIS stitch, which is shown by the illustration, Fig. 10, page 749, is also used for the Crochet Fichu, page 744. On a foundation of the required length work one pattern row in the common Tunisian crochet stitch; and then, in taking up the stitches for the next row, proceed in the following manner: * Again pass the needle from the front through the next foundation st. (stitch), draw one loop through, take the st. taken up from the same foundation st. in the *first* pattern row on the needle also, and through these two st. draw a loop, which remains on the needle. Take up the following st. from the next vertical st. of the first pattern row, in doing which pass the needle through the st. from the under side as in the wave stitch. Repeat from *, so that on the preceding pattern row always alternately one single sunken wave stitch and one raised open double st. are formed; on the needle, however, there must be only single loops which are cast off separately in the usual manner. In a similar manner take up the st. for the following pattern row, passing the needle, in order to form the double st., from the front through the double st. of the pattern row before the last, and proceed in the manner above described, then again form a wave stitch, forming raised rows of stitches, similar to knitted stitch, and separated by a wave stitch.

Fig. 1.—HALF-FITTING FRAME-WORK JACKET.—FRONT.
[See Figs. 5 and 6, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 12-15.



KNITTED CAPE.—[See Fig. 1, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 38-40.

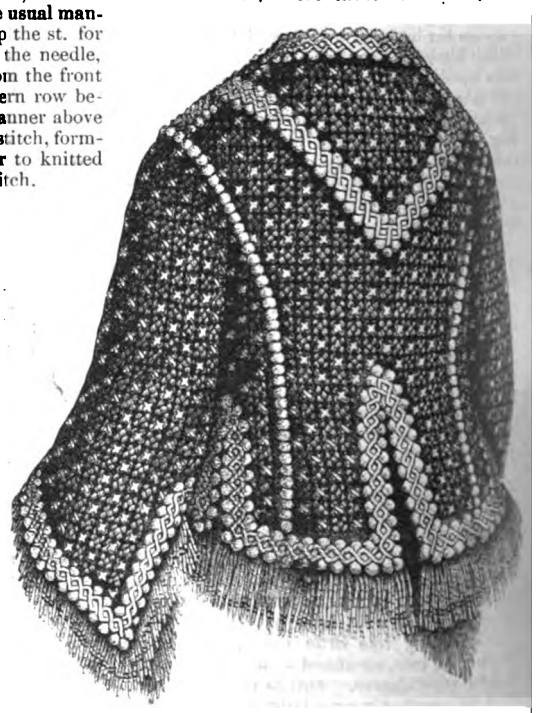


Fig. 2.—HALF-FITTING FRAME-WORK JACKET.—BACK.
[See Figs. 5 and 6, Page 749.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 12-15.

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Crochet Border for Hoods, Capes, Jackets, etc.

THIS border, which is shown by illustration, Fig. 12, is used both for trimming and binding, and forms a thick roll. It is used for the Crochet Jacket with Basque, shown on page 748, and consists of a foundation of single crochet (six stitches wide) worked crosswise with white worsted in rounds, going backward and forward, always passing the needle through underneath both upper veins of the stitches of the preceding round. The trellis-like double crochet pattern, which rests loosely on the foundation, is commenced in the 4th round. Thus crochet in the 4th round.—1 sc. (single crochet), throw the thread over twice and work 1 stc. (short treble crochet), which is fastened to a stitch in the middle between the 1st and 2d rounds, so that the stc. stretches over two rounds in a slanting direction. Pass over the next st. (stitch) of the preceding round, work 1 sc. each on the following 2 st., then 1 stc. on the same vein of the st. between the 1st and 2d rounds, 1 sc. on the last st. of the preceding round, as a transition to the net round 1 ch. (chain stitch). 5th round.—6 sc., 1 ch. 6th round.—2 sc., 1 stc., which is fastened to the first stc. of the 4th round; before working off the stc., however, work a second in the opposite direction, in connection with the second stc. of the 4th round as shown by the illustration, work off the last loops together, and work 2 more sc., 1 ch. 7th round.—6 sc., 1 ch., then repeat from the 4th round. After finishing the crochet-work, sew a black dot in each double crochet diamond as shown by the illustration.

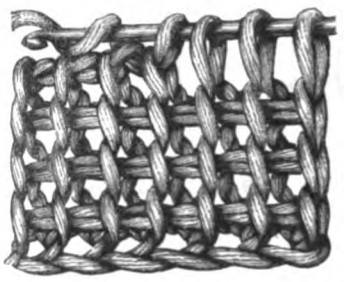
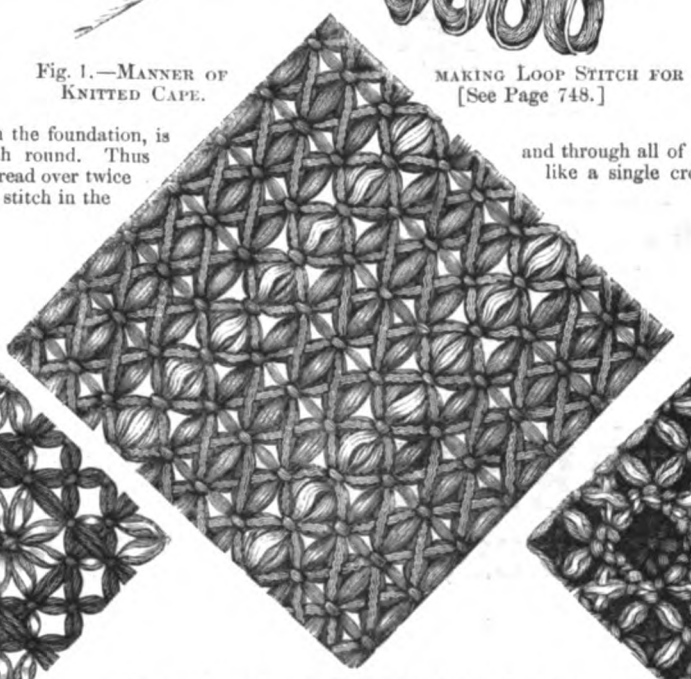


Fig. 2.—TUNISIAN (VICTORIA) CROCHET STITCH.

Fig. 1.—MANNER OF KNITTED CAPE.



MAKING LOOP STITCH FOR [See Page 748.]

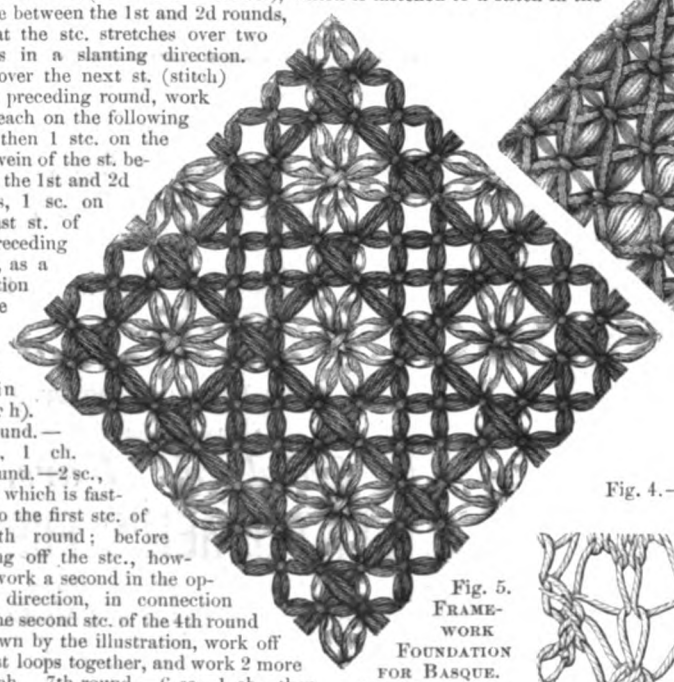


Fig. 5. FRAME-WORK FOUNDATION FOR BASQUE. [See Page 744.]

Fig. 4.—FRAME-WORK FOUNDATION FOR BASQUE. [See Page 744.]

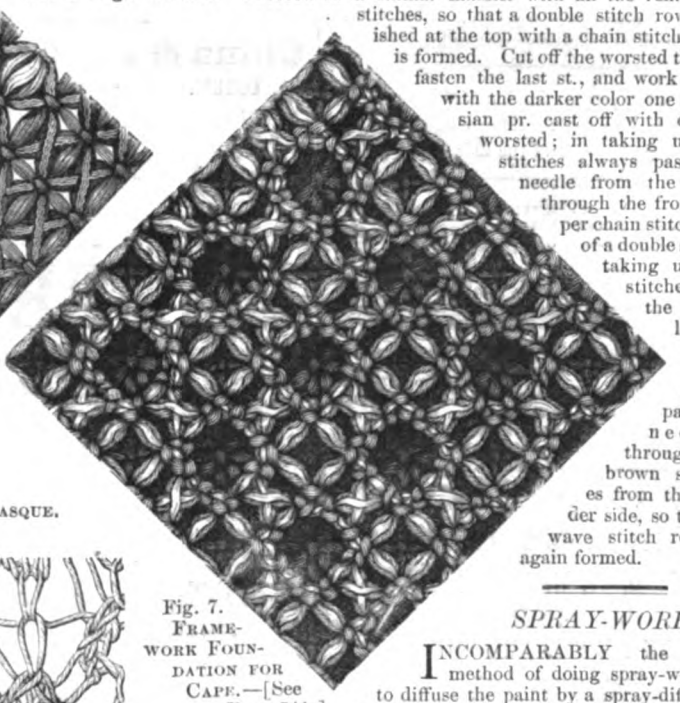


Fig. 7. FRAME-WORK FOUNDATION FOR CAPE.—[See Page 741.]

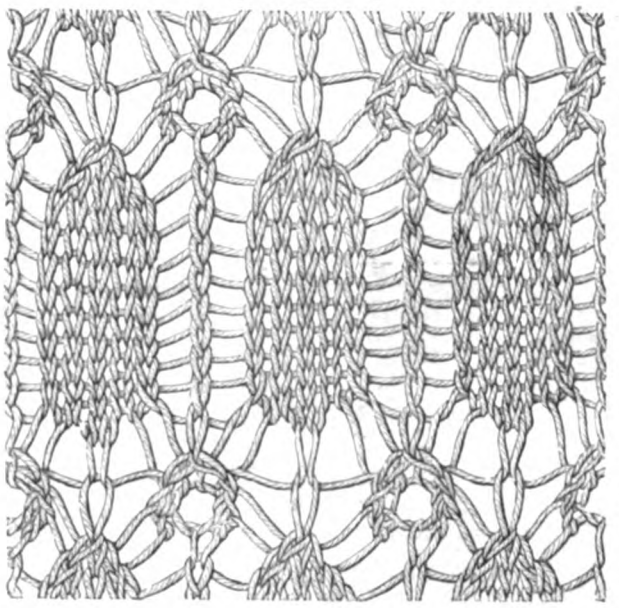


Fig. 8.—KNITTED FOUNDATION FOR SHAWL.—[See Page 748.]

Crochet Stitch for Jacket with Short Sleeves.

THIS crochet stitch, which is used for the Jacket with Short Sleeves shown on page 740, in order to show to advantage, should be worked in two colors, and is therefore more suitable for trimming than for complete foundations. It is thickly ribbed crosswise, alternating with one wave stitch row and one row of double stitches side by side. Work on the foundation a common Tunisian pattern row of a brown color (not too dark) and cast off with double worsted by adding a second thread of the same color. The ends of the thread must always be crocheted on in the following pattern row. For this following (second) pattern row take a lighter color or white, take up the stitches from the under side as in wave stitch, so that the preceding pr. (pattern row) forms a waved stitch row, and cast off the stitches singly. On the white Tunisian row just completed work with the same color another round from right to left in the following manner: Pass the needle from the front again through the next brown stitch, on which the next stitch of the white row has been worked, draw a loop through, take the corresponding white stitch of the preceding row also on the needle for a double st. (stitch), and through all of the 3 st. on the needle draw one loop, working them together like a single crochet. Proceed in a similar manner with all the remaining stitches, so that a double stitch row, finished at the top with a chain stitch edge, is formed. Cut off the worsted thread, fasten the last st., and work again with the darker color one Tunisian pr. cast off with double worsted; in taking up the stitches always pass the needle from the front through the front upper chain stitch vein of a double st. In taking up the stitches for the following white p.r., again pass the needle through the brown stitches from the under side, so that a wave stitch row is again formed.

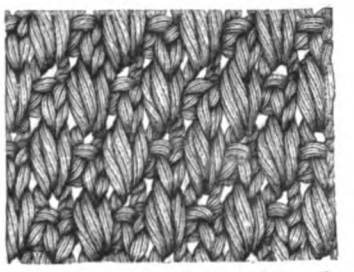


Fig. 3.—CROCHET STITCH FOR BASQUE.—[See Page 740.]

SPRAY-WORK.

INCOMPARABLY the best method of doing spray-work is to diffuse the paint by a spray-diffuser, for which purpose any ordinary sprinkler with fine perforations may be used, care being taken to sprinkle steadily. By this means a marvelous delicacy of shading may be obtained, and the work made almost as beautiful as an exquisite lithograph.

Spray-work that will wash may be prepared as follows: A pennyworth of logwood chips, a piece of copperas the size of a walnut, and half an ounce of gum, boiled in a quart of water and strained. If too dark, more water can be added, and the color can be rendered more or less blue with more or less copperas. The articles should be washed carefully, with soap boiled to a jelly, in lukewarm water in which some gum has been melted. The less they are rubbed the better. The gum is to glaze and stiffen. A detailed description of this kind of work will be found in *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. I., No. 34, page 535.

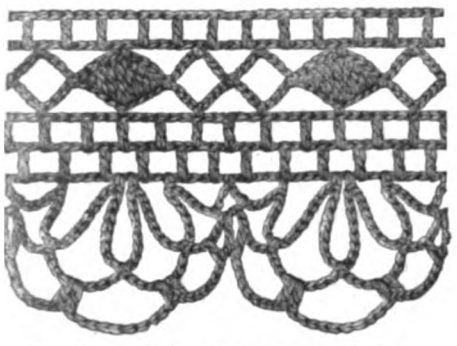


Fig. 9.—CROCHET BORDER FOR FICHU. [See Page 744.]

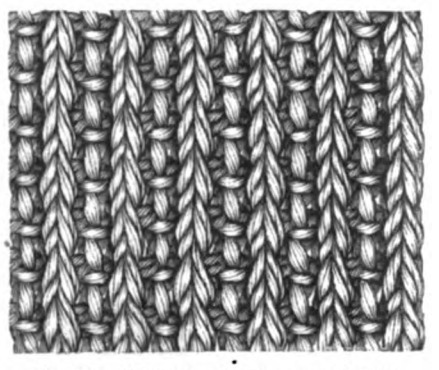


Fig. 10.—CROCHET STITCH FOR FICHU. [See Page 744.]

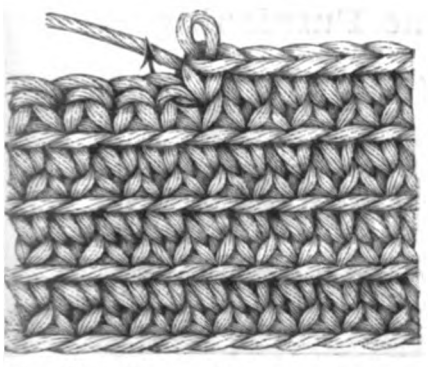


Fig. 11.—CROCHET STITCH FOR BASQUE. [See Page 748.]

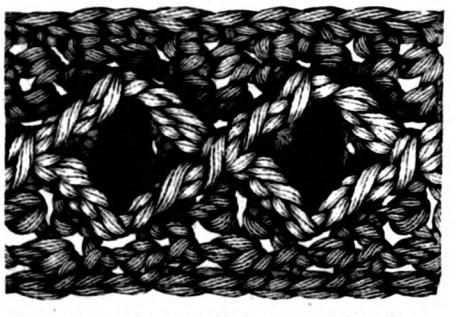


Fig. 12.—CROCHET BORDER FOR BASQUE. [See Page 748.]

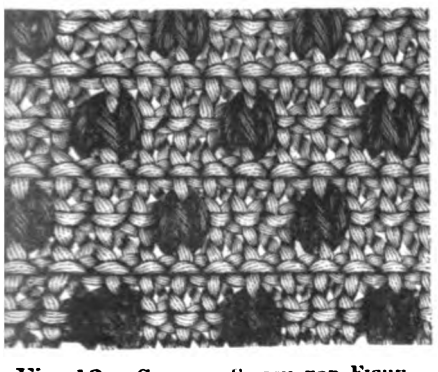


Fig. 13.—CROCHET STITCH FOR FICHU. [See First Page.]

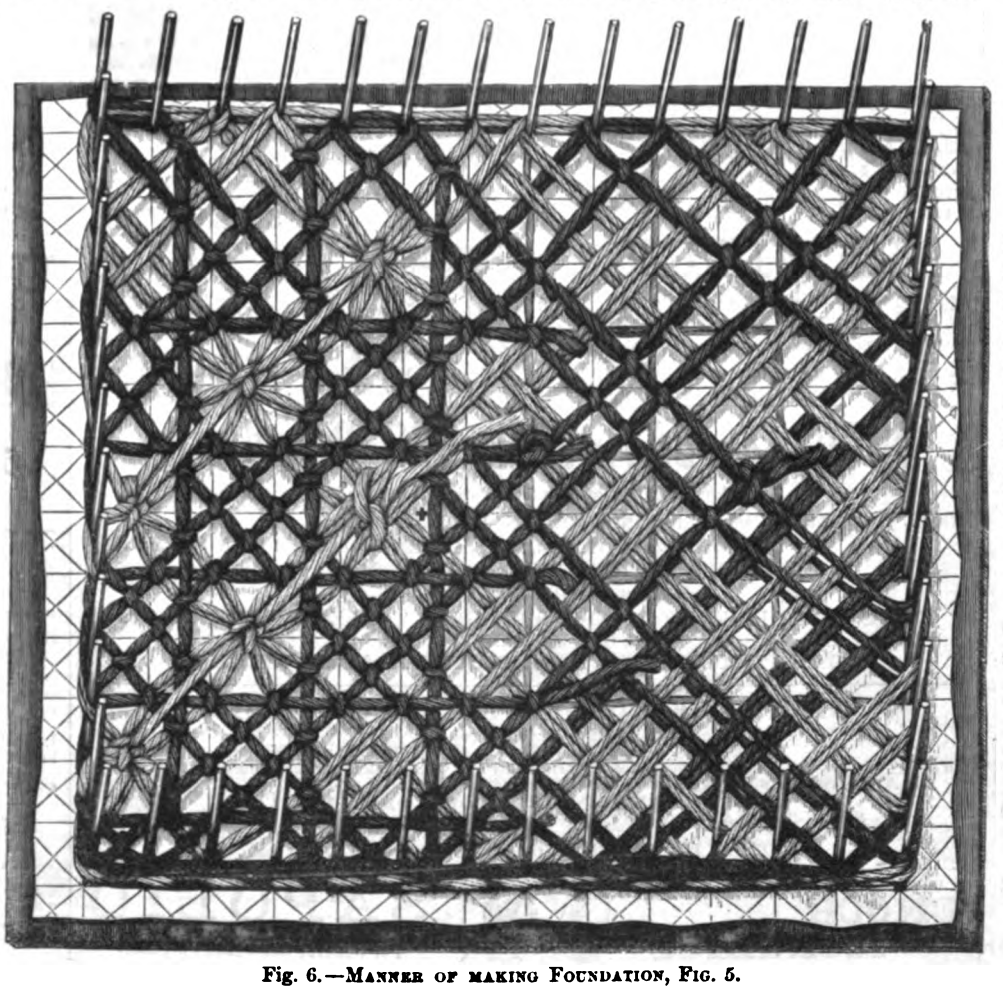


Fig. 6.—MANNER OF MAKING FOUNDATION, FIG. 5.

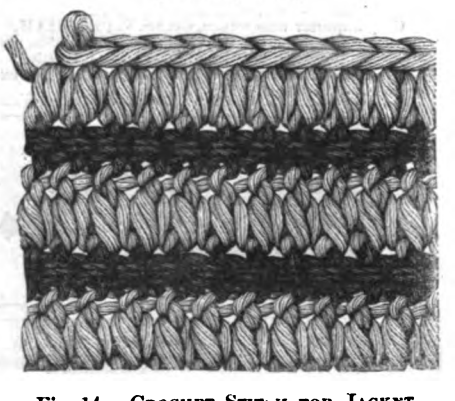


Fig. 14.—CROCHET STITCH FOR JACKET. [See Page 74 ?.]

FIGS. 1-14.—CROCHET AND KNITTED AND FRAME-WORK STITCHES, BORDERS, ETC.

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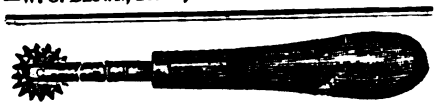

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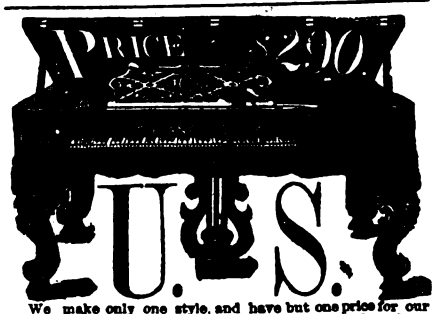

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FACETIÆ.

A MOTHER, in a toy-shop with her little son, got the assistant to wind up a toy mouse, and set it running on the floor to see if her pet liked it. He looked at it, and then exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I don't want that: we've got lots of 'em at home, and don't have to wind 'em up, either!"

A HANDY TUNE—Fortune. It is not common metre.

What is the difference between a preserved herring and a fat earthenware manufacturer?—One is a potted bloater, and the other is a bloated potter.

MIXING IN SOCIETY—Taking grog with your friends.

The prospectuses of bubble companies are generally figurative.

Plowboys make bad shopmen: they have generally picked up a nasty habit of having their hand in the till.

A NOISY PIECE OF CROCKERY—The cup that cheers.

"Can you tell me of what race of men Napoleon Bonaparte was descended?"
"Course I can" (Corsican).
"Well, why *don't* you?"

A MOVING SCENE—A game of chess.

Where do all the ugly countrywomen come from?—From the City of the Plains, to be sure.

Do miners never rise because they so often go down in the world?

Ought not a hermit to call his house a man-shun?

TO AUTHORS.—It is not wrong to write if you right wrong.

CHEAP GENEROSITY—Giving a piece of your mind.

MOTTO FOR A FRENCH EXILE—"Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder."

THE LAST GLASS BEFORE GOING TO BED—The looking-glass.

THE PLACE FOR A PICNIC—The Sandwich Islands.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY—A comic song-book.

An ingenious toy for children is a small steamer which explodes by machinery, scattering the passengers in every direction. Delightful task to rear the tender thought, and teach the young idea how to—explode! Could not we have something else of this kind suited for our youngsters—say a railway with excursion trains, filled with all the latest casualties? The only drawback we can see to the idea is that it might inspire children with a desire to be railway directors when they grew up.

RUE-FULL CITIES—Any French towns.

FRANCE RECHRISTENED.—What used to be called *la belle France* is now called a Vale of Thiers.

The last cup of a frolic is generally the *hic-cup*.

POTS-TAUSEND!—A correspondent of a contemporary mentions eighteen quarts of beer apiece as the average evening's tipple in Germany. No wonder it is often called Jar-many!

ALL FOR MONEY.—Jack Damyan and his wife have just started on their wedding-tour. The lady's chief attraction is her income. In this case Jack's friends call the usual period of seclusion the money-moon.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"Pretty time of Night, this, to come Home, Mr. G.!"

Shut Out!

"Now, then, Old 'Un, Shell Out, or—"

"Woh go Ho' till Maw-aw-nin'!"

Fire!—"Stand back there!"

"If you're Waking, call me Early!" (1 A.M.)

"'Ullo!—a Door Open!"

"G-n-r-r-r-r!" the Night Nurse.

ZILLA'S LOCK.

Dear lock! that once on Zilla's neck
Midst thy fair partners slept,
Or floated with the golden curls
Which mourn, of thee bereft;

Or on her brow a prisoner wast,
With light blue ribbon tied;
Or moved responsive to her breast
As Zilla laughed or sighed.

Dear lock! transformed by human art,
All other things above
I prize thee, as a sacred thing—
The sacred sign of love.

Dear lock!—but oh! to think if thou
My love dost only mock—
To think if thou wert only one
Of thousands "kept in stock!"

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD VERSE—Loathe the poor Indian!

TRAP-DOORS—Carriage doors.

THE BEST TIME TO CUT CORN—When it aches.

BLACK AND WHITE.

HIBERNIAN SCHOOL-MASTER. "Get out wid ye! Don't I know ye'd stand there and lie yerself black in the face widout once changing color, ye spalpeen!"

A PROG-NOSTICATION—The promise of an abundant harvest.

A WELCOME SHIP AT ANY TIME—Friendship.

A WATER-SPOUT—A teetotal speech.

A MINT AUTHORITY—Lamb (or he ought to be).

Because a man who attends a flock of sheep is a shepherd makes it no reason that a man who keeps cows should be a cow-ard.

When is a small fish-pond like a bird-cage?—When there is a perch in it.

Voltaire, having paid some high compliments to the celebrated Haller, was told that Haller was not in the habit of speaking so favorably of him. "Ah!" said Voltaire, with an air of philosophic indulgence, "I dare say we are both of us very much mistaken."

A girl six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.
"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says."
"What does he say, my dear?"
"Why, he says that the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"
"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."
"How can I, grandpa?"
"Get your Bible, and see what it says."
"Where shall I begin?"
"Begin at the beginning."
The child sat down, to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery:
"I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true; for God made the moon before he made any cows."

Which is the smallest bridge in the world?—The bridge of the nose.

An old woman who lost a goose two years ago through the vindictiveness of an amateur sportsman has commenced suit for damages in the sum of $60. She calculates that if the absin fowl had lived and multiplied in accordance with natural laws, the sale of the flesh and feathers of its descendants would have brought her the designated sum in greenbacks.

When is a black dog not a black dog?—When it's a greyhound.

Kitchen girls are now termed "young ladies of the lower parlor." People who go about grinding knives, scissors, and razors are termed "gentlemen of the revolution." Folks who dig clams are termed "profound investigators."

The saying that "it is more pleasant to give than to receive" applies only to medicine and advice.

ORIGINAL ARTICLE—A man, and the.

THE BEST HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS—The receipts on your tradesmen's bills.

Dr. Johnson once silenced a notorious female backbiter, who was condemning some of her friends for painting their cheeks, by the remark that "it is a far less harmful thing for a lady to redden her own complexion than to blacken her neighbor's character."

FASHIONABLE CIRCLES—Round dances.

A negro, passing along the street, was astonished to hear a voice call out, "How d'ye do, Massa Mister? how d'ye do, Snowball?" and, on looking, observed it proceeded from a parrot in a splendid gilt cage.
"Ah, Massa Parrot," said blackee, "you great man here—you lib in a gold house now; but me know your fader very well: he lib in de bush."

AN UPSETTING SIN.

Dr. M'Cosh, president of Princeton College, tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin'" sins.
"Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang of dat ar word. It's 'besettin',' not 'upsettin'.'"
"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's no. But I was a-prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, and if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I desire what am!"

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

DISSIPATED TRADESMAN (*to the expostulations of the minister*). "Ye're aye Crackin' at me about my Drinkin', Sir, but you don't consider my Thirst!"

THE NEW COLOR—"WARRANTED FAST."

CONSTANTIA. "Georgy dear" (*never so dear as when shopping*), "I do like that Shade; it just suits me!"

POOR GEORGE (*who means what he says*). "I wish to Goodness it didn't!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

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LADIES' HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 754.]

Fig. 1.—PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). Fig. 2.—STREET DRESS. Fig. 3.—DINNER DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Plain-waist House Dress, with Apron-front Over-Skirt and Walking Skirt, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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Ladies' House and Street Dresses.

See Illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). In compliance with numerous requests from those of our readers who prefer plain waists to the basques and polonaises so much worn, we give this week a pattern of a stylish suit of this kind, copied from a new and elegant Paris model, and consisting of a beautifully fitting plain waist, apron-front over-skirt, and walking skirt. The original is of gray cashmere, trimmed with folds and pleatings of the material and fringe of the same color. The waist is lengthened at the bottom, and the skirt is worn over it, so as to avoid the unsightly gap between the waist and skirt in case of the slipping of the latter, a precaution which is much needed, now that the skirt and waist are seldom if ever sewed together. The over-skirt is draped gracefully at the sides under a Watteau fold. The skirt is slightly longer than the ordinary walking skirt, just touching the ground in the back. Belt with sash ends, trimmed with folds and fringe.

The pattern is furnished in nine even sizes, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. To take the size, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest, drawing it rather tightly. This is the only measure required. If the bust measure is an odd size, always send for the next size larger; for instance, if it is 37 inches, send for 38 inches, and in making it up take deeper seams than are allowed in the pattern.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises four articles—plain waist, apron-front over-skirt, walking skirt, and sash end of belt.

PLAIN WAIST.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and sleeve. The front of the waist is fitted by two darts on each side. The back is fitted with side forms, which extend to the middle of the armhole. The back can be made either whole or with a seam through the middle. In the latter case, the two lines of perforations in the middle are cut out, and the back is seamed up to the neck. If made without a seam, the V is taken up in the lining only, the same as the V on the shoulder. The material is extended three inches below the waist line, and is left open on the hips. The perforations show the length of the waist. The neck is cut high, and finished with a cord. The waist is closed down the front with ten buttons and button-holes. A row of stitching on each side of the button-holes finishes the front. The half-flowing sleeves are sewed into the armholes plain. They are left open at the outside seam about eight inches above the bottom, and are trimmed with fringe three inches wide surmounted by a fold two inches wide of the material, which is edged with gros grain of the same color. The perforations show where to baste up the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts, to take up the V in the middle of the back, to baste the side forms, the length of the waist, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back the hem in front. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams. Baste up and try on wrong side out before sewing. If alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. If the sleeves are too long or short, take from or add an equal quantity at the top and bottom, keeping the same shape.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3 yards.
Quantity of fringe, 2 yards.
Quantity of gros grain, cut on the bias, an eighth of a yard.
Buttons, 10.

APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in five pieces—apron front, side gore for the front, back breadth, side gore for the back, and Watteau fold for the side. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid making a seam. Cut the two front gores, the two side gores for the back, and the Watteau folds for each side laid lengthwise of the goods. The back edge of the front side gore is laid in four side pleats turning upward two inches below the top. The front edge of the back gores is laid in three deep pleats turning upward two inches below the top. Then double the Watteau fold, bring the two notches evenly together, and place it between the side seams, even with the corresponding notches at the top. Two inches above the lower edge of the side seams and fold are three notches; bring them evenly together, and sew the seam; then sew all the seams of the skirt, and lay the fold evenly with the lines of perforation, thus forming the Watteau fold. Cut an opening in the middle of the back breadth at the top eight inches long, and hem it for the lap. The front and side gores are sewed plain on the belt. The gores on each side of the back breadth are laid in small side pleats turning backward. The back breadth is gathered and sewed to the belt, which laps in the back. Cut two tapes twelve inches long, and tack them to the belt on each side of the opening, and to the skirt at the perforations. Put the pattern together by the notches to prevent mistakes. The notches on the side seams show where to lay the pleats. The perforations show how to form the fold, and where to tack the tapes in the back. The over-skirt is trimmed with fringe three inches deep, surmounted by a fold two and a half inches wide edged with gros grain.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4½ yards.
Quantity of fringe, 4 yards.
Quantity of gros grain, cut on the bias, a quarter of a yard.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, one side gore, and three straight breadths for the back. Only half the pattern is given. The front and side gores are sewed to the belt plain. The full breadths are gathered and sewed to the belt. The skirt is trimmed with a kilt pleating twelve inches wide, surmounted by a row of fringe three inches deep, and a fold two and a half inches wide edged with gros grain. If the skirt is too long or too short, take from or add to the bottom, always keeping the same shape.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.
Extra for trimming, 5½ yards.
Quantity of fringe, 4½ yards.
Quantity of gros grain, cut on the bias, a quarter of a yard.

SASH END FOR THE BELT.—Cut two pieces like the pattern given, and sew on the belt with the over-skirt. A flat bow, or loops of the material, are set above the sash ends. Trim with fringe, folds, and gros grain piping.

Fig. 2.—STREET DRESS. Skirt of blue faille, trimmed with flounces of the material. Black and white striped poplin over-skirt, edged with a black silk ruche edged on each side with white lace, and black and white fringe. Blue faille vest. Basque-waist of the material of the over-skirt, and trimmed in the same manner. Black velvet hat, with white feather.

Fig. 3.—DINNER DRESS. Maroon Irish poplin dress, trimmed with folds and scallops of the material.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more Reading Matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper.

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☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Plain-waist House Dress, with Apron-front Over-Skirt and Walking Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid, by mail, by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement in Num-46. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a choice variety of Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Ladies' Evening Dresses, Redingotes, Jackets, Talmas, Paletots, Fichus, and Cravats; Children's Dresses and Wrappings; Fancy-work Articles for Holiday Gifts, Footstools, Chair Cushions, etc., etc.*

☞ "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN" *will be resumed in our next Number, and continued thenceforth, without interruption, until the close.*

FAMILY STEALING.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

I HAVE just been reading the story of a little girl who was alienated for life from her father because he made her wear two figs strung around her neck to punish her for having stolen them from the dinner-table. How great was her sin, or how incommensurate the punishment, history furnishes us no aggravating or extenuating circumstances by which to judge; but I desire to protest against the unwisdom and injustice of calling such an act stealing, or of assuming for a moment that there can be any such thing as stealing between parents and little children. It may be disobedience, and if not suppressed, it may lead to theft—but theft it is not; and if it were, I would not let a child think so. There are pitfalls enough for his little soul to stumble into without leading him out of his path to throw him into one that he would never have found of himself.

Every thing that tends to create a division of interests between parents and children should be discouraged. Every thing that tends to create unity should be fostered. It is never too early to make a child feel his ownership of home—not the ownership of tyranny and selfishness, but of affection and attachment. Let him have his share of the proprietorship in all its comforts, conveniences, and luxuries. I do not know what the law would say, but they *are* his. The rights of a child are the strongest in the world. His absolute inability to defend them throws an immense burden upon grown-up people. He owns every thing he is born to. The wealth of his father is his by divine right. All that his parents can do—what they are strictly bound to do—is to pass over his property to him in such measure, by such means, as shall be most for his welfare. To talk of his stealing figs from his father's table is absurd. The table is his, figs, father, and all. He must keep his little hands off, because it is not good manners to put them on, because he will get his fingers sticky and soil his frock, because the time for figs is not yet, and he must not take his till Kate and Mary and Frank have theirs; but not in the least because the figs belong to somebody else, and not him. And if his little confused, fumbling, twilight soul half thinks it *is* stealing, does not rightly know the difference, soothe away the vagueness, or hush it away by silence. One sin at a time is enough for him to be saddled with. If he has been ordered not to touch the figs, there is a clear case of disobedience. Let it stand out by itself, not be mixed in with something else. If nothing has ever been said to him about it, wherein does his fault consist? But children are such conscientious little wretches that they will often show signs of guilt when a wise man will be puzzled to define it. The part of wisdom is not to multiply iniquities, but to diminish them. Bessie had got into a habit—a mere habit—of waking up in the night and going to her mother's room. Presently her mother told her she must not come into her room again unless she was sick. The very next night I was awakened, and aware of a little midget pawing rapidly over the head of my bed with speechless but ferocious resolution, and down snuggled Bessie, not half awake, and in a minute not even that. In the morning, and in the full possession of her senses, conscious crime gnawed at Bessie's heart, and when she heard her mother's step coming in search of her she for an instant contemplated concealment. But her mother was wise enough to pass it over slightly, and it was with great relief that Bessie bounced up after she was gone, and cried, "She didn't care a bit!"

And Bessie was not the least harmed by it, though that evil and bitter thing, "a strict disciplinarian," might have made out a first-class case of disobedience and evasion. It was nothing of the sort. It was strict obedience and admirable invention, showing a fertility of resource while half asleep that promised well for future usefulness when wide awake.

It seems to me it is always best to make out as little sin as possible; to assume as much good intent as possible; to attribute innocent motives, and call a child good for the sake of inducing him to become so; to dispense with rules, and not make much ado about nothing. Why should a parent be constantly coming out with a flat-footed command, and bringing his will face to face with his child's? It is sometimes, doubtless, unavoidable, but it is not very often. Children, as a general thing, do not need to be ordered about, or to be kept back with a sword. They are amenable to the law written in their hearts. They learn very early to understand the relations of figs and cake, and pie and preserves, if they are treated like reasonable beings and interested friends. But if they are put under ban; if no confidence is reposed in them, and no discretion is expected of them; if their constitutional government is simply "you shall" and "you shall not;" if they are made to go in leading-strings, and dainties are locked away from them, and every thing is the property of their parents, and they have no rights in the sugar-bowl and jam-pot which their elders are bound to respect, but stand on the same footing with the beggar-boy in the streets—why, it would be very strange if they should not steal the figs; and were the case left to me, I should make the father wear them around his neck, and draw the string tight.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Bottom's Ears.

MY DEAR LEO,—I hope that you have walked a great deal in this superb autumn weather, keeping your eyes and ears and mind open, for there seems to be no season of the year in which the human frame is in such equable play. Coleridge speaks of the sadness of the spring and of the autumn, and thinks the last to be the deeper. But I find myself musing, as I stroll through the Ramble in the Park, that to a man of experience the melancholy of a hope that can not be fulfilled is not less than that of apparent decay. Yet I will not suffer myself to follow Coleridge—indeed, those who have attempted it have often suffered—for it is of a very different subject that I wish to speak to you. It is, indeed, true that I was thinking of that remark of Coleridge the other day as I sat sunning myself in a pleasant path, and Claudio joined me and told me the morning's news. I don't know why we spoke of Shakespeare, but we did, although it was only eleven o'clock in the day and in a pleasure park of the great city. The circumstances were as incongruous as reading Homer in Saint Rainbow's.

My companion said that of all the conceits in the great poet nothing seemed to him more purely ludicrous than the caressing love of Titania for Bottom with the ass's ears; and he smiled as if freshly amused by the comic thought. But it seems to me the most natural thing in the world. Shakespeare held up the mirror, and what is so common and so obvious as those ears upon Bottom? Claudio looked at me askance, but, as I saw somebody approaching, I remarked that we could now test the point, for, unless I was greatly mistaken, I saw Bottom coming with Titania upon his arm. Apparently there were only a gentleman and lady sauntering along the path, but I had recognized Piccolo and his bride—a simple, amiable, pleasant pair, over whom the nuptial benediction had very recently been spoken.

We watched them as they approached. It was not, indeed, a wood near Athens in which we were; and it was not a midsummer's night, but an autumn morning. Yet no Greek pair in fact or fable were ever sincerer lovers, or saw more beauty in the world, or felt more joy in life and in each other. We all love lovers, as we do children, with a good-natured fondness; and it is because love itself is immortal youth, and they who love never really grow old. What honest simplicity they show! and it is not ridiculous, although we smile. Indeed, one of my pleasures in this great town is sometimes to breakfast at the newest and finest hotel, whither the young votaries of Hymen from out of town always hie, and observe the pretty ways of the bright-plumaged bridal flock. Life has no such pure holiday. The air of importance in the youth, born of the sudden sense of his protecting relation and the responsibility which he has undertaken, is curiously mingled with the quite other sense of excessively new clothes, and a bashful feeling that they are flagrantly suggestive of the utter novelty of his position. But this is superficial, and beneath it all is the ineffably serene satisfaction of the newly married man. What is its secret, Leo? I, indeed, can only speculate upon it. But is it not a pardonable vanity, a natural pride, not only that a woman (and such a woman!) has selected him from all mankind, but that the fact is now made manifest to all mankind?

Piccolo approached, and Titania hung upon his arm. There were all the joyful serenity and bashfulness in his mien which I have just mentioned, and there was the newness of attire which would have aroused the suspicion of the dullest observer in the Park. We mutually smiled, and I rose and saluted them with all my heart. Then, when they had gone but a little way, Piccolo slipped his arm from his bride's, and hastening back to me, as if some resistless necessity urged him, he whispered, hurriedly, "You know we were married only on Wednesday," and then hurried away to rejoin Titania. Claudio looked inquiringly, but satisfied, while this little scene passed, and when Piccolo left us, he said, with a smile, "I don't know them, but I suppose I understand all but your remark about Bottom."

I explained it, and I hope not offensively to the doves who had now fluttered out of sight. Piccolo is a youth who, thrown early upon the world, has an immense self-assertion, a dogmatism which is towering. Of course he is unconscious of it, as Bottom did not know that his head was crowned with the lofty ears. His very blandness makes the conceit more ludicrous, as the placidity of Bottom's face made the contrast of the ears more comical. But it is this enormous exaltation of himself which is what little Titania admires. She takes him at his own estimate. He has so impressed her with the conviction that he is a great personage, that the house in which he is a clerk rests upon him as upon a corner-stone, and he is so persuaded of it himself, that it is this fable and distortion which she caresses, and embraces this huge defect as if it were the cardinal beauty of her Piccolo. To fondle faults as charms and graces—is not that to stroke the fair large ears of Bottom?

But how amusing is the serenity of our unconsciousness in wearing that ornament! In Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" do you remember how exquisitely and delicately it is suggested, hinted—or find some airier word to say it—that if the wind should lift the curls of Donatello, the pointed ears of the faun would be revealed, showing the lower nature, the brute not all eliminated from the man? Bottom is Donatello, not with the lower mark wavering shadowy and doubtful in the dark, but towering with complacent triumph above his head; not eluding the suspicion that here may be a defect, but triumphantly declaring that a huge defect is here. Indeed, I am often appalled upon pleasant Sunday mornings to see how many Bottoms come to Saint Rainbow's. I watch them enter at the door, and taking off their hats, they display the most astounding ears. Their Titanias somehow do not seem to be mindful of the exhibition, and they are certainly not troubled by it. We are all so accustomed to it that we observe nothing unusual.

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But the worst of it is to perceive suddenly that the ears are even in the pulpit; not at Saint Rainbow's, of course—they are never seen in our pulpit—but in the other churches. I have often sat in a church on a bright June day, "the bridal of the earth and sky," and as I listened to the doctrines that were preached—the narrow, inhuman dogmatism, as it seemed to me, but probably not to others—and reflected upon the joyless, chilly, cruel world which they implied—for I did not like to carry the logic further, to the world's Creator—I have gazed at the earnest speaker who was spinning the unsightly web from his head, surely not from his heart, until I saw distinctly the great ears of Bottom pricking and pointing from his hair; and he, as I say, all unconscious; while the congregation, a rapt Titania, hung upon them with tender solicitude, and, in accepting that strange doctrine for truth and beauty, passionately caressed those formidable ears.

Or there is Anglophob, the statesman, whom you know well. He makes what are called tremendous speeches, in which he thumps the table, and frowns, and lashes himself into a rhetorical frenzy, and shouts that the English nation is the most selfish, mercenary, and mean of all nations; that it has always been the secret foe of liberty, and hates us, whose fathers humiliated her, with an undying hatred. "And I, Sir," roars this great statesman—"I, Sir, for one, wish it to go upon the record of the legislation of my country that I spurn England and despise John Bull; that I will track that hoary liar to his lair, although he may seek to place it beyond the sunset—ay, Sir, beyond the Rocky Mountains; that I defiantly and contemptuously hold open the mouth of the British lion and expectorate into it freely; and that, please God, in the name of my country, I will continue to expectorate in that direction so long as life and the expectorative power are granted me." This is Bottom as the statesman. The thing that distinguishes him is the length of the ears above his head. Blissfully unconscious, he does not suspect that he is an ass; and his public, for he has a public, with the blessed blindness of Titania, hugs those ears as his greatest glory.

How is it, Leo, with you young fellows whose pens are so nimble, and who write endless poems and essays, and publish books every year? I opened one of the new ones the other day, and it seemed to me to aim at what is called sensation, and by the sheerest artifice. Every thing in the book was, to my taste, artificial. But as it is to the taste of the time, the worthy fellow who made the book studies only to gratify that taste, and honestly supposes his facility in doing it to be talent, and probably genius. It is all a huge defect, of which he is totally unconscious, and with which the public is in love. I see the dainty young maidens holding the volume and reading with admiration, and secretly writing perfumed notes to beg an autograph; and once more I see how vast is the wood near Athens, and again I behold the fairy queen Titania caressing the ears of Bottom.

Dear Leo, you know that the "improvement" of a sermon is at the end. I always used to awake when it began, because I knew that "the brunt of the fight" was over. It was the application of the truth of the text to the congregation and to the preacher. And as I come to the end of my letter, I find my hand stealing quietly up to feel for any pointed and hairy protuberance upon my head. Indeed, as I sat with Claudio, my thoughts searched me in the same way. If there be any favor for us, dear boy, let us humbly wonder if it be of a kind that mistakes those terrible ears for essential beauties. Indeed, all favor must put us on our guard. Love is blind, and Titania caresses the ass's ears. Whenever she comes and fondly praises us, while we listen let us meditate the cause, and ascertain if we ought to listen gladly. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

HOUSE DRESS.

AN important feature in the cut paper pattern of the graceful house dress illustrated on our first page is its plain waist, which includes all the new features in stylish corsages. To have such waists fit perfectly it is necessary that they should display the natural outlines of the figure, and that while they cling too smoothly to wrinkle, they should be ample enough to give the wearer perfect ease. To begin at the foundation, the lining has much to do with the fit of the corsage. The best linings are soft, clinging stuffs that adapt themselves readily to the figure, though too strong to be stretched out of shape. French modistes consider a silk lining indispensable to a handsomely fitted corsage, not of silk dresses only, but of wool and cloth fabrics also. They have long used soft thick gros grain, white, gray, or black, such as is sold for $2 50 a yard, and have introduced this season a still more supple silk with strong serge-like twill. Less-expensive than this is farmer's satin of firm quality, so closely twilled as to be inelastic, worth 85 or 90 cents a yard. Of cotton fabrics the soft twilled English silesia is best. Stiff glazed linen linings, so cold and disagreeable to the wearer, are seldom used. Inexperienced fitters may at the first glance fancy our pattern represents a short basque instead of a plain round waist; but it is the custom now to extend the goods a finger length below the natural waist to cover the hips. This addition is very necessary, as the dress skirt is not sewed to the corsage, as was formerly done, but to a separate belt; and as this belt, worn outside the corsage, is sometimes dragged down slightly by the weight of the skirt, a portion of the white under-garments would be seen between the waist and skirt but for this covering. The two darts on either side of the corsage front are short, and are taken in deeply to permit an ample bust. It is a bad plan to leave bulky dart seams folded inside the lining, merely adding a seam for the whalebone case, as they are apt to draw instead of sitting smoothly. Fastidious modistes have darts opened, pressed, their entire edges bound with thin lutestring ribbon, and a slender whalebone case of bias silk or of ribbon sewed on flatly. It is quite sufficient, however, if they are opened, notched at intervals, and overseamed before the cases are hemmed on. Fronts of corsages are now seldom hemmed, as buttons and button-holes hold them in place. That side of the front in which the holes are worked is merely turned back an inch and a half or two inches, and left loose, to be confined by the button-holes; while that side holding the buttons is not turned back at all, but extends its full breadth an inch or more beyond the buttons, to serve as a sort of facing beneath the button-holes, and prevent the white under-clothing from showing through. A line of substantial tape is placed under the buttons to strengthen them. From seven to ten buttons are down the front of the corsage, and these invariably have button-holes, instead of being placed outside for ornament merely. The two rows of stitching formerly used—one inside, the other outside, of the arm—are no longer used: indeed, it will be seen that all outside stitching on corsages is dispensed with. The seam under the arm is straight and in a line with the natural figure, not quite so far behind as some modistes place it, evidently intending to make the back look narrow. The fancy now is for plump, round, healthy waists, instead of slender, delicate ones. Almost all French dresses have a seam down the middle of the back. This plan is widely adopted here, and is especially becoming to over-stout figures, and for such we commend also the two side bodies used with the Worth basque. The pattern given this week may have the middle seam or not, as the wearer chooses. Side forms are broad, coming into the armhole half-way between the shoulder seam and the seam under the arm; they should curve high in the back instead of sloping off obliquely to the belt; at the smallest part of the waist they leave an inch and a half of space in the middle piece of the back, or two inches if there is a seam down the middle. These side forms are sewed inside, without the outside stitching once thought necessary for them. Shoulder seams are placed high—that is, in a line with the shoulders, not behind them—and are very short, the armhole coming above the arm joint instead of below it. A finger-length and a half is now quite a long shoulder seam for women of average size. These short seams give the appearance of sloping shoulders without making the figure look contracted. The best modistes no longer cord the armholes, unless the corsage is of very thin fabric that needs to be strengthened. The corsage is made very high in the neck, and finished by a narrow bias binding, or else merely corded. The last thing done is to put a ribbon belt under the corsage at its narrowest taper to hold the waist in place. This belt is tacked to the back and side seams, leaving the fronts loose to fasten by hooks and eyes.

Ample directions are given elsewhere for making the belt and sash ends, the sleeves, and skirts of this dress. The belts to which the skirts are attached should be of the dress material lined substantially. The Watteau fold on the over-skirt is made double, that it may not require a facing when made of material having a right and wrong side. The deep kilt or side pleating illustrated is at this moment the favorite trimming for lower skirts, and is seen occasionally much deeper than we represent it in the illustration. The bias band or fold, and the netted fringe two and a half inches wide, make a most stylish heading. Fine poplin de laine, serge, merino, empress cloth, satines, and alpaca are made up after this design, and it is also used for plain silks. Many ladies, weary of basques, are returning to these plain corsages that are so easily made at home. It may interest some readers to know that fashionable modistes here charge from $50 to $75 for making such a dress, which a lady can easily make herself with the aid of the cut paper pattern. Although designed for the house, this costume is made appropriate for the street by adding a double cape, mantle, or sacque of the dress material, or of black cashmere or cloth; a gay striped Ottoman shawl, or a cashmere or fur cloak, is also worn with it—indeed any over garment but a close-fitting polonaise. To wear the latter, the upper skirt must be left off.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

There is no change in the style of children's and misses' dresses. White piqué and muslin dresses are still worn all winter by small girls, and they retain the simple Gabrielle and princesse shapes found among our cut paper patterns. The trimmings are elaborate braiding of fanciful braids, two or three different widths and kinds of braid being used in one dress; medallions of muslin embroidery are inserted in braided leaves and pyramids, and the edge of the dress is scalloped and finished with a feathery lace braid designed for this purpose.

Dress skirts are short, extending just below the knee. Wide ribbon sashes, tied behind, with huge loops and short ends, are used, while many mothers prefer the simple flowing dress unconfined at the waist.

The walking coat, warmly wadded, and with ample cape, does not differ from those worn last spring, except in the material. Cashmere and Irish poplin are the fabrics for those for dressy occasions, and pressed flannel in broken plaids for ordinary wear. Soutache braiding of the color of the cloak, or else quilted silk, is the trimming. They cost at the furnishing stores from $15 to $25. Sacques of white rabbit-skin are also much worn by these wee toddlers. They are soft and warm, and cost from $10 to $14.

Short jaunty basques with two skirts are worn by larger girls. School dresses have plain waists fastened behind, or else blouses with box-pleats. A black alpaca skirt with some sort of over dress, either a polonaise or blouse and upper skirt of dark blue or crimson merino, is a useful costume for every-day wear. Blue cloth sacques with white cord piping, black silk bands, and gilt buttons are much worn by young girls. Turbans, and the jaunty Tyrolese felt hat with a gay feather, are their chapeaux.

Girls of ten or twelve years wear their dress skirts to the top of Polish boots. Polonaises are in favor with misses just in their teens. They are usually of the dress material. Solid colors are preferred this year to the bright plaids of last season. Cloth sacques, made in Berlin, are imported for girls of from six to twelve years. They are of plum, blue, green, or brown cloth, with velvet bands and simple braiding, and cost from $14 to $21.

Highland suits with amply pleated kilt are still in favor for boys not yet in trowsers. Dark plaids, usually blocks of brown, gray, or blue with black, are chosen for the skirts, while the jacket is of cloth of the color prevailing in the plaid, or else of black velveteen. Imported Highland suits, with all the appointments complete, cost as high as $75.

Vests are the important item in suits for small boys. They are made like those formerly illustrated in the *Bazar*, and worn with a jacket having a low rolling collar. The knee pantaloons have braid and buttons up the outer seam. Dark blue cloth is chosen for best suits, cassimeres with almost invisible stripes for school suits.

Overcoats are sacks with a large round cape.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; and VIRFOLET; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

FOR a self-possessed wag we have confidence in OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. An autograph collector, knowing O. W. H.'s antipathy to creatures of his class, and wishing to capture a specimen of the metaphysician's chirography, adopted the heartless subterfuge of asking by letter, "Which do you think the best dictionary—WEBSTER'S or WORCESTER'S?" a question which he believed HOLMES'S courtesy would compel him to answer. The return mail brought a single sheet of note-paper, on which was neatly pasted the one word, clipped from the writer's own letter, "WEBSTER'S."

—When that dreadful ROSENZWEIG reached the State-prison at Sing Sing, they instantly put him at work breaking stones. He objected on the ground that his neat white hands were not adapted to the business. But they keep him at it.

—Mlle. WALEWSKA was recently married in Paris, and the "nuptial benediction" was given by the papal nuncio. The bride is singularly beautiful. Comte de BOURGUENY, the bridegroom, has been appointed to a diplomatic post at Washington, whither he takes his wife.

—It was a fine bit of revenge in Sir TALLEMACHE SINCLAIR, a Scotch member of Parliament, to have delivered at the last session the same speech twice, on the express ground that the House had not given him its attention the first time.

—M. CHARLES LEFEVRE, a horse-racy Frenchman, who runs his animals in England, has just come into $2,500,000 left him by a cousin whom he never saw. The gentleman in question died in this country, whither he emigrated many years since with the sum of $2500, which M. LEFEVRE'S father lent him when all his other relatives turned their backs upon him.

—CHARLES MATHEWS, who is now sixty-eight, and admirably preserved, was asked a few days since by a gentleman how he managed to keep so much health and spirits. "Well," said the comedian, "I've lived a pretty free life, but I always made it a rule to have eight hours sleep out of the twenty-four. And then I always eat four good, sound meals a day." "But are you not a great smoker?" "Well, no, not so very much of a smoker. I begin every morning, it is true, but then I leave off at night."

—The Rev. Mr. VOYSEY, an English clergyman, is malignantly alluded to by a carping newspaper man as a person who has devised a church ritual of his own, which is not orthodox, but VOYSEY-versy. In his new Litany he has inserted this much-needed supplication, "That it may please Thee to help all literary persons, and the editors of the public press."

—The Queen of the Belgians, having different views from those entertained by her dress-maker as to the money value of apparel, has been sued by the latter for $15,400. The Queen reluctantly at the bill, pronouncing it exorbitant, and thinking it a swindle.

—In appointing WILLIAM PRESCOTT SMITH as one of the Commissioners from Maryland to the centennial celebration of Independence at Philadelphia the President has selected not only one of the most competent, but one of the most popular and estimable gentlemen of Maryland.

—JOHN KEMBLE used to say that he could learn a whole number of the *Morning Post* in four days. ROBERT DILLON could repeat in the morning six columns of a newspaper he had read overnight. SCALIGER could repeat a hundred verses or more after having read them a single time. SENECA could repeat two thousand words after having heard them once. A physician of Massachusetts, about half a century ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. JOHN FULLER, a land agent at Norfolk, England, could remember every word of a sermon, and write it out correctly after going home.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. WEBB, of this city, is among the governments of Europe to induce them to take part in the scientific investigation of a ship-canal through the Isthmus of Panama, and guaranteeing its neutrality.

—The Mrs. SARAH A. COOK who has sued BRIGHAM YOUNG for $10,000, which was deposited with him for her benefit many years ago, at the time when her husband met a violent death, was formerly from Davenport, Iowa, and taught music. Her husband was an accountant. She was an accomplished and attractive woman. In 1851, while on the way to California, they stopped at Salt Lake, and becoming Mormons in theory—never in practice—concluded to dwell at Salt Lake. In due time Mr. COOK became sheriff, and was killed while attempting to arrest a noted criminal in the streets of Salt Lake City. There was great excitement over his violent death; the murderer was hung by a mob, and the citizens raised $10,000 in gold for the benefit of the widow and her family. The sum was placed in the hands of BRIGHAM YOUNG for investment. The old bigamist gave out that it was invested in certain real estate in Salt Lake City; but a few years after, when Mrs. COOK endeavored to sell some of the lots which were pointed out as a part of the investment, she discovered that the title was not in her name, nor in BRIGHAM'S, but it was all in the Mormon Church. She was told that the least she said about it the better for her. She could do nothing. She was a lone woman, and the thieves were all powerful. Now the tables are turned. The government has laid its hands on those who wronged her, and demands with her the payment of that nice sum of $10,000 out of which she was defrauded. Mrs. COOK renounced Mormonism some time since.

—The Rev. Mr. BENSON, an English clergyman recently returned to that country from a visit to the United States, speaking of American audiences, says: "It is astonishing how hearty and intelligent an attention the American people give to what one says. They really think it over, and then go and act upon it. I won't speak about congregations near Oxford, but in some parts of the country English congregations are very different. I always found American congregations treated what one said as something of importance, and were anxious to hear more, and have matters explained, as if the teachings of Divine truth were really a business for preacher and listener, like any other business." Mr. BENSON adds: "I was much pleased in passing through New York to form, I may say, the friendship of a delightful man, Bishop POTTER. He is singularly adapted for his position, refined and elegant in his demeanor, and large-hearted and warm-hearted in all his dealings. Of course he is pulled about in all directions by people of all sorts; but he shows one in his truly apostolical deportment that he is simply seeking to carry on the work of God, and lead all to His love."

—The homestead of THADDEUS STEVENS, "the great commoner," was advertised to be sold at Lancaster on Tuesday, the 7th ult. It is a two-story brick dwelling-house, 38½ by 55 feet, and in good condition. The adjacent office is said to be "complete in all that pertains to a professional man's business place."

—Rev. ROBERT COLLYER preached in St. Louis the other evening. He lost his home and church in the fire at Chicago. He remarked that "amidst the desolation and horror there was something more beautiful and noble than any thing he had seen in the world before, for the splendid American character then came out in a beauty such as he had never witnessed in his life. He did not hear a man moan; he did not see a woman weep." He added that he had cried, but it was because he was an Englishman. Mr. COLLYER has come up to the emergency in the pluckiest manner.

—The Rev. Dr. SEELYE, of Easthampton, was recently told by the livery-stable man that if he didn't resume the afternoon service he must buy more horses.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER says that "mankind has two nurses, Pleasure and Pain; two school-masters, Joy and Grief; two guides and interpreters, Sorrow and Gladness."

—FANNY ELSLER, who once cut so many capers, and took away so much money from the United States, is now living quietly at the Hague, occupying most of her time in raising flowers, of which she is passionately fond. Roses are her favorites, and she has raised one particular kind, which has for some time borne her name, and which is much prized in Holland. Though she danced before our grandmothers, she has entered only very recently on her sixty-first year. She is much esteemed in the Dutch capital for her numerous deeds of charity. It is said that RALPH WALDO EMERSON and MARGARET FULLER once went, in Boston, to see her dance. They were in raptures at her "poetry of motion." Turning to Mr. EMERSON, Miss FULLER exclaimed, "RALPH, it's divine!" The philosopher replied, "MARGARET, it's religion!"

—Mr. J. W. SCHUCKERS, the private secretary of Chief Justice CHASE, is preparing a statement of the financial history of the government from the beginning.

—As a specimen of the sort of "personal" that appears in one of the local journals of India, may be quoted the following: "We are very glad to learn that the marriage of Mr. Rughoonathdas Madhowdas, a Kupola Bunia merchant of Bombay, with Dhuncoorbal, the daughter of Shet Gudhurdas Mohundas, and the widow of Luchmichand Dhurumsey, was celebrated at Chinchpoogly."

—Ex-Governor WISE, of Virginia, has nearly ready for the press a book to be called "Seven Decades of the Union," including a narrative of the life of JOHN TYLER.

—When HAWTHORNE was removed from his pleasant little place in the Custom-house at Salem his wife lighted a fire in the study, and remarked to him that she was rather pleased at the manœuvre; he would now find time to finish his romance, as she had saved enough from his salary to keep them in bread for a few weeks. He went to work, and the "Scarlet Letter" soon enabled them to live in comparative ease.

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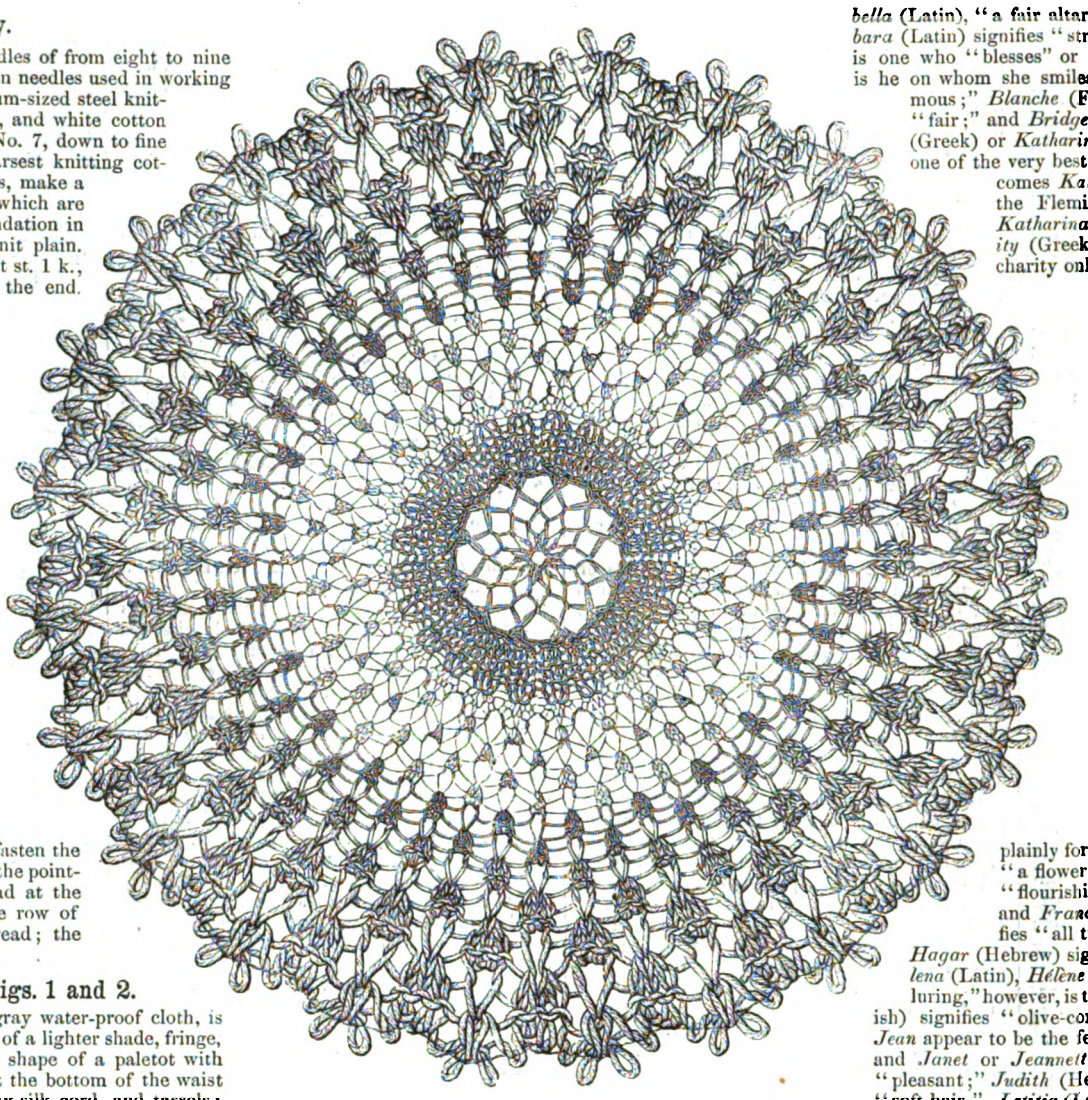
Knitted Tidy.

FOR this pretty tidy use knitting-needles of from eight to nine different sizes—from the coarsest wooden needles used in working with tapestry worsted down to the medium-sized steel knitting-needles—four needles of each size, and white cotton from the size of fivefold Estremadura, No. 7, down to fine sewing cotton, No. 150. With the coarsest knitting cotton, and on the coarsest wooden needles, make a simple foundation of 96 st. (stitches), which are placed on three needles; close this foundation in a ring, and knit the 1st round.—All knit plain. 2d round.—3 k. (knit plain), on the next st. 1 k., 1 p. (purled), 1 k., repeat from * to the end. 3d round.—* 2 st. slipped off together (as if going to knit them plain), 1 k., draw the slipped st. over, 3 p., repeat from * to the end. These two rounds are repeated, regularly grading the size of the cotton and the needles until eleven rows of dots are knitted. Knit four rounds each with the last two or three grades of cotton and needles. After the last row of dots work two rounds more, all knit plain, with the finest cotton. In the following round purl the 3 st. over each dot of the preceding round together with Estremadura, No. 7, and knit the next st. plain. Then work with the same cotton five rounds of 1 k., 1 p. reversed in position, in doing which the third and fourth st. are always worked off together in the last round; then two more rounds purled. The star at the centre is formed by working several rounds of button-hole stitches with the same cotton. In the first of these rounds always work off 3 st. together of the last knitted round. Draw the button-hole stitches together in a small ring at the middle, fasten the thread, and cut it off. In order to form the pointed outer edge, rip the foundation thread at the beginning of the work, and through the row of stitches thus formed draw very fine thread; the stitches are thus prevented from ripping.



KNITTED TIDY.

Water-proof Over Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS over dress, which is made of gray water-proof cloth, is trimmed with strips of the same material of a lighter shade, fringe, silk cord, and tassels. It is cut in the shape of a paletot with long fronts, and is draped in the back at the bottom of the waist with a passementerie agrafe, coarse gray silk cord, and tassels; the back and fronts are trimmed with a braiding of silk cord. The long back of the over dress, which is arranged in a wide pleat, is cut separately, sewed on a belt, and set under the back.

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

ALL names were originally significant, and were bestowed with reference to their well-understood meaning. They were intended to convey the idea of some physical, or mental, or moral distinction on the part of the individuals bearing them. Our great progenitor was called Adam, because he was made of the earth, earthy—red, or red earth, being the meaning of the name. Adam called his wife Eve, the word signifying life, or life-giving, because she was to be mother of all living. At the very beginning, then, it is plain people were called by significant names, and the practice was preserved for many ages. Nowadays we call a boy George or John, because it is his father's name, and was his father's name before him; we ignorantly or carelessly misapply our names, and label our children with absurd misnomers. Call a boy Alphonso, and he may grow up a weak-minded, dawdlish, ursine-visaged creature of the Dundrearyish type; what an absurdity is that name for him! It signifies *our help*, and there is something extremely ridiculous in the connection.

Abigail (Hebrew) signifies "thy father's joy;" *Abishag* (Hebrew), "the father's error"—a wide difference, of considerable importance if names be significant of character. *Ada* (Saxon) signifies "happy," and *Adelaide* (German) means a "princess;" *Agatha* (Greek) means "good"—in the very highest and best sense of the word. To be worthy of this name, indicative as it is of all the virtues, is an object which may well enlist the noblest ambition of maid or wife. *Agnes* (Greek) signifies "chaste," and is one of the best names in use. *Alethea* and *Althea* (both Greek) signify, the first "the truth;" the second "hunting." *Alice* and *Alicia* (German) signify "noble." *Amelia* or *Amélie* (French) signifies "beloved." *Amy* or *Amie*, and *Emily*, have the same derivation and meaning. Our catalogue of names contains few sweeter and no more lovable names. Happy is she who bears a name indicative of so much happiness. Happy he who can whisper in her ear, Aimée, beloved! *Anna*, *Anne*, or *Hannah* (Hebrew), signifies "gracious;" *Arabella* (Latin), "a fair altar;" *Aureola* (Latin), "like gold." *Barbara* (Latin) signifies "strange" or "foreign." *Beatrice* (Latin) is one who "blesses" or "makes happy." Blessed (*Benedict*) is he on whom she smiles. *Bertha* (Greek), "bright" or "famous;" *Blanche* (French) and *Bianca* (Italian), "white," "fair;" and *Bridget* (Irish), "shining bright." *Catherine* (Greek) or *Katharine* signifies "pure" or "chaste," and is one of the very best of our female names. In Irish it becomes *Kathleen* (*mavourneen*, of course), and in the Flemish *Kateline*. A pretty diminutive is *Katharina*; but best and plainest is *Kate*. *Charity* (Greek) expresses its own meaning, not the charity only that gives to the poor, but that takes its place with the sister graces, Hope and Faith. *Charlotte* (French), "all noble;" the same meaning attaches to *Caroline*, the feminine of *Charles*, "noble-spirited;" then *Chloe* (Greek), a "herb;" and *Cecilia* and *Cicely*, corruption of *Cecil* (Latin), which signifies "short" or "dim sighted"—not a name to be chosen by those who would keep their eyes open, and widely different from *Clara* (Latin), "clear" or "bright." *Constance* is an excellent name (Latin), and given in the idea of one who would "constant be" in fair or foul fortune. *Deborah* (Hebrew) signifies "a bee"—a significant name for a woman. *Drusilla* (Greek) means "dewy eyes;" and *Dulcibelle* (Latin), "sweet and fair." *Edith* (Saxon) signifies "happiness;" *Eleanor* (Saxon) and *Eléonore* (French) mean "all fruitful." *Elizabeth* and *Eliza* (Hebrew) signify "the oath of God;" *Emma* (German), "a nurse;" *Esther* (Hebrew), "star of the morning;" *Eunice* (Greek), "fair victory;" *Euodice* (Greek), "prosperity in the way." Then comes *Faith*, which speaks plainly for itself; and *Flora* (Latin), which means "a flower;" and *Florence* (Latin), which signifies "flourishing;" and *Fortune* (plain English again); and *Frances*, "free." *Gertrude* (German) signifies "all truth;" *Grace* (Latin) signifies "favor;" *Hagar* (Hebrew) signifies "a stranger;" *Helen* (Greek), *Helena* (Latin), *Hélène* (French), is of doubtful meaning—"alluring," however, is the common acceptation. *Isabella* (Spanish) signifies "olive-complexioned," or "brown." *Jane* and *Jean* appear to be the feminine of John, signifying "gracious," and *Janet* or *Jeannette* is "little Jane;" *Joyce* (French) is "pleasant;" *Judith* (Hebrew), "praising;" and *Julia* (Latin), "soft hair." *Letitia* (Latin) signifies "gladness;" *Lucy* (Latin), "bright;" *Mabel* (Latin), "lovely;" *Margaret* (Greek), "a pearl;" *Martha* (Hebrew), "bitterness," and *Mary*, "bitter," from the Hebrew *Maria*; *Matilda* (Greek) signifies "noble" or "stately;" *Miranda* (Latin), "admired;" *Mildred* (Saxon), "mild-spoken;" *Patience*, which speaks for itself; *Phabe* (Greek), "the light of life;" *Phyllis* (Greek), "a green bough;" *Priscilla* (Latin), "somewhat old;" *Prudence*, another patent name; *Rachel* (Hebrew), "a lamb;" *Rhoda* (Greek), "a rose;" *Ruth* (Hebrew), "trembler," is a pretty name, suggestive of a meek and quiet spirit; *Salome* (Hebrew), "perfect;" *Sarah* (Hebrew), "a princess;" *Sophia* (Greek), "wisdom;" *Susannah* (Hebrew), "a lily;" *Tabitha* (Syriac), "a roe;" *Victoria* (Latin), "victorious;" *Winifred* (Saxon), "winning place."

FIG. 1.—WATER-PROOF OVER DRESS.—FRONT.

FIG. 2.—WATER-PROOF OVER DRESS.—BACK.

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OLD RUDDERFORD HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

OLD RUDDERFORD HALL lay back from the high-road, buried in trees, and all the traveler saw of it was a glimpse of mellow red brick chimney, or an angle of the steep tiled roof, above oaks and elms that had been growing ever since the Norman conquest, when all about the trim little out-of-the-world village of Rudderford was forest land.

New Rudderford Hall fronted the turnpike-road, resplendent with three rows of shining plate glass windows, a brilliant stuccoed front, a conservatory with a glass dome flashing in the summer sun, a prim lawn embellished with geometrical flower beds, all ablaze with scarlet and yellow, and two pair of brand-new Birmingham iron gates, of florid design, surmounted by two pair of lamps. New Rudderford Hall looked what it was—the abode of commercial wealth. New Rudderford Hall gave dinner-parties, a ball once a year, hunting breakfasts in the late autumn, private theatricals at Christmas. New Rudderford Hall had three rosy daughters and one stalwart, hard-riding son, the apple of its eye.

Old Rudderford Hall rarely opened its rusty gates or unlocked its creaking doors. There was, indeed, a legend that no stranger had broken bread there for a century; yet there was a counter-story current to the effect that the master of Old Rudderford Hall could, when he chose, open a bottle of rare old wine for a visitor—Madeira that had voyaged three times to and fro the East Indies, sirupy Malmsey, golden-tinted Tokay, oily Constantia with a faint bitter twang. Old Rudderford Hall had one only child, a daughter, fair to see, who rode an ancient purblind palfrey about the shady lanes round Rudderford, and was met sometimes in the dwellings of the poor, but never in that exalted sphere which Rudderford called "society." Old Rudderford Hall rejoiced in that patrician appendage—a family ghost.

The story went that a Champion of the days of the Stuarts had slain his wife in some fit of jealous fury, and that the poor lady's restless spirit—the legend hinted at her guilt—haunted the long dark passages and dismal chambers of the old house. It was not very clear that any one had ever seen her, but she was firmly believed in, nevertheless, and plenty of people were able to give a graphic description of her—a tall, graceful lady, dressed in white, with flowing auburn hair falling over her neck and shoulders.

The present owner of the Hall was Anthony Champion, and the estate had belonged to the house of Champion ever since the days of Henry VIII., who, in the distribution of church property, had rewarded his liege servant, Thomas Champion, gentleman, for divers services not set down in the title-deeds of the estate, with the copyhold of Rudderford Chase and Rudderford Grange, previously held by a monkish fraternity settled in the neighborhood.

There were portions of the old Grange still standing—massive stone walls pierced with narrow arched windows, a winding staircase, and low oak door, iron-bound and studded with huge nails; but these stone buildings now served only as offices, and the Hall proper had been built by the aforesaid Thomas Champion, with much splendor and lavish expenditure, in an age when architectural extravagance had been made fashionable by the magnificent Wolsey. The house was one of the finest specimens of domestic architecture in England, but had been sorely neglected for the last century. Wherever decay could arise it had arisen, and a settled gloom had fallen upon the mansion and its surroundings. Only in the flower garden was there any glimpse of neatness or brightness, and that was due to the care of Christabel Champion, who loved the old flower beds, the grassy walks, and ancient roses, and who not only superintended the labors of a great hulking lad of seventeen, sole gardener at the Hall, but worked hard herself into the bargain.

Within, the gloom was almost oppressive. Anthony Champion was a man who lived among his books, and dreamed away his days over mouldy old folios and rare editions collected by his father, when the Champion purse was deeper than it was nowadays. He lived almost wholly in his library, only emerging at seven in the evening to share his daughter's frugal dinner, and to doze or muse for an hour or so afterward in the long saloon. There was some little show of state and ceremony kept up at the Hall, though there were only three servants in a house where there had once been forty—an ancient butler and housekeeper, man and wife, and a buxom country girl, who did all the scrubbing and cleaning, attended to a small dairy, and waited upon Christabel.

The master of Old Rudderford Hall was as poor as Job in his day of affliction; or at least so ran the common rumor, amply sustained by the mode and manner of his existence. A hundred years ago there had been revelry and splendor at the grand old house, but at that time a great misfortune befell its master in the untimely death of his eldest son, killed in a duel: and the bereaved father shut up the house, and went to France, where he lived a wild life, and squandered a noble fortune at the profligate court of Louis the Well-beloved. He died in Paris a year or so before the revolution, which was to regenerate mankind, arrived at that stage in which it began to improve them off the face of the earth, and probably by his timely decease escaped a ruder exit *via* the guillotine. His estate, much impoverished, descended to a nephew, a studious young man, lame and of feeble health, who married a girl of humble birth, lived the life of a recluse in the neglected house, and became the father of Anthony Champion, the present master of the old Hall.

It is possible that when young Anthony inherited the estate, shrunk and burdened as it was, he might have made some effort to brighten and improve things, if fortune had favored him ever so little. But again did affliction fall heavily upon the old house. He married a woman he adored, a fair young girl of high family but no fortune, and brought her home to the Hall, full of all manner of schemes for the future. For a little more than a year he lived a life of supreme domestic happiness, and then—two months after the birth of a baby girl—he saw an unusual flush upon his young wife's cheek one day, and the next beheld her stricken with typhus fever. In a week all was over, and he stood alone by his dreary hearth, like a strong man turned to stone. It was long before the caresses of his child could bring the faintest shadow of a smile to his haggard face. He seemed to grow an old man all at once. Unlike his ancestor, he did not turn his back upon the scene of his suffering; he only entombed himself there, buried alive among his books. He had inherited his father's studious habits; and after a weary year, in which he sat alone day after day, helpless, hopeless, blankly staring at the wall before him, and brooding over his misery, he grew to find some cold comfort in recondite studies of so close and severe a kind that the more credulous among his neighbors talked of him darkly as of something not quite canny.

For such a man society could have no charm. Had he possessed the wealth of all the Rothschilds, he would have lived very much as he did live. A retinue of servants might have eaten and drunk at his expense, a vast amount of splendid upholstery might have been created at his cost; but his individual expenditure would have been no greater, his manner of existence no more cheerful. He lived alone by choice; and so utterly narrowed had his mind become by constant brooding on one vain regret, as to make him half unconscious that this hermit life was scarcely the best and brightest for a girl of eighteen. The motherless baby whose plaintive cries had rent his heart years ago had blossomed into a lovely girl, painfully like his lost wife. Long and dreary as his days and nights had seemed to him ever since *that* loss, he had been scarcely conscious of the actual progress of time. The lapse might be five years or fifty. It was a surprise to him to see his daughter grown to womanhood. He woke up from a long sleep, as it were, and looked at her with vague wonder. Seven or eight years before he had made a friendly arrangement with the rector's wife, by which Christabel was to share the studies of the four girls at the rectory, under an admirable governess; and by virtue of this arrangement his daughter's education had cost him very little money and no trouble.

He loved her fondly, and yet had given her little of his confidence. Rarely did he see the fair young face looking up at him without a faint pang, which was like the memory of an acute agony rather than actual present pain. She was so like her mother! He fancied sometimes how fair a picture those two faces would have made side by side—one developed and matronly, the other in all the bloom of girlhood.

She had her little circle of friends—a very small one. The only house she visited was the rectory, and there she came and went like a daughter of the house. There she had met the New Rudderford Hall people—Frank Greenwood and his three sisters, who fell in love with her—the sisters, that is to say—at first sight. Frank said very little about her. She declined all invitations for parties, however—indeed she had none of the finery required for such occasions—but consented to join them now and then on the croquet lawn and share their afternoon tea.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

CHAPTER II.

NEW RUDDERFORD HALL was built upon a part of the land which King Henry bestowed upon his liege Thomas Champion, and this fact was resented by Anthony as a personal offense against him upon the part of Mr. Greenwood. If he had been a visiting man even, nothing could have induced him to break bread with the master of the new Hall, and he always heard of his daughter's intimacy with "those Greenwood girls" with displeasure.

"I can't imagine what induces you to cultivate such people, Christabel," he said, fretfully, as they were sitting together in the summer dusk after dinner one evening in the long saloon—a melancholy room which would have accommodated an assembly of fifty, and seemed very dreary, in its faded splendor, occupied only by the father and daughter.

"I never have cultivated them, papa. You know how many invitations they have sent me, and I have declined them all."

"You have been to their house."

"Yes, to play croquet now and then; never to any of their parties."

"I suppose that is a deprivation," said Mr. Champion, with a sigh. "I dare say there are people who would call me a cruel father, and the life you lead in this old house an unnatural one."

"Pray, pray don't say that, my dear father," cried the girl, earnestly, coming over to his chair by the open window, and laying her hand caressingly upon his shoulder. "You know that I am quite content to be with you; there is no higher happiness I could desire than that. If our lives are a little dull sometimes, and one is subject to an occasional attack of low spirits, never mind: there are other times when life seems all sunshine, and the garden and the dear old house enchanted, like the fairy palace in 'Beauty and the Beast.' Why, after all, my life is quite as gay as Beauty's was. As long as you like to live alone, papa, I will be content with our solitude; though I confess it would make me happy to see you go more into the world."

The world, in Christabel's ideas, meant Rudderford and half a dozen houses within half a dozen miles of Rudderford. Perhaps the world of which she was thinking just at this moment meant even something less than that—an occasional dinner-party at Samuel Greenwood's smart stuccoed mansion.

"That is a sight you will never see, my dear," answered her father, drearily. "I shut my door upon the world when I came home from your mother's funeral—home! and she was no longer there! No, Christabel; the world and I have parted company too long for any sympathy to be possible between us. A man coming out into the clamor and confusion of Paris after five-and-twenty years in one of the under-ground cells of the Bastile could not feel himself more a stranger than I should if I were to go into the world now. But I am not going to keep you buried alive forever. You have blossomed into a woman all at once, and taken me by surprise. I want a little time to think about it, and then I shall form some plan for giving you a brighter life."

"I don't wish for any change, papa; I would not leave you. If you have any plan for sending me away, pray abandon it. Not all the pleasures in the world would make up to me for leaving you. Indeed, indeed, I am quite happy! I have my poor people to visit, and—and—a few friends"—she hesitated, with a sudden blush, remembering that those obnoxious Greenwoods were among the few—"and my dear old horse, Gilpin."

Mr. Champion smiled at the mention of this last item.

"Gilpin is scarcely a steed for a young lady to boast of," said he. "I suppose the world thinks that I can give you no better mount than old Gilpin; that I live the life I do from poverty as much as for any other reason."

"People may think so, papa; what does it matter?"

"Nothing, child; but for once the world is out in its reckoning. I am not a poor man. The estate was heavily burdened when I succeeded to it, but money has accumulated rapidly in the life I have led, and I have paid off every thing—have saved money too. If I could have only bought back the land upon which the new Hall stands, and pulled down that vulgar cockney house, I should think my money worth something; but that's out of the question. Samuel Greenwood is one of the richest men in the county, and would dearly like to buy me out of this place. However, don't let's talk of him: the subject always puts me out of temper. When the time comes for your marrying, Christabel, you will not be a penniless bride."

"I hope, if ever I do marry, papa, it will be some one who won't care whether I have any money or not."

"Of course; that's a girl's notion. But people do care. I don't want you to marry a pauper, who, having nothing to bestow, would be content to take you with nothing. The age has grown commercial, my dear; the more money a man has, the more he expects with his wife. And when you go into society by-and-by, as I intend you shall do, you shall appear as becomes a gentleman's daughter; and when you marry, you shall have such jewels as not one woman in a hundred can show."

"Jewels, papa!" cried Christabel, opening her blue eyes to their widest extent—"jewels!"

Except a white carnelian necklace, and a gold heart-shaped locket containing her mother's hair, the girl had never possessed a trinket in her life.

"Yes, child, jewels. Stay here a minute, and I'll show you something."

There was a door at one end of the saloon opening into the library, that darksome den in which Anthony Champion spent his days, and which was rarely invaded by the foot of the industrious house-maid. A dingy old room, lined from floor to ceiling with dingy books—books in piles on the floor, books on the mantel-piece, books heaped up on the three broad oak window-seats, books every where—and between the windows two huge carved oak muniment chests.

Anthony left his daughter in the saloon and went into the library. He unlocked one of these muniment chests, and took out a battered old leather-covered box, which had once been crimson. This he brought to Christabel. There was just light enough for her to see some faded gilt lettering at the top, the initials "C. C."

"Was that my mother's?" she asked, scrutinizing those two letters with interest.

"No. This jewel-case belonged to your great-aunt, Caroline Champion, the mother of that unhappy lad who lost his life in a drunken brawl which ended in bloodshed. When Angus Champion turned his back upon Rudderford, he left this box behind him—forgot its existence, perhaps; who knows? His wife had been dead nine years. At any rate, although he spent almost every thing he could lay his hands on, the jewels remained in an iron safe in the steward's room, among old leases and useless parchments, and there my father found them when he in-

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herited the property. As they had escaped so long, he did not care to sell them. 'My son's wife shall wear them,' he said. But your mother never lived to wear them, Christabel. We used to talk merrily enough of the day when she should be presented at court in a blaze of diamonds. Yet she wore no ornaments but the roses we put in her coffin." He stopped for a few moments: *that* memory never came to him without the familiar pang. "And now I am going to dazzle your eyes," he said, putting aside the bitter thought with an effort. There are loves that do verily last a lifetime, and his was one of those.

He unlocked the jewel-case, and lifted the lid. Christabel gave a great cry of rapture. There was a tray of diamonds—necklace, bracelets, brooch, ear-rings, set in silver, in a solid, simple style. The stones were large and brilliant, perfect in color, of a greater value than Anthony Champion imagined, though he deemed them worth a round sum.

He raised the upper tray, and revealed a lower one, full of sapphires in a quaint filigree gold setting; then he showed his daughter another tray containing a necklace and ear-rings of amethyst and pearls, which Christabel declared were more beautiful than the diamonds; and then the bottom of the box, in which there were only odds and ends—antique rings, an apostle-spoon, a smelling-bottle, a couple of thimbles, a fruit-knife, a locket, a brooch or two, and so on. But these interested Christabel almost more than the precious stones, and she sat looking them over, entranced, with the three jewel-trays spread out upon the table.

"Hark!" said her father, suddenly. "What was that?"

"What, papa?"

"That noise outside; it sounded like a step upon the gravel. Look out, Christabel, and see if there is any one."

Miss Champion stepped out of the long window. There was a wide gravel-walk before the saloon windows, somewhat weedy and moss-grown, and beyond that a shrubbery, where the young firs and shrubs grew thick and tall—a shrubbery in which a dozen men might have hidden securely enough.

There was no one to be seen. The girl glanced up and down the weedy walk, very desolate-looking in the summer twilight, and peered into the shrubbery, parting the thick laurels here and there, but without result.

"Are you sure you heard a footstep, papa?" she asked, rather incredulously, as she came back to the room.

"Yes," said Mr. Champion—who had been hastily replacing the jewel-trays while his daughter was looking about—"I am sure. And there was something more than a footstep: I saw a shadow fall across the window."

"The shadow of a tree, perhaps, papa."

"There is no tree that can cast a shadow on this window. It was gone in a moment. There has been some one watching us, Christabel."

"A tramp, perhaps, papa," said Miss Champion, coolly.

The approaches to Old Rudderford Hall were ill guarded—guarded not at all, in fact. The gates were never locked, and for those intruders who might find the legitimate mode of entrance inconvenient there were numerous gaps in the fence through which they might roam into the park at will.

Plenty of tramps, therefore, came to the old Hall, and were wont to depart protesting against the inhospitality of the back-door and kitchen department in general. There were no beer-drinking grooms to wheedle out of a friendly pint; no gossiping scullery-maids to give them bread and cheese or broken victuals—the bone of a leg of mutton and half a loaf of bread, or the carcasses of a pair of fowls and a dish of cold vegetables. There was nothing to be heard or seen; no hen-roosts to be robbed, for the poultry-yard was a desert: only closely shut doors and blank iron-barred windows; weeds growing between the flag-stones in the court, an empty dog-kennel, a locked dairy, a broken pump, which would not yield the wanderer so much as the refreshment of a draught of spring water.

"A tramp!" exclaimed Mr. Champion, with displeasure. "I'm afraid you encourage such vermin by your indiscriminate charities, Christabel."

Christabel looked downward with a faint little sigh. If not a miser in theory, Mr. Champion had been a miser in practice; and so restricted was her pocket-money that those indiscriminate charities of which he complained consisted of a stray sixpence now and then bestowed upon some foot-sore vagrant, whose piteous tale touched the tender young heart.

"A tramp!" repeated Mr. Champion: "a pleasant thing for a tramp to have seen those jewels! I'll put them away this moment, and do you look out again, Christabel, and see if you can discover any one lurking about; and you might tell David to keep his eyes open."

David was the solitary gardener and out-of-door man, who had the custody of grounds that could have been barely kept in order by six.

Miss Champion stepped out into the garden again under a darkening sky, and this time looked more closely than before, making a circuit of the shrubbery by a path half choked with the wild growth of neglected shrubs, going round into the old Dutch garden, glancing even into the kitchen-garden beyond, where she found David staring pensively into a broken cucumber frame.

To him she gave her father's order, which he received almost contemptuously.

"Tramps, miss! Lor' a mercy, they don't do no harm. There's nothing for 'em to steal."

Of course the intruder, whoever he might be, must have had ample time to make his escape after Mr. Champion first took alarm. David prowled slowly through the gardens, stared across a massive holly hedge into the park, saw no one, and wended his solitary way to the house to report accordingly.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTABEL met Rosa Greenwood next morning in one of the green lanes beyond the village when she was returning from a long ramble on Gilpin, and that young lady told her of a croquet party that was to take place at New Rudderford Hall that evening, and to which she must certainly come.

"It's not the least bit in the world a party, you know, dear," Miss Greenwood pleaded, patting Gilpin's iron gray shoulder; "quite an impromptu affair got up for Miss Perkington, only daughter of the great firm of Perkington & Tanberry, cloth manufacturers, who is staying with us. *Such* a dear girl! not exactly pretty, but *so* interesting. We all want Frank to marry her, and I really think she likes him. But there's no knowing: young men are so peculiar."

Christabel wore a straw hat with a blue veil, and under the blue veil the roses on her cheeks deepened a little at this juncture.

"Now you must, must, must come, Christabel. I won't accept a refusal. The rectory girls are to be with us. We are to dine at five, so as to secure a long evening, and begin croquet at six; and we can wind up with a waltz or two before supper."

Christabel's eyes quite sparkled at the idea of a waltz. Dancing was a dissipation which seemed to her inexperience the height of earthly felicity. She had waltzed all by herself on the lawn many a summer evening, softly singing some languorous melody of D'Albert's as she danced.

"I should dearly like to come," she said, thoughtfully, "but I don't know if papa—"

"Papa! bosh!" exclaimed Miss Greenwood, who was somewhat fast and irreverent in her notions of parental authority. "I should like to see the author of *my* being putting a spoke in the wheel if I wanted to enjoy myself. As if your life wasn't dull enough, mewed up in that dreary old Hall!" And Miss Greenwood made a wry face, which expressed her supreme contempt for the grand old Tudor mansion, as compared with the smart plate-glass-windowed habitation which sheltered her fair self.

"I'll ask papa if I may come at eight," said Christabel. "He dines at seven, you know, and he always likes to have me with him at dinner. I couldn't possibly come *till* eight; but the evenings are so long now."

"It's a great deal too late," replied Rosa, flicking a fly off Gilpin's nose. "However, if you must stop to see that curious old pa of yours eat his dinner, you must. But remember we shall expect you at eight sharp. I'll send Frank to meet you at the field gate."

"Oh, please don't," cried Christabel.

"But I please shall. He'll meet you at the gate when the clock strikes eight."

Miss Champion walked her horse to the end of the lane, Rosa Greenwood walking by her side, telling her about that wonderful young person, Miss Victoria Perkington, who, by virtue of her position as the only daughter of Perkington & Tanberry, had an allowance which made the condition of the rich Misses Greenwood seem absolute penury.

"You should see the dresses she has brought with her for a ten days' visit!" exclaimed Rosa. "A basket as big as a house, and all of them from a Frenchwoman in Bruton Street. There's a corded black silk trimmed with white lace—Valenciennes—three inches deep on all the flounces and puffings; worth a fortune: a perfect duck of a dress!"

Christabel thought of her jewels, and wished that she could have melted just a few of those diamonds, which she could never wear till she was married, into silk dresses. She gave a little sigh, thinking of the scantiness of her wardrobe, and how very poor a figure she must needs seem in the eyes of Miss Perkington, and rode slowly home, meditative, and not altogether happy.

"I dare say he will marry her," she said to herself. "It is just as papa said last night. The richer people are, the more eager they are to increase their wealth. He will marry her, no doubt, and buy some great estate in the neighborhood, and build a big ugly house; and I shall see them riding by on their thorough-bred horses, and laughing at poor old Gilpin."

She bent over her horse's neck to pat him at this thought, and one childish tear dropped upon the gray mane. She was not much more than a child, and Frank Greenwood had been very tender and deferential in his manner to her always. It gave her a sharp pain to think that he would pass quite out of her life, and belong to Miss Perkington.

"Would you object to my going to play croquet at—at the new Hall this evening, papa?" the girl asked, timidly, during dinner.

"Object? Well, my dear, you know I detest those Greenwood people"—it is doubtful if he had seen them three times in his life—"but I suppose it would be hard upon you to forbid your enjoying any little pleasure they may offer you in a quiet way. It is not a party, of course?"

"Oh no, papa. I only heard of it from Rosa when I was out this morning."

"Mind, I set my face absolutely against your appearance at any of their ostentatious parties. I'll not have *my* daughter paraded at Samuel Greenwood's chariot wheels. But as far as a game of croquet goes, if it pleases you, I've no objection."

"Thanks, dear papa."

"When are you going?"

"Directly after dinner."

"That will be eight o'clock. I shall send David for you at half past nine."

Only an hour and a half! Would there be time for those waltzes on the lawn? She had danced several times with Frank at that hospitable rectory, and knew that he was an agreeable partner.

"There is to be a kind of supper, I believe, papa," she faltered.

"A kind of supper? Say ten, then, or half past at the latest."

"Thank you, papa dear."

"Bless my heart! one would think these people were the most congenial acquaintance you could desire."

"The rectory girls are to be there, papa," Christabel said, demurely.

"Well, I don't wonder at your being attached to *them*. Run away, child, and dress yourself. I can finish my dinner alone."

Miss Champion kissed her father, and tripped away to make her brief toilette; pleased, and yet with a vague pain at her heart—a pain that was associated with the image of the unknown Miss Perkington. Rosa Greenwood had called her brother "peculiar" in a tone that seemed to imply his indifference to the great heiress; but she had not said the marriage was at all unlikely; and the family wished it; and Miss Perkington was *there;* and Frank was a man of the world—very bright and clever and open-hearted, but a man of the world nevertheless.

She put on her white muslin dress—a dress three summers old, which had been lengthened artfully, but not quite imperceptibly, to suit her increasing height; just such a dress as must of necessity provoke contempt in the mind of Miss Perkington, who, of course, had never in her life worn any thing lengthened or "let out." She tied a broad blue ribbon round her slim white throat, with the gold heart-shaped locket hanging to it, and then looked at herself in the glass discontentedly. It was a very beautiful picture which she saw in that old-fashioned cheval-glass—a tall, slender, white-robed figure, and a fair young face framed in luxuriant auburn hair; but Christabel only saw the deficiencies of her costume, and turned away from the glass with a sigh.

Her father was dozing in his deep arm-chair when she peeped into the saloon to bid him good-by; so she went lightly out of the window, and away through the gardens, into a meadow where a solitary cow was browsing in the still evening atmosphere, and on to that field gate of which Miss Greenwood had spoken; a gate that divided Samuel Greenwood's territory from the shrunken lands of the Champions.

Rudderford church clock chimed the three-quarters after seven as Christabel crossed the meadow. She was just a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. She was half glad, half sorry, to think that Frank would not be there.

He was there, nevertheless—a good-looking young fellow, with long legs, sitting on the gate in a contemplative attitude, thinking so profoundly that he looked up with a start as the light footstep came close to him—a start, and something like a blush.

"How good of you to come so early!" he said, as they shook hands, and he held the little hand an extra moment or so. (It was just the sort of meeting in which a young man would consider himself entitled to one gentle pressure before he released a pretty girl's hand.) "I strolled over here ten minutes ago to have a good think. I don't often think: it's a bad habit."

Christabel laughed. She was almost always gay in his presence; he seemed to brighten her life somehow with a genial influence.

"You must have been obliged to think at Oxford," she said.

Francis Greenwood had taken honors at Oxford a year or so before.

"Not the least in the world. One's tutor does that sort of thing for one. I used to read with a man—a duodecimo edition of Porson in his way; drank like a fish, and knew no end of Greek. When I came to a stiffish passage in Aristotle, I used to throw myself back in a chair and light my cigar. 'Just help yourself to another s.-and-b., and be good enough to demonstrate that proposition, old fellow; I don't seem to see it,' I used to say; and the dear old bloke would prose away for half an hour, and if I didn't understand it after that, I threw my book at his head and gave it up."

"Was s.-and-b. a dictionary?" Christabel asked, naïvely.

"No, Miss Champion, but a wonderful enlightener of the human understanding—soda-water and brandy."

"I'm afraid you led quite a dreadful life at the university."

"Not at all; it was very nice. I should hardly mind leading it over again, only it was not so nice as—"

"As what?" Christabel asked, when he came to a dead stop.

"As the life I hope to lead by-and-by."

Her heart sank all at once. That meant his life in the big ugly house that he was to build for himself, and in which he was to set up as a country squire, enriched with the wealth of Perkington & Tanberry. Christabel knew that he was an ardent lover of field sports, and all pursuits that country gentlemen affect, and that he had a vast capacity for spending money. What more natural than that he should be tempted by Miss Perkington's half million or so?

She was silent. They had one wide meadow to cross, a meadow where the newly cut grass was fragrant in the still June air, and they would be in the grounds of the new Hall—grounds in which there were very few trees, but a great deal of ornamentation in the way of costly shrubs of divers spiky orders, and winding gravel-paths that were kept with rigorous care. They could hear the sharp click of the croquet balls as they crossed the meadow, and shrill feminine laughter.

"It was very rude of you to leave your side so long," said Christabel.

"My side? Oh, to be sure, those everlasting croquet players. Do you know, I think croquet the most duffing—I beg your pardon—the most uninteresting game in the world. A man plays it for the sake of loafing with a girl he likes; I can't see any other attraction in it."

"I suppose you have been loafing with Miss Perkington," said Christabel, with a forced little laugh.

Frank Greenwood looked at her curiously.

"Yes," he answered, coolly, "I have been loafing with Miss Perkington a good deal lately;" and then he looked at her again.

They were at the iron gate by this time—only a little iron fence divided the grounds from the meadow. Between the lawn and the fence there was that part of the garden called, *par excellence*, a shrubbery—a scanty grove of the spiky tribe, and young pink hawthorn-trees, as thick in the trunk as a *gandin's* umbrella, and guelder-roses dotted about at intervals—a shrubbery in which there was not covert for a rabbit. Christabel felt that the eyes of all the players on the croquet ground were upon her, as she traversed the meandering gravel-walks with Frank by her side.

The lawn was as smooth and as level as a billiard-table, and there was not so much as a faded leaf among the flower beds—brilliant pyramids of bloom, rising tier upon tier in rings of contrasting color, or waving in and out in ribbon bordering. The croquet ground lay on one side of the house, and scattered around it there were iron seats and tables for the accommodation of loungers and lookers-on. Samuel Greenwood was sitting here, smoking his after-dinner cigar and reading the *Times*—a big bald-headed man, who might once have been like Frank.

He did not look particularly pleased when Christabel came to shake hands with him, smiling shyly, and he gave his son a side-glance that was not altogether agreeable.

"Oh, how d'ye do, Miss Champion?" he said. "I didn't know you were to be here this evening."

"Good gracious me, pa!" exclaimed the irreverent Rosa, "as if we should take the trouble to tell you who was coming to play croquet! Come, Chris, you're to be on our side—Harry and I" (short for Harriet), "Julia Lee" (the rector's daughter), "and you; Miss Perkington, Frank, Clara Lee, and Patty on the other side. Now then, first red; get on— Oh, I forgot to introduce you two girls. Miss Perkington, Miss Champion; Miss Champion, Miss Perkington; aristocracy and plutocracy, Old Rudderford Hall and the Beeches, Leamington; and now you know all about each other, and I expect you to be good friends immediately."

Miss Perkington bowed stiffly. She did not quite relish such a free-and-easy introduction, but her dear Rosa had such eccentric ways. She was a tall, thin young woman, of an order that is called stylish, with a good many sharp angles that were artfully toned down by the flouncings and puffings of a French dress-maker; a young woman with a complexion of the kind that is vulgarly called "tallowy," cold gray eyes, a short nondescript nose, and a heavy lower jaw. She had good white teeth, a profusion of black hair, and she held herself well; but it took a large amount of millinery to make Victoria Perkington attractive.

It was not altogether pleasant to Christabel, that game at croquet. In all their previous sport she had had Frank always on her side, achieving wonders by combined dexterity and dishonesty, now boldly pushing her ball to a point of vantage with the toe of his boot, anon calmly pocketing it to avoid the perils of an adversary's croquet; and they had had such fun, such perpetual giggling, such little secrets and mutual iniquities. This evening they played a rigorous game. Miss Perkington belonged to a croquet club at Leamington, and would stand no nonsense. She played two hours every afternoon throughout the croquet season, just as regularly as she practiced Czerny's exercises on the piano two hours every morning. She had a stroke like a sledge-hammer, and never missed a hoop; so she very soon became a rover, and in that capacity kept a sharp eye upon her ally, Mr. Francis Greenwood. He had not the smallest opportunity for talking to Christabel, even if he had wished to do so, and poor Christabel fancied that he did not wish. He seemed to be upon quite confidential terms with Miss Perkington. He was, in fact, a young man who could hardly help making himself agreeable to women, and had that semi-flirting manner which some young men cultivate.

Miss Champion played abominably—suffered herself to be croqueted off the face of the earth, as it were, to the extreme indignation of Rosa Greenwood. The Perkington side won with flying colors. Oh, how poor Christabel hated the eau de Nile dress, with its innumerable flounces and frillings, the point lace collar, the Cluny borderings, and all the Perkington caparisons, as that sole daughter of the house of Perkington & Tanberry kept rustling to and fro, sending adverse balls to the farthest limits of space with a cold-blooded ferocity that set Miss Champion's teeth on edge!

When the second game had finished, with dire defeat for Christabel's party, and it was about as dark as ever it is at midsummer, with the stars shining out one by one from a deep blue sky, Rosa and one of those useful rectory girls went into the drawing-room and played the famous "Mabel" waltzes. The piano had been wheeled into the bay, and the music floated out through the three tall windows, open from floor to ceiling.

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Two of the girls waltzed together, and Frank was still Victoria Perkington's partner. He had scarcely asked her to dance: she had appropriated him as a matter of course.

"If I *am* to dance, I suppose it is to be with you," she said, with her little supercilious laugh, "since you are our only *danseur*."

She waltzed very well, with all her canvas spread; waltzed too well, Francis Greenwood thought, for he was waiting for her to be done up, in order that he might get just a turn or so with Christabel. She gave him no opportunity for this, however, as she contrived to hold him in conversation—*fade* society talk about people they both knew at Leamington; but oh, it sounded so confidential, so tender even, to Christabel's listening ears!—during the pauses in which Miss Perkington condescended to rest, and then went off again like a steam-engine refreshed.

When Frank did at last make his escape, and cross the lawn in quest of Christabel, a shrill voice from the bay-window called out "Supper!" and he was obliged to abandon all hope of that longed-for waltz.

He offered Miss Champion one arm, and gave the other to one of the rectory girls. These were visitors for the evening, and Miss Perkington was staying in the house, and was, in a manner, a member of the family. The fair Victoria rewarded him with a very black look, notwithstanding, when they all came crowding into the brilliantly lighted dining-room, where Samuel Greenwood sat at the head of his table, with an Aberdeen salmon *à la mayonnaise* before him, a huge silvery fish lying in a bed of greenery, with a bristling hedge of prawns.

"Come here, Victoria, my dear," he said, pointing to the chair on his right: "Frank, you'll sit next to Miss Perkington; Miss Lee, you come on my left."

He took no notice of Christabel; but that contumacious Frank put her coolly into the chair next his own, and so seated himself between Miss Perkington and her rival.

The heiress of Perkington & Tanberry retired into herself. Frank tried to divide his attentions between the two girls; but Miss Perkington only answered him with icy monosyllables, and pretended to consider all his attempts at general conversation directed *solely* to Christabel. She scarcely touched her salmon, declined lobster salad, would have nothing to say to cold chicken or pine-apple cream, left the moselle to waste its fragrance on the desert air, and sat trifling moodily with half a dozen monster strawberries.

Her ill temper seemed to communicate itself to Mr. Greenwood, senior, who looked daggers at his son from time to time. The other girls were uneasy. Christabel, who had brightened and sparkled into new life at the beginning of the feast, found out suddenly, in the midst of an animated little discussion, that she and Frank were the only talkers, and grew silent immediately.

The great ormolu and malachite clock upon the chimney-piece struck the half hour after ten.

"Oh, if you please," she whispered to Frank, "I ought to go away directly, if Mr. Greenwood would not think me rude. David was to come for me at half past ten—the gardener, you know—and papa might be angry if I were to stay later."

"David is a nuisance," said Frank, in his free-and-easy manner; "though our society is not so entertaining that you need regret leaving it. I shall see you home, of course."

"Oh no, pray don't think of that; there's really no occasion."

"There is occasion. You might meet a gang of poachers poaching eggs, or something, and what would David be among so many? There's that fellow they call Black Simeon—the man who got seven years for a burglary at Little Thorpington—has come back to Rudderford. I saw him prowling about the village yesterday, half-seas-over. A regular bad lot, that fellow is. Of course I shall come with you. David can walk behind and contemplate the stars. I dare say he knows Orion and the Pleiades as well as that fellow in 'Lockesley Hall,' whose knowledge of the heavenly bodies doesn't seem to have been stupendous."

The advent of the in-door man from the rectory to fetch the Misses Lee was announced at this moment, so the girls all rose together. A maid who had spirited away Christabel's hat brought it back; and after a very cool good-night from Samuel Greenwood, who sat scowling at the mutilated salmon, and the stiffest possible bow from Miss Perkington, Miss Champion departed with Frank for her escort.

"Miss Champion has a servant, I believe, Frank," Mr. Greenwood said, sternly.

"I know she has," answered his undutiful son; "but I'm going to see her safe across the meadows, for all that."

Oxford was always too much for Birmingham in any encounter between those two. The commercial magnate had spent three or four thousand pounds upon his son's education, and it seemed to him at odd times that the only tangible produce of that investment was an extensive vocabulary of university slang, and an agreeable placidity of manner which set paternal authority at naught. The young man was not altogether an undutiful son, however, and owned occasionally that his father wasn't "half a bad fellow."

CHAPTER IV.

THE moon had risen while they were losing the calm sweetness of the night in the gas-lit dining-room. The bright, full, summer moon had risen, and all the spiky trees in the shrubbery were reflected on the smooth grass as if on water; all the flowers in the garden were breathing perfume. Frank and Christabel went out by the drawing-room window, and forgot all about David, who came running after them by-and-by from the servants' hall, where he had been regaled with beer, and questioned artfully about the "queer ways" of his master. He had to come round by back ways and obscure paths, the gardens being sacred from such vulgar feet as his, and thus did not overtake those two until they were half-way across the first meadow; and yet they had dawdled a good deal in the garden, Frank insisting upon picking an especial yellow rose from a standard of his own planting for Christabel.

"You must have one; roses always smell sweeter picked by moonlight," he said. "If you don't find the fact stated in Linnæus, it isn't my fault."

David was a judicious young man. He followed at a respectful distance, and, as Frank had suggested, contemplated, or seemed to contemplate, the sidereal heavens, chewing a twig of hawthorn thoughtfully the while. He allowed an ample margin for loitering at gates; gave Frank so much latitude, in fact, that before they came to the thick wood which made a darkness round Old Rudderford Hall, that undutiful son had asked Christabel to be his wife. Of course he had set out with no such intention; but the moonlight, and the dewy meadows fragrant with new-mown hay, and that judicious David, and a tender sweetness in Christabel's blue eyes, had been too much for him, and the words had come of their own accord somehow, he hardly knew how.

Was he sorry when she looked up at him with those sweet eyes brimming over with happy tears, and murmured, shyly,

"I thought you were going to marry Miss Perkington!"

"Not for millions on millions, darling!" he cried, not sorry, but rapturously glad, clasping the slender figure to his breast, raining down kisses on the fair young face.

David drew nearer at this juncture, still intent upon astronomical study, but with the air of thinking he might be wanted presently.

Frank took the hint, released the trembling girl, quite confounded by surprise and joy, and put a little hand through his arm with the calmest air of appropriation.

"It's all settled, darling," he said; "I shall call upon your father to-morrow."

"Oh, Mr. Greenwood!"

"Mr. Greenwood! If you say that again, I shall kiss you again, in spite of David."

"Frank, then."

How sweet it was to say it! how sweet it was to hear it!—sweetness known to youth only that loves and is beloved for the first time. After six or seven such experiences that sort of thing is apt to become commonplace. It is like one's first watch, one's first Derby-day, one's first white-bait dinner.

"I'm sure your father will never let you marry me, Frank," said Christabel.

"I should like to see myself asking my governor's permission," replied the young man. "He ought to be proud of my getting such a chance—marrying a girl of a grand old family like yours; Brummagem allying itself to the Middle Ages: counting-house getting a leaf in Burke's 'County Families.'"

"But we are so poor," remonstrated Christabel. "At least—"

"A lift in the social scale is better than money, my dearest. I can take out letters patent and call myself Greenwood-Champion by-and-by. That would look well upon our pasteboards, wouldn't it, Belle?"

They were in the deep shadow of the trees by this time. Not a glimmer of light was visible in the old house. All the lower windows were closely guarded by heavy oak shutters. They went to a little door—not the principal entrance, but a low arched door in a side tower—and David rang a bell, which made a tremendous clanging half a mile away, as it seemed. They had to wait a considerable time before any one answered this summons, very much to Frank's satisfaction. He was whispering schemes about their future life into Christabel's ear, just as if they had been engaged a twelvemonth; while David looked up at the dark, ivy-covered walls, as if calculating the sparrows' nests.

Some one came at last—much too soon for Francis Greenwood. Slipshod feet shuffled along a stone passage, uncertain hands fumbled with locks and bolts, and the door being opened cautiously, revealed the ancient butler in a semi-somnambulistic condition.

"Lard, but you be late, Miss Chrissy," he said—he had helped to nurse her in her motherless babyhood. "Your pa's gone to bed ever so long."

"I'm glad of that," Christabel whispered to her lover.

"Why, sweetest?"

"Because I never *could* have told him; and if he had seen my face, he might have found out—"

"He shall hear all about it to-morrow, darling. I shall call at one o'clock."

"And I shall ride Gilpin away to the other end of the world. I couldn't bear to be in the house while—while—"

"While I am in the dock," said the young man, laughing. "I think the verdict will be a favorable one, Chrissy."

"Oh, you don't know," cried Christabel, dolefully.

"I don't know what, dear?"

"How prejudiced papa is against your family, because of the new Hall being built upon land that once belonged to this, and the estate having been cut up and spoiled so to make your grounds. Those meadows of yours were a part of our park once."

"That isn't our fault, darling, but that improvident old Champion's. Who knows but what the two estates might be joined somehow one of these days? My father could buy himself another place; and we'd cut off the new Hall with the smallest possible allowance of garden, and restore this dear old barn"—so lightly did young Oxford speak of a perfect specimen of Tudor architecture—"to its original splendor."

The sleepy butler coughed faintly, as if to remind them of his infirmities and the lateness of the hour. It was nearly midnight by this time—that walk across the fields had lasted so long. The lovers clasped hands, and said good-night; and Frank would fain have made this last good-night a long business, only there was the butler with his guttering tallow-candle and his piteous expostulating look, and David in the rear yawning audibly. So, with one warm pressure of the little hand, he let her go, and the stout old door closed upon her, like the jaws of a monster that had just swallowed her up.

Francis Greenwood turned away with a sigh, putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket mechanically to give David backshish. But David had vanished, and the court-yard was empty. He looked about him meditatively, in no humor to go back to the common world just yet. The wind was sighing faintly among the ivy leaves, with a sound scarce louder than the breathing of a quiet sleeper; the black wall of the old house rose high above him, the shadow of it fell upon him like a pall.

"What a dismal place for my pet to live in!" he said to himself; and then began to wonder which was her room, and to watch for the glimmer of a light from one of those upper casements.

It came presently; a feeble twinkle, which flitted along a corridor, shining faintly from a row of narrow windows, and then stopped and grew steady in a window at the end of the house. This was his darling's chamber, the young man thought, rapturously. It might have been the butler's, but fortunately was not; that functionary—who might have had his pick of twenty vacant rooms—preferring to inhabit a darksome den in the steep sloping roof, where he burrowed like a rabbit. It really was Christabel's room.

Rudderford church clock struck twelve while the lover still stood gazing, and at that very moment, as if conjured into being by the last stroke of the mystic hour, the figure of a man came suddenly from behind an angle of the wall.

"Who the deuce are you?" cried Frank, darting forward.

But the figure had vanished. There was a labyrinth of out-buildings on that side of the house. Frank followed, and prowled round about them, peering into every corner, but could find no trace of that midnight intruder. There is always a nook into which that sort of gentry can screw itself. His search was so close and thorough that he began at last to fancy his own senses must have deceived him, and that the figure had been only a creature of the imagination. He was not easily satisfied, however. The jewel in that old Tudor casket was to his mind so rare a gem that no care or watchfulness could be too much in him, whose privilege it was to guard it. He made a complete circuit of the house, trying windows and shutters. On the lower story all was secure as the casements of a beleaguered fortress, close guarded from the foe. If Anthony Champion had been the owner of hoarded millions, he could scarcely have protected himself better from possible burglars.

One o'clock struck before Frank Greenwood left the precincts of the old Hall, and walked slowly away toward the meadows.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTABEL was almost too happy after that midnight parting. There was no depressing influence to-night in the gloom and silence of her ancient home. All the burden of her loneliness, which she had borne so meekly, was lifted away in a moment, and her future life lay radiant before her, like a garden in fairy-land. She was a little anxious about her father, and his strong prejudices against the race of Greenwood; but her lover appeared to her altogether so fascinating and irresistible that she could not imagine any body proof against his influence. Her father would like and admire him, of course, just as she did, and would abandon all his prejudices and accept him as her lover. And Miss Perkington! Christabel laughed aloud—a little happy laugh that startled the silence of the old room—at the thought of that young lady's ignominious defeat; all the silk flounces and lace frillings counting for nothing in the eyes of true love.

She was much too happy to think of sleep for ever so long, although it was past midnight, but paced the room, with her hands clasped in a joyous reverie, thinking of the wondrous fortune that had befallen her. Only a retired manufacturer's son, it is true; but then she loved him, and he seemed to her the one most perfect creature in all the world—so bright, so generous, so brave, so true. She had known so few people, had lived a life so utterly lonely, that it is scarcely strange she should believe in the one sunny-natured young fellow who had praised and loved her.

Here she stopped before the tall narrow old glass, and looked at herself half wonderingly.

Was she really pretty? was she worthy of such a lover? She shook out her long loose hair. Yes; she was like a picture of Patient Grisel she remembered seeing years ago in a famous collection.

The clock struck one before she lay down; and then, overcome suddenly by sleep in the midst of her happy thoughts, she threw herself down, dressed as she was, upon a sofa, to rest a little before going seriously to bed; and thereupon fell into a deep slumber, which seemed likely to last all night.

She had one bad habit, engendered perhaps of long lonely days, with much time for thoughtfulness and waking dreams—the habit of walking in her sleep. It was not a thing that happened to her often, but once in a way: two or three times in a year, perhaps, when her mind had been in any way disturbed during the day, she had been wont to wander. The servants had met her at daybreak, sometimes in the corridor, or out on the broad square landing beyond, or on the stairs even, descending, ghost-like, with open, unseeing eyes. One luckless country lass, taking her for the ghost of that slaughtered lady whose spirit was reported to haunt the Hall, had fled shrieking to the kitchen, where she fell into violent hysterics, clutching the air, and well-nigh strangling herself with her sobs and screams.

And so it happened to-night. Toward three o'clock, just as the moon was waning, the girl rose from her sofa, pushed open the door, which she had left ajar, and went out into the corridor—a tall white figure faintly visible in the dim light.

She went straight on to an angle of the corridor where there was a narrow window cut in a part of the wall where the ivy grew thickest. As she came slowly forward, this window was opened by a stealthy hand, and a man thrust his head and shoulders through the window.

He was on the point of leaping through, when his eyes—evil eyes they were, too—fell upon that mysterious figure, with the white dress and loose flowing hair, the figure he had heard of many a time, when folks talked of the ghost that haunted Old Rudderford Hall.

He dropped his stick with an ejaculation. The fall of the jagged stake, cut from a hedge, and trimmed with a rough, hasty hand, upon the uncarpeted oak floor awakened Christabel. She gave a loud shriek, and stared at the intruder, transfixed. That shriek was alarming enough; but it reassured him. He sprang into the corridor, and clapped his great horny hand upon her mouth.

"What! it's you, is it?" he exclaimed, in a cautious voice. "Hold your row, or I shall have to quiet you with my clasp-knife. What brings you prowling about at this time of night, I wonder? After that chap that was prowling outside an hour ago, I suppose. Come, young lady, you just walk into your own room, and keep yourself to yourself. I've got business to do here."

He had tied a big bird's-eye handkerchief across the girl's mouth—she was not fully awake yet, and had only a confused sense of peril and horror—and had just produced another, with a view to tying it round her wrists, when a great crash of glass sounded close behind him, and Frank Greenwood sprang through the open window, smashing the casement as he came through.

Love is so foolish, so full of morbid doubts and apprehensions! He had come back to the old Hall, after crossing the meadows on his way home, not able to feel comfortable about that lurking figure which he had seen at midnight, and had come back just in time to rescue his betrothed from the clutch of a ruffian, and to save the Champion diamonds—a very valuable portion of his future wife's dowry.

The man was Black Simeon, the poacher. He had been lurking about the night before, when Mr. Champion showed his daughter the family jewels, had seen the gems and where they were kept, and had hidden himself in the shrubbery when Christabel came out to reconnoitre. To-night he had tried all the lower doors and windows, and finding entrance below impossible, had clambered up the ivy to this casement at the end of the corridor, trusting to his good luck to grope his way down stairs to the library.

The intent but not the deed confounded him. He was pinioned and locked in an empty wine-cellar that night, and handed over to the local authorities at breakfast-time, to appear by-and-by, charged with a burglarious attempt, and to return to that state of bondage from which he had so lately emerged.

Anthony Champion could hardly be uncivil to the man who had saved his daughter and the family diamonds; and Frank Greenwood really was a nice young fellow, with free-and-easy, irresistible ways. He brought brightness and life into the gloomy old house, and in an incredibly short time persuaded the master of Old Rudderford Hall to waive his prejudices against the inmates of New Rudderford Hall.

When Frank had smoothed the way by his artful management, he coolly ordered his father to call upon Mr. Champion to entreat that gentleman's consent to the union of the two houses. The manufacturer was furious, and there was a scene; but a very brief one. Frank's supreme coolness made light of every thing. Miss Perkington had departed before this in silent disgust, with all her baggage. Samuel Greenwood was fain to give way; it evidently mattered so very little to his son whether he did or not.

"I can always make a living at the bar," said young Oxford, in his careless way, "and there's the five hundred a year my poor mother left me. I should like to have made an amicable arrangement, and secured your co-operation for restoring the old Hall; but if it isn't to be, why it isn't; you know best; and we sha'n't starve."

Samuel fretted and fumed, swore an oath or two, and succumbed. He went to call upon Mr. Champion with lamb-like meekness, and returned crest-fallen.

Mr. Champion was prepared to waive all consideration of the wide difference between the status of the two families, and to consent to the marriage. He could give his daughter fifty thousand pounds, and jewels worth at least twenty-five thousand more. Mr. Greenwood had supposed him to be a pauper.

"It has been my fancy to live like this," he said, "and allow the surplus of my income to accumulate for my only child."

And so they were married, and were just the sort of couple to live happily ever afterward.

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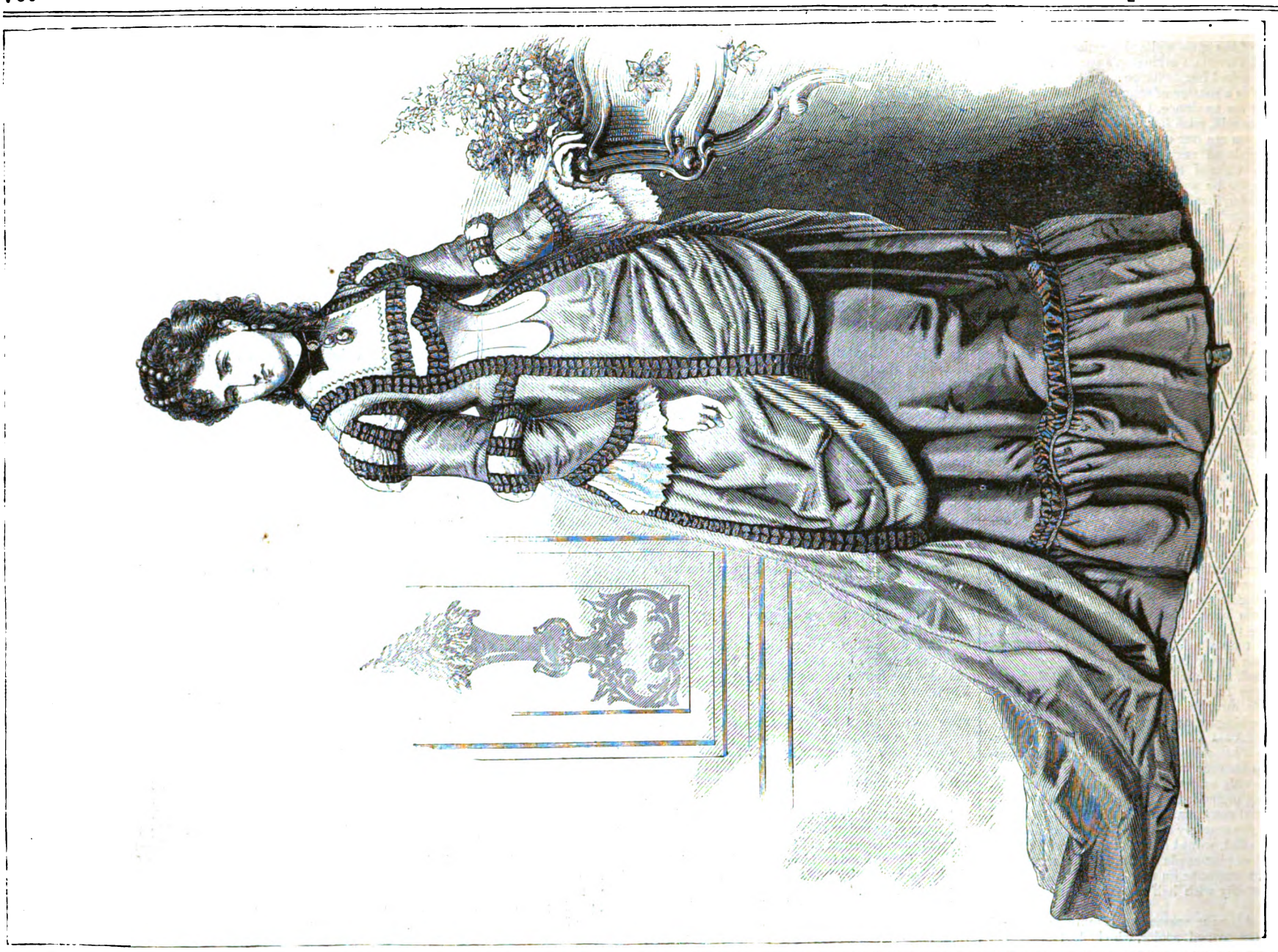
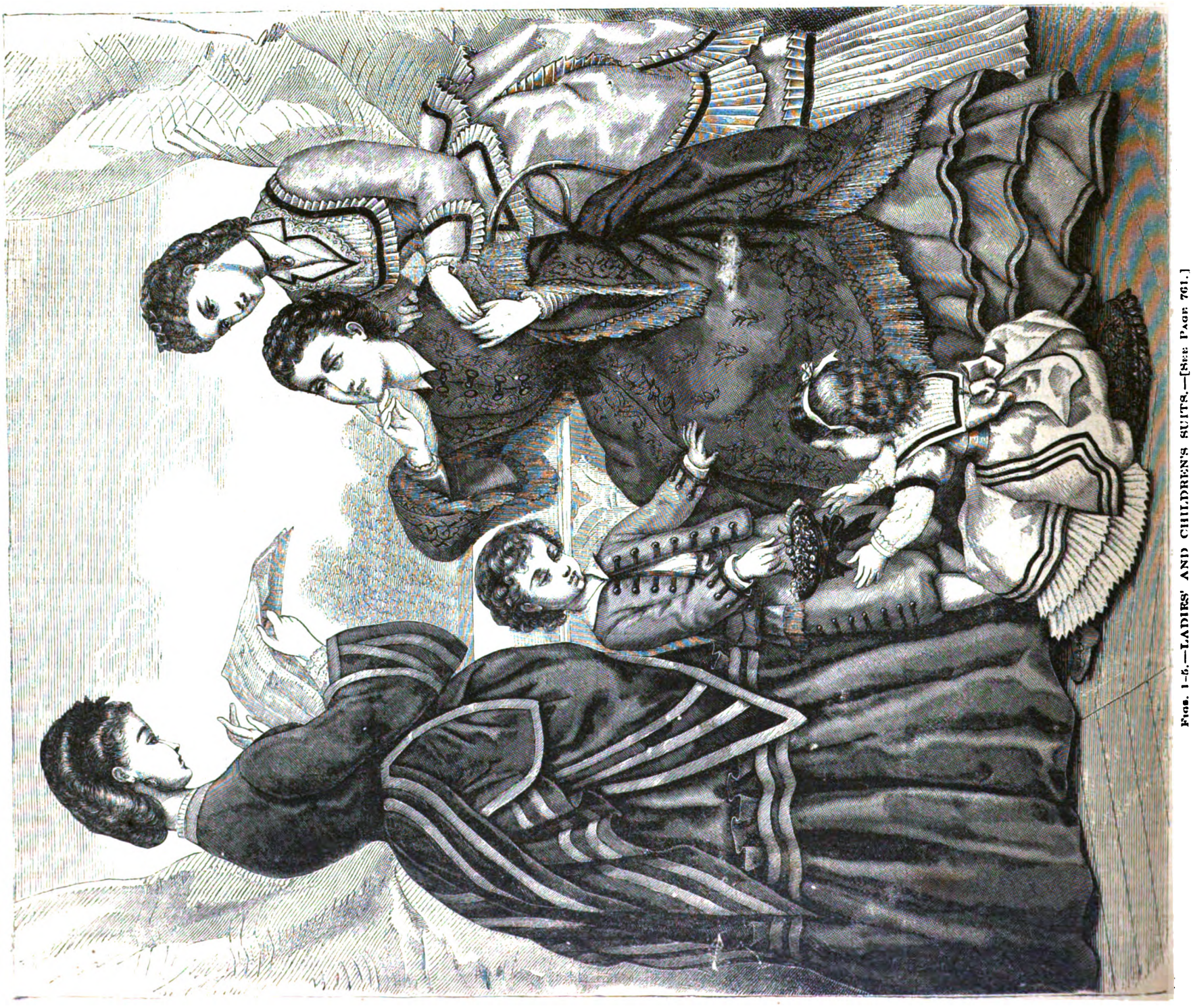


OPERA TOILETTE.—[SEE PAGE 761.]



FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS.—[SEE PAGE 761.]

FIG. 1.—LADIES' BROWN [illegible]

FIG. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM [illegible] TO 6 YEARS OLD.

FIG. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM [illegible] YEARS OLD.

FIG. 4.—CAVALIER AND PAGE SUIT.

FIG. 5.—LIGHT GRAY RIDING HABIT.

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Opera Toilette.

See Illustrations on page 760.

THIS picturesque toilette, from a new Paris model, is very effective at the opera or concert, and combines the three colors now so much in vogue. The under-skirt is of *ciel* blue faille, trimmed with a gathered flounce, which is surmounted by a bias fold and pleating. Princesse over dress of apricot faille, trimmed with ruches of *ciel* blue faille, and edged with lace round the neck. Half-flowing sleeves of apricot faille, slashed and underlaid with puffings of white silk, and trimmed with blue faille ruches. Bodice of white silk, forming a square neck with the over dress, and trimmed with ruches of blue faille and lace. The over dress is looped much higher on the left side than the right by means of the ruches. Blue silk slippers. Blue enamel and gold jewelry. Hair roped with pearls.

Ladies' and Children's Suits, Figs. 1–5.

See illustration on page 760.

Fig. 1.—LIGHT BROWN POPLIN SUIT. This suit consists of a skirt and over dress, and is trimmed with folds of poplin of a lighter shade. A wide flounce is set on the skirt surmounted by two folds and a standing ruffle.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. The trowsers and jacket of this suit are made of gray tricot beaver, trimmed with bands, a binding of black silk braid, and black buttons. Gray sash with fringe.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. This suit consists of a white cambric skirt, trimmed with side-pleated ruffles, and of a pink alpaca over-skirt, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. The peasant waist is worn over a cambric chemisette with long sleeves. Sash and bow for the hair of pink gros grain ribbon.

Fig. 4.—CASHMERE AND SILK SUIT. This suit consists of a violet silk under dress, trimmed with three ruffles edged with violet velvet ribbon, and a violet cashmere over dress, braided with silk cord of the same color. Wide fringe is set on the bottom of the over dress and sleeves, and on the outer edge of the bretelles. Buttons and cord loops close the over dress.

Fig. 5.—LIGHT GRAY SILK SUIT. This suit consists of double skirt and square-necked basque-waist of light gray silk, trimmed with side-pleated ruffles of the material and black velvet ribbon. Gathered Swiss muslin chemisette with revers collar of fine linen, needle-work, and velvet ribbon.

Ladies' House and Street Dresses, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—Apricot silk dress and black gros grain paletot, trimmed with folds, side-pleated ruffles, and bows of the material, and with silk tassel fringe.

Fig. 2.—Black cashmere mantelet, trimmed with a braiding of black silk cord and with wide black lace. Black velvet and lace bonnet, with yellow rose.

Fig. 3.—Brown poplin dress with paletot, trimmed with brown velvet and chenille fringe. The back basques of the paletot are set under the back pieces.

Fig. 4.—Black silk suit, consisting of double skirt and basque-waist, trimmed with scalloped flounces and velvet bands. Gray felt bonnet, with a revers of gray pleated gros grain, trimmed with a large bow and gray tulle and lace.

Fig. 5.—Dress with double skirt and basque-waist of light gray silk, trimmed with folds and ruffles of the material. The skirt and over-skirt are trimmed with a deep gathered flounce pointed at the top and surmounted with a side-pleated ruffle and two folds. The basque-waist is trimmed to simulate a vest.

LADIES' HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.

MISS PERT.

A YOUNG person with a spirit, and no diffidence in showing it, whatever her relative age or social condition; a young person who, in her resolve not to be put upon generally, refuses every kind of friendly or parental advice, and so goes her own willful way into divers bogs and quagmires, whence she does not always emerge with clean garments; a young person who is very like an unbroken filly with the bit between her teeth, when, pull as you may, you will come off second best, and with more bone-ache than success; a young person with a distinct idea, boldly expressed, that all discipline is tyranny and all education slavery, and that she has been sent into this world in a glorious independence of either, consecrated to what she calls her individuality, without regard to general policy or convenience; a young person with the special privilege of going headlong on the road to destruction if she likes, without accepting the consequences of her method of procedure, or falling into the pit which lies to the left side of the way—where she is walking; a young person with decided opinions on most matters, and the frankest contempt for all who differ from her; a young person who has *verve*, energy, and quickness enough to be very charming if she chose, but who has chosen instead to be just as disagreeable as she might be the reverse. This is Miss Pert seen at a distance, and considered in the broader outlines of her character. Close at hand, she is none the more beautiful, none the more alluring.

Miss Pert has parts; her worst enemies can not call her stupid, though her best friends must confess that she is shallow. She is one of the hot-pressed, who do not give themselves time for study; consequently all she knows is by hearsay and light reading—odds and ends picked up by frothy talk with the better informed, or by that curious kind of thing, so general in the present day, a "popular account" in an illustrated magazine. Her sources of information are quite sufficient for Miss Pert; and, knowing nothing better, she is conscious of no loss in herself, but on the contrary is vividly conscious of her superiority when she meets her slower sister, who has no pretensions, and who waits until she knows before she pronounces judgment. Miss Pert pronounces judgment independent of knowledge: and a queer thing she makes of it. In former times—times so long ago as to be quite out of all date, and as old-fashioned as they were ridiculous—fathers and mothers were considered to be something rather respectable than otherwise among their children—nay, persons even to be slightly venerated and believed in, their counsels listened to, and in a measure followed. But in the happy days in which we live Miss Pert and (we must add) her brothers have changed all that. So far as that young person herself goes, the sole use of fathers and mothers is—the one to supply her with money, the other to look after her dresses, and take her to balls and places where she can not go alone. If she can go alone, or only with a younger brother whom she dominates, she prefers it; for mamma is apt to be tiresome and interfering, and has even had the bad taste sometimes to publicly rebuke her, and pull hard at the bit between her teeth. She doesn't mind, you know, for what mamma says; why should she? but it is awfully disgusting, all the same. Mamma is so old-fashioned! She does not understand things; and what was all very well for her when she was a girl, won't do now when the generation of Miss Perts has the lead! As for papa, he is simply an obstructive, and to be shunted as speedily as possible. Of course they can not get on without him, for they must have money, and he must make it; but if the old dear will only be contented to do that, and then leave the spending of it to her and her brothers, he would be all very well. If he wishes to have a hand on the rein, he is even more tiresome than mamma, and it is harder work to quarrel with him.

Poor Miss Pert! what will life do for her? Reduce her chaotic nature into order? discipline her? mellow her? or will it leave her as she is now, all points and angles and self-assertion and vanity and ignorance, merely hardening her into her present form, making her youthful extravagances the eccentricities of maturity, and sending her through life a doomed old maid, loved by none, feared by many, and laughed at by all who can separate shallow insolence from the effective opposition of knowledge and grave judgment? If it was sure to be the former, we might easily forgive the ugly phase through which she goes in her youth; but, as there are such things as crystallized Misses Pert—Miss Pert as an ancient bogy—we deprecate her continuance, now in her teens, and wish that some good fairy would suddenly show her to herself as she is, when perhaps the sight would so disquiet her that she would cease from her pertness, and learn the value of a meek and humble spirit before too late.

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"TOO BAD."

Too bad to gift my idle phrase
With such a black intent,
And malice see where none there was:
You knew, Sir, what I meant.
'Tis always so: if comment pass
Our lips on our own kind,
Some after-thought of jealousy
Men never fail to find.

Too bad it is: you wrong our sex;
We can be generous too.
You carp at woman's friendship, Sir;
Is it alone with you
That common charity exists,
Or friendship's to be had?
You wrong our sex, in truth you do,
Upon my word, too bad!

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

BUT it was very convenient—this illness. It saved her from all need of physical exertion, even of talking. She could just turn her face to the wall, and lie quiet and do nothing. She felt for the first time in her life not the slightest inclination to do any thing. Even when she rose from her bed the same incapacity continued, till sometimes Rosie's innocent prattle was almost too much for her, and she felt herself turning sick and faint, and saw, with a dread indescribable, Madame Arthenay or Grace carry the child away from her, and keep her out of her sight for hours at a time.

What if, by-and-by, this were to be constantly the case? What if this condition of hers was the forerunner of long and serious illness—perhaps the consumption which was said to be in the family, though in this generation her cousin Arthur had been its only victim? Suppose she were to fall sick and die? She began to have a feeling—was it sweet or sad?—that she *could* die, and that of mere sorrow. And, then, what would become of the child?

"Oh, my Rosie, if over there should come a time when you were left forlorn with nobody to love you, when you might blame poor Tannie for having stolen you and kept you away from all those who might have loved you! If ever Tannie should die!"

"Tannie die? What's dat? Rosie don't like it!" said the little thing to whom she had been talking. She had two ways of talking to her darling. One which Rosie could perfectly comprehend: long conversations about flowers, and beasts, and people, and things, and all sorts of subjects in which the child's intelligence was receptive to a degree that sometimes utterly amazed the grown woman. The other was a trick she had of speaking simply for her own relief, in a fashion that Rosie could not comprehend at all. But, baby as she was, she comprehended the anxious face, the tremulous voice, and repeated, with that pathetic droop of the lips that always foreboded tears, "Rosie don't like it."

Hannah changed her tone immediately. "Come here, my pet; Tannie won't die, then. She couldn't afford it just yet. But listen a minute. Would Rosie like to go and see papa? Be papa's girl again, and play about in the pretty garden, and the greenhouse, and the nursery? Rosie remembers them all?"

"Yes," said the little decisive voice—Rosie never had the slightest doubt in her own baby mind about any thing. "Rosie will go and see papa—soon, very soon. Tannie come too."

Hannah turned away, and could not answer at first. Then she said, "But perhaps Tannie might not come too. Rosie would be content with papa?"

"No"—there was entire decision in this likewise—"Rosie not go to papa unless Tannie come too. Rosie don't want papa. Rosie will stop with Tannie."

And the little woman, squatting down on Tannie's pillow with an air of having quite settled the whole affair, turned her whole undivided attention to a doll, whose eyes would open and shut, and who was much more interesting to her than any papa in the world.

But Rosie's unconscious words aroused in her aunt a dread that had once awakened and been silenced: the fear that, as time went on, this complete severance would produce its natural result; the child would become indifferent to the father, and the father to the child. For, let people talk as they will about the ties of blood, it is association which really produces the feeling which is termed "natural affection." Deprived of this, and then deprived of herself, Rosie might in a few years be left as lonely a creature, save for money, as her aunt Hannah once had been—ay, and was now, save for this one darling, the sole treasure saved out of her wrecked life. But was it lawfully and righteously hers?

There is a story, I believe a true one—most women will feel that it might have been true—of a Highland mother, who, traveling from one glen to another, was caught in a snow-storm, and lost for twenty-four hours. When found—that is, her body was found—she had stripped off every thing but her shift to cover the child. It was alive still, just alive; but the mother, of course, was dead.

Hannah Thelluson, as she lay awake all through this night, the first night that they brought back Rosie's crib to its old place by her bedside—for she insisted she could sleep better if they did so—was not unlike that poor Highland woman.

Next morning she said, in a quiet, almost cheerful tone, "Grace, do you think you could pack up all our things in a day? For I want, if possible, to go back to England to-morrow."

"Go back to England!"

"Yes. What do you say to that, Rosie?" fixing her eyes on the child's face; and then, as a sudden gush blinded them, turning away, and contenting herself with feeling the soft cheeks and the rings of silky hair—as that Highland mother might have done when the death-mists were gathering over her eyes. "Will Rosie go back and see papa, and be papa's own little girl again? Papa will be so fond of her."

"Yes," assented the little oracle, and immediately proved her recollection of her father and her lively appreciation of his paternal duties by breaking her doll's head against the bed-post, and then saying, in a satisfied tone, "Never mind. All right. Rosie take dolly to papa. Papa will mend it!"

In a week from that time, traveling as fast as her strength allowed, yet haunted by a vague dread that it would not last her till she reached England, Hannah arrived in London.

Only in London, at a hotel; for she had no house to go to—no friend. Lady Dunsmore happened to be at a country-seat; but, even if not, it would have been all the same. What she had to do no one could help her in—no one could advise her upon, it must be solely between herself and Bernard. And the sooner it was done the better. She felt this more and more every hour. The struggle was growing frightful.

"I was right," she said to herself, when, as soon as the need for exertion was over, she sank, utterly exhausted, and was obliged to leave to Grace the whole charge of every thing, including the child, and lie, listening to the roll of endless wheels below the hotel window—as ceaseless as the roar of the sea, and as melancholy—"I was quite right! It is best to resign every thing. I can not trust myself any more."

The first minute that her hands ceased from shaking, she wrote the decisive letter.

"DEAR FRIEND" (she first put "Bernard," then "brother," finally "friend." He was that still; at least she had never given him cause to be the contrary),—"I have, against your wish, returned to England, though only for a few days' stay, in consequence of having accidentally discovered the matter to which I suppose your last letter referred; though, as you have never plainly told me, I will not refer to it here. But I think it ought to modify our future arrangements, which I should like to talk over with you. If you will come and see me here, me and Rosie, half an hour would, I think, suffice to decide all, and I could go back to France at once.

"I remain, with every wish for your happiness in your new life, your affectionate friend,

"HANNAH THELLUSON."

After that she had nothing more to do but to wait, and watch day darken into night, and night brighten back into day—the dreary London day, all loneliness and noise—till Sir Bernard came.

He came earlier than she could have believed it possible. He must at once have taken a night train from Easterham, which he owned he had; but, though he looked very tired, he was neither so agitated nor so confused as he might naturally have been under the circumstances.

"Why in the world did you take such a journey, Hannah?" was all he said, on entering; then, perceiving Grace and the child, he stepped back, and caught his little daughter in his arms.

"My pretty one! Run away, nurse, and leave her to me. I want to have her all to myself. What, Rosie! Has she forgotten papa! Two tisses!—lots of tisses! Papa's darling! Papa's lamb!"

Of one thing Hannah was certain, Sir Bernard was unfeignedly glad to see his child. No lack of fatherly love, even though he was going to be married. It gave that poor heart which he had forsaken a thrill of joy to see how tenderly he caressed his little "lamb"—the motherless lamb, that might have perished but for her, and which her care had now nurtured into a creature that, among any number of children, would be always the flower of the flock, so pretty had she grown, so winning, so clever, and withal such a good and loving child. Any father might be proud of Rosie. And as she clung about Sir Bernard, remembering all his old tricks with her, as if they had only parted last week, the two seemed perfectly happy together, and even like one another—with that strange family likeness which comes and goes in little faces, but which Hannah saw now as she had never seen before. Yes, Rosie was decidedly like him, and they would grow up to be a true father and daughter—one of the dearest and sweetest bonds that human nature can know.

She had quite forgotten herself—a trick she had, poor Hannah! in watching them, and speculating upon them and their future—when she felt both her hands taken, one by her child's soft little fingers, the other by the strong clasp of a man.

"Hannah, can you forgive me? I have sometimes feared you never would!"

"What for?"

"For my unreasoning anger—my frantic love; above all, for having asked of you a sacrifice which no man should ask or accept from any woman. I knew this, felt it, the instant I came to my right senses, which was as soon as ever you were out of sight; but it was too late to tell you so. Forgive me. You will have no need to forgive me any thing again."

"I know that," said Hannah, slowly, and waited for the next words he would say—words which would surely be confirmation of all she had heard. So sure was she of it, that she did not withdraw her hand; she even, seeing that his manner was not agitated, but even cheerful, began to think whether now it would not be possible to go back, in degree, to their old cordial relations; whether he could not be again her brother-in-law—and Alice Melville's husband. Still, something in her manner seemed to startle him.

"Know? What can you know? Not, surely, any thing about these future plans of mine, which, for both our sakes, I have carried out, unknown to you, until now?"

"Nevertheless, I have found them out," said Hannah, with a faint smile. "In these things, you see, a bird of the air often carries the matter. I am aware of it all."

"Of it all? Who could have told you? And what?"

"That you are going to be married."

Sir Bernard started; then half smiled. But he offered not the slightest contradiction.

Hannah, perfectly convinced, conscious of only one wild impulse to get through what she had to say, that it might be all over and done, went on speaking.

"Married, as I hear, to Alice Melville, which is a choice that must satisfy every body. That is the reason I came back to England. She is a good woman, who would be a good mother to my child. And I feel very weak and ill. I have been ill—"

"My poor Hannah! And you never told me?"

"Why should I? I only tell you now because it frightens me about Rosie's future. She ought to have safer protection than mine. She ought to have a brighter life than any I can give her. So I came to say"—Hannah drew her breath hard and fast—"if you want her back, I will give her up—to you and Alice. Only, first—I must speak to Alice—must make her promise—"

Just then tiny fingers ringed themselves round Hannah's cold hand, against which Rosie laid her cheek, in a caressing way she had. It was too much—the strong heart altogether gave way, and she sat down sobbing.

Sir Bernard had listened, quite confounded at first, then silently watched her.

"Oh Hannah, you good, good woman!" was all he said, and, taking out of her arms little Rosie, now sobbing as piteously as she, disappeared from the room with the child.

Then it was really true, this marriage: he did not deny it. And he accepted her sacrifice of her darling. Well, once made, she could not retract it, even had she desired to do so. But she did not desire. She only wished to see Rosie safe, and then go away and die. This once, once more, for the last time in her life, she accepted the inevitable. It was God's will, and it must be.

Long before Sir Bernard came back she had dried her eyes, and waited, as she thought she ought to wait, for any thing he had to say—any final arrangements they might require to make. There was a chair opposite, but he sat down beside her and took her hand.

"Hannah, I want to speak half a dozen quiet words to you, which I should not have said till spring, but I had better say them now. It is quite true I am going to be married, and as soon as I possibly can. I am not fitted for a lonely life. Mine will be worthless to myself, my fellow-creatures, my God, unless I accept the blessing He offers me, and marry the woman I love. But that woman is—not Alice Melville."

"Not Alice Melville!"

"How could you ever think it was? She is very good, and we are fast friends—indeed, she has advised with me in all my plans, and we have been very much together of late, which may account for this report. How could you believe it?" and he smiled—his old, winning, half-mischievous smile. "As Rosie would say—by-the-bye, how she has grown, that dear little girl of ours!—'papa don't like it.'"

Hannah had borne sorrow—but she could not bear joy; she was too weak for it. Her lips tried to speak, and failing that, to smile, but it was in vain. She sank, quite insensible, in Bernard's arms.

It was a good many hours before she was able to hear those "half a dozen quiet words" which were to change the whole current of her life—of both their lives.

The plan which Madame Arthenay had first suggested—of naturalizing himself in France, changing his domicile, and marrying as a French citizen, according to French law—had, immediately after his parting from Hannah, recurred again and again to Sir Bernard's mind as the only solution of their difficulty. On consulting the Dunsmores on the subject, they also had seen the matter in the same light. Though session after session Lord Dunsmore determined to bring forward his favorite Bill, still years might elapse before it was passed and became law, and until then there was no hope of marriage in England for Hannah and Bernard.

"You mustn't ask it, or desire it," said Lady Dunsmore, ignorant—and she always remained ignorant—that he ever had asked it. "A woman like her would never consent. And she is right. To break your country's laws, however unjust they may be, and then expect its protection, is like disobeying one's father. We must do it—if compelled by his unjust exactions—but we ought to quit his house first."

So there was no alternative but for Sir Bernard to make the sacrifice—as hard for him as Hannah's renunciation of Rosie had been for her—and give up England forever. His profession likewise—since no man with a conscience could break the canon law, and yet remain a clergyman.

"And I have a conscience, though they do not think so at the Moat House," said he, faintly smiling. That smile and his worn looks alone betrayed to Hannah the sufferings he must have gone through in making up his plans—now all decided, and set in train. In fact he had already renounced every thing, and prepared himself to begin a new career in a foreign land.

"I can do it, in one sense," he continued, "easier than most men—because of my large private fortune. I mean to buy the Château St. Roque, which you liked so much. Did you not say you could cheerfully spend your whole life there? Perhaps you may."

Hannah smiled; and there came across her memory a trembling flash of that pleasant place—with the four towers looking at themselves in the water, and the green upland gardens and meadows on either hand.

"Yes," she whispered, "we could be very happy there. It would not be so very dreadful to live in France, would it?"

"At least, we must not say so to our good friend, Madame Arthenay, or to our new compatriots. And I hope I am not so very insular as to see charms in no country except my own. Besides, am I not re-planting my family tree where its old roots came from? Who knows? Years hence I may revive the glory of my Norman ancestors by making a speech, in my very best French, before the Chamber of Deputies. What say you, Hannah? Shall we shake British dust entirely off our feet, and start afresh as Monsieur and Madame De la Rivière? Great fun that!"

The boyish phrase—and the almost boyish laugh that accompanied it—comforted Hannah more than he knew. Heavy as his heart was now, and sore with his hard renunciations, there was in him that elastic nature which, grief once overpast, refuses to dwell upon it—but lives in the present and enjoys the future. And he was still young enough to have a future—to open up new paths for himself, and carry them out nobly; to live in content and die in honor, even though it was far away from the dear England where he was born.

"But it costs you so much—ah, so much!" said Hannah, mournfully.

"Yes, but I have counted the cost; and—if you will not scold me for saying so—I think you worth it all. Many men become voluntary exiles for the sake of wealth, convenience, or whim: why should not I for love? Love—which is duty also, when one is loved back again."

Hannah smiled, knowing he was one of those whom it makes not conceited or tyrannical, but strong and happy, to be loved back again.

"Besides," he continued, "I have not much love to leave behind: my sisters are all married—Bertha will be next spring. No one will miss me; nor perhaps shall I soon come to miss any thing—except a few graves in Easterham churchyard."

He stopped, and that last bitterness of exile—the clinging to the very sod of one's own land, the sod which covers our dead—came over him, sad and sore. Those graves—buried in them lay all his childhood, his youth, his brief, happy married life with the wife whom—though he seldom spoke of her now—Hannah knew he had no more forgotten than she had forgotten her lost Arthur. Time had healed all wounds: life and its duties had strengthened them both—strengthened them into that calm happiness which sometimes, after much sorrow, God sees fit to send, and which it is good to accept and be thankful for. But—as for forgetting! she said nothing, only drew Bernard's head softly to her shoulder, and let him there weep the tears of which no man need be ashamed.

By-and-by she asked about Bertha's marriage, which was to a gentleman in the neighborhood whom she had refused several times, but accepted at last. He was very rich, if not very clever or very wise.

"Still, she might have done worse. He is a good fellow, and we all like the match, except, perhaps, Melville, who speaks sharply about it sometimes; but Bertha only laughs at him, and says she shall please herself, in spite of brothers-in-law."

Hannah looked keenly at Bernard while he spoke; but he did so in utter unsuspiciousness. Evidently he had never guessed, in the smallest degree, the secret grief of his sister Adeline, the canker of her married life, that jealousy of her sister, from which all the restrictions of the law could not save her, no more than the terror of the Divorce Court can save poor miserable souls to whom vice is pleasanter than virtue. But to this right-minded, honest man, intrenched within the sacredness of a happy marriage, the one idea would have been almost as untenable as the other. Hannah was certain that, dearly as Bernard loved her now, had Rosa lived, she might have come about their house continually, and he would have had no sort of feeling for her beyond the affectionate interest that a man may justly take in his wife's sister, or cousin, or friend—the honorable, chivalric tenderness for all women which only proves how deeply the one woman he has chosen is enshrined in his heart.

So what he had never once suspected she never told him—and no one else was ever likely to do so. Adeline's sufferings were buried with her. So best.

"And now," said Bernard, "I must say good-by. And I shall not see you again till we meet on board the Havre steamer to-morrow."

For he had arranged already that she should go back at once—avoiding the very appearance of evil—and remain with Madame Arthenay until he came to marry her, which, if possible, should be in spring.

"I shall come, like Napoleon, with the violets, and by then we must have these thin cheeks rounded, and these grave eyes looking as bright and merry as Rosie's. I used to say, you know, there was no telling which was most of a baby, Tannie or Rosie. By-the-bye, she must cease to say 'Tannie,' and learn to say 'mamma.'"

Hannah burst into tears.

"Yes, there is one thing I am not afraid of," said she, when her full heart had a little relieved itself of its felicity. "I know I shall be a good mother to your child. What I am afraid of is whether I shall be a sufficiently good wife to you. You might have married almost any woman you liked—young, rich, pretty; while I—look here, Bernard."

She lifted up her hair, and showed him the

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long stripes of gray already coming—faster than ever since the trouble of the last two years; but he only kissed the place, repeating Cowper's lines, which he reminded her they had often read together in those long, quiet evenings which would all come back again when the one deep and lasting bliss of married life, companionship, would be theirs without alloy—companionship, which even in friendship alone, without marriage, had been so sweet:

"Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still as lovely to my sight
As golden beams of orient light—
My Mary."

"No, Hannah," he said, "I am not afraid—neither of our new life nor of ourselves. I know what a man marries a woman for—not for this beauty or that, this quality or that peculiarity; but because she suits him, sympathizes with him, is able to make him a better man than he ever was before—as you have made me. If I had let you go, I should have been not only a coward, but a fool. I take you just as you are, 'with all your imperfections on your head,' as I hope you will take me?"

"Yes," she said, laughing, though the tears were in her eyes.

"Very well, then. Let us be content."

He put his arms about her, and stood looking deep down into her eyes. He was much handsomer than she, brighter, and younger-looking; yet there was something in Hannah's face which, with all its handsomeness, his had not—a certain spiritual charm, which, when a man once recognizes it in a woman, is an attraction as mysterious as it is irresistible—makes him crave for her as the one necessity of his existence, risk every thing in order to win her, and, having won her, love her to the last with a passion that survives all change, all decay. What this charm was, probably Bernard himself could not have told; but Lady Dunsmore, speaking of Hannah, once characterized it as being "a combination of the angel and the child."

CHAPTER XVII.

THERE is a picture familiar to many, for it was in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and few stopped to look at it without tears—"The Last Look of Home," by Ford Madox Browne. Merely a bit of a ship's side—one of those emigrant ships such as are constantly seen at Liverpool, or other ports whence they sail—with its long rows of dangling cabbages, and its utter confusion of cargo and passengers. There, indifferent to all, and intently gazing on the receding shore, sit two persons—undoubtedly a man and his wife—emigrants—and bidding adieu to home forever. The man is quite broken down; but the woman, sad as she looks, has hope and courage in her face. Why not? In one hand she firmly clasps her husband's—the other supports her sleeping babe. *She* is not disconsolate, for she carries her "home" with her.

In the picture the man is—not at all like Bernard, certainly, but the woman is exceedingly like Hannah—in expression at least—as she sat on the deck of the French steamer, taking her last look of dear old England, with its white cliffs glimmering in the moonlight—fainter and fainter every minute—across the long reach of Southampton Water.

Bernard sat beside her—but he too was very silent. He meant to go back again as soon as he had seen her and Rosie and Grace safely landed at Havre; but he knew that to Hannah this farewell of her native land was, in all human probability, a farewell "for good."

Ay—for good—in the fullest sense; and she believed it—believed that they were both doing right, and that God's blessing would follow them wherever they went; yet she could not choose but be a little sad, until she felt the touch of the small, soft hand which now, as ever, was continuously creeping into Tannie's. Then she was content. If it had been God's will to give her no future of her own at all, she could have rested happily in that of the child and the child's father.

It happened to be a most beautiful night for crossing—the sea calm as glass, and the air mild as summer, though it was in the beginning of November. Hannah could not bear to go below, but with Rosie and Grace occupied one of those pleasant cabins upon deck—sheltered on three sides, open on the fourth. There, wrapped in countless rugs and shawls, Rosie being in an ecstasy at the idea of going to bed in her clothes, "all under the tars" ("s" was still an impossible first consonant to the baby tongue), she settled down for the night, with her child in her arms, and her faithful servant at her feet.

Sir Bernard made them all as comfortable and as warm as he could—kissed his child, and Hannah too, in Grace's presence. For he had himself informed the nurse how matters stood, and told her that in his house she should have a home for life, in a country where marriages such as hers were considered honorable, natural, and right. Then he bade them all good-night, and went to the cabin below.

Hannah could not sleep; but she rested quiet and happy. Even happiness could not make her physically strong; but she left all her days to come in God's hands—to be many or few, as He thought best. The others fell sound asleep, one at her bosom, the other at her feet; but she lay wide awake, listening to the lap-lap of the water against the boat, and watching the night sky, so thick with stars. At length the moon came out and looked in upon them like a sweet, calm face, resembling a dead face in its unchangeable peace; so much so, that when Hannah dropped at last into a confused doze, she dreamed it was the face of her sister Rosa smiling down out of heaven upon them all.

When she woke it was no longer moonlight, but daylight—at least daybreak; for she could discern the dark outline of the man at the wheel, the only person on deck. The boat seemed to be passing, swiftly and silently, as a phantom ship through a phantom ocean; she hardly knew whether she was awake or asleep, dead or alive, till she felt the soft breathing of the child in her arms, and, with a passion of joy, remembered all.

A few minutes after, Hannah, raising her head as high as she could without disturbing Rosie, saw a sight which she never saw before, and never in all her life may see again, but will remember to the end of her days.

Just where sea and sky met was a long, broad line of most brilliant amber, gradually widening and widening, as the sun lifted himself out of the water and shot his rays, in the form of a crown, right up into the still dark zenith. Then, as he climbed higher, every floating cloud—and the horizon seemed full of them—became of a brilliant rose-hue, until the whole heaven blazed with color and light. In the midst of it all, dim as a dream, but with all these lovely tints flitting over it, Hannah saw, far in the distance, the line of the French shore.

It was her welcome to her new country and new life—the life which was truly like being born again into another world. She accepted the omen; and, clasping her child to her bosom, closed her eyes and praised God.

* * * * * *

All this happened long ago, and Monsieur and Madame De la Rivière have never returned to England. They still inhabit the Château de Saint Roque, beloved and honored far and wide in the land of their adoption, and finding, after all, that the human heart beats much alike, whether with French blood or English, and that there is something wonderfully noble and lovable about that fine old Norman race which (as Madame Arthenay long delighted in impressing upon her dear neighbors, and upon the many English friends who visited them in their pleasant foreign home) once came over and conquered, and civilized, us rude Saxons and Britons.

Whether the master and mistress of Saint Roque will ever return to England, or whether little Austin, the eldest of their three sons—Rosie is still the only daughter—will ever become not only the heir of their French estates and name, but one day Sir Austin Rivers of the Moat House, remains to be proved. At any rate, they mourn little after that old home, being so thoroughly happy in their new one—as those deserve to be who have sacrificed for one another almost every thing except what they felt to be right. But they are happy, and what more can they or any one desire?

THE END.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Roosevelt Hospital, a noble monument of benevolence, was recently publicly dedicated to its work of charity. The entire hospital covers the whole block between Ninth and Tenth avenues and Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets. Built upon the "pavilion plan," with a large central court-yard, this institution will have all the healing advantages of plenty of air and sunshine. Without attempting to give a description of numerous arrangements for the comfort of patients, we will allude only to the excellent contrivances for ventilation—a most important desideratum in a hospital. In addition to the ordinary ventilation from opposite windows, there is what is called ridge ventilation—the impure air being conveyed under the ridge of the roof, and there finding escape. But the principal contrivance is a ventilating chimney, 130 feet high and 16 feet in diameter, inside measure. This chimney has an inner one of iron, like a smoke-pipe of a large steamboat. This smoke-pipe receives the smoke of four large boilers, also all the smoke from the kitchen, bakery, and laundry. The smoke and heat from the boilers are enough to heat the outer chimney, so as to attract all the foul air from the ducts and flues connected with it from all the buildings, and here escapes. As an additional provision for purity of atmosphere the walls and floors have been rendered impervious with four coats of oil-paint, so as to present a surface which can not absorb impurities, and which can be washed with soap and water. The Roosevelt Hospital is not yet fully completed—only the east pavilions being open, which will accommodate 150 patients; when wholly completed, 400 can be supplied with every comfort. While this institution is not entirely free to the public—a reasonable charge for treatment being made to such as can afford to pay for it—a large number of patients will receive gratuitous accommodation and medical treatment.

Information has been received at the Navy Department, Washington, from Dr. A. Petermann, of Gotha, to the effect that in the month of September an open polar sea was found from 42° to 60° east of Greenwich, to the northward of 78° north latitude. The northernmost point reached was 79° north, on the meridian 48° east. Here was found the most favorable state of ice toward the north pole, with probable connection with the open sea, north of Siberia, toward the east. This appears to be the most favorable route toward the north pole.

The decree of emancipation which passed the Brazilian Parliament on September 27 declares free all children born of slaves after its date. It also frees all the slaves held by the government, numbering 1700, establishes an emancipation fund, and makes various other provisions for the benefit of the existing slaves. Religious corporations have already commenced to set at liberty the slaves owned by them, and there are evidences of a movement among the slave-owners in the direction of either converting their slaves into free tenant-farmers or of freeing them upon conditions of a few years' service.

The destruction of the museum of the Chicago Academy of Sciences was not the least among important losses by the great fire. The building was supposed to be fire-proof, but, like other "fire-proof" buildings, collapsed like a bubble in the intense heat. The museum contained the largest collection of crustacea in the world, filling more than ten thousand jars; the specimens and species gathered by Professor J. D. Dana in the Wilkes exploring expedition in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; and also the large collections made by Dr. Stimpson in his cruise in the Ringgold expedition to the North Pacific, besides his recent collections from the Gulf of Mexico, and specimens from various other sources. There were also in the museum, unfortunately, the crustacea dredged up by Mr. De Pourtalès in his late dredging expeditions, these having been sent there for description and a final report.

The salary of President Theirs is six times greater than that of President Grant.

A gentleman in Wilmington, North Carolina, has successfully raised tea, which, as he claims, can not be excelled in flavor by the imported article. Several other sections of the United States seem well adapted to the culture of this plant, particularly South Carolina, Tennessee, and California.

The *Scientific American* informs us that before 1821 India rubber had been imported only in the form of curiosities. About that time a sea-captain brought home, among other devices, some rubber wrought in the shape of small shoes, and presented them to a bright boy. They were closed at the top, but with child-like curiosity the boy cut them open, and found only some clay within in the form of lasts. His next desire was to put them on his feet, and, as they would not stretch enough, he used boiling water to soften them, and thus succeeded. To color them, he tried ink, which soon washed off, after which he hit upon the plan of smoking them in the chimney. He then had, complete, the first pair of India rubber shoes ever used in this country, and his success was the beginning of a business which now has immense proportions.

A pretty bit of poetry in "Little-folk Songs," evidently the heart-language of a loving mother, will appeal pleasantly to many a mother's heart:

"Ten fat little fingers, so taper and neat!
Ten fat little fingers, so rosy and sweet!
Eagerly reaching for all that comes near,
Now poking your eyes out, now pulling your hair;
Smoothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
Then digging your cheeks with a mischievous clutch;
Gently waving good-by with infantine grace,
Then dragging your bonnet down over your face;
Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
Then tearing a book at a furious rate;
Gravely holding them out, like a king, to be kissed,
Then thumping the window with tightly closed fist;
Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
On the white cradle pillow, secure from all harm.
Oh, dear baby hands! how much love you infold
In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers' soft hold!
Keep spotless, as now, through the world's evil ways,
And bless with fond care our last wearíful days."

An appeal for Chicago sufferers was made not in vain to an infant school in Pawtucket. A recess was given to the little girls so that they might go home and bring whatever wearing apparel they could spare. One little creature went home for her share, and finding her mother out, concluded to help herself, and accordingly packed up all the dresses, etc., of which she was possessed, save what she had on, and, with all the gravity possible, presented them to the committee, who, of course, packed them with the rest and sent them away. When the little girl's mother came to look for a change of clothes for the child after school, the discovery of what had been done took place, and the consternation in that family can be better imagined than described.

The "yen" is the unit of the new Japanese silver coinage, and corresponds with the American dollar in size and value. The "yen," "half yen," and "quarter yen" are all round coins, and are alike in every thing but size and value, the design on all being identical. The obverse has a sun and halo in the centre, with a wreath below and three flowers above. The reverse has the imperial dragon curiously coiled up in the centre, surrounded with Japanese characters. The milling is the same as that on the American coinage. Hitherto it has been found impossible to get any coin except the dollar of the republic of Mexico to pass current in China; but our Japanese advices state that the Chinese merchants in Japan are exporting the new Japanese coin to China by the cart-load as fast as it is issued from the mint, which would indicate that they expect it to go into general circulation in the Central Flowery Empire.

The recent cat show at Glasgow proved quite a success. Each animal was confined in a wire cage on tables in a large hall, which enabled visitors to view them on all sides. Although there was a large and excellent variety of felines, strange to say most of the cats, either suffering from homesickness or appalled by the novelty of their location, were remarkably depressed in spirits, having scarcely energy for a mew or a spit.

The museum at Cassel contains a curious collection illustrating trees from various countries. It presents the appearance of a library, in which the back of each volume is furnished by the bark of some particular tree; the sides are made of perfect wood, the top of young wood, and the bottom of old. When opened, the book is found to be a box, containing either wax models or actual specimens of the flower, fruit, and leaves of the tree.

A writer in the *Williams Review* opposes the admission of women into colleges because they can not bear hazing either of body or mind!

In Sweden swimming is such a universal accomplishment that if it is known that a young lady can not swim it is immediately concluded that she has some exceptional delicacy of constitution, just as we would suspect the same thing if told that a young lady could not walk. But in every Continental town there are excellent arrangements for open air—or open water—swimming, for ladies as well as gentlemen.

A singular and senseless instance of revenge is reported from Cairo, Egypt. The wife of a certain Antonio Marcelli, an Italian resident, lost her sight after careful treatment for opthalmia by a prominent oculist, Dr. Altier Garrulier. The husband, from a feeling of senseless revenge, waylaid the doctor and his secretary as they were going home one night, and threw nitric acid into their eyes, entirely destroying those organs.

In some remarks upon somnambulism, a correspondent of the *Scientific American* expresses his belief that the whole philosophy of sleep-walking has its foundation in habit, acquired by disturbance at some regular hour devoted to sleep. He says he has noticed that children who are allowed to go to sleep on the floor or lounge in the evening, and afterward, at some regular hour, are aroused (of course only partially awakened) and sent to bed, will in time acquire the habit of sleep-walking. Parents might well take note of this statement. In any case, it is injurious for children to be in the habit of going to sleep any where in the evening except in their beds. If they are sleepy, it is bed-time for them, no matter how early it may be.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. W. M. R.—A list of the cut paper patterns for sale at this office will be found in the advertising columns of the *Bazar*.

NELLIE.—Read all about wraps in *Bazar* No. 45, Vol. IV.

RIVERDALE.—A Watteau bow is three or four drooping loops and two long ends of faille ribbon about two and a half inches wide, placed just below the collar in the middle of the back of any wrap. Gothic points curve to a point instead of being sloped exactly on the bias.

HATTIE JONES.—Shorten the train of your silk, and use the pieces for making a short apron on the front widths, and extend the trimming from the apron down the sides to simulate a trained over-skirt.

A. E. T.—You will probably find a remedy for your friend's discolored complexion in the *Bazar* articles to "Ugly Girls." Read article on winter wraps in *Bazar* No. 45, Vol. IV. A cloth sacque with a cape is what you need.

MISS M. K.—Girls of twelve or fourteen years wear basques fastened in front, or plain waists fastened behind.

MANY READERS.—We have no agencies for the sale of patterns.

N. C.—Make a white tarlatan dress with demi-train trimmed to the knee with narrow pinked frills, each headed by a ruche. Make an over-skirt with short apron and long back. Half-high waist and antique sleeves.

MISS G. A. H.—Answers to your questions have been embodied in the New York Fashions, or with replies to others, and the *Bazar* has not space for reprints.

T. T.—Your letter was properly addressed.

MRS. M. S. C.—Make a sacque with talma for your largest girl, and use the Walking Coat pattern in *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. IV., for the youngest. Use the princesse and Gabrielle patterns for their dresses. Braid solid colors with black, or the shade of the dress.

MRS. ANNETTE W.—We do not make purchases for our readers. You should have addressed the firm having the salve to sell. Your money is subject to your order.

L. C.—Both your brown silk samples are stylish shades, but are too near alike to go together. Put a lighter wood brown with your corded silk.

H.—Your velvet cloak may be altered to a round talma with a Watteau fold, or else much trimmed in the back. The purple silk need not be altered.

MRS. W.—The *Bazar* gave a pattern in Supplement of child's flannel night-drawers.

MRS. M. R. B.—Get mazarine blue cloth for your boy's suit. Make kilt skirts and jackets for your boy of three years and a half.

G. H. B.—We have no cut paper pattern of a sacque without a seam in the back. The money inclosed awaits your order.

MRS. J. C. S.—We know nothing of your "Novice" letter.—Patterns have been sent you.

CAIRO.—Send for our Water-proof Cloak pattern and *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV., and you will have many hints about such cloaks. The colored English water-proofs are very durable and fashionable. Get gray, or else dark violet cashmere, for your Watteau wrapper.

MRS. S.—The mantle you want is simply a round cape with seams on the shoulders, or a talma without shoulder seams, and having a Watteau fold. The *Bazar* has given such patterns in Supplement numbers. Overlapping folds of silk, strapped at intervals with a similar fold or with gimp, will trim your polonaise stylishly.

M. M. H.—Your blue merino will look well made with a Marguerite polonaise, or else by the vest-basque suit pattern. Make a box-pleated waist of black cashmere or silk to wear with any of your dress skirts.

ELLA R.—The poem "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true" was written by Miss Mulock, now Mrs. Craik. She *is* the authoress of "Hannah."

MRS. H. B. H.—Put tapes in the back breadths of your long purple silk, and shorten it for the street.

STARLIGHT.—White is worn all winter by children of eight months. Make piqué Gabrielles and yoke slips of muslin. Plenty of warm under-clothing will keep him comfortable.

MRS. A. P. W.—We do not furnish stamps for braiding, or any braiding patterns except those given in the *Bazar*.

MRS. J. B.—Biarritz is pronounced as if spelled *Be-ar'ritz*.—Your sample did not reach us.

MRS. S.—The vest-basque suit pattern is what you want.

MUFF.—It is not necessary to have tassels on your muff.

DETROIT.—The Worth-basque house dress will give you a demi-train and upper skirt pattern for your tarlatan. Trim with ruches and ruffles.

L. Q. S.—The Marguerite polonaise is what you want for your London smoke poplin. Trim with bias velvet of the same shade put on like the design in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV., illustrating the Marguerite pattern sent you. Black lace over white muslin was worn in the summer on black silk street suits, but is not used this winter, and is only suitable for house dresses.

IGNORANCE.—I. H. S. on crosses stands for Jesus Hominum Salvator—Jesus the Saviour of men.

P. L. D. AND OTHERS.—For information about point lace braid read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 47, Vol. IV.

YOUNG MOTHER.—Babes are put in short clothes when five or six months old. The skirt should escape the floor, so that the child may not step on it in its effort to walk.

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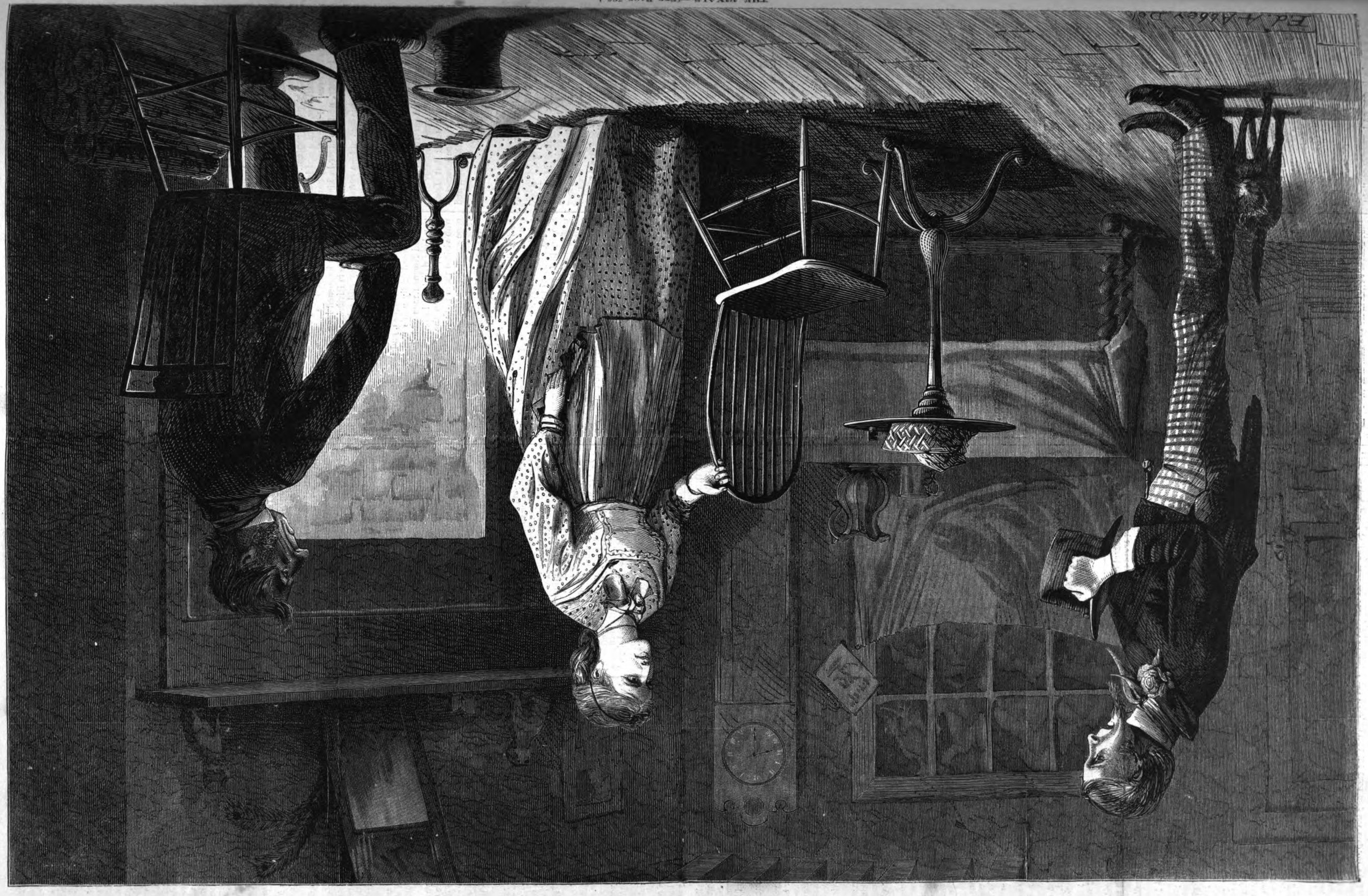

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THE RIVALS.

See illustration on page 764.

THERE is no doubt that these swains are bitter rivals. The way that they glower at each other tells the whole story. The one in possession, comfortably seated by the cozy fireside, and of late sole master of the field, is angry at being dislodged from his monopoly, and puckers his face into a look which is meant to annihilate his antagonist. But signs indicate that the latter is the favored suitor, as may be seen from the welcoming look in the eyes of the damsel, who eagerly rises to offer him a chair, and even the friendly attitude of the household cat, who rubs amicably against his legs, and looks viciously at the first-comer.

THE EXPERIMENTAL BABY.

THE experimental baby! Poor little soul, what tortures it undergoes! Perhaps the mother can not nurse it herself, and so tries to bring it up "by hand," with generous intentions not to starve it, and to give it "good nourishing diet." She probably begins with nice thick farinaceous food, properly sweetened and made palatable enough; and when she makes her baby ill she flies to dill-water, or one of the many soothing sirups advertised. If she is a poor woman, and grossly ignorant, she gives her little one of eight months old fat bacon and apple dumpling, and tells you with pride that "it sits up with them, and takes the same as themselves." If she is what is called a lady, ten to one she clothed, and for no need, only for ignorance, not half protected from the weather, nor indeed half protected in any way. The child of the lady is swathed and loaded with garments till it can hardly walk under the load laid on it; and if the one runs the chance of bronchitis from sitting on damp door-steps with naked arms and undefended chest, the other runs that of hip disease, spinal disease, and general structural deformity from an overplus of clothing, which allows no organ free play. Poor food, and oftentimes unwholesome as well as poor — sometimes, oh, how often! not enough of it, bad as it is—checks the growth of the pauper's child, and lays the foundation of future disease. High living, wine, sweets, strong essence of meat, and the like, come to the same result with the child of the lady; and here, again, too much is as bad as too little, and extremes meet as elsewhere.

Now all this might be obviated by some sound physiological knowledge. What is wanted is knowledge, not means, and the substitution of physiological rules for experiment. It is something literally amazing, when we think of it, how we prepare, or rather do not prepare, for the nurture of our young. No man would undertake the breeding or the training of horses who was utterly ignorant of the subject; no one would undertake to paint a picture who had never learned to draw, and who did not know lake from burned umber. Yet we marry, and our women become mothers—which is the most important function in human life—with no more knowledge how to nurture or to train their young than a blind man has of colors, or a deaf one of harmonies. Babies come, and they are loved and delighted in. They are pretty little live dolls, plus a spark of intelligence; but they are experiments, and the first naturally the most so. Love does not necessarily include wisdom, and a mother's instinct does not reveal to her the unknown properties of food, or put her in possession of certain chemical facts. It is a favorite theory among women that it does, and that, given the child, the right knowledge will come, even without the usual blunders by which the experimental baby suffers. And more than this, the instinct of loving mothers is so large, and for the most part so unreasonable, that they resent all advice as interference, and hold the friendly matron who would put them on a better

A HOPELESS CASE.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

A HOPELESS CASE.

SUCH is the verdict pronounced by the old cobbler on the dilapidated shoe, which is nothing but a ruin, but which the tattered pair before him have fondly hoped that he might make as good as new. And sadly the words fall on the ear of the barefoot boy, who sees his last protection from the cold paving-stones vanish, as well as of his sister, who is pensively devising means to replace the loss. The cobbler's interest is solely a professional one: no gleam of human feeling softens his rugged face as he turns over in his hands the ragged, soleless thing which was once a shoe, and at last gives it up as a hopeless case indeed, which all the skill of St. Crispin himself would fail to make whole.

errs on the side of carefulness. Her nursery is kept at a high temperature, the windows are not opened, and the gas is as an extra fire. In her anxiety that her experimental baby shall not take cold, she stints it of its oxygen; then wonders that it does not thrive, and probably suspects nurse of malpractices. If she had any simple instrument by which she could test the quality of the air breathed by those tender little lungs, she would want no other explanation, and the cause of her child's non-thriving would be apparent enough.

As the experimental baby grows out of its first helpless infancy, and begins to run about, the odd theories of which it is the suffering subject become more rampant—even more disastrous. The child of the poor woman is insufficiently

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MRS. ELIZABETH A. MONAGHAN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine since 1861. During the war she stitched forty blouses a day of eight hours, averaging about $16 a week; since then she has stitched from thirty to thirty-six linen coats a day. Last year, in three months, she stitched 1274 linen coats, earning $186 46, besides doing her own housework and tending her baby. She would use no other machine.—[*Com.*]

MESSRS. BEELER & CURRY, 208 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, engrave as fine Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards, and Monograms, and keep as choice a stock of note papers, as can be had in the country. The *Elite* of the Queen City all patronize them.—[*Com.*]

OUR druggists keep for sale Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best preparation ever made for restoring the vitality and color of the hair.—[*Com.*]

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION—a paper that has grown into excellence by experience, and into an unequaled circulation by *acknowledged* excellence.—[*Com.*]

DR. O. W. HOLMES and many distinguished men recommend *Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.*—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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28 inches long, weight 2½ oz., only $6.
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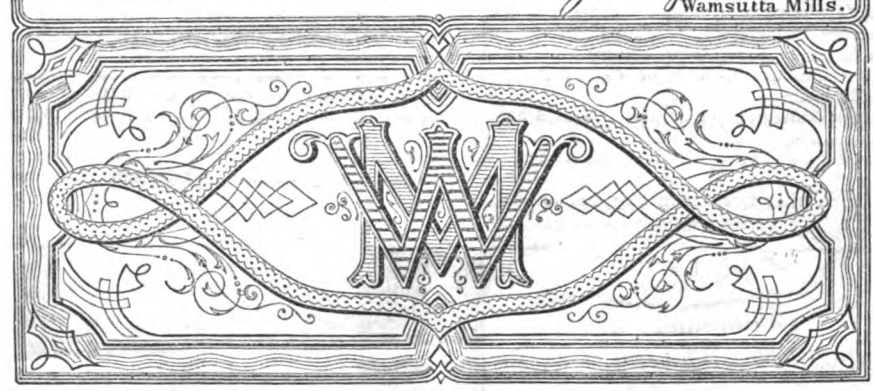
NEW BEDFORD, MASS., *June 1st,* 1867.

Thos. T. Bennett Jr. Agent Wamsutta Mills.



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PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT.

"Why do you put your Dolls by so carefully, Maggie?"
"I am keeping them for my *Children*."
"But suppose you don't have any Children?"
"Then they will do for my *Grandchildren*!"

SAGE OR PROFANE REMARK.

A humble but independent old widow in a rural district of Ayrshire, who, in addition to her cottage garden, had about a quarter of an acre of oats for bedding her cow and feeding her hens, was busily setting up her few stocks of grain after strong wind and heavy rain at the close of harvest.

"Well, Christie," said her landlord, in passing, "ye're setting up your corn."

"A'tweel am I," replied Christie, "and a draigled lot it is."

The widow was in a bad humor, so he changed the subject:

"How did you like your new minister, Christie?"

"Oh, very well indeed, Sir—very well indeed, as lang as he keepit hectoring awa' at Jonah for sleepin' when he should ha'e been praying; but afterhin nacthing wad please him but he maun begin praying for fine wather, though it was just first-rate at the time, as if the Lord didna ken how to mak wather better than he did! And what's the result? Here am I fechting among my pickle stooks as wat's a dish-clout aboon my knees!"

DRY READING.—Can you realize Mrs. Partington's bewilderment at hearing her grandson read from an article in the paper about Rome, "The ground is so parched that it is full of *fishers*!"

What is the worst kind of fare soldiers can live on?—Warfare.

DIDN'T QUITE CATCH IT.

OLD MANGELWUZEL (*to amateur artist*). "Mornin', Sir! You be rather late in the season, bain't 'ee?"

JACK SKETCHAM. "Yaas! Just catch the autumn tints, ye know."

OLD M. "Catch the—? Oh, ah! I s'pect you wull, too. They be a good deal about, and there's been a mortal lot carried off by the complaant!"

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus, "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads?"

ALMOST A SUFFICIENT REASON.

ANGELINA. "Sarah, have any of those mischievous children been playing with the piano while I have been out of town? Some of the keys won't sound at all."

SARAH. "Please, mum, I don't know nothink about it—leastways, Master Tom said there was somethink wrong with it, which he was sure there was a mouse in it, so he got Joe to hold up the cover while he put the dorg and cat in; but instead of catchin' the mouse, mum, they took to fightin', and did make such a funny noise in among them wires—so, maybe, mum, the mouse is in there still, mum."

WHAT NEXT?

OLD LADY. "Train just gone! How provoking! When does the Next start?"

PORTER. "At three-fifteen, Mum."

OLD LADY. "What a time to wait! When does the one *Before* that start?"

FACETIÆ.

A NEGRO woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things she said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies asked her, "Sister, did you see any blacks in heaven?"

"Oh, git out! You s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

TO LAWYERS.—Can you make a blind man liable for his bill if it is payable at sight?

TO FARMERS.—How many clods make one wiseacre?

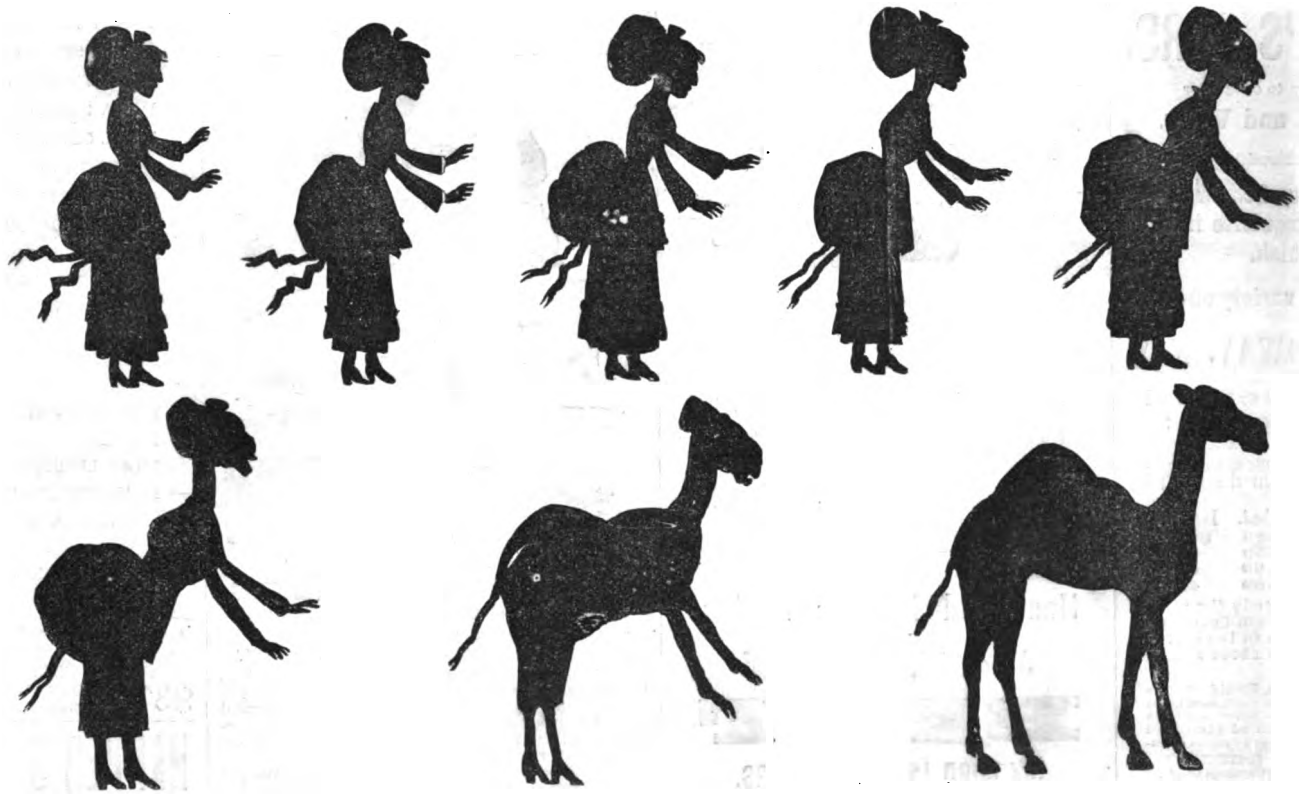
QUERY.—What is the difference between a drunkard's scruple and a dram?

HISTORICAL.—The reason why they beat the drum was because it called the harp a lyre.

You may find fashion in town, but you meet with more stiles in the country.

HOW TO MAKE A DULL FELLOW LIVELY.—Marry him to a girl named Annie, when, of course, he becomes Annie-mated.

TOO MUCH.—A magistrate at New Orleans recently punished a would-be suicide by making him pay his rescuer ten dollars. The disappointed culprit said he thought the sum excessive. It was, very probably, a good deal more than his intrinsic value.



WHAT THE GRECIAN BEND CAME TO.

PHASES OF GRIEF.—A French widower says that when a Frenchman loses his wife it is at first a duty to cry over his loss, and then it becomes a habit, and finally a pleasure.

BAD FORM—STALE.

THE FIRST COURT CHAMBLAR—King Arthur's round table.

TO ENGAGED PERSONS.—Better never than late.

TO MEND BAD SHERRY.—Have a sherry cobbler.

The singer who brought down the house has refused to rebuild it.

THE NET TO CATCH A WIFE WITH—A coronet.

A REAL DIFFICULTY IN SPAIN—Want of money.

UNIVERSAL ACCOMPLISHMENT—Playing the fool.

A STAMP YOU CAN'T BUY—The stamp of a gentleman.

A LEGAL CONVEYANCE—The Black Maria.

THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR—Adam.

Why is the crow a bird?—Because he never shows the white feather.

RIGHT.—Debbs thinks that, instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid.

A STUDY OF OMNIBUS LIFE.

AFFABLE PERSON (*entering Omnibus*). "I see there is Room for One More on either Side, Ladies and Gentlemen. Will *either* Side kindly make Room for *Me*? I have no Preference!"

[*Stolid determination on either side to let the other side have the benefit of Affable Person. Complete unconsciousness, on both sides, of Affable Person's existence. Omnibus goes on. Embarrassing situation of Affable Person.*

NOBLE SACRIFICE.

TALLER SWELL. "You don't Dance, then, Snipeson?"

LESS TALL SWELL. "No—ah, dear Boy, on'y come to Show Meself. Must do it, I s'pose. Awful Baw!"

[*Why should he, then?*

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 49.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Evening Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS suit consists of an under dress of plain blue gros grain, and an over dress of blue and white chiné gros grain. Fig. 1 shows the under dress without the trimming, and Fig. 2 shows the same trimmed with ruffles and puffs of white organdy, and black velvet bows. Pleated Swiss muslin fichu, with ruffles of the same, which are edged on one side with lace half an inch wide. On the middle of the fichu in the back is a velvet bow with long ends; a bunch of flowers is fastened in the front of the corsage. To make the over dress, cut for the vest fronts of blue gros grain and white silk lining two pieces from Fig. 7, Supplement, allowing an inch and a quarter extra material on the front edge; then cut of chiné gros grain two pieces each from Figs. 8 and 9, and one piece from Fig. 10, having first joined on the pieces turned down in Supplement, Figs. 8-10, and allowed twelve inches extra material on the under edge of Figs. 9 and 10, in the direction of the arrow-heads. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 11, observing the contour of the under part. The sleeves, as well as the back and side forms, are lined with white silk, but on Figs. 9 and 10 the lining only extends from the upper edge to the bottom of the waist. After basting the material on the lining, sew up the darts in the fronts, fold the extra material on the front edge of the right front (Fig. 7) down on the under side, and work the button-holes; the extra material on the left front is left for a fly. Run the material and lining together, and sew on buttons. Both parts are corded on the bottom. Baste the vest fronts together according to the corresponding figures, and join them with the back and side forms. Arrange the over dress in pleats at the bottom of the waist, bringing × on ●, and drape it on the sides, bringing the ×'s of Fig. 8 on ● of Fig. 9. Cord the neck of the over dress, and trim it on the outer edge with a gathered ruffle, as shown by the illustration; the seam made by doing this is covered by velvet ribbon an inch and a quarter wide. On the sides, covering the layer of pleats, set bows of velvet ribbon three inches and a quarter wide. Sew up each sleeve from 22 to 23, set a ruffle on the bottom six inches and a half wide, and sloped toward the ends to a width of three inches and a quarter; in doing this gather the sleeve slightly, and cover the seam of the ruffle with velvet ribbon. Set on the bow as shown by the illustration, and sew the sleeves into the corded armholes according to the corresponding figures.

PARIS LADIES'-MAIDS.

THE class of servants which it is most difficult to keep in Paris is that of *femmes de chambre*. Men of all kinds usually hesitate a little before they give warning, for changing is a nuisance to them as well as to their masters; but Paris ladies'-maids shift about as easily as butterflies in a garden. And yet these very women, with all their capriciousness, do not go in for vanity or its satisfactions; they never wear their mistress's dresses, or set up for sham ladies, as do English women of their class. The spectacle which is so abundant at the West End of London on a Sunday afternoon, when the streets are filled with ridiculous creatures out for half a day, who imagine that they disguise their position in life by the flashy clothes they wear, but who simply make themselves thereby vulgar and contemptible, is unknown in Paris or in any part of France. The French maid is ceasing to wear caps in the street, and is adopting bonnets—that, unhappily, is true; but she dresses like what she is—respectably; and however we may deplore the gradual disappearance out-of-doors of the type of twenty years ago, we still find it inside the houses, where the maid's white apron and the bright cap with its starched strings continue to exist in all their merit. The French maid goes after love, not vanity; but even love does not render her less thrifty; and, like all other servants of her race, she lays by regularly: at two-and-twenty she has a small account at the savings-bank; and at thirty she possesses five railway debentures or a little *rente;* and if she does not marry, she has stored up, by the time she is an old woman, a few hundred pounds, and can go back to her village to end her days in peace. The men do just the same; and the economizing, prudent spirit of the nation is almost as evident in them as in the miserly peasants who live on nothing but black bread, but who have a long stocking full of gold hidden away under a tile in the floor.

There are scamps enough among them, but there are a great many excellent creatures too, and quantities of brave girls who stick to their religious duties, and get up in the early morning to go to mass, and who walk to their beds down those foul corridors with their eyes straight before them, and their ears resolutely closed, like little saints that no temptation can touch. Those are the people who counterbalance the cooks that rob you, and the valets who smash your glasses, and the coachmen who provide for their children by selling your oats.

Fig. 1.—EVENING DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-11.

Fig. 2.—EVENING DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-11.

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☞ THE Publishers take pleasure in announcing that they have secured for the new Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR the most brilliant and fascinating array of literary and artistic attractions ever offered simultaneously to the American public. They comprise, for immediate issue, besides others that will be in due time announced in these columns, the following works:

"MIDDLEMARCH," a new serial story by GEORGE ELIOT, to commence in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 16.

"MISS OR MRS.?" by WILKIE COLLINS, illustrated with striking full-page engravings from original drawings, to commence in HARPER'S BAZAR for December 23.

"BLADE-O'-GRASS," by B. L. FARJEON, author of "Joshua Marvel," with many beautiful illustrations, to commence December 16.

"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, with illustrations, to commence in an early number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

They have also secured the plates and advance sheets of "LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE," by GUSTAVE DORÉ and BLANCHARD JERROLD, a new and magnificent series of illustrations from the pencil of the great French artist.

A new Novel by Miss THACKERAY, whose writings have won deserved popularity by their purity of tone, genial imagination, and fascinating style, will be commenced early in the year.

The great Spanish statesman, EMILIO CASTELAR, will furnish an important and interesting paper for an early number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE on "Republicanism in Europe."

These unprecedented attractions will require occasional literary Supplements to HARPER'S BAZAR and HARPER'S WEEKLY, which will be included in the regular issue, free of charge to subscribers.

We congratulate the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR on the rich and tempting intellectual repast provided for their enjoyment, and upon the rare privilege of sitting down to their monthly or weekly feast of fancy and flow of soul with such a select and excellent company of entertainers as GEORGE ELIOT, WILKIE COLLINS, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, CHARLES LEVER, Professor DE MILLE, B. L. FARJEON, GUSTAVE DORÉ, Miss MULOCK, Miss BRADDON, M. D. CONWAY, PORTE CRAYON, BAYARD TAYLOR, R. H. STODDARD, JOHN HAY, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, EUGENE LAWRENCE, Dr. I. I. HAYES, THOMAS NAST, SOL EYTINGE, Jun., CHARLES PARSONS, W. L. SHEPPARD, JULES TAVERNIER, and many others of high rank in the world of letters and art. In securing this unprecedented array of splendid names, the Publishers are only carrying out their original design, and fulfilling what they conceive to be the legitimate duty of the conductors of widely circulated and popular periodicals. They intend that wherever their periodicals circulate they shall exert a healthful influence in every department of literature and art; and that in the future, as in the past, they shall be not only unsurpassed but unapproachable in the sphere of illustrated journalism.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR meet and satisfy the intellectual wants of the great mass of intelligent American readers; and in treating of literary, political, social, or domestic themes, offer an amount of wholesome instruction, recreation, and amusement which will be sought elsewhere in vain. They represent, therefore, for every American household the Graphic Literature of the World.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

☞ *Persons desiring to renew their Subscriptions to* HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient* BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTIONS. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

For Terms, etc., see Advertisement on page 783.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Elegant Low-necked Evening Dress, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt, illustrated on page* 780 *of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. A Cut Paper Pattern of a New and Stylish Watteau Mantle, with Pleated Blouse-Waist, Watteau Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, will be published with the next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement in Number* 46.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of a great number of Elegant Fancy Articles, suitable for Holiday Gifts; together with Ladies' Winter Bonnets, Mantelets, Jackets, Suits, Lingerie, etc.*

LUCK.

WE are all acquainted with people who seem born with a silver spoon in their mouths — emphatically lucky people, especially if there is any thing in the spoon. Their first early needs amply supplied, they glide into a roseate childhood; they have all the diseases incident to that period at the proper time; they escape from the hands of careless nurses; when they fall it is upon their feet. At school they are the favorites of pupils and teachers; they take the prizes, and spell to the head; they are never kept after hours, or disciplined with the ferule. They learn to swim without trouble, and skating is second nature. As they advance in years, they assume, gracefully, all the accomplishments and dignities of each period; they are never awkward; they always know what to do with their hands; they are never at a loss for something to say, nor under obligations to the weather; and when they speak the world applauds.

"Surely they carry a talisman under their tongues;" they have the "gift of gab," and know how to persuade. To be sure, they may not be the people who discover the great laws of nature, who write the immortal epics, or read the heavens like an open book; but undoubtedly they are very pleasant folks to meet in every-day life; the hours slip along for them on such a silken thread that they can afford to be amiable and magnanimous.

There are those, however, who are lucky in essentials, and those who are fortunate only in trifles—if there are such things. The latter invariably see the moon over the right shoulder, buy every thing at a bargain, find the persons they wish to find, and avoid the others, hold the bowers in euchre and the honors in whist, and keep their umbrellas till they wear out; time and tide seem to wait upon them; they catch the train at the last minute; though late at concert or lecture, they find the best seats: while the former seem acquainted with that tide in the affairs of men which leads on to fortune. When they travel, it is always the car just ahead or just behind which runs off an embankment; it is always the bank in which they do not take stock which breaks, the office in which they did not insure that fails. The gas which illumines the lucky man's house never transforms itself from an angel of light to a demon threatening the life of his family; the water-pipes, with proper regard for new paper and fresh carpets, take care to burst only when it is perfectly convenient, and at a season when the plumbers are not overworked. The lost will which he seeks comes to light; the woman he loves smiles upon him; the things he covets come to him as if by some natural attraction, as if there were some fitness between them. His letters never miscarry; and whoever knew the lucky man to be dunned? He seems to possess a charm for keeping creditors and other misfortunes at arms-length. Though flood or flame should destroy his home, and all his worldly goods resolve into their elements, friendship with its hundred hands will reach out to his succor across mountains or seas. He is the hero of to-day. His pictures bring fabulous prices, his books pass through innumerable editions, his poems are never parodied. He gets his case in court, and his seat in the Senate; and when he runs for office, it is as if the office ran for him. Wherever he goes he is the welcome visitor. People stand aside to let him pass on to fortune, take off their hats to him, lay down their lives for him: while ever beside him walks his pale brother, the Unlucky, whose shadow-like existence lends a lustre to the other's. This one has known the vicissitudes of fortune, the cold shoulder of the world; he has been beaten with many stripes; he has been in prison, in exile; his father disinherits him; his wife is a shrew; the publishers refuse his works; "the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker" refuse him credit, and he is frequently out at elbow. Though he may be met in broadcloth and velvet in the best society, it is his daughter who elopes with her dancing-master, it is his sermon that is pronounced heretical, it is his pocket that gets picked in the crowd. He may be handsome or ugly, cultivated or illiterate; but neither his beauty nor his culture will avail him in this encounter with ill luck. While he is thinking what to say, the lucky man has said it; the lucky man gives ignorance and ugliness a varnish. People never laugh at Unlucky's jokes, while the other's commonplaces become classical. To be sure, we may say that such a constant run of luck is prosaic —smacks of the drawing-room and the easy-chair; does not admit of enough variety in the scenic effect; throws the picture of life into broad sunshine, unrelieved, like Chinese art, by shade or perspective; that it lacks the elements of romance or adventure. The lucky man never knew the sensation of hunger or of fear, perhaps; his emotions move in a confined orbit, certainly; but, for all this, how many an unlucky genius, whose every atom answers electrically to the world's touch, but would exchange his dinner of herbs, which imagination flavors, for the other's stalled ox?

Yes, we all sigh to be lucky; and perhaps we pay our homage to success from the consciousness that failure means want of will or vital force; perhaps we dimly recognize some subtile harmony existing between luck and the lucky—that it is only the natural outgrowth of their nature, the efflorescence of their lives!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Good Intentions.

MY DEAR DICK,—Yesterday I was strolling home from collecting a semi-annual dividend, which, although not enormous, it is always very agreeable to collect, and perhaps gives me as much pleasure as the huge slices of profits that fall to the great nabobs in business. As I sauntered along, wondering, as usual, why people hurried so eagerly, I remembered the leisure life of the Old World, when I made the grand tour, and the lordly manner in which people who received smaller dividends than that in my pocket conducted themselves. When they arrived at a very shabby hotel, for instance, these complacent good people recorded themselves as *rentiers*—a superb title, such as Midas might have adopted, or Mehemet Ali, when Egypt was virtually his farm. They were not professional men, nor mechanics, nor bankers; indeed, they were not workers at all, still less producers. But they were receivers of rents. It might be but a dividend of ten francs, but they were capitalists. They put the lumps of sugar in their glasses of water with the air of Cleopatra dropping pearls into her wine.

It seemed to me that I had something of that feeling as I bore the little dividend homeward in my pocket. But then, remembering the amusement with which I used to contemplate the class of fellow-travelers who called themselves rentiers, I was uncomfortably conscious that it was quite as absurd for me to plume myself upon my lean revenue, and I fell to thinking of the chances of its increase. In the midst of my meditations Plutus drove by in his chariot with purple panels, and as I looked at my fellow-rentier I asked myself what good reason there was in the nature of things that he should be so much richer than his coachman—"or than you?" added my complacent consciousness to myself. I smiled a little, for I reflected with some soreness upon the occasion when I was just going to be rich and missed it. It was a very simple circumstance, and one that I have no doubt is familiar to the experience of many a man, for it was only this:

One day young Plutus came to my room and said that his father would gladly sell me a little stock, which he believed would prove to be very valuable. He told me all that he knew about it, and I thanked him, but begged to delay my answer. Then I went among my friends and advised with them, and the opinion of each one made me more uncertain. A note from Plutus begged me to decide. I replied that I was just about to do so. More visits to friends, and more perplexing counsel, left me in a pitiable condition. Another note from Plutus informed me that he must positively know my decision by noon of the next day. I scratched my head in despairing doubt. There was an evident risk in the venture, and I had but a small sum of money; but, on the other hand, there was the advice of a friend, and a sound judge of the situation. But, again, he was a banker, and might so readily be deceived by his own wishes. Besides, the habit of praising operations in which he was interested might warp his judgment even in dealing with a friend. But after a long wrestle with the reasons for accepting his offer and the objections to them, I decided that I would take the stock. It was nearly three o'clock when I hastened into his office, and Plutus said, quietly, that as I had not wished to buy, he had sold the stock to some one else. "But, my gracious, Plutus, I was just going to take it!" He smiled and said that he had mentioned noon as the hour by which he wished to hear from me, and that as I had not answered by that time, he was compelled to suppose that I did not wish it.

I could not fairly complain, and I confess that I walked away rather ruefully. And to-day that somebody else also drives a chariot with purple panels, and I suppose that the friends with whom I am walking when it passes are amazed by hearing me say that I was just going to have that chariot. And when we contemplate, in passing, that fine house upon Murray Hill, I say to them that I was just going to be rich. But just going to be is like poverty living in a hovel next to a palace. There seems to be but a wall between, yet the distance is immeasurable. Remembering these things, and meditating my little dividend, I saw a lady brush with her ample drapery a cooky from an old woman's stall. The cooky was round, and as it fell, rolled swiftly toward the gutter. A little street boy looked at it longingly, and while he stared, fascinated, the cake went over the curb and dropped into the dirty water. Such a look of pain came over the boy's face that I said, "Why didn't you pick it up, you foolish child?" And he replied, sniveling, with mingled hunger and disappointment, "I was jest a-going to!" I gave the boy the price of several cookies, for I recognized myself in him. Plutus will tell you that I was that very boy who was only "jest a-going to," and, therefore, lost his cooky.

It is the temperament of that boy which makes so much unhappiness among our fellow-travelers; and it is something to struggle with earnestly, as with a habit of stammering or personal untidiness. I sit in the cars and observe some unfortunate who only looks longingly at the cooky, and sees it plunge into the foul ditch. He is carried beyond his station, and says, piteously, that he was just going to ask the conductor. The boy comes with the papers, and when he is gone my traveler was just going to call him, and so must chase him through the train in vain. A lady enters, and no one rising, she passes along until the man in the most disagreeable seat offers it to her; and then my traveler is deeply troubled because he was just going to give her his corner.

I am very sure that Serus is of that opinion. If you know him, you know one of the most amiable and charming of men. He seems to you a model of courtesy and kindness; and as you watch him, no longer young, but full of sympathy and of sagacity, you wonder that he is a lonely bachelor, who should be the head of a happy household. Serus and I were school-mates, and I knew all his loves and friendships. Indeed, as we grew he became my confidential friend, and I knew the story of his heart. He loved Aurelia, whom all men admired, and I think that she was not averse to him. But the months passed, and suitors came and pressed, and still she said nay. Perhaps she wondered why Serus did not speak: perhaps she suspected at last that her own heart had deceived her. Yet, however it was, Leo came one day, manly, generous, winning; and at last he won. If there were any doubt in any mind about her feeling for him—if any body guessed that under his image upon her heart another was more deeply impressed—it was not said. The bride was beautiful, the groom was worthy; and if any heart heard a minor in the marriage bells, or caught a glimpse of rue in the nuptial wreath, it was its own secret.

I saw, indeed, the change in Serus. I saw the pallor in his cheek, and the restless manner; and one day, when we were all bidden to the wedding-feast, he came to my room, and the strong man was overwhelmed with passionate emotion and despair. "I have no right to live. A thousand times I have been on the verge of asking her. I was just going to ask her when I heard of her engagement." We stood together at the wedding. There was no cloud upon the bride's brow; there was no doubt in the groom's smile. The day was lovely; the flowers perfumed the sunshine. Every body smiled and said that such matches were made in heaven. But it was the saddest wedding that I remember. It was many years ago, and Serus and the wife of Leo are sincere friends to-day. Perhaps to both the past is a faded dream. Time, indeed, dulls every sorrow. It is a kindness, but not necessarily a gain. Serus is still the lovely youth of my boyhood grown old. He has never married. Nobody

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knows that he ever wished to marry. But in the spacious library in which his time is chiefly passed there is a legend printed in gold over the fire-place, so large and legible that every body is compelled to see it: "Hell is paved with good intentions." And if some visitor, curiously regarding it, asks him at length what it means, Serus answers, with a grave smile, "It is the text of the sermon of life."

I suppose you know the men who are just going to have fortunes fall to them, and whose careers are blank. If you will give me leave, I will take you to a club where you shall see those who were just going to do every thing that others have done. The other day a young gentleman took me aside and begged me to look over a manuscript book of poems, in which he said that I should see that he was just going to have made his fame by poetry in the new style when Tom and the rest came out with their books. Jason told me that he was just going to invent the electric telegraph when Morse happened to step in and reap the glory; and old Dennis has said to me confidentially that he was just going to write up the Arthur legends when Tennyson happened to publish the "Mort d'Arthur."

No, my dear Dick, it is not those who are just going to do, but those who do, that help the world forward. When my father was a boy he went to shoot deer in Maine with my uncle Bob. My father went as a kind of ideal hunter—that is to say that he had every kind of convenience, a shooting costume, and a perfect apparatus for his purpose. But Uncle Bob went, as we say, anyhow. Yet whenever at the critical moment my father had brought all his forces to bear upon the beautiful enemy—ping! went Uncle Bob's rifle, and the deer dropped. And every time my father turned and exclaimed, testily, "Hang it, Robert! I was just going to shoot him!" Perhaps he would have done so; but Uncle Bob did so. There is many a man who dies a drunkard just as he was going to abandon drinking. The famous horse was just going to live upon a straw a day when he died. My boy, it isn't enough to have good intentions. Half of the wrecks and failures that we see among men "meant well." But what avails to point your prow toward the Cape of Good Hope, if you have not force enough to prevent your ship from drifting to the frozen ocean?

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESSES.

THE engraving on page 780, of which a cut paper pattern is given, presents the newest features in evening dresses. The low corsages sent over this season by Parisian modistes are simple round waists without points or postilion. It is said that Worth brought about this return to a fashion not long laid aside because of his admiration for the handsome sashes that accompany these waists. The top of the corsage is very low, and is prettily rounded in the shoulders, instead of being half high and square, in the style worn last winter. The trimming is a sort of bertha, or else Grecian folds. The sleeve is a mere epaulet or a tiny puff. Trained skirts with short over-skirts are not as fashionable at present as short under-skirts with trained over-skirts. The engraving represents an adjustable court train, that may be left flowing its graceful length, or shortened by tapes underneath to a trained or shorter bouffant over-skirt.

WEDDING DRESSES.

Creamy white faille is chosen for wedding dresses this season in preference to the more heavily repped Ottoman silk that is now imitated in cheap fabrics. Satin is no longer the first choice. The finest faille shown at the large dry-goods houses is marked $8 a yard; French modistes import a rarely beautiful faille that costs $10. From eighteen to twenty yards are required by the modistes for a wedding dress. Point lace is the favorite garniture, though a few are adopting the foreign fashion of simple tulle trimmings for the ceremony dress, reserving the lace flounces that in Europe are only worn by married ladies for the reception given a day or two afterward.

When the ceremony is performed in church the corsage is high, with antique sleeves straight to the elbow, with tulle frills below. The back of the waist has a postilion-basque, and is usually made with double side bodies and a seam down the middle; the front is now cut off straight, and has a belt of four faille folds, beginning at the seam under the arms. Two faille bows are in front. The neck is cut round, square, or heart-shaped, as the figure may require, but is always filled in with diagonal folds of soft tulle. Sometimes a Marie Antoinette collar, or a peasant fichu of faille (a sort of doubled kerchief), surrounds the neck. The skirt is a short front with trained over-skirt. This trained upper skirt, with folds hanging smoothly from the belt, is especially handsome for wedding dresses, producing a much finer effect beneath the bridal veil than the short upper skirts so easily disarranged. As the skirt of wedding dresses is all of one fabric, this train is usually sewed in with the side breadths, and is sometimes cut off square below the breadths of the short front. Brides no longer young, and widows marrying again, wear pale pearl-colored faille. For weddings at home low corsages are made in the manner described above for evening dresses. A lovely wedding dress made lately of pearl-colored faille had the trained breadths covered to the waist by fourteen gathered ruffles, arranged in pairs, overlapping. On each side was a broad revers held back by three immense bows. The front breadth had three broad flounces below, and a tiny apron above drawn back in many wrinkles. A wide faille sash, one end hanging on each side. High waist, with basque back, belted front, and point lace trimming.

Brides now wear orange blossoms alone, without the jasmine and spiræa once mingled with them. A set consists of a long spray for each side of the skirt, a double spray for the postilion-basque, a corsage bouquet to be placed high on the left side, instead of in front, and a crown wreath, with long sprays falling over the back hair.

A novelty at a French modiste's is a bridal veil of tulle, dotted with chenille like tiny flakes of snow. These imported veils are much shorter than those made here, measuring only two yards in the middle where they fall over the train. The corners are round, and the edge has a hem a finger deep of the plain tulle. Price $25. Another, at $15, has a broad border wrought in floss above the hem. The Psyche coiffure is arranged beneath bridal veils. This has a Greek twist at the back, with a braid of three tresses wound twice around it. The front hair is frizzed above the forehead, and surmounted by a crown braid, also plaited of three tresses.

The necklace for brides is of large pearls, strung like beads, and has from one to five strands. The bracelet is of the same simple fashion. The long ear-rings and the brooch are of rose pearls, secured in a knife-edge setting that shows as little gold as possible. The brooch is arranged to serve also as a pendant. A solitaire diamond or a pearl, in slight gold setting, is the usual engagement-ring. At entertainments given the newly married pair the bride leaves off her veil and orange blossoms, and wears in her hair an aigrette of white ostrich or heron's feathers. Such aigrettes, mounted in ornaments of pearl and diamonds, are shown at the jewelers', and marked $1500.

Shoes for brides are buttoned boots made of the fabric of the wedding dress. Her long-wristed gloves of white kid are without ornament, and are fastened by from three to six buttons.

BRIDE-MAIDS' DRESSES.

White tulle dresses over white silk are most often worn by bride-maids. They are adorned by flowers arranged in an informal manner, without any regular design. The very prettiest of the season had the tunic sprinkled all over with rose petals that looked as if scattered there by a shower. Over dresses of China crape heavily fringed are also worn by bride-maids. These are usually white, but at a large wedding, recently, they were of sky blue and pale rose-color, to suit both blonde and brunette attendants. The corsage of these dresses is usually made low.

BRIDEGROOM'S SUIT.

The bridegroom wears the full dress suit of black described in a late number of the *Bazar*. A white neck-tie is *de rigueur*. The groomsmen and ushers are also in full dress, though at a late very fashionable marriage they wore the English costume of blue frock-coat with lavender pantaloons.

WEDDING-CARDS.

Wednesday is the day, and 8 P.M. the hour, selected for fashionable weddings. Note sheets are not used for invitations this year; long, narrow cards, in the style of twenty years ago, are taking the place of square cards, and it is said that glazed cards are to supersede those of plain Bristol-board. Three or four cards appear in the envelope. For church weddings the largest card contains the invitation to the church in some simple formula, such as

CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION,
FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET,
December 28, at 8 P.M.

The next largest card has the bride's name, and the smallest that of the groom. For very large weddings a fourth card is added, with "Admit to Church," engraved thereon. For home weddings the first card bears the invitation from the bride's parents, with number of residence and date of the wedding. A similar invitation accompanies cards for the church when a reception is held at the house. Monograms are now used only on envelopes for church weddings, and these invitations are furnished by the groom. Envelopes of cards to home weddings are embellished with the silver initial of the bride's parents, and are supplied by her father.

DRESSES OF THE TROUSSEAU.

Gray is no longer in favor for the traveling and street attire of brides, as it publishes their bridehood as plainly as orange flowers do. The stylish olive, either brown or green, or the dark nut brown cashmeres are chosen as polonaises over silk skirts for traveling, or else a camel's-hair over-skirt and double cape are worn over a silk skirt, or perhaps a cloth suit trimmed with thick passementerie cords. The hat is a toque of velvet of the same color or black. The visiting and church suit is partly of faille, partly of velvet, of plum-color, mignonette, London smoke, or any of the stylish dark shades, and quite often black. The bonnet is of corresponding color. A white bonnet is now rarely seen. Evening bonnets are of light rose, blue, or flesh-colored velvet. A black silk suit and a demi-trained dress of black silk are still essential to a complete and stylish trousseau, and are decidedly the most useful dresses when the number is limited. The handsomest morning dresses are of ashes-of-roses, or else violet cashmere, with Watteau fold behind, and a wide revers on each side of the front embroidered or braided with the same shade. A Gabrielle of gray cashmere is braided all over with soutache of the same color. A cord and tassel are now worn instead of a belt with wrappers. A dressing-gown of pressed flannel in stripes or broken plaid is added to all trousseaux.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DILDEN; and VIRFOLET, and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and A. L. CARILLO.

PERSONAL.

MR. FARJEON, the author of "Joshua Marvel," recently published by the HARPERS, and "Blade-o'-Grass," is pronounced by Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY to be one of the most promising of all the younger novelists of the day. Mr. M'CARTHY divides the British novelists of the day into four classes. First class: George Eliot—she alone, and nobody else. Second class: CHARLES READE, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, WILKIE COLLINS, Miss BRADDON, Miss MULOCK, Mrs. OLIPHANT, Mrs. HENRY WOOD, and one or two others. Third: Rising novelists, not widely known, but who have thus far been successful. Among these is Mr. FARJEON. The fourth class is composed of that immense rank who are not known, and of whom nothing can be expected—ladies of fashion whose husbands pay for the printing of books, etc., etc.

—Queen VICTORIA'S personal fortune is said to be about $35,000,000, or only a little more than double the available assets of Mr. TWEED.

—GAMBETTA is the hero of this story: At Le Mans, during the war, he and six others held a council of war, at which it was decided to arrest and shoot the Prince de Joinville, then a volunteer doing good service against the invader. Among the six present were the notorious RANC and SPALLER.

—Miss BRADDON, who has won so much distinction as a novelist, is only thirty-four, and was born in London. Her father was Mr. HENRY BRADDON, a lawyer of some talent, who wrote numerous articles for the sporting magazines of twenty years ago. Miss BRADDON commenced literary work at an early age, by contributing sentimental poetry, political squibs, etc., to the periodicals of the day. She is a lady of indomitable energy.

—GARIBALDI, or GARRY BALDY, or GARRET BALDWIN, which latter is probably his real, full name, is preparing his memoirs, to be published after his death. It will include something about his residence in New York, and his friendship with Mr. JOHN ANDERSON, whose tobacco has for so many years been a solace to chewers of the weed.

—It is understood to be in the programme of the royal Russian to visit Mrs. COLT, at Hartford. When THOMAS H. SEYMOUR was United States minister at St. Petersburg, Colonel SAMUEL COLT had a pistol manufactory there, and lived at a fine old rate, as he could afford to do. Since then he has made much pistol for the emperor. Hence, etc.

—The appointment of GEORGE H. BOKER as minister to Turkey is one of the most popular the President has made. The press of all parties approve it. He is one of the most intellectual and cultivated men of the country, and has an ample private fortune to help him on in the hospitalities of the mission.

—Mr. JAMES THOMPSON writes to the editor of the Randolph (Illinois) *Plaindealer* that he laid off the first lots ever laid off in Chicago, in 1828. There was then only one hotel or boarding-house in the place. There was an election held, at the time Mr. THOMPSON was there, for captain of a militia company, and the election was warmly contested by two prominent men of the place. All the legal voters attended and voted. When counted, there were twenty-seven in all.

—The Memphis *Appeal* thinks that if Mr. THOMAS A. SCOTT is to become President of the United States, and president of all the railroads at the same time, we might as well throw up the sponge at once.

—MOMOLA MORTARA, father of the young Jew whose conversion to the Church of Rome attracted so much attention a few years since, was recently tried in Florence for the murder of his servant-girl in April last, by throwing her out of the window.

—It is said that Queen VICTORIA is a spiritualist. She has a firm conviction that Prince ALBERT is always present with her, and that she can hold communion with him. Her private rooms are arranged as they were when he was alive. His chair is placed opposite to her own in the library, and the books which he delighted to read to her are arranged lovingly in order on the table.

—The Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS, one of the ablest divines of the country, has for thirty-seven years been settled over the same people. He commenced his ministry in the Broome Street church, where he was ordained. The Rev. Dr. CHAPIN was born in Washington County in this State, and has been preaching in this city since 1848.

—The Rev. MARC ANTONY DE WOLFE HOWE, of Philadelphia, has been chosen Bishop of the new diocese of Central Pennsylvania. He was elected Missionary Bishop of Nevada in 1865, but declined. It is not every day that a MARC ANTONY is elected a bishop, and HOWE it came to be done now is not known to the general world of heretics outside the P. E. C. in the U. S.

—Prince NICHOLAS GALITZIN has given his concert of Russian music in New York, and although the audience did not particularly rave about it, it is said they rather enjoyed it. Of course many went to see as well as hear the musical prince. His history purports to be about this: His father, who always held a high position near the ALEXANDROVITCH family, was very fond of music, and among his most intimate friends was the great composer, BEETHOVEN. The young man became in this manner infused with a genuine passion for music, and he was not long in determining to pursue the profession of an artist. When this became known among the aristocracy they ridiculed and insulted him without stint. This was as nothing, however, to the violent opposition which arose when GALITZIN broached the idea of freeing his serfs some twenty years ago. This unheard-of eccentricity was treated as something little short of madness, and the emperor, as soon as the emancipation was consummated, took away the artist's estates, and refused to allow him to enjoy his own property unless he would give up his peculiar whims. Nothing daunted, GALITZIN went to London, and by the exercise of his musical talent supported his wife and children for two years and a half. In the course of time public opinion in Russia changed, and his estates were restored, so that now he is once more independent. Nevertheless, he adheres to his old preferences, and gives concerts at St. Petersburg frequently. He is at present traveling at his ease in this country.

—M. C. KERR, of Indiana, is the only man in Congress or the country who writes "M. C." at both ends of his name.

—M. CAPOUL is one of the best, as well as one of the handsomest, tenors that Mr. STRAKOSCH has yet introduced to the public. He was an especial favorite of AUBER'S, and is regarded by managers as not only thoroughly capable, but perfectly reliable. He has a passion for horses, and has some of the finest in Paris. During the war CAPOUL fought bravely as a volunteer in the Army of the Loire.

—Miss SARAH E. HORNER, of Georgetown, Massachusetts, has been elected to a professorship in the University of Florida, at Tallahassee. Miss H. has for twenty years been a teacher in the public school at Georgetown, and recently has acted as a member of the School Committee.

—President GRANT has evinced his respect for the man of color by appointing HENRY WHITLAW steward of the White House, and being his bondsman for $50,000.

—Count ANDRASSY, the new Chancellor of Austria, was a Hungarian exile, and in 1849 was sentenced to death for participation in the Hungarian revolution. He escaped to Turkey, and went thence to England, where he subsisted by giving lessons in French, and wrote pamphlets denouncing the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH as one of the most blood-thirsty and cruel rulers of modern times. To-day he is the favorite and confidential adviser of the monarch whom he once so roundly abused, and the successor of the most brilliant statesman that has conducted the foreign affairs of Austria since Prince METTERNICH surrendered the reins of government. The emperor finally permitted Count ANDRASSY to return to his native country, and afterward restored his estates. He began at once to take an active part in politics, and was elected to the Hungarian Diet, where his eloquence, political experience, and parliamentary skill secured him a distinguished position.

—Mr. GLADSTONE has fame as a pedestrian. When returning from his recent official residence at Balmoral, he walked from the castle to Clova—twenty-six miles—resting at night at the village inn, and proceeding to Kirriemuir next day on foot.

—The wealthiest member of the diplomatic corps at Washington is Colonel FREYRE, the Peruvian minister. He owns a pleasant country-seat in New Jersey.

—A large portion of the library of the late WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT has been bought by Professor LONGFELLOW and JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

—It is spoken of in the higher Constantinopolitan circles as something almost incredible, that the late Grand Vizier, AALI PACHA, died insolvent. He owed $500,000. His assets were fifty per cent. short.

—Mrs. LYDIA SEATON, a lady of seventy years of age, is chaplain of the Kansas State-prison.

—Mr. GRANT, in his interesting book on the London press, tells a very good story of the origin of the custom of charging for the insertion of marriage announcements. At first these were published freely, as they still are by many provincial papers. But in the early days of the *Times* it was the custom in announcing a marriage to state the amount of the bride's dowry—£20,000 or £30,000, whatever it might happen to be—and, in looking through the ladies' column one morning at breakfast, Mr. WALTER threw out the suggestion that if a man married all that money he might certainly pay a trifling per centage upon it to the printer for acquainting the world with the fact. "These marriage fees would form a nice little pocket money for me, my dear," added Mrs. WALTER, and, as a joke, her husband agreed to try the experiment. The charge at first was but a trifle, and the annual amount probably not much; but Mrs. WALTER, at her death, passed this prescriptive right of hers to her daughter, and when, a few years ago, the right was repurchased by the present proprietor, it was assessed at £4000 or £5000 a year.

—The Spanish estates of the Empress EUGÉNIE are said to have the following origin: In consequence of the 1823 Bourbon expedition, Spain owed France some millions, which, being capitalized, would, in 1854, have amounted to £3,200,000. A convention between the two governments, however, reduced this sum to £1,000,000, which was gifted to the empress, and conveyed to her in the shape of vast tracts of land, which she has stocked with the best vines of France.

—The great Hindoo blue-stocking, RUNGAMBA GARU, has recently arrived in London, and will constitute one of the chief lions or lionesses of the season. Her lecture on "Human Being" has caused great sensation in India. The Hindoo gentlemen pronounce her great. She lectures with her face veiled to her mouth, and says men are superior to women.

—Professor PARKE, of Amherst, lately told this instance of the power of EDWARD EVERETT in gesture: "At a public lecture," said the professor, "EVERETT began his speech thus: 'Before you seek to grasp the great secrets of nature, you must pause to examine the harmony which exists in her minutest details. For instance, think of the marvels contained in a drop of water!' Thereupon a tremendous burst of applause. *You* listen to this phrase without the smallest emotion. But, as EVERETT spoke, he dipped his finger in the tumbler which stood beside him, and drew it forth, suffering the drop of water to trickle back again. It was the appropriate gesture which caused the surprise and admiration—it was so careless, so spontaneous. Now, what think you, boys? I have seen a letter in EVERETT'S hand, in which he asks a friend whether such a gesture would be admissible in point of taste, and whether he thinks he may adopt it."

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Knitted and Crochet Bib, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS bib is worked with coarse white tatting cotton, No. 40. The foundation is knitted in an open-work design; the border on the outer edge is crocheted and underlaid with narrow blue silk ribbon. Fringe strands of white cotton are tied to the under edge of the bib. Begin the foundation of the bib at the under edge with a foundation of 101 st. (stitch), and, going backward and forward on this, knit, first, * two rounds, which must appear all purled on one (the right) side of the bib, three rounds which appear all knit plain on the right side, then again two rounds which appear all purled on the right side: in the 3d as well as the 6th of these first seven rounds, however, work off together the three middle st. of the work in each. 8th round.—Alternately 2 st. knit together, t. t. o. (thread thrown over). These 8 rounds form one pattern figure.—Repeat 11 times more from *, but in the first round of every new pattern figure knit off the thread thrown over as a st. The narrowing is done regularly in the course of the work; besides this, in order to form the sloped outer edge of the bib, widen 1 st. each at the beginning and end of the 1st round of the 9th pattern figure. This widening is repeated in every third following round. After the last round of the 12th pattern figure, repeat the first seven rounds, but in working the last of these seven rounds cast off the middle 17 st. of the knitting for the slope of the neck. With the st. on each side now knit 19 rounds as before, without interrupting the design and the widening; but on the side which comes on the slope of the neck cast off several st. in every second following round of these 19 rounds, first casting off 5 st., then 4 st., then three times 2 st. each, and, finally, always 1 st. only. Now knit 7 rounds more like those at the beginning of the bib, in doing which work the shoulders in a point by narrowing on both sides. The shoulder tabs are knit going backward and forward also. For each tab make a foundation of 20 st., and with this knit 95 rounds, alternately 3 rounds which appear all knit plain on one (the right) side, 2 rounds which appear all purled on the right side; but in the first 36 rounds narrow 1 st. each at the beginning and end of every 6th round. Cast off the st. of the last round, furnish the tab with a button, and sew it on the crosswise side of the shoulder. For the trimming of the bib make a foundation with the tatting cotton and a crochet needle of suitable size; this foundation must correspond with the outer edge of the bib (excepting the neck). On this foundation crochet: 1st round.—Alternately 3 ch. (chain stitch), with these pass over 3 st. of the foundation, 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the next st. In order to form the corners in the trimming strip, crochet at the relative point, observing the illustration, Fig. 2, which gives a full-sized section of the bib, 2 stc. separated each only by 7 foundation stitches. On this round crochet a scalloped round with fine tatting cotton, No. 60, as follows: * 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next stc., 6 dc. (double crochet) on the middle of the following 3 ch.; repeat from *. Work a similar round also on the under still free veins of the foundation st., in doing which it must be observed that the scallops of both rounds lie opposite each other. On this round follows, first, one round of alternately 1 dc., 3 ch.; in working the dc. pass the needle through the free horizontal back vein of the foundation st. on which the stc. has already been worked; then crochet one scalloped round like that previously worked. All rounds worked with the fine cotton must be crocheted very loosely. For the trimming on the neck of the bib work two rounds of scallops turned toward each other. Crochet these rounds on the veins at both sides of a ch. foundation of the requisite length. The trimming strips are sewed on the bib, in doing which underlay the open-work strips as shown by Fig. 2. Previous to this, however, tie fringe strands, consisting of two threads of tatting cotton five inches long each, into the free veins of the foundation st. at the under edge of the bib. Furnish the bib on the sides, as shown by the illustration, with button-hole loops, which serve to button on the shoulder tabs.

PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 40–43.

Fig. 1.—PALETOT WITH FUR TRIMMING FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 34–39.

Fig. 2.—PALETOT WITH FUR TRIMMING FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 34–39.

PALETOT FOR CHILD FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 44–46.

Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET BIB.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET BIB.

CROCHET WAIST FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.

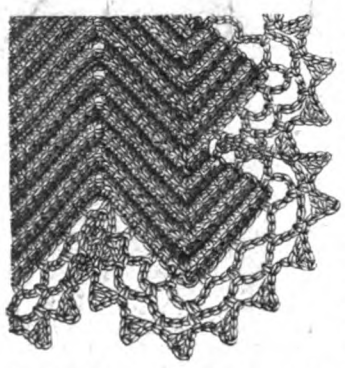

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CROCHET BIB. FULL SIZE.

Crochet Waist for Child from 1 to 2 Years old.

THIS waist is crocheted on a foundation of white dress cord with medium-sized knitting cotton (Estremadura, No. 4½) in rounds of sc. (single crochet), going backward and forward. The waist is trimmed on the upper and under edges and on the sleeves with a row of crocheted lace, through which red ribbon is drawn as shown by the illustration. Begin the waist at the under edge with a foundation of 270 st. (stitch). This foundation is 21 inches long in the original. Crochet 40 rounds in the manner above referred to on the foundation, in doing which always pass the needle through the back vein of the st.; work 1 ch. (chain stitch) at the end of every round, and then turn the work. In the first 9 rounds gores are formed by narrowing; to do this pass over the 100th and 111th, the 160th and 171st st. in the 2d round. This narrowing is repeated in every second following round, but the first and last (the outer) narrowing of every round must be brought 1 st. nearer to the inside each. Besides this, widen in the 38th round; to do this work 2 sc. each on the 103d and 147th st. This widening is repeated in the second round of each of the next four ribs. In the 41st round crochet 14 rounds for the back parts on the first 58 and last 58 st. (the middle st. of the crocheted part are for the present left unnoticed); but in working these 14 rounds take no notice of the last 2 st. in every second following round on the inner side (armhole). Now crochet on the st. previously left unnoticed 11 rounds for the front of the waist, in doing this narrow 15 st. altogether on each side, 5 st. each in the first two rounds, 3 st. each in the 3d and 4th rounds, then always 2 st. each. For each sleeve, beginning on the upper edge (the shoulder), make a foundation of 50 st., and on this crochet five rounds without changing the number of stitches; at the end of the 5th round crochet 7 ch., turn the stitch, which forms a point design. Begin the bib on the under edge with a foundation of 162 st. (stitch), and, passing over the last of these, crochet the 1st round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) each on the next 10 foundation st., pass over the following 2 foundation st. and again work 1 sc. each on the next 10 foundation st., but on the following st. work 3 sc.; repeat six times more from *. Leave off the widening at the end of the round, crochet 1 ch. (chain stitch) there, and turn the work. 2d round.—(From now on always pass the needle through the back vein of each sc.) 1 sc. each on the first 9 sc. of the preceding round, * pass over the next 2 st., 1 sc. each on the following 10 st., 3 sc. on the next st., 10 sc. on the following 10 st., and repeat five times more from *. Finally, 9 sc. on the last 9 st. of the preceding round, 1 ch., and turn the work. 3d–10th rounds.—Like the 2d round, but the st. of both outer points are lessened by 1 st. each in every round. In order to form a new point at the end of the 10th round, crochet 11 ch. and turn the work. 11th round.—Pass over the last of the 11 ch., work 1 sc. on each of the 10 foundation st., pass over the next 2 st. of the preceding round, and continue to work as before. At the end of the 11th round begin a new point also, to suit the other side edge. Illustration, Fig. 2, shows a full-sized section of the bib. In this manner work altogether 80 rounds, then pay no attention to the middle four points of the work (these points afterward come on the slope of the neck), and on the st. at each side crochet 21 rounds more, in doing which form points, corresponding to the outer edge, also on the inner side (the neck). On the outer edge of the bib crochet a row of lace three rounds wide, observing the illustration. The first two rounds consist of transposed ch. scallops, while in the third round points are formed; each point consists of 4 ch., pass over the last of these, and on the next 3 ch. work 1 sl. (slip stitch), 1 sc., 1 double crochet; after each point work 1 sc. on a ch. scallop of the preceding round. The points of the middle four points on the upper edge of the bib are turned down, as shown by the illustration, Fig. 1, and fastened on the foundation with a few stitches. Tie the bib with ribbon strings and loops.

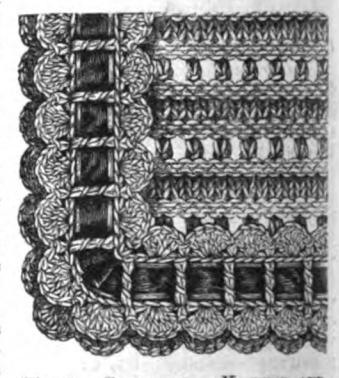

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF KNITTED AND CROCHET BIB.—FULL SIZE.

Crochet Bib, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS bib is crocheted with tatting cotton, No. 60, in ribbed crochet

COVER OF HOT-WATER BOTTLE.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 18.

CROCHET TOBACCO POUCH.
For design see Supplement.

RICE-POWDER BOX.
For design see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 84.

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work, pass over the last of the 7 ch., and on each of the 6 ch., as well as on the st. of the preceding round, work 1 sc. The 6th round is lengthened at the end in a similar manner by 6 st., the 7th and 8th rounds by 2 st. each, the 9th and 10th by 4 st. each, the 11th and 12th by 6 st. each, and the 13th and 14th rounds by 5 st. each. Finally, crochet one more round of sc., in doing which close the sleeve in a ring. Sew the sleeves into the armholes; it must be observed, however, that the edge stitches of the first five rounds, which end in a straight line, come on the upper edge of the front and back. Work one round of sc. on the under edge and on the back edges of the waist on a foundation of cord. On the upper edge of the waist work alternately 1 stc. (short treble crochet), 1 picot, the latter consists of 5 ch., 1 sc. on the first of the 5 ch.; with the picot always pass over 2 st. of the last round, and besides this, in working this round, always pass the needle through the back vein of a st. Now work the lace turned downward on the upper edge of the waist on the same round of single crochet. To work the lace begin at the upper corner of the right half of the back, always passing the needle through the front veins of the st., so that the right side of the lace is turned outward. 1st round of lace.—* 2 sc. separated by 4 ch. on the next st., on which 1 stc. has already been crocheted, 7 ch., with these pass over 5 st. Repeat from *. 2d round.—Like the 1st round, but every 2 sc. separated by 4 ch. should be worked on the middle st. of the 7 ch. 3d round.—* 2 sc. separated by 4 ch. on the middle of the next 7 ch., 7 ch., 1 sc. on the third of the 7 ch., 2 ch., and repeat from *. On the under edge of the waist crochet two rounds like the 2d and 3d rounds of the lace. Edge the bottom of the sleeves with a row of lace crocheted in the following two rounds: 1st round.—* 2 sc. separated by 4 ch. on the next st., 4 ch., pass over 2 st., 1 stc. on the next st., 4 ch., pass over 2 st., and repeat from *. 2d round.—2 sc. separated by 4 ch. on the stc., 7 ch., 1 sc. on the third of the 7 ch., 2 ch., and repeat from *. Furnish the back with buttons and button-loops for closing, and run colored ribbon through the waist, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—EDGE OF CARRIAGE-LEATHER MAT.

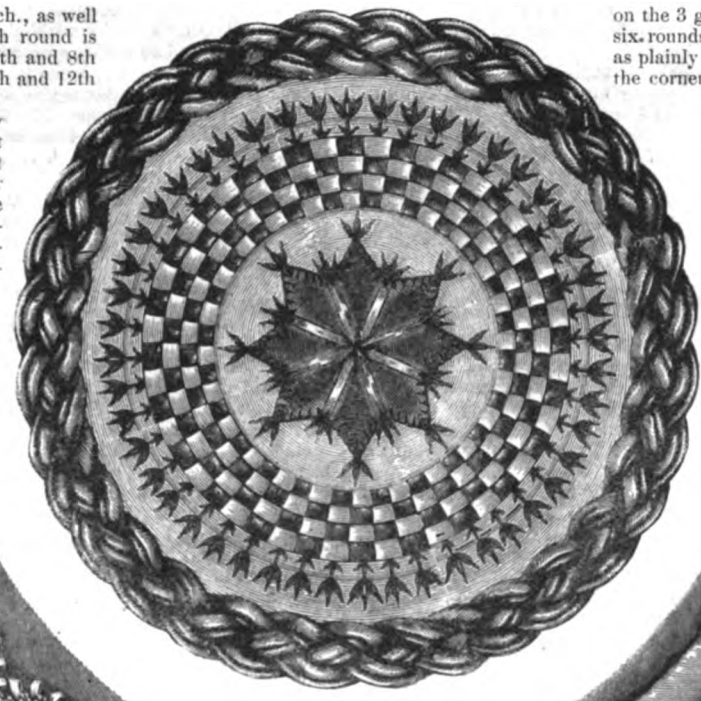


Fig. 1. CARRIAGE-LEATHER MAT WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

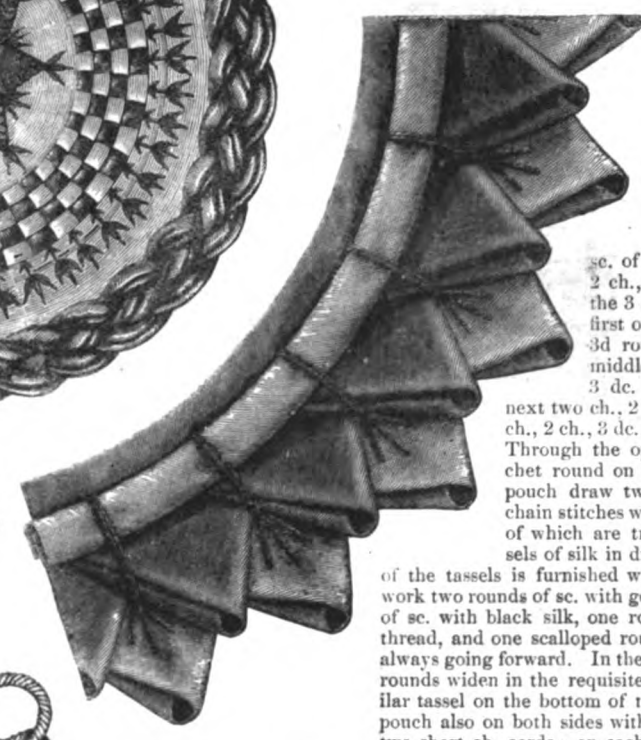


Fig. 3.—EDGE OF CARRIAGE-LEATHER MAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 52.

on the 3 gold of the preceding round, 2 red, 3 gold, 2 black. The next six rounds, in which the corners of the star become pointed, are worked as plainly shown by the illustration; in doing this the black st. between the corners are increased as much as may be required. Then follow two more rounds of sc. all of black silk, with regular widening also. The second of these two rounds must count 192 st. Henceforth work from the design in the Supplement and the description of symbols belonging thereto, crocheting the 26th–34th rounds without widening; in the 35th and 36th rounds widen so many st. that the 36th round counts 208 st. For the upper end of the pouch first crochet one round of open-work dc. (double crochet) with black silk, then with gold thread work a row of lace of three rounds, as follows: 1st round of lace.—* 6 sc. on the next 6 st. of the preceding round, 3 ch., pass over 4 st., 3 dc. on the following st., 3 ch., pass over 4 st. 2d round.—* 4 sc. on the middle 4 of the 6 sc. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 3 dc. on the last of the 3 ch., 1 ch., 3 dc. on the first of the next 3 ch., 2 ch. 3d round.—* 2 sc. on the middle 2 of the 4 sc., 2 ch., 3 dc. on the second of the next two ch., 2 ch., 3 dc. on the next ch., 2 ch., 3 dc. on the next ch., 2 ch. Through the open-work double crochet round on the upper edge of the pouch draw two cords crocheted in chain stitches with black silk, the ends of which are trimmed with two tassels of silk in different colors. Each of the tassels is furnished with a head, for which work two rounds of sc. with gold thread, two rounds of sc. with black silk, one round of sc. with gold thread, and one scalloped round with gold thread, always going forward. In the first three of these six rounds widen in the requisite manner. Set a similar tassel on the bottom of the pouch. Trim the pouch also on both sides with a grelot fastened on two short ch. cords; on each of these grelots nine rounds of sc. with gold thread and black silk have been crocheted. Finally, line the pouch with kid.

Cover for Hot-water Bottle.

See illustration on page 772.

THIS thick white flannel cover is ornamented in point Russe embroidery and button-hole stitch scallops of pink split zephyr worsted, and lined with white shirting. Cut, first, of flannel and lining for the bottom a circular piece to suit the size of the hot-water bottle (this piece is fourteen inches in diameter in the original), and for the tabs cut eight parts, each in one piece, from Fig. 18, Supplement. Then transfer the design given on Fig. 18 to the pieces of outer material, and on these work the embroidery. Baste each of the eight parts on the lining and work the button-hole stitch scallops with double split zephyr worsted, or with zephyr worsted; cut away the material and lining on the outer edge of the parts, along the edges, and backstitch the bottom to the eight tabs; in doing which care must be taken that they overlap each other as shown by the illustration. The edges of the seams are covered with a strip of shirting half an inch wide. To make the cover fit the hot-water bottle closely, the tabs may be gathered slightly each on the outer edge with a piece of fine cord. This is best done by drawing the cord through the button-hole stitches on the under side at the hollow of the scallops. Finally, fasten a loop of white cord to the upper point of each tab on the inside, and sew a button on one of the tabs, which at the same time covers the stitches made by sewing on the loop. To close the cover always draw one loop through the next following loop, beginning with the loop under the button; the last loop is drawn over the button.

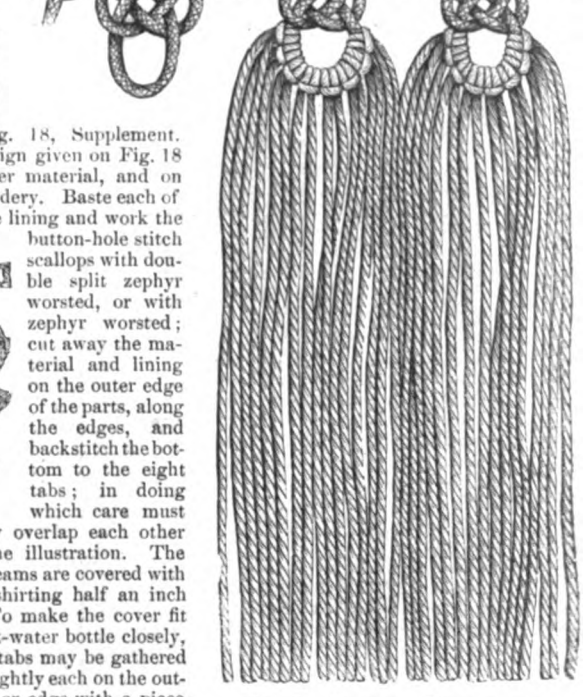


Fig. 2.—KNOTTED FRINGE FOR CURTAINS, ETC.

Crochet Tobacco Pouch.

See illustrations on page 772.

THIS pouch is designed for Turkish tobacco. It is crocheted with saddler's silk in different colors and with gold thread, and is trimmed with grelots and tassels of gold and silk, and lined with kid. If a larger size is desired, it may be worked with split zephyr worsted in different colors. Begin the pouch at the middle of the bottom, making a foundation of 5 ch. (chain stitch) with black silk; close the foundation in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work with black silk six rounds of sc. (single crochet), always working 2 sc. on each foundation st. in the 1st round, and in each of the following five rounds widen so many st. that the 6th round counts 50 st. 7th round (without widening).—* 2 sc. with black silk, 3 sc. with gold thread; repeat 9 times from *. In this, as in the following rounds, always work off the last st. of one color with the thread of the other color, in changing two colors. We shall make no further reference to repeating from *, which occurs in every round. 8th round.—* 2 st. black on the 2 black st. of the preceding round, 2 st. gold, 1 red, and 2 gold on the 3 st. gold of the preceding round, working each 2 gold on the first and last of the 3 st. gold of the preceding round. Now follow six rounds in the same alternation of colors; in these rounds every 2 st. black and 2 st. gold must come on each other, and the red st. lying between these must always be increased by 1 st. in every second round. 15th round.—* 2 st. black and 2 gold on the similar st. of the preceding round, 3 red, 1 gold, 3 red on the 7 red st. of the preceding round; the 1 gold must come on the middle of these 7 red st., then 2 gold. 16th round.—* 2 black on the 2 black and 2 gold on the 1 gold of the preceding round, 3 red, 3 gold, 3 red on the next 9 st. of the preceding round, 2 gold on the last of the 2 gold. 17th round.—* 2 black on the 2 black of the preceding round, 3 gold, 2 red, 3 gold, the latter

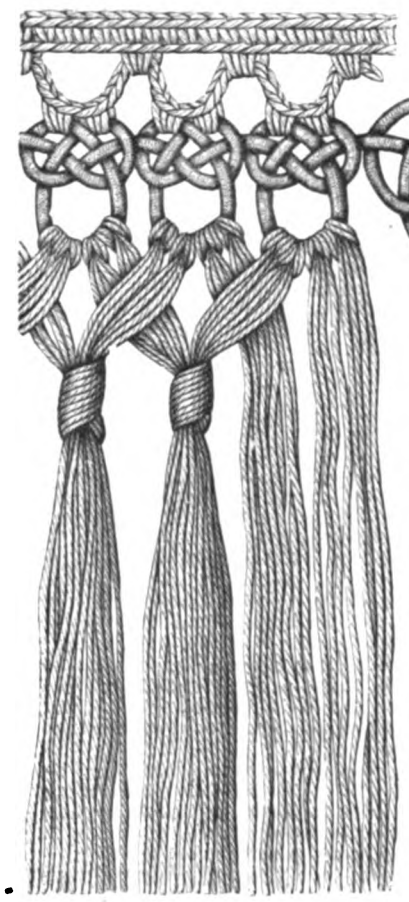


Fig. 1.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR CURTAINS, ETC.

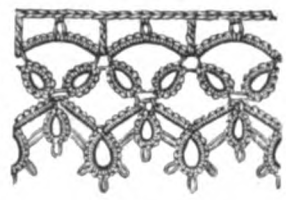


Fig. 1.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

MANNER OF BRAIDING CORD FOR CURTAIN BAND.—[See Page 781.]

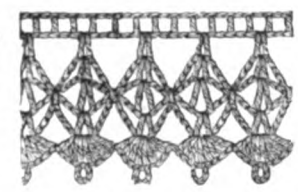
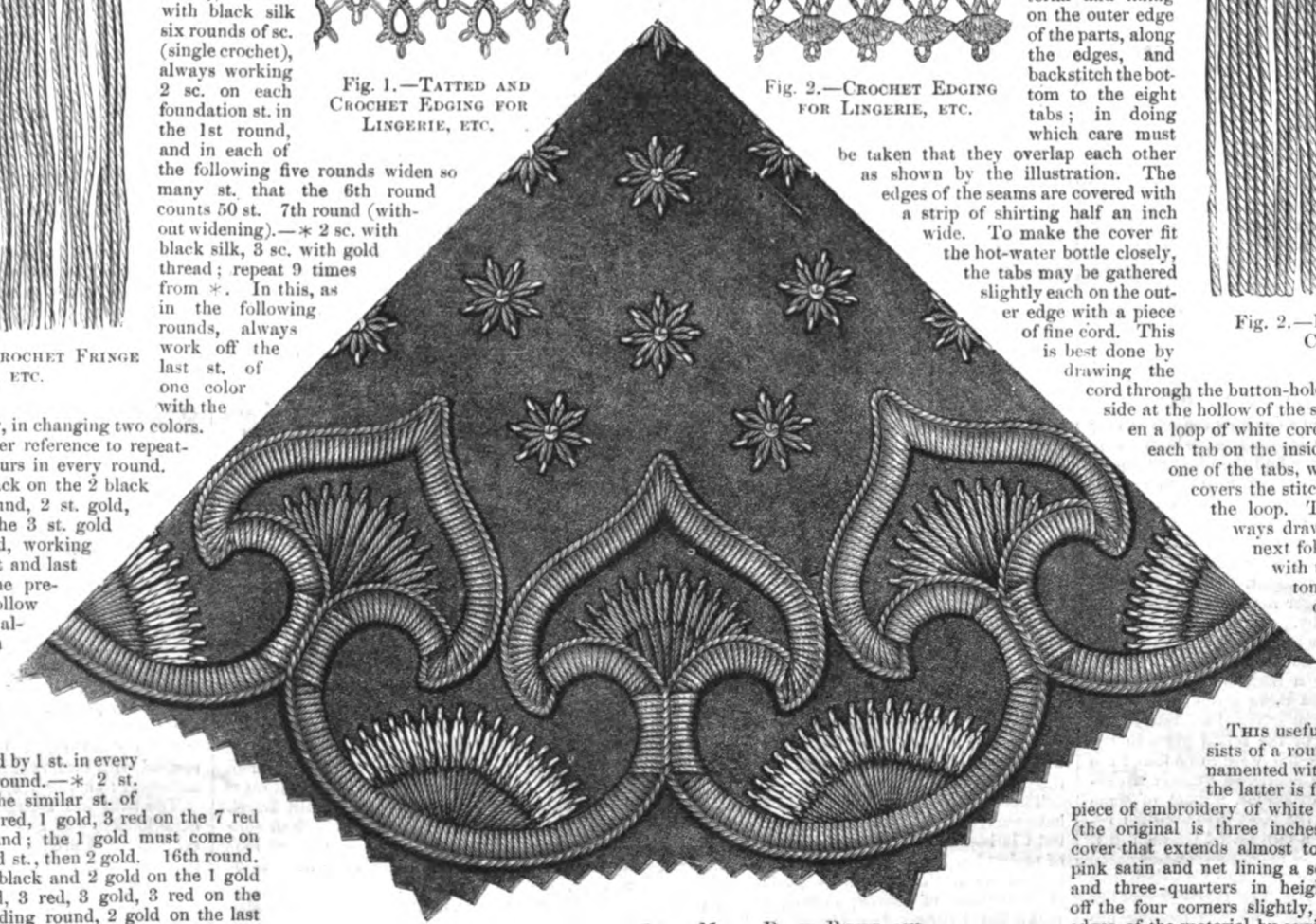


Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



QUARTER OF DESIGN FOR LAMP MAT.—POINT RUSSE AND BUTTON-HOLE STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Rice-powder Box.

See illustration on page 772.

THIS useful toilette adjunct consists of a round card-board box, ornamented with a cover of pink satin; the latter is furnished with a square piece of embroidery of white cloth. Choose a box (the original is three inches in diameter) with a cover that extends almost to the bottom. Cut of pink satin and net lining a square piece six inches and three-quarters in height and width, round off the four corners slightly, and cover the folded edges of the material by sewing on a row of black lace three-quarters of an inch wide. Sew a piece

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of white silk cord all around, one-third of an inch from the outer edge; for this a cord stitch row worked with white silk may be substituted. Transfer the design, a quarter section of which is given by Fig. 54, Supplement, to a piece of white cloth four inches square, and work the embroidery in satin stitch, the berries with pink silk floss, and the leaflets and stems with mixed green saddler's silk. A small bead ornaments the point of each berry. This part is now pinked on the outer edge, as shown by the illustration, and trimmed on the corners with silk tassels. On the cover of the box arrange the satin as well as the embroidered part, and fasten the four corners of the latter with several stitches that must show as little as possible, passing the needle through the satin and through the card-board; to the middle of the top sew a brass ring, crocheted with silk, for a handle.

OUTSIDE.

JUST a gleam thro' the darkness;
The lift of two eyes from a book;
A glance—but some glances are heaven:
To such eyes 'tis given
To make Paradise in a look.

Just a face in the lamp-light;
A hand, and some glittering hair:
But hearts have been broken, it's said,
And white steel stained red
For faces less faultlessly fair.

Just a girl in her beauty,
Her glory of freshness and youth:
But what has earth better to sigh for—
To live for—to die for—
Than innocence, beauty, and youth?

(Continued from No. 44, page 700.)

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ONLY A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

WHILE Clarissa was pondering on that perplexing question, how she was to see her brother frequently without Mr. Granger's knowledge, fortune had favored her in a manner she had never anticipated. After what Mr. Fairfax had said to her about Austin Lovel's "set," the last thing she expected was to meet her brother in society—that fast Bohemian world in which she supposed him to exist seemed utterly remote from the faultless circle of Daniel Granger's acquaintance. It happened, however, that one of the dearest friends to whom Lady Laura Armstrong had introduced her sweet Clarissa was a lady of the Leo-Hunter genus—a certain Madame Caballero, *née* Bondichori, a little elderly Frenchwoman, with sparkling black eyes and inexhaustible vivacity; the widow of a Portuguese wine-merchant; a lady whose fortune enabled her to occupy a first floor in one of the freestone palaces of the Champs Elysées, to wear black velvet and diamonds in perpetuity, and to receive a herd of small lions and a flock of admiring nobodies twice a week. The little widow prided herself on her worship of genius. All members of the lion tribe came alike to her: painters, sculptors, singers, actors, and performers upon every variety of known and unknown musical instrument; budding barristers, who had won forensic laurels by the eloquent defense of some notorious criminal; homeopathic doctors, lady doctoresses, or lawyeresses, or deaconesses, from America; and pretty women who had won a kind of renown by something special in the way of eyebrows, or arms, or shoulders.

To these crowded saloons Mr. Granger brought his wife and daughter one evening. They found a great many people assembled in three lofty rooms hung with amber satin, in the remotest and smallest of which apartments Madame Caballero made tea *à l'Anglaise* for her intimates; while in the largest some fearful and wonderful instrumental music was going on, with the very smallest possible amount of attention from the audience. There was a perpetual buzz of conversation; and there was a considerable sprinkling of curious-looking people, weird men with long, unkempt hair, strong-minded women, who counterbalanced these in a manner by wearing their hair preternaturally short. Altogether, the assembly was an unusual one; but Madame Caballero's guests seemed to enjoy themselves very much. Their good spirits may have been partly due to the fact that they had the pleasing anticipation of an excellent supper, furnished with all the choicest dainties that Chevet can provide; for Madame Caballero's receptions were of a substantial order, and she owed a good deal of her popularity to the profusion that distinguished the commissariat department.

Mr. and Mrs. Granger made their way to the inner room by-and-by. It was the prettiest room of the three, with a great semicircular window overlooking nothing particular in the daytime, but making a handsome amber-hung recess at night. Here there was a sea-coal fire *à l'Anglaise*, and only a subdued glimmering of wax-candles, instead of the broad glare in the larger saloons. Here, too, were to be found the choicest of Madame Caballero's guests: a cabinet minister, an embassador, a poet of some standing, and one of the most distinguished sopranos of the season, a fair-haired German girl, with great pathetic blue eyes.

Even in this society Madame Caballero was rejoiced to see her sweet Mrs. Granger and her charming Miss Granger, who was looking unutterably stiff in mauve silk and white lace. The lady and her friends had been talking of some one as the Grangers entered—talking rapturously.

"*J'en raffole!*" exclaimed madame; "such a charming young man, gifted with talents of the most original order."

The embassador was looking at a portrait—the likeness of Madame Caballero herself—a mere sketch in oils, with a mark of the brush upon it, but remarkable for the *chic* and daring of the painter's style, and for that idealized resemblance which is always so agreeable to the subject.

Clarissa's heart gave a little throb. The picture was like one she had seen on the easel in the Rue du Chevalier Bayard.

"*Mais c'est charmant!*" exclaimed the embassador; and the adjective was echoed in every key by the rest of the little coterie.

"I expect him here this evening," said madame; "and I shall be very much gratified if you will permit me to present him to your excellency."

The embassador bowed. "Any *protégé* of madame's," he said, and so on.

Mr. Granger, who was really a judge of art, fastened on the picture immediately.

"There's something fresh in the style, Clary," he said. "I should like this man to paint your portrait. What's the signature? Austin! That's hardly a French name, I should think—eh, Madame Caballero?"

"No," replied madame; "Mr. Austin is an Englishman. I shall be charmed if you will allow him to paint Mrs. Granger; and I'm sure he will be delighted to have such a subject."

There was a good deal of talk about Mr. Austin's painting, and art in general. There were some half dozen pictures of the modern French school in this inner room, which helped to sustain the conversation. Mr. Granger talked very fair French, of a soundly grammatical order; and Clarissa's tongue ran almost as gayly as in her school-girl days at Belforêt. She was going to see her brother—to see him shining in good society, and not in the pernicious "set" of which George Fairfax had spoken. The thought was rapture to her. They might have a few minutes' talk to themselves, perhaps, before the evening was over. That interview in the Rue du Chevalier Bayard had been so sadly brief, and her heart too full for many words.

Austin Lovel came in presently, looking his handsomest, in his careful evening dress, with a brilliant light in his eyes, and that appearance of false brightness which is apt to distinguish the man who is burning the candle of life at both ends. Only by just the faintest elevation of his eyebrows did he betray his surprise as he looked at his sister; and his air, on being presented to her a few moments afterward, was perfect in its serene unconsciousness.

Mr. Granger talked to him of his picture pleasantly enough, but very much as he would have talked to his architect, or to one of his clerks in the great Bradford establishment. There was a marked difference between the tone of the rich English trader and the German embassador, when he expressed himself on the subject of Mr. Austin's talent; but then the Englishman intended to give the painter a commission, and the German did not.

"I should like you to paint my wife—and—and—my daughter," said Mr. Granger, throwing in Sophia as an after-thought. It would be only civil to have his daughter's portrait painted, he thought.

Mr. Austin bowed. "I shall be most happy," he said.

Clarissa's eyes sparkled with delight. Sophia Granger saw the pleased look, and thought, "Oh, the vanity of these children of perdition!" But she did not offer any objection to the painting of her own likeness.

"When shall we begin?" asked Mr. Granger.

"My time is entirely at your disposal."

"In that case, the sooner the thing is done the better. My wife can not come to your studio—she has so many claims upon her time—but that would make no difficulty, I suppose?"

"Not at all. I can paint Mrs. Granger in her own rooms as well as in mine, if the light will serve."

"One of our drawing-rooms faces the north," answered Mr. Granger, "and the windows are large—larger than I like. Any loss of time which you may suffer in accommodating Mrs. Granger must, of course, be considered in the price of your pictures."

"I have only one price for my pictures," replied Mr. Austin, with a loftiness that astonished his patron. "I charge fifty guineas for a portrait of that kind, whether it is painted for a duke or a grocer in the Rue St. Honoré."

"I will give you a hundred guineas for each of the pictures if they are successes," said Mr. Granger. "If they are failures I will give you your own price, and make you a present of the canvases."

"I am not a stoic, and have no objection to accept a premium of a hundred guineas from so distinguished a capitalist as Mr. Granger," returned Austin Lovel, smiling. "I don't think Mrs. Granger's portrait will be a failure," he added, confidently, with a little look at Clarissa.

Sophia Granger saw the look, and resented it. The painter had said nothing of her portrait. It was of Clarissa's only that he thought. It was a very small thing; but when her father's wife was concerned, small things were great in the eyes of Miss Granger.

There was no opportunity for confidential talk between Austin Lovel and his sister that evening; but Clarissa went home happy in the expectation of seeing her brother very often in the simplest, easiest way. The portraits would take some time to paint, of course; indeed, Austin might make the business last almost as long as he liked.

It was rather hard, however, to have to discuss her brother's merits with Mr. and Miss Granger as if he had been a stranger; and Clarissa had to do this going home in the carriage that night and at breakfast next morning. The young man was handsome, Mr. Granger remarked, but had rather a worn look—a dissipated look, in point of fact. That sort of people generally were dissipated.

Mrs. Granger ventured to say that she did not think Mr. Austin looked dissipated—a little worn, perhaps, but nothing more; and that might be the effect of hard work.

"My dear Clary, what can you know of the physiology of dissipation? I tell you that young man is dissipated. I saw him playing *écarté* with a Frenchman just before we left Madame Caballero's; and, unless I am profoundly mistaken, the man is a gambler."

Clarissa shuddered. She could not forget what George Fairfax had said to her about her brother's ways, nor the fact that her remittances had seemed of so little use to him. He seemed in good repute too, and talked of fifty guineas for a picture with the utmost coolness. He must have earned a good deal of money, and the money must have gone somewhere. In all the details of his home there was evidence of extravagance in the past and poverty in the present.

He came at eleven o'clock on the second morning after Madame Caballero's reception; came in a hired carriage, with his easel and all the paraphernalia of his art. Mr. Granger had made a point of being present at this first sitting, much to the discomfiture of Clarissa, who was yearning for a long, uninterrupted talk with her brother. Even when Mr. Granger was absent, there would be Miss Granger, most likely, she thought, with vexation; and, after all, these meetings with Austin would be only half meetings. It would be pleasant only to see him, to hear his voice; but she was longing to talk freely of the past, to give him counsel for the future.

The drawing-room looking north was rather a dreary apartment, if any apartment furnished with blue satin damask and unlimited gilding can be called dreary. There was splendor, of course, but it was a chilling kind of splendor. The room was large and square, with two tall, wide windows commanding a view of one of the dullest streets in new Paris—a street at the end of which workmen were still busy cutting away a hill, the removal whereof was necessary for the realization of the Augustan idea of that archetypal city, which was to be left all marble. Mr. Granger's apartments were in a corner house, and he had the advantage of this side view. There was very little of what Mr. Wemmick called "portable property" in this northern drawing-room. There were blue satin divans running along the walls, a couple of blue satin easy-chairs, an ormolu stand with a monster Sèvres dish for cards, and that was all—a room in which one might "receive," but could scarcely live.

The light was capital, Mr. Austin said. He set up his easel, settled the position of his sister, after a little discussion with Mr. Granger, and began work. Clarissa's was to be the first portrait. This being arranged, Mr. Granger departed to write letters, leaving Sophia established, with her Berlin-wool work, at one of the windows. Clarissa would not, of course, like to be left *tête-à-tête* for two or three hours with a strange painter, Miss Granger opined.

Yes, it was very pleasant to have him there, even though their talk was restrained by the presence of a third person, and they could only speak of indifferent things. Perhaps to Austin Lovel himself it was pleasanter to have Miss Granger there than to be quite alone with his sister. He was very fond of Clarissa, but there was much in his past life—some things in his present life even—that would not bear talking of, and he shrank a little from his sister's tender questioning. Protected by Miss Granger and her Berlin-wool spaniels, he was quite at his ease, and ran gayly on about all manner of things as he sketched his outline and set his palette. He gave the two ladies a lively picture of existing French art, with little satirical touches here and there. Even Sophia was amused, and blushed to find herself comparing the social graces of Mr. Austin, the painter, with those of Mr. Tillott, the curate, very much to the advantage of the former—blushed to find herself so much interested in any conversation that was not strictly utilitarian or evangelical in its drift. Once or twice Austin spoke of his travels, his Australian experiences; and at each mention Clarissa looked up eagerly, anxious to hear more. The history of her brother's past was a blank to her, and she was keenly interested by the slightest allusion that cast a ray of light upon it. Mr. Austin did not care, however, to dwell much upon his own affairs. It was chiefly of other people that he talked. Throughout that first sitting Miss Granger maintained a dignified formality, tempered by maidenly graciousness. The young man was amusing, certainly, and it was not often Miss Granger permitted herself to be amused. She thought Clarissa was too familiar with him—treated him too much with an air of perfect equality. A man who painted portraits for hire should be received, Miss Granger thought, as one would receive a superior kind of boot-maker.

More than once, in fact, in the course of that agreeable morning Clarissa had for a moment forgotten that she was talking to Mr. Austin, the painter, and not to her brother, Austin Lovel. More than once an unconscious warmth or softness in her tone had made Miss Granger look up from her embroidery-frame with the eyes of wonder.

Mr. Granger came back to the drawing-room, having finished his letter-writing, just as the sitting concluded, and, luncheon being announced at the same time, asked Mr. Austin to stay for that meal. Austin had no objection to linger in his sister's society. He wanted to know what kind of man this Daniel Granger was; and perhaps wanted to see what probability there was of Daniel Granger's wife being able to supply him with money in the future. Austin Lovel had, from his earliest boyhood, possessed a fatal capacity for getting rid of money, and for getting into debt; not common plain-sailing debt which would lead at the worst to the Bankruptcy Court, but liability of a more disreputable and perilous character, involving the terror of disgrace, and entanglements that would have to be unraveled by a police magistrate. Racing debts, gambling debts, and bill-discounting transactions had been the agreeable variety of difficulties which had beset Austin Lovel's military career; and at the end there had been something—something fully known to a few only—which had made the immediate sale of his commission a necessity. He was *allowed* to sell it; and that was much, his friends said. If his commanding officer had not been an easy-going kind of man, he would scarcely have got off so cheaply.

"I wonder how this fellow, Granger, would treat me if he knew who I was?" he thought to himself. "He'd inaugurate our acquaintance by kicking me out of his house, most likely, instead of asking me to luncheon." Notwithstanding which opinion Mr. Austin sat down to share the sacred bread and salt with his brother-in-law, and ate a few morsels of a cutlet *à la Maintenon*, and drank half a bottle of claret, with a perfect enjoyment of the situation. He liked the idea of being patronized by the man who would not have tolerated his society for a moment had he been aware of his identity.

He talked of Parisian life during luncheon, keeping carefully clear of all subjects which the "young person," as represented by Miss Granger, might blush to hear; and Mr. Granger, who had only an Englishman's knowledge of the city, was amused by the pleasant gossip. The meal lasted longer than usual, and lost all its wonted formality; and the fair Sophia found herself more and more interested in this fascinating painter, with his brilliant dark eyes, and sarcastic mouth, and generally agreeable manner. She sat next him at luncheon, and, when there came a little pause in the conversation, began to question him about the state of the Parisian poor. It was very bad, was it not?

Mr. Austin shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know," he said; "but I don't think it would be possible for a man to starve to death in Paris under the imperial régime; and it seems very easy for an Englishman to do it in Spitalfields or Mile-end New Town. You don't hear of men and women found dead in their garrets from sheer hunger. But, of course, there is a good deal of poverty and squalor to be found in the city."

And then Mr. Austin launched into a graphic description of some interesting phases of life among the lower classes, borrowed from a novel that had been recently delighting the reading public of France, but appropriated with such an air of reality that Miss Granger fancied this delightful painter must spend some considerable part of his existence as a district visitor or city missionary.

"What a pity that Mr. Tillott has not his persuasive powers!" she thought; Mr. Tillott's eloquence being, in fact, of a very limited order, chiefly exhibiting itself in little jerky questions about the spiritual and temporal welfare of his humble parishioners—questions which, in the vernacular language of agricultural laborers, "put a chap's back up, somehow."

"I should like to show Mr. Austin the baby, Daniel," Clarissa said to her husband, shyly, while Miss Granger was keeping Austin hard and fast to the amelioration of the working classes; "he would make such a lovely picture."

Mr. Granger smiled—a quiet, well-satisfied smile. He, the strong man, the mill-owner and millionaire, was as weak as the weakest woman in all things concerning the child of his mature age.

"Yes," he said, with some affectation of indifference; "Lovel would make a nice picture enough. We'll have him painted if you like, Clary, some day. Send for him, my dear."

She had her hand upon the bell directly.

"Yes," she cried, "he would make the sweetest picture in the world, and Austin shall paint him."

The familiar mention of the name Austin, *tout court*, scared Mr. Granger almost as much as a cannon fired close at his elbow might have done. He stared at his wife with grave displeasure.

"*Mr.* Austin can paint him some day, if you wish it, Clarissa," he said.

Mrs. Granger blushed crimson; again she remembered that this brother she loved so dearly was only a strange painter of portraits, whom it behooved her to treat with only the most formal courtesy. She hated the deception; and having a strong faith in her husband's generosity, was sorely tempted to put an end to this acted lie on the spot, and to tell him who his guest was; but fear of her brother's anger stopped her. She had no right to betray him; she must wait his permission to tell the secret.

"Even Sophia seems to like him," she thought; "and I don't think Daniel could help being pleased with him, in spite of any thing papa may have said to his prejudice."

The baby was brought, and, being in a benignant humor, was graciously pleased to look his brightest and prettiest, and in nurse's phraseology, to "take to" his unknown uncle. The unknown uncle kissed him affectionately, and said some civil things about the color of his eyes, and the plumpness of his limbs—"quite a Rubens baby," and so on, but did not consider a boy-

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baby an especially wonderful creature, having had two boy-babies of his own, and not having particularly wanted them. He looked upon them rather as chronic perplexities, like accommodation bills that had matured unawares.

"And this is the heir of Arden," he said to himself, as he looked down at the fat, blue-eyed thing struggling in Clarissa's arms with that desperate desire to get nowhere in particular common to infancy. "So this little lump of humanity is the future lord of the home that should have been mine. I don't know that I envy him. Country life and Arden would hardly have suited me. I think I'd rather have an *entresol* in the Champs Elysées and the run of the boulevards than the gray old Court and a respectable position. Unless a man's tastes are 'horsey' or agricultural, country life must be a bore."

Mr. Austin patted the plump young cheeks without any feeling of enmity.

"Poor little beggar! What ghosts will haunt him in the old rooms by-and-by, I wonder?" he said to himself, smiling down at the child.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AUSTIN'S PROSPECTS.

THE picture made rapid progress. For his very life, though the finishing of his work had been the signal of his doom, and the executioner waiting to make a sudden end of him when the last touch was laid upon the canvas, Austin Lovel could not have painted slowly. The dashing off-hand brush was like a young thorough-bred, that could not be pulled, let the jockey saw at his mouth as he might. And yet the painter would have liked much to prolong this easy intercourse with his sister. But after Clarissa's portrait was finished there was Miss Granger to be painted; and then they would want a picture of that unapproachable baby, no doubt; and after that, perhaps, Mr. Granger might consent to have his massive features perpetuated. Austin considered that the millionaire should be good for three hundred guineas or so; he had promised two hundred, and the painter was spending the money by anticipation as fast as he could.

He came every other morning to the Rue de Morny, and generally staid to luncheon; and those mornings spent in his company were very pleasant to Clarissa—as pleasant as any thing could be which involved deception; there was always the sting of that fact. Miss Granger was rarely absent for ten minutes together on these occasions; it was only some lucky chance which took her from the room to fetch more Berlin wool, or a forgotten skein of floss silk for the perennial spaniels, and afforded the brother and sister an opportunity for a few hurried words. The model villagers almost faded out of Miss Granger's mind in this agreeable society. She found herself listening to talk about things which were of the earth, earthy, and was fain to confess herself interested in the conversation. She dressed as carefully to receive the painter as if he had been, to use her particular phraseology, "a person in her own sphere;" and Mr. Tillott would have thought his chances of success at a very low point if he could have seen her in Austin Lovel's presence.

That gentleman himself was not slow to perceive the impression he had made.

"It's rather a pity I'm married, isn't it, Clary?" he said to his sister one day, when Sophia, whose habits had not been quite so methodical of late, had gone in search of some white beads for the spaniels, some of which were of a beady nature. "It would have been a great chance for me, wouldn't it?"

"What do you mean, Austin?"

"Miss Granger," answered the painter, without looking up from his work. "I think she rather likes me, do you know; and I suppose her father will give her fifty thousand or so when she marries, in spite of young Lovel. He seems to have no end of money. It would have been an uncommonly good thing, wouldn't it?"

"I don't think it's any use talking of it, Austin, however good it might have been; and I don't think Sophia would have suited you as a wife."

"Not suited me? Bosh! Any woman with fifty thousand pounds would have suited me. However, you're right—there's no good in talking of *that*. I'm booked. Poor little woman, she's a good wife to me; but it's rather a pity. You don't know how many chances I might have had but for that entanglement."

"I wish, Austin, for your poor wife's sake, you'd let me tell my husband who you are. This concealment seems so hard upon her, as well as a kind of wrong to Daniel. I can do so little to serve her, and I might do so much if I could own her as my sister-in-law. I don't think Daniel could help liking you if he knew every thing."

"Drop that, if you please, Clarissa," said Austin, with a darkening countenance. "I have told you that your husband and I can never be friends, and I mean it. I don't want to be degraded by any intercession of yours. *That's* a little too much, even for me. It suits my purpose well enough to accept Mr. Granger's commissions; and, of course, it's very agreeable to me to see you; but the matter must end there."

Miss Granger returned at this moment; but had she staid away for an hour Clarissa could scarcely have pressed the question farther. In the old days, when they had been boy and girl together, Austin seven years her senior, Clarissa had always been just a little afraid of her brother; and she was afraid of him now.

The very fact of his somewhat dependent position made her more fearful of offending him. She was anxious about his future—anxious, too, about his present mode of life; but she dared not question him closely upon either subject. Once, when she had ventured to ask him about his plan of life, he answered, in his careless, off-hand way:

"My dearest Clary, I have no plans. I like Paris; and if I am not particularly successful here, I don't suppose I should be more successful any where else. I mean to stay here as long as I can hold out. I know a good many people, and sometimes get a stroke of luck."

"But you are ruining your health, Austin, I fear, with—late hours and—and—parties."

"Who told you I keep late hours? The Parisians, as a rule, don't go to bed at curfew. I don't suppose I'm worse than my neighbors. If I didn't go out, Clary, and keep myself in the minds of my patrons, I might rot in a garret. You don't know how soon a man is forgotten—even a man who has made his mark more positively than I have; and then, you see, my dear, I like society, and have no taste for the domestic hearth, except for variety, once in a way, like dining on a bouillon after a week's high feeding. Yes, come what may, I shall stay in Paris—as long as I can."

There was something in the tone of the last words that alarmed Clarissa.

"You—you are not in debt, are you, Austin?" she asked, timidly.

"No—no—I'm not in debt; but I owe a good deal of money."

Clarissa looked puzzled.

"That is to say, I have no vulgar debts—butcher and baker, and so on; but there are two or three things, involving some hundreds, which I shall have to settle some of these days, or else—"

"Or else what, Austin?"

"Cut Paris, Clary; that's all."

Clarissa turned pale. Austin began to whistle a popular *café-chantant* air as he bent over his palette, squeezing little dabs of Naples-yellow out of a leaden tube. Some hundreds!—that was a vague phrase which might mean a great deal of money; it was a phrase which alarmed Clarissa; but she was much more alarmed by the recklessness of her brother's tone.

"But if you owe money, you must pay it, Austin," she said; "you can't leave a place owing money."

The painter shrugged his shoulders.

"It's not an agreeable thing to do," he said; "but it has been done. Of the two, it's pleasanter than staying in a place where you owe money."

"Of course I shall do all I can to help you, dear," said his sister. "There will be a hundred and twenty-five pounds due to me at Christmas, and I'll give you the hundred."

"You're a first-rate girl, Clary; but I think that fellow Granger might give you more pin-money. Five hundred a year is a beggarly pittance for a man of his means."

"It is more than I fancied I could ever want; and Daniel allows papa five hundred a year, you know, Austin."

"Humph! that makes a thousand—no great things for a millionaire. A pretty girl married to a man of that stamp ought to have unlimited command of money," replied her brother. "It's the only compensation," he said to himself afterward.

"I don't like to hear you say these things, Austin. My husband is very kind to me. I'm afraid I'm not half as grateful as I ought to be."

"Gratitude be—!" He did not finish the ejaculation. "Gratitude from a Lovel of twenty to a Granger of fifty! My dear Clary, that's too good a joke! The man is well enough—better than I expected to find him; but such a girl as you is a prize for which such a man could not pay too highly."

It was rarely they had the opportunity for so long a conversation as this; and Austin was by no means sorry that it was so. He had very pressing need of all the money his sister could give him; but he did not care to enter into explanations about the state of his affairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE perils to which whaling vessels are exposed are vividly portrayed in the recent accounts that have reached us of the great disaster in the Arctic Ocean. About the 1st of last May a fleet of forty whalers, having on board 1250 persons, was slowly making its way toward the polar sea. Before Behring Strait was reached the ice met the ships, and delayed their progress. The latter part of June they passed through the strait, and, with some delays for catching whales and walrus, they pushed on toward Icy Cape, northeast of Alaska. It was August when the brave whalers found themselves above seventy degrees north latitude, with plenty of ice about them, it is true, but plenty of whales also, and for some days work went on briskly. But violent winds set in, driving the ice shoreward, and with great force against the ships. Gradually huge icebergs surrounded the fleet on the west side. One vessel after another was caught in the iron grasp of icy monsters, and, being hastily abandoned, were crushed in pieces, like egg-shells. Anxiously the masters of the ships watched for an opening in the solid body of ice, all their former experience leading them to expect it at that time of year; but every day it became more closely packed. The situation was becoming fearfully dangerous; no efforts could free the vessels; a winter of nine months in the polar sea was not to be thought of, as provisions were lacking; nor was it possible, with provisions, as there was no place of safety for the ships. There was no alternative but to abandon the vessels; and on September 14 thirty-three vessels were left to their fate among the icebergs, while in boats, through a narrow strip of clear water along the coast, the wrecked whalers proceeded to the remainder of the fleet anchored south of Icy Cape, a distance of seventy miles. The intense suffering involved in such an experience may be imagined. Four women, wives of ship-masters, and four children are reported as sharing in this perilous adventure.

The English government eclipse expedition, which sailed from Southampton for Ceylon on October 26, expect to reach Point de Galle by the last of November. Lord Lindsay placed at the disposal of the expedition the whole of his valuable instruments, and has sent a photographic observer at his own expense. Several members of the expedition have voluntarily given up a month of their time before starting to perfect themselves in spectroscopic and other observations at the Royal College of Chemistry.

The convicts of the Massachusetts Penitentiary sent six hundred dollars to the General Relief Fund for Chicago sufferers—a most remarkable instance of charity.

A Western man who had acquired an immense fortune by the rise of real estate in Chicago on one occasion was induced to visit New York. On his return he was asked what he thought of the great city. He said it was very well, a grand place, and had but one fault.

"And what is that?" inquired his interlocutor.

"*It is too far from Chicago!*"

In this reply may be detected the secret of the rapid growth of the "Garden City."

Perhaps many of our readers, who were quietly pursuing their ordinary occupations on the 7th of last September, may not have been aware that about noon of that day a tremendous explosion occurred in the sun. But so astronomers testify. There had been observed an enormous protuberance on the eastern limb of the sun, about 100,000 miles long by 50,000 miles high. This "thing" burst in pieces, and the air seemed filled with *debris*, some of which rose 300,000 miles from the solar surface! While the astronomical observer at Dartmouth College was noting these marvelous changes, another nebulous mass developed into a pillar of rolling flame, apparently, and presently shot up pyramidally 50,000 miles in height, when its top was drawn out in long filaments and threads. Yet dwellers on the earth were in blissful ignorance of these terrific explosions.

The observatory on Mount Washington is now tenanted by Sergeant Hearn, of the United States army, and a single companion. They will remain there during the winter for scientific observations.

The Chicago *Tribune* says there have been not less than nine hundred causes assigned for the Chicago conflagration by people who reside far away, and know little or nothing about the circumstances. The *Tribune* thinks it difficult to see how the fire, having once got started as it did, could have burned any less, when there were acres of wooden buildings, dry as touch-wood, and the wind acting like a most powerful blow-pipe.

In discussing the mooted question, "What quantity of sleep is necessary?" one writer says that tall and fleshy persons require more sleep than short and thin ones. No reason is assigned for this theory.

The frozen well at Brandon, Vermont, has recently been the subject of a report by a committee of the Boston Society of Natural History. This curious well remains frozen through the summer months. For twelve years past it has been made a subject of investigation by a committee appointed by this society. Various experiments have been tried for the purpose of gaining an explanation of this phenomenon. Some have suggested that the water dissolves something from the rocks which makes a freezing mixture; others have believed that the cause might be traced to some electric current. But chemical analysis, and repeated tests with the magnetic needle, disprove these theories. The committee are of opinion that the gravel bed surrounding the well was frozen by the cold of previous rigorous winters, and the wave of summer heat has not yet overcome that cold.

Father Hyacinthe seems to be performing a mission work in lecturing through the cities of Germany with a view of conciliating the feelings of the Germans toward the French. When his work there is completed he will lecture in France with a similar purpose.

Juanpoor was a flourishing city of British India. It contained nearly nine thousand houses, and more than 25,000 inhabitants. On the 15th of September the river Goomty rose suddenly, flooding the city south of the river. By evening of the next day the foundations of the houses began to give way, and one by one came crashing down. For several days the waters increased and prevailed, and at the latest accounts it was estimated that about three thousand houses had been destroyed, and 10,000 persons deprived of their homes. The whole of the city south of the river has been totally destroyed, and the north side seriously injured. No lives were lost, as the people had the good sense to remove their families as soon as danger became imminent. But this disaster, accompanied as it is by a deficient harvest, will inflict a blow upon the city from which it will with difficulty recover.

A trail having been laid to the summit of Pike's Peak, a young lady of Greeley has made the ascent—the first and only woman who has accomplished the feat.

The corporation of the University of Vermont has decided that women shall be admitted to the academic and scientific courses of the university.

The *Evening Post* says: "On the top of the small tool-house and keeper's tower on the east side of Union Square may now be seen a disordered pile of a hundred or more sparrows' houses. This heap of torn-down houses is to the birds what the ruins of Chicago are to the people of that city. Probably there is no intention of putting [illegible] up in the square again; indeed, [illegible] they were taken are, in many cases, [illegible]." The English sparrows—so called, but really now American sparrows—are not migratory. So long as food can be obtained, climate and locality are matters of indifference to them. Moreover, they do not care to build nests for themselves; a house prepared is always acceptable, if it be in a safe place. The work the sparrows do for our city is well known and appreciated. They are entitled to be well taken care of when Jack Frost interferes with their labor, and prevents them from getting their daily food. Their gentle confidence, as they make their mute appeal for food at door and window, deserves reward. Give them the waste crumbs, and even take the trouble to prepare a house for their comfort.

Poor as France is at the present time, when the news of Chicago's misfortune reached Paris a French committee was chosen to collect subscriptions, at the head of which, as president, was the name of Edouard Laboulaye. M. Augustin Cochin, a well-known leader of the liberal Catholic party, was vice-president, and among other names of its members were those of M. De Pressensé, the celebrated Protestant minister and Deputy; Henri Martin, the historian; Goupil, the print-seller, as well known in New York as in Paris; and Vanhymbecke, director of the Grand Hôtel. "France is very poor," they said; "but she must make some return, were it only as a mark of sympathy, for what she has so liberally received."

The returns for the *taxe mobilier*, or furnished-house tax, in Paris, show that not less than eighty thousand such premises are now standing without occupants—a marked indication of the diminution of the population.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. B.—We are not certain, but think it probable, that we may give a boy's overcoat pattern.

A MOTHER.—The prettiest cloak for a child of two or three years is of cashmere or merino braided, and cut by the Walking Coat pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. IV.

H. D.—The simplest short basque, coat sleeves, and plain skirt is the model for your purple goods, which is not Irish poplin, but epingeline. Trim with velvet collar and cuffs.

FLETA.—The Water-proof Cloak pattern in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV., is the fashionable shape. It is heavy enough without lining. You know best whether it will suit you for a church garment. It is only worn here in rainy weather.

MISS A. R. B.—We do not make trimmed patterns.

E. H. F.—Make a young lady's black silk suit by cut paper pattern of Vest-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. IV.; the evening dress by pattern of Trained Evening Dress shown in *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. III.

POSTMISTRESS.—Make your calicoes with box-pleated blouse-waist and long upper skirt. Alpacas are also made with double box-pleated waists. Trim with the same in kilt pleats, not with white alpaca. White corduroy makes a nice sacque, and will wash. You can order a *Bazar* containing sacque patterns from this office.

MRS. JOHN.—For information about point lace braid read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 47, Vol. IV., and find advertisement in the present number.

MRS. J.—Back numbers of the *Bazar* will furnish you Supplement patterns of double capes and Watteau sacques for your velvet garment.

CARA, OIL CITY.—Your black cashmere is very fair quality. The other samples are bottle green and stone-colored satine. Do not know what they ought to cost in your city.

JANE M.—The *Bazar* does not give addresses. Advertisements of furnishing houses in our columns will tell you what you want to know.

H. B. P.—Make your plaid dress by cut paper pattern of House Dress in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV. Your over-skirt will answer with other skirts.

MISS G. C.—Some of Worth's richest evening dresses have two or three colors. Make the three front breadths of your dress rose-colored silk, flounced with the same; make a very short apron and the demi-trained back widths of the gray silk, extending a ruffle of gray all around this trained upper skirt. Combine the two colors in the corsage.

MRS. A. B. S.—Make your daughter's black silk by our vest-basque pattern, trimmed with velvet and fringe. Get a warm Astrakhan or fur-seal cloak for yourself.

NAN.—Do not put white under the black lace on a winter suit for the street, and do not alter your Watteau basque, as it is in good style.

CLINTON.—Get a wine-colored poplin, and trim with velvet and fringe instead of plush or satin. Your black silk sacque seems to be in style. Make your poplin by cut paper pattern of House Dress in *Bazar* No. 48, or else Worth-Basque Dress in No. 1, Vol. IV. Your chené silk would look pretty in the house made with a basque and skirt looped up, *à la* Dolly Varden, over a black silk skirt. Your friend's myrtle green cashmere is extremely fashionable, and would be spoiled if she attempted to relieve what you call its "sombre look" by a contrasting color. As she is fleshy, she should use the Marguerite Polonaise pattern in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV., trimming the skirt with alternate pleatings of cashmere and silk of the same shade; the polonaise with a silk fold, or passementerie and fringe. Velvet does not look well on cashmere, and satin is not much used this season. A sultane red neck-tie is the only relief necessary to this stylish dark suit.

BRUNETTE.—Basques will be worn all winter. Get a black velvet basque; but an under-skirt of black velvet is more stylish than an over-skirt. The foundation of the toilette should be black. We do not answer questions about MS. in this column.

MARY GRAY.—Make a French twist of your own hair, and wind braids around it. Wear the front over a Pompadour roll, or else lightly frizzed.

MRS. H. A. B.—Our advertising columns will inform you about embroidery patterns.

DILEMMA.—Read about wraps in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 45, Vol. IV. A striped shawl is the best outlay for your $10. Make a basque and demi-train of your brown silk, and trim with velvet and fringe of the same color.

M. A. Y.—Use the Adjustable Train Skirt pattern illustrated in this number for your lavender silk. Make a basque and long sleeves. If this is too dressy, use the House Dress pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV.

ANNIE J. AND MANY OTHERS.—All inquirers about wedding toilettes will gather replies from the New York Fashions of this number.

A. M. H.—The House Dress pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV., is what you want for your blue poplin. Trim with velvet bands, fringe, and side pleating. Wear a black velvet bow at your throat. Wear your hair loose in a net until it has grown longer.

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Carriage-leather Mat, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 772.

To make this mat cut one circular piece of card-board ten inches and a half in diameter and two pieces of gray carriage leather, and on one of these work the design. The star is cut of maroon carriage leather, and sewed on the foundation with button-hole stitches and point Russe embroidery of maroon silk. From the hollow of each point to the opposite hollow of a point of the star fasten a strip of gray carriage leather a quarter of an inch wide with maroon silk. At a distance of an inch and a half from the outer edge of the mat cut slits an inch and a quarter long, as shown by the illustration. In order to cut the slits symmetrically it is well to run radiated lines from the centre on the under side of the piece of carriage leather; these lines must be three-quarters of an inch apart on the outer edge of the mat. Braid maroon strips of carriage leather three-quarters of an inch wide into the mat, as shown by the illustration; these strips are folded through the middle, so that the edges come on each other on the under side. Along the braided edge set a strip of gray carriage leather folded in a similar manner, and embroidered in point Russe with maroon saddler's silk (see illustration). Edge the mat with a braid of four strips of maroon carriage leather three-quarters of an inch wide, which are doubled through the middle, and paste the mat on the piece of card-board as well as on the piece of carriage leather on the under side. The edge shown by Fig. 2 may be used instead of the braid. This edge consists of rows of points of gray and maroon carriage leather. Cut the points from Fig. 52, Supplement; fold them on the under side first along the straight and then along the dotted lines given, and sew them on the mat. The seam made by sewing on the inner maroon row of points is covered by a strip of gray carriage leather, which is fastened with long stitches of maroon saddler's silk. The points of the outer row are trimmed in point Russe with similar silk.

Fig. 3 shows an edge for cloth mats. It consists of small cloth leaves, which are edged all around with narrow straw braid. Small straw buttons are set on between the leaves.

Fig. 1.—CLOTH JACKET WITH BEAD EMBROIDERY.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 21-25.

CASHMERE TALMA.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 2.—CLOTH JACKET WITH BEAD EMBROIDERY.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 21-25.

BLACK VELVET JACKET.

For description see Supplement.

Knotted and Crochet Fringe for Curtains, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 772.

THIS fringe is made of white or gray wash material, or of woolen material, according to the purpose for which it is designed. First execute the knot-work with woven cord in the length required, as shown by the illustration.

To make the fringe shown by Fig. 1 only one piece of cord is required, which is arranged in knots. Work on this the upper edge with coarse cotton: 1st round.—* 2 sc. (single crochet) on the first upper loop of the next knot, 2 sc. on the following loop of the same knot, 7 ch. (chain stitch); repeat from *. 2d round.—* 2 sc. on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round, 4 ch.; repeat from *. 3d round.—1 sc. on every stitch of the preceding round. Finally, fasten on the thread ends for the fringe, which are cut of an even length, carefully observing the illustration, and knot the fringe strands together as shown by the illustration. For the fringe shown by Fig. 2 use five pieces of cord, two of which serve for a foundation, and must be of the length required for the fringe. The knot-work is executed on the foundation with two cords as shown by the illustration. With the fifth piece of cord form the scallops on the upper edge of the border thus far completed; then fasten on the thread ends of coarse cotton.

Edging for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 773.

Fig. 1.—This edging is worked with tatting cotton, No. 80, and with two threads (shuttles). 1st round.—Tie both threads together, * work with one thread only one ring of 6 ds. (double stitch; that is, one stitch right, one stitch left), 1 p. (picot), 6 ds. Turn the work; then work on the foundation thread one scallop of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds.: turn the work, and with one thread only work one ring of 6 ds., fasten to the p. of the ring previously worked, 6 ds., after a thread interval of one-tenth of an inch repeat from * until the edging has gained the length required. 2d round.—Tie both threads together, * work with one thread only one ring of 3 ds., and five times alternately 1 p., 3 ds., the first and last p. must be a quarter of an inch long. Now turn the work, and on the foundation thread work one scallop of 6 ds., fasten to the joining picot between the next two rings of the preceding round; turn the work, and with one thread only work one ring of 4 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, twice alternately 3 ds., 1 long p., then 4 ds. After working this ring fasten to the joining picot before referred to. Turn the work, and close to this ring on the foundation thread work one scallop of 6 ds.; turn the work and repeat from *, but now fasten every larger ring to the small ring previously worked. On the scalloped edge of the edging crochet one round as follows: * one short treble crochet between the next two scallops, 3 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. (single crochet) on the following p., 3 ch., and repeat from *.

Fig. 2.—This edging is worked with crochet cotton, No. 80. Make a foundation of the requisite length, and on it crochet the first round. 1 dc. (double crochet) on the first foundation st. (stitch), then always alternately 1 ch. (chain stitch) and 1 dc. on the second following foundation st. At the end of this, as well as of every following round, fasten the thread and cut it off. 2d round.—* 2 dc. separated by 1 ch. on the next ch. of the preceding round, 9 ch., with these pass over 5 st. of the preceding round, and repeat from *. 3d round.—Always alternately 2 dc. separated by 1 ch. on the ch. between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 7 ch. 4th round.—* 2 stc. (short treble crochet) separated by 1 ch. on the ch. between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 6 ch., and repeat from *. 5th round.—* 2 dc. separated by 1 ch. on the ch. between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 4 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet), with this work together the next ch. scallops of the 2d, 3d, and 4th rounds together as shown by the illustration; 4 ch., and repeat from *. 6th round.—On each ch. between the 2 dc. of the preceding round work 2 dc., 2 stc., 1 p. (picot; that is, 6 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of the 6 ch.), 2 stc., 2 dc. This completes the edging.

Design for Lamp Mat.—Point Russe and Button-hole Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 773.

To make this mat transfer the completed design to soft material of one color, such as cloth, cashmere, or reps, and on the material work, first, the trimming in point Russe with saddler's silk of different colors. Then work the arabesque figures on the outer edge of the mat in button-hole stitch; these figures, however, must previously be underlaid thickly with loose cotton or worsted of the color of the silk with which they are to be worked. Finally, line the mat with carriage leather, and pink it on the outer edge. The mat may also be interlined with card-board.

Crêpe de Chine Cravat with Jabot.

See illustration on page 777.

THIS cravat is made of cherry crêpe de Chine and white lace an inch and a quarter wide. Cut a bias strip of the material twenty-two inches long and two inches and three-quarters wide, set the lace on both sides, and lay the strips in close pleats at one end to a length of sixteen inches; arrange the remaining part of this strip in a hanging loop. Cut the jabot on the bias in one piece from Fig. 15, Supplement, edge it with lace on the outer edge, excepting the top, and arrange it in pleats, bringing × on ● at the upper edge, and sewing the three ×'s along the middle on the ● above. The jabot is thus looped in such a manner as to form the fan-shaped bows, slightly parted in the middle, as seen by the illustration, and edged with Valenciennes lace.

DARK GREEN VELVET JACKET.

For description see Supplement.

JACKET WITH CAPE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XL., Figs. 26-29.

EMBROIDERED CASHMERE JACKET.

For description see Supplement.

CASHMERE JACKET.

For description see Supplement.

Light Green Crêpe de Chine Cravat.

See illustration on p. 777.

This cravat is made of light green crêpe de Chine and lace three-quarters of an inch wide. Cut two pieces from Fig. 14, Supplement, fold them on the under side along the dotted line, arrange them in pleats, bringing the ×'s each on the ●'s marked with

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similar letters, and border the outer edge with lace, which is partly sewed on the outside and partly on the under side of the material, observing the layers of pleats. Sew two loops trimmed with lace to the under side of the pieces arranged in this manner as shown by the illustration, and join the bow with a binding made of pleated crêpe de Chine and lace.

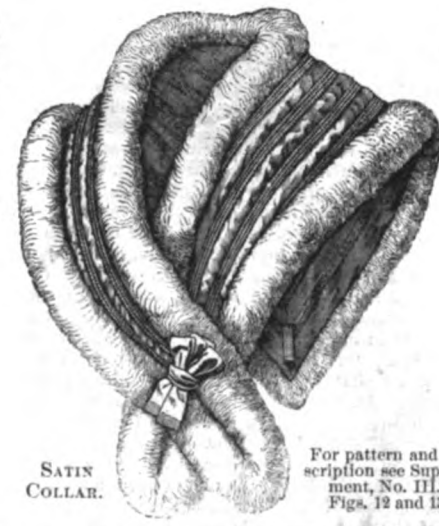
MODERN COSTUME.

THERE is no more harm in a woman being brightly dressed than in a flower being brightly dressed, no more wrong in an innocent woman's study of dress effects than in an orator's study of pose, or elocution, or poetic effects. Drab is not in itself holier than scarlet one whit, and the subdued colors are no more favorable to virtue than they are to artistic beauty. Nature hates them, and the notion that they are virtuous is an absurd effect of bad taste. Phryne dressed in spotless white, and among the really vicious races, like the Turks of Constantinople, female dress has as little brilliancy as grace. There is absolutely no reason for simplicity except economy, and no guild of fashion could settle what for any particular individual was economical or the reverse. The only real departure from simplicity now common is the rapidity with which a really pretty dress is laid aside, and that practice does not arise from any social pressure, but from the spirit of pecuniary ostentation which has infected society, and which is no worse in female dress than in any other department of life. As to modesty: in spite of all clamor on the subject, we venture to say dress has seldom been more modest. The last trace of immodesty has disappeared from men's dress, and there never was a time, except the few years of our own Puritan *régime*, when women, as a rule, were less *décolletée* than now. The social satirists forget the past, as they forget also to establish that there is any relation whatever between purity of life and mode of dressing—fashions the most "immodest," in English ideas, having existed among the purest societies, while vice rages among the closely veiled races of Asia. A modern grande dame would color purple at Cornelia's home costume, and consider that of a Sevillian street-walker the perfection of modest refinement.

We are not denying for a moment that a woman may dress extravagantly, or immodestly, or in an *outré* style, just as a man may. We only deny that there is any arbitrary standard which can enable any guild or any society to try an individual member; and maintain that in this, as in most other departments of life, there is a moral right of free-will to choose colors, to choose materials, to choose cut, without perpetual references to the moral sphygmograph, or register of the moral pulse. If a woman likes pearls, and looks pretty in pearls, and can afford pearls after satisfying other and higher claims, she has a right to pearls, without any reference to any standard whatever except her own judgment, or any regard for the fact that there are people who can not buy pearls, just as there are people who can not buy boots. Variety in costume is a good in itself and not an evil, and so is brilliancy; and the objection to low dresses has, within well understood limits, no more of real principle in it than the old Puritan's objection to curls—an absurdity, by-the-way, which thirty years ago very nearly triumphed for the second time. It became for five or six years a mark of grace to plaster the hair on the temples, instead of letting it fall in ringlets, and this even when the plastering consumed more time than the ringlets did. The world has always been ready to listen to such criticisms, for it has always consisted of men, and found a stimulant in semi-prurient satire, and of late years such criticism has had, from accidental circumstances, two additional provocations: men's dress is not visibly costly, and need not be so in reality (though most men spend more on their whole dress—that is, on the hosier as well as the tailor—than they think); and women, being debarred from holding property or earning it, always seem to be spending somebody else's money. Nevertheless, both in Europe and America, we are apt to forget that in very many instances the wife contributes her fair share to the joint fund, and is only doing with regard to dress what her husband does with regard to more varied methods of expense. The charge of extravagance depends too much on circumstances to be capable of proof by reference to any standard whatever capable of recognition by the world, and the attempt to enforce cheapness even by opinion would only end in a large amount of oppressive interference with the right of individual will.

CRÊPE DE CHINE CRAVAT WITH JABOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 1

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN COLLAR WITH RIBBON TRIMMING. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 47 and 48.



SATIN COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 12 and 13.

CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE FICHU.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN COLLAR WITH RIBBON TRIMMING.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 47 and 48.

LIGHT GREEN CRÊPE DE CHINE CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 14.

LACE FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 49.

SILK AND ORGANDY EVENING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 30–33.

Fig. 1.—CLOTH REDINGOTE.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–6.

Fig. 2.—CLOTH REDINGOTE.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–6.

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and then Roy can have me all to himself for eight dreary months. Come, darlingest of aunties, say I may go," continued the lively girl. "I'll be here all day, you know, and I'll talk to old Uncle Zeke and Aunt Charity about the coops and the turkeys, and I'll repeat the Longer and Shorter Catechism entire to Parson Trip, if he likes to have me, and I'll crack nuts and pop corn with 'Biah and 'Kiah Pomeroy till their heads are fairly turned round on their shoulders, and I'll eat all I can, and a great deal more than I ought, and I'll try to make the old fogy festival as pleasant as ever I can, aunty, after the most ancient and orthodox models; but I must go to the Merediths' German after they are all gone, Aunt Rachel. I must indeed."

Aunt Rachel shook her head. "It is not *I* that would keep you, Kitty, as you very well know; but Roy objects so strongly. And you know, dear, you *do* flirt with Russell Meredith rather more than is suitable or becoming."

"Now, Aunt Rachel," exclaimed Kitty, the sunshine returning to her bright, girlish face, "consider Thanksgiving as already begun, if you please, and the reign of charity and good-will established. Don't let your dear old heart be anxious. I'll make it all straight with Roy. And now I really must go and look after poor old Keziah, whose astounding performances in the way of pies and cakes are all artistically arranged on the dresser shelves, waiting to be admired. They really are the most wonderful structures, aunty, and would do credit to a Parisian *chef* in outward adornment as well as in what Keziah calls their 'relishin' flavor.' I am to have the honor of decorating the large almond cake with a motto in pink and white caraways, the motto to be left to my selection. What shall it be? Not 'Waste not, want not;' that's too mean. Let me see: 'Indigestion waits upon excess' would be a friendly warning—don't you think so?" And bestowing another stifling caress upon her aged relative, who was now fairly vanquished and utterly helpless, Kitty Somers marched triumphantly out of the room.

It was in the long low drawing-room of Miss Rachel Somers's house at Newport that the passage at arms above recorded between herself and her fair niece took place—a house from whose large, old-fashioned windows a terraced garden and verdant lawn sloped down to the very water's edge, and which had been occupied by successive generations of the Somers family for centuries before wealth and fashion had set their seal upon the sea-girt island, and elected to hold their revels there. In that house Kitty Somers had been born; in that house her fair young mother—widowed before her baby's birth—had drifted out upon the unknown sea from whence no mortal has ever yet returned, leaving her infant daughter to Aunt Rachel's gentle care and guidance.

Here Kitty's joyous childhood had been passed; here Aunt Rachel had nurtured, pruned, and trained the wild, luxuriant nature, which blossomed so early into fresh and blooming girlhood, and promised to bring forth maturity's best fruits in after-years. And here, alas! had been sown the first seeds of vanity and frivolity by the admiration that her beauty and cleverness excited during the brief summer reign of idleness and dissipation. It was at one of the many brilliant entertainments which had been given during the previous summer, and of which Kitty had been the bright particular star, that she had first met Roy Campbell. Attracted at first by his magnificent physique, she had been repelled, on a closer acquaintance, by his cold and distant manner, and again piqued, by his nonchalance and apparent indifference to her charms, to putting forth her very best powers of fascination to entrap him. From that time there had been but little peace by day or rest by night for either Roy Campbell or Kitty Somers. One perpetual skirmish and conflict had been going on with themselves and with each other. A steady, resolute determination on his part to resist the spells of the enchantress, and laugh her witcheries to scorn—an equally strong determination on hers to bring the scoffer to her feet, while she escaped scot-free herself—had ended, as such conflicts always must, in the complete subjugation of them both, and in a formal proposal from Mr. Campbell to Miss Rachel Somers for her niece's hand. So matters stood on the eve of that Thanksgiving-day, which was destined to be the turning point in Kitty Somers's life.

II.

The morning of the great Puritan festival dawned with that soft mist over the landscape which belongs to Indian summer in all parts of America, but which in Newport mingles with the sea-fog, and produces a luminous haze through which all objects take a golden tinge.

Kitty was up and in the kitchen at what she called the "screech of dawn," assisting old Keziah in her preparations for the ponderous feast; for there was not only the family dinner to prepare that day, but arrangements to be made to supply twenty-four of Miss Rachel's pensioners with a turkey, a form of cranberry jelly, and a pumpkin-pie each. These Kitty never failed to put up and distribute with her own hands, accompanying each gift with some kind inquiry or merry jest, which added tenfold to its value. Then, her morning duties ended, Kitty walked demurely at Aunt Rachel's side to the place of worship, having first donned her most bewitching "toilette," wherewith to distract the minds and ensnare the hearts of all the youthful members of the congregation, both male and female. Morning service over, no time was to be lost in arranging the abundant and luxurious repast upon which Keziah had expended her best skill, for the distant branches of the Somers family who were summoned to the Thanksgiving feast lived at Narraganset, and were obliged to take the afternoon boat on their return.

All day Kitty was in her brightest and most sparkling mood, and as Roy Campbell—who had been admitted to the family gathering—watched her lithe figure flitting from Uncle Zeke to Aunt Charity, and listened to the merry ring of her voice as she laughed and coquetted with the younger Pomeroys, he was more than ever impressed with the versatility of her rare gifts, and the impossibility of ever concentrating them upon one object in life. At last, however, the festivities of the day were over. Every one declared that it had been the most delightful and wonderful Thanksgiving they had ever known, and 'Biah and 'Kiah openly expressed the hope that they might "miss the boat, and have to stay all night"—an observation which caused Kitty to flit silently out of the room and put the hall clock thirty minutes forward.

Then she and Roy accompanied the family party to the end of the long pier, and after depositing the elders in sheltered and comfortable seats, waved a not very melancholy adieu to them from the shore. "Thank goodness, that's over!" exclaimed Kitty, as the boat pushed off into the blue waters of the bay. "I've been so good to-day that I'm sure I deserve some reward."

"Which you are going to have immediately," replied her lover, looking down tenderly into her upturned eyes. "We have still an hour of daylight—quite long enough to walk to the cliffs and watch the fog coming up over the sea."

"Yes," said Kitty, with a weary sigh; "it will rest me more to sit there than to go back home. And I must get up a little spirit and color for the dance to-night."

Roy Campbell made no reply; it was early days yet to censure or admonish, and although his mind was unalterably fixed upon keeping Kitty at home that night, yet he knew her well enough to use some tact and diplomacy in carrying out his determination. They walked on for some minutes in silence, glancing in from time to time at merry groups gathered around humble boards, until they reached at last the broad avenue which opens upon the cliffs. Here Kitty ran lightly forward, skipping from rock to rock, until she reached a jutting point which extended far out into the water, where, pulling off her hat and veil, she stood, with the salt spray beating into her face, waving her hand triumphantly to Roy, who was some distance behind. Her lover thought he had never seen her look so lovely as she did at that moment, and for an instant his heart relented, and he questioned whether it were worth while to bring a cloud over the brilliant beauty of that face by opposing her childish wishes. And then the recollection of Kitty's wild and reckless spirits in scenes of gayety rose before his mind, and with it the image of the wily, smooth, insinuating Russell Meredith, who had been his hated rival during all the previous summer.

"Isn't it lovely?" exclaimed Kitty, as her lover came up and sat down on the rock beside her. "Isn't this salt breeze, with just a *soupçon* of fog in it, delicious? It puts new life into one's veins."

"And it shines like diamonds in your hair, Kitty," said her lover, gazing with undisguised admiration at the abundant tresses, in which the salt drops gleamed and glistened, and then at the brightness of the cheek and lips, which the breeze had freshened, without deepening the bloom. "My darling," he added, drawing nearer to her, and taking one of her hands, which lay idly in her lap, "I have brought this as a pledge of the eternity of the bond which binds us together to-day. Will you wear it always for my sake?" And as he spoke Roy slipped upon her finger a hoop of alternate opals and diamonds of great size and brilliancy, and held it there, waiting for her reply. But Kitty's eyes seemed to be searching for the coast of Spain, so fixed were they upon the most distant line of ocean which the steadily increasing fog enabled her to see. "Kitty dearest," continued her lover, "will you promise to think of me and love me, just a little, when you wear this ring?"

"It's a great deal too costly and gorgeous," she exclaimed at last, with her usual impetuosity, and bursting into a shower of tears as she spoke. "It looks like a badge of slavery."

The words had no sooner passed her lips than Kitty was sorry that she had spoken them, so intense was the look of pain that passed over her lover's face.

"Forgive me," she said, putting her hand into his again: "I did not mean to hurt you; but indeed, Roy, this ring is a great deal too handsome for a poor girl like me to wear."

"Nothing can be too handsome for you, dearest," was the lover-like reply. "See, it has the date, 'Thanksgiving-day, 1863'—the happiest day of my life, Kitty, so far. You'll give this day entirely to me, darling, will you not?" he added. "I don't wish to be exacting, but I couldn't bear to think of you away from me to-night."

Kitty colored and hesitated. She loved Roy Campbell fervently—for there was depth as well as sparkle in Kitty's effervescent nature—but a perversity and obstinacy, with which Aunt Rachel had vainly battled during her childish days, made it hard for her to give up what she had once set her mind to do. She was young, too, and scarcely understood the importance that her lover attached to this one act of submission on her part; and so she pouted a little, and started on her homeward way with the ring still upon her finger, and a strong spirit of insubordination striving for the mastery within.

"I shall see you this evening, shall I not, dear?" said Roy, as they stood on Miss Somers's steps. "Promise me that I shall, Kitty."

"No, I won't promise," replied Kitty, angrily; "it's unkind and unreasonable, and I'll promise nothing."

As she spoke Keziah opened the door. Roy Campbell raised his hat. Kitty smiled, and waved an adieu. And so they parted, with a love stronger than death tugging at their heart-strings, and yet with a settled purpose on both sides to part rather than give up.

When Kitty Somers came home, flushed and excited, from the ball that night, her hands full of flowers and ribbons—the trophies of her evening's triumphs—there was an ominous stillness and darkness in Aunt Rachel's little parlor, which struck like a chill to her heart.

Miss Rachel, contrary to her usual custom, was still up, and sitting with her Bible open on her knees, gazing gloomily into the embers of the wood fire which were glowing on the hearth. There was no smile of welcome on her face as Kitty entered, and her voice was inexpressibly sad as she pointed to a letter which lay upon the table and said:

"Mr. Campbell has been here this evening, Catherine, and left that note for you. He goes to New York by the morning boat, and God knows whether you will ever see him again."

Kitty's hand trembled, and her heart sank, as she tore open the envelope, and read the following lines:

"I am here, and find you gone. After what passed between us this afternoon, I am forced to look upon your going as a deliberate expression of your indifference to my love, and your decided rejection of my suit. Under these circumstances, any further encouragement of the affection which will ever live in my heart for you would be unwise and unmanly. God bless you, Kitty! Keep the ring in memory of our brief hour of happiness; and if at any future time I can be of service to you, that ring will bring me from the uttermost parts of the earth to your side.

"*Thanksgiving-day*, 1863." "R. C."

III.

Three years have passed since Roy Campbell and Kitty Somers parted—years which, in their flight, have touched the brilliant, petulant child with the barbed arrow of sorrow and disappointment, thus maturing and developing her character into subdued and thoughtful womanhood. During all that time no tidings had ever reached Kitty of her absent lover; and after wearing his ring for two years, she had put it one day into Aunt Rachel's hands, with a great burst of tears, and said, "I shall never see him again, I know. It is all my own fault, and I have no right to wear his ring. Keep it, aunty, and send it back to him when I am dead." And then Aunt Rachel had folded the poor child in her motherly arms, and comforted her with that silent sympathy which, from her earliest years, had never failed to calm Kitty's stormiest moods.

And now, on the eve of another Thanksgiving-day, Kitty sits on the very spot where he saw her first—alone. For Aunt Rachel—the beloved friend, companion, guide—has passed away forever. No more encouragement from those loving lips—no more tender admonition from that soft, low voice—no more firm but gentle guidance over the rough places and through the dark valleys of her life's journey. Aunt Rachel is gone, and Kitty, as she bows her head upon her clasped hands, weeps as if her heart would break. So she continued to weep, violently and spasmodically, until the overburdened spirit had, in a measure, relieved itself; and then she raised her head, and, the tears still dropping slowly and silently on her black dress, fell to speculating on the problem of her future life, and how it was to be endured alone. Alone—alone—the word had a terrible significance to Kitty Somers's loving heart, and it took all her newly acquired fortitude and self-control to reconcile her to the idea of a long life in that desolate mansion, with only old Keziah for consolation and companionship.

"Oh, Roy!" she said. "My first and only love! If I could but bring you back again, how patient and submissive I would be!"

And then she shuddered as she glanced round the large, desolate room, where the twilight had already deepened into night, and the flickering fire-light brought out strange shapes and shadows on the wall, and buried her face in her hands again.

"Why doesn't Keziah bring lights?" she exclaimed at last, in a loud, petulant tone. "She can't surely be making preparations for to-morrow. I can never, never keep Thanksgiving-day again."

"Shall I alter the inscription on the ring, then, Kitty?" said a low voice close at her side; and the next moment Kitty was clasped tight against Roy Campbell's heart.

"Oh, Roy! dear Roy!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak; "how good of you to come just as I was ready to die of loneliness and despair! Did you know how I had missed you and longed for you through all these years, and how glad, how unutterably glad, I should be to see your dear old face again? Tell me what brought you, dear, and how you happened to arrive just on this very night, when I wanted you so much?"

"It was the ring, dearest," replied her lover, in rather a reproachful tone. "Surely you knew that I should come as soon as I received it. I was away in Japan, Kitty, and have traveled day and night since the moment it was put into my hands."

"The ring!" exclaimed Kitty. "How in the world did the ring travel after you to Japan?"

And then, as the truth flashed upon her mind, she bowed her head, while the tears streamed through her clasped fingers, and cried, "Oh, aunty! dearest and best of friends, even in death your love watches over your child, and brings her back her lost happiness again!"

So Kitty kept her second Thanksgiving in meekness and lowliness of spirit, and with a glad and thankful heart. And during all their married life neither she nor Roy have regretted the lesson of mutual concession and forbearance which the trials of their Thanksgiving taught.

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LAURA SILVER BELL.

BY J. S. LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," ETC.

IN the five Northumbrian counties you will scarcely find so bleak, ugly, and yet, in a savage way, so picturesque a moor as Dardale Moss. The moor itself spreads north, south, east, and west, a great undulating sea of black peat and heath.

What we may term its shores are wooded wildly with birch, hazel, and dwarf oak. No towering mountains surround it; but here and there you have a rocky knoll rising among the trees, and many a wooded promontory of the same pretty, because utterly wild, forest running out into its dark level.

Habitations are thinly scattered in this barren territory, and a full mile away from the meanest was the stone cottage of Mother Carke.

Mall Carke was for many a year the *sage-femme* of this wild domain. She has renounced practice, however, for some years; and now, under the rose, she dabbles, it is thought, in the black-art, in which she has always been secretly skilled, tells fortunes, practices charms, and in popular esteem is little better than a witch.

Mother Carke has been away to the town of Willarden, to sell knit stockings, and is returning to her rude dwelling by Dardale Moss. To her right, as far away as the eye can reach, the moor stretches. The narrow track she has followed here tops a gentle upland, and at her left a sort of jungle of dwarf oak and brush-wood approaches its edge. The sun is sinking, blood-red, in the west. His disk has touched the broad black level of the moor, and his parting beams glare athwart the gaunt figure of the old beldam as she strides homeward, stick in hand, and bring into relief the folds of her mantle, which gleam like the draperies of a bronze image in the light of a fire. For a few moments this light floods the air—tree, gorse, rock, and bracken glare; and then it is out, and gray twilight over every thing.

All is still and sombre. At this hour the simple traffic of the thinly peopled country is over, and nothing can be more solitary.

From this jungle, nevertheless, through which the mists of evening are already creeping, she sees a gigantic man approaching her.

In that poor and primitive country robbery is a crime unknown. She therefore has no fears for her pound of tea and pint of gin and sixteen shillings in silver which she is bringing home in her pocket. But there is something that would have frighted another woman about this man.

He is gaunt, sombre, bony, dirty, and dressed in a black suit which a beggar would hardly care to pick out of the dust.

This ill-looking man nodded to her as he stepped on the road.

"I don't know you," she said.

He nodded again.

"I never sid ye neyawheere," she exclaimed, sternly.

"Fine evening, Mother Carke," he says, and holds his snuff-box toward her.

She widened the distance between them by a step or so, and said again, sternly and pale,

"I hev nowt to say to thee, whoe'er thou beest."

"You know Laura Silver Bell?"

"That's a byneyam; the lass's neyam is Laura Lew," she answered, looking straight before her.

"One name's as good as another for one that was never christened, mother."

"How know ye that?" she asked, grimly; for it is a received opinion in that part of the world that the fairies have power over those who have never been baptized.

The stranger turned on her a malignant smile.

"There is a young lord in love with her," the stranger says, "and I'm that lord. Have her at your house to-morrow night at eight o'clock, and you must stick cross pins through the candle, as you have done for many a one before, to bring her lover thither by ten, and her fortune's made. And take this for your trouble."

He extended his long finger and thumb toward her, with a guinea temptingly displayed.

"I have nowt to do wi' thee. I nivver sid thee afoore. Git thee awa'! I earned nea goold o' thee, and I'll tak' nane. Awa' wi' thee, or I'll find ane that will mak' thee!"

The old woman had stopped, and was quivering in every limb as she thus spoke.

He looked very angry. Sulkily he turned away at her words, and strode slowly toward the wood from which he had come; and as he approached it, he seemed to her to grow taller and taller, and stalked into it as high as a tree.

"I conceited there would come something o't," she said to herself. "Farmer Lew must git it done nesht Sunda'. The a'ad awpy!"

Old Farmer Lew was one of that sect who insist that baptism shall be but once administered, and not until the Christian candidate had attained to adult years. The girl had, indeed, for some time been of an age not only, according to this theory, to be baptized, but, if need be, to be married.

Her story was a sad little romance. A lady some seventeen years before had come down and paid Farmer Lew for two rooms in his house. She told him that her husband would follow her in a fortnight, and that he was in the mean time delayed by business in Liverpool.

In ten days after her arrival her baby was born, Mall Carke acting as *sage-femme* on the occasion; and on the evening of that day the poor young mother died. No husband came; no wedding-ring, they said, was on her finger. About fifty pounds was found in her desk, which Farmer Lew, who was a kind old fellow, and had lost his two children, put in bank for the little girl, and resolved to keep her until a rightful owner should step forward to claim her.

They found half a dozen love-letters signed "Francis," and calling the dead woman "Laura."

So Farmer Lew called the little girl Laura; and her *sobriquet* of "Silver Bell" was derived from a tiny silver bell, once gilt, which was found among her poor mother's little treasures after her death, and which the child wore on a ribbon round her neck.

Old Mall Carke, by some caprice for which no one could account, cherished an affection for the girl, who saw her often, and paid her many a small fee in exchange for secret indications of the future.

It was too late when Mother Carke reached her home to look for a visit from Laura Silver Bell that day.

About three o'clock next afternoon, Mother Carke was sitting knitting, with her glasses on, outside her door on the stone bench, when she saw the pretty girl mount lightly to the top of the stile at her left under the birch, against the silver stem of which she leaned her slender hand, and called,

"Mall, Mall! Mother Carke, are ye alane all by yersel'?"

"Ay, Laura lass, we can be clooas enoo, if ye want a word wi' me," says the old woman, rising, with a mysterious nod, and beckoning her stiffly with her long fingers.

The girl was, assuredly, pretty enough for a "lord" to fall in love with. Only look at her. A profusion of brown rippling hair, parted low in the middle of her forehead, almost touched her eyebrows, and made the pretty oval of her face, by the breadth of that rich line, more marked. What a pretty little nose! what scarlet lips, and large, dark, long-fringed eyes!

Her face is transparently tinged with those clear Murillo tints which appear in deeper dyes on her wrists and the backs of her hands. These are the beautiful gypsy tints with which the sun dyes young skins so richly.

The old woman eyes all this, and her pretty figure, so round and slender, and her shapely little feet, cased in the thick shoes that can't hide their comely proportions, as she stands on the top of the stile. But it is with a dark and saturnine aspect.

"Come, lass, what stand ye for atoppa t' wall, whar folk may chance to see thee? I hev a thing to tell thee, lass."

She beckoned her again.

"An' I hev a thing to tell *thee*, Mall."

"Come hidder," said the old woman, peremptorily.

"But ye munna gie me the creepin's" (make me tremble). "I winna look again into the glass o' water, mind ye."

The old woman smiled grimly, and changed her tone.

"Now, hunny, git tha down, and let ma see thy canny feyace," and she beckoned her again.

Laura Silver Bell did get down, and stepped lightly toward the door of the old woman's dwelling.

"Tak' this," said the girl, unfolding a piece of bacon from her apron; "and I hev a silver sixpence to gie thee, when I'm gaen away heyame."

They entered the dark kitchen of the cottage, and the old woman stood by the door, lest their conference should be lighted on by surprise.

"Afoore ye begin," said Mother Carke (I soften her patois), "I mun tell ye there's ill folk watchin' ye. What's auld Farmer Lew about, he doesna get t' Sir" (the clergyman) "to baptize theo? If he lets Sunda' next pass, I'm afeared ye'll never be sprinkled nor signed wi' cross while there's a sky aboon us."

"Agoy!" exclaims the girl; "who's lookin' after me?"

"A big black fella, as high as the kipples, came out o' the wood near Deadman's Grike, just after the sun gued down yester-e'en; I knew weel what he was, for his feet ne'er touched the road while he made as if he walked beside me. And he wanted to gie me snuff first, and I wouldna hev that; and then he offered me a gowden guinea, but I was no sic awpy, and to bring you here to-night, and cross the candle wi' pins, to call your lover in. And he said he's a great lord, and in luve wi' thee."

"And you refused him?"

"Well for thee I did, lass," says Mother Carke.

"Why, it's every word true!" cries the girl, vehemently, starting to her feet—for she had seated herself on the great oak chest.

"True, lass? Come, say what ye mean," demanded Mall Carke, with a dark and searching gaze.

"Last night I was coming heyame from the wake, wi' auld Farmer Dykes and his wife and his daughter Nell, and when we came to the stile I bid them good-night, and we parted."

"And ye came by the path alone in the night-time, did ye?" exclaimed old Mall Carke, sternly.

"I wasna afeared, I don't know why; the path heyame leads down by the wa's o' auld Hawarth Castle."

"I knaa it weel, and a dowly path it is; ye'll keep in-doors o' nights for a while, or ye'll rue it. What saw ye?"

"No freetin, mother; nowt I was feared on."

"Ye heard a voice callin' yer neyame?"

"I heard nowt that was dow but the hullyhoo in the auld castle wa's," answered the pretty girl. "I heard nor sid nowt that's dow, but mickle that's conny and gladsome. I heard singin' and laughin' a long way off, I consaited; and I stopped a bit to listen. Then I walked on a step or two, and there, sure enough, in the Pie-Mag field, under the castle wa's, not twenty steps away, I sid a grand company; silks and satins, and men wi' velvet coats, wi' gowd-lace striped over them, and ladies wi' necklaces that would dazzle ye, and fans as big as griddles; and powdered footmen, like what the shirra hed behind his coach, only these was ten times as grand."

"It was full moon last night," said the old woman.

"Sa bright 'twould blind ye to look at it," said the girl.

"Never an ill sight but the deaul finds a light," quoth the old woman. "There's a rinnin' brook thar—you were at this side, and they at that; did they try to mak' ye cross over?"

"Agoy! didn't they? Nowt but civility and kindness, though. But ye mun let me tell it my own way. They was talkin' and laughin' and eatin', and drinkin' out o' long glasses and gond cups, seated on the grass, and music was playin'; and I keekin' behind a bush at all the grand doin's; and up they gits to dance; and says a tall fella I didna see afoore, 'Ye mun step across, and dance wi' a young lord that's faan in luv wi' thee, and that's mysel';' and sure enow I keeked at him under my lashes, and a conny lad he is, to my teyaste, though he be dressed in black, wi' sword and sash, velvet twice as fine as they sells in the shop at Gouden Friars; and keekin' at me again fra the corners o' his een. And the same fella telt me he was mad in luv wi' me, and his fadder was there, and his sister, and they came all the way from Catstean Castle to see me that night; and that's t'other side o' Gouden Friars."

"Come, lass, yer no maffin; tell me true. What was he like? Was his feyace grimed wi' sut? a tall fella wi' wide shouthers, and lukt like an ill thing, wi' black clothes amaist in rags?"

"His feyace was long, but weel faured, and darker nor a gypsy; and his clothes were black and grand, and made o' velvet, and he said he was the young lord himsel'; and he lukt like it."

"That will be the same fella I sid at Deadman's Grike," said Mall Carke, with an anxious frown.

"Hoot, mudder! how cud that be?" cried the lass, with a toss of her pretty head and a smile of scorn.

But the fortune-teller made no answer, and the girl went on with her story.

"When they began to dance," continued Laura Silver Bell, "he urged me again, but I wudna step o'er; 'twas partly pride, coz I wasna dressed fine enough, and partly contrariness, or something, but gaa I wudna, not a fut. No but I more nor half wished it a' the time."

"Weel for thee thou dudstna cross the brook."

"Hoity-toity, why not?"

"Keep at heyame after nightfall, and don't ye be walking by yersel' by daylight, or any light, lang lonesome ways till after ye're baptized," said Mall Carke.

"I'm like to be married first."

"Tak' care *that* marriage won't hang i' the bell-ropes," said Mother Carke.

"Leave me alane for that. The young lord said he was maist daft wi' luv o' me. He wanted to gie me a conny ring wi' a beautiful stone in it. But, drat it, I was sic an awpy I wudna tak it, and he a young lord!"

"Lord, indeed! are ye daft, or dreamin'? Those fine folk, what were they? I'll tell ye. Dobies and fairies; and if ye don't du as ye're bid, they'll tak' ye, and ye'll never git out o' their hands again while grass grows," said the old woman, grimly.

"Od wite it!" replies the girl, impatiently, "who's daft or dreamin' noo? I'd 'a bin dead wi' fear, if 'twas any such thing. It cudna be; all was sa luvesome and bonny and shaply."

"Weel, and what do ye want o' me, lass?" asked the old woman, sharply.

"I want to know—here's t' sixpence—what I sud du," said the young lass. "'Twud be a pity to lose such a marrow, hey?"

"Say yer prayers, lass; *I* can't help ye," says the old woman, darkly. "If ye gaa wi' *the* people ye'll never come back. Ye munna talk wi' them, nor eat wi' them, nor drink wi' them, nor tak' a pin's worth by way o' gift fra them—mark weel what I say—or ye're *lost!*"

The girl looked down, plainly much vexed.

The old woman stared at her, with a mysterious frown, steadily for a few seconds.

"Tell me, lass, and tell me true, are ye in luve wi' that lad?"

"What for sud I?" said the girl, with a careless toss of her head, and blushing up to her very temples.

"I see how it is," said the old woman, with a groan, and repeated the words, sadly thinking; and walked out of the door a step or two, and looked jealously round. "The lass is witched, the lass is witched!"

"Did ye see him since?" asked Mother Carke, returning.

The girl was still embarrassed; and now she spoke in a lower tone, and seemed subdued.

"I thought I sid him, as I came here, walkin' beside me among the trees; but I consait it was only the trees themsel's that lukt like rinnin' one behind another as I walked on."

"I can tell thee nowt, lass, but what I telt ye afoore," answered the old woman, peremptorily. "Get ye heyame, and don't delay on the way; and say yer prayers as ye gaa; and let none but good thoughts come nigh ye; and put nayer foot autside the door-steyan again till ye gaa to be christened; and get that done a-Sunda' next."

And with this charge, given with grizzly earnestness, she saw her over the stile, and stood upon it watching her retreat until the trees quite hid her and her path from view.

The sky grew cloudy and thunderous, and the air darkened rapidly, as the girl, a little frightened by Mall Carke's view of the case, walked homeward by the lonely path among the trees.

She was frightened for a while after she got home. The dark looks of Mother Carke were always before her eyes, and a secret dread prevented her passing the threshold of her home again that night.

Next day it was different. She had got rid of the awe with which Mother Carke had inspired her. She could not get the tall, dark-featured lord, in the black velvet dress, out of her head. He had "taken her fancy;" she was growing to love him. She could think of nothing else.

Bessie Hennock, a neighbor's daughter, came to see her that day, and proposed a walk toward the ruins of Hawarth Castle, to gather "blaeberries." So off the two girls went together.

In the thicket, along the slopes near the ivied walls of Hawarth Castle, the companions began to fill their baskets. Hours passed. The sun was sinking near the west, and Laura Silver Bell had not come home.

Over the hatch of the farm-house door the maids leaned ever and anon with outstretched necks, watching for a sign of the girl's return, and wondering, as the shadows lengthened, what had become of her.

At last, just as the rosy sunset gilding began to overspread the landscape, Bessie Hennock, weeping into her apron, made her appearance without her companion.

Her account of their adventures was curious.

I will relate the substance of it more connectedly than her agitation would allow her to give it, and without the disguise of the rude Northumbrian dialect.

The girl said that, as they got along together among the brambles that grow beside the brook that bounds the Pie-Mag field, she on a sudden saw a very tall, big-boned man, with an ill-favored, smirched face, and dressed in worn and rusty black, standing at the other side of the little stream. She was frightened; and while looking at this dirty, wicked, starved figure, Laura Silver Bell touched her, gazing at the same tall scarecrow, but with a countenance full of confusion and even rapture. She was peeping through the bush behind which she stood, and, with a sigh, she said:

"Is na that a conny lad? Agoy! See his bonny velvet clothes, his sword and sash; that's a lord, I can tell ye; and weel I know who he follows, who he luves, and who he'll wed."

Bessie Hennock thought her companion daft.

"See how luvesome he luks!" whispered Laura.

Bessie looked again, and saw him gazing at her companion with a malignant smile, and at the same time he beckoned her to approach.

"Darrat ta! gaa not near him! he'll wring thy neck!" gasped Bessie, in great fear, as she saw Laura step forward, with a look of beautiful bashfulness and joy.

She took the hand he stretched across the stream, more for love of the hand than any need of help, and in a moment was across and by his side, and his long arm about her waist.

"Fares te weel, Bessie, I'm gain' my ways," she called, leaning her head to his shoulder; "and tell gud Fadder Lew I'm gain' my ways to be happy, and maybe, at lang last, I'll see him again."

And with a farewell wave of her hand, she went away with her dismal partner; and Laura Silver Bell was never more seen at home, or among the "coppies" and "wickwoods," the bonny fields and bosky hollows, by Dardale Moss.

Bessie Hennock followed them for a time.

She crossed the brook, and though they seemed to move slowly enough, she was obliged to run to keep them in view; and she all the time cried to her continually, "Come back, come back, bonnie Laura!" until, getting over a bank, she was met by a white-faced old man, and so frightened was she that she thought she fainted outright. At all events, she did not come to herself until the birds were singing their vespers in the amber light of sunset, and the day was over.

No trace of the direction of the girl's flight was ever discovered. Weeks and months passed, and more than a year.

At the end of that time one of Mall Carke's goats died, as she suspected, by the envious practices of a rival witch who lived at the far end of Dardale Moss.

All alone in her stone cabin the old woman had prepared her charm to ascertain the author of her misfortune.

The heart of the dead animal, stuck all over with pins, was burned in the fire; the windows, doors, and every other aperture of the house being first carefully stopped. After the heart, thus prepared with suitable incantations, is consumed in the fire, the first person who comes to the door or passes it by is the offending magician.

Mother Carke completed these lonely rites at dead of night. It was a dark night, with the glimmer of the stars only, and a melancholy night wind was soughing through the scattered woods that spread around.

After a long and dead silence there came a heavy thump at the door, and a deep voice called her by name.

She was startled, for she expected no man's voice; and, peeping from the window, she saw, in the dim light, a coach and four horses, with gold-laced footmen, and coachman in wig and cocked hat, turned out as if for a state occasion.

She unbarred the door; and a tall gentleman, dressed in black, waiting at the threshold, entreated her, as the only *sage-femme* within reach, to come in the coach and attend Lady Lairdale, who was about to give birth to a baby, promising her handsome payment.

Lady Lairdale! She had never heard of her.

"How far away is it?"

"Twelve miles, on the old road to Golden Friars."

Her avarice is roused, and she steps into the coach. The footman claps to the door; the glass jingles with the sound of a laugh. The tall, dark-faced gentleman in black is seated opposite; they are driving at a furious pace; they have turned out of the road into a narrower one, dark with thicker and loftier forest than she was accustomed to. She grows anxious; for she

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LAURA SILVER BELL'S VISION OF THE FAIRIES.

ows every road and by-path in the country ınd, and she has never seen this one.

He encourages her. The moon has risen ıve the edge of the horizon, and she sees a ıle old castle. Its summit of tower, watch-ver, and battlement glimmers faintly in the onlight. This is their destination.

She feels on a sudden all but overpowered by ep; but although she nods, she is quite con-ous of the continued motion, which has become n rougher.

She makes an effort, and rouses herself. What become of the coach, the castle, the serv-s? Nothing but the strange forest remains same.

She is jolting along on a rude hurdle, seated rushes, and a tall, big-boned man, in rags, in front, kicking with his heel the ill-favored st that pulls them along, every bone of which ks out, and holding the halter which serves reins. They stop at the door of a miserable lding of loose stone, with a thatch so sunk l rotten that the roof-tree and couples protrude crooked corners, like the bones of the wretched se, with enormous head and ears, that dragged m to the door.

The long, gaunt man gets down, his sinister e grimed like his hands.

It was the same grimy giant who had accosted on the lonely road near Deadman's Grike. t she feels that she "must go through with it" v, and she follows him into the house.

Two rush-lights were burning in the large and serable room, and on a coarse, ragged bed lay oman groaning piteously.

"That's Lady Lairdale," says the gaunt, dark n, who then began to stride up and down the m, rolling his head, stamping furiously, and mping one hand on the palm of the other, and king and laughing in the corners, where there s no one visible to hear or to answer.

Old Mall Carke recognized in the faded, half-rved creature who lay on the bed, as dark now l grimy as the man, and looking as if she had er in her life washed hands or face, the once he and pretty Laura Lew.

The hideous being who was her mate contin-l in the same odd fluctuations of fury, grief, and rriment: and whenever she uttered a groan, parodied it with another, as Mother Carke ught, in saturnine derision.

At length he strode into another room, and ged the door after him.

In due time the poor woman's pains were over, l a daughter was born.

Such an imp! with long, pointed ears, flat nose, l enormous restless eyes and mouth. It in-ntly began to yell and talk in some unknown language, at the noise of which the father looked into the room, and told the *sage-femme* that she should not go unrewarded.

The sick woman seized the moment of his absence to say in the ear of Mall Carke:

"If ye had not been at ill work to-night, he could not hev fetched ye. Tak' no more now than your rightful fee, or he'll keep ye here."

At this moment he returned with a bag of gold and silver coins, which he emptied on the table, and told her to help herself.

She took four shillings, which was her primitive fee, neither more nor less; and all his urgency could not prevail with her to take a farthing more. He looked so terrible at her refusal that she rushed out of the house.

He ran after her.

"You'll take your money with you," he roared, snatching up the bag, still half full, and flinging it after her.

It lighted on her shoulder; and partly from the blow, partly from terror, she fell to the ground; and when she came to herself it was morning, and she was lying across her own door-stone.

It is said that she never more told fortune or practiced spell. And though all that happened sixty years ago and more, Laura Silver Bell, wise folk think, is still living, and will so continue till the day of doom, among the fairies.

Low-necked Evening Dress, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pretty Paris evening dress is furnished with an adjustable court train, which can be looped as hereafter described, so as to form a graceful bouffant over-skirt. It can be worn over a round skirt, or joined to the front and side breadths only of the latter. In the original the waist and court train are of ardoise gray faille, trimmed with a box-pleated ruche of white ribbon two and a half inches wide, divided in the middle by a flat rose pink ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide, on which flat bows of the same color are set three inches apart. The train is edged with black lace, and draped with black lace bows. Black lace sash and shoulder knots. The round skirt is of rose pink silk, bordered with a black lace flounce, and trimmed with ruches like those of the court train. Rose pink slippers.

The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. To take the size, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust. No other measure is required. If the size is an uneven number of inches, send for the next higher number; for instance, if it is 37 inches, order 38 inches, and take the seams deeper.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises three articles—low-necked waist, adjustable court train, and round skirt.

LOW-NECKED WAIST.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and short sleeve. The perforations show where to baste the seams, to take up the darts, to form the side backs, and the length of the waist. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the front. The material is extended at the bottom, to conceal the gap caused by the slipping of the skirt.

ADJUSTABLE COURT TRAIN.—This pattern is in two pieces—side piece and back breadth. Only half the pattern is given. The front edge of the side piece is laid in three small pleats, turning back, and covered with a lace bow. The side and back breadths are laid in three double box-pleats at the line of perforations in the back, about three-quarters of a yard from the bottom, and fastened with a lace bow. The back breadth is sewed to the belt with a large box-pleat in the middle, and side pleats on each side, and the side breadths are sewed on plain. The train is looped by means of three tapes, the middle one seventeen inches, and the others eleven inches long. Sew one end of each tape to the belt, one in the middle, and the others two inches on each side of it, and set buttons on the ends of the tapes. Sew a small loop at each of the perforations on the back and sides. The perforations show where to loop the skirt in the back, to lay pleats in the front side gores, and to lay the pleats in the back of the train at the bottom. A line of perforations also shows where to sew the court train to the back side gores, if it is desired to leave out the back breadths of the under-skirt. In this case the court train is not draped, but overlaps the round skirt about a quarter of a yard.

SIX-GORED ROUND SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and full breadth for the back. Only half the pattern is given. The front and side gores are sewed on the belt plain. The gore for the back is laid in small side pleats. The back breadth is gathered and sewed to the belt.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for court train, 8 yards.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for round skirt and waist, 8½ yards.

Lace for train, 6½ yards.

Lace for bows, 7 yards.

Lace for round skirt, 4 yards.

Lace for ruching of round skirt, 8 yards.

White ribbon for ruching, 50 yards.

Pink ribbon, 25 yards.

LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, WITH ADJUSTABLE COURT TRAIN AND ROUND SKIRT.—(WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.)

[Cut Paper Patterns of this Entire Suit, Graded to fit any Figure, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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Fig. 1.—BRAIDED CORD CURTAIN BAND.—[See Page 773.]

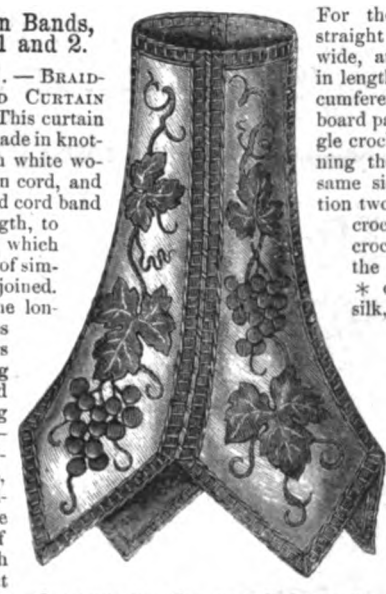
Curtain Bands, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—BRAIDED CORD CURTAIN BAND. This curtain band is made in knot-work with white woven cotton cord, and consists of a braided cord band of the requisite length, to the under edge of which long and short tabs of similar braiding are joined. The middle tab (the longest) is six inches and three-quarters long; the remaining tabs must be worked shorter, observing the illustration.—Work first the middle part of each tab, as shown by the illustration on page 773, with a piece of cord of the length required. When it is long enough, cut off the cord, fasten the ends with several stitches, and edge the tab with button-hole stitch scallops of cord (see illustration, page 773). Work the band in a similar manner, face it with colored worsted braid (the button-hole stitch scallops must project over this lining), line the tabs, and sew them to the under edge of the braided cord band on the under side, as shown by Fig. 1. Finally, trim each tab with a tassel of coarse white tatting cotton and cord, and sew on colored ribbons for tying. The band and tabs of the curtain band can also be made without the lining, and the curtain band closed with a button and cord loops.

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED PIQUÉ CURTAIN BAND. This curtain band consists of a corded piqué band, to which tabs of the same material are joined, as shown by the illustration. The band and tabs are button-hole stitched on the outer edge, and trimmed with embroidery through the middle. Tassels of white tatting cotton are set on the lower points of the tabs. A button and button-hole close the curtain band. For the latter cut the band of piqué in one piece from Fig. 50, Supplement, button-hole stitch it all around with white cotton, work the holes indicated along the middle by means of button-hole stitches, and trim each hole with a wheel of tatting cotton. The longest tab on the middle of the curtain band is cut from Fig. 51, Supplement; this is button-hole stitched in scallops on the outer edge, excepting the upper (sloped) end, and trimmed through the middle, as indicated on the pattern and shown by the illustration, with a cross seam of coarse tatting cotton. Along the straight line indicated on Fig. 51, Supplement, hem-stitch the tab, at the same time covering the stitches of the seam. Finally, cut away the piqué underneath the seam, and set a tassel of coarse tatting cotton on the lower point of the tab. Sew the upper end of the finished tab to the under side of the band (Fig. 50) on the middle of the under side edge. The remaining tabs at both sides of the tab already sewed on are worked like the latter, but are an inch and a quarter shorter, with the upper end slightly sloped off. Sew the tabs on the band half an inch apart.

Ornamental Cap for Champagne Bottles.

FOR this pretty covering for the necks of Champagne bottles cut of gray carriage leather two pieces each from Figs. 16 and 17, Supplement, and embroider them in the given design. Cut the leaves and grapes of maroon carriage leather, paste them on the parts of the cap, and work the stems, veins, etc., in half-polka stitch with maroon twisted silk. Cut the lining of maroon carriage leather from Fig. 16, Supplement, allowing one-third of an inch extra material on the outer edge, paste them on the under side of the pieces of gray carriage leather, fold down the edges, that project equally all around, on the right side, and fasten this binding by means of long button-hole stitches and a row of half-polka stitches. Finally, join the sides of the pieces on the wrong side.



ORNAMENTAL CAP FOR CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16 and 17.

For the latter work a straight strip two inches wide, and corresponding in length to the upper circumference of the cardboard part. Work in single crochet, always beginning the rounds on the same side. Make a foundation two inches long with gray crochet cotton, and on it crochet two rounds with the same cotton. Work * one round with white silk, one with blue silk, one with white silk, two rounds with gray cotton, one round with white silk, one with blue, one with red, one with blue, one with white silk, two rounds with gray cotton; repeat from *. When the crocheted part is long enough, work the stitches of the last round and the foundation stitches together on the under side. Round off the upper edge of this part to suit the shape of the steel handle, sew it on the latter, and ornament the purse with two small leather handles.

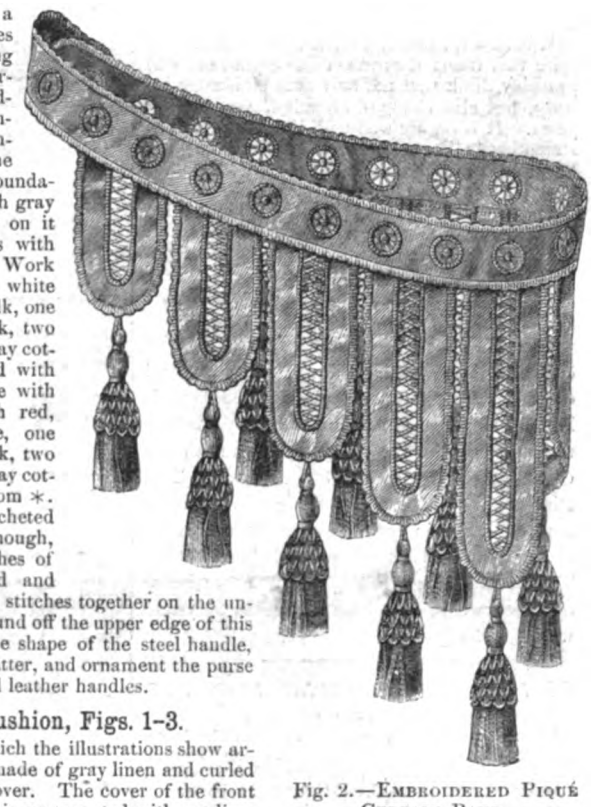


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED PIQUÉ CURTAIN BAND.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 50 and 51.

Embroidered Chair Cushion, Figs. 1–3.

THE three-cornered cushion, which the illustrations show arranged on two different chairs, is made of gray linen and curled hair, and furnished with a cloth cover. The cover of the front of the cushion is ornamented with application embroidery. The cover forms a lambrequin on the upper edge of the cushion (see Fig. 2). Make the cushion of the requisite size; the three-cornered side pieces are six inches and a half wide on the under edge, and sloped off toward the top at one side. Allow from eleven inches and a quarter to twelve inches extra material for the lambrequin on the piece of cloth intended for covering the front side of the cushion. Fig. 19, Supplement, gives the design for embroidering the lambrequin. Work with velvet or satin in a shade that contrasts with the foundation material, and edge the application figures with silk braid or soutache in a lighter shade. Sew colored soutache along the remaining lines of the design. Line the lambrequin with dark woolen material; join both parts on the outer edge, at the same time sewing in silk round cord. The design for the embroidery on the front side of the cushion can be executed with the assistance of the illustration, Fig. 1, and Fig. 19, Supplement. Trim the cushion with cord and tassels as shown by the illustration. The cushion on the chair, Fig. 3, is made in a similar manner; the embroidery on the lambrequin is worked in the design given by Fig. 20, Supplement.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED CHAIR CUSHION.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig 19.

CROCHET PURSE.

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED CHAIR CUSHION.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 19.

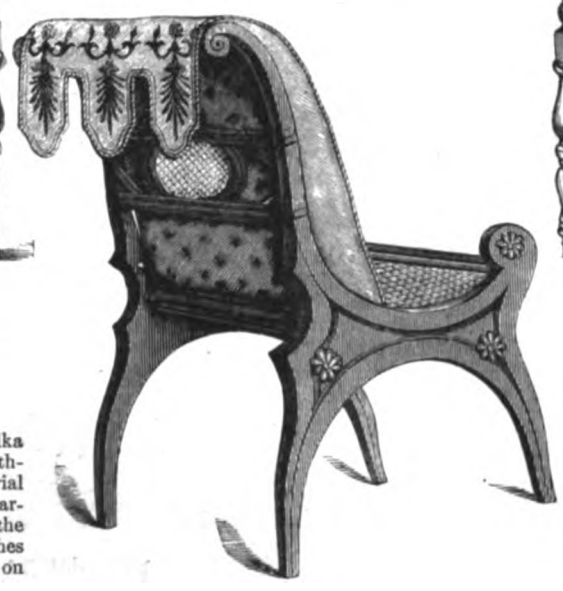


Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED CHAIR CUSHION.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 20.

Crochet Purse.

THE lower part of this purse is made of double card-board, covered with leather strips ornamented in point Russe; it is two inches and three-quarters long, an inch and a quarter wide, and an inch deep. The upper part, which simulates a bag of striped drilling, is crocheted. Cover two long and two short side pieces of card-board each on one side with silk, and in a similar manner cover both card-board pieces for the bottom. The leather strip for covering the card-board is an inch wide and seven inches and three-quarters long; it is ornamented in point Russe embroidery with brown saddler's silk and gold thread as shown by the illustration, and cut in small sharp points on both sides, after which it is pasted on the lower part, and fastened, besides, with long stitches of brown silk (see illustration). Sew fine brown silk cord and gold cord on this leather with short cross stitches. Paste the card-board pieces covered with silk on the inside of the lower part, at the same time fastening the crocheted part.

Footstool with Hot-water Bottle and Cover, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS footstool of brown polished wood opens so as to hold a bottle of hot water for the feet. The upper surface of the footstool is furnished with a cover, which is fastened on the lid with elastic bands an inch long; the lid is wadded and covered smoothly with brown woolen reps. The cover is made of dark brown cloth, and is embroidered in application with light brown cloth and with brown saddler's silk. Fig. 53, Supplement, gives a quarter section of the design. The cover is furnished on the under side with a lining knit of remnants of worsted, simulating fur. Instead of this, it may be quilted, or lined with fur. Along the outer edge of the cover, as well as of the lid of the footstool, set strips of brown fur an inch and a quarter wide.

Fig. 1.—FOOTSTOOL WITH HOT-WATER BOTTLE AND COVER.—OPEN.

For design see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 53.

Fig. 2.—FOOTSTOOL WITH HOT-WATER BOTTLE AND COVER.—CLOSED.

For design see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 53.

DIARIES.

ANY body who has conscientiously tried to keep a diary, tried year after year to make a diary the beau ideal of what a diary should be, knows how extremely difficult that sort of composition is, and how slowly, year after year, it ripens toward any sort of perfection. The best way is to make them on a solid substratum of daily facts. In a well-ordered life there should be sound registration of the letters written or received, the calls made in return, the books lent or borrowed. A sensible person will not disdain to note even the stories he has told his children, or the wild flowers he has gathered in his walk. Perhaps there are notes about the books that are read or the phenomena that are observed. Any remarkable event, any conversation or chance meeting with a famous man, any curious vein of reflection, will probably be related accurately and at length. There may, probably, be more sacred and secret observations of one's heart and mind; and, if this is done honorably and fearlessly, and with the application of the elenchic process to ourselves, such a diary will be a true autobiography, and very serviceable

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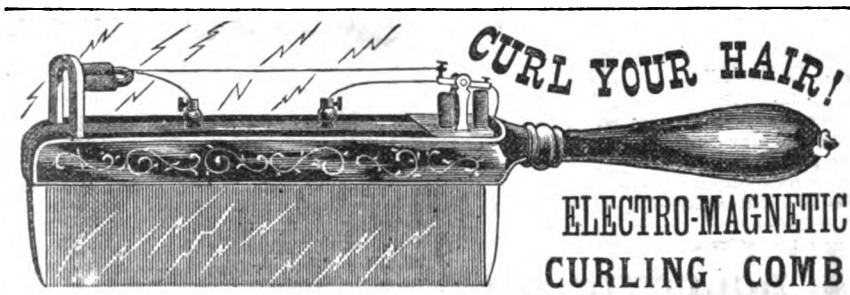

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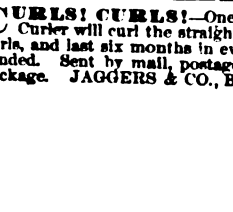

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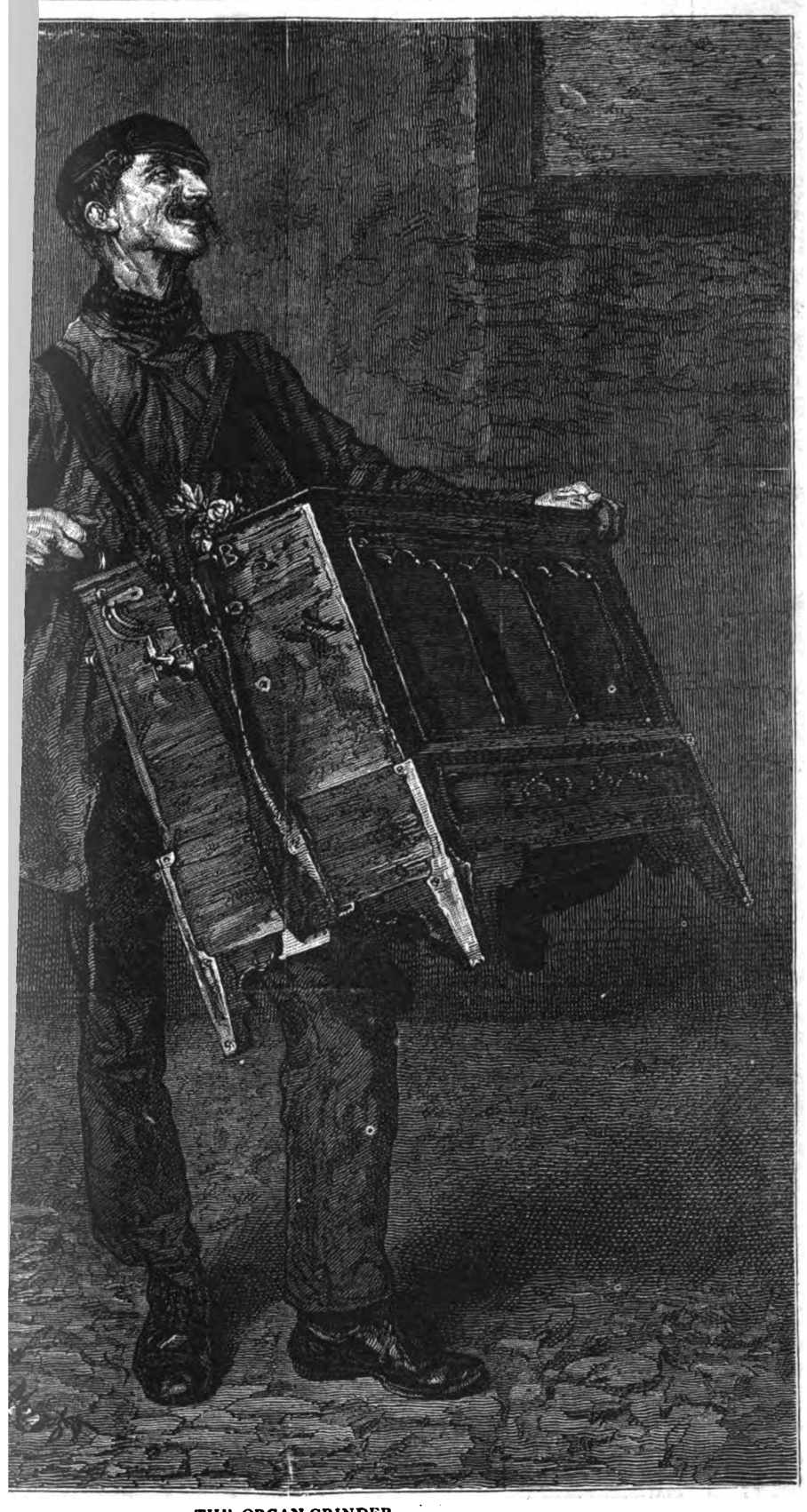

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

l pause, the little
awk between two

)XV.

I Hurt myself, the

NOTES ON NURSERY RHYMES.

BY A SCHOLIAST.

When Tom the Piper's graceless son
Annexed the old sow's little one,
And off with it turned stepper,
Those will admit, who've learned their Latin,
His punishment came very pat in—
From *Piper* he got pepper.

BY A BED-LAMITE.

The poet rails at Margaret Daw,
Who sold her bed and lay on straw;
Her seeming fault, we beg to state,
A palliasse might palliate.

BY A GOOSE.

If the little man who, as legends run,
Shot the duck and drake with his little gun
Had remembered that ducks best fatten on sluge,
For the pullets his bullets he'd kept as drugs.

BY A WAIL-ETUDINARIAN.

When old Mother Hubbard
Her dog in the cupboard
Found dead as India rubber,
She, her grief to detail,
Should have set up a whale,
For that would make her blubber.

CHEMISTRY FOR BUTCHERS.—Does beef contain nitrogen as well as ox-ygen?

THE BOOK OF NATURE—Autumn leaves.

TO COOKS.—You can't make much out of a bad eel, because it is not a good deal.

TO ANY YOUNG LADY WITH A RICH RELATION.—To get the "length of his foot" work him a pair of slippers.

ASTRONOMICAL MEM.—Planets revolve, but shooting-stars are not revolvers.

Fancy a dumb policeman: he would be neither heard nor seen.

TENDER ACCENTS.

ADDRESSED BY A SUITOR TO HIS BELOVED.

I should feel in a *transport* if I might transport
Her home as a *consort* with whom I consort.

BITTER ACCENTS.

THE BELOVED'S REPLY TO THE SUITOR.

Your plan, were you *perfect*, I'd let you *perfect*,
But you're such an *object* I'm forced to *object*.

BEST SECONDS—Second thoughts.

"OH, THE DIFFERENCE!"

Dance, every sun-kissed leaf!
Sweet joy hath vanquished grief—
My mistress smiles.
Sing, all ye little birds!
Sing to these pleasant words—
My mistress smiles.

Skip, lambs!—in every tail
Let jollity prevail—
My mistress smiles.
And be less solemn, sheep,
The countenance ye keep!—
My mistress smiles.

Honey, O busy bees,
Seek in such words as these—
My mistress smiles.
Hybla shall then no more
Boast of its peerless store—
My mistress smiles.

. . . . .

Droop, every shadowed leaf!
Joy's triumphs are so brief—
My mistress *laughs*.
And, birdies, ye, I urge,
Sing as for robin's dirge—
My mistress laughs.

Ye little thoughtless lambs,
Go imitate your dams—
My mistress laughs.
(Alas! more wise they be
A thousand times than we!)
My mistress laughs.

Mourn, bees, with grief as keen
As if you'd lost your queen—
My mistress laughs.
And should you lack a sting,
Alack! herein's the thing—
My mistress laughs.
(N. B.—At me!)

Children should rise with the lark, but not wake their parents with their larking.

PAINT AND COLOR.

ARTIST. "Have there been many artists down here this season to paint the fisherwomen?"

OLD LADY. "Paint the fisherwomen! Bless yer innocence, it's their nateral color!"

A HINT TO GODFATHERS.—While thinking of the future, never forget the present.

QUITE PROPER, TOO.—A lady of our acquaintance lately read in a paper that "thirteen is the suicidal age in Illinois." "How very shocking," said she, "for children to do such things! If a child of mine were to commit suicide at such a tender age, I'd give him such a lesson as would teach him not to do it again." We think it is likely he would not.

When you bury animosity, never mind the stone.

DISTINCTIONS WITH A DIFFERENCE.

A hop in your walk is a halt, but a dance upon nothing is a halter.

The Alps are a cool clime, but Mr. Whymper is a cooler climber.

One finger by itself may be a-numb, but ten fingers are a number.

A deal in gold may be a plum, but a dealer in lead is a plumber.

You may sometimes put a sauce into a cup, but you should always put a cup into a saucer.

All nails have heads, but some headers are nailers.

Every coat has a tail, but every tailor hasn't a coat.

You're a fool if you're a walker in a pond; you're a philosopher if you ponder in a walk.

A cough makes you wheezy of the chest, but of the chest can you easy make a coffer.

A steel is what makes a blade sharp, but a blade that makes a sharper is a stealer.

A newspaper advertisement calls for a plain cook, able to dress a little boy five years old.

A RIDDLE WHICH OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE BEEN PRINTED.—Why are engaged ladies like odd boots?—Because they are no good without their fellows.

Why are swells in Hindostan like poverty?—Because they're Indi-gents.

"Prisoner, you have heard the complaint for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say for your defense?"

"Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst."

How many apples did our first parents eat in the Garden of Eden? Ew 8 and Adam 2.

"HAT—A COVERING FOR THE HEAD."—*Dr. Webster.*

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WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 50.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WINTER SUITS.—[SEE PAGE 786.]

Fig. 1.—WATTEAU MANTLE, WITH PLEATED BLOUSE, WATTEAU OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Cut Paper Patterns of Watteau Mantle, with Pleated Blouse, Watteau Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE DRESS AND GROS GRAIN PALETOT.

Fig. 3.—BEAVER MOHAIR DRESS AND CLOTH MANTLE.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 5.—SERGE DRESS AND TRICOT BEAVER PALETOT.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

THE EIGHT-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT given away with the present splendid THANKSGIVING NUMBER of HARPER'S BAZAR contains a humorous tale, "TIM TWINKLETON'S TWINS," and the first installment of a brilliant CHRISTMAS TALE,

"BLADE-O'-GRASS,"

by B. L. FARJEON, the author of "Joshua Marvel." It is designed to make the BAZAR not only the best and most useful fashion journal, but also, with its essays and tales, the most instructive and entertaining pictorial literary, and story paper in the country.

☞ *Persons desiring to renew their Subscriptions to* HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient* BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTIONS. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

For Terms, etc., see Advertisement on page 799.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Stylish Watteau Mantle, with Pleated Blouse, Watteau Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement in Number* 46.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of a great number of Elegant Fancy Articles, suitable for Holiday Gifts; together with Ladies' Winter Bonnets, Mantelets, Jackets, Suits, Lingerie, etc.*

MINCE-PIES.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

I HAVE got on so far in my preparations for Thanksgiving as to cut from the newspaper a recipe for making mince-pies. There I obey Mr. SUMNER'S injunction to Mr. STANTON, and "stick." When you read the recipe, you find, so much beef suet, and chopped stuff, and grated things, and commingling and confusion, that you lose heart at the outset. For Cinder Ella knows naught of mince-pies; and the only advantage I have over her is that I know one when I see it. I have but to sigh, "Mince-pie!" and my angel will move heaven and earth; but she will bring about some wonderful combination of fire and flour—*monstrum horrendum malformum*—which she will set on the table triumphantly, and will never suspect that it is not a mince-pie of the most straitest sect. I shall know that it is incomestibility and indigestibility raised to the fourth power; but I shall not know what makes it so.

No. If mince-pies are indispensable to Thanksgiving, I must go into the kitchen myself. I must study up the whole subject. I must buy the goods, and supervise all their boilings and weighings and flavorings—which things I hate. And after all my trouble I shall have on my hands a vast array of viands, which will be to me for a temptation and a torment; for vanity and vexation of spirit and body.

Yet one would not willingly so far depart from the faith of his fathers as not to have mince-pies at Thanksgiving. Remembering the shelves that of old time used to stand loaded with these portentous sweets, the jars of mince-meat that were wont to await in silence and darkness the hour that should bid them give up their juicy store to join the innumerable caravan that, with stately and majestic step, trod its eternal circle in and out of those closet doors—beginning with Thanksgiving, if circles can begin, filing slowly past Christmas, past New-Year, and reaching well into, and sometimes beyond, the depths of midwinter—who am I that I should set up a new standard, and fly in the face of Providence? Now that we have brought the nation to our way of thinking, now that we have set our New England festival firm in the affections of the whole people, shall we rob it of one of its chief accompaniments? True, mince-pie is not a characteristic of the feast. Pumpkin-pies—which the refinements of these latter days have transformed into squash—are rather the native growth of Thanksgiving, while mince-pies are the offshoots of Christmas and Merrie England. But long habit, common speech, and the Treaty of Washington have changed all that; and no Yankee housewife would feel that she had made her calling and election sure until she had garnished her larder with goodly rows of flaky and fearful pies.

Is there no way by which I can serve two masters? Can I not honor a godly ancestry without ravaging my own domestic peace and personal comfort? To meet the duties of filial piety, must I sacrifice myself on the altar of mince-piety? If I could buy half a dozen mince-pies just to celebrate with! I shall have friends enough at my board that day to share the primal curse, and we could divide and conquer. But a bake-house pie!

> "Oh, why are bakers made so coarse,
> Or palates made so fine?
> On pies that might appall a horse
> Shall man be made to dine?"
> —COWPER (*with variations*).

Why, when the principle of co-operation is fairly discovered, are we so slow of heart to make the most of it? It is cheaper to hire the factory to weave your calico than it is to weave it yourself. But, also, the factory calico is finer and smoother than your home-made. It must be cheaper to hire the factory to make your mince-pies than to make them yourself. But alas! the factory will not make good pies. The crust is sour and heavy and hateful; the body of the pie is tough and dry and stringy and lumpy. A miserable pretense, an exasperating hypocrisy, is the average bought pie, the restaurant pie—

> "Which none can love, which none can thank,
> Creation's blot—creation's blank."

So is the "baker's loaf," a light, dry, sour shaving, good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. If there were no such thing as a pie or a loaf to be bought, one would take courage and exhort to combined action; but every day or so the bakers' carts go jingling by to tell us that the principle of co-operation is adopted only to be abused.

> "Pancakes and fritters,
> Say the bells of St. Peter's;"
> Fools and wiseacres,
> Say the bells of the bakers.

How gladly in the country would we buy all our bread, at least through the summer months! and the bread peddlers make it as feasible as the city shops—make it even more convenient, for they come to our very doors; but the bravely labeled carts bring only mockery and an inflated chip; so we build our fires and heat our houses, with the thermometer already raging up into the nineties, for bread we must have, and not a stone, even with its specific gravity left out. And so, instead of a good genius sending us sweet, light, wholesome pies to our own great relief and its reasonable profit, an ogre will continue to concoct malevolent abominations, and we must turn every peaceful home into a toiling, moiling pie-factory on a small, and, therefore, on an extravagant scale.

And yet I see a ray of light. I do not hope wholly to reconstruct the nation, but might I not insert my small wedge into the log? All my neighbors will be making delicious pies. Suppose I engage one of them to make me a certain number. They will be home-made pies, and yet they will be bought pies. When Solomonia is making her own batch she will hardly feel the exertion or the cost of half a dozen more. I will offer her baker's price, or her own if she prefer it, and possibly I may inoculate her with a love of trade, and she will be permanent pie-maker to my majesty. To be sure, I shall be the town-talk for incapacity and unthrift; but think of the "week before Thanksgiving" free from suet and the sound of the chopping-knife and the dread ordeal of raisin-stoning! Come ridicule, scorn, contumely! I will arise and go to my neighbor!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Knowing our Places.

MY DEAR OSRIC,—If you were as old as I am, you would, perhaps, remember my aunt, who, in the days of my youth, vexed to her soul by the tricks and turbulence of the imps, as she was fond of calling her nephews, was wont to cry, sharply, as a means of restoring silence and order, "Know your place, boys; know your place!" But in a great, generous household, with such good fairies as my aunt always hovering about, what is not the place of the boys of whom the whole house is proud, and whom it loves so dearly? In a touching little paper by Mrs. Diaz, who shows in her William Henry letters how well she understands boys, and how heartily she also loves them, she speaks of the mother's longing regret for her lost boy.

The boy is gone, and there is no more disorder in the house. The furniture stands solemnly in its place, not even a chair is tipped up, nor a rug rumpled, nor a curtain torn. Nobody comes down stairs by the balusters. There is no slamming of doors. There is no bursting into the house as if Boreas had arrived and were whirling every thing before him. No more charging of squadrons of dragoons in the halls. No more gay whistling and wild shouting and the omnipresence of a tornado. Order reigns in Warsaw. Mrs. General, the Queen of Propriety, would beam approval at every turn. Order reigns in Warsaw, but it is a terrible order. It is silence, but it is the silence of death. The poor mother sits musing, and recalls that fair child's face growing into eager boyhood, and would fain hear once more the bustle and the clatter and the loud impatience; would only too gladly see the awful rents in garments, and the stubbed toes of shoes, and the hopeless untidiness of her boy. If only with the old disorder could return the old delight! The door opens quietly, and a young gentleman enters, well dressed, tranquil, courteous. His voice is musical and low, and in his whole conduct there is a thoughtful regard for every body and every thing. In the eyes of the mother and of the youth there is the tenderest light of love. But as she looks at him fondly she thinks fondly of another. With all her heart she loves the youth, but with her mother's heart also she regretfully remembers the boy. In this well-favored, well-mannered, affectionate youth she has her son; but her storming, dependent boy is gone forever.

So I say, although I had no right to diverge so far, that in a great house, and a great heart at the head of it, all places are for boys; and when my aunt said to us, "Know your place," she really did not mean to imply that whether in the cellar or in the "garret," in the parlor or in the pantry, among the dust-pans or the preserve-jars, the boys were out of place. But, although she meant no more than "Stop your noise," she conveyed her exhortation in the form of the oldest wisdom. When she shouted to us, as we ramped like Tennyson's lion on the garden gate, "Know your place!" she really said, "Know yourselves;" for only he who knows himself can possibly know his place. Alas! it is not a universal knowledge; for if it were, how would the round pins be so continually in the square holes, and the square pins in the round?

I suppose that a certain very conspicuous young friend of mine, a lawyer, thinks that he knows his place very well. It is to persuade judges and wheedle juries. It is to fill his memory with precedents, and his mind with sophistry, and his mouth with rhetoric, and then bring all to bear upon a verdict or a judgment. But as I sit among the spectators, and watch him conducting a cause, carefully dressed, curled, oiled, and perfumed, with rings upon his fingers and jewels on his bosom, and that lofty, patronizing air which is familiar to you, and then see the judges peering at him from under their heavy brows—judges, I believe, have bushy brows—I involuntarily lean forward, as if their honors were saying something. Indeed, they have a most speaking expression of countenance; and I am sometimes sure that I hear their thoughts saying—or do I only hear myself?—"Young man, know your place." And where would his place be? Plainly, in a haberdasher's shop, to tempt foolish youth with gaudy neck-ties, or to match ribbons for giddy girls.

But if I lift my mind as well as my eyes to the august bench, I reflect upon its position and its influence, and upon the generally noble history of a free magistracy. Conservative in its nature, and, like English liberty, broadening "slowly down from precedent to precedent," it has been the bulwark of that liberty, and has often really held the state against the king. What a power it is intrenched in the most reverend traditions and in the faith of man! It is easy, in any court of law, however obscure, by giving the imagination and memory play, to perceive that Hooker's famous sentence is simply true, and its rhetoric is so magnificent because its truth is so august. The judge, therefore, is in imagination, as often in fact, a grave, majestic man of ripe age, of tranquil temperament, of great knowledge, of swift insight, and, above all, of impregnable rectitude. He is the bulwark of the state. When he gives, the whole edifice yields.

So I look from my little friend at the bar to the magistrate upon the bench, and, to my confusion, he is a little friend also. To my horror, he is a prig or a dandy. And if I look so sharply and closely as to see into his career, I observe that he has not risen to the bench, nor in any honorable sense been called to it, but he has crawled to it, and he is still covered, not with the ermine of justice, but with the slime of intrigue. If I gaze steadily, I see that he makes the bench a counter, and sells justice like merchandise. He is in league with dishonest men, and if you will pay him money enough, he will betray every right that he is set to guard. He panders to popular ignorance and prejudice, that he may gain the popular vote. Sworn to administer the law made by all the people, he does the will of bad individual men. He is one of the most dangerous of all our fellow-travelers upon the great road. He is a magistrate—a judge. He thinks that he knows his place better than the rest of us. But the public honor and the public safety, if in his presence you can see them, shake at him their threatening finger and bid him know his

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place. Do you know what it is? It is the prison and the shame to which he dooms better men. "How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!" But in Jeffreys Nero is found again. And the corrupt judge is as much worse than the brutal Jeffreys as poison is more deadly than a club.

Thus, my dear Osric, if you do not know your own place, others do. We may deceive ourselves in this, but not so easily deceive others. Their eyes are not touched by the glamour of our conceit. There is Dædalus, who thinks himself born to soar upon the pinions of poetry. His place is in the empyrean. If you could read his heart, you would see that he is sure of shining among the stars. He knows his place, poor boy, and he offers you his credentials. They consist of his verses. You are very sure that their place is the fire; but you are good-natured, and you smile and praise with as little actual falsehood as you can. It is very hard to do otherwise; very hard to mortify Dædalus by telling him the truth, even supposing that he would believe it to be the truth. For if you should exhort him to know his place, he would listen with respect, and reply that it is what he wishes to do, and that he feels his place to be with Chaucer and Milton. So he publishes his book, and a few friends puff it, and a few newspapers congratulate mankind upon the advent of a new poet; and that is the end of it. We all know his place to be that of an honest clerk in some small grocery business. He thought otherwise. And are we not Dædalus? That is the question I ask myself. If you or I should be appointed interpreter to the Chinese mission, dear Osric, and it were an office of dazzling honor and of immense salary, should we not be very likely to believe that it was our place, although we are as familiar with the Chinese as with the Choctaw? And when some old aunt of a newspaper, or public opinion itself, charged us to know our place, should we not reply, "Certainly, I am in it; and let those laugh that win."

I suppose that, after all, we really know our places, my dear boy, but that we do not always like them. The man who has merely learned the Greek alphabet knows that a professorship of Greek is not his place, but he wishes the honor and the pudding. Another man, who would teach a dancing-school well, is called to edit a newspaper, and although he knows that his real strength is in his feet, not in his head, he can not resist. He does not wish to teach misses and masters to dance; he would rather teach their parents to think. I hope that you have always properly pitied the poor lady in the story who was really a white cat. She knew that her place was under the table or by the fireside, sitting gravely erect, or wiping her nose with her paws. But fate compelled her to sit, beautifully clad, at her husband's table, and talk rather than pur, and wipe her lips with a delicate napkin. She was the loveliest of wives, and he the happiest of men. But one day a mouse ran across the soft and sumptuous carpet, and in a moment my lady was on all-fours on the floor, and the mouse had disappeared. She knew her place, and in that instant taught the rest what it was.

This exposure awaits us all. When we are out of place, however fine and imposing it may be, and however fully we may seem to fill it, we are always at the mercy of the truth. In the pretty game of puss in the corner, there comes a moment when one claps his hands, and all must run for a new corner, and somebody must lose. The little fellow in the coziest corner is suddenly left alone in the middle. So, in our greater game, Truth at times claps her hands, and says suddenly to the most dignified and solemn and secure among us, "Know your place." Then it is a mere fairy tale. The judge proves to be a robber; the open saint a secret sinner; the great officer of state a bag of wind; and Cinderella in the kitchen a royal princess. "Know your place, boys," said my aunt; and stick to it, boys, whatever it is, says her nephew, and your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE WATTEAU MANTLE.

THE most novel feature of the suit of which a cut paper pattern is given this week is the Watteau mantle. This comfortable garment has three seams in the back, making it fit snugly to the figure above the belt, while below the stylish Watteau pleats are added, giving it a graceful fall over the tournure. This mantle may be made either of the material of the suit, warmly lined with flannel, or else of heavier fabric, when it will serve as a cloak with any suit. It is very handsome in tricot beaver cloth, either cypress green, deep blue, plum, or black. The colored cloth mantles are most admired when bordered with fur, usually black marten. Black cloth is appropriately trimmed with fringe headed by two or three overlapping velvet folds, or else a plain bias band of trimming velours—an ottoman repped fabric, of silk face and linen back, sold for $2 25 a yard. Soft flexible camel's-hair mantles, both gray and brown, are made by this pattern, and richly braided; black cashmere is warmly lined, and embroidered, or trimmed with passementerie and guipure lace; and Lyons velvet cloaks of this design have quilted silk lining, and are trimmed with beaded galloon, gimp, and fringe or lace.

The Watteau pleats in the over-skirt are simply folded into the belt, and draped by tapes below. The bias bands for trimming are lined with crinoline. These bands are not stitched on by machine. Each edge is turned under, the band is basted to the garment, and the stitches are taken on the wrong side, and entirely concealed.

The waist is a box-pleated blouse. Three broad pleats are preferred for woolen blouses; five pleats are used for thin linen and muslin waists, but are too bulky under the belt when the material is thick. First sew the pleats in the cloth and press them flatly, then cut by blouse pattern, and line with paper muslin. A drawing-string beneath the belt is essential to keep the waist in position. The pleats are often embroidered or covered with braiding, and sometimes a bias velvet fold is inserted, to appear beyond the edge of each pleat. A broad square collar of the material, and square cuffs on the coat sleeves, are trimmed like the pleats. Black or colored cashmere blouses and fine flannel blouses are made by this pattern, and worn with various skirts. Some very tasteful black alpaca dresses have this waist with the over-skirt and under-skirt of the House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV. With standing pleatings of clear white muslin about the neck and hands, a neck-tie and hair ribbons of becoming color, and a wide belt with massive jet buckle, an attractive toilette is arranged at small expense.

THE TOQUE.

The round hat most widely adopted this season is the Henri III. toque, with high soft crown, and slight brim turned down all around. It is worn on all occasions, and is considered as dressy as the most elaborate bonnet. It is most available when of black velvet, as it may be worn with any dress. The brim is covered smoothly with velvet, the crown is a high, irregular puff, in careless folds, and the space between the puff and brim is covered by alternate folds of velvet and faille, or by a jet band or a band of ostrich feathers. An aigrette and short feather tips, or a bird's wing, or slender cock's plumes and white heron's feathers—sometimes all of these together—stand erect on the left side, adding to the height of the hat, and giving it a sugar-loaf appearance. With this is worn a large three-cornered veil of clear net, edged with thread or duchesse lace. Colored ostrich tips are added to black velvet toques for semi-dress occasions. For colored suits trimmed with gros grain the toque is of gros grain also, with a velvet brim. Pale blue or rose-colored toques with feather tips of the same color are worn for full dress. Strings of faille ribbon are sometimes added, and the hat is transformed into a bonnet. Dull, lustreless silk, with a little jet, makes a pretty toque for mourning. These chapeaux are so simple that ladies are once more making their own bonnets, as in the days of the fanchon. To look stylish such hats must be worn quite far back, showing the entire forehead.

The mountaineer hat is in great favor this fall for children, both boys and girls, and for young misses just in their teens. This is the Tyrolean hat of two years ago, made of soft felt, with sloping crown crushed in at the top, a wide ribbon band, and game feathers for trimming. It is jaunty, and exceedingly becoming to round-faced, rosy-cheeked demoiselles.

STREET SUITS.

As the season advances, and new winter costumes appear on the street, the preference for black makes itself more visible. Ten of every dozen well-dressed ladies promenading the Avenue are arrayed in black; and the same is true of the audiences at fashionable theatres, concerts, church, and, indeed, every where that ladies most do congregate, except at the opera. Glistening jet, fine laces, jewelry, feathers, and the lavender gray gloves relieve this favorite attire from any appearance of sombreness. One elegant suit, a polonaise and single skirt, is of alternate stripes (an inch wide) of black velvet and faille. A black velvet toque, solitaire diamond ear-rings, and long lavender kid gloves were worn with this suit. Some of the richest black faille suits of the season, made by a modiste just returned from abroad, have the lower skirt escaping the ground, and trimmed to the knee in the following manner: On the edge of the skirt are three overlapping folds an inch wide, and falling over these are four bias frills, each a finger deep, two of them in scanty gathers, the intermediate ones laid in small plents. The upper skirt, with apron front and three straight back widths most bouffantly draped, is edged with three bias folds of velvet and a broad tassel fringe with netted bead heading. Passementerie ornaments loop the sides. The basque has a double postilion, a pointed front, a vest outlined by velvet folds, and duchesse sleeves. A velvet Watteau mantle is the wrap. It should be remarked here that the lingerie worn with the richest black suits in the daytime is plain linen, or perhaps embroidered linen, or else standing muslin frills in the Marie Antoinette fashion. Laces detract from the elegant simplicity of these costumes, and are reserved for home and evening toilettes.

Next to black, plum-color and dark brown suits are most often seen. Plum-colored serge, cashmere, or satine suits, with two skirts (trimmed with kilt pleating, bias bands, and fringe); a box-pleated blouse-waist, and a mantle with one or two capes, warmly lined with flannel, are in refined taste. When worn by blondes the neck-tie is pale blue; the rose-colored tie so becoming to brunettes is equally well worn with plum-color.

BALL DRESSES.

White tulle dresses are the favorite ball attire this season. These thin fabrics have regular trained skirt and tunic. The lower skirt is from sixty-five to seventy inches long behind, and about five yards wide. The foundation of this skirt is white taffeta silk, and the tulle garniture covers it completely. Two such dresses, prepared for the Duke's ball at the Academy of Music, are worthy of description. The first, made for a Russian lady of distinction, has a wide-fringed silk flounce underneath each of the pleated tulle flounces; a silk ruche covered with tulle is the heading for each flounce. The tulle over-skirt is caught up with sprays of acacia blossoms, and the bertha is tulle folds and a fringe of acacias. The second, similarly made, is entirely without flowers, and is draped with many small bows of white faille simply fringed on the edges. The sash is not ribbon, but is three-quarters of a width of silk, the edges fringed slightly, and draped to fall on each side. Some beautiful French dresses, imported for balls, are of tulle, faille, and crape combined. The short skirt, usually white, is formed of alternate ruffles of pleated tulle and scantily gathered crape. The train, similar to that illustrated in last week's *Bazar*, is of faille, bordered with ruffles of the same, trimmed with crape and tulle folds. Sèvres blue, pale rose, and flesh-colored trains are shown. The low round corsage is of faille, with a pleated tulle bertha.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN, SCHMAUDER, and VIEFOLET.

PERSONAL.

OUR friend PAUL DU CHAILLU has just returned from a seven months' tour through Sweden, Norway, and the regions of the midnight sun in capital health and spirits, and with a note-book full of memories of reindeers and walruses, which he will discourse of to the lecture-going public this winter, and condense into a book for the amusement of the young folks some future Christmas. Meanwhile HARPER & BROTHERS have just published his "Land of the Dwarfs," being the fourth of the series of wonder-books with which it is his custom to delight the hearts of children every year.

—General FRANCIS A. WALKER, of Massachusetts, the newly appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is a man of decided ability. During the war he won his brevet as a general. Afterward he took to teaching, and subsequently joined the editorial staff of the Springfield *Republican*. He is spoken of as the kind of man who will never be inveigled into any jobbery or questionable proceeding connected with the public service.

—RUSKIN has given to the University of Oxford the sum of $25,000 as an endowment for the master of a school of art.

—General J MEREDITH READ, United States consul-general at Paris, is the happy possessor of a breastpin which once lay dormant on the manly shirt-bosom of GEORGE WASHINGTON. From G. W. it fell to General JACKSON. A. J. gave it to JOSEPH BONAPARTE. J. B. gave it to Count DE GIRARDIN. The count's son, to whom it descended, sent it to General READ as a souvenir of the siege of Paris.

—Judge RICHARDSON, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is about to return to Washington, having nearly closed up the business of the syndicate in London which he went out to attend to.

—The new Mrs. HOME, who is coming home with Mr HOME, is said to be descended from a princely house, a petite brunette, with little hands and feet, high-arched instep, and nice manner. She is, moreover, strong in the three per cents, which generally makes home happy.

—Probably the oldest editress in continuous service in the United States is Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, of *Godey's Lady's Book*. She has touched eighty-four, and labors constantly at the work in which she has been engaged for four-and-forty years.

—DISRAELI has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, a position that has been held by EDMUND BURKE, Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord MACAULAY, Lord EGLINTOUN, Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Lord PALMERSTON, the Duke of Argyle, and Lord LYTTON. It is held only for two years, and is a place that, for the historical honor and splendid reminiscences connected with it, is aimed at by the most eminent statesmen and scholars of Great Britain. The Lord Rector has to deliver an address, and nothing more, during his term. These addresses are proverbially good, and we may, therefore look for something very fine from the ex-premier.

—When ALEXIS was shown into the very, very grand bedroom which the Committee on Grand Duke had provided for him, and saw the superb arrangement that had been contrived for him to sleep in, all so nicely fixed up with silk and satin, he concluded that he could not stand that; so sent aboard the man-of-war, and had brought to him his simple, regular, naval, brass-framed bed, about the size of a hospital bed, and into that his imperial highness inserted himself when it became time for his imperial highness to take off his coat and things and go to bed. The committee bed was too much for him. Did any body ever really sleep in one of these things?

—On the 1st day of October last the Rev. HENRY BOEHM, the oldest living minister of the M. E. Church, officiated at the laying of the corner-stone of the Third M. E. church in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Sixty-eight years before, he preached the first Methodist sermon ever delivered in that city, and organized the first society, consisting of six persons.

—Kaiser WILLIAM has conferred upon Miss BRIEL, of Richmond, Virginia, who was in Europe during the war, a splendid cross of honor, in recognition of the services rendered by her to the sick and wounded soldiers.

—The Speaker of the American House of Representatives receives a salary double that of a member of the House. The Speaker of the British House of Commons does much better than this. Parliament gives him a magnificent residence, furnished and kept in repair at the public expense, and containing one hundred rooms. He receives a salary of $25,000, and on retirement is created a viscount and has a pension of $20,000, which, on his death, passes to his son.

—ALEXANDRE MAME, the junior partner of the famous French publishing house of MAME & CO., was elected to the National Assembly over EUGENE ROUHER, the ex-minister of NAPOLEON III.

—Mr. DARWIN will be rejoiced to learn that a New Zealand monkey has been discovered nursing a human infant.

—Old STEPHEN GIRARD made this observation, which may be pondered by young merchants: "During my long commercial experience I have noticed that no advantages result from telling one's business to others, except to create jealousy or competition when we are fortunate, and to gratify our enemies when otherwise." He was never known to disregard this theory.

—Captain BURTON, the African traveler, is again in England, after several years' absence—this time in South America. He is fresh as a daisy. The lithe, muscular, fleshless form, the thin, dark face, with the gleaming eyes, and the whole bearing of the man—sardonic, defiant, reckless—are exactly in keeping with the character which his books and his adventures paint for him. He has latterly been in rarely visited regions, and is about to print very wonderful things.

—Mr. ROBERT T. LINCOLN, only son of the late President, writes from Chicago to a gentleman in this city that the lawyers of that place are entirely without books, the library of the Law Institute and many large private law libraries having been consumed by the fire. Mr. LINCOLN calls on his brethren of the bar of New York to come to their assistance.

—Dr. WILLARD PARKER, one of the foremost of our physicians, makes the astounding statement that one-third of all the deaths in New York city are the result, directly or indirectly, of the use of alcohol, and that in the last thirty-eight years 190,000 persons in this city have died of its use, either by themselves or their parents.

—SPIELHAGEN, the German romancist, will come to the United States next spring, and lecture on Shakspeare.

—A son of Count ORLOFF is said to be the ablest engineer in the Russian army—only twenty-six at that—and already a colonel.

—HIRAM POWERS has been sojourning with his family for a brief season at Scarborough, England. He goes immediately back to Florence to resume his old "trade."

—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES lives in a mansion chock-full of delightful memories. It came into the possession of Judge OLIVER WENDELL in 1807, who left it, at his death in 1818, to his daughter, Mrs. HOLMES, for whose use he had purchased it. Some of the rooms are filled with ancient tables and chairs; but the square box of an apartment used by the poet's father seems as solemn as were the discourses of the pastor, while the extreme simplicity of other rooms, full of nooks and corners, and withal quaint and canny, is suggestive of a more than Puritan plainness. A few days after the battle of Lexington General ARTEMUS WARD selected this house for his head-quarters, and here was planned the occupation of Bunker Hill and the raid on the islands of Boston harbor. WARD gave a banquet to WASHINGTON in the long dining-room fronting on the east side of the Common. Patriotic songs were sung. Here, too, General WARREN rested on his way to that battle in which he sacrificed his life, and whose remains now sleep in the Granary burying ground in Boston. The HOLMES estate has been recently purchased by Harvard College, and there is some talk of demolishing the old mansion to make room for a structure for college purposes.

—Mr. ISAAC W. ENGLAND, of the *Sun*, has been appointed a School Commissioner of this city, in place of ISAAC BELL. Mr. ENGLAND has not only the industry and ability, but has had a training in public affairs that admirably qualifies him for the duties of the place.

—The Countess BERTINATTI, who has been in this country for some months past, has returned to the Hague, where her husband is Italian minister. The countess was well known in society here some years ago as Mrs. BASS, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, whose husband, a Southern planter, died and left her a large fortune.

—In the "Life and Letters of Miss Sedgwick," just published by the HARPERS, and one of the most charming books of its class ever issued in this country, is the following "personal," which will be read with special interest and pleasure by those who used to attend the "Old Park" Theatre forty years ago:

"*January* 14, 1831.

"I have been twice, dear KATE, to see your beau ideal, the miraculous boy (Master BURKE)! He is the only prodigy I ever saw. He is endowed with faculties that would make him pre-eminent at any age, that are prodigious at his. He plays tragedy with great propriety, but he is too young for the lover and Romeo—a beautiful Cupid wooing an overgrown Juliet of a *certain* age. He is a true son of the comic muse, and either in Looney M'Twolter, a wild Irish boy, or in Sir Abel Handy, a simple, kind-hearted, hen-pecked, wild projector of impracticable improvements, or in the Protean boy in the 'March of Intellect' (a farce written for him), he is incomparable. But what would delight you are his musical attainments. He is said by competent judges to play the violin better than SIGNORA. This would be a wonderful acquisition if he had no other; and the best of it is, that, when he is commended for it, he says, with great modesty, 'That any body might play as well who would practice as much.' To me it is very interesting to see the intense interest with which the orchestra listen to him, and to hear their leader cry, with all his heart, 'Bravo!' Indeed, the actors seem often to forget every thing but his presence and powers. My dear child, I would not turn your head with this dramatic genius, but I think we owe, and we can not help paying, a tribute of admiration to such beautiful gifts of Heaven, and it may stimulate your own efforts to know what acquisitions may be made by intense assiduity. His brief life must have been a continued study. But there is a sad reverse to this picture; and when I see him come on in his own character, in his jacket and trowsers, and square collar and frill, his fair, shining hair brushed smoothly down, and feel that his youth and innocence are in a tainted atmosphere, that he is exposed to moral death, that his fine powers are almost sure to be blasted by such unnatural excitement and overdoing, that the rich bud must perish, I could weep—to tell the truth, I *have* wept over him."

In a foot-note Miss SEDGWICK says:

"It is pleasant to say that this melancholy prophecy was never fulfilled, and that 'Master BURKE,' passing the fiery ordeal of precocity and publicity safe in simple honesty of nature, is now living in New York, sincerely esteemed by all who know him, both as a man and a musician."

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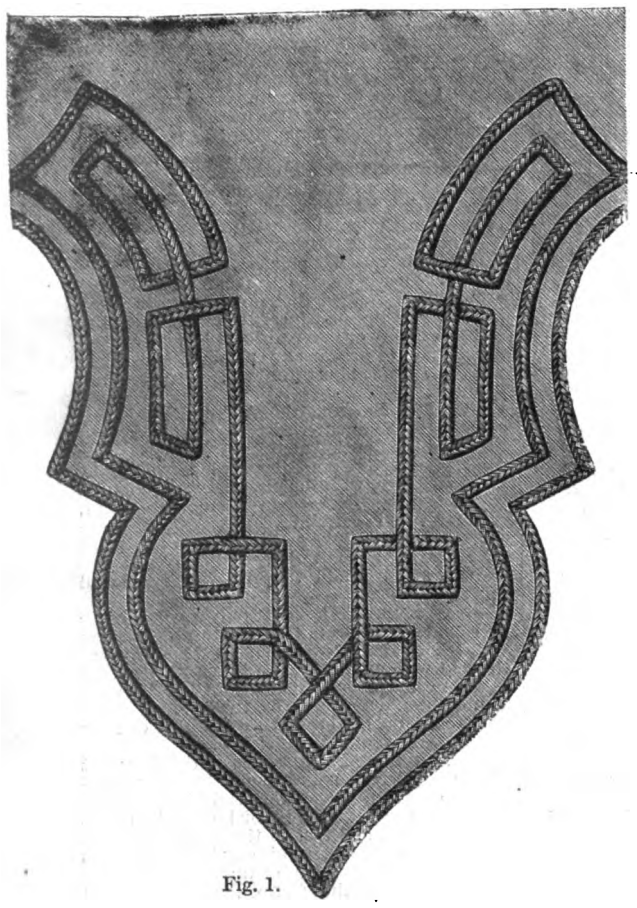

Fig. 1.

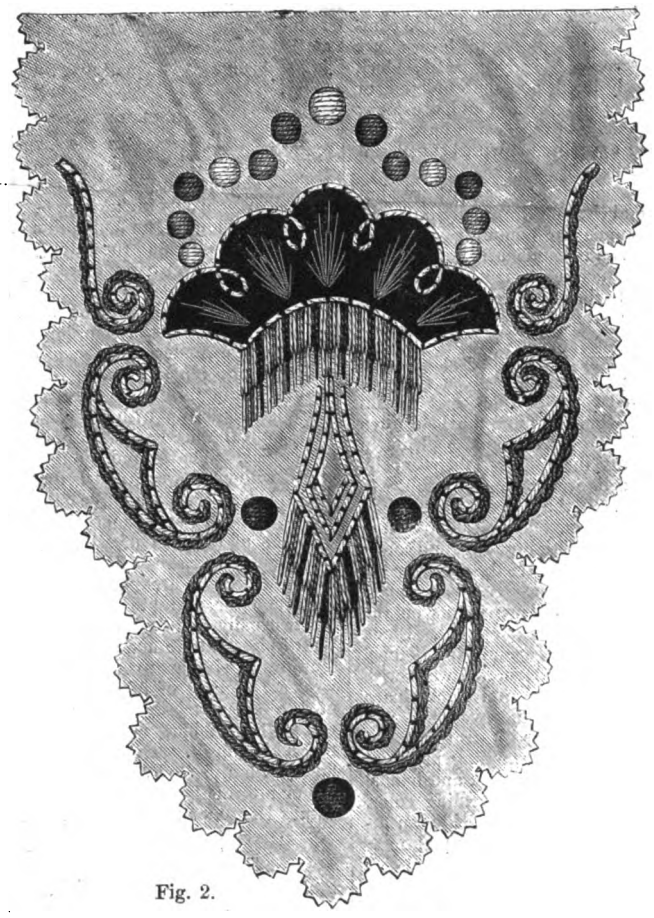

Fig. 2.

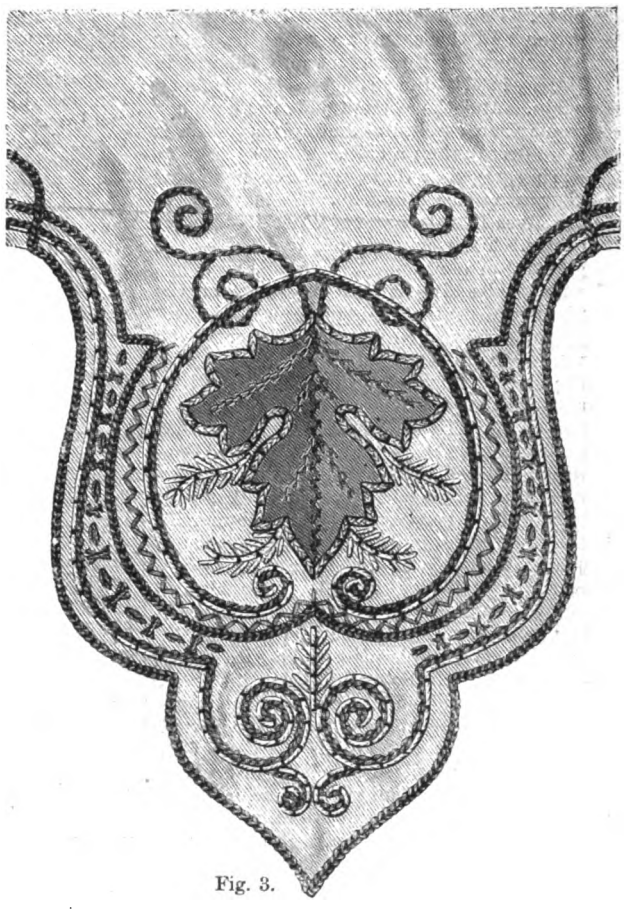

Fig. 3.

LAMBREQUINS FOR BRACKETS, WASTE-PAPER BASKETS, ETC.

Lambrequins for Brackets, Waste-paper Baskets, etc., Figs. 1-3.

THE lambrequin, Fig. 1, is worked on cloth with a braiding of silk soutache, or else with black woolen soutache on wash materials, such as piqué or drilling. In the latter case button-hole stitch the outer edge before sewing on the soutache. For working on cloth, the color of the soutache should either form a lively contrast with the material, or be one tone lighter than the foundation.

The lambrequin, Fig. 2, which is pinked in scallops on the outer edge, is worked on crimson cloth in the Turkish style, with an application figure of black velvet, and chain stitch, cord, satin stitch, and point Russe embroidery. In choosing the colors it is to be observed that bright blue and corn-color or gold must be used lavishly.

The lambrequin, Fig. 3, is made of claret cloth, ornamented with a grape leaf in application of gray cloth in two shades. The outer edge of this leaf is edged with narrow gold braid, which is sewed on with black silk. The remainder of the trimming is worked, as shown by the illustration, in point Russe, chain stitch, and herring-bone stitch, with gray or maroon saddler's silk and coarse twisted gold thread, which is sewed on with black silk. After finishing the work cut away the material along the chain stitch row, which forms the outer edge.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

VIGNETTES FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

Vignettes for Handkerchiefs, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE pretty vignettes are worked on cambric or fine linen in satin stitch, half-polka, and knotted stitch. When used as initials for ornamenting album-covers, port-folios, etc., the vignettes should be worked with colored saddler's silk or fine gold thread and gold beads on velvet or leather.

Suits for Children from 2 to 12 Years old.

Fig. 1.—Over-skirt and basque-waist of maroon empress cloth, trimmed with folds and frills of the material. Under-skirt of brown and black striped velvet.

Fig. 2.—Pleated skirt and jacket of blue velveteen, bound with blue satin.

Fig. 3.—Olive green jacket and trowsers, trimmed with black velvet bands. The trowsers are gathered below the knee with an elastic band, and trimmed down the sides with velvet.

Fig. 4.—Skirt and over dress of gray poplin, trimmed with scalloped folds bound with blue velvet. Swiss muslin pleated blouse.

Fig. 5.—Basque and skirt of deep blue cashmere, trimmed with flounces and fringe.

Fig. 6.—Jacket and trowsers of navy blue cloth, with black gros grain bretelles, belt, and binding, and black silk buttons.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 6.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

SUITS FOR CHILDREN FROM 2 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

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Ladies' and Children's Dresses.

Fig. 1.—GRAY POPLIN SUIT. The skirt is trimmed with ruffles of the material, and the over-skirt and basque with gros grain strips of a darker shade and white lace. Gray gros grain sash.

Fig. 2.—VIOLET SILK DRESS, trimmed with side-pleated ruffles of the material and a braiding of violet silk cord.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. Skirt of blue cashmere. Over-skirt and peasant waist of striped poplin, trimmed with folds and tabs of blue silk. Cambric blouse with long sleeves. Blue silk sash.

Fig. 4.—FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE DRESS. The skirt is trimmed with ruffles of the material and with bias strips of silk of a darker shade. The trimming for the over dress consists of bias strips and revers of silk, and side-pleated ruffles of the material. Bows and sash of brown silk ribbon.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD. White alpaca dress, braided with white silk cord. Sash of blue gros grain ribbon.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS is resuming its normal activity, and this not with feverish haste, but slowly and surely. In the course of December the laggards will all have returned, and the season will be fairly inaugurated with the New-Year. The coming winter will be an interesting one in Paris; for there will be witnessed a kind of tournament, the prize of which is a crown. All the Faubourg St. Germain, the land of the Legitimists, who have lived so long in obscurity, waiting for their time to come, will revive, give fêtes, collect its forces, and watch its chance. The Orleanists will have their rallying points at the homes of the sons of Louis Philippe, and even the Bonapartists will not be silent: already they are scattering potatoes through the country and pamphlets through the towns, to prove that they alone are the friends of the peasants, the army, and the people, and that they are ready to fraternize with every one, even with the Commune and International. In a word, all are paying court to the sovereign people, to obtain of them a complete abdication in favor of Henri V., Louis Philippe II., or even of Napoleon IV., however improbable the success of the latter may seem.

The fashions are as uncertain and composite as the political situation, attempting to fuse the most opposite styles. Suits are still worn with the under-skirt touching the ground, without, however, abandoning trained skirts; only these are confined exclusively to dinner and evening dresses. Over-skirts are worn with trained dresses, unless the latter are richly trimmed with embroidery, in which case basques with very long skirts take the place of over-skirts. The embroidery is worked with silk on silk, silk and wool, or all-wool fabrics; or with soutache on all kinds of material, including velvet. Embroidery is in high favor, and is seen on morning dresses as well as on trained and bridal costumes.

As to dresses for the morning, matinées, and all occasions before dinner, the prettiest are made of cashmere or drap de France. The combination that is at once the most simple and elegant is a skirt trimmed with three bands cut in small points on the under edge, and edged with a satin piping of the same shade; above each band is a satin piping. The over-skirt is rather long, and is cut in points on the under edge like the bands, and edged with a satin piping in the same manner. The waist is made with long basques, which are pleated in the back, as the over-skirt is not draped behind, but only on each side, under the arms.

The woolen stuffs most worn are light cloth in all shades, double cashmere and vigogne; and in mixed fabrics, Irish poplin. For suits, velveteen is worn more than velvet; it is much less expensive, and produces the same effect. The coarse soutache that is used for embroidering woolen garments is made of the same thread that is employed for alpaca; it is consequently glossy, and more suitable than silk for embroidering woolen.

Mixed toilettes are composed with a silk or velvet skirt and poplin or wool over-skirt and waist. Neutral tints are most in vogue for all dresses worn in the daytime—black, brown, *pain-brûlé*, *hanneton*, gray, Havana brown, Turkish tobacco, etc. Such a thing as a blue or green dress, or of any decided color, is unheard of; and if by chance one is met in the street, the wearer is set down at once as a country-woman, who does not know how to dress. All bronze shades are very much in fashion.

Costumes designed for ceremonious visits are composed of a faye skirt with mixed velvet trimmings of the same color, and a large, bouffant polonaise or redingote of the same velvet, edged with a band of fur. This season no kind of fur is banned by fashion, not even chinchilla, which has been so long abandoned, and which makes such pretty trimmings for brown, dark green, black, and dark gray. The whole suit—skirt and over-skirt—is also made of silk, bordered with a wide band of velvet, and for the street a small half-fitting jacket is added, of velvet like the trimming. Persons in delicate health and afraid of cold wear, over velvet polonaises or redingotes, a kind of carrick, or coachman's cape, of the same velvet, composed of three capes, ranged one above the other and wadded, and covering the bust from the neck to the waist. This carrick is separate from the polonaise, and can be worn or thrown off at pleasure.

Hoop skirts no longer exist entire; they are cut in two perpendicularly, the front is suppressed, and the back is worn on a belt. They are either furnished with steel springs, or made of stiff muslin flounced from the top to the bottom.

Round hats are not worn at all in the winter, except by children and misses under fifteen; but the bonnets are as round and as high as the round hats. They are trimmed with lace ruches, feathers, rosettes, and ribbons, and are made of dark velvet of the same shade as the trimmings, black, brown, or gray felt, or lace and velvet. Almost all, even for full dress, are of dark colors, and the elegance consists chiefly in having the bonnet exactly match the color of the dress with which it is worn.

For the opera and theatre young married ladies and young girls may wear princesse over dresses of white muslin, with high or heart-shaped waists and full sleeves, simply hemmed on the bottom, or scalloped and edged with narrow lace. These are always worn over high or heart-shaped silk dresses. The full sleeves are trimmed with bows of ribbon to match the bayadère sash, almost as wide as a scarf, which is tied round the waist at the side or behind at pleasure. These over dresses are worn over plain foulard as well as silk, of gray, light green, blue, pale pink, or lilac tints. For full evening dress neutral shades will be worn in preference to decided colors, which are considered less stylish.

Little change has been made in the mode of dressing the hair. Certain young girls have abandoned the chignon, and wear their hair in braids rolled around the head and fastened with large Italian pins of gilt or silvered metal or jet. This coiffure is only intended for the house or evening, as the pins could not find room under the present bonnets, which are not even intended to lodge an entire head, much less any additional ornament.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

A SIBERIAN BREAKFAST-TABLE.

THE object which most interested me at that moment (my appetite having been considerably sharpened by the fresh morning air) was the well-spread table that stood at the farther end of the room, crowned with a steaming tea-urn, around which clustered a multitude of good things that had quite an air of luxury in the heart of this desolate region. Propped against the urn stood an enormous loaf of rye bread, looking like a brown hassock set on end, and beside it a huge earthenware jar brimming with rich, fragrant honey. On one side of the table figured a gigantic bear-ham, the very sight of which carried me back to the shadowy forests and snug little hamlets of Norway and Finland; on the other, an immense smoked fish, looking in its present condition very much like frozen leather, but in reality, as I knew by experience, "much better than it was bonnie;" while the corpulent tea-pot, enthroned above them all on the "perch" of the urn, puffed out its round cheeks and turned up its short thick nose in the air, as if snuffing the good cheer. All this abundance harmonized admirably with the appearance of the buxom, jolly-looking matron who here played the part of "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." In the whole village there was no better housekeeper or kinder hostess than Tatiana Grigòrievna Semionnoff; and as she now came forward to greet me, with a hospitable smile on her healthy sunburnt face, and her strong compact figure set off by a simple gray dress trimmed with fur, she might have passed for the incarnation of some well-fed national saint, with the steam of the tea-urn curling round her head in a kind of glory. Her lovely daughter, with her large brown eyes dancing with mischievous mirth, pearly teeth displayed by her roguish smile, and glossy locks that rippled over her shoulders, would have charmed any artist from the Caspian to the Atlantic. She was dressed in a dark frock of coarse thick cloth, fastened at the waist by one of those gaudy crimson scarfs in which all Russians delight; and her only ornaments were a scarlet ribbon passed through her hair, and the small silver cross that hung round her neck. We sat down to our morning meal—as merry a party, I'll answer for it, as were gathered that day between the Obi and the Amoor.

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family circle from the neighbors'—though we all knew he was Johnny Guptill, we knew no more, knew nothing but that he was cleanly clad and happy. To our inquiry as to where he lived, he said, "Oh, down along. Sing, Loro; sing 'Johnny comes marching home!'"—quite astute enough not to be discovered in these raids of his on a strange household. We learned, though, after a while, that he lived not far away, and was the son of a worthy man who drove one of the city teams—a string of four magnificent black horses, as much objects of Johnny's pride as though his father owned them.

"I suppose your mother thinks the world of you," I said, one day. The vibratory motion of Johnny's head answered as plainly as words, "I'll bet she does!" but he vouchsafed nothing further.

"And what does your father do?" piped dear old grandma from her corner, in the same connection.

"Drives a team!" said Johnny, nowise sentimental, and intent on scratching Loro's head, while squeezing the patient cat which he held by the heels in his left arm.

"Are you the baby?" I asked, presently.

That fired Johnny. A baby, indeed! You might as well have called him a girl!

"Baby!" said he, with a broad laugh. "I'm 'most a man. We've got no baby."

"Dear me!" I said. "What a dismal house—a house without a baby!"

"We're going to have one," answered Johnny, stoutly, and more he would not.

One night, Johnny having delayed so long racing with Dash and the other dogs that the evening was already purple, I felt obliged to go home with him, nobody else being handy; and holding my fingers tightly, he led me to a neat little house, with a wide entry-way running through it into a little garden that, in the fall, would be thick with peaches and pears and grapes.

"Oh," I said, "that is where you get your cheeks."

"No I don't," said Johnny. "I got 'em in heaven."

A woman came to the door—a pretty, fair-faced woman, wrapped in a shawl, though it was such pleasant weather: at least she would have been pretty if she had not been so downcast. She might have had one of those apple-blossom faces originally, I thought; and there were Johnny's beautiful wide-open eyes in it; but its lines were drawn and haggard, though she could hardly have been twenty-five years old; and her hair was combed back plainly and twisted, as if she had no heart in any thing. She gave me a lugubrious stare, and took Johnny's arm without a word, led him into one of the rooms, and shut the door.

It was not a warm reception; but my arms were full of Johnny's treasures, cherished sticks and stones and strings, and I lingered a moment to deposit them inside the entry. As I did so a man stepped from a back-room, a towel in his hand, with which he was polishing off his head and neck—a man as upright as a pine-tree, with a dark, noble face, on which a worried look came and went, as if some sore trouble contended with natural buoyancy.

"Thank you a thousand times, ma'am," said he, in Johnny's own cordial way, "for bringing home my boy. I was just coming for him, for I knew pretty well from his talk where he must be. He thinks an awful sight of your Poll and the dogs, and of all of you, ma'am." And he gave me his wet hand. "You mustn't mind my poor woman," he said. "She's strange—she's a little strange; at times she's apt to be. She'll be all right by-and-by, and thank you as much as I do for letting that little rogue amuse himself at your house so much."

It was not long after that Johnny, standing with his nose blue and flat as an oyster against the pane of an unopened window, cried out, as if he had discovered a planet, "There's my father!" and I saw Mr. Guptill's team in the street by our gate, on some road-making business of the city's.

"How is your wife now?" I asked him, as he looked up and grinned at Johnny.

"Oh!" he answered, the troubled look shutting down over his face again, "she's strange still; she's a little out. She's got fancies, ma'am; yesterday she thought she was in a settlement on the Great Salt Desert, and must get back to *people*. And to-day she thinks she's in prison. It's hard, ma'am," he said, resting on the long shovel with which he scattered the stones in the road, handsome and stately as any old knight leaning on his spear; "it's hard just now," he added, as if regretting any thing so much like complaint. "It won't be long, the doctor says. She'll be all right by Christmas. But it makes a gloomy house, and a sad home for Johnny. You're good to him, ma'am; you're—" But here Mr. Guptill abruptly turned away, without another word, and I presently heard him relieve his feelings by swearing at his horses like a pirate, though he snapped his whip in the air all the same.

Later that day, in my afternoon walk, I saw Johnny trudging along behind a drove of cows, having begged the deputyship from the proper herdsboy, who followed leisurely on the sidewalk as the tiny drover urged the great beasts before him—so bright and busy, so rosy and dimpled, half wrapped, too, in the cloud of dust through which he scuffled along, that I could only think of the little god Mercury when he stole the oxen of Apollo. At the head of his street, though, I contrived to separate him from this proud task, and carry him home to his mother, for I thought, though I might be of no other benefit to her, I might help her as one woman's sympathy helps another, and Johnny was good middle ground. So I walked in with my prize, and, saluting her by name, spoke brightly to take her unawares, which temporarily conquered the hysteria, and let me see her real nature in the moment she forgot herself.

It was a dreary room enough that she sat in—sweeping, dusting, scouring, were forgotten arts there, you would have said. Nevertheless, it looked as though once it had been kept trim as a flower bed, for there were pretty home-made brackets on the walls, and some little pictures cut from books and framed in rude passe-partout, and a wreath of last year's autumn leaves above the speckled glass; in the window hung all the withered tracery still of a dead ivy that at some time had been trained with care; while on the upper shelves of an open closet I could see the best dishes ranged artistically, only those of every-day use were dumped in unwashed heaps upon the lower shelves, and cobwebs strung themselves along the whole.

Mrs. Guptill herself sat on a low chair by the empty fire-place, unkempt, unclean, trotting one foot up and down in an endless journey, the old shawl on her shoulders, the despairing look on her face.

"Here's this darling little Johnny of yours," I said: "I found him driving home such a herd of cows, in such a whirlwind of dust! Oh, Johnny Guptill, nobody'd have to look at you twice to see what you are made of!"

"He is a little darling!" she said, looking up at me as pleased as possible, the color on her cheek, and her eyes lighted up for an instant. "Oh, my goodness! what a face!" she laughed. "Go wash it, you little pig!" And then she caught him in her arms, and kissed him till she all but smothered him, Johnny spasmodically returning the hugs, and alternating them with struggles to get away.

"Oh, what cheeks!" said the mother.

"Whether they are made of dust or made of peaches, there never were any sweeter," said I, as Johnny ran and held them up to me.

"Oh, husband says you're so good to him!" she exclaimed. "I suppose it's you. And I'm—I'm so bad!" And suddenly she burst into a flood of tears, and cried out, conscious, as hysterical people are wont to be, "Oh, all my trouble is back on me!"

"My dear," said I, "you haven't any trouble. Don't speak so: you are only tired. Just think of what a happy woman you are, with such a husband and with Johnny."

"Don't talk to me!" she exclaimed—"don't talk to me about Johnny! I get up in the night—I look at him; I think what must happen to him in this world: it's dust and ashes—oh, it's dust and ashes! and I should put him out of it—oh, I should put him out of it—if John didn't catch me back, and hold me fast till I shut my eyes and pretend to be asleep. But I never am asleep. I can't sleep! I hear the keys rattle in the night—all night those jailer's keys—"

"Poor John!" I said. "He must be very sorry for you. It's hard for him too—it makes one so low-spirited to come home to a sick person, with no one to clear up or brighten any thing."

"I know it," said she, drearily. "I'm afraid he'll take to drink. I can't help it."

"Suppose you let me stir round and put things to rights," I suggested, "and get him a good hot supper?"

"He gets his own supper!" said she, suddenly—her mood inexplicably changing—folding her arms, and with a wicked sort of determination in her voice.

"He must be almost as tired as you are," I urged, "when he gets home from driving those four huge horses"—for I fancied the horses might possibly be as much objects of pride with her as with Johnny.

"Yes, they are splendid animals," she replied, a little softened. "And John does drive them as if he knew a charm. But there!" and she was on the point of relapsing.

"Come," I said, "let me help you a little. I should like to get something nice to eat for dear little Johnny, and you're so tired. Shall I?"

"I'm sure," responded Mrs. Guptill, "I don't care what you do. It's no house of mine, for you to ask me. It's a jail. One's as good right as another. I suppose you paid your taxes?" with a suspicion that, after all, it might be an almshouse.

And, with this sort of permission, I took off my bonnet, pinned up my gown, and flew around there for an hour as I should have thought I was killed to do at home. In that time, though, with Johnny's little blundering, bothering help—for the rogue really seemed to understand something of what it meant, and left his fly-catching in order to trip me up, and be under my heels like a kitten—I had the room reduced to comparative order and superficial neatness, a table cleanly spread, and two or three smoking dishes ready for Mr. Guptill's return. I talked to her cheerily all the time I moved about, but she was muttering to herself. Once I heard her say, as if still dwelling on the thought, "A jail—a dungeon! But I'm not going to stay in it long, I can tell you that much! Not any longer than it takes me to break out of it!" By-and-by, as I passed, she was whispering, "If I could just remember where mother is!"—her mother had been dead a dozen years, I learned. And at last she looked up at me with the wildest and most puzzled face. "I tell you," she said, "something's going to happen to me! I've told John, and he laughs! He don't care; he laughs! But it hangs over me like a cloud. I walk with my head in it." And she hid her face in her shawl again.

"Why, it's your baby, dear," said I. "You're a little nervous now, that's all; but you'll soon be over it, you know. I wonder—"

She turned and surveyed me with a superb sort of scorn in her flashing eyes. "Well, you are a touch above!" she said. "Do you suppose I shouldn't know as much about that as any body else? There's nothing of the sort coming here, unless it comes in a basket tied to the door-bell!" And I saw the poor thing had no real idea of her situation whatever.

I brought her a cup of tea and some toast, and by constant urging had her eat it all. She paused in drinking the last of the tea. "He says you're dreadful good to Johnny," she murmured. "I don't know what you're so good to me for, unless"—and here a new idea seemed to strike her with force, furious force—"unless you're looking after John when I'm gone. Now you just go along yourself! He sha'n't find you here. You're a great sight too good for him. And you can't have my John, for all your goodness!" And nothing would pacify her, in spite of my fifty years and gray curls, till I took my bonnet and left the place.

I did not feel, though, as if it were right to be daunted by the vagaries of a flighty woman, and in such a case as this; and in a few days I went down there again, carrying some jelly, with little eggs of blanc-mange in it, for an excuse. But she must have seen me coming; for I heard the bolt slip snappishly just as I mounted the door-step, and so came back with my trouble for my pains.

But, for all that, I now and then, as the days went by, sent down little messes by Johnny, who always brought the bowls back nicely washed, though I've no doubt his father washed them—and Johnny's face besides. "We don't have dinner down home now," the child whispered once to me; "my mother, she won't make dinner any more." And then, in a queer sort of innocent pride, as if repentant of his confession, and determined at any rate not to profit by it, though I don't know where such a baby could have come by it, he refused to touch doughnuts or chicken wings; and I could only get him to drink a glass of milk by taking every other sip with him; and nothing any of us could do was of avail to make him use the long-deserted high chair at our table. Johnny's dear cheeks were not so chubby in a month's time as they had been, though I think the balance is cast in their favor again by this time.

One bright, blue, red-leaved day—it was toward the last of October—Mr. Guptill came up for the delaying Johnny, walking with hanging head and a totally dispirited air. "My poor woman's gone," said he to me.

"What?" I cried, horrified. "Gone?" supposing he meant she was dead.

"She's gone; she's run away," he answered. "She's left a letter saying so, saying she couldn't stay. I don't know where she's gone—down the railroad or across the fields. She's no friends to go to, you know. I've set the police to work; I've got criers out; I've searched the wharves; but she's not been there. My heart misdoubts me. A poor, crazy thing out in the world alone!" and the hand, flinging off tears, trembled like a leaf.

"But crazy people are very cunning, you remember," said I at last; "perhaps she is the safest so."

"I thought of that," he said. "Yes, I thought of that. For when I got home and found her gone, and that letter saying so, dreary as the place was to me," he said, with a shaking voice, "I see it has been as pleasant as a palace with her in it to what it is without her; and—and I just sat down and gave up. You see, it made the whole creation black." And if the man broke down entirely then, I don't know the man that wouldn't. "However," said he, presently, "you must excuse my making a fool of myself."

"But what will you do yourself?" I asked.

"I'll do what I can. I'll take Johnny on the team with me. I let her have him, thinking 'twould do her good. The worst of it is," he cried, suddenly, "that I can't look after her! If she's not found in some brook, or hurt by tramps, or lying starved in the fields, I'm seeing her wake up with her baby beside her, and the spell still on her, and making away with it; and then—oh, good God!—they'll be having my Anne up for murder!"

"Oh no, no," said I. "You must remember there is a special providence for such cases."

"I don't believe it, ma'am," said he. "I've heard of them; but they ain't true."

"Well, at all events," I answered him, "you know that God, who took care of her under your roof, can take just as good care of her under the roof of this Indian-summer sky, or wherever she may be."

But he only wrung my hand, and walked away with Johnny.

The next day the advertisements for the lost woman were out, the police were on the alert, the posters were broadcast on every fence for forty miles, you might say; for I added some means of my own to the slender and almost exhausted ones of Mr. Guptill. But nothing came of it, and the poor man, growing every day more gaunt and wretched, was at last fairly desperate. And no wonder, when you think of what a life he led, tied to his task by day, but tormented by all sorts of horrible suspicions, and with those desolate rooms to take his child home to at night. Johnny cried for his mother when going to bed, but by day he was too busy with the team and its four great horses to miss any thing, far too busy to remember Loro and the dogs; and I should not have seen him at all if, taking advantage of my years and my married sons, I had not run down several evenings and made the bed, and dusted the rooms, and spread the table with a basket of nourishing food Nancy or my girls had put up for me to take. But, after all, what was I, a miserable old woman, in his house for half an hour, and the light and life of that house, his love, his Johnny's mother, gone out of it to die by the road-side! He sat still, and cursed himself for his powerlessness to do more.

So the long November days crept by; the long, lonesome evenings; the wild nights, when

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the winds were up and away like a wail of lost spirits; when the whole year was darkest and dreariest, and at its lowest ebb; when he sat beside his fire, his heart bursting; when he lay awake and longed and listened till it seemed to him, with the beating and rustling of his breast, that her head must be beside him there on the pillow. Sometimes then, I know, he rose and left Johnny in the dark up stairs, and locked the door behind him, and roamed all night along the moon-lit highways and by-ways, half distracted, to find what it was impossible he should, coming back, like a worn ghost of himself, by daybreak, to his crying child and weary work. Ah, it was a bitter month to the man!

And his father's grief and pain infected Johnny. When the horses had become something of an old story, and he returned to his former love, teasing Loro to sing again, he was strangely still and silent, and more than once I saw the slow tears coursing down his cheeks.

"'Taint like this down home," said Johnny, as he saw the girls hanging round my chair while I stoned the raisins and sliced the citron one day. "There ain't any mother there." A bunch of raisins, stuffed into his pocket by sheer force, reconciled him soon to life, though. But it was only an hour afterward that, Dash having hurt his feelings by tumbling him too roughly in his play, I saw the little lad pick himself up and walk away to a seat, and, after sitting there with a swelling sense of wrong, put up his little lip, and cry out all at once, "I want—I want my mother!" Poor little lad, I did the best I could for him with my full hands, as his warm overcoat and ear-lappets tell to-day; but, after all, the best was nothing, and my love was not mother's love.

Well—it was the night before Thanksgiving: the coldest night, it seems to me, that I ever knew. Some local cold snap, I fancy, as I did not hear of any unusual weather elsewhere. But the windows were thick with frost, though a raging fire filled the furnaces; and when the overcast night came with a pall of star-hiding cloud, it felt as if the very air, still and cold as death itself, were frozen. There seemed to be something supernatural abroad that night, I remember—perhaps because of the absence of snow—for the hard, bare earth, the black weather, the awful cold, were all a horror.

We were going to roast a little turkey for Johnny, to be taken to the house hot, with its vegetables, on the next day; but I thought I would run down a moment with a basket of other goodies—a cold fowl and a pudding; and against every body's remonstrances I bundled and veiled myself, and went along with basket and lantern as fast as my old feet would travel. I felt as if that heart-broken man, on such a night as that, must know he had friends and sympathy.

He had a good fire when I went in, half crying with the cold myself, and his room was really as bright as a new cent; for, he said, he thought it wasn't the fair thing by Johnny to let him see nothing but trouble; and he was cutting jack-straws for the child, who sat up at the table, receiving each new one with plaudits. But every few moments the man rose nervously and went to the window, and scraped a place to look out; he wouldn't have the curtain dropped; he had burned a lamp in that room all night every night for more than a month, and more than once he went to the door and looked out there, letting in a perishing blast of air. "Oh, poor girl! my poor Anne!" he would say to himself, with a sigh that was a groan, coming back.

But I was sure that, whatever the truth might be, he must be sustained by encouragement till he had gotten used to it, and so I took a parcel from under my shawl and opened it on the table.

It was my little Tom's wardrobe, pre-served with care this ten years, but whitened and darned freshly, and no doubt a much better outfit now than that with which Johnny began the world. "See," said I, spreading out the things with their pretty new ribbons and worsteds, "I have brought these down; for of course she had nothing made, and when she comes home she will hardly have any thing more;" and suddenly, while I spoke, Johnny looked round in a strange, frightened way, and the front-door opened and shut with a bang, and the father sprang to his feet and tore open the inner door, and stood struck to stone before that creature standing there, white as if moonlight lay upon her.

"Oh, John! then you're not going to forgive me?" she cried, piercingly. And at that he had caught the shivering thing in his arms, and had brought her in and set her before the fire, and then he was down on his knees beside her, hiding his face against the little bundle at her breast, and shaking with loud sobs. She put up her little cold hand, and pushed back his great flushed face, and looked at it.

"Oh, John!" she whispered; "then you are really going to forgive me?"

"Forgive my darling!" he cried, and fell, for answer, to kissing her forehead and chin and the cheeks blooming now like roses, till Johnny woke from his daze of terror and doubt, and with a rousing roar put in his own claim to notice.

"I don't know how I came there, John," said she at last, in a timid, trembling tone, with one arm round Johnny, and with John's arms round all three; "but when I first remember, I was lying on a hospital cot three hundred miles away, and the baby beside me. And they said I'd been picked up at the station by the officers and brought there, and the baby had been born just afterward. It was true, wasn't it? It's our baby. See: there's your big temple and your eyebrows, and there's Johnny's nose."

"I don't care whose nose it is," cried John. "It's my baby! It's my Anne, all right! And oh! I thank the good God above me, who brought you nome to me, and turned my trouble into thanksgiving."

And as for me, I was sniveling so myself by this time, and so afraid I should be seen or heard, that I just hustled on my things in the entry, and crept out and rushed home the best way I could. But the last thing I saw, as I came away, was the picture of Anne, all herself, tossing her baby in the ruddy flashes of the fire-light, with Johnny hanging round her neck; while her husband stood just before her, half leaning on the shelf, and looking at the group as if for him they held all heaven and earth.

FAMILY LIFE IN A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT.

See illustration on page 793.

AT this season, sacred to family gatherings and fireside pleasures, such a scene as that which our artist has so graphically depicted strikes a chill to our heart, and makes us realize whither we are drifting. For this is no fancy sketch, no occasional picture, but the daily domestic life of thousands and tens of thousands of families in the great cities which dot our country in all directions. At first sight every thing is dazzling. The restaurant is well appointed, the cookery French, the array of glass and silver glittering, the viands plentiful, and the attendance good. But, with all these excellent things, there is something lacking. An air of indifferentism pervades every thing. There is no warmth in the scene, no heart, no sentiment. There is no individualism any where. Groups gather around the little round tables, catching bits of each other's conversation, and feeling thereby cut off from that confidential intercourse which is so pleasant and so conducive to good digestion around the family board. There is no special interest in any thing. The dishes come and go as strangers. There is no delicious household gossip about the merits and purchase of this joint, or the superiority of those strawberries over all others in market this morning. Then all days are alike in a restaurant. There is no holiday fare there. Thanksgivings and Christmases are marked by no white stones. There are no special dishes hallowed by associations with certain days. And so the appetite is palled by having turkey and venison continually within call, and grows indifferent to all the little devices by which it is stimulated in smaller households.

Fatally common as hotel and restaurant life is becoming, it is really antagonistic to the genius of our people. We inherit from our English ancestors a strong exclusiveness and love of home. "No house was ever built large enough for two families" is the Englishman's motto. Hotels, apartment-houses, étages, and all the rest, are of Continental growth. And however much we may be caught by this kind of life, and welcome it as a variety, we inevitably drift back to a longing, at least, for our own house, sacred to our own family, which shall be an exponent of our individualism. The trouble is, that to gratify this longing and return to our castle we must set at naught all the obligations imposed on modern society, or wear our lives out in endeavoring to live up to the standard which growing luxury has fixed as the most desirable. It is easy to shift the blame of this from one to another class, and to say that women would find no difficulty in keeping house if they would learn housekeeping. Until our whole community is willing to simplify their habits and modes of life in all respects we shall see home life diminish and hotel life increase. As it is, artificial wants and opinions, engendered by modern so-called civilization, are eating out the heart of our people. And nothing can be worse than the effect of such a life on children. How can parents teach their children temperance in the face of Champagne corks snapping every where about them? How can they inculcate lessons of simplicity of dress when their precepts are counteracted by the silks and satins of all their fellow-boarders? How can they insist on a plain, healthful diet when the tantalizing cates that cover the tables are swallowed unscrupulously by all the guests? And how can they bring them up in those habits of wise frugality and self-denial which alone can insure success and virtue in life when the example of reckless extravagance is set on every side? No worse training-school for children can be found than a hotel; and we wish that words could be found strong enough to induce those parents not bound to this life by unconquerable circumstances—and such there are—to return to the only natural and healthful mode of living; to keep house for themselves on whatever scale their means will allow, and make a home for their children which shall be worthy the name, and not a mere reflection of the lives of others.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN this progressive age, when all classes are clamoring for "rights," the pedestrian of New York seems to have no potent voice. Loud and frequent may be his cries, but they are drowned in the clatter of carts, the rumble of cars, the rattle of coupés and carriages. If a citizen desires to cross Broadway, particularly if it be any where below Canal Street, he can take his choice either to thread his way daintily, deliberately, and dangerously within one inch of a horse's nose on one side, and one inch of a carriage wheel on the other side (thankful if both are not even nearer), or he can make a fierce diagonal rush through some fancied opening above or below the solid, ceaseless, moving mass before him. A false step, or a slippery bit of fruit skin, of course will prove fatal; otherwise there is a chance of successfully reaching the opposite sidewalk. True, at some points there are policemen, who politely offer their much-needed escort to *ladies*; but there are *gentlemen* who, having once or twice been trampled under the feet of omnibus horses, have a wholesome dread of Broadway crossings. At Fulton Ferry it is almost as much as one's life is worth to attempt to cross South Street at some times of day. Drivers of carts and carriages every where seem under the impression that the pedestrian has no right of way. The grocer's wagon comes whizzing around the corner like a shot. If you chance to be crossing the street, the young Jehu may give an unearthly whoop as a warning, and you *may* reach the sidewalk in safety. The insufficiently guarded railroad crossings in the vicinity of our city dépôts are fearful death-traps, which should never be suffered to exist. The fatal accidents which have recently occurred at the Grand Central Dépôt demand that this danger should be promptly remedied. While it is true that the crowded state of such a great metropolis as this necessarily involves much difficulty in the locomotion of vehicles, and considerable hazard to foot passengers, it is a right that pedestrians should claim, that the hazard to life and limb in the thoroughfares of the city should be reduced to the lowest possible point.

In future ages we may hope for exemption from yellow fever, if the Darwinian theory is correct. Statistics indicate that during the recent yellow fever plague in Buenos Ayres monkeys suffered more severely from it than man. Hence the disease is one inherited from our ancestors (according to Darwin); consequently we shall outgrow it in time.

The first edition of Webster's Dictionary ever published was a small 12mo volume, bearing this imprint: "From Sidney's Press, for Hudson & Goodwin, booksellers, Hartford, and Increase Cooke & Co., booksellers, New Haven: 1806."

A London physician, Dr. Lankester, in a recent report concerning the sanitary condition of that city, says: "The small-pox is now slowly departing from the metropolis, after slaying 5000 persons, and maiming, disfiguring, and pauperizing about 100,000 more. It must have cost the metropolis at least £100,000, a tenth part of which sum, judiciously expended, would have cut short this epidemic at its very commencement."

Every public library and reading-room in Chicago was destroyed by the late fire except that of the Michigan Avenue Free Library Association, which, being only a few months old, had but a small collection of books and papers. This library is well located, has ample rooms, and is open to all without charge.

It may be a fact of some interest to the most literary of our readers that a grammar of the Pehlvi language has just been issued by Dustoor Peshotun Behramjee Sunjana, high-priest of the Parsees of Bombay, principal of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy Zurtoshti Madressa, member of the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Fellow of the Bombay University, and member of the German Oriental Society. It contains quotations and examples from original works and a glossary of words having affinity with the Semitic language.

A French lady of rank has been raised from misery to happiness by electrical applications which have changed her nose from a blooming rose into a delicate lily. This wonderful discovery for the relief of red noses was made by one Dr. Bernsie.

When the Grand Duke Alexis first entered the residence of Minister Catacazy, in Washington, he was received at the door by Madame Catacazy. It is an ancient custom of Russia, that when any member of the imperial family enters the house of a subject the lady of the house should offer bread and salt in token of hospitality. In accordance with this custom Madame Catacazy held in her hands a silver salver, on which was a large round loaf of Russian black bread, such as is served on the table of the emperor, as well as of the peasant. In the top of the loaf was a small indenture, in which was placed a gold-lined silver salt-cellar filled with salt. The lady presented it, saying, in Russian, "I offer you bread and salt." The grand duke received it from her hands, and after tasting the bread, passed it to one of his suite.

A composition has been discovered by a chemist of Vienna which will render even the slight material of ballet dancers' dresses fire-proof. The experiments in regard to this composition have been so successful that the Prince of Lichtenstein has ordered a wooden theatre to be erected outside of Vienna, the boards of which are to be saturated with the fire-proof composition. If the building resists fire the discoverer has an order to make the scenery of the Vienna City Theatre uninflammable.

Well-drawn word-pictures of child life seldom fail to interest the sympathetic; the recounting of youthful friendships stirs the memory of times long gone by in responsive hearts. "Joshua Marvel"—a novel of unusual merit—as it progresses treats, like other novels, of grown-up persons. But the charm of its earlier chapters is the tender, boyish love that existed between Joshua and the crippled Dan. The burial of the pet canary, Golden Cloud, is a charming episode. And what more touchingly beautiful than Dan's cheerful faith when he, lying on his bed, told Joshua that he felt that he should be "a helpless cripple all his life?"

"Poor, dear Dan!" said Joshua, checking his sobs with difficulty.

"Poor Dan! Not at all! I can read, I can think, I can love you, Jo, all the same. I shall live in you. You are my friend, and, strong as you are, you can't love me more than I love you. And even if I was to die, dear—"

"Don't say that, Dan; I can't bear to think of it."

"Why? It isn't dreadful. If I was to die, we should still be friends, we should still love each other. Don't you love Golden Cloud?"

Joshua whispered, "Yes."

"But Golden Cloud is not here. Yet you love him. And so do I, more than I did when the pet was alive. I don't quite know how it is with birds, but I do know how it is with us. If you was here, Jo, and I was there, we should meet again."

The toilette in which Madame Catacazy appeared on the evening of the Grand Duke's arrival was very handsome. It was of pale lemon-colored silk tissue, or crêpe de Paris, of very fine texture. The train was long, trimmed with a flounce bound with satin. The long over-skirt, with apron front, was trimmed with a ruffle headed by satin piping. Satin bows were scattered over the skirt. The corsage, which was cut high, with surplice front and loose sleeves, was of delicate white striped gauze heavily embroidered in gold. Madame Catacazy's hair was dressed in long flowing curls, with a braided coronet across her head, and ornamented only with a few buds of natural flowers.

Professor Hayden, chief of the Geological Survey of the Territories, has brought back with him several tons of geological specimens, which are now at the Smithsonian Institute. He and his party of thirty-five spent about seven weeks in exploring the valley of the Upper Yellow Stone River and Lake, and the sources of the Snake and Missouri rivers in Southern Montana.

The following anecdote is told of the German occupation of France: A lady residing in the Department of the Seine-et-Marne had a Prussian quartered at her house from the commencement of the invasion. On taking possession of his apartments he said that he was deaf, so that the lady did not hesitate to talk before him as if he were not present. At last the soldier informed his hostess that he had been ordered elsewhere.

"Madame," he said, "I wish you good-day."

"And I," said the lady, smiling with exquisite grace—"I wish you may break your neck on the stairs, you assassin!"

"Oh, madame," interrupted the Prussian, "excuse me: I forgot to tell you that I am hard of hearing only by the order of my general."

The press has greater freedom in Russia, it is said, than it has in any other country in Europe, excepting England.

A very pleasant charity is that of the Flower-Mission in Boston. During the past year the ladies connected with it have distributed among the sick in hospitals and in poor homes 11,671 bouquets and 970 parcels of fruit.

The observatory of the Sheffield Scientific School was recently visited by some ladies who desired to gaze at the pale moon. One of them, observing through the telescope the jagged edge of the orb, became enthusiastic, and exclaimed, in raptures: "Oh how divine! It looks exactly like Hamburg edging!"—a simile so very striking that ladies need not trouble themselves to look at the moon through telescopes; a bit of muslin edging will suffice.

Encke's comet, which is now exciting considerable interest among the scientific, is a very little body—if body it has—compared to many of the erratic travelers of the skies, but of some importance. Until recently it was believed that all comets, in passing away from the sun on their outward course, went far beyond the solar system. Encke, however, in studying the orbit of this little comet, found that it coursed along an ellipse so small as to be contained within the orbit of the planet Jupiter, and therefore not carrying the comet a sixth part of the way toward the boundary of our solar system. Around this circuit the comet was found to run in the surprisingly short period of 1200 days, or about three and one-third years. This was not only an interesting discovery, so far as it related to comets, but it was the means of settling various scientific facts, among which is that there is no such thing as pure space; for Encke's comet plainly shows that it passes continually through a resisting medium of some sort, which has sensibly shortened its orbit since the first observations were recorded. If this process goes on, it is, of course, only a question of time when the comet will fall into and be absorbed by the sun.

On the first evening of his arrival at the Clarendon Hotel the Grand Duke dined in the strictest privacy, only the Russian minister being present, with the admiral of the Russian fleet and the members of his Highness's suite.

It is customary among the members of the imperial family of Russia, after landing from any voyage, to repair at once to some church, and there give thanks for their safe passage, postponing all business and pleasure until this duty has been performed. Immediately after reviewing the troops on the day of his landing, the Grand Duke went, with his suite, to the little Greek church near Fiftieth Street, where a short service was conducted by Father Bjerring.

USEFUL RECIPES.

COCOA-NUT DROPS.—Mix with one pound of grated cocoa-nut one pound of sugar, a scant half pound of flour, and three eggs.

"POP-OVER."—Into two tea-cupfuls of milk stir smoothly the same quantity of flour and a very little salt; add the yolks of two eggs, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; dip two scant table-spoonfuls of the mixture into each patty-pan, and bake twenty minutes in an oven hot enough for bread.

COCOA-NUT JUMBLES.—One and a half pounds of grated cocoa-nut, the same quantity of sugar, and half a pound of butter; cream well together the butter and sugar, then add the cocoa-nut, a little wine, and six eggs, leaving out the yolks of three.

GRAHAM BISCUIT (excellent).—Into one quart of Graham flour stir half a tea-spoonful of baking powder, a little salt, and enough sweet milk to make a thin batter; add the yolks of three eggs, and the whites slightly frothed.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—Strain the juice off one hundred oysters; to it put two dozen cloves, two dozen grains of black pepper, mace and salt to taste; let it come to a boil; add the oysters, letting it all come to the boiling-point; take off the fire, add eight table-spoonfuls of cider vinegar, and, if wine is liked, the same quantity of wine that there is of vinegar.

SILVER POLISH.—To one quart of rain-water add two ounces of hartshorn and three ounces of precipitated chalk; put into a bottle, keep *well corked*, and shake before using.

LEMON CAKE.—Three tea-cupfuls of fine sugar beaten to a cream with one tea-cupful of butter; add yolks of five eggs, and one tea-cupful of sweet milk in which a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved; mix in four tea-cupfuls of flour, and the beaten whites of the five eggs, alternating them; bake in two tins. For the icing beat the whites of two eggs with two tea-spoonfuls of corn starch, eighteen tea-spoonfuls of flour sugar, and two tea-spoonfuls of lemon juice; make it perfectly light, and, when the cakes are cool, spread on with a knife dipped frequently in cold water to prevent sticking.

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DINNER WAITING.

THANKSGIVING-DAY IN THE NORTHWEST.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

NO DINNER TO WAIT.

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FAMILY LIFE IN A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 791.]

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causes of his ruin. She took one of her nephews on her lap, and talked to him, and let him play with the trinkets on her chain. Both the children were bright and intelligent enough, but had that air of premature sharpness which comes from constant intercourse with grown-up people, and an early initiation in the difficulties of existence.

She could only stay half an hour with her sister-in-law; but she could see that her visit of duty had gratified the poor little neglected wife. She had not come empty-handed, but had brought an offering for Bessie Lovel which made the tired eyes brighten with something of their old light—a large oval locket of massive dead gold, with a Maltese cross of small diamonds upon it; one of the simplest ornaments which Daniel Granger had given her, and which she fancied herself justified in parting with. She had taken it to a jeweler in the Palais Royal, who had arranged a lock of her dark brown hair, with a true-lover's knot of brilliants, inside the locket, and had engraved the words "From Clarissa" on the back.

Mrs. Lovel clasped her hands in rapture as Clarissa opened the morocco case and showed her this jewel.

"For me!" she cried. "I never had any thing half as beautiful in my life. And your 'air, too!" She said "'air" in her excitement. "How good of you to give it to me! I don't know how to thank you."

And the poor little woman made a rapid mental review of her wardrobe, wondering if she had any gown good enough to wear with that splendid jewel. Her purple silk—the one silk dress she possessed—was a little shiny and shabby by daylight, but looked very well by candle-light still, she thought. She was really delighted with the locket. In all her life she had had so few presents, and this one gift was worth three times the sum of them. But Clarissa spoke of it in the lightest, most careless way.

"I wanted to bring you some little souvenir," she said, "and I thought you might like this. And now I must say good-by, Bessie. I may call you Bessie, mayn't I? And remember, you must call me Clarissa. I am sorry I am obliged to hurry away like this; but I expect Mr. Granger back rather early, and I want to be at home when he returns. Good-by, dear!"

She kissed her brother's wife, who clung to her affectionately, touched by her kindness; kissed the two little nephews also, one of whom caught hold of her dress and said,

"You gave me that money for toys the other day, didn't you, Aunt Clarissa?"

"Yes, darling."

"But I didn't have it to spend, though. Pa said he'd lay it out for me, and he brought me home a cart from the Boulevard, but it didn't cost two napoleons. It was a trumpery cart, that went smash the first time that Arthur and I stood in it."

"You shouldn't stand in a toy cart, dear. I'll bring you some toys the next time I come to see mamma."

They were out on the landing by this time. Clarissa disengaged herself from the little fellow, and went quickly down the darksome staircase.

"Will that be soon?" the boy called over the balusters.

"I do hope I shall be able to keep it," said Bessie Lovel, presently, as she stood in the window gloating over her locket: whereby it will be seen that Austin's wife did not feel so secure as she might have done in the possession of her treasure.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"AND THROUGH THY LIFE HAVE I NOT WRIT MY NAME?"

MIDWINTER had come, and the pleasures and splendors of Paris were at their apogee. The city was at its gayest—that beautiful city, which we can never see again as we have seen it—which we lament as some fair and radiant creature that has come to an untimely death. Paris the beautiful, Paris the beloved, imperial Paris, with her air of classic splendor, like the mistress of a Cæsar, was in these days overshadowed by no threatening thunder-cloud, forerunner of the tempest and earthquake that was to come. The winter season had begun; and all those wanderers who had been basking through the autumn under the blue skies that roof the Pyrenees, or dawdling away existence in German gambling saloons, or climbing Alpine peaks, or paddling down the Danube, flocked back to the central city of civilization in time to assist at Patti's reappearance in the Rue Lepelletier, or to applaud a new play of Sardou's at the Gymnase.

Among this flock of returning pilgrims came George Fairfax, very much the worse for two or three months spent in restless meanderings between Baden and Homburg, with the consciousness of a large income at his disposal, and a certain reckless indifference as to which way his life drifted, that had grown upon him of late years.

He met Mr. and Mrs. Granger, within twenty-four hours of his arrival in Paris, at a ball at the British embassy—the inaugural fête of the season, as it were, to which the master of Arden Court, by right of his wealth and weight in the North Riding, had been bidden. The embassadorial card had ignored Miss Granger, much to the damsel's dissatisfaction.

Clarissa came upon Mr. Fairfax unawares in the glazed colonnade upon which the ball-room opened, where he was standing alone, staring moodily at a tall arum lily shooting up from a bed of ferns, when she approached on her partner's arm, taking the regulation promenade after a waltz. The well-remembered profile, which had grown sharper and sterner since she had seen it for the first time, struck her with a sudden thrill, half pleasure, half terror. Yes; she was pleased to see him; she, the wife of Daniel Granger, felt her heart beating faster, felt a sense of joy strangely mingled with fear. In all the occupations of her life, even amidst the all-absorbing delight of her child's society, she had not been able quite to forget this man. The one voice that had touched her heart, the one face that had haunted her girlish dream, came back to her again and again in spite of herself. In the dead of the night she had started up from her pillow with the sound of George Fairfax's familiar tones in her ears; in too many a dream she had acted over again the meeting in the orchard, and heard his voice upbraiding her, and had seen his face dark and angry in the dim light. She had done her duty to Daniel Granger; but she had not forgotten the man she had loved, and who had loved her after his fashion; and often in her prayers she had entreated that she might never see him again.

Her prayers had not been granted—perhaps they did not come so entirely from the heart as prayers should that would fain bring a blessing. He was here; here to remind her how much she had loved him in the days gone by—to bewilder her brain with conflicting thoughts. He turned suddenly from that gloomy contemplation of the arum lily, and met her face to face.

That evening dress of ours, which has been so liberally abused for its ugliness, is not without a certain charm when worn by a handsome man. A tall man looks taller in the perfect black. The broad expanse of shirt front, with its delicate embroidery, not obtrusively splendid, but minutely elaborate rather, involving the largest expenditure of needle-work to produce the smallest and vaguest effect—a suspicion of richness, as it were, nothing more; the snowy cambric contrasts with the bronzed visage of the soldier, or blends harmoniously with the fair complexion of the fopling who has never exposed his countenance to the rough winds of heaven; the expanse of linen proclaims the breadth of chest, and gives a factitious slimness to the waist. Such a costume, relieved, perhaps, by the flash of some single jewel, not large, but priceless, is scarcely unbecoming, and possibly more æsthetic in its simplicity than the gem-besprinkled brocades and velvets of a Buckingham in the days when men wore jeweled cloaks on their shoulders, and point d'Alençon flounces round their knees.

George Fairfax, in his evening dress, looked supremely handsome. It is a poor thing, of course, in man or woman, this beauty; but it has its charm, nevertheless, and in the being who is loved for other and far higher qualities the charm is tenfold. Few women, perhaps, have ever fallen in love with a man on account of his good looks; they leave such weak worship for the stronger sex; but, having loved him for some other indefinable reason, are not indifferent to the attraction of splendid eyes or a faultless profile.

Clarissa trembled a little as she held out her hand to be clasped in George Fairfax's strong fingers, the quiet pressure whereof seemed to say, "You *know* that you and I are something more to each other than the world supposes."

She could not meet him without betraying, by some faint sign, that there was neither forgetfulness nor indifference in her mind as to the things that concerned him.

Her late partner—a youthful secretary of legation, with straw-colored hair and an incipient mustache—murmured something civil, and slid away, leaving those two alone beside the arum lily, or as much alone as they could be in a place where the guests were circulating freely, and about half a dozen flirtations ripening amidst the shining foliage of orange-trees and camellias.

"I thought I should meet you here to-night," he said. "I came here in the hope of meeting you."

She was not an experienced woman of the world, skilled in the art of warding off such a speech as this. She had never flirted in her life, and sorely felt the want of that facility which comes from long practice.

"Have you seen my husband?" she asked, awkwardly enough, in her distress.

"I did not come to see Mr. Granger. It was the hope of seeing you that brought me here. I am as great a fool as I was at Hale Castle, you see, Clarissa. There are some follies of which a man can not cure himself."

"Mr. Fairfax!"

She looked up at him gravely, reproachfully, with as much anger as she could bring herself to feel against him; but as their eyes met, something in his—a look that told too plainly of passion and daring—made her eyelids fall, and she stood before him trembling like a frightened child. And this moment was perhaps the turning point in Clarissa's life—the moment in which she took the first step on the wrong road that was to lead her so far away from the sacred paths of innocence and peace.

George Fairfax drew her hand through his arm—she had neither strength nor resolution to oppose him—and led her away to the quietest corner of the colonnade, a recess sheltered by orange-trees, and provided with a rustic bench.

There is no need to record every word that was spoken there; it was the old story of a man's selfish, guilty love and a woman's sinful weakness. He spoke, and Clarissa heard him, not willingly, but with faint efforts of resistance that ended in nothing. She heard him. Never again could she meet Daniel Granger's honest gaze as she had done—never, it seemed to her, could she lose the sense of her sin.

He told her how she had ruined his life. That was his chief reproach, and a reproach that a woman can rarely hear unmoved. He painted in the briefest words the picture of what he might have been, and what he was. If his life were wrecked utterly—and from his own account of himself it must needs be so—the wreck was her fault. He had been ready to sacrifice every thing for her. She had basely cheated him.

His upbraiding stung her too keenly; she could keep her secret no longer.

"I had promised Laura Armstrong," she said—"I had promised her that no power on earth should tempt me to marry you—if you should ask me."

"You had promised!" he cried, contemptuously. "Promised that shallow trickster! I might have known she had a hand in my misery. And you thought a promise to her more sacred than good faith to me? That was hard, Clarissa."

"It was hard," she answered, in a heart-broken voice.

"My God!" he cried, looking at her with those passionate eyes; "and yet you loved me all the time?"

"With all my heart," she faltered, and then hid her face in her hands.

It seemed as if the confession had been wrung from her somehow. In the next moment she hated herself for having said the words, and calming herself with a great effort, said to him, quietly,

"And now that you know how weak I was when I seemed indifferent to you, have pity upon me, Mr. Fairfax."

"Pity!" he exclaimed. "It is not a question of pity: it is a question of two lives that have been blighted through your foolish submission to that plotting woman. But there must be some recompense to be found in the future for all the tortures of the past. I have broken every tie for your sake, Clarissa; you must make some sacrifice for me."

Clarissa looked at him wonderingly. Was he so mad as to suppose that she was of the stuff that makes runaway wives?

"Your father tempted my mother, Mr. Fairfax," she said, "but I thank Heaven she escaped him. The rôle of seducer seems hereditary in your family. You could not make me break my word when I was free to marry you; do you believe that you can make me false to my husband?"

"Yes, Clarissa. I swore as much that night in the orchard—swore that I would win you in spite of the world."

"And my son," she said, with the tone she might have used if he had been one-and-twenty—"is he to blush for his mother by-and-by?"

"I have never found that sons have a faculty for blushing on account of that kind of thing," Mr. Fairfax answered, lightly.—"Egad, there'd be a great deal of blushing going on at some of the crack clubs if they had!" he said to himself afterward.

Clarissa rose from the seat among the orange-trees, and George Fairfax did not attempt to detain her.

He offered her his arm to conduct her back to the ball-room; they had been quite long enough away. He did not want to attract attention, and he had said as much as he cared to say.

He felt very sure of his ground now. She loved him—that was the all-important point. His wounded self-esteem was solaced by this knowledge. His old sense of power came back to him. He had felt himself all at sea, as it were, when he believed it possible that any woman he cared to win could be indifferent to him.

From the other side of the ball-room Mr. Granger saw his wife re-enter arm in arm with George Fairfax. The sight gave him a little shock. He had hoped that young man was far enough away, ruining himself in a fashionable manner somehow; and here he was in attendance upon Clarissa. He remembered how his daughter had said that George Fairfax was sure to meet them in Paris, and his own anger at the suggestion. He would be obliged to be civil to the young man, of course. There was no reason, indeed, that he should be otherwise than civil—only that lurking terror in his mind that this was the man his wife had loved. *Had* loved? is there any past tense to that verb?

Mrs. Granger dropped Mr. Fairfax's arm directly they came to a vacant seat.

"I am rather tired," she said, in her coldest voice. "I think I'll rest a little, if you please. I needn't detain you. I dare say you are engaged for the next dance."

"No. I seldom dance."

He stood by her side. One rapid glance across the room had shown him Daniel Granger making his way toward them, looking unspeakably ponderous and British amidst that butterfly crowd. He did not mean to leave her just yet, in spite of her proprietor's approach. She belonged to him, he told himself, by right of that confession just now in the conservatory. It was only a question when he should take her to himself. He felt like some bold rover of the seas, who has just captured a gallant craft, and carries her proudly over the ocean chained to his gloomy hull.

She was his, he told himself; but before he could carry her away from her present surroundings he must play the base part which he had once thought he never could play. He must be civil to Daniel Granger, mask his batteries, win his footing in the household, so that he might have easy access to the woman he loved, until one day the thunder-bolt would descend, and an honest man be left desolate, "with his household gods shattered." It was just one of those sins that will not bear contemplation. George Fairfax was fain to shut his eyes upon the horror and vileness of it, and only to say to himself, doggedly, "I have sworn to win her."

Mr. Granger greeted him civilly enough presently, and with the stereotyped cordiality which may mean any thing or nothing. Was Mr. Fairfax going to remain long in Paris? Yes, he meant to winter there, if nothing better turned up.

"After all, you see," he said, "there is no place like Paris. One gets tired of it, of course, in time; but I find that in other places one is always tired."

"A very pleasant ball," remarked Mr. Gran-

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...with the air of saying something original. "...ve been dancing, I suppose?"

"...replied Mr. Fairfax, smiling; "I have ...into my property. I don't dance. 'I ...myself,' as our friends here say."

...thought, as he spoke, of sundry break-neck ...ps and maelstrom waltzes danced in gardens ...saloons the very existence whereof was ignored by or unknown to respectability; and then thought, "If I were safely planted on the other side of the world, with *her* for my wife, it would cost me no more to cut all that kind of thing than it would to throw away a handful of withered flowers."

LOVE IN THE WINTER PALACE;

OR, THE CZAR NICHOLAS AS A MATCH-MAKER.

IN a former number of the *Bazar* we gave the history of the betrothal and marriage of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia (the grandfather of the Prince Alexis, who comes to make our personal acquaintance) to Princess Charlotte of Prussia, and our fair readers will not have failed to admire the ingenious way in which the handsome suitor pleaded his cause with the queen of his heart. To-day we propose to present the same prince in another love-affair—no longer as a hero wooing for himself, but in the more modest part of a match-maker intent on causing the happiness of a beloved daughter, even at the sacrifice of his personal pride and his most cherished hopes.

It was in the year 1838. At the court of St. Petersburg there lived at that time a young lady so lovely, so charming, so beautiful, that it had almost passed into a proverb among the courtiers that the most powerful monarch, if he had met her in a peasant's cot, would have turned his back on all the princesses of Europe, and would have offered her his hand and his throne. This young lady, born in the shadow of the proud throne of the czars, was Maria Nicolajewna, the eldest daughter of the Emperor Nicholas.

She had just attained her nineteenth year; and when her father beheld her, blooming and fragrant like the flowers of May, and saw that nearly every crown prince in Europe entertained the hope of winning the heart and hand of this matchless beauty, he commenced himself looking about for the most eligible, the worthiest, and the most powerful consort for his darling.

"Dear Maria," said he one day to the princess, with the kindest smile which his stern features could command, "you are now old enough to think of getting married pretty soon. There are quite a number of suitors for your hand, and, after mature deliberation, I have selected for your consort a prince who in due time will make you a queen, but who is, at the same time, a man who will make you happy."

The princess blushed and grew pale at the same moment.

"A man," she gasped forth, with a violent effort to appear composed, "who will make me happy?"

Perhaps there was a touch of doubt or anxiety in the tone of her voice, perhaps the trembling motion of her lips betrayed the fear which this announcement had awakened in her heart; for when she looked up and fixed her eyes inquiringly upon the countenance of her father she saw at a glance that the smile had disappeared from his features, and that a threatening cloud was gathering on his forehead. The princess recoiled from the tempest of wrath which might burst forth at any moment, and added, in a faltering voice,

"Command me, your majesty, what I am to do. I shall obey."

"You will obey!" exclaimed the emperor, in a voice trembling with emotion and anger. "You will obey! Am I to understand that it will be mere obedience on your part if you accept a husband from my hands?"

The grand duchess remained silent. But during this short pause she trembled like a flower moved by the breeze, and a tear which, in spite of the most painful efforts she made to repress it, rolled down her cheeks was a mute and yet eloquent answer to this question.

"What," resumed the emperor, "you keep silence! Can it be possible that you have made already a choice for yourself? Tell me honestly and sincerely, Maria."

The young princess still remained silent; but the trembling nervousness became so violent that she was on the point of fainting.

"Speak out frankly and openly, Maria," said the czar, in a gentler tone. "I command it."

The princess threw herself at the feet of the czar. For a moment she was unable to utter any thing but moans and sighs, and to clasp the knees of her father with a convulsive grasp. But then, overcoming her emotion and her fear, she raised her hands imploringly toward the emperor, and said, in a voice almost stifled by her tears, "As you command me to speak the truth, I will be sincere to you. Yes, I have made my own choice! My heart is no longer my own. It belongs to a young man who does not know that I love him—who will never know it, if such be your will! He has seen me only at long intervals: we have exchanged only a few words with each other, and if you wish, we will never speak to each other again."

Nicholas made no reply. He had grown pale, and, as he was wont to do in the moments of his greatest and most painful excitement or anguish, he paced to and fro through the spacious apartment. This silent walk lasted three or four minutes, during which the princess remained in a kneeling attitude, waiting for the address of her father, and not daring to interrupt his meditation.

Evidently he was anxious to learn the name of the happy mortal who, as it appeared, had won without an effort, without a contest, the priceless jewel which he held dearer than the crown of Russia itself, the heart of Maria—and yet he was afraid of this name! He, the all-powerful monarch, who for a mere whim would have defied the united armies of Europe, trembled like a coward at the mere thought of hearing the name of the young man who disputed with him the possession of his most precious jewel. But at last he recovered his self-command.

"Is he a king?" he asked.

"No, father."

"But at least the son of a king?"

"No, father."

"Ah! Then he is not a crown prince?"

"No, father."

After every new question, in this downward descent in the social scale from the very pinnacle of human greatness, the czar made a short pause, during which he gasped for breath.

"Is he a foreigner?" he asked, with a painful effort.

"Yes, father."

The emperor, as if overwhelmed and crushed by this terrible information, sank back upon his chair, and covered his face with both his hands.

The grand duchess did not dare to stir or to speak. Quietly, like a victim waiting for the death-stroke of the executioner, she bowed her beautiful head, ready to undergo the wrath of the emperor, which might burst upon her head at any moment.

"Is this man whom you love in Russia?" the emperor at last resumed his examination.

"Yes, your majesty."

"Ah! He is here, in St. Petersburg?"

"Yes, father."

The voice of the grand duchess grew fainter and fainter, and for the second time it seemed as if the anguish and emotion of her heart would overpower her physical strength. But, as if to counterbalance these impressions, and to dispel her nervousness by his sternness, the czar suddenly asked her, in a menacing tone,

"And where can I see him?"

"You can see him to-morrow morning at the military review."

"And how am I to recognize him?"

"By the green plumage of his hat, and by his splendid black horse."

"Very well, I shall look out for him," replied the czar, and dismissed his daughter without another word.

The grand duchess, almost paralyzed with fear and excitement, reeled out of the room.

As soon as the czar was alone he began to pace the room in the most violent agitation. The tremulous motion of his lips and the frightful pallor which mantled his noble features gave evidence of the tempest raging in his breast. A terrible struggle took place in the heart of this proudest monarch of modern times, between his pride and his paternal love.

"Pshaw!" he ejaculated at last; "the whole affair is nothing but a ridiculous whim of Maria's. I am foolish, indeed, to attach so much importance to it, and to allow myself to be alarmed. She will soon get over her childish fancy. She must forget it! I shall compel her to forget it!"

But the very moment he had come to this peremptory conclusion of crushing the tender flower of love in the heart of his daughter the tearful face of the young girl flitted before his imagination, and appealed to his heart, which throbbed warmly for her.

On the day following, the eagle eye of the czar looked with strange restlessness at the brilliant spectacle of the military review which was passing before him with all the splendor and regularity of a grand opera performance. Hurriedly the czar glanced from one regiment to the other, as if searching for one single object of greater importance to him than all the rest of the world. Not one of the princes and generals surrounding him dared to interrupt or to address him, for there was a frown on the brow of Nicholas which seemed to be portentous of a terrible storm. With some disappointment the czar suddenly turned round to Prince Galitzin, one of his aids, as if to make an inquiry, but at the same moment he closed his lips, which he had already opened, and his eyes remained fixed upon a young officer in his own suite whom one of the group of officers in the rear of the emperor had until then concealed from his view. The young officer was the very ideal of manly beauty and grace, and the splendid uniform of a Bavarian colonel of cavalry seemed to be the most appropriate to set off his personal charms to the greatest advantage. There was a thoughtful and kind expression in his face which immediately prepossessed the beholder in his favor, while the classic mould of his features had been equally admired in his father and his grandmother, both of whom had played conspicuous parts in the history of Europe. The young man, who attracted the emperor's attention both by the large tuft of green feathers in his hat and by the splendid black steed he mounted, was none other than the young Duke of Leuchtenberg, the son of Eugene Beauharnais, and the grandson of the Empress Josephine, Napoleon's first wife.

An exclamation both of surprise and relief escaped the lips of the czar. In the twinkling of an eye he had comprehended how difficult it would be to get such an accomplished lover out of the way, but, at the same time, the thought of the high descent of the object of his daughter's affection consoled him a little. The Duke of Leuchtenberg was the son of Prince Eugene by his marriage with the daughter of the King of Bavaria; so, if not the son of a king, he was, at least, the grandson of a king by his mother, and the grandson of an empress by his father. This was something to compensate for the loss of a crown. But, at all events, the czar resolved to send the young duke away from St. Petersburg, and to dismiss him in such a manner as to give him to understand that it would be better for him not to return. He turned to one of his aids, and ordered the Duke of Leuchtenberg to appear before him.

In two minutes the duke was in the presence of the czar. But at the very moment when Nicholas, with a stern and almost contemptuous face, turned toward him in order to tell him to leave the capital and the empire within twenty-four hours, he cast a side-glance on the imperial carriage, in which both the empress and the Grand Duchess Maria were witnessing the review. And the sight which there presented itself to his eyes restrained the words which he was about to utter; for, with a faint cry of terror, the young grand duchess fell back in a swoon upon her seat. She had followed with her eyes every motion of her father, and when she saw him sending for the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and the moment which was to decide her happiness or misery throughout life was at hand, her fear and emotion had overcome her firmness.

Without saying a word to the duke, but only casting on him a menacing glance, the emperor turned his horse and galloped off toward the carriage.

For six weeks the czar employed all possible means to divert the grand duchess from her infatuation for the young German duke. Persuasion, kindness, severity, threats, intrigues—every thing was tried; but every thing proved vain and futile. At the close of the first week the grand duchess seemed composed and quiet; at the close of the second she cried and wept in secret; at the close of the third she wept openly; at the close of the fourth she took the heroical resolution to sacrifice her love, and perhaps her life, to the cruelty of her father; at the close of the fifth she was so ill that her physicians grew alarmed at the state of her health; at the close of the sixth she might have died but for the assurance of the emperor that she should marry the Duke of Leuchtenberg.

While his lady-love was being exposed to such terrible trials, the Duke of Leuchtenberg could not fail perceiving that, for some reason unknown to him, he had lost the grace of the emperor. He did not dare to make any inquiries which might have informed him of the cause, but made up his mind to return forthwith to Munich, instead of submitting to the whim of an autocrat to whom he owed no allegiance. He was just on the point of executing this plan, and had already fixed upon a day for his departure, when one afternoon an officer of the emperor's staff appeared in his room and ordered him to report at once to the emperor.

It was not without serious misgivings and apprehensions that the young duke obeyed this order, which, under the circumstances, seemed to forebode ill to him. But it was too late now to avoid the storm, after having neglected to profit by the first indications of its approach.

When he entered the private cabinet of the czar, Nicholas was standing before the marble table, upon which books, papers, and charts were spread out in the greatest disorder. The emperor looked pale, and his eye was veiled as though a tear was only held back by the force of his iron will. But his countenance showed as much firmness and energy as ever before.

"Colonel," said the emperor, fixing his penetrating eye upon the frank countenance of the young duke, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. I have also been told—and undoubtedly justly—that your mind is cultivated and refined, that you are a connoisseur of arts and literature, an admirer of science, and that your character bears a striking resemblance to that of your noble father and your illustrious grandmother, who, you will remember, had no more devoted admirer in Europe than my own brother, the late Czar Alexander. This is what I have been told, and, as far as I have had an opportunity to observe you, I am satisfied that I have been correctly informed. Now, Sir, will you be sincere enough to tell me, without any reserve, whether you know my daughter, the Grand Duchess Maria, and what you think of her?"

The young duke was struck with astonishment at this question, propounded to him so directly and abruptly. He had seen the princess several times; he had even spoken to her once or twice, and could not help admiring her beauty and loveliness. But the idea had never even crossed his mind that the grand duchess, who was known to be the favorite daughter of the czar, could ever be the aim of his aspirations.

"The Grand Duchess Maria, Sire!" he exclaimed, after some hesitation, while a deep blush mantled his beautiful features. "I am afraid your eye would annihilate me if I should tell you what I think of her; and yet I would die with joy if your majesty would permit me to give expression to my admiration for the grand duchess."

"That is to say that you love my daughter, duke!" said the emperor, while a kind and benevolent smile irradiated his features. And he held out the same hand from which the duke had expected to receive a decree of exile to the astonished young man, and delivered to him a commission appointing Joseph Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg, Adjutant-General of the Emperor, Commander-in-Chief of the Mounted Guards, General of Cavalry, Director of the Military Academy, President of the Academy of Arts, and Member of the Academies of Sciences at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kasan, etc., etc. At the same time a decree of the czar conferred upon him the title of "Imperial Highness," and an annual revenue of three million rubles.

"Now, duke," said Nicholas, after the short pause during which the young man had, as in a dream, glanced over the paper, "are you now willing to leave the service of your sovereign, the King of Bavaria, to remain with us, and to become the husband of the Grand Duchess Maria?"

The young duke was too profoundly moved to make any verbal reply. But he bent a knee, and pressed his lips upon the hand of the emperor who had so generously bestowed upon him rank, wealth, and the most precious thing within his gift—the hand of his daughter.

"Ah, my son," said Nicholas, affectionately, while at last tears burst from his eyes, "you see how much I love her!" And he raised the duke from his kneeling attitude and pressed him fondly to his heart.

The next day the young grand duchess was given back to life, and a few months afterward the wedding was celebrated with the same splendor as if really the most powerful sovereign had married the most beautiful princess of Europe.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. M. N.—Your sample is very nice pongee, and will look well trimmed with black velvet.

BEATRICE V. S.—Get a satine suit of dark green, blue, or plum-color, and make by our cut paper pattern of misses' polonaise suit. Trim with velvet and fringe.

HARRY M.—We repeat again that we will not make purchases for our readers.

DAISY W.—Your silk is very fair quality. Don't know the price.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Get the House Dress pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV., for your black mohair. Trim with bias bands, fringe, and side pleating, like illustration.

M. E. H.—Many of the firms ...send goods by express, C. O. D. We cannot ...give you their addresses. You should consult ...by letter.

CORA.—Cashmere is twilled on one side only. Thibet cloth is heavy ...somere.—Our patterns are all labeled on the ...wrappers.

CORA.—Trim your skirt to simulate an over-skirt, as ...esses are worn without over-skirts this season.

MAG.—Kilt suits with straight-pleated skirt, shirt-waist, and short jacket are what you want for your boy of three years.

A. H. L.—Any firm advertising fancy-work, such as embroidery, point lace, and guipure materials, will supply you, we suppose.

BESSIE M.—Use the Vest-Basque Suit pattern for cashmere basque and over-skirt for a young lady in mourning. Trim with a bias silk fold and fringe, or else flat pleatings. For the black silk dress use pattern of House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV.

W.—For your black silk use House Dress pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV. Add double capes of cashmere or cloth for the street.

E. R. B.—*Ecru* means unbleached, and is the name given the pale buff worn last summer. *Faille* is fine corded silk.

J. N. W.—Make your husband's scarf of chinchilla wool in Afghan stitch, and embroider a rich border in purple.

M. L. D.—We do not reply by mail. The columns of the *Bazar* furnish the only directions for fancy-work published by this firm.

BELLA.—Marguerite is pronounced as if spelled Margaret.

MATTIE N.—Make your black alpaca by cut paper pattern of dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV. Trim with bias velvet bands, if you prefer velvet, but bands of gros grain or of alpaca are more congruous. Braid your hair in plaits of three tresses, and coil it.

S. W. D.—For information about wedding outfits read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. IV. The "Bazar Book of Decorum" which we send you will give particulars of the ceremony, etc.

JENNIE.—There is no impropriety in asking a friend for his or her photograph.—You had better send your gloves to an expert, instead of attempting to dye them at home.

A READER.—Make pleated skirts, blouse-waists, and jackets for your boy of four years.

MRS. W. M.—The *Bazar* has given numerous patterns for making gentlemen's shirts, and can not repeat them, though others will be given at some future time. Get back numbers.

HANNAH.—Black merino is considered mourning goods, though worn in colors also.

J. D. P.—A deep gathered flounce, when not trimmed on the edge, should be bias. It is, however, the present fashion to make such a flounce straight, very scant, and trim the top and bottom of the flounce with narrow bias ruffles.

DELA.—A mink-fur band is a most stylish trimming for a black beaver cloak.

LOTTIE.—The bride and groom always supply their attendants with gloves for the ceremony.

A READER.—Little boys of two years wear white piqué all winter, or Gabrielles, or kilt-pleated skirts and jacket of merino. Let him wear jackets instead of aprons. Get a black velvet turban for him.

MRS. W. C. F.—Your design for the striped silk is excellent.

F. B. F.—A simple lavender, gray, or even a black silk, would be pretty for a lady of thirty at an evening wedding. A Swiss muslin, with ruffles, Valenciennes lace, and flowers for a young girl.

R. B.—Wear a blue, white, or black tie with a garnet dress. Braid black alpaca with black or with Bismarck brown. Gray gloves and scarlet or blue ties are most worn.—A directory will give you the names of the consuls at New York.

A CONSTANT READER.—Get a lustreless black repped silk bonnet. A seal-skin boa and muff will not be inappropriate for light mourning.—We do not make purchases for our readers.—Get a black cashmere Marguerite polonaise. $25 or $30 will buy your ring.

VIRGIE W.—Make your striped dress by cut paper pattern of House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV.

MRS. A.—Get blue, purple, or plaid water-proof for a girl of five years. The Girls' Water-proof Cloak pattern in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. IV., will answer for your little girl.

OPHELIA.—Make a silk or black cashmere pleated blouse to wear with your gray poplin. Consult *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. IV.

F. J. H.—Make your black merino suit by cut paper pattern of suit illustrated in the present number. Trim with bias bands of trimming velours and fringe.

J.—For wedding-cards read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. IV., and furthermore consult the "Bazar Book of Decorum."

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Get a cashmere suit for best dress and alpaca for every day. Read New York Fashions of present number of the *Bazar* for further hints. A black lustreless silk bonnet with clear net veil is what you want for light mourning. Get a Marguerite polonaise of black satine for house wear.

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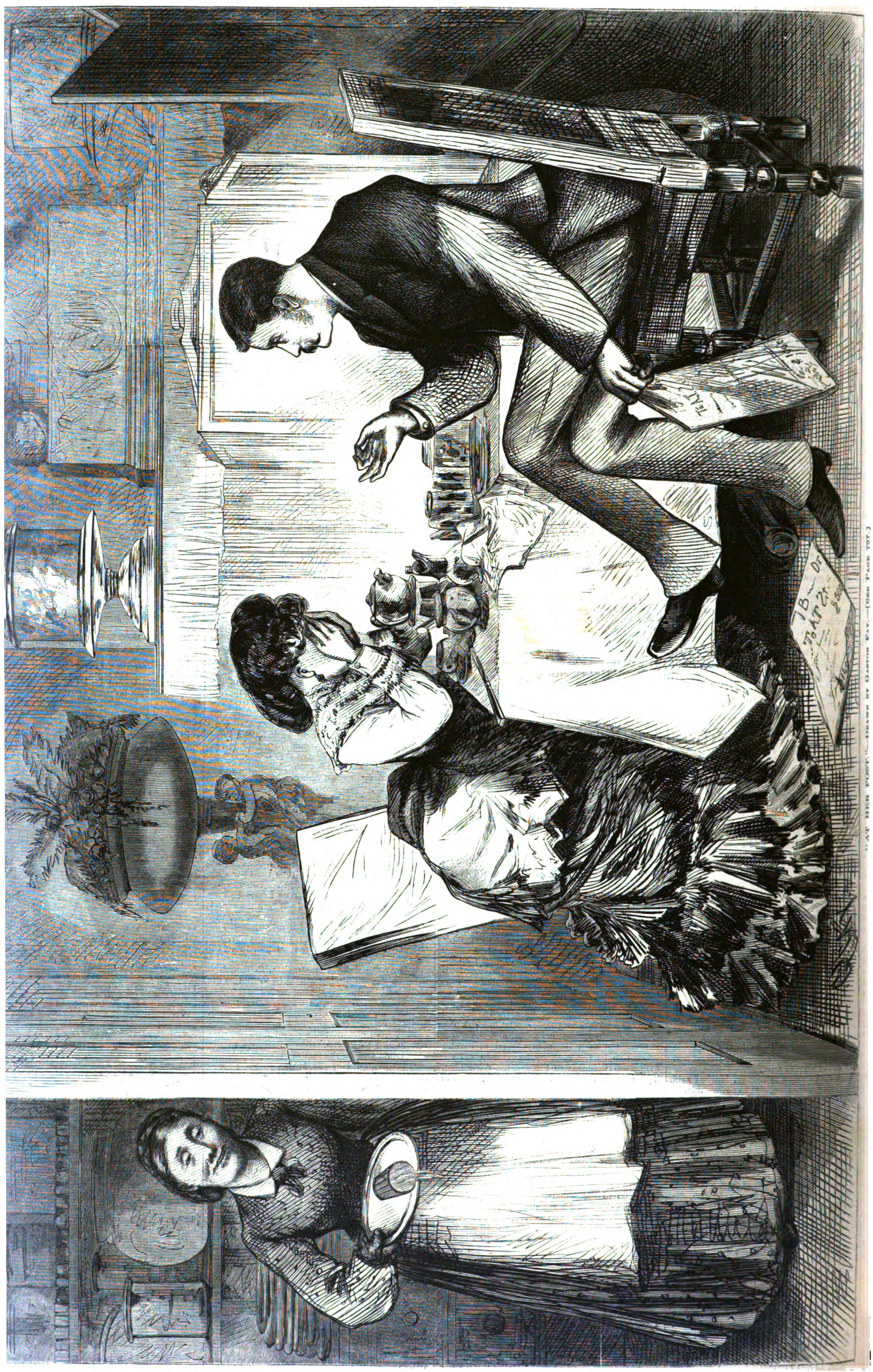

SEE PAGE 797.

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"AT HER POST."

See illustration on page 796.

THIS post our damsel of the kitchen evidently conceives to be within convenient hearing of the remonstrances which the monthly bills have called forth from the head of the family at the breakfast-table. Does the sight of her mistress's tearful face and the spoiled morning meal afford her a sweet morsel of revenge over which to gloat, in return for sundry lectures which she herself has received for the wastefulness that has swelled the sum total till the purse of her employers can bear it no longer? Or does her conscience prick her for being the cause of the blame which is thrown on her mistress? Or is she, perchance, a faithful servant, doing her best, and knowing that the wife does the same, and that the husband is one of those constitutional grumblers who hold it a duty never to pay a bill, however reasonable, without making every one about them uncomfortable by a display of petty tyranny? Whichever hypothesis may be the true one, it is certain that the husband is seriously angry, the wife deeply grieved, the servant very much enlightened about family matters, and the breakfast-table clouded by the morning thunder, which sailors assure us always betokens cloudy weather for the whole day.

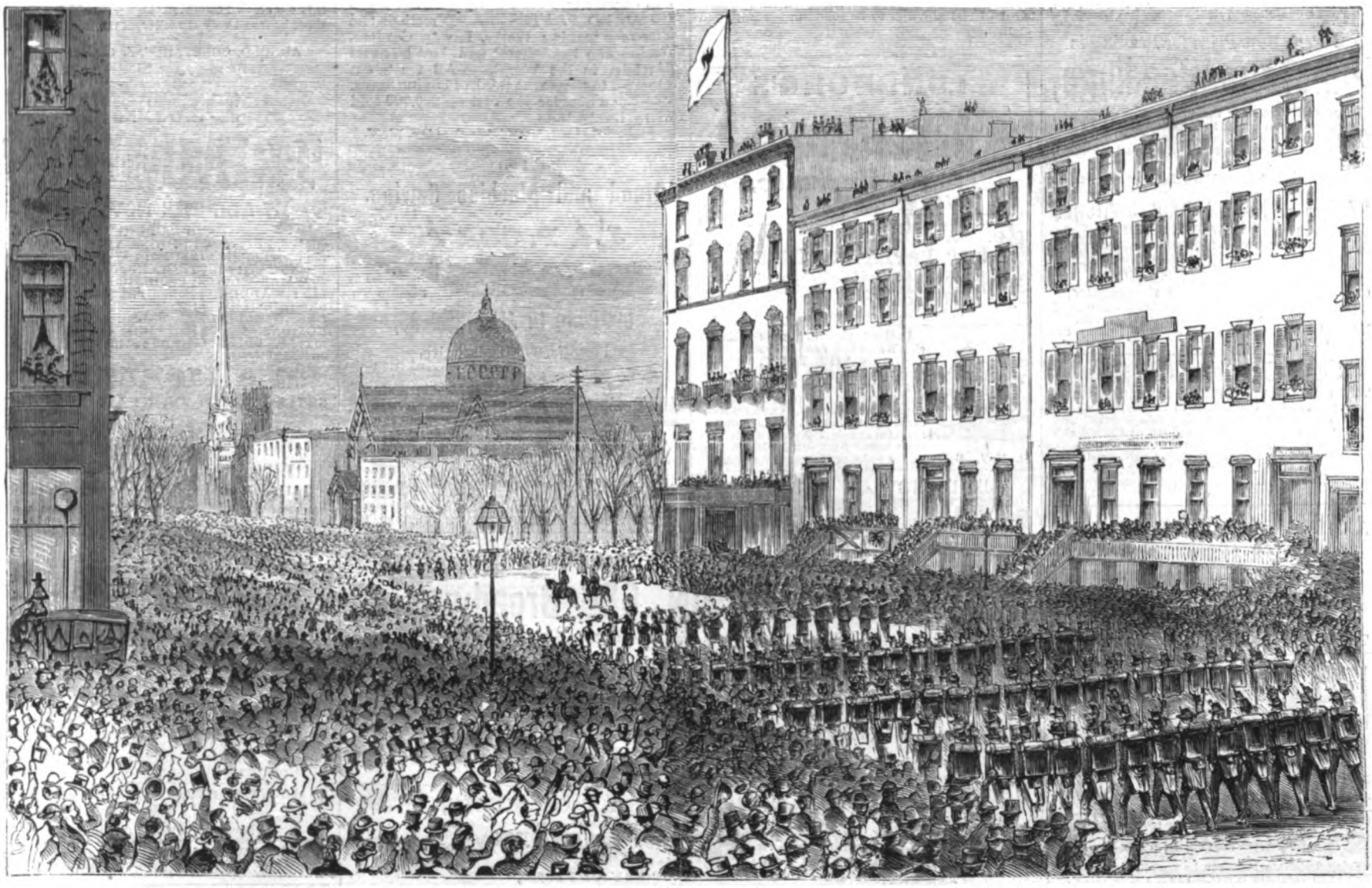
THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

WE give herewith a graphic sketch of the review of the New York troops by the Grand Duke Alexis, taken from the Committee Stand at the upper end of Union Square. The reception took place on Tuesday, November 22. The day was exceptionally fine, and the whole city appeared in holiday attire to welcome, not a prince, the son of an autocrat, but the representative of a power which had shown us cordial sympathy in the days of our sorest need. The Grand Duke reached New York November 18, in the Russian frigate *Svetlana*. He was received on the morning of the 22d on board a steamer chartered for the purpose by the Committee of Arrangements, composed of some of the most distinguished citizens of New York. The party proceeded to the city, and rode up Broadway, escorted by the militia, through crowds of curious gazers, to the Clarendon Hotel, in Fourth Avenue, from the balcony of which the royal guest of the nation reviewed the nine thousand troops who passed in array before him.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, OF RUSSIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDRICKS & CO.]

Prince Alexis Alexandrovitch is the third living son of the Czar Alexander II. and the Czarina Marie Alexandrowna, formerly Princess of Hesse. His chance of ruling a nation would seem, therefore, to be somewhat remote in any other nation than Russia, where the laws of regular succession are so often set at naught, and immediate heirs discarded for distant kindred. His grandfather, Nicholas, was three removes from the throne when he married the sister of William of Prussia, himself, at that time, a younger son. It is true that Nicholas's brothers were childless, whereas the Czarovitch is already a father. The Czar of Russia has been twice married, and has a numerous family. His eldest son, a young man of great promise, died a few years ago. The present Czarovitch, Alexander, is married to the Princess Dagmar, the daughter of the King of Denmark, and younger sister of the Princess of Wales. She was betrothed to his elder brother, but the betrothal was to the throne of Russia as well as the prince, and at his death it was regarded as a matter of course that she should marry his successor. She entered the Greek Church on her marriage—the religion of princes is a facile thing—and took the name of Marie Feodorowna. The second living son of the Czar is the Grand Duke Vladimir. Our Alexis comes next; then the Grand Duchess Marie; the Grand Duke Sergius, and the Grand Duke Paul.

As a child, Alexis was singularly delicate. For an hour after his birth he was believed to be dead, and was restored to life with the greatest difficulty. His grandfather, the reigning Czar Nicholas, in a transport of joy, greeted his return to life by fastening on the infant's robe the insignia of Chief of the Ekaterinienbourg Infantry, as an earnest of the honors in store for the fortunate youth. For several years his health was fragile; but he has now thoroughly outgrown this delicacy of constitution, and looks like a young Viking, six feet two in stature, with fair hair, carelessly tossed back from a high forehead, golden-brown mustache and close-clipped side whiskers, fair complexion, and sunny blue eyes. He is highly accomplished, speaks several languages, English among others, with fluency, and is accounted a good seaman and navigator. He is a sailor by profession, and holds the



THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS REVIEWING THE NEW YORK MILITIA FROM THE CLARENDON HOTEL.—[FROM A SKETCH BY C. S. REINHART.]

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rank of Commander of the First Squadron of the Finland Fleet, as well as of Captain and Aid-de-camp to the Emperor. But we are glad to know that his favorite decoration is a medal presented to him for having saved a young lady from drowning, at the imminent risk of his own life. He is extremely popular with the Russian people; and the grace, courtesy, and good sense which he has displayed in his visit hither are such as to commend him to the regard of the American people.

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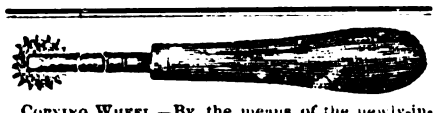

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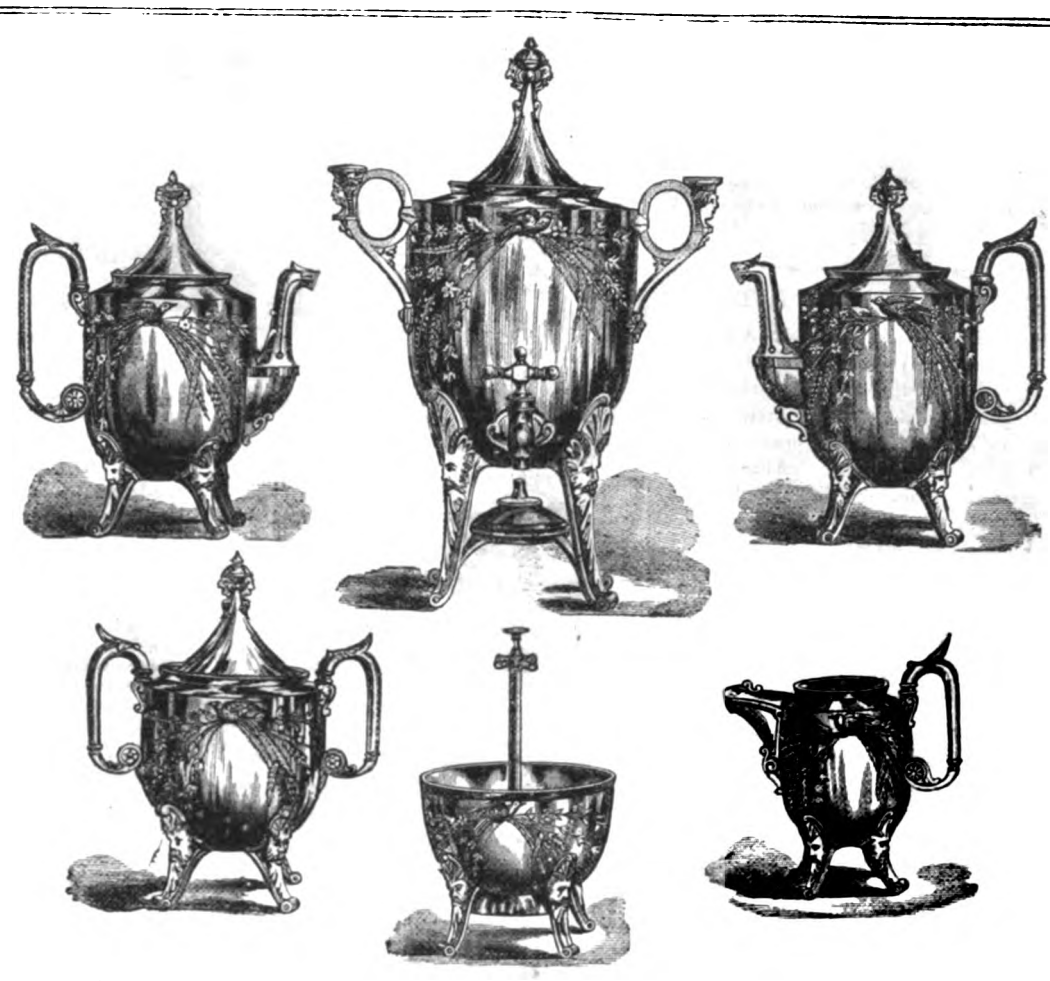

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NOT A LAUD OF THE MANNER.

ENRAGED COOK. "Manners! No, Mum, I *don't* understand Manners: and what's more, I don't like the Manners of them as does!"

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No. 1.—THE NATURAL-HISTORICAL.

MAY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

AMY. "If 'oo p'ease, Mamma says this Plum-Take is for May for her Birfday. And oh, it is *such* a nice Take!"
LAURA. "How do you know that, Amy?"
AMY. "'Tos I pit out all the Turrants as I tum along!"

DRESSES DESIGNED FOR DESIGNING DRESSERS.

No. 2.—THE BOTANICAL-FLORICULTURAL

REMINISCENCES.

GOVERNESS. "Sh..v Mr. Smithers your New Doll, Ada."
OLD RUSTIC. "Ah—Lor'—deary me, Mum, if it ain't the very Moral of my Old Woman when she was in her Prime!"

"THOUGHT IS FREE."

The Tempest.

MISS MINERVA BRISTLINGTON (*fiercely*). "'*Honor* and *Obey*,' indeed! Ha! Ha! I should just like to see a Man ask *me* to '*Honor* and *Obey*' him!" ["*I've no doubt you'd like to see him very much indeed!*" *thought the two Misses Marigold—but they didn't say so.*

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BLADE-O'-GRASS.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "GRIF" AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

INTRODUCTION.

STONEY ALLEY.

IN the heart of a very maze of courts and lanes Stoney Alley proclaims itself. It is one of a multitude of deformed thoroughfares, which are huddled together—by whim, or caprice, or mockery—in a populous part of the city, in utter defiance of all architectural rules. It is regarded as an incontrovertible law that every thing must have a beginning, and Stoney Alley could not have been an exception to this law. It is certain that the alley and its surrounding courts and lanes must once upon a time have been a space where houses were not; where, perhaps, trees grew, and grass and flowers. But it is difficult to imagine; more difficult still to imagine how they were commenced, and by what gradual means one wretched thoroughfare was added to another, until they presented themselves to the world in the shapes and forms they now bear; resembling an ungainly body with numerous limbs, every one of which is twisted and deformed. Easier to fancy that they and all the life they bear sprang up suddenly and secretly one dark night, when Nature was in a sullen mood; and that being where they are, firmly rooted, they have remained, unchangeable and unchanging, from generation to generation. Records exist of fair islands rising from the sea, clothed with verdure and replete with animal life; but this is the bright aspect of phenomena which are regarded as delusions by many sober persons. Putting imagination aside, therefore, as a thing of small account in these days (if only for the purpose of satisfying unbelievers), and coming to plain matter of fact, it is not to be doubted that Stoney Alley and its fellows grew upon earth's surface, and did not spring up, ready-made, from below—although, truth to tell, it was worthy of such a creation. In the natural course of things, the neighborhood must have had architects and builders; but no record of them is extant, and none is necessary for the purposes of this story. Sufficient that Stoney Alley rears its ugly body—though lowly withal—in the very heart of London, and that it may be seen any day in the week in its worst aspect. It has no other: it is always at its worst.

Out of it crawl, from sunrise until midnight, men and women, who, when they emerge into the wide thoroughfare which may be regarded as its parent, not uncommonly pause for a few moments, or shade their eyes with their hands, or look about them strangely, as if they have received a surprise, or as if the different world in which they find themselves requires consideration. Into it crawl, from sunrise until midnight, the same men and women, who, it may be observed, draw their breath more freely when they are away from the wide thoroughfares, and who plunge into Stoney Alley as dusty, heat-worn travelers might plunge into a refreshing bath, where the cool waters bring relief to the parched skin. What special comfort these men and women find there, would be matter for amazement to hundreds of thousands of other men and women whose ways of life, happily, lie in pleasanter places. But Stoney Alley, to these crawlers, is Home.

Its houses could never have been bright; its pavements and roads—for it has those, though rough specimens, like their treaders—could never have been fresh. Worn-out stones and bricks, having served their time elsewhere and been cashiered, were probably brought into requisition here to commence a new and unclean life. No cart had ever been seen in Stoney Alley: it was too narrow for one. A horse had once lived there—a spare, sad, blind horse, belonging to a coster-monger, who worked his patient servant

"HAVING NERVED HERSELF TO TAKE A SIP OF BEER, SHE STOPPED AT A CONVENIENT CORNER."

sixteen hours a day, and fed it upon Heaven knows what. It was a poor, patient creature; and as it trudged along, with its head down, it seemed by its demeanor to express an understanding of its meanness. That it was blind may have been a merciful dispensation; for, inasmuch as we do not know for certain whether such beasts can draw comparisons as well as carts, it may have been spared the pangs of envy and bitterness which it might have experienced at the sight of the well-fed horses that passed it on the road. It was as thin as a live horse well could be—so thin that a cat might have been forgiven for looking at it with contempt, as being likely to serve no useful purpose after its worldly trudgings were ended. Its mane was the raggedest mane that ever was seen; and it had no tail. What of its hair had not been appropriated by its master, the coster-monger, had been plucked out ruthlessly, from time to time, by sundry boys and girls in Stoney Alley—being incited thereto by an ingenious youth, who plaited the horse-hair into watch-guards, and who paid his young thieves in weak liquorice-water, at the rate of a tea-spoonful for every dozen hairs—long ones—from the unfortunate horse's tail. For years had this poor beast been wont to stumble over the stones in Stoney Alley when its day's work was over, and wait like a human being before its master's house for the door to open—rubbing its nose gently up and down the panels when a longer delay than usual occurred. The door being opened, it used to enter the narrow passage, and fill the house with thunderous sound as it walked into a little dirty yard, where a few charred boards (filched from a fire) had been tacked together in the form of a shed, which offered large hospitality to wind and rain. In this shed the wretched beast took its ease and enjoyed its leisure, and died one night so quietly and unexpectedly that the coster-monger, when he learned the fact in the morning, cursed it for an ungrateful "warmint," and declared that if his dumb servant had yesterday shown any stronger symptoms of dying than it had usually exhibited, he would have sold it for "two-pun-ten to Jimmy the Tinman." So deeply was he impressed by the ingratitude of the animal, that he swore he would have nothing more to do with the breed; and he bought a donkey—a donkey with such a vicious temper, and such an obstinate disposition, that the coster-monger, in his endeavors to render it submissive, became as fond of it as if it were one of his own kindred, and soon grew to treat it in exactly the same manner as he treated his wife. It would have been difficult, indeed, to decide which was the more important creature of the two—the wife or the donkey; for on two distinct occasions the coster-monger was summoned before a magistrate—once for ill-treating his wife, and once for ill-treating his donkey—and the sentence pronounced on each occasion was precisely the same. It may be noted, as a curious contrast (affording no useful lesson that I am aware of), that when the coster-monger came out of prison for ill-treating his wife, he went home and beat the poor creature unmercifully, who sat sobbing her heart out in a corner the while; and that when he came out of prison for ill-treating his donkey, he went into the rickety shed in his back-yard and belabored the obstinate brute with a heavy stick. But the donkey, cunning after its kind, watched its opportunity, and gave the coster-monger such a spiteful kick that he walked lame for three months afterward.

It would be unfair to the coster-monger not to state that he was not the only husband in those thoroughfares who was in the habit of beating his wife. He was but one of a very numerous Brute family, in whose breasts mercy finds no dwelling-place, and who marry and bring up children in their own form and likeness, morally as well as physically. It is to be lamented that when the inhumanity of the members of this prolific family is brought before the majesty of the law for judgment—as is done every day of our lives—the punishment meted out is generally light and insignificant as compared to the offense. Yet it may be answered that these wife-beaters and general Brutes were children once; and the question may be asked, Whether, taking into consideration that no opportunity was offered to them of acquiring a knowledge of a better condition of things, they are fully responsible for their actions now that they are men? We wage war against savage beasts for our own protection. But how about savage men, who might have been taught better, who might have been humanized? We press our thumb upon them, and make laws to punish the exercise of their lawless passions. But have they no case against us? Is all the right on our side, and all the wrong on theirs? That the problem is an old one, is the more to be lamented; every year, nay, every hour, its roots are striking deeper and deeper into the social stratum. The proverb, "when things are quiet, let them be quiet," is a bad proverb, like many others which are accepted as wisdom's essence. Not by a man's quiet face, but by his busy brain and heart, do we judge him. If there be benevolence in statesmanship, the problem should be considered in its entirety without delay. By-and-by it may be too late.

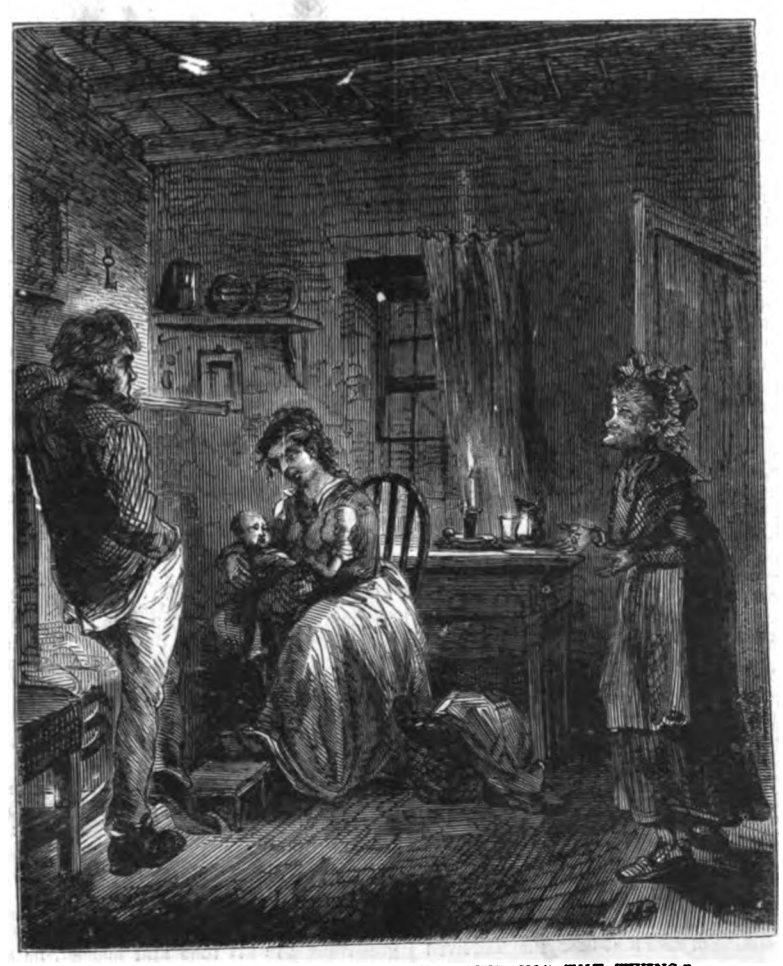
PART I.

A STRANGE EVENT OCCURS IN STONEY ALLEY.

DELICATE feather-flakes of snow were floating gently down over all the city. In some parts the snow fell white and pure, and so remained for many hours. In other parts, no sooner did it reach the ground than it was converted into slush—losing its purity, and becoming instantly defiled. This was its fate in Stoney Alley; yet even there, as it rested upon the roofs and eaves, it was fresh and beautiful for a time. In which contrasted aspects a possible suggestion might arise of the capability of certain things for grace and holiness, if they are not trodden into the mire.

An event had just occurred in Stoney Alley which was the occasion of much excitement. This was nothing more or less than the birth of twin girls in one of the meanest houses in the alley. The mother, a poor sickly woman, whose husband had deserted her, was so weakened and prostrated by her confinement, and by the want of nourishing food, that she lived but a dozen days after the birth of her babes. No one knew where the father was; he and his wife had not lived long in the neighborhood, and what was known of him was not to his credit, although with a certain class he was not unpopular. He was a lazy, surly fellow, who passed his waking hours in snarling at the better condition of things by which he was surrounded. The sight of a carriage made his blood boil with envy; notwithstanding which he took delight in walking in the better thoroughfares of the city, and feeding his soul with the bitter sight of well-dressed people and smiling faces. Then he would come back to his proper home, and snarl at society to pot-house audiences, and in his own humble room would make his unhappy wife unhappier by his reviling and discontent. He called him-

"THE LADY AND GENTLEMAN WALKED BRISKLY THROUGH THE COLD AIR."



"HER KIND-HEARTED LODGER WAS NURSING THE TWINS."

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self a working-man, but had as much right to the title as the vagabond beggar who, dressed in broadcloth, is wheeled about in an easy-chair, in the West End of London, and who (keeping a sharp look-out for the police the while) exhibits a placard proclaiming himself to be a respectable commercial traveler, who has lost the use of his limbs. He traded upon the title, however, and made some little money out of it, hoping by-and-by to make more when he had become sufficiently notorious as a public agitator. In the mean time he (perhaps out of revenge upon society) deserted his wife when she was near her confinement, and left her to the mercy of strangers. She could not very well have fared worse than she did in that tender charge. She bore two babes, and died without a sign.

The mother was buried the day before Christmas, and the babes were left to chance charity. There were many women lodgers in the house in which the twin girls had been born; but not one of them was rich enough to take upon herself the incumbrance of two such serious responsibilities. The station-house was spoken of, the Foundling, the work-house; but not a soul was daring enough to carry out one of the suggestions. This arose from a fear of consequences—in the shape, perhaps, of an acknowledged personal responsibility, which might prove troublesome in the event of the station-house, the work-house, or the Foundling refusing to take charge of the infants. Moses in the bulrushes was not in a worse plight than these unfortunate babes in Stoney Alley.

What on earth was to be done with them? Every person in the house might get into trouble if they were left to die. The house, small as it was, accommodated five or six distinct families—each occupying a room—in addition to two bachelors—one a vagrant, the other a hawker in cheap glass-ware. These last could not be expected to assume the slightest shadow of responsibility. At length a bright idea struck a charitable woman in the house. Armed only with a calico apron with a large bib and an immense pocket in front (like a stomacher), the charitable soul went about to solicit contributions in aid of the infants. As she walked round and about the narrow alleys and courts, soliciting from every body, she made quite a stir in the neighborhood by the vigorous manner in which she rattled the coppers in her capacious pocket. A great many gave, farthings and half-pence being in the ascendant—the largest contribution being given by the bachelor vagrant above mentioned, who gave twopence with the air of a gentleman—better still, with the true spirit of one; for he gave more than he could afford, and took no glory to himself for the action. Attracted by the rattle of the coppers, a singular-looking little man, with a shriveled face, came to the door of his shop, and was instantly accosted by the kind-hearted soul.

"*You'll* give a copper or two, I know, Mr. Virtue," said the woman.

"Then you know more than I do," replied the man. "I don't give. I lend."

"What 'll you lend on 'em, then?" asked the woman, good-humoredly.

"Lend on what?"

"On the poor little twins that was born in our house a fortnight ago."

"Oh, that's what you're up to," exclaimed the man, whose eyes were the most extraordinary pair that ever were seen in human face—for one was as mild as London milk, and the other glared like a fury. "That's what you're up to. Collectin' for them brats afore they learn to tell lies for theirselves."

"They're as sweet a pair as ever you see," said the woman. "Just give it a thought, Mr. Virtue; you're a man o' sense—"

"Yah!" from the man, in the most contemptuous of tones, and with the fiercest of glares from his furious eye.

"There they are, without a mother, as 'elpless as 'elpless can be," persisted the woman, with a wonderful display of cheerfulness. "Come, now, you'll give a copper although you *do* look so grumpy."

The cynic turned into his dark shop at this last appeal, but as he turned a penny dropped from his pocket. The woman picked it up with a pleasant laugh, and, adding it to her store, proceeded on her charitable mission. But, industrious and assiduous as she was, the sum total collected was very small; about sufficient to keep the infants for half a week. The kind-hearted woman took the babes, and nursed them *pro tem.* She had a family of dirty children of her own, who were bringing themselves up in the gutters; for she could not attend to them, so fully was her time occupied in other ways. She could not, therefore, be expected to take permanent charge of the motherless babes. And so her husband told her, grumblingly, when he came home from his work on Christmas-eve. All that she said was, "Poor little things!" and fell to—rough as she was—detecting imaginary beauties in the babies' faces: a common trick of mothers, which no man can afford to be cross with, especially in his own wife, and the woman who has borne him children.

"Can't put 'em out in the cold, the pretty dears!" said the woman, tenderly.

"We've got enough of our own," responded her husband, not unkindly, and yet with a certain firmness; "and there's more coming—worse luck!" But these last two words he said beneath his breath, and his wife did not hear them.

"All the more reason for being kind to these," said the woman. "They'll be handsome girls when they grow up. Look'ee here, Sam, this one's got a dimple, just like—like—" Her voice trailed off softly, and her husband knew that she was thinking of their first-born, that had lived but a few weeks.

I am aware that it is the fashion with a large class to regard the portrayal of sentiment among very common people as fanciful and untrue to nature. I differ from this class, I am glad to say. True love for women, and true tenderness for children, are common to all of us, whether high or low. Cynics can not alter what is natural—in others.

The man felt kindly toward his wife and the babes, but he was not at all inclined to saddle himself with a couple of ready-made infants. He saw, however, that his wife was in a foolishly tender mood, and he let the subject drop for the present.

It may have been eight o'clock in the white night, and the bright snow was still falling like feathers from angels' wings, when, at the door of the house in which the twins had been born and the mother had died, a lady and gentleman stopped, and, obtaining entrance, asked for the landlady. Unmistakably lady and gentleman, though plainly dressed. Not highly born, but as truly lady and gentleman as the best in the land. They were strangers to the landlady of the house; but she rose the instant they entered her apartment, and remained standing during the interview.

"We have to apologize for this intrusion," commenced the lady, in a gentle voice; "but although we are strangers to you, we are not here out of rudeness."

"I'm sure of that, ma'am," replied the landlady, dusting two chairs with her apron. "Will you and the gentleman take a seat?"

"This is my husband," said the lady, seating herself. "Every year, on the anniversary of this evening, with the exception of last year, we have been in the habit of coming to some such place as this, where only poor people live—"

"Ah, you may say that, ma'am! The poorest."

—"It is so, unfortunately. God help them! Every year until the last we have been in the habit of coming to some such place in furtherance of a scheme—a whim, perhaps you'll call it—the development of which gives us the chief pleasure of our lives. We have no family of our own, no children that can properly call me mother and my husband father; so every year we adopt one and bring it up. We have six now, as many as we have been able to keep; for last year we lost part of our means through unwise speculation, for which I and my husband were equally to blame—"

"I'm sorry to hear that, ma'am," interposed the landlady, sympathizingly, standing in an attentive attitude, with the corner of her apron between her fingers.

—"And having as many little responsibilities on us as our means would enable us to take proper care of, we were unable to add another to our family of little ones. But this year a fortunate thing has occurred to us. A kind friend has placed a small sum at our disposal, which will enable us to take a seventh child, and rear it in comfort and respectability."

"And a lucky child that seventh 'ull be," remarked the landlady. "I'm a seventh child myself, and so was my mother before me, and we was both born on a 7th."

The lady smiled, and continued:

"Every child we have is an orphan, without father or mother, which we believe to be necessary for the proper furtherance of our scheme. We feed them and nourish them properly—indeed, as if they were really our own—and when they are old enough, they will be put to some respectable occupation which will render them independent of the world. Among the many poor children round about here, do you know of one who, having no natural protectors, would be bettered by coming under our charge? These letters will satisfy you of our fitness for the task, and that we are in earnest."

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed the landlady, impelled to that exclamation by sudden thought of the twins up stairs, and not casting a glance at the papers which were placed in her hands. "You don't mean what you say?"

"Indeed we do. You will be kind enough to understand that we do not desire to take a child who has parents living, but one whom hard circumstances has placed in the world friendless and alone. These poor courts and alleys abound in children—"

"Ah, that they do; and a nice pest they are, a many on 'em. They're as thick as fleas."

—"And at this season it is good to think of them, and to try to do some little thing in their behalf. It is but little that we can do—very, very little. Do you know of such a child as we seek for now?"

"A girl?"

"A girl or boy."

"God Almighty bless you, ma'am!" cried the landlady. "Stop here a minute, and I'll let you know."

She ran in haste up stairs to where her kind-hearted lodger was nursing the twins.

"I beg you a thousand pardons, Mrs. Manning," she said, panting, "and you too, Mr. Manning; and I wish you a merry Christmas, and many on 'em! I'm that out of breath, and that astonished, that I don't know if I'm on my head or my heels. Stay a minute, my good souls; I'll be back in a jiffy."

With that she ran out of the room and down stairs to assure herself that her visitors had not flown, or that she had not been dreaming. Having satisfied herself, she ran up stairs again, and sat down in a more panting state than before.

"I thought I was dreaming, and that they was apparitions!" she gasped.

Mr. Manning, being one of those Englishmen who look upon their habitations as their castles, was inclined to resent these intrusions. Unconsciously throwing a large amount of aggressiveness in his tone and manner, he asked his landlady if he owed her any rent, and received for answer, No, that he didn't, and the expression of a wish that every body was like him in this respect.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Manning, not at all mollified by the landlady's compliment, and speaking so surlily that (as the landlady afterward said, in relating the circumstance), if it had not been for her being out of breath, and for thinking of those two precious babes, he would have "put her back up" there and then—"if I don't owe you any thing, what do you mean by coming bouncing into my room in this manner?"

"I asks your pardon," said the landlady, with dignity; but instantly softening, as she thought of her visitors down stairs; "but you've got a 'art in your bosom, and you've got the feelings of a father. The long and the short of it is"—and here she proceeded to explain the visit she had had, and the object of her visitors. "Ah, Mr. Manning," she continued, following the direction of his eyes toward the two babes lying in his wife's lap, "you've got the same idea as I had in coming up here. Here's these two blessed babes, with no mother, and no father to speak of; for I don't believe he'll ever turn up. What's to become of 'em? Who's to take care of 'em? I'm sure you can't."

"No, that I can't; and don't intend to."

"And no one expects you, Sir. You've got a big enough family of your own. Well, here's this lady and gentleman setting down stairs this blessed minute as wants a child, and as 'll do what's right and proper by it."

"But there's a pair of 'em. Won't they take the two?"

"One they said, and one they mean. They can't hardly afford that, they said. And I'm as certain as I am that I'm setting here, that if they knew there was two of 'em, they wouldn't part 'em for the world. No, they'd go somewhere else; and the chance 'd be lost."

"But they want a child that ain't got no father nor mother. Now these young uns have a father; and that you know."

"No, I don't; I don't know nothing of the kind. 'Tain't the first story I've told by a many," said the landlady, in answer to Mr. Manning's look of astonishment; "and I don't mind telling this one to do a little baby good."

"What's to become of the other?"

"We'll look after her between us. One 'll take her one day, and one another. Lord bless you, Mr. Manning, we shall be able to manage."

"And if the father comes back?"

"I'll get the lady's address and give it to him; and then he can do as he likes."

"It's the best thing that can be done," said Mr. Manning; "though I've nothing to do with it, mind you; it's none of my business. I've got troubles enough of my own. But it ain't every young un that gets such a chance."

"No, that it ain't;" and the landlady pulled her chair close to that of Mrs. Manning. "Which shall it be, my dear?"

This proved to be a very difficult question to answer. First they decided that it was to be this one, then that; then soft-hearted Mrs. Manning began to cry, and said it was a sin to part them. And the babes lay sleeping unconsciously the while this momentous point was being discussed, the decision of which might condemn one to want and dirt and misery—to crime, perhaps—and the other to a career where good opportunity might produce a happy and virtuous life. At length it was decided, and one was chosen; but when the landlady prepared to take the child, she found that the fingers of the babes were tightly interlaced; so she left them in Mrs. Manning's lap, with instructions to get the chosen one ready, and went down to her visitors.

"Poor child!" said the lady, at the conclusion of the landlady's recital; "and the mother was only buried yesterday!"

"Only yesterday, ma'am," responded the landlady, "and the dear little thing is left without a friend. There's not one of us that wouldn't be glad to take care of it; but we're too poor, ma'am; and that's the fact."

"The child's younger than we could have wished," mused the lady, with a glance at her husband; "but it would seem like a cruel desertion, now that we have heard its sad story."

Her husband nodded, and the landlady, keenly watchful, said, eagerly:

"I'll bring it down to you, ma'am. One of the lodgers is nursing it; but her husband's grumbling at her, and making her miserable about it. He says he's got enough of his own; and so he has."

By this time Mrs. Manning had the baby ready—she had dressed the child in some old baby-clothes of her own—and before she let it go out of her arms, she said, as if the little thing could understand:

"Kiss sister, baby. You'll never see her again, perhaps; and if you do, you won't know her."

She placed their lips close together; and at that moment they opened their eyes, and smiled prettily on one another. The man and the two women stood by, gazing earnestly at the babes. Tears were in Mrs. Manning's eyes as she witnessed the strange parting; the landlady was silent and pensive; and the man, with his hands behind him, seemed to be suddenly engrossed in the consideration of some social problem, which he found too perplexing for him. His wife raised the fortunate babe to his face.

"A happy New-Year to you, little un," said the not unkindly man, as he kissed the child.

"Suppose they were our'n, Sam," said his wife, softly and tearfully; "we shouldn't like this to happen."

"But they're not our'n," replied her husband; "and that makes all the difference."

And yet there was a wistful expression on his face, as the landlady took the baby out of the room.

"I've kept the prettiest one," his wife whispered to him—"the one with the dimple."

The lady and gentleman—she with her new charge wrapped in her warm shawl, and pressed closely to her bosom — walked briskly through the cold air toward their home, which lay in a square about a mile from Stoney Alley. In the centre of the square was a garden, the wood-growth in which, though bare of leaves, looked as beautiful in their white mantle as ever they had done in their brightest summer. The snow-lined trees stood out boldly yet gracefully, and their every branch, fringed in purest white, was an emblem of loveliness. They gleamed grandly in the moon's light, mute witnesses of the greatness of Him whose lightest work is an evidence of perfect wisdom and goodness.

HOW SHE ACQUIRED THE NAME OF BLADE-O'-GRASS.

THUS, while one little babe was tended and watched by benevolent hands and eyes, the fate of the other—the prettier one, she with the unfortunate dimple—was intrusted to the shapeless hands of chance. To such tender care as had happily fallen to its lot the fortunate one may be left for a time. Turn we to the other, and watch its strange bringing up.

Proverbially, too many cooks spoil the broth; and this forlorn babe was left to the care of too many cooks, who, however, in this instance, did not spoil the broth by meddling with it, but by almost utterly neglecting it. The landlady's declaration that "We'll look after her between us; one 'll take her one day, and one another," although uttered in all sincerity, turned out badly in its application. What is every body's business is nobody's business, and for the most part the babe was left to take care of herself. For a little while Mrs. Manning was the child's only friend; but in the course of a couple of months she fulfilled her husband's apprehension, and added another bantling to his already overstocked quiver. This new arrival (which, it must be confessed, was not received with gratitude by its father) was so fractious, and so besieged by a complication of infantile disorders, that all Mrs. Manning's spare moments were fully occupied, and she had none to devote to other people's children. The motherless child threatened to fare badly indeed. But now and again a mother who had lost her offspring came to the little stranger and suckled her; so that she drew life from many bosoms, and may be said to have had at least a score of wet-nurses. And thus she grew up almost literally in the gutters, no one owning her, no one really caring for her; and yet she throve, as weeds thrive—while her sister, not a mile away, throve, in the care of kind friends, as flowers thrive. Born in equality, with the same instincts for good and evil, with the same capacity for good and evil, equally likely to turn out good or bad, should it have been left entirely to chance that one might live to prove a blessing, and the other a curse, to society? But so it was.

One of the most curious circumstances connected with the little outcast was that she was not known by any settled name. It grew to be a fashion to call her by all sorts of names—now Polly, now Sally, now Young Hussy, now Little Slut, and by a dozen others, not one of which remained to her for any length of time. But when she was three years of age an event occurred which played the part of godmothers and godfathers to her, and which caused her to receive a title by which she was always afterward known.

There was not a garden in Stoney Alley. Not within the memory of living man had a flower been known to bloom there. There were many poor patches of ground, crowded as the neighborhood was, which might have been devoted to the cultivation of a few bright petals; but they were allowed to lie fallow, festering in the sun. Thought of graceful form and color had never found expression there. Strange, therefore, that one year, when Summer was treading close upon the heel of Spring, sending warm, sweet winds to herald her coming, there should spring up, in one of the dirtiest of all the back-yards in Stoney Alley, two or three blades of grass. How they came there was a mystery. No human hand was accountable for their presence. It may be that a bird, flying over the place, had mercifully dropped a seed, or that a kind wind had borne it to the spot. But however they came, there they were, these blades of grass, peeping up from the ground shyly and wonderingly, and giving promise of bright color even in the midst of the unwholesome surroundings. Our little castaway—she was no better—now three years of age, was sprawling in this dirty back-yard with a few other children—all of them regular students of Dirt College. Attracted by the little bit of color, she crawled to the spot where it shone in the light, and straightway fell to watching it, and inhaling, quite unconsciously, whatever of grace it possessed. Once or twice she touched the tender blades, and seemed to be pleased to find them soft and pliant. The other children, delighted at having the monopoly of a green that ran through the yard, did not disturb her: and so she remained during the day, watching and wondering, and fell asleep by the side of the blades of grass, and dreamed, perhaps, of brighter colors and more graceful forms than had ever yet found place in her young imagination. The next day she made her way again to the spot, and seeing that the blades had grown a little, wondered and wondered, and unconsciously exercised that innate sense of worship of the beautiful which is implanted in every nature, and which causes the merest babes to rejoice at light and shapes of beauty and harmony of sound. What is more wonderful in the eyes of a babe than vivid color or light, however kindled? what more sweet to its senses than that perfect harmony of sound which falls upon its ears as the mother sings softly, and lulls her darling to

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sleep? This latter blessing had never fallen to the lot of our child; but color and light were given to her, and she was grateful for them. She grew to love these emerald leaves, and watched them day after day, until the women round about observed and commented upon her strange infatuation. But one evening, when the leaves were at their brightest and strongest, a man, running hastily through the yard, crushed the blades of grass beneath his heel, and tore them from the earth. The grief of the child was intense. She cast a passionate yet bewildered look at the man, and picking up the torn, soiled blades, put them in the breast of her ragged frock, in the belief that warmth would bring them back to life. She went to bed with the mangled leaves in her hot hand; and when she looked at them the next morning, they bore no resemblance to the bright leaves which had been such a delight to her. She went to the spot where they had grown, and cried without knowing why; and the man who had destroyed the leaves happening to pass at the time, she struck at him with her little fists. He pushed her aside rather roughly with his foot; and Mrs. Manning, seeing this, and having also seen the destruction of the leaves, and the child's worship of them, blew him up for his unkindness. He merely laughed, and said he wouldn't have done it if he had looked where he was going, and that it was a good job for the child that she wasn't a blade o' grass herself, or she might have been trodden down with the others. The story got about the alley, and one and another, at first in fun or derision, began to call the child Little Blade-o'-Grass, until, in course of time, it came to be recognized as her regular name, and she was known by it all over the neighborhood. So, being thus strangely christened, Little Blade-o'-Grass grew in years and in ignorance, and became a worthy member of Dirt College, in which school she was matriculated for the battle of life.

THE LEGEND OF THE TIGER.

At a very early age indeed was Blade-o'-Grass compelled to begin the battle of life. Her greatest misfortune was that, as she grew in years, she grew strong. Had she been a weakly little thing, some one might have taken pity on her, and assumed the responsibility of maintaining her. The contingency was a remote one: but all chance of benefiting by it was utterly destroyed, because she was strong and hardy. She may be said to have had some sort of a home up to the time that she attained the age of nine years; for a corner for her to sleep in was always found in the house in which she was born. But about that time certain important changes took place, which materially affected her, although she had no hand in them. The landlady gave up the house, and some one else took it, and turned it into a shop. The lodgers all received notice to leave, and went elsewhere to live. A great slice of luck fell to the share of Mr. Manning. An uncle whom he had never seen died in a distant land, and left his money to his relatives; and a shrewd lawyer made good pickings by hunting up nephews and nieces of the deceased. Among the rest he hunted up Mr. Manning, and one day he handed his client a small sum of money. Mr. Manning put his suddenly acquired wealth to a good purpose—he got passage in a government emigrant ship, and, with his wife and large family, bade good-by forever to Stoney Alley. He left the country—as hundreds and thousands of others have done—with a bitter feeling in his heart because he was not able to stop in it and earn a decent livelihood; but—as hundreds and thousands of others have done—he lived this feeling down, and in his new home, with better prospects and better surroundings, talked of his native land—meaning Stoney Alley—as the "old country," in terms of affection, and as if he had been treated well in it. It will be easily understood that when Blade-o'-Grass lost Mrs. Manning, she lost her best friend.

To say that she passed an easy life up to this point of her career would be to state what is false. The child was in continual disgrace, and scarcely a day passed that was not watered with her tears. Blows, smacks, and harsh words were administered to her freely, until she grew accustomed to them, and they lost their moral force. She deserved them, for she was the very reverse of a good little girl. In a great measure her necessities made her what she was, and no counteracting influence for good approached her. If she were sent for beer, she would stop at corners, and taste and sip, and bring home short measure. There was something fearful in her enjoyment; but she had no power nor desire to resist the temptation. No tragedy queen, before the consummation of the final horror, ever looked round with more watchful, wary, fearsome gaze than did Blade-o'-Grass when, having nerved her soul to take a sip of beer, she stopped at a convenient corner, or in the shadow of a dark door-way, to put her desire into execution. And then she was always breaking things. The mugs she let fall would have paved Stoney Alley. But there was a greater temptation than beer: Bread. If she were sent for a half-quartern loaf, she would not fail to dig out with liberal fingers the soft portions between the crusts, and eagerly devour them. Even if she had not been hungry—which would have been a white-letter day in her existence—she would have done from habit what she almost invariably was urged to do by the cravings of her stomach. And about that unfortunate stomach of hers, calumnies were circulated and believed in. So persistent an eater was Blade-o'-Grass, so conscientious a devourer of any thing that, legitimately or otherwise, came in her way—quality being not of the slightest object—that a story got about that she had "something" in her inside, some living creature of a ravenous nature, that waited for the food as she swallowed it, and instantly devoured it for its own sustenance. Such things had been known of. At some remote period a girl in the neighborhood—whose personality was never traced, but whom every body believed in—had had such an animal—a few called it a "wolf," but the majority insisted that it was a "tiger"—growing inside of her, and this animal, so the story went, grew and grew, and fed upon the girl's life till it killed her. The "tiger" had been found alive after the girl's death, and, having been purchased by some one for a fabulous price, was embalmed in a bottle in a great museum, of which nobody knew the name or the whereabouts. As an allegory, this "tiger" might have served to illustrate the mournful story of the lives of Blade-o'-Grass and thousands of her comrades—it might have served, indeed, to point a bitter moral; but there was nothing allegorical about the inhabitants of Stoney Alley. They only dealt in hard matter-of-fact, and the mythical story was fully believed in; and being applied to the case of Blade-o'-Grass, became a great terror to her. Many persons found delight in tormenting the helpless child about her "tiger," and for a long time the slightest allusion to it was sufficient to cause her the most exquisite anguish, in consequence of certain malevolent declarations that she ought to be cut open and have the tiger taken out of her. Indeed, one miserable old fellow, who kept a rag shop, and who had in his window two or three dust-coated bottles containing commonplace reptiles preserved in spirits of wine, took a malicious pleasure in declaring that the operation ought to be really performed upon Blade-o'-Grass, and that, in the interests of science, she ought not to be allowed to live. It was the cruelest of sport thus to torture the poor child; for the simple fact was that Blade-o'-Grass was nearly always hungry. It was nature tugging at her stomach—not a tiger.

The very first night of Mrs. Manning's departure, Blade-o'-Grass found herself without a bed. With a weary, wretched sense of desolation upon her, she lingered about the old spot where she used to sleep, and even ventured to enter at the back of the house, when the sharp "Come, get out o' this!" of the new proprietor sent her flying away. She belonged to nobody, and nobody cared for her; so she wandered and lingered about until all the lights in the shops and houses were out. She had gleaned some small pleasure in watching these lights; she had found comfort in them: and when they were all extinguished and she was in darkness, she trembled under the impulse of a vague terror. She did not cry; it was not often now that she called upon the well of tender feelings where tears lay; but she was terrified. There was not a star in the sky to comfort her. She was in deep darkness, body and soul. How many others are there at this present moment in the same terrible condition?

Too full of fear to stand upright, she crept along the ground slowly, feeling her way by the walls, stopping every now and then to gather fresh courage, at which time she tried to shut out her fears by cowering close to the flag-stones and hiding her face in her ragged frock. She had a purpose in view. She had thought of a refuge where she would find some relief from the terrible shadows. Toward that refuge she was creeping now. It was a long, long time before she reached her haven—a crazy old lamp-post, the dim light of which was in keeping with the general poverty of its surroundings. At the foot of this lamp-post, clasping it as if it were the symbol of a sacred refuge, Blade-o'-Grass looked up at the light in an agony of speechless gratitude, and then, wearied almost to a state of unconsciousness, coiled herself up into a ball, like a hedgehog, and soon was fast asleep.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

What followed? Remorseless Time pursued his way, and the minutes, light to some, heavy to some, leaving in their track a train of woe and joy and grief and happiness; the leaden minutes, the golden minutes, flew by until daylight came and woke the sleeping child. Unwashed—but that was her chronic condition, and did not affect her—forlorn, uncared-for, Blade-o'-Grass looked round upon her world, and rubbed her eyes, and yawned; then, after a time, rose to her feet, and cast quick, eager glances about her. The tiger in her stomach was awake and stirring, and Blade-o'-Grass had no food to give it to satisfy its cravings. She prowled up and down, and round and about the dirty courts, in search of something to eat; any thing would have more than contented her—mouldy crust, refuse food; but the stones of Stoney Alley and its fellows were merciless, and no manna fell from heaven to bless the famished child. She would have puzzled the wisest philosopher in social problems if he were not utterly blinded by theory; for, looking at her from every aspect, and taking into account not only that she was endowed with mental, moral, and physical faculties, but that she was a human being with a soul "to be saved," he could have produced but one result from her—a yearning for food. He could have struck no other kind of fire from out of this piece of flint. What resemblance did Blade-o'-Grass bear to that poetical image which declares her to be noble in reason, infinite in faculty, express and admirable in form and bearing—like an angel in action, like a god in apprehension? The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! Perhaps it will be best for us not to examine too curiously, for there is shame in the picture of this child-girl prowling about for food. Poor Blade-o'-Grass! with every minute the tiger in her stomach grew more rabid, and tore at her vitals tigerishly. In the afternoon she found a rotten apple in the gutter, and she stooped and picked it up, joy glistening in her eyes. It was a large apple, fortunately, and she devoured it eagerly, and afterward chewed the stalk. That was all the food she got that day; and when night came, and she had watched the lights out, she coiled herself up into a ball by the side of her lamp-post again and slept, and awoke in the morning sick with craving. Yesterday's experience whispered to her not to look about for food in Stoney Alley; and she walked with painful steps into the wider thoroughfare, and stopped for a few minutes to recover herself from her astonishment at the vast world in which she found herself. She would have been content to stop there all the day, but that the tiger cried for food, and she cried for food in sympathy with the tiger. Keeping her eyes fixed upon the ground, and never once raising her pitiful face to the faces that flashed past her hither and thither, she faltered onward for a hundred yards or so, and then, in a frightened manner, retraced her steps so that she should not lose herself. "Give me food!" cried the tiger, and "Give me food!" cried Blade-o'-Grass, from the innermost depths of her soul. At about ten o'clock in the morning her cry was answered; she saw a cats'-meat man with a basketful of skewered meat hanging upon his arm. Instinctively she followed him, and watched the cats running to the doors at the sound of his voice, and waiting with arched backs and dilating eyes for his approach. Blade o'-Grass wished with all her heart and soul that *she* were a cat, so that she might receive her portion upon a skewer; but no such happiness was hers. She followed the man wistfully and hungeringly, until he stopped at the door of a house where there were evidently arrears of account to be settled. He placed his basket upon the door-step, and went into the passage to give some change to the woman of the house. Here was an opportunity for Blade-o'-Grass. She crept stealthily and fearfully toward the basket, and, snatching up two portions of cats'-meat, ran for her life, with her stolen food hidden in her tattered frock—ran until she reached Stoney Alley, where she sank to the ground with her heart leaping at her throat, and where, after recovering her breath, she devoured her ill gotten meat with unbounded satisfaction. She had no idea that she had done a wrong thing. She was hungry, and had simply taken food when the opportunity presented itself. The fear by which she had been impressed had not sprung from any moral sense, but partly from the thought that the man would hurt her if he caught her taking his property, and partly from the thought (more agonizing than the other) that she might be prevented from carrying out her design. The next day she watched for and followed the cats'-meat man again, and again was successful in obtaining a meal; and so on for a day or two afterward. But the food was not overnice, and the tiger whispered to her that a change would be agreeable. Success made her bold, and she looked about her for other prey. Her first venture, after the cats'-meat man lost her patronage, was an old woman who kept an apple stall, and who went to sleep as regularly as clock-work every afternoon at three o'clock, and woke at five. But even in her sleep this old apple-woman seemed to be wary, and now and then would mumble out, with drowsy energy, "Ah, would yer? I sees yer!" as if the knowledge that she was surrounded by suspicious characters whose mouths watered for her fruit had eaten into her soul. But as these exclamations to terrify poachers were mumbled out when the old woman really was in an unconscious state, she fell an easy victim to Blade-o'-Grass. She was a great treasure to the little girl, for she dealt in nuts and oranges as well as apples. Then there was a woman who sold a kind of cake designated "jumbles"—a wonderful luxury, price four a penny. She also fell a victim, and between one and another Blade-o'-Grass managed to pick up a precarious living, and in a few months became as nimble and expert a little thief as the sharpest policeman would wish to make an example of. She was found out, of course, sometimes, and was cuffed and beaten; but she was never given in charge. The persons from whom she stole seemed to be aware of the hapless condition of the child, and had mercy upon her; indeed, many of them had at one time or another of their lives known what it was to suffer the pangs of hunger.

Incredible as it may sound, Blade-o'-Grass still had one friend left. His name was Tom Beadle. He was some five years older than Blade o'-Grass, but looked so delicate and sickly, and was of such small proportions, that they might have been taken for pretty nearly the same age. Delicate and sickly as he looked, he was as sharp as a weasel. He had a mother and a father, who, when they were not in prison, lived in Stoney Alley; but they, being a drunken and dissolute pair, did not trouble themselves about their son. So he had to shift for himself, and in course of time became cunningest of the cunning. Between him and Blade-o'-Grass there had grown a closer intimacy than she had contracted with any other of her associates, and whenever they met they stopped to have a chat. Blade-o'-Grass had a genuine affection for him, for he had often given her a copper, and quite as often had shared his meal with her.

A few months after the change for the worse in the prospects of Blade-o'-Grass, Tom Beadle, lounging about in an idle humor, saw her sitting on the curb-stone, with her eyes fixed upon the old apple-woman, who had begun to nod. There was something in the gaze of Blade-o'-Grass that attracted Tom Beadle's attention, and he set himself to watch. Presently the girl shifted a little nearer to the fruit stall—a little nearer—nearer, until she was quite close. Her hand stole slowly toward the fruit, and a pear was taken, then another. Tom Beadle laughed; but looked serious immediately afterward, for Blade-o'-Grass was running away as fast as her legs could carry her. Assuring himself that there was no cause for alarm, Tom Beadle ran after her, and placed his hand heavily on her shoulder. She had heard the step behind her, and her heart almost leaped out of her throat; but when she felt the hand upon her shoulder, she threw away the stolen fruit, and fell to the ground in an agony of fear.

"Git up, you little fool," exclaimed Tom Beadle. "What are you frightened at?" Before he said this, however, he picked up the pears and put them in his pocket.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Blade-o'-Grass, the familiar tones falling upon her ears like sweetest music; "I thought it was somebody after me."

Then Tom told her that he ran after her to stop *her* running, and instructed her that it was the very worst of policy, after she had "prigged" any thing, to run away when nobody was looking. And this was the first practical lesson in morals that Blade-o'-Grass had received.

"But, I say, Bladergrass," observed Tom, "I didn't know as you'd taken to prig."

"I can't help it, Tom. The tiger's always at me."

Tom implicitly believed in the tiger story.

"Well, that's all right," said Tom; "only take care—and don't you run away agin when nobody's a-lookin'."

Months passed, and Blade-o'-Grass lived literally from hand to mouth. But times grew very dull; her hunting-ground was nearly worked out, and she was more often hungry than not. One day she hadn't been able to pick up a morsel of food, and had had insufficient for many previous days. The day before she had had but one scanty meal, so that it is not difficult to imagine her miserable condition. Her guardian angel, Tom Beadle, discovered her crouching against a wall, with fear and despair in her face and eyes. He knew well enough what was the matter, but he asked her, for form's sake, and she returned him the usual answer, while the large tears rolled down her cheeks into her mouth.

It so happened that Tom Beadle had been out of luck that day. He hadn't a copper in his pocket. He felt about for one, nevertheless, and finding none, whistled—curiously enough, the "Rogue's March"—more in perplexity than from surprise.

"Ain't yer had *any* think to eat, Bladergrass?"

"Not a blessed bite," was the answer.

It was about five o'clock in the evening; there were at least a couple of hours to sunset. An inspiration fell upon Tom Beadle, and his countenance brightened.

"Come along o' me," he said.

Blade-o'-Grass placed her hand unhesitatingly in his, and they walked toward the wealthier part of the City, until they came to a large space surrounded by great stone buildings. In the centre of the space was a statue. Blade-o'-Grass had never been so far from her native place as this. The crowds of people hurrying hither and thither, as if a moment's hesitation would produce a fatal result, the apparently interminable strings of carts and cabs and wagons and omnibuses issuing from half a dozen thoroughfares, and so filling the roads with moving lines and curves and angles that it seemed to be nothing less than miraculous how a general and disastrous crash was avoided, utterly bewildered little Blade-o'-Grass, and caused her for a moment to be oblivious of the cravings of the tiger in her stomach.

"Now, look 'ere, Bladergrass," whispered Tom Beadle; "you keep tight 'old of my 'and; if any body arks yer, I'm yer brother a-dyin' of consumption. I'm a-dyin' by inches, I am."

Forthwith he called into his face such an expression of utter, helpless woe and misery, that Blade-o'-Grass cried out in terror,

"Oh, what's up, Tom? Oh, don't, Tom, don't!" really believing that her companion had been suddenly stricken.

"Don't be stoopid!" remonstrated Tom, smiling at her to reassure her, and then resuming his woe-begone expression; "I'm only a-shammin'."

With that he sank upon the bottom of a grand flight of stone steps, dragging Blade-o'-Grass down beside him. There they remained, silent, for a few moments, and perhaps one in a hundred of the eager, bustling throng turned to give the strange pair a second glance; but before sympathy had time to assume practical expression, a policeman came up to them and bade them move on. Tom rose to his feet, wearily and painfully, and slowly moved away; a snail in its last minutes of life could scarcely have moved more slowly, if it had moved at all. He took good care to keep tight hold of the hand of Blade-o'-Grass, lest she should be pushed from him, and be lost in the crowd. A notable contrast were these two outcasts—she, notwithstanding her fright and the pangs of hunger by which she was tormented, strong-limbed and sturdy for her age; and he, drooping, tottering, with a death-look upon his face, as if every moment would be his last. You would have supposed that his mind was a blank to all but despair, and that he was praying for death; but the cunning and hypocrisy of Tom Beadle were not to be measured by an ordinary standard. He was as wide awake as a weasel, and although his eyes were to the ground, he saw every thing that surged around him, and was as ready to take advantage of an opportunity as the sharpest rascal in London. As he and his companion made their way through the busy throng, they attracted the attention of two men—both of them elderly men, of some sixty years of age; one, well dressed, with a bright eye and a benevolent face; the other, poorly but not shabbily dressed, and with a face out of which every drop of the milk of human kindness seemed to have been squeezed when he was a young man. When he looked at you, it appeared as if you

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were undergoing the scrutiny of two men; for one of his eyes had a dreadfully fixed and glassy stare in it, and the other might have been on fire, it was so fiercely watchful.

Now, overpowered as Tom Beadle might have been supposed to be in his own special ills and cares, he saw both these men, as he saw every thing else about him, and a sly gleam of recognition passed from his eyes to the face of the odd-looking and poorly dressed stranger; it met with no response, however. The next moment Tom raised his white, imploring face to that of the better-dressed man, whose tender heart was stirred by pity at the mute appeal. He put his hand in his pocket, but seemed to be restrained from giving; some impulse within him whispered, "Don't!" while his heart prompted him to give. But the struggle was not of long duration. The words, "Indiscriminate charity again," fell from his lips, and looking round cautiously, as if he were about to commit a felony, he hastily approached close to the two children, and, with an air of guilt, slipped a shilling in Tom Beadle's hand. After which desperate deed he turned to fly from the spot, when he saw something in the face of the odd-looking man (who had been watching the comedy with curious interest) which made him first doubtful, then angry. Although they were strangers, he was impelled to speak, and his kind nature made him speak in a polite tone.

"Dreadful sight, Sir, dreadful sight," he said, pointing to the creeping forms of Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass. "A penny can't be thrown away there, eh?"

The odd-looking man shrugged his shoulders. The shrug conveyed to the benevolent stranger this meaning: "You are an imbecile; you are an old fool; you are not fit to be trusted alone." It was the most expressive of shrugs.

"I suppose you mean to say I've been imposed upon!" exclaimed the benevolent stranger, hotly.

The odd-looking man chuckled enjoyably, and perked up his head at the questioner in curiosity, as a magpie with its eye in a blaze might have done. But he said nothing. His silence exasperated the benevolent alms-giver, who exclaimed, "You've no humanity, Sir; no humanity;" and turned on his heel. But turned round again immediately and said, "I've no right to say that, Sir—no right, and I beg your pardon. But d'ye mean to tell me that that lad is an impostor, Sir? If you do, I deny it, Sir; I deny it! D'ye mean to say that I've been taken in, and that those two children are not—not HUNGRY, Sir?"

Some words seemed to be rising to the odd-looking man's lips, but he restrained the utterance of them, and closed his lips with a snap. He touched his shabby cap with an air of amusement, and turned away, chuckling quietly; and the next minute the two men were struggling in different directions with the human tide that spread itself over all the city.

In the mean time, Tom Beadle, keeping up the fiction of "dyin' by inches," crept slowly away. He had not seen the coin which had been slipped into his hand, but he knew well enough by the feel that it was a shilling. "A regular slice o' luck," he muttered to himself, beneath his breath. When they had crept on some fifty yards, he quickened his steps, and Blade-o'-Grass tried to keep up with him. But all at once her hands grew quite cold, and a strong trembling took possession of her.

"Come along, Bladergrass," urged Tom, in his anxiety to get safely away; "'ow you creep!"

The child made another effort, but, as if by magic, the streets and the roar in them vanished from her sight and hearing, and she would have fallen to the ground but for Tom's arm thrown promptly round her poor fainting form.

Near to them was a quiet court—so still and peaceful that it might have hidden in a country place where Nature was queen—and Tom Beadle, who knew every inch of the ground, bore her thither. His heart grew cold as he gazed upon her white face.

"I wish I may die," he muttered to himself, in a troubled voice, "if she don't look as if she was dead. Bladergrass! Bladergrass!" he called.

She did not answer him. Not a soul was near them. Had it not been that he liked the child, and that, little villain as he was, he had some humanity in him—for her at least—he would have run away. He stood quiet for a few moments, debating within himself what he had best do. He knelt over her, and put his lips to hers, and whispered, coaxingly, "Come along, Bladergrass. Don't be a little fool. Open your eyes, and call Tom."

The warmth of his face and lips restored her to consciousness. She murmured, "Don't—don't! Let me be!"

"What's the matter, Bladergrass?" he whispered. "It's me—Tom! Don't you know me?"

"Oh, let me be, Tom!" implored Blade-o'-Grass. "Let me be! The tiger's a-eatin' the inside out o' me, and I'm a-dyin'."

She closed her eyes again, and the sense of infinite peace that stole upon her, as she lay in this quiet court, was like heaven to her, after the wild roar of steps and sounds in which a little while since she had been ingulfed. Had she died at that moment, it would have been happier for her; but at whose door could her death have been laid?

Tom Beadle, whispering hurriedly and anxiously, and certainly quite superfluously, "Lay still, Bladergrass! I'll be back in a minute," ran off to buy food, and soon returned with it. He had a little difficulty in rousing her, but when she began to taste the food, and, opening her eyes, saw the store which Tom had brought, she tore at it almost deliriously, crying out of thankfulness as she ate. Tom was sufficiently rewarded by seeing the color return to her cheeks; before long Blade-o'-Grass was herself again, and was laughing with Tom.

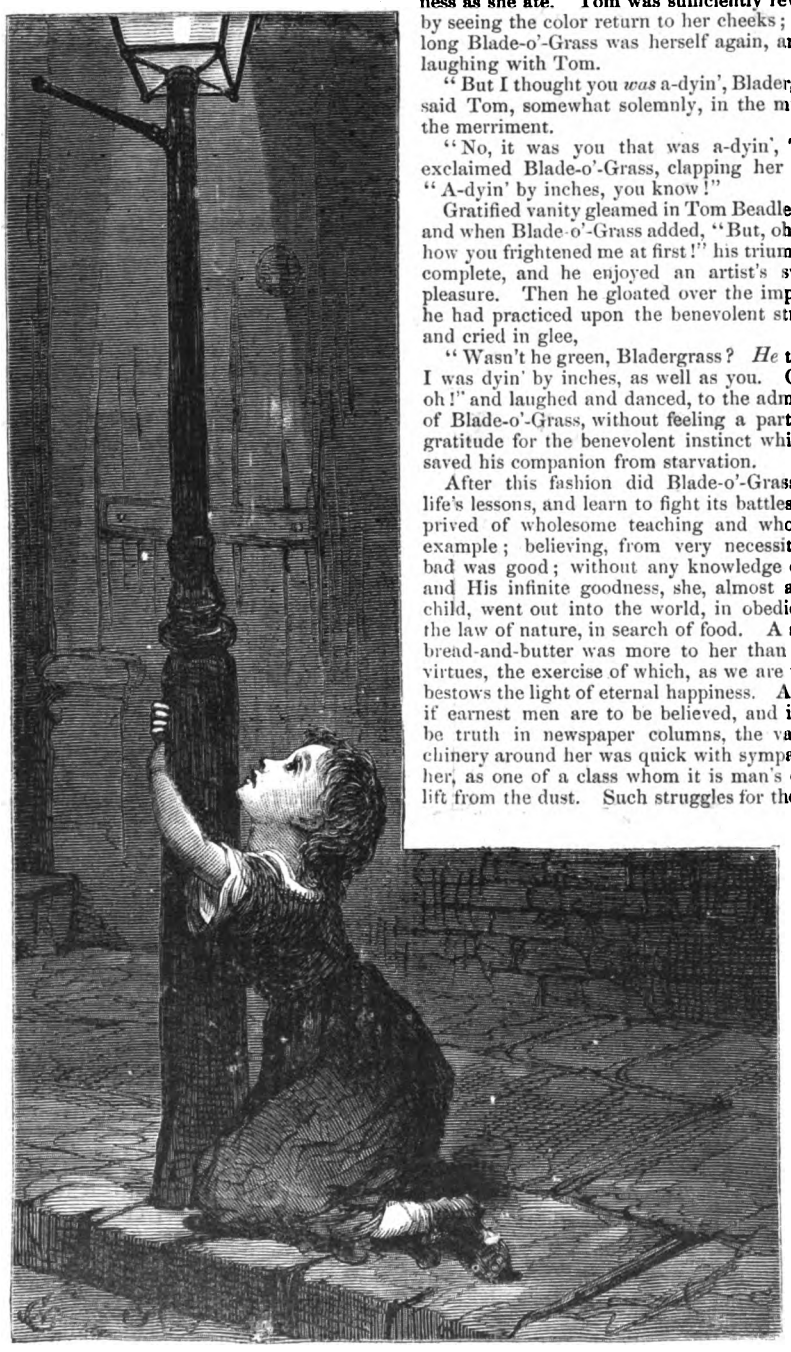
"But I thought you *was* a-dyin', Bladergrass," said Tom, somewhat solemnly, in the midst of the merriment.

"No, it was you that was a-dyin', Tom!" exclaimed Blade-o'-Grass, clapping her hands. "A-dyin' by inches, you know!"

Gratified vanity gleamed in Tom Beadle's eyes, and when Blade-o'-Grass added, "But, oh, Tom, how you frightened me at first!" his triumph was complete, and he enjoyed an artist's sweetest pleasure. Then he gloated over the imposition he had practiced upon the benevolent stranger, and cried in glee,

"Wasn't he green, Bladergrass? *He* thought I was dyin' by inches, as well as you. Oh, oh, oh!" and laughed and danced, to the admiration of Blade-o'-Grass, without feeling a particle of gratitude for the benevolent instinct which had saved his companion from starvation.

After this fashion did Blade-o'-Grass learn life's lessons, and learn to fight its battles. Deprived of wholesome teaching and wholesome example; believing, from very necessity, that bad was good; without any knowledge of God and His infinite goodness, she, almost a baby-child, went out into the world, in obedience to the law of nature, in search of food. A slice of bread-and-butter was more to her than all the virtues, the exercise of which, as we are taught, bestows the light of eternal happiness. And yet, if earnest men are to be believed, and if there be truth in newspaper columns, the vast machinery around her was quick with sympathy for her, as one of a class whom it is man's duty to lift from the dust. Such struggles for the amelioration (fine word!) of the human race were being made by earnest natures that it was among the most awful mysteries of the time how Blade-o'-Grass was allowed to grow up in the ignorance which deprives crime of responsibility; how she was forced to be dead to the knowledge of virtue; how she was compelled to earn the condemnation of men, and to make sorrowful the heart of the Supreme!



"AT THE FOOT OF THE LAMP-POST BLADE-O'-GRASS LOOKED UP."

"THERE THEY WERE, THESE BLADES OF GRASS."

MR. MERRYWHISTLE RELIEVES HIMSELF ON THE SUBJECT OF INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY.

THE name of the man who gave Tom Beadle the shilling was Merrywhistle. He was a bachelor, and he lived in the eastern part of the City, in Buttercup Square, next door to his best friends, the Silvers. Although Buttercup Square was in the east of the City, where the greatest poverty is to be found, and where people crowd upon each other unhealthfully, it was as pretty and comfortable a square as could be found any where; and you might live in any house in it and fancy yourself in the country, when you looked out of window. The trees in the square were full of birds' nests, and the singing of the birds of a summer morning was very sweet to the ear.

Mr. Merrywhistle had no trade or profession. When the last census was taken, and the paper was given to him to fill in, he set himself down as "Nothing Particular;" and this eccentric definition of himself coming under the eyes of his landlady—who, like every other landlady, was mighty curious about the age, religion, and occupation of her lodgers, and whether they were single, widowed, or divorced men—was retailed by her to her friends. As a necessary consequence, *her* friends retailed the information to *their* friends; and for some little time afterward they used to ask of the landlady and of each other, jocosely, how Nothing Particular was getting along, and whether he had lately done Any thing Particular, and so on. But this mildest of jokes soon died out, and never reached Mr. Merrywhistle's ears. He had an income more than sufficient for his personal wants; but at the year's end not a shilling remained of his year's income. A pale face, a look of distress, a poor woman with a baby in arms, a person looking hungrily in a cook-shop window—any one of these sights was sufficient to melt his benevolent heart, and to draw copper or silver from his pocket. It was said of him that his hands were always in his pockets—a saying which was the occasion of a piece of sarcasm, which grew into a kind of proverb. A lady resident of Buttercup Square, whose husband was of the parsimonious breed, when speaking of Mr. Merrywhistle's benevolence, said, with a sigh, "My husband is just like Mr. Merrywhistle; his hands are always in his pockets." "Yes, ma'am," said an ill-natured friend, "but there the similarity ends. Your husband's hands *never come out.*" Which produced a life-long breach between the parties.

Mr. Merrywhistle was in a very disturbed mood this evening. He was haunted by the face of the old man who had been amused because he had given a poor child a shilling. The thought of this old man proved the most obstinate of tenants to Mr. Merrywhistle; having got into his mind, it refused to be dislodged. He had never seen this man before, and here, in the most unaccountable manner, was he being haunted and distressed by a face which presented itself to his imagination with a mocking expression upon it, because he had been guilty of a charitable act. "I should like to meet him again," said Mr. Merrywhistle to himself; "I'd talk to him!" Which mild determination, hotly expressed, was intended to convey an exceedingly severe meaning. As he could not dislodge the thought of the man from his mind, Mr. Merrywhistle resolved to go to his friends next door, the Silvers, and take tea with them. He went in, and found them, as he expected, just sitting down to tea. Only two of them, husband and wife.

"I am glad you have come in," said Mrs. Silver to him. Her voice might surely have suggested her name, it was so mild and gentle. But every thing about her was the same. Her dress, her quiet manner, her delicate face, her hands, her eyes, where purity dwelt, breathed peace and goodness. She and her sisters (and there are many, thank God!) are the human pearls of the world which is so often called "erring."

"How are the youngsters?" asked Mr. Merrywhistle, stirring his tea.

"All well," answered Mr. Silver; "you'll stay and see them?"

Mr. Merrywhistle nodded, and proceeded with his tea. The meal being nearly over, Mrs. Silver said, "Now, friend, tell us your trouble."

"You see it in my face?" responded Mr. Merrywhistle.

"Yes; I saw it when you entered."

"You have the gift of divination."

"Say, the gift of sympathy for those I love."

Mr. Merrywhistle held out his hand, and she grasped it cordially. Then he told them of the occurrence that took place on the Royal Exchange, and of the singular manner in which he was haunted by the mocking face of the old man who had watched him.

"You have an instinct, perhaps," said Mrs. Silver, "that he was one of the men who might have preached at you, if he had had the opportunity, against indiscriminate charity?"

"No, I don't know, I don't know, I really don't know," replied Mr. Merrywhistle, excitedly. "I think he rather enjoyed it; he seemed to

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"SHE BOLDLY JOINED THE DANCERS."

[Continued from Vol. IV., No. 52.]

BLADE-O'-GRASS.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "GRIF" AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

THE INTERLUDE.

In times gone by it used to be the sometime fashion in the theatres to have an interlude between the acts of the melodrama, so that the mind might find some relief from the thrilling horrors which had just been enacted, and might prepare itself for the more profound horrors to come. Usually there was an interval of time between the acts—in most cases seven years—during which the performers neither changed their linen nor grew any older. This was probably owing to the joyous efforts of those who enacted the interlude, which was invariably composed of songs and dances. Of such material as these shall part of this interlude be composed; striking out the songs, however, and introducing flowers in their stead, as being infinitely more innocent and graceful than the gross and impure lessons taught by the popular songs of the day, which unfortunately flow too readily into such neighborhoods as that of which Stoney Alley forms a limb. Such teaching, in its own sad time, will bear bitter fruit—nay, it is bearing it even now, and the poisoned branches are bending beneath the weight.

Blade-o'-Grass was very young; but the few years she had lived contained many imminent crises—any one of which, but for some timely act of human kindness, might have put an end to her existence. But her life had not been all shade, although it may appear to you and me to have been so: there were lights in it, there were times when she enjoyed. You and I stand in the sun, and contemplate with sadness our fellow-creatures struggling and living in the dark. But it is not dark to them, as it is to us; they were born in it, they live in it, they are used to it. Such sunlight as we enjoy, and are, I hope, thankful for, might make them drunk.

Said Tom Beadle one day to Blade-o'-Grass,

"I say, Bladergrass, why don't yer do somethin', and make a few coppers?"

And Blade-o'-Grass very naturally answered,

"What shall I do, Tom?"

Tom was prepared with his answer.

"Lookee 'ere: why don't you be a flower-gal?"

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Blade-o'-Grass, her face flushing, her heart beating, at the prospect of heaven held out to her. "A flower-gal, Tom! A flower-gal! Oh, don't I wish I could be!"

"You'd 'ave to wash yer face, yer know," said Tom, regarding the dirty face of Blade-o'-Grass from a business point of view, "and put a clean frock on."

Down to zero went the hopes of Blade-o'-Grass. A clean face she might have compassed. But a clean frock! That meant a new frock, of course. Blade-o'-Grass had never had a new frock in her life. A new frock! She had never had any thing new—not even a new boot-lace. Despair was in her face. Tom saw it, and said,

"Don't be down in the mug, Bladergrass. We'll see if it can't be done some'ow."

What a hero Tom was in her eyes!

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "if I *could* be a flower-gal—if I could! I've seen 'em at the Royal Igschange"—she was pretty well acquainted with that locality by this time—"and don't they look prime!" She twined her fingers together nervously. "They've all got clean faces and nice dresses. Oh, 'ow 'appy they must be!"

"And they make lots o' money," said Tom.

"Do they? Oh, don't I wish I was them!"

"And they go to theaytres."

"Do they? Oh, don't I wish I could go to the theaytre!"

"There's Poll Buttons. Why, two year ago, Bladergrass, she was raggeder nor you. And now she comes out—she *does* come out, I can tell yer! *She* sells flowers at the Royal Igschange, and she looks as 'appy—as 'appy"—Tom's figures of speech and similes were invariably failures—"as 'appy as can be. Why, I see her the other night at the Standard, and she was in the pit. There was a feller with her a-suckin' a stick. Didn't she look proud! And I 'eerd Bill Britton say as how he saw her at 'Ighbury Barn last Sunday with another feller a-suckin' a stick."

"Do all the swells suck sticks, Tom?" asked Blade-o'-Grass, innocently.

"All the real tip-toppers do," answered Tom.

"Perhaps there's somethin' nice in the knobs," suggested Blade-o'-Grass.

"Perhaps; but I don't think it. You see, it looks swellish, Bladergrass."

"If you 'ad a stick, would you suck it, Tom?"

"I think I should," replied Tom, after a little consideration; "and I'd 'ave one with a large knob. They're all the go." Then Tom came back to the subject of Poll Buttons. "She makes a 'eap o' money. Why, I 'eerd tell as 'ow she sells crocuses and wilets for a tanner a bunch at first. The swells buy a bunch of wilets, and then she coaxes 'em, and ses as 'ow wilets and crocuses ought to go together, and she uses 'er eyes and smiles sweet. Stand up, Bladergrass!"

Blade-o'-Grass stood up, and Tom Beadle scrutinized her.

"Poll Buttons is a reg'lar beauty, they say. But I wish I may die if you won't be a reg'larer beauty when you're as old as Poll is."

"Shall I, Tom? Shall I?" And the eyes of Blade-o'-Grass sparkled, and a bright color came into her cheeks. Even in her ragged frock, and with her dirty face, she looked pretty. "Then I shall get a tanner a bunch for my crocuses and wilets, and when the roses comes in, I'll—I'll—" But her voice trailed off as she looked at her ragged frock, and her lips trembled, and the little glimpse of heaven that lay in the imaginary basket of flowers faded utterly away.

"Don't take on so, Bladergrass," said Tom Beadle; "who knows? I may 'ave a bit o' luck. And if I do, I wish I may die if I don't set you up as a flower-gal! You jist keep up your 'art, and wait a bit."

And one day Tom Beadle really went to Jimmy Virtue's leaving-shop, and asked the price of a new cotton frock, which, after much bargaining, he bought for two shillings and fourpence.

"Who's it for, Tom?" asked Jimmy, testing the coins before he delivered the frock to Tom. "Got a new sweet'art?"

"It's for Bladergrass," replied Tom, complacently. "I'm a-goin' to set her up as a flower-gal. I promised 'er I would when I 'ad a bit o' luck."

"And you've 'ad a bit o' luck?"

"Yes, a reg'lar slice."

"How was it, Tom?"

"Arks no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," responded Tom, saucily, walking away with his precious purchase.

Neither will we be too curious about how the means were acquired which enabled Tom to give Blade-o'-Grass an honest start in life.

That first new common cotton dress! What joy and delight stirred the heart of Blade-o'-Grass as she surveyed it! She devoured it with her eyes, and was as delicate in handling it as if its texture had been of the finest silk. All that she could say was, "Oh, Tom! oh, Tom!" She threw her arms round Tom's neck, and kissed him a hundred times; and Tom felt how sweet it is to give. But Tom's goodness did not end here. He conducted Blade-o'-Grass to a room where she could wash herself and array herself in her new dress. She came out of that room transformed. She had smoothed her hair and washed her face, and the dress became her. She smiled gratefully at Tom when she presented herself to him.

"I'm blessed if Poll Buttons 'll be able to 'old a candle to you!" exclaimed Tom, admiringly; and Blade-o'-Grass thrilled with joy.

Thus it came about that Mr. Merrywhistle, walking near the Royal Exchange one day, saw a clean little girl, with a basket of humble flowers on her arm, and a bright little face looking earnestly at him.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the benevolent gentleman. "Blade-o'-Grass!"

"Yes, Sir, if you please. Tom's set me up as a flower-gal."

"Tom!"

"Tom Beadle, Sir; 'im as you guv a shillin' to once, and as come along o' me when we 'ad that jolly dinner."

"Dear me! Dear me!" said Mr. Merrywhistle, honest pleasure beaming in his eyes. "And Tom's set you up, eh? And you're getting an honest living, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please, Sir. Do you want a flower for your button-'ole, Sir? 'Ere's a white rose, Sir—a reg'lar beauty; and 'ere's a piece o' mingyonet to show it off, Sir, and a bit o' maiden-'air to back it up."

And before Mr. Merrywhistle knew where he was, he had put the flowers in his button-hole, and, instructed by Blade-o'-Grass, had fastened them with a pin she took out of her frock. It was thirty years since he had worn a flower, the good old fellow! and as he looked upon them now, there came to him the memory of a few sunny months when he was young. The crowds of people, the busy streets, the noise and turmoil, vanished from sight and sense; and for one brief moment—which might have been an hour, the vision was so distinct—he saw fair fingers fastening a piece of mignonette in his coat, and a fair head bending to his breast— It was gone! But as Mr. Merrywhistle awoke to the busy hum about him, there was a sweet breath in his nostrils, and a dim, sweet light in his eyes. Most unwisely he gave Blade-o'-Grass a shilling for the flowers, and patted her head, and walked away; while Blade-o'-Grass herself, almost fearing that the shilling was a bad one, bit it with her strong teeth, and, being satisfied of its genuineness, executed a double-shuffle on the curb-stone.

That very afternoon Blade-o'-Grass, having had a good day, purchased a walking-cane of a street vendor. It was a cane with the largest knob he had in his stock. This cane she presented to Tom Beadle the same evening. Tom was immensely delighted with it. To the admiration of Blade-o'-Grass, he put the knob in his mouth, to the serious danger of that feature, and comported himself as became a tip-top swell.

"You're a reg'lar little brick," said Tom; "and I'm blessed if I don't take you to the theaytre."

Blade-o'-Grass jumped for joy, and clapped her hands. How she had longed to go to a theatre! And now the magic hour had come. She had been rich enough lately to pay twopence a night for a bed, and she went to the cheap lodging-house she patronized and washed her face and combed her hair, and made herself as smart as she could. Tom Beadle had also smartened himself up, and to the theatre they went, arm in arm, he with the knob of the stick in his mouth, and she, in her rags, as proud as any peacock.

In what words can the awe and wonder of Blade-o'-Grass be described? She had her own ideas of things, and she was surprised to find the interior of the theatre so different from what she had imagined. Boxes, pit, and gallery she knew there were. But she had set down in her mind that the boxes were veritable boxes, in which the people were shut, with little eye-holes to peep through; and the pit she had imagined as a large dark space dug out of the earth, very low down, where the people were all huddled together, and had to look up to see what was going on. It was to the pit they went, and for some time Blade-o'-Grass was too astonished to speak. A very, very large O would fitly describe her condition. Tom Beadle, on the contrary, was quite composed: theatres were but ordinary places to him. But used up as he was to the pleasures of the town, he derived a new pleasure from the contemplation of the wonderment of Blade-o'-Grass.

"Oh, Tom! oh, Tom!" she whispered, in ecstasy, edging closer to him, when at last she found courage to use her tongue. It was a large theatre, with a great deal of gold-leaf about it; and the audience were evidently bent upon enjoying themselves, and vehemently applauded at every possible opportunity. Thus, when the lights are turned up, and a bright blaze breaks out upon the living sea of faces, there is much clapping of hands, and much stamping of feet, and other marks of approval. When the musicians straggle into the orchestra they are also vehemently applauded; but those "high and mighty" might have been by themselves in the Desert of Sahara for all the heed they pay to the audience. The occupiers of the gallery are very noisy in their demonstrations, and issue their commands with stentorian lungs. "Now, then; scrape up, catgut!" "Hoo-o-o-o! scrape up! up with the rag!" with cries and shouts and whistles, which strike fresh wonderment to the soul of Blade-o'-Grass. She is not frightened at the noise; for even Tom Beadle puts his two little fingers to the corners of his lips, and adds shrill whistles to the general confusion—in the performance of which duty he stretches his mouth to such an extent that, as a feature, it becomes a hideous mockery. But at length the band strikes up with a crash, the sound of which is speedily drowned in the roar of delight that follows. In due time—but not in time to satisfy the impatient audience—the music ceases, and a general shifting and rustling takes place among the audience. A moment's breathless expectation follows, a cracked bell gives the meanest of tinkles; and Blade-o'-Grass bends a little more forward as that awful and magic green curtain is drawn upward by invisible hands. The piece that is there and then represented to the wondering soul of Blade-o'-Grass is a "strong domestic drama," as the play-bill has it, and Blade-o'-Grass gasps and sobs and catches her breath at the "striking" situations with which the play is filled. The piece is a narration of the struggles and vicissitudes of the poorest class of the community—the class, indeed, the lower stratum of which is occupied by just such persons as Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass; and a curious commentary is made on it the next day by Blade-o'-Grass, who, dilating upon its wonders and entrancements, declares that she "never seed sich a thing in all her born days." There are, of course, in the piece a painfully virtuous wife, a desperate villain, to whom murder is child's play, a delirium-tremens beggar, a Good Young Man, and a vilified Jew; and as these characters play their parts, Blade-o'-Grass thrills and

"NEAR TO THE PRISON DOOR ARE A YOUNG AND AN OLD WOMAN."

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quivers with delicious excitement. Tom Beadle also enters into the excitement of the representation, and stamps and claps his hands and whistles as vigorously as any one there. But when the "strong domestic drama" is concluded, and the glories of the burlesque are unfolded to the ravished senses of Blade-o'-Grass, then, indeed, is she in heaven. Never has she conceived any thing so enchanting as this. It is the first fairy story that has ever been presented to her. How she screams over the meaningless songs! How she devours with her eyes the display of female limbs! "Oh, 'ow lovely, Tom!" she whispers. "Oh, don't I wish I was them!"

"You'd look as well as any of 'em, Bladergrass," says Tom, who knows every thing, "if you was took in 'and, and if you could darnce."

"Oh no, Tom—oh no!" exclaims Blade-o'-Grass. "I ain't got sich legs."

Tom laughs, and whispers confidentially that "them legs ain't all their own. He knows a cove who knows a balley-gal, and she pads her legs like one o'clock." Blade-o'-Grass, in her heart of hearts, can't believe it; but she is too much absorbed in the performance to enter into argument. So the pageant passes before her eyes until all the songs are sung and all the dances danced; and when the curtain falls upon the brilliant last scene, she looks solemnly at Tom, and a great sob escapes her because it is all over. She can scarcely repress her tears. It is a wondrous night for Blade-o'-Grass, and lives in her memory for long afterward. Tom Beadle proposes "a eel supper," and they sit in state, like the best nobles in the land, in a dirty box in a dirty eel-pie shop; and as they eat their eels off a dirty plate, with a dirty spoon and fork, Blade-o'-Grass looks up to her companion as to a god; and Tom, noticing the girl's sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, says, with an approving nod, "I'm blessed if you won't beat Poll Buttons into fits." Then they go home, and Blade-o'-Grass dreams that she is an angel hanging from the flies.

That first night at a theatre filled Blade-o'-Grass with a new ambition, and her better prospects inspired her with confidence. She determined to learn to dance.

You will, I am sure, be amazed to hear that every night in Stoney Alley, when the weather was in any way propitious, there was a ball—an open-air ball; the orchestra, an Italian organ-grinder; the company, nearly all the dirty boys and girls in the neighborhood. At a certain hour every evening an Italian organ-grinder, on whose dark face a fixed expression of stolid, gloomy melancholy forever rested, made his appearance in Stoney Alley; and, as if he were a lost soul, and this agony was his penance, ground out of his afflicted organ a string of waltzes and polkas and quadrilles so inexpressibly dismal that the very dogs howled in despair and fled. But directly the first note sounded—and that first note always came out with a wail—the children, from two years old and upward, began to congregate, and without any courtesying, or bowing, or engaging of partners, the strangest ball commenced that ever was seen. Girls with babies in their arms glided round and round in the entrancing waltz; children who could scarcely toddle toddled round; and young ladies without incumbrances clasped each other by the waist, and spun round in a state of beatific bliss. When the waltz music ended with a groan, and the polka commenced with a wheeze, the big children hopped and the toddlers toddled in perfect contentment. Then came the quadrilles, in which many new figures were introduced, which Belgravia might have profited by. But the strangest dance of all was a Scotch reel, which, by some unearthly means, had got into this decrepit organ, and which, being set to work by the inexorable handle, came out of its hiding-place spasmodically, and with stitches in its side. It was a sight to remember to see these ragged children dance this Scotch reel, with their toes up to their knees, their right arms elevated above their heads, and their left hands stuck in their sides as if they grew there. Blade-o'-Grass had never had courage to join in the revels; she had been too ragged and forlorn to claim equality with even this ragged and forlorn troop. But now her prospects were brightening, and her ambition was roused. The very evening following that on which she visited the theatre she boldly joined the dancers. And there she hopped and twirled and glided until the music ceased; and every evening thereafter she made her appearance at the entertainment as punctually as some people attend their places of worship, and with more devotion than many. She was looked upon as a guest of high distinction at the ball, for she was liberal with her farthings and half-pence. In course of time she became one of the very best dancers in the alley, and often and often dreamed that she was a ballet-girl, and was twirling before an admiring audience, in the shortest of short spangled skirts, and the pinkest of pink legs.

These were the happiest days she had ever known. Now and then the tiger set up its claims, and was not satisfied; but these occasions were very rare. She went to the theatre often, and sometimes treated Tom Beadle, who did not show a stupid pride and independence. She sold flowers in the season, and lived how she could when there were no flowers to sell. "I wish they growed all the year round," she said to Tom many and many a time. She and Tom were always together, and it was understood that they had "taken up with one another."

This being an interlude, in which the premise set forth has been faithfully carried out—for dances and flowers have been introduced in profusion—it will perhaps be considered out of place to mention that, excepting that she knew how to speak an intelligible language, Blade-o'-Grass was as ignorant of morals and religion as if she had been a four-footed animal. But it is necessary to state this, or you might condemn her unjustly, and look down upon her uncharitably. And while she grew in deeper and deeper ignorance, how the great world labored in which she lived and moved and had her being! One section was in agony because a man of science had by his writings thrown doubt on the grand story of Creation, and had attempted to prove that Adam and Eve were not created; and nine-tenths of the people shrunk in horror from a man who denied the truth of Biblical miracles. Yet one and all believed in a future state—a better one than this, a higher one than this, a holier one than this—to be earned by living a good life, and by doing unto others as we would wish others should do unto us. And Blade-o'-Grass had never raised her eyes and hands to God; she had never said a prayer.

PART II.

THE PRISON WALL.

SEVEN years have passed, and the curtain rises upon a high gloomy stone wall. Grouped about the pavement which skirts the wall are nearly a score of persons waiting in a state of painful expectancy. They are waiting for friends and relatives, and this gloomy stone wall incloses a prison.

Although it is broad day, the aspect of the scene is inexpressibly depressing. It is September, but the treacherous month has crept upon November, and stolen one of its cheerless days, when dull sky and dull atmosphere conspire to send the spirits down to zero. Not that these unhappy mortals require any outward influence to render them miserable; their countenances and attitude show that clearly enough. There are among them young women, almost children, and they stand about the prison with pale faces and clasped hands, with eyes cast down to the earth. They exchange but few words; they have sufficient special occupation in their thoughts to render them indisposed for conversation. They are poorly clad, and some of them shiver as the damp wind steals round the massive wall which shuts out hope.

Near to the prison door are a young and an old woman—one seventeen years of age on her last birthday, the other seventy. The young woman has no covering on her head; the old woman wears an ancient bonnet, which was the fashion once upon a time. Her little wrinkled face is almost hidden in the bonnet, and her ancient cotton dress falls in such straight lines about her that, but for the pale, wrinkled face and the shriveled hands that peep from out the folds of a faded shawl, it might reasonably have been supposed it covers the limbs of a child. The bonnet has moved several times in the direction of the girl-woman, as if its owner were curious about her companion; but the girl takes no notice. At length a piping voice asks, "Are you waiting for some one, my dear?"

The girl answers "Yes," but does not look at the questioner.

"Who for, my dear?"

No answer.

"You needn't mind me," pipes the old woman; "I don't mean any harm; and it does my old heart good to talk. Perhaps you've got a mother of your own."

"Mother!" echoes the girl, somewhat bitterly, and yet with a certain plaintiveness. "No, I've got no mother; I never 'ad one as I knows of."

"Poor dear, poor dear! Come, my dear, talk kindly to an old woman who might be your grandmother. Ay, I might, my dear. I'm seventy-one come the 10th of November, and I'm waiting for my daughter. You've got a long time before you, my dear, before you come to my age."

"Seventy-one!" exclaims the girl. "*I* shall never be seventy-one. I shouldn't like to be. What's your daughter in for? How old is she? She must be older than me."

"She's thirty, my dear, and she's in for begging. What's yours in for?"

"My what in for?" sharply and sullenly.

"Your friend. You needn't be so sharp with an old woman like me. You may be a mother yourself one day, poor dear!"

The girl turns with a gasp—it may be of joy or pain—and takes the old woman's hand and begs her pardon.

Her friend is in for worse than beggin', the girl says, and relapses into silence, retaining the old woman's hand in hers, however, for a little while.

Many persons pass this way and that, but few bestow a second glance upon the group; and even if pity enters the heart of one and another, it does not take practical shape, and in its passive aspect it is, as is well known, but cold charity. One man, however, lingers in passing, walks a few steps, and hesitates. He has caught a glimpse of a face that he recognizes, and it is evident that he is distressed by it. He turns boldly, and pauses before the forms of the old woman and the girl.

"Blade-o'-Grass!" he exclaims.

She raises her head, and looks him in the face. No shame, no fear, no consciousness of degradation, is in her gaze. She drops him a courtesy, and turns her face toward the prison doors.

Girl as she is, she is a woman, and well-looking. Her dress is of the poorest, and she is not too tidy; but the grace of youth is upon her. It is not upon all who are brought up as she has been. But she has this charm, and good looks as well; and she is grateful for them, for she likes to be called pretty. Remember that, at that momentous period in the life of Blade-o'-Grass when her future hung on a chance, Mrs. Manning "kept the prettiest one, the one with the dimple."

What is it that causes the gravest of expressions to pass into the countenance of Mr. Merrywhistle as Blade-o'-Grass looks up? He does not say; but the grave expression remains upon his face during the interview. He has not seen her since the spring. Somehow or other, he lost sight of her. Years ago, when Tom Beadle "set her up" as a flower-girl, he had a strong inclination to do some substantial good for her—to remove her from the associations by which she was surrounded, and which dragged her down to the lowest level. But, in the first place, he could ill afford it; and, in the second, when he had spoken of his wish to Jimmy Virtue, that worthy had asked him if he thought he could take all the world's work upon his one pair of shoulders. "And after all," Jimmy Virtue had said, "isn't the gal gettin' a honest livin'?"

The old woman peers into Mr. Merrywhistle's face, and as her ancient bonnet goes up in the air, it seems capacious enough to bury her whole body in. Mr. Merrywhistle gives her a kind look, and addresses himself to Blade-o'-Grass.

"This is not a fit place for you—" He is about to add, "my poor child," but her womanly appearance checks him.

"Ain't it?" she replies, with a smile on her lips that is not pleasant to see. "What is, then?"

He is surprised at her reckless manner. "Have you business here? Are you waiting for any one?"

"Yes."

"For whom?"

"Ah, that's what I asked her," pipes the old woman; "but she wouldn't tell me."

"I'm waitin' for Tom," she says, answering him.

"Tom Beadle?"

"Yes, Tom Beadle."

"Is he in prison, then?" he asks, very gently.

"Yes; he's been doin' a month."

"What for?"

"What does it matter? Priggin'—any thin'."

Perceiving that Blade-o'-Grass does not wish to pursue the conversation, Mr. Merrywhistle steps aside, sad at heart; but lingers, looking pityingly at Blade-o'-Grass. As he does so a clock strikes the hour, and the eyes of the expectant group turn eagerly to the prison door, which presently opens. Six or seven persons walk out. The women blink their eyes as they come into the light; the men shake themselves like dogs; some raise their hands to their brows, and look about them as Gulliver might have done when he found himself in a strange land. The little old woman hastens to her daughter, a patient-looking woman, and for a moment two faces are hidden in the ancient bonnet. One man, who has seven or eight friends waiting for him, shakes his fist at the prison, and kicks the stone wall savagely.

"That's how I'd like to serve the guvner of that there cussed hole!" he exclaims. "Give me something to drink, or I shall choke!"

Another man looks around with a vacant stare: there is no one to meet him. With something like a sigh his head sinks into his shoulders, and he slinks away, hugging the wall as he goes.

The last to come out is Tom Beadle. Blade-o'-Grass is by his side in an instant.

"Come along, Tom," she says, clinging fondly to his arm, and pulling his face down to hers and kissing it; "I've got something nice to eat at home."

"You're a good sort, Bladergrass," says the thief. "Let's get away from this place quick, and go home."

Home! Yes, to Stoney Alley, not twenty yards from where her mother had died—a room in an attic, which had been thoroughly cleaned and made tidy for the return of the prodigal. No furniture to speak of; a fire, and a saucepan on the hob; a mug of beer, a flat bottle with gin in it; one chair and a stool and a table; a bed in the corner.

Tom surveys the room with satisfaction beaming in his eyes. Blade-o'-Grass looks at him, and joy breaks like sunlight over her face because he is pleased.

"Drink some beer, Tom."

He takes a deep draught, puts the jug down, heaves a long breath, and repeats,

"You're a real good sort, Bladergrass. Give us another kiss, old gal!"

ONE OF MANY HAPPY NIGHTS.

BUT that the gray streaks are thickening in Mrs. Silver's hair, and that her husband is fast growing bald, it might have been but yesterday that we were sitting with them in the cozy parlor in Buttercup Square. Every thing inanimate is the same as it was seven years ago, and does not appear to have grown any older or shabbier; the very cuckoo in the clock retains its youth, and its tones, as it asserts itself to be the great "I am," are as fresh as ever they were. Hark! it is speaking now, and "Cuck-oo!" issues six times from its throat, sparklingly, as if defying time. It is six o'clock. The days are drawing in, and it is dark enough for lights. But Mr. and Mrs. Silver sit in the dusk before the fire, talking of the matters nearest to their hearts. Their married life has been a happy one—with clouds in it, of course. Natural griefs and sorrows have come to them, as to others. At first a storm threatened their future, but it did not burst over them. The exercise of kindly impulse; the wise and good desire to accept the inevitable, and to make the loneliness of their lives a means of happiness to others; their dependence on one another, and mutual love and faith: their recognition, in their every action, of higher duties of life than are generally acknowledged in practice—turned the storm to sunshine, brought happiness to them. If they were to die now, they would be blessed with the happy assurance that their lives had been productive of good to others. So might we all live; so should we all live. The world would be the better for it. No man or woman is unblessed with the want of continual opportunity for doing good or being kind.

"Christmas will very soon be here once more," says Mr. Silver.

"We'll have a merry gathering," Mrs. Silver answers. "There will be changes before the next comes round."

"Yes; our little children are men and women now."

"Good men and women, thank God!"

"Wife," he says, "I have thought many times of your words when I brought little Charley home twenty-three years ago. The child was lying in your lap, and you said, 'Perhaps this is the reason why God has given us no children.'"

She looks at him with a tender light in her eyes. Between these two love does not show itself in words, but in ministering to each other unselfishly.

"They have been a blessing to us, dear," she says. "Our household will be smaller presently. Charley and Ruth, I think, are fond of each other. He brings her home now every night."

"What did Charley earn last week?"

"Thirty-eight shillings."

"Is that sufficient to marry on?"

"Quite sufficient, and to spare; and Charley has money put by to start with. They must live near us. Charley would like to, I know, and Ruth too; but it will be time enough to talk of these things by-and-by."

"Carry your mind ten years on, my dear."

"Well, I do so."

"What do you see?"

"If we live?"

"If we live."

She muses a little, looking into the fire.

"Ourselves old people; Charley and Ruth happily married, with children of their own; Mary married also, although her prince is not yet come, and is a stranger to us. Richard will go abroad: I can tell, by his reading and conversation, that his heart is set upon it. And Rachel—poor Rachel!—stopping sometimes with us, and sometimes—nearly always, indeed—with Ruth and Charley. I can see myself with hair perfectly white, and you with only a fringe of white hair round your head."

He laughs softly and pleasantly, and caresses her hand.

"I can see nothing but happiness, dear."

They sit quietly before the fire, and the darkness grows deeper. The door opens, and Mr. Merrywhistle enters softly.

"Don't stir," he says; "and don't light the gas. I was told you were here, and I know how fond you are of sitting in the dark."

It was indeed a favorite habit with them when they were alone. He sits by them in silence; for a minute or two no word is spoken. Then Mrs. Silver places her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"I understand, I understand," he says; "you are waiting for me to speak. You always know when I am in trouble."

"How can I help knowing? Your face I can not see, but I hear your heart in your voice."

"Tell me: is it a good thing to make other persons' troubles ours?"

"What is sympathy for?" she answers, in return.

"I have spoken to you now and again of a child—a girl—whom I have seen occasionally—"

"The flower-girl?"

"Yes, the flower-girl; the girl whom I met for the first time in the company of a boy who deceived me—a boy who told me the most unblushing lies—stories, and who yet had some humanity in him."

"That is many years ago. The girl must be almost a woman now."

"She is a woman, God help her!—more woman than her years warrant. I should think she is about the same age as Ruth. And it comes upon me again, that fancy, when I speak of Ruth and think of this poor girl."

"Yes; you have told us there is a singular likeness between them."

"It is striking—wonderfully striking. But there can be nothing in it; for Ruth, you have said, was the only child of a poor woman who died a fortnight after the little thing was born."

"Yes, my friend."

"So that it is pure accident; but the fancy remains, for all that. I shall never forget the sad story that this poor Blade-o'-Grass told me of the tiger that worried her, and clamored for food. It was hunger, my dear friends, hunger. I shall never forget her notion that Hallelujah came to her while she was asleep, and put baked potatoes in her lap. I shall never forget my pleasure when I first saw her with a basket of flowers, and bought a flower of her. But I have told you of these things before, and here I am babbling of them again, like an old man that has lost his wits."

'Never mind, friend; go on."

"I saw poor Blade-o'-Grass this morning. I haven't seen her for many months. I had occasion to pass by a certain prison early, and I saw her, with a dozen others, waiting outside. She was waiting for this boy that was—this man and thief that is. I lingered until the prison doors were opened, and let him and others out. And when he came"—there were tears in the old man's voice as he spoke—"and when he came, this unhappy girl kissed him and clung to him as with less shame she might have kissed and clung to a better man, had she been taught something good when she was younger."

"My dear, dear friend!" says Mrs. Silver, taking his hand in hers.

"I can not tell you what I feared as I saw her, and spoke to her before the prison doors were opened. Poor Blade-o'-Grass! poor child! Nay, let me have my way."

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And this good old man, whose heart is as tender as that of a good woman, sheds tears and trembles; if a daughter's happiness had been at stake, he could not have been more moved. Wisely, Mr. and Mrs. Silver do not disturb him, but talk together of other subjects until Mr. Merrywhistle exclaims, with something of his usual cheerfulness, "What on earth are we sitting in the dark for?" Whereat Mr. Silver smiles, and lights the gas. As if the light is the means of suddenly waking up the cuckoo from a nap, it immediately proclaims seven o'clock, and in another hour the whole of Mrs. Silver's family are assembled in the parlor. Rachel, the blind girl, has no out-door occupation, but all the others have. Charley, as you know, is a printer, and, being out of his time, is earning good wages; Richard is a watch-maker, still an apprentice, and making famous progress; and Mary and Ruth are both of them in the postal telegraph office. For it has been part of Mrs. Silver's plan to give her family the opportunity of making their way in the world, and boys and girls have been taught that to work is one of the chief duties and one of the best blessings of life. Charley and Ruth come in together. He has grown quite a man since we last saw him, and Ruth, Blade-o'-Grass's sister, is as bright and cheerful-looking a lass as one can meet. She is particularly bright just now, and looks particularly happy, for she and Charley have had a brisk walk; her cheeks are glowing healthfully, and there is a bright sparkle in her eyes. Then questions are asked and answered. The events of the day are narrated, and it is wonderful what interest is manifested in these trifles. Every few minutes the comfortable parlor in Buttercup Square is filled with merry laughter.

"Come, come, children," says Mr. Silver, after nearly an hour has been spent in this manner; "are we to have any reading to-night?"

The books are instantly brought forward, and the youngsters are busy turning over the leaves. When last we were in their company they were deep in the beautiful story of "Paul and Virginia." Since then they have had rare nights with their favorite authors, and have laughed and cried, as hundreds of thousands of others have done, over the sayings and doings of the men and women and children who play their parts in the pages of Thackeray and Scott and Dickens and Jerrold, and authors of long ago. It is not a novel that engages their attention now; this is one of their "play" nights, when scenes from Shakspeare are read. When the rustling of the leaves has ceased, they all with one accord turn to Rachel, the blind girl. She knows they are looking at her, and her face flushes as she says, "Yes, I am ready." Then says Richard, in a deep bass voice, laying his finger on the first line of the fourth act of "The Merchant of Venice," "What, is Antonio here?" And Charley forthwith answers, "Ready, so please your grace;" and the play commences. They all take parts, with the exception of Mr. Merrywhistle, who is the audience, and who applauds as if the house is packed, and there is not standing room for one. Mr. Silver takes Shylock (the villain's part generally falls to his share), and Ruth reads the few lines that Nerissa has to say. But the great wonder of the reading takes place when Richard, as the Duke, says,

"You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come."

Up rises Rachel, the blind girl.

"Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?"

And Rachel bows, and answers, in a gentle voice, "I did, my lord." The scene proceeds, and Rachel speaks Portia's lines with grace and power, and does not falter at a word. How they all praise her and cluster round her when the act is finished, and the books are closed!

But this is only one of very many such nights passed in that happy home in Buttercup Square.

FACE TO FACE—SO LIKE, YET SO UNLIKE.

On the following Saturday Ruth and Charley had a holiday, which, with the sanction of their kind guardians, they intended to spend at the International Exhibition. The holiday had been planned a month before its arrival, and had, indeed, been the occasion of an innocent conspiracy between Ruth and Rachel and Charley, and of much mysterious conversation. Rachel was to accompany them. The day, which had been looked forward to with such rapturous anticipation as only the young can experience and enjoy, at length arrived. In a very flutter of delight, the two girls and their hero—for Charley was Rachel's hero as well as Ruth's—bade Mrs. Silver good-morning, and went out into the streets with joy in their hearts. Very tender were they to each other, and very tender were Ruth and Charley to their blind companion. No words of love had passed between Ruth and Charley, although their attachment was known to their kind guardians, as you have read. But, indeed, no words were required; their looks, their almost unconsciously exercised tenderness toward one another, were sufficient confirmation of mutual affection. These two young persons were enjoying the purest, happiest dream that life contains. May all the grown-up people who read these pages have enjoyed such a pure and happy dream! May all others live to enjoy it!

Ruth and Charley, of course, with the usual blindness of lovers, believed that no one noticed any thing particular in their behavior; but in this respect they were as blind as Rachel—more so, indeed, if there be degrees in blindness, for even she guessed their secret. In the course of their rambles through the Exhibition, she sat down and asked to be left alone for a while, and when Ruth and Charley demurred, insisted, with a pretty and affectionate willfulness, on having her own way.

"And don't hurry," she said, turning her face to them and smiling sweetly. "You will find me here when you come back. I am tired, and want a long, long rest."

And there the blind girl sat, seeing nothing, enjoying every thing, while unsuspecting Ruth and Charley wandered away into fairy-land, arm in arm. Soft strains of music came to Rachel's ears, and she listened and drank them in, with clasped hands and head inclined. She was as one inspired; visions of beauty passed before her, and the melodious notes were imbued with palpable loveliness for her. Many a passer-by paused to look at her beautiful face, and felt the better for it, and a great lady came and sat down beside her. When the music ceased, the lady said, "My dear, are you here alone?"

"Oh no," replied Rachel, "I have friends; I asked them to let me sit by myself. I wanted to listen to the music. They will come for me presently."

"You love music?"

"Who can help loving it? I can see it."

The lady's voice was soft and sweet, and Rachel *felt* goodness in her manner. "Tell me," she said, "what is before me."

They were sitting opposite a piece of sculpture—a perfect work—and the lady described it, and described it well, and told the story that it illustrated.

"Ah," sighed the blind girl, "it is beautiful!"

The lady was accompanied by her husband and child.

"Is this your little daughter?" asked Rachel.

"My dear," exclaimed the lady, "I thought—thought—"

"That I was quite blind," said Rachel, smiling. "So I am. But see—your little girl's hand is in mine."

And indeed the child, who was standing by her mother's side, had placed her hand in Rachel's, beneath the folds of the blind girl's shawl.

"And without that I think I could tell," added Rachel.

"Yes, my dear, it is my little girl," said the lady.

Rachel stooped and kissed the child, whose hand stole round Rachel's neck, and caressed it. Lips purer and more innocent had never met. So they sat, talking for a little while longer, until Rachel raised her face, and smiled a happy greeting to Ruth and Charley, who were standing before her. The lady and the child bade good-by to Rachel, and kissed her; and when they met again, an hour afterward, the child gave Rachel a flower.

Like the incense of a breeze that has been wandering among sweet-smelling plants, like the soft plash of water on a drowsy day, like the singing of birds, are such small circumstances as these. Thank God for them!

And what had Ruth and Charley been doing? Dreaming—nothing more—walking almost in silence among the busy, eager, bustling crowd, standing before works of beauty, and enjoying. Every thing was beautiful in their eyes. Perfect harmony encompassed them; the commonest things were idealized; their souls were filled with a sense of worship.

How quickly the hours passed! It seemed to them that they had been in the place but a few minutes, and it was already time for them to go. They left with many a sigh, and many a parting glance at the wonders which lined the spaces through which they walked. Ruth's hand was clasped in Charley's beneath her mantle, and a tender light was in her eyes as they made their way through the restless throng. It was still light when the omnibus put them down within a mile of Buttercup Square. The tram-way carriage would have carried them to the avenue that led to Buttercup Square; but both Ruth and Rachel expressed a desire to walk, wishful perhaps to prolong the happy time. Charley, nothing loath, gave an arm to each of the girls, and they walked slowly onward, Rachel being nearest to the wall. They were passing a man and a girl, who were talking together. The girl had just uttered some words to the man, who was leaving her, when Rachel cried suddenly, in a voice of alarm,

"Ruth, was it you who spoke?"

Her face was deadly pale, and her limbs were trembling.

"No, Rachel," answered Ruth, surprised at the blind girl's agitation.

As she replied, both she and Charley turned, and saw Blade-o'-Grass. Thus, for the first time since their infancy, the sisters looked each other in the face. Each saw, instantaneously, such a resemblance to herself, that they leaned toward each other in sudden bewilderment. Their gaze lasted scarcely as long as one might count three, for Charley hurried Ruth and Rachel on; he also had seen with amazement the likeness that Blade-o'-Grass bore to Ruth, and that there should be any resemblance to his treasure in such a forlorn, disreputable-looking creature as Blade-o'-Grass, smote him with a sense of pain. Ruth walked along, dazed; but before they had gone a dozen yards she stopped, and pressed her hand to her heart.

"Ruth! dear Ruth!" exclaimed Charley, placing his arm round her, for indeed she was almost falling. She released herself, and said, in a faint voice,

"Rachel, why did you ask if it was I who spoke?"

"The tone was so exactly like yours, Ruth," answered Rachel, "that the words slipped out from me unaware. Who was it that spoke?"

"It must have been a poor girl whom we have just passed."

"What is she like?"

Ruth's lips trembled, but she did not answer the question.

"Why must the words have slipped from you unaware, Rachel?"

"Because, if I had considered an instant, I should not have asked. You could not have said such a thing."

"What thing?—Nay, Charley, don't interrupt me," said Ruth, in such an imploring tone that he was mute from fear, for Ruth's eyes were filled with tears, and her face was very pale. "What thing, Rachel?"

"Just then," answered Rachel, slowly and solemnly, "a voice said, 'For God's sake, Tom, bring home some money, for there's not a bit of bread in the cupboard!'"

"Charley!" cried Ruth, hurriedly, "stand here with Rachel for a few moments. Don't follow me; let me go alone."

She was his queen, and he obeyed her; but his apprehensive looks followed her, although he did not stir from the spot. Ruth hastened to where Blade-o'-Grass was standing. The poor outcast was very wan and wretched. Ruth knew part of her own history; for Mrs. Silver, when her adopted children arrived at a proper age, had told them, gently, as much of the story of their lives as she deemed it right and necessary for them to know. The hours in which she unfolded their stories to her children were quiet and solemn; there was no one present but she and her adopted one; and she told them their history so gently, and with such sweet words of love, that they were never unhappy when they learned the truth. Ruth, therefore, knew that she was an orphan; and she, in common with the others, had shed many grateful tears, and had offered up many grateful prayers, for the merciful heart that had made life a blessing to her. As she stood before her sister, so like, yet so unlike—her sister never to be recognized, or acknowledged as of her blood—the thought came to her, "But for my dear good mother I might have been like this—ragged, forlorn, hungry, with not a bit of bread in the cupboard!"

Blade-o'-Grass, whose wistful eyes had followed the strange likeness to herself, saw Ruth turn back, and dropped a courtesy as her sister, in her warm, soft dress, stood before her.

Then said Ruth, timidly, "It *was* you who said that?" She herself might have been the suppliant, her voice and manner were so quiet and humble.

"Said what, miss?"

"That you hadn't a bit of bread in the cupboard."

"It's true, miss, and to-morrow's Sunday."

Ruth thought of what a happy day the Sabbath was to her and hers in Buttercup Square, the goodness of it, the peacefulness of it! And this forlorn girl before her, the sight of whom had so strangely unnerved her, had only one thought of that happy Sabbath to-morrow—whether she would be able to get bread to eat. Tears choked her voice as she asked, "Will you tell me your name?"

"Blade-o'-Grass, miss."

Ruth looked up in surprise. "Is that your real name?"

"Yes, miss; I ain't got no other."

Ruth's hand had been in her pocket from the first, with her purse in it; but she could scarcely muster sufficient courage to give. She judged poor Blade-o'-Grass with the eyes of her own sensitive soul, and felt that if money were offered to her she would sink to the earth in shame.

"Will you pardon me," she said, hesitatingly, the hot blood flushing her neck and face; "will you pardon me if I offer you—if I beg of you to—to—"

The hand of Blade-o'-Grass was held out eagerly, imploringly, and Ruth emptied her purse into it. Blade-o'-Grass wondered at the munificence of the gift, and the modesty with which it was given, and her fingers closed greedily on the silver coins.

"God Almighty bless you, miss!" she exclaimed, taking Ruth's hand and kissing it. "God Almighty bless you!" The tears were streaming down both their faces. A warm hand-pressure, a last grateful look from Blade-o'-Grass, and the sisters parted.

"Oh, Charley! Charley!" sobbed Ruth, as she clasped his arm, "I might have been like that!" They walked in silence to their home, and Ruth whispered to her companions not to say any thing to their kind guardians of what had taken place. "It might make them sad," she said.

It was dusk when they went in-doors. Rachel went to her room first, and Ruth and Charley lingered in the passage.

"Ruth!" he whispered.

She laid her head upon his breast with the confidence and innocence of a child. He stooped and kissed her cheek, still wet with her tears. She clung to him more closely—hid her face in his neck. A wondering happiness took possession of them.

ROBERT TRUEFIT ALLOWS HIS FEELINGS TO MASTER HIM.

THE chance acquaintanceship which had so strangely sprung up seven years ago between Mr. Merrywhistle, Robert Truefit, and Jimmy Virtue had ripened into intimacy, and it was not unusual for the three to meet in the old man's leaving-shop in Stoney Alley. The shop and the stock were, on the whole, less fragrant than on the occasion of Mr. Merrywhistle's first introduction to them. An additional seven years' mouldiness lay heavy on the shelves; but familiarity had rendered the musty vapor less objectionable to the benevolent gentleman. There was no perceptible change of importance in Jimmy Virtue; his skin certainly had got tougher and dryer and yellower, but otherwise he did not seem to be a day older. His eyebrows were as precipitous, and his glass eye as mild, and his fierce eye as fierce, as ever they were. No perceptible change, either, was to be observed in the articles which filled his shop: the same faded dresses and dirty petticoats were crammed into inconvenient corners; the same crinolines loomed from unlikely places; the same old boots hung from the ceiling; and doubtless the same vanities of vanities were inclosed in the box which served as a resting-place in Jimmy Virtue's parlor.

It was a dull, miserable November night. A thick fog had lain upon Stoney Alley during the day, necessitating the use of candles and gas; toward the evening the fog had cleared away, and a dismal rain had set in; Stoney Alley and its neighboring courts and lanes were overlaid with dirty puddles. It was by a strange chance, therefore, that Mr. Merrywhistle and Robert Truefit found themselves in Jimmy Virtue's parlor on this evening; they said as much to each other. Each of them had some special business which brought him in Jimmy's neighborhood, and he expressed his pleasure when he saw them. They were the only living friends he had; other friends he had, but they were not human; notwithstanding which, some hours would have hung dreadfully upon Jimmy's hands if he had been deprived of them. These friends were aces, deuces, knaves, and the like; in other words, a pack of cards. Very dirty, very greasy, very much thumbed and dog's-eared, but very useful. Jimmy spent comfortable hours with these friends. Sitting in his chair, he would place an imaginary opponent on the seat opposite to him, and would play blind All-Fours with his unreal foe for large sums of money. "Jack" was the name of his opponent; and Jimmy often talked to him, and called him a fool for playing, and abused him generally for incapacity. For Jimmy nearly always won; and many and many a night Jack was dismissed a ruined and broken-hearted shadow, while Jimmy, after putting up his shutters, let down his turn-up bedstead, and went to bed a winner of hundreds, sometimes of thousands of pounds. For Jack's wealth was enormous; he never refused a bet, never declined "double or quits." So reckless a player was he—being egged on by Jimmy—that it was impossible he could have come by his money honestly. Be that as it may, his ill-gotten gains were swept into Jimmy's imaginary coffers, to the old man's delight and satisfaction. It is a positive fact, that Jimmy had grown into a sort of belief in Jack's existence, and often imagined that he saw a shadowy opponent sitting opposite him. There was a very good reason why Jimmy so invariably won and Jack so invariably lost. Jimmy cheated. He often slipped into his own cards an ace or a knave that properly belonged to Jack. When Jimmy did this, his manner was as wary and cautious as though flesh and blood opposed him. It was a picture to see this old man playing All-Fours with Jack for ten pounds a game, or for "double or quits," and cheating his helpless adversary.

When Mr. Merrywhistle and Robert Truefit entered Jimmy's parlor—they had met at the door of the leaving-shop—he was playing greasy All-Fours with Jack, and had just scored a winning game. Robert Truefit always had something new to speak of: a trade-union outrage, a strike, a flagrant instance of justices' justice, a mass-meeting and what was said thereat, and other subjects, of which a new crop springs up every day in a great country where tens of millions of people live and have to be legislated for. The late war, of course, was a fruitful theme with Robert Truefit, who spoke of it as an infamous outrage upon civilization. Especially indignant was he at the sacrilege which lay in one king invoking "the God of Battles," and in the other praying to the Supreme to assist him in bringing desolation and misery to thousands of homes. But this is no place for the outpourings of Robert's indignation on those themes. From those lofty heights they came down, after a time, to Blade-o'-Grass. It was Mr. Merrywhistle who introduced her name. He asked Jimmy if he had seen her lately. No; Jimmy hadn't seen her for a month.

"You see," said Jimmy, "she's a woman now, and 'as been on 'er own 'ook this many a year. Besides which, once when I spoke to her she was sarcy, and checked me because I wanted to give 'er a bit of advice—good advice, too. But she was up in the stirrups then."

"Has she ever been prosperous?" inquired Mr. Merrywhistle.

"Well, not what *you* would call prosperous, I dare say; but she's 'ad a shillin' to spare now and agin. And then, agin, she 'asn't, now and agin. She's 'ad her ups and downs like all the other gals about 'ere; you couldn't expect any thin' else, you know. And of course you've 'eerd that Tom Beadle and 'er—"

"Tom Beadle and her—what?" asked Mr. Merrywhistle, as Jimmy paused.

"Oh, nothin'," replied Jimmy, evasively; "it's sich a common thing that it ain't worth mentionin'."

"I saw her myself about six weeks ago," said Mr. Merrywhistle; and he narrated how he had met Blade-o'-Grass outside the prison, and what had passed between them, and what he had seen. "Tell me," he said, "is she married to Tom Beadle?"

Jimmy Virtue's eye of flesh expressed that Mr. Merrywhistle outrivaled Simple Simon in simplicity. "I do believe," thought Jimmy, "that he gits greener and greener every time I see him." Then he said aloud, contemptuously, "Married to Tom! As much as I am!"

Mr. Merrywhistle twisted his fingers nervously, and otherwise so comported himself as to show that he was grieved and pained.

"I wouldn't 'ave a 'art as soft as yours," thought Jimmy, as Mr. Merrywhistle rested his head upon his hand sadly, "and as green as yours—no, not for a 'atful of money."

"Poor child! poor child!" exclaimed Mr. Merrywhistle. "I wish I could do something for her."

"Too late," said Jimmy, shortly.

"Yes, too late, I'm afraid," said Robert Truefit. "Blade-o'-Grass is a woman now. Her

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"RUTH EMPTIED HER PURSE INTO BLADE-O'-GRASS'S HAND."

ideas, her principles, her associations are rooted. When she was a sapling, good might have been done for her, and she might have grown up straight. But she had no chance, poor thing! And Jimmy's tone and your fears point to something worse than hunger. You fear she is leading a bad life."

"No, no!" interposed Mr. Merrywhistle, earnestly; "not that—indeed, not that. But I would give more than I could afford if I knew that she was married to Tom Beadle."

"Thief as he is?" questioned Robert Truefit.

"Thief as he is," replied Mr. Merrywhistle.

His grief was contagious: Robert Truefit turned away, with a troubled look on his face; Jimmy Virtue preserved a stolid silence, as was his general habit on such occasions. "What can one good man do?" presently said Robert Truefit, in a low tone; but his voice was singularly clear. "What can a hundred good men do, each working singly, according to the impulse of his benevolent heart? I honor them for their deeds, and God forbid that I should harbor a wish to check them! Would that more money were as well spent, and that their numbers were increased a hundredfold! They do *some* good. But is it not cruel to know that Blade-o'-Grass is but one of thousands of human blades who are cursed, shunned, ignored, through no fault of theirs, and who, when circumstances push them into the light, are crushed by System? If they were lepers, their condition would be better. And they might be so different! To themselves, and all around them. To the state; to society. Is it not enough almost to make one believe that our statesmen are blind or grievously misled, or that they are playing at politics, or that they have set themselves in such high places that they can't stoop to give a hand where help is most needed, where good advice and good example are most needed? What do they do for such poor places as these? Give them gin-shops and an extra number of police. No effort made for improvement; no clearing away of nest-holes where moral corruption and physical misery fester and ripen. And while they legislate, Blades-o'-Grass are springing up all around them, and living poisoned lives. And while they legislate, if there be truth in what preachers preach, souls are being damned by force of circumstance. What should be the aim of those who govern? So to govern as to produce the maximum of human happiness and comfort, and the minimum of human misery and vice. Not to the few—to the many, to all." He paused, and turned to Mr. Merrywhistle. "Seven years ago," he continued, "we talked of poor Blade-o'-Grass. I told you then—I remember it well—that England was full of such pictures as that hungry, ignorant child, with the tiger in her stomach, presented. Seven years before that it was the same. During that time Blade-o'-Grass has grown up from a baby to a woman. What a childhood must hers have been! I wonder if she ever had a toy! And see what she is now: a woman for whom you fear—what I guess, but will not say. What will she be—where will she be—in seven years from now? Seventy years is the fullness of our age. Carry Blade-o'-Grass onward for seven years more, and find her an old woman long before she should have reached her prime. What has been done in the last seven years for such as she? What will be done in the next—and the next? There are thousands upon thousands of such babes and girls as she was seven years and twice seven years ago growing up as I speak; contamination is eating into their bones, corrupting their blood, poisoning their instincts for good. What shall be done for them in the next seven years? Pardon me," he said, breaking off suddenly; "I have let my feelings run ahead of me, perhaps; but I'll stick to what I've said, nevertheless."

With that he wished them good-night, and took his leave. Mr. Merrywhistle soon followed him, first ascertaining from Jimmy Virtue the address of Blade-o'-Grass.

Jimmy, being left to his own resources, went to the door to see what sort of a night it was. The rain was still falling drearily. It was too miserable a night for him to take his usual pipe in the open air, and too miserable a night for him to expect to do any business in. So he put up his shutters, and retired to his parlor. Then he took out his greasy pack of cards, and conjured up Jack for a game of All-Fours. With his eye on his opponent, he filled his pipe carefully, lighted it, puffed at it, and cut for deal. He won it, and the first thing he did after that was to turn up a knave (slipping it from the bottom of the pack) and score one. He was in a more than usually reckless and cheating mood. He staked large sums, went double or quits, and double or quits again, and cheated unblushingly. He won a fortune off Jack in an hour; and then contemptuously growled, "I'll try you at cribbage, old fellow." The cribbage-board was his table, and he scored the game with a bit of chalk. Jack fared no better at cribbage than he had done at All-Fours. Jimmy had all the good cribs, Jack all the bad ones. By the time that the table was smeared all over with chalk figures, Jimmy was sleepy. He played one last game for an enormous stake, and having won it and ruined Jack, he went to bed contentedly, and slept the sleep of the just.

TOO LATE.

MR. MERRYWHISTLE had no very distinct plan in his mind when he left Jimmy Virtue's shop to visit Blade-o'-Grass. Sincerely commiserating her condition, he wished to put her in the way to get an honest and respectable living, but was deeply perplexed as to the method by which she was to arrive at this desirable consummation. Some small assistance in money he might manage to give her; but in what way could it be applied? By what means was she to be lifted out of that slough into which she had been allowed to sink? And then he feared that she was past training. As Robert Truefit had said, Blade-o'-Grass was a woman now, with a grown-up person's passions and desires firmly rooted in her nature. And he feared something else, also. But he would see her and speak to her freely; good might come of it.

The room she occupied was at the extreme end of Stoney Alley, and Mr. Merrywhistle was soon stumbling along dark passages and up flights of crippled stairs. When he reached the top of the house, as he thought, he tapped at a door, and, receiving no answer, turned the handle and entered. A very old woman, sitting before a very small fire, smiled and mumbled in reply to his questions; and he soon discovered that she was deaf and childish, and that he was in the wrong apartment. As he stumbled into the dark again, a woman, with a child in her arms, came on to the landing with a candle in her hand, and showed Mr. Merrywhistle that there was still another flight of stairs to mount. Blade-o'-Grass lived up there, the woman said; first door on the right. She didn't know if the girl was at home. And then she asked if he was a doctor. No, he answered, surprised at the question; he was not a doctor. The crazy stairs complained audibly as he trod them. He knocked at the first door on the right, and paused.

"You'd better go in, and see, Sir," called the woman from below; "perhaps she's asleep." Mr. Merrywhistle hesitated. What right, he thought, had he to intrude on the girl's privacy, and at this time of night? But the knowledge that he was there for no bad purpose made him bold, and he opened the door. A candle that was burning on the table threw a dim light around, but the corners of the miserable apartment were in shade. The woman was right in her conjecture; Blade-o'-Grass was in the room, asleep. She was lying on the ground, dressed, before a mockery of a fire; her head was resting on a stool, round which one arm was thrown. The faintly flickering flames threw occasional gleams of light on the girl's face, over which, strange to say, a smile was playing, as if her dreams were pleasant ones. The benevolent old gentleman looked round upon the miserable apartment, and sighed. It was a shelter, nothing more—a shelter for want and destitution. Then he looked down upon the form of the sleeping girl, clothed in rags. Child-woman, indeed, she was. Her pretty face was thin and pale; but there was a happy expression upon it, and once her arm clasped the stool with fond emotion, as if she were pressing to her breast something that she loved. Yet, doubtless, there are many stern moralists, philanthropic theorists, and benevolent word-wasters, who would have looked coldly upon this sleeping child, and who—self-elected teachers as they are of what is good and moral—would only have seen in her and her surroundings a text for effervescent platitudes. But the school in which they learn their lessons is as cruel and harsh as the school in which Blade-o'-Grass learns hers is unwholesome and bitter.

Mr. Merrywhistle was debating with himself whether he should arouse her, when a slight motion on his part saved him the trouble of deciding. "Is that you, Tom?" she asked, softly, opening her eyes, and then, seeing a strange figure before her, scrambled to her feet.

"I have come to see you," said Mr. Merrywhistle.

Although she courtesied, she was scarcely awake yet. But presently she said, "Oh yes, Sir; I arks yer pardon. It's Mr. Merrywhistle?"

"Yes, child; may I sit down?"

She motioned him to the only chair the room contained. "It's very late, ain't it?" she asked. And then, anxiously, "Is any think up?"

Mr. Merrywhistle was sufficiently versed in vulgar vernacular to understand her meaning. No, he said, there was nothing the matter.

She gave a sigh of relief as she said, "I thought you might 'ave come to tell me somethin' bad."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Oh, ever so long."

"Alone?" he asked, after a slight pause.

But to this question she made no reply.

"Times are hard with you, are they not, my child?" he said, approaching his subject.

"Very 'ard," she answered, with a weary shake of the head.

"Have you given up selling flowers?"

"'Tain't the season for flowers," she answered; "wilets won't be in for three months."

He felt the difficulty of the task he had set himself. "How do you live when there are no flowers?"

"Any 'ow; sometimes I sells matches; I can't tell you 'ow, and that's a fact."

"But why don't you work?" he inquired, with a bold plunge.

"Work!" she exclaimed. "What work? I don't know nothin'. But I've been arksed that lots of times. A peeler told me that once, and when I arksed him to get me some work that I could do, he only larfed."

"Suppose now," said Mr. Merrywhistle, "that I were to take you away from this place, and put you somewhere where you could learn dress-making or needle-work?"

She gave him a grateful and surprised look. "I don't think it 'd answer, Sir. I knows lots o' gals who tried to git a livin' by needle-work, and couldn't do it. I knows some as set up till two o'clock in the mornin', and got up agin at eight, and then couldn't earn enough to git a shoe to their foot. And they couldn't always git work: they'd go for weeks and couldn't git a stitch."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Merrywhistle, who was as ignorant as a child in such matters. "What did they do then?"

Blade-o'-Grass laughed recklessly. "Do! what do you think? Beg, or—somethin' else."

He was pained by her manner, and said, "My poor child, I have only come here out of kindness, and to try if I could do some good for you."

"I know, Sir," she said, gratefully; "you've always been kind to me as long as I can remember; I don't forget, Sir. But there's some things I know more about nor you do, Sir. A gal can't git a livin' by needle-work—leastways, a good many of 'em can't. There was a woman livin' in the next room: she worked 'er fingers to the bone, and couldn't git enough to eat. Last winter was a reg'lar 'ard un; and then she lost her work, and couldn't git another shop. She took to beggin', and was 'ad up afore the beak. She was discharged with a caution, I 'eerd. It was a caution to her: she died o' starvation in that there room!"

Grieved and shocked, Mr. Merrywhistle was silent for a little while; but he brightened up presently. He was sincerely desirous to do some tangible good for Blade-o'-Grass. He thought of the situations held by Ruth and Mary in the Postal Telegraph Office. Suppose he was to take Blade-o'-Grass away from the contaminating influences by which she was surrounded, give her decent clothes, and have her taught the system, so that she might be an eligible candidate? He could set some influence at work; Mr. Silver would do his best, and there were others also whom he could induce to interest themselves. He felt quite hopeful as he thought. He mooted the idea to Blade-o'-Grass. She listened in silence, and when she spoke, it was in a low voice, and with her face turned from him.

"I've seed them gals, and I'd like to be one of 'em; but—"

"But what, Blade-o'-Grass?" he asked, kindly, almost tenderly; for there was a plaintiveness in her voice that deeply affected him.

"They must be able to read, mustn't they?"

"Oh yes; they would be useless without that."

"And they must be able to write too. Where do you think *I* learned to read and write? I don't know one letter from another."

Here was another difficulty, and a gigantic one; but it seemed as if each fresh obstacle only served to expand Mr. Merrywhistle's benevolent heart.

"Why, then," he said, cheerfully, "suppose we

"HE PLAYED ONE LAST GAME FOR AN ENORMOUS STAKE."

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teach you to read and write? You'd learn quickly, I'll be bound."

A sudden rush of tears came to her eyes, and she sat down on the floor, and sobbed, and rocked herself to and fro.

"It's too late!" she cried. "Too late!"

Too late! The very words used by Robert Truefit. They fell ominously on Mr. Merrywhistle's ears. He asked for an explanation; but he had to wait until the girl's grief was spent, before he received an answer. She wiped her eyes in a manner that showed she was mad with herself for giving way to such emotion, and turned on her would-be benefactor almost defiantly.

"Look 'ere," she said, in a hard, cold voice: "all them gals are what you call respectable, ain't they?"

"Yes, my child."

"Don't call me your child; it 'urts me—oh, it 'urts me." She was almost on the point of giving way again; but she set her teeth close, and shook herself like an angry dog, and so checked the spasms that rose to her throat. "They must show that they're respectable, mustn't they, or they couldn't git the billet?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I ain't respectable, as you call it; 'ow can I be? A nice respectable gal *I'd* look, comin' out of a orfice! Why, they've got nice warm clothes, every one of 'em, and muffs and tippets, and all that. I've seed 'em, lots of times."

"But you can leave your past life behind you," urged Mr. Merrywhistle, overleaping all obstacles; "you can commence another life, and be like them."

"Be like them! I can't be. It's too late, I tell you. And I'll tell you somethin' more," she added, slowly and very distinctly: "I wouldn't leave Tom Beadle to be the best-dressed gal among 'em."

"Why?"

"Why!" she echoed, looking into his face with wonder. "Why! Tom Beadle's been the best friend I ever 'ad. He's give me grub lots and lots o' times. When I was a little kid, and didn't know what was what; when the tiger was a-tearin' my very inside out; Tom Beadle's come and took pity on me. No one else but 'im did take it. I should 'ave starved a 'undred times, if it 'adn't been for Tom. Why, it was 'im as set me up for a flower-gal, and 'im as took me to the theaytre, and 'im as told me I should lick Poll Buttons into fits. And so I did, when I 'ad a nice dress on; they all said so. And there's another reason, if you'd care to know. No, I won't tell you. If you arks about 'ere, I dare say you can find out, and if you wait a little while, you'll find out for yourself." She stood up boldly before him, and said, in a low, passionate voice, "I love Tom, and Tom loves me! I wouldn't leave 'im for all the world. I'll stick to 'im and be true to 'im till I die."

Here was an end to Mr. Merrywhistle's benevolent intentions; he had nothing more to urge. The difficulties Blade-o'-Grass herself had put in the way seemed to him to render her social redemption almost impossible. Blade-o'-Grass saw trouble in his face, and said, as if he were the one who required pity:

"Don't take on, Sir; it can't be 'elped. Next to Tom, no one's been so good to me as you've been. Perhaps I don't understand things as you would like me to understand 'em. But I can't 'elp it, Sir."

Mr. Merrywhistle rose to go. He took out his purse, and was about to offer Blade-o'-Grass money, when she said, in an imploring tone:

"No, Sir, not to-night; it 'll do me more good if you don't give me nothin' to-night. I shall be sorry to myself afterward, if I take it. And don't believe, Sir, that I ain't grateful! Don't believe it!"

"I won't, my poor girl," said Mr. Merrywhistle, huskily, putting his purse in his pocket. "I am sorry for all this. But, at all events, you can promise me that if you want a friend, you'll come to me. You know where I live."

"Yes, Sir; and I'll promise you. When I don't know which way to turn, I'll come to you."

He held out his hand, and she kissed it, and went down stairs with him with the candle, to show him the way. He walked home with a very heavy feeling at his heart. "There's something wrong somewhere," was his refrain. He was conscious that a great social problem was before him, but he could find no solution for it. Indeed, it could not be expected of him. He was ready enough (too ready, many said) with his sixpences and shillings when his heart was stirred, but he was not a politician.

When Blade-o'-Grass re-entered her cheerless room, she set the candle on the table and began to cry. Her heart was very sore, and she was deeply moved at Mr. Merrywhistle's goodness. She started to her feet, however, when she heard the sounds of a well-known step on the stairs. Wiping her eyes hastily, she hurried into the passage with the candle. Tom Beadle smiled as he saw the light. He was a blackguard and a thief, but he loved Blade-o'-Grass.

"I've got some trotters, old gal," he said, when they were in their room, "and 'arf a pint o' gin. Why, I'm blessed if you 'aven't been turnin' on the water-works agin!"

Her eyes glistened at the sight of the food.

"Look 'ere, old woman," said Tom Beadle, with his arm round her waist. "'Ere's a slice o' luck, eh?" And he took out a purse and emptied it on the table. A half-sovereign and about a dozen shillings rolled out. She handled the coins eagerly, but she did not ask him how he came by them.

Half an hour later, Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass, having finished their supper, were sitting before the fire, on which the girl had thrown the last shovelful of coals. In the earlier part of the night she had been sparing of them; but when Tom came home rich, she made a bright blaze, and enjoyed the comforting warmth. Tom sat on the only chair, and she on the ground, with her arm thrown over his knee. She was happy and comfortable, having had a good supper, and seeing the certainty of being able to buy food for many days to come. Then she told him of Mr. Merrywhistle's visit, but did not succeed in raising in him any grateful feeling. All that he saw was an attempt on the part of Mr. Merrywhistle to take Blade-o'-Grass away from him, and he was proportionately grateful to that gentleman.

"I'd 'ave punched 'is 'ead, if I'd been 'ere," was Tom's commentary.

"No, Tom, you wouldn't," said Blade-o'-Grass, earnestly. "He only come to try to do me some good, and he's give me money lots o' times."

"He didn't give you any to-night," grumbled Tom.

"He wanted to, but I wouldn't take it; I couldn't take it."

"Blessed if I don't think you're growin' soft, old woman! Wouldn't take his tin!"

"Somethin' come over me, Tom; I don't know what. But he'll make it up to me another time."

There was a soft dreaminess in her tone, as she lay looking into the fire with her head upon Tom's knee, that disarmed him. He took a good drink of gin-and-water, and caressed her face with his hand. Just then the candle went out. Blade-o'-Grass placed her warm cheek upon Tom's hand. They sat so in silence for some time. Tender fancies were in the fire even for Blade-o'-Grass. As she gazed she smiled happily, as she had done in her sleep. What did she see there? Good

"PRESSING HER BABE TO HER BOSOM, SHE WAITED."

God! A baby's face! So like herself, yet so much brighter, purer, that thrills of ineffable happiness and exquisite pain quivered through her. Eyes that looked at hers in wonder; laughing mouth waiting to be kissed. It raised its little hands to her, and held out its pretty arms; and she made a yearning movement toward it, and pressed her lips to Tom's fingers, and kissed them softly, again and again, while the tears ran down her face.

"Oh, Tom!" she whispered, "'ow I love you!"

What a rock for her to lean upon! What a harbor for her to take shelter in!

She fell into a doze presently, and woke in terror.

"What's the matter, old gal?" asked Tom, himself nodding.

And then she gasped, between her sobs, that she dreamed it was born with a tiger in its inside!

Hark! What was that? Heavy steps coming up stairs. No shuffling; measured, slow, and certain, as though they were billets being lifted from stair to stair. Tom started to his feet. Nearer and nearer came the sounds.

"Give me the money, Bladergrass; give me the money, or you might get into trouble too!" He tore the money out of her pocket; when he came in he had given it to her to keep house with. Then he cried, "The purse! Where's the purse? Throw it out on the tiles—put it on the fire!"

"I 'aven't got it, Tom," answered Blade-o'-Grass, hurriedly, her knees knocking together with fright. "What's up?"

"The peelers! Don't you 'ear 'em? Curse the light! why did it go out? If they see the purse, I'm done for!"

They groped about in the dark, but could not find it. For a moment the steps halted outside the door. Then it opened, and the strong light from the policemen's bull's-eye lamps was thrown upon the crouching forms of Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass.

"You're up late, Tom," said one of the policemen.

"Yes," said Tom, doggedly, and with a pale face; "I was jist goin' to bed."

The policeman nodded carelessly, and kept his eye upon Tom, while his comrade searched about the room.

"Got any money, Tom?"

"What's that to you?"

"Come, come; take it easy, my lad. You haven't been long out, you know."

"And what o' that?" exclaimed Tom, beginning to gather courage, for the policeman's search was almost at an end, and nothing was found. "You can't take me up for not bein' long out."

"But we can for this," said the second policeman, lifting a purse from the mantel-shelf. "Is this yours, Sir?"

A man, who had been lingering by the door, came forward and looked at the purse by the light of the lamp. "Yes, it is mine."

"And is this the party?"—throwing the light full upon Tom Beadle's face. He bore it boldly; he knew well enough that the game was up.

"I can't say; the purse was snatched out of my hand suddenly, and I didn't see the face of the thief. I followed him, as I told you, and saw him run down this alley."

"And a nice hunt we've had! Been in a dozen houses, and only came to the right one at last. How much was in the purse, Sir, did you say?"

"Twenty-three shillings—a half-sovereign, and the rest in silver."

"Now, Tom, turn out your pockets."

Tom did so without hesitation. A half-sovereign and twelve shillings were placed on the table.

"Just the money, with a shilling short. What have you been having for supper, Tom?"

"Trotters."

"Ay; and what was in the bottle?"

"Gin, of course."

"Trotters, fourpence; gin, eightpence. That's how the other shilling's gone, Sir. Come along, Tom; this 'll be a longer job than the last.

As Tom nodded sullenly, Blade-o'-Grass, who had listened to the conversation with a face like the face of death, sank to the ground in a swoon. The policemen's hands were on Tom, and he struggled to get from them.

"Come, come, my lad," said one, shaking him roughly; "that's no good, you know. Best go quietly."

"I want to go quietly," cried Tom, with a great swelling in his throat that almost choked his words; "but don't you see she's fainted? Let me go to her for a minute. I hope I may drop down dead if I try to escape!"

They loosened their hold, and he knelt by Blade-o'-Grass, and sprinkled her face with water. She opened her eyes, and threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried; "I thought—thought—"

"Now, my girl," said the policeman, raising her to her feet in a not unkindly manner; "it's no use making a bother. Tom's got to go, you know. It isn't his first job."

"Good-by, old gal," said Tom, tenderly; "they can't prove any thin'. They can't lag me for pickin' up a empty purse in the street; and as for the money, you know 'ow long I've 'ad that, don't you?"

She nodded vacantly.

"That's well trumped-up, Tom," said the policeman; "but I don't think it 'll wash."

Tom kissed Blade-o'-Grass, and marched out with his captors. When their steps had died away, Blade-o'-Grass shivered, and sank down before the fire, but saw no pictures in it now to bring happy smiles to her face.

HELP THE POOR.

MERRY peals of bells herald the advent of a bright and happy day. Care is sent to the right-about by those upon whom it does not press too heavily; and strangers, as they pass each other in the streets, are occasionally seen to smile amiably and cheerfully—a circumstance sufficiently rare in anxious, suspicious London to be recorded and made a note of. But the great city would be filled with churls indeed if, on one day during the year, the heart was not allowed to have free play. The atmosphere is brisk and clear, and the sun shines through a white and frosty sky. Although the glories of spring and summer are slumbering in the earth, nature is at its best; and, best thing of all to be able to say, human nature is more at its best than at any other time of the year. The houses are sweet and fresh, and smiles are on the faces and in the hearts of the dwellers therein. Men shake hands more heartily than is their usual custom, and voices have a merry ring in them, which it does one good to hear. It is an absolute fact that many men and women to-day present themselves to each other unmasked. Natural kindliness is in the enjoyment of a pretty fair monopoly, and charity and good-will are preached in all the churches. One minister ends an eloquent exordium with "God help the poor!" and the majority of his congregation whisper devoutly, "Be it so!"—otherwise, "Amen!"

In the church where this is said are certain friends of ours whom, I hope, we have grown to respect; Mr. and Mrs. Silver with their flock, and Robert Truefit with his. Mr. Merrywhistle has brought Robert Truefit and the Silvers together, to their mutual satisfaction; and Robert has agreed to spend Christmas-day in Buttercup Square with his family — wife and four young ones. Thus it is that they are all in church together. They make a large party—fourteen in all, for Mr. Merrywhistle is with them—and there is not a sad heart among them.

"If I had been the minister preaching," says Robert Truefit to Mrs. Silver, as they come out of church, "I should not have ended my sermon with 'God help the poor!'"

"With what, then?"

"With 'Man, help the poor!'" answered Robert Truefit, gravely.

Here Charley and Ruth come forward with a petition. They want permission to take a walk by themselves; they will be home within an hour.

"Very well, my dears," says Mrs. Silver; "don't be longer, if you can help it."

It is Ruth who has suggested the walk, and she has a purpose in view which Charley does not know of as yet. But Charley is happy enough in his ignorance; a walk on such a day with his heart's best treasure by his side is heaven to him. He is inclined to walk eastward, where glimpses of the country may be seen; but she says, "No, Charley, please; you must come my way." Perfectly contented is he to go her way, and they walk toward the City.

"You remember the day we went to the Exhibition, Charley?"

What a question to ask him! As if it has not been in his thoughts ever since, as if they have not talked of it, and lingered lovingly over the smallest incidents, dozens and dozens of times! But he answers simply, "Yes, Ruth."

"And what occurred when we came back, Charley?"

"The poor girl, do you mean, Ruth?"

"Yes, the poor girl—so much like me!"

"I remember."

"I have never forgotten her, Charley dear! I want to pass by the spot where we met her, and if I see her, I want to give her something. I should dearly like to do so to-day. Do you remember, Charley?—when we saw her, she had not a bit of bread in the cupboard. Perhaps she has none to-day."

"Take my purse, Ruth, and let us share together."

"I shall tell her, Charley, that it is half from you."

"Yes, my dear."

But though they walk past the spot, and, retracing their steps, walk past it again and again, and although Ruth looks wistfully about her, she sees nothing of Blade-o'-Grass. They walk homeward, Charley very thoughtful, Ruth very sad.

"Come, Ruth," says Charley, presently, "we must not be unhappy to-day. Let us hope that the poor girl is provided for; indeed, it is most reasonable to believe so."

"I hope so, Charley, with all my heart."

"What you hope with all your heart, dear Ruth, is sure to be good and true. Is there any thing else you hope with all your heart?"

There is a tender significance in his tone, and she glances at him shyly and modestly, but does not answer.

"You can make this happy day even happier than it is, Ruth; you can make it the happiest remembrance of my life if you will say Yes to something!"

Her voice trembles slightly as she asks, "To what, Charley?"

"Let me tell our dear parents how I love you.

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Let me ask them to give you to me. Is it Yes, Ruth dear?"

"Yes, dear Charley." But so softly, so tenderly whispered, that only ears attuned as his were could have heard the words.

Presently,

"And do you love me with all your heart, Ruth?"

"With all my heart, Charley."

Oh, happiest of happy days! Ring out, sweet bells! A tenderer music is in your notes than they have ever yet been charged with!

It is twilight, and all the elderly people are in the parlor in Buttercup Square. The children are in another room, engaged in mysterious preparation.

"I think we shall have snow soon," says Mr. Merrywhistle.

"I'm glad of it," says Robert Truefit. "Something seems to me wanting in Christmas when there is no snow. When it snows, the atmosphere between heaven and earth is bridged by the purity of the happy time."

Mrs. Silver is pleased by the remark; the fire-light's soft glow is on her face. Charley enters, and bends over her chair.

"My dear mother," he whispers.

She knows in an instant, by the tremor in his voice, what he is about to say. She draws him to her, so that the fire-light falls on his face as well as on hers.

"Is it about Ruth?" she asks, softly.

"Yes, yes," he answers, in a tone of eager wonder. "How did you know?"

She smiles sweetly on him.

"I have known it for a long time, Charley. Have you spoken to her?"

"Yes; and this is the happiest day I have ever known. Oh, mother, she loves me! She gave me permission to ask you for her."

Mrs. Silver calls her husband to her side.

"Charley has come to ask for Ruth, my dear."

"I am glad of it. Where is Ruth?"

"I will bring her," says Charley, trembling with happiness.

"Did I not tell you, my dear?" Mrs. Silver asks of her husband.

"It is a happy Christmas, indeed," he answers.

Ruth is glad that it is dark when she enters the room. Mrs. Silver folds the girl in her arms.

"My darling child! And this wonderful news is really true?"

"Yes, my dearest mother," kissing Mrs. Silver's neck, and crying.

"What are you people conspiring together about?" asks Mr. Merrywhistle, from the window.

"Come here, and join the conspirators," says Mrs. Silver. "Our plots will fail without your assistance and consent."

Mr. Merrywhistle joins the party by the fire, and Robert Truefit steals quietly out of the room.

"It is eighteen years this Christmas," says Mrs. Silver, "since Ruth was given to us. She has been a comfort and a blessing to us, and will continue to be, I am sure." Ruth sinks on her knees, and hides her face in Mrs. Silver's lap. This true woman lays her hand on Ruth's head, and continues: "It is time that Ruth should know who is her real benefactor."

"Nay, my dear madam," expostulates Mr. Merrywhistle, blushing like a girl.

"My dear friend," says Mrs. Silver, "it is necessary. A great change will soon take place in Ruth's life, and your sanction must be given.—Ruth, my dear, look up. Before you were born, this friend—whom we all love and honor—came to me and asked to be allowed to contribute out of his means toward the support of our next child. You can understand with what joy his offer was accepted. Shortly afterward, my dear—eighteen years ago this day—you came to us, and completed our happy circle. You see before you your benefactor—your father—to whom you owe every thing; for all the expense of your training and education has been borne by him. It is right that you and Charley should know this. And, Charley, as but for this our dearest friend the happiness which has fallen upon you could not have been yours, it is of him you must ask for Ruth."

"Sir—" says Charley, advancing toward Mr. Merrywhistle.

"Not another word," cries Mr. Merrywhistle, with Ruth in his arms; "not another word about me, or I'll go and spend my Christmas-eve elsewhere. If, as Mrs. Silver says, my consent is necessary, I give you Ruth with all my heart."—He kisses Ruth, and says: "A happy future is before you, children. No need for me to tell you where your chief love and duty lie—no need for me to remind you to whose parental care and good example you owe all your happiness. To me, an old man, without kith or kin, their friendship and love have been priceless; they have brightened my life. It comes upon me now to say, my dear girl and boy, that once—ah, how many years ago!—such a prize as the love which animates you seemed to be within my reach; but it slipped from me, and I am an old man now, waiting to hear my name called. Cling to your love, my dears; keep it in your hearts as a sacred thing; let it show itself daily in your actions toward each other: it will sweeten your winter when you are as old as I am, and every thing shall be as bright and fresh to you then as in this your spring-time, when all the future before you seems carpeted with flowers. Ruth, my child, God bless you! Charley, I am proud of you! Let your aim be to live a good life."

Mrs. Silver kisses the good old man, and they sit round the fire undisturbed; for it appears to be understood in the house that the parlor must not be invaded until permission is given. It is settled that Charley and Ruth shall wait for twelve months; that Charley shall be very saving; that Ruth shall leave her situation and keep house for the family, so that she shall enter her own home competent to fulfill the duties of a wife. But, indeed, this last clause is scarcely necessary; for all Mrs. Silver's girls have been carefully instructed in those domestic duties, without a knowledge of which no woman can be a proper helpmate to the man to whom she gives her love.

The shadows thicken, and the snow begins to fall. There is peace without, and love within. Mrs. Silver, as she watches the soft snow-flakes, thinks that it will be just such a night as that on which, eighteen years ago, she and her husband brought Ruth home from Stoney Alley. She recalls every circumstance of her interview with the landlady, and hears again the pitiful story of the motherless babe. Then she looks down upon the pure, happy face of Ruth, and her heart is filled with gratitude to God.

And Ruth's twin sister, Blade-o'-Grass?

She was sitting in the same miserable attic from which Tom Beadle was taken to prison. He was not in prison now, having escaped just punishment by (for him) a lucky chance. When Tom was brought before the magistrate, he told his trumped-up story glibly: he had picked up the empty purse in the street, and the money was the result of his own earnings. When asked how he had earned it, he declined to say; and he advanced an artful argument. The policeman had reckoned up the money which the man who had lost the purse said it contained—twenty-three shillings. Twenty-two shillings were found in Tom's pocket, and the other shilling was spent, according to the policeman's version, in trotters and gin. Not another penny, in addition to the twenty-two shillings, was discovered in the room. Now, said Tom, it wasn't likely that he would be without a penny in his pocket, and the fact that he had just the sum the purse had contained was simply a coincidence. He argued that it would be much clearer against him if a few coppers more than the actual money lost had been found. Of course this defense was received with derision by the police, and with discredit by the magistrate. But it happened that the prosecutor was too unwell to attend on the morning that Tom made his appearance in the police court, and he was remanded for a week. Before the week passed by the prosecutor died, and Tom was set free. Blade-o'-Grass was overjoyed; it was like a reprieve from death to her. But the police were angry at Tom's escape, and kept so sharp a watch on him that he found it more than ever difficult to live. I am not pleading Tom's cause, nor bespeaking compassion for him; I am simply relating certain facts in connection with him. When Christmas came, things were at their very worst. They had no Christmas dinner, and Tom was prowling about in search of prey.

On the night before Christmas Blade-o'-Grass listened to the merry bells with somewhat of bitterness in her soul. Every thing about her was so dreary, the prospect of obtaining food was so faint, that the sound of the bells came to her ears mockingly. What she would have done but for her one comfort and joy, it is difficult to say.

Her one comfort and joy. Yes, she had a baby now, as pretty a little thing as ever was seen. All her thought, all her anxiety, were for her child. Blade-o'-Grass possessed the same tenderness of nature that had been so developed in Ruth as to make her a pride of womanhood. How proud Blade-o'-Grass was of her baby! How she wondered, and cried, and laughed over it! As she uncovered its pretty dimpled face, and gazed at it in worship, all the bitterness of her soul at the merry sound of the bells faded away, and for a little while she was happy. She talked to the babe, and, bidding it listen to the bells, imitated the glad sound with her voice, until the child's face was rippled with smiles. But the hard realities of her position were too pressing for her to be able to forget them for more than a few minutes. Tom had not been home since the morning, and she had had but little food during the day. Not for herself did she care; but her baby must be fed. If she did not eat and drink, how could she give milk to her child? "I'll go and arks Jimmy Wirtue for somethin'," she thought; and, so that her appeal to the old man might be fortunate, she cunningly took her baby out with her. Jimmy was playing All-Fours with Jack, who, having come into another fortune, was dissipating it recklessly, as usual, for the benefit of his remorseless foe.

"What do you want? What's that bundle in your arms?" growled Jimmy, as Blade-o'-Grass peeped into his parlor.

"It's my baby," said Blade-o'-Grass; "I've come to show it to you."

"And what business have you with a babby?" exclaimed Jimmy, in an excited manner. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Take it away; I don't want any babbies 'ere."

But Blade-o'-Grass pleaded her cause so meekly and patiently, and with so much feeling, that Jimmy was bound to listen and sympathize, hard as he was.

"Lookee 'ere," he said, harshly, holding up his finger, as she stood looking at him entreatingly: "it's now nigh on eighteen year ago since Mrs. Manning—you remember Mrs. Manning?"

"Oh yes," sighed Blade-o'-Grass.

"It's now nigh on eighteen year ago since she come round a-beggin' for you; and now *you* come round a-beggin' for your babby."

"I can't 'elp it," said Blade-o'-Grass; "don't speak to me unkindly; I am weak and 'ungry."

"Why, you was only a babby yourself then—what's the matter?"

Blade-o'-Grass was swaying forward, and would have fallen if he had not caught her. His tone was so harsh, that the poor girl's heart was fainting within her at the prospect of being sent away empty-handed. Jimmy assisted her into his chair; and without considering that he was about to upset Jack, who was sitting on the box, opened it, and produced a bottle of spirits. He gave her some in a cup, and she revived. Then, grumblingly, he took a sixpence out of a dirty bag, and gave it to her, saying,

"There! And don't you come botherin' me agin!"

How grateful she was! She made him kiss baby, and left him with that soft touch upon his lips. He stood still for a few moments with his fingers to his lips, wondering somewhat; but he recovered himself very soon, and, glaring at Jack, took swift revenge in All-Fours for his softness of heart, and ruined that shadowy creation for the hundredth time.

When Blade-o'-Grass quitted Jimmy's shop, she felt as if she would have liked to sing, she was so blithe and happy. She spent the whole sixpence, and treated herself to half a pint of stout. "This is for you, pet!" she said to her baby, as she drank. She drank only half of it; the other half she saved for Tom. But although she waited up, and listened to the bells—gratefully now—until long past midnight, Tom did not come home. And when she rose on Christmas morning, he was still absent. She wandered out to look for him, but could not find him; and then hurried back, hoping that he might have come in her absence. As the day wore on, she grew more and more anxious, and tormented herself with fears and fancies as to what could have happened to him. So she passed her Christmas-day. In the afternoon she fell asleep, with her baby in her arms. At first she dreamed of all kinds of terrors, and lived over again, in her dreams, many of the miseries of her past life; but after a time her sleep became more peaceful, and her mind wandered back to the time when, a child of three years of age, she sat on the stones in the dirty yard, looking in silent delight at the blades of grass springing from the ground.

When she awoke it was dark. She went to the window, shivering; it was snowing fast. All the food was gone, and she was hungry again. What should she do? Suddenly a terrible fear smote her. Baby was very quiet. She looked at the sleeping child's white face by the white light of the snow, and placed her ears to the pretty mouth. Thank God! she felt the child's warm breath. But it would wake up presently, and she had no milk to give. The child's lips and fingers were wandering now to the mother's bosom. She could not stand this agony of hunger and darkness and solitude any longer; she must go into the streets.

Out into the streets, where the snow was falling heavily, she went. She looked wistfully about for Tom, but saw no signs of him. Into the wider thoroughfares she wandered. How white they were! how pure! how peaceful! A virgin world had taken the place of the old; a new-born world seemed to lie before her, with its pure white page ready for the finger of God to write upon. She wandered on and on, until she came to a square. She knew it immediately—Buttercup Square. Why, here it was that Mr. Merrywhistle lived, and he had made her promise that she would come to him when she wanted a friend. "When I don't know which way to turn, I'll come to you," she had said. Well, she didn't know which way to turn. She walked slowly toward a house, through the shutters of which she could see pleasant gleams of light. It was Mrs. Silver's house, and she paused before it, and thought to herself, "I'll wait 'ere till I see 'im." And so, pressing her babe to her bosom, she waited, and listened to the music of happy voices that floated from the house into the peaceful square. Did any heavenly directed influence impel her steps hitherward? And what shall follow for poor Blade-o'-Grass? I do not know, for this is Christmas, eighteen hundred and seventy-one, and I can not see into the future; but as I prepare to lay down my pen, I seem to hear the words that Robert Truefit uttered this morning—"Man, help the poor!"

THE END.

DINING WITH A MANDARIN.

WHEN an entertainment is about to be given by a mandarin, he sends three invitations to all those whom he wishes to partake of it—one on each of the two days preceding, and one immediately before it. These are generally received by the invited with much self-abasement and ceremony, and, unless it is owing to the most pressing and important circumstances, an invitation is never refused.

When the guests arrive they are received by the master of the house with certain laid-down ceremonies and prescribed speeches. Pointing to a chair with a profound reverence, he wipes it with his robe, and generally commences the conversation by expressing his delight at the great and unmerited honor the other has conferred upon his unworthy house by adorning it with his sublime presence, and earnestly hopes that his never-to-be-sufficiently-honored wife and most beautiful children are well in health. To which the guest will respond: that words fail to express his gratitude at being spared to bring his vile person into that most magnificent abode, and encounter the lightning glance of his lord: his unworthy wife and miserable offspring have but preserved life to be assured of his lord's health being all that they, his miserable slaves, could wish it to be; and so on. While these little amenities are being exchanged, the other guests walk about the room, admiring its furniture and adornments with all the high-flown eulogium which the language of the Flowery Land is so capable of expressing. To omit to do this would be a mark of the greatest ill-breeding.

It may be imagined that as all the compliments above specified (and a great many more) have to be paid to each guest, and that one person left out, or one necessary speech omitted, would be a culpable piece of rudeness, some little time is taken up before the way is led into the dining-hall. However, all ceremony and speech-ifying must at length have an end, and at last the guests are seated. The scene is a striking one: the walls are covered with native inscriptions, sometimes handsomely gilt, and adorned with banners and worked tapestry. When the mandarin is of the royal dynasty, the hangings are of yellow silk, emblazoned with dragons of such fierce and hideous aspects that if the one St. George encountered was any thing like them the saint must have had a hard time of it. The blue silk robes and white satin boots of the guests form a strong contrast of color to the surroundings, while the myriads of Chinese lanterns suspended from the ceiling throw an ample but subdued light upon a really very picturesque scene. The table, which is generally of a horseshoe form (in the centre of which a play is sometimes acted during dinner), is covered with little saucers piled one upon the other as we see plates in eating-houses at home. Some are uncovered, and contain sea-slugs, ginger, cumquats (a sort of small orange), and pickles and preserves of all sorts and descriptions. The first course is generally shark's-fin and bird's-nest soup, this latter much-vaunted delicacy appearing, at least to European notions, more like a solution of glue and lime-wash than any thing else. To these succeed roasted crabs and boiled and stewed mandarin-fish, resembling in appearance a large yellow carp the flesh of this (if it can be so described) is really very good, and would be palatable were it not served up with a sweet acrid sauce, which gives it a flavor that one would imagine oysters to have were they soaked in treacle and alum. Pork, roasted, stewed, and boiled, forms a staple portion of the repast, with wild fowl stuffed in a manner which must have been borrowed from the supper after the manner of the ancient Romans described in "Peregrine Pickle," and very rarely stewed mutton. The vegetable world is represented by yams, bringalls, and sweet-potatoes; and huge dishes of the inevitable curry fill up what few interstices there may remain in the corporalities of the guests, and conclude the more solid portion of the entertainment.

It must not be supposed that all these delicacies follow each other in the order above stated: all the food is placed on the board at the same time, minced into small portions, so as to give the least trouble to the guest partaking of it. The number of separate saucers containing eatables placed before a stranger denotes the honor or estimation in which he is held.

When the guests are all seated, their entertainer calls on them by signal to begin, when each lifts his chopsticks, carries the food to his mouth, and lays them down, all exactly at the same moment: the same order is preserved on each successive morsel, an officer beating time to preserve uniformity. Thus the festival is prolonged three or four hours, during which time, however, those who wish to be moderate may only raise the food to their lips, without actually partaking of it. Although each person has his own portion of food placed before him, and requires little or no waiting upon, there is generally a pause about the middle of the dinner, when the more solid portion of the eatables has been discussed.

It is at this period that the best view of the scene is obtained. Leaning back in their chairs, the fat old mandarins (they are nearly always fat) await with satisfied complacence the handing round of the warmed "samshu"—a spirit distilled from rice, something resembling rakee in taste, and the only liquid consumed, with the exception of tea.

Truly, gratified indulgence in the good things of this life spreads the same shade of smug contentment over the countenances of all men of a certain age, no matter what their nationality may be. Substitute bald heads and black coats for the flowing tails and blue silk robes, and a company of aldermen might be sitting before us, resting after their attacks on turtle and venison. It is very doubtful, however, whether these latter gentry—or at any rate their wives—would not be somewhat scandalized at the singing-girls who now appear upon the scene, one behind the chair of each person at table. The mission of these young ladies appears to be to enliven the portion of the entertainment which Europeans would call the dessert with their voices and lutes; when not thus actively engaged they employ themselves in peeling oranges or cracking nuts, either laying them beside each guest or putting them into his mouth. The old Celestials receive the eatables presented by the fair ones and listen to their music with the most stolid apathy.

Thus the feast goes on, songs and stories being diversified by sentiments and impromptu stanzas; the "samshu" passing quicker and quicker, and the faces of those partaking of it waxing redder and redder—an inevitable and peculiar effect this spirit has upon all Chinese—till, at last, on a signal from the host, the assembly breaks up, all the guests making two profound reverences toward their entertainer and each other.

Compliments of the same description that marked the commencement of the festival have now to be paid by the master of the house to each of his friends; he abusing the whole affair, and expressing his disgust and annoyance that such paltry, miserable fare has been placed before them; they, on the other hand, declaring that they have been entertained in a manner which they can hardly expect in the innermost recesses of heaven; and one by one they take their departure—the mandarins, probably, to indulge in the opium-pipe in "the secret chamber," the Europeans, if any have been present, to rush to their bungalows in search of some

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dish which they can be certain is not a dog or a rat. The remains of the feast are divided into equal portions, and sent to the house of each guest present at it, who next day returns a formal note of thanks for the entertainment which has been given to him, thus performing the last ceremony connected with a mandarin's dinner.

GERTY'S NECKLACE.

As Gerty skipped from babe to girl,
Her necklace lengthened, pearl by pearl;
Year after year it slowly grew,
But every birthday gave her two.
Her neck is lovely, soft, and fair,
And now her necklace glimmers there.

So cradled, let it sink and rise,
And all her graces symbolize:
Perchance this pearl, without a speck,
Once was as warm on Sappho's neck;
And where are all the happy pearls
That braided Cleopatra's curls?

Is Gerty loved? Is Gerty loath?
Or, if she's either, is she both?
She's fancy-free, but sweeter far
Than many plighted maidens are:
Will Gerty smile us all away,
And still be Gerty? Who can say?

But let her wear her precious toy,
And I'll rejoice to see her joy:
Her bauble's only one degree
Less frail, less fugitive, than we;
For time, ere long, will snap the skein,
And scatter all the pearls again.

THE HANCOCK SECRET.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

SHE was a mystery to her fellow-travelers in the third class. She was evidently accustomed to the first, by the instinctive movement she made for the strap by the window; she was as evidently unaccustomed to hard work, by the whiteness and smallness of her hand; for she drew off her glove inadvertently—a light kid glove, soiled certainly, but of perfect cut and quality—and showed her small fair hand, with marks round her fingers as if they had the habit of rings. She wore a large water-proof cloak, to the effectual concealment of her dress, which, however, crackled and rustled underneath like silk, and she had the unmistakable air of a high-bred lady; and though her face was so concealed by a thick Shetland veil there was no telling what her features were like, yet she was certainly young, and every thing about her seemed to presuppose beauty. Altogether she was an anomaly; her whole manner and style differing so strangely from the place in which she found herself and from the companions consequent.

Presently the train slackened, then stopped at Three Lanes Station, and the anomaly was observed to shrink farther back in her corner, and to hold her head bent a little down. On the platform was a footman in green and gold—the Hancock livery—standing a step or two behind a tall, handsome-looking man, both scanning the train as it passed. Outside the station was a carriage with a pair of bays, the like of which are not often seen.

"There's Hancock's bays," said a rough farmer lad seated opposite to the anomaly.

"Belike my lady's coming down," returned his father, to whom he had spoken. "I see her go up yesterday."

As he said this, the footman, running along the line, turned his eyes into the carriage, and nodded superciliously to Hodge; and Hodge and his son pulled their forelocks and said, "Good-morning, Sir," quite respectfully.

If the anomaly had not worn so thick a veil, Hodge would have seen her smile.

"My lady doesn't seem to have come, Sir John," then said the gorgeous creature in livery, touching his hat; and his master answered, quietly,

"So it seems: come to meet the next train," as if he really did not care much about the matter. But in his own heart he was fuming savagely; blaming her for not telegraphing if she had been prevented coming; blaming her for stupidity, carelessness, indifference, and all manner of evil things, as men do when they are angry, and before they can vent their wrath on the offending head.

Meanwhile the train went on. At the next station it dropped Hodge and his son, and about five miles further it stopped at an insignificant little station, where only third-class trains did stop; and here the anomaly alighted, and made her way across some fields to a small cottage set at the entrance to a by-lane—a pretty little place, with a rustic porch covered with roses and honeysuckles, and a trim garden full of old-fashioned flowers. The anomaly pushed open the wicket gate, and went up the paved walk and through the porch into the inner room, where an elderly woman sat watching a sick child.

"Well, Goody, and how is he to-day?" she asked, below her breath.

"Ah! my lady, I thought you would come. He's as bad, poor lamb! as he can be to live. I've looked for his last every minute, as you might say."

"Poor little fellow!" said the lady, tenderly. "Ah! he *is* ill, poor darling!" and tears were in her eyes as she sat down by the bedside and softly touched the wasted, feverish hand.

"The doctor says as how he can not last the night through if some change don't take place soon to-day," said the old woman. "You feel sure, my lady, don't you, as how I have done my best?" she added, anxiously.

"Your best, Goody! of course I do. Have we not trusted you? and don't I know you, dear old soul?" The lady spoke with tender affectionateness as she laid her hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"And Miss Annabella, do she feel satisfied in her mind?"

The pale face into which the woman was looking so anxiously flushed. "I am sure she does," she answered. "Make your mind easy on that; my sister is as well content with you as I. And now I must go. You will write and let us know how he goes on. If he does not live, it will not be for want of care: we must accept what ensues patiently. You will want money, in any case, and I have brought some. And now good-by, Goody. God bless thee, little one!" she added, stooping down and kissing the child's unconscious face; and with a strange feeling of mingled pity and relief (for she saw the boy could not live), human compassion and the relaxing of a heavy social burden warring together in her mind, she passed out of the cottage, and took her way back across the fields to the little station again, just in time for the up train.

This time she entered a first-class carriage. She got in, enveloped in her water-proof and masked in her Shetland veil, still an anomaly. At Three Lanes she got out, radiant in silk attire, and with an uncovered face, confessedly Lady Hancock. She was greeted with respectful bows and hat-touchings by the station-master and the porters.

"Sir John was here by the last down train, looking for you, my lady," said the station-master.

"I am so sorry! I fell asleep by the way, and so missed the station," said my lady, simply, looking divinely lovely as she lowered her eyes and blushed.

For my lady was not a great adept at telling stories, and generally managed to be betrayed by her blushes.

The station-master stared, but said nothing. He and the footman, and Sir John too, for that matter, had looked into every first-class carriage carefully, and had seen no Lady Hancock, awake or asleep; but my lady's little games were not his affairs; so he made a half-military salute, and looked as if he believed her. Presently the Hall carriage dashed up.

"You need not say that I have made this mistake," said Lady Hancock, hurriedly. "Sir John is nervous about my traveling alone, and he would not like it if he thought I could make such a blunder. I will go across the line, and will you keep the servant here till the London train has come in?"

It cost the poor lady something to weave up this little net-work of falsehood and pretenses, but more was at stake than the mere verbal truth of the moment; and if she was falsifying facts, it was not to do harm to any one, but to do good, and to shield the suffering. With which specious reasoning she strove to content her soul, and succeeded but ill.

When the train stopped, she slipped out of the little waiting-room, and stood on the platform close to an open carriage, just as the footman came bustling across; and just, too, as her maid alighted.

"Lor, my lady!" said the maid, "I have been in ever such a way about you! I looked and looked till the train began to move, and I never see your ladyship at all! I am glad you came all safe!"

"I do not think your eyes can be very good, Vince," was my lady's quiet rejoinder; and the station-master was more than ever puzzled at the why and wherefore of Lady Hancock's intricate manœuvres.

Then the carriage rolled away, and the pretty, sweet-mannered, easy-tempered lady left her character behind her—at least with one man.

She found her husband decidedly cross and sulky when she got home. He was not a very well-disciplined person, and he hated to be disappointed. And she found, moreover, her sister-in-law, Miss Annabella, in her own room with a nervous headache. The maid said she had had a hysterical attack to-day, and that the doctor had been in the house two hours, and looked grave when he left.

"Well, so you have condescended to come home at last!" said Sir John, disagreeably, as his pretty wife came into the room with a face full of the most penitent, coaxing, delicious smiles imaginable.

"Oh, John, I am so sorry!" she said; "but the Leytons came, and I missed the train!"

"And there was no telegraph at the post-office, of course?" said her husband, grimly.

"Ah! I never thought of that till too late," said Lady Hancock, with the old tell-tale blush. "But don't be angry, John dear, please. You may be sure I did not miss the train on purpose."

"You know how much I hate irregularity, Lucy," he answered, still grumblingly, if somewhat mollified. "Women are such muffs! They never can do things with precision or forethought!"

"Now, don't scold me, there's a darling," pleaded the lady, in her sweetest voice; and after a little more half-surly annoyance on his part, and a great deal of love-making on hers, peace was re-established between them, and Lady Hancock went up stairs to her sister-in-law.

"Lucy! Lucy dear! what is it?" exclaimed Annabella, starting up from her bed as Lady Hancock entered, and seizing her by both hands, while her white, wan face searched into hers for the warrant of death or of life.

"He can not live, dear! He was dying when I was there," she answered. "Poor little fellow! He will soon be no longer a perplexity to any of us!"

"My poor boy! my child!" murmured the girl. "Lucy, I can scarcely stay away from him; I ought to go."

"And betray every thing? No, dear; you can do no good to him now whatever, to yourself only infinite harm. The risk was awful to me to-day: you must be satisfied. And you *must* control yourself." For Annabella, weak by nature, and weaker still by suffering, had begun again to sob and lament so passionately that another nervous attack was imminent if she could not be calmed in time. No one in the world save Lady Hancock had any real power over this poor creature; but even she failed to-day; and in the midst of her exhortations her sister-in-law went off into strong hysterics, and the noise of her sobs and shrieks arrested Sir John as he was passing her door on his way to his own dressing-room. So this again was another ruffle on the not too smooth surface of the baronet's temper, and his wife had to bear the effects as well as she might. Poor Lady Hancock! she was the one to be pitied among them all. Without fault of her own, here she was entangled in the meshes of a disgraceful secret; a secret which, if known either in its reality or only as it might appear, would estrange her husband from his only sister forever, and anger him gravely with herself; a secret which forced her to tell lies and commit deceptions, to put herself in the power of others (as just now of the station-master at Three Lanes), and which was as burdensome to keep as it was impossible to impart, with apparently no end to the disasters and miseries involved.

But with Annabella's restored senses the difficulties of the day were by no means over. Late in the evening a knock came at the hall door—an unusual thing, as we all know, in the country, where even day visits are rare—and a loud, boisterous voice was heard asking for Lady Hancock, in the hall.

"Why, there's that beast Gay," said Sir John, with a frown. "What on earth brings him here to-night?"

Lady Hancock felt her face grow white, and for a moment she thought she should have fainted. Her husband looked at her sharply. An atmosphere of mystery makes itself felt; and Sir John was becoming suspicious and aroused. But he had not much time to note his wife's changing looks; for the servant announced Mr. Gay, and Mr. Gay came into the room.

A bold, handsome, showy man, with a loud voice and a great display of shirt front, a swagger in his walk, and a smile of assurance on his face—a man whose whole manner of being explained at first sight why a man like Sir John Hancock, haughty, reserved, and not of the most amiable temper, should hold him in supreme abhorrence. This was their visitor, Mr. Gay, the local attorney.

"Evening, Sir John—evening, my lady," said Mr. Gay, with familiar cordiality. "Late visitor, ain't I? Hope not more late than welcome? Ha, ha, ha!"

"An uncommonly late visitor, Mr. Gay," said Sir John, coldly.

"So I knew you'd think; but neighbors, you know, take liberties."

"No one takes liberties with me, Mr. Gay."

"Quite right, Sir John—quite right; nothing like keeping up the old blood—head well up, and all that! And how is Miss Annabella, my lady?" he asked, suddenly turning to Lady Hancock. "I don't see her down among you this evening."

"Miss Hancock is not very well to-day," answered the lady, while Sir John fidgeted impatiently, and seemed with difficulty to restrain himself from breaking out on the spot. It had struck him before that Gay had been too free toward both the ladies, his sister particularly.

"Sorry for that," said Mr. Gay, "as I have something to tell her this evening. Share list down this evening. Brazilians bad. Want instructions."

"I can carry any message, if absolutely necessary," said Lady Hancock, with lips that trembled in spite of herself; "but she is so ill I do not think she can attend to business to-night."

"I think she'd better, if she can," said the attorney, with meaning. "I scarcely like to hold on without instructions. You see, Brazilians returned won't do."

"Good Heavens! what rubbish are you talking there?" Sir John said, savagely. "Have you secrets and double meanings with Lady Hancock? for, on my soul, you have not spoken sense. What does it all mean?"

Gay laughed loudly. "'Secrets!' 'double meanings!' dear me, no, Sir John! But you see, as your honored father left some papers in my hands, and I have the management of a few hundreds belonging to your sister, Miss Annabella, I am bound to be careful how I work, else I should get the blame if any thing went wrong. Just so she happens to have a rather heavy investment in New Brazilian bonds, and I am naturally anxious to know her wishes, as things look bad to-night."

"But why was I never told of this investment?" Sir John asked, with as much temper as astonishment. "As my sister's guardian, and naturally having the right to be acquainted with all her affairs, this secret investment you talk of comes upon me with surprise; and I am most gravely displeased both with her and with yourself, Mr. Gay—that you should have encouraged this underhand proceeding, and that she should have entered into it."

"Well, you see, Sir John, all the ladies—bless 'em—like their little bits of secrets," said Mr. Gay, wagging his head with a knowing air. "One must oblige 'em, and let 'em believe they are doing it cleverly. Always let a woman think she takes you in, if that's what she likes; that's my advice, and I know the sex pretty well. That she *should* take you in is another matter."

Just at this moment the dogs were heard barking furiously.

"I think, my lady," said Mr. Gay, significantly, "if you will be so kind, you had better go up stairs and tell Miss Hancock that the Brazilian bonds are bad, and have been returned."

"Stay where you are, Lucy!" cried Sir John; "I *will* know the meaning of all this."

"Take advice, Sir John," said Mr. Gay, with an odd kind of authority in his voice. "If your sister likes to manage her little affairs in secret, let her."

"Do I want you to give me advice, fellow?" the baronet turned on him fiercely. "Mind your own business, and let me attend to mine."

"My lady—" pleaded Gay.

"How dare you speak to my wife, Sir?" interrupted Sir John; and as he spoke the dogs barked more furiously than before, and a man's step was heard on the gravel outside the window.

Mr. Gay and Lady Hancock exchanged looks, and Sir John caught the glance as it passed between them. He felt his brain reel, and the realities of life seemed to fail him. There was something—he did not know what—between his wife and this low, vulgar, insolent attorney; there was a mystery on hand, at his very doors, in his own house, and he had no clew as to what it all meant. His eyes grew so wild that his wife trembled and shrank visibly when he strode toward her and seized her arm roughly.

"What does it mean, Lucy?" he said, in a hollow voice. "Am I to believe that the very heaven itself is a lie?"

"I can not tell you any thing, John dear," said Lady Hancock, trembling.

A loud knock came to the door, the dogs still barking.

"Cursed fool!" said Mr. Gay, and made as though he would leave the room; but Sir John barred the way.

"Now we will see this comedy to the end," he said. "On your life, dare to stir!"

"Be advised, Sir John," said Mr. Gay, earnestly; "don't seek to know. Let the words of a man of business have some weight with you. Leave things alone; let them be obscure."

"Thanks for your friendly counsel, it comes too late," was Sir John's reply, made in a forced, unnatural voice. "Oh, here comes the mystery!" he added, as the door was flung open and the servant announced "Mr. Pedrone;" while Gay, muttering, "*Quem Deus vult perdere*," sat down in a chair, with his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, and his fingers beating the devil's tattoo on his ample chest.

Lady Hancock looked simply scared; and then a small, dark, disreputable man came into the room, and bowed low to the trio gazing at him with such varied expressions.

"I fear to disturb honorable company," he said, in broken English; "but perhaps lord and lady will forgive poor man looking for wife. Wife here. Poor man seek her—want her—must have her, with honorable company permit. Lady know Pedrone speak true—Gay know Pedrone speak true. Wife here! Pedrone want wife!"

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Sir John. "This vagabond says you both know. It seems to me that I have gone mad since this morning. Speak, Lucy! Gay, what is it?"

"Sir John, I warned you not to look into this matter," said Gay, still hard at work on the devil's tattoo. "You would have done better to have let my lady and me manage it between us. My lady, what had we better do?" He turned to Lady Hancock in his familiar way, and Sir John, making one stride toward him, caught him by the throat.

"Do you dare to speak to Lady Hancock as a confederate, and in my presence?" he said; but Gay shook him off, though the baronet was a powerful man enough.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Sir John," he said, with perfect indifference. "Don't cry, Lady Hancock: I see nothing else for it—the truth must come out."

"Yes, yes; the truth—my wife!" said Pedrone.

"It will kill her!" sobbed Lady Hancock, shuddering.

"If it does—" The attorney shrugged his shoulders and rang the bell. "Tell Miss Hancock I want to speak to her," he said, when the servant came. "Now, Sir John, don't make a bad job into a worse one by your absurd passion," he continued, speaking with the same odd kind of authority he had used before, as one who knew what he was about. "I've done my best for you all, and at some cost, as Lady Hancock knows. Powers above, man! have some faith in your fellow-men, and don't think no one but yourself either wise or honest! You alienate your best friends—you do indeed, Sir John—by your suspicions and tempers; and you must not take it ill that I take this liberty of speaking to you."

All this while Mr. Gay had been holding Sir John's hands, and standing so that he kept him from seeing Lady Hancock or Pedrone; and his words and action took the baronet so completely by surprise that, for the moment, he was mute and passive.

During this conversation Lady Hancock said, in a low, rapid whisper, "Take Merton's name—it will be worth your while."

"How much?" said Pedrone.

"Two thousand."

"Done!"

And at the word "done" came in Annabella Hancock. She did not scream or faint; but she walked straight up to where Pedrone stood, and looked him full in the face.

"You here again!" she said, scornfully, with that strange courage which sometimes comes to timid creatures when they are fairly at bay.

He gave her a look of intelligence. "Yes, my lady," he said, with a low bow; "I have come for my wife."

"Shall we send for Merton?" said Lady

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Hancock, wanting to arrest her sister's attention; but she never heeded, nor took her eyes off the man.

"And your wife will not go with you," she answered. "You may do your worst; she refuses."

"Annabella! perhaps *you* will tell me what all this means," said Sir John, shaking off Gay's hands, and stalking up to the group.

"It means, Sir John—" began Gay, but Sir John stopped him.

"If you say another word I will kick you out of this house," he said. "Now, Annabella."

"I am this man's wife," said Miss Hancock, "and he has come to claim me."

A dead silence fell among them all, broken only by Gay's quietly whistling "Walking in the Zoo" between his teeth.

"Am I mad, or are you?" cried her brother, looking at Annabella wildly.

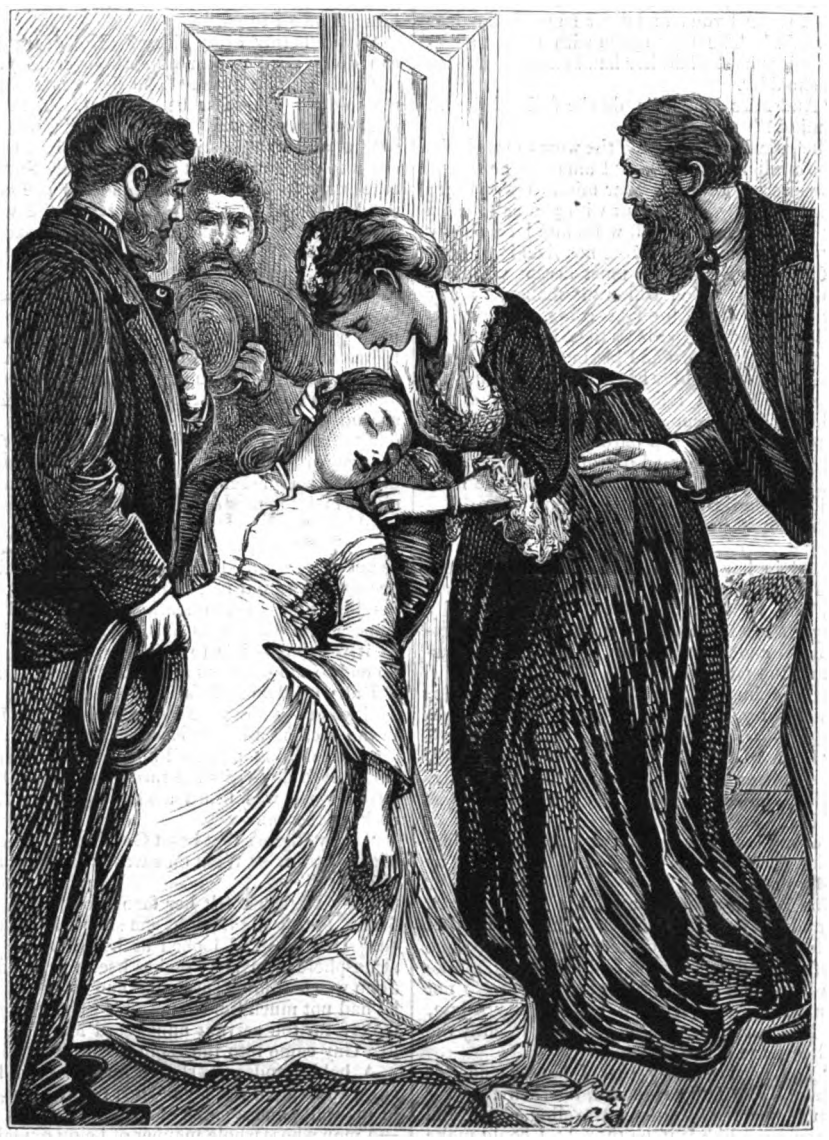
"Not you. I have been—I am," said the miserable girl. "But it is better to have it out at once, instead of dragging other people into my sin. Every one has been good to me. Mr. Gay has tried to protect me, so has Lucy; even my maid has offered to personate the 'wife' to give me time and so much freedom. But I am tired; I will brave it all. The child is dead, and *he*—he is to be bought off by money! You can do now as you think best, John; my part is done."

She gave a deep sigh, and sank back into a chair, fainting. When they tried to restore her they could not. She was dead! She had gone to rest at last, and by her death had brought her brother's forgiveness and her own assoilment.

And then the story came out; the old, sad story of a low-born scamp, with a temporary flush purse, aping the manners and circumstances of a gentleman; getting acquainted with a weak, impressionable girl; seducing her into a secret marriage on an absurd plea of political danger if it became known he was here; and in the end, when, too late, the fatal truth becoming known, to be silenced only at a great cost and an incessant terror, with perpetual danger of the untimely reappearance of the spectre kept in abeyance at the price of all that makes life pleasant. None of which did they dare tell the proud brother until such time as the poor girl lay dead, and he could accept as services rendered to her all the dangers which his wife and the attorney had run to keep the secret, and all the sacrifices they had made that she might be saved.

"You will forgive me, Lucy," said Sir John, as he took his wife's hand and kissed it tenderly. Gay had long ago taken off Pedrone, the Brazilian courier and Sir John Hancock's brother-in-law.

"And you will forgive my having a secret from you?" returned Lady Hancock, weeping. "My first and last, John!"



"SHE GAVE A DEEP SIGH, AND SANK BACK INTO A CHAIR, FAINTING."

"There are some sins which are virtues, and this was one of them," said Sir John, pressing her to his heart.

Many people after this wondered why it was that Sir John Hancock — fastidious, haughty, irascible Sir John—was always on such good terms with Gay, the attorney. Gay had nothing to recommend him, said society. He was vulgar and familiar; one of the most offensively mannered men to be found in a long summer's day, and none of the gentry about the place admitted him into their companionship on that account. To be sure, he was good-hearted; that was allowed on all hands; but when you had said that, you had said every thing; and Sir John Hancock was scarcely the man to care for heart so much as for breeding. Be that as it may, however, the fact was, that after this affair—which Gay was chiefly instrumental in keeping dark and smoothing over—the broad-chested and familiar attorney, who whistled before ladies, and stuck his thumbs into his waistcoat armholes while he played imaginary tunes with his splay fingers on his capacious chest, was a welcome guest at the Hall whenever he chose to come. It may be as well, however, to add that he came very seldom, and that when there he was visibly subdued.

One day, speaking of bad manners, Sir John Hancock said, pointedly, "Well, I once hated bad manners more than any thing else; but since I have known Gay better, I have known a man whose unselfishness, honesty, and real nobility of feeling so far outweigh his vulgarity that I have learned to accept this as one does accept a small flaw in any thing that else would be perfection. One doesn't come every day upon such a man as Gay; and, for my own part, I am proud of him, and not ashamed to own it."

THE BACHELORS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WE do not think that any better sermon could be preached in favor of the elevating and humanizing influences of matrimony than can be found in the accompanying illustration. Two old friends have met for their Christmas dinner. Both are bachelors, and the result is a bachelor's idea of festivity. This seems to be summed up in material comfort. The table is plentifully spread—at least there is no lack of mere edibles—but it does lack the nameless graces which only a woman's hand can give, the thousand little decorations which cast a charm over the family dinner-table. More than all this, it lacks the atmosphere of love; it lacks the music of baby voices, the confidential prattle of home affairs, the incoming of the Christmas guests, and the hearty greetings which are echoed through the large family circle of parents, children, aunts, cousins, and strangers bidden to the feast. Our two old friends have dined well, as is evident from their faces; but the dinner which they have eaten in tête-à-tête might have been eaten just as well on any day of the year, at any place in the world. It is utterly devoid of the sentiment of that festival in honor of the Christ-child which one can only truly keep in the bosom of his family, under his own vine and fig-tree, surrounded by those who are dear to him by the ties of kindred, and not in a fashionable restaurant or a lonely hotel parlor.

THE BACHELORS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.—[DRAWN BY EDWIN A. ABBEY.]

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"HE LAUGHED AND DANCED, TO THE ADMIRATION OF BLADE-O'-GRASS."

look upon it as an amusing exhibition, for he was almost convulsed by laughter. Laughter! It wasn't laughter. It was a series of demoniac chuckles, that's what it was—demoniac chuckles. But I can't exactly describe what it was that set my blood boiling. It wasn't his demoniac chuckling alone; it was every thing about him—his manner, his expression, his extraordinary eyes, one of which looked like the eye of an infuriated bull, as if it were half inclined to fly out of its head at you, and the other as if it were the rightful property of the meekest and mildest of baa-lambs. Then his eyebrows—lapping over as if they were precipices, and as thick as blacking-brushes. Then his face, like a little sour and withered apple. Your pro-indiscriminate-charity men would not have behaved as he did. They would have asked me, How dare I—how dare I? —yes, that is what they would have said—how dare I encourage pauperism by giving money to little boys and girls and ragged men and women, whom I had never seen in my life before, whom I had never heard of in my life before? This fellow wasn't one of *them*. No, no, no; I say he wasn't one of *them*. I wouldn't swear that he wasn't drunk—no, I won't say that; tipsy, perhaps—no, not that either. Uncharitable of me—very. Don't laugh at me. You wouldn't have laughed at the poor little boy if you had seen him."

"I am sure we should not."

"That's like me again," cried the impetuous old bachelor, remorsefully; "throwing in the teeth of my best friends an accusation of inhumanity—yes, inhumanity—positive inhumanity. Forgive me; I am truly sorry. But that indiscriminate-charity question cropped up again to-day, and that, as well as this affair, has set my nerves in a jingle. A gentleman called upon me this morning, and asked me for a subscription toward the funds of an institution—a worthy institution, as I believe. I hadn't much to spare —I am so selfishly extravagant that my purse is always low—and I gave him half a sovereign. He took it, and looked at it and at me reproachfully. 'I was given to understand,' he said, in the meekest of voices—so meek, indeed, that I could not possibly take offense—'I was given to understand that from Mr. Merrywhistle, and in aid of *such* an institution as ours, I should have received a much larger contribution.'"

"That savored of impertinence," observed Mr. Silver.

"I dare say, Silver; I dare say. Another man might have thought so; but I couldn't possibly be angry with him, his manner was so humble—reproachfully humble. I explained to him that at present I couldn't afford more, and that, somehow or other, my money melted away most surprisingly. 'I hope, Sir,' he then said, 'that what I was told of you is not true, and that you are not in the habit of giving away money indiscriminately.' I could not deny it—no, indeed, I could not deny it; and I commenced to say, hesitatingly (feeling very guilty), that now and then— But he interrupted me with, 'Now and then, Sir! now and then! You will pardon my saying so, Mr. Merrywhistle, but it may not have struck you before that those persons who give away money indiscriminately are making criminals for us, are filling our prisons, are blowing a cold blast on manly self-endeavor, are crippling industry, are paying premiums to idleness, which is the offspring of the —hem!' And continued in this strain for more than five minutes. When he went away my hair stood on end, and I felt as if sentence ought to be pronounced upon me at once. And here, this very afternoon, am I caught again by a pitiful face—you should have seen it! I thought the poor boy would have died as I looked at him, and I gave away a shilling indiscriminately. Then comes this strange old fellow staring at me, sneering at me, shrugging his shoulders at me, and walking away with the unmistakable declaration, though he didn't declare it in words, that I wasn't fit to be trusted. As perhaps I'm not—as perhaps I'm not." And Mr. Merrywhistle blew his nose violently.

His friends knew him too well to interrupt him. The tea-things had been quietly cleared away while he was relieving his feelings. He had by this time got rid of a great portion of his excitement, and now, in his cooler mood, he looked round and smiled. At that moment a lad of about fifteen years of age entered the room. All their countenances brightened, as also did his, as he entered.

"Well, Charley," said Mr. Merrywhistle, as the lad, with frank face, stood before him, "been knocking any thing into 'pi' to-day?"

"No, Sir," replied Charley; "I'm past that now. I'm getting along handsomely, the overseer said."

"That's right, my boy; that's right. You'll be overseer yourself some day."

Charley blushed; his ambition had not yet reached that height of desire, and it seemed almost presumption to him to look so far ahead. The overseer in the printing-office where Charley was apprenticed was a great man in Charley's eyes; his word was law to fifty men and boys. The lad turned to Mr. Silver, and said, in a pleased tone,

"A new apprentice came in to-day, and swept out the office instead of me."

"So you are no longer knight of the broom?"

"No, Sir, and I'm not sorry for it; and there's something else. Dick Trueman, you know, Sir—"

"You told us, Charley; he was out of his time last week, and they gave him a frame as a regular journeyman."

"Yes, Sir; and he earned thirty-four shillings last week—full wages. And what do you think he did to-day, Sir?" And Charley's bright eyes sparkled more brightly. These small items of office news were of vast importance to Charley —almost as important as veritable history. "But you couldn't guess," he continued, in an eager tone. "He asked for three hours' holiday—from eleven till two—and he went out and got married!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Merrywhistle; "he can't be much more than twenty-one years of age."

"Only a few weeks more, Sir. But he's a man now. Well, he came back at two o'clock, in a new suit of clothes, and a flower in his coat. All the men knew, directly they saw him, that he had asked for the three hours' holiday to get married in. And they set up such a clattering—rattling on their cases with their sticks, and on the stone with the mallets and planers—that you couldn't hear your own voice for five minutes, for every one of us likes Dick Trueman. You should have seen Dick blush when he heard the salute! He tried to make them believe that he didn't know what all the clattering was about; but they kept it up so long that he was obliged to come to the stone and bob his head at us. It makes me laugh only to think of it. And then the overseer shook hands with him, and Dick sent for three cans of beer, and all the men drank his health and good luck to him." Charley paused to take breath. The simple story, as he told it in his eager way, was a pleasant story to hear. Now came the most important part of it. Charley's eyes grew larger as he said, with much importance, "I saw her."

"Who?" they asked.

"Dick's wife. She was waiting at the corner of the street for him—and oh, she's Beautiful!"

"Quite a day of excitement, Charley," said Mr. Silver.

"There's something more, Sir."

"What is it, Charley?"

"Our wayz-goose comes off next week, Sir."

"Yes, Charley."

"Only two of the apprentices are asked, and I'm one of them," said Charley, with a ring of pardonable pride in his voice. "May I go?"

"Certainly, my boy," said Mr. Silver; and Mrs. Silver smiled approvingly, and told Charley to run and wash himself and have tea; and Charley gave them all a bright look, and went out of the room as happy a boy as any in all London.

Then said Mr. Merrywhistle,

"Charley's a good lad."

"He's our first and eldest," said Mrs. Silver, bringing forward a basket filled with socks and stockings wanting repair: "he will be a bright man."

Mr. Merrywhistle nodded, and they talked of various subjects until the sound of children's happy voices interrupted them. "Here are our youngsters," he said, rubbing his hands joyously; and as he spoke a troop of children came into the room.

MRS. SILVER'S HOME.

THERE were five of them, as follows:

The eldest, Charles, the printer's apprentice, fifteen years of age, with a good honest face and a bright manner: the picture of a happy boy.

Then Mary, fourteen years. She looked older than Charley, and, young as she was, seemed to have assumed a kind of matronship over the younger branches. That the position was a pleasing one to her and all of them was evident by the trustful looks that passed between them.

Then Richard, twelve years; with dancing eyes, open mouth, and quick, impetuous, sparkling manner: filled with electricity; never still for a moment together; hands, eyes, and every limb imbued with restlessness.

Then Rachel, eleven years; with pale face and eyes—so strangely watchful of every sound that it might almost have been supposed she listened with them. She was blind, and, unless her attention were aroused, stood like a statue waiting for the spark of life.

Lastly, Ruth: a full-faced, round-eyed child, the prettiest of the group; slightly willful, but of a most affectionate disposition.

Rachel inclined her head.

"There's some one here," she said.

"Who, my dear?" asked Mrs. Silver, holding up a warning finger to Mr. Merrywhistle, so that he should not speak.

Rachel heard his light breathing.

"Mr. Merrywhistle," she said, and went near to him. He kissed her, and she went back to her station by the side of Ruth.

They were a pleasant bunch of human flowers to gaze at, and so Mr. and Mrs. Silver and Mr. Merrywhistle thought, for their eyes glistened at the healthful sight. Ruth and Rachel stood hand in hand, and it was easily to be seen that they were necessary to each other. But pleasant as the children were to the sight, a stranger would have been struck with amazement at their unlikeness to one another. Brothers and sisters they surely could not be, although their presence there and their bearing to each other betokened no less close a relationship. They were not, indeed, related by blood, neither to one another, nor to Mr. and Mrs. Silver. They were Mrs. Silver's foundlings—children of her love, whom she had taken, one by one, to rear as her own, whom she had snatched from the lap of Destitution.

Her marriage was one of purest affection, but she was barren; and after a time, no children coming, she felt a want in her home. Her husband was secretary in a sound assurance office, and they possessed means to rear a family. Before their marriage, they had both dwelt in thought upon the delight and pure pleasure in store for them, and after their marriage she saw baby faces in her dreams. She mused: "My husband's son will be a good man, like his father, and we shall train him well, and he will be a pride to us." And he: "In my baby daughter I shall see my wife from her infancy, and I shall watch her grow to girlhood, to pure womanhood, and shall take delight in her, for that she is ours, the offspring of our love." But these were dreams. No children came; and his wife still dreamed of her shadow-baby, and yearned to clasp it to her bosom. Years went on—they had married when they were young—and her yearning was unsatisfied. Pain entered into her life; a dull envy tormented her, when she thought of homes made happy by children's prattle, and her tears flowed easily at the sight of children. Her husband, engrossed all the day in the duties and anxieties of his business, had less time to brood over the deprivation, although he mourned it in his leisure hours; but she, being always at home, and having no stern labor to divert her thoughts from the sad channel in which they seemed quite naturally to run, mourned with so intense a grief, that it took possession of her soul, and threatened to make her life utterly unhappy. One day he awoke to this, and quietly watched her; saw the wistful looks she cast about her, unaware that she was being observed; felt tears flowing from her eyes at night. He questioned her, and learned that her grief and disappointment were eating into her heart; that, strive as she would, her life was unhappy in its loneliness while he was away, and that the sweetest light of home was wanting.

"I see baby faces in my dreams," she said to him one night, "and hear baby voices—so sweet, oh, so sweet!" She pressed him in her arms, and laid his head upon her breast. "And when I wake, I grieve."

"Dear love," he said, all the tenderness of his nature going out in his words, "God wills it so."

"I know, I know, my love," she answered, her tears still flowing.

"How can I fill up the void in her life?" he thought, and gave expression to his thought.

Then she reproached herself, and asked his forgiveness, and cried, in remorse, "How could she, how could she grieve him with her sorrow?"

"I have a right to it," he answered. "It is not all yours, my dear. Promise me, you in whom all my life's cares and joys are bound, never to conceal another of your griefs from me."

She promised, and was somewhat comforted. This was within a couple of months of Christmas. A few nights before Christmas, as he was walking home, having been detained later than usual at his office, he came upon a throng of people talking eagerly with one another, and crowding round something that was hidden from his

"THEY SIT ROUND THE TABLE, CHARLEY AT THE HEAD."

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sight. It was bitterly cold, and the snow lay deep. He knew that nothing of less import than a human cause could have drawn that concourse together, and could have kept them bound together on such a night, and while the snow was falling heavily. He pushed his way through the crowd to the front, and saw a policeman gazing stupidly upon two forms lying on the ground. One was a man—dead; the other a baby—alive in the dead man's arms. He had them—the living and the dead—conveyed to the station-house; inquiries were set afoot; an inquest was held. Nothing was learned of the man; no one knew any thing of him; no one remembered having ever seen him before: and the mystery of his life was sealed by his death. He told his wife the sad story, and kept her informed of the progress, or rather the non-progress, of the inquiry. The man was buried, and was forgotten by all but the Silvers. Only one person attended the parish funeral as mourner, and that was Mr. Silver, who was urged to the act by a feeling of humanity.

"The poor baby!" said Mrs. Silver, when he came from the funeral—"what will become of it?"

In the middle of the night she told her husband that she had dreamed of the baby. "It stretched out its little arms to me."

Her husband made no reply; but a few nights afterward, having arranged with the parish authorities, he brought home the child, and placed it in his wife's arms. Her heart warmed to it immediately. A new delight took possession of her; the maternal instinct, though not fully satisfied, was brought into play. During the evening she said, "How many helpless orphans are there round about us, and we are childless!" And then again, looking up tenderly from the babe in her lap to her husband's face, "Perhaps this is the reason why God has given us no children."

From this incident sprang the idea of helping the helpless; and year after year an orphan child was adopted, until they had six, when their means were lessened, and they found they could take no more. Then Mr. Merrywhistle stepped in, and gave sufficient to lift another babe from Desolation's lap. This last was twin sister to Blade-o'-Grass, and they named her Ruth. From this brief record we pass to the present evening, when all the children are assembled in Mrs. Silver's house in Buttercup Square.

Some little time is spent in merry chat—much questioning of the children by Mr. Merrywhistle, who is a great favorite with them, and to whom such moments as these are the sweetest in his life. Charley tells over again the stirring incidents of the day, and they nod their heads, and laugh, and clap their hands, and cluster round him. Charley is their king.

"Come, children, sit down," presently says Mr. Silver.

They sit round the table, Charley at the head, next to Mrs. Silver; then come Ruth and Rachel, with hands clasped beneath the table-cloth; then Mary and Richard. Mr. Silver produces a book; they hold their breaths. The blind girl knows that the book is on the table, and her fingers tighten upon Ruth's, and all her ears are in her eyes. It is a study to watch the varying shades of expression upon her face. As Mr. Silver opens the book you might hear a pin drop. Ruth nestles closer to Rachel, and Charley rises in his excitement. Mr. Merrywhistle sits in the arm-chair, and, as he looks round upon the happy group, is as happy as the happiest among them. It is the custom every evening (unless pressing duties intervene) to read a chapter of a good work of fiction, and the reading-hour is looked forward to with eager delight by all the children. Last week they finished the "Vicar of Wakefield," and this week they are introduced to the tender romance of "Paul and Virginia." The selection of proper books is a grave task, and is always left to Mrs. Silver, who sometimes herself reads aloud.

"Where did we leave off last night, children?" asks Mr. Silver.

"Where Madame De la Tour receives a letter from her aunt," answered Mary.

"Yes, from her spiteful old aunt," adds Richard, "and where Paul stamps his feet and wants to know who it is that has made Virginia's mother unhappy."

A "Hush-sh-sh!" runs round the table; and Mr. Silver commences the beautiful chapter where Virginia gives food to the poor slave woman, and induces her master to pardon her. With what eagerness do the children listen to how Paul and Virginia are lost in the woods! They gather cresses with the young lovers, and they help Paul set fire to the palm-tree, and they see the Three Peaks in the distance. Then they come to the famous part where Paul and Virginia stand by the banks of a river, the waters of which roll foaming over a bed of rocks. "The noise of the water frightened Virginia, and she durst not wade through the stream; Paul therefore took her up in his arms, and went thus loaded over the slippery rocks, which formed the bed of the river, careless of the tumultuous noise of its waters." [Thinks Richard, "Oh, how I wish that I were Paul, carrying Virginia over the river!"] "'Do not be afraid,' cried Paul to Virginia; 'I feel very strong with you. If the inhabitant of the Black River had refused you the pardon of his slave, I would have fought with him.'" ["And so would I," thinks Richard, clenching his fists.] Night comes, and the lovers are almost despairing. Profound silence reigns in the awful solitudes. Will they escape? Can they escape? Paul climbs to the top of a tree, and cries, "Come, come to the help of Virginia!" But only the echoes answer him, and the faint sound of "Virginia, Virginia!" wanders through the forest. Despairing, they try to comfort each other, and seek for solace in prayer. Hark! they hear the barking of a dog. "Surely," says Virginia, "it is Fidèle, our own dog. Yes, I know his voice. Are we, then, so near home? At the foot of our own mountain?" So they are rescued, and this night's reading ends happily. The delight of the children, the intense interest with which they hang upon every word, can not be described. Their attention is so thoroughly engrossed, that the figures of the young lovers might be living and moving before them. When Mr. Silver shuts the book, a sigh comes from the youthful audience. A pause ensues, and then the children talk unreservedly about the story, and what the end will be—all but Ruth, who is too young yet to form opinions. It is of course this and of course that with them all, and not one of them guesses the truth, or has any idea of the tragic ending of the story.

"Charley," says little Ruth, "you are like Paul."

They all clapped their hands in acquiescence.

"But where's my Virginia?" asks Charley.

"*I'll* be Virginia," cries Ruth, somewhat precociously; "and you can carry me about where you like."

They all laugh at this, and Ruth is quite proud, believing that she has distinguished herself. It is strange to hear the blind girl say, "I can see Paul with Virginia in his arms." And no doubt she can, better than the others who are blessed with sight. The three grown-up persons listen and talk among themselves, and now and then join in the conversation. The clock strikes—nine. It is a cuckoo-clock, and the children listen to the measured "Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" until the soulless bird, having, with an egregious excess of vanity, asserted itself nine times as the great "I am" of all the birds in town or country, retires into its nest, and sleeps for an hour. Then a chapter from the Bible and prayers, and in the prayers a few words to the memory of two—a brother and a sister—who have gone from among them. For last year they were seven; now they are five. Their faces grow sad as the memory of their dear brother and sister comes upon them in their prayers, and "Poor Archie!" "Poor Lizzie!" hang upon their lips. The night's pleasures and duties being ended, the three youngest children go to bed, the last kind nod and smile being given to Ruth, sister to poor Blade-o'-Grass, who lingers a moment behind the others, and, with her arm round Rachel's neck, cries "Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" as her final good-night. But the proud bird in the clock takes no notice, and preserves a disdainful silence, although Ruth, as her custom is, waits a moment or two, and listens for the reply that does not come. Charley and Mary stop up an hour later than the others, reading; but before that hour expires, Mr. Merrywhistle bids his friends good-night, and retires.

MR. MERRYWHISTLE MEETS THE QUEER LITTLE OLD MAN.

But not to his bed. He was restless, and, the night being a fine one, he strolled out of Buttercup Square into the quiet streets. It was a favorite custom of his to walk along the streets of a night with no companions but his thoughts. Almost invariably he chose the quiet streets, for there are streets in London—north and south, and east and west—which never sleep; streets which are healthy with traffic in the day, and diseased with traffic in the night.

Mr. Merrywhistle walked along and mused, in no unhappy frame of mind. A visit to the Silvers always soothed and comforted him; and on this occasion the sweet face of Mrs. Silver, and the happy faces and voices of the children, rested upon him like a peaceful cloud. So engrossed was he, that he did not heed the pattering of a small urchin at his side, and it was many moments before he awoke from his walking dream, and became conscious of the importunate intruder.

"If you please, Sir!" said the small urchin, for the twentieth time, in a voice of weak pleading.

Mr. Merrywhistle looked down, and saw a face that he fancied he had seen before. But the memory of the happy group in Buttercup Square still lingered upon him. What he really saw as he looked down was a little boy without a cap, large-eyed, white-faced, and barefooted. No other than Tom Beadle, in fact, making hay, or trying to make it, not while the sun, but while the moon shone.

"If you please, Sir!" repeated the boy, "will you give me a copper to buy a bit o' bread?"

Then the dawn of faint suspicion loomed upon Mr. Merrywhistle. He placed his hand lightly upon Tom Beadle's shoulder, and said, in a troubled voice, "My boy, haven't I seen you before to-day?"

"No, Sir," boldly answered Tom Beadle, having no suspicion of the truth; for when the shilling was slipped into his hand, his eyes were toward the ground, and he did not see Mr. Merrywhistle's face.

"Were you not on the Royal Exchange with a little girl, and didn't I give you a—a shilling?"

For a moment Tom Beadle winced, and he had it in his mind to twist his shoulder from Mr. Merrywhistle's grasp and run away. For a moment only: natural cunning and his inclination kept him where he was. To tell the honest truth, a lie was a sweet morsel to Tom Beadle, and he absolutely gloried in "taking people in." So, on this occasion, he sent one sharp glance at Mr. Merrywhistle—which, rapid as it was, had all the effect of a sun-picture upon him—and whined piteously, "Me 'ave a shillin' guv to me! Never 'ad sich a bit o' luck in all my born days. It was some other boy, Sir, some cove who didn't want it. They allus gits the luck of it. And as for a little gal and the Royal Igschange, I wish I may die if I've been near the place for a week!"

"And you are hungry?" questioned Mr. Merrywhistle, fighting with his doubts.

"'Aven't 'ad a ounce o' bread in my mouth this blessed day;" and two large tears gathered in Tom Beadle's eyes. He took care that Mr. Merrywhistle should see them.

Mr. Merrywhistle sighed, and with a feeling of positive pain gave twopence to Tom Beadle, who slipped his shoulder from Mr. Merrywhistle's hand with the facility of an eel, and scudded away in an exultant frame of mind.

Mr. Merrywhistle walked a few steps, hesitated, and then turned in the direction that Tom Beadle had taken.

"Now, I wonder," he thought, "whether the collector was right this morning, and whether I have been assisting in making criminals to-day?"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NO. 52.]

TIM TWINKLETON'S TWINS.

"WELL, ma'am, what is it?" inquired Tim, placing on his plate the crust of bread-and-butter at which his teeth had been nervously nibbling for the past twenty minutes.

"Oh, Sir, it's twins!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Tim, overwhelmed with the double blessing that had fallen upon the matrimonial hearth.

Now Mr. Timothy Twinkleton was by trade a journeyman tailor, and as good-hearted a little fellow as the sun shed light upon that Christmas morning. His sympathies were as warm as the irons he used, his temper was as equable as the animals from whose fleecy coats was derived the material upon which he worked, and his heart was as stanch in the cause of friendship as the seams and hems issuing from his nimble fingers. As fitting reward for his kindness and integrity, Tim was blessed with a partner in every way worthy of him, who strove with all her might and main to render his humble abode in Pipeclay Alley, Whitechapel, as pleasant and comfortable as his scant earnings would permit; and very truthful were the remarks constantly made by her neighbors, that Mrs. Twinkleton could do more with half a sovereign than most of those who prnised her economical tact could accomplish with fifteen shillings.

And it was not alone in the judicious spending of her husband's money (for every woman can do that with more or less ease) that Mrs. Twinkleton's virtues as a wife were conspicuous. The cleanliness and neatness of her external appearance were reflected in her home. If you had gone to the cottage of some rural plowman, fresh and sparkling with the honor of having won a prize at one of those curious agricultural associations where they reward particular qualities possessed by certain persons—just as at the Agricultural Hall they distinguish cattle, sheep, pigs, and roots—I defy you to find a home that could exhibit more tidiness, cleanliness, and general coziness than that in which Mr., Mrs., and the little Twinkletons lived, moved, and had their being.

The Twinkletons and the Twinkletons' home not unnaturally became the theme of all the houses round. I say not unnaturally, because while some families could on thirty shillings per week only contrive to occupy the lower of the two floors of which each house in the alley consisted, the Twinkletons managed, with less than that amount—every source of income told—to keep the whole of No. 6. They didn't even let a little back-room to a lodger; no, they kept the entire house. The Twinkletons might, in short, have been regarded as the aristocrats of the district: and how ever Mrs. T. managed it—with such a family too!—was a mystery to every body. What experienced matrons—and there were many such in Pipeclay Alley—could not fathom, can hardly be explained by those living without the charmed circle. Still, it may be safely hazarded that Mrs. Twinkleton's industrious habits and good management had something to do with the matter. Furthermore, it must be known that while Mr. T. made the outer habiliments of mankind, Mrs. T. washed, ironed, and starched the linen which the aforesaid habiliments were in a great measure constructed to conceal. In brief, a neat card in the ground-floor front-room window of the Twinkleton sanctuary conveyed the intelligence to the outside world that Mrs. T. was a washer-woman; while a small painted board, swinging just below the first-floor window, testified in equally lucid terms to the fact that the mysterious operation known as "mangling" was performed inside. Deriving increased zest from the admiring plaudits of their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Twinkleton vied with each other in industry. They were never idle—that is, in the common acceptation of the term; for though, of course, they took their family out on holidays, yet their little trips were generally so skillfully contrived that the children derived pleasure and instruction from their excursions, combined with fresh, healthful breezes.

The minds of both Mr. and Mrs. Twinkleton were eminently practical; and so it came about that, prior to these periodical outings, the little ones found that the lessons taught them by father and mother when the day's work was done took rather a peculiar form. For instance, if a visit to the Zoological Gardens was in contemplation, the little Twinkletons would find, about a fortnight before the anticipated visit, that natural history—more especially portions relating to the better-known animals—became particularly prominent in their studies. Now the wisdom of Mr. and Mrs. Twinkleton becomes apparent. It followed, as a natural result, that while the youngsters were gazing open-mouthed and with dilated eyelids at the lions, bears, and tigers, that papa or mamma caused the conversation to assume an interrogative form, and that the children soon found they were expected to answer inquiries that had formed the subject of previous studies. The juvenile recollections were at times confused, and the replies occasionally puzzling; but, on the whole, they always proved satisfactory to Mrs. T., who would reward each successful response with a hearty, sounding kiss that did one good to hear. Mrs. T. was proud of her children; and whether in the privacy of her chamber, or the crowded fashionable haunts of the Zoo on a sixpenny day, or in Victoria Park on a Sunday afternoon, would utter the most glowing prophecies relative to the future of her offspring. It is commonly reported that some other mothers are not lacking in this respect; but Mrs. T. did not mince the matter by merely notifying the fact to her husband: she generally on such occasions proclaimed her utterances just where the crowd was thickest, and at the conclusion of her prophecy would look round defiantly, as though daring any one to dispute her claims to judge of the ability already so conspicuously displayed by the fruit of her union with Mr. Twinkleton. The virtues of Mrs. T., whose personal appearance it is not trespassing the bounds of propriety to describe as short but buxom, were so manifest that those of her husband stood a good chance of being unrecognized, save by those who knew him intimately. Tim unquestionably lacked the fine proportions of his wife; indeed, when he stood in his boots—and they were made with rather high heels too—he could not attain an altitude of more than five feet two inches. But though his appearance was not so striking as that of his wife, yet his heart was quite as big, and he was never tired of trying to inculcate into the minds of his children principles of rectitude, charity, and benevolence that would have done credit to a man of far greater pretension than the happy tenant of 6 Pipeclay Alley.

Reference has been throughout made to the olive-branches which graced the Twinkleton table; but the number thereof remains to be stated. In brief, they amounted, on Christmas-eve, 186–, to exactly double the number of feet enumerated when Mr. Twinkleton's height was in question: that is to say, there were six girls and four boys.

It was the contemplation of these ten little ones, more or less artistically grouped in various parts of the ground-floor front-room, that induced Mr. T. to utter the words, "Good gracious!" when a certain high-priestess entered the apartment at breakfast-time on Christmas morning, and announced the fact that Mrs. T. had just added two more to their happy circle.

His first astonishment over, the little tailor of Pipeclay Alley, when he had gazed upon the most recent pledges of affection with which his wife had presented him, inwardly acknowledged, with thankfulness, that the matter might have been worse. He knew the blessing of triplets was vouchsafed to some men, and he had read occasional dark rumors in the newspapers of four at a birth; but Twinkleton was not of an envious disposition, and speedily reconciled himself to twins only.

It would require the pen of a Macaulay, of a Carlyle, or of some other world-renowned word-painter to describe the emotions that thrilled through the breast of Twinkleton as these fresh manifestations of connubial love were placed before his eyes. Skilled as he was in the handling of infants, it required some judgment to take to his arms the two boys held out to him by the neighbor who acted as nurse. However, he managed to hold them long enough for all his other offspring to bestow a kiss upon their new brothers, and then restored them to the care of the good-natured woman who had so joyfully brought him the intelligence of his domestic increase.

"Would you like to step up to see Mrs. Twinkleton, Sir?" the nurse inquired. "Because, if so, it's perfectly convenient."

Of course Twinkleton, good husband and happy father as he was, started from his chair at once; and bidding the children be good and not make a noise while he was away, bounded from the room and up the stairs ere one could count a dozen.

Mutual congratulations having ensued, and Mrs. Twinkleton having received the assurance from her husband that he had not been disappointed by the appearance of two boys instead of a girl—as female gossips in Pipeclay Alley whispered among themselves had been hoped for—the happy wife began to talk about arrangements in connection with the washing and mangling business of the establishment. Like a prudent woman, Mrs. Twinkleton had, in expectation of the coming event, been very methodical as regards the execution of her work. Still, there was some little matter associated with her employment that now demanded the immediate attention of her husband.

"Let me see, Tim," she said, after a few moments' consideration. "The Smiths had their washing home day before yesterday; and then Jim took back the Browns' last night. There's a collar of Mr. Robinson's got into somebody else's basket, my dear; but I think that must remain until I can come down stairs to see about it. I am afraid, if you have any thing to do with it, the confusion will only be greater."

Twinkleton looked very much as though he was quite of his wife's opinion, and did not enter any protests.

"Whose is that basket of things by the clock?" he asked, when he found that Mrs. T. made no mention thereof.

"Oh, my dear, I'd almost forgotten that! It's the Chelmsford washing," she replied.

"Is it all mangled?"

"Yes; I finished it last night with an effort," sighed Mrs. T. "It's all right, and only wants to be taken to the station."

"If I was to make haste, I dare say I could get it off by the mid day train. There's always one about twelve o'clock on Sundays, and the Christmas-day trains is just like Sundays', ain't they?"

"Well, Tim, if you were to run to the station with it, it 'd be off our hands, without fear of the children tumbling the clothes, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Twinkleton acknowledged that it would, and at once ran down stairs to see how long it

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wanted to the hour. He was no sooner down, however, than he was up again, with the intimation that it only wanted twenty minutes; so he ought to be off directly. Kissing his wife with much effusion, he hurried from the room, and, in his haste, almost stumbled over the nurse, who was on her way to Mrs. T.'s bedside, and—good ministering angel as she was!—bearing the orthodox basin of gruel before her.

"Where's the twins?" inquired the anxious father, seeing the abigail was free from any incumbrance save the comforting preparation before mentioned.

"Oh, they're all right," the good creature replied. "I've just hushed 'em off, and I've left 'em down stairs, sleeping like tops. Ah, Sir, they're as beautiful babes as ever I set eyes on! And though I've had a good bit of experience in my time—having had a large family myself, as you know—yet I never see two more like their father."

Naturally enough, Mr. T.'s eyes beamed even with greater pleasure than before at hearing such gratifying intelligence from one who was an undoubted authority on such matters, and hastened down the stairs with even greater celerity than previously. On again looking at the clock he found that, if he wanted to catch the mid-day train, he would have to run with his utmost speed. Luckily the washing to be carried to the station did not require any looking at; for had not Mrs. Twinkleton said it was "all right?" and the positive assertion of such a woman did not leave the smallest scope for doubt. The little tailor therefore wound a woolen scarf about his neck—for there was a sharp east wind blowing—and without removing the cloth stretched over the basket of clothes, set off at a good round trot on his way to the station.

In this place it should be recorded that Mrs. Twinkleton's cleanliness, combined with a skill in the matters of clear-starching and mangling that was really marvelous, was the means of bringing to her such a quantity of work that she was, in a measure, enabled to choose her customers. Among those favored by Mrs. T. was the family of a tradesman formerly carrying on business in Shoreditch, but now retired, and resident at Chelmsford. It was somewhat of an inconvenience to get the clothes up to town, and then to send them back a distance of thirty miles; but as the young ladies of the family declared that nobody starched like Mrs. Tim, and almost begged that that estimable woman would still consent to employ her skill on their apparel, the little tailor's wife was virtually compelled to acquiesce in an arrangement that caused her occasionally some extra trouble, but for which she found compensation in charging a fraction more for every article than any other laundress, to her knowledge, ever ventured to do.

With a merry heart, and whistling the chorus of a catching song, Mr. Twinkleton ran through the streets of Whitechapel at a sharp trot, until the heavy pile of building known as Shoreditch Station loomed before him. He had not made a bit too much haste; for as he entered the booking-office the clerk was about to close the doors.

"Now then, where's that washing to go?" inquired the clerk, whose business for the day was over as soon as the Chelmsford train was dispatched, and who was therefore determined that on that occasion the train should not be late in starting.

The official, indeed, hesitated for a moment as to whether punctuality should not for once take the place of courtesy; but his ill humor was quickly dissipated when he saw Twinkleton's rosy face and cheery smile beaming upon him.

"Well, as a special favor, I don't mind booking it," muttered the clerk, who smelled roast goose in the air, and was afraid his own might be overdone if he didn't hasten home.

However, Twinkleton was in such a happy mood that he didn't care whether the clerk made it a special favor or merely a matter of business, so long as the clothes were dispatched; therefore, without being in the least disturbed or humiliated by the other's gruffness, he bade him the customary Christmas salutations, and made his way homeward just as the church folk were issuing from their places of worship.

"Now that little matter's off my mind," observed our hero, in reference to the Chelmsford washing, as the whistle of the departing train rang through the frosty air, almost before he emerged from the yard of the station. "Only just in time, though; but, after making such an effort, I shouldn't have liked Mrs. T. to be disappointed."

Streams of people passed him as he made his way back to his humble dwelling; but he knew well enough that none could be happier than he, and his heart rose in thankfulness to the bounteous Creator, whose care and goodness is exercised over rich and poor alike. On all sides were to be heard the cheery words, "Merry Christmas!" and his joyous spirits responded with a glad "Hear! hear!" He witnessed the meeting of old folks grown gray-headed in friendship, but whose hearts beat with as much warmth as ever; and noted the modest, downcast looks of maidenhood, blushingly replying to the good wishes so plentifully showered around. Every one seemed to have shaken off worldly cares and petty differences, and to meet on one common ground of heartiness and good-fellowship.

Tim was not by nature an observant man, and was able to bestow but scant attention to matters to which many of his fellow-workers in the shop where he was employed devoted no inconsiderable portion of their time. The industrious little tailor didn't care a fig about trades unions or political meetings, but found, with his rapidly increasing family, that if he wished to retain the prestige always belonging to his trim habitation in Pipeclay Alley, he must attend to his business and naught else. Tim had noticed that those who were most strenuous in their advocacy of the rights of labor generally sought their requirements in the cheapest market, and sometimes obtained them at a price which could not possibly compensate those engaged in their manufacture; while he had also thought it strange that occasionally those who, when in a humble capacity, had been the first to complain of arrogance and lack of consideration on the part of their superiors, were, when chance elevated them in position, far more tyrannical and selfish than those whom they had erstwhile calumniated. So long as Tim obtained a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, he did not wish to trouble himself with any doctrines of political economy.

Direct from his labor to his home, the dwellers in Pipeclay Alley knew to a moment when Mr. Twinkleton would make his appearance, and remarked, if a fortune had depended on his punctuality, he could not have been more exact. But though he paid little attention to what took place outside his home, Tim's eyes were not shut to the beneficent influence exercised by the advent of Christmas.

Proud men, whose austerity never relaxed on any other occasion, seemed on the great Christian anniversary to once more think that, like their fellows, they were but units in the mass of mortality, and that a disastrous fire, treacherous wind, or sudden convulsion of the earth might reduce them to the position of the poor acquaintance whom but yesterday they had taken such pains to avoid. The charity-children he met on his road home appeared, as they came from church, to disregard the presence of their masters and mistresses, and passed him, chattering, frolicking, and as full of genial fun as though tasks and exercises were things of the past that could never again affright their youthful understandings. Even the stern beadle, that dread of the juvenile population, unbent himself, and actually condescended to pat cheeringly upon the head one of the more reckless youngsters, who had betaken himself to the slide formed along the gutter that adjoined the paved foot-path.

But though crowds, of all ages and conditions in life, thronged the streets during the half hour that intervened between the close of divine service and the popular dinner hour of one, there was not a person with a lighter heart in his or her bosom than Tim Twinkleton. And, as his joyous spirit told him, he had, indeed, cause for grateful pleasure. Had he not a good wife, loving children, and kind friends? Had he not the coziest home in the whole of the alley? and had not his domestic joys that morning been increased by the appearance of twins? "Ah," the brisk little tailor said to himself, "very few of you have had such a Christmas present as that." This pleasant thought was considered such an admirable stroke of witticism that Tim couldn't help bursting into a loud laugh in the open street; indeed, he presented such a strange appearance that the policeman who happened to be passing at the time imagined for a moment that the hospitalities of the season had been too freely enjoyed by Mr. Twinkleton.

He had been so much engaged with his reflections upon happiness in general, and his own good humor in particular, that it was nearly one o'clock ere he arrived at the entrance of the alley. There his olfactory senses were regaled with an odor that was not altogether unpleasant, but was at least peculiar. At one step there was a strong scent of boiled onions; at the next there was a smell as of a large wash, probably arising from the steam occasioned by the boiling of a monster pudding. He put his right leg foremost, and a distinct savor of roasting goose filled the air; he brought his left leg into position, and, lo! the gentle breezes of Pipeclay Alley wafted to his senses an odor that Tim thought might be produced by baked pork and potatoes. The fragrant emanations that greeted his nostrils naturally brought him to the subject of dinner, and it was not without some misgiving that he entered his house.

It was the rule as well as fashion among Mr. Twinkleton's neighbors to belong to a club held at an adjacent hostelry, where, by the payment of sixpence per week for a specified time prior to Christmas, a very large goose and a bottle of superexcellent gin were guaranteed on the eve of the great anniversary. In such a prudent course of proceeding it is needless to say Mr. Twinkleton was not behind his fellows; therefore it was with much jubilation on the part of the family—and more especially the younger branches thereof—that a fine fat bird had been the night before suspended in the back kitchen, which in Mr. Twinkleton's humble establishment had to serve as wash-house, pantry, and scullery.

It had been the intention to keep up the charter of previous Christmas-days by roasting this magnificent goose for dinner, but by some curious gift of prophecy Mrs. Twinkleton, while she was preparing the Chelmsford washing overnight, had had a presentiment (though she kept it to herself) that for once the pleasant annual custom would be suffered to lapse. The good lady who was acting as nurse unfortunately did not add to her virtues the art of cooking: now Twinkleton knew this, and that probably, as a consequence, his wife would insist upon the goose "hanging" for a few days, until she was able to give the directions necessary for the preparation of such an important dinner. It was, therefore, with misgiving as to what had really been provided for him that he scraped his boots outside the door and inserted the key in the lock.

He had, however, suffered undue apprehension; for though the excellent Mrs. T. had countermanded the goose, she had caused some steak to be sent for, and this being cooked and placed upon the table, with a huge pile of potatoes, sent forth such a fragrant steam that it seemed to impregnate the atmosphere of the apartment in no time, and made the juvenile Twinkletons rush for their chairs, and seat themselves round the festive board almost ere their joyous parent had taken off the woolen comforter that had encompassed his neck.

"Mrs. T. getting on all right?" was naturally the little tailor's first inquiry of the nurse, who was quietly informing the children that there was a pudding in prospective.

"Getting on capitally, Mr. T.; but she's asleep now; so you had better not go up to see her," was the response.

"Oh, certainly not; and how's the twins?"

"They haven't cried since you've been away."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Twinkleton, speaking amidst a perfect din of knives and forks; for the assembled children had had their senses sharpened by the anticipation of the pudding, and thought the proper thing to do was to get rid of the steak and potatoes as speedily as possible. "They seem to be very quiet, good children, Mrs. Tomkins."

"Perfect little angels, Sir, I think," said the good woman, casting a radiant smile upon the parent of the blessings referred to.

Mr. Twinkleton contented himself with the reply that if they were only as good as the other children were he should be perfectly satisfied; at which the ten assembled young Twinkletons smiled benignantly, first at each other, and then at their papa, and at once began to surreptitiously deliver sundry and promiscuous kicks beneath the table.

"A capital bit of steak, and admirably cooked, Mrs. Tomkins," said Mr. Twinkleton, helping himself to what remained upon the dish; while his family eagerly watched him, and with rapture bethought themselves that every bit he consumed brought the pudding nearer to them. "I suppose, Mrs. Tomkins," continued Mr. Twinkleton, thoroughly unaware of how greatly, in the estimation of the children, he was wasting valuable time—"I suppose it wouldn't do to give the twins a little bit, would it, ma'am?"

Mrs. Tomkins smirked, and raised her hands in protest at the bare idea of such a thing; but Mr. Twinkleton hadn't done with his joke yet, and resumed, much to the annoyance of the children, who were now getting thoroughly impatient,

"Not even a little of the gravy wouldn't do for 'em, eh, Mrs. Tomkins?"

The worthy Mrs. Tomkins at this point could contain herself no longer, but, indulging in a fit of laughter, bid Mr. Twinkleton "go along" (whatever that might mean).

"Why, Sir," she exclaimed, "do they look, dear little things, as if they could enjoy a bit of steak? No! dada must wait a bit for that, mustn't he, my preciouses?"

The latter part of this sentence was addressed to the unconscious twins; and while uttering it Mrs. Tomkins turned in her chair, as though expecting the mute darlings to make some sign of thoroughly coinciding with her, and offering a silent protest to the invitation of their papa. Not seeing her "preciouses" (the word had been coined into the plural number by Mrs. Tomkins, in order to meet the exigences of the occasion), she rose to her feet and went into the next room. She quickly returned, and, speaking to the children collectively, inquired,

"Which of you has moved the basket with the twins?"

Almost ere the words had quitted her lips, Tim dropped his knife and fork, and gazed from Mrs. Tomkins to the children, and from the children to Mrs. Tomkins, with an expression of countenance that made the nurse rush to his side and say,

"Bless me, Mr. Twinkleton! you aren't ill, are you?"

"Basket! what basket?" gasped Tim.

"Why, the clothes basket that stood there by the clock. I put 'em there because they fell asleep, and it being close by the fire, I knew they'd be all right."

A loud groan escaped Twinkleton's lips. Then, with his face of an ashy paleness, he gasped,

"Unhappy woman! that basket contained the Chelmsford washing, and *it's gone off by the mid-day train!*"

Mrs. Tomkins, without a word, sank into a chair.

"What—what's to be done?" groaned Twinkleton. "Why don't you speak, Mrs. Tomkins? Tell me, somebody, what's to be done?"

The children, open-mouthed, gazed with surprise upon their elders; but in answer to their parent's inquiry as to what was to be done, it was on the lips of at least seven out of the ten, that perhaps the best thing to be done, under the circumstances, was to take up the pudding.

"Can't—can't you telegraph?" suggested the grief-stricken Tomkins.

"Telegraph, ma'am! they can't send the twins back on the top of the wire."

The unhappy Tomkins groaned aloud; then, swaying herself backward and forward in the rocking-chair, began to weep copiously.

Disappointment at the non-appearance of the pudding, surprise at the rapid change in their father's spirits, and, above all, the most overwhelming sympathy with that Niobe, Mrs. Tomkins, struck a chord in the hearts of the children, and with one consent they burst into a blubber, which, being uttered in various keys, according to the age of the juveniles, had an effect neither harmonious to the ear nor pleasing to the eye. The bereaved father was the first to speak.

"Come, come," he said, "this won't do. I must go to the station, and see if there's another train. If there ain't, I must hire a trap, and go to Chelmsford. Perhaps, however, when I get there, the children will have been smothered; or suppose, Mrs. Tomkins, if they've shoved the clothes in a luggage van, and a heavy box or something's been put a-top of 'em, why, they'll be squashed to pancakes!"

"Oh! don't, *don't*, DON'T talk like that, Mr. Twinkleton!" roared Mrs. Tomkins, in a paroxysm of emotion. "Oh, my darling little preciouses!"

"Well, ma'am," exclaimed our hero, placing his right foot in the middle of the centre rose of the hearth-rug, and looking like a knight of the medieval age ready to do battle for his lady-love, "I think it would be more correct to describe them as *my* preciouses. You were so confoundedly careful of them that you must needs cover them over with the oil-cloth, as though the basket held nothing but the washing. Of course I didn't look to see what there was underneath."

"Oh, Twinkleton, Twinkleton!" gasped Mrs. Tomkins, removing from her eyes the print apron that she was using to stanch the visible effect of her emotion, "I did not expect reproaches from you, after preparing the dinner too! Why, 'twas because I might be able to have time to cook the steak nicely that I obeyed Mrs. Twinkleton's wish, and hushed the twins off to sleep. Oh, Twinkleton, this is indeed cruel!"

The poor lady could get no farther; a flood of tears welled to her eyes, and she could say no more.

"Mrs. Tomkins, ma'am, I beg your pardon," responded the almost distraught Twinkleton. "I will go out and see if I can hear any thing of the twins; and in the mean time perhaps 'twould be as well if nothing was said about it to Mrs. Twinkleton."

"Ah, now, Sir, you speak like the good father and husband I always thought you," replied Mrs. Tomkins, once more making an attempt to dry her eyes. Then, seeing Twinkleton energetically buttoning his coat around him, preparatory to facing once more the gusty east wind, a horrible suspicion seemed to flash across her mind, and springing to her feet, she seized his arm, and gasped, "Oh, Twinkleton, Twinkleton, if you don't find the twins, you won't commit suicide, will you? Remember the good creature up stairs, and those dear treasures around you."

The dear treasures referred to, finding attention so suddenly directed to them, began to blubber with tenfold energy.

"Mrs. Tomkins," responded Tim, impressively, and with the air of some Christian martyr going to a place of torture, "I hope I know my duty to my wife and children. With regard to the twins, ma'am, we must hope for the best."

Having delivered himself of these majestic observations, Tim, again with the air of a very injured person indeed, withdrew Mrs. Tomkins's grasp from his arm, and strode into the street.

How deserted the main thoroughfare seemed!—scarcely any one but an occasional policeman to be seen; and even the looks of the trusty guardian of the peace appeared to inspire the expectation that if he were asked to withdraw himself from his patrol, and take part in some festive gathering, he would, despite official decrees to a contrary effect, have been exceedingly glad to accept the proffered invitation. But though the passers-by were few, quiet did not reign in the streets through which Twinkleton ran on his way to the station, inasmuch as sounds of laughter proceeded from the houses, and occasionally some merry bacchanalian ditty would ring through the frosty air, and fall like a heavy weight upon the depressed spirits of the unhappy Twinkleton.

"Who knows?" he thought: "perhaps when the railway officials learn my distress, they'll have a train put on special, and I shall be able to rescue the twins before any harm comes to 'em."

Scarcely had the thought sent joy and hopeful expectation throughout his soul than there came another reflection—a sober sensible one, which his mind convinced him was more reasonable than that in which he had just indulged. Even if the railway officials granted a special train, who would forsake their Christmas enjoyments to plunge through the cold atmosphere for thirty miles and back again with the sole object of restoring to the bosom of their family Twinkleton's twins? Who was Twinkleton? and what business had a poor little tailor with twins? The unfortunate Tim knew well the heartlessness of the outer world, and rightly guessed that such would be the observations of many when they came to a knowledge of his mishap. Then suppose the twins should die of starvation on the road, even if they escaped the dangers of the luggage, would he, Tim Twinkleton, be brought before the magistrate on a charge of manslaughter, or perhaps murder? Here was another terrible thought. Was the good name of himself and wife to be dragged through the slough of a police court? Each of his imaginings was more horrible than the last, and seemed to give fresh impetus to his heels; for instead of decreasing in pace as he approached the railway station, his footsteps grew more rapid.

"That's the man; I'd swear to him," said a loud voice in Twinkleton's ear.

Involuntarily he turned, and ere his scattered senses recalled a knowledge of who had spoken, a sturdy constable had seized him securely by the collar, and, drawing his staff, had whispered to the startled Tim that if he didn't go quietly to the station, "it 'd be the worse for him."

"That's the man; he came in just as I was closing the doors, and wished particularly to have the basket booked by that train."

"Oh, you're the clerk at the station!" cried Tim, joyously, recognizing the surly tones of the man who had been in a hurry to get home to his dinner, and, owing to the Chelmsford clothes-basket, hadn't succeeded yet in accomplishing his wish. "And the twins—are they all right?"

The tall policeman gave the hand that grasped Tim's collar such a peculiar twist that the poor little tailor was nearly whirled off his feet.

"I caution you not to speak; cos what you say may be taken down in evidence agin yer."

"Oh, you wretch! and they were twins too, he said!"

These words were evidently spoken by a female voice; and turning his head as far round as the constable's knuckles would allow, Tim was astounded to see that a numerous but not select party of hooting boys and dirty men and women were following him with menacing ges-

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TWINKLETON'S TWINS—AN ALARMING DISCOVERY.

tures. "What's the charge?" inquired Tim, in a husky voice.

"Oh, you know well enough, I dessay; why, abandoning o' hinfants, in course; and a good job for you it's no worse," replied his custodian.

Tim inwardly thanked the rough policeman for his intelligence. The mention of the charge convinced him that, whatever misfortunes might have occurred to his progeny, they were at least alive; so, without another word, he accompanied the constable and railway clerk to the station-house.

The crowd that had hitherto followed in his rear judiciously thought they were safer from the recognition of anxious acquaintances belonging to the police force in remaining outside the building than they would have been had they entered the inspector's room; therefore Tim had the satisfaction of discovering that only the railway clerk, the policeman, and himself entered the station-house. Still farther gratified was the prisoner Twinkleton to find that the Chelmsford washing-basket, with the twins smiling pleasantly therein, had preceded his arrival; and furthermore, as though in additional requital for what he had gone through, he saw talking to the inspector on duty an old customer of his employer's, who always specially praised Tim's workmanship, and insisted upon being measured for his clothing by Twinkleton alone. It afterward transpired that the old gentleman was a friend of the inspector's, and had just casually dropped in to give him a Christmas greeting when the prisoner Twinkleton was brought in. But for the presence of the old gentleman poor Tim might have had to spend his Christmas-day within the walls of the station-house. Fortune, however, befriended him; and the shrewd intelligence of the inspector, aided by that of Tim's acquaintance, soon grasped the real facts of the case. The railway clerk's statement was to the effect that the prisoner had been terribly anxious to get rid of his basket, and that it was only immediately prior to its being tossed into the luggage-van of the train that the twins gave token of their presence. Search was at once made for Tim, but his haste to get back to the bosom of his family rendered any endeavor to discover him in the precincts of the station perfectly useless. Then it was that the twins were given into the care of a constable, and the quick official zeal of that functionary at once saw that the prisoner had made an attempt to abandon his offspring. Tim's explanation of these matters was so satisfactory that his friend, the old gentleman, was willing to be bail for him to any amount; and after half an hour's conversation, the affair ended by Tim's being allowed to march off in triumph, bearing both the Chelmsford washing and the twins with him. His old friend, in order to recognize the efficiency of the police force, insisted on handing the constable a gratuity of five shillings; and, as compensation for missing the hour at which he had appointed to dine, an equal sum was tendered to, and accepted by, the railway clerk. Nor did the gentleman's generosity end here; for, seeing Tim striding down the street, with both hands clasping his precious burden, and with a considerable sprinkling of the crowd that had accompanied him to the station jeering in his rear, he insisted on making the little tailor enter a cab. Paying the driver with a liberality that caused the Jehu to respectfully touch his hat, the old gentleman bid him drive Tim and the twins as rapidly as he could to Pipeclay Alley; and then, wishing Mr. Twinkleton a merry Christmas, and promising him a private order to be executed when Tim liked, the old gentleman turned away as light-hearted and merry as though only eighteen instead of sixty winters had passed over his head. Under these favorable conditions, it was not long ere Tim found himself once more face to face with Mrs. Tomkins and his little ones.

Of course Twinkleton's first inquiry was for his wife, and a load seemed lifted off his heart when he heard that she was still asleep, and therefore unconscious of what had happened to her offspring. The worthy nurse, when she saw the twins had not suffered from the checkered events of the day, gave vent to a flood of tears that seemed to relieve her feelings immensely. Then, of course, the children had a few tears to shed; but at last the sunshine of happiness spread itself over the little room, and it was wonderful how every body cheered up when an intimation was given by Mrs. Tomkins that probably 'twould be as well to have in the pudding.

Owing to the grief occasioned by the loss of their newly born brothers, the children had not as yet seen any thing of the Christmas delicacy provided for them by the indefatigable Mrs. Tomkins, but, as that lady remarked, "a plum-pudding's one of those things which can't be boiled too much;" and so at last the youthful members of the Twinkleton family were allowed to satisfy their appetites. Then came such a clatter of knives, spoons, and forks for the space of ten minutes as has been rarely heard, while Tim looked on with the utmost contentment and gladness. When they had finished their meal, the happy father made his little ones form a circle around him, and narrated such wonderful stories relative to the manner in which certain beneficent fairies befriended obedient and dutiful children that each juvenile Twinkleton retired to bed with a full resolution to prove worthy of the patronage of the whole elfin tribe.

The twins have now become fine, healthy, roguish lads; and though they display a wonderful capacity for street games and all out-door amusements—perhaps occasioned by their experiences of the first day of their existence—Tim Twinkleton and his wife have never had cause for regret that the twins' presence in the basket became known to the railway officials ere they were thrown into the luggage-van en route for Chelmsford.

☞ THE Publishers take pleasure in announcing that they have secured for the new Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR the most brilliant and fascinating array of literary and artistic attractions ever offered simultaneously to the American public. They comprise, for immediate issue, besides others that will be in due time announced in these columns, the following works:

"MIDDLEMARCH," a new serial story by GEORGE ELIOT, to commence in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 16.

"MISS OR MRS.?" by WILKIE COLLINS, illustrated with striking full-page engravings from original drawings, to commence December 23.

"BLADE-O'-GRASS," by B. L. FARJEON, author of "Joshua Marvel," with many beautiful illustrations, is commenced in the present Supplement of HARPER'S BAZAR.

"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, with illustrations, to commence in the February number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

They have also secured the plates and advance sheets of "LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE," by GUSTAVE DORÉ and BLANCHARD JERROLD, a new and magnificent series of illustrations from the pencil of the great French artist.

A new Novel by Miss THACKERAY, whose writings have won deserved popularity by their purity of tone, genial imagination, and fascinating style, will be commenced early in the year.

The great Spanish statesman, EMILIO CASTELAR, will furnish an important and interesting paper for an early number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE on "Republicanism in Europe."

These unprecedented attractions will require occasional literary Supplements to HARPER'S BAZAR and HARPER'S WEEKLY, which will be included in the regular issue, free of charge to subscribers.

We congratulate the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR on the rich and tempting intellectual repast provided for their enjoyment, and upon the rare privilege of sitting down to their monthly or weekly feast of fancy and flow of soul with such a select and excellent company of entertainers as GEORGE ELIOT, WILKIE COLLINS, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, CHARLES LEVER, Professor DE MILLE, B. L. FARJEON, GUSTAVE DORÉ, Miss MULOCK, Miss BRADDON, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, M. D. CONWAY, PORTE CRAYON, BAYARD TAYLOR, R. H. STODDARD, JOHN HAY, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, EUGENE LAWRENCE, Dr. I. I. HAYES, THOMAS NAST, SOL EYTINGE, Jun., CHARLES PARSONS, W. L. SHEPPARD, JULES TAVERNER, and many others of high rank in the world of letters and art. In securing this unprecedented array of splendid names, the Publishers are only carrying out their original design, and fulfilling what they conceive to be the legitimate duty of the conductors of widely circulated and popular periodicals. They intend that wherever their periodicals circulate they shall exert a healthful influence in every department of literature and art; and that in the future, as in the past, they shall be not only unsurpassed but unapproachable in the sphere of illustrated journalism.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR meet and satisfy the intellectual wants of the great mass of intelligent American readers; and in treating of literary, political, social, or domestic themes, offer an amount of wholesome instruction, recreation, and amusement which will be sought elsewhere in vain. They represent, therefore, for every American household the Graphic Literature of the World.

☞ For Terms, etc., see Advertisement on page 799.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 51.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Embroidered Smoking-Cap.

THIS cap is made of brown gros grain, bound with brown silk cord, thinly wadded and quilted, with a lining of brown silk. For the crown of the cap cut a circular piece eight inches and a half in diameter, and for the rim cut a straight piece of the requisite length and three inches and a half wide. Cut the revers from Fig. 70, Supplement.

Footstool with Oriental Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE cover of this pretty footstool is set together of pieces of cloth of different colors ornamented in Oriental embroidery. The octagonal cover, which is made of curled hair and gray linen, is slightly rounded on the upper side, and is covered on the bottom with black carriage leather. For the upper cover cut, first, a piece of black cloth of a suitable size, and on this transfer the design given on Fig. 32, Supplement, which has previously been completed, cut separate pieces of red and blue cloth as indicated on Fig. 32, Supplement, and paste these first on tissue-paper and then on the piece of black cloth with gum-arabic. Work the chain stitch embroidery, as shown by illustration Fig. 2, with silk in different colors; where the colored pieces of cloth come together, as well as along their outer edges, sew corn-colored silk braid with a cross seam of black saddler's silk, as shown by illustration Fig. 1. Trim the cushion with variegated twisted worsted fringe, and cover the seam made by doing this with a row of coarse woolen cord of similar colors. The colors, of course, can be varied to suit the taste, and other patterns may be used, a number of which have been given in former Supplements. But for Persian or Turkish embroidery, bright colors in arabesque patterns must always be employed on a dark ground.

EMBROIDERED SMOKING-CAP.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XXXI., Figs. 69 and 70.

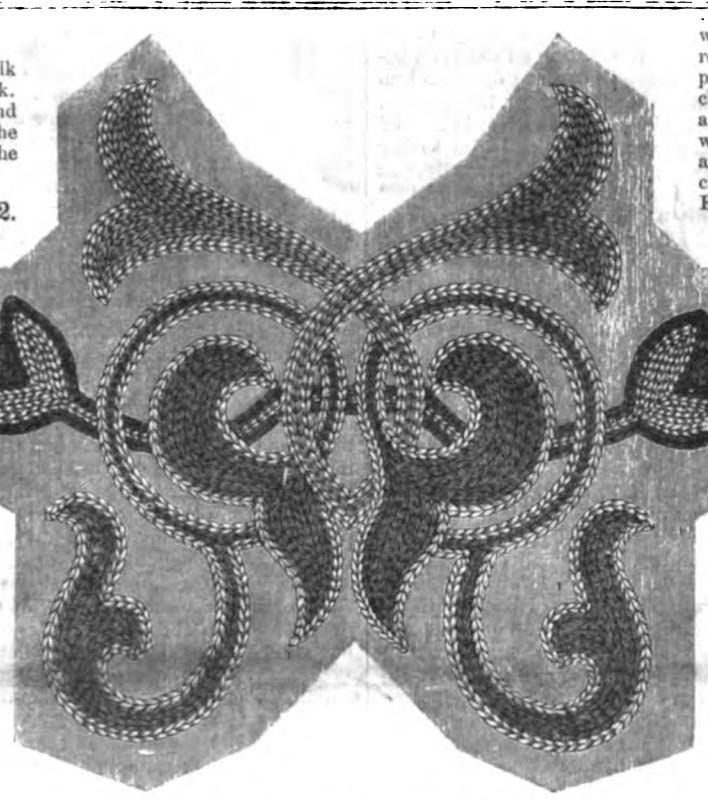

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED FIGURE FOR FOOTSTOOL.
FULL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—FOOTSTOOL WITH ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XL., Fig. 32.

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET JACKET. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. II., Figs. 7-11.

Fig. 2.—SLATE GRAY SILK DRESS WITH BASQUE. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—VIOLET CASHMERE SUIT. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—GRAY SERGE DRESS WITH TRICOT BEAVER JACKET. For description see Supplement.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

AN ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, with the continuation of FARJEON'S thrilling Story, "BLADE-O'-GRASS," will be given away next week with our great CHRISTMAS NUMBER, which will also contain a brilliant array of Illustrations, Essays, Tales, and Poems, specially adapted to the Holiday Season.

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For Terms, etc., see Advertisement on page 823.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of a Marguerite Vest-Polonaise Walking Suit, and a Watteau Sacque and Cape, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt, will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 823.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number, which will begin the New Volume, will contain a rich variety of Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Dolls' Bridal, Evening, Walking, and Peasant Costumes; Ladies' Mantles, Mantelets, Hats, and Bonnets; Fur Muffs, Collars, and Hats; Boys' and Girls' Suits; Fancy Articles for Holiday Gifts, etc., etc.*

GREAT-HEARTEDNESS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IF there is a clumsy word inside or outside the dictionaries, it is this. If I could invent, transfer, or pilfer a better one, I would do so without hesitation; but where is the coveted word? I am not thinking of grandeur of mind, breadth of intellect, though possibly a degree of mental breadth is indispensable to moral magnanimity. I do not mean the quality which inspires to royal largess, or which produces heroes in great emergencies, but those far more important qualities which make people comfortable and delightful to live with.

Not, indeed, that the qualities which make people comfortable companions are always magnanimous. A good degree of self-esteem may work marvels of daily repose. It confers upon its possessor an unfailing content, and does no one else any harm. The man thinks so well of himself that he never suspects other people to be thinking ill of him. He assumes, unconsciously no doubt, that his wife, his children, his house, and equipage are every thing that they ought to be, and he is never suspicious or uneasy. He is not quick to imagine slights. You do not feel obliged to keep a sharp look-out lest his self-love take offense. His self-love is panoplied in triple oak, and, to the outside world, answers every purpose of amiability. In a crisis, to be sure, you may run against it, and find that it is a smiling and supreme selfishness, indurated and invincible; but you may go on for years and never find it out, because you never do run against it.

But magnanimity of character is a real thing. It not only never fails you at the critical moment, but it prevents moments from becoming critical. It is not only sublime in the great historical crises of life, but it makes the routine of every day rich and sweet and interesting. It is the opposite of pettiness, pettishness, childishness. It has a wide vision and sees the relations of things, and does not magnify mole-hills to mountains.

We read stories of conjugal disturbances, domestic tiffs, rising, perhaps, at first, from unconsidered trifles, but increasing and souring into sulks, and days and weeks and months of alienation. The husband is somewhat wrong, and the wife is somewhat wrong, but neither will confess or forsake his sin; and so they go on till the situation becomes embarrassing, though all the while they are really very fond of each other in the depths of their hearts, and are longing for reconciliation. The frame-work of the story is the roundabout methods of fire, flood, or fever which bring them back to peace and harmony.

To me, I confess, such actions seem altogether childish, and the advice fit for the actors is that they go back into knickerbockers and short dresses until they can behave like men and women. In the stress and strain of domestic life there will sometimes be sharp words from the sweetest lips—words that spring solely from nervous excitement or fatigue, words that have no root of bitterness, though they are any thing but soothing at the time. But the idea of treasuring up these words, carrying them around in your memory, rolling them as a sweet morsel under your tongue, and hurling them back at your friend when the irritation has long passed away, and the offense is actually forgotten! For it is true that people do forget. A man in a transient, nervous fever will say a bitter thing, which is so thoroughly superficial that in an hour he will really have forgotten that he said it. He not only meant nothing by it, but he had nothing to mean, and does not remember any call to use the offending words. Here is where magnanimity of character shows itself to excellent advantage. A woman who has no perception of relations, who gives to the expression of a fleeting annoyance all the force of a rooted and grounded discontent, who magnifies the forgetfulness of preoccupation into an intentional or habitual slight, may be an excellent housewife, a loyal and truthful woman, but she is a very uncomfortable companion. Indifference and selfishness are never to be condoned; they are not to be forgiven without repentance, nor forgotten without reformation. I am speaking now only of manifestations which the freedom generated of long intimacy will permit in the best of husbands and wives. A magnanimous woman takes these things for what they are worth. She does not, perhaps, pass them over entirely unnoticed, but she does not ponder them in her heart. If her husband steps into the carriage before her, leaving her to climb in as she may, because he is a brutal boor, she divorces him at once. It is the only proper thing to do. But if he commits the impropriety in a fit of abstraction, she may browbeat him to her heart's content, but she does it merrily, "as if she loved him." His lapses from courtesy provoke only a good-humored raillery, and grow small by degrees and beautifully less. They lend a piquancy to the tea-table, give a pleasant stir to the surface of life, but reach nothing in the depths. The love is too deep and real and strong to be so much as touched by that which, indeed, has nothing to do with love.

If you have got to be careful with your friends, it is not worth while to have any. When you must weigh your words, and speak advisedly lest you give offense, or be misunderstood, let the curtain fall. Perfect friendship is perfect freedom. Freedom to be dull and cross and captious and rude, then? Yes, if it is right to *be* cross and captious and rude. Whatever it is right to be, it is right to be toward your friend. If it is dignified for a man and a brother to be savage and moody, don't put a restraint upon yourself on account of your wife, dear man and brother. If it is worthy and womanly to be irritable and exacting, and to mark iniquity, or to mark abstraction as iniquity, why should a woman repress her development on account of her husband? I say that it is better to be large-natured and sunny and sweet, if you are the only living being in the whole world; and if there are two of you, and you live together, it is indispensable. Two people in association can be perfectly happy only when they have to repress and crush that alone which is of itself undesirable and unlovely, and can give full scope to whatever is lovely, or innocent, or restful. The good of having a friend is that you can be silly and stupid, and he likes you all the same. To your outside acquaintances you must be as animated and sensible as possible, or they will think you are not glad to see them; but when a man goes home after a day of annoyances and fatigue, his wife knows he is glad to see her, though he lie on the sofa and speak not ten words the whole evening. That is, if he is the right sort of husband, and does it in the right sort of way. He may be grewsome and gruff, and she does not know what to make of him, and lets him alone; but if he is what he ought to be, if he have the sense and the heart to speak the right word, and walk in the natural way of a great-hearted man, she is just as good to him as if he were brilliantly entertaining; she makes a baby of him for the nonce, and turns his home into a paradise of rest and peace. And if she is wearied and fretted, if she spoke petulantly a while ago, and is ready to cry at nothing, is he to lay it up against her? Is he, a great strong man, all muscle and nerve and breezy health—is he coming home from the brisk, bracing outer world to be sullen and silent, to remember her hasty speech, and wait for her to make the first overture of reconciliation? Not he. He has magnanimity of character in little things. He would scorn such mean feelings, such malignant hoarding. He tramples all pettiness under his feet. He remembers nothing, or remembers it only to be a little more tender and outspoken; and crams her sewing into her basket, and jams her hat on her head, back side before most likely, and forces her out to drive against all her protests that she can't go, she has so much to do, which he serenely shows her is false, because here she is already on the road; and so they come home as happy and blithe as birds, all freshly fortified against the wear and tear of life. Reconciliation, indeed! A man—*a man*—ought to be doubly and trebly ashamed of ever laying up any thing against his wife. No matter if she is at fault, he has no business to remember it. He ought to brush it all away with his manly, muscular vigor, and his hearty, uncalculating love, and be to her always a source as well as a centre of sunshine. That is the way to make home happy. That is the way to make good wives and mothers. It will not take a very long course of this treatment to produce such a healthiness and robustness of love as shall stand all possible shocks and understand all developments of liberty. Rooted and grounded in such love, they may both be tired together without hurting each other, and that is about the hardest strain to which human nature can be subjected by any but the heroic tests.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Song.

MY DEAR CARLO,—I was sitting in my room toward sunset of one of these beautiful autumn days, the windows open, yet with a little fire in the grate, when I heard the sound of a harp and violin, and a clear, shrill boy's voice began to sing an Italian song. What is the spell of music? I sat enchanted and motionless. I was no longer your grave ancient friend with the thin gray hair, but a bounding youth full of life and enthusiasm, sitting in a Neapolitan balcony in the May moonlight, looking across the gleaming water to the faint glow about the crater of Vesuvius, and listening to the sweet, sad singing of the lazy loiterers below. Or I was the same youth skimming the Venetian lagunes at sunset, home-returning from the Lido, and murmuring,

> "In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
> And silent rows the songless gondolier;"

but suddenly arrested, as strains of singing as tenderly sweet as Venice ever heard floated over the water in the perfect calm. Or, once more, I was the same youth in Rome, hearing the pifferari play before the Madonna shrines at the street corner on Christmas morning; or sitting on an April afternoon at a locanda on the Campagna drinking Velletri with the other happy youth, while the wine-carts rumbled by, and the driver droned his solitary Campagna song.

Such was the magic of the boy with the clear, shrill voice under my window. But in making me the youth I describe, the boy showed me that I am all that I have ever been. The memories of that youth looking at Vesuvius, or floating upon the sunset lagunes, or drinking the wine upon the Campagna, are not his: they are mine. That youth knows nothing now of those dear past delights; but I do. That youth you would not find if you searched Italy from the Apennines to Tarentum. But all he had I have, and all that he enjoyed I enjoy. *Sic vos non vobis*, as we used to say in our Latin days: thus you live not for yourself, O youth loitering in Italy, or wherever the good genius of happy travel leads. You live for him who shall follow you—your heir; him whom one day you shall be. You lay up treasures of romance and memory; but, generous youth, it is not you with beating heart and soul fresh with hope; not you with lithe form and elastic step, cheerily climbing the Alps and lingering along the lovely shore of Como; not you with the light of morning in your eyes: but some sober gray-beard whom you can not see nor imagine; some patriarch, respectable, bent-backed, and thin-haired, who will possess your treasures and enjoy them. And if he be indeed yourself, how shall you know it? How but by feeling, as I felt when the boy sang shrill under my window, that the heart of that youth of old beats unchanged in my breast, and that the picture of the Naples and the Venice and the Rome he saw hangs undimmed in the gallery of my memory?

Yet if the heir of that youth should return to seek him in his haunts of travel and delight, would he find him? If I should sail across the sea, and sit in that balcony in the May moonlight, and look over the gleaming bay at the glowing crest of Vesuvius, or float in that Venetian sunset, or quaff Velletri upon the Campagna, should I feel the old enthusiasm, the old flush and spring of hope? The youth whose image the boy's song recalled stood at the threshold, but the heir has gone beyond. That group of friends of whom the youth was one, who stood one summer evening upon the sands of the Lido, and saw the full moon rise from the Adriatic, looked into the future as into that twilight over the sea, and their dreams and hopes were as full and perfect as that moon, and filled that future with as golden splendor. If now once more they stood together by that evening sea, even with the freshness of their hearts untouched, and the glow of hope unquenched, yet would not experience have taught them the probable limits of attainment, so that one would not secretly feel that his wondrous hand of art would surpass that of Raphael and of Giorgione, nor another that the great singers of all time would welcome him to their side, nor a third that he should yet "mould a state's decrees?"

No: that youth can not be found. Days as beautiful and scenes as fair as he knew may still be known, but *his* day of days will never dawn again. Aprils and Mays as bright and warm may come with every year of a thousand, but not the very April and the very May he knew. Heart and hope are unchanged, but time—time "steals from its figure, and no pace perceived." So seemed the boy to sing. His shrill voice was the enchanting spell. His song was the sponge passed over the picture, and lo! every tint was as fresh and even softer than when it was laid on. He passed from one song to another, but they were all Italian, and all seemed to be the same song. All the years since the youth floated on the lagunes, and all their wonderful history, and all his own life and experience, disappeared, and there was no day later than that April day upon the Campagna: so that I, dear Carlo, your ancient friend, in hearing that song, was like Christian when his burden dropped at the gate, for so the burden of years dropped from me, and I was young.

When the boy stopped singing I did not wait, but went to the window and spoke to him. A pair of dark Italian eyes looked up at me from the dirty face of a ragged little boy. He took off his cap and held it as if to catch something. I dropped some money into it and said, "*Grazia, piccolino!*" There was a look of surprise in the dark eyes, and a sweet "*Buon giorno, signore!*" as I turned away. There was no possible relation of value between what he had given me and what I had given him; and when I heard some one contemptuously say the next day that something was not worth a song, I smiled to think how invaluable a song might be. Yet it is not necessary that all songs should be actually sung to produce the best effect of singing. I asked what is the magic of music, but I do not expect any answer. Perhaps it is that of association. Perhaps the sadness which it inspires—a sadness independent of its immediate purpose or apparent character—is because it vaguely recalls a prior purity that we have forgotten. Richter said that music spoke to him of what he knew not, and could never know. Was it the hint of a former life forgotten, or the prophecy of a life too lovely for human conditions? What is the pathos of a waltz? Is it merely the measure—the triple beat? But why is that melancholy? Is it the old mystery of the number three?

How often have I stood in a ball-room, brilliant with lights and full of fragrant flowers, and watched beautiful girls moving airily in the waltz! There was the hum of conversation and of pleasant laughter, and trouble and care were apparently wholly excluded. It was a feast of youth and beauty and love. But as I marked the gliding forms, the music to which they moved was profoundly melancholy. Was it a wail over the evanescence of that very youth, over the sure withering of that beauty? In every ball-room I seem to hear in the music Weber's exquisite "Invitation to the Waltz." He, too, had felt the pathos of the scene, and has marvelously reproduced it. But I said that the song need not always be sung. You may recognize it by its influence. I have heard many an orator whose presence and manner and tones of voice were so magnetic that, without hearing a word he said, I have been profoundly touched and impressed. All my good purposes were refreshed, all my mean compliances became contemptible. It was easier, after hearing him, to do what I knew that I ought to do. I was lifted out of the mean ruts of life, and the beauty of high and honorable living was again revealed. I sat enchanted under the spell of the voice as under that of the Italian boy's song. The effect was that of music.

I remember, also, Lucia, whom we shall see no more. She was born of poor parents, and all the details of the life around her were harassing and mean. Her mother was overworked, her father moody and silent. There were many children—it might have been Maud Muller's household—and she the oldest child. Christian bore no heavier burden, nor did he bear it more gayly. With steady good humor and unflinching resolution Lucia did the endless duty that fell to her. Parental scolding and snarling and injustice she bore with smiling patience. She soothed the woes of the little folks, and lightened as she could the labors of those from whom no thanks came. Her life seemed to be a mere dwindling perspective of hard struggling with poverty and want of sympathy; but if it had appeared to be the shining ladder of the vision, with angels descending and ascending into heaven, it would not have been more cheerfully regarded. There was nobody to praise her, nobody to whisper of a better time coming. Indeed, no better time came. When I knew her, it was very

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slightly, for I was much older than she, and she could not make me a companion. But as I saw her life, it was as when the boy's song floated up to my window. Her heroic fidelity, her smiling, unconscious devotion to duty, restored the visions of youth, in which all that is most noble seems to be most natural, and all that is most generous most practicable. She died long ago; and it was of one who not only resembled her in name that Wordsworth sang:

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be:
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me."

So, dear Carlo, as I sat in my room and heard the song of the Italian boy, it brought back to me the feelings, the hopes, the aims of the youth who lived a happy year in Italy, and so stimulated and purified the life of the old gentleman, his heir, who has the honor of addressing you. And even so, whatever in character or influence of any kind appeals by some subtile association to the high faith and unworn resolve that characterize youth, seems to me like the singing of the boy under my window. And therefore it was that when a great officer of state unconsciously showed me by constant example that meanness and selfishness and intrigue were not essential to the highest position, I told him that if he would hold up his hat I would drop ten cents into it, and wish him *buon giorno*. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

OPERA AND BALL TOILETTES.

WHITE TULLE.

THE gayeties attendant on the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis brought out some notable opera and ball toilettes. Loveliest among these were pure white dresses of diaphanous tulle, brightened by folds of lustrous satin. Flat trimmings, such as row after row of side pleatings, trim the trained skirts; the upper skirts are doubled tulle, ingeniously folded to conceal any defined edge, and draped by sprays and garlands of flowers; the low corsage has flower garniture, and sometimes rare old lace, such as the gossamer Malines, ornaments it. Such a dress was worn at the Academy ball by the Marquise de S. Marzano et Coraglio, formerly Miss Gillender. It consisted, first, of a trained taffeta skirt, with a flounce of stiff pleatings to support the skirt proper. Over this is the Lyons tulle skirt, bordered with a wide ruche of tulle, and clusters of triple puffs drooping to overlap like ruffles, with a satin fold between each cluster. These extend to the knee, and the upper part of the skirt is covered by a misty drapery of tulle, doubled, very bouffant behind, with many easy folds in front draped by clusters and sprays of great blush roses mingled with white lilacs. A square court train of tulle, widely bound with satin, is added, and the low, double-pointed corsage has soft tulle drapery on the bosom, edged with exquisite Malines lace. The flower clusters are placed with graceful irregularity on the corsage and skirts. The coiffure is a rose cluster just above the crown braid, with long sprays of half-opened buds and white lilacs drooping among the long curls. Necklace of diamonds with three stars pendent. White kid gloves reaching above the elbow. Another fresh and dainty dress of white tulle, worn by a fair young girl, had a ruche bordering the skirt, headed by clusters of pleated tulle frills with satin folds and erect pleatings. Bouffant tulle over-skirt showing no edge, but exquisitely draped with bouquets of white Marguerites. A third tulle dress was worn at the opera by Madame Gorloff, the wife of the Russian general, on the evening when the Duke and his suite were present. The trained skirt had six side pleatings of doubled tulle, held down by wide piping of white satin. Over-skirt of black lace, looped at the sides and behind by scarlet geraniums and clusters of gold balls. Low white silk corsage with peasant waist of black lace. Bouquet of scarlet leaves in front of corsage and on the left shoulder. Scarlet velvet belt and postilion bow.

WATTEAU DRESSES.

Among the dresses that have been most talked about are the Watteau costumes of faille, in which three or four colors appear. This is one of Worth's suggestions that our modistes have carried out most tastefully. A Watteau dress worn by a blonde is of pearl, rose pink, and sky blue faille. The front of the skirt shows a pearl-colored petticoat, with two bias flounces draped at the top with two aprons, the lower rose-color, the upper blue, and both edged with wide Valenciennes lace. The back of the skirt is a square court train of blue faille, trimmed with many ruffles. The corsage is a blue basque with Louis XIV. vest of rose-color, and a jabot of Valenciennes. The palest tints are used in these dresses, in order to prevent striking contrasts. One has a delicate China pink petticoat, a pearl-colored train, and white velvet pleatings; another tricolor dress has a flesh-colored skirt, Sèvres blue train, and sash of palest rose-color, tied with a loop bow on the tournure, with one wide end hanging each side; a third is violet over pale French gray; and a fourth, in Spanish colors, is a salmon skirt with sultan red train, trimmed with black Spanish blonde. This fashion suggests an economical use of two dresses partly worn, and a good way of refreshing skirts having soiled front breadths.

FAILLE DRESSES.

Many evening dresses entirely of faille have been made after the model given in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. IV. Two colors usually appear in these dresses, and in many cases the short skirt is only represented by a broad front width with a sloped width on each side. The train is then very ample, and is sewed in the second seam with a wide revers turned back on the train. A very short, broad apron like the silk of the train is sometimes made to drape the upper part of the front. Three or four flounces cross the lower part of the front widths, and the train is surrounded by a ruffle. Both colors appear in the ruffles, the upper part being faced with a contrasting color, the fullness laid in double box-pleats, turned over at the top to show the facing. The corsage is of the silk of the train, with a bertha of folds of alternate colors.

The regular trained skirt, with a bouffant bat's-wing over-skirt, is a design that remains in favor for young ladies' dresses. Dresses made in this style were worn at the Duke's ball by two sisters, one fair, the other a brunette. The first was India blue faille, with over-skirt trimmed with point lace, and looped with tea-roses; the second was soft pink silk, with many fringed ruffles and petal points of the silk.

SATIN DRESSES.

Some of the richest ball dresses were of the lustrous satins that are so beautiful by gas-light. One, of water green satin, had white Venise point, a rare old lace, laid flatly on the skirt and corsage; another, of pearl-color, had an over-skirt of crape lisse edged with a flounce of round point: a rich dress, worn by an elderly lady, is of café-au-lait satin, edged with faille puffs, and trimmed with flounces and revers of Chantilly lace; an opera dress, worn by a young married lady, is a white satin skirt, with mauve tulle puffs to the knee dotted with pansies, and an over-skirt of mauve satin, with white tulle puffs and pansies; a novelty is a trained polonaise of pale blue satin, low in the neck, and bordered with white Marguerites, worn over a skirt of blue faille; an amber satin, with Watteau pleated train, is flounced with black Chantilly lace, and has corsage bouquets of pink rose-buds.

TARLATAN AND MUSLIN.

White tarlatan dresses were tastefully worn by débutantes at the late festivities. One, exceedingly fresh and pretty, had four notched ruches of tarlatan on the train, separated by marquise puffing. The bouffant over-skirt had a ruche on the edge, and was draped by pale blue ostrich tips. The low corsage was a basque of tarlatan over a Swiss muslin lining, trimmed with ruches, and with black velvet ribbon arranged across the bust, and forming a Watteau bow with long ends behind. Modistes furnish graceful dresses of white tarlatan, without flowers or feathers, for $50; white tulle dresses elaborately made, but without flowers or the silk under-skirt, are $100.

White muslin, in kilt pleating three-fourths of a yard deep, trims trained skirts of light silks—a suggestion followed by those who wish to freshen up last season's dresses. A model is a pale blue silk skirt trimmed with a single deep pleating of Swiss muslin in inch-wide pleats, all turned one way, and an inch space between; this kilting is edged below with three rows of insertion and Valenciennes lace, and headed by a pleated ruche edged with narrower Valenciennes. The Swiss over-skirt is in two parts; the front apron extends to the back like a basque, while the back is trained, and trimmed up the sides to the waist. Blue silk high corsage, with Valenciennes bretelles. Bows and loops of black velvet ribbon, and pink rose-buds.

OPERA WRAPS.

Deep Watteau mantles, large circulars, and very loose paletots are all worn for evening cloaks. White ottoman silk paletots wrought with soutache or with colored embroidery are among the handsomest. A favorite wrap this season is a talma of quilted silk covered with a black lace mantle. One arranged by a modiste has a lavender silk mantle fringed with chenille, over which a Chantilly lace point is draped, and ornamented by bows of black faille.

GENTLEMEN'S BALL DRESS.

At the Grand Duke's balls gentlemen wore low-rolled dress-coats, vests, and pantaloons of black cloth. White vests are entirely out of fashion for evening dress. A white lawn or silk neck-tie scarcely an inch wide is still in vogue; but the Grand Duke appeared in a black tie, and it is said many gentlemen to whom the clerical white is unbecoming will imitate him, and try to make the fashion general.

VARIETIES.

A new over-skirt that is much admired for silks, woolens, and for muslins over silk is longer in front than behind, requiring the back breadths of the dress to be flounced very high. To construct it take three front widths of silk a yard long, and two back breadths only three-eighths long. It opens behind, the back widths being in double box-pleats to form a postilion flounce, and the long apron breadths being gathered down the side seam.

Kilt pleating is the trimming that meets with most favor on lower skirts. It is made straight, is lined with foundation muslin, the lower edge is hemmed in loose stitches on the wrong side, a bias band holds the top flatly, and a row of stitching is placed straight around three inches above the edge.

A standing ruffle of Valenciennes lace, with a large jabot or oval rosette in front, is worn instead of a collar with dressy street toilettes in the evening. These are becoming, and more dressy than the linen collars and muslin frills worn with colored ties in the daytime. They cost from $3 50 to $13, according to the quality of the lace. Softly folded China crape edged with Valenciennes is formed into large collars, called fichu-collars, to wear with black and dark silk dresses in the house.

POINT LACE AND GUIPURE WORK.

The arrival of an abundant supply of materials for making point lace and guipure has given a fresh impetus to this fascinating employment. At the fancy stores we are told that several ladies of wealth and position here have become so proficient in darning guipure that their work excels the handsomest specimens imported. This lace is made to ornament many pretty things prepared for holiday presents. Among the handsomest are pincushions of satin—rose, blue, or green, to suit the color that prevails in the room—mounted with a square and medallion of lace. The cushion is a large square, trimmed around with quilled ribbon or a thick cord. They cost from $6 to $9. Bureau covers and toilette mats are made to match the cushion; a set costs from $8 to $20. Ornamental strips of this lace-work also pass down the middle of Oriental chairs.

HONEY-COMB CANVAS, ETC.

The new honey-comb or waffle canvas is much used for bureau covers and toilette sets. This has a braiding design lightly wrought or darned under the threads in Saxony yarn, making a simple but most effective ornament. The edge of the canvas is raveled to form a border of fringe. White canvas, darned with light blue or scarlet, is neat and tasteful. Zephyr wool is used for this broidery, but Saxony yarn is smoother, and washes better. Honey-comb canvas is a yard and a half or three-fourths of a yard in width. The widest is $1 75 a yard. Java canvas is shown in white, gray, brown, and buff, in both cotton and the firmer linen. Cotton canvas half a yard wide is 75 cents a yard; there are wider grades costing as much as $2 50 a yard. Linen Java five-eighths of a yard wide is $1 75 a yard. The stiffer Panama canvas, made of hemp, is only found in one width (five-eighths of a yard), but in two qualities, and in all the canvas colors: price $2 and $2 25 a yard. Worsted Panama canvas for sofa-pillows, traveling-bags, etc., in light colors, is $3 25 a yard. Gray Panama canvas with quilted silk lining makes pretty sachets and cases for handkerchiefs. A square with each corner folded to the centre makes a pretty case. A useful nécessaire of buff canvas is embroidered with green, has green velvet cushions in each end, pockets and bag inside, and is fastened by straps: price $8.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; SCHMAUDER; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; WILSON & GREIGG; and A. SELIG & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL, just now a notability in England as the go-between of the aristocracy and working classes, is the son of a Scotch clergyman, and sixty-three years old. At sixteen he graduated from Glasgow University with high honors. He took to mechanics, and at twenty-eight succeeded Sir JOHN LESLIE, temporarily, as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Since then he has been largely engaged in ship-building, and has made not less than 20,000 experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the laws which regulate the opposition of water to the movements of floating bodies. He is a member of a great number of scientific bodies, and was highly esteemed by the late Prince Consort.

—A New York correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, who has been taking stock of the G. Duke, says that his appearance, on the whole, is prepossessing. The impression he conveys is that he is a young man of strong will, earnest purpose, positive nature, and frank disposition, wanting, perhaps, in some of the sympathies and sensibilities which round and give grace to well-balanced character. In addition to English, which he uses with remarkable purity and fluency, he speaks German, French, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Italian, and Spanish. He draws well; paints tolerably; is a clever musician, a good shot, and a capital swordsman. Being his father's favorite child, unusual pains have been taken with his education, and he is said to have employed his opportunities to the best advantage.

—The oldest living printer in the United States, Mr. JOSEPH BRADLEY, completed his ninety-sixth birthday in this city on the 20th ult. He still works at case in the *Sun* office, and is an expert and correct compositor. As a pleasant historical character, he is a success.

—Mr. HIGGINSON—T. W.—says, in the *Woman's Journal*, that "it is women, even more than men, who are attracted by those strong qualities of personal character which are always the antidote to aristocracy. No bold revolutionist ever defied the established conventionalisms of his times without drawing his strongest support from women."

—Miss KELLOGG gracefully yields her personal feelings, and consents to deposit to her credit in bank $20,000, gold, as a *quid*, etc., for singing twenty nights in San Francisco. It must be a sad place indeed where any lady refuses to sing unless the bad flavor is taken away by a thousand golden dollars.

—Colonel JAMES FORNEY, United States Marine Corps, a son of the venerable editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, has just been ordered to the navy-yard in that city. He went into the marine service when very young, and rose rapidly for gallant conduct. For eleven years he has been in active service, most of the time during the war having served with FARRAGUT, by whom he was held in high esteem. After his return from the Gulf, in 1864, he was in command in the engagement at Gunpowder Bridge, where his gallant action resulted in the defeat of Major GILMORE, then attempting a raid on the Pennsylvania border. At the end of the rebellion Colonel FORNEY was ordered to China, as fleet marine officer of the Asiatic squadron, for over three years, and while attached to the *Hartford* he commanded the marines against the pirates at the island of Formosa. Colonel FORNEY has seen more active service than any other officer of the Marine Corps, and has received three successive brevets in recognition of his gallantry, having been brevetted a captain, at the recommendation of FARRAGUT, for gallantry at New Orleans, a major for his engagements against the pirates in China, and a lieutenant-colonel for defeating a rebel raid on the border of Pennsylvania.

—Miss FOWLER, of Orange, a medical practitioner of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year standing, and having the names of over six hundred families on her books, recently decided to change her name, if not her local habitation, by becoming the wife of Mr. ORMSBY, a merchant of this city.

—Mrs. LOTTY HOUGH, formerly an actress at the Olympic Theatre at the time JEFFERSON and SOTHERN were members of the company, is making a notable success with her lecture entitled "Popping the Question." She popped it off in Boston last week to a large and warmly applauding audience.

—Mr. RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI, having no other employment so agreeable, has conquered the heart of a daughter of Madame George Sand, and proposes to lead her to the altar when the primroses come next spring.

—Lady lecturers are quite the fashion in England. Miss LYDIA BECKER, of Manchester, is one of the latest, and announces a lecture on "Illustrations of Womanly Character, derived from the Writings of Sir WALTER SCOTT."

—The Marquis of Lorne has recently made several translations from SCHILLER, besides publishing several original poems by himself.

—Mr. BANCROFT, our minister to the German empire, has the exceptional happiness of being an honorary member of thirty-one learned societies of Europe. Add to these the number to which he belongs at home, and you have, what Mr. B. is, a man who is a good deal in society.

—It having been announced that Indianapolis has a notary public named E. S. TOUT, a Louisville man impertinently asks if the initials stand for En Semble.

—Bishop MACHRAY, of Rupert's Land, has a diocese which in point of area is the largest in the world, extending as it does from the American frontier to the Arctic Ocean. The bishop is in London, endeavoring to talk £30,000 out of the pockets of Britons to establish a college in the land of Rupert.

—Are we to have TAMBERLIK, the most renowned of tenors? He has just arrived at Havana with a complete opera troupe, and commences to carol at once.

—Mr. ASHBURY, the yacht man, is a candidate for Parliament from Brighton, against a noisy Mr. FAWCET, whom he came within 164 of beating at the last election in a poll of 6000. He "protests" against FAWCET's being any longer an obstacle in his way to fame.

—In addition to his other multifarious duties, Bishop HUNTINGTON has assumed the editorship of his own official organ, the *Gospel Messenger*, which will hereafter be published at Syracuse.

—Miss BURDETT COUTTS, having just presented to the city of London a great fish-market, is again letting her money go to the dogs by proposing to erect a monumental drinking fountain in Edinburgh to the memory of a dog known as "Greyfriars Bobby." When Bobby's master died he was buried in Greyfriars Church-yard. Bobby followed the coffin; but when the sextons had finished their work he lay down on the grave, and there for years kept faithful watch, never leaving it except when driven by hunger to search for food. At last he died, and was buried at the foot of the grave over which he watched and mourned so long.

—The German papers do not give the name, though they ought, of the landed proprietor in Eastern Prussia who has just been prematurely cut off at the age of one hundred and twenty-nine. In youth he had been a military attendant of FREDERICK the Great. His son, a blithe young fellow of one hundred and nine, still lives on the old homestead.

—Miss BERTHA GEROLT, daughter of the late Prussian minister at Washington, has determined to enter a convent in that city, and is now making the requisite preparation. No efforts of her parents, or sister, Madame RANGABÉ, wife of the Greek minister, have been able to dissuade her from her purpose.

—Prince PIERRE BONAPARTE has been formally married to Mlle. RIFFLIN, to whom he was really married several years ago, and who has been recognized as his wife; but the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON refusing to recognize it, it was, by the law of France, illegal. The empire having fallen, the prince now goes through the legal forms, and his two children are now, consequently, regular and lawful BONAPARTES.

—Mr. SANTLEY, the famous baritone, now singing hereabouts, married a KEMBLE, the daughter of JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE, eldest son of CHARLES KEMBLE, and niece of Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE. Mr. SANTLEY is a man of fine presence, and a wonderful pedestrian, doing his ten and twelve miles of a morning, and speaking of it as a mere momentary promenade.

—The man who invents a good new word is entitled to the general gratitude. Thanks, therefore, to Minister CATACAZY, who, at the entertainment given at the Naval Academy at Annapolis to the Grand Duke, proposed, as a toast, "The health of one of the co-ordinate, and certainly one of the most powerful members of the American government—*their Fairnesses*, the women of America." A courtesy to the minister who has been so gracefully bowed out of the country by "M. FISH," as Mr. CATACAZY styled him.

—President WHITE, of Cornell University, is on a tour, investigating the subject of the co-education of the sexes.

—It is said that there dwells in this city a lineal descendant of MARTIN LUTHER. He possesses a silver medal presented, on the centennial of LUTHER's birthday, by the King of Prussia to one of his ancestors, who was known by the then king to be a genuine LUTHER.

—General ADAM BADEAU's second volume of the "Life of General Grant" is now ready for the press, and will be issued before the close of the present month.

—Mr. FROUDE and WILKIE COLLINS are said to have determined to come to the United States to deliver lectures.

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Lamp Mats, Figs. 1–4.

THESE mats are made of gray card-board, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with red Turkish cotton, and edged with a pleated paper ruffle. Take a piece of card-board seven inches square, and on it transfer the design (Figs. 64 and 65, Supplement, give a quarter section of the design in the centre of each mat, and illustrations Figs. 3 and 4 show full-sized sections of the borders). Work the embroidery as shown by the illustration, button-hole stitch the mats on the outer edges, and set the ruffle on the under side. Paste a piece of white paper of the requisite size on the under side of the mats.

Case for Pocket Comb, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS case, which is designed to hold a pocket comb, is worked with strung beads in mosaic-work from the design with description of symbols given on Fig. 71, Supplement. The design gives the back and the flap of the case; the front is worked like the back, in one piece with the latter and the flap piece. Every two symbols, counted in depth, indicate one bead. Begin at the under side of the design by stringing on 59 blue beads for a foundation. Going back on this, work with blue b. (beads) also the 1st round, first passing over the last 2 b. and drawing the thread through the third b.; then take up 1 b., pass over the next b., draw the thread through the following b., again take up 1 b., and continue to work in this manner. The illustration, Fig. 2, shows the manner of doing this. When this round is finished, three rows of transposed b. are formed, the first row by the b. of the foundation, which project, as shown by Fig. 2; the second row by those foundation b. through which the thread has been drawn in the first round; and the third row by the beads that have been newly taken up in the first round. After working the design to the 29th and 30th row of symbols (thus 28 rows of beads for the front), repeat the same part of the design for the back, and in one piece with this work the flap. For the bias side edges of the larger narrow on the outer edge by 1 b. each, as shown by the design. When the bead part is completed, lay it together as shown by Fig. 1, and overhand the double layer together on the straight ends, in doing which take up 1 blue b.

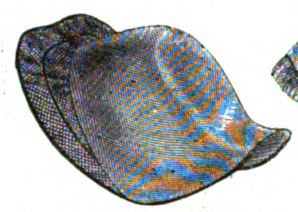
SWISS MUSLIN AND NEEDLE-WORK JACKET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–6.

SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE JACKET.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 1.—JACKET WITH VEST FRONTS.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.

FRAME OF BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH REVERS.—[See Page 816.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 52 and 53.

SLEEVELESS JACKET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 12–14.



FRAME OF BROWN VELVET BONNET.—[See Page 816.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 54 and 55.

Fig. 2.—JACKET WITH VEST FRONTS.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

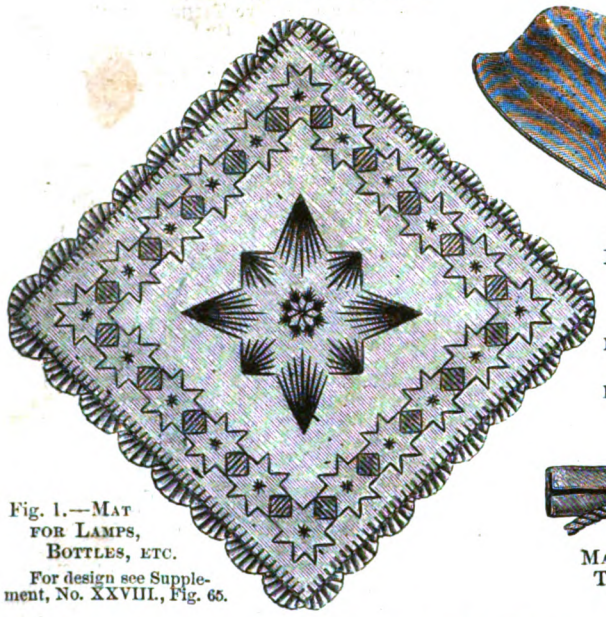


Fig. 1.—MAT FOR LAMPS, BOTTLES, ETC.
For design see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Fig. 65.

FRAME OF BLACK VELVET HAT. [See Page 816.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 50 and 51.

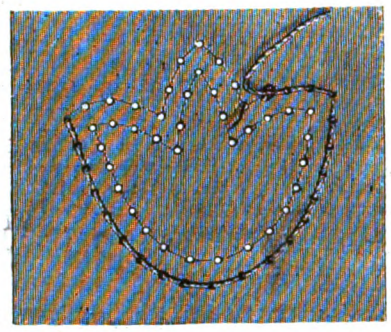
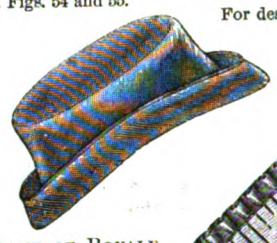


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF FASTENING GOLD CORD ON SLIPPER.



FRAME OF ROYALE VELVET HAT. [See Page 816.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 47–49.

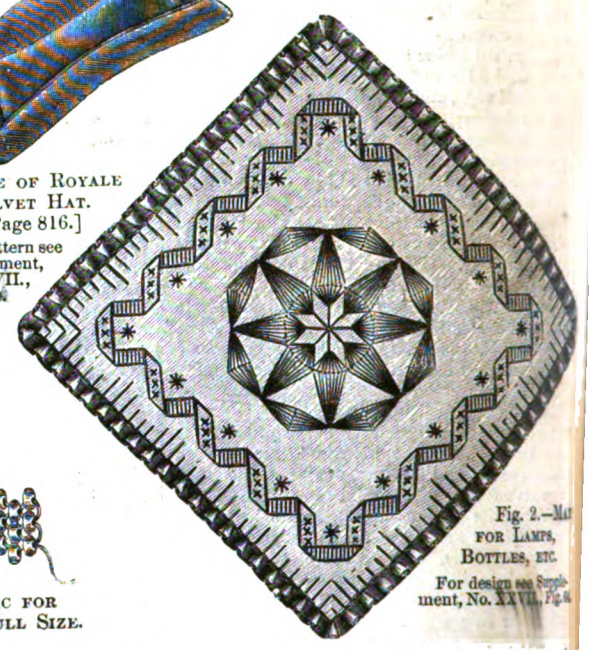


Fig. 2.—MAT FOR LAMPS, BOTTLES, ETC.
For design see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Fig. 65.

MANNER OF MAKING ROLL TRIMMING FOR COLLAR. [See Page 813.]

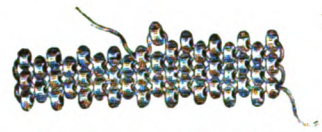
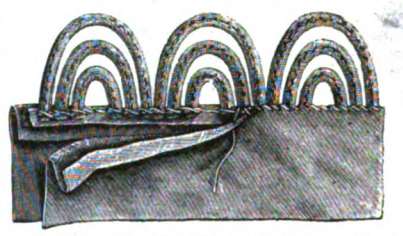
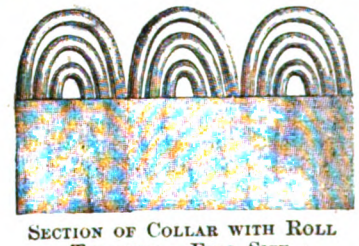


Fig. 2.—BEAD MOSAIC FOR POCKET-COMB CASE.—FULL SIZE.

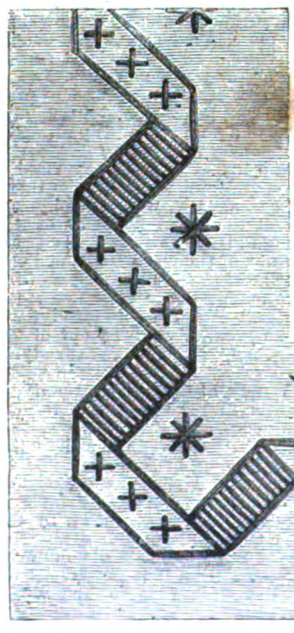
Fig. 1.—KID MORNING SLIPPER.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 31.



MANNER OF FASTENING ROLL TRIMMING FOR COLLAR BETWEEN THE LINING AND OUTSIDE. [See Page 813.]



SECTION OF COLLAR WITH ROLL TRIMMING.—FULL SIZE. [See Page 813.]



TATTED EDGING FOR CHEMISETTE.—[See Page 813.]

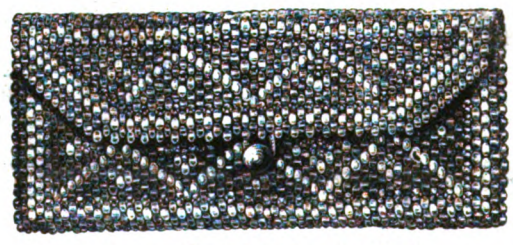
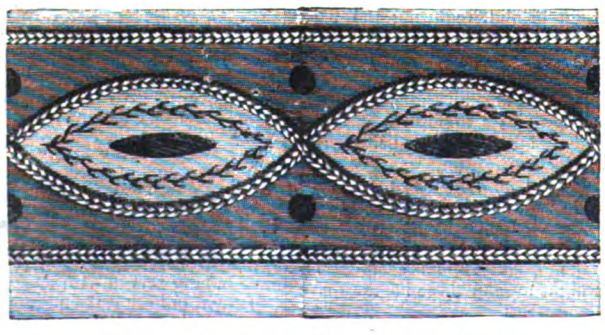


Fig. 1.—CASE FOR POCKET COMB.
For design see Supplement, Fig. 71.

TATTED INSERTION FOR CHEMISETTE.—[See Page 813.]



SECTION OF BORDER OF EMBROIDERED SACHEL. FULL SIZE.—[See Page 821.]

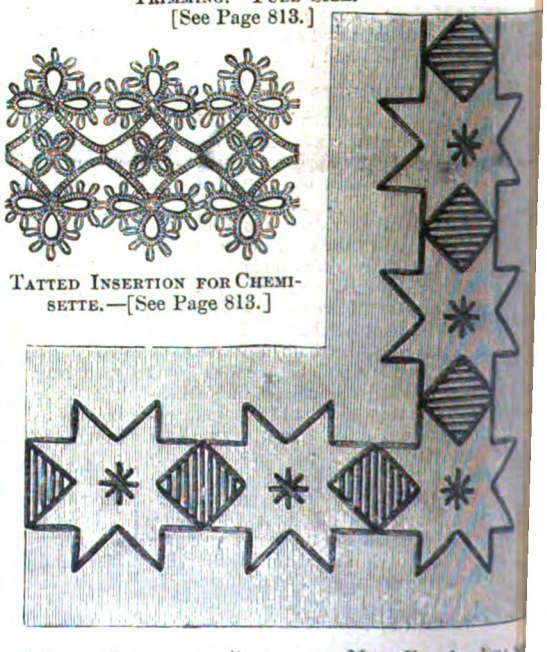


Fig. 4.—SECTION OF BORDER OF MAT, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 3.—SECTION OF BORDER OF MAT, FIG. 2.—FULL SIZE.

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before working each stitch. Finish the case with a button-hole stitch loop and a small button.

Kid Morning Slipper, Figs. 1 and 2.

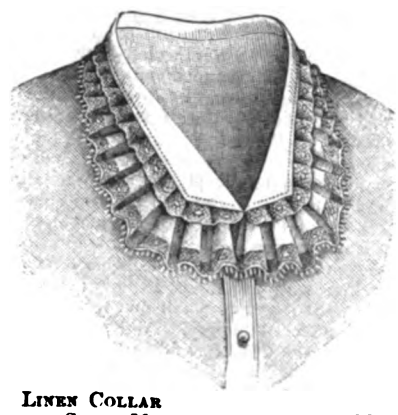
See Illustrations on page 812.

THIS slipper is made of French kid, trimmed with gold cord and black silk, and lined with flannel. Transfer the design, one-half of which is given on Fig. 31, Supplement, to the kid, puncture small holes along the lines of the design at intervals of one-tenth of an inch each, and sew the gold cord on the kid with black silk as shown by illustration, Fig. 2.

Linen Collar and Sleeves with Swiss Muslin Ruffles.

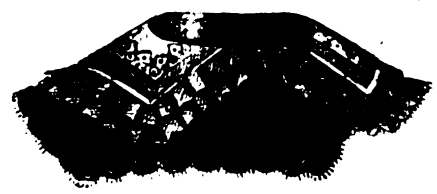
THE collar is made of a double layer of fine linen, and trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with Valenciennes lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and with box-pleated Swiss muslin ruffles edged with lace. Cut the collar from Fig. 24, Supplement, and as shown by the illustration; the * marked on the pattern indicates how far the Swiss muslin ruffle should extend. Cut the chemisette, to which the collar is joined, from Figs. 19 and 20, No. V., of the present Supplement. An illustration shows the sleeve for this collar. Cut the sleeves of Swiss muslin from Fig. 17, No. IV., of the present Supplement, and join them with the cuffs, which are cut of a double layer of linen from Fig. 25, Supplement. Set the Swiss muslin ruffles on the under side of the cuffs, as shown by the illustration.

SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 26.



LINEN COLLAR WITH SWISS MUSLIN RUFFLES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 24.

COLLAR WITH ROLL TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 19–21.

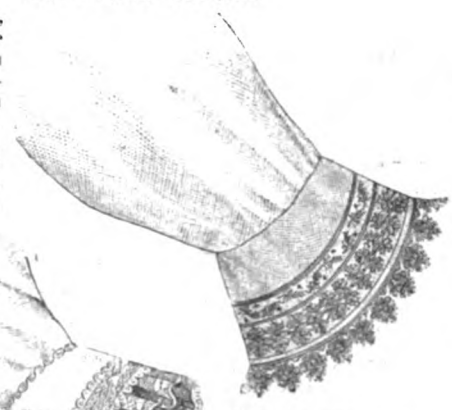


LINEN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 57.

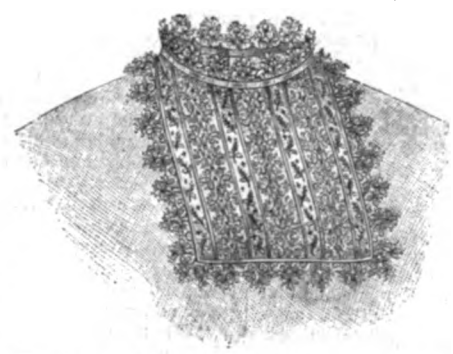
SILK GAUZE AND LACE COLLAR (FOR SECOND MOURNING).
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 29.

Silk Gauze and Lace Collar and Sleeves (Second Mourning).

THIS collar is made of black silk gauze, and trimmed with white gathered Valenciennes lace two inches and a half wide, and with crimped black silk fringe two inches wide; the latter falls over the lace as shown by the illustration. On the front of the collar is a bow of black silk ribbon an inch and a quarter wide. For the foundation of the collar cut of black silk gauze one piece from Fig. 29, Supplement. On this foundation sew silk gauze folds as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern. Each fold consists of a bias strip of gauze two inches and a half wide, doubled lengthwise. Sew one fold on the upper edge of the collar in such a manner that



SLEEVE FOR CHEMISETTE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 17 and 18.



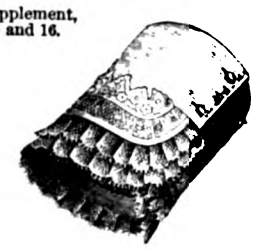
TATTED AND NEEDLE-WORK SQUARE-NECKED CHEMISETTE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 15 and 16.

SLEEVE FOR LINEN COLLAR WITH SWISS MUSLIN RUFFLES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 25.

SLEEVE FOR SILK GAUZE AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 28.

SLEEVE FOR SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 27.

CUFF FOR COLLAR WITH ROLL TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 22 and 23.



CUFF FOR LINEN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 56.

Fig. 1.—STEEL BLUE CLOTH MANTELET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 35ª, 35ᵇ-38.

Fig. 2.—STEEL BLUE CLOTH MANTELET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 35ª, 35ᵇ-38.

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the fold projects three-quarters of an inch over the edge, then sew on each following fold so that it falls half an inch over the one previously sewed on. When the foundation is covered with folds in this manner, trim the collar as shown by the illustration. For the foundation of the cuffs cut one piece of black silk gauze from Fig. 28, Supplement, cover it with gauze folds to correspond with the collar, trim the cuffs with lace and fringe, sew them up from 49 to 50, and sew them on the sleeves, which are cut from Fig. 17, No. IV., of the present Supplement.

Linen, Needle-work, and Lace Collar and Cuffs.

See illustrations on page 813.

THE collar and cuffs are made of fine linen; the trimming consists of gathered lace three-quarters of an inch wide, lace insertion half an inch wide, and embroidered Swiss muslin strips an inch wide; the seam made by joining the insertion with the lace is covered by a bias strip of linen one-tenth of an inch wide, which is stitched on. To make the collar cut of Swiss muslin one piece from Fig. 57, Supplement; cover this piece from the neck to the first straight line partly indicated on the pattern with fine linen, and sew on the trimming as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern. Cut away the Swiss muslin underneath the needle-work and insertion, and set a binding half an inch wide on the collar; make the cuffs to correspond with the collar from Fig. 58, Supplement.

Tatted and Needle-work Chemisette and Sleeves for Square-necked Dresses.

See illustrations on page 813.

THE chemisette is made of white Swiss muslin, and is trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with needle-work insertion three-quarters of an inch wide, tatted insertion an inch and one-tenth wide, and tatted edging an inch wide. For the chemisette cut of Swiss muslin one piece from Fig. 15, Supplement, and two pieces from Fig. 16. On the front of the chemisette, from the neck to the straight line partly indicated, baste a piece set together of needle-work and tatted insertion. Work the latter, as shown by illustration, with tatting cotton No. 120, and with two shuttles, as follows: First tie both threads together, then work, with one thread only, one leaf of 4 ds. (double stitch—one stitch left, one stitch right), 1 p. (picot), then six times alternately 3 ds., 1 p.; finally, 4 more ds. Close to this work one leaf like the preceding, but instead of forming the first p., fasten to the last p. of the preceding leaf. In connection with this leaf work one more leaf like the preceding one, then turn the work, and on the foundation thread work 6 ds., close to this, with *one* thread only, one ring of 6 ds., 1 p. one-fifth of an inch long, 6 ds.; close to this again on the foundation thread 8 ds., 1 short p., 8 ds., close to this, with *one* thread only, one small ring as before, then again on the foundation thread 6 ds. In connection with the large scallop thus formed with two small rings again work: * turning the work, one three-leaved figure as in the beginning, but, instead of forming the middle p. of the first leaf, fasten on the middle p. of the third leaf of the preceding three-leaved figure. Work another large scallop with two rings; but now, instead of forming the p. in the first of these two small rings, fasten to the p. of the last ring of the preceding scallop. Repeat from *. This completes one half of the insertion. Work the second half in a similar manner, but fasten it to the first half as shown by illustration. It must be observed, however, that the small rings of the scallops are now worked without p., and fastened to the small rings already joined in the first half. The lace on the collar is worked, as shown by the illustration, similar to the tatted insertion. Cut away the Swiss muslin underneath the part consisting of insertion, and cover the seam on the outside of the collar with the tatted lace. Join the back and fronts according to the corresponding figures, set a binding half an inch wide on the chemisette, and edge the latter with tatted lace. Buttons and button-hole stitch loops serve for closing. Cut the sleeves from Figs. 17 and 18, Supplement. Trim the cuffs, Fig. 18, with needle-work and tatted insertion as shown by the illustration, cut away the material underneath the insertion, and fasten the edges carefully. Face the outer edge of the cuffs with a strip of Swiss muslin half an inch wide, edge the cuffs with tatted lace, sew them up from 37 to the under edge, and set them, according to the corresponding figures, on the sleeves, which have previously been sewed up from 35 to 36 and from 37 to 38, and gathered on the bottom to suit the width of the cuffs.

MERCY'S RING.

WHEN Mercy Vennard was first engaged to Clovis Devonshire he placed upon her finger an antique ring, an heir-loom of the family.

"This is a historic ring, darling," he said: "for generations it has descended to the first bride of the house; it has survived many adventures, moreover, by fire and theft. But there is a saying attached to it that descends with it:

> 'Fire refuse me, thief lose me;
> It's left for water, then, to abuse me!'

which is interpreted to mean that misfortune can arrive to the wearer only through water. So take care, my dear, how you go near the water."

"Why, it is almost like having a perpetual midsummer's day about you—"

"I'm glad you think so," he interrupted her.

"—When the fairies are lying in wait at the edge of pools and rivers to drag any unwary feet beneath. But then, you know, I am in no great danger, for I don't take kindly to boating, nor to any of its kindred sports."

"I'm glad of that," he returned, almost superstitiously; "but there are other dangers. There was one betrothed lady who wore this ring—I do not fear you will resemble her, dear—she wore this ring to the undoing of her lover. It happened in this way: he saw it one day on the finger of another man. She had lent it in order to try the temper of his love; but when he saw it thus desecrated he went out and fell on his sword, her faithlessness was so plain to him; and I doubt if he would not have considered it faithlessness had he known the truth."

"I am almost afraid to wear it now," said Mercy.

"And I am sure it never fell to a sweeter hand. I trust it with you." And then he kissed the hand in question, and said good-by, and was off on an expedition to South America that promised speedy fortune; for Devonshire had only the heritage of a noble name and heart, and must needs earn a home for his love before making her his own. Clovis was to be absent three years; at the end of that time he would be certain, he argued, to return with a sufficiency that would justify their marriage.

In the mean time Mercy lived her quiet life at home, varied now and then by a trip to the sea-side or the mountains, by a visit to friends in the city, where she was wont to sit inthralled beneath the magic spell of music, or to feast her soul on the sublimities of art. But her days were not always to slip by thus smoothly, with so little to test the quality of her nature; the rival interests of life were to meet in conflict, and this conflict was inaugurated by no less a person than a young and wealthy suitor, who followed her like a shadow, who left nothing undone that could in any way further his interests—of whom every one spoke with profound admiration—and who could offer all that a worldly heart might desire. But Mercy's was hardly a worldly heart. To say that all these possibilities of wealth, all these shining attributes of her new admirer, went for nothing would be simply to tell an untruth; but it is certain that they weighed lightly beside love.

When Mr. Pontefract brought her splendid jewels, and begged her acceptance as a favor to him, she turned her eyes away with a sigh, and chose his flowers instead. When she compared—as circumstances compelled her to do—her own present rank and surroundings in the world with what she might enjoy as Mrs. Pontefract, was it much wonder if the one little grain of covetousness dormant in her nature expanded into a wish that all these vanities belonged to Mr. Devonshire? But notwithstanding this she never once dreamed of proving faithless to Clovis; she would as soon have thought of plucking out an eye because it could not help seeing the advantages of Mr. Pontefract's offer, as of uprooting her love because it was less favorably placed as regards externals—because Clovis absorbed less of the sunshine of good fortune.

However, do as she would, it was impossible for her to escape the attentions of Mr. Pontefract—attentions so subtile yet so constant that they came to resemble the dews of heaven in some respects, since they were so grateful, so gentle, so unobtrusive. Perhaps, too, they were in danger of becoming as necessary; for when one face has long smiled upon you, and one voice has entreated, you grow to feel this smile and this entreaty a part of your natural life, something that may leave an empty niche upon their withdrawal; and then, perhaps, you temporize, and make a snare for yourself. In the first place, Mr. Pontefract knew that Mercy was engaged, and to whom; in the second place, she had rejected him; but, nevertheless, so long as she treated him like a friend whom she pitied and regarded—for Mercy's gentle heart was touched by his unhappiness, and so, it may be, she gave him more kindness than was good for him—just so long would he continue to linger sighing in her pleasant neighborhood. Moreover, there were not wanting friends and relatives who recommended him to her good graces; and then one hardly needs a recommendation of a lover; the very fact of his *being* is enough; and, besides, Mercy knew that the dearest wish of her father's heart would be accomplished should she forget Mr. Devonshire in order to marry Mr. Pontefract; and she sometimes seriously questioned if it were not her duty to forego her own inclination, that the declining years of her father, who had met with reverses and ungratified wishes at every step in life, might be rendered happy and cheerful. Added to this, there were other friends who foresaw their own advancement in this connection, who counted upon Mr. Pontefract's influence and gold to give them a lift by the way, and accordingly manœuvred to throw the two constantly together, and to give the affair a sentimental aspect, so that in time it came to be understood and currently reported that "Miss Vennard was engaged to one man and in love with another." Such things had happened before: why not to Miss Vennard? Thus when a stranger chanced to see her in the absorbed society of her lover he naturally received this impression, and perhaps spoke of the romantic situation to a friend, who perhaps embellished it slightly, and passed it along, after the way of the world; for Mr. Pontefract was a man of consequence, well known in society and the political world, and whatever concerned him was worth repeating.

Furthermore, the non-appearance of the principal hero, Clovis, gave color to the story. The three years had elapsed, and he had not returned; indeed, he had not been so successful as he had anticipated, and, not having heard any of the rumors about his love-affair at that time, he felt no anxiety, though much disappointment, in deferring his return for two years longer. Of course Mercy's friends seized upon this as a fresh means of urging Mr. Pontefract's claims upon her. A young man who loved her devotedly would hardly spend five of the best years of his life in voluntary banishment, they reasoned. Mercy herself began to fear lest he had learned to do without her, and meant to put the lesson into practice; but, for all that, she went on loving him, just as a rose-tree in the wilderness goes on blossoming year after year, though no passer put out a hand to pluck, though no eye be delighted thereby, simply as a beautiful necessity of its nature.

When it was well into the fourth year of Mr. Devonshire's absence Mercy went down to Princeton, with her aunt, to make a summer visit at the country-seat of Mr. Pontefract, through the earnest solicitation of his mother. It was a most unwise thing to do, but her aunt was bent upon it. Mr. Pontefract himself urged it till she was weary of the subject, while her father swore he would give up his daily paper and pawn his watch unless she accepted, for she had demurred on account of expense when every thing else had failed her. So she had a few new additions to a somewhat scanty wardrobe, in the shape of white morning gowns and muslin walking dresses, a new sun-shade, and a hat wreathed with blue violets, and set forth on her way, reproaching herself vehemently, yet somewhat pleased with the prospect of variety after her prosaic life at home.

It was so pleasant down at Pontefract Place that poor Mercy found herself wishing again and again that she had been born unto such magnificence. The ceilings were so lofty; the frescoes so bewildering; the stained glass so inspiring to the imagination; the carpets so like piled moss; the gardens like miniature forests, where lovers might delightfully lose themselves; the fountains crooned such sweet sorrow in the pauses of conversation; the family plate was so dazzling; such well-trained servants, such pure-blooded horses, such an atmosphere of ease and elegance. Was it not enough to make our little girl's heart falter?—a little girl who had all her days been struggling with the giant Poverty; who had known what it was to patch and mend, and go shabby and even hungry. And yet it did not suffice to make this heart falter.

"These things are all beautiful in themselves," she thought; "but as for me, I prefer love. I could give myself away, but I do not know how to sell myself." So she satisfied her conscience with long and frequent letters to Clovis, and rode to-day with Mr. Pontefract to Crescent Hill, or played bagatelle, or sat under the lindens while he read the old dramatists to his listening guests, or danced in the moon-lighted hall, giving an unwilling ear to many a tender aside from her host, which fell, it would seem, impulsively from his lips, and without premeditation.

Thus the days slipped away like bubbles breaking in the sun, so that one hardly knew where they went. And yet she staid. Some pretext or other detained her: some visit to this neighborhood, celebrated in the annals of the country, to a battle-field of the Revolution, to the home of a poet, to the summer retreat of an artist—any thing and every thing to engage her attention, and keep her at his side, beneath his roof.

Riding home late one afternoon from one of their frequent excursions, they stopped at a farm-house to quench their thirst with a glass of cider fresh from the mill.

"I will have water instead," said Mercy, letting the well-pole slip through her hands as she lowered the mossy bucket; "cider makes me giddy and good-for-nothing."

"What are you doing, Miss Vennard?" asked Mr. Pontefract, coming to her assistance. "At least, let me bring up the bucket for you; you will bruise your hands, child."

"I! it is not the first bucket I have drawn, thank you. Ah, how it carries me back to Uncle Tom's old farm, and the strawberry fields and the ricks of new-mown hay! Isn't it strange how childhood lends its beauty to later years, and makes common things delightful through association! Ah— Oh, Mr. Pontefract, what have I done!" The bucket, half-way up, sparkling and running over, would have dropped back again had not Mr. Pontefract readily arrested it, for Mercy had snatched away her hands from the sweep, and with bent head was searching the dark depths of the well.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Pontefract, bending over beside her; "do you see the face of your future husband below there?"

"Oh, Mr. Pontefract, I have lost my ring!" she cried.

> "'My ear-rings, my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well,
> And what to say to Musa I can not, can not tell!'

he quoted, laughingly.

"Oh, don't laugh at me, Mr. Pontefract; it was Mr. Devonshire's ring, and I have lost it!"

"Indeed! I did not mean to laugh at your distress. But never fear; I will have the well dragged. I'll send some of my servants up bright and early to-morrow morning to do the business. Come, it's a dear drink to you. Think no more about it, I pray, and let me drive you home. It will be all right to-morrow."

"Do you think so? You are so kind! I am ashamed to be so troublesome."

"And I am glad to serve you, even with *his* ring!" And then they drove homeward, and he made the time pass lightly by virtue of his geniality and wit, that so she might forget her misfortune.

As they came up the drive to Pontefract Place, slowly and far behind the rest of the party, a stranger pacing the veranda there bent his eyes upon them scrutinizingly. "Ah ha!" said he, under his breath; "opportunity plays the deuce with good intention. 'Out of sight, out of mind.' Poor Devonshire!" for Mr. Pontefract had so beguiled and reassured Mercy that she sat back in the carriage listening to him with the air of one but too well pleased, while he bent to her in the fading light, and held her glance with his pleading gaze. Yet he had not been discoursing of love to her; he was too wise and cautious for that.

"And you will not speak of it yet?" she asked, recurring to the loss of her ring, as he assisted her to alight.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the stranger on the veranda; "no wonder you are ashamed of it, miss! Poor Devonshire! poor Devonshire! he hardly dreamed of this. I shall have a cordial welcome, from appearances. The deuce take it!"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Pontefract, "if that is your wish. It shall be our secret for the nonce. As for me, I am rejoiced to share any thing with *you*. I am as humble as that. Little white hand!" he continued, detaining it an instant, "it shall wear its ring yet." Just then there came a heavy tread on the gravel.

"Miss Vennard, I believe?" said the stranger, stepping forward.

"Oh, Mr. Owen! where did you drop from?" Then, hastily and catching her breath, "Is—is Mr. Devonshire with you?"

"No, I left Mr. Devonshire in exile. I am only a bird of passage myself; but I promised him I would make every effort to call upon you before my return to South America, and you see I have taken the liberty of following you into this earthly paradise. You can't think how he will envy me this glimpse of you."

"You are very kind to take so much pains to serve us," she returned, leading the way into the drawing-room; "and you left Mr. Devonshire quite well?"

"Quite well, but exceedingly impatient." She was fumbling for the strings of her hat while he answered thus, and involuntarily his eyes, following the movements of her hands, perceived that they were innocent of rings.

"Just as I thought," said Mr. Owen to Mr. Owen's self: "I'm glad, at least, that she has had the grace to take it off after as good as forgetting the giver. Who knows but I may be the distinguished bearer of that famous betrothal-ring to its rightful owner? No enviable office." For Mr. Owen, being an old friend and college chum of Devonshire's, knew by heart all the ins and outs of that young gentleman's life, as well as the history and destination of the family ring.

"Why did he not come home with you," she asked, "just for a day, an hour? Do you believe he ever *will* come?"

"Do I believe he ever will come home? Why, Miss Vennard, that depends altogether upon you, I should think."

"I sometimes fancy I have nothing whatever to do with it."

"I can not doubt but, with such a loadstar, he will be attracted to this quarter of the globe before long," he answered, gallantly. "The little actress!" he thought; "she is sweet enough to be honest; but, the deuce! there's no trusting her as far as you can see her."

They sat there discussing by-gones, and Devonshire, and South America, till Mr. Owen, consulting his repeater, found it time to make his adieux.

"You see," he said, "I go back this day week, and I'm pressed for time. I ran down here because I wouldn't return to the south without seeing you for a gold mine; Devonshire would never forgive me. So, if you've any keepsake or package to send him, I shall be most happy to take it, and make myself welcome to him."

"Thank you. I *have* a keepsake I should like to send, if—if—it won't trouble you."

"Not a bit, I assure you. If you will have it left at my brother's office in Boston, 90 Kilby Street. I suppose that Mr. Pontefract goes into the city often; he'll attend to it for you, I've no doubt."

"With the greatest pleasure," said that gentleman, who, drawing near at this point, had overheard the words of both. "Let me see—when do you leave, Mr. Owen?"

"This day week."

"So soon?" musingly. "Well, I go up to the city to attend a meeting of the directors of the Flushing Bank on the sixteenth; that's two days before you leave. Will that answer?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Owen.

"A little 'keepsake?'" he muttered, walking back to his hotel. "I was sure of it from the first."

"You go up on the sixteenth," said Mercy, after Mr. Owen had gone, with a glance full of admiration for Mr. Pontefract, who could so gracefully put aside his own feelings as to assist in forwarding a "keepsake" to his successful rival. "I will have it in readiness, then," she added, "and it will not be a very burdensome affair."

"But very precious," insisted Mr. Pontefract, who somehow divined its nature.

"I don't know about that," she answered, doubtfully. "What is precious to one may be worthless to another."

So when the morning of the sixteenth opened, Mr. Pontefract reminded Mercy of her duty, when they found themselves alone in the breakfast-room for a few seconds. "You know," said he, "that I am off for the city to-day. Is your precious parcel in readiness?"

"Here it is, thank you."

"Thank me for nothing, Mercy," he returned, holding the little package in his palm, and regarding her intently.

"Mr. Pontefract," she essayed, after a pause, "is there no news about—about my ring?" Mr. Pontefract gave a little start, and walked to the window. "I have sent the men and had the well drained," said he—"every inch of it; and I hardly know how to tell you, Mercy, but there is no ring there! I have delayed saying this to you, because I have inserted an advertisement in the *Daily News* and the *Evening Visitor*, and though I have heard nothing from them, yet there is hope. But I fear you may have lost it in some other way. Think: are you quite certain it was on your finger when you reached the well? Might you not have pulled it off with your glove?"

"No; I heard it hit the water as it fell. I am confident of that."

"That might have been a pebble which the bucket had dislodged and thrown down, might it not?"

"I hardly think so"—the tears beginning to fringe her eyelashes. "But the men who drained the well, were they—were they honest, do you think?"

"I have every reason to believe so. They have been in my service for years. They have good wages and good names—too precious to risk. No; I can vouch for them."

"Then I must give it up!"

"I should advise differently. Let us wait a while, at least. I shall offer a tempting reward. Don't despair, little one. And now this precious parcel must be on its way. Well, good-morning. Enjoy yourself as well as you can without me to-day; for my part, I shall enjoy nothing but the anticipation of the evening." And while she was thinking in what words to thank him for his considerate kindness, he was already on his way to Boston, with the "keep-

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sake" secure in his breast pocket—the "keepsake," which was simply a gold locket containing a little picture of Mercy's tender face—like the face of an angel looking out of a cloud—which Mr. Devonshire had begged her to send him, as the one she gave him when they parted had met with a misfortune while accompanying him on his excursions.

"Such disinterested kindness!" thought Mercy, going over the occurrences of the morning: "ah, if one only had two hearts at one's disposal!" But, for all that, she did not feel at all called upon, having but one, to reward him with the gift of that.

Mercy and her aunt returned home shortly after this, Mercy in a somewhat depressed state of mind, owing to the fact that the ring had not yet come to light. Mr. Pontefract had made every effort in her behalf, she earnestly believed, and had entreated her not to renounce hope; and she was just sitting down to acquaint Mr. Devonshire with the misfortune, when a South American mail arrived, bringing to her a box containing all the letters of the past four years which she had written to Mr. Devonshire, together with the curl of her beautiful hair that he had cut away with his penknife one evening long ago, the faded rose she had worn in its blushing heyday, the ribbon that had once adorned her throat, the glove he had stolen, and these lines:

"Mr. Owen has brought me the 'keepsake' which you delivered to him. I accept it cheerfully; and though henceforth we are stranger than strangers to each other, believe me I shall intrust it to the care of no other mortal. CLOVIS DEVONSHIRE."

Mercy comprehended the situation at the first glance with the intuition of a sensitive nature. She took it like a sword thrust into her heart, and covered the wound as best she might. He had forgotten her; he had done loving her forever and forever; but he kept her picture as one keeps a fragment of some fragrant sentiment in a secret corner of one's heart, to look at now and then and dream over, to be reminded by its faint perfume of what might have been. That was all. That was the end of her four years' weary waiting and longing and loving; that was the end of love's young dream, of the illusion of life, of happiness. The world was a waste place henceforth; the very birds sang in the minor key; there was a shadow passing over the sun. Her aunt naturally took care to inform Mr. Pontefract of this new state of things; and what lover is generous enough to forget himself at such a crisis? In the mean time Mercy was in great perplexity: what should she do about the ring—the family ring, which was to descend to the future brides of all the Devonshires—which she had unwittingly forfeited? How tell him she had lost what no money could purchase? How make amends for her fault? Therefore, after enduring much suffering, she carried her trouble before Mr. Pontefract, as her only secure and wise friend; for, since the withdrawal of Devonshire, she had begun to feel a sort of possession in Mr. Pontefract, and a reliance upon his good-will and favor.

"Sit down this instant," he commanded, when she had stated to him her anxiety, "and explain the whole affair to him. It is his right, and all you can do. Come, I am going to the mail myself. I will see to it, and then it will be off your mind. You can hardly offer to pay for the ring, and it's hardly likely he will accuse you of embezzling after that." So the letter was written, bearing only on the subject; not a word of reproach, not a syllable of regret, except for the loss of the bauble, for she would not have him believe that she retained the symbol when the thing symbolized had ceased to exist.

And now, at this time, what a staff was Mr. Pontefract to lean upon: no reed shaken by the wind, but a friend in need—a surety whose actions seemed to declare, "Though all the world should cast you off, I only love you the better."

Thus the wound throbbed and throbbed with every breath, with every thought, and she grew so accustomed to its anguish that she was hardly conscious when, by-and-by, there came a lull, when it ceased to sting. It may be that this was owing to the constant companionship and delicate kindness of Mr. Pontefract, who, never once alluding to his own feelings, constituted himself her champion, and made her welfare his business and delight. Thus she came to regard him first as the paragon among men, so disinterested, so noble-minded, so true, bearing his own blight with such high courage and fortitude. Surely he presented an imposing contrast to that other lover who had thrown her love aside without an apology; then, in the second place, she began to wish that some day she might repay him with a little affection; and since with some to wish is to will, since the wish is sometimes but the shadow of its own fulfillment, she questioned at last if she were not already touched by his tender endeavor, by the silent reiteration of his regard. So it happened, when he came into her presence, her smile shed such a brightness about the place that it seemed to him as if he had entered into a room full of sunshine and flowers. He paused an instant in the door-way, bewildered, as it were, by this revelation, this accomplishment of his hopes, this fruition of his labors; for he had not loved and toiled so long without being able to recognize the first transformation in the beloved face. Then his heart gave a great plunge in his bosom, and sank like a stone. Why had it not come before, this that he had longed for? Why not before, when its lustre had been untarnished by self-reproach? It was so sweet to him that at the first impulse he could have put it away as something too divine for such as he; his nobler nature rose in protest against it, remembering that so it had once seemed dear to Clovis Devonshire! Oh, if it could have been his own, had the price been simply love, then would it have been like rain after long drought, like the wind in sails becalmed! Now its very preciousness was painful. All this, however, was but the torment of an instant; then he had crossed the room and bent above her.

"Look upon me forever so, dearest," he said; "then I shall believe that you love me."

"And faith works miracles," she answered him.

Their lips met, they saw themselves reflected in each other's eyes. At that moment, it appeared to him, his soul went out on the long search for hers. But can the weak soul overtake the strong? Can love breathe the same atmosphere with selfishness? Is not the reward always commensurate to the labor?

They were to be married in the spring—in the time of violets, when all sweet things renew their life and beauty. Mercy's time was now too entirely occupied with the arrangements and details of her approaching wedding to allow her to reflect upon the past; and then, if she missed the freshness of her first love, she was none the less satisfied that this was best for her, more enduring, more robust, partaking more of the nature of the eternal verities. She regarded him now as one among a thousand—a man whose integrity was the shining ensample of his contemporaries. If he said so, it must be so; if he did thus, it was right. Such magnificent reliance on a fallible nature showed a heart utterly incapable of unworthy suspicions, reposing infinite confidence in humanity. But then he had in a measure earned this golden opinion: when he had promised, he had been earnest to perform. And, moreover, when they had conversed together upon the interests of the soul, he had expressed such hearty conviction of his short-comings that she had been filled with admiration in discovering humility in a being so excellent; and the more he bewailed the narrowness of life, which had, perhaps, driven him to barter many of the beauties of the spirit for earthly goods, the more her heart went out to him in affectionate compassion and absolute trust.

The mother of Mr. Pontefract, delighted with the prospect of a daughter, and the fact that her son had proved victorious, had insisted upon having Mercy with her again, for a few weeks, that so they might grow accustomed to each other's ways, and talk over the pleasant event together. And Mercy was enjoying the fleeting moments with all the capacity of youth for enjoyment, when Mr. Pontefract was summoned away on urgent business. He was to depart on the morrow, and as they said their last words in the moon-lighted music-room, with the last chords of Beethoven's Sonata still vibrating in the air, Mercy felt like one in a delicious dream—felt that greater happiness had been granted her than she had dared to desire, that not one woman in a thousand was so content, so blessed as she!

She recalled that evening, only one week later, and could have wished that then and there, leaning on her lover's arm, believing in him, loving him—that then time had ceased for her, and eternity had petrified her love and faith, that they might suffer no further change for evermore.

The night had set in cheerlessly, with great gusts of wind and rain tapping at the windows and twisting the naked boughs without. Mercy, sitting alone in the library, was wishing that her lover might suddenly enter, throwing open the doors with a cheery noise, as was his wont, bringing with him a perfume of frosty air: the house was so still without him—like a great lonely ruin haunted with sweet ghosts of thought and memory—the guests were so commonplace. Mrs. Pontefract had gone to bed with a headache, and the servants were just lighting the gas in the hall, when some one tapped gently at the library door.

"Oh, it is you, Meg?" said Mercy, starting reluctantly from her reverie before the flickering blaze on the hearth. "Is Mrs. Pontefract worse? Would she like me to go to her?"

"Not that, miss," returned Meg, shyly. "It's sound asleep that she is, miss. It's something I'd be after saying to ye meself."

"Yes?" said Mercy, turning up the gas.

"It's something," pursued Meg, "that Jacob, the coachman, minded me to tell ye;" and here Meg colored and paused, for Jacob was known to be sweet on pretty Meg.

"Yes?" reiterated Mercy, hardly curious.

"It's something he found this morning in the breast pocket of his best coat, miss; he'd have give it to the master, but you're most the same now, he says, and the master away. Mr. Pontefract gave him the coat, miss, you see, and it was almost as good as new, saving a rent in the sleeve of it; and Jacob he hasn't wore the coat but once since it was give to him, and that was at his sister's wedding, a month come Saturday week, when he hadn't no occasion to use the breast pocket, his mind was so took up with the merry-making. So it was only this morning, as I was a-saying, that he put in his hand, and, says he, he says, 'Here's something master's clean forgot; take it up to the mistress, Meg;' and as the mistress was sound asleep, I took it upon me to bring it to you, miss. Of course," she added, apologetically, "Mr. Pontefract wouldn't be so like to miss it, and the 'riginal here: leastways so Jacob says;" and then Meg placed a small parcel on the library table, and went out.

Mercy left it undisturbed for a few moments. "I don't know as it is my business," she thought, "though one would suppose that Jacob had found a gold mine;" and then, from sheer desperation and ennui, she took up the parcel, tore off the ragged envelope in which it was wrapped, and paused, stunned and affrighted, before a tiny gold locket, disclosing a picture of herself—the little "keepsake" she had sent to Clovis Devonshire by Mr. Owen! How had it come into the possession of Mr. Pontefract? What "keepsake," then, had Mr. Devonshire received and acknowledged? She saw all the treachery, all the cruel fraud, in a flash. Mr. Pontefract had found the ring, and had substituted it for the picture in the parcel she had delivered to his care; and as a murderer sometimes retains about him, by some strange fatality, the very thing that will secure his conviction, so Mr. Pontefract had retained her picture, because he could not bring himself to destroy the image of her he loved.

What should any reasonable woman have done under the circumstances? Should she have written to Mr. Devonshire and explained? But Mercy had *loved* Mr. Pontefract, and one can not forget in the twinkling of an eye. And then, what if Mr. Devonshire had followed her example and loved again? Therefore she chose the hardest way—*she waited*. And one fine spring day, a whole year later, he came in, like a son of the house, and straight to where Mercy sat at work.

"I am a little later than I thought to be," he said. "Shall I come in, Mercy?"

"Mr. Devonshire!" she cried, stretching out her hands, and withdrawing them as instantly. "You have come back because—because—"

"Because I love you, Mercy; because some one has lately been so kind as to write me word how a certain ring having dropped into a well was found by my rival, and dispatched to me in the place of a very lovely picture which had been promised. Mercy, I said truly when I wrote you that I should intrust my ring to no *other* mortal. I have brought it back to you, dear; will you wear it again?"

"And you will trust it to me?"

"With all my heart!"

"And the letter, Clovis?" she asked, one day; "you never told me who enlightened you? Was it my aunt?"

"It was not your aunt, love. Mercy, dear, the letter was a contrite confession, and it was signed 'Francis Pontefract.'"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT is curious to observe—and yet it is altogether a natural sequence—how some special event arouses, with sudden impetuosity, all our slumbering interest in a country or people that had previously been to us only like other countries and people. The advent of Prince Alexis has invested Russian history with a charm hitherto unknown, especially among those to whom *facts* always seem *dry*. There will never be a more favorable time than now to remind such that the Russian empire includes an area of 7,862,568 square miles. European Russia has a population of 61,325,923; Government of Caucasus, 4,157,917; Siberia, 4,625,699; Kingdom of Poland, 5,100,000; Grand Duchy of Finland, 1,798,909—making a total of 77,008,448 inhabitants. Within the circuit of the Russian empire are more than a hundred tribes, speaking as many different languages; but most of these live on the frontiers of the country, the Russians proper inhabiting the interior. In Russia the emperor's will is law, but the administration of the empire is intrusted to four great councils. The commercial intercourse of Russia is chiefly with Prussia, Great Britain, and France, though Asia and China come in for a share. The chief trading ports are St. Petersburg and Riga, on the Baltic; Archangel, on the White Sea; Odessa, on the Black Sea; Taganrog, on the Sea of Azof; and Astrakhan and Baku, on the Caspian Sea. Moscow is the principal *entrepôt* of the interior commerce of the empire. The czar is now making earnest efforts to promote the cause of education among his people. Much progress has been made within the last quarter of a century; still, among the common people, education is very deficient. The number of school-attending children is stated to be as one to 140. In 1865 there were in Russia 328 periodical papers, of which 143 were published in St. Petersburg.

Professor Agassiz was altogether correct when he told the teachers assembled in convention at Boston that he thought in public education "too much was made of the memory, and too little of the mind."

A twenty-four-year-old American lady has just been admitted to the dignity of Doctor of Medicine at Zurich. She passed a brilliant examination, which attracted a large audience.

A Chicago lady, writing concerning the time immediately following the conflagration, says that people from other cities were in such nervous haste they did not stop to consider what was most needed, but sent every thing they could lay their hands on—ball dresses, theatrical costumes, white vests, and lavender gloves, piled in with homespun jeans. "Only Boston, never in her intellectual pride impulsive, telegraphed to know what was most needed; and what elegant clothing the noble citizens of the Hub sent when they received the answer, 'Every thing!' One dear old lady sent some brocade silks, made in the style of 1700, with immense sleeves puffed out with cider-down, and short waists with big puffs. They are really too precious to give away. We will have tableaux in the church this winter for the benefit of the sufferers, and use them in that way."

It is not enough, in this hurrying age, to send little folks to school as soon as they can fairly speak and safely walk, and stuff them with book-learning till their little heads whirl and ache. The very latest style suggested is the infusion of scientific instruction into the minds of babies through the medium of nursery rhymes! For example:

"Sing a song of acids,
Base and alkali—
Four-and-twenty gases
Baked into a pie;
When the pie was opened,
Wonderful to say,
Oxygen and nitrogen
Both flew away."

The initials D. C., after Washington, are now understood to mean "*Dirty City*." For two or three months past the inhabitants of the capital have been "mending their ways;" and the amount of mud, loose paving-stones, second-hand bricks, and miscellaneous rubbish developed along the streets by the progress of improvement is fearful to the pedestrian. But the city enjoys fine fall weather, and is rapidly filling up with visitors. The streets will soon be in better order than ever before; and there are general anticipations of an unusually pleasant season.

The bell worn by the cow that kicked over the lamp that set fire to Chicago is on exhibition at sixty-one different places in that city—at least so says a Chicago local.

The day before Thanksgiving, as a forerunner of that time-honored festival, and a little in advance of his proper time, Winter made his appearance in New York. Little folks shouted and old folks shivered, to see the whitened ground and feel the whistling wind. Skates and overcoats, sleds and flannels, little shovels and big ones, were equally in demand. Perhaps this cold day, coming just before the national Turkey-day, was a fortunate reminder to those who lacked nothing comfortable that thousands in our great city would be thankful for a gift of food, fuel, or clothing. But New York is ever open-handed—and the Thanksgiving of this year was no exception to those of past years in charitable donations.

Russia should be a healthy country. It has only 10,000 doctors, which is about one to 7182 persons. In some districts, if a physician is wanted, a day's journey must be performed to reach one.

While the flames were devouring the North Side of Chicago, a clergyman met a bewildered young man in Chicago Avenue. "Where am I?" he asked. On being informed, he said, "Well, I've been married three weeks; I don't know where my wife is; but if she is burned, it is the Lord's will: let her go." And off he started.

There should be a city ordinance against throwing fruit skins upon the sidewalks. How many broken limbs and lame backs are due to bits of apple, orange, and banana skins is not generally known.

A correspondent of the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, who has been traveling through the burned regions of Wisconsin, says that 400 square miles are utterly devastated in the country from Brown County to Big Sturgeon Bay. At least 400 farms in this tornado section alone are left desolate—stripped of every improvement. Fences, barns, dwellings, implements, furniture, wagons, harness, and crops all went up in a "whirlwind of fire." It will take thirty years, in that cold, hard soil, for their timber to grow again. In the aggregate their losses must foot up to $1000 a family. In the Belgian settlement on Red River sixty-two families were burned out in a row. Not a house, not a shed, not a coop—not one fence rail left upon another. The families had fled, almost naked and breathless, to the few cabins on the outskirts that were saved.

The olive crop of the Mediterranean countries has been seriously injured by the protracted drought. Substitutes for salad oil will be in demand.

It so chanced that there was a wedding in a Broadway church on the day of the Grand Duke's arrival—for even dukes can not keep people from marrying. But to invited guests and lookers-on a live prince was a rarer sight than even a "happy couple." So they only waited for the bride to walk up the aisle, when, leaving the bridal party to the tender mercies of the clergyman, they rushed into the street in time to see the procession and him it delighted to honor.

Amidst the pathetic scenes which were witnessed in the churches which were made places of refuge for the Chicago sufferers there were some curious incidents. A lady who assisted in ministering to the homeless observed, in one corner of a church of refuge, a German woman with nine children of all sizes. She inquired,

"Where is your husband?"

"Ach, Gott in himmel! I took the children and he took the feather-bed, and he was so slow I think he got burned up mit the feather-bed. There was no water, and all the men on the North Side drinked beer and whisky, and then they could not go fast. If I had taken the feather-bed mineself, now I would have it."

"Yes; but you should be thankful that you have all your children," it was suggested.

"Aber! what can I do mit the children mitout a feather-bed?" she asked, in astonishment.

Incendiary fires in the neighborhood of Moscow continue to be reported. The flames have been raging extensively in the forests; and in certain towns churches, warehouses, and hundreds of houses have been consumed, besides immense quantities of merchandise.

"Mamma," said a little girl the other day, while passing through Fulton Market, "what place is this? It looks like a great hen-house!" We think the criticism just and suggestive. Many respectable hen-houses are far cleaner than are some parts of our great Fulton Market.

Pitts is a capital business hand. He examines the goods he is thinking of purchasing, and then says: "Well, I'll look around, and if I don't find any thing that suits me better, I'll call and take this." Not long ago Pitts said to himself, "I am getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait; so, calling upon a lady friend, he opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts," she replied, "that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself." "But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally and financially of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded, "Well, well, I'll look about; and if I don't find any body that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

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Ladies' Winter Bonnets, Hats, and Caps, Figs. 1–7.

Fig. 1.—DRESS CAP OF TULLE AND FLOWERS. This cap is made of black tulle and white lace, and is trimmed with black silk ribbon and white flowers with long drooping sprays. The crown of the cap is made of a double layer of black stiff lace and covered wire from Fig. 56, Supplement.

Fig. 2.—BROWN VELVET BONNET. On the front of this bonnet is a row of loops of brown gros grain ribbon three inches wide, covered each by loops of black tulle and lace. The tulle loops, however, are not made separately, but of a single strip ten inches wide, which is edged with lace an inch and a quarter wide. One end of this strip is fastened on the left side of the bonnet, and extends in the form of a long band to the back edge of the bonnet, where it is arranged in a standing loop, and left to hang sixteen inches long in the back; the end of the strip is sloped off (see illustration). On the right side of the bonnet, extending to the middle of the back, is a piece of gros grain ribbon, slightly rounded, the ends of which hang half a yard long in the back. The stitches that fasten the tulle loop on the back of the bonnet are covered with a pleated band of brown velvet. The strings are of brown ribbon thirty-one inches long. The remaining trimming consists of brown velvet flowers and leaves. A ruche of black lace is set inside of the bonnet on the front edge. For the frame of the bonnet (see page 812) cut of a double layer of white stiff lace one piece from Fig. 54, Supplement, arrange the front in one piece from Fig. 55, Supplement, with white covered wire, then cover the front, formed of wire only, with a double layer of gathered white cotton lace. Sew up the pleats indicated on Fig. 54, sew wire on the edge and

Fig. 1.—DRESS CAP OF LACE AND FLOWERS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 56.

Fig. 2.—BROWN VELVET BONNET. [See Frame on Page 812.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 54 and 55.

Figs. 3 and 4.—BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH REVERS.—[See Frame on P. 812.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 52 and 53.

Fig. 5.—OLIVE GR[illegible] VELVET ROUND HA[illegible].

Fig. 6.—BLACK VELVET HAT.—[See Frame on Page 81[illegible].
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 50 and 51.

Fig. 7.—ROYALE VELVET ROUND HAT.—[See Frame on Page 812.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 47–49.

FIGS. 1–7.—LADIES' WINTER BONNETS, HATS, AND CAPS.

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GOLDEN-BROWN POPLIN SUIT WITH VELVET TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 42-46.

Fig. 1.—OLIVE GREEN CLOTH MANTELET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 39-41.

along the dotted line given on Fig. 54, join this part with the front according to the corresponding figures, bend the frame in the shape shown by the illustration, and bind it all around with a bias strip of Swiss muslin. Cover the frame with velvet, and bind the front edge with a bias strip of the same; this binding must be a quarter of an inch wide on the outside, and an inch and a quarter wide on the inside. Line with white marceline.

Figs. 3 and 4.—BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH REVERS. This bonnet is trimmed with a black tulle scarf and white flowers with long drooping sprays. Black velvet strings. Make the frame for the bonnet (see page 812) of a double layer of white stiff lace and covered wire from Figs. 52 and 53, Supplement. Cover the frame smoothly with velvet, and bind the revers on the outer edge with velvet half an inch wide. Along the back edge of the bonnet set a piece of pleated black velvet ribbon three inches wide, the ends of which form strings seven-eighths of a yard long. On the middle of the back edge set the pleated end of a scarf of black figured tulle a yard and a quarter long and half a yard wide, which is edged all around with black lace an inch wide. Wind the scarf about the bonnet, and fasten it on the back so that the other end hangs down about five-eighths of a yard long in the back. Finish with loops and ends of black velvet ribbon and flowers, and a ruche of pleated black lace.

Fig. 5.—OLIVE GREEN VELVET ROUND HAT. This hat is trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with a standing ruffle of olive green gros grain, the seam of which is covered by a roll of velvet. The remaining trimming consists of gros grain loops and ends, a black tulle scarf edged with lace, a tuft of white heron feathers, and a bird.

Fig. 6.—BLACK VELVET ROUND HAT. The trimming for this hat consists of a wreath of small black ostrich feathers, a bow of black velvet, a scarf a yard long and half a yard wide edged with lace, and a red rose with clusters of black elder-berries. The flowers are partly hidden by the scarf. On the back of the hat set a piece of black velvet ribbon, which is left to hang down there as long as the scarf. Make the frame of the hat (see page 812) of a double layer of white stiff lace and covered wire from Figs. 50 and 51, Suppl., each in one piece.

Fig. 7.—ROYALE VELVET ROUND HAT. This hat is made of gray royale velvet. The revers is covered with a bias piece of gray velvet. On the upper edge of the hat set a piece of gray gros grain ribbon, doubled in the middle so as to form hanging ends in the back, one three-quarters of a yard and the other a yard and an eighth long. Both ends are fringed out four inches wide, and knotted in tassels as shown by the illustration. Sew the longer end of the ribbon, at the distance of half a yard from the fringed end, to the inner edge on the back of the hat, so that the upper part of this ribbon forms a loop. On the right side of the hat fasten several ribbon loops, a tuft of white heron feathers, and a bird, and on the back set a black ostrich feather. The frame of the hat (see page 812) is made of a double layer of white stiff lace and covered wire from Figs. 47-49, Supplement.

BLACK GROS GRAIN SUIT WITH VELVET TRIMMING.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 2.—OLIVE GREEN CLOTH MANTELET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 39-41.

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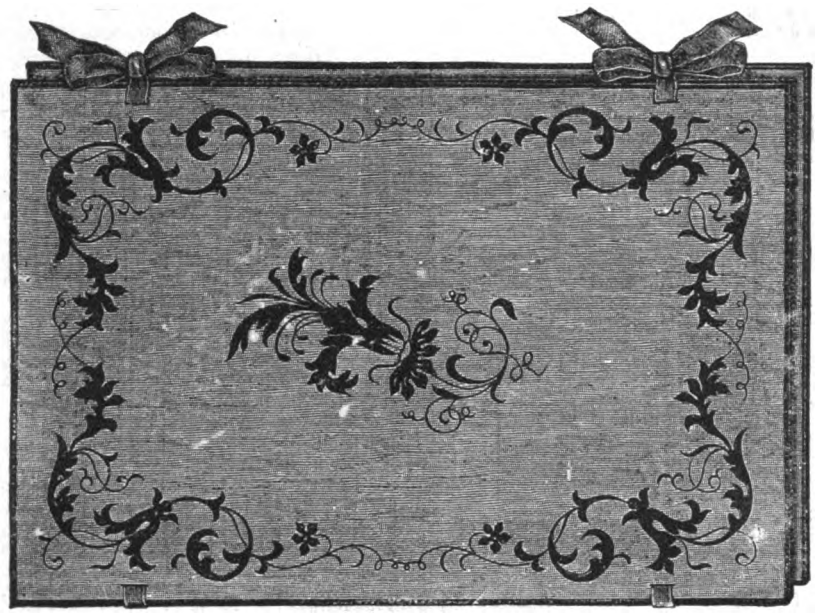


PORT-FOLIO FOR MUSIC, ETC.

For design see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 59.

Port-folio for Music, etc.

THIS port-folio is made of thick cigar-box boards, and is trimmed with dark brown carriage leather, and tied with brown silk ribbons. Take two cigar-box boards eleven inches and a quarter wide and seventeen inches long. On the outer edge of these boards paste a strip of carriage leather an inch wide, which overlaps the under side half its width. Cut a slit in each side at a distance of an inch and a quarter from the edge and four inches from each end, and through these slits draw the strings in such a manner as to fasten the boards together. Transfer the design given on Fig. 59, Supplement, to thick paper, paste the latter on the under side of a piece of carriage leather of the requisite size, cut out the carriage leather along the edges indicated, and paste the trimming on the port-folio. Work the figure on the middle of the port-folio as shown by the illustration; one of the corner figures, however, may be substituted for this. To make the design figures glazed paper may be used instead of carriage leather. Pasteboard and silk may be used instead of the cigar-box boards.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

STOLEN HOURS.

MISS GRANGER'S portrait was finished, and the baby-picture—a chubby blue-eyed cherub at play on a bank of primroses, with a yellow-hammer perched on a blossoming blackthorn above his head, and just a glimpse of blue April sky beyond; a dainty little study of color, in which the painter had surpassed himself—was making rapid progress, to the young mother's intense delight. Very soon Mr. Austin would have no longer the privilege of coming every other day to the Rue de Morny. Daniel Granger had declined sitting for his portrait.

"I did it once," he said. "The Bradford people insisted upon making me a present of my own likeness, life-size, with my brown cob, Peter Pindar, standing beside me. I was obliged to hang the picture in the hall at Arden—those good fellows would have been wounded if I hadn't given it a prominent position; but that great shining brown cob plays the mischief with my finest Velasquez, a portrait of Don Carlos Baltazar, in white satin slashed with crimson. No; I like your easy, dashing style very much, Mr. Austin; but one portrait in a lifetime is quite enough for me."

As the Granger family became more acclimatized, as it were, Clarissa found herself with more time at her disposal. Sophia had attached herself to a little clique of English ladies, and had her own engagements and her separate interests. Clarissa's friends were, for the most part, Frenchwomen, whom she had known in London, or to whom she had been introduced by Lady Laura. Mr. Granger had his own set, and spent his afternoons agreeably enough, drinking soda-water, reading *Galignani*, and talking commerce or politics with his compeers at the most respectable café on the boulevards. Being free, therefore, to dispose of her afternoons, Clarissa, when Lovel's picture was finished, went naturally to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard. Having once taken her servants there, she had no farther scruples.

"They will think I come to see a dress-maker," she said to herself. But in this she did not give those domestic officers credit for the sharpness of their class. Before she had been three times to her brother's lodgings, John Thomas, the footman, had contrived—despite his utter ignorance of the French tongue—to discover who were the occupants of No. 7, and had ascertained that Mr. Austin, the painter, was one of them.

"Who'd have thought of her coming to see that chap Hostin?" said John Thomas to the coachman. "That's a rum start, ain't it?"

"Life is made up of rum starts, John Thomas," replied the coachman, sententiously. "Is there a Mrs. Hostin, do you know?"

"Yes, he's got a wife. I found that out from the porter, though the blessed old buffer can't speak any thing but his French gibberish. 'Madame?' I said, bawling into his stupid old ear. "Mossoo and Madame Hostin? comprenny?' and he says, 'Ya-ase,' and then bursts out laughing, and looks as proud as a hen that's just laid a hegg—'ya-ase, mossoo et madame.'"

George Fairfax and Clarissa met very frequently after that ball at the embassy. It happened that they knew the same people; Mr. Fairfax, indeed, knew every one worth knowing in Paris; and he seemed to have grown suddenly fond of respectable society, going every where in the hope of meeting Mrs. Granger, and rarely staying long any where if he did not meet her. There were those who observed this peculiarity in his movements, and shrugged their shoulders significantly. It was to be expected, of course, said this butterfly section of humanity: a beautiful young woman, married to a man old enough to be her father, would naturally have some one interested in her.

Sometimes Clarissa met George Fairfax in her brother's painting-room; so often, indeed, that she scarcely cared to keep an account of these meetings. Austin knew a good many clever, agreeable Americans and Frenchmen, and his room was a pleasant lounge for idle young men, with some interest in art, and plenty to say upon every subject in the universe. If there were strangers in the painting-room when Mrs. Granger came to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard, she remained in the little salon, talking to her sister-in-law and the two precocious nephews; but it happened generally that George Fairfax, by some mysterious means, became aware of her presence, and one of the folding-doors would open presently, and the tall figure appear.

"Those fellows have fairly smoked me out, Mrs. Austin," he would say.—"Ah, how do you do, Mrs. Granger? I hope you'll excuse any odor of Victorias and Partagas I may bring with me. Your brother's Yankee friends smoke like so many peripatetic furnaces."

And then he would plant himself against a corner of the mantel-piece, and remain a fixture till Clarissa departed. It was half an hour's talk that was almost a tête-à-tête—Bessie Lovel counted for so little between those two. Half an hour of dangerous happiness, which made all the rest of Mrs. Granger's life seem dull and colorless; the thought of which even came between her and her child.

Sometimes she resolved that she would go no more to that shabby street on the "Surrey side;" but the resolve was always broken. Either Austin had asked her to come for some special reason, or the poor little wife had begged some favor of her, which required personal attention: there was always something.

Those were pleasant afternoons, when the painting-room was empty of strangers, and Clarissa sat in a low chair by the fire, while George Fairfax and her brother talked. Austin was never so brilliant as in George's company; the two men suited each other, had lived in the same world, and loved the same things. They talked of all things in heaven and earth, touching lightly upon all, and with a careless kind of eloquence that had an especial fascination for the listener. It seemed as if she had scarcely lived in the dull interval between those charmed days at Hale Castle and these hours of perilous delight; as if she had been half stifled by the atmosphere of common-sense which had pervaded her existence—crushed and borne down by the weight of Daniel Granger's sober companionship. *This* was fairy-land—a region of enchantment, full of bright thoughts and pleasant fancies; *that* a dismal level drill-ground, upon which all the world marched in solid squares, to the monotonous cry of a sergeant-major's word of command. One may ride through a world of weariness in a barouche-and-pair. Clarissa had not found her husband's wealth by any means a perennial source of happiness, nor even the possession of Arden an unfailing consolation.

It was strange how this untidy painting-room of Austin's, with its tawdry, dilapidated furniture—all of which had struck her with a sense of shabbiness and dreariness at first—had grown to possess a charm for her. In the winter gloaming, when the low wood fire glowed redly on the hearth, and made a flickering light upon the walls, the room had a certain picturesque aspect. The bulky Flemish cabinets, with their coarse florid carving, stood boldly out from the background, with red gleams from the fire reflected on chubby cherub heads and medieval monsters. The faded curtains lost their look of poverty, and had only the sombre air of age; an old brass chandelier of the Louis Quatorze period, which Austin had hung in the centre of his room, flashed and glittered in the uncertain light; and those two figures—one leaning against the mantel-piece, the other prowling restlessly to and fro as he talked, carrying a mahl-stick, which he waved ever and anon like the rod of a magician—completed the picture. It was a glimpse of the behind-the-scenes in the great world of art, a peep into Bohemia; and oh, how much brighter a region it seemed to Clarissa than that well-regulated world in which she dined every day at the same hour, with four solemn men watching the banquet, and wound up always with the same dismal quarter of an hour's sitting in state at dessert!

Those stolen hours in Austin's painting-room had too keen a fascination for her. Again and again she told herself that she would come no more, and yet she came. She was so secure of her own integrity, so fenced and defended by womanly pride, that she argued with herself there could be neither sin nor danger in these happy respites from the commonplace dreariness of her life. And yet, so inconsistent is human nature, there were times when this woman flung herself upon the ground beside her baby's crib, and prayed God to pardon her iniquities.

Austin was much too careless to be conscious of his sister's danger. George Fairfax had made an afternoon lounge of his rooms in the previous winter; it was no new thing for him to come there three or four times a week, and Austin did not for a moment suspect that Clarissa's occasional presence had any thing to do with these visits.

When the three portraits were finished, Mr. Granger expressed himself highly content with them, and gave Austin Lovel a check for three hundred pounds; a sum which, in the painter's own words, ought to have set him upon his legs. Unhappily, Austin's legs, from a financial point of view, afforded only the most insecure basis—were always slipping away from him, in fact. Three hundred pounds in solid cash did not suffice for even his most pressing needs. He saw nothing before him but the necessity of an ignominious flight from Paris. It was only a question of when and where he should fly; there was no question as to the fact.

He did not care to tell Clarissa this, however. It would be time enough when the thing was done, or just about to be done. All his life he had been in the habit of shirking unpleasant subjects, and he meant to shirk this as long as he could. He might have borrowed money of George Fairfax, no doubt; but, unfortunately, he was already in that gentleman's debt for money borrowed during the previous winter; so he scarcely cared to make any new appeal in that quarter.

So the unsubstantial Bohemian existence went on; and to Clarissa, for whom this Bohemian was an utterly new world, it seemed the only life worth living. Her brother had been pleased to discover the ripening of her artistic powers, and had given her some rough-and-ready lessons in the art she loved so well. Sometimes, on a bright wintry morning, when Mr. Granger was engaged out-of-doors, she brought her port-folio to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard, and painted there for an hour or so. At first this had been a secure hour for unreserved talk with her brother; but after she had been there two or three mornings in this way, Mr. Fairfax seemed mysteriously aware of her movements, and happened to drop in while she was taking her lesson.

It is not to be supposed that Clarissa could be so much away from home without attracting the attention of Miss Granger. Whether that young lady was at home or abroad, she contrived to keep herself always well informed as to the movements of her step-mother. She speculated and wondered and puzzled herself a good deal about these frequent outings; and finding Clarissa singularly reticent upon the subject, grew daily more curious and suspicious, until at last she could endure the burden of this perplexity no longer without some relief in words, and was fain to take the judicious Warman into her confidence.

"Has Mrs. Granger been out again this afternoon, Warman?" she asked, one evening, when the handmaiden was dressing her hair for dinner.

"Yes, miss. The carriage came home just now. I heard it. Mrs. Granger went out almost directly after you did."

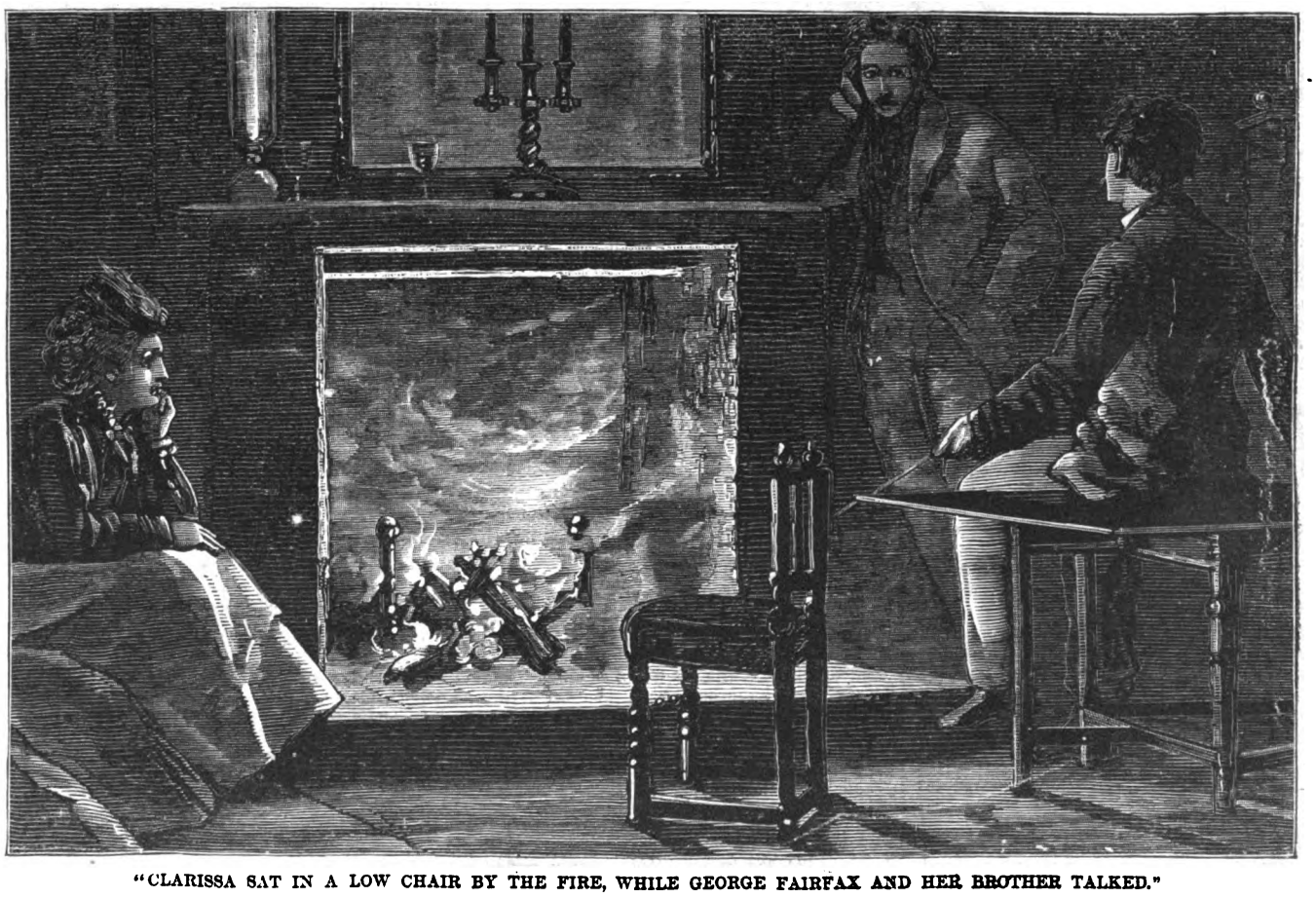
"I wonder she can care to waste so much time in calls," said Sophia.

"Yes, miss, it is odd; and almost always the same place, too, as you may say. But I suppose Mrs. Granger was intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Austin before her marriage."

"Mr. and Mrs. Austin! What do you mean, Warman?"

"Lor', miss, I thought you would know where she went, as a matter of course. It seems only natural you should. I've heard Jarvis mention it at supper. Jarvis has his meals at *our* table, you know, miss. 'We've been to the Rue du Cavalier Barnard again to-day,' he says, 'which I suppose is French for Barnard's Inn. Missus and them Austins must be very thick.' Jarvis has no manners, you know, miss; and that's just his uncultivated way of speaking. But from what I've heard him remark, I'm sure Mrs. Granger goes to call upon the Austins as much as three times a week, and seldom stops less than an hour."

A deadly coldness had crept over Sophia



"CLARISSA SAT IN A LOW CHAIR BY THE FIRE, WHILE GEORGE FAIRFAX AND HER BROTHER TALKED."

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Granger—a cold, blank feeling, which had never come upon her until that moment. He had a wife, then, that dashing young painter with the brilliant brown eyes—the only man who had ever aroused the faintest interest in her well-regulated soul. He was married, and any vague day-dream with which she had interwoven his image was the merest delusion and phantasmagoria. She was unspeakably angry with herself for this unworthy weakness. A painter, a person paid by her father, something less than a curate—if it was possible for any creature to seem less than Mr. Tillott in Sophia's estimation. He was a married man—a base impostor, who had sailed under false colors—a very pirate. All those graceful, airy compliments, those delicate attentions, which had exercised such a subtle influence over her narrow mind—had, indeed, awakened in her something that was almost sentiment—were worse than meaningless, were the wiles of an adventurer trading on her folly.

"He wanted to paint papa's picture," she thought, "and I suppose he fancied my influence might help him."

But what of Clarissa's visits to the painter's lodgings? What possible reason could she have for going there? Miss Granger's suspicions were shapeless and intangible as yet, but she did suspect. More than once—many times, in fact—during the painting of the portrait she had seen, or had imagined she could see, signs and tokens of a closer intimacy between the painter and her father's wife than was warranted by their ostensible acquaintance. The circumstances were slight enough in themselves, but these fragile links, welded together, made a chain which would have been good enough evidence in a criminal court, skillfully handled by an Old Bailey lawyer. Sophia Granger racked her brains to account for this suspected intimacy. When and where had these two been friends, lovers perhaps? Mr. Austin had been away from England for many years, if his own statement were to be believed. It must have been abroad, therefore, that Clarissa had known him—in her school-days. He had been drawing-master, perhaps, in the seminary at Belforêt. What more likely?

Miss Granger cherished the peculiar British idea of all foreign schools, that they were more or less sinks of iniquity. A flirtation between drawing-master and pupil would be a small thing in such a pernicious atmosphere. Even amidst the Arcadian innocence of native academies such weeds have flourished. This flirtation, springing up in foreign soil, would be, of course, ten times more desperate, secret—Jesuitical, in fact—than any purely English product.

Yes, Miss Granger decided at the end of every silent debate in which she argued this question with herself—yes, that was the word of the enigma. These two had been lovers in the days that were gone; and meeting again, both married, they were more than half lovers still.

Clarissa made some excuse to see her old admirer frequently. She was taking lessons in painting, perhaps—Miss Granger observed that she painted more than usual lately—merely for the sake of seeing him.

And how about George Fairfax? Well, that flirtation, of course, was of later date, and a less serious affair. Jealousy—a new kind of jealousy, more bitter even than that which she had felt when Clarissa came between her and her father—sharpened Miss Granger's suspicions in this case. She was jealous even of that supposed flirtation at Belforêt four or five years ago. She was angry with Clarissa for having once possessed this man's heart; ready to suspect her of any baseness in the past, any treason in the present.

The Grangers were at Madame Caballero's two or three evenings after this revelation of Warman's, and Sophia had an opportunity of gleaning some scraps of information from the good-natured little lion-huntress. Madame had been asking her if Mr. Austin's portraits had been a success.

"Yes; papa thinks they are excellent, and talks about having them exhibited in the salon. Mr. Austin is really very clever. Do you know, I was not aware that he was married till the other day?" Sophia added, with a careless air.

"Indeed! Yes, there is a wife, I understand; but she never goes into society; no one hears of her. For my part, I think him charming."

"Has he been long in Paris?"

Madame Caballero shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know," she said. "I have only known of his existence since he became famous—in a small way—a very small way, of course. He exhibited some military sketches, which attracted the attention of a friend of mine, who talked to me about him. I said at once, 'Bring him here. I can appreciate every order of genius, from Ary Scheffer to Gavarni.' The young man came, and I was delighted with him. I admitted him among my intimates; and he insisted on painting the picture which your papa was good enough to admire."

"Do you know how he lived before he came into notice—if he has ever been a drawing-master, for instance?"

"I know that he has given lessons. I have heard him complain of the drudgery of teaching."

This sustained Miss Granger's theory. It seemed so likely. No other hypothesis presented itself to her mind.

Day by day she watched and waited and speculated, hearing of all Clarissa's movements from the obsequious Warman, who took care to question Mrs. Granger's coachman in the course of conversation, in a pleasant casual manner, as to the places to which he had taken his mistress. She waited and made no sign. There was treason going on. The climax and explosion would come in good time.

In the mean while Clarissa seemed almost entirely free. Mr. Granger, after living for nearly fifty years of his life utterly unaffected by feminine influence, was not a man to hang upon his wife's footsteps or to hold her bound to his side. If she had returned his affection with equal measure—if that sympathy for which he sighed in secret could have arisen between them—he might have been as devoted a slave as love could make an honest man. As it was, his married life at its best was a disappointment. Only in the fond hopes and airy visions which his son had inspired did he find the happiness he had dreamed of when he first tried to win Clarissa for his wife. Here alone, in his love for his child, was there a pure and perfect joy. All other dreams ended in bitter waking. His wife had never loved him, never would love him. She was grateful for his affection, obedient, submissive; her grace and beauty gave him a reflected lustre in society. She was a creature to be proud of, and he was proud of her; but she did not love him. And with this thought there came always a sudden agony of jealousy. If not him, what other had she loved? Whose image reigned in the heart so closely shut against him? Who was that man, the mere memory of whom was more to her than the whole sum of her husband's devotion?

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

OLD LETTERS.

YOUNG persons frequently start in life with an impression that in future years they will be glad to refer frequently to the records of the past. With this laudable design they write diaries, and keep all letters addressed to them. The diary, which is simply a letter unaddressed, or addressed to one's self at a distance of a few years, is naturally subject to the same conditions as the letter of the more ordinary type. Perhaps a few people still keep diaries of the old religious type, devoted to the record of their spiritual development. The diary, however, which deals with external facts is rapidly becoming an extinct variety of literature. We have not the necessary time or patience, and we are content to refer to files of newspapers, to annual registers, or to some similar records for all the facts which we desire to know. Many persons, however, still preserve piles of letters which are intended to discharge the same function. They carefully indorse them, tie them up in neat bundles, and consign them to some safe hiding-place, to which, as they vaguely imagine, it will be interesting to look back at some future period. Now so long as letters were really models of composition, or might possibly aspire to that rank, there was a sufficient motive for doing this. The letters had an intrinsic value of their own; and it would have been a serious loss to literature if many of the collections which have been published had been ruthlessly destroyed as soon as received. But the propriety of preserving letters must now be judged upon different grounds. Laying aside the business letters, which are necessarily preserved, and those increasingly rare specimens which occasionally possess some share of the old merit, is it not better to destroy the ordinary rank and file of our correspondence? Considered as mere raw material for future history, they are, generally speaking, superfluous. The danger to history of all kinds at the present day is less in the scarcity than in the superabundance of materials.

Few people, moreover, when they set about preserving letters, have an eye to the possible biographer of the future. They think only of their own gratification, and say to themselves, How pleasant it will be when we are old to turn back to records of past friendships or of early triumphs and disappointments! They put themselves in the attitude of the lotus eaters, dreaming and living again in memory with the old faces of their infancy. Such persons would do well to ask themselves one or two questions. It is probably true that in later years it is very pleasant at times to picture the scenes and the events with which we have ceased to be familiar. A man must be unhappily constituted who does not occasionly fall into the frame of mind expressed in Gray's Ode, and indulge in a pleasing regret at the thought of the playing fields and the antique towers. We think what fine, ingenuous lads we once were; how we enjoyed our sports and our studies; with what ardor we yearned for the days before us and the tumult of real life. What pleasant times, too we enjoyed when we first fancied ourselves men, and thought that the eyes of the whole country were fixed upon the class-lists at the colleges! We can even persuade ourselves that there was nothing but enjoyment in the time of our first love-making, or of our entrance into a profession. Such dreams of our old days are doubtless delightful, and it may be well to provide ourselves with the materials for exciting them. But there is a serious objection to the particular scheme of preserving letters. It always seems as if the pleasant letters were lost, and the dull ones preserved. If we ever do turn to our old correspondence, instead of leaving it in the dust of an ancient drawer, which is perhaps the ordinary result, our impression on turning over the authentic records is that we were stupider and duller than we could have possibly conceived. These letters, that should preserve the buoyant spirits of childhood or the sanguine anticipations of youth, are matter-of-fact scrawls, with a great deal about money, with much absurd grumbling over trifling evils, and with very little sentiment of any kind. Is it that lovers do not know how to put their best feelings into writing, or is it that, after all, the pleasantness of such retrospects depends chiefly upon a common illusion? We suspect that both reasons are applicable. Most letters, at any rate in these latter days, are very dry and stupid, and require to be supplemented by fresh recollections of the circumstances in order to make them tolerable; and, moreover, the supposed happiness of youth is in very great measure—though we need not ask how far—a popular superstition. Probably no greater shock could be given to most of us than if we could live over again one or two of those days which are colored so attractively by the mere lapse of time. So far as reading letters enables us to perform that feat, they had generally better be burned; and so far as they are extremely dull records even of the stupid things they commemorate, the case is still stronger.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. T. H.—Three yards of ladies' cloth are required for a sacque and cape. We can not tell you the number of yards of passementerie, as we do not know how you will trim it. Twilled silk neck-ties are most worn. Lace bows, either white or black, are worn at the throat over the colored tie.

GLENN.—A Marguerite polonaise and flounced skirt is the style for velvet walking suits. Fur bands or bead passementerie with lace or fringe are the trimmings. The skirt is faced with crinoline, and about two inches of the velvet should be turned up on the facing without a binding of braid.

A. M. B.—Make your little girl's velveteen wrap a simple loose sacque, and trim with a bias gros grain band. We would not advise swan's-down for trimming. The brown plush should also be a sacque. For trimming cut the edge in Gothic points, and finish with narrow fringe.

M. H.—For your short upper skirt make a wide apron front, with plain back breadths very bouffant.—Read the article on gold-fish in a former number of the *Bazar*.

MRS. J. M. Z.—Fur trimmings are very stylish, but are expensive, and can only be worn in the depth of winter. A single narrow band is more stylish than two bands or one broad band. If you trim your faille with velvet, you can wear it the greater part of the year in this climate.

JENNIE.—Cloaks are most worn.—We know nothing of the nostrums advertised for curling hair.

EVANGELINE.—A black cashmere polonaise will be handsome over your poplin dress. White muslin over dresses are worn over high-necked silks.

MRS. L. A. C.—Cut your sacque a loose medium long sacque, and make a large talma cape of new cloth to wear over it.—We believe white blonde lace can not be cleaned.

HORTENSE.—Read about white tulle dresses in the present number of the *Bazar*.

MRS. G.—A simple Gabrielle reaching to the ankle, and braided with the same color, is the design for your little child's dress.

SUBLIMITY.—Make your velvet wrap by cut paper pattern of Watteau Mantle, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. IV. Trim with gimp and fringe. A suit of black satine at $1 a yard made by pattern of House Dress shown in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV., and worn with your velvet wrap or a shawl or sacque, is what you want.—Remove the knife and fork from your plate when passing it at table. Take your husband's arm always in the street; that of an acquaintance in the evening only.

MILDRED ASKELL.—Make your beautiful silver poplin by cut paper pattern of Worth-Basque House Dress, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV. Trim with one deep flounce (instead of the narrow ones shown in the picture) and with velvet and fringe of the same shade.

N. W. AND C. K.—Read answer above to "Sublimity."

M. W. S.—Gore your silk skirt at the sides and in front, and make a postilion attached to a belt of the scraps. This will give your plain waist a more modern look. Cut the sleeves coat shape.

AN ADMIRER.—We know of nothing that will make straight hair curl so well as the old-fashioned plan of rolling it on paper.

LOU.—Put bias bands of trimming velours on the skirt of your velveteen, and cut the edge of the over-skirt in Gothic points. A Watteau mantle or a sacque with a cape would be stylish for a tall, slim girl.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Make your black silk suit with over-skirt and basque, and add a cashmere or velvet mantle. Fur is the most stylish trimming for mid-winter, but lace and fringe can be worn at all seasons.

AGNES.—It would require a column of the *Bazar* to answer all your questions about a trousseau. You will find much of the information you want in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. IV.

MRS. MCAWBER.—The "Ugly Girl" articles are found in *Bazar*, Vol. III., Nos. 26, 30, 33, 38, and 43; and Vol. IV., Nos. 5, 22, and 35. They will give you the necessary information respecting cosmetics. Tea and coffee are generally considered injurious to the complexion, though this depends somewhat on the individual constitution.

PHILIP.—We think you would find it difficult to learn to color photographs well without some instruction.

H. M. T.—Your ancient cook-book is interesting as a curiosity of literature, but the march of improvement has probably left it behind, and there would be no reason for republishing it at the present time.

VIOLET.—The wish to become an authoress is a very common thing; the capacity to do so is quite a different matter. Literature, like every other profession, demands severe training and long experience; and you have no more right to expect to succeed therein at the first stroke of the pen than you would to practice law without having made any preparatory studies. The stories of inexperienced young girls who rise suddenly from the depths of despair to the heights of literary fame have little foundation except in the imagination of the writers; and the exceptions to this rule are too few to be taken into account. If your MSS. have been returned by publishers, it has probably been because they were crude and wanting in interest; and the only advice we can give you is to profit by the experience, and study to improve thereby.

CARLOTTA.—You can obtain new books on the various branches of art at stores for the sale of artists' materials. The principal of the free school for painting and sculpture at the Cooper Union will doubtless give you the suggestions you require, and for which we have not room.

PLAYWRIGHT.—Your questions are too personal to be answered here.

SUBSCRIBER.—It is asking too much to expect us to rehearse the stories of Damon and Pythias and Una and the Lion for your individual benefit, and we must refer you to classical history for one, and to Spenser's "Faërie Queen" for the other. China was known as Cathay in olden times.

READER AND ADMIRER.—A decoction of larkspur will destroy vermin.

UNCLE JAKE.—We should say that the line between apple juice and cider might be drawn where the process of fermentation begins.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

I HEARD the words spoken in a vehement tone of annoyance, a few days ago, as I was entering a milliner's rooms, and without stopping to ask what had provoked the exclamation, I resented it. I have several pleasant acquaintances, and a few dear and valued friends, among the Americans, and it stung me like a personal insult to hear them stamped wholesale with the uncomplimentary adjective, and the still more uncomplimentary little pronoun that has such an amount of spite and disrespect shut up in its five letters. I did not venture to challenge the speaker there and then to explain herself, but as a milliner's room is a sort of neutral ground, where civilized human beings may address each other without having been introduced, and not be snubbed for the impertinence, I volunteered some inoffensive remark about bonnets in general as a preliminary to conversation.

"They are more fantastic than ever this season," I said; "though one would have expected that the horrors which the Parisians have passed through might have had a sobering effect even on bonnets; but the odd thing of all is that the smaller they grow in size, the bigger they grow in price."

Nothing could have been more to the point than this random shot.

"That is precisely what I have been saying," replied the lady, quickly, in a very irate tone; "and it is all the fault of those horrid Americans. They flock over here with millions of money, and make a raid on the milliners, and don't care what they pay; and the consequence is that we, who can't compete with them, are driven either to buy hideous bonnets in open shops on the street at a moderate price, or to pay an unconscionable sum for a proper one out of a good house. And then the milliner coolly tells you that she doesn't care for your custom any more, now that she has got an American clientèle. I wish to mercy they would stay at home and buy their clothes in America, and not come here to make life impossible to every body but millionaires!"

There was such a vigorous show of justice in all this that I was cowed out of my angry resolve to protest. There is no denying the effect of American customers in the Paris dress market, and if my French fellow-creature knew nothing more of them than this, her indignation was fairly legitimate. I could not let it go, however, without a faint attempt at a defense; so I humbly observed that there was something to be said about the rapacity and want of conscience of milliners and others who traded so shamefully on the ignorance of their transatlantic customers, who, accustomed to the exorbitant figures of the New York and Boston stores, find the highest prices in Paris comparatively moderate in comparison.

"Tut!—nonsense," replied my companion, contemptuously. "What were milliners made for but to trade on the ignorance and vanity of women all over the world? and why are women so vain and ignorant as to let themselves be traded on? Why don't American ladies take the trouble to find out, when they come over here, what is the maximum that society allows a sane woman to pay for a gown or a bonnet, and then insist on having the same article supplied to her at the same price? But no; they are too lazy to inquire at all about it, and they are so rich that it doesn't matter a straw to them what price they pay. In fact, the dress-makers tell you they never admire a dress unless it costs a fabulous amount of money. The fournisseurs know this, and the moment an American customer appears on the scene, up go the prices. Of late years they have been so constantly in the habit of raising them that the best houses have now adopted the American standard permanently, and though it has lost them the greater part of their home custom, they find it pays. One American is as good as three Frenchwomen to any dress-maker; and the upshot of this to us is, either that we must follow suit or make our own clothes. Remonstrances are useless; their American customers are the only ones they care for."

At this point of the conversation one of the demoiselles of the establishment brought my companion her bill, receipted, and as this was what she had been waiting for, she wished me good-morning and went away, leaving me waiting patiently till the goddess of the place should have leisure to attend to me. In due time she did condescend so far, and came from an inner room rubbing her hands in that patronizing way peculiar to the Paris modiste, and hoping that I held myself well, and wanted a new bonnet—which indeed I did, sadly. I had been three years away from Paris, and had spent the last one in England, where I had clothed myself, as the deformity on my head sufficiently attested. I said I should like to try on a bonnet that struck me as likely to suit. It was in black lace—not real lace, but that silky imitation called *dentelle de Paris*, which is made especially for bonnets—and it had a handsome violet flower with a *traînée* of buds and leaves for ornament. The price, which, not being an American, I was mean enough to inquire beforehand, was eighty francs.

"Eighty francs!" I exclaimed. "Why, I never paid you more than fifty-five for a winter bonnet, and forty for a lace or tulle one. What is the meaning of your having increased so enormously?"

I shall not attempt to reproduce the brilliant volubility of Madame D—— as she explained, to her own complete satisfaction, how it was that, after three years' absence, I should return to find her in the same rooms (Boulevard des Capucines), paying the same rent, employing the same

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number of hands at an ante rate of wages and consumption. Just as there are two proprietors in the schools—one for the English and one for the French pupils.

An instance of this, the winter before last, a vague idea of going abroad to order an evening dress. I my position as poorer than she was, and hundred and fifty francs was a long price to pay for it; but as for style, pretty fit, and artistic effect, only they were to be as new as possible. I could make them do, and I thought, on the whole, I would be safe. Well, with a rare majestic calm I went to Worth's with the simplest dress for a young girl, white tulle with flounces thrown over it, and trimmed with clusters of white roses. But why should all the bankers of Europe be ostracised for their extravagance? For they are. In right of her extravagance? For they are. In right of her extravagance? For they are. In right of her

Silver Canvas and Crochet Lamp-chimney Cover simulating a Liberty-Cap.

To make this cover take a strip of silver canvas eleven stitches in width and of a length to suit the circumference of the lamp chimney for which it is designed (the number of stitches, however, must be divisible by 7). Leave an extra piece of canvas half an inch wide on one end of the strip. Close the strip in a ring, letting the ends overlap half an inch, and work the cross stitch embroidery with blue silk in the design shown by the illustration. Work button-hole stitches with blue saddler's silk on the upper edge of the strip. Next work the upper part, all of single crochet, with blue and white saddler's silk, always going forward, as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on each button-hole stitch loop of the upper edge; in doing this work alternately 6 st. (stitch) with blue silk, and 1 st. with white silk. In this, as well as in the remaining rounds, always work off the blue stitch before the white stitch with white silk, and each white stitch with blue silk. 2d–12th rounds.—Always alternately 6 blue, 1 white st. on the stitches of the same color in the preceding round. Work the 13th to 31st rounds in a similar manner; but in order to make the points, narrow 1 st. in every blue strip in the 13th, 19th, 23d, 27th, and 31st rounds. With that last round finish off the crocheted part in a point, and to the latter fasten a tassel of blue silk and steel beads. Line the lower part with a strip of canvas and a circular bottom of silk, and button-hole stitch the canvas parts together with blue silk on the under edge of the lamp-chimney cover.

Card-board and Silk Lamp Screen.

THIS screen is made of card-board, covered with green silk and edged with lace. It is mounted on a carved wood stand. Cut, first, a circular piece of card-board seven inches and a half in diameter, and on this transfer the design, one-third of which is given on Fig. 33, Supplement, having previously completed it in a circle. Puncture holes at regular intervals in the card-board along the dotted lines with a coarse needle, and cut out the card-board inside of the straight outlines. Cover both sides of the card-board with green silk, folding the edges of the material down on the inside and overhanding them together. The trimming on the outer edge consists of gathered black lace an inch wide and gathered white lace three-quarters of an inch wide; the seam made by sewing on the lace is covered with narrow gold braid. Fasten the screen, when finished, on the stand.

CARD-BOARD AND SILK LAMP SCREEN.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 33.

CARRIAGE-LEATHER MAT.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 61 and 62.

CLOTH MAT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Fig. 63.

Court-plaster Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS case is made of card-board, covered on the inside with gray satin and on the outside with fine gray linen. The latter is ornamented in point Russe with saddler's silk of different colors. Cut one piece of card-board from Fig. 68, Supplement, and separate it into two parts along the double line given on Fig. 68. Cover each of these halves on the outside with fine gray linen, which is divided into half-inch squares by drawing out three or four threads each way. These squares are ornamented in Smyrna stitch with colored saddler's silk, as shown by Fig. 2. Along the lines of the squares make rows of stitching with coarse black silk, and stitch these with white silk. Line the inside of the case, sewing in at the same time the four pieces of gray silk ribbon shown by Fig. 1, which hold the card-board together, and keep the court-plaster in place. Sew one end of each of these four ribbons to the points of the card-board pieces marked *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* on Fig. 68, Supplement, in such a manner that this end comes between the card-board and lining. The free ends of the ribbons *a* and *b* are now fastened to the points marked *e* and *f* on the other half of the case, also between the card-board and lining. In doing this care must be taken that the ribbons lie smoothly on the piece of card-board on which they are stretched. In a similar manner fasten the free ends of the ribbons *c* and *d* to the points marked *g* and *h* on the first half of the card-board. Sew silk cord on the outer edge of each half of the case.

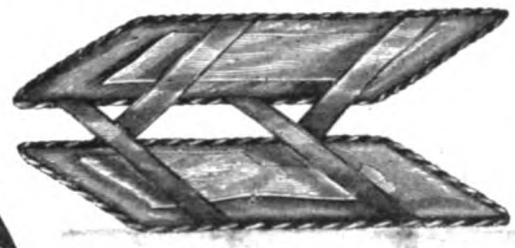


Fig. 1.—COURT-PLASTER CASE.—OPEN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXX., Fig. 68.

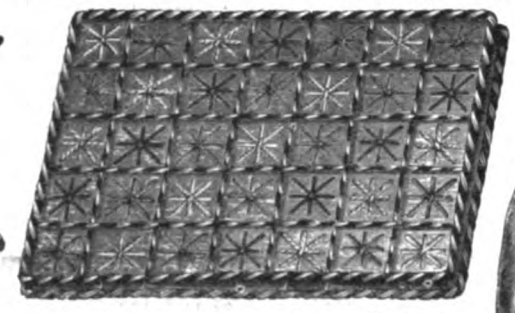
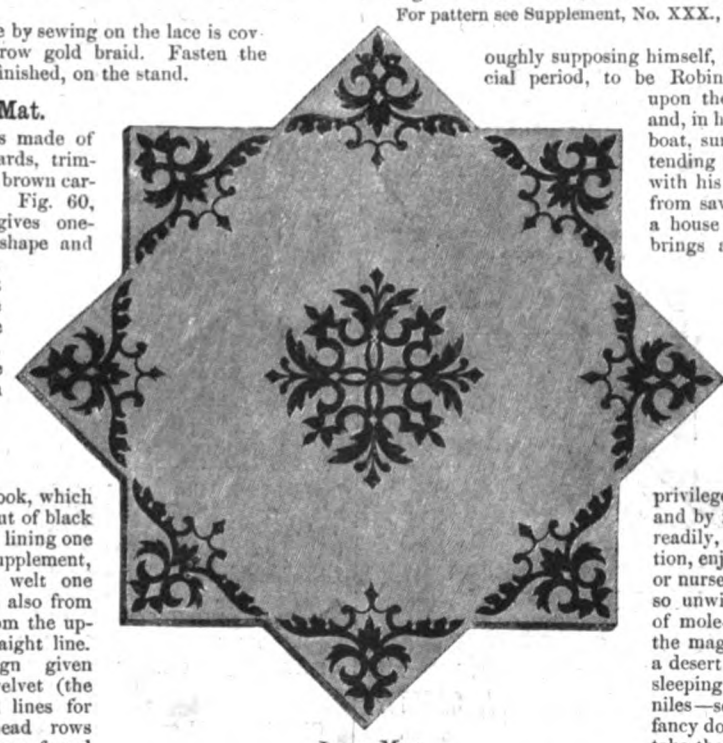


Fig. 2.—COURT-PLASTER CASE.—CLOSED.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXX., Fig. 68.

EMBROIDERED NEEDLE-BOOK.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 34.

Lamp Mat.

THIS mat is made of cigar-box boards, trimmed with dark brown carriage leather. Fig. 60, Supplement, gives one-eighth part of the shape and the design of the mat. From this design cut the figures of carriage leather, and paste them on the mat. Line the mat on the under side with green flannel.



LAMP MAT.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XXIV., Fig. 60.

Embroidered Needle-Book.

FOR this needle-book, which simulates a sachel, cut of black velvet and white silk lining one piece from Fig. 34, Supplement, and for the pocket welt one piece of white velvet also from Fig. 34, but only from the upper edge to the straight line. Transfer the design given on Fig. 34 to the velvet (the dotted lines for the bead rows are transferred to both halves and to the piece of white velvet, but the design for the lower trimming only to that half which is intended for the front side). Work the embroidery with white silk and steel beads as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern. Baste the white velvet on the front half of the sachel at the corresponding point, sew on the beads, and work the desired initial, as shown by the illustration. On the inside of the needle-book sew several pieces of pinked flannel to suit the shape of the book, and furnish the latter with a handle of black velvet ribbon trimmed with steel beads, as shown by the illustration.

LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER SIMULATING A LIBERTY-CAP.

MOUNTAINS AND MOLE-HILLS.

THE power which an imaginative boy has of thoroughly supposing himself, for an especial period, to be Robinson Crusoe upon the desert island, in his hut or his boat, surrounded by his live stock, tending his crops, or making ready, with his man Friday, for an attack from savages, in the back parlor of a house in Bedford Square, I opine brings about one of the happiest frames of mind ever vouchsafed to mortals. It is only equaled, at any rate, by that of the little girl who, having put her doll to bed, entreats that her nurse shall tread lightly across the room, and speak with bated breath, lest the slumbers of the puppet should be disturbed. This privilege, then, I insist I still retain; and by its assistance I admit I can readily, and with but little provocation, enjoy in my chosen play-ground or nursery the process, usually held so unwise, of "making mountains of mole-hills." I do not aspire to the magnificence of a monarchy on a desert island, or the control of the sleeping arrangements of any juveniles—so my fancy does not take that turn—and I do not

EMBROIDERED SACHEL.—[See Page 812.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 30.

EMBROIDERED CLOTH LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XXIX., Figs. 66 and 67.

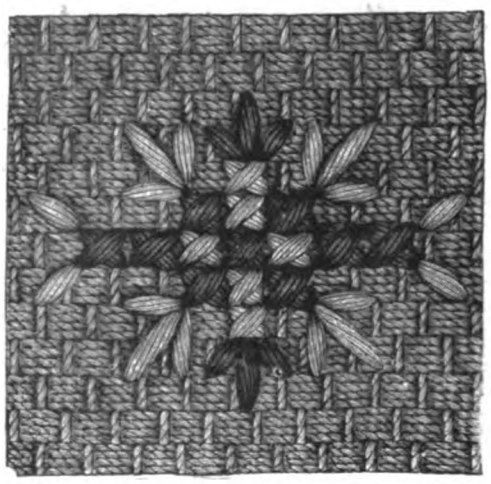


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF FOUNDATION WITH FIGURE FOR RUG.

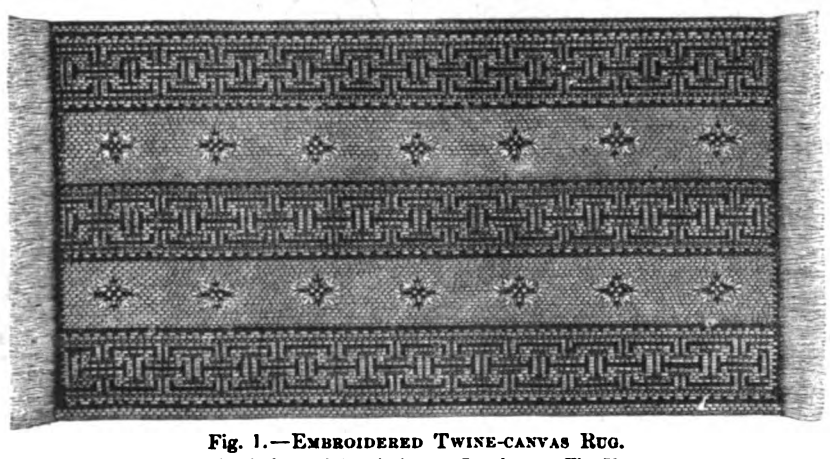
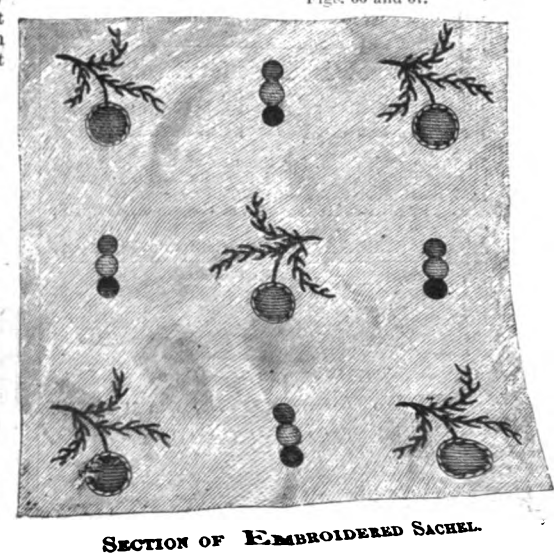


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED TWINE-CANVAS RUG.
For design and description see Supplement, Fig. 72.



SECTION OF EMBROIDERED SACHEL.

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play at being De Foe's hero, or Anna Maria the head nurse. If I did, I believe and trust I should be equally capable of keeping up the illusion, as I hold I am of converting mole-hills into mountains.

THE readers of *Harper's Bazar* will find the most complete assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Gloves, etc., etc.; also Robes de Chambre and House Coats, for Holiday Presents, at UNION ADAMS & Co.'s, 637 Broadway, near Bleecker St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. MARY R. HUBBARD, Troy, N. Y., earned, with a Wheeler & Wilson, in 1868, $731 47; stitching 31,092 shirt-fronts, equal to 886,122 feet of seam. At 20 stitches to the inch, this would give 212,669,280 stitches, an average of 708,891 per day, 88,612 per hour, and 1477 per minute, or sixty times as fast as hand-sewing. Sixty years in one! Her machine has run three years by steam and three by foot-power without repair, and is as good as when bought.—[*Com.*]

THERE IS NO EXCUSE

For a lady appearing in society with her face covered with freckles, tan, and other disfigurements which the skin is liable to, while they can obtain a harmless toilet preparation for effectually removing all such blemishes. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." You will be surprised and delighted with the effect it will produce. After using a short time it will leave the skin soft, smooth, clear, and radiant in beauty.
Depôt, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

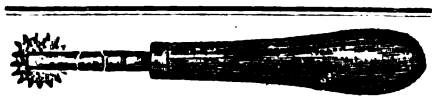
DR'S STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE,
SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

OPEN all the year. FOR THE TREATMENT OF LUNG, FEMALE, AND CHRONIC DISEASES. Among its appliances for the treatment of disease are the Turkish, Russian, Electro-Thermal, and Sulphur-Air Baths, Hydropathy, Vacuum Treatment, Swedish Movement-Cure, Calisthenics, etc., etc. For full particulars, send for circular.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a preparation of great merit, and is rapidly displacing all others for the hair.—[*Com.*]

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—A sort of CHAMBER'S JOURNAL for the young—a paper to elevate as well as please.—[*Com.*]

MOTHERS AND NURSES.—Burnett's Kalliston is admirable for the sensitive skin of infants.—[*Com.*]



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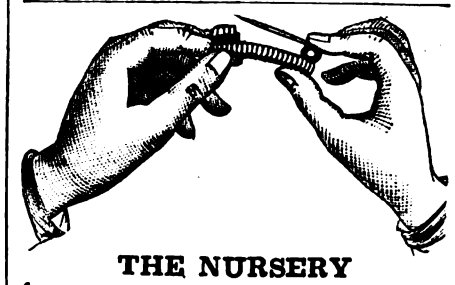

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FACETIÆ.

THE late Chicago fire completely destroyed the North Side, while much of the South and West sides remained unharmed. On last Sunday a Sabbath-school teacher was explaining to his class of youngsters the parable of the wise and foolish men who built their houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand, and went on to ask which was the foolish man, when a little Dutch boy shouted out, "The one that built on the *North Side!*"

Somebody proposes that bald-headed men have their monograms painted on the exposed spot.

It is not true that all the Germans in the late war returned home minus a leg and an arm, though it certainly is a fact that each soldier had only one arm and one leg left.

AMERICAN ENGINEERING.—In the course of an Illinois discussion a man is said to have "had a ravine built on the back of his head with a ginger-beer bottle."

Why does a man with a situation in his eye look like a fool?—Because he is gazing at vacancy.

A SERVANT OF HALL WORK—A hall porter.

A GENUINE RING FENCE—A hearty "ha-ha!"

PETITION AND REPETITION.

IMAGINE THE CONSTERNATION OF JULIA AND ALGERNON (WHO BELIEVED THEIR ATTACHMENT WAS UNNOTICED) WHEN THEY FOUND LAURA AND EMILY REPEATING THE WHOLE OF THE TENDER SCENE WHICH OCCURRED ON ALGY'S ASKING FOR HIS JULIA'S HAND!

A distinguished ex-Governor of Ohio, noted for story-telling, relates that on one occasion, while addressing a temperance meeting at Georgetown, District of Columbia, and depicting the misery caused by indulging too freely in the flowing bowl, his attention was attracted by the sobs of a disconsolate and seedy-looking individual in the rear part of the room. On going to the person and interrogating him, he was told the usual tale of woe: among other sad incidents, that, during his career of vice, he had buried three wives. The Governor, having buried a few wives of his own, sympathized deeply with the inebriate, and consoled him as much as was in his power. Said he, "Misfortune has afflicted you."

The mourner sobbingly replied, "Yes, yes, he has;" and, pausing a moment and wiping his nose, he continued, "but I don't think misfortune got much ahead of me; for as fast as he took one away, I took another."

SPLIT PEASE.—*If* the corn a country produces is so necessary to its existence, surely its pulse should be of vital importance too!

An impertinent minx asking her aunt the other day why she had left off her corsets, the old lady instantly replied that she did so because she had no time to *waste* in *stays*.

LAMENTABLE RESULT OF THE ADVENT OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

ALL THE YOUNG LADIES' HEADS TURNED!

A young orator recently gave the following fine burst of frenzy from out of his confined soul, or bosom, or stomach, or wherever these things come from: "Yes, my friends, the mind of man is so expansive that it can soar from star to star, and from satchelite to satchelite, and from seraphene to seraphene, and from cherrybeam to cherrybeam, and from thence to the centre of the doom of heaven. To describe the mind of man would be like grasping at the stars and sticking in the mud. Could I place one foot on the sea and the other on—ahem—on the Georgium Sidus—ahem, ahem—yet to describe the mind of man, I'd howl round this little world—and, er—I'd—" He choked at the next big word, forgot the rest, and down he came a-howling.

MATRIMONY.—An affectionate wife, whose husband is but too often inebriated, says he is like the money market: the more tight he gets, the dearer he becomes.

Nothing so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

A VENERABLE PILE—A worn-out Turkey carpet.

Whither should young ladies who pencil their eyebrows be dispatched?—To Pennsyl-va(l)n-ia.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.—Treat your babies kindly, but not *cordial-ly*.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the man said when he paid his dinner bill.

THE HONEST TRUTH.

AUNT. "And so, Tom, you are learning *Music* among other things. How do you like it?"

TOM. "I *Hate* it!"

AUNT. "Indeed! Which of your Studies do you prefer?"

TOM. "Oh, well, *Music!*"

THE CALENDAR CLARIFIED.

January was originally called Ginuary, because taken warm within to counteract cold without.

February was anciently styled Fibuary, on account of the lovers' perjuries uttered on Valentine's-day.

March took its name from the fact that it drills us into holes with piercing east wind.

April owes its denomination to the Saxon words *ape* and *rill*, because during this month it rains cats and dogs and monkeys.

May may have been called May mainly because May-day may fall mayhap on the first of the month.

June is so named because it comes after the first five months of the year, and is, therefore, June-ior to them.

July is duly denominated July, because you will see the heavy djew lie on the grass during the month.

August is superlatively entitled to this nomenclature, because, though all the other months may possibly be very Aug (whatever that means), this is the August of the lot. (This was an aug-ward question to settle.)

September was originally written Sup-tember, because the evenings begin to draw in about the hour at which people indulge in the pleasant but unwholesome meal known as supper.

October is derived from the German, and is so named because it is the month in which the English brew beer and the Germans make 'ock.

November is, as we know, called No-vember for no reason in particular.

December owes to Christmas bills the name it derives: from the "d'e" in which paterfamilias indulges as the small accounts file in.

TIME ON THE JUMP—Leap-year.

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

AUCTIONEER. "Fifteen Hundred Dollars!—going at Fifteen Hundred Dollars! Any advance on Fifteen Hundred Dollars for this fine Portrait by Titian, painted in that Great Master's best manner!" (*Hammer falls.*)

BRUSH (*to Badger*). "Downright dishonest, I call it! Old Aaron's got Fifteen Hundred for that Titian, and he only gave me Fifteen for Painting it!"

LIVING UP TO EPITAPHS.

"That fellow's got in the wrong grave," said one gentleman to another in a cemetery.

"How so?"

"Because I knew him to be a forger and a thief, and yet look upon that epitaph!"

"Be careful," said the other, "how you speak, for none of us can live up to our epitaphs."

HOW TO MAKE COCK-SHOOT OYSTER SAUCE.—Take one go of weak gruel, heat in a saucepan, and add two raw oysters chopped small; garnish with a few blacks.

COMPARATIVELY WORSE OFF.—Fowls in England are occasionally afflicted with croup; "pigeons at Continental gaming-tables suffer from attacks of the croup-ier.

"I would rather have a *spill* presently than a-*light* just now," said that incorrigible wag, Jones, when the mare ran away.

Why are people who have nothing to be proud of but their pedigree like potatoes?—Because the only good belonging to them is underground.

A pipe of wine contains 150 gallons: 3 barrels make a pipe, and 24 pipes make an ordinary barrel-organ. Arrange your own tunes afterward, and turn the handle gently.

SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

DAUGHTER. "What make the sea get angry so often, mamma?"

MOTHER. "Because it is so full of *crossed*, my darling."

HOW TO KEEP AWAY CHOP.—Keep only very plain cooks.

An exchange says Tweed is a handsome man. We know he is a booty-ful man.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. IV.—No. 52.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1871. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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SANTA CLAUS'S REBUKE.
"I'll never do it again."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1871.

AN ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, with the continuation of FARJEON'S thrilling Story, "BLADE-O'-GRASS," is furnished gratuitously with our present Number, which also contains a brilliant array of Illustrations, Essays, Tales, Poems, and other valuable and interesting matter.

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For Terms, etc., see Advertisement on page 839.

☞ *Our readers will take notice that we publish two Cut Paper Patterns this week—the Marguerite Vest-polonaise Walking Suit, illustrated on page* 829, *and the Watteau Sacque and Cape (with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt), illustrated on the double page (Fig.* 3*), of the present Number. Both patterns are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid, by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five cents each. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement in last Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number, which will begin the New Volume, will contain a rich variety of Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Dolls' Bridal, Evening, Walking, and Peasant Costumes; Ladies' Mantles, Mantelets, Hats, and Bonnets; Fur Muffs, Collars, and Hats; Boys' and Girls' Suits; Fancy Articles for Holiday Gifts, etc., etc.*

THE END OF THE YEAR.

IN concluding the Fourth Volume of *Harper's Bazar* with the present number, we may be permitted to embrace the opportunity of summing up the results thus far accomplished, and of giving our readers—all of whom we trust will accompany us throughout the New-Year—some idea of what they may expect in the future.

Four years ago we undertook the enterprise of creating a popular fashion journal of a high degree of excellence. This was a more difficult task than would appear at first sight. It was easy, no doubt, to make a useful fashion journal, but it was our aim to produce a work which should at once be an authority among persons of society, and a favorite with readers of literary culture and taste. There was a general impression that all fashion journals should be confined to the domain of ambitious housewives and sentimental school-girls; their place in literature was considered the same as that of cook-books; and they were held in contempt by the masculine gender universally, and by most intelligent women except for purposes of occasional reference. Is it too much to boast that the *Bazar* has changed all this? If it has not, it has fallen far short of its aim. It has endeavored to furnish a family journal of the highest tone and character—especially intended, indeed, for the better part of creation, and giving prominence to the mysteries of dress and the economy of the household, as subjects most closely connected with woman's life—but also presenting a choice and varied miscellany, in which all should find an interest, from the father of the family to the youngest child at the hearth.

At the end of four years, as we glance back upon the past, and venture to test our promises by performance, may we not appeal to our files as affording grateful proofs of success in the wealth and opportuneness of their illustrations, the chaste and elevated character of their literary columns, and the practical utility of their fashion and household departments? We refer with modest pride to the eminent names that, during the whole of this period, have adorned our list of contributors. It is certain that few journals can boast of so brilliant a combination of literary talent as is represented by such writers as GEORGE ELIOT, Miss MULOCK, Miss THACKERAY, Mrs. TROLLOPE, GAIL HAMILTON, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, Miss BRADDON WILKIE COLLINS, Professor DE MILLE, JUSTIN M'CARTHY, ANNIE THOMAS, Mrs. LYNN LINTON, MARY PRESCOTT, MARY E. DODGE, and a variety of other celebrated authors both in Europe and America—not to speak of GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, whose weekly series of "Manners upon the Road" no fastidious scruples must prevent us from referring to as among the most exquisite specimens of essays on themes of social and current interest since the time of the *Spectator*. We only express our accordance with the highest critical judgments when we pronounce Mr. CURTIS, in richness of fancy, quaintness of invention and illustration, and elegance of style, the peer of ADDISON; while in vigor of intellect and depth of thought he may be deemed his superior without a compliment.

Indeed, all the serials, tales, and poems that have appeared in the *Bazar* have been of a distinguished order of literary merit; and arrangements have been made for the coming volume which will secure even greater attractions than before. The powerful story, "Blade-o'-Grass," in the costly eight-page Supplements which constitute our holiday gifts to our readers, calls to mind DICKENS in its mingled pathos and humor; this will be followed by other brilliant serials from celebrated writers; and many additional interesting features, which will be announced in due time, are in course of preparation.

While aiming at literary excellence, the *Bazar* has not forgotten to be useful. Its fashion illustrations are procured by special arrangement from abroad, and published simultaneously with their appearance in the *Mode Illustrée*, the Berlin *Bazar*, and other European journals. Its papers on New York fashions are compiled from personal examination of the toilettes and styles at the most fashionable dress-makers', milliners', and merchants'. Its pattern sheets contain, on an average, twenty full-sized patterns of all kinds of garments for ladies, gentlemen, and children, all of which, with the paper, are sold for the small sum of ten cents. To facilitate the transfer of patterns from this sheet, a cheap and ingenious tracing wheel has been devised, which a child can manage. And still further to accommodate our readers, we have organized a cut paper pattern department, for furnishing cut patterns of entire suits of the most popular dresses of the season, for the nominal sum of twenty-five cents each, or about one-eighth of what they would have cost at any pattern store before we devised this plan of supplying our patrons with cheap patterns. Due attention is also paid to household economy in all its branches.

We do not pretend to *invent* fashions. We only tell our readers what they are, and assure them that they may rely on what they find in our columns as being wholly accurate and disinterested. We have no private interests to serve, and no dress-making or commission establishments to keep up. Being satisfied that Paris and Berlin set the fashions for the world, we give our readers a faithful representation of those fashions at first hand. When imported dresses, bonnets, and fabrics cease to be sought after in preference to all others by our leaders of fashion, we shall change our policy, and economize at the same time, by illustrating American fashions at less cost. Thus far we have seen no good reason to do so.

Now, dear readers, we take leave of you, with best wishes for the New-Year, hoping to meet you all with the first number of our new volume.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Bugle Call.

MY DEAR GUSTAVUS,—I heard a horn the other day as I was walking in a quiet street, and the sound reminded me of another which I once heard elsewhere. It was a pleasant afternoon, and I was strolling about another city with that delightful feeling of travel of which I am always aware in a strange place. Standing for some time by a noble public building, which is upon a hill, and is approached by a series of terraces covered with shrubbery, I had been looking at the sunset, which was calm and beautiful, and, sensitive to every sight and sound, I walked slowly into a little park in which is a majestic statue. As I sauntered along the paths I heard the sound of a bugle. It was clear and rich and ringing, and seemed to me a cavalry call. I turned, expecting to see a troop of horse moving along the street; but as none appeared, I supposed that I must be near a drill-ground, and that the cavalry were practicing.

Again the clear notes rang upon the quiet air. They had a lingering fall, and it seemed to me that there was peculiar pathos in the sound. It is the call to bivouac, I said to myself; it is the vespers of the camp; and in the secret sadness of the sound is reflected the pensive yearning of the soldier's heart for home. In fancy I saw the camp upon the field, the motley figures gathered about the tents, the smoke of the evening fires, the laugh of loiterers, and the merry song; and later the musing, meditative groups of officers who smoked, silent, by the fire and thought of faces and forms that they did not see. Still, as I walked, I heard the bugle call once more. Was I, then, mistaken? and was there not a proud summons in the sound? Was this indeed the charge? If I listened, should I hear the heavy, swift gallop, the silent rush of squadrons? Again I saw a sadder scene. It was Sir Philip Sidney and his troop charging the Spaniards in that misty morning upon the Isel, three hundred years ago. It was the last desperate charge at Waterloo—the baffled charge in which the glory of Napoleon was quenched. Sadder and nearer still: it was the cruel charge from which horses that bore into the battle loved and noble youth came madly rushing back, and riderless.

So, as I walked, the bugle played upon my fancy. The unseen, unconscious master touched the various stops of a musing mind; and as picture melted into picture, and thought blended with thought, there remained at last only a vague feeling like that which inspired the song,

> "Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
> And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying."

I had reached the gate of the park, and as I passed out a man turned the corner of the street opposite, carrying a pail of oysters in one hand, and a bugle in the other. Raising it to his lips, he blew Sir Philip Sidney's charge, the reveille of the camp, and the soldiers' vespers—the spell of memory and sadness. It was a peddler of oysters blowing a horn.

I do not remember whether I smiled or not; but I know that my impulse was not to dash over and seize him by the throat as a swindler, but to thank him for the magic of his strain. I watched him while the notes were dying, dying, dying, and he peered curiously about to see if any cook appeared at any door, or any urchin with a tin kettle was ready for a bargain. Perhaps I ought to have thanked him in some other way than by staring at him, probably with a smile, until he disappeared. But after he had turned out of sight I still heard his bugle call, clear and sweet and sad—announcing fresh oysters.

As I went back to my lodgings, you will properly suppose that I duly meditated the little incident. It was a revelation in many ways. There are so many of our fellow-travelers who are blowing such pensive and prolonged music upon bugles that I found myself pertinaciously asking whether it was only to advertise fresh oysters. In the very city where I heard my peddler you may see a traveler upon our great journey who causes every body to turn and look at him in the street because he is so elaborately respectable. When I first saw him, clad in a noble suit of dark clothes, carrying a solid, shining cane with a gold head, with cambric ruffles on his bulging shirt bosom, and spotless shoes upon his feet, I remarked not only these impressive facts, but an air of meditative gravity and a dignified movement which filled my mind with interest and respect. This, I said, is some person of immeasurable dignity; some statesman, embassador, or magistrate. If it had been in Washington, I should have been sure that he could be nothing less than the Chief Justice of the United States—or, haply, the very Chief Magistrate himself. Or, possibly, in that city he would have seemed to me to be the dean of the diplomatic corps; the honorary father of the family of ministers; the uncle, so to speak, of wild attachés and secretaries of legation. Indeed, such prodigious deportment could not have seemed to me in the capital of the country less than that of an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, which seems to me, upon the whole, the most mouth-filling and impressive of official titles.

I met him regularly at a certain hour of the afternoon, and the thought of meeting him and of contemplating such complacent dignity gradually fascinated me, and drew me out daily at the same hour. I found myself thinking of him respectfully as "the personage." Person, or man, or some one, were derogatory to the idea of him. He could not, I was sure, be adequately described by any word of less than three syllables—plenipotentiary was the most probable. He was certainly not a monosyllabic man. At length I came to feel a kind of acquaintance, such as we have all recently had with the Grand Duke Alexis. I thought he beamed at me loftily with an air of condescending recognition; and one day as I passed the personage I ventured to raise my hat with distant courtesy. Instantly he returned my salute, but with the utmost deliberation of solemn suavity. I thought that Webster, in his full oratorical suit of blue and buff, and in the midst of some Senatorial discourse, might so have acknowledged a pinch of snuff from a fellow-Senator. I felt very much more important after that recognition, and I beamed loftily in much the same way, and, of course, involuntarily, upon the boot-blacks who solicited my honor's patronage.

The mystery became very interesting, like the bugle call that I heard in the park; and one day as I was walking with a friend we passed the personage, and after I had saluted him, with pride and gratitude that my grandfather's grandchild was privileged to exchange salutations with the great ones of the earth, I said to my friend, respectfully, "Is that the Spanish Embassador, or the German Imperial Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary?" My friend replied, briefly: "What! that big man who just passed? Why, that's Tom Toad, the clerk of the fish market." Mr. Toad, you see, was a skillful player upon the bugle. His lordly strain seemed to announce jousts and tournaments of heroes and the approving eyes of Queens of Beauty. He played the vespers of the camp—the charge—the recall. But it was only to advertise oysters.

I am writing to you on Sunday night, Gustavus, for I am apt to begin my seventh day, or first day, with the sunset of Saturday, so you will absolve me from reproach. And I have been thinking whether I have not heard that bugle call of the oyster peddler in the pulpit of Saint Rainbow to-day. The rector exchanged with that clerical brother of his, who is not much liked in our parish. But the appearance of the worthy man inspires immense expectation. The surplice is so very precise, and his head and features and expression are all so harmonious with its precision, and the manner in which he spreads his handkerchief for his preliminary devotions, and the indescribable ecclesiastical benignity with which he calls us all miserable sinners, and his whole manner and method are so full of weight and dignity, that we settle ourselves to the sermon as if now the depths were to be sounded, and the heights scaled, and divine truth incontrovertibly asserted. But the sermon is nothing but fresh oysters. All that prodigious preparation and suggestion of eloquence and knowledge and solidity end in thin commonplace and sanctimonious twaddle. He is my "personage," my High Imperial Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary turning out to be clerk of the fish market. He is my peddler, blowing passionate romance and the charge at Waterloo upon his bugle as an oyster cry. I wish his oysters were as fresh.

I wish, also, that I felt quite sure that a church building itself that I could name were not the same misleading strain. You think probably that it is a fine Gothic structure of carved stone, and your imagination is enthralled by its enduring grace and beauty. The front is so, I believe. The façade is truly wrought stone, arched, foliated. But the sides are plain walls of plastered brick, because they are not seen, and the light and airy tracery of the towers is pine wood. You think that it is a stone cathedral, as I thought that I heard the vespers of the camp. But it is not a stone cathedral, as it was not vespers. It is oysters. There is a fine flourish, as in the preliminary notes of the worthy preacher to-day. But it is a flourish that ends ludicrously. One of the best of men said to me, as we walked home this morning, that he understood what that fine and subtle wit meant who said, after hearing a certain oratorical son of thunder, "My ears are full of bass drum, and my belly of water-melon."

But he had his improvement, Gustavus, and so will I have mine. I have remarked your manner when you meet indifferent persons. It is so gushing, so enthusiastic, so unstinted in expression, that I say to myself, "This is his heart's friend and brother." It promises the highest confidence and the truest sympathy. It is a gracious and beautiful manner, and I fear that sometimes a young girl's heart may have fluttered, and some poor applicant's hope have been revived in all its ardor, and their minds have been filled with visions, as mine was when I heard that pensive bugle call. But your manner does not mean that. All the warmth and suggestiveness mean nothing but how do you do. Now why should oyster peddlers blow the recall, with all its sad and passionate associations, as a cry of fresh oysters? And why should you greet every zany as Romeo greeted Juliet, merely to say how are you? Why should a Christmas carol be played at midnight under the window as a signal to the cook to bring out the kitchen scrapings? If we have oysters to peddle, it is an honest trade, and honest men live by it: but let us honestly cry "Oysters! oysters!" and not sing the Ranz des Vaches or the Marseillaise. Yours, dear boy,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE.

THE Marguerite vest-polonaise illustrated on page 829 is a stylish over dress for house and street costumes of silk or woolen goods. The vest is shorter than that of the Louis XIV. polonaise; the sleeves are the fashionable ball-shape, with trimming up the outer seam in duchesse style; and the back has the Marguerite drapery, caught up by but two bows instead of three. Many dressy cashmere suits and silks of solid color are made by this design. It is also a pretty style for lustrous beaver mohair and alpaca dresses.

THE WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE.

Among the double capes, or sacques with cape, now so popular, the handsomest model yet intro-

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duced is that of which we give a cut paper pattern this week. At first these mantles had the Watteau fold on the cape, or else were merely an open cape and plain sacque. But the open cape is cold, and plain sacques are too tight over the tournure; and to obviate these objections the garment has been remodeled in the way we illustrate, giving the Watteau fold on the sacque for fullness over the tournure, and also for warmth, while the talma cape is permitted to fall open, gracefully displaying the trimmed Watteau fold. The length of the cape is a matter of taste, as many garments have capes but a finger-length shorter than the sacque.

This is the best design for a winter cloak that we have had since suits came into fashion. It is used for velvet, heavy cloth, especially black, olives, and dark green, and for the black cashmere flannel-lined wraps that are worn with any dress. It is also the stylish wrapping for suits of colored satines, cashmere, and ladies' cloth. Soutache interspersed with jet, passementerie, or silk bands on the cape and sacque, with fringe edging each, are the fashionable trimmings. A narrow band of black marten or other dark fur is also stylish on cloth or velvet cloaks.

The repped cashmere, called faille cashmere or Cicilienne, is much worn abroad for wraps and over dresses. A few garments of this soft, graceful fabric have been imported, but they are not highly appreciated, as the fabric is confounded with Irish poplin, which it resembles. The new camel's hair cloth, both brown and gray, is greatly sought after for mantles and polonaises. It can not be bought at present by the yard, but is imported in double capes richly wrought with soutache.

HOW TO LENGTHEN SHORT SKIRTS.

Modistes have devised a plan for lengthening the short skirts of street dresses, so that they may trail on the floor when worn in the house. Make the six-gored skirt of ordinary walking length—that is, just escaping the ground; cut the placket hole in the middle of the back; sew the three front breadths with slight gathers to the belt, and finish the belt with hooks and eyes, leaving the three back widths hanging then face the upper part of the back widths, and put in a drawing-string. When he skirt is to be worn in the street, draw the back breadths up to the belt: when it is required to train slightly in the house, let the fullness droop low over the tournure, and the over-skirt or polonaise will conceal the loose hanging breadths.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

JEWELRY.

With the return of the holidays the jewelry palaces present an array of beautiful things for gifts. Among the choicest gifts this year are cameo pendants arranged to serve also as a brooch. These beautiful works of art are valuable enough to be kept as heir-looms. They are of pink sardonyx, dark jasper, or the bright green chrysoprase, artistically cut to represent historic characters, heads of famous beauties or else mythological subjects, and are mounted with pearls and diamonds. They cost from $.00 to $ 00. Fine Geneva paintings also ornament the universally worn locket. These are often incrusted with diamonds, and set in flowers of colored gold.

Necklaces are twisted rope chains, or else the cable chain, or large round links of pale Etruscan gold. Watch chains are the long open chains that pass around the neck, with a tassel end and a slide that answers for a brooch. Cameos and paintings are often put in these slides. The popular gold bracelet is a thick, heavy-looking band of Etruscan gold an inch wide, with light Greek ornamentation, or else a floral design in colored gold. Plain bands are $100; those much ornamented are from $.00 to $300 a pair. The gauntlet bracelets, three inches wide, shaped like a great cuff of gold, are not generally admired. Gentlemen's lockets are of stone cameo, or of onyx, with monogram: from $25 to $40. Crystal pendants with intaglio cutting, painted in the natural colors of flowers, are also fashionable for gentlemen.

In sets of jewelry those of gold are most popular for general wear, as they are appropriate for all occasions. The designs are copied from the antique, with yellow Etruscan gold for the base, ornamented with the red and green golds that are colored by acids. The handsomest sets, consisting of ear-rings and a brooch that will serve as a pendant also, cost from $75 to $100: $30 or $50 will buy a beautiful set of less elaborate work. Pale blue turquoises are probably the most popular stones, although only becoming to blondes. Of barbaric designs, set in Etruscan gold, very handsome turquoise sets cost $100; if associated with pearls, elaborate sets are $175 or $200. The pink coral sets, worn alike by dark and fair ladies, are preferred in balls, square blocks, and pear-shaped pendants, rather than in the carved floral designs. Coral cameos set with diamonds are also fashionable. The taste for artistic cameos increases, and many expensive sets are shown of these finely cut stones, enlivened by settings of colored gold studded with pearls, and having diamond pendants: $850 is asked for an exquisite set. Among the precious gems are dark sapphires and great square emeralds, lightened by settings of most brilliant diamonds. Sets of pearl have large rose-pearl centres, from which extend rays of gold, while below are swinging pendants of diamond and pearl. One set, not large, but of very fine pearls, is $3500. A lovely pendant from a necklace is a diamond shell in which rests a pink pearl of rare beauty: $725, gold, is the price. Necklaces are of two or three strands of strung pearls beautifully matched in size and color. Diamonds are not set heavily and in close clusters, but are placed far apart in light gold settings, to display the beauty of the stones. An exception to this is the ribbon necklace of diamonds, in which the stones are adjacent to each other without visible setting, and the necklace is made as flexible as a ribbon by means of springs underneath.

FANCY GOODS.

Fine enamel on gilt is a feature this season in many pretty ornaments for boudoirs and parlors. Rose tints, pale buff, and dark lapis blue enamel decorations are very beautiful on the pale fire gilt. Glove and handkerchief boxes with these ornamentations, and lined with pearl-colored satin, cost from $60 to $85. Artistically shaped inkstands, jewel-cases, vases that serve also for boudoir candlesticks, and low mantel clocks of antique pattern, with ornamental side pieces or candelabras, are lustrous with enamel in lovely pale tints to match the Pompadour furniture of salons and cozy boudoirs.

Table jardinières are new this year. They are small tables, that may be used as card receivers, or else as flower stands. One with porcelain mouldings is marked $150. Another, designed to be brought on the table with dessert, has a bright-colored bird in its midst, which, on touching a spring, warbles for an hour a precise imitation of the nightingale's song, with all its trills, chirps, and quavers. This ingenious table ornament costs $160, gold. A marqueterie table has three beautiful jars for flowers. For window jardinières are finely painted jars on ebony stands, mounted with gilt: price $200. Mantel vases have long, slender necks, with great globes below, made of glass colored to imitate onyx. Also for the mantel are a pair of Doric columns of marble, supporting classic heads in gilt or bronze. Épergnes entirely of crystal are light and tasteful centre-pieces for holding flowers or bonbons. Even the Egyptian pedestal that supports the dish is of glass without any silver. Small low troughs of glass for holding cut flowers ornament tables beautifully. They come in straight and in curved pieces, and may be formed into letters for mottoes or monograms, figures for dates, and many suggestive designs. A full set costs $10 or $12.

The fashionable chatelaines of solid silver remind one of gentlewomen of the olden time. A silver hook fastened to the belt has chains depending, to which are attached a silver horn for smelling-salts, a thimble, scissors, and pincushion: price $100. Simpler hooks of silver, with three pendent chains for vinaigrette, fan, and umbrella, are $14. The same article in gold, with but one chain for fan or parasol, is $45. New vinaigrettes, with ring and chain, are of English crystal, finely cut, and mounted with silver or gilt; they are double bottles for salts and perfume, and cost from $20 to $30; quite plain crystal vinaigrettes, without the chain, are $9; single bottles are $4.

The only novelty in fans are rococo mountings of imitation opals, turquoises, and garnets on tortoise-shell and yellow ivory sticks. They cost from $?0 upward

Bonbonnières for holding Christmas candy surpass in extravagance any thing shown for this purpose before. They are of painted porcelain, fine enamel and gilt, and of richly painted or embroidered satin and moiré. They cost sometimes $.00 or $?00. Lovely little bags of satin, painted with Cashmere figures, and fringed with gilt, are shown for holding a pound of French candies, and cost $6.

Black lisse (smooth) Russia leather, with solid silver mountings is the favorite leather for portemonnaies and card-cases.

TOYS.

Good little girls will discover that special attention is paid to dolly's toilettes this season. The shops are filled with bisque and wax dolls dressed in street suits and evening toilettes, bridal and bride-maids dresses, so perfect in every detail that they might serve as models for out-of-town dress makers. The special novelty however is the creeping doll, which, when wound up, will crawl twenty-five feet, turning its head and looking about in a weird way that makes grown people nervous, but delights the little folks: price $5. Small wax dolls, with natural curls are sold, undressed, for 50 cents. a doll dressed in a knitted wool dress that will not rumple or tear easily, with knitted parasol and hat in gray Berlin wool, is $1; a French toy for $1 25, is a crying baby in a cradle, moving its hands and mouth as if crying to get out.

For boys there are steam-engines, with copper boilers, an improvement on those sold last year: price $1 50 or $2. The huntsman's belt is a useful morocco belt with a chain and horn that make it attractive to the little fellows: price 75 cents. Very instructive toys are the puzzles of bits of wood put together to represent a ship, or locomotive, or steam-engine. They cost from 75 cents to $1.

An ingenious new toy is a mechanical trotting horse. This horse is attached to a buggy, in which sits the driver holding the reins. When wound up, the horse moves his legs in the most natural manner, trotting about the room, and drawing the wagon: price $2.

Musical cats and bleating lambs are 75 cents. A horse that nods its head and neighs is $5.

NOTE-PAPER AND ENVELOPES.

A choice holiday gift is an elegant papeterie, with enameled cover, filled with delicately tinted and figured French paper from the mills of Laroche-Joubert, Lacroix, & Co., Angoulême. The favorite shades are the Mikado, a lovely creamy tint; fleur de violette; fleur de rose; camée, a fine pink sardonyx; and ciel d'hiver, with the grayness of a winter's sky. A novelty in mourning stationery is a new sombre-tinted gray with black border, which is a decided relief to the strong contrast of black and white. The papeteries make beautiful work or jewel boxes when their contents are exhausted.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. BALL, BLACK, & Co.; STARR & MARCUS; and NICOL & DAVIDSON, for jewelry and fancy articles; ALTHOF, BERGMANN, & Co.; and LEWIS P. TIBBALS, for toys; and WILLARD FELT, & Co., for stationery.

PERSONAL.

THE young WADSWORTHS, of Geneseo, Livingston County, are keeping up the family fame as farmers and stock-raisers. The grandfather, JAMES WADSWORTH, went thither eighty-one years ago. He was well-to-do, and a gentleman. He accumulated the largest fortune ever acquired in his day in Western New York. General JAMES S. WADSWORTH succeeded to the general management of the estates before his father's death. He left three sons, each of whom is a large farmer. CHARLES F., the oldest, has about 800 acres, and makes the breeding of short-horn cattle a specialty. CRAIG W., the second son, resides on the old homestead, a fine old mansion at Geneseo, surrounded by 150 acres of park-like grounds. He has 1800 acres, is a thorough farmer, and a great cattle and horse raiser. He has fifty fine horses, besides those for farm work. JAMES W., the youngest, has 1300 acres in Groveland devoted to grazing, 1500 acres in Caledonia for a sheep farm, and 275 acres in Geneseo. He has fifty thorough-bred horses, and other live things innumerable. They are manly fellows, all three.

—Miss CAROLINA DE CREAGH, who has become the wife of General SICKLES, United States minister to Spain, is a young lady of twenty-two, beautiful, amiable, accomplished, and of high social position. She was quite intimate with Miss LAURA SICKLES, the General's daughter. At the wedding was Marshal SERRANO, late Regent of Spain, and many noble gentlemen and ladies of the court.

—Dr. PORTER, of Yale, made a little personal stump speech to his young men the other day, in which he said, "Don't drink, don't chew, don't deceive, don't read novels, don't marry until you can support a wife." Those were the "don'ts." For the "do's," he told them to "be in earnest;" and then he went on to say, "and be self-reliant." Good! "Be generous, and be civil." Better! "Read the papers and advertise your business." Best! That last bit of advice is what we call beautiful! Little need was there for the excellent and sagacious and learned gentleman to add, "Make money, and do good with it!" He meant, of course, that one who doesn't read the papers or advertise isn't likely to make much money, or to do much good with what little he may make.

—JOHN MILES STANDISH, the eighth lineal descendant of the historical MILES STANDISH, died on the 30th of November, in Frostburg, Maryland. He was chief engineer of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad. He was an active, amiable, social man, greatly respected by all who knew him.

—Our last exchanges bring notices of very old people, such as ROBERT BRANTON, a great-grandson of BRANT, the famous Indian chief, aged 91; Mrs. REIGLER, of German Township, Indiana, aged 105; Mrs. FRY, of Taylorsville, 104; Mrs. MILLER, of the same place, 97. The husband of the latter, a preacher, was cut off prematurely at 98.

—Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY expresses the belief that, besides a possible novel, we are certain to have from Lord Lytton a dramatized version of the "Last Days of Pompeii." Few men have more friends in private life than Lord Lytton, or have done more kindly things. The critics all like him. His friendship with DICKENS and THACKERAY was of the closest sort. My lady BULWER was not a positive admirer of DICKENS, whom she playfully described as "a pot-house PLUTARCH."

—Good Mrs BETSEY WILLIAMS, who died recently in Rhode Island, bequeathed to the city of Providence the farm upon which she died, estimated to be worth $40 000, on condition that the city erect a monument, to cost not less than $500, to the memory of ROGER WILLIAMS, in the old WILLIAMS burying-ground.

—The polite style of "personal" that obtains in the especially far West is after this manner: "Mrs. BENNETT, of Helena, Arkansas, was wooed by Mr. FISKE, but she threw FISKE to the dogs. So he inoculated her son with buckshot, and straightened his own spine with strychnine, and she is now without incumbrances."

—The library of the PENN family, notably rich in works on America voyages, and travel, is to be sold at auction in London in January next. Some of the volumes have the book plate and autograph of "WILLIAM PENN, Proprietor of Pennsylvania."

—Miss LYDIA S HALL, now employed in the Treasury at Washington, was once a Lowell factory girl, and wrote under the name of "Adelaide." She has been a missionary to the Choctaws, and in border-ruffian days lived in Kansas, where she was a considerable owner of real estate. Meeting with some misfortune in regard to titles of property, she went to Washington, and has filled a clerkship in the Treasury Department since, being also engaged in studying law in order to enable her to secure her rights in Kansas—which she will no doubt do—and return to that State, unless she gets into the cabinet. She is a lady of great versatility of talent, and would fill even a higher position than the one she now occupies with credit.

—The Methodists pinned the Grand Duke in Philadelphia, and Bishop SIMPSON let off the best speech at him that has yet been made during his wanderings. They "honeyfugled" him into a church fair, and those meek young sisters just opened his heart. Also his pocket-book. This is his record: At nearly all the tables he expended from $10 to $20. From the Green-street Church table he purchased a handsome pincushion. At the "Ebenezer" table he spent $20, purchasing a small toy. At the "Home" table he invested in a miniature hat, paying $10 for it. At the "Western" table he left $10. At the Arch-street Church table he purchased a tobacco pouch for $10. The book-stand was patronized to the extent of $3 50. The ladies at the "Summerfield" Church table smiled upon him so effectually that he spent $20 there. Two bouquets were presented to the ladies of the Arch-street Church by his Imperial Highness, and then they presented him with an afghan, of which one of the papers says, "It is the work of an old lady *whom it took six years to finish.*" Hadn't she a constitution!

—In a pecuniary sense, Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S power to draw shows no decadence. During her recent engagement at Booth's Theatre, she received $500 per night, and played seven times a week, including the Saturday matinée.

—Of course it is possible that ye Grand Duke ALEXIS may have had that noble membrane, his heart, touched, perhaps bumped, by some of our charming belles, else why should one of them "drop into poetry" in this wise:

"There's a Muscovite youth named ALEXIS,
Who an officer first of the decks is,
And he came here to see
What this country might be,
Ere our land to his own he annexes.

"But the young, tender heart of ALEXIS
Its owner most strangely now vexes.
That it hard has been hit he
Owns up, in our city,
By one who the best of her sex is.

"He swears he would run at her beck, sis,
From St. Petersburg clear down to Texas—
And *her name's—mine and his—*
But, if I know my *biz*,
I shall never tell tales on ALEXIS."

—A daughter of Mr. GLADSTONE, so saith London report, is to be married to a German gentleman, who was the tutor of the Princess LOUISE—the Queen having had much to do in bringing it about.

—A singular person, Rev. REASON HAMMOND, probably the richest Methodist minister who has existed, died a few days ago in Kentucky. Besides lands, houses, and bonds, there was found stowed away in his house $14,000 in silver and gold—nearly 1000 pounds in weight. He had thousands in United States bonds, a large number of "five-twenties," upon which no interest had been claimed or drawn. He has 160 acres of land close to Indianapolis, for which he was offered, just before his death, $160,000, and refused it. He was a farmer as well as preacher, and had lived at Charlestown, Kentucky, over forty years. He leaves a wife and seven children, and his estate is valued at $500,000. He is said to have delivered the first sermon ever preached in Indianapolis. An anecdote is told of him, which says that when he was a young man, and this country was thinly settled, he traveled about, preaching, and driving up to a lone house in the wilds of these parts once, was asked by the inmate of the cabin—an old lady—"what he wanted." Mr. HAMMOND replied, "I am looking for the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Said she, "I don't reckon you'll find any here, bekase the wolves is bin powerful bad in these parts."

—Madame OVIEDO, the widow of that very pecunious Cuban gentleman whose "diamond" nuptials have become one of the legends of New York, has gracefully contributed one hundred dollars to the Chicago relief fund which was raised in Havana.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS, the tenor of the DOLBY troupe, was one of the "Gentlemen of her Majesty Queen VICTORIA'S Chapel Royal." But, coming over with the DOLBY folk, he had to resign his position, in order to pursue the even tenor and soprano of his way here.

—It is a good thing to be a cardinal; but when it comes to being a very, very old cardinal, and an infirm cardinal, it don't count for much. Now, for example, there is Cardinal AMAT, aged 77, has had a fit of apoplexy, and is very ill. Cardinal CLARELLI, 73, ditto. Cardinal BARNABO, 71, has gone almost mad with gout. Cardinal BARILI, 71, apoplexy, twice. Cardinals DE ANGELIS, 81, DE ALMADA, 91, and BILLIET, 90, are past all work. Cardinal CATERINI, 78, is in his second childhood. Cardinal DOUNET, 77, ditto. Cardinal MILESI, 55, is dying of consumption. There are twenty-four vacant hats, so that there remain but thirty-four to form a conclave. Up to the present time all the efforts of the Catholic powers to induce the Pope to create cardinals have been unavailing. But what a fine old average of years the good old cardinals make! It is a good thing to be a cardinal.

—Rev. Dr. NORMAN M'LEOD flatly denies the imputations which Mr. DISRAELI has thrown upon the mental and bodily condition of the Queen. At an entertainment recently given in Glasgow, Dr. M'LEOD, in responding to a toast to "The Queen," said: "What is meant by her Majesty being 'morally and mentally incapacitated for work' I leave Mr. DISRAELI to explain, for I do not comprehend it. I beg to say that I have had the honor, in the providence of God, to minister to her Majesty in public and in private for the last thirteen or fourteen years, and I have seen her in every variety of circumstances—in the highest prosperity and happiness which any married woman, not to speak of a queen, could enjoy, and in the very depth of her distress, and I declare most solemnly, although speaking with her in the greatest privacy and in the most intimate communion that a subject and a clergyman can have, I have never heard her utter one word or one sentiment that did not do the highest honor to her Majesty, whether as a queen or a woman. I have not only never seen the remotest trace of any moral or mental weakness, but I have seen in every instance remarkable evidence of moral and mental strength and capacity. Her Majesty has just passed through a severe attack of rheumatic gout, which so affected her hands that for a time she was utterly unable to sign her name, and from a severe neuralgia, from which she has entirely recovered, and I have never seen her better in spirits or better in health or stronger in mind than she is at the present moment. At the same time, I am far from saying that she has recovered her strength as to be able to do more than she is doing; for I make bold to say that none of us have the slightest conception of the unceasing demand that is made upon a person in her high position of attending to innumerable details, and carrying burdens upon her mind without the possibility of one moment's rest. Our own wives find how trying upon their nervous energy is the constant care of a large family; but when we think what the Queen has to do as a mother, with her children occupying such an important position in society, what she has to do in being compelled ever to think about the affairs of a nation to whose interests she is profoundly devoted—when we think of the constant weight that must ever be upon her mind, we feel the wonder is that she is able to perform her duties in the way that she has done."

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Tapestry Design for Lambrequins.

THIS design is especially intended for trimming window lambrequins, and is worked for this purpose on coarse canvas with double zephyr worsted in the colors given in the description of symbols. When worked on fine canvas with single zephyr in half cross stitch, it is suitable for waste and wood baskets, etc. Line the lambrequin, and finish it on the edge with cord and tassels.

TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR LAMBREQUIN.

Description of Symbols: ⊠ Black; ⊡ Reddish-Brown; ■ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ⊡ 3d (lightest), Green; □ 1st (darkest), ⊞ 2d, ■ 3d, ⊟ 4th, ⁞ 5th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

Toilette Box with Pincushion.

THE original consists of a round card-board box covered with blue silk, three inches and three-quarters in diameter and an inch and a quarter in height, on which is set a four-cornered cushion of blue velvet. The cover of the box is finished with a pleated ruffle of blue satin ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, the seam of which is covered with blue velvet ribbon one-third of an inch wide, ornamented in herring-bone stitch with white and red silk. The cushion is filled with sawdust or emery, and is covered on the bottom with satin, and on the top with velvet. The top is embroidered, as shown by the illustration, in point Russe with white and red silk. On the outer edge of the cushion work bias stitches alternately with crystal and steel beads, simulating a cord, and on each corner set a small tassel of similar beads. Set the cushion on the cover of the box as shown by the illustration.

TOILETTE BOX WITH PINCUSHION.

Crochet Waste Basket.

THIS pretty basket, which is designed to hold bits of thread, worsted, etc., is crocheted with medium-sized gray cotton. It is then varnished black, embroidered in point Russe with red worsted, and furnished with a red silk bag, which at the same time forms the lining. Begin the basket at the middle of the bottom, and on a foundation of fine twine work 8 sc. (single crochet), close these in a ring, and work, always going forward and on the foundation of twine, ten rounds of sc., widening so many st. (stitch) that the ring neither fulls up nor draws. Turn the bottom so that the wrong side of the crochet stitches forms the under side of the basket, and for the edge of the latter crochet three times alternately one round of close and one round of open-work dc. (double crochet), always separating the latter by 1 ch. (chain stitch) and an interval of 1 st. In the last two rounds of close dc. widen 1 dc. each at regular intervals. On the last round of open-work dc. work one more round of sc. and two rounds of ch. scallops, each of which consists of 7 ch. and 1 sc.; with the scallops in the first of these two rounds pass over 3 st. each. When the crochet-work is finished, coat it over several times with black varnish, and let it dry on a suitable shape (for instance, on the under part of a flower-pot). Now work the point Russe embroidery with red worsted as shown by the illustration, taking the worsted fourfold for the diagonal stitches, and double for the middle rib; the latter is fastened by means of short cross stitches. Finally, sew the bag on the basket, and through the shirr in the former draw two pieces of silk cord ornamented with tassels.

CROCHET WASTE BASKET.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED SOFA OR CHAIR PILLOW.

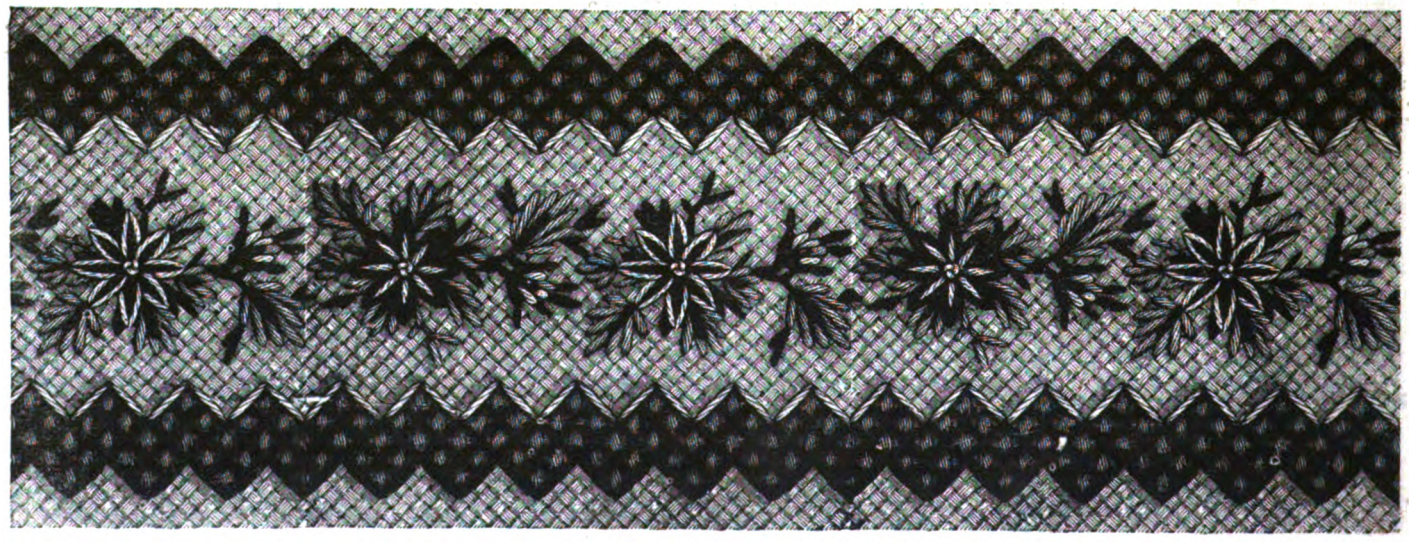

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERED STRIPE FOR PILLOW.—FULL SIZE.

Embroidered Sofa or Chair Pillow, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE cover for this pillow consists of écru Java canvas, which is trimmed with diagonal stripes of embroidery and appliqué pointed stripes of black velvet. The embroidery is worked partly in point Russe and cross stitch with different colors, forming lively contrasts, in the design shown by Fig. 2, and partly in point Russe with black silk. The arrangement of these embroidery stripes is shown by Fig. 1; they are edged on both sides with diagonal stitches of

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black silk and with twisted gold cord. The pointed strips of velvet applied in the intervals are fastened by means of two rows of stitching with black saddler's silk, as shown by Fig. 1. Coarse twisted silk cord and tassels, of saddler's silk of different colors, complete the sofa-pillow.

Ladies' and Children's Dresses.

Fig. 1. — MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This stylish polonaise has the Marguerite back and vest front, which we have often described. The original is made of *réséda* green cashmere. The walking skirt is trimmed with a flounce ten inches wide, arranged in series of pleats, interrupted by rosettes of the same material, set on perpendicularly. The vest is buttoned from the throat to the bottom, and is furnished with revers, edged with a box-pleating of the material, which extends down the open front and around the bottom of the polonaise. The bottom of the polonaise is also edged with fringe.

The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. To ascertain this, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, drawing it moderately tight, under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust. No other measure is required. If the size is an odd number, for instance, 37 inches, send for 38 inches, and take the seams deeper than allowed in the pattern. The quantity of material is estimated for a person of average size—34 inches, bust measure.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises two articles—Marguerite vest-polonaise and six-gored walking skirt.

MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, back, side back, vest, revers, and collar. The garment is furnished with a vest, which extends about six inches below the waist. It is fitted with two darts on each side and a cross basque seam. The polonaise front is cut away on each side, and is fitted with one dart on each side of the middle, extending to the bottom of the armhole. The front is finished with a revers with a collar in the back, which is very narrow. The back is fitted with a seam in the middle and side forms. About three inches below the waist line, at each side back seam, an extra width is cut on the skirt, which is laid in small side pleats turned under, the same on the middle seam. Two deep pleats are laid in the middle of the back breadth and at each side back seam from the perforations, and are tacked at the points of the basque, the pleats turning upward. Six pleats are laid between the two notches, nineteen inches apart, in the back edge of the front of the garment, turning upward, one overlapping the other, in a space of two inches. The side seams are then joined, being particular to place the notches evenly together; the six pleats on the front are to be sewed between the two notches two inches apart on the front edge of the side seam. The vest front is sewed in at the seams on the shoulder and under the arms. The pleats on each side seam at the point of the basque are concealed by a bow. Close the seams according to the notches, place the fronts over the vest as notched, baste up, and try on wrong side out. If alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. The sleeve is rounded at the outer edge of the bottom, and left open to the notch. Place the longest seam to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Close the front of the vest with buttons and button-holes. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all the other seams. The perforations show where to baste the seams, to take up the darts and cross basque seam, and to lay the pleats in the back of the skirt, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8½ yards.

Extra for trimming, 2 yards.

Fringe, 4½ yards.

SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front gore, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of the side gores, and put the skirt together by the notches. The front gore is sewed on the belt plain, the side gores are laid in small pleats, and the back breadth is gathered.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

Extra for trimming, 3 yards.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL 8 YEARS OLD.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL 8 YEARS OLD. Fig. 3.—LADY'S WALKING DRESS.

[*Cut Paper Patterns of the Marguerite Vest-polonaise Walking Suit, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.*]

This pretty dress is made of ruby velvet, with a corselet and epaulets of the same material bound with ruby satin. High-necked under-waist of tucked nansook, with long sleeves and wide turned-down collar. Blue hair ribbon.

Fig. 3.—LADY'S WALKING DRESS. Skirt of walnut brown faille, trimmed with pleated flounces, folds, and ruches of the material. Overskirt and basque-waist of velvet of the same shade, trimmed with bias folds of faille and silk fringe. The over-skirt has an apron-front, and is draped in the back, and finished on each side with a gros grain bow. The waist has coat sleeves, with square cuffs. Black velvet hat, with peacock aigrette and black ostrich feather-

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YES OR NO?

Must it be No?
Ah, no!
Dear love,
The sunbeams, all sadly and slow,
Would mourningly come to me so,
Dear love.

May it be Yes?
Ah, yes!
Dear love,
Let me twine round my finger that tress
The bold sunshine so dares to caress,
Dear love.

Shall it be No?
Ah, no!
Dear love,
The breezes would wailingly go
To whisper such message of woe,
Dear love.

Will it be Yes?
Ah, yes!
Dear love,
Let the summer winds waft me a kiss
From those lips 'twould be heaven to press,
Dear love!

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

By Miss BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"FROM CLARISSA."

That jewel which Clarissa had given to Bessie Lovel was a treasure of price, the very possession whereof was always an oppressive joy to the poor little woman, whose chief knowledge of life came from the experience of its debts and difficulties. That the massive gold locket with the diamond cross would be required of her sooner or later, to be handed into the ruthless paw of a clerk at the *mont-de-piété*, she had little doubt. Every thing that she or her husband had ever possessed worth possessing had so vanished—had been not an absolute property, but a brief fleeting joy, a kind of supernal visitant, vanishing anon into nothingness, or only a pawnbroker's duplicate. The time would come. She showed the trinket to her husband with a melancholy foreboding, and read his thoughts as he weighed it in his palm, by mere force of habit, speculating what it would fetch, if in his desperate needs this waif might serve him.

She was not surprised, therefore—only a little distressed—when Austin broached the subject one day at his late breakfast—that breakfast at which it needed nearly a bottle of claret to wash down three or four mouthfuls of savory pie, or half a tiny cutlet. She had possessed the bauble more than a month, holding it in fear and trembling, and only astonished that it had not been demanded of her.

"Oh, by-the-way, Bess," Austin Lovel said, carelessly, "I was abominably unlucky last night at Madame Caballero's. I'm generally lugged in for a game or two at écarté *there*, you know. One can't refuse in a house of that kind. And I had been doing wonders. They were betting on my game, and I stood to win something handsome, when the luck changed all in a moment. The fellow I was playing against marked the king three times running; and, in short, I rose a considerable loser—considerable for me, that is to say. I told my antagonist I should send him the money to-day. He's a kind of man I can't afford to trifle with; and you know the Caballero connection is of too much use to be jeopardized. So I've been thinking, Bess, that if you'd let me have that gimcrack locket my sister gave you, I could raise a tenner on it. Clary can afford to give you plenty of such things, even if it were lost, which it need not be."

Of course not. Mrs. Lovel had been told as much about the little Geneva watch which her husband had given her a few days after her marriage, and had taken away from her six weeks later. But the watch had never come back to her. She gave a faint sigh of resignation. It was not within the compass of her mind to oppose him.

"We shall never get on while you play cards, Austin," she said, sadly.

"My dear Bessie, a man may win as well as lose. You see, when I go into society there are certain things expected of me; and my only chance of getting on is by making myself agreeable to the people whose influence is worth having."

"But I can't see that card-playing leads to your getting commissions for pictures, Austin, no more than horse-racing or billiards. It all seems to end the same—in your losing money."

The painter pushed away his plate with an impatient gesture. He was taking his breakfast in his painting-room, hours after the family meal, Bessie waiting upon him, and cobbling some juvenile garment during the intervals of her attendance. He pushed his plate aside, and got up to pace the room in the restless way that was common to him on such occasions.

"My dear child, if you don't want to give me the locket, say so," he said, "but don't treat me to a sermon. You can keep it if you like, though I can't conceive what use the thing can be to you. It's not a thing you can wear."

"Not at home, dear, certainly; and I never go out," the wife answered, with the faintest touch of reproachfulness. "I am very fond of it, though, for your sister's sake. It was so kind of her to bring it to me, and such a new thing for me to have a present. But you are welcome to it, Austin, if you really want it."

"If I really want it! Do you suppose I should be mean enough to ask you for it if I didn't? I shouldn't so much care about it, you see, only I am to meet the man to-morrow evening at dinner, and I can't face him without the money. So if you'll look the thing out some time to-day, Bess, I'll take it down to the Quai between this and to-morrow afternoon, and get the business over."

Thus it was that George Fairfax, strolling into Mrs. Lovel's sitting-room that afternoon while Austin was out, happened to find her seated in a pensive attitude, with an open work-box before her and Clarissa's locket in her hand. It was a shabby, battered old box, but had been for years the repository of all Bessie's treasures.

She had kept the locket there, looking at it very often, and wondering if she would ever be able to wear it—if Austin would take her to a theatre, for instance, or give a little dinner at home instead of abroad, for once in a way, to some of the men whose society absorbed so much of his time.

There was no hope of this now. Once gone from her hands, the treasure would return no more. She knew that very well, and was indulging her grief by a farewell contemplation of the trinket, when Mr. Fairfax came into the room.

The flash of the diamonds caught his quick eye.

"What a pretty locket you've got there, Mrs. Austin!" he said, as he shook hands with her. "A New-Year's gift from Austin, I suppose?"

"No; it was my sister-in-law, Mrs. Granger, who gave it me," Bessie answered, with a sigh.

He was interested in it immediately, but was careful not to betray his interest. Mrs. Lovel put it into his hands. She was proud of it even in this last hour of possession. "Perhaps you'd like to look at it," she said. "It's got her 'air inside."

Yes, there was a circlet of the dark brown hair he knew so well, and the two words, "From Clarissa."

"Upon my word, it's very handsome," he said, looking at the diamond cross outside, but thinking of the love-lock within. "I never saw a locket I liked better. You are very fond of it, I dare say?" he added, interrogatively.

"Oh yes, I like it very much! I can't bear to part with it."

And here Bessie Lovel, not being gifted with the power of concealing her emotions, fairly broke down and cried like a child.

"My dear Mrs. Austin," exclaimed George Fairfax, "pray don't distress yourself like that. Part with it? Why should you part with your locket?"

"Oh, Mr. Fairfax, I oughtn't to have told you—Austin would be so angry if he knew—but he has been losing money at that horrid ecarty, and he says he must have ten pounds to-morrow; so my beautiful locket must go to the pawnbroker's."

George Fairfax paused. His first impulse was to lend the poor little woman the money—the veriest trifle, of course, to the Lord of Lyvedon. But the next moment another idea presented itself to him. He had the locket lying in the open palm of his hand. It would be so sweet to possess that lock of hair—to wear so dear a token of his mistress. Even those two words, "From Clarissa," had a kind of magic for him. It was a foolish weakness, of course; but then love is made up of such follies.

"If you really mean to part with this," he said, "I should be very glad to have it. I would give you more than any pawnbroker—say, twenty instead of ten pounds, for instance—and a new locket for yourself into the bargain. I shouldn't like to deprive you of an ornament you valued without some kind of compensation. I have taken a fancy to the design of the thing, and should really like to have it. What do you say now, Mrs. Austin—shall that be a transaction between you and me, without any reference to your husband, who might be angry with you for having let me into domestic secrets? You can tell him you got the money from the *mont-de-piété*. Look here, now; let's settle the business at once."

He opened his purse, and tumbled the contents out upon the table. Bessie Lovel thought what a blessed state of existence that must be in which people walked this world with all that ready money about them.

"There are just four-and-twenty pounds here," he said, cheerily; "so we'll say four-and-twenty."

He saw that she was yielding.

"And would you really give me a locket for myself," she said, almost incredulously, "as well as this money?"

"Unquestionably. As good an one as I can find in the Rue de la Paix. This has diamonds, and that shall have diamonds. It's the design, you see," he added, persuasively, "that has taken my fancy."

"I'm sure you are very generous," Bessie murmured, still hesitating.

"Generous! Pshaw! not at all. It's a caprice; and I shall consider myself under an obligation to you if you gratify it."

The temptation was irresistible. To obtain the money that was required—more than double the sum her husband had wanted—and to have another locket as well! Never, surely, had there been such a bargain since the famous magician offered new lamps for old ones. Of course, it was only Mr. Fairfax's delicate way of doing them a kindness; his fancy for the locket was merely a benevolent pretense. What could he care for that particular trinket—he who might, so to speak, walk knee-deep in diamonds, if he pleased?

She took the twenty-four pounds—an English ten-pound note, and the rest in new glittering napoleons—and then began to speculate upon the possibility of giving Austin twenty pounds, and appropriating the balance to her own uses. The children wanted so many things—that perpetual want of the juvenile population above all, shoe-leather; and might she not even screw some cheap dress for herself out of the sum? while, if it were all given to Austin, it would vanish, like smoke before the wind, leaving no trace behind.

So George Fairfax put the bauble in his waistcoat pocket, and whatever sentimental pleasure might be derived from such a talisman was his. There are those among our disciples of modern magic who believe there is a subtile animal magnetism in such things; that the mere possession of such a token constitutes a kind of spiritual link between two beings. Mr. Fairfax had no such fancy; but it pleased him to have obtained that which no prayers of his could have won from Clarissa herself—not at present, that is to say. It would all come in good time. She loved him; secure of that one fact, he believed all the rest a mere question of patience and constancy.

"And she is worth the winning," he said to himself. "A man might serve for a longer slavery than Jacob's, and yet be rewarded by such a conquest. I think, by-the-way, that Rachel must have been just a trifle faded when the patriarch was out of his time."

He dawdled away an hour or so in Bessie's salon—telling the poor little woman the news of the day, and playing with the two boys, who regarded him as a beneficent being, from whose hands flowed perpetual toys and sweetmeats. He waited as long as he could without making his motive obvious; waited, in the hope that Clarissa would come; and then, as there was no sign of her coming, and Austin was still out, he wished Bessie good-by.

"I sha'n't forget the locket," he said, as he departed.

Austin came in five minutes afterward. The boys had been scuttled off to take their evening meal in the kitchen—a darksome cupboard about eight feet square—where the tawdry servant was perpetually stewing savory messes upon a small charcoal stove.

Bessie handed her husband the ten-pound note, and twelve bright napoleons.

"Why, what's this?" he asked.

"The—the money for the locket, Austin. I thought you might be late home; so I ran round to the Quai with it myself. And I asked for twenty pounds, and the man gave it to me."

"Why, that's a brave girl!" cried Austin, kissing the pleading face uplifted to his. "I don't believe they'd have given me as much. An English tenner, though; that's odd!" he added, carelessly, and then slipped the cash loose into his pocket, with the air of a man for whom money is at best a temporary possession.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THAT IS WHAT LOVE MEANS.

The Grangers and Mr. Fairfax went on meeting in society; and Daniel Granger, with whom it was a kind of habit to ask men to dinner, could hardly avoid inviting George Fairfax. It might have seemed invidious to do so; and for what reason should he make such a distinction? Even to himself Mr. Granger would not be willing to confess that he was jealous of this man. So Mr. Fairfax came with others of his species to the gorgeous caravansérai in the Rue de Morny, where the rooms never by any chance looked as if people lived in them, but rather as if they were waiting-rooms at some railway station, got up with temporary splendor for the reception of royalty.

He came; and though Clarissa sometimes made feeble efforts to avoid him, it happened almost always that, before the evening was out, he found some few minutes for unreserved talk with her. There is little need to record such brief stolen interviews—a few hurried words by the piano, a sentence or two in a lowered voice at parting. There was not much in the words, perhaps—only very common words, that have done duty between thousands of men and women—a kind of signal code, as it were; and yet they had power to poison Clarissa's life, to take the sweetness out of every joy, even a mother's innocent idolatry of her child.

The words were spoken; but so carefully did George Fairfax play his part, that not even Sophia's sharp eyes could perceive more than was correct in the conduct of her step-mother. No, she told herself, that other flirtation was the desperate one. Clarissa might have had some preference for George Fairfax; there had been occasional indications of such a feeling in her manner at Hale Castle; but the dark spot of her life, the secret of her girlhood, was a love-affair with Mr. Austin.

By way of experiment, one day she asked her father's wife a question about the painter.

"You seemed to admire Mr. Austin very much, Clarissa," she said, "and I admit that he is remarkably clever; but he appears such a waif and stray. In all his conversation with us he never threw much light upon his own history. Do you know any thing of his antecedents?"

Clarissa blushed in spite of herself. The deception she had sustained so long was unspeakably distasteful to her. Again and again she had been tempted to hazard every thing, and acknowledge Austin as her brother, whether he liked or not that she should do so. It was only his peremptory tone that had kept her silent.

"What should I know of his antecedents more than you, Sophy?" she said, avoiding a more direct reply. "It is quite enough for me to know that he has undeniable genius."

The blush, and a certain warmth in her tone, seemed to Sophia conclusive evidence of her hidden regard for this man. Miss Granger's heart beat a good deal faster than usual, and little jealous sparkles shone in her cold gray eyes. She had never admired any man so much as she had admired this brilliant young painter. Many men had paid her compliments; as the rich Mr. Granger's sole daughter and heiress, she had been gratified with no meagre share of mankind's worship; but no words ever spoken had sounded so sweet in her ears as those few civil speeches that Mr. Austin had found time to address to her during his visits to the Rue de Morny. And after having taken so much pleasure in his converse, and thought so much more about him than she would have considered it proper for any model villager to think about an individual of the opposite sex, it was a hard thing to find—first, that the base impostor had a wife; and secondly, that whatever illegitimate worship he might have to render was to be offered at the shrine of Clarissa.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, with an air of extreme surprise. "You seemed on such very friendly terms with him, that I fancied you must really have known each other before, and that you had some motive for concealing the fact from papa."

Clarissa blushed a deeper crimson at this home-thrust, and bent a little lower over her drawing-board. It seemed a fortunate thing that she happened to be painting when Miss Granger opened her guns upon her in this manner.

"He gives lessons, I believe; does he not?" asked Sophia.

"Yes—I—I believe—I have heard so."

"Do you know, I took it into my head that he might have been your drawing-master at Belforêt."

Clarissa laughed aloud at this suggestion. Miss Granger's persistent curiosity amused her a little, dangerous as the ground was.

"Oh dear, no, he was not our master at Belforêt," she said. "We had a little old Swiss—such an ancient, ancient man—who took snuff continually, and was always talking about his *pays natal* and Jean Jacques Rousseau. I think he had known Rousseau; and I am sure he was old enough to remember the night they locked him out of Geneva."

Sophia was fairly posed; she had been on a false scent evidently, and yet she was sure there was something. That is how she shaped her doubts in her own mind—there was *something*. Warman thought so, she knew; and Warman was gifted with no ordinary amount of penetration.

So Mrs. Granger went her way, with suspicion around and about her, and danger ahead. Whatever peace had been hers in the brief period of her married life—and the quiet spring-time and summer that came after her baby's birth had been very peaceful—had vanished now. A cloud of fear encompassed her; a constant melancholy possessed her; a pleading voice, which she ought never to have heard, was always in her ears—a voice that charged her with the burden of a broken life—a voice that told her it was only by some sacrifice of her own she could atone for the sacrifice that had been made for her—a too persuasive voice, with a perilous charm in its every accent.

She loved him. That she could ever be weak enough, or vile enough, to sink into that dread abyss whereto some women have gone down for the love of man, was not within the compass of her thought. But she knew that no day in her life was sinless now; that no pure and innocent joys were left to her; that her every thought of George Fairfax was a sin against her husband.

And yet she went on loving him. Sometimes, when the sense of her guilt was strongest, she would fain have asked her husband to take her back to Arden; which must needs be a kind of sanctuary, as it were, she thought. Nay, hardly so; for even in that tranquil retreat Temple Fairfax had contrived to pursue her mother, with the poison of his influence and his presence. Very often she felt inclined to ask her husband this favor; but she could not do so without running some risk of betraying herself—Heaven knows how much she might betray—unawares. Again, their sojourn in the Rue de Morny was not to endure forever. Already Mr. Granger had expressed himself somewhat tired of Paris; indeed, what denizen of that brilliant city does not become a little weary of its brightness, sooner or later, and fall sick of the Boulevard fever—a harassing sense of all-pervading glare and confusion, a sensation of Paris on the brain?

There was some talk of returning to Arden at the end of a month. They were now at the close of January; by the first of March Mr. Granger hoped to be at the Court. His architect and his head bailiff were alike eager for his return; there were more pullings down and reconstructions required on the new estate; there were all manner of recondite experiments to be tried in scientific farming; there were new leases to be granted, and expiring leases, the covenants whereof must be executed.

Since they were likely to leave Paris so soon, it would be foolish to excite wonder by asking to leave sooner, Mrs. Granger thought. It mattered so little, after all, she told herself sometimes. It mattered this much only—that day by day her feet were straying farther from the right road.

Oh those happy winter afternoons in the Rue du Chevalier Bayard! Such innocent happiness, too, in all seeming—only a little animated rambling talk upon all manner of subjects, from the loftiest problems in philosophy to the frothiest gossip of the Faubourg St. Honoré; only the presence of two people who loved each other to distraction. A dim fire-lit room; a little commonplace woman coming in and out; two young men disputing in the dusk; and Clarissa in her low chair by the fire, listening to the magical voice that was now the only music of her dreams. If it could have gone on forever thus—a sweet sentimental friendship like that which linked Madame Roland and Brissot, Madame Récamier and Châteaubriand—there would surely have been no harm, Clarissa sometimes argued with herself. She was married to a man whom she could respect for many qualities of his heart and mind, against whom she could never seriously offend. Was it so great a sin if the friendship of George Fairfax was dear to her? if the few happy hours

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of her life were those she spent in his company? But such special pleading as this was the poorest sophistry; at heart she was conscious that it was so. A woman has a double conscience, as it were—a holy of holies within the temple of her mind, to which falsehood can not enter. She may refuse to lift the screen, and meet the truth face to face; but it is there—not to be extinguished—eternal, immutable; the divine lamp given for her guidance, if only she will not withdraw herself from its light.

Just a little less than a month before his intended departure, Mr. Granger had a letter from that exacting bailiff, entreating his return. Something in the scientific farming had gone wrong: some great sewage question was at issue, and none but the lord of the soil himself could settle the matter. Very dear to Daniel Granger were those lands of Arden, that Arden-Court estate which he had made to spread itself so far over the face of the county. Sweet are ancestral domains, no doubt; dear by association, made holy by the pride of race; but perhaps sweeter to the soul of man are those acres he has won by the work of his own strong hand, or his own steadfast brain. Next to his wife and children, in Mr. Granger's regard, were the lands of Arden: the farms and homesteads, in valleys and on hill-tops; the cottages and school houses, which he had built for the improvement of his species; the brand-new slack-baked Gothic church in an outlying village, where a church had never been before his coming.

He was sorry to leave his wife; but the question at stake was an important one. If he could have carried his household away with him at an hour's notice, he would gladly have done so; but to move Clarissa, and the nurse, and the baby, and Miss Granger, would be rather a formidable business—in fact, a thing not to be done without elaborate preparation. He had the apartments in the Rue de Morny on his hands, too, until the beginning of March; and even a millionaire seldom cares to waste such a rental as Parisian proprietors exact for house-room in the fashionable quarter. So he decided upon going to Arden at once—which was essential—and returning directly he had adjusted matters with his bailiff, and done a morning's work with his architect.

He told Clarissa of his intention one evening when they had returned from a dinner-party, and she was seated before her dressing-table, taking off her jewels in a slow, absent way. She looked up with a start as her husband came into the room and planted himself on the white sheep-skin rug, with his back against the mantel-piece.

"I am obliged to go back to Yorkshire, Clary," he said.

She thought he meant they were all going back—that it was an interposition of Providence, and she was to be taken away from sin and danger. But oh, how hard it seemed to go—never again to look forward to those stolen twilights in her brother's painting-room!

"I am glad!" she exclaimed. "I shall be very glad to go back to Arden."

"You, my dear!" said her husband; "it is only I who am going. There is some hitch in our experiments on the home farm, and Forley knows how anxious I am about making a success this year. So he wants me to run over and see to things; he won't accept the responsibility of carrying on any longer without me. I needn't be away above two or three days, or a week at most. You can get on very well without me."

Clarissa was silent, looking down at a bracelet which she was turning idly round her arm. Get on without him! Alas, what part had Daniel Granger played in her life of late beyond that of some supernumerary king in a stage-play?—a person of importance by rank and title in the play-bill, but of scarcely any significance to the story. Her guilty heart told her how little he had ever been to her; how, day by day, he had been growing less and less. And while he was away, she might go to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard every day. There would be nothing to prevent her so doing, if she pleased. The carriage was nominally and actually hers. There was a brougham at Miss Granger's disposal, but the landau was essentially Clarissa's carriage.

"You can get on very well without me," repeated Mr. Granger. "I do not think my presence or absence makes very much difference to you, Clarissa," he added, in a grave, displeased tone.

It was almost his first hint of a reproach. To his wife's guilty heart it struck sharply home, like an unexpected blow. She looked up at him with a pale conscience-stricken face, in which he might have read much more than he did read there. He only thought that he had spoken a shade too severely—that he had wounded her.

"I—I don't know what you mean by that," she faltered, helplessly. "I always try to please you."

"Try to please me!" he repeated, passionately. "Yes, Clary, as a child tries to please a schoolmaster. Do you know that when I married you I was mad enough to hope the day would come when you would love me—that you loved me a little even then? Do you know how I have waited for that day, and have learned to understand, little by little, that it never can dawn for me upon this earth? You are my wife, and the mother of my child; and yet, God knows, you are no nearer to me than the day I first saw you at Hale Castle—a slim girlish figure in a white dress, coming in at the door of the library. Not a whit nearer," he went on to himself rather than to Clarissa; "but so much more dear."

There was a passion in his words which touched his wife. If it had only been possible for her to love him! if gratitude and respect, joined together, could have made up the sum of love! But they could not. She knew that George Fairfax was in all moral qualities this man's inferior; yet for some indefinable charm, some trick of tone or manner, some curious magic in a smile or a glance, she loved him.

She was silent. Perhaps the sense of her guilt came more fully home to her in this moment than it had ever done before. What words could she speak to bring comfort to her husband's soul—she whose whole life was a lie?

Daniel Granger wandered up and down the room for some minutes in a vague, restless way, and then came to his wife's chair and looked down at her very tenderly.

"My dear, I do wrong to worry you with reproaches," he said. "The mistake has been mine. From first to last, I have been to blame. I suppose in the wisest life there must always be some folly. Mine has been the hope that I could win your love. It is gone now, Clarissa; it is quite gone. Not even my child has given me a place in your heart."

She looked up at him again, with that look which expressed such a depth of remorse.

"I am very wicked," she said; "I am utterly unworthy of all you have done for me. It would have been better for you never to have seen my face."

"Wicked! no, Clary. Your only sin has been to have disappointed a foolish fancy. What right had I to suppose you loved me? Better never to have seen your face?—yes, perhaps that might have been better. But, once having seen you, I would rather be wretched with you than happy with any other woman in the world. That is what love means, Clary."

He stooped down to kiss her.

"Say no more, dear," he said. "I never meant to speak as I have spoken to-night. I love you forever."

The day came when she remembered those words, "I love you forever."

If she could have thrown herself upon his breast and acknowledged all her weakness, beseeching him to shield her from herself, in obedience to the impulse of that moment, what a world of anguish might have been spared to these two! But she let the impulse pass, and kept silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

LIFE IN FLORENCE.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

I WISH Italian coachmen and drivers of all sorts did not think it necessary to whip their animals, or, at least, snap their whips, so constantly; for even if the lash do not always descend, the noise must irritate the poor beasts, and fill them with a nervous fear lest they should never go fast enough. The cruelty of Italians toward horses and other draught animals is proverbial (I remember it called out a printed protest from the foreign travelers in Naples three years ago), and is the more remarkable in contrast with their excessive fondness for and indulgence to cats and dogs and other household pets. I have seen great grown-up men, well-dressed men, men of business, hugging dogs in the street or in shop doors, and begging a kiss from their reluctant rosy tongues with the most unwearied repetition of endearing tones and expressions. Indeed, almost every man, woman, and child has a dog in tow; and I doubt if even the fact that one of these creatures went mad the other day, and bit several people before he could be killed, will have the effect to diminish their numbers. Cats, too, abound, and are almost universally fed and petted into that state of blinking quietude which is the highest development of cathood during the hours of daylight. Scarcely a stall in market but has one for an ornament; scarcely a shop where one does not habitually walk up and down the counter in dignified oblivion of the silks and laces, upon which its well-washed paws leave no trace in passing; not a church, I may safely say, which does not harbor a goodly number of these beautiful creatures in its dusky chapels and silent cloisters. It is one source of regret for the downfall of the papacy and the secularization of the monasteries that thereby many a sleek, comfortable cat is in danger of being deprived of her accustomed portion of sunshine, silence, and abundant food. I counted seven at once in the green court of San Lorenzo a few days ago; and the other afternoon, on entering the cathedral at an hour when there was no service, and half a dozen scattered worshipers and the crippled beggars at the doors were the only human beings in sight, I found a great gray and black tabby sitting in the middle of the vast marble floor, looking steadfastly toward the altar, and apparently absorbed in religious meditation. The contrast between that magnificent edifice and the round ball of animated fur in the middle of it, was a thing to be remembered with joy forever. I remained in adoring contemplation for a while, and then walked softly up the nave to the spot occupied by pussy. She allowed me to stroke her back for a moment, and then went deliberately away into the shadow of a pillar, where she again seated herself, and resumed her devotional attitude. Other parties coming in and disturbing her caused again "a change of base," but she remained always in the nave, and always with her gaze directed alturward; and there I left her.

A short time ago, as I was passing a small furniture shop, I stopped to speak to a cat, whose favorite sleeping-place is on a bed by the door. She raised her head to meet my caressing touch, and after enjoying it for a moment, rose, stretched herself, and walked up my extended arm to my shoulder, where she seated herself, curled her tail around her feet, and seemed to have made up her mind to a particularly good snooze, which I, being pressed for time, was obliged to convert for her into a very short cat-nap. In the same street is a little grocery shop, in front of whose ever-open door is almost always to be seen a mild-faced cat attended by two plump kittens. I call this cat the *devout mother*, because she is always looking upward with the air of one whose conversation is in heaven; her real object being, however, to watch the upper windows of the opposite house, from whence are thrown occasionally scraps of meat for her delectation.

The markets of Florence are very queer places. To be sure, they are a disgrace to the city, from their being held in such narrow, dark streets; but that is not my affair, and it is as good as a play to go through them. One sees there every variety of dirt, as well as the most picturesque groupings of still-life and animated nature. It is tantalizing to pass that way coming home, tired and hungry, from a morning's expedition, and hear the little fish sizzling in the great kettles of boiling fat, and see the thin crisp slices of fried mush lying in rows upon a hot pan, waiting for purchasers less fastidious than the *forestieri*.

Indeed, all the street sights and sounds of these Italian cities are interesting to a traveler from the eminently practical New World. The varieties of architecture; the superabundance of churches; the almost constant ringing and jangling of bells; the crash of military bands; the frequent bursts of harmonious singing; the yells and cries of itinerant salesmen; the picturesque appearance of priests and friars in their long robes of black, brown, or white; of officers in gay uniforms; of peasant nurses in full costume; the stately carriages of the fashionable citizens, alternating with country wagons drawn by ponies or donkeys, their harness studded with brass nails, and further ornamented by a curved beak, or prow, rising from the middle strap; the occasional passing of an ecclesiastical pageant carrying the Host to a dying penitent, or of a procession of masked Brethren attending a dead body to its final rest, and heralding their approach by the glare of torches and the wailing tones of a funeral chant—all these contrasts give a life and character to the scene which are totally unknown in our methodical ways of doing business at home.

It is a curious study to watch the moving throngs in the principal streets, where there is much people and little space, and where, nevertheless, no one is in a hurry. The ladies tilt along in their high-heeled boots, with no fear that their sweeping skirts will be trampled upon by irreverent men of business; and the gentlemen assemble in knots, to scrutinize the said ladies or to gossip with each other, paying no regard to the narrowness of the sidewalks or the rights of passers-by; nay, they contrive to take up additional room by standing with arms akimbo, and canes and umbrella-handles projecting in every direction, while the patient people who really have an object in view thread their way through and around these obstacles as best they can. One thinks of Broadway and the Strand, and wishes that these aggravating cumberers of the ground might be put through a thorough course of training in the "keep to the right" and "move on" of an active and intelligent policeman.

The number of crippled, deformed, and diseased persons whom one meets in the streets of Italian cities is astonishing. In no other part of the world, unless it be Egypt, are there to be seen so many blind, one-eyed, cross-eyed, crooked-eyed, wall-eyed, sore-eyed people as in Italy. Also dwarfs—no one who has been in Florence will ever be likely to spend "a quarter" to see the Tom Thumb troupe again. I sometimes resolve to count the number of malformed, unformed, and deformed whom I shall meet within a given space in my daily walk; but I soon give it up—it is like trying to count priests in Rome.

I have been reading and glancing over a great many English books of late, and have been amused to find faults, in grammar as well as in style, from sources whence one would expect accuracy and elegance. You know, it is a common English notion that Americans can neither speak nor write the language as well as they themselves do; and so it is very funny to catch them tripping so often, both in conversation and in books. I have looked through scores of histories, novels, biographies, travels, etc., etc., during the past year, and have found scarcely one that does not deserve criticism in manner, if not in matter. To say nothing of obscurity in personal pronouns, of an indiscriminate use of *don't* and *doesn't*, of double pluperfects, and of objective cases after the neuter verb, they all fail under the more delicate tests of *this and that kind of*, instead of *these and those kinds of*, and *would rather, would better*, instead of *had rather, had better*. I suppose the latter fault—*had rather, had better*—arose from the *would* being used in contraction with the pronoun, as *you'd better, I'd rather*; at any rate, it seems to be as freely employed in *English* English as in American English; and I have even found *ain't* in English books—a monstrosity which our "onnatteral old pairent" has always thrust off upon us. I do wish the English would let us love them better: there is so much that is good and sound about them, and their country (when one can put the poverty of the poor out of sight) is one beautiful home; but they are so prejudiced, so narrow in their sympathies toward every thing that is not English, so ridiculously fond of rank and station, and so obstinately determined to misunderstand and depreciate America, that they make it an up-hill business for us to cultivate the friendly relations that ought to subsist between the two nations.

E.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BEATRICE V. S.—Get a plum-colored serge, and make by the Vest-Basque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. IV. Wear a rose-colored neck-tie with it.

CHICAGO.—It is not usual to fee your pastor for performing funeral rites; but when you summon a clergyman from another place, it is quite proper that you should defray the cost of his journey.

FANNIE.—Black is more stylish than colors. Trim with bias bands of gros grain.

F. A. M., JUN.—The lines that you quote are so singularly devoid of sense that we think it quite superfluous to discuss their application.

ADMIRER.—As the principal points of interest in New York city, we would suggest the Central and other parks; the public buildings, such as the Custom-house, City Hall, new Court-house, Hall of Records, and Post-office—interesting as having been used as prison-houses during the Revolution—Castle Garden, Trinity, Grace, and other churches, the Cooper Union, the Astor, Mercantile, Historical, and Society libraries, the public institutions on the islands in the East River, the Academy of Music, the Academy of Design, and such picture-galleries and other entertainments as chance to be open when you are here.

PERPLEXITY.—You are under no obligations to invite any one to call on or visit you simply because you meet him at a friend's house; though it is often courteous to do so where you have no objection to continuing the acquaintance. It is a safe rule, however, never to ask a person to visit you if you do not want him to accept the invitation. The gentleman gives precedence to the lady in walking up the aisle.

M. H. W.—Whale-oil soap will sometimes destroy vermin on house plants. It is very important to keep them clean by sponging the leaves occasionally with soap and water. We have not the pattern you want.

ROMULUS AND REMUS.—It is never polite to read in company. In the case you cite, it was inexcusable.

EDNA.—Read the "Bazar Book of Decorum" and "Ugly Girl" articles for cosmetics. Young ladies should not receive presents from gentlemen friends as a rule, and without the approbation of their parents or guardians. Flowers are an exception, though a young lady would scarcely be justified in sending them to a sick gentleman who was not an intimate acquaintance. You ask whether it is improper for a lady to kiss the gentleman to whom she is engaged before marriage. We shall not counsel such a breach of decorum, but we suspect it is sometimes done. You will be likely to produce the best impression on your friends by being perfectly natural, and affecting neither gravity, gayety, dignity, nor melancholy.—Having no acquaintance with clairvoyants, and but little faith in them, we can not give you their address, or tell you how to proceed to obtain their advice. For pretty fictitious names we refer you to the nearest vocabulary.

BANGOR.—We do not negotiate exchanges.

GRETCHEN.—Have a basque made of your three yards of silk by Worth-basque pattern, and cut the edge of your trained skirt in Gothic points.

O. F.—Harper & Brothers have never published a Lady's Book with colored fashion plates.—A black serge suit could be bought for $30.

JENNIE C. G.—Make a green silk for a young girl of seventeen by pattern of House Dress in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV.

ANNA B.—You can not wear a velvet cloak if you continue to wear mourning. Cut a Watteau mantle of your cashmere shawl and trim with fringe. Find pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. IV.

R. R.—Irish poplin is a mixture of silk and wool, and seldom looks well after being dyed. Get bombazine, and trim with overlapping biss folds of the same, alternating with crape. A good Astrakhan muff can be bought for $10. White collars and cuffs are worn with all except very deep mourning. A crape bow will do instead of a jet pin. Get a lustreless cloth or an Astrakhan cloak.

U. S. F.—The shirt fronts worn by gentlemen on full-dress occasions are of doubled linen embroidered down the middle; for ordinary use they have one or two broad pleats, or are merely doubled linen.

BELL.—Make your gray poplin by cut paper pattern of House Dress, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV. Trim with the same and fringe.

FAUSTINA.—Use the cut paper pattern of Water-proof Cloak illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV. The plum-colored all-wool English water-proof cloth is very handsome, but is expensive.

A READER.—Make your black alpaca dress by cut paper pattern of House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV. Kilt pleating is hemmed on both edges, and is stitched on an inch below the top, then again about four inches from the bottom; the space below hangs loosely like a ruffle.

SNOWBIRD.—The cut paper pattern of the House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV., will be your best guide for a stylish skirt and over-skirt.

MRS. J. B. T.—The pattern of the Watteau Mantle illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. IV., is a good model for you.

MRS. J. V. B.—Make your boy's overcoat a long sack with large round cape. Simply drape your long drab skirt over a black silk skirt.

LOUISE.—Trim your pretty gray satine with kilt pleats on the lower skirt, a bias band and fringe on the upper, and basque.

JANE L.—The *Bazar* answers correspondents at its earliest convenience. The information asked in many letters that can not be answered for want of space in this column will be found in the New York Fashions.

B. C.—A black cashmere Watteau or velvet mantle, made by cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. IV., will be handsome for a lady of forty. Astrakhan cloaks and muffs are very much worn, but are not so fashionable as seal-skin. Read answer above to "Jane L."

L. L. B.—Make your opera cloak from the pattern sent of white cashmere, and trim with gros grain bands, or side pleatings and fringe.

A. W. G. H.—The vest-basque suit pattern is what you want. We do not give addresses in this column; but you will find elsewhere the advertisement of a dealer in point lace and other fancy goods. The best guide for your velvet cloak is the Watteau Mantle illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. IV. Either of the modes of trimming you suggest will be stylish.

CANADIENNE.—You do not need an over-skirt for your long velvet dress. Velveteen would not do at all; black lace, or else faille cashmere, is the only thing we would commend. Your polonaise and kilt-pleated skirt would be in good taste.

POMEGRANATE.—Make your black silk house dress by our Worth Basque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV., and the poplin by Marguerite basque pattern. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 51, Vol. IV., for evening dresses.

KANSAS.—Your sample is Norwich poplin, suitable for colors as well as mourning, and it is said to wear well. Velvet and fringe will trim it well. Irish poplin is a repped goods with silk facing and wool filling, and much of it costs $3. Faille is all silk and repped; but *faille-cashmere* is mixed silk and wool like cashmere, but repped like faille. Paisley shawls are not fashionable, but are comfortable. A cloth or cashmere cloak, a sacque with cape over it like one that is illustrated in this number is what you want. Faille ribbon, nearly two inches wide, costs from forty to sixty cents, according to quality.

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Fig. 1.—Walking Dress.

Fig. 2.—Walking Dress. Fig. 3.—Watteau Sacque and Cape, with Pompadour Waist and T

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Watteau Sacque and Cape, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt, in nine Sizes, from

LADIES' WI

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See Page 834.]

APER Pattern). Fig. 4.—House Dress. Fig. 5.—Carriage Dress. Fig. 6.—Walking Dress.

Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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THAW.

A RUSSIAN FOLK-SONG.

PARAPHRASED BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

The ice breaks up, the streams arise,
Along the shore free Moskva flies,
In foaming rage wild gushing,
Swift rushing.

Heaven, in this mad, tempestuous hour,
Curb Moskva's dread, destructive power;
Restrain the flood, strong swirling,
Wide whirling!

Let not the pitiless waters gnaw,
And down to hungry darkness draw
Yon church-yard by the river,
Forever!

There, long, long years ago, they laid
The best, the fairest village maid.
When, heart, will cease thy aching,
Slow breaking?

Ladies' Winter Toilettes.

See illustrations on double page.

Fig. 1.—WALKING SUIT. Bronze cloth casaque with velvet revers. Skirt and over-skirt of cashmere of the same shade, with scalloped trimming. Bronze velvet and silk hat.

Fig. 2.—WALKING SUIT of myrtle green cashmere, trimmed with flounces and folds of the material, fringe, and soutache embroidery. Myrtle green velvet bonnet, with gros grain ribbon and feather of a darker shade.

Fig. 3.—WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, WITH POMPADOUR WAIST AND FULL-TRAINED SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This elegant sacque and cape, of which we furnish a cut paper pattern from a Paris model, is the favorite wrap of the season. The original is made of olive brown cloth, richly braided and trimmed with fringe. It is worn over a Pompadour or square-necked waist and full-trained skirt of silk of the same shade.

The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure, the manner of taking which is described with the Marguerite Vest-Polonaise on page 829.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises three articles—Watteau sacque and cape, Pompadour waist, and full-trained skirt.

WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, cape, sleeve, and cuff. The garment consists of a perfectly loose sacque, with a deep Watteau fold in the back, extending from the neck to the bottom; coat sleeve with cuff, and deep cape. Lay the Watteau fold in the middle of the back, according to the lines of perforations, and tack it on the under side. The cape is fitted to the shoulders by a dart on each side, and is joined to the sacque at the neck, and left open in the middle of the back to the neck, where a bow is set on. The coat sleeve is finished at the hand by a square cuff. The neck of the sacque is bound with black silk, and the front is buttoned the entire length. Sew the sleeve plain into the armhole, placing the longest seam at the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold it toward you when sewing it in. The perforations show where to baste the seams, to take up the darts on the shoulders, and to lay the fold in the middle of the back. Put the pattern together by the notches, baste up, and try on wrong side out. If alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 6 yards.
Fringe, 6 yards.

POMPADOUR WAIST.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and sleeve. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, to take up for the side forms in the back, and to baste the lining in the middle of the back to form a V, and also the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve and the length of the waist. Baste the V which is cut out on the shoulder in the lining only. Baste up, and try on wrong side out. If alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. Place the longest seam of the sleeve at the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. If the sleeves are too long or short, take from or add an equal quantity at the top and bottom, always keeping the same shape. Finish the neck with a cord, and trim with a standing frill of lace, with a gros grain band edged with lace below it. Trim the sleeves to correspond. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 2½ yards.
Lace for trimming, 5 yards.

FULL-TRAINED SKIRT.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, two side gores, and back breadth. Put the pattern together by the notches. Trim with a gathered flounce nine inches wide, surmounted by a bias band and side-pleated ruffle, each two and a half inches wide.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wine, 12 yards.
Quantity for flounce and band, 4 yards.

Fig. 4.—HOUSE DRESS. Jacket of Humboldt purple cashmere, richly braided, and furnished with revers of black velvet. Trained over-skirt of Humboldt purple silk, trimmed with flounces of the material. Short under-skirt of the same silk, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 5.—CARRIAGE DRESS. Black velvet casaque, very bouffant in the back, and trimmed with passementerie and guipure. Black silk trained dress, trimmed with a flounce and black passementerie and velvet. Black velvet bonnet, with bright grasses and flowers.

Fig. 6.—WALKING SUIT of deep sea blue cloth, trimmed with gros grain bands and fringe. Black felt hat and feather.

WHY TWO CHRISTMASES CAME IN ONE YEAR.

"KRISS! Kriss!" called Mrs. Santa Claus, as she went out of the house and across the yard. "Now I do wonder where that boy is," she added, looking behind the iceberg that stood like a great frosted hay-rick just in front of the stable door. Kriss was very fond of playing there with his little white bear; but neither boy nor bear was now to be seen. She then peeped into the stable, and saw the reindeer in their stalls, but no Kriss was there. "Well," she thought, as she turned back, "he can't be far away, and the smell of supper will certainly bring him home." Just as she was going in the door she saw the bear trotting clumsily but quickly off toward the north pole, which is in sight of the house. She went in then, quite easy, for she knew the boy must be somewhere near; and cutting two fine, juicy seal-steaks off the seal in the pantry, she freshened up her fire, and prepared to cook supper. Mrs. Santa Claus never permitted her family to become hungry. They always had four meals a day; but Kriss, who was growing, and needed more food, had his two lunches besides. It certainly was a great pity that neither Sir John Franklin nor Dr. Kane ever happened upon Santa Claus when they explored the polar regions. He is much more hospitable than the Esquimaux, and would have been glad to have entertained and helped them. His visiting circle is so very small that to see a stranger is quite an event, and there would have been no limit to the kindness he would have shown them. Mrs. Santa Claus goes out still less than her husband; so, although she is obliged to have several new dresses every year, she is never worried by any changes in the fashions. In fact, she cuts the clothes for the whole family just alike. When Santa Claus brings home the skins from his grand hunts, she sorts them into three piles. The largest is for Santa Claus, the next for herself, and the little ones do for Kriss. When the three are together, they are a comical-looking family, for, except in size, there is no difference in them. Another odd thing about them is, that they have but the one name in common. This became very confusing after the child became old enough to run about, as old Santa Claus would often answer the mother's call for the boy, perhaps leaving a toy half finished, and the glue cooling. He finally decided that it would be best to nickname the young Santa, and call him "Kriss Kringle"—a title he himself is known by among the Pennsylvania Dutch. After this there was no farther trouble about names.

But to come back to Kriss upon this particular evening. He was by no means even as far away as his mother had thought, for he had not only seen her, but also had heard her speak. But if she had known where he was, he would have made a quick march out. Over the stable there was a large room, neatly fitted up with shelves and boxes, where Santa Claus kept all his finished toys. Kriss was never allowed to go there without his father; but here he was now, busy as he could be. He was not, as you may perhaps think, playing with the toys, for he did not care for them now: he had had so many, and knew all the secrets about them. He had even helped his father put the squeak into the dogs and pigs, and knew just how the strings must be put into harlequins if they were to jump properly, and how the jugglers and magic lanterns were made, and so was tired of them all. He had just now, however, handled them very extensively, and was still engaged in the same occupation. He had taken out his father's great leather bags, and was busy filling them up with any thing that came nearest to hand. As every thing in the room was finished in good style for Christmas, he had, in spite of his lack of choice, made a pretty collection. His idea in doing this can be very simply explained. It was now near Christmas-time, and there was much excitement and business in the Santa Claus domicile. Santa Claus was hurried with some extra varnishing; and between dressing dolls, making candy and candy bags, and seeing that the Noah's arks and the menageries were all properly assorted, Mrs. Santa Claus never went to bed until after twelve o'clock. Little Kriss was, however, a looker-on in this excitement. His parents thought him too little to work, and he did not care to play. Still he wanted a share in the bustle; and the night before, as he lay in his little trundle-bed watching his mother tie sashes upon a whole row of dolls—for she had the latest fashions for them, if not for herself—a bright idea occurred to him. What he wanted to do was to go with his father Christmas-eve to carry the presents to the children; but he knew this would not be permitted. The year before he had accomplished it, for he hid himself among the bags and buffalo-robes in the sledge, and his father never found him until they reached Vermont, and then it was too late to turn back. But there was no hope for him this Christmas, for he knew the sledge would be well searched before his father started. Still he did not despair; and as he lay in his bed this night it flashed across his mind that he might take the deer and sleigh some night before Christmas and have a little trip of his own. He was now acting upon this idea: and so, when he had finished packing the bags, and preparing every thing necessary, he smelled the seal-steaks cooking, and, coming out of the stable, went into the house.

His mother was now busy making a walrus hash—for they always had two dishes of meat on the table—and only glanced up to see that he was all safe and right. Soon supper was ready, and the father called in; but although Kriss had but little appetite, he managed, between what he ate and what he stealthily put in his pocket for a midnight lunch, to satisfy his mother. After supper was over his father delighted him by saying that the work was now so nearly done that he thought they might all go to bed early and take a good night's rest. Mrs. Claus rubbed her eyes, and said she would be very glad to do so; and Kriss hypocritically rubbed his also, but truthfully remarked that the sooner they all went to bed the better he would like it.

It was, however, ten o'clock before they were all in bed, and almost eleven before Kriss thought it safe to start. He had some trouble, too, with the deer; for Vixen, the off-deer, would not let him harness her for some time, and then, just as he was ready to start, he found that Dancer's harness was too tight. However, after some work he made every thing ready, lugged down the bags, packed them safely with the tops up, buttoned up his little seal-skin overcoat, drew on his fur gloves, and was off. He drove directly southeast for a time, then turned south, and passed close by the shore of Hudson Bay, and crossed the St. Lawrence, and stopped in Troy, New York. Here he selected a house with a good wide chimney, took out a wax doll, a curly dog, and a candy tiger, and jumped out of the sleigh. It occurred to him at that moment that perhaps there were no children in that house. His father always knew, but how he knew Kriss could not think. Suddenly he remembered that his mother had said that there was warmth in the house where children dwelt; so he laid down the toys, took off his glove, and felt the roof, but it was icy cold. He then jumped into the sledge and drove on, stopping on several roofs to try them, but they were all cold. This, it was plain, was not the way to find out. He then thought he would go down the chimneys and look for the children. At the next house he accordingly left his toys in the sledge, jumped out, sprang down the chimney, and found himself in a large room, where a little baby lay asleep in a crib, and her mother near her in a big bed. He then went back, and getting the toys, laid them beside her. But he soon found that going on such exploring expeditions first was rather tedious work. His father always strapped a bag on his back, as every one knows, but they were all too big for Kriss to carry; so he filled his pockets with little things, stuck as many as possible in his belt, strung some around his neck, and so dressed up, jumped down many and many a chimney.

He was just going to step into his sledge, after many hours of busy work, when he happened to glance up at the sky, and saw that it was nearly day. He had intended going farther, but now had no time. He took out all his toys—but they were almost all gone—placed what he had on a good straight roof, close to the chimney, whipped up his deer, and galloped home. He had expected to have reached home before his parents had awakened, but although he took a short-cut home, he saw the smoke curling up through the keen morning air before he saw the house, and so knew that his mother certainly was up. He managed to drive quietly into the stable, and had just unharnessed the deer, and was about to give them some moss, when a shadow darkened the door; he looked up, and there stood his father! Kriss did not feel very comfortable, but his only course was plain; he followed the never-forgotten example of George Washington under somewhat similar circumstances, and owned up. The only reply Santa Claus made was to tell him to come into the house and get his breakfast. After the meal was over they all sat down around the fire, and little Kriss had to give a full account of his adventures. After he had finished his story, to which his parents listened in perfect gravity, they sent him out to feed the tame bears and walruses, while they talked the subject over. Mrs. Claus sat on one side of the fire-place, Santa Claus on the other. They were silent for a moment; then he looked at her, she looked back at him, and then they both laughed. It certainly was very funny to them, but it would not do to let him go unpunished, or he would travel off whenever he pleased, and perhaps make Christmases once a month. It was easy enough to find something to whip him with, for Santa Claus had some very fine switches all ready for the stockings of bad children; but he never succeeded in inflicting this punishment, for as soon as Kriss began to cry—and he generally started as soon as he saw the switch—his mother always ran and took him away. This being out of the question, after much discussion they concluded to make him keep up the fire in the cave of ice for three months. Santa Claus used to make his glue there, and do various odd jobs that Mrs. Claus did not like done at the shop; and as the fire had to be kept up regularly, and so needed wood every day, they knew it would be a severe punishment to Kriss, as he hated stated tasks.

But when this sentence was carried into execution it was found that Kriss was bright enough to make fun out of it. He determined, it seemed, that if he had to make fires, they should be big ones; and he piled on the wood until it could be heard crackling and roaring clear to the north pole. The reflection was often seen in the United States, and it set all the learned men to wondering why there should be so many displays of the aurora borealis that year. If they had only known that they were caused by Kriss heaping pine wood upon his father's fire, it would have saved much trouble and more talking.

But the consequences of Kriss's frolic did not stop here. When the people whose houses he visited arose the next morning, they were astonished to find the presents in their rooms. Some of them thought that there must be a new fashion regarding the time for Christmas gifts. Others thought they must have made a mistake in the date. One old lady was so flustered that she ran down into the yard and killed her Christmas turkey with her own hands, she was so afraid that it would not be done in time. In one town, where he had been especially liberal, the neighbors ran in and out of each other's houses asking what day of the month it was, consulting almanacs, and wondering what it all meant. The children, however, were perfectly satisfied; and when they received the second installment of presents from Santa Claus himself at the proper time, they were so delighted that they wished there could be two Christmases every year.

It was funny, however, to hear of the way Kriss distributed his presents; for as he knew nothing of the several inmates of the houses, he bestowed them as they came to hand. He left a solitary old bachelor an ivory rattle and a little crying pussy-cat; a little girl, not yet three months old, had a pair of skates left upon her cradle; a boy of ten found a little white hood and a tiny silver thimble in his room; a severe old maid, who did nothing but knit coarse, hard, but very durable stockings for her little nieces, and who hated games as inventions of Satan, found a set of ten-pins and a backgammon board set out upon her table; a whole family of children had nothing to divide but an empty picture-frame; and a grave old minister was surprised when he went into his study to find a fine little fiddle lying just on top of his half-finished sermon for the next Sunday.

But, puzzle as they might, nobody ever found out the truth of this frolic. As for the toys Kriss left on the roof, I do not know exactly what became of them. Santa Claus looked for them, but in vain; so it would, perhaps, be well to say now that if any boy or girl living in a town northwest of Boston found some toys, one being a walking doll and another a fishing pole, upon a roof close to a chimney, in the winter of 1870, they may know from this account just how they came there.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

APART from politics, which are quiescent just now, awaiting the return of the National Assembly, the only question of interest at present is the chase, this being the hunting season. The chase is said to be the image of war; it is well, therefore, that all Frenchmen should become huntsmen until they can find something better to do. There is the private chase, wherein men occupy themselves solely with winged and fourfooted game; and the political chase, in which France plays the part of the game which Legitimists, Orleanists, and even Bonapartists are madly striving to run down. But while waiting for the opportune moment when one of these parties shall think itself strong enough to seize the government, the country—I mean the laborious, industrious, thinking part of the country, represented by the agricultural and mercantile classes—is becoming accustomed by degrees to the word republic; and there is reason to believe that if they are not forced to choose in haste between a republic and a monarchy, they will say in two years to the partisans of the latter: "Gentlemen, it is too late. I might have been persuaded some time ago that I was incapable of managing my own affairs; but since you saw me plunged in ruin, and waited for me to extricate myself before offering your aid, I can very well dispense with your services. I don't intend to run the risk of experiencing over again what I have just gone through. I mean to have a well-organized army, not commanded by Tuileries valets and cotillon-dancers, and to employ my forces when it is best for my own interests, and not for your designs."

While this latent movement is gaining ground slowly, Parisian life has resumed its activity, minus the imperial extravagance. Some rigorists wished to see the whole nation clad in sackcloth and ashes; to which Paris made answer: "And what of my commerce? Do you forget that I have old and new taxes to pay? Do you forget that France has an enormous debt to discharge? Are you ignorant that rigorism would kill my trade—that I am the world's market, and that, should I abandon the manufacture of tasteful and costly luxuries, the whole nation would want for bread?"

What answer can be made to such arguments? Declamation may be a fine thing, but it fills no hungry mouths: let no stern Spartan, therefore, take it amiss that Paris continues to create fashions, to fabricate luxuries, to invent taste, and to swarm with buyers.

As we predicted, the fashions are attenuated rather than transformed. Double skirts still reign, and justly, for they are elegant, graceful, and economical. It is easy to make a tunic from an old-fashioned scant skirt; and, again, this skirt can be used as an under-skirt, and but little more material will be needed for a tunic.

The supreme elegance in Parisian costume just now consists in the beautiful trimmings and graceful arrangement of a woolen costume; and this is so much the fashion that it is thought necessary to apologize for wearing any other fabric; as, for instance, "This is my old velvet dress; I must wear it out, you know."

Rich old laces are unearthed from the drawers where they have lain so long, for the dressmakers can not furnish a sufficient supply. When the white laces are very fine, they are set flat on black satin dresses. Ancient and modern point d'Alençon, ancient point de Venise, and real point d'Angleterre are the most beautiful laces that one can possess. I must make a digression here to explain that point d'Angleterre, or English point, is not at all the lace commonly sold under this name: there are English point and English application. The first is made entirely by hand, both foundation and figure, while the English application is composed of a tulle foundation, on which figures made with the bobbin are sewed. Now this tulle is always soft and too light for the figures which are applied on it, whence results a mongrel lace which is not worthy of commendation. The real Eng-

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glish point, which is made entirely by hand, is one of the finest laces known; its high price renders it comparatively rare, and it ranks as an heir-loom with India shawls and diamonds.

We are returning to these rich and substantial luxuries. Family laces and Cashmeres once more see the light; and these symptoms indicate the desire to break with a sham extravagance which has neither past nor future, but leads a Bohemian existence from day to day.

As may be readily imagined, there will be little dancing in Paris this winter. A few dancing-parties will be given here and there for the young girls, whose sorrows should not commence with their sixteenth year; but these will be the sole festivities, save large dinner-parties and official receptions. The ball toilettes will consequently be comparatively simple. There will be no long trains for dancing, which was absurd, but demi-trains, chiefly of tarlatan; much white muslin, for dinners, plays, and concerts; and, for small receptions, demi-trained costumes of light shades and thin fabrics, such as foulard, crêpe de Chine, Osaca crape, etc. Very pretty Louis XVI. costumes are made of foulard: for instance, gray skirt, trimmed with white muslin ruches and flounces; plain rose-colored foulard vest, open, square-shaped; princesse over dress of white foulard, with large rose-colored flowers, trimmed with ruches of white foulard edged with rose. These combinations can be varied infinitely; and this association of plain with figured foulard produces effective and comparatively inexpensive costumes.

For house dresses many costumes, which are not wholly *robes de chambre*, are made of very fine white, pink, blue, or gray flannel, trimmed with coarse white guipure, known by the name of Cluny guipure, and black velvet ribbon. These costumes are composed of a skirt of medium length, trimmed with three rows of coarse guipure set on plain and surmounted by a black velvet ribbon; and a large casaque, tight-fitting in the back and loose in front, and buttoned from the throat to the waist. It is confined at the waist by a black velvet belt, with a large bow without ends behind. The casaque is slightly bouffant on the hips, where it forms voluminous pleats under the belt, and has large revers on each side at the bottom. It is trimmed with a single row of guipure, headed by black velvet ribbon. This soft, light, warm flannel is known as *molleton de laine*.

Little girls either wear miniatures of their mothers' dresses, or a high-necked dress of Scotch plaid, and a sort of half-high polonaise of black velvet, with bretelles, the whole trimmed with bands of fur. Little boys under four years old invariably wear a pleated skirt, with a jacket to match, made with basques; above this age, they wear trowsers, vest, and a round jacket, all of the same material—black, dark gray, or dark blue cloth. A charming covering for the head is worn alike by little girls and boys; it is a sort of Cossack cap, rather high, and made entirely of Astrakhan, with a little feather standing upright at the side.

It is not yet known whether Paris will become the capital again, or will remain in disgrace. It is said that the Chamber will not return to Paris, for fear that Paris will return to the Chamber. The fact is that preparations have been made for any emergency. The hall at Paris has been newly furnished, and heaters have been put in the hall at Versailles; so that the National Assembly will have its town house and its country residence.

It is said that the Austrian embassy has determined to resume its receptions; it is also said that the French government has ordered Madame De Metternich to postpone the fêtes she intended to give; but it is said now that the change of ministers in Austria may bring about a change in the embassador to Paris, so that it is no longer certain that Madame De Metternich will receive this winter.

Meanwhile the beautiful Palais d'Elysée is being put in order, not that M. Thiers proposes to live in it, but because he intends to give official dinners, and receive the political world there this winter. His own house, which was demolished by the vandals of the Commune, is not yet rebuilt, nor would it be large enough for the receptions of the head of the government.

Every thing is going on well at Paris, and the work lacks workmen rather than the workmen work. The fact is explained by the results of the insurrection and the war. Formerly there were a hundred and twenty thousand Germans in Paris; now French artisans will not work in the shops with Germans, nor are manufacturers willing to employ possible spies. The consequence is that while there is a paucity of labor in the Parisian workshops, there is great suffering in Baden, which sent here almost all of the workmen who were employed. This suffering is the beginning of the expiation: every one should know or learn that it is impossible to harm his neighbor without harming himself at the same time. This is a moral law which no one can afford to ignore or misunderstand.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE RATS OF RATHO.

FAR away in the north of Ireland, encircled by belts of plantation, approached by the usual long carriage drive, surrounded by almost park-like grounds, if they had been kept in any thing approaching English order, there stood, and, for aught I know to the contrary, still stands, a large house, which, not to be personal, I shall call Ratho. It had that which is unusual in Ireland, except in the large mansions of large cities, a basement story, from the window-sills of which a green bank sloped up to the drive. The house was not a desirable specimen of architecture, neither within nor without, but its owner chanced to be very wealthy—a condition of existence which, like basement stories in buildings, is rare also in Ireland. He had well-plenished barns, a large estate, a handsomely furnished house, money in both English and Irish securities, tenants who paid with unusual regularity, and a balance at the Bank of Ireland.

Mr. Munster was a man to be envied—at least so thought a certain Larry Doylan, who owned some six or seven acres of freehold land, inherited from his father, whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather, and many other ancestors too numerous to mention, had held the "farm" from time immemorial.

Every one who knows Ireland can imagine what aspect Mr. Doylan's farm wore fifty years ago.

Fifty years ago daisy-covered were the old pasture lands, rush-grown the fields in the low grounds where the cattle grazed, while cows struggled for a bare existence with burdocks and swine-thistles.

Merrily the dandelion opened its flowers by the way-side, and floated in due time its seed abroad, a dozen other weeds following the example. No wonder the land yielded poor returns to its impoverished inhabitants, among the most anxious of whom Larry Doylan might certainly at one time have been reckoned.

"By rayson of the rats," he kindly explained; "but, glory be to God, they have at last gone to somebody better able to kape them than meself."

"Have they left you, then, Mr. Doylan?" was the question asked.

"Yes, miss; and I will tell you how it happened, if you have time to stop, for it is a curious story. Ye see," he went on, "I was that thronged with rats I did not know what to do. They ate my corn, they drank my milk, they killed my best cock, and the divil a duckling I could rase; they had got that impident they would walk out o' their holes unconsarned like, and then turn round and give ye a look, as much as to say, 'Who cares for the like of yez?' If I was going to face my Creator to-night, them beggars of rats lived better nor me and my wife and my children. It was hard work all the day long just to keep the wolf from the door and satisfy the rats.

"Well, when as I was at my wit's ends, a friend calls in, and says he: 'Larry, rats is knowledgeable creatures, and not agin listening to rayson. Why don't ye write them a letter, stating that if ye are to live yerself ye can't maintain them no longer. If ye think it needful to go into figures ye can; and supposing I was you, I would explain to them that Mr. Munster, with lashings and lavings of corn and cold victuals, has not a rat to speak of at Ratho, all the time you, with scarcely a bite or a sup for yourself or your family, are keeping all the rats in the town-land.'

"'But do you think they would understand a letter, Tim?' I asked. For you see, miss, I am no scholard, and it seems strange to me how rats should be able to read hand of write.

"'Bless your soul, Larry, rats know every thing,' Tim answered, and went away.

"Well, miss, to make a long story short, the letter was written; the school-master did it for me. He told the rats how poor I was, and how rich Mr. Munster. He said it would be a great relief to me, and a change for the better for them, if they would consent to shift their quarters. He acknowledged the life might not be so peaceful, but food would be more abundant; and lastly, he put it to them as gentlemen, whether, with a wealthy land-owner within reach, they thought it was gentleman-like, after such an appeal, to stay any longer on my premises, and eat a poor divil out of house and home.

"That was the letter as near as I can remember it, and we sealed it with a tenpenny piece, which I gave to the school-master for his trouble.

"That day I sent the wife and children out, and having laid the letter on the ground by the biggest hole I could find, sat down to watch what would come of it.

"After a bit, just as usual, appeared a rat's head, then his shoulders, then his body. He was going off on some business of his own, when he spied the letter; seeing that, he went down the hole again. Still I watched on. Presently up comes another rat, who, hearing nobody stirring, ventured out on the floor, and turns the letter right over; then he went down again. Then another came, and then another still, all different; till—not to tire you, miss—an old gray rat, that I should say must have been a hundred years old—rats do live wonderful—came up, and without more to do takes the letter down the hole with him.

"There was a great silence for about an hour; but at the end of that time there came a noise as if all the rats in Christendom were packing up to leave. Then I heard a sound as if of soldiers marching; and while I lay and watched, I saw first the gray rat come out of the hole, and then hundreds and hundreds of other rats follow.

"They went straight out of the front-door and down the hill six abreast, and I hear they are at Ratho now. As you are staying there now, miss, perhaps you can tell me for certain."

"There are plenty of rats at Ratho," was the answer; "but whether they happen to be yours or not it is impossible for me to tell."

"They never had a rat there till mine left," said Mr. Doylan, reflectively; and with that fact ringing in her ears, my informant came away.

Plenty of rats, indeed, there were at Ratho in her time; they were so plentiful that a tame eagle used to alight on a barrow containing their bodies, and critically select the fattest for consumption. They were so plentiful that from the living-rooms gentlemen visitors used to shoot them on the green slope previously mentioned.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SOME newspaper reporter—whether with or without authority we know not—stated, when our first "cold snap" came, that the Grand Duke seemed much invigorated and inspirited. We should think he might have been, and that his spirits must have been kept up most of the time since. We do not believe a Russian winter could have opened with finer winds or sharper frosts, and Alexis need not hasten to his native land for a sight of ice and snow. If he will only linger in our midst a little longer—say till Christmas-time—he may find that America can compete with Russia in excellent skating: though, to be sure, it would not be safe to make any promises, for there is nothing more fickle than the weather; and while the young folks are all gleefully looking forward to a grand trial of skates on Christmas-day, who can tell but that an "Indian summer" or a "January thaw" may intrude into the holidays? However that may be, it will matter little to the thousands who are anticipating a "good time" when glad Christmas comes. The shops are full of pretty things for all to see, and for those to purchase who have full purses. But there are also many wretched houses in our city full of needy people: let not those forget this whose purses are full.

The school law in Texas requires all children between six and eighteen to attend school. A few days ago the school commissioners of one of the eastern counties received a touching appeal from a lady of seventeen whom they had mulcted, according to law, for non-attendance during the year. "I have a husband to care for," said the young delinquent, "a child to nurse, clothes to wash, meals to cook, and a house to keep in order. If you make me attend school another year, every thing will go to ruin."

A recent medical writer disagrees entirely with the theory expressed by some hygienic writers that one or two kinds of food at each meal are more easily digested and more wholesome than a large and palatable variety. He advises that there be as generous, agreeable, and attractive a variety at each meal as can be afforded, on the ground that a meal composed simply of dry Graham bread, or of potatoes, or of fruit even, is less digestible than one composed of all three articles.

It is stated that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will this year receive $13,000 profits from her Florida orange groves.

The latest invention, which will greatly interest the little girls, is a creeping doll.

The Empress Eugénie was born May 5, 1826. It was originally intended by certain residents of Paris, who had purposed to present her Majesty with a testimonial of their respect and affection, that the formal offering should be made on the occasion of her last birthday; but circumstances prevented this, and accordingly on a recent day several gentlemen went to Chiselhurst to request the Empress's acceptance of various articles. M. Charles Durozey, late of the staff of Prince Joachim Murat, laid before the Empress a present from the officers of the late Imperial Guard; M. Henri Guerard headed a deputation by whom was presented a beautiful album, massively mounted in gold, adorned with the imperial arms, and signed by 30,000 inhabitants of Paris, one signature being in a vast number of cases for the whole of the residents in the house; Mr. Howard Smith presented, on behalf of the ladies of Paris, a magnificent bouquet, with an address signed by leading members of the French nobility; and other deputations presented large boxes of bouquets.

Rome now has 1500 more gas-lights in her streets than formerly. Turin, however, has over a thousand more than Rome.

President Thiers has received one million francs for his house, which was destroyed by the Communists. The appraisers had shortly before assessed the building at only two hundred thousand francs.

"Flannel Receptions" is the comfortable name given to a new style of parties which has come into vogue in London. The ladies meet once a week in the evening at each other's houses, and sew an hour on clothing for the poor. After this the work is cleared away and the gentlemen arrive, when an elegant tea or supper is served, and after music and reading, and sometimes dancing, the company disperse at the seasonable hour of ten o'clock. Unfortunately the net proceeds of an evening's work are not mentioned in the item from which we gather our information.

Albert Victor, who is now seven years of age, is the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and upon him, next to his father, devolves the succession of the crown of England.

Of two hundred and ten applicants for admission to the University of Michigan this year, eighteen were ladies.

Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick, a woman who was an acknowledged leader in literature and in society, used to say of herself, "Cooking is the only accomplishment of which I am vain." A New England life, especially in the country, makes a strong draft upon all the executive faculties of man or woman, and Miss Sedgwick fully and cheerfully accepted all its obligations. She could make cake as well as books, and provide for all household exigencies as ingeniously as she could construct a story. She was an enthusiastic gardener, not merely confining her care to flowers, but taking a practical interest in fruits and vegetables, which she delighted to gather in the early morning with her own hands. Her biographer speaks of Miss Sedgwick's frequent breakfast-parties as among the most fascinating banquets in the memory of her guests. On such occasions "she would be in her garden by six o'clock to gather fruit and flowers for the table, and unconscious inspirations of health and happiness for herself, of which she dispensed the latter at least as liberally as the more tangible harvest of her borders. Then, after arranging the table, and paying a visit to her tiny kitchen, where the more delicate dishes received the touch of her own skillful hand, she would make a rapid toilette, and appear, untired as the day, to greet her guests with that exquisite grace and sweetness, that genial warmth of welcome, which made old and young, grave and gay, literary celebrities, distinguished foreigners, fashionable people from town, and plain country friends, all feel a delightful ease in her presence."

One of the greatest dangers connected with skating arises from after-imprudence. Glowing with exercise, many rush into the hot waiting-room, and thence to the cold and crowded cars. Then follows a cough or cold. A brisk walk part of the way home will restore the system to its usual condition, and prevent many disastrous consequences.

In 1870 about 1700 visitors traveled through the Yosemite Valley. The total number for the season of 1871 will be about 2200.

Since Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over that fatal kerosene lamp in Chicago, other bovines are panting for equal notoriety. The one who has succeeded the best hails from Bay City, Michigan, and belongs to a Mrs. Lambert. One evening not long ago she—the cow, not Mrs. L.—put her head into a barrel. Not being able to get her head out, and becoming terrified at her condition, she blindly forced her way into the wood-shed, thence into the kitchen, and thence into the dining-room of the house, becoming all the while more furious. From this room she made her way into the parlor, throwing down and trampling under foot every thing that came in her way. The cow next rushed into the bedroom, and attempted to mount the bed occupied by Mrs. L. and two little children. Fortunately, at this crisis, help, which had been summoned, arrived. But a neighbor who attempted to enter the window was knocked down by the barrel—or the cow. At length the children were secured and passed through the window, the mother following, and the excited cow was left to calm her mind as best she might. So goes the story.

A correspondent wishes us to call the attention of our readers to the virtues of a simple remedy for burns, which has been tested in her family for a great many years, and always found to answer a most satisfactory purpose. The remedy in question is in the use of the well-known plant the cat's-tail, or bulrush (*Typha latifolia*), common all over the country in wet and swampy places. The brown tops of the cat's-tails, which are usually fully grown by the 1st of August, and can be gathered from that time until winter, are to be cut from the stems, and kept in a dry place in a bag, and when needed for use it is only necessary to take off the downy portion and mix with enough lard to form a salve, and apply twice in twenty-four hours. The relief is said to be immediate, the pain ceasing in from twenty to thirty minutes; while it has the special virtue of acting on an old burn that has become a bad sore as well as upon a fresh one.

The following bit is going the rounds of the European papers: When the conditions of the armistice had been discussed and agreed upon at Marseilles, M. Jules Favre was invited to dine with Prince Bismarck. One of the dishes served was a Silesian goose, which the French plenipotentiary found delicious. The next day, when he was taking leave, the federal chancellor said to him, "As your excellency liked the bird we had yesterday for dinner, I have had three of the same put into your carriage." M. Jules Favre thanked him and took his leave, and as he drove off, the prince, with that sneering air which is familiar to him, observed, "There go four geese!"

USEFUL RECIPES.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Cream together one cup of white sugar and half a cup of butter; stir in slowly half a cup of sweet milk, in which half a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved; mix one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar into one and a half cups of flour, flavor the batter with lemon, and alternately to it add the flour and beaten whites of two eggs; bake in one loaf, and, when cold, with a sharp, very broad-bladed knife, cut horizontally into four layers; each layer should be about three-quarters of an inch in thickness; then spread on top of each layer, except the *top one*, the icing, which is made thus: beat with the whites of two eggs until stiff about six tea-spoonfuls of flour sugar; add a little lemon, and slowly stir in one cake of grated German sweet chocolate. The icing should be stiff enough not to run, but if much thicker than this add a little water.

FRUIT JELLY is delicious when made of strawberries or raspberries in their season; peaches, also, can be used, but the fruit must be pared and cut into dice, being careful not to use the discolored part around the seed. Clarify half a pound of loaf-sugar, strain and mix with it half an ounce of clarified isinglass and the juice of two or three lemons; into this stir the fruit as quickly as possible, and, pouring into a mould, place on ice; the sugar and isinglass are not hot, merely lukewarm, when mixed together. Oranges may be used, cut into dice, carefully removing every particle of seed, or the jelly will be thick-looking; only two lemons are needed when orange is used. To clarify isinglass cut one and a quarter ounces into small pieces, wash in warm water four or five times, then put into a preserving-kettle with a pint and one gill of clear rain-water, and boil slowly until reduced one-fourth, leaving three-fourths; as fast as it rises remove the scum; when done, strain through a cloth, bottle, and cork it.

LOAF GINGER-CAKE.—One scant tea-cupful of brown sugar, one even cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, two tea-spoonfuls of soda, and one table-spoonful of ginger, yolks and beaten whites of four eggs, enough flour to make it of the consistency of sponge-cake batter; bake in a moderately hot oven, as it is easily burned.

APPLE JELLY.—Select apples that are rather tart and highly flavored; cut and core them without paring, place in a porcelain preserving-kettle, cover with water, and let them cook slowly until the apples look red. Pour into a colander, drain off the juice, and let this run through a jelly-bag; return to the kettle, which must be carefully washed; allow it to boil half an hour; measure it, and allow to every pint of juice half a pound of sugar, and boil quickly for fifteen minutes.

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THE TICHBORNE "CRAWLS."

THE singular Tichborne case, which is now on trial in England, and which is one of the most curious cases of doubtful identity on record, excites a marked interest also on this side of the Atlantic, involving as it does the title and estates of an ancient barony and an annual income of nearly a million dollars. The story is too well known to need much recapitulation. In 1853 Roger Charles Tichborne, the heir to the estate, left England for Valparaiso, and after spending a year in South America, during which time he was in constant communication with his family, was reported to have been lost in the ship *Bella*, which foundered on the way from Rio de Janeiro to New York. In 1858 a rumor was brought to the family by a sailor that a boat's crew had been picked up from the *Bella*, and carried into Melbourne. Sir James Tichborne, the father, paid no attention to this; but his wife conceived the hope that her son might have been saved, inserted advertisements in the Australian papers, and took various measures toward his recovery. Nothing more was heard, however, until after the death of Sir James in 1866, when she received letters from some one purporting to be her son, written from New South Wales, and asking for money to come to England. This was sent him, and in 1867 he arrived in Paris, accompanied by his wife and child, where he was met by Lady Tichborne, who acknowledged him as her son. His identity, however, was disputed by the rest of the family, who maintained that the mother's judgment was weakened, and that she was in a state to be deceived by any impostor. The case was carried into the courts; apparently the most conclusive testimony has been produced on either side, and whatever the verdict may be, the question must always remain a doubtful one in the minds of many whether the claimant is the rightful heir or merely a clever adventurer, destined by fate to make good the family prophecy connected with the origin of the Tichborne family, and which is illustrated in the accompanying beautiful engraving.

The family of Tichborne date their tenure of the manor of that name, situate near Alresford, in Hampshire, from the ninth century. In the reign of Henry II. the Lady Mabella Tichborne, who had been bedridden for many years, and was then near to death's door, besought her husband, the then Sir Roger, to bestow upon her such means as should enable her to leave a bequest of a loaf of bread to all applicants on the day of the Annunciation of the Mother of Our Lord (March 25) forever. In reply, her husband promised her the produce of so much of his property as she could go round while a brand, which he caused to be lighted, should burn. He fancied that by reason of her great age and infirmity she would get over very little ground; but being borne to the corner of the park, she made a re-

THE TICHBORNE "CRAWLS."

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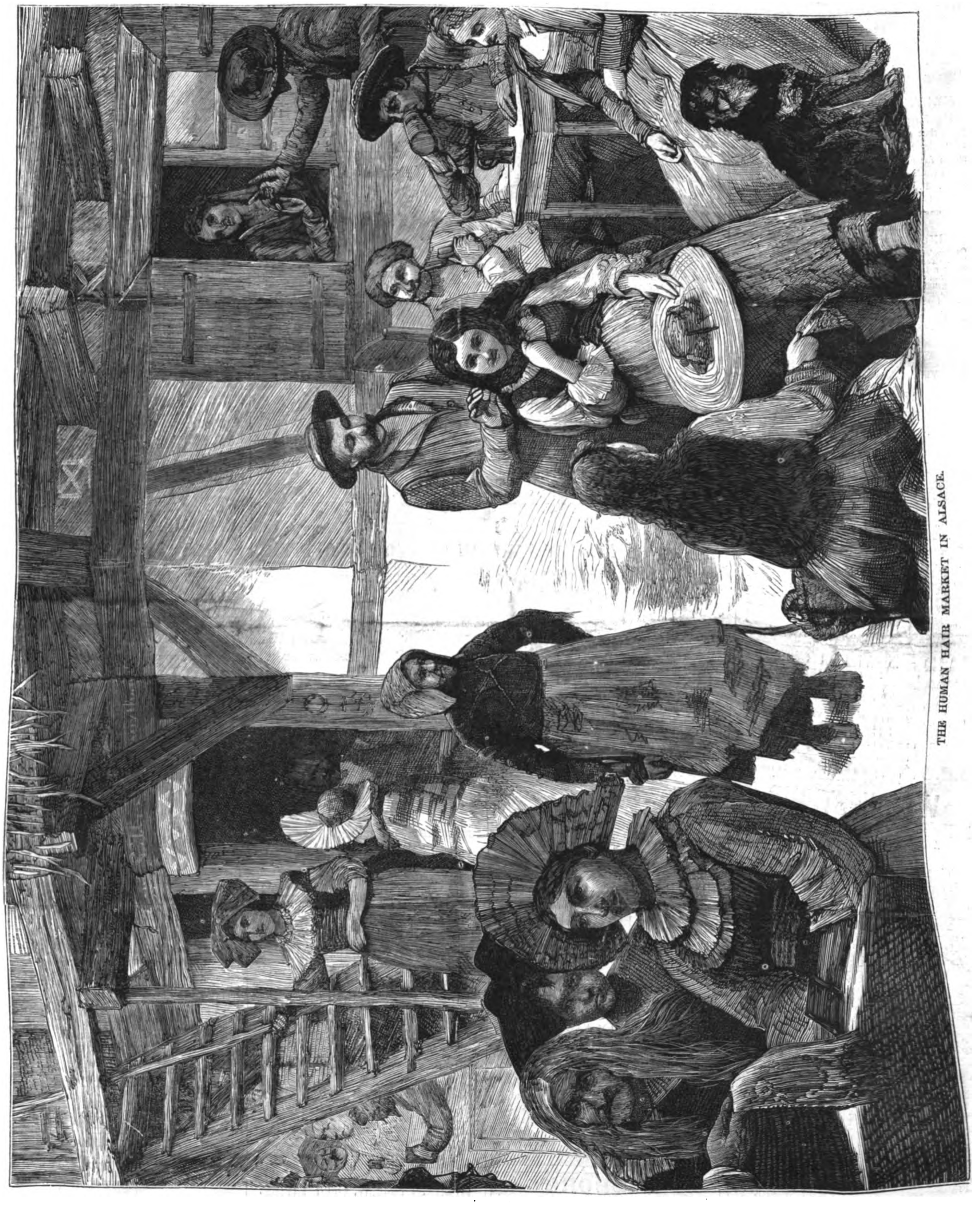
hement effort, hobbled round twenty-three acres of very rich land, known to this day as "The Crawls," and was then carried back to her bed. Presently she called her household around her, and prophesied that the Tichborne family would prosper so long as the dole was continued to the poor, but that if it was neglected, the family name would be lost for want of male issue, and that, in such case, the baronet of the day would have seven sons, but that the next heir would have seven daughters, and no male children. In 1796 a great crowd of gypsies, thieves, and other lawless characters having behaved in a very unruly manner during the distribution of the dole, the neighbors made an outcry against it, and it has never been given regularly since. In 1803 there was a partial fulfillment of the Lady Mabella's prophecy, for in that year the then head of the family died and left seven sons, the eldest of whom succeeded to the baronetcy, but he died, leaving seven daughters, whereupon that branch of the family took the name of Doughty; so that the Tichborne name was actually merged for a time.



THE HUMAN HAIR MARKET IN ALSACE.

THE HUMAN HAIR MARKET IN ALSACE.

GERMANY yields a great hair crop, and it is all the more valuable because most of the inhabitants are blonde. The scale of value is said to run thus: white, blonde, golden, flaxen, auburn, red; while darker shades are worth little more than half. We shall not be sorry if a day arrives when these poor peasant girls shall become too prosperous to barter away their tresses. But what will the ladies of fashion do then, poor things? Why, they must look for a supply nearer home. Every day there is combed out of the feminine heads of the country loose hair enough to make abundance of chignons. Most of this is burned or otherwise destroyed. In Italy it is sedulously preserved and sold. By the aid of a machine it is straightened and cleansed. The long hair is then made into switches and chignons, while the short hair is used for frisettes. The price of it depends on the color. Light and golden hair are expensive, and white hair the most costly of all.

CHRISTMAS CHURCH DECORATIONS.

PERHAPS our experiences in decorating our iron church at Christmas may be useful. We, of course, have no pillars, and the chief point is to make the east end look as bright as possible. We put a thick wreath in the window, and immediately below it, over the altar, a text in letters of tiny yellow everlastings, fastened on a card-board foundation with glue. These letters were fixed to a board covered with green laurel leaves. Our vestry projects into the church on the left side of the altar, and on that we placed a large text on three graduated boards covered with glazed calico. We work the letters by penciling an outline round patterns, and then

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nail on holly or ivy leaves separately, dotting bunches of berries about. The organ has a text and garland to match. On the bare walls between the windows we put emblems, stars, and triangles, made in wood and covered with leaves of different kinds, sewn on black tape and nailed on; berries here and there. We filled the panels of the pulpit with scarlet flannel, edged with holly leaves. The centre had the monogram of Christ in white everlastings, sewn very thickly on a card-board foundation. The sides were trellised with yew, with tiny medallions of four holly leaves and berries in the centre, at each point. A wreath around top and bottom of Irish ivy; berries and plumes of pampas grass finished it off. Each window had a garland made on laths, which fitted in the window-frames.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MR. JAMES STEWART, of Yonkers, N. Y., reports that a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, No. 38, under his charge, has been hat-binding by steam for nearly 17 years, and will now do as much work as any machine, new or old, of any make. From September, 1868, to 1869, it bound 137,088 hats, and the operator earned $654 17. The previous year she earned $507 48.—[*Com.*]

WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

Of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" are in circulation. The unprecedented success and popularity so justly gained for this harmless and valuable toilet preparation have induced persons to counterfeit it. The genuine has the United States Internal Revenue Stamp engraved on the front label, and the name of G. W. Laird stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle. No other is genuine. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers.
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MESSRS. BEELER & CURRY, 208 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, engrave as fine Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards, and Monograms, and keep as choice a stock of note papers, as can be had in the country. The *Elite* of the Queen City all patronize them.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer never fails to restore the color of the hair. Try it.—[*Com.*]

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE for the hair takes precedence all over the United States.—[*Com.*]

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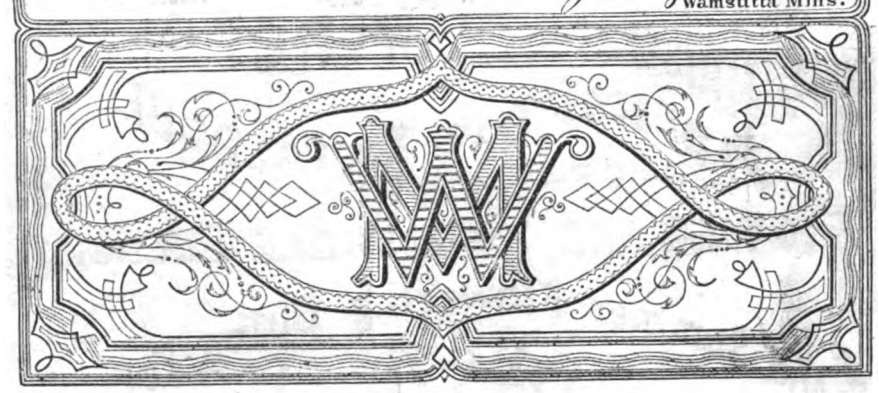

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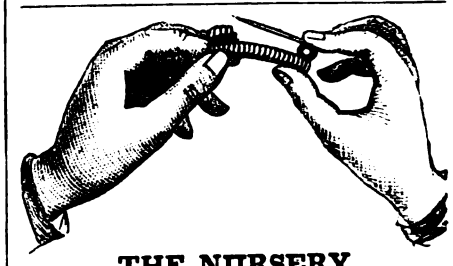

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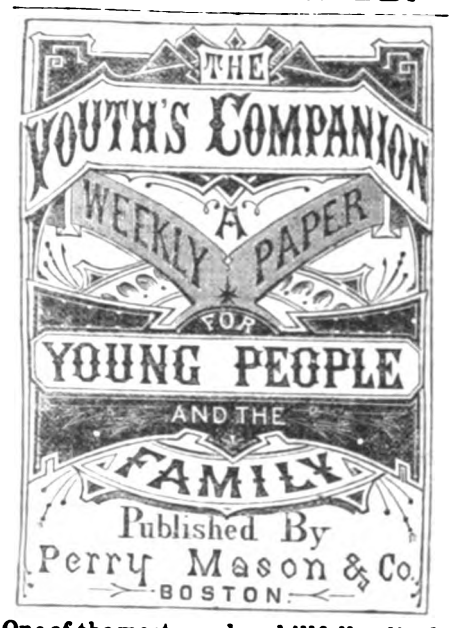

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A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

MABEL. "Is the Party over, and every body gone?"
MAMMA. "Yes, dear! Hush!—go to sleep!"
MABEL (*with an eye to the sweets next day*). "Was it a *Greedy* Party, Mamma?"

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

To find some universal tongue
That all can understand
Has long been wished by old and young
In almost every land.
They never seem to have confessed
What wondrous power lies
In that mute speech, by all possessed,
The Language of the Eyes.

Why can not people be content
With this dumb voice alone?
Perhaps because it says what's meant,
And all that's meant is shown;
So still use artificial speech,
Which hides and mystifies,
For that which truth and nature teach—
The Language of the Eyes!

How much the better should we be
If fewer things were said—
If words spun out less easily
In conversation's thread!
How many questions might we spare,
How many vain replies,
Would we but practice every where
The Language of the Eyes!

But ah! I fear too oft we feel
Shut up in hollow pride;
And what the eye would sure reveal
The word intends to hide.
We can not trust our eyes to speak—
Truth only in them lies—
And falsehood never dares to seek
The Language of the Eyes.

We are not yet so good, alas!
As that we all can say,
Look through these windows, as through glass,
And read our hearts alway;
We yet must suffer speech to fill
The world with sound and lies;
But there will be one true thing still—
The Language of the Eyes.

Ballet girls, who live by their feet, live above their income.

We are told by a tourist that the following sharp lines are written on the sash of a window at Lodore:

"When I see a man's name
Scratched upon the glass,
I know he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass."

A PRETTY THOUGHT—Ham is the poetry of bacon.

PROGRESS AT A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

LADY PATRONESS. "Now, Jane Higgins, can you tell me what is meant by the Fall?"
JANE (*the top of her class*). "Oh e'es, 'm! That there Thing on your Bonnet, 'm!"

FACETIÆ.

IN a country place in France the lady of one of the neighboring châteaux was accustomed, as most French ladies are, to have what might be called her "beggars in ordinary." One of these was waiting, a few months ago, at the door of the château at an early hour of the day. Having gone to bed late the night before, the lady had not risen betimes, and the beggar waxed impatient. At last, turning to the footman, he said, "How long d'ye suppose she'll be before she comes?"

"Really, I can't say," answered the servant: "may-be ten minutes, may be an hour and a half."

"Then I'll tell ye what it is," retorted the mendicant, "she may provide herself with another beggar. Tell her that from me."

And so saying, away he went.

HOW TO CURE A SMOKY CHIMNEY.—Lay the fire very carefully with paper, wood, and coals, but do not light it.

PUTTING HIS BEST FOOT FORWARD.

IRATE OFFICER. "Misther O'Brien, ye're out o' step, Sir!"

SMART PRIVATE. "Shure thin, darlin', it's meself that's the only man in the houl ridgment that's in step, ye mane."

TABLE-RAPPING—After a public dinner.

READING THE CHRISTMAS WEEKLIES.

A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR THE CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

A dentist was recently saved from drowning by a laborer, and from the depths of his grateful heart exclaimed: "Noble, brave, gallant man! how shall I reward you? Only come to my house, and I will cheerfully pull out every tooth you have in your head and not charge you sixpence."

LAGER BEER.—Yes, but some people say nothing can be smaller.

A druggist has a tonic which he says will give its taker an appetite that will enable him to swallow an elephant. We will never swallow any of the tonic, because elephants are scarce hereabouts, and we could not afford to buy one every week or two.

Why is it that people look at their watches to see what's o'clock, yet never look at their clocks to see what's a watch?

A distinguished writer says: "There is a passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the *men*, and that is in the golden rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that *men* should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

Why is flirtation like plate powder?—Because it brightens up spoons.

"Doctor, how can I expand my chest?"

"By constantly carrying a large heart in it."

OUR NURSES.

EXPERIENCED NIGHT NURSE (*sternly*). "Come, come, Sir! you must stop that horrid Noise. If you keep Wheezing and Snoring like that all Night, how am I to get to Sleep?"

FORETHOUGHT.

LIZZY. "What will you be when you grow up?"
SISSY. "Oh, nothing! I'm provided for Years and Years ago!"

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"TOM BEADLE MADE A BOW, AND BLADE-O'-GRASS A COURTESY."

BLADE-O'-GRASS.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "GRIF" AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

MR. MERRYWHISTLE MEETS THE QUEER LITTLE OLD MAN.

TRULY this proved to be a night of coincidences to Mr. Merrywhistle; for he had not walked a mile before he came upon the queer little old man whom he had met on the Royal Exchange. The old fellow was leaning against a lamp-post, smoking a pipe, and seemed to be as much at home in the wide street as he would have been in his own parlor. He looked surly and ill-grained, and his eyebrows were very precipitous. His mild eye was toward Mr. Merrywhistle as that gentleman approached him; and when Mr. Merrywhistle slowly passed him, his fierce eye came in view and lighted upon the stroller. Before he had left the old man three yards behind him, Mr. Merrywhistle fancied he heard a chuckle. He would have dearly liked to turn back and accost the old man, but a feeling of awkwardness was upon him, and he could not muster sufficient courage. Chance, however, brought about an interview. Not far from him was a building that might have been a palace, it was so grand and light. It was a triumph of architecture, with its beautiful pillars, and its elaborate stone-work. Great windows, higher than a man's height, gilt-framed, and blazing with a light that threw every thing around them in the shade, tempted the passer-by to stop and admire. There were three pictures in the windows, and these pictures were so cunningly surrounded by jets of light, that they could not fail to attract the eye. Awful satires were these pictures. Two of them represented the figure of a man under different aspects. On the left, this man was represented with a miserably attenuated face, every line in which expressed woe and destitution; his clothes were so ragged that his flesh peeped through; his cheeks were thin, his lips were drawn in, his eyes were sunken; his lean hands seemed to tremble beneath a weight of misery: at the foot of this picture was an inscription, to the effect that it was the portrait of a man who did *not* drink So-and-so's gin and So-and-so's stout, both of which life's elixirs were to be obtained within. On the right, this same man was represented with full-fleshed face, with jovial eyes, with handsome mouth and teeth, with plump cheeks, with fat hands—his clothes and every thing about him betokening worldly prosperity and happiness: at the foot of this picture was an inscription, to the effect that it was the portrait of the same man who (having, it is to be presumed, seen the error of his ways) *did* drink So-and-so's gin and So-and-so's stout. A glance inside this palace, crowded with misery, would have been sufficient to show what a bitter satire these pictures were. But the centre picture, in addition to being a bitter satire, was awfully suggestive. It was this:

Whether to the artist or to the manufacturer was due the credit of ingeniously parading "Old Tom" in a coffin, can not (through the ignorance of the writer) here be recorded. But there it shone—an ominous advertisement. As Mr. Merrywhistle halted for a moment before these pictures, there issued from the Laboratory of Crime and Disease a man and a woman—he, blotched and bloated; she, worn-eyed and weary—both of them in rags. The woman, clinging to his arm, was begging him to come home—for his sake; for hers; for the children's; for God's! With his disengaged hand he struck at her, and she fell to the ground, bleeding. She rose, however, and wiped her face with her apron, and implored him again and again to come home—and again he struck at her: this time with cruel effect, for she lay in the dust helpless for a while. A crowd gathered quickly, and a hubbub ensued. In the midst of the Babel of voices, Mr. Merrywhistle, looking down, saw the strange old man standing by his side. The same surly, sneering expression was on the old man's countenance, and Mr. Merrywhistle felt half inclined to quarrel with him for it. But before he had time to speak, the old man took the pipe out of his mouth, and pointing the stem in the direction of the chief actors in the scene, said, "I knew them two when they was youngsters."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Merrywhistle, interested immediately, and delighted at the opportunity of opening up the conversation.

"She was a han'some gal; you'd scarce believe it, to look at her now. She 'ad eyes like sloes: though whether sloes is bird, beast, or fish, I couldn't tell ye, but I've heard the sayin' a 'undred times. Anyways, she 'ad bright black eyes, and was a good gal too; but she fell in love"—(in a tone of intense scorn)—"with that feller, and married him, the fool!"

"What has brought them to this?"

"Gin!" said the old man, expelling the word as if it were a bullet, and bringing his fierce eye to bear with all its force upon Mr. Merrywhistle.

Short as was the time occupied by this dialogue, it was long enough to put an end to the scene before them. The woman was raised to her feet by other women, many of whom urged her to "Give him in charge, the brute!" but she shook her head, and staggered away in pain. Very quickly after her disappearance the crowd dissolved, by far the greater part of it finding its way through the swing-doors of the gin-palace, to talk of the event over So-and-so's gin and So-and-so's stout. Not that there was any thing new or novel in the occurrence. It was but a scene in a drama of real life that had been played many hundred times in that locality. Presently the street was quite clear, and Mr. Merrywhistle and the old man were standing side by side, alone. A handy lamp-post served as a resting-place for the old man, who continued to smoke his pipe, and to chuckle between whiles, as if he knew that Mr. Merrywhistle wanted to get up a conversation, and did not know how to commence. As he saw that the old man was determined not to assist him, and as every moment added to the awkwardness of the situation, Mr. Merrywhistle made a desperate plunge.

"When I was on the Royal Exchange to-day—" he commenced.

The old man took his pipe out of his mouth, and expelled a cloud and a chuckle at the same moment.

"I thought you was a-comin' to that," he said. "You owe me a bob."

"What for?"

"I made a bet with you—*to* myself—that the first thing you'd speak about was the Royal Exchange. I bet you a bob—*to* myself—and I won it."

Without hesitation Mr. Merrywhistle took a shilling from his pocket and offered it to the old man, who eyed it with his fierce eye for a moment, doubtingly and with curiosity, and then calmly took possession of it and put it in his waistcoat pocket.

"When you was on the Royal Exchange to-day," he said, repeating Mr. Merrywhistle's words, "you sor a boy and a girl a-beggin'."

"No," exclaimed Mr. Merrywhistle, warmly; "they were *not* begging."

"*You* may call it what you like," said the old man; "but *I* call it beggin'; and so would that identical boy, if I was to ask him. He wouldn't tell *you* so, though. The boy he looked as if he was goin' to die, and you give him a copper or a bit of silver; and you wasn't pleased because I laughed at you for it. Now, then, fire away."

"Was that boy starving? Was he as ill as he looked? Was I—"

"Took in?" added the old man, as Mr. Merrywhistle hesitated to express the doubt. "Why? D'ye want your money back? Lord! he's a smart little chap, is Tom Beadle!"

"You know him, then?"

"Know him!" replied the old man, with a contemptuous snort; "I'd like to be told who it is about 'ere I don't know. And I'd like to know who *you* are. I'm almost as fond of askin' questions as I am of answerin' 'em. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If you expect Jimmy Wirtue to answer your questions, you must make up your mind to answer his'n."

"You're Mr. Virtue, then?"

"You're at it agin. No, I'm not Mr. Virtue" (he had to struggle with the "V" before it would pass his lips), "but Jimmy Wirtue—and that's not Jimmy Wice. What's your'n?"

"Merrywhistle," replied that gentleman, shortly.

Jimmy Virtue was pleased at the quick answer.

"Merrywhistle!" he exclaimed. "That's a rum name—rummer than mine. What more would you like to know? What am I? I keep a leavin'-shop. Where do I live? In Stoney Alley. Now, what are you? and where do *you* live? Are you a Methody parson, or a penny-a-liner, or a detective, or a cove that goes about studyin' human nater, or a feelanthrofist? We've lots o' *them* knockin' about 'ere."

Mr. Merrywhistle was constrained to reply, but found himself unexpectedly in a quandary.

"I'm a—a—oh, I'm Nothing Particular," blurting it out almost in desperation.

"You look like it," chuckled Jimmy Virtue, so tickled by his smart retort as to be satisfied with Mr. Merrywhistle's vague definition of his calling. "We've lots of *your* sort, too, knockin' about 'ere—more than the feelanthrofists, I shouldn't wonder. But I don't think there's any 'arm in you. Jimmy Wirtue's not a bad judge of a face; and he can tell you every one of your organs. 'Ere's Benevolence—you've got that large; 'ere's Ideality—not much o' that; 'ere's Language—shut your eyes; 'ere's Causality—no, it ain't: you 'aven't got it. I can't see your back bumps, nor the bumps atop o' your 'ead; but I could ferret out every one of 'em, if I 'ad my fingers there."

At this moment an individual approached them who would have attracted the attention of the most unobservant. Mr. Merrywhistle did not see his face; but the gait of the man was so singular, that his eyes wandered immediately in the direction of the man. At every three steps the singular figure paused, and puffed, as if he were a steam-engine, and was blowing off steam. One—two—three; puff. One—two—three; puff. One—two—three; puff.

"What on earth is the matter with the man?" exclaimed Mr. Merrywhistle to Jimmy Virtue.

"Nothing that I knows of," replied Jimmy Virtue; "he's been goin' on that way for the last twenty year. If you're lookin' out for characters, you'll get plenty of 'em 'ere. Perhaps you're a artist for one of the rubbishy picter-papers—one of the fellers who sees a murder done in a Whitechapel court one day, and takes a picter of it on the spot from nater; and who sees a shipwreck in the Atlantic the next day, and takes a picter of *that* on the spot from nater. That there man's worth his ten 'undred golden sovereigns a year, if he's worth a penny; and he lives on tuppence a day. The girls and boys about here calls him Three-Steps-and-a-Puff. If you was to go and offer him a ha'penny, he'd take it."

By the time that Three-Steps-and-a-Puff was out of sight, the tobacco in Jimmy Virtue's pipe had turned to dust and smoke, and he prepared to depart also. But seeing that Mr. Merrywhistle was inclined for farther conversation, he said:

"Perhaps you'd like to come down and see my place?"

Mr. Merrywhistle said that he *would* very much like to come down and see Jimmy Virtue's place.

"Come along, then," said Jimmy Virtue, but paused, and said, "Stop a bit; perhaps you wouldn't mind buyin' a penn'orth o' baked taters first."

A baked-potato-can, with a man attached to it, being near them, Mr. Merrywhistle invested a penny, thinking that Jimmy Virtue intended the potatoes for supper.

"Did you ever consider," said the eccentric old man, as they turned down the narrowest of lanes, "that a big city was like a theaytre?"

"No, it never struck me."

"It is, though; there's stalls, and dress-circle, and pit, and gallery, in a big city like London. The west, that's the stalls and private boxes; the north, that's the dress-circle; the south, that's the pit; the east, that's the gallery. This is the penny gallery of the theaytre; 'taint a nice place to lay in."

He stopped before the forms of two children—a boy and a girl—who, huddled in each other's arms, were fast asleep in a gate-way. He stirred them gently with his foot, and the boy started to his feet instantaneously, wide awake, and on the alert for his natural enemies, the police. Mr. Merrywhistle was standing in the abutment of the gate-way, and the boy couldn't see his face; but the well-known form of Jimmy Virtue was instantly recognized; and as the boy sank to the ground, he muttered,

"What's the good of waking us up just as we was a-gettin' warm? You wouldn't like it yourself, Mr. Wirtue, you wouldn't."

Then he crept closer to his companion, and said, sleepily,

"Come along, Bladergrass, let's turn in agin."

The girl, who had been regarding the two dark shadows with a half-frightened, half-imploring look, as if she dreaded that they were about to turn her out of her miserable shelter, nestled in the lad's arms, and the next minute they were asleep again. All blessings were not denied to them.

"I know that lad," said Mr. Merrywhistle.

"You ought to; it's Tom Beadle."

"And he was at the Royal Exchange to-day with that poor little girl?"

"Yes, that was him. You thought he was dyin'. What do you think now?"

Jimmy Virtue seemed to take positive pleasure in putting the affair in the worst light.

Mr. Merrywhistle did not answer the question, but said, in a sad tone, "He begged of me again to-night."

"Did he, though!" exclaimed Jimmy Virtue, admiringly.

"And when I asked him if any one had given him a—a shilling on the Royal Exchange to-day, he took an oath that he hadn't been near the Royal Exchange for a month, and that he had never had a shilling given to him in all his life."

"And did you believe him, and give him any thin'?"

"Yes" (hesitatingly), "I gave him a trifle."

Jimmy Virtue stopped by a post, and held his sides. When he had had his laugh out, he said:

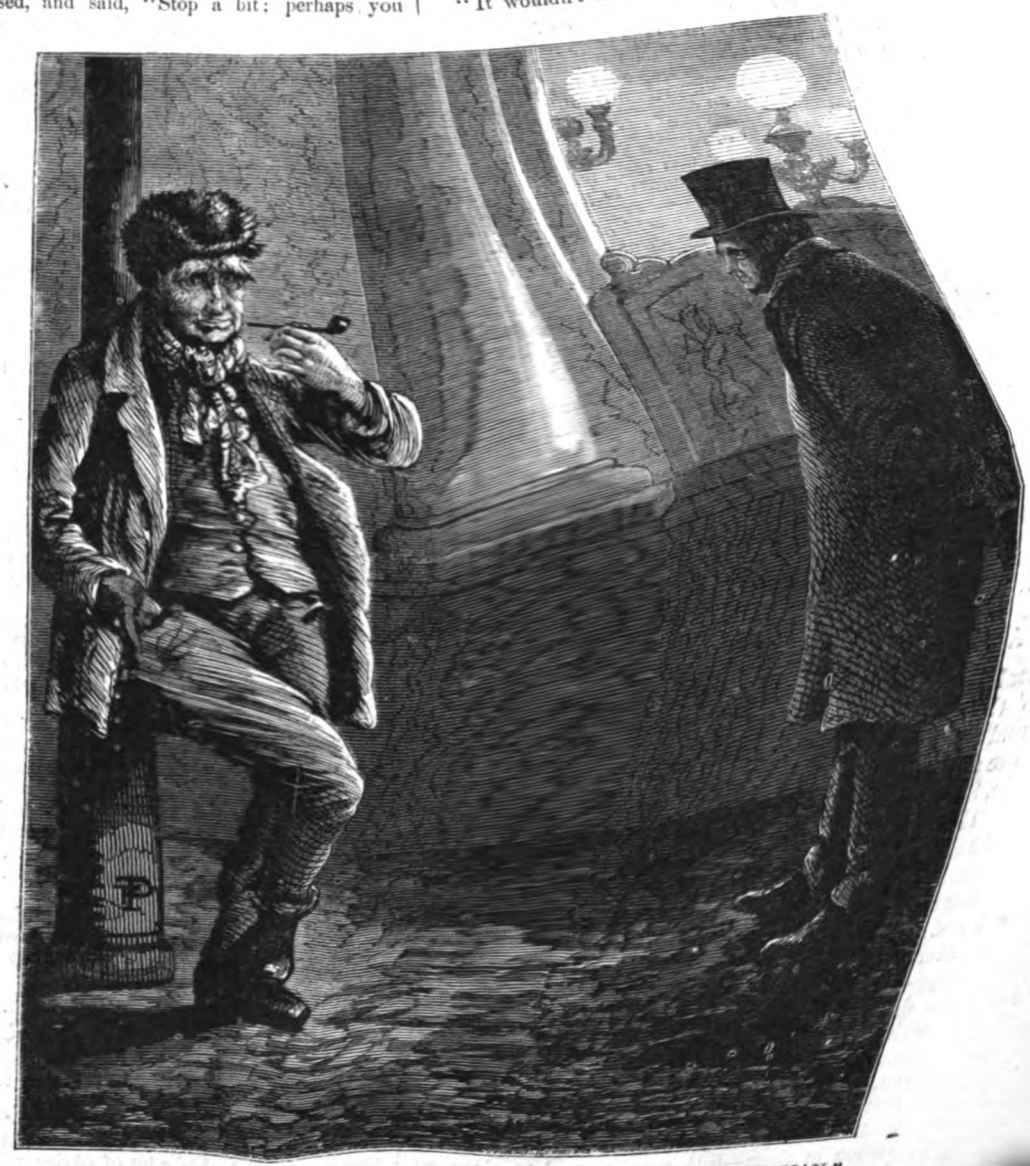
"Tom's a smart little thief. But you're not the first gent he's taken in twice in one day. Come, now, he's taken you in twice with your eyes shut; let him take you in once more with your eyes open."

"I don't understand."

"Them baked taters—"

"Well?"

"It wouldn't be a bad thing—like returnin'



"A HANDY LAMP-POST SERVED AS A RESTING-PLACE FOR THE OLD MAN."

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good for evil, as the preachers say—if you was to go and put them taters in the little girl's lap."

"No—no—no!" exclaimed Mr. Merrywhistle, a little violently, and pausing between each negative, "it 'll be paying a premium for dishonesty and lies."

The good fellow's heart was filled with pain as he uttered these words, which, hotly spoken, served as fuel to flame; for Jimmy Virtue turned upon him almost savagely, and snarled:

"You're a nice article, you are, a-givin' and repentin'! I've been took in by you, I 'ave. If I 'ad my fingers on the back o' your 'ead, I'd find something that would do away with your bumps o' benevolence. Dishonesty and lies! What d'you want, you and the likes? The boy's got to live, ain't he? The boy's got to eat, ain't he? If he can't work and don't beg, what's he to do? Steal? Yah! D'you think he's got money in the bank? D'you think, if he 'ad his pockets full, he'd sleep in the open air, in a gate-way?"

"Stop, stop, my good friend!" implored Mr. Merrywhistle, overcome by remorse at his hard-heartedness. He ran quickly to where the children were lying, and deposited the baked potatoes, and a few coppers as well, in the girl's lap and hands. When he came back to where Jimmy Virtue was standing, he found that worthy only half mollified.

"A-givin' and repentin'," muttered the old man, as he walked toward Stoney Alley, "that's a nice kind o' charity!" Impelled by a sudden thought, he turned back to the gate-way, and kneeling by the side of Blade-o'-Grass, opened her hot hand in which the pence were.

"He's not a bad chap, after all," he murmured, as he retraced his steps, "but it's enough to rile a feller and put a feller's back up, when a man gives and repents."

JIMMY VIRTUE INTRODUCES MR. MERRYWHISTLE TO HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS.

THE moment Mr. Merrywhistle entered the habitation of Jimmy Virtue he felt as if he were mildewed, and an impression stole upon him that he had been lying on a musty shelf for a dozen years at least, and had not been washed during the whole of the time. The place was dark when they entered, and as Mr. Merrywhistle advanced cautiously, he came in contact with soft bundles, from which a mouldy smell proceeded, and which so encompassed him on all sides that he was frightened at every step he moved, lest he should bring confusion on himself. When Jimmy Virtue lighted two melancholy wicks—tallow twelves—Mr. Merrywhistle looked about him in wonder. It was the queerest and the dirtiest of shops, and was filled with bundles of rags. Pocket-handkerchiefs, trowsers, coats, waistcoats, and underclothing of every description met his eye whichever way he turned; faded dresses and dirty petticoats (many with mud still on them, as if they had been taken off in the streets in bad weather) so choked the shelves, that some of them were in danger of bursting out; old boots hung from the ceiling; old crinolines loomed upon him from the unlikeliest of places, and, as he looked timorously up at them, yawned to ingulf him. One, hanging behind the parlor door, in the gloomiest corner, was so disposed that Mr. Merrywhistle's disturbed fancy added the lines of a woman's form hanging in it; and the fancy grew so strong upon him that, although he turned his back to the spot immediately, he could not dismiss the figure of the hanging woman from his imagination. There was an apartment behind the shop which Jimmy Virtue called his parlor; but that was almost as full of rubbish as the shop. Neither in shop or parlor was there fairly room to turn round in; if you wanted to perform that movement, you had to tack for it.

"And this is your dwelling?" observed Mr. Merrywhistle, feeling it incumbent upon him to speak, as Jimmy Virtue led the way into the parlor and motioned him to a seat.

"I don't call it by that name myself," replied Jimmy Virtue, in a not over-polite tone. "It's where I live and gets my livin', and I don't give you more than a quarter of an hour."

By which Mr. Merrywhistle understood that beyond a quarter of an hour it would not be politeness for him to stay.

"Ever been in a leavin'-shop before?" asked the old man.

"No," replied Mr. Merrywhistle; "not that I am aware of. May I ask you what a leaving-shop is?"

"This is," said Jimmy. "All them things you see in the shop and in the parlor—all them crinolines and peddicuts, and boots and dresses—belongs to poor people round about 'ere. I lend 'em a trifle on 'em, and takes care of 'em; and charges 'em a trifle when they take 'em out."

"They don't seem worth much," observed Mr. Merrywhistle, reflectively.

"Perhaps not—to you. But they're worth a deal to them they belongs to. There's a many o' them crinolines and peddicuts that comes in and out like a jack-in-a-box. Their movements are as regular as clock-work. Monday afternoon in, Sunday mornin' out."

Here, to Mr. Merrywhistle's consternation, Jimmy Virtue took out his mild eye—it being a glass one—and with the laconic remark, "A damp night makes it clammy," wiped it calmly, and put it in again. The effect of this upon Mr. Merrywhistle was appalling. To see that mild eye—knowing that it was a glass one, and that a damp night made it clammy—side by side with that fierce eye, which, as he had described, seemed inclined to fly out of its owner's head at you, was almost too much for human endurance. And as Mr. Merrywhistle looked at them—he could not help doing so, there was such a fascination in them—*both* eyes seemed to glare at him, and the glare of the glass was more dreadful and overpowering than the glare of the flesh. Jimmy Virtue, whose one organ of sight was as potent as if he were Argus-eyed, remarked Mr. Merrywhistle's perturbation, and quietly enjoyed it; he did not refer to the subject, however, but considerately treated Mr. Merrywhistle to as much of his glass eye as he could conveniently bestow upon him.

"Speakin' of crinolines and peddicuts," observed Jimmy, recurring to his stock, "they're not the only women's things that's left. We're in the fashion down 'ere, I can tell you. In that box that you're a-settin' on, there's a matter of seven chinons, that I takes care of regularly a week-days—real 'air three of 'em are; them as belongs to 'em I do believe would sooner go without their stockin's a Sundays than without their chinons. And now, jumpin' from one thing to another, I should like to know whether you've got over your repentin' fit, and whether you think Tom Beadle ought to be put in quod for takin' your shilliu' to-day?"

"No; I've no doubt he did it out of necessity. But I wish he hadn't told me—"

"Lies. Don't stop at the word. Out of necessity! Ay, I should think he did, the clever little thief! And necessity's the mother of invention—consequently, necessity's the mother o' lies. You want a friend o' mine to talk to you. He'd argue with you; but I fly into a passion, and ain't got the patience that he's got. He'd talk to you about Tom Beadle and little Blade-o'-Grass, and put things in a way that 'ud stun you to 'ear."

"Little what?"

"Blade-o'-Grass—the little girl that's sleepin' with Tom Beadle in the gate-way."

"What a singular name!—has she a mother and father?"

"No mother; I can't say about father. I remember *him* before the young uns was born. He lived in this alley, and used to come into the shop and leave his wife's things, and talk about the rights of man. The rights of man! I tell you what he thought of them: a little while before his wife was brought to bed, he cut away and left her. She was brought to bed with twins—girls—and after that she died."

"Then Blade-o'-Grass has a sister?"

"Who said she 'as? I didn't. No, she ain't got a sister. I don't know what came o' the other; but that don't matter to Blade-o'-Grass. Here *she* is, poor little devil, and that's enough for her, and more than enough, I'll take my davy on. Time's up."

This was an intimation that it was time for Mr. Merrywhistle to take his departure. Wishing to stand well in the eyes of Jimmy Virtue—notwithstanding the dreadful effect the glass eye had upon him—he rose, and said that he hoped they would meet again; to which Jimmy Virtue said that *he* had no objection.

"What do you say, now," suggested Mr. Merrywhistle, "to you and your friend that you would like to talk to me coming to take a cup of tea or a bit of dinner with me?"

"Which?" asked Jimmy Virtue. "Tea I don't care for."

"Dinner, then."

"A good dinner?"

"Yes."

"Wine?"

"Yes."

Something very like a twinkle shone in the old man's fierce eye. He rubbed his hand over his chin, and said,

"It's worth considerin' on.—When?"

"Next Saturday; any time in the afternoon you like to name."

"That 'ud suit my friend," said Jimmy Virtue, evidently impressed by the prospect of a good dinner; "he leaves off work a Saturdays at two o'clock—"

"Then we'll consider it settled," said Mr. Merrywhistle, eagerly.

"—But I don't know that it 'ud suit *me*," continued Jimmy, the twinkle vanishing, and a calculating look taking its place. "There's the shop. I'd 'ave to shut it up—and then what would the customers do? To be sure, I could put up a notice sayin' that it 'ud be open at nine o'clock. I keep open till twelve, Saturday night."

"Very well; manage it that way."

"I think you told me that you was Nothink Particular when I asked you what you was, and bein' Nothink Particular, time's no account to you. Now it *is* some account to me—it's money." Here he turned his blind eye to Mr. Merrywhistle. "If you want me to shut up my shop for six hours, say, you must make it up to me. If you want Jimmy Wirtue's company, you must pay for Jimmy Wirtue's time."

"That's fair enough," said Mr. Merrywhistle, readily, scarcely hearing the suppressed chuckle to which Jimmy Virtue gave vent at the answer. "What do you value your time at?"

"Sixpence an hour—three shillings for the six hours. Then there's the disappointment to the customers, and the injury to the business; but I'll throw them in."

Without a word, Mr. Merrywhistle took three shillings from his pocket and placed them on the table. Still keeping his blind side to Mr. Merrywhistle, Jimmy Virtue tried the coins with his teeth, and said, "Done!"

Whether he meant that he had "done" Mr. Merrywhistle, or that the word referred to the binding of the invitation to dinner, he did not stop to explain, but asked,

"Where?"

"At the 'Three Jolly Butcher Boys,' Cannon Street," replied Mr. Merrywhistle, not being confident that the resources of his establishment in Buttercup Square would be sufficient to satisfy his new and eccentric acquaintance.

"That's settled, then," said Jimmy, "and I'll bring my friend at four o'clock. And now, if you don't mind takin' a bit of advice, take this—never you go talkin' to strangers agin at such a time o' night as this, and never you accept another invitation to visit a man you don't know nothin' of."

"But I knew I could trust you," said Mr. Merrywhistle, smiling.

"Did you?" exclaimed Jimmy. "Then I wouldn't give the snuff of a candle for your judgment. I'll see you out of this, if you please."

So saying, he led his visitor out of the shop. Mr. Merrywhistle could not, for the life of him, help casting a hurried glance over his shoulder in the direction of the special crinoline which had so distressed him; and again the fancy came upon him that he saw a woman hanging behind the door. When he was in the open, however, this fancy vanished, and he breathed more freely. They stopped to look at the sleeping forms of Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass in the gate-way. The children were fast locked in each other's arms, and were sleeping soundly.

In the wider thoroughfare, Jimmy Virtue bade Mr. Merrywhistle "good-night," and as he walked back to his shop in Stoney Alley, amused himself by polishing his glass eye with a dirty pocket-handkerchief, and chuckling over the remembrances of the night.

In the mean time Mr. Merrywhistle made his way to Buttercup Square, not ill pleased with his adventure. But in the night he was tormented by singular dreams, the most striking one of which contained the horrible incident of Jimmy Virtue glaring at him with his glass eye, and swallowing at one gulp a huge baked potato, with Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass sticking in the middle of it.

THE STRANGE IDEA OF HALLELUJAH ENTERTAINED BY BLADE-O'-GRASS.

PUNCTUALLY at four o'clock on Saturday, Jimmy Virtue, accompanied by his friend, presented himself to Mr. Merrywhistle at the "Three Jolly Butcher Boys." It might reasonably have been expected that Jimmy would have made some change for the better in his appearance, in honor of the occasion; but Mr. Merrywhistle fancied that, out of defiance, Jimmy had allowed the accumulated dust of days to lie thick upon his clothes, and that he had purposely neglected to brush them. Indeed, he almost asserted as much by his manner: You saw what I was, and you forced yourself upon me; you invited me and my friend to dinner, and you must take the consequences. His only eye, as it blazed at Mr. Merrywhistle from under its precipice of bushy hair, seemed to be asking of that gentleman how he liked its owner's appearance: and it softened somewhat in the kindly glances from Mr. Merrywhistle, whose countenance was beaming with amiability and good nature.

"This is my friend that I spoke of," said Jimmy Virtue; "his name is Truefit—Robert Truefit. Truefit by name, and Truefit by nature. This is Mr. Merrywhistle, who sometimes gives and repents."

Robert Truefit came forward with a manly bow, and, when Mr. Merrywhistle offered his hand, shook it cordially.

"My friend, Mr. Virtue, here—" he said, and was about to proceed, when the old man struck in with,

"Now, I won't have it, Bob; I won't have it. None of your misters because we're before company. It's Jimmy Wirtue when we are alone, and it's Jimmy Wirtue now; and if you're a-goin' to say any thin' in apology for me, don't. I don't want apologies made for me, and I won't 'ave 'em."

Robert Truefit laughed, and said, "We must let old Jimmy have his way, Sir, so I won't say what I was going to say." Robert Truefit was about thirty years of age, and was a stone-mason by trade. He had a shrewd, intelligent face, and clear brown eyes, which, young as he was, already showed the signs of much thought. He was as manly a fellow as you would wish to look upon, and in his speech and manner there was a straightforwardness which at once won for him the good opinion of those with whom he came in contact. So conspicuous was this straightforwardness of speech and manner, that he was often called Straightforward Bob by his comrades and those who knew him intimately. Directly you set eyes upon him, you received the impression, not only that he was a man to be depended upon, but that he was one who was apt to form his own opinions, and would stand by them through thick and thin, unless absolutely convinced, through his reason, that they were wrong. He had a wife who adored him, and children who looked up to him in love and respect as to a king. He was a true type of English manhood and English shrewd common-sense.

By the time the few words were exchanged, dinner was on the table, and Mr. Merrywhistle motioned his guests to be seated. But Jimmy Virtue, turning his blind eye to his host, said, with an odd smile, "I've got two more friends outside. May I bring them in?"

Without waiting for Mr. Merrywhistle's consent, he went to the door and brought forward Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass. Presenting them to Mr. Merrywhistle, he went through a kind of mock-introduction. Mr. Thomas Beadle, Miss Blade-o'-Grass, Mr. Merrywhistle.

Tom Beadle made an awkward bow, and Blade-o'-Grass made a still more awkward courtesy. Blade-o'-Grass was the only one of the four guests who had thought fit to do honor to the occasion in the matter of dress. Jimmy Virtue, as you have seen, had made himself shabbier than usual; Robert Truefit was in his working clothes; and it would have been simply impossible for Tom Beadle to have made any change in his garments, unless he had stolen them, or had had them given to him. But Blade-o'-Grass, who, like Tom Beadle, possessed no other clothes than those she stood upright in—and those were as ragged as clothes could be—had by some strange means acquired a bonnet, and it was on her head now. Such a bonnet! If it had been gifted with a tongue, it could doubtless have told a strange story of its career. For although now it was only fit for a dunghill, it had been a fine bonnet once; and torn and soiled as it was, the semblance of a once fashionable shape was still dimly recognizable. But Blade-o'-Grass was proud of it, wrecked and fallen as it was from its high estate.

Now it may as well be confessed at once, that Tom Beadle was not at his ease. When he had made his awkward bow, he raised his eyes to the face of Mr. Merrywhistle, and recognized him. He did not know where he was going to when Jimmy Virtue had asked him if he would like to have a good dinner; and when he recognized Mr. Merrywhistle, he sent a reproachful look at Jimmy Virtue, and involuntarily squared his arms and elbows to ward off the knock on the head he expected to receive. But as Jimmy Virtue only chuckled (knowing the fear that possessed Tom Beadle), and as Mr. Merrywhistle was gentleness itself, the lad, after a time, became reassured, though he still kept his elbows ready.

"You sit down in the corner," said Jimmy Virtue to the children, "and when we've finished dinner you may eat what's left."

"Nay," said Mr. Merrywhistle, chiming in with the humor of his guest; "there is more than enough for all. Let them eat with us." And he placed the children at the table, where they sat watching the filling of their plates with gloating wonderment.

"Stop a minute, young uns," said Jimmy Virtue, arresting their uplifted forks, which they were clumsily handling. "Grace before meat. Repeat after me: For this bit o' luck—"

"For this bit o' luck," they repeated.

"Let us say—" he.

"Let us say—" they.

"Hallelujah!"

"Alleloojah."

"Now you can fire away."

And fire away they did, eating as hungry children only can eat—never lifting their heads once from their plates until they had cleaned them out; then they looked up for more.

Jimmy Virtue was quite as busily employed as the children, and ate and drank with an air of intense enjoyment. Robert Truefit had more leisure. He ate very little, having had his dinner at one o'clock. Scarcely any conversation took place until dinner was over. Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass had eaten their fill, but they still held their knives and forks in their hands, and looked eagerly at the remains of the meal. Jimmy Virtue's face had a purplish tinge on it, and his fierce eye had a mellow light in it, as he saw the children looking eagerly at the food.

"What was it you found in your lap the other mornin'?" he asked of Blade-o'-Grass.

"Nothin'," was the reply.

"Not baked taters?"

"No; we didn't 'ave 'em in the mornin'. Tom and me woke up in the middle o' the night and eat 'em."

"Wasn't you astonished to find baked taters in your lap when you woke up?"

"No; we was pleased."

"Do you know who put 'em there?"

"The baked-tater man?" asked Blake-o'-Grass, after a little consideration.

"No; it wasn't him. Guess agin."

Blade-o'-Grass considered, and shook her head; but suddenly a gleam lighted up her face. She pulled Tom Beadle to her, and whispered in his ear.

"She ses, if yer please," said Tom, "that p'r'aps it was Alleloojah."

At this suggestion Jimmy Virtue was seized with one of his fits of noiseless laughter; but both Mr. Merrywhistle and Robert Truefit looked grave. Blade-o'-Grass and Tom Beadle saw nothing either grave or ludicrous in the suggestion, for their attention was fully occupied in the contemplation of the food that was on the table. Mr. Merrywhistle, who was observing their rapt contemplation of the remains of the feast, observed also Jimmy Virtue's fiery eye regarding him.

"It's your'n?" questioned the old man of his host.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"You pay for it, whether it's eat or not?"

"Yes."

"Give it to the young uns."

"How will they take it away?"

"In a newspaper."

Sharp Tom Beadle followed every word of the dialogue, and his lynx eyes were the first that saw a newspaper on a sofa in the room. He jumped from his seat and brought forward the paper, his eyes glistening with hope. Mr. Merrywhistle and Jimmy Virtue wrapped up what remained of the joint of meat in the newspaper.

"Food for mind and body," said Robert Truefit, as the parcel was given to Tom.

Tom ducked his head, without in the least knowing what Robert Truefit meant—and not caring either. His great anxiety was to get away, now that he had as much as was likely to be given to him. Blade-o'-Grass shared his anxiety. The gift of the food was such a splendid one—there really was a large quantity of meat left on the joint—that she feared it was only given to them "out of a lark," as she would have expressed it, and that it would be taken from them presently. A premonition was upon her that she would be hungry to-morrow.

The children stood in painful suspense before the grown-up persons. Their anxiety to be dismissed was so great that they threw restless glances around them, and shuffled uneasily with their feet. But Mr. Merrywhistle had something to say first. He had great difficulty in commencing, however. He coughed and hesitated and almost blushed, and looked at Jimmy Virtue in a shame-faced kind of way.

"The other day," at length he commenced, addressing himself to Tom Beadle, "when I

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saw you and Blade-o'-Grass on the Royal Exchange—"

Tom, in the most unblushing manner, was about to asseverate, upon his soul and body, that he was not near the Royal Exchange, when Jimmy Virtue's warning finger and Jimmy Virtue's ominous eye stopped the lie on his lips.

"—On the Royal Exchange," continued Mr. Merrywhistle, "and gave you—a—a shilling, were you really ill, as you seemed to me to be?"

A look of triumphant delight flashed into Tom Beadle's eyes. "Did I do it well, Sir?" he cried, nudging Blade-o'-Grass. "Did I look as if I was a-dyin' by inches?"

Mr. Merrywhistle winced, as if he had received a blow.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" he exclaimed, gently, "are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"No," answered Tom, without hesitation, his manner instantly changing.

Blade-o'-Grass, perceiving, with her quick instinct, that something was wrong, and that Tom was likely to get into disgrace because he had made the gentleman believe that he was dying by inches, stepped forward chivalrously to the rescue.

"If you please, Sir," she said, "you mus'n't blame Tom. It was all along o' me he did it."

Thereupon the following colloquy took place:

ROBERT TRUEFIT. Bravo, Blade-o'-Grass!

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE [*only too ready to receive justification*]. Come here, child. How was it all along of you?

TOM BEADLE [*taking moral shelter behind Blade-o'-Grass*]. Tell the gent the truth, Bladergrass; he won't 'urt you. Tell him about the tiger.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE [*in amazement*]. The tiger!

BLADE-O'-GRASS [*gravely*]. Yes, Sir; I got a tiger in my inside.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE. Who on earth put such a monstrous idea into the child's head?

BLADE-O'-GRASS. Mr. Wirtue knows all about it, and so does all the others in Stoney Alley.

JIMMY VIRTUE [*nodding gravely in confirmation*]. Yes, she's got a tiger. Tell the gentleman what it does to you, Blade-o'-Grass.

BLADE-O'-GRASS. Eats up every think as goes down my throat, Sir; swallers every blessed bit I puts in my mouth; and when I ain't got nothink to give it, tears at me like one o'clock. Tom's giv me grub for it orfen and orfen, Sir: I don't know what I should 'a done lots o' times if it 'adn't been for 'im. [*Mr. Merrywhistle sheds a kindly glance on Tom Beadle, who receives it with an air of injured innocence*]. Well, Sir, last Monday the tiger was a-goin' on orfle, and I was so sick that I begins to cry. Then Tom comes up, and arks me what I'm cryin' for; and I tells 'im that the tiger's a-worryin' the inside out o' me. Tom feels in 'is pockets, but he ain't got a copper to give me; so he ses, "Come along o' me," ses Tom; and he ketches 'old of my 'and, and takes me to the Royal Igschange. Then he ses, ses Tom, "If any body arks you, Bladergrass, just you say that I'm your brother, a-dyin' of consumption. I'm a-dyin' by inches, I am." And I cries out, Sir, for Tom looked jist as if he *was* a-dyin' by inches. [*A smile of triumph wreathes Tom Beadle's lips; he has the proper pride of an artist*]. But Tom tells me not to be frightened, for he's only a-shammin'. Then the peeler tells us to move on, and you comes up and gives Tom a shillin'; and the first thing Tom does is to buy a poloney for me and a 'unk o' bread for the tiger.

TOM BEADLE. I wish I may die, Sir, if she ain't told the truth, the 'ole truth, and nothin' but the truth, so 'elp me Bob!

Blade-o'-Grass gazes at Mr. Merrywhistle eagerly, and with glistening eyes, and seeing that her vindication of Tom has raised him in the estimation of their benefactor, nods at her ragged companion two or three times in satisfaction. Mr. Merrywhistle, in his heart of hearts, forgives Tom for the deception—nay, finds justification for it; and the children are allowed to depart with their spoil.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE. That's a sad sight and a sad tale.

ROBERT TRUEFIT. England's full of such sights and such tales.

Jimmy Virtue pricked up his ears. He knew when his friend Bob was "coming out," and he prepared himself to listen by taking out his glass eye and contemplating it with his fierce eye, polishing it up the while.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE [*gently*]. Not full of such sights, surely?

ROBERT TRUEFIT. Yes, full of them, unfortunately. Take London. There are thousands and thousands of such children in such positions as Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass, hanging about the courts and alleys—pushed out of sight, one might almost say. And as London is, so every other large English city is. If they haven't shoals of boys and girls growing up to men and women in one bad way, they have them in another bad way. I know what old Jimmy got me here for to-day—he wanted me to talk; he knows I'm fond of it.

JIMMY VIRTUE. Bob ought to be in Parleyment. He'd tell 'em somethin'.

ROBERT TRUEFIT. That's a specimen of old Jimmy's flattery, Sir. I don't see what good I could do in Parliament. I've got to work for my living, and that takes up all my time. If I were in Parliament, I should have to get money somehow to support my wife and family, and it isn't in my blood to become a pensioner. Besides, I should be contented enough with what's called "the ruling powers" if they'd only turn their attention more to such social questions as this.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE. Ah, I'm glad of that; I'm glad you're not a republican.

ROBERT TRUEFIT. Not I, Sir, though I don't know what I might become by-and-by; for there's no denying that things are unequal, and that working-men are talking of this inequality more and more every year. You'd be surprised to know what they think about this and that. And although I don't go so far as some of them do, I can't help agreeing with them in many things.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE. But what do they want? Equality? Such a thing is impossible.

ROBERT TRUEFIT. I know it is. You'd have to do away with brains before you got that; though there *are* a many who believe that it is to be arrived at. Some of them are fools, and some of them are rogues; but some of them have really worked themselves up into absolute belief.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE. Discontented people are to be found every where, and under any form of government.

ROBERT TRUEFIT. Ay, that's the way a great many sum up; when they say that, they think they have found out the cause, and that the matter is settled. 'Tisn't the sensible way to view it.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE. What is the reason, then, of this spread of feeling among workingmen?

ROBERT TRUEFIT. That's a large question, and would take too long to answer. But I think the penny newspaper is partly accountable for it. They can afford to buy the penny and half-penny newspaper, and they read them, and talk more among themselves. You see, things press upon them. They are arriving at a sort of belief that the laws are made more for the protection and benefit of property than for the protection and benefit of flesh and blood; and as *their* value in the market doesn't lie in land and money, but in bone and muscle, the idea isn't pleasant to them.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE. But surely they are not right in this idea?

ROBERT TRUEFIT. Are they not? Read the newspapers, and you'll find they are. Why, a man may do any thing to flesh and blood, short of murder, and the law won't be very hard on him. But let him touch property, ever so little, and down it comes on him like a sledge-hammer. I'll tell you what I read in the police reports this morning. A man is had up at the police court for beating his wife. The woman is put into the box, with marks on her face and with her head bandaged; the man doesn't deny that he beat her, and half a dozen witnesses prove that he beat her cruelly; the floor of the room in which they lived was covered with blood-stains. There is no excuse for him; no aggravation on her part is set up; a doctor states that if one of the blows she received had been a little more on the left of her head, she would have been killed; and the man gets three months' hard labor. Afterward a man is brought up for stealing three-and-sixpence. He is miserably dressed, and there is want in his face. The evidence in this case is quite as clear as in the other. The prisoner snatched a purse, containing three-and-sixpence, out of a man's hand, and ran away. Being searched, not a farthing is found upon him, nor any thing of the value of a farthing. The man does not deny the theft, and says he wanted a meal; the police know nothing of him; and he gets three months' hard labor. Compare these equal sentences with the unequal offenses, and you will see the relative value of property and human flesh in the criminal market.

JIMMY VIRTUE. Bob puts it plainly, doesn't he?

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE. But these cases must be rare.

ROBERT TRUEFIT. They are very common; and these two cases that I have put side by side are two of the mildest. Listen to this—another wife-beating case: Husband comes home at noon. What kind of man he is may be guessed from his words to his wife: "I've something to tell thee, you ——! I'm going to murder thee, you ——!" He takes off his jacket, calls his bull-dog, and sets it at his wife. As the dog flies at the woman, her husband hits her in the face; the dog drags her from the sofa, with its teeth in her flesh (it is almost too horrible to tell, but it is true, every word of it), and the husband jumps upon her, and kicks her on the head and shoulders. Imploring him to have mercy upon her, crying for help, the woman is dragged by the dog from room to room, tearing flesh out of her. The frightful struggle continues for some time, until the woman manages to make her escape from the house. It is dreadful to read the doctor's description of the state of the woman, and how he feared, for three or four days, that mortification would set in. The man is sentenced to—what do you think? Six months' hard labor. About the same time, a very young man is found guilty of stealing twenty shillings' worth of metal, and he gets seven years' penal servitude. But I could multiply these instances. You may say that such cases as these have nothing to do with the broad question of misgovernment; but I maintain that they have. You get your criminal material from such places as Stoney Alley, where poor Blade-o'-Grass lives; and yet Stoney Alley is as bad now—ay, and worse than it was fifty years ago. The law knows of its existence, has its wakeful eye upon it; but what has the law done for its good, or for the good of those who live there? Take the case of Blade-o'-Grass. What does the law do for her?—and by the law you must understand that I mean the governing machinery for keeping society in order, and for dispensing justice to all—out of our police courts as well as in them. Think of the story she told, and the way in which she told it. There is capacity for good in that child—ay, and in Tom Beadle too. Can you doubt that, but for your charity, she might have died of hunger?

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE [*eagerly*]. Then you don't disapprove of indiscriminate charity?

ROBERT TRUEFIT. Not I; I don't disapprove of a man putting his hand into his pocket, and exercising a benevolent impulse. Your lip-philanthropists, who preach against indiscriminate charity—what would they do for Blade-o'-Grass? What *would* they do! What *do* they do? "Work," they say. But they don't give her work; don't even teach her how to work, if such a miracle happened to fall in her way. And all the while the policeman says, "Move on." I know something, through Jimmy here, of Blade-o'-Grass—a hapless waif, an incumbrance, a blot, serving as a theme for countless meetings and oceans of words. What business has she in the world? But she came, unfortunately for herself, and she is so legislated for that to live is her greatest affliction.

JIMMY VIRTUE. It's my opinion that a good many of the fellers who preach agin indiscriminate charity only do so as an excuse for buttonin' up their pockets.

ROBERT TRUEFIT [*laughing*]. And their hearts as well, Jimmy. You put me in mind of something I saw last Sunday in Upper Street, Islington. The people were coming out of church. A couple—evidently man and wife—were walking before me, talking on religious matters—or, rather, he was talking and she was listening. I passed them just as he was saying, "If I haven't got the grace of God in my heart, I'd like to know who *has* got it?" and at the same moment as forlorn-looking a woman as ever I set eyes on intercepted him, and courtesied, and held out her hand imploringly. He pushed her aside surlily, and with a sour look on his face, and walked along talking of the grace of God. The woman may have been an impostor—in other words, a professional beggar; but I should be sorry to call that Grace-of-God man my friend. No, Sir, I don't think that it is a good thing to crush a kindly impulse, or that we should treat our best feelings and emotions as so many figures in a sum. It is not the giver who makes beggars. The fault is in the system, which opens no road for them at the proper time of their lives.

Mr. MERRYWHISTLE [*sadly*]. But tell me: do you see no remedy for these ills?

ROBERT TRUEFIT. The remedy is simple. Commence at the right end. Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it. And by the same rule, Train up a child in the way it shouldn't go, and when it is old it will not depart from it. It is almost time for me and Jimmy to be off. Jimmy wants to open his shop, and I want to get home to my wife; but I'll just try to explain what I mean. Two poor boys, one six and one nine years of age, lost their mother; a few weeks afterward they were caught taking some potatoes from a garden. The presumption is that they were hungry. The potatoes were valued at one penny. The boys were sent to prison for fourteen days, and the state thus commenced their education. I will conclude with a personal experience. I had occasion to go to Liverpool some little time ago, and on the day that I was to return to London I saw a girl standing against a wall, crying bitterly. She was a pretty girl, of about sixteen years of age. I went and spoke to her, and soon saw that the poor girl was utterly bewildered. It appeared that she had landed that morning in Liverpool, having been brought by her sister from Ireland, and that her sister had deserted her. A more simple, artless girl I never met, and she hadn't a penny in her pocket, nor a friend in the Liverpool wilderness. I thought to myself, This girl will come to harm. Hungry, friendless, pretty— I went to a policeman, and told him the story. The policeman scratched his head. "Is she a bad girl?" he asked. I was shocked at the question, and said no, I was sure she was not; that she was a simple, good girl, almost a child—and was as complete an outcast as if she were among savages. The policeman shrugged his shoulders, and said, civilly enough, that he couldn't do any thing. "What did you mean by asking if she was a bad girl?" I asked. "Well, you see," he answered, "if she was a bad girl, and wanted to be took care of, I could take her somewhere." "Where she *would* be taken care of?" I asked. "Yes," he answered. "And have food given to her?" "Yes." "But a good girl," I said, "homeless, friendless, and hungry—" "Can't interfere with *them*," said the policeman. "She'll have to qualify herself for a refuge, then," I could not help saying, bitterly, as I turned away, leaving the poor girl in her distress; for I could do nothing, and had only enough money to take me third-class to London. There, Sir! You can draw your own moral from these things. Many a working-man is drawing conclusions from suchlike circumstances, and the feeling that statesmen are ignoring the most important problems of the day is gaining strength rapidly. For my own part, I honestly confess that, without one tinge of socialism or even republicanism in my veins, I am not satisfied with things as they are.

With these words, spoken very earnestly, Robert Truefit, accompanied by Jimmy Virtue, took his departure. But Jimmy Virtue found time to whisper in Mr. Merrywhistle's ear,

"Didn't I tell you Bob 'ud talk to you? It ain't dear at sixpence an hour, is it?"

Mr. Merrywhistle said no; it was not at all dear, and he hoped soon to see them again.

"All right," said Jimmy Virtue, with a last flash from his fierce eye; "when you like;" and so departed.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NO. 2, VOL. V.]

WASHINGTON'S WATCH.

IN the heart of the Ramapo Hills stands a massive mountain, called the Torn. It rises in sturdy solitude and to a great height, lifting its bare and rocky face from beautiful green forest garments, and frowning down on the valley which encircles it and the submissive river that winds its way up to kiss its feet. This mountain is called the Torn because it looked to the early Dutch settlers in old days so much like a tower, and *torn* was their name for tower. Indeed, it rises up like a regular bastion on a fort, and seems to have been placed there by the primeval wilderness to fend off the advancing civilization of men. But in these days of railroads and telegraphs we can very easily flank such a fortress, and the Torn has long since ceased to hinder any one's progress to the West. It stands quite neglected now. Very few people tread its steep and toilsome sides, and it gazes down on the villages and iron-works of the valley, and the railroad winding like a great serpent around its base, as if in silent bitterness, seeming sadly to recall the days when only Indian feet were masters of its neck, and only Indian camp-fires stained the bright blue air about its head. If you climb it, you find the highest point to be a great jutting yellow rock, which commands a splendid view. On a clear summer's day you can see from it almost to New York. And this is the very rock which makes the great hill look so much like a tower from below. In this rock is a long crack, or crevice, only two or three inches wide, but so deep and dark that you can not see to the bottom of it, nor any thing in it—not even if you put your eye quite close. Now there is a story to this rock and this crack, as there is to every rock and crack and every speck of dust under the sun, only people don't always take the trouble to find them out. But the legend of the Torn rock is very short and plain, and therefore easy to find out.

People say that in the time of the great Revolution Washington came here when he had been beaten on Long Island, at the beginning of the war, and was retreating through Northern New Jersey. He came with one of his generals up to the top of the Torn rock to find out the position of the English troops who were pursuing him. When he had finished looking through his telescope he saw from the darkening air that it was growing late, and took out his watch to see what time it was. Now it so happened that the watch had become loosened in some way from the chain, and as Washington put it back to his pocket it slipped into the deep black crevice instead. And they say that it lies there yet.

But the strangest part of the story is that it has never stopped going. Yes, there it is, down in the dark crack, ticking gravely and steadily and hopefully, as if it were waiting every instant to be put back into that illustrious pocket from which it came, and dared not run down meanwhile. And its great, round, white Dutch face—for it is an old-fashioned fellow—stares calmly into the surrounding darkness, and continues to tell the time with most needless precision; for what do the bats and snakes and crawling things that take refuge there care for time? And who else is there to look into the old watch's innocent face and confide in his faithful reply?

Ah, they whisper that the watch is keeping time, not for the bats, or snakes, or owls, but for Washington himself, and the great nation that Washington made and guarded through its childhood. Yes, it ticks and ticks away forever on that lonely mountain height, chattering of the great deeds done in its early days, when it filled Washington's watch-pocket so comfortably, and of the important services it rendered the great chieftain. It tells how he never would have gotten his rear-guard across the Hudson in time to escape the pursuing British, had not he, the old gold watch, whispered, "It is time! it is time!" How he had always reminded Washington that not a moment was to be lost in pushing the great cause of American liberty, and how, in fact, he had been the mainspring and guide of many an important act. But this is not all it talks of. With all these memories of the past, Washington's watch still never fails to keep time with the present day. That, indeed, is his chief business. People may say what they like about time being regulated by the City Hall, or Tiffany's, or the railroad clock, but, in fact, it is Washington's watch that is at the bottom of it all. It goes on year after year with its steady, swinging tick, and gives the time. But though it always seems to keep exactly the same rate of going, it is nevertheless as much in accordance with the present time as with that in which it was made. And this is very wonderful, for you must know that times change very much, and it is not every one born in one time who can keep up with another and later time. However, our time gets too fast to suit the old watch occasionally, and then it begins to tick very hoarsely, and to cry out, "Not so fast! not so fast!" until the country gets quiet again, and settles down to its regular rate of going. For you know it is not good to go too fast: it often brings on the heart-disease. You will see that the doctor, next time he comes to see you, will try your pulse; and if he finds it very fast he will look solemn and serious, and say you have fever. Well, when our time settles itself down again, Washington's watch stops being gruff and hoarse, and sings in a delicious, contented voice, "Cluck! That is right! that is right!"

And so the old watch will go on, as long as the republic lasts, keeping our time and all future times, let us hope, steady, and not let them run too fast or off the track. Some foolish people talk now and then of a king or an emperor, and of breaking up the republic. But I will confide to you that if ever the republic is broken up, Washington will have nothing more to do with us, and his watch will leave time to take care of itself. His watch will snap, and crumble away, and never tick to us any more from the mountain-head.

Such is the story of the Torn—at least, the tradition that came down from the Dutch settlers in that neighborhood, though some unbelieving people say that the Dutch were too fat and lazy to climb to the top of the mountain and find out whether the watch were really ticking or not, and that the whole story is improbable.

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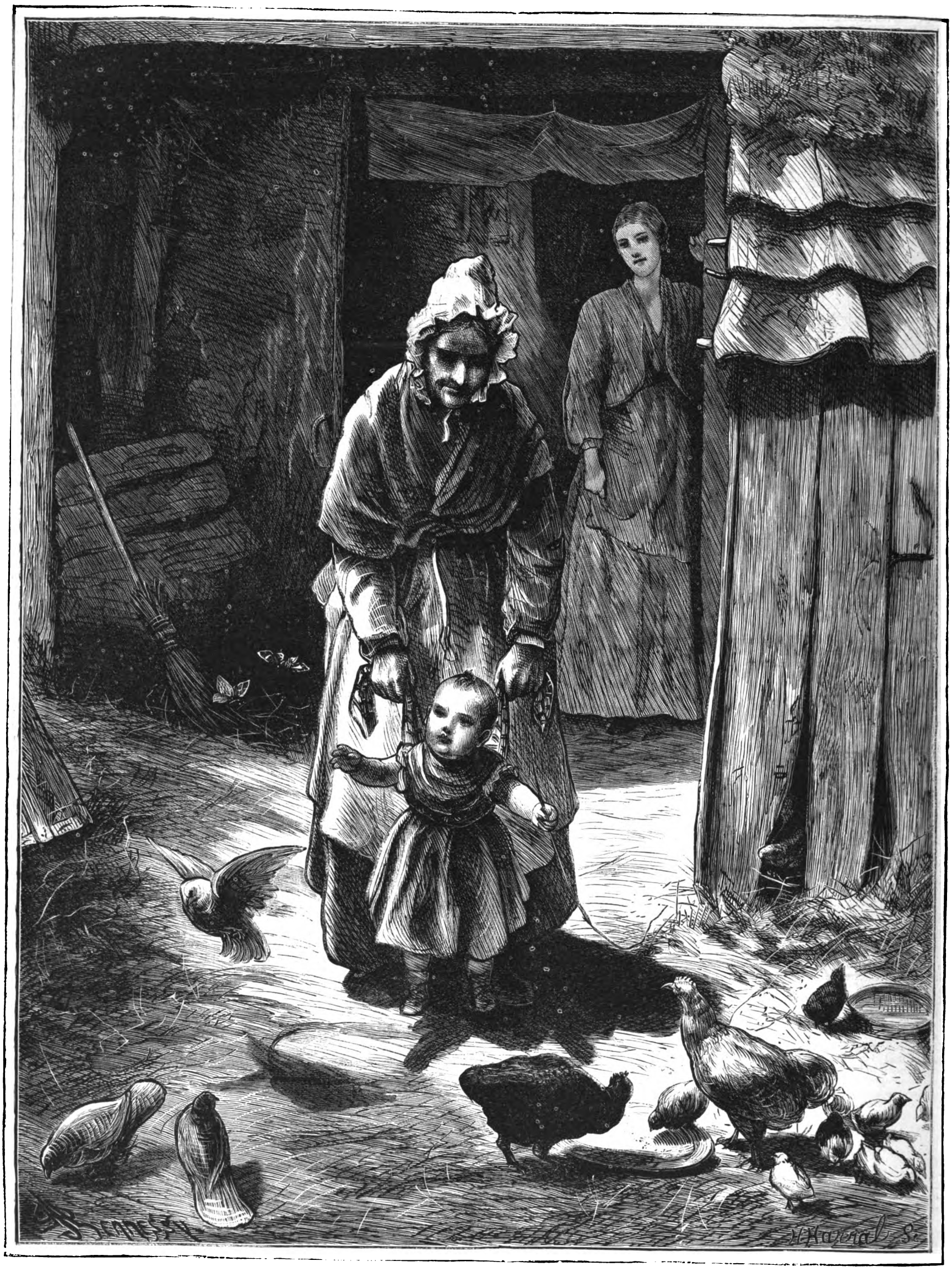

GRANDMOTHER'S DARLING.—[DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.]

GRANDMOTHER'S DARLING.

IT is a joyful day in the household when grandmother's darling essays his first step, with the aid of leading-strings carefully held by her aged hands. The proud mother looks on with a happy smile, and even the ducks and chickens pause in their meal to flutter and wonder at the coming of their new master. But the young hero is the happiest of all. Glad in the consciousness of a newly acquired power, he stands, like Columbus, with a whole world before him to explore, and never dreams of the perils that await him in the discovery. Why should he, with his first step so tenderly guarded? But this loving care, which seemingly can follow him but a little way, will fill his mind with moral strength, which is better than leading-strings, and which, let us trust, will carry him safely over the rough paths of the future.

GOLDEN HOURS.

See illustration on page 845.

GOLDEN hours, indeed, are those spent with those we love. In this charming picture we imagine a twilight, with the last golden ray of the setting sun stealing in through the blind o cheat our lovers into the belief that the day has not yet departed. They sit side by side, murmuring tender words to each other as a minor accompaniment to the nocturne which the sister is playing at the piano. The mingled fragrance of the fruit and flowers blends with the music, and fills the room with a dreamy atmosphere, in harmony with the golden moments that make up the lovers' hour. The harmony is perfect, and we can fancy we hear the maiden murmuring Sir Philip Sidney's melodious rhymes:

"My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given.
I hold his dear, and mine he can not miss;
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his."

THE BREAKING OF A SHELL.

I.—THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

MY story opens with a death which happened many years ago.

Picture to yourself a deep chasm in the earth, crowned by a rough, disorderly ramp, from which peer out ends of brush-wood, stumps, broken basket-work, littered over by rusted, jagged iron fragments, and that, crouched in a sheltered corner, seated on a plank supported on two stones, is a group of men. A vast concussion every now and then shakes the air: the scream of a shot, the hoarse puff of a shell, vibrate overhead.

The group is merry enough. Chaff and laugh-

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GOLDEN HOURS.—DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.—[SEE PAGE 844.]

ter abound. There are Major Brown and Captain Dove and two or three subalterns, among whom is Ensign Delmere, and the teller of this tale, who is the assistant-surgeon of the 105d Buffs, of which regiment a working party is now on duty in the trenches.

We are at breakfast, and we are breakfasting in unwonted luxury; for we have secured a consignment of eggs, and each man holds one in his hand, and is chipping the outside shell, prolonging the preliminaries as much as possible to enhance the enjoyment of the delicious morsel within. We are breakfasting in comfort too; for the guns are quiet this morning, and there are no signs of that infernal cannonade which often precedes a sortie from the opposing works. Delmere's servant, a lad of wonderfully quick eye-sight, is at watch in an embrasure close at hand, and at the flash of each gun he calls out to us the description of missile that is being hurled against us.

"Shot!" "Shot!" "Shot!" goes on in pleasant iteration. For shots we don't care a button, and eat our breakfast in peace.

"SHELL!" screams the lad; and away we scuttle like so many rabbits, each to his pet corner among the gabions.

"Bang!" goes the shell, right in the middle of us, and the fragments whiz and scream about as though seeking out our hiding-places.

We take our seats at the festive board once more. Delmere triumphantly raises his hand in the air.

"Which of you, my boys, can show that? I challenge you!"

There was a general laugh. The raw young ensign had the best of us seasoned warriors. Every other man had thrown away his egg in the scramble.

The lad at watch in the embrasure looked round too and grinned, enjoying the joke and his master's triumph.

"Shot!" he cried, as a lurid flash darted across our faces.

"MY GOD! A SHELL!" he screamed, a second afterward.

Too late. We threw ourselves down on our faces as a blinding sheet of flame sprang out in the very midst of us. Then it was over. We jumped to our feet again.

"All right?"

"Yes, all right; narrow shave. Come, Delmere, old fellow, jump up!"

He lay in an easy position on the ground, his face half turned toward us, and in one hand he still held his egg, the hand a little upraised. There was a smile on his face; but in a moment the smile was blurred out by a spasm of intense pain.

I ran to him. He had been struck by two fragments of shell in each thigh. He saw my grave face as I finished my examination, and pulled his cap over his eyes.

I grasped him by the hand.

"Harry," he said, "I should have liked to live so much!"

There never was such a fuss in a regiment as when it was known that little Delmere had been badly hit. He was our pet, that boy. From the drummer-lad to the cast-iron old colonel, there wasn't a soul in the regiment that wouldn't have died for him. He was such a delicate, dainty little chap, fresh from school and home, radiant in his garments, full of fun and frolic, and yet a regular lion at heart.

We really hoped to save him once. We had a long consultation about him, we doctors, and agreed that possibly, by amputating both his legs at the hip-joint, he might be saved—that is, there was no other chance. We deceived the poor boy, though. We told him if we amputated one leg, we might save the other. There never was a lad so absurdly glad to have his leg cut off. I don't mind telling you that I went into my tent and cried before I began that operation; and I'm not given to the melting mood either. And then, in my heart, I cursed all the great powers of civilization, all the leaders of races who work such woe on poor humanity. They had taken away my boy, whom I loved more than a brother; and I cursed them, and vowed I would never serve them more.

Soon after the operation he sank. He was sensible to the last, and had us all in to say good-by. It was on the 9th September, I remember, and the sun was getting low. There had been heavy firing all day, so that the ear had become deadened to it, and all of a sudden the firing ceased, and we heard ringing cheers in the camp. He had been whispering last and earnest words in my ear, but had now sunk back, overpowered by the coming chills of death.

"What's the row?" cried Delmere, sitting up, pale and wan, resting on one elbow.

"Sebastopol is taken!" cried some one, running past the hospital-tent.

"Thank God!" cried little Delmere, drawing himself up, stiff and proud; "thank God! Now I'll die like a soldier!"

He sank back and died.

Before he died he had made me his confidant in a certain matter which is the groundwork of

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this story. He gave me a bundle of letters, a miniature, a tiny scented glove, a ribbon he had worn round his neck. I had a mission intrusted to me which I solemnly vowed to perform. I was also to take his sword back to his father, and a few keepsakes to other friends.

So soon as I had buried my friend I obtained leave, "on urgent private affairs," and went home; and when I got home I threw up my commission.

II.—IN SURREY.

It was a hot day in October, and I was toiling up a sand-hill in Surrey, oppressed with heat and thirst; but soon I reached the top and looked down upon a richly wooded valley, through which a silver stream wound in a devious channel. Following the course of the river, I presently came to an ancient stone bridge of three arches. Sweetly embowered in trees, the venerable bridge seemed to me a cool and delightful retreat after the heat of my walk. The waters rippled and gleamed, the swifts flew up and down and through the arches of the bridge. Here I would rest for a while. Seated on one of the buttresses of the bridge was an old lady in bombazine. A placid old dame she was, with spectacles on nose and a good book on her knee. I was rather puzzled at the position in which I found her; for she didn't seem an obtrusive old lady, and yet her pose was somewhat conspicuous. But hearing a little tinkle of chatter and laughter, I looked farther, and saw reclining on a grassy bank higher up the stream two girls sketching; a third was sitting by the stream, dropping the petals of flowers into the river. The old dame was evidently placed there to give effect to the sketches. I felt it also incumbent upon me to pose myself on the bridge, so that I might enliven the landscape. I was not near enough to see the faces of the girls, but I knew by the busy working of their pencils that they had taken advantage of their model. So I rested on the bridge till they had done with me, and then I walked slowly onward till I came to the entrance to a park—a ladder stile in a wall.

"Is this Delmere Park, my lad?" I cried to a young agriculturist who was sauntering along by the wall.

"Yes it be," said he.

Now Delmere Park was the object of my quest; here I had to fulfill my mission.

The house itself I found in the middle of the park—a large white house with a classic portico, contrasting oddly with the striped sun-blinds and trim lawns about it.

I hate these big houses, with their state and style; nothing but the love I bore my friend would have made me visit such a house. There was a hall-porter, who looked doubtfully at my dusty clothes, at my knapsack, which was slung over my back, on the sword which I carried in a black leather case.

"Is Sir John Delmere at home?" I said.

"Hem! It ain't Sir John now; what was you please to want? Is it barrometers?" he said, looking again at the sword-case; "cos if it is, we don't want none."

"Do you mean to say Sir John is dead?"

"In course he is," said the porter, looking wonderingly at me.

"Then who is the baronet now?"

"It's Sir Frederick now; but I tell you it's no use; we don't want any of them sort of things."

"Will you take him my card?" I said.

"I beg your pardon, Sir; certainly I'll send it to Sir Frederick.—Is your master at home, James?"

"Yaas, I think so," said James, lazily taking my card; the difference between a vendor of barometers and Mr. Henry Baker was not so great as to cause any increased alacrity on the part of the servants.

"Sir Frederick don't know who you are, Sir; but if you wish to see him partic'lar, you can see him in the library."

I followed the servant into the library, and there I found Sir Frederick—a middle-aged man, of red beard, weak steel-colored eyes, broad nose stubbed at the point, and peevish, pompous mouth. He bowed chillily and motioned me to a chair.

"No, I won't sit down. I believe that you are the uncle of Charles Delmere, who died of his wounds in the camp before Sebastopol last September?"

"Who was killed in the trenches, you mean."

"He was wounded in the trenches, but died afterward."

"Ah, I suppose his family is the most likely to be correctly informed; but what of him—did he owe you any money?"

"I was charged by him to convey this sword to his father. I had a message to give his father, but I can not now deliver it. As his nearest surviving relative, I hand the sword to you. Will you receive it?"

"Oh yes, certainly; much obliged, very much obliged; sorry you have been put to so much trouble. Pity you didn't send it by rail: but as you are here, I hope you'll take some refreshment. No? then if you've been put to any extra expense, as far as your railway fare from London goes—second-class I suppose you came; I always travel third myself—up to that extent I shall be happy to reimburse you. Not that there's much intrinsic value in the article; you can get a very good one in Holywell Street for five shillings; but still—extremely obliged to you."

"Can you tell me," I said, "where I can find a young lady known as Miss Constance Darrel—a cousin, I believe, of my late friend?"

"Don't know indeed," said the baronet, hastily; "she was no relation of mine; know nothing about her—nothing."

"Is there any old servant living here who could give me a clew to her?"

"Now if you want to begin peering and prying among my servants, I shall withdraw my approbation of your conduct. I beg, Sir, you will consider this interview at an end. You are certain you will not partake of refreshment?—Then, James, show this gentleman out."

The baronet returned to his books without a syllable more of leave-taking. I walked out of the house, knocking my feet against the stone sill of the entrance to shake off any dust that might be upon them. How should I find out Constance, *née* Darrel?

As I returned by the park stile I met the young sketchers, who were evidently daughters of the house. The duenna was wandering on the other side of the wall, gathering wild flowers. They were nice, fresh-looking girls, with long golden hair hanging down to their waists, brown, fearless eyes, and bright and pearly teeth.

I took off my hat.

"Pardon me if I claim the privileges of a brother artist, and ask to look at your sketch of the bridge."

"Oh, they're not worth looking at," cried the girls; "mere sketches."

"I should like to see them, nevertheless. I may, mayn't I?"

"Oh yes, if you'll be quick," said the elder girl, handing over her port-folio. "Old Ellis will be so cross if she catches us!"

The sketch was initialed, "C. D."

"Then you are Catherine Delmere?" I said. "I have often heard your cousin Charles talk about you."

"Did you know poor Charlie? and are you a soldier too?" cried Catherine, in a breath.

"He was a great friend of mine. But I am not a soldier; I am only a surgeon."

"Oh!" said the girl, a little disappointed. I too felt the pang, and would for the moment have given any thing to have been a soldier.

"Can you tell me where I shall find Miss Constance Darrel?"

Catherine blushed to the eyes.

"Oh, I don't know indeed; you mustn't ask. There's something dreadful— Ah, here is Ellis! Ellis, we have been showing our sketches to this gentleman, who knew poor Cousin Charlie."

"But come along, my dears," said Ellis, bustling up like an old hen. "Sir, you shouldn't have spoken to my young ladies. Children, come this moment!"

I seated myself on the stile, and watched them out of sight.

Presently a little lad, in miniature leggings and smock-frock, came up to me from the direction in which the young ladies had gone.

"Be this for you, Sir?" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

It was the sketch of the bridge folded up, and underneath was written, "C. D., post-office, Trinity Street, Southwark."

III.—AMONG GALLIPOTS.

I made every possible inquiry at the Trinity Street post-office, but could learn nothing there of C. D. A fee to the letter-carrier failed to elicit any information. I wrote to many people, friends of the family, for information. No one answered me. My search was fruitless, my purse was getting low. I was walking disconsolately up and down Trinity Street, with some vague idea in my mind that somehow I should meet Constance and recognize her, when I stumbled against an old fellow-student, Tom Tapes, who was at Thomas's with me, and who carried off all the prizes of my year.

"'Allo, 'Arry!" he shouted—it was a standing joke against him that the only bone he was unfamiliar with was the aitch bone—"what are you doing now? Army, ain't it? What! left the army, eh? Looking out for a job, eh? Well, look here: the wife has lately been confined of her third; wants a change. I'm worked to death; want a change too. Go to the seaside for a month, and you take the practice. Two pounds a week, and board and lodging. You agree? All right. Come home, and stop with me till I go, and I'll initiate you into the run of the place."

Tom's place was a shop—decidedly a regular shop, except in this, that he never sold any thing, save perhaps a penn'orth of hair-oil once a week or so. You see, the inhabitants got all their drugs at the parish expense: but the parish wouldn't stand hair-oil. It was also a dispensary, mind you. From eight to eleven we visited the parish patients; from twelve to five we dispensed at the shop; from six to nine we visited again; after that we were only liable to occasional calls. For all this we got nearly two hundred a year, all told, including midwifery and vaccinations, had to find our own drugs, and were looked up to by the medical officers round about as bloated sinecurists. We had the privilege, moreover, of attending to our private practice in the intervals of our public duty.

What a wretched little hole it was too, Tom's place! A frowsy little sitting-room—consulting-room, Tom called it—was at the back of the shop, which looked into a little paved yard, dominated by squalid roofs and melancholy chimneys. And then the drawing-room up stairs, with its out-look into the chandler's shop opposite, its photographs of Mrs. Tapes and her relations—horrid, hard-featured persons—its sickly waxen water-lilies, floating in a bed of cracked looking-glass—what a chamber of horrors that was! Tom observed he hoped I'd make use of that room for reading of an evening. I'd have committed suicide if I had. I used to spend my evenings at the Ship and Shovel, and play pyramids till I could hardly stand; and then come home and sleep in the little den, and so managed to fight off the horrors pretty well.

I had almost forgotten about my mission and my quest, when one night, just as we were shutting up, an old woman, not a regular patient, came in, and asked if I would give her some medicine for a young woman as was subject to its, proffering a wine-bottle at the same time.

"What sort of fits?" I said. "Epileptic?"

"No, nothink of that sort; regular fainting-fits."

"Is it a parish case?" I said.

"Oh dear, no, Sir. The young woman can pay for herself, Sir; only I have come unbeknown to her, Sir, as she wouldn't like no notice taken of them."

"I'll come and see her."

"No, Sir; I don't think she'd like that. I think she's a young lady, Sir, who's got into trouble."

"A young lady! What's her name?"

"Caroline Davies, Sir, she calls herself; only I don't think that's her real name."

"I'll go and see her anyhow," I cried. "Show the way."

By the light of a guttering candle in a dreary garret I saw a fair young girl sitting writing—or, rather, she had been writing, and now was holding her forehead between her hands, looking hopelessly at the ceiling.

"I've brought the doctor to see you, miss."

"But I won't see him!" she cried, jumping up and putting her hands out before her. "Take him away!"

"My dear lady," I said, coming forward, "I wouldn't intrude upon you, but I was most anxious to see if you were really the person to whom I have a message to deliver, for whom I have had a long and useless quest. Now that I have seen you, I am sure that I am not mistaken—that you are, that you were—that, in fact, you were— Well, I was the friend of Charles Delmere. Is not that sufficient?"

"He is dead—he is dead—and I do not know you!"

"If we were not both of us poor, we might stand upon ceremony; but I promised my late friend I'd stand by his WIFE."

"His wife!" she cried, getting up from her chair, and sinking on her knees. "Oh, thank God! But," she said, once more rising to her feet, "they tell me I am not—that I am not his wife. They drove me from his house; they offered me a pension of shame—oh, I can't bear it!"

"I'm not only your husband's friend, but your medical adviser, and I shall not permit you to excite yourself. As for what his relations may have told you, they, perhaps, were interested in making you believe falsehoods. I have sufficient proof in my pocket to reinstate you in your proper position, and prove you to be Lady Charles Delmere. So be calm, and remember what depends upon it."

Then she burst into tears, and cried bitterly; but I didn't check those tears, for I knew she would be the better for them.

What a couple of foolish young things they had been!

But thinking the matter over calmly, I was afraid that I had been rather too confident in my assertions. After all, was I sure that the marriage was legal? and my shot as to her being Lady Charles Delmere was a very wild one. Of course she couldn't be Lady Charles at all; she might be Lady Delmere—Dame Constance Delmere, to be accurate; but the old baronet survived his son, did he not; and in that case she wouldn't have any title at all, only her jointure. However, I began to call her Lady Charles, and stuck to it all through, and so I shall stick to it to the end of this story. Looking at the thing quietly, it wasn't such plain sailing, after all.

Possession is so much, and the advantage of position. I thought of the lordly hall in Surrey; the flunkies and the feudal state, the lawyers and the agents, and the bankers' balances; and then I looked at poor Constance in her garret, with hardly a crust to eat; her only friend a needy surgeon's assistant—you could call me nothing better—with five-and-twenty shillings in his pocket: my heart sank within me.

IV.—THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

We had a boy at Tom's place, a capital dispenser. I could leave him in the shop with perfect confidence, his master had grounded him so thoroughly in the routine of parochial medical practice.

"Parish patients," Tom would say to the boy, "have only two ailments. Either it's ahem, or else it's ahum. If it's ahem, give 'em chalk; if it's ahum, give them Epsom salts. If they're not the better for one, try an alterative—give them the other."

There was a big bottle of chalk mixture on a lower shelf, an immense jar of Epsom salts close beside it. Every thing else was put away out of the reach of the lad, so that he couldn't go wrong.

It was with an easy mind, therefore, that I left the shop to visit my fair and distinguished patient. She looked wonderfully different now—sad, indeed, but radiant with purpose. I didn't wonder that poor Charles had lost his heart, she was of such rare beauty. I couldn't look at her without a feeling of half intoxication. Such as I was, my life was at her disposal; but of what avail my life? It was money she stood in need of, and I had only five-and-twenty shillings.

I told her as much.

"Five-and-twenty shillings, have you? To me that seems a fortune. See here, here are manuscripts; I have written, oh, so much these last few months—my only escape was to write; my heap of white paper a little tunnel, as it were, from a dull and dreary world into a world where every thing is fresh and bright."

"Or a trap-door," I suggested, "such as the enchanted princesses passed down, when they danced their shoes away in the garden with the talking trees."

"Or the hole in the mountain that leads into Fairy-land."

"Come, Lady Charles, this is not practical. We must have money to carry on the campaign. What can we do with five-and-twenty shillings?"

I couldn't think of any thing. There was a baby coming—an heir to the estate and title, perhaps. That it should be born in these squalid lodgings might taint its birth with suspicion.

The inspiration came upon me with a flash—we would go and take possession of Delmere Hall.

V.—THE START.

Where was the *soi-disant* Sir Frederick? He was in London, I knew, attending the Phantomological Society's meetings. He was an ardent disciple of that faith. Where were the girls? Gone to Brighton, to be out of the way of the falling leaves. I had heard they were going when I was at Hurstham.

The first thing to be done was to send three telegrams.

One to the housekeeper at the Hall to send a carriage "for Lady Charles," to meet her at the Hurstham station that evening.

One for the family doctor at the village, to attend Lady Charles at the Hall that night.

One to the local lawyer, to meet Lady Charles's man of business at the same time and place.

She shrank from all this, implored me to give it up; but I would not. "In justice to your child," I said, and silenced her.

The three telegrams cost three shillings. Poor Constance had only one dress left her, the cotton one in which I had first seen her. To me she seemed a queen in that old cotton dress. The housekeeper at the Hall might have a different impression. First appearances would be every thing. Were we a doubtful-looking party, we might have the door shut in our faces. Constance had, for lack of bread, pawned all the really good garments she had possessed. A black silk dress and a black Astrakhan traveling-jacket were redeemed at a cost of nine shillings.

Robed in these, as she came down to the cab that stood by the squalid lodging, she seemed a very empress.

Cab eighteen-pence; first-class to Hurstham for my queen, six shillings; third-class for myself, two shillings. Why, my purse was, like Fortunatus's, inexhaustible! I had still three-and-sixpence left.

Once seated in the train and whizzing away to Hurstham, a profound depression succeeded the excitement of the day. All kinds of gloomy forebodings haunted me. We should fail, we should be ignominiously turned out of the Hall as impostors, perhaps handed over to the police. For myself I had no hope; it was ever my lot to be unsuccessful: misery and want would track me all the days of my life. But for her, for Constance—ah, my ideas grew clearer as I thought of her; the swarm of buzzing, stinging thoughts took flight.

The train stopped; I saw a carriage standing at the gate.

"Is Lady Charles's carriage here?" I shouted, jumping on to the platform.

"All right—met," said the footman; "where's her ladyship's luggage?"

VI.—THE FINISH.

The housekeeper didn't know us from Adam and Eve; I could tell that by her way: she had only been there a few weeks, however, and she didn't like to appear ignorant of the family connections. All the principal servants were in town with their master. The hall-porter remained, and eyed me suspiciously. He seemed as if he half remembered me.

"Are you her ladyship's wally?" he said to me.

"No, I'm only her secretary; and I desire you'll address me with more respect, Mr. Porter."

The man grumbled and growled, and retired to his den.

The doctor came bustling in, and was shown up to Lady Charles—the lawyer presently. And now my task began. I took him to the library and made him sit down, ordered in some refreshment, and then commenced my story. He was a young man; fortunately for me, a youth of spirit and ambition. My story charmed him, I could see; I found he caught a spark of the fire that burned within me. I told him how I had been the early friend of Charlie Delmere from the days we had been at Westminster together; that he had joined the 103d Buffs against his father's wish, who intended him for the Guards, that he might serve with me and see some fighting. I told him of his sad death, and of the secret he had confided to me—the secret of his marriage to his cousin Constance. And then I showed him the proofs. Yes, every thing was in order—with one exception; and my heart sank as I saw the lawyer put his finger on the blot. Yes, the certificate of marriage was in the name of Charles Doughton and Constance Darrel.

"She didn't know it!" I cried; "I have her letter here affirming that."

"Such a misdescription would not be fatal," said the lawyer, "if the other party to the marriage were ignorant of it; but it throws an awkward obstacle in the way. What induced him to do such a foolish act?"

"Why, it was in this way—they were married by bans."

"What foolishness! They should have had a license—it's only swallowing an affidavit. She was an orphan; he had only a father—why did he not get a license?"

"Charlie Delmere could never have perjured himself—"

"One kind of deception's as bad as another, I think," said the lawyer.

"Well, they were 'asked' at Brighton parish church, where the family had been staying—I know what interminable lists of names they

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ble over there. So Charles thought they'd escape notice among all these names; but as the servants of the house went to church, to make all safe he gave in his name as Charles Doughton—a name, after all, to which he was as much entitled as the other; for his father's name was really Doughton, although he took the name of Delmere when he came into this property."

"Then why wasn't the marriage acknowledged when Sir John died, if they were too much afraid of the old man to own to it before?"

"The poor thing was friendless. No one would believe her, especially when they found no register of the marriage she alleged to have taken place; and you'll mind that as she knew nothing of the change of name, she couldn't give the clew. So they offered her a small pension out of the estate, which she refused, and went away and tried to support herself as a governess; and then her state revealed itself, and she was obliged to leave, poor thing; and then she tried to earn a living by writing; she could paint a little too, and sold sketches to the little shops; and then I found her and brought her down here, and by —— I mean to stand by her."

"And so will I," said the little lawyer; "and I think we shall win. Possibly the marriage might have been voidable—I can't say that offhand; but, at any rate, it can't be voided now. There would have been a difficulty without you in identifying the parties married; but with your evidence and your letters we have the thing in a nutshell. But, after all," he went on, clouding over again, "what do we gain if there's no heir male? Supposing a girl—look at the matter from the most unfavorable point—what then?"

"Why, Lady Charles would be entitled to jointure."

"I think not; I'm afraid not. Let's see—when did Sir John die?" he said, taking out his note-book. "Yes, at six o'clock in the evening of the 9th of September. Now what is the date of the son's death?"

"The 9th September, at five o'clock," said I, after a pause, during which I had been trying to misremember the hour if I could; but I couldn't.

"Then he predeceased his father, and his widow gets no dower. Behold, on one side, a boy—a fine position, the guardianship of a good estate; on the other, a girl—nothing, absolutely nothing, beggary."

"Stop," I said, as my eye caught the large globes standing one on each side of the fireplace; "how about the difference in time?"

"That would go against us: the nearer the sun the earlier the clock."

Yes, so it was. I was confounded. We had undertaken all this risk, then, for a mere chance. Not a favorable chance either, the odds in any birth being in favor of a female. If a male child were not born to Constance Delmere, she must go forth from her husband's roof-tree once more a beggar.

The doctor came in.

"Ladyship very unwell; travel and excitement too much. I need hardly say I recognized my old friend Constance. Give me the clew to the mystery."

The matter was explained to him.

"Poor thing," he said, "I'll do my best for her: but I can't change the sex, you know. You mustn't expect too much."

Presently the doctor returned to his patient. We sat up by the library fire and watched. The hours passed; we had each fallen asleep in our chairs. Suddenly we sprang to our feet.

There was a tremendous knocking—a knocking the noise of which penetrated all the luxurious draperies of the library.

Opening the door, we heard Sir Frederick's voice in the hall. He had returned, and we had taken no precautions against his admission.

"What's the meaning of all this? Telegram! I sent no telegram! Lights! fires!" he roared, "and all this extravagance! what does it mean? Brown, you go if this goes on. Lady Charles, forsooth! what Lady Charles? Fiddle Lady Charles! it's some impostor. Who's with her?"

"By jingo!" I heard the hall-porter cry, "it's the barrometer man. I knew him; I thought I did! James, look to the coats and umbrellas."

We went out to meet Sir Frederick in the hall. I own I funked the encounter.

But coming down the opposite stairs, radiant and beaming, was the doctor, and all through the house there sounded the feeble piping cry of a new-born infant.

The effect upon Sir Frederick was magical. He put his fingers into his ears, and ran headlong from the hall.

"Stop, Mr. Frederick, stop!" cried the doctor; "stop, and see the young baronet.—Yes, we're safely through, gentlemen; mother doing charmingly. Extraordinary idiosyncrasy that of Mr. Frederick's—never *could* abide the squall of an infant. Always went away when his own were coming, and didn't come back till they could be put away out of ear-shot.

"To think of my old friend Constance being married to poor Charles all the time, the sly young puss!—Come, Thomas, start off, and set the church-bells all a-ringing, and broach a cask of old Sir John's prime stingo in the hall."

And there ended my knight-errantry. From that time forward Constance had no lack of friends. Piping swells were her trustees, bland baronets were her bankers. Does she ever think, I wonder, of the young parish doctor and his five-and-twenty shillings?

ADDENDA BY A FEMALE HAND.

Did I ever forget him, I wonder? and yet, would you believe, the foolish fellow never came near me, to let me thank him, for ever so many years. But he came back to me at last, and—well, we put an end to the romance of the thing by getting married.

THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

AN ACTOR'S STORY.

THE Theatre Royal, Barnchester, was a prosperous establishment at the time, now many years ago, when I was a member of its company, and when the tragic event occurred in which I was most unwittingly concerned. By the aid of a strong *corps dramatique*, backed up by London stars, the business for several seasons was maintained in a flourishing condition. In those days I was supposed to be learning the art, which I have long since abandoned, and to which I took well: it matters nothing to my story why I took to it. Many a young fellow has, in his early days, strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage, and then, fortunately for himself and others, been heard no more.

Our manager was also our stage-manager, and in these capacities was more successful than in that of an actor, in which vocation he, nevertheless, labored. He was always very civil to me—indeed, he was always very civil to every body—and we got on capitally together. It may, therefore, seem unreasonable to say that I never liked him, but such, notwithstanding, was the case. Despite his general popularity with his company, arising chiefly, I believe, from the punctuality which he observed in all his payments, I fancied I saw a sinister expression in his eye, and a suppressed tone of savagery in his manner when ruffled, which betrayed a nature unsafe to rouse to enmity, and capable of nourishing the direst feeling of revenge. I believe my suspicions were finally verified. Heaven forgive me if I wrong him! but the circumstances which eventually led to the termination of my career as an actor will forever in my mind go far to justify the prejudice with which he inspired me, for they gave birth to a conviction which I have never been able to overcome, and, right or wrong, I shall see in it to the end of my days the reason why, as with the instinct of a dumb animal, I disliked him from the first moment we met.

Life behind the scenes of a country theatre is not, perhaps, very refined. Much that is objectionable, of course, is to be found there, but, at the same time, much that is honest, hard-working, sincere, and kind-hearted; and I am safe in asserting that these virtues, and many more, were combined in the person of Julia Halworth, our leading young lady—a clever, graceful novice, who was struggling hard to maintain her widowed mother and three younger sisters, and, if possible, to avoid bringing the latter into a profession with the drawbacks to which she was well acquainted. Nevertheless, her task was not easy, her salary was small, and she had the greatest difficulty in eking out her resources. It is not wonderful, therefore, that she was, by degrees, induced to listen to the avowals of devotion made to her by Mr. Caugar, our manager. He was old enough to be her father, but he was in a position to place her, as his wife, in comparative comfort; for, unlike most men in his capacity, he had been very careful, and was supposed to be well off. There was a whisper that he had not been overscrupulous in the way he had made his money. A little privateering during the latter days of the great war, and since then some successful smuggling transactions, had, it was said, contributed largely to the wealth which he had recently embarked in ventures theatrical, for which, like many a sailor, he had a strong predilection, a certain similarity existing between the management of a ship and that of a theatre. I could see that much maternal pressure was used to induce Miss Halworth to recognize the advantages of a home such as Caugar could give her; but I could also see that if she did so, it would be at a great personal sacrifice, for not only did she seem to share my own innate repugnance to the man, increased, probably, on her part by the disparity of their years, but I strongly suspected there was a prior attachment. Of this, indeed, I was eventually convinced, and although I never knew precisely what had passed, the prologue to my tragedy had shaped itself briefly into something of this kind.

She had been induced to take up the noble art of acting by watching the successful career of a young fellow named Bernal Rutherstone, whom she had known from childhood, and whose efforts for his family were akin to those she was making for her own. After winning a fair reputation in the provinces, he had made a very favorable impression on the London public, and, by degrees, had gained considerable fame. His progress had been very carefully noted, step by step, by Julia Halworth, and, added to her own natural love for the art, had inspired her with a determination to devote herself to the stage with the hope of winning equal renown. I imagined—nay, I was sure—there had been on her side some deeper feelings involved; but probably with him it had been only a boy-and-girl flirtation, which had died away, leaving no mark, for they had not met for several years, and I knew they did not correspond. Nevertheless, he was the hero of her life: *his* doings, *his* successes, formed the one theme on which she was never tired of expatiating.

When, therefore, it was announced that Mr. Rutherstone was coming to play an engagement at our theatre, bringing with him a new play in which he had met with tremendous success in London, Miss Halworth did not hesitate to express her joy at the prospect of meeting her old friend, and of being able at last not only to see him act, but to act with him. This juncture of affairs happened just at the time she was weighing in her mind the answer she was to give to our manager's proposals, and it was then that the doubt and perplexity with which she viewed them came under my notice. On the one hand, she saw herself bound to a man to whom she had an antipathy, but who would immediately relieve her from the anxiety which the care of her mother and sisters entailed upon her (for Caugar had not failed to avail himself of the strong argument which her affection for her family placed in his hands); and on the other, freedom not only to pursue her art with the hope of achieving a great London reputation, but to indulge in the dream that it might not always be upon the stage alone that she would have to play the heroine of a domestic drama, with Bernal Rutherstone for its hero.

The manager's smooth words and promises had quite won over to his side Mrs. Halworth, a selfish, indolent woman, who, congratulating herself on the comfort that would accrue to her from her daughter's marriage, quite lost sight of the fact that Caugar was not altogether disinterested, and had no intention of Julia's leaving the stage, for he was fully aware of her capacity, and knew he should be making no bad investment by diverting her future earnings into his own pockets.

"I think you would do well, Mrs. Halworth, somewhat to check your daughter's outspoken admiration for Mr. Rutherstone. I was not aware until his engagement with me was announced this morning that she had ever been acquainted with him. It is scarcely becoming for any young lady to express her predilections in such glowing terms, but you can understand that it is peculiarly unpleasant for me to hear her, when the delicate nature of our present relations is considered. She said but now that it was the cherished dream of her life some day to play the heroine to his heroes, and that directly he had heard she was to do so here he had written to her, reclaiming his old acquaintance, and reminding her of their early hopes of some day forming an alliance which, at any rate behind the foot-lights, should astonish the world. Now, you know, loving her as I do, this was not agreeable to my feelings, and if I seem to be a little jealous at such words, you can hardly blame me, especially when she promised that I should have my answer to-day; but since the bills have been out about Mr. Rutherstone she again puts me off, and declares she can not decide in so much haste. She has tortured me already long enough, and this coincidence is, to my mind, very significant."

"Oh, dear me! pray don't think any thing of that kind, Mr. Caugar; I am sure you have no cause to be anxious. She must make up her mind; she promised me she would yield to your wishes, and this enthusiasm about her old friend is only part of that which she shows on all matters concerning her profession. It is true that in better days, during my poor husband's lifetime, as children, Julia and Mr. Rutherstone knew each other, and were constantly playing at acting; but they have not met for years, and this letter, I am quite sure, is the first my daughter has ever had from him. It is chiefly about some stage directions, dresses, and hints he wants her to attend to; you shall see it."

"Well, well! it may be so, but I shall keep my eyes open when they meet, and I must warn you that I will not be trifled with. If I see any thing to justify the suspicion which her conduct has suddenly aroused, I wash my hands of the whole affair, I withdraw my proposals, and I leave you to your present life of penury. Meanwhile, caution her, and exercise your authority by compelling her to make her choice."

Thus much of a conversation I involuntarily overheard one evening while standing at the wing waiting for my cue, the speakers being merely separated from me by the canvas of the scene; but it was sufficient to make me also keep my eyes open when Bernal Rutherstone arrived. This he did in a few days, and rehearsals of a new play in five acts, called "The Duel to the Death," were immediately entered on. It is unnecessary for my purpose to refer to any thing but the one great scene—the sensation, as it would now be called—of the piece. It is the story that grows out of the story of the drama that I am concerned with, the real tragedy evolved by the mimic one.

The plot was long and gloomy, culminating in the situation from which the play took its name, in which the hero is shot at the very moment his mistress, too late to avert the fatal bullet, rushes forward and falls across her lover's lifeless form. Upon this climax to the fourth act the act-drop descends. In London the great success of the drama had arisen from the reality and care with which this scene had been rendered, and an immensity of time and pains was therefore spent at our theatre in order to do it equal justice. The whole extent of the stage was occupied by an elaborate "set," representing a secluded glen.

Principals and seconds arrive; certain pacific overtures are made by the blameless combatant, one Mark Mayburn, and rejected by the villain Houndsfoot, who is the cause of the contest. Not only does he refuse to listen to them, but insists that it shall be indeed "a duel to the death!" So it is settled that lots are to be drawn for the first shot, which is to be at twelve paces: this falls to Houndsfoot. In the event of *his* missing, he who is fired at (Mayburn) then steps forward one pace and delivers his fire. If this, in its turn, be unsuccessful, the duelist who had fired first then steps in another pace and delivers his second shot. Thus gradually reducing the distance, and alternately firing, the chances are supposed to be equalized, and the two enemies brought closer and closer together.

Cool and blood-thirsty deliberation marks the conduct of both. Three shots have been delivered on either side, but only two have taken effect. One has slightly wounded Houndsfoot; and the other, fired by himself, has knocked the pistol from his antagonist's hand. A great point was to be made of this incident, and of the renewed efforts of the seconds to bring about a peaceful arrangement. The blood of both principals, however, is too much aroused, and Mark Mayburn now equally insisting on its being a "duel to the death," pistols are reloaded, ground is again taken up, and in horrible proximity to each other the duelists prepare for their last encounter. The word is given: in another minute all is over, and Mayburn, with a bullet through his heart, falls to the ground just as the luckless heroine enters, as I have described.

It was my fate to be cast for the part of Houndsfoot, while, of course, Mr. Rutherstone played that of Mark. We had never met before, but soon understood each other, and I willingly fell into his few little caprices about the "business" of our scenes together. We went through the duel over and over again, according to the stage directions of the London theatre, carefully arranging our relative positions, and so disposing every thing as to bring out the points of the incidents and the dialogue with the utmost dramatic effect. I need not go into these in detail; the final one, to which every thing gradually worked up, is sufficient. We started from the opposite corners of the stage, so as to give the greatest appearance of space; thus the fatal shot was fired in the most conspicuous part of the boards.

At the first rehearsals we, of course, only snapped our pistols at each other, and our seconds merely went through the motions and time of reloading the pair with which we were both supplied; but as it was necessary at last to carry out actually what was to be done at night, we went through the firing, and much powder was burned and noise created ere Rutherstone expressed himself contented with the way in which the business went and the scene was acted. At first, in firing at him, especially when we came to close quarters, I used to point the pistol well over his head, according to the usual practice in such cases, for the sake of safety; but so determined was he to carry out the reality of the effect that he insisted on my aiming straight at him. "Depress your muzzle a little, so as to clear my face," said he, "and no wadding or flame can hurt me. The effect is absurd to see the pistol fired clean over me."

This, therefore, I did, though somewhat reluctantly, for it is a nasty feeling, that of deliberately taking aim at a man, even though you may know that the charge is harmless. However, over and over again we repeated the scene: three shots each, the intermediate business, then my fourth—the fatal one—Mark's fall, the girl's entrance, and the tableau. Now in this same fall Rutherstone used to make, in my humble judgment, a great mistake, and I ventured to tell him so. I said that a man shot in that way would assuredly fall forward, and not backward, as he did, and that all those with whom I had ever conversed who had seen a man killed by a bullet told me that the dead on a battle-field were nearly always found face downward, which fact had given rise to the expression, "biting the dust." He disputed the statement, and adhered to the one only little bit of conventionality in his performance.

So he persisted in his "own business," as we technically called it. The moment I had fired he took one step toward me, raised his arms, and fell flat on his back with a heavy thud. It is true that by the disposition of the characters on the stage this gave a capital opportunity for the heroine to throw herself across his body, and the arrangement was picturesque enough; but to my mind it spoiled his otherwise truthful interpretation of the part. He was not a conventional actor, but this bit of acting was so in the extreme.

For over a week the piece was in rehearsal, during which time I could not fail to notice the close intimacy which sprung up, or, more properly speaking, was renewed, between Julia Halworth and Rutherstone. In a thousand little ways incidental to the actor's art I saw that something besides the merely inevitable familiarity consequent upon playing together had arisen between them, and I likewise saw that this had started into life all the latent fury with which I had credited Caugar, in spite of his bland manners, smooth smile, and soft voice. There was a desperate struggle going on within him: at times it cost him his utmost strength to control himself. Jealousy, deep, revengeful jealousy, had taken possession of him—a jealousy which could have sprung only from a sincerer love for the girl than I had supposed him capable of; but it was only in this item of his disposition that I had wronged him; in all else he bore out, to my keen eyes, my original idea of his nature. In his capacity of stage-manager he was, of course, present at the rehearsals, and, in addition to this, he played the part of one of my seconds in the duel, thus being continually brought into contact with every one concerned in the scene.

It was on these occasions that I noted especially what was uppermost in his mind. Once I chanced upon him talking with Miss Halworth as I passed down to the wing to go on. She had evidently just given him her ultimatum.

"This, then, is your answer," I heard him mutter between his teeth, and almost losing, in his ill-suppressed rage, the soft, urbane tone of his usual voice. "For this I have been kept in miserable suspense for weeks. I little thought when I came to terms with Rutherstone that I was wrecking my chance of domestic happiness for the sake of professional renown. Confound him!" he continued, in a still lower voice, as he turned away; "he shall not wear her, though he has won her—she shall never be his wife; I'll put an end to his engagement first, by some means."

Julia half followed him to the wing, and said, hesitatingly, "I must be candid; I told you I did not think I could ever like you, and now Bernal is here, I know it; our old feeling has—"

"Spare me that reference," interposed Caugar; "this is no time for such a discussion. You shall repent your conduct, be sure. You

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"JULIA HALWORTH RUSHED IN."

are called, Miss Halworth;" and she had to go down to her entrance, and await her cue.

"Did he threaten her?" I thought. "What would his savage nature lead him to do? Anything," I said to myself, as I observed the diabolical expression which had overspread his face.

Our last rehearsal had been gone through to the satisfaction of every body. I had made a final appeal to Rutherstone respecting his fall; but, with the greatest good temper, he told me to mind my own business, and be sure not to fire the pistol over his head, as I had still always a tendency and inclination to do.

The evening came; the house was crowded. The first three acts had gone splendidly; every body was delighted, and the act-drop rose on the beautifully managed scene in which the duel was to take place. There could be no doubt that if this could be carried out in the realistic manner with which every thing else had been done, success was certain. Carried out in a realistic manner? God help me! Who could have foretold the reality of what was to follow? Who? Well, there was one person, I shall ever believe, who could have done so: but I must not anticipate.

At length the action had reached the fatal moment. As we crept closer and closer together the three unsuccessful shots on either side had been delivered amidst breathless expectation on the part of the audience; the pistol had been knocked from Mayburn's hand, the pacific efforts of the seconds rejected, and the hush of anxiety, the suppressed terror and emotion so palpable in a large assembly when its interest is thoroughly aroused and absorbed, was at its height.

A great deal of business was made of the reloading for the next encounter, my seconds drawing aside, as also did Mayburn's, for the purpose. Then the weapons were handed to us with great ceremony, and we were once more face to face, as the dialogue expressed it, "at such close quarters as could scarcely fail to bring about a fatal issue."

It was, of course, again my turn to fire first. I took the pistol from Caugar's hand. Would that mine at that moment had been paralyzed forever!

Amidst the breathless expectations of the audience I raised my arm. By a glance Rutherstone renewed his caution against my habit of firing too high; and when the word was given, determining that he should have no complaint against me, I, leveling the muzzle straight at his breast, pulled the trigger. The report, so much louder than usual, and the sharper recoil of the pistol, in themselves, during that brief second of time, alarmed me; and as I saw Rutherstone, instead of stepping toward me and falling back, as I have described he did at rehearsal, spring high into the air, and then fall forward on his face at my feet, I knew instinctively what had happened! Not so, however, Julia Halworth, who, waiting for her cue at the wing, rushed in, and, like a clever and ready actress, adapted her movements to the changed position of her lover's body; not so, either, the audience, who thundered its applause at the startling effect of the scene as the act-drop descended.

Little, indeed, did the spectators conceive the reality of what they had witnessed; little, indeed, did they conceive that they had beheld a veritable duel to the death; and least of all could they imagine what a frightful tragedy was passing on the other side of that curtain before which the multitude, now released from the tension in which it had been held by the performance, was beginning to laugh and talk after its habitual fashion at the play. For some minutes the actual condition of affairs was not even realized behind the scenes. With the exception of myself and one other actor on the stage, nobody believed but what Rutherstone, still to quote the technical phrase, had altered his "business" on the spur of the moment.

But when Julia had been helped to her feet, and *he* still made no effort to move, a panic seized those who stood near—a panic which increased to a fearful terror as a thin line of blood began slowly to flow across the boards from beneath his body.

They raised him. He was dead! Already the expression of agony on his face was becoming settled and rigid; and there, upon the very spot where, a few minutes before, he had been going through the mimic show of preparing to his fate, he had met it—and by my hand! But how? What had chanced? As if by magic a surgeon was by his side laying bare his breast, and in a moment the mystery was solved. The ramrod had been left in the pistol, and had gone straight into his heart!

Hours passed before poor Julia could be made to realize this discovery; but no sooner had we there upon the stage made it than, to add to the horror of the situation, a call was raised for the actor in the front of the house, and the band simultaneously struck up the *entr'acte* music.

It was a dreadful moment—too dreadful longer to dwell on. The explanation was simple, and it flowed easily enough from the glib tongue of our smooth-spoken manager. Could he ever hold up his head again? Could he ever forgive himself for his carelessness? From my observation of him subsequently, he did both; but he said—and this, perhaps, was not altogether untrue—that the event had cast a dreadful shadow over the rest of his life; it certainly has over mine. At any rate, as my second, in reloading the pistol for the last time, he pleaded that he must by accident, in the nervousness and excitement of a first night, have forgotten to remove the ramrod. Nothing more could be urged; but it had the effect of making *me* forswear the player's art; I never could go through the mockery of pretense again.

The barrier to Caugar's alliance with Miss Halworth was removed, but need I say that she never gave her hand to *him*?

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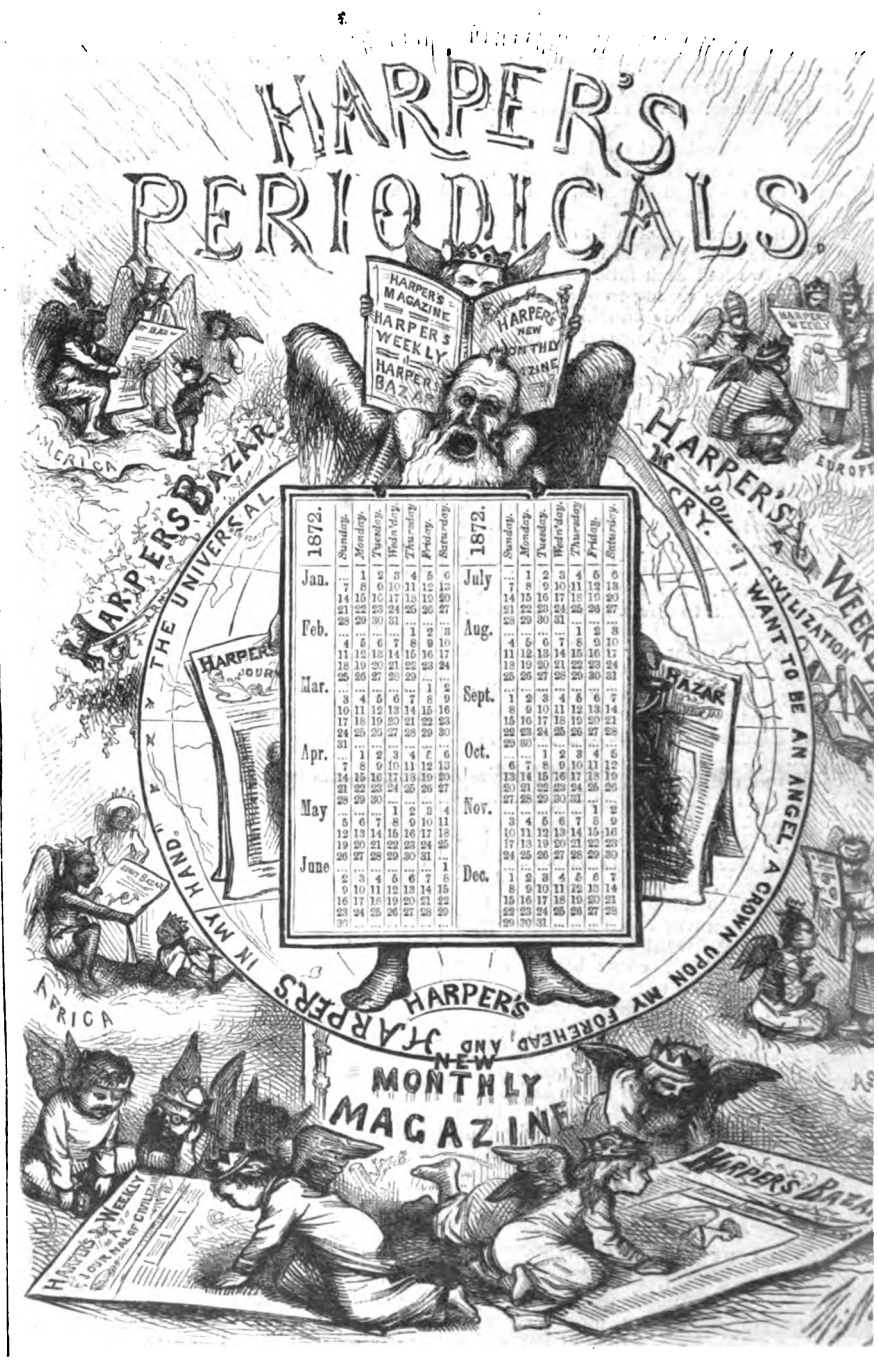

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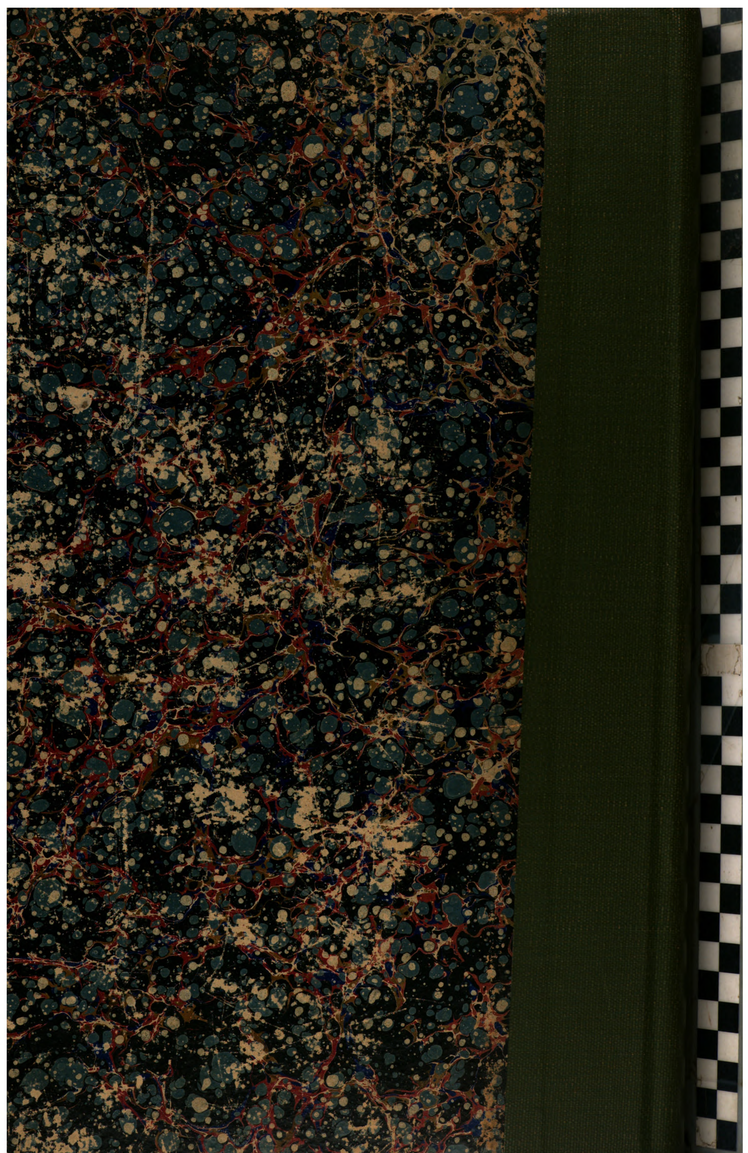

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